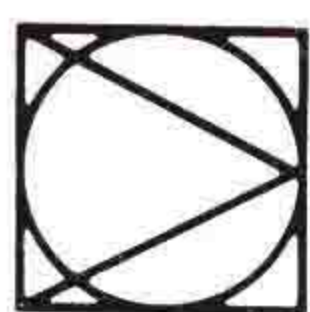


# The World of Matisse







TIME-LIFE LIBRARY OF ART

# The World of Matisse

1869 - 1954

by John Russell

and

the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS



TIME-LIFE BOOKS, AMSTERDAM

## About the Author

John Russell has been on the editorial staff of the London *Sunday Times* since 1945, with particular responsibility since 1950 for art. A contributor to *Art News* and other American magazines, Mr. Russell is the author of books on Seurat, Braque, Max Ernst, Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson. His interest in travel has found expression in books on Shakespeare's country, Paris and Switzerland. Mr. Russell has served on the juries of a number of international art exhibitions and organized retrospective shows of the works of Modigliani, Rouault and Balthus at London's Tate Gallery. A native of London, where he has always lived, Mr. Russell has recently spent a great deal of time in the United States. In his research for this book he traveled widely, visiting members of the Matisse family and restudying the great collections in Russia, France and the United States.

## The Consulting Editor

H. W. Janson is Professor of Fine Arts at New York University. In 1976, he gave the prestigious Mellon lectures at the National Gallery, Washington, D.C. Among his numerous publications are *History of Art* and *The Sculpture of Donatello*.

## On the Cover

A detail of Matisse's lush portrait of Princess Elena Galitzine posed as an odalisque reveals the painter's love of rich color and bold decorative patterns. (See pages 114-115 for the entire picture.)

## End Papers

Front and Back: In these pen-and-ink drawings Matisse combines several of the themes that preoccupied him during the happy period he spent in Nice between the two World Wars: the room is bright with the southern sun, the pretty model reclines on a sofa, the artist himself appears in the picture, either reflected in a mirror, intent and bespectacled (*front*), or as a hand guiding a pen on paper (*back*).

© 1969 Time-Life Books Inc. All rights reserved.  
Fifth European English language printing 1982.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval devices or systems, without prior written permission from the publisher, except that brief passages may be quoted for review.

ISBN 900658 69 X

TIME-LIFE is a trademark of Time Incorporated U.S.A.



# Contents

I	“Born to Simplify Painting”	7
II	Experiments with the Dot	29
III	Among the “Wild Beasts”	49
IV	An Audience from Abroad	69
V	The Ideal Patron	93
VI	How to Paint a Masterpiece	117
VII	A Mural for Dr. Barnes	141
VIII	The Prophecy Fulfilled	163

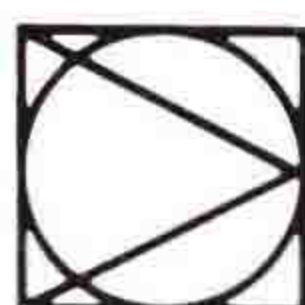
Chronology: 184

Bibliography and Credits: 185

Acknowledgments and Index: 186

# The World of Matisse

PLANET EARTH  
PEOPLES OF THE WILD  
THE EPIC OF FLIGHT  
THE SEAFARERS  
WORLD WAR II  
THE GOOD COOK  
THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPAEDIA  
OF GARDENING  
HUMAN BEHAVIOUR  
THE GREAT CITIES  
THE ART OF SEWING  
THE OLD WEST  
THE WORLD'S WILD PLACES  
THE EMERGENCE OF MAN  
LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
THIS FABULOUS CENTURY  
TIME-LIFE LIBRARY OF ART  
FOODS OF THE WORLD  
GREAT AGES OF MAN  
LIFE SCIENCE LIBRARY  
LIFE NATURE LIBRARY  
YOUNG READERS LIBRARY  
LIFE WORLD LIBRARY  
THE TIME-LIFE BOOK OF BOATING  
TECHNIQUES OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
LIFE AT WAR  
LIFE GOES TO THE MOVIES  
BEST OF LIFE



TIME-LIFE LIBRARY OF ART

# The World of Matisse

1869 - 1954

by John Russell

and

the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS



TIME-LIFE BOOKS, AMSTERDAM



## About the Author

John Russell has been on the editorial staff of the London *Sunday Times* since 1945, with particular responsibility since 1950 for art. A contributor to *Art News* and other American magazines, Mr. Russell is the author of books on Seurat, Braque, Max Ernst, Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson. His interest in travel has found expression in books on Shakespeare's country, Paris and Switzerland. Mr. Russell has served on the juries of a number of international art exhibitions and organized retrospective shows of the works of Modigliani, Rouault and Balthus at London's Tate Gallery. A native of London, where he has always lived, Mr. Russell has recently spent a great deal of time in the United States. In his research for this book he traveled widely, visiting members of the Matisse family and restudying the great collections in Russia, France and the United States.

## The Consulting Editor

H. W. Janson is Professor of Fine Arts at New York University. In 1976, he gave the prestigious Mellon lectures at the National Gallery, Washington, D.C. Among his numerous publications are *History of Art* and *The Sculpture of Donatello*.

## On the Cover

A detail of Matisse's lush portrait of Princess Elena Galitzine posed as an odalisque reveals the painter's love of rich color and bold decorative patterns. (See pages 114-115 for the entire picture.)

## End Papers

Front and Back: In these pen-and-ink drawings Matisse combines several of the themes that preoccupied him during the happy period he spent in Nice between the two World Wars: the room is bright with the southern sun, the pretty model reclines on a sofa, the artist himself appears in the picture, either reflected in a mirror, intent and bespectacled (*front*), or as a hand guiding a pen on paper (*back*).

© 1969 Time-Life Books Inc. All rights reserved.  
Fifth European English language printing 1982.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval devices or systems, without prior written permission from the publisher, except that brief passages may be quoted for review.

ISBN 900658 69 X

TIME-LIFE is a trademark of Time Incorporated U.S.A.



# Contents

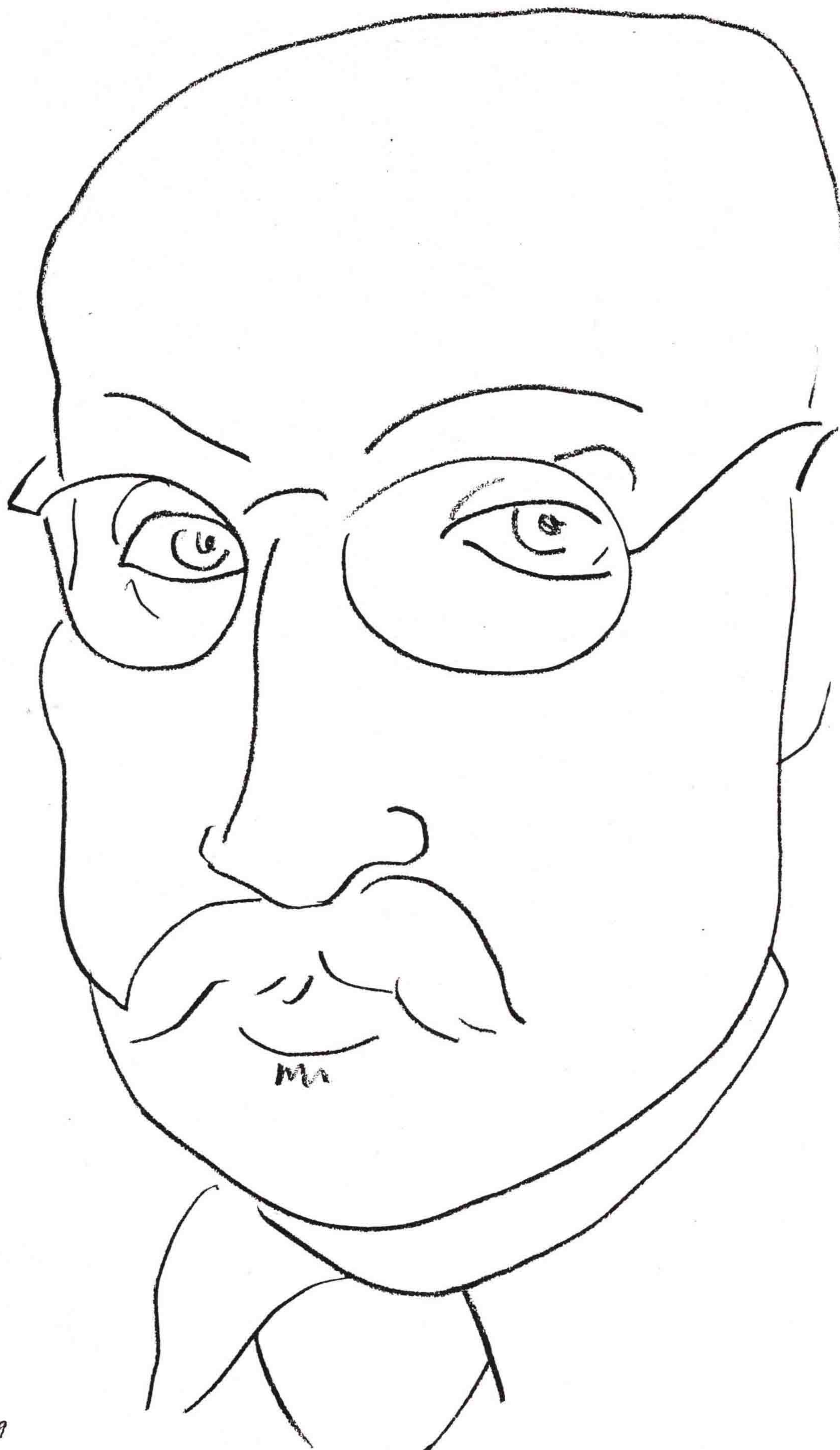
I	“Born to Simplify Painting”	7
II	Experiments with the Dot	29
III	Among the “Wild Beasts”	49
IV	An Audience from Abroad	69
V	The Ideal Patron	93
VI	How to Paint a Masterpiece	117
VII	A Mural for Dr. Barnes	141
VIII	The Prophecy Fulfilled	163

Chronology: 184

Bibliography and Credits: 185

Acknowledgments and Index: 186





H. Matias 10/39



# I

## “Born to Simplify Painting”

At eight o'clock in the evening of December 31, 1869, Henri Matisse was born in his grandparents' house in the town of Le Cateau, which lies on the main road from Arras to Sedan in the cheerless far north of France. Sedan in 1870, and Arras in 1914, are grim names in the annals of war, and although Le Cateau itself has quite a bit of style, with an 18th Century archbishop's palace and king-sized formal gardens, the region around it is turnip country: flat, dark and wet. It is a land that has been fought over again and again since Roman times. Le Cateau has been burned to the ground, sacked, shelled, bombed from the air and stormed by assault. Coal mining and the Industrial Revolution have also done their worst. Altogether it takes character to live in this part of France and not go under.

But character is just what its inhabitants have always had. Champions of the region like to point out that the armies of ancient Rome met their match in a tribe called the Nervii, famous as the best foot-soldiers in France, and that the Nervii had their headquarters in what is now Le Cateau. The Spaniards who ruled the region in the late 16th Century bequeathed a certain fierce obstinacy. Mingled with the blood and sinews of the Nervii, it produced a hardy and resolute people.

So goes the legend at any rate, and certainly nothing could be further from the conventional stage-Frenchman than the thick-set, straight-faced, stubborn, industrious, uncomplaining plainsmen of the north. In business they give nothing away, but they can be relied upon. Matisse's father had the right idea when he gave up his job as a linen merchant in Paris to set up as a druggist and grain merchant in the region. He chose the little town of Bohain-en-Vermandois, a short distance from Le Cateau, where his wife's family, the Gérards, had been tanners and glovemakers for centuries. His business prospered, and though he was never rich, by the time young Henri was within sight of the end of his schooldays, Émile Matisse could afford to think of entering his son in one of the learned professions.

Virtually nothing is known of Matisse's childhood and early youth. Until he was 10, he went to the local school in Bohain. Thereafter he

With only a few perfectly placed lines Matisse drew this self-portrait at Nice when he was 70 years old. Striving always for purity and simplicity in his drawings, Matisse made scores of lines in the air before he would lower his hand to the paper. Making sure the image in his mind could be communicated to his pen or brush, he then finished the work quickly.

*Self-Portrait, 1939*



was sent to the *lycée* in Saint-Quentin, a town some way to the southwest, where he studied Latin and Greek. If he had any strong feelings about his father's plans to enter him in one of the professions, they have not been recorded. He had no clear idea of what he wanted to do. No special aptitudes or strongly marked inclinations characterized his sober progress from one school to the next. People told him to do things, and he did them, with nothing more than a persistent boredom and an unfocused anxiety to suggest that he had not found his true bent. At 16, Matisse was a square-built, strong-jawed schoolboy going nowhere in particular at a conservative pace. No one could foresee what a perceptive art teacher later foresaw, that Matisse had been "born to simplify painting," and that he would one day change the whole course of Western art.

Yet that is just what Matisse did, and he did it by understanding the genius of France and putting it to use. He saw that genius in its classical terms: lucidity, perseverance, self-knowledge, adaptability, a special feeling for perfection. Others have seen as much, and as clearly, but always with relation to the past; they know what Frenchmen have done, and they try to do it over again. Matisse, on the contrary, knew that what has once been done supremely well cannot be repeated. Twice over in his own lifetime he renewed the whole field of painting. He did it first in 1905, at the Salon d'Automne, when he showed people what high, controlled energy could bring to the handling of color. And he did it again on his deathbed, half a century later, when he produced the huge cut-and-pasted paper compositions that are among the most beautiful objects in modern art. In neither case did the greatness of the work mark the culmination of something; in both cases it was something to be taken up and used by others.

**B**ut Matisse as a boy gave no promise of any of this. In fact, he did not even appear interested in art. Although the museum at Saint-Quentin, where he went to school, had some excellent pastels by the 18th Century artist Quentin de la Tour, Matisse at this stage of his life took no notice of them. Neither does he appear to have been aware at the time of the museum at Lille, which was not far from his home and which contained a famous painting by Goya, as well as others by major Dutch and Flemish masters. The public buildings of Le Cateau had a kind of ordered and measured dignity that may have impressed itself upon him as a desirable quality to seek in other departments of life. Certainly the formal gardens of the archbishop's palace, masterpieces of French horticulture in which nature's wild ways are tamed and brought to order, can be read as a metaphor for the importance of lucidity and forethought in human affairs—whoever baptized them *Le Jardin de l'Intelligence* must have had this in mind. Just as conceivably, Matisse may have seen them as the triumph of patience, planning and coordination over forces usually allowed to run riot. But all of this is conjecture, based on the artist's later activities; it would seem logical, but there is no proof for any of it.

In the fall of 1887, Émile Matisse sent his son to Paris to study law. He went willingly, read his law books, attended his lectures and a year



later passed his examinations with exemplary grades. If he was homesick, nobody knew it; if Paris astounded him, he never said. He spoke only of occupying his spare time with “mediocre distractions.” Yet it is a great thing for any young man to spend his 19th year as a student in Paris, and for a young artist—even a latent one—Paris in 1888 was a great city in a great year in a great century. Georges Seurat, composing his canvases with scientifically juxtaposed dots of color, had just completed his poignant comment on the pleasures of big-city night life, *The Parade* (page 44). Vincent van Gogh had arrived at Arles, where the revelation of southern light and color were to inspire the sun-drenched paintings that have become everyone’s idea of the south. Paul Gauguin had returned from a visit to the island of Martinique to question the whole notion of an art bounded by the European past. And working side by side, at Aix-en-Provence, Paul Cézanne and Pierre-Auguste Renoir were striving to find a way out of the impasse that Impressionism had created for itself by its insistence on recording only the fleeting look of a scene at one particular moment.

In short, in the privacy of a handful of studios, the art of the 20th Century was being hammered out. But of this the general public knew almost nothing. Art of that kind in those days was not a topic of public interest, and there were no newsmen or television cameras to peer over the painter’s shoulder. To most people, painting meant the historical set-pieces, fraudulent exoticisms and banal moralities, which were being manufactured by artists whose names are now forgotten. Matisse, who cared for neither good painting nor bad, saw no reason to linger in Paris. Having formally completed his law studies, he went back north and took a job as a clerk in a lawyer’s office in Saint-Quentin.

It was dozy, irresponsible work. A lawyer’s clerk in Matisse’s day did what a Xerox machine does now, and often to the same purpose: he copied out reams of information that went into files, never to be consulted. Since bulk rather than content was the criterion, Matisse took to padding his foolscap pages with copies of the fables of La Fontaine. Clients were delighted with the imposing thickness of their files, and Matisse’s employer did not complain. At 20, Matisse was embarked in a small way on a professional career, and his future, though not brilliant, was secure.

He could have trundled on in this fashion for another 50 years if he had not, in 1890, got appendicitis. During his long convalescence from the subsequent operation, his mother tried to amuse him with the gift of a box of paints, a set of brushes and a do-it-yourself handbook on painting. The effect was prodigious. The dullness of everyday life dropped away, and Matisse felt for the first time, in his own words, “free, quiet and alone.” Never was there a man who was less of a mystic, but a mystic could hardly have spoken more fervently or in more exalted terms of the change that had come over his life. “It was as if I had been called,” Matisse wrote 60 years later. “Henceforth I did not lead my life. It led me.” These were powerful words for a man who was customarily measured and moderate in speech and in general pursued a rational and systematic existence.



Henri Matisse was twenty when he sat for this photograph with his mother in 1889. Some years later, Anna Gérard Matisse played a charming, though rather incidental role in her son’s discovery that an artist’s subconscious influences his work. Matisse was in a post office in Picardy waiting for a phone call. “To pass the time,” he recalled, “I picked up a telegraph form and made a pen drawing of a woman’s head. I drew without thinking of what I was doing, my pen working on its own, and I was surprised to recognize my mother’s face, with all its subtleties.”



The immediate product of this experience was a collection of copies of the trumpery chromo-lithographs that serve as models for novice painters. The long-term result was Matisse's decision to study art, an undertaking that meant a long and elaborate education at a time when both the nature and function of painting were in the process of being redefined. There was still an art Establishment, and it was still immensely powerful—so much so that it was hardly possible for a painter to make a living outside it. But it was also clear that the days of the Establishment were numbered. New kinds of art were coming into being that could not be reconciled with the frockcoats and potted palms of the traditional Salon. In fact, a new Salon, the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, was founded to exhibit the work of these new artists the very year of Matisse's "conversion."



Just one year after he had first picked up a paintbrush, Matisse—shown here flanked by two classmates—was accepted at the prestigious Académie Julian. But the Académie's staff, led by the award-winning painter Adolphe William Bouguereau, stressed painting in accepted modes; Matisse, disillusioned, left after a few weeks.

History is not always a very good guide to the way people felt about things when they happened. Nothing today could seem more expressive of health and well-being than such great Impressionist paintings as Manet's *Bar at the Folies-Bergère* or Renoir's *Luncheon of the Boating Party* or Monet's *Terrace of Sainte-Adresse*. Simply to look at these paintings makes one think how agreeable life must have been at that time. But, in fact, when they were first exhibited, most people regarded them as immoral daubs—flashy, inept and practically incomprehensible—while those most qualified to judge regarded them, at best, as a repudiation of everything that mattered. To academicians art was a matter of trade secrets, and nature was manipulated according to fixed laws. The Impressionists, on the contrary, staked everything on the actual and previously unrecorded look of things. As the name suggests, they saw the world in terms of instantaneous impressions that were to be set down as truthfully as possible.

In theory this was an ideal antidote to the formulas of the academy, but in practice it left something to be desired. The painter abrogated his right to express an individual opinion. He was required to be absolutely passive toward nature, to become, as Cézanne said of Monet, "only an eye." Other painters, in varying degree, also became dissatisfied with pure Impressionism. By the late 1880s they were in full revolt, bent upon finding a kind of painting that would restore to them their freedom of expression. When Cézanne spoke of turning Impressionism into "something solid and durable, like the art of the museums," he had in mind an art of more intellectual substance. He wanted the painter to be able to dictate to nature instead of sitting quietly by, while nature dictated to him.

The pioneers of this new movement were Georges Seurat, Paul Gauguin and Cézanne himself. Cézanne was preoccupied with space. Unlike the Impressionists, for whom space was something vaporous and impalpable, Cézanne regarded space as something to be cut into, like marble. This helps explain why he loved to paint the stone quarries near his home in Provence: method and subject were one. But regardless of subject, in all his paintings he went all out for firmness and hardness and calculation. Seurat, too, reintroduced calculation into painting. In fact, he went much farther than Cézanne, for he believed in the scientific



analysis of color as well as of space, and he used mathematical formulas to make quite sure that the final effect of his composition was what he intended it to be.

With Gauguin, the revolt from pure Impressionism took an entirely different direction. Romantic biographers like to stress the away-from-it-all aspects of Gauguin's life—how he gave up his comfortable income, his comfortable home and his exemplary wife and children to go off and live a life of seeming debauchery in the South Seas. In fact, Gauguin was a profoundly serious man who wanted to bring a new set of values to the art of his time. He took what seemed to him the only logical step in that direction: he forsook a society that could be content with debased naturalistic painting.

"Man demeans himself when he *adores* nature," Gauguin once said. "He should make use of her." In pursuit of this goal, he broke with the Old Masters and identified himself with quite other sources of energy and enlightenment. He turned to Peruvian idols, to Romanesque sculpture, to Japanese prints, to ancient Egyptian and Assyrian art. "I have tried," he said on his deathbed, "to vindicate the right to dare *anything*. What I have done myself is only relatively good, but every painter who benefits from the new-found freedom of art will owe me something." He was right: 20th Century art, with its contempt for naturalism, its frequent appeals to primeval instincts and its belief in the emotional force of color, is deeply indebted to Gauguin.

This was how matters stood in 1890 when Henri Matisse set out to become a painter. But if Matisse knew that art was on trial, he was also enough of a lawyer to know that every side of a case should be investigated. He was aware that academic art training had in the past produced good work, and he decided to give it a try. Consequently he began his new career by enrolling in a drawing class in Saint-Quentin. The class met every morning from 6:30 to 7:30 and was intended primarily for young people with regular jobs who wanted to learn to be embroidery and textile designers. The hours were grim, especially in winter, but Matisse was a man of indomitable will. He attended class religiously and began to draw everywhere, all the time. "I'd be grateful," his good-natured employer said, "if you could draw a little less during working hours, and be more accurate when you copy my drafts." He also began to paint, in an awkward but workmanlike style.

This part-time activity did not satisfy Matisse for long. It was repulsive in itself, for it seemed a betrayal of his new-found vocation. Beyond that, it was almost meaningless in relation to the distance he had to go and the problems he had to solve. Early in 1892 he announced to his father that he had decided to devote all his time to becoming a painter. The boy who had been listless and docile was suddenly unveiled as a man of elemental determination. "I knew," Matisse said many years later, "that this was the vital turning point in my life. There was something almost terrifying about my total conviction, and about the impossibility of turning back. I just had to put my head down and go at it like a bull at a gate. People had always been at me to 'Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!' Now I heard those words as if for the first time, carried



These two drawings, done by Matisse in 1891 at the Académie Julian, reflect prevailing art-school philosophy: excellence in making unimaginative copies, from a cast (*top*) or nature. It was requirements such as having to sit through 20 classes on drawing plaster casts that prompted Matisse to leave the school and rebel against the dictum, "*Copiez bêtement la nature*"—Copy nature stupidly (doggedly).



along as I was by a power quite alien to my life as a 'normal' man."

His father's first reaction was, "You'll die of hunger!", and at one stage in Matisse's career this prediction very nearly came true. Nevertheless, Émile Matisse decided in the end to let his son try his luck, and even gave him a modest allowance. In October 1892, Matisse was back in Paris, this time as an art student. His father was encouraged to hear that he was taking lessons from Adolphe Bouguereau, then the most famous painter in France, but Matisse soon had other ideas about his new teacher. Bouguereau's paintings now look both lascivious and picayune, with their agglomerations of female nudes and their soapy, standardized methods of presentation. Matisse was not impressed by them. He was even less impressed by Bouguereau's lordly way of copying himself over and over again before an admiring audience. Matisse did not want to be a copyist; he wanted to get to the bottom of art. Before long he realized that the only place to do so was at the École des Beaux-Arts, France's official, government-supported art school.

The École des Beaux-Arts of the 1890s is nowadays regarded as a citadel of prejudice, garrisoned by boors and drudges, and patrolled at infrequent intervals by bemedaled "masters" for whom posterity has a far less impressive name. Nevertheless, it offered resources far beyond the means of any individual student: studios, a huge library, a famous collection of copies and casts, a chance to compete for worthwhile prizes, and—perhaps most important of all—the company of other gifted young people. Matisse was rejected as insufficiently qualified when he first applied for admission. Subsequently he took to sketching, along with other aspiring artists, in the school's glass-roofed courtyard, which contained copies of Europe's great art treasures—paintings by the Italian masters, casts of Renaissance and Greek and Roman sculpture. Most of the "masters" who passed through the courtyard on the way to their classes took a lofty and sardonic attitude toward the would-be students. But there was one exception, Gustave Moreau, who, at 66, had just joined the Beaux-Arts faculty. At first sight of Matisse's drawings, Moreau issued a fateful invitation. "Join my class if you want to," he said, "and I'll fix it up later with the administration."

Today, after more than half a century of exposure to theories of psychoanalysis, anyone would recognize Gustave Moreau as the very type of the sublimated homosexual. A shy, delicate, mother-bound bachelor, with a private income, he led an almost hermetic life in the house on the Rue de la Rochefoucauld that is now the Musée Gustave Moreau. Cutting himself off from the outside world, Moreau lived almost entirely among the products of his own luxuriant imagination. He worked constantly and, at his death in 1898, left the French nation 609 oils, 282 watercolors and over 7,000 drawings.

Moreau in his art was indifferent to the modern world, and chose instead to portray a world of pure fantasy. His paintings are peopled with figures from antiquity—Hercules, Salome, Orestes, Jupiter—in the guise of elegant apparitions, indeterminate in sex and equivocal in their states of undress. Poets and "decadent" novelists like J.K. Huysmans took particular delight in Moreau's sumptuous imaginings. Others,



In 1892 Matisse began his studies under dapper Gustave Moreau. The above lithograph of Moreau, by Matisse's classmate Georges Rouault, was most likely inspired by the jaunty photograph at top. Moreau's philosophy, which stressed personal vision above mere technical competence, strongly influenced the young Matisse.



however, thought there was something humbug about his rejection of the normal world. "Moreau," said his old friend Edgar Degas, "is a hermit who knows all the railroad schedules."

In 1892 Moreau turned to teaching. The tender attention he lavished on his students may well have been an outlet for the homosexuality he dared not express. But his classes at the Beaux-Arts quickly became famous for the enthusiasm he aroused in his students and the variety of talents he uncovered. Moreau was the first of the great modern art teachers; he believed that the teacher's task was to set the student free to be himself. Within a brief six years, his classroom produced two major painters, Rouault and Matisse. It also produced four painters who had much to do with the Fauve color revolution of 1905—Albert Marquet, Henri Manguin, Charles Camoin and the Belgian painter Henri Evenepoel. From his classes, too, came Simon Bussy, whose portraits of André Gide and Paul Valéry are the best likenesses ever produced of these two great French writers. At a time when every other teacher on the Beaux-Arts faculty detested his ideas, Moreau was the school's one civilizing influence.

Matisse never forgot his years with Moreau. Years later his eyes would mist over at the mention of his name, and he could draw an exact plan of the classroom from memory—who sat where, what the furniture was like, where the light fell, and so on. Three of his fellow students meant much to him. Simon Bussy, although not a major painter, was a loyal friend to Matisse, one of the few people with whom he kept up a lifelong correspondence. Tiny in stature (he bought all his clothes in a British schoolboys' shop in London), outspoken by nature, Bussy was possessed of a well-stocked and neatly ordered mind. Georges Rouault, a painter of much greater gifts than Bussy, was also important to Matisse. Although he and Matisse were never cut out for close friendship, they always respected one another. Rouault was deeply religious and profoundly concerned with the woes and iniquities of the world. Even in his student days he had a fixity of purpose and a grandeur of imagination that set him apart from his fellows. Rouault saw painting not as a pastime, but as a way of embracing life and reinterpreting it for a public much in need of admonition.

**T**he third member of Moreau's class whom Matisse came to know well was Albert Marquet. He was six years Matisse's junior, but had already had eight years of art training; at 15 he had been admitted to the École des Arts Décoratifs. Marquet had a slightly deformed leg and wore thick, heavy-rimmed spectacles, which set him apart from other boys and gave him a dreadful time in school. Other human beings, it seemed to him, were at best indifferent and at worst actively hostile. In self-defense he had become solitary and withdrawn. As a boy he had wandered alone for weeks on end along the Bordeaux waterfront, sketching everything that caught his fancy. All his life he was a marvelous reporter of what the French call *la chose vue*, the thing seen, the slice of life.

Matisse was then, as he was all his life, a bear for work. There was never anything about him of the easygoing bohemian. But after he met Marquet, the two of them used to go out together in the evenings, along