

as a friend, have been a veritable isle of peace and security. All the same, he could pay the rent. He and Picasso soon shared an unfurnished loft on the top floor of a broken-down building off an alley in the old part of town high in the Reforma. The streets around were populated with beggars who may have offered Picasso's eye more than a few visual notes for the Blue Period yet to come. In the interim, since Casagemas had provided the lodging, Picasso did the interior decorating, and painted the walls "with the things they lacked: a great bed, a table loaded with exquisite food, a safe, and even a manservant and maidservant (this latter with more than usually exuberant breasts) awaiting the orders of the two new tenants." [Palau i Fabre, p. 182]

Years later in Paris, at a banquet in 1908 at the Bateau Lavoir given by Picasso to honor Henri Rousseau, the Douanier said to him: "You and I are the two greatest painters of our time,

you in the Egyptian style, I in the modern," [Penrose, Picasso, His Life and Work, p. 145] an interesting remark. Egyptian tombs also had their walls decorated with drawings of food and furniture designed to make the dead nobleman feel comfortable and well fed. According to Arianna Stassinopolos Huffington, "Francoise had been struck by Picasso's resemblance to the Seated Scribe, the ancient Egyptian statue that she had so often seen in the Louvre, a resemblance she captured in her masklike portrait of him." [ASH, p. 297]

45



46



~~(1991) E. F. [unclear] was [unclear] at
Plouffe, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
Seated Scribe, the [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
Egyptian statue in the [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
resemblance of [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]~~

A-SH, print section
A, between pp 160-161

In this period, Picasso was painting in full modernista tradition, attempting to make a living with posters, illustrations for magazines, charcoal, pastel and pencil portraits of his friends and whatever else was at hand.



Right: Picasso. Design for a Carnival Poster. Barcelona, 1899. Oil and black chalk on paper, 48.2×32 cm. Musée Picasso, Paris.

By such labors, he was, however, hardly bringing in enough money to survive. The pencil portraits sold for only a few pesetas, and his sketches for posters were never printed. On the other hand, he had the rare excitement of learning that an ambitious oil, Last Moments, had been accepted for the Spanish pavilion at the Exposition Universelle in Paris opening in May 1900--no small honor. The Exposition was a gargantuan world's fair to celebrate the advent of the Twentieth Century. It is a pity that Last Moments, a large canvas, was later painted over by Picasso, and there is no photograph of this particular work. So, the artist who more than any other painter alive would come to signify the dislocations, skews, and horrendous metamorphoses of the prodigious century to come, would leave us no record of this work which hung in the Spanish section of that world's fair, ready to welcome the century.



The Universal Exposition, Paris 1900, poster of
p194 Skira Picasso

Of course, he, and Casagemas, and Pallares were now obsessed with going to Paris. There one could find real stimulation for one's talent, and real painters. How could one be properly accepted by the art world of Barcelona if one had not spent time abroad?

A campaign commenced to convince his parents to put up some money. It is not difficult to conceive of the discussions that ensued. If doña Maria was ready to believe altogether in her son's divine talents, don José preferred him to remain in Barcelona or Madrid. There resided Don José's essential estate. He had spent his life making good contacts. Now, they were not being used. That was equal to squandering them. It is the essence of middle-class intuition that art is reckless, art is putatively criminal. So it wisest to domicile it as the sheltered child of security.

Don José lost, however. Finally, he could not resist the move. He knew better than anyone how talented was his son. Picasso would later tell Sabartes:

"My father paid for the trip. With my mother

he came to bid me good-by. When they returned home all they had were a few pesetas in my father's pocket. They had to wait till the end of the month to get out of the red. My mother told me all this much later."
[Sabartes, p. 46]

Picasso had equal work molding the parental clay with Casagemas' mother and father; he impressed them with Carles' need for a change. Paris would be a tonic to lift him out of his present nervous condition. The theme served. Senor Casagemas came up with the wherewithal.

It was at this point, manic, no doubt, with the excitement of the oncoming trip, that Picasso drew the self-portrait, "Yo, el Rey," now lost, to which he put his signature three times: "I, the King; I, the King; I, the King."

Palau i Fabre describes their preparations for departure:

Picasso and Casagemas had identical suits made in black corduroy by a tailor whose shop was in front of the church of Santa Maria del Mar. . .when Pallares. . .learnt this from Picasso's parents, [he] immediately went off to have another such suit made for himself, which in later years he described to me as follows:

"The jacket was very loose with a round collar buttoned up to the neck so as to hide the waistcoat and, in case of extreme

necessity, the absence of a shirt." [Palau i Fabre, p. 199]

Before long, Pallares would join them.

Part II:

Paris

For a young painter, Montmartre at the turn of the century was not without comparison to the lower East Side of New York today or Greenwich Village in the Twenties. The reasons for taking a studio were similar. French for the speaking, turn-of-the-century mode with sexual panache, women abundant and the future was in process of transformation from the vineyards, lofts, and windmills that changed the South over a decade earlier to what was becoming the automobile-paved forests of Paris itself.

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Although he could not speak French, Picasso was hardly

lonely in Montmartre--there were any number of Catalans in the quarter. He and Casagemas soon settled in the studio on rue Gabrielle of Isidre Nonell who had gone back to Barcelona. Once installed, Picasso proceeded to paint at a great rate, and obviously seems to have been stimulated by being able to go directly to museums and galleries where he could see the work of Corot, Courbet, Daumier, David, Delacroix, Ingres, Manet, and a host of Impressionists. He also visited the Exposition Universelle in the company of Casas and Utrillo and had the pleasure, presumably, of their veteran company while looking at his Last Moments. If it was hung too high for his satisfaction, no one could say it was not in the show.

He had just turned nineteen. He was in a fever of creativity and kept making the rounds of avant garde galleries on the rue Lafitte--the names of those dealers now have a ring--Durand-Ruel, Bernheim Jeune, Ambroise Vollard. Everywhere he encountered art that he wished to appropriate for his own style. If Picasso's intellectual insights were not verbal, the curve of a line was quite the equal of a turn of phrase; the work of painters he found exciting could be taken in by his intellect as a whole philosophy of perception.

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He was also competitive. So soon as another painter had an impact on him, he would proceed to absorb the work,

recreate it, mimic it, invest himself, indeed, in the other painter's style long enough to be able to perceive reality through the other's vision. Indeed, until Picasso enters the Blue Period we cannot speak of his possessing a style. He is very talented and just about wholly derivative. Since he would later, across the arc of his career, discover more new styles than any painter who had come before him, he has to be the foremost example of why one cannot instruct talented artists by established principles. How many teachers would have been tempted to say to him at that point in his career, "You have to look for your own style."

Not yet. He was going to absorb the world before he would try to recreate it. "It was in Paris I learned, "he said, "what a great painter Lautrec had been," [Cabanne, p. 54] and the evidence is in an ambitious oil, Moulin de la Galette.



Picasso, Moulin de la Galette, Paris, 1900, oil on canvas,
90.2 x 117 cm, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, NY

How these women he sees dominate the men in Moulin de la Galette! They are lovely, coquettish, confident, intimate with each other, and not at all unsinister in their collectivity. Already we can feel the impact of Paris upon ✓ Picasso. It is in the liberation of these sophisticated French women. Their grasp of how to manipulate a man has to be one universe beyond the Spanish whores he has known until now. So he regards French women with the lust for action and the profound respect of a nineteen-year-old learning to be animal trainer. Paris, itself, is an aphrodisiac.

Most of his time was spent on the streets, at cafes, the Louvre, the Grand and Petit Palais, the odd whorehouse, cabarets, the retrospective of French paintings in the Champs-de-Mars, the popular theatre where he applauded farces in a language he did not understand. Paris itself was theatre. . . . Parisians lived on their streets, they sang on street corners, they kissed on the benches and the cafe terraces and in the carriages passing by, they used the public pissoirs, they bought [all they needed] from sidewalk vendors. . . and there was color, color and noise everywhere--bright advertising posters and cabbies shouting at their horses. . . and steam trolleys hooting, and newsboys yelling. All around him, he was suddenly breathing freedom. "If Cézanne had worked in Spain," he would say, "they would have burned him alive."
[ASH, p. 50]

Casagemas wrote to a friend: "'The boulevard de Clichy is full of mad places like Le Neant, Le Ciel, L'Enfer, La Fin du Monde, Les 4 z'Arts, Le Cabaret des Arts, Le Cabaret de Bruant and a lot more which don't have the least bit of charm but make lots of money. . .Come to Paris. . .because there's room for everybody and money for anyone who works..."

Picasso, put in touch by Nonell with a thirty-year-old Catalan art dealer now working in Paris named Pere Mañach had, in fact, been paid money, one hundred francs for three pastels of bullfights, which Mañach managed to sell to another dealer, Berthe Weill, for one hundred and fifty francs, This quick turnover, plus Last Moments, plus Moulin Galette, plus the fact recounted by most biographers that Mañach, "because of his preference for young men" was "instantly mesmerized by" Picasso, resulted in an offer of one hundred and fifty francs each month as a draw upon the paintings he produced.

In her autobiography Pan! Dans L'Oeil, Berthe Weill mentions that on her first trip to Nonell's studio to meet Picasso, no one answered the door. Returning a few minutes later with Mañach, who apparently had a key, Picasso was discovered to have been under the blankets with another man-whether in the midst of an act or a prank is not clear. Weill writes that it was "Picasso and Manolo," a Catalan

sculptor then in Paris, but Richardson thinks it was Casagemas. Since Pallares had joined them by now (wearing an identical black corduroy suit) Manuel Pallares could also have been the Manolo cited. In any event, all three, Casagemas, Pallares, and Piczasso, were horsing around in great glee--they had three women living with them. If their new French friends spoke of themselves as models, it was not wholly untrue; the women had had a go-round with Canals, Nonell, and a number of other Catalan artists now in Paris, and probably had posed for them.



Isidro Nonell and a Female Figure. Barcelona. c. 1902
Watercolor and ink. 9 3/4 x 6 1/4" (24.8 x 16 cm)
Not in Zervos. Museo Picasso, Barcelona

PSY
NOMA

There was Germaine Gargallo, her sister Antoinette, and a friend named Odette who became Picasso's girl during this period although she spoke no Spanish to match his lack of French. Pallares, betrothed to a novia in Spain, was steered toward Antoinette, and Casagemas fell madly in love with Germaine. For the next couple of months, they all lived more or less en famille. Casagemas would joke about it in his letters to Ramon Reventos--letters which are models of irony--

Paris 11 November 1900

Family life is heaven. In the coming week, which begins tomorrow, we're going to fill our lives with peace, tranquillity, work, and other things that fill the soul with well-being and the body with strength. This decision has been reached after a formal meeting with the ladies. We've decided that we've been getting up too late and eating at improper hours and everything was going wrong. On top of this, one of them, Odette, was beginning to get raucous because of alcohol--she had the good habit of getting drunk every night. So we arrived at the conclusion that neither they nor we will go to bed later than midnight and every day we'll finish lunch by one. After lunch we'll dedicate ojrselfes to our paintings and they'll do women's work, that is, sew, clean up, kiss us, and let themselves be "fondled." Well, this is a kind of Eden or dirty Arcadia. . .

Yours Carles

but, in fact, the situation proved a disaster for Casagemas.

Odds are that lovemaking in the studio was more often a spectacle than intimate--the humiliation Casagemas had sought to avoid by never going along with the others to brothels may now have been dramatized on open display. Germaine had her demands--she was lusty enough to have a special fondness for circus roustabouts. The better built the better. Doubtless the photograph of her, taken in 1900 (not to mention the hairstyle), does her small justice.



Germaine Gargallo, c.1900.

Casagemas, in the midst of such orgiastic franchise, had to have been in a state of constant titillation, sexual anguish, outsize jealousy, and acute homosexual panic. Sharing a bed with a woman for the first time, and unable to do more than "fondle" her, he began to come apart.

It got so bad that Picasso, somewhat uneasy about Casagemas' sanity, decided to go back to Barcelona with him. If it seems odd that he would cut his trip short when so much seemed to be opening for him, he was also afraid of the police. There were many anarchists among their Catalan acquaintances in Paris and the French authorities were on the alert for subversive activity; Picasso had signed a manifesto, and was only able to avoid an inquisitorial session with the police through the intercession of a client of Mañach's who had bought one of his paintings, a wealthy Parisian named Olivier Sainsere who had influence with the authorities. Shortly thereafter, Picasso decided to cut off his visit. The manifesto in concert with his paranoia, now exacerbated by what well might have been sexual excess, plus any guilty residue of his formal Catholicism, must have combined to put him into his own panic. Besides, he had promised his parents he would be home for Christmas.

It took a good deal to convince Casagemas to go back to Spain with him. Casagemas was now referring to Germaine as his "fiancée" and one night when Germaine began to taunt him

for his incapacities, he even threatened to commit suicide. To give an insight into the anxious state of all three men, it is to be noted that Pallares, for all his stolid virtues, had an outsize fear of the local apaches (who had doubtless been looking him over) and so had no wish to live alone at 49 rue Gabrielle. Besides, the place may have felt spooked by now with the ghosts of bygone orgies. So Pallares moved to another studio, and the other two reached Barcelona a couple of days before Christmas. So ended the first trip to Paris. Picasso would be back. Not as the young man who left, however.

Right after Christmas, Picasso and Casagemas moved on from Barcelona down to Malaga. Picasso was about to be called up for military service, and needed 1200 pesetas to buy his official way out of it. Who but don Salvador had such sums available? Besides, a taste of Andalusia's warming winter sun might be calming to Casagemas' cold and tortured nerves.

It may also be likely that, Picasso, after that humiliating near-encounter with the Paris police, was in a perverse mood to shock his bourgeois relatives no matter how much he needed them. On arrival, he was wearing a locket with a stuffed beetle around his neck, and Casagemas was not only boozed to the gills, but perambulating on a drug-induced thermal. The innkeeper at the small hotel where

they looked for rooms refused to accept their trade until a cousin of Picasso's who lived nearby was found to vouch for them. In his turn, don Salvador, stimulated into a fury of respectability by his nephew's hair, headgear, locket and general attitude, sent him off to a barber and a tailor.

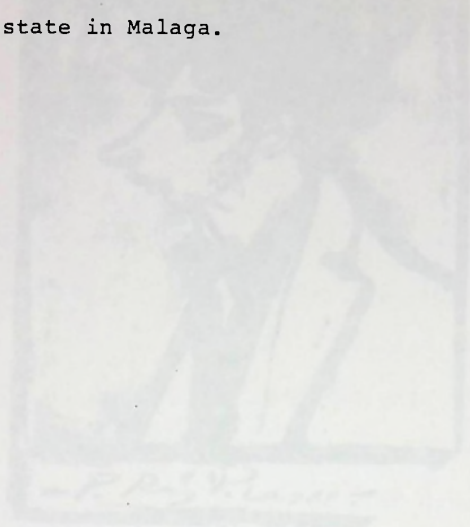
Picasso, however, kept the war going by refusing to make the obligatory round of family visits. He and Casagemas hung out in low bars, gypsy dives, and whorehouses, including that of Lola la Chata, [a] brothel his father used to patronize. [R., p. 174]

Right: Picas
Charcoal, v
paper, 31.6
Barcelona.

version 1
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Casagemas, through all of this, was getting worse; he was wholly obsessed by thoughts of Germaine back in Paris. A drawing made of him one year earlier can serve to suggest his love-sick state in Malaga.





7, XXI, p 45, 116

Portrait de Carlos Casagemas, Barcelona 1899, Dessin aux crayons de couleur

While it is not known what exactly transpired, it seems not unlikely that Picasso was growing weary of his friend--Casagemas demanded time, all of one's time. Besides, he had become so disturbed that Picasso may not have known any longer how to take care of him. So, he called once more on his uncle Salvador to arrange boat passage home for his deteriorating friend.

He would never see him again. Casagemas, back in Barcelona, and more obsessed every day with the need to see Germaine, was sending her letters twice a day begging the lady to marry him. Finally, he announced that he was returning to Paris. Germaine responded to this announcement by returning to her husband who, good ex-mate, seems to have accepted her temporary need for sanctuary.

Casagemas had obviously built up a few hopes, for he came back to Paris on February 16 in a new and well-tailored green velvet suit, there to be told by Germaine on arrival that she would never marry him. Next day, Sunday morning, Casagemas announced that he was going right back to Barcelona and invited Odette, Pallarès, Germaine, and a few other friends to a farewell dinner at a local restaurant. He spent the afternoon composing a few suicide notes. At dinner, he seemed free of his depression, indeed, signally elated. He stood up to make a

speech in French, and took out a letter for Germaine. As he handed it to her, she noticed that he had a gun in one of his pockets and was now reaching for it. A decisive lady, she quickly threw herself behind Pallarès. Casagemas, shouting "Voilà pour toi," fired his gun. He missed. Pallarès had struck his arm in time. Germaine, however, having hit the floor like a veteran infantryman, gave Casagemas the certainty that he had killed her. He brought the pistol to his own head and shot himself, dying an hour later at the Hôpital Bichot; Picasso would receive the news a few days later in Madrid where he was now working.

✓ The suicide was to an ongoing effect on his palette. Indeed, Picasso would later say, "It was thinking about Casagemas' death that started me painting in blue," [Daix, 1977, p.47] but the reaction took many months to appear. The painting and pastels he was doing at the time in Madrid, were full of observation, "hard-faced cocottes in crinolines." [R., p. 182.]



Picasso. *The Dressing Room*. Madrid.
1901. Pastel on paper. 32×40cm.
Private collection.



Picasso, *Lady in Blue*, Madrid, 1901.
Oil on canvas, 133.5×101 cm. Museo
Español de Arte Contemporáneo,
Madrid.

The only immediate evidence of his horror is in his obvious assessment of how much a certain kind of woman can demand and how little give back. Perhaps he is trying to see in these days with the eyes of the dead Casagemas.

He will continue this theme in Dwarf Dancer, also done in Madrid, as well as a street walker painted a few months later in Paris. The dwarf is as full of female force as any of the other women who impress him so. Picasso knows the cost of sex. You will, say his paintings, never find a woman for less than she is worth, or, at least, not such women as these presented here, whole in their meanness of spirit and without a hint of weakness.

4



[66]

011 1961 Paris Z I 31-66



[63] Street Walla Cir 1901 Paris ZI-30

If one would ask why Picasso had gone back to Madrid in spite of his miserable experience on the first visit, his move was in response to a request to help a Catalan friend, Francisco de Asis Soler, who wanted him to illustrate a new magazine called Arte Joven. Soler had a wealthy father whose money came from the promotion of electric belts that were designed to be wrapped around the abdomen as a cure for liver, kidney, and intestinal distress and their near-relative, impotence.

Probably, the magazine was doomed from the start. Their only advertising revenue came from the electric belt. The move to Madrid serves, nonetheless, as an example of how many roles Picasso was considering during this period. His confusions were deep, his ambitions intense, and his tastes were divided. In Barcelona the year before, two ink drawings give us some clue to the opposites in himself. Even at the age of nineteen, he had a great deal already to offer both sides of the divide.



390



-Picasso-

392

2, VI, 390+392

Encre de Chine au pinceau, 1900

If, after the earlier rejection, part of his motive was to conquer Madrid, Arte Joven did little to satisfy that desire. Once again "he found the Madrilenos glacial. They felt about Catalans the way Catalans felt about Andalusians. . ." [R., p. 185.] Moreover, Pere Manach was dunning him from Paris. He had been sending 150 francs a month to Picasso regularly, but where were the paintings? He needed them. Manach had arranged a show for him at Ambroise Vollard's gallery.

Picasso and de Asis Solar put out a few issues of Arte Joven but failed in their intention. They had hoped to set up an intellectual link between Barcelona and Madrid, but their mixture of anarchism, literary innovation and mannerist drawing was finding no enthusiastic audience--in fact, the most extreme reaction may have come from Uncle Salvador after they asked him to help their finances or, at the least, take out a subscription. Sabartes supplies the response:

"What are you thinking of? What's the world coming to? Who do you take me for? This is not what we expected of you. What an idea! And what friends! Just keep going the way you're going now and you will see. . ." [Sabartes, p.]

...their interest in the magazine stated how pleased they were that: "The golden youth of Madrid and the illustrious ladies of the aristocracy do not like this paper." It was a little magazine and carried a few short yet so much. Artists must have been drawn to it. In fact, the artist could hardly write or draw without being associated with a journal that looked like the *Inteligencia* of Spain.

All the same, the magazine's interest in the only lefty was evident. The manifesto was signed out in Barcelona on December 25, 1900, in a paper called *Revolucion*, and it seemed to be the liberation of the political prisoners called for the demonstrations against the

The manifesto declared that the "our declaration was motivated by the inspired by the spectacle of the far... gallery also. He was particular of Universal will being the signatories are like Casanova, Caruso, and this poster. (The Picasso Life and Art, p. 24)



Picasso. *Self-Portrait*. Madrid, 1901. Charcoal on paper. 46x31 cm. Private collection.

All this adds some dignity to the World episode. But, who gives credit to Patricia Leighton for such researches, and

Next issue, an editorial in the magazine stated how pleased they were that: "The gilded youth of Madrid and the illustrious ladies of the aristocracy do not like Arte Joven." It was a little magazine not unlike a few others yet to come. Picasso must have been drawn to the idea that he, the child who could hardly write or read, was now associated with a journal that looked to guide the intelligentsia of Spain.

All the same, the magazine's intentions had been not only lofty but militant. The manifesto signed in Paris had come out in Barcelona on December 29, 1900, in a left-wing paper called Publicidad, and it demanded amnesty for exiles and the liberation of the political prisoners who had been jailed for the demonstrations against the military in 1898.

The manifesto declared human solidarity:
 "Our desertion was motivated by the horror. .
 .inspired by the spectacle of war. . .waged
 for. . .paltry aims. We are men, and
 partisans of universal well-being." . . .
 Among the signatories are intimate friends
 like Casagemas, Carmona, and Francisco de
 Asis Soler. [Daix, Picasso: Life and Art, p.
 20]

All this adds some dignity to the Madrid episode. Daix, who gives credit to Patricia Leighton for such researches, adds

that the new material changes the color which tradition has ascribed to this adventure.

When Arte Joven folded, Picasso hurried back to Barcelona. He had to start producing canvases for the show Manach was giving him in Paris. Over two weeks he did a series of bullfights, cabarets, seascapes, and an oil of his sister Lola. To save money, he was recycling old canvases, and so worked in a thick impasto, a new mode for him. Two weeks of herculean labors and he was ready for Paris, his career as an artist before him, his political militancy somewhat subsided.

-2-

During his fatal two-day sojourn in Paris, Casagemas had stayed in Pallarès' studio at 130 Boulevard de Clichy; it was there that Picasso installed himself on his return to Paris. Pallarès was now back in Horta so, for a roommate, Picasso chose Mañach, his dealer. It is roughly equivalent to a movie star asking his agent to move in with him, but then, Mañach was willing to pay most of the rent and accept the smaller of the two rooms available. He was, by all accounts, obsessed with Picasso, his talent, his person, his commercial possibilities.

It had to be an exciting period, if much haunted by Casagemas. Having left Barcelona with something like twenty paintings, the product of the last two weeks of intense work, now, he had a month before his show on June 24, 1901, to produce another forty, better than one a day to satisfy the opportunity offered him by the gallery impressario, Ambroise Vollard. Of course, Picasso was setting up a huge opportunity for Mañach as well. As the middleman between Vollard and Picasso, Mañach had everything to gain, or to fail to gain. Vollard's gallery on the rue Lafitte could lay claim to having promoted Renoir, Degas, Sisley, Pissarro and Gauguin; Vollard was becoming even more renowned as the man who had championed Cezanne with his first major exhibition in Paris in 1895, and had followed that exhibition in 1895 with another in 1899. The center of his considerable prestige resided now in how ✓ skilfully he had brought recognition to Cézanne. For Picasso, it had to be daunting to know one was not yet twenty and had the opportunity to move into the talented company of such men; it is characteristic of the fundamental paradox of his nature that his bravery in artistic matters and his audacity in certain emotional relations was going to be matched only by his fear of the authorities. Such disclosures lie ahead, but it is significant that Picasso, shocked and obsessed by Casagemas'

suicide, not only was ready to move into the studio where the dead youth had stayed with Pallarès for his two days in Paris, but immediately commenced an affair with Germaine. The incestuousness of close friends can find a few more permutations here. The Catalan sculptor Manuel Hugues, called Manolo, whom Picasso had known in Barcelona, happened to be in the restaurant at the Casagemas table on the night of the shooting; in the storm of emotional disturbance that followed, he managed to strike up his own affair with Germaine. Now, Manolo had been rudely superseded by Picasso, and proved jealous in full Spanish measure for at least a week. After that interval, he and Picasso became better friends than ever as if the round of couplings had made them inseparable. Later, Fernande Olivier, Picasso's first serious mistress, would describe Manolo as "the quintessential Spaniard, small with the blackest possible eyes set in a black face beneath the blackest of black hair. He was ironic, gay, sensitive, lazy, and very excitable." [Olivier, Picasso and His Friends, p. 30.]

A LIFE OF PICASSO



Manolo. *Self-Portrait*. Paris, 1901.
Conté crayon on paper, 29.5x19cm.
Museu Picasso, Barcelona.

Richardson adds, "He was also a great liar, pickpocket, practical joker, con man," (R. p. 209) and recounts how Manolo, on being disciplined once by his father, a Spanish general, burst into tears, asked permission to embrace his parent and in the high feeling of this penitential conciliation was able to pick the general's watch out of his pocket. To avoid military service, he subsequently fled to France.

Richardson can certainly be quoted here:

Picasso and Manolo. . .shared a distaste, rare among his friends, for getting drunk. But this did not stop them from spending wild nights on the town. Picasso, who was ten years younger than Manolo, had once again found a companion who was fatherly and protective and, for a change, utterly amoral. "Little Pablo," as Manolo called him, listened to him more than anyone else. He was probably the only person Picasso permitted to mock him, criticize him, contradict him. Manolo even got away with the diabolical joke of introducing the youthful-looking "Little Pablo"--condemned to silence by his ignorance of French--as his daughter. Picasso's indignant protests were drowned out by a chorus of laughter and applause. Manolo was not alone in divining a certain girlishness in Picasso: the French Catalan sculptor Maillol, whose studio Picasso visited around this time, gives a description of him: "he was thin, he had a slight build, he was very like a young girl... He sang me a Catalan song. He was very sweet." [R., p. 210]

It is, yes, the incest of friends. Picasso was now

inhabiting Germaine's body, that same body that his new dear friend Manolo had been keeping warm since Casagemas' death. In effect, Picasso was appropriating the psychic remains of Casagemas even as he was violating his dead friend's romance; yet, by a more occult logic, he was also offering his sanctification to the dead man's lost relationship; is it not just these complications which inspire such intense reactions to incest? How many can bear the interpenetration of violation with sanctification?

Picasso was also at large in that sexual no-man's-land between hetero- and homosexuality. Whether he and Casagemas had gone to bed as homosexuals, or had played at the edges with Germaine, or, whether, to the contrary, Picasso, true to the severe Andalusian standards of machismo, had drawn a line over which he chose not to pass, may be less to the point than to recognize that at this point in his life, he was psychically immersed in homosexual preoccupations. He had to have carnal knowledge, at no matter what emotional costs, with the nominal widow of Casagemas. Even as he would copy other painters, even to mastering their signatures as a way of entering into their mentality, so did he absorb the loss of his friend through the body of the woman Casagemas had wished to marry.

If, in the process, he became the dead man's sexual overlord, and (to put it at its worst and most extreme) the

thief of Casagemas' occult hopes beyond the grave, it was also an act of love; it may even have been a species of expiation--for to fornicate with Germaine was to invoke Casagemas rather than to dispel him.

It also released a great burst of creative energy. To stock his oncoming Paris show, he was turning out two and three canvases a day, not to mention the sketch pads he filled as matter-of-factly as a professional athlete will work out daily. He would end by having sixty-five canvases. Much was hurried, and no significant new vision emerged, but the work was spirited, colorful, sensual, and charming. Hardly a trace of Casagemas appears, and no hint of the Blue Period soon to come. For such a period, and such a show, it is all very rich highly purchaseable stuff.

Below right: Picasso. Child with a Doll ("Le Roi Soleil"). Paris, 1901. Oil on cardboard, 52×34cm. Private collection.



Below left: Picasso. Nude with Stockings. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 66.5×52. Private collection.





Above: Picasso. *Boulevard de Clichy*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas. 61.5×46.5cm. Private collection.



Left: Picasso. *Woman with a Cape (Jeanne)*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 73×50cm. The Cleveland Museum of Art. Bequest of Leonard C. Hanna, Jr.



Picasso. *Bullfight*. Barcelona, 1901.
Oil on canvas, 46x47.8cm. Private
collection.

fr. 196



Self-Portrait: Yo Picasso. Paris, Spring 1901
Oil on canvas, 29 x 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (73.5 x 60.5 cm)
Zervos XXI, 192. D.B. V, 2. Private collection

MOMA p. 34

Lacking his own gallery, Mafach was all the more a manager; he prevailed upon a critic-for-hire named Coquiote to write, in the guise of a preface to the show, a rave review, and Coquiote, who had the contacts needed to satisfy this cottage industry in aesthetics, managed to place his panegyric in a newspaper, Le Journal, one week before the show opened. As Andre Gide once said, "No work can be made without the cooperation of the demon."

This very young Spanish painter, who has only recently come among us, is a passionate lover of modern life. . . . Here we have a new harmonist of bright tonalities, with dazzling tones of red, yellow, green and blue. We realize at once that P.R. Picasso wants to see and express everything. . . . Here, to begin with, are his street women, the whole range of them, with fresh or ravaged faces. We see them at the cafe, in the theatre, in the bed even. . . . For the high-class ones he chooses seductive tones with nuances of pink or mother-of-pearl flesh, while the pickpocket and murderess is seen lying in wait for her prey or reducing him to exhaustion in some sordid garret...

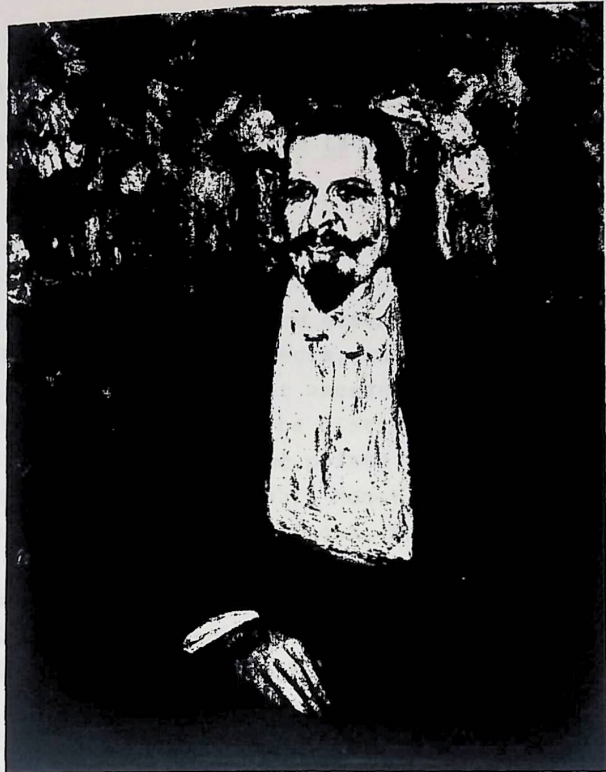
Here (too) are the happy, mischievous little girls in exquisite pink and grey, with their wild dances and fluttering skirts; and here are the little boys crouching forgotten beside a sandpit, playing gravely and clumsily, with comical faces

like seminarists in dog-collars, or with cunning, wide-awake expressions like monkeys. . . .

Summer comes and the families are off to the seaside, looking like red, green and blue mushrooms. P.R. Picasso has expressed all of the humour of this, as he has brought out the beauty of lively dance-halls, cafes-concerts and racecourses with their excited crowds. Here for instance is a dance at the Moulin Rouge, with the boys gyrating in front of the girls who dance a frenzied cancan, legs wide apart, fixed on the canvas like agile butterflies as they swirl around in a flurry of skirts and underwear. Here is the cafe-concert, all lights and folly, and here are the races with flowers and girls in bloom, the horses parading smartly, the grandstand elegantly overlooking the well-kept grass.

Such, at the present time, is the work of Pablo Ruiz Picasso--an artist who paints all round the clock. [A Picasso Anthology, Ed. by Marilyn McCully, pp. 32-33]

For payment, Coquiot received an oil portrait of himself in blacks and whites with strong reds and yellows--a close study of venality! Coquiot might applaud his work, but Picasso was mortgaging away no portion of his objectivity.



Portrait of Gustave Coquiot. Paris, 1901
Oil on canvas, 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (100 x 80 cm)
Zervos I, 84. D.B. V, 64. Musée National
d'Art Moderne, Centre National d'Art et
de Culture Georges Pompidou, Paris

MOMA, p. 37

A critic of greater integrity, Georges Faillet, who used Felicien Fagus as a pseudonym, wrote a highly favorable admonitory review in the prestigious La Revue Blanche.

. . .Picasso, the brilliant newcomer. He is the painter, utterly and beautifully the painter; he has the power of divining the essence of things... he is enamoured of all subjects, and every subject is his. . .Besides the great ancestral masters, many likely influences can be distinguished-- Delacroix, Manet (everything points to him, whose painting is a little Spanish), Monet, Van Gogh, Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Forain, Rops... Picasso's passionate surge forwards has not yet left him the leisure to forge a personal style; his personality is embodied in this hastiness, this youthful impetuous spontaneity. . .The danger lies in this very impetuosity, which could easily lead to facile virtuosity and easy success. . . [R., p. 199, quoting Fagus, Revue Blanche, July 15, 1901.]

The praise may have been bountiful, but a basic wound was touched--would he always lack his own style? In the unaccustomed headiness of having a little money in his pocket (since half of these canvases were sold and the show was

considered a success) his preoccupations in the few months following the show nonetheless turned gloomy.

Sabartes had come to Paris and was living in Montparnasse. Since their friendship was founded on the pleasure of conversation, they were capable of walking many miles at night. When one visited the other, he would be walked home, only to find himself escorted back to where they had started. Round trips between Montmartre and Montparnasse were no small hikes, but Picasso must have been riding many an anxiety. His relation to Mañach is never specified by biographers too clearly. Arianna Stassinopulos Huffington speaks of the dealer as having "mustachioed good looks" but "because of his preference for young men," [ASH, p. 52] was "the black sheep of a respectable family." [Palau i Fabre, Picasso, the Early Years, 1881-1907, p. 211-212]. Richardson once again quashes the homosexual implications, although not authoritatively. The suggestion persists that Mañach was a homosexual bull and Picasso was afraid of him, wished to be free, yet could not pry himself loose. If these remarks are without greater focus, it is because none of the witnesses to this period do more than hint at the difficulties--it is certain, in any event, that Picasso did not like to be alone with Mañach and would often stay out half the night to avoid him.

It is also interesting that about this time he does portraits of Mañach and himself that most certainly have some mutual resemblance (even to the distorted length respectively of the right and left shoulders). Since the self portrait hardly looks like a nineteen-year-old painter is it wholly unlikely that he was wondering whether sexual cohabitation between two men might not produce a certain similarity of appearance?



Picasso. *Portrait of Pere Mañach*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 100.5×67.5 cm. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Chester Dale Collection.



Picasso. *Self-Portrait*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 81×60 cm. Musée Picasso, Paris.

In reaction, perhaps, to all the self-willed canvases full of joie-de-vivre that he did for Vollard, not one month after his show Picasso would now paint an incredible oil of the dead Casagemas. It is only eleven by fourteen inches, but it may be fair to speak of it as his first major painting, and he would show this work, and an accompanying larger oil, twenty inches by fourteen, also of Casagemas, to very few friends:



Picasso, *Head of the Dead Casagemas*.
Paris, 1901. Oil on panel, 27×35 cm.
Musée Picasso, Paris.



2, XXI, p 70, 179
Casagemas in his Coffin Paris, 1801
Oil on cardboard. 72.5 X 58 cm.
owned by the artist

He takes us a distance with the candle flame. It is the first of Picasso's paintings to lead us into deeper perceptions than we might arrive at on our own or by familiarity with other painters. He is making his own statement at last, and it could be argued that there will be a direct line of development over the next decade from the Blue Period, about to appear, into the vast aesthetic range of Cubism. Picasso has entered the world of visual equivalents.

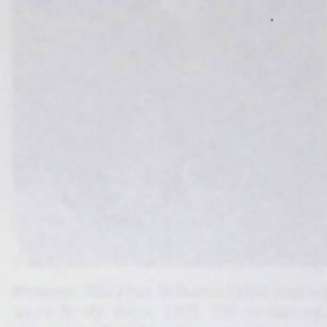
One can ponder the concept. An artist's line in a drawing is the equivalent of a spoken word or two. The bend of the fingers can prove equal to a "dejected hand," or the outline of the upper leg muscles can speak of an "assertive thigh." Form is its own species of language, and so it is legitimate to cite visual puns, that is--visual equivalents, and visual exchanges. No matter how one chooses to phrase it, artists, for centuries, have been painting specific objects, only to discover that they also look like something else. A flower's petals in the sardonic view of Picasso at the age of seventy-three, (by which time he trusted nothing in man, cosmos, or nature), could as easily be perceived as a cluster of grasping hands.

It is a joke, a pun, no more, a little exploration he would make one day in his sketchbook in September of 1955, some fifty-four years after he has discovered that a candle flame

not only looks like a vagina, but, given his logic, belongs there since a vagina, after all, helped to destroy Casagemas. Nonetheless, that area of his painting also remains a candle flame--the ends of the cosmos are speaking to one another. As a candle flame, it can vouch for the grief that Casagemas' mother feels for Casagemas' death: he can even brood over that mother of Casagemas sitting in vigil over her son's demise for that is the same mother he convinced but a year ago to allow her son to go to Paris.

If Picasso is not yet twenty, the insights are still very much within his compass; the candle-and/or-vagina not only speaks of the immanence of Casagemas' mother, but allows Georgette Gargallo to be present. It opens the supposition that every good painter was also a closet philosopher more ready to speak, if mutely, to other artists than to people outside the world of their painting. So, Picasso could find no obstacle to suggesting that we are not only delivered into the world by way of the vagina but can also be destroyed by one, and then be mourned in turn by another. If it is only the view of a young Spaniard, he is nonetheless committed to his private perception that nature gives us hints of her profundity and her buried secrets; the language--call it the key--that nature shares with humankind is form.

A third portrait of Casagemas was to follow. As if Picasso was haunted by the decomposing of the boundary between life and death, he now paints an oil on cardboard, Casagemas in His Coffin, 29" by 22", which is done in blue, and adds to is another portrasit in blue of Sabartes:





Picasso. *Casagemas in his Coffin*. Paris, 1901. Oil on cardboard, 72.5×57.8cm. Private collection.



Picasso. *The Poet Sabartès* (also known as *Le Bock*). Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 82×66cm. Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

As Sabartes was to say of that portrait, tying together nicely his nearsightedness and his vanity that would not permit him to wear glasses happily in a public place:

The canvas was facing the wall when I arrived. When Picasso put it up on the easel, I was astonished to see myself just as he had surprised me in the cafe, in a fugitive moment of my journey through life. Contemplating myself fixed upon the canvas, I understood what it was that had caught my friend's inspiration: here is the specter of my solitude, seen from without. Because the gaze is lost in the darkness it cannot pierce, thought wanders, and because the vision is myopic and the mind cannot leave the gaze behind, thought and gaze unite and are lost in the void. [Sabartes, p. 63]

Yes, the Blue Period has commenced and Sabartes will characterize it. For a few years Picasso's paintings will breathe on the edge of the void, inhabiting that empty midnight plain where life itself hovers on the edge of extinction. Picasso is about to enter the darkest and longest depression of his life.



Picasso. *Saint-Lazare Woman by Moonlight*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 100×69.2cm. Detroit Institute of Arts. Bequest of Robert H. Tannahill.



Picasso. *Woman Ironing*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas, 49.5×25.7cm. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, The Alfred Stieglitz Collection, 1949. Inscribed to Sabartès.



Picasso. *The Two Sisters*. Barcelona, 1902. Oil on panel. 152x100 cm. State Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.

Casagemas' death permeated his vision. Sexuality departs from his work, and dread collects on each canvas. One can only speculate about his unvoiced fear of eventual punishment. He feels full of complicity in Casagemas' suicide--not only did he encourage him to leave Málaga, but he had rushed to go to bed with the putative widow of his friend. These early paintings of the Blue Period are hardly to be comprehended if we do not assume that Picasso was in a long slow-dissolving panic at the thought that he might be more homosexual than not.

To add to his woe, Mañach hated the new turn in his painting. So did Vollard. Picasso had made a name for himself as a young painter who could cheer a living room with his warmth, his vitality, his libido itself. Now, painting after painting speaks of the bottomless misery of the world. Vollard lost interest; Mañach hectored him; and Picasso decided to go back to Barcelona. It is significant that he now had no funds. Had he squandered them? Or, had he caught a difficult-to-treat syphilis? (That could give a further explanation for his lack of funds and his depression; it would also account for his new-found interest in the women's prison at Saint-Lazare where prostitutes were treated for the same disease).



Picasso. *Women at the Prison Fountain*. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas. 81×65cm. Private collection.

Once again he was reduced to writing to his father for the fare. While he waited for the answer, Manach applied his considerable economic and personal pressures.

Days passed. Picasso kept expecting his father's reply. If the money did not come, given all the potentialities for self-dramatization in such an oppressive relation, he could see himself ending in the hands of the villain Mañach.

Sabartes describes how he and Picasso came back to Picasso's study late one night with the keen trepidation that Mañach might be waiting:

We went up in single file, like children afraid to face the dangers we imagined ahead. But when Picasso opened the door, fear vanished, the letter [from don José] was on the floor. On the bed, fully dressed, Mañach was lying on his stomach, talking to himself, as if delirious:

"The letter! The letter!"

Picasso gave him an ugly look, made a scornful grimace and let us into the studio without uttering a word. What for? The three of us were surely thinking the same thing. His eyes surveyed the walls, the floor, the ceiling, and we all went out again into the street. [Sabartes, pp. 80-82]

Picasso took the train to Barcelona a couple of days later. A self-portrait of himself done before he left Paris suggests the internal ravages of his state. He is certainly

not close here to Maillol's description of him as "very sweet"
and "looking like a young girl."





Picasso. *Self-Portrait*. Paris, 1901. Oil on cardboard, 51.5x31.7cm. Mrs. John Hay Whitney Collection, New York.

After Picasso returned to Barcelona in January of 1902, he would get back to Paris only at the end of 1902, and then but for a few months. Otherwise, he lived and worked in Barcelona until April 1904. Short of money, depressed, at odds with his parents, steeped in dread, he was committed wholly to the Blue Period. If, until the age of twenty, he had been criticized often enough for working in twenty borrowed styles, now, months after the death of Casagemas, he would explore a territory that became very much his own, and, following the Blue Period, would

migrate into a multitude of other styles over the next seven decades, each sufficiently arresting to make up an oeuvre for another painter, even a major painter. Nonetheless, he was seriously depressed in the early years of the Blue Period and may have been closer to suicide than he would ever be again.

Casagemas' death could have affected his confidence that he had the requisite balance to live. Entering the Blue Period, his depression poured out of him like unstanched blood. The irony is that these morbidly depressing paintings are also sentimental art and just tender enough to become prodigiously popular in years to come.

This is not to suggest that Picasso was not also inveighing against the inequity of the world, but then one more element in his depression was his profound ambivalence about his true sympathies--were they attracted to the vow of poverty or the lust furnished by money?

In any event, the Blue Period certainly speaks to us from the depth of his state of sexual fear during those years. In later, more prosperous times, Picasso would always be ready to certify the legend that he had been a voraciously active sexual animal from the age of fifteen, happy consort to the brothels of Barcelona, and the whores and models of Paris, and there seems small doubt that sex, from an early age, was the

preoccupation of his life (indeed, for that matter, has there ever been an artist able to capture the sight and the smell of carnality more closely than Picasso?) but it will blur our real comprehension of him to assume that he was a simple stud gifted with indefatigable virility and absolute confidence as a performer. The variations in his self-portraits give more than a glimpse of the distance he saw between strength and weakness in himself. A large portion of his young manhood can even be seen as a search for his identity, but there is little question that in this period, one drawing after another is there to remind us of the impotence of the male and the overbearing carnal presence of the female. Even his flowers burgeon with female power.



247

2, XXI, p. 94, 247



246

2, XXI, p. 94, 244
Les Femmes aux bords 61945, 1901
Huile, 65 x 48.3 cm



2, I
p 53

106

Nud

44

Dow

Paris

1901

oil

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The women in his family also appear large and powerful. In the portrait of his sister, Lola, done in 1901, she cannot be more than seventeen.





2, XXI, p 98, 230

Portrait of Lola, 190

Oil on wood 30"x22"

Collection of Mr. & Mrs.

Paul Mellon

It would be hard not to believe that in these years he sees women as harbingers of mortal threat, principles of execution severe enough to have killed Casagemas.



2. XVI
The House of Pagan, London, 1903
House of Pagan, London, 1903



2, XXII, p. 4, 26

Nu Allongé et Figures, Barcelone, 1903

Lithographie, 20 x 35 cm



There is also a drawing of Germaine Gargallo in a Phrygian headscarf of the kind obligatorily worn by the syphilitic prostitutes then housed in the prison of St. Lazare. It offers another strong suggestion that if Picasso was suffering from impotence during this period, it was connected to a venereal disease. Syphilis in the era before penicillin provided a cause sufficient for any man's Blue Period--the treatment was exceptionally painful.



Picasso. *Germaine in a Headscarf*.
Barcelona, 1902. Oil on canvas.
46 x 40.8 cm. Private collection

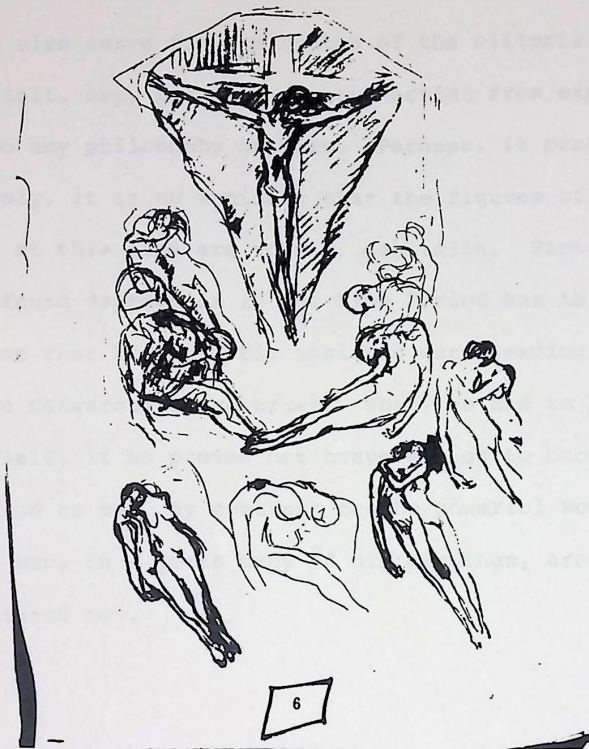
A venereal disease can also be capable of producing a perfervid sexual obsession. Picasso at one point in this period writes a note to himself, "Cuando tengas ganas a joder, jode," "When you want to fuck, fuck," which has been generally interpreted by his biographers as a hearty promiscuous credo; it can also be seen, however as his personal adjuration, his attempt to find sanction. When a diseased man wishes to fornicate, which indeed can be a passionate impulse--one's phallus, after all, is not only venereally inflamed but stimulated--the question has to present itself: is one, therefore, twice evil? Picasso was far from having sloughed off the last of his Catholicism. One need only take a look at his Simian self-portrait to get some notion of his worst, yet not unself-satisfied, view of himself in heat.



Picasso. *Simian Self-Portrait*. Paris.
January 1, 1903. Pen on paper.
11.8×10.7 cm. Museu Picasso,
Barcelona.

Nonetheless, the suspicion remains that he may have been, for considerable periods through those years, obsessed with impotence. It appears in this drawing from his sketchbook:



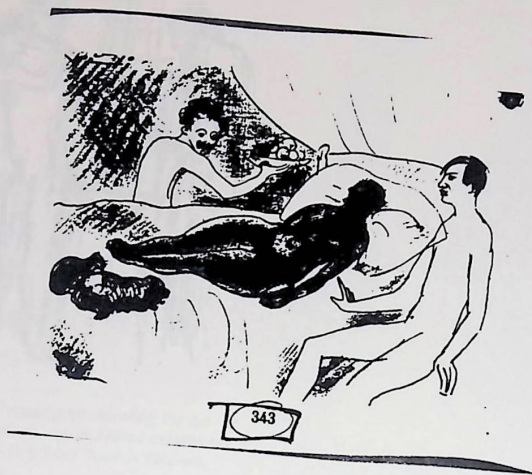


2, ~~XXII~~, p. 3, 6.

Crucifixion

Dessin à la mine de plomb. 1903 32 x 22 cm

Can we begin to contemplate what public reaction in 1903 might have been to this crucifixion? Here, the head of Christ can also serve for the button of the clitoris! It is enough to inhibit, nay, paralyze a young artist from exploring further into any philosophy of form. Perhaps, it paralyzed him. Surely, it is no accident that the figures of so many of his men at this time are void of genitalia. Part of Picasso's profound depression in the Blue Period has to derive from a sense that his artistic insights were leading him into more and more dangerous discoveries. What, he had to have asked himself, if he proved not brave enough to become the artist he wished to be? By contrast to the powerful women he depicts, the men, in a great many of his drawings, are singularly neutered now.



2, VI, p. 42, 343

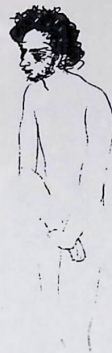
Parade de l'Olympique de Manet
representant Gungu et Picasso

Encre en crayon de couleur 1901 14x9cm

Gungu Vidal, Barcelona



Picasso. Preparatory drawing for *La Vie*. Barcelona, 1903. Conté crayon on paper. 14.5×9.5cm. Museu Picasso. Barcelona.



Picasso. *Casagemas Naked*. Barcelona, 1903-04. Pen and blue crayon on trade card. 13.3×9cm. Private collection.



Picasso. *Man Striking a Woman*.
Barcelona, 1903. Blue crayon on paper.
23×18.2cm. Museu Picasso, Barcelona.



Picasso. *Embrace*. Barcelona, 1903.
Pastel on paper. 98×57 cm. Collection
Walter-Guillaume, Musée de
l'Orangerie, Paris.



Above: Picasso. *Self-Portrait with Reclining Nude*. Paris, 1902-03. Ink and watercolor on paper. 17.6 x 23.2cm. Museu Picasso, Barcelona.

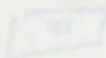


Picasso, *Portrait of the Artist Making Love*. Paris, 1903. Oil on canvas. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Bequest of Scofield Thayer, 1984. Photo: Mas (taken at Picasso's exhibition at Dalmau's gallery, 1912).



Picasso, *Dead Man*. Paris, 1902. Crayon on paper. 17×31 cm. Heirs of the artist.

Even his couples appear limp in their caress:



2, 11, 1943

Portrait of Richard

Drawn in the plane of 1943

Initiated by Richard Smith, San Francisco, CA



551

2, IV, 051

Portrait de l'artiste

Dessin a la plume, 1902 or 1903

collection of Arthur Sachs, Santa Barbara, CA



Z XXI p.122, 324

Entreinte. Feuille detachee d'un carnet. Aquarelle 1901 or 1902. 12 x 19 cm. Sur la couverture stoilee de ce carnet. Picasso croit se rappeler avoir marque, "Pour Louise." Les pages cor ont ete dispersees. Date precisee par l'artiste.



Z. XXI. p. 123, 326.

Entreinte. Feuille detachee du carnet precite au No. 324.

Aquarelle. 1901 or 1902. 12 x 19 cm.

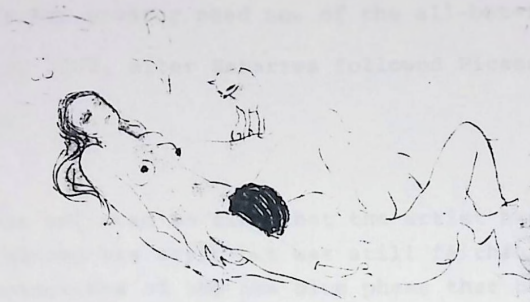


327

Z, XXI, p. 123, 327.

Entreinte. Feuille detachee du carnet precite au No. 324.

Aquarelle. 1901 or 1902. 12 x 19 cm.]



Two Figures and a Cat. Barcelona, c. 1902
Watercolor and pencil, 7½ x 10½" (18 x 26.5 cm)
Not in Zervos. Museo Picasso, Barcelona

This mood prevailed from 1902 to early 1904, and in that time Sabartes, a self-nominated Sancho Panza, becomes his intimate; no surprise, then, if Sabartes is also proprietary of the Blue Period. Picasso, in the midst of this depression, obviously has greater need now of the all-but-flaccid friend. Indeed, by 1902, after Sabartes followed Picasso back from Paris, he

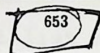
was relieved to find that the artist had not changed his style but was still faithful to the mannerisms of the new blue phase that he (Sabartes) saw as a joint creation--the embodiment of the months they had spent, side by side, in Paris. Had he found Picasso "following another road," Sabartes says, he would have considered this a stylistic infidelity: a deliberate attempt to detach himself from what had recently united us." Absurd as this attitude is, we should remember that the poet's concept of the Blue period as a joint venture, with himself as a brotherly muse, had the artist's blessing. . .

Sabartes describes how he and Picasso immediately fell back into their Parisian habit of daily meetings. "Henceforth every day was the same. At times I left [Picasso] at the foot of the stairs [leading to his studio]; at others, if he insisted, I went up with him. If he asked me to stay, I stayed... once he began to work, he was more at ease than if he were alone, for with me by

his side, he did not need to think about me." [R.,
p. 243]



2-11-92
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2, VF, p. 79, 653

Portrait de Jeanne Sabatès

Huile sur toile 1964 49,5 x 38 cm

A portion of Picasso's gloom might be attributable to social conditions in Barcelona. Workers on strike in 1901 had been fired upon by machine guns aimed by Spanish soldiers; in February of 1902, a month after Picasso came back from his second trip to Paris, a demand by metal workers to reduce their day from twelve hours to nine escalated into a general strike and this so terrified the civil authorities that the governor of Barcelona turned his command over to General Weyler, renowned by now for the designedly bloody campaign he had waged in Cuba which he now matched with a bloody week in Barcelona that brought down the government and left the city seething with the potentiality for new battles between left and right.

Picasso joined no socialist nor anarchist groups, and was indifferent to the political gatherings, but he was bound to

share the prevailing mood of discontent. The slums of the city through which he often wandered would offer a squalor to intensify the melancholy he brought to his work. If, a few years later, he would say to the his art dealer, Kahnweiler, "I'd like to live like a pauper with lots of money," a fair statement of his essential reluctance to identify by more than half with either the wealthy or the downtrodden, still we must never lose sight of his prophetic sensitivity to the real intimations offered by events. The critical imbalances of social life in Europe at the turn of the century were probably as palpable to him as leprosy or earthquake--a sizable remark indeed--but then who has ever given us more intense portraits of concentration camp victims before they existed? The Blind Beggar and The Old Jew painted in 1903, are emblems for 1944 in Auschwitz.