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The Hundred Faces of Pablo Picasso.

By Klaus Mann.

(Cortian)

"It is not what the artist does that counts, but what he is."
(Picasso.)

Pablo Picasso, a Spaniard living in Paris, has the most attractive and most puzzling face. Sometimes it looks like the brutal face of a bull fighter, and sometimes like the cruelly naked face of a clown who shows himself without the colourful make up. It is a very sad face, but sometimes it seems to be very gay, and on other occasions it impresses us with its wisdom. It is a fine face, indeed, with the hard and masculine lines of the chin, the wide and thoughtfully shining eyes. But it is a horrifying face as well. There exists a self portrait of Picasso, painted in the year of 1906, where he looks exactly like an insane young murderer, very morbid, very ruthless, and awfully depressed. On another self portrait, which belongs to the early "blue period" (1903) he seems still more pathetic although somewhat less frightening. The features of the face are feeble and at once brutal. The blue contours underline the melancholia of a figure that stands isolated, in tremendous loneliness. He might be an ascetic who separated himself from all human contacts; or he might be a degenerate whom everyone avoids. ~~or is his tragic solitude just the solitude of the artist who has to keep a certain distance between himself and the world?~~

Pablo Picasso has a hundred faces.

He keeps on transforming himself like the Proteus of classic fable. He changes his colour constantly like a chameleon. There is the blue Picasso, and the rose Picasso, and there are green and brown and again rose Picassos. There is Picasso the barbarian, influenced by negro plastics, and Picasso the classic master, inspired by Greek statues, by the eternal beauty of Athens and the eternal boredom of Rome. The permanent spectacle of his transformations is most fascina-

T. P. P. is not only
by far the greatest, most
important painter of
this century; but also
the ~~greatest~~ ^{most} ~~important~~ ^{plastic}
~~figure~~ ^{indeed more important for our}
~~all time~~ ^{most important} ~~than any~~
in the realm of art -
including music, literature,
He is the father of the production ability
of the modern and even his
mistake, exaggeration, and
typical.

ting and most irritating. He keeps the critics alarmed, the Babbits shocked, the snobs tickled, the honest friends of art puzzled and excited. ~~He is stimulating, provoking, and confusing. He stirs up enthusiasm, and disgust, and endless discussions.~~

We have to look at his tremendous work as at the perpetual drama of his life, his struggles, his pains, and his triumphs. Picasso's work is the most dramatic phenomenon in the history of art. He has said: "In my case a picture is a sum of destructions." The truth is that the entirety of his artistic oeuvre represents an overwhelming sum of destructions and new constructions, of decomposition and regeneration, of agony and birth. It is the constant drama of transformation to which ~~Picasso's~~ ^{this} work owes its power and inspiring charm - and I use the word "transformation" in its most profound, most comprehensive sense. For the ancient mythological notion of "transformation" or "metamorphosis" embraces the mysteries of Death and Resurrection.

- "In each destruction of a beautiful discovery," Picasso remarks, "the artist does not really suppress it, but rather transforms it, condenses it, makes it more substantial."

Picasso is Proteus who keeps on destroying his own substance in order to re-create it, and to fill it with new life and new mystery.

Some people think his work represents the beginning of ~~a new style~~, a new artistic era, while others insist he is a décadent, and his eccentric, ever-changing style means the fascinating finale of a long cultural period that has reached its end. Whenever I have to listen to discussions of this kind, I recall an impressive, paradoxical and at once very truthful word of Friedrich Nietzsche: "Apart from my being a décadent, I am also the contrary of it." For the elements of "beginning" and "end" are intermingled in every historical period, and in this period of ours more obviously so than ever before. There always is a world that dies, and, at the same time, another world that

just starts living and creates new forms and ~~new~~ ways to express itself.

Picasso began his career as an imitator of Toulouse-Lautrec, who certainly deserves the designation of a décadent, beside the fact that he is worthy of being called a genius. The Spanish youth who came to Paris, was intoxicated with the dubious charms and the enchanting melancholia of the French fin de siècle. He portrayed ~~the~~ ^{vicious, degraded} night life scenes, little bars and ~~many~~ ^{degraded} women; but at that time he was not really Picasso as yet. He only started being the real Picasso when he plunged himself into the Blue Period, although in this Blue

Period the influences of the Parisian décadence are still very strong. ^{One has called them "maudlin", "morbid", "Tintinnabulation"...}

The brilliant Swiss art critic Jedlicka remarked about the pictures of that early epoch: "They are like pictures by El Greco, seen through the eyes of Beardsley." Yet there are other features, new elements, Picasso-elements already noticeable in that Blue Style. There is a new strength, some primitive and daring power that Beardsley did not possess. There are, in short, certain elements of "beginning", although the morbid, decadent qualities are deliberately underlined. [dexterous]

The works of the Blue Period already seemed not quite intelligible and even ~~surprising~~ shocking to the public and ~~the~~ the art dealers of that time - which proves that they had a new, provoking character. Nobody but a very few friends took Picasso seriously when he painted "Woman with Folded Arms" (Paris, 1901), and "Two Women at a Bar" (Barcelona, 1902) - pictures that have become almost classic by now. When Picasso left Paris, at the end of 1902, for a trip to Spain, he did not succeed in selling the entire work of the Blue Period for the ridiculous price of 200 Francs. So he used some of the sketches and drawings to heat the fire place in his empty studio, since he had no coal or wood...

The poets discovered and praised his significance before the snobs

✓
Yet there are full of an original feeling
an unmistakable pathos, ...

even knew his name. Max Jacob, ~~Max~~ Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau and Gertrude Stein recognized very early the greatness of Pablo Picasso. Sung Cocteau on Picasso:

"J'ai peine à soutenir le poids d'or des musées,
Cet immense vaisseau.
Combien me parle plus que leurs bouches usées
L'oeuvre de Picasso."

To the intellectual youth in Europe, before the world war, and during the years that followed the war - the name of Picasso meant a signal, and a war-cry, and a great promise. And this is true not only for the young generation in Paris and Barcelona, but for the German youth as well. When I was sixteen or seventeen years old, and still lived in the cities of Berlin and Munich, I went to the Picasso exhibitions, and I zealously discussed his character and work with my friends. All of us felt: there is something new - a new despair, a new triumph, a new anarchy, and the first signs of a new order...

Some years later I went to Paris, and I made friends with people who knew Picasso. I met Jean Cocteau, and the surrealists, and the people around the Russian Ballet, and many young painters, and there were plenty of intrigues and minor struggles going on between the varied groups, but all of them admired Picasso, and most of them were somehow influenced by him. He was the greatest personality in the artistic circles of Paris. They discussed his works and his private life in the studios and cafés of Montparnasse and on the Boulevard St. Germain. Sometimes, although not very often, he himself, the problematic master, showed up, on the opening night of a Russian ballet, or in the Café Flore, or at the house of friends. I liked to watch him while he was laughing with a woman, or discussing some matter with one of his poet friends. I always enjoyed watching him while he kept watching things and faces and shadows, and was preparing their metamorphosis into new forms. He looked to me like a magician who is planning some new magic trick. There is a woman, a pretty

girl, smiling, innocent and probably rather silly. The magician, however, already has decided to transform her slender body and laughing face into ~~a~~ strange groups of circles and cubes. She will hold a mysterious guitar ~~in~~, and her soft, fleshy face will be hard and distorted. - I really got the impression that Picasso possessed the deadly force of Medusa, the antic monster, whose dreadful eyes and snake-like hair could change any human being into lifeless stone...

One of Picasso's many faces is diabolic. ^{They} ~~have~~ have called him "Lucifer" and a "Mephistophelian nature". For he is not only inspiring but also irritating and disturbing. The adventures and swift changes of his own development can be, and actually often are, a most dangerous example to immature talents or weak characters. One might even say that he has ruined an entire generation of ~~young~~ painters, as he has overshadowed all of them, and has stolen their fame and glory. He embraces all the artistic trends and possibilities that are "in the air" for three decades. He has created and has overcome an imposing sum of new styles and manners. The notion of "surréalisme", for instance, was used for the first time, by the writer Apollinaire, in connection with Pablo Picasso. He is the first surrealist. It is doubtful, however, whether or not we should call him the inventor of Cubism as well. The German art critic Wilhelm Uhde, ~~settled in Paris for many years and~~ one of Picasso's oldest friends and admirers, tells us, in his highly instructive book "Picasso et la Tradition Française", the significant story of how cubism started. It was the poet Max Jacob who made the observation to Picasso, about certain new creations of Braque: "Did you notice that Braque is using now cubist forms in his paintings?" And shrewd Picasso listened very attentively. He also was very amused when he learned that the great ~~Matisse~~ Matisse had explained about the same pictures of Braque: "Trop de cubisme!" - which was not supposed to be a flatter-
ing remark. This was probably the first time that the word of

"cubism" was employed to describe the character of a new way of painting.

"We must pick out what is good for us where we can find it - except from our own work. I have a horror of copying myself." This sentence of Picasso has become famous. And, indeed, he who is unrivaled as an artistic inventor and stimulator, never had any inhibitions when it came to using other people's ideas and techniques. It was in Braque's, not in Picasso's pictures, that the motive of the guitar appeared for the first time, and that capital letters were used as an artistic decoration. Yet, for some mysterious but convincing reason, the fame was all Picasso's.

The glory of two or three generations of artists seems to focus in his gigantic personality. His almost super-natural vitality, his almost insane lust for work, his tremendous ambition kill his competitors, his colleagues, and his friends. ~~There appear in the history of arts, time and again, certain immoral giants who enjoy the divine permission to use the ideas of their predecessors or contemporaries without ever becoming the imitators of anyone. So Richard Wagner acted when he stole tunes of the German romantics. And we know that neither Shakespeare nor Goethe considered it unfair nor unworthy to use other poet's ideas. The glory was always theirs. For "it is not what the artist does that counts, but what he is."~~

The only one who actually succeeded in remaining an independent artistic force beside Picasso - the only one whose solid fame keeps its own authentic light and right, is the celebrated Frenchman Matisse. The city of Paris, which has been through centuries the capital of art, owes it to these two men, Matisse and Picasso, that it is the unrivaled center of art still today. A Frenchman and a Spaniard have saved and preserved the artistic hegemony of France.

The fact of Picasso's being a Spaniard was over-emphasized by some critics, especially by Miss Gertrude Stein. I admire her little

book on Picasso, and I feel it to be not only the most amusing and stimulating piece of work I have read by that author, but also the most intelligent and penetrating psychological study on Pablo Picasso. Yet the personal manner of Miss Stein - her capricious over-emphasis of certain points by repeating them in a monotonous though impressive way - endangers the authenticity and actual truth of the picture she gives. The Spanish element in Picasso's character may be strong, but it certainly is not quite decisive enough to use it as a sort of "leitmotiv" throughout the book. As early as in the Blue Period, Miss Stein

can feel the "sadness of Spain and the monotony of the Spanish coloring". She goes further, and tries to explain the entire phenomenon of Cubism from the Spanish angle. Picasso, the Spaniard, had to be a Cubist as the villages in his homeland obviously show cubist forms. Picasso had to discover the mysteries of abstract art, for "the Spaniards are perhaps the only Europeans who really never have the feeling that things are real, that the truths of science make for progress..."

- "African art," remarks Miss Stein, "French cubism, and later Italian influence and Russian were like Sancho Panza was with Don Quixote, they wished to lead Picasso away from his real vision which was a Spanish vision." - Sentences of this kind strike me as spiritual exaggerations. It is absurd to deny the fact of Picasso's being very intimately connected with the tradition and the collective development of French art. We have mentioned that cubism was invented by the Frenchman Braque, to whom the Spanish villages did not mean very much. We may add that cubism was prepared - or started - by Cézanne who reacted against the dissolution of forms into light and colour, as preached and practiced by the impressionists.

Cubism is not by any means a barbaric element which entered and disturbed the peaceful sphere of traditional European art. It is, rather, the dialectic reaction against impressionism; a station and

Friend: what Pater calls "a certain nicety - the daintiness of the hand"

significant interlude of the logical development of European art itself. There is not any abyss between "Picasso et la Tradition Française".

He himself probably is not very interested in the national aspect of his own existence. In certain periods of his life he may have taken a special pride in his being French, a truly French artist; ("He belongs to us!" Jean Cocteau has proclaimed;) - while in other moments he rather emphasizes the Spanish elements of his work and character. Jedlicka quotes a remark ^{Picasso} ~~he~~ made when he went through ~~an~~ an exhibition of his own pictures, at Zurich. "They have called me a French painter," ~~he~~ ^{he} said to a friend. "But the truth is that I always have remained a Spaniard." - I have a slight suspicion, however, that Picasso, when he talked that way, was somewhat influenced by Miss Gertrude Stein...

To spend a few hours in the great Picasso exhibition in The Museum of Modern Art, at New York City, ^{now} ~~is~~ one of the most thrilling experiences I can imagine. It certainly ^{now} ~~is~~ the most comprehensive Picasso show ever arranged. It embraced all of its different "periods", all of the varied metamorphosis', catastrophes, errors and triumphs of his amazing career. The Blue and the first Rose period, the Negro period, the ~~early~~ Cubist period; the period when he used shreds of paper and little pieces of wood in addition to the abstract forms of the painted picture; the adult Rose period, the various new cubist, abstract and half-abstract periods, the period of ^{the "colonial mode"} large women and classic subjects, finally the most recent style which reminds us of certain Gothic windows; that somehow desperate and very daring attempt to catch several views of a face at once, which was characterized as the "schizophrenic" style - all of these manners and experiments present themselves as the moving scenes and exciting acts of a huge interior drama; as the station on a long march toward goals unknown; as the battles of a mysterious fight - the terrific struggle of the genius

to find the most precise, most authentic, the purest and strongest expression of his new vision. *[Abrupt to speak of a collector]*

"A painter paints to unload himself of feelings and visions." Thus are Picasso's words. A creative personality, one might assume, has varied possibilities "to unload himself". Picasso, however, has only a single way and opportunity to do so. He has to paint. He is doomed to paint. His vocation, his glory and his tragedy is to be a painter. The message he must deliver ^{be} can be expressed clearly and truly only through the medium of pictures. He is a maniac of painting. One has said that Michel Angelo would have managed to create pictures and sculptures, even if he would have been born without hands - just as Beethoven created music in spite of his being deaf. So Picasso would create pictures, if necessary without hands and eyes. He certainly would have constructive imagination enough to find out some new and surprising means of producing art under any kind of circumstances - which means, he could not fail to find ways of "unloading" his heavy heart, and to form the visions that mysteriously fill his days, and lighten or disturb the sleep of his nights.

To him it is all very simple. The process of creating and destroying new styles seems the most natural thing on earth, if explained by Picasso. He certainly is a magician with a great deal of common sense. "I have never made trials or experiments," observes the most famous experimenter of our times. "Whenever I had something to say, I have said it in the manner in which I felt it ought to be said." He coolly denies that the painful and adventurous act of seeking new means of expression in itself means anything to him. "To find, is the thing!" he exclaims with a sort of cold, ironic pride. "When I paint my object is to show what I have found, and not what I am looking for." Yet his entire work is nothing but the breath-taking chronic of his countless endeavours.

He seems to be constantly surprised that people keep on being puzzled with certain new ways of expression he "has found" - or is

looking for. Why do people go on asking questions about cubist art or abstract pictures? Cubism is just a new way, a new effort to express the reactions of the artistic sensibility to external subjects. Abstract pictures, Picasso explains, must simply be looked at as subjects in themselves. Like music, they speak a language that is not the language of words. Why do people stubbornly insist that art should be "natural"?

- "I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art," Picasso, on his side, sarcastically asks. Art may be the "mirror of life". But it certainly is a magic mirror which does not just reflect but rather transforms reality. In Picasso's opinion, cubism, of course, is not an escape from reality nor does it mean a distortion of reality. The artist always depends on reality; he has always to start from the object. "You must always start with something," Picasso states. "A person, an object, a circle are all 'figures'; they react on us more or less intensely... The 'vision' of them gave me an... emotion... or rather they were transformed into all kinds of problems..." - So cubism is just a new way of approaching the phenomenon of life; a new attempt of transforming our reaction on life into art. A French critic has put it very clearly and nicely: "Picasso ne cherche pas à arriver à l'objet, il part de l'objet."

The question remains as to whether or not the wide public is able, already by now, or ever will be in the position to understand and to appreciate this new artistic effort and adventure. As far as Picasso himself is concerned, he apparently does not care very much if he is understood or not. He remarks, proudly: "Moi, je crée une nouvelle matérialité. C'est aux autres d'y croire." - But if they don't? If they refuse or are unable, those unknown "others", to believe in this new "matérialité" he is creating? If he does fail to convince them? This would mean a tragic failure, even for so detached and haughty a genius as Pablo Picasso. For every artist, even the one who is

scarcely interested in quick and cheap successes, must be interested in the effect his work exercises upon the public - if not immediately, so in the long run." Art is a lie that makes us realize truth..." This "bonmot" of Picasso could be by Oscar Wilde, who knew a great deal about the mysteries of arts and artists. Picasso, however, has to admit that there are "more or less convincing lies."

Is Picasso's art convincing? - He is famous, celebrated, highly paid, widely discussed. But is he understood? Is he loved?

I have watched and interviewed many of the thousands of visitors who went to the Museum of Modern Art, partly because they were curious to find out what it is all about this mystery man, Picasso; partly because of empty snobbism, or of a certain cultural sense of duty. I found many men and women, of course, who seemed to be honestly impressed. There were others, however, whose noisy enthusiasm struck me as somewhat hypocritical. I can hardly believe in their sincerity when they affirm me: "It's such a thrill, you know!" I know it is, but I have doubts if they actually feel it. Finally I have met varied people - young ones and older ones among them - who frankly admitted that they were disappointed. "Perhaps he really is a very great artist," they remarked thoughtfully. "But I don't understand him. There is something cold, something horrifying in all of his creations. I can feel a certain inhuman element in ~~most of his~~ ^{entire work} ~~creations~~... He is not interested in human beings but merely in forms and colours. He has no more human contact with the objects he is using as models, than a mathematician has contact with the columns of figures he uses for his calculations."

After conversations of this kind I visited, once more, the Picasso show, and had another look at all of those women, children and gods, acrobats and clowns, those cubes, guitarres and open windows, those dancers, birds, nudes, fruits, horses and nightmares. I walked again

Even
ask critics
ask
Why?
Those
gigantic
fish...
No
national
demonstration
The
most
indiscreet
gibe

through that colourful, ~~wonderful~~ ^{wondrous} world, full of madness and miracles, of monstrosities and beauties. And I was as fascinated, as moved as ever before.

I realize, of course, that the personal tragedy of Van Gogh is more obvious, more striking than the tragedy of Picasso; that the women as Renoir painted them have a more seductive smile than any face Picasso ever created. It certainly is easier to be moved by the religious fervour of El Greco than to feel the enormous passion that hides itself behind the cubes or arabesks of Picasso's odd constructions. Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo had a more direct, perhaps more inspiring manner of praising the beauty of human bodies and faces. But hasn't Picasso as well done overwhelming homage to the charm and dignity of human forms, in magnificent creations such as "Boy Leading a Horse", "The Pipes of Pan", "The Harlequin's Family", "Blue Boy", "La Toilette", "Woman in White", "Three Graces", and in many drawings of the neo-classic period?

He is not inhuman. But as he is the magic master of transformation, he keeps changing his ardent feelings into something that often looks like the negation of any sentiment. He has transformed his fears into grotesque visions and his pity into monstrosities. There exists a pencil drawing of the classic style - dated Paris, December 6, 1937 - which seems to me the key to many of Picasso's most revolting products. The drawing is entitled "The End of a Monster", and shows a beautiful woman, some mermaid or minor goddess, standing in the water and holding a mirror like a weapon against a terrible monster. The disgraceful creature already is pierced by an arrow; but I have serious doubts as to whether that wound ever could kill it. What tortures it, what destroys it, what means the actual beginning of its agony, that is its own horrible face ^{it} ~~he~~ is doomed to watch in the mirror; the grimace of its own abominable ugliness which the pretty water woman mercilessly is demon-

strating to it. - The cruel mirror in the hands of the goddess is Picasso's art which wants to exorcize the hideous embodiment of evil.

Monsters, however, are tenacious, and often possess a terrific vitality. They appear in varied forms and disguises; air planes and modern guns and poisoned gas are instruments of their deadly activities. They destroy cities and villages bringing ruin to men, women, children and even to the innocent animals. They have destroyed many places where human beings peacefully used to live and work. They have destroyed the Spanish city of Guernica.

At the first look, it is a
The huge mural of "Guernica" which Picasso painted for the Spanish Government Building at the Paris World's Fair (1937), represents the climax of his entire work. It is painted in black, white, and grey. Yet it gives the impression of a tremendous fire - a deadly pale fire, a cold, fatal burning. If we should not ^{know} that it is supposed to portray and to indict the catastrophe of the Basque city, we would be inclined to call it "Destruction", or "The End of the World". Even Goya's sinister descriptions of war horrors seem almost harmless if compared with this gigantic vision of pain. One has to go back to the Isenheim Altar of Mathias Gruenewald to find a work of art that expresses fears and emotions, as profound as Picasso has felt and has formed them.

The whole picture with all of its many details seems to be a single, heart-breaking scream - a scream, indeed, that does not come from one individual but is uttered by countless human beings, or by the entirety of mankind, or rather by all living creatures, who are bearing suffering. For the animals too are screaming, and the most terrible scream comes from a dying horse, which is placed at the center of the composition. Its head is erected in the panic of agony; its mouth is widely opened, with the pointed tongue coming out like a weapon - and this floundering beast is perhaps the most shocking, most terrifying figure of that vast composition of "Guernica". But there are the men and women, beside the

✓ The master, on the peak of world pain, has no consolation
Had been so, up to then only in a vision of anti-life
- challenging... destroying...

that screaming
that embodied in
chilled it

Revolutionary ^{a jokingly}
Said to a friend, 1983:
"My Fascism —
would like beautiful

money, lot of power,
That's what they like."
They wouldn't like "Capitalism."
"Polishism." — "Dynamic."
all twaddle ... Besides,
he painted Gumara.

animals - and those guilty human beings, as the innocent beasts, are the frightened victims of the evil attack. One of the women desperately raises her arms before a burning house, while another one senselessly rushes into the center of the chaotic inferno. A screaming mother, looking like a distorted Mater Dolorosa, holds the little corpse of her murdered baby, and a fallen warrior, on the ground, keeps on clasping a broken sword, with the last strength, the last fury he still possesses... Here there are, the Spanish mothers and men, the victims in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Finland, in Germany, Britain and France... Finally, we see another face, leaning from a window, watching the horrible scene, illuminating it with a lamp - an old-fashioned, poor little lamp, indeed, but it sheds much penetrating light. This most impressive, most mysterious of all faces perhaps belongs to a god who is looking with pain and pity at the senseless ruin of a world he has created. The mouth of the divine witness is lugubriously opened, in a certain way that reminds us of tragic antic masks. He is screaming too; but it seems to be a soundless scream, a silent kind of lament - while all the others vociferously are crying out their despair.

At the first look, a dead and comical; gradually, however,

The god-like, tragical observer, who throws the pale and penetrating light over the infernal spectacle of destruction, is the artist himself. Finally we are allowed to recognize his genuine face which kept hiding itself behind so many disguises and odd grimaces. The face we recognize - Picasso's face as he shows it in the "Guernica" picture - has human features. It is familiar with the tragedy of men. He watches men who behave worse than animals ever did. He is doomed to preserve for ages to come the ugliness of their deeds and sufferings. His fantastic realism keeps and forms the lament of ill-treated creatures, the eternal crucifixion of innocent life. His picture represents the tremendous indictment and, at the same time, the supreme expression of pity. The witness of the catastrophe prays: "O Lord, forgive them! For they know

Ordial
T. b. n.
lation

not what they do."

This overwhelming outburst of sympathy and pity, however, is not the last word of Picasso. He must go on creating, and in order to find the strength to do so, ~~he~~ he needs recreation and new topics to deal with. He paints girls and birds, and a "Man with an All-day-sucker", and all of them have a certain fantastic air, they seem slightly queer and eccentric, but not in a tragic way; they are rather gay, painted with very strong, hilarious colours. And people keep staring at Picasso's most recent creations, and keep on asking: "What does he mean?" - I am inclined to answer them, a bit impatiently: "He doesn't mean anything! Don't try to guess some dark, complicated idea, shrewdly hidden behind this shining red, or under the surface of that glaring yellow! They don't represent anything but what they obviously are: they are red and yellow. Are you blind that you can't notice it?"

I ~~wa~~atched, the other day, a group of negro children who were guided, by their young teacher, through the Picasso exhibition. First of all, I was somewhat surprised, and even a trifle shocked, when I saw those youngsters. What's the use of bringing them here? - this was my first and natural thought. 'They are just disturbing other people.' But after having watched their reactions, I realized that in fact they disturbed me much less than many of the grown-up visitors did. The little creatures gazed very eagerly at Picasso's sketches and pictures. They were apparently scared when they looked at the Guernica mural, they seemed to be terribly amused with certain cubist compositions, and they admired with open mouths the heavy, ~~royal~~ royal dignity of some large ladies, melancholic and at once vigorous representatives of the neo-classic period. - I think those youngsters really enjoyed walking around, between Picasso's horrifying and enchanting creations. They just liked it, they felt it was lots of fun.

...Pablo Picasso^a has hundred faces, and most of them seem to remain un-intelligible, up to now, to the majority of the people. He has a clownish face, and a diabolic and a divine and a detached and a pathetic face. Those delighted negro children, however, recognized at least one of his many faces. It was familiar to them; for it is the laughing face of a child.

"In every genuine man, there is a child that demands play." Nietzsche's word is true, and more especially so if the man in question happens to be an artist. The artist fulfills his mission not only by suffering but also by playing. By suffering and playing he creates, in ever new and surprising forms, that mysterious, comforting and at once provoking phenomenon that we call "beauty". In the sphere of Beauty, and nowhere else, man achieves the dignity of God, and, at the same time, the innocence of the child. Friedrich Schiller, the German poet and thinker, in his significant essay "On the Education of Mankind", draws this conclusion: "For, in the end - to state the matter briefly - , man plays only when in the full sense of the word, he is man, and he is only then entirely man, when he plays."

"Back to nature?" *)

Why not.

But not by neglecting P.

or nilifying

He is the decision man

Naturalist painting

regarding P. as a smolish

hobby

go back

XIX.

(without its force
"Social painting")

x)

Great figures have to

be "own come."

~~Star and Schönberg~~

~~had to "own"~~

Modern music had
to "own come" R.W.

like a disease.

— Perhaps a new generation
will "own come" P. as well.

Perhaps there will be a
period, interspersed as

hostile to art, to any

kind of artificial equipment,
the free display of creation

forced to admit the possibility

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The Hundred Faces of Pablo Picasso.

"It is not what the artist does that counts, but what he is."

Pablo Picasso, a Spaniard living in Paris, has the most attractive and most puzzling face. Sometimes it looks like the brutal face of a bull fighter, and sometimes like the cruelly naked face of a clown who shows himself without the colourful make up. The un-disguised features of a clown are very sad and pale - much more so than the mien of any other human being. Pablo Picasso has a very sad face. But sometimes it seems to be very gay, and on other occasions it impresses us ^{with} by its wisdom: it is a philosopher's face. It is a very fine face, indeed, with the hard and masculine lines of the chin, the wide and thoughtfully shining eyes, ~~the broad and low forehead~~. But it is a horrifying face as well ~~a criminal's face, indeed, a murderer's sinister countenance~~. There is a self portrait of Picasso, painted in the year of 1906, where he looks exactly like an insane young murderer, very morbid, very ruthless, and awfully depressed. ~~Obviously, this fellow does not enjoy being as wicked as nature has doomed him to be.~~ On another self-portrait which belongs to the early "blue period" (1903) he seems to be still more pathetic although somewhat less dangerous. ~~Let the appearance of that decadent young man is alarming enough.~~ His pale face seems to emit a white, ghost-like light; the expression of the eyes is shy and, at the same time, aggressive, lurking. The features of the face are ~~feeble~~ feeble and at once brutal. The blue contours underline the melancholia of a figure that stands in a tremendous loneliness. He might be an ascetic who separated himself from all human contacts; or he might be a degenerate whom everyone ^{avoids} (is avoiding). Or is his tragic solitude just the solitude of the artist who has to keep a certain distance between himself and the world? ~~For, how could he succeed in watching the world, if he really would live as a part of it?~~

Pablo Picasso has hundred faces.

He keeps on transforming himself like the Proteus of classic fable. He ^{changes} (is changing) his colour ^{constantly} like a chameleon. There is the blue Picasso, and the rose Picasso, and there are green and brown and again rose Picassos. There is the classic Picasso, and the revolutionary Picasso. There is ~~the~~ Picasso, the barbarian, influenced by negro plastics, and Picasso, the perfect master, inspired by Greek statues, the eternal beauty of Athens, the eternal boredom of Rome. ~~He is neither an original~~ There is a most sensible, most moderate Picasso - a younger brother and follower of Ingres, and very conservative if compared with Cézanne, Van Gogh or Matisse - , and there is another Picasso, more ^ceccentric, more daring, more crazy than any surrealist, any futurist ever was. The permanent spectacle of his transformations is most fascinating and most irritating. He keeps the critics alarmed, the Babbits shocked, the snobs tickled, the honest friends of art puzzled and excited. He is stimulating, provoking and confusing. He has become a myth, a legend, and he knows it, and is proud of it. He ^{stirs} (is stirring) up enthusiasm, and disgust, and endless discussions. He himself, however, ~~is more keenly interested in the enthusiasm and the disgust he keeps creating than he cares for the discussions about his character and work.~~ He is suspicious toward literary or philosophical interpretations of his ^{works} ~~pictures.~~ ^{Most of them} They are "pure literature", he thinks, "not to say nonsense..." And he adds, in a statement about his own intentions (1935) : "Enthusiasm is what we need most."

We have to look at his tremendous work ~~like~~ as at the perpetual drama of his life, his struggles, his pains and his triumphs. Picasso's work is the most dramatic phenomenon in the history of art. He says: "In my case a picture is a sum of destructions." The truth is that the entirety of his artistic oeuvre represents an overwhelming sum of destructions, and new constructions, of decay and regeneration, of agony and birth. It is the perpetual drama of transformation to which Picasso's

work

owes its power and inspiring charm - and I mean the word "transformation" in its most profound, most complex sense. For the ancient mythological notion of "transformation" ^{or "metamorphosis"} embraces the mysteries of death and resurrection. - "In each ^{destruction} destroying of a beautiful discovery", Picasso says, "the artist does not really suppress it, but rather transforms it, condenses it, makes it more substantial."

Picasso is Proteus who keeps on destroying his own substance in order to re-create it, and to fill it with new life and new mystery. -

The silly ones laugh at him, and the artists admire and envy him, and the genuine though somewhat naive observers keep on asking questions. "What does his work really mean?" they desire to know. "Does it represent a beginning, or an end? Is his ^Cexcentric, ever-changing style the fascinating finale of a long cultural period which has reached its end? Or is it the confusing start of something essentially new? Are his surprising follies the expression of youthful strength, or rather of a decadent weakness and decay? Is he 'a last one', or is he 'a first one'?"

While I ^{listen} (am listening) to questions of this kind, I ^{recall} (am remembering) an impressive, paradoxical and at once convincing word of Friedrich Nietzsche: "Apart from my being a décadent, I also am the contrary of it." For the elements of "beginning" and the elements of an "end" are intertwined in every historical period, and in this period of ours more obviously so than ever before. There always is a world that dies ~~and goes into pieces~~, and, at the same time, ^{there is} another world that just starts living, and ^{creates} (is creating) new forms and new ways to express itself.

Picasso ^{began} ~~started~~ his artistic career as an imitator of Toulouse-Lautrec, who really deserves the designation of a "décadent", beside the fact that he certainly is worthy of being called a genius. "The last European genius": this somehow melancholy title-of-honor the great German painter, Max Liebermann, has given to ~~the~~ ^{this} Frenchman Toulouse-Lautrec. / ^{colleague}

Some people think his work represents
a beginning of a new style,
a new period of art - white.
Others think he is a "disappointment" and
his attempts, low-changing manner
mean the finalizing finale.

This means that with the nervously sensual, delicate and daring art of that Parisian aristocrat and boulevardier ~~really~~ a grand period - the great XIX. century of France - is finishing. Young Picasso was intoxicated with the dubious charms and the enchanting melancholia of the French fin de siècle. The youthful Spaniard who came to Paris was taken by the ~~an~~ colourful vices of Montmartre, the sharp and poisoned ~~taste~~ flavour of absinth, by all of those sins and ecstasies^{es} expressed in the poetry of Paul Verlaine.

The young Spaniard who painted little dancings and the grandes cocottes in the Lautrecian manner, was not really Pablo Picasso as yet. But he started being Picasso when he plunged himself into the Blue Period, although in this Blue Period the influences of the French décadence are still ~~very~~ ^{very} obvious. The brilliant Swiss art critic Jedlicka wrote about the pictures of that period: "They are like pictures of El Greco, seen through the eyes of Beardsley." But there are other features, new elements, Picasso-elements already noticeable in those Blue pictures. There is a new strength^{tt}, a new primitive and daring power that Beardsley did not possess. There are elements of "beginning", although the decadent elements are deliberately underlined.

The pictures of the Blue Period already seemed not quite intelligible and even somewhat shocking to the public of that time - which proves that they had a new, ~~surprising~~ ^{provoking} and confusing character. Nobody but a very few friends took Picasso seriously when he painted "Woman with Folded Arms" (Paris, 1901) and "Two Women at a Bar" (Barcelona, 1902) - pictures that have become ^{rather} (a sort of) classics by now. When Picasso left Paris, at the end of 1902, for a trip to Spain, he did not succeed in selling the entire work of the Blue Period for a price of 200 frs. The night before he left Paris, he was freezing in his empty studio. So he used some of the sketches and drawings to heat the fire place (as he didn't have ^{any} coal ^{since he had no} for wood.

~~Everything that is new is provoking and shocking to the public which has a natural aversion for things it is not accustomed to. Richard Wagner, and Emile Zola, and Paul Cézanne were shocking, and so is Paul Picasso.~~

- "A creator is not in advance of his generation but he is the first of his contemporaries to be conscious of what is happening to his generation." This is what Miss Gertrude Stein has to say about Picasso. She thinks he is the purest, most striking expression of the XX. century. She says the XX. century is not the XIX. century, not at all, "of course not," says Miss Stein. She is right. The "vision" of the XX. century necessarily must be different from the "vision" of the XIX. century. And Picasso definitely has got it, this new vision; one already can feel it in ~~the~~ certain creations of the Blue Period.

✓ The poets discovered and praised his significance before the snobs knew his name. Max Jacob, and Guillaume Apollinaire, Gertrude Stein and Jean Cocteau recognized, very early, the greatness of Pablo Picasso.

~~I like a little poem Cocteau wrote about Picasso; it explains in a very simple and convincing manner why the young poet was more keenly interested in the shocking genius of the Spaniard than he was in the me~~l~~low and almost perfect achievements of certain of his French compatriots. Sung Jean Cocteau on Picasso:~~

~~"J'ai peine à soutenir le poids d'or des musées,
Cet immense vaisseau.
Combien me parle plus que leurs bouches usées
L'oeuvre de Picasso.~~

~~Là, j'ai vu les objets qui flottent dans nos chambres,
Trop grands ou trop petits,
Enfin, comme l'amour ~~m~~mêle bouches et membres,
Profondément bâtis!~~

~~Les muses ont tenu ce peintre dans leur ronde,
Et dirigé sa main,
Pour qu'il puisse, au désordre adorable du monde,
Imposer l'ordre humain."~~

The young poet - who himself was only too familiar with any kind of "désordre", any sort of restlessness and frenzy - sees in Picasso not

only the most authentic mirror of modern chaos but also the force that is overcoming the anarchy, and is establishing the new order and a new law. For the really great ones always represent and embody the deadly dangers of their own period, and, at the same time, must show the ways to new and brighter forms of life and art, beyond the dangers.

To the young generation in Europe - before the world war, and during the war, and in the years that followed - the mere name of Picasso meant a signal, and a war-cry, and a tremendous promise. And this is true not only for the youth in Paris or Barcelona, but for the German youth as well. When I was fifteen years old, and still was living in the cities of Munich and Berlin, I went to the Picasso exhibitions, and I stared at the Picasso reproductions in the magazines, and I discussed Picasso's work and character with my friends. All of us felt: there is something new - a new despair, a new triumph, a new anarchy, and the first signs and symptoms of a new order. ~~The First World War had distorted and confused our world, and here we recognized the true formation of our own fears, our hopes, our loves, our struggles.~~

And then, some years later, I went to Paris, and I made friends with many friends of Picasso. I knew Jean Cocteau, and the surrealists, and the people around the Russian Ballet, and many young painters, and there were plenty of intrigues and minor struggles and "jalouillies" going on between the different groups, but all of them admired Picasso, and most of them were influenced by him. He was the greatest personality in the artistic circles of Paris. They discussed his works and his character in the studios and the salons and in the cafés of Montparnasse, and on the Boulevard St. Germain. Sometimes, although not very often, he himself, the problematic Master, showed up, ^{on} in the opening night of some Russian ballet, or in the Café du ~~de~~ Dôme, or ^{at} in the house of friends. I liked to watch him while he was laughing with a woman, or discussing some matter with one of his poet friends; I always enjoyed watching him while he

he kept watching things and faces and shadows, and was preparing their transformation into new forms. He looked to me like a magician who is planning some new magic trick. There is a woman, a pretty girl, smiling, innocent and silly. The magician, however, already has decided to transform her ~~body~~ slender body and laughing face into a strange group of circles and cubes. She will hold a mysterious guitarre, and her soft, fleshy face will become stiff, and hard, and distorted. - I really got the impression that Picasso, who kept watching the girl, possessed the deadly force of that lady Medusa, whose dreadful eyes and snake-like hair could transform any human being into a monster, and could petrify it.

Yes, indeed, one of Picasso's many faces is diabolic. They have called him "Luzifer", and a "Mephistophelian nature". For he is not only inspiring, and stimulating, but also irritating, and disturbing. The adventures and swift changes of his own development can be, and often are, a most dangerous example to young, immature talents. He has not only inspired but also has ruined countless young painters. One might even say that he has ruined an entire generation of ~~painters~~ artists, for he has overshadowed all of them, and has stolen their fame and glory. He embraces all the artistic tendencies and possibilities that are "in the air" for three decades. He has created and has overcome an impressive sum of new style) and manners. The notion of "surréalisme", for instance, was used for the first time, by the writer Apollinaire, in connection with Pablo Picasso. He is the first surrealist. It is more doubtful, however, whether or not ~~one~~ ^{we} ~~may~~ should call him the inventor ^{of} of Cubism as well. The German art critic Wilhelm Uhde - ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ settled ⁱⁿ at Paris for many years, and one of Picasso's oldest friends and admirers - tells us, in his highly instructive book "Picasso et la Tradition Française", the significant of how "cubism" started. It was the poet Max Jacob ^{who made the observation to Picasso} ~~who observed~~ about a certain new creation of Braque; "Did you notice that Braque is using now cubist forms in his paintings?" And shrewd Picasso listened very attentively.

^{also} He ~~was~~ very amused when he learned that Matisse had ^{expressed about} ~~uttered~~ on the same pictures of Braque: "Trop de cubisme!" - which did not mean something very flattering, coming from Matisse. This was probably the first time that the word of "cubism" was employed to describe the character of new painting. It was used, by Matisse, to characterize the pictures of Braque, not the works of Picasso.

"We must pick out what is good for us where we can find it - except from our own works. I have a horror of copying myself." This sentence of Picasso has become famous. And, indeed, Picasso, who is unrivaled ^{himself} as an artistic inventor and stimulator, never had inhibitions when it came to using other people's ideas and techniques. ^{qu} It was in Braque's, not in Picasso's pictures, that the motive of the guitarre appeared for the first time, and that capital letters were used as an artistic decoration. Yet, for some mysterious but convincing reason, the fame was all Picasso's. Braque - who certainly is one of the most excellent and most lovable artists of our times - merely seems to be a part of Picasso. The ^{prodigious} monstrous em Spaniard embraces him, as he embraces the Italian Chirico, and noisy little Dali, and so many others.

The artistic fame of ~~his~~ two or three generations seems to focus in his ~~almost~~ gigantic personality. His almost super-natural vitality, his almost insane lust for work, his tremendous ambition ^{kill} (are killing) his competitors, his colleagues, and his friends. There are certain immoral giants who apparently enjoy the divine permission to use the ideas of their predecessors and contemporaries without ever becoming ~~any~~ the imitator of anyone. So ^{acted} Richard Wagner when he actually stole tunes of the German romantics. And we know that neither Shakespeare nor Goethe considered it unfair nor unworthy to use other poet's ^{ideas} stories. The glory always was theirs; for "it is not what the artist does that counts, but what he is."

The only one who actually succeeded in remaining an independant artistic force, beside Picasso; the only one whose solid fame keeps its own ~~personal~~ ^{authentic} light and right, is the celebrated French artist Matisse. As a matter of fact, Matisse and Picasso are the two great representatives of modern art.

Varied critics have written detailed studies on both of them, comparing ~~one with~~ them, and emphasizing the fundamental differences, the crucial contrast between those two masters. They have pointed out that Matisse represents the principle of classic order, while ^{Picasso} is the genius of romantic disorder; that the art of Matisse is "pure painting", while Picasso is creating an intellectual, literary sort of art, an art of ideas. I have read that Matisse is the last and powerful bulwark of the great French tradition, erected against the assault of a barbarian genius, an exotic force. The contrast between Matisse and Picasso - many critics insist - simply is the ancient contrast between European order and barbarian chaos.

There is a certain amount of truth and a great deal of nonsense in remarks of this kind. Matisse ~~also~~, to begin with, is not a "pure classic" by any means, but also possesses certain anarchic elements, as probably every representative artist of this period. Besides, the really characteristic feature of Picasso is ^{not} the triumphant tendency toward "chaos", but rather the permanent struggle between ^{the two principles of} order and destruction, ^{of composition} within the ^{and decomposition} tremendous variety of his oeuvre, the phenomenon of perfect beauty appears almost as frequently as the fascinating nightmare of radical ugliness. There is a "classic" as well as a "romantic" element in the complex structure of Picasso's being; there is a "Gothic" trend and a ~~some~~ tendency toward Greek harmony. There are grotesque features beside the attitude of majestic peace. To call Matisse the "classic" and Picasso the "romantic" means simplifying or even falsifying ^{reality} the true matters. Besides, we scarcely learn or achieve very much by comparing two important figures who ^{have} (don't

no resemblance to
resemble) each other. Both of them are great. ~~men~~. Picasso, however, is definitely greater than Matisse.

The city of Paris, which has been through centuries the capital of art, owes it to these two men, to Picasso and to Matisse, that it remains the unrivaled center of art still to-day. A Frenchman and a Spaniard have saved and preserved the artistic hegemony of France.

The fact of Picasso's being a Spaniard was over-emphasized by some critics, especially by Miss Gertrude Stein. I admire her little book on Picasso, and I feel it to be not only the most stimulating and amusing piece of work I ^{have} (ever) read by that author, but also the most intelligent and penetrating psychological study on Pablo Picasso. Yet the personal manner of Miss Stein, ^{her over-emphasis of} to over-emphasize certain points by repeating them in a monotonous though impressive way - ~~this naive and clever little trick~~ ^{of hers} endangers the authenticity and actual truth of ^{her picture.}

The Spanish element in Picasso's character may be very strong, but it certainly is not quite decisive enough to use it as a sort of "leit-motiv", throughout the book. ^{as early as the Blue Period,} In the pictures of the Blue Period already, Miss Stein can feel the "sadness of Spain and the monotony of the Spanish coloring". She goes further, and tries to explain the entire phenomenon of Cubism from the Spanish angle. Picasso, the Spaniard, had to be a cubist as the villages in his homeland obviously ^{show} (are showing) cubist forms. Picasso had to discover the mysteries of abstract art, for "the Spaniards are perhaps the only Europeans who really never have the feeling that things are real, that the truths of science make for progress." ~~Miss Stein, on her side, had to be among the first ones to recognize the significance of Picasso, for there is a strange ^{sort} kind of relationship between Americans and Spaniards, they "have a kind of understanding", as Miss Stein pretends. "While other Europeans were still in the nineteenth century, Spain because of its lack of organization and America~~

by its excess of organization were the natural founders of the 20. century." In her opinion, French art meant to Picasso "rather a seduction than an influence". - "African art, French cubism, and later Italian influence and Russian were ^{as} like Sancho Panza was ^{to} with Don Quixote, they ^{aimed} wished to lead Picasso away from his real vision which was a Spanish vision." - Sentences of this kind strike me as spiritual exaggerations. It is absurd to deny ^{the fact of} ~~that~~ Picasso, ^(being) ~~is~~ very intimately connected with the tradition and the collective development of French art. We have mentioned ~~the fact~~ that cubism was invented by the Frenchman Braque, to whom the Spanish villages did not mean very much. We may add that the whole phenomenon of cubism was prepared, or started, by Cézanne, who reacted against the dissolution of forms into light and colour, as preached and practiced by the impressionists, ~~said Cézanne: "Everything in nature is formed according to the pattern of the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder. We have to learn painting on the foundation of those simple figures; then we will be able to achieve whatever we want."~~

Cubism, ~~as a dialectical reaction against impressionism,~~ ^{by any means,} is not a barbarian element which entered and disturbed the peaceful ~~sphere sphere~~ sphere of traditional European art; it rather is, ^{rather,} ~~as~~ a dialectic reaction against impressionism, a station and interlude within the logical development of European art itself. There is not any abyss between "Picasso et la Tradition Française".

Cocteau has said about him: "He belongs to us! He has schooled ^{through us} all the forces, all the cunning of his own race, and has ^{placed} ~~put~~ all of them at the disposal of France." And Apollinaire observed: "Spiritually ~~he~~ He has ^{He} got the spirit of the Latin race, and the rythm of an Arabian."

Picasso himself, however, probably is not very interested in the national aspect of his own existence. In certain periods of his life he may have taken a special pride in his being French - a French artist - , while

^(truly)

in other moments he rather emphasized the Spanish elements of his work and character. Jedlicka quotes ~~his~~^a remark he made when he went through a exhibition of his own pictures, at Zürich. "They have called me a French painter," Picasso said to a friend. "But the truth is that I always have remained a Spaniard." - I have a slight suspicion, however, that Picasso, when he was talking that way, was somewhat influenced by Miss Gertrude Stein...

To spend a few hours in the great Picasso exhibition in The Museum of Modern Art, at New York City, is one of the most thrilling experiences I can imagine. It certainly is the most comprehensive Picasso show ever arranged. It embraces all of the different "periods", all of the varied ~~metamorphoses~~^{metamorphoses}, catastrophes, errors and triumphs of Picasso's amazing career. The blue and the first rose period, the negro period, the early cubist period, the ~~pe~~ adult rose period, the period of large women and classic subjects, the realist period, the various new cubist, abstract and half-abstract periods, finally the most recent style which reminds us of certain Gothic windows; that ~~desperate~~^{somehow} and very daring ~~essay~~ attempt to catch several views of a face at once, which was characterized by some observers as the ^(schizophrenia) "schizophrenia" style, - all of these manners and experiments present themselves as the moving scenes and exciting acts of a huge interior drama; as the stations on a long march toward goals unknown; as the ~~struggles~~^{battles} of a mysterious fight - the terrific struggle of the genius ~~for~~^{to find} the most precise, most authentic, the purest and strongest expression of his new vision.

"A painter paints to unload himself of feelings and visions." Thus are Picasso's words. A creative personality has varied possibilities ^{of course} "to unload himself of feelings and vision". Pablo Picasso, however, has only one single way and ^{opportunity} chance to do so. He has to paint. He is doomed to paint.

His vocation is to be a painter. The message he has to deliver~~ed~~ can be delivered clearly and truly only through the medium of pictures. His glory and his tragedy is to be a painter. He is a ^maniac of painting. One has said that Michel Angelo would have managed to create pictures and sculptures, even if he would have been born without hands. Beethoven created music in spite of his being deaf. So Picasso would create pictures, if necessary without hands ^{and} without eyes. He certainly would have imagination enough to find out new means of producing art under any kind of circumstances - which means, he could not fail to find ways of "unloading" his heavy heart, and to form the visions that ~~are~~ mysteriously filling his days and ^{lightening or disturbing} ~~upon~~ the sleep of his nights.

To him it is all very simple. The process of creating and destroying new styles seems the most natural thing on earth, if explained by Picasso. "I have never made trials nor experiments," observes ~~quietly~~ the most famous artistic experimenter of our times. "Whenever I had something to say, I have said it in the manner in which I felt it ought to be said." He coolly denies that the painful and adventurous act of ^{seeking} ~~searching~~ new means of expression means anything to him. "To find, is the thing!" he exclaims with a sort of cold, ironic pride. "When I paint my object is to show what I have found, and not what I am looking for." Yet his entire work is nothing but the breath-taking chronic of his countless endeavours.

He seems to be permanently surprised that people keep ^{on} being puzzled with certain new ways of expression he "has found" - or ~~he~~ is looking for. Why ^{do} ~~go~~ people ^{go} on asking questions about ~~the~~ cubist art or abstract pictures? Cubism is just a new way, a new tremendous effort to express the reactions of the sensibility to external subjects. Abstract pictures - he thinks - must simply be looked at as subjects in themselves. There isn't anything to "explain". Abstract pictures, like music, speak a language that is not the language of words. Why do people stubbornly insist that art should be "natural"? - "I would like to know if anyone has ever

seen a natural work of art,"Picasso,on his side,~~was~~ sarcastically wants to know.Art may be the "mirror of life";but it certainly is a magic mirror which does not just reflect but rather transforms reality.In Picasso's opinion,cubism,of course,is not an escape from reality nor does it mean a distortion of reality.~~It is just an "art dealing primarily with forms".The connection between this new sort of art and reality or nature is not destroyed nor is it a less intense connection than there it used to be exist between artist and nature.~~The artist - says Picasso - always depends on ~~the~~ ^{his} reality;he always to start from the object."You must always start with something...A person,an object,a circle are all 'figures';they react on us more or less intensely....The 'vision' of them gave me an...emotion...or rather they were transformed into all kinds of problems..." - So cubism is just a new way of approaching the phenomenon of life;a new attempt of transforming it into art.A French critic has put it very clearly and nicely:"Picasso ne cherche pas à arriver à l'objet,il part de l'objet."

The question remains as to whether or not the wide public is able, already by now,or ever will be able to understand and to appreciate this new artistic effort and adventure.As far as Picasso himself is concerned, he apparently does not care very much if he is understood or not.He remarks,proudly:"Moi,je crée une nouvelle matérialité.C'est aux autres d'y croire." - But if they don't?If they ^{those unknown "others"} refuse to believe in this new "matérialité" he is creating?If it does fail do convince them?This, ~~of course~~,would mean a ~~tragic~~ failure,even for so detached and haughty a genius as Pablo Picasso.For every artist,even the one who is scarcely interested in quick and cheap successes,must be interested in the effect his work exercises upon the public - if not immediately,so in the long run. - "Art is a lie that makes us realize truth..."This "bonmot" of Pi=

casso could be by Jean Cocteau, who knows a great deal about the mysteries of arts and artists. Picasso, however, has to admit that there are "more or less convincing lies."

In his case it almost seems ridiculous to speak about a ^{lack of} ~~effect or of success~~^{celebrated, most widely discussed}. Isn't he the most ~~famous~~ painter of his century? ~~Beyond any doubt~~. The very phenomenon of his splendid glory, however, is somehow strange and confusing as many of his pictures ~~seem~~ apparently still are to the average observer. ~~He is widely praised, discussed and publized by the special experts, the critics, the collectors, the artists.~~ The public takes it for granted that he is a great man, ^{since} as so many fellows who should know ~~about~~^{affirming} keep (confirming) that he is very great. People take it ~~also~~^{too} for granted that Einstein is a remarkable scientist, and that Arnold Schönberg is a distinguished composer. But how many among us are in the position to judge the achievements of Professor Einstein? And is the majority of the cultured public really prepared to understand and to appreciate ^{Schönberg's} the "atonal music"? - I am inclined to ask the same skeptical question ^{if it comes to} ~~about~~ the art of Pablo Picasso, ~~the most celebrated painter of this century~~. How many people do understand him? How many people do love him?

I have watched and interviewed many of the thousands of visitors who went to the Museum of Modern Art, partly because they were curious to find out what it is all about, ^{--this} ~~that~~ mystery man Picasso; partly because of a certain snobbism, or of a ^{cultural} sense of duty. There are men and women, of course, who seem honestly impressed. They say, "It's wonderful!", and they mean it. There are others, however, whose noisy admiration strikes me as somewhat hypocritical. I hardly can believe in their sincerity when they tell me: "It's so exciting, you know." I know it is, but I have doubts if they really feel it. Finally I have met varied people - young ones and older ones among them - who frankly admitted that they were disappointed.

"Perhaps he really is a very great artist," they remark thoughtfully.

"But I don't understand him. There is something cold, something horrifying in all of his creations. I can feel a certain ^{inhuman} inhuman element in most of his works..."

A very intelligent man - who, by the way, happens to be an ardent and understanding admirer of Picasso's genius - explained ^{to} me, the other day, that in his opinion the great Spaniard actually represents the anti-humanistic ^{social tendency} of our century; the very trend that created Fascism, or made ^{it} possible its rise. "Picasso is not interested in human beings," this observer said. "He is not interested in individuals but merely in forms and colours. His art is a detached, or even a cruel play with varied forms, which are arranged and moved and re-arranged without any feeling. He has no more human contact with the objects he is using as models than a mathematician has contact with the columns of figures he ^{uses} (is using) for his calculations. There is indeed the same terrible coldness in Picasso's artistic attitude which makes ^{modern} ~~treating~~ dictators ~~treating~~ their peoples as 'material' for their ambitious aims."

After this significant conversation I visited, once more, the Picasso exhibition, and had another look, and a careful one, at all of those acrobats and clowns, those women, children and gods, those cubes and guitarres and open windows, those dancers and birds and nightmares. I walked again through that world ^{full} of madness and miracles, of mostrosities and ^{beauties} ~~perfection~~, of burning ecstasies ^s and cold calculation. And I was ^{as} moved, ~~was~~ fascinated as ever before.

I realized, of course, that the personal tragedy of Van Gogh is more obvious than the tragedy of Picasso; that the women as Renoir painted them have a more seductive smile than any face Picasso has ever created. It certainly is easier to ~~under~~ be moved by the religious fervour of El Greco than to feel the tremendous passion that hides itself behind the cubes or arabesks of Picasso's ^{odd} constructions. ^e Leonardo and Michel Angelo

had a more direct, perhaps more convincing manner of praising the beauty of human bodies and faces. But hasn't Picasso ^{m/}done overwhelming homage to the charm and dignity of human forms in magnificent creations such as "Boy Leading a Horse", "The Harlequin's Family", "Blue Boy", "La Toilette", "Woman in White", "The Pipes of Pan", "Three Graces", and in many drawings of the neo-classic periods? ~~And how would he ever succeed in celebrating human beauty as he has actually did - unless he really possesses what love, and sympathy, and a human heart that can suffer and can admire is able to feel pain and admiration?~~

He is not ^{inhuman}inhuman. But as he is the magic master of transformation, he keeps changing and transforming his ardent feelings into somethings that often looks like the negation of sentiment. He has transformed his fears into grotesque visions and his pity into monstrosities. There exists a pencil drawing ^{of the classic style} - dated Paris, December 6, 1937 - which seems to me the key to many of Picasso's most confusing, most revolting products. The drawing, ~~made in the classic style~~, is entitled "The End of a ~~man~~ Monster", and shows a beautiful woman, some mermaid ^{or} and minor goddess, standing in the water and holding a mirror like a weapon against a terrible monster. The disgraceful creature already is pierced by an arrow; but I have serious doubts as to whether or not that wound ever ^{Kill} could him. What tortures him, what destroys him, what is the actual beginning of his agony, that is his own horrible face he is doomed to watch in the mirror; the grimace of his own abominable ugliness which the cool water-woman mercilessly is demonstrating to him. - The cruel mirror in the hands of the goddess is Picasso's art which wants to exorcize the hideous embodiment of evil, nightmarish forces.

Monsters, however, are very strong and often possess a terrific vitality. They appear in varied forms and horrible disguises; air planes and guns and poisoned gas are the instruments of their deadly activities. They destroy cities and villages bringing ruin to men, women, children and the innocent animals.

They have ^{destroyed} destructed many places where human beings peacefully used to live and ~~to~~ work. They have ^{destroyed} destructed the Spanish city of Guernica.

The huge mural of "Guernica" which Picasso painted for the Spanish Government Building at the Paris World's Fair, ⁽¹⁹³⁶⁾ represents the climax of his entire work, and probably is one of the truly greatest pictures this century has produced. It is painted in black, white, and grey. Yet it gives the impression of a tremendous fire - a deadly ^{pale} fire, a cold, ^{fatal} destructive burning. If we ^{should} ~~would~~ not know that it is supposed to show the catastrophe of a special community - the city of Guernica - we would call it "Destruction" or "The End of the World." ~~I have never seen the notions of despair, of panic and helpless suffering materializes and formed with so much power and intensity.~~ Even Goya's sinister descriptions of the horrors of war seem almost harmless, if compared with this gigantic vision of pain. One has to go back to Grünewald's Isenheim Altar to find a ^{work} ~~piece~~ of art that ~~conveys~~ expresses fears and emotions, as profound as Picasso has felt and has formed them.

The whole picture with all of its many details seems to be a single, heart-breaking scream - a scream, indeed, that does not come from one individual but is uttered by countless human beings, or by the entirety of mankind, or rather by all the living creatures who are bearing sufferings. For the animals too are screaming, and the most terrible scream is coming from a ^{dying} horse which is placed at the center of the composition. It is pierced by a spear. Its head is erected in agony; its mouth is widely opened, with its pointed ^{tongue} coming out like a weapon - and this ^{lurching} ~~screaming~~ beast is perhaps the most shocking, most terrifying figure ^{of} the vast composition of "Guernica". But there are the men and women, beside the animals - and the human beings, as the innocent ^{beats} ~~beats~~, are the frightened victims of the evil attack. There are the women, one of them ~~desperately~~ ^{desperately} raising her arms before a burning house, while another one senselessly rushes into the center of the chaotic inferno. There is the screaming mother,

holding the little corpse of her murdered baby, and there is, on the ground, a fallen warrior, his hand clasping a broken sword. Finally, we see another face, leaning from a window, watching the horrible scene, ^{illuminating} lightening it with a lamp - an old-fashioned, poor little lamp indeed, but it ^{sheds much} ~~gives~~ ^{penetrating} a lot of strong and cold light. This most impressive, most mysterious of all faces ^{perhaps} belongs ^{maybe} to a god who is looking with pain and fear at the senseless ruin of the world he has created. The mouth of the divine witness of catastrophe is ^{lugubriously} cryingly opened, ~~as we are~~ in a special way that reminds us of the tragic antic masks. He is screaming too; but it seems to be a soundless scream, a silent kind of a lament - while all the others vociferously are crying out their despair. - The god-like, tragical observer, who throws the pale and penetrating light of his lamp over the infernal spectacle of destruction, is the artist himself. Finally we are allowed to recognize his authentic face which ^{kept} ~~was~~ hiding itself behind so many disguises, masks and odd grimaces. The face we recognize - Picasso's face as he shows it in the "Guernica" picture - has human features. It is familiar with the tragedy of men. His eyes, which sometimes seemed to be cruel and almost evil, are filled ^{with} ~~of~~ tears. The tears he is crying are bloody. He watches men who behave worse than animals ever did. He is doomed to ^{prolong} ~~endure~~ for ages to come the ~~abhorrence~~ ugliness of their deeds and sufferings. ~~For his own tragedy is that he must observe all the tragedies of mankind, in order to portray them.~~ His fantastic realism keeps and forms the lament of ill-treated creatures. His picture is the tremendous indictment, and, at the same time, the supreme expression of pity. The witness of the catastrophe seems to pray: "O my Lord, ~~do~~ forgive them! For they ~~realize~~ know not what they ~~are~~ doing."

This overwhelming outburst of sympathy and horror, however, is not the last word of an artist, in whose career it may represent the lasting climax. ~~He~~ He must go on creating, and in order to find the strength ~~to~~

to do so, he needs recreation, and ~~the~~ new ~~colourful~~ topics to deal with. So he ~~falls in love with~~ paints a cock; again and again he portrays that proud colourful bird, and he paints "Girl with a Cock" (1938), and "Man with an All-day-sucker" (1938), and a "Girl with ~~a~~ Dark Hair", and all of them have a certain fantastic air, and seem slightly queer and distorted but not in a tragic way; they are rather gay, painted with very strong, ^{like} vivid colours. The artist, who so recently went through the inferno of Guernica, has re-^{discovered} found, once more, his ability and magic power of playing with forms, of transforming objects, animals and human faces into something new, "une nouvelle materialité".

And people keep staring, puzzled and irritated, at Picasso's most recent creations, and they keep on asking: "What does he mean?" - I am inclined to answer them, slightly impatiently: "He doesn't mean anything! Don't try to guess some dark, mysterious idea, shrewdly hidden behind this shining red, or under the surface of that glaring yellow! They ~~mean~~ don't mean anything but what they actually are: they are red and yellow. Are you blind that you can't notice it?"

I watched, the other day, a group of negro children that were guided, by their young teacher, through the Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. First of all I was somewhat surprised, and even a trifle shocked, when I saw those ^{youngsters} kids. What's the use to ^{of bringing} take them here? - this was my first and natural thought. 'They are just disturbing ^{other} the people.' But after having watched their reactions ^{grown-up} toward, I realized that in fact they disturbed me much less than the so-called intelligent visitors did. The dark little creatures gazed very eagerly at Picasso's sketches and pictures; they were apparently scared when they looked at the Guernica mural, and they laughed heartily about the colourful Cock. They seemed to be terribly amused with certain cubist compositions, and they admired with

with open mouths the royal dignity of the Three Graces. I think they really enjoyed walking around, between Picasso's horrifying and enchanting creations. They enjoyed the crazy forms and the sweet colours and the confused lines, and the perfect harmony of certain figures. They just liked it, they felt it was lots of fun.

Pablo Picasso has hundred faces, and ^{most} all of them seem to remain un-intelligible, up to now, to the majority of the public. He has a clownish face, and a diabolic and a divine and a detached and a pathetic and a human face. Those obviously delighted ^{youngsters} kids, however, recognized at least one of his many faces. It was familiar to them; for it is the laughing face of a child.

On every genuine man, there is a child that demands play.
"In jedem ächten Mann ist ein Kind, das will spielen." Nietzsche's word

is true, and more especially so if the man in question happens to be an artist. The artist fulfills his ~~mysterious~~ mission not only by suffering, but also by playing. By suffering and playing he creates, in ever new and surprising forms, that mysterious, comforting and at once provoking phenomenon that we call "beauty". The German poet and thinker Friedrich Schiller remarks, in a ^{most} significant study entitled "Von der Erziehung des Menschengeschlechtes": "Mit dem Angenehmen, mit dem Guten, mit dem Vollkommenen ist es dem Menschen nur ernst; aber mit der Schönheit spielt er." - Beauty, however, embraces and expresses, in the German classic's opinion, the supreme possibilities of mankind. In the sphere of Beauty, and nowhere else, man ^{achieves} ~~has~~ the dignity of God, and at once the innocence of the child. Schiller concludes: "Denn, um es endlich auf einmal herauszusagen, der Mensch spielt nur, wo er in voller Bedeutung des Wortes Mensch ist, und er ist nur da ganz Mensch, wo er spielt."

x Über die ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen
With the pleasant, with the good, with the perfect, ^{is man serious only}; but he plays with beauty.
7 or, in a word, - ^{the last, I state the matter briefly,} Man plays only when in the full sense of the word, he is man, and he is only then entirely man, when he plays.

F. S. , Al. G. put and Alinow, who ~~was~~
in his ^{reputations} way " On the Education-
of New-kind", draw Alie conclusion:

Disposition.

Die 100 Gesichter. [S. Mitfortschritt ...]
Proteus. — ~~Das Unheimliche~~ ^{End on beginning...}
Revolution und Tradition. [Maxime.]
Spanien. Frangon. "Weltbringer"
Der Anzug. (Empfangen. — ^{Prägnanz}) ^{Der Anzug.} ^{Empfänglichkeit...}
Das Unheimliche. ^{Thomas of painting...}
Der Weg zum Mittelalter. [Von der Skulptur
unmittelbar der Blau Periode
bis zur goldenen Anklage von Gaudí]
Der Künstler.
Spieltrieb.

Klasse. "Three Glazes." ... , "Idioglossia"
("Three Dances.")

... tries to catch a general view of a
face at once ...
"neo-classical realism"
... in swift succession followed: ...
... Like the Proteus of classic fable
... a transmitter of painting techniques ...
... unmixed ...

Leonardo - Michel Angelo: the human
beauty Pizano: maniac of FORTS ...
Mant: fine of coldness. Who could create
beauty without loss? (Blue Boy -
one of the most perfect pictures - Lady
in White: classic drawing; has been
family ...) The monstrous element ... Element
of Frank (" The End of a Monstrous ")

X showing home ^{the mirror ...} ["Consolation; blasphemous ...]
["Vision of Grimewald, Merit, Mangled.
Gothic element ...] : compared with
Remain's charm seems superficial ... I

Grimewald. Pity, sympathy ... [The hostess,
agony; annihilation ... The
house ... stretched arms, the hand with
the knife ... There are not any planes,
not holding, no burning house ...
Yet: indifference ... Pain. Anger.
Pride. Rebellion.

Going through infernos ... Frame: empty ...
(Like quotation)
Xhibition: Snobs, Malbith; negro children ...
(laughing; enjoying senseless forms; i
the cock ... he would have liked
them best ... I ... Man with an All-day-
march ... almost diabolic ...

He is not unknown. But as he is the major
master of ~~trans~~ transformation
he is changing and transforming
his feeling

G. St. — simplifying. [Spain - the Basin;
France - the de ... Italy,
but: Africa, Asia, China, I ...

Greece - carrying burden, enormous ...

Atlas - carrying burden, enormous ...

[Composite ... includes every thing;
Chino; Mayan; Sumerian ...]

The greatest artist of the century — in
the most general use of the word ...

(May be mistaken ...) Figures by like
b. w. But: combination of vitality

and problematic power —: unique in our time.

..... He hid all his disguises, masks,
grimaces —: the human face,
proud and sad, gay, expressed
in pain and triumph ...

— ~~With~~ ^{overwhelming} ~~My~~ ^{dominating} ~~doubt.~~ ^{horror}
But ~~there is~~ ^{horror} ~~Pisara~~ ^{horror} ~~has not~~ ^{horror} ~~the~~ ^{horror} ~~charm and dignity~~ ^{horror} ~~of human form,~~ ^{horror}
in magnificent creation ~~that~~ ^{horror}
He has transformed his fear into grotesque
visions, and his pity into monstrosities.

The temptations. (in letters) - "as a saint
 can be tempted, to see things as he does
 not see them"
 The new vision - ["Complications are always
 easy but another vision than that of all the
 world is very rare ... "]

"The Hundred Faces of P.P."

P. has the face of a bull fighter, and the
 ... hands of a magician.... His transformations,
 horrifying and shocking... (On a self
 portrait, 1906, he almost looks like a criminal,
 a very bad young man...).... The
 idea of...
 Destroying, building up, destroying again
 ... Dramatic power of his life...
 The mania of painting. (Toizani's
 mania of music...) Only way to
 express himself... women, gods, boys,
 Acrobats, clowns, windows, ...
 Destroying - on forming?
 The dissolution of objects into the pure
 form....
 Rational and mad. (Sophisticated and primitive
 Ecstasy and mathematics. playing child...)
 "Unhuman." Coldly playing.... [20.
 century; machine; Marchandism
 of course; smile; Van Gogh's
 a more warning deeply morbid;]

A very clever man - who, by the way,
is an ardent and understanding admirer
of P.'s genius - has explained me,
the other day, ^{plainly} the great Spanish
in his opinion, ^{representing} ~~the~~ Andalusian
~~the~~ anti-humanistic
of our century; the very person
that created "Kazim", as man, F. G. B. B.
"P. is not interested in human beings",
this observer said. "He is not
interested in individuals but merely
in forms. His art is as a detached,
as even cannot play with forms and
colors, ~~and arranged~~ which are arranged
and moved and so arranged without
any feeling. P. ~~also~~ has no more human
contact with the objects he uses as
models, than a mathematician has
contact with

"Spaniards and Americans have a kind of understanding... [calligraphy and American literature and Sp. painting and literature...]"

.... "African art, French cubism, and later Italian influence and Russian were like Sancho Panza was with Don Quixote, they wished to lead P. away from his real vision which was a Spanish vision" (a.) [not Emsofian?!!]

.... France - : rather a seduction than an influence

"A creator is not in advance of his generation but he is the first of his contemporaries to be conscious of what is happening to his generation."

.... "possessed of the necessity of emptying himself"

period of large women ^{Realist}
classic subjects ^{Large Still-Life}
adult non period [color period: green; grey...]

.... a Spaniard can assimilate the Oriental without imitating it

contact with Russia (ballet)
["Calligraphy" is written, no painting...]"

- Again: The Triumph of Spain

2) (and again)

of /
of the same "period", of
the said
formation, and the
period and the
earliest.

Picasso.

J'ai peine à soutenir le poids d'or des musées,
Cet immense vaisseau.
Combien me parle plus que leurs bouches usées
L'oeuvre de Picasso.

Là, j'ai vu les objets qui flottent dans nos chambres,
Trop grands ou trop petits,
Enfin, comme l'amour mêle bouches et membres,
Profondément bâtis!

Les muses ont tenu ce peintre dans leur ronde,
Et dirigé sa main,
Pour qu'il puisse, au désordre adorable du monde,
Imposer l'ordre humain."

...In a cycle of poets...others are dealing with the Muses...who are ugly; don't want to please...

Paradoxical: opposed to literary interpretation of his work; but: the friend of the poet,
Max Jacob, Guillaume Apollinaire, Gunder Strom, Cocteau.
G. St.: The Spanish element — emphasis, perhaps
over-empt — "Blue Period" The sadness of Spain
and the monotony of the "Spanish coloring ..."

Toulouse-Lautrec The rose or bacchanian period.
negro period emphatic, [Spanish village, caricature.]

The Harsh Age of Caricature. [The strugglers.]

[The Spaniards are perhaps the only Europeans who really now have the feeling that things are real, that the truths of science make for progress ...]

While other Europeans were still in the nineteenth cent., Spain became of it, lack of organization and America by its excess of org. were the natural founders of the 20. cent. I

For the really great ones always ~~must~~
represent the dangers of their period,
and, at the same time, they must
show the way ~~had to~~ ~~forward~~ to
new forms of life and art, beyond ~~the~~ the
dangers.

And then, some years later, I went to
Paris, and made friends with ~~many~~
several of P.'s friends. I knew Jean P.,
and I ~~watched~~ the Surrealists, and the
people around the P. B., and I met
many young painters,

Sometimes, although not very often, he himself,
the problematic Thoreau, showed up,

Own Statements. (1923.)

In my opinion to search means nothing in painting. To find, is the thing.....When I paint my object is to show what I have found and not what I am looking for.

Art is a lie that makes us realize truth...

(...more or less convincing lies...)

I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art..

....."always in the present..." (NOT an "evolution, or as a step toward an unknown ideal of painting..." - I have never made trials nor experiments. Whenever I had something to say, I have said it in the manner in which I felt it ought to be said...

Cubism: ...an art dealing primarily with forms...

Against interpretations. (pure literature, not to say nonsense...)

(1935.)

A legend... provokes a valuable stimulus... Enthusiasm is what we need most...

...In my case a picture is a sum of destructions...

....the drama... In each destroying of a beautiful discovery, the artist does not really suppress it, but rather transforms it, condenses it, makes it more substantial...

You must always start with something... A person, an object, a circle are all "figures"; they react on us more or less intensely.

...The "vision" of them gave me an..emotion... or rather they were transformed into all kinds of problems..."...the vibration of their life"...

"I have a horror of copying myself."

...A painter paints to unload himself of feelings and visions.

"It's not what the artist does that counts, but what he is."

[MOMA]

My P. opinion, cubism is not an escape from
d. 1. no it is a
distortion of it.

Picasso — this most unruly
(..... "the overwhelming ^{genius} scope
of his ~~creative~~ work")

"And in much studying some
intuition of the extremes of
beauty and terror, shaped itself";
— which was not said of P.,
but about another ~~master~~ ^{artist} —

Leonardo da Vinci. While
re-reading Pater's study on
the Italian ^{master} ~~genius~~ — that most
~~re-reading and~~ penetrating analysis
of an intimate genius; it
mingled with an intelligent tenderness;
full of ~~intelligent~~ ^{intuition} insight —
I was often reminded stark, more
often than not, by certain
parallels and strange resemblances
between the two mighty figures —
Picasso and Leonardo. Needless to
say, the historical circumstances
and personal features in which they
differ from one another. The differences
are obvious enough — the resemblances
delicate and not easily definable...

Perhaps it is, above all, the
 perpetual lack of the exquisite
 — the boundless intellectual and
 artistic curiosity what both have
 in common. — "Curiosity and the
 desire of beauty — these are the
 two elementary forces in L's
 mind; curiosity, often in
 conflict with the desire of beauty,
 but generating, in union with
 it, a type of intellect and emotion,
 grace. — (Could we not almost
 replace, in this sentence, Picasso's
 name instead of L's? — I
 say "almost"; for, in the case
 of P., the very notion of
 beauty has become more
 problematic and intricate
 than in L's classic, if
 somewhat mysterious, but
 the ~~formless~~ ^{formless} ~~deal~~ ^{deal} ~~within~~
 sporadic instances of P.'s work,
 from which we may ~~draw~~
 that "beauty is not
 always obvious."

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3)

Critics have ~~called him~~ ^{stunned} ~~amplified~~,
again and again, his ~~frantic~~
predilection for grotesque forms
and themes. "Legions of grotesque
swart under his hand; for has
not nature, too, her grotesque —
the dirt work, the distorting
light of running on lonely roads,
the unmarked structure of man
in the embryo, or the skeleton?"
What this said to explain certain
oddities in P.'s work? —
No: it is again Pater's analysis
of Leonardo that we are quoting.
He also speaks of "What may
be called the fascination of
consumption", which — according
to his knowing judgment —
"penetrates in every tone of
exquisitely finished beauty," which
dominates in of certain ^{which} or
passing ^{we} have ^{Head}
for ^{Pater}
the ^{so-called} "monbid" element
in P.'s character and production.
Another formula
used by Pater
to describe the weird attraction
of a certain portrait by L.
is "the refinement of the
dead —"

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5)

His problem was the transmutation
of ideas into images. ... To show,
he seems to be aiming at an
impossible effect, to do something
that art, that painting, can
never do. Often the expression of
physical beauty at this or
that point seems strained and
marked in the effort, as in
those heavy German foreheads —
too heavy and German for
perfect beauty. — For there is
a touch of Germany in that
grace, which, as Goethe said,
had
made sick youth."

A "touch of Germany" — in
the ^{major} representative figure of the
Italian Renaissance. — And in
Pisano — that Spanish and
admired by French art and
modern — yet so much abused,
paradoxical. Yet I am not the
first observer who noticed a
Germanic Faust-like

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element in P., and in striving
for new forms and new expansion,
in the frontier area, the
inspired west German of his
expansive genius. Art critics have
not found to say that the Gothic
element in his style ~~and manner~~
is stronger than the influence
of French impressionism. This
may be so on not ~~that~~ ^{How} explains
and justification of Patw's remark about
the "touch of Germany" in L.
genius ~~however~~ is the very ~~character~~
~~not~~ ~~extensive~~ quality which justifies
and explains our comparison between
two masters separated from each
other by centuries. Their works
are not only confirmed display
of beauty but a ~~firmament~~
4000 review of bold and desperate
affects. Theirs is not the perfect
serenity of ~~Mogash~~ Raphael
on Mogash; an ambition ^{boundless}
in drawing, but the tropical
and in ~~frank~~ ^{Both as} dynamic ^{is not} ~~not static~~
dominated by ^{and} ~~propositions~~ — inspiring

and we could go into details as to
the central station of the German attitude
— the family philosophical pathos of Faust's
understanding in contrast with the
character of... experiments.

(4)

them to new creative
efforts and industries, plunging
them into ~~formative~~ ^{creative} fits of
qualm-murdering qualms and
formative confusions. This
ambition — though fundamentally
artistic and determined by
~~artistic~~ aesthetic notions and
aims — ~~grows to compare the~~
fully aesthetic sphere and penetrates
into other ~~more mysterious regions~~
domains where moral, religious
and artistic values and conceptions
merge in twining. Both
are more than only great painters.
Their significance is not limited
to the realm of colour, form...

— In the case of L. this
general importance is more
obvious as painting was merely
one of his ways of self-
expression — one method among
others of "unloading" himself —
which P. is, indeed, a maniac
of painting. This may be
characteristic for our period —

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8) when even the genius is "specialized",
 how narrow-minded and lacking
 that comprehensive outlook
 of the Renaissance.
 however, — despite, or just
 because, of his limitations —
 as representation for our
 epoch a L. is for
 own — which means that
 also anticipates for us
 a lot more as it is far
 ahead. has anticipated
 basic difference in flat
 epoch of the Renaissance
 epoch was an epoch of
 in a alien world of ours —
 beginning in the mood and tendency
 of our epoch and end of decay
 and beginning of chaotic direction
 of our epoch are problematically
 and new order a more problematic way.
 therefore — bring what he is
 being the furthest incarnation of
 a double face — The eternal tension
 between who has overcome so many
 a style and mood — ultimately
 he must be overcome
 Future generation

The fundamental effort
"to express the reactions
of the sensibility to
external objects ..."

..... Abstract pictures:
must simply be looked
at as objects in them-
selves. [Kleist's
"Balthusar" G. Kirschw,
nach 30 Jahren ... Ver-
gleich mit "Impressionismus"
inmöglicht ... Musik:
"harkische Situation ...
Vulgarisierung & Dialekt.]

"P. as a whole has a
answer to the object, it
fant de l'objet."

✓ "geometric structure
which lay under the
accidents of appearance" ...

[Impressionism: in love
with "acc. of app."; fascinated
by Light and Colour ...
Reaction. (Brazier.)]



EN ROUTE

Unkman? [Gutierrez] etc. — ^{white}
Bull Fight. "The tragedy of the
"horse ... its ~~fast~~ grand agony ...
"Death of an Afternoon ... I

... evasive variety ...

... he burns ... ("after what
I have touched ...")

"P. et la Tradition Française"

[Gautier] Sturm — (Bethea):
"He is one of us ..."

... His ~~to~~ ambition: to
be French ... Later, in
Zürich: I always have
remained a Spaniard ...
Why he is influenced by

G. St. ... I

... he found out what he
feels ...

"The artist expresses the present, but it
is only the future that will properly judge
him because then he will belong to the
past." [Anthony Brooks.]

..... how honest a confession --- " [Gide:]
"Même a plus d'eloquence dans l'aveu ---"

..... Western civilization in a turmoil; science,
religion, philosophy, the social system,
all now being questioned, destroyed,
renovated, revised --- "

..... curiosity, and the passion to invent."
[Gide. Stravinsky.]

"They called P. unstable..."

..... The most vital, the
most stimulating, the
most modern influence
in art to-day."

.... An experimenter,
an "inventor"....

..... Tradition:

Beginning: Lantree —
Beardsley.

Then: Cézanne. [I had
raised the old standard
of F-Form...."]

Cubism.... Their language
is not the "language of
Words. [This irrational,
at once anti-sentimental
element; the cold ecstasy

... I

... "added one new instrument
to artist's equipment..."

..."die anarchische Fülle..."

Die Frage: "ein Anfang oder ein Ende?" (Nietzsche: "...zugleich ein Anfang und ein Ende...")

Frühes Selbstbildnis (1903) : wild und scheu...fahle Haut... scheint gespenstisch zu glimmen...Brutale Formen des Gesichts, blau gezeichnet...Das Haar, wie eine Perücke. Erloschener Vulkan der Augen...Der Blick, vague und doch genau...Die Gegensätze: ekstatischer Mystiker und ausschweifend sinnlich. - Der Ernst dieser Miene: so verzweifelt, dass es fast schamlos wirkt...

Blue Period: "...von bizarrer Melancholie wie von Gift durchtränkt" ...die literarische Haltung... ("als seien Bilder von Greco durch das Auge von Beardsley gesehen.")...ein einziges Frieren...dunkle Augen; Spinnenfinger. ("Fin de siècle"...décadence...eine Epoche geht mit dem Jahrhundert zu Ende...So täuscht sich Jugend über die eigene Art...Die kraftvollen, selbst primitiven Elemente... Anfang und Ende vermischen sich... (Gegensatz: Beardsley; Toulouse-Lautrec.)

Ende 1902: auf dem Linken Ufer. Spanien-reise. Lässt Bilder der blauen Epoche im Depot, da er nicht einmal alle zusammen für 200 frs. verkaufen kann. Verheißt sie teilweise, in der Nacht vor der Abreise. Frühling 1904: gewisser Erfolg... (die Zeit, da W. Uhde für 10 frs.)

Freundschaft mit Guillaume Apollinaire. Einfluss. Schreibt: "Geistig mir Lateiner, rythmisch mehr ~~Araber~~ Araber." (Komplexer als G.St.)

Ueber die Blue Period: "Tout cela, c'est du sentiment..." (Ueber das "Leben": "Dieses Bild ist entsetzlich...Vom Rest kann man sagen, dass er nicht allzu schlecht ist...")

Die Kubisten haben an den Negerkulpturen ebenso viel gelernt, wie die Impress. an den japanischen Holzschnitten.

Wort "Cubism" von Matisse kreiert: "Trop de cubisme!" (Ueber Brque.)

- - Der französische Ursprung. (anti-Gertrude!) Cézannes Formel: "Alles in der Natur formt sich gemäss Kugel, Kegel und Zylinder. Man muss auf Grund dieser einfachen Figuren malen lernen, nachher wird man alles machen können, was man will."

Manet - und seine Ueberwindung durch Cézanne. (Inner-franz. Prozess.) (Das traditionalistische Element im Kubismus. Herausgespürt von den den "Futuristen", die über Pariser Ausstellung, 1912, schimpfen.)

Ehrgeiz. Intelligenz. Kritisch analytisch. Mehr als Instinkt.

Deraun über P.: "Er hat ein geniales Mittel gefunden, die Malerei zu umgehen..."

Das Bentaen Benutzen von Holz, Blech u.s.w. Lärm wie in einer Werkstatt. Nachbarn ungeduldig. Diener erklärt: "Monsieur P. peint."

....Das luziferische Element....

Neo-Klassizismus. Einfluss der Antike... (Sentimentalität taucht in verwandelter Form wieder auf...)

The main fact that the pictures of Mr. P. P. are more or less undecipherable

Die dämonische Arbeitskraft. ("Work is a necessity for man.")
...."er habe fast ständig den Eindruck, unter dem Befehl höherer Forderungen zu leben...."(!)

Beziehung zur Natur. "Auch die naturfernste Form oder Farbe komme immer von einem Reiz der Natur..."

Benutzt Ideen anderer. (Braque! - in seinem Schatten...) "Copier les autres, c'est nécessaire; mais se copier soi-même, quelle pitié!"
....Reiz und Geheimnis der toten Gegenstände... Angeregt durch ein gesprungenes Glas, einen Nagel in einer Mauer...

Die Spannung Matisse-Picasso. (Klassiker und Romantiker. Franzose und Exote. - Studie von Clive Bell.)

P. als Franzose. Cocteau: "P. gehört zu uns! Er hat alle Kräfte, alle Listen seiner Rasse bei uns geschult und in den Dienst Fr.s gestellt."
....hat ihn mit Chardin, den Künstler des XVIII., mit Ingres and Cézanne verglichen...

Das Element der barbarischen Kraft... die chaotische Fülle...
Matisse als der Damm, den die franz. Kunst von innen her gegen diesen Einbruch errichtet... Ordnung gegen Fülle. Reine Malerei gegen Ideen-Künstler. Klassiker gegen Romantiker.

"P. et la Tradition Française." (Uhde.) - Berichtet: Max Jacob zu P.:
"Hast du bemerkt, wie Braque seit einiger Zeit in seiner Malerei Kuben einführt?" Zum ersten Mal bei B.: die Buchstaben; das Mandolinen-Motiv. (Braques "kräftige und dabei milde Heiterkeit...")

"Proteische Natur und Chamäleon."

Unendlich: die Anregungen; die Verwirrungen...

Das Wort "Surréalisme": von Apollinaire auf P. geprägt.

Aussermalerische Einflüsse: Film. René Clair. Cocteau "Le Sang d'un Poète". C.' ganze Haltung...

Stolz: "Moi, je crée une nouvelle matérialité. C'est aux autres d'y croire."

Der vitale Elan - ohnegleichen.... Orgie des schöpferischen Prinzips.

Der Spieltrieb. (Die Negerkinder...)

N.: "In jedem tüchtigen Manne ist ein Kind, das will spielen."

Schiller: "Von der Erziehung des Menschengeschlechtes." - "Der Mensch, wissen wir, ist weder ausschliesslich Materie, noch ist er ausschliesslich Geist. Die Schönheit, als die Consummation seiner Menschheit, kann also weder ausschliesslich blosses Leben sein.....; noch kann sie ausschliesslich blosser Gestalt sein.... sie ist das gemeinschaftliche Objekt beider Triebe, das heisst, des Spieltriebes. - Mit dem Angenehmen, mit dem Guten, mit dem Vollkommenen ist es dem Menschen nur ernst; aber mit der Schönheit spielt er." - "Denn, um es endlich auf einmal herauszusagen, der Mensch spielt nur, wo er in voller Bedeutung des Wortes Mensch ist, und er ist nur da ganz Mensch, wo er spielt."