



# anglo-spanish Society

Quarterly Review 224 Winter 2009



*in this issue*

*The Sacred Made Real* reviewed at the National Gallery...The Knight of the skies, a tribute to Ramón Luca de Tena y Lazo... *José Pizarro* in conversation...*Letter from Mallorca*... News... Recipe

# from the editor

Reg Charity No. 1080250

**D**on't throw out the baby with the bath-water? As we prepared this redesign of the Quarterly Review, we received some forcible opinions from a few of our readers that "we like it as it is"-but the message of others, veterans and a wave of new members, was that a fresh look will help us reach out and grow as an organisation.

The facts are these. We have used a smaller A5 format from the early beginnings of the Anglo-Spanish Society in the late 1950's. Perhaps after half a century, and in a new millennium, it is time for a change? Not only time marches on, but the Society is marching on, too. There have been major changes in the Society's priorities during recent years, reflecting changes in the business and commercial world, relationships between our two countries, and our own membership. The process started with our conversion into a registered charity; this placed obligations on us which meant that we had to justify our new status. This in turn has stimulated new ideas, including our commitment to giving major grants to students for research into projects of an Anglo-Spanish nature, and gaining sponsorship from Principal Supporters to fund these grants.

At this year's AGM, held at the Spanish Embassy on 20th October, approval was given for the format to be changed to the A4 size you see before you, as part of a series of improvements to the Review's lay-out and content. The aim: to turn it into a true flagship of the Anglo-Spanish Society. We have an editorial sub-committee to drive the content and design of the Review forward, and I am delighted to welcome on board our new Vice-Chairman Jimmy Burns who has a wealth of experience in journalism, Miriam González who is looking after Corporate Members and advertising, and Emily Cooper who is helping with events and reporting.

A special vote of thanks must go to the hard work put into the redesign by one of our new members, Steve Bunn, a technical tutor at the Royal College of Sculpture. He has brought a much needed breath of fresh air to the Review's contents, from cover to back-page. I feel sure that with a team like this, and the support of additional contributors, the Review will go from strength to strength.

This issue, Number 224, contains several items, which you will be familiar with from past issues, especially Arts and Book Reviews, articles on life in Spain, and an article by the recipient of one of our prizes. But there are also new writers and new features, including interviews, recipes, and diary items, and much bolder use of illustration to highlight all the contents in a way that should make this Review more interesting, fun, and easier to read.

We hope you will find this a good read; please let us know. We value your views so write to the Society's secretarial office at 102 Eaton Square, London SW1W 9AN or, better still, email us at

[info@anglospanishsociety.org](mailto:info@anglospanishsociety.org)

Adrian Wright

Editor

Anglo-Spanish Society

102 Eaton Square, London, SW1W 9AN

Tel: 07903 801 576

[www.anglospanishsociety.org](http://www.anglospanishsociety.org)

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CoverDesign:

Steve Bunn after Picasso. Dressed in the flags of both nations, the central character contemplates the contents of this magazine, from the Sacred Made Real to Ramon's plane

# spain today

by Quixote

## *BA/Iberia agree merger*

British Airways and Iberia agree the terms of a merge to create Europe's third largest airline by revenue, one of the biggest deals in the history of global aviation.

The Spanish carrier can still walk away from the merger if it is unhappy with BA's handling of its swollen pension scheme, a stumbling block in talks so far.

But if all goes according to plan, the deal, which requires shareholder and regulatory approval, will be signed in the first quarter of 2010. The new merged company will have its headquarters in London, its chairman will be Antonio Vazquez, currently chairman of Iberia, and Willie Walsh, BA's chief executive will stay on in the top job. 12/11/2009

## *Galacticos down to earth*

Several-times European and Spanish champions Real Madrid, the richest football club in the world (according to the high value of its players), are knocked out of the Copa del Rey by AD Alcorcon, from the Segunda Division B. Alcorcon is a satellite city, some thirteen kms south-west of Madrid, with a population of around 170,000.

The defeat puts an end, for another season at least, to Real Madrid's ambition of emulating its historic rival FC Barcelona's achievement of winning the Copa del Rey, the Spanish La Liga, and the Champions League in one year. 10/11/2009

## *Lorca dig begins*



Archeologists begin exhumation of an unmarked grave believed to contain the remains of Federico Garcia Lorca, the poet and playwright shot at the start of the Spanish Civil War.

The Law of Historical memory passed by the government of Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero in 2007 overturned the 'pact of forgetting' that allowed Spain to draw a veil over the divisions of the past to ensure a smooth transition to democracy, after Franco's death. 29/9/2009

## *Church warns on Halloween*

Spanish Bishops criticise the growing commercialisation of Halloween, and warn that it is threatening to overshadow the Christian festival of All Saints' Day.

José Sanchez, Bishop of Sigüenza-Guadalajara, said Halloween "was not an innocent festivity" because it "has a background of the occult and anti-Christianity." 27/9/2009



## *eBulli goes to Beijing*

Hundreds of Chinese fans crowded into a chic gallery in the Chinese capital to witness a culinary demonstration by the Spanish chef Albert Adria, whose eBulli restaurant is seen as a world leader of the molecular cuisine movement.

Surrounded by spellbound foodies, Adria, brother of the restaurant's head chef Ferran, whipped up 'magical chocolate ice powder', a white caramel dessert in the shape of a thin maple leaf and a layered green tea and mango cookie. 5/11.2009

## *UK broadsheet wins media award*

The Telegraph Media Group wins El Mundo's Reporters World Award in recognition of the international impact of its coverage of the UK parliament's expenses scandal.

William Lewis, the Editor-in chief, accepts the award from King Juan Carlos at a ceremony at the Palace Hotel in Madrid.

The award is granted annually in memory of two El Mundo journalists, Julio Fuentes and Julio Anguita Parrado, who were killed while covering the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, and Jose Luis Lopez de Lacalle, a journalist killed by an ETA journalist. 4/11/2009

## *Domestic violence law toughens up*

A sub-committee of the Spanish Congress studies improvements to the law on gender violence and concludes that being under the influence of drugs or alcohol should not be grounds for defence from a charge of domestic violence. 10/11/2009

## *M & S heads for the Costa*

The UK retail company, Marks and Spencer chooses Marbella as the launch point for a new assault on the Spanish market. It opens a new 1,300 sq metre store for fashion, furnishings, and food.

Much to the dismay of many Spaniards and British expats, the company eight years ago closed its stores in Madrid and Sevilla. 20/10/2009

## *Catalonia calls time on Happy Hour*

Drinking promotions such as offering two drinks for the price of one in bars and nightclubs are banned by the Catalan regional government.

A regional health bill aims at curbing excessive drinking among young people. Premises could face fines of up to euros 6,000 for infringements. 15/10/2009



## To Sir Stephen, With thanks...

By David Brighty

Having had the honour of being Chairman of the Society for rather a long run, and having been the person who persuaded Stephen Wright to be my successor, it seems to me right that I should put on record our gratitude to Stephen for the work he has done in chairing the Society over the past couple of years.



Sir Stephen Wright

I first came to know Stephen in 1968, when I was an assistant private secretary to the Secretary of State and he was a new entrant who had been assigned a demanding desk in the FCO. He was then sent off to be Third Secretary in the British Embassy in Havana, the same post I had held only a few years before. Then Stephen was posted to New York, at a time when I was working in the same city at our Mission to the United Nations.

The emerging pattern that we seemed doomed to follow broadly the same track was then broken, for Stephen's became one of the FCO's specialists in European Union matters and spent most of the next two decades working on EU issues before going as second in command in Washington, the largest of all British embassies. But for his last diplomatic assignment, the old pattern reasserted itself. He was sent in 2003 to Madrid as Ambassador, a post from which I had retired a few years earlier.

Given the length of our friendship, and my respect for Stephen's great abilities, I decided to try to persuade him to become my successor in the chair. I put that idea to the Society's Executive Council, who encouraged me to go ahead. In truth, there was nothing novel in the idea, given that there has been a well established convention that ex-Ambassadors to Spain in Madrid should serve the Society

I suspect that the attraction of harnessing ex-Ambassadors is that they find it easy (or ought to find it easy) to engage with the Spanish Embassy in London, and particularly with the Ambassador, who is ex officio our President and whose personal support is so crucial to the Society's fortunes. Our Society flourishes best when it can engage the interest and commitment of the occupant of that splendid mansion in Belgrave Square.

Stephen decided to accept my invitation, while warning me that he was aiming to find further employment and might sometimes find it hard to give as much time as he would want. In the event he was successful in securing a busy and demanding job in public life. Despite this, he has been unstinting in making time to work for the Society, and energetic in developing further the process of broadening and rejuvenating the membership of our Society.

He and Abbie have been supportive and enthusiastic participants in the Society's events. We thank them both for all they have done, and hope that we shall continue to see them at the Society's gatherings.

Finally, I note that Stephen has fulfilled the ultimate responsibility of the Chairman, which is to identify and recruit his successor, and I further note that he has followed the beaten path and persuaded his successor as British Ambassador to Spain, Denise Holt, to take his place. I am sure that I speak for all when I offer her a very warm welcome.

## Welcome to the new chairman

By Tom Burns Marañón.



Dame Denise Holt

Thanks to Dame Denise Holt the British Embassy in Madrid can now be seen from San Lorenzo del Escorial, in the fold of the Sierra de Guadarrama and from the village of Cienpозuelos as you climb up from the Tajo valley, leaving the Real Sitio de Aranjuez behind you, to gain the Spanish capital's plateau. From the British Embassy in Madrid you look down on cars that look like Dinky toys, see planes stacking up above

Barajas and take in the sun rising like a cannonball halfway to Valencia as the crow flies. Denise has handed over to her successor, Giles Paxman, an embassy that occupies several floors above level forty something in the Torre Espacio, one of four spectacular new skyscrapers in the north of the city that occupy what used to be Real Madrid's training ground.

"Proud about your move, Denise," I asked at an official farewell party as we gazed at the crimson sunset over the Guadarrama's Puerto del León mountain pass. "What I'm really proud about are the people I've worked with at this embassy," she replied. That was typical of her.

Denise is an exceptionally warm person and the embassy staff was from the beginning devoted to her. Spaniards, I think, took longer to take stock of Denise. This was certainly in part because she was the first woman posted by the UK to run the Madrid embassy. In fact I cannot recall any woman heading a big western embassy in Spain. But then Denise arrived in Madrid from being ambassador in Mexico and I daresay that it was there she learnt to overcome cultural, not to say gender and macho, barriers. Mexicans clearly loved her – there was always a sprinkling of them at the parties she hosted – and so, once the initial shock was over, did Spaniards. I put it down to her good Spanish, her bubbly personality, her genuine interest in people and her low key, unassuming style.

# events

In an age of fast travel and instant communication that allows government ministers to meet each other constantly in bi and multilateral gatherings and to know each other well, an ambassador's role has changed. I once asked Denise what kept her awake at night. Settling the Gibraltar question once and for all? Easing the relationship between Tony Blair and José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero? Tipping the trade balance in the UK's favour? She said that what really worried her was the evacuation of hundreds of young Brits bingeing in Ibiza should the macro disco where they were partying suffer a Bali-type terrorist attack.

Denise didn't talk about such a nightmare scenario when she gave a final goodbye party in the residence to her closer friends. She spoke of her love for the poetry of Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer and Antonio Machado. Over the years I have seen off many a British ambassador in Madrid but I'd never heard in their valedictories such genuine warmth and empathy for Spanish culture.

Given that Madrid is one of the highest capitals in the world, you could say that the enduring legacy of Denise's Spain years is that she moved HMG's headquarters higher than they can possibly be anywhere else in the world. The truth is that she left behind the gap that good friends create when they move on.

Dame Denise Mary Holt, DCMG (born 1 October 1949 in Vienna, Austria), née Denise Mary Mills, has recently retired as the British Ambassador to Spain, a post she has held since May 2007.

She joined the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in 1970 as Research Analyst for Spain and Portugal. Overseas postings included Ireland in 1984 where she was First Secretary of the British Embassy in Dublin and where she met her husband David Holt, followed by spells as Head of the Central American Section at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and First Secretary of the British Embassy in Brazil.

In 1993, Holt was appointed Deputy Head of the Department responsible for relations with the newly emerging countries of Central Asia and the Trans Caucasus. After time out to accompany her husband on his final posting, to Trinidad and Tobago, she became Deputy Director (later, Director) for Human Resources in the FCO (1996 - 2001). Holt was Ambassador to Mexico from 2002 to 2005, returning to London to create the new post of Director for Migration (2005-2007).

Already a Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George (CMG), Holt was appointed Dame Commander of the Order of St Michael and St George (DCMG) in the 2009 Birthday Honours

## SEASONAL HIGHLIGHTS

### ANGLO-SPANISH SOCIETY CHRISTMAS PARTY

(food, drink, exciting raffle prizes-a fun evening):

Date: Thursday 10 December

Time: 7pm-9pm

Venue: Canning House (2 Belgrave Square, London, SW1X 8PJ)

Price: £25 per person (ticket applications to be received by the Events

Secretary no later than Monday 7th December) [info@anglospanishsociety.org](mailto:info@anglospanishsociety.org) (tel: 07903801576)

### MEET CELEBRITY COOK JOSE PIZARRO AT NEW YEAR TAPAS LUNCH:

Date: Tuesday 19 January 2010

Time: 1pm

Venue: Brindisa, South Kensington (7-9 Exhibition Road, London, SW7 2HE)

Price: £22.50 + service charge. Suggested donation to the Anglo-Spanish Society of £5 (payable at restaurant). Applications to the Society's event secretary by Tuesday 12th January.

### SPECIAL SCREENING OF THE CLASSIC BRITISH TV DOCUMENTARY ON POST-FRANCO SPAIN, A DEMOCRACY HAS BEEN ARRANGED (1976)

Panel discussion by three leading commentators on Spanish affairs: Jimmy Burns, Tom Burns, Robert Graham. Chair: Paul Preston

Date 27th January 2010 Time: 18:00-19:30.

Place: The London School of Economics, Cowdray House (Portugal Street), 1st floor, Cañada Blanch Room, J116, [www.lse.ac.uk/collections/canadaBlanch/](http://www.lse.ac.uk/collections/canadaBlanch/)

## also for your diary

### NEW YEAR CONCERT, PRESENTED BY THE UK-EU SOCIETIES

Wednesday 13 January, 2010

7.00pm to approx 9.45pm

Britten Theatre (Royal College of Music), Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BS

(Nearest Tubes: Gloucester Road; South Kensington; High St Kensington)

Back by popular demand! Another chance to hear outstanding musicians from the Royal College of Music perform a largely European programme. Subject to confirmation, we hope to present a celebrated wind quintet, a harp duo, a Russian virtuoso solo violinist performing Elgar, Ravel and excerpts from Porgy and Bess, a solo pianist, a French trumpeter with piano accompaniment, and - to round off the concert - Romanian soprano Monica Bancos (finalist in this year's Kathleen Ferrier competition) and tenor Tyler Clarke (winner of the opera prize at this year's Les Azuriales international competition at Cap Ferrat) will sing arias and duets from operas by Puccini, Massenet and others. Further details of the programme will be available nearer the date.

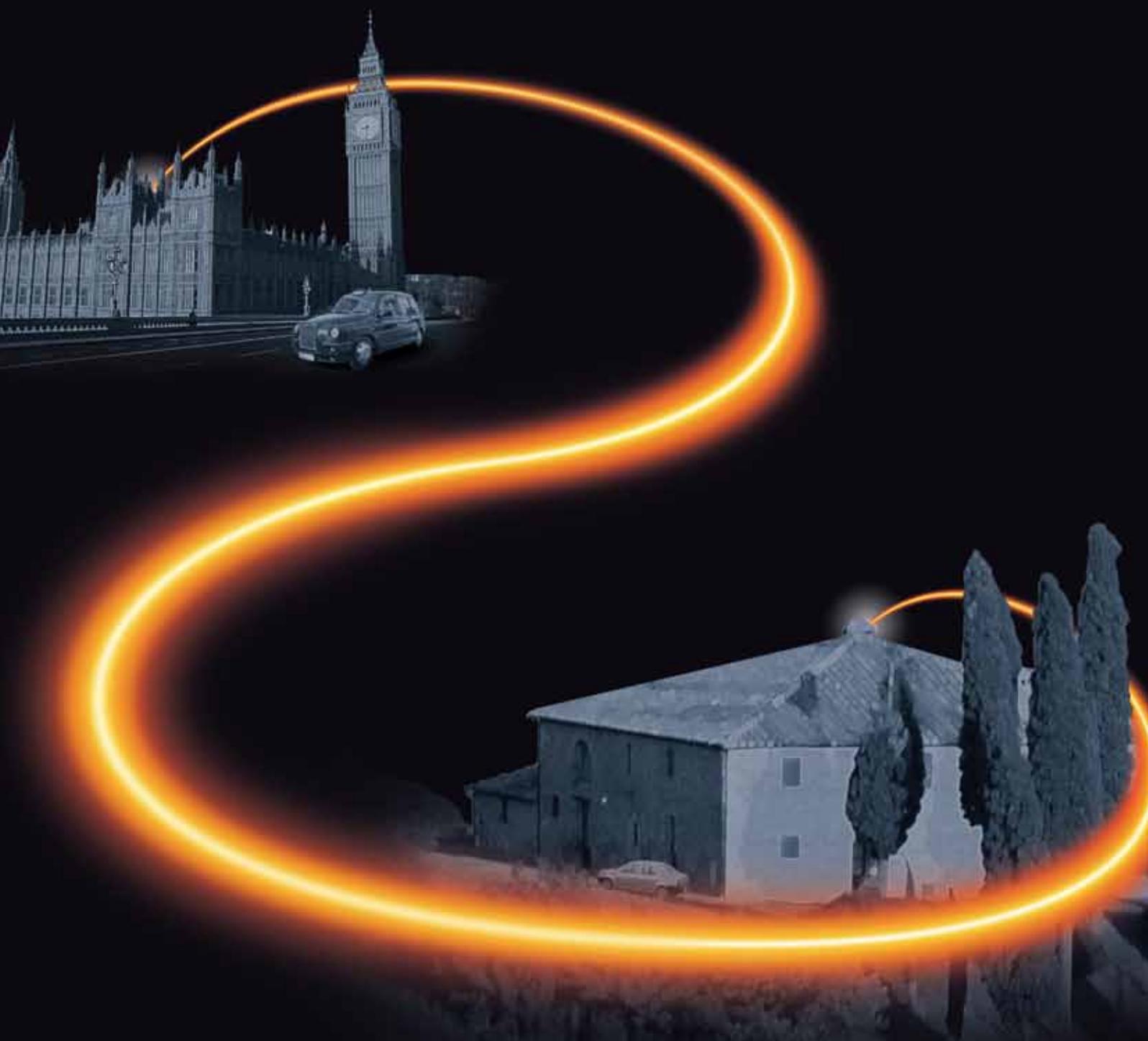
Tickets:

Stalls or Stalls Circle £20\*

Dress Circle £20\*

Upper Circle £10\*

\*a glass of wine in the interval is included in the ticket price. For ticket booking details, please contact the Events Secretary on: [info@anglospanishsociety.org](mailto:info@anglospanishsociety.org) / 07903 801 576



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## Santander to drop Abbey name in January

Like all mergers and acquisitions, all promises to keep the acquired company's name and spirit come to nothing a few months down the line. What happened to USB Warburg Dillon Read? UBS after all.. After management of the target company has been substantially compensated for their sale, and after they've spent the few months de rigeur to simulate continuity, the new owners want their way. They place their people and want returns for their investment –that's why they bought the asset.

Santander is already led by a Portuguese national in the UK, with deeper roots in Madrid than in Britain. His mission is to grow the brand in the country, a land of opportunity as battered banks such as Royal Bank of Scotland (RBS) and Lloyds Group are forced by European competition authorities to shed assets following their multi-billion pound bail-outs.

The Spanish bank has already snapped Abbey, Bradford and Bingley and is mulling more purchases. The wind is also blowing in their favour. British banking couldn't have a worse reputation at the moment, with the general public furious about their taxes financing RBS and Lloyds bankers' bonuses, apart from their restructurings. Trust in two of the biggest UK banking institutions is at an all-time low.

Santander is likely to profit from it, filling a gap for a trusted bank that doesn't seem to exist in the UK anymore. At other times, dropping a brand name such as Abbey would have been a recipe for disaster, in this sometimes very insular country. Santander? Who? Some would have asked about Europe's biggest bank by assets. Bring back good old Abbey!

But things have changed, and the British public just wants a safe place to keep its money. And Santander knows how to sell banking services, and to profit from it. They have the good old habit of checking their clients' records and assessing accurately the risks of a loan –a practice that British banks seemed to have forgotten.

Santander's approach is always measured. A conservative bank by nature, Emilio Botín's fortress has grown by offering good service and by making loans to basically those who don't need them –so they will be able to afford the repayments . They are like the El Corte Inglés of banking. Always reliable, always there –always receiving cash.

\*Elena Moya is a Spanish-based journalist in London, who works at the Guardian as a business reporter. She has worked at Bloomberg and Reuters newswires over the past 11 years, in London. A former Fulbright scholar, Elena has just published "The Olive Groves of Belchite" (Pegasus, 2009) a fiction novel about the consequences of the Spanish Civil War in three generations of women. For more information

[www.elenamoya.com](http://www.elenamoya.com) Elena is also a member of the Anglo-Spanish society.

## A visit to Arundel Castle

Members of the Anglo-Spanish Society who had booked a place on the October outing to Arundel Castle expected to be in for a treat, writes *Adrian Wright*. It is, after all, recognised as one of the great country houses. But few of us, I suspect, could have anticipated the wealth and variety of experiences it offered, including Spanish connections.

Built during the reign of William the Conqueror, it has been the family home of the Dukes of Norfolk for almost 900 years – the oldest in England (they also hold the title of Earl of Arundel). Some of the original castle still survives, but most of it was rebuilt in the late 19th century, though its Gothic style belies that fact. The Duke of Norfolk is the senior lay Catholic in the country, which lead to the anomaly that although, as Earl Marshall of England and Head of the College of Arms it fell to him to organise the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, he was unable to attend.

We started in the Baron's Hall, where there is a triptych by the Spanish School of the 15th century of the Madonna Enthroned flanked by scenes of the Annunciation and Assumption. There is also a portrait of Lord Howard of Effingham who, with Sir Francis Drake, helped to defeat the Spanish Armada.

Elsewhere we saw portraits of the 3rd Duke, uncle of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard (both wives of Henry VIII), Thomas Howard, the 4th Duke, who plotted with Philip II of Spain against the Protestant Queen Elizabeth I, and 'A Spanish Princess' who may be Katherine of Aragon as a child.

Following our visit, we had lunch in the castle, and many of us took advantage of the sunshine to visit the various formal and ornamental gardens attached to the castle. A Big thanks to the Duchess of Norfolk for the invitation to the Society, and to Lady Lindsay and Lady Brennan for organising a wonderful day out.



## The Sacred Made Real

National Gallery, LONDON

by Jimmy Burns

No one who has been to a Semana Santa procession in Spain could fail to be profoundly moved by the occasion. Amidst the *ambiente* created by the crowds, it is the central image being transported through the narrow streets that is most stirring - the Christ figure or Virgin seemingly so life-like, so present, as the image is transported on the shoulders of the *cofrades*, their movement in turn stirring the statue so that its suffering or grief is both terrible and beautiful.

Carried on the shoulders of thirty men during Holy week in Sevilla but now temporarily transported to Trafalgar Square, *Christ on the Cross* by Juan Martínez Montañés, is just one of several stunning images in the *The Sacred Made Real*, the widely acclaimed exhibition of Spanish religious sculpture at the National Gallery.

The hugely talented young curator of the exhibition Xavier Bray has told me of his own personal experience of seeing the image for the first time as it made its way through the crowds, that of seeing "art living".

Nonetheless these are images of religious subjects that were created in 17th Spain, that were accessible to the faithful at the time, a majority illiterate. Bray, the son of an Anglican, admits that simply putting on such an exhibition in the heart of 21st century London can seem like a challenge to the sensitivities of 'pagan protestant England', and he was forced to abandon an early plan to call it 'Blood & Tears', after judging it too sensationalist.

The artists of Spain represented here, moreover, showed an enormous respect for coloured sculptures, something the

English have tended to shy away from, believing that sculpture should be about form not colour, even if the tradition of colouring dates back to Antiquity.

And yet it is precisely the use of colour, including resinous paint and other elements from ox-horn and cork-bark to carved ivory and glass, by sculptors like Montañés and Gregorio Fernández that makes the sacred seem agonisingly real even in the civilised setting of one of the greatest art galleries.

Perhaps, as Bray cheekily suggests, 21st century film buffs, used to the violent images of over-18 movies and those even younger who play on the internet, will be able to absorb the exhibition with less shock than, say, the Victorians or Edwardians. But even a film like Mel Gibson's *Passion of Christ*, which mixes fundamentalist Christian belief with the special effects of a modern horror show, may not prepare one quite for an image like Pedro de Mena's 1673 *Christ as Man of Sorrows*, with a body criss-crossed with cuts, welts, and bruises, and stained with blood and dirt.

Like other exhibits, what is striking is the attention to the smallest details and how this invites intimacy rather than repulsion - the resinous paint coagulating like the blood it is meant to represent, the eyelashes of the Christ made of human hair.

### ***Christ on the Cross by Juan Martínez Montañés, is just one of several stunning images in the The Sacred Made Real***

Lest the more squeamish among you may be put off, *The Sacred Made Real* not all blood and gore by any means. The Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, St Ignatius of Loyola, and St John of the Cross are among those also represented, and the Christ is God made man. It is a rich and wonderful collection of sculptures and paintings, some of which were secluded in churches, monasteries, and convents and have been kept from a wider audience, and which are now brought together for the first time in a display of extraordinary illuminating artistic interaction and profound spiritual meaning.

This wonderfully inspired and bold exhibition is the result of years of painstaking research of Spain's cultural heritage as well as the fruit of some delicate diplomacy with the Catholic





widely known and admired that its equivalent sculptures. Thus Velázquez shows his tortured Christ after the Flagellation looking very much like some of the sculptures on show. Even if, in the painting, we cannot see the oozing lacerations, we can imagine them, with Velázquez's genius ensuring that, like the little child in the picture, we are pointing in our innocence towards something quite unimaginable.

The jury, among art critics, is still out as to whether it is painting or sculpture that draws you into true feeling. But the

***a central thesis of the exhibition is that some of Spain's best-known painters were inspired by sculptors***

Sacred Made Real should fuel faith among the believers and reach out to others looking for a meaning to their lives which they find absent from today's secular society.

As Xavier Bray put it, this exhibition may consciously avoid branding itself 'religious', but the awe and emotion that it stirs among its viewers is equivalent to the transforming experience of an Ignatian spiritual exercise .

Church-its orders, its bishops, and the Vatican-and it shows. For example Francisco de Zurbarán's 1627 Christ on the Cross was originally hung in a friary in Sevilla, and could only be spied upon, at a distance, through a grille. Now it is displayed at the NG, and seen for the first time in Britain, hung and lit in such a way as to make the visitor feel he is in the friary, not in an art gallery. "Hyper-real right down to the last damp tendril", as the art critic Laura Cumming of The Observer puts it , the power of the image never wavering for an instant and yet the illusion it offers is "not of life so much as painted sculpture."

Indeed a central thesis of the exhibition is that some of Spain's best-known painters were inspired by sculptors, even if Spanish religious paintings, until now, have been more

The Sacred Made Real: Spanish Painting and Sculpture continues at the National Gallery until 24th January 2010.

Dr Bray and the National Gallery kindly hosted a private viewing of the exhibition for Anglo-Spanish Society members in November.



## Montañés

### National Gallery, LONDON

There they stand, face to face, challenging each other as the ultimate depiction of Christ, the essence of both God and Man: Juan Martínez Montañés's *Cristo de los Desamparados* and Gregorio Fernández's *Ecce Homo*. These two sculptors square up to each other in Room 4 of the National Gallery's *The Sacred Made Real* like two boxers intent on demonstrating the superiority of their craft. In one corner Fernández, the pride of Castilla, sobriety and restraint; in the other Montañés, 'El *Andaluz Licipo*', passion and death. The *perizomas* or *paños de pureza* (loincloths) give them away: Montañés's a showy, intricate carving, defying gravity; Fernández's a simple, realistic sackcloth (when this was removed for restoration in 1989 it revealed that Fernández had carved genitalia in the expectation that the statue would be shown naked). Both were sculpted within a few years of each other. It's up to you to decide who is the winner.

When the National Gallery in London puts on one of its blockbuster exhibitions it wants the best. When it is trying to show the British public exemplary manifestations of religious art from seventeenth century Spain, one of the indispensable artefacts must be one of the sculptures of Juan Martínez Montañés, the '*Dios de la Madera*' from Sevilla. And his best work is acknowledged to be *El Cristo de la Clemencia*, which belongs to the Museo de Bellas Artes in Sevilla but is to be found in the Cathedral in that city; it is not for loan. The next best thing (but who is to decide?) is this *Cristo* from the Church of the Convent of Saint Angel, of the Carmelitas Descalzos in Sevilla. In November 2008 Xavier Bray, curator of the exhibition, went to Sevilla to see the work and request that it be loaned to the National Gallery. There he met *Reverendo Padre* Juan Dobado Fernández, Prior of the convent and supervisor of the collection of art in Carmelite convents in Andalucía. He proposed to the friars that it should be lent, persuading that it could only be beneficial to be seen in the company of Velázquez, Zurbarán and Murillo, as well as fellow sculptors Fernández and Pedro de Mena (his *San Francis Standing in Ecstasy* from Toledo Cathedral has never been lent before).

In exchange for the loan of the *Carmelite Cristo* to the exhibition, the National Gallery London and the National Gallery of Art, Washington (where it will go afterwards), agreed to subsidise the restoration of an *Inmaculada Concepción* attributed to Juan del Castillo (teacher of Murillo), which had been hanging in the Carmelite Convent in Úbeda on loan. It has now been returned to Sevilla.

On the eve of the exhibition, Rvdo P. Juan Dobado and Rvdo P. Francisco Javier Jaén Toscano, Provincial de los Carmelitas Descalzos de Andalucía, attended a reception at the National gallery and formally handed over their prized possession. They were accompanied by a teacher at the Carmelite School in Córdoba, Eduardo Castillo Flores, who in 1988 had been a Spanish Assistant in Harlow where I was teaching. I was



privileged to be shown round the exhibition by someone so intimately connected to one of the exhibits.

## also for your diary

BRITISH CHRONICLERS OF CONTEMPORARY SPAIN: INTRODUCED BY PAUL PRESTON

Thursday 21 January, 6.30pm Michael Jacobs

Thursday 25 February, 6.30pm Jason Webster

Thursday 18 March, 6.30pm Chris Stewart (All three events at the Instituto Cervantes, London)

FLAMENCO FESTIVAL 2010: FROM FRIDAY 12 FEBRUARY UNTIL SATURDAY 27 FEBRUARY AT SADLER'S WELLS

Flamenco Festival Presentations at the Instituto Cervantes:

Friday 12 February, 6.30pm: Presentation of the Nuevo Ballet Español performance 'Cambio de Tercio' by Rojas & Rodríguez

Friday 19 February, 6.30pm: Presentation of 'Vamos al tiroteo' by Rafaela Carrasco

FILM SERIES: CINEMA IN SPANISH ON THE ROAD: INSTITUTO CERVANTES

Friday 5 March, 5.30pm: No me pidas que te bese porque te besaré directed by Albert Espinosa (Spain, 2008)

Friday 12 March, 5.30pm: Retorno a Hansala directed by Chus Gutiérrez (Spain, 2008)

Friday 19 March, 5.30pm: La vergüenza directed by David Planell (Spain, 2009)

Friday 26 March, 5.30pm: 25 Kilates directed by Patxi Amescua (Spain, 2008)



# history

## Samuel Pepys'

### "Notes on Spain"

By Philip Vaughan

Tangier came into British possession as part of the Braganza dowry. Much effort had been made to fortify the place with a new harbour and large garrison but it had proved indefensible and hugely expensive to maintain. In 1684 Charles II determined to abandon it and since Samuel Pepys had been involved in the original development, the King ordered him to supervise its demolition insisting that Henry Sheeres, the civil engineer responsible for the design, accompany him. Work to remove all military installation was completed in late November. Encouraged by his grasp of Spanish, Pepys determined that they would take a holiday touring in the South of Spain starting with the short sea route from Tangier to Cádiz.

The holiday was not a success.

They went aboard the Montague that day but did not sail until December 6th. On arrival such were the weather conditions that they were still in Cádiz on January 1st and finally reaching Sanlúcar four days later, struggling on to Sevilla by February 3rd - where they were stuck for some 6 weeks. They got no further, and returned once more to Cádiz. Maybe Pepys' intention had been to keep some sort of journal but all we have is a list of terse impersonal jottings entitled "Notes on Spain" about life, as he found it. He was not impressed; he observed: "The labouring Spaniard eats five meals a day and in the greatest part of Spain they eat nothing but what they make out of water oil salt vinegar, garlic and bread, which last the foundation of all." Which could well account for, "The strictness of their law of the Siesta" and "Wives eat below their husbands, or not at all with them", though shamefully, "These women mend no linen either in sheets or towels in ordinary houses. Rather a hole than a patch". The women of Spain seem to have let the side down all round since, "The seve(a) rest women all the year, will hear and talk at almost anything for three days before Lent, and the Husbands bear it". And, as if that were not enough, "Mothers will help their sons and daughters in evil, and neither father or mother think it ill to hear of their son's going a whoring."

With the British garrison at Tangier in mind he was surprised to find it, "Rare to see a Spaniard drunk. So that it is enough to sway the credit of a public Notary to be proved to have been seen in a tavern, and has been done so". Furthermore, "So much drinking is out of credit in Spain (presumably he means on tick) that the taverns are generally the corner houses in streets, that a man may slip in on one side and out the other".

As we know from his Diaries, Pepys was a fastidious dresser, so it is with something approaching approval at last that he notes "A ploughman, or even a beggar that has not shoes on his feet will have slashed sleeves and his lace band sewn to his shirt". Also, "They value any ordinary lace more than the best point and if a man wears but a point, or anything of a

French fashion, they say he is become a Frenchman and will be drunk privately."

So much for appearances. Spain continued its failure to come up to scratch. "There are no bellows made in Spain", hence they have to, "Make horseshoes without fire". They give, "Tawdry frames to their best pictures of great Masters and solemn things". Pepys' long experience as a 17th century civil servant enabled him to recognise that, "Here as elsewhere No Judge will look upon a Client when his cause comes to be pleaded if he do not come and visit him first and desire his favour, and for the most part offer him benefit but thinks himself slighted".

Pepys eventually made it back to England in the Spring of 1685. Later that year John Evelyn mentions a letter Pepys wrote to him in which he refers to the "Saludadors" he had met in Spain, simple charlatans and mountebanks. He was intrigued by "What strange things they would do, as by creeping into heated ovens without hurt etc." They could be easily recognised since "That they had a black cross on the roofe of their mouths, but were yet commonly notorious and profane wretches". Mr. Peyps, being extremely inquisitive of the truth of these pretended miracles of the *Saludadors*, found a very famous one of them at last, whom he offered a considerable award to, if he would make a "trial of the oven, or any other thing of that kind, before him". The fellow ingenuously told him that, "finding he was a more than ordinary curious person, he would not deceive him, and so acknowledg'd that he could do none of these feates realy, but that what they pretended was all a cheate, though the poore superstitious people were imposed upon: yet have these Imposters an allowance of the Bishops, to practice their Juggleings. This Mr. Peyps confirmed to me."

Tangier was finished. The British Navy had its eye on Gibraltar anyway. Captured in 1707 it was ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The above, "Notes" and more, equally uncomplimentary, comments appear at the end of Pepys', "Tanqier Papers".



Rare to see a Spaniard drunk.

Cartoon by Philip Wright

## Under the volcano Mexico City

By Micheal Paddock

*The winner of the Anglo-Spanish Society's Travel Scholarship, a medical student, begins a two-part diary of his journey through Central America in Mexico*



After completing and successfully passing my 4th year exams at medical school at the end of July, I excitedly boarded the plane to Mexico City, my home for the next week.

On Sunday, I explored Mexico City; the city was alive with colour, tastes and smells as I strolled down La Reforma, which housed El Angel de la Independencia and other stunning works of architecture, which reflect Mexican culture and patriotism, towards Insurgentes, the central roundabout, bus station and home to many market stalls during the week

Mexico City, like many other capital cities has pockets of deprivation and contrasting wealth, danger hotspots and venues to suit every budget. The only real difference was a concept I like to term 'Hispanic time'. Apparently turning up 90 minutes late to meet friends and acquaintances is considered the norm and is inherently factored into any rendez-vous. Unfortunately I discovered this the hard way waiting an hour and a half in the pouring rain for friends! In addition to this, I quickly had to accustom myself to eating eggs, refried beans and chilli with every meal, whether I wanted to or not!

After my illuminating week in Mexico City I flew to Monterrey to complete my first clinical placement. I spent 4 weeks in the Clinical Oncology department at the Centro Universitario Contra El Cáncer, Hospital Universitario 'José Eleuterio González', Facultad de Medicina, Universidad Autónoma de Nuevo León (UANL), Monterrey, Mexico.

The oncology department is a new building which houses a state-of-the-art imaging centre as well as a radiotherapy and chemotherapy suites. Monterrey is the capital of the state of Nuevo León and the only city in the state. Access to health-care is limited, with only the Hospital Universitario providing free health-care services in the state. Only certain types of cancer treatment are free to the average Mexican through the government-based insurance scheme, Seguro Popular, comprising comprehensive treatment for the following carcinomas: breast; cervical; endometrial. If you are diagnosed

with another type of cancer e.g. lung cancer, then the patient must pay for all imaging studies and treatment themselves. As most patients simply cannot afford the treatment, the residents tended to give away free drug samples as often as possible to the patients who needed them the most, particularly painkillers.

There were a number of European medical students who

***Access to healthcare is limited, with only the Hospital Universitario providing free health-care services in the state.***

were on placement at the same time as me in Monterrey, each specialising in different departments. I grew particularly close to three Italian medical students over my one month there, Nicola, Alessio and Cecilia. Each were at different stages of their medical training. This made for interesting teaching experiences when discussing different patients and various clinical cases.

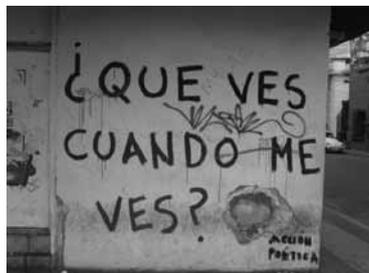
My average day consisted of seeing patients with Oncology residents in outpatient clinics from 9am - 1pm. When the patient entered the consultation room, the resident would give me a brief patient summary and the treatment they had received so far. I would then have the opportunity to ask the patient some questions and examine them. I then reported my findings back to the resident who would note these and we would jointly discuss the next stage of treatment with the patient. The entire consultation was conducted in Spanish. We then had the afternoon free to spend in other departments and I spent this time in Internal Medicine and Infectious Diseases.

The most common cases I saw in outpatient clinics were carcinoma of the breast and it was very common to see late-stage clinical pathology. The reasons for these late stage presentations are multifaceted, the most important of which is lack of awareness of how serious changes in the breast can be and coupled with lack of knowledge and education on breast awareness. Currently a national breast

cancer screening programme in Mexico does not exist. If a woman were to find a lump in her breast she would go to a general physician in her local town where a mammography would be performed in the nearest health centre, either the hospital in Monterrey or a local private imaging centre. Speaking to the scores of patients who attended these clinics, most breast lumps were commonly discovered in the shower where the majority of women believed it to be nothing and hoped that it would go away. It was often the case that



women would not notice any changes in their breast. I was also able to assist in a therapeutic abdominal paracentesis which involved draining accumulated malignant fluid from the abdomen (as a result of late stage ovarian carcinoma) in order to help the patient breathe easier and to assist mobility and pain management.



One of the most interesting aspects of this placement was seeing the more paternalistic model of healthcare provision in Mexico as opposed to the UK or US. Decisions about patient treatment were not

so much discussed, but rather the treating Oncology resident would tell the patient that they were going to enter the next stage of their treatment, almost as if non-compliance with treatment was not an option. I think this was particularly relevant when the resident was aware of the survival rates for different types of cancer at different stages. If a cancer was at a late enough stage and treatment would be not worthwhile or viable, then the resident would discuss palliative care options with the patients.

After spending my final weekend basking in the tropical climes of the Yucatán Peninsula (a fitting way to end ones time in Mexico I feel), I made my way to the airport to fly away for my next adventure in Guatemala.

In 2008, Michael Paddock applied for one of the five scholarships being offered by the Anglo-Spanish Society. At the time, he was in the fourth year of his six-year course at the King's College London School of Medicine.

Although the grants programme was in its first year there were more than forty applications and Michael's was not successful in winning one of the main scholarships. However, he had an outstanding CV which included an MSc (in Biomedical Imaging) at Kent University and an A-Level in Spanish both taken during his training. He also had plans for an elective attachment in Madrid, It was agreed to give Michael a travel grant of £500 to help with his proposals.

In the event, through circumstances beyond his control, the attachment took place in Central America. This has by no means prevented him from developing his subsidiary interest in castellano and we feel that the following report and its successor confirm that the grant has been well spent and that the Society has been able, in a small way, to encourage a most promising career. Michael is still only 23 years old and will complete his medical training next year.

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# Letter from Mallorca

## Acting the Clown

There I was halfway up a rickety, wooden ladder picking lemons

when all of a sudden a huge black dog, teeth bared, came tearing across the orchard and knocked me flying. A second later I found myself lying on the grass, trug in hand, albeit it empty, staring up at a peacock blue sky. Somewhat dazed, I looked up and clocked the damage. Juicy, plump lemons were strewn all around and the ladder lay drunkenly on its side, miraculously still in one piece. My canine mugger surveyed me mockingly, barking loudly and wagging its tail under a tangerine sun. Scrabbling to my feet, I massaged the painful bump forming on the back of my head, and approached the culprit just before he gave a deep, doggy laugh and turned heel. I watched as he bounded off, over a wooden fence, in the direction of our track. There was only one thing for it. I would have to warn Rafael, my nearest, roguish Mallorca neighbour, about the pest. Only last month two of our local farmer's sheep had been killed and a sinister, sheepish-black dog had been sighted leaving the scene of the crime. Rafael's flock of sheep and lambs would be an easy target especially as his fences like ours, were rather low and flimsy.

Under a blazing sun, I strode along the stony, leafy track in search of Rafael. It didn't take long because his raucous rendition of a Gypsy King's number hit me as hard as the pungent smell of wild rosemary outside his open kitchen door. He looked overjoyed to see me.

'Hola Mi Amiga! Everything OK?'

Actually no. I explained that the phantom black dog, now enjoying Hound of the Baskervilles type fame locally, was indeed a reality and had just bounded down our track. He scratched his chin and shrugged.

'Well, we must be vigilant but let's not get too stressed.'

***My canine mugger surveyed me mockingly, barking loudly and wagging its tail under a tangerine sun.***

I eyed him impatiently, explaining that the menace was already in our midst and he should surely call the police, the Guardia Civil, immediately. He laughed and told me to relax.

'Do you know,' he said. 'I've just spent the morning in Palma clowning around.'

'What's new, Rafael?' I said hotly. No. Not that sort of clowning around. What he meant was that he'd enrolled on a clown course to alleviate stress. It took some moments for this to sink in. Then I gave him a waggish prod in the solar plexus



and snorted loudly. He wasn't amused. This was no laughing matter he told me gravely. He'd been having sleepless nights and had felt stressed out. What, with the big-as yet unidentified-black dog killing off

local sheep and the new *burro* in the orchard above, braying all night, he had become a bag of nerves. Furthermore, he informed me, he was now having to rise early to go swimming for his bad back-caused through too much sport of what kind, he didn't specify-and had little time, quite frankly, to help at the family bakery anymore. But what about the rest of his day? Well, he had to eat breakfast, buy the sports daily, call some amigos about social arrangements for the week, meet his girlfriend, have lunch, then a siesta and blow me, if the whole day wasn't almost done. Then he had to shower and get ready to go for drinks in the plaza, share tapas with friends...oh, and he had to feed the sheep and rabbits before all that and hang out his washing in the orchard. The stress had been immense.

So, back to clowning around. According to Rafael the course in Palma was full of equally stressed out individuals, all wanting to learn how to squirt each other with water guns in order

***What he meant was that he'd enrolled on a clown course to alleviate stress. It took some moments for this to sink in.***

to make some kind of sense of their lives. What, I wondered, was the cause of their stress? Rafael admitted that curiously, the other candidates were in high spirits and seemed keener to master clowning techniques than to discuss their stress levels. So were they stressed at all? I mean, were big, as yet unidentified, dogs terrorising their sheep?

'Who knows?' he said, with his hands upturned. 'Anyway, don't you get stressed?'

'Rarely,' I replied.

Yes, but if he were to turn on his garden lights perpetually and play the Gypsy Kings at full volume all night long, I might be. True, I agreed.

'So then, what do you do to alleviate stress?' he quizzed.

'Chat to my favourite Mallorcan neighbour,' I replied laughing.



## José Pizarro

### Head Chef, restaurateur and a culinary adventurer

By Jimmy Burns

A relatively recent arrival on the London social scene, the affable and hugely talented chef and restaurant co-owner (Brindisa) José Pizarro is fast establishing himself as one of the most popular figures

of the new wave of Spanish cuisine. His new book of recipes- 'Seasonal Spanish Food'- was presented this autumn at an enthusiastically attended party at the Spanish Embassy in Belgrave Square. Honoured guests included José's parents from Cáceres to whom the young cook made a moving tribute in his vote of thanks. Here, the society's vice-chairman, the author and journalist Jimmy Burns interviews the cook and discovers this modern Pizarro's philosophy of life.



The Spanish Ambassador (left), José (right) with his parents (centre)

JB: How important are your roots in Extremadura in terms of what you have done and where you are now?

JP: Every person should guide himself by what he has learnt in childhood. My *extremeño* roots have influenced me to be enterprising. My parents taught me tenacity and love for what one does, and that, above all, has allowed me to fight for what I most like-Spanish cooking in the UK.

JB: How would you define the most positive aspects of Spanish traditional cooking?

JP: Healthy, simple, and tasty.

JB: What novelty do you like bringing to the traditional and why?

JP: Perhaps the different cooking times, and the attempt to mix different tastes and textures.

JB: What do you most admire about Old Spain?

JP: The passion we feel for what we identify as ours

JB: What do you most admire about New Spain?

JP: The courage shown by a new generation of Spanish cooks and those who appreciate good food. We have opened

ourselves up to the whole world and it's a great responsibility that we have to keep up the high standards that we have achieved.

JB: When you first came to London to live and work, how did you feel?

JP: I felt a rush of energy thanks to the great opportunity there was opening up for Spanish gastronomy, and the realisation that to achieve one's goal of being well judged one needed to work hard. I think we are close to achieving it, if not already there.

JB: What do you like least and like most about life in London?

JP: The truth is that I like almost everything in London. It's a great city with the challenges that all the great cities face you with. I love the cultural diversity, it is a source of enormous personal and professional satisfaction.

JB: What's your definition of the ideal customer?

JP: Someone who likes to spend a good deal of time with friends and family.

JB: If you were stuck on a desert island, and had a choice of two favourite dishes and a bottle what would they be?

JP: My mother's kid stew accompanied by some salad from my father's vegetable garden and a good red wine- Spanish, of course.

\*'Seasonal Spanish Cooking' by José Pizarro is published by Kylie Cathie Ltd. (£19.99p)

## also for your diary

FLAMENCO WORKSHOP

**By kind invitation of Elisa Pérez-Saponi (Elisa Worthington), members of the Anglo-Spanish Society and guests are invited to attend a Flamenco Workshop. With a live guitarist.**

**Born in Sevilla, Elisa Pérez-Saponi is a flamenco dancer and castanet virtuoso who has performed with many of the greatest artists of the genre throughout Spain as well as London, Europe and Hollywood.**

**Date: Thursday 25 February 2010. Time: 6.30pm-8.30pm**

**Venue: Canning House (2 Belgrave Square)**

**Price: £20 per person, refreshments will be served after the workshop.**

**Bookings: contacts events secretary on 07903 801 576 or email [info@anglospanishsociety.org](mailto:info@anglospanishsociety.org)**

## Lleno hasta la bandera

The Cervantes Institute led by its new director Isabel-Clara Lorda Vidal declared a *lleno hasta la bandera* (full house) on October 27th as an enthusiastic audience took their seats to hear the Anglo-Spanish Society's vice-chairman, author and journalist Jimmy Burns in conversation with the eminent hispanist historian Professor Paul Preston on the subject of Burns' new book *Papa Spy: Love, Faith, and Betrayal in Wartime Spain*.

Former British ambassadors to Madrid, Sir Stephen Wright and Dame Denise Holt led a strong contingent of ASSociety members-old and new- among them Burns' sister, Lady Parker, her husband the retired senior judge Sir Jonathan Parker, the Hon. Julia Camoys Stonor, and Guardian journalist Elena Moya, Among those also present were Ramon Gandarias, deputy Spanish ambassador, Olvido Salazar-Alonso, head of the Cervantes Institute's Cultural Events, the journalist and TV producer Patrick Buckley, Bill Swainson, a senior editor at Bloomsbury Publishing, and other British and Spaniards of all ages and professions.

For Burns and Preston, it was the latest reunion in an enduring professional cooperation and friendship dating back to the mid 1970's when the author was studying in the Spanish department of University College, London, and the historian was a central figure in a group of Spanish intellectuals based in the English capital, preparing Spain's transition to democracy. Their latest conversation produced provocative questions and answers about a relatively under-reported chapter in the history of Anglo-Spanish relations.

Ever wondered why Spain remained neutral in the Second World War? After all, Hitler and Mussolini had given Franco ample support during the Spanish Civil War, and might have expected the Caudillo to return the favour by joining with the Axis powers. But Franco declined to get involved, despite the Nazis' best efforts to persuade him otherwise – and it's just as well that he did. "God knows what would have happened if the Axis powers had taken control of Spain," the journalist and author Jimmy Burns told his audience, "It would probably have changed the entire course of World War II."

There were undoubtedly many factors behind the decision, or perhaps indecision, of Franco, his ministers and military. As Burns and Preston, explained, Spain's military had little appetite or capability for further fighting so soon after the Civil War. Equally significant was the British diplomatic and propaganda effort, in which Burns' father Tom played a major role. What did you do in the war, Daddy? is a question that was asked by more than one generation of British children in the 20th century,"said Burns. "But not many of them managed to get a book out of their fathers answers", he added.

Burns' discussion with Preston resembled a roll call of the good, the bad and the treacherous of the mid-20th century - Churchill, the Queen Mum, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene,



from left to right-Bill Swainson(Bloomsbury), Jimmy Burns, Isabel Clara Lorda Vidal, Olvido Salazar-Alonso, Ramón Gandarias, Paul Preston.

Hitler, and the notorious spies Kim Philby and Anthony Blunt to name but a few, all of them connected in some way to the main subject of the book, Tom Burns.

They say that truth is stranger than fiction (if it wasn't journalists like Burns might struggle to find work), and the true story of his father's work as a spy-cum-propagandist would make a more than decent novel. *Papa Spy* tells how Tom foiled a Nazi plot to kidnap the Duke of Windsor, how he manipulated his numerous contacts into doing his bidding or providing him with crucial information, and how he ultimately succeeded in his crucial mission to keep Spain neutral despite being undermined by his opponents within the British government and secret services, Philby included.

As one might expect from a journalist who enjoyed a distinguished career at the Financial Times before embarking on his book, Burns carried out painstakingly thorough research, even gaining access to the Franco family's private archives. The result is a masterpiece of historical journalism that untangles a complex web of intrigue and explains in clear terms a hugely important but largely ignored chapter from World War II.

But Burns' greatest achievement in writing this book is perhaps the way he managed to set aside all emotion and sentimentality, describing with brutal honesty his father's blunders and failings. As the author told his audience, "I loved my father dearly, but this book was all about seeking the truth."

Jonathan Smith is a free-lance journalist and press spokesman for the Cervantes Institute in London  
*Papa Spy: Love, Faith and Betrayal in Wartime Spain*  
 (Bloomsbury) by Jimmy Burns

# book review

## To Bury the Dead

Ignacio Martínez de Pisón

Spanish novelists have lately taken to reality. Manuel Vázquez Montalbán was perhaps a pioneer in discarding Graham Greene's dictum- "reality in our century is not something to be faced"- when in 1990 he published 'Galíndez', inspired on the Basque lawyer and politician who paid with his life at the hands of Dominican dictator Trujillo for his relentless quest for justice and liberty.

Montalbán mixed fiction with historical events. The same path was followed by Javier Cercas, who hit a raw nerve in the Spanish audience with his successful 'Soldiers of Salamis' (Bloomsbury, 2003), in which some real life Spaniards were part of a fictional landscape set in the civil war. And this year he has followed his inclination for history with 'Anatomía de un instante', a well researched reportage- earlier conceived as a novel- on the failed coup d'état in February of 1981.

Fictions based on real life characters and events present ethical dilemmas. The reader with little knowledge of Roman history can enjoy Graves' Claudius or admire Yourcenar's Hadrian without gravely questioning their accuracy. But Montalbán's 'Galíndez' was resented by those who knew his central character and eyebrows were raised on Cercas' recreation of Rafael Sánchez Mazas' travails and of the Republican soldier who presumably spared his life. The historical novel is a genre with a sad twist, far more innocent when based on a remote past.

'To Bury the Dead' raises the opposite dilemma. The reader of Ignacio Martínez de Pisón's book may regret his honesty in not trampling on proven facts and may wish that such a skilled novelist and writer of short stories had resorted to his imagination to look deeper at some of its characters. Loreto Apellániz is a good example. "Son of a protestant minister very well known in the Ebro Valley for his kindness and honesty", Apellániz moved in the 1930's from Bible to Communism, from Rioja to Valencia, where he became a policeman and a murderer.

Martínez de Pisón describes some of the crimes committed by Communists in the civil war and how some of them lost their beliefs after realising that Stalin was not leading anybody to any promised land. On this disappointment he quotes François Fouret (The Passing of an Illusion: the Idea of Communism in the Twentieth Century; University of Chicago Press, 1999): "The believer's enthusiasm would be replaced by the critical eye, and the very events that had illuminated an entire existence would lose their source of light".

Such evocation of the loss of political faith sounds fine, but Apellániz's passage from good Christian boy to despicable thug asks a preliminary question for which a pressing answer

is always needed: what was his enthusiasm made of? De Pisón can not tell us because he chooses not to make fiction out of history. Reading 'To Bury the Dead' we may occasionally regret it but this fine novelist, for whom sobriety is at the core of his writing, is particularly adept to undertake the research on which he draws this book and to write about the civil war in the new century with a commitment to present a truthful portrait of the episodes that he explores.

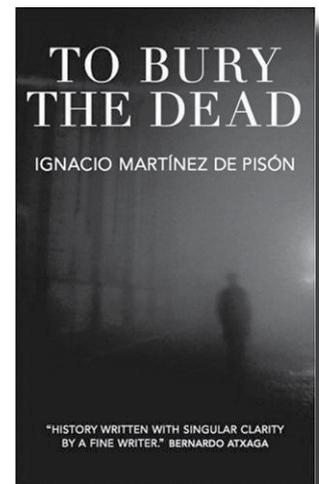
Pepe Robles is a sensible and cultivated man, a polyglot who became friend of the novelist, John Dos Passos. Martínez de Pisón describes Robles' work for the Republic, Dos Passos' shock at the news of his disappearance, the courage of the American in his search for his friend or his killers and the one to one scale politics of writers confronted with truth, ambition, power, life or death, which includes a damning portrait of Hemingway, Alberti and others. All part of a well composed fresco on the Soviet Union encroachment at the hardest edge of the Spanish Republic.

To Bury the Dead

Ignacio Martínez de Pisón

Carnival, 2009

Translated by Anne McLean



## days abroad

***With the same light and warmth which Joaquín Sorolla y Bástida reflects in his paintings, writes Amparo Garcia, we were received by the city of Valencia during the Anglo-Spanish Society's visit to see the painters exhibition from the 29th October to the 1st of November.***

***After touring for two years, the Spain that he captured in his works (Sevilla, Malaga, Bilbao, Barcelona and Madrid) Sorolla has returned once again to Valencia and with renewed strength. The Venue: the stunning new Centro Cultural de Bancaja where the painters works were displayed across two floors.***

***"Sorolla; Visión de España" shows the evolution of the Valencian painter across 48 works including a majority on loan from The Hispanic Society of America and the remainder from Bancaja.***

## A Gourmet Paella

Tendido Cuatro 108-110 New Kings Road,  
LONDON

T. 020 7315147

By Sancho Panza



*patatas bravas* (potatoes), *croquetas de jamón con salsa de tomate y tomillo* (Serrano ham croquettes with tomato and thyme sauce), and *calamares* (deep fried squid).

Encouraged by the smooth house wines on offer, our increasingly enthusiastic party were then treated to some truly majestic *paellas*, delivered in traditional style in large flat pans just at the point at which the water is about to evaporate entirely, leaving the rice firm and succulent in its juices and the accompanying array of added ingredients. *Paellas* made with seafood or poultry were on offer, each as delicious as the other.

For desserts, the assembled were offered a climactic offering of sweet delicacies ranging from *crema catalana* (Catalan custard) to *churros con chocolate*, the traditional staple of every Spanish village *feria*.

***Unmissable experience. Hasta la próxima!..Albert***

***The build up to the paella was an impressive tour-de-force!..Margaret***



A good representative sample of Anglo-Spanish Society members gathered at the restaurant Tendido Cuatro on the 16th September, enticed by the prospect of experiencing one of the best *paellas* in London-and they were not disappointed.

Served by the attentive Mexican staff Jessica and Antonio, the lunch began with an impressive array of tapas created to get the juices flowing before the main event. The specialities of the house included *espárragos a la plancha* (griddled asparagus with catalan romesco sauce), *rollitos crujientes de sobrasada*, *queso de cabra*, *rúcula y miel* (pastry rolls of *sobrasada chorizo*, goat's cheese, rocket and honey), spicy



*Tendido Cuatro* is the latest establishment to be opened in London by the award-winning Spanish restaurateur Abel Lusa and is set to be as popular as his other restaurants *Cambio de Tercio* and *Tendido Cero*. A former waiter himself, Lusa demands absolute loyalty and quality customer service from his black-clad staff, and, from his cooks, only the best that the new wave of Spanish cuisine can offer.

**Cambio de Tercio  
Restaurant**

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# La vida loca



Julia (left) with Valencian friends

Julia Burns, 24 year old, celebrated winning last year's Anglo-Spanish Society's popular Christmas raffle prize (a return Iberia ticket for two ) by flying with her younger sister Miriam (23) to Valencia for a short weekend in October this year.

The demands of work back in London and the necessity of changing planes in Madrid meant a tight if tiring schedule, but the trip proved huge fun for our lucky prize-winner and her travelling companion. Their hosts were two Valencianas, Esther and Elena, two former *au pair* girls who looked after the two sisters when they were children while learning English.

"It was a lovely reunion after so many years, full of memories about when Esther and Elena used to take me and Miriam to play in Battersea Park and how difficult it was to get us back home!", Julia told the Review.

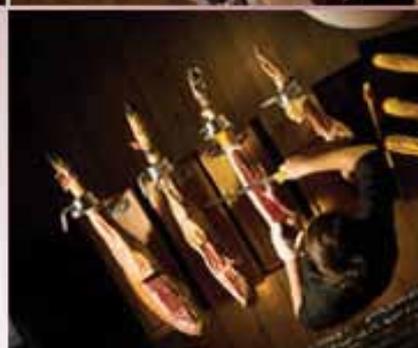
The Valencian weekend was taken up with visits to the old and modern neighbourhoods of the Mediterranean city, clothes shopping, wonderful meals, and an impressive night life.

Recommended: *La Bodeguita del Gato* , a very picturesque tapas bar in a very lively neighbourhood, the *Barrio del Carmen*: "great *pinchos de tortilla* and *sobrasada* and marinated lamb and pork chops". El Mercado Central, Valencia's "very colourful and entertaining food market". *Zara*, one of several "very fashionable clothes shops". *Un Sur*, a very high quality night-club which is cosy and welcoming. "Good DJ sensitive to a variety of musical tastes".

Only downside: "Too many Valencianos smoke".



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# La cocina de mabel

## Piό salad (Antequera, Málaga)

Time of year: autumn-winter



photo: Ignacio Moreno

By Isabel Marañón &  
Mariá-Belén Parker

Serves 6.

*Ingredients: What makes this salad so special is the mixture of flavours ( the salty cod, sweet and sour oranges, and the sweet onion). Is a fresh dish and not heavy at all. Personally, I find it ideal for special occasions. Potatoes can also be added, and is also delicious.*

*The original recipe is done with salted cod, which should be desalted for 12 hours changing the water several times before cooking it, but it can be done with cod fillets as well. When I do it with cod fillets, I cut the cod fillet into pieces and once I have stir fried the cod I fry 4 or 5 pieces of garlic and add it on top of the cod. On the contrary, when cooking desalted cod you simply boil it until its white (2 or 3 minutes and no garlic is added).*

*Without potatoes*

*Peel the oranges and cut them into medium size slices, not too thick, not too thin and put them in the base of the salad bowl. Cut the onions (preferably white) or the cebolletas into small pieces and mix them in the bowl with the orange. Add virgin olive oil, salt, and vinegar. Now if you are using desalted cod just add small bits and pieces (desmenuzado) to the orange. Cover the cod with another layer of oranges and pour olive oil, salt and vinegar. Put some fine cut pieces of onion on top.*

*With potatoes*

*Cook the potatoes in boiling water for 20 or 30 minutes depending on the type of potatoes. Cut them into medium size slices. In a big bowl make two layers. First a potato layer with onions or cebolletas, and pieces of cod. Add salt, olive oil and vinegar. Then add an orange layer with onion intermingled with pieces of cod. Pour some olive oil, salt and vinegar.*

*\*\*\* When cooking this dish with cod fillets you can use the oil already used to fry the cod as a salad dressing, but you may prefer to use raw virgin olive oil instead. It is a personal choice.*

*The original recipe is done with salted cod and potatoes, and is served in the cortijos malagueños in autumn. In the past cod was very cheap and peasants would eat it almost every week. This recipe comes from Antequera a beautiful village on the other side of the Montes de Málaga. The village has been wonderfully preserved and it has one of the most impressive baroque legacies in Spain scattered among its 30 churches.*

Oranges 1 kg  
White onion 2 (or cebolleta - spring onion)  
Cod 750g  
Potatoes 600 g  
Virgin Olive Oil  
Sherry vinegar  
Salt

# obituary

## Ramón Luca de Tena y Lazo

### The Knight of the Skies

27/August/1914-24/October/2009

The death, aged 95, of Ramón Luca de Tena y Lazo in Madrid closes a chapter in the history of Spanish aviation. From a young age, Ramón always dreamed of flying, he eventually flew a whole range of different aircraft, with his smooth landing earning him the nickname '*manitas de plata*' and one of his final wishes was that he be remembered simply as an '*aviador*', an aviator as well as pilot.

He was the last surviving veteran of the Spanish Civil War to take to the skies during the conflict, and also the last of a group of Spaniards who over sixty years ago set out to turn Iberia into an international airline.

He was, above all, a *caballero*, a gentleman in the Spanish sense of nobility and chivalry, gifted with the sense of humour of his birthplace, Sevilla. He never took himself remotely seriously while always made a habit of trying to create gatherings that were both genial and tolerant. Modest and generous, happy and optimistic, he was incapable of bearing grudges against anyone, and was hugely admired and loved by those who grew up with him. His grandchildren were among his greatest fans.

Ramón Luca de Tena, was born on the 27th August 1914, the fifth of seven children. (His father's cousin Don Torcuato Luca de Tena was founder of the ABC newspaper.) He used to speak tenderly and with emotion of a childhood in Sevilla full of light and good cheer. His most treasured childhood memories included the times he and his brothers spent in the ranch of the bullfighter, writer and playwright Ignacio Sánchez Mejías. One of his brothers, Daniel, became a bullfighter, while another sibling, Cayetano, became a writer and theatre director.

In 1931 his father, already a widower, moved his family to Madrid and it was there that Ramón, while studying for university, discovered that his real vocation was that of being a pilot. On the 1st of July 1936 he began his military service in the Montana barracks, and subsequently survived its destruction at the beginning of the Civil War.

On the 23rd August of that year he was arrested together with Cayetano, Daniel, and Rafael, the oldest of the brothers. They were held initially in one of the detention centres run the leftist checas, the so-called revolutionary tribunals in Marqués de Cubas street. He was then transferred to the Modelo prison before ending up in November 1936 in another prison in Díaz Porlier street from which he escaped.

He managed to reach Valencia and from there, Marseilles,



and eventually Paris. In 1937 he reentered Spain though the frontier at Irun and joined the Navarra brigades. In October of that year Ramón was posted to the

fighter squadron in the airbase of Copero in Sevilla, under the command of García Morato.

In 1942, Ramón, as a fighter pilot, fought with the Blue Division in Russia. Of his many war stories, perhaps one of the most memorable was the one that he remembered as a "duel between knights". It involved a long dog-fight in the sky Ramón had with a Russian pilot. Both chased each other across the skies, diving and ducking, in and out of the clouds, for what seemed an eternity, but with neither of them succeeding in hitting his target.

Eventually they both descended to the same altitude and found themselves flying side by side, so near that they could see each other's faces. At that point they both decided to call it quits, and after saluting each other, headed back to their respective bases.

In 1946, Ramón left the air force and joined Iberia. He began his career in civil aviation, flying a Junker-52 which he knew well from his time in the war. His last days as a pilot in Iberia were flying the first Jumbos which were bought by the company and which he flew over from the United States on their maiden flight.

In 1969 he had chalked up 20,000 hours of flying. He retired in 1974 having inaugurated, as one of Iberia's top pilots, numerous new routes to South America. He leaves behind a widow, Ascensión de Bethencourt y Carvajal, six children, and a growing number of grandchildren. His son Ramón, and grandson Ramón are also pilots. R.I.P.

This is an abridged translation of a tribute paid to Ramón Luca de Tena y Lazo in ABC by his son-in-law Tom Burns Marañón.

#### OTHERS WHO LEFT US THIS AUTUMN.....JOSÉ ANTONIO MUÑOZ ROJAS

José Antonio Muñoz Rojas, who died on 29 September 10 days short of his 100th birthday, was a poet and writer who was one of the most important voices in contemporary Spanish poetry. He was a member of the "Generation of '36" and co-founded the cultural and political journal Nueva Revista as well as working on many other literary and poetry magazines.

Muñoz Rojas taught at Cambridge University and translated into Spanish the works of several poets, including William Wordsworth, John Donne and T.S. Eliot. He also wrote several prose works, such as *Historias de familia*, *Las cosas del campo* and *Las musarañas*. He won the 1998 National Poetry Prize and the 2002 Queen Sofia Ibero-American Poetry Prize.



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# and finally...

## BREAKFAST AT THE GARRICK BY *toastmaster*

It was an early start on the 19th November, but ASS members –some of whom had travelled overnight- enthusiastically tucked into a healthy continental breakfast at the Garrick Club prior to their private view at the nearby National Gallery of the 'Sacred Made Real' exhibition, at the hands of curator, Spanish art expert Dr Xavier Bray .The venue, the Garrick's splendid Milne Room, named after AA Milne, creator of Winnie the Pooh, who generously bequeathed part of his estate to a club he considered a second home.



The host of the event, the Society's vice-chairman and club member Jimmy Burns gave a short talk about the Garrick's near 180 year old history from its early beginnings as a meeting place for a small group of actors and their royal patrons to one of the world's most convivial clubs with a membership that now spans the world of arts, diplomacy, law, and business. Guests were then taken on a short tour of the Garrick's splendid 19th Century premises where the spirit of actors like Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard, artists like Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts, and authors from Charles Dickens and William Thackeray to Laurie Lee and Kingsley Amis endure.

## UPBEAT AGM *our correspondent*

The Society has made progress over the last year with a new intake of members and increased resources, its President, the Spanish ambassador Carles Casajuana i Palet told the Annual general meeting in London on October 20th.

Special thanks were conveyed by His Excellency to the Society's principal corporate sponsors for their help in supporting the Society's Scholarship programme in 2009, which saw a doubling in the number of applications received from students,

with one *becario* in the process of publishing a new book.

Retiring chairman Sir Stephen Wright thanked the Spanish Embassy in London for both its "physical and moral" support. The use of the Embassy's premises for Council meetings, the Scholarship Award Ceremony and the popular Summer party, along with the advice and assistance of its staff

led by First Secretary Gonzalo Alvarez Garrido have proved invaluable.

Sir Stephen described the Scholarship programme as the most important and worthwhile activity the Society undertakes. This year there was a significantly stronger interest from Spanish students than from their British counterparts although the Society hoped to equalise the balance by bringing the programme to the attention of British universities in the coming weeks.

Over the last year, 5 scholarship awards were made, with the recipients showing a good balance of subject matter, ranging from research into genetic susceptibility to ovarian cancer to a masters in music composition for screen.

The AGM approved the appointment of Jimmy Burns as Vice-Chairman in support of Dame Denise Holt, the former British ambassador in Spain, who takes up the chairmanship of the Society in the New Year.

A fuller report on the AGM can be viewed on the Society's website ([www.anglospanishsociety.org](http://www.anglospanishsociety.org)) which is showing an increasing readership.

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