**LES AVENTURIERS DE L’ART MODERNE**

**EPISODE 2**

**PICASSO AND HIS GANG**

**1906-1916**

**TC : 02 00 51**

**NARRATOR**

In Montmartre, at the beginning of the last century, penniless artists led bohemian, carefree and tumultuous lives: among these were Max Jacob, his close friend Pablo Picasso, the poet Guillaume Apollinaire, and the painters Georges Braque, André Derain, Maurice de Vlaminck, and many others... While waiting to be discovered, they had good times together, both admiring and envying one another.

**TC : 02 01 11**

**NARRATOR**

Picasso unpacked his brushes in a former piano factory called the Bateau-Lavoir. He moved his great love Fernande Olivier in with him. Apollinaire, too, found his muse: a 20-year-old painter by the name of Marie Laurencin.

**TC : 02 01 26**

**NARRATOR**

Success finally came knocking at the Bateau-Lavoir:

Gertrude Stein, an eccentric American collector, posed for Picasso - and Cézanne’s dealer, Ambroise Vollard, bought a number of his paintings.

**TC : 02 01 41**

**NARRATOR**

But Picasso had a rival: the painter Henri Matisse, known for his no-frills lifestyle and his scandalous, vibrantly colored works. But Pablo was determined to have the last laugh.

**TC : 02 01 55**

**TITRE DE L’EPISODE 2**

PICASSO AND HIS GANG

1906-1916

**TC : 02 02 02**

**NARRATOR**

After months of trials and preparatory sketches, Picasso placed the tip of his proverbial brush to Matisse’s throat. Some thought that Matisse had gone too far, but Picasso would prove that he hadn’t gone far enough. The break, the real break with the past, would be his.

**TC : 02 02 27**

**NARRATOR**

In November 1906, Picasso set to work. The few visitors allowed into the studio discovered sketches of a sailor in a brothel.

**TC : 02 02 38**

**NARRATOR**

Gradually the sailor disappeared and the painting turned into something else entirely.

**TC : 02 03 04**

**NARRATOR**

By the time it was completed, it showed five women, four of whom were standing, nude. The faces of the two central figures bore the mark of Iberian statuettes exhibited at the Louvre. The character to the left, and especially the two figures to the right, that of African masks.

 **TC : 02 03 24**

**NARRATOR**

The women’s bodies were dismembered, fashioned with sharp angles, big feet, fat hands, breasts that jutted out or no breasts at all, flattened, twisted noses, their movements ungainly, their harsh geometry prefiguring cubism.

**TC : 02 03 49**

**NARRATOR**

When the work was finally completed, the painter opened the doors of his studio.

**TC : 02 03 56**

**NARRATOR**

Everyone was dumbfounded. No one understood. Even Guillaume Apollinaire, who was always eager to defend modern art’s derring-do didn’t write a word about the painting.

**TC : 02 04 12**

**NARRATOR**

Max Jacob, too, was silent on the subject. Only Gertrude Stein defended the artist, but only half-heartedly.

**TC : 02 04 27**

**NARRATOR**

Rumors nonetheless spread through the art world: in Montmartre, an artist has created a scandalous work like nothing anyone had ever seen before. Even his friends disapproved of it.

**TC : 02 04 42**

**NARRATOR**

This disapproval piqued the curiosity of a 23-year-old dealer of German origin: Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. Several months earlier, his family had given him 25,000 gold francs, but with one condition: the young man would have one year to prove himself, or else return home.

.**TC : 02 05 04**

**NARRATOR**

The dealer immediately recognized the major break *Les Demoiselles d’Avignon* represented in the history of painting. Something new had just been born. More than a style: a revolution.

**TC : 02 05 18**

**NARRATOR**

Fascinated, he wanted to buy it. Picasso refused: he would only let the dealer purchase some preparatory sketches.

“I’ll be back,” he firmly declared.

He wanted a way in. The Bernheims were the dealers for Matisse, Durand-Ruel for the impressionists, Vollard for Cézanne, Gauguin and the Nabis.

**TC : 02 05 41**

**NARRATOR**

Kahnweiler was intent on playing in the big leagues and Picasso would be his calling card.

**TC : 02 05 54**

**NARRATOR**

Until *Les Demoiselles d’Avignon*, few had criticized Picasso’s works.

**TC : 02 06 00**

**NARRATOR**

His studio was like a laboratory where ideas, points of view, and innovations were exchanged in an extraordinary spirit of artistic camaraderie. But Picasso was its demiurge. He pulled the strings of all the marionettes around him.

**TC : 02 06 17**

**NARRATOR**

Van Dongen was excommunicated for his high-society friends and low artistic standards.

**TC : 02 06 24**

**NARRATOR**

Juan Gris met with a similar fate: at the Bateau-Lavoir, no other Spaniard was allowed to outshine Picasso.

**TC : 02 06 34**

**NARRATOR**

Max Jacob, Guillaume Apollinaire and the poet André Salmon competed for the master’s favor. But Max Jacob was by far the unhappiest of the bunch – he was knocked off the pedestal of poetry by Apollinaire, the pedestal of love by Fernande Olivier, and soon the pedestal of art by Braque.

**TC : 02 07 00**

**NARRATOR**

Max suffered. He was consumed by jealousy. When in 1909, Kahnweiler published Guillaume Apollinaire’s *The Putrid Enchanter* with 32 woodcuts by Derain, Max wept like a child: “why him and not me?”

**TC : 02 07 23**

**NARRATOR**

“Why does Pablo only laugh with Guillaume? And why isn’t he interested in my writing? Why doesn’t he stop by to say hello when he’s in Montmartre?”

**TC : 02 07 41**

**NARRATOR**

While Picasso grew richer and Apollinaire more famous - he was shortlisted for the Goncourt Prize for The Heresiarch & Co - Max was still confined to the playground.

**TC : 02 08 00**

**NARRATOR**

Max wept: his friend had made it big. Ever since Vollard bought his paintings, since Kahnweiler had taken an interest in him, Picasso had forgotten his old friends and the connection they had forged in tough times. Even worse: he was moving house!

**TC : 02 08 20**

**NARRATOR**

Five years after discovering the Bateau-Lavoir, Picasso moved out. The movers who transported the little furniture they had to the new apartment on Boulevard de Clichy couldn’t understand it. By what stroke of good luck does one leave a dingy wooden building for an upscale apartment with a view of the Sacré Coeur on the studio side and a view of the tree-lined Avenue Frochot on the other?

**C : 02 08 48**

**NARRATOR**

Everything changed, even the furniture. The bedroom was a real bedroom, and the bed a real bed, with copper bars. The crystal and china were proudly displayed, and to top it all off... they had a maid! Gertrude Stein found them the rare creature. Mrs. Picasso paid her 40 francs a month, and gave her a room containing a round table and a large walnut-stained wardrobe, and the best of the furniture from the Bateau-Lavoir.

**TC : 02 09 15**

**NARRATOR**

Picasso became irritable in his new home. He took refuge in his studio, a sort of reconstructed Bateau-Lavoir. He insisted on eating healthy foods: fish, vegetables, and fruits.

**TC : 02 09 40**

**NARRATOR**

He began a diet. He drank more water than wine.

**TC : 02 09 47**

**NARRATOR**

He went out less, and with less enthusiasm. His good cheer only returned on Sundays when his friends stopped by, especially Guillaume Apollinaire and Max Jacob. For Picasso only had to call and Max would come running, and happiness was restored.

**TC : 02 10 23**

**NARRATOR**

In 1911, Picasso left Paris for the tiny Catalonian village of Céret, situated in the Eastern Pyrenees.

**TC : 02 10 37**

**NARRATOR**

There, among the fruit trees, the countryside and the old houses, he found himself again. He stayed in a quiet house in the heart of the mountains. He invited his friends. Braque and Fernande arrived from Paris, followed by Max whose journey he paid for.

**TC : 02 10 56**

**NARRATOR**

The poet was in heaven: Apollinaire, who had stayed behind in Paris, wasn’t there to overshadow him.

**TC : 02 11 07**

**NARRATOR**

Evenings, they were reminded of the spirit of Montmartre in the local village cafés.

**TC : 02 11 15**

**NARRATOR**

Days, everyone worked. Max painted and wrote verse.

**TC : 02 11 23**

**NARRATOR**

Of all the Bateau Lavoir painters, Braque was the most loyal to Picasso. The Spaniard hadn’t forgotten what Apollinaire told him: Matisse had rejected Braque at the Salon d’Automne – the same man who had himself stirred up so much controversy only three years earlier!

**TC : 02 11 39**

**NARRATOR**

Braque and Picasso had had a close bond ever since. They spent all their time together, much to the dismay of Max, who had to admit he was no match for Braque when it came to painting. However he was the first to recognize that the two painters were comparable to mountain climbers, blazing a trail up the mountain of Modern Art.

**TC : 02 12 00**

**CARTON**

*Three years earlier*

**TC : 02 12 03**

**NARRATOR**

In 1908, the two artists had begun to paint distorted bodies and objects in an early form of cubism influenced by Cézanne.

**TC : 02 12 15**

**NARRATOR**

Analytic cubism, the second stage of their experimentation, was a joint project: instead of the play of light and shadow, these paintings represented objects with volume and depth seen from many angles simultaneously. They used broken lines, a reduced pallet of colors, and a flattened sense of perspective.

**TC : 02 12 38**

**NARRATOR**

The problem was the subject was on the verge of vanishing altogether. It took a good eye to find the faces, objects, or instruments hiding in this strictly monochromatic world of greys and ochers. Max could stare and stare, but still not make out much.

**TC : 02 13 01**

**NARRATOR**

In the fall of 1910, Picasso sat Kahnweiler down in front of his easel.

**TC : 02 13 09**

**NARRATOR**

The poses lasted for many hours, but the work was incomprehensible. By adding a few recognizable details: a shadow behind an ear, the bridge of the nose, the hint of a hairstyle, folded hands, Max – and many others – were able to conclude that Picasso had painted a man. Finally, a painting of something recognizable!

**TC : 02 13 36**

**NARRATOR**

In 1911, in Céret, Braque and Picasso introduced other identifiable details into their common work: for example, a letter, a word, a number, or a musical note. These signs were stenciled onto the canvas, and then enameled. They expressed a mental representation of the subject.

**TC : 02 13 54**

**NARRATOR**

These works included Braque’s *The Portuguese*,

**TC : 02 14 01**

**NARRATOR**

and Picasso’s *Man with a Violin*.

**TC : 02 14 09**

**NARRATOR**

The following year, Picasso introduced a piece of oilcloth and a length of rope into the painting, *Still Life with Chair Caning*. Increasingly, the two companions inserted press clippings and fragments of wallpaper into their works. Finally, they executed paper, iron and cardboard sculptures using recovered materials crudely arranged and then painted over to represent an everyday object or still life.

**TC : 02 14 44**

**NARRATOR**

The connection between these two artists ran so deep that neither Max nor Ferdinand, nor anyone else for that matter, could figure out who had painted what. And to complicate matters, the paintings weren’t signed.

Where was Braque? Where was Picasso?

**TC : 02 15 02**

**NARRATOR**

The band was in Céret when Picasso got a phone call from Paris.

 **TC : 02 15 08**

**NARRATOR**

On the line, Guillaume Apollinaire called the troops back home. They were to return to Paris immediately.

The news could have grave repercussions. It all came from the August 21st 1911 *Petit Parisien*. The paper ran a shocking headline: the Mona Lisa had been stolen from the Louvre.

**TC : 02 15 25**

**CARTON : TITRE DE JOURNAL**

*The Mona Lisa Has Disappeared from the Louvre*

**TC : 02 15 29**

**NARRATOR**

“What’s that got to do with me?” Picasso asked.

500 miles north, Apollinaire explained: a Belgian swindler by the name of Géry-Piérét had claimed responsibility for the theft of the Mona Lisa, along with three Iberian statuettes.

**TC : 02 15 45**

**NARRATOR**

Two of them were in Picasso’s studio.

“What are the chances?!” exclaimed the painter.

Four years earlier, Géry-Piéret, who was Apollinaire’s friend, sold Picasso two of the Iberian heads. Fifty francs for the lot.

**TC : 02 16 00**

**NARRATOR**

At that time, the Louvre was a sieve. Joking, Picasso had once casually said to Marie Laurencin: “I’m going to the Louvre. Want me to bring you back something?” The writer Roland Dorgelès had placed a bust by one of his sculptor friends in an Antiquities gallery and, for several weeks, no one was the wiser. Only a few days before the disappearance of the Mona Lisa, Apollinaire himself wrote in the *Intransigeant*: “The Louvre is more poorly guarded than a Spanish museum.”

**TC : 02 16 31**

**NARRATOR**

“What’s the worst case scenario?”’ asked Picasso with a hint of worry.

“Well, I put you in touch with Géry-Piéret,” answered Apollinaire.

**TC : 02 16 41**

**NARRATOR**

“We’re going home,” Picasso decided. “Right now.”

**TC : 02 16 52**

**NARRATOR**

He was afraid. If the Louvre sleuths, assisted by the gentlemen from the Prefecture, went looking for the statuettes, his goose was cooked: he was a foreigner. At worst, he faced arrest, and at best expulsion.

Apollinaire, who risked a similar fate, understood the danger very well. The poet was in a desperate mood, and blamed his own carelessness. The two accomplices were faced with a single question: how to get rid of the statuettes?

They cooked up a thousand solutions.

**TC : 02 17 25**

**CARTON : SCHEMA DANS ARCHIVE**

*Cooking time: 8 hours*

**TC : 02 17 45**

**NARRATOR**

According to Fernande Olivier’s recollection, they finally agreed on the one that seemed the least risky: throwing the statuettes into the Seine. No sooner said than done. Or almost. Mrs. Picasso found a big suitcase, stowed the artworks inside, and pushed painter and poet out the door.

**TC : 02 18 06**

**NARRATOR**

When Fernande opened the door a few hours later to find the two men standing there, they were white as ghosts. And they still held the suitcase. And it was still full.

**TC : 02 18 15**

**NARRATOR**

Finally they made up their minds to leave in the early morning for the Gare de l’Est. One kept watch while the other put the suitcase in a storage locker.

**TC : 02 18 26**

**NARRATOR**

Then they informed *Paris-Journal* where the statuettes were located. Twenty-four hours later, the Louvre recovered its treasures. A close escape!

**TC : 02 18 37**

**NARRATOR**

Except it wasn’t.

**TC : 02 18 51**

**CARTON DANS L’ARCHIVE**

*Police, open up!*

**TC : 02 18 55**

**NARRATOR**

It was the police. They had come with a search warrant. Apollinaire was taken to the Quai des Orfèvres police station. Accused of harboring a criminal, and accessory to robbery, he was taken directly to the Santé prison.

**TC : 02 19 24**

**NARRATOR**

He was led through dreary corridors to cell block 11.

**TC : 02 19 31**

**NARRATOR**

*To my prison cell I was taken*

*And there made to strip down naked*

*While cooed some sinister tongue*

*“Guillaume, what’ve you become?”*

He couldn’t comprehend what was happening. He was stunned. He waited.

**TC : 02 19 50**

**NARRATOR**

Meanwhile Picasso kept a low profile. A day went by. He began to hope.

**TC : 02 20 06**

**NARRATOR**

But the next morning at dawn, the doorbell rang. It was the court police. Picasso was taken away, arrested, and brought before the judge.

**TC : 02 20 14**

**NARRATOR**

He claimed that he had never laid eyes on the Iberian statuettes, that he wasn’t interested in sculpture, and that he didn’t know any poets, least of all this Guillaume Apollinaire the judge mentioned. “We have a witness,” the judge replied.

**TC : 02 20 32**

**NARRATOR**

The witness had been waiting for four hours in his cell. He had been taken out of his hole and brought into the judge’s chambers.

**TC : 02 20 40**

**CARTON DANS L’ARCHIVE**

*Bring in the first witness.*

**TC : 02 20 43**

**NARRATOR**

His face was haggard, his eyes red, his removable collar was hanging by a thread. Picasso took one look at him, and then looked away.

**TC : 02 20 55**

**NARRATOR**

“Do you know this man?” the detective asked.

“No,” answered Pablo Picasso.

Guillaume Apollinaire started in his chair.

“No,” Picasso insisted, with the stubbornness of a cornered child: “I’ve never seen this gentleman before in my life.”

**TC : 02 21 09**

**NARRATOR**

But soon, amid the battery of questions, he stammered, panicked, and changed his story – while Apollinaire sat there in shock, unable to articulate a single word.

**TC : 02 21 29**

**NARRATOR**

From behind his desk, the judge watched these terrified children moan and groan. He sent Picasso home and Apollinaire back to prison.

**TC : 02 21 42**

**NARRATOR**

The same day, Géry-Piéret wrote a letter to the prosecutor exonerating the prisoner. And on September 12th, Guillaume Apollinaire was finally set free.

 **TC : 02 21 58**

**NARRATOR**

As for the Mona Lisa, it would be two years before it resurfaced. It had been stolen by an Italian employee of the Louvre who wanted the masterpiece restored to his country.

**TC : 02 22 12**

**NARRATOR**

The poet was in the dumps. He had always been unlucky in love, but now in friendship too? He found a few compassionate souls to listen to him, and they criticized Picasso. For a time, the painter got the cold shoulder from the poet’s friends. This fall from grace, though short-lived, was accompanied by a vague sense of paranoia. In the street, Picasso constantly looked over his shoulder for fear he was being followed.

 **TC : 02 22 45**

**NARRATOR**

And then, one fine day, he saw Apollinaire’s smile again. All was forgiven.

**TC : 02 22 53**

**NARRATOR**

Apollinaire was preparing to publish *Alcools.* This collection of texts written between 1898 and 1912 did away with punctuation: the lines of verse sufficed to give the poem its rhythm. In it, Guillaume referred to his stay in prison, his romances, Pope Pius X, typists, airplanes, sirens...

**TC : 02 23 22**

**NARRATOR**

Guillaume Apollinaire had always wanted to be at the forefront of the avant-garde.

**TC : 02 23 28**

**NARRATOR**

In 1911, he defended a handful of painters who exhibited their works at the Salon des Indépendants proudly waving the “cubist” banner.

**TC : 02 23 39**

**NARRATOR**

These included Marcel Duchamp, Delaunay, Picabia, Gleizes, Léger, Metzinger, and Jacques Villon, who had banded together into a group called the *Gold Section*.

**TC : 02 23 53**

**NARRATOR**

In Room 41, Jean Metzinger’s *Woman with a Teaspoon* observed visitors with her one-eyed stare, and Robert Delaunay’s *Eiffel Tower* sounded the death knell of classical perspective.

**TC : 02 24 05**

**NARRATOR**

The most audacious of the bunch was certainly Marcel Duchamp, whose friends had asked him not to show *Nude Descending a Staircase,* which was much too daring for critics.

**TC : 02 24 20**

**NARRATOR**

In 1913, Duchamp brought his painting to New York and became the European star of the Armory Show, a new American exhibit of contemporary art. *Nude Descending a Staircase* shocked and impressed – as much, if not more, than his first *ready-mades.*

**TC : 02 24 38**

**EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*"a Cubist Mardi Gras..."*

**TC : 02 24 40**

**EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*“An absurd display.”*

**TC : 02 24 42**

**NARRATOR**

While jingoist art critics were condemning cubism as Germanic “Kraut art,” Apollinaire defended the cubists of the Salon des Independents tooth, nail and pen.

**TC : 02 24 42**

**EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*“An audience of snobs.”*

**TC : 02 24 45**

**EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*“German Art.”*

**TC : 02 24 46**

**EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*“Intellectual Rogues.”*

**TC : 02 24 52**

**NARRATOR**

Braque and Picasso, on the other hand, saw their work as fundamentally different from that of the other Golden Section artists. While they understood the modernity of *Alcools*, they didn’t see it in the work of those Braque called the “cubisters.”

**TC : 02 25 16**

**NARRATOR**

Max Jacob had remained the poorest of the former Bateau-Lavoir crowd.

**TC : 02 25 22**

**NARRATOR**

While the others moved on to bigger and more luxurious apartments – like Apollinaire who had settled in the heart of Faubourg Saint-Germain, he continued to live in poverty.

**TC : 02 25 42**

**NARRATOR**

Max published *La Côte*, a collection of Celtic songs. He pedaled it to passing friends and strangers he met in bistros.

**TC : 02 25 58**

**NARRATOR**

It wasn’t a job, just a disguised form of begging.

**TC : 02 26 06**

**NARRATOR**

What was left? A few Picasso drawings. In increasingly dire straits, Max sold them. The payback was cruel: the painter covered him with scorn.

**TC : 02 26 21**

**NARRATOR**

And there was little the poet could do to prevent the door closing on this part of his life: Picasso couldn’t stand it when Max reminded him of their lean years, and the solidarity that once united them.

**TC : 02 26 35**

**NARRATOR**

The Mona Lisa incident had left its scars. The bohemian days gave way to a period of separations.

**TC : 02 26 46**

**NARRATOR**

Marie Laurencin broke off with Guillaume Apollinaire. Fernande Olivier left Picasso and ran off with a futurist Italian painter.

**TC : 02 26 58**

**NARRATOR**

When she came back down to earth, she realized that the present was now a thing of the past: for Picasso had left too.

**TC : 02 27 09**

**NARRATOR**

He was with Eva. She was 30, and a cheerful soul despite being weakened by tuberculosis.

**TC : 02 27 21**

**NARRATOR**

In order to escape Fernande, Picasso brought his new lover to the Pyrenees. Then he set off for Sorgues where Braque joined them.

**TC : 02 27 38**

**NARRATOR**

Fernande stayed behind**.**

**TC : 02 27 44**

**NARRATOR**

Thus an eight-year love affair ended in mediocrity. With Fernande gone from his life, he finally left the protective shadow of the Bateau Lavoir behind. She had been its queen. Her departure from the band signaled the end of an era.

**TC : 02 28 14**

**NARRATOR**

Monday, March 2nd, 1914, at the Hôtel Drouot. Those attending included the curious, reporters, dealers, and enlightened amateurs. An eclectic crowd filled rooms 6 and 7 of the venerable art auction house.

**TC : 02 28 30**

**NARRATOR**

Max Jacob was there, as was Kahnweiler and Picasso’s closest friends. Ten years after creating their little community, the founding members of the *Peau de l’Ours* were selling off their collection. The transactions weren’t intended for speculative gain, but to promote modern art and to help painters make a better living. So what had these generous souls bought in the last 10 years? Five hundred works by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Bonnard, Maillol, Dufy, Van Dongen, Vlaminck, Derain, Matisse, Picasso and many others. Everyone was eager to see the cubists come to auction. It was the first time they’d been on the national art market. Everyone knew that the *Peau de l’Ours* auction was a decisive test for modern art.

**TC : 02 29 16**

**NARRATOR**

The auctioneer brought down the gavel. The first work, Bonnard’s *The Aquarium*, has just fetched 720 Francs.

**TC : 02 29 26**

**NARRATOR**

Vlaminck didn’t do quite so well: his *The Locks at Bougival* sold for 170 Francs.

**TC : 02 29 33**

**NARRATOR**

Gauguin’s *The Cellist* went for 4,000 Francs. As did Van Gogh’s *Blossoming Almond Branch in a Glass*.

**TC : 02 29 41**

**NARRATOR**

With *Study of a Nude* and *The Sea in Corsica*, Matisse started off at 900 Francs. *Leaves by the Waterside* went for over 2000 Francs, and *Bowl of Apples and Oranges* doubled expectations, fetching 5000 Francs, even better than Van Gogh. The audience applauded. But Picasso hadn’t spoken yet. The paintings acquired by André Level and his friends predated his cubist works, but that mattered little: it was the man – his innovative spirit – that was being judged, not the blue or pink periods.

**TC : 02 30 11**

**NARRATOR**

When the auctioneer opened the bidding on the first Picasso sketch, *Woman and Children,* he was unwittingly burying Montmartre and the era of splendid artists awaiting their hour of glory.

For the hour had arrived. *Woman and Children* sold for 1,100 Francs. *L’Homme à la Houppelande* went for 1,350 F. *The Three Dutchwomen* reached 5,200 Francs.

**TC : 02 30 38**

**NARRATOR**

The crowd went wild: that was more than Matisse. Then a giant canvas was placed on the stage: *Family of Saltimbanques* (1905). The starting price was 8,000 Francs. André Level had bought it for 1,000 five years earlier. The bidding started, and quickly went sky high, with some bidders enthusiastic, others furious.

**TC : 02 31 01**

**NARRATOR**

The spiteful critics were already sharpening their pencils. And when the auctioneer’s gavel finally hit the table, it was like a death blow to the old order.

**TC : 02 31 13**

**NARRATOR**

The painting had fetched 11,500 gold francs. The most expensive work sold that day.

**TC : 02 31 21**

**NARRATOR**

The gossips, and there were many, noted that the dealer who bought *L’Homme à la Houppelande* and *Family of Saltimbanques* was a German: Justin Thannhauser.

Anti-German sentiment had been running high in France, and the art world was no exception.

**TC : 02 31 38**

**NARRATOR**

Max Jacob pushed his way through the crowd. He had to tell Picasso the news. The painter had raked in a quarter of the day’s earnings all by himself.

**TC : 02 31 50**

**NARRATOR**

Finally free of the crowd, Max hopped into a cab to find Picasso. For Picasso wasn’t there. He hadn’t come. And where was he, in this, his finest hour? Not in Clichy, and not in Montmartre either. Cesar, in his way, he had left his artistic birthplace and braved the Rubicon: he had crossed the Seine.

**TC : 02 32 19**

**NARRATOR**

Picasso was no longer at the Bateau-Lavoir. He was on the left bank. In Montparnasse.

**TC : 02 32 51**

**NARRATOR**

June 28th, 1914. Archduke Franz-Ferdinand was killed by the bullets of a Serbian fanatic.

**TC : 02 32 59**

**NARRATOR**

On July 28th, Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. On the 31st, Germany issued an ultimatum to France and Russia. The same day, socialist leader Jean-Jaurès was assassinated.

**TC : 02 33 14**

**NARRATOR**

On August 1st, France announced general mobilization.

**TC : 02 33 31**

**NARRATOR**

The next day, beneath a blazing sun, French troops marched out of the Ecole militaire, and other barracks around Paris. Cheerful, with their helmets cocked to one side, the troops marched up the avenues, swords and bayonets clanking, and converged at the train stations. The marching cuirassiers, cavalry men, gunners, and infantrymen shared a single battle-cry: To Berlin! They expected to come home carrying the Kaiser’s scalp by the end of the week.

**TC : 02 34 06**

**NARRATOR**

At the beginning of the month of August, the Italian writer Ricciotto Canudo and his Swiss friend Blaise Cendrars issued an appeal to all foreigners living in France:

*Foreign friends of France who, during their stay, have learned to love it like a second home, feel the pressing need to offer her their arms.*

 *Foreign-born intellectuals, students, workers and able-bodied men of all sorts – we who have found material nourishment here in France, let us gather, in a solid group of good will, to offer our services for the good of the greatest France.*

**TC : 02 34 42**

**NARRATOR**

On August 3rd, nearly 100,000 foreigners gathered at rue Saint-Dominique to enlist in the Foreign Legion. Then, marching orders in hand, they rushed to the market at *Temple* to buy hoods, trousers, and pea jackets that they would transform into military attire.

**TC : 02 35 06**

**NARRATOR**

In a matter of weeks, the former residents of the Bateau-Lavoir had separated forever.

**TC : 02 35 14**

**NARRATOR**

At the Avignon station, Pablo Picasso saw Braque and Derain off.

**TC : 02 35 25**

**NARRATOR**

Braque, wounded at the Battle of Carency, would be trepanned and then demobilized in 1916.

**TC : 02 35 38**

**NARRATOR**

Derain would participate in the massacre at Verdun and Chemin des Dames.

**TC : 02 36 17**

**NARRATOR**

Which members of the Montmartre gang were still in Paris? The meager contingent included those, like Picasso, who rejected the army; and those, like Max Jacob, whom the army rejected.

**TC : 02 36 31**

**NARRATOR**

Guillaume Apollinaire, for his part, enlisted in the early days of the war. But when one was born in Rome to a Polish mother and an absent father, wearing the nation’s colors wasn’t so simple.

**TC : 02 36 47**

**NARRATOR**

While waiting for his marching orders, the poet joined some friends in Nice.

**TC : 02 36 54**

**NARRATOR**

There, at a seaside restaurant, a young 30-year-old woman caught his eye. She was dark, pretty and lively.

**TC : 02 37 06**

**NARRATOR**

All she had to do was bat her eyes, and the poet forgot all about Marie Laurencin. Guillaume made inquires: married at age 23, then divorced, her noble name suggested an adventuress: Louise de Coligny-Châtillon.

**TC : 02 37 23**

**NARRATOR**

On the one hand, she played at being a volunteer nurse. On the other, she remained a social butterfly and an emancipated young woman. Apollinaire waited and hoped. The day after their first meeting, he declared his passion and love to her. Five days later, he had all his books sent to her. He promised to write one especially for her.

**TC : 02 37 49**

**NARRATOR**

They met soon after in a house where opium was smoked. Then in seaside restaurants and deserted beaches. Everywhere except a hotel. Each time Guillaume suggested one, Louise murmured that they were friends and that they should leave it at that. When she was stretched out with an opium pipe in her mouth, she would offer her hand and a few promises. All of which was woefully insufficient. After two months of this, Apollinaire was running out of steam. He expedited his enlistment and prepared for the big departure.

**TC : 02 38 25**

**NARRATOR**

The day after his enlistment, Louise showed up at the door of his barracks. She asked for Guillaume Kostrowitzky, second gunner-driver of the 78th battalion of the 38th artillery regiment. He greeted her. They went to the hotel and spent nine nights there.

**TC : 02 39 11**

**NARRATOR**

Then, Apollinaire did his basic training.

**TC : 02 39 38**

**NARRATOR**

He learned to ride a horse, discovered the joys of drills, the drudgery of soup duty and roll call.

**TC : 02 39 54**

**NARRATOR**

In his letters to Lou, he hid no detail of his lowly soldier’s life. He reassured her: the war wouldn’t last more than a year.

**TC : 02 40 06**

**NARRATOR**

*The night*

*draws shut*

*And Gui*

*Follows up*

*His dream*

*Where everything*

*is Lou*

*And war*

*is naught*

*The stars wink*

*and the hay lays golden*

*And he thinks on she*

*Whom he loves*

**TC : 02 40 31**

**NARRATOR**

When Lou didn’t answer his letters quickly enough the desperate gunner would whine and remind her of their nights of lovemaking.

**TC : 02 40 44**

**NARRATOR**

His sweetheart, alas, seemed to be losing interest. Her passion was fading.

**TC : 02 40 52**

**NARRATOR**

The poet was still “stiff as a 75mm canon,” but the artillery opposite no longer responded.

**TC : 02 41 00**

**NARRATOR**

Lou was drifting away, like all the others.

**TC : 02 41 17**

**NARRATOR**

So the poet decided to look elsewhere.

**TC : 02 41 22**

**NARRATOR**

Elsewhere, was at the bosom of a young girl he met in a train in January 1915.

**TC : 02 41 31**

**NARRATOR**

Her name was Madeleine, she was very young: not even 20. But she had long eyelashes. Nothing wagered, nothing gained. Apollinaire sent a postcard to the stranger, expressing his deepest respects, and a kiss on the hand. Two weeks later, in the postmaster’s bag there was a package for him: a box of cigars.

**TC : 02 41 55**

**NARRATOR**

This was enough so that his future letters were no longer addressed to “Mademoiselle” but to “My Little Fairy” and then “My Dearest Little Fairy,” a few days later. Finally in an enraptured sigh, the artilleryman began to stake his claim: “I loved you from the first moment I saw you.”

**TC : 02 42 13**

**NARRATOR**

Meanwhile, those who had stayed in Paris, far from the front, watched the soldiers on leave with curiosity. Their euphoria was only a mask.

**TC : 02 42 25**

**NARRATOR**

One morning while strolling near the Tuileries gardens, Max Jacob and Picasso noticed a small crowd gathering in an alley where pieces of heavy artillery were on display. The canons and mortars had been painted over with black and yellow stripes. Picasso studied the decorations carefully, and then exclaimed:

“We did that”!

We, meaning the cubists.

**TC : 02 42 50**

**NARRATOR**

At the beginning of the war, in Pont-à-Mousson on the Eastern front, a telephone operator was told to transmit orders to fire the cannon. No sooner had the cannon been fired than an enemy shell blew it up. This made the operator wonder: why not protect men and artillery by camouflaging them in realistic colors.

**TC : 02 43 13**

**NARRATOR**

The telephone operator was a painter by the name of Lucien Guirand de Scevola. He shared his idea with his commanding officers. In February, the Ministry of War agreed to put together a team working under his direction. Who did Scevloa call first? The cubists of course. Only they were capable of representing an object from all possible angles, not just the viewpoint of whoever was observing it.

**TC : 02 43 39**

**NARRATOR**

And so it was that the cubists invented the first camouflage in military history. These painters and sculptors, who had been seen as champions of “Kraut art” in 1914, begin painting fake scenery behind the lines. They painted realistically colored leaves on allied helmets and canons. They hid observation and artillery towers behind fake ruins, chimneys, bails of hay, and hand-painted human and animal corpses.

**TC : 02 44 22**

**NARRATOR**

Braque, but also Camoin, Dufresne, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Roger de la Fresnay, Marcoussis, Moreau, Jacques Villon joined in the defense of the nation in various ways.

**TC 02 44 45**

**CARTON DANS ARCHIVE**

*FORWARD, MARCH!*

**TC : 02 44 46**

**NARRATOR**

In November 1915, Apollinaire volunteered for the general infantry. He was named second-lieutenant in the 96th Infantry Regiment.

**TC : 02 44 58**

**NARRATOR**

The poet had become a solider.

**TC : 02 45 20**

**NARRATOR**

He was on the frontlines, stretched out on the bloody ground, the cannon breathing down his neck. He slept in the mud, if at all. He shivered. He washed when he could, and endured shells and shrapnel, and gas attacks. The barbed wire ate into his skin, as did the vermin and lice. He protected himself behind sacks of sand or human body parts. He learned to dig foxholes and rebuild at night like a caveman in the darkness.

**TC : 02 46 14**

**NARRATOR**

His comrades were falling one after another. From the front, Apollinaire sent a letter to Madeleine in which he begged her to wait for him if he were taken prisoner.

**TC : 02 46 26**

**NARRATOR**

He thought about death of course, but he wasn’t not afraid. He never complained. When it came time to fight, he was the first to leap from the trenches. He showed remarkable courage.

**TC : 02 46 40**

**NARRATOR**

His men loved him because he protected them and made sure they had enough to eat, shared his fire and his care packages – and lent his blankets when they were drier than theirs.

**TC : 02 46 51**

**NARRATOR**

*Kostrowitzky*, was too hard to pronounce, so they called him *Cointreau-whisky*.

Submerged by the tumult of war, Cointreau-whisky fought. When he had a free moment, he wrote to Madeleine.

**TC : 02 47 09**

**NARRATOR**

*There's a ship that has sailed away with my love*

*There are six sausages that look like maggots in the sky that will hatch into stars*

*There's an enemy submarine that is out to get my love*

*There are a thousand little pines splintered by the bursting shells around me*

*There's a soldier passing by blinded by asphyxiating gas*

*There is everything we’ve torn to pieces in the guts of Nietzsche, Goethe, and Cologne*

*There's me longing for a letter from Madeleine*

*There are photos of my love in my wallet*

*There are the prisoners who pass by with worried faces*

*There's a young woman thinking of me in Oran*

*There is a canon whose crew is busy with its parts*

*There's the postmaster who comes trotting down the road of the lonesome tree*

*There’s a spy they say that prowls here like the invisible horizon, which he dresses in and vanishes into*

**TC : 02 48 09**

**NARRATOR**

March 17th, 1916, near Berry-au-Bac, in the bois des Buttes, Apollinaire stretched a canvas tarp above the parapet of his trench, and made himself as comfortable as he could in the mud. From the pocket of his overcoat, he took out a pad and pen. “My dearest little fairy…” He made Madeleine heir to all his belongings, replacing Lou, to whom the poet-soldier had bequeathed everything several months earlier.

**TC : 02 48 57**

**NARRATOR**

Apollinaire brought his hand to his head. There was a hole in his helmet, and something warm trickled down his cheek: blood.

**TC : 02 49 16**

**NARRATOR**

In a poetic flash, Guillaume thought of this phrase from his *Calligrammes* which he had engraved on his toothpaste kit during basic training: “*Oh, how lovely war is!”*

**TC : 02 49 26**

**NARRATOR**

The poet swayed: could he have been this wrong? Before losing consciousness, he called for help. Falling to the ground, mortar fire burst overhead, as lovely as fireworks.

**TC : 02 49 46**

**CARTON**

END OF SECOND EPISODE