PS1 for 6/23/88#EXPOSING THE MONSTER BEHIND THE MYTH

What a loathsome, depraved, and vicious monster! That's the conclusion one is forced to accept after reading the definitive expose of Pablo Picasso by Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington.

The biographer has stripped off Picasso's phony mask of art and shown him to the world as a sadist who started in brothels and spent a 90-year lifetime abusing, beating, and deliberately humiliating a long succession of women who loved him. Along the way, he betrayed his friends and calculated the destruction of everyone who crossed his path.

The truth about Picasso has been a long time emerging. Fortunately, it fell into the hands of an author whose descriptive skills, powerful vocabulary, empathy with victims, and sense of drama were equal to the task of relating this sordid story. (Simon and Schuster, 1988)

Picasso has long been acclaimed as the greatest artist of the twentieth century. Picasso himself orchestrated that adulation by an expert manipulation of public attitudes and venalities in a way that Madison Avenue advertising companies might envy. As Mrs. Huffington reports, ""Picasso had mastered the publicity game before the world knew that such a game existed.''

Picasso stands in a class by himself as having milked the public during his own lifetime for more cash than any other artist in history. The more than 10,000 works he had produced by 1961 were then estimated to have a commercial value of $100,000,000.

Picasso treated his customers with the same contempt as he treated his mistresses, wives, and friends. In 1912, Picasso denounced beauty as ""crap,'' and set himself on his path of deliberate ugliness.

""Museums are just a lot of lies,'' Picasso said in the 1930s, ""and people who make art their business are mostly impostors.'' He

should know; he was the chief charlatan.

In a 1952 confession to the Italian writer Giovanni Papini, Picasso confessed how he exploited the indolent wealthy who ""desire only the peculiar, the sensational, the eccentric, the scandalous in today's art.''

""Through amusing myself with all these farces,'' Picasso said, ""I became a celebrity.... But when I am alone, I do not have the effrontery to consider myself an artist at all, in the grand old meaning of the word. I am only a public clown, a mountebank. I have understood my time and have exploited the imbecility, the vanity, the greed of my contemporaries.''

When Picasso joined the Communist Party after World War II, he said, ""Joining the Communist Party is the logical conclusion of my whole life, my whole work.'' The Soviet Union awarded him the Lenin peace prize in 1962 and adopted his peace dove painting as a Communist symbol.

Picasso was cruelly domineering and morbidly possessive of his mistresses, even while faithless to them all. He was vindictively jealous of every contemporary man or woman who displayed talent.

Picasso seduced an underage girl at a children's camp, inflicting on her the exotic sexual experimentation he had learned in 30 years of sexual experiences. He painted his violent (BF)Guernica(end BF) at the same time that two of his mistresses were engaged in a fistfight along side of him in his studio.

Picasso brutally beat his mistress Dora and many times left her lying unconscious on the floor. He burned his mistress Francoise's cheek with a cigarette and told her, ""There's nothing so similar to one poodle dog as another poodle dog, and that goes for women, too.''

Picasso callously refused to inconvenience himself by driving a few blocks out of his way to take Francoise to the hospital to have

her baby, telling her to find her own way because he needed the chauffeur to drive him to the 1949 World Peace Congress.

Picasso's disordered paintings were mirrors of his deep and universal hatred of all women and his attitude that a woman is a servile animal. Women with distorted and deformed faces and bodies filled his paintings that purported to portray the modernist world.

Picasso's last self portrait, painted in 1972 a year before his death, depicts the final anguish and despair of this egomaniac, still fueled by hatred. His widow, a longtime mistress, and his grandson all committed suicide after his death.

Mrs. Huffington has performed an international service to humanity by exposing the hypocrisy of Picasso: his sadistic abuse of women concealed behind his so-called charisma, his violence concealed behind his dove of peace, and his life pattern as a destroyer (of women, friends, values, and traditional beauty) concealed behind his pretensions of art.