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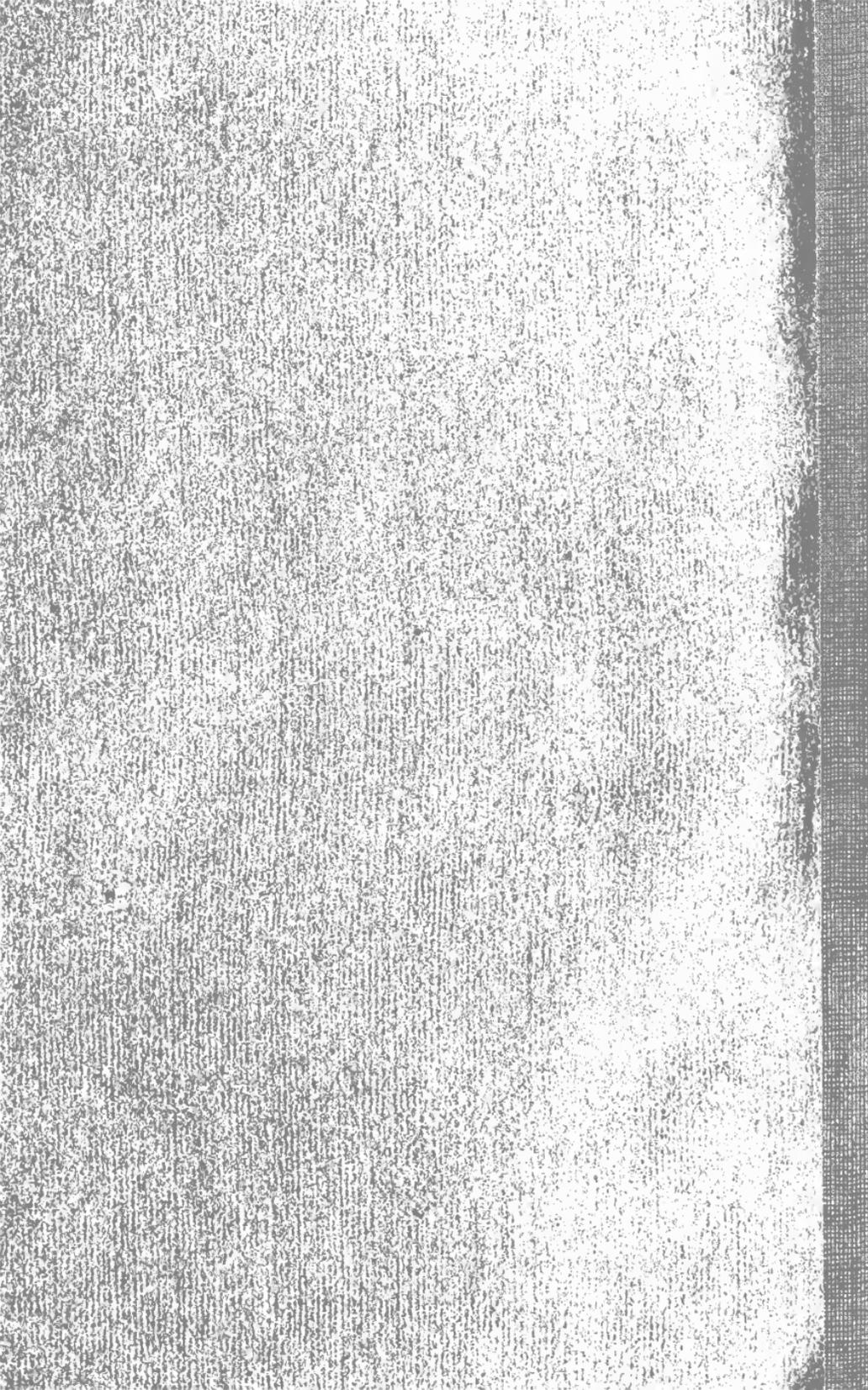
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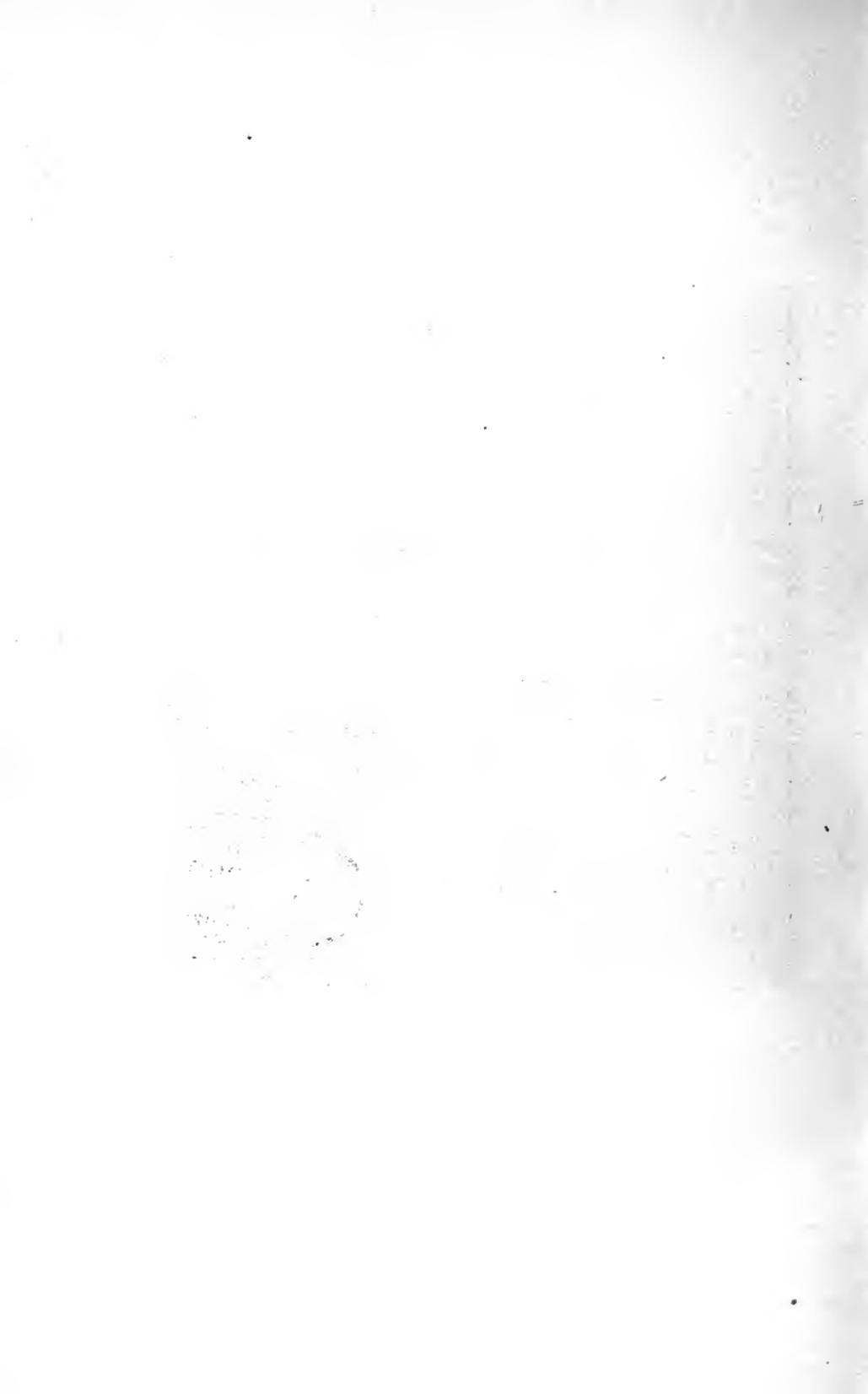
IGNACIO ZULOAGA

NOTHING could be more immature than the contention that art should aim to be cosmopolitan in its expression. As a matter of fact there never was a time when indiscriminate internationalism has not produced inferior results, or, conversely, when a wholesome nationalism has failed to give artistic achievement redoubled strength and significance. (The most salutary influence in contemporary art is precisely the realization that his innate and fundamental racial endowment is the artist's richest possession,—that it is, in short, his very reason for being.) Fortunately for painting in particular, those conventions which have long exerted a dominant sway over the destinies of art are rapidly losing their ascendancy, and there are hence springing up on all sides and in every land groups of painters who now depict whatever they see fit and in whatever manner their individual predilections may dictate. A certain

uniformity of technical standard must, of course, be maintained, but beyond that there should be, and happily there are, at last, no rules or restrictions. Europe to-day offers the invigorating spectacle of an almost complete decentralization in manners esthetic. Not only are the larger countries in a sense independent of each other, but each state is in turn divided into districts where the painters of a given locality reflect with abundant zest the special characteristics of their surroundings. Throughout Germany, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Scotland, Scandinavia, and, to a broader extent, France itself, there are at present bands of fearless spirits who are daily enriching the great treasury of art with their sound and stimulating local as well as national flavor. Their cohesive power is in most cases strong; they work together and usually under the direct inspiration of some sturdy and fecund soul who has sprung from humble soil and consecrated to art his singleness of aim and personal intensity of vision. Modern Germany can proudly point to Menzel and Böcklin, that diverse and protean pair who crystallized, each after his own fashion, a special segment of the Teutonic esthetic consciousness. In Italy it was Giovanni Segantini who gave his life even, for a similar cause, and in Ilyá Répin Russia found her long-looked-for



Portraits de la famille d'un toréador gitane





Mademoiselle Lucienne Bréval dans Carmen



champion of the native genius. In Belgium it was Constantin Meunier who rose from that black and stifling industrial arena and modeled his heroic miners and puddlers, while Scotland boasts her Glasgow School, and Norway her Kroyer and Werenskjöld. It is such men as these who are the veritable makers of modern art, and it is due to their invincible nationalism as much as to any other factor that their work owes its singular appeal. There is no thought here of minimizing the part France has played in the evolution of current esthetic development. It must be acknowledged at the outset that her mission has been the most important of all, that she has literally animated the world with fresh and illuminating ideas. In large measure she has been the inspiration of every nation in turn, and this in itself is perhaps greater than anything else she has accomplished. Men like Courbet and Manet were universal art forces, and yet even they, in the early stages of their progress, were glad to look elsewhere, and, strangely enough, it was to an old and in this respect new land that they turned for initial guidance.

Partly because of her geographical isolation, and partly also for reasons economic and social, Spain was the last European country to feel the thrill of latter-day artistic rejuvenation. The conquest of the

Pyrenees and the growing stability of the government have, however, within a few brief decades wrought vast changes throughout the Peninsula. The Spain of to-day is not, as many fancy, a nation with a past but no future. Contrary to ignorant opinion the country is vigorous, progressive, and is making rapid strides politically, commercially, and artistically. Resplendent dreams of world-conquest have been renounced, the Church is preferring to earlier secular activities higher spiritual aims, and internal dissension has been almost entirely eradicated. Everywhere across the face of this luminous land are signs of regeneration, and in almost every form of activity is the latent vitality of the race asserting itself. The Spaniard himself is changing. He has in some measure ceased to be fatalistic, and picturesque Carlist and lethargic gipsy are alike making way for the energetic man of affairs. High statesmanship has been shown in the treatment of the currency and the finances. Economic reform accompanies educational advance. Under Alfonso XIII the never destroyed vitality of the Spanish people is asserting itself, and Spain is to-day looking toward the future with mingled hope and confidence. "Resucita," the closing note of Galdós's stirring drama "Electra," is clearly the watchword of modern Spain, and in a



Paulette en danseuse



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Pepillo, le matador

sense it epitomizes the situation as no other expression can. This coming to fresh life, this resurrection, rebirth, or whatever it may fittingly be termed, dates of course from the Revolution of '68, "La Gloriosa," as it is fondly called, which was logically followed by the adoption of the constitution in '76. Since these two recent and memorable events, to which may be added a third—that of the Spanish-American war—Spain has substantially become another nation. She is responding with alacrity to the resistless call of progress and advancement, and seems, indeed, bent upon compensating for any dignified somnolence in the past by taking firm hold upon the issues of the present. She is at last learning to look within, not without, and that spirit of enterprise which once led her so ruthlessly to subjugate other countries is now guiding her toward the saner path of self-conquest.

It is to her art as well as to her literature that one must turn in order to discover the image of this New Spain, so long sought across hostile frontier and distant sea, only to be found at last among the bare sierras, the purple vineyards, and the stern, proud hearts of the home country. It is the painter as well as the novelist or dramatist who well reflects the spirit of the hour and the vivid intensity of contemporary life and scene. The tradition of Spanish art

at its best has ever been a tradition of fearless and masterful graphic realism. From first to last this art has remained objective and positive. It was for long periods ardently Christian, but was never enslaved by the sensuous afterglow of Renaissance paganism, nor has it since become sentimental or fanciful. Painters of other lands have rejoiced in the widest latitude; the truly Spanish artist has from the beginning known but two sources of inspiration—Church and Country. Imagination has thus played little or no part in the triumphs of these great chroniclers whose canvases give such a complete picture of society no matter what the epoch may be. One after another each of them has recorded with unflinching accuracy the facts of that life which lay ever near at hand. El Greco, Zurbarán, Velázquez, and Goya are the glorious names in this conquest of truth, tinged as it has been by the severity of less tolerant times, the aristocratic dignity of the Court, or the restless turmoil of revolutionary days. No Spanish historian has been quite able to convey that sense of verity which characterizes the reticent, dark-robed nobles of El Greco, the mystic exaltation of Zurbarán's monks, the magic unity of Velázquez's vision, or the sardonic levity of Goya's impulsive satires upon a decadent monarchy. There are two notes which this



Cándida riant



Mercédès

art always sounds, the note of reality and the note of fluent pictorial passion, and that Spanish painting which does not emphasize these twin qualities is unworthy and ignoble.

From the passing of Goya to the present time Spanish art suffered a humiliating eclipse. It echoed in anemic half-hearted fashion the classic and romantic pretensions of her neighbor across the Pyrenees, but nowhere revealed healthy, conscious vitality. It required a great national quickening along all lines of activity before painting could regain her rightful position, and it was this movement alone which gave birth to the men of to-day. There had been a few worthy pioneers such as Alenza and López, but they were unable to rescue art from the course whence it had aimlessly meandered after the death of Goya. The debased Davidism of José de Madrazo, the facile, sparkling bric-à-brac of Fortuny, and the theatric naturalism of Pradilla and Casado del Alisal had successively vitiated Peninsular taste almost beyond redemption, and nothing less racial or less replete with reality than the canvases of Sorolla, Zuloaga, Bilbao, and Anglada could possibly have revived the esthetic prestige of the country as a whole. They are patriots as well as painters, these aggressive innovators. They are chil-

dren of "La Gloriosa," each of them, and their art throbs with native warmth and intensity. They labor for the most part out of doors in the sun, not in the gloomy corridors and great, dim chambers of palace or monastery. Within the past decade they have utterly broken with influences Gallic and Italian. Names which a few years back loomed large—Palmaroli, Rico, Zamacois, Villegas, Benlliure, Jiménez, Sánchez-Perrier—and all the pretty apostles of Fortunyism have been rapidly fading before the dazzling solar effulgence of Sorolla and the masterly impersonations of Zuloaga. Inspiration with them has been found at home, not abroad. Even the student no longer deems it essential to go to Rome or Paris. Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and Seville offer more consistent and congenial opportunities for development. And, at the root of all, a splendid nationalism has at last replaced an internationalism whose fruits are ever scarce and ever bitter-sweet.

In 1870, the year Fortuny's "La Vicaria," that consummate triumph of rococo artificiality, was first exhibited before the delighted Parisians, there was born, on July 26th, in a vast, rambling sixteenth-century house at Eibar, in the Basque province of Guipúzcoa, the foremost of this redoubtable band of Spanish nationalists. While it need not, for num-

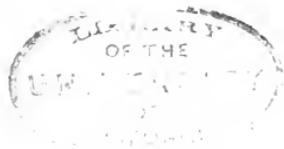


Le chanteur montmartrois, "Buffalo"

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Paulette en costume de ville



erous subtle reasons, be claimed that Ignacio Zuloaga is the greatest living Spanish painter, there is little question that he is the most able and convincing champion of the older traditions of Spanish pictorial art. Others may have wandered farther in quest of more modern technical methods; Zuloaga has remained steadfastly rooted to the soil of his native land and to the austere, haughty, and defiantly dramatic spirit of her esthetic expression. It is no mere accident that this young man should turn toward the sovereign masters of the past for inspiration and counsel. It is not by mere chance, but owing to the immutable laws of social evolution, that he to-day continues almost unbroken that fundamental artistic legacy which has produced such men as El Greco, Velázquez, and Goya. Ignacio Zuloaga comes of an energetic, creative family, the direct descendants of that ancient Celtiberian stock which early settled on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees and has never migrated and never been dislodged. After losing their cherished fueros the Basques turned with superb self-reliance to industrial problems, and it was in this atmosphere of sturdy and independent initiative that Ignacio grew to manhood. For generations the Zuloagas have been craftsmen of the highest type. They constitute what may be called a species of in-

dustrial dynasty. The boy's great-grandfather, Blas, was armorer to the Life Guards, his grandfather, Eusebio, a famous chiseler, armorer, and decorator of his day, was the veritable organizer of the Armería Real of Madrid, and his father, Plácido, became the foremost artist of Europe along the same lines. Plácido Zuloaga, who was a pupil of his father and also of Liénard, was virtually the rediscoverer of the art of damascene, and his handiwork to-day adorns most of the museums and royal palaces of Europe. He was a friend of Carpeaux and Barye. He studied for long periods in Paris and Dresden, and developed consummate skill in all manner of ornamentation in bas-relief, chiseling, and incrusting gold and silver on iron or steel, besides sketching and modeling with supreme facility. Plácido's brother Daniel is head of the now flourishing pottery revival at Segovia, and other brothers have devoted themselves to brush and canvas.

With such family proclivities it was inevitable that Ignacio should have taken to artistic expression in some form or another, accustomed, as he was from childhood, to vigorous, conscious, and skilfully directed creative effort, tempered always by the zealous conservatism of the past. Yet, despite his acknowledged position in the world of art, Plácido



Les sorcières de San Millán







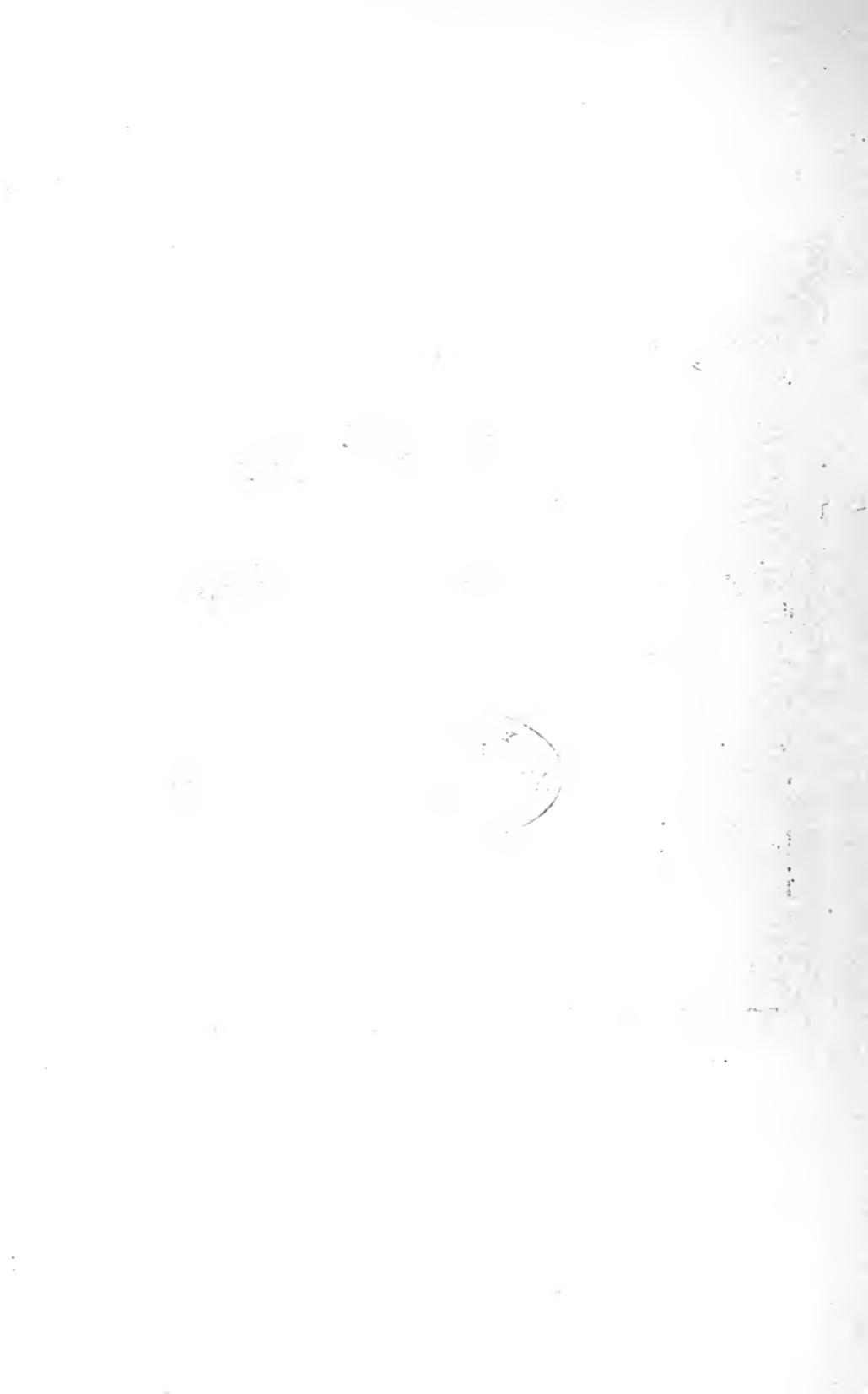
Zuloaga was not a rich man, and, with the sound practical instinct of his people, desired that the boy should embrace some more lucrative calling. This polished, magnetic, and self-willed parent, who was a typical modern Cellini, first decided that his son must prepare for a business career, then that he should study engineering, and ultimately compromised in favor of architecture. Against each of these propositions the youthful Ignacio, who also had opinions of his own, stoutly rebelled, with the result that he was somewhat summarily placed in the workshop to learn, as a long line of ancestors before him had done, the intricate secrets of ornamental metal-work. It was during this period that his native town was rapidly winning her title as the Toledo of the north, and on all sides could be heard the hum of fly-wheel and the sound of the forge. With the persistence and tenacity of his race Ignacio labored manfully along until able to support himself by the deft labor of eye and hand. His life was substantially that of a common apprentice. There was little time for pelota or other favorite pastimes, and, though he attended an occasional bull-fight and enjoyed watching the lithe dignity of the workmen or villagers as they paused by the wayside for a friendly chat, he did not think, in any specific way, of placing on record that varied

existence which teemed about him in such subtle and colorful variety. He was quietly laying the foundations of future achievement, but art, as such, lingered dormant within his brooding consciousness.

There is a distinct possibility that Ignacio Zuloaga might have remained at Eibar and eventually have succeeded to the paternal position had it not been for a chance visit to Madrid, where he saw for the first time the incomparable masterpieces of the Prado. That which had so long been asleep suddenly awoke, and the lad at once felt impelled to become a painter. Without in the least favoring the youth's ambitions his father none the less bought him the requisite materials, and day after day the embryo artist haunted the galleries, finally, without previous instruction, producing a surprisingly reverent and efficient copy of one of El Greco's aristocratic, black-robed noblemen. Instinctively he had gone straight to the sovereign treasure-house of Spanish painting, stepping at once into that splendid patrimony which had for years been neglected. From the very outset he identified himself with all that was most enduring and significant in the art of his country, nor did any subsequent change of scene cause him to forsake his destined field. Yet notwithstanding this early proof of ability, neither Plácido Zuloaga nor his wife had any desire



Vendangeurs revenant le soir





to see their son launched upon an artistic career. His efforts were ridiculed and his ambitions frowned upon. Still, he persisted in his resolve, and was at last reluctantly permitted to depart for Rome. He was but eighteen at the time, and from thenceforth determined to live upon his own slender resources, which were now and then fortunately augmented by the little help a fond mother could surreptitiously send him. His going to Rome in the footsteps of Fortuny, Pradilla, Villegas, and other Spanish painters proved, however, like Sorolla's experience of a few years before, a distinct artistic misfit, for there was little this restless montañés could accomplish under the overpowering shadow of Raphael and Michelangelo. After floundering hopelessly about for a few months and suffering at least from academic malaria, he wisely turned his face toward Paris. For reasons less picturesque than economic he first settled on the heights of Montmartre, taking lodgings in the rue Cortot, directly behind the Sacré-Cœur. Although he was fortunate enough to gain admittance to the Old Salon of 1890, Zuloaga, during the early years of his apprenticeship, betrayed a not unnatural lack of conviction. His initial attempts were full of conflicting ideals and cruel hesitation. He began painting portraits, street scenes, and peasants in the open air. He

had hoped to find legitimate inspiration among the French painters of the period, but, saving for such advanced modernists as Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, he could see little to admire in the work of those about him. He sold nothing and lived in practical isolation, almost his only companions being two compatriots, a painter, and the inimitable Paco d'Urio, both as proud and as poverty-stricken as himself. During these dark, hopeless days which he cannot, even now, recall without a shudder, he moved many times, usually by request, living by turns in the rue Durantin, and the rue des Saules, and also frequenting the little Spanish colony on the Île St. Louis, of which Rusiñol was a member. At intervals he collected in his own studio in the rue Duperré, or in one he could borrow for the occasion, a number of canvases which he showed to his friends and a stray dealer or so, yet invariably without pecuniary results. Although he failed to dispose of a single picture during this bitter and shabby probation, he succeeded, however, in making his appearance at the Salon du Champ de Mars, in 1893, with two subjects, one being a portrait of his grandmother, and the other that of "The Dwarf of Eibar, Don Pedro." He had meanwhile crossed the Channel to London, where, through the kind offices of Mr. Oscar Browning and other



Toréadors de village





Portrait de Marthe Morineau en Espagnole
14

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friends and admirers of his father, he managed to secure several commissions for portraits, and with this welcome assistance returned to Spain, making Seville his headquarters.

Meager and unhappy as it was, it is more than probable that Zuloaga's Parisian exile proved of benefit, for as soon as he returned to his native land his starved artistic soul began to expand. It was there, beneath the burning blue of the Iberian sky, not amid that delicate, pearl-gray mist which envelops Paris, that he regained confidence in himself. He must have been hungering all the while for home, for he now saw afresh the color and felt anew the fascination of life in every quarter of the Andalusian capital. True son of Spain that he was, he devoted himself to the rendering of local life and scene in all their primal flavor and accent. A pronounced gift for individual characterization already animated those first somewhat rigid attempts, which were, even then, instinct with assertive force and histrionic veracity. It was in 1895, under the auspices of Le Barc de Boutteville, that the fruits of this Sevillian sojourn were exhibited to the Parisian public, and yet, save for the discriminating admiration of the American painter Dannat and one or two enlightened amateurs, the event passed unnoted. The French press and public were

not prepared to welcome a talent which was shortly to capture all Europe, nor were the artist's years of obscure endeavor yet at an end. Moreover, the Spain which this young Basque painted with such subdued richness and refined, silver-black severity was not the Spain to which the French, or indeed the Spaniards, were accustomed. This *España Blanca* had nothing in common with the glittering rococo daintiness of Fortuny, or the studio commercialism of the insufferable Jules Worms. Although treating everyday themes, Ignacio Zuloaga was also, in a sense, bridging over the past. He was deliberately going back to Goya and even beyond him. He was reading Peninsular types and traits closer and deeper than they had been read for nearly a century.

Discouraged by this continued lack of recognition, and despairing, not of his art, but of his ability to earn even a modest living by the brush, Zuloaga was for the time being forced to renounce painting. Though he might have subsisted upon remittances from Eibar, or have returned at any moment to that great house with its massive stairway and spacious rooms, he was too proud to think of anything in the nature of a compromise. Possessing a passion for the past and all that appertains to bygone times, he struggled along for awhile as a dealer in antiques

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Portrait de Madame Bourdin





Portrait of Mr. F.

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and appraiser of those *objets d'art* in which Seville so abounds. Meeting with scant success, he was next compelled to accept a position as bookkeeper for a mining company, but this, too, proving an unpropitious expedient, he again found himself adrift. There was literally nothing this resolute and voluntary exile would not, and did not, suffer rather than acknowledge defeat, and finally, like many another of his courageous, clean-limbed countrymen, he entered the bull-ring as a pupil of the famous Carmona. Yet, despite a brilliant beginning, Zuloaga was not destined to duplicate the triumphs of Cúchares or Lagartijillo, for having unfortunately been gored by his eighteenth adversary, he in consequence promised his distracted mother never to reënter the *corrida*.

It is necessary to recount in detail the picturesque and stirring episodes of Zuloaga's career for, more than with almost any other artist of the day, is his work the product of just such varied and stimulating experiences. Each circumstance in turn contributed something to his development, and in no other way could he have attained that breadth of view and vigor of characterization which are the essence of his art. For nearly three years he did not exhibit anything of moment, though in 1897 he sent to the Société Nationale a portrait of himself in hunting costume, a

work of which he is not, at the present writing, especially proud. It was while recuperating in ascetic yet languorous Segovia after his brief essay in tauromachy that Zuloaga returned to the palette with renewed enthusiasm, executing, among other canvases, the memorable "Before the Bull-fight," or, as it is variously known in Spanish, "Vispera de Toros" or "Antes de la Corrida," which he sent to the Barcelona Exhibition of 1898. This particular picture proved the turning-point of his artistic life. He had already shown with success at the Catalan capital his "Amiges," which had been purchased for the Museo Nacional, and, greatly to his satisfaction, he now learned that, owing largely to the enlightened efforts of the Antwerp painter De Vriendt, who was a member of the jury, his "Antes de la Corrida" managed to carry off the gold medal. The following year he was equally fortunate, the triple portrait of "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters" being the distinctive feature of the Salon and later finding its home in the Luxembourg Museum, which has since become so partial to the younger Spanish school. The painter-bull-fighter's long and hazardous prologue was at last over; he settled down to his life-task in a mood of manful sincerity, and with each effort revealed increasing decision of choice and distinction of style.

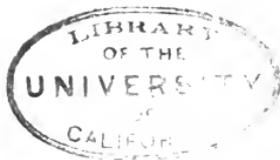


Portrait of Mrs. F.





Portrait of Mrs. F., Jr.



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Like Fortuny, who caught his single gleam of truth and reality from the sun-scorched battle-fields of Morocco, it required a goodly taste of that colorful, animated outdoor existence which his countrymen so love, to vivify the art of Ignacio Zuloaga. Nothing he had witnessed during that active, observant period was ever lost or ever went for naught. The entire panorama of popular life and character was at his finger-tips. He was at last able to give in its fullness that intensified impression of things visible which has ever been the dominant note of Spanish painting.

With such encouragement as he was beginning to receive abroad, and also at Barcelona, it was but natural, after having so long been held in abeyance, that the artist's productive powers should have forthwith asserted themselves in no halting manner. During the next few years he painted almost wholly in Segovia and Andalusia, devoting himself with fervid energy to the depiction of those solemn or sprightly, those sullen or vivacious, native types which have since become the insignia of his work the world over. Once launched upon its course his star flashed rapidly across the firmament of Continental art. Spain alone hesitated to recognize him, not the least of his early humiliations being the refusal of the local jury to accept his "Before the Bull-fight" and other canvases

for admission to the Spanish section of the Paris Exposition of 1900. On its appearance at Barcelona the picture had been purchased by a couple of whole-hearted admirers and presented to Señor Santiago Rusiñol, who placed it in his museum, Cau-Ferrat, at Sitjes in Cataluña. Señor Rusiñol, wishing to oblige the painter, willingly loaned the canvas for exhibition purposes, and great was their combined chagrin when the jury refused it on the ridiculous pretext of its size, at the same time brazenly admitting numerous larger compositions of appalling mediocrity. The insult which he received at the hands of his countrymen was nevertheless in a measure compensated for by the triumphant reception of the rejected pictures at the Libre Esthétique in Brussels and the subsequent preëmption of "Before the Bull-fight" for the Modern Gallery of the Belgian capital. And so flattering was the offer made for the picture that Señor Rusiñol generously renounced his prior rights, later accepting in exchange the hardly less interesting "El Reparto del Vino."

Considering the condition of Spanish painting at the time it was hardly strange that his compatriots should have failed to appreciate the art of Zuloaga. His pronounced anti-academic propensities, his defiant independence of attitude, and the fact that he had

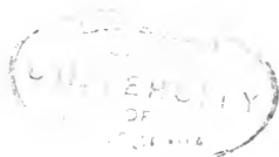


Portrait of Mr. F. Jr.





Ma cousine Esperanza (I)



never risked formalizing his talent by tedious study at the schools were points which these rigid gentlemen were unable to overlook. Barcelona, as has already been noted, was the sole Spanish city to welcome the new-comer, and for Barcelona he has always retained a special fondness, sending, to the *Exposición Internacional de Bellas Artes*, of 1907, no less than thirty-four subjects, which occupied, in all, two entire rooms. There is an undoubted affinity between the intrepid Basque and the progressive Catalan, and this at least partially accounts for the sympathetic recognition Zuloaga has always encountered in this particular city.

Although Spain as a whole is still hostile to the painter, he has, during the past few seasons, proved an immense favorite at each Salon, besides exhibiting with continued success at the current displays in Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Venice, and London, where he invariably divides notice with the strongest and most advanced men of the day. He frequently figures at the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, and also at the *Société Nouvelle*, while at the Düsseldorf Exhibition of 1904 he was awarded the distinction, accorded only to Menzel, Rodin, and himself, of being assigned a special room where eighteen representative canvases

were placed on view. Scores of public and private museums throughout Europe possess pictures from this fertile brush, and there are at the present moment few living artists whose productions are more sought after or which command higher figures than those of this painter who has not yet reached the age of forty, and who, barely a dozen years ago, was unable to boast a single patron or purchaser. A weaker man would have succumbed under a similar weight of obloquy and neglect. Zuloaga persevered, and in the end conquered for himself an indisputable position in the world of modern painting.

There should be scant difficulty in accounting for the vogue of this art which is at once so individual and so traditional, so personal and yet so deeply anchored in the past. It was an ethnic as well as an esthetic thrill which the young painter gave a public long satiated with studio abstractions and academic conventions. It is to the lasting honor of Ignacio Zuloaga that he has dedicated his gifts to the delineation of episodes and incidents with which he is familiar, not to themes for which he has little sympathy and of which he possesses no first-hand knowledge. That quality which this work above all reflects is an abundant racial flavor. Always regional, always topical, there is about these paintings an eth-



Pèlerin





Juge de village

nographic fidelity which is unmistakable. There is no ill-digested cosmopolitanism here; this art not only speaks Spanish, as it were, but has mastered idiom and dialect as well. Not only is the nationality of these sitters at once apparent, it is also possible to tell at a glance from what province they come and to what particular social stratum they belong. In Zuloaga's canvases can be studied as nowhere, save from the originals themselves, those deep-rooted racial factors which have molded into distinct types the seductive Andalusian, the aggressive Basque, the haughty Castilian, or the languorous and passionate Segovian. The art of Zuloaga, like that of his great predecessors, is an art which is based upon observation, which is founded not upon vague esthetic formulæ but upon the definite aspect of the world external. Like the solemn, disdainful Velázquez, Zuloaga cares for little besides truth and a compelling manipulative mastery. His work is never complicated by abstract ideas. He never forsakes the realm of actuality or of highly specialized feeling. And yet, while this art takes its material direct from life, it is itself by no means an abjectly realistic reflection of life. Contrary to his more prompt and explicit Valencian contemporary Sorolla, the painter of Eibar composes his pictures with consistent deliberation.

Always sensitive to the efficacy of a well-balanced design, he detests everything which suggests a servile copy of nature. There is nothing instantaneous in the entire gamut of Zuloaga's art. He arranges each canvas with an eye for dramatic climax, using landscape and other accessories merely to heighten and enforce the desired impression. He is a realist only in so far as reality coincides with his conception of the task in hand. In the treatment of single figure or of larger schemes Zuloaga displays the same fullness of vision and completeness of suggestion. Behind his expressive silhouettes, just as behind "Philip" or "Baltasar Carlos," sweep the tawny hills of Castile and Aragon. A sense of receding space is always one of the special charms of his outdoor pictures. Each and all they are effective in placing and adjustment, and, while the painter makes no undue sacrifices to insure his appeal, he seems to possess, in a superlative degree, the scenic gift.

Despite his independence of spirit, Zuloaga has not escaped, nor does he wish to escape, the broader conventions of Peninsular painting in general. He is always seeking, and finding, more or less marked similarities between present existence and the noble and salient characteristics of the past. He asked the immortal "Consuelo" of the Bremen Museum to pose



Cândida séricuse



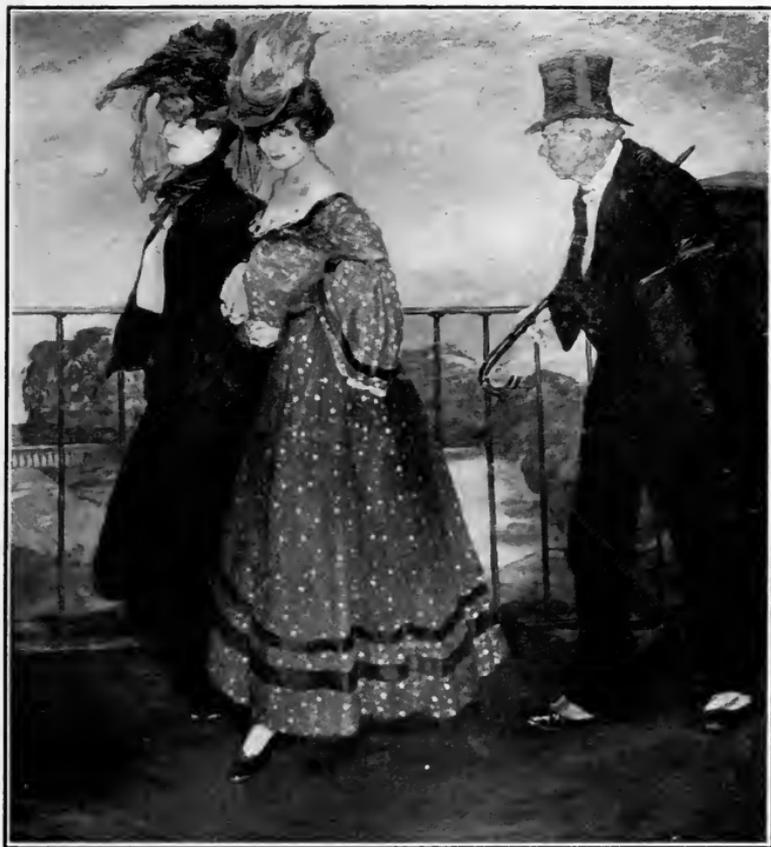


Mendiant espagnol

for him because he saw in her "a certain Goyesque air," and, frankly, the faces one meets in these huge, affirmative pictures are the faces known to Spanish art as well as to Spanish society for centuries. Unbroken and scarcely unchanged throughout the ages have come down to us profiles that are Cæsarean, a dusky beauty that is Saracenic, and the erect carriage of cavaliers whose insolent grace was the marvel of many a European battle-field. If Zuloaga's men and women suggest those of El Greco, Velázquez, or Goya it is because he is depicting their actual descendants, not merely imitating the modes of former days. The grave grandees of each pintor de cámara still walk the streets of Madrid muffled in their dark cloaks, the pallid esthetics of Zurbarán still live among the Andalusian sierras, and the same dwarfs and beggars that look at you from the walls of the Prado also shuffle by in tattered swarms, or sun themselves beside a church door. It is this racy and picturesque life which Zuloaga seeks above all else to place on record, and it is these popular types unspoiled by ruthless modernism which he pursues into the farthest corners of his native land. In this zealous quest of congenial models he hesitates at nothing. He will haunt for hours a fiesta on the outskirts of some provincial town, or hasten away to the mountains, passing

months at a time with smugglers and muleteers, with the superstitious fanatics of Anso in the extreme north of Aragon or with the monkish cutthroats of Las Baluecas, a little village on the southern boundary line of Salamanca. His experiences have been innumerable, and he does not fail to recount them with a fund of descriptive detail. His hostess during some forty days spent at Anso was none other than a professional sorceress, and in the course of such pilgrimages he has often been forced to subsist upon roots like the poorest native, and has at times encountered irredeemable ignorance and suspicion. A few years since he was actually accused of being a counterfeiter, and not long afterward, while alone in his automobile, was mistaken for the devil and knocked insensible by a vicious and well-directed hail of missiles. It is unknown, almost inaccessible Spain that he loves beyond all, and the most savage and solitary spots in the kingdom are as familiar to him as the Rambla or the Calle de las Sierpes.

It is by such means and such means only that Ignacio Zuloaga could have selected that rich and varied assortment of models which give his art its singular and often sinister distinction. All Spain lies open to him, but from all Spain he chooses only that which is congenial to his temperament. A street



Le vieux marcheur

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scene, a group of *manolas* leaning from the balcony, or a glimpse of the crowded *corrida* are sufficient to furnish him with the requisite graphic essentials for compositions into which he pours all the magical pictorial genius, actual and inherited, at his command. Considering the fact that he had himself been a *mata-dor*, his early canvases naturally depicted bull-fights and bull-fighters, "Before the Bull-fight," "The Bull-fight in my Village," and the fluent and elegant "Promenade after the Bull-fight," which figured so notably at the Salon of 1901, forming an unparalleled trinity of its kind. During those first expansive years when he was winning his initial laurels in Paris, Barcelona, Brussels, and Berlin his vivacity and industry were little short of phenomenal. He passed with zest from one theme to another. The success of "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters," with its dark-clad figures standing sharply against the blue Segovian sky and wide-horizoned plain, was quickly followed by canvases which for versatile beauty of coloration and flexible, authoritative handling he has scarcely surpassed. In the old, lean days when he exhibited in the rue Lepeletier, it was "White Spain" which he painted. As his eye became more eager and his palette more opulent he added tone after tone. He attempted none of the clear, prismatic triumphs of

his colleagues ; he rather grew enamoured of deep reds, raisin browns, olive greens, orange yellows, and the swarthy hue of countenances long exposed to sun and wind. It was a defiant, self-sufficient art which this young Basque sent out into the world. Something in the nature of a subtle contempt for less lavishly endowed talents seems always to cling about these canvases which, one and all, vibrate with the rhythmic intensity of the Peninsular temperament.

Although he painted with ready distinction family groups and society, as it were, on dress parade, Zuloaga also descended into that dark and semi-savage underworld of love, passion, and hatred which forever seethes about the roots of the Spanish tree of life. He knows intimately the *majas* and *gitanas* of the Sevillian Triana, and naturally they, too, figure in his work with their mouths red as open wounds, their glistening, carnivorous teeth, their avid glances, and insinuating gait. Here also has Zuloaga extended the scope of his art and added not a little to the treasury of human emotion. It is true that he had a predecessor even here in the tense and mercurial Goya, but Zuloaga's feeling for color is far more symphonic than that of the elder man, though they both share, in treating such themes, a similar acerbity



Castillo de Turégano

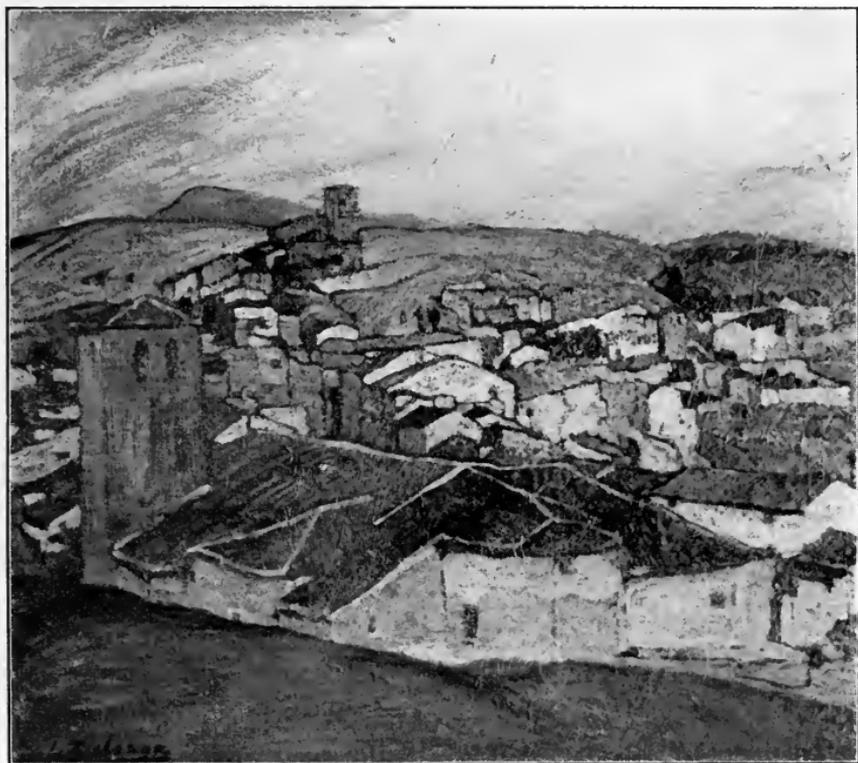
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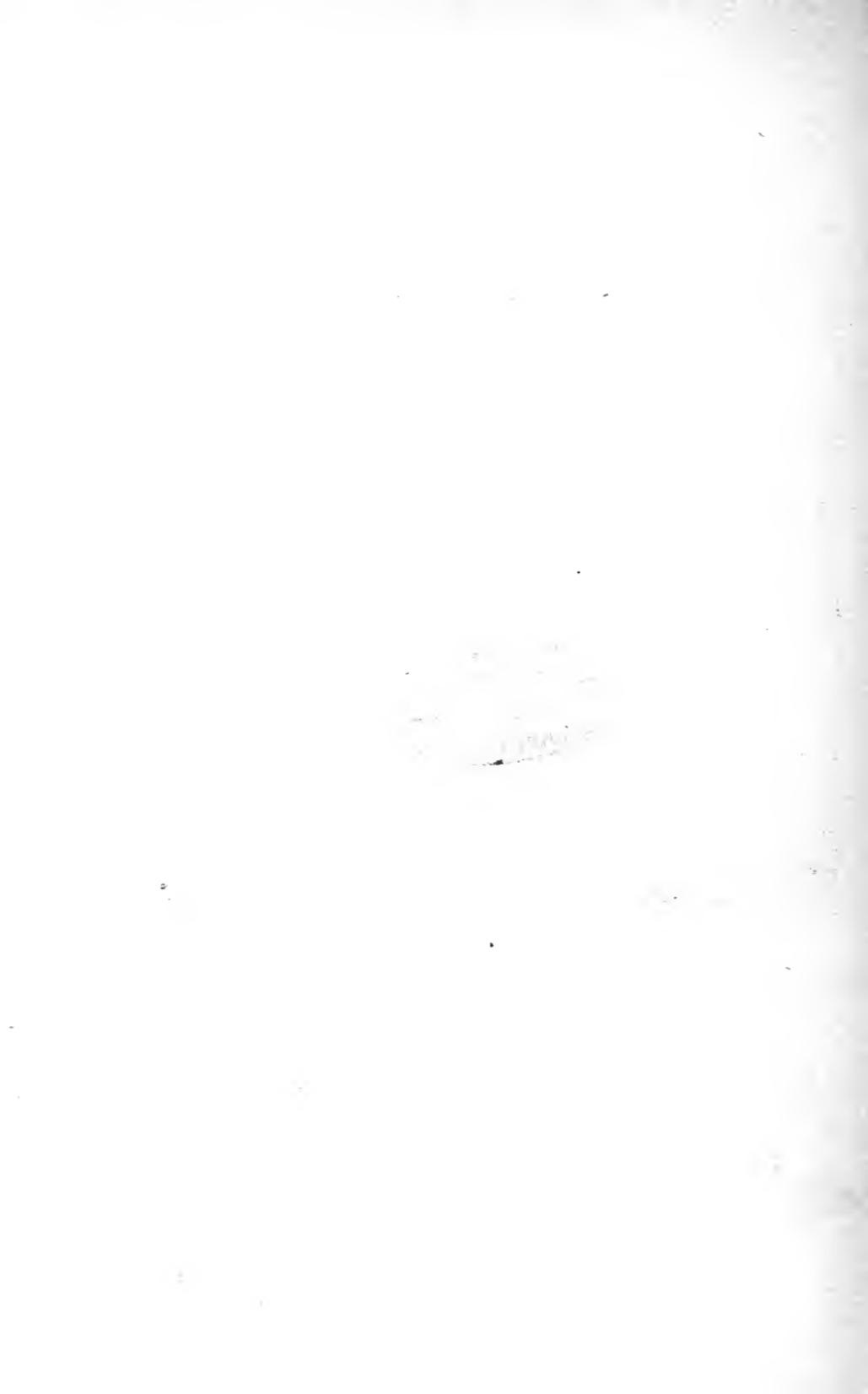
and nervous alertness of touch. As he grows more and more familiar with these creatures his accent becomes more pronounced. The infectious and somewhat ingenuous coquetry of "Lola la Gitana," now in the Marcel collection in Paris, blends into a more insistent artifice with "Pastorita," belonging to Herr Koch of Frankfort, while the sprightly anticipation of "Preparing for the Bull-fight" acquires quite another significance in the famous "Coquetería de Gitana," owned by Herr Rothermundt of Dresden. The action, too, acquires more rapidity, the expectant charm of "Consuelo's" pose becoming alive with frenetic fire in "The Spanish Dances." While we have, in "Tentación," a manifest tribute to Goya, this particular phase of Zuloaga's art stands well upon its own feet, achieving its mature apotheosis in such canvases as "A Street Scene" and the "Calle de Amor." Just as in the "Promenade after the Bull-fight" he attained the fullness of his expression in treating such subjects, so in the "Calle de Amor" he again demonstrates his ability to compose a large canvas in quite another manner and with types wholly different. He has frankly no equal in depicting these wilful, unredeemed creatures whose badges are a thick coating of rice powder and a saffron-hued mantilla, and who

ever lie in wait for the weak or the unwary, yet who never found their true interpreter until Zuloaga rendered them in all their flaunting, instinctive character.

As his art attained increasing finality his types naturally became more highly individualized. The broad, scenic quality of the "Promenade after the Bull-fight" and the somewhat studied grouping of the "Calle de Amor" found their antitheses in numerous works dedicated to single figures only, among them being such obviously masculine creations as the picador, the matador, and the torero. For blunt, ruthless power of characterization the scarred, leathery countenance of "El Coriano" occupies a place quite by itself in this gallery of *corrida* heroes, nor has the painter since excelled the stolid, standing likeness of "El Buñolero," about whom clings the mingled dust and blood of countless bull-ring combats. This latter picture, of which Herr Sparkuhle of Bremen is the fortunate possessor, has been recently supplemented by the "Vaquero," also a full length and a further demonstration of Zuloaga's sympathy with kindred types.

Yet another territory has been conquered by this restless though consistent seeker after local color, and it is the shabby, shifting kingdom of laconic dwarfs, ragged mendicants, bronzed water-carriers,

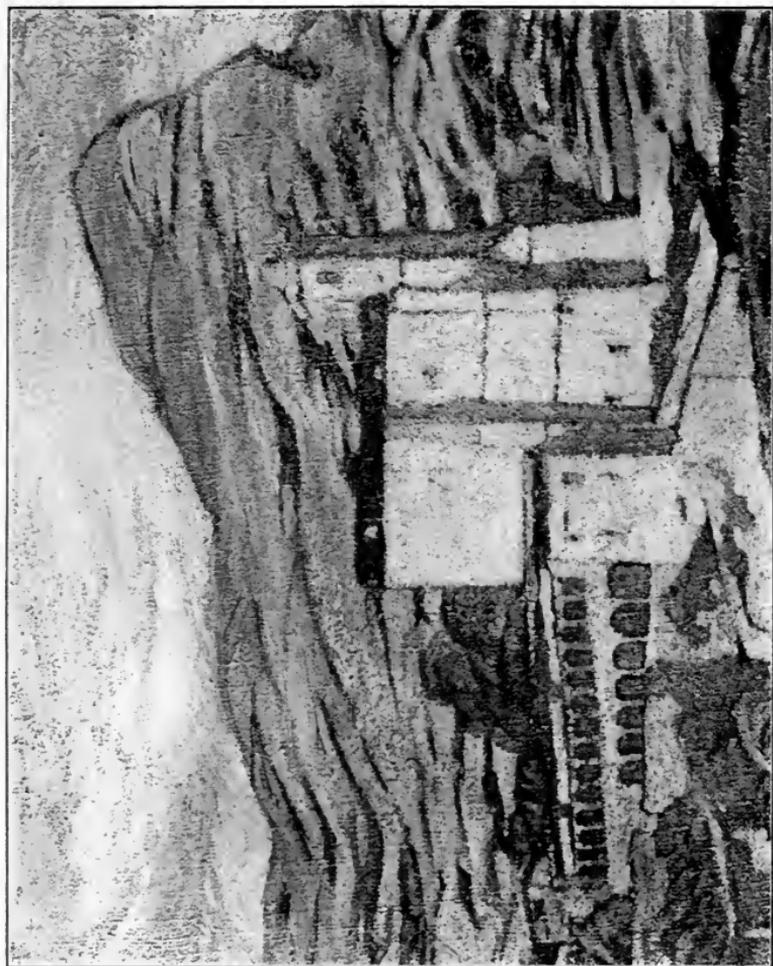




and itinerant venders of every description who form such an integral portion of Spanish outdoor life. Needless to add, he is as much at home in the province of the picaresque as anywhere else, for it is a world which has been peculiarly dear to Iberian author and artist since the author of *Lazarillo* and *Murillo*. For anything comparable to the early portrait of "The Dwarf of Eibar, Don Pedro," to "Los Bebedores" of the National Gallery of Berlin, or to the sun-tanned and doubtless salacious interlocutor in "A Smart Retort," it is, however, necessary to go straight to Velázquez. It is the painter of "The Topers" of the Prado and kindred compositions, not the softly affable *Murillo* who could, when he wished, reveal a like fund of sardonic strength and stark brutality of statement. It has been Zuloaga's good fortune to have followed certain of these hereditary types still farther afield, and in doing so he has broadened as well as intensified the range of his art. Even beside such convincingly realized impersonations as "El Coriano" and "El Buñolero" take just place a number of single figure studies, which include "The Image Seller," "The Honey Vender," "The Pilgrim," "The Watchman of Segovia," with his staff and lantern, and a much older picture entitled "The Poet, Don Miguel," which has found its home in Vienna.

They are all trenchant and full of surety of stroke. Old Spain rises vividly before you in gazing at these canvases. They form a priceless series of documents for the future historian, and, to the simple lover of art, they carry their own incomparable graphic message.

For a long time, as may readily be imagined, Zuloaga maintained no regular studio, preferring to carry about him over the rugged face of Spain brushes, colors, and canvas, thus being free to select whatever happened to fit his mood or his feeling for the picturesque. He would hastily install an assortment of local models in a room in his hotel, in sunlit *patio*, or on sloping sierra-side open to the sky and the four winds of heaven. Of late, however, he has divided his time between Paris and his native land, and, fond as he is of his home at Eibar, he frankly admits that he finds the atmosphere of Segovia more to his esthetic liking. "I can feel something tugging at my soul every time I leave Eibar," he says, yet it is in the matchless, Middle-Age town of Segovia that he elects at present to paint. He there boasts two studios, the first vast, imposing, and gloomy, consisting of nothing less than the nave of the ancient church of San Juan de los Caballeros, an old Roman structure abandoned since the days of Philip



La Virgen de la Peña

1848

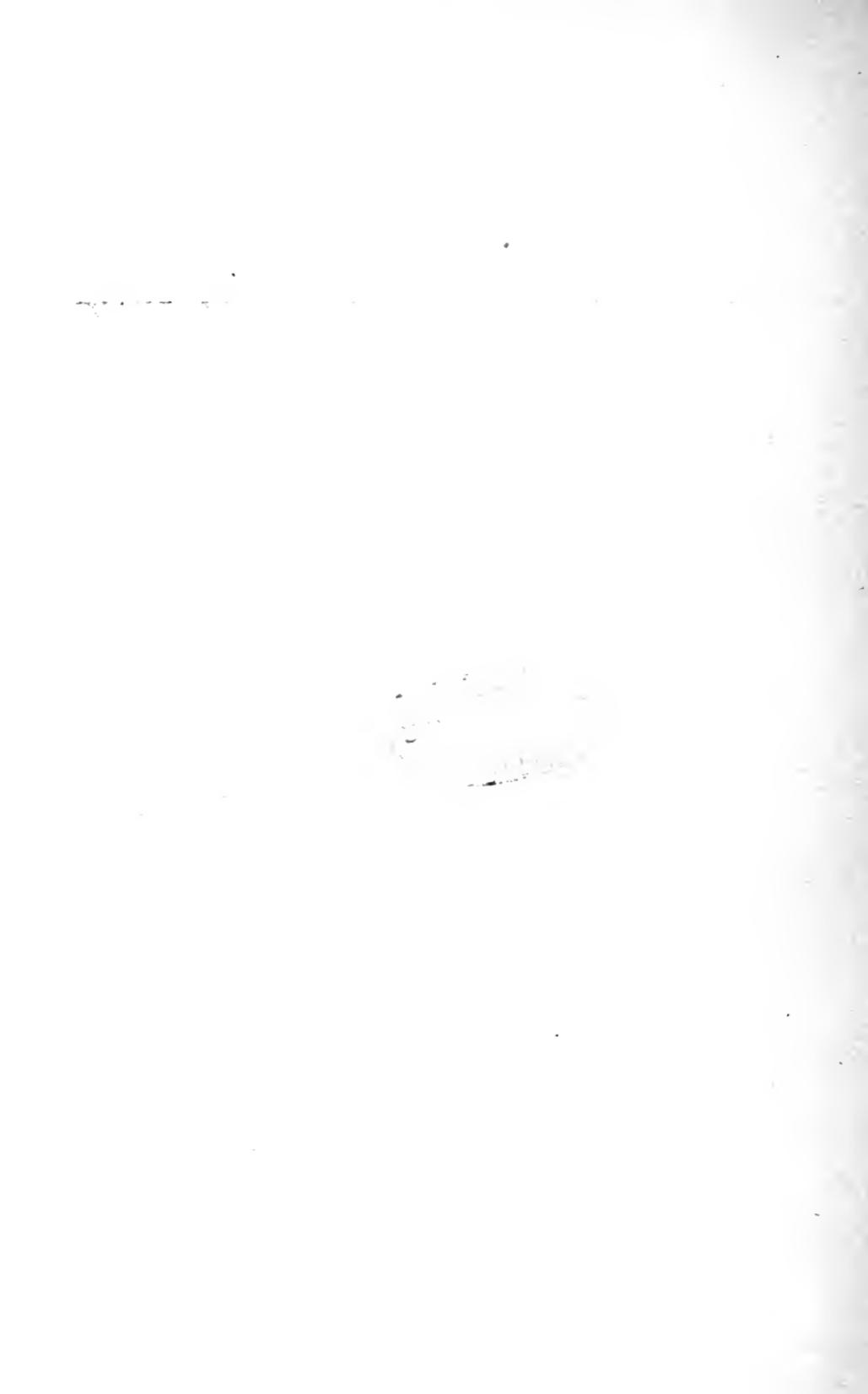
III, the other being the Canonjía, a lordly residence with great thick walls and windows overlooking the wide, sweeping plain of Castile dotted with convents and cut by the sinuous windings of the Eresma. He remains in the church until the November frosts drive him forth, whereupon he repairs to his atelier in the Canonjía, and there in seclusion works upon canvases which more and more reflect the imperishable qualities of an art whose prestige he seems destined to uphold. His temperament is yearly becoming at once more creative and more reflective, and while other men may champion the extremes of modernity, he confidently harks backward to the triumphs of bygone days. Yet he is still an insatiate wanderer. Every summer he spends several weeks touring through Spain in his motor, often accompanied by his stanch friend and admirer, Auguste Rodin, who is ever enthusiastic over the plastic grace and sculpturesque mien of even the sorriest wayfarer who, as a rule, comports himself like a soldier of Spinola or, indeed, some far-off Arab tribesman.

Next to painting, Zuloaga prefers the eager joys and unexpected triumphs of the antiquary and collector, the large pecuniary rewards of recent years having enabled him to accumulate a remarkable array

of Spanish masters numbering somewhat over three hundred in all. With his knowledge of art both classic and contemporary he has managed to acquire for a mere pittance several of the foremost existing examples of El Greco and Goya, besides numerous sculptures by Montañés de Roldán, Alonso Cano, and other artists of their times. In order properly to house his purchases he has built himself a miniature museum in the garden adjoining the family home at Eibar, and now, as always, the source of his inspiration remains the simple dignity of the ancient world as continued in the shifting pageant of modern existence. Alike in its virtues and its defects, there are numerous affinities between the art of Zuloaga and that of his great forebears of the brush, just as there are between the Spain of yesterday and the Spain of to-day. It would hence be manifestly absurd to expect a man of similar birth and training to be other than he is or to paint but as he paints. However positive, even emphatic, it may seem to us, the ardent pictorialism of his manner is essentially true to Peninsular life and esthetic ideals. There are touches here of bitterness and cruelty, of the sanguinary and the macabresque, yet those very qualities which may appear unreal or exaggerated to foreign eyes are in fact reality of the most explicit



Pepilla la gitane



kind. And herein lies the strength of an art the graphic verity of which, though at times somewhat deliberate and insistent, must in the main pass unchallenged. And, after all, Zuloaga has amply earned the right to depict his country and his countrymen as he may deem fit. He is a Spaniard through and through. He has for years read Spanish character in its most secret and intimate phases, and no one knows better than he that behind the laugh of *cigarrera* and the defiant bearing of *torero* lurks a latent diabolism which has not yet been subdued. Nor does any one realize more clearly that the majority of his own virile, sultry figures are stenciled against a background which still remains sinister and inscrutable.

Such is Ignacio Zuloaga, and such is the art of Zuloaga. With the exception of a stray canvas or so exhibited at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, our citizens have until the bringing to America of the pictures now exhibited had no means of forming an estimate of the work of this powerful and gifted painter. These forty-two canvases represent the most recent and most significant phase of Zuloaga's art, "Mlle. Lucienne Bréval dans Carmen" and "Les Sorcières de San Millán" being fresh from last season's Salon, and being, in fact, the oldest pictures in the collection.

It is the same and yet another Zuloaga who here confronts us. In studying this art, which is at once so austere and fastidious, and so full of native animal grace and nervous ferocity, it must be remembered, first of all, that this man is not a pure and simple realist. There is more ancient Spanish absolutism here than is at first apparent, and considerably more than there was in Zuloaga's work of a few years since. Like Goya, and Daumier, and Millet, Zuloaga's sense of form is primarily creative. While rejoicing in their picturesqueness and fervid actuality, he does not portray these types with painstaking fidelity. His realism is broadly emotional, rather than minute, and that which he gives us is not so much a transcription as a translation. He paints with a species of fierce joy, and the result possesses a tyrannical seduction from which it is impossible to escape. He intensifies, he concentrates, he composes; and this, and this alone, is the secret of an art which has been persistently mispraised and misunderstood. Glorifying in an ancient and pregnant esthetic basis, and refractory to external influences, this resolute Basque has gone his way alone. During the past few years he has wrapped himself still tighter in his native *capa* and is striding along the pathway of art at his own gait.



Ma cousine Esperanza (II)

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He boasts, it is true, a few disciples, but none is in the least worthy to follow in his footsteps.

It cannot be denied that there are certain dangers which inevitably lurk in a method as arbitrary as that of Zuloaga. Gathering, as he does, so much from within and from the ever-present past, it has been difficult for him at times to resist the temptation to repeat certain gestures, attitudes, and scenes. These figures do not always vibrate in unison either esthetic or vital. There are touches of the mechanical here and there, and the hand of the mannerist is sometimes visible. For those who believe above all in the infinite flexibility of external phenomena, there is too much similarity, for example, between certain of the groups of *manolas* leaning upon a balcony rail, just as there formerly was between the seated three-quarter lengths of "Lola la Gitana" and "Pastorita." And, while a certain consistency of feeling should, of course, be maintained throughout, it is possible that the carnal equation has more than once been over-emphasized, for now and then, as for instance in "Lassitude" and "The Old Boulevardier," the scarlet trail of the serpent spreads itself across an art never, indeed, far removed from the by-paths of sensuality.

Zuloaga is in no sense an outdoor painter. His coloring reflects not the coloring of nature, but the seductions of a richly sonorous palette. He manifestly lacks the crisp brilliance of Eliseo Meifrén and the chromatic iridescence of Joaquín Sorolla, whose eye is ever refreshed by the sun, the sea, and the inexhaustible variety of nature. He is innately proud, independent, and sufficient unto himself, and it is just possible that the sudden and wide-spread vogue which he has enjoyed may have bred within him a certain lack of vigilance, an element of that easeful arrogance and superiority which has more than once proved disastrous to the race to which he belongs. And, finally, possessing no such salutary counterpoise as the other men enjoy, there is a possibility of his entering and remaining within that prison-house of passion and fatalism at the doors of which he now stands.

It need not be assumed that this particular attitude toward the later aspects of Zuloaga's art is in any degree academic or suppositious. In the Goyesque "Sorceresses of San Millán" is ample proof of this growing diabolic tendency, and he is, furthermore, working upon several themes of a kindred nature. He recently substituted for the bespangled attractions of the Macrena the purple vineyards of La



L'actrice Pilar Soler



Rioja, where he was engaged in painting the swarthy vintners celebrating their local saturnalia, while still another departure is that poignant conception entitled "The Penitents," which is full of dramatic, sanguinary exaltation. Most significant of all are, however, two compositions which he has barely planned. One is called "The Victim," and shows a miserable disemboweled charger being led from the bull-ring by an Andalusian picador with the cruel, indifferent profile of a Nero, while just above him one catches sight of a couple of *manolas* in white mantillas, their penciled eyes flashing, their painted lips breaking into heartless laughter. The other subject, which is known as "The Processional," discloses a long file of pilgrims in the rugged mountains of Toledo on Resurrection Day, bearing crosses, banners, and flaring candles, the priests bending forward under the weight of their vestments, the whole scene bathed in livid yellow mist, and each frenzied face eagerly awaiting the miracle of miracles.

It cannot fail to be obvious that art such as this has little to do with the accepted conventions of today. It goes deeper into the past and looks further into the future than most current production, and it is needless to expect that the painter who spends his time in the solemn nave of San Juan de los Caballeros

or behind the grim walls of La Canonjia is going to make any sort of compromise with advanced modernism. Zuloaga frankly admits that when these two latter canvases are finished they will merely offer the critics of Madrid another opportunity to attack him, and he is undoubtedly accurate in his prognostications. For, like most of his countrymen, they are still steeped in Fortunyism, are still attending "The Spanish Marriage" or dreaming in "The Garden of the Poets," whereas this fearless young montañés is reviving as best he can an older and a braver tradition—a tradition which began with Ribera and which, fortunately, did not end, as many thought it had, with Francisco Goya. In a sense the entire evolution of Spanish society is symbolized in the art of Zuloaga. He epitomizes, as no painter of his time has, that pride and chivalry, that ardor and passion, and those dark centuries of cruelty, which constitute the birthright of latter-day Spain. (His work is a reincarnation of the past in terms of the present.) He illustrates better than almost any one the principle of artistic atavism. He is profoundly strong, racial, and national because he has the courage to express himself; and, by expressing himself, he cannot fail to suggest that larger heritage of which he shares but a slender portion.



L'acteur Zambilli

CATALOGUE





L'attente



NOTE

WHEN arrangements were made with Señor Zuloaga for the exhibition of his paintings by The Hispanic Society similar arrangements had not been completed with Señor Sorolla. The pictures arrived simultaneously in New York and in order that their exhibition to American art lovers might not be delayed, an arrangement was made through the kindness and courtesy of the director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, and they were loaned for exhibition in Buffalo. At a later time twelve additional paintings were secured from Señor Zuloaga, and these are presented now for the first time.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF
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New York, March, 1909.





L'anachorète

CATALOGUE

(The artist has given all titles in French.)

- 1 Portrait de la famille d'un toréador gitane
Portrait of the family of a Gipsy bull-fighter

- 2 Portrait de Mlle. Lucienne Bréval dans
Carmen
Portrait of Mlle. Lucienne Bréval in Carmen
Lucienne Bréval is the pseudonym of Lucienne Breunwald, a lyric artist of Swiss birth resident in Paris, who was educated at the Conservatoire and whose principal rôles are La Walkyrie, L'Étranger, Salamambo, Armide, Iphigénie and Ariane.

- 3 Paulette en danseuse
Paulette as danseuse

- 4 Pepillo, le matador
Pepillo, the bull-fighter
The matador is specifically the bull-fighter who gives
the bull the final thrust. Pepillo, 'Joe.'
- 5 Cándida riant
Candida laughing
- 6 Mercédès
Mercedes
- 7 "Buffalo," le chanteur montmartrois
"Buffalo," the singer of Montmartre
- 8 Paulette en costume de ville
Paulette in walking costume
- 9 Les sorcières de San Millán
The sorceresses de San Millán
- 10 Femmes au balcon (I)
Women in a balcony (I)



Femmes au balcon (II)

- 11 Vendangeurs revenant le soir
Vintagers returning in the evening
- 12 Vieilles maisons à Haro
Old houses at Haro
Haro is thirty and a half miles northwest of Logroño. It is one of the chief places in the wine-growing district of the Rioja and has 7,900 inhabitants.
- 13 Toréadors de village
Village bull-fighters
- 14 Portrait de Marthe Morineau en Espagnole
Portrait of Martha Morineau in the costume of a Spanish woman
- 15 Portrait de Madame Bourdin
Portrait of Madame Bourdin

- 16 Portrait de Mr. F.
- 17 Portrait de Mrs. F.
- 18 Portrait de Mrs. F., Jr.
- 19 Portrait de Mr. F., Jr.
- 20 Ma cousine Esperanza (I)
My cousin Esperanza (I)
- 21 Pèlerin
Pilgrim
- 22 Juge de village
Village judge
- 23 Cándida sérieuse
Candida, serious



Le nain Gregorio



- 24 Mèdiant espagnol
Spanish beggar
- 25 Le vieux marcheur
The old 'Boulevardier'
- 26 A St. Cloud
At St. Cloud
- 27 Château de Turégano
Castle of Turégano
Turégano is a historic town of the province of Segovia, on the highroad from Segovia to Riaza. It now numbers 1544 inhabitants.
- 28 Sepúlveda
Sepúlveda, a very ancient town of 2371 inhabitants, northeast of Segovia.
- 29 La Virgen de la Peña

- 30 Pepilla la gitane
Pepilla the Gipsy
- 31 Ma cousine Esperanza (II)
My cousin Esperanza (II)
- 32 L'actrice Pilar Soler
The actress Pilar Soler
- 33 L'acteur Zambilli
The actor Zambilli
- 34 L'attente
Expectation
- 35 L'anachorète
The hermit



Ma cousine Cándida

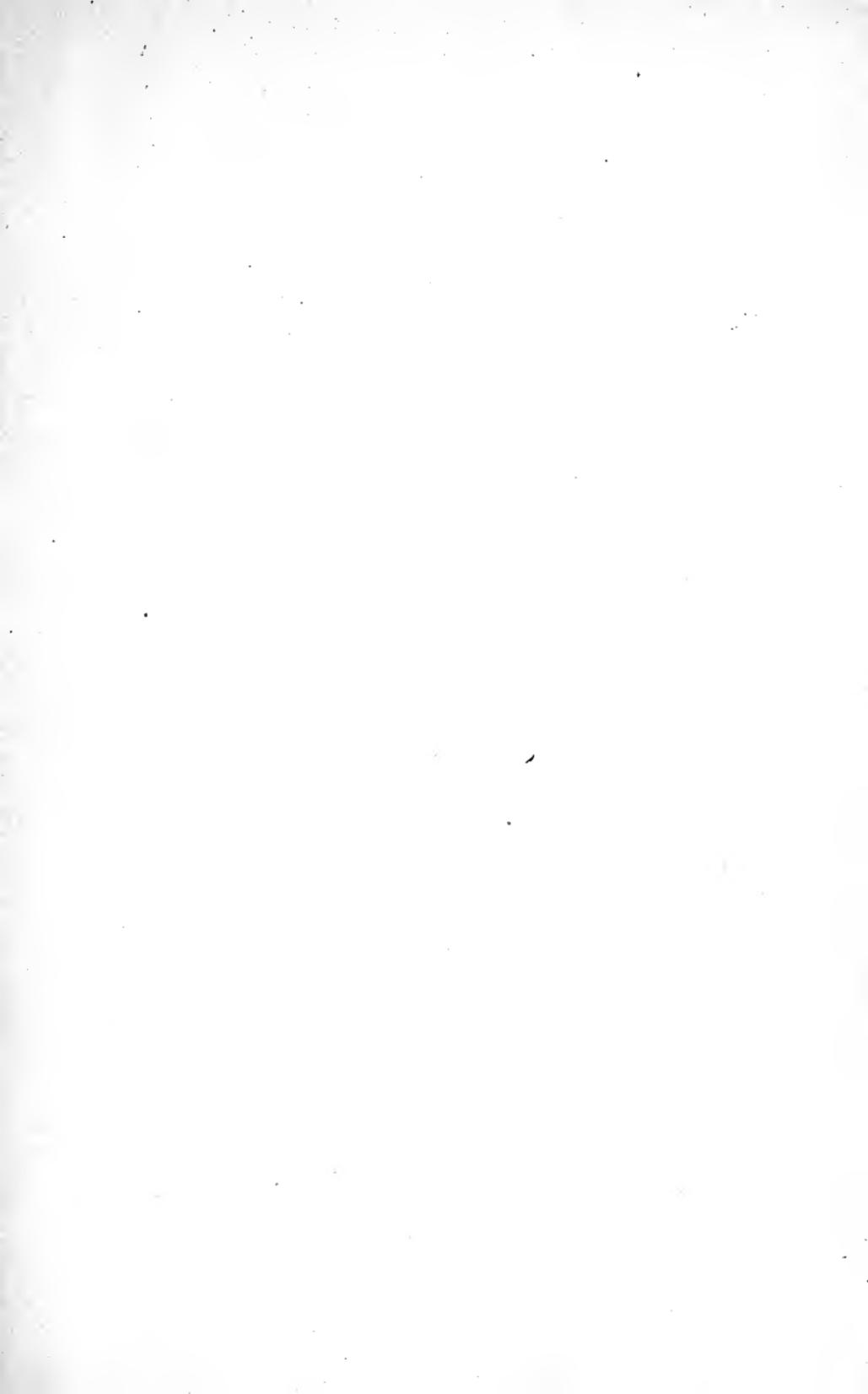


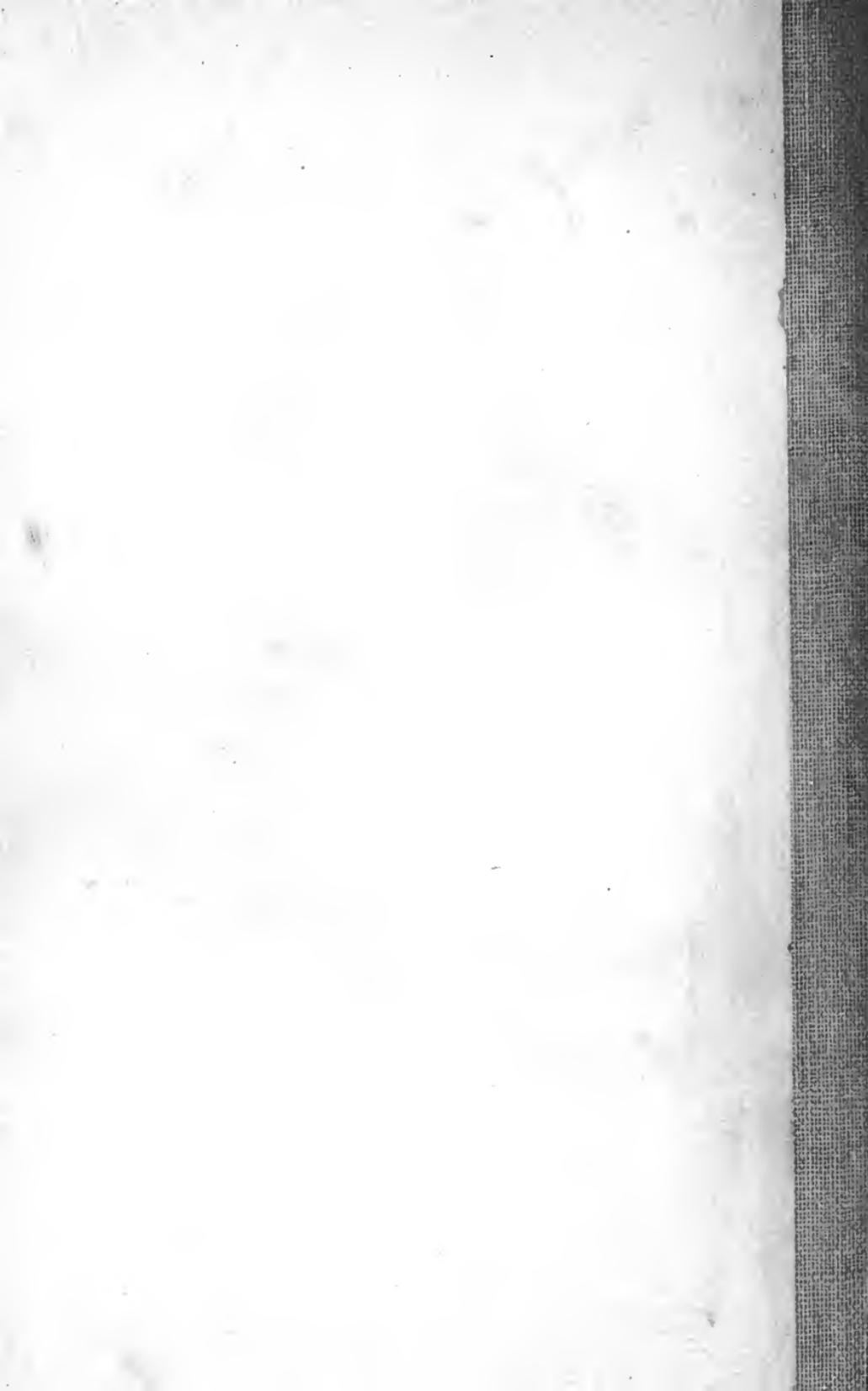
36 Femmes au balcon (II)
Women in a balcony (II)

37 Le nain Gregorio
The dwarf Gregorio

38 Ma cousine Cándida
My cousin Candida







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