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Pacheco’s Art of Ybor City. By Ferdie Pacheco

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special dispensation to become a priest. And even if this was granted, Ward would have had to live a life of special penance. With this secret, combined with his aching feeling that his temperament was not suited to the priesthood, Ward faced a psychological and spiritual dilemma. His behavior became erratic, and a mental breakdown seemed imminent. Soon Ward was forced to admit that he had no vocation in the religious life. He was discharged from the college and released from his vows. Proceeding to Tampa and then to New Orleans, Ward continued a downward spiral, finally ending in a Catholic graveyard in Houston, Texas.

An interesting piece of historical detective work, this book will be of interest mainly to Frederick Delius enthusiasts and those curious about the early history of St. Leo College.

James M. Denham


This is the last book of a trilogy by Ferdie Pacheco which seeks to recapture the flavor of life in Tampa’s immigrant community. Like *Ybor City Chronicles*, and *The Columbia Restaurant Spanish Cookbook* (co-authored with Adela Hernandez Gonzmart), *Pacheco’s Art of Ybor City* blends history, autobiography and Ybor City lore in a collection of stories that convey the “sense of daily life” in Tampa’s Latin colony in the 1930s and 1940s, when the author was growing up there. In the previous books, Pacheco’s drawings complemented the stories, but here, the colorful images that constitute the hallmark of his people’s art take center-stage. The first portrait pays homage to one of the masters who most influenced Pacheco’s artistic development – Mexican muralist Diego Rivera.

After a brief history of the immigrant community and a brief autobiography of the author/artist, Pacheco introduces the reader to his memories of Ybor City by telling the stories behind the thirty-three paintings that make up the book. Some of the most evocative images depict the working environment that defined this multiethnic community where Cubans, Italians, and Spaniards lived and worked side by side. In the redbrick cigar factories that dotted the Ybor City landscape, hundreds of cigar workers produced the Clear Havana cigars that made Tampa famous. Seated at their tables, the cigar makers would hand roll the cigars, sipping the Cuban coffee served by the *cafetero* and listening to the commanding voice of the *lector*, who read to them daily as they worked. Other paintings provide a glimpse of the immigrant community’s social life – family picnics, trolley trips to the beaches in summer, dances at the clubhouses of the mutual aid societies, and heated debates at the local cafés about the topic of the day.

Community leaders are also represented in Pacheco’s paintings, ranging from the much-revered Victoriano Manteiga, founder of the newspaper *La Gaceta*, to the fondly remembered county commissioner (and later Mayor) Nick Nuccio. And there are less prominent, but perhaps more colorful, community characters like the *piruli* man who sold the cone-shaped candy to Ybor City children or the ever-present vendor of bolita numbers (the illegal lottery game). Pacheco also recreates some of the political events that affected the community in the tumultuous decade of the 1930s, notably the crooked municipal elections of 1935 and the
passionate demonstrations in support of the Spanish Republic during the Spanish Civil War. The latter he experienced closely, since his grandfather served as consul of the Spanish Republic in Tampa during most of the war. Relations between the different ethnic groups, the impact of World War II, and memories of life in a segregated South are also present in the book.

Pacheco’s family scenes, particularly his Nochebuena (Christmas Eve), illustrate the strength of Old World tradition even as they hint at its erosion and transformation as the immigrant community assimilated into American society. This process of Americanization usually manifested itself in the lives of the second generation. The food stands at the State Fair, Pacheco remembers, offered Latin children a taste of American cuisine – the hamburgers, hot dogs and Coca-Cola that were taboo in most Ybor City homes. As teenagers, they enjoyed the freedom of the car to meet with peers in favorite hangouts. Young Latins could attend dances in groups; without having to worry about chaperones. And although many of them still enjoyed the Sunday matinees at the Centro Espanol, they danced to the tunes of Glenn Miller, more than to those of Spanish pasodobles.

This is a nostalgic book, filled with Pacheco's memories of the “good of days.” Although, as he acknowledges, this is just one piece of the history of Ybor City, he has managed to capture in a few images an important part of the history of this immigrant community. Readers will find this book not only artistically delightful, but also instructive and entertaining. I hope it will encourage others to share their memories of Ybor City and contribute to the preservation of its rich history.

Ana Varela-Lago