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accretes and results in something unintended by anyone. As Marx once pointed out, what is not settled in this study is an accounting of how decisions and actions, much of it from the past, create a tradition “of all dead generations” that can weigh “like a nightmare on the brains of the living.”

Marwell makes many enduring contributions to our understanding of individual and collective efficacy in the modern city. There is no doubt that CBOs have a significant and mostly positive role to play in increasing the opportunities for community residents to negotiate the often treacherous features of the urban landscape. Marwell does an effective job of explaining these possibilities in two Brooklyn communities. Her historical explanations are innovative and useful to organizers and activists in the urban fold. It falls short, however, of fully accounting for the forces that sweep through any community and that shape the personal and collective trajectories of its residents.

Spanish Harlem's Musical Legacy: 1930-1980

By Silvio H. Alava

Charleston, SC: Arcadia Publishing, 2007

128 pages; \$19.95 [paper]

REVIEWER: JOSÉ E. CRUZ, The State University of New York—University at Albany

To those who know and love the Afro-Caribbean musical contribution to United States culture, the images in Silvio H. Alava's book *Spanish Harlem's Musical Legacy, 1930-1980*, will be a delight. The majority of the photographs in this book capture exciting moments featuring immensely creative, innovative, and substantial musical characters. With some exceptions, the images portray figures that have played seminal roles in the development of American music. Many readers will experience the thrill of recognition and evocation. Some pictures will trigger memories of personal experiences and historical events in the minds of those who had the fortune of seeing these musicians perform live. I'm certain that followers of Tito Puente, Eddie Palmieri, Mongo Santamaría, and Ray Barretto are even likely to recall the music that was played at the time the pictures were taken.

The quality of the photos is uneven but the reader must remember that Alava was not a professional photographer. This book is not about the pictures anyway, but about the musicians it portrays. Pictures freeze a moment in time but in this book it is possible to see time passing as one looks at a photo of a young musician next to his image 20 or 30 years later. The fascinating thing about these juxtapositions is that they show no sign of diminished vitality by the subjects. Tito Puente, for example, looks as dynamic in 1959 doing *coro* next to Santitos Colón and Chickie Pérez as he does in 1985 playing the *timbales* next to Cachao. In another example, a young Johnny Pacheco can be seen using almost the exact same fingering on his flute as Eddie Zervigón is in a picture taken 20 years later. Two different flutists, two different moments in time, perhaps two different songs being played. In that particular moment they were either playing the same note, about to play the same note, or about to hit a different one after playing the same note. It is impossible to know for sure but the symmetry of the juxtaposition is gratifying and provocative.

The book is organized into four sections, each representing a different category. One key problem with the first section, “The Immortals,” is that it includes pictures of only four artists—Celia Cruz, Noro Morales, Benny Moré, and Arsenio Rodríguez.

In one picture Cruz is portrayed with Yolanda Montes, aka Tongolele, and in another she is next to the actor Andy García. Reading the captions one would think that Tongolele and García are the subjects of the photographs, which would put them, inappropriately, in the category of “immortals.” This problem could have been easily avoided by limiting the selection of Celia Cruz photos to those that clearly feature her as the main subject of the image. But in any event, it is odd that she is the headliner of the book. Not only is she featured first, but this is done with a photo from 1959 in a book whose starting point is supposed to be 1930. Alava’s collection includes pictures of Tito Puente, Machito, Mongo Santamaría, Willie Bobo, and Ray Barretto but none of these artists is featured in this first section. Are they not also “immortals”?

One would think that the second section, titled “The Big Three,” would feature only pictures of Machito, Tito Puente and Tito Rodríguez. Yet, a picture of, of all people, La Lupe is included. This photo is from 1975, which is long after the era of the Big Three at the Palladium was over. Presumably Alava included it because in the photo La Lupe was singing with Tito Puente, but we know this only from the caption, not from the image. There are seven pictures of Tito Puente but only one of Tito Rodríguez. The picture of Rodríguez, it turns out, is from a gig in California rather than at the Palladium and was not taken by Alava. Obviously, “The Big Three” would have been a misnomer for the section without a picture of Tito Rodríguez. But I find it discomfiting for Alava to claim authorship of the book while including pictures he did not take. Did he really not have one single picture of his own of Tito Rodríguez? The section has no photos of Machito with his orchestra. Instead, in two of the three pictures Alava included, Machito is surrounded by groupies. Is this a reflection of what was available to Alava or of an arbitrary selection process? Whatever the reason, the section is thin and disappointing.

The third and fourth sections, “The Successors” and “The Sidemen” respectively, are no less arbitrary. Barretto is included here along with El Gran Combo, Manny Oquendo, and even Mongo Santamaría. These are strange placements. Is Mongo Santamaría a successor to Celia Cruz? Who did Manny Oquendo succeed? Other than in a chronological sense, how is El Gran Combo a successor to Noro Morales? More importantly, how is this band a part of Spanish Harlem’s musical legacy? Here, Rubén Blades is put on the same level as Willie Bobo and obscure figures such as George Maysonet are equated to masters like Eddie Palmieri. Anyone reading the caption for Ray Barretto’s picture on page 29 will agree that he really belongs in the “immortals” section; the same can be said about others dubbed “successors” such as Charlie Palmieri and Santamaría.

The “Sidemen” section opens with a photo of Francisco Aguabella. For those who know little about him the categorization may feel right; beyond a relatively small circle of connoisseurs it is not well-known that Aquabella has several recordings under his belt as a leader. But then there are pictures in this section of Giovanni Hidalgo, Willie Bobo, José Fajardo, Luis “Perico” Ortíz, and Jimmy Sabater. Are these really sidemen? Bobo, Hidalgo, Ortíz and Sabater have been, but they are better known as leaders in their own right. Even when Sabater was with Joe Cuba, he was in many ways as prominent as Cuba himself. High profile band leaders and singers like Jerry González, Andy Montañez, and Ismael Miranda are reduced to this category. The category is problematic and in some cases it must have been difficult to decide who should be included because some musicians have played overlapping roles throughout their careers. But was it right in 2007 to categorize someone as Willie Rosario as a sideman?

The most significant incongruence in this section is the picture of dancers Augie and Margo Rodríguez on page 84 right above a photo of the great bass player Bobby Rodríguez talking to pianist Sonny Bravo. How do these pairs fit together?

To really enjoy this book the knowledgeable reader has to get past these deficiencies. The organizing principle of the volume seems to have been, “have pictures, will publish them.” Alava has given posterity a selection of exciting images, but they are poorly assembled. Aside from the problem with the categories and a lack of balance in the inclusion of pictures for each section, the images are grouped without any regard for periodization, context, or even chronology. Given the title of the book, it would have been appropriate to explain how the images reflect a legacy that is tied to a particular place. This explanation should have provided the reader with a sense of the role the featured musicians played in U.S. musical history. In his less-than-two-pages-long introduction, Alava does not even begin to scratch beneath the surface provided by the images. We are told that salsa has roots in the Caribbean, Africa and Spain. Beyond that, there is not much else by way of analysis or interpretation. Alava apologizes for not providing biographical profiles and for not being a musicologist. “[T]he Internet and Google can do a better [biographical] job than I. I am writing from the viewpoint of an aficionado who followed some of these pioneers around in clubs and concerts with my camera,” he writes on page 9. But he doesn’t observe his own disclaimer. Instead, sometimes he provides biographical information and/or musicological commentary and sometimes he does not.

In the absence of an essay, a chronological placement of the images would have been useful. Those who know the history of Latin music in the United States could have seen it unfolding before their eyes; those who do not, would have at least obtained a better sense of the historical flow of characters. Despite the period noted in the title, this book begins with images from the 1950s and it includes photos from as late as 2004. Dancers, singers, radio personalities, and groupies are mixed together within some categories and there are too many images of some artists and not enough of others. Some captions have errors of attribution or are confusing. On page 43, *tresero* Nelson González is confused with Charlie Rodríguez; if you don’t know who Giovanni Hidalgo is, from the caption on page 64 you may think he is Bill Summers; Yomo Toro is described as playing a *tres* on page 96 even though he is playing a Puerto Rican *cuatro*, and the picture on page 78 of Willie Bobo and John Palomo, which the caption says was taken at Torrance, California, is also on page 122, twice as large and noted as taken in Los Angeles. In my view, the most significant error in the book is the dating of the photo on page 103 of Orquesta Aragón playing at the Village Gate to 1979. Had Alava been right, the photo would have corrected two claims: that the Salsa Meets Jazz series was dormant during the 1970s and that it officially began in 1980. I have thoroughly researched this matter and there is no documentary evidence confirming Alava’s dating. The only reference to an Aragón performance at the Gate is dated July 1983 and can be found in Héctor Ulloque German’s book about the band (*Orquesta Aragón*. La Habana: Pablo de la Torre, Editorial, Unión de Periodistas de Cuba, 2004.) I asked pianist Sonny Bravo to look at Alava’s photo and this solved the dating mystery. In the photo, the first violinist from the left is Rafael Lay, Jr. If Alava’s photo had been taken in 1979, that should have been his father, Rafael Lay. But Lay, Sr. died in a car accident in 1982 so the photograph has to be from the 1983 gig mentioned in Ulloque German’s book.

The book ends with two pictures, taken in 2000, of the graves of Puerto Rican musicians Rafael Cortijo and Ismael Rivera. This is the crowning oddity of the book. Cortijo and Rivera were both island-born and their musical legacy is intimately tied to Puerto Rico's musical tradition. Yes, they had an impact on the music that developed in Spanish Harlem, but it is a stretch to suggest that they are part of Spanish Harlem's legacy. It is not only peculiar that they would be featured in this book, but also that the author would choose to use pictures of their graves. The symbolism may have been unintended but it is hard to ignore. Are we to believe that Spanish Harlem's legacy is at this point only documentary in nature? Is the cultural symbiosis of Afro-American and Afro-Caribbean traditions that took place in Spanish Harlem during the first half of the twentieth century over? I doubt Alava believed this. The images of Cortijo's and Rivera's tombstones are nevertheless jarring. At best, they reflect Alava's arbitrary selection criteria.

In sum, many of the pictures in this book are fantastic but its conceptualization is poor and its organization is a mess. Where the responsibility for this lies is beside the point. To the knowledgeable reader the flaws of the book will be annoying. Cultural outsiders, if they even bother to buy it, which is doubtful, will have a hard time understanding what this book is ultimately about. Ironically, the flaws of the book will mean nothing to them because they will have no frame of reference. Whether Yomo Toro is playing a tres, a cuatro, or whatever will be of no importance to someone who has never heard of Yomo Toro or a cuatro or a tres before. Hopefully, these readers will enjoy the images, learn something from the captions, and come away with a greater appreciation of the richness and diversity of American musical history. But, how many copies is this book likely to sell? Well, if you are reading this review I encourage you to buy it because, despite its flaws, it has tremendous documentary value. If you know about Puente, Bobo, and Machito only through their recordings you'll enjoy seeing them in action, as it were. Maybe you are old enough to have seen them live. If that's the case, this book is for you as well. Alava's contribution needs to be supported; the musicians he portrays must be remembered. This book is not the best of its kind but its value outweighs its imperfections.

His Panic: Why Americans Fear Hispanics in the U.S.

By Geraldo Rivera

New York: Celebra Books, 2007

272 pages; \$24.95 [cloth]

REVIEWER: HOWARD JORDAN, The City University of New York—Hostos Community College

On March 2008 in a packed art gallery room at Hostos Community College in the South Bronx, faculty, students, and administrators gathered to hear a presentation by one of the most recognized media personalities in America: Geraldo Rivera. Geraldo, an Emmy-award-winning journalist and a fixture on American television for four decades, chose Hostos, which has one of the highest enrollment of immigrants in the City University, to discuss his new book *His Panic: Why Americans Fear Hispanics in the U.S.*

The central thesis of Rivera's book is that at the heart of the immigration debate is a nativist prejudice against the growing number of United States-born and foreign-born Latinos.¹ He writes: "the contemporary debate over immigration is a surrogate for the deeper, more fundamental concern, the mostly unspoken but widely

Spanish Harlem's musical development thrived between the 1930s and 1980s in New York City. This area was called El Barrio by its inhabitants and Spanish Harlem by all others. It was a neighborhood where musicians from the Caribbean or their descen...^Â A native of Spanish Harlem, Silvio H. Alava lived and was a part of the musical legacy. From the legendary Palladium days of the 1940s and 1950s, which showcased the music of Machito and His Afro Cubans as well as the musical battles between the t More about Silvio H. Alava. Spanish Harlem's Musical Legacy. Embed. Spanish Harlem's musical development thrived between the 1930s and 1980s in New York City. This area was called El Barrio by its inhabitants and Spanish Harlem by all others. It was a neighborhood where musicians from the Caribbean or their descendants organized musical groups, thereby adding to the diaspora that began in Africa and Spain. The music now called salsa had it Spanish Harlem's musical development thrived between the 1930s and 1980s in New York City. This area was called El Barrio by its inhabitants and Spanish Harlem by all others. It was a neighborhood where musicians f