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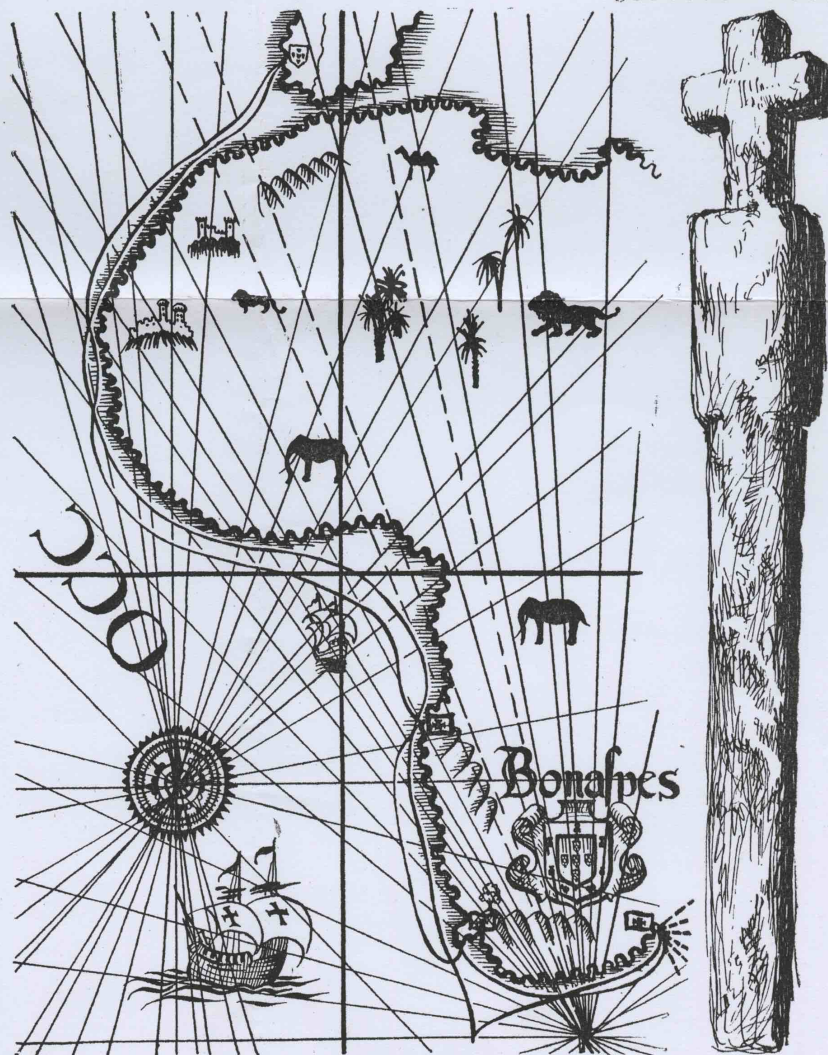
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MARQUES

Composto e impresso nas ofi-  
cinas da Empresa de O JOR-  
NAL DO COMÉRCIO E  
DAS COLÓNIAS, Rua Dr.  
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**UM ESCUDO**  
Todos os Sábados

## TURNING THE CORNER

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Bartolomeu  
Dias



A SOUTH AFRICAN OCCASION

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BRITISH HOSPITAL

ANNUAL REPORT

BRITISH INSTITUTE NEWS

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## ART

## ALMADA

Exhibition of Drawings by Almada  
at the Secretariado da Propaganda  
Nacional.

30 YEARS OF  
DESIGN

WHEN we leave an exhibition of the works of only one artist we have a feeling of having had a far more definite «experience» than if we had seen the pictures of several. Sometimes indeed the power of the artist is so strong that for some time we can see nothing save through that artist's eyes, from his peculiar angle of vision. While I cannot say this is entirely true of myself when I left Almada's exhibition, still a very strong impression of his force and imagination as an artist certainly remained.

The exhibition at the Secretariado da Propaganda Nacional begins with a drawing dated 1911 and ends with one dated 1941. From this selection we can follow him through his biography. Beginning from his earliest days when he was a ballet-dancer, we follow him through his visit to Paris (1919-1920), his long residence in Madrid (1927-1924), and his final period, so far, in Lisbon, as a famous and recognized artist among his own people, branching out, as at Nossa Senhora de Fátima and the new *Diário de Notícias*, into stained-glass and fresco-work.

Fernando Pessoa, a poet who knew Almada well in his early days, says that «motherless children are always lacking in softness of outlook». And Almada, a motherless child, is no exception, at least as an artist. The brilliant, sparkling fantasy of his work seems to express something hard and perfect like a palace built by some Arabian Nights slave of the lamp. The artistry is marvellous, scintillating, but it does not put us humanly in touch with anything. That is why we do not go out seeing through his eyes. And yet when I went to see an exhibition of the satirist Daumier I went out seeing through his eyes.

But what a wealth of style Almada has got! How incomparably he has made so many styles his! Among these, four or five stand out more clearly to the memory. The thin-lipped, ethereal, lightly-drawn portraits, like Astrid (50), the thick-lipped portraits with excellent heavy black shading in the background, *Mulher Pintada* (35), (incidentally the unconscious reproduction of the author's own features in this picture is remarkable). The fantasy pictures, such as the astrological fantasy *Gêmeos* (59), or the pictures of Harlequin of which there are so many, and which perhaps hark back to Almada's ballet-dancing days: the luxuriant lines and folds of some object, say a large shell or drapery, will give the fantasy to these pictures. The pictures with a humorous twist in their lines and curves, for instance *Nu ao Espelho* (63) and *Nu Sentado* (36). And finally, in a class apart, and perhaps almost saving Almada from

the charge of hardness, the studies for the windows of *Nossa Senhora de Fátima*, *Estudo de Cabeça para Vitral* (68), or the most poetic *Cabeça (Vitral da Imaculada: Igreja de Fátima)* (60); in this last section the thin-lipped and thick-lipped types of portraiture have become combined and blended in one satisfying whole.

I will read through the catalogue again:

No I. (1911) is a humorous head of an old boat-man, of indefinite style. 1912 gives us three pictures, a chorus-girl, and two heads, none of which seem to have anything in them which is typical Almada. I will call this Group A.

Group B goes from 1913 to 1918. There is already the mark of Almada's subtlety with line and curve. But the personality is still dominated by a pre-war style of painting. The work is sinuous and enigmatical, not unlike Aubrey Beardsley.

But it is in 1919, on the eve of his departure for Paris, that Almada really comes into his own. «*Janela*», a design of a window, a study in line and colour, marks the beginning of his ironical fantastic genius. On this picture too, for the first time appears

the signature he uses now, «Almada», with a huge towering «d»; we see it on the cover of the catalogue.

No II. (1918) is nevertheless, most remarkable. It is a head that looks as if it were at the bottom of a pool, for an admirable wealth of circling shading involves it.

No 27. (*Cena de Taberna*) is a fine picture of Portuguese beggars. A cripple sits with his crutch, and a woman beside him. A line or two has sketched their tattered worm garments, but those one or two lines portray it far more faithfully than any Pre-Raphaelite conscientiousness or Photographic «reality» could.

The selection from Madrid begins with a realistic study of the Venezuelan writer D. Rufino Blanco Fombona; a lot of its force and power is due to the shading.

When the artistic history of the present age comes to be written, Almada's name will figure large. He is utterly an artist. Even his apparent carelessness, the large hands of some of the figures, like a child's drawing, are done with cerebral deliberation, even with an excess of it. All these 84 drawings have some perfection of their own.

CHARLES DAVID LEV



THE National Theatre, now so carefully restored, is one of the historical treasures of Europe. Designed by José da Costa e Silva and opened in 1793—a stage for operas and architecture—with Cimarosa's *L'italiana in Algeri*. During the last century it had the reputation of being some of the most exacting audiences in Europe. The best singers, conductors and executants of the last years have passed through S. Carlos, including Catalani, Malibran, Liszt, Paganini, Richard Strauss, Rubinstein, Padarewski and now we may add Newman.

The design above for programme covers.

## I TH

Beneath the smears with gore,  
Truth lingers, in her bloom;  
And every Beauty's plume  
Is Truth alone and nothing more.

The winds of do the core,  
May seize to a seeming doom;  
But Truth bursts the paltry tomb  
Where mortal her, as of yore.

Serene and so uncharted rocks,  
How oft she and unlocks  
Our blind eyes in rebel lands,

Like to a peon upon the beach,  
Which at high tide, out of reach,  
And at the low try upon the sands!

A. C. HAWKINS

(From the Pedro Homem de Mello)