

but the very fact of tracing anything on a piece of paper or a bit of glass is within the realm of the plastic after all.

But the dada painters have broken with sight. They paint or design as if they did not see. This thanks to the dexterity of dada. They have materially speaking neither technique nor method, of which one can say—Oh, how very dada! Each one follows his own bent without bothering about dada laws of colour, form or logic. Dada if you can!

There was once a painter-pope who called himself Papadada, and who was sent by Dada; since then one perceives his pop-valve letting off the steam of a personality like that of an ordinary great painter: those like Raphael, Rembrandt and Ziem sign many more pictures than they make. He says not to be dada. One believes him without difficulty.

Three dadapainters: Arp, Man Ray, and Max Ernst.

Arp in his wood cuts and reliefs is the most free from any adherence to the visual sense. He is the only one for whom the eye is not the monkey-face tyrant. At least with him it is a matter of an eye which has never seen the light nor the world and which has thrown nothing on the interior screen. He is the blind painter. It could be said that his hand paints by hearsay. He who looks enters with him into the harshness of the night.

You walk along a corridor where there is no ray of light. Doubtless you pass a man or a woman. Sometimes something sharp penetrates you from a distance without a shock except that of an unconscious revolt of the useless eye, but you do not know of what familiarity it is the promontory nor where the inevitable little wardrobe of sentiments is to be found. So well concealed, so perfectly absent from the bath-room and pyrotechnic chamber. Arp is Arp.

Man Ray is the subtle chemist of mysteries who sleeps with the metrical fairies of spirals and steel wool. He invents a new world and photographs it to prove that it exists. But as the camera also has an eye, although without a heart, he suppresses it. It is no longer a question of preserving images in a box; but of making an astonishing destructive projection of all formal art which never the less recreates for the love of the external thing the most unexpected and the most precious relativity of time and of space. One finds one's self belonging to many fields