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The Gipsy in Andalusian Folk-Lore and Folk-Music.

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My object in reading this paper before the British Musical Association is to describe certain observations I have made concerning the folk-lore and music of the south of Spain. I shall not attempt to deal with the great problem of Spanish musical history: that has been done by Professor Trend in his excellent books such as The Music of Spanish History¹ and Manuel de Falla². My study of the music of the south of Spain is mainly based upon personal experience as a minstrel in the towns and villages of the country, where I had the opportunity of mixing with folk-singers, guitarists, gipsy minstrels and dancers. My main object in studying thus the music of the Andalusian folk was to enable me to arrive at a deeper understanding of that elusive Indian Romany race which has played such an important part in the history of European music. It will, therefore, not be amiss if to-day I consider briefly the history of the gipsies as minstrels.

First of all, let us imagine the following scene: "The fair was over and the peasants jingled the coins in their pockets; fat bargains had been made, purses were bulging; the old horse had fetched a goodly sum, the pigs and calves also. Now for the tavern and the spree. I saw them walk arm-in-arm with their wenches into the courtyard of the café, and call for wine. In a corner were some gipsies, a collection of ragged scarecrows—caressing their fiddles. When the peasants began to drink, one of them, the leader, came up to the table, fiddle in hand, and started to play. The wine followed, the peasants sang, the gipsies played. The leader stood and held his violin an inch or so away from the face of a fat peasant who sat at the head of the table, gazing into his eyes, searching for the tune which would establish the bond of sympathy. The other gipsies meanwhile followed their

leader’s improvisation, sustaining his melody, prolonging the pauses, embroidering the flourishes, urging on his inspiration when it seemed to flag. Gradually the peasant would sink into a dreamy state as the elegiac sadness of the harmony enveloped his senses. In his reverie he was recalling scenes of his country’s history, for were those melodies not created in far-off days to be an everlasting memory? With their wild harmonies they suggested folk-poems to his mind, and he would sing them to the girl by his side. Suddenly the gipsy fiddler would quicken the pace, and the music became martial in its rhythm; an inexorable force draws the peasants after the music, and they begin to stamp their feet to the beats of the surging harmony. Every muscle in their body tingles; the magic has begun to work. The gipsy fiddler meanwhile stands like a statue in his passivity; his copper face shows no emotion. His strange dark Hindu sorcerer’s eye hypnotises the fat peasant to whose face he is playing, and reduces him to submission. Soon the peasant pulls out the bulging purse; the Tzigan’s eye gleams, for he knows that before the end of the evening most of those coins will find their way to the gipsy camp out there on the plain. The ragged gipsy violinist wields the power of a god at present, and his bow is a thyrsus, a magic wand to transform those peasants from brute slaves of daily toil into Magyar warriors, preserving the traditions of their legendary founder, Arpád. They kiss the gipsy now, though they would have spat at him this morning. They fête him, they toast him in wine; they hold banknotes to his forehead as he plays; they put banknotes in their ears which he whisks away at the end of the rhapsody."

That scene which I wrote when I was in Hungary is the characteristic setting for the gipsy minstrel, and we may witness it in humble café or in baronial castle, where the leader stands behind the host at the banquet. The magic of the gipsy musician, who by his playing stirs mankind to sing and then to dance, is found in other countries of Europe as well as in Hungary. In Rumania the gipsy plays the dance of the Hobby-horse, or else the magic dances that will bring rain to the dried-up plains. In Russia the singing girls of Moscow with their languid songs and wild Bacchanales lead men to the same pitch of frenzy; in Spain the old wizened guitar players of Jérez de la Frontera and Cádiz wield the same magic powers as the fiddlers of Transylvania. In all those countries the gipsy has played for centuries the part of national minstrel, keeping alive among the people the old songs and dances. As Liszt says, the gipsy does not create,
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he perpetuates, and the strange idiom of Hungarian, Spanish and Russian music which has so deeply fascinated modern Europe owes much to him.

Folk-loreists to-day often abuse the gipsy minstrel and accuse him of deforming the music of the various countries. "That fellow's Oriental charlatan tricks have destroyed the primitive simplicity of our native music." This criticism is true, but we must remember that a folk-song may not be preserved for ever in its pristine purity; it has to live through the rough and tumble of the world, and submit to be dressed up in the garish colours of the gipsy, so that it may work the magic spell. Folk-loreists would fain keep tunes naked, locked up in a glass case—like Paganini's Guarnierius—far away from the performer who must always create them anew in his own image. The exaggerations, the deformations, the flourishes and ornaments of the East are tricks which appeal to the members of the gipsy's audience because they add an exotic and mysterious touch to the well-worn melodies. In addition, the gipsy possesses a peculiar power which enables him to awaken the primary instincts in every nation in which he is a guest. In Hungary he plays the violin better than the Magyars of the countryside; in Rumania he tells more stirring tales than the raconteur or "Poveștitori"; in Russia he sings better than the Russians; in Spain he fights bulls and dances better than the Spaniards. The gipsy attitude towards music is Oriental: among the nomadic tribes rhythmic incantations are used for curing the sick. In the east of Europe gipsies have their dances to bring the rain, like the Red Indians of New Mexico. Like the Orientals, too, they consider the scale in their music as divine and the instrument on which they play supernatural. They tell many stories of its creation but they generally ascribe it not to God, but to the Beng or Devil, who by his infernal magic helps the minstrel.

THE MEDIEVAL MINSTREL.

When the gipsies came, Europe was in a state of transformation; the mediaeval world was dying rapidly and modern ideas were triumphing everywhere. After the solemn majesty of Dante's world, symbolised by the poet's ascetic pallid face, where frown and furrowed cheek told the vanity of human things, we come to the sunlit meadows of Boccaccio's landscape—the garden of Fiammetta's revels. In the Middle Ages, the Church loomed above all, and absorbed all song in liturgical melodies, for music was the supreme expression of mediaeval man unless we include architecture, which was
music frozen into stone. In the cathedral, Gregorian chant brought men's thoughts back to Byzantine as well as Roman glory, to Ravenna glittering in its gold mosaics. A fusion of the East and West in the form of a mystic drama played by priests and choristers.

In the Middle Ages, however, there had arisen another music outside the Church in the feudal castle, among the troubadours and trouvères. It was an artificial and aristocratic growth, concerned only directly, if at all, with the transmission of folk-song. But in the literature of the Middle Ages we meet another type of performer called the "Jongleur" or "Juglar," who was the ancestor of our modern wandering minstrels. The word "Juglar," according to Menéndez Pidal, meant anyone whose profession it was to perform before an audience. He was not necessarily a musician: he might be a reciter of ballads, an acrobat or juggler, a sword-swallower, a hurdy-gurdy player. His duty was to amuse and entertain people. If the troubadours were highbrows, the "Juglars" were certainly low-brows, and we can understand how deeply the former despised the latter. Their scorn resembled the scorn which the modern trained composer feels for the popular theme writer, or the concert violinist for the vagrant player who scrapes the strings. But the influence of these wandering minstrels on the literature and music of Europe cannot be exaggerated. They wandered from village to village and from country to country, and they were received with favour in the castle or in the humble cottage; in the town hall or in the tavern. No festival or banquet could be held without them, and do not think that the rich man was satisfied with the mere musical or dramatic talent of his Juglar. He wanted him to be a pleasant social companion, to show skill in fishing, to be able to recite a versed message to the rich man's Dulcinea. Sometimes, too, the Juglar might find himself obliged to make up a song of insult as a challenge to the rich man's enemy. Sometimes those early minstrels lived a life of feasting and luxury: they were paid by the various town councils, and when they played before some lord he would always present them with costly raiment and gifts of food and wine. On other occasions, however, they found the wandering minstrel's life a precarious one. The lords were not always easy to please: it was often necessary to sing songs in praise of meals that the minstrel considered beneath contempt. Then some lords, thinking that the wanderers possessed heavy money-bags, would tell

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their henchmen to waylay them, and rob them of their florins. The journeys between one country and another were dangerous in those days of blood feuds and baronial quarrels. In spite of its dangers the profession of minstrel was a favoured one in the period from 1200 to 1450, for every country needed the wanderer. Life in those days was monotonous, and the minstrel performed the functions of musician, buffoon, chronicler of events, gossip-monger, and general entertainer. His visit was eagerly awaited because he told the people what was happening in the next town, or related tales of wars in Europe and the Crusades, adding as many sensational details as he could invent. Before the age of the newspaper those minstrels were the chief agents of publicity and advertisement. The minstrel always had a touch of the Devil about him, and that was why the Church pursued him, and the worthy citizen, though admiring his talents, would call him disreputable. The tradition of the Roman Mimus who was “infamis” descended on the Juglar, and from him to the wandering actor, and lasted on to our day. The minstrel was considered disreputable because he played a musical instrument. In Spain if a man played a “rabel” or a “laud” the Christians would think that he was one of those dreadful Moriscoes, but the power of playing an instrument was his greatest safeguard, for it gave him the possibility of journeying from one country to another without ever finding himself debarred by language difficulties.

After the brilliant period of Spanish minstrels in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we find the whole tradition of the wandering singer summed up in the Golden Treasury of the Vagabond, the Libro de Buen Amor, written by the Spanish archpriest Juan Ruiz. The archpriest who has been called the Rabelais of Spain, is the greatest figure in Spanish literature before Cervantes. But among vagabonds he deserves even a more universal fame. Nobody has ever described the essence of wandering as did that portly, hirsute priest with the ferrety eyes. In his book, which he meant to pass from hand to hand like a ball in a game played by ladies, we discover every type of song that could have appealed to noble, peasant, priest, scholar, musician or buffoon in the most brilliant period of minstrelsy, the fourteenth century. After the fourteenth century, the fame of the wandering minstrel began to decline. The people were beginning to sing their own ballads, inspired by fragments of the old epics. Life ceased to be remote and feudally exclusive. The day of free vagabondage was nearly at an end, for Society in most countries was organising itself on a more rational basis. Men
combined together to make music, instead of leaving it to the solitary minstrel.

Just at that moment the gipsies knocked at the gates of Europe.

**Gipsies carry on tradition of minstrelsy.**

When at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the gipsies invaded western Europe, they did not at first identify themselves pre-eminently as minstrels. They were mere vagrants, and they lived from hand to mouth, if we believe the early chronicles. The main sources of their revenue in those days were sorcery and fortune-telling. Munster in his *Cosmographia*, 1544, says that there were many "giocolatori" among them, who performed amazing tricks, and told wonderful stories about far-off lands. At Bologna, in 1422, their notoriety was mainly due to the wife of Duke Andrew, who was able to foretell the future: how many years a man would live, how many children a woman would have. It was their reputation for witchcraft that made them feared and even respected in Europe. Being Orientals, they mingled with their witchcraft strange incantations. Everyone of those incantations was rhythmic and its significance sprung from constant repetition of the chanted phrase. Gradually her listeners would be hypnotised by the rhythm, and the ceaseless repetition of the chant. Their minds would become released from everyday reality, and float away in dreamland under the spell of the sorceress with her matted raven tresses, her tawny complexion and her eyes flashing in the candle-light of the cavern. Seeing the power that incantations possessed over credulous humanity, the gipsies began to extend their knowledge of music. Music offered them great possibilities of increasing their sway because it could be associated with their Shamanism. In their wanderings from village to village they learnt the songs of the people, and they began to play them for the peasant to win his favour, and when they sang, their strange, exotic voices transformed those folk-tunes into wizardry. The peasant recognised the melodies his grandfather had sung by the fire in the winter evenings, but when the brown-faced gipsy played them they seemed to have caught up magic qualities. The slow song would meander on in endless melancholy, the quick rhythms of the dance would lash him into the fury of pursuit, the repetitions of the tempestuous theme would be a call to arms. The gipsy vagabond with his fiddle or his guitar became a necessity for the peasant after his daily toil. Folk-melodies may be very
beautiful in themselves, but they need the suggestive art of the minstrel to make them live. The songs when sung by the villagers had seemed insipid, but when the gipsy wizard played them, they became spell-binding. So the gipsy minstrel knowing the latent power of the old melodies and dances, kept his mind well stored with them. Thus it was that the gipsies became national minstrels in the various countries, inheriting the old traditions of the "Jongleurs" and the "Juglares."

Let us also bear in mind what was the history of the gipsy race ever since its entry into Europe in the fifteenth century. At first when they arrived in 1417 in the towns of eastern Europe they were looked upon as pilgrims because they told a wonderful story: "We are," said they, "Egyptians, descendants of the race that ill-treated Mary and Joseph and the Infant Jesus when they fled from the wrath of Herod into Egypt. For that reason we, the descendants, have been condemned to wander through the world for seven years as expiation of the sin of our forefathers." The story was believed, and the gipsies were helped on their way. They passed rapidly from one country to another, although they were a ragged band of mendicants (chronicles call them *foedum et horrible genus*). In 1419 we hear of them at Hamburg. In 1422 at Bologna on their way to the Pope at Rome. In 1427 outside the gates of Paris, and in 1447 we hear of their arrival in Catalonia on their way to Andalusia. They had no intention of returning to the East after seven years. They entrenched themselves in the various countries and soon made their sinister influence felt. Then Society turned upon them, and ever since it has been persecuting them. They were accused of every heresy imaginable. They were burnt at the stake; they were tortured; they were accused of Black Masses and Voodooistic practices. They then took their revenge against their persecutors. As they were driven from the towns they took to the highways and byways, and when they were not encamped on the plain in tents, they dwelt in caves and in mountain lairs. But they never ceased to influence the inhabitants of the lonely regions whom they could dazzle by their Oriental witchcraft. It was only in the nineteenth century that a more human treatment was meted out to gipsies in the various countries. But even yet the gipsy has not been fully absorbed into the various nations. He is still a pariah and a creature of mystery. In Spain the majority of the gipsies are not even included in the census returns. Many of them lead nomadic existences, especially in that paradise of the gipsy, Andalusia.
The Gipsy Style in Music.

A Romany Rye who is interested in the performance of music by gipsies in various parts of Europe is struck by certain marked peculiarities of style. In Hungary the gipsy "Primás" develops his rhapsody in the following way: first of all the slow, sad lassú in which the solo violin improvises arabesques and embroiders the Magyar tune possessing so many memories for his audience; meanwhile the accompanying fiddles and the cymbalum support his improvisation and when his inspiration wearies and sinks they enable him to soar again. The following example which I shall play for you is characteristic in its rapid bow-strokes and long pauses:

The melody is repeated again and again to work its spell upon the audience.

Next the minstrel plays sharply and rhythmically using the characteristic Hungarian snap:

Then as a grand finale to his rhapsody, the minstrel dashes into the frenzied csardas, the dance of the tavern, and sweeps his listeners off their feet in riotous movement. In Rumania the gipsy fiddlers have a distinctive technique calculated to stress the magic rhythm. Take the following example as played with the strange bagpipe tone varying intonation and profusion of little grace notes and mordents:

When we come to Spain we see many of those characteristics in the singing and playing of the Andalusian gipsies. In our singing the voice tends to rise but with Oriental melody the tendency is always to end on a falling cadence. The singers in Spain use quarter and third tones which to us
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sound out of key, and they use many grace notes and glides to produce their effect. The Spanish gipsy does not jump here and there with his melody, but his voice seems to flow in a continuous river of sound. A Spanish gipsy, for whom I played Scottish and Irish folk-tunes, complained that such music jumped up and down too much. We Europeans of the North consider Oriental music rather monotonous because we fail to appreciate the complicated ornamentation of the melody, and we miss the leaps up and down the scale. We also miss the harmonized accompaniment. In Spain, however, the guitar has introduced harmony into music by the method of playing chords, whereas in Africa the Moors on their guembri only play melodies. Gipsy music, like all the music of the East, has developed the art of embellishment to a high degree, and it may be said that the deeper the feeling the more complicated will the arabesques be. The gipsy singers are indifferent to quality of tone for they do not seek for sweetness of tone. They seem to cultivate deliberately a nasal, metallic tone for their most characteristic songs. One of the most famous of the gipsy women singers to-day, "Niña de los Peines," has a hoarse voice which thrills the aficionados. I have a record of her singing which shows her particular qualities: Fandango, "Al toque de una campana." La Voz de su Amo. A.E. 4279.

Another singer who shows some of the most characteristic qualities of this type of song is a blind singer called "Niña de la Puebla." I have heard her bewitch an audience of Andalusians by her singing of the following: Fandango, "Como el que a Cristo vendió." La Voz de su Amo. A.E. 4245.

There is something about the blind singer which thrills an audience. Her singing seems to be concentrated entirely in herself and the external world fades into insignificance. Imagine the dark, witch-like face, with sightless eyeballs, dressed in funereal black, standing like a statue before the tavern audience. How striking is her long, agonized cry, "Ay—ay," repeated again and again against the frenzied accompaniment of the guitar. It produces on me the effort of a Keener's wail. When I was in Serbia I heard primitive songs accompanied by the gusla wherein the singer cries out "oy..." before he sings the poem. Then he concludes with the same cry "oy..."

Many of the gipsy singers in south Spain are also dancers, for singing leads to dancing in the juerga or spree. Just as we saw in the case of the Hungarian performance, in Spain the people start by singing one song after another, full of melancholy

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and suffering. The Siguiriya Gitana is full of descriptions of gaol, crime passionnel and vendetta. After singing such songs, the dancer parodies the melancholy of the singer. The characteristic baile gitano which one may see in the caves at Granada, the home of gipsy dance, is a tragi-comedy. At one moment it is comic, and at another tragic; at times it is classical in its grace, and at another it is grotesque. It is more intense and wilder than the ordinary Andalusian dance. Where one may see such flaming dances is at the “wakes” and baptismal and marriage feasts which the gipsies hold in the caves. The dancing of the Spanish gipsies always reminds me of the gipsy dancing I have seen in the East of Europe. In this alternation of the tragic and the comic, as in the Oriental dances, great importance is given by the gipsies to graceful movements of hands and arms. The whole performance develops according to a ritual—a combination of playing, singing and dancing in which the audience take part. The cries “olé” from the audience animate the performer to more rapid undulations of his body, and stimulate him to give himself up entirely to the spirit of the orgy. Watch the gipsy dancer: his eyes are closed, and his body quivers as if possessed by a demon of rhythm. He in his turn is exciting the audience to the highest pitch of frenzy. It is no wonder, therefore, that Benavente, the famous Spanish dramatist, in a lyrical passage describing the dancing of Pastora Imperio, compares her art to that of Shakespeare.

In considering the music of Andalusia, we should study carefully the relations between the guitar and the singer. One of the marvels of the gipsy performance consists in the way in which the guitarist instinctively creates the background for the singer. Each seems to have an intuition of what the other is going to do before he actually does it. The guitar is inexhaustible in the effects it can produce. It plays both harmony and melody and there are countless varieties of tones that may be produced by fingers that strike, pluck or even caress the strings. To-day I am only speaking of El toque Flamenco, or gipsy style of playing, which has its own intense beauty and its wonderful rhythm. Just as in the case of gipsy singing, every attempt is made to give the instrument a metallic tone. Most gipsy guitars that I have heard were made of cypress wood, and a clamp or cejuela was placed across the neck to diminish the length of the strings, and intensify the brilliance of tone. Take a characteristic gipsy guitarist in a tavern, and you will find that he divides his accompaniment into three parts. First of all we have the rasgueado or general improvised prelude leading into the
second part which is called the paseo or promenade. Then comes the theme which leads to the third part called falsetas or variations. In flamenco style the guitar and voice are often independent of each other. It is true to say that the deeper the gipsy song the greater the independence between singer and guitarist. The guitarist limits himself to creating the vague background of moving tones and leaves it to the singer to develop his theme, and as in the case of the Hungarian cymbalum, he waits until the singer begins to sing before he fills in. The guitar is the ideal instrument of the wanderer, and we find it all over the Spanish world. It has been the theme of Spanish poets from Juan Ruiz in the fourteenth century down to Granada's poet of to-day, García Lorca.

The guitar is the conscience of Andalusia. As García Lorca says, "The guitar weeps."

Es imposible
Callarlá.
Llora monótona,
Como llora el agua,
Como llora el viento,
Sobre la Nevada.
Llora por cosas
Lejanas.

Just as in Hungary and Russia formerly, gipsy music in Spain develops only where there is sympathy between performer and public. In Hungary we have that delightful word mulatni which means to enjoy oneself with gipsies. In Spain we have the word aficionado. An aficionado is far more than an enthusiast, he is a connoisseur who understands all the subtleties of this type of singing, playing and dancing. I have known men in Spain who wasted their inheritance in taverns, listening to siguiriyas, polos and martinetes. Tolstoi in one of his stories tells of an old man who used to go every evening to hear Russian gipsies sing a particular song. He left in his will a sum of money to pay those gipsies for singing the song as a dirge over his grave.

When I was in Seville recently, I spent some days with one of the great old veterans of Cante Jondo called Fernando de Triana. Sevillians have given him the proud title of Decano der Cante (Dean of Deep Song). According to him the whole art has declined in modern times. The gramophone and the radio have created general interest in folk-singing, but they have mechanised it. Fernando described the great old days in 1880 and 1890, when Triana was really the haunt of the gipsy craftsman. Fernando helped in a forge when he was a
child, and blew the bellows for a gipsy smith. And as the smith hammered the metal on the anvil, he sang those rugged martinetes which are the epics of the gipsy race. The true gipsy song, said Fernando, should be a palo seco, that is to say, accompanied by the sound of the hammer, or the clapping of hands. In those days the gipsies kept to themselves, and they sang for their own race. They used to meet in the inner room of taverns in Triana, and the public who wished to hear them had to stand outside. Many a time, generals and diplomats made their way to the district of La Cava and sat outside the door, listening to the singing of those gipsy bards, accompanied by the banging of the iron-tipped sticks upon the floor. In 1886, in the Café Silverio at Seville, two great singers made their début before an audience of aficionados—Chacón and Fosforito. Antonio Chacón, who only died two years ago, was the first singer to earn twenty pesetas. In those far-off days the majority only earned ten pesetas in the cafés, and had to give two sessions a night. Nowadays, a singer won't look at anything under ten "duros" or fifty pesetas. Chacón was a honeyed singer, and had none of the peculiar metallic tone of the gipsy. The following song was one of his favourites: Malagueñas. According to Fernando de Triana he was called "King of the malagueña" by the cantaores. Notice carefully the beautiful guitar playing of Ramón de Montoya, the king of the folk-style in guitar playing: Malagueña: "Si preguntas por quien doblan." La Voz de su Amo. A.E. 2048.

Manuel de Falla in his fascinating booklet on Cante Jondo makes a distinction between Cante Flamenco and Cante Jondo. Cante Jondo was limited to the purer and less corrupted style of singing. People used the word Cante Jondo as a synonym of Cante Gitano, whereas Cante Flamenco was used for every sort of Andalusian folk-song, even for those from the other provinces sung in South Spain. Singers who are not gipsies often introduce gipsy words, such as parné (money), ducas (sorrows), Undebé (God) into their songs, and there are many coplas without Romany words that are gipsy in origin. The difference between Andalusian songs and dances and those of gipsies is that the latter are much freer in design. I have heard gipsies sing the same song in many different ways. The intervals vary according to the emotions felt by the singer. We should remember that Andalusia is a crucible for Eastern influences. First of all, the whole performance of music there

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4 M. de Falla, El Cante Jondo (canto primitivo andaluz), Granada, 1922.
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resembles the Moorish zambara. One could make interesting comparisons between Andalusian music and that of the Tunisian Moors singing their Nuba or Suite. The African Moors call their Suite Nuba Ghernata, or Suite of Granada, and it is of the same type as those which were played by the ancient Moorish minstrels in the Alhambra and Albaicín. Traces of this Moorish music may be found in the fandango, media Granadina or malagueña. There is also, according to Andalusian authorities, a Jewish influence in the music of the South of Spain. It is said that Saetas (Arrows of Song), which are improvised by singers in honour of the statues that pass through the streets in Holy Week, have a Jewish origin. That singing bears a close resemblance to the singing of the Sephardic Jassanim in the synagogue. The words of the song may be entirely Christian, but the method of singing, and the modulation of the voice is Jewish. Finally, we get definite gipsy types of song, such as debta, buleríta, liviana, martinete, Siguiriya or playera, and alegria. Manuel de Falla has pointed out the analogies between Cante Jondo and the types of melody in the East under six headings which I should like to set as a conclusion to what I have said.

1. The position of the smaller intervals in Cante Jondo is not invariable: their production depends upon the raising or lowering of the voice due to expression given to the word sung.

2. There is a portamento of the voice—that is to say a manner of singing which produces infinite gradations of pitch between two notes.

3. The compass of Cante Jondo rarely exceeds a sixth.

4. Cante Jondo repeats the same note to the point of obsession accompanied by an appoggiatura from above or below. This is characteristic of certain forms of enchantment.

5. Ornamentation in Cante Jondo is only used at determinate moments as lyrical expansion or in passionate outbursts.

6. Cante Jondo remarkable for cry, "olé," "olé" by which the audience encourages the singers.

In my wanderings through Guadix and Benalau I had the opportunity of observing many primitive dances of the cave-dwelling gipsies, for I was present at a velatorio where they were "waking" a dead child. Instead of weeping and keening, there were shrieks of laughter. They poured brandy on the face of the dead child, whose corpse was all wrapped in ribbons of blue and pink silk. They performed dances called the mosca and the gato, in which they postured and pirouetted and slapped their thighs, making wild cries, reminding me of the Red Indian deer and eagle dances I have seen in New Mexico.
At a gipsy marriage ceremony they perform another dance called the cachucha, which is of dramatic character. It is also called the "bride's pardon," for during the dancing the bride and her groom kneel before the parents, and beg forgiveness for the elopement, in accordance with gipsy custom. For the bridegroom-to-be always carries off his novia, and hides her in another cave. Then, when the union has been consumated, the old woman called La Picaora announces the news to the assembled guests by displaying the dikló. The famous gipsy virginity copla is sung and the wild fiesta may begin.

In conclusion, in the countries of the gipsy minstrel and dancer, the gorgio is the chorus in a drama in which the gipsy plays the part of the chief character. The chorus stimulates the gipsy by clapping and stamping in time to the rhythm, by drinking Tokay or Manzanilla, by shouting with the women who have become like maenads in their orgy. Moralists may turn away in disgust, serious musicians may jeer at the crude harmonies, highbrows may proclaim its vulgarity, but all of us know that in the life of everyone there comes the moment when it is necessary to relax the tension of life, when emotions need purifying, Aristotle called it katharsis. The gipsy minstrels minister to that need, and that is why poets love them, and make them say:

"The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds give us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies."

DISCUSSION.

The Chairman (Prof. Buck): Ladies and gentlemen; an Association like ours sometimes has papers read to it which show great learning and scholarship, and sometimes papers which are extraordinarily interesting. I think to-day we can congratulate ourselves on having had one which illustrates both qualities. I do not believe that anybody here has failed to enjoy and to listen to every moment. Apart from the enjoyment, the lecturer has created the feeling that he does really know what he is talking about.

I had two special interests in what Professor Starkie said. One is this: that all my life I have been much more interested about music than in music. For some reason or other the actual sound of music has never given me intense pleasure. I honestly do not care enormously about going to a concert, and I do not mind saying so. But there is nothing that interests my mind so much as music does, and my interest arises
because I think music is a fundamental thing in our life, that it takes every fibre of us right back to the origins of human existence.

I have always felt that if I could have had five years with nothing to do, I should have loved, more than anything, to have tried to show what Professor Starkie called the 'magic'; to show how music, like everything else, has its beginnings in quite other ways than the ordinary person imagines. That has been done for other branches of art. I hope all of you know an interesting little book in the Home University Library by Jane Harrison called Art and Ritual, showing how the whole of dramatic art and dancing and all that side of human life derive from ritual pure and simple. A good many of you will know how, on a wider and subtler scale, that same idea is running through Frazer's Golden Bough. Those two books are, to me, the Law and the Prophets as far as Art is concerned.

Nobody has ever attempted to do the same thing for music, and it ought to be done. That is the side of the thing that interests me enormously. One need not be highbrow about it at all. Professor Starkie spoke about the gipsies trying to 'work on' one; is that not what every Salvation Army band tries to do? Is not the whole object of the Moody and Sankey hymns to work people up into an emotional state? I saw this exemplified once when I travelled right into the middle of Basutoland, to places where very few Europeans had been before me. A friend of mine was an official, and asked the natives to bring out their instruments to play to me. The leading musician had a tom-tom and played a short reiterated rhythm on it, and did nothing else. After about two minutes of it, I said to my friend, "Does this symphony ever end?" He told the man I had had enough and the man was rather surprised. My friend said, many years ago when he was a young man, he had seen a native army preparing to go out and fight. They brought out the soldiers and placed them all around, and the musicians beat out that little bit of rhythm. After five minutes or so a kind of swaying movement came over the soldiers; after ten minutes they were foaming at the mouth. They had been worked up into a state of frenzy by the only form of music they knew.

It is not, perhaps, the purpose of Sibelius or Vaughan Williams to work us up into a state of frenzy, but it is their aim to get hold of our emotions until we belong, not to ourselves, but to them. That is one of the fundamentals of human nature which interests me far more than listening to the sounds even of an important piece of music.
Like most people in this room I have read Dr. Starkie's *Raggle Taggle*. I had never been to Hungary. This last summer I found myself with a fortnight to spare and no particular plans; I had not the least idea what to do, when I suddenly thought of *Raggle Taggle*, so I went and bought a ticket for Budapest. I went straight there and sat in an hotel, and in the morning I used to ask the head waiter or someone who knew the country to tell me of a neighbouring hamlet worth visiting. Then I bought a railway ticket, went there, and walked all round the country and listened to the people playing and making their own music in their own way in the various inns or on the village green.

I strongly recommend a similar holiday to anybody with nothing to do. It is perfectly easy. One gets into a comfortable train and gets out at Budapest; or, as I did myself, arrives at Vienna, and then on to Budapest down the Danube. The river journey takes about twelve hours and one sees the Danube as one can in no other way. Such a holiday gives one experiences which cannot be procured in any other way, and I am going to find out from Dr. Starkie how to do the same thing in Spain and Portugal in case next year I am again at a loose end.

Mr. COBBETT: May I ask Professor Starkie if he has ever heard gipsies with musical proclivities in Great Britain? In his books, which I have read with much interest, he never mentions our country at all. In my experience of Epsom Downs, having my fortune told, etc., besides hearing the accordion badly played, I heard nothing at all striking from the musical point of view. My experiences of gipsies, however, have been very few and far between. Can our country produce a really musical gipsy, such as he heard in Hungary, Transylvania, Roumania, or Spain?

Prof. STARKIE: Yes, as a matter of fact there is one great friend of mine, a gipsy, in England. He plays the fiddle. He is one of the Lees and is called Ithal Lee. He lives in a caravan in Birkenhead. I have often got him, when he has been staying in my house, to play Welsh tunes for me on the fiddle. He is connected with that very famous tribe of gipsies, the Woods. The Woods and the Griffiths date back to about the seventeenth century, and speak the purest Romany of all except in the East of Europe. It is called Deep Romany. This Ithal Lee taught Dr. Sampson who was one of the best gipsy scholars. He was librarian of Liverpool University.

Ithal Lee has never lived in a house and has never worn a
collar, and says he never will wear a collar. He lives in a
caravan with his old wife. They are great-great-grand-parents.
He does not play the fiddle in the regular Hungarian style,
but he plays tunes. He also has the greatest knowledge I
ever met in anybody of herb cures. He is one of the genuine
gypsies.

The Secretary: I take it that when he plays old English
tunes, he plays them with variations like all other gipsies,
not plain?

Prof. Starkie: Certainly, only one does not notice the kind
of special ornamentation that one finds in the gipsies of other
countries. He does put in his own little variations. There
is another queer thing I noticed about him as a folk-singer.
When he sings certain songs, he repeats at the end of the
song two of the last words, but not singing them. It is a
curious custom that is common amongst folk-singers. They
sing the whole song—in Spain they work themselves up into
a tremendous frenzy when singing—and then when the song
is finished, repeat the last two words; but speak, not sing
them.

Professor Trend: I think it is part of their name, or the
title of the song.

Prof. Starkie: Somebody told me it might have some
magic significance; they think that the song belongs to them
by doing that.

Mr. Fox Strangways: I should like to say how much I
have enjoyed this lecture. Twenty-five years ago I left India,
and I remember, when I went on board the steamer, weeping
to myself to think I should never hear this music again. Now
I have heard it, for this is exactly the thing I was hearing over
and over again in India. It is the same tone of voice. Prof.
Starkie calls it metallic, but it is more a nasal sound in India,
a delicious kind of nasal sound. If English people make
nasal sounds we think them ugly, but these Indian sounds
were very often beautiful. There was another thing that
interested me: the frenzy they worked themselves into. The
Indians have nothing to do with gipsies. In themselves they
are merely Indians; but the gipsies do exactly what the
Indians do, just lose themselves completely and of set purpose;
they intend to lose themselves. Their whole art consists of
making a thing deliberately more and more exciting.
Then again, beginning with that prolonged Ay (Oj in Rumania) was another thing I heard very often. Their rhythms are much the same too in many cases.

Prof. Starkie: In Hungary there is a very queer primitive kind of minstrelsy practised by men who are called regős. The word comes from the verb meaning to hide. They go round the country with a pot-shaped instrument with parchment stretched across it. A hole is made in the parchment and a reed inserted which the minstrel moves up and down, producing a weird sound while the accompanying minstrels rattle chains. They always introduce into their songs a magic refrain of which an English equivalent might be: Holla, holla, we hide away in songs.

Major Hoby: How many different forms roughly are there of these dances? Do they go in for falsetto singing? I have heard a good deal of it in India, North Africa, and other parts. Is it considered to be an accomplishment among the gipsies?

Prof. Starkie: The man I speak of would have thought falsetto a dreadful degeneration of taste. It is held by some gipsies that the only decent voice is the rich baritone. They do not like anything effeminate at all. One of the criticisms he gave to me was: "Oh, there are nothing but little boys singing to-day," which gave the impression he did not like that. Certainly he did not like falsetto.

With regard to the other question, I am not a great enough authority to give you the innumerable varieties of dances practised by the gipsies.

Prof. Trend: I have been astonished at the accurate differentiation which Prof. Starkie has made in these dances. The extreme difficulty I experienced was in getting anyone to say exactly what the different forms were and in being able to distinguish them. We may recognise them when we have heard them, but it is difficult to get any kind of definition. Dr. Starkie has cleared up points which are extremely difficult to get at even in the country itself.

Mr. Royle Shore: I have always understood that a good deal of the Spanish music, by which I have been so much fascinated, came from the Moors. But what I have heard of Moorish music was so undramatic as compared with the extraordinarily dramatic music we have been hearing to-day, that I must have been mistaken.
Prof. Starkie: It is held that the Moors did not give much beyond certain ornamentation because so many other influences entered into the matter. There is a curious fact about that. Andalusia seemed to raise to the highest point all the races that came there: certainly this is true of those three Oriental races, the Moors, the Jews, and the Gipsies. They reached their highest development in the south of Spain.

Mr. Royle Shore: I noticed in the accompaniment to one of the earlier examples a progression of four chords in consecutive octaves, between the extreme parts, with fifths, on a descending bass. This I have always associated with the Malagueña, and have found it most fascinating, as well as interesting.

This Spanish piano transcription may not be in the best form of the music, but superficially, at least, it gives a fair idea of the original, such as I have heard in Granada, but the fifths are wanting. Such progressions are a commonplace in modern music. The accompaniment to the Malagueña which we have heard to-day did not, however, contain the progression in question.

Mrs. A. de Belleroche: Can Prof. Starkie give us the exact definition of the origin of the word Flamenco? There is so much controversy about it.

Prof. Starkie: A great deal has been written about that. Some people say it means Flemish; others that it has to do with the flamingo and was applied to the gipsies on account of their physical appearance and light-coloured garments. Then I saw another explanation given by an Andalusian authority, Blas Infante. He says it is from two Moorish words, felah and mengu and that it means "peasants in flight." But that is a recent, fanciful theory. The flamingo bird always seemed to me one of the best explanations.
Prof. Trend: That illustrates my remark about the difficulty of making exact definitions. *Flamenco* means "Flemish," and one suggestion was that it was introduced by Spanish soldiers who had been in Flanders. That, I think, can be dismissed. But *Flamenco* also means "flamingo" and a more likely explanation is that there was a Café Flamenco somewhere near Cadiz about a hundred years ago where they made this particular sort of music. At that time romantic señoritos began to take an interest in the *cante flamenco*. The suggestion is that they haunted this café and the great singers of the *cante* haunted it too. The word *Flamenco* was not used until 1881 when a collection of them was printed. That is the most likely explanation I have heard so far as the origin of the word is concerned.

The Chairman: We must now bring the meeting to a close. Let us show Prof. Starkie how much we have appreciated his paper and the illustrations. (Prolonged applause.)