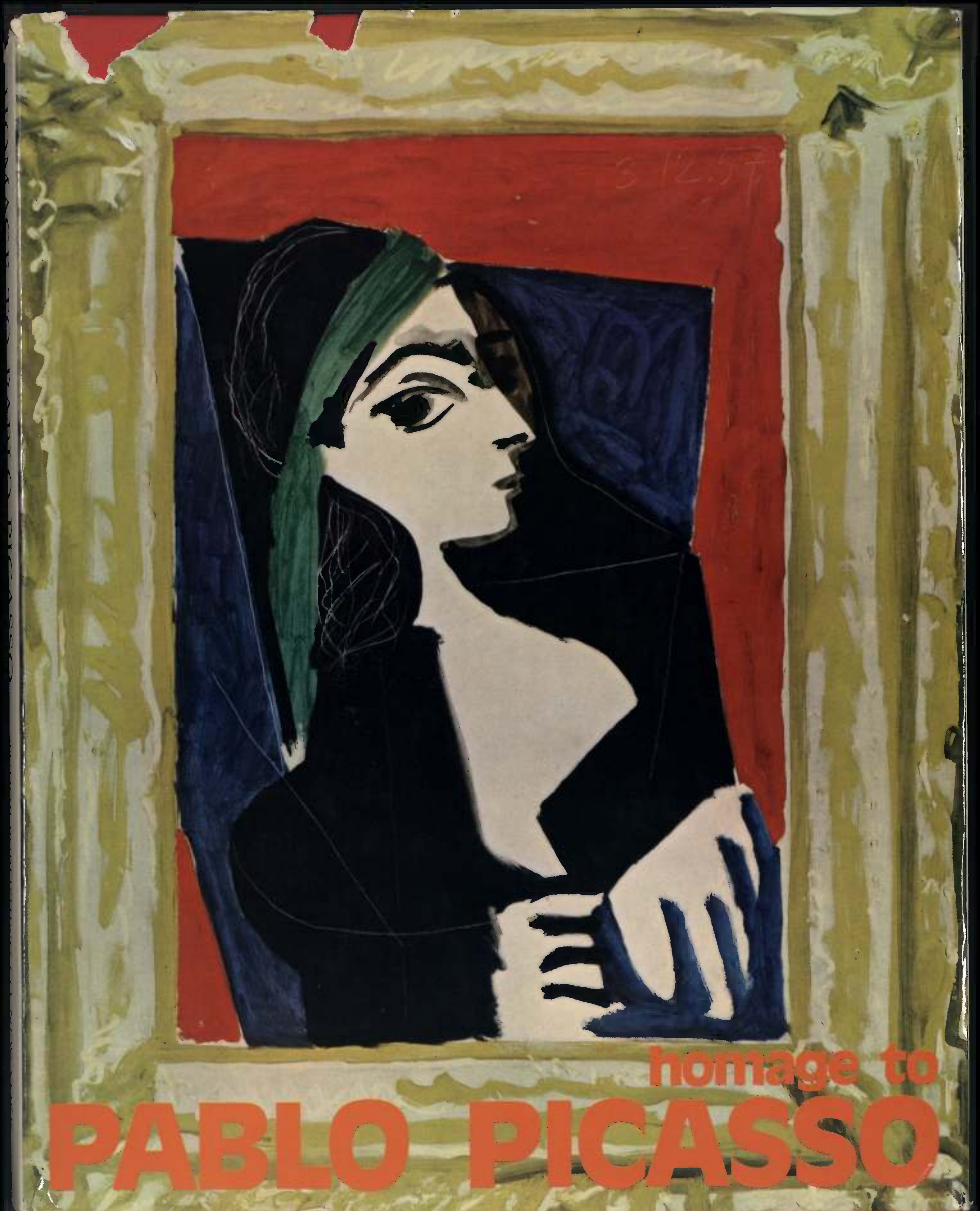


homage to

PABLO PICASSO

HOMAGE TO PABLO PICASSO

TUDOR PUBLISHING CO. NEW YORK

Special issue of the XX^e Siècle Review
Edited by G. di San Lazzaro

HOMAGE TO PICASSO

With a lithograph specially drawn by Picasso for the XX^e siècle, No. 10 (1958)

28 color plates
150 black and white reproductions

The artist's closest friends and oldest associates have contributed to this HOMAGE TO PABLO PICASSO.

It opens with Josep Palau y Fabre's revealing article on a friend of his youth, whose tragic fate profoundly affected the painter of acrobats and harlequins. There follow D. H. Kahnweiler's conversations with Picasso and articles by Georges Ramié, who is co-director with his wife of the Madoura pottery works at Vallauris, by Henri Matarasso, who organized the first large exhibition at Nice in 1956 of 73 important works illustrated by the artist, and by R. de la Souchère, curator of the Château of Antibes, which is now the Picasso Museum. The revolution in stage design, which Picasso brought about in 1917, and his fascinating work as sculptor, engraver and draftsman are discussed by Raymond Cogniat, Dore Ashton, Georges Bloch, André Verdet and Raffaele Carrieri. Gaëtan Picon and G. di San Lazzaro analyze the significance and main features of the retrospective exhibition at the Grand Palais in Paris where almost a thousand works had been gathered together. Brassaï describes his last visit to Picasso in May 1971. Other essays by J.-L. Ferrier, Klaus Gallwitz, Henry Galy-Carles, Yvon Taillandier and Roland Penrose and a poem by Rafael Alberti complete this special number which, like previous Homages, is lavishly illustrated and has a wide range of subject worthy of a monograph by several hands.

◀ *Portrait of Jacqueline. Oil on canvas. 1957.*

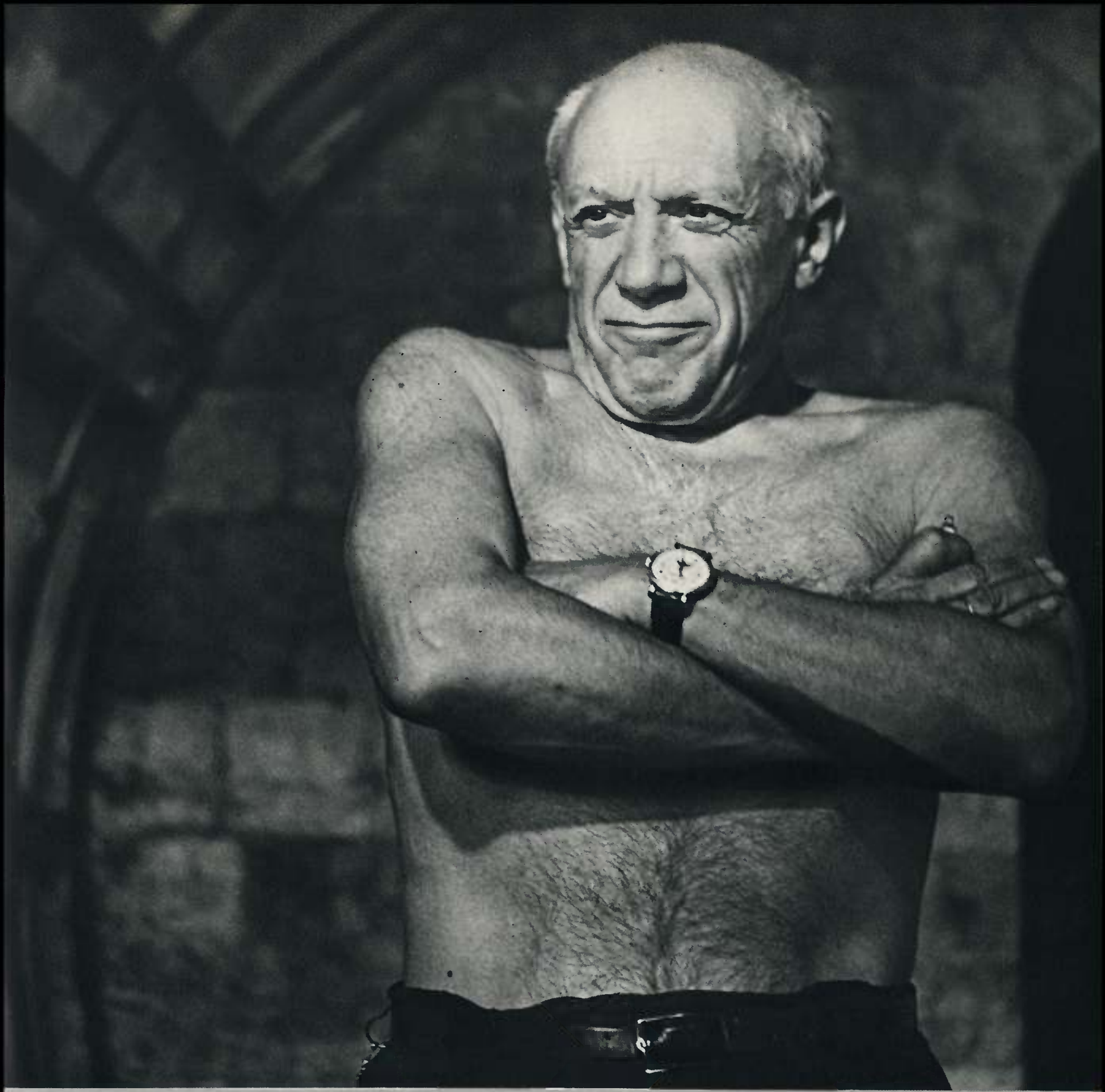
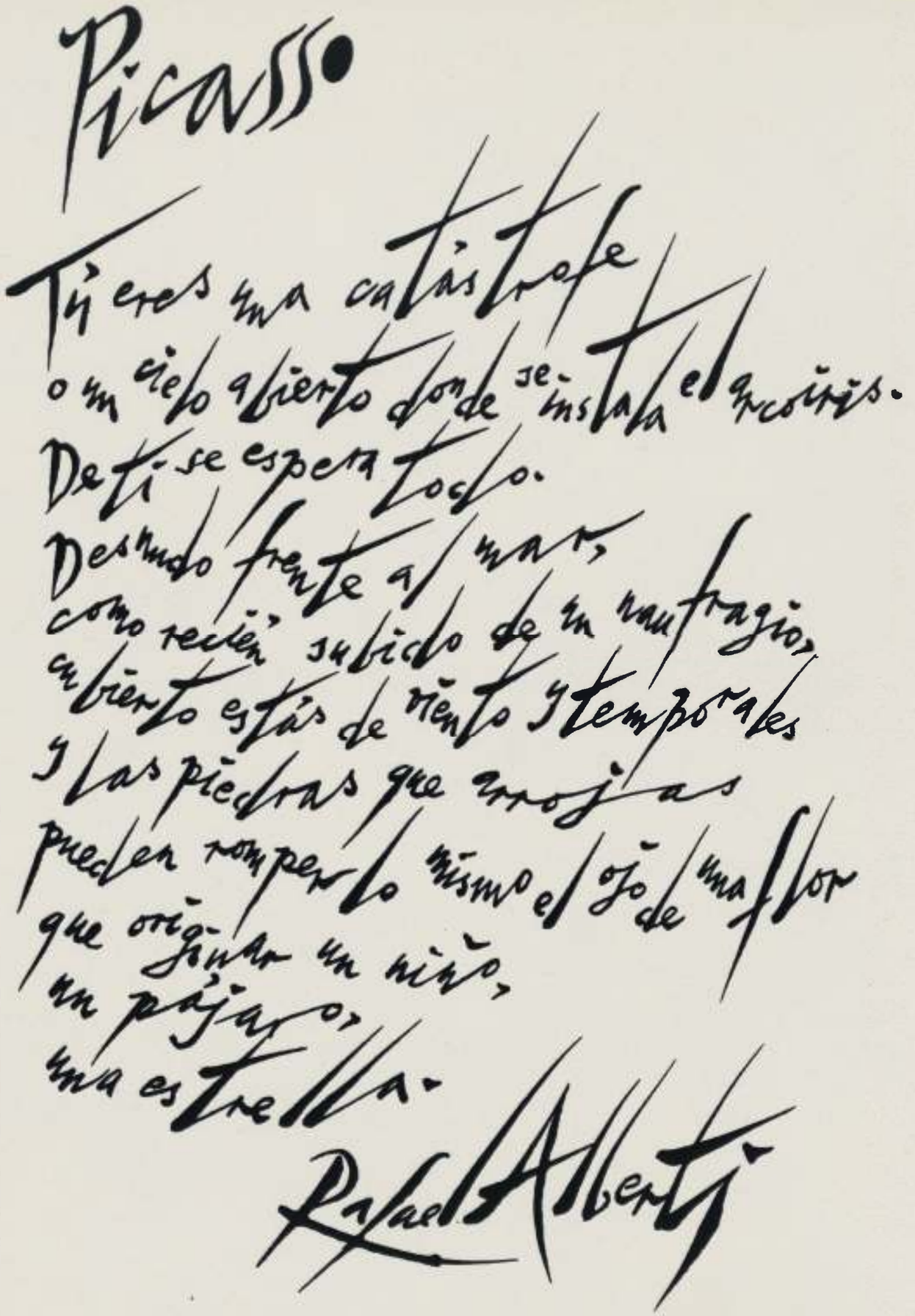


Photo André Villers.

Homage to

Picasso



You are a catastrophe / an open sky arched by a rainbow. / We expect everything from you. / A nude facing the sea / as if emerging from a wreck, / lashed by wind and storm / and cast stones / that can break the eye of a flower / as they can conceive a child, / a bird, / a star.

1900: a friend of his youth

by Josep Palau I Fabre

Among the friends of Picasso's youth in Barcelona, there is one whose figure, if not his personality, attracts special attention because of his tragic end; this is the painter and writer, Carlos Casagemas.

Picasso painted and drew his face, particularly in profile, several times. It is rather a mysterious face. There is, in fact, a Casagemas mystery, which we shall try to elucidate and which will help us to understand some of the paintings of his great friend.

Casagemas was born in Barcelona in 1880, so he was a year, or a year and a half older than Picasso. His early career was rather heterogeneous. He joined the Comandancia de Marina at first but gave up his naval career after the loss of Cuba (1898). A fascination for danger and a faint regret for unused arms seems to have remained with him from this phase of his life.

The Casagemas family was well off; it had a house at Barcelona, a villa at Sitges, about 25 miles south of Barcelona, and a sort of farm at Badalone, a town on the outskirts of the Catalan capital.

Picasso has told the story of how Casagemas took him one day to this farm after they had visited the cemetery of the town where he had hoped to find a spot to paint. He did not find one to suit him and Casagemas then said he wanted to paint his portrait and Picasso obligingly sat for it. The two men chatted to each other, while Picasso left Casagemas to work in peace, half hidden by his canvas. When the sitting, which had lasted quite a long time, was finished, Picasso went over to his friend and was astonished to see that there was hardly anything on the canvas except a few brush strokes, which he had casually made during this strange act.

In the apartment he had rented at Barcelona, Casagemas used to hold literary sessions on a Sunday, which were attended by the Reventós brothers, the Soto brothers, Vidal Ventosa and sometimes Picasso. They used to do experiments with "fried drawings" there too. The drawings were put in a frying-pan of hot oil as if they were cooking fried eggs. Almost all the young draftsmen of the time, including Picasso, experimented with this process.

At Llotja, the art school at Barcelona, Casagemas quite often took part in the clashes between the police and students.

Picasso and Casagemas. Barcelona, 1899. Ink and water color.

Casagemas, full face and profile. Barcelona, 1900. Charcoal. 5 x 8 in.

Picasso became a close friend of Casagemas after he returned from Horta de Ebro in February 1899 and shared the studio at 17 Riera de Sant Joan during 1900. The story of how they settled in is well known. The walls were white and bare so the two friends painted divans, armchairs and tables in trompe l'oeil on them. They even added a valet and a plump maid to carry out the orders of the young tenants.

They prepared their first one-man exhibitions in this studio for the famous "4 Gats" cabaret. Picasso's took place in the first fortnight of February 1900 and Casagemas's from the end of March to the beginning of April of the same year. It was in this studio, too, that they planned their first visit to Paris, where they went in mid-October.

A drawing by Picasso shows them visiting the Exposition Universelle of 1900, accompanied by three other Catalans, Pitxot, Casas and Miguel Utrillo, and also a woman, probably Germaine.

Pallarés, who originally intended to leave with Picasso and Casagemas, could not accompany them because he had to finish decorating a chapel at Morta da Ebro, his birthplace. He said that, when he arrived in Paris a few days later, his friends were not at the Orsay station to meet him as they had agreed, so he went on alone to 49 rue Gabrielle in Montmartre, where he found them with some women and was given the warmest welcome. One of these women was Germaine. Her real name had been Laure Gargallo, she became Madame Florentin and Casagemas fell in love with her.

The friendship between Casagemas and Picasso is reflected in the letters they wrote together to their friends Cinto and Remon Reventós. They give a certain amount of information, too, on their life in Paris, their plans and other friends.

In one letter, dated 11 November, written half by Picasso and half by Casagemas, the two handwritings end by alternating, one line written by each friend like a symbiosis. Casagemas is already talking about Germaine but not in terms that foreshadow the ending three months later: "Germaine, who is the woman occupying my thoughts at the moment ..."

Casagemas's behavior mystified his friends more and more. One day, they were just going into a brothel in the rue de Londres, when Casagemas slipped away explaining that he was suffering from intestinal trouble.

Picasso succeeded in taking him with him to

Casagemas. Barcelona, 1900. Ink and water color. 7 x 5 in.

Barcelona at Christmas and persuading him to go as far as Malaga on New Year's Day in the hope of turning his thoughts away from Germaine. But Casagemas, who was drunk all the time, would not listen to his friend; he wrote twice a day to Germaine and repeated endlessly that he wanted to marry her. He soon left Picasso, returned to Barcelona alone and, from there, went back to Paris in the middle of February 1901.

Germaine and Pallarés were on the platform to meet his train. Pallarés had just taken the sculptor Manolo into his own home and they arranged to give Casagemas a lodging there for a few days "until he found", he said, "an apartment for himself and Germaine". Pallarés's studio was at No. 130ter boulevard de Clichy, which Picasso shared with Manyac a few months later.

On 17 February (Pallarés remembers it was a Sunday), Casagemas wanted to be left alone in the studio, while his friends, Pallarés, Manolo and Riera, who had just arrived, went to visit the Louvre. He said he would meet them in the evening in a café at 128 boulevard de Clichy.

There they sat at a rectangular table, with Casagemas placed between Germaine on his right and Odette on his left. In front of him, Pallarés sat with the sculptor Manolo on his left facing Germaine, and Alexandre Riera on his right facing Odette. Casagemas, who was naturally taciturn or melancholy, was particularly voluble. He suddenly said, "Let's all say good-bye!" Germaine, who was disturbed by his manner, probably with reason, drew a handful of letters out of Casagemas's pocket and threw them on the table. The first one was addressed to the Commissaire de Police (police superintendant). Their reactions followed more quickly than words. Germaine slipped under the table and sheltered behind Pallarés, while Casagemas took out a revolver, pointed it at her and said, "There's for you!" Pallarés told me that he did not even have time to realize what was happening; he felt he was in danger without knowing why. He clutched Casagemas's arm, there was an explosion near his temple, which blinded and deafened him, and he felt Germaine's hand sliding down his neck and along his back, as Casagemas turned the revolver on himself and fired a bullet into his head, saying, "And there's for me!", before he collapsed.

The other customers had fled from the café and the police had been summoned when Germaine got up unhurt. Her act had been perfectly convincing. The letters were seized and, a day or two later, a post-mortem was performed on Casagemas. It is very likely that one of the guests, Alexandre Riera, did not return to the café because his name does not appear in the police report. Picasso was at Madrid when he received a letter from Ramon Reventós, telling him about Casagemas's death.

Picasso, Casagemas and Rosita. Paris, 1900. Chinese ink and water color. 5½ x 4 in. Priv. coll., New York.

◁ The Suicide. Paris, 1901. Oil on board. 20½ x 13 in.

One of Casagemas's writings that he published is extremely revealing. It is called *Dream.*

"The room was vast and white, with a vaulted ceiling and a door that closed in a strange way ... I was in the middle of this room, overcome with the heat ...

"A spectre, whom I knew, came through the door like a mist; it was a friend with whom I had just dined. He was constituted of a fluid through which I could see, scattered inside him, countless numbers of rather dark stains, which gave him a repulsive appearance. But he was staring at me, so I could not escape and we began talking. As we talked, the stains reacted to the remarks by drawing near the body or away from it.

"Shortly afterwards, two other spectres came in, whom I recognized immediately as my brothers. The same stains filled their forms; some were large and black, while others seemed very funny to me.

"The conversation continued and a fourth mist came through the door. It was my father and I could see the same black stains again ...

"The conversation continued but it was labored. The stains that drew near the heart went through strange movements in an immense effort to avoid the mouth and this resulted in pretentious, meaningless remarks.

"Another spectre rose up inside the room quite near me. He was different from the first; I did not know him at all. I could not see any stains in him; instinctively, I found him beautiful and thought I felt drawn to him. He remained silent and clung so closely to me that I was a little frightened and said, 'Tell me, who are you? Who are you, you who seem pure?' And a deep, mocking voice replied, 'I am yourself!' And the spectres laughed gaily repeating, 'Pure! Pure!'"

The piece has more than a purely literary interest. I think that Casagemas put the pro-

The Mourners. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas. 39⅜ x 35½ in. Priv. coll., Beverly Hills.

Picasso (left) with Pitxot, Casas (?), Miguel Utrillo, Casagemas and Germaine, leaving the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1900. Colored drawing, 5 x 9 in.

foundest part of himself into it. The first of the spectres, with his piercing gaze, was, I believe, Picasso; at this period, the two friends saw a great deal of each other and often had their meals together.

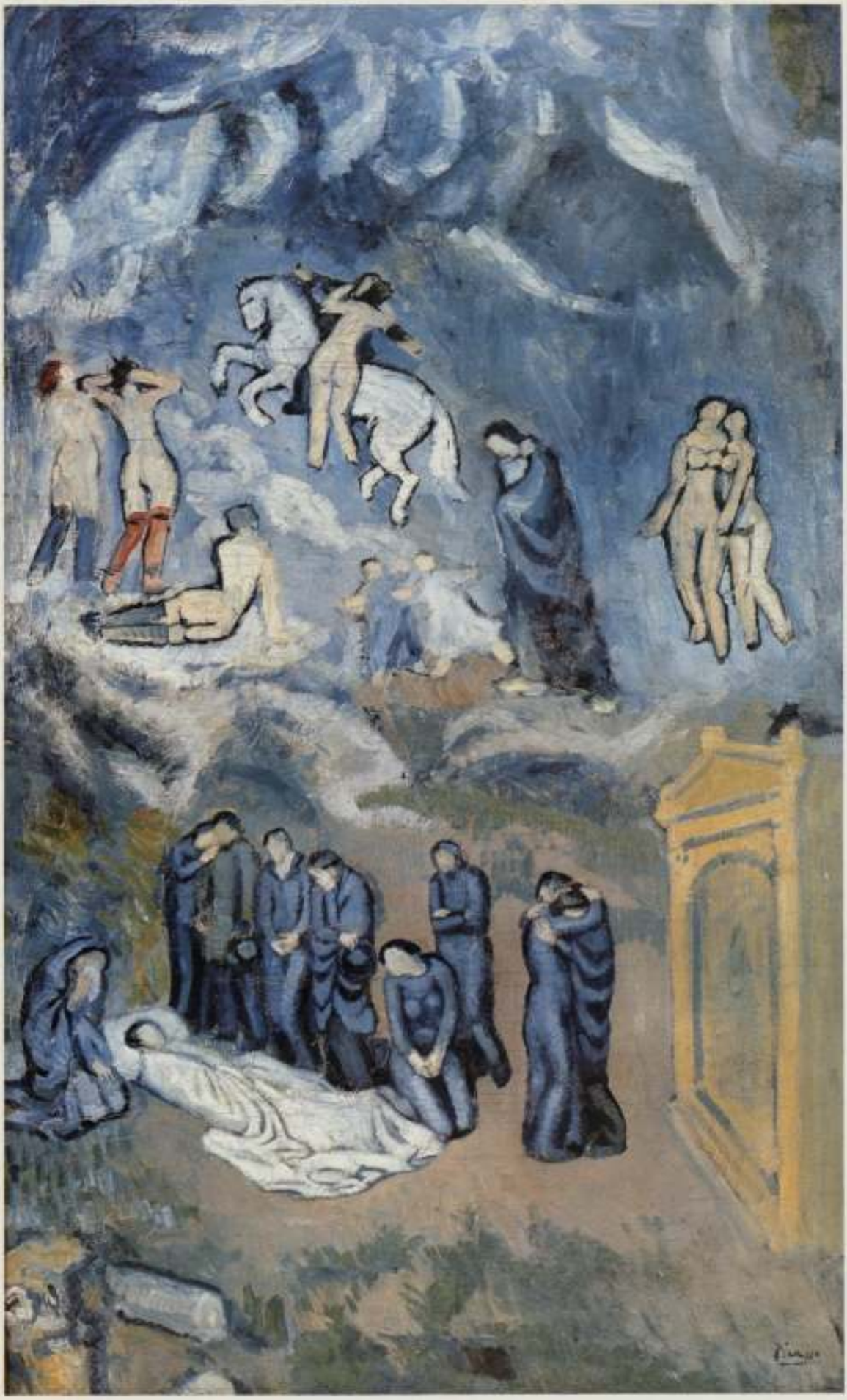
Casagemas's suicide affected Picasso deeply. An obituary notice appeared nine days after the suicide in the review *Catalunya Artistica* of 28 February 1901. It was illustrated by a portrait of Casagemas by Picasso in rather a similar style to some drawings that had been published at that time in *Arte Joven.*

Picasso had drawn and painted Casagemas when he was alive, but, apart from the obituary portrait and the sketches done for Casagemas himself, most of the drawings were slightly caricatural. After his death, all the portraits Picasso did of his friend's face were serious with a tendency towards idealization and almost always of the right side, that is, of the side of his head where he shot himself.

When he returned to Paris in the spring of 1901, Picasso began sketches for a large painting. The first version of this is the *Mourners* and the final version is *Remembrance,* or the *Burial of Casagemas,* which is now in the Petit Palais, Paris. The paintings were very likely preceded by the heads of Casagemas, one showing him at the moment of death, which we will call the *Suicide,* the other two lying dead and in his coffin.

The pictures taken as a group are the story of his death as Picasso imagined it or saw it in his mind's eye. So far as possible, he had to relive his death in order to make his friend live again. In fact, Picasso was already very sure of himself; he was sure of his powers and the power he transferred to Casagemas when he traced his features in these pictures. Painting here is something far more direct than a plastic medium; it is a communion. In one of his pictures, Casagemas appears at the moment of his suicide; one could almost say, between life and death. The stroke of the brush has caught the face as it plunges, like a snapshot taken as the body fell. We do not know the exact order in which the pictures were painted. Everything points to the *Suicide* as the first. It is the most spontaneous, the least finished and painted with almost feverish

Frenzy. 1900. Pastel. 18¾ x 15⅛ in. (*Photo Galerie Beyeler, Basel*).



Remembrance (The Burial of Casagemas). 1901. Oil on canvas. 60 x 35 in. Musée Municipal d'Art Moderne, Paris (*Photo Giraudon*).

impetuousness. It should not be forgotten that Picasso did them in the same studio where Casagemas wrote his farewell letters. The features in the *Suicide* resemble his friend more closely than in the others.

The drawings preceding or following the paintings fall into three or four groups. First, there are about a dozen of them drawn from life, including the portrait in *Catalunya Artistica.*

There is a group of five preliminary sketches for the *Mourners* or *Remembrance.* The most striking is the one where the dead man and the figures surrounding him are barely touched in, while the nude of a woman, placed in mid-space, is drawn with far more precision. What is the meaning of the woman? Casagemas died believing that he had killed Germaine. The drawing may be intended to describe the moment when the dying Casagemas was thinking that she had preceded him in death. It could also be an attempt to represent the instant when the feminine soul leaves the body. A third interpretation of the idea expressed in the drawing is a combination of these two: a woman, looking like Germaine, is the soul of Casagemas parting from him. The second seems the most acceptable. The ideal element, the soul or psyche, would then be more real than the people of everyday reality. Death often gives rise to a similar feeling; its presence makes appearances, even reality itself, almost unreal. Even if this curious phenomenon is given a purely physical explanation, it is difficult to give it visual expression without resorting to symbols.

The other drawings of the group show the corpse surrounded by several people, most of them weepers. In one of them, a woman holds a small child in her arms. I still remember the time when I asked Picasso whether this drawing referred to Casagemas and he replied, "Yes, but why this child? What did I mean by it?" The symbolism was quite clear to me but Picasso did not want to reveal what he thought was a secret.

We have no preliminary sketch, strictly speaking, of *Remembrance.* The lower half, the earthly part, is a modification of the *Mourners.* An upper, celestial part has been added, filled with houris. The knight is received by a nude woman whom he kisses as he sits on his horse. The composition inevitably reminds us of El Greco's *Dream of Philip II.*

In mid-January 1903, Picasso again occupied the studio in Barcelona that he had shared in 1900 with Casagemas. The presence of his dead friend once again obsessed him and he could only free himself after an intense struggle. The result was *La Vie.*

The man in the preliminary sketches, Adam, is Picasso himself while the figure in the painting is Casagemas. Why? The sketches indicate that the original intention was to suggest Casagemas indirectly by a gesture. Picasso's right arm points

La Vie. Barcelona, 1903 or 1904. Oil on canvas. 77⅜ x 50⅞ in. Cleveland Museum of Art.

towards heaven in one of them, meaning that his friend was dead. Picasso could alone explain the meaning behind the raised arm and he realized that he would have to make his subject clearer. The picture is probably more heavily charged with symbolism than any other Picasso painted. The key to this mysterious game is the central figure. As Picasso, he is completely nude. Casagemas in the painting wears an odd sort of slip. The ambiguity of this slip is significant.

From a plastic consideration, Picasso did not want to break the continuity of the nude body, nor did he want to complicate its composition. The slip states and, at the same time, hides the truth behind the drama, a truth that Picasso never wished to reveal. But we know from the post-mortem of Casagemas that he was impotent.

JOSEP PALAU I FABRE

Germaine in 1900.

CASAGEMAS. At the café. Paris, 1900. Pen and ink. 7 x 5 in. Priv. coll., Barcelona.

D.-H. Kahnweiler

Conversations with Picasso

Portrait of Picasso by his friend Gargallo. 1913. Terracotta. 10½ x 8¾ in. Céret Museum, France.

I first met Picasso in 1907 but I did not begin keeping a record of our conversations till several years later. I am sorry I did not do this earlier. Admittedly, I have an excuse. I used to see Picasso nearly every day from 1908 to 1914 but I must say that he did not talk much about his work or anything to do with it. We all know his reply to the painter who persisted in questioning him: "It is forbidden to talk to the pilot." Is is also worth noting the silence of the four great Cubist painters concerning their aims during the heroic years of Cubism. No movement has been less given to theorizing. It was only about 1918 that Braque, Gris and Léger began to write on their art; Picasso never did more than talk about it. Nowadays, he is very willing to talk to his close friends about what is exciting him or the times in which we live. There follow eight of the countless conversations that I had the privilege of having with him.

8 October 1952

29 bis, rue d'Astorg — 2 October 1933

Picasso tells me that he has just made hollow *clay sculptures at Boisgeloup (1), then poured plaster into the hollow. Result: plaster sculpture in the round.*

"And", he said, "I should like to paint these sculptures. All the same, painting will never be more than an art of imitation. If you put on black, the observer feels that it 'brings it alive' and, in fact, you can only give it depth in this way. But if you paint a sculpture pink, it stays pink."

Myself: "So you are coming back to what interested you before. You remember, twenty-four years ago, you made a piano stand out in relief (2)."

Picasso: "Yes, and the scroll of a violin."

Myself: "Evidently, even the superimposed planes of 1913 were only imitations of sculpture, of your sculpture at the time."

Picasso: "It's precisely because of that I should like to do sculpture in color. Obviously, line drawing alone avoids imitation. That's why I told you the other day that I liked the 'Metamorphoses' (3)."

Myself: "Yes, there is no imitated light in a line drawing, while painting is primarily concerned with the imitation of light."

Picasso: "Yes, a line drawing has its own light, which is created, not imitated."

(1) His estate near Gisors.
(2) This refers to Picasso's attempt to put a "real relief" (plaster) into a painting.
(3) His linear etchings for Ovid's Metamorphoses.

29 bis, rue d'Astorg — 2 December 1933

Picasso: " 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' " — you've no idea how that title irritates me! It was Salmon (1) who thought of it. You know that it used to be called 'Le Bordel d'Avignon' [The Brothel at Avignon] at the beginning. I've always known the name Avignon. It's been a part of my life. I used to live a stone's throw from the Calle d'Avignon. It was there I used to buy my paper and watercolor paints. Then, as you know, Max's (2) grandmother came from Avignon. We used to make all sorts of jokes about that painting. One of the women was Max's grandmother, one was Fernande (3) and the third was Marie Laurencin and there they were, all in a brothel at Avignon.

"There ought to have been some men in it too — my first idea; you've seen the drawings, haven't you? There was a student holding a skull. A sailor too. The women used to be eating; that's where the basket of fruit came from which is still in it. Then it changed and became what it is now."

A few days before, Picasso had told me that he did not start on this painting till 1907, not in 1906; he had began it, he said, in the spring. He had assured me that he had worked on it at two different periods. I saw the painting in its present state *in the rue Ravignan, that is, after the second period of work, soon afterwards during the summer of 1907. Since Picasso mentioned the spring, he had something precise in mind and could not have made a mistake. The second period of work, then, followed fairly soon after the first. This second period, which marks exactly the birth* of Cubism, *must have fallen in April or May 1907.*

(1) André Salmon, the poet and art critic.
(2) Max Jacob.
(3) Fernande Olivier.

23, rue La Boétie — 6 February 1934

Picasso: "Just think, I've done a portrait of Rembrandt. It's that business of peeling varnish again. It happened to a board I had. I said to myself, 'It's spoilt but I' m going to do something or other on it. I began daubing. It turned into Rembrandt. I took rather a fancy to it and went on. I even did another one afterwards, with his turban, his furs and his elephant eye, you know. I'm working on this board now to get the same blacks as he did — and you can't get those at the first go."

29 bis, rue d'Astorg — 13 February 1934

Picasso: "To think that I've never been able to paint a picture! I begin with an idea and then it turns into something else. What is a painter really? He's a collector who wants to form his collection by painting the pictures himself that he likes in other people's homes. I begin like that and then it turns into something else."

29 bis, rue d'Astorg — 16 February 1935

Picasso was talking about the "Wine Festival" by the Le Nain (1) brothers and, pointing to the raised foot of one of the peasants, commented on

Portrait of Ambroise Vollard. Paris 1909-1910. Oil on canvas. 35 x 2½ in. Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

Portrait of William Uhde. Paris, 1910. Oil on canvas. 30¾ x 22¾ in. Coll. Penrose, London.

the clumsiness *of the three painters: "They're clod-hoppers. Compare this with the Zurbarans in the Grenoble museum. Yet, Zurbaran was not particularly skillful. Clumsiness is almost a proof of authenticity in a picture by the Le Nain. Look at the stomach of my horse (2), for example."*

We looked at a photo of this painting and, in fact, the stomach has a quite unnatural flatness.

Picasso: "Those people had sound ideas about composition but they never followed them through to the end, they lost sight of them on the way. Their charm lies perhaps in this clumsiness. Then again, it's so French. It's the same with all the French painters. There are clumsinesses even in the greatest of them, Poussin, who could teach the Italians a thing or two and went further and higher than the Italians. You won't find them in the Spaniards, nor in the Italians, of course. The Italians are really quite disgusting. Fundamentally, the French are clod-hoppers."

(1) This painting was hanging in my office.
(2) In a painting by the Le Nain owned by Picasso.

Vallauris, 10-13 March 1951

I took the plane to Nice where Marcel (1) picked me up. Arrived at the studio at 19.30. Picasso had done a great deal of work since my last visit to Vallauris. There was the large painting (2), still without a title, which he had told me about: sort of robots — or armor-plated men — carrying sub-machine-guns, in process of massacring a group of women and children. Its human pity was shattering. He had also painted some winter landscapes — dark — of Vallauris and some very beautiful, highly colored portraits of his family.

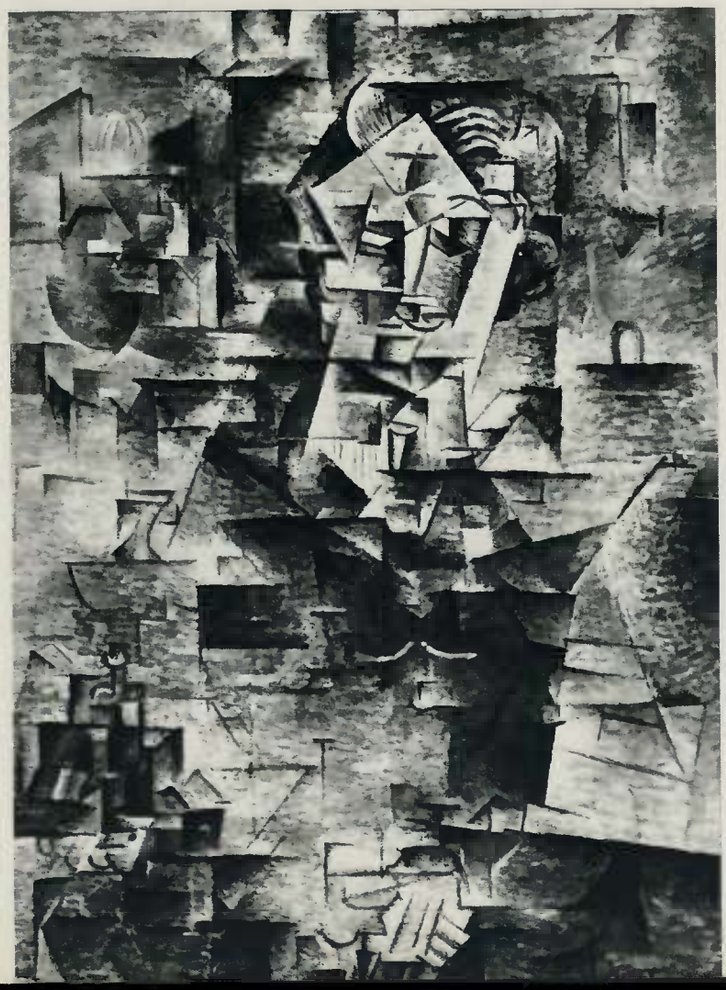
Did this painting prompt him to paint, draw and engrave the "knights of the Middle Ages", as we call them (they are fifteenth century, as a matter of fact), armor-plated, helmeted and accompanied by their pages, canons and ladies? Quite likely, but I also suspect that a strip-cartoon of "Ivanhoe", appearing in "l'Humanité" at the time, made him think of them too.

Unfortunately, I felt very tired during this visit — conversations till two o'clock in the morning did not leave me much time for sleep — and I did not write down Picasso's remarks immediately *as usual. I did this after my return.*

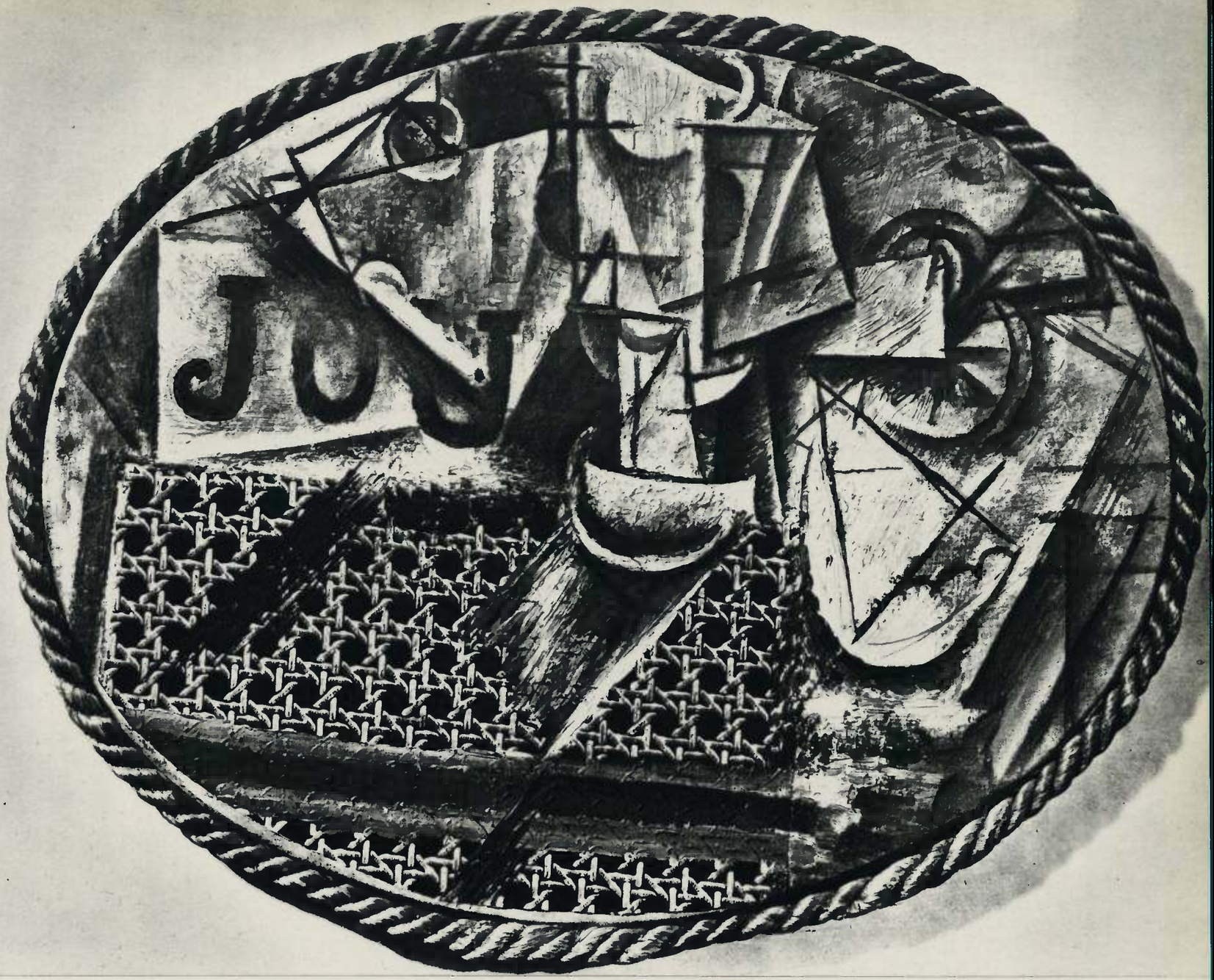
He drew yet another lithograph of a knight and a page — very Pinturicchio — on the evening of the 12th between five and eight before having his dinner. I said to him, "Fancy! the little page again."

Picasso: "Yes, I wanted to do him better. Besides, what is the point of working? Surely to do something better. Look. I wanted to show he was walking. Run your eye right up his left leg, then down the right leg and you will see he is walking."

Françoise observed that the shield did not seem historically correct to her. Picasso maintained that it was, but pointed out the knight's neck — very



Portrait of D.-H. Kahnweiler. Paris, 1910. Oil on canvas. 40 x 29 in. Art Institute of Chicago (Gift of Mrs Gilbert W. Chapman).



Still life with Chair-caning. Paris, 1912. Oil and oil-cloth pasted on canvas. 10⅝ x 13¾ in.

slender — as quite impossible in real life, adding that no one would notice it. Françoise said that he had no books on the costumes of the knights but that, in spite of this, they were always astonishingly correct: a sort of intuition or extraordinary visual memory (3).

Picasso: "You can be sure that if I continued drawing these medieval knights, I should know in the end where to put the smallest button on their pants."

In one conversation, I told him that I had never changed and that I felt the same as I did as a young man.

Picasso: "I don't any longer. I feel the same as I did when I was fourteen."

He spoke about old age as if he was almost afraid of it. He mimed an old man getting up

The Guitar. Sorgues, 1912. Oil on canvas. 28 x 24 in. Nasjonalgalleriet, Oslo.

with difficulty. "That's what's so terrible. At the moment, we are capable of doing everything we want to do. But to want to do something and not be able: that's what's so terrible. I must do the 'Temple of Peace' (4) now while I can still climb ladders."

We were talking about a work he had done in 1896, which had just been found — a landscape — and he said that he did not like it all. "I hate the period of my training at Barcelona. What I was doing before was much better."

I have an impression that Picasso said several more important things to me during those days of continual conversations. My weariness prevented me from noting them down and I have forgotten them now.

I found the following remark in a note: "I am a Communist so that there shall be less poverty", but I cannot remember the context.

(1) Picasso's chauffeur at that time.
(2) He called it "Massacre in Korea" later on.
(3) This reminds me of Beaudin's story when he saw Picasso one day at Lacourière's, engraving one of Buffon's animals. "You would have thought", said Beaudin, "that he had the animal in front of him it was so true to life, every muscle, etc... ".
(4) He began this work in the summer 1952.

At Picasso's, in Paris 3 July 1952

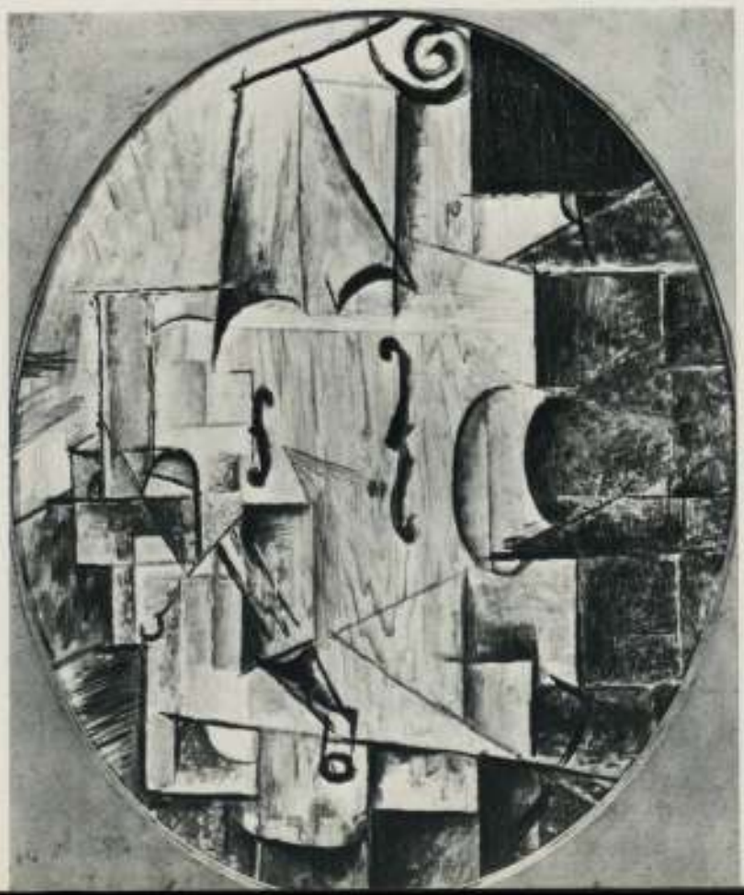
Picasso: "I walked along the rue Saint-Denis the other day. It's marvelous."

Myself: "Ah, you've seen it! I often walk along there on my way home, I find it so wonderful, the tarts lining the side-walk and all that."

Picasso: "Yes, it's wonderful. The tarts, the barrow boys, the flowers; it's all so splendid. I used to say to myself: Sure, a glass and a packet of cigarettes, that's wonderful and it's difficult, as difficult as the Last Judgement. But, all the same, if you could paint the life of a city, that would be magnificent. But you can't do it alone, you have to be with others, as we used to be in the days of Cubism. You need team work for it.

"I also went to La Chapelle. There you've got the Sayyids and Arabs. The street is full of them; you'd think you were at a meeting. There are bistrots with all their windows broken. And women — Arab women and white women with big breasts. It's magnificent. I recently read 'Au Bonheur des Dames' again. What a fine book! It's swarming with life. And the descriptions of the Exhibitions — the sunshades, for instance. That's what one ought to be able to do."

DANIEL-HENRY KAHNWEILER
Le Point, XLII. October 1952

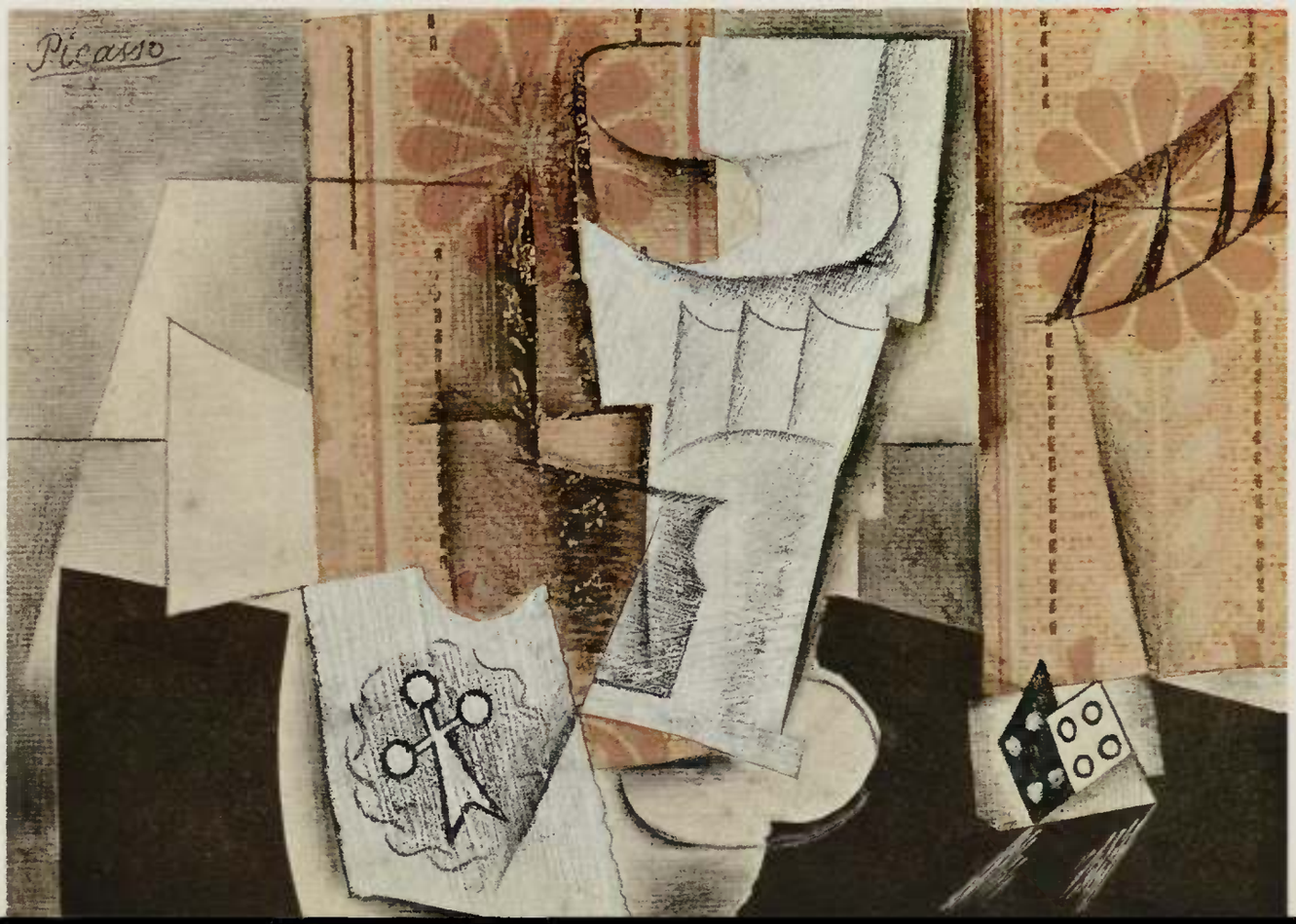


The violin. Sorgues, 1912. Oil on canvas. 22 x 18 in. Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

Study for the "Demoiselles d'Avignon". Paris, 1907. 32 x 24 in. Coll. Berggruen, Paris. (*Photo Delagenière*).

Head of a Woman. 1909.
Oil on canvas. 25½ x 27½ in.

Still life. 1914. Paint and papier collé. 8 x 11¼ in. Priv. coll., Basel. (*Photos Galerie Beyeler, Basel*).



Guillaume Apollinaire

The greatest aesthetic effort we know

Picasso is heir to all the great artists and now, suddenly waking to life, he sets off in a direction that no one has yet taken.

He changes direction, retraces his steps, starts again with a firmer tread, growing taller all the time and stronger as he comes into contact with an unknown nature or measures himself against his peers of the past.

Each art has its poetry. Picasso is often a lyrical painter. He still offers us a thousand occasions for contemplation, which are vital with life and thought, and colored with the clarity of an inner light whose depths are an abyss of mysterious darkness.

His talent is multiplied by will and patience. His experimental work is freeing art from its shackles.

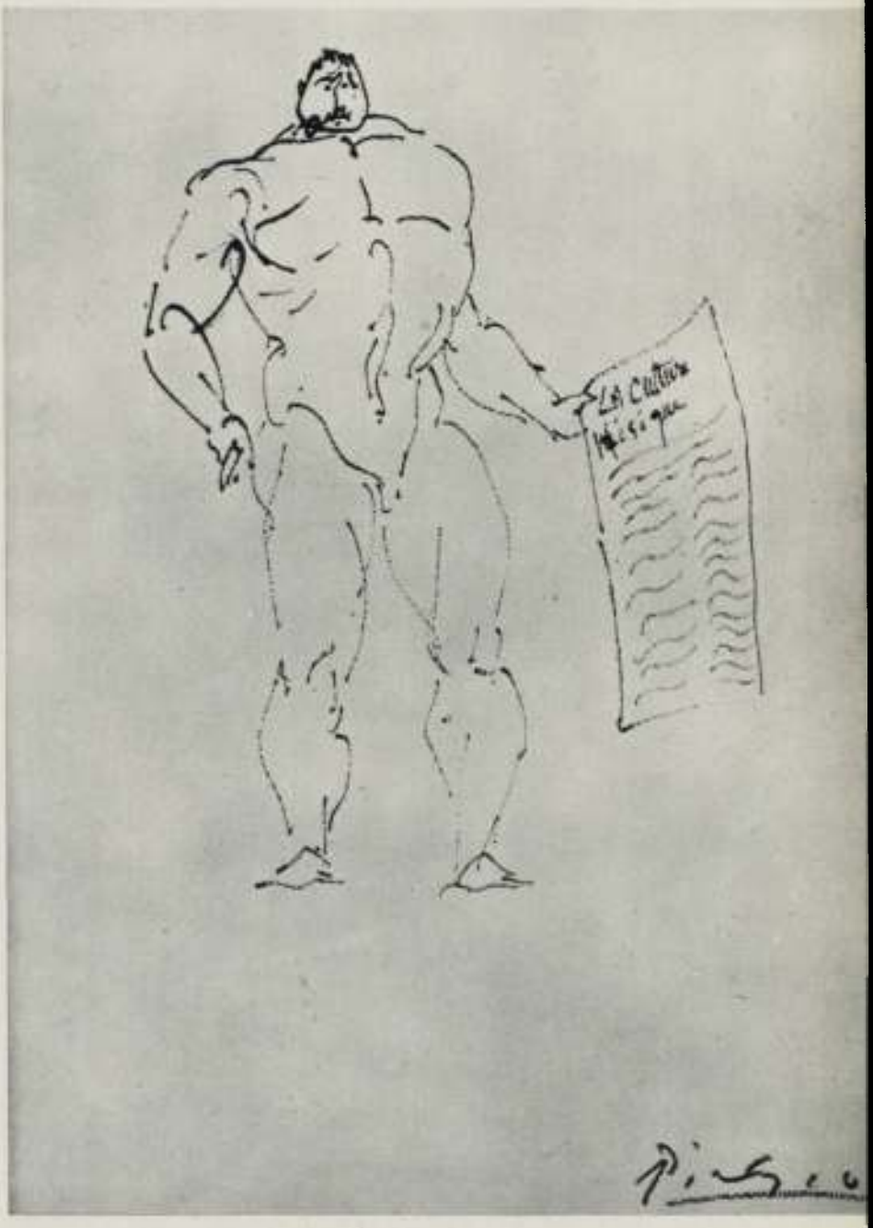
It is the greatest aesthetic effort we know. He has greatly extended the sphere of art and in the most unexpected directions, especially where surprise is as worked up as a stuffed rabbit beating a drum in the middle of the path.

The proportions of his art become more and more imposing without losing any of their grace.

You are thinking of a fine pearl,
Cleopatra, don't drop it into vinegar.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

Preface to the Catalogue of the Matisse and Picasso Exhibition, Galerie Paul Guillaume, Paris 1918.



Apollinaire as an athlete. Pen and ink. 12½ x 9¼ in.

Paul Eluard

I speak of what is good

I am going to speak of what helps me to live and of what is good. I am not one of those who try to lose themselves and forget, who love nothing, who reduce their lives, that is, life itself, their needs, tastes and desires to the disgusting conclusion of their death. I do not believe in subjecting the world to the unique and virtual power of my intelligence, I want everything to be tangible, real and useful to me, because it is only beginning from here that I can conceive my existence. Man can only be in his own reality. He must be conscious of it. Otherwise, he only exists for others as a dead object, like a stone or a dunghill.

Pablo Picasso is one of the greatest among those who have experienced their lives to the utmost and of whom it can be said that when they came into the world they immediately thought they were going to stay there. After he had subjected the world, he had the courage to turn it against himself, sure, not of conquering but of being a match for it. "When I have no blue, I use red," he said. Instead of a single, straight line or curve, he broke a thousand lines which regained their unity and truth in him. He has despised accepted ideas about objective reality and re-established contact between the object and the observer and, consequently, the man who thinks about it; in the most audacious, sublime way, he has again given us irrefutable proof of the existence of man and the world.

For those who cannot understand, I shall explain why Picasso's approach was so upsetting.

Thought generally tries to distinguish between things and their relation: things providing concrete ideas, their relations abstract ideas and, to do this, the mind has to go from subject to object. A certain amount of sympathy or antipathy is needed to cover the distance between subject and object; and, also, ideas of value. This often leads animals, children, savages, madmen and poets to make mistakes or come to the simplest conclusions. They take a glass for an abyss or a trap, fire for a jewel, the moon for a woman, a bottle for a weapon, a painting for a window. They make a mistake when they establish the relation on antipathy but, when they establish it on sympathy, you can be sure that the relation will be a basis for their truth. They are in turn strengthened and victimized by this faculty for making comparisons. Life is consequently bad and good for them as for others. Some of them do not escape from this stagnant state except to fall into another, equally stagnant state; animals are domesticated, children reach the age of reason, savages are civilized, madmen are cured, poets come to heel. Only some poets succeed in avoiding this depressing alternative and, by transmitting their individuality, transform men's hearts by showing them a bare poetic reason.

Painters have been victims of their medium. Most of them were pitiably limited to representing the world. When they painted a self-portrait, they looked at themselves in a mirror without thinking that they were a mirror themselves. But they rubbed off the silvering just as they rubbed off the silvering from the mirror of the external world by regarding it as external. When they copied an apple, it was a terrible weakening of sensuous reality. When people see a good copy of an apple, they say, "You could eat it." But it would not occur to anyone to try. Poor still lifes, poor landscapes, poor portraits, futile reflections of a world where, nevertheless, everything clutches at the senses, the mind and heart of man. The one thing that really matters is to share, move and understand. Picasso, ignoring all feelings of hardly perceptible sympathy and antipathy, which are not factors of movement and progress, has tried unceasingly and succeeded in untying a thousand complications in the relations between nature and man; he has confronted the reality that was said to be intangible when it was only arbitrary; he did not conquer it but it took hold of him as he took hold of it. A common, indissoluble presence.

The irrational, after wandering from the beginning in dark or dazzling rooms, at last made, with Picasso's paintings, derisively called Cubist, its first rational steps and those first steps were its reason for existence.

Picasso created fetishes but the fetishes have a life of their own. They are not only symbols of intercession but symbols of movement. The movement makes them concrete. Among men, these geometric and cabalistic symbols, a man, a woman, a statue, a table or a guitar become men, women, statues, tables, guitars again, more familiar than before because they are understandable and can be apprehended by the mind and the senses. The magic of drawing and colors, as it is called, is once again beginning to form everything around us and ourselves too.

It has been said that it is not only our right, it

is our duty to study the world scientifically with things and their relations as a starting-point. It should be added that this duty is identical with the duty to live at one with the universe, with the universe in movement and becoming, not like those who carry their death in them, who are already walls or spaces. Thought should not be considered only as a scrutinizing and reflecting element but as a driving, panic, universal element, because the relations between things are infinite.

Picasso wants truth. Not the fictional truth that will always leave Galatea inert and lifeless, but a whole truth, linking the imagination to nature, which regards everything as real and which, moving ceaselessly from the particular to the universal and from the universal to the particular, adapts itself to every variety of existence and change provided they are new and fertile.

It is only when objects become complicated that they cease to be indescribable. Picasso has painted the simplest objects so that anyone standing in front of them regains the ability, and not only the ability but the desire to describe them. For the artist, as for the most ignorant of men, there are neither concrete nor abstract forms. There is only communication between what sees and what is seen, an effort to understand, a relation, sometimes to determine and create. To see is to understand, to judge, deform, imagine, to forget or be forgotten, to be or to disappear.

I am thinking of Picasso's famous painting of a Woman in a Chemise, *which I have known for nearly twenty years and which has always seemed to me so elementary and so extraordinary. The enormous, sculptural form of the woman in her armchair, her head as large as the Sphinx's, the breasts nailed onto her chest are a marvelous contrast — and that is something that neither Egyptians, nor Greeks, nor any artist before Picasso could create — with the tiny features of the face, the waved hair, the delicious arm-pit, the salient sides, the flimsy chemise, the soft, comfortable armchair and the daily paper.*

I am thinking of "Ma Jolie", *which is as drained of color as the things we are used to seeing and know well. The colors do not rise out of space, they are space itself and are contained within the limits of the painting, like spirals of smoke filling a room, unlimited and yet defined. Neither the limits of the painting, nor those of the room stop me: the whole world turns into this, composing, decomposing and recomposing. Vague but essential memory, I know what contains the night outside, what assembles the invisible, what forms it envelops, it is in me, light and peremptory. I see within myself. Picasso has lifted out the embedded crystal.*

In Surréalisme et la peinture, *André Breton wrote of Picasso, that it was a weakness in the man's will that the part concerning us should be at least referred, if not lost. Yes, because he held the fragile key to the problem of reality in his hands. His aim was to see the observer, to free the vision and attain clairvoyance. He has succeeded.*

Language is a social fact but it is to be hoped that one day drawing, like language and writing, will become this too and, with them, will pass from the social to the universal. All men will communicate through the vision they will have of things and that vision of things will be used to express the point they have in common, to themselves, to things, to themselves as things, to things as themselves. That day, a real clairvoyance will have integrated the universe with man - that is to say, man with the universe.

PAUL ELUARD

Extracts from a lecture given at Barcelona, Madrid and Bilbao for Picasso's first exhibition in Spain. Reprinted from "Cahiers d'Art", 7.10.1935.

Dedication by Picasso to Paul Eluard on the end-paper of "Picasso" by Jean Cassou. Paul Eluard has added in his own hand "The real life of Picasso's eyes and hands" and Picasso decorated his friend's copy with several colored drawings (pub. Hypérion, Paris, 1940). Coll. H. Matarasso, Nice. (*Photos P.L. Thiessard*).

Friend of the poets

by Henri Matarasso

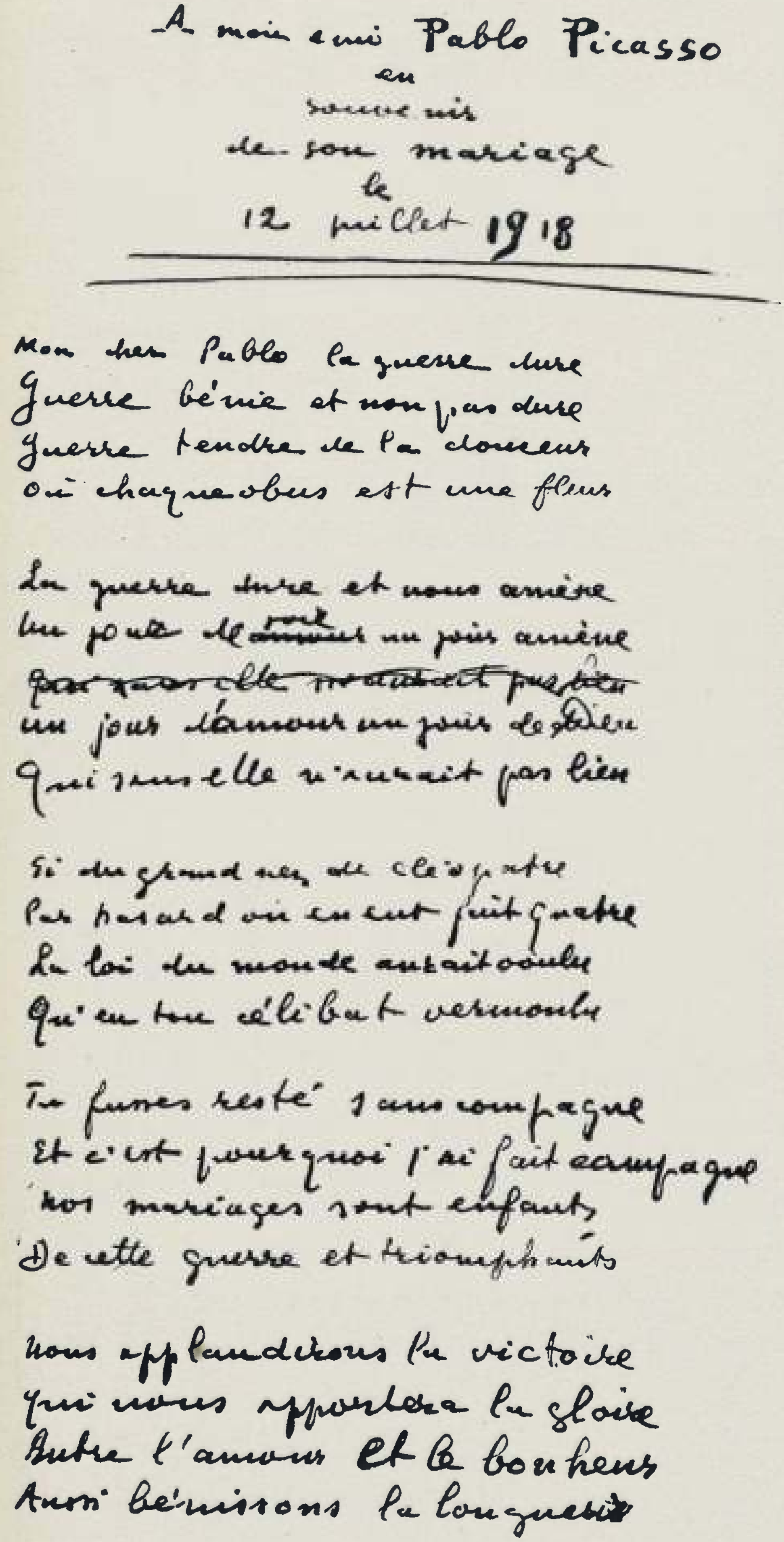
Portrait of Rimbaud. Engraving for the album of "Rimbaud" published by H. Matarasso in 1960.

The Two Acrobats. Picasso's first etching engraved for André Salmon's collection of poems in 1905.

Drawing printed in the notebook published to mark the performance of "Ubu Enchaîné" by the Comédie des Champs Elysées in September 1937.

Our first meeting was in 1935 during the heroic period of my book-shop in the rue de Seine, Paris, a sort of little, literary circle visited, among others, by the Surrealist poets, Paul Eluard, André Breton, René Char, Tristan Tzara and Benjamin Péret.

About that time, I had bought an important manuscript of Jarry's *les Silènes*, which was practically unknown as only an extract of it had been published. When I showed my find to Paul Eluard, he lost no time in telling Picasso, a former friend of Jarry's, whose work he appreciated keenly. Picasso turned up at the book-shop one fine morning, dressed in a corduroy suit with a scarf round his neck. I recognized him immediately. It was a real pleasure to meet him in person, shake his hand and hear his voice. He began talking about Jarry's manuscript straightaway and wanted to see it. I hastened to satisfy his curiosity but added that I did not want to sell the manuscript for the moment, but, if one day I should want to get rid of it, he should have the first refusal. We took to each other and, as he left me, he invited me to his place


A mon ami Pablo Picasso
en
souvenir
de son mariage
le
12 juillet 1918

Mon cher Pablo la guerre dure
Guerre bénie et non pas dure
Guerre tendre de la douceur
Où chaque obus est une fleur

La guerre dure et nous amène
Un jour d'amour un jour amène
~~[illegible]~~
Un jour d'amour un jour de Dieu
Qui sans elle n'aurait pas lieu

Si du grand nez de Cléopâtre
Par hasard on en eut fait quatre
La loi du monde aurait voulu
Qu'en ton célibat vermoulu

Tu fusses resté sans compagne
Et c'est pourquoi j'ai fait campagne
Nos mariages sont enfants
De cette guerre et triomphants

Nous applaudirons la victoire
Qui nous apportera la gloire
Entre l'amour et le bonheur
Aussi bénissons la longue guerre

in the rue de la Boétie, on Saturday morning, the day when he was at home to his friends.

Although I did not visit him in the rue de la Boétie very often, I saw Picasso frequently after that in Paris in a variety of places, at the Café de Flore, in restaurants, at his new apartment in the rue des Grands-Augustins and even in my bookshop where he dropped in for a chat. We were separated during the Second World War, when several of his friends had to leave Paris as the Germans invaded. When peace returned, the survivors and those who had fled abroad came back to Paris, one after the other. We renewed our friendship in those euphoric days immediately after the liberation. I was a frequent visitor at the rue des Grands-Augustins, where Picasso received his friends, but where his old friend and biographer, Jaime Sabartès, jealously guarded the door against intruders. In 1954, I decided to leave Paris and move to Nice, where I had opened a picture gallery. Picasso was now in Cannes, where he had bought the large villa of "La Californie."

It was during the happy period of my gallery that my connection with Picasso became more cordial and I visited him more often. I was preparing with patient devotion an exhibition that would be practically impossible to organize now. It was of all Picasso's illustrated books, seventy-three volumes in 1956, the first of which was a collection of poems by André Salmon dated 1905. I published a bibliography of these illustrated books for the occasion, which he corrected and read in proof. It was indeed a memorable exhibition. The day of the private view, an announcement that Picasso would attend brought a huge crowd to the vast rooms of the gallery including the unexpected appearance of Maurice Thorez, secretary of the Communist Party, Louis Aragon and Elsa Triolet, and Nadia Léger. At last, Picasso made his entry into the jostling crowd of people, but he did not seem to be very pleased at the unusual attendance at a private view of his old friends in the Party, which he was snubbing because of the events in Hungary. In the end, everything went off well. Jean Cocteau appeared to be delighted at this improvised meeting and the evening ended with the noisy pleasure of an excited and satisfied crowd.

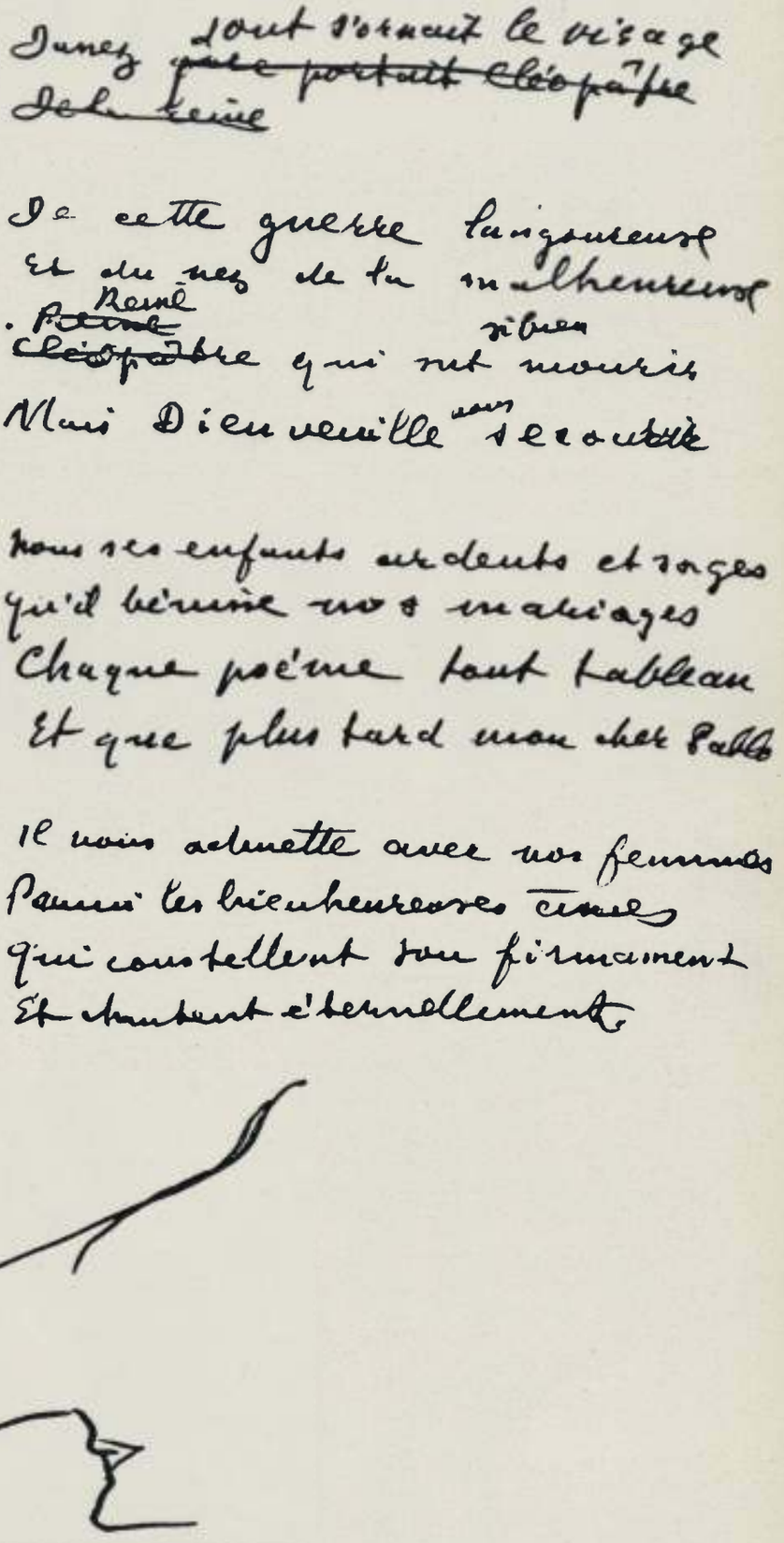
Picasso, however, was constantly sollicited by autograph hunters and he did not succeed even in glancing at the exhibition, so he returned the day it closed. He was enchanted by this impressive display of his illustrated books, some of which were already unobtainable at any price. I especially remember how he stopped a long while in front of a case with the two magnificent drawings for the end-papers of *War and Peace*. As he looked at these works drawn for his friend, the tailor Sapone, he said, "They're fine, aren't they?" and, pointing to his trousers, added, "And to think that these trousers will have cost me the price of those fine drawings!"

It was for this exhibition that Picasso did a splendid lithograph for me of Jacqueline, his wife.

My memories of Picasso are still very much alive and crowd into my head. One in particular concerns his visits to my book-shop. Picasso often stopped in front of Valentine Hugo's portrait of him. It was a very fine original drawing and when, later on, he married the kind and charming Jacqueline, the best thing I could find to offer them as a present was the famous portrait, which attracted them so much. Jacqueline thanked me in a warm letter that I have kept carefully.

It did not occur to me and, in fact, Picasso himself had never mentioned that he was interested in rare books, so I concluded that he was not strictly speaking a bibliophile. However, it is possible that he possesses a few fine manuscripts, miniatures, and illustrated books that have been presented to him, as well as a number of manuscripts. Among these, is the precious and unique manuscript of *Ubu Roi*, followed by *Ubu enchaîné* by Alfred Jarry, bound in full morocco, which I gave him. In exchange, he scribbled a few sketches in the margin of his *Chef-d'œuvre inconnu* by Balzac, at my request. Picasso is also the proud possessor of the manuscript of *les Silènes*, which I refused to sell him when he came to visit me for the first time in my book-shop, but I gave it to him in 1936 in a moment of friendly euphoria as a token of my admiration.

Picasso thanked me royally for this present and one day brought me in the book-shop a marvelous, highly colored painting and a very beautiful pastel of an enraged bull, unleashed onto a Diana, lying down and curled up, all in iridescent pink tints. One has to admit that one is never the loser with Picasso. It is obvious that he must have an impressive number of books, original and illustrated editions, with dedications by his friends, admirers, writers and poets. A copy of Apollinaire's *Alcools* on Holland paper is one notable book of which he told me. Picasso has always been very discreet about his treasures. Besides it is impossible to tell what is hidden in all those caves of Ali Baba.



Original manuscript of the poem by Guillaume Apollinaire on the occasion of Picasso's marriage to Olga Koklova. Coll. H. Matarasso, Nice.

Picasso with Louis Aragon, Maurice Thorez, H. Matarasso and Jean Cocteau at the private view of his exhibition at the Galerie Matarasso, Nice, 1956. (*Photos André Villers*).

When I acquired the manuscript of Guillaume Apollinaire's poem on the occasion of Picasso's marriage (thirty-three verses on two quarto pages), with a sketch of the head of the dancer Koklova, his wife, at the end, I showed it to him. He remarked, "Your manuscript must be an original. I possess a fine copy that Apollinaire wrote out for me in his finest calligraphy. He gave it to me on the day of my wedding, bound in full morocco."

When I think back about Picasso, it seems to me that his sense of humor has never been sufficiently stressed. Picasso loves to amuse himself, to play at being a torero, laughing and playing practical jokes that are sometimes quite clownlike. His ironical and humorous remarks are surprisingly witty and subtle. On occasions, he amused himself at my expense. One day, I happened to say that I did not have his autograph.

◁ Picasso, his wife Jacqueline and Jean Cocteau watching a corrida. Vallauris, 1955.

Picasso in a Scotch costume with Sapone.

Picasso said nothing but the next day and for a week after I received magnificent envelopes, each one exquisitely hand-written in a different way, without a word inside. These were the envelopes that were mounted on a panel and displayed for an exhibition of Picasso souvenirs organized at London by Roland Penrose. On another occasion, with the complicity of the Director of the Fréjus Arena, he insisted on my presiding over a bull-fight. Finally, after receiving five invitations for this *novillada,* I consented. I was seated in the presidential box with my wife and friends and a Spanish expert at my side, who instructed me in the different stages of the fight. At the end, Picasso, who had been at the show in a box facing mine, walked towards his car, accompanied by an excited crowd clamoring for his autograph. I succeeded with some difficulty in pushing my way through them to have a word with him. When he saw me, he shouted out with a laugh, "Hallo, Matarasso! You had a fine fight, didn't you?" And, with that, he disappeared into his car.

During a visit to Barcelona, I visited Prats, the famous hat-maker, who was interested in art and was a friend of Picasso and Miró. When he saw me bareheaded, he threw me a hat, because this eccentric and witty man could not stand the sight of a friend with his head bare. He took the opportunity to give me a fine hat, accompanied with his visiting card, as a present for Picasso, a commission that I duly fulfilled on my return to France. Much later on, when I went to Mougins, Picasso came to meet me, wearing Prats's hat with the visiting card stuck in the ribbon. "You see", he said to me, "I've still got Prats's hat. It's always on my head." While I am on the subject of hats, Picasso had an impressive collection of them, gathered from every source into a sort of pile on a large table in the entrance hall.

But everything comes to an end and the firmest friendships fade. It is a long time since I have had the joy of visiting Picasso and I can only think of it with deep regret, like so many other old friends who have dropped off. Picasso is jealously guarded by his wife and only receives a few rare guests now. There is no need to add that he never stops working and creating masterpieces. His last exhibitions at Avignon and Paris, including the extraordinary collection of 350 original engravings produced in less than six months, besides a very recent exhibition of drawings and water colors at the Galerie Leiris, Paris, are an eloquent testimony to this. Picasso remains the holy monster of contemporary art and for all time. He bewitches us with his genius and the ineffable charm of his personality. No one who has really loved him can ever forget him. I shall always carry him nearest my heart and, like the prophet in the Bible, yearning after Jerusalem, I could say, "May my right hand wither if I ever forget thee, Picasso."

HENRI MATARASSO

The Picasso Museum at Barcelona

by Josep Palau I Fabre

Portrait of Sabartès (The Glass of Beer). 1901. Oil on canvas. 32 x 26 in. Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

The Dwarf Dancer. 1901. Oil on board. 40⅛ x 23⅝ in. Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

In 1917, Picasso painted his famous *Harlequin* at Barcelona, which ought to be called now the *Barcelona Harlequin* to distinguish it from other versions of the subject in Italy or Paris. He donated it to the city two years later (1919). It laid the first stone — unintentional and even unthinkable — of the future Picasso Museum.

In 1932, the autonomous Government of Catalonia purchased the major part of his collection from the largest art collector in the city, which included a large group of Picasso's works: *Still life* (1901), *Waiting* (1901), *The Dwarf Dancer* (1901), *Girl with a Wisp of Hair* (1903), *Desemparats* (1903), *The Madman* (1904), *Portrait of Sebastià Junyer-Vidal* (1904), *Portrait of Madam Canals* (1904 or 1905). It was a second landmark and again unintentional.

There were a few other acquisitions from various sources, including a *Minotauromachy* sent by Picasso while the Civil War was at its height. All this comprises the prehistory of the Picasso Museum.

When Sabartès was growing old, he wanted to bequeath the Picasso treasures that he had collected over the years and decided, with Picasso's agreement, to donate them to Barcelona on the strict condition that a museum should be founded

to house them. This was how the Picasso Museum at Barcelona came into existence. It was opened rather than inaugurated on 9 March 1963.

After the death of Sabartès on 13 February 1968, Picasso added the whole series of *Las Meninas* (58 paintings) to this donation in memory of his friend and included the portrait he had done of Sabartès at Paris in January 1902 so that the intention behind his gift should be quite clear.

Another dramatic event occurred on 23 February 1970, when Picasso signed a document making a donation to the Picasso Museum of all he still possessed at Barcelona (his works had been kept first by his mother, then his sister and finally his nephews), stipulating, however, that they could not be taken away from it without his permission (a clause dictated, of course, by social and poli-

Portrait of Madam Canals. Paris, 1904-1905. Oil on canvas. 35 x 28 in. Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

tical considerations). Since the death of Sabartès, Picasso has dedicated a copy of each of his engravings to his friend, as if he were still donating it to the museum.

Today, there are altogether nearly 3000 items in the museum of very unequal value and significance. The present arrangement is provisional especially with regard to Picasso's last donation.

The holdings of the museum are divided into three principal collections.

1) - Works of his adolescence and when he was a young man, ranging from a drawing of 1890 to a small number of works from the Blue Period (1904). This collection falls into three periods: the period of apprenticeship strictly speaking, which includes his early years at Malaga, Corunna and Barcelona. Although Picasso still has in his possession a number of boxes containing similar works, the Barcelona museum is proud of holding the largest number. The quantity of sketches, preliminary drawings, notebooks, notes, copies and sketch-books will make the study of this collection indispensable for an assessment of the training and youth of the Proteus of our times. There is one disturbing detail; the earliest drawing in the museum, executed at Malaga in 1890, is dated. What daemon or tutelary spirit induced the young Picasso to write the date on this drawing? Did his father suggest it, or does it indicate an almost unnatural precocity in the nine year old boy? Dating a work shows complete consciousness of the act accomplished and sets up a landmark that will establish a relationship between oneself and the future, in other words, dating indicates an objective view of oneself. Picasso has had this since his childhood. An analysis of some

The Barcelona Harlequin. 1917. Oil on canvas. 46⅛ x 35 in. (*Photos Giraudon*).

Las Meninas. 18 September 1957. Oil on canvas. 50¾ x 63⅜ in. Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

works in the museum would lead us to the same conclusion.

The second period comprises paintings and drawings from about 1896 to 1900; the chronological division is approximative. At Barcelona, his painting had a dual aspect; there is a formal, academic Picasso, who was probably trying to please his father and art teachers; and a Picasso, who is experimenting freely and innovating in revolt against this conformity. The first produced large, well-known paintings like the *First Communion* and *Knowledge and Charity*. In the second of these, there are signs of the real Picasso, almost in contradiction with the first. The collection also includes a few paintings, especially portraits and self-portraits, some are of average size, but most of them are painted on wooden tablets or rather small, even tiny pieces of canvas. They look as if they were done in secret for himself alone, without anyone else knowing about them. This is the unknown Picasso of the first years at Barcelona, which is one of the main attractions of the museum, as if the vaults and thick walls of the palace were intended to shelter an almost cryptographic Picasso.

This first part ends with the drawings and paintings of 1901 to 1904, ranging from the highly colored work of 1901, Fauve before the event, to more or less monochrome blue work. When the museum is finally arranged, it will, of course, contain a blue room, where some major works will be hung and a fairly large number of drawings. This will be another of its outstanding features.

2) - The second collection, or what we have called the second collection comprises mostly paintings, divided into two, rather unequal groups. First, there are very varied, even disparate works that Picasso did at Barcelona in 1917, including a few Cubist compositions, the famous *Harlequin*, a *View of Barcelona, The Wounded Horse,* anticipating the horse in *Guernica, La Salsichona* (perhaps the only Divisionist picture Picasso ever painted), *Blanquita Suàrez,* etc. Secondly, there are *Las Meninas.* Although these two groups of pictures are apparently unconnected, they have an unsuspected link, which is of special interest

Las Meninas. 2 October 1957. Oil on canvas. 63⅜ x 50¾ in. ▷
Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

Las Meninas. 21 August 1957. Oil on canvas. 39⅜ x 37⅞ in. Picasso Museum, Barcelona. (*Documents "Cercle d'Art", Paris*).

for Picasso's biographers. The year 1917 saw Picasso's return to classicism, the period of the Ballets Russes and Olga. In 1947, exactly forty years afterwards, when he was painting *Las Meninas*, Picasso's mind seemed to slip back to that crucial year (Olga had been one of the Meninas in Diaghilev's ballet of the same name). A decisive event, which was identical or the equivalent of his liaison in 1917, again distinguished this new turning in Picasso's life: Jacqueline went to live with him and her portrait appears unexpectedly to mark this event.

3) - The third great collection in the Picasso Museum comprises his prints. It is remarkably rich with the three complete series of linocuts, the last series of lithographs, the cancelled plates of the *Tauromachy*, etc.

After this account of the outstanding works in the museum, its lamentable gaps have to be pointed out. I personally feel the poor representation of the Cubist period most keenly, but there are no works either from the period with Marie-Thérèse, besides other irreplaceable moments in his life.

It is only after we have studied and looked at the countless works in the Picasso Museum and then think of the extraordinary quantity scattered throughout the world that we begin to realize and only then the breadth of this genius and are overcome with a feeling of stupor at his measureless achievement.

JOSEP PALAU I FABRE

Original lithograph for the XX[e] Siècle, No. 10, March 1958. ▷


Picasso
23.11.57

Man Ray

Panoramic dictionary of Pablo Picasso

Eye red gray rays rod fly black blue hand love strength button body vase truce blood end law line water maquis night time laughter confinement blonde bread fire flesh plant poem earth arse tooth strawberry wave game cry box blade vague iron pity north arm tower arrow feather heart white hole gold leaf number fold buckskin wen brush lead lamp worry snow wood grievance nose hate pear torso finger man life cruel sky well wheel canvas animal nail sheath brother pot mother-of-pearl sad worm rag stem tree sense two sea screw train silk sight cone price husband thirst court skin blunder song wheat weapon fruit door mask coin ball sack thread day bronze moon skirt disc star tube grass rubber peach flower flame joy death street dance throat world charm nut bed stone sheet face mouth key breast egg cube milk spout wool tart green zinc measure place where the strong find themselves iron-clad with elastic bands shelter multicolored fishermen feel the light undressed among themselves with unprecedented rapidity singing out loud against the music of the stones each grin miming the expression of the venus they hoard the speech of the painter for ever.

MAN RAY

"Cahiers d'Art", 7.10.1935

Photograph of Picasso by Man Ray in 1930.

1917: revolution in the theater

by Raymond Cogniat

Surprising though it may seem, Picasso's interest in the theater has seldom been studied in spite of the fact that a large part of his creative work has been concerned with this theme. A few years ago, Douglas Cooper at last produced a comprehensive work on the subject, which showed, with its voluminous text and lavish illustrations, that the theatrical associations in Picasso's activities were far more extensive than could have been supposed before the publication of this material. Although his contribution to the theater has not been a permanent feature, it has been frequent and varied enough to be worth studying parallel with the different periods of his painting, because, though it was not totally independent, it had special characteristics, which indicate that the artist found it a subject of study and observation independent of his other activities.

In the first place, it should be remembered that he had two different approaches to the subject, depending on circumstances and the period of his career. As a spectator, he chose subjects from the outside and was partly influenced by them; as a creator, he shared in the production and was aware of the problems inherent in the world of entertainment.

He was a spectator in the early years of the century when he painted cabaret and music-hall scenes as Toulouse-Lautrec had done before him. He was even more closely attached to this tradition a few years later when he painted so many pictures of the circus and the life of acrobats.

Picasso with Jean Cocteau and his first wife, the dancer Olga Koklova when "Parade" was being performed in Rome, 1917. (*Document H. Matarasso*).

Costume for "Parade". 1917.

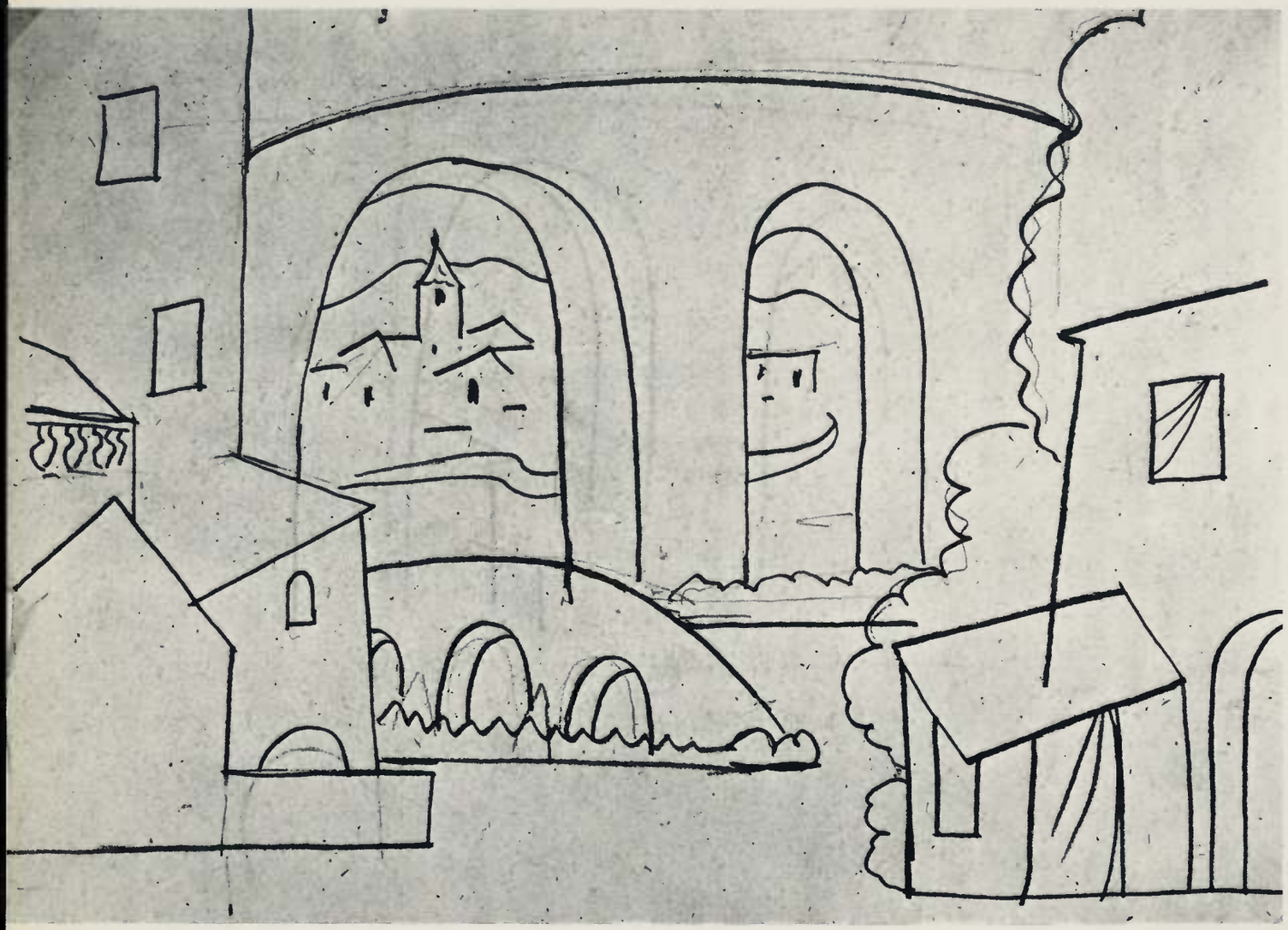
This was repeated in 1919, during his association with Serge de Diaghilev and his Ballets Russes, when he drew groups of dancers. All these studies might lead one to think that he accepted the outer appearance of the model and that he even wanted to record this outer appearance. This acceptance of reality, however, led to different results. Emotional expression is the most important characteristic of works from the first two phases; the fairground people are pathetic, as if they embodied social criticism in the naturalistic spirit of the period; the dancers of 1919, on the other hand, are devoid of emotional expression and have a purely plastic value with the graceful arabesques of their movements. The faces of the acrobats are pitiful; those of the dancers indifferent. Fifteen years separated the two during which the most extraordinary intellectual and artistic movement had been born and developed, nearly the whole span of the Cubist experiment. After 1919, life and art followed another course.

These paintings and drawings show a Picasso curious about life in the theater and its actors rather than about stage craft and production. They are the theater and its entertainers seen from the wings.

In this discussion of how he used the theater for ulterior motives, the series of harlequins and musicians should perhaps be mentioned because, after the beginning of Cubism, they occupied such an important place in the construction of Picasso's plastic vision at this moment. Too great a significance should not be attached to them for the purposes of this essay, because he seems to have been attracted to them particularly for the pictorial qualities of their appearance, which made the geometric transposition of the figure into the painting easier. As a subject, these figures interested him far less than the earlier ones. Here it is a means to an end and an element in a completely original creation.

When Picasso contributed to a production, he approached the theater from quite a different point of view and was not content to offer an enlarged easel painting adapted to the three dimensions of a stage. In his first production for the Ballets Russes, *Parade*, in 1917, he faced the essential problems of the stage and went to the

Costume for "Parade". 1917.



Sketch for the setting of "Tricorne". The Ballets Russes of Serge de Diaghilev. London, 1919. (Music, Manuel de Falla; choreography, Léonide Massine).

heart of the matter, especially in his way of solving the questions of space and the relation between the life on the set and the immobile public. He accomplished it with such intuitive perception that the production could almost be used as an example of a synthesis and it is surprising that it could have been conceived and realized by a man who had never worked on a set before. It is interesting to examine in detail the different aspects of this production apart from its pictorial qualities.

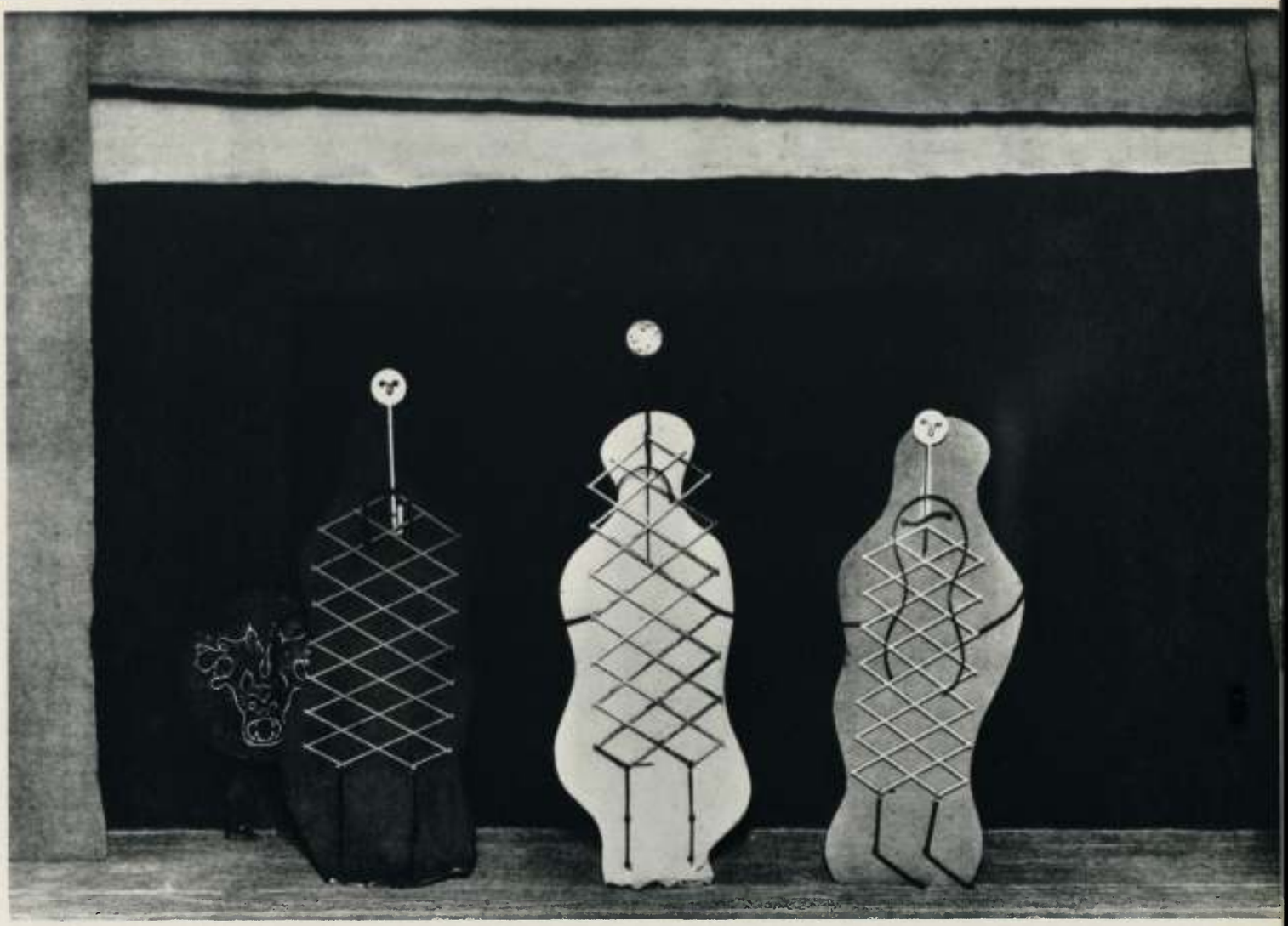
The originality of Picasso's ideas would have struck the audience as soon as the curtain rose by the device he evolved for putting figures on the stage that were to scale. A stage is a vast, empty space; only the lower part comes alive while most of it remains inert. The figures moving on the level of the boards inevitably seem smaller than they are in reality and this reduction is increased by the fact that they are watched by spectators at a distance from them. They also constitute a live area on the level of the stage, which is again a contrast with the rest of the static space.

Studies for the costumes of "Tricorne". 1919. A cripple, a muleteer, a toreador, a madman. ▷

Drop-curtain for "Parade". Paris, 1917. The Ballets Russes of Serge de Diaghilev. (Story, Jean Cocteau; music, Eric Satie; choreography, Léonide Massine).

Study for the costume of the Chinese Conjurer in "Parade".
Paris, 1917. Water color. 11 x 8 in.

Sketch for the setting of "Pulcinella".
The Ballets Russes of Serge de Diaghilev.
Paris, 1920. Water color. 10 x 12 in. Priv. coll., Paris. (Music, Igor Stravinsky; choreography, Léonide Massine).



Sketch for the setting of "Mercure". Paris, 1924. (Music, Eric Satie; choreography, Léonide Massine).

Picasso designed the figures of two Managers to avoid these contradictions, or rather to establish a relationship between them. They were constructed like fragments of architecture and were larger than life but, as they were rigid, they could only make rudimentary movements. Their geometric forms were almost as linear as a stage set, only less mobile, and represented elements that were intermediary between the décor and the actors among whom they moved. The décor was a dynamic construction of disjointed and angular architectural elements.

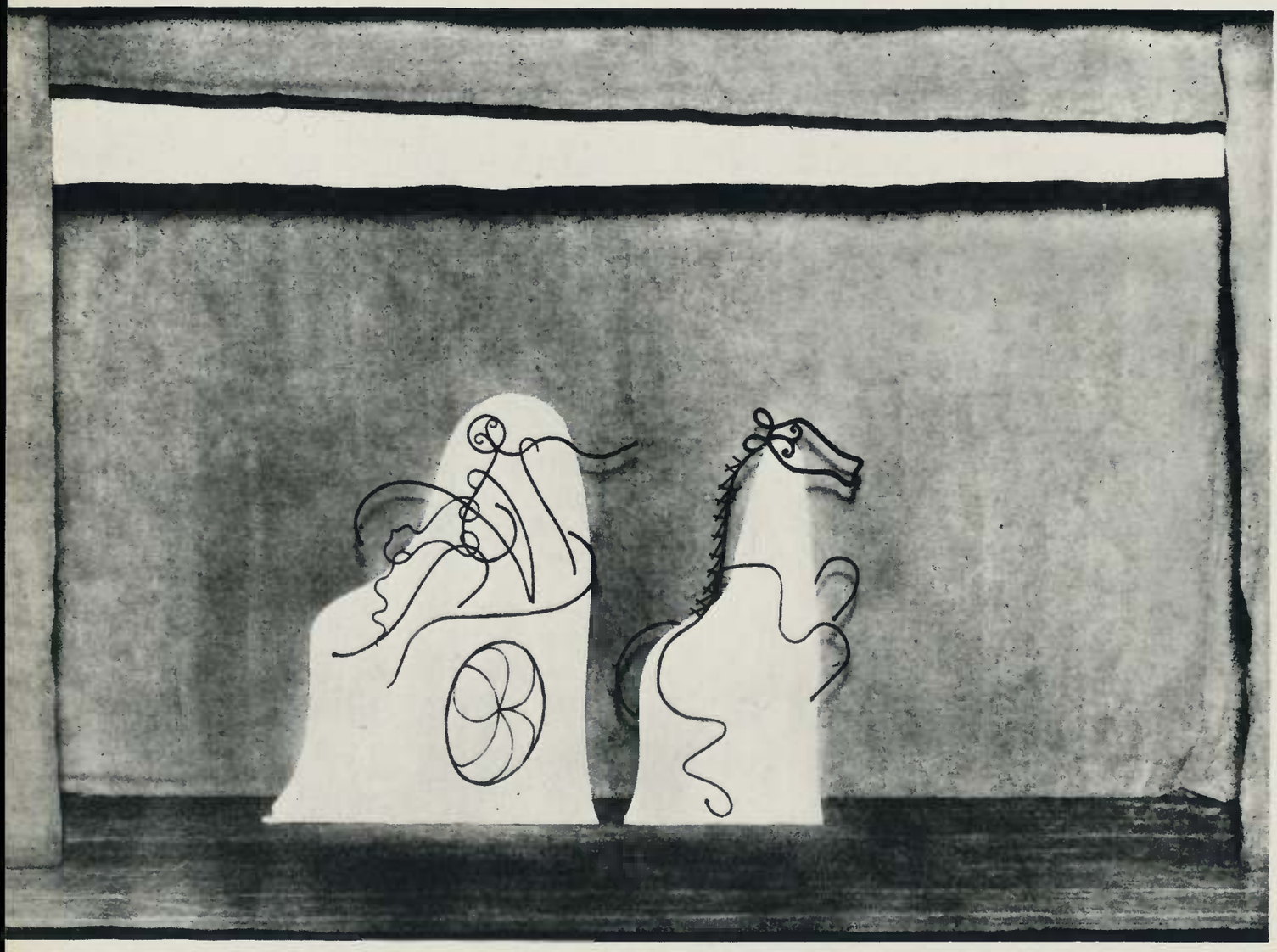
In contrast to the austerity of the Managers, the actors wore costumes specially designed to accentuate the effect of their movements, like the spirals on the costume of an acrobat, or the bright colors worn by a Chinaman. The Horse, which was composed of two actors like a circus "horse", was another intermediary element with its geometric form, its size and its burlesque character. As intermediaries, the Managers and the Horse harmonized disparate elements in the show, which were a mixture of designs derived from Cubism and others that could be described as realistic.

The production of *Parade* came as a shock and caused a considerable scandal. Two years later in 1919, Picasso designed the sets and costumes for another of Diaghilev's ballets, *Tricorne*. At first sight, it seemed as if he had returned to a more traditional style in keeping with the subject which required sets and costumes with a folklore character. In fact, his Spain was no less imaginary than the abstract world of *Parade* and an examination of his designs, the place reserved for the performance of the actors and their integration into the set shows that he was again primarily concerned with solving the problems of space. Instead of accentuating the emptiness of the stage volume in which the actors moved like solitary beings, as he had done for *Parade*, the brightly colored crowds of *Tricorne* circulated as a mass in the midst of a multicolored set. There was an impression of simultaneous movement everywhere instead of concentrated at a few points as in *Parade*.

With *Pulcinella*, another of Diaghilev's ballets, produced the following year, 1920, the conception of space suggested by the plane surfaces of the set was realized with the greatest simplicity by the use of primary geometric forms, suggesting the play of light and shadows produced by the leaves of a screen. Colors severely restricted to uniform grays, blue and white, with no accessory details, and the arrangement of flats on the stage were enough to suggest perspective in an airy space, without any well defined limits, in which the central unit, in spite of its conspicuous character, harmonized with an almost graphic design.

The production of *Cuadro Flamenco* in 1921 was the last time Picasso worked for the Ballets Russes. The general conception was again completely fresh. The set comprised a stage and its framework that took in a part of the auditorium boxes. It was a small theater within the large one, all painted with a deliberate naïveté in keeping with

Sketch for the setting of "Mercure". Paris, 1924.



Drop-curtain for "14 juillet". Théâtre de l'Alhambra, Paris, 1935. (*Documents "Cercle d'Art", Paris*).

the popular character of the production and yet enclosing it with a kind of imagery that would never give the impression of pastiche. He was less concerned in this ballet with purely visual problems as with the creation of atmosphere in a confined space.

When the Soirées de Paris produced Erik Satie's ballet *Mercure,* Picasso was required to face quite different problems from those of *Parade,* but they were just as unusual. He did not have to treat the set as a three-dimensional construction but, on the contrary, to eliminate as far as possible all sense of space, volume and even solid form and substitute a graphic vitality lacking all suggestion of depth or perspective. It was, in fact, an almost exclusively graphic world that would be the outward expression of a dehumanized, mechanical creation, but a living creation nevertheless since the graphic world was vitalized. Picasso's designs, unlike those he had previously done, were directly connected with his painting at the same period, although he provided answers in purely theatrical terms to the problems of stage designing.

A minor detail of his contribution to the theater deserves to be mentioned. This is the drop-curtain in each of the productions just described. It was designed in a rather different style from the set as if Picasso wanted to create a transitional state for the audience, during the overture, which would be nearer the reality of the auditorium than the set behind the curtain. It was a psychological and aesthetic preparation so that they would appreciate all the more the magic illusion created by the framework of the action.

Picasso's later theatrical designs did not have the startling originality of his first productions. As his art developed and his fame increased, they were still skillful and original exercises, but they lacked the revolutionary quality of the others. This applies to both Cocteau's *Antigone* produced at the Atelier in 1922 and the much later *Icare* at the Opéra in 1962. His contribution was often limited to designing the drop-curtain after one of his own works, as, for example, the *Train Bleu* of 1924 and the *14 juillet* of 1935.

RAYMOND COGNIAT

Elements for "Guernica"

by Jean-Louis Ferrier

Picasso in his studio in front of "Guernica". 1937.

"The horrors of war managed with the weapons of technique". The phrase of the historian Wilhelm Boeck sums up fairly well the feelings of the public and the critics of the day towards *Guernica.* Those who were used to modern art understood the painting without any difficulty like Maurice Raynal, distinguished the fugitives with their panic-stricken eyes from among the appalling heap of corpses and referred to it as an apocalyptic vision. The generally negative attitude of the press as well as some left-wing circles, who considered the work "antisocial, ridiculous and altogether inadequate for the healthy mentality of the proletariat", were equally significant. In that June of 1937, the upper and middle classes, the aesthetes and politically militant workers were facing or averting their eyes, not from Picasso's latest painting, with all its scandalous features from the artistic point of view, but our world itself rocking with violence and the imminent conflict with Fascism, which everyone knew was inevitable, and to which the Spanish Civil War was a prelude.

The reaction is surprising if the figurative aspects of the painting only are taken into account. Admittedly, since it was barely two months after the deliberate massacre of an innocent civilian population by the Condor Squadron, the name of the little Basque village was graven on the memory. Yet, the first visitors to see *Guernica* might well have wondered where were the exploding bombs and the twisted bodies strewn over the ground. And though the space might seem to crackle with aerial machine-gun fire, skillfully suggested by the "weapons of technique", the only arm in the painting was the rather derisory symbol of a broken sword.

It has sometimes been pointed out that one of the figures in the center, the woman carrying a light, was probably derived from Prud'hon's *Justice and Divine Vengeance pursuing Crime,* that is, if Picasso was not inspired by the statue of Liberty and her torch at the entrance of New York harbor. The horse pierced by a lance and the bull are less like archetypes of suffering and the victims of savagery than a reference to Spain from Picasso's tauromachy, the first studies for which he did in 1922. If they represent cruelty and perhaps death, they do so with a Brechtian alienation as, for example, when he reduced the Nazi seizure of

Guernica. 1937. Oil on canvas. 128 x 305 in. On loan to the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

power to the conquest of Chicago by a cauliflower gang. Finally, the only two fugitives in *Guernica* are the woman carrying her dead child in her arms and a second rooted to the ground by her heavy legs, which hardly explain the shock produced by the painting.

Guernica confounds those who claim that the effectiveness of a work depends on its subject (motherhood, the Crucifixion and so on); its impact is inexplicable if it is limited to the scene we can see in the picture.

In the last number of *Minotaure,* André Breton wrote on the eve of the Second World War, "It is no longer a question of whether a painting *can hold its own* in, for example, a field of wheat, but whether it can hold its own beside the daily paper, open or shut, which is a jungle". This, I believe, is precisely how Picasso's masterpiece penetrates our consciousness; just as the headlines of a paper hit you in the morning, he used every form to show the men and women of 1937 something that could not fail to chill them with horror, the shattering, unbearable headlines of present day events.

Some people find it hard to understand why *Guernica* is black and white when so much blood was shed in that unequal combat, or they think it paradoxical that the artist should have painted a night scene when the bombardment took place in broad daylight. This is because they do not realize an essential point, that Picasso was not present at the scene of the tragedy. He only saw the press photographs and news-reels, and read the war correspondents' articles, black print on white, who were unanimous in their reports that the light of the phosphorus bombs enveloped everything in gray. One way of looking at *Guernica* today is as a history painting, the last of its kind, which amounts to regarding it as a brilliant work perhaps but belonging to an out-dated genre at a time when we had entered a different phase of artistic creation and civilization. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was the first of a new genre, because it was the first painting of the period of mass media, almost the only one up to date.

I do not want to suggest that the reality of the massacre was evaded, quite the reverse. In fact, Simone Martini could no more have been present at the siege of Montemassi and Sassoforte in Maremma, the two fortified places that had rebeled against Siena and whose towers rise in the background of his *Guidoriccio da Fogliano,* than Picasso could have watched the butchery perpetrated by order of Franco. The fact that changes everything is that, in the century of mass communications, the event was transformed and had endless repercussions.

When Marshall McLuhan formulated his famous notion, "The medium is the message", he was heaped with abuse in France. The intellectuals

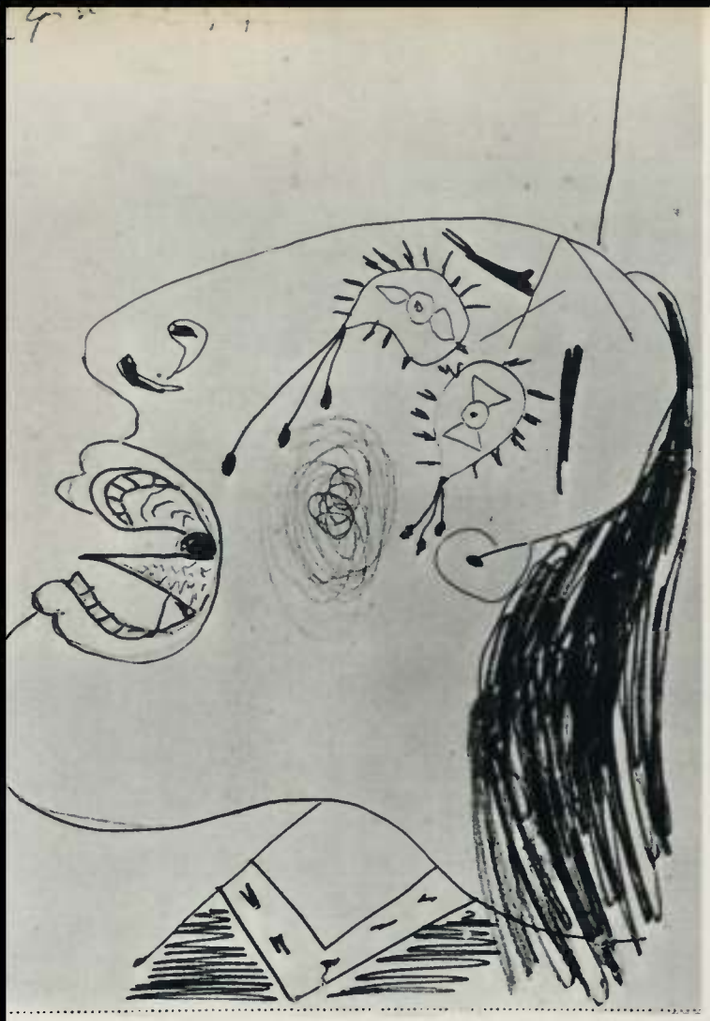
One of the early states of "Guernica". 1937.

there were incapable of understanding that he was only drawing the implications from something very simple: the electronic age had put an end to the traditional supremacy of written thought. Although the new mentality produced by it was only beginning to evolve in 1937, since the Second World War was fought with radio while we are now in the midst of television, that mentality was the constituent of *Guernica*. The outlines of the painting, its stridences and ruptures affect the deep pulsations of our psychic life just as the winking of telephotograph and cathode tubes begin to excite our nervous system before the message they are transmitting has reached it.

When Picasso was doing the preliminary sketches for the painting at the beginning of May 1937, including the wounded horse and the bull, his manner of handling his subject was particularly interesting. Some drawings were based on 1922 studies for the tauromachy, for example, the jaw of the horse neighing with pain, which he dramatized with an astonishing knowledge of anatomy. Others, on the other hand, were a regression to children's drawing. In these, the horse becomes a pony planted on four unsteady legs, his neck and head a phallus ending in testicles like a graffito. The other elements of the painting were treated in the same manner. I am surprised that no one has ever been struck with this oddity.

In my opinion, it may be Picasso's method of automatic writing. It is surprising also that no one has turned to this as an explanation of the paintings, called the Metamorphoses, belonging to this period instead of comparing Picasso's flower-women to Dali's fantastic variations on the human body.

André Masson, who was the first to use it in painting, regards automatic writing as an elementary disorder. "You must empty yourself", he wrote, "because the automatic drawing springs from the unconscious and appears as an unpredictable birth". The result is a mass of vestigial lines covering the surface of the paper or canvas. With Masson, however, what he calls the "figurative upsurge" contains its own obliteration in so far as this unconscious process and automatism produce a conception that has a naturalistic beauty. Hybrids composed of dispersed hands and sexual organs, breasts, open thighs, discomposed faces, or the radiant, beautiful body of a Venus, which is quite incongruous with the reality surrounding us — this was the kind of automatic work Picasso produced and the dilemma he was unable to overcome. He often added real elements to the automatic and fantastic: air and water,



Head of a woman. Study for "Guernica". 4 May 1937. Pencil drawing.

vegetation and the weather, in other words, the field of wheat, made illusory by the context.

In *Guernica*, on the other hand, the abreaction is complete. The automatic writing does not disappear for a moment because it is extended into our concrete irrationality, not only mass media with their fury and shouting, but the fury and the shouting themselves produced by the mass media, which absorb and amplify them. As there is no censure on them, the forms become deformations.

In the first place, the space created by Cubism reverses Euclidean perspective, like a glove, dislocates and breaks it, and is consequently a cogent demonstration that, in this process, the order of things, which we have gradually settled, is threatened immediately the thin membrane of civilities, called civilization, bursts.

Added to this, there are figures like the mother, fleeing from the disaster with the body of her child in her arms, a pitiful, deflated sack, with its head dangling down; she is like a huge cry of despair, cradling a corpse. With their dagger-tongues, their eyes liquified with tears, stumps for hands, they are monsters and archetypal victims. They are something quite different as well: the monster in us, the insensate unleashing of the libido abandoned to the desire for death, which leads to the suicide of the human race.

Roger Caillois thinks that Fascism was a collapse of the rational faculties. According to him, it explains the blind submission of German crowds to a leader possessed with a charismatic power, as well as the racialism and nationalism that seduced them. It is not a coincidence that this rational collapse occurred at the same historical moment as the equally senseless vociferations of Hitler and the radio, so that *Guernica* is the culmination of the violence in our group unconscious, in other words, the uncontrolable forces released into our society by mass media.

It is not only Fascism, that is condemned. The west European governments, with their craven attitude, sent a commission of enquiry to Guernica, which concluded that the little town had probably been destroyed by the Basques themselves and was consequently an attempt by international Communism to drag them into the war. *Guernica* gives an unequivocal answer to this baseness; instead of being content with a harmless narrative painting, Picasso touched our innermost being where we feel obscurely that the truth has free play.

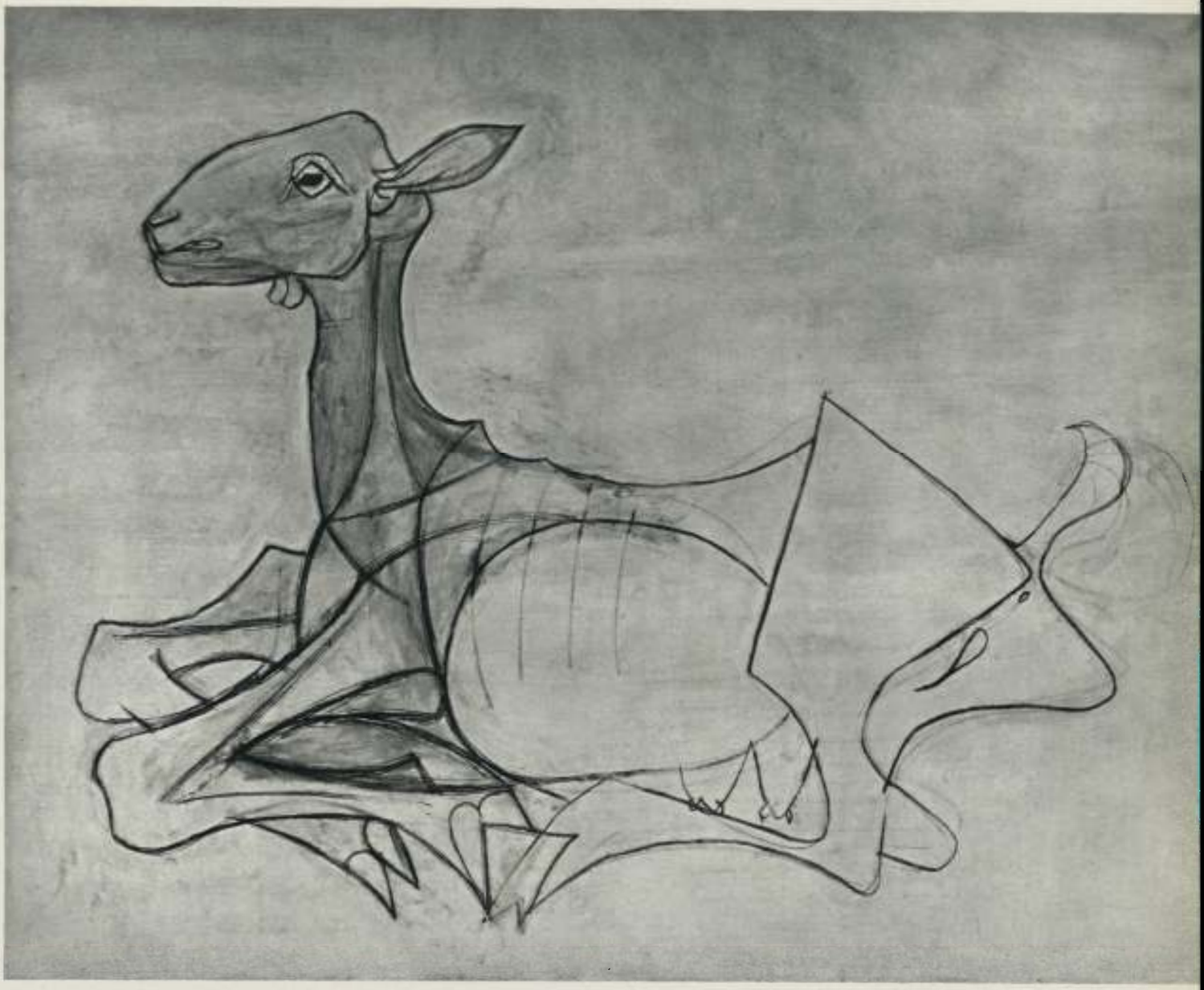
JEAN-LOUIS FERRIER

Bull. Study for "Guernica". 20 May 1937. Pencil and gouache. (*Photos Dora Maar published in "Cahiers d'Art", No. 4-5, Paris, 1937*).

The years at Antibes

by R. de la Souchère

The Château at Antibes, the Picasso Museum.



The Goat. 1946. Oil on ply-wood. 47 x 59 in. Picasso Museum, Antibes. (*Photo Giraudon*).

A dilapidated castle, a studio full of light, love, the "ever changing" sea, harmonious friendships and endless work. He was the center of everything, he was capable of everything, he was everything.

I think he was very happy; you could see it; he fulfilled himself completely there, even to the point of absurdity and perhaps that is the secret of happiness.

A silent joy; eyes sparkling with a malicious calm; a cosmic equilibrium; the last of the great universal artists, prince of modernity, he shut himself up in his studio, which he had equipped on the last floor of the Château d'Antibes, and listened to voices coming to him from afar without for a moment interrupting the battle with "the terrifying pip of reality" (Prévert).

The story of this extraordinary episode has often been told, how one day in August 1946 Picasso came to Antibes and its magnetized castle; but these fragments of our life, which are still fresh, are now part of a parallel legend of crystal where past, present and dream are harmonized with effortless ease. He lived there, creating day and night wherever his profound instincts led him.

He bought an aiguière — by chance — and there it is transformed on the miraculous panel of the *Symphony in Gray:* necessity. An owl fell from the roof and suddenly it filled all space: predestination.

A sea-urchin turns into the *Sea-urchin Eater:* transformation.

The tapestry in "my" room becomes the Amer-

One of the rooms of the Picasso Museum, Antibes.

The Sea-urchin Eater. 1946. Oil on canvas. 51 x 32 in. Picasso Museum, Antibes.

La joie de vivre, 1946. Oil on fibro-ciment panel. 45 x 47 in. Picasso Museum, Antibes (*Photo Giraudon*).

ican flag: metamorphosis. A woman becomes a flower: apotheosis; and divine Ulysses performs his comic opera, a "masterpiece of the human spirit" (Stendhal).

What had to happen has happened; it was inscribed on the great scroll of the *Fatalist*.

And his youthfulness.

The Musée Grimaldi only had third-rate paintings and hilarious portraits of generals who were produced in large numbers by this military town. One day, Picasso came into the hall and his piercing eyes swept round it as if he owned the place: "Give way to the young!" I understood. The next day, the workmen were busy in the empty hall, arranging this "Salon carré" [in the Louvre], where the *Woman with a Bun* now hangs.

His sense of humor.

I was dealing with a hypothetical inventory and looking in the reserve for a bad portrait of another of the Antibes generals, leaning on his sword as if it were a crutch, but could not find it. When I told Picasso about my mishap, he smiled. He had run out of canvas, scraped the general off and replaced him with one of the masterpieces of the museum, the *Sea-urchin Eater*.

Poetic reality.

A woman, standing in front of the *Goat*, called me over; "Can you possibly tell me what that is supposed to be?"

"A goat, madam, and an addition to nature". How can one be a museum curator?

The Château d'Antibes has been the Musée Picasso for a quarter of a century now. Nothing has changed and visitors from every corner of the world are attracted into its magnetic field, where something lies hidden but no one quite knows what.

He is like a warrior certain of victory but who knows that everything disappears into the abyss; he remains absolutely optimistic and is never downcast.

His faith was the source of his strength and his strength increased with his faith.

A fine life! entirely devoted to work, the contemplation of eternal splendors and his own painting. He believes that poetry is the only thing that matters and will remain after the rest has disappeared.

R. DE LA SOUCHÈRE

The painter and his studios

by Klaus Gallwitz

"I treat my painting as I treat things. I do a window, as I look through a window. If the open window does not go well in my picture, I draw the curtain and shut it just as I should do in my room."

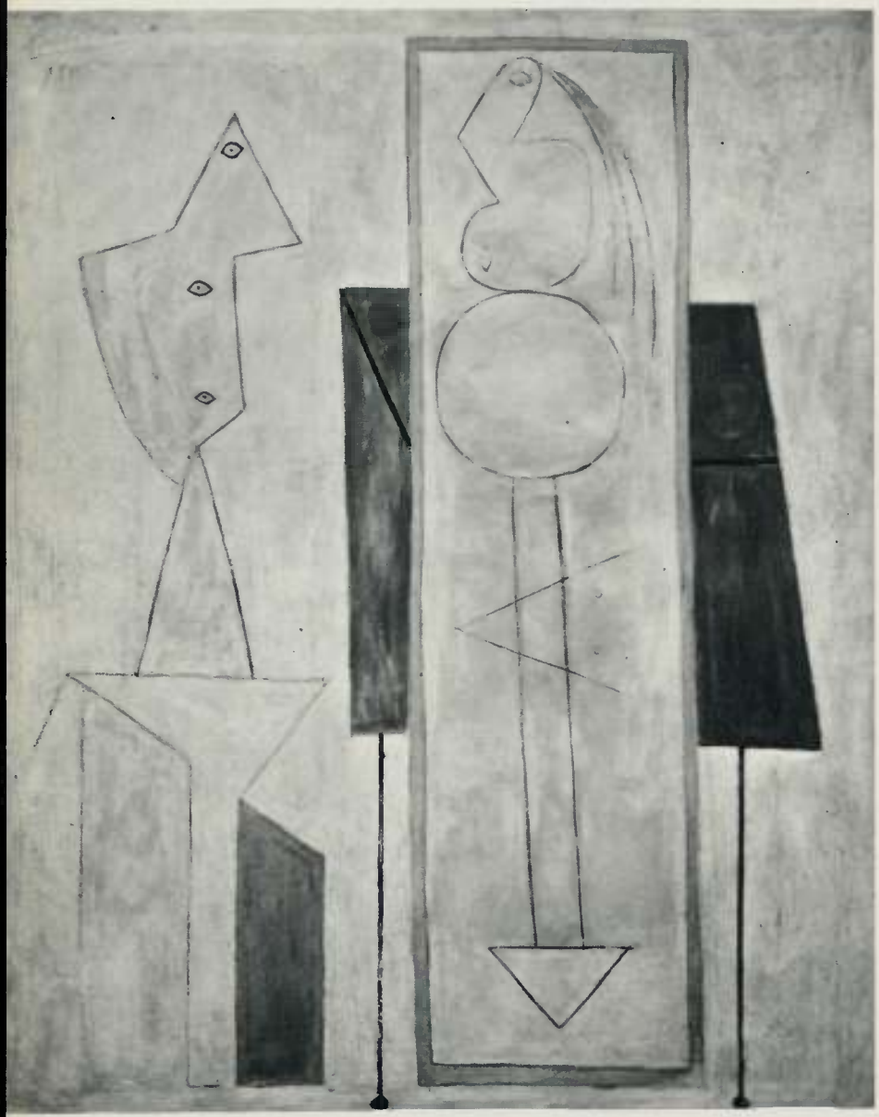
Picasso *("Cahiers d'Art", No. 10, 1935)*

Picasso's first studios, especially the Bateau-Lavoir, are as famous as his early paintings, but they do not appear in his painting or have any influence on it. We like the atmosphere of the early work and the acrobats of the Pink and Blue Periods because they have a bohemian flavor, but there is no indication of the studio where they were painted; the surroundings of the artist are only important in the work of the septuagenarian Picasso.

The reason for this is that the most recent period of his production has hardly been explored and has few landmarks that can be recognized by the public. The Pink and Blue Periods are now undisputed classics of modern art and Cubism can be added to them, although popular admiration is often limited to its romantic subject matter: guitars, wine glasses and playing cards. Matisse has been till now the painter of studios, not Picasso. Colored post-cards are a reflection of this situation; Picasso's popularity hardly extends beyond his work of the twenties. Apart from the advertising and commercial interest of middle class culture, the articles published today on his life still project the image of the disturbing, "mad" artist, the millionaire with suitcases stuffed with money, the practical joker and capricious host. His studio, at best, serves as the setting for the eccentricities of a comedian, who is now ninety.

Journalistic commonplaces have succeeded in keeping alive the myth of the enigmatic, impenetrable Picasso although his life is described down

The Hat-maker's Workshop. 1926. Oil on canvas. 69 x 100 in. Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris (*Photo Giraudon*).



The Studio. 1928. Oil on canvas. 64 x 51½ in. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.

to the smallest detail. The veil of anonymity covering his painting activities during the last decades is also to a certain extent responsible for this. Paradoxical though it may seem, less is known about Picasso in his old age than at the beginning of his career, which is now revered as a classical period.

The Picasso phenomenon is consequently much more secret than the countless books on him would lead one to believe. This is why the most important themes of his late work are studied so little. The studio is undoubtedly one of these themes.

The end of the war was a turning point. Between his first studio in Paris, which he occupied in 1900, and the liberation of the city in 1944, Picasso changed his address several times. The unknown artist with no future and living in the most difficult circumstances had now become the most celebrated painter of the century, but the wretched places of his unpromising beginnings have remained more famous than the homes and studios of the successful personality.

After the Second World War, Picasso's life was spent in a limited area in the south of France within a few square miles between Antibes and Cannes. The four years of the occupation, which had forced him to stay in one spot, were now over and fresh requirements made him change his home constantly. As he bought and moved house, he was always careful to preserve a provisional air about his dwellings until, after years, he finally settled down in a *mas* near Mougins.

In his old age, Picasso returned to the south and his homeland. The same Mediterranean washes the shores of Spain and the south of France. Picasso loves the "black Midi", as Paul Eluard called it. The southern landscape reappeared in his paintings closely associated with new conceptions. He set the scene of the great dialogue between the painter and his model in this landscape. The paraphrases of Courbet and Manet *(les Demoiselles des bords de la Seine* and the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe)* are set in the open air like the originals, but the long series after Delacroix *(Femmes d'Alger)* and Velazquez *(Las Meninas)* are not only, again like the originals, placed in an interior, they are variations on the studio.

Similarly, the painter was standing quite clearly inside the house when he set up his easel in the dining-room of the villa "La Californie" and tirelessly painted the view of the garden through the french windows. During these years at Cannes, the changing scenery of the improvized studio was far more powerful and extraordinary than the surroundings of the house. It was, incidentally, Picasso who first used the name "Paysages d'intérieur" (Interior Landscapes).

The history of the subject of the studio goes back to the twenties, when it provided a background for a few still lifes arranged in front of the window. The discovery that the studio could be used as a surrounding space freed his still lifes from the restrictions of Cubism and gave them stylistic breadth, which is characteristic of the mid-twenties and gives so much atmosphere to these paintings.

The first studio he painted was not his own but the hat-maker's workshop just in front of his apartment windows in the rue de la Boétie. A year later, he did paint his studio as a natural setting for the Painter and his Model, which he had chosen as a subject for the first time, but it did not reappear before the war except in the *Three Ages of Man* (1942). It remained an infrequent subject and he confined his portraits of Seated Women within a narrow room as anonymous as a box, which is typical of these years although he had no reason to complain about the

size of his Parisian studio. The portrait set in the studio of the rue des Grands-Augustins was painted in 1943. Although it is given little importance, rather like an isolated detail, it is easily recognizable. For the first time, Picasso's studio can be identified through the distinctive features of the room, although the grimy hand-towel in the corner between the heating pipes and a leaf of the window is the only personal possession. In 1948, he at last painted a complete interior, the kitchen in the rue des Grands-Augustins. The technical discoveries he made, while he was doing it, led to his adopting the studio and the interior as a more frequent subject. We know that the kitchen was spacious and painted white. A few birds in a cage and three Spanish plates on the wall are about the only emphatic, colored accents. This almost graphic neutrality prompted Picasso's remark, "I am going to make a picture with that, in other words, with nothing."

The studio did not become a common subject in Picasso's work till a little later on but the first attempt was already handled with the authority of one who had grasped and overcome its problems. He probably did not consider his studio in Paris as a space in the depressing conditions of the war years and the small size of his villa "La Galloise" at Vallauris did not encourage him to give a new dimension to the painting; the pottery workshop, where perfumes had once been made, took precedence over the painter's studio.

Later on, however, at the end of 1953, Picasso recorded the interior of "La Galloise" in a series of paintings. After Françoise Gilot had left him, he made an inventory of the house by painting it. Motifs, like the flagstones and carpets, interpenetrated in the same way as the different views of the rooms in the house. The furniture and the aspects inside varied but the studio always remained in the foreground with the easel or the nude, who appeared in the first paintings.

It was not, however, till he had moved into "La

The Three Ages of Man. 1942. Oil on panel. 21 x 26 in. Coll. M. Marcel Mabille, Brussels.

Woman Seated near a Window. Cannes, 1956. Oil on canvas. 64 x 51 in.

Californie" at Cannes in 1955 that the interior reached its fullest development. Compared with the paintings of this phase, the earlier ones are like preliminary versions. The subject of the studio had never before been the center of his creative activity as during those first years at Cannes with Jacqueline. The number of rooms, their height, the large french windows, the paneled walls and the stucco all gave Picasso a feeling of comfort and space such as he had not yet enjoyed. His concentration on the interior landscape, which is the studio, during the mid-fifties will always be associated with the name of "La Californie". The group of paintings of the studio was begun after the variations on Delacroix's *Femmes d'Alger*. The studio is flooded with light and the contrast between the cool room and the burning heat outside is reflected in the colors. The countless pictures on this subject show the different ways in which Picasso tried to simplify the decadent, middle class interior, which is made even more chaotic by its own disorder. The forms seem more emphatic and the general view of the studio, which was at first painted on large size canvases, was progressively confined to smaller ones and was often replaced by closely juxtaposed details.

The empty interior appealed as little to Picasso as the empty landscape and, just as he placed a nude in the middle of the studio at "La Galloise", so he seated his model in a rocking-chair at "La

The Studio at Cannes. Cannes, 1956. Oil on canvas. 29 x 36 in.

The Painter and his Model. 1963. Oil on canvas. 51¼ x 63¾ in. Galerie Beyeler, Basel.

Californie". It belonged to Jacqueline and the model often bore her features. This trait once again anticipated the transition to the larger subject of the Painter and his Model.

Picasso's interest in the studio as a subject lasted for less than a year after he moved into "La Californie" but the intensity with which he seized on it gives it a special place and suggests that he was particularly happy at this moment. In the broader context of his painting, they have a significance beyond their aesthetic and biographical value. They were begun a year after the first important interior scene, the fifteen variations on Delacroix's *Femmes d'Alger;* and they preceded by a year the other major interior scene, which is also the view of a studio, the fifty-six variations on Velazquez's *Las Meninas.* The Interior Landscapes of "La Californie" have a place in the history of art where Picasso is a close neighbor of Delacroix and Velazquez.

The studio of "La Californie" is also the point of departure for a more ambitious subject for this period, the Painter and his Model. The painter has not yet appeared in the picture but the model has already taken up her position in the studio. The room is prepared for two figures when the studio will become the ground for their dialogue. In his old age, Picasso at last recognizes a fundamental situation in the Painter and his Model whereby the act of painting is made the subject of painting. The encounter with the model in the studio leads unexpectedly to a commentary on the place which, to a far greater extent than the real studio, belongs to the mental space of the artist.

KLAUS GALLWITZ

Some of Picasso's homes and studios:

1896 First studio in Barcelona
1900 First visit to Paris; studio at 45 rue Gabrielle
1901 Studio place Ravignan, Paris
1904 Studio in the Bateau-Lavoir, now the place Emile-Goudeau
1909 Picasso moves to 11 boulevard de Clichy
1913 Studio 1 bis rue Schoelcher
1918 Apartment and studio 23 rue de La Boétie
1926-7 Stays in the south of France at Juan-les-Pins and Cannes
1928-9 Summers at Dinard
1930 Buys the Château de Boisgeloup near Gisors
1937 Studio 7 rue des Grands-Augustins
1945 Stays at Antibes, then settles at Vallauris, villa "La Galloise"
1955 Cannes, villa "La Californie"
1958 Buys the Château de Vauvenargues near Aix-en-Provence
1961 Moves into the *mas* of "Notre-Dame-de-Vie" at Mougins.

Traditional sources

by Henry Galy-Carles

Three Women at a Fountain. Fontainebleau, 1921. Oil on canvas. 80 x 69 in. Museum of Modern Art, New York (Gift of Mr and Mrs Allan D. Emil).

Les demoiselles des bords de la Seine. 1950. Oil on canvas. 39 x 79 in. Kunstmuseum, Basel (*Photos Giraudon*).

Artists at all times and in every medium have tried to measure themselves against their illustrious predecessors, especially those who gave art its most powerful and original expression. Plautus was inspired by the Greek playwright Menander; Vergil by Homer; Corneille by Gilhem de Castro for *Le Cid;* Molière by the *El Burlador de Sevilla* of Tirso de Molina, when he wrote *Don Juan,* and by Terence's *Phormio* for the *Fourberies de Scapin;* and La Fontaine by Aesop. It is to the honor of the arts and these artists that they gave a style and tone, characteristic of their period, to works inspired by the past. They created a vision of man that was both new and universal, which showed that, though the letter changed inevitably through the centuries, the spirit remained immutable. Manet is an eloquent example of this when he painted *le Déjeuner sur l'herbe,* inspired by Giorgione with aesthetic elements borrowed from Rubens, Carracci, Raphael and Titian.

It is not surprising then that Picasso should one day have been obsessed by the same desire, Picasso the infant prodigy who drew like Raphael when he was twelve years old and, at thirteen, showed an exceptional power of mimesis, which is rare in the history of art, by painting in the manner of Zurbaran or Velazquez without actually copying them; who, when he arrived in Paris with his diabolical penetration, felt the need to digest the history of modern painting and his great contemporaries in a few years, driven on by the need to master and the thirst to understand, seize, analyze, and recreate in his own image, which has never diminished as his last exhibition proved, comprising drawings that he had done in a single month at the age of nearly ninety. Over the years, he assimilated the vision, style, manner, and ideas of artists as different as Chéret, Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlen, Degas, Renoir, Bonnard, Baldini, Maurice Denis, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Seurat, and so on. A *Woman Ironing,* which he painted in 1904, at the age of twenty-three during his Blue Period, derived its subject from Degas and its graphic style from El Greco, but the elongated forms gave a suffering and despair to the hallucinatory image such as Degas had never conceived.

It is not surprising either that, after Picasso had redone the whole history of painting for his personal satisfaction, he was then confronted by the imperious need to renew modern art in his turn so that it would be identified with himself and with a century already predictable as an age of science, mechanics, analysis and a challenge to accepted values. Cubism was the result, a point of no return, a new horizon and an extraordinary peak in art. But this prodigious venture left him unsatisfied and he continued his own exploration, shut away now in a more profound solitude,

The Women of Algiers. Paris, 1955. Oil on canvas. 45 x 58 in. Priv. coll., New York. (*Photo Giraudon*).

goaded by a destructive, expressionist passion, and finding his inspiration fortuitously in the odd moment, in his desires and subconscious impulses, painting, as he said himself in his diary, without a thought for the next day.

About 1920, for example, he was caught up by the Ingresque spirit in distorting forms. There followed the period of swollen Venuses, inspired by Romanesque art and Roman antiquities, like the *Women at the Fountain* painted in 1921.

However, it was only towards the end of the Second World War, when he was sixty-three, that Picasso felt the need really to measure himself against the masters of the past; he had now evolved a new idiom and technique, which were perfectly adaptable to the great subject of general significance. In 1944, the *Bacchanalia* was painted from the memory of Poussin's *Triumph of Pan*, with the same composition but with a style, a draftsmanship and an intensity that were all his own; in 1950, the *Portrait of a Painter* after El Greco, and the *Demoiselles des bords de la Seine* after Courbet; in 1951, the *Massacre in Korea* after Goya's famous *Firing Party of 3 May 1808*. Then followed the fourteen remarkable variations, painted between 13 December and 14 February of 1954/55, on Delacroix's *Algerian Women*. That same year, 1955, he painted the forty-four *Meninas* after Velazquez's painting. Picasso's ironical and almost sacrilegious aggressiveness goes far beyond Velazquez's contempt and mockery, while his desperate intensity and sense of the monstrous, ex-

◁ Portrait of a Painter after El Greco. Vallauris, 1950. Oil on ply-wood. 39 x 32 in. Coll. Rosengart, Lucerne.

Las Meninas. Cannes, 1957. Oil on canvas. 76 x 63 in. Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

pressed with ruthless and destructive passion, faithfully reflect an artist who identifies himself with an age of all too frequent barbarity. Although Picasso did not depart intentionally from the original painting, he used it primarily to test the potentialities of his own pictorial idiom.

Finally, he measured himself against Manet with the twenty-seven variations on the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* on which he was engaged from 27 February 1960 to 19 August 1961. They were used as a means of challenging all his predecessors in the nineteenth century and his particular triumph in this series was probably to have gone beyond the whole pictorial tradition of the century and asserted his independence from it as well as his supremacy. Manet's painting, in fact, was a catalyst, a stimulant and a means of correlating some of his experiments in form and expression. Some of the variations were bathed in an idyllic atmosphere, touched with a sense of humor, mockery or familiarity but, as a whole, they ranged largely in mood, graphic style and meaning, a reflection of his feelings as they changed from day to day, or from moment to moment.

This obsession and inner necessity to measure himself against the great artists of the past, which he had experienced and pondered for so long, have enabled Picasso to prove to himself that he is their peer and, to us, that he was giving, in his turn, an image of our times, which is fresh and diabolical, stinging and lucid.

HENRY GALY-CARLES

The Rape of the Sabines (in black). 1962. ▷
Oil on canvas. 64 x 51 in.

Twenty-five years of pottery

by Georges Ramié

The fact that the cultivated and critical today are realizing the importance of Picasso's strange pottery is a matter for congratulation. In spite of its contribution towards enriching the idiom of the plastic arts in general and pottery in particular, it has always been relegated to the penumbra, which, to say the least of it, seems curiously silent on the subject.

Yet, there is little need to stress the fact that Picasso's pottery includes pieces that are unquestionably more important than the lifetime's output of some devoted potters. There should be little need, either, to remind ourselves of the discoveries he has made, the techniques he has invented or rediscovered, his incredible audacity and the challenges he accepted.

It would be superfluous to write yet again on his incomparable, inexhaustible verve, emotion and imagination, which have led him every day for years to create this fascinating and unique ode to joy.

At one time, pottery had a very remote and occasional interest for a few aesthetes; the material was vulgar, it was made in craft conditions and special care had to be taken in handling it. Natural processes and materials were not yet

Face. Vallauris, 1971. Tile. Original impression on paste, pink faience, white engobe, oxide underglaze. 12 x 12 in.

Face. Vallauris, June 1971. Rectangular plate. White faience, incised by hand, heightened with engobe and glaze. 15 x 12 in.

Large square vase. Vallauris, June 1971. Pink paste, figure and relief motifs by original impression, black and white engobe. 22 x 10 in.

appreciated and even the most obvious communication in its human simplicity was stiffled by affectation.

Twenty-five years ago, Picasso made his first pottery and we are contributing a little to the work he is still producing by duly acknowledging the event. The anniversary is an opportune moment for taking stock of the deep interest, the subtlety and the artistic implications of his craft. The event, modest enough in appearance, was like a lightning flash in the humble world of the craftsman. A visitor, whose eye missed nothing and who was fascinated by any novelty, spent an afternoon of his holiday in a potter's workshop and changed everything.

Picasso's new venture at Vallauris had a number of profound consequences for everyone in any way interested in the craft of pottery and it is worth analyzing its beginnings and the reasons that led him to it. Until now, no one has done this in spite of the significance of the event and its widespread implications.

Picasso abandoned his brushes and burins for years. It was almost as though some mischievous imp had a hand in it all, when one fine day he tempted him over to Vallauris, the die was cast and the little village could boast that a celebrated artist had joined its community of potters.

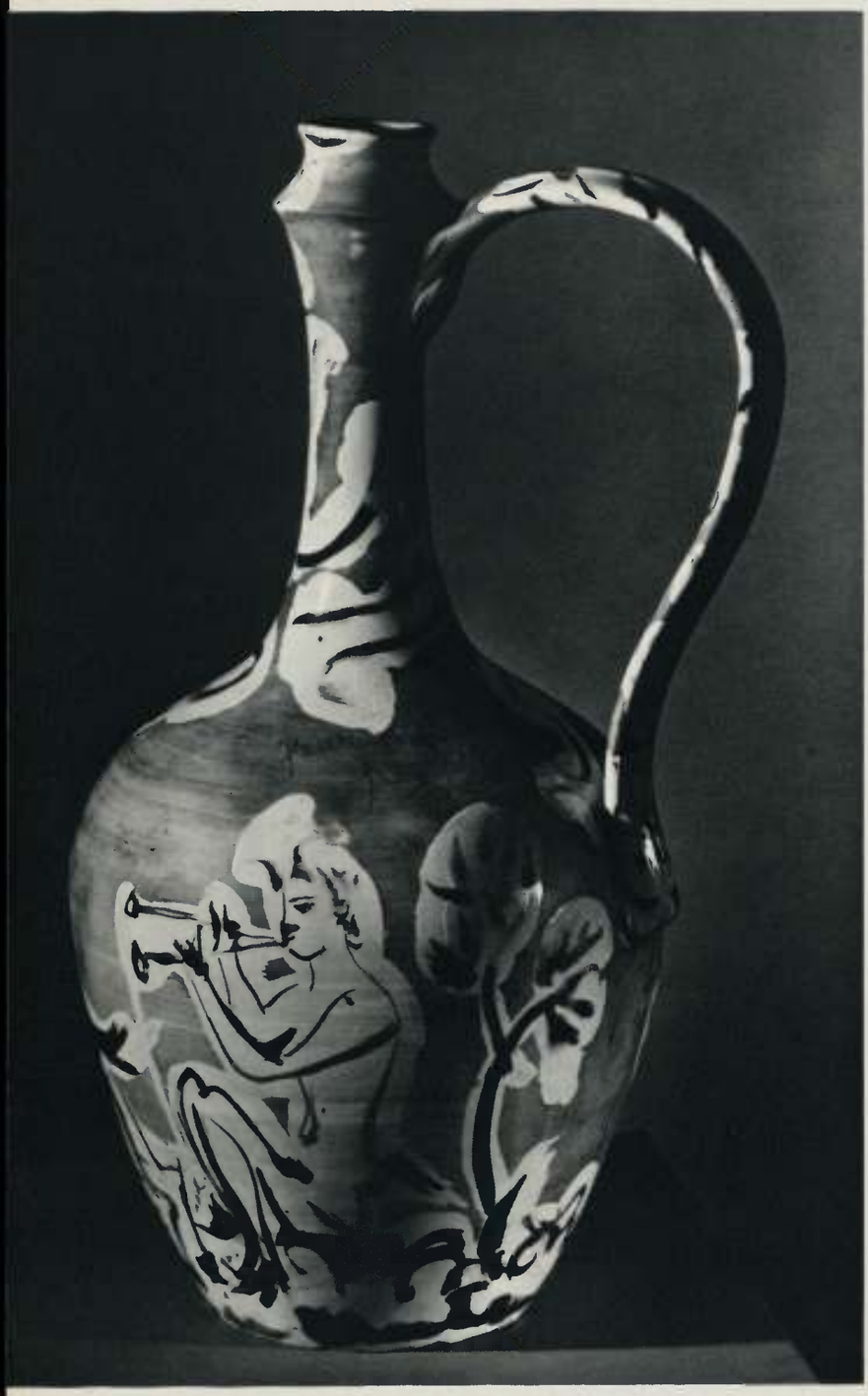
In those days, creative expression in the malleable medium of clay seemed unsuitable to accepted ways of thinking. This was purely a matter of convention, probably because other means presented a more facile appeal. There was also the fear that a complete mastery of the techniques of the craft demanded too long an apprenticeship at a period when every idea had to be realized in a moment. Finally, there was a lack of interest, not to say contempt, stemming from the aesthetic attitudes of the time, for a material that lacked nobility. In short, the only function most people could see in pottery was to decorate an interior, in other words, its products had a purely domestic interest.

From the moment that Picasso took an interest in this particular aspect of our daily lives with the intransigent tenacity characteristic of the man and wanted to experience in every detail its servitudes and triumphs, a multitude took confidence again. There were, in fact, countless numbers of people all over the world who had devoted themselves with conviction, but without hope of consideration, to the hard toil required by their chosen occupation.

In France itself, it was the pursuit of a few incorrigible and faithful spirits who followed it with the fervor of addicts. They accomplished their chosen mission with inner serenity for the pleasure of a restricted circle of connoisseurs, who knew at what price every success had been won and could appreciate it all the more.

The situation almost had the character of a

Face. Vallauris, June 1971. Plaque. Pink faience, transfer from a linocut, black oxide dabbed on by hand. ▷



Provençal borage. Vallauris, June 1971. Large turned piece. White paste, decoration in black engobe under glaze, beige varnish. 23 x 10 in.

closed society and its very limitations probably attracted Picasso to join it in his own way. Whatever his motives and the original style of his contribution, his triumphant entry was a rehabilitation of an ancient craft and a revelation of its potentialities.

It was a rehabilitation through the simple fact that such an eminent artist had turned his hand to making pottery and also through its application to imaginative conceptions that widened the aesthetic possibilities of clay in unsuspected ways. He innovated as well as rediscovered graphic techniques, the modeling of the clay and the material. A genius of Picasso's stature completely dominated the revival of the craft with his extraordinary faculty for creating as he experimented with the clay beneath his hand; his fantastic imagination and disconcerting virtuosity had no precedent in this humble craft. He probably had an inkling of the imaginative extravagance needed to fashion the clay splendors that had been neglected in Europe; he applied the violence and irresistible tension that are inevitable in his manner of seizing, forming and bringing to a culmination all he undertakes. This generous impulsiveness masked his pleasure in joyfully invading this preserve of craftsmen, which soon accepted his dictates and hesitations. It also contained a certain satisfaction in proving that this sudden, consuming vocation was certainly unexpected but was by no means a passing fancy. It may, too, have offered a flamboyant demonstration of sincerity, energy and youthfulness to his perturbed admirers and the watchful sceptics. The importance of his pottery also had a profound effect on the new recruits to the craft, who were not sure of the direction they should take and were looking for an original and powerful manner of expressing their own vision.

The ascension of pottery in the contemporary art world and the sudden brilliance of its products acted as an extraordinary stimulus to a number of other potters. The potentialities of this humble handmaid of the arts stirred the creative faculties of both novices and laureate veterans. There was soon not a single country where at least one adventurous potter did not try to communicate his creative aspirations through clay.

Picasso's totally unexpected incursion into a sphere that was ready for every kind of unprecedented experiment had indirect repercussions on the development of the craft of pottery all over the world. Picasso, who had always been on the alert for the most insignificant facts and reactions, invented new principles in his work. In spite of the fantasy, his potter's labor demanded assiduity and penetration. Within whatever magic circle his adventurous spirit drives him, he expresses himself less as a revolutionary than as an irresistible accelerator of evolution. Although his conceptions and their realization may constitute an end in themselves, none of us can fail to be incited to

Head of a Woman. Vallauris, June 1971. Piece modeled on a revolving form. White paste, polychrome oxide underglaze. 9 x 6 x 7 in.

Large bird vase, Vallauris, June 1971. White paste, incised lines. 22 x 17 x 14 in.

follow along the path of his fantasy. On the other hand, we find ourselves swept away by the insistent demands of his conclusions and the development of some of his forms.

Whoever may want to acquire a deeper understanding of his work and principles is borne, as his companion in the adventure, towards unknown horizons. He supplies them with special means of pursuing their extraordinary quest. Those of us who allow ourselves to be drawn by Picasso into the circle of his ideas will soon be overwhelmed by the necessity to step far beyond its limits. In his pottery, as in all his plastic experiments, he is an inexhaustible stimulus of forms, structures, theories, analyses and processes. The natural consequences of the activating element in his contribution is to create a general effervescence. Its vitality is eminently constructive.

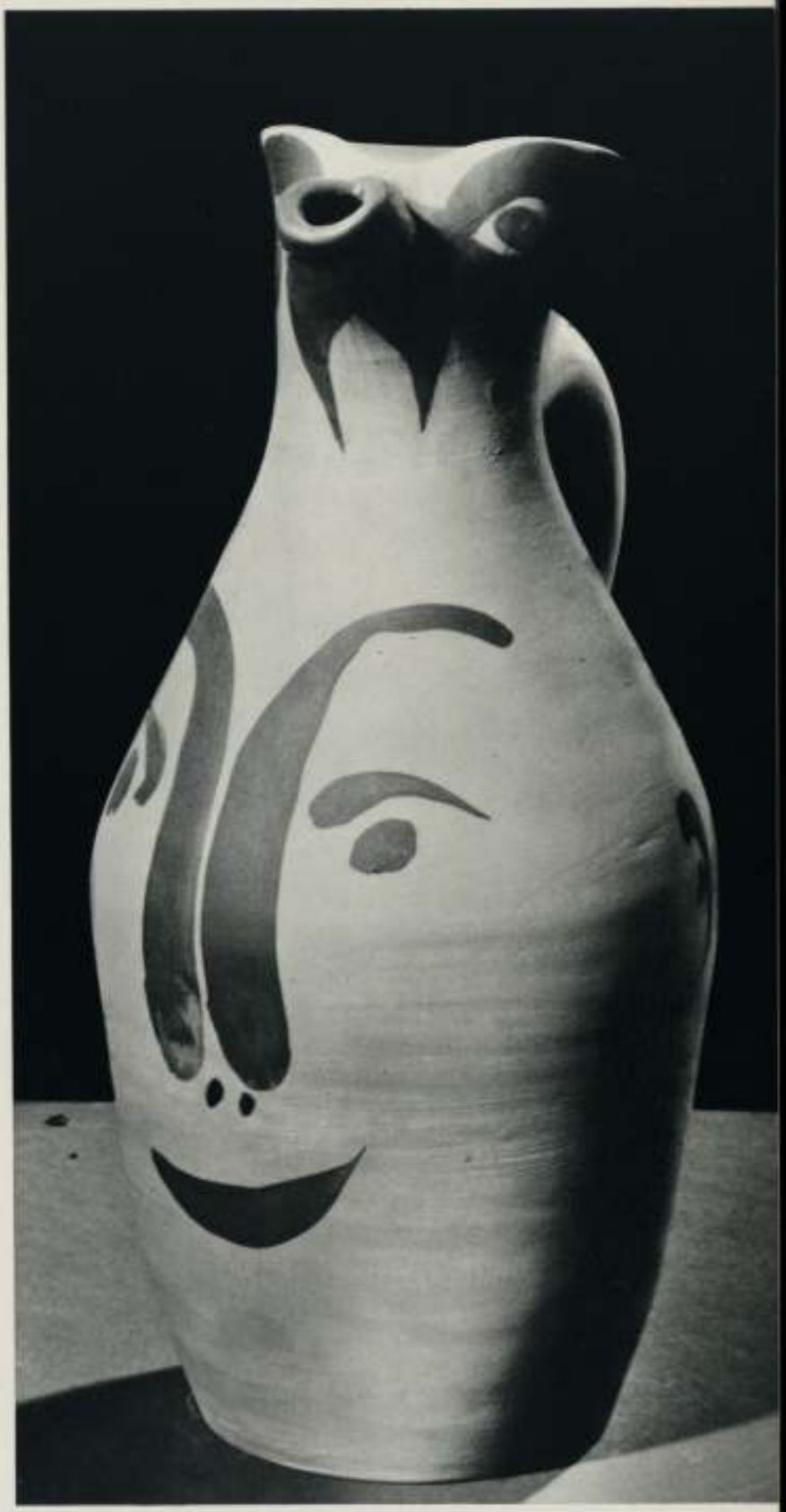
Picasso, in fact, advances on his discoveries like a conqueror invading rich, virgin lands. Whoever can recognize the significance of the event and take advantage of it will also appreciate its breadth and value. It is the universality of this brilliant adventurer's instinct, indefatigable explorer and pioneer in every genre, that engenders, stirs, propels and explodes the interest that provokes his demands and invites us to follow him to the cross-roads invested by his imagination. He is an insatiable forerunner, blazing trails in the dense forest of principles and his passage leaves deep tracks everywhere into which so many artists dream of following.

His contribution to the millennial art of pottery-making will remain as a landmark, honored through succeeding ages by all who care for the craft. It will always be an exuberant example of what the art of creation can achieve in this particular medium of expression because of Picasso's extraordinary ability to adapt his creative faculty in every medium. This common clay, which exists through some geological accident and then is made fit for the created form through fire and water, will be a material for the intimate dreams of man and will transmit them to the unknown generations of the future.

What in the end is the significance and importance of Picasso's pottery? There is little doubt about the answer. A number of latent values that have fallen into neglect or been forgotten have once more become accepted. Pottery is once again acknowledged as a worthy medium of graphic and plastic expression.

It is an interesting question whether, when Picasso chose it, he was conscious of working for posterity. Experience has shown repeatedly that tablets of fired clay, inscribed millennia ago, have survived as evidence of human activity when all other material remains have disappeared. This is one reason, at least for thinking the pottery he made at Vallauris will survive the ages.

Picasso has demonstrated that nothing is impos-



Two-headed jug. Vallauris, June 1971. Pink paste, decoration of black engobe. 10 x 5 in.

Owl vase. Vallauris, June 1971. Applied decoration of modeled elements, incising, heightened with engobes and glazes, white paste. 11 x 11 x 6 in.

Dove. Vallauris, June 1971. Modeled on a form, white biscuit, incised by hand, black engobe. 9 x 4 x 5 in. (*Photos M. Lacroix*).

sible in the endeavor to formulate the most exacting of conceptions. The proof of this is before us in the countless hundreds of his engravings in several media, the vast extent of his painting and, more than anything else, the experimental daring of his work.

His revolutionary contribution to the development of art is an exhilarating example of what artistic creation can achieve because of his readiness to engage in every kind of creative undertaking. The flexibility alone of his mind is admirable. The extraordinary forms he has evolved out of clay have enormously extended the potentialities of pottery as a medium of human expression. It is a more humble medium than those of what are generally called the fine arts, but future generations may well consider that it was Picasso's most durable achievement.

GEORGES RAMIÉ

Drawing is like singing

by Raffaele Carrieri

Drawing. Study for "The Actor and Two Portraits of Fernande". 1905. 15 x 9 in.

Meat, drink and a sight for sore eyes. I carried home a big book, *Picasso*, drawings from 1966 to 1968. Preface by René Char and critical text by Feld. A stock of vitamins for blood corpuscles impoverished by strain: four hundred and fifty black and white, and colored drawings.

Why did I write vitamins? How appalling! Even the things I love most are being labeled as restoratives. I am ill and feeling the effects of daily visits to doctors and chemists.

Drawing is like singing. Like losing your temper. Like forgiving. Like climbing a swaying tree. Like drinking wine with oysters that have just been opened.

Drawing is like falling for a woman passing by. Why is she in such a hurry? Drawing is an answer. Smelling her smell. Following her, catching up with her, enticing her away from someone.

Drawing is touching something real that others cannot see.

Drawing is a struggle against an invisible opponent, against a shadow larger than the enemy himself.

Drawing is escape from anguish. Release after a night in prison and watching the sun rise again.

Drawing is loving anything and everything without distinction of place, race, or color. Starting from nothing like the first day when geography had not settled the seas and coastlines.

Drawing is living outside one's skin and sharing the lives of others. A migration from oneself to others, from one's own square inch to infinity.

Drawing is a rejection of death.

More than four hundred drawings, day after day. Some of them black and shot with light; others gray in chinese ink splattered as if the rain had soaked the black and blotted it: seeds? worms? Then the compact blacks, held together by a powerful molecular energy. Blacks beaten till they spurt light; and matted blacks where the shadow seems lacerated by a mass of hooks. The menacing shadow of Picasso repulsing the dominion of light. A dark star throbbing with pressures that explode the seething magma into craters.

The clay is kneaded into the image of every living thing: animals, roots, larvae, waters and minerals. Strata. Dimensions. Solid and fluctuating matter.

The things beneath our eyes have their counterparts in nature but beyond all classification and

Woman with a Guitar. 1914. Pencil drawing. 25 x 19 in.

every definition. The plants, sprouting unexpectedly, cannot be recognized in any botanical handbook. The limbs of bodies may grow till a foot is transformed into a rock.

Hands proliferate everywhere. Eyes, piercing, indestructible, look at us without recognition and live in a sort of vindictive solitude.

Sometimes, the feminine eyes are gentle and meet our own like the eyes of birds.

Sight bores holes. Sight is the freshness of a rose. Sight adds splendor to a star.

Looking wounds and is balm to the wound.

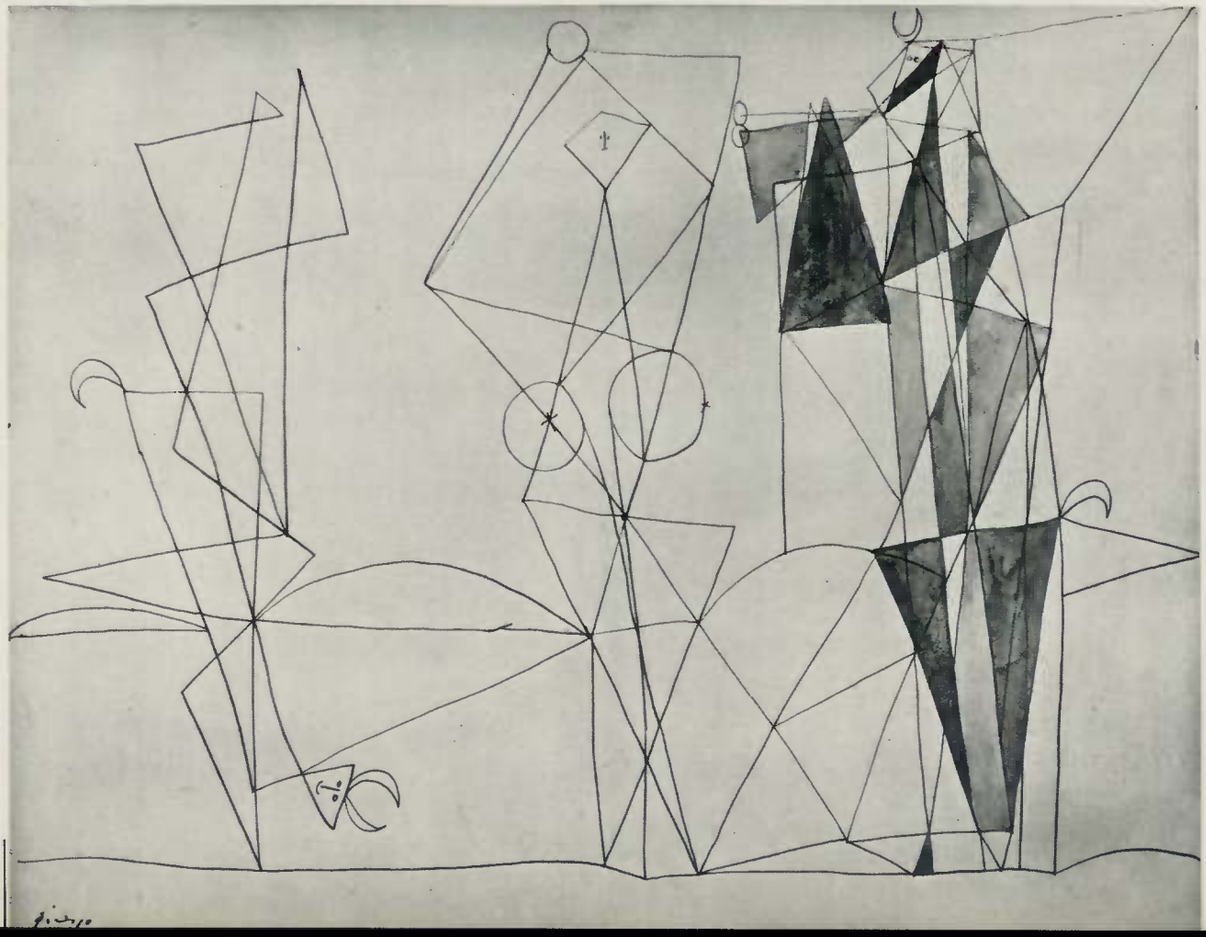
Beneath the flowing inks, a melody is just perceptible. If I were pressed to name it, I should say it was Mozart. No genius known to me lies more heavily nor more lightly. And at several levels, in construction and in destruction.

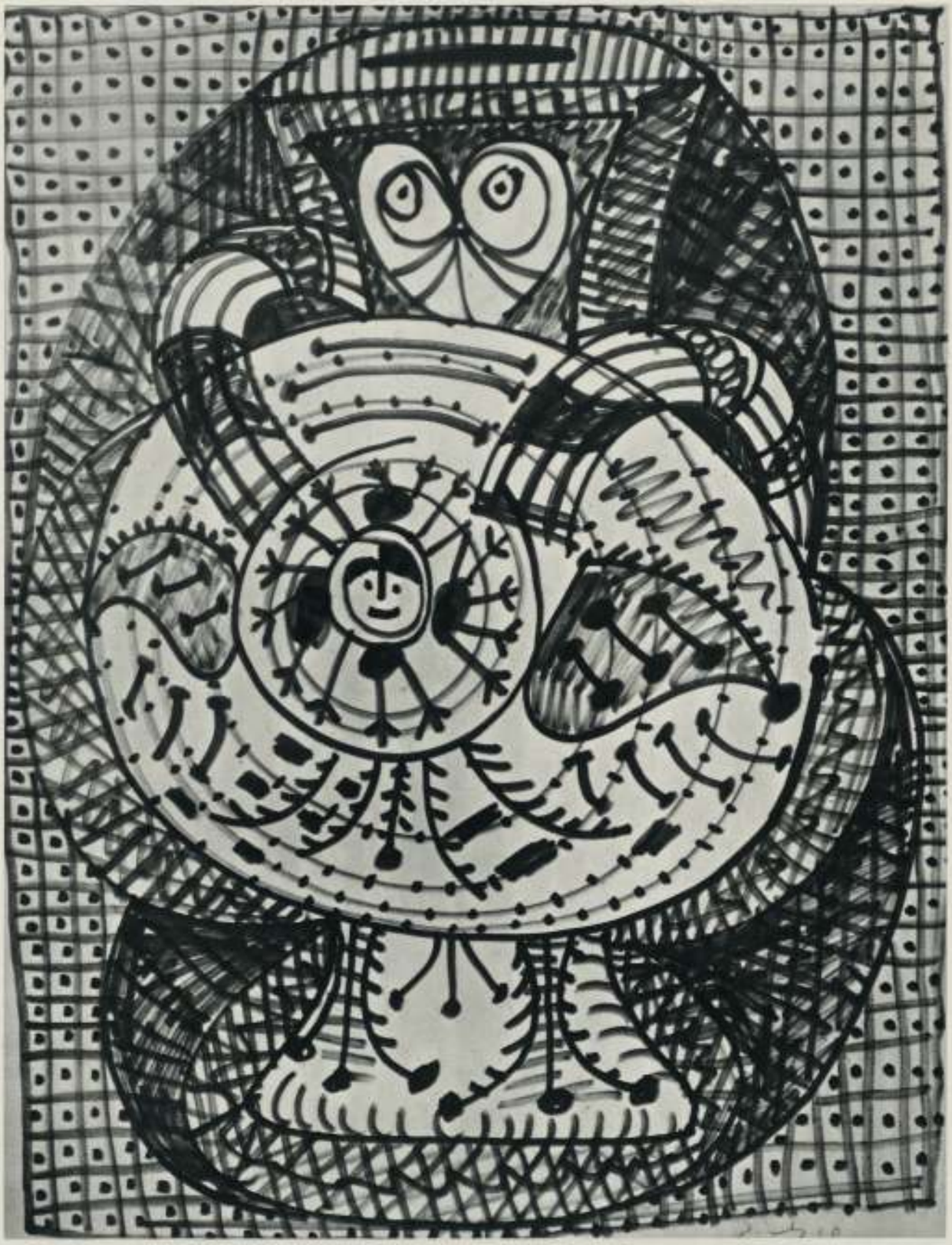
The early morning involvement of his flutes: mobility but also transparency and joy! Music in Picasso, like Mozart, transcends the web of circumstance, events and people. It transcends the instruments and the listeners.

What flute players among the nymphs and goats! And in the fingers of the flautist there is always the strength of a polyp's suckers. Adagio, allegro, andante con moto, allegretto, allegro aperto, allegro maestoso. Everything in the paper and in the music is exact and yet flouts all the rules.

Half a sheet is enough for him to draw a mythological family of gods, satyrs, nymphs, quadrupeds and birds. Tenderness for visible things that have a body and nerves. Tenderness for the dwarf and the giant alike. Tenderness for the macaque disguised as a chancellor. Tenderness for the dead kid which is reviving in the arms of the shepherd.

Games. 1946. Pencil drawing. 20 x 26 in.





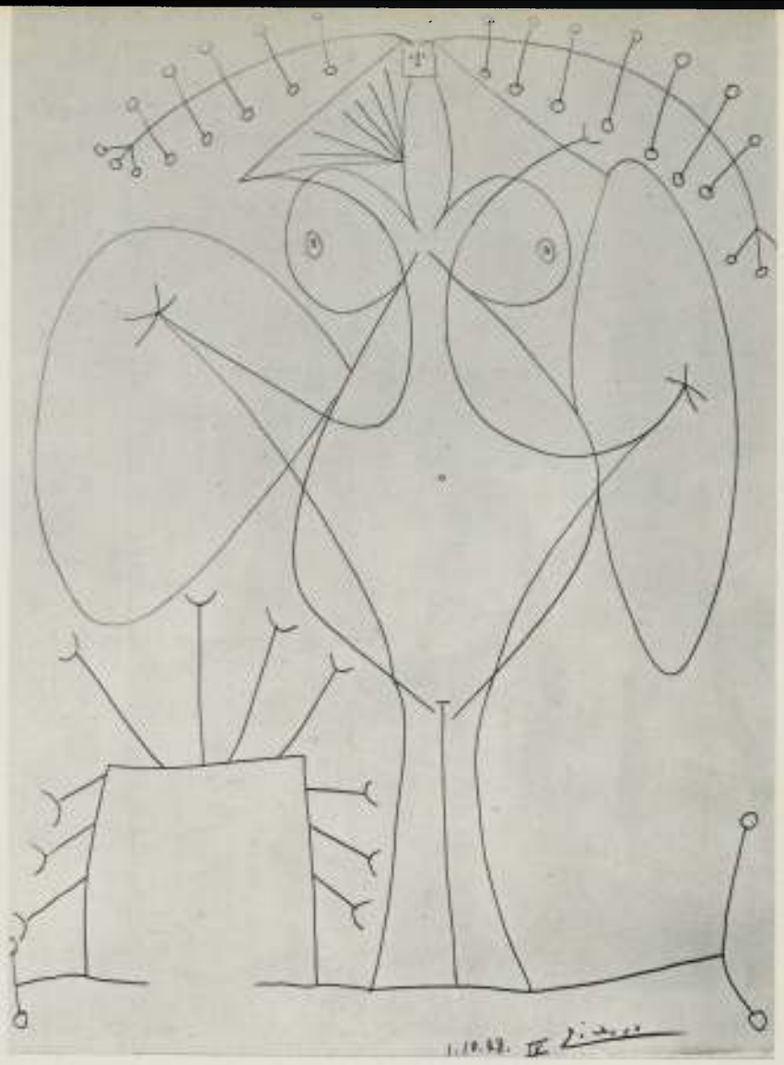
The Vase. 1948. Ink drawing. 26 x 20 in.

Tenderness for the acrobat. Tenderness for the old circus, the dancers crowned with horses' manes, for the jugglers balancing on globes - they fascinate him more than any journey to the moon. His pockets are stuffed with doves, four-leaved clovers and backgammon boards. Picasso could shut up a siren in a suitcase and run her through with a Japanese sword without spilling a drop a blood.

The other eminent veterans cover themselves with medals and wear tail-coats decorated with gold braid. They shut their eyes to what their neighbors are doing and pretend to be deaf so as not to hear other people's arguments. In their own homes, they are quarrelsome, authoritarian, tyrannical and ever so concerned about drafts that might harm their splendid physical condition. Cautious old men, they end by falling asleep in their armchairs at the most unsuitable moments. The other dodderers believe in nothing, but tears come easily to their eyes. They are capable of being gentle and courteous, deferentially indifferent and hypocritical with nicely calculated shades of feeling.

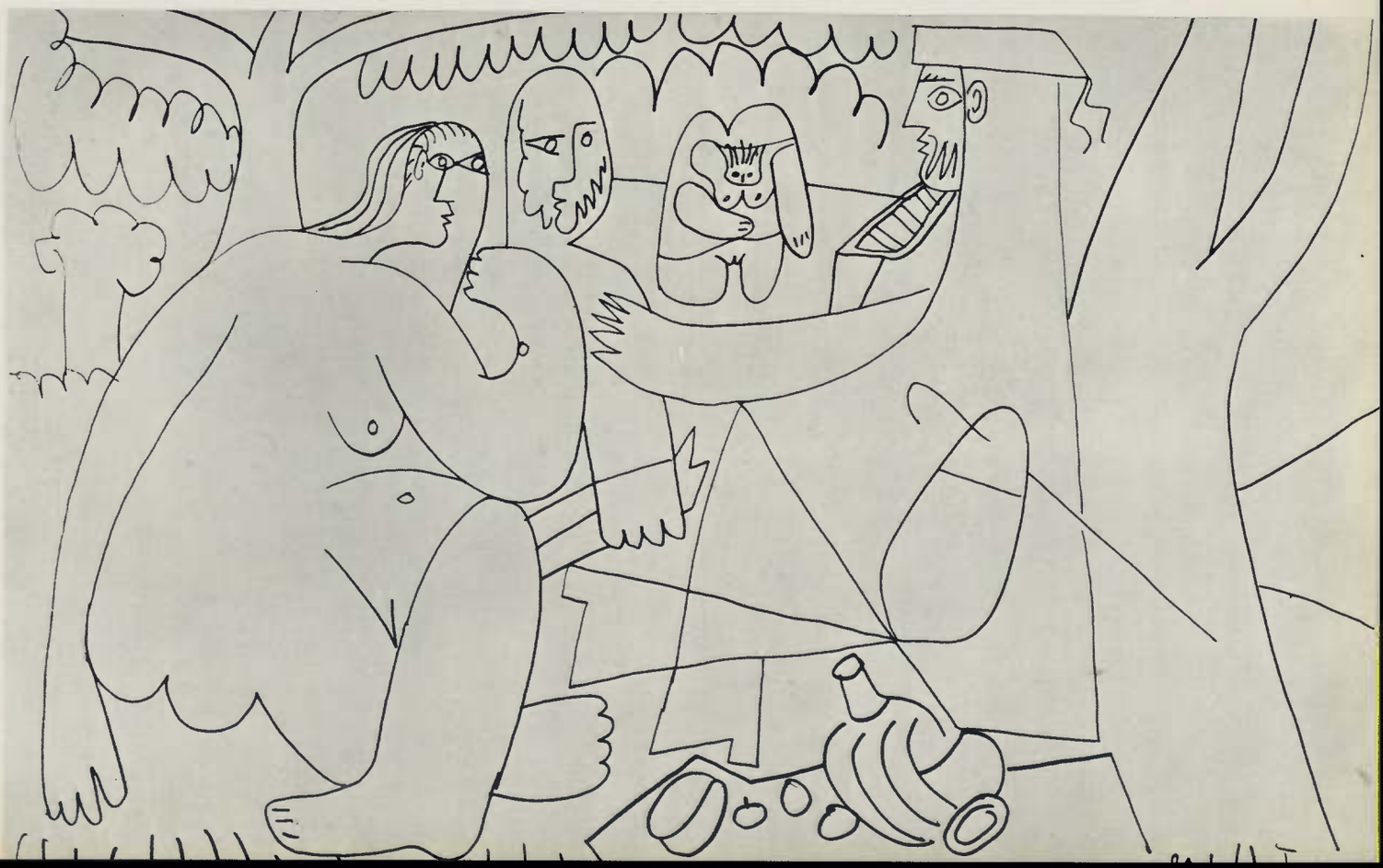
Other old men are careful not to laugh too heartily; they are afraid of dislodging a bridge or their dentures falling out. Picasso amuses himself watching an ant and laughs at generals; he laughs without malice like the Spanish peasants.

When he laughs out loud, the clouds grow lighter and scud faster, the fishes pop their heads out of



Flower-woman. 1948. Pencil drawing. 26 x 20 in.

Le déjeuner sur l'herbe. 1961. Drawing. (*Document "Cercle d'Art", Paris*).



Le déjeuner sur l'herbe. 1961. Drawing. (*Document "Cercle d'Art", Paris*).

the water, trees shed their dead leaves and lovely women let fall their dresses. Then his loudest shout of laughter grows dry and crackles like the mirth of ninety-seven cicadas at midday.

Picasso brings the joy of life to us. A whirlwind elixir blows around him, rejuvenating places, men, the furniture, upholstery and faces in the street.

Other old men have their pockets full of pills, listen to Beethoven and piddle in their pants as they wait for Death to come teetering towards them brandishing a golden sickle aimed at someone else.

At every stage of his life, he has worked relentlessly, unsatisfied and ready to begin all over again. He has never believed in understanding. He has been above grandeur.

He fills his eyes with savagery and concocts all sorts of corrosive inks with it. He disfigures himself with experimenting how far vitriol will bite into his own flesh. Then he begins to brand the flesh of others that is softer and sears more easily.

The more intense the fire, the less it smokes. The more intense the fire, the clearer it becomes.

Drawing. 17/12/1970. Ink and colored crayon. 26 x 10 in. Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris. (*Photo Jacqueline Hyde*).

Drawing. 7/1/1971. Ink and colored crayon. 13 x 10 in. Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris. (*Photo Jacqueline Hyde*).

Head. 1971. Colored ink and colored crayon on board. 12 x 8 in.

The ashes are used to clean his weapons after the operation.

In his one cent ink-pots, a black sun waits for the dip of a pen to shoot out its blinding rays.

His departures are unannounced, no schedule is fixed for his flights; there is no system of controls or alarms. He flies higher than any of his contemporaries and, when he falls, he has no parachute.

What a high day for this glutton for work when his hands are left free. Holiday hands. Hands that live for themselves. Hands whipped by a frenzy to right and left without resting on anything stable. Hands that love twisting and shreding the initials of a magnificent treatise on calligraphy; initials like the curls and bows of Louis XIV's wigs.

What happened to the red-pale-gray hat of the Infanta Margareta, which Velazquez lost and was picked up a few seconds later by the electric hand of Picasso?

The tiniest ink spot can expand or shrink, like a snake that can swallow a gazelle or squeeze through the eye of a needle.

And what insatiable water-melon eaters! Millennia of thirst to the poorest and most remote of the Spanish provinces. They throw themselves on the slices like leeches that have been starved for a long time. All the melon-eaters painted or drawn by Picasso end by looking like him, the man who has always been hungry for something no one else wants.

Ordinary objects, like a jug, a lighted candle, a mandoline, the saddle and handle-bars of a bicycle, a guitar, a spoon or a glass, can become the essential organ of his breathing, the articulation of his right leg, his touch, smell or hearing.

His love is incomparable: his savagery unequaled. When his forms, which have been imitated by young and old painters, are dissociated from his genius, they only preserve their outward appearance like burnt-out light-bulbs.

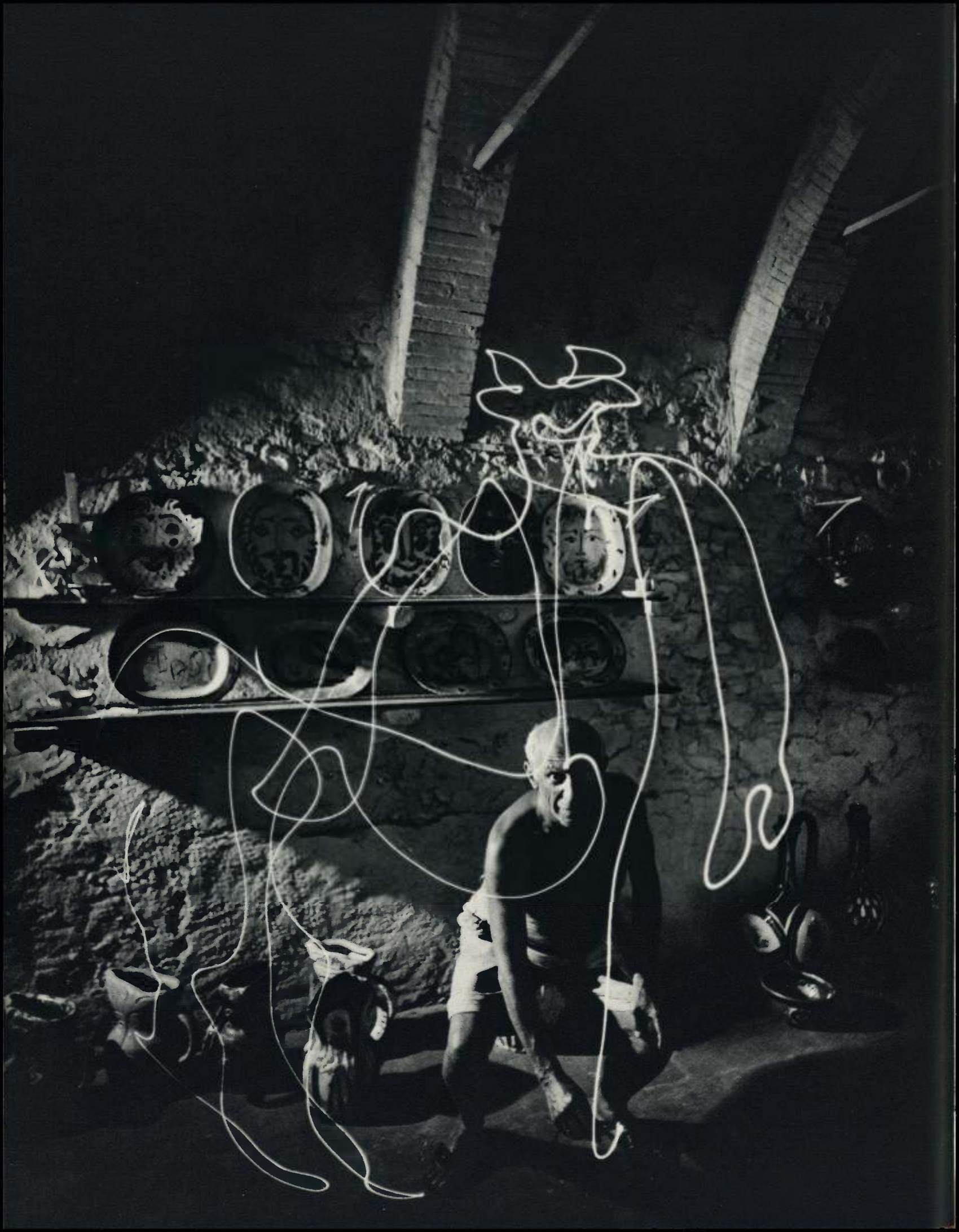
In the self-portraits, he plays at disguising and camouflaging himself as a dwarf or an old man. He does not contemplate himself, he flays himself. He turns into Molière's doctors, the burgomasters of Franz Hals, Rubens's ambassadors or the magistrates of Hogarth. Bulbous nose, sarcastic eye - or it may be cunning as he goggles at Perpetua's breast bulging fuller than a Scottish bagpipe.

With his swift, prolific, elementary touch, he can make a forest of hairs shoot out of the ear of a burgomaster or tattoo Charlemagne's belly with calligraphy.

Like the Spanish seventeenth-century comedies, he can be duke and cardinal camerling, cup-bearer, ambassador and cook. A multifold genius with transparent sides like the glass walls of an aquarium. In his pupils, which are always wide open, we can see the looks wagging the tail and devouring everything above and below, in front and behind. Young in the past, young now and younger still in the future.

RAFFAELE CARRIERI

Head. 1971. Colored ink and colored crayon on board. 13 x 8 in.
(*Photos Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris*).



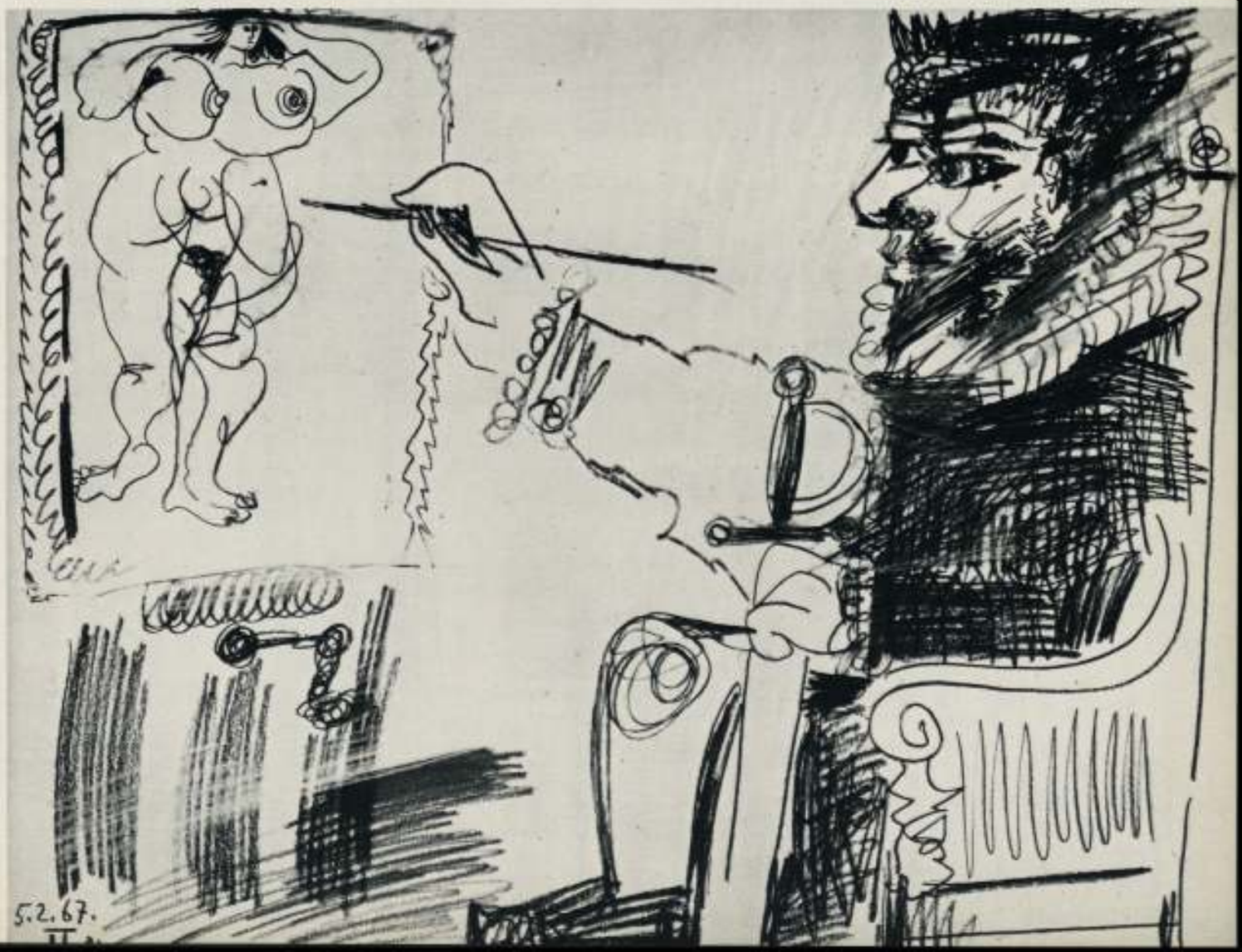
◁ Picasso drawing in space with a light in his hand. Vallauris, 1949. (*Photo Gjon Milli*).

Proliferating profiles

by Yvon Taillandier

"It's hydra time again." That is what I said to myself as I strolled through the Galerie Louise Leiris one February day in 1968. Indeed, of the eighty-two Picasso drawings on exhibition, the work of the two previous years, almost twenty - nineteen to be exact - contained an apparently many-headed figure. True, the graphic effect this comment was based on also inspired several other interpretations, interpretations I recall today as I leaf through the catalogue for perhaps the hundredth time. For example, nothing stops us from thinking the profiles contained one inside the other are produced by mirrors or cast shadows. One of these profiles, the most exact, the clearest and the closest one, would be the real one and the others mere reflections or the result of projections. And yet it is impossible to make up our minds, for where is the screen located? And where is the reflective surface? Another hypothesis: the repetition of one, two, three samples of a figure's profile might represent some hesitation, that is, a series of errors. In Picasso's case, however, a failure is quite often worth someone else's success and these blunders and retained erasures tell something like the following story: first the painter decides to make the head a particular size;

Painter Musketeer. 5/2/1967. Colored crayon. 20 x 26 in.



Burlesque Scene. 12/7/1967. Chinese ink. 20 x 25 in.

then he changes his mind, "No it would be better smaller"; or, on the contrary, "It would be better larger." Thus, the repeated profiles would recount the creative act and conjure up the conceptive motions. This idea of movement introduces a third hypothesis: like the twisting or the new distribution of the facial elements, these repetitions of the line running from the forehead to the chin would call physical motion to mind. We then think of Maray's chronophotography, Balla's *Little Girl Running on a Balcony* (1912) or Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase.* But the motions in question here would be more restricted and limited to the neck and face. The *Painter Musketeer,* in colored crayon, seems to move his head forward, then back; perhaps he is winking, thus eliminating the enamel gleam of the eyeball, for his three profiles with three noses, three mouths, three foreheads, three beards and three mustaches admit of only two eyes. In the *Circus Scene,* the equestrienne's three profiles make her face move forward towards a seated clown the way her hand moves forward. But perhaps it is the contrary, the hand advances and the head retreats.

A fourth hypothesis: the repeated profiles would express neither the movement inherent in creation, nor the represented figure's motions; but those of memory, a prey to blanks and lapses. I have often used this method to explain those of Picasso's figures that combine front and side views; they would correspond to those moments when, trying to recall the details of a face, we discover we can cunjure up a clear picture of the bridge of the nose as seen in profile, for example, but can remember the eye only as seen head on (and not in profile) with the same clarity; etc. ... Thus, the lacks and holes in our memory create twisted images in our minds similar to those some Picasso's provide. This could also be the cause of the proliferating profiles. Memory would then function like the painter seeking the

Painter Working
(detail). 5/2/1967.
Colored crayon.
20 x 26 in.

Circus Scene. 27/7/1967. Chinese ink and gouache. 22 x 30 in.

most accurate or expressive proportions. It would grope for the exact contour of a face, trying several and erasing none.

A fifth hypothesis: this one drops the idea of movement of any kind. The image is thought of as motionless; neither the paper nor what is found on it moves. Thus, the equestrienne has three profiles because she has three heads. The nude woman in the *Burlesque Scene,* a pen and ink sketch of 1967, has two profiles because she is bicephalic; one of her two profiles is twice as large as the other because the two heads are not the same size. This point of view permits me to say: of the nineteen many-headed figures sighted at the exhibition, I counted six two-headed ones, eight three-headed ones, four four-headed ones and one five-headed one. Thus, even the figure with the most heads would have needed two more if, in February 1968, I were to have said "It's hydra time again", other than metaphorically. Quite frequent in the Far East where it is an attribute of gods and devils as well as of some images of Buddha, many-headedness is not actually peculiar to hydra in the West. The two-headed eagle (the symbol of the Russian Empire, the supporter of the Austrian Empire's escutcheon and one of the ornaments on Charlemagne's tomb) figures in heraldry. A Gallic divinity is three-headed. Leonardo da Vinci's school of painting is credited with a three-headed representation of the Holy Trinity. Today, the Surrealists, in particular Wifredo Lam, Brauner, Bellmer and even some Chagallians like Hugh Weiss, have created many-headed figures. This teratological interpretation of the proliferating profiles entitles us to affirm that many-headedness is part of Picasso's domain too.

A sixth hypothesis: here we pay particular attention to the fact that the proliferating profiles are arranged in such a way as to call Russian dolls or a certain type of heraldic figure to mind, a large profile containing a smaller profile which contains a still smaller one and so on, as some drawings, like the *Circus Scene,* which has been previously mentioned, show more clearly. This reminds us of Leibniz's philosophy and his image of the fish in the bloodstream which possess a circulatory system themselves in which other fish are swimming. Seventeenth-century geneticists used this same principle to explain reproduction.

A seventh hypothesis: the symbolism of the increasing or decreasing profiles would be more

Woman with a Flute-player. 1967. Colored crayon. 18 x 25 in.

Man with a Sheep, Nude Woman and Flautist. 7/1/1967. Colored crayon. 20 x 24 in. (*Photos Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris*).

sexual than genetic and would signify erection when read from the smallest to the largest and a return to the inert state when read in the opposite direction.

An eighth hypothesis: in this case only the repetitive nature of the profile proliferation would be taken into consideration and we would remind ourselves of what Baudelaire said about beauty which satisfies "man's immortal need of surprise and repetition". We have apparently become very sensitive lately to the display of identical volumes or images (thus the interest shown in Warhol's decorative photographic work). Now, for all his desire to surprise, as the profile proliferation shows, Picasso does not neglect repetition and all its bewitching, incantatory and enchanting powers.

YVON TAILLANDIER

Linocuts of Vallauris

by André Verdet

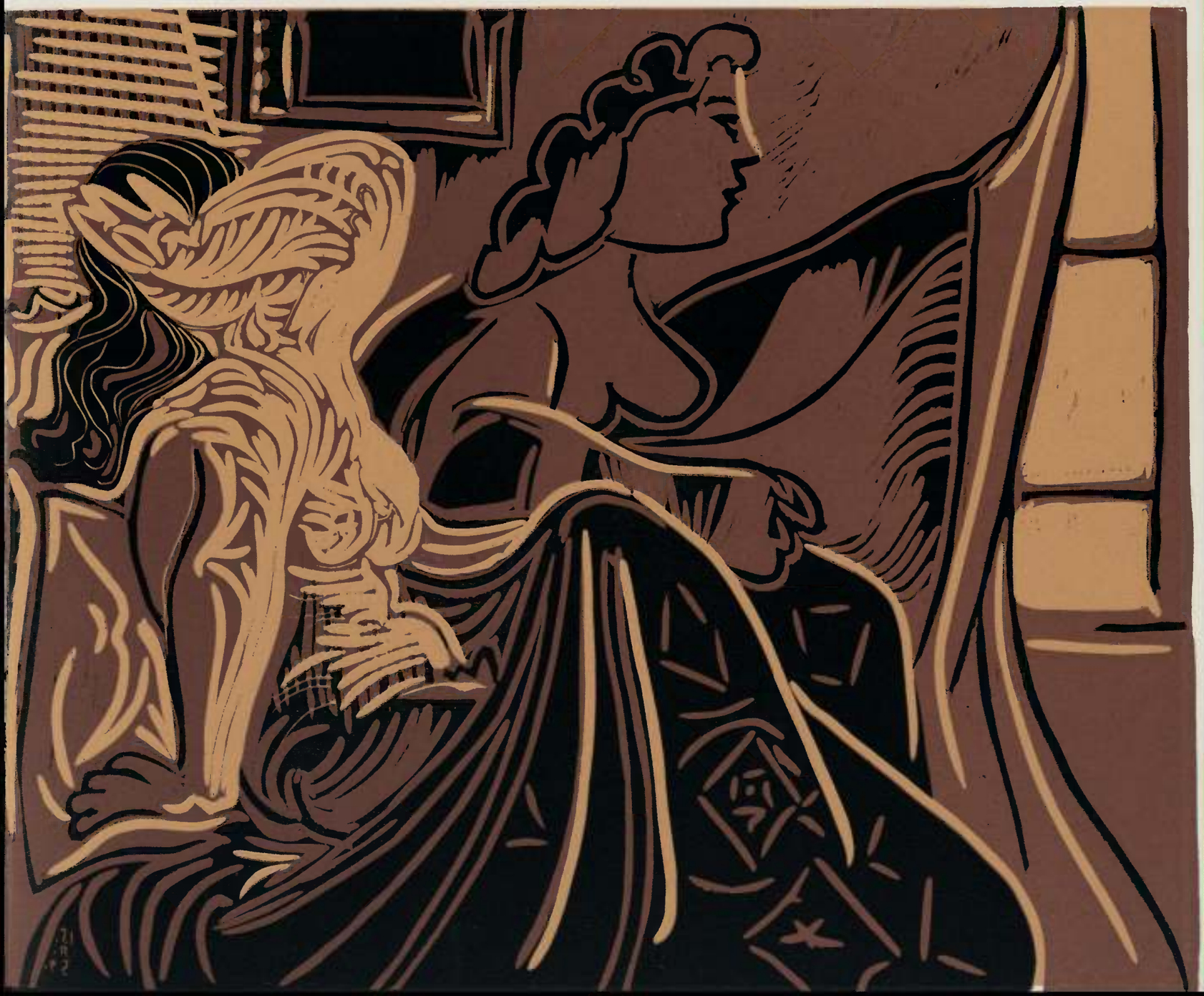
Picasso decided to try his hand at a linocut in 1954 for the first time. He found a young man called Arnéra at Vallauris, who had learnt printing from his father and knew how to print linocuts.

Arnéra was a master at making prints with the traditional technique of engraving linoleum and had often used it for posters. Before his visit to Arnéra's workshop, Picasso had already experimented with the medium but without much success.

During the summer of 1954, Picasso called on Arnéra because he wanted to print a poster for the corrida organized by his friend Munoz. Instead of printing the poster with the usual process of drawing the design on a zinc block, which he had used in previous years, he wanted to cut the linoleum himself.

Linoleum is a lifeless, inert material that school teachers give their children to do a little printing or to design a poster without making inroads into

N° 293 — TWO WOMEN NEAR THE WINDOW 1959 - Linocut in three colors (black, brown, beige) - 21 x 25 1/4 in.



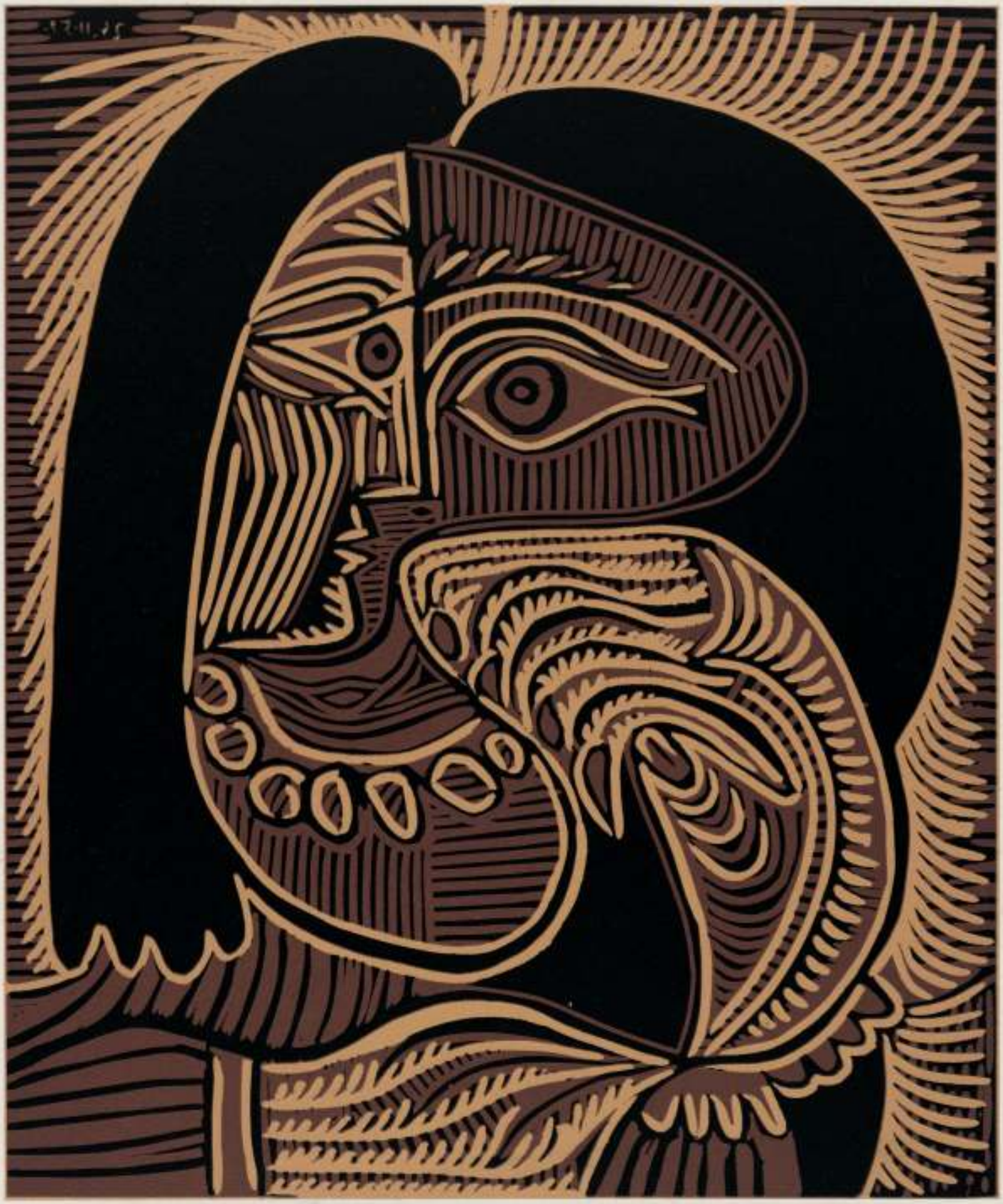
the meagre allowance of the art department. Most printers do not like lino because it requires very careful preparation ; it is difficult to ink it so as to obtain a satisfactory color. If a fair number of prints are required, it gets clogged, flattens and is even misshapen by the pressure of the cylinder. A linocut that has been prepared, registered and inked without a technical hitch can produce a very satisfying print with the sensitive lines and forms incised from the surface and the almost sensuous density of the color that has filled the hollows.

There are two principal methods of cutting a lino. One consists in incising the drawing onto a plain surface with a gouge. When it is printed, the drawing appears white against a black background. In the second method, the background is cut away and the drawing is left in relief. The first is safer because of the comparative fragility of lino as a material.

Picasso and Arnéra knew all the difficulties facing them in making a linocut when they chose this medium for printing a poster for the summer corrida, « Toros », at Vallauris in 1954. Technically and aesthetically, the result was excellent ; the black drawing on white was intensely dynamic and the hurtling lines formed a picture of circling antagonists that was explosive with movement and yet exact.

Picasso acquired a taste for his new departure. His enthusiasm got a hold of him as the work progressed and he discovered unsuspected potentialities in the linocut that had so far been neglected. When he took up a gouge, he may have had a vague idea at the back of his mind of giving color a primary importance that it had probably never yet had in the art of engraving. For the moment, however, the experiments following the poster for the 1954 Corrida

N° 275 — PICADOR AND TORERO 1959 - Linocut in three colors (black, mauve, beige) - 25 x 21 in.



N° 297 — WOMAN WITH A NECKLACE 1959 - Linocut in three colors (black, brown, beige) - 25 x 21 in.

N° 342 — FACE 1962 - Linocut in two colors (black and brown) - 14 x 11 in.

N° 366 — LE DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE 1962 - Linocut in six colors (black, green red, violet, blue, yellow) - 25 x 21 in.

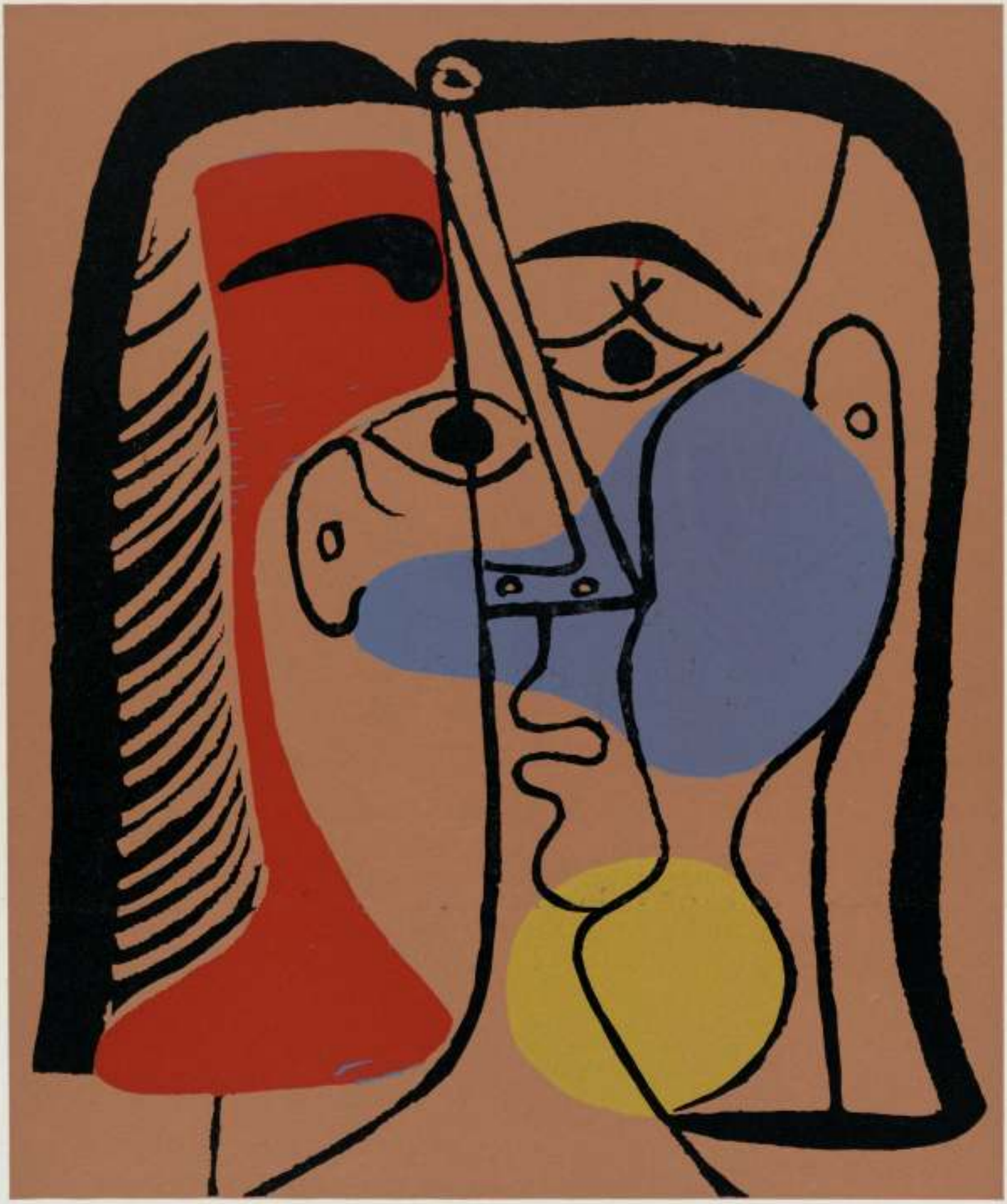
were monochrome, printed in black, or sometimes with a colored background.

His first attempts at colored linocuts appeared in 1956. A separate plate was used for each color and the results were highly successful. He designed two posters, one for the exhibition of painting at Vallauris, the other for the summer « Toros » in the same village. The first was in five colors, the second in four.

Picasso and Arnéra obtained a satisfactory register fairly quickly but they had endless difficulties with the rest of the printing. In Arnéra's words, « With linocutting, like everything else, there was no going back for Picasso. He took a sort of aggressive pleasure in encountering difficulties, overcoming them and winning the battle. Difficulties often turned out to be a field for experiment or landmarks for new departures. His expression would in turn darken, then brighten and grow dark again. He always tried to explore the possibilities of a technique to the utmost as his skill grew in manipulating a tool. »

The first print without any text appeared in 1957. In 1958, he produced the extraordinary *Cranach* in homage to the bold inventiveness of the German artist. The portrait that inspired the print had impressed Picasso deeply because of the colors in the costumes. He used a fair number of plates to reproduce the variety and opulent color of the original. Some of them overlapped and created intermediary tones in consequence, but Picasso subsequently gave up this technique.

With the *Cranach* in six colors, the painter and his



N° 351 — LARGE RED, BLUE AND YELLOW HEAD 1962 - Linocut in five colors (black, red, blue, yellow, beige)
25 x 21 in.

N° 295 — THREE WOMEN 1959 - Linocut in three colors (black, brown, beige) - 25 x 21 in.

printer, who had always worked together in a close partnership, could feel that their work was moving in the right direction in spite of the countless pitfalls and the hours of concentrated toil they had devoted to it. Arnéra thought the day was not far off when it would be almost impossible to go beyond certain limits : Frankly, I really believe that we shall soon have to be content with the latest achievements and vary them as far as possible within technical limitations that will be insurmountable. »

But Picasso thought otherwise. During 1959, he invited Arnéra to his workshop in the *Californie* at Cannes ; he had perfected an entirely new technique, which had once again upset tradition, this time radically. *He was only going to use a single plate from now on.* The new technique would produce a faultless register and its comparatively rapid execution had the added advantage of removing the brake on his creative impulses, which could express themselves in subtleties and refinements hitherto unknown in linocut printing.

Picasso informed his printer of the process as he envisaged it. Before even beginning to work the surface of the lino, it should be printed in the chosen color (always the brightest) in as many copies as the final edition would comprise. This ground would become a drawing in the same color after it had been overprinted with a brown from the plate worked for the first time by the artist. After these two impressions and the first engraving, the dominant color would be brown from which the subject would stand out in ochre, the color filling the hollows cut out by the tool. Finally, the artist would remove from the linoleum those parts that were to remain

dark brown. The third state of the lino, inked in black, would print the figures and the subject.

This technique of alternating interruption and creation demanded not only a very clear idea of the final composition but also a precise conception of the desired effect. Picasso's inventive genius alone could have dared to conceive the process and use it for a sweeping style that defied all the laws. Picasso realized that, with the technique of the single plate, he had discovered a method in perfect conformity with the specific laws of printing with lino.

Picasso was once again working with forms that he cherished in his heart and mind, and that have become so familiar to us. His linocuts are a harmony of material, its treatment and the images using this medium. The prodigious life giving vitality to the surfaces are corrida scenes, picadors, toreadors, horses and riders, heads of women, generally of Jacqueline, nudes of women, women and toreros, guitar players, love-making, still lifes and so on.

Ochre, brown and black predominate but they are pierced by the solar violence of reds and torrid yellows, interspersed with areas of ash maroon and pearl gray, and there were distinguished monochromes. The image, calm or disturbing, is sometimes linear, drawn with a continuous or broken line, but more often it is formed of colored masses and curving volumes, modeled or treated as silhouettes, with a marvelous rhythm and spontaneity in its subdued or bright hues, circumscribed or whipped with lines, or with luminous areas in brilliant contrasts or harmonic counterpoint. This is *visual art* in its almost savage brilliance, *gestural* art in its dynamic spatial effect, shadow and light, day and night.

Treating the linocut in turn with economy and sumptuousness, tumult and serenity, drama and joy, cruelty and tenderness, Picasso has made it into a major art. The physical and psychological reality he has managed to extract from it has set it *on the same plastic and moral plane as painting and drawing.* He had already done the same thing for the arts of lithography and etching.

The difficulty of the undertaking after 1959 must again be emphasized. As the multicolored editions were printed from a single plate, this was re-incised after the impression of each color. Consequently, it was absolutely impossible to reprint a particular stage because the state of the plate had been altered as the work advanced. The engraver and his printer had to be on the alert constantly ; an error on the part of either and the whole print would be ruined beyond recall.

In 1959, he also produced the hectic, impish series of bacchanalia, the Greek romps with fauns, nymphs, pans, goats and bulls, dancing and playing music in a mad saraband, or dreaming against a background of Mediterranean landscape, mountains, sky and sea. There are no iridescent colors, only ochres, black, white, blue and primordial greens, but they leave an impression of decorative richness in spite of this restraint. The illusion of depth is often created by the colors and their spatial values, combined with the reduction in size and the arabesque lines of the landscape. Some of the bacchanalia are almost monochrome. Their silhouetted figures have the rarity and ellipsis of signs.

Arnéra thought once again that Picasso had arrived at the summit and he ought to stay there. But, in 1962, he changed the order of printing the colors and they began with the darkest colors. An example is the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe.* The first color to be printed was deep violet. Once something had succeeded with Picasso, you could not be sure of anything that might happen in the future. Success, for him, belonged to the past and he was already planning to begin all over again. The importance of his linocuts is now so widely recognized that, although Picasso has ceased to work in this medium, I sometimes wonder what talented expert, or even genius could reach his level from the technical point of view alone. The simple, fragile, dull looking material of lino has been given a robustness and brilliant possibilities for centuries to come. » This is again the printer Arnéra speaking, for whom « the hours and years of working with Picasso are unforgetable because they taught me how you could strive to outreach yourself. »

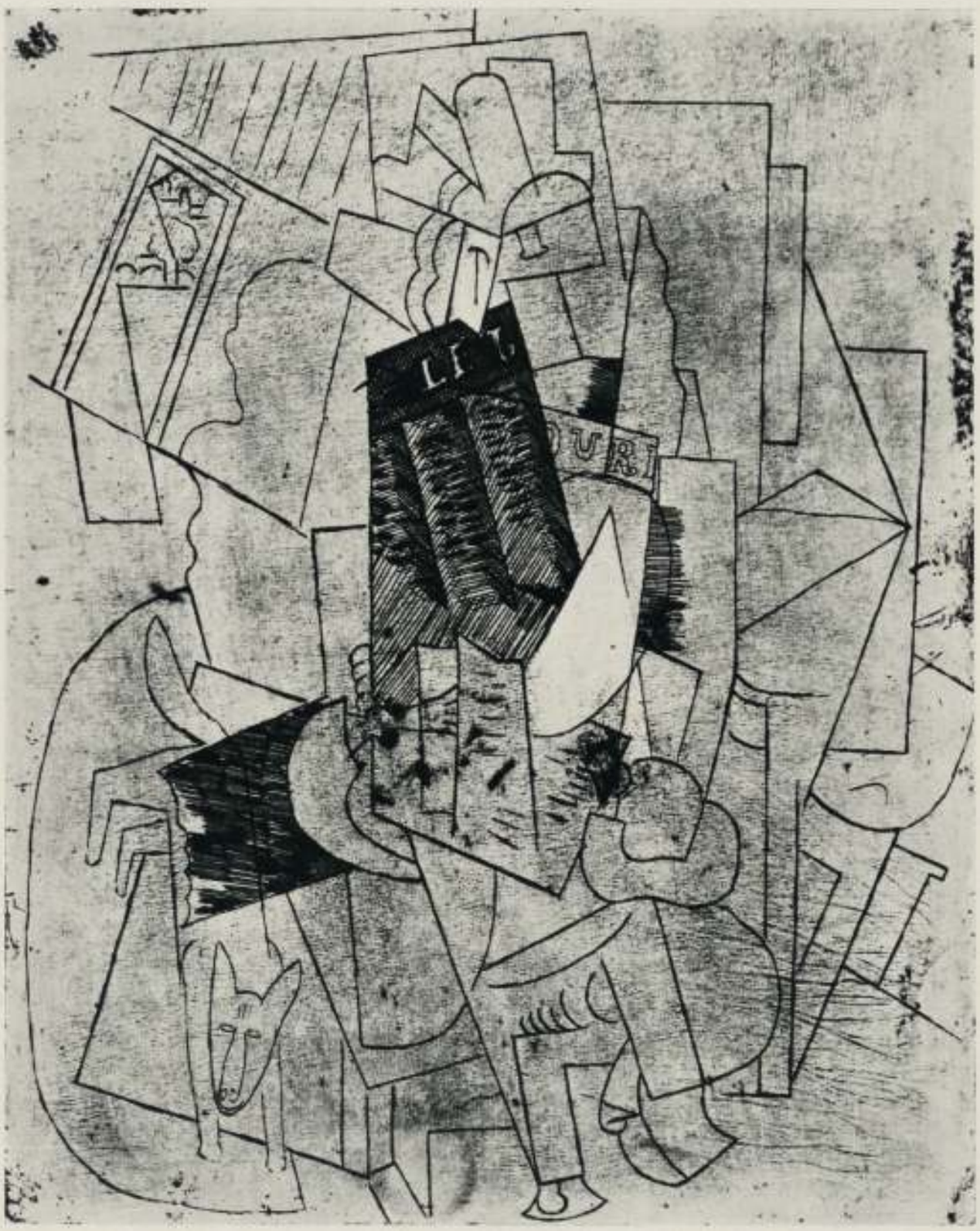
I hardly need to add that, since the end of 1967, Picasso has given up printing with lino, that several incised plates are waiting to be printed and that others, which have already been printed, are waiting for him to go back and finish them. Will these linocuts ever come out one day : Arnéra hopes so and sometimes thinks about them sadly. Only Picasso could give an answer, one fine day when the printer has forgotten about them. His answer will be a call on the phone to announce his arrival, or, more likely, his sudden appearance, black on white, at the entrance of the workshop.

ANDRE VERDET

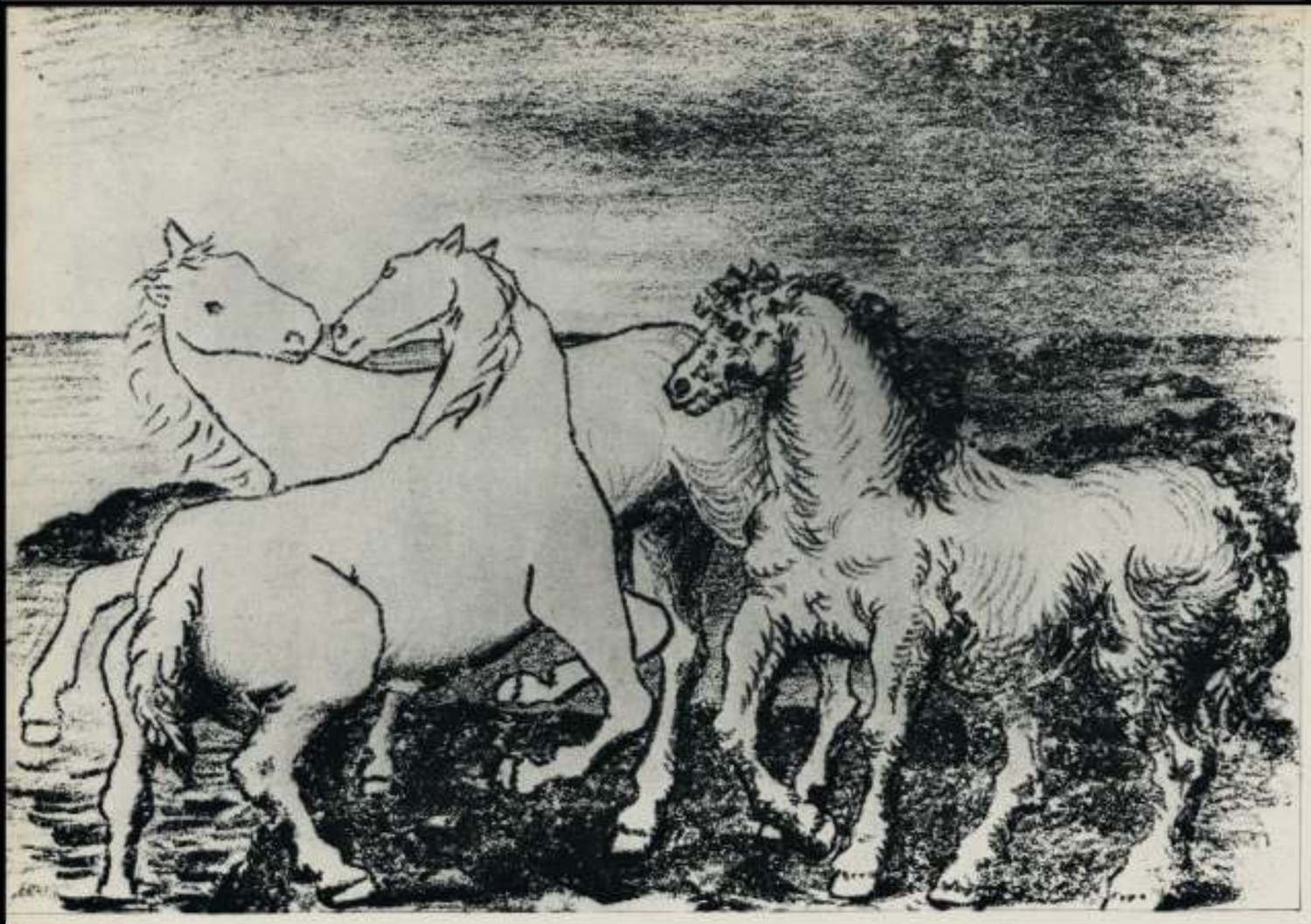
Printed by Arnéra at Vallauris with the same process and inks used for original works.

Incising a copperplate

by Georges Bloch



Man with a Dog. 1914. Etching. 11 x 8 in. (Bloch No. 28).



Three Horses by the Sea. 30 December 1920. Lithograph. 5 x 6 in.

Etching for the "Metamorphoses d'Ovide".
(Pub. Skira, 1930).

Pablo Picasso's engraved and lithographed work can be divided into several periods distinguished by one predominant technique.

The young artist was fascinated by the etchings and dry-points that he saw being engraved in the Parisian workshops of masters like Eugène Dalâtre, Louis Fort and especially Roger Lacourière, who taught him some of the new techniques. Later on, he acquired his own press so that he could master a fine craft and print editions of his work. From 1919 to 1930, he tried his hand at lithography. The etchings of the Vollard Suite were the culmination of years of experience that had produced countless outstanding compositions. The prints he did subsequently during the war were nearly all book illustrations.

Then 1945 was marked by sudden, intense activity in lithography at the Fernand Mourlot workshops, as if he was making up for lost time. His growing technical mastery and creative genius produced new and striking effects in lithography. During this period, he did a few etchings only, and aquatint was used for large size prints published by the Galerie Louise Leiris.

When Picasso went to live in the south of France, his lithography met with technical difficulties.

Woman Weeping. 2 July 1937. ▷
Etching, aquatint and dry point. 6th state.

Seated and Sleeping Women. 11 May 1947. Lithograph. 20 x 24 in. (Bloch No. 95).

Etching for the Vollard Suite. 1939.

His acquaintance with the printer Arnéra at Vallauris led to printing linocut posters and an admirable series of prints in the same medium, most of them colored, produced between 1959 and 1963.

Jacques Frélaut, who was now in charge of the Lacourière workshop, went to Cannes to renew its long association with the artist. There he prepared plates for working with acid and pulled proofs of etchings and aquatints with Picasso on the press set up in the basement of the Villa Californie. Most of these prints were also published in de luxe editions. In 1963, Piero and Aldo Crommelynck brought a hand-press from Paris to Mougins, where Picasso had finally settled. Since then, burin, etching, dry-point and aquatint have been the tools and media for the proliferating, ever changing images projected by Picasso's imagination.

Picasso is really revealed by following the genesis of his work from one date to another. All his phases and styles, which we use as landmarks, are in reality only successive stages of a continuity that constitutes the phenomenon of Picasso. He is one and many; this may have been what his friend Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler meant when he said that the artist lived every moment in the

Woman in an Armchair, No. 4. 3 January 1949 (Bloch No. 588). Lithograph, 5th state. 28 x 22 in.

present, or even the instant and drew into it all the riches of the earth. The collector feels dizzy, when he sees all that lies gathering dust in Picasso's studio, and discouraged at the sight of countless proofs that will never be passed for printing. It seems that graphic art fulfills a function for Picasso that is hardly valid for other living artists. It is the converging point of all the creative impulses, released in his brain by the great events of history, people he meets and experiences in his private life, at a rhythm that can increase to the point of paroxysm. An example of this is the eleven plates of the Vollard Suite that he completed in four days in January 1934; or again, the twenty-six aquatints for the *Tauromachy* that he executed in a few hours only in 1957. It is impossible to describe the feelings roused by direct, personal contact with this natural force. The eyes of the collector are dazzled by the treasures he displays of trial proofs, discarded or forgotten, of well-known works, or new prints. What a fascinating plunge into the arcana of creation! I brought back a grain of its force from Mougins, which was ample compensation for the disappointments and

The Rehearsal. 21-26 February 1954. Lithograph. 19 x 25 in. (Bloch No. 756).

Woman with a Bun. December 1957. Lithograph, 1st state. 22 x 17 in.

Midnight Horses. 1958. Dry point and burin.
One of a series of 13 engravings.

Painter Working. February 1961. Aquatint, etching and dry-point. 9 x 13 in. (Bloch No. 1159).

weariness suffered in the patient assembling of a collection.

Compiling the catalogue of this work has been a privileged occupation, which could only be accomplished in a spirit full of gratitude towards Picasso and his wife.

Picasso has surprised master engravers for a long time now. He has not only overcome every kind of technical difficulty, but has gone beyond this with results that they had considered impossible; in short, his success has been triumphant in every new medium he tried. The reason for this is that producing etchings, engravings, lithographs or even linocuts is primarily for Picasso the approach to a craft, which requires the investigation of all its professional secrets with the patience and love that are the qualities of the real creator. He is a virtuoso of every engraving tool and he can search out the most subtle, refined effects latent in the material. It is hardly surprising then that he believes in ceaseless experiment and that five, ten or twenty states are sometimes considered necessary before a masterpiece leaves his hands and even then he sometimes hesitates before giving instructions for the final printing. An examination of these unpublished trial proofs is a revelation of Picasso's working methods, his constant search for new forms of expression and the doubts that affect his decisions.

GEORGES BLOCH

(Reprinted from the *Catalogue de l'oeuvre gravé et lithographié, 1904-1967, de Picasso,* Editions Kornfeld et Klipstein, Berne. Published for the exhibition organized at the Zürich Kunsthaus by G. Bloch).

The Goat (etching, 1952, 3 x 5 in.) for the 50 copies of "La Chèvre" by André Verdet.

Sculpture: "to make a dove, you must first wring its neck"

by Dore Ashton

During my student years, it was not yet permissible to think of Picasso as anything but a thoroughgoing, dependable genius. Later, it became fashionable to find fault with him, and to gloat over his occasional lapses in taste and quality. I was never able to join his detractors, even for a moment, due to my rather old-fashioned reverence for genius, and to another experience I had in the late 1940s:

I was in the New York Public Library, working on some paper or other for my college course in art history, when I chanced to look over the shoulder of a reader not far from me. (I have always taken the greatest pleasure in this kind of intellectual *voyeurism*, and I've learned a lot too.) The man was peering closely at a thick book packed with smallish photographs, which, I soon ascertained, was a *catalogue raisonné* of

Mask of a Woman. Paris, 1907. Bronze. Coll. Mr and Mrs Sampson R. Field, New York.

A man of form

by Julio Gonzalez

It is a great pleasure for me to write about Picasso the sculptor. I have always considered him a "man of form" because he has a natural feeling for form. Form in his early paintings and in his most recent.

But, in 1908, at the time of his first Cubist paintings, Picasso conceived form not as a silhouette, nor as the projection of an object, but as a "construction" of planes in relief, syntheses and the cube of the object.

Picasso told me that these paintings could be cut up — the colors, after all, were only indications of the different perspectives and planes inclined in one direction or another — then put together again following the indications given by the colors and the result would be a "sculpture". There would be nothing lost by the disappearance of the painting. He was so convinced of this that he did a few sculptures, which were a complete success.

Picasso must have felt that he had the temperament of a real sculptor because, when he referred to this period of his life, he used to say, "I had never been so contented", or "I was so happy then".

Later on, in 1931, when he was working on the sculpture of a Monument to Apollinaire, I often heard him repeat, "I feel as happy again as in 1908".

I have often noticed that not a single form leaves him indifferent. He looks at everything, as a sculptor.

Again recently, he brought some odd pieces of white wood into his studio and carved them with his little pocket-knife, carefully preserving the planes and sizes of each piece because each one suggested a different figure to him. The results were the fine sculptures illustrated here, which give us food for thought.

In my opinion, the mysterious aspect of Picasso's work, its nerve tips, so to speak, are to be found in sculpture. It is the sculpture that has made his work so discussed and spread his fame.

J. GONZALEZ

"Cahiers d'Art", 6.7.1936

the works of Picasso—Zervos, of course. Although I had been ignorant of the existence of this giant compendium of Picasso's ideas, I quickly informed myself.

In the two days I spent poring over the catalogue, I learned, with both a sinking heart and a sense of exultancy, that it was really true: Picasso had tried everything.

I had often heard this said, but hadn't taken it too seriously. Yet, I found in those hundreds of tiny photographs, that just about any movement, including the then emergent Abstract Expressionist movement in New York, had been anticipated by Picasso. Sometimes it was only in a careless, single sketch. Sometimes, it was worked out fully. In any case, it became an oppressive fact planted indelibly in my mind: *Picasso had tried everything.*

Not only that, but everything Picasso had tried had been discussed, explained and documented copiously. As a result, when I shortly after became a reviewer in an art magazine, I would find any excuse to avoid having to add still more verbiage to the already bulging dossiers.

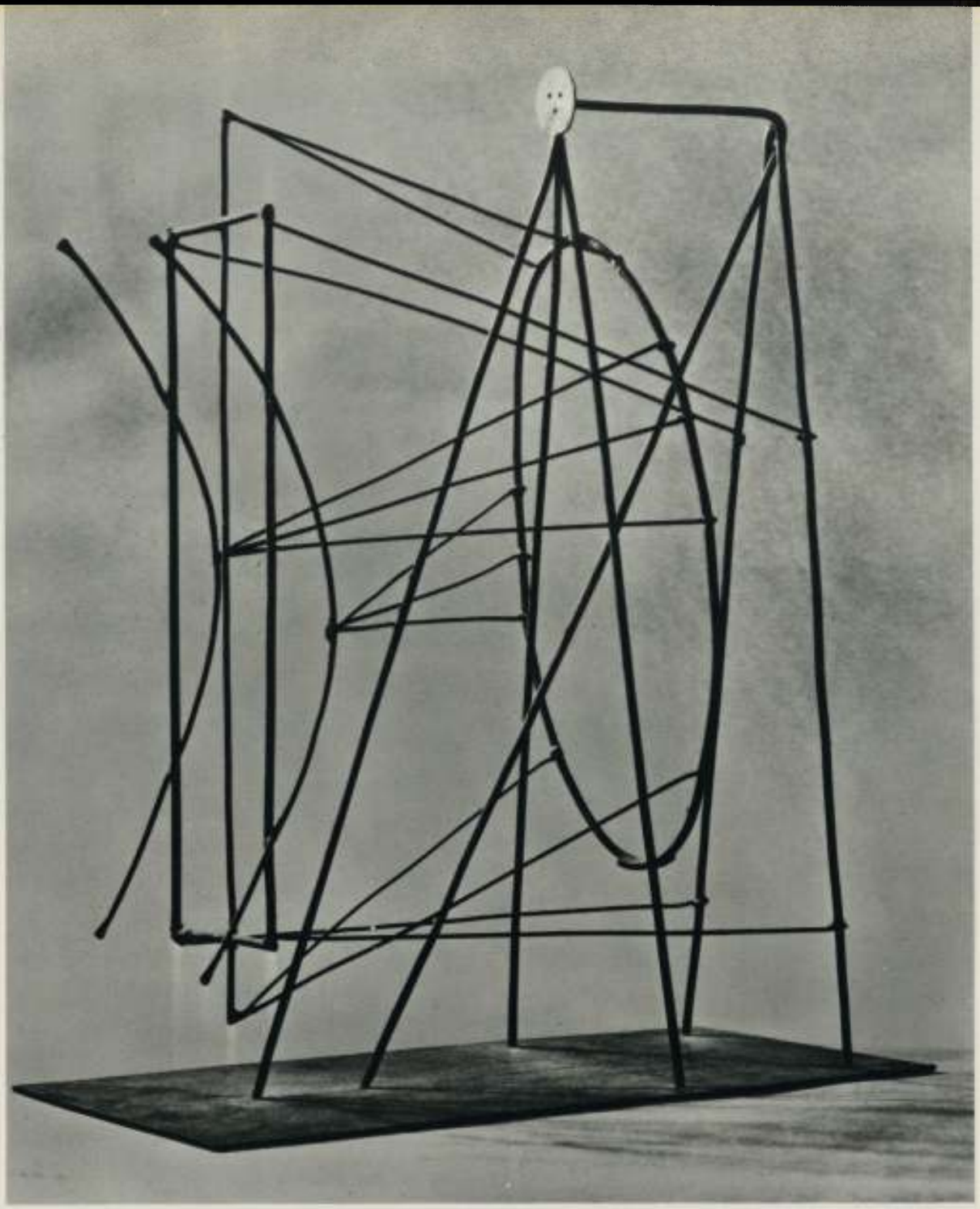
I must admit that this reluctance has never left me. Just as it took me many years to bring myself to come to grips with Goethe, because of his largeness, it has taken me many years to relax and see Picasso in the small doses necessary with such a large and endlessly inventive figure.

The exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art of more than 230 sculptural works by Picasso rekindled my wonder and despair at ever dealing properly with Picasso. The show, installed with extraordinary tact by René d'Harnancourt, brought out, once again, the uncanny master who puts his seal on just about any approach to art the twentieth century has been able to devise, leaving little space for the others.

Certainly the first strong response I had was to the elemental, brute power driving this manpower present even in the most tender, or most trivially pretty works, such as the painted ceramic ladies. It reminded me of something Picasso said to Roland Penrose which I have never been able to forget and which never fails to make me shudder, albeit respectfully: "To make a dove, you must first wring its neck."

Whatever Picasso may have meant, and he may have been merely flippant, it is quite apparent that in his strongest work, he has been capable of a harsh direct action which freed him totally from inhibition and convention. He is quite capable, I'm sure, of wringing a dove's neck.

It is said that Picasso read Nietzsche in his youth. Even if he didn't, he was certainly well aware of the Nietzschean doctrine of will and power. If his own idea about an artist's right to lie in order to reach the truth didn't come directly from Nietzsche, it was a coincidence of thought of some importance. Nietzsche's insist-



Construction in wire. 1930. 20 x 16 x 7 in. Artist's coll.

ence that power and freedom were achieved to the highest degree in the action of making art comes close to describing what I think is the basic quality emanating from all Picasso's sculptures.

After registering the sheer power, I remarked Picasso's total lack of embarassment when caught at play. Although I regard a good number of Picasso's more playful sculptures as relatively trivial, I recognize that in a respectable number of instances, Picasso has raised the play element to high art with scarcely any self-consciousness. I have never been particularly enthusiastic about the play theory of aesthetics, but Picasso certainly forces me to consider it again. Or at least, to understand a little more Schiller's belief that the sources of play and art are in surplus human energy, and that "Man only plays when, in the full meaning of the word, he is a man, and he is only completely a man when he plays". This statement of Schiller's seems to be destined for Picasso and Picasso alone.

Still considering the exhibition as a whole, I was forced back to my old conviction that Picasso had tried everything, or nearly everything. If the assumptions of twentieth-century art

Head of a Bull. Boisgeloup, 1932. Bronze. 13 x 21 x 22 in. Artist's coll.

broadened out to include differing conceptions of space (and Moholy-Nagy listed some 36 different kinds of space in his handbooks ranging from Euclidean, non-Euclidean, isotropic and topographic, to fictive, hyperbolic, crystalline and etheric), Picasso was instinctively alert to all of them. Or almost all. It is quite apparent in his sculpture, at any rate, that few twentieth-century spacial conventions in sculpture were left untried.

As just one example of what I mean: in 1931 he amused himself by taking frame molding ranging in length from six inches to two feet, and whittling figures in various postures out of them. Necessarily, the figures are elongated and compact. But in addition, they are carved to suggest interior movements (even contrapposto), and they are carved to emphasize their attenuated status. In so doing, Picasso instinctively suggests the immense spacial pressures shaping the bee-organic being (as they shape the cells of hives, or plants), and the dynamic force of environment. It remained for Giacometti to fully articulate this kind of sculpture space, but Picasso had, *inter alia*, touched upon the idea.

Of particular interest to us in New York were the early constructions which had never been shown here before. They range from a truly beautiful 1912 relief in sheet metal of a guitar, now wholly patinated with rust, to a somber acting-out of a painting in 1914 titled *Glass and Dice*. I was particularly interested in the latter because of its strangely metamorphic character: it is clearly an enactment of a painting, being a relief of quite readable projections, colored to resemble certain of Picasso's paintings of the time. His belief that he could have cut up his Cubist paintings easily and made sculpture with them seems to be at issue here. Yet, the presence of a die, cut out of wood in weird perspective (almost anamorphic) and intended to be seen in clear recessive illusion, which he reinforces by the way he paints it, places the composition in an intermediate realm unique for the period.

This realm, which is being explored widely now, is full of quixotic turnings, and ambiguous ambitions. Painters who extend certain forms bodily from their two-dimensional surface, as well as sculptors who paint illusionistic images on the surfaces of their sculptures today, were anticipated by Picasso.

In context with the other early bronzes, the *Glass of Absinthe* almost always on view at the Museum of Modern Art, now looks to me rather different. Apollinaire repeated many times his belief that Boccioni was wholly influenced by Picasso. But in this particular case, rather isolated in Picasso's œuvre, I wonder if Picasso hadn't

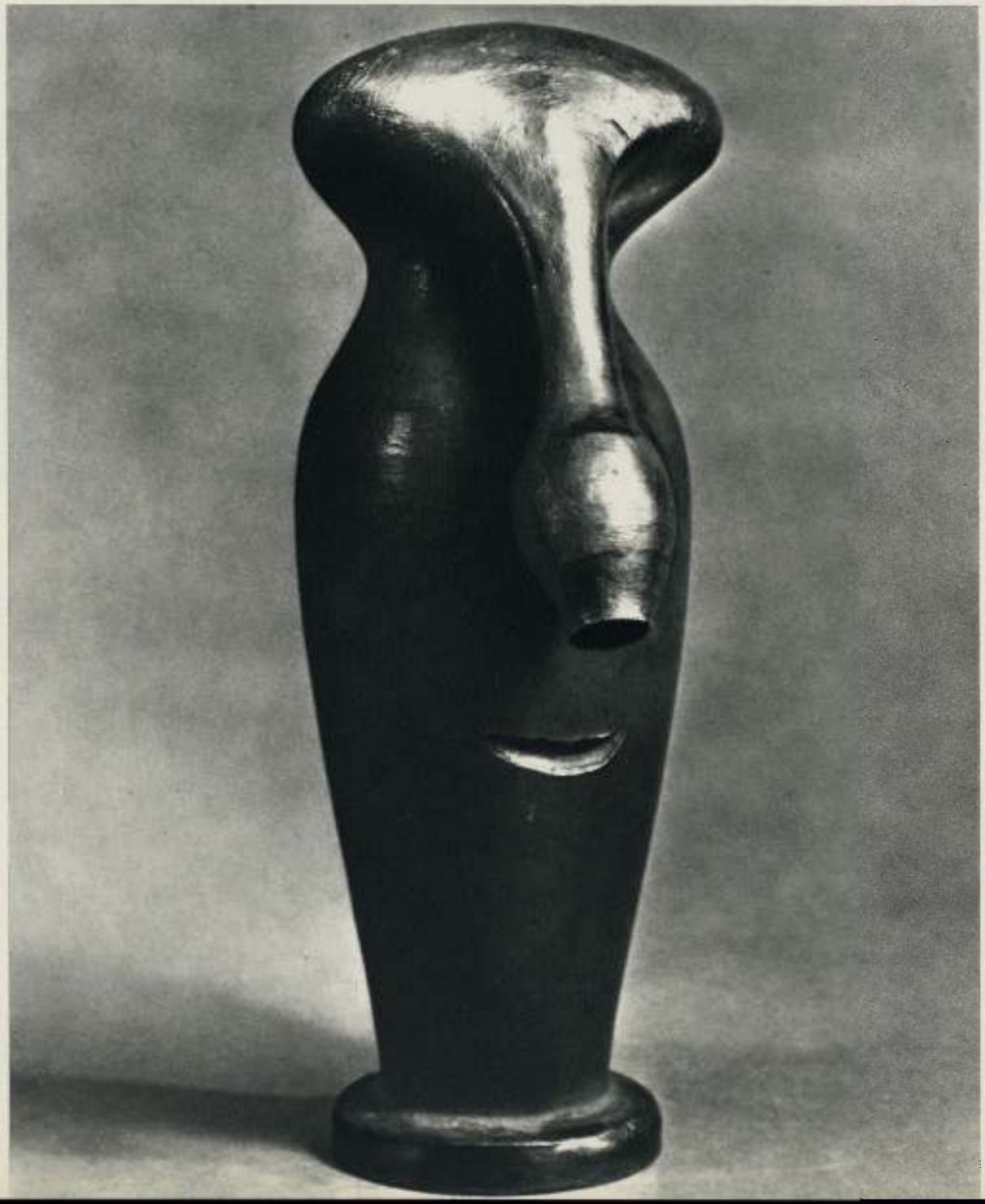
absorbed the lesson of Boccioni's analysis of a bottle which was exhibited, I believe, in Paris a year before Picasso did his glass of absinthe.

We have been accustomed to seeing it as 1. an example of the early use of real objects, or found objects in sculpture 2. an example of the use of color to elaborate the surface of bronze 3. an example of Picasso's humor. It now appears to me more as an example of Picasso's hyper-sensitive antennae, and of his ability to state, in one example, and succinctly, a summary of aesthetic leitmotifs of the period.

Quite obviously Picasso picked up other theories announced earlier by other artists and enacted them. His wire construction of 1928 sets the pace for many decades to come for artists eager to discard traditional closed volumes. And his elaboration of Gonzalez's ideas in welding—those muscular, powerful and amusing compositions of the early thirties such as *Woman in a Garden*—were to inspire a whole generation, and notably our David Smith. Incidentally, Picasso's constant interest in the art of other cultures is seen again in his 1931 *Head of a Woman*, a welded iron piece incorporating a found object (a sieve) and linear welding, placed on a bent-kneed, three-legged base that directly recalls many Bambara sculptures.

In the case of the monumental modeled bronze heads of women of 1931 and 1932, enough praise

Vase (Face). 1947. Bronze.



Woman Reading. Vallauris, 1952-1953. Painted bronze. 6 x 14 in.

has been bestowed—I would feel foolish adding more. I was impressed particularly by the more fantastic and terrifying ones, such as the 1932 *Bust of a Woman* with an anteater's proboscis and ambiguous eyes and breasts, standing solemnly with the magical presence of some primitive fetish. The impact of Surrealism did him good, especially in his sculpture.

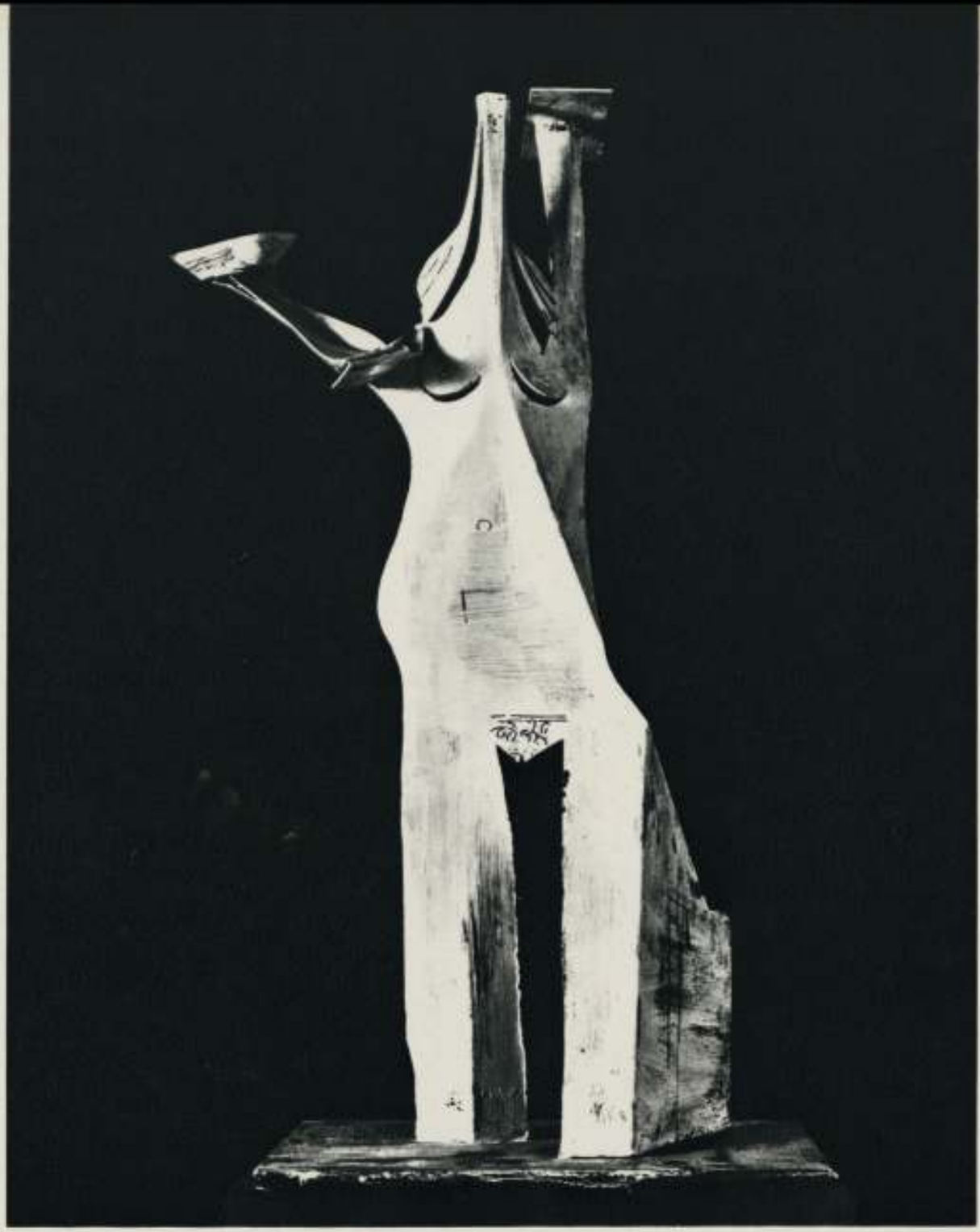
It was in those years that he made a perfectly natural statement which became something of a mandate for the many Picasso-watchers among the young. He said: "When you work you don't know what is going to come out of it. It is not indecision; the fact is it changes while you are at work." This attitude most certainly affected the course of American sculpture, and probably European sculpture as well.

It obviously is an attitude that springs directly from Picasso's permanent personality; the per-

Angry Owl. Vallauris, 1953. Bronze. 11 x 9 x 11 in.

sonality apparent already in his adolescence. It made it possible for him to approach subjects that others felt were prohibited to the artist who wished to be "modern". It made it possible, for instance, for him to study the bull intensely, and in great anatomical detail, and then to shape the spirit and power of the bull rather than its literal mass. In a marvelous 1932 bronze head of a heifer, and in an extraordinary portrait of a shaggy bull done in 1957 in bronze, Picasso shows his great capacity for empathy, and his need to express, animistically, his understanding of animals. Needless to say, the many owls, doves and hens and goats support this.

Even in the traditional realm of organic volumes, where an inner expansion is sensed in the plenitude of the external form, Picasso transforms. His way of making a simple pot into the torso of a woman without losing the fulness and aesthe-



Woman with a Wooden Bowl. Cut-out sheet-metal, folded and painted. 45 x 23 in.

tic beauty of either the basic pot or the basic female, is beyond description.

Roland Penrose, who credits Picasso's early constructions as being at the origin of the modern conception of sculpture that is built in space rather than modeled, appropriately turned to Apollinaire's Le Poete Assassiné to express the originality of Picasso's early spacial conceptions.

He reminds us that l'Oiseau de Benin goes to the Bois de Meudon and builds a monument to the murdered poet by digging a life-sized hole in the ground and sculpturing the interior in the likeness of the poet "so well that the void had the shape of Croniamantal, that the hole was filled with his phantom."

It seems conceivable that many holes in twentieth-century art history will very shortly be filled with Picasso's phantom.

XX^{e} Siècle, No. 30, June 1967 DORE ASHTON

The retrospective exhibition at the Grand Palais 1967

by Gaëtan Picon

"In short, it's the inventory of someone with a name like mine", said Picasso to the organizer of the exhibition, Jean Leymarie, who quotes it in the foreword to the catalogue (1). It was almost as if he hesitated to recognize himself and rediscover the measure of his person in the immeasurability of the work displayed over sixty years; as if this painter who portrayed himself before his model in a recent series (so there really is a model who can be painted, canvas on easel separating the two worlds with a thin, permeable frontier) was the painting itself in all the breadth and fulness of its powers, the object of this overwhelming glory, rather than the individual born at Malaga in 1881 and now living at Mougins. He once said himself, "Painting is stronger than me; it makes me do what it wants." Although everything has already been said on the subject of Picasso, if indeed everything has been said, and although venturing to write again about him is inevitably an attempt to forget the palimpsest underlying his work, which he himself, once for all, has repudiated by saying that any explanation is misdirected, the first impression made on a clear mind is of a variety and movement overflowing the measure of the person.

As I left the exhibitions at the Grand and Petit Palais, I had the feeling that I had visited a museum that might have been the Louvre of another planet, a world annexed to our own, which possessed other models for the artist and other laws of evolution. There are the historical rooms, where archaic, classical, Mannerist, Baroque and unclassifiable modern art is all to be found. The history of the Picasso continent and civilization, which covers every genre and style, also reflects every kind of social requirement; it has its applied and decorative arts, and even its folklore. The tangency of these forms to other forms in a history of art that has become familiar to the contemporary conscience, as Picasso's work progressed, is the source of this feeling of historical duration and microcosm. We not only see his work grow out of the soil of Spanish tradition (El Greco, Goya), which is natural, and of contemporary tradition (Gauguin, Lautrec, Seurat,

Self-portrait. Paris, 1901. Oil on canvas. 32 x 22½ in. Pushkin Museum, Moscow.

Family of Acrobats. Paris, 1905. Gouache, water color, pastel and chinese ink on board. 41 x 29 in. Kunstmuseum, Göteborg.

Cézanne); we not only see the affinity of his work with the painting that was being produced at the same moment (Braque, Derain, Matisse), which is also natural, but — and this is much more unusual, though his was the only work to have taken the tendency so far, encouraged by the period itself — we see him in his development constantly turning back to the past, absorb and incorporate it into a stylistic range, which includes Iberian sculpture, Negro art, Cretan art, pre-Columbian pottery, etc. and in which classical influences are combined with the experimental use of new potentialities in materials: papier collé, cut-out sheet-metal, metallic bars, Ripolin for paint and Isorel as a foundation. But this connection with familiar cultural forms has no importance. He only borrowed, and borrowed conspicuously, to show how he remained supremely in control of his material. He proved it by putting Courbet's *Demoiselles des bords de la Seine* and Delacroix's *Femmes d'Alger* into a grinder that hardly left them intact. Even these references may escape us, which in fact create a sort of third dimension to the plane surfaces, the distance separating often simultaneous forms of expression and their order in the series suggest something like the transcendant spirit of painting to the imagination.

It passes belief that the same man can be everything and do everything. It is impossible to connect the grotesque turbulence and careless gestures of the most recent paintings with the compactness and patience of the Cubist pictures; the calculated, complex equilibrium of vast, colored surfaces, the broad lines of the 1925-6 still lifes, the *Three Musicians,* the concision of a neo-classical portrait with the ostentatious, noisy brightness elsewhere; the fabulous grandeur of the *Bathers,* the dramatic eloquence of *Guernica,* the decorative sweep of the fishing at Antibes with an art that so often makes something out of nothing, out of a bit of string or a rag. It is difficult to explain the persistent portraits, radiant with beauty and grace, where appearances are respected and exactness faithfully observed in the midst of an activity that is fundamentally destructive of appearances, which are slashed and sewn together according to the principles of a ruthless surgery. The most baffling part of all this is that stylistic tendencies can be discerned beyond these experiments, either simultaneously or in an order that is difficult to grasp. We can all be happy and sad on the same day, watch the fauns dancing and reflect on the horrors of war, but it is strange to see works that are equally authoritative and obviously incompatible as the Ingresque portraits of Olga, the *Seated Pierrot* and the Harlequins, all painted about 1917-18, or to notice that the genial, faithful portrait of Nush and the *Woman with a Cat,* with its savage disfigurement, are both dated 1941. The transitions and the directions taken over a particular period are as disconcerting as this kind of co-existence. The general order of

Portrait of Gertrude Stein. Paris, 1906. Oil on canvas. 40 x 32 in. Metropolitan Museum, New York (Gertrude Stein bequest).

Les demoiselles d'Avignon. Paris, 1907. Oil on canvas. 96 x 92 in. Museum of Modern Art, New York. (*Photos Giraudon*).

the sequence is less surprising than the way in which the distinctive character of some periods is constantly broken off by the resurgence of what appeared to have been discarded (the Ingresque style, for example), by the eclipse of what appeared to have a future and by the pre-existence of what appeared to have been created at that instant. Picasso never commits himself either to continue or to exclude; in a sense, none of his paintings has any significance for the others. His work exists outside time, outside the intelligible continuity that can be partially understood through the duration of an individual consciousness. I am surprised that André Breton could speak of "dialectic" in connection with Picasso; it is precisely because the sequence of his works eludes the feeling we can have of the development of an individual consciousness that we are tempted to imagine them as the fortuitous juxtaposition of works produced by artists with different styles and even from different centuries, meeting in such confusion at a single point in time that the paintings seem to quit the order of time and enter the simultaneity of space.

Yet, it is the unity of his personality that Picasso claims insistently in the lines that Jean Leymarie rightly placed as the epigraph of the catalogue:

"I do not believe that I used radically different elements for my different styles. If the subject required a particular means of expression, I did not hesitate to adopt that means. I never made either tests or experiments. Each time I had something to say, I said it in the way I felt the best. Different themes demand different methods. This does not imply either development or progress, but a conformity between the idea one wants to express and the means of expressing that idea."

If these lines are to be believed, the unity does exist; the immeasure is controlled by the measure of the individual. But it is obviously not the unity of a single obsession, which is repeated and deep-

Still life with a Skull. Paris, 1907. Oil on canvas. 45 x 35 in. Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.

ened. Nor is it the unity of a development following a continuous line; for, although his work, more than any other, defies representation by one picture or one period, and although it has no existence outside its own trajectory, that trajectory, far from being a duration within which one can move forward, seems like a simultaneous vision than can only be compared with a line broken by a flash, or a hyphen covering the whole sky, yet instantaneous and impossible to place in order. The unity is in the nature of a rhythm, a broken rhythm; it is a mode of being, which is recognizable and identical in each painting, although it does not create a bond between any two.

We may then ask what is the common ground between two works, with different subjects and styles, that do not even belong to a series, which would provide a link between the differences. There is nothing except, as Picasso has suggested, an unfailing affinity between what he calls the *theme* and the *method*, between a reality and a constantly varying idiom; nothing except an understanding of the theme, meaning by this, not the stylistic expression, which varies surprisingly, but something lying beyond that expression, and closer to the theme: the way it is felt and lived. The world is limitless and contradictory; the consciousness, apprehending it, is also limitless and contradictory. But whether it apprehends it with aggressiveness or cordiality, anguish or joy, or even with the indifference of a purely visual interest, the respondent gesture always has the same swift predatoriness; it is enacted in a present without memories or future intentions, free of all commitments, neither the end nor the beginning of a road. Although there are series and periods, the resurgence of incongruous forms and the incompatibility of others, or their abrupt abandonment limit their significance. The similarity within the most homogeneous groups depends on juxtaposition rather than a link in time. Here again, Picasso has made a crucial observation: "I don't develop, I am", which comes to the same thing as "I don't search, I find".

This progression with sudden changes requires the concurrence of a double instability: the conjunction of one of those unpredictable stimuli that life holds in reserve, with a mood that cannot be predicted in advance. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth than to think that Picasso's work is impervious to life; it is essentially open and sensitive to the events of private life and history, even to humble, everyday objects, like a candlestick, an enameled saucepan, a guitar or a packet of tobacco, which become the vehicles of unaccustomed drama or tender familiarity. The returns, the repetitions, rejections and the spurts can be explained by the intrusions from the world outside against which his consciousness has never completely raised a barrage. This is why the same reality, a human face, or the body of a woman,

Loaves and Bowl of Fruit on a Table. 1908. Oil on canvas. 64 x 52 in. Kunstmuseum, Basel.

Still life in a Landscape. Paris, 1915. Oil on canvas. 24½ x 20½ in. Coll. Berggruen, Paris.

The Three Musicians. Fontainebleau, 1927. Oil on canvas. 80 x 74 in. Museum of Art, Philadelphia (Gift of A.E. Gallatin). (*Photo Snark International*).

The Yellow Sweater. 1939. Oil on canvas. 31⅛ x 25⅝ in.

Still life with Skull of a Bull. Paris, 1947. Oil on canvas. 57⅛ x 38¼ in. Kunstsammlung, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Düsseldorf.

can produce at varying moments, or even the same moment, savage mutilations, aggressive anamorphoses, more or less rhetorical enlargements and unexpected distortions in which the essential features of a face remain and sensuousness is by no means lost. The images of the world outside are projected pell mell onto the canvas, is constantly vibrating and is itself the source of vibration. They are caught on the steep rises, the peaks and depressions on a graph of an artist's moods and kinaesthesia. It is indeed kinaesthesia and not an inner order that is sufficiently stable and coherent to avoid dependence on external stimuli and impose a structure on the sensations filtering through it. Each time, there is an intense reaction to the impact of the external shock combined with a close relationship between the gesture and the thing or theme which, there is no need to point out, is imperiously effaced and defaced. There is no withdrawal here before a world that is tightly watched and awaited, no trace of inner searching; Picasso is never bewildered by the light from an open window like Vermeer, Corot and Cézanne, nor does he grope through the darkness following the narrow shaft from a pocket-torch like Klee and Kandinsky. I think of him as a host impatiently standing at the door to take hold of everything within reach, hailing or trapping it with a gesture or a sudden irrepressible cry according to the angle of view or the mood of the moment. We hear the cry and see the gesture and, at the same time, the victim, marked for ever, disappears and is immediately replaced by another.

Michel Leiris has justifiably stressed the autobiographical element in his work, but he explains the phenomenon of a constant resurgence of things by the intimate relationship between a continuing life and things that continue to live also, "as if, far from remaining in their place like landmarks left behind him, they continue to accompany him, jostling and mixing with each other as they undergo countless avatars". Leiris implies the simultaneous progress of two lines with occasional, unpredictable tangents, and not a fusion of consciousness with things nor a dialectic between them.

When Picasso said that each subject requires a suitable method, which reduced the apparent differences to this conformity, he indicated precisely this common measure of an apprehension in which everything happens so naturally and so quickly that there is no time for choice or error. The absence of choice is the pledge of necessity, which can take the form of a static, analyzable equilibrium, as in the *Three Musicians*, or a dynamic equilibrium, as in the most recent paintings brushed with the intense vitality of an unresolvable gesture. It is clear that the purpose of this apprehension and the conformity of method and subject in each painting is that Picasso may take possession of his forms and mark them with his sign, because they are his means of revealing an existence inseparable from his intervention.

The Dance. Monte Carlo, 1925. Oil on cavans. 85 x 56 in. Tate Gallery. London.

The signs, fraught with aggressiveness, anguish, a faunlike joy or tenderness in their attachment to different objects, have a common purpose to recall them to their dependence, which is the more apparent as the distortion becomes more exaggerated and because the victims are forced to keep their identity in spite of the worst mutilations. The bond between the likeness and his most deforming construction (in the Cubist portraits)

Pipes of Pan. 1923. Oil on canvas. 80½ x 68⅝ in.

or the most extreme lacerations is never discarded; the reality has to be recognizable or the act no longer has meaning. The recent series based on well-known paintings, *Las Meninas, Femmes d'Alger,* and the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe,* all his painting on painting, do not exclude natural reality (I do not mean as a source of inspiration but as a rival element), but include culture within nature and are a denial of any distinction between forms, whatever their source, and of any limitation to the intervention of the painter, whatever its form. From one end to the other of the chain, begun and ended by the *Painter and his Model,* he has produced pictures from other pictures and with real elements (papier collé, chair-caning and insets), which have been integrated into the picture. The metamorphosis was limited neither by previous metamorphoses nor by the raw, intractable element, which was transformed when associated, without any alteration, with the painting. The process only found its justification if the things remained recognizable, since it was their impact that began it in the first place. The intervening eye is never indifferent, pride springs from vulnerability and aggressiveness is defensive. Picasso sees the world as it responds to him, but sometimes he sees it as it is with the potentialities of its immediate extension. The piece of wood or wire, and the handle-bars of the bicycle are transformed by a sort of heliotropism, the mere contact with the artist and the touch of his hand.

This intervention is the measure of the work in the sense that nothing escapes him in it, not even the passages where outward appearances seem to be accepted. Forms, whose gracefulness and emotive qualities, might suggest independence, were placed in a deliberately artificial space by the monochromy of the Blue Period. Similarly, the restraint of the neo-classical, Ingresque and Pompeian portraits is more eloquent of their abstraction and possession by the implacable master than of the freedom of loved and living creatures.

The intervention is the measure of the work in the additional sense that what is excluded is the element that frustrates it. The exhibition in the Petit Palais shows the immense importance of sculpture for Picasso, confirmed by his remark to Gonzalez that if the paintings were cut up, they could be made into sculptures since "the colors, after all, are only indications of the different perspectives and planes inclined in one direction or another". If his work is the creation of a draftsman and a sculptor more than of a colorist, it is because he wants to seize objects and human beings, who have hurt or attracted him, in their reality, that is, in their structure and outline. The question he asks is what will happen when they are unmade and remade; the wager he lays is that they will still be recognizable, acceptable, lovable perhaps, fascinating anyway. The color, which they can change like their clothes, is unimportant,

Paul as a Harlequin. 1924. Oil on canvas. 51 x 38 in.

Woman Weeping. Paris, 1937. Oil on canvas. 23½ x 19¼ in.

Woman with a Dog. Vallauris, 1953. Oil on ply-wood. 32 x 39 in. Galerie Rosengart, Lucerne.

so the painter uses red, when he has run out of blue. The vague surroundings and luminous space of their existence have little importance either. Perhaps Picasso himself, elusive and intangible, does not exist. A candlestick, a light bulb, the twilight of mental space or an operative field are substitutes for light, because light can only be received or approached; it cannot be seized or remade. The rare landscapes do not seem to be by Picasso.

It is intellectual work, expressing more than that of any other artist the tradition and "temptation" of the classical, European West with a little fever added from Africa. It is a truer expression than any other, too, of the present situation and perhaps the future of our art. Picasso's work is thoroughly contemporary, not in the sense that Breton saw it as a poetic painting, connecting the imagination with reality, because it does not open a dream world where we can lose ourselves, but in the sense that it rejects all aesthetic purpose, either as an end in itself or as a major form of expression, and is an engine running ceaselessly and purposelessly, the graph of an inexhaustible activity.

GAËTAN PICON

Le Monde, 21 January 1967

(1) *Hommage à Pablo Picasso* (Réunion des musées nationaux).

Woman in an Armchair. Mougins, 1964. Oil on canvas. 46 x 32 in. (*Photo André Morain*).

The Christian theme

by Roland Penrose

In view of the vast quantity of literature of all descriptions, it might reasonably be thought that everything from the highest eulogy to the most inane slander has already been said about Pablo Picasso, but it is my guess that as time goes on, more discoveries of significant intentions and subtle cross-references will be found in his work which, just as the most complex organisms take the longest to decipher, will occupy critics and

The Crucifixion. 1930. Oil on panel. 20 x 26 in. (*Photo Giraudon*).

scholars for many years, as well as providing widespread interest.

Unexpected implications in images, form and color abound, hidden beneath the surface of many of his works. They are not analogies for which the key may be found in tradition and the reference books of the past, nor are they disconnected figments of an imagination run wild. No one can ever know — not even Picasso himself — the part played in this by spontaneous intuition and carefully sifted thought.

The great compositions — *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, Les Trois Musiciens, La Danse, Guernica* — set endless problems for the critic which they will continue to discuss, analyzing antecedents and implications indefinitely. When origins can be traced, the discovery is welcomed with satisfaction, but such influences are inevitably only partial. They are mixed, blended, adulterated by a vast background of images which exist in the artist's memory.

The scope of Picasso's visual memory, phenomenal in its proportions and its accuracy, makes critical analysis an almost impossible task. This task might well end in chaotic confusion were it not that, in spite of the profusion of Picasso's ideas, there are certain dominant lines of thought that can be traced throughout his long life and the multiplicity and variety of his work. If we wish to search for these guidelines we shall find the most fruitful approach through his drawings. Picasso, as is well known, draws at a speed which can keep pace with his thought. Thought and its creation are linked by eye and hand. There is a constant feed-back from the work in progress to the mind and an authoritative answer from the mind back to the work, so that the thought and the work, completely coordinated in the same dialogue, become the same entity. The speed with which this faculty allows Picasso to draw a line with unhesitating precision and without a trace of the trembling hand of old age is amazing. As the line appears it is already endowed during its tenuous progress with multiple implications of three-dimensional depth and creates around it volume where an instant before the empty paper was relentlessly flat. There is no limit to the type of drawing. The line can be as thin as a hair, enclosing form without a break, or it may be tentative, broken and multiple giving an imprecise outline and implying movement, or again it can be coarse, bold and impetuous, revealing the impatience or eagerness of its author. The frequent introduction of color means that there is no real difference between drawing and painting, particularly when the paintings are rapid urgent messages such as those shown at Avignon in 1970.

But again it is the ideas contained in the drawings that are often deeply revealing. There is rich variety of themes, sometimes complete in themselves and not developed further in paintings. There is for instance the series of twenty-six drawings made on 2 and 3 March 1959 (1) in which Picasso develops an idea which had haunted him all his life, but which appears only once in the form of a painting. To be exact these drawings are the amalgamation of two themes both of which appear in very early sketches, the bullfight and the crucifixion. On this occasion a new thought seems suddenly to have possessed him. Instead of imagining the legend of the crucifixion with all its traditional features and dwelling on the agony of the Virgin and the ecstatic abandon of Mary Magdalene, as he had done in those powerful and very disturbing drawings that are related to the crucifixion painting of 1930, he now saw the Christian myth linked with the ritual of the bullring.

The corrida was in fact to become the scene of a new encounter between uncontroled brutish violence and the skill and daring with which it can be thwarted. This is done by the self-sacrificing action of the dying hero. There is a touch of pathetic absurdity in the gesture with which Christ frees his right hand from the cross in order to wrench off his loincloth and with it divert the bull's charge, as a matador would play the bull with his cape.

A new conception also appears in the role given to the Virgin Mother. She now appears enthroned in the arena. Weeping in anguish at the sight of this inexorable suffering, she presides over this episode in the sacrifice of her son.

I mention this dramatic sequence of sketches as an example of one of the less known themes that come to the surface from time to time and are then left to lie fallow. With his extraordinary capacity to store ideas in his memory, Picasso had remembered in 1959 that some fifty years before, he had seen in Catalonia a twelfth-century sculpture of Christ with the right hand detached from the cross as a first movement leading to the deposition, but the interpretation he gave to the action was totally different.

Many other instances can be found of themes to which Picasso has given his own interpretation. They appear intermittently throughout his work and if we follow them attentively they will bring rewarding surprises, and give us insight into his thought. The boldness with which he is prepared to reverse set beliefs, while still using traditions and myths as his basic material, is characteristic of the continuous revolution in which he is still active and which will give scope for endless commentaries for many years to come.

ROLAND PENROSE

(1) *See Zervos, Vol. XVIII, p. 100 nos. 333, 334 and p. 102 nos. 336-359.*

Dynamic nostalgia

by San Lazzaro

I do not know with what sort of suspicion young people regard nostalgia. ("All nostalgia ignores the present. It has a dynamic character even when it takes the form of regret; it is a desire to assault the past, act retroactively and protest against the irreversible." Cioran's observation in *Précis de décomposition* might make them pause.) For them, art does not and cannot exist in a work fraught with nostalgia. Picasso, then, whose *self* is a memory of the past, would not count as an artist; Homer, Dante and Shakespeare would, of course, be in the same class too. They admire the *presence* of Picasso while declaring themselves indifferent to his *quality*. Yet, it seems to me that a nostalgia for myth gives a degree of unity to his multiform work. It is obvious in his very early paintings but suddenly dissolves in the vision of elementary form that he learnt from Cé-

Picasso with his wife.

The Dove of Vallauris.

zanne, only to reappear shortly afterwards, though emptied of magic, in the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* and the paintings of the following period. However strong may be the *presence of the contemporary* in his work, it is never isolated from the past; each of his paintings, sculptures, constructions or cut-outs is a projection into the future as much as into the past, as if the artist were trying to free himself from an antique life lived in mythical times and the forcefulness of its presence is derived from a precise reference to the past. In short, he creates the present with the past. A human figure or head that would have left indifferent a craftsman of Mycenae, Goya or Ingres has no interest for him either. "It's paraffin" was Braque's comment on the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* of 1907 and, in fact, there is no denying the references to Catalan and Negro sculpture, which Picasso had discovered that year; besides, in the Cubist figures, the "great gray and beige scaffoldings", there is a memory of the airy architecture and light of the Gothic cathedrals. Even when he constructed the head of a bull with the handle-bars of a bicycle, he was in a way placing himself in the position of the prehistoric artist, who had to express himself with materials at hand that suggested a particular form to him ("Matisse: color; Picasso: form", wrote Kandinsky in 1912). He is pleased to see in the "little queen", not Léger's proletarian companion, but the myth of Europa and, in the handle-bars of the bike, the horns of Jupiter, the immaculate young bull. Myth, as was pointed out before, is naturally emptied of all magic in Picasso's work; it is no more than a subject. Picasso himself would not deny it.

He illustrated a number of books, often without realizing it, like Balzac's *Chef-d'oeuvre inconnu*, but the book that he himself asked to be allowed to illustrate was Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, published by the young Skira, which his Dada and Surrealist friends would certainly not consider a *contemporary* work. Picasso's work, in fact, is a perpetual metamorphosis, intellectual not logical, which is a nostalgic memory of the myth. The most violent distortions of the human figure alternate with portraits, which are close likenesses, and the most traditional compositions; as, for example, the gay drop-curtain, worthy of the Commedia dell'Arte, with the Cubist costumes for *Parade*, Diaghilev's ballet performed for the first time at Rome in 1917; or the portraits of his son Paul and twenty years later those of Paloma and Claude, with the monstrous bathers, first of Dinard, then later on, of Antibes.

The nineteenth century ends for historians with the outbreak of the First World War but, for those concerned with art, it was Picasso's "Negro period" that sounded the death knell of the century, a century that saw painters setting up their easels in the country and the open air. With Picasso, painting returned to the museum, where it has remained (Luna Park is also, in its way, a museum), but a museum, let it be said, that is above

all a laboratory and not the temple of vanities of former times.

The most striking feature about Picasso's work is the vast variety of styles and forms, graphic art, innovations and discoveries of media. One painting can be set beside a classical masterpiece, while another is the pastime of a child. Once he had emerged from the ecstasy of the Pink and Blue Periods, Picasso has never ceased to surprise us, and probably himself too, with the facility of the creative act ("I do not search, I find"). He has set off in every direction and has anticipated almost every development in modern art. His work, like Kandinsky's is the source of good as well as bad painting today (Fontana's "gesture", slashing his canvas with a knife, is a Picassian gesture). Every retrospective exhibition, by annihilating time and thus allowing us to forget what the life and heart of an artist underwent between one painting and another, hanging side by side, inevitably gives a false impression of an *a posteriori* dynamism, which is not obviously that of the painter. What seems to us to have the blare of jazz was often in reality chamber music. Historical truth is elusive and there may not even be a good reason for finding it.

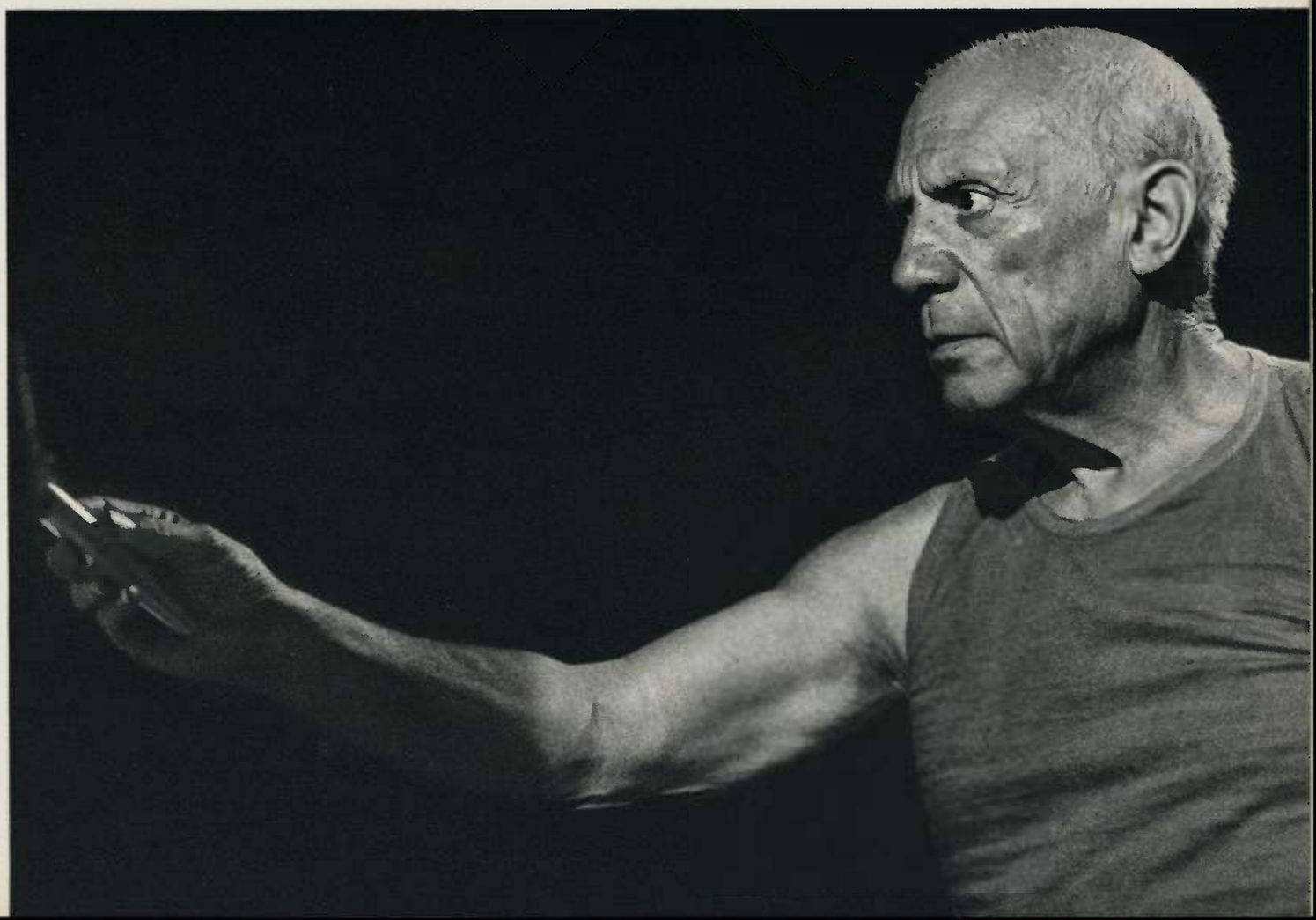
Once this problem has been stated, it seems that his happiest years were those of the exquisite, Cubist grisailles. Beside masterpieces like the portraits of Vollard and Kahnweiler and twenty others that their fortunate owners refused permission to photograph, some paintings of 1924-5, for example, look like tapestry cartoons or sketches for circus posters of Greco-Roman giants. The great drop-curtain for *Parade* is like an easel painting by comparison. Myth came back to his work with Surrealism and, behind the myth, there followed a whole prehistory of monumentally powerful, sacred monsters. It was not till after 1955 that his work gives the impression of a lowered tone, in spite of several unquestionable successes. This is not to say that his faculties were in any way diminished by old age; it would be more just to say that he left the doors and windows of his studio open and could not protect himself against the invasion of the *contemporary*. Fortunately for us, Picasso is not a mirror of his times, in spite of his political commitment.

In recent years, Picasso has remained his unequaled self in his engravings more than anything else. The fabulous wealth of his work and the glory it brought him lacked the joy he has found in a copperplate. "The greatest aesthetic effort we know" will end joyfully, a joy in which we have rediscovered the dynamism of nostalgia.

SAN LAZZARO

XX^{e} Siècle, No. 28, June 1967

During the shooting of Clouzot's film. 1955. (*Photos André Villers*).



Picasso 1971

by Brassaï

May 18, 1971.

Telephone call yesterday afternoon about six o'clock.

"Is that Monsieur Brassaï's? I'm the wife of a young Spanish painter... I'm phoning from Mougins."

"It's Jacqueline! Jacqueline Picasso! I recognized your voice straightaway," said my wife laughing.

"So you guessed. I tried calling you this morning. Could you come to Notre-Dame-de-Vie about five o'clock tomorrow? Picasso would love to see you."

The weather was dull that morning. Low, gray cloud threatening rain. Gusts of wind. But when we set off for Mougins, the sky gradually cleared and we drove along the coast in the hot, southern sun exploding the broom along the roadside into brilliant yellow flowers.

But what a shock at the approach of Notre-Dame-de-Vie! The peaceful, country spot was now invaded with huge, orange bill-boards, announcing the imminent construction of "high class" apartment blocks. That idyllic hill, which Picasso had carefully chosen from a hundred others as an impregnable refuge, safe from encroachment, was going to be occupied by pneumatic drills, bulldozers, excavators and concrete-mixers, which would dig, clear and level in clouds of dust. A fine birthday present for Picasso living a stone's throw from the Siagne canal skirting the edge of his property. At the age of ninety, he might have to flee this spot for the same reasons that he had left the "Californie" at Cannes, hounded by the builders.

Although I am so used to the house, the meetings in the Minotaur's cave, once the magic Open Sesame is uttered, the gate opened and entered, and thirty yards further on the little courtyard under the plane trees, as I walk along the corridor, with my friend Picasso waiting at the end, an enormous joy always takes hold of me. He has never been a misanthropist. If his daemon creator had left him the leisure, he would have spent all his life in the company of men and women especially. In spite of his intense labor, he has always managed to spare a few hours a day for his friends. The only difference is that he used to receive them about midday and at Mougins he invites them at the end of the afternoon.

We hugged and kissed over and over again with uninhibited, Spanish kisses. I looked at the other guests. The atmosphere of the afternoon and Picasso's humor, humors and verve would depend to a certain extent on what they were like. It was reassuring. There was his friend Albert Skira with his wife, Rosabianca, the daughter of the Italian critic Venturi, and her brother, sitting around the table.

"Brassaï," Jacqueline said to me, "I wanted you to have a surprise. I was sure you would be pleased to meet the Skiras here."

"You see," said Picasso, "forty years afterwards, we can gather together the *Minotaure* team. I can even find the trumpet."

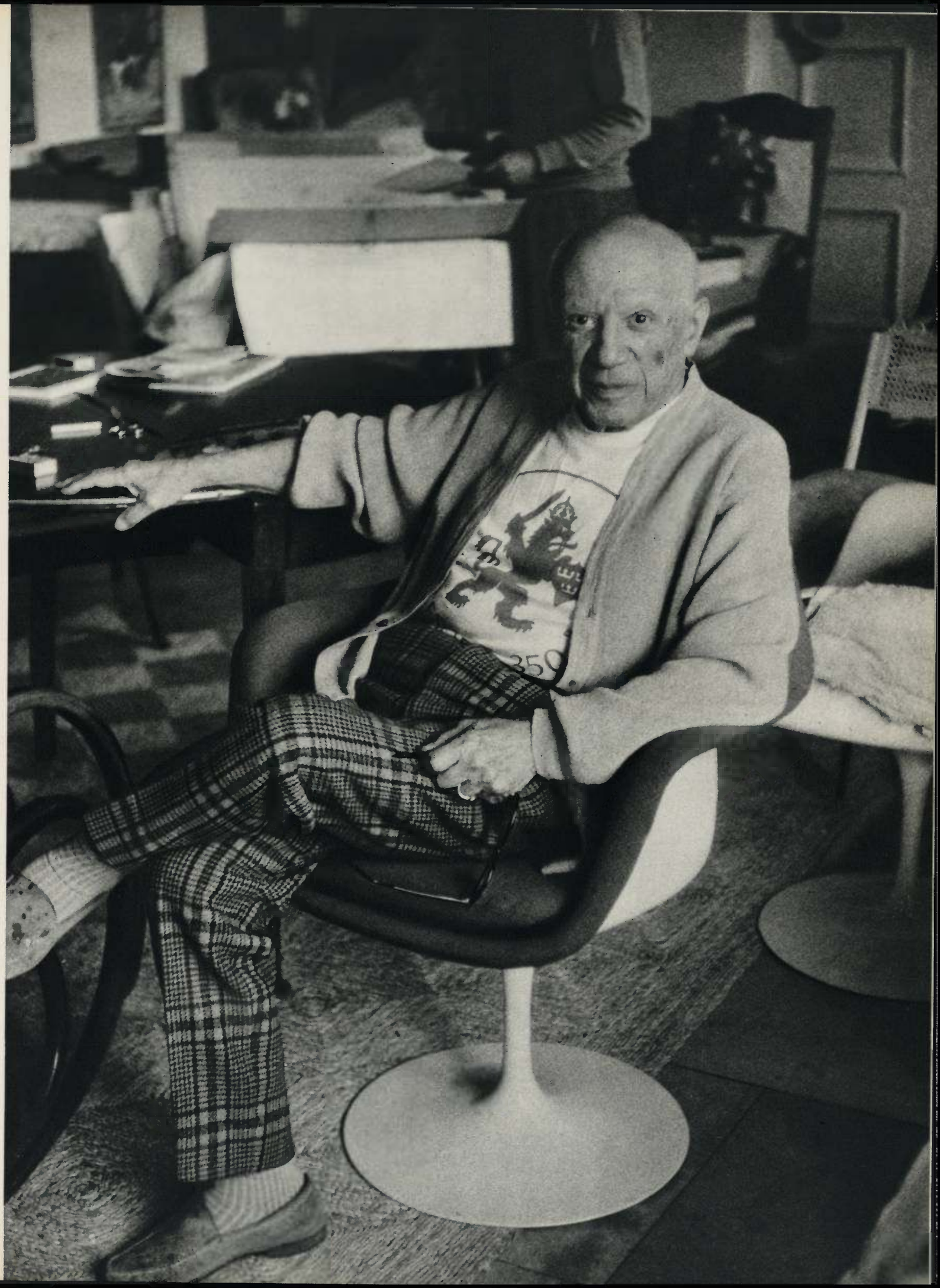
The trumpet... 25, rue La Boétie. What memories!

"It's exactly forty years ago that I suggested he should illustrate Ovid's *Metamorphoses,*" Albert explained. "So to celebrate his ninetieth birthday I am going to bring out an album called the *Metamorphoses of Picasso.* At the same time, I am preparing a book on the genesis of the panel in the UNESCO building. It will comprise all the drawings, gouaches, and paintings produced in the fever of creation. We came here at Easter to get the "UNESCO" folder stuffed with plans. And now, as you see, we are going to do the final layout."

All the material, photographed in color, was lying on the table as Picasso commented on it. We could follow the gradual evolution of the panel that Georges Salles admired so much and that caused so much ink to be spilt. Picasso composed it rather like a play producer. He first set the scene, the hills and the precipice. Then he imagined and cut out with a pair of scissors the enigmatic figures and the "evil spirit", who was going to be cast into hell. Finally, he moved the actors round the set and pinned them into place when he was satisfied with their arrangement.

Picasso was dressed as usual very typically and comfortably in light mocassins, trousers with large, beige-colored checks and a T-shirt with an enormous dragon ramping over his chest. He was in an excellent humor. His verve was inexhaustible. And what nimbleness of mind and body! He was quite indefatigable and as steady on his legs as if he were twenty. Yet, he had already got through a tough day's work. "I am painting now

Picasso in his *mas* of Notre-Dame-de-Vie, Mougins, ▷
May 18, 1971. (*Photo Brassaï*).



and have started on a new series of water colors," he confided in me. "I have based them on a monotype by Degas of a brothel." It was difficult to believe that this supercharged man, who poured out his dynamism and overflowing energy, would be ninety in a few weeks time.

I brought him two books to sign that we had worked on together. He immediately began doing a couple of drawings for me: "It will be Rembrandt and his model." Then, after signing them, he said, "Have you noticed that when artists paint or draw the Artist and his Model, they are generally too near to each other? In actual fact, there is quite a distance separating them. Look, I am going to do a third drawing on a double page to show you what I mean; the painter will be on the left page and the model on the right." He disappeared and came back with the catalogue of his last exhibition of drawings at the Galerie Louise Leiris in Paris. When he had completed a fine drawing, he said, "Wait a moment. I haven't finished." He disappeared again onto the balcony and returned with a few green leaves and flower petals. Then he began rubbing the drawing with the petals and leaves, and crushing them onto the paper. "The best color you could find," he said, enjoying our astonishment. "Guaranteed natural, fixed and permanent!" In a few minutes, my drawing was metamorphosed into a painting with delicate mauve, pink and blue-green tones. "Wait. It still isn't finished. I've got to find a yellow flower." And with that, he had disappeared again to the balcony and Rembrandt's face was nimbed with a yellow stain.

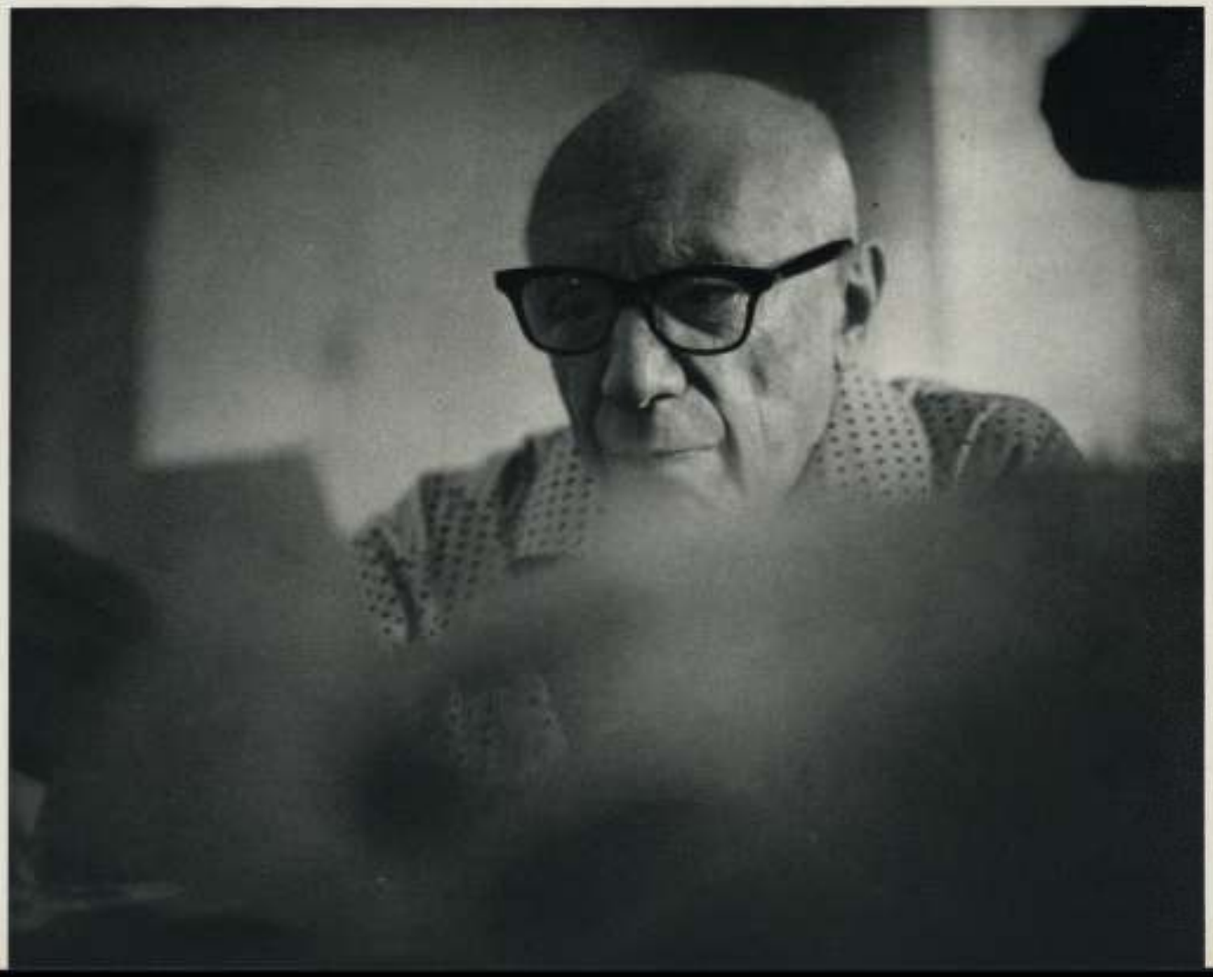
He was amusing himself like a child. I was all the more delighted to see him in such good form that he had been reported to be ill.

"You can't imagine what it's like," Jacqueline told us. "I get phone calls all the time asking me if it's true that Picasso's in bed with a broken leg, or whether he has this or that. At the recent trial in Grasse, a lawyer did not hesitate to accuse him of 'senility'. Don't you think he is clearer minded and wittier than ever? Three weeks ago, we had to accompany a friend to the airport. Nothing could put a stop to these stupid and malicious stories except Picasso's appearance in public."

During this expedition *urbi et orbi*, he was machine-gunned by the reporters and the next day you could read in all the papers, "Picasso appeared on top of his form and, with his sparkling malice, cut short the depressing, uncontrolable rumors that had recently been circulating about his health... He was said to be run down and even ill. Fortunately, this is quite untrue."

A Turkish photographer from Istanbul, who had accompanied the Skiras, wanted to take some photographs of Picasso. He asked him to stretch out on a cane chaise-longue, but Picasso protested, "It will give quite the wrong impression. Take me standing up or sitting in this pivoting-chair or in a rocking-chair. I am not in the habit of lying in a chaise-longue and I'm not going to start at the age of ninety."

BRASSAÏ



Principal works illustrated by Picasso

Illustrating books has been one of Picasso's outstanding activities. Each work includes one or more original engravings, lithographs, etchings, dry points, etc. by his own hand. The number of his illustrated books at present is about eighty. The Matarasso bibliography published in 1956 comprised seventy-three titles. Other works have appeared since then, notably Jean Cocteau's "Témoignage", illustrated by several lithographs, and the famous edition of Fernand Crommelynck's "Cocu Magnifique", illustrated by original etchings.

HENRI MATARASSO

"Saint Matorel" by Max Jacob, Paris, Henry Kahnweiler, 1911, 4 etchings.

"Le Siège de Jérusalem" by Max Jacob, Paris, Henry Kahnweiler, 1914, 3 dry-points.

"Cravates de Chanvre" by Pierre Reverdy, Paris, Édition Nord-Sud, 1922, 3 etchings.

"Le Chef-d'oeuvre Inconnu" by Honoré de Balzac, Paris, Ambroise Vollard, 1931, 13 etchings, 67 woodcuts.

"Les Métamorphoses" by Ovid, Lausanne, Albert Skira, 1931, 30 etchings.

"Lysistrata" by Aristophanes, New York, Limited Edition Club, 1934, 6 etchings.

"La Barre d'Appui" by Paul Eluard, Paris, Édition Cahiers d'Art, 1936, 3 etchings.

"Afat": seventy-six sonnets by Iliazd, Paris, Le Degré Quarante et Un, 1940, 6 engravings.

"Buffon". Extracts from Buffon, Paris, Martin Fabiani, 1942, 31 etchings.

"Dos Contes" by Ramon Reventos, Paris-Barcelona, Editorial Albor, 1947, 4 etchings.

"Escrito" by Iliazd, Paris, Latitud Cuarenta y Uno, 1948, 6 etchings.

"Vingt Poèmes de Gongora", Paris, Les Grands Peintres Modernes et le Livre, 1948, 41 etchings.

"Le Chant des Morts" by Pierre Reverdy, Paris, Tériade, 1948, 125 lithographs.

"Carmen": adapted from Prosper Mérimée, Paris, la Bibliothèque Française, 1949, 38 burin engravings.

"Corps perdu" by Aimé Césaire, Paris, Édition Fragrance, 1950, 32 etchings.

"De Mémoire d'Homme" by Tristan Tzara, Paris, Édition Bordas, 1950, 9 lithographs.

"Le Maigre" by Adrian de Monluc, Paris, Degré Quarante et Un, 1958, 10 dry-points.

"Six Contes fantasques" by Maurice Toesca, Paris, Flammarion, 1953, 6 burin engravings.

"Elegy of Ihpetonga" by Yvan Goll, New York, The Noonday Press, 1953, 4 lithographs.

Poèmes et Lithographies, fragment d'un texte de Picasso, Paris, Galerie Louise Leiris, 1954, 14 lithographs.

"A Haute Flamme" by Tristan Tzara, Paris, at the author's home, 1955, 6 engravings on celluloid.

"Chevaux de Minuit" by Roch Grey, Paris, Degré Quarante et Un, 1956, 33 dry-points and burin engravings.

"Chronique des Temps héroïques" by Max Jacob, Paris, Louis Broder, 1956, 3 dry-points; 3 lithographs.

"Balzac en Bas de Casse et Picasso sans Majuscule" by Michel Leiris, Paris, Galerie Louise Leiris, 1957, 8 lithographs.

"La Rose et le Chien" by Tristan Tzara, Alès, PAB, 1958, 4 engravings on celluloid.

"La Tauromaquia o Arte de torear" by José Delgado alias Pepe Illo, Barcelona, Edition La Cometa, 1959, 26 aquatints and 1 etching.

"Le Frère Mendiant", Paris, Latitud Cuarenta y Uno, 1959, 22 dry-points.

"Picasso de 1916 à 1961" by Jean Cocteau, Monaco, Édition du Rocher, 1962, 24 lithographs.

"Sable Mouvant" by Pierre Reverdy, Paris, Louis Broder, 1966, 10 aquatints.

"Les Transparents" by René Char, Alès, PAB, 1967, 4 engravings on celluloid.

"Le Cocu Magnifique" by F. Crommelynck, Paris, Édition de l'Atelier Crommelynck, 1968, 12 etchings.

Biography

1881

Birth at Malaga. His father José Ruiz Blasco, a Basque, taught drawing at the School of Art and Technology. His mother, Maria Picasso, whose name he adopted in 1901, was Andalusian.

1891

The family moved to Corunna, where José Ruiz was appointed to teach at the Instituto da Guarda. The young Pablo, who showed no interest in his academic subjects, helped his father to paint. His father solemnly presented his palette, brushes and colors to his son and gave up painting.

1895-1896

The family moved to Barcelona, where Picasso's father taught at the School of Fine Art. Pablo passed brilliantly the entrance examination to the advanced class at the school and José Ruiz set him up in his first studio to help his training.

1897

Picasso painted *Visiting the Sick* (better known as *Knowledge and Charity*), which received an honorable mention at the arts exhibition at Madrid In October, he was admitted to the Royal Academy at San Fernando, which, in fact, he did not attend.

1898-1899

After this stay in Madrid, Picasso returned to Barcelona. There he was a frequent visitor to the cabaret of "El Quatre Gats", the meeting place of a turbulent crowd of young intellectuals and artists. Some of the first friends of the painter were Isidro Nonell, Sebastia Junyer-Vidal, the collector Carlo Junyer, the sculptor Manolo Hugué, the Soto brothers, the architect Reventos, Carlos Casagemas and the poet Jaime Sabartès.

1900

First visit to Paris with Casagemas. Picasso met Berthe Weill and Manach, a Catalan industrialist, who was interested in his painting.

1901

On his return to Spain, Picasso founded the review *Arte Joven* at Madrid with the help of one of his friends, Francisco de Assis Soler. It only ran to a few numbers, lavishly illustrated by the young artist in a style reminiscent of Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec. He held two exhibitions during the year: one at Barcelona at the Sala Parès, the other at Paris at Ambroise Vollard's, rue Laffite, in company with a young Basque painter Iturrino.

1902-1903

He traveled several times between Barcelona and Paris, where his new friends included Max Jacob. His paintings at the time were profoundly melancholy and suffused by a blue tone (the Blue Period). Among the finest works were *La Vie, The Old Guitar-player, Woman with Folded Arms* and the *Beggar's Meal.*

1904

Left Barcelona finally and settled at Paris in Paco Durion's studio, 13 rue Ravignan, in the famous Bateau-Lavoir, that "rendez-vous of poets", where André Salmon and Van Dongen were also living.

1905

Picasso met Guillaume Apollinaire and Fernande Olivier. Her youth and beauty brought new hope into his life and they lived together. A few collectors began coming to his studio and bought some of his first paintings. Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo were among them. Picasso was fascinated by the circus and theater and gave up the predominant blues of his palette for pinks (the Pink Period). Produced his first sculptures (*The Buffoon*).

1907

After working for several months on the preliminary drawings and studies, Picasso painted the *Demoiselles d'Avignon.* It disturbed his friends, including a young painter, Georges Braque, a friend of Apollinaire's, and excited Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who had just opened a gallery in the rue Vignon.

1908

The experimental approach of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* was continued with the same desire to eliminate all detail in a series of landscapes and still lifes painted in a little village

near Créteil. In the same year, he held the famous banquet given in his studio in honor of the Douanier Rousseau.

1909

Summer at Horta de Ebro. As he painted this ideal landscape, shot with light, Picasso recored the subject from several angles in the same painting and broke the surface into innumerable planes that caught and reflected the light. This was Analytical Cubism. Moved into a new studio, boulevard de Clichy. Braque was his neighbor. The friends shared their working day in a sincere and stimulating relationship, closely associated in their painting as they developed their ideas in friendly rivalry. The great Russian dealers, Shchukin and Morozov, bought his works and eased his financial difficulties.

1912

A new companion entered Picasso's life, Eva. He introduced letters of the alphabet and papiers collés into his paintings, which marked the beginning of Synthetic Cubism. Left the boulevard de Clichy and moved into an apartment in the boulevard Raspail.

1913-1914

Stayed at Céret with Braque and Juan Gris. War declared when he was at Avignon and he returned to Paris, which his friends gradually left.

1916-1917

Death of Eva. Went to Rome with Jean Cocteau to meet Serge de Diaghilev and prepare the settings and costumes for "Parade", which was performed at Paris in May. He was attracted to a dancer of the company, Olga Koklova, whom he married the following year.

1918

Exhibition at Paul Guillaume's gallery with Henri Matisse. Some of the works showed a distinct return to realism. Met Paul Rosenberg at Biarritz, where he had gone at the end of the summer.

1919-1920

Sets and costumes for "Tricorne" and "Pulcinella", performed by the Ballets Russes.

1921

Sets and costumes for "Cuadro Flamenco" also performed by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. Birth of his son Paulo. During a visit to Fontainebleau, he painted the two versions of *Three Musicians*. Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, London, of about sixty works produced between 1902 and 1919.

1922-1923-1924

Designed two theater sets: Jean Cocteau's "Antigone", performed at the Théâtre de l'Atelier, and "Mercure", performed by the Soirées de Paris directed by the Comte Etienne de Beaumont. A clear tendency towards neo-classicism was noticeable in Picasso's work

1925

Révolution Surréaliste No. 4 reproduced the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* and published a long article by André Breton on Picasso, who exhibited with the group at the Galerie Pierre. Painted the *Dance* in the spring during a visit to Monte Carlo with Diaghilev.

1926-1929-1931

Took up sculpture again encouraged by the Spanish sculptor Julio Gonzalez. Bought the Château de Boisgeloup, near Gisors, which offered him huge areas of studio space. In 1930, was awarded the Carnegie Prize. In 1931, held two exhibitions: "Abstractions of Picasso" at New York and retrospective of thirty-seven paintings at the Reid and Lefevre Gallery, London.

1932

Met Marie-Thérèse Walter, who became his companion. Painted a series of *Sleeping Women*. Large exhibition at the Galerie Georges Petit, Paris, comprising 225 paintings, 7 sculptures and 6 illustrated books. Special number of the review "Cahiers d'art" on Picasso.

1935

Wrote poetry and engraved the "Minotauromachy". Birth of a daughter Maia. Jaime Sabartès became his secretary.

1936

Itinerant exhibition of his works shown at Barcelona, Bilbao and Madrid; preface to the catalogue by Paul Eluard. Outbreak of the Spanish Civil War and Picasso, who supported the Republican side, was appointed Director of the Prado.

1937

Illustrated the "Sueño y Mentira de Franco" (Franco's Dream and Lie) with engravings and painted *Guernica* for the Spanish Pavilion at the Exposition Universelle at Paris. Visited Paul Klee on a tour of Switzerland in the autumn.

1939-1944

Large retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. War declared when Picasso was at Antibes. After spending a year at Royan, he returned to Paris where he stayed for the rest of the occupation. In 1941, wrote a short play, "le Désir attrapé par la queue", performed at the home of Michel and Louise Leiris by amateur actors, who included Sartre and Camus. After the liberation of Paris in 1944, he exhibited at the Salon d'Automne with 74 paintings and 5 sculptures. Joined the Communist Party the same year.

1945

Two exhibitions: Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and in Brussels.

1946

Picasso spent most of the year on the French Riviera with Françoise Gilot. The Curator of the Antibes Museum put the Palais Grimaldi at his disposition, where he worked for four months. Left *Antipolis* on loan there, which he had painted during this period.

1947-1948-1949

Stayed several times in the south of France, especially at Vallauris, where he settled and revived the art of pottery. He produced over 2000 pieces of pottery, a large number of which were exhibited at the Maison de la Pensée Française, Paris. Performance of Alain Resnais's film *Guernica* with a commentary by Paul Eluard.

1951

Several exhibitions of his work held all over the world, notably at Tokyo and London to celebrate Picasso's seventieth birthday.

1952

Painted two large panels, *War* and *Peace*, later placed in a disused chapel at Vallauris.

1953

Several large exhibitions at Lyon, Rome, Milan and São Paulo.

1954

Françoise Gilot left Picasso and he married Jacqueline Roque. During a stay in Paris, painted a series of fifteen variations on Delacroix's *Femmes d'Alger*. Exhibition during the summer at the Maison de la Pensée Française, including notably thirty-seven paintings loaned by the U.S.S.R. from Shchukin's former collection.

1955

Retrospective exhibition at the Louvre and the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Same exhibition shown at London the following year. Moved into the villa "La Californie", Cannes, and worked with Clouzot on his film "Mystère de Picasso".

1957

Began a series of fifty-seven variations on Velazquez's *Las Meninas*, which were exhibited at the Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris, in 1959. Large retrospective organized by Alfred Barr and held first at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, then at Philadelphia and Chicago.

1958

Large mural for the UNESCO building at Paris. Bought the Château de Vauvenargues, near Aix-en-Provence.

1960

Large retrospective at the Tate Gallery, London.

1961

Series of drawings and paintings (27 paintings and 150 drawings) after Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, which were exhibited the same year at the Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris.

1963

Painted a number of large pictures on the theme of the Painter and his Model, or the Painter at his Easel. Picasso Museum opened at Barcelona.

1964-1965

Large exhibitions at Montreal, Toronto, and Tokyo. Intense activity engraving.

1966

Vast retrospective to celebrate Picasso's eighty-fifth birthday in Paris at the museums of the Grand and Petit Palais and the Bibliothèque Nationale.

1968

Exhibition of a large group of engravings at the Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris. Picasso donated the complete series of *Las Meninas* to the Picasso Museum, Barcelona, in memory of his friend Jaime Sabartès.

1970-1971

Second donation to the Picasso Museum at Barcelona. Exhibition of drawings and pastels at the Galerie Louise Leiris.

HOMAGE TO PABLO PICASSO

Special issue of the XX[e] siècle Review
Edited by G. di San Lazzaro

Editorial Assistant: Christine Gintz

Translator: Bettina Wadia

Printed in Italy by Amilcare Pizzi S.p.A., Milan.

TUDOR PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK


29.4.52.

XX^{e} siècle

Art review edited by G. di San Lazzaro
and published twice a year:

186 pages 12 ¼″ x 9 ½″
plasticized binding

16 to 20 full color illustrations

150 to 200 black and white illustrations

1 or 2 original lithographs
executed specially for XX^{e} siècle

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