

DADA PAINTING OR THE OIL-EYE

THE bigwig, reality, is the straw man of tickertape-brains which daily retails its gallons of philosophy, fire-works, morals, science, politics and perfumes; he it is who for the most part supports the vulgar idiots that painters usually are. Sight is the suction pipe of his material.

Sight is the lowest sense, so low that it should simply be worn under the sole of one's boot. It is the enemy of poets. It is true that poets but all the same, after the game of heads and tails, they are the most suave consolation of our days. The eye throws the dirt, which it has absorbed from outside, into the wheels of fantastic imagination and prevents them from turning. Scarcely has the brain begun to weave charming chains of illogical and boneless flowers when the hydra springs into one's eye to recall one to virtue. It is impossible not to see, except at night or in a cellar, but it is there that painters decay. Poets can be blind. Painters can not and yet it is the only condition under which they would be able to wave from the top of minarets their peacock plumed hats that should tickle the heart and bowels of the amateur of amateurs.

The cubists are pale succubae whom grabbing prostitution, freshly painted with the old putrefaction of aesthetic morgues, comes to visit. After a few slaps on the behind of the bourgeois impressionist women, they send off into the sky pretty rockets of mud and caramels. They are delicious and as prolific as flies, mice and lice.

The dadaistes are not the sons of the cubists. Some among them once dipped a finger into the bouillon cube and immediately put it in their mouths to see what kind of a taste it had. There is no one who has not sometime in his life taken an emetic. They are neither sons nor fathers of anyone. No prophets announced them.

The grumblings of the legal painter put them outside painting entirely. It seems that only the gorillas and the monkeys with their blue buttocks have the right to paint, this being the art of obscene grimaces, palatable or tearful before the thighs, the apples or the horizons. The dadapainters are outside the plastic? They would be especially favored if they could escape