

Paul Cezanne: New Documents for the Years 1870-1871

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Adoration of the Magi, The Descent from the Cross, The Ascension and The Last Judgment, were greatly admired by some English collector who offered to pay 60,000 francs to have them sent to London and exhibited, but Sequeira refused. In 1837 he died and was buried in S. Antonio dos Portugueses in Rome.

The Goya parallel is striking, but resemblance ends there. There is no similarity of spirit between the two artists, and as for invention or technique, no comparison is possible. On the whole there is much to be said for Raczyński's verdict: "Il y en a dans le nombre qui m'ont plu, mais en général la nature artistique de ce peintre m'attire fort peu".⁴⁰ Yet even he subsequently had to revise his opinion, adding: "Selon moi il avait du talent".⁴¹ And the *Portrait of Dr. Neves* is certainly a work of art which cannot be overlooked. What is most noticeable in Sequeira is his simple faith. Whereas Goya is always the pessimist preaching morality, evoking the horrors of war, exposing vice and corruption at Court and in Madrid society, Sequeira, under very similar circumstances, remains the optimist hailing in allegories the triumphs of men and of ideas. Where Goya paints the *Executions after the Dos de Mayo*, Sequeira paints an *Allegory of Liberty*, and even in his portraits he is chiefly concerned with presenting his subject in a sympathetic light. Yet in one way he comes close to Goya, in his alternation between realism and mysticism, the two approaches which dominate the whole of Spanish art.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*

⁴¹ *Ibid.*

Considered aesthetically he is a minor artist who is primarily of documentary interest. He had considerable technical equipment but very little invention, and he is interesting for his links with better known and more important artists. He had no command of the grand manner which he felt his position demanded of him, and almost all his attempts at it are failures; but when he was painting for pleasure he was quite genuine and he has left us records of living human beings in all the unique complexity of their personality. Moreover then he saw and felt plastically and could dispense with violent contrasts of tone and chiaroscuro effects on which he too often relied. He was certainly eclectic and open to influence, yet beneath it all he had the talent for seeing men as they are and recording his vision straightforwardly in paint. Pellegrini's portrait of him (Lisbon Museum) shows a genial, fat-faced, simple, unpretentious man with deepest staring eyes and a pleasing honest smile. He was clearly not a leader, but he knew how to follow others and still preserve his individuality. The *Portrait of Dr. Neves* is not sensational, the sitter is neither idealised nor romanticised, the features are carefully modelled and it is undoubtedly an excellent likeness. There are no mannerisms or eccentricities, unless it be the hair, and even this is not unduly emphasised but merely used as a setting for an already expressive face. In short it is an extremely sensitive, intelligent painting by an artist of quality, and without unreasonably calling it his finest portrait, I can say that it touches a level rather unusual in his work. And an artist of this accomplishment cannot be neglected.

PAUL CEZANNE: NEW DOCUMENTS FOR THE YEARS 1870-1871

BY JOHN REWALD

Paul Cézanne was born on January 19, 1839, and in this centenary year we are privileged to publish the following article, which with the help of newly discovered documents, throws light on an obscure period of the painter's life.

WHEN Emile Zola was married in Paris on May 31st, 1870, Paul Cézanne was one of his witnesses. The painter then lived a quiet and laborious life in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. "J'ai été refusé comme par le passé"—he wrote to a friend at Aix, "mais je ne m'en porte pas plus mal." And then he added: "il est inutile de te dire que je peins toujours".¹ It never occurred to Cézanne to abandon this occupation during the Franco-German war. It is not known if he was already at Aix at the moment of the declaration of war, but it is a fact that he was there from the beginning of the conflict and that he was to remain in the south as long as it lasted.

The war dispersed the small group of painters

¹ "I have been rejected, as always in the past, but I am not less well for that. . . it is unnecessary to tell you that I am always painting."

and writers which used to meet in the Café Guerbois. Some of them, like Monet and Pissarro, went abroad, others served in the army, like Manet, Bazille and Renoir. Zola, who was not admitted to the national guard because of his shortsightedness, went with his family to Marseilles, where he tried without success, together with his friend Marius Roux, to publish a newspaper. As to Cézanne, he seems not, at the beginning, to have taken part in any form of mobilisation. He had, by the way, never gone through any military service (though he had been passed as "fit for service" by the medical board at Paris) because his father had bought a substitute for him. The painter came to the south accompanied—without his parents knowing—by Hortense Fiquet, his future wife, whom he installed at l'Estaque, not far from Aix, on the coast of the Mediterranean. He himself soon left his father's

house, the Jas de Bouffan, to join her, and Zola came to stay with them for some time before leaving for Bordeaux, where he was going to work as secretary to Glais-Bizoin, a government representative on the Council for National Defence. Soon after his arrival at Bordeaux, Zola received the following letter from Marius Roux, dated at Marseilles on January 4th, 1871:

... à propos de garde-mobilisée j'ai à te donner deux nouvelles: une nouvelle facheuse et une nouvelle étonnante.

La nouvelle facheuse, c'est que Paul C. . . est activement recherché et j'ai bien peur qu'il n'échappe pas aux recherches si, comme l'a dit sa mère, il est vrai qu'il soit toujours à l'Estaque. Paul, qui dans les premiers temps ne prévoyait pas assez ce qui devait arriver, s'est beaucoup montré à Aix. Il y allait même assez souvent et y séjournait un, deux et même trois jours et plus. On raconte aussi qu'il s'y soulait proprement en compagnie des gentilshommes de sa connaissance. Il a du, il est même certain qu'il a fait connaître le lieu de sa résidence puisque les gentilshommes en question (qui, en somme, doivent être jaloux de lui, qui vit sans compter sur le produit de sa petite journée) se sont empressés de le dénoncer et de donner tous les renseignements nécessaires pour le faire trouver.

Ces mêmes gentilshommes (voici la nouvelle étonnante) auxquels Paul aura dit qu'il habitait l'Estaque avec toi—ignorant que tu as pu quitter ce trou—ne sachant pas au juste si tu es garçon ou marié, t'ont signalé par le même occasion, comme refractaire.

Le soir du 2 Janvier mon père me prit à part et me dit:

Je viens d'entendre un moblot qui s'exprimait ainsi:

Nous sommes quatre, avec le caporal Untel, qui devons aller à Marseille pour ramener des refractaires (il citait des noms).

Parmi les noms cités—mon père me dit—j'ai retenu ceux de Paul Cézanne et de Zola.

Ces deux-là—ajoutait le moblot—se cachent à Saint-Henri (a village in the neighbourhood of l'Estaque).

Je dis à mon père de faire la sourde oreille et de ne se mêler à n'importe quelle conversation de ce genre; moi, j'en faisais mon affaire. . . et le lendemain matin je couru à la Mairie. Là, j'ai mes coudées franches et je me fis exhiber la liste des refractaires. Ton nom n'y était pas. Je contais à Ferand, qui est un homme sérieux et qui m'est dévoué, ce qui s'était dit. Il me répondit:

On n'a dû parler de Zola qu'à cause de Cézanne, lequel est sérieusement recherché. . .

Marius Roux finished this long letter thus:

A la Mairie rien d'officiel, et parmi la foule où le nom de Cézanne résonne, je n'ai jamais entendu le tien.²

So Cézanne was sought after, and it seems in fact that the police came to the Jas de Bouffan where his mother opened wide all doors for them, calmly inviting them to look for her son. "He left two or three days ago," she explained to them, "when I know where he is I will let you know."

On the other hand it is hardly likely that they

searched for Cézanne at l'Estaque, for then it would have been almost impossible not to find him. He did not in the least hide his presence in that little village between Aix and Marseilles where he worked in the open air, painting the rocks, the hills, the village and the sea. However this may have been, in spite of all that Marius Roux reports, Cézanne seems not to have been bothered any more. Only one thing is certain: he did not take part in the war in any way, and when Ambroise Vollard later asked him what sort of existence he had been leading throughout this whole period his answer was: "During the war I worked a lot from nature at l'Estaque. . . I divided my time between the landscape and the studio."

Only a very small number of pictures which Cézanne painted at l'Estaque are known, but these few works allow us to follow the development of his art which led him from the expression of his visions to the study of nature [PLATES I AND II]. Later Cézanne said that "l'art ne peut se développer qu'au contact de la nature,"³ but the artist began only here, at l'Estaque, at the age of thirty, to search for this contact eagerly. In the beginning Cézanne was still possessed by the impetuosity which inspired in him the fantastic scenes which formed so great a part of the works of his youth, and he dramatized what nature presented to him: trees, rocks, clouds, roofs became manifestations of his passionate temperament. Between nature and him there subsists what Lionello Venturi has called

² "... as to the mobilization of the guard I have to let you have two items of news, the one awkward, and the other surprising.

"The bad news is that Paul C. . . is being actively searched for, and I am rather afraid that he will not escape these searches if it is true, as his mother says, that he is all the time at l'Estaque. Paul, who did not foresee clearly enough in the beginning what was bound to happen, has shown himself too much at Aix. He even went there rather often, and stayed there for one, two or even three days and more. They say, too, that he was properly drunk there in the company of certain of his acquaintances. It must be true, for he certainly did let it be known where he was living, for the gentlemen in question (who, we may conclude, must be jealous because he lives without depending on his day's work) were in a great hurry to denounce him and to give all the information necessary to find him.

"These same gentlemen (this is the amazing news) whom Paul must have told that he was living at l'Estaque with you—not thinking that you might have left that hole—and not knowing exactly if you were a bachelor or married—denounced you on the same occasion as a defaulter.

"On the evening of the 2nd January my father took me aside and said to me: 'I have just heard a tommy who expressed himself like this:

"There are four of us, with Corporal Somebody or Other, who have to go to Marseilles to bring the defaulters back.' (He quoted names.)

"Among the quoted names—my father said—I remember those of Paul Cézanne and Zola.

"Those two"—added the soldier—"are hiding in Saint-Henri," (a village in the neighbourhood of l'Estaque).

"I told my father to turn a deaf ear and not to get mixed up with any conversations of this kind; I myself would look after the business. . . and the next morning I ran to the town-hall. There I have a free run and I asked for the list of defaulters. Your name was not there. I told Ferand, who is a serious man and devoted to me, what had been said. He answered:

"They have only mentioned Zola because of Cézanne, who is seriously being searched for. . . There is no official news at the town-hall, and among the crowd where Cézanne's name resounded, I have never heard yours."

³ "Art can only develop in contact with nature."



A—*LANDSCAPE WITH FACTORY NEAR AIX*, BY PAUL CEZANNE. ABOUT 1870. CANVAS, 41 BY 55 CM. (M. J. V. PELLERIN, PARIS)



B—*MELTING SNOW AT L'ESTAQUE*, BY PAUL CEZANNE. ABOUT 1871. CANVAS, 73 BY 92 CM. (M. J. V. PELLERIN, PARIS)

PLATE I. PAUL CEZANNE : NEW DOCUMENTS FOR THE YEARS 1870-1871

"un diaphragme assez peu transparent, dont les causes sont des sensations agitées, volcaniques."⁴

But gradually Cézanne learnt to calm down this interior agitation; the colour contrasts became gentler, and the patient study of nature trained the sensibility of his eye. Although his handling remained still lively, one can feel that he did not try any more to dominate his motive, but that he was prepared, on the contrary, to subdue his brush to his sensations. Cézanne concentrated all his energies on the natural world.

In this way Paul Cézanne remained far from the fever which racked his country, far from the battlefield, far even from his friends, most of whom did not know where he was, though they supposed he was somewhere in the south. But he also remained far from Aix where, since the proclamation of the Republic, things had happened to which he could not be indifferent.

When on Sunday, September 4th, 1870, towards ten o'clock in the evening the telegram announcing the proclamation at Paris of the Republic arrived, the crowd was roused to great excitement. According to the *Memorial d'Aix* the republicans of Aix proceeded at once in a crowd to the town-hall, where they announced the fall of the municipality and

of the municipal council constituted by the last elections. The Mayor and an assistant who had hurried up were forced to resign, to the accompaniment of much shouting and tumult. The republicans then met in the council chamber and a provisory municipal council was formed by public acclamation.

The necessary names for the election of this new council were provided by the list of democrats who had been defeated at the preceding elections, but among the municipal councillors who were elected by acclamation were also several who had not figured

⁴ "A rather obscure diaphragm caused by agitated, volcanic sensations."

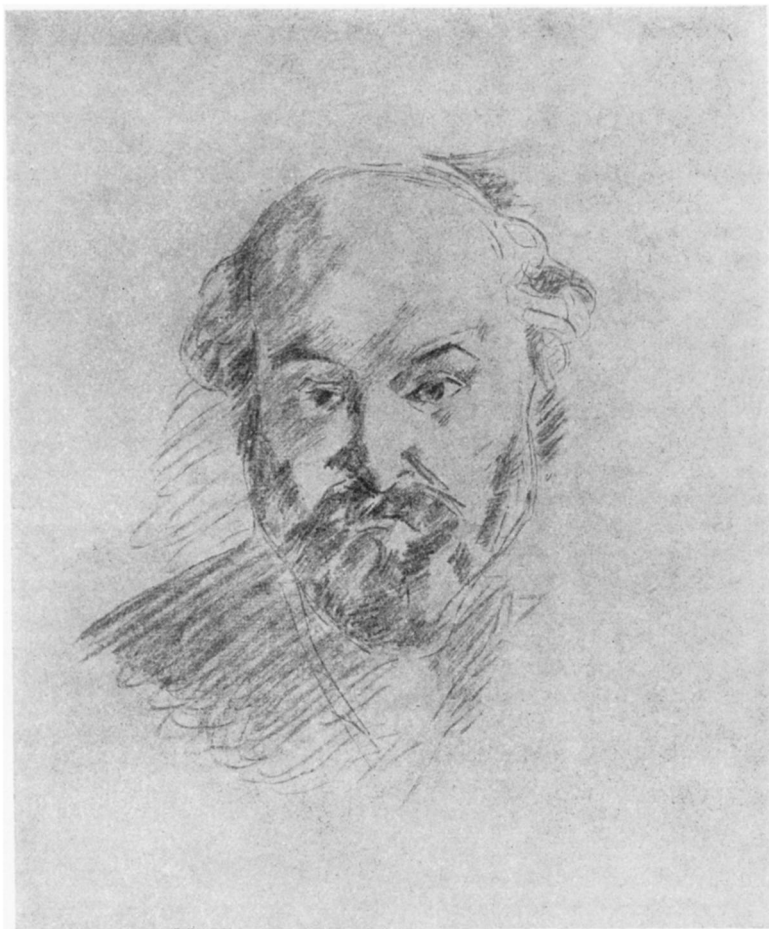
on this list, particularly Baptistin Baille, an astronomer, Antony Valabrègue, a writer (both arrived from Paris), Victor Leydet, a merchant (a future senator), all three of them intimate friends of Cézanne and, above all, Louis-Auguste Cézanne, a banker and the artist's father.

Once the municipal council was complete—relates the *Messenger de Provence*—it proceeded to destroy the busts of the Emperor and the painting representing Napoleon III. The canvas was torn to shreds; the bust was thrown down from its pedestal, kicked out of the chamber and finally thrown into the fountain.

The next morning at ten o'clock the proclamation of the Republic took place on the steps of the Palais de Justice. Then the new municipal council got seriously to work. In one of the first sessions commissions were formed. Louis-Auguste Cézanne found himself elected to that for finance, Baille was to be a member of the one for public work; he also figured with Valabrègue on the scrutiny committee for the organization of the Garde Nationale, and it was perhaps due to these two that Paul Cézanne was spared persistent enquiries.

The painter's father did not frequent the sessions of the municipal council very assiduously. In fact,

he hardly ever appeared. It is true that he intervened in the session of October 31st on a question of cartridges and guns which were delivered to the city. But almost all reports of sessions mention the banker's name among those "absent for unknown reasons." Was he afraid to expose himself? This is possible. Elected without ever having sought the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, he perhaps owed this honour to his professional qualifications, which predestined him for the financial commission. For, though he was a republican, it does not seem as if his political convictions had designed him for this distinction; otherwise his way of ignoring the work



AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST. Pencil drawing, about 1880. 33 by 27.5 cm. (Private Collection; by courtesy of Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefevre).

of the council would be even more incomprehensible. Zola has given a short description of this man which perhaps throws some light on the puzzle:

"Goguenard, républicain, bourgeois," he writes, "froid, méticuleux, avare . . . il refuse le luxe à sa femme, etc. C'est un bavard d'ailleurs, appuyé sur la fortune, qui se moque de tout le monde."⁵

While the banker thus remained at home at the Jas de Bouffan, for reasons of caution, lack of interest, tediousness, or simply because he "laughed at the whole world," Madame Cézanne, in the Rue Matheron, gave her name as patroness of the Société Internationale de Secours aux Blessés and Paul Cézanne was to receive a special honour from the municipal council. The council, indeed, proceeded on November 18th, 1870, to the election of the members of the commission of the Ecole de Dessin which was to replace the former commission which to a great part consisted of nobles, marquesses, counts, viscounts, etc. This election put Cézanne, with fifteen votes out of twenty, at the head of all candidates, while Baille, at the bottom of the poll, only obtained four, and then eight votes at the second ballot. On December 4th the mayor inaugurated this new commission of supervision of the Ecole de Dessin and of the museums, but Paul Cézanne does not seem to have been present at this ceremony. He seems to have interested himself just as little in the work of this body—of which he had, however, always thought with envy—as his father in that of the municipal council. In any case the name Cézanne does not figure among the signatures under a report which was handed to the mayor in March 1871 and which is, by the way, the only proof of the activity of this commission.

Meanwhile it was decided to hold elections to replace the provisional municipal council. But they were put off a third time. In the middle of April the provisional commission finally resigned, following a new municipal law. The elections took place on April 30th and May 7th. Louis-Auguste Cézanne's name is not to be found on any of the lists presented; so he could not have been elected and was thus rid of a responsibility which apparently worried him very little. Before that, the commission for the supervision of the Ecole de Dessin had also been dissolved on April 19th. Paul Cézanne had thus lost an influence on the museum of his native town of which he had never taken any advantage.

"As soon as the municipal elections are over . . ." thus announced the *Messenger de Provence*, "we shall have to occupy ourselves with the election of members of the Constituent Assembly. In this connexion we are informed that there is among the republican candidates of Bouches-du-Rhône one of our compatriots, Mr. Emile Zola."

Nothing came of it, but Zola was, for a certain

⁵ "Jeering, republican, bourgeois . . . cold, meticulous, avaricious . . . he denies his wife any kind of luxury, etc. In addition to which he is talkative, relies on his fortune and laughs at the whole world."

moment, seriously standing a good chance of becoming under-prefect of Aix. He had, it seems, taken up politics and abandoned his literary activity. But he did not forget his friends with whom he kept a fairly regular correspondence. He had just received a long letter from Edouard Manet:

Paris, 9 février 1871.

Mon cher ami,

je suis bien aise d'avoir de vos nouvelles, et de bonnes. Vous n'avez pas perdu votre temps—nous avons bien souffert les derniers temps à Paris—j'apprends d'hier seulement la mort du pauvre Bazille. J'en suis navré—hélas, nous avons vu mourir bien du monde ici de toutes les façons. Votre maison a été habitée un moment par une famille de réfugiés. Le rez-de-chaussée au moins; on avait mis tous les meubles dans les pièces du haut. Je crois que vous n'avez pas de dégâts à déplorer. Je pars ces jours-ci pour retrouver ma femme et ma mère qui sont à Oloron dans les Basses-Pyrénées. J'ai hâte de les revoir. Je passerai par Bordeaux, j'irai peut-être vous voir. Je vous raconterai ce qu'on ne peut écrire.

Mes amitiés à votre femme et à votre mère⁶

Tout à vous,

EDOUARD MANET.⁶

At the beginning of March Zola wrote from Bordeaux to Paul Alexis: "Je n'ai pas de nouvelles de Cézanne, il doit être dans quelque coin de la campagne d'Aix."⁷ A few weeks later Alexis, who had meanwhile seen Zola in Paris, wrote to him from l'Estaque: ". . . pas de Cézanne. J'ai eu une longue conversation avec M. Giraud, dit Longus (the owner of the house which Cézanne had taken at l'Estaque). Les deux oiseaux se sont évoués . . . depuis un mois. Le nid est vide et fermé à clef.

"Ils sont partis pour Lyon—m'a dit M. Longus—attendre que Paris ne fume plus."⁸

But Zola replied at once:

Ce que vous me racontez sur la fuite de Cézanne à Lyon est un conte à dormir debout. Notre ami a tout simplement voulu dépister le sieur Giraud. Il s'est caché à Marseille ou dans le creux de quelque vallon. Et il s'agit de me le retrouver au plus tôt, car je suis inquiet.

⁶ "My Dear Friend,

I am very glad to have news from you, and good news. You have not missed anything—we have suffered a lot in these last weeks in Paris—only yesterday I have heard of the death of poor Bazille. I am very upset about it—alas! we have seen many people die here in all sorts of ways. Your house was at a time inhabited by a refugee family. At least the basement; all the furniture had been moved into the rooms upstairs. I think that you have no damage to complain of. I shall be leaving one of these days to join my wife and my mother who are at Oloron, Basses Pyrénées. I am in a hurry to see them again. I shall come through Bordeaux, perhaps I shall see you. I will then tell you what one cannot write.

My kind regards to your wife and mother.

Yours ever,

EDOUARD MANET.⁷

⁷ "I have no news from Cézanne, who must be in some corner of the country around Aix."

⁸ ". . . no Cézanne. I had a long conversation with Monsieur Giraud, called Longus. The two birds have flown away . . . a month ago! The nest is empty and locked.

"They have left for Lyon—says M. Longus—to wait until the dust settles in Paris."



A—PROVENCAL LANDSCAPE, BY PAUL CEZANNE. ABOUT 1870. CANVAS, 59 BY 78 CM. (M. R. LECOMTE, PARIS)



B—FISHING VILLAGE AT L'ESTAQUE, BY PAUL CEZANNE. ABOUT 1871. CANVAS, 42 BY 55 CM. FORMERLY IN THE EMILE ZOLA COLLECTION (M. J. V. PELLERIN, PARIS)

PLATE II. PAUL CEZANNE : NEW DOCUMENTS FOR THE YEARS 1870-1871

Imaginez-vous que je lui ai écrit le lendemain de votre départ. Ma lettre, adressée à l'Estaque, doit être perdue, ce qui n'est pas une grande perte ; mais j'ai peur que par une suite imprévue de circonstances, elle ne soit envoyée à Aix ou elle tomberait entre les mains du père. Or, elle contient certains détails compromettants pour le fils.

(Cézanne wished in fact to hide from his father his liaison with Hortense Fiquet, whom he did not marry until fifteen years later).

Vous suivez le raisonnement, n'est-ce pas ? Je voudrais retrouver Paul pour lui faire réclamer cette lettre.

Donc, je compte sur vous pour la commission suivante. Un de ces matins, vous irez au Jas de Bouffan où vous avez l'air de venir chercher des nouvelles de Cézanne. Vous vous arrangerez de façon à parler un instant à la mère en particulier et lui demanderez l'adresse exacte de son fils pour moi . . ."⁹

Alexis, who took these steps without any loss of time had no great difficulty in finding Paul Cézanne, and he persuaded him to write at once to Zola. The answer came soon, and in the first days of July Cézanne received the following letter from his friend :

Paris, le 4 juillet 71.

Mon cher Paul,

Ta lettre m'a fait grand plaisir, car je commençais à être inquiet sur ton compte. Voilà quatre mois que nous n'avions eu de nouvelles l'un de l'autre. Vers le milieu du mois dernier, je t'ai écrit à l'Estaque. Puis j'ai appris que tu en étais parti et que ma lettre allait s'égarer. Je me trouvais fort en peine pour te retrouver, quand tu m'as tiré d'embarras.

Tu me demandes de mes nouvelles. Voici mon histoire en quelques mots. . . . Je suis arrivé à Paris le 14 mars. Quatre jours après, le 18 mars, l'insurrection éclatait, les services postaux étaient suspendus, je ne songeais plus à te donner signe de vie. Pendant deux mois j'ai vécu dans la fournaise, nuit et jour, le canon, et vers la fin, les obus sifflant au-dessus de ma tête, dans mon jardin. Enfin, le 10 mai,

comme j'étais menacé d'être arrêté à titre d'otage, j'ai pris la fuite, à l'aide d'un passeport prussien, et je suis allé à Bonnières passer les plus mauvais jours. Aujourd'hui je me retrouve tranquillement aux Batignolles, comme au sortir d'un mauvais rêve. . . .

Ce qui rend plus fuyants pour moi ces mauvais souvenirs, c'est que je n'ai pas un instant cessé de travailler. . . . Je te dis cela pour que tu ne t'apitoies pas sur mon sort. Jamais je n'ai eu plus d'espérances ni plus d'envie de travailler. Paris renaît. C'est, comme je te l'ai souvent répété, notre règne qui arrive.¹⁰

Zola's optimism was undoubtedly a little untimely. He was still far enough from his first great successes, and his friend Cézanne even more so. Our artist had worked a lot at l'Estaque during those long months, and he was soon to come back to Paris with numerous canvases which revealed, along with the fire of his youthful works, his growing interest in the direct observation of nature and in open-air painting. But among his friends it was only in Camille Pissarro that he seems to have found any support and encouragement. After the birth of his son at the beginning of January, 1872, it was at Pontoise and Auvers, near to Pissarro, that he settled for several years, desiring to work side by side with this artist whose pupil he considered himself.

Thus the painful events of the years 1870-71 did not in the least interrupt Cézanne's work ; and while his fellow-countryman Frédéric Bazille was killed at Beaune-la-Rolande, taking into his grave all the hope which had been inspired by his precocious talent, and while Manet and Zola began to march slowly towards fame, Paul Cézanne continued his obscure existence, entirely devoted to painting, in spite of ridicule and scoffing, in spite of oblivion and injustice, patiently and with a certain proud humility waiting for his reign to come at last.

¹⁰ "My dear Paul,

Paris, 4 July, 71.

I was very glad about your letter, for I began to be worried about you. For four months we have had no news of each other. About the middle of last month I wrote to you at l'Estaque. Then I learned that you had left and that my letter must have gone astray. I was putting myself to a lot of trouble to find you, when you came to my rescue.

"You are asking for news from me. Here is my history in a few words . . . I arrived in Paris on March 14th. Four days later, on March 18th, the insurrection broke out, the postal service was stopped, I did not think any more of giving you a sign of life. For two months I lived in a furnace, and day and night the cannon, and, towards the end, the shells whizzed above my head, in my garden. At last, on May 10th, I fled with the aid of a Prussian passport, as I was in danger of being arrested as a hostage, and I went to Bonnières to spend the worst days there. To-day I am quietly at Batignolles again, and it is like awakening from a bad dream . . .

"What makes these painful recollections even more ephemeral for me is the fact that not for a moment have I interrupted my work. I tell you that to prevent you pitying my lot. Never did I have more hope nor a greater longing for work. Paris comes back to life. It is, as I have often told you, our reign which comes now."

* "What you tell me about Cézanne's flight to Lyons is a tale to make one fall asleep on one's feet. Our friend simply wanted to put M. Giraud off his track. He is hiding somewhere at Marseilles or in the depth of some valley. The question for me is how to find him as soon as possible, for I am worried.

"Actually I wrote to him the day after your departure. My letter, addressed to l'Estaque, must have gone astray, which is not a great loss. But I am afraid that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it may have been sent to Aix where it would fall into his father's hands. And it contains certain details which would compromise the son. You follow the argument, don't you ? I want to find Paul to make him claim this letter.

"Now I rely on you for the following mission. One of these days you must go to the Jas de Bouffan where you must seem to ask for news of Cézanne. You must arrange that you can talk to the mother apart for a moment, and get from her the exact address of her son for me . . .