

Biography

«Those who do not believe in miracles
are not realists»

Apel-les Fenosa

Apel-les Fenosa's Family Background

Fenosa and Florensa are Italian names. Apel-les Fenosa believed that his surnames were of Venetian Jewish origin. Fenosa comes from the Latin *Foenum*, which means "hay flower", and Florensa comes from the name of the city. The Fenosa and Florensa families were of peasant stock and hailed from the village of Almatret, on the border between Aragon and Catalonia. The village stands on a high plateau overlooking the River Ebre, at the end of a road that leads nowhere, some twenty kilometres from Maials, in an arid region planted with olive trees and dominated by the superb pyramid-shaped Montmeneu.

Still standing half a kilometre from the village is the magnificent architecture of a large Iberian well, sixteen metres long and about ten metres deep. The well, dating almost from time immemorial, takes the form of a horseshoe at ground level. Leading down into the well are two staircases that face each other and meet on a landing from which some further twenty-odd steps lead downwards. Adjacent to the well a series of vegetable gardens endowed with their own wells follow the course of an underground river. Along the length of this curved vale some two kilometres long one may contemplate the remains of glassmakers' kilns.

At the end of the 19th century the Ebre was navigable, and it was the scene of bustling life. All commercial exchanges took place on the river, furrowed by numerous sailing ships. Glassmakers from Venice settled in the village in the 17th century. Indeed, the finest Catalan glassware comes precisely from Almatret.

Josep Fenosa

Josep Fenosa had three sons. The eldest, Francisco, was Apel-les Fenosa's father. His second son, Josep, moved to Barcelona, where he frequented the conservatoire while earning his living as a cobbler. The youngest son, Anton, who developed a passion for photography at an early age, went to Argentina in search of fortune.

He returned a sick man to die in Almatret. Fenosa said he had been a victim of modern science, of X-rays to be precise. Phylloxera having brought ruin to the farming population, the brothers of Casilda Florensa — Apel·les's mother — also emigrated to Buenos Aires, where they founded their respective families.

Francisco Fenosa, Apel·les's father

Apel·les Fenosa described his father Francisco as “a green anarchist”. He was a vegetarian. Apel·les added that “Curiously enough, I too was a vegetarian until the age of twenty, and because of this I saw myself as different from the rest, as if I were a Mahometan.” Although he was an anarchist, like all Barcelonins Francisco had his three sons christened at Barcelona Cathedral.

Francisco departed very young from Almatret to try his luck in Barcelona. There he married Casilda Florensa and set up a tin-smith's at no. 213 Carrer Sicília, where his children were born.

Hard-working and ambitious, Francisco quickly prospered. He opened a vegetarian restaurant and a hotel at no. 25, La Rambla, beside the Boqueria market. Later he set up a blown glass and light bulb plant. The factory was to be inherited by his eldest son, Òscar, while the hotel-restaurant was for Apel·les.

Francisco also had healing powers. Whenever a member of the family fell ill, he was called; and he would depart immediately. When Apel·les contracted smallpox, his father treated him without recourse to medicine, and no traces of the disease were left on the young boy's face.

Apel·les Fenosa (1899–1988)

1899–1902

Apel·les Francisco Anton Fenosa was born on May 16 1899 at no. 213, Carrer Sicília, in Sant Martí de Provençals, still a semi-rural district of Barcelona. He was the youngest. His mother had become exhausted after the successive births of her three children: Òscar in 1897 (so named as a protest against the trial of Oscar Wilde), Palmira in 1898 (after the ruins of Palmyre, in Syria), and Apel·les in 1899 (in homage to the Catalan poet Apel·les Mestres).

Francisco put Apel·les out to nurse in Almatret, where he lived the first three years of his life. He was weaned at the same time as his foster brother, Sebastià Arbones, the son of his dida (wet-nurse) Teresa Arbones. Apel·les maintained a very close attachment to this family. He grew up in Almatret surrounded by his grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

1903–1904

When Apel·les was three years old, his father came to Almatret to fetch him and take him back to Barcelona, where he grew up beside the site of the Sagrada Família. His family have told me about his numerous escapades. At the end of the longest, after a search lasting three days he was eventually found in the port of Barcelona. Fascinated by the sailing vessels that came from Valencia and the Balearics loaded with oranges, he had survived thanks to the food given him by the sailors.

“I would have been four or five years old; I clearly recall how my mother used to take me in her arms; my mother’s hands were huge, since then I’ve judged the proportions of the world according to my own proportions. I can still see them, her hands, when they were before me; there’s no clearer proof of what I tell you: every living creature believes it’s the centre of the universe; they all share the same sensations.” (A. F.)

1905

Apel·les’s parents first sent him to a school near Carrer Sicília, where they lived. It is in this street that he would play with a little girl, Stella, in the holes dug into the ground by municipal workers in which to plant plane trees.

One evening Apel·les returned home from school in a shocking state, his clothes torn to shreds, though very proud of himself, because he had won a fight. His father beat him and said: “If you’d lost, I’d have beaten you even more. Remember that in life a man must never fight.”

When his parents later moved to the Ramblas, they enrolled Apel·les at the Escola Horaciana, on Carrer Governador (later Carrer del Carme), a mixed school that applied the Montessori method, which consisted of teaching through play. On the school shelves Fenosa discovered ancient Greek terracotta tanagras. His teacher — the geographer Pau Vila — took his classes on excursions outside Barcelona. The pupils studied plants, observed the sky, the stars and eclipses. Apel·les cherished a very vivid memory of the passage of Halley’s Comet in 1907.

Mercè Doñate writes in a recent article that “The training received at the Escola Horaciana contributed from the outset to forging some aspects of Fenosa’s character and, at the same time, provided him with a solid basis for his own artistic training. Horace’s formula, ‘learn through amusement’, which had inspired the pedagogue Pau Vila (1881–1980) to found in 1905 an experimental school, would

have influenced a form of teaching whose main principle was to transform the pupil into a reasonable, intelligent, practical being. This institution also instilled love of nature, of poetry, of music and of art into its pupils by organising excursions and visits to museums, artisans' studios and factories. The Escola Horaciana, of which Apel·les held very fond memories, first occupied an apartment on Carrer Governador, subsequently moving in 1911 to Carrer del Carme, to the premises of the Ateneu Enciclopèdic Popular, where it remained until it was closed at the end of the summer of 1912. The presence at the school between 1907 and 1910 of the painter and pedagogue Manuel Ainaud (1885–1932) as teacher of design, and his successor the journalist and art critic Romà Jori (1877–1921), further boosted the teaching of design and painting. By applying a method devised by Joaquín Torres García at the Mont d'Or School, these two teachers on the one hand confronted pupils with reality and on the other extended design to other school disciplines, such as geography, science and history. Thanks to the solid grounding he acquired in this school, Fenosa became sensitive to artistic questions and began a new phase in his personal development.”¹

In an interview with Nella Bielski, Apel·les spoke about his admiration for the poet Joan Maragall, who died in 1911, and recalls that on the day of his death national mourning was declared at the school, despite the fact that this was forbidden by the Spanish government.

1906–1913

At the age of seven, Apel·les fell seriously ill and was in a coma for three days. It was once again his father who took care of him and cured him. Doctor Philippe Raverdy, who would be his neurologist during the last twenty years of his life, wrote to me that “the left extra-pyramidal syndrome with predominance of trembling for which I treated Apel·les was the sequel to an encephalitis that dates from his childhood.”

He convalesced at Almatret, where he was bedridden for a long time. To amuse him, the village priest brought him a swallow attached to a long string. It may be at this time that he spent two weeks with his grandfather Fenosa at a place called Escambro, at quite some distance from the village. They lived in one of those round, dry-stone huts (called borges in Catalan) that may still be seen in the Mediterranean rural areas. Because his health continued to be fragile, his parents often sent him to spend time in Almatret. Here he became close friends with Víctor Viladrich, who was also a native of Almatret.

One day, at the Escola Horaciana, when Pau Vila asked his pupils what they wanted to be when they grew up, Apel·les replied “a sculptor”, which caused the mirth of the rest of the class, since his left hand trembled.

“My hand has always trembled, like now. At that time I was determined to become a sculptor. Maybe to spite destiny. Paul Éluard said that it was precisely because of these tremors that I made small, delicate objects.”²

Fenosa would have had to fight hard to overcome his tremors. Another struggle was that against the rights of the firstborn son, by which his father favoured the studies of his brother Òscar, whom he sent to the university. Apel·les, consequently, was entirely self-taught.

“I began to read avidly; but there are so many roads to take that the autodidact wastes much time without getting to the depths of anything. For example, I learnt three sonnets from Vita Nuova by heart. At that time I had also memorised, in French, four or five poems by Verlaine and Baudelaire. I had tried to do the same in English, but to no avail. And then there was also Omar Kayyam, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer . . . All this prevents you from having a serious outlook on life. No orthography, no physics, no chemistry . . . just a few lines, though very good ones, in my head; that’s something, though far from solid. But the value of poetry lies in the fact that it isn’t solid; you can’t earn a living from it”, declared A. F. in a film produced by Mario Antolín in 1980.

The family environment was decisive for the young Fenosa. Alongside literature, music was ever-present: Palmira studied piano throughout her life; his uncle Josep had taught Apel·les to play the guitar when he was in Almatret and one of his maternal aunts sang soprano in the Orfeó Català.

“I have always been surrounded by musicians; I have never been without music, it has been a formidable element in my life, and friends still play for me. I even learnt to play the guitar, which was a major feat considering my trembling hand. I played studies by Sors. My guitar broke seven years ago; I decided not to buy another one and to concentrate my efforts on sculpture.”³

He also had numerous friends in the music world: Víctor Viladrich, whom Fenosa said played the piano and the guitar like a god; the composers Déodat de Séverac and Fontbernard; Marthe Morère, a soprano at the Toulouse conservatoire; the dancers Niño de Cádiz

and Teresina Boronat; without overlooking Francis Poulenc, Salvador Bacarisse and Frederic Mompou.

“I have a passion for F. Sors. Sors suffered the same fate as Goya. He fought against Napoleon, and when the Spaniards won, they both left with the French. Sors is buried in Montmartre. Like Goya, his mistress was the Duchess of Alba, it’s fantastic. For me he’s one of the greatest musicians, greater than Albéniz, for sure, and God knows how great Albéniz was . . . He was great, a little better than Grieg, though not much. Sors trained at the Escolania de Montserrat. When he left, the monks gave him a gold coin, with which he bought a guitar. He had two enormous successes in Paris, two ballets. One of them was performed 135 times, the other 120. This is very important, and nobody talks about it any more, it is lost. Things are beautiful, but people forget, so much beauty has been lost all over the world, or nearly all over the world. I’ve never wanted a master to teach me the guitar, but this hasn’t worked. In the case of sculpture, it has, but for the guitar it was a catastrophe.”⁴

1913

At the age of fourteen, Apel·les learnt that his father had decided he should enter the hotel business. Apel·les refused: “I want to be a sculptor.” His father threw him out of the house. Apel·les went to the country. His mother sheltered him from paternal severity. She gave him the key to a room and helped him often. The refuge was tacitly accepted by his father.

“I began very young to live badly. When I told my father I wanted to be a sculptor, he showed me the door. I left home at the age of fourteen. I knew how to do absolutely nothing, I plunged into adventure, nothing was preconceived, but I lived. I lived badly, I was like a steam engine without coal, and I still don’t know how I managed to get by.”⁵

It was during this period that Fenosa went to see Gaudí to ask for his advice. He told the architect about the problems with his family and confided that his ambition was to be a sculptor.

“This was a moment of rebellion against my family, and things got so bad that I left home. I went to see Gaudí to ask his advice. He was marvellous, generous with his time, he stopped work for a whole afternoon to explain things to me. He told me that French art wasn’t as good as people made out. (This was the year that he saw the exhibition of the French Impressionists at the Salon des Indépendants in Barcelona.) He told me that my parents were

right, that what I must do was obey and nothing else, that men train step by step and birds learn to fly wingbeat by wingbeat, but that the effort was the same.”⁶

His life at the time was extremely precarious:

“At midday, everybody was eating, I was alone on a bench, my stomach empty, Nietzsche’s Zarathustra permanently under my arm. If someone put all the days on which I hadn’t eaten together, they would add up to three years.” (A. F.)

A great reader, he had instalments of the Avenç pocket collection, which he read avidly. “By dint of reading, all that stuck in my memory” (A. F.). It was by reading that he learnt foreign languages, French above all.

When Xavier Garcia went to El Vendrell to interview him, Fenosa said:

“One of the things that has most influenced me is the Sermon on the Mount. The story of the lily that does not weave, of the swallow that does not sow, but has enough to eat . . . this is what launched me into life.

A locomotive is not made to be stoked with coal, but to pull the whole train, and if it manages to do this without coal, so much the better. . . .”

Highly knowledgeable of the Bible, Fenosa would often quote from it when talking about artistic creation and sculpture: “It is written in Genesis that man was created by God and modelled from clay. That’s very important.”

In her aforementioned study, Mercè Doñate tells us that “In 1913 Fenosa enrolled at the Escola d’Arts i Oficis in the 5th district, at no. 3 Carrer de l’Om. At that time, the City Council of Barcelona had set up this school to supplement vocational training with a view to training specialists in construction, industry and the graphic arts. A small group of teachers attempted to slant their teaching so that the students could immediately apply their knowledge to their chosen trade. The overall absence of vocational training on the one hand and the absolute dedication of a highly qualified corpus of teachers on the other contributed to attracting to the school a number of students already endowed with artistic gifts, whom one of the drawing teachers, Francesc Labarta, oriented towards the fine arts. While at first the three courses that constituted the programme were common to all the students, they were soon divided into two sections: one of a technical-industrial nature and the other artistic. It was in this latter section that Fenosa received his training at the

same time as the painter Alfred Sisquella (a schoolmate at the Escola Horaciana), the sculptor Josep Granyer, the painter and art critic Joan Cortès i Vidal and the painter Joan Serra, among others.

The painter and designer Francesc Labarta (1883–1963) combined his own creative work with his devotion to art education. His concept of teaching contributed to the training of many Catalan artists. Throughout his career as an art teacher, he applied his own theories, possibly with excessive stringency, in his endeavour to foster spirit and enthusiasm. His programmes for and memories of the 5th-district school, still preserved today, reflect this. Thus stimulated, his above-mentioned students constituted the Evolutionists group in 1917. While Fenosa did not directly belong to the group, he participated on several occasions, out of comradeship more than anything, in the collective exhibitions organised by the Evolutionists between 1918 and 1932.

Labarta's daily design classes, in which he was assisted by Josep Pey, were divided into four levels, which were applied to each student, with a modulation that varied according to the direction that each student wanted his studies to take. From the outset each student was required to freely interpret organic forms to become initiated into the positions and dimensions of the models. He was then required to study the development and the movement of the models before transforming them into free arabesques. He then had to render objects in space according to the optical laws to finally create a composition by seeking equilibrium between the elements, either together or separately. He was also required to take scientific knowledge into account, placed in perspective with the rendering of form. While at the time most design teaching methods were based on abstraction and the isolation of the model, tackling all its complexity gradually from the simple to the complicated, Labarta, on the contrary, allowed his students to discover the qualities of the model, beginning with the most general elements to finish with the most specific. He thus sought to establish a correlation between the general and the specific. In this way, the sensitivity of the student, according to Labarta, became far removed from the exercise of systematic copying to attain freedom of interpretation of the complexity of forms. . . . Fenosa learnt how to apply the lessons of his master and to transform them plastically with great skill and sensitivity.”⁷

Fenosa attended the school until 1917–1918. He won a prize for a painting depicting a field of cabbages. From this period a single painting remained with his sister — a still life from 1918 — and a number of sketchbooks. Two of these sketchbooks are dated, one

1912–1916 and the other 1916–1920. In them, the same profile of a woman's head appears over forty times. According to the curator of the Design Section of the Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya (Barcelona), this woman is Juana Pacheco, Velázquez's wife. Later, early in the forties, another woman's head would feature heavily in Fenosa's work, in at least ten versions, a study of the angel in Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks*.

1914

When France sent out a call to foreign volunteers to defend the cause of freedom, Apel·les wanted to join the corps of Catalan volunteers. Turned down because of his youth, he was invited to return when he was eighteen. In 1917, he returned to the recruitment office, where he was told that no more volunteers were being recruited and that he had been very lucky, because none of the 20,000 Spanish volunteers who had been sent to the Arras front had come back alive.

Without actually being one, Fenosa lived the life of a student, for he continued to attend night school and the School of Arts and Crafts. He evoked the figure of Labarta with great enthusiasm. According to Apel·les, Labarta was a teacher with the gift for instilling his students with enthusiasm and gifted with a strong sense of narrative. Fenosa would often go to sketch at the zoo, particularly a black panther, because he could see its lines better. The animal came to recognise him and would rub against the bars of the cage like a cat when it saw him. Emboldened, one day Fenosa jumped over the protective barrier to stroke the panther. The animal immediately turned its back on Apel·les and urinated over him. He returned home on foot, too ashamed to take the tram.

During the period between 1960 and 1970, Fenosa would frequently refer back to his youth:

“Man does not realise what happens to him in his youth, although it is during this period that he finds himself. Youth is the decisive period in our lives. Everything is decided then. Among young people everything is still to be developed. Things do not come about suddenly, but progressively, like day after night. . . . The great law, the vital law: the world is moved by the conflict of generations. Sons destroy what the father has sown. There is an alternation between materialism and idealism. . . . Although I don't like bullfighting, there is a very beautiful moment when the torero passes his sword onto his youngest successor.”

1915–1916

In order to earn a little money Fenosa worked for an Italian plasterer. The workers sang awful songs. And as Fenosa did not sing with them, they went on strike to have him sacked.

“I belonged to the culture commission trade union. I don’t know whether they knew about it or not. I said nothing, I sang my songs and they sang theirs. In any case, they went on strike in order to have me sacked. The boss was forced to fire me and hire someone else in my place.” (A. F.)

When the union got wind of this, they demanded that Fenosa be reinstated, but Apel·les refused to take someone else’s place.

The sculptor Enric Casanovas helped him out by giving him small tasks to do. In exchange for this, he gave him a duro (5 pesetas) from time to time. When in February 1916 Casanovas won the competition organised in Figueres for the Monument to Narcís Monturiol — inventor of the first submarine, the *Ictineu* — the sculptor sent Apel·les to Figueres to execute the decorative motifs of two fish framing the medallion featuring Monturiol’s portrait.

Mercè Doñate tells us that “while at the school Fenosa had acquired considerable knowledge of artistic design, he learnt the technique — fundamental in sculpture — through work and practice. At the same time as his fellow student Granyer, he worked for a while at a plasterer’s studio and shortly afterwards, around 1916, he joined the studio of sculptor Enric Casanovas (1882–1948) as assistant.

Casanovas had entrusted his young assistant to execute the decorative motifs. Fenosa thus had the opportunity to put his theoretical knowledge into practice by depicting two fish, one on either side of the arch that framed Monturiol’s portrait. The stylised bodies of the fish that face each other are neither symmetrical nor identical. The prominent bones of the fins dominate the composition by completely filling the space and producing a highly successful visual effect.

The result corresponds perfectly to Labarta’s teachings and is the fruit of meticulous work. One of Fenosa’s still surviving sketchbooks contains a number of studies of fish. One of these, inscribed within a rectangular form, is undoubtedly a preparatory sketch for this work. These sketches reveal the importance that at the time Fenosa attached to this discipline as support for his sculpture. Later, when he had acquired a more complete sculptor’s training, drawing

ceased to be a complement to become another facet of his work in its own right.”⁸

1917

It was with his friends from the Escola d'Arts i Oficis that Fenosa participated in the activities of the Evolutionists group, created under the guidance of their teacher Francesc Labarta, as a resurgence of Noucentisme. Fenosa here once again came across the sculptors Josep Granyer and Joan Rebull and the painters Alfred Sisquella, Emili Bosc Roger, Rafael Benet, Francesc Domingo, Joan Serra, Josep Mompou, Luis Ferré and Joan Cortès i Vidal.

Regarding Noucentisme and Casanovas, Fenosa commented:

“One must understand the extraordinary force that sculpture had in Catalonia. When I was starting out, the Noucentistes prevailed, and I didn't want to break away from them. I appreciated their work, although

I felt that what they did was not lyrical enough. One day Casanovas went to Paris, and I was cruel enough to say that noucentista sculpture was a block, which was not a defect in itself. I had decided to do something that was not inside this block, something more explicit, more legible, made with the heart rather than with the hand, for me that is essential.”⁹

1918–1919

Fenosa decided to go to Madrid to meet up with his friend Víctor Viladrich, who was doing his military service there. As soon as he arrived, he visited the Prado. It was a paying day. He bought his ticket, which cost him one peseta, and spent the whole day there. The museum keepers, who could not understand why such a poor young man, in espadrilles, had not waited until the following day, when he could have entered free of charge, led him to the director's office and threatened to call the police. Since he knew nobody in Madrid, he could give no address. He was searched, but in his bag all they found was a flute, some bread and a number of dried figs. Finally realising that they had made a mistake, the keepers left him alone and Fenosa was able to take full advantage of his afternoon in the museum.

He found a job in a toy factory. Since the other workers found him so different from them, they went on strike to have him dismissed. The factory owner refused, but Apel·les left the factory in disgust and decided to return to Barcelona via Almatret. Since he did not have a penny to his name, he made the journey on foot. He went to

the National Library to plan his itinerary. He left Madrid with seven pesetas, which allowed him to take the tram to the terminus, and he then followed the railway lines to Guadalajara. Before reaching Alcalá de Henares, he knocked on the door of a crossing keeper to buy a morsel of bread. The father of the family impressed him by virtue of his build and words. He was a well-built man with a red beard. With him in the single room were his wife, four children and four old people. Boxes played the role of furniture. The man took the loaf of bread, cut it in half and said: "Brother, we don't sell bread, we give it".

Fenosa walked for a long time without sleeping, without even stopping, fear eating away his stomach, as the road stretched away before him. He fell in a faint. When he came to, he found himself beside a stream. He set off again, but as he was suffering from synovitis he covered only eight or ten kilometres a day. He came across a hawker who gave him advice for the rest of his journey and expounded his philosophy on how to achieve world peace. On his travels he was stung by a scorpion: the villagers took him in and cured him themselves after all their efforts to alert the doctor had proved fruitless.

Once in Barcelona, Fenosa found a job in the factory that had belonged to his father. There was a glass oven in which light bulbs were made, and he amused himself by blowing glass. He led a very dissolute life at the time: Òscar initiated him into the port brothels; they gambled and drank. Apel·les told Nella Bielski:

"We played baccarat. One Saturday my brother had given me all his housekeeping money; I had mine. I began to play and I lost all my money. And then I bet all his in one go. I had 4, they called me, they must have noticed I was desperate: the bank had 4, I had asked for 4 and the 9 came out. The bank had been wrong. I had won, but not as much as all that. I had won peace. When you win you win a little, but when you lose, you always lose a lot . . .

— Nella Bielski: How long did this life with your brother last?

— A. F.: A year. Then he went into the army, to do his military service. So I left."

Lluís Permanyer gathered the following magnificent account of Fenosa's adolescence from Josep Granyer: "I was twelve when I met Fenosa, at the dilapidated school run by Labarta. It was at this time that my friendship — and Fenosa's — began with Sisquella, Joan Serra and Cortès i Vidal. Fenosa was not only the most restless of all of us, he was also the most cultured; he was familiar with literature, music, history and politics; it was as if he knew

everything. He loved a good argument and he would discuss any subject with great aplomb and enviable self-assurance. When we had finished our studies at Labarta's school, Fenosa and I worked for a time at a plasterer's studio; the boss loved to talk politics. Fenosa would immediately put down what he was doing to engage impassionedly in the argument. When the boss saw that his arguments were refuted one after the other by this young man, he said in irritation: 'That's enough, finished, back to work!' Fenosa was a gay, optimistic character, he immediately won everybody's affection. He had many good friends."10

1920

By virtue of their political and anti-militarist convictions, Fenosa and Josep Granyer decided not to present themselves for military service and to depart for France. However, this decision produced a desperate reaction on the part of Granyer's father, who exerted terrible pressure on his son by banging his head against the wall. In solidarity with his friend, Apel-les accompanied Granyer to the barracks, believing that he would be rejected due to his trembling left hand. Unfortunately, however, it was thought that he was shamming, and he was recruited:

"The barracks were behind the Ciutadella Park. We had enrolled, but I couldn't stand either the filth or the smell from the kitchens. So I left Granyer and the barracks behind." (A. F.)

Thus Fenosa became a deserter. With his brother Òscar he decided to leave for France. Their parents gave them enough money for the journey and for the first days of their stay. They crossed the frontier at Bourg-Madame. The customs officer relieved them of the money they were carrying. They therefore sent a distress message to their parents, and at the post office they made the acquaintance of the two girls behind the counter. Apel-les recited some poems for them, for though he did not really speak French, he knew some of Verlaine's poems by heart. Discovered by the gendarmes, they were taken to the police station, where one of the constables found a letter of introduction that Casanovas had given Apel-les, addressed to a Russian sculptor who lived in Paris. The policeman deduced that the bearer, who had no identification papers, must be a Bolshevik. The two brothers were therefore sent back to Spain. But the post-office girls alerted their parents and the mayor sent a vehicle to Puigcerdà to fetch them. "The return to France was triumphal", Fenosa recalls.

The police eventually turned a blind eye, but the brothers were engaged as forced labour to build a railway bridge at Mérins. Fenosa was thus breaking rocks for fifteen days, until he eventually managed to escape. He reached Toulouse, where he obtained a residence permit and work as a plasterer's retoucher. "I must have repaired at least ten thousand Virgins of Lourdes", said Fenosa.

For the Catalans, Toulouse is Catalan, for intense cultural exchanges took place between the French city and Barcelona. Fenosa soon made friends there, among them Fontbernat, who was in charge of a choir that sang Provençal and Catalan songs. He also made friends with Déodat de Séverac, who introduced him to the animal sculptor Jean Pavie.¹¹ It was in the studio of this Toulouse artist that Fenosa met Marthe Morère, who was studying singing at the conservatoire at the time. He fell hopelessly in love.

"Having been in Toulouse for nine months, I felt I'd better go to Paris, but I didn't have a sou. It was Pavie who gave me 200 francs for the journey. I was determined to be a sculptor. It was in Toulouse that without realising it, my hands had transformed a small piece of clay into a sculpture, a woman."¹² (A. F.)

In 1972, in an interview with Nella Bielski, Fenosa had the following to say about that first statuette made in Toulouse:

"I made a statuette like the ones I still make now, but it's disappeared from my memory. Even so, it would by no means be out of place among the ones I made last year, or this year, or five years ago. A bit more classical, perhaps."

Nella Bielski: "Can you tell me what it consisted of?"

A. F.: "Of using as little material as possible. That is, suggesting plenitude with the minimum of means, for what we must do is suggest things . . ."

Nella Bielski: "And did you have an idea beforehand, before starting work, did you have any kind of project?"

A. F.: "Yes, before I had the same idea as all my sculptor friends. You have ideas in common, you look for your own niche. It isn't oneself but the group that works. The group of your friends and what you've all done. Now I'm all alone, I'm myself, I'm not concerned with anyone else. This isn't a voluntary gesture, and when I think of something, it never comes out right. For example, this drawing was of a singer, I had the idea of a singer, but of the entire series of drawings I made, none was right. It was when I decided to give up that suddenly the drawing came out all by itself."

1921

On January 1, Fenosa reached the Gare d'Orsay, in Paris, in a blizzard. He had 80 francs in his pocket and knew nobody except the painter Pere Pruna, who was staying at the Hôtel d'Alsace. He stopped a cab and told the driver to take him there. As Apelles did not know the exact address, they went to all the hotels of that name, without finding the right one. The 80 francs had vanished into thin air. Desperate, Fenosa found a refuge on rue de l'Arrivé, near the Gare Montparnasse. The following day he went to the Louvre: "Everything interested me; I visited everything in the museum. My favourite exhibits were Greek and Egyptian art." (A. F.)

A strange thing happened to him: in Toulouse the sculptor Jean Pavie had given him a letter of recommendation for Bourdelle. Fenosa went to see him one Thursday afternoon — the day he received visitors — only to find that he had lost the letter of introduction. The following Sunday, Fenosa returned to the Louvre, and as he was contemplating two Egyptian falcons, someone tapped him on the shoulder: Bourdelle had recognised him and told him he had found Pavie's lost letter. The letter must have fallen out of Fenosa's pocket. Bourdelle had picked it up from the floor in front of the two falcons. Apelles felt that such a story should have sealed their friendship. However, he never saw Bourdelle again; indeed, he thought little of his sculpture, which he regarded as too decorative and grandiloquent. According to him, art should never be grandiloquent.

Fenosa found a job at the studio of Italian moulders on rue Racine, where his task was to touch up moulds of copies of tanagra figurines and ancient sculptures. These artisans were very understanding and acted more like friends than employers. The boss even allowed him to take days off to visit museums. Fenosa said that he was born not to work but "to look at things".

Before he eventually found Pruna, quite some time later and by chance, one evening, at La Rotonde, Fenosa lived in desperation, aware that he was nothing more than a foreigner far from his homeland, a defaulter, a sculptor without an oeuvre, a young man who had left his love behind in Toulouse. He attempted to commit suicide, by cutting his left wrist with a razor. Penniless, he wrote to his friend Víctor Viladrich, who was studying medicine in Barcelona at the time, asking him for help. Viladrich sold all his possessions and sent the money to Fenosa.

"I was desperate, without friends and without money. It is difficult to understand what it means to be without a sou. I remember that once, in Barcelona, Sisquella lent me five cents; shortly

afterwards, he asked me for them back. Imagine what it means to need five cents. It's a terrible situation to find yourself in."13

"One of the most important periods in my life was 1921, when I arrived in Paris and met up again with my friend Pruna. It was thanks to him that I met Picasso", he recalls.

1922

His re-encounter with Pruna was his salvation. Pruna was indeed staying at the Hôtel d'Alsace, at no. 14, rue des Cannettes, and Fenosa moved into a hotel nearby, run by Proust's former domestics: his maidservant Céleste and his driver Odilon Albaret. They took kindly to Fenosa, did not press him for payment of the room and even lent him money from time to time.

"Pruna was rotten with talent. He had a great sense of beauty and extraordinary skill as a draughtsman. My re-encounter with him saved my life in such an inhospitable city."14

1923

Fenosa often recalls the day he met Picasso:

"One day, Pruna introduced me to Picasso. That day was very important. At that time, I must confess, I was not particularly interested in his work, which I found too avant-garde. What's more, I wasn't a painter. There was an insuperable barrier between us."

"I might have died without having done anything. If I'm alive, it's thanks to Picasso. When I was a young man, my hand trembled, I was not in good health. I hadn't studied at the Llotja, the school of fine arts. Later, in Paris, I was neither a Jew, nor a homosexual, nor a freemason, nor a Spaniard. I was just a Catalan exile in disaccord with the government of my country. It's almost a miracle that I survived such adverse circumstances. Everything began for me with Picasso when he gave me his encouragement in 1923. Pere Pruna took me to meet him. Picasso showed us a canvas in which he had painted a white line, representing three women, on a dark grey, almost black, background. They were wonderful, divine! And when Picasso saw our enraptured, almost stupefied reaction, he made a dancer's pirouette on his heel and said: 'if that doesn't please you, I don't know what else I can do'. While we were with Picasso, he took Pruna to one side and they spoke for a moment. Then Picasso asked me: 'Do you have any sculptures?' I replied that I did, that my house was crammed with them. The truth is, though, that I had none. 'Then bring them,' he said. As we were walking down the stairs, Pruna said, 'Listen, Picasso told me

that he's very interested in you.' So I set to work with a will and one month later I took him four small pieces. Picasso contemplated them for half an hour. I didn't know if I was in purgatory, in hell, or worse. An infinity of thoughts can pass through your mind in half an hour! I waited, I waited endlessly. At last he turned to me and said: 'Have you seen the dealer yet?' I told him I had, that he had praised them highly, and he replied: 'What you need is money, not praise'. He gave me four hundred francs and said: 'Come back tomorrow, I'll have sold your sculptures by then.' This was the first money I'd earned from my work! Money I spent entirely with Pruna: it was the eve of St. Peter's Day and Pruna's Christian name was Peter . . . This is how my story began. I signed a contract with the dealer, and never looked back."¹⁵

Fenosa was far from thrifty: if he sold a sculpture in the morning, by the evening he would have spent all the proceeds. He said that in his life things would be put in order and then immediately fall into disorder, because he was too much of a spendthrift.

Having touched Picasso's money, and having spent it all with Pruna, Fenosa fell back into abject poverty. He then secured a job as a mason's labourer. When one evening he returned exhausted to his hotel, he found telegrams from André Level — one of the dealers for the Galerie Percier — who had been looking for him because the founder had just brought the bronze casts of his statues that a collector had purchased to the gallery. Fenosa still believes that, through Picasso, they had been bought by an American journalist, since soon afterwards a full-page article devoted to Fenosa appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

"I didn't begin to work in earnest until Picasso bought my first sculptures. Before that, I'd been a complete idler. I was incapable of doing anything: not only couldn't I lift a finger, I was also overcome by mental laziness and, worse still, I was a spendthrift. If it hadn't been for Picasso, I would never have done anything. He was the most intelligent man in the world. He bought all my work, he came to possess 120 of my sculptures. Without Picasso, I'd be dead, because since I was a spendthrift, money burnt a hole in my pocket."¹⁶

When Picasso had asked Fenosa to bring him his sculptures, Fenosa lived at no. 23, rue Oberkampf, in the 11th Arrondissement. Fenosa kept his modelling clay in an ice box and, in order for the material to remain malleable, he moistened it every evening and

covered it with damp linen. The wood swelled with the damp and the box eventually exploded like a bomb.

Fenosa described his fear of materialising everything that his mind conceived:

“I was afraid to imagine that as my fingers modelled, I would be unable to render the forms I saw in my mind. . . . This really made me suffer. . . . When things didn’t work, I would go and stroll in the nearest garden, in the Père Lachaise. Although the cemetery is a very pretty place, it is hardly inspiring. . . . That was horrible, a horrible month, during which I made four clay sculptures that Pruna and I took to Picasso like packaged cakes. Picasso was the only hope, the only door, but I didn’t realise this at the time.”

“I could write a book about Picasso’s generosity. It is thanks to him that I was born. I owe everything to him,” he would often say. Picasso called him “my son of an unknown mother”.

In 1972, Nella Bielski asked Fenosa if he was given to work:

A. F.: “I never worked.”

Nella Bielski: “What?”

A. F.: “I never worked. It was impossible for me to work because I spent my time thinking about Praxiteles. Until I was forty, I wanted to be Praxiteles. That was what I loved, maybe I was wrong, but that wasn’t my fault. And when I gave Praxiteles up, things started to go better.”

It was about this time that Fenosa developed a passion for San Juan de la Cruz. He bought a rare, highly expensive edition of his poetry and sent it to Marthe Morère in Toulouse. Later, when he had been received by her parents, among the scores he saw his San Juan de la Cruz with the pages still uncut. He fell into a fit of rage, tore the book up and stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind him. Later they became reconciled again.

1924

Fenosa’s first sculpture exhibition took place from March 1 to 22 at the Galerie Percier, at no. 38 rue de La Boétie — not far from Picasso’s studio at no. 23 —, for which Max Jacob wrote the foreword. In a series of interviews by Lluís Permanyer for *La Vanguardia*,¹⁷ Fenosa spoke about this period:

“I exhibited with Pere Pruna at the Galerie Percier. I presented about fifteen pieces, among which were the four that Picasso had managed to sell to Level. Max Jacob wrote the foreword to the catalogue. He was an extraordinary individual. I held great

admiration for him, not only as a creator but also as a man. It is entirely impossible to describe the spirit that moved him. I remember that one day, for a group of friends, he took a chair and engaged in a dialogue with it, which must have lasted a good half hour. Yes, I say a dialogue, because he performed this bizarre number with such inimitable charm that it seemed the chair really was talking to him. I must confess that at the time of the exhibition, Pruna gave me something of a complex. He was a giant, while I was nothing more than a dwarf in comparison. Pruna surpassed me in everything, working, drinking, laughing . . . My sculptures were selling quite well, and Level took me under his wing. Thanks to the contract I signed with Level (150 francs a week) I was able to quit my job as a plasterer and live more comfortably. I continued to live at the hotel. I spent my spare time with the sculptor Vives, the painters F. Renom and C. Lagar, the composer F. Mompou and above all with Pruna. Rather than being true bohemians, for us it was a matter of talking, dreaming, doing great things while in actual fact we did nothing. . . .”

One day Fenosa lost the cheque for 150 francs that the gallery had paid him. He took the metro to go and see Level and, while climbing the stairs at the Miromesnil station, he saw a small, flat packet on the ground. He picked it up, and inside he found 150 francs torn into small pieces. It was as if the story of the letter he lost at the Louvre was repeating itself . . . Fenosa would say that his life was full of miracles, although he never benefitted from any of them.

“Picasso told me, ‘Now you’re a sculptor’. So it was time to get down to work, which I did. The problems I faced revolved around the definition given by Bergson: ‘La création c’est d’aller en se limitant’. Thought always differs from reality. And you also have to add a further difficulty, the hostility of matter. I’ve never managed to begin working on the basis of a preconceived idea, I’ve always had to directly confront clay; as from here, the same adventure begins and I never know how it will end.” (A. F.)

“It’s by working with iron that you become a blacksmith. Things happen by chance, but when they happen you have to know how to grasp them, bring the task to a successful conclusion. Picasso once told me: ‘Work, you can think afterwards. You make sculpture by working, but you must never work too much. The important thing is to know when to stop in time’.” (A. F.)

It was at this time that Picasso commissioned Fenosa to sculpt the head of his wife, Olga Kokhlova. "What was she like?", Nella Bielski asked him in 1972. Fenosa replied:

"She was very pretty. But you got the impression that there was no understanding between them, only with their children. He had enough trouble understanding himself. He was the big problem. Picasso suffered from his own personality like someone else would suffer from cancer, it was terrible to be Picasso. The head I was making didn't work out, but Picasso had begun to make busts on a sculptor's stool, and that served as the inspiration for a great number of paintings."

After the exhibition at the Galerie Percier, Fenosa went back from time to time to Toulouse and to Castelnau-Magnoac to be with Marthe Morère. She had a Spanish girl friend who was studying chemistry at the university with the bibliophile Jacques Guérin. Marthe showed Guérin the Galerie Percier catalogue with the foreword by Max Jacob; this marked the beginning of a long friendship between Fenosa and Guérin, who would become one of the major collectors of his work.

When Fenosa returned to Paris and told Picasso about his recent friendship with Guérin, at whose house he had been invited to take tea, Picasso said: "The next time you're invited, when they ask you if you want tea, answer 'no thanks'; 'coffee'? 'No thanks'; 'whisky?' 'No thanks', and so on. 'Then what would you like?' 'A banana.' They'll bring you a banana on a plate, cut yourself a small slice, leave the rest on the plate and ask for the change." Picasso was referring to the fact that the Monteux-Guérin family grew bananas in greenhouses and sold them at exorbitant prices.

Shortly afterwards, Fenosa went to Toulouse once again. Everything went wrong. One morning, in despair, he headed off for the Garonne intending to throw himself in. On the way, he met two very elegant young men, dressed in white and sporting splendid Panama hats. As they passed each other by, Jacques Guérin turned around, recognised him, raised his hand and shouted "Fenosa!" In this way he saved his life and bought the first sculpture of his collection.

When he learnt that Picasso had given him money, Cocteau told Fenosa: "He's given you his heart". Regarding Cocteau's sessions as a sitter, Apel-les recalled:

"One day, as I was sculpting his portrait, he remarked upon my state of melancholy. I don't remember why I was downhearted, youth always has its problems. He asked: 'Why are you so sad?'"

Yours is the finest métier in the world. Music is like a whore: you are lying in your room, she comes; you are standing, she comes again; she always comes. Poetry is another matter, you have to take it by the hand, like you carry a book in your hand. Painting is a married woman, you have to remain upright. Sculpture is your fiancée, you have to move around her. She's divine.' Cocteau had such ideas, you couldn't say poetic, no, but they were good, the image is a good one."

1925

At Castelnau-Magnoac, Fenosa lived in a house that Marthe Morère's family had lent him. He stayed there for three months, during which he worked very hard. He did many portraits of cousins or of the children of friends of the family, a few statuettes, and a life-size sculpture . . . This latter piece was of a man with three legs, one head, and with both male and female genitals. Nella Bielski asked him what this unusual piece represented for him:

"I worked very hard during this period. I was well disposed towards work. I wanted to be à la page. I sought originality. I wanted to make a coup! It was the usual stupidity." (A. F.)

From Toulouse, (1, rue Cantagril), Fenosa wrote to Picasso on April 4 1925: "I've made a piece in cardboard, it's drying, it's very difficult to join the two halves of the mould, but this is my first attempt. . . ." At this time, Fenosa produced a number of painted cardboard heads, only one of which has come down to us, that of Philippe d'Espouy — one of young Victor Lartigue's friends — which Fenosa had given to his friend, the sculptor Shimizu, and which we found during our sojourn in Tokyo in 1966.

1926

"One day, when I was 25, I was in Picasso's studio, and he said to me: 'Come every morning, I'll teach you to paint, you'll sell as much as you like, but with sculpture you'll never earn a living.' I answered: 'If ever I change my métier to earn money, I'll become a banker.' It was a stupid reply, because I've been through very hard times, because you need money to work, but I've always had an entourage of friends who have supported me. And that wasn't easy, first because I'm a foreigner and, moreover, against the government of my country. I dislike dealers, I'm against practically the entire universe. All that makes for a suffocating atmosphere, very difficult to breathe. Furthermore, my left hand has always trembled, which is a great drawback for a sculptor. I was greatly

handicapped. If you placed all these contrary elements end to end, they'd make the Great Wall of China, almost insuperable obstacles. It was my nature to be alone. I believe that the artist must do what he believes in, he must never follow the trends of his time. On the contrary, he must create his time, that's his mission. When one is sincere, one is always slightly different from the rest: personality is not the qualities but the defects of an individual. Work is noxious because it is obstinacy, a duty. You can't give what you haven't got. There are those who hide in work, but the true artist produces naturally, like pear trees make pears. And in the last instance, there isn't much difference between a pear tree and an apple tree. You mustn't search. When artists search, they've lost their reason for living.”¹⁸

In February 1968, on the occasion of an exhibition in Rabat, a journalist asked him if creation is suffering or liberation. Fenosa replied:

“I don't suffer, I try to make a locomotive run without coal, which is very difficult, but it can work. Humanity is divided into two: those who seek and those who find, and they're not the same. In life, one finds, one doesn't seek. Do you look for air in order to breathe? No, you find it. When one seeks, one has lost the meaning of one's existence. What brings me close to Picasso is the fact that we don't seek, we find. All arts have been modern in their times, you don't need to concern yourself with that. One day, Manolo said to Picasso: 'You can do what you like, but you'll never prevent me from being your contemporary'. All you can do is fight for beauty, that's why we're artists.”

Fenosa was interested only in the sculpture he would make the following day. He was completely indifferent to what he had accomplished, which on the one hand explains the fact that over half his oeuvre has been lost, and on the other the destruction of the pieces in his studio at moments of despair. One day, in one of these moods, he destroyed all the works in his room. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door to deliver an express letter from Jules Supervielle, telling him that the following day he would be coming with a great Argentine collector, Adam Disle, who wanted to buy a sculpture from him. Fenosa arranged the fragments of the broken statues in little heaps to try to reconstruct something the next day. As soon as the fragments began to take shape, a kitten he had rescued jumped onto the piece and scattered the fragments once again . . . The following day, Adam Disle bought two sculptures from him.

1927

The son-in-law of Théodor Haviland, director of the porcelain factory that bears his name, Laurens d'Albis, was walking past the Galerie Percier when he saw the head of Marthe Morère in the display window. He entered the establishment and bought the sculpture. A short time afterwards, Léopold Zborowski (1882–1939), a Polish dealer who had been living on rue de Seine since 1916 and whose gallery exhibited the works of Soutine and Modigliani, proposed that Fenosa hold an exhibition (which would take place in 1928). Fenosa wrote to Limoges asking Laurens and Renée d'Albis to lend him the sculpture for the show. The d'Albis invited him to come and fetch it. At that time they lived on rue Croix Mandonneaud. From this first sojourn in Limoges dates a great, long-lasting friendship with them and their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and relatives: the Waplers, Winklers, de Luzes, de Pourtalès, Mallets, Fandres, Monods and many of their friends.

Théodor Haviland's granddaughter on her mother's side, Mary de Luze recalls her first meeting with Fenosa. He was teaching Julie d'Albis, Laurens and Renée's daughter, to model animals. Fenosa spoke to me often of the extraordinary apparition of a big blonde girl entering the room where he and Julie were. It was in this room that he sculpted the portrait of Mary standing, which no longer exists, most probably because the clay was too moist and collapsed. The posing sessions were punctuated with impassioned recitals from Dante's *Vita Nuova*. When Fenosa returned to France in 1939, Mary de Luze had married Robert Mallet. They lent him a studio at 11 bis, rue des Réservoirs, in Versailles, the large bay windows of which overlook the Bassin de Neptune. It was here that Fenosa made the large head of Mary.

1928

In 1928 and 1929 Fenosa lived at the Hôtel de France, rue Vandame, in the 14th Arrondissement. It was from his hotel room that in 1929 he departed for Barcelona, intending to spend only a few days there — the duration of the exhibition at the Sala Parés, which was to take place at the end of the year. He therefore left at the hotel all his personal effects and his works from his Paris years. Receiving no further news from him, the hoteliers sold everything to dealers in curiosities.

Between July 7 and 25 1928, Fenosa's first one-man show at Galerie Zborowski was held. For the occasion, Max Jacob wrote a second preface, which Fenosa sent to Zborowski, who mislaid it. It has never been found again. Fenosa exhibited several portraits,

including the marble of Pilar Supervielle, and those of Xavier Briant, Teresina Boronat — the Catalan ballerina —, Jean Cocteau, Marthe Morère and her sister, Lucienne Lartigue, along with other, unidentified heads, almost all of them in stone.

Taken by Picasso to the Galerie Percier in 1924, Cocteau asked Fenosa to sculpt his head, which he did in 1926 at the poet's mother's house on rue d'Anjou. Apelles borrowed it for the Zborowski exhibition, and then in 1930 for the exhibition at the Sala Parés, in Barcelona. Although it figured in the catalogue, it was lost for reasons unknown. Having returned to Paris in 1939, Apelles executed two new, successive portraits of Cocteau.

1929

Fenosa arrived in Barcelona, intending to stay only a few days and to return to Paris as soon as his exhibition at the Sala Parés had opened. However, his sculptures were held at the frontier by the Spanish customs. After waiting six months, he had to go and get them out of pound himself. In a letter to Picasso, Fenosa wrote in 1929: "I don't want to stay in Barcelona". And in the daily *El Matí* (February 8 1930), he declared to the journalist Pere Prat:

"I'm anxious to rejoin the Parisian movement, to re-establish contact with dealers. In a word, this is not to earn a lot of money but to make a name for myself internationally."

The Sala Parés exhibition was therefore postponed, and finally took place between May 24 and June 6 1930. Regarding this, the sculptor Josep Granyer told Lluís Permanyer: "The three exhibitions he (Fenosa) held at the Sala Parés were explosive, by virtue not only of the sculptor himself, a man who did not seem to possess the physical aptitudes of a sculptor (I refer to his trembling left hand), but also of his powerful artist's personality, and of the breath of fresh air he brought to sculpture."¹⁹

This exhibition was a great success: the critics praised it highly, Fenosa sold a substantial number of pieces and he signed a contract with the dealer Joan Anton Maragall. All of which hindered his return to France. Barcelona life, his pleasure on returning to his own country, his re-encounters with family and friends monopolised his time. On the other hand, officially regarded as a deserter, he had crossed the frontier "like a rabbit", without papers, and it would be difficult for him to cross back into the neighbouring country. Without a sou and drunk, he gave himself in to a policeman — at that time, anyone who handed in a deserter would be given a reward — and

offered to share the money with him. The policeman simply told him to move along.

On his arrival in Barcelona, Fenosa stayed for a while at his relatives' home in La Floresta. Much younger than him, his cousins Amèlia and Pepita — the daughters of Casilda's sister — recall that he worked in a hut on a plot of land belonging to their father. Here he executed, among other pieces, a statue of the Sacré-Cœur with which he hoped, in vain, to win a liturgical art contest, the first prize for which was 10,000 pesetas.

“Architecture is an applied art and sculpture is pure art. If the house is for man, sculpture is man. For me, architecture is sculpture's cage, its ornament, because it is sculpture that truly persists, it is the bone structure of civilisation: the bones are what remain.”²⁰

This he would later summarise in a single phrase: “Sculpture is the bone structure of civilisations.”

1930

Fenosa moved into no. 5, Carrer Gimnàs, Josep Granyer's home, the latter having departed for Paris, and worked until 1935 at marble cutter Villanueva's studio on Carrer Floridablanca. Here he produced the four versions of *La République*, numerous heads in marble and stone, and a number of reliefs.

In Paris, during the twenties, Fenosa had met one of the Catalan poet Joan Maragall's thirteen children, the sculptor Ernest Maragall. When Apel·les returned to Barcelona in 1929, Ernest invited him to the family home in Sant Gervasi. The youngest of the children, Jordi, who would have been around fifteen at the time, remembers Fenosa as follows: “. . . For me he was the quintessence of audacity, sharpness, an artist who led a life of freedom, always short of money but nonetheless vital, ironic, an adventurer of positive adventures, which he would recount with admirable flippancy. When he appeared, it was as if a succulent dish had been placed on the table before us. What we all felt for him was a mixture of admiration and envy.”²¹

In June 1975, Maria Lluïsa Borràs asked Fenosa:

“How long did you stay in Barcelona?”

“Until the Second Republic. I exhibited in Barcelona in 1930 at the Sala Parés and the days I spent in this city were filled with hope. Enthusiasm was everywhere. I had art-nouveau friends who made a lot of noise, not for the sake of it but for a reason, which is far from common.”

In 1930 or 1931, Fenosa made a film in Barcelona. The protagonist was a poet, played by the painter Commeleran, a friend of Fenosa's. Later Apel·les would often tell me about the scene shot on the Rambla: the poet, walking backwards, took out a dove from inside his jacket and set it free; then he put his hand in his pocket, took out a pearl necklace and dropped it into the gutter . . . During the projection, the people walked backwards and laughed: the poet continued walking, the dove came to perch on his hand and the necklace returned to his pocket. The film had been conceived as a metaphor of the artist who advances amidst the incomprehension of his contemporaries:

“There's an axiom that says that nothing an author achieves in his own lifetime lasts. If you take a step forward you're alone, the mass remains behind, you have to have the courage to be yourself. The artist must influence his period and not vice-versa; the artist is always one step ahead, we're the ones who make the future, the rest can't follow us, it's a curse, we're misunderstood.” (A.E.)

1931

The proclamation of the Republic, on April 14 1931, aroused Fenosa's unbounded enthusiasm. He participated actively in the artistic and social ferment in Catalonia with the friends he had rejoined in 1929: Josep Granyer, Sisquellas, Rafael Benet, Jaume Mercader (a painter and great collector of works by Fenosa), Manuel Humbert, Joan Serra and Ernest Maragall. He met up again with Montserrat Fargues, with whom he lived until his return to France.

“We Catalans understand the meaning of friendship, of lending a hand, as do all oppressed peoples. This explains why Pruna introduced me to Picasso and why Picasso helped me. The French say parler, we Catalans say enraonar, which literally means 'to reason', in French, raisonner. This is our characteristic, we get together often to reach agreements, we are in the habit of discussing things, of expounding our opinions, of trying to persuade or be persuaded. It's in our blood. There's a Catalan saying that goes: 'Entre tots ho farem tot' (Together we'll do everything).” (A. F.)

1932

In his interviews with Maria Lluïsa Borràs²² and Lluís Permanyer²³, Fenosa had the following to say:

“I went to see Ventura Gassol²⁴ and I told him: “Catalan sculpture is the best in the world and Manolo is one of the best Catalan sculptors. If you give him eighteen thousand pesetas a year (a lot of money in those days), we sculptors will give him two thousand more to set up a terracotta manufacture. And it was done, at that time when everything was possible. My idea was that we sculptors should work together as a group and that the Generalitat should commission us to do official monuments and gifts for dignitaries both at home and abroad. This project and many others came to nothing because war broke out. July 18 took me by surprise. I was stunned, it seemed impossible. I couldn’t believe it, and yet . . .”

1933

When Picasso came to Barcelona, he visited Fenosa at no. 6, Carrer del Vidre. He bought a sculpture from him, *Femme main droite sur la tête*, 140 cm high, which had been exhibited at the Sala Parés in 1930. On March 11 1934, Fenosa wrote to Picasso, saying that the sculpture was being baked. He thought that he could send it to him soon — although in the end he did not send it off — and thanked him for the drawing that he had offered him. Fenosa enclosed the catalogues for his two last one-man shows at the Sala Parés. He also mentioned that he was working on a *République*, and expressed his desire to return to Paris.

In 1980, regarding the *République*, I mentioned that:

“I didn’t know you’d made a *République*.”

“Not one, but four.”

Two of these were exhibited at the Sala Parés. The cultural attaché at the Barcelona City Hall, Joaquim Ventalló, bought one. Under the Republic, this sculpture was erected in Berga, in a school for needy children. After Franco’s troops had occupied Catalonia, they converted the school into a barracks. The sculpture disappeared, as did the three remaining *Républiques*, along with everything Apel·les possessed: his sculptural work from the period 1929–1939, his drawings, the paintings from his childhood and youth, a portrait of his mother, the *Phénix* from 1935 . . .

One of Fenosa’s cousins, Carlota Rotger — who had always been very close to Palmira, Apel·les’s sister — to whom I expressed my astonishment that nothing remained of his work from the ten years during which he lived in Barcelona, despite the fact that he had always lived surrounded by women, such as his mother and his sister, told me that when Apel·les left for France in 1939, his mother had put all he possessed in a room in the family home in

La Floresta. On the death of Apel·les's father, in 1939, she went to live with her daughter and put up the house for rent, except for Apel·les's studio, which she locked. The tenant committed a host of atrocities, did not pay the rent and devastated the house, including the contents of that room.

That year, 1933, Fenosa did the portraits of two children — Lluís and Margarita Pujol Plans — that would be exhibited at the Sala Parés in 1936. The head of Lluís and two other sculptures would be sent to Venice, to the Spanish Pavilion at the 20th International Art Biennial. Mercè Doñate, told me that Fenosa's portrait of Lluís Pujol Plans had won a prize.

1934

Fenosa sculpted the head of Jordi Mercader, son of his friend Jaume. It was exhibited at the Spring Salon, along with the Tête de la fille de Daniel Huch, of which all we have is the reproduction in Rafael Benet's book on modern and contemporary sculpture.²⁵ Flora would be acquired by the City Council of Barcelona from the Salon d'Automne, where it was exhibited in 1938.

1935

Phénix was exhibited at the Spring Salon of Barcelona. All we have of this work is the reproduction published in the review Art (no. 9, June 1935). Never having been purchased, it was probably destroyed in the room in the La Floresta house.

1936

Franco's uprising on July 18 took Fenosa by surprise. From the first riot in Barcelona, he was immediately opposed to the plundering of churches. He was at the Ateneu — a Barcelona scientific and literary association —, where he was in the habit of meeting his painter and sculptor friends every day, on July 19, when everyone heard the shouts of a riot. They rushed to the nearby church of Santa Maria del Pi and saved six paintings by Jaume Huguet. Then they went immediately to the Generalitat. Josep Granyer recalls: "Fenosa decided that we must present ourselves immediately at the Generalitat and offer our services to safeguard the artistic heritage. We were well received, although we were told that as private individuals we would encounter difficulties in carrying out this task. They suggested that we form an artists' syndicate, which we did. Its headquarters were at a private hotel on the corner of Passeig de Gràcia and Carrer Diputació. I remember that we saved many works

from the churches of Santa Anna and El Pi. Then Fenosa went to the front to continue the task there.”²⁶

The Generalitat put a lorry at Fenosa’s disposal, a driver, a soldier and a gun. He scoured Catalonia and Aragon, often with his cousin Ramon Fenosa, and saved many masterpieces from the fire, sometimes by a hair’s breadth.

In the weekly *Mirador*,²⁷ the journalist Roe published an interview with Fenosa, entitled “Catalunya ha salvat”, with the subtitle “La noble tasca” in reference to Fenosa’s feats:

“ . . . We attempted to save the artistic treasures of Huesca and Saragossa, to remedy as far as we could the destruction caused by war and revolution. We tried to save them and then, once the war was over, gave them back, having carried out the necessary restoration operations, to the people of Aragon as a tribute, as a token of fraternity and solidarity on the part of the Catalan people’, said the sculptor Apel·les Fenosa, a militiaman from Catalonia, a valiant fighter for our cause, who has saved a huge artistic treasure in the province of Huesca. . . .”

Improvised and far from skilful porters helped him unload the lorry carrying the works. Fenosa recalls his odyssey:

“It was a thankless task that the people did not understand. One day they’ll mistake me for a thief, a pillager, and they’ll kill me’. A thankless task because of those who having refused to lift a finger to save these treasures, once it was saved treated him like a thief, a vampire of the people.

I received a letter, he told me, from an individual who accused us Catalans of taking advantage of the situation to plunder a people that do not know what they possess. He described us as Phoenicians, as pirates of art, and a host of other things. There are many people like the author of that letter. But they have done nothing to help us, nothing to save anything. They are the eternal critics, incapable, through lethargy, of undertaking this task themselves.

— In Grañén we arrived just as they were sharing out the pieces of a magnificent altarpiece for firewood. Piece by piece we reconstructed it as far as we could. But the most beautiful, the most precious, was lost forever.

— In Lanaja the wind had already blown away the cinders of a major treasure, a treasure known throughout the entire world. All we managed to save were two very good altarpieces from the early 15th century. I know that history will thank me for the trials and tribulations I went through to save them.

— In Tardienta, Shum saved a number of pieces and they almost shot him. They simply didn't understand.

— In Pallaruelo de Monegros I arrived at midday in an ambulance. While lots of people drove around in cars to show off, we, who were saving millions and millions, couldn't even find one. I found a superb, ten-metre high altarpiece that they were taking apart in the Committee yard. They wanted to turn it into firewood for the winter! After ferocious arguments and after they'd called me everything under the sun, including fascist, I managed to get three pieces into the church. The Committee promised they'd take care of the rest while I went to look for some means of transport. I was afraid it would start raining; I was as quick as I could, but by the time I got back we were in the middle of a downpour that ruined practically the entire altarpiece. Then the Committee, whom I had promised a school teacher and a library, wouldn't let me take the drenched altarpiece away unless I got them a truck in exchange. 'But this is of no value to you, you let it get soaked and rot', I said. 'To us, no; but we can make firewood from it. On the other hand, it seems to be of great value to you, so pay for it!' And since I had no truck to give them, the altarpiece stayed there. How valuable would it have been? It was a masterpiece, but since it had been exposed to sunlight and rain, it was totally ruined.

— Near Barbastro. Three months of revolution.irate letters of protest against what they called pillaging. That's all there was. In the Church of San Francisco I found eight altarpieces I wouldn't have swapped for any Fra Angelico. They were on the wood pile. I informed the authorities so that they could save them. An individual turned up and, instead of helping me find the missing pieces, he told the Committee there was a fellow here who wanted to steal their treasure. A treasure that, after three months, was there to make firewood with. In fact, a lot of it had already been burnt.

— And then there were even some Catalans who didn't understand. Except for the PSUC (Partit Socialista Unificat de Catalunya) and a handful of comrades who understand these things, and some help from the Generalitat, everything was unpleasantness and indignation! From Lleida to Igualada they chased us with rifle fire when we took away a consignment of altarpieces. They knew what we were taking and they didn't want to part with it.

— Our solemn resolve is to return the Aragonese altarpieces once they have been suitably restored. They belong to a people who have the right to keep them. Catalonia will be proud to have

saved them, of having carried out an act of public spiritedness. In Aragon we want to create the Museum of Aragonese Art. I've practically decided on the site. And I think we'll pull it through. But if all the mistrust increases we'll have to leave everything as it is. So much the worse for them. Despite everything, though, we'll just have to hope that one day they'll come to appreciate all our efforts and realise that our intentions are honourable. And that understandably blinded by the passions that the anti-fascist struggle arouses, they won't allow treasures that they'll be proud of in the future to slowly disappear. Our labours and hardships will be justly rewarded on that blessed day when we'll be able to offer the people of Aragon, together with their freedom, their great artistic treasures, once they've been properly restored, as a sign of solidarity and fraternity."

1937

Fenosa continued with his stories. One day, at the Monastery of Sigena, on the river Cinca, he saved three frescoes from the chapter house which are preserved today at the Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya, in Barcelona.

One day, in an Aragonese village, he was denounced as a priest by a group of traffickers who had organised a coup with the POUM.²⁸ The truck was loaded and ready to go. That day, Apelles was alone with the driver. Neither of them was armed. They set off on the road to Barcelona. A few kilometres away from the village they were stopped in the mountains between Tàrrega and Cervera. One of the delinquents got into the truck and squeezed into the seat between the driver and Apelles. Armed with a revolver, he told the driver to change direction and go to where his accomplices were, who were waiting to grab the cargo. When the truck reached a terribly dangerous bend in the road with a precipice on the other side, the driver let go of the wheel, folded his arms and ordered the delinquent to drop his gun, which he did immediately. Apelles often told this story and expressed his admiration for the driver, who risked their lives and his own to save the consignment.

On another occasion, during another mission at the front, he went by truck to Tardienta, near Huesca, where a temporary hospital had been set up. The wounded were so numerous that Fenosa stayed on as a stretcher-bearer. A new attack was imminent. It was here that he made his first encounter with horror and discovered that men actually like war.

1938

While Fenosa was at the front, other artists shared out what work was going among themselves. When he got back to Barcelona he protested, so he was commissioned to do a bust of Karl Marx. He executed the bust, but he never discovered what happened to it afterwards.

In 1975, Maria Lluïsa Borràs asked Fenosa:

“And the Civil War?”

“It was awful. At the Drassanes I witnessed a terrible act of war: mountains of corpses, mountains. Fontbernat’s brother was killed there. I saw Francesc Domingo with a rifle. Domingo, who was very small, told me, ‘I’ve always gone to the cinema very early’. It’s frightful to have lost a war. It left me completely downcast and demoralised.”²⁹

In 1938 Fenosa executed the sculpture Lleida, which was presented between August 1 and 8 at the quarterly plastic arts exhibition held in Catalonia. The work depicts a mother with her little girl dead in her lap. The source of inspiration was the bombing of Lleida. Mercè Doñate discovered it by chance when one of the dependencies of the Palau Nacional de Montjuïc was cleared out.³⁰

1939

In January 1939 Barcelona fell to Franco’s troops. Apel·les could not come to terms with the situation. He decided to wait on and went into hiding at his parents’ house in La Floresta. When the first franquista soldiers, Moors, invaded the village, one of them came straight towards him, rifle in hand. Fenosa had watched him jump into the garden and prepared to die, his left fist raised. But the soldier walked straight past, ignoring him completely. What he wanted were the rabbits in the hutch behind him. “I owe my life to a rabbit”, Fenosa would say.

After two or three months, Fenosa decided to go back to France. He requested a travel permit, which was granted on May 4 1939, on the pretext that he wanted to buy marble in the Pyrenees. Once again he crossed the frontier on foot with a guide who robbed him of everything. Discovered by the gendarmes, he had to choose between being sent back to Spain and a refugee camp. At that moment the frontier guards were playing cards. Apel·les, who was very fond of gambling, spent the whole night playing with them. The following morning, the gendarmes took pity on him, lent him money and arranged papers for him to reach Limoges, where his friends Laurens and Renée d’Albis lived. Fenosa sent one telegram to them

and another to Picasso. The d'Albis welcomed him with the friendship and affection they had shown since 1927. There Fenosa executed a series of gypsum sculptures, the photographs of which I have managed to find. One of them ended up in Picasso's collection; another would be presented as a gift to the wife of the president of the Generalitat de Catalunya, Lluís Companys. It was at this time that he also executed the full-length sculpture of Julie d'Albis. In a letter to Fenosa, Renée d'Albis wrote: "Julie's portrait looks fine in the hall."

In June Arnaud Wapler, Laurens and Renée d'Albis' future son-in-law, described Apelles as "a marvellous raconteur, highly cultured, an autodidact, a musician who plays the guitar and sings, a great connoisseur of the Bible, of Homer, of Virgil, of Ovid — all of which are sources of inspiration for his works —, a gambler, with many friends, always cheerful, good, pure and generous, a charmer rather than a womaniser, a typical Montparnasse artist, invariably without a sou. Fenosa did the portraits of all the members of the family. He would go out a lot, he preferred reading to being with a girl. He has a great talent for telling jokes, he is a charming Catalan, full of vitality and fantasy, a troubadour".³¹

When he reached Paris, Fenosa went to see Jean Cocteau to apologise for having lost the sculpture (a head) he had made of the poet in 1926. Cocteau immediately asked him to begin another. Fenosa did two: a large one with a kerchief around the neck in theatrical pose, and a small one, which Jean Marais would carry in his backpack when he was mobilised. In one of the letters compiled in *Jean Cocteau à Jean Marais*,³² the former writes: "Fenosa has begun the little portable bust . . ." In a note, Jean Marais adds: "The little bust of Cocteau that I carried with me at all times throughout the war."

Cocteau put Fenosa in contact with André Dubois, cabinet secretary at the French Home Ministry, so that he might legalise his situation. In the Musée de la Monnaie (Paris) collections, Bertrand Tillier found the letter of recommendation that Cocteau wrote to Dubois in 1939. Having read the letter, Dubois asked Fenosa: "Is this you?" Cocteau had written: "Picasso and I believe that Fenosa is not the best sculptor, but the only sculptor."

"Since then they've never come looking for me and, always thanks to Dubois, I've been able to help half the republican artists who have come as refugees to Paris; I intervened, for example, on Dalí's behalf." (A. F.)

Thanks to André Dubois, Fenosa helped many republicans get out of the refugee camps. He helped them financially and found them accommodation; among others, his maternal uncle, his cousins, and people from Almatret. When Apel-les took me to his studio in 1946, his uncle and his cousins were still living.

In 1939, in Paris, Robert and Mary Mallet took Fenosa in and lent him a studio at no. 11 bis, rue des Réservoirs, in Versailles. This studio had been Louis XV's furniture repository, and in the basement were the fountain controls. The windows looked onto the Bassin de Neptune. As soon as he had moved into the studio, Fenosa took the train to Saint-Lazare station to visit Picasso, who was living on rue de la Boétie. This was one Sunday morning, and Picasso was still in bed. Sabartés opened the door. Picasso was astonished and delighted to see the sculptor and he immediately wanted to make a paella, right there on the floor in the middle of the room. Minutes later he asked Fenosa if he had received the invitation to the exhibition that was going to open that very afternoon. Apel-les replied "No". Picasso called Sabartés and asked him:

"Did you send Fenosa an invitation?"

"No", was Sabartés's reply.

"Then I'm afraid you can't see the exhibition", Picasso concluded.

Apel-les was dumbfounded.

"Do you mean to tell me you're opening an exhibition here, today, and I can't see it?!"

"All right", said Picasso, grudgingly, "I'll let you in today, but let it be the last time. Sabartés, show him!"

Sabartés opened the dining room door and there, on the table before him, Fenosa saw all his pre-1929 sculptures, which Picasso had managed to track down and buy. In a letter, Renée d'Albis wrote, referring to this episode: "It was a wonderful gesture. Picasso's heart must be as great as his genius."

When war broke out, Fenosa left Versailles to be close to his friends, Coco Chanel, Cocteau, Picasso and the rest, in the belief that his war experience might be useful to them. In September 1939 Coco Chanel moved him into the Ritz. But because he felt out of place there, he made a deal with Cocteau: the poet lent him his apartment in Place de la Madeleine and went to stay at the Ritz himself. At that time Fenosa was earning a lot of money, thanks particularly to his numerous portraits; so much money, in fact, that he could even refuse to do the portrait of Alice Cocéa.

Fortune was smiling on him. Even so, he was still desperate. He relates that one afternoon he was in Place de la Concorde, beside the obelisk. Suddenly he raised his hands to his head and burst into tears: there was a vast difference between the horrors of war he had just experienced and this new “triumphal” return to Paris.

In Place de la Madeleine, late in 1939, Fenosa had serious health problems: “It began with a sore throat and otitis, and ended up with mastoiditis and hospitalisation”, he recalls. Indeed, he was operated on for double mastoiditis. Cocteau wrote in a letter to Marais: “Fenosa has double otitis, rather like the spectre of yours; I wonder if he didn’t catch it at home. Good little Cleopatra and Coco’s doctors are looking after him.”³³ On February 20 1940, Coco sent Fenosa a telegram from Arcachon inquiring after his health.

1940

“When you reach forty, you know what you can do and what you can’t do. You know your strengths and weaknesses, and you feel at home with yourself. Before you’re forty, you do things that are not for you. It’s like putting on a suit that’s too big or too small. After you’re forty, you still make mistakes, though fewer. Before I was forty I wanted to be Praxiteles, this is what I liked. It was he who introduced grace into sculpture. For me, grace is essential, not only in sculpture but in life. Grace is the state of grace. This is enormously important in religion. It is grace itself. Before, I believed that the religious state of grace was different from grace. It’s the same thing. Praxiteles was the most important thing in the world for me. When I gave him up, everything went better: he hid life from me. Later there was something that had a deep impression on me: love. An object made with love is something that truly exists, and this is certainly superior to grace.” (A. F.)

When he reached Paris, Fenosa saw Coco Chanel again. He had had an amorous relationship with her and truly admired her:

“She was highly intelligent, she was good for me. She never left anything to chance. It was drugs that pulled us apart. If you love someone who takes drugs, either you take them yourself or the other person quits”, Apel-les confessed to Nella Bielski.

So they split up, although they continued to be friends.

Fenosa had fled from Paris when the Germans came. He stayed with the d’Albis, in Limoges, and then went on to Toulouse. Later he would say:

“I had lost all hope. I had nothing until one day, by chance, I heard de Gaulle’s speech on a street in Toulouse. It was a lunatic who

had his radio on full blast, so much so that he was in danger of being arrested. If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have heard the speech."

On July 14, Coco sent Apelles a telegram to no. 42, rue d'Aubuisson, Toulouse, saying: "Reaching Toulouse Monday afternoon. Please find me somewhere to stay. If not Monday, most probably Tuesday. Greetings. Gabrielle Chanel". From Toulouse Fenosa summoned friends of Coco Chanel and Cocteau to Vernet-les-Bains, the property of doctor Pierre Nicolau and his wife Yvonne. Here Fenosa would sculpt the portraits of the Nicolau children, Simone, Colette and Bernard. While I was conducting research into this book, I received a moving letter from Bernard, in which she said: "In the summer of 1940 Fenosa did the portraits of my two sisters and mine. Since everything was in short supply, we went with him to fetch clay from the mountain. We posed in the living room, and I have wonderful memories of this. Although I was only eleven at the time, I was awestruck by the skill of those hands and those fingers which, from a mass of amorphous clay, brought a face that I recognised as my own to life. And it was doubly remarkable, because at that time your husband was showing signs of what might have been Parkinson's disease." From May to December Jean Cocteau took refuge at the home of the Nicolaus. Bernard was good enough to send me two photographs taken that summer. In Perpignan Fenosa also sculpted the heads of Claude Toubert and of the two little children of Doctor Pivert, but I have so far been unable to find them.

Later Fenosa went to Marseilles (I have found his bills from the Hôtel Victoria, where he stayed from September 19 to October 3 1940) to see a girl called Rafaela, whom he had fallen in love with in Paris. She was the daughter of the Spanish journalist Corpus Barga (Andrés García de la Barga), a republican refugee. In Marseilles Fenosa executed not only her portrait but those of her parents, but despite my investigations I have been able to locate neither the family, who went to live in Chile, nor the heads.

While in Marseilles, Fenosa learnt of the death of his father. There were many refugees in the city, but money was scarce, so he decided to return to Paris. He booked into the Hôtel Aragón, at no. 19, rue de la Glacière. The Germans were still in the city. In Spain, Fenosa had seen how the fascists operated on all fronts. His native Catalonia had been annihilated. All his friends were either dead, imprisoned or in exile. There were also many in concentration camps. Fenosa said:

“For me, losing the Spanish war, losing all that, meant double desperation. It was terrible.”

Once again, it was Picasso who saved him by encouraging him to work. One morning, Apel-les found him at Le Flore, where he was having a coffee. Picasso asked him what he would have. “A brandy”, Apel-les replied. Picasso frowned, because he never drank alcohol. Apel-les asked him:

“What are you doing today?”

“I’m going to the foundry. Come with me.”

They took the metro to the Porte d’Orléans, from where they walked to founder Robechi’s workshop in Malakoff. Picasso began to draw on a wax plate, Apel-les watched him. Still continuing to draw, Picasso put a ball of wax in front of him. Apel-les put it back; Picasso put it in front of him again. Apel-les understood and began to mould the head of a girl. When Picasso saw that he was working, he went out for a stroll in the workshop garden. In fact, he had nothing in particular to do in Robechi’s foundry; he had taken Apel-les there to make him work.

As they were leaving, Picasso told him a secret: “You’ve started on the wrong foot, you sell too dearly. Make a sculpture every day, the people who will love you will be the ones who earn some money out of you”. After a month of assiduous work, Apel-les had produced twelve statuettes, which he showed Picasso. Picasso bought them all save one, on the pretext that he did not like it. Fenosa was delighted by the gesture: that fact that Picasso had rejected one sculpture increased the value of the others.

In an interview with Lluís Permanyer, Fenosa said: “For a long time Picasso had been asking me to do a bust of him. But I didn’t dare to until in the end Coco Chanel persuaded me. So I began the bust in rue de la Boétie. While he was posing, it occurred to Picasso to do a bust of me. This he did later, at the Grands-Augustins workshop. The two busts have disappeared.”³⁴

In 1974, Fenosa told a reporter from El Mundo Diario:

“Picasso asked me to do his bust, later he did mine. It’s sad, they’ve both been lost.’

‘How did that happen?’

‘I don’t know, I think it was Sabartés’s fault; they were destroyed, perhaps they fell onto the floor and smashed. I remember that one day, while he was doing my bust, Picasso told me that some people had got in touch with him so that he could go to America. With the Germans there, in Paris, everything was

very difficult. He told me he wasn't going and asked me if I wanted to. I said no, if he was staying, so was I."35

In her book on Picasso,³⁶ Mercedes Guillén writes: "I remember that one day, on rue de la Boétie, (Picasso) was posing for Fenosa's bust of him. Although you can't really say he was posing since he never stayed still for a moment. He went in and out of the room constantly."

Fenosa told Lluís Permanyer: "I've never liked doing busts, it's very difficult to transfer the true image of the person to matter. All the ones I've done have been the product of suffering, and the only compensation was the moments of pleasant conversation with my sitters."37

Fenosa liked people to visit him at his studio, and he never asked his models to remain still. He said that visits distracted his mind and gave his hands time to catch up . . . "My hands can never move as fast as my thoughts."

"In life there's neither past nor future. The future is untouchable and the past has gone . . . in art, as soon as you think something it's already obsolete . . . I don't think as a matter of principle. Before a thought has taken shape in the mind, the hands should already have made it."38 (A. F.)

1941

In 1941 Fenosa rented a studio in the Médical Hôtel, at no. 26, rue du Faubourg Saint-Jacques (XIV Arrondissement). César González Ruano provides us with a brief description of the place in his memoirs: "Fenosa lived in a strange studio, in a kind of madhouse on rue Saint-Jacques, the purpose of which will always be a mystery. It was like a sanatorium from the old days with gymnasiums, empty swimming pools and innumerable interior staircases."39 The Médical Hôtel stood opposite Cochin Hospital, next door to the maternity clinic. Apel-les told me that the screams of the women delivering were unbearable, especially in summer, when all the windows were open. Even so, there he sculpted numerous heads and a Nativity scene that Picasso commissioned him to do for his daughter Maïa. He met Pierre Berès and they became friends. Berès describes him as follows: young, dapper, good-looking, uncomplicated, courteous, good, generous, unpretentious, inspired; he compares him to René Char.⁴⁰

During the German occupation of France, Fenosa refused to figure in any exhibition, of whatever nature. He remained very close

to Picasso. He would go to see him every morning and he often breakfasted with him and Dora Maar at Le Catalan, on rue des Grands-Augustins.

1942

In 1942 Fenosa rented a huge, quiet studio on Boulevard Saint-Jacques, which would be next to Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes's when the couple returned from Brazil. This is how they met. At the Dôme or the Select, which he frequented regularly, Fenosa would meet up every day with his friends Pougny, Pikelny, Hayden, Giacometti, the artists of Montparnasse, Russians, Spaniards and Catalans who had all sought refuge in Paris.

Fenosa sculpted the portrait of Maria Eulàlia, the daughter of his friend Joaquim Ventalló. At that time he enjoyed the staunch support of Charles Lafond and his wife, who bought numerous sculptures from him; later he would do both their portraits.

That same year Évelyne Dubourg, daughter of the dealer Jacques Dubourg, saw Apel-les for the first time in rue de Ranelagh. Since she studied piano, Apel-les asked her to play for him. Indeed, in the fifties Évelyne and the Catalan cellist Ricard Boadella were to give a recital at Fenosa's studio.

Fenosa often saw Jacques Guérin, who bought many sculptures from him. Guérin asked Apel-les to introduce him to Picasso. A meeting was arranged on rue des Grands-Augustins. Picasso showed him a number of paintings, including a portrait of Apollinaire. As they were leaving, Guérin said to Apel-les: "Ask Picasso if he's willing to sell it to me." The following day Apel-les transmitted the request. Picasso took the portrait, rolled it up and gave it to Apel-les, saying: "Give it to your friend and tell him he hasn't enough money to buy it."

An article in the journal *Tempo* (no. 21, 1942) on Spaniards in Montparnasse ("Les Espagnols à Montparnasse") is illustrated by several photographs. One of these was taken in Fenosa's studio and shows a number of portraits on a table, including those of Youla Chapoval, Jean Degottex and González Ruano's wife. To the left, on a bench, stands the portrait of the daughter of Professor J. de Gennes and a packet of rags at its side. Before the invention of plastic, sculptors kept their clay moist and permanently ready to be modelled by covering it with pieces of damp cloth. This was a delicate operation, for if the rags were not damp enough, the clay would dry and could no longer be worked. On the other hand, if they were too damp, the sculpture might disintegrate when they were removed. I have seen almost finished sculptures disintegrate as

Fenosa removed the last piece of cloth. When we were invited to supper, whatever the time we returned home we would always go to the studio to remove the rags from the work in progress, moisten them and place them back on the sculpture.

Recently I found a letter from Professor de Gennes sent on July 15 1942 to Fenosa at no. 26, rue du Faubourg Saint-Jacques, in which he made an appointment to see the sculptor at five the following afternoon: "I must see your bust of my (daughter) Jacqueline at all costs!" The parents arrived, Apel-les removed the moist cloths that covered the head — those that figured in the photograph in Tempo —, and it disintegrated before their very eyes. The story is doubly tragic, because the girl had just committed suicide.

1943

In order to earn some money, Fenosa designed jewellery that would then be made by a Catalan goldsmith in exile. I have seen only one, a hind that Vivette Monod gave to one of her nieces.

In a book of memoirs of 1943, Corpus Barga, remembering his sojourns in Paris, speaks of Fenosa on several occasions. One day he called on Picasso: "Fenosa opened the door and welcomed me, as courteously as ever, his hands trembling slightly and poised as if he was modelling clay. In the room there were sculptures of his, many statuettes and the sculpted heads of Picasso."

1944

In Jouxten, in the house of Laurens and Renée d'Albis, the capitulation of the German army in Limousin was signed on August 21 1944. Apel-les modelled a bas-relief, showing La Guerre se prosternant devant la Paix, to be placed on the façade of the d'Albis' house. The Liberation Committee commissioned Fenosa to sculpt the monument to the victims of the Oradour-sur-Glane massacre. Apel-les first made a model, and then modelled the sculpture in clay. I have many photographs of the work in progress taken by his friend Émile Savitry, which reflect the ambience at the studio where his Spanish and Catalan painter, sculptor and journalist friends would meet. One of these photographs shows Antoni Clavé, Óscar Domínguez, Grau Sala, Flores and the flamenco dancer (bailaor) Niño de Cádiz, who on May 12 1945 would give a benefit performance for the families of the victims of Oradour-sur-Glane. In order to advertise the performance, all the artists in the photograph produced a lithograph that would serve as a poster. Furthermore, on Monday, October 22 1945, the composer and orchestra conductor Salvador Bacarisse and the Catalan ballerina Teresina Boronat

gave a performance at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées to raise money for the monument.

So that Fenosa could travel to Limoges and Oradour, the French Home Forces provided him with two safe-conducts, one for September 22 1944 and the other from October 9 to November 11 1944. On the reverse side of the first one, Paul Éluard wrote the following line in pencil, to be inscribed on the base of the sculpture: "Ici des hommes firent à leur mère et à toutes les femmes la plus grave injure: ils n'épargnèrent pas les enfants".

In October 1967, in the journal *Serra d'Or*, Víctor Mora asked the sculptor:

"What were the circumstances in which you were commissioned to do the monument to Oradour-sur-Glane?"

"I spent the last four years of the German occupation in Limoges, which is very near Oradour. I lived with a family so involved with the resistance that the Germans signed their capitulation there, and it was then that the Liberation Committee commissioned me to do the monument. When the bronze sculpture was transported to Limoges to be installed, the bishop was so outraged that he radically opposed its placement. He even gave a sermon against my sculpture and published it in the Sunday bulletin. There's nothing you can do against the Church! The Committee was prepared to adopt all possible measures to have the monument installed, but I opposed the idea. The sculpture was deposited at the Limoges library. Later, Jean Cassou, who wanted to have it in Paris, proposed an exchange. Now the piece is at the Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris."

1945

Fenosa did not like to live with his sculptures. If at times he lived at his studio, this is because he was penniless. Whenever he could, he lived in hotels, even if they were dives, or in rented rooms. On February 7 1945 he moved into no. 12, Avenue de l'Observatoire, where he lived until we were married on May 13 1948.

In 1945 Fenosa finished his Monument aux martyrs d'Oradour, which was exhibited in plaster at the Salon des Surindépendants from October 20 to November 13. It was then cast in bronze by Alexis Rudier and transported to Limoges to be placed there.

Unfortunately, the Bishop of Limoges, Monsignor Louis Rastouil, was opposed to its placement. Serge Gauthier housed it at the municipal museum until Jean Cassou, director of the Musée National d'Art Moderne requested it for his museum, where it was exhibited for several years.⁴¹

1946

I met Fenosa for the first time one February afternoon in 1946 at the parents' house of one of my girl friends from the Versailles Lycée. We lived on opposite sides of the Mirabeau bridge: she in the 16th Arrondissement; I with my mother, at no. 109 rue des Entrepreneurs, in the 15th Arrondissement. I had heard a lot about him as a sculptor. The meeting was courteous, and that is all. He spoke about a book by Paul Éluard, *À Pablo Picasso* (Éditions des 3 Collines) that he wanted to give to his girlfriend. Since she was leaving for Brazil, where she was going to meet up with her father, she asked Fenosa to give it to me. We arranged to meet at the entrance to the Mirabeau Bridge on the 15th Arrondissement side. Fenosa turned up with two packets: one for her and the other for me.

The next time I saw him, Fenosa was living at no. 12, Avenue de l'Observatoire. In this room, where he always had a bouquet of lilacs, he drew a great deal. The publisher Pierre Berès, a friend and collector, had commissioned him to illustrate the reprint of Max Jacob's translation of Ramon Llull's *Llibre d'amic i amat*, but the project never came to fruition.

The two years between the spring of 1946 and May 13 1948, the date of our wedding, were difficult for both Fenosa and me. Great pressure was being exerted on me by my family, who opposed my relations with this foreign sculptor, a Spanish republican, much older than I was, with the reputation of a "montparno", a regular customer at the Dôme and a womaniser . . . One day, I found I was engaged to a dentist.

When Fenosa found out, he destroyed everything he had in his studio, including a large Polyphème that was nearing completion (he would resume work on it in 1949). The only piece he regretted smashing was a tanagra we had bought together at a street market. "We bought it for such a good price that it had to be genuine." (A. F.)

Despite my engagement, Fenosa did not give up. He sent his friends the d'Albis to my mother to explain to her who he was. Every morning, when I was going to work, I would find a parcel — a bunch of flowers or a book —, hanging from the door or on the doorstep.

Once again, the d'Albis family and his friends gave him support, encouraged him to work and entertained him by organising parties. Invited by the Czech government to take part in the exhibition "Art de la république espa-gnole", Fenosa and the other exhibitors travelled to Prague. In May he exhib-ited at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg, his first one-man show since the war. Dubourg introduced

Fenosa to the North American dealer Balai, with whom he signed a contract that lasted from 1945 to 1947.

1947

In October an exhibition took place in Limoges, then in Rheims, at the galleries of Hubert and France Fandre, which was opened by Jean Cassou. Fenosa lived at the Fandre's Rheims home for a while, where he created, using clay he had brought from Limoges, statuettes that were baked at the Peignage kilns, of which Hubert's father was director.

The Fandres lived at no. 8 Place du Chapître. They occupied the two top floors of a small building surrounded by terraces, where flowers and trees grew. The house looked onto the north end of the cathedral. Welcoming and cheerful, among the occupants of the house were four little girls. Fenosa lived in the midst of affection and admiration.

In Rheims he met Michel and Nelly Laval, Monique and Yani Faux, France and Henri Druard, and Pol and Suzy Heidsieck, who all became his friends and bought sculptures from him. When he did the Tête de Suzy Heidsieck, he asked to be paid in champagne. The crates arrived the following year at rue de la Glacière. Since we only had a bed, those magnificent wooden crates served for a while as table and chairs. Later, some of them would end up in the studio and Fenosa would use them to raise his workbench higher when he needed to.

Throughout his life, Fenosa found friendship, stimulus and shelter at the house of his great friends and collectors Laurens and Renée d'Albis. Whenever he went to Limoges, he had a place to work at his disposal at the Haviland factory. During the war he had executed plates decorated with a dove in flight with an olive branch in its beak, others with sirens, carnations, Adam and Eve (1941), and a large-format *Sirène jouant de la lyre* (1943) . . . The Haviland family owned the Château de Montméry, near Ambazac, where Fenosa also

had a studio, where he conceived *Ulysse et les sirènes*, *Le Clarinettiste* and *Les Musiciens* or *Ulysse et Nausicaa*, as well as the portraits of Laurens d'Albis, Florence, Laurens and Antoine d'Albis, Mary Mallet and her daughter Constance, and Henry de Luze, Mary's brother. Later the estate would be acquired once again by Rosée de Pourtalès, who would receive us often.

The day on which I finally decided to break off my engagement was one of the most decisive in my entire life. The following day Apel-les phoned me around eight in the evening and asked me to

meet him in a Montparnasse restaurant. I told him I had already had supper, but he insisted. When I got there, I found him with all his friends sitting around a big table. Fenosa had organised a surprise party to announce our wedding. Even more incredible is the fact that he had no money to pay for the supper; in Montparnasse he was known for the accounts he had in different establishments.

The people he turned to most often for help were Raymond, a waiter at the Café Select, and the painter Pougny, as well as the collectors closest to him, like the d'Albis, Mallet, Fandre, Wapler and others. Arnauld Wapler told me that one day Fenosa went to ask him for money, saying "Money is the enemy. It must be got rid of as quickly as possible." And as soon as Arnauld had given him what he asked for, Apel-les invited him to lunch.

"There can be no maecenas; we can demand nothing for a work of art. When a work has spiritual value it is for contemplation, not sale. True work is the alpha and omega, you can't sell this; it can't be paid for with money. We give love for love." (A. F.)

Occasionally I would go to pawn his gold cufflinks with an incusted topaz, a gold penknife, a silver box — all these gifts from Coco Chanel — and the wonderful ring, like a bouquet of crystallised flowers, he had commissioned from a Catalan jeweller exiled in Paris as a gift for me.

Always penniless, Fenosa never thought about tomorrow. When he had money, it soon went on paying debts and treating his friends. One day, when he had a lot, he invited his painter and sculptor friends to a restaurant. He put them all in several taxis and asked the other cab drivers who were waiting for customers to follow them.

Fenosa was a party lover. But if anyone was in difficulties, he always tried to help them, since he strove to do for others what they did for him. His generosity was as great as his disregard for money. He had absolute confidence in life and was an incurable optimist.

1948

When we decided to get married, Apel-les looked for a flat near the studio, despite the fact that there was very little housing available after the war. He found a small studio above the Hôtel des Terrasses, at no. 74, rue de la Glacière, where we lived from 1948 to 1953. The previous occupant of the flat was a Russian prince, who demanded a deposit of 50,000 francs. Since he did not have such a sum of money, he borrowed it from Castellucho's daughter, leaving her, as security, a magnificent drawing that Picasso had given Fenosa depicting a girl lying naked on a bed and a man sitting

in front of an easel. Apel-les did not ask for a receipt, and when he raised the money to get the drawing back, she denied everything and kept it. All that remained to us of this sad story were two trunks belonging to the Russian prince.

As I said, we were married, both in church and at the register office, on May 13 1948, in the 15th Arrondissement. I wore a dress by Coco Chanel and a hat by Jean Boy. Apel-les insisted that we should be married by the Rev. Joan Tarré, from the Chartres school, a historian specialising in canon law and a good Catalan republican. The parish priest of Saint-Jean-Baptiste-de-Grenelle had given his consent, convinced as he was of Apel-les's moral rectitude. He received us in the church vestibule, but seeing that there was no sign of the Rev. Tarré, he refused to wait any longer and began the ceremony. Suddenly, hurried footsteps resounded in the church punctuated by solemn curses, fortunately in Catalan. Enraged by the fact that they had not waited for him, Tarré came into the choir and insisted on continuing the ceremony himself. The parish priest refused to let him, however. When we went into the sacristy to sign the register, he snatched the pen from one of the witnesses, saying: "Let me sign, at least!"

In the brochure devoted to Apel-les that Alexandre Cirici i Pellicer wrote and published in 1958, Fenosa recalls that "All we had was a coffee grinder, a glass demijohn and a few crates of champagne; only perfume, transparency and spirituality." This was the time when the floor was covered with labelled jars from the places where Apel-les went to fetch water, from practically all over Paris, in his search for single-cell organisms and diatoms. These he would observe with a microscope he had obtained from the Haviland factory. When the first electronic microscope exhibition was held at the Jardin des Plantes, Fenosa rushed to visit it. Another of his passions was wild orchids. He grew them on the rue de la Glacière balcony. Since there were no bees, he polli-nated them with a straw.

In the morning Fenosa went to work at the studio. I soon got into the habit of accompanying him and I would amuse myself by modelling mermaids, dishes, goblets and centrepieces — they sold very well —, which were baked and enamelled at Meynial's studio. At around one we would go to the Select to see friends and exchange impressions. Then we went to the hotel to have lunch, unless we joined a demonstration: the Rosenberg case, the Algerian war . . . At that time there were demonstrations every minute and the cafés, the Nation or La République, were crammed with "montparnos".

One morning, Apel-les took me to Picasso's house, since he wanted him to meet me. I was so terrified that I did not even notice he was offering me his hand. At that time he had an exhibition at La Hune of terracottas and glasses painted with female figures that adapted to their forms. Apel-les, who thought they were marvellous, spoke to him about them. Picasso said: "Then go to La Hune and take whichever one you want as a wedding present." But Fenosa was too proud to go there and ask Gheerbrandt for the gift.

Paul Éluard had commissioned Fenosa to sculpt first the bust of Jacqueline Trutat, and then his own. That year François Reichenbach, Elsa Triolet, Jorge Guillén and the Catalan poet Josep Carner came to pose at the studio. Regular lunch or dinner guests at our sixth-floor flat (without a lift) on rue de la Glacière were Henri Michaux, Jules and Pilar Supervielle, Mercè Rodoreda and her husband Obiols, .Eluard, and Coco Chanel with Reverdy or Francis Poulenc. Poulenc would drink water only. He invariably praised the quality of our tap water which, according to him, was the best in Paris, since it came from the Bièvre. All I could cook was cress soup and flambé bananas, but Heidsieck's champagne flowed like water.

In May, three Parisian bibliophiles and collectors commissioned Fenosa to sculpt a head of Colette. The first posing session was fixed for May 12 at her home, on rue de Beaujolais. When Apel-les had finished the first work session, he said:

"I'm not coming tomorrow."

Colette: "Why not?"

A. F.: "Because it's my wedding day."

Fenosa resumed work on the 14th. I went with him but, out of shyness, I refused to go up to the writer's apartment. I sat in the Palais-Royal gardens, which her flat overlooked. A few minutes later Colette, her husband Goudekot and Apel-les called me from the window, and we all had champagne together. When the portrait was finished, Colette expressed her determined wish that Fenosa begin another. Unfortunately, Goudekot did everything in his power to prevent Fenosa from seeing her again. This made him sad, because while he was doing the portrait a bond of friendship had arisen between them that meant a lot to him.

In August we went to the Haviland's estate near Ambazac, the Château de Montméry. I have wonderful memories of that indescribably grandiose and beautiful place, where all around the castle are rare, exotic trees from all over the world. In September we were invited by Robert and Mary Mallet to visit Varengeville, where we discovered other places and other wonders. We stayed at what

was called “the gardener’s house”, in the middle of a luxuriant park that had been totally neglected during the war years. The white rhododendrons were as tall as a three-storey building and the fuchsias had grown into a forest. Apel-les played the guitar and sang.

Shortly after our return from Varengueville we received a note from Mercè Rodoreda, telling us to call on her without delay. She had just learnt that she had been awarded the flor natural, first prize of the Catalan language Jocs Florals. The writer wanted me to be the queen. The prize-giving ceremony took place on November 13 1948 in the assembly hall of the Sorbonne. This was my first contact with the grandeur of Catalonia and its culture.

1949

Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes lived in the studio next to ours on the Boulevard Saint-Jacques. We visited each other every day.

Vieira always had something to ask, if she was not bumming a cigarette or offering you a cup of tea. She also came to control our coal-fired stove, because she thought we heated the studio too much and she was afraid that one day we would set fire to that shack made of planks and other materials salvaged from the Paris world exhibitions. The entire floor was without toilet or running water, and only artists were prepared to live there.

Vieira talked about art, poetry, music, science, in fact about everything that she and Fenosa were interested in. “Bichou”, as she was called, was like a mother to me, because she helped keep me out of danger, showered me with advice and encouraged me to work. She loved Apel-les’s statuettes, and while our friendship lasted she bought a total of twenty-one, nineteen of which ended up as an endowment at the Musée National d’Art Moderne.

Vieira was a wonderful cook and she loved to entertain friends, artists and art critics. One night Étienne Hajdu was there, and he was looking for work. It immediately occurred to me that if he came in the mornings he could help Apel-les look after his clay, set up his frames and make moulds, since Fenosa was not at all interested in this practical side of sculpting. Hajdu worked for a whole year in our studio.

Apel-les began work on a new large-scale Polyphème having destroyed the first version two years earlier. Many people came to see it and expressed their desire to buy it: Jean Cocteau for his property in Milly, Jean Cassou for the Musée National d’Art Moderne . . . But in the end they were all put off by the cost of casting it:

Polyphème is a monumental sculpture. It was exhibited from July to September at the Maison de la Pensée Française.

That year we renewed contact with Claude Engels, who would later marry Dr. Louis Cournot. Dr. Cournot was our family doctor for many years and his family honoured us with their friendship. His brother Yves, a lawyer by profession, immediately offered us his aid if we had even the smallest difficulty and the writer, Michel, would write the forewords to several of Apel-les's exhibition catalogues. We often had supper together. Claude Engels-Cournot recalls an Apel-les who loved to amuse himself and gamble. At his studio he had a dartboard, a chess set and a knotted rope hanging from one of the beams, at a height of six metres, on which visitors would exercise with greater or lesser degrees of skill.

We would go on hikes that lasted several days and we loved to picnic in the country. On April 15, Claude invited us and Paul Éluard to the château her family had in the Dordogne. On the way there, we stopped at Lascaux. As we were leaving, Fenosa, who loved to joke, said that the cave had just been painted by Picasso. And he said it with such conviction that Éluard believed him for a long time. We spent some days in Feyrac. Claude took us on a visit to the region and to an admirable medieval construction: the château de la Motte-Fénélon. It was up for sale. As the visit progressed, Eluard and Apel-les became more and more excited. In their opinion, the State should acquire the castle and convert it into a centre for troubadour studies. Back in Paris, Éluard knocked innumerable times at the doors of the relevant ministries, but unfortunately the grandiose project never came to fruition.

In Feyrac, next to the warden's house, a dog was barking furiously in an enclosure. If anyone got too near, the animal became enraged and showed its teeth. Apel-les liked this dog so much that he wanted to portray it. Like in 1940, at the house of Dr. Nicolau, he had to fetch the clay from the mountainside. As soon as Apel-les started to put clay on a table, however, the dog began to rub the bars and became as meek as a lamb, and for this reason it was denied its portrait!

Early in April, Henri Michaux came to pose at the Boulevard Saint-Jacques studio. We would often have lunch and supper together, either at his house on rue Séguier or at ours, on rue de la Glacière. One night he gave me a fur jacket that had belonged to his wife; I still have it, for me it is like a kind of talisman and I wear it on very few occasions.

In August and September we returned to Varengueville, to the "gardener's house". Later we travelled to Alsace via Nancy, Rastadt,

Strasbourg and Colmar in the company of Arnauld Wapler, Mercè Rodoreda, the poet Obiols and Claude Engels.

1950

One day, Francisco Boadella, a young Catalan sculptor, knocked on the studio door: he needed work. He became Apel·les's assistant and worked for him as such until 1953. As soon as he had finished Polyphème, Apel·les began another monumental work, *Les Métamorphoses des sœurs de Phaéton*, the plaster version of which was exhibited at the *Maison de la Pensée Française*.

In February, Monique Lange commissioned Fenosa to portray Jean Genet, who came to pose at the studio. Fenosa did not like the posing sessions to be too spaced out.

At that time, when we had no telephone, our friends called on us at home and brought other friends with them. If we were out, they left little notes under the door. Grimm, our neighbour on the Boulevard Saint-Jacques, would often come with his camera, and one of his snapshots shows Campigli among large plaster sculptures.

One of our visitors was Georges Salles, who was then director of the *Musées de France*. Fenosa was modelling the fountain of the *Trois Règnes*. Salles fell in love with it and immediately wanted to buy it for the French state. The first edition was cast by Susse in 1950.

The three kingdoms were symbolised by the same number of women holding hands and with their backs to the observer. Their dresses ended in horns of plenty, from which the minerals, vegetables and animals emerged. In the first edition, a large whale crowned by a dove occupied the entire space of the animal kingdom. Later, when Fenosa resumed work on the sculpture, the whale disappeared to be replaced by a multitude of animals pursued by a man emerging from a cave. The dove was replaced by a flock of flying birds and a swarm of butterflies. Fenosa would later add shell-shaped fonts to collect the water that flowed from the top of the three crowned heads.

André Chanson, curator of the *Musée du Petit Palais* and a friend of Georges Salles, bought *La Liberté* in 1950. But after the collections had been shared out, the sculpture was relegated to the reserve collection of the *Palais de Tokyo*, where it remains today.

During the post-war period, each year the state of France acquired a major work by Fenosa, thanks to the admiration and understanding of Jean Cassou, Pierre Goutal, Marguerite Lamy and Georges Salles. In December 1955 Fenosa did Salles's portrait.

One day, Salles told him he should become a French national in order to facilitate the purchasing conditions of one of his works. Jean Cassou had also suggested this. In 1980 Jean Châtelain would make the same proposal. Fenosa always refused, however, saying that he would never become French for the sake of money: he considered himself Spanish by the force of circumstances, although his true nationality was Catalan.

1951

The administration of La Monnaie of Paris asked Francis Poulenc if he would agree to one of their sculptors making a medallion featuring his effigy. Poulenc said he would, on condition that the medallion was made by Fenosa. At the archives of La Monnaie Poulenc's letter to the director is preserved: ". . . I accept your kind proposal, so long as Fenosa does the work. You must have seen his busts of Éluard, Picasso and Cocteau, characterised by an astonishing likeness, (which) I like very much. . . ."42

So in January Francis Poulenc came to pose at the Boulevard Saint-Jacques. Apel-les decided to model his head before executing the medallion. At the second or third session, Poulenc turned up with the photographer Lengyel. Poulenc wrote the following dedication on the photograph: "To my Donatello Fenosa. Affectionately yours. Francis Poulenc. 1951." We would often go to lunch at Poulenc's house, at no. 5, rue de Médicis, where we invariably found an exquisite meal waiting for us. Poulenc was such a gourmand, however, that he insisted on stopping at Chez Pons. Before going up to his flat, we would have wolfed down at least two cakes. I remember a lunch with other guests, among them Paul Éluard. Suddenly Poulenc exclaimed: "Le sage de Charenton est venu déjeuner chez la folle de Médicis."43

We went out constantly: suppers, cinema, theatre, concerts . . . We received friends at home or went to their houses: Pierre and Huguette Berès, Jean Lansade and Jacqueline de Sacy, Georges and Geneviève Heilbrun, Claude Engels, and Rosée de Pourtalès. Henri and Madeleine Monnet introduced us to Lady Norton. An extraordinarily energetic woman and a passionate art lover, Lady Norton was the wife of Sir Clifford Norton, the UK ambassador to Greece. Whenever she was in Paris she would call in at Apel-les's studio accompanied by friends. One of these was Erica Brausen, owner of the Hanover Gallery, who in September-October 1954 exhibited Fenosa's work in London. We also spent many weekends at the home of Jacques Dubourg, in Freneuse, at the Fandres' in

Rheims and at the d'Albis' in Limoges. We also spent longer periods at Robert and Mary Mallet's house in Varengeville.

In July we went with Arnauld and Julie Wapler to Noirmoutiers, where we met up with Claude, Arnauld's brother, and his wife Yvonne. There too we also had to fetch clay so that Apel-les could make some female statuettes, which later bore the name of the island.

Casilda Florensa Pujol, Fenosa's mother, died on August 15 1951. Apel-les had considerable difficulty in obtaining a visa, despite the seriousness of the occasion. When we reached the frontier, they took him to the Civil Guard post, where it took them so long to find his record that we had to let the train leave without us. We spent the night on a bench, and although we caught the next train, we arrived late at the funeral. Shortly afterwards, Fenosa wrote to the d'Albis:

“Dear Florence, Julie must have told you about the death of my mother, my trip to Barcelona and a host of other things that have affected me deeply. Because of an important job I've done for Bangui Chari, I can't move too far from Paris and it's impossible for me to come to Montméry. I would have loved so much to see you and have long conversations with Jean. . . .”

During our few days in Catalonia we stayed at Palmira's house in La Floresta. Apel-les had to report to the police every morning and came back enraged at the interrogations they subjected him to, despite the fact that they knew everything about him. Apel-les would say that Franco's police was the best in the world, since they had been organised by Goebbels.

Apel-les was disturbed to see that the Almatret cross he had left at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Emeterio Escudero, was missing. During the Civil War the village priest, who feared for the safety of the cross, had sent it to her with a certificate signed by his own hand in which he officially entrusted it to her care for a period of one hundred years. But when the priest of Sant Cugat saw it, he took it and made a place for it beside the Church of Santa Anna in Barcelona. The certificate had been destroyed along with all the rest of Apel-les's possessions at his mother's house.

This was Fenosa's first visit to Catalonia after 1939. He saw all his friends who had either not been able to flee the country or who had returned from exile. His friends were so avid for freedom that six years later they managed to persuade him to hold an exhibition at the Galería Jardin in Barcelona. Fenosa accepted on the formal condition that the catalogue be written in Catalan.

1952

We were sitting outside the Select, in Montparnasse, when a Japanese walked by. Apel-les jumped up and went over to him, asking him if he knew the painter Ebihara and the sculptor Shimizu, who had been Montparnasse friends of his during the twenties. The Japanese — who turned out to be the painter Key Sato — replied that he knew all the artists in Tokyo. Apel-les wrote to Ebihara, who wrote back immediately, sending him some presents. Years later he came to Paris with his wife. Thus the friendship was renewed between Ebihara and Fenosa, and in 1966 the painter organised a major exhibition of Fenosa's works at the Takashimaya Gallery in Tokyo. Fenosa and Key Sato also became friends. The flat and the studio were always full of Japanese and Fenosa was constantly surrounded by photographers, museum curators, painters and sculptors. We organised parties at our home on rue de la Glacière, where the Japanese could meet our writer, architect, painter and collector friends.

Between 1950 and 1952, Fenosa executed *Les Quatre Saisons*, the plaster version of which was exhibited at the Musée Rodin (Salon de la Jeune Sculpture, Paris). When the piece returned to the studio, Apel-les placed it in a corner and seemed to forget about it. It was not until the spring of 1987 that I realised just how much it meant to him. When Renato Ischia, who had been one of his assistants, came to see us in Paris, Fenosa begged him to go with him to El Vendrell and spend July and August there to help him get back to work on the sculpture. Fenosa wanted to give it the form of a spiral — the form characteristic of life, according to him — and make the seasons rise one behind the other: winter protecting spring; summer bearing its child, autumn, which crowned the group. Fenosa was so insistent that Ischia promised to temporarily abandon the academy he had founded in Arco, Italy. It was a magnificent gesture that instilled new hope into Apel-les. However, by the summer of 1987 Apel-les had become too ill and weak to undertake the task, so I sent Ischia a telegram cancelling the project and telling him not to come.

Since the day we met, every Sunday morning — when entrance was free — Apel-les and I would go to the Louvre, where we would almost invariably visit the oriental archaeology department. In the Palmira Room, Fenosa said: "It was in Palmira that the split took place between Byzantine and Roman art." Regarding the Copts, he said that they had "discovered the individual soul". During one of these Sunday visits an Italian couple from Carrara heard him talking and treated us to a drink at the Deux Magots. This was the

beginning of a friendship, and from August to mid September we were at the Berettas' house in Carrara. We toured Italy: Pisa, Florence, Verona, Venice . . . In Florence we were the guests of collector Merlini, who had bought one of Fenosa's Têtes de Nicole at the Galerie Dubourg. The trip was rich in discoveries and excitement. And a story comes to mind: in Torcello, while we were waiting for the vaporetto, Apelles went down to the lagoon, took off his socks and shoes, rolled up his trousers and shirt sleeves, went up to his knees into the water and started to rummage in the mud. Moments later he triumphantly showed us fragments of blue and green varnished plates which probably dated from the 17th or the 18th centuries. We kept them for a while, but since they were not treated, the varnish soon flaked off. During this trip Fenosa decided also to visit Ravenna, Arezzo and Assisi, where he was deeply impressed by Giotto and St. Francis. He wanted to go back to the station sooner than planned and leave as quickly as possible. When we got to the platform, he asked me to be his little Santa Clara. At the time, I did not understand . . .

We got onto the first train for Rome, without realising that ours were third-class tickets and that there were no third-class seats on the train. Giorgio de Chirico was in the same carriage. As soon as he saw Fenosa, he recognised him and came over to greet him. But when the ticket inspector fined us, he did not lift a finger or utter even a word on our behalf.

We travelled third class and ate at trattorie, where we would share a single dish. We got to Rome without a penny, but once there we were the guests of Jean-Claude Winckler, who at the time occupied a position at the French Embassy. He showed us round the city. At the Termas Museum, before the Birth of Aphrodite triptych — the Roman copy of a Greek original —, Fenosa commented: "This was the first time a people looked back to the past". In Villa Julia he was spellbound by an Etruscan vase, which he would subsequently comment on on several occasions and which he symbolically appropriated for himself:

"Painted in the middle is a girl with a lyre under her arm. There's a platform with three steps. The girl's foot rests on the first step. It is the eternal promise of a concert; on one side, a man waits in a chair; on the other we see a woman standing, holding a tray full of cakes. To capture life as it was two thousand years ago is something truly marvellous. This vase continues to exist, modernised by the museum. In my opinion, this vase is one of the wonders of civilisation." (A. F.)

“The work of art re-establishes time. It re-establishes the soul of the man who painted the vase. There have always been girls who play piano or violin. And the whole thing always ends up with cakes. This means that life hasn’t changed and never will, whether you go back or forward 2,000 years. Yes, that’s the great thing about art, and that’s what we were fighting for now.” (A. F.)

The journalist Víctor Mora⁴⁴ once commented to Apelles that he found it “difficult to perceive the notion of progress in art”, and asked him his opinion. Fenosa replied:

“There’s no progress in art; only individual progress. No period is greater than another, what matters is man”.

Later we went to Naples to visit one of the finest museums in the world. Here Fenosa found what was most important for him: the immutability of life in art through the centuries: Pompeian painting, the poetess with a pencil in her mouth or the woman walking backwards as she gathers lilies . . .

Back in Paris, we learnt from Dominique Éluard that Paul had died. Paul, who had helped Apelles so much and loved him to the extent that he called him his son:

“Fenosa, cet ami
que j’appelle mon fils
tremblant comme une balance
calme comme une statue . . .”

1953

One February afternoon Mary Mallet came with a girl friend to the studio. During the visit Mary, her friend, Apelles and I watched how the large-format Orlando furioso he was modelling at the time began to topple over. During this spectacular fall, the central iron bar of the frame broke the stove in two, but fortunately Apelles, who was on the other side, came out unscathed. Since his intention was to present the piece at the forthcoming Ve Salon de la Jeune Sculpture, which was to take place in June at the Musée Bourdelle, he immediately began work on a new, smaller, version, which was exhibited in plaster.

Dàrius Vidal: “Art is love?”

A. F.: “Yes, absolutely; deep down, everything is love.”

D. V.: “And what is love?”

A. F.: “Listen, think of Ariosto’s Orlando furioso. I believe he’s a model of love and fidelity. When he goes in search of Angelica, who’s eloped with Medor, he goes mad with grief. While he’s

crossing the Pyrenees, his horse dies at his feet. He lifts it onto his shoulders and continues his quest, passing in front of Angelica without recognising her. This shows that love is a feeling greater than the object or the person that inspires it. This isn't a definition, of course, but it strikes me as a significant view of love.”⁴⁵

That same year J. Subirà-Puig became Fenosa's assistant. Later he was succeeded by Tejedor, another Catalan sculptor. Shortly before, at the Hôtel des Terrasses, we had met Jiro and Seiko Hashimoto, who were charming. Jiro had obtained a scholarship to study sculpture in France, and Apel-les would often take him to the Louvre, to the Musée Guimet, to Chartres, so that he could see the meridian angel he admired so much. Jiro would often come to Fenosa's studio and help him disinterestedly.

In June we had planned to travel to Greece. Everything was prepared. We had our tickets and a little money. But a few days before we were due to leave, the architect Patout told us there was a flat available on rue Boissonade. Apel-les insisted that we take it. Life at the hotel had become impossible with constant worries over the rent, which was too high, and always in debt, what with the heating bills for the two places, his assistants' fees, the purchase of materials and the costs of casting. The money we had set aside for the Greek trip was just enough to pay the deposit on the flat. On July 15 we moved into no. 45 rue Boissonade, in the 14th Arrondissement. For a while we had to work non-stop to put the flat in order: the pipes, the wiring and so on.

In November Manon came into our life, a tabby cat who would die in El Vendrell at the age of twenty. When we left the Hôtel des Terrasses, Arpad Szenes and Vieira da Silva moved in.

In September we travelled to Limoges and Eygalière, where we stayed with the Périgords, friends of Jean and Florence d'Albis. From there we went to Avignon to see Georges and Geneviève Heilbrun, in Castellar, with whom we stayed from September 7 to 24.

“Well, at last we've discovered the Midi. We've found it really wonderful, Picasso's here too, that's the best of all . . .”, wrote Fenosa to Florence d'Albis on September 12.

The Heilbruns offered to take us to Carrara by car.

Regular visitors at the studio were Campigli, Grimm, Pikelny, Tzara, Illiazd, Clavé, Alain de la Bourdonnaye, Catalan exiles such as Víctor Hurtado, Ferran Cuito and Ragasol, and Barcelona Catalans who were passing through Paris, such as the painters Bosch Roger and Manuel Humbert, the poet Carles Riba, the

architect Sert and the ceramist Artigas, an admirable raconteur of stories about Franco that made us laugh and cheered us up. The architect Denis Honegger and his wife, whom we had met the previous year at Apel-les's Galerie Dubourg exhibition, became fervent collectors of his works.

1954

Fenosa liked to introduce his friends to each other and help them. Thus, for example, he introduced Key Sato to Víctor Hurtado, an old friend of Fenosa's. Born into a family of prominent Barcelona magistrates, he was owner of the journal *Mirador*. But since the Civil War had ruined everything, Hurtado had had to flee to Paris with his wife Maria Elisa. He opened an art gallery, the *Galerie Mirador*, in Place Vendôme, where he organised an exhibition of the works of Key Sato from January 15 to 30. Jean Cocteau and Fenosa wrote a preface each to the catalogue.⁴⁶ When an artist friend of his came to Paris, Fenosa would telephone Marguerite Lamy or Pierre Goutal, who would invariably receive them and often buy a work from them to help them survive.

In April, Peter and Clifford Norton invited us to London. Peter was waiting for us at the airport with his huge Rolls Royce and his chauffeur. Lady Norton showered us with gifts, including a Cycladic terracotta statuette. We went straight to their country house in Lippe, near Oxford, where we met Clifford, who never went to Paris. Fenosa modelled his head in London and, still at the unbaked clay stage, took it back to Paris, in a cardboard box full of sawdust, to have it cast in bronze. When we were back in Paris, the Honeggers took us to Fribourg to see the Church of Christ the King, which was under construction at the time. We also went to Zurich, where we stayed at the house of Doctor Amsler, a collector and friend of the d'Albis family.

Before returning to Japan, Jiro and Seiko Hashimoto introduced us to Yasuo Mizui, a young Japanese sculptor who had won a scholarship and, before reaching Paris, had travelled France by bicycle to visit the Romanesque churches. Mizui became Apel-les's assistant and stayed with him until 1964. Incredibly ingenious, he made mobile frames so that Apel-les could transfer arms from one sculpture to another in the process of creation. For *Christ Roi*, Mizui built scaffolding that allowed Apel-les to work in perfect safety five metres above the studio floor. When he left, motivated by the desire to "fly with my own wings", to use his expression, he left Fenosa completely helpless.

At that time we went out a lot and received many visitors. I remember that one night we had invited a lot of friends and Mizui offered to cook a Japanese supper. He worked for two days, and had to borrow huge bowls and casseroles from the neighbours. Once the table was laid, the different dishes were a magnificent spectacle. And the flavours were truly exquisite. Maria Elisa Hurtado's mother had a Spanish boîte in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, called La Guitare, which we would often frequent. That night she had sent us the famous flamenco bailaora La Chunga and her musicians. Since none of them had had supper, and did not dare try that "barbarous meal", we had to get them sandwiches from the bar on the corner. Many evenings we would have supper with friends at the Roi du Couscous Marocain, on Avenue Denfert-Rochereau, where the chef allowed Apelles to daub the walls of his restaurant. One of his most popular tricks was to rub a key against the wall until it stuck there.

For several decades Henri Monnet and Georges Heilbrun organised Sunday suppers either at home or in restaurants. These would be attended by friends who were in Paris at the time, like Peter Norton, the Stravinskys, Peter Ustinov, and sometimes Roger and René Massip. Georges-Henri Rivière was a regular, as were Germaine Dieterlen and Roger Heim, director of the Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle, who would kindly keep our orchids in the museum greenhouse when we were away on a trip or on holiday.

In September we went back to London, where Peter Norton was expecting us. We stayed at the house of John Carras, a collector who had already purchased pieces by Fenosa from the Hanover Gallery exhibition. We met Babette and Alan Sainsbury and Molesworth, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, at which there was a magnificent collection of Catalan glass, most probably from Almatret. One day we were invited for lunch at the home of a prestigious architect called Goldfinger. When we entered the dining room, Fenosa saw a painting hanging at the end of the table, a bleeding cranium by Max Ernst. Fenosa refused to sit down, but fortunately the offending canvas was immediately removed.

Whenever we left Paris, we would leave Manon with our friends Marque and Marcel Moiroud. Fenosa had met Marque de Bellefond in 1944, on her Lavignac estate in Limousin. At that time Fenosa was staying with the d'Albis, but when the Germans put posters in the streets calling for people to denounce Spanish republicans, Florence and Jean d'Albis asked Marque to hide Fenosa in her house. The woman, who was expecting her third child at the time,

generously agreed. One night there were violent knocks on the door. Marque ordered Fenosa not to move and went downstairs to see who it was. Fortunately, they were resistance fighters seeking shelter. Later Fenosa would portray Marque and her daughter Marie-Christine.

1955

Early in the year Henri Monnet commissioned Fenosa to sculpt the portraits of his daughter Joan Bungener and his grandson Eric. Georges Salles and Tristan Tzara also came to pose at the studio. The Sanders, a Dutch couple, bought several statuettes, thanks to which we were able to travel to Holland and its vast bulb fields. We visited the museums of Delft, The Hague and Amsterdam. At the Rijksmuseum Apel-les was spellbound by the humane quality of Goya's portrait of Don Ramón Satué. At the Kröller-Müller, having shared Van Gogh's suffering, he stopped in front of a Pissarro, which impressed him by its feeling of peace, calm and harmony. We also discovered the small museum of Leyden, full of Egyptian sculptures from the reign of Amenophis IV. Suddenly Apel-les called me: "Look! A Fenosa!" It was an Iberian statuette.

In June we left for London, since Alan and Babette Sainsbury had commissioned Fenosa to sculpt the head of their daughter Paulette. While we were there, Peter Norton and John Carras organised a host of receptions in honour of Fenosa. We also met the Greek shipowner Livanos, who bought *Prométhée enchaîné et les Océanides*. Since he sold many pieces in England, Apel-les, who always spoilt me, took me to a shop on Old Bond Street and bought me a necklace and a bracelet in green amber and a fragment of fossilised resin containing a spider about to pounce on an ant.

We spent August at the Heilbruns' house in Castellar. Georges Heilbrun organised an excursion to the Vallée des Merveilles. In Castellar we also had to find clay so that Apel-les could model the portrait of Alain Heilbrun, a font for holy water and a fireplace plaque representing Adam and Eve in the Earthly Paradise. Georges, who could never keep still for an instant, proposed that we go to Barcelona by car. We stopped in Arles, Nîmes and Elne. Whenever he saw the sea close to the road, Georges had to stop and dive into the water before continuing the journey. When we reached Barcelona, Apel-les showed them round the city. They went back to Castellar while we returned to Paris in mid September. As soon as we got back, Lucien Scheler introduced us to Irving Davis, an antiquarian and bookseller like himself. Thoroughly enamoured of

Italy and the Mediterranean, Irving was one of our dearest friends until his death in 1967.

At that time we would often meet up with Claude and Louis Cournot and the Monnets, with whom we usually went to the Clignancourt flea market. Invitations, concerts and exhibitions. We were also very fond of the circus — I recall having seen Buster Keaton at the Cirque d'Hiver — and we always endeavoured not to miss any Russian or Chinese circus that came to Paris. The first time the Peking Opera came, we rushed to see them. The stage was empty, bathed in blue light, featuring only the boatman and the girl who wanted to cross the river. Mime theatre, a tour-de-force of gestural insinuations. We were deeply moved by the perfection of the show, which brought to mind two comments by Apelles about his own work:

“You must always remove, never add. In life too: purge, simplify”.

“Life in a work of art, an idea superior to the means”.

1956

Vania Pougny died at the beginning of the year. The painter and Fenosa had known each other since his arrival in Paris in the twenties. There was a bond of brotherly love between them. I could not let his widow Xana be alone, so during the first nights I would sleep at the rue d'Assas studio. Visiting the studio or sleeping there was like living in one of Pougny's paintings. Xana asked Apelles to make a sculpture for her late husband's grave. He did a small St. John with his hands raised above his head, an eagle perched on his right hand and the Gospel in his left. Xana changed her mind, however, and asked Fenosa for a medallion portrait instead, for her to keep at home.

Denis Honneger, whom we had known since 1952, commissioned Fenosa to make the Christ Roi for the church of the same name he had just built in Fribourg, Switzerland. Fenosa did not like the monumental cross the architect had conceived to sustain the figure of Christ. He felt that the arms were too short. So he made several successive models, only the last of which he showed and kept, the one in which he had solved the problem by projecting Christ's body forwards, endowing his arms with great tension and his words — “Father, why hast thou forsaken me?” — with greater poignancy. As usual, Apelles modelled the figure in clay and Mizui made the moulds for the plaster version, which Fenosa used to complete the work before sending it to be cast.

Both our flat and the studio were invariably crammed with people. Irving Davis would almost always come accompanied by Patiença

Gray or Ariane Castaing, John Carras or Peter Norton, and occasionally with the Molesworths. If there was a party at one of our friends' houses, we would take them with us. They all visited the exhibition of Fenosa's works at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg. Thanks to Mizui's photographs, we know that Dora Maar, Germaine Richier, Jean Cassou, Jules and Pilar Supervielle, Denise and Pierre Bertaux, Waldemar George, Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes, Germaine Dieterlenc, all our friends from Limoges, Rheims and Italy, and lots of Japanese men and women in kimonos were present. Jacques Dubourg, who wanted the vernissage to end up at home, organised a sumptuous buffet on rue Boissonade. This circle of friends would grow when we bought our house in El Vendrell.

In the autumn, we set off for Catalonia in the front-wheel-drive Citroën we had bought from my sister. We stopped at Limoges, where we stayed with the d'Albis. Constance Mallet joined us on our adventure. We stopped at many places; specifically in Souillac, in Toulouse, a city that Fenosa knew like the back of his hand from the days when he lived there when he came to France in 1920, Perpignan and the Costa Brava, until we reached La Floresta at last. From here we went to Barcelona every day; we visited the city, the museums, and friends. They were days of intense activity marked out by lunches, suppers, and sorties in which we frequented bars and danced. We also went to Almatret, where we stayed a few days. On our way back to Paris we stopped first at Céret, to see Frank Burty-Haviland, and then at Limoges.

1957

In April, Fenosa built the frame from which to execute his large-scale *La Tempête pourchassée par le Beau Temps*, to be exhibited the following year at the Musée Rodin as part of the *Sculpture Française Contemporaine et de l'École de Paris* biennial. In Paris major group exhibitions were held, which stimulated Fenosa and gave him the strength to conceive and execute monumental works.

In Rheims, the Galerie Droulez organised an exhibition. It was always a great pleasure for us to return to the home of France and Hubert Fandre, surrounded by their children and friends.

Julie and Arnauld Wapler had introduced us to Marcel and Lucienne Flory several years earlier. Marcel Flory was the French consul in Naples, where he received us at his residence. Thanks to them, we were able to visit the Naples region: Cumas, Nero's baths, Capo di Monte, La Solfatera, Amalfi, Ravello, Salerno and Paestum, where Fenosa fell in love with a pregnant tanagra. Between excursions Apel-les, who always claimed that he disliked working,

asked for clay and executed a number of definitely inspired statuettes.

Later we joined Irving Davis on holiday in Positano. Early in September we went to Carrara, where we stayed with Rina Beretta. Fenosa was awarded the international sculpture biennial prize. We returned to Paris and on November 6 we set off again for Barcelona. Teresa Torras, owner of the Galería Jardín, and her friend Joan Fluvià organised an exhibition. In accordance with Fenosa's wishes, the catalogue was written in Catalan. The Franco regime no longer jailed Catalans who spoke or wrote in their own language, preferring to fine them heavily, since the prisons were overcrowded. Josep Carner, Alexandre Cirici i Pellicer and Jean Cocteau wrote the forewords. Cocteau had the unfortunate idea to evoke the bullfight: "Fenosa c'est la forme la plus exquise de la force, celle que ne trompe personne et dont les muscles ne s'affichent pas. C'est le jeu de cape de Manolete. . . ." I have found the letter in which Apelles thanked the poet, adding: "But let me remind you that I have no love for Spain, even less for the bullfight. . . ."

On the occasion of the exhibition at the Galería Jardín we met Alexandre Cirici i Pellicer, who became a great friend of ours. In 1958 this exceptional man published, at his own expense, a brochure devoted to Fenosa's work. Later he would write many articles on his output and, in 1982, when Apelles was awarded the Medalla d'Or of the Generalitat de Catalunya, it was Cirici who delivered the presentation address.

The exhibition at the Barcelona gallery was a great success. The reviews were highly favourable and Fenosa sold many pieces. This influx of money led to the following reflection on the part of Apelles: "Catalonia is poor, France is rich. I'd like to buy a little house in Catalonia in which to spend the summer." So we began to search for properties as close as possible to the frontier. I recall, for example, that there was an island for sale not far from Cadaqués. I also remember our visits to Begur, where we had friends: Joan Petit, Marçal Oliver, Pere Bohigas and Ramon Aramon. Joan and Josefina Cortès received us in the Montseny . . . However, all the houses we saw were either too expensive or else in ruins and without running water.

On our way to visit Anton and Pilar Andreu, in Montblanc, we crossed the plain of Tarragona, where we were captivated by the landscape. On our way back to Barcelona we stopped in El Vendrell, intending to ask the notary Llassat if he knew of any small properties up for sale in the region. Apelles stressed that it must have at least one Gothic window. Llassat mentioned a house in El Vendrell that

was to be auctioned in three weeks' time. Furthermore, it had several Gothic windows of considerable dimensions. Fenosa asked if we could see it. Llassat did not have the keys, so he could only show us the outside. As we were going down Carrer de la Muralla, at the junction with the Carrer Major we stopped at a huge building framed by two towers, one of which stretched along a high wall that protected a garden. It was an impressive sight. Apel-les's immediate reaction was: "That's the house I want!" I put my hands to my head and screamed: "No, no, no!"

We returned to Barcelona, where Teresa Torras had organised a cocktail party. Apel-les told her that he had fallen in love with a house in El Vendrell and asked her if she knew the owner, one Matilde Folch, whose particulars the notary Llassat had not given him. Immediately, a lady who was sitting hidden in the shadows of a corner got up and told us that Mme. Folch was a friend of hers and gave us her telephone number. Fenosa phoned Matilde Folch at once, and she insisted that we go and see her. When she received us, her excitement was greater even than Apel-les's, and she begged us to buy the house before it was sold for default on the mortgage. Although the price she wanted was far above our economic possibilities. Fenosa acted the grand seigneur, promising to settle her debts and pay the price she asked, so long as she gave him a year to raise the money.

Apel-les decided to return to Paris the very next day. As soon as he arrived, he went to see each and every one of his friends, starting with collectors and dealers, to show them photographs of the house. They were in black and white, which if anything accentuated the magnificence of the building with its two towers. Many people generously bought sculptures so that Fenosa might have his house. A few close friends lent him money or helped us sell what we had: Jacques Dubourg and his brother-in-law Archibald, André and Mary Mallet, Jean and Florence d'Albis, Rosée de Pourtalès, Moura Aptekman, Lucien Sablé, Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes, Claude Wapler, Irving Davis, Jean-Jacques Wapler, Henri Monnet . . . Tristan Tzara committed himself to selling one of our drawings by Picasso. Dealers André and Henriette Gomès acquired numerous sculptures and sold on our behalf a gouache that Vieira da Silva had given me and dedicated to me, as well as a canvas by Antoni Clavé.

Víctor Hurtado, who knew Apel-les well, told us to be on our guard and not to rush into buying the house. He stressed that we seek the advice of a lawyer, since Matilde Folch had two brothers in exile who had been disinherited by their mother. He gave us the address of a solicitor, Joan Comes Valls, who would later be a friend and

collector of works by Fenosa. We also had to consult an architect as to the state of the roof and the house in general. Ricardo Ribas Seva took care of everything and carried out the essential works so that we could live in the house. Fenosa, a man of passion, would insist time and time again: "With or without brothers, I'll buy it! With or without beams, that house is mine!"

1958

On May 8 we signed the contract for the house in very strange circumstances that led to a truly bizarre situation. Raising the money had proved to be far from easy. And the complications of the exchange market did not help matters. We spent many sleepless nights. A friend who had trade relations with Spain knew an intermediary who lived in Paris to whom we could send French francs which would later be converted into pesetas in Barcelona. When we returned to Barcelona, we learnt that Matilde Folch had been hospitalised and that they were due to operate on her the following day. We went to the hospital de Sant Pau to sign the purchase contract. The francs were still in Paris and the pesetas were in my bag. Neither the notary nor the solicitor wanted to take the money, since they preferred to wait for the title deeds in Fenosa's name to come from Madrid. Thus, for a few days Fenosa was three-time property owner.

When everything was at last in order, we went back to Paris. At the beginning of July we travelled by car to El Vendrell to spend our first summer there. Mizui, his wife Kyoko and the cat Manon were all away. During the summer our Catalan friends came to see the house. The painter Manuel Humbert suggested that we begin by buying a thousand brooms. The first person to arrive from France was Lucien Sablé. Then came Jean and Florence d'Albis and their four children, Henri and Madeleine Monnet, the Honeggers, Pickelny and Tzara. Mizui's help was invaluable. Anita Fernández took care of the house and cooked for everybody efficiently and with affection. One day she brought a magpie that had fallen from its nest, and for reasons unknown we all started to call it Blanca. Anita would shout: "Nita, Blanca, gana pa!"⁴⁷ Blanca enjoyed all rights about the house, even the right to peck at the statuettes that Apel-les was modelling, something the bird loved to do.

1959

Back at the Boulevard Saint-Jacques studio, Apel-les decided to start work on a series of large-scale clay sculptures, approximately one metre high, which would be baked at the Meynial kiln. We could

not even dream of casting them in bronze, since we had to return all the money we had borrowed from our friends to buy and refurbish the El Vendrell house.

In June we went back to El Vendrell with Mizui and Kyoko. The works were going full swing. The mason brothers Joan and Pere Vives were doing an extraordinary job, since they knew how to build arcades, roofs, staircases and fireplaces according to the centuries-long Catalan tradition. Thanks to them we managed to recover everything inside that had been boarded up, partitioned, destroyed or hidden. The stone arches had been split into two by walls; the gallery arcades looking over the garden had been boarded up at the beginning of the century to build a kitchen; there were no drainpipes. When we and the architect decided to open it all up and put the kitchen in another room, we were pleasantly surprised to find a hearth with the remains of a fire in what had been the original kitchen. The 17th-century flooring had been removed and replaced with horrible grey tiles. The stair well had been boarded up and all the rooms had been partitioned into corridors and alcoves. The walls had been painted a chocolate colour that concealed the stone beneath. And as for the garden, it was a scorpion-infested jungle of nettles. The second floor also needed restoring, but work could not begin on this until 1967.

Apel-les produced many statuettes. The builders worked away and friends began to arrive: Florence and Jean d'Albis with their children and their friend Father Robert, from En Calcat Abbey, who in 1962 would commission a Procession Cross from Fenosa for his monastery. André and Henriette Gomès, Pikelny, Key Sato, Claude and Louis Cournot and Ursula Schroeder were also among our guests. Fenosa and Tzara, who loved a party, organised charades, singing and games throughout the house. A lad from the village came to teach us to dance the sardana. In the morning we would go to the beach: the deserted strands between Calafell and Tarragona were entirely for us. The pines, bent and twisted by the winds, practically reached the water's edge. Migratory birds would perch on the reeds in the salt marshes. The dunes were covered with wild lilies, of which I loved to make bouquets. When later I bemoaned the fact that cement was gradually taking over, Apel-les said:

“Who knows? Perhaps when man has disappeared the earth will become the kingdom of plants. The lilies will prevail. Someone will find a Fenosa on the beach and put it in a vase.”

In the afternoon we would explore inland. We toured the Priorat, where Scala Dei Abbey stands, in ruins, a romantic, overgrown site

worthy of the engravings of Hubert Robert. We went to Prades, Ciurana, Vallbona and the monasteries of Santes Creus and Poblet. All these sorties were possible thanks to our friends Anton and Pilar Andreu, who knew the area “inch by inch”.

At sunset we would go down to the fishing villages, to Calafell or Torredembarra. In these villages, which had no harbour, every day we witnessed a fascinating spectacle: huge sail-powered trawlers set out to sea to fish mackerel and sardines by lamplight. On the beach, big cauldrons boiled the soap with which they greased the wooden planks over which several men would pull the boats down to the water.

Florence and Jean d'Albis were the first to buy a house between El Vendrell and Sant Salvador. Then it would be the turn of Joan and Elisabeth Gili, who would settle in the old town of Sant Vicenç de Calders. Soon nine of our friends had bought houses near us. Pilar Parcerisas managed to express in a few words what the El Vendrell house meant to Fenosa: “Friends, artists, poets and composers formed Fenosa’s universe. They helped him buy the house in El Vendrell, and he would often come to Catalonia to see his friends.”⁴⁸

1960

Irving Davis travelled frequently to Paris, where he would visit us and buy the sculptures he liked from Fenosa. In 1959 he had introduced us to Patiença Gray, a writer and journalist employed by The Observer, to whom he gave his *La Tempête pourchassée par le Beau Temps*. It was also in 1959 that Alexander Rosenberg had seen several of Apel·les’s sculptures at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg, which decided him to organise an exhibition in his New York gallery. He telephoned us and we arranged to meet. Since we had only a few bronzes, Fenosa went to fetch two statuettes to which the patina had just been applied at the Busato foundry. As he was returning home he was knocked down by a car on rue Saint-Jacques, leaving him unconscious. They took him to the Hôpital Cochin, where they asked for his identity card, which he was not carrying at the time. On seeing that nobody paid any attention to him, he slipped away from the hospital and returned home. For this reason, one of the statuettes in question is entitled *Accident heureux*.

Alexander Rosenberg returned the following year and organised a second exhibition. He invited us to visit New York, but at the time Fenosa was too busy at his studio and with the works at El Vendrell to contemplate travelling. Years later, the publisher André Dimanche

recounted that he had visited the Galerie Rosenberg during one of his stays in New York. There he saw statuettes by Fenosa in a display cabinet and had asked the price of one of them. On learning that it was quite cheap, he wanted to buy it, but Rosenberg refused to sell, alleging that he liked the statuettes so much that he did not want to part with them.⁴⁹

For a long time Fenosa had wanted to introduce his friend the sculptor Josep Granyer to Jules Supervielle, so that the poet would write a text about Granyer's anthropomorphical animals, endowed with a subtle grace. As usual, we were given a warm reception and Supervielle promised to write something. Sadly, however, he died shortly after our visit. Apel-les, who loved him dearly, was deeply grieved by his demise. In the Barcelona journal *Art*, Rafael Benet wrote in an article devoted to Tossa de Mar, entitled "Babel de las artes", that ". . . [Supervielle] was almost a father to Fenosa".⁵⁰

At the beginning of June we went to El Vendrell, where Irving Davis visited us in the company of Patiença Gray and Ariane Castaing. In August, Claude and Louis Cournot also joined us. They spoke to us in glowing terms about friends of theirs who were spending their holidays in Sitges: Doctor Jean-Louis Funck-Brentano and his wife Monique, her brother Jacques Duhamel and his wife, and the violinist Paul Makanowitzky. Fenosa invited them to come and have lunch in the garden, under the fig tree. Paul Makanowitzky

was so enchanted by the house and the sculptor that he asked whether he could collect his luggage in Sitges and come to stay with us, together with his wife Barbara. They loved the landscape so much that they eventually bought a house in the area.

The following year, the plaster version of the monumental sculpture *Polyphème* was exhibited at the Galerie Dubourg, where Jacques Duhamel saw it and would never forget it. Consequently, when in 1971 he was appointed Minister of Culture he decided to purchase it for the town of Dôle, where he was deputy mayor.

1961

After the death of Jules Supervielle we would meet up more regularly with his daughters Denise and Françoise, the wives of Pierre Bertaux and Pierre David respectively. Fenosa would sculpt Denise's portrait in 1963 and Françoise's in 1975.

We met solicitor Yves Cournot at the home of his brother, Louis. Yves immediately understood Fenosa and his work, and his office was presided over by a large photograph of the *Métamorphoses des*

sœurs de Phaéton. Thanks to his advice and disinterested assistance, we often managed to solve our problems.

In February we were at Irving Davis's house in London. He lived in Hampstead, in a 17th-century cottage, where he had a library full of treasures. Engravings hung on the walls, among them four by Canaletto. On his death we were astonished to find that he had bequeathed us one of them, thanks to the generosity of his daughter and son-in-law, Ianthe and John Carswell. Irving Davis lived with his cats, his camellias and his collection of old Venetian glasses, from which we drank the best wines in France.

John Carras had just acquired *Ulysse et les sirènes*. On the same day of the purchase, Apel-les asked Irving if he had a really fine edition of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. Irving opened one of his bookcases like a mischievous child and handed him the first edition. Fenosa, a fervent admirer of Dante, was spellbound. "What's it worth?", he asked. Irving opened the book, read a mysterious sign on the title page and mentioned a sum. Apel-les paid, of course. That same night, at supper, Irving said: "If you want to sell me the book back, I'll pay you double."

Every time Irving came to Paris or El Vendrell, knowing Fenosa's passion for poetry and rare books, he would give him some work or other as a gift. In this way Fenosa's library acquired, apart from this Dante published in Florence, a 16th-century Petrarch, Luis de Góngora's *Soledades*, *Las tres musas últimas castellanas* by Francisco de Quevedo, published in Madrid in 1729, and Ariosto's four-volume *Orlando furioso*, published in Venice in 1772. Antique booksellers also gave him magnificent old editions. Maurice Chavet gave him Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in three volumes (published in Paris in 1803) and *The Voyage of James Cook* in five volumes (Paris, 1778). Joan Gili came to El Vendrell with the second edition of the works of Ausiàs March, with Ramon Muntaner's *Chronique*, translated for the first time from Catalan to French in 1827, and with a copy of Joanot Martorell's *Tirant lo Blanc* (*Tyrant the White*) published in London. Fenosa's library also contained an edition of the *Tesoro de los romanceros*, published in Paris, which he cherished lovingly.

In the preface to *Draeger's Picasso* (1974), Francis Ponge recalls his encounter with Picasso when he returned to Paris at the end of 1944. Picasso took him for lunch at the Catalan. "Dora Maar was there, with Nusch Éluard, Fenosa. . . ." Jacques Dubourg was preparing Fenosa's exhibition to be held the following year and he asked Ponge to write the catalogue preface. Ponge wrote it in February 1961 and entitled it "Pour Fenosa". He later wrote another

one for the 1965 exhibition, “Ce Petit Plâtre Inachevé à la Gloire de Fenosa”, in which he gave the sculptor the following advice: “Laisse donc à leurs recherches les plus ingénieux que toi. Suffis-toi du poste hors-limites où ton ingénuité te retient. Ma voix que le temps entraîne, non contente de le scander, peut donc — tu l’entends, tu la vois — revenir à cette marcheuse immobile, dont chacun de ses pas l’éloignait. Il suffit que je l’y ramène en lui faisant — je le fais — te dire que tu eus raison. . . .”

1962

Each year, Irving Davis invited us to London. This time we went to the Royal Festival Hall, where to our great — and their even greater — surprise we found ourselves sitting behind Arnauld and Julie Wapler. Like Apel-les, Irving loved to get his friends together, to which end he would invite them to his home or to a restaurant. He had a particular predilection for The Lantern House, a Chinese restaurant in Chelsea. During this stay in London we had supper with the Catalan publisher and bookseller Joan Gili and his wife Elisabeth, who became great friends of ours. Shortly afterwards they came to see us in El Vendrell. They became captivated by the magic of “castles in Spain” and bought a house in Sant Vicenç de Calders.

At the house of Lucien Scheler, Fenosa met Jacques Guignard and his wife Marie-Berthe, who were both curators at the Bibliothèque Nationale at the time. Later Jacques was appointed director of the Bibliothèque de l’Arsenal. He was gifted with a deep sense of friendship and sacrificed his leisure time to help his friends. When he became a widower, he married my sister Claude Debachy.

Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes had just bought a house near Yèvres. One day they showed us round places in the area. That same day I took a series of photographs of work being done on the farrier’s.

It was in June that year that we went to El Vendrell, where we were joined by Irving Davis, Ariane Castaing, Patiença Gray and her daughter Miranda, and Norman Mommens. Invariably delighted to have his house full of people, Apel-les decided that since he would not live to be one hundred there, he would celebrate his one hundredth birthday now. We did not know this but before becoming a sculptor, Norman Mommens had been a mime artist, and he put on a hilarious show for us. Patiença and Miranda decorated the house with painted cardboard cut-out angels.

Then we went with Irving to spend ten days on Ibiza, where Ursula Schroeder was expecting us. Ursula lived in a typical Ibizan house that looked over La Galera bay. On Ibiza we discovered

another paradise, even more archaic than the one on the plains of Tarragona.

1963

For several years the Le Chapelain brothers, whose gallery was at 71, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, had been purchasing sculptures from Fenosa. It is said that whenever Yul Brynner came to Paris he stayed at the Hôtel Bristol, just opposite the gallery, and bought one of the statuettes in the display window. Also C. Girard, a dealer by profession, came to the studio to buy sculptures. His girlfriend, Mlle. Lerebourg, had a gallery at no. 11-bis, rue du Cirque. Unfortunately, and despite my research, I have been unable to locate the archives. The heirs to dealers and gallery owners as a general rule adopt the same discreet, even evasive, attitude. From what they told me, Jacques Dubourg's archives, by far the most interesting, were destroyed by floods; Gaspar's, in Barcelona, are in the hands of a cousin whom none of the family talk to . . .

In June we went to El Vendrell, followed shortly afterwards by the usual crowd: Irving Davis, Lucien Sablé, Pikelny, Rosée de Pourtalès — who would also buy a house in Sant Vicenç de Calders —, Aude and Nathalie Fandre (Fenosa did a series of wash portraits of Nathalie) . . . Cécile Éluard and Robert Valette were delighted to see Irving Davis, who was such an enthusiast of the Catalan cuisine from the Tarragona region, strongly reminiscent of Roman cooking, which he sampled at our house, that he decided to write a cook book illustrated with my engravings. A Catalan Cookery Book was published in 1969 by Lucien Scheler.⁵¹ That summer, visitors to our house included Pierre Berès, the Honeggers, and Denise and Pierre Bertaux, whom we would see in August at Lescun and whom we would join in visiting the grave of Jules and Pilar Supervielle in Oloron-Sainte-Marie. Palmira, Fenosa's sister, came to El Vendrell every summer, and we would visit her in La Floresta. One day, just as we were leaving for El Vendrell, she gave us a live female duck, tied up and ready for a next meal. As we disappeared from sight, we untied the bird and as soon as we arrived at El Vendrell Apel-les let her loose in the garden. The duck would follow him like a dog, and like the magpie loved to peck at his sculptures. Fenosa decided it was time to find her a mate, and after travelling many kilometres finally found the ideal candidate. However, her suitor was so solicitous he wore her out. We had to scour the entire region to find another one. This menagerie lived happily in our house until the day of our departure. It was very hard for us to leave our birds in Anita's care; and when we returned, they had invariably flown.

Back in Paris, during a supper at Cécile Éluard and Robert Valette's house in Vincennes, Apel-les asked Cécile if she still had the set of Victor Hugo glasses that Valentine had given Paul Éluard as a gift. Cécile got up from the table, saying that they had all been smashed except four. Then she went out of the dining room and came back with a glass which she placed before Apel-les, saying he could keep it. Also present at this supper was Jean Bottéro, who gave us a head of the Babylonian goddess Ichtar. Like Victor Hugo's glass, it will always grace the shelves of "our museum".

1964

Pierre and Denise Bertaux had a house near Draguignan. We spent a few days there on our way to Carrara, to stay with Rina Beretta. In Italy, once again we visited Arezzo, Siena, Florence and Volterra. On our return journey Apel-les made a thrilling discovery: Antelami in Parma.

In 1963 the architect André Remondet finished a lycée in Guingamp, for which he needed a sculpture at the entrance to welcome the students. So he commissioned Narcisse from Fenosa. In April, when the sculpture was cast, Fenosa offered to deliver it himself, since he wanted to spend some days in Brittany. The reason for this was because some time earlier Pierre Berès had sent us an issue of *Art de France* (no. III, 1963), in which Apel-les had seen and become fascinated by the photographs of the corridor-shaped dolmen on the island of Gavrinis, off the coast of Larmor-Baden. The island had yet to be developed, and as we approached we saw a kind of dream land carpeted with bluebells, hawthorns and gorse. We also visited Carnac, Kermario, Kerles Can and Port Manech, where Apel-les had spent the summer of 1945 with Florence and Jean d'Albis.

In June we left Paris for El Vendrell, where we were soon joined by all our friends. Irving Davis came with antique booksellers like himself: Ferraioli, Lyons, Matthews . . . Sylvie and the writer Jean Thibaudeau stayed at Ursula Schroeder's house. In the morning we would meet on Sant Salvador beach, opposite Pau Casals's house, and in the evenings in one of the seaside restaurants or at the home of one or other of our local Catalan friends: the Comes Valls from Vilanova or the Anton Andreus from Montblanc. On one occasion one of our friends, I forget who, frightened off a bee with his hand. Fenosa told him:

"Never kill a bee; they die when they transform pollen into sunlight".

Back in Paris Fenosa completed *Métamorphose 64*, which he would exhibit the following year at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg with the works of the same name from 1962 and 1963. At the end of December we travelled to Rosée de Pourtalès's house in Montméry, in the Limousin, where we stayed until January 1965.

1965

In 1953, shortly after we had moved into the rue Boissonade flat, Claude Engels had introduced us to Doctor Louis Cournot. Cournot gradually became our friend and family doctor. He introduced us to his parents, his brothers, his sisters and his friends. For some time we had noticed that Apel-les was trying to hide his left arm, which was atrophying. Louis Cournot sent him to the neurologist Philippe Raverdy, who diagnosed a left extra-pyramidal syndrome. He managed to considerably reduce the tremors of the left hand and he looked after Apel-les with affection and dedication until the sculptor's death. Furthermore, Louis Cournot recommended that Apel-les should see Professor Küss, who operated on his prostate gland at the hospital of Saint-Louis. We spent the period of convalescence at Rosée de Pourtalès's home in Ambazac.

When the exhibition at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg closed, we went to El Vendrell with twenty-five catalogues, which Apel-les numbered. On our return to Paris, he would sign them at the same time as Francis Ponge. From El Vendrell we went to Ibiza, where we stayed with Ursula Schroeder. Rosée de Pourtalès accompanied us. We discovered the island of Formentera, where the women spun on their doorsteps, where the sails of the windmills rotated incessantly and the fig trees covered vast fields that brought oriental temples to mind. Back in El Vendrell, we found Ebihara and his wife, who had moved into our house. Apel-les felt unwell again and consulted doctor Puigvert, the famous Catalan urologist, who decided to operate again. This was a terrible blow. I had to leave him at the Barcelona clinic and travel to Paris to fetch the sculptures he had to present at the Sala Gaspar. As the dealers did not want to cover the cost of transport, I decided to take the sculptures to Barcelona myself. Rosée de Pourtalès, who had a farm in Limousin, offered to lend me a trailer, which we filled with hay sheaves. Thoroughly ignorant in these matters, when I got back to Paris I discovered that I needed authorisation for such transport, insurance and a declaration for the customs. My friends helped me meet these bureaucratic requirements. Mizui and three of his friends loaded the trailer and the following day I set off for Barcelona. By telephone I learnt that Apel-les had had a stroke; later he told me that he had

seen himself dressed as a doctor, leaning over his bed, and he had heard how he said to himself: "Your time hasn't come yet". During my absence, two great friends, Elvira Gaspar and Maria Josefa Comes Valls had taken it in turns to remain day and night at his bedside. Fortunately, Apel-les recovered quickly and we were soon able to return to El Vendrell, where we stayed until the end of November. When the time came to return to Paris, we loaded the trailer with all the sculptures that had not been sold to take them back with us. At the frontier, a customs official ordered us to join the goods lorry queue. Fenosa fixed him with a withering stare and said: "Since when have sculptures been goods?" Thoroughly nonplussed, the official let us through.

1966

When we returned from London, where we had spent Christmas with Irving Davis, our Carrara friends the Berettas came to Paris. Their visit gave rise to get-togethers with Patiença Gray and Norman Mommens, from London, with the collectors Connie and Guy de Bodard, François and Mercedes de Gunzburg, and Édouard Dasen. At that time, the architect Paul Nelson and the painter Jean Hélon asked Fenosa to participate in meetings to reflect on the evolution of leisure and recreational activities.

Baraize (from the firm of Bonal & Meynial), a wine merchant and friend of Irving Davis, began to supply our cellar; we exchanged wine for sculptures and money.

In June we set off again for El Vendrell, where we were joined early in July by Henri and Madeleine Monnet accompanied by Germaine Dieterlen, who presented us with a magnificent Dogon basket. Monique Auricoste came to spend her holidays with us. Ten days later, she said she had to go back to Paris. Fenosa asked her why.

"To earn my living."

"You earn your living as soon as you're born", was Apel-les's reply.

As soon as our friends' nine houses were occupied, the long trips in five or six cars began again. We toured inland Tarragona to show it to those that had never been there, and we made a special trip to Almatret, Apel-les's parents' birthplace, where we stocked up with olive oil for the entire year.

When we returned to Paris we had to prepare for our great trip to the Orient. On October 18 Víctor Hurtado, Mizui and Nakamura accompanied us to Orly airport. Flying over the North Pole you can

see the sun rising and setting at the same time, an unimaginably unforgettable experience. When we reached Tokyo airport it was nighttime. There to meet us were Ebihara, Shimizu, Jiro and Seiko Hashimoto and a host of journalists. After the press conference, we set off with Ebihara in one car while another car followed us. We passed by fields and villages where everyone was fast asleep. Nobody said a word to us; neither did we ask any questions. Two or three hours later, we came to a sumptuous hotel, standing completely alone. Inside, there were bunches of orchids everywhere. Ebihara showed us to a vast room and told us to rest; he would come for us three days later. We were utterly exhausted and instantly fell fast asleep. Suddenly, a voice aroused me from my slumbers: at dawn Apel-les had drawn back the curtain and discovered Mount Fujiyama, which filled our huge bedroom window.

Our whole stay was organised by Ebihara and Hirose, director of the Takashimaya Gallery: the visits to the islands of Kiushú and Okaido; the exhibition; the admirable presentation of the works; the catalogue; the publicity; the pennants with Fenosa's name that hung everywhere in the Ginsha district; the posters that covered the underground corridors . . . On the third day, Ebihara's son came to Hakone to fetch us and we entered Tokyo on the Pacific side. The gallery had reserved a suite for us at the Imperial Hotel, from which we could see the emperor's gardens. Our stay lasted until November 15. Jiro and Seiko Hashimoto came to have supper with us and took us everywhere. Apel-les bought books from the 18th century, including One Hundred Poems by One Hundred Poetesses, and two portfolios of engravings by Hokusai. We visited Kyoto, Nara and Niko. We were fascinated by Kabuki and No theatre, by the vegetation, specifically the red maples, by the temples and by the gardens of stone or moss.

The vernissage was attended by a great multitude, who contemplated Fenosa's works and asked him if he was a Buddhist. Later Iida, owner of the Takashimaya, organised a supper at a geisha house. The exhibition was a great success: sixty of the eighty-four sculptures on show were sold. Fenosa spent three days signing the crates containing the sculptures that had been bought, each one with the name of the purchaser. Later he would say:

"I owe my livelihood to Paris, my wellbeing to Barcelona, and my glory to Tokyo."

In Kagoshima, Ebihara's native city, Apel-les made six terracotta statuettes, five of which he gave away as gifts when we got back to Tokyo. Accompanied by the sculptor Minet San and his wife, we

went to the island of Hokaido. In Shiraoi we visited the Hainous. After the American tourists had gone, the head of the tribe invited us to have breakfast beside the fire. Since fire was his god, he made an offering of a few drops of saki, using a skilfully carved stick, which at the end of the meal he gave to Fenosa and signed it Eka Shimatiokuu.

On our return to Tokyo we found letters from Marie-Roberte Guignard and Jean Bottéro. At Hong Kong airport we were met by Henri Vecht and his daughter Hélène, friends of the Guignards. Thanks to them we were able to take long trips into the country, have supper on board a ship in Aberdeen, and discover how people lived and worked on junks and other vessels.

Then we left for Cambodia, still guided by the Guignards. We stayed at the hostel of the temples. On foot, in rickshaws or by boat we visited the temples in the vicinity: Bayone, Benteay Srei and others. From Siem Reap we sailed up the river to see the great Tonlé-Sap lake and we stayed in houses built on pilotis. Here we saw how eagles, storks and people lived in harmony.

When we reached Teheran airport, everything happened just as Jean Bottéro had said in one of his letters (November 15 1966): We were met by Father Marie Joseph Stève, his “best friend, indéradiciblement frère”. “He’s an absolutely charming man, but very busy. . . . You must visit Isfahan and Chiraz. . . . In Teheran you’ll find loads of tapestries and antiques. If you want tapestries, tell Father Stève to take you to the house of our old friend Artiz. . . .” Father Stève was magnificent and became a great friend. Not only did he devote his time to us but he also took us to the archaeological museum, treated us in Naderi and introduced us to the great collector Foroughi, in whose house we lunched and saw his most important pieces of Sumerian, Elamite and Mesopotamian art. Before we went to the Susa excavations, Father Stève drew us a route map. Following his advice, we hired a coach and went to Isfahan, spent the night at Shah Abbas and then continued our journey to Chiraz. We admired the ancient mosques, the tombs of Saadi Afez and the Saadi park. We returned to Teheran by plane and visited Persepolis. The necropolis of the Archemenides kings, built into the rock face, and the tomb of Cyrus impressed us more than the Sassanid bas-reliefs. We had to go to Palmyre and thence to Greece, but in Syria they refused to give Fenosa a visa, because he was Spanish. In Teheran we waited for three days for a plane to Paris, so we spent a lot of time in the museum and at the house of Aziz, from whom we bought two tapestries, a blue véramine and a red afghan.

1967

In 1966, Joan Comes Valls had commissioned Fenosa to make a large sculpture for the garden of his property in Vilanova, "El Mironet". Apelles began it in Paris, but he wanted to take it to El Vendrell to finish it there and have it cast in Valls. Yoshida came to help him at the studio and became his assistant when Nakamura went back to Japan.

Tomàs Garcés and his wife came to El Vendrell. Inspired by Fenosa's sculpture Catalunya, the poet wrote a magnificent poem entitled La Patria Nova, which was published in Raymond Cogniat's book on Fenosa's sculpture (Polígrafa, Barcelona, 1969). Later, when Fenosa had to make a bas-relief to illustrate the dust jacket, he would go back to the theme of Catalunya, this time on the basis of plant motifs.

On June 1 we set off for El Vendrell by car in the company of Ursula Schroeder, who wanted to go to Madrid to see Fenosa's exhibition at the Galería Biosca. We reached Madrid to find the city in turmoil, because the Americans had just set up a military base near the capital. Luis Figuerola Ferreti, director of the Galería Biosca, was desperate, because the city was practically deserted. However, some of Fenosa's friends from his youth were still there: Ridruejo, Àngel Ferrant and others. Despite everything, the exhibition was a reasonable success and had wide press coverage.

On this occasion, Fenosa visited the Prado, where he was once again able to contemplate the works of his beloved Velázquez, and the Archaeological Museum, where he again contemplated the Lady of Elche. At the San Fernando Academy and the Church of San Antonio de la Florida he was overjoyed to contemplate the magnificent Goyas. On our return journey we passed through Segovia, Ávila, Soria . . .

Meanwhile, work had begun on restoration of the second floor of the house in El Vendrell. It was a daunting task, since it involved uncovering and restoring Mudéjar arches and removing the walls that divided one single room into eight. It was then discovered that the roof was in such a shocking state that it was in danger of collapsing. The main beams were replaced and the roof was reconstructed in the traditional manner, that is, using reeds sewn together by hand with pantiles on top. The reeds have to be cut one year before, under the January moon, in order to ensure their conservation. The main staircase was extended upwards. After a series of demolitions and shoddy restoration work, the Gothic tower had lost its original rectangular shape, since one of the corners had been rounded. Furthermore, the ashlar that crowned two of its

sides were missing. All of this was restored, and the exit to the tower terrace was replaced by a sliding hatchway.

Once again it was Robert Pikelny who painted the two beams that had had to be replaced in the large first-floor room. During this time, Fenosa modelled the heads of his friends Joan Perucho and Joan Gili and that of Anita. That same summer Joan Perucho, art editor at Polígrafa, conceived the idea of a book on Fenosa. The director, Manuel de Muga, enthusiastically agreed and asked Fenosa to contact a French author to write the text. It struck him that the most suitable candidate was Raymond Cogniat, by virtue of his interest in Fenosa's work. Two meetings took place in Paris. The monograph was published in conditions that would be unthinkable today. Manuel de Muga asked Apelles to execute two colour lithographs, of which seventy-five copies were made at the studio of Fernand Mourlot. Then the publisher chose twenty terracotta statuettes issued in sets of five exemplars, to which he still added an exemplar justified in his name. De Muga therefore received a total of 120 sculptures. Finally, the publisher gave away one hundred copies of the book, all of which featured a dedication by Fenosa and almost all of which included an original drawing by the artist.

1968

Having returned to Paris in October 1967, Fenosa went to the rue Barrault, where Fernand Mourlot's workshops were. Apelles had never made any lithographs, although he was very keen to try out what for him was a new technique. Mourlot placed a studio at his disposal and the draughtsman-lithographer Gino Diomaiuto acted as his assistant. Fenosa felt supported and well attended and worked in a warm atmosphere. When he had finished the two lithographs for Manuel de Muga, Mourlot asked him to make two more for himself. During the whole of 1968, Apelles spent more time in rue Barrault than at his own studio. He executed more lithographs than Mourlot had asked for: he did five additional ones to the initial four. And Mourlot generously gave him the seventy-five proofs of each of them. During this period, Fenosa drew a great deal, on zinc or on lithographic paper, and he made numerous proofs in black and white, most of which were single copies.

Mourlot wanted to publish a book of Fenosa's lithographs, and asked him to find an author. Since Francis Ponge often came to the rue Boissonade studio, Apelles asked him to write the text. Ponge turned the offer down, however, since he had just published a book on lithography and had already devoted two texts to Fenosa's output on the occasion of his two first exhibitions at the Galerie Jacques

Dubourg. Ponge suggested that he ask Roger Caillois, whom Fenosa had not yet met. Louis Cournot was his doctor and Claude Engels-Cournot had been a student of his in Buenos Aires. So they introduced him to Fenosa. Roger Caillois asked for three days' reflection before giving his reply. When the period was up, the phone rang: Caillois accepted. But it would not be until 1970 that Mourlot sent Gino Diomaiuto to El Vendrell so that Fenosa could sign the final proofs.

Fenosa often went to Mourlot's workshops, where he made the lithographs for several of his exhibition posters: in 1970 at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg; in 1973 at the Galerie Balanci Graham gallery on the occasion of the publication of Caillois's book; and in 1979 at the Centre d'Études Catalanes in Paris.

The painter and sculptor Haïm Kern introduced Fenosa to his friend Robert Thomas, director of the French Institute in Rabat, who decided to organise an exhibition the following autumn. Jean-Claude Winkler was posted in Morocco at the time, and when he heard the news he invited us to his residence. At the beginning of November we went by car to Morocco from El Vendrell. Following the invaluable advice of Joan Perucho, we crossed Spain and visited unforgettable places. From Teruel we went to Albaracín along forest tracks. Lower Aragon was splendid: the red poplars were like flames and like the roofs of the surrounding houses. We went through snow-speckled forests until we reached the source of the River Cuervo, with its cascades and grottoes, covered with moss and eternally green. We visited the Montes Universales and stopped in Cuenca before crossing Andalusia: Granada, Córdoba, Cádiz, where Fenosa searched in vain for his friend, the bailaor El Niño de Cádiz, whom he had known in Paris in the forties and of whom he had made a statuette. In Algeciras we set sail for Tangiers before going to Rabat, where Betty and Jean-Claude Winkler were waiting for us. They took us to Salé, to the gardens of the Oudaiyas, to the Medina . . . As we wanted to discover Morocco before the exhibition opened, Jean-Claude Winkler provided us with a route map. On November 13 we left for Mogador, stopping on the way in Mazagan to visit the cistern. From there we followed the coast along a road carpeted with kelp of all colours that the peasants gathered from the sea and laid out to dry. Between Mogador and Marrakech we were caught in a violent sandstorm, with eucalyptus branches flying around the car. I was terrified, but Apel-les told me to accelerate to get out of there as quickly as possible. In this way we arrived safe and sound in Kutubia, where we were received by the consul general of France. We met the sage Agdal, visited the Medina, the

Saadian tombs and the Jemaa-El-Fna plaza. Although Jean-Claude Winkler had warned us that November was the rainy season, during which roads could be washed away, we crossed the Atlas mountains accompanied time and time again by a rainbow. Having spent a night in Ouarzazate, we went up the Zagora track and in the Valley of the Draa we admired the medieval adobe villages. The road from Zagora to Tamegroute, some twenty kilometres, was impassable, so a driver took us to the Koran library of Tamegroute. Fenosa could not understand how in a small house, with a keeper who was nowhere to be seen, over four thousand manuscripts are kept. One hour later the keeper appeared and opened the door for us. The manuscripts were piled up from floor to ceiling with passages in between. On Fenosa's request, the keeper-librarian took out from one of the piles a treatise on astronomy and another on medicine, which we were able to admire on a small table. We returned via Erfoud, Fez and Volubilis. On November 22 we were back in Rabat and on the 26th the exhibition vernissage was held. On November 27 we set off for home, the car loaded with ceramics and textiles from this marvellous country.

1969

In January Fenosa began *La Première*. Many friends came to visit him at the studio: Michel and Nella Cournot (whom we had seen one year before in Sant Vicenç de Calders, near El Vendrell, where Louis and Claude Cournot had bought a house), the Honeggers, Borès, Phillippe Bonnet and Pierre Lesieur, who chose a statuette on which Apel-les inscribed his name. In exchange, Lesieur gave him one of his pastel drawings. All our pictures were the product of exchanges like this.

May 16 was Apel-les's seventieth birthday and for the occasion we organised a great celebration on rue Boissonade. All his friends were there. Moura Aptekman sent a huge round cake with seventy tiny candles. At the end of May we set off for El Vendrell. In June Fenosa held his second exhibition in Barcelona, at the Sala Gaspar, to coincide with the publication of Raymond Cogniat's book on his work. Joan Perucho wrote the foreword to the catalogue for the show, at which the twenty statuettes acquired by Manuel de Muga were presented. Once again the houses of our friends were all full. In the morning we would meet on the beach, where we would plan the afternoon excursions. The fields were still cultivated in terraces, where olive trees mingled with almond trees and vines and where there were many borges (dry-stone huts) beneath the shade of a sorb or a fruit tree.

Fenosa liked to work in the mornings, so only very rarely did he come with us to the beach. Those statuettes he had not smashed on the floor he would line up on a shelf to dry. Then he would select the ones he wanted to bake, the rest were destroyed immediately. When the sculptures returned from the kiln, he made a further selection to separate those that would remain in terracotta and those to be cast. The task of the founder was crucial. For Fenosa, the year was marked by constant to-ings and fro-ings. First he had to take the originals to be cast. Then he had to touch up, sign and number the wax moulds, and all this meant considerable work.

When we returned from El Vendrell, Fenosa resumed work on *La Première* and continued to go to Mourlot's workshops, where Roger Caillois's book was being prepared. In December, at his studio on Boulevard Saint-Jacques, Apel-les began a long series of drawings of *La Première*, which he continued until February 1970. The piece was completed in March 1970 at Rosée de Pourtalès's home in Montméry. He made many versions and destroyed even more. When I drew up the inventory, I counted over one hundred. For the poster for his sixth and last exhibition at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg, he chose the third drawing, dated March 29 1970.

1970

TF1 and INA commissioned Frédéric Czarnes to make a film about Fenosa, which was shot at the studio between March 25 and 27. The director often came to interview Apel-les before he began shooting. The film is very interesting. It shows the clay version of *La Première*, which Fenosa was modelling for presentation at the Dubourg gallery. The setting for the film is Fenosa's studio, with the boards out of place (before it was restored) and the shelves crammed with statuettes, which Apel-les called his "regrets".

Renato Ischia became Fenosa's new assistant. He hailed from Trent (on his way to Florence, Dürer sketched this city, showing the house of Ischia's forebears) and stayed by Apel-les's side until 1979. He helped him execute *La Première*. When Apel-les set to work on the plaster version, our friend Izis came to the studio to take a series of photographs.

Apel-les asked Michel Cournot to write a preface for the catalogue for the exhibition at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg. If the work is called *La Première*, it is precisely because of this text, in which Cournot alludes to the first woman God created before Eve, and who was lost: "He lived alone for thousands of years. But he never became accustomed to solitude. One day, while walking through a vineyard, he saw her tiny figure lying in a furrow, holding out her

hand to him. He had no doubt that it was her. . . . He leant over and took her hand. And he said: 'Where have you been?'"

1971

I always felt protected by Vieira da Silva, who encouraged me to work. At first I made very Fenosian statuettes. One day Vieira insisted on casting one of them, a mermaid, which by a strange quirk of fate later came to form part of the Musée National d'Art Moderne-Centre Georges Pompidou collections. But since one sculptor is enough in any family, I began to cultivate engraving, which also had the advantage of occupying less space. Vieira da Silva persuaded Denise Renard to exhibit my engravings at his gallery on rue Jacob. Later, still at the home of Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes, Apel-les and I met Georges Jaeger and Marcel Bernet, who after Fenosa's death became my most faithful and supportive friends.

At Vieira and Arpad's house Marcel Bernet saw the couple's twenty-odd statuettes by Fenosa, which he greatly admired. He came with his wife to rue Boissonade to buy one. But here he fell in love with a large bronze sculpture over one metre high — a *Tempête* from 1972 —, but needless to say, the price was not the same as that of an eighteen-centimetre high statuette. When he said that he did not have the money to buy it, Fenosa's reply was: "Pay for the small one and take the big one".

Marcel Bernet compared Fenosa's works with 18th-century Japanese prints, which capture the gesture, the passing instant. He understood perfectly what Fenosa would say:

"If you have to explain a sculpture you might as well give up. You've done it wrong. Sculpture must be self-explanatory; what I try to do is something to do with sensation, with emotion: to suggest something rather than make it. It's the observer who must feel. If you have to transfer this to ideas, that's bad, since ideas lose most of the sensation. When sensation is transformed into thought, the intensity is lost. That's why I'm a sculptor."

Fenosa went regularly to Mourlot's workshops, where Caillois's book

was still being printed. It would be finished in 1973 and exhibited, together with the lithographs, at the Galerie Balanci Graham. On April 26 1970, Caillois told us in a postcard: "I'm very pleased with the proofs . . . I like everything, the format, the characters. The text must be compact, of course, not cut. It's written in such a way as to

have a strict inner coherence, before it is subjected to visual segmentation . . . And once again I love that perfect typography”.

Fenosa began work on two monumental sculptures: *Orlando furioso* and *Flamme*. In the spring Father Stève, whom we had met in Teheran in 1966, came to Paris and posed for Fenosa, who wanted to do a portrait of him to seal their friendship. During the posing sessions, Father Stève amused himself by writing false scriptures. On a clay tablet he wrote a text in the Elamite language in praise of Fenosa.

Gaston Palewski commissioned Fenosa to portray his wife Violette, full length and in evening dress. Apel-les went to the Château du Marais with his sculptor's bench and a little clay. Unfortunately, he ran into an infuriated dog, which bit him. The posing sessions were immediately suspended. At the end of May we set off for El Vendrell, stopping at Meung-sur-Loire to pick up Lucien Sablé. Sablé, Renato Ischia and Anita stayed at Fenosa's side during my trip to the USSR. Nella Cournot had persuaded me to embark on this exhausting, though fascinating, adventure.

1972

In the autumn of 1971, when we were back in Paris, Gérard Xuriguera introduced us to Thouvenin, who ran the *Maison des Jeunes et de la Culture de Belleville*, in the 20th Arrondissement. He wanted to organise an exhibition, which indeed took place in 1972. Thouvenin and his collaborators, Jean-Louis Adam and Marie Fourcade, employed all the means at their disposal to ensure that the exhibition would be impeccably presented. It was opened by Pierre Descargues who, for the sake of effect, took out a small bronze piece from his pocket during his address. Thouvenin treated us to supper at the Centre's restaurant. Halfway through the meal the dining room door opened and in walked Vivette Winkler-Monod carrying a parcel, which she placed on the table in front of me, without uttering a single word. I opened it and to my surprise found the clay sculpture of my head that Apel-les had modelled in 1948. Since he had completely forgotten about it, he decided to entitle the piece *Nicole retrouvée*.

Orlando furioso, which Apel-les had begun the year before, was by now ready to be exhibited in plaster at the Musée Rodin and later in Rochechouart. It was not cast in bronze until 1974, when Joan and Miquel Gaspar came to visit us and expressed their desire to exhibit it at their gallery in Barcelona. Fenosa's friends greatly admired this work, particularly Michel Cournot, who took a series of photographs of it, although he was never satisfied with any of them.

After the exhibition at the Belleville centre, another one was organised at Rochechouart, in Limousin. The director of the art and culture centre, Raymond Leclerc, had taken a great risk because transporting the monumental sculptures, still in plaster, exposed them to considerable danger. We set off with our friend Marc Bernard, who had written the catalogue preface, Ursula Schroeder and Renato Ischia.

In April Gaston Palewski, president of the Constitutional Council, commissioned Fenosa to make the pediment above the door to the organisation headquarters. The work would be unveiled on April 27 1973 by Palewski and Jacques Duhamel. As soon as he received the commission, Fenosa set to work. As usual, he made the first model in clay; then his assistant Renato Ischia made the hollow mould so that he could complete the piece in plaster. Apelles sculpted a sphinx that figures on the obverse side. Then, when he went to the foundry to retouch and sign the wax, he modelled a sphinx's face on the reverse side, directly onto the wax. Gaston Palewski wanted a light patina, but the Susse foundry explained that this would be pointless, since it would be blackened very quickly by atmospheric pollution. So the Constitutional Council granted a supplementary credit to allow the patina to be produced by gold catalysis.

On May 27 we met Jacques and Colette Duhamel, Monique and Jean-Louis Funck Brentano and Arlette Susse at Lyon station to travel to Dôle to attend the unveiling of Fenosa's much admired Polyphème, which had by now been cast in bronze. In 1949 Jean Cocteau had wanted to buy it for his property in Milly-la-Forêt, but he gave up the idea when the Susse foundry told him how much it would cost to have it cast in bronze. In a letter dated December 11 1961, addressed to the director general of Arts and Letters, Jean Cassou wrote the following about the piece: "Le Polyphème est une sculpture de vastes dimensions... il est comme Oradour, profondément pathétique, l'énorme tête dressée sur un cyclope aveuglé, sa gesticulation ténébreuse s'abattant sur la masse du bélier dans la toison touffue duquel s'accroche le minuscule Ulysse, est d'un puissant effet. Tant de combinaisons plastiques, tant d'ingénieux contrastes, tant d'intentions ironiques qui se répondent et nous amusent en même temps qu'elles nous touchent composent une oeuvre véritablement homérique... Au bout du compte une oeuvre dans l'ensemble comme dans les détails de laquelle on sent palpiter la vie. . . ." This letter produced no effect, however. Ten years later (on April 16 1971), when the work was to be installed, Roger Caillois wrote to me: "Je voulais surtout avoir des nouvelles

pour Polyphème, vous paraissez pleine d'espoir, mais vous vous refusiez à trop de certitude, par une superstition que je partage. Je voulais être assuré à mon tour, car j'aime beaucoup ce groupe, et je me suis un peu démené pour qu'il reçoive du métal la permanence, la permanence qu'il exige. Je serais si content de le voir éternel en plein air, en pleine intempérie . . .”

At the beginning of June we set off for El Vendrell. Nella Cournot came with her son Ivan and her friends Sonia and Franka, to stay with Anita. Together we went to Almatret to see uncle Joan who, when he retired, returned to his native village. When we were back in Paris, Gérard Xuriguera organised an exhibition in Caen, for which he wrote the catalogue foreword.

1973

At the beginning of January we travelled to London, where we were the guests of Irving Davis's stepdaughter Ianthe and her husband John Carswell. Thus we re-established our bonds of friendship with Irving and saw our friends Carras, Molesworth and Sainsbury again. Fenosa enjoyed visiting the museums again, above all the British Museum with its Mesopotamian, Assyrian and Greek sections and the pediment of the Parthenon: on the western side Phaeton's two arms are raised, suggesting the rising sun, while on the eastern side the head of the horse of Selene appears. We were also in Oxford, at the home of Elisabeth and Joan Gili, the publisher and antiquarian whom we had met at Irving Davis's house. This stay was very relaxing, since we stayed at the house on Hurst Lane, which stands on the edge of the heath, where we would stroll before nightfall in the mists that enhanced the atmosphere of mystery.

In March the lithographs and Roger Caillois's book were exhibited at the Galerie Balanci Graham. Shortly before the show opened, Henri Fabre, a Catalan from Perpignan, came to see us. He wrote: “The sculptures of Fenosa, the need for sky, symbol of all the liberties that seek beauty, faith in life . . .”

Summer came, and Apel-les worked hard in El Vendrell and in the founders' workshops: in those of Vila, Valls and Perellada, not far from Barcelona, where the Gasparas had taken the plaster versions of Orlando and La Première. Invited by Pierre and Paulette Denis to Cadaqués, we stayed in this coastal town for several days. With his little boat, Pierre helped us discover the beauty of the coast, especially Cap de Creus, and also that of the Mare de Déu del Mont mountain, where Verdaguer wrote his monumental poem Canigó.

In December, Doctor Philippe Raverdy had Apel-les hospitalised in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, since he wanted to try out a new drug,

called Modopar, to treat his trembling left hand. And indeed, Fenosa experienced a fifty percent improvement, thanks to which he was able to execute the Monument à Pau Casals in 1976 and 1977.

1974

In May the City Hall of Dieppe organised an exhibition, at which Pierre Andreu was the curator. Apel-les immediately appreciated his kindness, his high cultural level and his understanding of his work. I remember our surprise when we entered the Galerie de l'Oranger, where the exhibition was held. Simultaneously, the Mai des poètes was held in Le Havre, for which Fenosa executed a lithograph. Pierre Andreu sent it to René Char, who sent his apologies for not being able to attend, and on May 11 wrote to him saying “. . . Fenosa's drawing is uninterrupted and, therefore, perfect”. The mayor gave us a very warm welcome. Jean Leymarie, Renato Ischia and Nella Cournot accompanied us and we met Lucien Curzi, who henceforward would be our friend. Curzi would subsequently write many articles on Fenosa and his sculpture and helped me compile an inventory of his works, which would serve as the basis for this detailed catalogue. In 1950 I had begun to jot down in a little blue notebook the names, dates, editions and collectors of those of Fenosa's works that had been cast.

The day after the vernissage in Dieppe, Mary Mallet invited us to her Bois des Moutiers estate in Varengeville, where we stayed some days, delighted to see her again in this magic setting.

Each trip to El Vendrell was an invitation to explore new itineraries, on which we discovered new places and new landscapes. This time we stopped in Gers, in Saint-Clar, the Cournot family fief, to see houses up for sale. Fenosa wanted to buy a farm in which to store his sculptures and to have two destinations. Fortunately, history did not repeat itself!

During the summer other friends joined us: Hugues and Françoise Labrusse and Robert and Solange Jaulin, whom we had met at Ursula Schroeder's house. We still did not know them, since they had returned from Colombia and had just spent their holidays in their house at Masarbones, an inland village that would become the destination of new itineraries. Here, far from the coast, the hand of man is omnipresent. The low dry-stone walls that hold back the terraces are rebuilt after every storm and adapted to the contours of the land. This perfect architecture, imposed by nature, a place of harmony, beauty and peace, inspired Apel-les to recite poems by Dante and Góngora. When night came we would have supper on the terrace, beneath the heavenly dome, unperturbed by lights from

the coast. Apel·les named the stars, the constellations and the nebulae one by one, which he had learnt by observing them from our terrace in El Vendrell through a telescope he had bought in Japan. He also had Abbot Th. Moreux's globe and many books on astronomy, among them Camille Flammarion's *L'Astronomie populaire* (Paris, 1881).

In September we went to Mallorca, specifically to Pollença, near Cap Formentor, invited by the collectors Josa. Apel·les had already been on the island in the thirties, and told us at that time you could make a procession come out for a duro.

1975

During the winter Fenosa worked on the plaster version of his great *Saint-Georges, le dragon et la princesse*. The Sala Gaspar exhibition in Barcelona opened on March 4 in the presence of Fenosa. Our friends Antonio and Monique Bonet Correa came from Madrid, the Tosellos from Switzerland, and Michel and Nella Cournot from Paris. Also there were Ursula Schroeder, the Labrusses and Renato Ischia. All his Catalan friends attended to discover the bronze versions of *Orlando furioso* and *La Première*.

Pere, one of Joan Gaspar's sons, took excellent photographs of the Parellada founder supervising the unloading of the two sculptures from a mobile crane and their entry into the gallery, for which the door had to be enlarged. For the catalogue preface five haikus had been selected from *Formes i paraules* by Salvador Espriu. During our stay in Barcelona we met the great Catalan poet. Fenosa later declared to Pilar Parcerisas:

"We've hardly ever spoken. Even so, we agree about many things. When he says that he isn't a believer, that he's an agnostic, I can tell him the same thing. I see agnosticism as a search for God, to the point where one can almost touch Him. In religion you can't touch him, that's for others to do . . . There's no difference between sculpture and poetry. Art is one single thing, a state of mind. We carry beauty inside our hearts. What we have outside we've already seen inside . . ."52

On the night of the vernissage the Gaspars organised a supper, after which we set off for El Vendrell. The following morning the *Associació Musical Pau Casals d'El Vendrell*, presided over by J. Altet, and a municipal delegation led by the mayor, Simon Recasens, came to ask Fenosa if he was willing to execute a monument in memoriam of the Catalan composer. Apel·les accepted on condition that they allowed him to work in absolute

freedom. The commission said that the site chosen for the monument was the Plaça Nova. I remember a detail that surprised us, but which was a meaningful sign of things to come. The members of the commission told Fenosa that if the façades in the square were not to his liking, they would be remodelled. Fenosa exclaimed: "Don't you dare touch them!"

Fenosa fixed the price for the monument at eight million pesetas, and the commission left, delighted. And so were we, because the money would allow us to buy a studio with an adjacent dwelling in Paris. The following day, Altet and a few members of the commission came to say that the price was too high. Fenosa reduced it by half.

As soon as we were back in Paris, Fenosa began to model angels. But he was overcome by a kind of melancholy, he seemed to be tired. Shortly before Easter, we decided to go back to El Vendrell. When we arrived, Fenosa started modelling angels again, in all sizes, statues and reliefs. He also modelled full-length portraits of Pau Casals playing the cello. He even executed a bas-relief 3.5 metres high by 2.5 metres wide. But nothing satisfied him, until one day he came up triumphantly from the garden with a pantile in his hand. That tegula romana had great importance for Fenosa: according to him, it separated north from south, the language of Oil and the language of Oc. He placed it on his sculptor's bench and covered the concave part with a layer of clay, on which he placed flattened balls of earth on which he drew musician angels. On the basis of this project, he conceived the two-sided model: with music on the concave side and glory on the convex side. The commission came to see the project and approved it. Many people offered their help free of charge: the owner of a factory placed a warehouse at Fenosa's disposal in which to work on the project; a builder transported the materials; the carpenter offered to make the platform onto which the piece was to be raised. Such enthusiasm delighted Fenosa, since he was convinced that a sculpture could be born only from the efforts of a whole society.

In May Maria Lluïsa Borràs came for lunch at El Vendrell and to interview Fenosa:

"Curiously, one day, when you've reached maturity, and without realising it, the few good things you can do come out by themselves. . . . Time completes space; space without time is inconceivable. Time in the life of a sculptor is a premium . . ."53

In August the clay model was baked. For the occasion we held a party at home to present the work to our Barcelona friends and to those living in the region.

The model had been completed and presented to the commission, who had approved it, but it turned out that they did not have sufficient funds to finance the execution. So they turned to our friends Josep Andreu and Alexandre Cirici i Pellicer for help. Fenosa returned to Paris, deeply disillusioned by such irresponsibility.

1976

On January 20 we were in Madrid to attend the vernissage of Fenosa's exhibition at the Galería Ponce — a gallery opened one year before by the sculptors Jesús Valverde, César Montaña, Venancio Blanco and Joaquín García Donaire—, run by Monique Bonet Correa. Her husband, the art historian Antonio Bonet Correa, wrote the foreword to the catalogue. Standing in the Plaza Mayor, the gallery consisted of a hall on the ground floor with steps down to the basement, an old wine cellar with about ten small vaulted rooms. In each of the rooms there was a sculpture by Fenosa, admirably illuminated. In this extraordinary setting Fenosa ran into an old friend, the painter Colmeiro, who had returned from exile.

Meanwhile, the Pau Casals Association of El Vendrell had come up with an idea: they asked Fenosa to give them two studies, of which they would have thirty-five copies cast in bronze. They would pay for the casting and then sell the pieces, and with the proceeds they would fund the monument. Fenosa had always been against multiples and had always refused to cast more than five copies of a given work. Even so, he was so keen to see the monument finished and in place that he eventually accepted the proposal, but he said: "I'm like a sardine in a tin under someone's arm."

That spring we went early to El Vendrell. I left Apel·les in the care of Anita, Renato Ischia and Ursula Schroeder, since I was due to be operated on back in Paris. I received enthusiastic letters from Apel·les; everything was going well. At the end of May, when I went back to El Vendrell to convalesce, he came to the airport to meet me. But I hardly recognised him: his sister Palmira had died in a fire in La Floresta. For several days Apel·les was thoroughly downcast and taciturn.

In the meantime Renato had been battling with the carpenter and the blacksmith to build the framework for the Monument à Pau Casals. A huge metal structure was placed on a 25-metre square wooden platform sixty centimetres off the ground. Everything had to be calculated with absolute precision, since the safety of Apel·les

and his assistants was at stake. The structure had to support over five tons. Apel·les went every morning to model the angels. He had to work quickly, and after each session Renato covered both sides of

the monument with huge sheets of plastic to keep the clay soft. As work proceeded, the monument gained height, until it was almost as tall as the warehouse. Once it had been cast in bronze, it was over seven metres high. If the building had been taller, so probably would the monument have been.

The side devoted to music was completed quickly. On the other hand, the convex side, featuring the trumpets of glory, discouraged him: they struck him as too aggressive, a sensation he had not felt when he contemplated the model. It was at this time that we met Jaume and Montserrat Miró, who lived in the same building as Salvador Espriu. Jaume told the poet about the sculptor's worries. Days later he turned up triumphantly in El Vendrell with Espriu's poem *El vell arbre va caure*. During August, the founder Ramon Vila sent his workers to make the moulds. As soon as the plaster had set, the monument was raised once again. Apel·les kept only two of the trumpeter angels, since he replaced the others with singing angels and those holding up the phylactery. The graphic artist Pedragosa drew the letters that constitute the poem that figures on the convex side of the monument.

Our friends went back and forth from the house to the warehouse where the monument was to see how it was developing. Nella Cournot came with Nekrassof; Hugues and Françoise Labrusse with Jacques and Claude Phytillis. While the monument was being cast, Fenosa modelled the portrait of Hugues Labrusse. In October, when we returned to Paris, Fenosa saw the title "Fenosa Poétique" in an issue of *Sud*.⁵⁴ Hugues Labrusse and his friend, the Provençal poet Max Pons, had generously decided to group together all the poems hitherto published on Fenosa and their translations from the Catalan.

1977

Robert and Solange Jaulin invited us to see in the New Year at their magnificent chalet in La Vilette, near Chamonix. Apel·les spent the time drawing women-Christmas trees.

At the studio, the relief of Saint-Georges terrassant le dragon, commissioned by the Centre d'Études Catalanes of Paris, was progressing. It was to be placed on the façade the following November 8. At the same time, Fenosa was working on a monumental horizontal sculpture called Nuage. The following year

he would model several pieces of the same name, which would come to form part of *La Tempête pourchassée par le Beau Temps*.

Apel-les met Camille and Nelly Masrour, who bought sculptures from him with a view to holding an exhibition. We were often the guests of Françoise and Pierre David, and of Madame Tezenas, at whose home Fenosa met the poets Salah Stétié and Georges Schéhadé.

In June we set off again for El Vendrell. Assisted by Renato Ischia, Fenosa resumed work on the Monument à Pau Casals. We engaged the services of a young sculptor from La Bisbal, Joan Cornella, and a labourer to make sure that Apel-les did not fall when he climbed and descended the stairs to the different levels of the scaffolding. Apel-les had always suffered from vertigo, but thanks to his passion for this sculpture he was able to overcome this difficulty. If he was not satisfied with the position of a head, the movement of an arm or a wing, or if he had to raise or lower an angel, or eliminate an entire section of the work, such as the trumpets of glory, he did not hesitate to cut, saw, transfer, raise, dismantle and re-assemble, for he was a very demanding person. His main concern was with the profiles. He wanted the spiral movement inherent in life to be felt without being seen, as in nature. When he was eventually convinced that he had expressed this through both the form given to the movements of the arms and the curvature of the wings, he regarded the monument as finished. In June 1975, in conversation with Maria Lluïsa Borràs, he stated that:

“In this sculpture I see life itself, a wingbeat.”⁵⁵

Numerous friends and journalists, often driven by the enthusiasm of Joan and Elvira Gaspar, came to see the monument. Among them was Manuel Ibáñez Escofet.

However, the funding issue had still to be resolved. J. Altet called several meetings in El Vendrell, while in Paris we received letters promising us that the economic problems would be solved . . . , the sculpture would soon go to the foundry, and so on . . . We had returned to Paris having obtained nothing.

When the “Tim” pasteboard factory on the ground floor of our building moved, we realised that it was now impossible to heat the studio. Until then, the warm air rising from below had supplemented the work done by our coal stove. Furthermore, the roof leaked, and this damaged many original plaster sculptures. I moved heaven and earth and wrote innumerable letters in my endeavour to find another studio. When I complained to Fenosa, he replied:

“What interests me is sculpture; if things were otherwise I’d have a studio by now.”

Shortly afterwards, by which time I was desperate, I told him: “You’ll end up like Rembrandt, reduced to a sitter for his pupils.” He replied:

“Most probably, that’s glory. Liquidation. Glory consists of having none.”

1978

Since my efforts to find a studio had proven fruitless, we decided, with the aid of Renato Ischia, to line the walls with fibreglass to insulate them. The result was satisfactory. That year Apelles completed Nuage and Cassiopée.

The architect Olivier Winckler, one of Jean-Claude’s sons, introduced us to one of his friends, Maraki Roulier, for whom he had just built a house in Nicolau, Crete. In April she invited us there, and we spent ten idyllic days on the island, where we visited the famous Heraklion museum. On our return journey we stopped at Athens and, between waiting for planes, we went up to the Parthenon and visited the museum of the Acropolis.

On our return, Camille and Nelly Masrour, whose gallery was on rue de Bellechasse, told Fenosa that their premises were too small for his sculpture exhibition. However, they had entered into an association with the Galerie Bellechasse Internationale, run by Madame Charonnat, which was the ideal venue for the exhibition. The vernissage took place on May 16, Apelles’s birthday.

Before we left for El Vendrell, I was worried, since the Saint-Vincent-de-Paul hospital had begun works on a site adjacent to our home on rue Boissonade. Our lawyer had negotiated with the hospital administrators to get them to increase the height of the chimneys. When we returned to Paris in October, I saw that nothing had been done. Fearing a catastrophe, I asked the people in charge of the works to tell me when they were going to raise the chimney so that I could turn the stove off. On November 22 I woke up in a state of great agitation and phoned the hospital. I was told that the architect would be on the site early in the afternoon. When I got there, I saw a man coming towards me. It was the architect Michel Quent, who immediately understood the situation. Then he came to our flat, emptied the stove and ordered some of his workers to climb up to the roof and remove the rubble of the old chimney they had thrown into the duct. The carbon monoxide gas could have caused our death by suffocation; the draught through the doors and

windows had saved us. Michel Quent lit the stove again, gave orders and stayed with us. Late in the afternoon, the works foreman and the workers responsible came to apologise. The positive side of this incident was that we became friends with Michel and Sophie Quent, who since then supported us on many occasions.

Halfway through June we went to El Vendrell. Apel·les asked me to go to the warehouse where he had built the Monument à Pau Casals and fetch a table, some seats and, above all, a plaster angel's wing. As soon as he had the wing in his hands, he placed it vertically and modelled an angel mounted on it. Then he said: "The fine weather has come." In the autumn we returned to Paris with Beau Temps, found thanks to the Monument à Pau Casals, and Apel·les began work on his last monumental sculpture: Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête.

That summer we received many friends: Pierre and Paulette Denis, Nathalie and Aude Fandre, Monique Auricoste, who came by car with Rita and Jean Vercors. From Barcelona came the president of the Generalitat de Catalunya, Josep Tarradellas, accompanied by the Conseller de Cultura, Pi i Sunyer, to see the Monument à Pau Casals. Fenosa was congratulated for having finished it, to which he replied: "That's tenacity, strength and austerity."

The young sculptor Joan Cornella, who had been Fenosa's assistant, was engaged by the founder Ramon Vila, and told us that Cirici i Pellicer had delivered a talk about the monument on December 27 1977, and nobody had told us. Apel·les was astonished. Joan Cornella also told us that it was planned to cast the monument at a workshop in Reus. Then Fenosa wrote a letter in Catalan to the Associació Pau Casals d'El Vendrell, to point out the gravity of the situation:

" . . . I must remind you that my assistant Joan Cornella worked at the studio of my founder R. Vila exclusively to supervise the transport of the plaster sculpture and all the operations related to its casting. The copyright of a work belongs to the artist and specifically in the case of sculptors, no work may be cast unless the author gives his consent and supervises the process . . . "

Thanks to this letter, we managed to avoid the worst.

1979

During the winter of 1978–1979, the Associació Pau Casals d'El Vendrell, being unwilling to pay the rent of the warehouse, had the plaster version of the Monument à Pau Casals dismantled without Fenosa's authorisation. The operation had been carried out by the

founder Ramon Vila and the monument was housed on premises in Valls, which it reached in a deplorable state. If Fenosa had been informed, he would have supervised such a delicate operation. Furthermore, this precautionary measure would have been useful later, when the Barcelona City Hall decided to cast the sculpture.

In March an exhibition of four Catalan sculptors who had all been born in 1899 — Rebull, Viladomat, Fenosa and his great friend Josep Granyer — was organised by the Caixa d'Estalvis savings bank in Barcelona. My husband and I went to Barcelona for the vernissage and the banquet organised by President Tarradellas at the Generalitat, with the sculptors and our friends Joaquim Ventalló and Joan and Maria Ibáñez Escofet.

In April the Spanish minister of culture inaugurated Fenosa's first retrospective at the Biblioteca Nacional. The director of museums, Evelio Verdura, wrote the preface to the catalogue, which also contained texts by Antonio Bonet Correa, Cirici i Pellicer and Álvaro Martínez Novillo. It was on this occasion that Fenosa met Martínez Novillo — curator of both the sculpture department at the Museo Nacional de Arte Moderno and the exhibition — who would become his friend. The installation was magnificent and the foreword, which delighted Fenosa, ended with these words: "Apel·les Fenosa, so often alone among the 'wild beasts', calm and optimistic, might echo the words of the old Greek sage: 'the sun is alone in the heavens'."

On May 16 Leselbaum and Molho, principal of the Sorbonne and member founder of the Centre d'Études Catalanes de Paris respectively, inaugurated the exhibition at which the original plaster version of *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête* was shown for the first time. Fenosa met regularly with Jean Châtelain, director of the Musées de France, and Monique Laurent, curator of the Musée Rodin, to organise his retrospective that would take place the following year at this Parisian museum.

Back in El Vendrell, we met up again with old friends. Besides going to the beach and walking, we received promising visits from representatives of the Associació Pau Casals. In June, the television sent Claudi Puchades Batlle to make a documentary on Fenosa, which was followed by another one, this time in Catalan, filmed on September 25.

When we returned to Paris Georges Jaeger, the great friend and doctor of Vieira da Silva and Arpad Szenes, became our doctor. We went regularly to his CEABH laboratory, on rue Saint-Jacques, for check-ups. Martine Bernet was his assistant. The atmosphere at the laboratory was highly curious, for as soon as you entered you were welcomed by a parrot. Georges Jaeger's surgery was crammed with

fossils, stones and calendars from all eras and of all shapes and sizes, and beneath the windows Jaeger cultivated tropical plants in seed boxes.

1980

On May 8 I learnt that my mother had died suddenly. I was told by the fire brigade. I hung up the phone twice before I finally understood what they were saying. Jacques Blazy, our neighbour and friend, accompanied me to my mother's house. On my return, Apel-les showered me with wise words of consolation. One thing he said in particular made a deep impression on me and gave me great comfort: "C'est ainsi que l'on plante ses racines de l'autre côté". Shortly afterwards, Jacques Guignard also left us suddenly. On June 10 we had both attended the vernissage of the retrospective at the Musée Rodin. As usual, Fenosa was surrounded by a host of friends: Josep Granyer, who had come from Barcelona, Sylvie and Jean Thibaudeau, of whom we had heard nothing for several years . . . They introduced us to Esin and Jean-Marie del Moral, who would come to visit us at El Vendrell the following summer, where Jean-Marie took many photographs of Fenosa modelling, drawing and strolling.

On the occasion of the retrospective at the Musée Rodin, Apel-les also met Bruno Jarret — who was then the museum's official photographer — who would become our friend and photographer of Fenosa's works when Étienne-Bertrand Weill finally left France to settle in Jerusalem. Weill, whom we had met at the home of Christian Zervos, had taken the first photographs of Fenosa's sculptures for the exhibition organised in 1952 at the Galerie Jacques Dubourg. Before leaving for Israel, he came with his wife and gave us all the negatives of Apel-les's works. Apel-les was so impressed by this gesture that he gave him a statuette.

Other new friends — Jean Bernard and Jean Dubos — put us in touch with the founder Coubertin, for whom Fenosa felt the deepest respect.

In the summer, when we reached El Vendrell, the situation of the Monument to Pau Casals was still the same. By now, Fenosa was determined to destroy the plaster original, but his most faithful friends saved it: Josep Andreu, Cirici i Pellicer and Jordi Maragall, who introduced us to his son Pasqual and to the mayor of Barcelona, Narcís Serra. In the autumn, the Barcelona City Council made their decision: they ordered the monument to be cast and Fenosa to be paid.

During the summer, Mario Antolín and Sibilla Pironti made a film about Fenosa for Televisión Española, first in El Vendrell and later in

Paris (at the Musée Rodin, where the retrospective took place). Both producers interviewed Fenosa, who recounted many events and anecdotes from his youth.

1981

Early in March, we spent some days in Barcelona, where Rafael Prades, Regidor de Cultura at the Barcelona City Hall, had drawn up the contract to cast and purchase the Monument à Pau Casals. Before we returned to Paris, Jordi and Basi Maragall invited us to lunch. Apel·les mentioned that UNESCO had just commissioned a sculpture from him that, at the express wish of Japan, was to be a trophy to be presented as the Peace Education Award. Fenosa was thinking of basing it on the olive tree, the symbol of peace. Just as we were getting into the taxi to take us to the airport, Jordi disappeared. Instants later he reappeared with an armful of olive branches he had gathered from the garden of his father, the great poet Joan Maragall. The following day, Fenosa began to model a series of statuettes. Federico Mayor Zaragoza, chose one while they were still at the terracotta stage. Since then, the trophy has been awarded every year by the organisation.

After the contract had been signed on April 28, the rest of the year was marked by constant to-ings and fro-ings between Paris, El Vendrell and Valls, so that Fenosa could restore his Monument à Pau Casals. This task absolutely wore him out, since he had to remodel in the wax hands, fingers, fragments of wings and so on that had either deteriorated or been lost during disassembly and transport.

In Japan the Yoshii Gallery presented two exhibitions by Fenosa, one in Tokyo and the other in Osaka. Jean Thibaudeau wrote the preface to the catalogue: "Fenosa is crazy about sculpture. If you ask him which his favourite piece is, he will tell you 'the next one', the one that does not yet exist, the one he has yet to conceive. In this way Fenosa has freed his art from the hell of perfection which is death, where it is usually enshrined . . ."

Early in June, the Régie Immobilière de la Ville de Paris (RIVP), which had acquired the building and studios at no. 51, Boulevard Saint-Jacques, had the sculptures removed in order to be able to renovate the premises. At Fenosa's request, many plaster sculptures were destroyed: Les Quatre Saisons, the large Saint-Georges and others. Jean-Marie del Moral came to take photographs when all the statuettes and heads were still on the shelves, and I shall never be grateful enough to him for this, since he recorded forty consecutive years of Fenosa's creative activity.

In El Vendrell, Víctor Hurtado introduced us to Montserrat Massó, who honoured us with her wonderful friendship. We were also visited by Jiro and Seiko Hashimoto accompanied by one of their students, the enchanting Shuzo Kageyama.

In December Orlando furioso was exhibited at the Grand Palais in Paris, where Jean-Paul Lacaze, director of L'Établissement Public de La Défense, discovered Fenosa's work and wanted to see more sculptures. Accompanied by an impressive delegation of collaborators, he went to the IAT deposit in Gentilly, where René Verger had organised a kind of exhibition. Particularly attracted by *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête*, he asked Fenosa to enlarge it, but Apel-les refused, since he did not feel strong enough to begin a new monumental work. Nonetheless, Jean-Paul Lacaze expressed his determination to acquire it as soon as he had a suitable site to exhibit the work. Year after year, the architect Michel Moritz kept Fenosa informed about the project, which eventually materialised, for in 1985 the work was unveiled by Jacques Deschamps, who in the meantime had succeeded Jean-Paul Lacaze.

From November 27 until December 7 we were in El Vendrell to supervise the casting of the Monument à Pau Casals. On our return, Apel-les transformed the small apartment that the RIVP had placed at our disposal while renovation work was being carried out on the Boulevard Saint-Jacques into a studio. Here he executed a number of statuettes and the portrait of Jean Thibaudeau, among other pieces.

1982

Until the building on Boulevard Saint-Jacques had been restored, and Apel-les had his sculptures back in his old studio, he worked at the Porte d'Orléans apartment. From March 26 until April 19 we were in El Vendrell to monitor the placement of the bronze elements of the Monument à Pau Casals. Every day I would accompany Apel-les to Ramon Vila's workshop, since he felt obliged to infuse the same movement into the bronze that he had previously infused into the plaster. Ramon Vila was the epitome of diligence, intelligence and passion, and he met each and every one of Fenosa's demands.

When we returned to Paris, Robert Mallet expressed his intention to organise an exhibition of Fenosa's works at the Bois des Moutiers, Varengeville. Lacking the necessary means, Mallet mustered enormous energy to carry his project through, acting successively or simultaneously as curator, transporter and labourer,

with the help of his gardeners. At the same time, at the Galerie Yoshii in Paris an exhibition took place that linked with those held the previous year in Tokyo and Osaka.

On June 6 Narcís Serra, mayor of Barcelona, and Jordi Pujol, president of the Generalitat, unveiled the Monument à Pau Casals in the Plaça de Pau Casals, Barcelona.

In July Isaac Contel, our El Vendrell doctor, ordered Fenosa to be hospitalised in the Sant Josep clinic in Barcelona. This was the first warning of chronic shortage of breath.

Pilar Parcerisas and the film-maker Manuel Cuso came to El Vendrell to make a documentary with the help of the Direcció General del Patrimoni of the Generalitat de Catalunya. During the interview, Apel·les said, among other things:

“I abide by a number of moral principles. You can’t separate beauty from goodness, and I still think this. To do so is sinful. Neither can you separate science and ethics.”

On October 5 Jordi Pujol awarded Fenosa the Medalla d’Or of the Generalitat de Catalunya, the highest official Catalan distinction. The ceremony was a solemn one. After the addresses by the president of the Generalitat and Cirici i Pellicer, Apel·les got up and said the following:

“All I want to say is that we are in the Saló de Sant Jordi and that St. George was a civilian saint, one of the people and unarmed.”

Those attending applauded, but they could not help wondering what Fenosa had meant by this. Quite simply, all he meant was that the Catalans are not a warlike people. This brings to mind what he told Xavier Garcia when the latter asked him if the Catalans were a people destined to be defeated:

“No, we have ups and downs, but that’s normal. We seem to be a peaceful people, but we’re fighters. We’re also defenders of lost causes.”⁵⁶

In another interview, Fenosa said:

“You must love your own country as much as those of others. We’re very lucky to be Catalans, and it’s a pity that the rest can’t be Catalans too.”

1983

On January 10 two covenants were signed with Rafael Prades, Regidor de Cultura at the Barcelona City Hall: one for the acquisition of *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête*; the other for the retrospective of Fenosa's work to be held at the Palau de la Virreina, Barcelona, at the end of the year.

From April 21 to 24 Fenosa was invited to Montpellier to attend the Poetry Festival there. Our friend Pierre Andreu, assistant director of the Opéra de Montpellier, had proposed to the City Hall that Francis Ponge and Apel-les Fenosa be guests of the city and that *Orlando furioso* be exhibited there for the duration of the Festival. On the 23rd, the poet Jean-Marie Gleize delivered an address in honour of Ponge and Fenosa in the foyer of the Opéra. Afterwards, those attending went to the Musée Fabre, before which *Orlando furioso* had been placed. The mayor, Georges Frêche, was waiting for us contemplating the sculpture. He began his address, but suddenly he stopped and, turning to Fenosa, asked him whether he would be willing to sell it to the city of Montpellier. I only just heard Fenosa's affirmative reply to such an unexpected proposal. To close the event Pierre Andreu, who knew the Catalan tradition of St. George — patron of Catalonia since the time of the troubadours, whose day is a celebration of books, poetry and roses — distributed roses among the people attending.

One day in December 1982 some friends telephoned us and recommended that we buy the evening edition of *Le Monde*. On the page entitled "Légion d'Honneur" it was announced that Fenosa had been awarded this distinction. Only citizens from abroad were proposed without having to intervene personally. Two days later the letter arrived, dated December 31 1982, from Claude Cheysson, minister of foreign affairs. When Arnauld Wapler found out, he offered his own cross to Fenosa. The ceremony took place on May 18 at the Centre d'Études Catalanes. Jean Châtelain sent him the distinction and Jacques Lafaye, director of the Centre, organised a cocktail party. Fenosa and his friends were delighted at this recognition on the part of France, a country he loved and where he had executed practically his entire oeuvre.

Shortly afterwards we set off for El Vendrell, where Sophie and Michel Quent came to spend a few days with us. Before returning to France, Michel gave us a plan of the house in which he indicated everything that was defective; a wonderful lesson in architecture and in friendship. The photographer Francesc Català-Roca and his son, Martí, photographed several sculptures to be published in the catalogue for the Barcelona retrospective, prepared by Mercè

Doñate, curator of the exhibition, and by Eloïse Cendra. The art historian José Corredor-Matheos wrote the script for the film on Fenosa's work that was given its first showing at the opening of the retrospective.

This first Barcelona retrospective was a great success. At the Palau Albéniz Pasqual Maragall, who was now mayor of the city, and his wife Diana organised a lunch for all our friends from Catalonia and France, among them Jean Thibaudeau, who had been sent by France-Culture to cover the event.

1984

Fenosa's health had been delicate for some years. On the night of January 30 he fell into a coma. Georges Jaeger had him admitted urgently into the Hôpital Cochin, where he was attended by Doctor Christoforov. During the four following years, Apelles was magnificently treated. His dentist, Antoine Vassallo, treated him with such delicacy and efficiency that it was a pleasure for Apelles to go to his surgery. Had it not been for him and his doctors, he could not possibly have executed the marvellous statuettes of his last years. After his death, Doctor Christoforov told me: "When we saw your husband for the first time, his lungs were in such a shocking state that he should have died there and then. We can't understand it."

His eyesight failing due to old age, the tremors in his left hand worse than ever and very prone to fatigue, Fenosa asked me every day to read to him from his favourite books, books that I could not understand. Fortunately, little by little I developed a taste for the *Nouveaux Sentiers de la science* by Sir Arthur Eddington, for *La Science et l'hypothèse* by Henri Poincaré, for Maxwell's *Traité d'électricité*, for J. Monod's *Hasard et la nécessité*, *La Logique du vivant* by Francis Jacob and *L'Homme neuronal* by Jean-Pierre Changeux. Jacques Blamont's *Vénus dévoilée* (1987) was the last book I read him and he was delighted with it, because it taught him that the profession of sculptor is comparable to that of the astrophysicist. This passion of Fenosa's for the sciences was by no means a recent phenomenon. Back in 1944, when he was in the Limousin, Henry de Luze, who was studying chemistry at the time, had given him books on physics and chemistry, after Fenosa had bombarded him with questions on science during the posing sessions for his bust.

In 1984 Fenosa flew to El Vendrell, where from May 28 to June 3 the town hall paid tribute to him. Anna Serra, the Regidora de Cultura, had organised the week's events with love and imagination. They began at the municipal library, where Daniel Giralt-Miracle

presented an exhibition of Fenosa's sculptures and photographs of him by Jean-Marie del Moral. All the schools in the region had organised their own exhibitions. Never had I seen so many versions of Nicole au chapeau, of the Flûtiste, of Ophélie . . . modelled, drawn and coloured. Hundreds of notebooks contained biographies written and illustrated by the pupils. Art historians and critics gave talks every evening. On the eve of the closing ceremony a recital was given by the Orfeo and the Catalan singer Marina Rossell. On June 3 a two-hour tableau vivant was staged in front of the house with performances of the region's folklore, some of it dating from Roman times. The mayor of El Vendrell, Martí Carnicer, delivered an address in which he declared Fenosa "El Vendrell's adopted son" and awarded him the town's gold medal.

After leaving hospital, Fenosa came to depend permanently on an oxygen mask. Even so, he busied himself like never before making statuettes and drawing. And when Yves Cournot sent us his daughter Sophie he sculpted her portrait and that of Jean-Marie del Moral.

That summer I looked for someone who could come and help me in Paris: Natàlia Aribau would be with us for a year. We met her family, with whom we became friends.

Manuel Ibáñez Escofet suggested the idea that the Generalitat should purchase a set of pieces representative of Fenosa's sculptural work. The proposal was put to the president, Jordi Pujol, who agreed. Thanks to this purchase, I was able to keep the house and the studio after Apel·les's death.

Back in Paris, Apel·les wanted to attend, at all costs, the placement of *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête* on rue Allende, in Nanterre, by the master founder Jean Dubos. After the event, Apel·les told me:

"Many scars healed, fifty years of travelling without heeding the sirens."

Shortly afterwards, he confessed:

"I've always done the same as now. I've never allowed myself to stray from my path."

1985

After the death of Arpad Szenes, on January 16, we saw more and more of Vieira da Silva and Georges Jaeger, who continued to take care of her, as he would with all his friends who had fallen into misfortune.

One Sunday morning, Fenosa was visited by Bernard and Bruna Vargaftig. This was a crucial, though disconcerting, encounter.

When I opened the door Bernard Vargaftig's imposing figure was standing there motionless, and he said: "Fenosa, I saw Oradour burning . . ."

That summer they both came to El Vendrell, accompanied by their friends Joëlle and Jean-Marie Gleize. Fenosa had met Jean-Marie in Montpellier in 1983, during the Poetry Festival. He would write several texts devoted to the sculptor and his work. In "Le temps n'existe pas. Apel-les Fenosa", there is a line that intrigued me deeply: "Il donne de qui l'efface, il nous attend, il nous voit". When I saw Jean-Marie Gleize he spoke to me of this line, which gives a highly succinct, exact definition of Apel-les's personality. He told me: "This line undoubtedly has a double meaning: at the same time it says something about Apel-les's attitude to life and something else even more fundamental. Apel-les decides to appear by disappearing, make his presence felt by vanishing. And then, by adopting a contemplative attitude, he gives form to his contemplation, and it is the object that replaces him. He makes himself invisible to give visual form to the invisible, to make it visible. (Fenosa) gives by disappearing, he gives what makes him disappear."

One fine spring day I accompanied Fenosa to the Cochin hospital for a check-up. He felt so well that as we were leaving he did not see the steps, he fell and lay full length on the ground, his right shoulder fractured. The day before he had modelled a statuette, which he called *Cassandre*, in which the figure clutched its right arm.

On May 14 Jacques Deschamps director of the EPAD de La Défense, unveiled *Le Beau Temps* pourchassant la Tempête at no. 15, rue Allende, Nanterre. The event is immortalised in a series of photographs by Michel Dieuzaide. On September 22 F. Català-Roca photographed the unveiling ceremony by Pasqual Maragall, mayor of Barcelona, of another edition of this work on Avinguda Gaudí, not far from the Sagrada Família.

Two days before setting off for El Vendrell, Catherine Adamov asked for an appointment with Fenosa to interview him about Picasso. She was working for Ariana Stassinopoulos Huffington, who was preparing a film on the genius from Málaga. Fenosa spoke about Picasso with such love and passion that Adamov was truly taken aback. Unfortunately, I did not have enough presence of mind to ask her for a copy of her recording. When we got back to Paris it was too late: the tapes had been sent to New York. I wrote several times to Ariana Stassinopoulos Huffington, but to no avail. In the end she did not make the film, but she did publish a book⁵⁷ in which Fenosa's statements were cut, misrepresented and distorted. She

had brazenly manipulated his words without any respect for context. But what can you expect from impostors?

Despite the frequent visits to the Hôpital Cochin, the sessions of physio-therapy, the antibiotics and the oxygen he had to take permanently, Fenosa set to restoring *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête*, the original plaster version of which was stored at the house of a workman employed by the Susse foundry in Noisy-le-Grand. After two hours' work, Fenosa decided to return the following day. Since Noisy was a considerable distance away, after a further two hours' work I asked him if he was tired. "no", he replied, "I'm enjoying myself". But as time went on I became increasingly anxious. I suggested we go back. He replied: "If you carry on, I'll sit down and listen to you." In this way we were able to save the work.

1986

The publisher André Dimanche wanted to publish a book of poems illus-

trated by Fenosa. With this purpose in mind, Bernard Noël came to our house to see the drawings. He wrote "La Statue d'Élan" and Bernard Vargaftig wrote *Suite Fenosa*, which provided the title for the volume illustrated with six watercolours by Fenosa.⁵⁸

Apel-les felt increasingly tired, although he told me good-humouredly that he would never give up: "I'll never have enough time to complete my twenty years."

As he had been doing in recent years, Fenosa flew to El Vendrell, this time in the company of Dolors, who had taken over from Natàlia Aribau. At the house oxygen cylinders were waiting for him, courtesy of Anita and Doctor Isaac Contel. Early in October, Martine and Marcel Bernet came to spend some days in Catalonia. Later, Marcel Bernet told me what Fenosa had proudly said to him about the house in El Vendrell — "I built it with my own two hands" — raising his thumbs as if he were modelling a sculpture.

In October an exhibition was held at the Sala Gaspar, Barcelona, presented by the art historian José Corredor-Matheos, who would write a considerable number of texts and the book *Fenosa, hombre, artista y la paz*, published by the Barcelona City Hall on the occasion of the inauguration of Carrer Fenosa in 1993. The book narrates the life of Fenosa through his oeuvre, from 1914, when he attempted to enlist in the corps of Catalan volunteers to defend freedom until the completion of *Le Beau Temps pourchassant la Tempête*, the symbol of peace pursuing war. The book contains a fine sonnet by Corredor-Matheos entitled "A Apel-les Fenosa. El Buen Tiempo Sigue Venciendo a la Tempestad".⁵⁹

We returned to Paris shortly after the vernissage. Pierre Seghers was preparing a text on Fenosa that would later appear in issue no. 18 of the journal *Poésie* 87. Seghers began by evoking the world of the taiseux, those who do and scarcely speak: “[...] sans un mot, comme par sorcellerie, il fait surgir d’un peu de terre, du réel au merveilleux, une autre présence, celle d’une liberté totale [...].”

1987

On January 1 Georges Jaeger came to congratulate us and present us with an exquisite white amaryllis. Fenosa told him about the first payment made by the Generalitat de Catalunya for the purchase of sculptures. We mentioned that we were thinking about buying a small apartment not far from the studio. Jaeger was against the idea: “Apel-les would never stand living in a small apartment. It would be a much better idea to refurbish the studio.” I followed his advice and the next day got in touch with architects Sophie and Michel Quent. They immediately proposed drawing up a set of preliminary plans, in the belief that Apel-les’s difficulties could only get worse. By January 16 the plans were ready and they were able to begin work assisted, in administrative matters, by Arnaud de Sacy, who felt a kind of filial love for Fenosa. In accordance with René Verger’s proposal, the sculptures were stored on IAT premises.

Jean Thibaudeau often came to the rue Boissonade, to lunch with us and take notes for a book he was writing on Fenosa. On May 6 he sent Apel-les a few pages of a beautiful text which unfortunately has still not been published. Nor has Daniel Abadie’s work which was to have been published by André Dimanche. Bruno Jarret took about a hundred photographs and they appear in Jean Leymarie’s superb monograph published by Jean-Michel Skira in 1993.

For a long time Michel Dieuzaide had wanted to make a film about Fenosa. Despite all difficulties imaginable, he managed to secure one subsidy from the French Ministry of Culture and, thanks to Ferran Mascarell, another from the Barcelona City Hall. He was then able to begin shooting *Terres en lumière*. At the Coubertin foundry the casting was filmed of the monumental *Métamorphoses des sœurs de Phaéton*. Jean Dubos, master founder, asked Fenosa for help in placing the leaves on the fingertips of the woman-poplars. The last frames of the film were shot on rue Boissonade, showing how Apel-les created his statuette Gaïa from a small lump of clay.

At the beginning of June we flew to El Vendrell. On the 30th, President Pujol of the Generalitat and Fenosa signed the contract of donation-sale, drawn up by Ramon Viladàs and Raimon Carrasco.

The official photographs show old friends of Apel·les's such as Jordi and Basi Maragall, Víctor Hurtado, Joaquim Ventalló, Manuel and Maria Ibáñez Escofet, F. Català-Roca and Miquel and Joan Gaspar.

On July 12 the 11th Centenary of Catalonia was celebrated at the magnificent Romanesque abbey of Sant Joan de les Abadesses. On the same day, Beau Temps was exhibited in the choir of the church. Apel·les donated this monumental work to the Abbey of Montserrat, where it was placed by Ramon Vila. The monks immediately christened the piece The Angel of the Annunciation. On September 7 the donation document was signed by Fenosa and Abbot Cassià Just, a great musician who came occasionally to El Vendrell to talk with Fenosa about music, the Bible, literature and poetry, and especially about Ramon Llull, of whom they were both fervent admirers.

In September Fenosa asked the town's mason and his son to come to the house and destroy all the large sculptures that he did not want to be cast in bronze. Such an act is invariably painful, though useful and wise.

On October 7 Pasqual Maragall presented Fenosa with the gold medal of the city of Barcelona. At the end of the month we returned to Paris in the company of Neus Murillo. We moved into the studio refurbished by Michel and Sophie Quent, which was a pleasant surprise for Fenosa. As Georges Jaeger wrote: "Here he was able to live comfortably and receive his friends. During these last months of his life he would produce his most sober statuettes. With a simple piece of clay in his hands, he recovered the creative gesture he had possessed in Toulouse, in his early days."

1988

Apel·les Fenosa died in his Boulevard Saint-Jacques studio on March 25. His last words were:

"Nicole, listen. There's no need for my brain to deteriorate."

Then he lost consciousness.

During an interview published in La Vanguardia in 1957, when the journalist Del Arco asked Fenosa what his ambition was, his answer was "To die on the way".⁶⁰

Apel·les Fenosa was buried in Montparnasse Cemetery, Paris. A magnolia stellata rises above his grave.

Nicole Fenosa

Translated by Richard Rees

Notes

1. *Cahiers Fenosa*, no. 3.
2. A. F. in Maria-Lluïsa Borràs, *Oriflama*, June 1975.
3. A. F. in Sempronio, *Diario de Barcelona*, November 15 1957.
4. A. F. in José Corredor-Matheos for the film by Aleix Gallardet, 1983.
5. A. F. in Xavier Garcia, *El Correo Catalán*, October 2 1975.
6. A. F. in Pilar Parcerisas, 1982.
7. *Cahiers Fenosa*, no. 3.
8. Ibid.
9. A. F. in Maria-Lluïsa Borràs, *Oriflama*, June 1975.
10. *La Vanguardia Española*, December 13 1972.
11. The sculptor and lithographer Jean Pavie died in 1928 at the age of fifty-two.
12. This form appears only in the fifties and in the last days of his life, when he produced it daily.
13. A. F. in Lluís Permanyer, *La Vanguardia*, 1972.
14. Ibid.
15. A. F. in Baltasar Porcel, April 18 1970.
16. A. F. in Maria-Lluïsa Borràs, *Oriflama*, June 1975.
17. *La Vanguardia*, December 13 1972; January 5, 9 and 24 1973.
18. A. F. in Nella Bielski, 1973.
19. Lluís Permanyer, *La Vanguardia*, January 24 1973.
20. A. F. in *La Veu de Catalunya*, April 7 1929.
21. Jordi Maragall, *El que passa i els qui han passat*. Edicions 62, Barcelona, 1985.
22. *Oriflama*, June 1975.
23. *La Vanguardia*, December 13 1972.
24. Ventura Gassol was Conseller de Cultura at the Generalitat de Catalunya from 1931 to 1934.
25. Editorial Labor, Barcelona. Second edition, 1949.
26. Interview with Lluís Permanyer, *La Vanguardia*, December 13 1972.
27. Number 3, December 1936, pp. 7-8.
28. Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista.
29. *Oriflama*, June 1975.
30. See also *Cahiers Fenosa*, no. 5, 1998-1999.
31. Interview with Georges Jaeger.
32. Albin Michel, Paris, 1987.
33. *Jean Cocteau à Jean Marais*, Albin Michel, Paris, 1987.
34. Lluís Permanyer, *Los años difíciles de...*, Editorial Lumen, Barcelona, 1975.
35. *Mundo Diario*, June 12 1974.
36. Ediciones Alfaguara, Madrid, 1973, p. 154.

37. *La Vanguardia*, December 13 1972.
 38. *Avui*, October 7 1982.
 39. Catalogue for the *París-Praga 1946* exhibition, Madrid, Casa del Monte, 1993, p. 264.
 40. Interview with Georges Jaeger.
 41. Victim of the mentality that prevailed in the sixties, the sculpture went to the MNAM repository in the basements on rue de la Manutention, although it reappeared in 1981, when it was placed on the Limoges ring road at the junction with the road to Oradour. At last, on June 25 1999 it found its permanent placement in Oradour-sur-Glane at the point where the area destroyed during the war meets the new town.
 42. Letter dated September 27 1950.
 43. At that time Éluard lived in Charenton, famous for its lunatic asylum; Poulenc, for his part, never disguised the fact that he was a homosexual.
 44. *Serra d'Or*, October 1967.
 45. Interview with Dàrius Vidal, *Tele-Exprés*, March 4 1975.
 46. In 1955 Apel-les wrote the foreword to an exhibition by Jiro Hashimoto in Tokyo.
 47. Nita. Blanca. Earn your bread.
 48. *Avui*, October 7 1982.
 49. In the nineties Tristan d'Albis sent me reproductions of a dozen statuettes that had been put up for sale at the Drouot Hotel. When I saw them, I recognised Rosenberg's statuettes, which immediately made me think — rightly — that he had died.
 50. *Art*, October 1934.
 51. See also the reprint by Tom Jaine, Prospect Books, London, 1999.
 52. *Avui*, October 7 1982.
 53. *Oriflama*, June 1975.
 54. No. 18, third quarter, 1976.
 55. *Oriflama*, June 1975.
 56. *Avui*, July 26 1980.
 57. Ariana Stassinopoulos Huffington, *Picasso Creator and Destroyer*, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1988.
 58. Bernard Noël and Bernard Vargaftig, *Suite Fenosa*, Éditions Ryôan-Ji, Marseille, 1987.
- I liked the watercolour that decorates the dust jacket so much that I also used it for the invitations to the homage to Apel-les Fenosa that took place on May 16 1988 at the Church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, Paris. It also served as the logotype for the "Religions et Cultures" collection, edited by Father Stève, and figured on the cover of the book by Florence and Christelle Jullien, *La Bible en exil*, Editorial Recherches et Publications, Neuchâtel-Paris, 1995.
59. Translated into French by Michel Cournot, "À Apel-les Fenosa. Sans Trêve le Beau Temps va Pourchassant la Tempête", in *Fenosa ou le Limon Ailé*, Le Temps qu'il Fait, Cognac, 1997.
 60. *La Vanguardia*, November 19 1957.