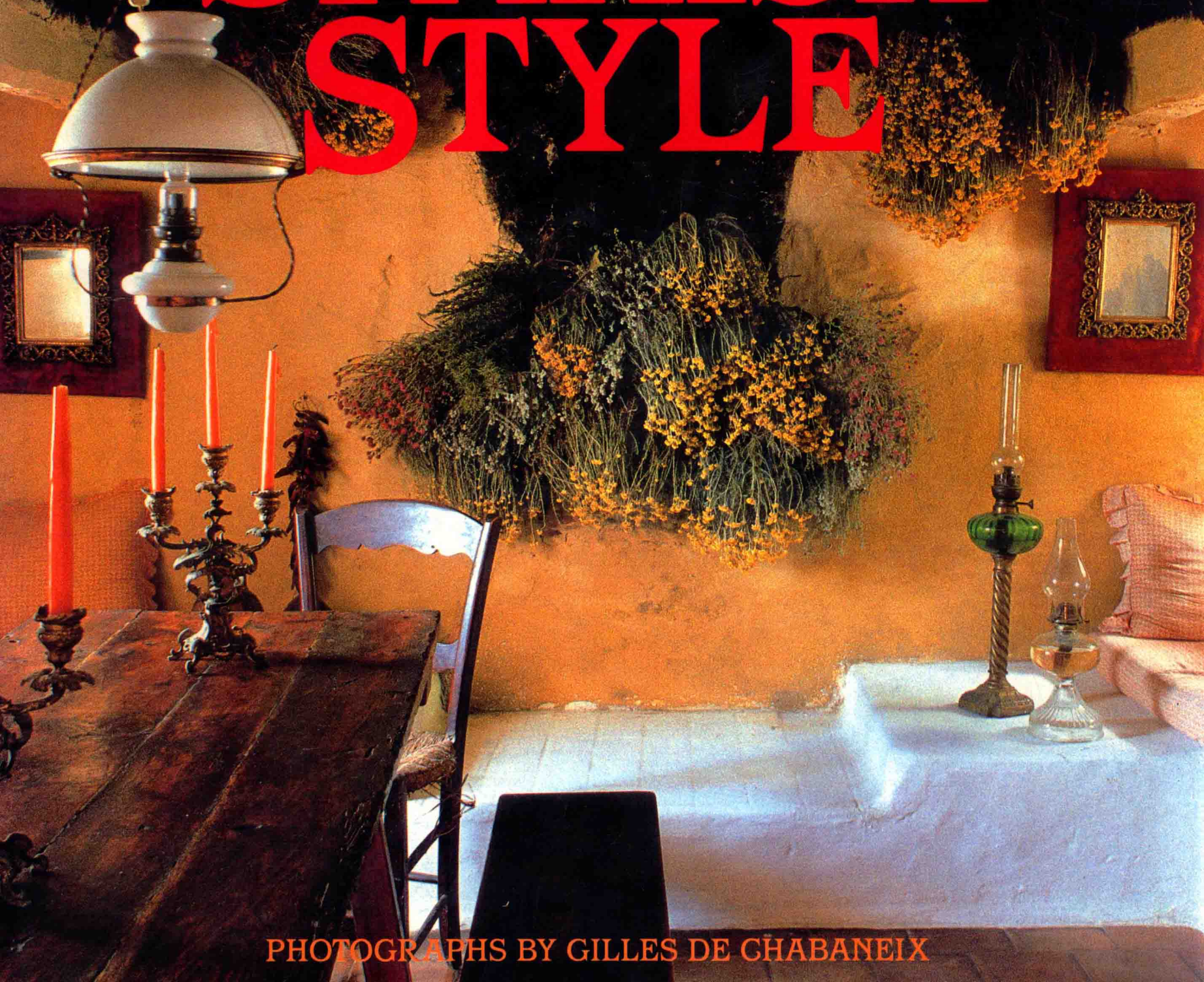


SUZANNE SLESIN, STAFFORD CLIFF & DANIEL ROZENSZTROCH

SPANISH STYLE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLES DE CHABANEIX

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SPANISH STYLE

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THAMES AND HUDSON

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March 1990

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CREDITS:

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Detail from *The Young Virgin Praying*, 1632-3 by Juan de Zurbaran: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund, 1927 (27.137). Copyright © 1985 Metropolitan Museum of Art. (27.137)

Page iv-v
Still Life with Sweets, 1622 by Juan Van der Hamen: The Cleveland Museum of Art, John L. Severance Fund. (80.6)

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**SPANISH
STYLE**









FOREWORD

BY PALOMA PICASSO

It took me many years to understand what it

What's wonderful about Spain has always been the *idea* of Spain. There is meant to be part Spanish. I grew up speaking

something mythical, something grander than life, that Spain has managed French, and my father never spoke Spanish

to retain, even though it's a real country with people living in it every day. to me. I didn't go to Spain until I was 18.

Spain deals in life and death all the time. It's all or nothing. Very extreme. So for many years I thought Spain was just

Spain is the smell of heat. During the day the heat is so strong it almost bullfights and flamenco. And Ava Gardner.

obliterates every other smell. But when the sun comes down, the smell of As a child I always looked to her as a model

jasmine, all those kinds of flowers, starts to flourish. Every night all of of what a woman should be. It's funny.

Spain is washed. Around three or four in the morning, city employees Ava Gardner was not Spanish, and yet she

clean each city with water. Five minutes later, the streets are completely personified Spain for me. Actually, she

dry. There has been such heat on those paved stones all day long that it found it for herself too. Sometimes you

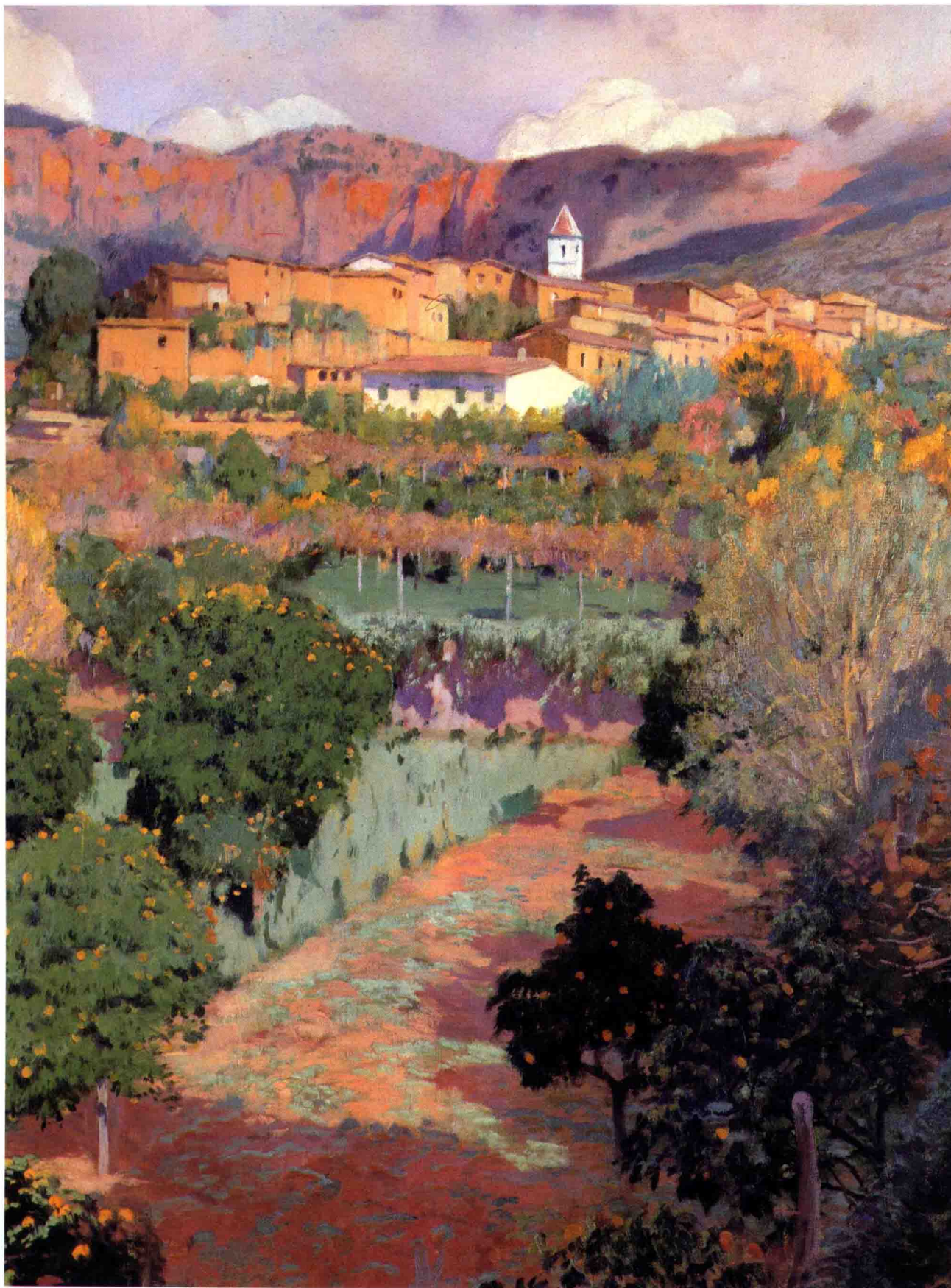
just drinks up all the water in seconds. That also helps bring out the recognize things in yourself when you visit

smells. The idea of cleaning, of caring for cities, is very important and, I a certain place. She must have felt that.

think, unique to Spain. Spain is more about the *people* than anything else.

It is this idea of being well put together. Very often, around seven o'clock,

you see the parents go out with their children. Boys are in white shirts that



have been perfectly ironed, girls are in crisply starched dresses, and they still have their hair wet because they've just had a bath before.

When I think of Spain I think of a certain harshness in the scenery. Brown hills. Gnarled olive trees. The people are generous. Nature is not. That's what makes the spirit of the country.

I went back to Andalusia two summers ago, and I realized then how typically Andalusian my father was. The way of the Spanish seems more human – not intellectual but natural. Everybody is on the same level. I remember my father would always speak to people as though he'd known them all his life. Whenever we would be having lunch somewhere, you could see that people were excited to be sitting next to Pablo Picasso. Sometimes they would come up to us and talk. When we left, my father would always say, "These are our childhood friends." That was the kind of relationship he would establish with people, which is very generous in a way because there are no barriers.

What is Spanish? I think it is a mixture of all these things. A certain civility. Something rigorous. A rigor mixed with a very grand gesture. It's what you see in the flamenco dress, and in the flamenco dance. Something that comes really from inside, and the gesture is glamorous and open and generous.

Paloma Picasso is a New York – based designer of accessories (for Lopez-Cambil Ltd.) and jewelry (for Tiffany & Co.).

PRECEDING PAGE Still Life with Silver Gilt Salvers, 1624 by Juan Bautista de Espinosa © Christie's.

LEFT Soller by Santiago Rusinyol © Museo de la Abadía de Montserrat. Index photo.

RIGHT Montroig, el Poble i englesia, 1919 by Joan Miró © ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 1990.



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A GLIMPSE OF SPAIN

BY MANUEL CANOVAS

My father's family descended from the "old Christians" who

To understand Spain it is important to remember that at least played an active role in the reconquest of the kingdom of

seven peoples, seven very different and conflicting cultures were Murcia from the Moors. Like all the *hidalguia* of southern

mixed into one incredible medley creating the origin of the Spain, my father's family preferred arms to the arts. My

Spanish kingdoms: Iberians, Celts, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, father, however, preferred art. As the youngest son he

Romans, Visigoths, and Moors. To complete the intricate mosaic was free to choose, so in 1920 he came to Paris, a city he

there were three religions - Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. This adored. Thus I was born in Paris in 1935 into a family

was the seething pot that the "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand and that cultivated art in all its forms. It was decided that I

Isabella set out to unify into the one nation of Spain. would be an artist - not a common choice in those days.

Spain is a universe of light and darkness, a world of black and From a very young age I was introduced to - and

white. Spain is arrogant through the pride of its poor; however, it sometimes had imposed on me - drawing lessons, the

is rich in its mystical soul. It is a land of contradiction. Like the Florentine Renaissance, perspective, anatomy, 18th-

enormous coats of arms sculpted on the sober facades of the old century France. But I was never taught the magic of

Castillian houses. There is little color but great depth. All is color; fortunately, this was a natural gift.

simultaneously frozen and melting. The landscapes, the people,

the customs - they are not "sweet." They are noble.

Sometimes, in old Castille, a village and its castle blend together into the color of the surroundings; they are built of the same earth, of the very same dust. In Estramadura, an abandoned fortress stands out, navigating alone through an ocean of desert. Stark architecture. Pure lines. Austerity becomes pride, never vanity.

In the end, nothing is less agreeable to a Spaniard than to be agreeable; nothing pleases less than to please. Spaniards have only a vague notion of time – a taste for the approximate that was probably unconsciously inherited from the Moors – and they are fairly thin-skinned. However, they are unequalled in their generosity and capacity for the elegant gesture. They will fight over who holds the door or who pays the check. Nothing is worse for a Spaniard than to be “small” or “stingy.” A Spaniard’s friendship may be fussy, but it is truly faithful.

Manual Canovas, S.A. was founded in 1963. This international company designs and distributes luxury products for all aspects of the home: textiles, linens, tableware, beachwear, and home fragrances.

PRECEDING PAGE *“Fiesta en la Venta” by José García Ramos from Diccionario enciclopédico ilustrado de flamenco, Madrid. CinterCo.*

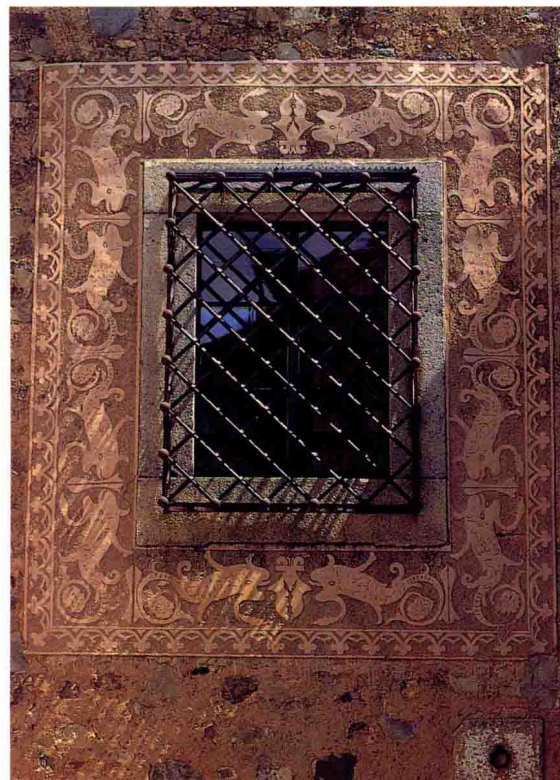
RIGHT *A romantic tower in ruins sits on top of the craggy hillside that dominates Zahara de la Sierra, one of the white villages of Andalusia.*





CHAPTER

1



IMAGES OF SPAIN

Corrida, feria, flamenco — in these three words are distilled the essence of Spain and its time-honored customs.

The colorful spectacle of the corrida, or bullfight; the feria, a festival that takes place during Holy Week and includes long processions, the most fervent of which are held in Seville; and the flamenco, a tradition of dance and songs, the whole an artistic performance that mirrors the Andalusian soul — these are more than folklore. They maintain, even today, strong links to the Spanish identity that was forged long ago.

ABOVE A window in Cáceres in Estremadura is protected by an iron grille and surrounded by a sgraffito border of dolphins.

RIGHT A farmer leads his cows home over the cultivated slopes outside the town of Córdoba, in Andalusia.

