

The History of the Twentieth Century

Episode 25

“I Am the King”

Transcript

[music: Fanfare]

In 1900, an 18-year-old aspiring painter living in Barcelona received exciting news. One of his paintings had been accepted as part of the collection that would be representing his home country at the Spanish pavilion in the 1900 Exposition in Paris.

It must have been hugely gratifying and encouraging to the young and struggling artist. We can infer that from the fact that when he received the good news, Pablo Picasso went to a self-portrait he was working on at the time, and scrawled alongside the image of himself the words: “I am the king”.

I don’t know about you, but I get a lot of comfort from the thought that in all centuries, and in all places, 18 year old guys are just the same.

Welcome to *The History of the Twentieth Century*.

[music: Opening Theme]

Episode 25. I Am the King.

In the second half of the 19th century, Paris hosted international expositions at regular intervals. The first one, in 1855, had been inspired by the London Great Exhibition of 1851. The French weren’t about to stand by and let the British have all the fun. Paris hosted a second Exposition in 1867, 12 years later, and a third one in 1878. You’ll notice these are at intervals of 11 or 12 years. It didn’t take a mathematical genius to figure out that 11 years after 1878 gets you to 1889, which was the centennial of the French Revolution, which seemed like the perfect time to host a fourth Exposition. And so Paris did. I talked about that 1889 Exposition at some length in episode 6.

Continuing with this now-established tradition of an Exposition every 11 years, Paris hosted yet another one in 1900. I mentioned it briefly in episode 1 – especially the gold medal awarded to Campbell’s Condensed Soup. The Exposition was a showcase for modern technology, copiously decorated with electric lights and showing off such wonders as moving sidewalks, moving staircases (escalators), and Rudolph Diesel’s exciting invention: An engine that ran on peanut oil. There were moving pictures (with sound) and an exhibition partly organized by Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. Du Bois highlighting African-American contributions to modern America.

There was also a human zoo, one of those places where visitors to the Expo could observe what was supposed to be recreations of authentic native villages from various French colonial holdings. Like most such exhibitions, the displays actually consisted of pretend villages constructed by white construction workers and populated by “natives” who were in effect paid actors performing for the public.

The 1900 Paris Exposition also hosted that year's Olympic Games. These were the second of the modern era, the first having been held in Athens in 1896. 1900 would mark the first Olympics ever to be held outside of Greece, and it would be the first (and the last) time that sports such as automobile racing, cricket, and croquet would be part of the Olympics.

1900 would see the first gold medals awarded to women athletes. Actually, they were giving out silver medals for first place at the 1900 Olympics, but you know what I mean. Hélène de Pourtalès of Switzerland was part of a husband-and-wife team that won a sailing event, and five-time Wimbledon champion Charlotte Cooper of Great Britain won the women's singles tennis competition, becoming the first woman to win gold in an individual event.

In the marathon, the top two places went to Frenchmen, and the band struck up *La Marseillaise*, which no doubt pleased the crowd. One of the American competitors, who came in fifth, vociferously contested the results, claiming that the two winners had never passed him, and therefore must not have run the complete course. Another American runner claimed that during the race, he had been about to overtake the winners, only to be run down by a French cyclist. And many years later, it was determined that the first place winner, Michel Théato, was actually not French, and in fact had held Luxembourgish citizenship.

The 1904 Olympics will be held in St. Louis in the United States, and will also be held in conjunction with a World's Fair. But after these two experiences, the International Olympic Committee will deem that holding an Olympics in conjunction with a World's Fair detracts from the stature of the Olympics, and they would never again award Olympic Games to a city that was simultaneously hosting such an exhibition.

You may recall that the Franco-Russian Alliance came into being in 1894, six years ago. To France, Russia makes a valuable counterweight against Germany. You may recall from episode 6 that France, the nation accustomed to being the most populous in Europe, has found its population growing at a very slow rate since 1870. Germany's is growing much faster. Germany is turning France's secret weapon of mass conscription against it; with its larger population, Germany can field the larger army. The alliance with Russia offsets the German advantage, not only because of Russia's larger army, but because of its strategic position on the opposite side of Germany, forcing the Germans to divide their forces. The alliance was popular in France, and there developed a lot of curiosity about things Russian.

In western Europe and the United States at this time, Russia was seen as a mysterious, exotic land. Russia literally straddles the border between east and west, between Europe and Asia. It was also seen to straddle Europe and Asia metaphorically, with its Muslim and Siberian subjects, its Cossack cavalry units, its stubbornly autocratic system of government with not even the pretense of any sort of parliament, making Russia look like something halfway between a modern European state and the stubbornly traditional Chinese empire.

And so, a cultural side effect of the Franco-Russian Alliance was the introduction of little-known elements of Russian culture into France, and from there into western nations generally. The Paris Exposition of 1900, for example, was the first time westerners had seen *matryoshka* dolls, which were

only recently invented in Russia. These are the now-familiar colorfully-painted nesting dolls of Russian folk art.

This process of Russian culture coming to France would continue throughout the early years of the 20th century, most significantly when Russian ballet comes to Paris. And that's too big a story to tell today, so I'm going to save it for a future podcast. Heh, *a* future podcast? Who am I kidding?

As France replaced Germany as Russia's most important ally, French money also replaced German money as Russia's most important source of foreign capital. A lot of French money was flowing into Russia during this period, and there was a lot of money to be made. Russia was underdeveloped and badly needed investment. A crucial area for investment was railways. Building up the Russian rail system also had the advantage of speeding up mobilization times and making the Russian Army that much more threatening.

The most exciting Russian rail project underway at the time of the Paris Exposition was the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and the Russian exhibition in Paris included a simulation of the not-yet-completed project. Patrons were invited to sit inside three railway cars. Through the windows, they could watch the scenery roll by. The scenery was actually a series of scrolling paintings, four in all, that rolled backward, the closest one moving fastest and the ones further out progressively slower, creating a realistic sense of movement through three-dimensional terrain. The rearmost panel was 25 feet high and presented distant scenery: Cities, mountains, forests. The simulation gave patrons a sense of the high points of a train trip from Moscow to Beijing. It lasted about an hour, although a trip along the real Trans-Siberian Railroad would take about two weeks (if it had been finished, which it wasn't). The ride was very popular, and it won a gold medal. The Russians would also bring this ride to the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis.

But before we leave the Paris Exposition of 1900, we need to check in on our teenage Spanish artist friend. Pablo Diego José Francisco de Paula Juan Nepomuceno María de los Remedios Cipriano de la Santísima Trinidad Ruiz y Picasso was born on October 25, 1881, in the city of Málaga in Spain. His father was an artist, who taught classes in drawing and painted. He was known for his paintings of birds. Pablo's mother would later claim that the first word he spoke was "pencil", indicating an interest in drawing from a very early age. He would take art lessons from his father, and sometimes sit in on his father's classes. He loved art, but in academic subjects, he was an indifferent student. When Pablo was 15, the family moved to Barcelona. He seemed to thrive in the big city, and although he only lived in Barcelona for a brief time, he would look upon it ever after as his hometown. When he was 16, his father sent him to Madrid to attend the Royal Academy of San Fernando, then Spain's top art school. He didn't seem to get much out of formal art instruction. He would skip classes to spend his time at the Prado, Spain's national art museum, studying the masters.

It was mid-October in 1900 before Picasso was able to take the train from Barcelona to Paris to visit the Exposition, and, not incidentally, view his own painting at the Spanish pavilion. With him came his best friend and fellow art student, Carles Casagemas. The Exposition had opened back in April, and it would only run until November 12, so the two young friends were only catching the tail end of it. The

Exposition, by the way, was a cultural success, but a financial failure. It lost a staggering amount of money, and this would mark the end of this run of Paris Expositions that began all the way back in 1855.

These two young friends, Pablo and Carles, would take an apartment together, and would later be joined by a third friend from Barcelona. They would paint all day, and enjoy the Parisian nightlife afterward. Pablo celebrated his 19th birthday there in Paris. They soon met three young French women, models – yeah, that’s the ticket, they were “models” – who moved in with them. They were able to support themselves by selling their paintings (kind of) along with some support from Carles’s wealthy parents. Pablo’s paintings were selling the best, and soon art dealers were coming to him and asking for more.

Pablo began a fling with one of the models, Oddette, and the supremely confident young man seems to have navigated the mysteries of women as surely and skillfully as he was navigating the world of the visual arts. Carles fell head over heels for one of the other women, Germaine. This is one of those stories where I wish I could stop right here, because at this point, everything is just about perfect. Imagine two 18 year old guys who move out of their parents’ homes, travel to Paris, live together in a ratty apartment, living hand to mouth from the money they make on their paintings, and living with two young and uninhibited French women. I mean, this is pretty much paradise on earth for an 18 year old guy, don’t you think?

But it quickly emerged that there was trouble in paradise. For one thing, Carles was impotent. Oh, cruel fate. It must have been mortifying. His impotence is more likely a symptom, rather than a cause, of what followed. And I guess there’s good reason to think Carles was suffering from some form of depression or mood disorder, not to mention how hard on the self-esteem it must have been to live with the growing realization that your best friend is one of the great geniuses of the century, while you are a wholly ordinary young guy whose name no one will ever remember.

Carles’s reaction to these developments was... a little disturbing. He soon began referring to Germaine as his fiancée, which must have been baffling. Germaine had already been married and divorced, and was not interested in getting married again, least of all to an 18-year-old guy with disturbing behavior who has no visible means of support (and has, you know, that other problem).

Meanwhile, Pablo went over to the Exposition to check on his painting. This painting, *Last Moments*, depicts a priest ministering to a dying woman. It was good enough to earn a place at the Exposition, but it would be a style of painting that Picasso would reject for the next 73 years of his long life. He didn’t like the way they hung it at the pavilion – too high, he thought. But as in Madrid, Pablo took the opportunity to spend many hours at the Louvre and other art museums and galleries, taking in as much French art as he could.

The two young friends had promised their families that they would return to Barcelona for Christmas. When they did, their parents were shocked. They had sent their boys off in brand-new, matching corduroy suits – which, by the way, may have been fashionable in Barcelona, but likely marked them as out-of-towners the minute they got off the train in Paris. Anyway, they came back to Barcelona in shabby clothes with thin, patchy young-man beards, their hair scruffy and unkempt, as if neither had had a haircut during their entire stay in Paris (which, yeah, they probably hadn’t).

No doubt, Pablo was annoyed by his family's reaction, but Carles's behavior was becoming an even bigger problem. He just wouldn't shut up about Germaine. When he wasn't getting stinking drunk and then going on and on about how beautiful she was, and how much he loved her, and how miserable he was without her, he was writing her long, barely coherent letters, begging her to reconsider marrying him. It got so bad that after Christmas, Pablo made up a reason to travel to Madrid for a while to get some distance from Carles's suffocating obsessions. While Pablo was in Madrid, Carles decided to go back to Paris and make one last-ditch plea to Germaine. Germaine was not at all pleased to see him again, and told him "no" very firmly. So Carles announced that he would be returning to Barcelona for good, and invited all of his Paris friends, including Germaine, to a "farewell to Paris" dinner in a restaurant called the Hippodrome in the Paris neighborhood where they all lived.

There was a good turnout – starving artists don't often turn down free meals – and after dinner, Carles rose to give a speech. He said a few words, then he pulled out a pistol and aimed it at Germaine and said "this is for you". Well, Germaine dove under the table just as Carles pulled the trigger. She was unhurt, as it turned out, but apparently Carles believed he had shot her, because he next turned the gun on himself, saying, "and this is for me". He shot himself, dying of his wound the next day.

The effect of his death on Pablo was profound. Picasso himself returned to Paris in June, to stay for another few months, and he would be shuttling back and forth between Paris and Barcelona for the next several years. His colorful paintings were in demand, but as 1901 went on, he found himself increasingly obsessed with the death of his friend.

Picasso had entered what will come to be called his Blue Period. Blue in the figurative sense, that he will be grappling with depression and thoughts of death, and in the literal sense, in that his paintings of this period will depict grim and somber subjects, and the color blue would dominate the canvas. The Blue Period would last several years, and it would hurt sales of Picasso's paintings, since these depressing images were not exactly flying off the shelves (or off the gallery walls, I suppose I should say). But then, Picasso never was one to bow to the dictates of the market.

One of the masterpieces of Picasso's Blue Period, indeed, of his career, is *La Vie – Life* – painted in 1903. There's an image of it up on the website, historyofthetwentiethcentury.com. It shows an almost-nude couple, a young man and young woman, and nearby, a mother and child. The young man, who appears to be fending off the mother, has the face of Carles Casagemas. The meaning of the painting is a matter of debate. Picasso himself refused to explain it. To me, it seems intensely autobiographical. It looks like a visual representation of a young man breaking away from his family and asserting his right to live his own life. But that's just me. What do you think? Check it out, let me know.

[music: Satie, *Gymnopédies No. 1*]

In the late 19th century, France and Britain found themselves in competition for colonial territories, most significantly on the continent of Africa. I've already mentioned how France took control of Algeria back in 1830, and annexed it outright. France now considers Algeria a part of metropolitan France. In 1880, France took possession of the neighboring Tunisia, a move which you might recall has seriously annoyed

Italy. Italy regarded Tunisia as obviously in its sphere of influence, and in the Italian view, France stole it out from under them. In 1882, Britain took control of Egypt. This seriously annoyed France, which regarded Egypt as obviously in *its* sphere of influence. After all, hadn't Napoleon conquered Egypt back in 1798? Hadn't French ingenuity and French capital built the Suez Canal?

The Italians weren't very happy about British control of Egypt, either. British policy toward Italy in the late 19th century was to appease her by consenting to some of her colonial ambitions in Africa. Italy established control of strips on the African coast along the Red Sea and the Arabian Sea in what we call Eritrea and Somalia. Britain encouraged these efforts, and allowed Italian military forces to transit the Suez Canal between Italy and her colonial holdings.

By the end of the 19th century, Italy also had her eye on the Ottoman territory in between French Tunisia and British Egypt, what we today call Libya. Italians were settling there, building infrastructure, investing in the territory, all in the hope of peacefully building economic ties to the region as a prelude to asserting jurisdiction over it.

The Fashoda Crisis of 1898, which I mentioned briefly in episode 10, was a confrontation between British and French soldiers in what is today South Sudan. The French were testing the limits of British administration of Egypt. How far up the Nile did British control extend? How far were the British able and willing to assert it? Pretty far, as it turned out. The small French force tried to set up an outpost at Fashoda, only to be confronted by a much larger British force under the command of the future Lord Kitchener. The confrontation was amicable enough – the British and the French commanders exchanged gifts of champagne and whiskey (although the French commander later remarked that drinking that whiskey was the greatest sacrifice he ever made for his country). But the French were outgunned; they knew it, the British knew it, and so the French made a graceful withdrawal. Back in France, the Chamber of Deputies and the public were outraged. There was talk of war, although cooler heads prevailed.

Needless to say, when the Second Anglo-Boer War broke out just a year later, the French joined in with the Germans and the Dutch in cheering on the plucky Boers, while the British were tut-tutting the French Army's treatment of Alfred Dreyfus. The French Foreign Minister during this period was Théophile Delcassé. He was fiercely anti-German. Kaiser Wilhelm called him "the most dangerous man for Germany in France". And as a consequence, he was a strong supporter of the alliance with Russia. He was also dovish toward Britain, and spoke against those in the French government who wanted to build up the French Navy to challenge the British. He stepped in following the Fashoda confrontation and began work to settle the outstanding colonial disputes with Britain.

By 1902, the Boer War was over, Dreyfus was home from Devil's Island, and Fashoda was a fading memory. That was the year, you may recall from last week, that Britain joined in with Germany in a naval confrontation with Venezuela, antagonizing the United States. Paul Cambon, the French ambassador to Britain, reported back to the foreign ministry his surprise at how much spontaneous public disapproval there was in Britain over the government's decision to back Germany, even at the expense of alienating the United States. Even Rudyard Kipling had written a poem critical of British government policy.

And, while all of this was going on, the government of Morocco was disintegrating. Morocco was yet another one of those places that was nominally part of the Ottoman Empire, but in truth Constantinople has had little to say over Moroccan affairs for centuries now. For over 20 years, the country has been ruled by Sultan Hassan I, who had worked to counter Spanish and French designs on his country by modernizing and building closer relations with other European countries and the United States. But he passed away in 1894. His successor was the 16-year-old Abdelaziz. There was a regency for six years, but then even when the new sultan was ruling in his own right, he proved weak and corrupt. Violence, piracy and banditry became endemic in Morocco.

You may recall that in 1904, Moroccan bandits kidnapped a US citizen (well, a presumed US citizen), sparking a confrontation with the United States. In our day, when a nation falls into this kind of disorder, we call it a “failed state”. At the beginning of the 20th century, the great powers called a situation like this a golden opportunity. The chaos gave an excuse for foreign powers to move in and take control, for the good of the country’s own citizens. It might begin with a great power providing soldiers and administrators to “assist” the local government in maintaining control over its situation. And from there, of course, it’s just a sliding scale to more and more control to protectorate status, and maybe full-on colonial status. Britain and France had both used this technique of peaceful penetration as ways of acquiring new colonial holdings. Italy, learning from their examples, was angling for Libya in just the same way.

But as the chaos in Morocco grew, Britain and Germany joined Spain and France in eyeing control of the country. This had the potential to turn into a messy confrontation, but Delcassé saw in this mass of conflicting colonial ambitions an opportunity for France to acquire Morocco and give Germany a black eye at the same time. He began to put out feelers to Britain and to Italy. Italy badly wanted Libya, and feared that the British in Egypt or the French in Tunisia might get there first. Britain’s top priority in the Mediterranean was Egypt, and the Suez Canal, so Delcassé sounded out the Italian government on a deal whereby France would agree to keep its hands off Libya in exchange for Italy dropping its complaints concerning the French occupation of Tunisia.

The Italians were delighted with this suggestion. In October 1903, the 33-year-old King Victor Emmanuel III made a state visit to France. The French President, Émile Loubet, repaid the favor in April 1904 by making a state visit to Italy. This exchange of visits marked a thaw in Franco-Italian relations. The Russo-Japanese War had broken out just a few weeks earlier. Russia was by this time preoccupied with the war in its far east, which wasn’t going very well, and suddenly the Franco-Russian Alliance that had been the foundation of French foreign policy since 1894 wasn’t looking so sturdy. Russia was looking feeble, her attention was turned away from Europe, potentially giving Germany an opening to make mischief for France. It wouldn’t hurt to have another friend, and Italy was a particularly useful one, because she was part of Germany’s Triple Alliance.

Everyone understood that Italy had joined the Triple Alliance mostly out of pique following the French takeover of Tunisia. A lot of people didn’t expect Italy to stick with it for very long. But here we are over 20 years later, and Italy has remained loyal to its alliance partners, especially Germany. The whole idea of the Franco-Russian Alliance is to threaten Germany with a two-front war in the event she chose to attack France. Having Italy in the Triple Alliance, though, also threatens France with a two-front war, which is

helpful to Germany. This exchange of state visits between the French and the Italians set off alarm bells in Berlin and Vienna. Italian diplomats hastened to assure their alliance partners that friendlier relations with France in no way meant that Italy intended to go back on her promises to Germany and Austria, but not everyone was confident of that.

This thaw between France and Italy also alarmed the Vatican. The Kingdom of Italy had annexed the papal-controlled territories of central Italy back in 1870, as you may recall, but the Pope in the Vatican had never accepted this, and remained hostile to the Italian government. France was one of the most important and most powerful Catholic countries, and the Church was looking to France to support its demand for restoring papal sovereignty over Rome and the other former papal territories. It had been French soldiers garrisoned in Rome during the Second Empire, as you probably recall, that had held off the Italian government until 1870. But in the 30 years that had passed since the annexation, the French, like most people outside of Italy, had lost interest in the so-called “Roman Question”.

But the Vatican overplayed its hand. It publicly and aggressively protested Loubet’s visit to Italy, and circulated its protest to the leaders of all the Catholic powers. To the dismay of conservative French Catholics, this heavy-handed interference in French national affairs outraged the French public. By that summer, France had broken diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the following year, 1905, the Third Republic enacted further legislation separating the Church from the French state. Public money would no longer be used to fund the Catholic Church or any other faith, religious buildings were declared the property of the state, religious symbols were prohibited from public buildings, and the republic would no longer play a role in the process of selecting French Catholic bishops.

The 1905 law effectively completed the process of disentangling the French state from the Catholic Church. The separation remains in effect today, and although conservative French Catholics of the time were outraged, and the Pope, Pius X, condemned the new law, the Catholic Church and French society gradually came to terms with their new relationship, which continues under more or less the same terms to this day.

Now, as I mentioned before, Paul Cambon, the French ambassador to Britain, has been pleasantly surprised to discover how much hostility there is toward Germany among the British public. He communicated this to his government. And now that the Boer War was over, the new Conservative government of Arthur Balfour was looking for ways for Britain to avoid getting sucked into more expensive colonial conflicts. The British came to an understanding with Italy similar to the one the French had, whereby Italy would accept British control of Egypt in exchange for British recognition of Italian interests in Libya. So that raised an interesting question: Was there room to negotiate an understanding between France and Britain? Say, that France would drop its longstanding objections to British control of Egypt in exchange for the British looking the other way as the French moved into Morocco? This would give France a free hand in Morocco, with the added bonus of shutting out Germany. In May 1903, the British King, Edward VII, Victoria’s son and successor, made a visit to France. It has been compared to US President Richard Nixon’s state visit to China in 1972 as a dramatic, tangible public sign of a thaw in relations between the two countries.

And the visit turned out to be a great success. When the king first arrived, he was greeted by cries of “*Vive Fashoda!*” and “*Vivent les Boers!*” But Edward was gracious, and he gave speeches in impeccable French. He went to the theater in Paris one evening, and in the lobby he ran into a French actress he recognized. He said to her: “*Mademoiselle*, I remember applauding you in London, where you represented all the grace and spirit of France.” News of the British King’s gracious praise spread through the theater, and by the time Edward arrived at his box, the audience gave him an ovation. By the time he left, the crowds were calling out “*Vive Edouard!*”

And so discussion between the French and the British began. It took nearly two years, because there were a number of colonial disputes between the two countries that had to be ironed out, literally centuries of loose ends to be tied up. With regard to Morocco, as I said, the British themselves were considering getting involved there. In some government circles, the idea of splitting Morocco between Britain and Germany to shut out France and Spain had been discussed, although the thought of the German Navy, which was rapidly expanding during this period, getting a base in the Mediterranean, yeah, that’s a dealbreaker.

There was the question of Siam, wedged in between British India and French Indochina. The British and the French agreed that neither would attempt to annex it. There was Madagascar. The British agreed to drop their objection to the 1896 annexation of that country by the French. There were the New Hebrides, known today as Vanuatu. The two countries agreed to an unusual joint rule over those Pacific islands.

The most difficult part of the negotiations, strangely enough, was over Newfoundland. In the early 20th century, Newfoundland and Labrador were not part of Canada. They were a self-governing colony within the British Empire, which gained Dominion status in 1907 at the same time as New Zealand. But ever since the Treaty of Utrecht, all the way back in 1713, France had held fishing rights over the northwestern coast of the island of Newfoundland. These rights included not only the right to fish within British territorial waters, along that portion of the Newfoundland coast, but also to use the coastal lands. Exclusive use – that was the French interpretation of the agreement, even to the point of driving British settlers away from the French shore.

This so-called “French Shore” of Newfoundland, along with the two small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, were all that remained of the once-mighty French colonial empire in North America, and the French guarded their rights there jealously. But as Newfoundland attracted more and more British settlers, the treaty agreement raised thorny questions about property and economic rights along the French Shore. In the end, the two countries agreed that the French would retain their offshore fishing rights, but would give up their claim to the shore itself. In exchange, Britain ceded some lands in Gambia and Nigeria and some West African islands to the French. With regard to those fishing rights, there was a heated debate over whether or not lobsters counted as fish.

But they eventually came to an agreement, which was signed in April 1904, and it eliminated all outstanding disputes between the two powers. It was not an alliance, it did not commit either country to support the other in any dispute with a third power, let alone go to war on the other’s behalf. It was a “cordial understanding”, said the British Foreign Office, and the French translation, *Entente Cordiale*, has come to be the name by which this agreement is known. The Entente was, as one British government

official put it: “Nothing more than a frame of mind, a view of general policy which is shared by the governments of two countries.” Nevertheless, the *Entente Cordiale* would survive two world wars and continue for the rest of the 20th century and beyond.

We’ll have to stop there for today. Next Sunday is Easter, at least in western Christianity, and so I am taking some time off. As usual, I will continue to be reading and writing during this time, so that the episodes keep coming. I also hope to spend some time adding content to *The History of the Twentieth Century* website, historyofthetwentiethcentury.com. I’m going to start posting book recommendations there, for those of you who might be interested in further reading on the topics we’ve discussed in this podcast. There’s also a donate button on the website, if you’d like to chip in something to help keep this podcast going, and thank you to Preston and to Pare for contributing already. I’m also working up a personal website, markpainter.us, that will feature information about some of my other projects. There’s not much there so far, I’m working on it, but one of the things I want to do is post book reviews, and I’ve got one there already about a remarkable new young adult novel I’ve come across entitled *Character, Driven*. Yes, that’s the title, not a description. If you or anyone you know might be interested in a good young adult book, check out my review.

And I hope you’ll join me in two weeks’ time on *The History of the Twentieth Century*, as we jump from the 1900 Paris Exposition and Olympics to the 1904 World’s Fair in St. Louis, and the Olympics. A lot of people point to the 1898 Spanish-American War as the arrival of the United States as a great power. If that’s the case, then the 1904 World’s Fair is America’s coming-out party. It was brash, it was tacky, it was amazing, and it gave the world ice cream cones. It was America in all her glory, and we’ll be taking a good look in two weeks’ time on *The History of the Twentieth Century*.

Oh, and one more thing. I mentioned that the young man who seems to be the central figure in Picasso’s painting *La Vie* has the face of Carles Casagemas. X-ray studies of the painting show that Picasso originally painted his own face on the young man before changing his mind and making him into Carles, which is part of my claim that the painting is autobiographical. X-ray studies also show that deeper down, underneath the first brushstrokes of *La Vie*, lies Picasso’s earlier painting, *Last Moments*, the one that had represented Spain at the Paris Exposition.

[music: Closing Theme]