

something else. Only in our own epoch have painting and sculpture been liberated from the aspect of a mandolin, a president in a Prince Albert, a battle, a landscape. I love nature, but not its substitutes. Naturalist, illusionist art is a substitute for nature.

I remember a discussion with Mondrian in which he distinguished between art and nature, saying that art is artificial and nature natural. I do not share his opinion. I believe that nature is not in opposition to art. Art is of natural origin and is sublimated and spiritualized through the sublimation of man. [illustrations 9, 10, 14]

A few lines of Plotinus

For those among men whose souls have gone beyond that of centipedes, spiders, snails, flies, leeches, bankers, politicians, and who wish to approach beauty and light, I quote these few lines of Plotinus: "It is first of all necessary to make the organ of vision analogous and similar to the object to be contemplated. Never would the eye have perceived the sun if it had not first taken the form of the sun; likewise, the soul cannot see beauty unless it first becomes beautiful itself, and every man must make himself beautiful and divine in order to attain the sight of beauty and divinity."

Some old friends

Some old friends from the days of the Dada campaign, who always fought for dreams and freedom, are now disgustingly preoccupied with class aims and busy making over the Hegelian dialectic into a hurdygurdy tune. Conscientiously they mix poetry and the Five Year Plan in one pot; but this attempt to lie down while standing up will not succeed. Man will not allow himself to be turned into a scrubbed, hygienic numeral, which, in its enthusiasm over a certain portrait, shouts yes like a hypnotized donkey. Man will not permit himself to be standardized. It is hard to explain how the greatest individualists can come out for a termite state. I cannot imagine my old friends in a collective Russian ballet.

A magic treasure

Only spirit, dream, art lead to a true collectivity. They are the games that lead man into real life. Hugo Ball's dream resurrects man to reality from his