

capable, and despises what is within his powers. The artificial and the monstrous seem to him the goal of perfection. Whatever he can achieve, he covers with blood and mud. Only in the monstrous is man creative; those unfit for this work compose verses, strum the lyre or brandish the paint brush. This last group devote themselves with enigmatic frenzy to the painting of still-lives, landscapes, nudes. Since the days of the caves, man has been painting still-lives, landscapes, nudes. Since the days of the caves, man has glorified and deified himself, and has brought about human catastrophes by his monstrous vanity. Art has collaborated in his false development. To me the conception of art that has upheld the vanity of man is sickening.

### **Man loves what is vain and dead**

In art also man loves what is vain and dead. He cannot understand that painting is something other than a landscape prepared with oil and vinegar, and sculpture something other than a woman's thigh made out of marble or bronze. Any living transformation of art seems to him as detestable as the eternal metamorphoses of life. Straight lines and honest colors exasperate him above all. Man doesn't want to get to the bottom of things. The radiance of the universe makes his degeneration and ugliness too apparent. That is why man clings desperately to graceful garlands and makes himself a specialist in values. Out of his nine openings framed in curls, man exhales blue vapor, gray fog, black smoke. Sometimes he tries like a fly to walk on the ceiling, but he always fails and falls with a crash on the table covered with the best crockery.

Man calls the concrete abstract. This is not surprising, for he commonly confuses front and back even when using his nose, his mouth, his ears, that is to say, five of his nine openings. I understand that a cubist painting might be called abstract, for parts of the object serving as model for the picture have been abstracted. But in my opinion a picture or a sculpture without any object for model is just as concrete and sensual as a leaf or a stone.

### **Art is a fruit**

Art is a fruit that grows in man, like a fruit on a plant, or a child in its mother's womb. But whereas the fruit of the plant, the fruit of the animal, the fruit in the mother's womb, assume autonomous and natural forms, art, the spiritual fruit of man, usually shows an absurd resemblance to the aspect of