

obtain a High Degree. Hitler, more evolved, was unable to obtain the Degree which would have ensured him rule over Europe. He will disappear like a Myth. (Informed about role of Rosy-Cross in Europe by the Duchess of Vendôme and Nemours). (Horoscopes).”

Rule over Europe! Thus did the French Synarchists, the British bluebloods, Adolf Hitler, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi (Otto von Hapsburg’s alter ego, founder of the Pan-European Union) all agree on what this rule should be, as another diary entry goes:

“Dinner at the home of Dubois with the new municipal Police Superintendent. A young and very charming man, who speaks of Hitler with grandeur. . . . He thinks, as I do, that it would be very damaging to prevent such a mind from carrying out his task, by choking him off in the midst of his path. Already, the Prefecture has got ready new identity cards, with ‘European’ marked on them: ‘Mr. So and So, European (District France).’

No more borders. . . . With Hitler, you deal with a poet who slips out of the grasp of lesser spirits” (July 1942).

Is the European Unity Act of 1992 anything but this?

That Cocteau was not shot as a collaborator at the Liberation of France, can only be explained by the extraordinary nature of his ties to British intelligence. In September-October 1944, Cocteau hid out from the Resistance in the châteaux of protectors like Count Hubert de Ganay. Suddenly, he reappears in the British embassy, sitting at dinner next to Lord F., head of British intelligence (Nov. 8, 1944), and next we find him driving about Paris in the British ambassador’s private car, dining with Noel Coward at Princess Radziwill’s . . . so was he saved!

Something, there was something that Cocteau had done that was very useful to the British, and that something is not yet known. In his speech of acceptance of an honorary doctorate from Oxford University (1956), Cocteau tore off a corner of the mask:

“It sometimes happens, that during the sessions of the Académie Française, I look furtively to my left, and furtively to my right, and ask myself, whether my colleagues will notice that I sit amongst them as a cheat, as an agent of your Intelligence Service who . . . thanks to false papers, wears the uniform of a Customs officer whose real job is to pass forbidden goods.”

So when Cocteau committed the following “joke” to his *Diaries* (January 1944), he knew whereof he spoke:

“The war is over. Germany, destroyed. Hitler at the Peace Conference Table, watches as everything is taken from him: his provinces, his colonies, his conquests. When nothing remains, he stands up, rips off his swastika armband, and throws it to the ground. He rips off his little moustache and throws it to the ground. He rips off the lock on his forehead and throws it to the ground. Clicking his heels, he salutes smartly. ‘Captain Williams’ he cries, ‘Intelligence Service.’ ”

The ‘great’ Picasso: plain old Satanist

by Nora Hamerman

Picasso: Creator and Destroyer

by Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington

Simon and Schuster, New York, 1988

558 pages hardbound, illus., with index; \$22.95

One merit of this heavily documented biography of the idol of 20th-century plastic arts, Pablo Picasso, is that the author poses the question of whether modern art will endure, and answers it, at least for the case of Picasso: His art, unlike that of Shakespeare and Mozart, will have nothing to say to future generations.

The book ends on a bang. She describes the suicides, following Picasso’s death in 1973, of his grandson and namesake (who took poison on the morning of Picasso’s funeral), of his mistress of 50 years Marie-Thérèse Walter in 1977, and of his widow Jacqueline in 1986 after she had selected the Picassos for a big retrospective show in Madrid. “That was the dark, tragic legacy Picasso left behind in his life. . . . He took to his ultimate conclusion the negative vision of the modernist world. . . .

“From the time that he shook the art world with *Les Femmes d’Alger*, [in 1905] Picasso was out of love with the world. He saw his role as a painter as fashioning weapons of combat against every emotion of belonging in creation and celebrating life, against nature, human nature and the God who created it all,” Stassinopoulos continues.

“There is, of course, ‘no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night,’ yet there is a sense in all great art that beyond the darkness and the nightmares that it portrays, beyond humanity’s anguished cries that it gives voice to, there is harmony, order and peace. There is fear in Shakespeare’s *Tempest* and in Mozart’s *Magic Flute*, but it is cast out by love; there is horror and ugliness, but a new order of harmony and beauty evolves out of them; there is evil, but it is overcome by good.”

Picasso was, instead, the artist of despair and hatred. Stassinopoulos documents, without giving it its proper name, the political definition of this “modernist” vision in Picasso’s biography: Nazi-communism.

Nietzsche's dominance

Although he spent most of his life in France, Picasso's intellectual formation had occurred in Barcelona in the 1890s and early 1900s, where the dominant ideology was anarchism. He became a convert to the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche, the godfather of Nazism, and a lifelong Gnostic, a believer in the notion that Good and Evil have equal existence in the world.

Stassinopoulos reports on p. 46, "Uneducated but quick to learn, Picasso devoured ideas and philosophies through his friends who had read and absorbed them. Pempeu Gener, who first introduced Nietzsche to Barcelona, and Jaume Brossa, another Nietzsche popularizer and a staunch anarchist, became Picasso's friends, and through long discussions they familiarized him with the Nietzschean staples of the death of God and the birth of the Superman, that extraordinary being who, alone on his mountaintop, can survive the death of God. . . . 'I myself am fate and have conditioned existence for all eternity,' Nietzsche had declared, and Picasso readily responded to this trumpet call of absolute freedom. Nietzsche's *The Will to Power* also struck a chord in his heart. Power was the only value set up by Nietzsche to take the place of love and the transcendent values that had lost their meaning for modern man. And Picasso, for whom transcendent values were associated with Spain's repressive Church, and who thought that he had tried love and it had failed him, found that philosophy admirably suited to his own needs and dreams of power."

Nor was this simply a youthful episode. On p. 180, in 1923, the surrealist painter André Bréton again reads Nietzsche to him. On p. 301, Picasso's attitude toward his wartime mistress, the artist Dora Marr, is identified as the "Nietzschean superman and survival of the fittest." He had no problem in embracing the Russian version of this outlook, embodied in the overtly Satanic art of Russian ballet-master Sergei Diaghilev, one of whose ballerinas became Picasso's first wife, and the nihilistic music of Igor Stravinsky.

During World War II, the anarchist Picasso was treated with respect and status by the Nazi Occupation in Paris, yet, in one of the most ignoble episodes recounted in this book, refused to use his influence to save the life of a lifelong Jewish friend interned in a concentration camp. Then in 1944 Picasso joined the Communist Party, and for the rest of his life, was used as a cultural symbol of the international Communist movement.

Last year, *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* caused quite an uproar in the art world. The guardians of the mythology of 20th-century culture have not appreciated the book's unveiling of the evidence of physical and mental cruelty in Picasso's relations with the many women in his life. It seems that those hideous images of hacked-up women, correlated with a real-life fascination with the effects of razor blades and burning cigarettes.

The real question, which Stassinopoulos never poses, is, how did our sophisticated century come to embrace the art of Pablo Picasso, the apotheosis of evil, and reward it with fabulous sums of money and mass adulation? And why is it, that the heritage of the Renaissance, enshrined in our museums, did not inspire an art for our century that would have an enduring message?

Can it be that our guardians of culture share Picasso's Nietzschean cultural pessimism and believe—indeed, insist—that the great art of the past must be treated as forever dead? Yes, it can.

Ravel letters reveal cultural debauchery

by Odile Monjon

Maurice Ravel: Lettres, écrits, entretiens
compiled and annotated by Arbie Orenstein
Harmoniques, éditions Flammarion, Paris, 1989
In French; 626 pages, 350 French francs

Flammarion's edition of the letters, writings, and interviews of the French modernist composer Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) offers the great expectation of showing us an unrevised and uncorrected Ravel, through an abundance of well-presented documents. In this respect, if the content of these letters leads us to think that Ravel had little to say, the recipients of the letters, by contrast, come to us as plenty revealing.

Ravel was certainly not a leader, a *chef de file* of a new musical esthetic as Debussy was, or as Erik Satie was; and we can wonder if without his most famous work, the "Bolero," he would be known nowadays. It is surprising how his letters are exempt of any passion, polemic, or crisis, and only deal with trivia. They reflect a world so well described in Ravel's own works: fairy tales, "reveries," a world of childish fantasy which seems to be the birthmark of this new musical school.

However, Ravel's propaganda activities, through the SMI (Société musicale indépendante, which he created with some friends), for the Russians composers, "Esoterik" Satie, and even for Arnold Schoenberg, set fire to a house badly defend-