

and the real amateurs with buying. I prefer the dealers in antiquities who sell us interesting works at least of the epoch they represent even if they are false! What difference is there really between a real and a false Rembrandt? Only the experts following the interest they have in them declare them "good" or "bad". Besides, the works these dealers in antiquities offer us are sometimes much more modern than those shown by the merchants of so-called modern art; as for example the imitations of negro sculpture or the imitations of Egyptian or Byzantine artists,—in fact all this paraphernalia worthy of the Grévin museum, which has less freshness to my way of thinking than the discovery of a mummy of a Pharaoh king.

To interest us it is not enough to interpret with more or less fancy the work of a race or of a man—work which is the pure expression of the needs or of the civilization of an epoch.

Modigliani was a charming man but he would have done better to turn to the movies!

That which I have just said to you is a part of the philosophy of Da, are we not agreed, my dear Christian? There is sometimes more art in knowing how to drink a cocktail than in knowing how to mix blue or vermillion with white, more art in designing the practical side of an automobile than in imitating the buttocks of an Italian model of the Place Pigalle, more art in constructing a motor than in copying a poilu with his twenty kilos of imbecility on his back, more art in making a watering pot than in making the portrait of an apple! Finally there is more art in living without nationality than in declaring oneself Parisian, as a young poet does who sometimes finds a way to defame himself before others have the fun of doing it.

The fruits which grow in an orangery always smell a little of dung and never of orange; it is the same with the brains, whose intelligence develops in the "Closerie des Lilas" or in contact with thinkers doing their work under the influence of orange bitters or Dubonnet cordial!

Long live the "Cent-mille Chemises," Félix Potin and Dufayel,—these are the real men of genius of our epoch. I prefer a can of peas Roedel to a dead constrained nature full of the boring mannerisms of the charlatans of the rue d'Astorg!