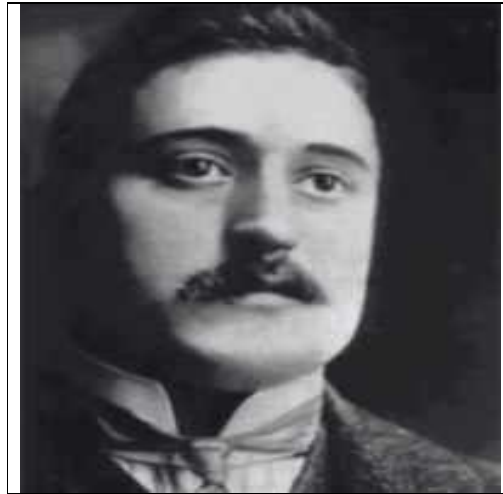


## Biography research

Resources: [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org) / [www.Poetryfoundation.org](http://www.Poetryfoundation.org)

### Apollinaire guillaume



#### Early life

- \* Wilhelm Albert Włodzimierz Apolinary Kostrowicki was born in Rome, Italy, on 26 August 1880.
- \* By the age of eighteen Apollinaire had finished school and settled in Paris.
- \* Apollinaire worked as a bank clerk.

#### Family life

- \* His mother, born Angelika Kostrowicka, was a Polish noblewoman born near Navahrudak,
- \* Apollinaire's father is unknown but may have been Francesco Costantino Camillo Flugi d'Aspermont.
- \* In 1914 he joined the French army, volunteering to defend his adopted country in World War I

#### Facts

- \* Apollinaire first used the term Surrealism concerning the ballet Parade in 1917.
- \* The term Orphism was coined by Apollinaire at the Salon de la Section d'Or in 1912
- \* On 7 September 1911, police arrested and jailed him on suspicion of aiding and abetting the theft of the Mona Lisa and a number of Egyptian statuettes, but released him a week later.
- \* Guillaume Apollinaire was a French poet, playwright, short story writer, novelist, and art critic

#### End of life

- \* Apollinaire guillaume died on 9 November 1918 (aged 38) Paris, France.
- \* Apollinaire, weakened by the wound from which he never fully recovered, died of influenza.

## Works

- \*In 1900 he wrote his first novel Mirely, ou le petit trou pas cher.
  - \* Apollinaire's first collection of poetry was L'enchanteur pourrissant (1909)
  - \* In 1907 Apollinaire published the well-known erotic novel, The Eleven Thousand Rods
  - \* Apollinaire wrote the preface for the first Cubist exposition outside of Paris; VIII Salon des Indépendants, Brussels, 1911
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## The Mirabeau Bridge

*(Alcools: Le Pont Mirabeau)*

Under the Mirabeau flows the Seine

And our amours

Shall I remember it again

Joy always followed after Pain

Comes the night sounds the hour

The days go by I endure

Hand in hand rest face to face

While underneath

The bridge of our arms there races

So weary a wave of eternal gazes

Comes the night sounds the hour

The days go by I endure

Love vanishes like the water's flow

Love vanishes

How life is slow

And how Hope lives blow by blow

Comes the night sounds the hour

The days go by I endure

Let the hour pass the day the same

Time past returns

Nor love again

Under the Mirabeau flows the Seine

Comes the night sounds the hour

The days go by I endure