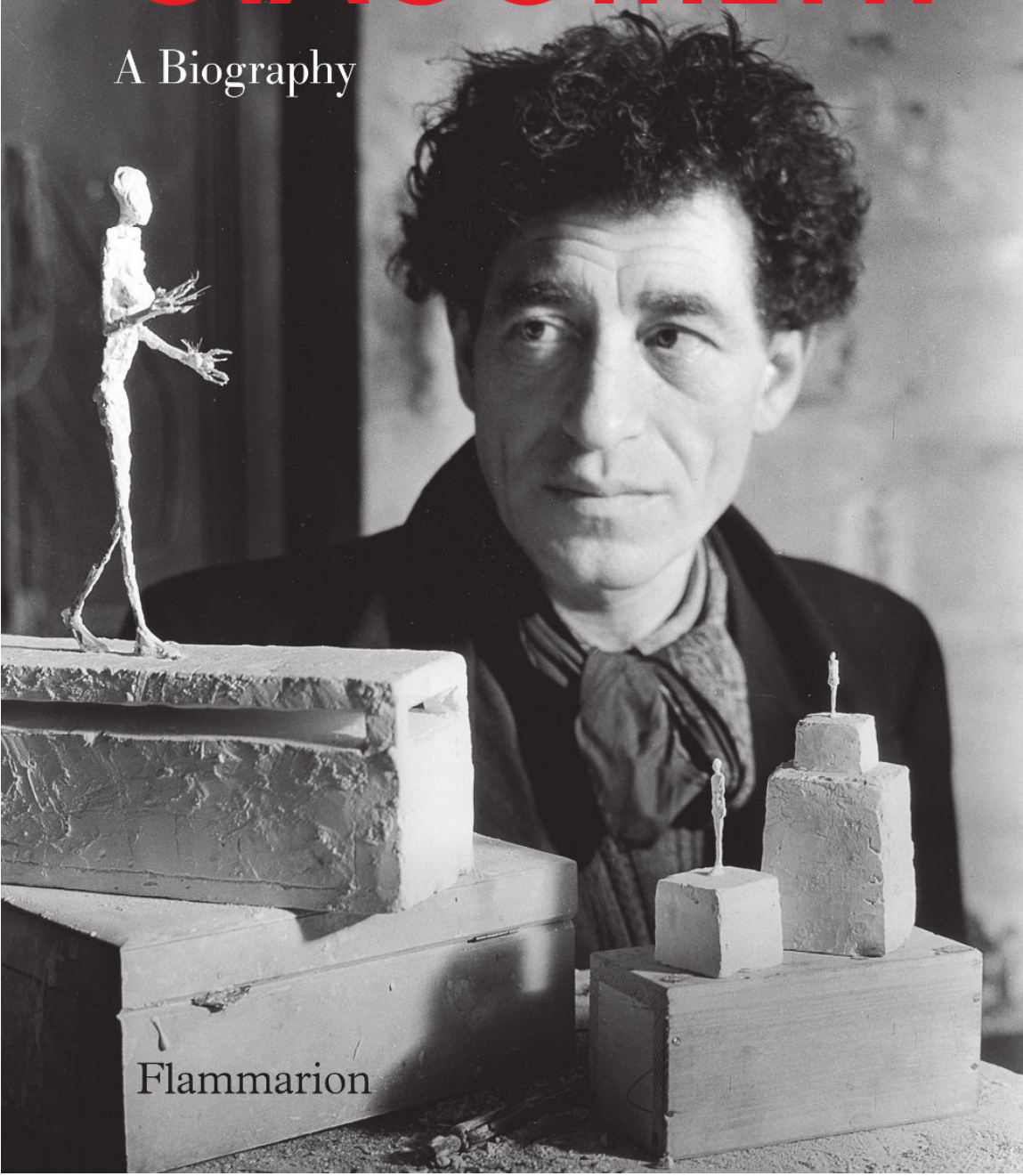


CATHERINE GRENIER

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI

A Biography



Flammarion

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI

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INTRODUCTION

Born on October 10, 1901, in Borgonovo (Stampa), a mountain village in Italian Switzerland, Alberto Giacometti moved to Paris on January 1, 1922. Except for wartime and regular visits with his family, he was to live and work in the artistic district of Montparnasse all his life. He later explained why he chose the French capital: “My father reckoned it would be a good idea for me to go and work in a free academy, as he himself had in his youth at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, to draw and to paint. At first I rejected the idea, in response to which he simply dropped the subject—it was this that made me determined to go after all.”¹ This testimony reveals two distinct characteristics of the artist’s personality. On the one hand, it reveals the importance of his artistic affiliation: his father, a painter famous in Switzerland, initiated him into art at a very early age, following his son’s career step by step and lavishing encouragement and support on him. On the other, the manner in which the artist recalls this memory is a sign both of his intransigence and his paradoxical nature. If Alberto Giacometti is one of the very greatest artists of the twentieth century, he is also one of its most outstanding and most original personalities. All those who spent any time with him, knowing him well or just in passing, attest to his individuality and to his unyielding nature, characteristics that over the years gradually seem to have been carved into his facial features. “Giacometti, granitically subtle and full of astounding perceptions, at root very wise, wanting to convey what he sees, which is perhaps not as wise as all that when you can see as he does,” wrote Samuel Beckett.² The title of his first work to attract attention, *Gazing Head*, seems to sum up the man. Deep down, in the highly individual exercise of looking, man and artist converge. His gaze was described by friends, lovers, and models many times: at the same time seductive and penetrating, mocking and bewildering. No one could remain indifferent to his presence. Whether in his tiny studio or

on the terrace of a Paris café, his unmistakable figure, like his insatiable curiosity and love of contradiction, made him the focus of attention. “Unfeigned in his open-heartedness and an enthusiastic conversationalist who readily juggled paradoxes, Alberto Giacometti was fond of playing devil’s advocate, and generally took up a position contrary to what the other person said,” Michel Leiris recalled.

This spirit of resistance was also a hallmark of his art and his trajectory through the art of the avant-garde. “Never let myself be influenced by anything,”³ he wrote in one of his notebooks. Giacometti acknowledged that he had learned from his father, and then from Bourdelle, but that he outgrew them all, rejecting any sign of subordination. Later on, he freed himself from his early mentors, Zadkine, Lipchitz, and Brancusi, by turning to surrealism. In spite of the almost instant recognition of his work, and André Breton’s admiration and friendship, he soon abandoned constructing the surrealist objects that had made him famous and returned to the model. This refusal to join any school or adopt any backward-looking ideology has tended to relegate him to the margins of art history. Yet Giacometti is a man rooted in his own time, a committed modern, even when swimming against the tide or finding himself out of step with current trends. The lesson he absorbed from modernity was one of freedom and a commitment to truth. And it is this which, as he edged away from modernism, led him back to the wellspring of art. Perfectly at home in prehistoric, ancient Egyptian, or Sumerian art, his work is a cross between the daily encounter with the live model and the timeless forms of archaic prototypes. “The entire art of the past, from all epochs, all civilizations, emerges before me; everything occurs simultaneously, as if space has taken the place of time.”⁴ Space and time, proximity and distance: these are the coordinates that his entire oeuvre strives to juxtapose, to fuse, even. As Jean Genet observed: “Their beauty [of Giacometti’s sculptures] seems to me to stem from the incessant, uninterrupted to-and-fro movement from the most extreme distance to

the closest familiarity: this to-and-fro doesn't end, and that's how you can tell they're in movement."⁵

The rejection of stability, of authority, of monumentality is the salient character of an oeuvre whose foundations the artist questioned daily. Straining towards an accomplishment that lay forever in the future, Giacometti made the expression of artistic doubt the mainspring of his creativeness. Carving, sculpting, painting, drawing, writing were all facets of the same tireless quest that kept him on the alert, mobilizing all his many powers. His deliberately frugal lifestyle, his relentless work-rate, his angst, and his constant dissatisfaction may have ruined his health, but they never sapped his optimism or his faith in art. His ultimate goal, at once elementary and paradoxical, was to represent what he saw. To do this, Giacometti did not limit himself to the customary tenets of realism nor to a face-to-face with the model that kept him cooped up in his studio day and night. Every moment confirmed the experience that truth is fleeting, as he had foretold in his youth: "The world really is a sphinx before which we are forever standing, a sphinx that stands forever before us and which we question."⁶

An artistic inquiry become matter and form—this could be the definition of this singular oeuvre, the work of an artist who was always expanding the confines of fixed identity: "I don't know who I am, or who I was. I identify with myself, and I don't. Everything is completely contradictory, but perhaps I have remained exactly as I was when a little boy of twelve."⁷

CHAPTER 10

Joining Surrealism

In April 1930, Alberto exhibited for the first time at the Galerie Pierre in the company of Miró and Arp. Presenting plaque-sculptures, including a marble version of *Gazing Head*, he also unveiled a new composition that was to prove a turning-point in his oeuvre and in his career: *Suspended Ball*. Fired with enthusiasm for the piece, Salvador Dalí viewed it as a prototype for the “symbolically functioning object,” a new concept he was to propose to the surrealists as a substitute for the by then slightly tired practice of automatic writing.¹ Suspended from a string in a metal cage is a ball into which a broad notch has been gouged. It hangs very close to a crescent moon fitted onto a thin platform. Even if one can detect in it a reference to the “sun and moon” clock in the family home at Stampa, the work also harbors sexual allusions and an obvious violence. Dalí describes it in the surrealist journal: “A wooden ball marked with a female slit and suspended from a thin violin string above a crescent, the edge of which brushes against the cavity. The beholder instinctively feels the urge to slide the ball over this edge, something the length of the string makes it possible to do only to an extent.”²

To the young Catalan painter, seeking to impose his erotic and morbid imaginative world on a surrealism then in search of renewed energy, the ambiguity and latent aggressiveness of Alberto’s works appeared as a welcome adjunct. André Breton himself was immediately interested and also paid a visit to the sculptor, who was much impressed by both Breton’s charisma and the spirit of collective emulation among the surrealists. From autumn on, he regularly joined their meetings and participated in various group activities. A new chapter was opening, one that would prove influential for his career. Now his friends included figures such as Breton, Dalí, Tristan Tzara, Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Louis Aragon, and Georges Sadoul. As the spectrum of his art and acquaintance was

expanding, however, he did not wish to be seen as exclusive, and he was careful not to upset those of his friends who might have criticized his growing proximity to “official” surrealism. Entering the surrealist group, he managed to keep the friendships he had forged with the dissident family at *Documents*.

In spring 1930, he embarked on another decisive collaboration, with decorator Jean-Michel Frank. Interior designer to the Parisian intelligentsia whose style was characterized by a classical and refined modernism, Frank suggested Alberto make a number of decorative objects and light fittings.³ Alberto found the proposal as interesting as Frank’s personality. A friend of the de Noailles, whose private mansion he had refurbished, Frank, whom François Mauriac was to describe as having invented an “aesthetics of renunciation,” stood at a turning-point in his career, too. Newly named art director at Chanaux & Cie, Frank now had the means to surround himself with architects such as Emilio Terry, as well as artists receptive to projects for interiors and objects. He was in particular associated with the small group of “neo-Romantics,” to which Bérard belonged. Giacometti and Frank were soon friends, and began a fruitful collaboration that was to last for more than ten years. “We see each other pretty often and he’s one of the people I like best,”⁴ Alberto wrote to his parents in January 1931, announcing that Frank would be likely to visit them at Maloja during a stay in Switzerland. With Diego’s assistance, Alberto was to design lamps, sconces, and decorative objects for the interiors of Paris society. Unlike with the two reliefs conceived for David-Weill and Rivière that remained close to his “compositions,” the imagery mobilized for these decorative objects was quite different from that in his artworks, even if the sources were often related. If Alberto continued his activities in the field of decorative arts, producing art to make money was, he realized, highly suspect in the eyes of the surrealists. In any case, despite the stroke of luck he had meeting Frank, everyday life was hardly plain sailing. Times were hard and the economic crisis was starting to impact on the art market. Miró did not make a single sale

at the exhibition at the Galerie Pierre, while Dalí, who also benefited from Frank's commissions, was short of money.

One day on leaving the exhibition, Alberto felt unwell. Wracked by stomach pain, he was forced to take to his bed. He consulted Theodore Fraenkel, a doctor and part of Breton's circle, but he was unable to immediately diagnose the cause of his suffering. It was appendicitis, which would not be operated on until July, in a Swiss hospital.⁵ The sculptor remained in a weakened state for some time, and working was out of the question. Helped by his parents, his friends also gathered round, looking after him and keeping him afloat financially.⁶ Diego hovered at his bedside, keeping the work ticking over. It had been a close shave, but Alberto had been comforted by the network of solidarity that had supported him. Shortly before the operation, another noteworthy event had occurred in his life: the start of a new love affair. This time it was no highly educated American heiress, but a young woman who frequented the same bars as he did. A laborer's daughter who lived hand to mouth, Denise Maisonneuve was a regular of many late-night haunts. Their affair had more than its fair share of ups and downs, and arguments and reconciliations were frequent. Denise was unstable in her relationships and sought solace in drink, frequently testing Alberto's jealousy. Alberto was alternately enraged, remote, and, once they had made up, deeply passionate. This tempestuous relationship—which he did not dare inform his parents about, telling only Diego and some close friends, like Einstein and Frank—was to last several years, however. During the entire period, the artist was engulfed in a maelstrom that affected his professional as well as his private life. He opened his heart to Tristan Tzara, whom he had only recently met and who had expressed concern at how lonely the young man seemed. "That I've arranged my life really badly now on several levels is true and you sensed it more than the others, but at the same time I'm much less lonely than you think. To be alone at certain moments is a need occasioned by various things in which woman has surely a large part to play, but it's not due to a lack of women,

or a vague quest for an ideal woman. Even all the time since my return, while I've been in love with a woman in a way that hasn't happened to me for years (it's not the same one I called my girlfriend above), and this love was not just emotional, on the contrary, but I reckon it's all over since yesterday morning, on one side I'm disorientated enough, as I was yesterday evening, but this thing was bound to end like that, and I've moved on to something else."⁷ Several times, as in the confiding note to Tzara above, Alberto believed he had finally severed the bond with Denise. It was, however, the nature of their relationship to be chaotic, and the liaison endured in spite of all the ups and downs. Despite all this, art remained the mainspring of his life and the prime focus of his concentration above all else.

Being part of the surrealist group and the discussions with his new friends provided a significant stimulus to his work. In the months following his meeting with Breton he tried out new forms. On October 22, 1930, he attended the private screening of Buñuel and Dalí's film *The Golden Age*, an occasion that attracted—a matter of rows apart—"orthodox" and "dissident" surrealists alike. Several artists were there: Brancusi, Picasso, Braque, Duchamp, Miró, Tanguy, and Ernst.⁸ Giacometti's relationship to Miró, whom he regarded as "one of the few to do stuff that actually interests me,"⁹ amounted to a form of emulation. "Miró is back from Spain with a whole series of wooden constructions, with nails and little color, very close to what I did this summer in Maloja, but his are very successful and I like them a lot."¹⁰ Alberto experimented with various constructions in Maloja, such as a schematic figure made of planks and a totem studded with nails, both of which were immediately destroyed. Without letting them go completely, he distanced himself from the problems inherent in neo-cubist sculpture with a series of works that can be compared to surrealist objects in the lineage of the *Suspended Ball*. Cage reverts to the principle behind the cubic "compositions," with elements that connect when the viewer moves around them. Biomorphic forms, vegetable pods, or insect thoraxes fall prey to a razor-sharp claw

CHAPTER 25

Success Arrives

Giacometti was now constantly beset by doubt, yet his pictorial work had flourished over the last two years. The effusion of new sculpted creations, however, gave way to a period of exploration and a return to the model, in which he struggled to produce results. Although he finished even fewer works than before, the long sittings with Diego and Annette produced a few successful pieces. Since completing *Bust of Man with a Sweater*, created in 1953, Giacometti's reflections on representation had taken a new direction. He insisted there was a difference between works inspired by "visions" and works created after models, which he claimed to favor, but he created a series of sculptures synthesizing the two approaches. The busts *Amenophis*, *Bust (Sharp Head)*, and *Tall Thin Head* combine realistic portraits of Diego with clear references to ancient Egyptian sculpture, evoking Giacometti's first bust of Isabel, which united two levels of representation. But he also introduced a new, more radical stylistic element. The heads of these busts, rising from substantial bases, look surprisingly like their models when viewed from the side, but fade to a fine vertical blade when viewed from the front. The informal title given to one, *Sharp Head*, aptly describes the extreme flattening Giacometti employed to achieve this. Once again, the artist combined the spatial element of his sculpture with a visual perspective that impact the work in a way that only becomes apparent as the viewer moves around it; but it was the first time he had united two directly opposed notions of the image in order to do so. The paradoxical emergence of form at the heart of the formless approaches the absurd, and gives these works a very particular suggestive power. Despite the serene and funereal aspect introduced by the reference to ancient Egyptian art, there is still a suggestion of violence, which can be felt in the extreme compression of material and the surface covered in jagged knife

strokes. The portrait is a faithful representation of Diego, but it is tormented, and more expressive of the artist's own anxiety than his brother's even-temperedness. The nude portraits of Annette sculpted during the same period convey a similarly violent approach to representation. "Sculpture in which I sense a kind of contained violence moves me the most. Violence moves me in sculpture," he explained.¹ His interest in archaeological objects incited him to include in the final sculpture accidents incurred during creation. When the arms broke on his standing figures because they were too thin, he kept the stumps of shoulders and hands resting on hips. Since 1953, Giacometti had been creating figures that he referred to as "monsters," which accentuated Annette's features to the point of caricature. With hollow eye-sockets, enlarged breasts and buttocks, and a generally ungraceful appearance, these figures stand in direct contrast to the slender feminine forms inspired by Greek korai and Egyptian figures that bespeak mythical and magical inspiration. He did not continue in this vein, but certain features of this heightened realism would infiltrate the stylized appearance of later female representations. He also introduced a form of pictorial realism in his plaster models, highlighting feminine volumes and facial features with black brush strokes or deep cuts made with a knife.

The exhibitions in London and New York were successful. Inaugurated just days apart, both received significant press coverage. Giacometti did not attend the installation, but he did travel to London with Annette and Clayeux following the opening. He was delighted with the exhibition, as well as the welcome he received. Having traveled so little, he was excited to discover the city. He shared his impressions with Diego, who had traveled to Switzerland to be with Annetta. "The exhibition is very, very beautiful, more than any of the others I think, and the space is beyond anything I could have expected. A very beautiful house, big with an incredible courtyard, better than a real palace. Everything is very well organized, including the catalog, which I will send. Huge success, lots of visitors, and a long raving article in the *Times*, the main English

paper. I found everything good here, basically, any better would have been impossible.”²

As usual, this feeling of satisfaction did not prevent Giacometti from experiencing the self-criticism he perpetually subjected himself to. “Yesterday, I once again saw everything that is wrong with the sculptures and the paintings, which changes nothing about the exhibition.”³ His mother and Diego ended up teasing him about it. “Both of us, in reading your next-to-last letter, agreed that you are quite a character, in short, a whiner, constantly talking about your doubts and vowing to do better.”⁴

Giacometti harbored a profound inner duality: a firm conviction that he was among the best and following the right path, and chronic dissatisfaction fueled by a feeling of being capable of more. Praise, however, was unanimous. The exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum was also positively received. Giacometti was celebrated as the leading European sculptor of his generation, having broken away from modern formalism to embody the spirit of his time. “As for Giacometti, he is just entirely expressionist. He is the heir to Rodin and Bourdelle. His elongated figures, his clay figures, as though petrified in a nervous outburst too long contained, most certainly express the Romantic state of mind that so clearly characterizes postwar painting and which seems to most reflect years of anxiety and disillusion, the Cold War years.”⁵

He refused another invitation to New York, too anxious to return to the studio. “This morning I received a very nice letter from the director of the New York museum where my exhibition is being held and to my great surprise he tells me that the exhibition is a great success, with many visitors, and he invites me on behalf of the museum committee to visit New York, which I was not expecting. The exhibition is running until July 17, but I will not for a second consider going.”⁶

In New York, critical success led to commercial success. Matisse, short on pieces to offer collectors, bought several works from Galerie Maeght through an intermediary, and had Diego apply a new patina

that was more in line with American tastes. The galleries were not on good terms. Matisse regularly reproached Giacometti for the favors he accorded Galerie Maeght, which had more direct access to the artist's works and had begun encroaching on Matisse's exclusive rights in America. Giacometti, despite declarations of loyalty and friendship, was not always scrupulous in his dealings with the galleries and intended to remain independent no matter what. He was a famous artist now, and he knew that nothing he could do would seriously impact his relationships with the two dealers. He delighted in commercial success because it was a sign of recognition, but it also created problems, even with those closest to him. "In your last letter, Alberto, I read that it is raining millions. Well, Annette and Diego, beware of promises!" lectured his mother.⁷ But even as sales multiplied and money poured in, Giacometti was never interested in comfort. He crammed banknotes into a box under the bed and felt no need to improve his lifestyle. He had eaten the same meal for years: hard-boiled eggs, ham, bread, wine, and coffee—and it would never change. The furnishings in his studio grew more dilapidated and eventually dwindled to just two chairs, his and one for his model. At most, he agreed to a few changes in the bedroom. Genet, who had been a regular visitor to rue Hippolyte-Maindron for nearly four years, reports, "The room, the one he shares with Annette, is adorned with pretty red tile. The floor used to be packed earth. It was raining in their room, which also serves as their living quarters. It is with a heavy heart that he resigned himself to tile. The prettiest, but the humblest possible. He tells me he will never live anywhere but this studio and this room. If it were possible, he would have them be even simpler."⁸

The studio continued to attract many photographers. Since returning to Paris after the war, the most famous among them had come to call, including Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, Irving Penn, and Gordon Parks. Giacometti had also met Ernst Scheidegger in Switzerland during the war and they had become friends. In 1948, the photographer settled in Paris, and he visited the studio nearly every day for two years. The two

CHAPTER 3 I

The Venice Biennale

Even if it came to nothing, the project for Chase Manhattan Plaza had given a considerable boost to the artist's creativity, and he embarked on new ventures. "Today, I'm again thinking of starting it all over, like twenty or twenty-five years ago,"¹ he wrote to his mother in late 1959. During summer 1960, Yanaihara came to Paris for almost two months. Giacometti worked away on his model relentlessly, carrying out several painted portraits and beginning a sculpture bust he was to complete from memory. Yanaihara, remaining close to Annette, also served as her confidant. "You have often written to me that, in spite of the difficulties of your situation, you are OK, and that you steadfastly put up with worries that of course it cannot be easy to bear. You've often written that you're no longer jealous and that you've found a good system—that is, to understand Alberto. I think you're completely right, because, for an untroubled life, willpower is not enough. What one needs is the intelligence to understand and I'm sure that you get along fine with Alberto. As for Caroline, whom I don't know very well, it seems to me that it's not worth bothering to understand her, at least for me, and also for you. But I do understand that she is something that escapes us (that is, moreover, what attracts Alberto) and that she can change nothing in your relationship with Alberto, so, to you, she's nothing. Anything she may do or say takes place outside your own relationship with Alberto. And if you're sad or demoralized, it's because I miss you, because it was so wonderful when we were together, and not because of Caroline."²

Nonetheless, a long shadow had been cast over Annette's life. The affair with Yanaihara, at the same time happy and painful, had awoken within her the desire for a child, which she had to repress. And then Caroline appeared. Judging by her letters over the following months, however, Annette soon seemed to recover her serenity. Making the best

of the situation, she grew accustomed to the presence of Caroline, who, as Yanaihara had noted, did not constitute a threat to the couple. She saw her friends regularly, in particular Paola Carola, a new acquaintance she had met when Paola came to commission her portrait from the artist, and who often invited Annette to her house in the country. Finally, Giacometti acceded to his wife's desire to have a little apartment of her own, offering comforts their very basic interior sorely lacked. From the end of 1961, after several months spent decorating, Annette could divide her time between two living spaces, the room in rue Hippolyte-Maindron, where she spent the day, and a new apartment near the boulevard de Montparnasse that she refurbished as her own personal domain. Diego's everyday surroundings were also improving. In June 1961, he moved into a house bought by his brother, located two doors down from his previous lodgings on rue du Moulin-Vert. He had never been so busy, and his new address gave him the larger studio he needed. Diego supervised the realization and transport of an immense number of works, new and old, cast every year for exhibitions and sales. He was also creating more and more works on his own account, with his furniture now distributed in the United States by Pierre Matisse.

Apart from exhibitions, orders for books were a further incentive to work, and Giacometti responded readily. In 1959, he had embarked on a very ambitious project initiated by his friend Tériade: a series of lithographs centering on his walks through the French capital for a book entitled *Paris sans fin* (Paris without End), for which he was also to write the text. This long sequence of drawings, which he continued to work on until his death, constituted a kind of diary recounting his daily life: his walks in the neighborhood around the studio, car journeys through Paris with Caroline (he never learnt to drive), the restaurants where Annette, Diego, and he would take their meals, the cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Prés where he would meet up with friends, the night bars, the studio with its works in progress, the printer's, Mourlot, Annette's apartment, a visit to the natural history museum, the scenery

viewed from the highway after taking Yanaihara to the airport.... For a number of years he was also involved in another publishing project. Originating with two Italian friends, the critic Luigi Carluccio and the sculptor Mario Negri, it concerned a book featuring a wide selection of the copies of works from the past he carried out throughout his career. Giacometti was intrigued by the idea, and the initiators also asked him to supply a text. Copying was a practice close to his heart, and he regularly said how important it was for the germination of his ideas. In May, the premiere of Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot* revealed another and unprecedented type of collaboration. Following repeated pleas on the part of the playwright himself, Giacometti eventually agreed to work on the theater set. Beckett's concept was precise: the set was to be reduced to just two objects, a tree and the moon. After much debate, the sculptor finally limited his contribution to a white plaster tree the height of a person. "All one night we tried to make that plaster tree larger or smaller, its branches more slender. It never seemed right and each of us said to the other: maybe."³ The end result, though, lived up to the writer's expectations: "Superb. The only good part of what has been up to now a gloomy exhumation."⁴

In June 1961, Giacometti received an invitation to present a retrospective exhibition in the international pavilion at the Venice Biennale. It was a proposal he accepted with the proviso that he would be allowed to choose and hang the works himself, with assistance from Clayeux. A few days later, the Galerie Maeght inaugurated an exhibition of his recent work, on which, as always, he worked until the very last second.⁵ The exhibition was divided equally between paintings and sculptures, and presented the majority of the pieces created in the context of the Chase Manhattan project. The show also featured approximately twenty painted portraits, including six of Yanaihara and five seated women, all depictions of Caroline, which together demonstrated the enduring vitality of his pictorial practice. Giacometti then left for Stampa with Annette, where he was joined by Henri and Nicole Cartier-Bresson, the

photographer taking a series of photos of the village and studio. By late July the couple had been joined in Stampa by Yanaihara. Annette put an end to their love affair, which gradually morphed into a long-lasting friendship.⁶ At the end of July, Pierre and Patricia Matisse were invited to the family home for the first time. There the gallerist discovered works from Giacometti's youth, as well as *Woman with Chariot*, realized during the war and left behind. The dealer had never seen these works, which made a singular impression on him, and he proposed casting them in bronze. Giacometti painted portraits of Annette and Dr. Corbetta, who treated his mother and had become a friend of the family. Engaged, as usual, on several works at a time, he also painted some bunches of flowers. For some time, his color range had been widening, in particular towards red. He made, however, only drawings of Yanaihara, who left for France on August 2. On August 5, the entire family gathered round to celebrate Annetta's ninetieth birthday. Returning to Paris two days later, the artist had Yanaihara sit for a bust and a painting, in daily sessions lasting more than seven hours at a time. "Straightaway Giacometti went back to my portrait and everything went on just as in the previous year: afternoons he would sculpt until the evening, and then in the evening he would paint until midnight. The only difference was that now he was using forty centimeter [15 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.] canvases (the size above) and the hour's rest whittled down to nothing, while his enthusiasm for work was even more all-consuming than the year before."⁷

The two men spent the majority of their evenings together, at Le Dôme or La Coupole, then at Chez Adrien or striptease joints, sometimes joined by Annette or Caroline. The latter had a surprise in store for him, however: she was now married.⁸ The marriage soon fell apart and did not anyway seem unduly to bother the artist, who had long tolerated his mistress's "customers." He was only really perturbed by Caroline's regular vanishing acts. He soon set out again briefly for Geneva with Annette, to attend Silvio's wedding. They felt deep affection for this nephew, the Giacometti clan's only offspring, and in his early years the family made