

LA MÚSICA DE LOS ESPEJOS (THE MUSIC OF MIRRORS)

Magic only happens when you want to believe what the other person wants to tell you. That's all there is to it.

Like any ceiling, a starlit sky blended in with the lights that flickered on and off all over the neighborhood. Stage props included pitchers, pomegranates, olive trees, rosemary bushes, yellow elder, lilac... all of them real. The seats were made of wood, as they should be. And lovers of our art form followed the lights that marked the dirt path. They arrived after nightfall.

The illusionists took their seats up on the stage. These great generous artists are good people who enjoy making us happy. A faint breeze carried the smell of freshly moistened soil and the scent of blooming yellow elder; that was the starting signal.

The memory of Ignacio Bolívar, Ramón Menéndez Pidal, Dámaso Alonso, Luis Lozano, Juan López Suárez, José Castillejo and Irene Claremont de Castillejo lingered around the little house. They didn't want to miss the show either.

There's something magical about this yearly gathering of flamenco artists and poets: life and literature, asphalt and earth, walls and nature, a night in Madrid and a night in an olive grove.

This year, El Olivo has given way to El Águila, in different corner of Madrid. And those who used to stop by the little house in Chamartín will come join the *duende* ("spirit") in its flight over the rooftops of Arganzuela.

Because *cante* and poetry have established a new dialogue. Magic does exist.