

Rosanna Warren

“Mots en Liberté, Dynamisme Plastique!”: Max Jacob’s Paris, 1911–1914
(This is an annotated version of the article appearing in *Little Star* #5 [2013])

In 1911, as Picasso and Braque began to attract that mysterious element, fame, they also inevitably attracted envy, imitation, and competition, and the drama of the twentieth-century avant-gardes began to take shape both in internal sectarian rivalries and in offenses to bourgeois conventions.¹ Modernism was born in serious and drastic revisions in the formal possibilities of making art, but it was accompanied by furious power-plays and the war of manifestos and publicity. Painters and poets alike became newly conscious of the press as a weapon, a dangerous force which could defend and promote one’s art but by which one could just as easily be wounded. The poet Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, after surviving a car wreck, raised the noise level by publishing the first Futurist Manifesto in *Le Figaro* in 1909, celebrating speed, machines, war (“the world’s only hygiene”), and scorn for women, and calling for the destruction of museums, libraries and academies.² Max Jacob, in January 1911, wrote to a friend in affected slang to ask him to watch out for Jacob’s reputation: “It seems little Carco’s writing about me. Keep an eye on this, huh?”³ Jacob had at first been charmed by “Carco”—François Carcopino-Tusoli, a chronicler of the Parisian demimonde—when he met him in 1910, writing to the actor Marcel Olin that he had a new friend named Carco with whom he was planning to write plays and with whom “he was afraid of sinning.”⁴ Later, he came to revile Carco’s version of Montmartre Bohemia.

Apollinaire, for his part, was more and more conscious of the power he wielded as a journalist and a publicist and came to play an increasingly complex diplomatic game in championing artists Picasso and Braque despised while trying to keep his old friends mollified. In 1912, as he was preparing his book of art criticism, *Méditations esthétiques: les peintres cubistes*, he wrote Picasso asking for photographs of his work and Braque’s: “It’s urgent—they’re waiting. Do me this favor when I have the chance to praise you as I believe you deserve, I’ll say it badly but the best I can and it would be ridiculous if the

only artists I praise unreservedly and whom I place in front of all shouldn't have reproductions [of their work] when the others do."⁵ On December 4, 1911, just before his return to Paris from Brittany, Jacob must have been pleased to see the first article ever written about his art published in *Paris-Journal*, two paragraphs praising the charm and fantasy of his drawings, watercolors, and pastels (often colored with *café au lait*, cigarette ash, and coffee grounds). The article, which called Jacob a "sorcerer," was signed "La Palette," a pseudonym for his friend the poet André Salmon.

Jacob had been working hard that fall. One major endeavor was the construction of the manuscript of his poems in the voice of his alter-ego, Matorel, for the dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who had begun a project of producing limited-edition collaborative books of Paris's artists and poets. We see the process unfolding in the letters and also in the manuscript "Le Christ à Montparnasse," the treasury of early poems in draft that Jacob eventually sold to Jacques Doucet. From that mass, or mess, of papers, the famous collection he kept for years in his trunk, from which he would draw pieces to read to friends but which he was so slow to publish, we can follow Jacob's evolution as a poet. It's clear from Jacob's letters that he had left a sizeable parcel of poems with Kahnweiler, and was relying on his publisher to do some of the choosing and ordering. On October 4, Jacob wrote, "But yes, very well! Take out what you wish—as little as possible—I trust your taste which I sincerely believe to more assured than my own...But now that I think of it, don't take out too many of the burlesque pieces. We must have the contrast: instead, take out the metaphysical ones from the middle."⁶ The next day, on a postcard, he insisted that "the whole life of the book is in the contrast between the burlesque and the mystical."⁷

Along the way, Jacob changed his mind about the order. He at first entitled the work *Les Oeuvres mystiques et burlesques de Frère Matorel*, the heading on the draft of a prospectus he sent to Kahnweiler on October 6, 1911 (in which he pretends that Max Jacob, a sailor in the Merchant Marine, had collected and edited Matorel's poems after the "saint's" death). But in the text of the prospectus he reversed the order to Burlesque and Mystical so that the poems correspond to a chronological progression in his own religious and poetic life: "The oldest poems, from the period in which we know Matorel as a clerk, are full of curious experiments in rhyme and rhythm, and anecdotes as if from

a poetical and mysterious Mark Twain; then the tone expands, and bit by bit as the Truth comes to him, the poems become increasingly obscure until the day when grace explodes, when it's like a blast of light: Matorel turns out to be Lamartinian; certainly the style suffers but the feeling improves.”⁸

Though he left some of the choice of poems to Kahnweiler, Jacob had a firm hand in the overall architecture of the book. It is strikingly *not* a miscellany. *Les Oeuvres burlesques et mystiques* traces the story of Jacob's Parisian life: his years of obscurity and odd jobs, his search for God, the Apparition that brought him to religion and its effect upon him. The fictive editor's comments stitch the pieces into yet another of Jacob's oblique autobiographies. The collection begins with early poems like the spoof of a patriotic song, “Complainte électorale: Le Chevalier de La Barre” which Jacob used to perform for his friends; brilliant imitations of folk songs, romances, and bourgeois parlor pieces (like “Aveu discret: Mélodie piano et chant pour pensionnats” [Discreet Confession: Piano and Vocal Tune for Boarding Schools], which starts in a mellifluously philistine alexandrine, “De votre page blond, ô douce châtelaine...” [Of your blonde page, ô tender lady...]).⁹ One can visualize Jacob acting out these pieces, taking all the different voices as he satirized French society and its middle-brow arts. The very titles wink at the genres. “Grand récitatif dramatique pour les salons” launches into its hyperbolic alexandrines: “Mon coeur est dévasté comme un champ de bataille! *Musique*” (My heart is devastated like a battlefield! *Music*), and one can imagine Jacob flinging himself to the floor at the final line, “Damnation! Damnation! maudite Hilda! je meurs!” (Damnation! Damnation! Cursed Hilda! I die!)¹⁰

Jacob placed here his youthful experiments with controlled phonetic delirium, poems such as “Variation d'une formule” (Variation on a Formula), “La Leçon de musique” (The Music Lesson), and “Avenue de Maine” whose puns had spilled over into a letter to Picasso in 1906: “Les manèges déménagent...” (The merry-go-rounds are moving out...).¹¹ “Matorel the poet is finding his way,” the editor declares of these early pieces. One of the most revealing in the post-Symbolist mode is “Statue fêlée” (Cracked Statue).¹² In its thirteen lines, it's a cracked sonnet, alluding to but not conforming to traditional form. It's cracked in many ways: it's missing a line; it's in rhyming couplets instead of quatrains and tercets; its first line doesn't rhyme with anything and in its dense

play of assonance and dubious syntax the poem is well nigh incomprehensible even to a native French speaker. Yet “Statue fêlée” presents a legible self-portrait to anyone familiar with Jacob. The adjective *bréhaigine* means “sterile” and often refers to an androgynous creature: it signals Jacob’s ambiguous sexuality. *Pépie* means “chirps”: the multi-colored (*versicolore*) mutable poet character utters no grand statement, but “chirps” a small, birdlike, marginal new poetry. New, and fully aware of crude, commercial modernity: *Américanisons...*; the older art, the old grandpa, expires unmourned in a corner. The poem turns suddenly intimate as it shifts to the second person singular (“the shadow leans on your footsteps...”) and then to the vulnerable, first-person confession of Jacob waiting for the divine to enter his life.

Statue fêlée

L’ami d’un tiers néglige et bréhaigine pépie.
 Versicolore! il pleure, enrubanné
 Le grand deuil de la triste année.
 Qu’est-il ce lord? fièvre au pays des tares!
 Américanisons le grè de nos cithares!
 Un coin solitaire à l’aïeul qui pleure!
 Sa mort n’effarouche ni frère ni soeur.
 L’ombre est sur tes pas très noire et si frêle:
 C’est comme un raisin battu par la grêle.
 Mais sur l’autel clair un grand jour préside
 Pour dire au passant que mon coeur est vide,
 Et qu’aucun argile n’est moins sec, moins vieux
 Que mon coeur, mon coeur, que mon coeur sans dieux.

Cracked Statue

A third party's friend neglects in sterile chirps.
 Rainbow-colored! He weeps, adorned in bows,
 Mourning the dull year as it goes.
 Who is this lord? The land of commerce has a fever:
 Let's Americanize the pleasure of our zither!
 Let the old grandpa cry by himself in a corner!
 His death distresses no sister or brother.
 The shadow leans on your footsteps, black and frail:
 It's like a ripe grape beaten down by hail.
 But on the bright altar broad daylight stays alert
 To declare at large the emptiness of my heart
 And say no clay is so dry in its ancient clods
 As my heart, my heart, my heart lacking for gods.

The book concludes with a confession of doubt—what if all the visions have been a delusion?—and Matorel's farewell, in Lamartinian rhyming couplets: a farewell to poetry and to his *cortège* of familiar spirits, genies, and harlequins as he prepares to enter the convent.

Matorel bade farewell to poetry, but Max Jacob decidedly did not. Perhaps because they were hidden too well by the comic mask and frame story of Matorel, or by Jacob's own elaborately performed versions of himself as the harlequin of Montmartre, or perhaps because Kahnweiler published *Les Oeuvres burlesques et mystiques de Frère Matorel* in a very limited edition, the remarkable poems in this collection were hardly noticed at the time except by a small circle of connoisseurs. Even later, when *Le Cornet à dés* in 1917, *La Défense de Tartufe* in 1919, and *Le Laboratoire central* in 1921 made Jacob modestly (and temporarily) famous, most readers seemed unaware that he had

already, in 1912, published one of the key collections of innovative French poetry of the twentieth century. He had done it the year before Apollinaire published *Alcools*.

Alcools was itself published by the Mercure de France at the end of April, 1913. Apollinaire had composed the book with poems going as far back as 1902, interspersed with poems Jacob had seen developing since the early days of their friendship and Apollinaire's emergence from Symbolism. Three of the newest poems, "Le Pont Mirabeau," "Marie," and "Cors de chasse," commemorate his recent romantic travails. The book opens and closes with major new poems—"major" in length but also in artistic daring, a new rapidity in association of ideas and images, radical discontinuities, and fluid interplay between lyric cadences and free verse. This lush harmonizing of the old and new arts of poetry is a key to Apollinaire's genius and is evident in the lines of "Zone" which open the book:

À la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien
Bergère ô tour Eiffel le troupeau de ponts bêle ce matin

(Finally you're tired of this ancient world
Shepherdess O Eiffel Tower the flock of bridges bleats this morning)¹³

The first line, professing weariness with the old world (and by implication, its old poetry) is a classic alexandrine with a central caesura (the word *ancien* being pronounced as three syllables, as the rule of dieresis permits). The second line lengthens to sixteen syllables, rolling beyond its initial and well-behaved six-syllable unit (the classic hemistich) to declare its independence from the old system. The poem's mobile geography carries it all over Europe and through Paris, through centuries but also through a single night into a sacrificial dawn in the brutally short final line with its marvelous pun, "Soleil cou coupé" (Sun neck cut), where the word for "neck," *cou*, is cut from *coupé*, the word for "cut." Consciousness oscillates between the first and second person singular. Apollinaire added this magnificent poem in November 1912 to the first proofs of the book at the same time that he astonished his editors by removing all punctuation from the volume, a revolution in typography and poetics.¹⁴ At the last minute Apollinaire added

one more revolution, the one-line poem “Chantre” (Cantor), an alexandrine, each word of which vibrates with puns, a mini-*ars poetica* both attached to tradition and breaking it:

Et l’unique cordeau des trompettes marines¹⁵

And the unique cord/ horn-water/ body of water (*cordeau/ cors d’eau/ corps d’eau*) of the mollusk shells/ monochord stringed instruments/ marine megaphones (*trompettes marines*)

•

In February 1912, the newly fledged Futurist painters (Giacomo Balla, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, Luigi Russolo, and Gino Severini—those who had signed the first two Futurist manifestos of painting), led by the poet and publicist Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, had held their first Parisian exhibit, at the Galerie Bernheim, provoking several tart articles by Apollinaire. The tiresome jockeying for the lead in the avant-garde intensified, stimulated by the Futurists’ brashness. The Italians were only weak imitators of Picasso and Derain, Apollinaire declared in *L’Intransigeant*;¹⁶ in *Le Petit Bleu* he quoted their claim “to have taken the lead in the movement of European painting,” and replied, “It’s idiotic... One hardly dares pronounce a judgment on such stupidity.”¹⁷

A few months before, Ardengo Soffici had written to Picasso from Florence to announce the birth of the journal *Lacerba*. Soffici had come to blows with the Futurists two years earlier when Boccioni, Marinetti, and several friends took the train from Milan to Florence to punch Soffici, whom they had never met, as he sat in a café, in retaliation for his criticism of Futurism in the august Florentine journal *La Voce*. But in the course of explaining themselves and arguing esthetics at the police station where they’d been dragged in front of the mystified commissioner, they had found surprising common ground.¹⁸ Now Soffici and his old collaborator Giovanni Papini had quit *La Voce* and joined forces with Marinetti in launching *Lacerba*, meant to lead a cultural revolution in Italy. (It was named for a work by the fourteenth-century writer Cecco d’Ascoli, *L’Acerba*, The Bitter One, an attack on Dante.) Full of fire and brimstone, *Lacerba*

maintained a contradictory stance toward French art, on the one hand attacking it violently and asserting Futurist supremacy, on the other publishing writers in French (like Jacob and Apollinaire) and constantly referring to French writers, artists, and theories. The awkward fact was, Modernism *had* begun in France. (Marinetti had never lived for any extended period in France, but had been educated in French schools in Alexandria, while Soffici had lived for years in Paris, knew all the contemporary artists there, and contributed to the major avant-garde journals.)

Jacob was only too happy to accept Soffici's invitation. He wrote in April 1913, from Céret, and again several times in May, sending verse and prose poems, and securing Kahnweiler's permission to reprint excerpts from *Saint Matorel*.¹⁹ His first publication in *Lacerba*, the poem "Établissement d'une communauté au Brésil" (Establishment of a Commune in Brazil), followed a couple of pages later by a drawing by Picasso, appeared in mid-June, just as Picasso and Jacob were taking a quick trip to Spain to see bullfights. The poem, in fanciful rhyming alexandrine couplets, is one of Jacob's most accessible, an allegory of a utopian Catholic commune in the jungle in Brazil, where even wild animals become mystically tame before the settlement is massacred by savages. So, concludes the poem's speaker, he had been living a life of innocent love, piety, and prayer,

"Mais le rire cruel, les soucis qu'on m'impose,
L'argent et l'opinion, la bêtise d'autrui,
Ont fait de moi le dur bourgeois qui signe ici."

(But cruel laughter, the worries heaped on me,
Money and scandal and others' stupidity
Have turned me into the hard bourgeois whose name you see.)²⁰

Not one of Jacob's best poems, it reveals another version of the mythic self he was evolving; the sense of himself as hardened (*dur*) would reappear a few years later in Monsieur Dur, the hero of his novel *Filibuth*.

In the same issue as Jacob's poem, Marinetti published an important statement of Futurist poetics, "L'immaginazione senza fili & le parole in libertà" (The Imagination

Untrammelled and Words at Liberty). It restated and amplified his literary manifesto of the previous year. Already in “Manifesto tecnico della letteratura futurista” in May 1912, using the phrase *parole in libertà* (words at liberty), which both Apollinaire and Jacob would take up, Marinetti had called for the destruction of syntax (in syntactically correct sentences); the suppression of adjectives, adverbs, and conjunctions; the elimination of the “I”; the replacement of intelligence by “divine intuition”; and the creation of “the mechanical man with interchangeable parts.”²¹ Now, in *Lacerba*, he let loose a torrent of Futurist demands: for acceleration, novelty, destruction of the past and glorification of the machine, in the service of “a violent and dynamic lyricism.”²²

In this hysterical context, Soffici presented Max Jacob. He conveys with three piquant anecdotes the already stylized persona of Max Jacob the mystical harlequin of Montmartre. One of the tales, slightly modified from André Billy’s gossip in *Le Cri de Paris*, relates the Virgin’s scolding Max; She appears outside the Basilica of Sacré Coeur and declares: “Oh! My poor Max, what a loser you are.” Jacob must have run around the cafés of Montmartre entertaining listeners with versions of this encounter. Soffici’s second story mythologizes what must have been, at origin, a humiliating experience and probably not an uncommon one for a homosexual who found his partners by cruising. Jacob was arrested one evening as he emerged from the Café de l’Ermitage, Soffici relates, and dragged down to the police station where the commissioner, “a rigid man,” berated him for “the vices everyone knew him to indulge.” The commissioner was preparing to throw him in jail when the poet opened his mouth. “We never found out exactly what he said, but his words were so sweet, so celestial, full of such virtue, that the commissioner and even his constables had their hearts softened, tears poured down their faces, and they fell to their knees at his feet to adore him.”²³ (As many of his friends intimated, Jacob had his run-ins with the police from time to time, though in the turn-and-turn-about world of official hypocrisy and actual sexual mores, he often found his sexual partners in the ranks of the police. In the short story “Le Haschischin,” Pierre Reverdy describes Jacob’s being locked up overnight and released in the morning: “In the daylight he examined his crumpled clothes, his hat smeared with mud, and rather satisfied after all he methodically assembled his impressions of a first night spent in jail/ So far from Heaven.”²⁴) Soffici concluded his introduction with one of Jacob’s fantastical

autobiographical sketches of the sort he provided to Kahnweiler for the Matorel series, claiming to have been a sailor before becoming a Parisian writer and dandy. Selfhood, for Jacob, was a constantly shifting kaleidoscopic performance.

Jacob began now to publish a good deal, not only in *Lacerba*, but also in *La Phalange*, the renovated *Soirées de Paris*, and *Montjoie!* Grateful though he was for the welcome in *Lacerba*, he was never an ally of the Futurists, and the violence of their rhetoric was foreign to him. His work is at home there only in that he was dismantling and reconstituting literary conventions, but his tone has nothing of the stridency of Marinetti, Papini, or Boccioni. The first issue of *Lacerba*, January 1, 1913, struck a Nietzschean note with Papini's aphorisms calling for "freedom" and a morality of the superman, "a superior plane of man alone, intelligent and unprejudiced—in which everything is permitted and legitimate."²⁵ Marinetti's paeans to war and machinery, Boccioni's assertions that all modern painting (Cézanne, Degas, Picasso, Braque...) was only a prelude to Futurism,²⁶ Papini's call for a "Massacre of Women"—all this swashbuckling creates an odd context for Jacob's whimsy and sidelong ironies. (Papini's misogyny is so dramatic, and so representative of certain avant-garde postures, it deserves to be quoted: "The massacre of women would not be the Massacre of the Innocents...Because the sexual organ of woman is empty and we, brave balls that we are, love abysses. A small abyss, to tell the truth! When too much life force builds up in us we have to piss it out somewhere...And woman, this fleshly urinal our desire represents as a Holy Grail—demands in return for this service our entire lives. It's a bit much. We have to wipe women out.")²⁷

Apollinaire, feeling the need to consolidate his position as leader of the avant-garde, fearing to be outflanked by the increasingly visible Albert Gleizes, Jean Metzinger, and Salmon as theorists of Cubism, seized on the Futurist rhetoric for himself with opportunistic enthusiasm. Whereas a few months earlier he had derided Marinetti and Boccioni for their pretensions, now he leapt on their bandwagon, publishing his own manifesto "L'ANTITRADITION FUTURISTE" as a pamphlet in June 1913 before bringing it out in *Lacerba* in September.²⁸ Taking up Marinetti's eye-catching unpunctuated graphics and expressions (MOTS EN LIBERTÉ, DYNAMISME PLASTIQUE), Apollinaire repeated the cry for the suppression of syntax, punctuation,

history, and so forth; flung MERDE (shit) at critics, pedagogues, philologists, and other devotees of the past; and presented ceremonial roses to himself and to the avant-garde artists of whom he approved—Marinetti, Picasso, Boccioni, Jacob, Metzinger, Gleizes, Laurencin, Matisse... The list is an awkward, almost desperate attempt to herd the Italians and the French into the same corral, to reconcile Futurism with Cubism, his own invention, "Orphism," and all the other emerging "isms," and to position himself as master of ceremonies.

Max Jacob had no such ambitions, but he did want to see his work in print and *Lacerba* gave him that forum. He was grateful, too, for the twenty francs he was paid for the suite of mini-prose poems, "Le Divan de Monsieur Max Jacob," that would appear in the July, August, and September issues.²⁹ In calling his suite a "diwan," he was alluding to the collections of Persian poetry by Saadi and Hafiz, and also—as he insisted to Soffici—to Goethe's *West-Eastern Diwan*. In these often sententious snippets he extends his inspiration from the Persian Poems to be found in *Oeuvres burlesques et mystique de Frère Matorel*. These new pieces, concocted in the summer for Soffici, are less imagistic and mysterious than the Matorel Persian poems and he didn't reprint them in any book, but they have epigrammatic economy: "In the harbor of my heart, there's no sand bar or rip tide: enter, vessels, you'll be sheltered in pools of tenderness."³⁰

In August, *La Phalange* published five poems of Jacob's, including "Mille autres regrets" (A Thousand Other Regrets) and "Prière" (Prayer), composed the previous summer in his hometown of Quimper. One of these, "Mille regrets" (A Thousand Regrets), indulges in rhyming alexandrine quatrains redolent of Vigny and Lamartine, and doesn't transform its central humiliation: "Vous me jetez mon vice au nez comme une eau sale" (You hurl my vice in my face like dirty dishwater).³¹ But in the others, Jacob finds his footing with increased assurance, capering from pathos to farce to confession. "Barbe Bleue et la huitième femme" (Bluebeard and the Eighth Wife) teasingly reveals his sexual preoccupations and sense of androgyny, dramatizing Bluebeard's dismay at finding the last murdered wife to be a eunuch.³²

It was his gentle friend Henri Hertz who had taken Jacob's poems to Jean Royère, the editor of *La Phalange*, a Symbolist journal where Apollinaire had published for years. To Hertz's astonishment, Apollinaire threw a tantrum when he heard that Royère would

be printing Jacob's poems, exploding in fireworks of sarcasm, jealousy, and anger. Hertz wondered: "Didn't he know of Max's secret work? Didn't he know what that beehive of poverty and exaltation contained, just a few hundred meters from where he lived, the cubbyhole of the rue Ravignan? I don't know if he ever went there. I never encountered him there. Didn't he know what was on the shelves, dusty even in the draughts, above the bed frame propped up on bricks: the fraying shirts lined with fluttering scraps of paper where this teeming poetry hatched and shivered, whose wings took fire at the slightest gesture, the slightest glance, and made the whole room sing?"³³

Apollinaire's rage subsided quickly, his attention diverted in the happy enterprise of reviving his magazine, *Les Soirées de Paris*. It had stopped appearing in June for lack of funds, circulation, and exciting copy: Apollinaire's friends who had founded the magazine for him in 1912, André Billy, René Dupuy (Dalize), and André Tudesq didn't understand modern art and had prevented him from filling the magazine with his enthusiasms. Now Serge Férat and the Baroness Hélène D'Oettingen purchased the *Les Soirées* from Billy and it appeared in its triumphant new format on November 15, 1913, co-directed by Apollinaire and the fictitious "Jean Cérusse"—the team of Férat and the Baroness under the punning name of "C'est Russe" (It's Russian) or "Ces Russes" (These Russians). The small price to pay for their patronage was having to print the Baroness's tedious swatches of lyrical prose and poems under her pseudonyms (Roch Grey and Léonard Pieux). The November issue reproduced photographs of four of Picasso's revolutionary, three-dimensional constructions in wood, cardboard, paper, and string, and subsequent issues would offer a rich array of contemporary art, as the magazine's office at the heart of Montparnasse near the intersection of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard Montparnasse became the scene of dazzling parties and poetry readings.³⁴

At the end of September, artistic Paris gathered for a celebration that was at once a declaration of the ebullience of Modernism and a family occasion: the Futurist painter Gino Severini married poet Paul Fort's black-eyed, dark-ringed sixteen-year-old daughter Jeanne, who had grown up in her father's Symbolist hothouse of the Closerie des Lilas and was known as "the Princess of the Closerie."³⁵ Now that Fort was Prince des Poètes and the Futurists had been successful in their clamorous public relations, the event was treated as a "royal wedding" in the French and even in the international press.

Severini's fellow Futurists in Milan at first threatened to expel him from the group on anti-matrimonial principle, but recognizing the value of the publicity surrounding the rite, they changed tactics, and Marinetti sped to Paris in his white Bugatti to be one of Severini's witnesses at the ceremony at the town hall of the fourteenth *arrondissement*. The groom's other witness was Apollinaire, and the Franco-American poet Stuart Merrill and Alfred Vallette, editor of *Le Mercure de France*, stood up for the bride. Marinetti even lent the newlyweds his magnificent car for a day and night of honeymoon.

For the feast, the wedding party repaired to the Café Voltaire behind the Odéon Theater, a revered Symbolist meeting place in the heart of the sixth *arrondissement*. The guest list combined an honor roll of old Symbolists and the new avant-garde; it included the novelist Rachilde; Salmon; the *soi-disant* Cubists Gleizes and Metzinger; Fernand Léger; and Carco, who buttonholed Rachilde and managed in that way to have his novel accepted by the *Mercure de France*. Max Jacob put on a performance even more spectacular than usual. After a bout of fast rival punning and repartee with Paul Fort, he seized a bottle and announced that the plaster cast of the Victory of Samothrace, a wedding gift from an Italian cast-maker, was an "old work" and "made no sense in an assembly of Futurists," and smashed it to pieces.³⁶

In hindsight, the wedding seems an emblem of the high spirits and joyous, innocent destructiveness of Modernism, the Dionysian party preceding a real slaughter and a convulsion of worlds. Diaghilev had shaken Paris in May with his production of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps* danced by Nijinsky. In November, Grasset published *Du côté de chez Swann*, the first volume of Proust's still-elaborating and revolutionary novel. Jacob rose with this tide of invention. Every issue of *Lacerba* that autumn carried his work: in September, Soffici ran the "Mademoiselle Léonie" section from *Saint Matorel*; in October appeared another section, "La Conversion d'Émile Cordier"; in November *Lacerba* published his new poem "République et révolutions chinoises." This odd, incoherent poem mixes a cocktail of revolutionary fervor (political and esthetic), wisecracks, puns, and sententious colonialist advice. Inspired by the violences of the Boxer Rebellion followed by Sun Yat-sen's revolution in October 1911, and the establishment of the Republic of China with the Emperor's abdication in February 1912,

Jacob—ex-student of the École Coloniale—fantasizes that the Marseillaise now floats across China, and lectures the new republicans on maintaining peace and neutrality. Politics were never Jacob’s strong point; he never reprinted this poem.³⁷

One reason for Jacob’s improved humor was financial. As he reported to Bloch, the Austrian art critic and small-time dealer Adolphe Basler was buying his gouaches at five francs apiece, and Jacob began to earn more from his painting than from his writing, setting a pattern that would endure for the rest of his life. Something of the old communal world of Jacob’s early years in Montmartre had taken shape in Montparnasse. Jacob still lived on the rue Gabrielle in Montmartre, but increasingly carried on his social life across the river: Picasso moved at the end of September to a new, immense studio apartment at the east end of the Montparnasse cemetery, rue Schoelcher, 5 bis, just off the Boulevard Raspail; Paul Fort and the crowd from the *Mercur de France* still presided at the Closerie des Lilas; Serge Férat and Hélène D’Oettingen had brilliantly revived *Les Soirées de Paris* at the office at 278 Boulevard Raspail and at their apartment a few doors down at 228 Boulevard Raspail, where Apollinaire was often to be found along with a crowd of avant-garde painters and writers. A *carte pneumatique* from Jacob to Bloch from October 8 gives a glimpse of this hectic world: trying to make a date with Bloch and his wife who were briefly visiting Paris, Jacob explains that he’ll be at home until 4, when he’ll take a young painter to meet Apollinaire at his apartment on the Boulevard St. Germain, and that he’ll dine later that evening with the Picassos at their new place.³⁸

Apollinaire opened the first issue of the resurgent *Soirées de Paris* with a chronicle of the new Salon d’Automne in Berlin and the Parisian salon. This article, a hymn to “simultaneity,” “Orphism,” and Robert Delaunay, would provoke a friendly but pointed response from the Futurists in the January issue of *Lacerba*. Even more than “Orphism,” the word “simultaneous” seemed to possess coveted market value. Apollinaire reported the abstract titles of Delaunay’s works shown in Berlin (*Simultaneous Contrast Movement and Color Depth*, *Simultaneous Contrast Movement of Color Depth Sun Prism 1*, and so forth). He then asserted, “Delaunay, who by his determination and talent has taken possession of the term ‘simultaneous,’ which he borrowed from the Futurist vocabulary, deserves from now on to be called by the name with which he signs his work: The Simultaneous.”³⁹ In his account of the Parisian Salon

d'Automne, Apollinaire singled out Matisse for special praise, while complimenting Gleizes on the "brutality" of his canvases, and Metzinger for his "charm," "fantasy," and "deliciousness."⁴⁰ In a lyrical and elegiac paragraph, he praised Marie Laurencin's painting, concluding with this sentence, a coded message to his former lover: "She presents [a painting of] a horsewoman as delicate and tender as an adieu."⁴¹

In this historic issue of *Les Soirées de Paris*, flanked by black and white reproductions of Picasso's constructions, Jacob published three of his best poems. Two are verse poems composed around 1900 and recalling Quimper: "Plainte du mauvais garçon" (The Bad Boy's Lament) and "En famille" (At Home); the third is a mini-self-portrait in a prose poem, "Boute-en-train" (Joker). Max Jacob wouldn't reprint this piece in a book, probably because it isn't abstract enough, but for that very reason it's useful for the biographer:

Boute-en-train

C'est moi qui suis le joyeux boute-en-train.

Le moindre binocle sur une moustache m'arrête et ne pas trouver mon nom sur une lettre qui ne m'est pas adressée me surprend et me blesse. Mais si l'on organise la farandole, je sais chanter en courant. Récemment, je chantais *Le Petit Bossu* dans une farandole et je m'aperçus qu'il y en avait un. Je me demandais si je devais arrêter la chanson ou la continuer. J'eus l'esprit de ne pas chanter tous les couplets. C'est moi qui suis le joyeux boute-en-train.⁴²

Joker

It's I, the merry joker.

The smallest pince-nez on a mustache stops me in my tracks, and not to find my name on a letter not addressed to me surprises and wounds me. But if someone organizes a farandole, I know how to sing and run at the same time. The other day, I was singing "The Little Hunchback" in a farandole and I noticed there was a

hunchback there. I wondered if I should stop the song or continue it. I had the wit not to sing all the verses. It's I, the merry joker.

•

In the months leading up to World War I, writers, painters, and sculptors in avant-garde circles freely indulged in fantasies of violence with little awareness that a real war might be in the offing, or what a real modern war might look like. They were spoiled by years of peace, and many of them—like the Futurists—were spoiling for a fight on esthetic if not on nationalist grounds. (Marinetti did have some experience of war, having covered Italy's war with Turkey in 1911, a colonialist offensive resulting in Italy's wresting several provinces in what would become Libya from the failing Ottoman Empire. The Futurist impresario found battle exhilarating, a model for his new poetics of destruction: he printed his poetical dispatches in French in *L'Intransigeant* and in 1912 as a book, *La Bataille de Tripoli*.) In Paris, Picasso, Braque, Derain, and Gertrude Stein developed a passion for boxing, attending fights at Le Cercle Américain on Boulevard Raspail. Meanwhile, the archaic practice of dueling provided another space for ritualized violence. In June 1914, two Polish painters, Moïse Kisling and Leopold Gottlieb, settled a point of honor, meeting at dawn at the Parc des Princes at the southwest tip of Paris at Porte de Saint-Cloud. They attacked first with pistol shots and then sabers, and fought so violently they had to be separated. Both were superficially wounded, Gottlieb on the chin and Kisling on the nose, and one of the seconds had his suit slashed. Kisling called his wound “the fourth partition of Poland.”⁴³

In late 1913 and early 1914, Simultaneism became the new battle cry. In his art chronicles in the November issue of *Les Soirées de Paris*, Apollinaire had celebrated the Simultaneism of Robert Delaunay, and though he granted that Delaunay had borrowed the term from the Futurists he asserted the supremacy of the French in the new art: “The futurists participated [in the Salon d'Art in Berlin],” he wrote, “but the futurists derive also from the artistic movement of which Paris is the capital.”⁴⁴ Try as he might, Apollinaire would find it impossible to maintain allegiances with Delaunay and the Futurists at the same time, and would eventually break with Delaunay, having thrown in

his lot with Marinetti with his own manifesto, “L’ANTITRADITION FUTURISTE.” Acutely conscious of the value of Apollinaire’s adherence, the Futurists reasserted their proprietorship of Simultaneism while flattering Apollinaire. In the January 1914 issue of *Lacerba*, Boccioni wrote: “We insist on the priority of our researches in SIMULTANEITY, the destined consequence of the futurist sensibility of which we are the interpreters. We watch with pleasure as the influence of OUR ingenious discovery spreads in France, particularly in the work of Signor Delaunay who, obsessed with simultaneity, specializes in it as if it were his own personal discovery. We are also happy to note the justice granted to us by our great friend and ally Guillaume Apollinaire, the fantastically daring poet of *Alcools*, in his beautiful journal *Les Soirées de Paris* (15 November, 1913).” Boccioni then quoted Apollinaire at length.⁴⁵

Apollinaire now had to defend himself on yet another flank. The young Swiss poet and adventurer Blaise Cendrars (whose real name was Frédéric-Louis Saurer) burst into Paris in September 1912 after a stint in New York and some years in Russia where he was apprenticed to a Swiss watchmaker. Passionate about modern poetry, Cendrars had composed a free-floating, revolutionary poem, “Les Pâques à New York” (Easter in New York) and published it in November 1912 in the journal he had just founded, *Les Hommes nouveaux*. Apollinaire may or may not have been inspired by the mobile geographies in Cendrars when he composed his free-floating “Zone” in November 1912 to add to the proofs of *Alcools*. A year later, in November 1913, Cendrars, who now lived on rue Christine very close to the Delaunays and seemed to be displacing Apollinaire in their affections, published an extraordinary scroll poem-painting in collaboration with Sonia Delaunay. “La Prose du Transsibérien et de la Petite Jehanne de France” was guided by Robert Delaunay’s ideas about “a New Reality,” “non-representational colors,” and “electric light as rhythm,” and printed by Cendrars in the publishing house associated with *Les Hommes nouveaux* with funds from an inheritance he had received. The scroll unfolds vertically with Sonia Delaunay’s brilliant discs and arcs of primary colors on the left and Cendrars’ jolting, free-wheeling poem printed in varying colors and fonts on the right. The subscription bulletin advertised it as “the first Simultaneist book” and “Synchronatic Representation Simultaneous Painting Text Mme Delaunay–Terck Blaise Cendrars.”⁴⁶

Seven years younger than Apollinaire, Cendrars (whose *nom de plume* is rich in punning suggestions of burning, cinders, and the philosopher Blaise Pascal) was an inventive and combative poet. “Car je ne sais pas aller jusqu’au bout” (Because I don’t know how to go all the way), he kept repeating in “La Prose du Transsibérien,” but the wild poem does seem to go “all the way,” or at least as far as language is capable of going, unfurling across Russia with far-flung memories and an erotic intimacy with a little Parisian prostitute. Cendrars quotes Apollinaire’s radical poem “Les Fiançailles” (The Betrothal), suggesting that he has absorbed its lessons and surpassed it:

Pardonnez-moi mon ignorance
 Pardonnez-moi de ne plus connaître l’ancien jeu de vers
 Comme dit Guillaume Apollinaire⁴⁷

Pardon my ignorance
 Pardon me for not knowing any more the old game of versifying
 As Guillaume Apollinaire says

(Cendrars highlights the challenge by rhyming Apollinaire with *vers*, verse).

Now Cendrars confronted the elder poet head on. In the April-June issue of Ricciotto Canudo’s *Montjoie!*, Cendrars published a free verse poem-portrait of his rival:

To you, the happiest of us all
 Because Rousseau painted your portrait
 To the stars
 The carnations of Sweet William
 Apollinaire
 1900-1911
 For twelve years the only poet in France.⁴⁸

Many of the poems Jacob was now publishing would reappear, eventually, in three important books: *Le Cornet à dés*, *La Défense de Tartufe*, and *Le Laboratoire central*. He honored “Printemps et cinématographe mêlés” by placing it as the opening poem of *La Défense de Tartufe*. But already, just two months after its début in *Les Soirées de Paris*, Richard Aldington quoted from its last lines in his article on recent French poetry in *The Egoist*. Aldington’s piece was lackadaisical and not terribly well informed, but it shows where an educated Englishman of advanced tastes turned at the time for news of contemporary French letters: *Le Mercure de France*, *Les Soirées de Paris*, and Jean-Richard Bloch’s *L’Effort Libre*.⁴⁹

The spring issue of *Montjoie!* in which Cendrars challenged Apollinaire also carried a poem of Jacob’s, “À propos de mon suicide” (About my Suicide), a witty-serious poem in rhyming free verse, flirting with despair. Echoing but deforming Baudelaire’s line from “Le Voyage,” “O mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l’ancre” (O Death, old captain, it’s time! Anchors aweigh), Jacob lowered the tone: “Allons: mort, il est temps de devenir sérieux./ Écoute le tonnerre, ô toi qui n’a plus d’yeux.” (Come: death, it’s time to get serious./ Listen to the thunder, you who have no more eyes. Jacob must have savored the pun of “d’yeux” and “Dieu,” of eyes and God.)⁵⁰

In Apollinaire’s art journalism and gossip columns in the spring and early summer of 1914, one observes daily life in the capital taking its course, by turns frivolous, solemn, witty, and blithe. On May 14 in *Paris-Journal* he celebrates Derain, “whose influence in Europe grows with each passing day.” The next day with bittersweet brevity he reports on Marie Laurencin’s show of watercolors from 1908 in the Bernheim gallery—the happiest year of their love. On May 22 he announces that Vlaminck and Kahnweiler are setting off on “an important cruise” down the Seine from Bougival to Suresnes (a western suburb of Paris) in their sailboat, the *Saint-Matorel*, named after Jacob’s book, and that Vlaminck would attend a performance of the Ballets Russes that night. A world of rich charm and playfulness was fluttering invisibly toward its end.⁵¹

Apollinaire had a personal shock in store for him before the public crisis. Only a few days after his little piece on Laurencin in *Paris-Journal*, he had an apéritif with her in a bar on rue Vavin, and she announced that she had news for him. He had news too, he

replied. After a squabble, she told hers: she was getting married—to the German painter Otto von Waëtjen. At first he couldn't believe it. Then he rose, paid the bill, turned on his heel, and left. She and von Waëtjen were married in a small private ceremony on June 21 and left immediately for a honeymoon on the coast near Bordeaux. She never saw Apollinaire again.⁵²

At the end of June, to console Apollinaire, his loyal comforters-in-chief Louise Faure-Favier, André Billy, and René Dalize spirited him away for a weekend at Ermenonville, the romantic château and park north of Paris where Rousseau had spent his last days. The poet was somber, Faure-Favier recounts, but rallied; the friends composed poems to Rousseau and strolled the grounds, and returned to Paris Sunday afternoon to feast on couscous and spend a *nuît blanche* at Faure-Favier's house on the Île Saint-Louis where—at Apollinaire's insistence—they tried to stay awake to greet the dawn. "I'm solar," Apollinaire declared, in homage to his namesake, the god Apollo.⁵³

On June 14, Picasso and his mistress Eva Gouel left Paris for the Midi. They stayed a few days in a hotel in Avignon, looking about for a place to rent for the summer; it was in the last week of June that Picasso sent Max Jacob a postcard of Édouard-Antoine Marsal's elaborately kitsch painting *Apotheosis of Mistral* (the Provençale writer Frédéric Mistral, who won the Nobel Prize in 1904 and had just died in March 1914). "I'll make your apotheosis," Picasso wrote his old friend.⁵⁴ The painters were gathering for a summer of comradely work: Derain and his wife Alice set up house near Avignon and saw Picasso and Eva often; Braque bicycled all the way to Sorgues from Paris, arriving by July 5 in Sorgues where he reunited with his wife Marcelle, rented a house, and set to work. Kahnweiler and his wife, who kept track of their painters in an intense correspondence, were spending their holiday hiking in the mountains of Upper Bavaria. Vlaminck had been warning Kahnweiler that he thought war was brewing; even Derain, a few weeks earlier, had written that "the political situation seemed strange"; and Picasso had urged the dealer to take out French citizenship, in case of war. But Kahnweiler, a man of peace, a German whose life was in Paris, couldn't conceive of such a war.⁵⁵

On June 28, 1914, at 11:15 in the morning, the Bosnian Serb nationalist Gavrilo Princip shot and killed the Austro-Hungarian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife Sophie, Duchess of Hohenburg, as they rode in their carriage in Sarajevo. While Austria-Hungary

determined how to punish Serbia, Jacob, Apollinaire, and their friends went about their summer business, all except Vlaminck oblivious to any real threat. Vlaminck, apprehensive, sold the two boats he owned with Kahnweiler—the *Saint-Matorel* and *L'Enchanteur pourrissant*—and sent his friend half the proceeds. Otherwise, the summer seemed as carefree as any other summer.

The June issue of *Les Soirées de Paris* carried one of Jacob's best stories, along with Apollinaire's continued jousting about simultaneism and a poem by Cendrars. Dedicated to the pianist Emma Hertz, Jacob's story "Surpris et charmé"—by an unconscious irony that events would soon bring to light—starts by recalling Jacob's lack of military prowess, his humiliation in 1897 at being discharged from military service after only six weeks. Part fiction, part autobiography, the story records Jacob's discovery of his vocation as an author, a maker and a discloser of plots, and simultaneously, his expulsion from his family. He simplified and to some extent mythologized the events narrated, but the story evoked Quimper, its surrounding landscape, and Jacob's old schoolmate Dr. Auguste Morvan sufficiently to enrage Morvan, who read it in *Les Soirées de Paris* and threatened to throw Jacob in the Odet River.⁵⁶

The July-August issue of *Les Soirées de Paris* flies like a banner with brave insouciance. It would be the magazine's last number. Reciprocating Aldington's generosity to French poetry in *The Egoist*, Apollinaire ran a long article by F. S. Flint introducing French readers to the Anglo-American Imagists, citing Pound's famous formula, "Direct treatment of the 'thing,'..."⁵⁷ and offering a mini-anthology of Modernist poems in English with pieces by Aldington, and H.D., Williams, Pound's "The Return," and Flint's "Hallucination." It's a fascinating glimpse of the *entente cordiale* of Anglo-American and French Modernisms. Works by Léger illustrate the issue, and Max Jacob is represented by two poems that would appear later in *La Défense de Tartufe*, "Écrit pour la S. A. F." (Written for the S. A. F.) and "Les Concours du conservatoire" (The Conservatory Competition).

The S. A. F. of mysterious renown was the Société des Amis de Fantomas, a fantastical society dreamed up by Apollinaire and Jacob to celebrate the adventures of the popular fictional criminal Fantomas, the hero of a series of execrably written novels by Marcel Allain and Pierre Souvestre that appeared between 1911 and 1913. Apollinaire,

Jacob, Salmon and friends used to storm around Montmartre at night pretending to be bandits and leaving Fantomas's graffiti on walls: The Bloody Hand.⁵⁸ Jacob's poem turns somersaults in its rhymes and plays gleefully with conventions of whodunit plots. This version has a short prose section, "Partie critique," giving Jacob's analysis of the Fantomas formula and deriding the style; he remarks also on the use of character types — "the characters are numerous, new, precise, picturesque, and rise to the level of type as in Balzac or Eugène Sue" — a method he would use in his own fiction.⁵⁹

On July 31, the great French Socialist leader Jean Jaurès, a pacifist who had been mobilizing his party to try to force Germany and France to sign a peace treaty, was shot in the head and killed as he sat in a café in Montmartre. On August 1, Germany ordered a general mobilization and declared war on Russia. France responded with a general mobilization. The next day, German troops roared into Luxembourg and on August 3, Germany declared war on France and invaded Belgium in order to attack France from the west on that lightly defended border.

The Kahnweilers, on vacation in Bavaria, fled into neutral Switzerland and from there took a train to Rome. On August 2, Picasso accompanied his friends Derain and Braque to the train station in Avignon; they had been called to active military service. "I never saw them again," he later told Kahnweiler. He meant it allegorically. Of course he "saw" them again, but their heroic comradeship in art had concluded, and henceforth they would work alone.⁶⁰

Max Jacob, in Paris, imagined that he, too, might be called to the army, and he wrote to Soffici in Florence asking him to return a manuscript of stories he had sent while the mails still functioned: he wanted to assemble all his manuscripts in safety in Brittany, he explained.⁶¹ To Jean-Richard Bloch, also in Florence where he had been teaching at the French Institute for a year, Jacob wrote, "It seems there are 90,000 men at the frontier. Send me back my manuscript while the mail still works." (This was *Le Terrain Bouchaballe*). "It seems that men like me who have been discharged will stay in Paris in municipal services. Do you see me as a postman or a street cleaner? If I like the job, I'll keep it." He signed the letter, "Max Jacob, poet-road laborer." The war had begun.⁶²

¹ Grateful acknowledgment is made to Max Jacob's heir and literary executor Mme. Sylvia Lorant-Colle, for permission to consult the Jacob archives at the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Fondation Jacques Doucet, the Bibliothèque Municipale de Quimper, and the Bibliothèque Municipale d'Orléans for this article. Anyone who works on Picasso these days owes a monumental debt to John Richardson's monumental biography of the painter, and anyone working on Jacob owes an equally large debt to Hélène Seckel for her catalogue for the show at the Musée Picasso in Paris in 1994, *Max Jacob et Picasso*. John Richardson, *A Life of Picasso; 1907-1917, The Painter of Modern Life*, Volume II (New York: Random House, 1996) and Hélène Seckel, *Max Jacob et Picasso* (Paris: Réunion des musées nationaux, 1994).

² Mary Ann Caws, *Manifesto* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska, 2001), 185-9.

³ François Garnier, *Correspondance de Max Jacob*, vol. I (Paris: Editions de Paris, 1953), 59. Carco—François Carcopino-Tusoli (1886-1958)—made his name as a chronicler of the lives of thugs, prostitutes, and Bohemian artists in Paris. Jacob detested the book he eventually published, *De Montmartre au Quartier Latin* (Paris: Albin Michel, 1927), writing to his old friend the actress Sylvette Fillacier that it was full of “lies and horrors.” (*Les Propos et les jours*, ed. Didier Gompel and Annie Marcoux [Paris: Zodiaque, 1989], 283).

⁴ Gompel-Marcoux, 32. The letter is wrongly dated to 1911; as Seckel argues, the fight with Picasso over the sale of his drawings must have occurred in 1911 before Picasso agreed to illustrate *Saint Matorel*. The book announced in the letter to Olin (“I’ve made a book, which Derain is to illustrate”) refers not to *Les Oeuvres burlesques et mystiques de Frère Matorel* as Gompel and Marcoux suppose, but to *Saint Matorel*, before Derain backed out. See Seckel, 84, note 6.

⁵ *Picasso/Apollinaire: Correspondance* (Paris: Gallimard, Réunion des musées nationaux, 1992), 94. Apollinaire intended the title of his book to emphasize the first phrase of the title, *Méditations esthétiques*, since by 1912 he was convinced that Cubism was no longer the only game in town. But his publisher, Eugène Figuière, wanted to capitalize on the continuing notoriety the minor Cubists (Gleizes, Metzinger, Le Fauconnier & Co) were stirring up in the salons, and printed the subtitle, *Les peintre*

cubistes, in larger type, thus stamping Apollinaire's book as an apology and explanation for a particular school (however badly explained). See Apollinaire, *Les Peintres cubistes*, ed. L.C. Breunig and J-CL. Chevalier (1980), 7.

⁶ Garnier I, 62.

⁷ Ibid., 63.

⁸ Ibid., 67.

⁹ Max Jacob, *Saint Matorel* (Paris: Gallimard, 1936), 219. Hereafter, SM.

¹⁰ SM 225.

¹¹ Seckel 48.

¹² "...finding his way" SM 231. "Statue fêlée," SM 232.

¹³ Guillaume Apollinaire, *Oeuvres poétiques*, ed. Marcel Adéma and Michel Décaudin, (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1965), 39.

¹⁴ Louise Faure-Favier, a close friend of Apollinaire's and of the editorial team at the *Mercure*, narrates the scene of the removal of punctuation and of the deliberations at the *Mercure* in her memoir: Louise Faure-Favier, *Souvenirs sur Guillaume Apollinaire* (Paris: Grasset, 1945), 47.

¹⁵ Guillaume Apollinaire, *Oeuvres poétiques*, ed. Marcel Adéma and Michel Décaudin op. cit., 63.

¹⁶ Apollinaire, *Oeuvres en prose complètes*, Vol. II, ed. Pierre Caizergues and Michel Décaudin (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1991), 407.

¹⁷ Ibid., 410. It's hard to argue with Apollinaire's judgment. Only the year before, in 1911, the Futurists in Milan knew nothing of the radical developments in painting that were taking place in Paris. The young painter Gino Severini, who now lived in Paris and was good friends with Picasso, Jacob, and the gang, was appalled at the provincialism of his friend Umberto Boccioni and the other Futurists when he went to see them in Milan in 1911. On his urging, Marinetti, who had funds, paid for Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Luigi Russolo to travel to Paris and spend two weeks, being guided around the studios by Severini. They were entranced and inspired by the work they saw. Their belligerence and claims of priority a year later thus seemed little less than outrageous. Severini considered himself an avant-garde artist and signed the two Futurist manifestos of painting in 1910, but he had serious reservations about his friends' work, and came to regard Marinetti as a public relations "manager," whose goal was "a vain and materialistic exhibitionism." Gino Severini, *La vita di un pittore* (Milan: Edizioni di Comunità, 1965), 106-115.

Futurist painting was first proclaimed in two manifestos in the spring of 1910:

"Manifesto of the Futurist Painters," published as a leaflet by *Poesia* in Milan, February 11, 1910; and "Futurist Painting: Manifesto," published by *Poesia* April 11, 1910. Both were signed by Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, Balla, and Severini, in that order. Mary Ann Caws, *Manifesto* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska, 2001), 178-184.

¹⁸ Soffici recounts this comic scene in *Autoritratto d'artista; Fine di un mondo*, vol. IV (Florence: Vallecchi, 1955), 196-203.

¹⁹ Jean-François Rodriguez, "Su alcune lettere inedite di Max Jacob a Soffici," *Sodalizi del genio: Le edizioni di Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler*, ed. Artemisia Calcagni Abrami and Lucia Chimirri, catalogue Exhibit Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale, Florence, April-May 1995, 45-8.

- ²⁰ Max Jacob, "L'Établissement d'une communauté au Brésil," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 12, 15 June 1913, 126. Reprinted in Max Jacob, *Le Laboratoire central* (Paris: Gallimard, 1960), 61-2. Hereafter, LC.
- ²¹ Luciano DeMaria, *Marinetti e i Futuristi* (Milan: Garzanti, 1994), 78-85.
- ²² Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, "L'immaginazione senza fili e le parole in libertà," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 12, 15 June 1913, 121-4.
- ²³ Ardengo Soffici, "Max Jacob," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 12, 15 June 1913, 126.
- ²⁴ Pierre Reverdy, *Risques et périls* (Paris: Flammarion, 1972), 137. Originally published in 1922 in *La Vie des lettres et des arts* new series, vol. 8.
- ²⁵ Giovanni Papini, "Introibo," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 1, 1 January, 1913, 1.
- ²⁶ Umberto Boccioni, "Per l'ignoranza italiana, sillabario pittorico," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 16, 15 August 1913, 179.
- ²⁷ Giovanni Papini, "Il massacro delle donne," vol. 2, n. 7, 1 April 1914, 97.
- ²⁸ Francis Steegmuller, *Apollinaire: Poet among the Painters* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Co, 1963), 262-5.
- ²⁹ Rodriguez, op. cit., 47.
- ³⁰ Max Jacob, "Le Divan de Monsieur Max Jacob," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 14, 15 July 1913, 157. The poems are printed, weirdly out of order, in *Poésie présente*, n. 77, December 1990, 57-98.
- ³¹ Max Jacob, "Mille regrets," *La Phalange*, n. 86, 1913, 124.
- ³² The poems in *la Phalange* are "La Nacelle," "Mille regrets," "Mille autres regrets," "Prière," and "Barbe Bleue et la huitième femme." Jacob placed only one of them in a volume: "Mille autres regrets," revised and retitled "Mille regrets," appeared in *Le Laboratoire central* (LC 43). He was fascinated by the legend of the serial wife-murderer Bluebeard and had used it in an earlier poem, "Métempsychose," published in *Poliche* in 1907.
- ³³ Henri Hertz, "Contribution à la figure de Max Jacob," *Europe*, January 1970, 138-9.
- ³⁴ News of Picasso's constructions traveled abroad with issues of *Les Soirées de Paris* and profoundly influenced modern sculpture. Richardson, 252-7.
- ³⁵ Gino Severini, *La vita di un pittore* (Milan: Edizioni di comunità, 1965), 93.
- ³⁶ *Ibid.*, 153-6; Billy Klüver and Julie Martin, *Kiki's Paris* (New York: Abrams, 1989), 50-1.
- ³⁷ Max Jacob, "République et révolutions chinoises," *Lacerba*, vol. 1, n. 21, 1 November 1913, 74-6.
- ³⁸ Max Jacob, "35 Lettres à Jean-Richard Bloch (1re partie)," ed. Michel Trebitsch, *Europe*, vol. 62, n. 662-663, 1984, 149.
- ³⁹ Guillaume Apollinaire, "Chronique mensuelle," *Les Soirées de Paris*, n. 18, 15 November 1913, 2-3.
- ⁴⁰ *Ibid.* 6-7.
- ⁴¹ *Ibid.* 8. In August of that year, still hoping for a reconciliation with Laurencin, Apollinaire had joined her, Faure-Favier, André Billy, René Dalize, and Dalize's lady friend for a vacation in Normandy, during which they toured the countryside, ate heartily at the inn where they stayed, and visited the tombs of Victor Hugo's daughter Léopoldine and her husband, drowned with two others in a boating accident on the Seine, September 4, 1843. Apollinaire wrote about the visit in his column for the *Mercure de France*

(*Anecdotes*, [Paris: Gallimard, 1955], 114-18). Louise Faure-Favier described the holiday in her memoir. After the lighthearted sojourn, Apollinaire went off to visit Serge Férat at La Baule (a visit which would result in the rescue of *Les Soirées de Paris*), and Faure-Favier and Laurencin returned by themselves, sadly, to Paris: “We all understood that we had just turned the most luminous page of our lives” (Faure-Favier, 65-78).

⁴² Max Jacob, “Boute-en-train,” *Les Soirées de Paris*, n. 18, 15 November 1913, 25-6.

The poem was reprinted by Nicole and José-Emmanuel Cruz in *L'Échelle de Jacob* (Paris: La Bibliothèque des arts, 1994), 29.

⁴³ Apollinaire described the duel the next day in *Paris-Journal: Oeuvres en prose complètes*, 766. Klüver and Martin give a more extended account with dramatic photographs from the fight. Klüver and Martin, *op. cit.*, 54-5.

⁴⁴ Guillaume Apollinaire, “Chronique Mensuelle,” *Les Soirées de Paris*, n. 18, 15 November 1913, 2,3.

⁴⁵ Umberto Boccioni, “Simultaneità futurista,” *Lacerba* vol. 2, n. 1, 1 January 1914, 12.

⁴⁶ François Chapon, *Le Peintre et le livre* (Paris: Flammarion, 1987), 308.

⁴⁷ Blaise Cendrars, *Poésies complètes*, ed. Claude Leroy (Paris: Denoël, 2001), 30.

Guillaume Apollinaire, “Les Fiançailles,” *Oeuvres poétiques*, *op. cit.*, 132.

⁴⁸ Blaise Cendrars, “Apollinaire,” *Montjoie!*, vol. 2, n. 4,5,6, April-June 1914, 4. Ardengo Soffici had known his compatriot Canudo since the latter's arrival in Paris in the early years of the century, when both were penniless, passionate young artistic souls. Canudo was even poorer than Soffici, who earned a few francs now and then selling his drawings to magazines. They lived in the same, cheap boarding house for a while; Soffici once found Canudo bright-eyed and half-delirious with fever and starvation, sequestered in his room and not having eaten for days. Soffici revived him with the stale bread and wine he had in his own room. Canudo had musical training, and was writing essays and musical treatises Soffici found impenetrable, in “a transcendental, flowery, tumid, and cloudy language” under the influence of “all the esoteric Orientalizers infatuated with Buddhism, spirituality, and Wagnerian music.” (Soffici, *Autoritratto d'artista: Il Salto vitale*, ~~op. cit.~~ vol. III [Florence: Vallecchi, 1954], 339-343). Canudo eventually found patrons, took over the direction of *La Plume* for a while, and in 1913 launched *Montjoie!*, “organ of French artistic imperialism.” The title, Roland's battle cry from *La Chanson de Roland*, expressed his intention to rally the disparate movements of the avant garde into a single “renaissance.” Canudo's rhetoric, introducing his journal, is strikingly male, militaristic, Wagnerian, and proto-fascist: “A masculine determination for renaissance characterizes...the dispersed efforts of the new generation...To all those inspired by a high ideal, in art and in life, an ideal defined by the racial ambition which wants to impose an essential type of culture on the world, *Montjoie!* offers, in its pure eclecticism, a tribune for affirmation and discussion...We must bind our determinations for renaissance in a single fasces of the lictor [the Roman magistrate's bundle of rods with an ax], sign of power and challenge to the new Barbarians who dominate the modern world...” (*Montjoie!*, vol. 1, n. 3, 18 March 1913, 1). Contributors were motley, including Apollinaire, Salmon, Léon-Paul Fargue, Émile Verhaeren, Rodin, the composer Roland Manuel, and reproductions of works by Léon Bakst, Segonzac, Ida Rubenstein, Goncharova. Canudo made his name after World War I as a theorist of film.

-
- ⁴⁹ Richard Aldington, "Some Recent French Poets," *The Egoist*, vol. 1, n. 12, 15 June, 1914, 221-30. This issue also carried a section of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and an article on Wyndham Lewis by Ezra Pound.
- ⁵⁰ Max Jacob, "À propos de mon suicide," *Montjoie!*, n. 4-5-6, April-June 1914, 17. This poem is not included in Green and Andreucci's *Bibliographie des poèmes de Max Jacob*, and was never collected in a subsequent volume.
- ⁵¹ Guillaume Apollinaire, *Petites Flâneries d'art*, ed. Pierre Caizergues (Montpellier: Bibliothèque artistique et littéraire, Fata Morgana, 1980) *op. cit.*, 56; 58; 71.
- ⁵² Faure-Favier, 113-14.
- ⁵³ *Ibid.* 115-18.
- ⁵⁴ Seckel, 112.
- ⁵⁵ Pierre Assouline, *L'Homme d'art: Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler 1884-1979* (Paris: Gallimard, 1988), 227-8.
- ⁵⁶ Max Jacob, "Surpris et charmé," *Les Soirées de Paris*, n. 25, June 1914, 328-33. Jacob reprinted the story in Max Jacob, *Le Roi de Béotie* (Paris: Gallimard, 1971), 42-8. Hélène Henry described Morvan's reaction in "Max Jacob aux archives de Finistère," *Centre de recherches Max Jacob* 10, 1988, 33-48.
- ⁵⁷ Pound composed the manifesto, but published it under the name of his colleague Flint in the March 1913 issue of *Poetry*. He inserted it under his own name in "A Retrospect" in *Pavannes and Divisions* in 1918. It is reprinted in *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, ed. T. S. Eliot (New York: New Directions, 1968), 3.
- ⁵⁸ André Salmon, *Souvenirs sans fin*, II (Paris: Gallimard, 1956), 233.
- ⁵⁹ Max Jacob, "Écrit pour la S.A. F.," *Les Soirées de Paris*, n. 26, July-August 1914, 402-8. Max Jacob, *La Défense de Tartufe* (Paris: Gallimard, 1964), 89-94.
- ⁶⁰ Assouline, 230.
- ⁶¹ Rodriguez, *op. cit.*, 50.
- ⁶² "Lettres de Max Jacob à Jean-Richard Bloch, 2ème partie (1914-1934), ed. Michel Trebitsch, *Europe*, n. 666, 1984, 141.