

**F I T Z I A**

**O** **U** **b** **N** **r** **A** **a**...

**V**... **U** **i** **N** **d** **A** **a**

**PATRICK F. HURTADO MENDIALDUA**

To my mother,  
for so many years of creation,  
70 years of splendor,  
all my life of admiration.

Patrick F. Hurtado Mendiadua

Publishing direction:

**Patrick F. Hurtado Mendiádua**

Production and general coordination:

Prisma Editorial, S.A. de C.V.

Desing:

Armando Buendía V., Verónica Sánchez-Barona

Reserved rights in accordance with the law

First Edition, 6 August 2007.

© D.R. Patrick Hurtado

ISBN 970-93012-0-9

Printed and made in Mexico

# index

10 PREFACE

14 A LIFE...

...A WORK

18 My meeting with Mexico

28 My wings grow... San Hipólito

36 New York

48 My finds with Mexico

90 Between Mexico City and Paris... my two hearts

108 My wings aspire of fantasy...

148 To love good...

193 Catalogue

199 Exhibitions

CD-ROM with Catalogue of its work

RUFINO TAMAYO  
Pintor mexicano,  
1899-1991  
México, D.F., agosto de 1979.

What Fitzia says, she says chanting the trills  
of a far away bird, or with the whispers of  
leaves in a grove.

What Fitzia says, she says it with the tender  
light of dawn, or with the tenuous shadow  
of an early night.

What Fitzia says, she says it by telling stories  
of innocent loves long gone, or describing  
dreams of dreams dreamed.



Fitzia's art is not to be contemplated or admired. These attitudes, the pause before beauty and the aesthetic emotion, come much later. The first moment is always a 'shock', a shiver, an enthusiasm, a flurry. They make an impression because they set in motion the deepest feelings, the most secret ones. They are ambivalent because they carry two apparently contradictory aspects. Often they are harsh, but of harshness that permits the bursting of explosions of joy. They are at once brutal and joyful, violent and marked with merriment. As if they spoke of life, beauty and the difficulty of living, of happiness and pain. Is there anything harsher, more violent than these forms entwined at their sharpest angles, than those torn papers, of uncertain contours, or these mixtures of rectilinear traces and sinuous outlines? In front of Fitzia's works one has the impression that the lines are due to the paper itself, that it randomly assumes the direction of the rupture of her smooth area or the wound provoked by the scissors. But Fitzia has selected that piece of paper amongst dozens of papers.



She will paste it in a very precise place that, now, owes nothing to chance. She will join it to another strip and will match them so that the singularities of each one can erupt, so that from their differences harmony is born. She will superimpose that piece of paper to other transparencies so that the colors darken or lighten, to make them merge or, on the contrary, oppose other colors. These tears and confrontations speak to her. And Fitzia wants to tell us what they say to her, what she feels when she places one next to another. She tells us also that life is not always amusing, that it's filled with bumps, wounds and ulcers that sometimes are difficult to heal.

At the same time, is there anything more joyful than these outbursts of color, pure and fiery or the infinite variations on the same tone, due to the simple game of the "Collage", superimposed silk papers, impregnated with the same tonality? Is there anything more alive than the alloys of amazing figures or the alliances of colors that seem as if they were watching or speaking? Is there anything more unique than the harmony born of the accumulation of differences? The black is often present. Sometimes it's even the background on which the work is to be done, (life is not always pink, no?) But the black is there to emphasize the yellow, the red, the green, the white, the blue, the brown, the orange or the pink that will give it life, to make it luminous. The black is not hidden. Not thrown away.

It's subjugated,, invited, forced to watch color, to sing with it. In Fitzia's paintings there are no complicated mixtures, or sophisticated combinations, or jumbled between the infinite possibilities that a painter's palette has to offer. She uses neither palette or brush. Paper, cardboard, scissors and

glue. She impregnates the paper with the chosen colors, tones, variations; affinities and subtleties will arise from the battle between forms and colors, from the superposition of papers that gives textures and makes colors sing.

Undoubtedly, when Fitzia starts a picture she does not know as yet where the paper or colors are going lead her. She says that very often she will destroy at least as many paintings as the ones that are submitted to foreign eyes. To accept this challenge, the moment her work is about to escape from her, it's very necessary she says, that the work has a soul.

"Inanimate objects, Do you have a soul that grasps ours and merits love?" Lamartine asked himself. The soul of a painting is the emotion that pierces the soul of the one who has conceived it during that instant of joy and anguish in which it is deemed to be worthwhile and is converted into an offering, at the moment when she decides she can part from it. It will be submitted to the attention of a friend or stranger, to his reason or affection, so that other emotions can rise from that mute and magical dialogue between the artist and an individual, which in most cases, do not know each other.

I do not know anything that looks like a work by Fitzia. Starting from a classic technique, the "Collage", she has invented a language, a style, melodies recognizable at first sight. Its not possible to remain indifferent, distant or neutral. You either like or reject. Because, even if I repeat myself, each one of her works is a history that lives, a moment of her life that finds an echo, or not, in a moment of ours...

**GEORGES COUFFIGNAL**  
University Professor

## a life...



Víctor, Daniel, Philippe and Fitzia.



Fitzia was born in Boule, France, on the 23, of July 1931, although her childhood is spent in Paris. Discovering her Artistic aptitudes at a very early age, she decides to become a painter.

In 1944 the death of her grandfather on her paternal side induces her family to move to Spain where she lived until 1950, returning to Paris.



Daniele, Nereo and Fitzia.

In 1957 Fitzia takes a long trip to the New World where she marries Dr. Victor Manuel Hurtado. She gives birth to three children, Daniel Victor, Philippe Gerard and Patrick Francois. Establishes her residence in Mexico.

Has her first exhibit in Galería Excelsior in Mexico City. From then on she has an annual exhibit.

In 1961 Fitzia needs a greater freedom to realize her goals. She divorces Dr. Hurtado.

In 1964 Fitzia moves to New York City and has an exhibit the following year at the Charles Byron Gallery. The Collective Lending Service of the Museum of Modern Art of New York, Museum of Allentown, Penn. and Stanford Conn., U.S.A., these

last two buying some of her works. In 1967 she returns to Mexico where she has a one man show at the "Palacio de Bellas Artes", and continues to exhibit in galleries and museums in Mexico and abroad.

She returns to France in 1973 and installs a permanent atelier in Paris, but without relinquishing Mexico thus establishing a permanent bridge between these two cities.

By 1981 Fitzia marries Mr. Alberto Lara, divorcing him in 1983. Several years of liberty and success go by during which the artist works hard to obtain her goals. In 1995 she buys a country home in Bourgogne, France, where she installs a studio in order to work on large works and sculptures.



Paraphrasing Josephine Baker, we can say:

Fitzia has three great loves: **Her sons,**  
and two hearts: **Paris and Mexico,** and a single passion: **her work.**



Yves Berger, Fitzia and Jaques Derogy.



Philippe, Fitzia, Daniel, Víctor and Patrick.



MY ENCOUNTER WITH MEXICO **fitzia**  
1951 - 1960

...Give the 'A' that must place, **on the right tone, a piece of Nature,**

they appear in a well

balanced movement within the

global atmosphere

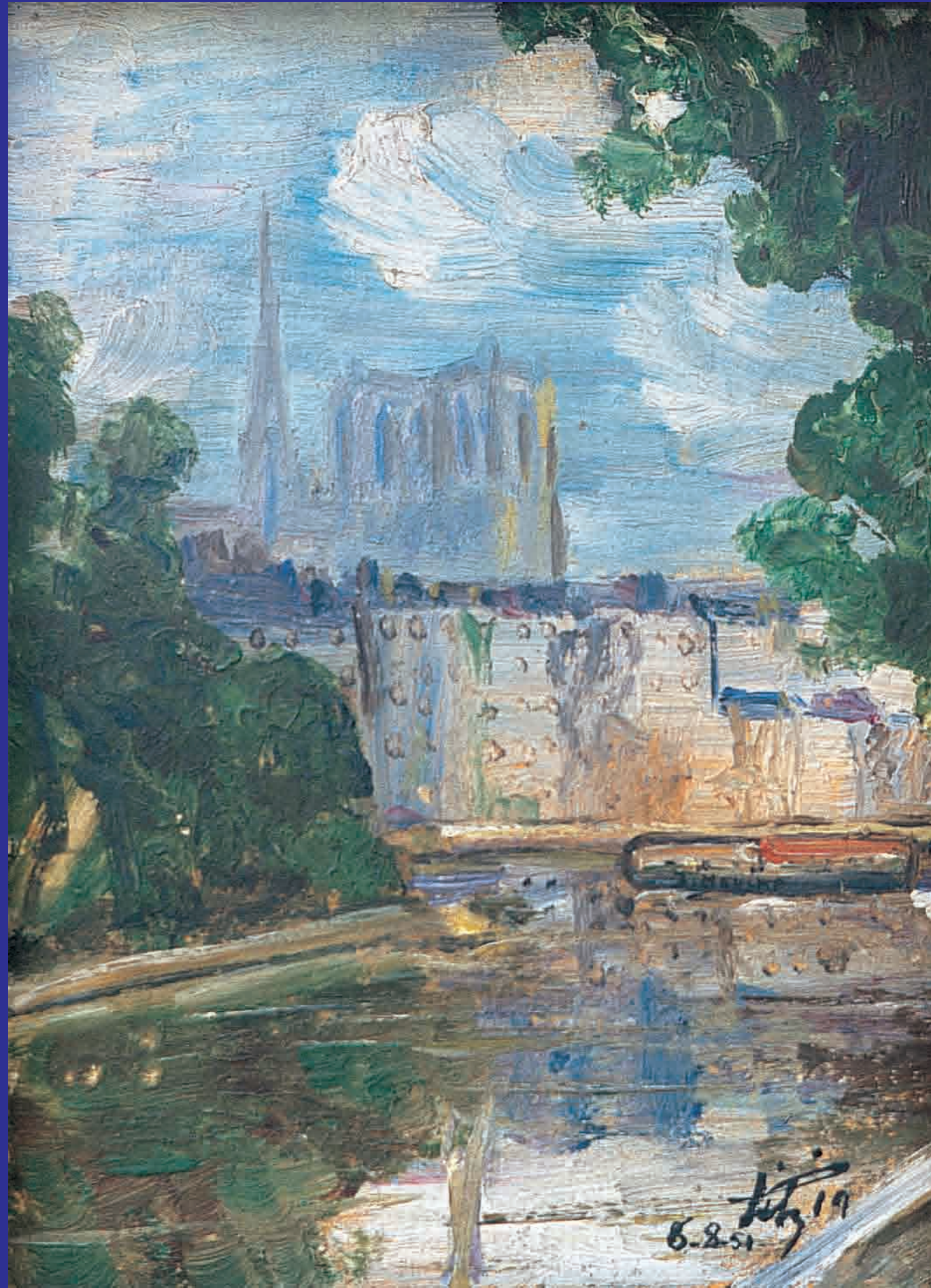
of some of Fizia's compositions.

Let us not censor her, let us wish instead,

that this young artist impose herself

more and more...

**MARGARITA NELKEN**  
Excelsior, Mexico, 1957



**In Paris** I met Dr. Victor Manuel Hurtado Espinoza, who introduced himself while attending a ball at the Cité Universitaire of Paris, in the company of a future Mexican diplomat. Victor was to become my husband.

Mexico still had cactus on the Paseo de la Reforma and the Zona Rosa (Pink Zone) did not exist. Coming from Paris, it was like being in another planet.

My husband was my love. I immediately became pregnant with my first son.

I asked Victor for an art studio and he rented one on the same floor as his office. He wanted me close to him the 24 hours. Me who is a bird!

I attended art lessons along with a group of people with Michel Baxte, an adorable man. Manou Dornbierer, a great friend, was also a part of the group. Michel Baxte, Russian origin, was a great musician who became an excellent painter. He taught me to see, which I think is the most important factor in our manner of expression.



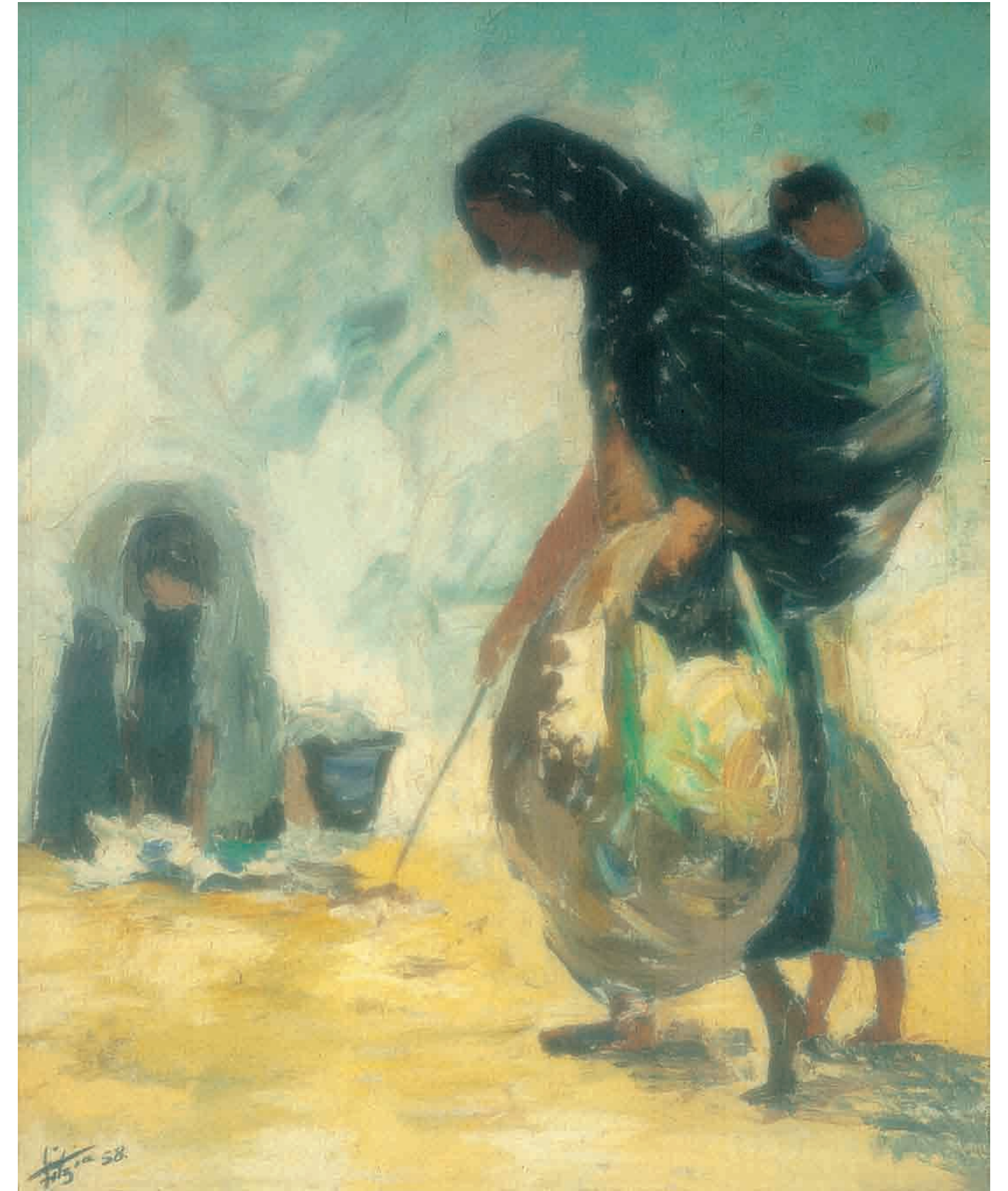
We painted the landscapes surrounding Mexico City, and on my own, I did portraits, country people, with their children on the highways with their flowers. Two years later I told my teacher that I wanted to fly with my own wings, although I kept him in my heart forever.

In 1960 I accompanied my husband to a Congress in Tokyo, Japan. I decided to exhibit there so I got in touch with Federico Siller, Mexican Diplomat stationed in Japan, who informed me that he would investigate the possibilities. Against my husband's will I took my paintings and when Mr. Siller showed my work, the gallery modified its calendar in order to include my show during my stay in Tokyo. I sold half of the show, and it was also the exhibit with the greater assistance, since students of various schools went to see it.



## Mexico! We're landing. I'm arriving from Paris, via New York,

With a 24 hour delay. With the inconsistency of my 20 years it did not occur to me to let anyone know of my arrival. I arrived with my wedding dress, two hats and a tourist visa. My luggage got stuck and nobody knew where it was. The custom agents were in a flurry, no one was expecting me. I asked to use the telephone, and an officer took me to the Airport director's office, who got up cordially and offered me a seat and the telephone. I dialed my fiancé's number, and a man's voice answered who made me repeat my name, and then asked me to wait. Victor finally answers aging "Don't you think this is a bad joke?" "But I am Fitzia". "You're Fitzia", "Yes". "Where are you?" "At the Mexico City Airport". "We'll be right there". I never knew how they got there so fast, Victor was accompanied by four or five friends in three cars, all badly shaved, with little sleep and with enormous bunches of wilted gladiolas.



They had come to meet me 18 times before. **FITZIA**



The truth of Mexico is that everyone is a bourn artist, I don't know if there is a shortage of paint, but the houses have their walls painted green with purple.



In spite of their poverty, the houses in many instances are very artistic,

flowers in pots... only in Mexico are the people born artists. FITZIA

MY WINGS GROW... SAN HIPOLITO **fitzia**  
1961-1964

...an artist of subtle values, performs a through research of the world of small formats, **dominates spontaneous impulses**

an manages to intensify the effects of sensory

perception thru the graceful overall image that

she gives us in her painting.

**Exquisite in colors and line.**

JORGE J. CRESPO OF SERNA  
Jueves de Excelsior, Museums and Galleries  
Mexico, August, 1963

**I continued to Exhibit.** Victor, my husband, supported my efforts. I joined the “Proteo” Gallery, recently inaugurated. By this time I had three sons that I always wanted. I started to receive proposals for shows; Victor felt my wings were expanding.

I went to see an exhibit and bought a small painting of Rodolfo Zanabria. We became very good friends in Mexico, New York and Paris. Zanabria, Heriberto Juárez and myself became an inseparable trio after my divorce in 1961. They helped me find a place to live in the splendid courtyard of the first lunatic asylum of America, “San Hipólito”.

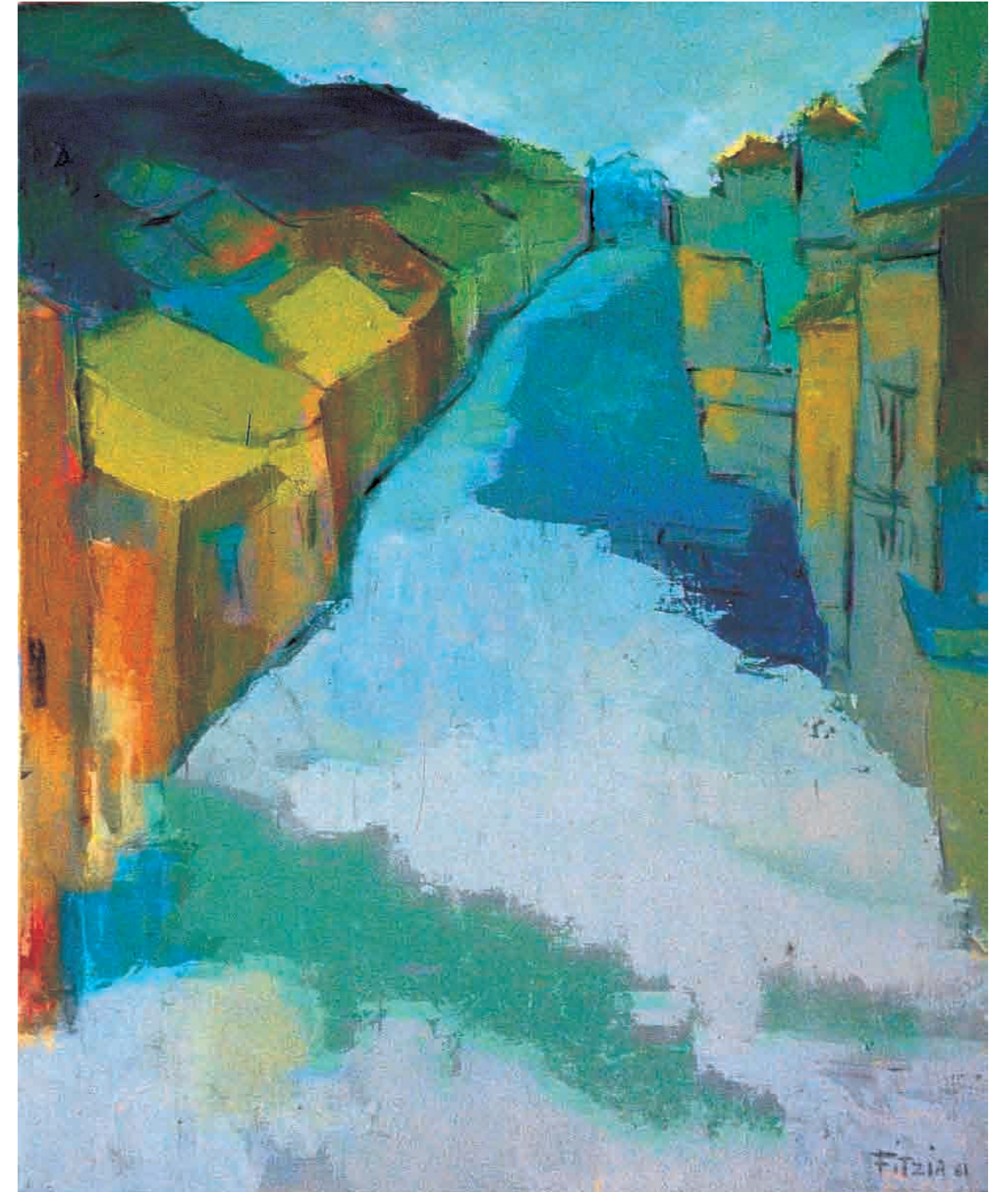
Settled there, I had been married, had three wonderful sons, was 30 years old and I was free.

It seemed to me that I had complied with my share of an educated woman in the strict convent style and that I could devote myself to my life and my work.

There we were, Heriberto Juárez, sculptor, Enrique Zavala and myself, painters. The Avenida Hidalgo was an extraordinary epoch. Zanabria would bring serenades with records of songs from the revolution time. One day Rodolfo asked me: “Who came to see you in an official car?” It was a Secretary whom I had met at a dinner party, who had brought me a record of Vivaldi; he became a close friend and gave me Galería 1577. Cocktails were organized for me in the courtyard of San Hipólito with 200 or 300 people, sponsored by whiskey companies, and all the press attended. I came out in the papers almost every day and I had people on the street asked me for my autograph. I felt I was falling into a rut as an artist and decided to move to New York.

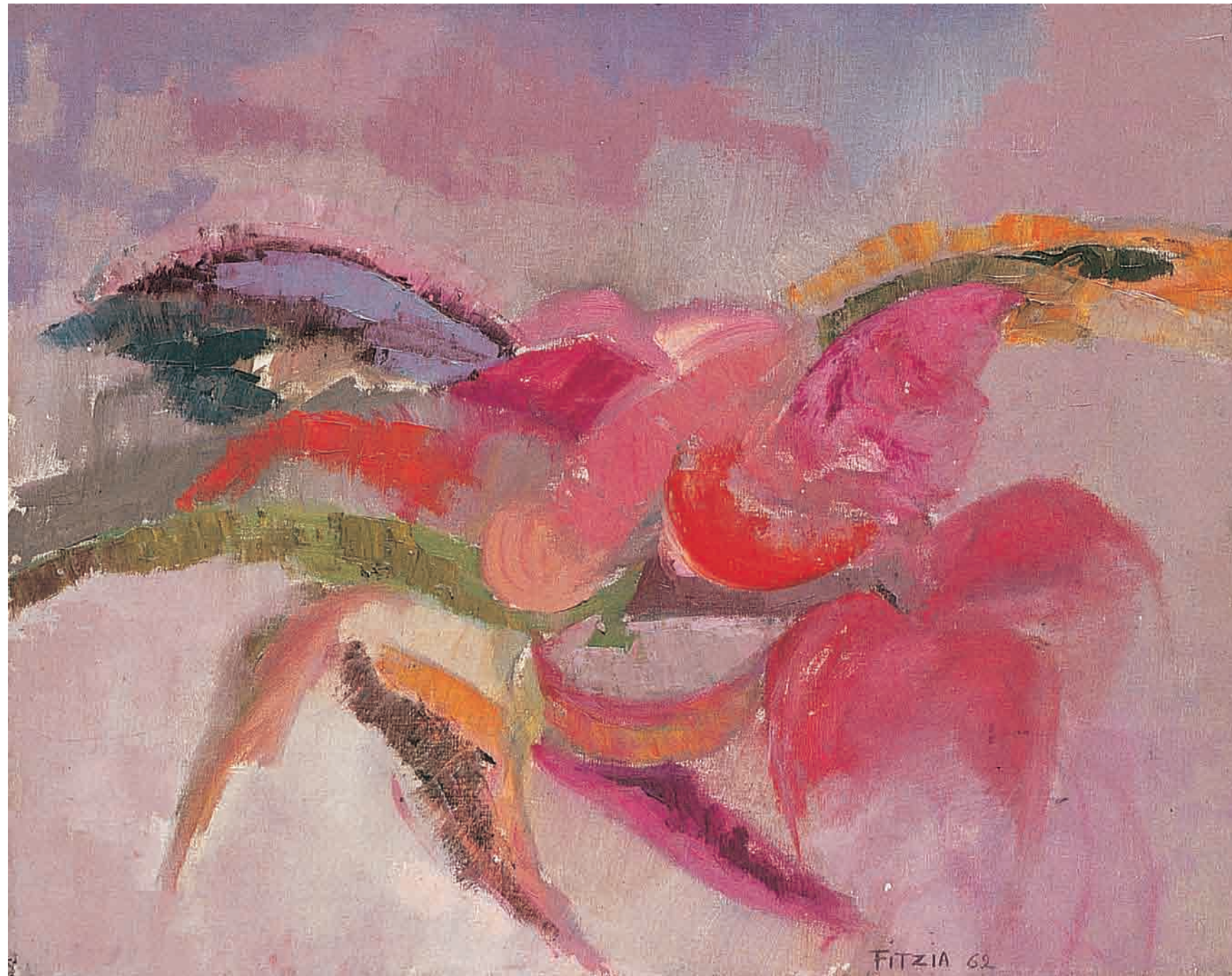
Fitzia exhibited three oil paintings. **Beautiful landscapes.**

In them there is all the soft weight of the oriental culture. The trip that she made throughout Japan, **remained in her brushes giving them a poetic note.**



...The progress made from her first exhibitions

to last year's is considerable, it seems Fitzia has found new characteristics that have permitted her to develop her gifts



and it is convenient to point out  
the qualities that Fitzia has found  
in her new technique  
of tissue Paper,  
glued on the painted canvas  
and then repainted.

**MARGARITA NELKEN**  
Excélsior, Mexico, December de 1963





## Let's talk about Fitzia. She shows that the artist is the only being in Nature

who gets younger as life goes on, and is also the only creature of God who can and does fight absolutely alone, and win battles essential to BEING; as the freedom of spirit includes everything else.

We believe that everything that she has done up to now has been a preparation for today's transformation.

As far as we know, the previous Fitzia had fire and an expressive strength; but her palette was meager, melancholic and sometimes forced, not always sure or balanced.

Fitzia had not achieved the perfect half between herself and the force of Nature we call color.

This painter belongs to that breed of artists to whom God does not give himself readily, and so to possess him and dominate him, it's necessary to first besiege the divinity's fortress.

When this type of artist achieves finally the surrender of this rebellious and dangerous being who is one of the masters of all, it marks the true beginning of a vital adventure. No longer do they have to struggle with matter, only with their own spirit. They have traversed the hardest part of the road. It brings about a transfiguration as the Fitzia of today.

Today, Fitzia and her color are a harmonious whole. The relationship between them is a loving one. Her gaze once freed of the tension that resulted from the will to win, has been liberated and is now flexible. Before she painted stimulated by that abstract 'appearance' of things. Now the victory over color has given her the impulse to throw herself to the abstract 'essence' of Nature.

It is useless to ask "What does this painting mean?" It would be like asking "What do the fountains or trees mean?" "What do the valleys and rivers mean?" They just want to be beautiful, and they are. Sometimes reeds and rivers say something when

those spies of God, nature and man that are the poets, the saints and the artists, are in them and listen. EUNICE ODIO MEXICO. D.F. 1963



NEW YORK **fitzia**  
1964 - 1967

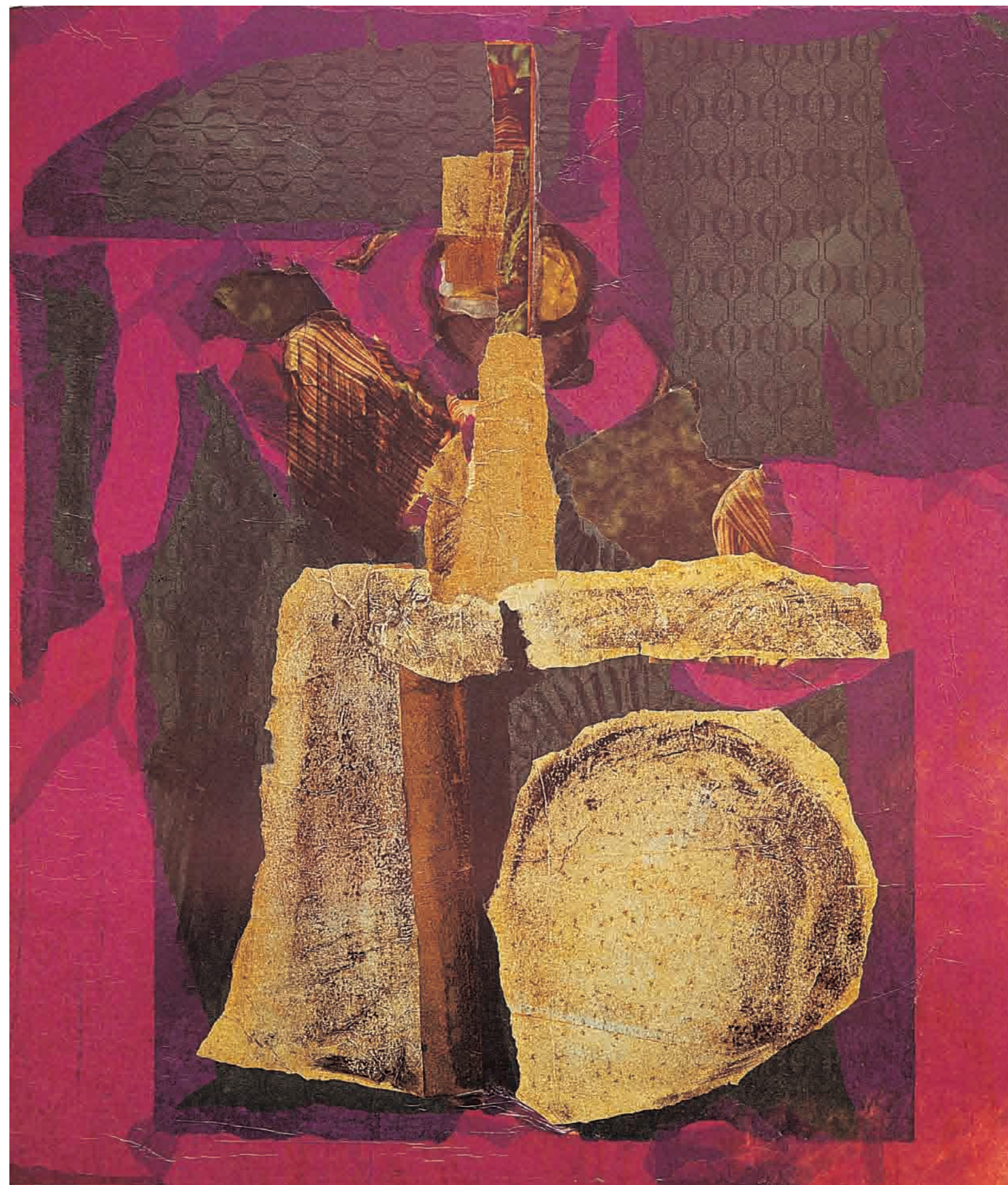
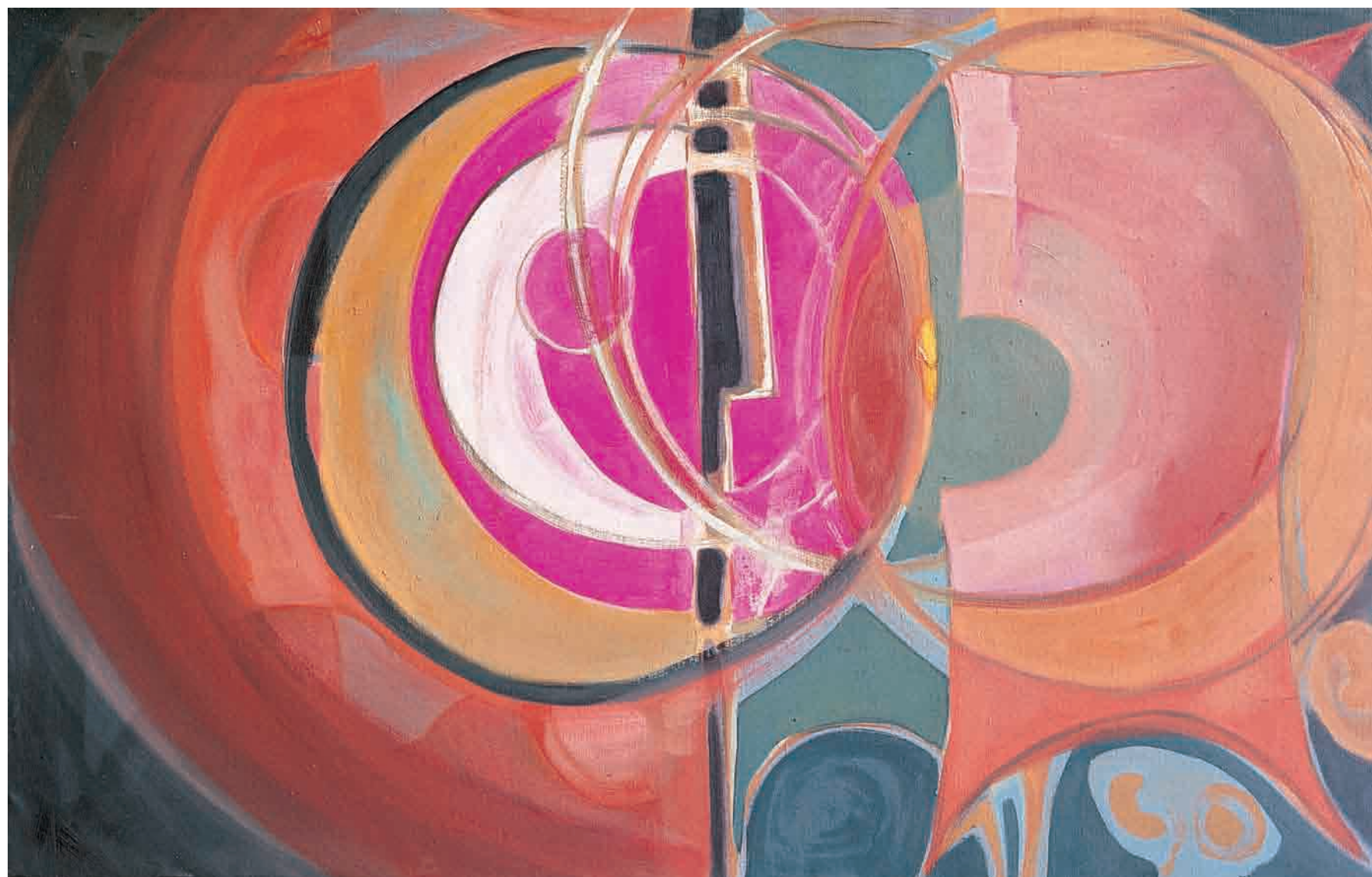
To admire the "Collage" of Fizia is not a whim, or of taking advantage of plastic accidents, or intuitive games, but a **product conceived tectonically** and realized in full conscience.

She uses simple tissue papers,  
over imposed, some slightly folded,  
others smooth.

J. CRESPO DE LA SERNA  
Novedades. Mexico,  
Wednesday, December 9th, 1964

**In New York** I arrived to the studio of Luis López Loza, another good friend. He did not live there, but worked there sometimes until 2 A.M. So I slept with his music and all the lights on. Even now, having an easy disposition, I adapt to whatever situation is chosen by me. Then Luis moved to another space and I started to work in this one, It had a sky light where the snow seeped in, dripping over my bed, and with small mice running about at night over my papers, for it was in New York (1964) that I started with only "Collage". The studio was in a splendid location on 16th St. and Fifth Ave, a few blocks from the 'Village' already in fashion. New York was another epoch totally different. I knew few people but integrated rapidly. I joined the Charles Byron Gallery on Madison Ave. I had a boyfriend, Elmer Collins. I worked during the day in my studio, and in the evenings Elmer and I went to restaurants, fashion shows, and theaters. I had a friend Hattie, former friend of Victor that invited Elmer and myself to ski in the winter. I had no money but I always lived well, surrounded by people that I chose and loved. I had my first show of "Collage" in 1965 at the Byron Gallery. I went to Mexico often to see my sons. In 1966, I moved to my friend's house, Manuela Dominguez, sharing a flat with her, on 6th and Madison. I returned to oils, it was my epoch of large canvases and 'machines'. New York was another beautiful period.



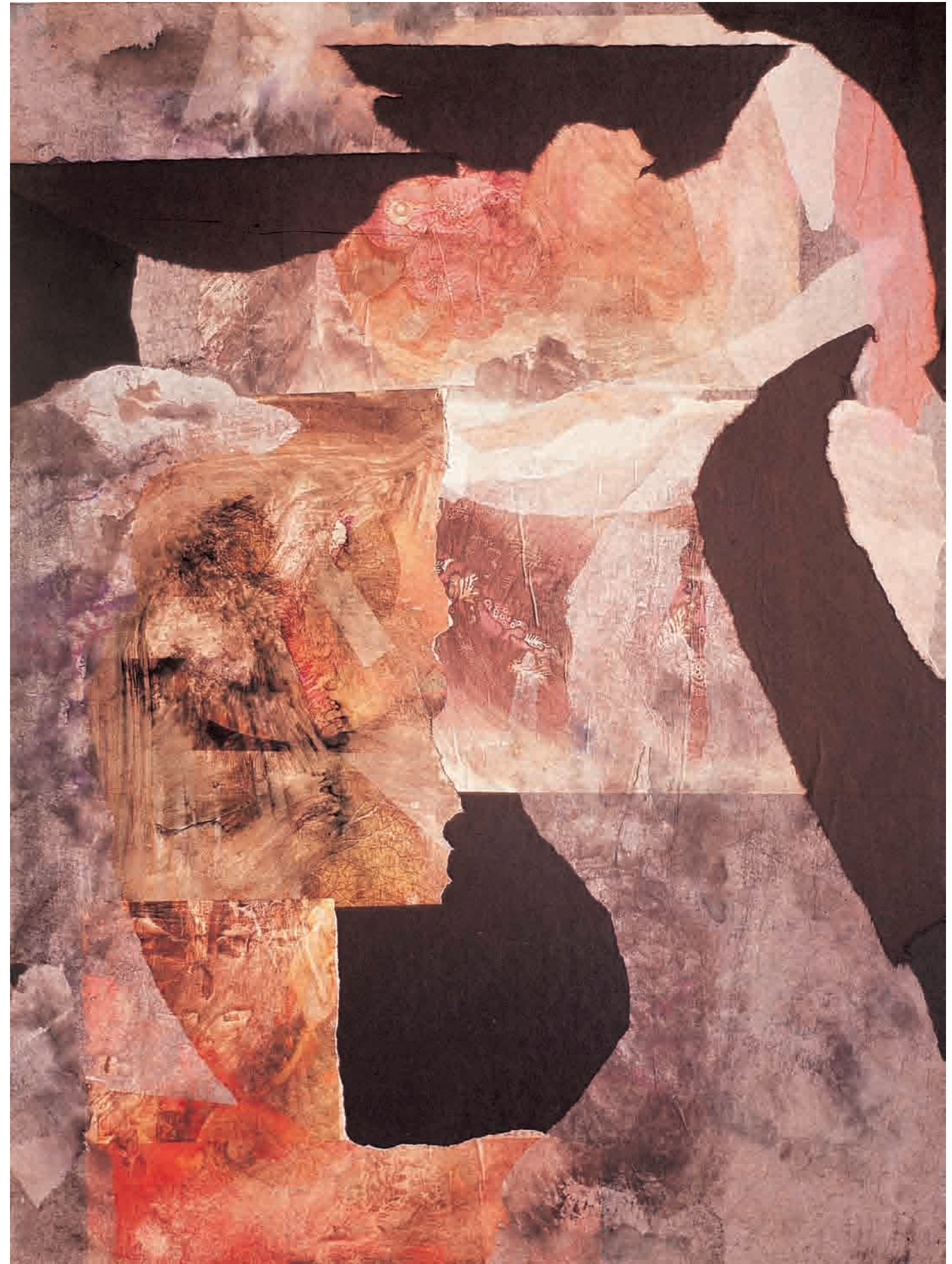


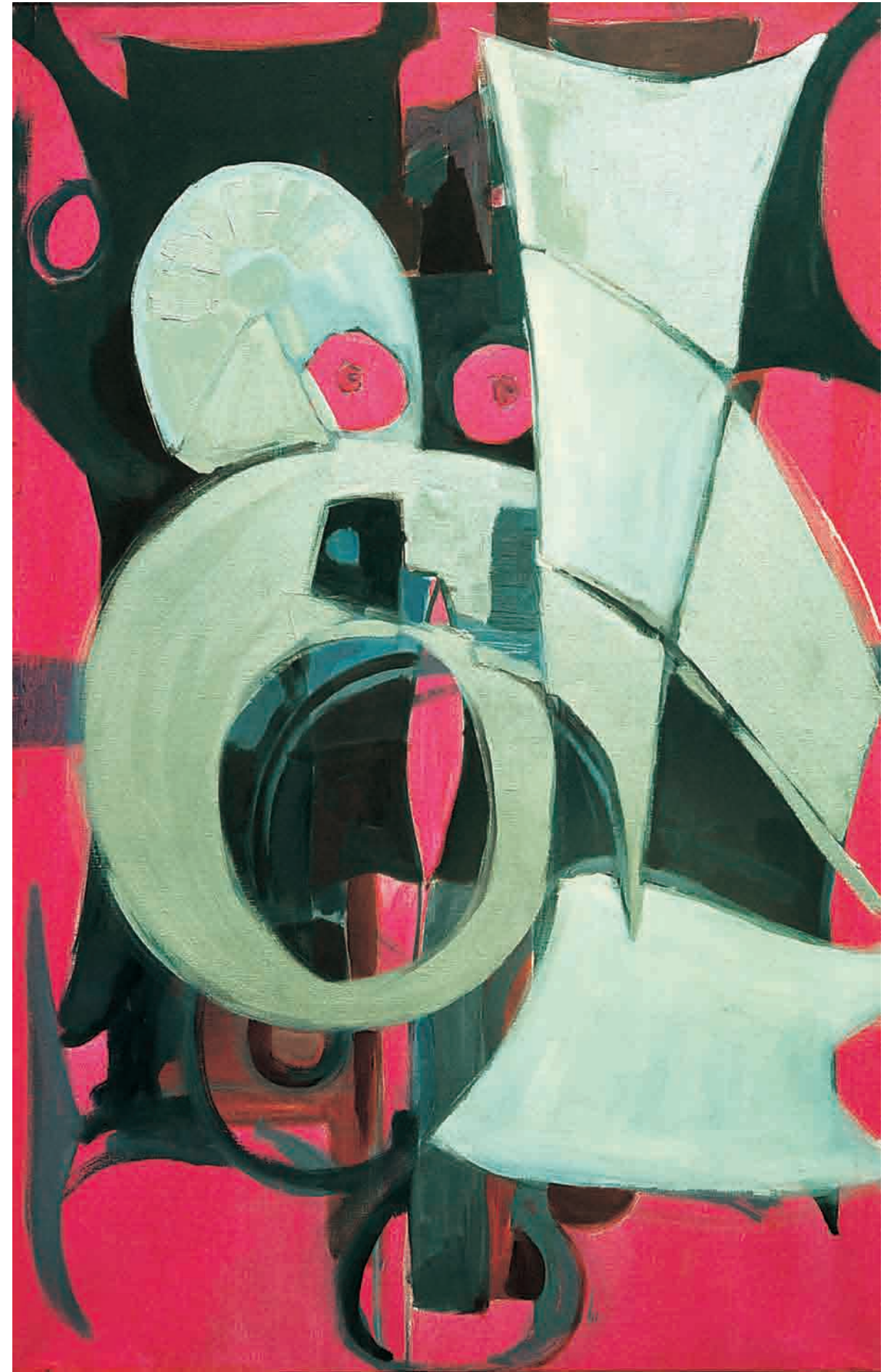
There is within an artist a kind of celestial mechanics favored by the marvelous gift of balancing forms and colors to reach the just and sincere, and this is the case of the artist we are viewing now, Fitzia the painter, whose latest works are the demonstration of her mastery over the expression of Nature. She elaborates an idea that is spontaneously placed on the canvas succeeding in eternalizing the freshness of her message.

Her painting is not a question of form but of depth, with a fertile imagination, she can salvage the leap from the natural to the supernatural and gives life to her works.

**OFELIA CORDOVA**  
La imaginación de la pintora Fitzia  
Impacto No. 722,  
Mexico, January 19th, 1964







# THE RE-ENCOUNTER WITH MEXICO

**fitzia**  
1967 - 1973

My work is the  
result of the contact I  
have with people,  
my relationship  
with human beings  
that is the most  
important thing  
on this earth.

My work contains what  
each person has  
given me.

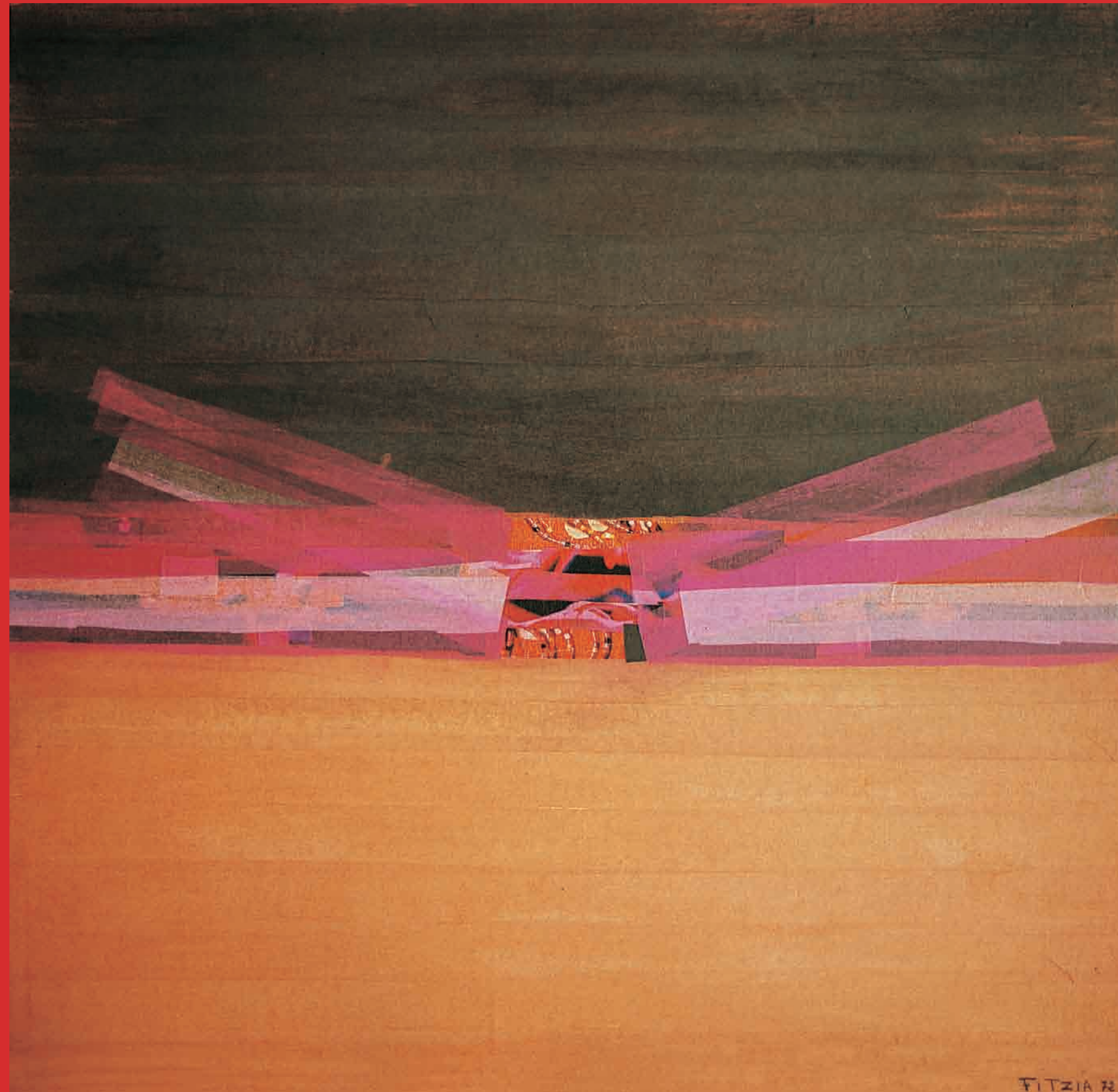


**In 1967 I came back to Mexico** to see my children and I was offered a show at the “Palacio de Bellas Artes”; at the same time I had an exhibit at the Antonio Souza Gallery. In Bellas Artes I exhibited oils; Alfredo Elías Calles took a group of musicians and displayed large photographs of me on a gigantic screen.

From there, I changed in the car, put my hair under a wig of short hair, put on a mini skirt (the first ones in Mexico); I arrived as ‘another’ to the Souza Gallery. The small gallery on Reforma was filled with people. There, during the show, a bronze sculpture was stolen.

I filled the front pages in the newspapers. (Nicolás Sánchez Osorio was then working for el Heraldo, if I am not mistaken. Later on I heard that I represented “Women’s liberation”, me who had never participated in any organization of that ideology; I have always felt equal to men.





I had come for a one year stay, but the offers of exhibitions multiplied so I did not return to New York.

I was going to buy my first house in Satélite, near the Golf Club; it was very pretty and absurd. My sister told me of a new residential development in La Herradura. I went, told them I was a painter, and got them to build my house as I wanted it with a loan that other friends of mine later on were unable to get. Mi sister Danielle lent me 1000 dollars as a down payment. I named it “Inch’Allah” and kept it for 20 years.

At that time I worked with oils and sporadically went back to “Collage”. It’s curious, as I write these lines “I find that out”. I did not remember; I thought that I had stayed with “Collage” from the beginning. But it was in 1969 that I devoted myself completely to “Collage”.



















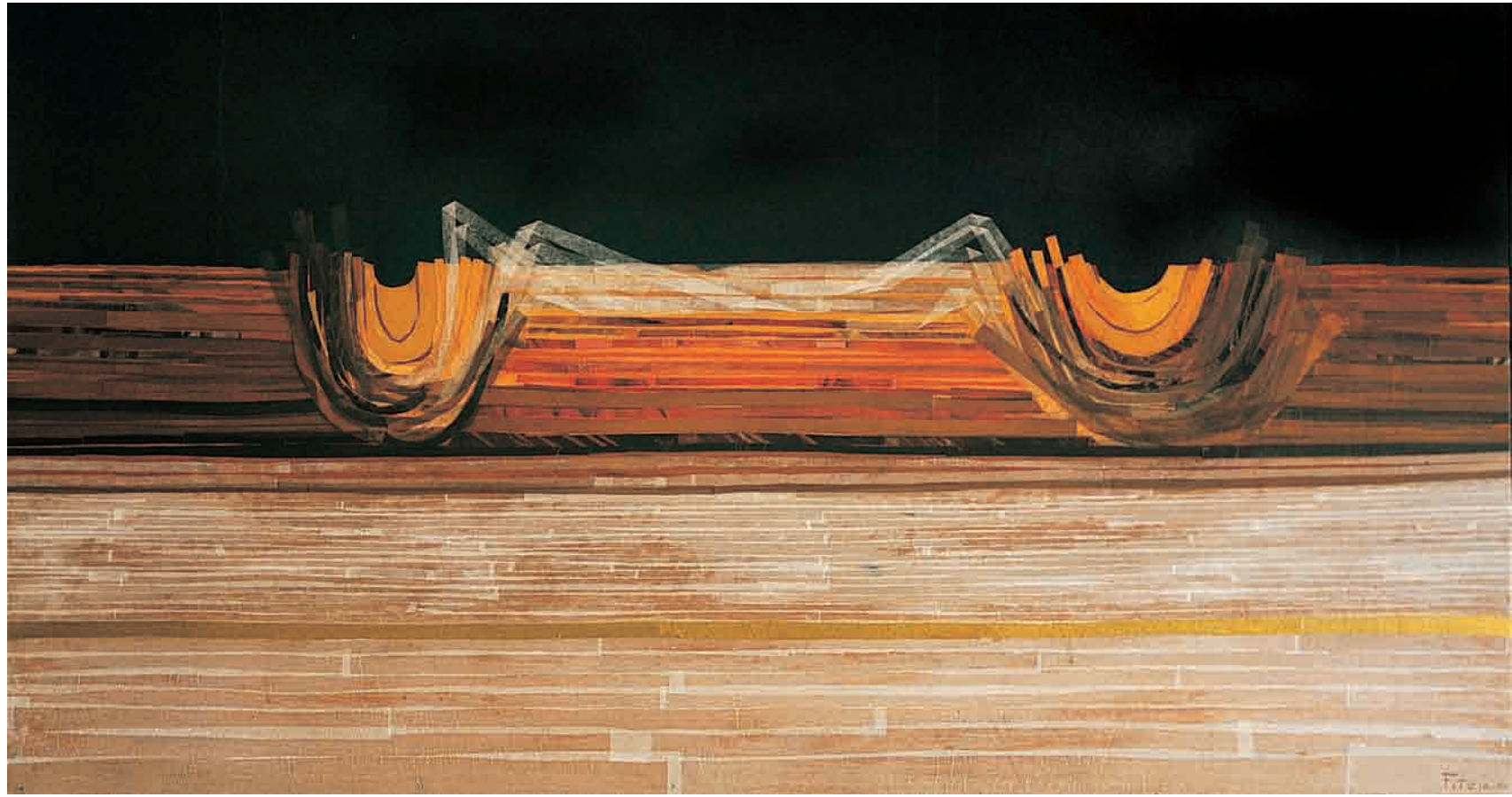




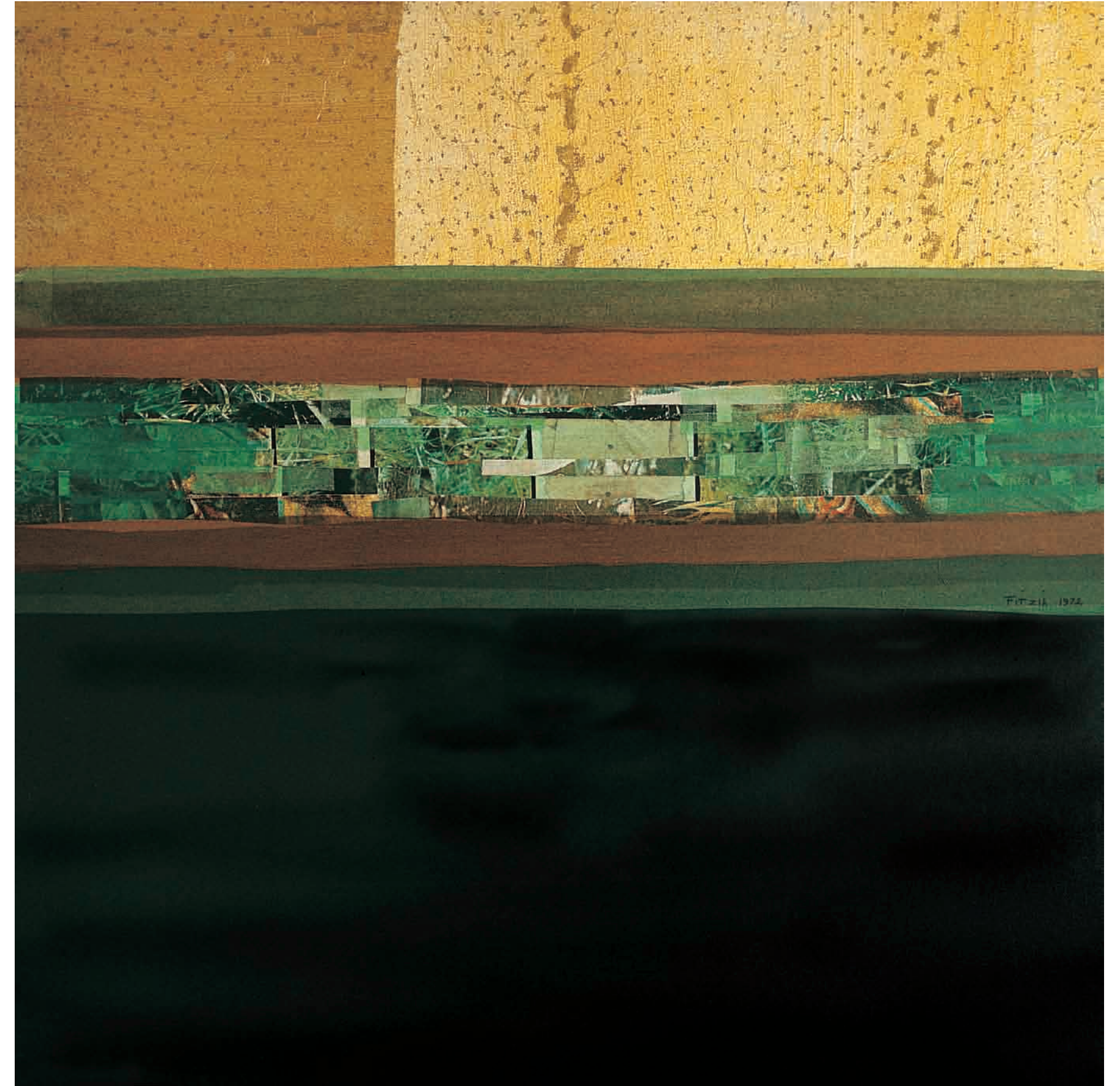
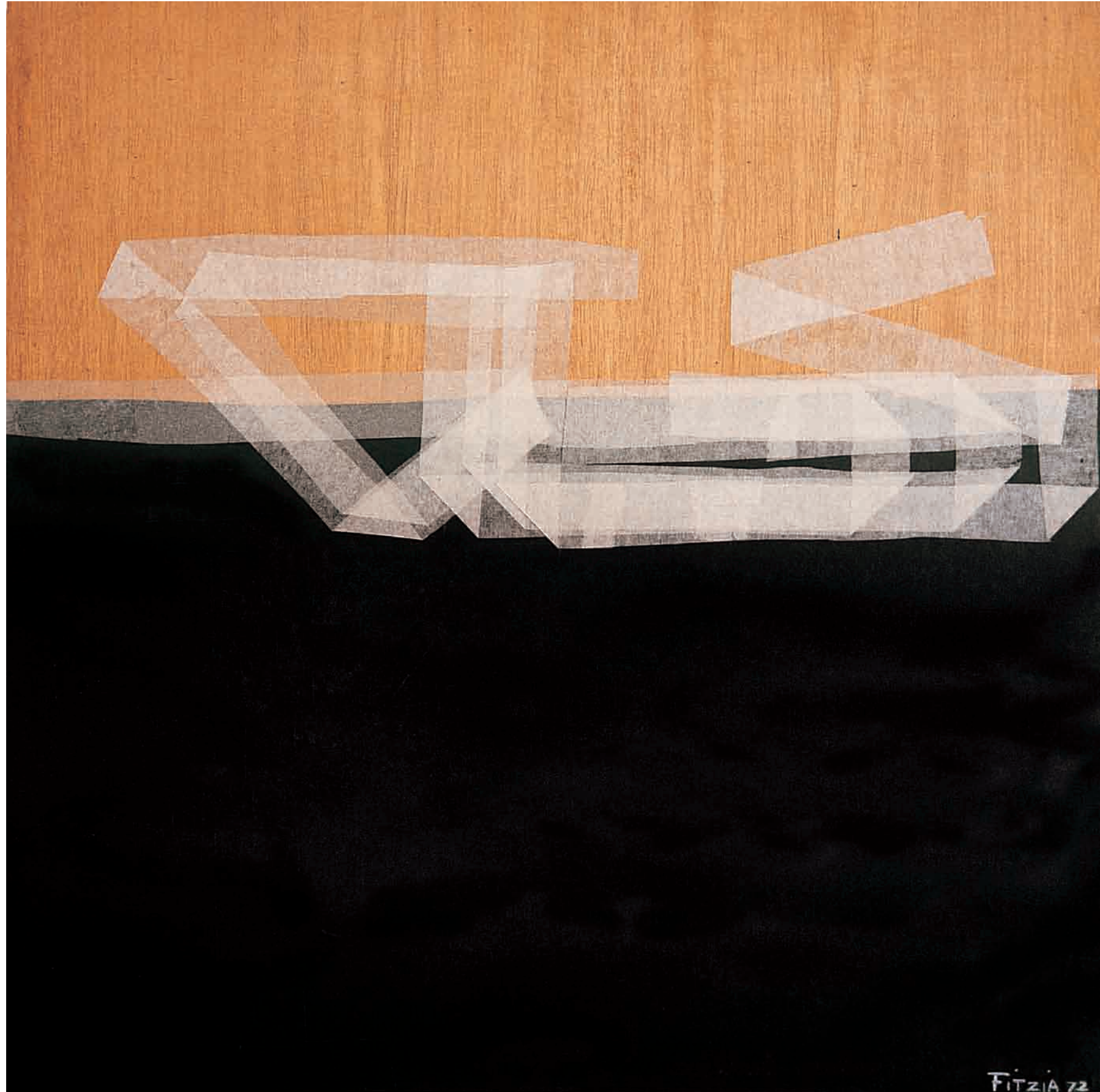


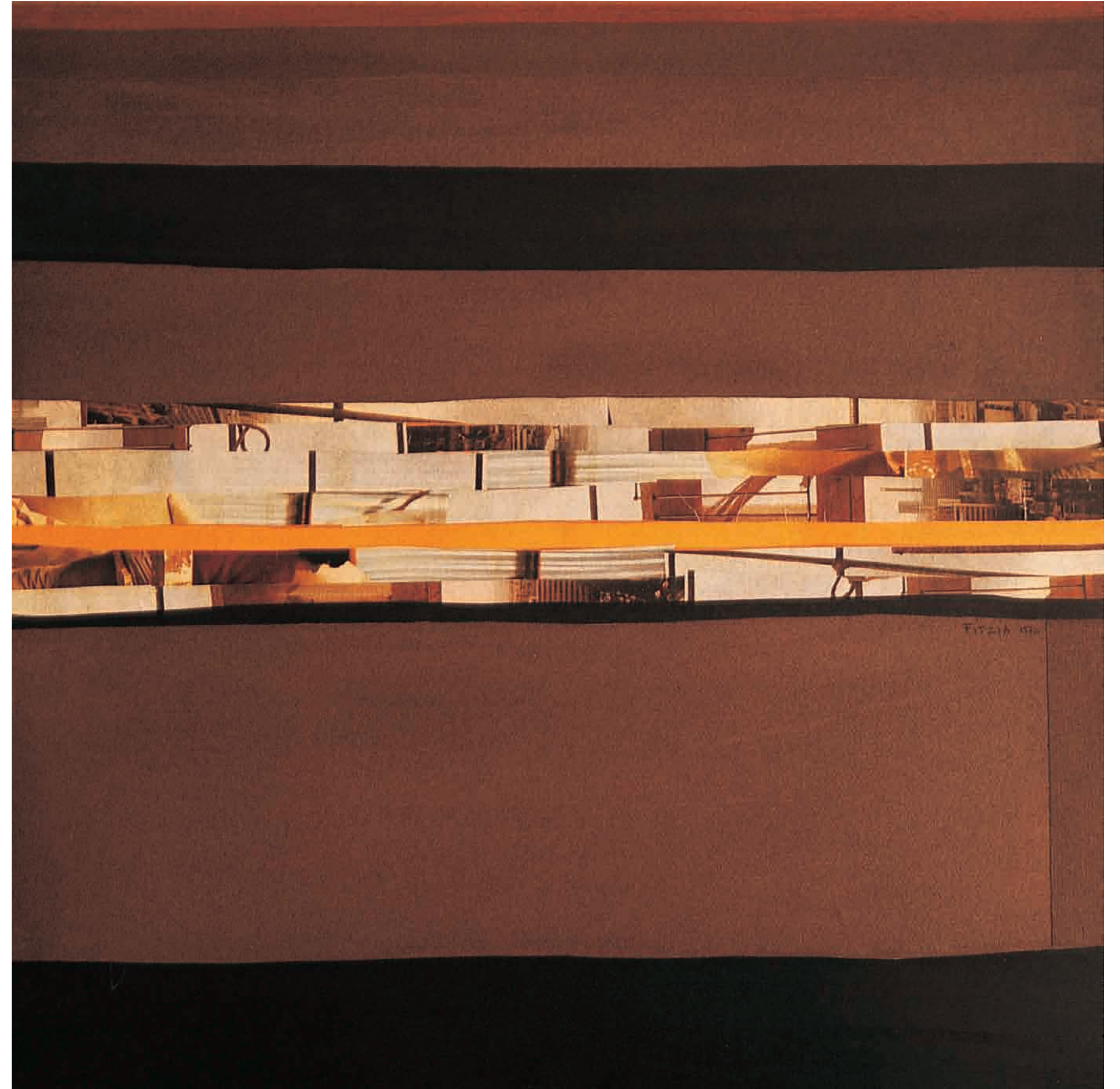
















BETWEEN MEXICO AND PARIS... My two hearts

**fitzia**  
1973 - 1980

even in Paris, a dark city where

in many homes you have to live always

with the light on.

I never put anything in front of the window, I always go towards the light;

I am like sunflowers and I guess that,

being part of me, this is reflected

in my paintings.

**I worked**, and every day I sold more of my works and felt again that I was stagnated.

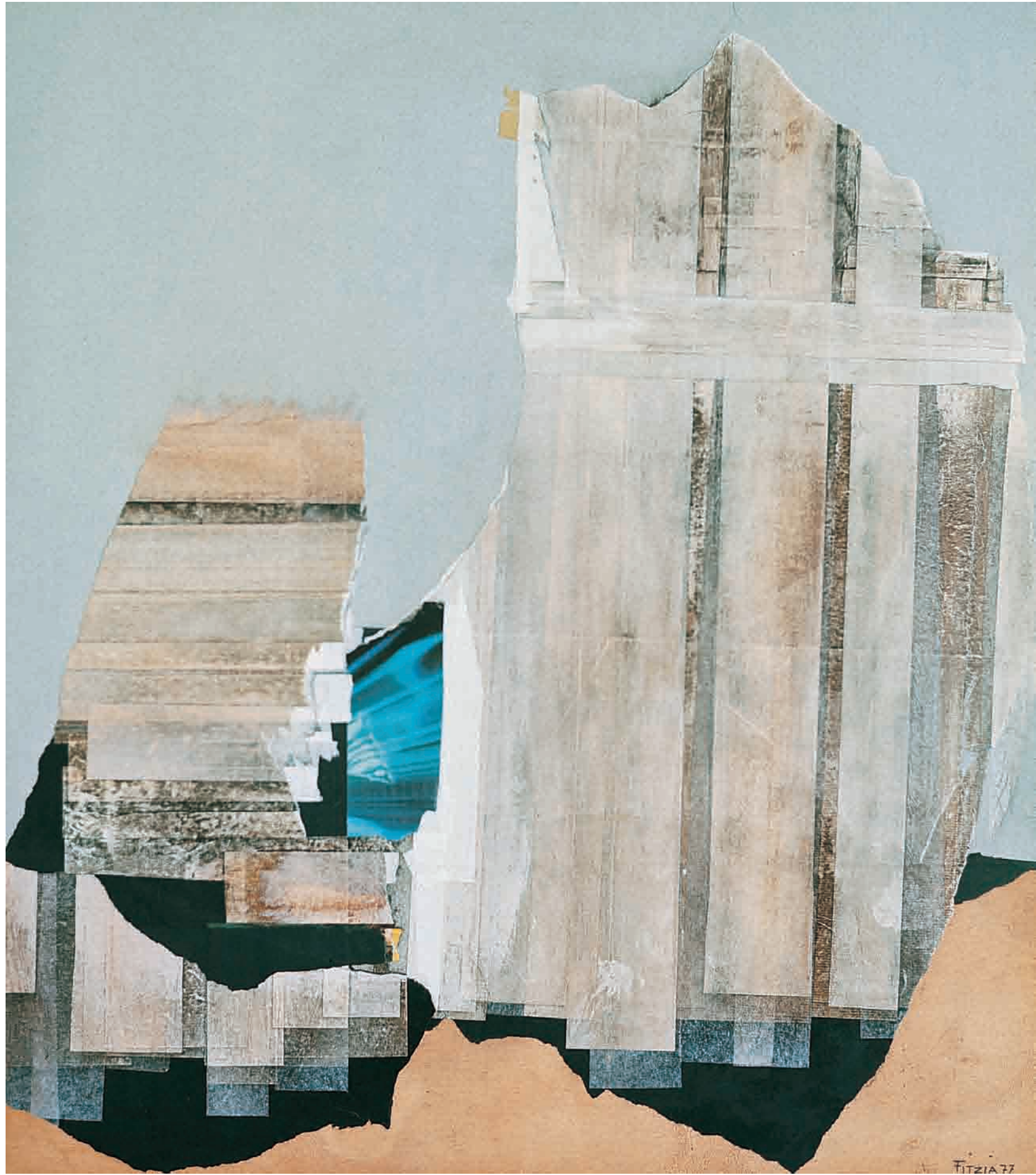
I decided to leave to Paris. With those lucky dice that have been a part of my life, through some friends I got a beautiful department in the “14eme arrondissement”, in Paris, where the owner allowed me to take down a wall to make the studio larger, in spite of the fact that it was a large apartment. That cost almost all the money I had, 6000 francs that I had with me as the result of selling my car. It came furnished; the armchairs were good but dirty. I painted the whole department white and then attacked the chairs. I named it “Anabase”. In Paris I only had my beloved aunt Lysbeth, that wasn't really my aunt but one of the human beings that has most loved me and a friend, Patrick Storety. My three children came several times to this apartment, as well as my ex-husband Victor.

My future second husband, Ing., Alberto Lara Negrete would phone me every night from Mexico at 3 in the morning to convince me to marry him; after eight months of insomnia I surrendered.

In that studio I only made "Collage"; I believe it has been one of my best periods. I exhibited in Paris, Rouen, Lyon, Lille, Monaco, Strasbourg, Bilbao and Barcelona.

In New Orleans, U.S.A., I had met the writer and literary director of the French Publishing House Grasset, Yves Berger who was an important man in my life and supported my work. My great love was Dr. René Dreyfus, 'till today.











## This french artist who came to Mexico

In December 1951 with two hats and a wedding dress made of silk paper which she used 13 years later in her first "Collage"; mixture of the Basque nobility and lightness of Parisian minds falls in love not only with Mexicans but with their mountains, suns, blues, cactus, skies; she dilutes, incorporates herself to this country that receives her with open arms and gives birth to three wonderful stars: her sons.

Life flows, the colors and ochre's of dry seasons, are entwined with the paintings that she creates, oils on which all the native people with their costumes are displacing landscapes.

She returns to Europe, where everything seems 'so small'; she pines for the large spaces of the Mexican valleys.

In Europe they have her as having a Mexican influence, in Mexico by its European roots. Can a heart have just one half?

In 1964 Fizia after searching for a while, missing something in the oil, a mystery, a dialogue, decides to devote herself solely to the "Collage" technique, initiating within the most common form, an introduction of textures in the oil 'till she achieves her present technique. She discovers a world where she feels to be with the 'other' that is the paper, its integrity, its whim, its personality, its surprises imposed on her sometimes.

It has been said of her work:

**1975** Worthy of mentioning, for what it means, Rufino Tamayo acquires in Paris, one of her latest works, destined to hang in the Museum of International Art, which is a project of his.

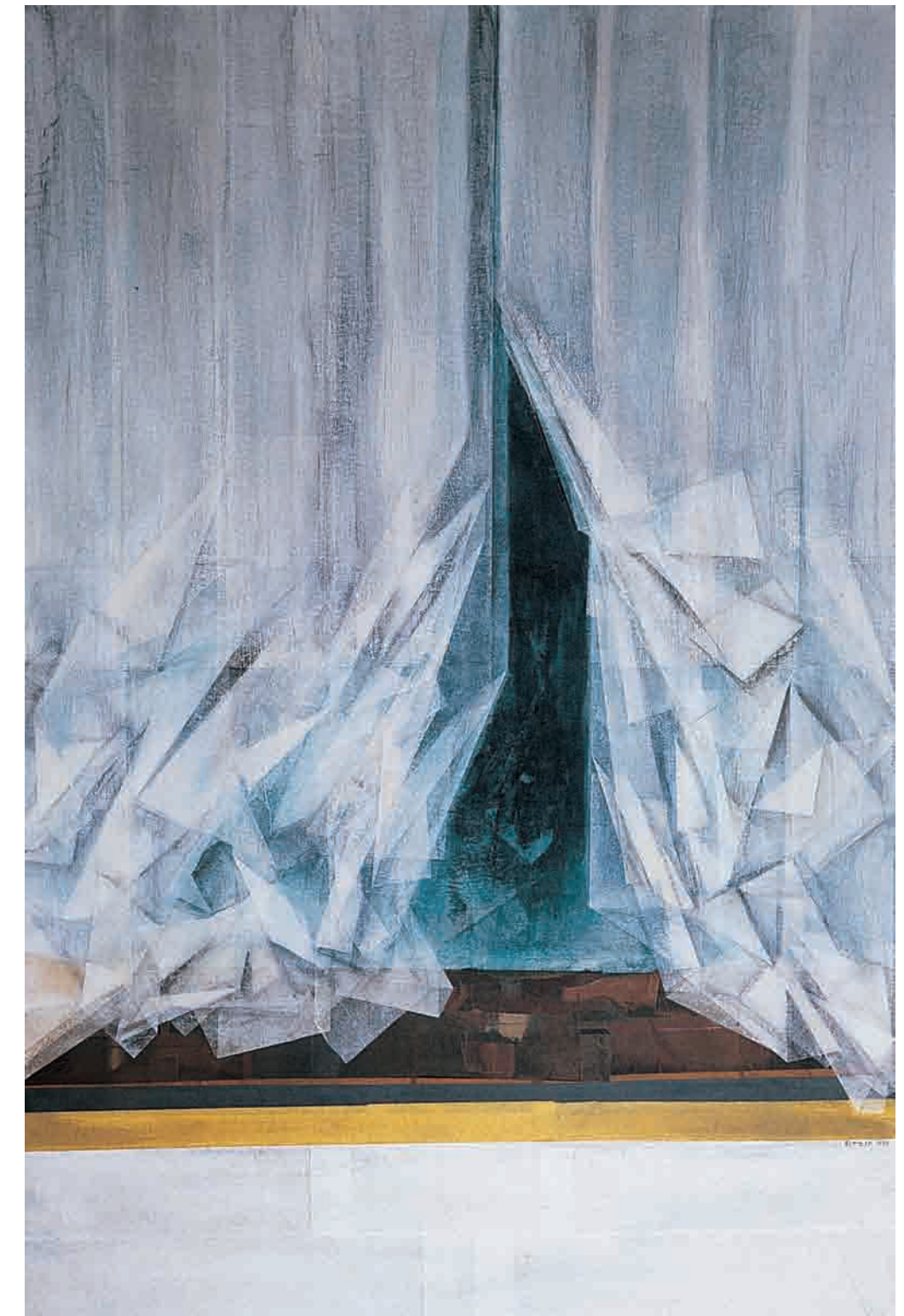
An admirable work, all done in "Collage". The forms acquired thru this process are maintained in the same level, but her special organization transforms them into dynamic elements that occupy specific places of action as well as balance. (J.C. De la Serna, Novedades, Mexico septiembre 1975)

(J.C. De la Serna, Novedades, Mexico septiembre 1975)

**1975** Felipe Hurtado affirms that Fizia's work: "It is something useless beautifully done, its something that due to its beauty is necessary, breaks with the day to day and the monotony, transforms life into a dream". Felipe Hurtado, El Nacional Mexico, agosto 1975

**1984** "Fizia's paintings can be embraced in one phrase: The art of saying much with little elements.

Fizia builds and disseminates. In her stumps and with her paper materials, she offers always the seduction and the nu men of her thoughts



Concise and cold, categorical and definitive, decisive, such are the paintings of Fizia.

As a condition and technique, tangible works and then, a background or a scenario where other rhythms of space may or may not surge, emerging spots and answers to many unknowns that are present in today's scene...

**ALFONSO DE NEUVILLATE** Novedades, Mexico, april, 1984







I imagine the spectator of Fizia's paintings, the visitor that wanders about aware thru galleries and museums of wherever she exhibits, and thinking on them,. I would want as of now to express a wish: that in presence of that world of forms, prodigious and disconcerting, does not try to find, as he is prone to do, reality, the real, or whatever it deems to be. We know the virtue of language: to name something is to recognize it. And therefore, to domesticate. Take away the strangeness, fountain of restlessness. Moreover, it seems that when this is about Fizia...

As a writer I feel for Fizia a profound admiration, and its because she introduces the polysemy of written texts into her paintings. Her works would offer the possibility of innumerable interpretations if not because every interpretation is impossible. Therefore let us renounce once and for all to design, name, and recognize...Let us be carried away by those forms that drown us, submerge us, by those forms whose polymorphism belongs to the domain of the infinite. Of the vertiginous. It is true that Fizia draws on the square, the triangle, the circle, but its not about squares, triangles or circles, but of elements that language does not englobe; provoking restlessness, much so. Painting of a world merging, sketched, dawning, that is being molded, but is never molded, because that would mean she would loose her life. Fizia wins the difficult bet of revealing the reality of this world, sinking into this fissures of that that is beneath the reality of the world: of that that she promotes unceasingly and transforms unceasingly.

This great priestess of "Collage", to which she consecrates an exclusive cult, has no rival in getting those pieces of paper in finding themselves, halting each other, superimpose, be aloof, gather there where they have been mutilated...

Now we know that the forms in Fizia's paintings do not conform to anything. The world in this work, resorts tirelessly to the unexpected drawing. Stop. Fear not. The world is an enigma. Life a mystery. When you resume your road, they will keep on being there for you, but you will have seen, in an absorbed dazzlement, a great painting that is born, like a Brainchild.

**YVES BERGER** Le Figaro, Paris, mars 1980

MY WINGS SOAR WITH FANTASY... **fitzia**  
1980 - 1993

Nostalgic characters that return to the past, focus my memories. With an ancient focus and modern at the same time, moulded in my "Collage" technique with gay and vivid colors. I resort to them because, as every artist, I'm in the habit of changing temperament and my creative vision.

## Then in 1980 I return to Mexico City.

On my several trips to Mexico from Paris, I sold my house of La Herradura and built another one in Huixquilucan, State of Mexico.

There I married Ing. Alberto Lara Negrete in the presence of my son Daniel, who imposed himself. We celebrated in el Caballo Bayo.

Alberto was 10 years younger than me, he was pure fantasy, joy, gentle. He filled me with surprises. He also wanted to have me near! I believe that was mi biggest and only problem in marriage.

My sons followed my example and married, one after the other. My first husband did not want my second husband to attend these weddings; Alberto said that he was my husband, got along fine with my sons, with everybody. So I went to the three weddings with my two husbands. Moreover, due to a mix-up of paperwork, I was a bigamist for four years.

My husband was very supportive, he liked to receive and organize our friends, some very important ones came to Huixquilucan, renown for its meat dishes and barbecues.

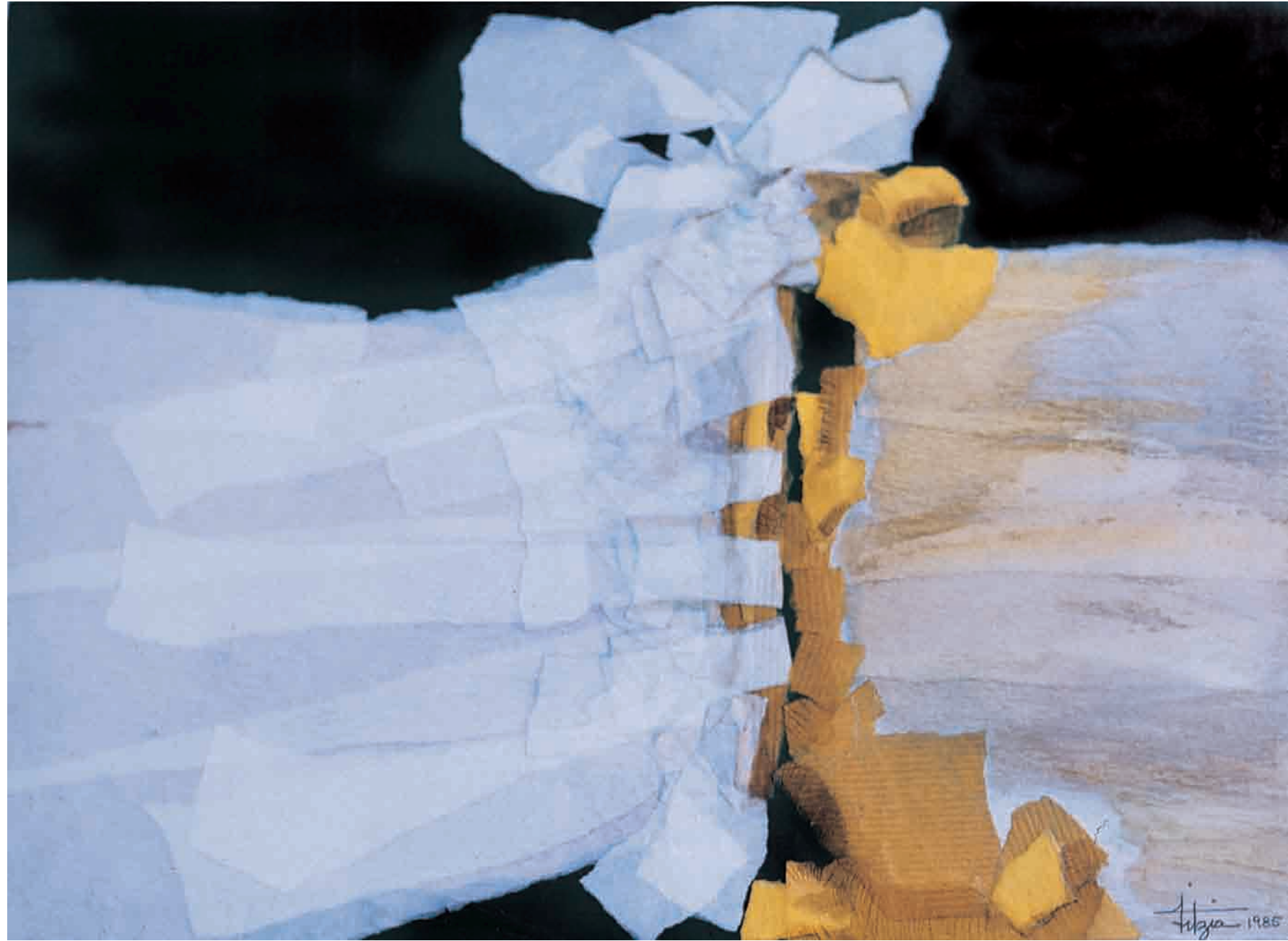
I worked a lot and sold well.

With Alberto I attended two of my shows in Paris. I went as well to England to see Philippe, my second son. I am asked to talk about Phillippe, to whom I gave my collection of other artists, my companion, confidant, friend for years; but I still can not talk about him. I lost him on the 20th of January 1993 (painting 2316) and he is constantly with me.

Alberto suffered whenever I would go by myself to Paris, counted the days, did not eat...blackmail.

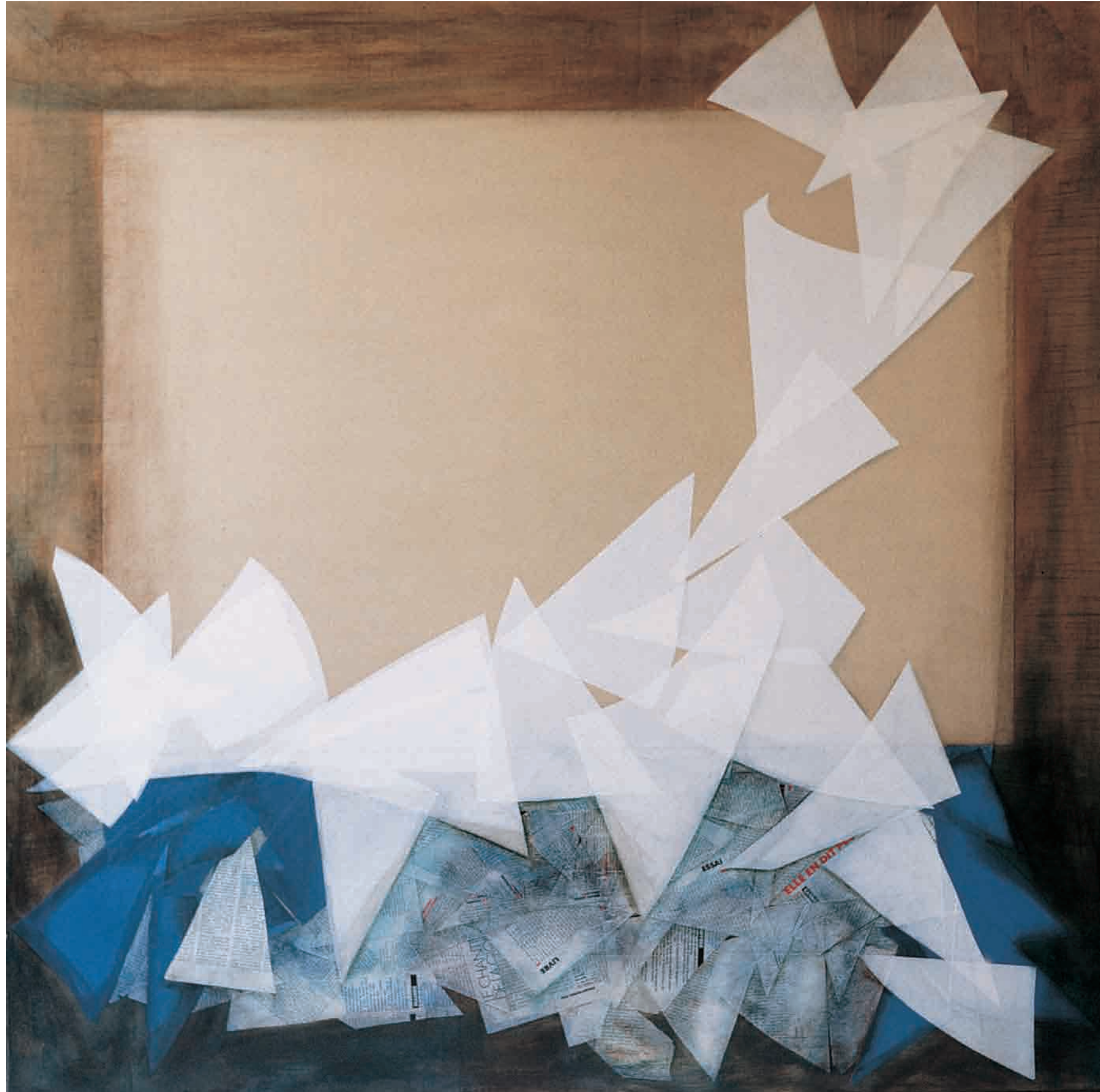
So I left again to fly towards new horizons...













Patrick wants me to write some anecdotes of my life. Life is to be lived and then amongst friends, one can remember. But like this, at 6 in the morning, with the chanting of birds, the day is breaking...to grope into a past so distant is not obvious. But when a son asks, what is a mother not capable of doing? So I venture in recuperating deeds that have been so numerous in my life, surely due to this constant mobility, fleeing always from the security that has seemed to me an anchor. This need to do something different, avoiding the threat of routine and dullness.

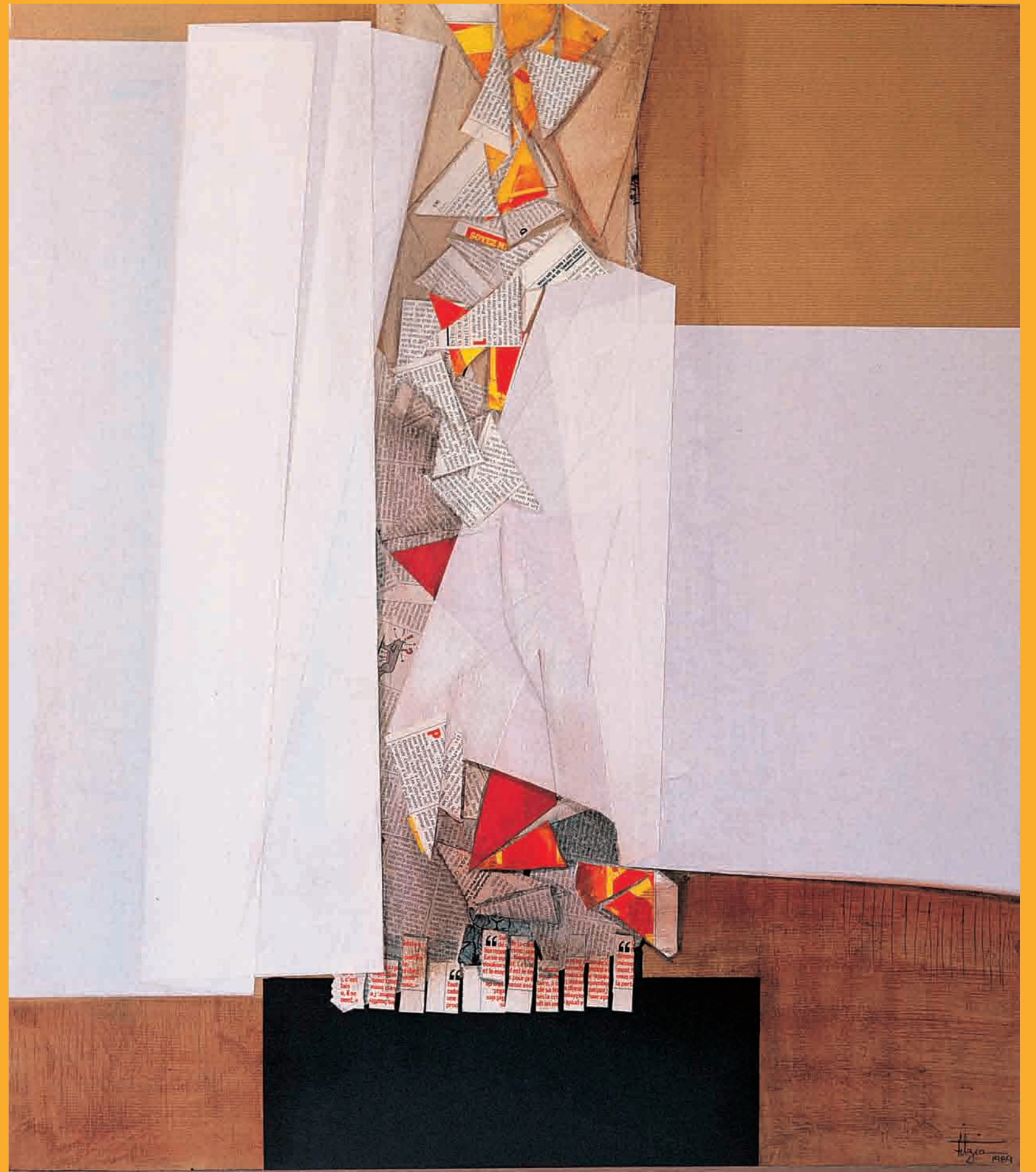
Anecdotes in relation to my work:

Big canvases: In mi studio at Huixquilucan, the ceilings were low, the builder had told me that if they were higher so would the cost be. I was starting to sell my works; it must have been the late '60's. Lourdes Chumacero who later became a very dear friend, started to be interested in my work and some collectors, amongst them Ing. Angel Borja, started to buy them. Then I made a nice scale model of the first house that was going to build. I found the scale model completely smashed; the masons of Huixquilucan had built with centimeters, no adequate separation of windows. I would come and go from the City to Huixquilucan in 12 minutes. They told me I was the fastest driver in mi green Renault 'Kalinka'.

I commented to Lourdes, "I need to buy cement, beams, etc." And she would sell paintings as the workshop grew, 'Xochipili'.

Now we get to the subject matter: There I began my largest paintings. (No. 1281;1282;1287;1291;1329;1395. One was with the Mirachi Gallery whom I joined in 1979. Four people wanted to buy it; some flew the painting up 11 floors to get it inside thru a window. No success! The rest had the same problem. They retune the painting at the entrance of the gallery, until an unknown architect said: "I am going home, give me the measurements so this painting, and if it fits, send it over". It did and he took it.

In Paris: A lawyer, who had splendid offices in the 16eme arrondissement, (barrio 16) bought from me two white paintings. One of them did not fit and Patrick, my son, who happened to be there, used his talents and I don't know how he shrank the painting, but it finally fit. **FITZIA**







Fitzia uses obsessive elements in her peculiar way of expressing as much the silent voices of meaning as well as the individualistic posture has characterized her mixed medias and her "Collage" \_ heritage of the cubists, most of the times emerging spontaneously. In them one visualizes anatomical fragments of great sensuality and apparent organization of texture and the chaos in which abstraction surrenders itself and with it defines the limits of what is merely illusion, with the sparks of magic that radiate subtle and universal o versatile ways of being, The "being" through considerations and scaffolds and structures, or better still, of the unusual and the "patenization" of the eloquence of intimacy, and of the disconcerting and of what is concrete underneath the work, making it universal with determinate lessons of synthesis and unities for the conformation and confrontation of all, the media, the signs and the generically diversity of the army of first class artists. Among them, those who thru signs and emblems could protest and declare their true condition of beings foreign to freedom as the best of them like Joan Miro and Will Baumeister, Angel Ferrant, Benjamin Palencia, Modesto Cuixart, Joan Tharrats, Joan Ponc, Antonio Saura, Manolo Millares and many more.

## ART: Millenary presence in the new work of Fitzia

For example, the organic abstracts of France or U.S.A. Obey more the avant-gard of the experiment than to a true expression of that human essence that dismembers and reflects the anger and convulsions, metaphysical anguish and the orgiastic of that same expressiveness of unbalance, chaos and the crisis that painters embody with saturated images of their own ego and of copies of metamorphosis as well as the quality or condition of formality or informality complementary of the values are taken for granted but are allegories, ectoplasmatic appearances and the result, technical perfection, mastery of space, exceptional sensual color and also, a kind of humid atmosphere, epidermic that covers and wraps everything with veils of exquisite, textures as well as the aggressive, romantic thirst of expression.

This is Fitzia's work, that naturally agrees with her image: beautiful, clean, sure of herself and her work, that is something like a crystal vase with strange luminosities and melancholic jungles and baroque streams, strong labyrinths where a timid harshness is joined to the opacities of cromatization.

That is why Fitzia, in spite of the tendency that is now past history, the past of art, never ceases to interest and makes the spectators participate in her luminous rhythms, fiery transpositions of revitalization, in every presence and in each of the alternatives, cause and effect and conjunctive dramatic. Fitzia has style, hierarchy and the patent desire that her works in the world of abstraction, get to be a mirror of playful recipients, lucid, luminous, honored manifestations that aside from uncertainty is a condition to explore the continents melancholic jungles and baroque streams, strong labyrinths where a timid

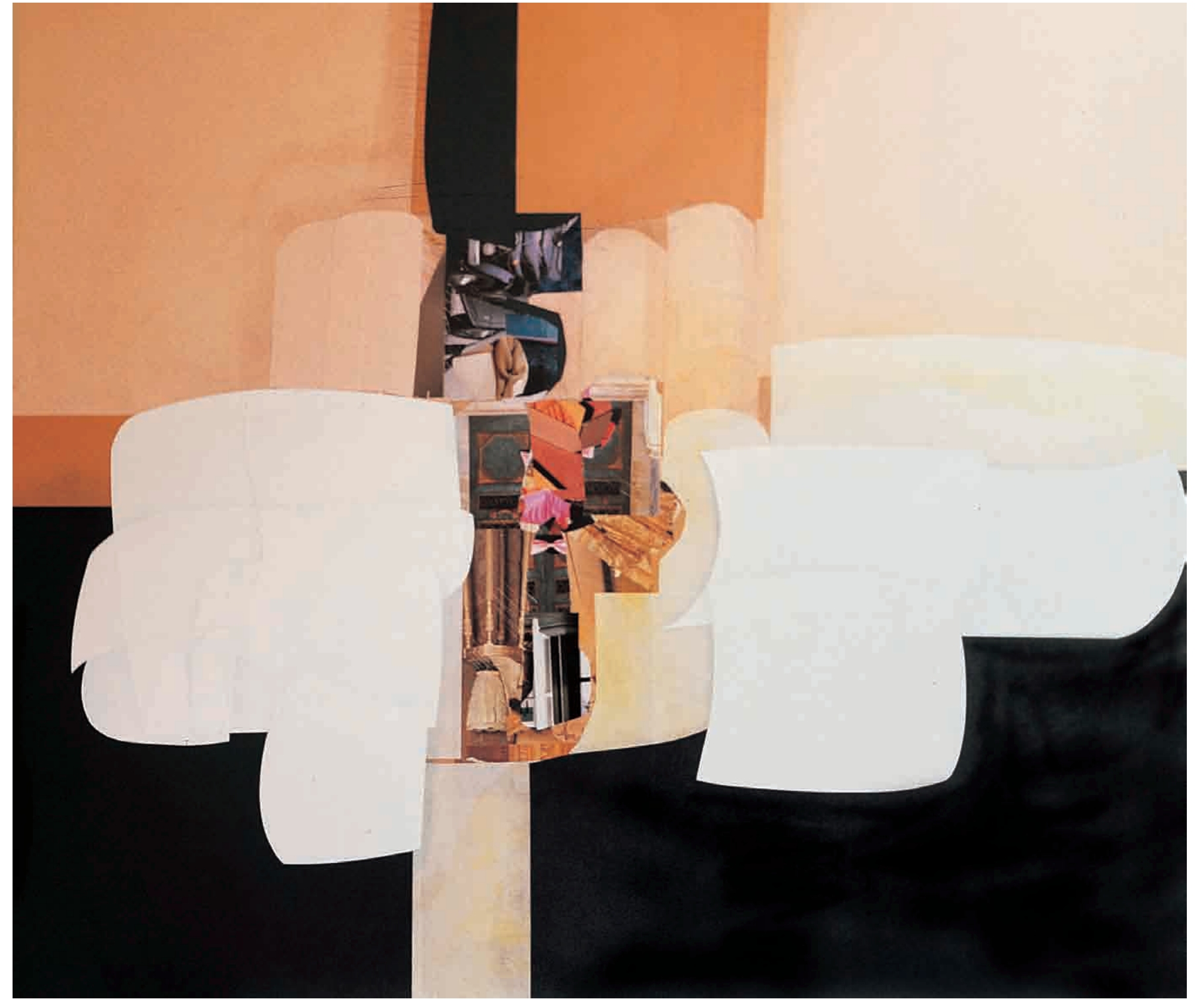


harshness is joined to the opacities of cromatization. That is why Fitzia, in spite of the tendency that is now past history, the past of art, never ceases to interest and makes the spectators participate in her luminous rhythms, fiery transpositions of revitalization, in every presence and in each of the alternatives, cause and effect and conjunctive dramatic. Fitzia has style, hierarchy and the patent desire that her works in the world of abstraction, get to be a mirror of playful recipients, lucid, luminous, honored manifestations that aside from uncertainty is a condition to explore the continents.

**ALFONSO DE NEUVILLATE** Novedades, México, february 9th, 1984









## The Land of Paper

The artistic adventure of Fitzia is of a strange interest, since it invites us into a universe of a disturbing originality. Working both in painting and "Collage", but the "Collage" here has nothing to do with dilettantism; it makes us traverse an enigmatic landscape, devoid of any anthropocentric reference. It is useless to try and find speculative matter in Fitiza, her vision has no dissuasion, it reveals itself thru meditation.

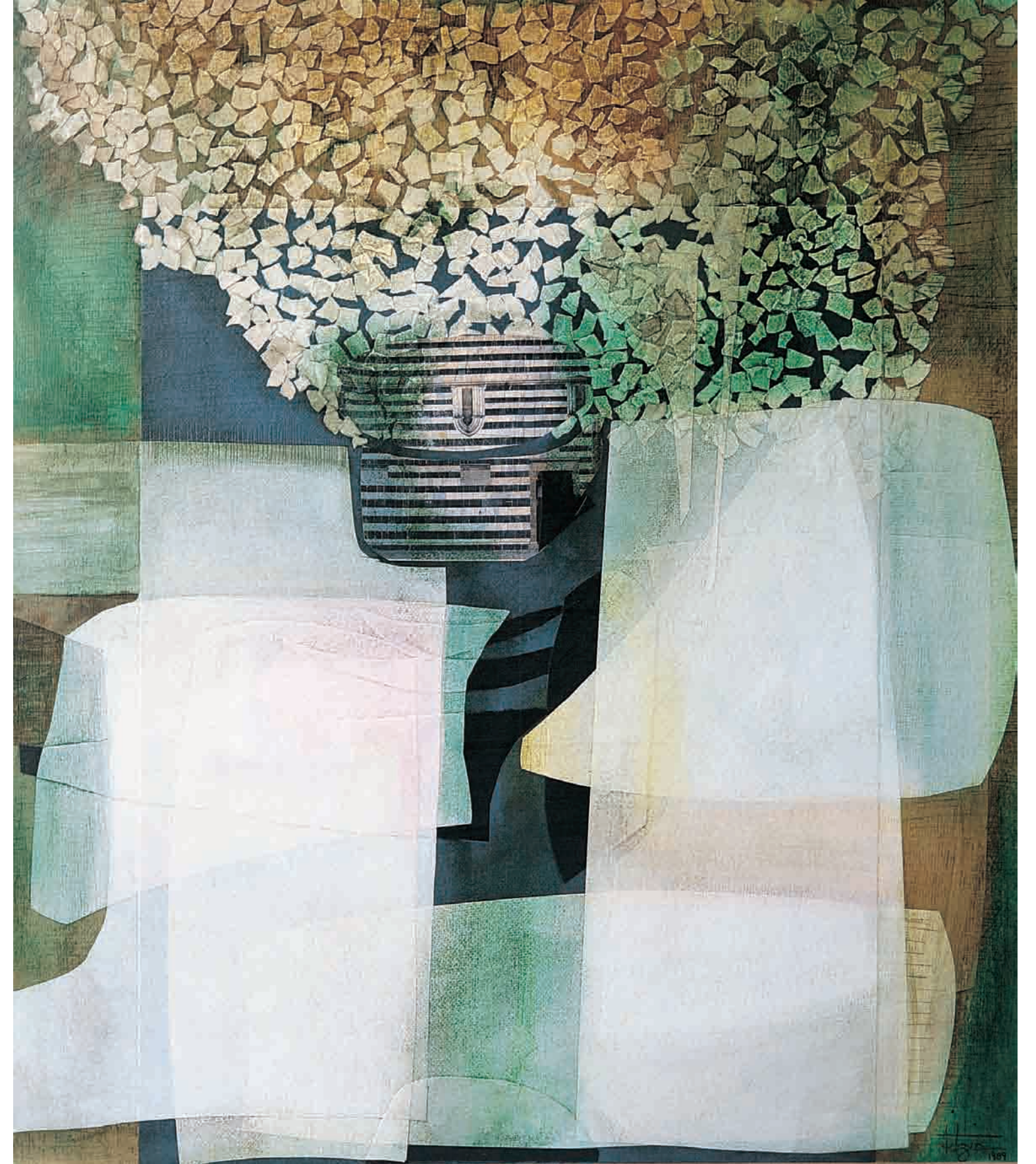
The assemblage of these beautiful papers waxed and brushed with an electrical brush, carries a savage stillness makes us wander thru indescribable spaces, filled with imprecise forms, but this imprecision is not random. We feel the harmony under the chaotic appearance, in the mineral silence, an unfinished world that frees her opalescence, quartz transparencies, conjuring the opacity of sand, groups of ochre's and reds, reflections of smooth gems or openings of dark erratic purples, overflow emanated by immemorial cataclysms, sieved, set in the denseness of time. Our eyes question but receive no answer; they slide to an open space where happy shores find for an instant, a brief plenitude.

The mystery would almost be familiar, if it were not for the obsession to decipher the inaccessible

For Yves Berger, "Fitzia meets the challenge of showing reality, by sinking into its depths of that that lies underneath the reality of the world, which she promotes unceasingly and unceasingly transforms"...But maybe it is also in our own depths that we must submerge to find a complete and authentic image of the world. The territory of Fitzia would then be that open space. This fracture, illuminated in the abandoned bed of multiple metaphors. Of an undeniable richness, Fitzia's work has been presented in numerous exhibitions in Mexico, Belgium, Spain, USA, and in France. She has been favored with an important publication edited by the National University of Mexico in 1981

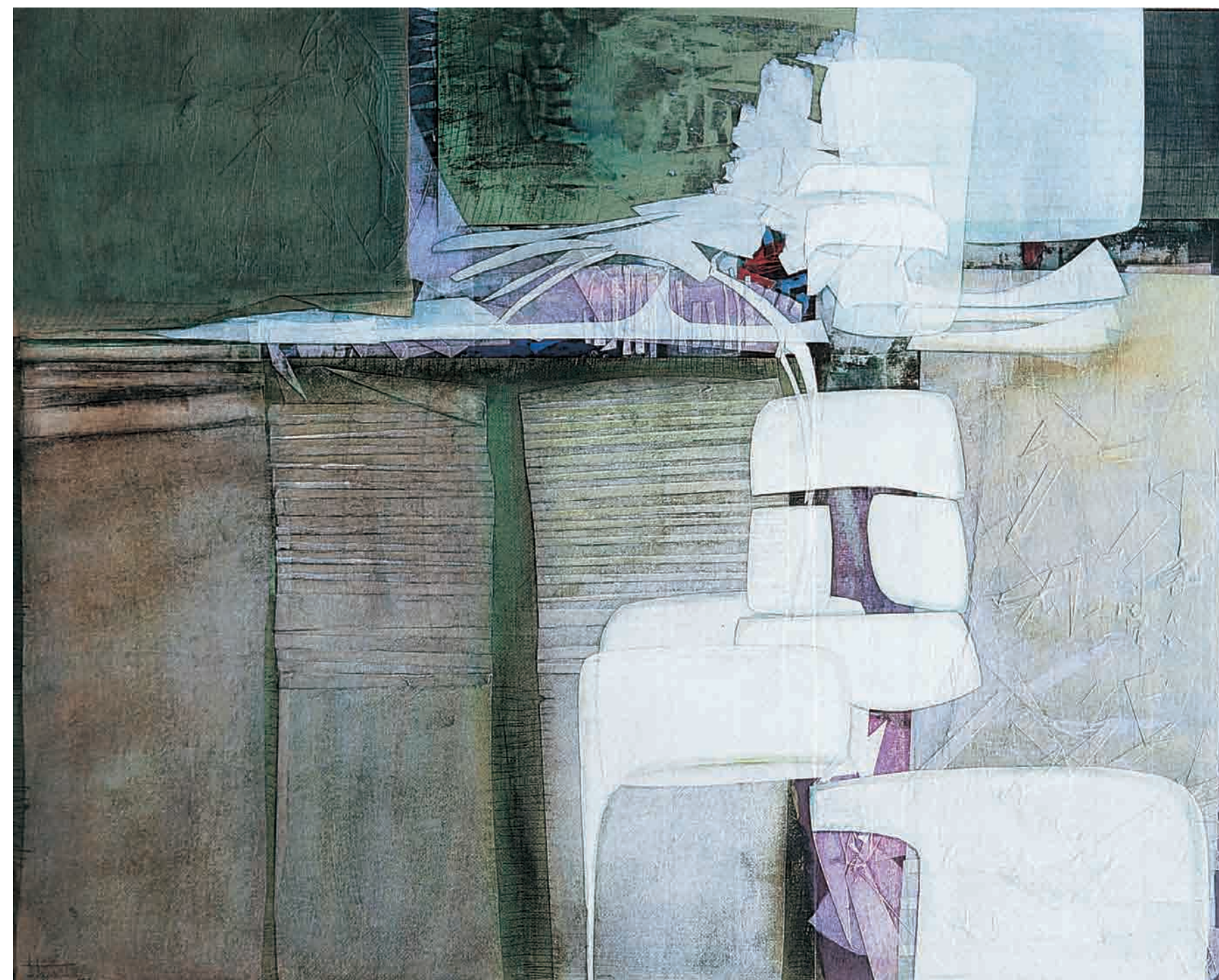
**We strongly recommend her discovery.**

Magazine of Art L'Affiche, Paris, N. 116-117, June-September, 1987









It is always exciting for an enthusiast of contemporary art to discover the work of a unique artist. You can make this discovery at the Galerie du Vieux Moulin' where Fitzia is exhibiting.

This tall and blonde woman, who was present during the inauguration, was born in Boule, France but lives in Mexico. Her paintings are a 'trompe l'oeil', that in spite of the possible confusion, in reality it's about "Collage". Yes, all these beautiful works that enchant the spirit and question it are made in papers made in France, China, Japan and other parts, glued to a wooden frame.

Her art material, paper, glue, scissors... and also, above all, a ravishing genius of creation. The "Collage" is something apart from oil. It is a long discussion between the artist and her intentions. There is at the beginning a will of realization, of organizing the area, but fate has an ample place. This chance, said Arp: "he who lets chance play will weave a living canvas" All this is marvelously alive in the forty "Collage", some of a large format that we have the opportunity to discover.

## “Fitzia, discovery of a very talented artist...”

It is not abstract art, but it's close. By allowing ourselves to be wrapped up by these compositions, always original, we have the freedom of letting our imagination wander and discover forms, objects that belong to our world, but also to previous or future worlds.

It is interesting to examine closely the workmanship of these works, where the paper is utilized with a diabolic ability. One can discover thickness, transparencies, subtleties that demand a great mastery of this art form.

When the paintings are finished, Fitzia lays on them a thick layer of hot wax which protects them from dirt and gives them a satiny aspect.

Fitzia exhibits in Mexico, Tokyo, New York, Bogotá, and also, naturally in France. The 'Ville de Paris', thru "Des Affaires Culturelles" has bought two works, one in 1979, another in 1986, Several of her paintings can be found in numerous museums around the world.

Do not miss this discovery.









TO LOVE FULLY... **fitzia**  
1993 - 2002

If I had to define Fizia in a few words I would first say that she is an artist who transmits an enormous pleasure of living,

that she is a women esthetically ambitious

and that she can question herself without fear.

ZOÉ HATZFELD

Revista Mexicana de Cultura Plástica  
Nueva Época, número 54  
México, 9 de febrero de 1997

**Today I am installed in Paris**, where I bought an apartment and studio. In Bourgogne, I have splendid studios in a country house and in Mexico. I work in both countries, so different that they create a balance for me. Forever in love with Mexico, its people, its skies, beaches. Paris, France is part of my past. I can't decide, so I keep on flying from one nest to the other, making paintings, with different lights.

I feel that with the years, my life obviously changes in its structure and concept, and my works reflect a larger unity.

I have had the luck of knowing from the beginning, as a child, that I wanted to be an artist.

I am a painter and live off my work, except for my married years.

I don't know whether it is my allergy towards marriage that in my life I have been proposed to 18 times; the first one, in Andalucía when I was 13 years old. My father was very angry. It was during a fair and mother had made for us "Sevillana" dresses and rented a carriage; a young man saw me; I never spoke with him. Today I enter a stage called old age; I want to succeed; make my paintings each day more full of love and life, to love my sons as they want to be loved.

I have always thought that to love "fully", is very difficult. I try to be each day more accessible, tolerant and in a constant good mood.





The rupture in  
paper is unique  
and can never  
be repeated.  
This relationship  
with a living material  
is so much more  
stimulating,  
absorbing,  
It is another world,  
It is as if  
I were with  
a person  
because paper  
has its own personality.

**FITZIA**



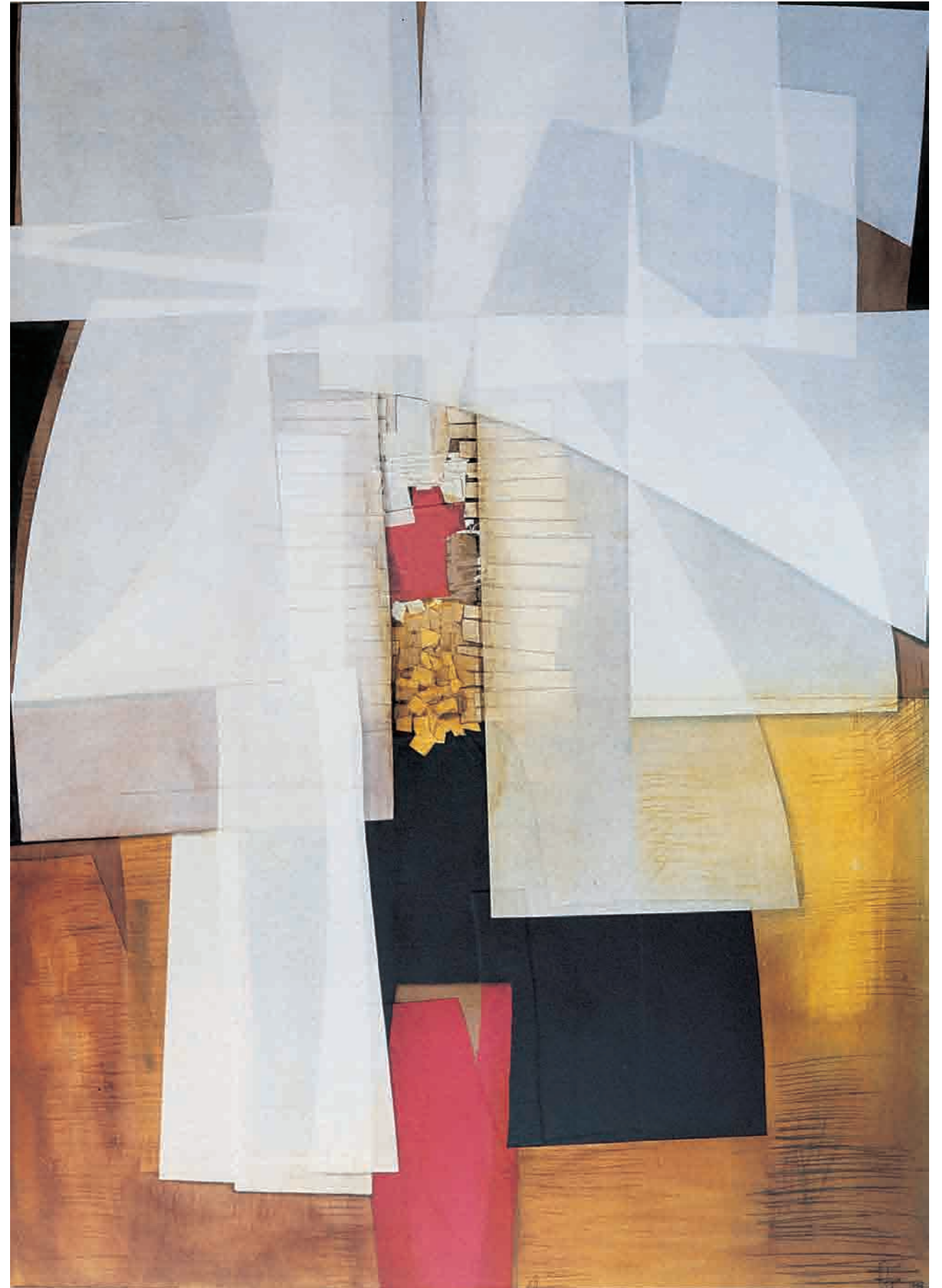


These tones are related to my state of mind

Like right now, I am very happy so I turn to yellow; but surely It has something to do with what I always said: “ Our painting is our neurosis ” and I suppose that



something good is happening to me now that I feel the need of light color, above all, **I have felt strongly attracted to yellow**, which is a color that I have seldom used. **FITZIA**







Each person sees something different from what I see



164

or what others see,

I believe there are

reminiscence

of things

that allows

people to think

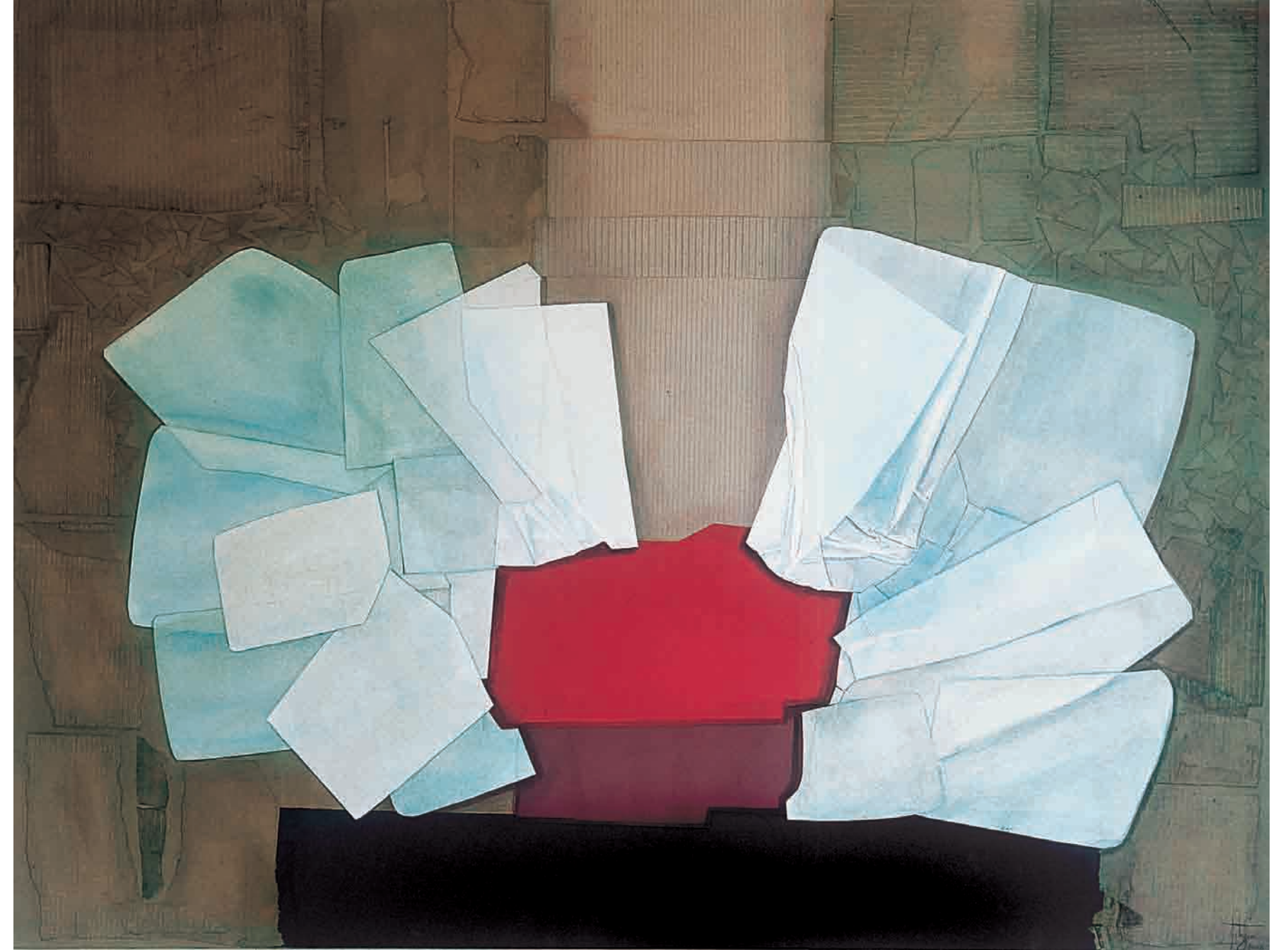
That they have seen

different things.

**FITZIA**



165



Papers have the tendency to misbehave.



I pass a roller over them to smooth them and sometimes they  
move from where I want them to stay,  
It's a living battle where I almost always loose.



But that relationship where **the constant is a confrontation** seems to me more inspiring, more interesting. It's just like dealing with people. **FITZIA**









The "Collage" is more resistant than oil. To work with paper is a new challenge. You can play, have dialogue and many times the technique is what gives me what I really want to express through my paintings. **FITZIA**





178



179



"Collage" has been the most revolutionary technique of the XXth century; but curiously enough little is said about it, because there are few artists that have followed it for so long; in my case, I have worked the same technique for 33 years. Almost all of the contemporary artists have done so but for a limited time, sporadically; therefore there are few written things on it and little information. Its a technique that is absolutely eternal; for example, my works are totally protected by a layer of hot wax. The first "Collage" that I exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1964 is in a perfect state. **FITZIA**





"Collage" has seduced me because paper is a living material, like an opponent: if you want to fold it, it's denied, if I paste it; it comes off; if I wax it, it soils. Many times I fight it, others I speak to it, but I always feel that its will imposes itself over mine. FITZIA



Fitzia has an extraordinary way of making her paintings. Her vivid colors go together like in a large jigsaw-puzzle of just one piece. They surround us and invade us joyfully. Thus, we learn to know her through her paintings. What I find great is that her works make us travel. Everyone has a different view of her art, but nobody is mistaken. Once in her studio, Fitzia abandons herself to create the marvels that to a person's eyes are nothing else but the beginning of a new adventure. She has such a big passion for her work that she incites us to also create something. Seeing her works we try to decipher the message that is transmitted to us as if they are holding a secret or have something hidden for us to discover. From my own point of view, this is what makes her work so intriguing and interesting. That is why I am so proud of my grandmother whom I love so much. **ZOE HURTADO.**



