

“Le principal outil que l’artiste se forge par la pratique continuelle, c’est la foi dans sa faculté de réaliser des miracles quand ils sont nécessaires »

Mark Rothko.

III - ART AND CONCIIOUSNESS

It is for sure legitimate to enjoy some physical and moral satisfactions. We are a physical body. Everyone hopes to avoid toothaches, to have a minimum of worries, to be at peace intellectually and sentimentally, to have an enjoyable social life, to trust reliable friends, to be truly loved etc...

But even a person who could get all this, pills against toothaches, pills against anxiety, money and friends, a nice life in a satisfactory environment, social acknowledgement, no threat of any kind, would, for sure, not be happy. Even love is not sufficient, even love is disappointing and unsatisfactory, even love is not enough to fulfill life. This person that I imagine totally satisfied, totally happy, fed, warmed up, relaxed, massed, drugged, admired, who would, at the end, be sitting in a remote controlled armchair with a liter of coke and a straw in the mouth, even this fat happy man would be, for sure, totally unhappy. There is always something missing, and what is missing is, very precisely what art and spirituality are about.

Just a few facts or things that anyone can check:

When Sarajevo was bombed and people killed in the streets by snipers, there was one hundred of theater plays going on in the cellars every evening.

When the talibans were ruling Kabul, when musicians were hanged and kites prohibited, there was a club of poets meeting secretly at the risk of their lives.

During the siege of Leningrad, by temperatures below -30°, the musicians of the symphonic orchestra rehearsed everyday despite their frozen feet, frozen

hands, frozen instruments, even though, every day, another musician was missing, killed by hunger.

Even in concentration camps there has been people writing.

There is no country, no place, where people don't enjoy music.

Everywhere in the world poor people, living in miserable conditions, inhuman working conditions, polluted environment, spare consequent part of their income for artistic purposes (buying a cd or a cassette, a photo, whatsoever).

Everywhere in the world, when children have enough to eat, they meet in the street. They play music, sing and paint. They are spontaneously creative.

In remote villages of Siberia, as in the desert areas of Africa, there are people who spend all their free time by decorating their home.

In the shepherding plains of Kalahari, there is not much to do when enough fruit and seeds have been collected for the meal. The best part of the day families just meet and play together, sing and joke.

In the valley of Omo, not far from the area where the most ancient pre-human fossils have been discovered, the main activity of children and young

adults consists in playing and decorating their naked body with colorful mud, fruit and leaves. They have no camera for taking pictures, the astounding beauty of their creations is ephemera, they do it “pour la beauté du geste” but this beauty is highly praised and is source of prestige.

The earliest probes of human activity in caves are artistic.

En fait, pour être précis, il s’est écoulé tout de même près de trois cent mille ans entre l’“apparition” sur Terre de l’homme moderne –sapiens sapiens – et ses premières manifestations artistiques. Qu’a-t-il fait pendant tout ce temps? Il a peut-être rêvé, réfléchi, et estimé que créer n’en valait pas la peine!

Mais quand il se lance il s’écoule seulement douze mille ans entre les premiers coquillages grossièrement incisés (-43.000 ans), et les splendeurs de Chauvet (-31.000 ans). Très long, me direz-vous, mais très court si l’on considère la longue gestation de la culture humaine.

Et quand enfin il peint, pendant la période dite du “paléolithique supérieur”, il peint pendant très, très, très longtemps. Dix-mille ans séparent Lascaux de Cosquer, quatre mille de plus séparent Cosquer de Chauvet. En fait il ne s’arrêtera plus, jusqu’aux Egyptiens, jusqu’à nous.

The distance of time between the paintings of the Chauvet cave (32.000 years BC) and the Lascaux cave (17.000 years BC) is the same as between the Lascaux cave painters and Picasso. In the Cosquer cave some paintings are separated by 8.000 years one another. During these tremendous lengths of time, painting has been a constant, regularly followed and highly revered preoccupation of human beings.

Many scientists and mathematicians, including Einstein himself in his memoirs, insist on the fact that their main discoveries had an artistic aspect. Others admit that there is “paranormal” side in their creative process, dreams, visions or intuitions of great beauty. All of them remember that the intellectual satisfaction that they enjoyed when they found an elegant solution to a complex equation had an artistic nature.

Famous chess players say that, at a high level of concentration, at the heart of an intense battle, their brain is able to find its way through millions of possible combinations, not by logic but by intuition. The whole process is often described by them as “beautiful”.

Golfers know that, in some conditions of combined relaxation and concentration, their mind can

embrace the whole distance to the hole as if it followed the ball from the sky until it reaches its goal with a remarkable accuracy. The physical fulfillment they enjoy in such moments has some artistic aspects. Their body has found a way to be plainly harmonious with their mind and its environment. The distinction between these two aspects of the person hence is abolished, and this abolishment is source of intense wellbeing.

I have chosen these examples to illustrate the idea that creativity is not only a faculty of all human beings, but a constant need of humanity. It is certainly not a useless leisure for rich *dilettanti*. Inuit people even think that beauty is what makes the earth stand upright. But, at the same time, as Oscar Wilde put it, art is very much a useless thing. Because it is free and cannot be resumed to its economic parameters, art is extremely precious. Art is useful because it is essentially useless.

At the opposite of art one can find many things. Among them is esthetism for example, the good taste, fashion, style, decoration and design. These notions are very often confused with art because they require a high level of creativity, and actually, wherever you find creativity you also find art. The “decorative arts”, for instance, so admired since the Renaissance, but nowadays quite dismissed, have been honored by major artists, from Paolo Ucello to Gustav Klimt. I don't reject any of these aspects of creativity; they all contribute to

make everyone's life more civilized and therefore a little bit more tolerable.

I shall not develop again subtle distinctions between art and esthetism. Let's just say that if, as I believe they are, esthetism and good taste are exactly opposite to art, this does not mean that they are incompatible. Actually some artists have good taste, some don't, some are esthetes, and some are not. Creativity, or let's just say art, understood as a deep and vital dimension of the human psyche, is beyond good taste.

Creativity turns out to be quite remote, quite different from the sensitivity to beauty itself. Personally I would be quite satisfied if I could just be sensitive to the beauty of flowers, sunsets and landscapes. But Jung stresses the fact that creativity is more than that. Creativity, including its most painful sides, is the only dimension in which human beings can plainly fulfill themselves. We are made creative.

This creativity is the fuel of inventions, of course, but also of travels, explorations, discoveries and business. But it is only in the purely intellectual field that creativity finds its achievement. This intellectual field is

the pasture that we call art (the creation of art, not the sensitivity to arts).

Many artists need and prove to retrieve themselves from the impressive beauty of the world. They can enjoy living in a nice place, in a nice house, but for creating they close the shutters. Soulages does it. Bacon was working in a dirty subterranean garage. Lucian Freud can paint in the night under neon lights. Few writers can really write in Sicily or Napoli, contemplating the vibrant Mediterranean nature. And even those who do, actually when they write they are not there. When Renoir sits all day under his beloved olive-trees and paints, he is intensely there, receptive to nature as a whole, but he is elsewhere also, in a kingdom that nobody can reach which is the art of Renoir.

Even the impressionists, whose credo was to paint “sur le motif”, directly from nature, actually did not really do it. There is always a re-creation of the world in the closet of a soul, a meditation followed at home, away from the intense but disturbing beauties of reality, away from the painful bite of mosquitoes, an exploration and a fight against the mental and technical impeachments of creating. Monet’s last *nymphs*, though conceived and meditated in front of a pond, are a poetic re-creation of the universe as a whole, a pursuit followed in the vast studio that he ordered to be built near his garden.

In the continuation of Jung's theories and intuitions, the discoveries of physicians and biologists confirm that the human brain, if not the whole body, is receptive to all dimensions of the universe. We are biologically and chemically part of it.

These dimensions, only quantum physics can describe them accurately. In the subatomic dimension there is no here and no there, no time but only energy, a particle cannot be located in speed and space simultaneously, and when you locate it is not a particle anymore but a wave... The inside and the outside of any physical thing has no meaning at all since a single atom is totally void, so void that there is more empty space in it than in the whole solar system at the size of a man. But at the same time the energy imprisoned in it is so dense that it can only be split in the furnace of a star.

Only empty galactic voids can be found in the subatomic world where atoms have no material existence, where only wide abysses can be detected because they are filled with tremendous charges of energy. These energetic properties of atoms, the ubiquity and celerity of particles, our neurons apparently are able to use them with appropriate systems. It is the property of atoms themselves which are used by neurons to produce consciousness.

These faculties of neurons could explain intuitions, for example. It is known that in symmetric

couples, particles react symmetrically whatever distance separates them, a meter or a trillion meters. The information seems to travel between them instantaneously, that is to say faster than the speed of light. Actually they don't have to travel at all, they are at the same time here and there, they escape time.*

Is it not what happens when we feel a danger coming, when a medium predicts some event, when we see the future in a dream or feel something happening elsewhere in a "flash"?

Is it not what happens when we create art? The game which is being played there, and which is so mysterious, the hand and the eye don't play it simultaneously but *a-temporally*, timelessly, art escapes time, suspends it, and the creation, as a result, seems to be the creation of a third person (Burroughs and Brion Gysin called it the Third mind), a person very different from the components of its creator.

Bergson and Proust, both contemporary of Einstein and De Broglie, have, either in philosophy and literature, very accurately examined this aspect of creation, which is a puzzling thing, even for artists; especially for artists.

I find in this aspect of art the reason why creation is associated with the idea of fulfillment. Then I mean by *Art* not only the moment of the material act of

creating, but also life itself as a creative process, creation as the purpose of life. I said before that there is always something missing. Would you have everything, food, drinks, drugs and sex, there would still be something missing. The artistic process, because it has for result not only the creation of concepts and artifacts, but the creation of yourself as a creator, (this third person or third mind, whose properties and faculties are those of the particles themselves in motion in the universe), what is always missing is not something but *someone*.

The feeling of inadequacy is enshrined in the root of the creative mind. It is its painful counterpart. It is the cause of the fundamental dereliction of the artistic soul, a dereliction called in the past "melancholia", which can drift to madness. Camille Claudel wrote, as she was becoming insane: "I have always felt that there was something absent in myself". She probably referred to what I am talking about. Romain Gary put it in other words when he said that art was a thirst that life could not quench. He eventually committed suicide.

We understand now why this third person cannot be a lover, and cannot be found in love whatsoever. This void which can be called spiritual cannot be completed by a lover and actually it is not the purpose of love to do so. Artists are by no way different than other human beings and love is for them as often painful and disappointing than for other people. But the

creative process at work in their mind is precisely engaging the spiritual forces which make this third person be not only themselves, but a better themselves. In comparison with this creator that they can become, ardently called and desired, but so capricious, rarely punctual at the date, how miserable and disappointed they feel with their ordinary personality!

Artists are not different than other humans, since the creative process and the spiritual demand is common to all, but they are more human because they precisely choose to work on this mysterious void that we have in our soul, in order to invite, like Don Giovanni, the Commander at a dangerous feast.

We also understand better why collective arts, performances, dance, trance, are so enthusiastic. The third mind becomes collective. In rare moments, surfing on music, human brains feel, love and share emotions at the same wave-length. They are somebody else.

“It makes me see what I want to see, be what I want to be” sings Nina Simone, about the Lilac wine. Art, as drugs, is very much desired and very much disappointing when the Commander is not coming at the rendezvous. It’s even worse when he only sends his valets. The third mind, classic artists called it “inspiration”. This faculty that we have to be someone else, at rare but exalting moments (which very much look the same as falling in love but are, fundamentally,

very different. We are talking about a meeting with an unknown oneself, not a well-known someone else) all artist hope and pray that it works again and again, any time the need is there, and the need is always there!

Drugs insidiously promise that you'll be what you want to be. Most people just wish they could just stop being what they are. But artists know, because they have experienced it before, that there is a meeting point somewhere, that there is someone waiting over there who is no one else than themselves. Drugs never hold that promise when art, sometimes, does. Drugs offer a temporary relief, oblivion of what we are now. Art builds something, and that thing is always unexpected. It is the miracle that Rothko believed in. Through art the creative side of our self appears in the mirror. It is an intellectual process but also very much a physical thing. Spirit is something down to earth, rough and often vulgar. It is the matter and comes out of the matter. It is dirt.**

With this third mind, or third man, a dialogue can and has to be engaged. This was the role played by antique Mysteries, and of any kind of ritual. It is also the purpose of transcendental meditation.

HE is me, HE is not me, HE is better than me. HE thinks faster than me and has the ability of creating beauty, a faculty that I am cruelly devoid of when I am a normal person. I don't know HIM but I'd like to know HIM. HE is shy and rarely comes when I call HIM. HE fears that I could steal HIS secrets, for sure. Without secrets HE is nobody. Without HIM I am nobody. I am anyone.

IV -Alexandre ou la tentation de l'Orient

Les dates de naissance et de mort du Bouddha ne sont pas certaines, mais il est probablement mort dix ou vingt ans après la naissance de Périclès. Contemporaine, à la fois du développement du bouddhisme et de la rédaction des principales Upanisads en Inde, la pensée pré-socratique puis socratique semble parfois emprunter ses concepts aux écoles philosophiques du monde védantique.

Le pensée grecque est asiatique en ce sens que, comme la pensée védantique puis bouddhique elle considère la réalité telle que nous la percevons comme facteur d'illusions et postule, pour fonder une science certaine,

l'existence d'un monde d'idées, accessibles à l'entendement humain, et qui forment la vraie réalité, fondement de la Morale, du Vrai et du Beau. Le mythe de la caverne de Platon est-il de source védantique ? Il serait surprenant qu'il ne le fût pas. Après tout le bassin de L'Indus faisait partie de l'empire achéménide. Les concepts indiens, extraordinairement en avance sur leur temps, ont du voyager dans l'empire perse et se frotter monde grec. En ce sens le périple asiatique d'Alexandre peut être vu, non comme une conquête, mais plutôt comme un retour aux sources indiennes de la pensée occidentale.

Il n'est pas douteux qu'Alexandre ait été un guerrier exalté et paranoïaque. Mais c'était aussi un lettré formé par Aristote en personne. Quand son origine divine lui sera confirmée dans l'oasis de Siwa, il n'aura de cesse de parvenir aux confins du monde. Cette quête forcenée ne peut se réduire à une volonté politique d'asseoir son pouvoir aussi

fermement que possible sur l'ensemble des anciens territoires achéménides. Après tout, le monde connu des troupes d'Alexandre l'avaient déjà conquis. L'accumulation de leurs richesses était telle qu'il ne leur était plus possible de les emporter avec eux (ils en perdront d'ailleurs une bonne part dans le désert de Gédrosie). Non, Alexandre était déjà un dieu, initié tant aux mystères grecs qu'aux mystères égyptiens. Babylone et Persépolis ne pouvaient plus lui suffire. Ce qu'il voulait c'était aller aux sources de la pensée elle-même, et ces sources, il savait par Platon et de la bouche même d'Aristote, qu'elles se trouvaient aux Indes.

L'art du Gandhara est la réponse souriante que l'Inde sut apporter aux interrogations farouches d'Alexandre.

Une réponse illusoire, cela va sans dire.

Les Apollons gracieux qui gisent dans les sables d'Afghanistan ont le visage radieux du jeune Bouddha. Qu'il est long le chemin qui a mené des kouros de marbre blanc des îles cycladiques aux formes serpentine de l'Apollon-Bouddha, elles-mêmes héritées de la lointaine Indonésie !

A quelle force secrète obéissait Alexandre quand il s'engagea sur la route d'Oxiane ? La pensée à Athènes était à peine née pourtant. Elle hésitait encore entre raison et impermanence. Les éphèbes de Gandhara nous donnent la réponse, une réponse en forme de question, comme il est d'usage en Orient. Leur beauté juvénile est bien grecque mais leur sourire bouddhique nous dit que tout est illusion, que l'art lui-même est projection de la psyché. Alors l'adoration du Bouddha peut-elle passer par celle de sa beauté ? C'est peut-être parce que ces statues si séduisantes semblent nous dire que ce fut possible, pendant quelques décennies à Gandhara, qu'elles ont déclenché la fureur iconoclaste des talibans, deux mille ans plus tard. Les talibans, dans leur obscurantisme, ont ressenti sans même le formuler, que ces statues avaient réconcilié l'amour du Beau et la quête du divin. Leur destruction était inéluctable, et elle ne fait que commencer.

V – Vers un art terre-à-terre

« Seul l'esprit est capable de chier » G. Deleuze.

TE. Lawrence, Lawrence d'Arabie, était une âme déchirée, déchirée par son corps. Les sept piliers de la Sagesse est un des rares journaux de guerre qui soit aussi le récit d'une aventure spirituelle : « *Quand, par intervalles, cette excitation s'effaçant et que nous voyions en fait notre corps, c'était avec une certaine hostilité, avec le sentiment méprisant qu'il atteignait son plus haut but non pas comme véhicule de l'esprit, mais quand, dissous, ses éléments servaient à fumer un champ* ». Le bouddhisme, qui analyse et décrit avec méticulosité les étapes du développement de l'Ego (les skandha), base de sa *doxa*, classe le phénomène « perception-réception » dans les toutes premières causes d'ignorance et d'erreur. La perception erronée du monde réel s'apparente à une solidification des couleurs et des formes, naturellement libres et pleines d'énergie. L'art est évidemment affecté par ce mécanisme. En fait toutes les skandas, toutes les étapes de la solidification du Moi sont applicables au processus artistique.

La vision libérée qu'a l'intelligence fondamentale de la réalité est emprunte de beauté et de joie nous disent ceux qui ont atteint l'illumination. Il faut alors entendre par « beauté » un rapport à l'énergie de toute chose, une beauté fondamentale, intrinsèque au monde et à la matière, sans connotation culturelle ou esthétique.

On peut donc rêver d'un art « illuminé », libéré des pièges illusoire des concepts et de l'Ego. Un art des Saints, en quelque sorte, celui de Fra Angelico.

Ou d'un retour à l'art de la foi, comme celui de Rouault, bref d'une source plus pure et moins mercantile que celle où s'est abreuvé l'art occidental depuis la guerre. En définitive un art exactement inverse à l'art contemporain, en général introspectif, névrotique et égotiste au dernier degré. D'innombrables artistes ont été attirés par cette voie et le sont toujours, fort heureusement. On en revient donc, après mille expériences, à ce que recherchaient Gombrowicz et Dubuffet, à leur manière, mais aussi Manessier, quand ils parlaient de débarrasser l'art de la culture.

Cet art implique forcément un retour au réel, dans le sens où Rothko disait que ses peintures, pourtant absolument non-figuratives, « n'étaient que contenu », un retour à la terre, un art compendieux, terre-à-terre comme pouvait l'être l'art de Chassac en France ou *l'Arte Povera* en Italie, car c'est dans ce rapport intime avec la matière, dans la fange et non dans les limbes qu'on trouve les diamants.

La beauté brute l'Asie la connaît, et depuis longtemps ; on la trouve tout naturellement dans l'art zen, dans la céramique et les arts du feu en général, dans les bols à thé japonais aux formes grossières, dans de simples tables en bois. Mais l'esthétique du vide, comme l'esthétique du brut, n'est jamais lente à pointer son nez, elle est même omniprésente, et guère plus ragoûtante que le goût du clinquant ou le désir de singer ce que l'art occidental fait de pire.

Ne rêvons pas trop, on peut être illuminé et mauvais artiste. Il faudrait peut-être se contenter de ramasser des branches mortes.

**Physicians explain that photons, as they travel at the speed of light, escape time, since that time “slows down” the faster you go.*

Just a few words about the inability of the human mind to understand matter. This inability finds its roots, its cause, in the structure of the matter itself.

Since we are made of atoms, and since these atoms are almost totally void, if not completely, since that what makes them be different from absolute void or non –existence is the energy which inhabits them, there

is, at the subatomic level, no difference between our body and the air around, the world around and the world inside. If we could travel inside and outside atoms we would not see anything, we could get through our body without noticing any change. There are molecules of hydrogen, carbon, helium inside and outside us, as full of energy inside as outside us.

Since consciousness finds its origin and its functionalities in the properties of atoms, since we have apparently some appropriate structures in the membrane of neurons to capture or use the quantum properties of subatomic particles to make consciousness appear, consciousness has no extraneity towards the matter itself. It seems to enjoy some extraneity at the level of our thoughts, because “we think with thoughts”, not with bubble-gums or metal coins. The thinking phenomenon looks to be, and no doubt is, to a certain extent, extraterritorial towards the matter.

If I look at my table there is no doubt that I am really not this table, I am a person who enjoys a high level of extraneity towards this table. This extraneity is perceived by my brain which can analyze the properties of the table, find it beautiful or ugly, heavy or light, I can work on it, break it, analyze it in a microscope etc...These capacities of the human brain are highly efficient but not sufficient.

We are conscious but not omniscient.

Discoveries, including discoveries about consciousness itself, are always limited by the level of the experience, the accuracy of the instruments used for it, the accuracy of the concepts elaborated to understand the phenomenon discovered. Explanations of a new field of physics, biology or cosmology, at the very moment they explain a phenomenon, also reveal that Nature, in some other cases does not work as predicted. Then a new discovery is necessary to understand this exception, which will become the rule of a new field of science, contradicted by more exceptions, and so forth...

I see the reasons of this fundamental impotence of the human mind in the fact that consciousness is not a "divine" faculty flying above matter, but an ability of the neurons to use some physical properties of the atoms, if not a faculty of the matter itself. Hence it is not possible for the matter to see itself. For understanding completely the matter we would need some instruments and minds not made of matter. Only God is supposed to enjoy an absolute consciousness, but does he take time to do it?

We have long thought that consciousness had a divine nature, because it seems to have. But we know that self-consciousness is highly fallacious. Because we enjoy a high level of perception of our self, we have long lived in the illusion that consciousness was disconnected from matter. We believed that our divine comprehension

of the physical world, because it was given by God, had to be true, logic and objective. Later, when physicians started to doubt of the divine origin of the universe, they reinforced their faith in the perfection of the human understanding. But experiences prove that our perception of reality is extremely weak. It can be easily be cheated. The human vision is source of illusions; our mental health is easily distorted, our physical perception are changing, our memory fades away etc...

Nevertheless, even when studies of the human mind prove its limits, we still feel that consciousness which appears from matter has a complete autonomy towards matter, is, in fact different in nature, from matter.

If now we prove that it is no longer true, that the autonomy of the mind is just a faculty sufficient enough for superior animals to enjoy a greater autonomy, but not different in nature from the capacities of a bacteria which, without brain and organs is autonomous too, at its level, then we can understand why human mind cannot and will never be able to understand Creation to its roots.

L'idée d'une omnipotence de la conscience, bizarrement, refait surface du fait même des scientifiques qui en démontrent l'origine purement physique. A la suite des travaux de Roger Penrose on en est venu à penser qu'en isolant les faits la conscience

était créatrice de l'univers lui-même. Idée séduisante mais qu'il ne faut pas pousser jusqu'à l'absurde. Il est possible qu'un atome non observé soit partout, qu'une particule non mesurée se comporte différemment d'une particule observée etc... Ces bizarreries de la physique quantique sont des réalités génératrices de contre-sens. D'une part ces réalités sont non explicables avec des mots, seules des équations d'une complexité considérable peuvent en rendre compte. D'autre part le fait que certaines propriétés quantiques échappent, pour le moment, à la logique humaine, ne fait pas de nous, pour autant, les créateurs de l'univers. Nous sommes concepteurs de l'univers observé, ce qui est très différent.

***Among artists, many are those who have experienced severe depressions when their creativity faded. Shostakovich went through psychoanalysis (actually successful) to restore them, Mahler was psychoanalyzed by Freud, but he feared, apparently with good reasons, that this treatment would annihilate his creative mind.*

J'observe pour finir que l'intérêt pour la source psychique de la créativité était à la base de la démarche surréaliste. Mais cette démarche ne peut être qu'individuelle. Elle ne peut devenir un étalon d'approbation sociale ou de prise en charge culturelle. D'où la relative médiocrité des œuvres surréalistes produites pour le marché de l'art. Dubuffet, dans sa correspondance avec W. Gombrowicz, fait référence à la « source fraîche » de la création comme seule voie possible de retour à l'« être véritable » (Mais je suppose que Dubuffet ne parle pas de l'être individuel de l'artiste, mais plutôt, chez l'artiste, de ce qu'il y a d'universel, d'humain.). Dubuffet considère que cette démarche qu'il a entreprise est la seule susceptible de redonner sens, pour l'artiste à son processus créatif et pour la société aux œuvres issues de ce processus. Elle est périlleuse et implique, selon lui, de désapprendre la culture. « On a beaucoup de peine à se changer le sang, je veux dire à se le changer totalement. Je m'y efforce ». Gombrowicz, en philosophe sceptique, approuve et partage cette démarche, mais doute de son résultat. Pour lui, parce que tout art est langage le processus créatif sera toujours englué dans la culture, il est culturel à sa source, ce qui le délégitime. Il oublie cependant que le processus créatif n'a pas à être légitimé. Il est, comme nous venons de le dire, une nécessité fondamentale de la psyché. (Cf Dubuffet/Gombrowicz. Correspondance. Gallimard).

