

Summer Study in Spain

Diary of David Knodel, 5 June – 7 July 1972

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Preface

This is a personal diary I wrote while in Spain during my senior year at University of Houston (UH). It was a graduate-level Special Problems course in Spanish. One of my favorite professors, Dr. Pedro Bermudez, arranged for me to take it as an undergraduate.

It is written in English, as this is my first language. When this was written I had studied Spanish through elementary and secondary schools and for 4 years at UH – for a total of some 10 years. In fact I had more semester hours studying the language than in my major, psychology. As was the custom, all those courses from day one were taught entirely in the language.

During the 6-week summer semester in Spain I lived with a family outside of Madrid, and the class took bus tours to the north and the south of Spain visiting and spending the night in various cities. We were based in Madrid during the time *Gralmo*. Francisco Franco was *caudillo* or dictator.

I was 22 years old when I wrote this. I had hardly been outside of Texas at the time and so this was my first experience in another country and culture. Some of it was written in the apartment in Madrid, in hotels during the bus tours and some in an outdoor bar in El Retiro Park sipping *vodka y limón*. Of course there are various notations in Spanish as I learned more of the language.

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Notes on Presentation

This notebook has been on my shelf these 47 years, and I am now reviewing it again and scanning it. It shows some ageing and the scanner seemed to expose some pages differently than others. I have not corrected this. I have touched up some annoying white edges.

The notebook is scanned as such – a *notebook* with its covers, dividers and pages just as I wrote in it. As such the best presentation as a PDF file would be in “2-page View”, but you will probably view it in “Single Page View” for readability. Viewing it in Single Page View you will see apparently superfluous pages which are really the backs of covers or dividers.

After the notebook itself are some pages found tucked inside, an appendix of sorts. One is an itinerary of one of the road trips, the other itinerary was not included. These pages needed substantial correction to improve readability.

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David ...
SP ...
...
THE UNIVERSITY

OF HOUSTON



TWO SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

31-086

100 Sheets 11" x 8½" College Ruled



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MADE IN U. S. A.

Back from class
the sound of trees
feet in the grass
the shadows of leaves.

All is bright
the world is near
all in sight
is amazingly clear.

The mind may roam
returned here for rest
where the spirit's home
a comfortable nest.

My mind's travels!
anything goes
a riddle to unravel
wiggle your toes.

A trip to Spain
in outer space
walking in rain
a leisurely pace.

A problem to solve
the curious mind
friendships evolved
the corridor of time.

The everyday race
has my body confined
it leaves not a trace
on freedom of mind.

David E. Knodel
A Trip to Spain
June 5th, 1972.

Back from class
the sound of rain
left in the grass
the shadows of trees
All is bright

the world is green
all in sight
in a moment's change
The world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green

the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green
the world is green

A garden is a
the garden is a
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the garden is a
the garden is a
the garden is a
the garden is a
the garden is a

Back from class
A garden is a
the garden is a
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the garden is a
the garden is a
the garden is a
the garden is a

June 6th, 1972 Tuesday (written 12:30 am Wed.)

What do you say about an 8-hour plane flight? I was exhausted. "Viajar es esperar" (Or. Bewildering me dips que este dicho parece al Aznir). Planes, like humbly, fly on faith (and probably magic). You know something is happening when the Stewardesses speak Spanish, English, and French with French accents.

We arrived in Madrid (weather cool & sunny) in early evening and our bus was waiting. The squares in the patchwork quilt as you fly over Spain seem smaller than those I remember seeing from planes in the States. Our bus driver throughout the stay is a master - barreling confidently down thoroughfares and tiny crooked side streets clearing cars and pedestrians but by inches with aplomb. The bus is elaborate, comfortable, and mostly glass. The airport was leisurely and not too crowded; as we drove out I appreciated the well kept grounds (almost a garden) as you leave the airport.

Madrid immediately struck me. It seemed busier than Houston would have been at that time of night - a world of cars - each small, miniature bustling to & fro. Some of the intersections strike you as chaos - but everyone seems to make glorious it where they want to go. The city looks on every side as though it is well scrubbed - it is spotless. The buildings are old but few are run down.

This is, by the way, the norm for elevators here.

The hotel (El Mayorazgo) is grand. An old building, with elevators (6 floors) which accommodate only 3 people and have no door on the car. We are having room service call us at 7:00 am and our window opens on an airshaft between buildings, the door to the room rather plain room is mosaic & carved wood.

We lingered over dinner for an hour and a half - cream of asparagus, baked fish (seared whole), and a beef-steak

smothered in onions, followed by pineapple cake. Bread and a table (not strong) wine throughout. Conversation was broad, wandering, sensitive (not the surface stuff you'd expect) and in Spanish. It is much easier to speak Spanish here than in the states, even though some I'm with prefer English. I definitely know more than enough Spanish to survive; no one bats an eye when I enquire a reply in Spanish. Too much table wine can make syllables come out in the wrong place, however.

After dinner, Dolores Winkelman and I walked (11:00pm) around, past fountains (they and statues abound here), gardens, shops by the score, by the Palace and down a few side streets. The streets are lighted like daylight and friendly people are to be had everywhere. And imagine - this time when we walk by it's we who speak the strange-sounding language!

Madrid has broad well-lighted streets and sidewalks wider than the streets, with fountains and gardens frequently. It is well scrubbed, old but clean, and has a post-office building fancier than the palace (except for the palace gardens). The cars are tiny and busy, but the pace of the people on the streets is noticeably slower and casual. Some streets are stone, w/ pictograph signs.



monograph #1
"no horns"
Sign.

From de junio 1972, miércoles.

I have a most of things to relate - it's late & I probably won't finish. (I write from a smaller notepad chock full of bus-written & illegible notations.)

The climate is like New Mexico - scrub and cacti, but also hills and mountains in the distance. The buildings are all either red or white, but blue is often used as an accent colour. The small towns don't strike you as being as clean as was Madrid, but there is still an attitude of orderliness - an underlying attitude towards life (which must be harsh in the areas we passed through on today's 8th hour drive) which is elusive. The front walks are scrubbed and every balcony abounds in flowers in cities as well as in towns.

Today we passed through Talavera, Trujillo, Meridas, and arrived at Sevilla in the evening. Sevilla is much more cluttered and not as clean/orderly in appearance as is Madrid. But it is a charming, happy, lively place.

Traffic between towns is light and was mostly ~~to~~ commercial - trucks & buses - til we approached Sevilla in late evening. On the way we were in farming areas - very little land is left unused - and saw vineyards, sunflower fields proper, grain (small wheat?), olives being grown. Cork trees along the roadside were stripped for their bark.

Between towns, ~~some~~ ^{one} of which seemed to be just adding electricity, are rather light-looking power lines wrought of copper. Fields, everywhere, are either unfenced or have low stone fences which rarely use mortar; one fence was growing prickly-pear cactus - the most effective fence I've seen.

Sworch was in Trujillo - gampachs - a cold, tomato-y

a small town in the middle of nowhere will still crowd the street with long row houses whose doors open practically on the street.

one village had a portable (collapsible) cult. ring.

unconcealed portatils

redrooms = servicios
pedestrian = peatones

broth w/ onion, tomato cubes, green pepper added; a cheese
omlette (Spanish = tortilla); veal; and chocolate mousse;
the ever-present wine, again; the best I've tasted. Service
so far everywhere puts anything (even Loko's) I've seen at home
to shame. Dinner at Hotel Colón in Sevilla was beef consommé,
baked sea-bream; chicken, and flám. Wine and water also.
The wine here (always we take the wine of the house, that being
their local preferred) was strong (in flavor) and not as smooth
as that at lunch. By the way; when oil is called for here
they use olive oil, but I can detect little difference except
that it is a light oil.

Some prices: coke = 9pts (^{20¢}), wine bottle, 80pts;
lemonade, 12pts., post cards 5pts. Ake at
the Paris airport was 2 francs, around 50¢.

After dinner we went to a "nightclub" and saw regional
Andalusian dances. It was robust, and the rhythms
(flamenco) was captivating, also fascinating were the expressive
hand movements. I was tired, though. Cost, 30pts, rather
much; ~~but worth it~~.

About Spanish Bars - and that's the Spanish word too -
they are everywhere and almost always the same - a counter
where one can order snacks, beer, drinks hard & soft, a
area for seating inside, and tables outside on the street.
Anyone can enter, although predominantly men hang around,
and the barkeepers are sometimes very young. Sometimes a
TV inside (more about TV later).

You wouldn't believe the draw on a Spanish black
tobacco cigarette - they are strong but the aftertaste is
cooler, smoother and not bitter like some American cigs.

I had more trouble speaking Spanish today - I don't
know why - perhaps I was tired & cranky. On the phone to the
hotel mgr. I had no idea what was going on.

and night. (I'm lonely!)

Flamenco
rhythm
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

a Spanish
cafeteria is like
a bar with
included inside

(ask me about "que maravillo" and "que lindo")

26 de junio de 1972, jueves, in retrospect one day late.

Today (or yesterday, I should say) we arose mid-morning for breakfast, which usually (always) consists of a hard bread, a soft, sweet bread, butter, marmalade, and café au lait. I like the coffee - it is brewed strong and served with hot milk; you pour about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coffee and then cut it with milk to fill the cup. Sugar.

We boarded Don Pepe's bus and toured the city, passing the site of the world's fair of 1929. The Spanish pavilion - ~~obras~~ la plaza de España is grand - a huge plaza with a fountain and a semi-circular building around it with towers at each end ~~and~~ and in the middle. Mosaic everywhere, predominantly blue; little alcoves on the plaza level give a historic moment in mosaic from each of the 50 provincias de España. A canal circles the plaza in front of the building and is crossed by 4 bridges.

The plaza de America is a garden, well kept, and full of white doves which are very tame and land on your shoulder.

Next, the Alcazar - a moorish fortified palace which was restored by Don Pedro el ~~gran~~ justiciero (?) during the reconquest of Granada, which is not far away. It also has an atrocious addition, totally unmoorish and unharmonious added by Emperor Carlos V. The architecture is rich with moorish, intricately geometric with patterns and sub-patterns, arches, columns, and hallways down which you can see arches through arches.

Next, the cathedral of Seville. I wish I could step back and behold the facade from a block away - but this is impossible. It is old, dark and dusty inside - also huge. Chapels off to the side are used but somehow I don't think the church is utilised as it used to be. It is typical Gothic - flying buttresses, gargoyles, groined vaults, and intricate design work covering and

cerveza (beer) - 23 pts, comparable to U.S.

propina = tip (gratuity)

extending from every surface outside. The inside is plain. We attended a mass at the main altar - it was a special mass of a small orchestra and boys choir which sang "mariposa" (butterfly). The altar is impressive - gilded wood covered with carving. It is not pretty,* but is intricate and impressive in expanse. It is in an area of the main nave of the church rather than in it.

Also in the church we saw the tomb of Columbus, where he reposes after being moved from Cuba, and earlier Sta. Domingo, when Spain lost those islands.

We climbed la Giralda, bell tower, for a view of Seville. No steps - all ramps; it is a moorish tower with a spanish bell tower added on top. The view of Seville is charming - a jumble of houses - all white, all ~~rectangular~~ cubes at odd angles, with narrow streets which turn and are lost soon to the view. One house w/ a swimming pool on the roof. The hills and fields not far in the distance from this dense jumble of houses. We remarked mutually that this could be anywhere in the world - Africa for instance, but there is a flavor which makes it Spain, Seville. Seville is more crowded than Madrid, and a little less rich, but the attitude is stronger, more Spanish, ~~more~~ elusive but obvious. It is a far more charming city. Here are dogs and children, sidewalk cafés and bars, narrow streets of row houses, with an occasional glimpse through a shut door to the moraic-ed hallways and beautiful patios beyond, here too are kiosks, a plaza of people, beggars, buses, a mot of taxis, cobblestones, "prohibited for cartels" and always "bata Coca-Cola", and birds - swallows, I think - in the evening.

After dinner and a nap we went ~~comunicados~~ through the streets in a horse drawn taxi for an

* See later discussion on "Kitsch"

many houses w/ gardens on the roof,

elusive

la pastillo = the pill.

bocadillo, 15 pts.
tapa, 6 pts.

we = Don,
Lucinda,
Jose, I,
&

"lasca"
isa bar w/ a
special wine
of the house,
each one
different, and
having "tapa"
small snacks
of salad,
shrimp,
peanuts,
omelette, etc.

horn tour of the city at night. Cool and enjoyable, very casual and up a hurry in the world. We passed the plaza de España and saw the fountain at night - it produces a cloud of mist w/ no separate discernable streams and is softly lighted. People park right next to it, allow the spray to soak the car, then dry it off - a free car wash in most romantic surroundings. Afterwards, we went caminando through the city streets, looking for a "lasca" & not being sure what one was. We finally went into a bar for their "tapa", a small snacks, and beer. Afterwards, we walked across the Guadalquivir, pausing to wish and throw in a peseta, to another café - where we took bocadillo (small sandwiches) and sangria - a cool-aid tasting mixture of wine, water, conac, lemon, and ice. I didn't care for it, since I've never cared for cool-aid.

Dropped my fork at dinner and 2 waiters rushed to pick it up & give me another - try this trick in the States & see who cares! The service is fantastic; even in the smallest bar or café they are concerned for their customers and are always there to help.

To bed, and I slept like a child. It is cool at night and we leave the window open on the city.

-Sh.

I tried flan at dinner. It is very rich. I'm not comfortable w/ its taste but like it.

my confidence in my Spanish has been renewed after yesterday's disaster.

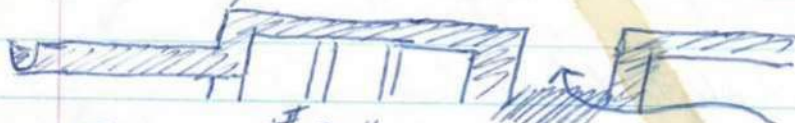
viernes
Jueves de junio, ~~viernes~~ de 1972

~~scribble~~
~~scribble~~
~~scribble~~
Up for breakfast, many were late, and off to feria de la frontera. We visited there a wine warehouse and then tasted wines. I almost tasted myself out completely; these were full strength wines unlike those we drink with meals. We sang on the way, and those who didn't sleep (I did) sang louder on the way back.

We stopped at a small restaurant in what appeared a portunk town on the way back, and the service and food again were marvelous. Same type of meal even there - several courses: salad & bread; soup of eggs and ham (strange ham; more like fish); veal with potatoes (I guess) and, of course, red wine, ice cream for dessert.

also, orange
groves - &
orange trees
everywhere in
the city.

The scenery was beautiful - large, rolling fields with every inch planted in wheat, sunflowers, cotton, olives, or grapes, with hills continuing into the distance. These hills are perfect - they don't impose on the countryside but add to it. Much irrigation, some using interesting aqueducts just off the ground made of concrete:



monograph 2 - "aqueduct" w/ opening for roadway (not highway).

no fences; farms as far as the eye can see into the rolling distance.

Don't expect soap in a hotel room; and toilet paper might get scarce or scratchy. The room we're in now is a nuisance in that it can't be opened from outside except w/ the key, the handle

This is
the room.

maricon = queer (as in gay). maricona = more gay; dyke.

on the outside is nonfunctional except as a grasp - it doesn't turn. The shower has separate controls for shower or bath instead of one set and a changeover valve as I'm accustomed to. There is a bidet, which is probably why toilet paper is scarce. Probably a more sanitary custom, logically, but mentally hard to get used to. There is no (Hallelula) Gideon Bible in the desk drawer.

There is a 25 pta charge on cashing a \$10 traveller's cheque (600 pta.) It is a better system to have a cheque made out @ the bank, before you leave, in pesetas (or indigenous money, at any rate) drawn on a specific foreign bank. The rate is much cheaper, some 15 pta for \$100. You visit the bank and change it when you arrive. Only a few traveller's cheques are then necessary.

more late - it's 8:00 and dinner is in an ham-then cafe's & supper, again. Oh yes, meal times are: breakfast, 9:00; lunch 2:00; and dinner 9:00 a later. I have no trouble, probably because we eat huge meals and the food is of good quality (not hamburgers).

Wb.

Back again. In my usual custom, after the eplurge of the first few days, I am conserving money. The others went dancing tonite; Delores and I went caminando through little streets all over. The man-hole covers here have "SICE" inscribed on them. I shall enquire at that means & write it in the margin. We talked about the people with us; later when more time has passed I shall endeavour to write about each fascinating one (all of 'em). It occurred to us to write our paper for the course along the lines of the Canterbury Tales - we even have a priest

1 July '72
I still haven't found out.
1 July '72
Sociedad Iberica
de Construcción de
~~Electricas~~
Electricas
is there!!

mushroom = honggo (wild); champion (edible),

gasoline 12.5 pts/gal (!?)

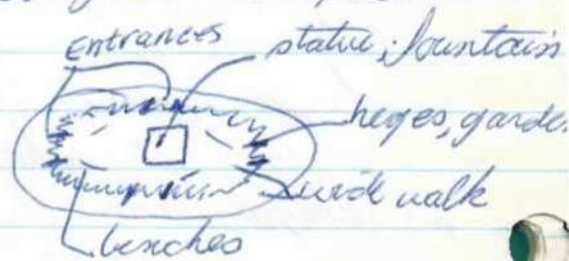
and a num along!

There is little graffiti - and then it is either political ("viva Franco"; "yake go home") or just someone's name; nothing ~~clever or dirty~~ clever or dirty.

As you walk along (we talked about much) you catch glimpses through pendores onto the layers of the apt - always tiled - usually w/ fascinating patterns of blue & green. The houses pend directly onto the sidewalk if there is one and there is a layer of another door beyond (sometimes a wrought iron gate). We came upon two playas - one w/ a statue of Murillo, one Velázquez.

The playas are wide, with gardens and sculpted trees or shrubs, with a statue and/or fountain in the middle. Benches throughout; sometimes a 'formal' entrance framed by a sculptured tree (see monograph #3).

We also sat for 1/2 hr. along the street in a cafe' (on the sidewalk) drinking coke (served w/ lemon).



monograph #3; plazas.



general
electrica
expand

monograph #4.

gē logo - same
but for extra E.

Sevilla. I shall remember little square white houses stacked atop one another along narrow, angled, streets. I shall remember little playas in the barrios.

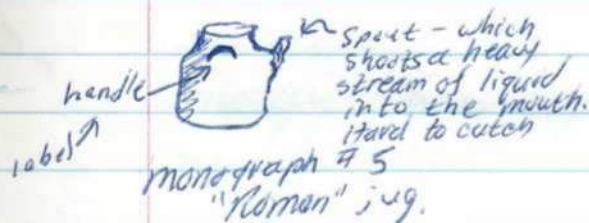
I shall next time visit the archivos de las Indias and El Museo de Bellas Artes. I shall remember sidewalk cafes and open bars w/ their tables also on the sidewalk. and traffic - w/ little cars, and orange trees everywhere. and a beautiful Gothic cathedral and Sh. a Moorish palace.

Grabadora = tape recorder;
grabar = to tape

aguardar = to wait

10 de junio, sábado, 1972 (in retrospect).

Today we drove to Cádiz. Not much to say: the drive was long and the scenery much the same as usual. On the way from Seville we stopped to view the ruins of a Roman necropolis - not too well preserved - and tried to drink from a Roman jug (monograph 5)



We lunched in a roadside inn and the food was fair - service as usual was good; then we drove into whatever town it was for coffee in the local casino after lunch. Casino was what you might expect - a large central hall with raking chairs along each side and gaming rooms off this central hallway.

Before dinner we met in the bar for Sangria (recipe to be entered later when I extort it from Don) which is a concoction of fruits, wine, cognac, cinnamon & some other minor items. It was tasty, and we got to talking to the head barkeep/waiter; he let us taste two wines, one of which was fabulous - Moscatel @ Montilla - 600 pts available only in Andalusia & Cádiz. We bought Dr. Bermúdez a bottle. [we = Don, David, Joe, Alma, Wayne. explanation ~~is given~~ ~~later~~ later]

after dinner Dr. Bermúdez invited me to go up there to see flamenco at the ^{coro} Vaco. It was, well, groovy. Good flamenco, which turned me on totally - I was physically, emotionally & mentally caught up in the "Cante Jondo" sung by the woman and the interjections (onsets) of the gypsy companion. The man danced superbly and the two guitarists had a ball. It was very well done.

phone numbers are grouped: 00 00 00

I so enjoyed the Cante Hondo that I must buy a record whilst in Madrid - and also a record of folk songs - although Mexican folk songs are better.

after the flamenco, coffee in a cafe.

typical shop hours - 9-1:30; 5-8:30 daily.
close 1 on ~~Sat~~ Sat.
Banks close at 2:00p

Horario = schedule

me volví loco
me chifló
me volví la tapa de los sesos

I blew my mind.

Domingo, 11 de junio de 1972 (in retrospect)

p. ①

Today to the mosque at Córdoba. It is not impressive but extensive inside; what is remarkable is the imposition of later particularly Christian styles on the arab mosque. When arab, it must have been a very tranquil, symmetric, large hall populated by columns and the worshippers. The ~~mihrab~~ Mihrab (?) is impressive - a wall of gleaming gold & coloured mosaic (tesserae?) and the niche for the Kuran. Whilst inside the niche the voice carries amplified throughout the mosque. The cathedral is imposed in the middle (the main altar) and there are secondary altars all around the outer wall of the mosque. It is cool and dark inside. We were rushed seeing it as a group and had to return later.

Walking around we* bought a granizada (a lemonade slush; delicious; 6 p/s) and waited for the gardens of the alcazar to open. Whilst waiting we sat on the stone wall near the river Guadalquivir and drank our slush whilst ~~who~~ watching the show: Gitanos (Gypsies) on the island dancing. One with bright red (dyes) hair crossed to buy ~~some~~ water & we at first thought he was a she from his exaggerated undulating walk.

Some watching soldiers decided to cross, and met little success. The gypsie had easily crossed but the current was strong & the soldiers who tried kept falling & struggling against the current - all this to derisive cries from those on the shore, and to the returning gypsie of the water who crossed so easily ~~to~~ twice to their once.

He oído el sonido del Guadalquivir.

(p.2) →

basura - crap. - "todavía esto basura" - "all that crap"
carajo - hell as in "where the hell" ("¿dónde carajo...")

We then crossed the bridge - roman vintage and in perfect shape - solid as the rocks it's made from. The river was swift and capturing. We sat at the foot of a Roman tower on the other side and enjoyed the sun. It is strange to lie on a stone wall and see the blue sky with an old, old tower in front of you. It is mentally hard to understand because nothing in the United States is old - and if it is it is half destroyed or encased; here such things are usually fairly well preserved and often in use; we passed a house which was no different from those around it except that it had 400 years.

We also passed through the Jewish neighbourhood and stopped at a museum of bullfighting. It bored me & I was tired (we had reunited with the grays after the afternoon's escapade).

Also passed through a museum of paintings by Juan Romero de Torres. I liked some of the paintings in a way, he is a Spanish Toulouse-Lautrec. The number of paintings was boggling & you ~~had~~ had to pick out interesting ones and look at those for a while, instead of scrutinising them all.

We gave Pedro his wine & took sangría before dinner (at 10:00). Finishing, we went for a horse-carriage passed through the city. The sheets look scrubbed because they are. They bore them down at night, sweeping the litter into the sewer.

The monastery is locally referred to as the "fábrica de curas" - a 'priest factory'.

Every part of the city, even the smallest alleyway, is well lighted at night.

in Cordoba near the Alcazar eat at the Mesón del Conde - an excellent restaurant.

eschuta outlet (elec). eschufa
porche - porch.

This is typical, too.

The streets off the main drag are narrow, wide enough for one person & a car; cars come barreling down them and the pedestrian gets but a tap on the hand's worth warning before he is struck (or is it stricken?)

We were in a taxi today and almost had an accident - a woman pulled out in front of us - the driver leaned on his horn, expecting her to stop, and stopped as a last resort at the last instant. He then launched about 2 min. worth of verdicts at her while she calmly continued across in front of him. He continued the maledictions the rest of the drive. This is so typical here. (Taxi fare ca. 27 p^{ts} for 8 mins or some 10-15 Claks - @ any rate, cheap.)

You cross a street completely @ your own risk; you can't expect a car to stop as you can @ home - they won't.

I haven't enjoyed walking as much here in Cordoba as in Seville. But I think I've seen more here.

otamps = sellos gasoline 1.00 pts/litro.
madrid → Bus - 1 diva; metro, 3 pts.
12 de junio 1972 lunes ↗ 5 pts.

Today in transit to Granada. We entered heavily rolling hills with mountains in the distance; towns instead of being nestled in valleys, as you might imagine, tend to perch atop mountains (well, hills) forming sort of a cap.

Not much more to relate: I'm getting tired of riding the bus and shall be glad to arrive 'home' in Madrid. The highways here, by the way, are in tolerable condition; there aren't many of them and they tend to be narrow. All those I've been were black-topped. (or stone, in the towns). Non-verbal traffic signs are used, and I find that I have trouble interpreting them: I can't in some instances tell the difference entre the 'permitted' and 'prohibited' signs, but at a glance the signs are easier to read.



monograph #6 - Signs
"Stop" and "yield priority"

Oh! They were singing a really nice song on the bus. I shall copy the lyrics but the refrain goes like this

"Por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores
me gustan a mí"

("because of this I
like the many colours
of great loves.")

But the paraphrase doesn't do it justice and the written lyrics ignore the tune.

13 de junio de 1972. martes

(Spanish old) but probably French made

Back to normalcy with a Spanish Bic[®] pen.
(Not too Spanish, for I see it writes English well.)

Today I saw what I came (well, in part) to Spain to see: the Alhambra, the Moorish palace and mosque in this the final stronghold (Granada) of the Moors against the Catholic kings in Spain after some 700 years of religious wars. I can't begin to describe the thing, so I won't; there are books written which do that. The thing is cleverly built, with some 'entrances' leading through a dogleg back out into the street, and with none of the doors being a direct entrance: all are offset to put the entering enemy at a disadvantage. The Alhambra



monograph #7
Alhambra doorway

itself abounds in gardens and fountains of running water; the walls are decorated such that they are light and airy, like filigree or lace in appearance, and with unnecessary columns (unnecessary from a structural standpoint) which give a fresh-like air to the interior 'patios' - which combination makes them refreshing like an oasis (or is it as an oasis?). The most impressive 'oasis' is between the Caliph's audience hall and the waiting area for embassies - a very tranquil waiting area. The audience chamber itself has a wooden ceiling carved with a representation of the heavens; it is square and extends upward literally drawing you with it. The ceilings are most impressive with the walls coming next; this is because the Arabs spent much time reclining since they don't customarily use furniture; also because of this they

The Caliph himself sat in there with his back to daylight - a psychological advantage well used.

Ask me about Cristina imitating a tour guide.)

covered the floors with rugs; consequently the floors are unsurpassed in their drabness.

To Avoid
confusion -
I'm writing
once again
in retrospect.
That's why I'm
here but not.

[9:15 - time out for dinner. Since I'm now @home' in my 'house', I'll recount the menu: Soup (vegetable, broth, &c), Fish fillet (don't know what kind), stewed tomatoes, and as always, bread, wine, & water. Dessert fruit, as usual.]

The town Granada reminds me of Seville with the narrow streets enclosed by white apartment boxes. The streets are so narrow so that they are shaded from the sun except at midday. The town however lacks the charm, charisma, quaintness or whatever-it-was about Seville which attracted me.

We were exhausted; then we visited the gardens of the Generalife and were all rested - it put our minds at peace with the world. Such beautiful gardens - trimmed hedges to form contrasts of sun and shade and lower the temperature; roses and roses and roses; flowers of all colours and ~~od~~ odours; and fountains galore. I've always had a love for fountains: now I've visited my mecca. It was beautiful. In all parts the sound of running or falling water. The fountains are constructed for the water's sake - in themselves they are nothing more than a bowl and a spout or aifice, the stream of water falling on itself is the entire simple lovely beauty of the fountain. And that sound is at perfect harmony and peace with the surrounding gardens. Many gardens, on different levels of different designs and long walks covered in on one side by towering pencil-like green cypress trees, with water flowing

"se prohíbe fijar carteles" "anuncios no" "no fijar carteles"

swiftly in canals alongside or crossing under the
way. The gardens weren't just seen; they became
a part of mind, an awareness of one's harmony
with the nature in his surroundings.

The defensive towers of the complex are as
elaborately decorated as the palace itself.

In andalusia if you spill wine ~~you~~ you
~~must~~ must dip your fingers into the spill and
touch them to your hair for good luck.

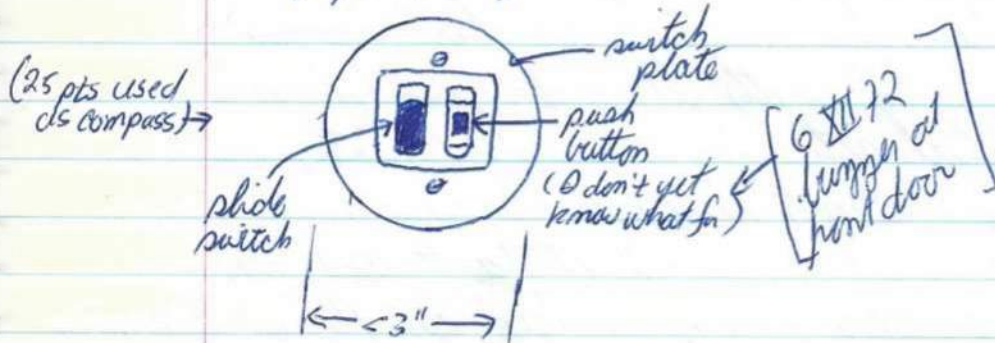
... and after lunch (or any good meal):

"hemos comido
hemos bebido
demo gracias a Dios"

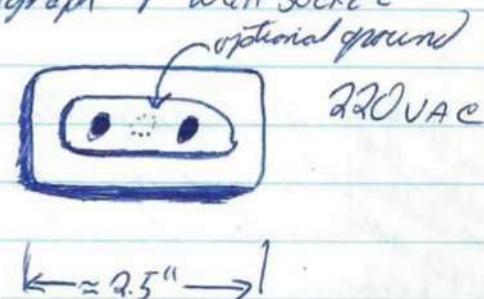
-- Dr Bermúdez

and some trivia:

monograph #8 - light switch



monograph #9 wall socket



light switches are always rocker or modified slide; they use
many 3-way switches, usually of one at the door - often before
you enter the room - and one near the bed.

phone rates in Madrid use the New York system.
when it rings you hear a shrill beeping

Fragments!?

14 de junio de 1972 miércoles

On the way home to Madrid. We passed through the Mancha and saw for real windmills all restored "and capable of working". I also saw several water wells being operated by a horse walking in a circle. The mancha isn't as dry as Cervantes might have you think - it reminded me of a New Mexico vegetation (a bit thicker though) combined w/ Colorado hills and mountain streams - and that type of water - smoothed rock you see there. Perhaps some Colorado vegetation filling out the New Mexico part, but the soil is New Mex.

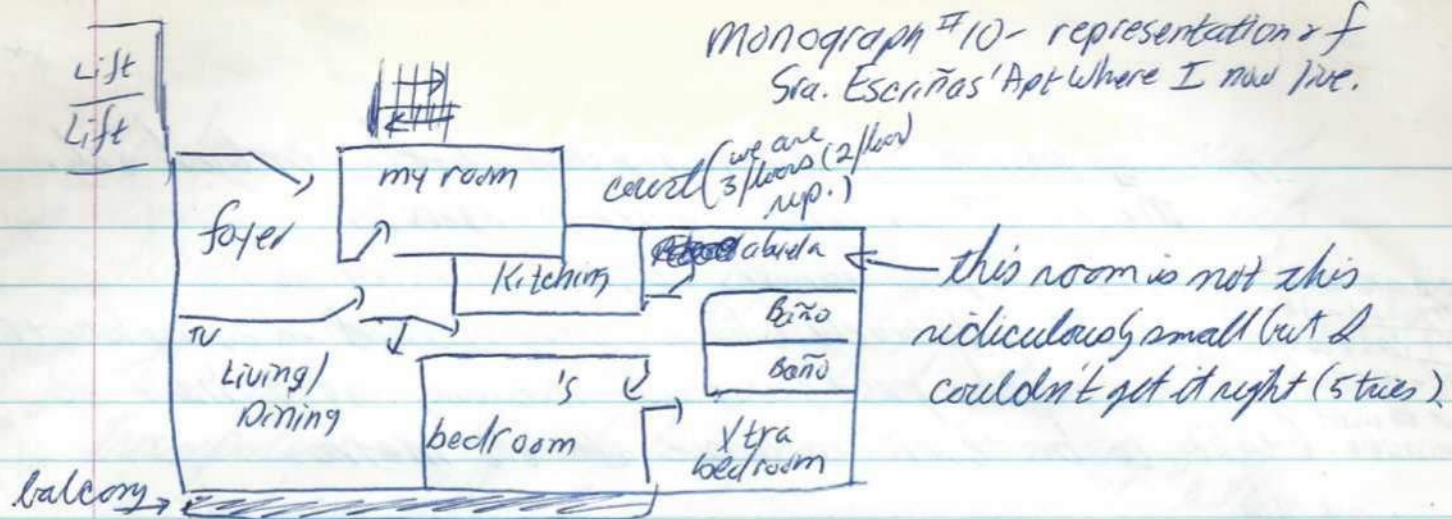
It rained much of the time but looked worse in the distance over the hills (not on the plain, as G & S would have you believe).

We arrived in Madrid exactly on time, the first time that's happened on this trip. We stopped at Calle Miguel Angel 8 which is a school of some sort. The girls were met by their "families" since it would have seemed strange for madrileños to meet men & take them home, we had to take a taxi. My house is pretty far out - just off the map of the central city. (fare was only 55 pts - less than \$1 - for a 20 min ride).

My house is at General Mola #209, on the 2nd floor (3rd U.S. floor). I live w/ Pilar Escrivá and her grandmother, la Sta. de Pueblo. It is a 7 room apt. w/ 2 baths and hot water. The apt. is arranged so you can isolate any given room.

well, not G & S
come to think of
it but not
they were

and give
riders the
same distance
cheaper now
July '72.



There is a monkey in the kitchen, on a leash, thank heaven. The apt is noisy - the grandmother is hard of hearing and the TV seems always to be on; add to that the courtyard outside my window and the staring near my wall: it reminds me of a dorm room I once had. The noise is not intolerable it simply gets in the way when I want to be alone. The TV is easily shut out with all the doors, and the kids yell in the courtyard only from about 8:00 to 9:30 (~~on Saturdays~~), (and early morn. Saturdays).

The room is small but comfortable. Other students have left books, including *Catch 22*, a grammar book, *Driving in Europe, 1963*, *Fanny Hill*, *Nine Coaches Waiting* (Stewart), *The Escape Orbit*, &c &c &c.

Europe "r"
\$15 a day, 2
copies, different
@ dates.

15 de junio de 1972 jueves.

Today I dedicated to learning the transport system. I learnt the difference between ingoing and outgoing and what that means. I got lost in the Metro. I got lost near the Prado. I finally found the Tourism Office and got maps. Having found myself, I returned home. Later I went to the theatre at 7:00, during rush hour, and arrived late after spending another 15 min. looking for the theatre.

You have never seen such a flood of people - everywhere people. I knew this was a large city, but this brought the fact home to me. And you can walk or ride the

metro never up running out of the central city.
Metro - 3pts, any number of xfers.

there are taxis
everywhere - it is
very easy to get
one - you don't
have to wait
a minute.

Bus - 5pts, transfers (I think) limited to 1.

Taxi - relatively cheap. they abound in every location
foot - cheapest; but I live way out & have to
take a bus even to arrive at the metro.

However, one gets
used to the
people - there is
plenty of room
in the planes -
and can enjoy
having so many
to watch & so.
And it is con-
venient to be able
to buy an ice cream cone
from any one of 3 vendors
in the same
near vicinity.
1-7-72

I don't care where you've been - you can't believe the
number of people - I was disturbed by it - it was so
uncomfortable; there were so many it was overwhelming.
I did notice, however, that the buses handled the load
fairly well and that taxis were still to be had. I
understand that it's the Metro that one must avoid.

16 June 1972

Today I awoke and the group visited The Prado.
There is so much there - I was super-saturated
after an hour & half - and we went slowly as a
group with a good guide. We saw many of the paintings
by Galarza, El Greco, Goya & Rubens which I had
studied in History of Art. It was impressive to see
them in 'person' - they look much more as they should,
much more worthwhile.

We lunched & had a short tertulia (discussion)
in the Parque del Retiro - a vast grand well shaded
central park in Madrid a block or two from the
Prado. We were near a lake and it was very
pretty - it lifted my rather depressed spirits quite a bit.

Later I went to see Yerma by Garcia Laca in the
theatre. (I tried to go last night but got lost) I went
to the 7:15 matinee and it began only 5 min late -
I expected it to be much more tardy because of


The theatre
wasn't 1/3 full,
and this is
a hit play. I
think theatre
is going to
be subsidized.

in the end she
is frustrated
at angles her
head, she's
her child, as she
cries @ the fin.

the Spanish view of time. The play was a modernised
version; the story was of a young woman who wants
children but after 2 years of marriage has none; her
husband doesn't want children. (German means barren)
There was no formal scenery but the stage was a huge
trampoline (sp?) which could be drawn up by ropes or
lowered in different parts to make a hill, hill, a
valley, or a tent or a cave. The drama was well
acted and very emotional - I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I sat next to a lady & we chatted briefly
in Spanish - until I discovered she was from Madison
Wisconsin - whereupon we switched to English. She teaches
Spanish at Edgewood (?) and after a week is going
to tour Europe on a Eurail pass.

The Spanish people are, like all, basically
friendly; but if you ask directions, beware! and ask
at the next corner - every story is different. Seville
is so far the happiest, most cordial town I've visited.
Madrid is very much like the big city it is, but
a tad friendlier than one in the U.S.

 mojarse to get wet.

17 June 1972 Salavado

Today to Segovia. We saw the aqueduct, the Alcayon, La Granja (apalae) and the mission and tomb of San Juan de la Cruz. Also, I saw snow at the top of the Sierra Nevada mts. close up.

Kids around tourist traps will try to charge you 1 pta to use the services (don't pay it!)

One gets so tired of seeing things. These tours are becoming more and more boring to me - I learn little and now don't even listen to the guide. I never have been impressed much by looking at things and I still find it boring.

The aqueduct is impressive, more so since I'm told it still works. It is huge, and hardly looks old.

hereafter →
write in the
Parque del Retiro.

I'm sitting
@ a cafe off
the lake; a
waiter walks
up to me and
said "aver el
escritor..." which
means roughly,
"Let's see what
the writer wants"

The Alcayon looks like a German castle perched atop a hill, with drawbridges, moat (foso) and all. The view from the tower is really worthwhile (are you impressed?).

~~There is a lot of armor and weapons in the castle.~~ The castle also has the too-be-expected armor & weapons, plus a well-mounted sundial in the courtyard which works (the sundial, not the courtyard, that is).

José brought up the notion of "kitsch", which I found interesting. "Kitsch" is a Jewish word (supposedly) for an attitude which, although hard to express, is fairly easy to understand. "Kitsch" is having an enameled plate saying "Remember Colorado" in the bathroom; it is having an American eagle over your garage door (or in the garage & in the bath, for that matter). "Kitsch" is having a cloth embroidered "woven by pueblo Indians" in your front entrance hallway. ~~We found~~ Kitsch is plastic angels which glow in the dark. We finally

the waiter just got, well, insulted, that someone brought their own potato chips to eat - since they also have those, decided that the ultimate in 'kitsch', at least in a Houston apartment, would be a Gothic violet. At any rate, I bring this up with a definite point in mind: much, or so much, of the art or altar-pieces or other junk we've seen (mostly the churches) is kitsch in nature. Does that mean anything, or am I being cruel? Anyway, the opinion stands. (Oh, yes - curios or souvenir shops are by definition kitsch).

I'm still at the cafe' - but I've finished writing what I had wanted to last night (at least, all I can remember) and have decided to declare this

18 junio, 1972 Domingo.

Transit fares go up 1 pto. on Sundays.

Today I went over to see where Jeri & Donald live and to the park where I am now. Some of those in our group always carry city maps, but I find it hard to get lost, although my wanderings are sometimes inefficient - one can always find one's way in the metro, ask someone, or look at a Callejero, which is an indexed street-playa guide to be found in a booth at any main intersection. Especially in the metro, mistakes are cheap - it only costs 3pts for access to the metro & any # of xfers until you leave.

The disadvantage to sidewalk cafes near the lake is that the rain is inconvenient. I'm now home. On the bus (#52, Cileles/Costa Rica) home, an upset child threw his tootsie-pop at me. Well, no problem. But then he wanted it again so his mother picked it up, brushed it off, licked it to further cleanse it, & popped into the kid's mouth. The

Don & José live w/ Sr. De Sales, who is charming and talkative - the apt is large w/ roomy bedrooms, and it is on the 6th Spanish floor w/ an elevator out of a main manual doors, glass cage, and all, charming.

One common form of begging is to ask to shine your shoes - if you refuse the kid (usually a boy around 15) will burn a cigarette off you.

* See June 11th,
page 2.

floor of the bus was not clean, being covered with all manner of 'basura'. I wonder how typical this reaction is? I know they seem to waste nothing here: if I don't finish my bread @ one meal, Pilas with the next. Also, it did make the kid stop crying.

To get the attention of a waiter in a café, one must clap a letter yet, hiss at him. He will then gladly attend to you. And you must tip everyone: waiter, either at bar or table, porters, ushers, cabbies, gar maid (a little @ first for good service, the balance when you leave), and so forth. If you don't tip the usher in the theatre (Español; theatre) you don't get a program.

Every apartment complex has someone watching the entrance - whenever I come in either there's a gentleman outside in the ^{plain} ~~sees~~, in the mailroom or the door to what I think is the mgr's apt. opens to see who is coming. If you look lost, as we did the first night, they enquire ~~where~~ whom you seek. Spain is full of things like that - people in positions of service in all manner of places and occupations. Even the smallest restaurant a café has table service - usually an abundance thereof.

"Luz verde a cordialdad"
"Piense en el peatón"

"se prohíbe escapar"

"se ruega no aporarse en las sillas"

19 junio 1972 lunes.

I got lost on my way to the archaeological museum and had to take a taxi. Fortunately the group waited. I'm told that not even Madrilenians can read that damned bus schedule.

On the museum there was a carved wooden statue of the virgin which captured me completely. I have always liked carved wood, particularly statues or images; I fell in love with this one from the monastery of Gracielas (in León). She was posed with her head cocked to the side, resting in her right hand, and holding something cubical in her left hand. Her face held what appeared to be a wistful *sigh*, but it was a sigh which saw more than life: the future, the past, perhaps all, herself, the world, and others. It is a captivating image, for me, at least.

Afterwards we sought the mecca of the tourist in a foreign land, American Express so José could check in maid. Afterwards, I ate lunch w/ them at their house, the home of Sr. De Sabio. She is charming, happy, talkative, interested in us, and cooks well. I met her son, Raphael C. Fernandez. Raphael is fascinating to talk to - he is up on things and ~~knows~~ knowledgeable, not confined by the common 'opinion' but aware of things and able to discover and look at things in his own way.

Madrid is like any large city, get you could put me in the middle of Madrid and before I noticed the language I would know where I was. Nothing big, but a world of little-things combine to make it.

What more could you ask for - and such a contrast with where I live where they watch TV and aren't talkative w/so, no kids,

ask for the story of the "hidden chicken" (martitas)

Judging from Sr. De Salas's house, the 3-course meal is the standard here; also, it is extremely that you have a different plate for each course, a bread plate, and a knife and fork especially for bread and fruit. Also, always a glass of water in addition to your wine.

Oh, yes, the water. It has given me no problems in the big cities. On smaller towns we are careful to either drink wine or bottled 'mineral' water. Few in our group have suffered, and I think some of the problems might have been partially psychological. I am most comfortable with Spanish food: I think I'm ~~gaining~~ gaining weight in spite of all the walking I do. I did have trouble at first with my skin breaking out, perhaps due to food in restaurants or simply the change in diet, especially to an olive-oil based cookery.

(I still have that trouble)

where else could lemonade be as expensive as beer (20pts)?
→ actually, beer usually costs 12pts - (20¢), whilst coke costs 14pts
20 pims 1972 marcos.

I saw Toledo today. You can go up on a hill across the Tago and see it just as did El Greco before he painted its plan - and when you see the plan the city is virtually unchanged. Just down the road from where we stopped is where Don Rodrigo de Viver, El Cid Campeador, spent the night before being presented in Toledo. The ancient walled section of the city is just as it was in "the olden days" except now it is somewhat a tourist trap and on the main walkways from point-of-interest to point-of-interest you are constantly bothered by beggars or hawkers.

(We saw El Greco's house, except he never lived there.)

In the church of St Tomé in Toledo we saw the most famous painting of El Greco, "The Burial of Count Orgaz" after the legend which grew up after his death in Toledo. It is magnificent (awe!); you can see clearly divided two styles - flamenco and Venetian; you can see 16th century armour (painting date 1586) in a story of 14 century vintage. You can see El Greco himself the only person in the painting who looks outside the bounds of the painting (at the viewer). Next to El Greco in the painting stand Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra and Lope de Vega.

I could have sat an hour in the church in front of the painting and wandered around in the cathedral for an equal time. Everything in Toledo strikes me as old - but charmingly so. I should like to go back & wander around the town, sit in a café, and etc.

The tourist areas of Toledo are loaded w/ Kitchy basins.

It is considered extremely rude & vulgar in one (anyone) to wear shorts - no wonder Americans often don't cut. I can go unnoticed if I hide my passport & carry a newspaper.

Comic book = "TBO's" - because that was the first

21 junio 1972 miércoles

Marta is one of those in an group from Cuba; she is older than most and a very happy but somewhat giggly person (oh! a'í a'í!). A waiter in one restaurant, trying to be charming, commented that "usted tiene la cara de una virgen" [you have the face of a virgin] to which she immediately (and typically) replied, "¡Qué locutimo que no lo soy!" [What a shame I'm not!].

We had a fruit for dinner which I've never had before: nispera; I can't find its ^{name} ~~name~~ in English - it may not exist; I haven't seen it at home. It is like a small peach (plum-size) and the same colour but the skin is smooth, shiny. It is peeled before being eaten since the skin is bitter; the inside is like a plum in texture, but firmer, but the inside is also peach-coloured; at the center are four shiny pits which combined are the size of a peach seed. The flavour is delicate, sweet, and to me delicious.

22 junio 1972 jueves

and ask me abt. Cristina's
pronunciation (she teases)

Tried Horchata today. It is the first Spanish anything I ~~positively~~ ^{positively} could not stand. It is a drink made from almond, melon, milk, sugar, and all sorts of other uncleanable things when mixed together.

* Cristina, whose Spanish has to be heard to be appreciated, told her family where she is living that the food was so good she was "ganando pecho" - she should have said "ganando peso" - pecho means chest, etc, ~~whereas~~ whereas peso means weight. It broke them up, needless to say.

What one must do with the Prado, or any museum similar, is to go once and browse the entire thing (if possible) supermarket style, then return and look (for as long as necessary) at those particular paintings or rooms which were particularly interesting. If one has the time, he could again return for appreciation of that which didn't catch the eye, for comparisons, and other madness. One can't possibly see what ~~interests~~ interests one in one day - In you get saturated after about an hour even looking at a few paintings which appeal to you - whereupon it's time to go to a 'Café' for a culalibre and a friendly chat w/ a friend.

I never noted here that I live pretty far out from the centre - a great disadvantage. I am the furthest of the group out and since Wayne left at the beginning his alone. I need 15 min if I just get to a metro stop, and 20 min. or so (up to 35) to get to the centre. I spend up to 50¢ a day, sometimes 60¢ on bus & metro fares. It would have been

I too -
am gaining
weight. They
expect me to
finish every-
thing left
on the table.
Of course I
make the
necessary
sacrifices

nice to live closer - but I didn't complain. At the house where Don & José live they can leave the house and "be on the 'streets'" - their house is a block away from a metro ~~connection~~ connection. *sigh*.

However, once one gets used to the bus ride, and ~~one~~ plans to allow for it, it ceases to be a problem; one must learn when running late that fidgeting won't make the bus run faster. And the neighbourhood has good bus connections.

23 jan. 1992

we also met Joaquín Rodrigo today. He is supposedly a very famous composer - I personally don't know. It was very awkward since he is a quiet, non-talkative person. He did play some of his compositions for us, including one which is as yet unfinished, on the piano. I enjoyed that part, although apparently to a lot in the group it seemed uninteresting; they bordered on being rudely uninterested. His concerto de aranjuez is very nice, I shall buy the record at home.

23 & 24 June 1972

540, vol. 2 (further revision):
no claim to literary value herein implied;
this is for fun & mental exercise!

- 1 The grass is tall
near the ancient wall,
and tall grass is a certain sign
of permanence or solitude
silence, and the charm of time,
like my city, with magic involved.
- 2 The buildings are old
in my city of gold,
and old things have a certain charm
or magic which they've gained,
which the masses do not harm:
a spell, and aeons of rain.

Order
1 2 8
6 3 4 5 7

- 3 I can watch all day,
from a sidewalk cafe,
different people passing by,
each on their way in their own way,
each with a story or a sigh
contributing to make the day.

omit 6 & 7

- 4 Too, I like to walk
to hear them talk
for the city's magic is here
in voice & words, heart & soul,
in happiness & in fear:
the youth in my city so old.

- 5 And I sit in a club
albeit a pub
and hear the people sing
the songs that they share
to me the most precious thing
is the laughter of those who dare.

6 Drunk on Madrid
& Tales of El Cid
and around every turn
a person a place, a smile, a face
everywhere something to learn
experiences add to ~~the~~ ^{as} taste ~~of~~ more than a place.

7 a large shopping cart
in life's supermarket
is about the only way
to go through the store
and make the most of the passing day,
and leave not wanting for more.

8 and a city alone
doesn't make a home
and magic must dwell within
its people, and within their lives
and days of love and whim
the lives that shine from their eyes.

6-30-72

(6.5)

Remember the town
where streets wind ~~down~~ around
down to the Guadalquivir?

A Roman bridge the river runs by
and mix with whose voice you hear & if in whose voice you hear
a gypsy's song and sarcastic cry!

a town whose wall
contains it all
and one whose streets wind around
and down to the Guadalquivir.
From the Roman bridge the sound
of the river and the Gypsies' ^{you hear} is near. ←

if you get your shoes shined sat. in the café at Cileles by one of the men wearing a badge you will get a ~~super~~ superb durable shine for 20ptas - 25ptas, (unless they need dying, which is 60ptas - 89ptas) worth the money.
Lomings el 25 de junio de 1972 ad.

I enjoy standing in the plaza of el puerto del sol and being able for 5ptas to buy an ice-cream cone on a warm day. I should like to have to pass by there every day, and buy an ice cream cone, and get to know 'my' vendor and be expected at a certain time of day.

A people who aren't afraid to sing. My room is off a shaft - a small pen court upon which the kitchens and bedrooms of the apartments have a window facing. Conversations from window-to-window are common, with a woman from one floor speaking to someone on the next around the corner, exchanging local gossip.

One woman - I don't know who or where - sings, and when she sings the concert lasts for half an hour. And she sings well (a capella) - it's really delightful. Typical Spanish song, many somewhat melancholy (to warm my Welsh blood!), some bordering on Cante Jondo, but usually not that deep.

And the stats come out alive in the evening. First around 8:00 with people going home from work, since shops close then. The character of the people on the stats then changes and around 10-10:30 the night life begins - theatre, movies, ~~clubs~~ clubs by the dozens - from bars & tascas to more elaborate. Sometimes a group of youngsters will pass by singing to the accompaniment of their guitarist. Sometimes a group will leave a club after the show and continue singing as they walk. It's not the drunken, rock performance your American mind might imagine. ~~It's~~ It's natural, happy, and spontaneous, from people who are having a

I have heard these kids are estudiantinos - university singing groups who do this.

any cabine
would know where
Boraccio is

don't go on Saturdays
Take their 'sangria'

good time. A good cheap club is Las Cuercas, near
the plaza maya; a good expensive one is
a Boraccio Boraccio, near ~~post office~~ metro (Lanceo),
in Barcelona I think. There are good, tranquil restaurants
near Las Cuercas: if you go to Hemingway's Moon
Botin... make reservations, just down the street
is meson de las Cichauillas (the name of the street,
by the way) which looks dumfy but is quite nice
and very peaceful, since it is small the waiter
is very personal and can take interests in specific
groups.

and I have the advantage of being with a
group (us: Alma, Wayne, Pedro, Don & I) which often
becomes the centre of attention, particularly in
Las Cuercas, where the guitarist & the vocalist
know every song and encourage you to sing, being
delighted to accompany you. Pedro sings beautifully,
and between him and Alma there is a library of
common Cuban/Spanish songs.

Today I saw the national palace. It is
sumptuous, with large halls, tapestries, and
chandeliers everywhere. A couple of rooms were
completely decorated in Rococo - which I enjoyed
seeing (which doesn't mean I'd ever decorate in
that style!)

Lunes el 26 de junio 1972

A song I learnt:

De colores, de colores
se vistón los campos en la primavera
de colores, de colores
son los pajarillos que vienen de afuera
de colores, de colores
es el arco iris que vemos lucir.

R: y por eso los grandes amores
de muchos colores
me gustan a mí.

(Repeat R)

canta el gallo
canta el gallo con su kiri kiri
kirikiri kiri
las gallinas
las gallinas con su cara cara
cara cara cara
los polluelos
los polluelos con su pío, pío
pío pío pío

R: y por esto los grandes amores
de muchos colores
me gustan a mí.

(Repeat R)

y otra canción que aprendí: "Fonseca"

Triste y sola
sola se queda Fonseca

Triste y llorosa
Queda la universidad

y los libros

y los libros empeñados

en el monte, en el monte de Piedra (painted) (apenn shgo)

recado = message (or reminder). Spanish "Camping" borrowed.

Today we went to Burgos. I have never been in a smaller town; every Spanish town (city, rather) we've visited has some type of night life. Burgos has nothing more than the military, ~~poor~~ priests, and a sidewalk fair which ~~displays~~^{boasts} a sort of junk and a dearth of people.

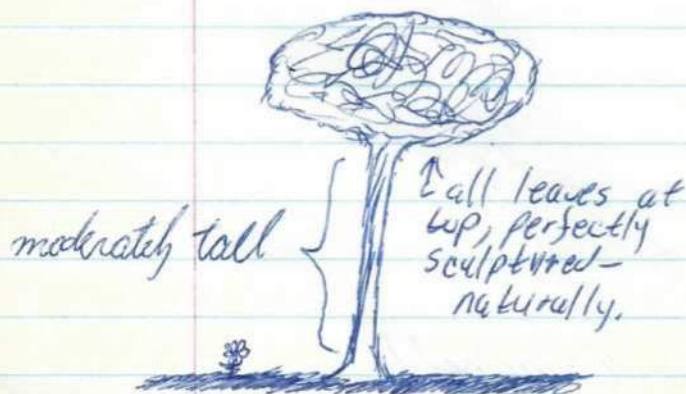
We had a guide in the cathedral who thought he spoke many languages and kept sprinkling his explanation with "technical terms" in English, French, & Italian. Many of his English ones seemed to be incorrectly used to me.

"Gua-Gua"
Cuban for
B45

martes el 27 junio 1972

Today we saw the Cartujo at Burgos. I enjoyed it - it was a simple church, much less kitsch than the others, in use and not dusty or disregarded like the most we've seen. The Monastery de Las Huelgas Reales, of mudéjar style, was also the same. I enjoyed both. The monastery was preparing for a mass & I heard an organ play a piece I recognized and heard a nun sing beautifully with the organ.

monograph #11: pine(?) trees
on the way to Salamanca:



trago-a sip a a drag, depending.

¿and what's Marta's
favorite exclamation?

miércoles el 28 de junio de 1972

a toast: para arriba
para abajo
para el centro
para adentro.

and another, in good measure:

estiro el brazo
encoge el codo
a la salud de ustedes (o de todos)
me lo sirvo todo.

Today to Alba de Tormes, a hamlet outside Salamanca and home of St. Teresa de Jesús, wherein whose church repose her "still uncorrupt remains", her arm and heart being preserved in reliquaries separate from the tomb on the altar. It is told that she led a life of suffering and founded many convents and monasteries in the Faith, and that she was the subject of several clear miracles and manifestations, ^{and} upon her death it is said her corpse did not corrupt but continued to effuse the odour of flowers - the examination of many experts attests to the fact that this was, well, unexplainable - and the Church claimed it a miracle and proceeded to beatify her.

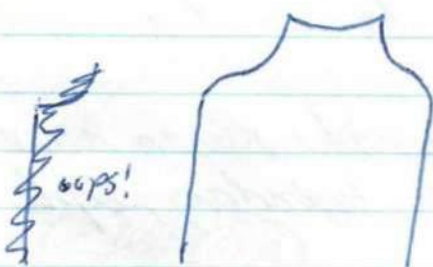
Whether or not it be true, there is a rare feeling of being in a place where legendary people lived and events took place.

There is an enchanting (**) church outside the town. It is of brick and Roman in style from the 13th century. On a semicircle at the front and around the main altar are some (probably 13) stone sculptures which are beautiful - they looked slightly Mexican to me, but fit perfectly in with

J.A. doesn't mean "Sud America", it means "Sociedad Anonima", which I think is equivalent to "Inc."

the Roman church. The church has two huge, semicircular arches running the length of and in fact forming the ~~main~~ main nave; The entire place was charmed with *magic* and a peacefully enchanted atmosphere. The design of the sculptures at the front was such that they could have been contemporary works in any modern church today.

I also today just outside Alba de Tormes the castle of the dukes of Tormes. It is not big, but is incomplete, and we didn't get to see but 't's up the height - the upper rooms were inaccessible (to us). It is notable for it's setting: it is on a hill which commands a view over the town and the River - looking over that to hills beyond. It is surrounded by a field of tall grass and wildflowers, which rise beyond the somewhat ruined remains of the castle a short distance to the crest of the hill it occupies (or commands). It was beautiful to be there amongst the flowers with the *magic* castle looking out at the town and hearing it's (the town's) church bell.



monograph #12 -

Arco Salamantino - found through Salamanca, esp. in the University, and nowhere else.

is preserved as it was and great fun to see with quicks

The University of Salamanca is also magic (Today has been rich with that) - it is of an ochre-coloured stone indigenous to the region and used in all the bldgs. I saw the classroom ~~where~~ where Lope (or was it Garcilaso) said after 5 years in prison, "as I said yesterday..." - it

wooden benches and a huge impressive podium
in the prof. I have seen the fog (atop one of
the skulls on the facade perches a fog; it is said
that you haven't seen kalamanga if you haven't
seen the fog). The building has graffiti in
iron oxide or bull's blood, a custom of those who
graduate (those who graduate leave through
the main entrance; the others through the
entrance for burros & carts) who put the
lettering (all in a peculiar style) on the associated
bldgs.

el 29 (jueves) de junio de 1972

el día de San Pedro - ¡Pedro's cumpleaños y santo!

Avila is beautiful within its wall - it is completely
enclosed. You can step above the city and look down
on it and see it completely. Of course, we saw
the churches and monasteries here, but they don't
merit further comment. (The cathedral is well done,
but I tire of cathedrals).

We saw more relics of St. Teresa. which brings
up much discussion in the group. We have
seen many relics and a plethora of statues and
altar 'retablos' representing the martyrdom and
suffering of Christ and the various saints. Even
the devout Catholics on the trip are finding such
graphic representations upsetting; they find it bordering
on being cruel, sadistic, and obsessed. It is an
aspect of the faith I do not understand: I
wish I did. Is it merely an expression of
a belief that suffering such cruelty during life
will be rewarded in the thereafter? Is it more

If I hear the joke about two seasons
in Burgos from another guide I'll scream!
Right here!

I have even
found myself
mouthing one
a time.

than this, or less? Certainly, I am impressed
by the amount of faith which is shown by the
amount of work and love put into the sculptures
and paintings, the great belief which is evidenced
by a Cathedral which takes 100 yrs. to be built and
which is constantly renovated. I can condemn
no belief; I can not understand it, or I might
believe something else myself. (but I must not be
closed to another point of view), but I find that
I am greatly impressed by the strength and
faith shown by these monuments.

[I am struck by the thought that, if one is to consider such monuments excessive (which is easily done) then one can view them as a defense mechanism, an obsessive-compulsive striving to gain security and protection from fear and certainty - particularly in an area as uncertain as the question of the meanings of life and death, and the need for guidelines of conduct for people to act within. And could the obsession with methods of martyrdom too be considered as a reaction-formation against an intense fear of death?] [also, this doesn't say all Catholics (or any religion; this can be expanded), but I'm speaking specifically here) are neurotic - perhaps only those who are moved to the representation in altars, sculpture, or paintings of such subjects - I find this an attractive solution - that the ~~artists~~ disagreeable representations witness a non-standard population of artists & faithfuls.] I shall return to think about this later.

el 30 de junio, viernes, 1972.

Allow yourself a loving smile
and drink your cup of tea
then you'll smile for more than a while
'cause that's the way to be!

el 1^{er} de julio, sábado, 1972

Today I tried to buy tickets to tomorrow's bull-fight, but they were sold out and/or expensive. It turns out that tomorrow is the Corrida of the Press, and a particularly good one, so tickets are scarce and expensive. I regret not being able to go; I'll have to do this the next Sunday I'm in Spain.

Early in the evening we* went to Bermúdez house and heard one of his friends play mandolin. They all sang folk songs and even though I only knew "Guantanamera" and "Fonseca" it was great fun. I very much enjoy hearing Spanish folk music - particularly flamenco and estudiantina.

Much later I walked much and discovered where all the taxis are in my sector of town, although all was quiet and deserted by the time I was there - I had ridden by in a taxi earlier and the area was filled with people, mostly younger-looking people.

el 2^{do} de julio 1972, Domingo.

The markets
are crowded and
it is a bit
overwhelming
what to buy

if you bargain
that is - they'll
of course take
what they can get

it was cheaper
(the poster) than
those in the
ticket office.

This morning I went to the Rastro, near Puerta del Sol, the main downtown plaza. It is a fair of vendors, many gypsies, selling all sorts of junk and even some useful items. The street is filled with little stands, and every inch of extra space is filled with people. For many items you have to bargain; it helps to know the going price for an item in the department stores so you can bargain for that a slightly lower; you usually end up paying the going price. Except, that is, for items like watches, where you can often get a real bargain, a 'hot' watch, or one which stops running as soon as it leaves the gypsy's hands. I bought an adidas bag for the going price of 225 ptas, whilst the gypsy wanted 275 ptas. She tried to seem she was doing me a favour, even addressing me in the familiar, which is usually not done in interpersonal transactions of this nature. I also bought a bull-fight poster, but couldn't bargain on that one.

This evening I went to the theatre to see "Tu y yo como Tio" a comedy about a girl who falls in love with a man, only to find out he is physically and ~~emotionally~~ mentally attached to his brother so closely that they think and act simultaneously, even talking in unison. Finally a surgeon (or a shrink, I think) separates them, but they still act as if alike, and communicate feelings and thoughts to one another. They are finally brought together again, and have

an argument - which is the first indication of a difference in their thoughts - but they continue to act & think simultaneously - so one's actions often interfering with the other's. At the end a doctor tries to mentally break the connection, hypnotically, I think, but ~~meets~~ meets little success. The dialogue was rapid, and I had trouble following it; also, some of the humour was rather difficult and complicated matters. I finally gathered enough clues $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way through to catch on and begin to follow the dialogue more steadily.

I ran into a guy from Illinois on the bus; his name is Jim and he lives in the same block I do. It was easy to pick him out - I don't know how, but one can often easily pick out the Americans with certainty.

The stores have now changed their hours, since half of Madrid has packed up and left - many stores are now open only in the morning. Apparently all of Europe is vacationing, because all of a sudden I see many (F) and (B) (French & Belgian) stickers on license plates. General Mola (where I live) is a good street for that since it is a main drag.

Probably by the way they drive

Things to do in Madrid (copied from Bermúdez list,
- in case (when) I return)
* I have been there

- * Museo del Prado - Paseo del Prado, near Cibeles
Museo de Belas Artes (muchas botellas antiguas)
Bar Chicote, Jesé Antonio (Gran Vía) 12.
- Museo Naval, Montalbán 2, 10-2 excepto lunes (10-1)
- * Palacio Real, Plaza del Encanto, Calle de Bailen. 3-6
- Museo de Cerrojas - en jardines del Palacio Real (10-1)
domingo (10-1)
- * Casa de Lope de Vega - Cervantes 11, 10-2
- Monasterio de las Descalzas Reales, y Plaza (cuadros,
tapices, muebles, &c).
- * Ermita de San Antonio - Paseo de la Florida 4-7p
(pintura por Goya) Sábados free.
- Museo del Teatro Español - Calle de la Beneficencia 16
- hay que llamar por permiso.
- Museo del Pueblo Español - Plaza de la Mercadería Española
trajes regionales
- Museo Romántico - San Mateo 13 11-3, pedales 10-2
- Museo Municipal - Fuencarral 78 10:30-1:30 x martes.
(historia de Madrid)
- * closed Museo de Arte Moderno.
- Museo Nacional del Siglo XIX - Calvo Sotelo 20 10-2
(escultura y pintura del siglo XIX)
- * Museo Arqueológico Serrano 13 9:30-1 1/2
(dama de Elche, word carrying of mine)
- Museo de la Academia de Bellas Artes de S. Fernando
Acalá 13, 10-1 1/2 - Pintura Española de todas épocas.
- * Museo Sorolla - General Martínez Campos 33 10-2 x lunes
(museo del gran pintor)
- Museo Taurino - Plaza de Toros de Ventas 10-1, 4-6
(historia del torero)

museo antropológico - Paseo de Atocha 11 10-11/2 x lun
museo de Ciencias Naturales - Paseo de la Castellana 84 10-11/2 x lun

el 3^{er} de julio 1972, lunes.

Today was an excursion to El Escorial and to El Valle de los Caídos. El Real Monasterio del San Lorenzo del Escorial was not unlike the Palacio Real, but older and poorer, not nearly as rich. The pantheon of the kings, wherein are interred all but two of the monarchs of Spain, was impressive. It is notable that there is no more room in the pantheon:

when prince Juan Carlos and his father are dead all of the tombs will be used. There have been many legends about the prophecy this entails for Spain.

The library also is impressive. The ceiling is painted in fresco which are beautifully brilliant after some 400 years. There are some precious rare books on display and the library is additionally notable for the fact that, although it appears a private collection, it is open to the public.

We had a slew of awful guides there.

The Escorial was not impressive after having seen the royal palace here in Madrid. The Valley de los Caídos (Valley of the Fallen Ones) however was magnificent. It is a monument erected to those dead in the Civil War by General Franco. It is a Basilica, a Monastery, and a huge cross at the top of the hill.

The Basilica is carved out of the hillside and is huge inside. You stand at the doorway and behold the magnificently huge interior with the

main altar literally in the distance. As you walk down the main nave, you see very little - there are but a few chapels off to the side - it is mostly a huge hall of marble. The altar is simple, consisting of a huge crucifix below the dome at the intersection of the transept & nave. It is of course raised on a marble platform. At the ends of the transept are small chapels, in one of which are those killed in the war.

We attended a mass there. It was a very personal, religious experience: Sometimes God and I get together, albeit briefly (normally we don't bother one another), and we realise the understanding we have with each other and with the world.

El Vally de Los Caídos is worth the trouble. I shall return to pay a pilgrimage there when I'm next in Madrid. I shall miss the four huge angels at the intersection of the nave and transept - their peaceful vigil over the altar was very friendly to me.

Pilar's daughter & her kids have arrived from New York. 4 generations are represented here now. The kids understand a little Spanish but speak more with mentoring. Son, 7 years, daughter 8 yrs. The boy's a brat; the girl is better behaved & somewhat shy. They argue & fight constantly, because here they can get away with it. I don't think their mother has any control whatsoever over them.

"llaves en el acto"

cuba libre (rum & coke) 40 pts = 61¢
vodka, lemon - 45 pts. = 69¢
this includes about 69¢ of the liquor

el 4^{to} de julio, martes, 1972

Café/Restaurante Bar-Guijón, between Cibeles & Sol on el Paseo del Prado Sotelo is a (reputedly) hangout for artists, &c. At any rate it is a nice bar which is open rather late, a early (2:00 am) depending on your point of view. There is a mixture of nationalities, quite a few Americans, but not the touristy type, thank heavens! It is worth the visit.

I just stopped in mid-sentence, to make andalusian 'gaspacho':

gaspacho

1 slice a so bread, wet
1 garlic (1/2 garlic - 6 cloves?)
little bit onion (< 1/8)
1/2 kilo tomatoes (4 large) (4, 5)
1 cucumber (large) 1/2 lg cu, (lg = 10" x 2")
1 bell pepper - fairly large (1/2 + 1/3 lg. pepper)
salt (ca. 1 tbs) 1 teaspoon
vinegar several tbs (4) to taste - that's the hard part.
olive oil several tbs (3)

the above is all diced and subjected to a blender until it is homogenous. Chill & serve

Saw 'Los Gavilanes' at the theatre tonight. The plot is somewhat old - a man goes to the new world and makes his fortune and returns to his small village in Spain where he is received as a hero (although there is an undercurrent of ~~dis~~ disrespect for his wealth as an "indiano"). He finds things have changed and slowly sees he can't recapture the life & love which was his in his youth - when he falls in love with the

1
aquí se dice "manteca" o mejor "mantiguillo".

daughter of his former girlfriend and almost marries her - he thinks he loves her and, although she loves someone else, she would marry him so their family would have money to live on. She is on the point of eloping ~~with~~^{out} her true love, with her mother's permission, when they encounter the Indian who has realised that he cannot find the youth he seeks by marrying her.

The theatre wasn't as empty as those I've been in before - about 1/2-2/3 full.

It was a musical and the singing made up for the plot. The scenography was lavish, and seats in the orchestra were 100 pesos (\$1.50). I listened earlier to the "Concierto de Aranjuez" and like it very much - it is for guitar and orchestra written by the same Joaquín Rodrigo whom I met.

I also visited Lope de Vega's house today - it has been restored to its 16th century condition and is rather large. "manteca de cacahuates"

(That little boat left peanut butter on my pen!)
recipe for tortilla de patatas:

Tortilla española

skillet
lightly oiled

separate 2 eggs. Beat the whites to a froth and add the yolks. Meanwhile, sauté potatoes cut into small pieces (in olive oil, if possible). Add the potatoes to the eggs, pour into skillet, and cook, moving constantly to prevent sticking. Turn (quite a trick) and complete.

cigarettes - rubico (red) - American, 50 ptas (80¢)
negro (Spanish), 12 ptas (20¢)

5^o de julio, jueves, 1972



He was very
condescending

Today I stuck out at the TV station. All I got from the gentleman was a long lecture on being American and arriving somewhere expecting to do something without notice. I can't think fast enough in Spanish to defend myself from such attacks - or else I would have told him that I had been there yesterday & was told to return in the morning asking for him. A bureaucratic full up (snafu!). He also added that I need to request 'permission' in writing about a month in advance. I shall next time.

The TV station is a government installation. There are guards at the gate, the area is enclosed with a fence, and I had to show my passport at the desk to get the badge above. They noted my name & the time of my visit, along I'm sure w/ my passport number & visa. Everyone inside wears a badge.

I also went to the movie to see ~~La Casa de las Chicas~~
"La Casa de las Chicas", a movie about the Spanish Civil War. I won't note a plot summary, because it wasn't much; the characters were well developed, however. It was cinemascopia for 75 ptas - \$1.10 approx.

bucan - swim underwater

6th de julio, viernes, 1972

Sorolla

The house
is his, and
the small
garden around
it is beautiful

Museo Sorolla, General Martínez Campos 33-
10. 2 excepto lunes. Sorolla is an impressionist,
and I like his painting. He has a fascination
for bright light and subtle shade, for the
sea and the beach. He sees water as bright
blue, and also seems fascinated with the
reflection of colours and light off of water -
and the distortions induced by the surface
of the water. In some of his paintings
of landscape - fields of flowers - I wonder if
he was influenced by van Gogh. I shall have
to find out.

→ The museo de arqueología has opened up
many new rooms - concentrating on early
roman and iberian culture. The damas
del Elche and Baya are there and worth
seeing. Also impressive are the Roman
urns and pottery, and the mosaics. I
wanted to see my wood-carved virgin
again but that area is now closed for
repairs. I shall have to see her next
time I'm in Madrid.

7^{ma} julio 1972, y siguientes -

Drugstore on Fuencarral, especially at about 3:00 am should be experienced. (It closes for only one hour a day).

I don't think I noted who was on the trip with me: Don Padgett, ~~Don Montalbo~~ José Montalbo, David (me), Wayne Miller, Pedro Bermúdez, Carmen (es) Segorolla, Lucinda de la Rosa, Dora Ponce, Karen Johnson, Delores Winkleman, Linda Revak, Jan Parker, Marta Galdames, (sister) Crabtree, (father) Lawrence Peguero, Cristina Mac Intyre, Alma de Castro, .

Homes in Madrid:

Sra. de Castro and Srta. Macintyre: Srta. Blanca Aguado
Andrés Mellado # 10, Tel. 243-7687

Srtas. Karen Johnson and Janis Parker: Srta. Teresa Santos
Altamirano # 30, 7o. derecha, Tel. 244-5323

Sres. David Knodel and (Wayne Miller): Sra. Pilar Escriña
General Mola 207, 2do. Portal- 2do.A. Tel. 250-4214

Sras. Carmen Segurola and C. López: Srta. Maruja Jorquera
Arapiles 5, 2do. Derecha, Tel. 224-8169.

Sres. Montalbo, Padgett and Padre Peguero: Sra. de Sabio
Escosura 3, 6to. Derecha, Tel. 224-0766

Srtas. Dora Ponde and L. de la Rosa: Sra. Cora Ripoll
Manuel Silvela 7, 3ro., Tel. 223-7029

Srtas. Linda Revak and D. Winkleman: Sra. Alvarez del Pino
Los Madrazo 18, Tel. 222-2015

Srta. Marta Galdames: Sres. de Muro
Dulcinea 47, 3ro. C, Tel. ~~270-4590~~ 254-32-63

Sr. Pedro Bermúdez: Srta. Hortensia Sandino
Ramos Carrión 11, 6to. F
Madrid 2

Tel. 415-3348

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Doña Ana - 416-26-95

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Cuban mkt: Hay & Fairview

Upon Return:

- * ~~go off board or move.~~
- read "A Death in Venice"
- Turntable / FM
- ~~don't forget address.~~
- subjunctive
- ~~fig 90/100~~
- ~~by shorts~~
- * ~~attend CHH MTT 134.~~
- talk to Pedro re: don
- Hogg plantation
- ~~write to PB?~~
- write to PB? a Sabio
- ~~read Follen's letter~~
- ~~research German~~
- ~~research. heel.~~
- change banks
- * ~~Deliver letter to~~
- by Concilio & arrange



Universidad de Houston

VIAJE A ANDALUCIA

Día 7 de Junio

Salida de Madrid (Hotel Mayorazgo) a las 8:30 de la mañana.
Almuerzo en Trujillo. Visita de Mérida. Dormir en Sevilla

Hotel Colon - Canalejas 1 SEVILLA

Día 8 de Junio

Todo el día en Sevilla

Día 9 de Junio

Todo el día en Sevilla

Día 10 de Junio

Salida a las 9:30 de la mañana para Córdoba

Hotel Gran Capitan- Avda. de América 3 CORDOBA

Día 11 de Junio

Todo el día en Córdoba

Día 12 de Junio

Salida a las 9:30 de la mañana para Granada

Hotel Luz Granada Avda. Calvo Sotelo 34 GRANADA

Día 13 de Junio

Todo el día en Granada

Día 14 de Junio

Salida a las 9:30 . Comer en Manzanares. Llegar a Madrid
por la tarde

A dios con el corazón
que con el alma no puedo
Al despedirme de ti
de sentimientos me vaero

Tu serás el bien de mi vida
tu serás el bien de mi alma
tu serás el pajarito pintado
que alegre canta por la mañana

Hacer novillos = hacer a diver por
is a diver horse.