**LES AVENTURIERS DE L’ART MODERNE**

**CONDUCTEUR**

**EPISODE 4**

**THE MAGICIANS OF MONTPARNASSE**

**1920-1934**

**TC : 04 00 48**

**NARRATRICE**

1916. Apollinaire returned to Paris to convalesce. It was a bitter reunion.

**TC : 04 00 58**

**NARRATRICE**

Soutine, Chagall and Modigliani were seeking a form that would express their internal exile. Picasso penned the diary of his life with his paintbrush. Apollinaire put on “*The Breasts of Tiresias*”, an anti-militarist play that sparked the imaginations of young poets and triggered a scandal.

**TC : 04 01 21**

**NARRATRICE**

In November 1918, as Europe was mourning its 8 million dead, Apollinaire succumbed to the Spanish Flu. A year later, Modigliani’s death marked the definitive end of the Bohemian era. How could one muster the courage to carry on creating, on their still-warm ashes?

**TC : 04 01 41**

**TITRE DE L’EPISODE 4**

THE MAGICIANS OF MONTPARNASSE

1920-1930

**TC : 04 01 54**

**NARRATRICE**

The war was over, and life was picking up again.

**TC : 04 02 02**

**NARRATRICE**

The past was but a memory. The crowd from the *Bateau-Lavoir*, the fauves and the cubists, left the streets of Montparnasse.

**TC : 04 02 17**

**NARRATRICE**

Picasso deserted. Max Jacob went to the Saint-Benoit abbey on the Loire, to pray. Van Dongen befriended counts and marquises – and arm in arm with these new friends, negotiated contracts on the seafront in Deauville. Still clutching his rifle, Vlaminck, withdrew to a country home, cursing his former friends and half of humanity along with them. Juan Gris sought treatment for his asthma attacks, far from the former *Bateau-Lavoir* tenants. Braque turned his back on Picasso. And on all the others.

**TC : 04 03 05**

**NARRATRICE**

As the founders of *Art Nouveau* dwindled away, the next generation came into focus. Apollinaire was no longer of this world, but new poets were up and coming. They pounded the streets of Paris, seeking new experiences.

**TC : 04 03 26**

**NARRATRICE**

They had returned from the war fueled with dreams of freedom and a feeling that things would never be the same again.

**TC : 04 03 34**

**NARRATRICE**

A year before the end of the war, the October Revolution topped the Old World in Moscow. Would a new sun shine forth there?

**TC 04 03 37**

**AFFICHE DANS ARCHIVE**

*Join the Communist Party*

**TC 04 03 41**

**AFFICHE DANS ARCHIVE**

*Fortune Telling*

*10 Francs*

**TC : 04 03 47**

**NARRATRICE**

For a couple of weeks in 1919, two young poets would meet every morning, sometimes at *la Source* on *Boulevard Saint-Michel* and sometimes in a dingy room at the *Hotel des Grands Hommes*, at the *Place du Panthéon*. André Breton was a twenty-three year old medical student. During the war, he had been a military medical nurse, looking after soldiers who had been driven crazy by the war.

**TC : 04 04 13**

**NARRATRICE**

His friend was Philippe Soupault, a doctor’s son and an elegant and smartly dressed bourgeois. The army had used him as a guinea pig to test out a typhoid vaccination. Apollinaire had introduced Breton to Soupault in 1916, and the two young poets realized they had a great deal in common. They both hated their time in the Army. They left the battlegrounds with an observation shared by many: only a total revolution, one that permeated all areas of life, could rid civilization of this savagery.

**TC : 04 05 03**

**NARRATRICE**

And what weapon should they use to fight the military gangrene? The pen, of course. Dipped in the subversive ink of an inner universe.

The two men wrote a work based on automatic writing, having entered a trance-like state. They refused to censor any source of inspiration, and forbade themselves to make any corrections. They would stop writing at the end of the day and start all over again the next. The work was called *The Magnetic Fields*.

**TC : 04 05 35**

**NARRATRICE**

*“The neighbours of the solitudes leant down*

*and the wheezing of the street-lamps*

*could be heard all night long.*

*The erratic house loses its blood.*

*We all love conflagrations;*

*when the sky changes colour, it is a dead man’s passing.*

*What better could one hope for?” [[1]](#footnote-1)*

*The Magnetic Fields* constituted the founding act of Surrealism, at a time when the movement had not yet been given the name. Because at the time, everything was still Dada.

**TC 04 06 00**

**TITRE D’UN LIVRE DANS ARCHIVE**

*The Magnetic Fields*

**TC : 04 06 09**

**NARRATRICE**

At the table where Soupault and Breton wrote, a small, short-sighted, Romanian gentleman would often come and sit down. He wore a monocle and had a waxen complexion. His name was Tristan Tzara. He too, railed against the war, and against the civilization that gave birth to it.

**TC : 04 06 30**

**NARRATRICE**

Three years earlier in Zurich - on February 8th 1916, at 7:00 p.m. to be precise - at the *Cabaret Voltaire*, Tzara and his friends had slipped a paper-knife into a dictionary in an attempt to come up with a word to define the artistic movement they had founded in the middle of the war. They named it “*Dada”.*

**TC : 04 06 57**

**NARRATRICE**

Tzara and his sculptor friends and poets, who included Jean Arp and Hugo Ball, put on a new type of show, blending music, painting, poetry, dance, masks and percussion.

**TC : 04 07 30**

**NARRATRICE**

In his *Dada Manifesto 1918,* Tristan Tzara reproached those who sought reasons in everything - starting with the word “Dada”, which meant “wooden horse” to some, and “nurse” to others. To the Russians, it meant “Yes, yes”, and to the Kru tribe it meant “the tail of a sacred cow”. In short, it meant whatever one wanted, or imagined it to mean. This absence of meaning expressed the absurd and the grotesque. It was the only possible route towards the search for an absolute, freed from the values that had brought on the First World War: work, family, country and religion.

**TC : 04 08 07**

**NARRATRICE**

For Tzara, Man was a chaos that nothing could bring order to. Brains had “drawers” that must be destroyed, just like the “drawers” of social organization.

**TC : 04 08 20**

**NARRATRICE**

Within three years, *Dada* and its manifesto had crossed the borders of Europe, to join the ranks of other publications such as the *SIC* and *Nord-Sud* reviews that had appeared in France during the war. André Breton, Louis Aragon, Paul Eluard and Philippe Soupault had already written in them, dipping their pens in the ink of a budding surrealism.

**TC 04 08 42**

**ICONOGRAPHIE EXTRAIT DE JOURNAL**

*In this issue*

**TC : 04 08 49**

**NARRATRICE**

One of these musketeers often joined André Breton, Philippe Soupault and Tristan Tzara at *La Source* - Louis Aragon.

He was the son of a former deputy, former prefect, former ambassador and former senator, who had declared little Louis – under the name of “Aragon” – to be of unknown parentage. The young Louis grew up amidst a lie: he was led to believe that his maternal grandmother was his mother, but he then was told she was only his adoptive mother. His real father was sometimes presented as his godfather, and sometimes as a tutor, and his real mother became his sister. All these scenarios preserved respectability.

**TC : 04 09 29**

**NARRATRICE**

Louis Aragon found out his real identity on the day he left for the war. He fought in the war bravely enough to obtain a medal. He started to write his first novel at the Chemin des Dames: *Anicet ou le panorama.*

Also a medical student, he met André Breton at the *Val de Grâce* hospital, on the mental patient ward.

**TC 04 09 51**

**TITRE DANS ARCHIVE**

*Assistance for shell-shocked soldiers*

**TC : 04 10 16**

**NARRATRICE**

In the evenings, once the patients had been locked up, the two men would recite Rimbaud and Lautréamont, shouting at the top of their voices to drown out the insults the patients yelled at them.

By day, they discussed literature and painting with Guillaume Apollinaire, who was convalescing in the same hospital.

**TC : 04 10 40**

**NARRATRICE**

Aragon made a positive impression on all those who met him, starting with Breton, who admired his vast culture and who had a discreet preference for him. Aragon had read everything. He was truly brilliant.

**TC : 04 11 02**

**NARRATRICE**

Aragon’s lady friend was a tall, eccentric, brown-haired beauty and was instantly recognizable. Nancy Cunard wore a collection of ivory bracelets that clanked together on her wrists and forearms. Both Nancy and Louis were free. Nancy followed her own desires, made possible by a colossal fortune that she lavished on hotels and transatlantic liners. Aragon had a reputation for being a dandy, with an interest in both matters of the mind and of the senses. The publication of *Con d’Irène*, which was circulated secretly, and was illustrated by André Masson, added to the controversy surrounding him. He was a surrealist writer. She was a generous muse.

**TC : 04 12 05**

**NARRATRICE**

 The small band of surrealists took part in the post-war Dada scandals. On May 26th 1920, they were all at the *Salle Gaveau*, where the Dada Festival took place.

**TC : 04 12 28**

**NARRATRICE**

Tzara started the show, displaying *Le Sexe de Dada*.

**TC : 04 12 50**

**NARRATRICE**

Then the illusionist Philippe Soupault introduced himself. He released five balloons on which were written the identities of those that needed bursting: a pope, Benoit XV; a man of war, Pétain; a statesman, Clemenceau; a woman of letters, Mme Rachilde; and Cocteau, the first to die, pierced by the surrealist poet’s blade.

The crowd went wild, hurling tomatoes, carrots, turnips and oranges.

**TC : 04 13 28**

**NARRATRICE**

A year later, in the *Salle des Sociétés Savantes*, on rue Danton, scandal broke out once again. Against Dada’s advice, the surrealists decided to put on trial the writer Maurice Barrès, who embodied everything they detested: patriotism, nationalism, and conservatism.

Barrès, an anti-Dreyfus academic close to the far-right *Action Française,* was an eminent figure in French political and intellectual spheres.

Barrès stood accused of “crimes against the certainty of the spirit”.

**TC : 04 14 03**

**NARRATRICE**

The defense - Soupault and Aragon - listened ecstatically as Breton read out the act of accusation. As for the witnesses - they testified. The “unknown soldier” was called to the stand. His appearance prompted the usual strains of the *Marseillaise* and a crowd of people left the room. The jury, composed of twelve spectators, sentenced the writer to twenty years forced labor. Breton had requested the death sentence be applied.

**TC : 04 14 38**

**NARRATRICE**

The Barrès trial heralded the beginnings of a split from Dada. Breton and his faithful band distanced themselves from Tzara, who was judged to be too libertarian. Instead, they advocated Surrealism, with its more political leanings.

**TC : 04 14 53**

**NARRATRICE**

It was time for action - time to rally the troops.

And when “the Pope of Surrealism” called a meeting, being absent was not an option. They would meet at Breton’s flat, on the rue Fontaine, or where André Masson and Joan Miró lived, on the rue Blomet.

They also often had meetings in bistros, at fixed times, like office hours. They would play cards, charades, and question-and-answer games – personal investigations into matters of sexuality, which often caused tensions and fights.

They analyzed the press and settled scores, often riotously.

**TC : 04 15 44**

**NARRATRICE**

André Breton reigned like a grand master over these gatherings of the faithful. Heavy and stiff-necked in his bottle-green suits, he counted those present and made a note of absences. Apart from the chief’s wife, few women attended, and those that did were always silent.

**TC : 04 16 16**

**NARRATRICE**

1921, a sunny day.

**TC : 04 16 26**

**NARRATRICE**

At the bar of a bistro, a young painter, who was also a photographer, ordered a *Chambéry Strawberry*. It was Man Ray. He had just arrived from Brooklyn, and like numerous other American artists and writers after the war, quickly made friends with Tristan Tzara, Marcel Duchamp and many surrealists.

**TC : 04 16 53**

**NARRATRICE**

The regulars - painters, American writers, Swedish dancers, a whole legion of models, white émigrés from Russia, Cocteau and a young boyfriend - had been drinking and dancing there since the armistice.

**TC : 04 17 11**

**NARRATRICE**

Two young girls talked loudly at a distant table - Kiki and her girlfriend Thérèse. They wore bright colored makeup, and were decked out in jewelry from ear to wrist. But they were not wearing hats. The waiter repeated the house rules to them: no drinking without headwear.

“How’s that?” enquired Kiki.

The waiter stammered a reply, implying that women without hats…if they were not American… might be … could be …

“Whores!” shouted Kiki.

**TC : 04 17 48**

**NARRATRICE**

She leapt up. Placing one bare foot on the chair, the other on the table, she shrieked with her inimitable gall, and swore never to go back there. She then jumped off the table, skillfully revealing exactly what she intended to reveal.

“No hat, no shoes, and no knickers!”

“Two drinks for these ladies”.

**TC : 04 18 30**

**NARRATRICE**

A little later, Man Ray took them to the movies, to see “*La Dame aux Camélias*”. Kiki was transfixed by the screen, like a child. Man Ray felt for her hand. He found it and squeezed it. Although she did not return the gesture, she did not remove her hand.

**TC : 04 18 57**

**NARRATRICE**

As they left the movie theatre, he told her he’d like to paint her.

“I’m used to that”, she replied. “It’s my job.”

**TC : 04 19 17**

**NARRATRICE**

Kisling, the Pole, was the first artist to paint Kiki, and Foujita was equal first. When Kiki first met the Japanese artist, he was living in the rue Delambre, a stone’s throw from *La Rotonde*. The young girl had pinned a piece of red material inside the opening of her coat, to create the illusion she was wearing an elegant dress. But there was no dress, and underneath her coat, she was stark naked. Foujita approached her hairless pubic area, and peering closely at it, exclaimed:

“No hair?”

“It grows while I pose”.

**TC : 04 19 53**

**NARRATRICE**

Kiki gave roughly the same answer to Man Ray as he prepared his equipment. He wanted to paint her, but overcome with emotion, said he would prefer to photograph her instead. A few prints hanging on a wire impressed Kiki: there was a stylized funnel, a black pair of scissors on a white background, a key, a pencil …

They were Rayographs. Man Ray had discovered the technique by chance a few days earlier. He had forgotten his keys on a sheet of photographic paper, which he subsequently dipped in developer. Kiki admired them. Then she posed for him.

**TC : 04 20 45**

**NARRATRICE**

Man Ray asked her to return the following day for another session.

**TC : 04 21 09**

**NARRATRICE**

They remained at each other’s side for six years.

**TC : 04 21 50**

**NARRATRICE**

On the Rue Campagne-Première, in the heart of Montparnasse, Man Ray found a photographic studio and moved in with his new girlfriend. A staircase led to a small loggia, where Kiki hid when Man’s clients visited.

**TC : 04 22 10**

**NARRATRICE**

He photographed Picasso dressed up as a bullfighter…

Tristan Tzara sporting his monocle in countless ways…

Antonin Artaud…

Countess Cassati…

and Marcel Duchamp dressed up as Rose Sélavy.

**TC : 04 22 41**

**NARRATRICE**

When Kiki got fed up being relegated to the loggia, she would come down and all hell would break loose.

“You can’t play me like that!” she yelled at him one day.

A little later, in the bathroom-cum-darkroom, Man Ray was developing his photographs. He drew two sound-holes on his girlfriend’s freshly photographed back, then blew up the prints and showed them to his model. “See! I can play you, you’re my violin”.

**TC : 04 23 23**

**NARRATRICE**

Living together was proving a little tricky, so Man Ray kept the studio and rented an apartment as well. It had the ultimate luxury of a bathroom. Kiki would spend hours in the tub. She tried to adjust to a life of domesticity. But it involved a great deal of arguing.

**TC : 04 23 48**

**NARRATRICE**

The neighbors complained. They moved.

They took a room at the *Hotel Istria*, not far from the studio.

**TC : 04 24 07**

**NARRATRICE**

They had Tzara as a neighbor. He was Kiki’s confidant. Francis Picabia would use a room on an upper floor to be with his mistress.

Marcel Duchamp, who was back from America, would play hide-and-seek there with all the women who were looking for him. But these women paled in comparison to the fascination Duchamp had for chess. He played from dawn to dusk: at the *Dôme*, where he beat his opponents in just ten moves; against himself; and against grand masters whose endgames made the papers. As well as against Man Ray, on a Parisian rooftop in René Clair’s surrealist film *Entracte*.

**TC : 04 25 07**

**NARRATRICE**

The whole gang would flock to the *Jockey*, a club that opened in November 1923 and was located at the intersection of Boulevard du Montparnasse and Rue Campagne-Première. Its façade was well known for the cowboys and Indians its owner had painted on its black walls, and above all, for the miracle of modern technology it proudly featured - a neon sign.

**TC : 04 25 31**

**NARRATRICE**

The atmosphere inside, amidst the bar, tables and dance floor, was more reminiscent of the Wild West. Regulars drank and laughed all night long, enveloped in music and smoke. Insults flew in a variety of languages. Naked girls danced together without causing offense. Jazz rang out. People danced the Shimmy and the Foxtrot.

**TC : 04 25 55**

**NARRATRICE**

Kiki was the queen of the *Jockey*. Her sassy mannerisms went down well there. When she got drunk, she would sing. She could never remember the words, but her friend Thérèse would join her on the dance floor and prompt her. The audience would break into rapturous applause, and Thérèse would grab a hat and pass it round.

“For the artists!”

**TC : 04 26 36**

**NARRATRICE**

Kiki did the rounds of the many friends who waited for her. One of them was Thérèse’s former lover, whose lyrics Kiki had refused, saying they were too difficult for her. His name was Robert Desnos.

**TC : 04 26 52**

**NARRATRICE**

He was a small, dark, shabbily dressed man with eyes the color of a purplish oyster surrounded by dark brown rims. Thérèse had given him a few boxing lessons, as he didn’t know how to fight. But he still ended up sustaining black eyes and scratches. If there was trouble to be had, he was always the first to enter the fray.

**TC : 04 27 15**

**NARRATRICE**

Desnos was a wizard at syllabic inventions of all sorts, and the great freedom he exercised in this area - breaking away from grammatical logic and constraints - echoed the surrealists concerns. Breton had been right: Desnos was soon one of the pillars of the movement.

**TC : 04 27 47**

**NARRATRICE**

He earned the nickname “The Wakeful Sleeper” because, more than any other member of the group, he was tempted by the great surrealist experiments in sleep. Soon they were all trying it.

**TC : 04 28 09**

**NARRATRICE**

In what resembled a collective trance, Desnos would always be the first to nod off. In his sleep, amid much reciting, singing and sighing, he would tell strange tales and write them down…

 *“Sometimes at the moment of sleep strange figures are born and disappear.*

*When I shut my eyes phosphorescent blooms appear and fade*

*And come to life again like fireworks made of flesh.*

*I pass through strange lands with creatures for company.*

*No doubt you are there, my beautiful discreet spy.*

*And the palpable soul of the vast reaches.”[[2]](#footnote-2)*

**TC : 04 29 01**

**NARRATRICE**

Using this method, words erupted from the surrealists’ collective subconscious. They delighted in the words, and used them as material for their works, novels, paintings, poetry, collages and films. Through this exploration, largely attributable to the theories of Freud, a new world emerged, free from the hidebound morals the surrealists fought against. When he woke up again, Robert Desnos would remember nothing.

**TC : 04 29 38**

**NARRATRICE**

Soutine was another *Jockey Club* regular. Long gone were the days when, having to improvise elegance, he would thrust his arms into a pair of long johns that served as a shirt.

He now smoked golden-tipped Lucky Strikes, and wore the suits he had dreamed of for so long, as well as an overcoat that was as soft as a second skin. His jet-black hair gleamed.

**TC : 04 30 06**

**NARRATRICE**

This metamorphosis had a name: Doctor Barnes. The American collector had discovered Soutine during a visit to see Zborowksi, Modigliani’s former dealer, and had snapped up everything by the artist. That day, Soutine got drunk, hailed a cab and went straight to the south of France. He couldn’t wait to see the sea.

**TC : 04 30 41**

**NARRATRICE**

Back in Paris, Soutine left *la Ruche* for a studio in rue Saint-Gothard, not far from Montparnasse. This new studio was large enough for him to be able to paint an ox in it. This was very important to him, and took precedence over everything else. He associated an ox with Rembrandt, for whom he had great admiration. It also reminded him of the butcher in Smilovichi, and the cold room he was shut in as a child, having been thrashed for painting irreverent images.

**TC : 04 31 11**

**NARRATRICE**

Soutine brought an entire ox back from the slaughterhouse at *la Villette* and suspended it in his studio, on hooks. After a few days, it started to rot. To revive the colors, he threw fresh blood at it from time to time. He also painted the ox’s flesh itself using a paintbrush before painting its image on the canvas.

**TC : 04 31 43**

**NARRATRICE**

But flies burrowed in the carcass and the stench became overpowering. The neighbors complained. One morning, he received a visit from the hygiene department. After explaining things to Soutine and having disinfected his studio, the artist was told he could avoid the stench by simply injecting ammonia into the carcass. At the *Jockey*, Soutine searched his pockets and pulled out a tin containing a syringe. He showed it proudly to Kiki. From now on, whenever he wanted to paint a carcass, he would inject it before carrying it away.

**TC : 04 32 31**

**NARRATRICE**

André Breton used to sit near the piano. From time to time, he would invite Kiki to his table. Kiki did not love Breton. She preferred Aragon, especially when he was in a melancholic mood, which she thought made him seem rather romantic and fragile. Aragon was indeed melancholic. Time had taught him that Nancy Cunard was not just free: she was a truly independent spirit. When she wanted a man, she would help herself and then discard him. Aragon stayed with her, consumed with anxiety. Whatever she did – insult him, look on indifferently as he burnt the fifteen hundred pages of the “*The Defense of the Infinite*”, or reproach him for his jealousy - he always had one knee to the ground, paralyzed by his passion for her.

**TC : 04 33 32**

**NARRATRICE**

But Aragon’s life was about to take a turn for the better. He moved to 54 rue du Château, to a one-storied house, where the painter Yves Tanguy lived as well as a young man in a flat-cap, Jacques Prévert, who wrote film scripts, which were unsuccessful at the time.

**TC : 04 33 52**

**NARRATRICE**

The neighbors suspected number 54 rue du Château of being a brothel. What else could explain all the comings and goings?

**TC : 04 34 09**

**NARRATRICE**

There were always crowds of people there. Only three of them rented the place, but about fifteen slept there. Late at night, they listened to American jazz records. They drank, smoked and played strange games. What sort of games exactly?

They would sit round a table, with pieces of paper in front of them. They passed them round and wrote on them, hiding what they were writing from everyone else. Then they folded the papers, passed them on, and started all over again. Tristan Tzara invented the game, and Jacques Prévert developed it. Prévert created the beginnings of a sentence that gave its name to the game: exquisite corpse:

*The exquisite corpse shall drink the new wine.*

**TC : 04 34 53**

**NARRATRICE**

On November 6th 1928, in this literary commune that had become a hotbed of surrealism, Aragon arranged a party in honor of Mayakovsky, the greatest living Russian poet. Mayakovsky was staying at the *Hotel Istria*. He was invited by the writer and poetess Elsa Triolet. She had known Mayakovsky since childhood, and had been in love with him. But it was her sister who had won his heart in the end.

**TC : 04 35 25**

**NARRATRICE**

Mayakovsky arrived at the rue du Chateau, accompanied by Elsa. The place was packed.

**TC : 04 35 46**

**NARRATRICE**

The two poets had heard of each other. One of them didn’t speak a word of French, the other not a word of Russian.

**TC : 04 35 57**

**NARRATRICE**

Fortunately Elsa was there to translate

**TC 04 36 00**

**CARTON DANS ARCHIVE**

*One must rip joy*

*from the days left to come*

**TC : 04 36 09**

**NARRATRICE**

During the party, Aragon climbed the ladder to a mezzanine. Elsa climbed up after him.

**TC : 04 36 25**

**NARRATRICE**

Half an hour later, the lovers returned to the guests, smiling. They danced to records by Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong.

**TC : 04 36 38**

**NARRATRICE**

At first, Elsa’s eyes did not have the shine that Aragon would later celebrate. He still preferred Nancy Cunard’s eyes, and found Elsa clinging and indiscreet. But she was head-over-heels in love with him. And having missed out on becoming Madame Mayakovsky, she was determined to one day become Madame Aragon.

**TC : 04 37 09**

**NARRATRICE**

One morning in 1929, as Man Ray was leaving his studio on rue Campagne-Première, a young woman who had just arrived in Paris came up to him. She was a stunning, headstrong, American model, who had come to France to study photography.

“Hello”, she said. “My name’s Lee Miller. I’m your pupil”.

“I don’t have any pupils”.

“You do”, corrected the young lady: “Me”.

He looked into her blue eyes, and then excused himself: he was leaving for Biarritz.

Smiling, she asked:

“What time is our train?”

**TC : 04 37 52**

**NARRATRICE**

A few days later, Man Ray returned to *La Coupole* – a bar, restaurant, nightclub and boules pitch all rolled into one that had opened a couple of years earlier. Four hundred employees worked there under the orders of a man nicknamed “The Citroen of soft drinks”. Montparnasse was undergoing a revival.

**TC : 04 38 16**

**NARRATRICE**

Behind the bar, Kiki was waiting for Man Ray.

**TC : 04 38 32**

**NARRATRICE**

Man Ray sneaked under the tables to flee. But he didn’t need to be on the run for long. Kiki fell in love with a journalist who also drew from time to time. He launched newspapers in Paris, and his new girlfriend into the wider world.

**TC : 04 38 48**

**NARRATRICE**

Kiki became a painter. Enthusiasts snapped up her naïve works and she became a star. She was crowned Queen of Montparnasse.

**TC : 04 39 13**

**NARRATRICE**

Sometimes a chauffeur-driven limousine drove down the Boulevard that was illuminated by the bright lights of *La Couple*. In the back, buttoned up in a superbly elegant suit and tie, Picasso would look out the window at the places he hardly ever frequented now. He had gone back to live on the Right Bank.

**TC : 04 39 47**

**NARRATRICE**

Olga Khoklova - now Madame Picasso - ran the army of nurses, cooks and housekeepers that kept their large bourgeois apartment on rue de la Boétie in ship shape. Picasso had become a father in 1921. And a bigamist in 1927.

**TC : 04 40 07**

**NARRATRICE**

Her name was Marie-Thérèse Walter. He had met her outside the *Galeries Lafayette* department store when she was seventeen years old. Fascinated by her face, he approached her. She was still living with her mother. Picasso asked permission to paint her. Six months later, she had become his mistress.

His secret, long-term mistress. She was as devoted and tolerant as Olga was jealous, bossy and possessive. Two different worlds. And two different addresses.

**TC : 04 40 40**

**NARRATRICE**

Olga refused to entertain talk of a separation, so Picasso installed Marie-Thérèse ten doors from his home.

**TC : 04 40 57**

**NARRATRICE**

When rows blazed at number 23, rue de la Boétie - the apartment Picasso shared with Olga - he popped over to number 41 to lament: how could he go about getting a divorce without abandoning half his works to his official wife, who ranted, raved and made threats?

**TC : 04 41 20**

**NARRATRICE**

One morning, the doorbell rang at the Picassos. A Spanish painter introduced himself. He had just arrived in Paris. At the age of six, he had wanted to be a cook, at the age of eight, he had dreamed of being Napoleon; and at the age of twelve, he saw himself as Salvador Dali.

He was Salvador Dali.

“I’ve come here before visiting the Louvre” he said to Picasso.

“You’ve done the right thing” replied Picasso.

**TC : 04 41 46**

**NARRATRICE**

In a comparison of their painting, Dali awarded marks to himself and his fellow countryman for technique, inspiration, color, subject matter, genius, composition, originality, mystery and authenticity. The final score was 107 for Picasso, and 148 for Dali.

**TC : 04 42 10**

**NARRATRICE**

Dali turned his back on impressionist painting and moved closer to the cubists, to Juan Gris in particular, whom he considered the greatest of them all. He held Giorgio De Chirico in high esteem, but was not overly impressed with Matisse. Still, his taste for avant-garde artists did not prevent him from appreciating the classics, particularly Vermeer, whom he placed above them all.

He was not influenced by them, however: “I swallow it and modify it, and the exact opposite is born” he said.

**TC : 04 42 43**

**NARRATRICE**

Picasso gave Dali money and prompted a few commissions that helped his young fellow Spaniard to take his first steps in Paris. These led the Spaniard first to a brothel, then to the *Bal Tabarin*, where he met a great friend of Picasso’s and Breton’s, who was soon to become his friend too: Paul Eluard.

**TC : 04 43 04**

**NARRATRICE**

Eluard was just thirty years old. Close to Breton, he had taken part in all the Dada scandals. He published a few collections of poetry, including *Capital of Pain.*

*“The curve of your eyes goes all around my heart,*

*A circle of dance and softness,*

*Halo of time, safe cradle for the night,*

*And if I no longer remember my life*

*It is because your eyes were not always there to see me.” [[3]](#footnote-3)*

**TC 04 43 12**

**ICONOGRAPHIE TITRE DE LIVRE**

*Capital of Pain*

**TC : 04 43 39**

**NARRATRICE**

Eluard was deeply in love with his wife, a determined looking Russian woman, whom he called Gala, and whom he shared very amicably - and very erotically - with the painter Max Ernst. The trio then disbanded, but continued to exert themselves with total abandon. Until the divine Dali stepped in.

**TC : 04 44 03**

**NARRATRICE**

In the summer of 1929, in Cadaqués, Dali initiated a new way of painting: he would stand in front of his canvas and wait, sometimes for hours on end, until images rose up out of his subconscious. These were the beginnings of the Paranoiac-critical method that he was soon to develop into a theory. Its underlying principal was that the associations and interpretations of delirious phenomena born from paranoia were conducive to creation. The artist was supposed to interpret them in his own language and impose that language on the world.

**TC : 04 44 42**

**NARRATRICE**

But on one particular day, Dali laid aside his paintbrushes to play host to his guests Paul and Gala Eluard.

Gala’s cold and contemptuous charm captivated him instantly, and he decided to make a play for her – in his own inimitable way.

**TC : 04 44 58**

**NARRATRICE**

He took a razor and shaved his armpits, drawing blood, which started to drip down his body. He then smeared it all over himself, waited for it to dry, and cocked a geranium behind his ear. He sniffed the air. The situation called for some perfume. Fish glue mixed with a lump of goat excrement to get that billy-goat smell would do the trick!

Or perhaps not.

When he came face to face with the woman he so desperately wanted to seduce, he tried to speak but no words came out of his mouth. He could only laugh, like a madman, a weirdo. But a brilliant weirdo. At the end of the couple’s stay, Paul Eluard headed back to Paris alone.

**TC : 04 45 39**

**NARRATRICE**

In the 1920s, at the *Bellas-Artes* in Madrid, Dali made friends with two men who were to become major Spanish artists – the poet Federico Garcia Lorca and the filmmaker Luis Buñuel. In 1929, Buñuel and Dali got together to make a film from dreams they had had one night: Buñuel had seen a razor slicing an eye, and Dali, a hand holding some ants. The film’s basic principle consisted of refusing all rational representations, only transcribing those that came naturally, without seeking a reason behind their appearance. The screenplay was finished within a week of starting working on it. It was called "*Un chien Andalou"*.

**TC 04 46 31**

**TITRE DE SCENARIO DANS ARCHIVE**

*Un chien andalou*

**TC : 04 46 34**

**NARRATRICE**

Buñuel headed back to Spain to borrow money from his mother and to draw out his personal savings. He then returned to Paris, hired a few actors, and shot the film in the space of two weeks.

**TC 04 46 48**

**INSCRIPTION SUR CLAP CINEMA DANS ARCHIVE**

*Un chien andalou*

**TC : 04 47 05**

**NARRATRICE**

The seventeen minute-film sparked a scandal and made its director Buñuel the first Surrealist filmmaker. It also made Dali – in his own words – “a more surreal surrealist than any other, if not the absolute personification of the purist form of surrealism”. Naturally, André Breton did not see things the same way. Having previously praised the Spanish painter, he now relegated him to the fringes of the movement on the grounds of his toilet humor, his irreverence for the movement’s icons, and for being guilty of becoming attracted to scandalous ideologies.

**TC : 04 47 45**

**NARRATRICE**

Because Hitler had risen to power in Germany and Dali was displaying a strange fascination for the new Chancellor. Worse still, at the *Salon des Indépendants* in 1934, he exhibited *The Enigma of William Tell.*

**TC : 04 48 12**

**NARRATRICE**

William Tell wore a cap. His bear bottom featured an oversized buttock, and he had Lenin’s face.

**TC : 04 48 24**

**NARRATRICE**

It was too much for Breton. Dali’s paranoiac–critical method had gone too far! He suggested excluding the Spanish artist from the movement altogether.

A tribunal was held at André Breton’s home, and a court of surrealists deliberated, but failed to come to a clear-cut verdict. As a result, Dali continued to flirt with surrealism for some time to come: the movement needed him on account of his growing fame, and he was aware of the fact that the movement provided him with first-rate credentials.

**TC : 04 49 01**

**NARRATRICE**

Psychoanalysis, culture, revolution and anti-militarism - these battles bound the surrealists together, like fingers on the same hand. But they were also sources of differences of opinion that came between them, before splitting them apart forever. They still supported each other, however, in the mid-1920s, throughout the era’s various combats, scandals, and newly invented games and magazines. And the rise of Hitlerism reinforced what appeared to many to be the first line of defense against Nazism: communism.

**TC 04 49 32**

**AFFICHE DANS ARCHIVE**

*France beware!*

**TC 04 49 41**

**PANCARTE DANS ARCHIVE**

*For our intellectual revolution*

**TC 04 49 44**

**PANCARTE DANS ANIMATION**

*For an intellectual revolution*

**TC 04 49 46**

**PANCARTE DANS ACHIVE**

*Workers unite*

**TC : 04 49 51**

**NARRATRICE**

The movement became embroiled in painful splits, multiple exclusions, and definitive excommunications. Louis Aragon and André Breton, who had enjoyed a brotherly bond for some twenty years, were soon to separate for a reason even more unbearable than desertion – betrayal.

**TC : 04 50 10**

**CARTON**

END OF FOURTH EPISODE

**TC : 04 50 13**

**GENERIQUE DE FIN**

1. *“The Magnetic Fields” by André Breton and Philippe Soupault. Translated by David Gascoyne (Published by Atlas Press, 1985)* [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. J’ai trouvé plusieurs traductions de ce poème, mais non signées. Cependant, les “Selected Poems” de Desnos ont d’abord été traduit en anglais par William Kulik et Carole Frankel en 1972, puis de nouveau en 1991 par Carolyn Forché et William Kulik. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Translated by Natalie Boucly http://www.surrealismcentre.ac.uk/papersofsurrealism/journal8/acrobat%20files/Translations%20and%20poems/Boucly%20(1)%20FINAL%2017.pdf [↑](#footnote-ref-3)