Rainbows



Paula Purroy Collection



PAULA PURROY

The colors of the Mediterranean

Barcelona, Italy, Greece... in their miscellaneous essence. Art sheltering whole centuries of motley imprints. I was born there. Embedded in scents of the sea. Shortly after that, the color blue, the shades of green and the concrete made room for the white satiny land of rosemary and holm oaks. Surrounded by the simple existence in a village covered in white cast, I wrote the first pages of my life in stone.

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The figure of the small village teacher, the image of the dry river boulevard crowned by a natural spring of bitter water, the timeless collegiate church with its restored bell tower; these are all images from a childhood no new experience will ever be able to erase. This footprint, sculptured in hot iron on my soul, will be the canvas for the brush strokes of the future.

Many images from those times have remained in my memory.

Even though I was born in that pre-Olympic Barcelona that still had hardly any access to the sea, my childhood took place in Albelda (Huesca), place of origin of my paternal lineage. This village, located in the Catalan strip of Aragon owes its name to the Arabic place name Al-Baida (white village). Its whitish and sandy landscape, so often colored by almond trees, olive trees and holm oaks would coexist with fertile irrigated fields, right next to a water canal that would sometimes carry crystalline, sometimes murky waters which descended straight from the Pyrenear mountains

I still remember my Grandmother (I was 12 years old), sitting by the entrance stairs of the house that three very different, and at the same time very colorful generations shared. Hours would go by, and she would talk nonstop with her friends and neighbors well past midnight. Meanwhile I would walk the village streets with my friends, gossiping nonstop. This is how life would go by, surrounded by simple country people, isolated from the outside world that we barely knew.

That monotonous life, with almost nothing to do, triggered my imagination. I would play new roles on a daily basis, and I would even put on costumes to entertain people around me. By the way, I was very happy. The tile tradition of my village served as an inspiration for me. Ever since I was a little girl, I would play with the flexible red clay mud, applying my own glazing.

Later on, finding inspiration in my father, I started traveling and opening myself up to the world. I was seduced by different cultures and the many diverse landscapes. Thanks to this, I was able to collect new experiences, as well as create new, enriching relationships.

My first big trip was Chile. There, I started to define myself artistically by watching the Atacama desert geysers. I would wake up early in the morning, in order to see the beautiful dawn, which was greeted by excited geysers that would effusively burst. That frame of natural beauty remained imprinted in my eyes forever. There, I decided that I would major in landscape architecture. Also, I decided my creations would be guided by freedom of shapes, inspired by the interpretation of nature.

Volcanoes, glaciers, rain forests... With each new place, and in each of my treasured moments of loneliness, even dancing till the break of dawn in Cuba, my identity grew stronger: it was an act of very personal love.

All decisions in my life have been guided by love, thus far away from any rationality. It has always been my deep conviction that love is the only timeless item in life, in the true sense of this word. This, as well as the fact that by the time I finished university (Architecture, naturally) a major economic crisis reigned over the whole world, pushed me to the biggest decision of my life: going to America. In all honesty, black and white Hollywood movies also somewhat played a role:

Fred Astaire swinging and moving like a prince, Ava Gardner's soul-stirring look, Bogart's rictus of extreme solemnity, amongst others, were calling me. So, at last, I made it to the California coastline.

Ever since my trips have always been a quest for landscapes and shapes that inspire me.

In America, I have found a way in line with my dreams. I have been able to discover and live in New York, as well as bring back my artistic facet, which had been silenced for a long time. Dance, architecture, theatre, photography, all paved the creative way for tile. In tile, I attempt to transport all my creative dreams. Whenever I set off on a journey to see beautiful scenery, I always try to portray this beauty through design. In all my creations, my yearnings and sensations are implied.

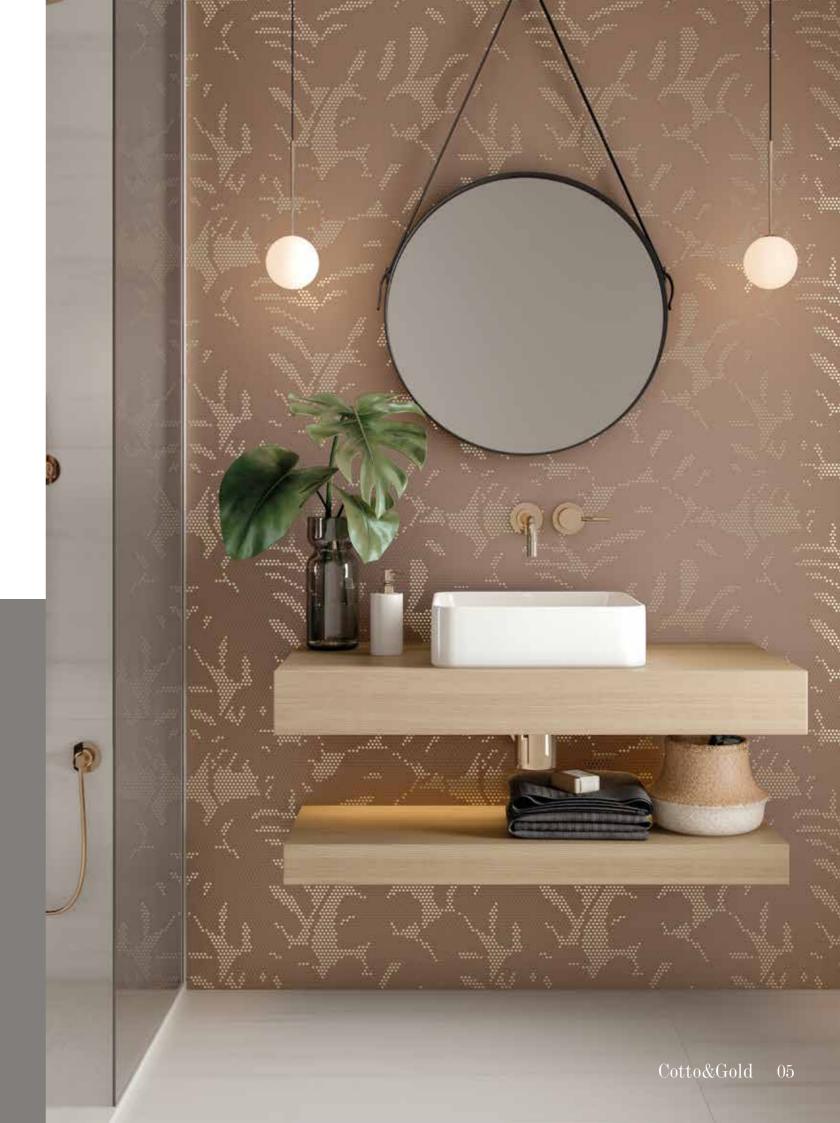
And finally, the time has arrived, yet again amidst a severe crisis: Coronavirus. During this lethal time, my first catalog is born. I hope I will be able to feel and transmit sensations that have been with me during all these years. On a personal level, I have found in art a means of communication: I hope I will succeed.







SPHERES JUNGLE











SPHERES JUNGLE Green&Gold







SPHERES STRIPES





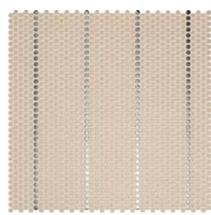


SPHERES
STRIPES
Avio&Steel

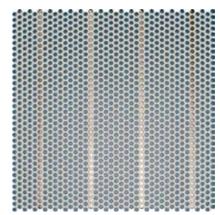








Cipria&Gold 29,5x29 cm / 11⁵/8"x11³/8"



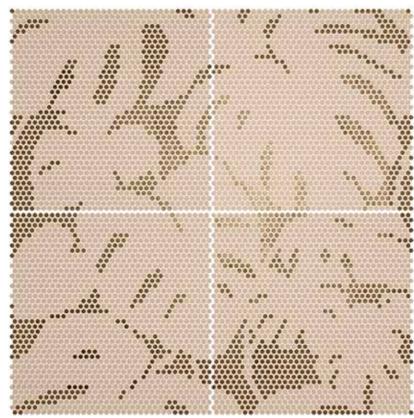
Avio&Steel 29,5x29 cm / 11⁵/8"x11³/8"

SPHERES JUNGLE

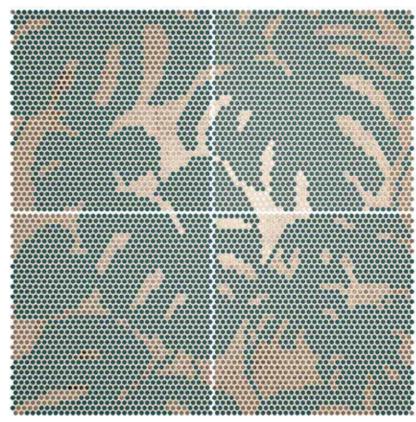




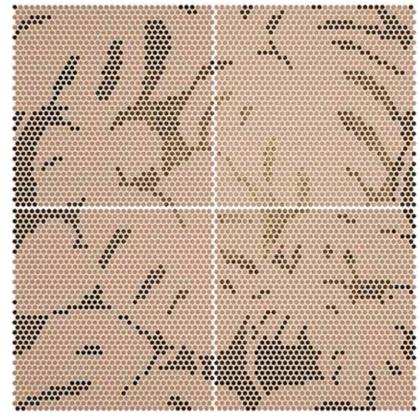
White&Gold 4 Soggetti 29,5x29 cm / 115/8"x113/8"



Cipria&Gold 4 Soggetti 29,5x29 cm / 115/8"x113/8"



Green&Gold 4 Soggetti 29,5x29 cm / 115/8"x113/8"



Cotto&Gold 4 Soggetti 29,5x29 cm / 115/8"x113/8"

STUCCHI



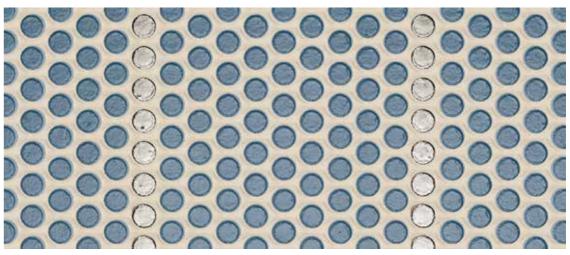
Fugabella® Color

The new Resina-cemento® hybrid technology from Kerakoll.

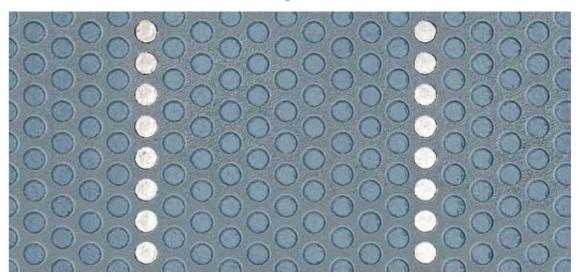
Full, deep, luminous and even colours, with extraordinary solidity and durability.



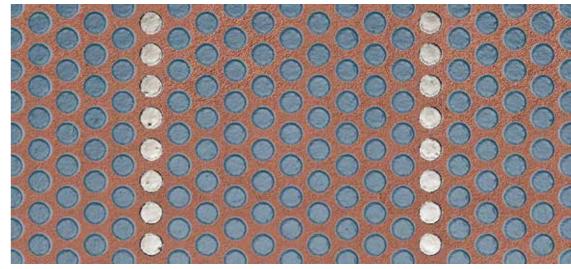




No grout



Tone on Tone grout



Contrast grout

WEIGHT AND SIZES							
sizes	thickness	pcs/box	sqm/box	kg/box	box/europal	sqm/pallet	kg/europal
Spheres Jungle 29,5x29 cm	10 mm	4	0,34	4,88	48	16,32	250
Spheres Stripe 29,5x29 cm	10 mm	4	0,34	4,88	48	16,32	250



Paula Purroy Collection Project: G&CO grafica e colore Print: Grafiche Pioppi

MADE IN ITALY

