

she was Dimitar Blagoev ship – and we're off. We arrived and the Arab met us, took our luggage, brought us to the hotel. Six people were killed!

(Was that the reason to give up?)

Out of fright. Let me die in Bulgaria. And why there?... The friends began: "Come and play" and I distinguished myself. Since there used to be *svirkars* from Petrich in the Ensemble.

(Who were they?)

Shein – the first musician. He's the best. I got there in '64. '62 he speared himself. He went to cut reed *piskas* for the *zurna*. Reed. Well, but cutting it becomes like such needles. He stepped on such a reed and could not go. The second *tapanci* the train went over him. Ebedin. He's also from Petrich. That's the band from Petrich. And they make a *moabet* (a party) – we're in want of a *zurnaci*. And took one from Gotse Delchev – Amet. Kara Amet's his name. He played for a couple of weeks and his wife said: "If you stay there I'll run home. You'll be in Blagoevgrad, and me stay alone here? You an actor, that's no deal. Here, next to me, close to me" So, the guy left.

And once with me, Petar Manov was here at the Culture House. Petar Manov used to give all the orders. And they sent from the headquarters: a *zurnaci* to be found, we've heard of a Mancho. Well, while I was sleeping my *kismet* took its chance. Has stepped here (showing his shoulder – n.a.). You, give a brandy! They used to say, the bird (of luck) gets only once. I'm sleeping and about eight comes the cleaning woman from the *chitalishte*. Mancho, Mancho. You, fetch a brandy bottle from there! Put three kilos! And gets me the cleaning wife: "Mancho, Mancho", I'm getting up. "What's on?" Bay Petar Manov's callin you! To come at half past eight to the *chitalishte*. In the Town Council. I go. Mancho, the way you're handsome, go to dress up in a white shirt, a suit and run for an audition in Blagoevgrad! Go to an audition, your *kismet*'s playing. Mancho takes the *zurna*, the *piska* and departs. Kokareshkov, God save his soul. Sandre Kokareshkov: "Come!" And pressed the piano. Find that scale. Made this for me "a pear" is called. And after him I did it. "You're exact! Get downstairs immediately!" A rehearsal was going on, where's the Blagoevgrad theater, in the basement. Where the monument is. Well, but I'm taking an accordionist. I'm saying: "Hold on to make this scale". They're saying: "He's a fakir". Stefanov says: Your room is at the old auto terminal, you know where, don't you. Here's your room, take your luggage and sit here. You're ready!"

They had a row with Philip Kutev. That's the most interesting. As the *tapanci* got ill. And they're saying: "Mancho, we're aware you know to beat as well". I say "Yes!" I take the *tapan* we're in the Universiada hall. I take the *tapan* and go all around the stage scouted. And this way above the head (he makes the movement of going around the head with the *tokmak*) and I did like that with the *tapanarka*... A manner. And I knocked on the floor and again that way and pa-bum! They'd sitten in the first row. And said Philip Kutev: "Give him to me! You, give me this one! I'll give him a flat in Sofia". Stefanov this way: "This one I'm not selling him!"

That one is like that, he says while're in Tunis and Iraq, he wasn't given food. They'd taken him for one of theirs. I'm a bit yellow. The physiognomy the same. Every second with a mustache. Well, we got in queue to get food. And Argirov (the folk singer – n.a.) is in front of me and Ancheto. You know who's Anche, the dancer, Itso's, the painter's from Blagoevgrad. That's a brother of Veska Barakova. Veska Barakova (a researcher) in history, partisan movement. Now it's us me, Argirov and Ancheto. The three