

the whole work. He needs to be set in the  
way the old sculptors were. Rodin is an aston  
the sensibility of our time, who will make a  
but he hasn't a single idea. He lacks a creed,  
*of Hell*, his monument to hard work, some  
and you'll see, he will never build it. I think  
ac He certainly has caught him, fixed him

the dogmas, the virtues, the  
sions, everything that was  
and its windows. As indeed  
Ages learnt its faith through

*‘Le para*

That was the true knowledge  
your friend Abbé Tardif sa

MYSELF

os in Siena . . . Everything is in those little  
ke a Tintoretto, with greens and bluish reds  
te, have a simple tragedy, constructed with  
and the women at the tomb facing the great  
quity has their nobility and their triumphant  
ictory tying up her sandal. If you saw it!

sword. A little ve  
bloodlessly to hea  
tory's wings – yo  
don't think abou  
doesn't need them  
with the halos are  
notices. They tak

hero! A man who had  
whom he should have g  
all posterity. Has he pa  
down enough in his b  
about the painter and m  
ter. And he had the co  
the *Coronation*, the ch

nothing in him separating the  
out abstractions, everything  
same but somehow clothed  
inhaled a mysterious music.  
middle, where the women are  
it with their strong hands. C  
ing in fullest measure, that

est. Especially if it becomes a whole boundless composition of warm light and convey to the breasts are really, like you and that saturates them. I'm sure the hidden soul of the underpains gives this strength and lightness

painting went wrong with David when it t  
onscientious. That's my greatest horror.  
who knew his job, but what did he make  
rouser buttons in *The Surrender of the S*  
e given us was a psychological study in th  
e grooms and camp-followers grouped aro  
Lousy Jacobin lousy classical painter



Degas isn't enough of a painter  
little bit of temperament one can  
have a sense of art, and that serves  
most. That's why institutes, pe  
idiots, buffoons and scamps. B  
They're welcome to go to the  
don't give a damn about them

ing literary besides, if you get excited about  
then you don't love them . . . A picture doesn't  
doesn't need to represent anything in the world.  
As for me, I hate that, all those stories, the  
ism. Goodness knows, it's there in the paintings,  
es, but you have to see it with your eyes, not  
ur eyes. That's all the painter wanted. His p

like the one down there, come, I'  
What an extraordinary still-life!

*We arrived in front of the picture.*

Murillo had to paint angels, but lo  
well their high-mettled feet are pla  
thy of peeling those beautiful ve

Aretino with the genius of R  
cerebral, driven by will as m  
believe, knew everything, ban  
human joy and torment . . . Fo  
trembling . . . It's his portrait  
familiar to me . . . The one Ma  
the Dijon Museum . . .

so much from it, they find joy in it.

*He went up closer to the picture.*

And look at this white foot, here,  
... he prepared his flesh tints in w  
at the edge, he brought them to l  
... in black and white, he chose

be right in theory, but in nature. In spite of  
(x) and his admirers, Ingres is a minor painter.  
The worst are: the Venetians and the Spaniards.

*to a window and surveyed the lines of build*

and such is the case. But in all these things

put, but I'm not  
painting from a false tra  
dreamt vaguely of a renaiss

*He walked up to The Wo*

You can find us all in this  
colour for its own sake, v  
these furry cushions this

And when he begins p  
a tragedy . . . you mig  
more. I who am speak  
disappear. It's enough  
of it . . . One day not  
green sky. Such intens  
then, the burning ship



himself with too much Shakespeare and  
too much Faust. His palette is still the most be-  
autiful no one under the sky had more charm  
and more vibration of colour. We all paint  
like him in Hugo's.

MYSELF

et?

coach, that large white  
out a break, all velvety .  
*Hallali* in the Besançon  
bit theatrical, but who,  
the groom, remind me (I  
manner, the heroism, t  
And the sunset in *The S*

*The Daria* should be set  
over there . . . You can't see  
opposite *The Crusaders*,  
it's very fine, those feet,  
tion, when all's said and

*He took me by the arm . . .*  
*youth. All the while he kept*

e was flushed and beaming. His overcoat,  
eeve, swept the carpet behind him. He drez  
exultant. I had never seen him like that. U  
umphant looks to right and left. The Louv  
rner he spied a copyist's ladder. He pounced

ask you, look at this  
dog-like, even though  
... And the choirboy,  
somewhere near it ...

*He grew more excited*

Gasquet, Gasquet ...

*ering. He started making a real speech.*

God's name! . . . No, but really, it's true  
. . . It's robbery . . . The State, we are the  
painting . . . Who is there that understands  
soning him in this cave . . . I protest

