

FLAMENCO

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SUZANNE HAUSER TOURS WITH GYPSIES

Michael Hauser

Flamenco dancer Suzanne Hauser left Minneapolis, Minnesota early this spring for Spain for which was to be a short stay of only six weeks duration. Instead, she was seen dancing in the Amor de Dios studios in Madrid by *Ciro* and the gypsy dancer, *La Singla*. *La Singla* then asked Suzanne to join her company for a tour of the *Costa Brava* (the northeastern coast of Spain). It was a difficult decision, for it meant leaving her daughter, *Bridget*, and her guitarist-husband, *Michael*, at home in Minneapolis until her return in mid-September. However, everyone decided this would certainly be an invaluable experience, so the decision was made.

All reports from Spain to the homefront certainly indicate that Suzanne is indeed having the flamenco experience of a lifetime. Not only does she feel her dancing to be much improved, but her Spanish as well. In fact her last letter home mentioned that she had not spoken a word of English in a month.

The company is a small one, comprised, with the exception of *Pepa Coral* (dancer and sister of *Matilde Coral* of *Sevilla*) and *Suzanne*, of flamenco gitanos. *La Singla* is the featured dancer. Flamenco aficionados would remember her from the movie "*Los Tarantos*" as the young gypsy girl whose lover belonged to the enemy gitano family. There is a male dancer, *Isidro*, who along with *Pepa Coral* do whatever choreography is used. Then there are two singers in the troupe. One of these is *Andorrano* from *Morón* (see article by *Susana Keyser* in this issue). The guitarists are the renowned



MICHAEL & SUZANNE HAUSER

(see page 17 for biographies)

Juan Maya "Marote" and his seventeen year old son, who seems to be closely following in his father's footsteps.

Suzanne's adventure with her new job began with three weeks of intensive rehearsals, four to five hours each day, with perhaps no more than a five or ten minute break. Suzanne has commented on the high level of energy that these gypsy performers constantly put forth and demand from the members of the troupe. Even in working out the simplest rumba, La Singla danced alongside Suzanne until every step and movement was perfect, and until both could move no more. At night, Suzanne could hardly raise her arms to write letters home; the force of having done palmas so hard and for so long a duration having worn out her arm muscles. But as time wore on, the rehearsals seemed to come together, and everything fell into place. Suzanne is performing such flamenco "bailes" as Bulerías, Rumba, Caracoles, Zorongo Gitano, Cafe de Chinitas with the other members, and as solo dances she is performing Alegrías and Taranto, a baile which seems to be gaining in popularity among flamenco people recently.

Finally they left Madrid for Barcelona, where they continued their rehearsals, and prepared for their first show. Once they began their tour, they moved to the tiny village of Banolas, up in the Pyrenees Mountains of Catalonia, between Barcelona and the French border. From this point they are departing each day to do a show in a different town. Some towns they visit are as far away as Tarragona, four or five hours by car to the south of Barcelona. Most of the performances are in night clubs and resorts catering to European tourists. Suzanne reports, oddly enough, that the Catalonians who prefer to speak their own language, rather than Spanish, and have been attempting to separate from Spain for years, have a strong dislike for Spaniards. This is to say nothing about the gypsies and flamenco, much less an American girl of Italian and American Indian descent in the midst of this little band of hot-blooded performers from sunny Andalucia. As she walks the streets of the tiny village of Banolas, Suzanne draws suspicious stares from the local women. Many people are friendly to her, however, and she has grown to like the town, nestled away in the Pyrenees. Apparently, her hotel room overlooks a beautiful lake, with the mountains behind. The abundance of rainfall makes this a very lush area causing Suzanne to be homesick for the green Minnesota summer (her husband Michael assures her

that she is better off where she is). Unfortunately, Suzanne has not had much time to enjoy her surroundings, for the company of La Singla performs six nights a week, and much of the average day is taken up by rehearsals and driving from Banolas to whichever town they will perform in that evening. There are a total of between 80 and 100 performances. This amount of intensive time with the same people, day in and day out, has its drawbacks of course. Suzanne, not being gitana, is usually not involved. However, there is a certain amount of wrangling that goes on between the others, as would be expected in any such situation. It is at those points, when the Spanish language clicks into high gear, that Suzanne's comprehension begins to fail. Nevertheless, they seem to be one happy family, taking cooking turns, etc. Once every couple of weeks, Suzanne prepares her special spaghetti from an old family recipe. The only problem she encounters is getting just the right ingredients, most of which are not commonplace in Catalonia.

Suzanne reports that some of the club owners can be difficult, and, if it is any comfort to the flamenco guitarists reading this account, Juan Maya has his problems also. Playing guitar in Spain is quite a different matter from in this country. A guitarist very seldom plays a solo, certainly rarely more than one. One of the clubs on their circuit will let "Marote" play a solo only if it is "Recuerdos de la Alhambra" --not his famous toque por bulería.

Recently the troupe celebrated the fiesta day of St. Juan (Juan Maya's Patron Saint), and also son Pepe's birthday. "Marote" cooked his best paella and they celebrated gitano style in Juan's apartment till dawn, with both father and son playing guitar and the others singing, dancing, and doing palmas. Suzanne has said that this constant performing, both formally and informally, helps solidify her compas and strengthen her palmas. Suzanne will have many stories to tell of the great Carmen Amaya, for these also flow as freely as the wine at the gitano gatherings after the show.

One of Suzanne's more memorable experiences, or rather one that she would just as soon forget, happened when they all decided to go to a show in Barcelona. The star of the show was a famous female impersonator, "La Princesa Gitana," and a good friend of Pepa's. His specialty is his impression of the popular singer, Lola Flores (the Judy Garland of Spain). After the show, they all met up with some other entertainers of

the name of the hostess be mentioned in the article?

Marilyn Bishop
Escondido, California

Editor's comment: Thank you for the kind comments concerning Jaleo. The omission of the hostess' name is due to two factors. First, we don't have control over how a writer chooses to do the juerga report. Second, due to the very rushed process of getting out each Jaleo, many credits have been overlooked; we hope to do better in the future. Meanwhile, here are some of the people who deserve mention:

-- Many of the juerga photos in the July issue were taken by John MacDonald; the rest were taken by Jesús Soriano, who did all of the processing.

-- The drawing of Sabicas on the July front page was done by Pilar Coates, a member of Jaleo staff.

-- The photograph of Joselero in the August issue is by Ángel de Morón.

-- The hostess for the June juerga was Marilyn Bishop.

Dear Jaleo,

RE: Jaleistas & Jaleo Survive a Year, July, 78.

Blasphemy!!! Take the author of this article and hang him by the thumbs!

"Stan Schutze, a person with no real interest in flamenco . . ."

My boiling brain waves can surely be felt in San Diego!

+@**!:#&@

Stan Schutze
Tehran, Iran

Editor's comment: Now, now, Stan - there may be children reading. Glad to see you are learning to write in Arabic!

PUNTO DE VISTA

About Camaron De La Isla...

By Rodrigo De San Diego

(Part of a letter from Rodrigo de San Diego, a guitarist who lives and works in the Málaga area of Spain. See article on page 17)

...The man who's responsible for the new wave in flamenco is Camarón de la Isla. He's changed the singing -- all singing, including the Grecas and other modern singers. And he has changed the guitar because he's responsible for Paco's playing -- everything but the technique of course. When Camarón changed his singing, Paco changed his guitar aire to what it is now. He's also changed the dance because one dances to the verse or letra. But here's the interesting part; who's responsible for Camarón?

Well, there is a gypsy family that lives in La Linea (Cádiz), very close to Algeciras. They are cousins of "Los Habichuela" from Granada. One of them, a man named Joaquín "El Canastero", around 40 or 45 years of age, developed the Moorish and melodic style of singing which Camarón has cleaned up and improved by having lived in Ceuta, Melilla, and Tangiers (Spanish cities in Morocco) for years. Also, a man called "El Rubio de La Linea" (a gypsy) also developed this style.

Joaquín "El Canastero" is basically a letra writer, and the last news I heard about him was that he was in Paris selling material, clothes, etc., and was thrown out of his hotel for having run the faucet all night in his room (being high on hashish) because it inspired him to write some verses. Camarón has given little or no credit to him, which infuriates the family. I worked in a small club in Fuengirola for 3 months with Joaquín's son (a Jehovah's Witness like his father) and you sure can tell Camarón's influence. Very interesting experience! I played tangos and rumbas for three months; now I am satisfied to play solos at my own pace. Among the aficionados who are young and not professional, flamenco has few singers. Camarón is easy and a cheap, pretty way to sing, but it is not powerful flamenco singing, which is what affected me when I was 14-15 years old -- and it never will!

El Oído is written by Deanna. If you have news of club members for this column, call Deanna at 277-6141 or drop a card to her care of Jaleo.

WELCOME TO JALEISTAS - NEW MEMBERS

San Diego: Lee & Helen Pierce, Brad Blanchard, Jesus Benayas, Raul, Charo, Susan & Michelle Botello, Benito Garrido, Michelle Martin Devigne, Manuel Ramirez, Ruth Cigledy, Armando Lopez, Jesus Benayas; Sunnyvale, Ca: Mariano Cordoba; San Francisco: Irving Shore, Carla Cruz, Aurora Saucedo, Jose Ramon, J. Benetti; Jose Serrano (Ariz.), Allen & Penelope Yonge (Wash.), Doris Dieu (Illinois), Joe Fischer (Mo.), Barbara Bartosz; Linda Small (New York).

Diego del Gastor:

Flamenco Stories

by *Carol Whitney*

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(From the Editor)

For those who are unfamiliar with the "Morón phenomenon," a word of explanation, since two articles in this issue deal with flamenco in that area and assume that the reader knows something about it.

Morón de la Frontera is a town in the Seville area. In the early 1960s it was made known to American flamencos through Donn Pohren's book "The Art of Flamenco," in which he extolled the virtues of its resident, non-commercial flamencos. In Morón, flamenco was a way of life for a number of flamenco artists of very high caliber who did not perform in commercial surroundings (tablaos and concerts) nor make recordings, but lived by either working at other trades or from what they could earn in private juergas; these included Juan Talegas, the great singer of soleares and seguiriyas, Manolito de la María, and the guitarist Diego del Gastor (all of these people are now dead). Visitors to juergas in Morón often included people of the caliber of the Mairenas and Fernanda and Bernarda de Utrera.

With the appearance of the Pohren book began the pilgrimage of Americans to Morón, mostly guitarists to study with the great Diego del Gastor, whose unique style of playing has become known as the "Morón style". Later, Pohren opened a ranch in Morón where foreigners could come to experience and learn real flamenco. So the Americans came and went by the dozens, many of them taking home miles of tape recordings of the juergas and Diego's playing. Diego became somewhat of a "God" to many guitarists.

Now the "Morón happening" has pretty much died out with the passing of the old masters, although the younger generation is carrying on, somewhat, the tradition of Morón, but it's not quite the same; Paco del Gastor plays rumbas for the commercial star, Bambino, Dieguito el del Gastor is making commercial recordings, and Agustín Ríos Amaya (de Morón) spends much of his time in San Francisco Calif.



DIEGO DEL GASTOR (photo by G. Tsuge)

For more information on this subject one can consult Donn Pohren's The Arte of Flamenco and Lives and Legends of Flamenco, and await his forthcoming book that will chronicle the whole event.

* * * * *

Part I

Paco Sevilla recently wrote asking questions about Diego del Gastor. He said he had never met him, but had heard a great deal about him. The questions set me thinking, and after a while, I realized that Paco was asking not only about Diego, but also about how aficionados understand stories that are told about flamenco and flamenco artists, how much truth there may be in such stories, and what effects they have.

Like many people, I liked Diego. I listened to him play and sing, chatted with him, and took some lessons with him. For most of the year before his death I lived across the hall from him, watching his health deteriorate. I left Morón about a month before he died.

Because Paco's questions are provocative and have profound implications, I have taken time to answer them seriously. My

answers are only partial. Other aficionados may have known Diego, and might fill in gaps. Still others, even if they didn't know Diego, might have interesting and useful observations on the subjects I bring up here. I hope some of *Jaleo's* readers will respond with their own views; I'll look forward to reading them.

Paco's first question is "Was Diego really a genius, as people so often report?"

He certainly had a predilection and talent for flamenco. His parents knew the cante well, and he grew up hearing it. He sang occasionally himself, sometimes to illustrate a point, and sometimes for fun, especially when he'd had quite a bit to drink. Many people must have watched him at one time or another as he sweated in the heat of a closed-in juerga, his face reddening slightly from alcohol. When his thinning hair, going from gray to white, started curling up at the sides over his ears, you could be sure he was going to let go with something flamenco. This is not a poetic or idle observation; others can confirm it.

Often he would start by knocking compás on the table. He'd get himself set, and then sing, usually a soleá or siguiriya, occasionally rather relaxed, at a low pitch, but more often in the middle or higher range of his voice, so that it strained and cracked.

Diego's singing always appealed strongly to me, and sometimes I couldn't resist telling him how much I enjoyed it, even though something about his bearing indicated he didn't want compliments because he felt his singing couldn't compete with that of today's professionals. (On the other hand he obviously liked compliments on his playing. Sometimes he would even ask aficionados relatively new to flamenco, and therefore relatively ignorant, whether he hadn't indeed played well that night.) The qualities of Diego's cante which moved me were his *corto* ("short," that is, without extended elaboration) and *acompañado* (measured, fitting the flamenco measure or compás) phrasing, the vocal qualities I've mentioned, and his complete immersion in his singing effort. This combination carried a real emotional wallop.

His toque had a lot of the mathematical in it, which isn't surprising if you look at the mathematical nature of flamenco's structures. He had a fine

sense of modal structure (melodic pattern, the essential element of all melody) too. The stories about his excellent knowledge of compás are true, and, like many modern guitarists, he liked to juggle phrase structure against it, whether in melody or rasgueo. Unlike them, his juxtapositions had a particularly lucid quality for any listener comfortable with the compás; even if that listener did not understand right away exactly how the phrase or stress was displaced, the thematic quality was easily recognizable, and he could discover the method later.

Diego was a willing accompanist when he felt comfortable with the singer and liked his cante. But I have seen him overwhelm singers on purpose; it was thus that I learned with unbecoming glee what a dictator a good guitarist can be. I remember once when a young Spanish couple visited the Finca Espartero, Donn Pohren's flamenco ranch, and the wife presumed to sing during the night's juerga. Her singing voice was halfway between a scream and a screech, her phrasing sounded like a Slinky descending a staircase, and her contortions resembled those of a well-trained robot, but Diego accompanied her politely.

The husband began to tell all kinds of stories about flamenco, as if he were a great authority, and even to new aficionados his remarks must have rung falsely. He was so verbose that everyone got irritated, and a pall fell over the juerga. The wife sang again later, but Diego so confused her with his accompaniment that she couldn't go on. She had no idea of what had gone wrong. For me, Diego's dictatorship was a fascinating lesson, as well as a relief to the ears.

Diego accompanied best of all when he knew the singer's style really well. Naturally he played often for Joselero, his brother-in-law, and I also heard him play a number of times for Manolito él de la María and La Fernanda de Utrera. (Top-notch singers who are extremely flexible can sing with any good guitarist who accompanies willingly and attentively, even if singer and accompanist are new to each other, but when the artists are familiar with each other's styles, the union is likely to be especially great.)

Of these three singers, Joselero's phrasing is the most eccentric. Manolito and Fernanda, no matter how they prolonged their melodic lines, kept critical phrase points coinciding neatly with the guitar

compás. Joselero's cante required looser phrasing from his accompanist, and Diego provided it. (Transcriptions 1 and 2 in my article in *Guitar Review* No. 41 compare two versions of the same copla, sung by Joselero and accompanied by Diego; they illustrate this looseness.)

None of the above factors qualified Diego to "be a genius," but anyone who has heard him much and knows flamenco must agree he was a good artist. Rasgueo, pulgar and picado were the mainstays of his toque, which sounded simple to anyone listening only casually.

For all good artists, technique, no matter how well-developed, is subordinate to style; this was true for Diego. And like all good artists, Diego had a distinct way of playing, a *propio sello*. His technique was sufficient for his particular artistic statement, and his artistic statement was powerful enough to command attention, respect, and tremendous admiration from both Spaniards and foreigners. Pohren reports that Diego didn't practice regularly, but he certainly did so diligently at various periods during his life, for no guitarist can achieve what he did without much practice.

Diego's falsetas showed great creativity --but because I don't have encyclopedic knowledge of Spain's flamenco guitar falsetas since classical techniques were adopted into the toque, I can't say how much of it was his alone, and how much derived from other sources. A friend of mine in Granada once played me an old tape of Luis Molina accompanying Pastora Pavón por bulería, and he pointed out a falseta commonly attributed to Diego. Molina's version has a melodic pattern very similar to Diego's, and the whole falseta is noticeably unusual. Diego played it with a different rhythmic construction from Molina's, and extended it as well. I heard him improvise on it many times. In fact, you could never predict exactly how Diego would play any falseta, no matter what its source--but then, any accomplished guitarist who spends most of his playing time improvising will have the same unpredictability about his playing.

My friend's idea was to show that material attributed to Diego was not necessarily his originally--but who is to say when the recording was made? And who made the attributions, and for what reasons? I had no way of knowing the answers. Sometimes, maybe, artists and aficionados overstate things.

I found Diego, as reported, creative in an original sense. Flamenco, after all, follows certain rhythmic and modal structures; its framework is an ideal base for improvisation. Today's toque, like yesterday's, is based on what went before, and Diego's was of course based on toque he had heard. But his interpretations, extensions, tags, or entire falsetas, as well as his rasgueo, had a unity of character that made them his own. This unity is what people call *propio sello*.

If any of you are excellent teachers, or have studied with one or more, you are aware that such a teacher is extremely enthusiastic both about his subject and his students, and also that this enthusiasm cannot be faked, because even the least experienced student will see through it. Diego had true enthusiasm about the cante and toque, and this fact contributed to the label "genius."

If you are a genius in flamenco, one of the most obvious requirements is that you have duende. That word is so over-worked and abused that I don't believe in it. On the other hand, if we can forget the word itself, we can find some power in the great performances or substances of any art that so grips the receiver or observer that he becomes totally transformed, at least temporarily. As an outsider, I cannot tell you if Diego had a full extent of that power or not. I have been enthralled listening to him, and I know that others have been as well. All I can tell you is that the Gypsy--or at least, Spanish--flamencos will have to answer the question of whether Diego was a genius or not. It is their prerogative; standards of genius in flamenco are theirs. If you have heard Diego's toque, if you have heard him sing, if you love his music, you may decide for yourself if Diego was a genius for you. If so, then he has given you something special that you will never lose.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carol Whitney holds a PhD in ethnomusicology with a specialty in flamenco from Wesleyan University in Connecticut. She studied guitar in San Diego and in Morón de la Frontera, most recently, on a Fulbright-Hays travel and study grant. She now lives in British Columbia, where she is a teacher and writer. Her hobbies are walking with her dogs, and armchair celestial navigation.

Dance Experiences in Spain

by *Suzanne Keyser*

PART II - MORÓN DE LA FRONTERA

We finally got to Morón, entering through the cement factory road, and immediately on arrival taking a room in the only pension (boardinghouse) in town, the Fonda Pascual. We take the room in the old part; a new part has been added since Chuck was here last; the fonda is aspiring to be a Holiday Inn. There is no water in the shower, but the landlady tells us not fret, that there will probably be some tomorrow between 9 and 11 A.M. when the city turns on the power again. Apparently there is always a shortage this time of year. So we try to improve the state of our ripe, traveled bodies as best we can, using water from the drinking jug.

That afternoon, Chuck takes me up the cobblestoned hill to the plaza next to the old church, to Bar Pepe, the flamenco heart of town. As we climb the three steps into the bar, we immediately encounter Donn Pohren, with Ansoninni on one side sporting his silk ascot, and Joselero (see July *Jaleo* for article on Joselero) in his Sunday best on the other. They're recuperating from last night's fiesta over a quiet "menta" beside the pinball machine. Both gypsies are men in their sixties; both famous as flamencos -- Joselero is a singer, and Ansoninni is a dancer. Ansonini is from Lebrija, one of the small towns in the area. The creme de menthe is for Ansoninni's throat, as too many cigarettes and late nights have irritated his throat beyond the repairing capacities of Veterano cognac. Pohren, the faithful aficionado (author of the book *Art of Flamenco*) is encouraging them that, although there is one last fiesta tonight, the Feria week (which we missed, dammit) is over, and they can rest tomorrow (as if either of them really wanted to!).

After a moment's hesitation, Pohren recognizes Chuck (it had been five years), and a moment later so did Joselero and even Ansoninni, with whom Chuck had had little contact. Introductions all around for Susana, and a round of menta, fino, or veterano. We all part company after a little while, only to return that evening.

Up the hill again, Chuck's anticipation is almost unbearable - "Will my old friends

be there - will they remember me - what will the reception be - etc." The bar is buzzing with action, as is usual this time of night. A few villagers are recognized, and, as we are trying to relax with a glass of fino, Pepe, the bar owner calls out to someone on the step. In comes a young, lean gitano, with thick unruly hair, a white suit, frilly shirt, and a sparkle in his eye. The moment he lays eyes on Chuck, it's like Christmas morning, New Year's Eve, and his 21st birthday all rolled into one. The return of the prodigal brother. Abrazos (hugs) from Agustín, mutual pats on the back, and peals of laughter from both men. A moment of silence while Agustín takes a step back to take in "Carlos" at one glance, and Carlos strikes the gypsy flamenco pose of holding coat tails front and back, as if dancing por bulerias. "Olé! Carlos! Arza!"

Rounds of fino for Carlos and his mujer (me). The evening progresses and in comes Gonzalo. The same extraordinary welcome, only Gonzalo leaves after a few moments to fetch his wife, La Chica. She is moved to tears at seeing Carlos again, and they go on to talk about how their family has grown to seven children since last time, etc....

Agustín arranges for us to come to the fiesta, which has been organized for tonight by the small group of American aficionados left over in Morón since the end of the feria. (The feria is a week to ten days of constant celebrating and merrymaking, with contests and exhibitions - much like our own country fairs, only with flamencos and flamenco music taking a predominant role). These fiestas are a difficult diplomatic feat to put together because of the volatile temperments of everyone involved - artists, aficionados, and extranjeros; those who pay, and those who are just guests. The bar is slowly emptied, and I am rounded up to carry a couple of chairs down the street to an inside patio, where the fiesta will take place. This is my first night in Morón, and my first fiesta! I'm like a novice on her first night in Rome, being invited to a private religious ceremony with a few of the archbishops.

There is an unspoken ritual involving fiestas; and it was only later that I discovered that it had actually started a couple of hours ago, when some of the aficionados like ourselves, and some of the artists like Agustín and Joselero met to establish a pre-fiesta rapport between each other.

Slowly people start drifting into the patio, which is lit only by the light coming in through the windows from the house sur-

rounding it. It's a warm evening, and the night flowers have a strong fragrance. Agustín is the guitarist of the evening, with Joselero the main singer, and Ansoninni still nursing his throat with his scarf wrapped around his neck. Also present are friends of the artists, relatives, and aficionados, sitting and standing around, exchanging pleasantries. An occasional burst of palmas and jaleo break out - Agustín tunes his guitar, plays a couple of chords, sets it down, and tastes a tapa that his mujer (woman) Tana (an American from San Francisco) has just brought in on a big tray. A verse to rumba is heard over the voices, and pretty soon everyone begins to feel the warmth of the wine. Agustín begins strumming por bulería, and the palmas beat more regularly; timidly at first, and then stronger, as more aficionados join in. The sound of the palmas sordas becomes strong, and Agustín plays with more gusto, with his typical Morón style inherited from Diego del Gastor; strong thumb technique and rasgueado, interspersed with whimsical, imaginative improvised and/or remembered falsetas. All through, the most important compás, the driving rhythm. I had heard Chuck try to explain compás to me and his students often enough, but I understood it for the first time that night. The guitar is leaning on the steady, yet highly syncopated beat of the palmas, to take off into improvisation and always returning and underlining the rhythm with chording between the falsetas, encouraging and reinforcing the palmeros to feel the rhythm even more. The various participants support and build on each other, and the jaleo becomes more animated with each falseta.

Joselero tests his voice in a "temple" (the "Ayyy" introduction to the cante), and Agustín flows with the ambiente to accompany whatever will come to the old man. The rhythm is still strong, although the palmas quiet down to hear the singer. The frail old man sings a copla (verse) to bulerías...Olé! And another...Olé! Agustín throws in a particularly humorous falseta remembered from Diego...Arza! Eso es! Joselero finishes with yet another verse, and sits down smiling contently to acclamation from all. Agustín continues keeping the rhythm alive. Ansoninni, sore throat and all, gets up, snapping his fingers in rhythm, raising arms outward. One foot points out front and back, and then the other.

"Arza, Tío! Vamos, 'soninni!" With his head held high and a cocky smile, Ansoninni begins to dance por bulerías. His old body

straight and strong, he is a powerful man - proud, as a gitano who knows and is confident of knowing, he dances now with a roguish smile on his face, his half closed eyes open up in a slit with the rise of one eyebrow, his feet continue on with the same simple step; his arms in a slow circular movement alternate up across his face and out to the sides, above his shoulders. He faces Carlos and me - "Olé! Así se baila!" He stops for just a moment, still in compás, his body sideways. His eyes meet mine just before the desplante (traditional rhythmic signal used as a break in the dance); making sure that everyone knows he is dancing to the extranjera. In a quick change of pace he calls the guitarist to the desplante. Completely in command, and with his tongue-in-cheek superiority he executes one of his own puns in the last four counts. He used to execute a rather difficult turn in his younger days at this point, but now he gets away with an explanatory movement, with a flick of his wrist, and half spins toward the back in the haughty attitude of a young caballero having just accomplished a breath-taking feat to impress a young lady, to the delight of everyone, who had wondered how he would carry through successfully what he had so brazenly begun.

A few more chording compases from Agustín, and Ansoninni tries a verse, but his voice breaks, and he calls on his faithful scarf for support, and ends with a cachondeo por pañuelo (joking around with his scarf). Everyone is having a good time, and everyone is bound more and more together by the rhythm. Joselero isn't about to let his old friend outdo him, and he too gets into the action with a desplante.

And on and on, the evening progresses. Later, when the old men are taking a break around the tapas, and Agustín is introducing me to his parents, who had arrived during the dancing, Juan del Gastor, a cousin of Agustín's, picks up the guitar and starts in por rumba. He plays, sings, and dances all at once, with a gracia all his own, and that only a gitano from Andalucía can ever hope to possess. But the compás soon reverts to the beloved bulerías again, and Juan hands the guitar to Chuck for accompaniment, so he can dance unhampered.

Later, Agustín and Joselero return from "despedir" (seeing off) their friends and parents for the night, Joselero falls into the mood of the more jondo (serious, deep) rhythms. There are only a few people left now, and this feels like the turning point in the fiesta where the ambiente could become very serious. Somehow, however, the

night is just too serious, and everyone too content for any exploration of the desolate, tragic "ducas negras" of the cante jondo. The night ends a couple of hours later after a session of excellent music of great artistic value, although not as emotionally powerful as one suspects might have happened if the wine had settled just a bit differently.

The next morning there is a post-fiesta huddle with the foreign aficionados over coffee and tostadas on the sidewalk cafe of Bar Miguel. The sun is inexorable - like the sky so blue, the girls so pretty in their Sunday cottons, that the conversation soon drifts to more frivolous subjects, and our first whole day in Moron is already leading into afternoon siesta.

I'd like to take a few paragraphs to explain about Morón de la Frontera and the reason that you'll never find it listed in the Guide Michelin. It is a typical small town, with all the characteristics of hundreds of other small towns in Andalucía, with one exception - the rich heritage of the extraordinary music and personality of Diego del Gastor, who passed away several years ago (and with whom Chuck had the opportunity to study). It is very colorful and attractive visually, and could keep an amateur photographer entertained for perhaps a day and a night. But unless you are a dyed-in-the-wool flamenco aficionado, you would do much better to spend your vacation time at the coast resorts. At least there, there is running water, and at night the Spanish-dubbed movie version of "Gone With The Wind" isn't so bad if you've spent the whole day at the beach.

No wonder the gitanos developed flamenco to such an intricate and complex art. They had to do something in those bars at night before the advent of television. Now television has invaded all the bars, and the noise of "fútbol" (soccer) competes with that of the pinball machines everywhere, except in Bar Pepe. It is there, but it is shut off whenever a guitarist starts strumming, and knuckles start beating the compás out on the bar top. Juan Cala interrupts his game of dominoes to do a little gitano two step por bulerías, the local carpenter puts down his cerveza (beer) and sings a copla...Ole!

That kind of scene is likely to break out at any time of night or day at Bar Pepe. Why there? It is the traditional flamenco hangout in Morón. Agustín lives right next door with his family, and across the hallway Gonzalo and La Chica in Diego del Gastor's old apartment. A block away lives Paco del

Gastor, another of Diego's, and considered by everyone to be the best guitarist of all. Paco's brother, Juan, is also deeply involved in the art (as we say in the fiesta), and plays guitar, sings, dances, and writes poetry. They all live within earshot of Bar Pepe and, although there is a rivalry between the Ríos, Del Gastor, and Torres branches of family, all guitarists are nephews of the great Diego. They occasionally may not be on speaking terms, but they all respect each other and listen to each other play (and, naturally, trade material back and forth). Bar Pepe is where most of the action occurs outside of fiestas.

During our first week in Morón, Agustín found us an apartment around the corner from Bar Pepe, on the calle Diego Del Gastor (yes the city council even named a street after him, and constructed a statue in the city park). Needless to say, we were much happier there, then at the Fonda. Many times we went to bed, thinking everyone so engrossed in the late movie that the day was over, and unexpectedly hear voices doing jaleo in compas, and someone break into the cante.

We'd tear out of our places many times, not wanting to miss a second of what was happening. Lots of times it would die down as quickly as it had started, but other times we'd arrive just as one of the local poets was warming up to a spirit-of-the-moment recitation, or Agustín, tired of practicing in his house, had come down for a fino, and for a break, started playing for his friends.

Although the living conditions were primitive (to say the least), we felt so excited by our constant close contact with the art for the whole time we were there, that we survived on flamenco alone. The art surrounded us. When it wasn't happening live, someone was always playing a tape they had brought back from a fiesta, or some housewife had her transistor radio turned on on her way to the market, and we'd hear Antonio Mairena singing Soleares de Alcalá at 10 A.M. in the morning. It is difficult to describe the sensation of being around so much live afición and art, after years of living in a vacuum, where the only flamenco is your own or your well worn records.

La Chica and Gonzalo had us over to their house for lunch soon after we arrived, as relatives receiving a brother and his new wife. After the first bottle of wine was finished, and the kids quieted, Gonzalo asked Chuck to play for them. At first they listened a bit stiffly, but as they began to

recognize more and more Diego falsetas, and feeling the compas from Chuck's guitar in the very same Morón style the love and with which they are familiar, Chica's fingers started tapping the table top quietly, Gonzalo's foot started moving in rhythm, and the next thing we knew it was happening again. Almost against their will, Gonzalo and La Chica were so moved by Carlo's playing; even after all those years (seven), he had known enough to carry the style and compás inside, and came back playing far better than when he had left. We threw away the empty wine bottle, and opened the bottle of gin we had brought. Then Chica sang, her little girl danced por soleares, her son por farruca; they asked me to get up and dance, and that's when we first mentioned how we had come here, thanks to a grant from Canada, and what we were hoping to find.

Without a moment's hesitation, Gonzalo took over and reassured us in his unique (very decisive) manner that we were not to worry; he would take care of everything - find dancers for me, etc. - and that we would have a fiesta that we would not soon forget. And, did we ever!

I spoke earlier about the ritual that precedes and is part of a fiesta. Well, in this case, it was literally a campaign set up by Gonzalo to recruit artistic members of Chica's family (Chica is also a niece of Diego's). There was a high council family meeting to discuss the best ways, people, place, and time for the event to take place. For over a week, Gonzalo could be seen wearing his serious entrepreneur attitude in whispered conversations in the back of the bar, on the church steps, or in the marketplace. More and more, people unknown to me would bid me a "Buen día" on the street, as if they knew me and were letting me know that they too, were conniving with us.

We were called to an organizational meeting one day, at Gonzalo's and Chica's. After they invited us to sit across the table, Gonzalo leaned over and in a low voice asked us if there was anyone we would particularly like to invite, and they both held their breath as we answered. The purpose of the conversation was to explain to us without hurting our feelings that in order for this fiesta to be successful, and for the right people to come and be at ease, it would have to come off strictly as a family reunion; a fiesta given as a welcoming party by Gonzalo and Chica for Carlos, for whom they felt as close to their hearts as their own family. But for that to come off

successfully, there could be no other extranjeros there.

I mean -- it is touchy enough to convince these people (who are non-professional) to perform in a party in honor of a foreigner and his wife, but they wouldn't understand the presence of anyone else. What a relief for both of them, when we told them that it was perfectly understandable, and that we were leaving him completely in charge of the invites. That explained alot about all those people I didn't know recognizing us or whispering as we went by.

The day of the fiesta arrived. Chica came knocking at the door early after breakfast with her empty shopping bag hanging from her arm and her youngest boy tugging at her skirt on the other side. Off we went to the marketplace to buy tapa materials for the fiesta. We stopped at one stall to buy the morcilla, and in a low voice the stall keeper was told about the reason we were buying it. At the next stall we bought some garlic olives, and again the night's fiesta came up. Then we got some grapes, and the fruit lady asked us if they were for the fiesta. As we were crossing over to get some good chorizo, a woman yelled at Chica, inquiring where the fiesta was to be held. A few friends of Chica walked along with us discussing the preparations. When we got to the toy stall (Agustín's mother's stall), the group stopped, and I counted ten ladies huddling around the little old abuela (grandmother) like workers around the queen bee. They all listened as she spoke in a loud voice (so everyone in the marketplace could hear) about what should be done with the many children of all the parents that would be at the fiesta.

I was completely ignored outside the circle, my arms aching from the weight of the food. Meanwhile, our "secret" fiesta was being discussed for all to hear in the marketplace. We left the market proper, and headed for the bakery. As we were waiting to be served, in came Gonzalo, making his way towards us through the throngs of ladies (all dressed in black) in their shawls.

Truly, Gonzalo was in glowing form. He was wearing his freshly cleaned lavender shirt, his pied de poule black and white trousers, his two-toned shoes, and his checkered sport jacket. And not to forget the silk ascot around his neck. His hair had been recently tamed with a wet comb and was shining almost as much as his proud and happy smile. I think he had grown a couple of inches taller since I had last seen him.

When Chica caught a glance at her man, looking so guapo (handsome), she grew a couple of inches taller herself. Gonzalo asked Chica a few relevant questions about what had been bought, and reminded us in an authoritative manner not to forget the cheese, and to buy the good stuff, the Manchego viejo - the really ripe cheese that practically walks by itself, and is terrific with fino. He left with an announcement that he was going to our house to get the liquor with Carlos. I noticed that he chose the long way to go there, through the marketplace, probably so that he could tell his friends in the plaza that he had too many things to prepare for the evening to be able to stop and chat.

Chica and I finally got back to our little flat to deposit these mounds of food. A little while after she left, Chuck arrived in high spirits. It was only about 1 P.M. by now, and already the anticipation of the evening to come was getting us as giddy and excited as teenagers on the afternoon before the Prom. After having seen Gonzalo in his party duds, Chuck wasn't going to let his friend show him up in the matter of nattiness. So we unpacked the grey pinstriped suit that makes him look like a member of the Capone family, cleaned his prescription shades, and polished his black boots. Unfortunately, we did not have his dark shirt and white tie, but we settled for a drip dry permanent press white shirt, his fake ruby cufflinks, and one of my scarves as an ascot. We couldn't wait for the hour to come for the glass of fino at the bar before the fiesta, but we didn't want to blow our entrance by coming in too early.

The hour finally arrived, and Chuck and I walked down to Bar Pepe where we caught Gonzalo a bit off guard with his jacket off, just sort of taking a moment off duty. When he saw Chuck, he straightened up, smiled, opened his arms, raised his eyebrows, and cried out "Carlos! Que guapo estás!" Carlos, with half closed eyes struck his macho pose with one arm around his mujer's shoulders, the other bent across his chest, and said, "Claro! I'm going to a fiesta, you know!" At which both men broke up with laughter and toasted with Tío Pepe.

The fiesta was to take place next door to Bar Pepe in Gonzalo's enclosed patio. While the men were bringing and distributing straw chairs around in a circle, and discussing the best place to put the food, the women were upstairs in Chica's kitchen getting the tapas ready to bring down. They were all wearing their pretty vestidos and were chatting away, getting to know me. Once reas-

sured as to where I was at, personalitywise, it was time to go down to the patio. One last pat of the hair and smoothing down of the skirt and off we went (about ten of us) to join the men, who were already testing the refreshments.

Agustín arrived with Andorrano, another cousin, and the son of Joselero, a professional dancer. Some more people came in and the fiesta got under way. As more and more people drifted in, family and friends, things began to get involved. Andorrano sang and danced with only a trace of commercial slickness; his steps were all on-the-spot improvisations, but you could note the professionalism in his technique and carriage.

Then Chica sang in her inimitable manner, with the tension growing in her voice, and eyes closed and arms stretched out, forward, sitting on the edge of her chair, her whole body vibrating, sang of love and youth gone, in the compás of bulerías. Then one of her coplas would remind Andorrano of one that he knew, and the Chica would answer again, with the rest of us accompanying all the while with jaleo and palmas.

By this time, there must have been thirty adults and about as many children (none of the plans for keeping them in bed had done any good). They were all respectfully quiet; in fact, they even added their own ambiente, when each one of them got up in turn to do a little step - each one taken just as seriously as the adults and encouraged with jaleo and palmas. An elderly lady in her late sixties did a short desplante to the great pleasure of everyone there.

Milagro, Agustín's sister, danced beautifully. This lovely person, mother of eight children, who had not danced for extranjeros before, got up when her husband Gitanito began to sing. They first felt a bit self conscious, but soon forgot the strangers, and stimulated by the reaction of family and friends created pure artistic expression that night. Everyone was happy, and the fiesta again revolved around bulerías and rumba. At one point everyone seemed under a spell, one with the rhythm, anticipating what the dancer or singer of the moment would do next. One verse would end and someone else would pick it up with another, or Agustín would play an appropriate falseta keeping the feeling alive.

One of the young girls would be encouraged to get up and dance. The rhythm never stopped. They even coaxed me into getting up for a couple of desplantes. I don't have to tell you how strange it felt

for me to be dancing bulerías for Morón gitanos. Then Tana danced, Carlos played guitar, while Agustín sang. Finally the night turned into morning, and little children who had fallen asleep in the corners and on granny's or mommie's laps were picked up, and the fiesta broke up and we all went home exhausted and happy.

The fiesta had been a great success, and we thanked Gonzalo the next day, when he and Chica came over to our house to listen to a tape of parts of it, as he had asked us to tape Chica's singing. We then started the diplomatic wheels going again with Gonzalo, inquiring as to whether Milagro might give me lessons. Again, after a few days of high council meetings with Agustín and family, it was agreed that we'd hire Chica as the singer for the 300 p's (\$6) a lesson, and Milagro as instructor for 500 p's, with Chuck the guitarist, and the time length of the lessons open. It turned out that I never got away with less than 3 hours of intensive instruction - quite a difference from Madrid.

We started having the lessons in Chica's house in the afternoon after the kids had been whisked back to school and the housework and shopping had been done for the day. Every day for the first ten days or so, the lesson was a village hen party. Everybody would show up for a minute and stay a couple of hours, doing palmas, criticising, encouraging, and generally having a good time; from the grandmother who lived next door to the friend that came with the distant cousin from down the street. Talk about breaking down my inhibitions about dancing for gitanos! Most of the time, Chuck was the accompanist, but occasionally Agustín came "so I could get used to a different guitarist." After awhile there were so many women sitting in Chica's small kitchen that there was just no place to dance, and I realized that Milagro was getting annoyed and inhibited about her teaching as well. She was taking the women's comments about my dance as a reflection of her teaching ability, so on the pretext that I was having trouble concentrating with all these people around, we established a new policy of not allowing anyone in. In fact, we even forbade Chuck to accompany, relying only on Chica's singing and the palmas to carry the rhythm.

The first day we started the new policy of just the three of us, we found that we were much more at ease, because each of us had been unconsciously concerned with our performance in the eyes of the others out-

side our little group. But now we were in the wings, and we could let down our hair. We reviewed what I had learned until then, and Milagro tried a few steps she vaguely remembered from years back, not worrying too much if they didn't come out right the first time and working on them til she remembered them correctly and I was starting to pick them up myself; all of learning together.

This relaxed atmosphere made things a whole lot easier all around. Chica started to improvise little verses, and Milagro would improvise a step and encourage me to do the same; she cheered me on when I did something good, and scolded me (in a friendly manner) when I lost compás or did a particularly non-flamenco movement.

I finally began to understand bulerías by improvising in it under their guidance.

After that, we almost always had our lessons privately. Sometimes Chica would send her cousin Eugenia to sing in her place when she was feeling ill. We moved the classes to Milagro's house and would sometimes still be at it when Gitanito came home from work, and he'd take over the singing himself.

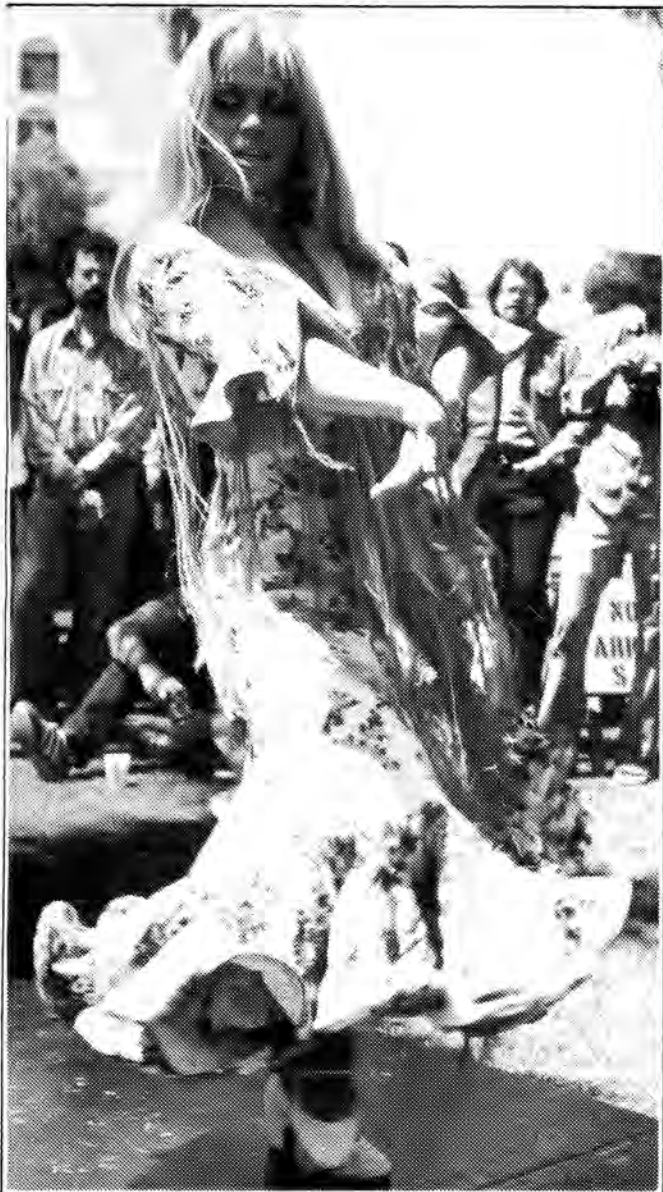
Chuck started coming again to the lessons and, after Milagro agreed, he brought the camera. He had been taking films of various people and places outside so they would get used to the idea and not treat it as such a big deal when it came to the dancing. At first she was a bit self conscious, but the next Chuck came with the camera, he was back from a paella dinner at Bar Pepe for some other Americans that were leaving, and had obviously had his share of fino (maybe he was putting it on a bit); Milagro became a lot less shy and got right into her dance after a few minutes of Chuck's carrying on, dancing with ease for the camera while Eugenia sang.

On the day of our last lesson, Gitanito happened to be there and Gonzalo came in unexpectedly to visit. Well, we got everybody in the act that time - we all knew, though wouldn't admit it for the world, that they wanted to be on the dance films as well, and that, after all, not only the women were flamencas worthy of being filmed.

We never got past dancing bulerías and rumba, which were all I've ever seen Milagro dance. But I could spend a lifetime with bulerías alone; the rhythm is so complex, and has so many possibilities once it is understood. And once you learn the different changes and how to signal them to a guitarist and singer, the potential for personal expression is unlimited, as well

as being the most fun rhythm around.

Like Antonio Gades says in the film "Los Tarantos," "Me voy a bailar la Bulería de la Gloria." When I was in Morón, I felt like those should be my last words too (I still do, when I hear Chuck practicing bulerías in the next room).



Suzanne Keyser (photo by Phil Watson)

Susana "La Ceniza" was inveigled into flamenco by a flamenco guitarist of ill repute (her husband, Carlos "Las Gafas"), and began with two years of intense training in compas and artistic survival. She began formal dance with a brief study with Mercedes Leon, and was helped by some very fine

young artists, especially Sandra Fernandez (LA), María Teresa Carbajal, Roberto Gales, Milagro Ríos, and Marcela Del Real (Spain). She also studied briefly with María Magdalena in Madrid.

After performing all over the USA and Canada (in all six places that hire flamencos except two) with her company (Carlos), she finally settled in Santa Barbara, as being close to Rincon for the surfing. Together they form a professional flamenco team, available for birthday parties, bar mitzvahs, and Greek festivals.



Dance: Spanish Flavor

(appeared in New York Times, Wednesday, May 17, 1978)

By Jennifer Dunning

The María Benítez Spanish Dance Company does not seem to perform for those aficionados with their Spanish dance. No attempt was made to survey the different styles of flamenco at a concert on Monday at the Spanish Repertory Theater.

The heelwork and castenet-playing were articulated and subtle enough to provide the necessary dynamic variation in this harshly flamboyant gypsy dance form. But the softening influence of modern dance and ballet was evident in Miss Benítez's carriage and in the choreography she contributed to the program.

What the company presented instead was pure theater; exciting, pleasant, bawdy, and dramatically lit, with an intimate give-and-take between audience and performers. Nowhere was this theatrical element more striking than in Miss Benítez's new two-part solo. "Tribute to García Lorca," set to music by Rodrigo and Luna.

With its simple stage patterns, its lyrical manipulation of a cape and almost breathless heelbeats, the dance evokes all the earthy melancholy of Lorca's famous elegy to his dead friend, the bullfighter Ignacio Sanchez Mejías, on which the solo was based.

Miss Benítez was joined by the buoyant Manola Rivera and Victorio, a partner of such intensity that "Asturias," a duet with Miss Benítez, had a delicately smoldering seldom seen in dance.

The program will be repeated this afternoon and tonight.



Romantic Verse in Flamenco

by *Paco Sevilla*

One of the basic themes and moving forces in flamenco is romantic love. The Spanish woman is placed on a pedestal to be worshipped by the men as a romantic object -- until she marries, when she becomes a workhorse and receives a different sort of reverence as a mother; this attitude is gradually changing in Spain, and the content of flamenco verse is also likely to change -- witness the verses of Lole y Manuel as an example. In the flamenco verse of the past, there has been a very strong, almost exaggerated, preoccupation with romantic expression that has often resulted in beautiful poetry.

The verses sung in the cante chico are often simple declarations of love or attempts at flattering or persuading the loved one. In addition, there may be humor in such cantes as rumba, tangos, alegrías and bulerías; the fandangos will often have a humorous or ironic twist in the final line. The romantic verses of the soleá are often philosophical or deal with the frustrations of love and the suffering it can bring; the fandangos grandes also frequently deal with romantic suffering.

The following are some of my favorite traditional verses; they come from many different cantes, some of which I can no longer identify or never knew. What I wish to share is the beauty of the poetic content. The English translations lose a lot of the original feeling, but it is hoped that they will be better than nothing for those who do not read Spanish.

Here are two examples of romantic flattery:

Al verte, las flores lloran
cuando entras en tu jardín
porque las flores quisieron
todas parecerse a tí!
(bulerías)

Upon seeing you, the flowers cry
when you enter into your garden,
because they all wish
to be just like you!

Tiene el arco del cielo
siete colores distintos,
pero no tiene el color moreno
que es color mas divino
de la mujer que mas quiero!

(fandangos de Huelva)

The rainbow has
seven different colors
but it does not have the color "moreno"
(moreno=dark skin, hair, eyes)
which is the most divine color,
that of the woman I love.



(photo from Bob DeVore)

Here are some romantic declarations:

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
chiquilla, quisiera ser,
para besarte en los labios
cuando fueras de beber

A water jar in your house,
girl, I would like to be,
in order to kiss your lips
whenever you go to drink.

Cuando te veo venir
a lo lejos de la calle,
le digo a mi corazón
que tenga paciencia y calle.

When I see you coming
from far down the street,
I say to my heart,
have patience and keep still.

These declarations can become much more serious:

Yo me agarro las paredes
cuando te encuentro en la calle,
chiquilla, pá no caerme.
(soleá)

I grab onto the walls
when I meet you in the street,
girl, in order not to fall.

Aunque ponga en tu puerta
canones de artillería,
tengo que pasar por ella
aunque me cuesta la vida.
(alegrías)

Even if they put in your doorway,
artillery canons
I have to pass through it,
even if it costs me my life.

El verte me da la muerte
y el no verte me da vida.
Mas quiero morir y verte
que no verte y tener vida.

Seeing you causes my death,
not seeing you gives me life.
I would rather see you and die
than not see you and have life

Then there are the humorous and the clever:

Vente conmigo.
Dile a tu mare
que soy tu primo!
(cantiñas)

Come with me.
Tell your mother
that I am your cousin!

Yo soy uno y tu eres una;
uno y una, que son dos,
dos que debieran ser uno,
ay, si lo quisiera Dios.

I am one and you are one;
one and one are two,
two that should be one,
ay, God willing!

Quisiera verte y no verte;
quisiera hablarte y no hablarte;
quisiera no conocerte,
para poder olvidarte!

I would like to see you and not see you;
I would like to talk to you and not talk
to you;

I would like to not know you
so that I would never be able to forget you!

Si quieres que yo te olvide,
pideselo a Santa Rita,
abogada de imposibles!

If you want me to forget you,
go tell it to Saint Rita,
arranger of the impossible!

No me mires, que miran que nos miramos;
miremos la manera de no mirarnos,
no nos miremos
y cuando no nos miren,
nos miraremos!

Don't look at me, for they see that we
look at eachother;
Let's find a way to not look at eachother,
we won't look at eachother,
and when they aren't looking at us,
we will look at eachother.

Fuiste mi primer amor,
tu me enseñaste a querer;
no me enseñes a olvidar,
que no lo quiero aprender!

You were my first love,
you taught me how to love;
don't teach me how to forget,
because I don't want to learn!

Some examples of the philosophic:

La mujer y la sombra
tienen un simil;
que buscando, se alejan,
dejadas, siguen.
(la caña)

A woman and a shadow
are much alike;
on being sought after, they move away,
on being left behind, they follow.

El querer del hombre pobre
es como el del gallo enano;
que en querer y no alcanzar,
se le pasa todo el año.

(fandangos)

The love of a poor man
is like that of the dwarf rooster;
he passes all of the year
desiring, but not being able to reach.

And lastly, the pain of romance:

Unos ojos negros ví;
desde entonces en el mundo,
todo es negro para mí!

(solea)

Once, I saw some black eyes;
since then, everything in the world
is black for me!

Ni contigo, ni sin ti,
tienen mis males remedio;
contigo, porque me matas,
y sin ti, porque me muero.

Neither with you nor without you,
are my problems solved;
with you because you kill me,
without you because I die.

De pena me estoy muriendo
al ver que en er mundo vives,
y ya para mi te has muerto.

(solea)

Of sorrow I am dying
from seeing that in the world you are alive,
but for me you have died.

Yo no pido mas castigo,
que estés durmiendo con otro,
y estés sonando conmigo!

(solea)

I couldn't ask greater punishment,
than to know you are sleeping with another,
and dreaming of me!

CASA DE HOSPITALIDAD

We have already received two responses for hospitality houses (see Jaleo Vol. II No. 1). Traveling, foot-weary flamencos now have a place to touch down in Seattle Washington and Downey (Los Angeles area). It goes without saying that in San Diego, the home of Jaleistas, no flamenco would be left without a place to rest his guitar or castanets.

If you have a spare corner to offer a fellow member from another city, write to Juana care of Jaleo.

**Un Guitarista de
Flamenco Norteamericano**

(From the popular Spanish magazine "Lectura"
(date unknown); sent by Susanne Hauser)

"That an Andalusian guitarist accompanies a flamenco cantaor is not news, but there arrived today a photo of a North American, Rodney Lee Holman, who has been in Spain six years, is married to a girl from Ronda, and accompanies flamenco cantaores on the guitar; judging from the press clippings, he does it well, as well as any other from this country.



His "nombre de guerra" (artistic name) is Rodrigo de San Diego. His first record, on which he accompanies the singer Curro Lucena, came out on the "Olympo" label.

(See Jaleo Jan. 1978 for more on Rodrigo).

In the photo, Rodney, alias "Rodrigo de San Diego" in action.



Michael and Suzanne Hauser

Michael Hauser began playing the flamenco guitar at the age of twenty, while still a student of forestry at the University of Minnesota. After working for the U.S. Forest Service in Alaska for six months and Liberia, West Africa for two years as a rubber plantation superintendant, he traveled to Spain in 1963, where he studied flamenco intensively with Luis Maravilla and later, Niño Ricardo and Justo de Badajoz.

Since then, Mr. Hauser has returned to the woods only for relaxation. He has made several subsequent trips to Spain to study and work, whenever possible, mostly in the dance studios as an accompanist. He has performed many concerts in the U. S. and Canada as soloist and as a part of the guitar duo, Michael & Anthony Hauser. In their joint recitals, the Hauser Brothers perform flamenco and classical guitar duets and solos.

Earlier in his career, Michael Hauser was accompanist for "María Fernanda and her

Bailes Españoles," and for the dance team of Alfredo y Maruja. Currently, of course, he performs with his wife Suzanne, Anthony, and María Elena "La Cordobesa," with their company, "Suzanne Marie and Trio Flamenco." They are a part of the Dance Touring Program of the National Endowment for the Arts and are currently under the management of Robert Gewald Associates of New York.

The Hausers all teach at the Guild of Performing Arts in Minneapolis and often appear in nightclubs in that city. One of their more interesting tours took them on a two month performing and teaching visit to Alaska. Part of the time they worked with Eskimo children, teaching them flamenco rhythms. A strange place for flamenco, north of the Arctic Circle!

Suzanne Marie Hauser has been dancing since she was a child. When only seven, she danced with the Schmidt Indian Band and, as a teen-ager, was winning prizes as a rock and roll dancer. One of these prizes included a tour with Ann Margaret and Donald O'Connor. Flamenco, however, was always predominant in her mind, and, until she was able to travel to Spain to study, she worked in Minneapolis with Miss Lilian Vale and María Fernanda. Teachers in Spain, and here as well, include María Alba, María Rosa Merced, Tomás de Madrid, Merche Esmeralda and others.

Suzanne has worked in Spain previously in the Company of Rafael de Córdoba, taping a program for Spanish National Television, and at the Madrid flamenco tablao, "Las Cuevas de Nemesio."

TRIO FLAMENCO CAME, PLAYED AND CONQUERED

(From the Dailey Independent "Desert Merry-Go-Round," Ridgecrest, Calif., Fri., Jan. 21, 1977)

This year the Indian Wells Valley Concert Association apparently can't lose for winning.

Wednesday night the association did it again, by staging another concert spectacular with the appearance of the Trio Flamenco.

And, people are getting smart and realizing what a bargain in entertainment they have here as the theater was almost packed.

Trio Flamenco consists of Anthony and Michael Hauser, classical and flamenco guitarists, and Suzanne Marie Hauser, dancer, who is Michael's wife.

When the Hauser brothers perform, their talent and coordination are so flawless that

it is as one guitar playing. Their repertoire went from classic guitar duets and solos to flamenco and employed music which had been written for the lute, the granddaddy of the guitar and harpsichord.

They then commanded the undivided attention of their audience as during the trio's performance you could have heard a pin drop in the theater.

The guitarists got the audience with them in their first selection, "Sonata in D Major" by Christian Gottlieb Scheidler. From then on it was up, up and away as they gave forth with the intricately delicate notes of classical guitar.

A high point in a program, filled with highs, in the first half were guitar solos by Anthony Hauser, who made Claude Debussy's music come alive with all of its nuances and impressions.

For the first part of the program the Hausers used classic guitars which employ rosewood in the sides and top in order to get the resounding effects of classical music.

The second half of the program unfolded the language of flamenco with an array of complex rhythms, traditional melodies and expressive movements that arise from all parts of Spanish folklore.

For this part they switched to flamenco guitars which feature Spanish cypress in construction in order to get the lightness of the flamenco moods and phrases.

You will have to look far before finding another dancer who, like Suzanne Marie, is able to capture the soul of Andalusia. A precision dancer, she is so perfect that she never once sacrifices warmth and spirit to pure technique of which she has plenty.

Her beauty, fantastic costumes and jewelry are other plusses.

It is believed that gypsies brought the music that became flamenco to Spain from India (when they were expelled) by way of southern Mediterranean countries. Thus, the Arabic and Eastern influences were incorporated. This you could not only hear but feel when Michael Hauser performed his solo.

Flamenco dances go from the light to the more somber spirit, such as Suzanne Marie's interpretation of the taranto, a dance of mining communities in southern Spain.

In flamenco, akin to jazz, dancers and musicians must challenge and react to each other in a fascinating dialogue of gestured signals and musical response.

This was very evident from the program's start to finish.





FLAMENCO TALK

by *Paco Sevilla*

EL BAILE - PART II
Parts of the Dance

CASTELLANA (la) - refers to a rhythmic section of the alegrías that is highly accented, beginning on the 12th beat instead of the usual 1, 2, 3, etc.; it is usually sung, although it need not be, and often occurs after the silencio, but may be done within the escovilla.

CIERRE (el) - closing; a form of llamada used to close a section of dance.

CONTRATIEMPO (el) - countertime; accentuation done on the off-beat, or between the beats.

DESPLANTE (el) - a dancer's variation in the bulerías; there are desplantes in the alegrías and soleares, but when they occur, the rhythm is actually that of bulerías, even though it might be quite slow in tempo; a desplante is always begun with a llamada.

ESCOVILLA (la) - the major footwork section of the dance; it is characterized by the footwork being the point of emphasis and sustained for a relatively long time, the absence of singing, and for the most part, melodic variations played on the guitar, rather than rasgueados (strummed rhythm).

IDA (la) - the ending of a dance (also called el final); sometimes used to refer to a set, stylized section of the alegrías that can be used to enter the bulerías.

LLAMADA (la) - a call; a signal used by dancers to communicate a forthcoming change in the dance; llamadas are commonly used to signal a dancer's entrance (salida), the closing of a section of dance (cierre), a major change of tempo or rhythm (as the change into the caste llana or bulerías in the alegrías), or the beginning of a desplante.

MUTIS (el) - exit (hacer mutis = to make an exit); in flamenco, the ending of a dance by going off stage.

PASADA (la) - a pass; a step in the sevillanas in which the partners pass by each other

PASEO (el) - a walk; refers to parts of the dance where emphasis is on graceful walking and movements of the upper body and arms; sometimes used to refer to the part of the

alegrías which is now commonly called the silencio.

SALIDA (la) - the dancer's entrance.

SILENCIO (el) - part of the alegrías where graceful arm and body movements are emphasized, with almost a complete absence of footwork; it is not sung and is commonly played in the minor mode on the guitar.

SOLO DE PIE (el) - a section of footwork done without guitar or cante - usually accompanied by palmas.

Jaleo has begun inserting an extra page, a calendar of events, into the copies going to San Diego members. An idea came up, at first as a joke with talk of a "center fold" or "Playmate of the Month," but then more seriously, of using the space on the back of the calendar for an 8 X 10 photo of a flamenco performer. Since the page is not part of the newsletter, it can be removed, used as a calendar for a month and then reversed and the photo put on a wall in a studio or whatever. If we follow through with this policy, we would send the insert to all members, even though the events on the calendar are local to San Diego. To carry this out, we will first have to have a series of photos to insure that we will be able to continue the venture once it is begun. So, if you are a professional performer and would like some free publicity, send an 8 X 10 glossy, black and white publicity photo, plus the name you use professionally, and, if you wish, a few things about yourself (at least, what you do), to Jaleo, Box 4706, San Diego, Ca. 92104; put somewhere "for calendar" so we can be sure that it is intended for this use.

AUGUST JUERGA

By Gene Coates

As we were approaching the bright lights of Jack and Sheryl Tempchin's house, a sharp castanet repique snapped through the air. A guitar rasgueo followed. One of our group (a young, first-juerga female) let out a squeal of delight.

In the living room, Masami Hopper, Joe Kinney and Louis Hendricks were playing to a small crowd. Juana de Alva was energetically lending palmas.

Having stopped by the kitchen for wine, we stepped into the rec. room where three brightly costumed young girls were seriously performing sevillanas. Jesús Soriano was smiling broadly, animating the dancers and spectators with a strong flamenco rhythm.

Stepping out the back door, we paused at the pot-luck table. Across the patio and pool was a raised platform where guitarists and aficionados were relaxing beneath lights and sky.

Paco Sevilla's inspired bulerías filled the night from that stage. Like a time capsule, the platform was succeeding a stage for sevillanas of dance students Susan Tempchin, Hazel Lent, the Barrios girls, Rochelle Sturgess, and Patty De Alva, Jesús' and Paco's playing, and Isabel Tercero and Pilar Coates in an Andalucian duet.

Back in the rec. room, Luana Moreno and Ernest Lenshaw were dancing a spirited set of sevillanas.

Paco examined Masami's new guitar, played a demanding piece, and declared the guitar had "presence".

Later, out under the stars, Masami played her guitar and sang;

"Una feria es alegría,
Una copa de jerez,
Un cante por bulerías,
Un beso de una mujer,
Los demás son tonterías."

On Monday, August 14th, a group of Jaleistas gathered at the mutual painting and dance studio of Maus Palmer and Juana De Alva for a brief mini-juerga to welcome bailora Carmen Mora to San Diego. Carmen is commuting here from the Los Angeles area twice monthly to teach flamenco.

In spite of the fact that only snacks were requested, quite a layout of food was supplied and wine was abundant. The atmosphere in the studio was warm and conducive to camaraderie.

Some notable first timers were bailora Esther Moreno who drove down with Carmen and popular singer Jessy Davis who sang "Besame Mucho" por rumba. Carmen honored us with some bulerías graciosas danced in a Mexican peasant dress.

The evening broke up about eleven with plans for a Sea World expedition the next day.

SEPT. JUERGA

This month's juerga will be held at the home of Jack and Mickie Ann Jackson. Jack is Jaliestas' local collector of flamenco

records. He supplies records and sound equipment when needed for the early hours of every juerga.

The Jacksons' interest in flamenco sprang up four years ago on a European trip. As Jack puts it, "We were nearing the end of our four month tour and in search of a decent golf course; in Spain, one of the last countries we were to visit, we discovered a beautiful golf course and flamenco!"

On returning to the United States, he began collecting Manitas de Plata records, graduating finally to Sabicas, his favorite.

To reach the Jackson home take Garnet west off of Highway 5. Turn right on Ingraham which curves becoming Foothill. Look for juerga sign at second corner left-hand side. It is recommended that you park on a side street, not Foothill, if you wish to return with your car in one piece.

It will again be an indoor-outdoor affair, so bring a warm wrap and folding chair if you have one.

Date: September 16th

Place: 4990 Foothill Blvd. in Pacific Beach

Time: 7:00P.M. to ?

Phone: 272-5748

Bring: Warm wrap, folding chair, food according to guide and your preference of drinks.

Food guide by first letter of last name:

A - De - Salad

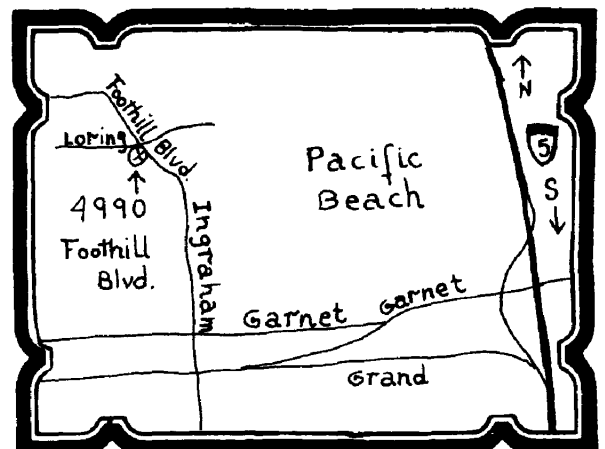
Df - J - Main dish

K - M - Dessert

N - Se - Bread or chips and dip

Sf - Z - Main dish

(As a rule of thumb, bring food for twice the number of your party.)



This month's juerga will be held at the home of Jack and Mickie Ann Jackson. Jack is Jaliestas' local collector of flamenco

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements are free of charge. They must be in our mailbox by the 15th of each month and will be discontinued after publication in two issues unless we are notified to renew them. Businesses may display their cards for \$6 per month or \$15 per quarter. Please send all correspondence to:

JALEO, Box 4706, San Diego, CA. 92104

new york . . .

LA VERBENA; (La Verbena is the new name for La Sangría which opened July 15. It's located on 569 Hudson St. in Greenwich Village). Dancer; Mara, Singer; Luis Vargas Guitarist; Pedro Cortez, Jr.

CHATEAU MADRID; Lexington Hotel, 48th & Lexington, NYC. Dancer-singer, Alicia Montes; singer, Paco Ortíz; guitarist, Pedro Cortez. In the Alameda Room, starting Aug. 1 for 6 weeks, Rosario Galán and company are appearing.

LA BILBAINA; 218 W. 14th St, NYC. Dancers, Sandra Messina and Esmeralda; singer, Paco Montes; guitarist, Miguel Arrieta.

FLAMENCO DANCE TEACHERS IN NEW YORK. The following dance instructors teach at the Jerry LeRoy Studio, 743 8th Av., N.Y., N.Y. (tel: 212 CI 5-9504): Estrella Morena, Mariano Parra, Azucena Vega and Edo Sie. Mariquita Flores is teaching at Ballet Arts Studio, Carnegie Hall Bldg., 154 W. 57th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION, Ithica, N.Y. by Michael Fisher. Phone: (607) 257-6615

washington . . .

DIEGO TORRES AMAYA "Dieguito del Gastor" will be performing in concert on Saturday, September 16 at the Centrum Foundation, Fort Worden State Park, Port Townsend, Washington 98368; there will be a fiesta to follow which will be attended by flamencos from the area and from San Francisco.

texas . . .

PANADEROS FLAMENCOS, by Esteban Delgado, recorded by Paco de Lucía - accurately notated sheet music; \$2.75 in the USA, \$4.50 foreign, ppd. Southwest Waterloo Publishing Co., 6708 Beckett Rd., Austin, Tx. 78749.

FLAMENCO GUITAR INSTRUCTORS in Texas: Edward Freeman in Dallas; Jerry Lobdill in Austin; Tom Blackshear in San Antonio; Miguel Rodriguez in Houston.

california

MARIANO CÓRDOBA, flamenco guitarist, is appearing with dancer Pilar Sevilla at the Don Quixote Spanish and Mexican restaurant at 206 El Paseo de Saratoga (378-1545) in San Jose. Four shows nightly, beginning at 7:30 P.M. on Fridays and Saturdays. No cover charge.

CASA LINDA in SANTA BARBARA is featuring guitarist, Chuck Keyser, and dancer, Suzanne Keyser, on Sunday evenings; 229 W. Montecito.

KENNETH SANDERS plays solo guitar (classical flamenco, modern) Friday and Saturday nights 6-9:00 P.M. at the Jolly Franciscan restaurant, 31781 Camino Capistrano in San Juan Capistrano, Ca. For reservations, call: (714) 493-6464.

san francisco . . .

THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY at 478 Green St. in North Beach, features a cuadro flamenco, Friday through Sunday; shows at 9 & 11:00.

FLAMENCO RESTAURANT, 2340 Geary Blvd., has solo guitar Mondays and Tuesdays from 6:30 to 10:00 p.m. Features Spanish food & wine

EL GALLEGO, at 24th & Van Ness in the Mission District, features Spanish food and solo guitar (currently Gregorio Stillaman) on Mon. through Wed., from 7:00 to 10:00 pm

LA BODEGA in the North Beach area, serves only a paella dish and features the dancing of Carla Cruz, accompanied by her husband, "Niño Bernardo."

DANCE INSTRUCTION:
Adela Clara and Miguel Santos, Theater Flamenco, (415)431-6521.
Rosa Montoya at the Dance Spectrum Center, 3221 22nd St. S.F. (415) 824-5044.
Teresita Osta, Fine Arts Palace, (415)567-7674
Jose Ramon, 841 Jones St., S.F. (415)775-3805

los angeles . . .

MATADOR RESTAURANT, which for many years has featured top flamenco artists, including such people as Carmen Amaya and Sabicas, has been sold and closed.

EL CID now offering Spanish tablao-style entertainment, featuring a house cuadro made up of dancers, Juan Talavera, Raul Martín, and Liliana Morales, with singer, Concha de Morón, and guitarist, Antonio Durán; this show is followed by the special attraction, Carmen Mora with Juan Talavera, Concha, and Antonio Duran; the third show is the same cuadro as the first. 4212 Sunset Blvd; phone: (213) 666-9551.

VALADEZ STUDIO of Spanish and Mexican Dance
7900 Seville Ave. Huntington Park, CA. 90255.
Telephone: 213-589-6588.

san diego...

DAVID CHENEY, flamenco guitarist, is now playing at Seargent Garcia's on old highway 101 in Solana Beach. He is playing Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays 7 til 11:00 P.M. He will soon be appearing at the Swan Song on Mission Blvd. in Pacific Beach on Thursdays, 9 til 1:00 A.M.

RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLE in Old Town. With dancers: Rayna, Rosala, Luana Moreno, Debbie Valerio, Theresa Johnson, Scott & Jennifer Goad, and Rochelle Sturgess; guitarists are Yuris Zeltins and Paco Sevilla. Sundays, 11:30 - 3:30 p.m. at Bazaar del Mundo.

FANTASIA ESPAÑOLA is appearing on Thursday evenings at La Posada Del Sol Restaurant on Fletcher Parkway, featuring dancers Juana De Alva, Deanna, Diego Robles and Jorge 'El Callao' and guitarist Paco Sevilla.

DANCE INSTRUCTION by Carmen Mora (see article); beginning, intermediate, and advanced classes held every other Monday between 2:00 and 5:00 p.m. Contact Juana de Alva or Paco Sevilla. (see San Diego instructors).

INSTRUCTION IN SAN DIEGO

DANCE	Juana De Alva	442-5362
DANCE	Juanita Franco	465-8673
DANCE	María Teresa Gomez	453-5301
DANCE	Rayna	475-3425
DANCE	Julia Romera	279-7746
DANCE	Rosala	224-3063
GUITAR	Joe Kinney	274-7386
GUITAR	Paco Sevilla	282-2837

THE BLUE GUITAR in San Diego carries books by Donn Pohren, new books of music by Sabicas and Mario Escudero, and a complete line of guitar supplies. Flamenco guitar lessons by Paco Sevilla. All guitar strings, half price. See ad for location.

GUITAR MUSIC AVAILABLE. Music of many top artists, both modern and old-style, transcribed by Peter Baime. Write Peter Baime, 1030 W. River Park Lane, Milwaukee, Wisc., 53209

GUITARISTS AND STUDENTS are welcomed to accompany dance classes. Call Juana at 442-5362

PAINTINGS OF SPANISH DANCERS FOR SALE; painted and offered by Ernest Lenshaw, 1106 Edgemont, San Diego; call 714-232-4507.

BACK ISSUES OF JALEO AVAILABLE. Issues from Vol. I, numbers 1-6, will cost 50¢, but all other issues will now be priced at \$1.00

JUERGA SITES NEEDED. Contact Juana De Alva at 442-5362.

Box 15111, San Diego, CA 92115

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