



Guillaume Apollinaire before 1911

Skua, p -

In his memoirs, André Salmon also speaks of this period:

Someone of his distinction could not help being bitter at the thought that he had been questioned at length by a magistrate: it choked him--he was like a man who had swallowed a fishbone. I called on him: he asked me to admire his monkey, a fine specimen he had recently acquired. This tame macaque was merrily eating an apple, playfully jumping from one piece of furniture to another. His master, praising its gentleness, observed: "You see, he doesn't really have to stay in his cage." Some devil prompted me to reply: "Well, at least he can be provisionally released." Whereupon Picasso, who was present, grabbed the animal by its blue behind and thrust it back into its cage. People sometimes react in strange ways. [Souvenirs Sans Fin, vol. I, p.]

Part XI:

The Decorator

As side to knowledge, photographs are dangerous. They tell us too much. The photograph of a carpenter as subtle as Picasso's and growing more so before his eyes have been passed. All the same, some photographs were in contact on their substance. Here, in 1912, the images of the encounter with the police still seem visible. How has he looked, (I), how long an insistent; and (II), a moment who talked as a friend.



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As aids to knowledge, photographs are dangerous: they may tell us too much. Any photograph of a temperament as subtle as Picasso's can present another face before too many hours have passed. All the same, some photographs seem to insist on their substance. Here, in 1912, the ravages of the encounter with the police still seem visible. Never has he looked, (1), more like an immigrant; and (2), a convict who ratted on a friend.



Picasso, photographed by Pablo Gargallo in
Gargallo's studio at 45, rue Blomet, 1912



Pablo Picasso, 1912

Can we take some measure of the woe? Grovelling before the police, trembling under the eyes of his mistress, unmanned, a whole reversion to the terrified little six-year-old who wept in terror every morning as he was dragged to school can help to give us some idea of the primal panic that still lived beneath his ego. It is disagreeable to think of how he is now obliged to see himself--a clown searching for machismo who looks to fire his pistol at three in the morning. Small wonder if his harlequins were sad. They knew how they would act in a crisis.

Can we measure the woe? Perhaps not. One would have to pass through a failure of nerve as humiliating as his, plus a betrayal of friendship as dramatic. It is certain. A large region in Picasso's sense of self will never feel respect for himself again.

Such evidence is abundant. Over the next sixty years, in all the incomparable immensity of his output, it is astonishing how few drawings, etchings, sculptures, ceramics and canvasses are free of that savage insight into ugliness which virtually becomes his trademark. Even when he is sets out to be cute, his work is annoying and on the edge of the ugly. Small wonder. After 1911, the world is ugly to him. Permanently. Never again will he be able to love himself so purely as to write on a canvas, "I, the King."

One can attempt to exculpate him. It may be said in his defense, and one might make an equal brief for Apollinaire, that each was terrified of being deported from France--a real fear ^{uk} under the circumstances. Under that heavy concern, however, was a more profound fear: They were both so opposed to society, and there was so much they wished legitimately to destroy, that of course they were petrified by a confrontation with the authorities. If they wished, or believed they wished to blow up the works, what could restrain the gendarmes from punishing them back, at least so soon as authority understood what was in their mind? To make matters worse, they really knew nothing about the functioning of the police and the courts: They could as well have been landing on the moon. So, they broke down, and were weaker than they thought they would be in a confrontation. They had been supporting enormous burdens, after all. Apollinaire was the impresario for a new world culture, as yet fashioned only at the point of his pen, full of light, love, irony, fantasy, conflagrations, explosions, and the apotheosis of the exceptional. He was the leader of imagination in all the palaces of poetry not yet erected by verse. ". . . Rooted in poetry we have rights over the words which make and unmake the world," he had written in celebration of André Salmon's wedding day in 1909.

And Picasso, in some deep part of himself, had to be near spiritual exhaustion. He had managed to negotiate two major rites of passage--the Blue Period and Cubism. Either one could have destroyed a less resolute artist--the first through depression, the second on the precipices of mental breakdown--all those options, choices, complexities of line and plane. He was hardly ready to stand nose-to-nose with the police. He had sallied forth so many times to explore the bastions of Creation; now the watchdogs of the authority had to weigh upon him like secret agents of that higher, more remote Authority he had been looking to reveal.

For a long time Picasso and Apollinaire believed themselves to be followed. Picasso only dared to go out in the evening by taxi. Sometimes he would even change cabs several times to throw any people following him off the track. . . I believe Picasso has never forgiven me for seeing him so worried. [Souvenirs Intimes, p. 250]

The love of Pablo and Fernande--what was left of it--would not last another eight months. Of course, it can also be said--was she ready to forgive him? Gertrude, via Alice, gives an account of a Saturday evening at the rue de Fleurus when Fernande started defending the pimps and criminals of

Montmartre. Since Gertrude was always superior to chronology, she would have been the last to be able to date the episode, but if it occurred before this period, it would certainly be alive for them again now:

Fernande contended that the apaches were better than the artists and her forefinger went up in the air. Picasso said, "yes apaches of course have their universities, artists do not." Fernande got angry and shook him and said, "you think you are very witty but you are only stupid." He ruefully showed that she had shaken off a button and she very angrily said, "and you, your only claim to distinction is that you are a precocious child." Things were not in those days going any too well between them. [Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p.]

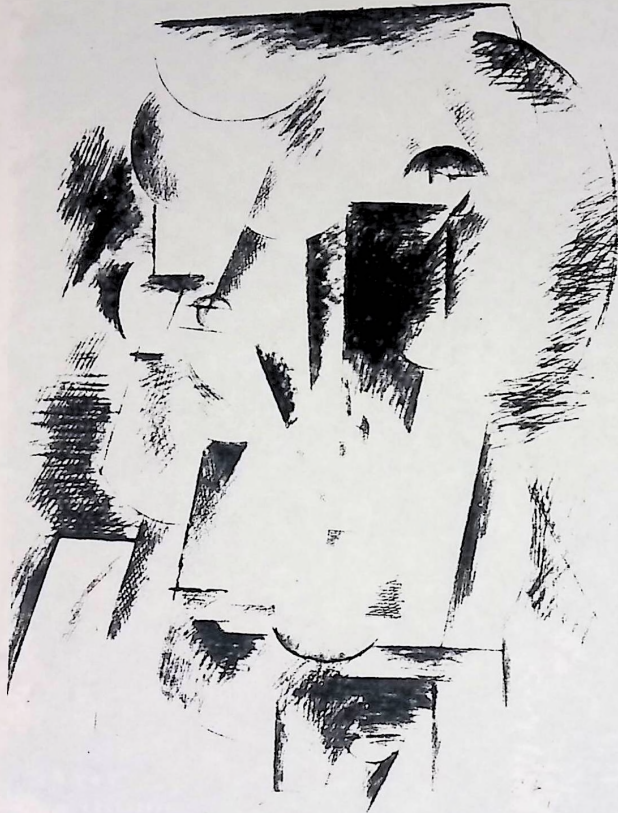
No matter the labors of reconstruction that his ego must undertake, he was working nonetheless every day. It is the apparent irony of these fall months of 1911 that he is working better and more profoundly than at any time since he embarked on Cubism, but then Picasso is not a genius for too little. He is always professional--which is to say that he not only engages his art daily, but can excel in it on what is otherwise a very bad day. If his talent had become a justification for

each of the flaws in his person, all the more need to exercise it now.

That is easy to say, but not even a professional, lacking the active spirit of genius, could work after such bombardment of the ego, private and public ego both; he had to know how his friends and enemies were gossiping about him now, now that he had betrayed Apollinaire. Perhaps one must look upon Picasso's psyche as a species of tightly compartmented ship; having received a gaping rip in the hold, it is quickly sealed off, the engines remain protected, communications with the bridge are retained--an unwieldy metaphor, to be certain, but let us recall: "Talking to the Pilot is Forbidden!"

In fact, before the events of September, he had been working very well in Ceret all summer of 1911. Problems he had been unable to solve through the fall and winter of 1910-1911 were opening for him: the canvases of early summer were excellent; so was the work, however, that came in the autumn of 1911. Spiritually, he had suffered the equivalent of a stroke, but that had devastated a part of his spirit not engaged with Cubism; he was, as we shall see, like a seriously wounded man fixed on finishing a journey before his body gives out. Cubism was not a matter of separate inspirations for separate days--rather, it was the development of a new kind of vision:

thereby the answer to a problem posed yesterday was likely to become a new question that would have to be answered tomorrow; in Cubism, this anticipation of advance was projected into the months⁵ ahead. We will do well to conceive of the ongoing aesthetic process as not without analogy to an army engaged in an offensive of long duration. Quartermaster is ordering up supplies today that will probably not be needed for another six or eight weeks; so must Picasso's unconscious have been filled with trains of expectation, concepts for future works partly developed, laid aside, picked up again. The damage to his whole balance, if he had been too stricken to work, would have been vastly greater--all those troops of ideas now idle and standing around in the rain. So, he proceeded with his campaign--to produce great works of Cubism and on they come in this period from July of 1911 through the winter of 1912 and into the spring, the masterpieces of Cubism.

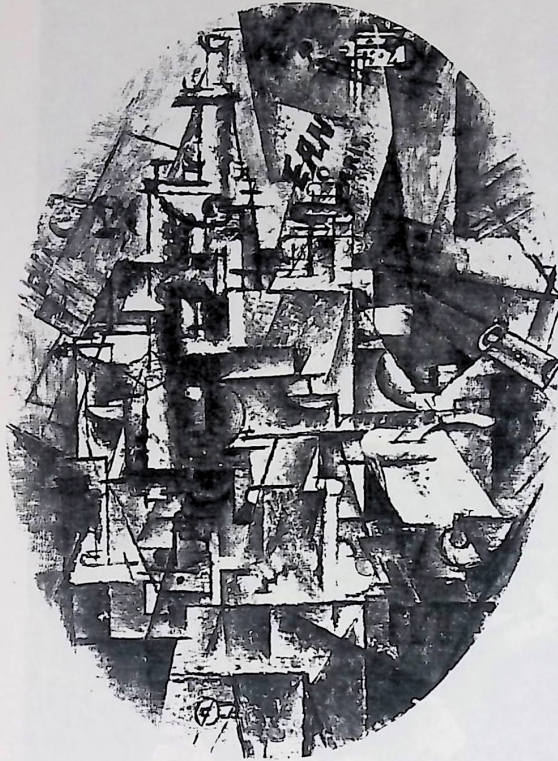


PICASSO. *Head*. [Céret, summer 1911]
Charcoal, 25¼ × 18¾" (64 × 48 cm)
Zervos XXVIII, 81. Collection Ernst Beyeler, Basel



PICASSO. *Mandolin Player*. [Paris, autumn] 1911
Oil on canvas, 39 1/4 x 25 1/8" (100 x 65 cm)
Daix 425. Collection Ernst Beyeler, Basel

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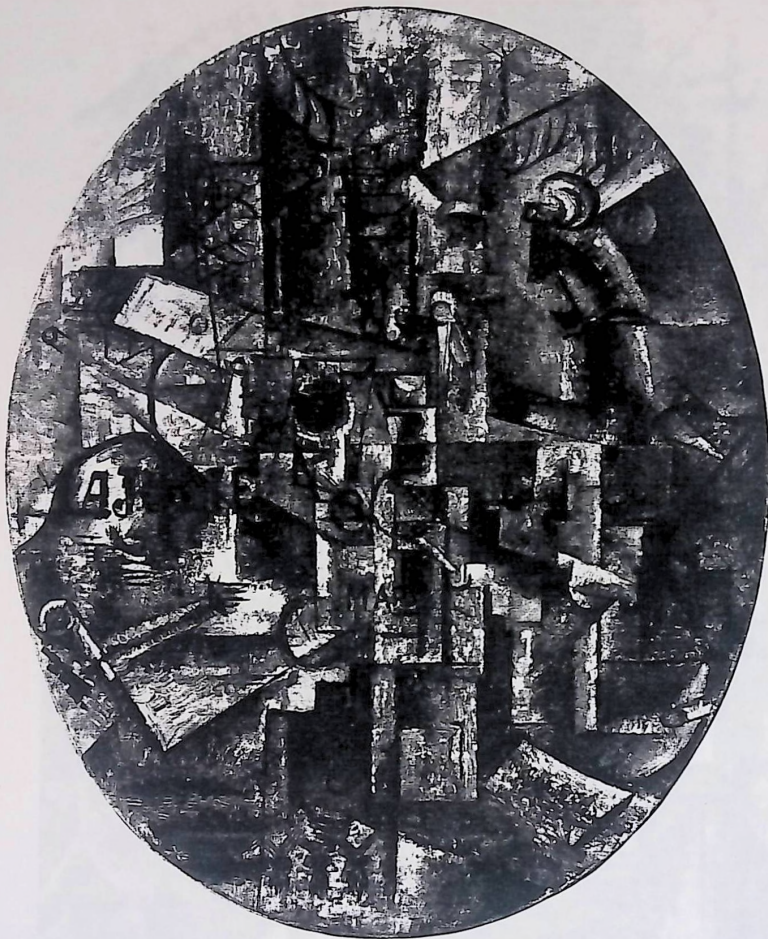
PICASSO, *Bottle, Glass, and Fork*, Paris, [winter] 1911-12
Oil on canvas (oval), 28 3/4 x 21 1/2 (72 x 54 cm)
Daix 447, The Cleveland Museum of Art.
Leonard C. Hanna, Jr. Fund

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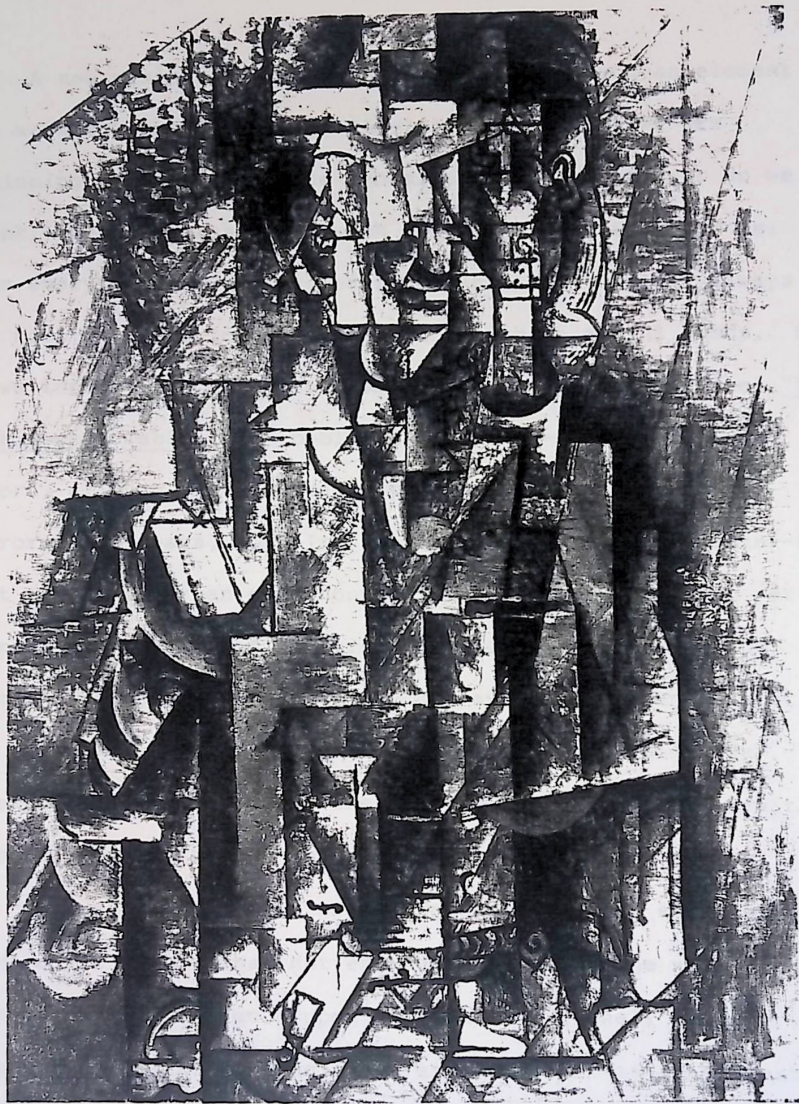
PICASSO, "Ma Jolie" (*Woman with a Zither or Guitar*).
Paris, winter 1911-12
Oil on canvas, 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (100 x 65.4 cm)
Daix 430. The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest

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PICASSO, *The Architect's Table*. Paris, early 1912
Oil on canvas, mounted on panel (oval), 28" x 25 1/2" (72.6 x 59.7 cm)
Daix 456, The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
Gift of William S. Paley

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PICASSO. *Man with a Violin*. Paris, [spring] 1912
Oil on canvas, 39 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\times$ 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ " (100 $\times$ 73 cm)
Daix 470. Philadelphia Museum of Art.
Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection

A new mistress has become, however very much an element in his work for the winter of 1911-1912. Just when we are beginning to appreciate the dynamics of his nature--or so we think!--he will present us with ~~his~~^{her} a new signature: he is, when everything is at its worst, a magician; there is always one more surprise to be drawn forth by those artful hands. So as we look at the masterful complexities of "Ma Jolie" and "The Architect's Table," the oubliettes, cul-de-sacs, factory floors, alleys, chutes, trapdoors, hallways, partitions, mirrors, stairways, tunnels, fences, quarries, and streets--all that symphonic urban cacaphony of a Europe that does not yet comprehend how much it is burgeoning for war--we cannot be certain whether these formidable canvasses have been generating for months in the mills of his conception, and would have appeared no matter how, or whether they were embellished with fresh life given him by the new mistress.

Odds are that these last few paintings would still be ours if Marcelle Humbert had not entered his life. She will yet have her large influence upon him, but as we shall see, her presence succeeds in bringing an end to Cubism as it hitherto existed. It will be replaced by what has never clearly enough been seen as its antithesis--a convulsive departure which Apollinaire with his flamboyant love of labels would define as

Synthetic Cubism as opposed to the earlier Analytic Cubism. (He would also come up with Rococo and Orphic Cubism.) The new direction would indeed be synthetic--the plastic gewgaws to be seen in the display windows of many a cheap mall store today are the wholly debased great-grandchildren of Synthetic Cubism, but then Synthetic Cubism is to Analytic Cubism as formica compares to walnut. Picasso, as we shall see, was not only leaving Fernande, but quitting his last ties to the Bateau Lavoir and the life he had known in Paris since 1905.

Gertrude gives us a nice description of how, from her point of view, she saw it all evolve. To follow her account, it is necessary to know that his new mistress was still named Marcelle Humbert, was living with a sculptor named Marcoussis, and had not yet been renamed Eva (not Eve), but then we ought to know by now that Gertrude will lose no sleep in trying to set her accounts straight!

Fernande had at this time a new friend of whom she often spoke to me. This was Eve who was living with Marcoussis. And one evening all four of them came to the rue de Fleurus, Pablo, Fernande, Marcoussis and Eve. It was the only time we ever saw Marcoussis until many many years later.

I could perfectly understand Fernande's liking for Eve. As I said Fernande's great heroine was

Evelyn Thaw, small and negative. Here was a little french Evelyn Thaw, small and perfect.

Not long after this Picasso came one day and told Gertrude Stein that he had decided to take an atelier in the rue Ravignan. He could work better there. He could not get back his old one but he took one on the lower floor. One day we went to see him there. He was not in and Gertrude Stein as a joke left her visiting card. In a few days we went again and Picasso was at work on a picture on which was written ma jolie and at the lower corner painted in was Gertrude Stein's visiting card. As we went away Gertrude Stein said, Fernande is certainly not ma jolie, I wonder who it is. In a few days we knew. Pablo had gone off with Eve.

[Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 136]

That was in May of 1912, but the affair was probably begun as early as November of 1911, two months after the fiasco with the Paris police, and was kept more or less secret over the next half-year until Fernande--we can conceive of how wholly frayed was their relation by then--decided to run off with an Italian painter named Ubaldo Oppi. Picasso sent a quick note to Braque: "Fernande ditched me for a Futurist. What am I going to do with the dog?"

The letter is dated May 18, 1912, and the event brought forth his decision. He would live with Eva. His letter went

on to say that he was leaving Paris for a time, and would Braque take care of Frika for a short while?

Two days later, he is in Céret and writes to Kahnweiler:

Concerning the dogs, I've asked Braque to send Frika to me. As for the other animals--the monkey, the cats--Madame Pichot will take them, she told me. You'll have to make a package of the canvas rolled up at rue Ravignan and the panels and send them here to me (at Manolo's address).

Next day, he instructs Braque to ship Frika down to Céret and adds: "Don't tell anyone I'm here."

Next day, he writes to Kahnweiler to tell him that Eva is with him "and I am quite happy. But say nothing to anyone."

On May 24, he has prepared a list for Kahnweiler:

You must also send me the paintbrushes that are at rue Ravignan, the dirty as well as the clean ones, and the stretchers that are there. . .The palette from rue Ravignan too, you must send me. It's dirty. You should wrap it in paper together with the stretchers. . .and the combs for making faux bois.

As for the paints, you must send those from rue Ravignan and those from boulevard de Clichy. I shall tell you where they are. . .(actually I'm embarrassed to have to trouble you so.) In the large armoire and on the workshop table, there are the paints. Send me the tubes of white, ivory

black, burnt sienna, emerald green, Verona green, ultramarine blue, ocher, umber, vermilion, cadmium dark or rather cadmium yellow. I also have blue, Peruvian ocher. . .I prefer to have all my paints here; I may also use the white, but I need them at my side.

Send me only three or four tubes of each of the colors, but send me all the white, and do not forget to send me a bottle of siccative and a packet of charcoal crayons. . . I've rented the house that Braque and I had last year. [Picasso and Braque, p. 399]

By the next day, there is another letter. He needs:

sheets, pillows, bolsters, blankets, my linen and my yellow kimono with flowers. . .I've more faith in you than in myself.

On May 30, Wilbur Wright dies in Dayton, Ohio, just twelve days after the rupture with Fernande. The summer of 1912 becomes a period of transition in which Picasso commits himself to the large move precisely from Cubism to Synthetic Cubism, so it is not unlikely that he sees Wright's death as one more omen to confirm the shift. (No longer will his canvasses be obliged to hover in the web of space.) It is not that he and Braque cease working together; to the contrary, the years from 1912 to

1914 will have Braque producing as many innovations for them both as Picasso, but then their enterprise will move from the Faustian and the apocalyptic to the handy and the familial. Before long, it is "cardboard, sand, sawdust, metal filings, Rapolin enamel, paper, wood, sheet metal, stencils, razors, house-painter's combs and other artisanal materials and tools" [Picasso and Braque, p. 19] that they employ. But by then they have retreated from the precipices of Cubism.

The letters continue. Picasso may have sent out more messages in these weeks than at any other time in his working life. His anxiety is enormous. He has gone to Céret because Manolo is there, but then, he had spent the previous summer there as well; he knows it will be one of the first places Fernande will think of. On June 12, he writes to Kahnweiler:

I have bad news from Paris. Braque wrote to me yesterday and tells me he met Pichot. . .and that he [Pichot] told him that he, his wife, and Fernande were thinking of going. . .to Céret to spend the summer there and that he was going to write to someone here to find out if I was here (as I already told you). I am very annoyed by all this, first of all because I do not want my great love for Marcelle to be disturbed in any way by the trouble they might cause me, and neither do I want her to be bothered in any way; and finally, I must

have peace in order to work. I've needed it for a long time. Marcelle is very sweet, I love her very much and I will write this in my paintings. Apart from all that, I've been working hard. I've done quite a few drawings and have already begun eight paintings. I believe my painting has been gaining in robustness and clarity. . .with all these complications, I may need to have--in case I need suddenly to leave, one never knows what might happen--a reserve of 1,000 or 2,000 francs. I should not want to be prevented from leaving for a matter of a few sous. . .And if you should see Fernande, you can tell her that she can expect nothing from me, and I should be quite happy never to see her again. . . [Picasso and Braque, pp. 395-396]

On June 19, Kahnweiler is told:

I've heard from reliable sources that Fernande will come here with the Pichots and it goes without saying that I need some peace. I even have a right to it. And I'm going to leave here. I have a lot of different places in mind. I'm very bothered to have to leave this place; it's been good to be in a large house where I've had space, and I've liked the countryside. . .And my painting is going well. I have two or three things that are finished or almost finished (if I see that they are done I'll send them to you) and I've begun others that I'll continue wherever I go.

On June 20, he writes to Kahnweiler: "Tomorrow I shall leave here for Perpignan, but don't tell ANYONE, ANYONE AT ALL where I shall be. . ." and then by June 23, he has made a move to Avignon. He informs Kahnweiler: "I have found a house with a small garden. . ." On June 25, he writes again to mention that with all foul luck, he encountered people he had known in Montmartre. He moves again. On June 26, he writes from Sorgues near Avignon where he is now renting a mean and grim little cottage in a charmless village, but at least no one will know him there: "Tell Braque that I'm writing to him, BUT DO NOT GIVE MY ADDRESS TO ANYONE. Here in Avignon I've told everyone I'm leaving for the town of Carcassonne."

The anxiety continues: "As to the furnishings from rue Ravignan, I mean the easel I'm very attached to and the sculptor's turntable--if you don't think it wise to put them in the boulevard de Clichy house, then, yes, put them in storage." He is obviously concerned that Fernande will appropriate them, "or if Braque would be so kind as to keep them for me, then they can be brought to his place."

By July 4, he is worried about what is going on in Céret. "Let us hope that Manolo doesn't leave my letters lying about and that Germaine Pichot can't figure out my whereabouts. I

need peace. I need to work, I shall not write to Manolo any more, but you must tell him to be careful."

The reason for the sudden move and the attendant anxiety is Fernande. Tired of her affair with Oppi, she has gone back to the apartment in Boulevard de Clichy to discover (with all the woe of a fling which has failed) that Picasso is gone. She soon leaves for Céret with Ramon and Georgette (Gargallo) Pichot. "Fernande was there with the Pichots," writes Gertrude, "and Eve was there with Pablo. There were some redoubtable battles. . ."

Patrick O'Brian carries it a little further:

. . .the Pichots arrived, and with them Fernande. Ramon Pichot took Fernande's side; there were scenes between the women; life was impossible. Before the end of May [O'Brian is in error--the date was June 21], Picasso and Eva fled. . .to Avignon and beyond Avignon to the small unattractive town of Sorgues-sur-l'Ouvèze. . .

The question is very much in order: why is Pablo so afraid of Fernande? The assumption must be that he is not altogether ready to leave her for Eva who is, by general accounts, small, sweet, superficially submissive, orderly, thrifty, and devoted to Picasso. Fernande with all her social

disproportions is nonetheless impressive, tall, a commanding presence by now in social gatherings (Gertrude is always describing Fernande as making a point in discussion by raising one forceful forefinger toward the sky) and, as we know, beautiful. Picasso is interested in social status--it could be his dirty little secret. While obviously his snobbery can never be matched against his preoccupation with work, it is nonetheless there, weighing on him if he is secretly a bit ashamed of his woman.

There is no overt evidence he is; it is just that he piles up so much evidence to the contrary. He writes "Ma Jolie" into his canvas, taken from the song, "O Manon, ma jolie, mon coeur te dit bonjour," and makes certain once he and Eva are living together that everyone will know who Ma Jolie is. Other canvasses in Synthetic Cubism will have "Jolie Eva" inserted, or "J'aime Eva," or even "Pablo-Eva"; he makes a large point of telling Kahnweiler (and others soon enough, we will assume) that "I love her very much and will write her name on my pictures." Every one of his protestations is an enhancement of her importance, and all the while, he does not wish to see Fernande. He can, of course, not forgive her for Ubaldo Oppi. She can have an apache, a circus roustabout, a crazy pick-up--we do not know what kind of affairs she had, and with

whom, since once she begins to live with Picasso, she is discreet in her memoirs--but this we can probably affirm: the one variety of infidelity for which he will not be quick to forgive her is a serious escapade with a fellow painter. Probably, she is still overpoweringly attractive to him.

This was in the spring. They all had the habit of going to Cer  t near Perpignan for the summer [and] Fernande was there with the Pichots and Eve was there with Pablo. There were some redoubtable battles and then everybody came back to Paris.

One evening, we too had come back, Picasso came in. He and Gertrude Stein had a long talk alone. It was Pablo, she said when she came in from having bade him goodbye, and he said a marvellous thing about Fernande, he said her beauty always held him but he could not stand any of her little ways. She further added that Pablo and Eve were now settled on the boulevard Raspail and we would go and see them to-morrow.

In the meanwhile Gertrude Stein had received a letter from Fernande, very dignified, written with the reticence of a frenchwoman. She said that she wished to tell Gertrude Stein that she understood perfectly that the friendship had always been with Pablo and that although Gertrude had always shown her every mark of sympathy and affection now that she and Pablo were separated, it was naturally impossible that in the future there should be any intercourse between them because the friendship

having been with Pablo there could of course be no question of a choice. That she would always remember their intercourse with pleasure and that she would permit herself, if ever she were in need, to throw herself upon Gertrude's generosity.

And so Picasso left Montmartre never to return. [Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, pp. 136-137]



Eva Gouel (Marcelle Humbert), Paris, c. 1911



Eva Gouel in Avignon with Sentinelle, André Derain's dog, summer 1914

The two photographs of Eva that have survived do not tell us enough. There she is, nearly invisible, decent, fussy delicate. She kept house for Picasso, and very well, at 242 Boulevard Raspail and later on the Rue Schoelcher also in Montparnasse. She had an eye for business; she could spot patrons who were going to buy paintings rather than those who were there merely to take a look. She encouraged him every step of his way into Synthetic Cubism, and all but hectored him to bring color back to his palette. In the four years before she died, his paintings would command better prices every year, and she worked closely with Kahnweiler, and was on the best of terms with Gertrude and Alice.

Until she became ill with an incurable cancer (she would die by the end of 1915) Picasso seems to have lived in domestic peace, and there is no record of relations between Eva and Pablo ever turning as bad as Germaine Gargallo Pichot and Ramon Pichot promised they would in the terrible encounter at Céret in the summer of 1912. Ramon told Picasso:

he was glad in a way that his old friend had found a woman who looked like Maria [Picasso's mother], small and dark and passionate, as opposed to the tall and red-haired girls he had had until now--'at last he has stopped fucking his father'--but warned

that Eva had a notoriously bad temper and was as tough as old boots. Germaine herself was less than kind: Eva was as false as her teeth, and such a liar that she had convinced herself that her dentures were real. She was small, but pure poison all through. [MacBurnie-Hastie, Picasso's Women, p. 70]

If these qualities had been evident during her years with Marcoussis, well, it was also true that the sculptor used to beat her. Picasso by Eva's account adored her and she adored him. Picasso, she told her friends, liked to wake up about half past ten in the morning. As Eva confided, he would:

sit up in bed in his blue and white striped pyjamas to drink the coffee Eva brought him. They would exchange endearments, and she would tell him what she had in mind to prepare for lunch that day; the room was always neat and tidy, the bed linen spotless, the silk brocade curtains tied back to show the bright, white net which covered the windows discreetly. Even when the bed became the scene of their theatrical sexual activity, she told her friends that Picasso was always very gentle. To look at him, she used to say, you would think he would be violent, but he is really like a lamb. Unlike Marcoussis, he never struck her.

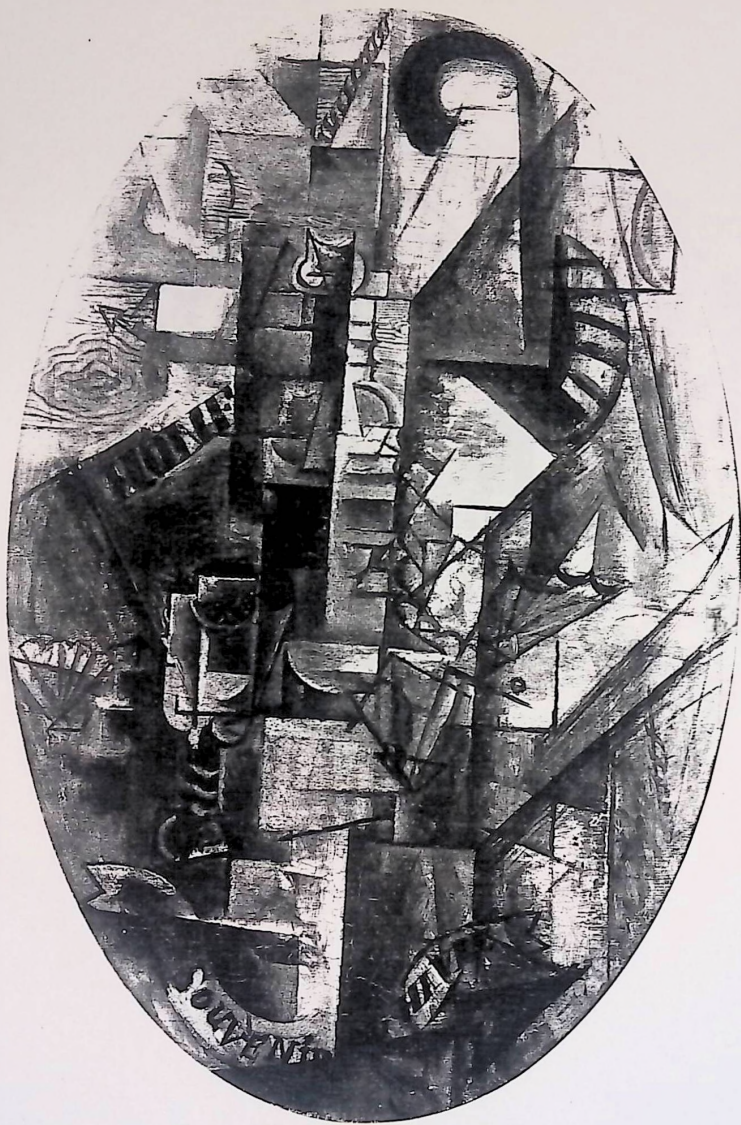
The rest of their home on the Boulevard Raspail had the same sort of atmosphere. The cushions were always plumped up on the English

armchairs and the French furniture in the dining room was dusted and polished every day. The cats and dogs knew their place, too, and looked like part of the decor. Picasso's studio was the exception to all the rules, but even there he had a little table on which tea was served in a flowered tea set. During the spring of 1913 Eva found a new home for them in the Rue Schoelcher (no. 5 bis). She liked it because it was even more peaceful and she could look out of the windows at the tombs in Montparnasse cemetery. Here the studio was bigger and had better light, and though the flat was farther away from his favourite bars and cafes, Picasso accepted the move without protest.

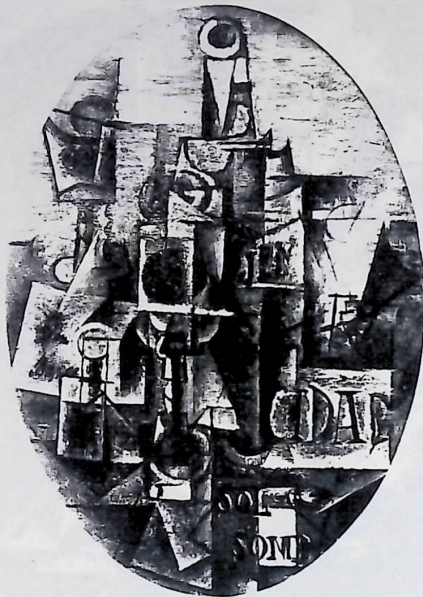
Picasso's health certainly improved under this tender loving care, and those of his friends who had had doubts about the dismissal of Fernande were reassured. As a tangible sign of their approval, the new couple was invited to Céret for the summer; Germaine Pichot, who had led the "opposition" the previous year, was asked to stay away. [Picasso's Women, p. 77]

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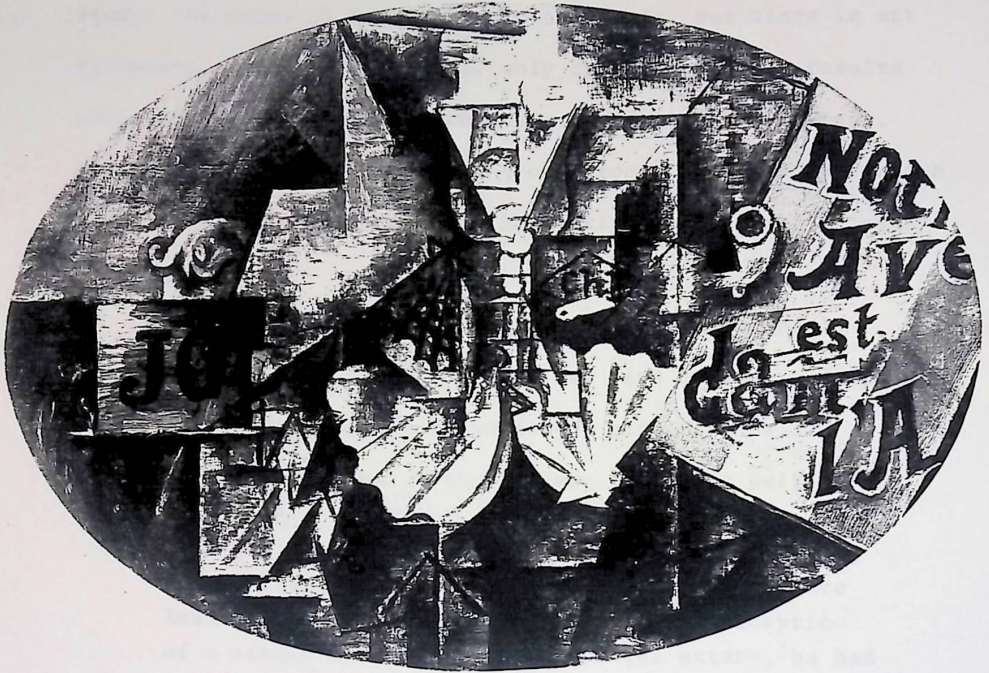
In April of 1912, Picasso had taken a trip to Le Havre with Braque, and on his return he painted a canvas. Souvenir de Havre, which--full surprise!--had color, and Braque, studying the canvas, said "in a tone that was half sour, half sweet, 'The weapons have changed.'" [Picasso and Braque, p. 390.]



Picasso, *Souvenir du Havre*. Paris, [May] 1912
Oil on canvas (oval), 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (92 x 65 cm)
Dauy 458. Private collection



PICASSO. *Spanish Still Life*. Paris, spring 1912
Oil on canvas (oval), 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13" (46 x 33 cm)
Daix 476. Musée d'Art Moderne, Villeneuve d'Ascq.
Gift of Geneviève and Jean Masurel



PICASSO, *The Scallop Shell*: "Notre Avenir est dans l'air."
Paris, [May] 1912
Oil on canvas (oval), 15 × 21 1/2" (38 × 55.5 cm)
Daix 464. Private collection

04B, p 229

Indeed, they had. Cubism used green and ochre shadings of gray; it had been as austere and impersonal as the New York Times. It spoke of research into the facts, but since in art movements, there are no facts, only conventions, the results were luminous, evocative, ambiguous, and all but anonymous. Picasso and Braque were speaking out from a metaphorical fourth dimension; they were not being painterly but spatial, priests of high space.

Color, however, was immediate, personal, emotional, individual. One could not explore new laws of form and space one could barely grasp, and use lively pigment at will.

William Rubin puts it another way, and very well:

Picasso had been trying to insert color into Analytic Cubism since 1910 but with the exception of a single small painting no longer extant, he had always painted it out. He was, in effect, reacting to the essential incompatibility between bright, unmodulated color and the atmospheric and luminous space of 1911 Cubism. Only as he squeezed out such vestiges of illusionistic depth, during the spring and summer of 1912, did he find that the color began working to his satisfaction. It is not by accident that his first success in this regard, Souvenir du Havre. . . should also be the first picture in which he introduced the simulated wood-graining he had learned from his companion.

Like the stenciled letters Braque had introduced earlier, panels of faux bois tend to sit in the picture plane rather than behind it, and to that extent force out of the painting precisely the illusionistic space that was getting in the way of color. [Picasso and Braque, p. 39]

Of course, there had been attempts to introduce color. Life was a tasteless gruel without it, and up in the high altitudes of Cubism there was always a sense of dread to imbibe daily. As a manifest of such states, there had even been a period when their canvasses were signed only on the back or were not signed at all. If Picasso and Braque were ready to change the history of art, they were also tempted to keep their presence faceless. Since they were ready to dare everything, it was crucial, to the degree that they were high priests, that they display no collateral sacrilege, no petty vanity, no thoughts of self-aggrandizement. William Rubin quotes Picasso speaking to Francoise Gilot close to forty years later:

"We were trying to set up a new order. . .an anonymous art. . .and it had to express itself through different individuals. Nobody had to know that it was so-and-so who had done this or that painting. . .but individualism was already too strong," Picasso reflected. . .

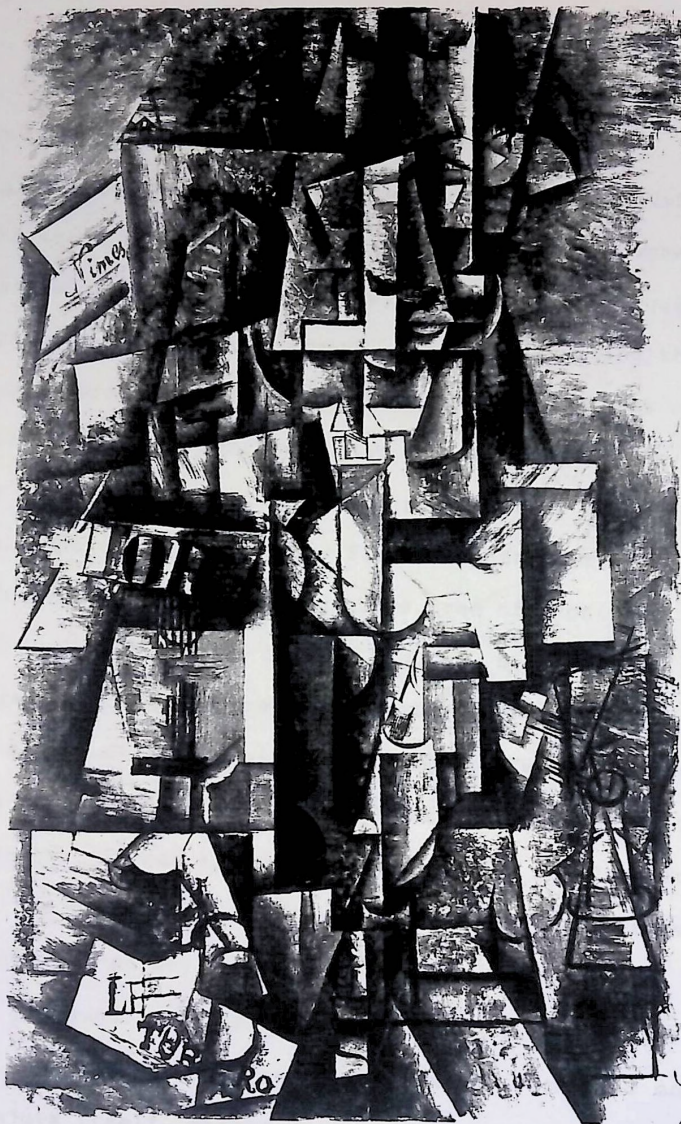
Braque clearly remembered the signature question in the same spirit: ". . .Picasso and I were engaged in what we felt was a search for the anonymous personality. We were prepared to efface our personalities in order to find originality." In time, however, Braque came to feel that "without 'tics,' with recognizable traces of the individual personality, no revelation was possible." [Picasso and Braque, p. 19.]

They were dealing with a new order, with death and decomposition, with motion through time, with modern city uproar--such transcendentalism and near-chaos had no need of a signature until it did. But then it did. Life was growing cold. Life was becoming too cold.

If he had had a belly-full of Fernande's final lack of respect for him as a man and an innovator, so had he had enough of living on the gray rations of an art so elevated it was for practical living purposes a dire theology. Nonetheless, it died hard. Two of the greatest works of Cubism (with just a hint of color) come forth as terminal expressions even as he has already started in the new direction.

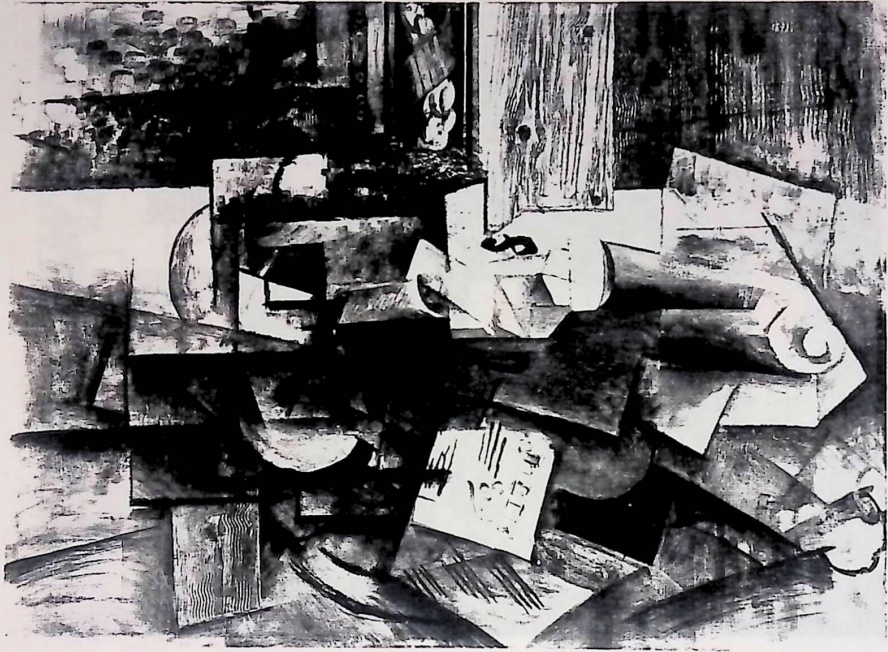


Picasso, *The Poet*, Sorgues, summer 1912
Oil on canvas, 25 3/4 x 18 3/4" (60 x 48 cm)
Daix 499, Kunstmuseum Basel.
Gift of Maja Sacher-Stehlin, 1967

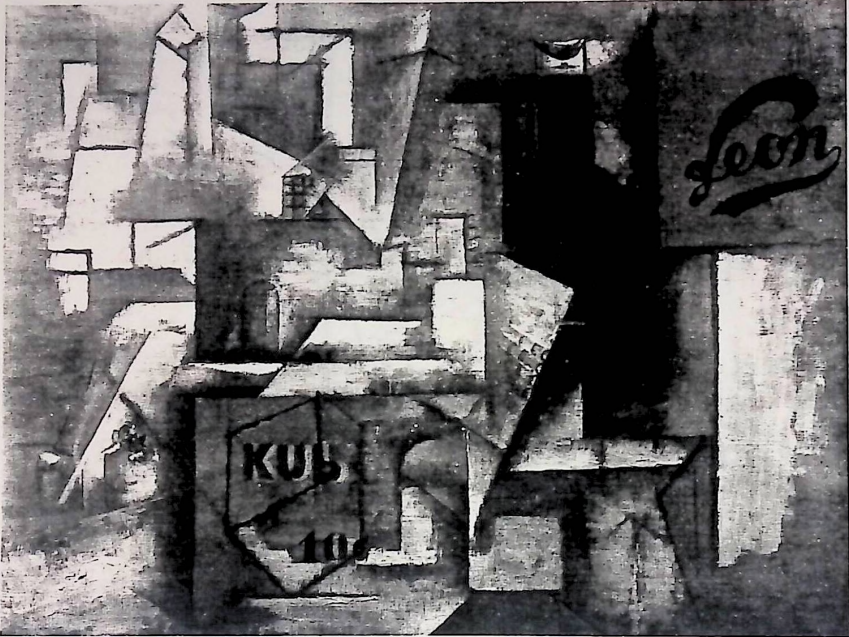


PICASSO, *The Aficionado*, Sorgues, summer 1912
Oil on canvas, 55 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 32 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (135 x 82 cm)
Daix 500, Kunstmuseum Basel.
Gift of Raoul La Roche, 1952

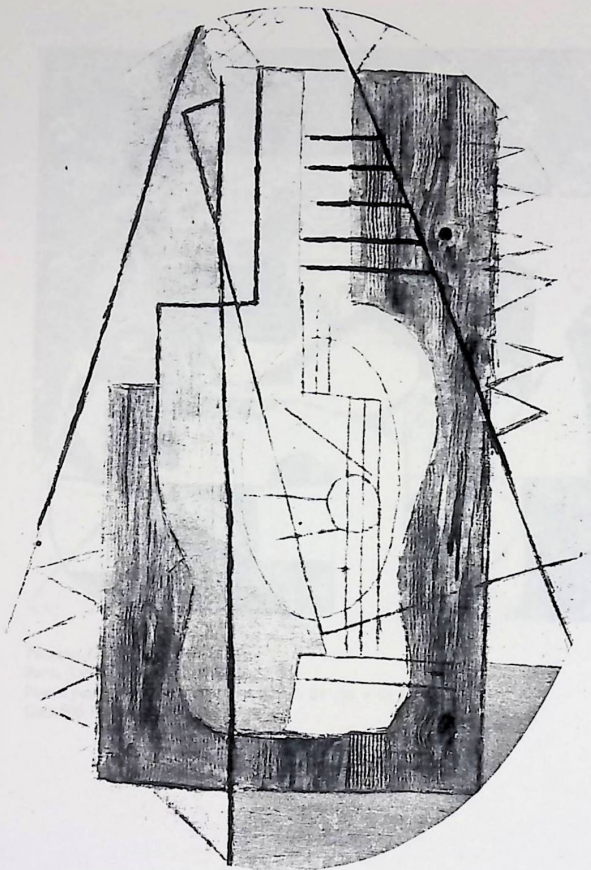
By the end of summer and certainly in the fall, back in Paris, but living with Eva on Boulevard Raspail in Montparnasse, he went over completely to Synthetic Cubism. People would no longer have to grapple with the enigma: is Picasso a genius or a hoax? Now, he is a painter again, decorative, agreeable, charming, literally avoiding the depths. If Cubism produced some of the most complex contents ever to be placed in a visual box, Synthetic Cubism was livening up the walls in a fashion that can still put interior decorators to shame. Where the tension for Picasso in the first years of Cubism had been to create organisms free of magnitude, or of character (that is, not clearly figures, still-lives, skyscrapers, or landscapes) yet wholly there--creatures of great magnitude and complexity, Synthetic Cubism now reined in Picasso's ambitions, and reduced what had been Cubism to decoration. It was splendid decoration and would literally affect the palette and style of contemporary decorators more pervasively than any other movement in art, but it was no longer profound. Discipline, austerity and depression gave way to fun, games, tricks, stunts, paradoxes. From 1912 on, his hand enjoys itself, cashes in.



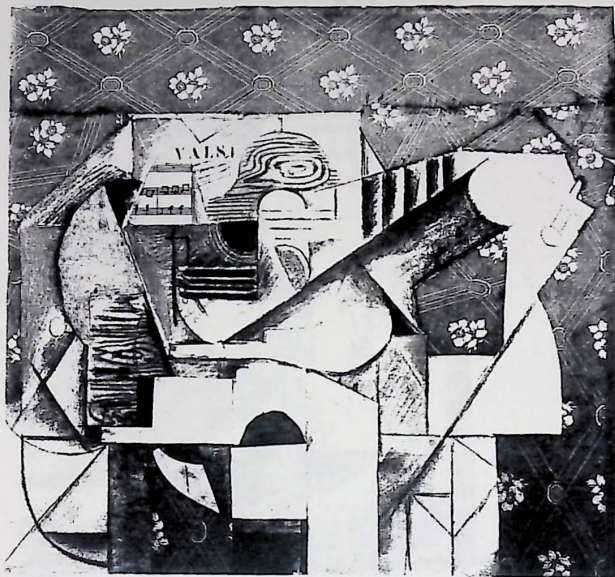
PICASSO. *Violin: "Jolie Eva."* Céret, May–June 1912
Oil on canvas, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (60 × 81 cm)
Daix 480. Staatsgalerie Stuttgart



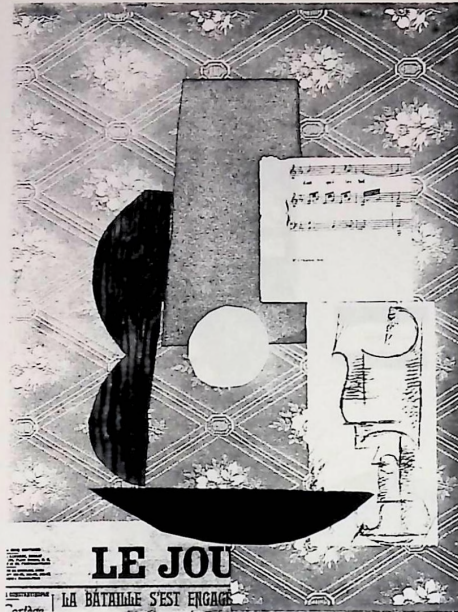
PICASSO, *Landscape with Posters, Sorgues*, [July] 1912
Oil on canvas, 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 24" (46 x 61 cm)
Daix 501. The National Museum of Art, Osaka



PICASSO. *Guitar*. Sorgues and Paris, late summer-autumn 1912
Oil on canvas (oval), 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\times$ 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (64 $\times$ 50 cm)
Daitx 488. Private collection. Japan

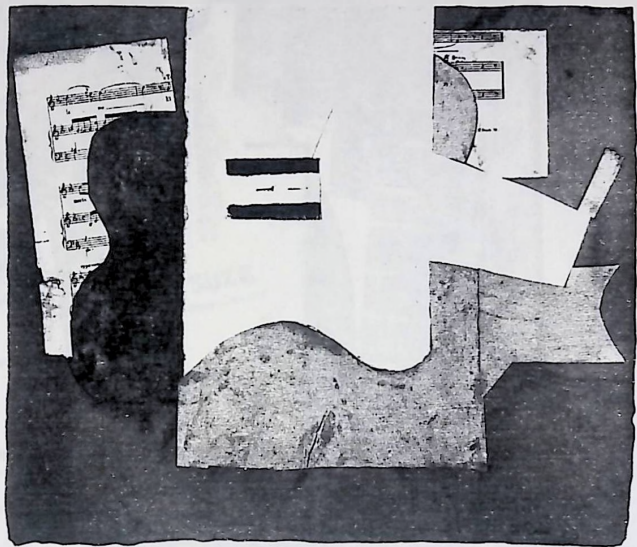


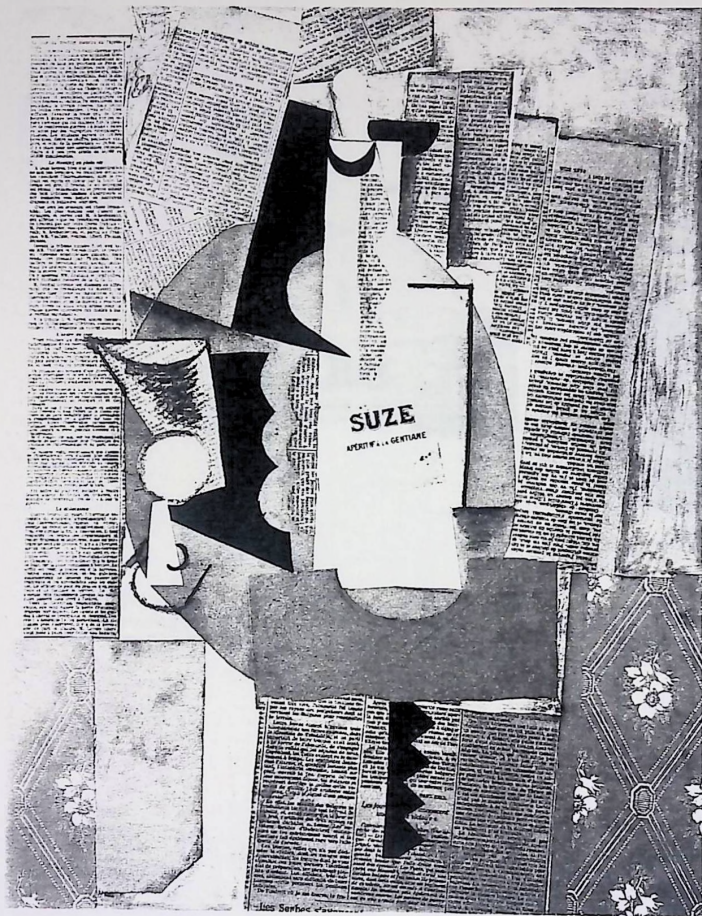
PICASSO. *Guitar and Sheet Music*.
Paris, [October–November] 1912
Pasted paper, pastel, and charcoal, 22½ × 24" (58 × 61 cm)
Daix 506. Private collection



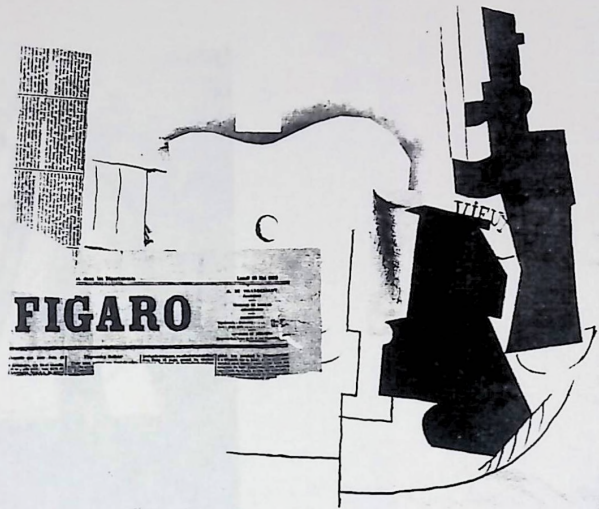
PICASSO. *Guitar, Sheet Music, and Glass*. Paris, after November 18, 1912
Pasted paper, gouache, and charcoal, 18 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (47.9 x 36.5 cm)
Daix 513. Marion Koogler McNay Art Museum, San Antonio

PICASSO. *Musical Score and Guitar*.
Paris, autumn 1912
Pasted and pinned paper on cardboard,
16 1/4 x 18 1/8" (42.5 x 48 cm)
Daix 520. Musée National d'Art Moderne,
Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris.
Bequest of Georges Salles

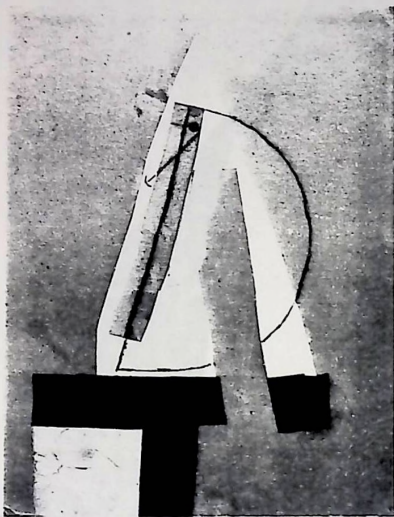




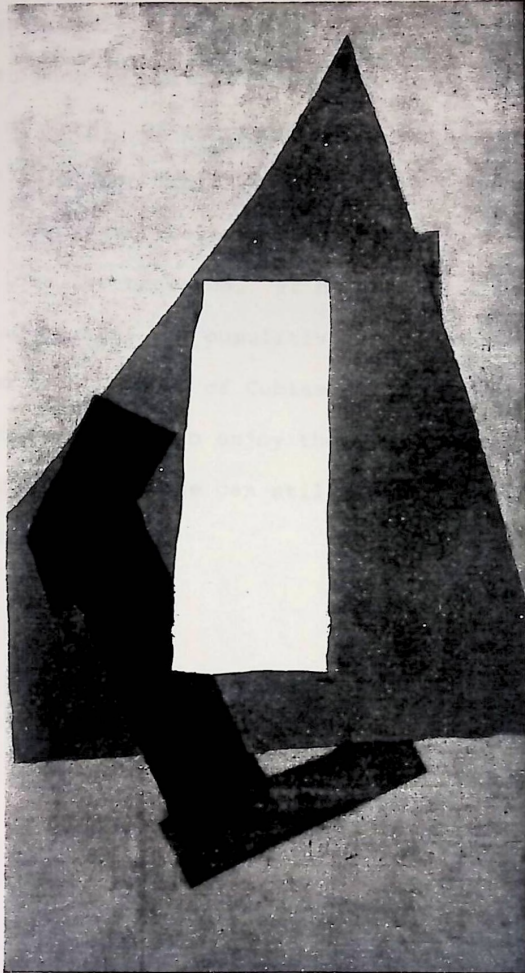
PICASSO, *Glass and Bottle of Suze*, Paris, after November 18, 1912
Pasted paper, gouache, and charcoal, 25 3/4 x 19 3/4 (65.1 x 50.2 cm)
Daix 525, Washington University Gallery of Art, St. Louis.
University Purchase, Kende Sale Fund, 1946



PICASSO, *Bottle of Vieux Marc, Glass, Guitar, and Newspaper*. Céret, spring 1913
Pasted paper and ink, 18 3/4 x 24 3/4 (46.7 x 62.5 cm)
Daix 604, The Tate Gallery, London

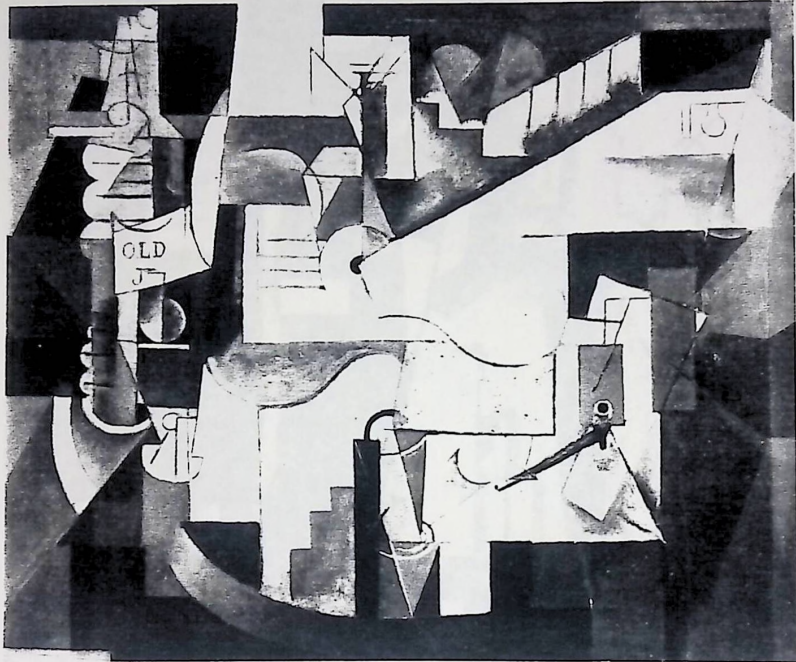


PICASSO. *Head*. [Céret, May-June] 1913
Pasted paper, charcoal, and pencil on cardboard.
17¼ x 13" (43.5 x 33 cm)
Daix 595. Private collection, England

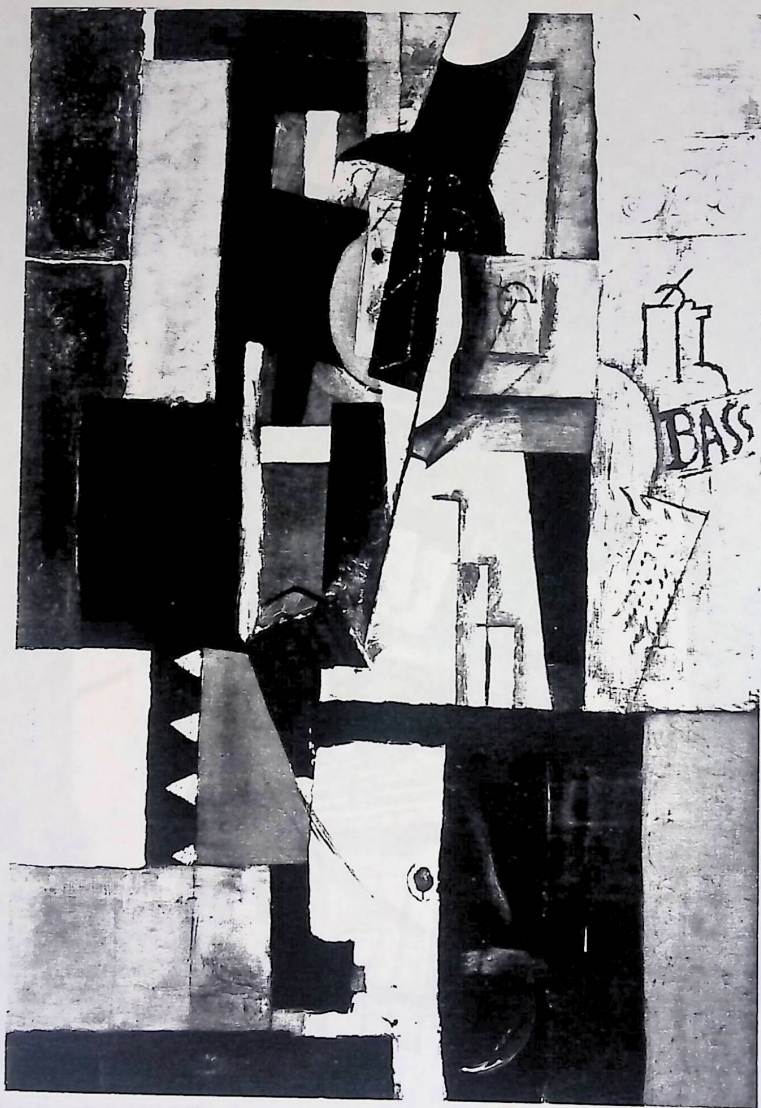


Picasso, *Guitar*. [Céret, spring] 1915
Oil on canvas, mounted on panel.
34 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ " (87 x 47.5 cm)
Daix 597, Musée Picasso, Paris

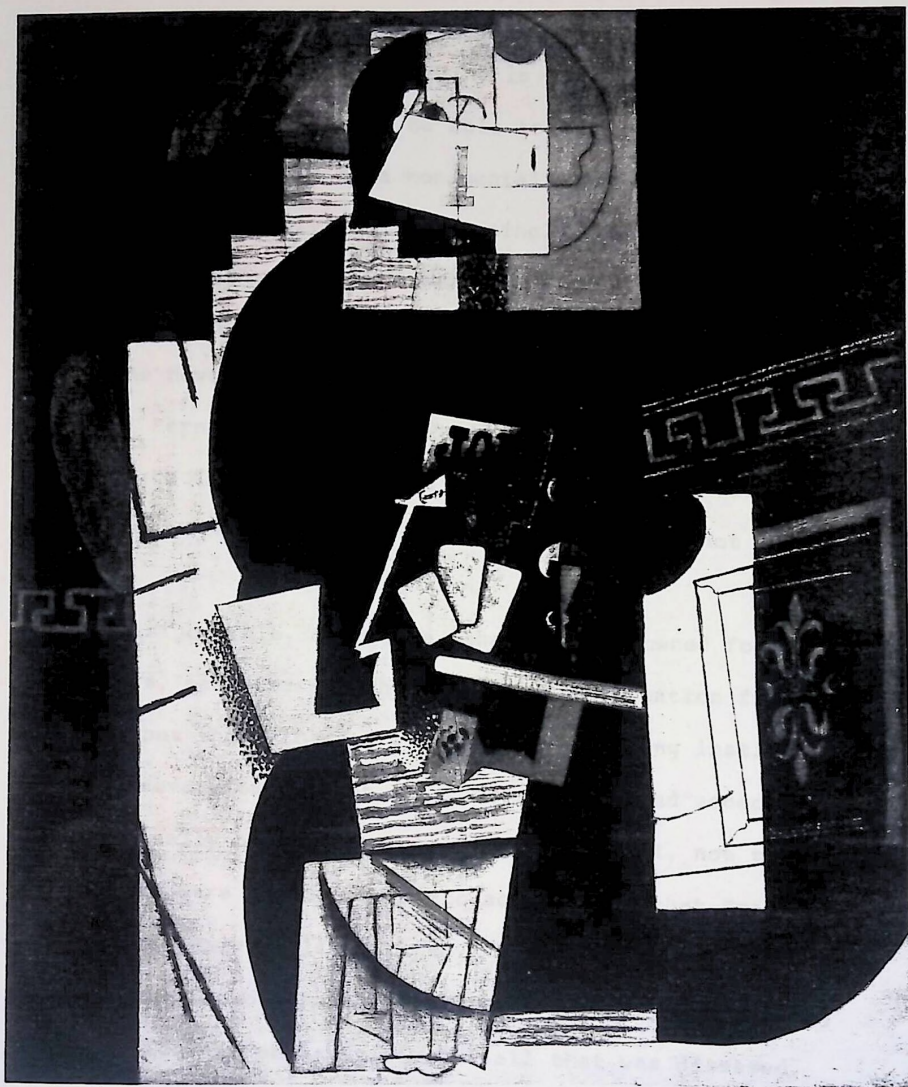
One can wonder if Cubism has disappeared altogether. Did the pilot to whom we were forbidden to speak decide to deep-six the corpus of work? Of course not. "There are certain questions," said Leon Trotsky, "that answer themselves by being asked." Picasso never relinquished a skill, facility, technique, idea, or research. If he had lived on high peaks roped to Braque until the cumulative attrition of the effort brought them down, echoes of Cubism still appear in the work, and it is difficult not to enjoy those hints of return. So, yes, knowing the loss, one can still enjoy the best of Synthetic Cubism:



PICASSO. *Bottle, Guitar, and Pipe*.
Paris, [autumn] 1912
Oil on canvas, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ " (60 × 73 cm)
Daix 510. Museum Folkwang, Essen



PICASSO, *Man with a Guitar*. Céret, spring 1913
Oil on canvas, 51 1/4 x 55" (130.2 x 88.9 cm)
Daix 616, The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
André Meyer Bequest



Picasso, *Card Player*. Paris, [winter] 1913-14
Oil on canvas, 42½ × 55¼" (108 × 89.5 cm)
Daix 650. The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
Acquired through the Lillie F. Bliss Bequest

Even in this period, when he is determined to repudiate the past, which is to say, be able to enjoy himself, there is one work which stands as a monumental bridge between Cubism and the prodigiously ugly and frighteningly insightful portraits he will draw of the women with whom he lived for the next sixty years. Fernande could hardly forgive him for the unsparing vision he developed as to how she would probably look to him in old age; Fernande had, however, little to complain about compared to the way Picasso painted Eva in autumn 1913 at a time when he may have already known that she was not in good health.

It is possible, of course, that Eva, renowned for her shrewdness, was wise enough to keep the information from her beloved, but then Picasso, with his far-reaching instinct, and periodic revulsion against all things pretty and acceptable or too universally admired, may have begun to feel, now that all his friends were coming around to accept her, that Eva was becoming too universally admired. Moreover, his father had died in May. Doubly sensitive then to illness and oncoming decomposition, he probably divined all that was diseased, unhealthy, and tortured in the warps of her spirit.

Even Roland Penrose who is, next to Paul Eluard, Picasso's most unabashed epigone, is troubled by the canvas:

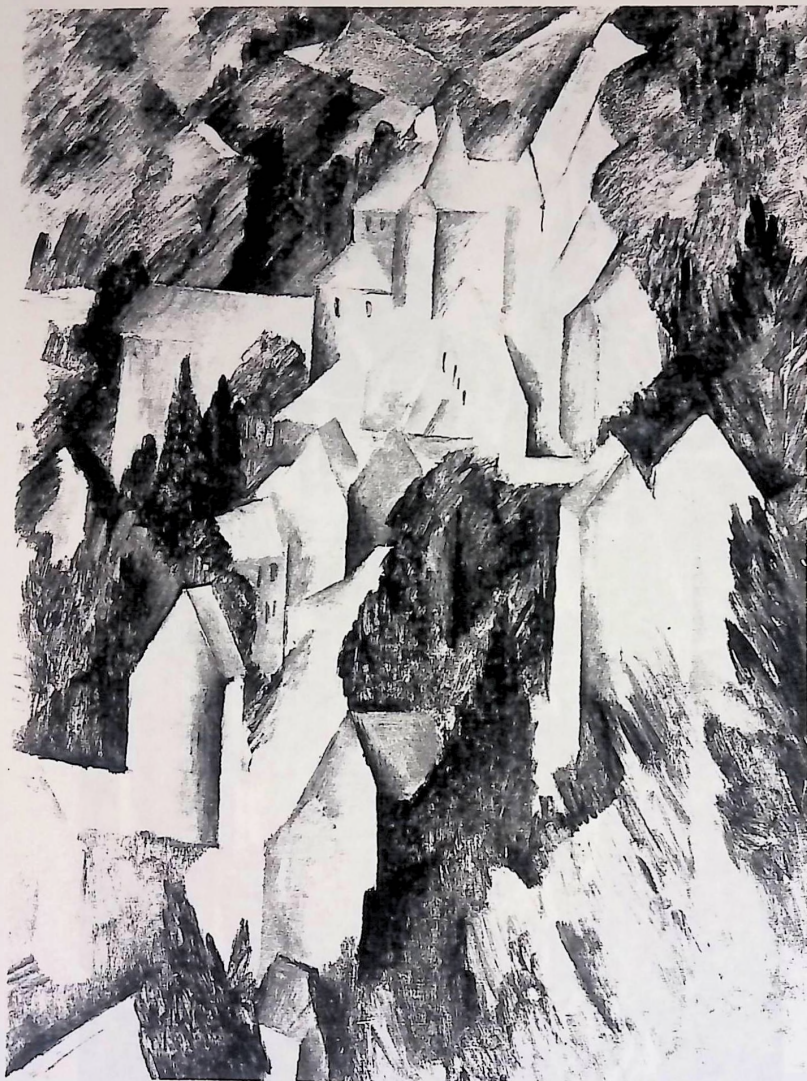
During the winter of 1913-14 Picasso produced one of those works which in later years stand out among other paintings of the period as being prophetic of trends of development. . .The picture has had several titles but is usually known as the Woman in a Chemise. I once had the good fortune to have it lent to me for some months after it had been acclaimed by the surrealists and shown in their exhibition in London in 1936 as a splendid and powerful example of fantastic art. It was in fact so powerful that a friend to whom I had lent my house for a month during its visit complained that it gave her nightmares and endangered the future of her expected child. I also was deeply moved by it. The references to reality are direct and highly sensual. In describing this picture after he had known it twenty years, Paul Eluard wrote: "The enormous sculptured mass of the woman in her chair, the head big like that of the Sphinx, the breasts nailed to her chest, contrast wonderfully. . .with the fine measure in the features of the face, the waving hair, the delicious armpit, the lean ribs, the vaporous petticoat, the soft and comfortable chair, the daily paper." New and disquieting relationships between abstraction and sensuality, between the sublime and the banal, between stark geometric shapes and allusions to organic reactions are brought into being. I have not only been moved by the familiar flesh pinks, greys and purples of this great female nude, by the enveloping arms of the chair which embrace and protect the seated figure, not only loved the cavernous depths that surround the strong central pillar round which is built the

enveloping egg-like, womb-like aura of her body and its culmination in the cascade of dark hair which seems at times to transform the upper part of the picture into a landscape by the sea, but also I have been haunted by those pegged-on breasts hanging like the teeth of a sperm whale strung on the necklace of a Fijian king, germinating sensations of tenderness, admiration and cruelty.

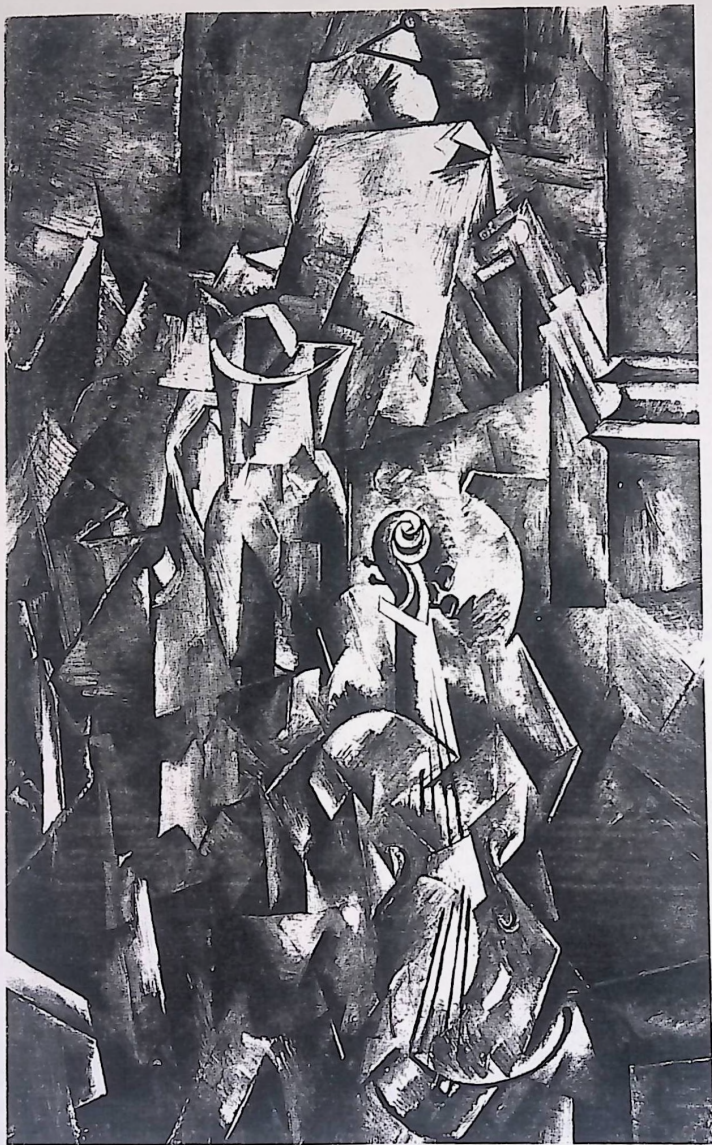
With masterly authority of line and composition, the erotic content of this picture, which is almost unbearable in the completeness of its implications, becomes laden with poetic metaphor. The act of creation is situated in one symbolic seated figure surrounded by the newspaper, the armchair and the linen of our everyday existence. The dream and reality meet in the same monumental statement.



PICASSO, *Woman in an Armchair*. [Paris, autumn 1913]
Oil on canvas, 58 1/4 x 39" (148 x 99 cm)
Daix 642. Collection Mrs. Victor W. Ganz, New York



BRAQUE, P., *Castle at La Roche-Guyon*, La Roche-Guyon, summer 1909
Oil on canvas, 52 x 25 3/4" (81 x 60 cm)
Romilly 58, Moderna Museet, Stockholm



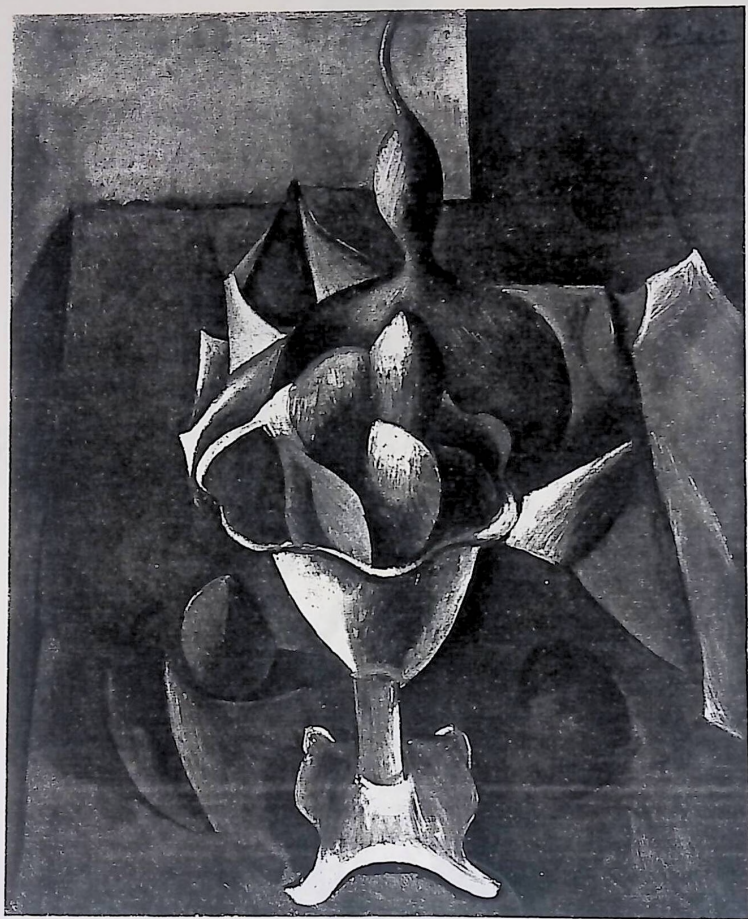
BRAQUE, *Violin and Pitcher*. Paris, [early 1910]
Oil on canvas, 46 × 28 3/4" (117 × 73 cm)
Romilly 59. Kunstmuseum Basel. Gift of Raoul La Roche, 1952

Enough! The beast hidden within Cubism has at last emerged. It is one of his first masterpieces of ugliness. And it anticipates the horrible months he was going to experience in 1915 when Eva was dying in a hospital and he had to make the trip back and forth every day in the Métro to visit her long after much of his love had burned out. How he saw the oncoming lineaments of her illness in this cruel portrait!

Arianna Stassinopoulous Huffington has a good description of Picasso's actions as Eva was dying in 1915.

When it became impossible even for the determined Eva to hide from him the nature of her sickness, Picasso, terrified of catching it, often fled their apartment and spent hours working in his storeroom at the Bateau Lavoir.

By fall, Eva had to be hospitalized in a clinic in Auteuil, a suburb on the other side of town. Picasso was living alone for the first time in years. He went to the clinic every day, but he needed someone to console him during the long, lonely nights. He found that someone in Gaby Lespinasse, a beautiful twenty-seven year old Parisian who was his neighbor at the boulevard Raspail. She had taken the name of Herbert Lespinasse, the American-born artist who was her lover when the affair with Picasso began. Between seeing Gaby and the long Metro journeys back and forth to visit Eva at the clinic, there was less and less time for work.



PICASSO, *Fruit Dish*. Paris, [winter] 1908-09
Oil on canvas, 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 24" (74.5 x 61 cm)
Daix 210. The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest



PICASSO, *Bather*. Paris, [winter–spring] 1909
Oil on canvas, 51¼ × 38½" (130 × 97 cm)
Daix 239. Collection Mrs. Bertram Smith, New York

"My life is hell," he wrote to Gertrude Stein. But the sensual drawings of Gaby naked and the whimsical watercolors like The Moonlit Bedroom, The Provencal Kitchen and The Provencal Dining Room belie his protestations with their playfulness and their ardent inscriptions: ". . .Gaby my love my angel I love you my darling and I think only of you I don't want you to be sad To take your mind off things look at the little dining room I will be so happy with you. . .you know how much I love you... Till tomorrow my love it is very late at night with all my heart Picasso." [ASH, p. 137.]

Gertrude, who never knew about Gaby Lespinasse, nonetheless has another bit to add:

During our absence Eve had died and Picasso was now living in a little home in Montrouge. We went out to see him. He had a marvellous rose pink silk counterpane on his bed. Where did that come from Pablo, asked Gertrude Stein. Ah ca, said Picasso with much satisfaction, that is a lady. It was a well known chilean society woman who had given it to him. It was a marvel. He was very cheerful. He was constantly coming to the house, bringing Paquerette a girl who was very nice or Irene a very lovely woman who came from the mountains and wanted to be free. [Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 208.]

If he was a monster, we have no alternative but to accept him. We know that violence and creativity all too often are connected inextricably. Indeed, how can they not be when some of the most creative moments in early childhood are interrupted by adults--concern for one's safety or one's deportment are always grounds for interruption--and so in maturity, love is frequently followed by hate, creation by destruction. So were Picasso's illimitable powers of insight locked into a powerfully negative view of the permanence of all tender sentiments; if this grew worse as he grew older, well, he was not only the genius of us all, but a prisoner in the structure of his character. If no painter was ever as free in his imagination for as many decades, so was no artist as doomed to re-live his obsessions through all the ninety-one years of his life. The hand and the eye never cease collaborating; the eye stares into all the dungeons of human spirit while the hand is forever ready to capture what is worst in the spirit of each beloved.

It may be worth taking a quick look at a few of the most beautiful and the most hideous visions he would produce of his first wife, Olga, his mistress Dora Maar, and of his second and last wife Jacqueline.



Zorro III

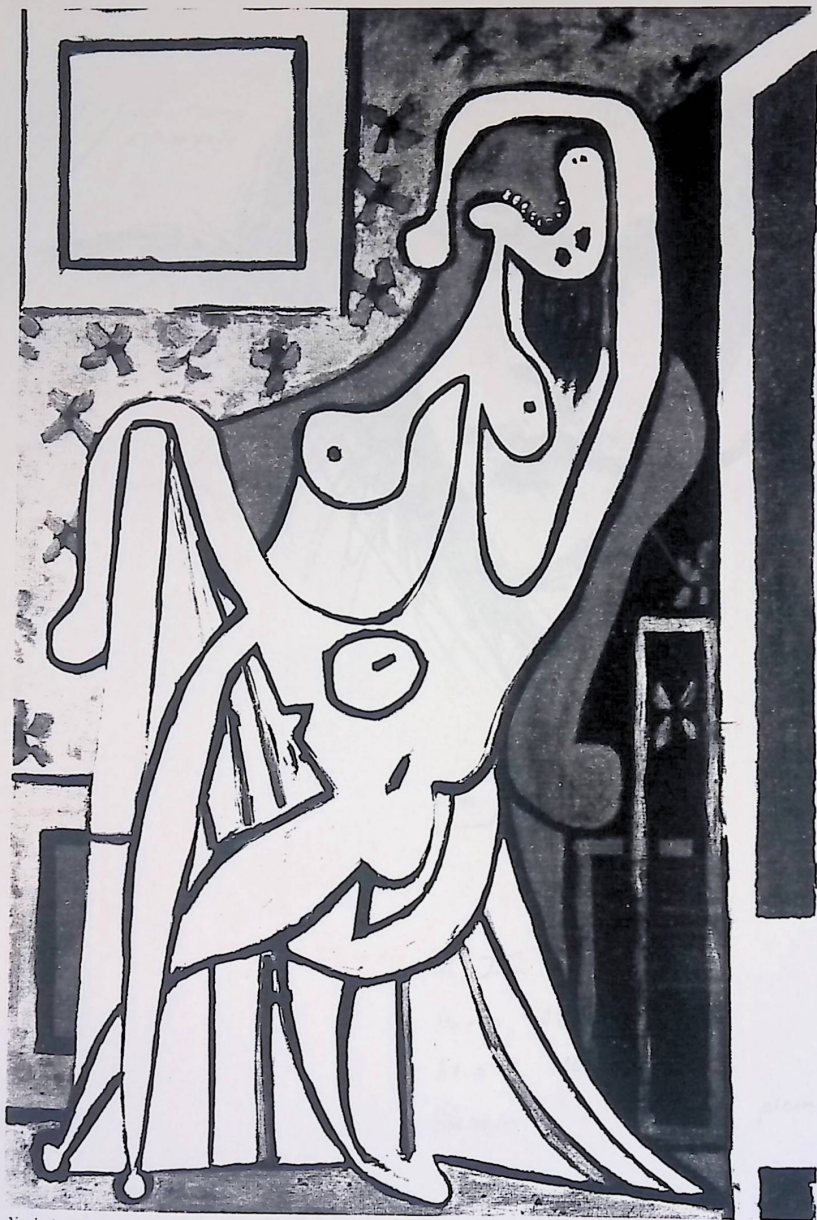
78

2, III, p 27, 78

Olga Picasso

Montrouge, 1917

Pencil



Nude in an Armchair, Paris, May 5, 1929
Oil on canvas, 76 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 51 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (195 x 130 cm)
Zervos VII, 263. Musée Picasso, Paris



2, IX. p 42, 94

Paris, 27 Jan. 1937

31.5 x 40.5 cm.

Dessin à la mine de plomb sur papier



46



47

2, IX, p 22, 46 + 47

Études pour Guernica

46: Black pencils, colored pencils & gouache on paper.
Paris, June 8, 1937. 29 x 23 cm

47: Black pencil, colored pencils on paper.
Paris, June 13, 1937. 29 x 23 cm.

5282





Z, XXV, p. 61, 108

La pissous

cil en cunous

Après 16 '65 (.)

195 x 97 cm

Even his mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, with whom he would have a daughter, Maya, while maintaining a relation with her from 1928 for twenty years and more, Marie-Thérèse, the most concupiscent and voluptuous of his women, is portrayed with a fair and a dark psyche (each with two sides, for that matter) in his classic Girl Before a Mirror



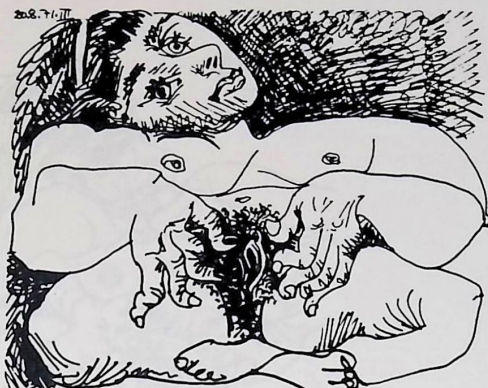
Pablo Picasso, *Girl before a Mirror*, 1932. Oil on canvas

MEMO: rectification

Women obsessed him as the last available manifestation of that Creator whose secrets he had looked to appropriate in the Cubist years. At the end, at the age of ninety, in a last half-humorous, half-desperate attempt to get one last glimpse of the Creation, he attacks it in drawing after drawing, hairier and hole and prettier the face, the more he is entertained by his own explorations. No man ever loved and hated women more.



149



150



151



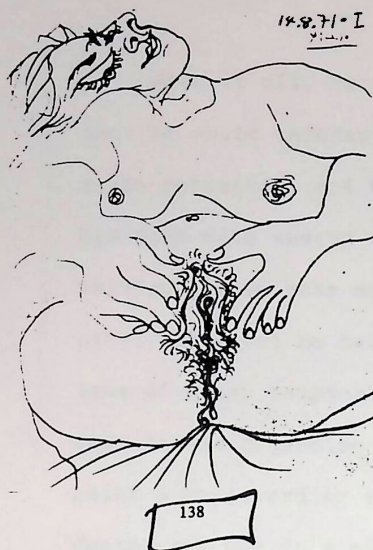
152



153

2, XXXIII, p 57, 149 Through 153

149. Ventr. de Femme. d. au crayon sur carton. 8/20/71 21.7 x 31.3 cm
 150. Nu. d. à l'éncre de couleur sur carton. 8/20/71 (iii) 23.3 x 29 cm
 151. Nu. d. au crayon sur carton. 8/22/71 (i) 31.3 x 22.3 cm
 152. Nu. d. à l'éncre de couleur sur carton. 8/22/71 (ii) 31 x 22 cm.
 153. Nu. d. au crayon et à l'éncre de couleur sur carton. 8/23/71. 30.7 x 22 cm.

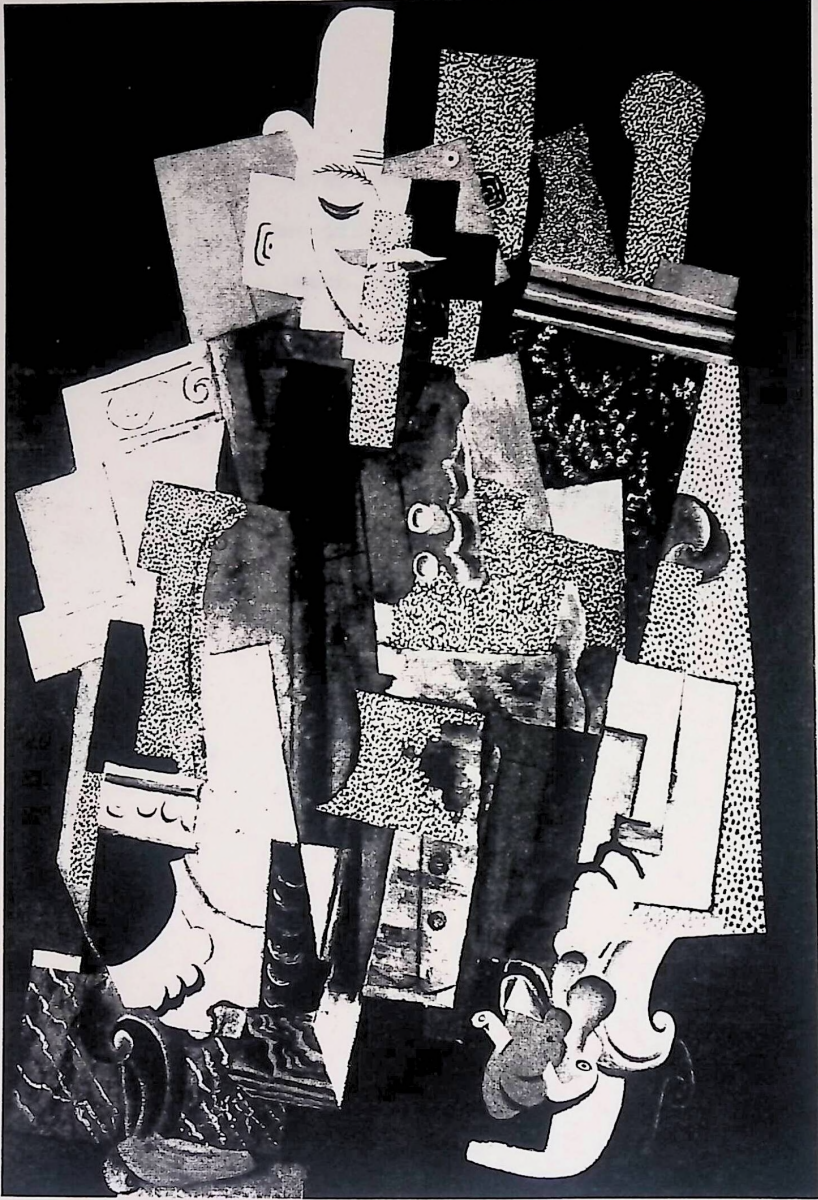


2, XXXIII, p 50 138 + 139

138. Nu. d. au crayon sur carton. 8/14/71 (1)
27.8 x 21 cm

139. Nu. d. au crayon sur carton. 8/14/71 (11)
30.8 x 22 cm.

With it all, he never deluded himself. He had gambled that he could uncover mysteries of existence no one else had quite perceived, and he had succeeded often enough to supply his work with energy for seventy-five hard-working years as a painter (if we take no more than the measure from sixteen to ninety-one) but he had done it with a whole disregard for the laws of human responsibility. In the last summer of Eva's life when he was beginning his fling with Gaby Lespinasse, he would paint a boulevardier touched by death, surrounded by patches of death, and yet in a mighty gay mood:



Man with a Pipe, Paris, Summer 1915

Oil on canvas, 51¼ x 35¼" (130.2 x 89.5 cm)

Zervos II, 564. Daix 842. The Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Mrs. Leigh B. Block in memory of Albert D. Lasker

Fifty-seven years later, in the last summer of his own life, all the prices soon to be paid, he stares into the terror of his own death, the ghost of Fontdevila, the artist-as-smuggler, protruding from every cheekbone. It is as if he is saying that he, Picasso, will die as a man in the only way he knows how--by drawing himself right into the center of the confrontation he will soon face.



434



435



436



437

2, XXXXIV p 105, 434 through 437

434 Tête. Lavis et gouache 6/29/72 65.7 x 50.5 cm

435 Tête, d. au crayon et aux crayons de couleur 6/26/72
65.7 x 50.5 cm

436 Tête, d. au crayon et à la craie 7/1/72 65.7 x 50.5 cm

437 Tête d. au crayon 7/3/72
65.7 x 50.5 cm.

-3-

We could end here, but then what of Apollinaire? Or Max Jacob? Or Georges Braque? Or Fernande? Can we take leave with no knowledge of what happened to them? This is, after all, a book about Picasso as a young man, not an elegy for a failing ninety-year-old. One's curiosity ~~also~~ has a few rights. Let us start then with Max Jacob.

If we have just been talking in the page behind us about death, Max can be comfortable with that. Faithful to his love for Picasso, there was only One he loved more. And drugs

brought Him near. Not even the death of Wiegels was going to wean Max from opium or ether. Go rather in the other direction: Shortly after Picasso and Fernande moved to Boulevard de Clichy in 1909, Max had a dramatic conversion:

It happened on the night of October 7, just after Max had returned from the Bibliothèque Nationale. "I was hunting for my slippers," he said, "and when I lifted my head, there was someone on the wall. There was someone! There was someone on the crimson wallpaper. My chair fell to the ground, a flash of lightning had left me naked. Oh, immortal moment! Oh, truth! Truth, tears of truth! Joy of truth! Unforgettable truth! The heavenly body was there on the wall of my poor room. Why, oh Lord? Oh, forgive me! He was there in a landscape I had painted myself, but it was He! What beauty, elegance, and gentleness! His shoulders, his movements! He wore a robe of yellow silk, with blue embroidery."

Partly because of the melodrama inherent in his religious expression and partly because of his dissolute lifestyle, the priests he appealed to, even those specializing in the conversion of Jews, were reluctant to receive him. So Max read all the sacred books, prayed in most of the churches of Paris and waited. The priests hesitated to accept the truth of his conversion, and his friends were inclined to ascribe it to the consumption of ether and his propensity for drama and exhibitionism. [ASH, p. 103.]

His friends were not necessarily all that unfeeling. Fernande gives a thorough description of living close to Max in the years from 1909 to 1911.

Pablo came back from Max's place very worried. He found Max, standing but so sick that he convinced him to lie down. Since he couldn't stay with him, he asked the concierge to watch over him in order that he doesn't lack for care, and to let us know if he gets worse. . .

Should we call a doctor? He would shrug his shoulders and prescribe detoxification. Max is half poisoned. How can he resist the noxiousness of all the drugs he takes in order to sharpen, or so he pretends to himself, his oracular faculties? He has found, in divination, not only a means of earning some money, but it also satisfies his occult needs, which to him are necessary in order to engage in life and interest in others. . . His artificial paradises take place in his dark room, without air, impregnated with pestilential odors that rise from the court. When he opens his only window, these emanations choke one's throat as soon as they enter into this hole where madness dwells with the desires, the dreams, the extravagance and the material poverty of Max Jacob.

Odors of gasoline, vapors of ether, cooking, stale cigarette smoke, mustiness, the odors of chamber pots, all overlapping and remaining in the narrow court under his window.

But must one be sorry for Max? He immerses himself in this idea he has of himself as a poète.

maudit, he accepts his sordid life while reinforcing those preoccupations from which he extracts a kind of joy. Perhaps he also has a certain enjoyment of unhappiness. He can, however, be so gay, so dynamic, so energetic, and the poems he reads to us breathe with such an intensity of life, of movement, of fantasy, of spiritual activity at odds with that abandonment of everything of himself that keeps him for days away from his friends.

We are well aware of the uselessness of those efforts to bring him back to a more objective reality, which would, without doubt, heal him, but would also leave him tragically disenchanted with life.

Beside, Picasso as the first of his friends... laughs indulgently before his worst extravagances. That encourages Max further. As for myself, when he is without money, don't I injure him by handing him a few francs that I've hidden away? He suffers so much from the absence of ether. He suffers like others suffer from an abscess, from a fierce toothache, from misery of love--oh, he suffers simply. He's unhappy. One can only have pity.

The day after, when he's stretched out in the gutter of the rue Ravignan, drunk on ether, without self-awareness, I swear to myself that I will never let him catch me like that again, but later, his air of pain. . .How can one bear that?

Picasso has brought Max here. It is necessary to take care of him because he's really incapable of resting alone, and with us, at least, he will be in bed and will find his needs taken care of. But what a difficult sickness to take care of, despite

his weakness! He is in a nervous state that he cannot get out of. I get angry with him often enough, and I chase him and throw anything at him that's handy. The next day, I . . . surround him with love. However, because of my outbreaks, I appear very uncouth. Anger takes over my timidity. I detest treachery. I comprehend the brutality of deeds better than the wickedness of spirit.

[Souvenirs Intimes, pp. 240-244.]



Portrait of Max Jacob, Paris, early 1907.
Gouache, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (62 x 47.5 cm). Present whereabouts unknown

After Picasso and Fernande separate, Max remains loyal to her for some time, and solicits Apollinaire in his capacity as one-time employee in a bank to advise Fernande on what to do with the small amount of money she is able to raise by selling the few drawings that Picasso has given her.

Max's first loyalty, however, is to love; he cannot be without Picasso. So he now admires Eva as once he admired Fernande. A year after the separation in May 1912, Max is living with Pablo and Eva in Céret and sends a letter to Kahnweiler:

My day begins at six o'clock. A prose poem gets me going. At eight, Mr. Picasso in a dark blue or simple twill robe has just brought me a phospho-chocolate and a heavy and tender croissant. . . . Each day I learn to admire the greatness of spirit of Mr. Picasso, the true originality of his tastes, the delicacy of his senses. . . and his truly Christian modesty. [Picasso and Braque, p.

But even in his piety, Max will play games. Here is he, still nominally a Jew, twitting Kahnweiler who also happens to be Jewish about nothing less than Christian modesty in the person of Picasso!

He revels in a piety of self-abasement as he goes on with the letter:

Eva is admirably devoted to her humble household chores. She loves to write and laughs easily. She is even-tempered and directs her attention toward satisfying a guest who is dirty and phlegmatic by nature when not ridiculously mad or idiotic.



Max Jacob in front of his house.

1914



Portrait of Max Jacob. Paris, early 1915.
Pencil, 13 x 9 1/4" (33 x 23.5 cm). Private
collection, Paris

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Skua, p. 179

Early in 1914, Max succeeds in obtaining his formal conversion to Catholicism:

He had been receiving instruction in preparation for his conversion, but even his visions were unorthodox and took place at theologically unconventional locales. His latest vision had occurred at a movie house during a Paul Feval film titled The Black-Suit Gang. Fortunately, the Fathers of Notre-Dame-de-Sion monastery were so eager to further the conversion of Jews to Christianity that they proceeded with Max's baptism.

He chose Picasso as a godfather, undeterred by the fact that if Picasso had any belief at all it was that there was a dark force reigning over the universe. "A good Catholic," he told Max, "is a man with a big apartment, a family, servants, and a motorcar." As a Christian name Picasso wanted to give him Fiacre after the patron saint of French cabdrivers, which made Max suspect that his godfather was not treating the occasion with proper solemnity. Finally they agreed to call him Cyprien--one of Picasso's own Christian names. The baptism took place on February 18 at the Notre-Dame-de-Sion monastery, and Picasso gave his godson a copy of The Imitation of Christ, inscribed "To my brother Cyprien Max Jacob. Souvenir of his baptism, Thursday, February 18, 1915." [ASH, p.

As for Apollinaire, there is a photograph of him taken in 1910 at the height of his affair with Marie Laurencin that

tells us a good deal. We are looking at a plump, sensual,
well-established and nicely fed prince of a poet in that first
prime between youth and middle age.



ABP42



\ Guillaume Apollinaire, photographed by Picasso, 1910

P&B p42

To the degree one is accurate in such an assessment, we can appreciate his misery all the more after the episode with the police. There are details, however, one can hardly anticipate: If Max had converted to Catholicism, a good part of the Paris world was forcibly converting Apollinaire to Judaism.

The Parisian press did so thorough a job of attaching his name to the robbery that Louise Faure-Favier, writing in 1945, could still say: "Guillaume Apollinaire abruptly became famous throughout the entire world. He was thought of as the man who had stolen the Mona Lisa. Even today there are Parisians who believe it, and who are a little disappointed to learn that Apollinaire had nothing to do with the theft."

He was also attacked in print by xenophobes and anti-Semites. Many people supposed him to be a Jew. Throughout Apollinaire's life, he was constantly spoken of as being Jewish. The mistake probably had its principal source in his mother's continued liaison with Jules Weil, but it was given currency by anti-Semites who, as Apollinaire put it, "couldn't imagine a Pole not being a Jew," and also by someone who knew the truth: Max Jacob... took an odd delight in spreading the rumor of his Catholic friend's Jewishness. [Steegmuller, p.

It was not that Apollinaire was anti-Semitic, but he was an illegitimate Polish aristocrat. What more need be said? He turned a hint acerbic, and began to brood over slights, was alert to the most minor manifestations of backstabbing.

Toward the end of November in 1912, close to three months after the fiasco, he reviewed Salmon's book of criticism, La Jeune Peinture Francaise and immediately after calling it "charming," went on to say: "Since a certain number of the ~~ideas~~ *ideas* expressed here are my own, I can say that I fully appreciate this book. Salmon's ideas on contemporary women painters, for example, are expressed in terms almost identical to mine."

Some weeks later, he would write a letter to Salmon: "In your book you constantly avoid me--I do not hold it against you, because I like you very much, because we are old friends, I believe, and because I have never caused you any harm."

[Picasso and Braque, p. 411, see notes 180 and 181.]

The tone is Aesopian; the threat is subtle--"We are old friends, I believe"--but Apollinaire, when all is said, is a man who once invited another man to a duel for mocking Guillaume's relation to Apollinaris water. If the outcome was comic, that was not necessarily Apollinaire's fault. He is

considerably less subtle in a letter to Kahnweiler six months later:

I've heard that you think that what I have to say about painting is without interest, which from you I find odd.--As a writer I alone have supported painters whom you championed only after I did (i.e., Picasso). And do you think that it's good to try to destroy someone whom, when all is said and done, is the only one who was able to lay the foundations for future artistic understanding? In these cases he who seeks to destroy shall be destroyed, for the movement that I support has not stopped; it can't be stopped and all that one does against me can only fall back on the movement itself. Let this be the simple warning of a poet who knows what must be said, and knows what he is and what others are in matters of art. [Picasso and Braque, p. 417]

"He who seeks to destroy shall be destroyed." He is regaining his footing as a warrior. Perhaps it came to him with mother's milk. He has, in any event, his own literary heritage to live up to. His heroes are treated as equal to gods, his fantasies are apocalyptic. In 1909, in Oneirocriticism he had written:

I saw myself a hundred strong. The band which was I sat down beside the sea. Great ships of gold crossed the horizon. And when night had fallen, a hundred flames came to meet me. I procreated a hundred male children whose nurses were the moon and the hillside. . . . When I had come to the bank of a river, I took it in both hands and brandished it about. This sword refreshed me. The languid spring warned me that if I stopped the sun, I should see it as actually square. A hundred strong, I swam toward an archipelago. A hundred sailors received me and, having taken me to a palace, they killed me ninety-nine times. I burst out laughing at that moment and danced, whereas they were weeping. I danced on all fours. The sailors no longer dared to move, for I had the frightening appearance of a lion. [Shattuck, p. 247.]

As if sniffing the miasma of spiritual smog that would yet become television, Apollinaire has Cromianthal (his protagonist in Le Poète Assassiné) say to the masses, "Your hero is boredom, bringing misery."

His own hero would never be boredom. By his logic that was a condition which only came upon men who had lost their honor. When the First World War began in August, 1914, Apollinaire was quick to enlist.

It would end his precarious situation as a foreigner in France; it would give him French citizenship. He had been writing assiduously since 1911, but poems, prose fantasies and art criticism would not restore his honor. In such vein he still belonged to the Nineteenth Century and the fierce if modest courts of the Polish aristocracy where death could always be entertained as vastly superior to dishonor.

So, Apollinaire met his death half-way. He did not have to serve; as a foreigner he would have been exempt. He saw the war, however, as his personal solution; by the end of September, 1914, he was in training at the Foreign Legion post in Orleans. By December, even André Salmon would enlist. By 1916 [CK date] Apollinaire was invalided out of service because of head wounds he received, [CK] and by 1918 [CK], never having recuperated completely, he was dead.

Georges Braque also went to war. He had been immediately called up by his outfit in the first mobilization. In August of 1914, Picasso would say goodbye to Braque and to André Derain. The cataclysm in art that began with Les Femmes d'Alger would now end seven years later on the platform of the railroad station in Avignon.



Braque at the front, December 17, 1914

The war brought the Picasso/Braque intimacy to an effective end. Braque's massive head wound and protracted convalescence not surprisingly left him a changed man. Though the two got together from time to time in subsequent years, it is not difficult to understand what Picasso meant when he told Kahnweiler later in life that after seeing Braque off at the Avignon station in August 1914, he never saw him again. His loneliness and unhappiness in wartime Paris, where a young man out of uniform was suspect, was compounded by the death of [Eva]. . . So far as we know, Picasso did not bestir himself to visit the ailing Braque during his convalescence in Sorgues in 1916, nor is there any evidence that Braque encouraged him to. [Picasso and Braque, p. 51.]

Two months after the war had begun, Picasso's friends and peers were already unhappy with him. On October 10, Juan Gris would inform Kahnweiler:

Matisse writes from Paris that. . . Derain is in the front line; that Vlaminck's painting for the army at Le Havre, and that Picasso withdrew a large sum--they say 100,000 francs--from a bank in Paris at the outbreak of the war. . . I have no news from Braque, the one person who interests me most. [Picasso and Braque, p. 432.]

The winter of 1914-15 was long for Picasso and Eva. She was entering her terminal illness and they had the cemetery for a view:

The endless sea of stone crosses that confronted them whenever they looked out their windows intensified the oppression that hung heavily over them both. It was no less oppressive when they went outdoors. At cafes and in the streets men and women stared at him full of contempt. . .questioning his manliness, and he took refuge in sarcasm. "Will it not be awful," he said to Gertrude Stein, "when Braque and Derain and all the rest of them put their wooden legs up on a chair and tell about their fighting?" His black humor seemed even blacker when news reached Paris that Braque and Apollinaire had received dreadful head wounds and both had to be trepanned. Braque was moved from hospital to hospital before the operation, but not once did he hear from Picasso. [ASH, pp. 135-6.]



Braque, photographed by Henri Laurens in Laurens's studio, 1915

P+B, p. 52



Portrait of Guillaume Apollinaire. Paris, 1916
Pencil, 19¼ x 12" (48.8 x 30.5 cm)
Zervos XXIX, 200. Private collection

There was much ill feeling surrounding him. Many of his friends thought he ought to enlist; he knew otherwise. Death was vastly inferior to dishonor; death was a clearing house where all your moral debts were settled, and rarely in your favor; death was in every vision he had of horror and catastrophe. He would work harder than any other artist alive for the next fifty-eight years as if to draw his own moral balance against the kept accounts in eternity, as if work itself could hold death off; he would certainly cultivate his body. Here is a photograph of Picasso dated no more closely than some time around 1914.



Picasso in his studio at 5 bis, rue Schoelcher, c. 1914. At back, right, *Seated Man with a Glass* (Daix 785); before it, on floor, *Man with a Moustache* (Daix 759); partly visible, at extreme right, initial state of *Harlequin Playing the Guitar* (Daix 762)

And Fernande; what of Fernande who had so appreciated that stocky body? She ends her book Picasso and His Friends with a description of a party at Van Dongen's.

There was a grand dance one evening in 1914. Just before the war. . . Lights shone; the walls, the gallery, everything was transformed by shimmering drapery. The effect was of brilliant colours, movement, chattering, a rather contrived gaiety and a certain mystery, provided by the darkened and shadowy corners, in which one seemed to make out human forms buried deep in piles of cushions. . .

That fancy-dress ball at his house brought together a number of artists and society celebrities of Paris high-life. It is so easy to be in the swim in Paris! There were many women there, resplendently attractive and original--or so they thought. . .

They all have cars, and their present wives have fur coats. All of them have acquired needs and obligations which keep their noses to the grindstone.

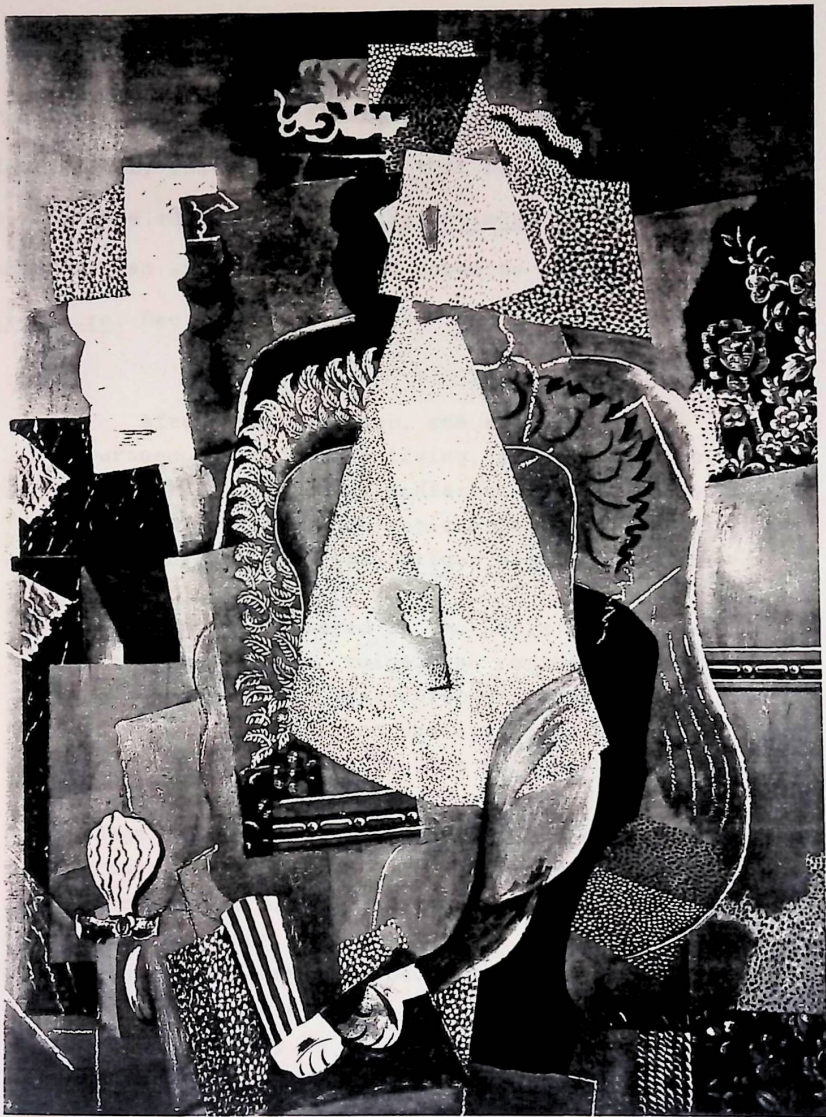
They all have to work and work, whether out of habit, to pay for a new car or to maintain fame, which must often rest heavily on them.

Since they know the meaning of true spiritual solitude they no longer experience the same pleasure in working.

I know some of the women who lived with those artists, companions of the good and the bad hours of their youth: and they are growing old alone too, with only their memories as constant companions.
[Picasso and His Friends, p. 161; p. 186.]



PICASSO. *Smoker*. [Paris, spring] 1914
Oil and pasted paper on canvas, 54 × 26 1/4" (138 × 66.5 cm)
Daix 760. Musée Picasso, Paris



PICASSO, *Portrait of a Girl*. Avignon, summer 1914
Oil on canvas, 51 1/2 x 58" (130 x 96.5 cm)

Daix 784. Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris.
Bequest of George Salles

She is trying hard to achieve that sense of superiority. The passage, written in the early '30s, conceals her situation--by 1914, she went to that party as a poor country cousin. The editor of Souvenirs Intimes, Gilbert Krill, summarizes an article by Roland Dorgelès in Le Figaro Littéraire, Dec. 29, 1962:

After their breakup, she struggled courageously to earn a living, first at the house of Poiret, a facetious godfather of Max Jacob, and then she worked for an antique dealer, but Poiret went bankrupt, and the antique dealer closed his store.

Then she appeared at the Lapin Agile, where, in a beautiful deep voice, she recited Baudelaire and DuVigny. That lasted two or three years. Then she had to fall back on whatever came her way. She was a tutor for children, the secretary for a political group, a cashier in a meat market, a manageress in a cabaret, then, lower still, she did horoscopes, thanks to what she learned from Max Jacob. These expediences permitted her, at least, to eat, but she had the pride of never asking for anything from anyone, above all, from those who have never forgiven her.

It was only in 1918, when Picasso had just married Olga, that Fernande began to live with Roger Karl, an actor who had worked with Sarah Bernhardt, and was well known in the cinema, a friend of Max Jacob, of Roland Dorgelès, of Charles

Dullin, a very handsome man with a large talent. I remember having heard from Fernande that Louis Jouvet had said, "If he wanted to work, he would have been the greatest actor of his generation." From 1918 to 1938, in the course of twenty years of living together, he never knew how to make her happy. In 1938, she decided to live alone for the rest of her life.

I found in my godmother's papers two pages that she entitled, "au moi-meme."

Souvenirs Intimes ends with these two pages:

I am far from having led, above all during my youth, when I considered myself a free soul, a very edifying life. I've had adventures. I've awakened several times in the arms of a man, asking myself what I was doing there.

For a long time, I never understood my actions, but had no desire to search into them. Disgust, regret held little for me or my thoughts.

Separated from love, from caresses, from affection, from signs of attention since my earliest childhood, through adolescence, having searched in vain for all that, watching, waiting, my heart beating in my hands, so to speak, I was ready to offer this heart to whomever would be touched by it sincerely. I kept this habit. After my ~~life~~ ^{life} as a woman began, I no longer desired anything but to be loved, not desired, understand me well, loved, with all that belongs to a certain kind of love which does not come from the senses

but enhances them, encompasses them, and I gave myself, always, to the most loving, being able to feel stirred only by a love that enveloped me. Some men believed that I was, therefore, an easy woman, a superficial woman, and were hurt by my subsequent asperity, because I always knew how to remove myself from the kind of love they were offering me.

I was hard, brutal, cruel, indifferent, far-off, uncaring. . . I made many enemies among men--and among women--because I understood the absence of value in their friendship. Neither vicious nor simply sensual, I wanted to be loved, and was only able to love those who loved me. I called, I searched, I desired that love in order to be able to give myself entirely, and I did a few stupid things. Only one being has loved me that I have ended by loving out of the most profound part of myself. That didn't prevent me, later (for I was often cruel toward him), from quitting him brutally, while tearing myself apart, on that day when I came to understand that he loved me less.
[SI, pp. 251-253.]

By 1916, by the time Eva is dead, and Fernande is a set of good and bad memories, Picasso has become friends with Jean Cocteau and will soon be designing a ballet set for Diaghiliev. In the next photograph he looks even younger than when he came back to Paris in 1904. He not only has an armory of cruel and intimate weapons with which to protect himself and injure

lovers and friends, but he is obviously in possession of the secret of youth. Youth holding a cigar.

That secret, however, belongs to another book. Will any one of us ~~ever~~ ever have a clue how to write it? Apollinaire, with all his wounds, was generous. A year before the war, he was ready again to celebrate Picasso: "He queried even the universe. . .a savage laugh in the purity of light."



Pablo Picasso, 1916

Picasso, Saint Maxime, p. 116

Let us end this book by answering an old question rather than posing a new one:

Who stole the Mona Lisa?

Well, in December, 1913, it was found in Florence:

The thief proved to be a mad Italian housepainter named Vincenzo Peruggia, formerly employed in the Louvre, who had conceived it as his mission to return the picture to his native land. He had walked into the Louvre on that Monday morning of August 21, 1911, chatted with workmen on duty whom he knew, found the Mona Lisa unguarded; he took it down, removed the frame on a staircase, and walked out of the museum with the picture under his blouse. [Steegmuller, p]