Voices and Echoes

Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic

VOICES AND ECHOES

REMINISCENCES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE ATLANTIC

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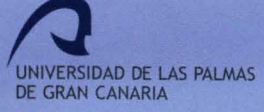


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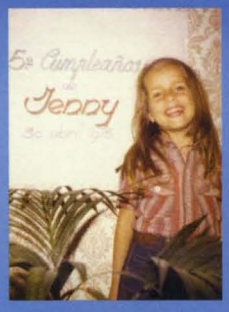

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Due to popular demand, the team at London Metropolitan University, the coordinators of the EuroMed Heritage II project of 'Mediterranean Voices', part-funded by the EU, decided, at the end of the project's original life-time, to re-edit the catalogue/book accompanying the LPGC exhibition of 'Voices and Echoes: Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic', held in the Casa de Colón in 2004/2005.

It is, then, an honour for us to re-present the partner members of the project, and the project itself, this time including Istanbul, to the general public.

The exhibitions were designed to illustrate the project and heighten awareness to the possibility and need for popular participation in the protection of Intangible Heritage in the Mediterranean, to promote 'governance' and inter-cultural dialogue. Each of the partners presents his/her own particular frame on the commonalities and differences of the Mediterranean, pictured from multiple perspectives, and offering a rich mosaic of the day-to-day reality of the region. The co-ordinators in London have pulled together the different common threads of this rich tapestry in their contributions, in much the same way as has been achieved by the overall framework of the main project product, the database ***www.med-voices.org***.

Both the catalogue and the database reflect only a tiny part of what has been an immense project, supported and produced by the local communities in each of the places studied. At times, when the tangible heritage of the Mediterranean is perceptibly endangered due to conflict and lack of rehabilitation and/or preservation, or 'carpet bulldozing', projects such as 'Mediterranean Voices' are vital in protecting erosion to the values which are threatened with extinction, precisely because of their 'intangible' nature.

Lack of tangibility in the modern world is normally equated with lack of economic value. This project is a first endeavour to draw attention to the fact that what makes a place, at one and the same time, different and familiar, what creates a 'sense of place' and 'belonging' in the global village, is the Intangible Heritage. People make or break a community. Projects such as the EU sponsored 'Mediterranean Voices' show that everyone of us can make his/her voice heard and that places are not mere picture postcards to be consumed superficially in a type of 'fast food' cultural tourism. By listening to the voices of the Mediterranean people and entering into their 'sensescapes', cultural tourism in the region will achieve its goal of truly' broadening horizons', both mental and physical. It is up to all of us, through true inter-generational and inter-cultural dialogue, to make this a reality. 'Mediterranean Voices' proves that it is possible.

PRESENTATION

It is true that the Mediterranean Voices are like echoes in the Atlantic but not because the voices are faint from lack of hope. Rather because they are echoes of the past, from afar, of the voices of the first Man who embarked on the road from the West to the East to return, at the Twelfth hour, to the Strait, opposite his home, after voyaging to the land of the Trojans and Tirans, the Punic people and the Romans, the land of those who now look with eyes which cannot see.

Back in time, there were people who dared to say that the sea was theirs. Nobody dared to say the same of an ocean which extended far beyond their horizons. Perhaps the dream of Pope Clement, of the voyagers of Majorca and Catalonia, and of Don Luis himself, were that the Atlantic Islands should be elevated to the category of Mediterranean boats run adrift, but such has not been the case in History.

Although it is true that Juan de Benavides, later fallen into dishonour, traced out such a route without truly making it his own. Another route was traced out by Rubens with his diplomatic intrigues, and Spínola who understood that wars were won with money and lives; and, at the same time, another was presented by Velázquez who painted gentlemen of the court as buffoons, and buffoons as gentlemen, until he understood that everything that is real "transforms into air".

Perhaps at times, with the fatigues suffered by the Ocean, we envy the seafarer who, far from his shores, remembers with nostalgia the simple life left behind, but only when the noise of the "empty vessels" of our long-shared civilisation threatens to drown us with its blind commands.

Mediterranean Voices and their Echoes in the Atlantic will, doubtless, bring to light elements of this shared identity, which is a hidden treasure indeed: the fortune of "belonging" to more than one place.

Pedro Luis Rosales Pedrero
Secretary for Culture and Historical Heritage
Cabildo de Gran Canaria

THE tradition has always been for museums to act as custodians of the Past, of objects and documents of value, so that they may be studied, preserved and exhibited. An object will suddenly become invested with a whole power, capable of catching our attention and producing satisfaction for our curiosity. We can see it and even, on rare occasions, touch it. The magic of that object, and the energy it transmits, for a moment becomes ours: that is the essence of the museum.

Globalisation, and the growing standardisation produced by the new technologies, are gradually gnawing away at our identifying characteristics. Now, more than ever, it is what we cannot see and what we cannot touch, and what is the essence of our way of life and identity, which is becoming important, even vital for the defence of our historical memory. Our intangible heritage, everything implicit to our way of life, has become the invisible object that museums now have to exhibit. By making explicit what is implicit, and by promoting a re-evaluation of our intangible heritage, by preserving it, studying it and exhibiting it, our intention is to underline its vital significance in the process of transmission of cultural references, essential for any community to find its bearings, even in the most troubled waters.

This is the great challenge faced by the museums of the XXIst century: to make the intangible tangible, to tackle the invisible and make it visible. La Casa de Colón and the Cabildo of Gran Canaria have embarked upon this voyage, together with the project Mediterranean Voices, in a first re-discovery of the essence of Vegueta, Triana and the surrounding areas of the Riscos in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria.

ELENA ACOSTA GUERRERO
Director of la Casa de Colón.

As Vice-Principal of the University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, I have been given the honour of writing a few words by way of introduction to this catalogue titled: *Voices and Echoes: Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic* which is part of the EuroMed Heritage II Programme.

The social implication and commitment of the ULPGC is reflected in this exhibition which brings together elements of our recent past, above all, in photos, with our present, revealing, in both, the everyday cosmopolitan and multi-cultural lifestyle of the Canary community.

As will be pointed out by more than one person throughout this catalogue, the participation of the city of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria in this project which analyses the Mediterranean, which is not the geographical location of the island of Gran Canaria, is not the fruit of chance, nor is it a contradiction or by any means incoherent. It is, quite the contrary, the recognition of our cultural implication and importance.

The project interprets the experience of the cultural heritage of the historical centre, above all, the areas of Vegueta and Triana and the surroundings which are not only magnificent examples of built heritage, the houses, museums and religious buildings, but have a history all of their own to tell, a history, moreover, which is closely linked to Mediterranean Spain.

This project, in my opinion, is a magnificent endeavour in that it allows us a greater insight into the everyday life in cities with very different histories but, at the same time, with so much in common. Projects like this will allow us to build towards cities with greater public participation and governance, cities which are more cosmopolitan, more tolerant and, above all, more human.

MANUEL LOBO CABRERA
Vice-Principal of the University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria

THE Department of Art, City and Territorial Planning at the ULPGC is collaborating in the project of Mediterranean Voices in coherence with our constant research into new ways of promoting "public space" whilst looking for new solutions to the problem of turning round our tourist resorts and converting them from blue resorts, stereotyped as 4 "S" destinations, into cultural centres, by using intangible heritage to explore the essence and the "sense of place" of the city of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. The exhibition of *Voices and Echoes: Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic* is the first step along the road of expliciting the implicit of this cosmopolitan community, at one and the same time, open onto the world and closed in upon itself, city and port: people who have survived emigration and immigration alike without losing their bearings.

Mediterranean Voices teaches us to use all our senses, to "see with our ears" and to rediscover a world which we have ceased to value, which we no longer even notice. Our oral testimonies of ordinary people are designed to act as triggers for the memory of some, so that they rediscover a world which is "lost", for others to reveal a world which is "hidden", and to recreate for a whole generation a whole treasure of intangibles which are either totally lost or in danger of extinction. The project analyses the values of shared time, space and historical memory without which no strong community can exist.

The stress of the pace of life in the city makes it difficult to promote urban tourism in any place apart from the historical city centre where the tempo of life is different, the architectural space is designed for people and where, normally, all the museums and traditional cultural institutions are to be found. However, urban tourism can exacerbate already existing problems such as traffic in narrow streets without leaving any perceived benefit. This is even more so the case when the visit is a short "fast food" cultural visit, such as normally occurs in Vegueta. It is difficult for the tourist to get to the essence of the place in such a short time and, above all, when

suffering the usual barrage of encyclopaedic information given. Nor does the local resident benefit from any interaction with the tourist in this guided trip. We all have the right to a better quality of time and space in our cities. We all have the right and the duty to participate in the process of decision making with respect to what to do with our space and time, plus the right to benefit from culture and thanks to culture. The "glocalisation" of Mediterranean Voices, which voices the common aspects and the differing identities of the city of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria and the other partners participating, such as Alexandria, Beirut and La Valletta, in themselves poles which have attracted an immense mixture of cultures, is a bet for the future of intangible heritage as the true road towards the "global village" and a strong and healthy community, sure of where it comes from and knowing where it is going. It is a celebration, like the long after dinner conversations and the "tertulias" or groups of friends meeting to talk, of our idiosyncrasy, of our human condition, of our capacity for remembering, of our space, our identity. The terraced house, the flat roof and the promenade of Triana all form part of our urban culture, of our social life in the city, as is being shown here in this, the first exhibition of Mediterranean Voices.

Dr. Arq. Vicente Mirallave Izquierdo
Director of the Departament of Art, City and Territorial Planning of the University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria

INTRODUCTION

PRIVATISING THE MEDITERRANEAN[1]

INTRODUCTION

The explosion from the early 1960s onwards of urban tourist developments along the northern shores of the Mediterranean and the Canary Islands, much of it unplanned and uncontrolled, was a powerful signal of the region's drive forward into an increasingly privatised world shaped by market forces.

This piece, which reflects on what this privatisation and marketisation amounts to, consists of two parts. The first provides a background for the second by, first of all, recalling some of the key aspects of the historical Mediterranean as these were described in one of the best known and most authoritative publications about the region —*Futures for the Mediterranean Basin: The Blue Plan* by Grenon and Batisse (Oxford University Press, 1989)—, and then adding an observation about Mediterranean cities. This general background provides the setting which allows us to identify some of the radical changes associated with the deepening of capitalism, the growing omnipotence of the market, and the privatisation process in the region.

PART I. FEATURES OF THE HISTORICAL MEDITERRANEAN

The Mediterranean Countryside

Grenon and Batisse identify six main features of the Mediterranean countryside:

The first consists of the environmental diversity of the region. This may be seen in the interplay between mountains (acting as a physical boundary between the region and what lies beyond), pastures on the mountain slopes, the forests, with their chestnut groves and variety of other trees, the villages, with their associated terrace farming, the shrublands (home to birds and other fauna), meadows leading to cultivated crop lands, lagoons and marshes, and the pines on the edge of the sea. The diversity which is to be found in these different terrains and niches may also be seen in another feature of the region's agriculture, namely the practice of what the French

1 This is an abridged version of a chapter under the same title in Boissevain,J. and T.Selwyn (Eds) Contesting the Foreshore, University of Amsterdam Press, 2004.

have termed, *polyculture*: the growing of many different kinds of agricultural products next door to one another.

A second feature consists of the close interrelationship between nature, on the one hand, and agriculture and other productive or extractive practices, on the other: everywhere in the Mediterranean basin, human activity has always been one agent of environmental and geological change. In their *The Corrupting Sea: A study of Mediterranean history* (Oxford, Blackwell, 2000), Hordern and Purcell enrich the insights of Grenon and Batisse on this subject. Writing about terraces and irrigation, they observe that "... terracing and irrigation are represented within the micro-region as strategies of improvement in miniature, part of that symbiosis between (human) production and the environment which is so characteristic of the Mediterranean"

A third feature of the historical Mediterranean identified by Grenon and Batisse follows directly from the first two, and consists of the systematic nature of the region's environment. Thus, for example, the ancient cycle of pastoral transhumance, whereby sheep, goats and other livestock would be shepherded down to the plains in the Winter, where they would give birth in the Spring before being taken back up to the mountain pastures in the Summer, is illustrative of the fundamentally cyclical nature of the Mediterranean environment as a whole: spaces and times of agricultural use and activity followed by spaces and times of inactivity and renewal, the year itself being dominated by a water-cycle fed and regulated by mountains which capture snow and rainfall which they feed to the slopes and valleys.

A fourth consists of the relatively scarce resources of the region–which means that the systematic interrelationship between the various parts of the natural environment and between it and the cultural environment depend to a large extent on the sparing use of those resources. Indeed, as the authors make clear, this is a fact which underlies not only much of the region's agriculture, but also much of its culture. In their words, "... there is a common stock of attitudes and behavior with deep cultural and religious roots. These are related to the realities and features of the environment. For example, agricultural methods made sparing use of the land, soil, water and landscape. (For this reason) food consumption was always tinged with frugality".

A fifth feature in a sense summarises all of the above, namely that it is precisely "the blend of natural and cultural heritage that is the true wealth of the Mediterranean basin".

The authors observe, sixthly, that the very rapid technological, economic, demographic, and social changes in the region in the past half century —of which the growth of tourism and tourism related development has played a substantial role— have placed the environment of the region under threat. One French research report produced in the late 1980s, for example, estimated that 526 types of plant species were under threat of extinction, a fact which in turn had led to the radical reduction, if not actual extinction, of several animal species: the large forest mammals such as bears and lynxes, antilopes, and large birds of prey such as eagles and vultures all being examples.

To summarise: Grenon and Batisse identified six features of the countryside of the historical Mediterranean: its diversity, the micro-level interrelationship between nature and agriculture, the fundamentally systematic and cyclical nature of environmental practices, the sparse resources of the region, the fact that the region's riches are based on the inseparable blend of natural and cultural heritage and tradition, and the fact that all of this is threatened by the rapid technological, economic, demographic, and social changes sweeping through the region.

Using a comparable prism as Grenon and Batisse (and with the sense that Braudel is never far away) we may add some observations about cities.

Mediterranean Cities: Socio-Spatial Counterpoint

One of the most remarkable features of the historic Mediterranean urban landscape has been a distinctive structure of spatial order and economy. This is built upon spaces —public, semi-public, private— in which different individual persons, families, groups of families, and communities may live closely together, simultaneously maintaining senses of difference and coherence, separateness and communality. This is typically achieved, as in the Algiers *casbah*, the Old Cities of Marrakesh or historic Jerusalem or, for example, through subtle combinations of the use of courtyards, which are more or less closed to the streets, openings to roof

terraces, organisation into communal quarters, and so on. In the case of Valletta and the "Three Cities" (as in some quarters of Marrakesh and Istanbul, as in the Ottoman parts of Nicosia) it is partly achieved by the use of balconies jutting out into the street from the upper floors of houses, which give residents (particularly women) opportunities to move at ease between the realm of the semi-public and the private. Such spatial economy and order at the level of the house finds expression at the level of the whole town in such features as historic grid systems, as in Valletta and parts of the towns of the Canaries, and the tendency in historic Mediterranean cities in general for mixed economic use to be linked to residential and working patterns which have not only placed people of different economic and social standing in close proximity to one another but have provided the economic, social, and spatial means for them to move in and through the different spaces of the city with some ease.

There is a quarter of a Mediterranean city, studied by the French urban anthropologist, and *Med Voices* member, Abdelmajid Arrif, which illustrates the above general principles well. This is the area of Marseille located between the *Gare St Charles* and the *Vieux Port*, Belsunce. This is a district of small streets and houses built mostly in the nineteenth century. It is presently home to a culturally rich and diverse collection of people from France, Africa North and South of the Sahara, central and Eastern Europe, China and the Far East, and elsewhere. Belsunce has a lively and diverse economy, including a large covered market (owned by a Jewish proprietor) which is home to numerous small shops owned and run by traders from the Maghreb selling Moroccan wedding clothes. Families from Morocco are routinely to be seen in this market and it is a good example of cross Mediterranean trade, with all the social and economic links which these bring.

There is a very strong argument that areas such as Belsunce provide us with models of ways of life, fundamentally Mediterranean in character, which contain vital lessons for the future economies and societies in and beyond the region. For Arrif, the diversity and range of economic ties running to, from and through Belsunce, in addition to its cosmopolitansim, point towards the long-term viability of "Mediterranean" economic and social strategies.

The general and particular frameworks and processes outlined above are examples of what I would like to term "socio-spatial counterpoint".

PART II: FEATURES OF THE CONTEMPORARY MEDITERRANEAN

Although the development of tourism in the region since the late 1950s has not been the sole driving force behind the increasing privatisation and marketisation of the region, a considerable amount of insight into the increasing advance of capitalism and capitalist relations of production in Mediterranean life may be gained from looking at tourism and its social, economic and environmental implications.

We may well begin, then, by making some generalisations about the role of tourism development in the Mediterranean. All are familiar. First of all, even if not the only one, tourism development was one of the main engines within the region leading to the transformation of semi-feudal to capitalist island economies. Secondly, this transformation was accompanied by the decline in influence of traditional landowners (both local and absentee) and the rise in influence of a combination of development companies, banks, and foreign tour operators. Thirdly, there were at least two accompanying demographic consequences: the movement of indigenous populations from inland areas and island centres to coasts, and incoming migration by hotel and other workers for the tourist industry. Fourthly, the forces of private, speculative and essential *laissez faire* approaches to building have become ascendent. Attempts by local and other public authorities to contain the private interests at work in construction have become increasingly hard. One only has to look at the success in Malta of the Hilton Hotel and its financial backers in building a hotel, apartments, and Marina outside Valletta (described by Boissevain in Boissevain, J. and T. Selwyn (Eds), *Contesting the Foreshore*, University of Amsterdam Press, 2004) when most islanders were against the plan, to see the power of private capital facilitated (as often) by helpful friends in government circles.

In her *Insiders and Outsiders: Paradise and Reality in Mallorca* (Oxford, Berg, 1996), Waldren provides us with a comparable example to that of Boissevain. Pointing towards the ever increasing power of the private construction sector on the island in general, and in its interior in particular, she demonstrates how road building programmes adopted by the regional government of the Balearics have been pushed through at enormous expense. Such projects, as in the hotly disputed widening of the coast road between Deia and Soller, for example, are routinely carried out

in the face of local opposition and informed environmentalist criticism. Hectares of forest, agricultural terrain, and protected natural spaces have been destroyed in the process. Waldren points out that these developments are at odds with the Mallorcan Tourist Board's rhetoric about the desirability of forms of sustainable tourism based upon existing, more traditional, local agricultural economies. And, as she says, the "development" programmes of the island are generally driven by private interests articulated through municipalities and the island's parliament (which) take precedence over collective and/or environmental objectives.

We could find many more examples such as these, each testifying to the spread of capitalism and the growing power of private interests. One of the best and most succinct recent descriptions of the relation between tourism and the spread of capitalist relations in the Canary Islands is the study by Bianchi and Talavera (in Boissevain and Selwyn, op.cit.). They trace the emergence of the contemporary service economy in the village of Playa de Mogan, Gran Canaria, from the agricultural and fishing economy of the 18th century. They identify significant transformations to the island and Mogan economy over the subsequent 200 years or so, pointing out how these are articulated within wider regional and global developments. They then identify the shifting interrelationships between agricultural, fishing and tourism sectors as these react to the changing formation and mode of capital penetration in the island. As far as Canary Island tourism is concerned, they show how the early tourism of the 19th century was linked to export agriculture associated with British capital and merchant shipping. At that time, and up till just before the Second World War, wealthy British visitors were attracted to the luxurious island hotels for their perceived "health giving" potential and the exoticism of the landscape within which they were set. Following the war, a broader constituency of northern European tourists appeared on the islands to stay in self-catering accommodation. Resort development —the "urban tourism" with which we are familiar from other Southern European coastlines at that time— exploded from the 1960s onwards in the Canaries, and this reached Mogan in the early 1980s. Fundamental changes in the village from the 1980s onwards consisted, inter alia, of immigration to the resort of foreign residents and entrepreneurs and the speculative development of urban tourist infrastructure, in some cases driven by Spanish and international consortia

of investors. The capital of these consortia was not infrequently underwritten by public funds managed by public authorities. For Bianchi and Talavera, this is the point at which what they term an "infrastructure of pleasure" emerges, which both "reflects the new spatial and symbolic arrangements of capital through which new sources of value are created in the tourist economy" and which consists of "urban spaces (with) consumption at the centre".

Conclusion

What, then, are some of the more obvious social, cultural and spatial changes associated with the economic transformations described above?

Firstly, families have changed. The entry of women and youth into tourist led economies described by several authors suggests not that the family has broken down but that its members enjoy growing autonomy within previously hierarchically organised kinship structures. The movement from agriculture to tourism and the service economy has involved the dispersal of family members over wider areas, as it has done in many other places in the world.

Secondly, processes of "gentrification" and a subsequent rise in property prices in city centres in the region, have begun to sweep away the kinds of flexible, social and democratic uses of space which, as described earlier, were once characteristic of Mediterranean urban landscapes.

This process, thirdly, has been exacerbated by what may be called the "heritage-isation" of urban spaces, that is the appropriation of buildings and sites by local, regional, national, and international institutions, under the guise of "protecting" and "conserving" these sites. Whilst many of us involved in either constructing or looking at the present exhibition would naturally support such protection and conservation, we would also wish to encourage awareness of, and research into, the extent to which the "heritage industry" is resulting in processes such as the dispossession of poor and local inhabitants (involving the moving of poorer residents out of their city centre homes, for example) and the enrichment of upper-middle class incomers. Areas such as Belsunce in Marseille, the "three cities" in Valletta, Valletta itself, the centre of Palma, Mallorca, with others, are all sites of rapidly rising prices for those

fortunate enough to be able to invest in them. But a "population transfer" of this kind involves a radical change to the character of the cities.

Fourthly, as far as the kinds of features of the Mediterranean countryside identified by Grenon and Batisse, it is clear that coastal tourism related development has radically altered the relationship between people and land. The decline of biodiversity, manifested as much in the decrease of the polyculture, characteristic of the historical Mediterranean, as in the (over) use, abuse, and neglect of the *garrigue*, is both cause and consequence of this changed relationship. It is also clear that the systematic interrelationship between nature and agriculture described by these authors, marked most potently by the seasonal transhumance of sheep and shepherds in the North, goats and *Bedouin* in the South of the region, has been largely replaced by a different sort of seasonality driven not by the needs and life-cycles of livestock but by the dispositions and demands of northern European tourists coming to the region in the summer months. One of the several implications of this kind of seasonality is the enormous demand for food and other resources in the high season. Thus, from being an area characteristically "tinged with frugality", to emphasise the effective phrase by Grenon and Batisse, it has become an area subject to bouts of over demand and over use of resources, particularly water.

In a nutshell, the new landscapes of the Mediterranean are ones shaped by the increasing emancipation of the individual from such overarching social structures as family, communal city quarter, estate, and so on. This is an increasingly privatised landscape in which working class communities of the inner areas of historic island towns and cities are giving way to incoming second home owners. This privatised space flourishes alongside, and within, "aestheticised" and "heritage-ised" space. Under the influence of tour operators anxious about their cultural "products", the tourism industry itself, including the various arms of the "heritage" and "conservationist" industries, thrives off processes of "aestheticisation" mixed with nostalgia for the communal spaces of the past. As for the "natural world", the diversity and polyculture of the historic agricultural Mediterranean is giving way to the homogeneity of the mono-crop of tourism. Many of the historic interrelationships of agricultural practices and social relations are being broken up in the wake of the development of the coastal mode of tourist production. Resources, historically used frugally, are being used up.

We might well end by asking whether the privatisation of the Mediterranean effectively means that the region is being "de-Mediterraneanised".

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THE MEDITERRANEAN VOICES PROJECT: A PERSONAL VIEW

Tourism, as I think all would agree, has had a major impact on the Mediterranean over the past few decades – not only in terms of the changes it has brought to landscapes and to the lives of people, but also, because of the way it enters into and is incorporated into local representational strategies and contests over identity. This is particularly true in relation to "heritage" tourism, and its fascination with monuments and other icons of culture. Thus, guidebooks to Cyprus not only orient the reader in terms of what to see and where to go, but for the past 30 years or so, have represented subtle and not-so-subtle attempts to present a case for the "Greekness" or "Turkishness" of the cultural heritage of the island and, thus, to legitimise particular nationalist and political claims. Likewise, in Bethlehem, the run up to the year 2000 saw a struggle for "ownership" of the Millennium. As the attention of the Christian world focused on Manger Square and the Church of the Nativity, local Palestinians were left out of the spotlight, and the peculiarly local significance of the anniversary to the majority Christian Palestinian population of Bethlehem was forgotten. Meanwhile, attempts to grow a small-scale Palestinian tourism industry have had to cope with problems of dependence on the Israeli state for tourist access in and out of the Territory, and have now foundered completely on the massive destruction and almost continuous curfews of the past couple of years, culminating in the building of the wall, slicing through Palestinian villages and settlements. And in the Canary Islands and the Balearics, the expression of local and regional identities finds itself in contention not only with the national Spanish state and the growing political power of EU "foreign residents", but also with a resurgent eastwards orientation towards the Moslem, Moorish heritage, complicated by the visibility of recent poor migrants and asylum seekers from north Africa – a marginalized population, with few if any rights of citizenship within the EU, whose association in the popular media tends to be with Al-Quaida and the global "war against terrorism", rather than the Alhambra and other glories of the Moorish past. As you would expect in the Mediterranean, which is the world's busiest tourism region, tourism is an extremely significant element in all of these scenarios, but its role is complex and diverse.

Julie Scott

In 1995, the European Union took an important step at the Barcelona Conference in recognizing cultural heritage as "a concrete field of action to enhance the social, cultural and human dimension of the Euro-Mediterranean Partnership".

A further meeting, in 1998, of 27 Ministers of Culture of the EU and MEDA partners further identified cultural heritage as: "a priority field of action, since it is both an essential factor in the identity of each country and a privileged means of facilitating comprehension between the various countries and cultures of the region... The cultural heritage should thus become a tool for a policy of openness, tolerance, peace and stability in the region".

In 2000, the European Union's Euromed Heritage Programme II programme was launched, with the aim of promoting these objectives and linking them with sustainable tourism initiatives in some way.

These aims of the Euromed Heritage Programme chimed with the work of a network of academics and activists across the Mediterranean and a group of anthropologists at London Metropolitan University with long-standing research and personal interests in the Mediterranean. Our interest has been in exploring various aspects of tourism and heritage in the Mediterranean and their relationship to nationalism and other sources of identity. Our concern was with the way tourism focuses on monumental forms of heritage, which more often than not commemorate war, conflict, conquest and colonisation – and say little about the people and how they got on with their day-to-day lives, and each other. With our project *Mediterranean Voices: Oral History and Cultural Practice in Mediterranean Cities* —funded by the European Commission under the Euromed Heritage II programme for three years from May 2002— our aim, therefore, was to record personal memories which tell of the routine pleasures and difficulties of sharing urban space in the historically cosmopolitan cities of the Mediterranean.

The project is innovative in a number of ways. Firstly, from the point of view of the size and extent of the collaboration[1]. Secondly, it differs from the usual methodological approaches employed in tourism and heritage, which use quantitative and survey tools to measure "impacts" on tourist sites and destination communities. The position we start from, in contrast, is that tourism is so firmly entrenched in both the public consciousness and the physical spaces of the Mediterranean, that it

1 Mediterranean Voices is co-ordinated by London Metropolitan University, in partnership with: The Library of Alexandria; University of Bologna; American University of Beirut; Centre for Cultural Heritage Preservation, Bethlehem; University of Crete; University of Granada; Tarih Vakfi, Istanbul; Association d'Anthropologie Méditerranéenne, University of Aix-Marseille; Gençlik Merkezi in Nicosia; Intercollege in Nicosia; University of the Balearics in Mallorca; University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria; University of Malta.

now plays an integral part in the politics of the region at all levels —national, sub-national, local— tourism is something that people think with, as well as think about. This is a point that is frequently emphasised by our partners in Mallorca, which has decades of intimate familiarity with mass tourism behind it. We have to start by looking critically at the heritage as a political/cultural category: what becomes heritage, how it gets selected, what gets left out, and the consequences – and look for answers to the fault lines of power and interests within tourist destination societies, rather than simply focusing on the impacts of tourism as an external factor.

The cities represented in our network offer a range of situations and issues that illustrate this dynamic:

- Marseilles, Ancona and Alexandria, all port cities which are important transit zones for the Mediterranean, despite the declining importance of maritime links for mobility around the Mediterranean;
- Nicosia, Beirut and Bethlehem, just emerging from, or still deeply embroiled in, long years of conflict;
- Istanbul, Chania and Granada, whose cosmopolitan pasts, reflected in the multi-layered heritage of the built environment, are at odds with the dominant mono-ethnic public culture of the present and the attempts of new "ethnic minorities" to find a place within it;
- Ciutat de Mallorca, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, and Valletta, in Malta, where tourism legitimises efforts to "gentrify" sections of the city at the expense of the marginalized communities who live there; and, finally,
- London, a major centre of Mediterranean diaspora communities, and nourished by enduring close links with the region.

In all of these cities, it is the aim of the local project teams to be particularly attentive to the "muted" voices of the Mediterranean, in order both to reveal the neglected "heritage" of the cities, and also to understand more fully the profound changes occurring today. To an extent, therefore, we ourselves have become complicit in the processes of "heritage making", and this is a rather ambiguous position replete with potential practical, ethical and political dilemmas. In the course of the research, local project teams are working with groups immersed in the issues of their locality to find ways in which they can use the material being generated and the potential for

collaborating and forming networks with others facing similar situations in different cities. Some partners are working with tour guide groups to work out culturally sensitive itineraries through the cities and provide material and training for tour guides to celebrate those aspects of the city's life which often do not make it to the pages of guide books. The project is also generating educational material for teaching both third age groups and school children, offering alternative perspectives on the past.

The stories, anecdotes and reflections we have gathered are, on the whole, within the living memory of the various generations, but also encompass stories passed on from long-dead grandparents or great grand parents. Recalling the nicknames by which individuals were known, occasions of feasting, celebration and the sharing of food, the growing sophistication of toys over the generations, and the perennial nature of children's games, the etiquette of courtship and the centrality of music to all kinds of occasions – all these are examples of the intangible heritage which animates the cities of the Mediterranean and of which most visitors remain unaware. The case of Granada illustrates well the depth of the time frames that people employ. Here, the former Moslem quarter known as the El Albayzín is undergoing a process of gentrification and property price rises which have made it a site of contested heritage. "Ancestral memories" going back to the expulsion of the Moors in the fifteenth century are invoked to explain current events such as the construction of a new Mosque in the district, the increasing incidence of conversion to Islam, and the implications of the current "war on terror", for getting on with your neighbours.

Private meets public, and memories meet history, in the major events and conflicts which have become part of the fabric of the cities and of people's daily existence, in the graffiti and shell damage that still marks Beirut, in the increasingly porous border which continues to divide Nicosia, and in the newly constructed wall which closes off Bethlehem. Peacetime reconstruction, and urban remodelling to recreate and relaunch cities such as Marseille and Beirut as a global "brand" have brought further changes, and arguably closed off many of the informal public spaces that were previously so important for promoting sociability in the Mediterranean, through privatising and commodifying leisure and retail spaces. The project has used still images, video footage and sound recordings to document these developments and the ways in which people adapt and respond to them.

The centrepiece of the project is an on-line database which permits you to search and download the various media, together with contextualising information. The material has been divided into seven themes: the individual, living together, work, play, objects, faith, and spaces; and each of these has been further divided into sub-themes. The database can be searched by full-text search using a search string, or according to combinations of theme, sub-theme, place, type of media, or language – it is searchable in all nine languages of the project (English, Turkish, Greek, Arabic, French, Maltese, Italian, Spanish and Catalan). By this means, visitors to the website are able to construct an almost infinite variety of individual journeys around the Mediterranean and its intangible heritage.

As well as the on-line database, numerous exhibitions are planned around the cities of the network, exploring and celebrating aspects of intangible heritage in each of the cities, and also drawing out the connections with the other cities of the region. Here in London, towards the end of the year, we shall be mounting an exhibition on the culture of cinema-going amongst Turkish and Cypriot communities, exploring memories of going to the cinema and the role of cinema in the process of migration and adaptation to living in London. In addition, a number of partners are adapting the material gathered for theatrical productions, musical concerts, radio programmes and documentary films. We shall be holding a final conference to consider the aims and outcomes of the project in Alexandria, in September 2005.

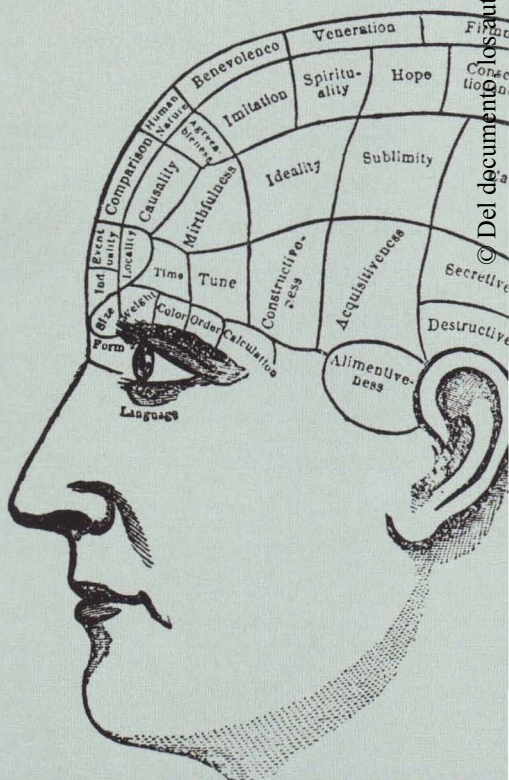
We are about two-thirds of the way through our three years of European funding, and it has been a fascinating and stimulating personal journey for all of us involved. Thanks to the hard work and creativity of our researchers and collaborators, a vast amount of material has been gathered, of which the database represents only the tip of the iceberg. We hope very much that Mediterranean Voices will be an on-going and open-ended project, which will grow, not only as we try to make more of the material we have gathered publicly available in the future, but as visitors to the database enter into a dialogue through the website, and continue to expand the "virtual" Mediterranean they find there through their own memories, stories and insights.

MEDITERRANEAN VOICES

COORDINATORS: **LONDON**

Mediterranean Voices

SMELL		Jasmine and thyme
FRUIT		Lemon and orange
TEXTURE		Marble
SOUND		Traffic and market
SPICE OR HERB		Thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT		Guitar
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE		Olive tree



❶ Raoul Bianchi
Jonathan Karkut
Brigitte Voland

❶

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the website of Mediterranean Voices: Oral History and Cultural Practices in the Mediterranean, a major research project and partnership initiative between London Metropolitan University and 13 research institutions in the Mediterranean basin. This research programme commenced in June 2002 and consists of a three-year ethnographic investigation into the cosmopolitan oral and social histories of 13 historic cites, and in particular, specific neighbourhoods within them. It is an ambitious collaboration, funded by the European Union's EuroMed Heritage II Programme[1], which provides unique access to an interactive multi-media and multi-lingual oral history database.

About the Project

The principal aim of the Mediterranean Voices project is to reverse the customary emphasis given to monumental heritage and to promote an awareness of the intangible cultural heritage of Mediterranean urban landscapes amongst as wide an audience as possible: academics, policy-makers, civil society organisations, educational institutions, and the general public, particularly members of the "Mediterranean diaspora".

The project was developed from the work of three social anthropologists (Scott, Selwyn, Bianchi) working in the International Institute for Culture Tourism and Development[2] at London Metropolitan University and is based on a partnership with a number of different institutions, including universities, non-governmental organisations and independent research agencies, in the cities of, Alexandria, Ancona, Beirut, Bethlehem, Chania, Ciutat de Mallorca, Granada, Istanbul, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, Marseille, Nicosia North, Nicosia South, and Valletta[3]. In each city a team of researchers and IT/digital media specialists are collecting and recording the memories and perceptions of neighbourhood residents. These oral histories embrace a variety of themes[4] including, family histories; memories of places and important events; experiences of mobility and displacement; local folklore, rituals and customs;

1 http://www.euromedheritage.net

2 http://www.londonmet.ac.uk/iictd

3 Links to the Partners' pages

4 Links to section describing the 7 main themes of the project

festivals and holidays; as well as a number of daily practices which are part and parcel of everyday life, working and socialising in these cities and neighbourhoods.

Through its focus on a variety of neighbourhood-based interactions and experiences which are played out in and through story-telling, personal recollections of historic events, everyday social interactions and cultural practices, this project illuminates the diverse, yet often fragile, fabric of memories and relationships which help to shape the meaning and character of Mediterranean urban quarters. The cities and neighbourhoods which form part of the consortium and arenas of activity, are not intended to be in any way representative of a Mediterranean urban "archetype". However, they do share a number of traits or "cultures of urbanism", typical of Mediterranean urban quarters and environments, for example, the dense co-presence of an ethnically and socially-mixed population. In addition, these attributes cannot be understood without reference to the trans-Mediterranean ties of trade and mobility which have historically nourished these fluid and cosmopolitan urban social ecologies.

The ever-present challenge of sharing space and living together constitutes one of the many aspects of personal and collective memory in the Mediterranean city. Mediterranean shores and Mediterranean cities have experienced the presence and movement of populations as a result of social, economic and cultural exchange on the one hand, conflicts, crises and transitions, on the other. However, whilst the Mediterranean sea itself looms large in the life of these cities, having played such a central role in bringing the peoples of the northern, southern, eastern and western shores together —including the archipelagos of the Mediterranean Atlantic' which lie beyond the "Pillars of Hercules"— their populations have periodically turned inwards to face the hinterland. Out of this tension between the sea and the land, comes a unique set of histories and ways of life embodied in the oral histories which have been collected and stored in this unique archive.

Nor, however, have these cities and their urban cultures been immune to the destabilising effects of capitalist restructuring, globalisation, ethno-cultural nationalism, religious conflict, territorial expansion, racism and xenophobia. Fragile inter-communal ties, often forged over generations, and the co-existence of different ethnic groups and religions, has periodically lapsed into division and violence. Thus,

although many of the oral histories presented in this database are testimony to the ethnic, cultural and religious pluralism of the Mediterranean basin, they also offer an honest portrayal of the routine difficulties and periodic conflicts encountered by residents of these neighbourhoods.

The protection of heritage and the celebration cultural identity have also become of increasing concern for various state and non-state institutions alike. Indeed cultural heritage, both monumental and non-monumental —as evidenced by the recent adoption of the Convention for the Safeguarding of Intangible Cultural Heritage by UNESCO[5]— is increasingly envisaged as an integral component in a series of strategies which bring together actors and institutions in the arenas of economic development, heritage conservation and urban cultural tourism. However, these strategies often privilege the monumental, or indeed, élite visions of culture and heritage, thus ignoring the presence of popular oral traditions and cultural practices. There are few, if any, monuments to these aspects of neighbourhood-based interactions which give rise to specific urban identities and modes of belonging. Nor is it likely that they would be either feasible or desirable. Thus, informed by the principles of ethnographic investigation and oral history techniques, the *Mediterranean Voices* project seeks to create a space for the expression of less frequently heard voices which, for a variety of reasons, are often absent or effaced in monumental aspects of urban cultural heritage.

Working in collaboration with certain target groups in each city, including local authorities, neighbourhood associations, cultural and heritage institutions, musicians and artistic associations, museums, non-government organisations, tour guides, schools, and university departments, the collected material is also being used to develop a series of events across the Mediterranean region, including seminars, workshops, conferences, documentary films, and exhibitions, each of which deal with one or more of the principal themes of the project. Whilst each city will host its own exhibition, dealing with issues and themes specific to that locality, a roving exhibition (Shared Spaces in Times of Crises: Memories of Alexandria, Ancona, Beirut, Bethlehem and Split) is planned for the end of 2004 / early 2005, which will explore a number of wider themes which illuminate a number of shared experiences in these five cities, including, mobility, nostalgia, boundaries and shared spaces,

5 http://portal.unesco.org/culture/en/ev.php@URL_ID=2225&URL_DO=DO_TOPIC&URL_SECTION=201.html

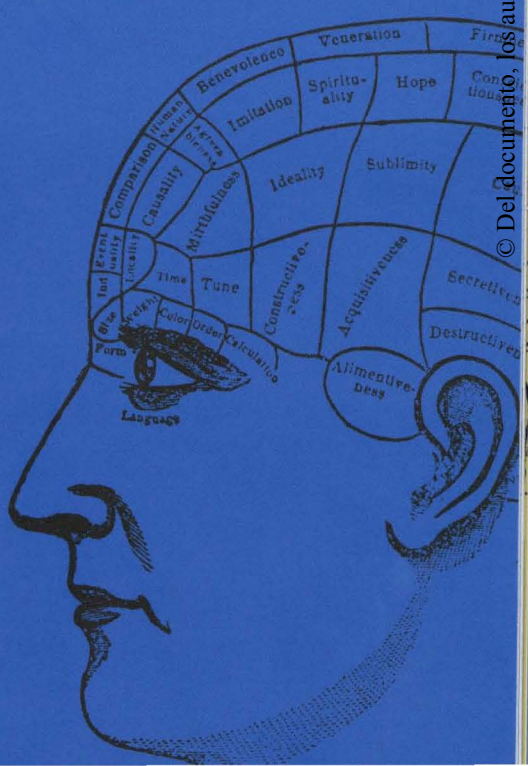
cultural pluralism and cosmopolitanism, globalisation, rupture and the creation of new borders, perceptions of security, identity, perceptions of others, tradition and modernity, ethnicity and citizenship.

In 2005, the project consortium will host an academic conference in Alexandria, entitled Turning Back to the Mediterranean. The principal theme and purpose of this gathering will be to explore the challenge of sharing space and living together in Mediterranean cities, in the context of the ever-present challenges and threats to the multi-ethnic and cosmopolitan character of Mediterranean urban life presented by contemporary geo-political and ideological realities.

THE TEAM AT LONDON

Alexandria

SMELL	Liquorice
FRUIT	Mango
TEXTURE	Fishing net
SOUND	Seagulls
SPICE OR HERB	All types of pulses
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Flute
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Palm tree



Sahar Hamouda

MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - ALEXANDRIA

Alexandria, represented by the Bibliotheca Alexandrina, joined the *Med Voices* project in December 2002. In April 2003, the Bibliotheca assigned the project to the newly created Alexandria and Mediterranean Research Centre (Alex-Med), one of the thirteen centers, institutions and museums affiliated to the Library of Alexandria.

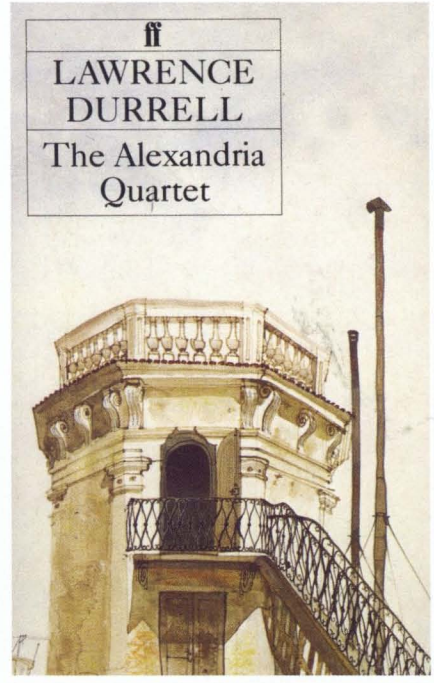
The City:

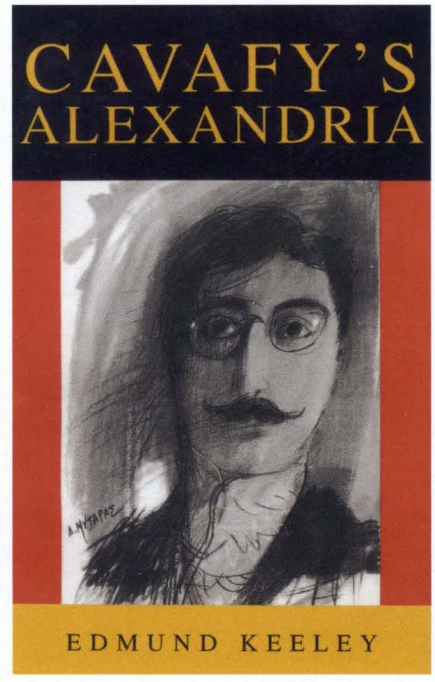
Legendary Alexandria, City of the Imagination and City of Saffron, was for millennia the cosmopolitan city *par excellence*. Founded in 331 BCE by Alexander the Great to be the model of pluralism and inter-cultural exchange, it surpassed its founder's dreams when successive Ptolemaic rulers developed it to become the cultural capital of antiquity. Its lighthouse, the Pharos, has survived as the symbol of enlightenment. The Mouseion (Temple to the Muses) was a research center attached to the Library, and together they drew scholars, scientists, philosophers and writers from all around the ancient world. The glittering three-hundred Ptolemaic reign ended with the tragic but immortal drama of Cleopatra and Anthony, the subject of innumerable works of art. In the Roman and early Christian periods, Alexandria remained a point of exchange and a bridge between Christian faith and philosophy, while, in the Medieval period, it continued to be a crossroads of civilizations.

The nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were another period that won legendary fame. Under the directions of its modern founder, Mohamed Ali, Alexandria grew into a pro-European city that was the financial and cultural capital of Egypt. A safe haven, a burgeoning center of commerce, and the gate of entry into Egypt, Alexandria drew all kinds of people from the Ottoman empire, Europe, Asia and North Africa who settled down into what became their second home. People of all nationalities and creeds lived side by side with each other. Immortalized in Western literature by Constantine Cavafy, E. M. Forster, Lawrence Durrell, Stratis Tsirkas, Giuseppi Ungaretti and Enrico Pea, the modern cosmopolitan city has captured the imagination of writers and travelers since then.

The rupture came in 1956, when the English, French and Israeli attack on Egypt in the Suez War led to the expulsion of foreigners. Waves of exodus followed the 1961 nationalizations: most of the remaining foreigners escaped the growing nationalism and restrictions on enterprise and commerce. Within a few years, Alexandria had lost its multicultural diversity and its polyglot character. This is the period described by Nobel Laureate, Naguib Mahfouz, in his novel Miramar. Many of those who left, however, still yearn for an idyllic Alexandria, the Golden Age they remember in their nostalgic memoirs and semi autobiographical novels. Those who stayed share the same sentiments. Alexandria remains the "capital of memory" that survives in the urban spaces we, the inheritors of this legacy, still move in; in the families that have remained; and in the Egyptian individuals who still remember the experience. But the younger generation is oblivious that another city had ever existed.

The revival of the new Library of Alexandria may play a role in turning Alexandria to face the Mediterranean once more, and in encouraging a return to the enriching experience of cultural interaction.

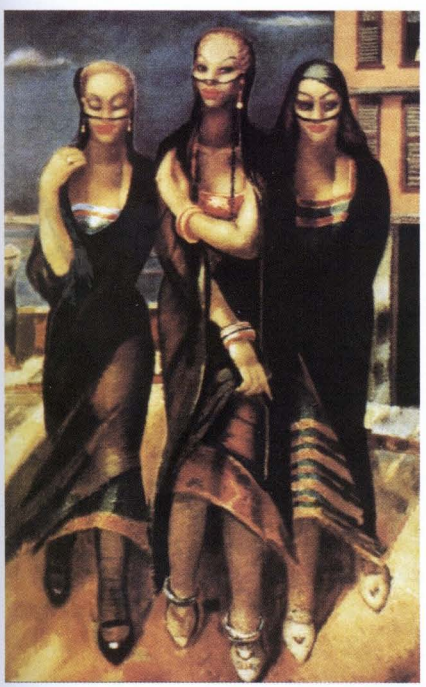




The Methodology:

The experience of Alexandria as a cosmopolitan center may be rather different from that of the other partners. Our experience ended with the rise of nationalism in Egypt in the 1950s and 1960s. Thus, when we talk of Alexandrian cosmopolitanism, we are talking of the past. Because our experience is mainly situated between 1820 and 1960, much historical research has been necessary. The whole socio-political-ethnic map of the city, the country and the region, needed to be studied before the conditions that led to the rise and demise of Alexandrian cosmopolitanism could be understood. Furthermore, many sites have been demolished, place names have been changed, institutions have disappeared. These are all areas that needed to be covered in depth before the experience could be understood, recorded and analysed.

The theme of the city of Alexandria is "Continuity and Discontinuity". There is a sense of discontinuity in the fact that the cosmopolitan experience of Alexandria

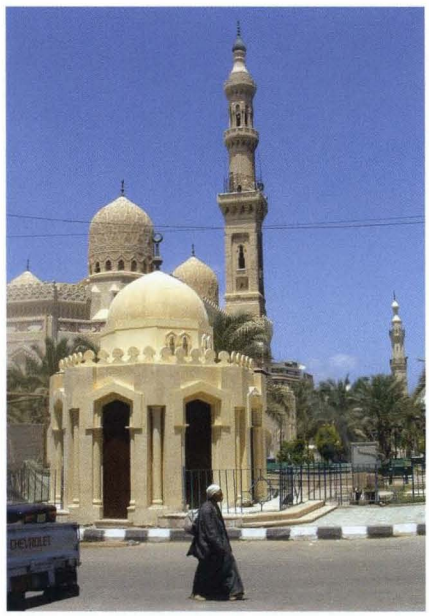


from the nineteenth to the twentieth century did end between the 1950s and 60s. But there is also continuity in the urban spaces that we, the inheritors of this legacy, still move in; in the families that remain; in the food that we continue to eat; and in the Egyptian individuals who still remember the experience.

In seeking to identify those voices that needed to be recorded, we divided them into Egyptians and foreigners. The latter definition is a leftover from the pre- 1937 Montreaux Convention, when the Capitulations were abolished and foreigners had to choose a nationality. Many foreigners, among them the Syrian-Lebanese, did acquire Egyptian passports, but did not really consider themselves Egyptians. So the passport identity seems not to have over-ruled the ethnic identity. Thus, in identifying our foreign interviewees, we have followed an ethnic division. However, since this is not a problem that the Egyptians encountered in terms of identity definition, the Egyptian interviewees were decided upon according to class divisions, vocations and areas of residence. Interviews have been conducted with Egyptians and members of the following communities: Saudi Arabia, Italy, Turkey, Iraq, Greece, Russia, Syria,

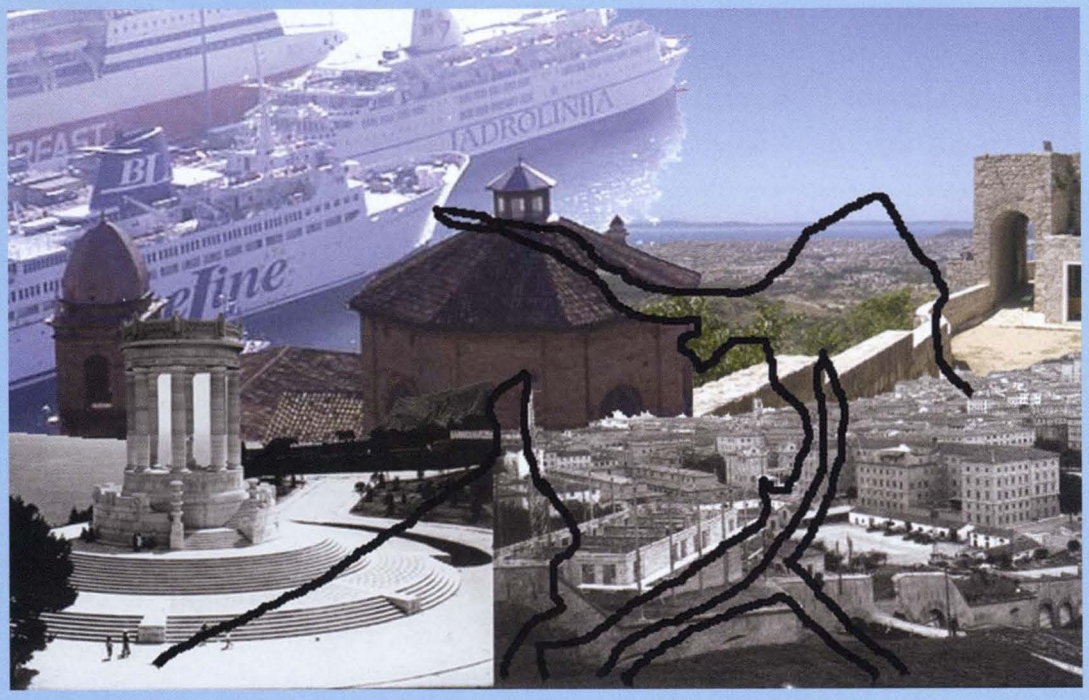
Lebanon, France, England, Switzerland, Crete, Armenia, Malta, Palestine, and from the three faiths Islam, Christianity and Judaism. (i.e. Egyptians and members of 15 communities, and three faiths)

In the course of the interviews, some themes recurred that were specific to Alexandria and were spinoffs from the umbrella themes/icons of the website. They have been equally important in capturing the spirit of the city.

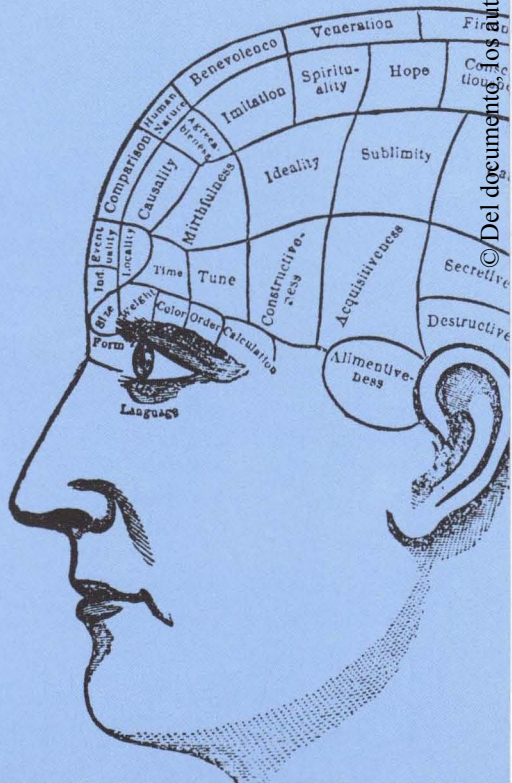


SAHAR HAMOUDA

Ancona



SMELL		Sea
FRUIT		Arbutus
TEXTURE		Sackcloth
SOUND		Foghorn
SPICE OR HERB		Fennel
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT		Accordion
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE		Broom



❶ Frederica Baroncini

❷ Fabio Zuccheri

❶

❷

MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - ANCONA

"By itself, or by analogy" Ferdinand Braudel used to say to his pupils "the Adriatic is a summary of the whole Mediterranean sea[1]". This line quoted by Predrag Matvejevic, a prominent writer born in Mostar (Bosnia Herzegovina), in one of his latest books, indicates very clearly Braudel's approach towards the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. This sentence evokes more than a strong link between the two seas; it gives the idea that there is no difference between them, because, as Matvejevic puts it on another page of the same book, the Adriatic is "a Mediterranean sea in miniature[2]". In this sense, if we agree also with Fernand Braudel's view that the Mediterranean is characterised by "being a crossroad of people, a league of stories[3]", we can infer that the Adriatic is also characterised by a complex mix of people and of their stories, or, in other words, by their "expeditions in the adventures of life", to put it in Miroslav Krleza words.[4]

Solicited by this fascinating approach, we have started our research that is concerned with the memory and history of the changes lived by people in the city of Ancona from the Second World War up to nowadays.

At present the research regarding Ancona has recorded interviews and some video material on five items proposed by the first draft project.

In particular interviews have been focused on the relationship between Ancona and the Adriatic Sea, the role of the sea in the economic history of the city, the role of the Jewish community during the city history, the link between people and the cultural institution of the theatre (Teatro delle Muse) and the characteristics of the young people of the city.

The research team is now working on exploring other aspects of the relationship between Ancona and the Adriatic Sea, and consequently between it and lands of the other coast (Split), through the feelings and the memories of its population.

In this framework, we propose to focus on items described in the following scheme:

1 Predrag Matvejevic, Mondo ex. Confessioni, ideologie, nazioni nell'una e nell'altra Europa, Garzanti, Milano, Italia, 1996. In Italian in the text ("Da solo o per analogia", confidava Fernand Braudel ai suoi discepoli, "l'Adriatico riassume tutto il Mediterraneo")

2 ibidem, p. 153.

3 Fernand Braudel, Civiltà ed imperi del Mediterraneo nell'età di Filippo II, Einaudi, Torino, 1976, p. 237.

4 See Aziz Hadzihasanovic afterword in Raif Dizdarevic, La morte di Tito, la morte della Jugoslavia, Longo Editore Ravenna, p. 515.

ANCONA BY THE SEA

- STRATEGIC LOCATION:
  Greeks *dorici* (ANKON: city on two seas;
  Romans: *romano* port (Arco di Traiano)
  Napoleon: Napoleonic Fort (Fortino Napoleónico)
  World Wars: port as strategic site
  Bombing (old city)
  Refugees (*sfollati*)
  Oil refinery: military goal
- VULNERABILITY:
  Earthquake 1972 (refugees-*sfollati*)
  Landslide Posatora district (*sfollati*)
  War in Ex-Yugoslavia: memory and feelings of Ancona citizens

ANCONA AND THE PORT

- FISHING: fishers and historical districts of "The Arches"
- SAILING: Shipboard school and shipping routes to the Mediterranean
  The life in the port
- COMMERCE: the Jewish community
- CULTURE: theatre, dialects (*vernacolo*)
- IMMIGRATION: ethnic integration

ANCONA AND THE DOOR TO EAST

- SPLIT: Twinning, history and present

ANCONA: GODS AND SAINTS COMING FROM THE SEA

Venus Temple
The Cathedral by the sea: history and legends
Patron saint from the sea: S. Kiriakos (from Lebanon)
La Madonna del Duomo: protection and miracles in the city
S. Casa di Loreto (from Palestine)

ANCONA AND THE CAVES ON THE SEA

The *grottaroli*: people living in the caves during summertime.

The different aspects proposed all spring from a reflection on the city life as connected to the seaside: the geographical position of Ancona is, in this sense, the key to our research, because it was, from the very days of its foundation, its strength and its weakness at the same time.

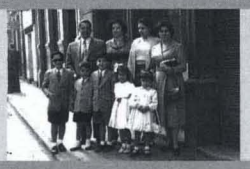
Then, the power and welfare of the city were due to this very peculiar position on the only promontory on the Adriatic coast of Italy; but, as a counterpart, it was also the reason for selecting the city as a strategic objective during conflicts (as in the last World War), and the particular geological situation produced also tragic events such as the earthquake in 1972, or the landslide of the Posatora district in 1982

Our proposal is then to investigate the different aspects illustrated through:

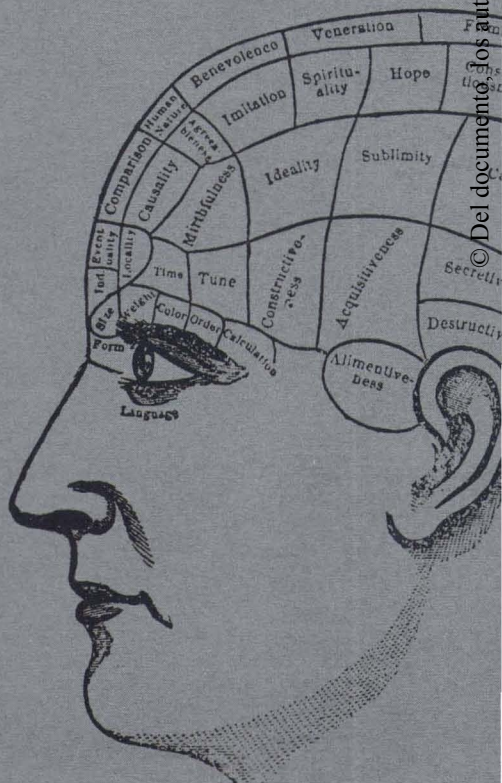
- research in the city archives (public or private) to find out historical and photographic documents that are the foundation of memory;
- interviews with people that are privileged witnesses for each item above, putting oral memories together with visual and audio supports to express their being at the centre of these facets of Ancona history and development.

THE TEAM AT ANCONA

Beirut



SMELL	Sea breeze, gasoil
FRUIT	Date
TEXTURE	Cement
SOUND	Car horns
SPICE OR HERB	Cinnamon, thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Ud
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Palm tree, Ficus tree



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Samir Khalaf

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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - BEIRUT

The "Mediterranean Voices" project has three major foci. It starts by examining the tourist promotional material selling postwar Beirut to tourists, delving into its images and language to analyze how such material presents Beirut's history, heritage and identity. It then moves on to investigate spatial political expressions in three adjacent neighborhoods of Beirut (Ashrafieh, Basta/Bashura and Downtown). Finally, it delves into the oral history of Ras Beirut.

The first concern with tourist promotional material may seem discrepant with the larger "Mediterranean Voices" concern with immaterial and oral forms of heritage in Mediterranean cities. As opposed to studying the 'voices' of ordinary people of various backgrounds and affiliations (some of whose voices might have been previously silenced or marginalized) in all their multiplicity and richness, it examines an official and centralized discourse. Furthermore, in addition to being heavily clichéd and simplistic (hardly surprising for tourist promotional material), it employs a reductionist definition of heritage, limiting it to the tangible and the monumental (e.g. archeological ruins and specimens of urban architecture). What proved to be especially interesting in examining the language of this material was the various strategies it employed to address the highly publicized Lebanese Civil War, the memory of which is a tourist repellent if ever there was one. By reflecting this official discourse with all its omissions and half-truths, one can truly understand the value and importance of the *Med Voices* project.

Its importance lies in the fact that it does not ignore areas that are not pretty enough to be included in tourist brochures or which, for whatever reason, have been overlooked by academics. Furthermore, it does not shy away from addressing/dealing with the Civil War and its after-effects on the urban landscape, social geography as well as on the lives of ordinary people in the neighborhoods of Beirut under study. In fact, the first local output of the project is going to be a performance addressing the recollection of the residents of Ras Beirut of life during the Lebanese Civil War and all the ambivalence it carries.

In the field areas of the second sub-project, the three neighborhoods Basta/ Bashura, Ashrafieh and Downtown, although adjacent, vary considerably. The uniform religious composition of the populations of both Ashrafieh and Basta belies Beirut's supposed cosmopolitanism, a cosmopolitanism alluded to in tourist promotional material through its references to cultural diversity. By studying the political posters put up by various political factions (most of them aligned with sectarian religious affiliations) as well the as the more anonymous graffiti, one gains insight into the political actors present (and past) in the area, laying claim to it by marking it out physically. Some of these "expressions" recall or are left over from the war; not to mention various structures that honor the war martyrs of various political parties. At a time when the official policy regarding the recollection of the Lebanese Civil War encourages amnesia and practices silence, and while there is still no unified history book being taught in Lebanese schools, these become important

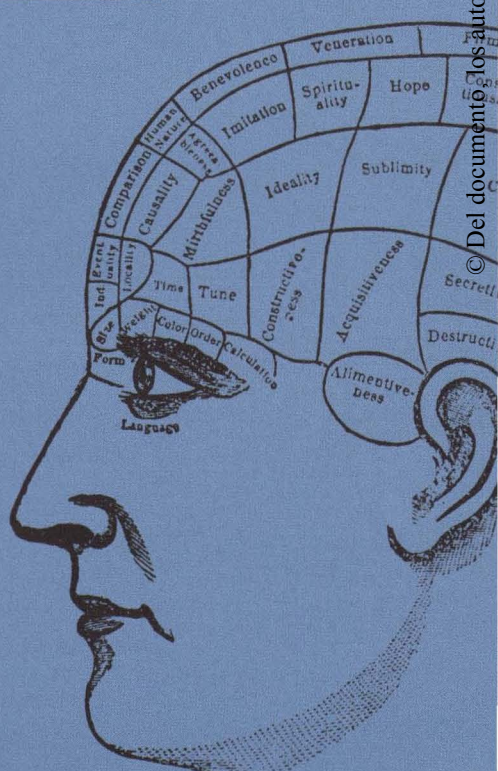
and significant public recollections of the war. The "messy" and rich spaces of these two neighborhoods contrast sharply with the clean and outwardly neutral spaces of the Downtown area (an area heavily damaged by the Civil War), which faithfully maintains the official state silence on the war and whose construction started with the erasure of the remnants of the 17-year civil conflict.

If there is a neighborhood of Beirut that truly deserves to call itself cosmopolitan, it is the neighborhood of Ras Beirut (the cape of Beirut in Arabic). Through the oral testimonies of its natives, long-time residents, immigrants and those who know and value this area, the project traces the history of the area starting from the early twentieth century. By following the trends of urban development and population movements in and out of the area that have overtaken the area, one traces the evolution of cosmopolitanism in its various forms in Ras Beirut. As an area that has developed greatly and undergone major changes over the past sixty years, it elicits much nostalgia from those who knew it. This nostalgia is hardly monolithic but varies across different socio-economic and cultural groups as does their definition of its golden age, the reasons for its decline, and the role played by the presence of the American University of Beirut in the area.

THE TEAM AT BEIRUT

Bethlehem

SMELL	Olive oil
FRUIT	Grape
TEXTURE	Honey candles
GUNFIRE	Artillery
SPICE OR HERB	Fennel
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Reed flute
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Olive tree



❶ Christiane Dabdoub Nasser

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Nihaya Jayousi

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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - BETHLEHEM

The Centre for Cultural Heritage Preservation, CCHP, is an independent public body with its headquarters in Bethlehem. Founded in March 2001, the Centre is a continuation of the Cultural Heritage Unit within Bethlehem 2000 Project (BL2000), a special purpose organisation established to plan and manage the 2000 celebrations. Since its foundation, CCHP has been responsible for all activities related to cultural heritage preservation.

The Centre's mission is to provide a sustainable mechanism for the protection and management of cultural heritage resources in the Bethlehem District and to enhance awareness of cultural heritage in the public conscience. The key performance indicators for its programme: strengthening the economic and cultural base; strengthening infrastructural, financial and managerial capacities; preserving cultural assets.

Bethlehem's participation in the Euromed Cultural Heritage II project through the Centre for Cultural Heritage Preservation presents an opportunity for an intensive study of the relationship of the population to their built environment in order to better understand the issues that influence decisions regarding the different aspects of its development. A critical analysis of the findings of our research should give us enough material that would help us elaborate innovative approaches to urban heritage management; explore possibilities and scenarios that to preserve the diversity of the old city core functionality as both commercial centre and habitat; and create effective awareness programmes for the inhabitants of the old quarters.

As part of the Euro-Mediterranean network, Bethlehem's cultural heritage will have the exposure it merits, and through this exposure, the means to develop its human resources and related technology in the field of cultural heritage.

INTRODUCTION

Bethlehem's status as the birthplace of Christ and its confirmation as the most important pilgrimage destination since the fourth century has rather obscured the history of its inhabitants and given rise to stereotypical interpretations of this history.

Throughout the Ottoman occupation, which lasted about four centuries in Palestine, Bethlehem remained largely a backwater. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, it attracted various forms of missionary activities (schools, hospitals), which resulted in the exposure of an important slice of the local population to foreign culture and foreign practices. More recently, the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli War in 1948 and the ensuing Nakbah, the dispossession and displacement of a total of 870,158 Palestinians, transformed the demographic profile of the city when a large number of refugees from the peripheral rural areas settled in the three camps established in 1949 and 1950. This demographic tip, exacerbated by the massive emigration of the educated urban class, started the process of ruralising Bethlehem's culture. The Israeli occupation of the West Bank in 1967, the October War in 1973, the invasion of Lebanon in 1982, the *Intifada* of December 1987-1993 and the Second *Intifada*, which erupted in September 2000, are key dates in the escalation of this emigration.

Since the beginning of the Peace Process in 1993, which put an end to the national uprising, the *Intifada*, and paved the way for the establishment of the Palestinian Authority, many events have passed which have shattered hopes for peace and stability to smithereens. An investigation of the Bethlehem oral heritage should reflect the "untold stories" of this history —personal memories and lived experiences— and help us integrate these stories into the cultural and social fabric of contemporary Bethlehem.

THE POPULATION

Traditionally, Bethlehem has been a relatively open city where people of different cultures and religious traditions shared spaces and fomented easy social interaction and cultural exchange.

The traditional clans, located in different quarters of the old cores of Bethlehem, Beit Jala and Beit Sahour, which still carry their names, are the basic structure of the social system. These clans go back to the sixteenth century and regroup the original families of Bethlehem, some of which have disappeared from Bethlehem's social scene due to emigration. Among the refugees and the migrants from the rural south, only a few -the Assyrians and the Ta'amreh – have managed to structure themselves as clans with representation in the Municipal Council.

The ethnic complexity underlying the social organization of the population, which for the most does not carry the memory of the past, and is not part of the composite narratives which make up the identity of Bethlehem, is partly the subject of our research, which tries to explore how the different groups interpret / relate to their built environment and to their city.

The Themes

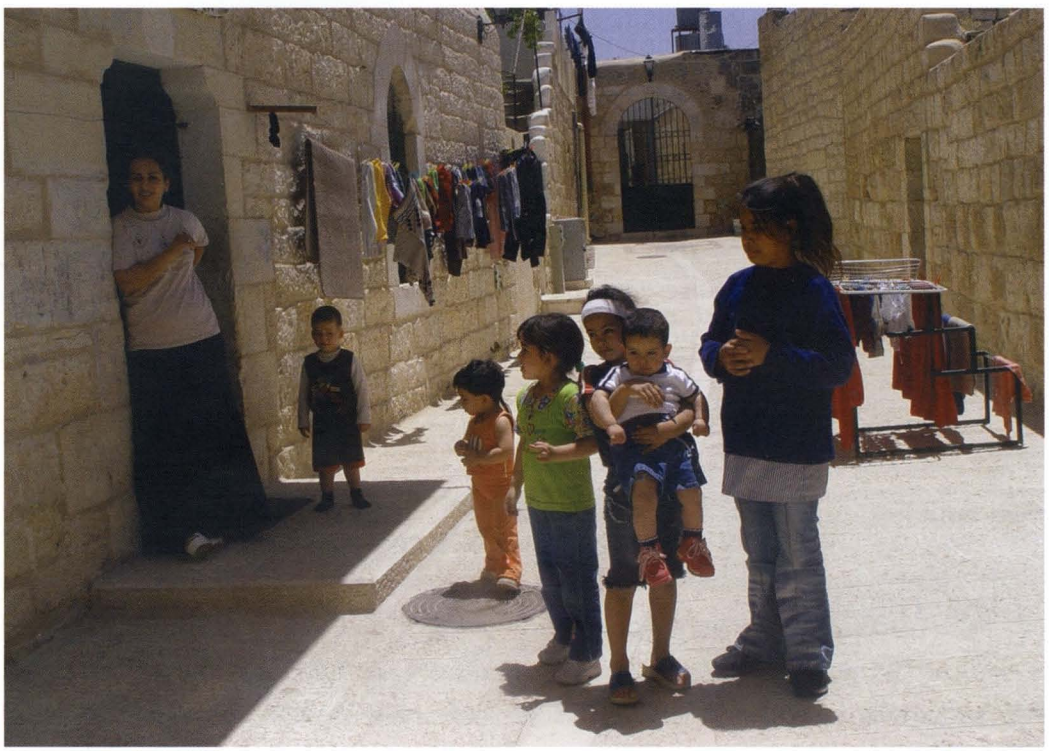
It is at the juncture of this tremulous history and the composite cultures and ethnicities that constitute Bethlehem's socio-cultural scene that our research themes are defined. A collected data of interviews with representatives of the traditional clans, the various communities who have settled in Bethlehem during the twentieth century, the three refugee camps and the Diaspora has provided us with enough material to investigate the Bethlehem voices through the following themes:

Life stories:

Our interviews focused primarily on accounts of life stories, recollections of high moments of history, narratives of unique experiences and simple life, rites of passage as well as happy and sad occasions.

Neighbourhoods and the people who inhabit them

The narratives of our sample neighbourhoods from Bethlehem are articulated from the standpoint of belonging, marginalisation, and displacement and dislocation within a context of unsettling politics and a threatened way of life. Anatra Quarter, so named after the clan who inhabited it for centuries, was a bastion of Christian traditionalism up until the 1950s; the Fawaghreh Quarter,



so named after the only Muslim clan in Bethlehem's traditional social structure, is the heart of the old city; Rachel's Tomb, a relatively new neighbourhood which flourished through the Eighties and Nineties, is a desolate space at grips with current politics.

Borders and the challenges of mobility

Since the dismantling of the Ottoman Empire at the end of WWI and, more recently, since Israel's policy of separation intensified —a policy it is shoring up cloaked in the trappings of security— numerous borders have emerged, disfiguring the landscape, disconnecting whole communities, strangling the economy, and disrupting lives at the most intimate levels.

What we have today are enclaves of Palestinian territories that face the immense challenges of daily survival. Checkpoints, fences, roads, confiscated tracts of land

for "security" are some of the forms of separation Israel uses on the ground, most recently epitomized by the Separation Wall, the ultimate symbol of Israel's apartheid practices. People have given us accounts of their experiences.

Nostalgia and the shaping of memories

Various accounts of *le-blad*, the Palestine from before the Nakba, centred on constructions of particular localities, the individual village, the neighbourhood, and go beyond to a toponymic reference to the ensemble of rural and urban Palestine and a way of life that, most probably, would not have survived the twentieth century.

Through these accounts we have examined the layers of meaning embedded in the word *le-blad*, colloquial rendition of *balad*, meaning the homeland Palestinians lost in 1948.

Celebrations and related cultural practices:

How do people observe important occasions and stage commemorative events? What are the cultural practices involved and how do they compare and contrast from one community to the other? How do these practices compare with those of other partner cities within the Mediterranean? In trying to answer these questions, we will tap into the intangible heritage and analyse myths, stories of saints and folk heroes, songs and food.

Weddings

Weddings are happy occasions and they always provide ample material for research. Our research revolves around the marriage of one couple from Bethlehem, whose story will serve as a foil for our subject of discussion on weddings in the three towns of Bethlehem, Beit Jala and Beit Sahour, which are linked geographically, economically and culturally.

Clothing

The section on clothing considers the deeper significance of fashion and disguise in collected photos from family archives starting from the beginning of the twentieth century. What have these outfits really meant and are they a reflection of deep-seated cultural imperatives? Do they reflect the cosmopolitan past of the Christian élite of Bethlehem?

Planned Activities

In addition to the website, which will be launched to the public later on this year and for which Bethlehem is planning a launching event as part of raising awareness about the project, CCHP is coordinating the following activities for the coming year:

- A radio programme in partnership with the Media Centre at the Bethlehem International Center, Dar Annadwa, and in association with the University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, a partner in Mediterranean Voices: this programme will

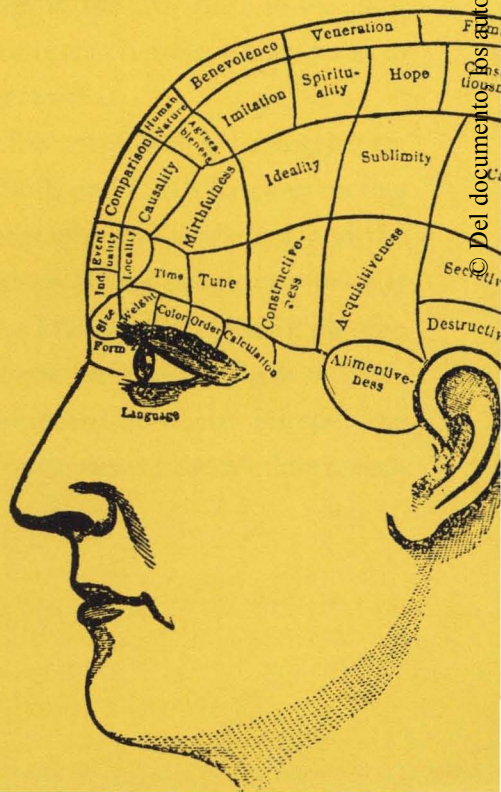
invite Bethlehemites in the Diaspora, namely in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, to share in the debate and the issues it raises in relation to Bethlehem's research.

- A roving exhibition in partnership with the Library of Alexandria, the Center for Behavioral Research at the American University of Beirut and the *Istituto per l'Europa centro orientale e balcanica* at the University of Bologna in Italy. This exhibition will arrive at Bethlehem in April 2005.
- A local exhibition on one neighbourhood: this exhibition is participatory and will engage the participation of the inhabitants of the quarter in the collection of ethnographic data on the history of the neighbourhood and clan. This is a project CCHP would like to implement in association with Ciutat de Mallorca, which also engaged in community development work.
- A documentary video on a Bethlehem Wedding.

THE TEAM AT BETHLEHEM

Chania

SMELL	Fresh olive oil in the olive press
FRUIT	Orange
TEXTURE	Water and rocks
SOUND	Crickets
SPICE OR HERB	Sage, wild thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Violin
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Olive tree, Geranium



❶ Vasiliki Yiakoumaki

❷ Maria Kousis

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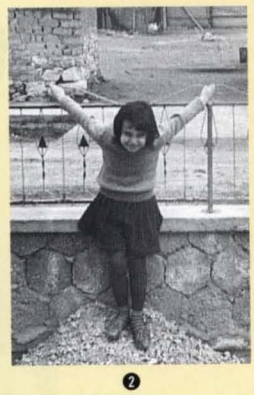

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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - CHANIA, CRETE

The location of our ethnographic research is the city of Chania, one of the main urban centres of Crete, Greece. We are tracing the city's oral and intangible cultural heritage by approaching Chania in terms of:

- its multi-ethnic character as a Mediterranean city, both in the historical past and in the present, thus at the same time locating the continuities and discontinuities about the pre-"modern" and the "modern" experience of inhabiting an urban Mediterranean locale as an ethnic subject, and
- the urban neighbourhood today, in the many different ways it can reveal the nuances of urban life in the Mediterranean, e.g., via the memory and/or experience of the individual or the household group as components of the city's everyday life, or via the activities of a group, club, association, or other collectivity of local inhabitants promoting a local "cultural" cause, or via the entrepreneurial activities of local individuals or groups, drawing on local "culture".

We find that these two aspects which we have chosen to shed light on and which in many ways overlap because of their intersecting agendas and crosscutting themes, are particularly representative of the city's Mediterranean character, in the sense that they are determined by the history, economy, and trade in the larger Mediterranean basin, as well as the relations and exchanges *a la longue durée*, while at the same time reflecting emerging political and social realities in the EU. Also, in terms of heritage management, which is a main concern in our research project, they point to appropriate ways of creating regional stakeholder networks.

We view the Mediterranean basin as a space which is not culturally homogeneous, as Mediterranean anthropology suggested in the 1960s and 1970s by constructing it as a "culture area", but as a space where the geography and landscape, and the movement resulting from economic and trade relations among peoples historically have been, indeed, conducive to a cultural unity (see Braudel 1949 [1966]; Horden and Purcell 2000), yet one which at the same time can be made available to other crosscutting categories (such as Eastern Mediterranean, Southern Europe, the Southern Balkans, etc). In other words, escaping from a view of the Mediterranean

as an essentialist category (see Herzfeld 1980, 1984). Then, in this light, we are approaching Chania as a *par excellence* Mediterranean city.

Geographically, Crete is an island, the largest island of Greece, situated in the south of Greece and in the southern most part of the Balkans and Europe. It has had a strategic position in this part of the Mediterranean from a geopolitical perspective, as a point of entrance to Europe, the "Middle East" (hence Asia), and Africa. Chania, as a harbour, has been an important commercial/cultural Mediterranean crossroads.

The city has been a cultural palimpsest made up mainly of Greek, Roman, Arab, Venetian, Jewish and Ottoman-Turkish layers (the Ottoman period lasted until the early 20th century). This past has left its marks in the various materials and forms (e.g. houses, fortification, temples, minarets, the synagogue) which are imposingly visible today in certain parts of the city and/or are integrated in the modern urban landscape, while Ottoman and Jewish life were present in the city until its recent history, i.e. the 1920s and World War II respectively.

Yet to speak about the city's multiethnic character today involves two different tasks which pertain to two different significations of being an ethnic subject: the city's multiethnic/multicultural history, on the one hand, is not alive in terms of the everyday living experience but only in terms of the official history and fragments of the local memory; the present, on the other hand, is about a very different multiethnic reality which is alive, newly emerged, and in constant flux. Ethnic identity in the historic past was part of the experience of living in the multiethnic Empire, while, in the present, it is defined in terms of the monocultural nation-state (i.e. the Greek) and its ethnic "minorities", or ethnic Others, newcomers or not.

More specifically, in Chania today, the picture of the multiethnic, or multicultural, urban landscape has been contingent upon new historical conjunctures over the last couple of decades. The change in political regimes in the former "Eastern bloc" has caused movements of immigrant populations from the Soviet republics and Eastern Europe towards Western Europe. Also, harsh economic and living conditions in other parts of the globe have caused an influx of immigrants from South-East Asia and the Arab world. Besides these immigrant populations inhabiting the city of Chania, there are also non-"native" communities of people of non-immigrant status

i.e., European citizens who are established in Chania by choice (life style, marriage, business), for the most part.

One more component of the city's multicultural landscape is the continuous presence of a, mainly military, US population (individual employees, with or without households/families, etc.) on and around the NATO military base of Chania, inhabiting the city's suburbs, and leaving their own cultural marks on it.

Certainly the social origin and the socio-economic conditions between these various non "native" populations are entirely different, in the sense that they are the result of global hierarchies of power (economic need versus EU mobility). Our aim being to map the contemporary urban landscape in Chania, we do, at the same time, acknowledge its social unevenness.

In other words, what we are exploring in our fieldwork is, on the one hand, the city's multi-cultural identity in terms of the traces the multi-ethnic past, such as the Venetian, the Jewish, and the Ottoman, has left in local memory in the present, and/or is projected today in the imaginations of the city's local inhabitants residing in the very spaces of this history, while at the same time focusing on the present experience of the city as multi-ethnic or multi-cultural, which is entirely different.

How is history imbued in the present urban experience of living in this Mediterranean city? What are the social conditions allowing for oblivion? What kinds of references do locals make to this past while narrating their life histories?

We are conducting interviews centred around these questions, with local Chaniots in the two or three neighbourhoods of Chania that we have selected. For instance, what does it mean to a Chaniot today to be living next door to the ancient Synagogue of Chania, particularly when it is now restored and functioning? What does it mean to a Chaniot to have a mosque in their neighbourhood, or a minaret[1] attached to their neigbourhood church (a main sight in the centre of Chania)?

The aspect of the multiethnic character of the city is very much entangled with the aspect of the urban neighbourhood. For instance, when approaching the Mediterranean urban neighbourhood through the lens of ethnicity, there is a whole set of other issues emerging which are intertwined: social class, the use of public space, and "cultural" and entrepreneurial activity (profit or non-profit) by

1 These sites, remnants of the Ottoman past, do not function today as places of Muslim worship but merely as monuments.

the locals (cultural clubs, tourist businesses: restaurants, resorts, etc.) promoting their own version of the city's cultural "heritage". In terms of the latter, for example, neighbourhood spaces become enclaves where local actors promote a "stereotypical" image (e.g., nationalist) of Chania for public consumption, or enclaves of "resistance" to the above, by constructing alternative versions of local identity, "Chaniot" and/or "Cretan". As such, certain actors can be approached as a potential stakeholder network which, if empowered by acquiring a voice, may function towards a more sustainable and socially sensitized promotion of the city's cultural heritage.

We are approaching them through interviews at home in the neighbourhood, by means of using the local individual's biography as a model for the collection of oral histories of Mediterranean urban life. Questions pertain to social and economic origin, occupation, memories of local public space, organization of domestic space *vis-à-vis* the public, and everyday practice (e.g. where people shop, what they eat, what kinds of entertainment they have). We are also approaching individuals at the workplace, such as the restaurant, or the music/dance rehearsal, or through events they organize, such as local feasts and festivals.

Points of focus in our ongoing fieldwork

Fieldwork has so far been centred around neighbourhood collectivities/individual actors constructing a version of local Chaniot identity; we are approaching this through oral histories pertaining to the neighbourhood's multiethnic and artistic heritage, and its social-class landscape.

Etz Hayyim Synagogue (and Jewish history of Chania)

One case we have heavily focused on is the city's Jewish cultural heritage, and its recent visibility/promotion by a group of local actors. Specifically, this is the case of the historic Etz Hayyim Synagogue of Chania, in a section of the old town at the Venetian Harbour which used to be the Jewish quarter and was called Omvriakí. The Synagogue has been restored over the last few years and officially put into use. Through sponsoring from the World Monuments Fund and

other sources, the Synagogue is now used as a monument and cultural center, as well as a centre for religious worship (for visitors, and for the small number of individuals living in Chania who are Jewish and/or are adopting the relevant religious practice).

The building of the Synagogue, originally a 14th century Venetian church ceded later to the Jewish community of Chania for worship, is part of the historical architectural heritage of the old town, which is a palimpsest of mainly Arab, Venetian, and Ottoman architecture, and is officially preserved today as a historic part of the city. During the German Occupation of Greece in the World War II, the Synagogue was damaged by German bombardment, while the entire Jewish population of Chania perished in 1944 on a vessel which sank, while taking them on the journey to the concentration camps of Austria/Germany. This was the end of the Jewish community of Chania, which had over 2,000 years of history on the island, as is also the case in many other Mediterranean cities.

The restoration of the Synagogue is a politically significant act. The silence on the Jewish history of Chania after the above events, accompanied by the dilapidation and abandonment of the historical building of the Synagogue, went hand in hand with the general state of silence on the Jews in Greece at the level of official and public discourse. With the exception of the last couple of decades, Greece's official image as a nation-state was made up exclusively with reference to its ethnic Greek and Christian identity –not an exception in European history, whereby a mono-cultural tradition is invented, or constructed, to support the creation of a nation-state.

The restoration of the Synagogue not only makes officially visible a part of the city's multicultural past but stands mainly as a statement of official endorsement by the Greek authorities of the recognition of this history, thus establishing an awareness of Chaniot identity as multicultural.

The restoration of the Synagogue has been considered by many a provocative act, particularly within the Orthodox Christian establishment, as well as among city officials and, certainly, among the local population. Conspiracy theories have circulated associating the event with perceived Israeli political involvement in the area, and advocates are arguing that the Synagogue be used as a monument and

not for religious services. Despite these conflicts, the act of endorsement is part of a more extended effort by the Greek state to promote Jewish heritage publicly in Greece.

We argue it ought to be seen in the context of an emerging politics of multiculturalism in Greece, and a subsequent climate of tolerance, as a result of the country's integration in the EU and a necessary conformity with relevant policies and regulations.

We have recorded moments of everyday life in the Synagogue, and interviewed the community of local inhabitants (Jewish or non Jewish) supporting the project (there are no "native" Jews in Chania any more), as well as various visitors, friends, and related interest groups. As non-"natives" who have established themselves in Chania, how do the actors involved in the project acquire a sense of belonging to the city? Does the "Jewish" part of somebody's identity contribute to it or not?

We are exploring this community's role as a local elite in the city, with a "western" education and culture, which, having come from "outside", is providing alternative meanings to local identity. How does this fact, evocative of an "enlightening" mission of some kind, facilitate and/or hinder local integration and sense of attachment to place, i.e. the city?

We are interested in gathering, whenever possible, memories of the past where Christians and Jews (and Muslims) shared their life in this part of the city. We are also concerned with issues of everyday life in the present: How does the recent restoration of the Synagogue affect local life? What are the conflicting views among the locals, and *vis-à-vis* the official position? Are there any signs of tolerance by the local business owners at the present moment thanks to the fact that their neighbourhood has become a tourist attraction?

In other words, what have been the politics of this project's promotion, and, more broadly, what are the emerging politics of cultural heritage in the city, in the context of deeper European integration? And what does it mean when alternative perceptions of local (here, Chaniot) identity are motivated by supra-local forces, not indigenous to the place?

Chalépa, Néa Chóra, Harbour

As an ongoing task we have initiated a mapping, through inhabitants' oral histories, of three main extended neighbourhoods: Chalépa, Néa Chóra, and the Harbour (or, "the old town", or, in Greek, the *limáni*=harbour). In our interviews with local inhabitants the main question of the sense of attachment to place (the neighbourhood, the city at large) is intertwined with the issues of social class and ethnicity. Historically the three neighbourhoods have constituted contrasting loci in the city of Chania, in terms of the social and/or ethnic origin of their inhabitants. The first, Chalépa, although retaining enclaves inhabited by economically less-privileged social categories, has been known mainly as a wealthy upper-class area with European influences, as well as the birth-place of acclaimed Greek politicians, intellectuals, artists, and other public figures, which still preserves today the aura of this past. The second, Néa Chóra, used to be an area identified with underprivileged social categories, such as fishermen, refugees, gypsies (*Roma*), and the poor. It remained an underdeveloped area of the city, marked by the olive oil factory of AVEA industry, which polluted the atmosphere in the more recent decades. Development is taking place today by means of transforming part of the area into a tourist resort, since it is the area of one of the city's main beaches.

The third, i.e. the Harbour, historically identified with the coexistence of underprivileged social categories as well as a segment of the bourgeois-class of Chania, and at the same time by the strong presence of various ethnicities, such as Jews and Muslims, has been transformed over the two or three decades from a marginal place in the city (during the postwar period) to the city's main place of tourist attraction. To this, much has contributed the promotion of the area by the authorities as "the historic part of town", which contains the city's Arabic, Venetian, Ottoman, and Jewish past.

In what ways have economic transformations in contemporary Greece and political decisions on heritage management altered each neighbourhood's character? And in what ways have the specific social differences and subsequent power relations, marked the local imaginary and still determine social relations and sentiment among local inhabitants?

The main question "in what ways is history being recovered, or invented, or negotiated", remains a broader concern for us as we continue to explore the processes of the city's heritage construction today.

The Catholic Church

Located in a central place in the Harbour, this church, which is also a Franciscan-Capuchin monastery, has a long history in the city. Evening services are performed in Greek, and Sunday morning services are performed in different languages, in order to encompass the wide multiethnic community of the faithful of this Church.

Being another multicultural centre in the city, the Church's services are attended by various ethnicities/nationalities populating Chania, who, in their majority, have arrived over the last couple of decades as part of the influx of immigrants in the country. The majority of worshippers are Polish and Philippino, but there are also the long-time Greek Catholic families of Chania, and some "minorities", such as Arab Catholics, Irish Catholics, and Catholics from different African countries. The ceremonies are also attended by visitors/tourists (usually French, Italian, and American) who are Catholic.

Chárchalis

One of the main groups of informants we have contacted is a historical local musicians' society named Chárchalis, which consists of predominantly male, local musicians of all ages, the realm of traditional musical expression being largely a male world until the recent past.

Chárchalis identifies itself with the history of a main traditional musical instrument in Crete, the violin. The violin is an emblem for this collectivity as well as for the largest part of the musical tradition of the broader Chania region, thus drawing a border between Chania and the rest of Crete, where the *lýra*, another instrument, is predominantly used (i.e. in place of the violin).

A sense of a distinct cultural identity associated with the violin is emphasized in Chania, largely due to the fact that the violin tradition and musical repertoire were endangered in the postwar era. In what can be described as a top-down re-invention

of local history, an official endorsement of recognition of the *lýra* as a musical symbol of Cretan ethnic identity took place in Greece in the 1950s, thus marginalizing the violin and creating a mass-consumed stereotype of Cretan musicians as *lýra* players.

A reversal of this situation is only becoming evident in the recent years, whereby systematic attempts by the media and various local and official actors, without denying the role of the *lýra*, are giving the violin its rightful place in local history, and are fostering attempts towards knowledge of its important role in processes of local identity construction.

In light of the above history, playing the violin and being a violin virtuoso, becomes a public statement of a perceived cultural resistance, and a distinctive characteristic of artistic expression in the Chania area, as compared to much of the rest of Crete.

Musicians derive a sense of pride, and a sense of local identity, not merely as Cretans, but specifically as Chaniots, as they declare. The discourse of pride and distinctiveness is combined with a discourse of "salvation" ("this tradition is dying").

Through interviews and oral-history collection, we have acquired a sense of how informants perceive themselves as Chaniots, as musicians, and as self-designated "carriers" of a long musical tradition identified with the culture and history of Chania. The material covers life histories from the period before the World War II until the present. Through the memory of being a musician and an entertainer, of the different culture of entertainment in the past, and of the significance of the musical event as a social event in the local society up until a few decades ago, we acquire a broader picture of local life before and after the War, with all the economic, political and social hardships it has involved, and the ways it has affected life in Chania.

Ródon

Ródon (the name of an old Cretan dance) is the name of a local "traditional" dance society. We have chosen this group of informants as a model for local societies or associations emerging over the last few years in Chania established by volunteers, wishing to "promote local culture" (*sic*).

Ródon is established by a group of Chania inhabitants-amateur dancers, who, as volunteers, wish to promote local dance and the arts. These are young professionals, in their majority, who, dedicated to this cause, offer their time systematically every week to teach other local people to dance and to participate in public events. The group believes in the idea of promoting local culture "creatively", versus "doing folklore", and is thus attempting a re-working of the idea of "tradition" in comparison to the majority of societies/associations of this kind.

In what ways do these younger generations (of teachers and students) become inspired by "traditional" cultures and acquire a sense of local identity and belonging to place through "traditional" cultural performance? In what ways is this a participation in "modernity", rather than "tradition"?

Both collectivities, i.e. Chárchalis and Ródon, constitute actors without a powerful public voice, yet with a perception of cultural heritage which is more historically and culturally sensitive as compared to more dominant and publicized constructions of heritage, which may yield to consumerism (e.g., tourism), or to an ethnic nationalist parochialism.

THE TEAM AT CHANIA

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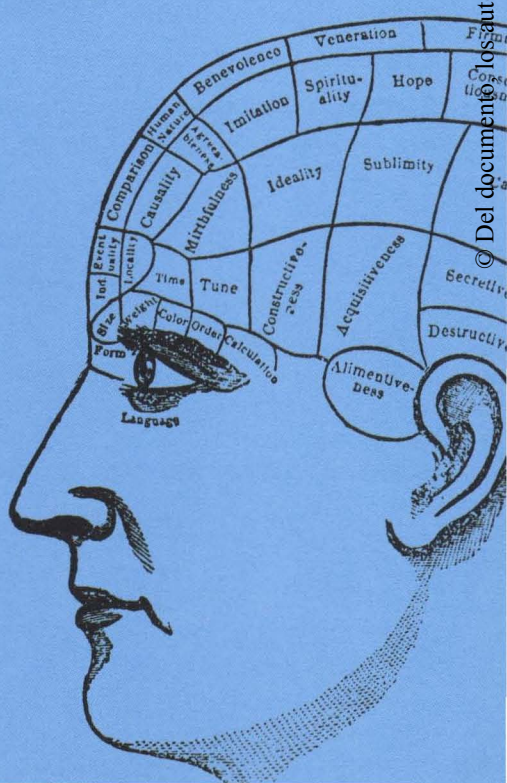
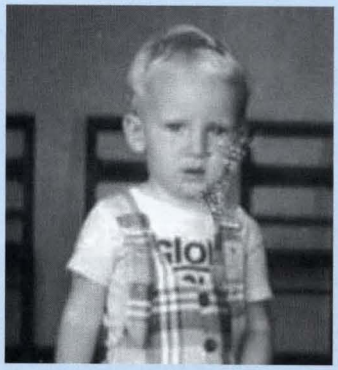
Ciutat de Mallorca

SMELL		Sun cream
FRUIT		Fennel
TEXTURE		Cement
SOUND		Traffic and cars
SPICE OR HERB		*Yoyoba*
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT		*A kind of bagpipe*
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE		Almond blossom



❶ Marc Andreu Morell i Tipper

❷ Jaume Franquesa i Bartolomé



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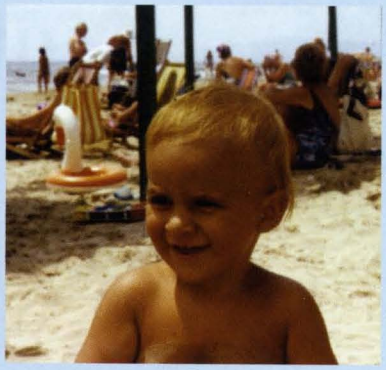

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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES
CIUTAT DE MALLORCA

Heritage shows us the past. However, heritage is not only about the past but affects the present, and debate as to the future of any given territory, and the social relationships which are at the centre of its identity, should be discussed and negotiated in this perspective. Thus, the Historical Centre of Ciutat de Mallorca, within the Renaissance ramparts, now enclosing avenues crammed with cars and neon signs, is the reference for several discourses of heritage, as well as its uses.

It is precisely this kind of discourse and these uses that the research team of *MedVoices* in the UIB (Universitat de les Illes Balears) has focused on, using qualitative analysis field work, in order to emphasize the craft of the anthropologist's 'gaze'. In other words, participant observation of the practices, interests and discourses which live side by side in a space with multiple functions and uses: residence and transit, night leisure pursuits, tourist souvenirs, shopping precincts and neighbourhood grocer's shops, rehabilitation of buildings and carpet bulldozing, urban speculation and social work, re-housing and new tenants, political institutions and social protest.

The notion of heritage as observed and lived differs radically from the monumental, elitist and architectural conception normally in use, since we consider that the main heritage of any city is its identity, its society, its values and its memories. The methodological approach of the research uses this perspective as its starting block where anthropological research is seen as the most adequate tool for access to knowledge of social relationships and networks, of everyday practices and festive activities, of how values relate to experience of life.

The fieldwork fundamentally consists in observing, living side by side with (or participating with) and conversing with (and listening to) others. It is about knowing the people that inhabit and move through the city and about knowing their life histories, the ways in which they live together and how that community is structured, what triggers mobilisation, the ways in which a city or neighbourhood is made through naming, through its everyday experience, by gazing and walking.

Thus, it is knowledge obtained in an everyday, ongoing, subtle way, through informal conversations, chance observations of problems or unexpected accidents, together with long concerted interviews with an open structure. These in-depth interviews are recorded in audio or audiovisual format and provide the information for the database, together with the systematic shots of photos and the audiovisual recording of actions and events. In addition, there are documents pertaining to legislation, literature, press and urban regulations.

The qualitative dimension and the eye for detail in the field work have obliged us to limit the area under study. The team of anthropologists of Mediterranean Voices - Ciutat has chosen the historical centre within the walls of Ciutat de Mallorca. Several arguments recommended such a choice, but the most forceful one was the chance of considering the two aforementioned notions of heritage. Indeed, the traditional city centre of Ciutat is the area where a large part of the monumental buildings of the city are concentrated with the whole considered heritage, as its declaration as a Bé d'Interès Cultural —BIC— (Asset of Cultural Interest) testifies. Besides the proliferation of tangible heritage references, the historical centre of Ciutat is also, symbolically and institutionally, the city centre, considered to be the heart of the city.

In order to build upon the analysis, it was decided to pay preferential attention to certain areas of the historical centre. The criterion for making this choice was the Plans Especials de Reforma Interior / Integral —PERI— (Special Urban Planning Schemes for Inner / Comprehensive Reform), a broad-ranging, comprehensive compendium of operations of urban reform executed in Ciutat within the walls. Such a choice offered a series of advantages, both from the analytic and social point of view, of which we will highlight four. First, it allows for an effective contrast of the two notions of heritage, since the areas of the PERI correspond to zones that are on the fringes of what is seen as the solid core of heritage in Ciutat. Second, and given that such planning schemes officially aim to give heritage value (that is to say: they set in motion processes of "heritagisation"), it offered us the chance of evaluating the notion of heritage they used and the adaptation of the same to the preceding social network and memory. Third, such planning schemes constitute a noteworthy and extraordinary case of construction of the city, thus providing us with a magnificent

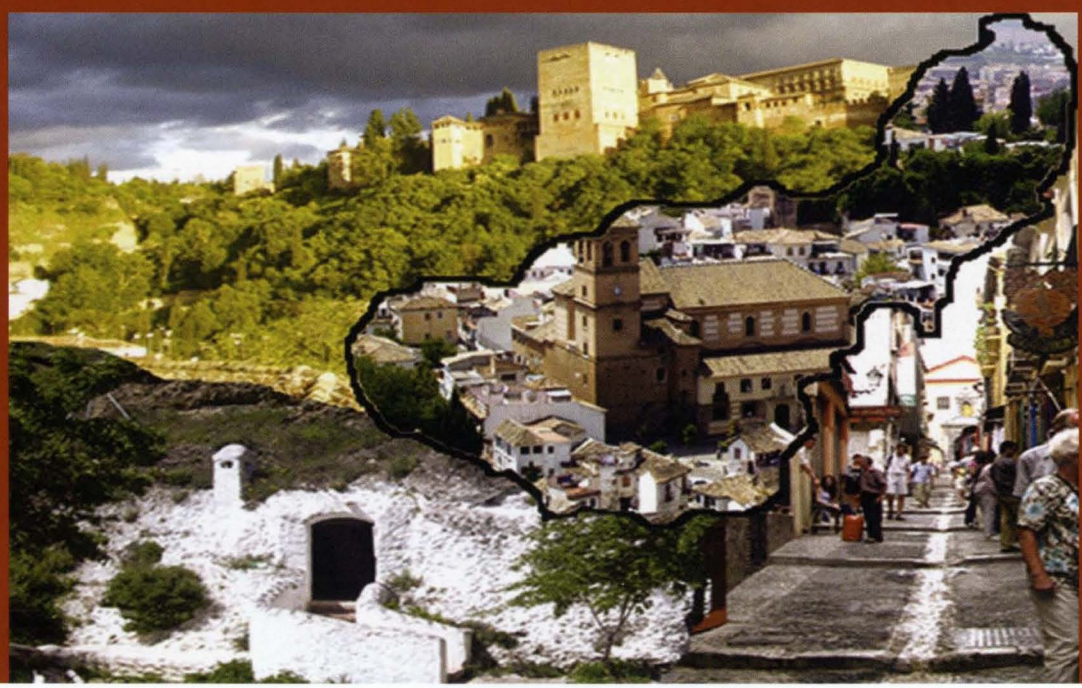
framework for the field work and for observing how the experience of the residents recreates the endless dialectics of change and continuity. Last, the choice of these areas involved certain duties given the relevance of the public debate and because of the social connotations, since in operating on large scale transformations produced over long periods of time, the conflicts produced are socially upsetting and provoke situations that must be dealt with adequately.

On the other hand, the will for social incidence that the project fosters, causes the combination of the field work activity and the production of academic papers with the collaboration in the organisation of activities and events, grouped under the label Ciutats Volgudes, Ciutat Viscuda (Live Ciutat, Learn to love Ciutat), producing an interweaving between the research and action practices. These activities should be understood from the definition of the target groups. It is about a non-closed series of civic entities (neighbourhood, artistic, academic associations) that function in the areas under study and with which there is a two-way collaboration for promoting the creation and consolidation of networks.

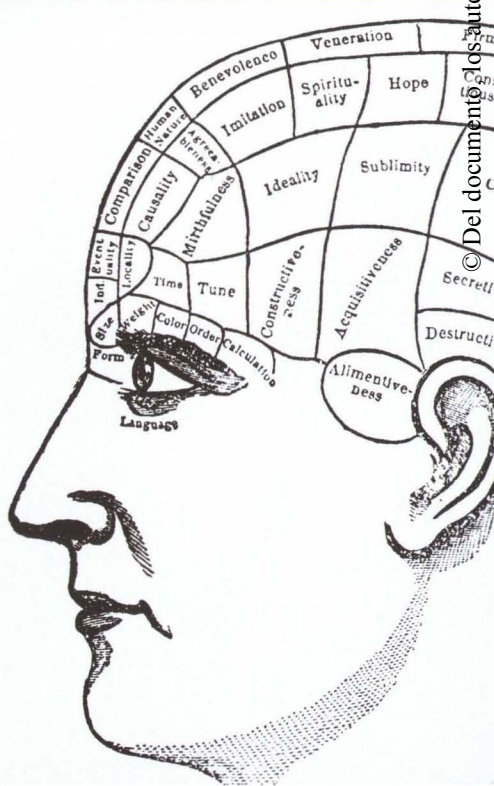
Many are the commonalities with the work carried out with the *MedVoices* team of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. Both researches have worked on a certain kind of intangible heritage, that of memory. And in a similar manner both teams have achieved to vindicate the memory of the margins of the "historical" centre, be it the externalised Riscos for Las Palmas in regards to the centralised Vegueta and Triana or be it in the internalised Puig de Sant Pere, Sa Calatrava, Sa Gerreria and El Temple in regards to the core of Ciutat de Mallorca within the ramparts. But the commonalities of both teams go beyond the theoretical practice given that they both aim to apply their work in the field, subject to research through neighbourhood urban decisions on heritage for lost places to not take place or through the intergenerational activities that enforce hidden voices in the present cultural arena.

THE TEAM AT CIUTAT DE MALLORCA

Granada



SMELL		Jasmine
FRUIT		Pomegranate
TEXTURE		Embroidered tulle
SOUND		Water
SPICE OR HERB		Rosemary
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT		Guitar and fandangos
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE		Prickly pear and agave



Gunther Dietz

❶ Javier Rosón Lorente

❶

MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - GRANADA

El Albayzín and Sacromonte Neighbourhoods

In the city of Granada, located in southeastern Andalusia on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada mountains, there are, above all, two neighbourhoods which reflect the ancient city's diverse roots and history. First, the El Albayzín, nowadays known as the "Moorish quarter", is situated on a hill in front of the Alhambra monument. It is the place of the first Arabic settlement in the city, and during most of the Islamic period, conformed a vibrant town of craftsmen and women and merchants working for the Alhambra royal dynasties. Since then, it has preserved its Arabic architecture and urban design with its typical *carmenes* —residential houses built on the hill's slopes and surrounded by gardens—, narrow alleys, small squares and panoramic viewpoints. After a period of decline during the twentieth century, in the last few decades, the Albayzín has again become one of the city's most vibrant quarters, now facing processes of gentrification, on the one hand, and cultural-religious diversification, on the other hand. Due to mostly Moroccan immigration and to the settlement of Spanish Neo-Muslims ("converts"), Islam has returned to the Albayzín more than five centuries after the 1492 Catholic conquest of the Nazarí Muslim Kingdom of Granada.

The second neighbourhood chosen is the Sacromonte hill, directly adjacent to the Albayzín, where since the conquest of the city of Granada by the "Catholic Kings", Fernando and Isabel of Castille, the *gitano* or *Roma* population was forced to settle. This neighbourhood, originally separated from the city by a wall, still preserves its *gitano* culture and flair, characterized by rurally styled cave-houses, carved into the hill, and by traditional *gitano* craft workshops and flamenco music performances, offered in the *"tablaos"* situated along the Camino del Monte, the neighbourhood's main street and, formerly, one of the city's most important nightlife attractions. Although in the Sixties, after huge floodings, most of the *gitano* families were forced to leave the Sacromonte in order to take up quarters in a new multi-storey house settlement at the city's outskirts, there are still many *gitano* families living in the

Sacromonte, together with an increasing number of foreigners settling down in this "exotic" quarter as artists, musicians and craftsmen and women.

Colour

There are two colours which are representative of the neighbourhood of El Albayzín and Sacromonte.

- First, there is white. Most of the houses and caves in the neighbourhood are whitewashed. Lime was used by the neighbours to paint and disinfect the houses and mansions or *"carmenes"*. This is one of the identifying characteristics of the neighbourhood.
- Then, there is the reddish colour of the clay walls that surround the whole of the neighbourhood. This colour is also to be found in the Alhambra (from *"qa'lat al-Hamra"*, meaning the Red Castle, which is on the hill opposite the *"al-sabika"*, "the privileged look-out point" of the neighbourhood of El Albayzín and Sacromonte; it is also the predominant colour of the carnations and geraniums used by the neighbours to brighten up the streets and decorate the houses.

Smell

- The carnation offers the touch of colour in the streets of El Albayzín and Sacromonte but the smell is jasmine. The smells of the neighbourhood are many and varied but this one sifts through to all the alleys and twisting streets. These smells guide you at night. Close your eyes and listen to the murmur of the people and the water. Let the jasmine guide your steps and move through a world of sensations that will last forever in your mind's eye.

Fruit

- In the typical houses, the *"carmenes"* and the gardens of the neighbourhood, you will find pomegranates, called *"granada"* in Spanish and which give the name to the city. The pomegranate or *"granada"* is a perfect metaphor for this neighbourhood. The pomegranate has a coarse yellow skin on the outside, much

like the typical resident *"granaíno"*, renowned for his rough manners and general ill-humour or *"malafollá"*. However, underneath that rough exterior, you will find a whole wealth of ruby-coloured, sweet tasting fruit, clumped together with each pellet, capable of satisfying the most delicate palate. Each pellet ressembles the private life of each of the residents of El Albayzín, rich in itself. All together, the fruit ressembles the family life to be found in these neighbourhoods, with a whole flavour of its own.

Texture or material

- The Muslim tradition of the loom left a whole heritage of cloth and texture which still provides sustenance in the neighbourhood. The lace embroidery of the mantillas, are a basic component of all celebrations and *"fiestas"* which take place in the neighbourhoods of El Albayzín and Sacromonte.

Sound

- A place without noise is a great place. A place without sound is no place at all. The sound of running water which breaks the silence of the streets, squares and *"carmenes"* of El Albayzín adds a touch of magic to these winding, cobbled streets

Spice or herb

- Rosemary, found in the hills surrounding the neighbourhood and in the hands of the gipsy who offers to tell your Future.

Musical instrument

- Guitar music is to be heard throughout the neighbourhood. There are two predominant styles. On the one hand, the gipsy school intimately linked to Sacromonte, its caves and its *"fiestas"* or *"zambras"*; on the other hand, guitar music, somewhere between purest flamenco and classical Spanish guitar. The first is associated with the loud *"fiestas"* or *"zambras"* of Sacromonte. A clear example

of the second are the fandangos of El Albaizín and the *granaínas* —the traditional Andalusian songs— which are the Granada equivalent of the "fandango".

"[...] Que ni la Peña del Alhelí
la Alhambra ni el Sacromonte
olvidarán aquel hombre
que murió en el Albaycín
Yerbabuena era su nombre."

LUIS CABALLERO

FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE

- The symbols of the neighbourhood are the prickly pear cactus and the agave.

The kids of the neighbourhood collect the fruit of the prickly pear cactus from the surrounding hills and split it open with the cane from the agave.

"Dios te guarde higo chumbo...
te corto corona y culo,
te hago una raja en la panza...
y te mando al otro mundo".

REFRÁN POPULAR

God protect the prickly pear
I open you from top to tail
I cut you down the middle
And send you to the other world

POPULAR SAYING

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PROJECT FOR YOURSELVES

Millions of times, I must have passed by a street, a square or a specific place in the neighbourhood, lost in my own thoughts and without appreciating the value of what surrounded me. Like a sleepwalker, with nothing capable of awaking my interest. Now I know that in this street, in this city, in this neighbourhood, there is a whole world of colours, of flavours and of stories that I had never imagined before.

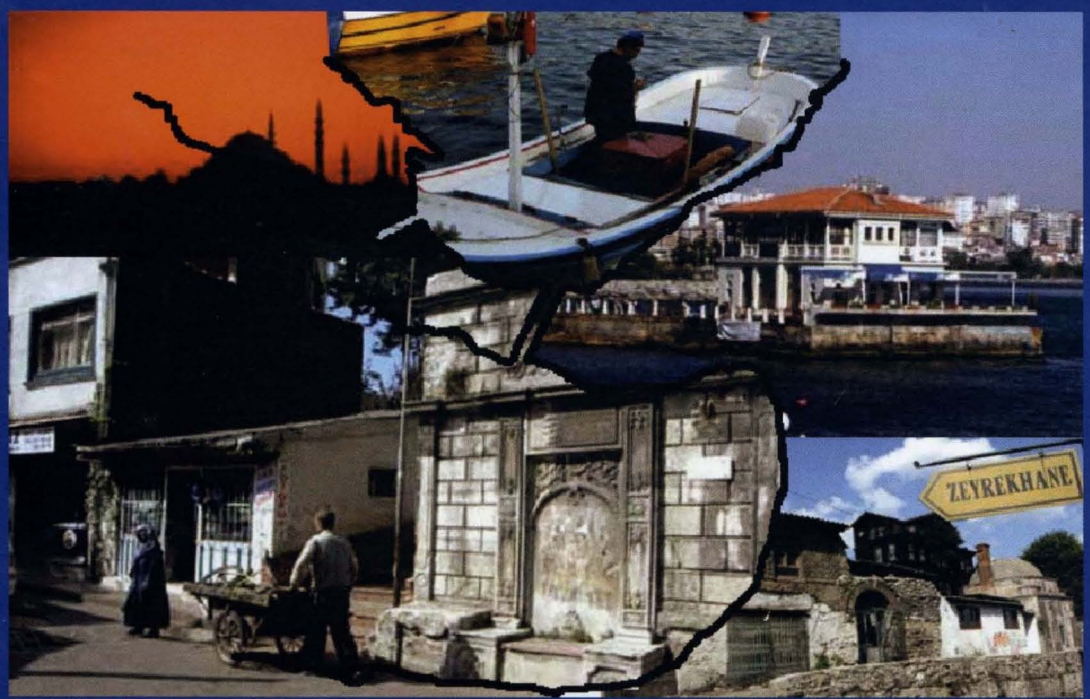
This project, apart from making us sit up and take stock of what is around us, has allowed us to be sensitive to the "sense-scape" of this neighbourhood and of all the rich perspectives of the residents of the same, their pains and their pleasures. In short, all the "heritage" which runs the risk of becoming more and more "intangible" and ethereal, now forms a part of our lives and experience.

All of the stories told, and the interviews given, have helped us to understand and value the important cultural elements in the neighbourhood, and the construct of the identity which we had not been able to grasp before.

We have learnt, or rather are still learning, in this project how to show others what we know, using the *"emic"* approach.

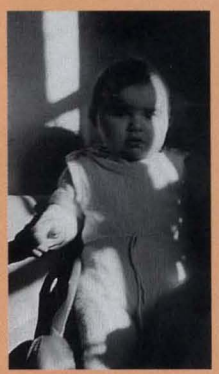
THE TEAM AT GRANADA

Istanbul



SMELL	Sea
FRUIT	Mulberry
TEXTURE	Concrete
SOUND	Steamer sirens
SPICE OR HERB	Cinnamon
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Clarinet, Ud, Violin
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Linden Tree

❶ Gülay Kayacan
Aynur İlyasoğlu
Hakan Koçak
Ebru Soytemel
Sevil Üzrek
Tamer Üstel



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DISTRICTS OF ISTANBUL ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Dynamics of Urban Transformation in Istanbul

Both for Istanbul and more generally for Turkey, the 1950s was a time of dynamic transformations, producing radical social, economic, and cultural change, and dramatic demographic shifts in town and countryside. The introduction of multiparty politics, trade liberalization and increasing commerce with foreign countries, mass migration from the villages to the cities, rapid urbanization and the development of large-scale urban movements: these were amongst the most striking outward signs of these changes. All these dynamics of change, in mutual interaction, had traumatic outcomes for the socio-cultural life of the city, and these outcomes, in particular in relation to the intense movements of migration and urbanization, determined the direction and the nature of the changes undergone in the neighbourhoods we have chosen for fieldwork.

Above all, three movements of migration transformed the demographic structure and social profile of Istanbul in a radical way. These comprise, first, increasing migration from the small towns and villages of Anatolia into Istanbul; second, the departure abroad, at an accelerating rate, of the non-Muslim communities of Istanbul, who had occupied such a significant place in the socio-cultural map of Istanbul; and third, the vast migration movements from the Balkans to Turkey in general, and to Istanbul in particular. It is possible to observe these three migration movements in the processes of formation and transformation in different neighbourhoods of the city, and to follow their traces in the varying experiences of those who left, arrived, or stayed. The traces and memories of these comings and goings are kept alive, to some degree, and now comprise the actual physical and social texture of Istanbul's spaces.

The mass migrations of the 1950s accelerated the processes of urbanization, which radically altered the face of Istanbul's neighbourhoods. Rapid and large-scale destruction and rebuilding, the growth of squatter settlements, the building of apartments and the rise of multi-storeyed concrete construction, have come to determine all aspects of the physical and, ultimately, socio-cultural structure of neighbourhood life. Perhaps Istanbul is one of the cities where such transformations

have been (and still are being) experienced in the most dramatic way. In our project, we aim to observe this process through the testimonies of the key informants who dwell in four neighbourhoods of Istanbul.

Scope of the Project: Four Districts of Istanbul with Different Characteristics:

Surely, each Istanbul neighbourhood has its own story. And it has many neighbourhoods that have historical characteristics. However, 4 neighbourhoods; Moda, Arnavutköy, Gaziosmanpasa and Fatih have been chosen that demonstrate different characteristics with respect to each other in terms of various criteria. The following criteria have been used in choosing the neighbourhoods:

- Geographical locality.
- Class structure.
- Cultural composition/resemblances and differences.
- Historical background.
- Availability of supporting organization or individuals in the district.

Main Themes:

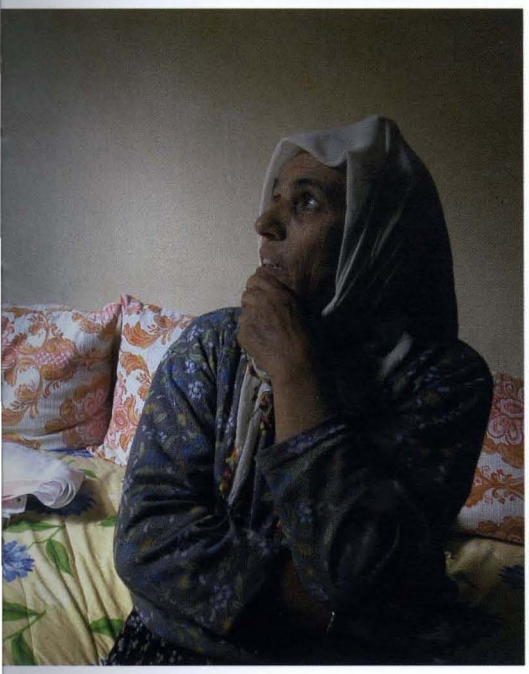
Changes in these districts in the last fifty years will be investigated alongside the realization of the audio-visual documentation of the current settlers and of the present physical environment. Migration movements in these districts and the current social, cultural and ethnic composition of these localities will be examined. The characteristic elements of the present day life picture for the each district will be documented. For this reason our project themes can be summarized as:

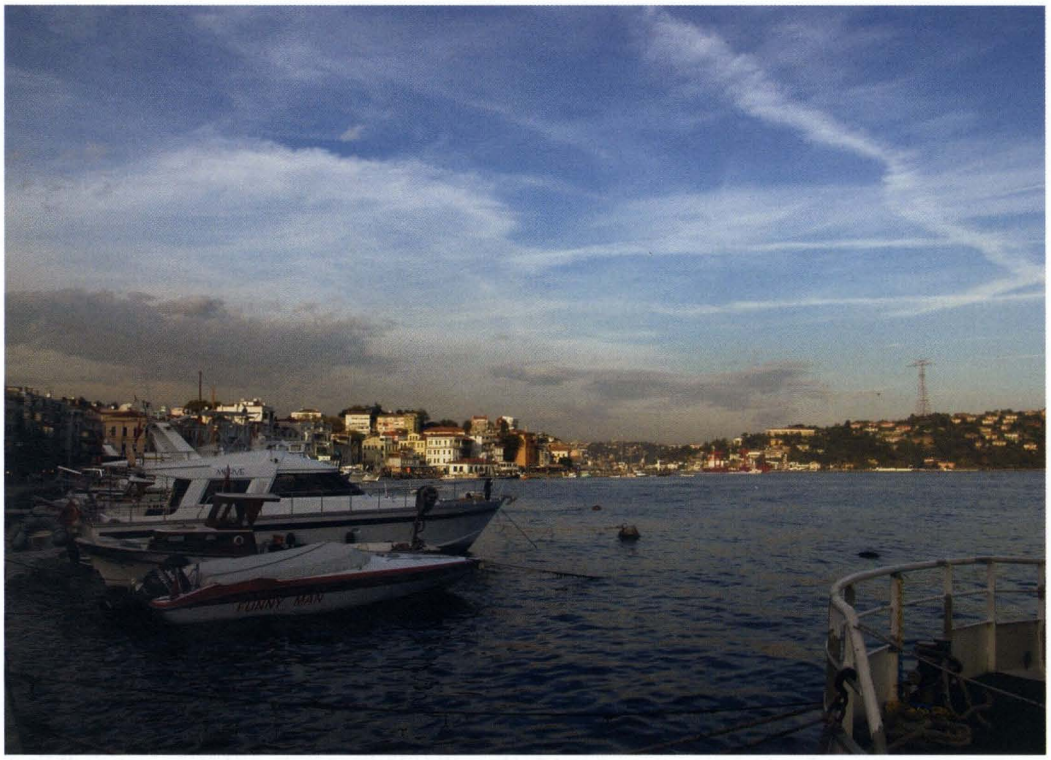
- The changing social structure of the districts from 1950s onwards.
- Changing physical-architectural environment of the districts.
- Changes in the social activities, changing ethnic composition and culture in the districts.
- Changes in the names and in the functions of the prevalent institutions in the districts.
- The relations between the 'natives' and the 'migrants' in the districts, reflections from the movements of migration from different regions and from different origins
- The formation process of the district (chronological-historical evaluation).

- The changing image of the district in time in the urban context and the native's perception of such an image.
- Stereo-type images developed in media for the districts, examination of the popular codes related to the districts.

MODA

Moda is an old place of settlement on the Anatolian side of the Bosphorus, close to the Sea of Marmara. It was first settled by the Levantines (settled European communities in Ottoman times) of Istanbul towards the end of the 19th century. Subsequently, it became a famous neighbourhood favoured by Greeks and Muslims of the upper middle class, bureaucrats, artists and intellectuals. With its various churches, schools and Western-influenced architectural works, the district became a focus for the processes of 'Westernisation' experienced in Istanbul. Despite these transformations, Moda today still preserves its distinctive identity as a neighbourhood of the middle class and upper middle class and intellectual elite.



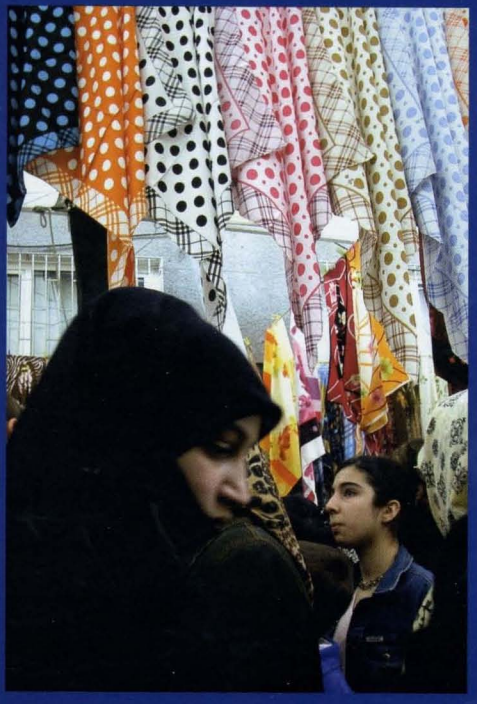


ARNAVUTKÖY

Arnavutköy is a historical Bosphorus village, which became known as an important residential area of Greeks from the period of Ottoman Empire to the early years of the Turkish Republic. However, this non-Muslim population migrated out of Turkey over time, and by the 1950s, new migrant groups from Anatolia had settled here. Arnavutköy has a rich architectural heritage, and its location on the shore of the Bosphorus shore, combined with its many seaside manors and villas offering views of the Bosphorus, has raised property prices and made it a high-rent area. By the 1980s, Arnavutköy was experiencing a process of gentrification, its old buildings undergoing restoration and put to new residential use. In recent years, the neighbourhood was selected as the prospective site of Istanbul's third Bosphorus Bridge, and the residents of Arnavutköy established an effective public resistance movement, arguing that the construction of the bridge would cause irreparable damage to the historical, cultural and social texture of the neighbourhood.

GAZI OSMAN PAŞA (GOP)

Our working area in this broad district which has a vast population today (nearly one million residents) used to be called the Ta lıtarla neighbourhood. "Ta lıtarla" neighbourhood which constitutes the core of the district firstly emerged as having few squatters and some houses built for the Balkanian immigrants in 1950s. Formerly, it had been a characteristic Balkan immigrant district where single floored immigrant houses prevailed, and then became a neighbourhood mainly for the workers who work in the industrial areas just close to the neighbourhood. In these years, the neighbourhood had been talked of because of the strikes, marches of the residents for having the basic facilities etc. Growing very rapidly, Ta lıtarla was given a name, "Gaziosmanpa a" which is appropriate to its Balkanian identity and has been an administrative district. (Gazi Osman Pasha was an Ottoman commander who was famous with his military success in the Balkans). By the 1970s, new migrant groups from different parts of Anatolia (Tokat, Samsun, Kastamonu, Malatya, Giresun, Tunceli, Sivas etc) settled in Gaziosmanpa a district. After the 1970s, this district became a transition area for new settlers as they have the tendency to move to other districts of Istanbul (like Bakırköy, Zeytinburnu etc., which have relatively better life qualities and infrastructure) when they acquire better economic conditions.



FATIH

Situated on Istanbul's Historical Peninsula, Fatih is one of the city's ancient neighbourhoods, and is a good example of a Muslim-Ottoman locality. For centuries, from the conquest of Istanbul by the Turks up to recent times, Fatih was at the city's centre. However, the dramatic shifts of the past fifty years have displaced it from its central position. The popular image of Fatih now is of a marginal 'subculture' neighbourhood with a predominantly conservative Islamic way of life. This common view does not, however, reflect all the colours of the neighbourhood. Certain parts of Fatih are characterised today by slum conditions, where new immigrants struggle with poverty. On the other hand, the immense numbers of mosques and other kinds of religious buildings, including churches, determine both the architectural texture and the socio-cultural pattern of the place, which is home to an ethnically and culturally diverse range of settlers, including Armenians, and immigrants from Anatolian cities such as Konya, Karaman, Siirt, Gelibolu. Within this one neighbourhood, it is possible to read the traces of transformation of the whole city.

Conducting Research in the Neighbourhoods

The selected localities became the sites for long-term research in order to gain extensive background information about the neighbourhoods. This research took the form not only of primary fieldwork (interviews and participant observation in the daily life of the community), but also of archival and library work. As far as possible, we have tried to cover all the written sources available on each neighbourhood. These include not only the written sources on the architectural, social, cultural etc. texture of the neighbourhoods, but also works of literature and journalism. The last fifty years' issues of the major daily newspapers have been closely reviewed and scanned, and news and articles relevant to the neighbourhoods have been gathered.

In the light of the extensive data gathered to fill in the background details of the life and history of the neighbourhoods, the researchers selected key informants who had witnessed the transformations in the neighbourhoods, and began to solicit support and participation from local associations and individuals who had shown interest in the research. The researchers took care to choose their key informants from a range of people representing different groups, classes, communities and strata within the neighbourhood. Using the questions derived from the background research, the researchers carried out extensive thematic oral history interviews, which were recorded with audio equipment or on video cameras, and these recordings have been transcribed and archived. At the same time, an intensive documentation activity was conducted in the districts. For this reason, members of the research team joined with professional and volunteer participants to compile a photographic record depicting the detailed architectural, social and cultural textures of the neighbourhoods. Moreover, footage of the neighbourhoods was also recorded using video cameras. Some of the materials obtained from the interviews, shots and researches have been indexed and published on the common website of the project, and in this way have been presented to public. The material has also been made accessible, both to the public in general and to the residents of the neighbourhoods, through activities such as exhibitions, and other forms of publication.

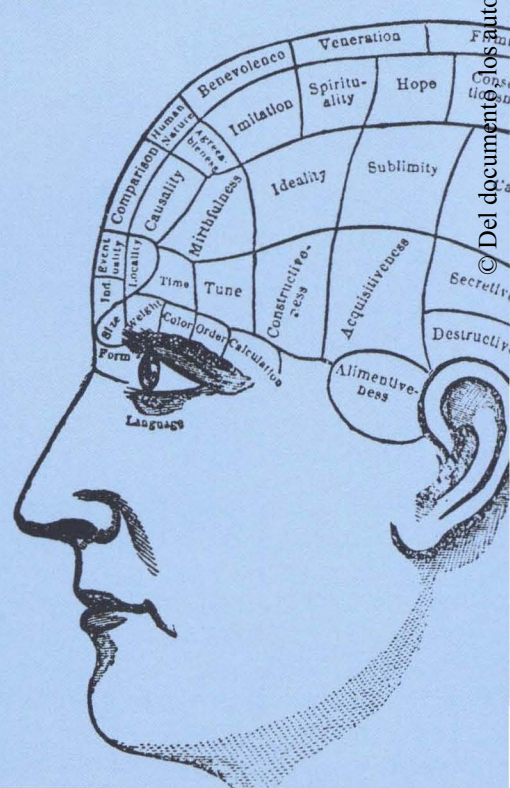
To conclude, the research we have conducted until now has provided for us a rich source of materials around the themes we determined at the beginning. In each neighbourhood of Istanbul, complex and rich area of cultural meetings and transformations and different forms of these processes can be observed. With the traces of "those who leave and who arrive", the stories of the transformation in each neighbourhood are being rewritten in different forms. As specified above, following the traces of the ever changing sounds, colours, places and people in Istanbul within the last fifty years, in which crucial transformations have taken place, has paved the way for us to an immense treasury of the human experience. Hundreds of stories, written in the streets, buildings and people of the neighbourhoods, of which we show only a few, which make meaning of the experience of transformation. According to us, understanding and perceiving the humane dimension of the great transformations is only possible by reading the personal stories and bringing them to history. If we make our contribution to the preservation of cultural heritage, we will also protect the voices of the authentic experiences of the people, for these to be shared with future generations. Seeing the colours of the past which are invisible for us at the moment, through the experiences of different people, without an elitist nostalgic cloud, bringing together the stories of this city with other stories...

We have set off and we will keep going in order to accomplish this, from the Bosphorus to the Mediterranean Sea...

Project Team:
Aynur İlyasoğlu, Gülay Kayacan, Hakan Koçak, Ebru Soytemel, Sevil Üzrek, Tamer Üstel

Marseilles

SMELL		Tea and pastisserie
FRUIT		Mango
TEXTURE		Batik cotton
SOUND		Mistral wind
SPICE OR HERB		Mint



Abdelmajid Arrif

MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - MARSEILLES

TERRITORIES AND STAKES IN VISIBILITY

Introduction to the research

Belsunce is at the crossroads of several territories. It is an historic central quarter which articulates various territories of the city of Marseilles: the harbour, the town centre, the suburbs, notably in the North of the city, but is also in connection with the regional territory and, more widely, the Mediterranean. This quarter is historically marked by the functions of transit and passage. These functions are embedded in activities, equipment, and the various material resources produced within this frame. Belsunce, a territory of reception - transit-passage, from the 1970s, has played a central role in the process of the immigration.

Flows and stability have brought together a whole wealth of populations from the Mediterranean : Italian, Spanish, Armenian, Jews of North Africa, African, "Pieds-noirs", Algerian, Moroccan and Tunisian.

Belsunce occupies a special place in the mental picture of Marseilles, with its opposed registers of discourse which, from a positive perspective, represent the crystallization of the cosmopolitanism of Marseilles and, on the other hand, produce a territory of disturbing and dangerous ethnicity. Its commercial dynamism, its ethnic variety, the intensity of the exchanges and the passages which it generates in the city are both glorified, as cultural and symbolic resources of the city in search of a Mediterranean identity, and stigmatized because they project an image of poverty which is not part of the city any more. Belsunce presents a sort of exclusive territoriality, a closed territory *vis-à-vis* the general population and defines itself as *"autochthon"* (*de souchie*). Original, native (but, said in an aside).

The toponyms are thus significant in that they reflect the ethnic mix of Belsunce widely known as the "Arab District".

Generally, Belsunce is defined by its foreign and immigrant populations which are symbolically "excluded" from the city.

Its status as a historical city gives it a special place within the general history of the city as a whole, and in the projects of rehabilitation, renovation, or urban re-qualification. The local authorities perceive it in terms of disqualification: a problem in the city centre, with traffic jams, prostitution and misery, the underground, the communes or ghettoes of the people from the Maghreb. Efforts at "re-conquest" and gentrification have been unsuccessful. The designation of "Arab District" is the product of sociological nearsightedness and of the exaggerated visibility of the "Arab" presence. Other presences and other forms of plural-ethnic cohabitation, which have left their historical marks on the district to varying degrees, are simply not mentioned.

While conveying feelings of rejection and insecurity, Belsunce also participates in the myths of the city of Marseilles, namely in its foundation by the Greek, who were foreign to the city, and its image of cosmopolitanism. We should critically reappraise this notion of cosmopolitanism, in relation to the colonial situations which gave rise to this notion in Marseilles. Is it real cosmopolitanism or just a façade?

This research will investigate the territory of Belsunce privileging the following themes:

- Figures of mobility and stability in Belsunce
- Territories and stakes in visibility
- Social and urban stakes in the old centre (rehabilitation, gentrification)

This research on Belsunce, "The Mediterranean voices of Belsunce", is part of the project *Med Voices* and the construction of a multimedia data base of field ethnographic materials. These materials are connected, essentially, to the issues of public space, practices of space, mobility, forms of sociability, rehabilitation / gentrification of the old centre, urban tracks.

1. Territories and visibility stakes

Another area of this research concerns the forms of visibility and their territorialisation in the Belsunce quarter. It lies within the theme of public space and its forms of appropriation and socialization.

When we speak about public space and about common space, are we talking about the same thing?

The public space is a territory in which we experience urbanlife: mixed identity and practices, meetings, exchanges, situations of "otherness" and non-exclusive interactions of specific groups.

The public space is also a territory marked by social relations of nearness and distance, varying in terms of density, intensity, interrelationship, meetings, closeness, commitment, avoidance or anonymity.

Belsunce and its surroundings form public spaces which are interesting to observe, notably several places around a crossroads situated at the entrance of the city. These places are the object of intense appropriation, dense activity and occupation, serving as support to informal business, to exchanges, to meetings. Furthermore, these places are also prolonged by different spaces of sociability: shops, coffee shops, markets, flea markets, bars, hotels, phone booths, pay-phones, mosques, bookshops, commerce of nearness and all kinds of socio-cultural apparats.

2. Figures of mobility and of settled life in Belsunce

Belsunce is often perceived via images stemming from the common sense of sight, or from the perspective of human sciences, as a territory of movement, flow, mobility, wandering, traffic and nomadism. One time drives out another, one group replaces another... a territory of "airlock", transit and passage.

True images but exclusive. Mobility and its devices have come to generate also a settled way of life, anchoring, durability. Stability is, in a sense, the blind spot of the studies undertaken on Belsunce. Networks and circulatory competences have been privileged, whereas inhabitants who have elected Belsunce as a place of residence, or stayed there for want of anything better, have been ignored or drawn less interest.

Belsunce, a territory, territories which shift, overlap, become muddled and provoke the nearsightedness of the discreet or lazy glance which sees, at night, that all cats are black.

The image of the "Arab quarter" attached to Belsunce reduces the complexity of the trajectories, the modes at the access to the city and the relationship with the territory which is at stake.

3. TERRITORIES AND MEMORY STAKES

Belsunce's identity has been built up through migratory waves, and, notably since around thirty years ago, by the economic and social anchoring of North African and African populations. The natives here are Algerian, Moroccan or Senegalese, residents, storekeepers or customers, and those who come to populate the renovated flats (artists, students and middle class bohemians in search of ethnic mix and fantasized cosmopolitanism).

Our aim is to avoid the stereotype of the "Arab district", the usual name of Belsunce, and not to succumb to its simplism. Within the framework of the project *Med Voices,* it seems important to insist on the plural of "Voices" and to restore the plural and multiple memories of this territory by trying to integrate the various ethnic and cultural constituents which live in it or frequent it. The stakes of memory are central in this project.

They do not simply rely on personal stories, but are closely linked to the legitimization and recognition process of "roots" and the right to the city (*droit à la ville*).

Belsunce is multiple, and superimposes various social groups, whose relations and interaction with the district can vary from frequenting, to neighbouring, and even avoidance. Storekeepers, inhabitants from the Maghreb, arrived a long time ago, migrant networks of passage. French inhabitants recently settled, under cover of the rehabilitation of selected streets and buildings (students, middle class workers, artists...), Marseilles' Jewish wholesalers, African migrants. Several historic or recent figures of immigration and mobility are present in Marseilles. In this sense, it is useful to restore memory and practices, together with the relationship to the quarter and to the city.

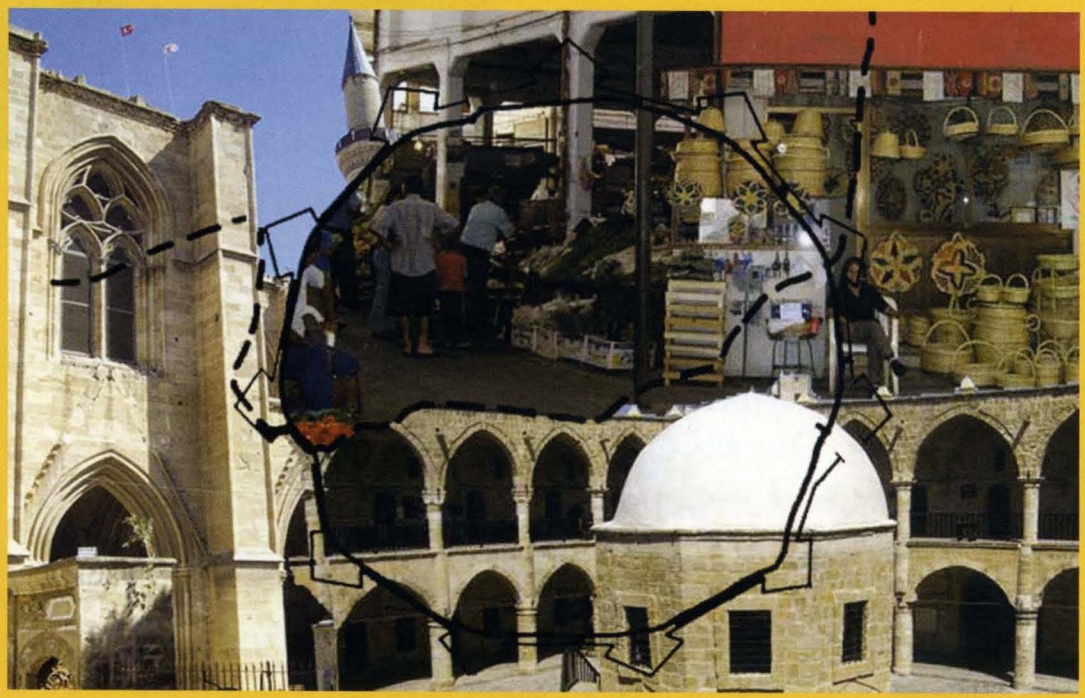
4. Social and urban stakes in the ancient (historical) centre

Since the 1930s, Belsunce has been a territory of projects, still "in project phase" if I may dare to say so. A political and urbanistic vision which is interpreted in fragments of projects, micro-interventions. This logic took various forms: renovation, requalification, rehabilitation and destruction. The logic of the many interventions corresponds to the social, political and symbolic stakes that could be expressed by the phrase often used in Marseilles: "the reconquest of the centre" which also corresponds to a will to produce a change in the population. During Belsunce's history, these tensions were made visible through operations of destruction, change of use, or unsuccessful gentrification.

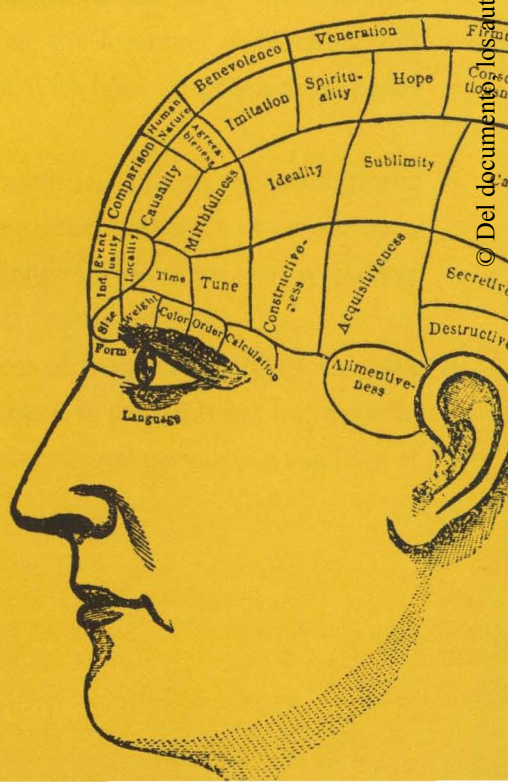
Belsunce's symbolic centrality, in the imagination of the inhabitants of Marseilles, is problematic, an "extraterritorial" centrality, de-legitimised, stigmatized: *"Kasbah"*, *"Arab quarter"*, *"Medina"*, *"Bazaar"*, *"ghetto"* are terms often used to qualify Belsunce.

The matter is to restore the memory and the stakes of this logic of intervention by focussing specifically on the Bernard Dubois block taken within the Euromed Project area. This neighbourhood is currently being demolished.

Nicosia North

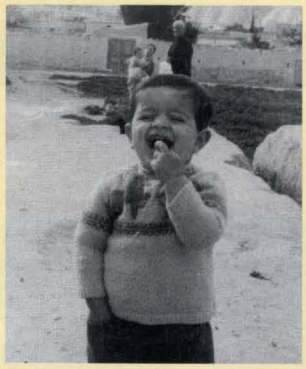


SMELL	Coffee
FRUIT	Orange
TEXTURE	Silk
SOUND	Cars, market and people
SPICE OR HERB	Wild thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Lyre
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Eucalyptus



❶ Huseyin Gursan

❷ Muharrem Amcazade



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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - NICOSIA NORTH

The Youth Center Union, Nicosia

The Youth Center Nicosia is a non-governmental organisation established in 1986 by a group of young volunteers which has been working on issues that are related to children, youth, culture, folk dance and sports. The activities of the youth Center have been financed by volunteers, and the families that are willing to lead their children towards learning and finding out about the Turkish Cypriot culture, folk dance and other issues.

The Youth Center has published 6 books, prepared by the researchers, especially on folk dance and folk music with the main idea of trying to help the Society not to forget the life and culture of the Past, and to share the lifestyle of the community with the new generations.

The Youth Center has also worked towards the realisation of peace and for the democratisation of the Society with panel discussions organised over the years in the Past.

Mediterranean Voices, Nicosia and The Youth Center Union

The Youth Center has been active mainly in Northern Nicosia as the capital of the country, with one of the main activities being the learning, researching and teaching of the cultural life of the Turkish Cypriots, with books published and panel discussions organised on related issues.

Mediterranean Voices has helped us to be more organised, while giving a professional and more academic aspect to the project. We have generated a lot of information about the city that we have been living in as individuals and where we have worked as the Youth Center Union.

The project's aim was to work on the experiences of the past and relate the past experiences with today. The stories that we have been hearing cannot be found in any of the history books about Nicosia. We have interviewed people with an idea of

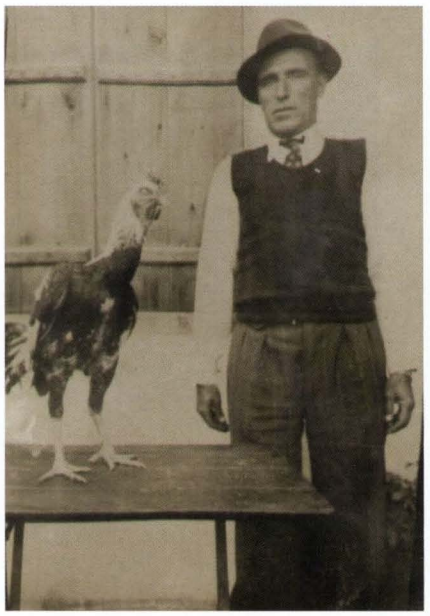
building upon the information that we have and by recording these interviews we will be able to share past lives with the present society.

We have recorded the social life of Nicosia, and tried to relate the past with the present. Especially this is giving the old people a part to play. They are ready to talk about the "good old days" and the changes that have occured over time.

Nicosia, has become a crowded town-city, and the people of Nicosia have become alienated from each other, as in all the other cities. The old people of Nicosia complain about this, and want to share their own experience with the new generations.

The personal lives of the old people teach us about the social life of the Old Nicosia, and this gives us the chance to compare the changes that have occurred. The research has forced us to think about the best way to share the information that we have discovered from these old inhabitants of Nicosia. We thought that the best thing would be to divide northern Nicosia into 4 main sectors and, in addition to these sectors, it would be best to have three additional headings as our main contributions: the night life, children's games, and the Turkish Cypriot cuisine which are to figure on our page on the net, in addition to the "Sarayonü and Kyrenia Gate, Caglaya neighbourhood, Arabahmet, the Selimiye (St.Sophia) neighbourhood, and the Covered Market Place".

The life, food, games, interesting figures from these neighbourhoods will be shared, an interesting experience for all of us.



The Neighbourhoods of Northern Nicosia.

Kyrenia Gate and the Sarayönü Neighbourhood

The main entrance to walled Nicosia from the main harbour city, *Kyrenia*, where the first impression for a villager and other foreigners is gained. The Kyrenia Gate neighbourhood has always been one of the most lively neighbourhoods in Nicosia. This was due to the fact that the shops, cinemas, coffeeshops, bars and the printing offices of Halkin Sesi, one of the main newspapers in the past, were centred in the region. Religious *bayram* celebrations were organised in different

places in Nicosia and we know that Kyrenia Gate hosted the celebration after the 1940s.

Sarayönü is the oldest and the most important square in Nicosia. The square was named Sarayönü from the Lusignan Period as Lusignan governors were living in the palace as the political center. The center is still one of the most important political centers of Northern Nicosia.

The Arabahmet Neighbourhood:

Cyprus has been ruled by different civilisations and Nicosia, as the capital, has been affected by nearly all of them. This neighbourhood has always been for the rich and noble families. Most of the population in the region was Turkish until the 1920s with a small Armenian community. After that, the Armenians coming from Anatolia started to settle in that region, and the Armenian population increased. The region became a multicultural neighbourhood with Turkish, Armenian and Greeks living together. We can see differently constructed buildings with all the Lusignan, Venetian, Ottoman and the British styles that the Armenians also contributed.

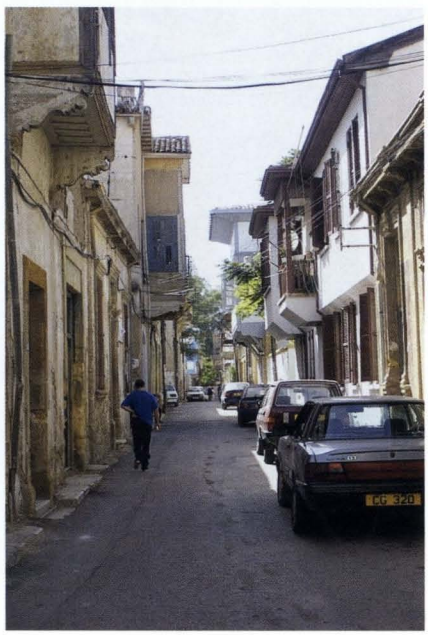
Çaglayan Neighbourhood:

This neighbourhood was one of the first sectors of Nicosia to be established outside the walls of Nicosia. The first restaurant was built in the region and the cinemas were first opened there. The inhabitants of Nicosia used to have their evening walks with their families in the region. The young couples would first meet there, and have coffee and some sweets there

Selimiye Neighbourhood and Covered Market Place:

Selimiye (St Sophia), the religious and trade center during the Lusignan and Venetian period, continued to be the center as the Ottomans started using the building as a mosque. Selimiye was the meeting point for all the people especially on Fridays, as Friday Pray is an important activity for Islam. New buildings were built around the Bedesten, which was a place for trade before the Ottomans. As a result of the population increase and the movement of the population, especially as the people from all over Cyprus would come to sell their products and buy their needs, the tradesmen stayed in inns all around the Selimiye neighbourhood.

Turkish Cypriot Cuisine



Turkish Cypriots have been, throughout history, hospitable people who like to accept guests with one of the most important cuisines in the Eastern Mediterranean. The Cuisine was shaped by the Lusignan, Venetian, English and Ottoman cuisine, the gastronomy of the peoples that governed the island. The people themselves had contributed and reshaped the cuisine with their tastes. Most of the dishes are very similar to Turkish, Greek, Lebanese, Syrian, French, Italian and Armenian dishes, that have been changed and blended with their own flavour to make the traditional Turkish Cypriot Cuisine. Cypriot Cuisine attracts the attention of the people and, after the food, some sweets (*macun*) and a Turkish coffee.

Night Life

Nicosia, as the capital, has been the centre of nightlife, restaurants, bars, theatres and cinemas. Most of the people did not find time to go to such places as the working hours were long in the past. The poor would go to cafés as it was the cheapest way of having free time but the rich would prefer to go out to eat in restaurants. Çaglayan Bar, Anibal Restaurant, Fox Bar, Isiklar restaurant are some of the places where the families would go, in addition to the bars, mostly men only, to drink with *mezes*.

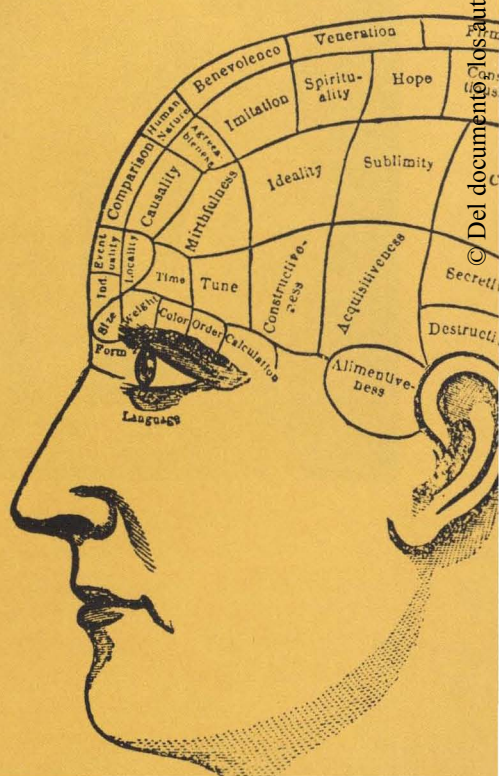
Children´s Games

One of the most important factors, influencing the development of the human beings, is games. Games support creativity and help the socialisation of children. Children in Cyprus have created and played many games affected by social and environmental factors. Children that grew up during the war imitate the guns that they saw or like to play something related to marriages, as weddings are one of the most important aspects of social life.

The Team at Nicosia North

Nicosia South

SMELL	Orange blossom
FRUIT	Lemon
TEXTURE	Sea and sand
SOUND	Market
SPICE OR HERB	Wild thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Baglama
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Olive Tree



David Officer

❶ Nicos Philippou

❷ Costas Constantinou

❸ Chris Malapitan

Nicos Peristianis

❹ Katarina Kokkinou

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MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - NICOSIA SOUTH

The combination of heritage, culture and Cyprus in the same sentence is familiar to Cypriots and none Cypriots alike. These words are frequently conjured by copywriters and advertising executives when looking for a way to brand "Aphrodite's Island". The state has expended considerable financial resources via the Cyprus Tourist Organisation to provide a recognisable profile which aims to attract visitors from Europe and elsewhere. This is not an unimportant exercise – the economy of the Republic of Cyprus remains heavily dependent on the tourist trade and, subsequently, devotes significant resources to cultivating an appropriate image.

There are, of course, different marketing messages for different audiences. Cyprus, or more particularly, Agia Napa – a resort towards the eastern end of the island, has recently traded on the youthful club culture it has become synonymous with. Other resorts seek to recommend themselves as a venue for the "traditional family holiday". In short, the advertising agencies have the task of conjuring a multifaceted location

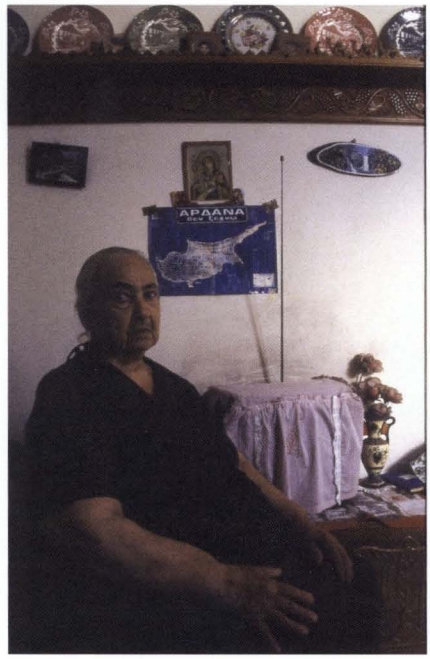
within which different touristic activities and interests can be accommodated. The marketing images of Cyprus have also been more recently fine-tuned to present locations and related villages which might appeal to the more sensitive "eco-tourist", who might want something different from the familiar beach resort.

Whatever the image which appeals within a particular niche market, there remains a familiar story, a set of invariable images and narratives, which evoke Cypriot heritage and culture against which a holiday choice can be enjoyed. Whilst much is made of the beauty of the natural environment, it is also a populated landscape, a place within which Cypriots live out their daily lives. The culture presented in this context is centred on rural activities - village life, all the men in coffee shops, all the women making lace, a donkey being led by a farmer along a road. The built environment is frequently presented as small-scale rural dwellings – whitewashed cottages, blue doors and shutters. If time slows in these images, and the authenticity of age is evoked, premodern times are the focus of the heritage represented. 18th Century Orthodox churches and ancient Greek ruins jostle for attention.

It is against this backdrop that the team have been working around issues of culture and heritage in contemporary Cyprus. It has come as no surprise that the complex reality of these issues bears little relation to the touristic images usually presented. An appreciation of this is, of course, not unique to the island, but usefully placed in a comparative context with projects conducted elsewhere by other partners in the *Mediterranean Voices* project, including *Las Palmas de Gran Canaria*. This collaborative aspect has been made all the more significant for us in Cyprus, since we are a Greek Cypriot research team working in the South of the island, who are undertaking parallel work and activities with Turkish Cypriots in the North.

Our focus is on the capital, *Lefkosia* (Nicosia). The city is a political and administrative capital for both major communities on the island. But, it is also a divided capital, with a heavily policed border running right through the middle, for long known as the "Green Line". Since May 2004, the border became a demarcation between the European Union and the rest of the world.

The issues raised by *Mediterranean Voices* could not be pursued without consciously taking this political complexity into account. Culture and heritage are commonly evoked in places where deep-seated ethnic conflict has been experienced. History, or particular versions of it, and culture —more specifically, perceptions of cultural difference— are all part of the way in which conflict is both experienced and understood.

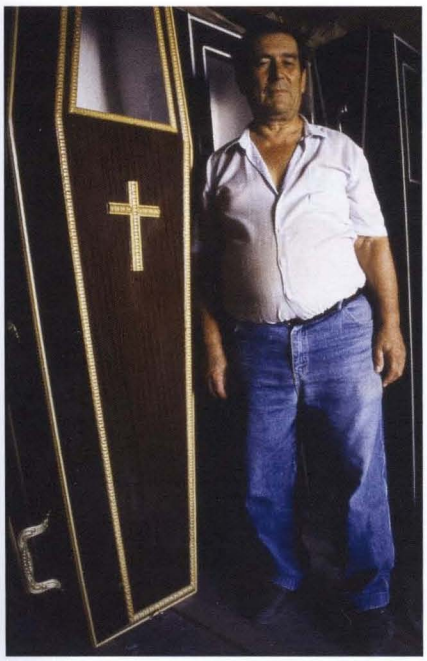


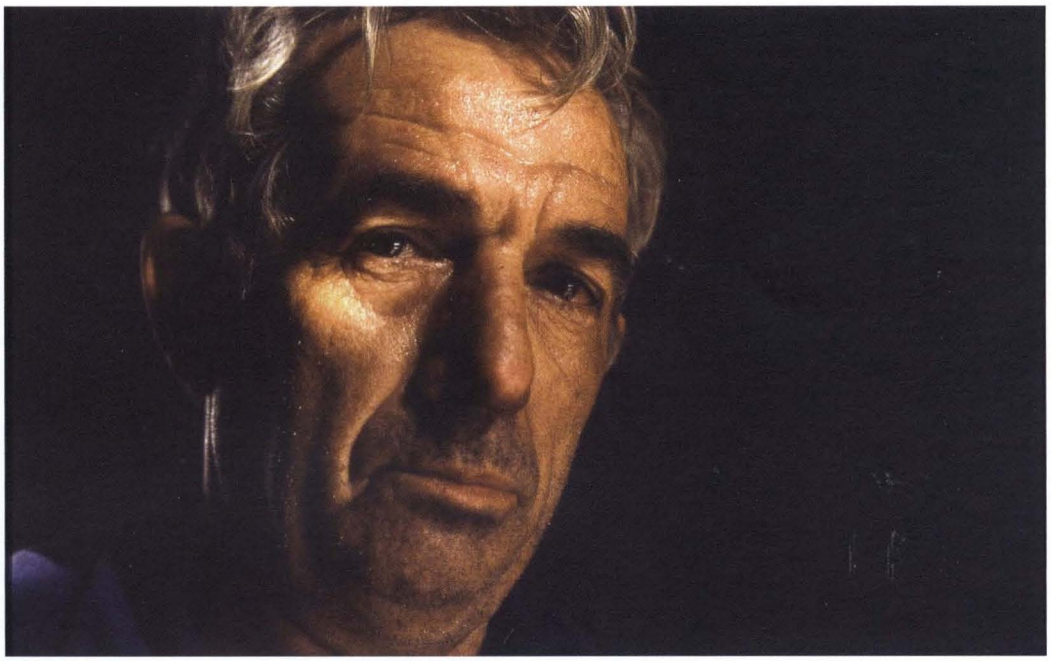
These issues weigh heavily in Cyprus. A former British colony, the country became a republic in 1960. In the struggle for independence, and in the years after the two communities pulled apart, inter-ethnic relations deteriorated, culminating in the violent intervention of the Turkish army in 1974. Over 200,000 people were displaced from their homes to the extent that within a short space of time, the two primary communities largely occupied two different zones on the island – north and south. Hermetically sealed from each other, this uneasy status quo has persisted into the present.

The *Mediterranean Voices* project has provided a vital context within which to examine critically the received image of Cyprus and approach the island's difficult past and the continued experience of the "Cyprus Problem". The very nature of the project allowed us to better understand how these two major issues were not abstract academic themes but felt in the everyday life of the ordinary citizens of Nicosia.

The project has also benefited considerably from being conducted in a wider Mediterranean context. The gap between, the touristic rendition of place and felt experience of our respondents is apparent in the work of our colleagues elsewhere. The difficulties of different ethnic or national groups occupying the same, or adjacent, urban space was a familiar experience in other cities – Marseille, Bethlehem and Istanbul, etc. As our research took shape, we also became clear about the general problems, shared elsewhere, related to community development within Mediterranean towns and cities. Of particular note is the constant debate over the appropriate balance between development aimed at attracting the tourist and the needs of local residents – an issue shared with Las Palmas de Gran Canaria.

The research is being conducted by a small team of younger researchers. It combines a set of interrelated themes which have included aspects of daily life





– food production and consumption; important events in many people's lives – marriage. The research has encompassed fashion, the role of the family and ceremonial rituals, etc. Ethnographic or community portraits have also been a way of working, focused as they are on networks of people and the complex relations within which life is led.

In doing so, the culture pursued was the culture of everyday life, the ways in which people thought about themselves and others, their relationship with the environment around them. The heritage which became apparent was the sedimented relations, developed over time, which continue to inform people in the present.

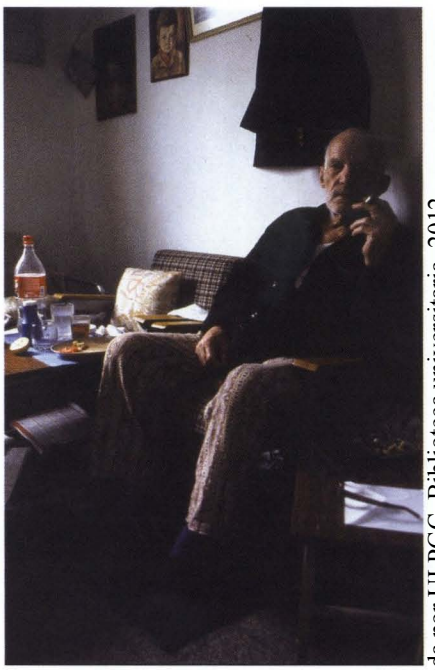
Most of our respondents live within the old Venetian walls of South Nicosia. They are not exclusively Cypriot – many residents being foreign workers who originated elsewhere. These are urban communities which tend to be relatively poor, living in areas which have not yet been redeveloped. They are communities which are a long way from the traditional representations of Cypriotness.

There are many stories to tell and images to communicate. Costas and Katerina have produced vivid anthropological sketches of people's lives, supported by Marina

and Despo. Nicos has captured these "untraditional" images of Cyprus through photography. Chris' impending film of Nicosia through the eyes of an illegal immigrant opens up a perspective rarely seen.

Whilst this project has been proceeding, important events have occurred on the island. The Green Line, once impossible to cross, has become a porous border and a possible solution has come and gone in the form of the UN-sponsored Annan Plan. Whatever the eventual outcome, Cyprus will never again be quite the same. Accession to the European Union on the First of May came to be added on this list of historic events that Cypriots have been experiencing in the last couple of years.

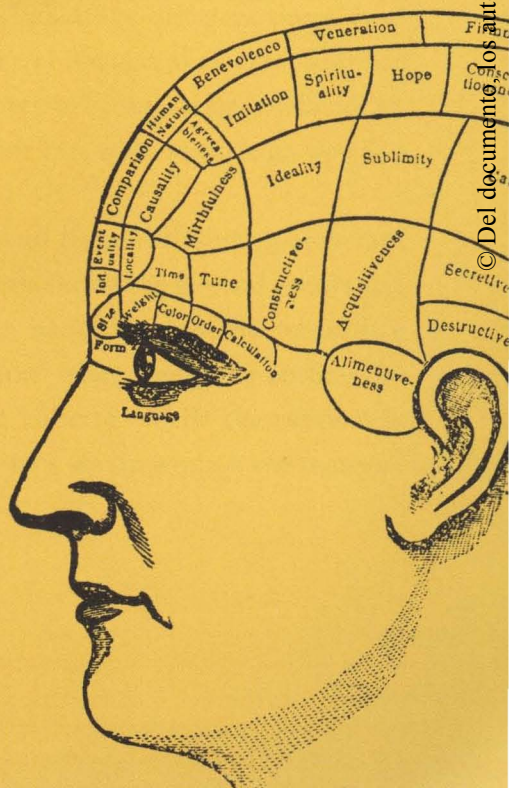
The activities gathered under the South Nicosia *Mediterranean Voices* project made a modest contribution to suggesting that inter-Mediterranean and bi-communal projects are not only possible but very fruitful. It has suggested that Cyprus is a much more complex place than the casual visitor might perceive. Finally, it has suggested that heritage and culture can also encompass the creative ways in which people live their daily lives, how they think of the past and anticipate the future.



THE TEAM AT NICOSIA SOUTH

La Valletta

SMELL	Sea
FRUIT	Orange
TEXTURE	Limestone
SOUND	People, church bells and crickets
SPICE OR HERB	Wild thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	Drums or a guitar in a small bar
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Olive tree



❶ Rachel Radmilli

❷ Mark Casha

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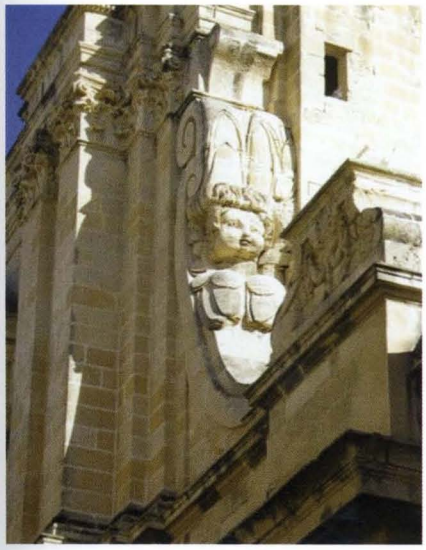
MEDITERRANEAN VOICES - LA VALLETTA

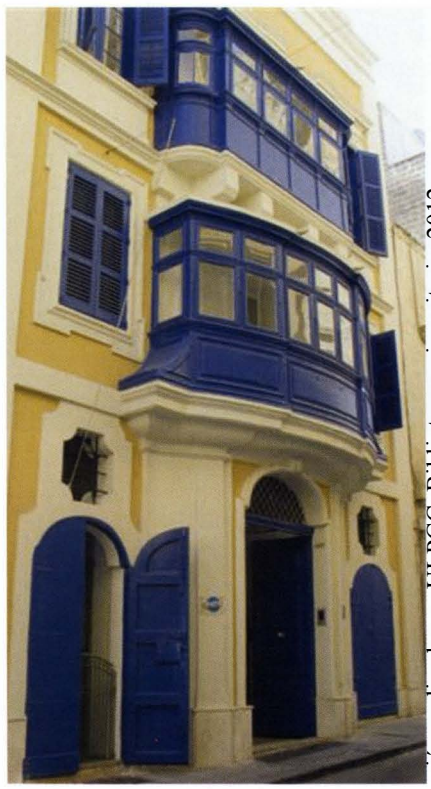
The Mediterranean Voices project is an ethnographic project on Intangible Heritage in an urban context. The Maltese team is focussing on La Valletta, the capital city of Malta. Our main focus and interest are the residents of La Valletta: past, present and future. While using the latest digital technology to record, store and process the information that people generously contribute, our major interest is to hear the voices of those who are often left out of the discussion groups when it comes to taking official decisions concerning the city. We are interested in people's stories, expressions, traditions, sense of identity, and the different ways in which this identity is expressed in different contexts and in different areas of La Valletta at different times.

We have adopted a number of different techniques, including a wide angle approach where we record events from a slight distance. On the other hand, we also carry out more focussed and in-depth interviews, and we have a growing collection of recordings of different people who either live in La Valletta, or who lived in La Valletta, for a significant period of their life. Some of these people still work in La Valletta. They all talk about their emotional attachment to the city and especially to specific neighbourhoods. Some talk about family traditions, others about how they inherited their trade from their fathers and grandfathers, and so on. Likewise we took a number of photographs of people in La Valletta on different occasions to generally capture the feel of the main streets of La Valletta at different times. And finally, we have been talking to people from all walks of life and of all ages. This has contributed a rich amount of data where cross-generational comparisons make for an interesting exploration of change and history that we can witness through people's accounts, and within living memory.



The themes described below use a combination of these different approaches. For example, when it came to the Parish Feasts, we recorded the general events and outdoor activities, processions, church celebrations, band marches and so on. I've grouped the major themes that we are using into four major groups to outline the issues that, to varying extents, represent life in La Valletta. While the resident is our focus, the context is quite complex, and sometimes we draw upon the material

culture to display different ways in which personality, trade and identity can be displayed in La Valletta. The themes described below merely serve to introduce this context.



1. Public places and private spaces (Neighbourhoods, streets and homes)

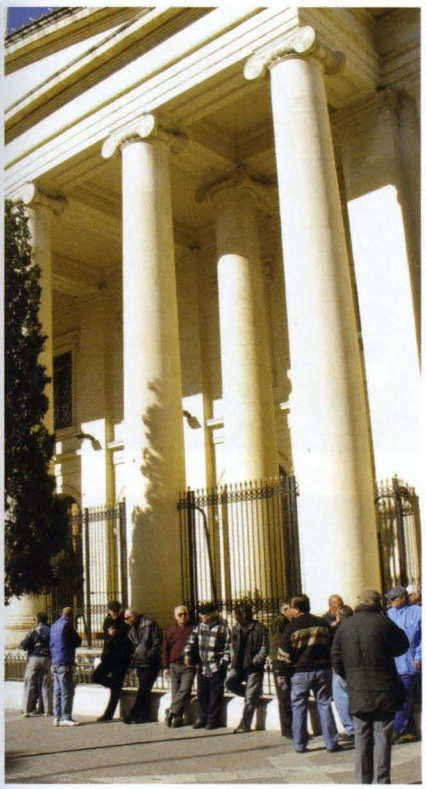
La Valletta is a fortified city that was built in the 16th Century by the Knights of the Order of St John. It was a city built by gentlemen for gentlemen, and was built on a grid plan for defence purposes. The capital city of Malta saw a great deal of destruction to many of its ancient buildings during the Second World War. One of the last buildings to still lie in ruins is the old Royal Opera House, and the fate of this building still generates a great deal of debate on a local and national level.

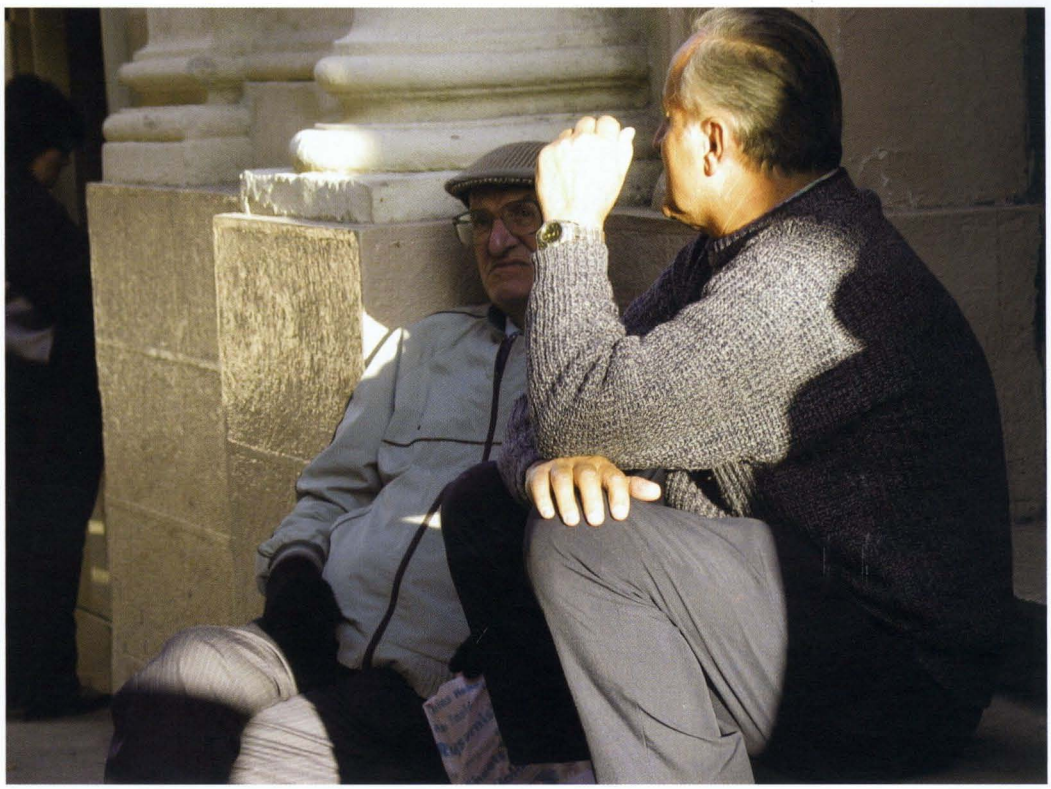
Up to this very day, the streets and squares of La Valletta are stage to everyday life and the enactment of many activities, including political, commercial, religious, and personal activities. Add to this the thousands of people who come into La Valletta on a daily basis for different reasons such as work and/or entertainment purposes. The public places not only lead to private spaces but often become private spaces on special occasions like feast days. On such days, specific areas become one space for the enactment of activities related to that occasion, such as the Parish feasts.

Contrasts are visible in several aspects of La Valletta's diverse realities. Old and new, modern and traditional, young and old, past and present all fuse together in this fortified city. Through a series of images and texts, we hope to capture some of these contrasts.

2. Identity, memory and religious events.

As mentioned above, people often identify with specific neighbourhoods in the city. Family life and traditions that date back several generations are easily recalled through people's association with various areas and landmarks. People often dip into the pot of family memories and link certain areas, streets, neighbourhoods and landmarks to activities, memories and events.





Individual and group identity is expressed in many ways and in such closeknit communities, it is often situated within the context of the family. Family traditions, weekly gatherings, mealtimes, anniversary celebrations, Christmas drinks, and many other feast days, bring families together. These are all opportunities for local traditions and memories to be shared and passed on from generation to generation.

Several events and social activities that are organised in La Valletta are linked directly or indirectly to the Catholic religious calendar. These include the Christmas celebrations, with many handcrafted cribs on display in private spaces that have temporarily become public showcases. A few months later, there are the Carnival celebrations that immediately precede the 40 days of Lent. Easter time also sees a whole series of activities and processions celebrating the Passion of Christ. Many Catholic celebrations also coincide quite closely with the Greek Catholic celebrations, and there is an interesting deal of overlap.

Perhaps some of the most boistorous displays of community spirit in La Valletta are a number of popular and famous parish feasts. Possibly the largest and most famous of these La Valletta feasts are the feast of St Paul and the feast of St Dominic, which are two rival feasts. The first feast to be celebrated each year is the feast of St Paul and it is popular with many Maltese for a number of reasons. Local belief states that St Paul brought Christianity to Malta in 60AD when he was shipwrecked on this island. On the other hand, both feasts hold a certain degree of political significance because of their allegiance with opposing political parties. The outdoor celebrations involve processions and band marches through the streets of La Valletta in the neighbourhood of the respective parishes of St Paul and St Dominic. The feast of St Paul is also the first feast of the year to be held in Malta, and is one of the few to be held in Winter.

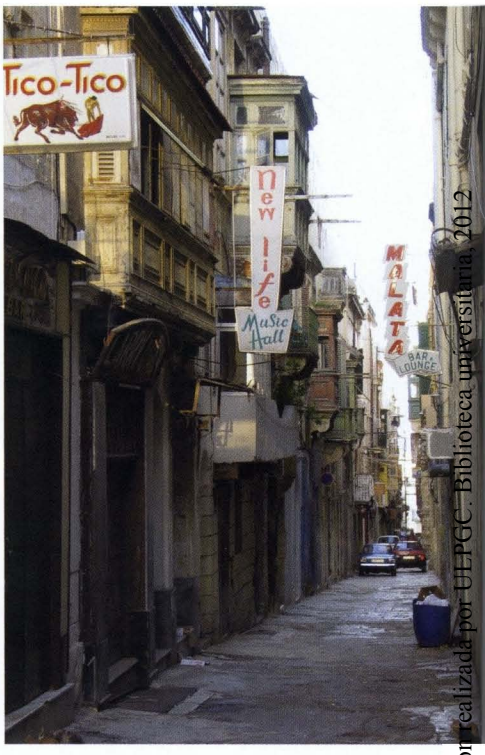
3. Political activity, Economic activities, Trades and Professions

La Valletta, as the capital city of Malta, is the seat of government. The President's Palace, the Office of the Prime Minister, Parliament and the larger ministries are all located here. As a key central location and political centre of the island, La Valletta also witnesses several political manifestations ranging from electoral manifestations, to mass meetings, post election celebrations to strikes and, within our very recent history, also included the EU accession celebrations on the eve of the 1st of May, 2004.

Furthermore, as La Valletta is the political centre, a large number of people who visit the city on a daily basis are government employees and other Maltese, visiting the capital for all kinds of government-related business. It is also a legal centre since the Law Courts of Malta are located in the centre of the City. La Valletta is also one of the major commercial centres in Malta although it is losing out on business to new commercial centres in other areas of Malta. Yet, La Valletta still experiences a large movement of people on a daily basis, especially during peak periods such as the Christmas season. These activities also attract many fundraising events.

Over the last few decades new enterprises are opening up to try and bring the city back to life in the evenings too, as life in the evenings used to dwindle when most of the workers, visitors and shoppers would leave after closing hours. These new enterprises include shopping malls, restaurants, taverns, bars, cinema complexes and theatres, etc.

There are also a few old crafts shops still to be found dotted around La Valletta. Some areas are mainly residential whereas others are more commercial and/or are the area where most offices are to be found. Besides, some street names are testimony to some of the old trading areas that were found in La Valletta. One example is the merchant area that was busy when the harbour still played a significant role in



the commerce carried out here. One such street name is Merchants' Street. Other streets such as Old Bakery Street, Windmill Street, Old Theatre, and Carts Street remind us of the main industries that were present in these areas in the past.

4. Food, Music and Entertainment

La Valletta has an interesting assortment of outlets that sell food. These range from bakeries to bars, from restaurants to coffee shops, and other kiosks in public gardens and spaces that sell food items such as *pastizzi*, *hobz biz-zejt* and other light snacks. Food and mealtimes form an integral part of human activity in various contexts. Communication and identity are often expressed around a table, and at mealtimes.

Some kinds of food are prepared especially for special occasions. Examples include sweets such as *Kwarezimal* and *Karamelli tal-Harrub* that are made during the Lenten season. *Prinjolata* is another sweet made specifically at Carnival. Certain

shops are also renowned for their food specialities such as the *pastizzi* shops I just mentioned.

There is also a booming trade in restaurants, coffee shops and bars that provide all kinds of culinary delights to residents, people working in La Valletta as well as to people visiting La Valletta in the evening purposely to go out to eat or to go to the cinema.

Many social activities and public festivities have musical displays as central features. The major band clubs in La Valletta organise the band marches for the parish feasts and guest bands are also invited to take part at different stages of the week-long festivities.

Folk musicians perform locally in a series of different contexts. Etnika for example, are renowned for their performances in various locations around La Valletta. This group has worked on a revival of traditional musical instruments. They also invite folk singers to perform with them.

The Manoel Theatre in La Valletta is one of Malta's oldest theatres. This theatre was built in 1731 by the Grand Master Antonio Manoel de Vilhena. He commissioned and funded the construction of this Public Theatre "for the honest recreation of the people". There was also a certain degree of rivalry between the Manoel Theatre and the old Royal Malta Opera house. The ruins of the Royal Opera House are now used as a space for open air concerts held in Summer or as a temporary exhibition hall. While most theatrical and musical performances are held at the Manoel Theatre, recently developed sites and centres are slowly gaining recognition. One such site is the St James Cavalier Centre for Creativity. A number of Maltese and foreign theatre companies and groups come here to perform.

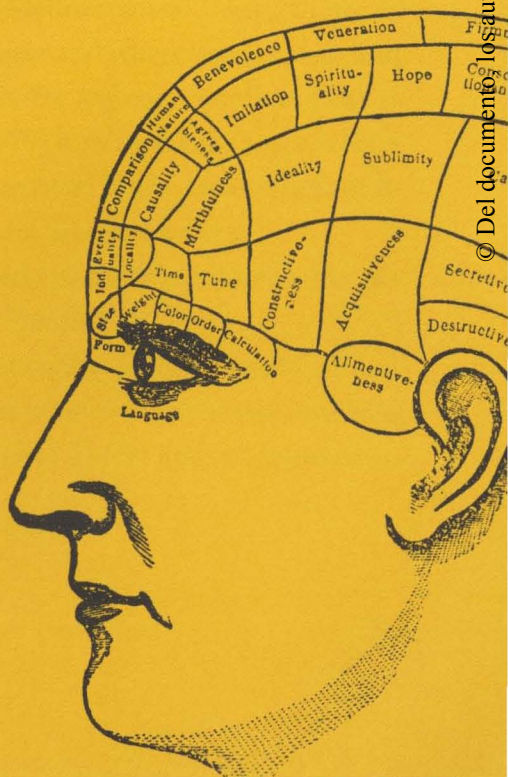
Although Malta is a very small island in the middle of the Mediterranean, this project has helped to discover and uncover links with Maltese communities who had settled in other cities that also form part of the *Mediterranean Voices* project. One of these connections is actually with Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. There is a street in Triana that is called Calle de los Malteses, and many residents in the area claim descent from old merchant families that hailed from Malta. It would be interesting to talk to these people and to hear their stories to see, amongst other things, what they feel about Malta and what memories they may have inherited, or if, for example, they have kept any Maltese traditions alive in Triana.

THE TEAM AT LA VALLETTA

LAS PALMAS DE GRAN CANARIA

Echoes in the Atlantic

SMELL	Toasted coffee and cornmeal
FRUIT	Banana
TEXTURE	Sackcloth
SOUND	Church bells, traffic
SPICE OR HERB	Anisette, thyme
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	*Timple*
FLOWER, PLANT OR TREE	Palm tree



Margaret Hart Robertson

THE EXHIBITION OF VOICES AND ECHOES

Why has Las Palmas de Gran Canaria been projected into the Mediterranean by the team at London Metropolitan University with their invitation to participate in Mediterranean Voices? Why has the city, recognised as the most cosmopolitan in the Archipelago, been moved from its traditional description, as strategically located "at the crossroads between Continents, in the mid-Atlantic" to the "fringe of the Mediterranean Atlantic, beyond the Pillars of Hercules", and what is to be gained from that perspective?

This project is about globalisation, sense of identity and belonging, community and culture, and how this relates to the tourism of the future. The Canary Islands were acknowledged by the French historian, Braudel, as being essential to the understanding of the Mediterranean basin, from the point of view of commercial and cultural links, and flows of trade and people. When at a crossroads, as we are in the Atlantic, it is often difficult to decide which way to turn next. We are strategically located as a platform for others to use. On the fringe, on the border, as we are in the Mediterranean, representing the metaphorical and literal North for Africa and the South for Europe, it is often easier to view the situation more clearly and with greater objectivity. We are strategically located to see events, to contrast situations and to decide for ourselves where we want to deploy our efforts in the future. In a world of changing boundaries, frontiers and values, Mediterranean Voices allows us to take stock of where we have come from, where we are and where we are going, and with whom, without the "boundaries" of stereotypes. For any community to exist as such, according to the anthropologist, John Urry (2000) it must share a space, a time and a historical memory. *Voices and Echoes: Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic* is designed to trigger ongoing debate about all three aspects.

The exhibition of *Voices and Echoes: Reminiscences of the Mediterranean in the Atlantic* is designed to do various things, for various people.

First, it is an invitation to enter the world of Intangible Heritage and Cultural Tourism as it has been researched by ourselves and the other twelve partners involved in the EuroMed Heritage II Project of *Mediterranean Voices* and as depicted in

our growing database, growing because it thrives upon interactivity and public participation. Second, it is an invitation to participate in a venture which is about people and for people: to inform, form and reform things that are being done in the city and which affect us all as a community. It is empowerment and what is called, in EU jargon, "governance". It is about people, for the people, and needs people for it to continue and to be a "sustainable development", to contribute positively towards our sustenance, tourism. Third, it is about memory and the senses and the importance of not relegating our intelligence and our sensitivity to machines and to the media, of not allowing for standardisation of culture to creep in unawares, of defending the characteristic and defining signs of the island, to protect it from being "just another place" and "another island in the sun". It is about oral tradition, listening, talking, recreating, communicating and remembering. In a world so streamlined towards stress, forgetfulness and amnesia, it is important to use activators to remind us of where we come from so as not to lose track of where we want to go. In an island like Gran Canaria, where the Conquest came and left no written vestige of the past apart from the official chronicles of the conquerors, oral tradition is particularly important and should not be subsumed by the world of the visual, given primacy in the mass media. Paradoxically, nowadays, we have more and more means of communication and yet we communicate less and less. The exhibition, then, is about re-discovering and re-creating what is already there but which, for one reason or another, we no longer appreciate, value or even see.

Fourth, then, it is about inter-generational tolerance, valuing what we have, respect for others and growing through learning, self-esteem at the personal and community level, taking control of one's own existence and caring for others, values which have always been immensely present in the Canary Islands, in general, and in the areas studied in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, in particular: Vegueta, Triana, and the riscos, San Nicolás, San Roque, San José, San Juan, the largely dismantled areas of San Bernardo and San Lázaro, and the disarticulated area of San Cristóbal.

The project in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, like the project in Ciutat de Mallorca, is largely centred around the area which is most valued for its material heritage, much of which is a recreation or fake, since Van der Does put paid to most of the larger monuments when he attacked the island and burnt or raized buildings to

the ground, above all, the religious monuments in the traditional city centre of Real Las Palmas, the world *intra-muros*. The area of Vegueta is the traditional city centre, the site of the first encampment of the conquering Spaniards, and where the institutional life of the city was first developed. Only lately have the Town Hall and other institutional headquarters been transferred to other areas nearer to the harbour but, for a long time, people never ventured further than the Poyos del Obispo in San José, or the area "Fuera La Portada" beyond the Parque de Cervantes (San Telmo), the Camino Nuevo (Bravo Murillo) and El Muelle de Las Palmas (the area reclaimed from the sea and now occupied by the bus terminal, Rafael Cabrera and the Avenida Marítima). To go to the *"plataneras"* passing by the *"Arbol del Responso"* was to move outside the secure world of the fortified town, to go to the "other world", in other words, to die. Vegueta was the home of notaries, scribes, legal negotiators, churches, the Cathedral, convents and monasteries and rich absentee landowners. But it was also home to the "portones", the cheapest and most basic kind of shared "closes", with rooms occupied by whole families with no sanitation to speak off and shared cooking quarters, the brothels, the market place, the tradesmen and many of the more picturesque characters of the time. It was also the place for drinks and for many of the betting activities and social groups or associations of the past, "tertulias" frequented by nobles, gentlemen, intellectuals, clergy, tradesmen and ordinary workers from the "riscos" alike. Thus, is was one of the most important areas of "subliminal" or "undercover" socializing, in that the men went expressly to meet up with other men but because they were in an area frequented by women, the market, the "corner shops", it represented an area where meetings, even of an illicit nature, could be pursued.

The area of Triana was always most renowned as the area for commerce and, with its proximity to the port, was the headquarters for many of the British and other foreign merchants who used the island for exports and imports,(cochineal, wine, bananas, sugar cane and tomatoes(Elder, Miller, Fyffe and others), thus giving rise to the Canary Wharf in London), for fuelling, of great strategic importance in the War (Blandy and Woermann), for banking and for the first incursions into tourism (the Yeoward lines and the Royal and Castle cruises). Triana, together with the frontier area of the Alameda de Colón, was also the main area for socialising, although such was

strictly curtailed by the physical obstacles (the tram or "La Pepa" passing in between the two pavements) and by parental restrictions (the "gooseberry" or *"carabina"* and the curfew of nine o'clock, strictly marked by the Pflueger clock). The shops of the area were indicative of the modes and customs of the times: wholesale grocer's selling to smaller establishments, the corner shops or *"tiendas de aceite y vinagre"* still to be found in North Cyprus, Mallorca and in other partner cities, textile shops, tailor's, hatter's, shoemaker's, barber's, haberdasheries, jeweller's and watchmaker's, all of which have gradually disappeared in the face of changing consumer trends. The actual physiognomy of the shops has also changed from the intimacy of the labyrinthal shop window, inviting the client to enter into the peace and quiet of the immense establishments such as Rivero's or Arencibia's, where seats were deployed for the customers to pass the weary time of the queue in relative comfort, to the flat surface with little but the merchandise on show, and an impersonal atmosphere in the shop, with service centred around the cash-point.

In between Triana and Vegueta, is the area which has most suffered transformation over the last three decades, with only the names of the places remaining as landmarks for physical objects which no longer exist. People still talk about getting on or off the bus at the Puente de Piedra, which substituted the Puente de Verdugo, as one of the means of transit, the bridge, from the largely religious and institutional area of Vegueta over the Barranco de Guiniguada (also eliminated) to the commercial and social area of Triana and the Alameda de Colón. The Puente de Palo (also eliminated) a little further down, affording access between the market in Vegueta and the Cuesta San Pedro, Triana and the Theatre area, is less referred to explicitly, being substituted by the Theatre itself (first the Teatro Tirso de Molina, now the Teatro Pérez Galdós, paradoxical in itself as Pérez Galdós was most critical of its location, referring to it as the fish market, for its proximity to the same and to the sea). However, people do talk about the Puente de Palo although there is no trace of the bridge, merely a commemorative plaque (Puente de Palo or de López Botas). People still talk about the Alameda de Colón although the physical reference has largely disappeared, and this area is, by no means, as lively as it used to be, despite efforts to brighten up this "frontier" between Vegueta and Triana, and between Triana and the risco San Nicolás. The Calle Los

Malteses (see Valletta), in reference to the first Maltese traders once active in this area, is now largely in disuse and one of the potential areas for property speculation and "heritage-isation", with restoration work now taking place on the Casa Pérez Galdós, the renowned Canary novelist, long spurned in his home city on account of his political beliefs, as is the case for Negrín, Alonso Quesada, and, to a certain extent, Néstor de la Torre and Miguel Martín Fernández de la Torre or, more recently, and more distantly, (Lanzarote), César Manrique.

Another value of this project has been to include the "riscos" as essential to the understanding of the intangible heritage, explaining the tolerance which exists at a local level, and the balance found by the islanders for their eternal conflict between their desire for a private existence and the need to be exposed to the world, for survival. The "riscos" were largely developed by the workers who moved into the city from the hinterlands in search of work and the prosperity afforded by the harbour and international trade, although these areas had always existed as the entrenchments where the natives withdrew to, when under attack. The Canary islander has always withdrawn under siege to the highest grounds in order to be able to "view" the horizon and to "prepare" for attack. The labyrinth of streets within the "riscos", reminiscent of the Jewish areas in Córdoba and Mallorca, or the areas of Sacromonte and El Albayzín in Granada, have allowed for the residents to see without being seen, whilst the busy rooftops, teeming with livestock, birds and plants, have allowed them a semi-public existence and a view that few of the residential areas can afford. Present plans to forbid occupation of the flat roofs, and to move undesirable elements out of the area, do not bode particularly well for the "riscos", each of which maintains its own private identity, church, patron saint celebrations, neighbourhood associations and clubs, with active dance and musical groups, the lateen sailing fans, messenger pigeon associations and fans, and betting establishments (be it on cards, bingo or whatever). The "riscos" have always been voluntarily marginal but are now, more and more, marginalised. Little by little, they are being inhabited by foreigners of a more bohemian nature and young people whose grandparents were from the area and who have inherited homes in a city where property is scandalously expensive for first time homeowners, thus giving rise to renovation, restructuring and rebuilding of the "casas terreras" of the past to accommodate the needs of the present (e.g. garages).

The elements which brought these areas together in the past and allowed for shared spaces by different social classes have now largely disappeared. The Gabinete Literario, once the place for "coming out into Society" is still largely frequented by the élite, with the area around the Hotel Madrid popular with the local intelligentsia, and up and coming "beautiful people". Some of our informants talk about sitting down on the walls to watch the celebrations in the Gabinete which were more exciting and long commented upon by the people in the "riscos" than the international and national films shown at the cinema, since everyone was familiar with everyone else at the time in what was still the city of Las Palmas (called Las Palmas de Gran Canaria after the division of the Provinces). The area around the Plaza de las Ranas (before the Plaza de la Democracia and the place for *tertulias*) still tends to be favoured by people who want to chat, watch the world go by, see and be seen. It has become a sedentary, and more expensive, substitute for the Paseo de Triana. The cinemas which were once abundant in this area, and a centre for socialising, have all been knocked down and are now centred in the Monopole multi-cinema which always features one subtitled film (original version), thus indicative of the audience it attracts. The need to collect water (the *"pilares"* or public water fountains) , to wash clothes for the richer residents to earn a living, or the desire to see the water run down the Barranco de Guiniguada, was another of the elements which brought Triana, Vegueta and the "riscos" into closer contact. Religious festivities and celebrations such as the Carnival, long prohibited in the times of Franco, also brought the "riscos" and Vegueta and Triana together on level terms. However, the "riscos" were considered strictly out of bounds for the more genteel womenfolk, and were only frequented by the wealthier men in search of "light entertainment" and, thus, were largely out of bounds also, though not to the same extent as the harbour area.

The team in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria has tried to channel the voices of the people whose voices are not usually heard (THE PERSON), to allow them to re-discover what are the true bonds which allow for this small island community to survive and to welcome and accept people from all parts of the world, charitably and openly, even in times of crisis, when suffering mass immigration and high levels of local unemployment (LIVING TOGETHER), to value the trades and crafts of the

past which are suffering near-extinction due to changing consumer patterns and trends (WORK); to ponder for themselves the reasons for which there has been a spontaneous upsurge in interest in celebrations and forms of cultural manifestation which had long been abandoned in the last few years (PLAY); or equally to value why certain manifestations no longer enjoy the same fervour as before, or excite the same interest, and/or are modified or staged scenically, to attract greater outside interest (WORSHIP); and to talk about the objects which no longer form a part of their existence and were once integral to the same, and the cultural "baggage" which they consider to be vital to their existence as Canary islanders (OBJECTS). Most importantly, we talk about spaces and how this city has been constantly re-created on the basis of myths, with the script being changed to suit the circumstances, be they social, religious or political (SPACE). When the Army was omnipresent in the city, the Foreign Legion was barracked in the Castillo de Mata (near the "riscos") whereas the Barracks of San Francisco, for the higher ranks, were nearer Triana, with their back onto the riscos, and the Gobierno Militar was in the Parque Cervantes (from where Franco announced the Declaration of the Civil War) ie. Triana. The progressive reforms of space in Vegueta and Triana have damaged the social tissue and coherence of these areas, destroying them as centres for socialising except on extremely rare occasions (the 5th January when the whole of the city meets up in Triana), and have marginalised the riscos more and more, isolating them from the rest of the surrounding areas.

San Cristóbal, still largely unexplored due to the enormity of the project and the fact that it still has twelve months to run, merits a mention of its own. The *"rocotes"* or *"roncotes"* have always lived an existence completely apart from the rest of the city, as a small fishing village on the outskirts of the same, beyond the local cemetery and, thus, to a great extent, the "other world". This part of the city was particularly affected by the building of the main road to the South which tore apart its logic, separated various parts of the same, and did away with the coastline areas, evacuating homes and destroying free passageway on foot along the coastline to the market area of Vegueta and to the fish market (disappeared) which was the main source of income for many of the locals. The people of San Cristóbal form one of the most traditional communities on the island; whose main source of income continues

to be the primary sector, with services such as fish restaurants catering for tourism of a totally local nature.

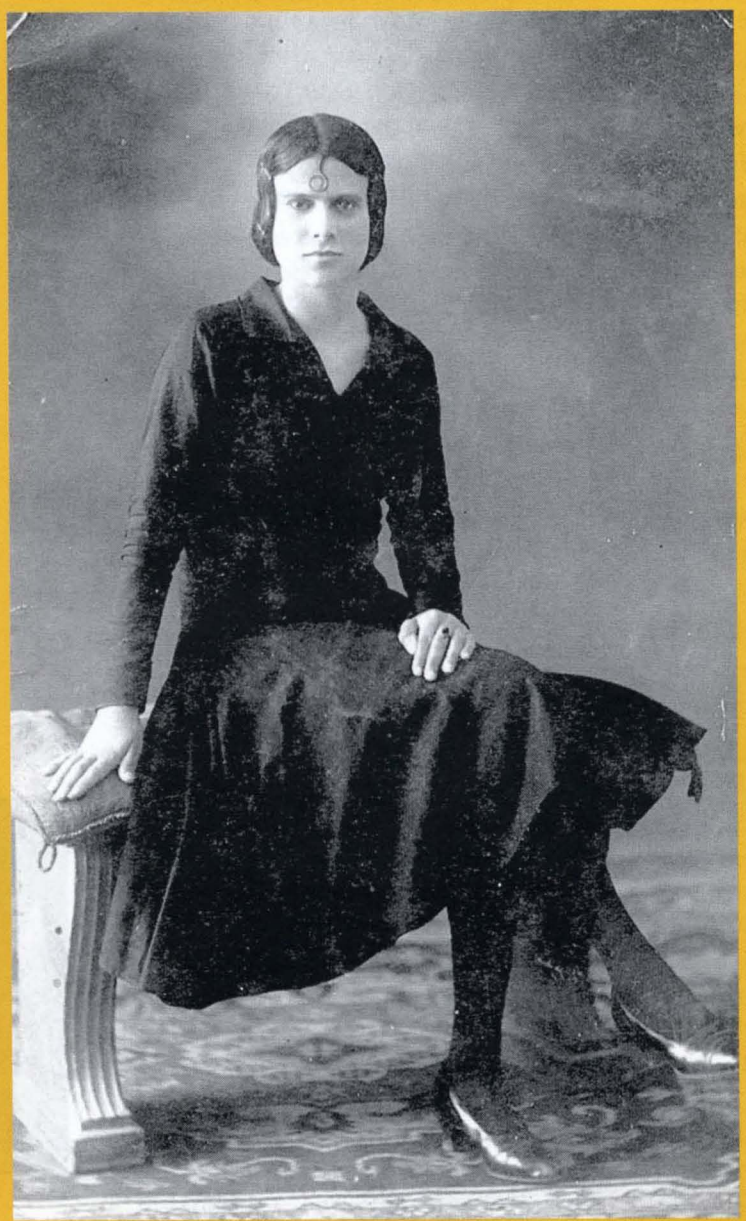
Here, the relationship of the person with the elements and with the sea, most importantly, are forefronted as in no other part of the city. However, the gradual pursuit of "choice" locations along the coastline for residential developments, endangers the existence of San Cristóbal as it has done the "riscos" and other areas in the past. Ultimate moves to house part of the University in the disused factory of "San Roque" bottled water in the area, point to further developments being in the pipeline.

Mediterranean Voices in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria aspires at retrieving a whole world of memories for some, re-awakening slumbering memories for others, and introducing a whole generation to elements of their past which make sense of their present, and show them where to direct their steps in the Future. The work of our collaborators in *Peritia et Doctrina* and the *Diploma de Estudios Canarios*, the institutions which have collaborated, and the ordinary people who have responded with nostalgia, affection and the incredible generosity typical of the islanders, have made this project a success, and guarantee that its success will continue sustainably in the future. It is all too easy to abandon or ignore Intangible Heritage as occurs with any value nowadays which cannot be easily quantified in economic terms. Our elders are as valuable for our survival as our youth, and yet we rarely value them until we have lost them. Mediterranean Voices attempts, through a contrast and comparison of Intangible Heritage throughout the Mediterranean, to forefront quality over quantity, and to emphasize that Intangible Heritage is not about the Past but about the Present and requires, as our colleagues in London have so rightly underlined, the traditional harmony between the natural elements and day to day life which have allowed the islands, and the city of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria in particular, to progress in public/private facets till the present-day.

Mediterranean Voices is about recovering "a sense of place" and an "identity" which has been reached, by consensus, with the local people and respects their importance. Globalisation makes for more and more of the same, thus placing a value on difference as has never before existed. At the same time, the values of "time" and "space" have become significant under globalisation from the perspective

of "quality" and not "quantity" as they were valued before. The tempo of island life and the human quality of the space are, thus, up and coming values for the mature tourist of the XXIst century. No place "under the sun" will enjoy tourism in the future if it is not capable of establishing @-tourism, in other words, tourism which provides @nriching experience and which evokes @motional bonds and feelings of @mpathy. With tangible heritage, people can continue to "consume places" on a fast-food basis, providing no enhancement of the life for the residents and causing, on the contrary, serious inconveniences. Intangible heritage allows for both the tourist and the local resident to enjoy the inter-activity produced by cultural tourism and to benefit, both personally and economically, from the same.

THE PERSON



INTERVIEWING LUISA HERNÁNDEZ

Extract of Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: So, in Las Palmas, there was always the idea, in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, that Vegueta was for the nobler people, the upper classes. That's real or just a stereotype?

LUISA: No, it was very real, no stereotype.

M: I see, so Triana was the place for…

L: Triana was the shopping centre… It wasn't aristocracy as such because here there was no aristocracy but the well-off landowners lived in Vegueta. I can still remember the square beside the Gabinete Literario, what my father said.

M: And that was?

L: The Plaza Cairasco, La Alameda, there was an avenue, la Alameda…

M: La Alameda de Colón, that's right.

L: There was a garden path that ran around La Alameda, I'm talking about the beginning of the 20th. That's right, back then. La Alameda was the centre where the people went for a stroll. The gentlemen circulated around the centre and on the outskirts, they left the workers, no that wasn't the exact term, the tradesmen, neither. Well, you get my meaning.

M: The working classes.

L: …It was a pejorative term for… something like…

M: The plebs.

L: The plebs, right, the plebs were left on the outside of the circle and in the centre, were the gentleman.

M: But that difference didn't spread through to Triana, did it?

L: No, no, Triana was later, much later.

M: But, in Triana, everybody was the same, I mean…

L: Yes, Triana was in my times. My times. The boys and the girls when they came out of school, would go to Triana to stroll, and the boys and the girls met up together there. But, that was in the Fifties.

M: And there was no difference by social class then…

L: No, not in the slightest.

M: No upper classes, lower classes…

L: Not at all. No distinction.

M: In any case, everybody knew everybody else.

L: Right, everybody knew who everybody else was.

M: And you lived outside the gate, "Fuera la Portada", but…

L: And I lived outside, in "Fuera la Portada".

M: And do you remember catching the tram and all that kind of thing?

L: Right, "La Pepa", but that was a time, just a short time, a short time… I've just remembered something…

M: So how did you get about from one place to another?

L: In the bus, the "guagua".

M: In the "guagua".

L: Of course, in the "guagua".

M: The bus stopped then where you asked it to. Is that not the case?

L: That's right. You said? "Stop now at the next corner!" And the bus stopped where you asked it to. The same if you were in the middle of the street and the bus came and you called it, it stopped,

Luisa Hernández García

FEDAC

even although nobody was getting off. Bus-stops didn't exist then. That came later.

M: Later, I see.

L: That's right.

M: And is it true that the buses had rotten brakes so you had to say well in advance when you wanted to get off so that they didn't take you past the stop?...

L: There's an anecdote about that one. Heaven knows whether it's true or not, but I believe it. A country woman had come to Las Palmas and had never been on the bus before so she listened carefully to what went on. The bus conductor would say to the driver: "Full, on you go!, Full! on you go!" And suddenly the lady piped up: "Little full, stop!" Because in the countryside and here, in the humbler neighbourhoods, when an elderly person is showing respect, they use the diminutive...

M: That's great...

L: See, it's like you say D. Juan as a mark of respect for age but in the villages and humbler neighbourhoods, they use the diminutive. She heard, "Full! On you go!" And she thought the driver's name was "Full!" So she said "¡Completito, apáreme!", And she said, on top of everything else "¡apáreme!" instead of the verb "parar", stop. No she said "Apáreme, Completito apáreme".

M: What a hoot!

L: But it's real, "Full, little full". Totally real.

M: Incredible!

L: I have a paper written by a boy, well, a young man, who works as a medical salesman, as a representative for a pharmaceutical firm, but who's dead keen on theology. He's one of these people who is always manifesting his solidarity, he likes to work as a volunteer. He's from Telde and he lives in Telde and he helps young people, organising activities, so that they don't go on the streets and become junkies, they don't get involved with drugs, and only three years ago, there were Theology studies put on here, so he's not a priest, far from it, but for his thesis, his final presentation, his dissertation, he had to talk to an elderly person and to ask them questions about all the differences over time, with respect to culture, education, religion, a bit of everything... a little of everything. And so he came to us via that girl that I talked about yesterday, from Telde, the girl who is a graduate in History of Art called Gemma Medina, who's digitalising Fachico's photo archives of architecture, because she's interested in architecture and she wants to do her thesis on the subject. So she gave that man my number because she said: "If only you would accede, if you don't mind" and I said OK, so he interviewed me twice or three times, and he published... well, he didn't publish, but he produced his thesis and they gave him the highest mark possible. The thesis is, well, I don't have a copy, because he has all the copies and he said he would bring me one, because the thesis is interesting, perhaps you might find it interesting, from the point of view of the religious schools, because he asked me... he asked me about a whole lot of controversial issues and I said to him, "Look, if you ask me, I'll tell you the truth", because I knew that they had to read it and that it was priests that were going to examine him, because they were responsible for teaching theology, but he

said to go ahead and then they gave him the highest marks. So I spoke totally sincerely about the differences that existed because here, in the religious schools, the girls, well, the girls and boys, with nuns or brothers and priests. Thank God, I was never in one of these establishments. Well, that's not completely true, because I was a few months in one and they had to take me out of the school and put me in another one. Honest. The case is that the children, the girls, made their First Communions on different days, the poor kids on a different day from the rich, because there were pupils who paid and poor pupils, and so they celebrated their First Communion on different days, with different clothes and at school, the uniform was different, with the rich kids with a nice uniform and the others with grey clothes, dark grey, horrible, and they went in different doors. And if the rich kids began to strike up a friendship with a poor kid, or they just talked together in the playground, they were punished, I swear it's the truth.

P: So they studied together but they couldn't speak to one another, you mean?

L: No, far from it. They were in different classes, totally separated. Of course, the poor kids received less of an education and more of an orientation towards domestic science and religion, of course. Religion, of course, but the rest, no. But it was a marked difference, you have no idea.

M: And did the same thing happen with the boys?

L: What?

M: Was the same distinction made in the case of the boys?

L: But of course. I don't know from direct experience, of course, but it was the same.

M: Different uniforms, the lot? So you knew even as kids who was who, who belonged to which class. You were class conscious even as kids?

L: Right. And they called that discrimination, Christian charity. Christian charity is what they called it. Because of course they even presumed to call it charity. I've got a copy. Are you interested?

M: Of course, more than interested, fascinated.

L: I'm going to ask him for a copy then because…

M: So the social circles were so small that everybody knew where everybody else belonged from the beginning.

L: Too true.

M: Is that right?

L: Of course, of course.

M: I remember that in one of the interviews they told me that an upper middle class guy wanted to marry the daughter of a carpenter and he had to go and live in Teror because they said that he couldn't get married below his station…

L: Right. Craftsmen were called menial workers. Menial workers were what they were called.

M: Menial workers.

L: Yes, they were called menial workers, or "ruddy" but I didn't ever use "ruddy". That was in my mother's time, menial workers.

M: You were an only child?

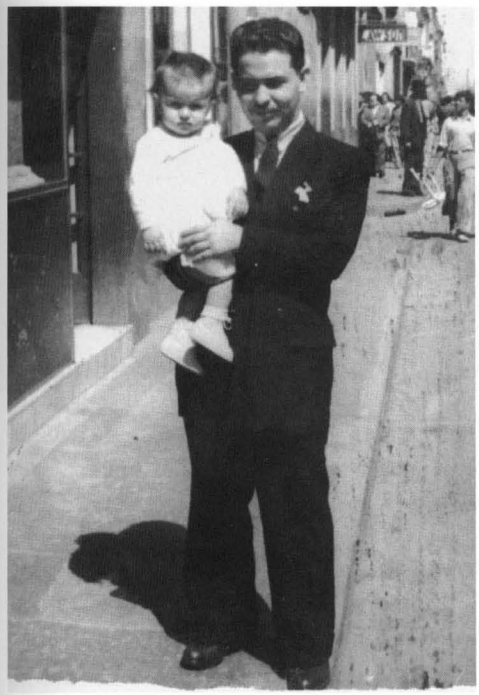
L: That's right.

M: So when you came to puberty, who explained things to you? Your mother?

L: My mother and father were way ahead of their times, They gave me freedom, I

read tons, and if I asked something, they answered. But that wasn't the norm, that wasn't normal at all at the time.
M: Right.
L: And always, for example...
M: You must have been a storehouse of knowledge for all your friends, no? They must have asked you all sorts of question...
L: You bet. And, for example, they would allow me, if the rest stayed out until eight, to come back at ten, always. So I would drop off the others one by one ...
M: Back home?
L: Yes, I'd accompany them. Because it was boring for me otherwise, all alone, so I would drop them off along the way and then I'd go back home. But there were always some things... my mother was funny because the only thing that she wouldn't allow me to do was to get into a car with my boyfriend. She must have thought that all sorts of things could happen in a car that couldn't happen elsewhere. Anyhow, I lived as you know in Fuera la Portada, in León y Castillo, and my boyfriend lived in Ciudad Jardín. So his father would lend him the car every now and then, because he was still a student, and he would come along with the car. What we wanted to do was to go to Tafira and, according to my mother, what we were supposed to do was to park the car, that was easier in those days, and take a bus, "el coche de hora" or a taxi, "un pirata", you know what that was, right? One or the other to go to Tafira. That was the limit as far as I was concerned, So I went with my boyfriend to Tafira by car. And when we came back, she asked "Where have you been?" And I said, "I was in Tafira. I went by car and I'm telling you that much because even if you put on a face or forbid me to do it again, I'll do it again but then I won't tell you or I'll tell you a lie and I don't want to have to do that". And so my father who was more, my mother was more old-fashioned but my father was very liberal and didn't want me to tell lies so he said, "Let her be! She knows what she's doing". That was the way they brought me up but it wasn't the norm, no way.
M: Fachico has a lot of photos of Manolo Millares and Elvireta. They were great friends, true? Because Elvireta lived up in Tafira, didn't she?
L: Yes but that was... at that time, Paco knew Manolo but because they had been in Madrid, they coincided in Madrid, and Elvireta and Manolo had married a little before us and they went to Madrid so, for a while, there was little contact. They even had a house in El Reventón, in Tafira, which had belonged to Manolo Millares family and they sold it to my father-in-law and then... Totoyo, a brother of Manolo's rented it out to my father-in-law because it was family property, full of childhood memories. But that house has been long sold now but they even coincided there, in the house, because when they came in the Summer, because they lived in Madrid, we always got together.
M: They were times when people were rejected socially on account of their political convictions or was that something which was not so intensely felt here?
L: No, you're right, if they weren't outright rejected, at least, things were difficult. Of course, we're talking about the times of the dictatorship and Manolo had always been a Liberal.

M: What about cultural circles then? Was it something which was more natural, closer to the ordinary people, less "red carpet"?
L: No, during my childhood, which was something they asked me in the other interview too, and my teenage years, things were really hard. I mean, my father-in-law was a Mason and he was condemned to death, was sent to Madrid, handcuffed, by the Civil Guard. My mother-in-law went with him. That all had an influence on the family and on the education of my husband above all. He was a whole year without classes. He didn't go to school because his parents had other concerns on their mind. Of course, when they saw that he failed everything, they took measures. But why did it take them so long to notice? Because there was a whole wealth of things that were more important, even more important than your kids' education, because it was a matter of life and death a lot of the time. Then when he came back from Madrid, they made him repudiate his condition as a Mason which was stupid because it isn't a religion. My father-in-law was given a purgative to drink in front of everybody in the Parque Santa Catalina and my husband was there, passing by, by sheer chance, at the other side of the Parque and he saw how the "blue shirts" forced him to drink the purgative, in front of everybody... There were people that died. The purgative killed them because they had stomach problems, or whatever. Nothing happened to my father-in-law but it was such a humiliation, you can imagine, and then he repudiated his condition. Then again, when my husband was at secondary school, he had six or seven teachers in the same year, maybe, for the same subject. Why? Because the teachers were young and were called up to enlist, to go to the war, and off they went. So, there was no continuity, no interest, because things were so fragile. Your friends died overnight. Cousins of my husband who lived in Santa Cruz for a while, they were here for a time, when he was twelve and they were eighteen, and they caught the boat and went off to the war and the next week, they were dead, gone. The war came and things changed suddenly overnight. I mean, life was so...
M: So ephemeral.
L: That's it. Nothing was permanent. Nothing mattered, nothing, not even culture, far less education. The only thing that mattered was to survive because some went off to the war and never came back but others went missing and others were taken to the concentration camps...
M: So everybody lived from one day to the next.
L: Taking every day as it came.
M: And do you think that was the reason that the cinema was so important for a lot of people, for them to switch off?
L: Oh, yes, you're so right. My father didn't go to the cinema for two or three years because, in the interval, you had to stand up, raise your arm and sing the fascist anthem, the "Cara al Sol". As long as that tradition lasted, my father refused to go to the cinema because he said there was no way that he was going to sing the "Cara al Sol". No way. And so he didn't go to the cinema. So just imagine, you couldn't even switch off there, you were looking to enjoy yourself and even there, there were pressures. So he didn't go.
M: So it influenced even that...
L: My father, I'm talking about culture now, back in the early Twenties, because my father got married in 1928, and there were artists around then: Gregorio Eduardo Gregorio, his name was Gregorio López, so Eduardo Gregorio were his two first names, was married to a cousin of my grandmother. His brother-in-law was the President of the Cabildo, the Island Government, he was the brother of the wife of Eduardo Gregorio, and he was a "red" as they were called then, a Socialist. They called him Pancho Cabildo because he was big and fat... but he was highly intelligent, he was a lawyer, and, anyway, they called him Pancho Cabildo. When war broke out he was put into a concentration camp and the fascist troops, the "falangistas" used to get together to laugh at him because he was fat. They gave him a barrow and they would load it up with bricks and get him to wheel it from one place to another just to see him suffer, because he couldn't even catch his breath, what with his weight and his age, but that was the President of the Cabildo, all of an authority. The Mayor was the father of Nicolás, Nicolás Díaz-Saavedra, D Nicolás, and I think I remember that he too was put in a concentration camp. Then Emilio Vallés too was in the concentration camp. He was a lawyer. He didn't occupy any important post but he was a liberal. There were a whole load of men who had stomach problems and when they went to the concentration camp suddenly they got better. Why? Because the bread they were given was wholemeal and now they know that it's good for your health but



at that time, it was called "black bread", pejoratively...
M: And nobody wanted it!
L: That's it! Of course, they gave it to them as if they were swine and, lo and behold! They got over their stomach problems. D. Emilio Vallés, Nicolás' father and two or three more, all got better thanks to the food in the concentration camp. There are lots of anecdotes like that. Everyone is familiar with them. My father, for example, D. Eduardo Gregorio, who had the school of Luján Pérez... Rafael O'Shanahan, you know who he is, right?
M: Yes.
L: The psychiatrist. He was a liberal too...
M: He had his consultancy on the beach front at Las Canteras and he used to leave his patients, for therapy, on the beach. It was the best part of the beach because nobody else dared to go there.
L: Well, Rafael O'Shanahan, Rafael... Juanito Doreste, the one who was Mayor, they were all in my father's group of friends. They had been friends since they were bachelors. And when they got married, Juanito first went to jail and then to the concentration camp. Eduardo, no, they left Eduardo Gregorio alone, and my father, because he had never signed up as a Socialist. I can't remember if I told you the last time why? I think I did.
M: Maybe.
L: The Socialist headquarters were right under my house, and Juanito said: "No excuse now" and my father answered: "I'm more of a Socialist than you are, because I feel it, from the heart, but I'm never going to become a member of any political party because politics are no good." That's what he said. So when they began to put people in jail and then in the concentration camps, my father went to see Juan Doreste and he said: "Juan, I would be in there with you now if I'd done as you said", and Doreste said "Right, but don't come back because they're taking note of the people who come to see me and they'll arrest them as well." It was dangerous because if they arrested you without an order for arrest, then the people went missing and were never heard of again. At least, with an order of arrest, you went to jail or to the concentration camp but otherwise... I remember going to Maspalomas. To go to Maspalomas at that time was like going to an island in the Pacific, more or less. You left at five in the morning from Las Palmas, then you went to Telde and in San Gregorio in Telde, the market-place, because you usually went on Sunday, you would buy the provisions for a salad or to put together whatever. Around ten or eleven you would get to Maspalomas and you had the same amount of journey back. Well, I remember, we would go but it took us a lifetime. I remember going to take leave of an uncle of mine who had signed up for the army or rather who had been called up, and it was all of an excursion to go and see him off. Life wasn't worth much then. It was a question of sheer survival.
M: The border-line between fiction and reality was more tenuous. Reality was like a film, your life wasn't real, is that what you mean?
L: That's it. And I remember because my parents were the eldest of my uncles and friends. It was an enormous gang and

we would all go down to Maspalomas together and my mother and father were responsible for keeping an eye on the rest. And my mother would say: "I look after my sisters, but the rest all drift off at the least excuse" and, of course they did, off towards the sand dunes at Maspalomas, they would drift off. Just imagine what they must have got up to. I was only a child then, eight or nine I would be, and I had no idea of what was going on. But I did notice that, suddenly, everybody would disappear. And I remember what I already mentioned too, that people were either right-wing or left-wing, because in these groups, in the same house where my grandfather lived, there was a wall, like that one there, with a map of Spain pinned to it with all kinds of battle sites marked on it, and red and blue flags, to mark who was where. And my father, the brother of my father, my mother and another brother of my mother were "reds" and the rest were "blue". And I can remember my father saying: "No, this place has been occupied" and somebody else would comment "Yes, you're right" because my father listened to the radio, the other radio, of course ...

M: The "red" radio.

L: The "red" radio and he knew things that weren't commented on the National radio.

M: Of course.

L: But we had to be careful because my cousins would say: "Your father is a commie". And I had always been taught not to tell lies but there were times I had to break my rules and I would say, "No, you're wrong. No, my father's no *red*!" Because I knew it was a matter of life and death. Who knows who was listening and they might take him away.

M: So you were aware of that even at that age.

L: Yes, even with my cousins. But everything was in such a turmoil at the time. I remember, now that we're talking about the subject, that my father was horrified by one of the friends of my uncles, in one of these groups, because my uncle was a lieutenant, one of my uncles, and a friend of his said that he had a pain in his shoulder, and my father was indignant at the comment and I asked why and he said that he had a pain in the shoulder from carrying dead bodies and throwing them into the valley of Jinámar, and he was boasting about this on one of the excursions to Maspalomas. We didn't have open battles here but what there was, was just as bad, if not worse.

M: It was undercover. More pervasively evil.

L: Yes, because you knew that if you let something out of the bag, you might be the next one to be thrown into the valley.

M: You were going to be the pain in the shoulder.

L: I remember my father was horrified and I asked him what that person meant and he explained it to me, and he explained it to me because otherwise I might say something that we wouldn't live to regret.

P: Where were the concentration camps?

L: There was one in La Isleta...

M: And in Gando...

L: In Gando, in Gando there was another. The president of the Cabildo was in Gando. All the Falangist soldiers used to go to make fun of him, to laugh at him. And he was a person, a distinguished person, you know what I mean? We might have called him Pancho Cabildo but that was how his friends addressed him. Nonetheless, he was the President of the Cabildo.

M: And was there hard feeling afterwards? Or did people prefer to forget?

L: No, of course, we've turned the pages since then, but at the time... In Agaete, for example, I heard that it was awful... And in Guía. I was born in Guía, brought up in Las Palmas, and they told me that the Falangist troops, to pass the time, to have a laugh, would arrest people and there was a mayor, who was an uncle of mine, but he was right-wing and he said that nobody was to be arrested without an order, nor at night, but in the daytime with the papers required, that or nothing. And he saved a whole load of people that way.

M: Yes, but afterwards, they left the mayor in ruins. They expropriated all his goods.

L: I had no idea.

M: Yes. They said, "So that's the way you want it?"

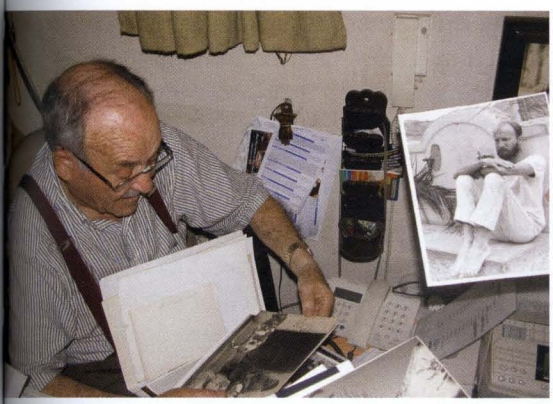
L: In Gáldar it was complicated. But in Agaete, it was a disaster.

M: So, I suppose that after that, what was most important for you as a parent, was the education of your kids. What you had learnt from your own parents?

L: But of course.

M: And respect.

L: Of course, respect. My father was a liberal but he was highly respectful of other opinions. In the school, in the Viera y Clavijo, which was the school I was taught in, which was fantastic, because it was the refuge of the free-thinkers,



the professors from the University of La Laguna who did not agree with the regime, or from the mainland of Spain, who had had to pack up and leave because of their political convictions, and they came here with their families. But, of course, they got together with D. Pedro Cullén who was not there on account of his political conventions but was up front, in representation of the rest, and D. Santiago Sánchez, who was an extremely liberal priest who had had a school called "El Colegio de la Soledad", one of the first schools that existed because you could sit exams here, but you had to go to the University of La Laguna to be examined. They were private schools, then, before the State secondary schools existed. That was where my father went. I'm talking about the first few years, because my father was born in 1903, well, we're talking 1914, 1915. That priest was one of the founder members of the Viera y Clavijo. He's dead now. That was the school for all the kids of families who did not want a religious education for their children. Of course, there were two priests who gave classes, because it was obligatory at the time, but one was D. Eduardo Cazorla who died not so long ago and was a researcher all his life. He was a good man, a liberal, and he taught religion but not dogma and the other bundle of things that other teachers taught at the time.

M: Dogma, indoctrination,

L: Yes, and D. José Naranjo too. That was the other person. They were proper people.

M: Educators.

L: Educators, of course, who understood that they had something precious in their hands, the souls of all these kids, not these others...

M: Who offered "Christian charity".

L: I'm a great friend of Enrique and Magdalena, you know who I'm talking about, don't you? We became friends talking over the phone and I remember he said "The last person who should give you advice about sex is a priest who's celibate". I mean, what are we talking about!

M: What do they know?

L: What do they know, indeed?...

M: Better not to know.

L: Right. The religious schools were awful.

M: Where was the Viera y Clavijo?

L: Where the Museo Canario is now. On that same block. Where the museum is but to the south of the museum. The Viera y Clavijo was on the next corner up but it was on an interesting site. The Millares family lived there and there was a kind of theatre where they put on plays that they'd written, and plays of their friends and plays of Pérez Galdós and other writers. And they were truly, how would I say?...

M: Of course, these people were less famous at that time.

L: My father talked about having gone to these plays. Because the father of the Millares was a notary and my grandfather too. But my grandfather was in Guía, 30 years he was in Guía, and he came from Guía with his kids, to see... So there was a cultural life in the city, a lot of culture, in that house, the grandparents and the great-grandparents of Manolo Millares, the brothers Millares, Millares Torres,

because the Millares have married into famous families too, Millares Torres...
M: And the Millares Sal, no?
L: And the Millares Sal, Manolo's. So this house had a whole past, I'm talking about the early 20th century.
M: Family life was much more important then. People talked to one another.
L: Too true.
M: Because from what you're saying, your mother talked to you about the past. There was no TV then. Did that make people talk to one another more?
L: Right. And there were more memories because now, the young people, are not interested in that kind of things. But then, we talked more about the family and the past. Of course, then the grandparents lived in the same house or most of them. They were great big houses then...
M: So the family was closer.
L: Two or three generations lived together in the one house and there was more communication.
M: And when was there more conversation? At meal times or in the evening or when?
L: Meal times... because meal times were a kind of ritual. Everybody had to be there at meal times. When you sat down at the table, nobody could be missing. Well, in my case, there were only the three of us so there was no problem. But I remember I had to be in my house for meal time or else ...
M: That wasn't the case in Fachico's house.
L: No, there was him and his two sisters. But meal times were sacred...
M: Meal times were sacred and couldn't be missed? And the dinner table conversation, that was for parents only?
L: Right. And we talked more at night-time, in the evening. Some people prayed with rosary beads but that was the generation before mine. We didn't have these customs. We talked about everything under the sun. But there was little interest in culture, as I said, during the war. For example, I know that there were certain groups, there was a group in the floor below mine, girls called Wittenbach, who were Swiss, their father had come here as the first chauffeur of the first car, with a category like a pilot nowadays.
These girls were older than me, five or six years older and their group was culturally inclined. One of their friends was Laforet, Carmen Laforet, who later won literary prizes... she lived here and then she went away to study...
M: She was a big friend of Lola García de la Fe's.
L: Right. García no, Lola de la Fe.
M: Right, Lola de la Fe.
L: Who's a friend of mine too. That group. Amalia Benítez, Carlos Bosch's widow or her elder sisters perhaps, and Carmen Martel whose son is a dentist, Tony Mar... Tony Márquez Martel, that's the name. That group lived on the floor below and I used to go there to listen to them when they recited, because I was much smaller than them, so there were groups but few...
M: With more cultural interests.
L: With more cultural interests, but not that many. And the sisters too, were always interested in... The father has just bequeathed his private library to the Cabildo. Benítez, Amalia Benítez donated it to the Cabildo, the private library of her father. There are two older children and then Amalia. Carlos Bosch, the husband, belonged to a family of doctors, and they have always been closely related to culture...
M: That's true. These families are very closely linked, no? Because the Millares...
L: That's right. There are two sisters married to two brothers.
M: And the Millares Bosch also?
L: What's that?
M: And there are Millares Bosch too?
L: That's right. Bosch Millares, and the girls are two sisters married to two brothers, both of whom were doctors but... because Carlos was famous in medical circles, internationally famous. He gave conferences in all the important scientific reunions, medical conferences. But, at that time, if you wanted to belong to anything cultural or any sport activity, you had to belong to the Falangist movement.
M: To the movement.

LIVING TOGETHER

FEDAC

INTERVIEWING THE CASTELLANO SISTERS

Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: Do you think that people in the Canary Islands have always been worried about what other people will say about them? So they have to keep up appearances?

1: Yes, but now, thank Heavens, I've heard that now in the schools, there is a part set aside for the Canary characteristics and traditions, to teach the kids...

3: Yes, the games...

1: Our identity. Our things.

3: Yes and the kids are interested. They're making them sit up and take stock.

M: Yes, more and more, it's very important, that.

1: Yes there was a time that people didn't want to hear about having a different...

3: Didn't want to know about it...

1: An identity of our own.

3: An identity of our own.

M: And why was that?

2: Excuse me but that is what I was going to say before. Sorry for butting in...

1: No, go ahead. We aren't half polite!

2: There was a whole mix of different cultures here which meant that if you weren't pure Canary islander to the hilt, you copied everything that came in from outside...

3: Even the TV presenters...

2: And whether you like it or not, the rot sets in.

3: Even the people on the TV. Not now because they allow a person to come on saying: "el sielo está asul", as we do, with the "s", but not before. They had to speak with...

M: A proper Spanish accent, like on mainland Spain.

3. "Hoy el cielo está azul, muy azul". Just think, if it wasn't allowed on the TV, well that has an influence, doesn't it?

2: Yes, because here we don't pronounce the "c", the "s" or the "z" different from one another. They're all the same as far as we're concerned. Nor do we say the "h" and the "j" different. All the same.

M: And that doesn't make you better or worse than other people.

3: No, no, it's just our way of pronouncing. Then the people see the soaps on the TV and they say "Oohh! They speak really funny!" But where's the difference! We speak the same as them. Better.

M: Exactly

3: Yes, the same or better.

M: Don't you think then that the Canary community has always had a bit of an inferiority complex?

3: Possibly. That's possible. Because we're so trusting, we're open to all parts of the world...

M: Because of the isolation, perhaps.

3: Or because we're so open and we accept people from all parts of the world.

1: I don't think we have an inferiority complex.

M: You have nobody to compare with perhaps? Is that it?

1: Well the Canary Islands were conquered remember.

M: That's right.

1: And the conquerors walked in here as if they were the lords and masters...

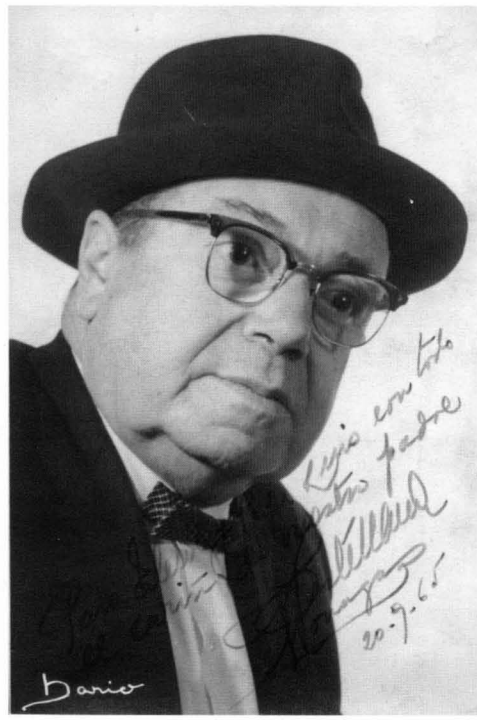
Juana, Elena and Alicia Castellano Alfonso

2: What they did everywhere.
1: But in the Canary Islands...
M: Well, the Canary Islands were a rehearsal for Latin America.
1: We got them all. Nelson, the Portuguese, you name it, they came. They were the lords and masters and the rest of us were the slaves and whether you like it or not, that sinks in... But it creates a feeling of inferiority. Because apart from the natives who preferred to throw themselves off the cliffs rather than give in, saying "Atis Tirma"...
3: Right, but they could have fought some other way..
2:They had been the rulers of the island, the people who guided the others...
3: Yes, but they could have resisted some other way...
2: Ah, but that's what conquerors do. Look at what's-his-name, Pedro de Vera, sticking heads all over the place. I ask you.
M: You must remember that other peoples have suffered too and when the Spaniards conquered, they didn't do it by halves. They wiped out the Maya civilisation and the Aztecs. That's no mean feat. So they did away with civilisations much more advanced than what existed here.
1: But when we're talking about conquerors and conquered, winners and losers, I don't relieve in all that. Conquerors create rebellion, a spirit of rebellion.
M: Pride.
3: What happened probably is that the Canary islanders wanted to be the same as them, to be on a level with the conqueror...
2: On a level footing.
3: On a level footing, to have the same as them and the same power as them, do you understand?
M: Totally.
3: As they say "If you can't beat them, join them". That's what I say at least.
M: Well, people here usually compare themselves with others. All people do, of course, but maybe it has something to do with being an island, rather than because they were conquered as such. When you're on an island...
2: Your miles away from anywhere, "mi niña".
M: And because you're miles away from anywhere, you're limited in that sense, more limited than others, no?
1: You also have to remember that the Canary Islands receive people from all parts of the world.
M: That's true.
1: And the Canary islanders are welcoming, accommodating, it's in their blood...
M: True.
1: Or at least that's what I say. I love being with people from different parts and I've observed that it's general with the exception of a few older bods, that's the way it's been since I was born.
M: People have always said that the Canary islanders only had two ways of getting to know the world, either by emigrating because they had to find work or by receiving the people who came from abroad, possibly for the same reasons and "travelling" with them, learning about new horizons...
3: It's always been a dilemma...
M: It is, indeed, Because the islanders are very private persons even although they are welcoming.

3: It's the only way of escaping the confines of this little place, because make no mistake about it, it's little.
1: I've heard people say, because I've not travelled much, I've hardly travelled at all, but I've heard it say that the Canary islander, when he is a friend, is a friend for life , whether the person is from the mainland or abroad. So they're not all talk and nothing else. No, they're real friends. The Canary islanders don't give their friendship easily but when they do, they do for good.
M: True.
1: If they like somebody, they like somebody. They're not false.
M: Perhaps it's because it's such a small community and so it's not worth pretending? People learnt to take you as you were.
3: Well, that would mean looking closer at the different characteristics of each place.
2: My father was a person, for example...
M: But here you all knew one another...
2: Well, of course we did!
1: If you think this is a small world now, it was even smaller before...
3: It's still a small world but there are more people.
1: There were less of us before.
2: Too right there were!
1: And you could tell who was a relative of who, from one generation to the next. You might see a little boy and you'd say "You must be such and such's son! You're his spitting image". Because you could tell.
2: Now there's more crossbreeds.
1: Then, things began to change. I'm married to a German, for example ...
2: Get that!
3: But German through and through.
1: And the kids are as stubborn as Hell.
3: Half and half, half and half.
1: My kids are, well,you saw them, didn't you? Real foreigners if ever you saw one
2: With a touch of Canary. An undertone.
3: Yes, the character and things like that.
M: Before people lived much more as a family. Do you think that people are less interested in the family now?
2: Did you say live or drink?
3: People lived together and drank together as a family before.
M: Both, no?
3: Yes, because when they arrived...
M: But women didn't drink?
3: Ah, mi niña! Women used to have a drink on the sly.
M: I didn't know that.
3: But really drink, that is, they'd say "Sit down and let's have a rum!" That was usual in the past... So people lived together and drank together.
M: Right, I understand.
3: They lived together and drank together.
M: Before the people used to get together more, as a family.
2: Yes, of course. There were big family reunions. That was something important.
1: With everybody present.
2:The three of us, because the difference in age is not all that much, when we were young, it was different of course, we used to go to the Círculo Mercantil, the Club Victoria, and then there was the Club Náutico...
1: The Walk along Triana...

2: The walk along Triana. Now it's a pedestrian precinct but then it was : "Look out! Here comes the *guagua*, the bus!" So everybody would get up on the pavement until the bus passed. Then it was "Look out! Here comes a car!"
1: Heaven knows how often we must have walked up and down the street, from the Parque San Telmo to the Pflueger clock and back.
M: You never went further than the Pflueger clock?
3: Back and forward, back and forward. And "Look out! The bus!" and you'd jump onto the pavement so you didn't get run down.
2: Out to "eye up the boys".
3: We'd go to eye them up.
M: That was where you met the German, then, Juana? Surely not!
1: No, not there.
2: That was what we did when we were young.
3: I'm ten years' older than her...
M: And you had to tag along as a "gooseberry?"
1: No we never had to be accompanied.
3: No, no, no. Because we were brought up different from the other girls.
M: Why?
3: Because people in theatrical circles have different ideas.
M: Ah, that's true.
3: They have different principles, everything is different. So our parents who were two wonderful people...
2: They trusted us implicitly.
3: They taught us the true meaning of freedom, which is not to be confused with excessive licence...
M: Never.
3: You see, kids have to be taught the difference. They trusted us and allowed us to go dancing...
2: Total trust.
3: We'd go dancing to the Círculo Mercantil and we were almost always the last to leave. Our friends would have to be home by half past nine and others earlier. But we stayed until the end, until the last dance, when they played, what was it they always played last?
1: "Islas Canarias".
3: No.
1: What do you mean, no?
2: "Islas Canarias" was your times, when a "pasodoble" was the most you did..
3: Whatever it was they played last, they said: They're playing whatever! And we grabbed our bags and ran out at top speed because we were going to miss the bus. Because as we said, our parents trusted us because they had other ideas. People in the theatre have other ideas of life.
M: And they were both in the theatre?
3: No, no, no, only my father. My father was in the theatre, and my mother...
1: My mother always used to say, when he began in the theatre, "Listen, Pepe" because he always wanted her to go and she said: "Listen, Pepe, you know what life is like in the wings. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life backstage, sitting on boxes, waiting for you, seeing lots of things that have nothing to do with me. You go wherever you want. I'll be here at home waiting for you."
M: Beautiful.
3: Right, right, as they say, behind every great man, there's a great woman.
M: No doubt about it!

3: And they understood each other so well. And that's made us...
1: He never wanted his girls...
M: The girls.
3: Us, the girls, his girls.
2: Of course we're girls!
3: He never wanted his girls...
1: To be a part of that world.
3: Of the theatre.
M: No.
3: Although when he died, I went up on stage...
2: The girl went crazy.
M: Don't tell me!
3: So they carted me up on stage...
2: I told you. She flipped it!
3: Singing and telling jokes so that the tradition wasn't lost. So that his memory wouldn't be lost. But there you are...
1: Because we use a lot of Canary words. Sometimes we say things and people don't understand us. But Juana is different...
3: People only pretend they don't understand.
1: That's what I say. Juana...
2: It makes me mad. Sometimes I'll say things to a girl in a shop and she'll say: "Oh, I haven't heard that word in ages. How peculiar!" And I say, "It's not peculiar. It's a Canary expression", I'm always on the defensive, see?
3: Ready for a fight!
1:My sister Juana takes after my father, has the same sense of humour. She inherited that from him.
3: Why are we being filmed?
2: Because we'll be presented for the Oscars, with red carpets, the lot... ¡Ah!, the other day we got the red carpet treatment.
M: Where?
2: In the Auditorium. At long last I said it right. In the Auditorium. I usually say in the out-patients' clinic by mistake.
M: When they gave the award of "Hijo Predilecto" (Famous Sons and Daughters) to your father posthumously, and about time too.
1: I had the pleasure and the satisfaction, since I'm the eldest in the family, of going up to receive the award. It was a memorable moment.
3: To get the prize, the parchment.
M: And Alicia said to me that there has always been confusion between the character he portrayed and your father. People called him Pepe Monagas.
3: With the character, right. Totally different.
M: Well, in some ways, that's the greatest compliment you can pay an actor!
1. Right, but a person like you who's interested in humour. You look at the people who write typical tales and what not. Everybody remembers Pancho Guerra, true? That was the first thing you said to me.
M: Right. Of course.
3: Pancho Guerra was a writer but our father was the actor who brought his humour to life...
M: Much more complicated!
1: Under the pseudonym of Pepe Monagas.
3: Under the pseudonym of Pepe Monagas, because his name was José Castellano Santana, from the beginning. If you just look at the photos you can see. Here he has a right drunken face, not that he drank, of course, he did it for the photo...
M: Incredible.
3: Well, the characters are different because the character of Pancho Guerra,



the character, was skinny and he didn't fit on the stage...
2: He filled the stage.
3: He filled the stage because he was big and fat, tubby, tall and rather fat...
2: My father was my sister Juana with a cloth cap and a moustache.
1: Right, I'm his spitting image.
3: Right, you're his spitting image.
M: Yes, now I've seen the photos, you're right.
2: He wore a false moustache and I have to shave mine off.
M: Good one.
1: See what I mean, she's got his sense of humour. (...)
M: And you remember when you were young with affection?
3: Ah, these were the days.
M: And your relationship with your parents?
3: It was something very special...
2: Our parents were special...
3: Really special.
2: Our parents were incredible and what I say is my opinion but it goes for my sisters too. My father was everything you could ask for in a man, he was a father, a brother, a friend, everything.
2: At that time, we never used the respectful "usted" neither with my mother or my father.
M: That wasn't normal though, was it.
2: We used to say, "Pepe, tú", and everybody was amazed. (...)
3: Just look at us. Think what age we are. She's 72, I'm 65 and she's 62. We're a fair age already.
2: I would be on the bus and my father would get on and I would stand up for him to sit down, of course, but then I would sit on his knee, on his knee, always. He was an incredible person, I told you. On the stage, people were wild about him because it's true, he was almost better at home than he was on stage. Because he could tell you the same joke eighteen times and never tell you it the same way.
1: But the joke was always different.
2: The same joke with different words. He never repeated himself.
1: Never.
2: And he'd put a bit on here and a bit on there, sometimes more, sometimes less. But before putting the joke on the stage, he'd tell it to us...
3: To see what we thought...
2: He told us the joke...
3: And to my mother too.
2: And not only...
1: And Mum would say: "Tell us the one about...".
3: And not only did he tell jokes but any anecdote he heard, he turned into a joke. He had a whole string of experiences that he would tell. Not like the comics today who tell one joke after another...
2: That's why they were always different because he always told them differently because they were anecdotes and sometimes he added bits on and others he took bits off, see? And that is what was different.
M: And he formed a whole school because that is more or less what Manolo Viera does now, wouldn't you say?
2: Yes we can say without a shadow of a doubt that he was the pioneer...
3: The one who taught the rest...
2: My father was the pioneer of humour. If he hadn't died, which was a misfortune for us all, if God had just given him

another ten years, but he died at 63, if he'd been around ten years more, he would have been rich. He would have been great. Because that was when things started to pick up...
M: Things weren't easy, no?
3: The whole of his life he spent doing charity shows. He never said no and they were hard times here on the island...
2: Really hard!
3: That was his life, he was a real bohemian. My mother would give him 50 pesetas or five duros, whatever...
2: Ten pesetas, ten pesetas at that time was a fortune.
3: At that time, it was a fortune, and she'd say: "Look Pepe, buy something for the girls". And Pepe would come back without the money and emptyhanded and my mother would say: "But Pepe and the money I gave you?" and he'd say, "Ay, I met so and so and the kids have nothing to eat, poor souls..."
2: Nothing to eat.
3: He was always giving things away. And whenever they called him to put on a show for charity, anywhere, off he'd go. And my mother used to say "Chacho, think about us, see if they pay you something at least", and he would say: "Look, I sow and the day I die, you'll reap", and my mother said, when he died that the seeds had died too because nobody reaped anything, to tell the truth.
2: No more seeds.
3: It's only now that they're beginning to acknowledge his work, that we're beginning to reap the harvest. Not in money but there are some things that money can't buy.

WORK

FEDAC

INTERVIEWING LUIS GARCÍA DE VEGUETA

Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: This interview is more specific, about the trades that have been lost in the city, such as the tinker, the goatherd, selling milk from door to door, the leather-workers, that is, the people who work with leather products...

LUIS: You said, leather?

M: Right before when the slaughter-house...

L: Right, leather workers

M: That's right..

L: The correct word for that is "talabardero".

M: Is that so? And all the tradesmen that we miss nowadays, like Maestro Tomás whose carpenter's shop in Vegueta used to be a place where people got together to have a chat after work, and how that no longer exists, that the division nowadays between work and leisure is much greater than it was then...

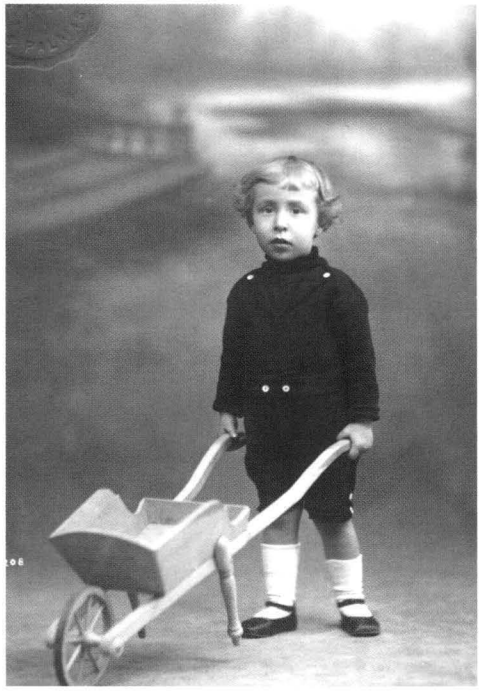
L: Right. Well, you mentioned the tinker. There was a tin worker who had his shop in our street, in the Calle Balcones, which is behind the Cathedral, and when the Republic was established, the man suddenly appeared one day with an enormous board, because, of course, it was a time of enormous enthusiasm, with people exultant about the new democracy and all that, and the tinker suddenly appeared with a big sign that said "Down with the Latin race!". Off he went to the Plaza Santa Ana because the Republic was declared in the Town Hall which was in the Plaza Santa Ana at the time, and a gentleman eventually went over to him and said, "Listen! Are you completely off your head? How can you say *Down with the Latin race* when you yourself are a Latin?" And the other replied, "No! The true Latin race are the priests, the people who speak Latin", because, as you know, at that time, the Mass was read in Latin. So he thought that "Down with the Latin race!" meant...

M: Down with the priests. He just wanted to say that in a more elegant way! And the tinkers were busy people... I mean, did they do a lot of business?

L: Yes they did. That tinker, in our street, did a double job because a little up the road from us, on the corner with Mendizábal, which was where the trams left from for, the Port area, he had a blacksmith's as well, where he fixed all the kitchen utensils that weren't working for one reason or another. There was one thing in particular, which was a narrow strip of metal, like an elongated triangle, with a type of pin at the end, and do you know what that was for? It was to unblock the "infiernillos", small Hells which was what we called them, which were primus stoves. The "infiernillos" were small stoves which made an awful noise and which burnt alcohol and then oil, and so they used to block up, and they sold these gadgets to unblock them..

M: So they had a special gadget just for that?

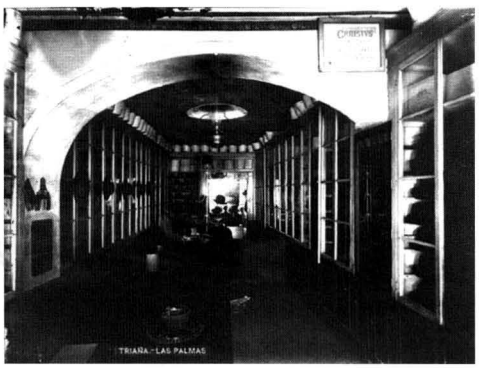
L: And then, well, there was another a little further up the road from our house, opposite the Academias Municipales



Luis García de Vegueta

in the Calle de Balcones and there he had a place to shoe horses so he was a blacksmith and a tinker.
M: A smithy as well. More than one job, eh?
L: And that is where he had the place to shoe the horses and all the rest.
M: Of course, because here was where the knackyard was before, no?
L: He was opposite the knackyard or "potrero", a little further down.
M: What did they mean when they referred to "el potrero"?
L: It was like a town dump for cars that weren't being used, or for cars that didn't have road tax or the driver had no licence, and it was the place where the older animals were kept, the horses and mules. So it was vehicles that had no road tax or whatever that were kept there.
M: Where things that were no longer used were stored.
L: And my wife, Celia, when I was crowing and showing off, because in the Calle de los Balcones, I lived opposite the Marquis of Acialcázar and it was right next to the "potrero" or knackyard. So I would say, "I live opposite the Marquis of Acialcázar" and she would pipe up "opposite the knackyard" because it was right next door, to take me down a peg or two.
M: Well, that most certainly must have put you in your place. And the smithy was important because there were lots of hansom cabs and horses.
L: Mules more than anything else. Mules.
M: Mules?
L: Because at that time there were still no lorries, we weren't modernised, and so mules were used to transport the bananas to the port area. There were mule drawn carts which were loaded up with bananas. And, of course, there were times when the carts had to turn the corner into the Calle Balcones, opposite the street San Agustín, next to the knackyard, where the house of the Marquis de Acialcázar was. When they turned the corner, the cart would get stuck, and often the spiked hub of the wheel would go in through the windows on the ground floor where my father's office was the spoke of the wheel... or the yoke that the horses were tied up to, where the two, four mules or whatever were harnessed...
M: Dangerous that, then?
L: And the pole would go in the window.
M: What a fright!
L: And then they had to fix the damage. They had no way out because my father was prosecutor in the Court of Law and they knew that if not, they would be taken to court for damages.
M: Right, your father knew what he was talking about. And at that time...
L: There was another tinker but he wasn't the one we went to. He was a little further away, nearer to the Calle Mendizábal, formerly known as the Calle de la Carnicería.
L: That tinker wasn't as good as the other one either. And the Englishman lived there, next to this tinker and the tinker, since he was permanently working at the furnace and the things he was working with were covered in soot, was black from head to toe. And one day, I believe it was his Saint's Day, or whatever, he decided to have a dip in the sea, which was right next door at the time.

M: Right, at no distance.
L: Right where there were the remains of a boat that had run aground, the famous Zuleika...
M: Right, I've heard of the Zuleika.
L: It was 1920 and I must have been six. I can still remember it. And the tinker went for a swim and when he came out, the Englishman stared at him and said, in his pidgin Spanish: "You not black. You dirty pig!" Because up until then he had thought he was black.
M: He thought it was his natural colour?
L: And he said, "Oh, no..."
M: "Tú no ser negro..."
L: "Tú ser cochino..."
M: The tinker used to make recipients for the milk, milk urns, no? Then the goatherd would come round the doors.
L: They made lots of things. One even made a rocket to go to the moon.
M: A rocket to go to the moon?
L: At that time, they made a rocket and they launched it. They didn't get to the Moon, not even to Tenerife, but it got to Fuerteventura, which wasn't bad. At least they tried.
M: So there were budding Leonardo da Vincis here?
L: Yes, but he had his shop in the Calle Cano.
L: Heaven knows, something like that he invented. His son still had a business there up until not so very long ago, in the street that goes up to Lolita Mayor's, Lolita the owner of Cruz Mayor.
M: Ok, right.
L: That was where the tinker worked. And his son after him. The famous inventor of the rocket to go to the Moon.
M: Who would have imagined that. And the goatherd?
L: Well, before we used to get our breakfast delivered, door to door. The goatherds came with their herds of goats. They used measures then that were half a litre but, of course, it was milked on the spot and it wasn't the same as when it came from the factory.
M: Straight from the goat's udder to your table.
L: Straight to the consumer. So they would begin to milk and of course, the milk was warm, and it foamed, and the housewives always had to be on the lookout. They would say: "Hey, not so fast. Slow down a bit" because otherwise all they had was foam.
M: Otherwise, they would get nothing but foam, of course. And what other tradesmen came round the doors? The knife-grinder?
L: Ah, to the house? Apart from that bloke who I remember came to my house, because we had a patio in my house in Vegueta, in the Calle de los Balcones, where the Orden del Cachorro used to be, there was a patio in the front and one at the back of the house, and in the front patio we had a half barrel which was a classic of the times, in the centre of the patio, where we planted plants and then these were held by a metal ring with three legs and it was the smithy that came to your home to make it. Other tradesmen, you say?
M: Well, the tailors, for example. There were tailors then. And shoemakers and hatmakers?
L: There was a tailor, I don't know if you've noticed in the Calle Triana, there's still one of the establishments set back from the street, between Travieso and the next street down.



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M: No, I hadn't noticed but I'll make a point of it now.
L: Right, a little set back from the rest. Well, there was a tailor there who was called Sanchis, who was the best. At that time, a suit made out of an English cut of cloth, cost forty "duros". 200 pesetas.
M: And Sanchis was local?
L: Well, he was half Catalonian, because he had a brother who was a doctor in Barcelona and I remember hearing him talking to him one day in Catalonian and I said to him "What gives! You're more of a Canary islander than me", we could say he was half Canary, half Catalonian. But he was a born liar and I remember saying once, "I have to go to Barcelona", because I studied in Barcelona, "on such and such a day", "Don't worry", he said "Your suit will be ready", and my father had to send me the suit three months later. And once I went there, to Sanchis, with my brother-in-law, and in came a military gentleman, dressed in uniform, and he was indignant, furious, because he had commissioned a suit for some special occasions and he still had no suit, nor news of it and he started to shout: "You gave me your word!", and the other replied, calmly" Hold your horses. You mean to say you didn't bump into the boy that was delivering your suit . I bet you passed him by, wearing a pair of trousers like this, a jacket like that. You mean to say, he's delivering the suit to your house right now and you're not there? "So you've delivered it now. It's finished, then?", "But of course, I thought it was funny, you being so upset. He just left twenty minutes ago. You just missed him". In short, the gentleman went off. I was there, if you remember, with my brother-in-law who was trying on a suit which had been made for him. So, the gentleman went away and the tailor turned to us and said: "The big problem is that I can't for the life of me remember what cloth he chose", and he'd said he had delivered the suit.
M: A real liar if ever there was one. And the women also were always mending, sewing...
L: Well, the tailors all had women working for them who were specialists in making trousers, jackets, waistcoats etc.
M: Oh, so they did, did they?
L: Yes, in the different neighbourhoods, there were women who specialised in making waistcoats, others, trousers or whatever. And then there were seamstresses.
M: Seamstresses, too, and what did they do?
L: One of the things they did was that when we were young but growing fast, what we've always called here "galletones", teenagers, they turned a suit of ours which was particularly well worn inside out, maybe the jacket was spoilt a little, so you took it to a seamstress and she gave it a new lease of life, turning it inside out.
M: Quite an art
L: But you could always see that it had been recycled because the pocket was on the left but when you turned it inside out, the pocket was on the right. So whoever was particularly observant knew that you'd been to the seamstress.
M: That the suit had been recycled.
D: They also mended stockings?
M: Yes, the women before wore sheer stockings and they fixed ladders.

L: Whenever they had a snag or a hole or whatever.
M: They had a gadget. And where did these women live? In Triana? In Vegueta or where?
L: No, usually they lived in San Nicolás, in the Riscos, as they are called, where most of the tradesfolk were from, above all, two specialities, the barbers and the seamstresses of San Nicolás.
M: Ah, is that so?
L: There was a poet called Vicente Polo who wrote a famous poem about the seamstresses and the barbers of San Nicolás.
M: Ah, I had no idea.
L: The barbers all had guitars. They all played the guitar. They were very musical.
M: Is that so? So that's where the Barber of Seville comes from?
L: Even now, at the back of the Parque Santa Catalina, there's a barber called González, from Arucas, who never misses any of the operas that are put on here and when you go there, he's always talking about music of some sort... he talks about little else, and it's difficult to find a barber's where there isn't a guitar hanging up.
M: The barber... the one in Triana gave Antonio Bethencourt de Massieu lessons and D. Francisco Trujillo, the barber from behind the Casa de Colón said that the musicians used to rehearse there, in the afternoons...
L: And what you mentioned before, about people getting together for a chat, the famous "tertulia". One of the most famous "tertulias" was one held by a priest who has a street named after him now, the street that used to be called the Calle Cuna, let's see, you know the Plaza de Santo Domingo, well, here's the church, and the street on the right, the one that goes up on the right, up in the direction of the Hospital de San Martín, that's the street called Pedro Díaz now. Well , Pedro Diaz was the priest at the church of Santo Domingo and he held the "tertulia" there, in the Plaza de Santo Domingo itself. It was a "tertulia" that was frequented by all kinds of people, intellectuals, the lot. Because for the politicians, the official "tertulia" was D Francisco Manrique's, which was in the Calle Castillo, in the bottom half, on the right hand side, up from the Town Hall. And then there were "tertulias" in the Plazuela (de las Ranas) where the former chronicler, D Eduardo Benítez Inglott, used to get together with Jordé, who was a newspaper reporter here whose real name was José Falcón, "Jordé" was his pseudonym and Francisco Sarmiento, together with others and they used to get together, in the Plazuela, before lunch so that was the "breakfast" show, the morning "tertulia" of the times.
M: With brandy as an aperitif?
L: That or rum. No, brandy wasn't the custom here. Rum, it was stronger.
M: To wet your whistle before lunch. That's quite something.
L: In the shops, that is, in the corner shops, the shops of "oil and vinegar" as they're called here, small shops, they used to have a counter and there, well, the people went, and there was a little room at the back, separated off by a curtain, and the people went there to have a drink.
M: The shop on the corner of Mendizábal says that they remember you going there

as a boy, to run errands for your mother. Miguel Santana.

L: There was a gentleman in the Gabinete Literario,well known here, and he liked his drink, but he had given it up, he didn't drink any longer, or so he said, at least. So, one day when they were in the Gabinete, he said , "Such and such a person has run out of good rum" from Cuba or Jamaica, "so what have you got to offer?" And he said, let's give him a name, we'll call him Ventura, and Don Ventura said: "Forget these rums. The best rum is to be had in *El Tirajanero"*, that is, the nickname of a man from Tirajana who had a shop in Vegueta, and the others said: "Where exactly is the shop?" And he said "From what they've told me, it must be somewhere around the museum. I don't know". "Listen if you don't come, it won't be the same. Come withus" and he said, "Well, I'll come along but I've given this up, so you lot can drink what you want but I'm not drinking". So they got to the shop and Ventura went in too. They got there and El Tirajanero said "What's it to be, gentleman?" "A rum for me. Vermouth for me, whatever and when he got to Don Ventura", he said "Your usual, Don Ventura?" So he let the cat out of the bag.

M: He gave it all away.

L: Your usual, he said.

M: Well, he asked for it, didn't he? And the hat shops? Before it was considered to be bad mannered to go out bareheaded.

L: You only have to look at the old photographs. I showed you mine, didn't I? Any protest, any demonstration, everybody has his hat on. Everybody. There's nobody without a hat on. Every man and boy has his hat or his cap on. So there were hat shops all down Triana. I had an uncle who used to let me... Where's the photo?... There's a photo of mine which must be around here somewhere of when I was three years old, dressed as a Cannon, at Carnaval time. I won the first prize, by the way, which was a bus, which I still have here, but up in the house in the country, in El Monte, which was a present which was donated by the Prince of Savoy, Italy. Well, I don't remember where I was, but I was three years old and they put me up on the table because they were making the hat specially for me, because it had to be little, an identical replica of a priest's hat for a three year old ...

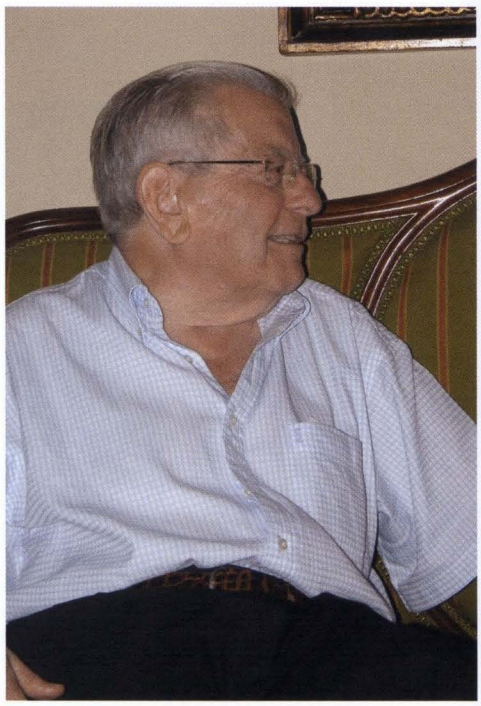
M: Of course it had to be smaller.

PLAY

INTERVIEWING ANTONIO BETHENCOURT

Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: So, the Canary islanders have always been good football players.
ANTONIO: Right, because they learnt to play on the beach, on sand.
M: On the beach.
A: Yes, you either know how to control the ball on the beach or you don't, because it's difficult, very difficult, and then if you control the ball on the beach, you have no problem elsewhere...
M: No problem, like Valerón, now.
A: Right, like Valerón now, and a whole load of players in the past.
M: The Unión Deportiva was the result of a whole lot of clubs coming together, right?
A: There were five local teams that used to play in the Campo España, and they played a kind of mini-league, or league. They were the Marino, the Victoria, Las Palmas, and I don't remember the rest...
M: El Artesano?
A: Yes, that's right, El Artesano and I don't remember the rest and they produced excellent players. Well, if I start on football, I'll never stop.
M: Football in the Campo de España. There was boxing too, or am I wrong?
A: There was a bit of everything in the Campo de España.
M: A little of everything.
A: We had "lucha canaria" in the Campo de España, boxing, there were political demonstrations, there was a place for meetings, and they played at football. Why? Because the pitch was sand and so there was no fear of spoiling the grass. But it made for a good game.
M: And there were greyhounds as well?
A: Yes, there were greyhounds as well and that was all of a show in itself, greyhound racing.
M: And cock-fighting?
A: No, not there. You had to have a cock-pit for the cockfights, either that, or you organised it open air.
M: And, where were the cock-pits?
A: So we're going to talk about cock-fighting. There were two teams, of course, San José and Triana. Well, there were these and others. Each of the owners had a whole team of people looking after the cocks. In every team there was a "carer" and the "carer" knew everything there was to know about cocks, he knew whether to give the cock half an aspirin dissolved in water, Heaven knows what... Well, the cock had two parts to its life, when it was not fully fledged, as a "pollo" or chicken, and later. The first thing to bear in mind is whether the owner had an estate or not. If he didn't, he looked for somebody to lend him an estate or a stretch of land, and the cock ranged free for around six months, strutting back and forward, on his ground.
You couldn't put two cocks together on the same estate because they staked out their territory, it was their territory, and they would kill to keep it. Then, the pre-season came around. The cocks were taken off the farm or estate, they were pruned, their wings were cut and



Antonio Bethencourt Massieu

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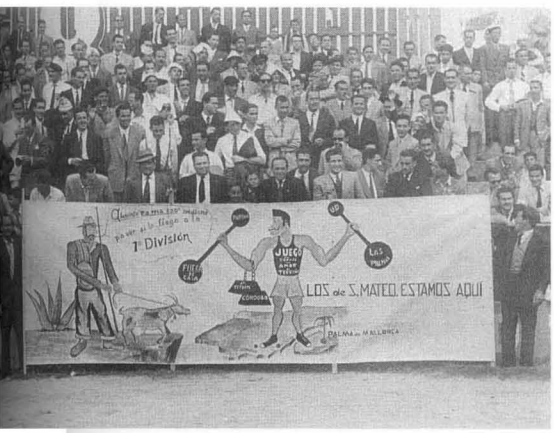

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their tail feathers, their crests too, and they looked, well, there's a picture in the exhibition there which shows them perfectly, a very realistic picture, of one of the attacks, known as the flight, the persecution. One of the cocks suddenly would appear to be scared and the other then started to attack from inside, cutting off his escape route... but it was highly dangerous because the tactic was, suddenly, to turn around when the other was almost on top... and, first with their beak, and then with the spurs –and these spurs were really something–because these were big birds, which first were shaved, their claws were sharpened and then they used to insert the spure into the stump, because what was left was a stump, where they fastened their ribbon and tag. Then, because the tradition in cock fighting goes way back in time. For example, there is a chronicler who says that in Jeréz, and thereabouts, they were looking for roosters to take on board for Latin America because there, there are even more people who follow the "sport", in America, cock fighting. They used to take them on board to keep them amused, because the voyages were long and they used to organise cock-fights on board. And, in my opinion, the cock fight has two or three outstanding characteristics. One is the artistic element involved in a cock-fight. They are extremely beautiful, there are positions adopted by the rooster, for example, when it has won, it pulls itself up to its full height and crows, "cock-a-doodle-do", signalling victory. There are times that the pose and poise of the bird is incredible. Have you ever watched birds preening and pruning? Birds are not only beautiful for how they sing, but for the postures they adopt. And the cock is no exception. Of course, it is a fight and it's difficult to match the emotion on film, because they are suspended in the air, it's an art, exactly the same as occurs in a good bullfight, exactly the same. There is a second characteristic, the technical aspect, the idea of looking after the cock, of bringing up the bird to be a good fighter, so they have to be permanently looking after the bird and that is why there has to be a cock-pit, which is what they're called, where they fight, and there has to be a whole team, with the "carer" or "trainer" and a place where they are trained. But going back to the second characteristic, to the technical problem, of course. So what about the cocks and the ecologists? Well, the day that there are no cock-fights, people will forget to look after the cocks, and cocks are only prepared to fight, nothing else, and so another race will die out. And the third characteristic is betting. You bet on a rooster, you bet on another, you put your money on a bird and, besides, it may be odds against because if one rooster has a better record than the other and you know that it always wins, you might bet more on the weaker bird and, let's say you win. It's a curious situation because there has always been hefty betting in the cock-fights, but I can't remember ever having seen any trouble... not even with hefty bets, never. There were only arguments when the judge said that it was a draw, if there was a draw, because then they began to say, well no, because mine won. It was then they argued, but not when they lost or won. Of course, when

they won because the other cock was physically eliminated forever, there was no possibility of dispute because things were pretty clear cut. So, there are three important points. So, in the XVII and the XVIII centuries, all of the festivities celebrated by the people had their cock-fight. Cock-fighting goes back in History, above all in Latin America, with a whole world of fiction, wonderful novels, really spectacular. But people don't want to hear that, people see blood and are frightened, but they're not frightened if they kill 30,000, 40,000 or 50,000 blacks for whatever reason, no matter how frivolous it may be. Well, perhaps we're over sensitive on some matters. Let's just forget it.

M: And when you talk about "pollos" or "bantams" in the Canary wrestling or "lucha canaria", is that linked in to cock fighting? When you call the wrestlers "pollos"?

A: Well, of course, there must be something in that, it's like what happens with dogs, but when we're talking about youngsters starting off, we talk about "pups" or "bantams", it means that they are promising, they're good, but then they adopt the name, and they keep it for the rest of their professional life. Because the only thing that "pollo" means is what I'm saying, that they're young promises, or at least, that's what I believe.

M: No, because the weights in boxing also have to do with birds, featherweight, bantamweight: it goes in line with cockfighting.

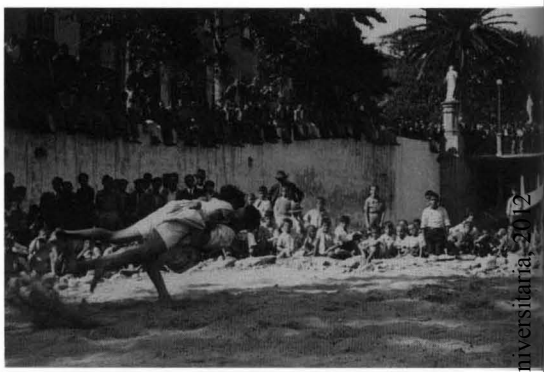
A: No, no, and cocks are also categorised by weight. Before fighting, the cocks are weighed in to ensure that they are matched, that it's not unfair. You can't put one cock thirty per cent bigger than the other into the cock-pit to fight, for example.It would win, logically, because it's more veteran, it's heavier, whatever. But, afterwards, it's analysed, the trainers or "carers" from each neighbourhood weigh up the possibilities. Then, they rubbed the beak and the spurs with a lemon. Why, you might say? So that they didn't put fat on the beak or spurs, or vaseline, because it allows for quicker penetration, any product of that type. Lemon, then, and when it was dry... Then, they started betting. And then you had the "echadores", the people who let the cock loose in the cock-pit, because it's all of a science, the "echador" has to take advantage of the circumstances, like the cars when they have "pole place" or with motor racing, well they have to be skilful letting the cock loose, and each team had their "echadores". And where did we see Canary wrestling, "lucha canaria"? Well, in the Barranco de Guiniguada, for example.

M: Don't tell me?

A: Yes, in the Barranco de Guiniguada, right next to the wall, you can see photos of that. There, down in the dry gully bed, where the square is today, a little down the road from the chemist's...

M: There was a terrain for wrestling, an arena?

A: Well, normally, there was cock-fighting, the people were out there in the square or perched on the walls, or round the railings, to see the cock-fights. They saw cock-fights and wrestling. The cock fighting used to take place in the Convent of San Agustín (Monastery) before it was



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out in the open. There was a monastery before, with a beautiful interior patio, Canary-style, and well, that was more comfortable, because it was the same in Tenerife, where there were big mansions, in Tenerife, in La Laguna, where there are big mansions with patios, they used to organise cock-fights in the patios in the XVIII century, so the people used to be up in the gallery, on the upper floor, and the cock-fight down below. Here, in the cock-fights, the bets were direct, the same as happened in Tenerife. In the XVIII century, maybe the richest man put a whole lot of money on a cock and then, the rest chipped in with smaller amounts, each of them might chip in "un real", a coin or whatever, until the bet was evens with the rich man. So it was him against all the rest, he either won or he lost. That's something else that's different. Because, in Latin America, cock-fighting is... normally, some of the profits of the cock-pit go towards charity, normally religious orders, hospitals, whatever, but above all, hospitals and schools. In Latin America, betting was big business, on cards and cock-fighting, both, in Mexico, for example, there were loads of cock-pits, some of which were private, and there you could bet on cards as well, you bought the pack of cards, and you auctioned them, but that's another story. That became a whole world in America, which is why they have such a long tradition in betting and cock-fighting.

M: And what about cards here?

A: Sorry?

M: Here, playing cards is important

A: Here, it always has been. What we played above all is something typical here, "mus". Well, it's "mus" in Spain, here it's called "envite".

M: It's "envío" or "envite"?

A: "El envite", that's where the term "envío" comes from. Because when you're playing your final hand, you say "I'm sending such and such" and then the other person either accepts or doesn't and if they don't, you pick up all the money that's on the table. And that's where the term comes from, "envite, envío". Well, there are a whole load of signs...

A: Right, let's see, but to get back to the cock-fighting. Of course, there were cock-fights all over the place and the cocks were chosen specially, and you had cock-pits like in Latin America, and here, in the Cine Cuyas, when cock-fighting was still held there, the architect, Martín Fernández de la Torre, built an incredible cock-pit, the only Rationalist cock-pit in the world. But what did they do? They knocked it down to build offices.

M: And Canary wrestling, "lucha Canaria", what about that?

A: Canary wrestling or "lucha" is one of the most beautiful displays of prowess that exists in the Canary Islands, but it's gradually lost all its beauty. Why? Because it is a game of skill, it is a game of reflexes, it's how you can tumble your opponent, it takes skill, there's an arena and several teams and the "lucha" may be a free-for all, or fixed bouts in pairs, that means... It's like the cock-fighting, the cock-fighting could be a free-for-all too, or they could be "married", "arranged weddings", as they were called. The fixed bouts or "casadas" might be San José against Triana, or Triana against San José for twenty weeks, every Sunday, to see who won in the end. The

best cocks were prepared in Arucas and Telde, and there are still cock-fights because often the newspaper carries results saying that Telde is winning by two, because that was it. Well, before there were people who were great fans of cock-fighting, but lots. I'll always remember that there was a man called Sixto Henríquez, I think I've told you this story before, and he worked on the electricity board which was on the corner of the Plaza San Bernardo with Viera y Clavijo, and he was the man responsible for collecting the bills, but he loved cock-fighting too, and one day he went into the Casino, into the hotel there, the Hotel Madrid, and another bloke was at the bar, having a drink and he said: "Don Sixto, what about on Sunday, eh!, Three due". And the other said "What do you mean, three due? It's six". And the other replied, "No, three" And he replied "It's six. Six electricity bills you're due and if you don't pay this week, we'll cut off the electricity!"

M: You hadn't told me that one before!

A: Right, now, what were we talking about?

M: The lucha canaria.

A: It's a game of skill. The Canary "lucha" is a game of skill because it goes way back in time. It was one of the games that the natives played. A famous writer, Antonio Nebrija, the author of the first Spanish grammar, which was dedicated to Isabel La Catolica, wrote that when he was passing through Seville once, he came across a Canary slave and he went back to see him on other occasions. There was a pile of stones and a pile of oranges and he said that the slave used to paint a line on the ground and said "Without moving my feet from here, I bet so much that at such and such a distance, so many steps, but now it would be metres, that you can throw oranges at me and if I manage to avoid them, then I win, and if not, I lose". And he normally won. Then, after the oranges, he would move onto the stones and he would encourage them to throw stones at him, which was a lot more dangerous. What he was doing was to get enough money to buy his freedom, in the little spare time that he was left, he was pooling together enough money to buy his weight in gold, to free himself. There were lots of other things like that. Well, I think that's important because it was a game of skill and they used to perform in front of the Guanarteme. They used to practise "lucha" in a lot of places before. I said that they used to do it under the bridge. That's another anecdote. A little after the Civil War, there was a mayor here whose name, I think, was Fernández. He was a famous lawyer and a lieutenant during the War, and he was appointed Mayor. One day, he called for the gardener to come, Juanito, who was the senior gardener for the Town Council, and he said "Listen, that part of the gulley that's really ugly, why don't you design a garden for there?" So they built a garden and people looked after it. Then, when the roses were in full bloom, it rained so hard that the water swept down the gulley and destroyed the garden and then the criticism began. "What an idea! To build a garden in the gulley with public money, only for this to happen!..." So the Mayor called for Juanito again and said "Juanito, plant another garden". And this time, it hadn't even had time to get to be as pretty as before when it was swept away by the rainwater pouring down the gulley again, and so he planted a third one.

M: A third one, for goodness sake. So it was third time lucky, no?

A: And he said, "Don't complain! This is the best investment I've ever made. Every time we're short of water, I plant a garden, it rains and we have water aplenty..."

M: So he had to plant a garden to get water...

A: It was a fight between the weather and the garden.

M: And the water.

A: And the climate. But then, the "lucha" was a game of skill. There were thin kids, not very tall, who were able to tumble someone much bigger than themselves. But then, I think things have gone drastically down hill because, do you see the "lucha" on the television? There are blokes who weigh 130, 140 kilos and there's no room for skill in that kind of weight game. It's like Sumo wrestling...

M: Japanese.

A: There's no skill, no style, no movement, no grace, it's a matter of brute force, not skill and when they fall, it's not graceful either, whereas if the person is quick on their feet, they touch lightly here and there, then there's a tremendous amount of mobility, but, at the same time, it's very beautiful. I think it's a crying shame we don't go back to the way it was before. Why not? Because now it's the same over and over again, it's boring because it's so repetitive, but it wasn't before, there was as much variety as there was in the cock-fighting, no two cock-fights were the same, no two cocks either...

M: Nowhere near it.

A: And there's a whole vocabulary attached to both, to cock-fighting and "lucha", a whole liturgy. The vocabulary is highly specific: the "agarrada" or grip, the "palmada" or light touch, get it? A whole vocabulary which is enormously rich and abundant, and which naturally ges lost if it's not used, the same as what happens with cock-fighting.
M: I had no idea..
A: Well, each type of spur cut one cock inflicts upon the other has its specific name. The cut-throat, for example.
M: Fairly explicit.
A: The colour of the feathers of the cocks, all of them have their specific names, which have nothing to do with normal expressions, "colorado", "pintado"...
M: Like bull fighting then?
A: Exactly the same as bull-fighting, the same as when they are describing the bulls. That was another interesting facet of cock-fighting. There was something else which was great about cock-fights. Because loads of people used to go to them. And it was typical that the owner of the cock, who paid most, got to sit right next to the ring, in the front row. The cock-pit was round, more or less, and he had an old hat, an old battered hat which he wore so as not to get his new one dirty, and he used to put some kind of cloth over himself so as not to get his clothes stained, and they saw the fight from right up next to the cock-pit, looking through a kind of railing, there was a railing or wire mesh. Of course, there were ugly parts to cock-fighting, not everybody has the same opinion on the subject. But the cock was prepared to fight and then, there was the betting. If there were no bets, there was no bout. The same thing happened with the "lucha".
M: They bet on the "lucha" as well?
A: Of course they did. Before we used to bet on the "lucha". I don't think they do it now but they did in the past. There are two things which I consider to be particularly beautiful in the Canary wrestling or "lucha". First, the way the two wrestlers greet one another, which is ceremonial, the way they shake hands and touch the floor before they begin, and then the one who wins has to offer his hand to his opponent to lift him up from the floor and hugs him. Of course, there's no hard feeling but it's a system which is based on solidarity and that's important. The regattas of the typical "vela Latina" or lateen sailing have all of a tradition of their own as well, going right back in time. It's all of a skill the craftsmanship that goes into building a boat, the master artisans, real craftsmen, who really knew how to build a boat, with larger and larger masts, higher and higher sails, more difficult to guide and to manoeuvre because, of course, you have to understand the movement of the winds, know the winds, know which winds blow where, when one wind blows round an area and rebounds of another, all of that is essential knowledge, and so when you're a surveyor in regattas of lateen sailing, that's an important role that you're playing. Any other things that I think have been lost? Well, what we've lost there is that the boats used to start off from Mar Fea, right after the tunnel that was there and six or seven mates would get into a car, a Hudson, these black convertibles that were so popular then, the same cars as were used... that were the taxis before, and the "piratas" (illegal taxis), and you sat three up front, three in the middle and three in the back, sometimes even four. They'd roll back the roof and they'd set off in a convoy, following the race, stopping every now and again for the boats to match up with them, to see how they were going, who was in what position, but then there was another thing which showed what kind of solidarity there was before. There were bets and the bets were made between cars: "Ten *duros* (fifty pesetas) on the Tomás Morales" and the other, often an ordinary worker would say, "I'll go with that" and at the end of the regatta, in the port, after the celebrations of the winners, the people who had betted would hunt one another out to pay their debts, whether they'd lost or won. You wouldn't get that nowadays...
M: You bet! They'd be off like strokes of lightning.
A: No, no way would you get that now. The same thing happened in the cock-fights, there was this famous detail, even among the rich and powerful, how can I say it, to pay their debts religiously and honestly. There were never problems, nor were there fights. There was always healthy rivalry, of course, between teams, but people paid their debts. There was solidarity. The people who were fans of the "lucha" were all friends, the people who went to the cock-fighting too, and the regattas too. It cut across social classes. Of course, the population here before wasn't all that large: it must have been around one hundred thousand inhabitants, perhaps a little more, but

only perhaps. But there were more forms of entertainment. (...)
(...) People working together, it was a much better system. Then, you saw somebody poor and you felt sorry for them. Now, you see them and you cross the road. Because, among other things, this is a small neighbourhood, so if you give somebody money, you can bet your bottom dollar that that bloke is going to be hanging around, waiting for you every day, to see if he can squeeze something out of you. You can bet, no doubt about it. I believe that not everything was so bad back in the past. And there are things in the past that we should try to keep alive, not only because they were artistically beautiful, and because they were entertainment, they were fun, but because they meant a whole lot more than just that.
M: Because of the community aspect?

A: For example, the cock fights. When we played in Tenerife, the richest bloke in the area placed a bet and all the rest would club together to equal it, so that you could find yourself, little old nothing, playing your money with the Marquis or the Count who had placed an enormous bet on the same, that you could never equal by yourself. That created bondage, because people then had to acknowledge one another's presence, they knew that they had played their money together, they were all in the same boat, that establishes... and, of course, once you'd risked your money with the same person ten times, if you saw that they were having hard times or they were in dire straits, you helped out. You helped them and their family keep their heads above water. There were people who were hungry, of course, but not as many as there are now.

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WORSHIP

INTERVIEWING ELÍAS HATOUM

Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: And your school? What school did you go to?

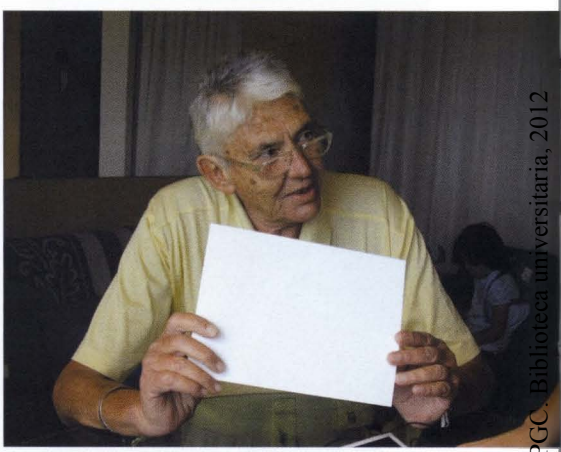
ELÍAS: I went to school like everybody else at that time, remember what generation we're talking about. I went to the school where my parents sent me first, right? First, neighbours of my mother, who had a kind of pseudo-school which was where I learnt how to read and write. There was a book called "La Cartilla"...

M: Ah, so that's what they mean when they say that they are giving you a telling off, "que te leían la cartilla!" Ah, now I understand!

E: I'm going to teach you a lesson, ite voy a leer la cartilla! And once we had learnt how to read La Cartilla, we moved onto the first Rule, "el Raya Primero", then the second, "el Raya Segundo" and then the third, "el Raya Tercero". Once you got to the "Raya Tercero" the third, for a kid of six or seven years old, that was quite something...

M: That was really pushing it. "Te habías pasado de la raya", ¿no?

E: That's it. Don't push your luck, ino te pases de la raya! And we moved onto the encyclopaedias. Then I went to one of the Public Schools. They were called the "Escuelas Nacionales", and before that, but that was before my times, they were called the "Escuelas del Rey" And they used to say to you, "What school are you at? And you'd answer "The Escuela del Rey", and they were really called the "Escuelas Nacionales". We used to go in the morning and right in front of you, you had a photo of Franco, next to a photo of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, and then a little further on, one of the Pope, and maybe one of the Virgin Mary... and when we went in, we all had to say "Hail Mary, Full of Grace" and then the teacher would answer: "Conceived without sin". They used to roll call, and that was the time of the cane, they used a palm leaf as a cane, because there were a lot of us, like me, for example, who weren't particularly good students, if you get what I mean. We weren't refined. There was a teacher of mine, and a priest in San Lorenzo, who were convinced, both of them, that I was going to be a good for nothing all my life. They said I was going to play the field and be a bandit. Well, I don't know about play the field, but they weren't far off the mark with the bit about being a bandit. And then they brought me to Las Palmas to civilize me, I had to go to school like everybody else, to one that didn't cost much. I couldn't go to the Viera y Clavijo, much as I would have liked to, or my parents would have liked me to, and much less to the Jesuits, because that was way beyond our means, but they sent me to the Commercial College, which was then called the Escuela de Altos Estudios Mercantiles, which is Business Studies as we know it now in the University, for me to become, more or less of an economist, and there we studied business surveying, commercial studies... a whole generation of magnificent politicians of my age came out of the Commercial College.



Elías Khatoum

M: There were women in the Commercial College?
E: If there were women? Yes, but they were separate from us. The girls were in the top part and the boys, who were a right crowd, were downstairs. The girls went in one entrance and we went in another. But in my times in the Commercial College, they began with mixed classes, boys and girls together, but the boys all down one side and the girls down the other, just in case, you understand.
M: Right, together but apart.
E: You said it. Together but apart, Margaret.
M: I get the picture. So, when you were at the Escuela Nacional, it was then, I suppose, that you had to go through the whole rigmarole of the First Communion and all that?
M: Yes, right. And seeing as I was smarter than most kids, I decided that I was to be an altar boy.
M: You were an altar boy?
E: Of course, it was a big business. Let me explain why. Because there were first-class funerals, second-class and third-class and, according to the class, we got paid more or less. For a first-class funeral, I remember that for carrying the cross and the candle holders, with the candles that accompanied the procession, and seeing as I was a little taller than the rest, they always gave me the biggest candles or the cross and another carried the crucible, which was for the incense, but there were other cases where the poor deceased got the priest's blessing and that was it, but I remember getting the fixed rates otherwise. For each funeral we got between half a peseta and seven and a half. Don't get me wrong. We weren't dying for people to die in the neighbourhood but, once they went, business was business.
M: So you made your First Communion?
E: Well, at that time, there was no other option but to.
M: And your father didn't have anything to say?
E: Well, bear in mind, it was not only him. Let me explain. We've maintained a lot of the rites on my father's side, and we've kept feelings alive and hung onto other things, but not so as to be conflictive. You must remember that we're talking about the Fifties and Sixties. First, there was your name, where you were from, your very surnames even, they had to be changed ever so slightly. How were you going to be called so and so? You had to have a Catholic name. Up until not so long ago, just a few years back, if you wanted to give a name to a girl, you had to add "María" or they didn't put it down on the birth certificate, or "Pino", and if it was a boy, "Juanito" or José or something like that. Now you see all kinds of names. Now you don't call a kid "Jeremías". Just today, I was on the beach and I heard, "Jeremy". Jeremy! I was so surprised I nearly bumped into a lamppost. So it's Jeremy now, is it? Not Jeremías. Well, how things have changed, logical besides. And the First Communion, of course I made the First Communion. And the Confirmation. Does that still exist nowadays?
M: Yes, it still exists, but it's up to you whether you want to do it nowadays, I think.
E: No, at that time it was obligatory. I was forced to do it. They got the Bishop's secretary to speak to me, I'm talking about 62, 63 and the parish priest, because the village priest knew that I didn't want to be confirmed. I thought it was a right waste of time, and more or less they asked me to do them a favour, to give an example to the future generations since there were friends of mine who trusted me and who would do what I did, because if I didn't, well, whatever. It was all arranged, it was a fix, but that was the way things were at the time. So I was confirmed, if I remember rightly, they gave you ashes and a slap across the face...
M: Yes, I seem to remember the slap across the face.
E: No, really it was alright, because I had a godfather who I adored, the godfather of my First Communion and confirmation, who was my hero and he died not so long after, and I remember, that was 62, 61 or 63, I don't remember exactly, but he gave me a thousand pesetas which at that time...
M: Was a whole lot of money!
E: My thousand pesetas was a fortune...
M: I bet you were ready to go through the confirmation again!
E: You bet! I was ready to negotiate with the Bishop's secretary again, to be confirmed again! And that was it. And then there were the Processions, Holy Week, Corpus, the lot, above all, in the neighbourhoods, even in the city, all over the city, Corpus was celebrated... everybody was involved, it was wonderful, you had to see the flower carpets to believe them, incredible.
M: And you wore a new outfit that day?
E: What?

M: If you wore new clothes on the special occasions?
E: Well, if you could, you did, and if not, it was like Christmas and the Three Wise Men, that is, the same bike as the year before but painted a different colour. Well, the same thing with the clothes. It depended upon the family economy. But there was always something to console you, and I remember that we used to wear our new clothes for the day of the patron saint of the neighbourhood. For example, if you lived in Tamaraceite, well, the patron saint was San Antonio, if I'm not mistaken, and on the day of San Antonio, you put on your new outfit. In San Lorenzo, well, of course, the feast day of San Lorenzo was the 10th August. In Guía, the feast day, just imagine the people of Guía, on the 15th, in Gáldar on the 25th July, and so on. And then, at Christmas, the classic, if you were a boy, socks and the cardboard horse that when you washed it in the gulley, because you did, you were left with no horse. ...
M: Not even the cardboard. And did you have to go to Midnight Mass at Xmas?
E: Oh yes, we used to go to Midnight Mass. We kids at least were there in body if not in mind, because we used to fall asleep on the spot. It was a real torture. When we were older, it was different. We went then and after, when the Midnight Mass was the Midnight Mass and after, when the Ecumenical Council changed the whole system under Pope John XXIII, I think it was, I'm talking about the Sixties, when everything changed, do you remember? With the priest facing the brethren, when before he turned his back on them and spoke in Latin, the blessing of fire and water, a beautiful ceremony. The older kids enjoyed it more because it was good, it was "chachi", cool, as we say in the Canary Islands because we got to see the girls, right, we had more time to see the girls, of course, because here, in Las Palmas, in the Sixties and early Seventies even, you had to be back home by nine, and in the country, earlier even, at prayer time. You don't know what time the bells rang for evening prayers?
M: No, no idea. Bells marked the time then?
E: The bells rang, plang, plang, when it was getting dark, around half past seven, I reckon, and all the kids said "Time for evening prayers!" But not because we had any intention of praying but because we had to get back home quick because if not...
(...)
M: I can imagine. And did you have a church wedding?
E: Well...
M: Ah, I can see I've asked a tricky question...
E: No, it's a good question. Yes, I got married in the church, in the church of San Pablo.
M: No idea ...
E: What do you mean, no idea. It's a church just round the corner from here, in this great neighbourhood, what's the name of the street, Doña Desi?
D: 29 de Abril.
E: 29 de Abril. They gave me an ultimatum but it was the best thing that could happen to me. But my wife whipped me into the Church of San Pablo one Sunday, cuffing me round the ear, because I still had my doubts and was resisting to the end,

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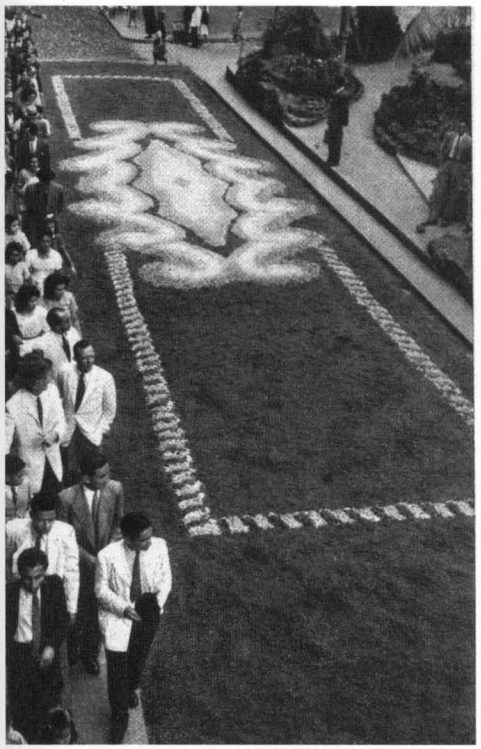

because I was a lone wolf and , I have to admit, the idea of getting married made me panic. Mind you, after all these years, and other friends of mine having married and divorced three times in a row, some of them, here I am still happily married to my wife, thank God, after all these years. But I got married in the Catholic church and I don't regret it, not for one moment, because I was totally in love.

M: And your kids?

E: My kids, fantastic.

M. Yes, but what kind of education did you give them?

E: You're talking about what kind of education system I put him through or what kind of education did I give him?

(...)

M: And your kids, then, they received an education ...?

E: My son, the only one I've got and as we Canary islanders say "And I hope to live to see him grow old" received the same education, of course, at a completely different level, the boy got the education his father couldn't have, because we made sacrifices, his mother and I, we worked to give him the education that I couldn't have, an eight year old, as we say, who was already "blabbering away in two languages" as we say, was something which was unthought of in my times. You can imagine what a school like that costs, but that's not the question. Again it's respect for your elders. Another thing that you have to teach him, about going out at night and at weekends, but let's just look at the question. How was I going to say to my father in 1954 that I was heading down South? There was nothing down South, to go down South was all of an adventure, Margaret. If I did like nowadays, leave on Friday and come back on Monday morning and straight into the Uni, they would have marched me in front of a firing squad or they would have taken me to a faith-healer because they'd put the evil eye on me, because that was the way things were. And poor you if you got back later than nine, it was totally different. We've tried in my family to get him to respect his elders, for there to be good feeling, harmony. No way, no way are we as drastic as our parents were with us, we're more friends now, as they say, "there's good vibes"

M: Complicity.

E: That's it. Complicity, so that they can tell you things and get your advice, your support, not "What am I going to tell my mother?" Or whatever, of course ...

M: And in questions of religion?

E: We've tried... do you mean in general or in particular?

M: In particular.

E: In particular. I've allowed my kid to do as he likes. Of course, he was baptised because I wanted to give him a name that had been in my family for two thousand years, because we are from the Middle East, we are from the area that the Virgin Mary was born in, or at least so they say, we were the tribe of Aeden, descendents of the Aramean, Heaven knows if that was good or not, the only thing I know is that when Richard the Lionheart got there, he said "You all have to become Christians or I'll wipe you out" so we all became Christians, so God knows what they were to begin with. But, in my family, the first born was always called Aeden, which means the noble and the just. Of course,

you must understand that when my father arrived here, at the beginning of the last century, if he'd said he was called Aeden then all Hell would have been let loose, so he changed his name, his surname, no, but they fixed it, put another name in front, what you do. And my son, I'm talking about my son, to be baptised, they said he had to have a Catholic name and I said, no. I said "No, you'll give him this name that's been around since the time of the Virgin Mary, meaning no disrespect", I'm talking now about when he was being baptised, "either that or I'll take him right now and I'll baptise him myself in the Barranco de la Virgen or wherever, I'll pour water over him and baptise him". Excuse me. What are we talking about? If people call their kids Kevin Costner nowadays! Jeremy. Not Jeremías. Or Iballa, Vanesa. Great, they have all my respect, no problem, but let me call my kid by the name of his ancestors. My son was baptised, made his first communion, because the family wanted it, not because all the other kids in the school were doing it because that wasn't the case, and then he was confirmed, I don't know how these things are organized these days, I have no idea, lucky for me, or unlucky for me, whatever but, in particular, in my times in general, all the kids... it was peculiar the family where the kid hadn't done the First Communion, far less, be baptised. Well, I know, I have a friend of mine, from way back, who when he made his First Communion was lucky because it was a year, because families then were six, seven kids, five brothers he had, and the outfit for the First Communion had been bought for the eldest brother, who's now 67 and the same outfit, the sailor's uniform, was passed down from one to the next, the same missal, in mother-of-pearl, the gloves, no, because they were too small so they had to buy new gloves, the rosary beads, the standard rosary beads... the mother-of- pearl missal was usually borrowed, and the white rosary beads, and the girls, that was something else.

M: So, the boys were made to wear the typical admiral's outfit, is that right?

E: Right, or the sailor's outfit, navy blue... As I said, we either wore the classic sailor's outfit or a navy blue suit which later could be used for special outings. You got rid of all the fancy bits, the golden chord, the white gloves, usually borrowed from a neighbour or whatever. Of course, at that time, not everybody could afford to buy gloves, so generally, that was the case. The mother of pearl missal was really special: the covers in mother of pearl, if you could afford them, and, if not, an ordinary mass book. The mementos of the First Communion were handed out. You went from house to house, so that people could see you dressed in your full regalia, see that you had done your First Communion, and they gave you half a peseta, a peseta, a "real" whatever was common at that time. And the girls were beautiful, with their veils, they looked like princesses, like little queens all dressed in white, with organdie, lace and these delicate little fishnet gloves...

M: It was the same day for girls and boys?

E: Yes, the boys and the girls on the same day, at least, as far as I remember, if I'm not mistaken. Then, the tradition was, back in the 60s, so you see, I made my First Communion way back then,

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where in the neighbourhoods, there was a breakfast banquet laid on for the kids... because then, when you made your First Communion, you had nothing to eat since the day before, nothing to drink either, nothing had passed your lips, not even a sip of water. It was an ordeal that not even the Knights of the Round Table would have been up to! Something terrible...

M: Not even water.

E: Nothing. The day before, your mother caught you by the neck and she scrubbed you from head to toe, she stuck a cotton bud in your ears to clean them, so that everybody would see you decent, and as of eight o'clock, you were in bed, starving, because they'd given you a snack, the family that could afford to, and that was you until eleven the next morning. Imagine what that little boy or girl was feeling the next morning? Your eyes were out on stalks every time you saw something that looked like food! You went past a photo of food in a bar and you were ready to bite the window to get at it! I reckon that, with time, the Church realised that they were asking too much of us, as I said before, not even the Knights of the Round Table were up to that, and then, in the morning...

M: Up to three hours before, it was afterwards.

E: Yes, three hours or something like that...

M: And then one hour, and then five seconds before...

E: I wouldn't know because I haven't kept up with that. Now, the kid stuffs himself with breakfast and then goes off to make his First Communion but, then, it was totally different Things have changed, the rites are different nowadays for the kids, fortunately enough. The problem is that there are kids who make their First Communion and the parents spend a fortune inviting the whole neighbourhood to celebrate with them, all their friends, the lot. And if so and so spent three, four thousand euros on his kid's communion, I'm not going to be less, it's quite another thing, nothing like before.

M: Yes, the kids even have wish lists, like wedding lists, only for the First Communion.

E: There's no right! God, that's the limit. That's outrageous, it's not fair. There's no right, that's what I say. The little boy or girl who's making his or her First Communion doesn't even know what they're doing, nor why. I didn't know either, but it was different, there was at least a little respect. They have lists, you say? I can't believe my ears....

M: Yes, the same as a wedding list, exactly the same.

E: Well, there you go, great business for somebody at least.

M: What about Holy Week, Easter?

E: Let me just say something, even though it sounds corny, at the risk of sounding corny, My father, may he rest in peace, wasn't a Catholic. We had a religion with a lot of things in common, because we had Jewish things in our rites as well, things from the Catholic church or the Greek Orthodox, whatever, I don't know, because our Pope was called Athenagoras but then they changed things, in the Middle East, in Cyprus and in Greece, they changed things too, but just let me tell you, my father never missed the Holy Week processions and it's something

I've kept up. He used to go and see the Saint he felt particular devotion for, like Mary Magdalen, for example, and so do I. And so I've got used to seeing a whole series of images and statues and it's not that I pray to them, because if you pray, you know how to, and that's not my case. I learnt how to pray like everybody else at school, in Catechism, ah, that's something I forgot to mention before, to make your First Communion, you had to go to Catechism, you had to learn your Catechism, a whole series of prayers and things like God was everywhere and you thinking, scared out of your wits, "Do you think He's watching me right now? Jesus, I bet He is!" Well, there was a whole repertoire of images and statues of the Virgen Mary and the like, Saints which I have a special devotion for, a respect, and I go to the processions in Holy Week, to see the statue each year and it's a moving occasion, I have to admit, and I like to hear the broadcast of the Holy Week processions when someone good is doing the commentary and they explain it to you over the radio, I like better to listen to it than to see it, because that takes me back fifty, 40 something years, and a whole flood of memories come back, it's so moving. And still in Holy Week, I go to see the processions. Not the big showy ones, the ones that people think are all the business now, no offence meant... I go to see la Virgen de la Soledad, I go to see the figure of el Cristo, and from time to time, I drop into a Church, no, it's true, and since I don't know how to pray, I say: "Mate, "chacho", I need your help", my style. I talk to God every day, do you know when? When I get up in the morning, I thank God in the heaven for allowing me to be here another day. When I get up at six, alive and kicking, I think, that's one more under the belt. That's my way of praying. My mother was quite another thing. She must have won her reward in Heaven, like all these older women, who go to fix the flower arrangements in the church, and who are always scolding the parish priest because he hasn't been looking after the Virgin Mary properly or he's put the wrong vases for the flowers, whatever... That's another way of being religious but you have to show respect, you have to respect all people as they are, all the religions. I see a Mohamedan praying and that's something they taught me from a very early age onward, you see him bowing down, facing Mecca, and you show respect, even though he does it three, tour, six times a day, and you see a Hebrew with his Talmud and the same, and the other beating his breast or making genuflexions, show respect, or a Buddhist with his joss-sticks doing his things, respect, above all, respect. Anything else for today, Doña Margaret?

M: No, that was great, that's it.

E: Satisfied for today?

M: Yes, great, magnificent.

OBJECTS

INTERVIEWING PERITIA ET DOCTRINA

Extract of Faithful transcription of original interview

MARGARET: And the other games that were home-made. The other things which you made yourselves when you were kids, the games you had back then?

JUAN ENRIQUE: Well, everything was very simple, hand-made, apart from the games that were imported from the mainland or the people who were lucky enough to have family abroad. Normally, the rest of us with restricted means and with small salaries, did what we could. It brought out the best in people. There were people who did wonders producing skates with wheels that they got from mechanics. There were skates that were fantastically fast. The kids also made carts with sardine tins and cable, they made carts and lorries and boats, lateen mailing boats, because that was important at the time, so you got a tin and you twisted back the corners and you made your boat, you placed a mast in the middle and you organised regattas with your friends in the rock pools. Obviously, at that time, we did not have remote control systems like nowadays so you followed your boat with a stick and you pushed it along, you guided it. The boats were really well made and they went against the wind like the real boats. Like they do now. So we organised big regattas in a pool which was beside the Campo España, down from where the former Hospital del Pino building. Along the coastline there, there were great big pools and since everybody lived outdoors much more then than now, the street was called Dieciocho de Julio, but before the name was something different because we all know what happened on the eighteenth of July, well, anyway, there were big rock pools and there were experts in toy regattas. There were lots of things. We made flutes out of reeds, canes, we painted them, dyed them in a kind of aniline dye and then you had a kind of stopper where there were three or four holes and you modulated the sound there.

M: And carts, go-karts. To race with, that you could sit in?

I: Yes, we had carts too.

JE: Yes, but real carts, real carts, you only got in places where there were possibilities...

I: Where there were slopes. In the port area, in the port area, they made them, my brother made them.

JE: But in the neighbourhoods, normally, in some perhaps...

M: In the lower part of the city.

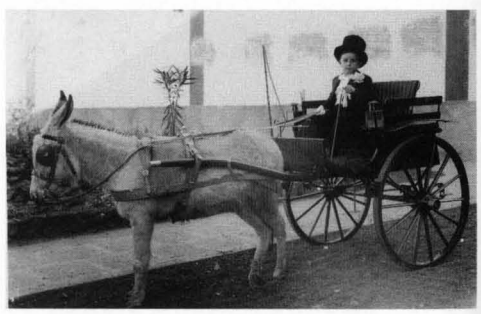
JE: ...it was a possibility. For example, in San Nicolás, and others, there were pronounced slopes like the Calle Real, Real in San Nicolás, no? But there were loads of things. I remember too that there was a thing that was used to frighten people that popped out full length, suddenly, made out of intertwining sticks, that stretched out, then you pulled it back in. It was fun. Like that thing you blow at parties, that rolls out and then rolls back.

M: And what is your favourite thing from the past?

Inés García Morera

José Ramón Díaz Morales

José Andrés López Urquia



Juan Enrique Martín González

JE: There are lots of things, each corresponding to a particular time and place. We all have different things that were important for us.
M: Yes, but your favourite toy for example when you were little, the objects you remember from when you were a child.
JE: My favourite toy was a toy gun.
I: That shot corks, with a cork at the end.
JE: Two corks, in fact, but the corks were fired at a great speed and hurt. I used to shoot at my brother.
M: You rotten thing!
JE: He used to shoot at me too. Of course, that was in my house, because my father was in the Army...
M: And you were all boys!
JE: Toys then were different from what they are now. I was given cannons, soldiers. The best present I received in my life was a box of clay soldiers of the British Infantry, from the First World War. I really looked after these.
M: A real treasure, no? And the rest? Inés, when you were little, it was your doll that you brought here?
I: That's right, my doll, but I was lucky because I was the smallest of four sisters and two brothers, so I used to play with all of their toys. So when Juan Enrique was talking about the carts, they used to make carts too, I remember, that they used to make them out of fruit boxes, and they put wheels on them, and a stick in the front with a string tied to it, to guide it, and they would push the cart, with me inside.
M: And how did you stop the cart? Where were the brakes?
I: We used to brake with our feet, dragging our feet. We also had wooden swords, that was something we played at a lot. My brother also had a pellet gun. I still have the marks to prove it. And he had bows and arrows, too. When I insisted that he took me with him to play with his friends one day he said to me: "Leave me alone or I'll shoot you", and I thought he was joking or kidding, and Thank Heavens I was wearing my raincoat that day or it would have been worse. I loved to play with my brothers, because they seemed to have a whole better time than us, I wanted to be one of them. I had an uncle too, well, I still have, who worked with wood and he made copies of all the furniture for me, miniatures: I had a dining room table, a kitchen, a bedroom, prams for my dolls, the lot. And I had all the bits and pieces that went with them, the pots and pans, the broom, hand-made, cane, in different colours, lots of dolls... But my favourite doll, really, was a black china doll, a little doll, one of these dolls that had two heads, that were rag dolls, and I had a blonde doll with pigtails and you turned her upside down and she became a black doll. That was my greatest treasure. And then, Papi who I brought here, the male doll, the latest in dolls at the time. I was six years old when they gave me him and, even at that time, you gave the doll a bottle full of soapy water and he blew bubbles, cried and wet himself, and said Mami, all of a treasure...
M: Came with all the works, no?
I: But what I really loved was to play with my brother who taught me how to make windmills, coloured windmills and whistles and then to play, because I liked to copy things, to play at houses, to play at teachers, to play at models on the

catwalk, at being a singer, a hairdresser... we liked to copy things that we saw in the world of the adults. To play, to jump the rope, a lot, to get together with the kids from the next block, because when I was little, I lived in the Port area, and we played at throwing stones at one another, what we called "guirreas". We chose small stones and we'd hide at the corners, two blocks further up, and the others two blocks further down, and there was no cheating, things had to be even and we threw stones at one another, and when somebody was hit and began to cry, then the war was over.

M: Good heavens! A bit savage that...

I: No, but it's what I most remember, what we most used to play at. We used to play all day in the street. I was happy with little less than nothing. When we got our presents on the 6th January, el Día de Reyes, we always looked to see if somebody of us had got more than the others and I always felt bad if somebody had received less than me. I always used to get a present every year, a little monkey made out of rubber, that had a ball that you squeezed at the end of a tube, and when you squeezed the ball, the monkey played the cymbals. A tiny monkey.

M: Ah, I'd forgotten that kind of toy, you're right.

I: It was great. I used to get a whole load of toys, Pepillo, the monkey, spinning tops that hummed and changed colours, loads of toys, but I always took my monkey out to the street with me, and when I looked at all my toys on Xmas day, I always looked to see where the monkey was because it was a tradition. Every year they had to buy me a new one because of course it put up with a load of wear and tear. Sometimes the rubber got worn and you had to put a patch over the hole so that the monkey would still work, and I'd go out to play with my monkey, dead chuffed, and the people would ask me: "What did the Three Wise Men bring you? Only that?" And I'd say, "Yes, my little monkey", pleased as punch.

M: It was the most important present for you.

I: Yes, I thought it was great because it looked as if it did it by itself, you hid the tube, maybe up your sleeve, and you'd put it on your hand and the monkey played and everybody was amazed at the trick, it looked like a real monkey playing and it was just that, the ball you squeezed and the tube. It was great and I loved it because it made people laugh, everybody was fascinated by it...

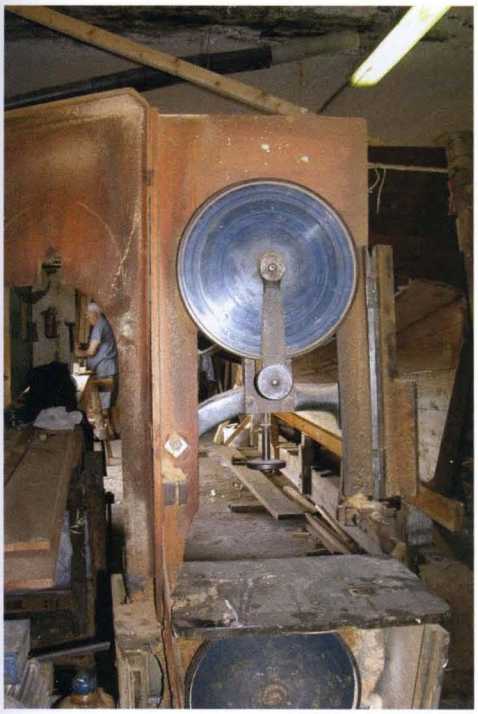
M: So the important thing was to play, not so much the toy in itself, to enjoy yourself?

I: Yes, that's right. And I made rag dolls, though I was fairly useless making them, and things out of wood. The other thing that was my favourite was to walk on stilts. My uncle made me my first stilts and then we made them ourselves out of bits of wood, and with nails... I'd go to the shops to buy things on my stilts and I'd go up and down the stairs on them. I even went to school on stilts. Once I learnt how to walk on stilts, I lost interest in all the other toys. That and skipping. When I learnt how to walk on stilts, nothing else was important. I went everywhere on stilts.

M: So you forgot about your monkey?

I: No dolls, no monkeys, nothing, just stilts. I was so taken by feeling so much taller.
M: And you two? What about you two?
JR: No, I... My experience is totally different. I didn't have a happy period full of toys that I can remember. I grew up in Fuerteventura and life there was different from in Gran Canaria or the rest of Spain, probably. Having said this, don't believe that I'm complaining because I believe that I had a happier time than my son or any of the kids nowadays. But to stick to the subject, I don't remember any object in particular, no special toy until I was ten, almost.
M: Of course, you had to work a lot.
JR: Yes, I got back from school and I had to take care of the animals, do the things in the house that were my responsibility. I had to look after the animals, take them out of the pen, feed them, clean them, animals of all kinds, big and small, the donkeys, camels and even the hens. That was basically what I did with my time. And what I used to do when I had spare time, if you could call it that, was to sit down and listen to the older people, listen to the stories they told, the adventures of the past, of the people who had been in South America for a time, who had emigrated to Uruguay, to Paraguay, to Argentina, to Venezuela, and they would tell their stories, elderly people who are probably no longer about, fascinating stories that you could sit for hours on end and listen to them, and you'd stay there until all hours of the night, and your mother would scold you when you got home for coming home late, but you were mesmerised, caught under the spell of the stories the people told, of their lives. Only much later did you realise, when you were older, the hard times they had been through, to survive. Loads of people had to emigrate, for lots of reasons, most of which were economic, political, social or whatever, the same as happened later when they emigrated to Europe. They were personal dramas. But at that time, I had no idea. They were just great stories. Apart from the time I spent listening and learning, I remember that, to pass the time at home, they would allow me to grind the coffee in the coffee mill, that was great fun, we all loved to be allowed to grind the coffee. They also allowed me, as a special treat, let's say, to fill the water filter or, if it was full, to empty the bottom part of the , what's it called, the "bernegal" or water filter. And I remember that I loved playing with the dead fish. Fresh fish for me was all of a fascination and a novelty, because where I lived was nowhere near to the sea and fresh fish was all of a curiosity. I simply couldn't resist it. But one day, I had a real fright: we brought the fish, we put it on the ledge, out in the patio, and my favourite was to play with the fish eye. I couldn't resist it so I'd play about with the fish eye until my granny said : "Stop that right now!" She must have said the same about forty times and I paid not a bit of attention, until finally, she had had enough, and she whisked me up by my feet, caught me by the two feet together, whisked me up into the air, just imagine, and whisked me across the patio, all of 40 metres, more or less, and dumped me in a tub of water.
I: Some granny!

JR: That was the last time I played with the fish, never again.
M: Well, that's one way of teaching you not to play with your food.
JR: Last time I touched a fish, I can assure you.
M: Never looked it in the eye again, eh? And when you were older then? Because all of the girls will have dressed up at some time, put on their mother's shoes. But the boys? What did you do?
JR: My favourite thing was a penknife.
M: A penknife.
JR: I wanted to have a penknife more than anything else. That was like being on first name terms with God as far as I was concerned.
JE: Not a razor blade then but a penknife.
JR: No, a penknife. One of these knives you used to carve wood, to cut bushes, to shave away at wood with, to carve. All I wanted was to have one and to use it, to have it in my pocket. A penknife, even if it was tiny. But it was a symbol of being somebody, a man to be taken into consideration.
JE: Yes, you're dead right. I totally agree. A penknife.
M: Yes, and a compass?
JR: I had no idea what that was.
JE: It was another mysterious element, true, but it took ages to get a compass, at that time. Do you understand?
M: Of course.
JR: I swopped a cufflink, not both, just one. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It had a gem, it was a white circle with a blue stone, lapis lazuli, I think it was So I swopped my friend the cufflink...
M: One cufflink wasn't much good for anything...
JR: For a penknife that was three centimetres if it was that. And I hid it away from my mother, of course. How was I going to explain that I had a penknife and that I'd lost a cufflink. Just imagine the store that I had to invent. One day, she said, "And your cufflink?" And I said that I'd lost it one day I'd put them on. I won't tell you what happened later. I'll spare you the details.
M: Was it worse than your granny or better?
JR: My granny was a hard woman but she was an understanding soul. My mother was my mother, of course ... well, she still is, thank God.
JE: Yes, but what was it about fish eyes which was so fascinating. Because I used to love to stick my finger in the fish's eye too.
I: Aagh! How disgusting. I can think of nothing worse.
JE: Fascinating, I found it.
Ñ: There was an old man in Lanzarote and fish eyes were his favourite dish. When we caught fish, it was the first thing that he would ask us for: Save the eyes for me, he'd say.
I: That's right, fried. I've eaten them fried.
Ñ: Yes, they're delicious.
JE: And fish tongues.
M: Fish tongues? Good God, the things you learn. All of a delicacy, I suppose.
JR: Let's talk about something else. But it's like in the Basque country where they open the ...
M: The gills...
JR: That's right, "la cococha".



JE: Well, here it was fish tongues, salted, a true delicacy. I loved it. Whenever I went into the kitchen cupboard and I smelt salted fish, I knew we were in for a treat. What I was about to say was this... I made a list, a quick run-through of my memories, that I can read, and add to. For example, I wrote down some things here... for example, my grandfather's hats. I was fascinated by his hats. At that time, nobody went out onto the streets without a hat on, that is, any man who considered himself to be a gentleman. Then there were the mantillas for mourning and for Mass that my mother wore, and all the sewing elements that were in the houses, because everybody sewed at home to some extent or other. The cooker or the wooden stove, first, and then the oil primus stove afterwards, with its paraphernalia for unblocking the pipes. The meat grinder which was a wonder of science, the most advanced technology we had at the time when I was a lad: you bought the meat and they let me put my hand underneath and out would come the mince. The coffee mill, a Peugeot, the same house as the car that I own, let's see if I bring it, the coffee grinder, which was used not only to grind coffeee beans but to keep the kids quiet. They sat us down and they said: "Tell your granny to give you the "tente allá" (stay put).

M: The "stay put"?

JE: Stay put, in other words, for you to grind the coffee and not to bother anybody any more. Give him the "stay put", the "tente allá" so it was used to keep you out of trouble and out of harm's way. The wooden egg that was used to darn the socks was to be found in everybody's house, the iron pots that no matter how much you scrubbed them were always black, from the forge onwards. My grandfather's shaving kit and his razor blade which had three holes and he always cut himself when shaving because my grandfather, like Pancho Villa, sharpened his knife... it was before the consumer society, on a glass. He took his knives and with a glass he sharpened them, sharpened the blades.

M: ¡Uy!, It must have made an awful noise.

I: There was a special stone for doing that too, wasn't there?

JE: No, but this was so thin that you couldn't use the stone...

JR: It wasn't the razor, but the blade.

JE: There was the razor, that is, the knife, because I had a knife and the belt, they were two different things: the stone to sharpen the knife and the leather belt. Then there were the British tools, made in England: the saws, the hammers, they were from England, number one, all the houses and all the craftsmen had English tools, they were number one, although a few things came from Germany. But everything said "made in Sheffield" or whatever, number one. The first radio in my grandparents' house, with its lamps and its batteries and bulbs, and the copper aerial, because the aerial had to be pointed North to South, or East to West, do you understand? We had a copper aerial and every now and again, we had to sand it down, to get rid of the rust, the copper sulphate that leaked out. I remember listening to the BBC in London. We heard it clear as

a bell at that time and listening to the National Broadcasting House of Lisbon Radio which broadcast in Spanish from Latin America. We couldn't get Radio España Pirenaica because it was anti-Government. I remember hearing the war reports from the Battle of the Ebro and the report of the missing, and Heaven knows what else about the Ebro, Teruel and Guadalajara. The rosary beads of my grandmother and my mother's rosary beads. All of the cards with the images of saints, the mass cards and the statues of Saints that were in the house. There was one picture which scared the wits out of me and that was the souls in Purgatory, because we heard about nothing else but about Hell, at that time, do you understand? There were other hells like being married which we still didn't know about at the time. It's a joke. Then there were the traps to catch birds with, the "jiñeras'. The "jiñeras" were traps which you put on your cage and in the cage you had a bird, and you gave it food, and that bird attracted others, and the trap caught them inside the cage.

JR: It was held open with a stick and when the bird went in, you pulled away the stick with a string.

I: That's right.

JE: I remember toasting coffee in clay pots, not only grinding it but before you had to roast the coffee and that filled the house with its smell. It's the smell I most remember from when I was young, the smell of coffee.

I: And you mixed it with malt too, with malt.

JE: It was mixed with malt when there was rationing but, at that time, there was no rationing and the coffee wasn't mixed with malt. The malt was to substitute coffee. The malt was toasted and ground and you drank malted water, which was no way like coffee because it was the wrong colour and there was no caffeine. Do you get me? But it was to eke out what coffee you had but it was no substitute for the real thing. You only drank it if you couldn't get the "café de caracolillo", with the snail. It was from Colombia and it was the best. Then there was the shell used by the man who sold fish or the horn. We knew it was the fishmonger because you heard the sound of him blowing on the shell, "fum, fum". I've tried to do it since but it doesn't work for me. I have the same shells but it doesn't make the same noise. I can't do it.

M: Oh, so he blew on a shell, how interesting.

JE: Yes, they blew on the shells to let you know they were there. But it's all of an art because they've given me shells and I've made holes in them and I've tried to make them sound properly but I've never managed to do it. Then there were the sounds of the street vendors: the man who sold water cress, all kinds of things they sold round the houses, they're all memories that come back to me.

M: And what else did they sell?

I: Blackcurrants.

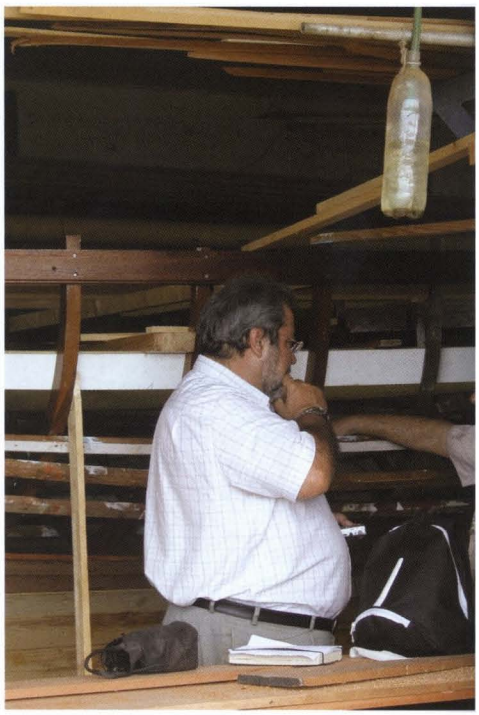
M: Blackcurrants?

I: Yes, there were people who sold blackcurrants.

JE: And flowers.

I: Blackcurrants, flowers...

JR: And ice. The lottery ticket. Buy today's.



I: Milk, the milkman, the baker, the fishmonger, a man who went round with a van selling all types of haberdashery and shoes, a travelling salesman.
JE: There were people who sold pins, thread, all of these things. They were door to door salesmen. Most of them were Lebanese, Syrian...
JR: Celíne, in Triana.
I: Right, Celíne who was later in Peregrina. We used to live next door. Right next door.
M: They were what were called the "jarandinos".
I: Right, the "jarandinos". They were almost all from the Lebanon.
JE: They were called "jarandinos" or "jarandingos". There were people who said both in my times. It's like the faith-healer, the "esterero", the man who fixed your bones when they were out of joint and who made mats, and they began suddenly to call them "esteleros" with an "l", Heaven knows why.
M: So they made mats, so it came from the word "estera".
JE: That's right. The person who makes mats.
I: The man who fixed your bones.
JR: Yes, the skill was in the flexibility of the hands needed to weave the palm leaf so they knew how to feel their way and to find the problem.
I: And they knew how to fix your bones.
JR: That's what I'm explaining to Margaret. That skill that they needed to weave allowed them to detect any problem that you had with your joints, any bone that was out of place.
M: I see. I understand.

SPACE

INTERVIEWING FACHICO

Extract of Faithful transcription of original interview

FACHICO: At that time, it was easy for us to have one hell of a time because my father wasn't worried about what I was doing. He had enough on his plate as it was. We've already talked about his being a Mason and how they arrested him and took him off to Madrid and all that so he wasn't really worried about me at that time. That was the least of his worries. So when I was in the second year of Secondary school, I think it was, I reckon I only went one day to class. The rest of the time, I was on the beach or with my friends. Yes, I know that sounds incredible. I know that that wouldn't happen nowadays, but at that time, it wasn't all that unusual. I think that year I had seven different Maths' teachers, or the year after, because we're talking about the time of the war in Spain, the Civil War, and so it was usual that you didn't go from start to finish of the year. It's true that my father had a partner in Sweden and that he had said that he was going to send me to Sweden to study but they didn't let me go. I had to stay and that was the year that I didn't go to school…

M: So it wasn't that you were playing truant, is that what you mean? You weren't totally a waster?

F: I thought I was going to go to Sweden so I couldn't be bothered going to class. But then my father went off the deep end and made me work in the tomato crate company, nailing crates together. That was in the afternoon, and in the morning he sent me to a teacher. I had to cross the whole of the Arenales, the sand dunes. At that time, there was no Corte Inglés, nothing, just sand dune after sand dune, and the factory of Eufemiano Fuentes where they made bricks for the houses. And I had to walk across the sand dunes from Ciudad Jardín to get to Guanarteme which was where I received classes. With what I studied that year, the year I didn't go to school, I never had to study ever again. It took me right through to the final year without touching another book. I'd go to class,and I kept up to date with what we were doing.It was only when I came to the final exam that I discovered trigonometry because, up until, then I hadn't even known it existed. In one summer of study at the Viera y Clavijo, I passed my final exam.

Life was a little… nothing mattered, not even life itself mattered. Life was not worth much because people, my friends, one or two years older than me, some signed up and some were drafted and perhaps, at the best, they went missing, half of them didn't come back, that was the way things were …

M: Totally different from nowadays though people live from day to day now but it's not the same philosophy.

F: It wasn't a matter of philosophy. It was a whole different way of life. Life was not of great importance because people died and that was that. When a place was occupied during the war, they'd get together to celebrate and they'd swill

Francisco Rojas Fariña

down the wine, get tremendously drunk all over town, and they would put the people in lorries and dump them off in the Paseo de Chil, they would drop the back of the lorry and dump them off, to sleep off their hangover. And there were people who broke an arm, who got terrible blows on the head, and so what? That was my time, a little of the pre-European war and a lot of the post Civil War.

M: What about your time in the Viera y Clavijo? What was education like then?

F: The Viera y Clavijo was a great school to such an extent that it was the best education you could receive at the time. The year I sat my exams, and my wife, there were seven prizes awarded and they were all from the Viera y Clavijo six or seven prizes if I'm not mistaken. Seven distinctions and six honorific mentions all from the same school, the Viera y Clavijo. It had a great staff of teachers, really great.

M: They were free thinkers?

F: Of course, because they weren't officially accepted. They were all suffering reprisals, some were even sent to the concentration camps. There were some, like Ernesto Cantero, who lost their degree or they didn't lose their degrees but they lost their official posts. It was a good school, then, the Viera y Clavijo. That was the way things were at the time. You didn't attach much importance to anything because nothing was really important because people died overnight, your circumstances changed completely from one day to the next, and of course we were completely dominated by the military controls, because at the intervals, you had to stick out your hand and sing the "Cara al Sol". How did we stand it? We stood it and really that didn't bother me all that much when I was young. I even looked upon it as natural. Even though my father was a Mason, when they mentioned the "reds" to me, I pictured them with horns and tails, the lot, real devils. I thought, even though my father was a Mason, I thought all the "reds" were terrible because that was what the publicity made you believe. It's incredible what publicity can do.

M: And yet you work in publicity.

F: Yes, but it's another kind of publicity, what we do now. It's another way of telling lies. Publicity is always lies, it's a total lie. But the lies then were of a worse and more serious kind. They affected your life. Now it's "diet" lies. Ha, ha, ha.

M: You had sisters. I was talking to your wife the other day and she had a family that was much more relaxed in attitude towards the womenfolk, more than others of the time.

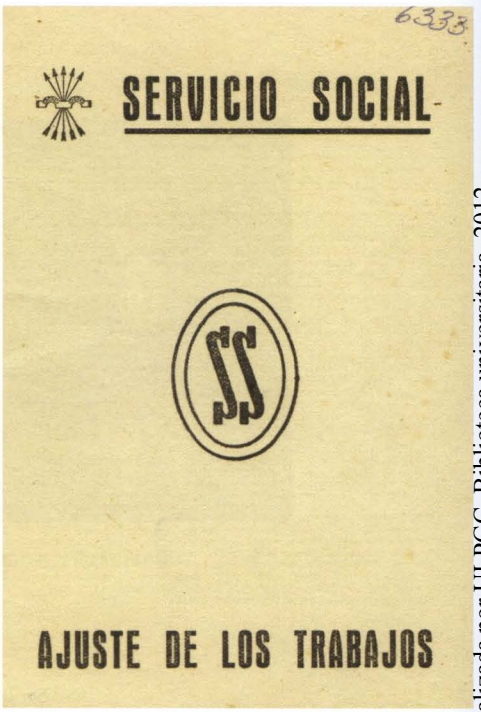
F: That's right because her father was...

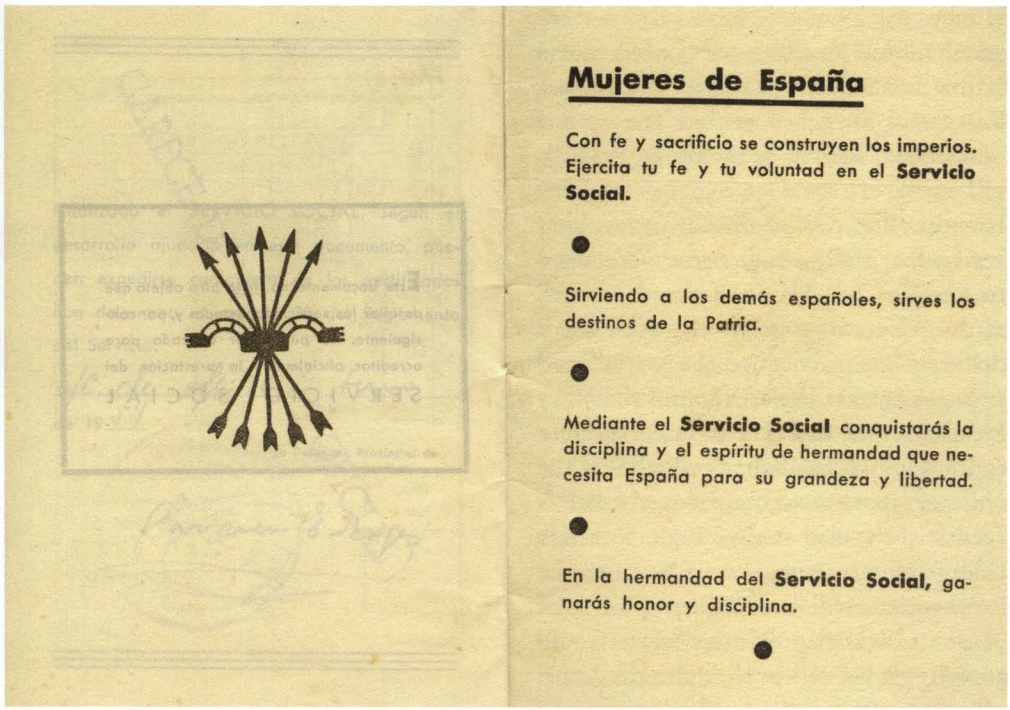
M: Was that the case in your house?

F: In my house, no, because I was the only boy. I had two sisters, two. Because I was a boy, I was allowed to do anything I wanted, because it was a very "male dominated" society and whatever I did was alright and they began to put me on the right road, little by little. Only once my father took his belt to me. Because at that time, a good whipping did you a power of good as the English used to say. I was allowed to do whatever I wanted and I did. I wasn't bad either, I was a decent bloke, but since nothing mattered, we got away with murder.

M: And your sisters didn't protest ever?

F: No, they took it lying down because they were women, of course.
M: That was the way things were?
F: Of course, they were women. Nobody said anything at the time, not my mother nor my sisters, nobody. I was a man and I had every right under the sun to do what I pleased. And they had none. And that was that, because that was the way things were.
M: And your social life? Did men keep on going out with other men until they had a girlfriend and even afterwards, whereas the women were much more housebound?
F: Right, women were at home doing their type of work because that's what people said and still do "sus labores", their work. "Their work" meant cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, everything.
M: That was what they learnt in the "sección femenina" in Franco's times, no?
F: Right and they only prepared them for that. My wife didn't go through the rigmarole but you couldn't get married if you hadn't been through the requisite pre-matrimonial courses in the Sección Femenina.
M: And what were they taught there?
F: You had to do your social service if you wanted to get married.
M: And what did they learn in the pre-matrimonial classes?
F: That men were great, jejejeje
M: A lie if ever there was one.
F: That's right. It was an enormous lie. They taught them to sew, to embroider,to cook, everything they "needed" to get married. If they didn't know how to make a shirt, they couldn't get married. They were courses which were called the Social Service and if you didn't do them, you didn't get permission to get married.
M: And who gave you permission? The Church?
F: No, you only went to the church when you already had your Social Service done.
M: So how did your wife manage to get out of doing it?
F: Well, we were almost in the transitional period, just about, in the early Fifties. That was when the Social Service was being done away with but, whatever, they didn't make her do it.
You had to learn how to prepare the only meal of the day. Once a week, all over, you were only allowed to have one dish, no more, and the rest of the money which you would have used for the other food was donated to the Social Services. That was during the whole of the post-War era and then, the money that would have been used, was directed towards the Social Services, I think that was the name for it anyway but I don't rightly remember. The one dish only régime was a waste of space because when you travelled, apart from your pass, and all the rest of the papers you needed, you had to take your ration book with you, because that entitled you to bread and tobacco. Here, it was even worse because even the rice was rationed: the rice, the sugar, the pulses, everything had different coupons in your ration book.
M: It was worse here in the Islands than on the mainland of Spain?
F: Well, I only know about the 40s, and the early 50s and things were much better there, with only bread and tobacco rationed.
M: People smoked more then in the past than they do now?





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F: There's no comparison. I smoked my first cigarette when I was 12 or 13.
M: And you remember it?
F: How could I forget it?
M: But not out in the open?
F: Of course not. Totally undercover.
M: Tell me about it.
F: It was with a friend and we bought a packet of cigarettes. I used to pinch money from my mother so I pinched the money and bought that, or a lighter, whatever, not much. We hid away out of sight to learn how to smoke and, of course, I was as sick as a dog the first time but I went on smoking. That was when I was 12 or 13 and I went on smoking until I was 60.
M: Did you roll your own?
F: In Madrid, I did. Here, no. They were ready made here in abundance. In Madrid, I used to buy the tobacco because they sold it in blocks but here they had the cigarette factory, Cumbre, right back in the wartime and all. There was Virginia tobacco too although I can't remember the name of them, lots of brands because we always had plenty of tobacco here. It was a kind of opium at the time
M: That and rum, gin and brandy?
F: Here it was brandy, people drank lots of brandy and rum. Spirits, and always as an aperitif. It was really strange that, people knocking back strong drinks before eating …
M: And where did that custom come from?
F: Heaven knows. Because of the Cuban rum, maybe. There was a lot of traffic between Cuba and the Canary islands and they drank rum there and brandy here. There was less rum produced here at the time, only the factory in Arucas and in La Aldea. In Madeira there was a factory too, rum from Madeira. People swilled back rum and we were killing ourselves without realising it.
M: Brandy was for the blood pressure, I suppose. Because brandy in a warm climate can only be for the blood pressure.
F: Right, that, and if you didn't drink it, you weren't a man.
M: And do you remember your first drink?
F: No, I never drank. I never drank because I couldn't stand the taste of it. And I felt rotten when I drank. I've never been a drinker. A smoker, well, I was a heavy smoker for years. And see what I've got for it. Tobacco does for you in the long run. I have what is called the shop window syndrome. If I walk two

or three blocks, I have to stop because I have sharp pains and cramps in my legs,in my calves, awful pains and I have to stop. They call it the shop window syndrome because you pretend you're looking in a shop window.

M: So you remember seeing the Barranco de Guiniguada and the water running down the river bed, to get back to places? When the water rose, did you go to see it?

F: Of course, it was all of a spectacle. Anyhow, I took it in on the way to the school, or to the Viera. The secondary school was where the Jesuit school is now because when the Jesuits were expelled, the secondary school was there, so I went to school there and it was on my way to school. It was an incredible sight, one of the few sights we were afforded at the time.

M: And did you visit the market area at all? There were lots of curious characters hung around there, do you remember?

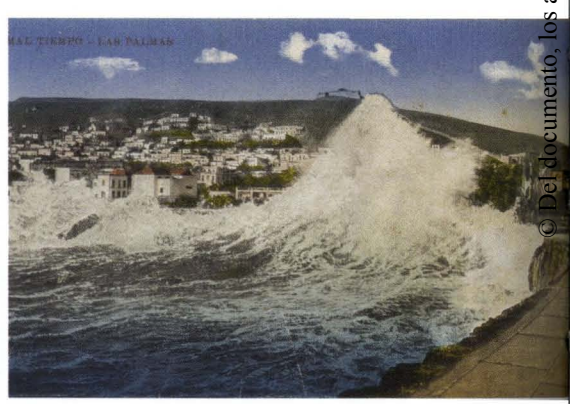
F: Yes, I went to eat battered fish because it cost 15 cents or 10 cents, I can't rightly remember.

M: Where? On the Puente de Palo?

F: Yes, on the Puente de Palo. That bar still exists but the whole space has changed. But it's on the other side of the gulley, of where the Puente de Palo used to be, and we went to eat battered fish and to have a great time.

M: Other people who we've interviewed have said that they played truant from the school, from the secondary school and they played around in that area.

F: I played truant loads of times because I had a little boat, tiny, and I would go sailing or I went to the beach with the money I'd pinched from my mother and I rented a sailing boat, we'd rent a sailing boat, first we rented the rowing boats and then we rented the sailing boats and seeing as I knew how to sail, well, off we'd go and I'd take my friends. But I rememeber once that we had a really rough time. We were making for Las Palmas from the beach at the Alcaravaneras but everything was different then, because the water used to break against the area round the Navy Headquarters, in Plaza de la Feria, close to the Mole of Las Palmas which was the only port that existed, and it used to break against the moles, really rough, real high tides, with great big waves, Because the breakwaters still hadn't been built, the coast still wasn't protected So we would go sailing more or less to where the Jesuit school was, or even further down the coast, and when we tried to turn back, the weather turned and got worse so that it was a tremendous odyssey and there was I, with my three friends. So I said, OK, let's sail back because the wind was blowing in from the North and we had to sail directly into the bay, but it was impossible because the waves took us further and further out and we needed to catch the wind and sail directly into the bay. So we went further and further out and when we tried to steer back, the sea was so rough, that it hit against the prow of the boat and didn't allow me to turn the boat so that eventually the rudder snapped, and we were miles away from anywhere, and when the rudder snapped, I didn't know what to do so I turned back windwards which is extremely dangerous because if the wind hits the sail and you



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can't control the boat, you start to let in water and we were still some kilometres from shore and the boat started to fill with water and we didn't know what to do and we managed to bail out a little. And so we managed to get closer to dry land and we almost finished up where we had started. Later, we couldn't turn back because we had no rudder. In the end, God knows how we managed to turn back, it was really difficult, and I wanted to bail out, to swim back, but there were one or two who didn't know how to swim, I wanted to swim back but they didn't know how to manage the boat. In the end, God knows how we got back but when we arrived, we couldn't land because it was night-time and the guards directed their guns at us and they told us that we couldn't land. Luckily for us, the owner of the boat was waiting for us to come back and he shouted to the soldiers to tell them that he was waiting for us. I can still see him now. That was what we did when we wanted to switch off from everything.

M: At that time, there were a lot more beaches in the Triana area, in the area of the Mole itself ...

F: There weren't many beaches, the beach ended at Las Alcaravaneras and afterwards there were just rocks. The beach reached the Hotel Metropol, the former Hotel Metropol, with its little swimming pool and the sea came up, and there were rocks and a little beach at Lugo but the beach was tiny. It was 50 metres more or less, with sand. And then there was nothing, just rocks and the sea hit hard against the coastline. And it hit hard against the coastline because the breakwaters weren't in place and there was no defence line and the sea whipped round from La Isleta.

M: And what did people do when the sea was really rough and broke over the front line?

F: We have always said that Las Palmas is a city that turned its back on the sea and it did, because it had no defence line, there was no defence of any kind. Now we look out onto the sea but before, the streets which were close to the sea, that were next to Triana, below Triana...

M: Francisco Gourié, or the Calle de la Marina.

F: La Calle de la Marina, was much worse. The better part was further away from the sea. The same as the street here, below the 18 de Julio, the street called... I can't remember, all the area below Canalejas, the whole of that coastline, was much worse, and all the houses had problems, some of them still have the marks of the sea and the water rising. Everything in the area was covered in rust and went to waste.

M: The culture relating to water was completely different then because the people didn't swim, the tide rose every now and again and the sea invaded the city to a certain extent.

F: Yes, but people began to go to Las Canteras, to the area around the beach, to swim, because at that time, it wasn't the fashion to be brown or to sunbathe. Women looked after their skin. Everything has changed so much that what was good is bad and vice versa.

M: Exactly, what was bad is good and that is why there is more social life for women nowadays.

F: That for me has been the big step forward. Women have woken up to reality or we have allowed them to waken but that has been accompanied by the laws and a series of movements, and not only the feminists. The feminists have made us sit up and take notice but women have woken up to such an extent that they're miles ahead of men. They may not have all the executive posts but they'll soon be theirs because women work much harder than men. They're more constant, more persistent and, more than likely, more intelligent.

M: Alonso Quesada said in his books that men were looking for women who knew how to control things, who could manage the house. Women have always been important as the solid basis upon which to build. Above all, in times of war.

F: My mother used to get up at five in the morning. Why? Because she had to light the fire and at that time, we were talking about wood fires and wooden stoves or coal fires, and there was no coal, no wood, so you had an oil stove, it was called a little Hell and you had to fill it with oil. My house had a wood and coal stove which had a back burner for the water, the hot water, but there was no hot water. She used to get up early to light the fire and to do all the things she had to do in the house, to prepare breakfast and that all took its time, prepare lunch because the pottages had to be on the boil for hours and hours, all morning. Now it's a totally different picture because if you have the vegetables boiling all day, they lose all their vitamins. Everything's the reverse of what it was. And the fishmonger used to come to the house, to bring the fish, and the milkman, with the goats, the goatherd used to pass by and to ask how many measures you wanted. The measures you wanted and he milked the goats there and then in front of your house. It's a miracle that they didn't do away with me because my mother always made me breakfast two eggs mixed with sugar, beat with sugar, beaten up in a glass of milk, and Heaven knows what else. They nearly destroyed my liver because they wanted to feed me up because the illness at the time wasn't AIDS but TB. I had lots of friends who died of TB and my parents were terrified that I'd catch it so they used to feed me up to the gills.

M: Because they thought that was the best way to protect you against it.

F: I used to have to knock back two eggs beaten with sugar, about half a kilo of sugar, well I'm exaggerating a little, but with lots of sugar and it was super, I loved it, because the beaten eggs were really creamy, but I had to drink it every morning with a glass of goat's milk, recently milked, because at that time it was straight from the goat's udder into the glass, none of your pasteurised milk here.

M: Were there lots of people who brought food direct to the door? Who were street vendors?

F: There were always street vendors: the fishmonger, the goatherd.

M: The baker? Did the bread come round house to house?

F: No, we had to buy the bread at the baker's. Sometimes, they brought it to the house but it was an employee of my father's at work. Usually you had to buy it at the baker's.

M: Was there more of a family spirit before? I mean, various generations used to live together, people worried about one another.
F: Yes, families stuck together to defend themselves from the hardships of life. Since there was only one breadwinner, there was a head of the family and everybody else depended upon that person, so if something happened to that person, then the responsibility was passed on to the relatives and they looked after one another. That happened in my family, and in my wife's. That was quite common.
M: And the places you went when you were a lad, do they still exist? All the part of the Alameda de Colón etcetera.
F: In my first youth, we used to go to the Calle de Triana which was a ritual. Everybody used to go to the Calle Triana every evening, there was no way you could miss it.
M: Every evening, at five?
F. At five or six and we went along one side of the road and the girls along the other. And the cars went back and forwards in between and that was our walk. Heaven knows how we managed not to be knocked over because the cars went in the two directions and the walk was enormous, but it was one of these rituals, like the cinema. We had to go to the cinema because there were two new films per week and you had to go to both. Now, it's different, there's so much going on, so many films, conferences, so many things it's impossible to choose. But before, whenever there was anything new, everybody went. We knew everything that was going on in the past. If you didn't, you were left out in the cold. Now it's literally impossible.
M: And the two new films, where were they shown?
F: In the Cuyás and the Hollywood which was later called the Cine Avenida because foreign names were forbidden, above all, names in English, it was too much, because the English were the enemies of Hitler and we were allies of Hitler's.
P: What days of the week did they put on the new films?
F: I can't remember but I think it was Fridays.
M: And Torrecine?
F: Torrecine was replays. They were lower class cinemas.
M: So there were people who went to the first showing of the film and they were the beautiful people ...
F: There was the Torrecine, the Pabellón Recreativo, which was close to the Post Office, behind the main post office. And then there was the Teatro Circulo del Puerto, at the end of the Calle Ferreras and the Millares, which sometimes put on films for the first time. Or maybe not for the first time, but they were good class films they put on. It was where the Hotel Imperial Playa is today. And then there were private parties in people's houses, lots of parties, what we began to call the "*guateque*", private parties we organised with the record player, great big records they were, 78s or 45s, singles that were brought in from London , with Glenn Miller's orchestra, dating back to the 40s at the most, the 50s.
M: Music was popular then? And dancing?

F: Yes, that's right, we used to go dancing. That was where you could strike up a better relationship, at the dances.
M: Dances like ...
F: The coming out celebrations in the Gabinete Literario, which was a really posh affair.
M: There was a dance too in the Teatro Pérez Galdós every year or am I wrong?
F: Yes, it was a fancy dress ball.
M: And did you dress up?
F: No, because wearing masks was forbidden at the time. It was called a masked ball but without masks, if you get me. It was forbidden because everybody knew everybody else and the control depended upon the same. Everybody had to be able to recognise everybody else. They used to do it in the Club Naútico too, at Carnival time, forbid masks, so that they could see whether you were a member or not. It was usually so that they could keep undesirable elements out. They used to have a dance there and in the former Club Naútico too.
M:In the Hotel Parque, there was also ...
F: That was in the evening, it was a "soirée", a tea dance.
M: Before or after the walk?
F: You had tea and you danced. On Sunday afternoons, that was.
M: Was there an orchestra?
F: Yes there was. A man called Medina if I'm not mistaken. The same as in the Parque Santa Catalina. But that was on Sundays and holidays. Otherwise, the parties used to be held in private houses.
M: And the dances that were out of bounds were the so-called "bailes de Taifa" which were for the "working people", for the working classes?
F: They were held in the football clubs, in the Polonia, the Ferrera and the Artesano. I didn't go because they were poor.
M: Did you ever go to the "riscos"?
F: When I say they were poor, I mean poor quality. I found them a bit basic. I didn't like them and not many people did. All that rigmarole of pulling out a handkerchief so as not to spoil the girl's dress.
M: You certainly didn't do that at the Gabinete Literario?
F: No, no. We washed our hands there.
M: And before you used to have suits made to measure, all your clothes...
F: That's right, we used to go to a tailor.
M: And did you ever wear a hat?
F: Not me, but my father did. My father wore a hat but in my times, that was no longer the fashion. My father did and I used to put it on every now and again, just for a laugh.
M: Shoes were also made to measure then
F: I didn't get my shoes made for me but they did make shoes. El Pichón was in Bravo Murillo.
M: And the photo of the cobbler you have there ...
F: No, he mended shoes. He didn't make them. He mended them.
M: Why did he have that nickname?
F: *Pepito, el puto*. Because he was gay, he was a homosexual and he was always hysterical. So they called him *"Pepito, el puto"*.
M: How did that go down at the time?
F: Homosexuals were excluded but this man was a real case, he was such a funny person, such a good person, and then he was taken into Society. But, in general, they were excluded...
M: Weren't they taken on as stylists or personal assistants?
F: There weren't all that many and lots of them were in hiding. There were, of course, famous gays. Juanito, the barber, Leo, the decorator who was a friend of Juanito's But these were allowed into social circles because one was a famous hairdresser and the other was a decorator. And *Pepito el puto* was Pepito. But the rest had a hard time of it, and often they were put in jail. So they kept quiet about the situation. They didn't "come out".

Voices and Echoes

MEN

MEN

The exhibition has devoted a whole room to men and how they experience the various themes of the database. Clearly, the different roles played by men in the society of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, and the areas which we have researched, as is indeed the case in the whole of the Mediterranean, focus on outdoor life, on work, on friendship, reduced social circles, mobility and family.

From an early age, the male child was treated differently from the female, with a much more active outdoor life and less sheltered existence. All of the interviewees speak with nostalgia of their childhood games and mischief, when they were free of responsibilities. The first major event in the male's life was not the First Communion, as it was for many women, but the transition from short trousers to long trousers, something which has largely disappeared from our Society nowadays. This "coming of age" and initiation into the adult world, the presentation in Society, was usually fostered by the godfather, an important figure in the Canary society. The first tobacco smoked in the husk of the corn, the "camisa" of the "descamisadas" was also a ritual associated with manhood.

Social life, outdoors, was a constant with male dominated activities preferred: betting, cock fighting, football, boxing, lateen sailing, playing cards, sports, pigeon training, hunting, music and drinking. The activities which involved female participation were dancing, cinema-going and the well-known institution of the "Paseo de Triana", part of the ritual and art of courtship which most interviewees remember as a "difficult and delicate matter".

There was more mixing of classes in the male sphere with all of the bonhommerie produced by gambling and drinking company, and the "tertulias" which brought together people of different stations, clergy, nobles and servants alike. Most of the figures who are remembered fondly from these times (Pepe Caña Dulce, Andrés el Ratón and, earlier, Roque Morera) are male which was also the case in the creative arts, with only Pinito del Oro trespassing the boundaries and frontiers, defying the rules of the times.

The men moved freely throughout the city although some areas were considered to be semi *out-of-bounds*. Public appearance was considered to be important with strict norms as to dress, especially on Saturdays which represented the occasion for mixing. Class differences were most marked in the area of dress and in the places

frequented for dancing, with the football associations popular with both. Cases of men marrying below their station were known of, but the reverse did not exist or, at least, was prevented at all costs. Most of the interviewees revealed a common-day, healthy attitude towards religion with even the most convinced disbelievers and believers relatively restrained in their religious manifestations. Tolerance and respect, together with friendship and loyalty, appear as more important values than manifest devotion.

Work and mobility are two constants in the man's world. Mobility for pleasure (cars, vans, bikes and boats) and for reasons of survival (migration, joining a fishing fleet, driving a "tartana", hansom cab or a "pirata", illegal taxi). Many of the trades of the past which allowed for inter-activity with other cultures (the "tartaneros", the "cambullón" and the "white-collar" workers such as Alonso Quesada in the port area) or recycling of products, such as the "latoneros" or "herreros", or taking advantage of local raw materials, such as the "cesteros" and mat-workers, have all but disappeared.

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WOMEN

WOMEN

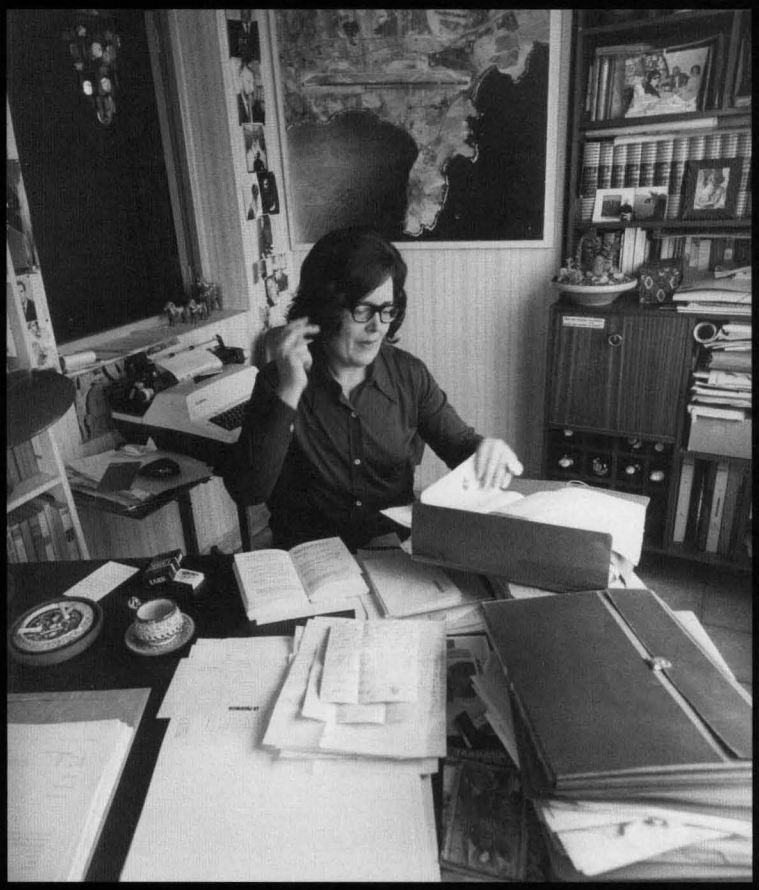
The exhibition has devoted a whole room apart to women and their different perception of all of the themes since we consider that the main differences which have occurred over time have affected the two sexes to greatly varying degrees. Women, in general, played their main role in the home and family, so were more protagonists of the private part of life on the islands. Men were more active in the public sphere.

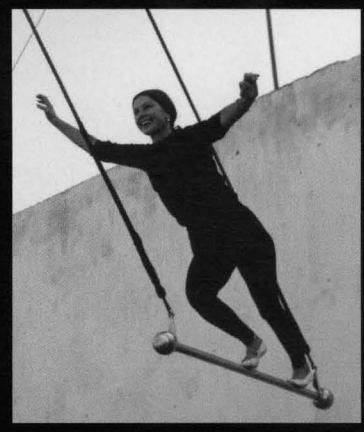
We have looked at women's initiation into Society over time. In Gran Canaria, the main conquest achieved over the time registered in the personal interviews is obviously education, in the broadest possible sense of the word: education as a right and education of the Society in general, in their attitudes towards women. Any such education, above all further education, obtained by women in the Past was always the result of arduous battles and persistence on the part of those interviewed. There can be no doubt that the parental attitude was basic to success or failure, above all, the attitude of the father. The better the relationship between the father and the daughter, the greater the complicity (and the complicity was either tremendous or non-existent, with little in-between), the more possibilities of travel (thus broadening the mind), relative freedom and promotion of extension of studies. In the absence of the father figure (due to death in the wars, emigration or early decease for natural causes), the situation of the woman as both mother (single parent) and daughter was much harder, and the relationship also more difficult, the mother having to play both roles and often without the support of the extended family, although such cases were scarce. Divorce at the time was not legal and when separations occurred, they usually did so via geographical separation, since the community was small and the social circles, smaller. The cycle was First Communion, courtship, presentation into Society (for the upper classes), marriage (which for some was a liberation from the severe parental control), family and home, with only the upper classes having access to single travel abroad.

It is precisely because there were rebels amongst the older generations that things began to change. As teenagers, then, the only licit social encounters were the dances (in different locations according to social standing), the cinema (also class branded), the religious festivities celebrated publicly and other community celebrations (la fiesta de las "descamisadas", the community celebrations after laying the roof of

the terraced house, family gatherings, Carnival time). Women did not even work as shopkeepers in most cases although they were basic to the conception and the maintenance of the same, and the system of "IOUs" in the "corner shops". Nor were there hairdressers where they could come together, such being looked down upon as menial and demeaning. Any jobs that existed were service, either as housekeepers, seamstresses or washerwomen, and only among the lower social classes, mainly from the "riscos". The more affluent studied languages (English and German) and piano. With the upsurge of the Sección Femenina, in times of Franco, women were directed towards "sus labores" (their kind of work: needlework, handwork, cookery and caring for their husbands and families).

The attitude of women towards religion tended to be dictated by personal observations rather than by blind obedience to imposed criteria. In general, there was a perceived need to have a more creative existence. However, figures of an eccentric or creative nature, such as La Perejila, were treated, to lesser or greater degrees, as social "oddities" at best, and outcasts, at worst, as did not occur in the case of male figures of lesser talent.





THE "PASEO DE TRIANA"

THE IDEA OF THE PROMENADE: THE "PASEO DE TRIANA"

For a long time, Gran Canaria, like the other Canary Islands, suffered from the problems of in-marriages, with cousins marrying cousins due to the lack of possibility of knowing anyone intimately outside the family. This endogamy was only broken on occasions such as the celebration held after the "descamisadas", when the husk was removed from the corn, with both sexes intervening in the arduous work and in the celebrations held thereafter.

With the arrival of the military (first the Germans, after the First World War and then the Spaniards, either destined for the San Francisco Barracks or forming part of the Foreign Legion) and the opening up of the port to foreign cruisers (the Yeoward and the Castle liners) and to foreign imports (with Elder, Miller, Leacock, Fyffe, Wood, Blandy and Woermann leading the way), the panorama for relationships changed on the island, above all, in the capital city.


RIVERO


Central
CORTE
SISTEMA
Amador
METHARAM
LONGINES
El mejor reloj
RELOJERIA ALEMANA
LIBRERIA
DIANA
PAPELERIA

The centre for strolling in the afternoon, the "subterfuge" activity for getting to know one another, although heavily accompanied by "carabinas", moved from La Alameda de Colón, which was biased by class, with the upper classes circulating in the centre and the humbler people on the outskirts, to Triana which did not mark class distinctions, but segregated the sexes by pavements. To all effects, this was more complicated since the tram and the cars, such as existed at the time, moved back and forwards between the courting couples, making it extremely difficult for them to get to know one another.

Triana, in general, moved at a completely different pace from the tempo of modern times, when the whole area has been pedestrianised in an attempt to promote the consumption thus socialisation which existed in the past in the reverse order, socialisation thus . Gradually, the older establishments, the textile shops, the hatters', the tailor's, barber's and even the jeweller's, have been crowded out by the chain stores which exist in all the shopping malls elsewhere. The "personal touch' offered by Triana is no longer an asset, when other areas allow for faster and more efficient (that is, more impersonal) satisfaction of demands, such as free parking. It is only on the 5th January that Triana continues to attract the crowds as before, bent on socialising and celebrating the interactive and personal features of mass consumption (the Eve of the Three Wise Men's Day, which is still effectively, Xmas for the people of Spain, much more than the 25th December).


DROGUERIA BAZAR
A. ESPINOSA


SOMBRERERIA
CHAPEAUX DE PARIS
ENGLISH HATS
Sombreros de todas clases
Hat shop and factory

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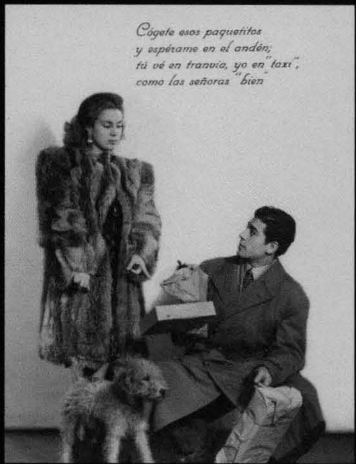
THE TERRACED HOUSE

THE TERRACED HOUSE

The "casa terrera" or terraced house, that is, built without front garden and aligned with the pavement, with only the pavement (and sometimes not even that) between the front door and the street for traffic, was the typical structure adopted everywhere in Real Las Palmas, except for the religious and institutional buildings in Vegueta and the entrance to Triana, until Don Bruno, a prosperous local merchant, built more than one floor beside the Hotel Parque in the area beside the port, as it was then, in the Parque Cervantes (now San Telmo). "Más grande que la casa Don Bruno" was an expression for a long time, now totally in disuse as will be the case of the "House with the ill-sounding name" in the next few years given that the Hotel Don Gregorio (later Los Galgos, later Sol and now AC hotels), and the recently built Woermann building now amply surpass the surprising heights reached by the former in the past which gave rise to their local names.

The terraced house, above all in the "riscos", was a community effort, built by a group of men, at weekends, when the local policeman was not on guard (or had been bribed to be absent) and, as customary, gave rise to the neighbourhood celebration at the end of the day. This was more than ever the case when the "azotea" or flat roof was laid down in a marathon day's work. The flat roof was essential for the agricultural workers who had moved to the city to maintain their customs ie. with hens, goats and other animals being reared on the same to sustain the family. The doors of the terraced houses were always left open at night through to the Sixties when this custom was eventually lost. Up until these times, the people who closed their doors at night were recognised as "not being locals". The window of the terraced house was vital in that it allowed the inhabitants to keep an eye open onto the outside world to control the comings and goings of the local street vendors, and the general to-ing and fro-ing in the neighbourhood. Many windows allowed for voyeurism without the person being seen.

When courting couples were in the first stages of their courtship, it was a point in the girl's favour if she lived in a terraced house which allowed for relative ease of conversation, although some suitors had to stand on fruit boxes to achieve a certain degree of privacy. Since the man had to wear a cap or hat at the time, a girl who lived on a higher level than the terraced house produced great physical discomfort and aesthetical difficulties in keeping the headwear in place. Most gentlemen courting



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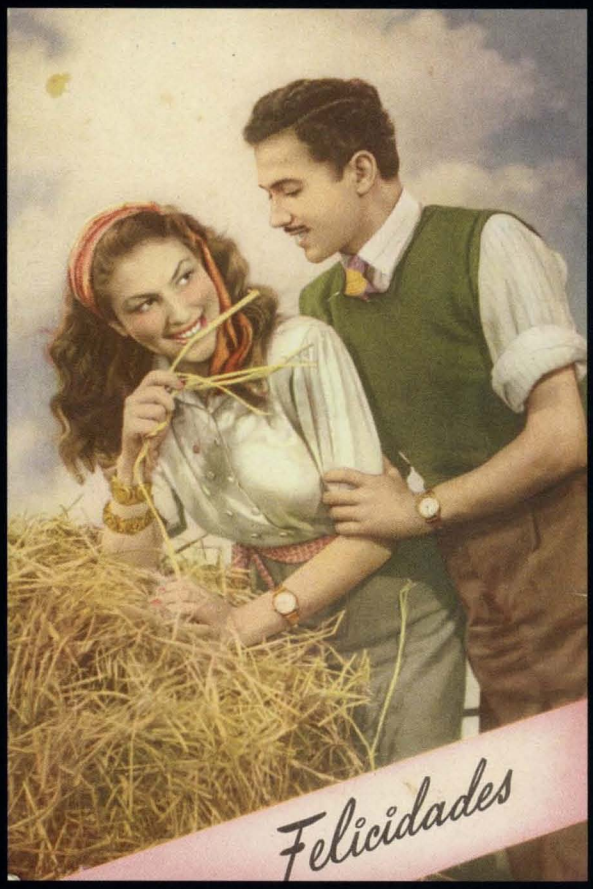
ladies in the nobler houses, however, had open cars which allowed them to do their wooing in comfort.

When the man was allowed to enter the house and get his feet under the table, if the house were nobler, he would be lucky and could enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with his loved one sitting on a "confidente" which allowed for both members to remain under strict surveillance. If the house were humbler and vigilance was more difficult to organise, the two suitors were placed on opposite sides of the sewing machine, thus making it difficult to pursue illicit amatory practices.

As the family grew, or extended, so did the "casa terrera" if circumstances allowed the same. Most of the terraced houses had a second floor built onto them, above all in Vegueta and Triana, and the priority given to the car over time has meant that the original logic of the house has been lost, with the garage housed on the ground floor and little more than the entrance and a small sitting-room on ground level, most of the daily life being carried out on the first floor.


Felicidades

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Unidos por igual y dulce anhelo,
hace el amor de nuestra vida un cielo
C.yZ.
149

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LOST AND HIDDEN SPACES

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LOST AND HIDDEN SPACES

Spaces are lost when they are totally wiped off the map. This is not only the case when we talk about physical space. It is also applicable to mental spaces, professional projections, ways of thinking and doing which disappear.

Spaces are lost and hidden when they are no longer observed, when they are passed by unnoticed. Such was the case of the *Arbol del Responso* until it was moved from its original spot in Vegueta to a roundabout 150 metres further off, to allow for a block of flats to be built. Such is the case of the *Arbol Bonito* which has its own street and was the antithesis of the *Arbol del Responso* which marked the move to the other world, that is death, whereas the "pretty tree" signalled "death in life" as it was at the entrance to the hill up to the Provincial prison. Lost spaces in Vegueta are the Barranco, the Fish market, the slaughterhouse, the tinmongers' and the blacksmiths', the *"portones"* (communal houses), the walls of the city, the turret of Santa Isabel, the "poyos del Obispo", the gate, La Portadilla de San José, the banana plantations in Las Tenerías, the Callejón de la Horca and many other references which are commonplace in the interviews of the residents, such as the public fountains and wells.

Other lost spaces are the cinemas as social venues, and the cinema buildings themselves, the ice-cream stalls and the ice-creamer's as a place to visit at the interval between the two feature films (no longer the standard programme); Pepe Caña Dulce, with his megaphone, drum and supply of "squibs" announcing the films, the walk up and down Triana and the shops which existed then: the ironmonger's, the grocer's, the haberdashery, the hatter, the textile merchants, the barber, the tobacconist and the tailor's. The barber's shop as a place to meet, to play music, to exchange news has also largely disappeared.

The pier at San Telmo has gone and the logic of a harbour area has been replaced by the logic of a transport hub with San Telmo, an island surrounded by heavy traffic. The custom of the "burrito" at Semana Santa, an event awaited with enthusiasm by the kids, no longer figures upfront on the traditional events or is celebrated to such a great extent. Triana has become just another shopping precinct with little to recommend it in the way of tradition apart from its Xmas associations.

The "riscos" exist but are not seen by the majority of the people. That is, they are perceived as a colourful backdrop and associated with marginal occupations

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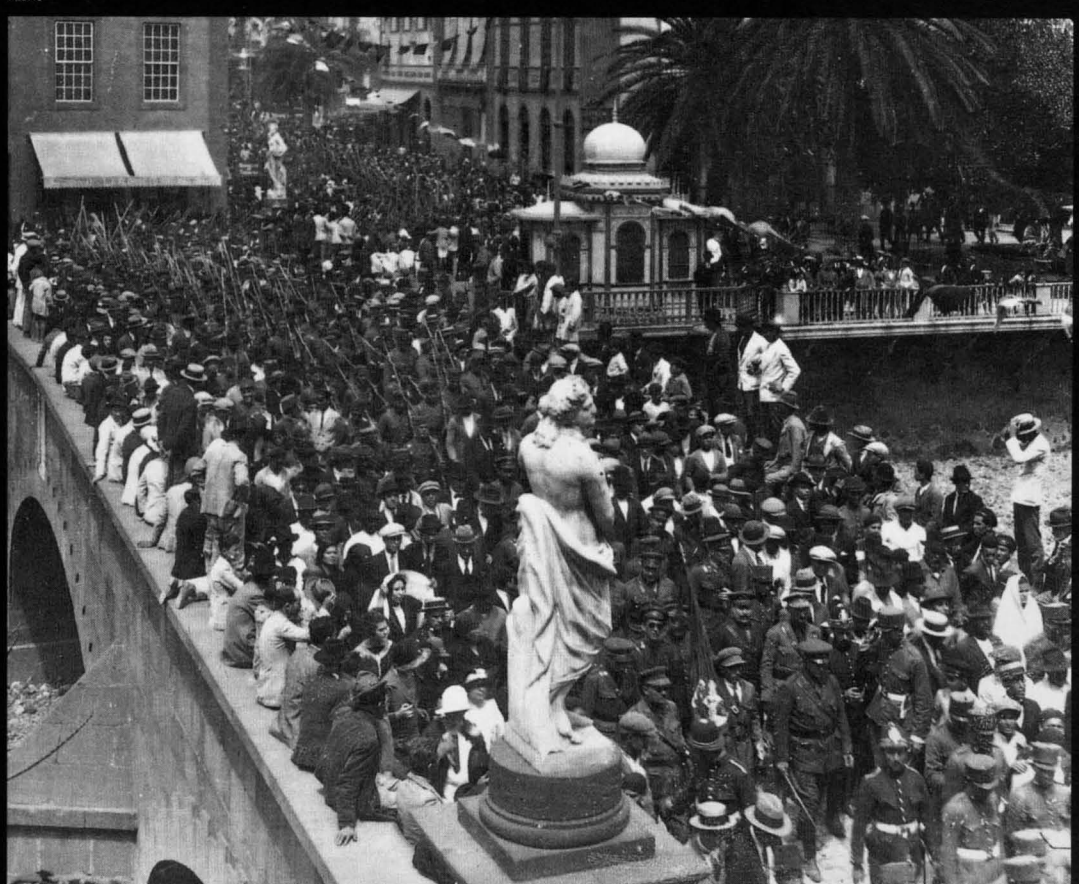


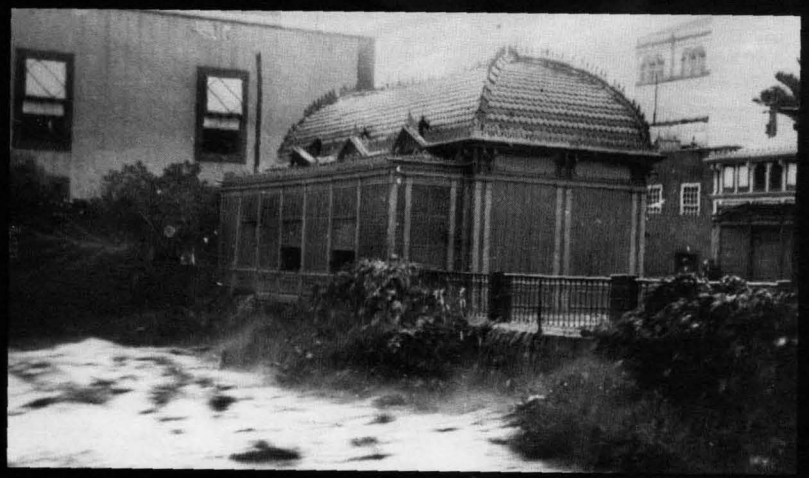
and, to a certain extent, with social exclusion though this tends to be less and less so, mainly due to the relocation of the more "colourful" elements to other areas on the outskirts of the town. Few people actually visit the "riscos" possibly because it involves walking uphill and perceived danger.

San Cristóbal is below the level of the road and thus affords a slightly surrealistic view to the passers-by. It is almost impossible to reach unless by car with very few ways of crossing from one side of the motorway to the other. Most people who have visited San Cristóbal have done so to eat in one of the restaurants or bars there, and little else. The churches of the various areas still exist but are largely abandoned. They are not open to the public on a regular basis due to the threat of robbery and vandalism and the lack of clergy to attend them all. Thus, Triana and Vegueta offer the possibility of a surface interpretation with little to inspire visitors to stay longer than it takes to skim round the museums, if that, and receive an encyclopaedic explanation of the area, full of historical references thus "blinding" them to the possibility of an interpretation of the present and obviating a more inter-active visit.

THE "RISCOS" MEET TRIANA AND VEGUETA

The "riscos" descended upon Triana and Vegueta often, though mainly for work purposes. The movement in the other direction, however, was scarce and almost totally restricted to the menfolk.

The need for water, and to transport the same, a cumbersome business, from the "pilares" (San Bernardo, Santo Domingo, San Nicolás, Pilar Nuevo) devolved upon the women, who developed great skill in carrying the same on their heads in large metal recipients (recycled) up the slopes of the various "riscos". The women also worked as washerwomen, "lavanderas", washing the clothes down in the area of the Pambaso and the banana plantations of the Betancor whereafter they transported them, again carrying the wet linen in large baskets, up the "riscos" where they spread them out to dry on the "tuneras", the prickly pear cactus, thus giving rise to more than a little discomfort among their clients who suffered the consequences.



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The men worked down in the areas of Vegueta and Triana, either in transport (tartaneras, coches de hora) or in the port area, then in the Parque de Cervantes (now San Telmo) or as tradesmen around the marketplace through to Fuera la Portada. The women often worked as domestic staff in the larger households.

The men and women frequented the cinemas in the Triana and Vegueta areas, though such were strictly delimited by class , with the cinemas "de estreno" (first night) for the more sophisticated and Torrecine and the Pabellón Recreativo (known locally as the "restregativo") for the general public. The original stroll around the Alameda de Colón was also strictly divided between classes with the humbler circulating on the outskirts although this class distinction did not carry through to the Paseo de Triana.

When the river-bed of the Guiniguada ran full due to heavy rainfall was one of the occasions on which the people from the "riscos" spontaneously flocked down to the Camino del Toril and the Puente de Piedra (Stone Bridge) and the Puente de Palo (Wooden Bridge) to enjoy the spectacle. The same massive affluence occurred when religious ceremonies of a general nature, such as the Corpus, Holy Week and Christmas celebrations were held, with Carnival time figuring again as one of the times of social mixing.

Otherwise, it was the men from the "riscos" who frequented the area of Vegueta and Triana by night for their drinking sessions and "tertulias" with the men from Triana and Vegueta sporadically making visits to the "riscos" to attend the neighbourhood dances held in the local associations (usually football clubs). A more licit occasion for them to visit was to the seamstresses in San Nicolás, sub-contracted, many of them, by the tailors who were few and not always formal in their contracts. For the women from Triana and Vegueta, the only reason to visit the lower reaches of San Nicolás was to mend "runs" in their stockings or to contract "rucking" for the baptism attire of friends and family.


FOTOS
13
TRES PALMAS

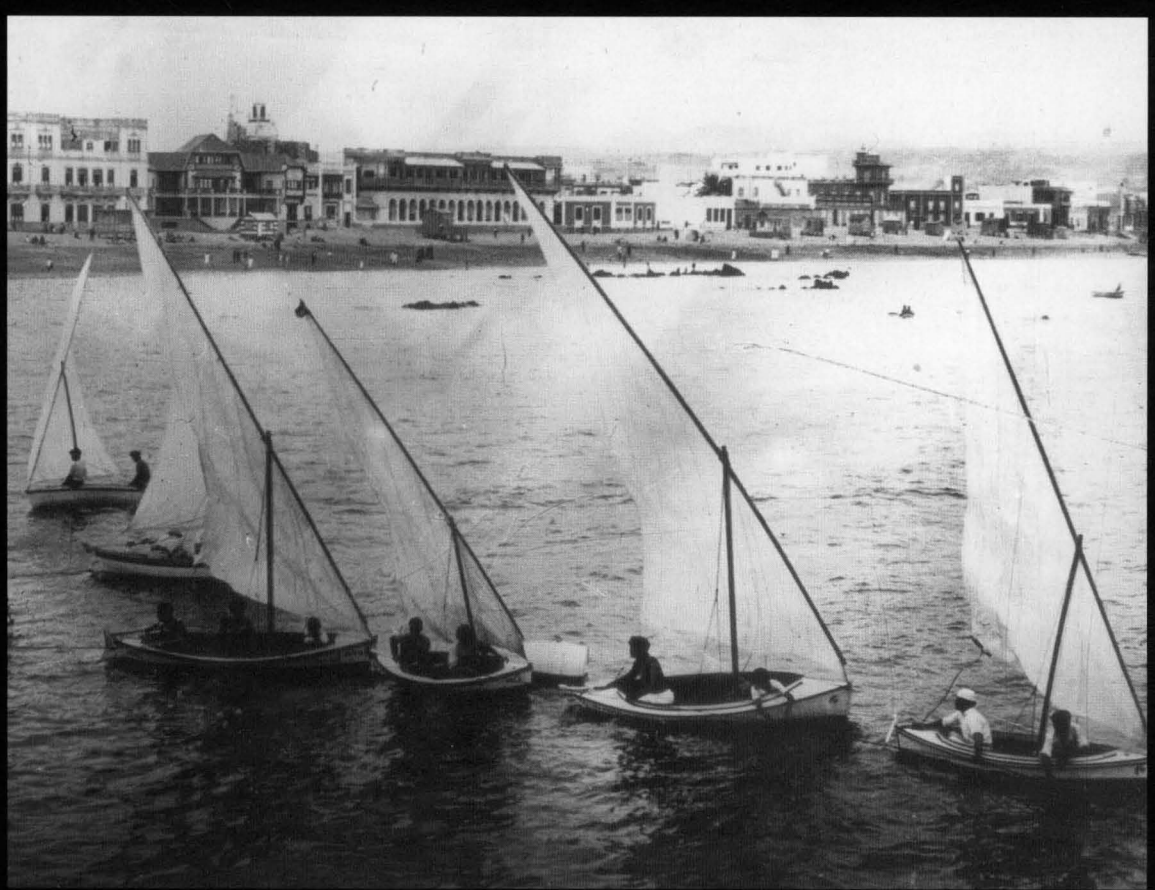
BETTING

BETTING

In a male dominated Society where the outdoors' social life was dominated by the same, and the climate and natural surroundings allowed for a more than agreeable amount of time spent outdoors, it is logical that the activity of betting, if only at the level of card playing and drinking, should evolve. Over time, the only sport which still attracts betting of a non-institutionalised nature, is the "vela latina", lateen sailing, and probably, to a much lesser extent than before, the "lucha canaria" (Canary wrestling), with all other private activities in this area either directly suppressed (the cock-fighting and dog-fighting due to general social misgivings with respect to humanitarian aspects, boxing for much the same reasons and the greyhounds, due to lack of public), or institutionalised (the football pools, bingo, the casino and the lottery), with horse racing no longer possible due to lack of space given the supremacy of the motor vehicle on the island.

Greyhound racing, football and boxing, together with handball (frontón) were largely situated in the Campo España, that is, Fuera la Portada although the "frontón" court was just a step away from the Parque San Telmo. The lateen sailing, however, ran the whole length of the area covered in our project, starting off at Mar Fea, beside the tunnel of La Laja and finishing at the Muelle de Las Palmas, in the port area round San Telmo. The people followed the boats either on foot, running along the coastline (this was still a possibility when the Calle La Marina and the beach area of San Cristóbal were intact) or driving along in convertibles and betting between cars en route. At that time, the way of judging the winner was also by pairs of boats and first "nose" in, whereas now the boats compete against the clock. The followers of any one boat are as fanatic in their support for the same as football supporters are for their team, with the traditional support being passed down between generations, and the women as firm supporters as the men.

Cock fighting was also the province of the area between Triana and the "riscos" with the main cockpits centred in the Circo Cuyás in Viera y Clavijo (designed by Manuel Martín Fernández de la Torre) and the surrounding area around Camino Nuevo and the site of the present local government buildings, the Cabildo (now Bravo Murillo) although there were also cockpits in Vegueta (Santa Bárbara, 15), San José and San Nicolás. The same arenas as were used for "lucha canaria" were the



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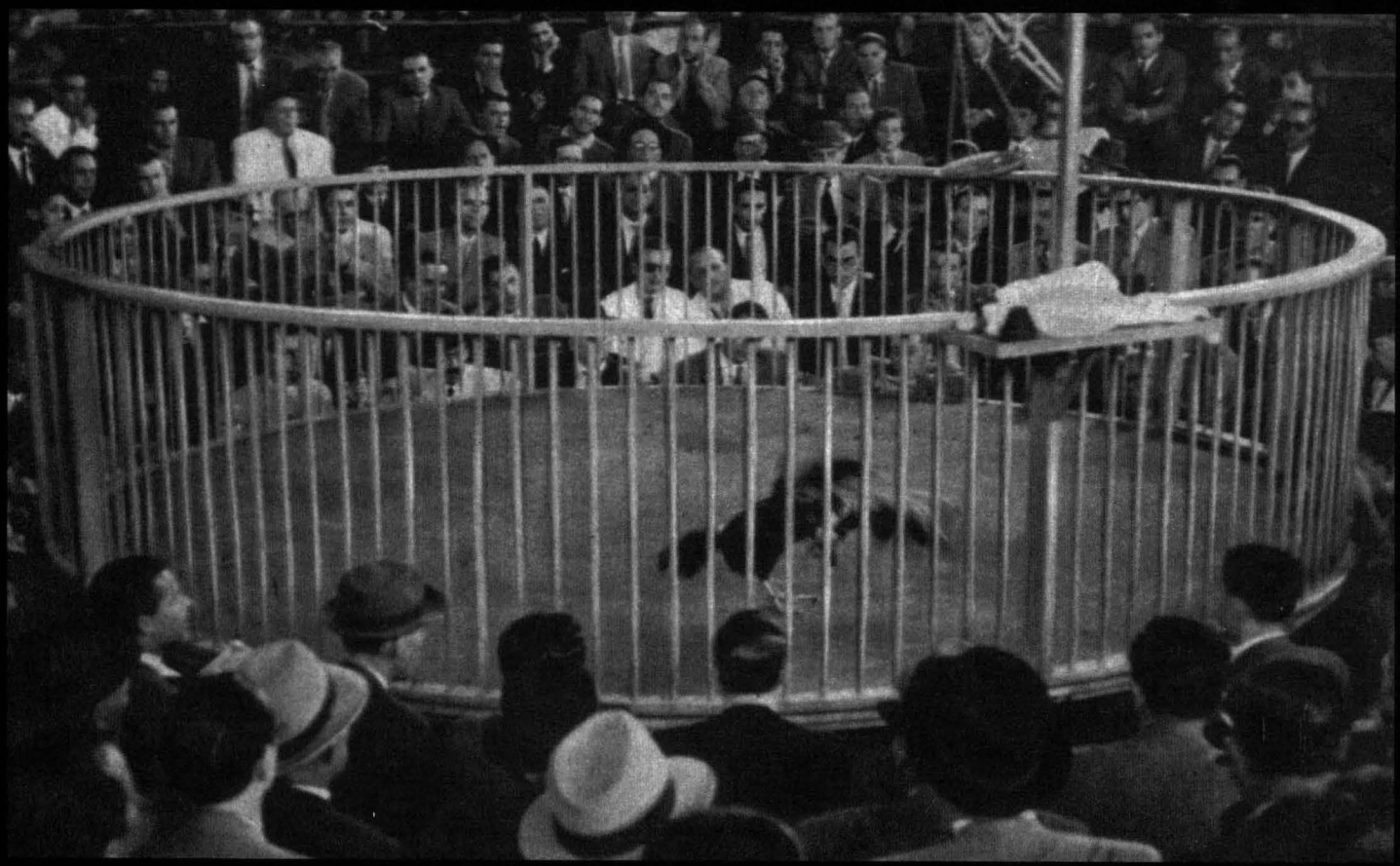
chosen spot for the dog-fights described as particularly ferocious between the local dog-breeds and the imported pit-bulls.

The "lucha canaria" of the past was considered to be much more of a skilful sport than it is, perhaps, nowadays. As such, and practised often in the open air, for example, in the Barranco de Guiniguada beside the Puente de Piedra, in the area now known as the Calle Terrera, it produced a much more enthusiastic audience which, obviously, led to betting.

Modern institutionalised betting is the terrain of women as much as men. Women have entered the world of lateen sailing as crews of one of the boats who are considered to be more than respectable rivals for their male counterparts. More and more women support football teams and participate in filling in the football pools. And the makeshift "timbeque" (domestic type lottery) of the past, behind the market-place, which was the only semi-licit place for women to bet, has been totally replaced by the bingo and the casino.



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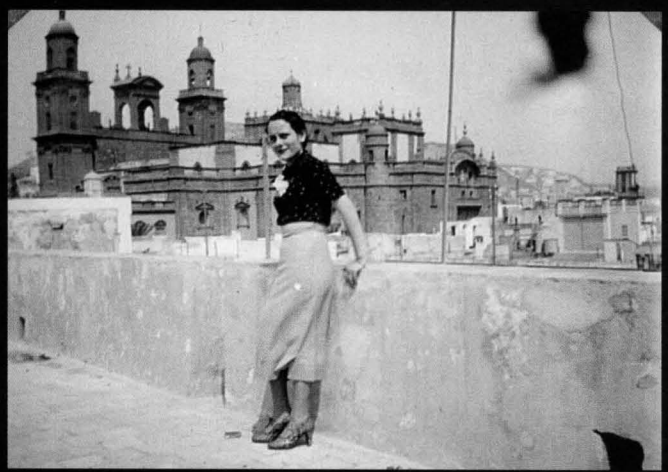
THE FLAT ROOF

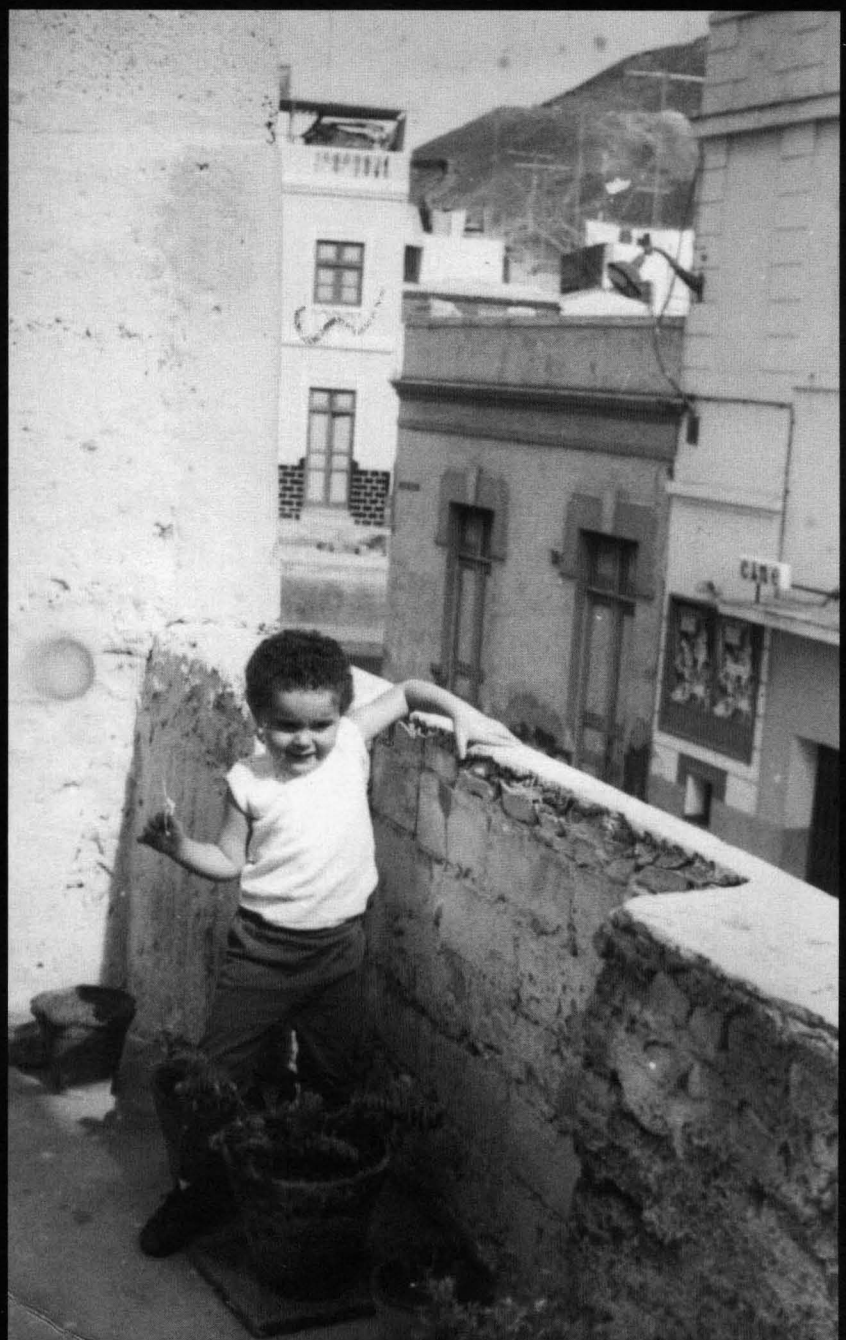
THE FLAT ROOF: LA AZOTEA

We have included the flat roof, "la azotea", in the exhibition because of its fundamental importance and significance in the social life of the Canary islanders.

"La azotea" was built as a community effort. The people of the "riscos" set a day for laying the roof, a delicate business which required that it be carried out in the same 24 hours. The work was started early in the morning so that when the final surface of the roof was laid to dry, by the expert in that area, it was time to have lunch which was celebrated outdoors, in the street, by the whole community, with the womenfolk of the house concerned, and their neighbours, having provided the food and drink for all who participated. The expression "on the house" probably derives originally from this practice.

"La azotea" from then on was the semi-public area of the house, where the children played while their mother washed and hung the clothes to dry, with the smell of "añil" indigo (blueing) figuring highly among the memories of the interviewees, where the herbs were grown for the household medicinal remedies, where the pots and pans were scrubbed with "*terrasol*" and where the domestic animals were kept, thus maintaining the links with the rural past and supplementing the family diet and income. Hens, rabbits and goats could be found aloft together with the animals





kept for more recreational purposes, such as the cocks (for the cock-fights), the dogs (for the dog-fights) and the messenger pigeons.

The "azotea" allowed for mental space in contact with nature, for roof gardens, for chats with the neighbours, as a look-out spot for controlling the kids, the courting couples and the husbands. It afforded the overall perspective of space and the view over the sea which was not possible from inside the winding streets of terraced houses, closed in upon themselves like the earlier fortifications. The loss of this semi-public space, or the use of the same (which, to all effects and purposes is the same, with the new domestic appliances such as the tumble dryer and the washing machine), and the lack of time to devote to animals or to hobbies, have contributed, together with the semi-reclusion produced by the TV (before, another community tie in the Tele-clubs) towards a gradual breakdown of the community links and, thus, initiatives to change towards recovering the social cohesion, coherent with a climate which allows for outdoor activities and social expansion "on the roof".

FEDAC

LEISURE PURSUITS

LEISURE PURSUITS

There were few leisure pursuits open to single women which is why we have set aside a part of the exhibition devoted to the cinemas and to photography, since the women of the time modelled themselves on the actresses in Hollywood (Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and others) with their clothes, above all for festive events and for special feature photographs, usually taken in the *Estudio Moderno*. The hairstyles, the clothes and the attitudes adopted were all based on the models they received from outside.

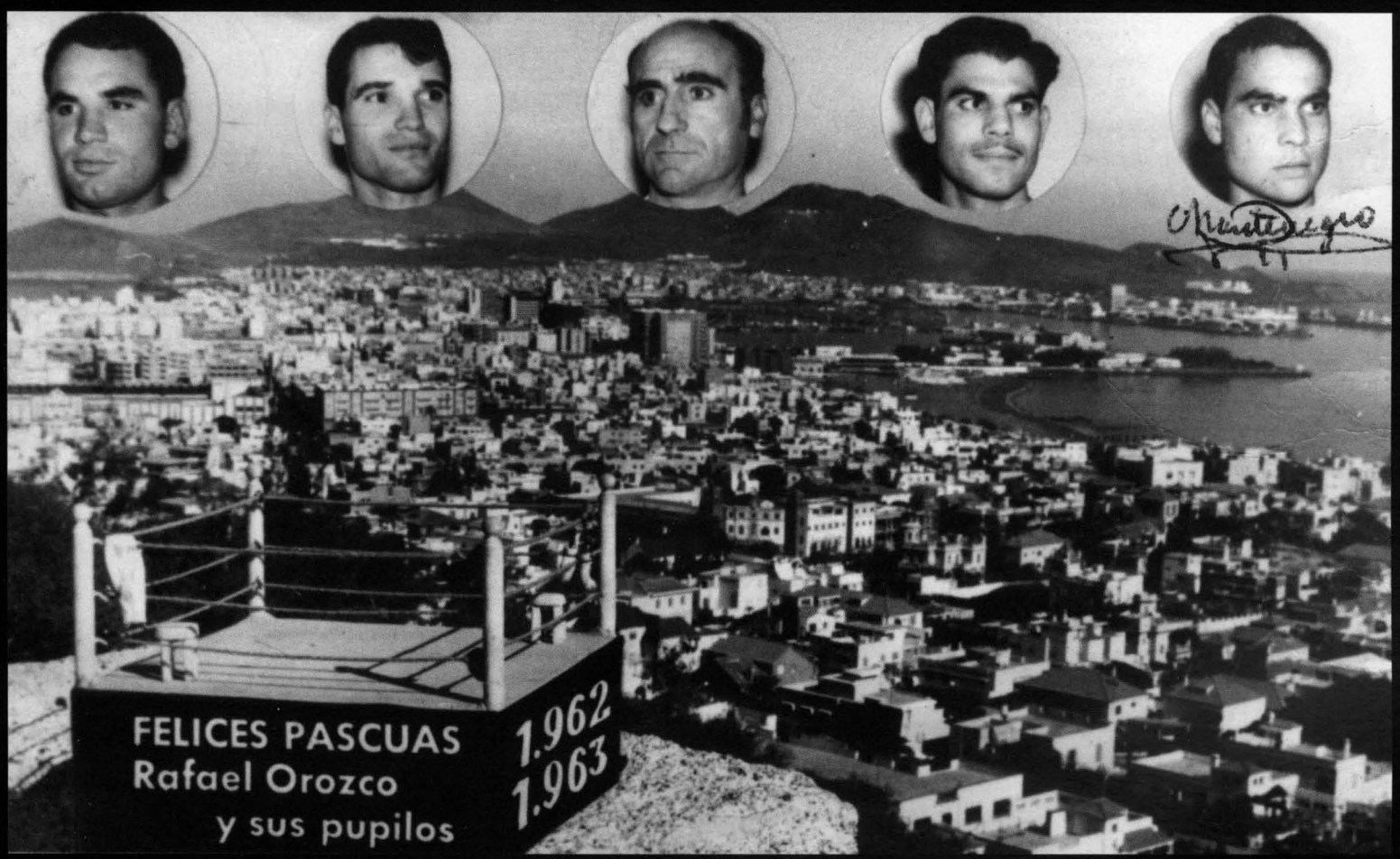
Such photographers as existed at the time were well advanced in their techniques as the photographs on display, and the database in Fedac and Med-Voices more than amply corroborate. The *Foto Minuta* was also famous at the time. Who of us has not got a photo with the dogs at Santa Ana? Or the hobby horse at the Plaza de Las Ranas? Or the camel when it too was in place there? How many of the courting couples, or groups of young girls and young men, did not have their photograph taken when crossing the Puente Piedra? And the family photograph? Who does not remember the torture of being prepared for the studio family photograph? Photography and cinema played an important part in the lives of the Canary islanders, not only in their promotion overseas but also in their personal mementoes, as triggers of their memories. The wedding album, the First Communion, the baptism: personal events recorded for history.

The men shared the interest in the cinema with preferences, of course, for certain actors and actresses and a marked interest in Western and action films, whereas the women preferred true melodrama. The men's interest in photography was lesser and not usually as subjects to be portrayed but as active participants in the photography process, photographing rather than being photographed.

Other major interests of the Canary men have been hunting and football, with the two seasons rarely overlapping. For hunting, a dog is essential and dog training and preparation has always been a constant among the Canary islanders. The houses, above all in the countryside, used to have a "*perro chimbo*" (a small mongrel dog, fierce as a guardian) and a larger hunting dog which was generally useless as a guardian. Hunters in the Canary islands were notorious for being liars, just as fishers are in other part of the world.

The story of how the Unión Deportiva grew out of the local clubs in areas such as San José (Artesano) is something that both male and female interviewees comment upon alike. The fact that the social clubs were closely linked to the football clubs made this sport better loved and deeper felt than in other parts. The football players of the islands were also well known for their extreme skill in control of the ball, due to the fact that most of the time they played on the beach or on the sand dunes of Los Arenales, making them more adept than other players from the mainland.


MALLORCA


FELICES PASCUAS
Rafael Orozco
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SPECIAL MENTIONS

SPECIAL MENTIONS

In the exhibition, we have afforded special mention to certain characters who we feel are important to the understanding of the community life in Real Las Palmas.

The first is "Andrés el Ratón" whose street is behind the market-place, exactly where the women used to play at the "lottery" in the past. Victor Doreste says of him that:

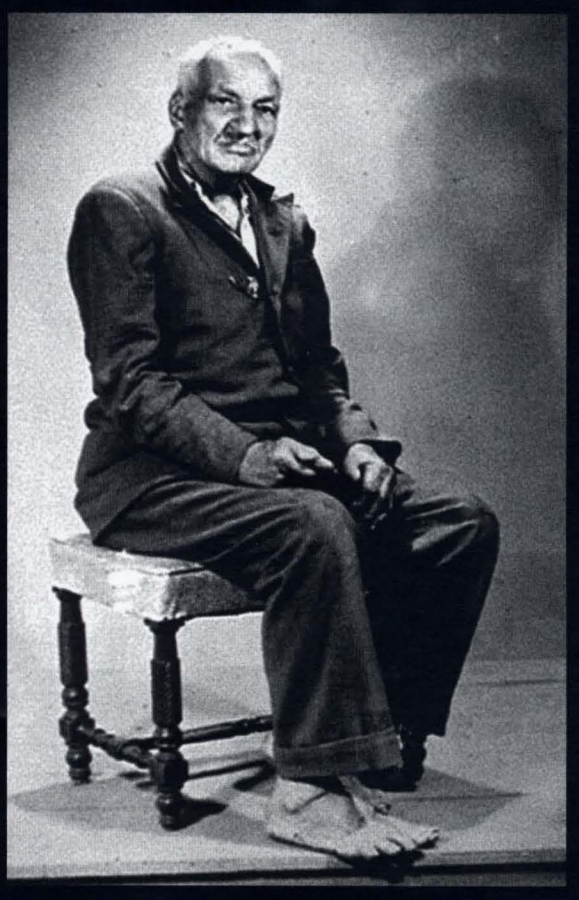
"Andrés el Ratón (the mouse) was immensely popular. As you know, he never wore shoes with the sole exception of his time in the army, when he could not avoid wearing them. But even then, we know that he didn't play fair. Andrés hated his shoes like a dog hates cats." (Doreste, 141)

"Andrés travelled and travelled without tiring ever. The topography of the *mouse* extended in the North through to the street of la Marina, to the South, with the Tenerías of San Cristóbal, to the East with the rusted hull of the *Zuleika* and to the West, when he felt particularly adventurous like Pizarro or Vasco da Gama, up to the first bend of the Guiniguada which, for him, was the equivalent to the source of the Amazon." (Doreste, 142)

"There was a bloke called *caña dulce* (sugar cane) and he had a little megaphone with which he announced the films that were showing in the evening session in the Torrecine. The film starring Ricardito whatsisname. Ha, ha, I used to hang upon his every word..." (Dolores de la Fe, interview)

Pepe Castellano, often confused with the character who he made famous, Pepe Monagas, is also present in what we consider to be a more than justified homage to the Canary humour. The Canary islanders possess the rare virtue of being, apart from highly observant, capable of self-criticism and of enjoying a good laugh at their own expense. Pepe Castellano, like the long string of talented followers, including Manolo Viera and Piedra Pómez, was famous for his generosity, his solidarity and his integrity, apart from his magnificent sense of humour. His sketches, together with the works of Pancho Guerra, made Pepe Monagas from the "riscos" into a masterly portrait of Canary life, at its hardest, lived to the full.

Few women have been able to surpass the boundaries of the Canary Islands and to become famous the world over. If any one has, that person must be Pinito del Oro, whose bravery and skill set her apart from the rest of the trapeze artists of her times. She, indeed, is part of the intangible heritage of the island of Gran Canaria



and a marvellous exponent of that mixture of tenderness, beauty and courage which has always been a constant of the women of this island.

Unfortunately, we have been unable to find a photograph of La Perejila but we would not wish to let her creativity go unsung. Considered a total eccentric, she was largely rejected by the Society of her times which considered that she was a "misfit". Luckily, her poetic work has been "rediscovered" and re-valued, another part of our intangible heritage which was in danger of being lost due to prejudices and lack of interest.

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