

MALAGA

newsletter of the
flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME II - No. 3

OCTOBER 1978

Fiery Flamenco Flourishes in San Francisco

by *Judge Irving Shore*

(From the editor: As a form of introduction to the following article, I would like to include here a few notes I made after visiting the studio of José Ramón during a recent trip to San Francisco.

I entered a small alleyway between two tall buildings by passing through an ivy-covered archway which contains a rustic sign announcing Lolita and José's School of Flamenco Dance. A short distance up the alley is a small door partially buried under ivy and a sign that reads "ring bell". José, wearing a beret, answered the door and, after emphasizing that he didn't need a guitarist, invited me to watch his advanced class. The studio, part of his home, is large and well furnished; it has an "authentic" flavor due to the many ancient posters and photographs adorning equally ancient walls. A nice touch I thought, were a number of oriental fans hanging at various locations, which the dancers used continually to cool themselves after each number. Judging from the photos, the star alumnus of the studio is Carla Cruz, who is featured in the following article.

José plays the guitar, piano, and sings to accompany his classes. I watched about ten students go through a large number of dances. Some of them danced well - some times in a slightly older style, but easily adaptable to modern dance and always full of life and interesting touches. A solo de pie in soleares was particularly effective.)

* * * * *



JOSE RAMON

Three ardent devotees of authentic flamenco arts are largely responsible for the emergence of San Francisco as the West Coast center of traditional Spanish dance and guitar music. Together they exemplify the best blending of the cultures of Europe and America and are inspiring a new generation of enthusiasts.

José Ramón, born 71 years ago at Fraga in Catalonia, Spain, left his father's olive and grape farm when twelve years of age to work on a fishing boat at Málaga. For several years he studied flamenco dancing while earning his livelihood as a fisherman. At age 17 came his opportunity to begin his professional career by joining a troupe of vaudeville dancers on route to Marseilles, France. He traveled with them throughout Europe and South America, then came to New York to dance in night clubs in

the American metropolis and Boston. José came to California and worked in Hollywood motion pictures from 1936 to 1939. More touring followed -- to San Francisco and to the East Coast, but he returned to San Francisco in 1946. With his wife Lolita, now retired, America's premier academy of flamenco ballet was founded under the name of "Lolita and José". Since 1952 it has been at its present location at 841 Jones Street on Nob Hill near Bush, where the maestro continues to teach classes and private lessons.

Graceful Carla Cruz is a native San Franciscan who studied flamenco dancing under José Ramón since childhood. She toured the United States on the night club circuit and met Bernard Kreil of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who has studied the art of Spanish guitar music in Mexico City. "Carla and Berny" began as a traveling team, but romance blossomed into marriage ten years ago. In 1972 the couple returned to San Francisco and opened "La Bodega" in the North Beach at 1337 Grant Avenue, near Green, phone 398-9555. They serve the best paella dinner



(seafood, chicken, rice and vegetables) this side of Barcelona. The pair personally perform several shows every evening (closed on Monday and Tuesday).

Serious students of flamenco dance and music, or those who simply enjoy these Spanish arts will be welcome at "La Bodega" after 6:30 p.m., or to visit José's conveniently located academy -- but telephone him first, at 775-3805.

JALEO

Box 4706 San Diego, CA 92104

STAFF

EDITOR.....Paco Sevilla
MANAGING EDITOR.....Juana DeAlva
COPY EDITORS.....Cynthia Jackson

Yolanda France
Luana Moreno
Pilar Coates
Gene Coates

TYPING.....María Soleá
PHOTOGRAPHY.....Jesús Soriano
DISTRIBUTION.....Juana DeAlva
DIST. ASSISTANTS.....Mary Palmer

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The goal of Jaleistas is to spread the art, the culture and the fun of flamenco. To this end we publish the JALEO newsletter, have monthly juergas and sponsor periodic special events.

Membership-Subscription is \$8.00 per individual and \$10.00 per family or couple.

Announcements are free of charge to members and businesses may display their cards for \$6.00 per month or \$15.00 per quarter.

JALEO is published 12 times yearly by Jaleistas, the Flamenco Association of San Diego.

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PUNTO DE VISTA

FLAMENCO IS FEELING!

By Teo Morca

I just came home from New Orleans where I was teaching and setting the ballet, "El Sombrero de los Tres Picos", by Manuel de Falla, for the Delta Festival Ballet. I cannot tell what a joy it was to open my July issue of Jaleo and read Juana De Alva's Punto de Vista, "How Pure is Pure". It was beautiful, timely, and right on. I send a big abrazo to Juana for her broad understanding, sensitivity, artistry, and just plain knowing where it is at.

I would like to add a few of my thoughts along similar lines. I have been a student of all facets of flamenco for close to 27 years, have worked with and known many flamenco people and, to this day, flamenco is still a joy and daily inspiration. The reason for this joy and inspiration is that I have tried to think that there is no limitation to this beautiful growing art; it is

life itself, ever moving.

Flamenco cannot change - it is! It is the individual interpretation that changes and each person that is involved in flamenco will express and live flamenco in his own way. Art, feeling, emotion, and energy do not change - only their expressions change. When one approaches flamenco as a performing art which includes dancer, singer, and guitarist, one approaches the tradition of flamenco at its roots. The base of flamenco is the compas, not only each rhythm and its style, but its interpretation, its feeling and emotion, always in its totality, dancer being sensitive to music and song, singer being sensitive to music and dance, musician being sensitive to singer and dancer. With a foundation of learning flamenco technique and interpretation together, a solid understanding takes place of the tradition of the roots of flamenco.

I learned long ago that being Spanish or non-Spanish is a frame of mind when approaching flamenco. Flamenco in its totality is a creative and expressive art form and therefore, universal to all who want to absorb and feel and live it. For the people who want to dance flamenco, the approach should be a total involvement; I do not mean commitment to becoming a so-called professional, but a technical approach to using the whole body starting with the upper body, so that when you get to the audible rhythms and movements of the legs and feet, they will have complete control, much like gravity, letting the upper part of the body and arms be in complete control first. It is very hard to learn the coordination of the upper part of the body, so vital in expressive flamenco, if you start with just the feet. This approach will also lead to more immediate emotional and artistic involvement, because the more totally involved that your body is, the more expressive you are within the different emotional facets of the different rhythms. It is discouraging to hear those criticisms, "he or she has great feet, but bad arm-work", or vice versa etc. The point is that flamenco is total involvement, physically, spiritually, emotionally and mentally. Until one learns to lose himself, he cannot find himself. When you can become at one with all of the facets of your being, with innate understanding, and become the dance, the music, the song, then the word "duende" will have meaning.

Let us take this beautiful tradition and not stop its beautiful flow by limited understanding and narrow minded criticisms, but let us take tradition as a base for individual creative growth. If you feel like lift-

ing your arms to the sun, like on the wings of an eagle, then stretch with inner joy. If feeling comes over you, then feel - feel your feelings. If movement comes over you, move your movements, be sensitive to the compás, to the song, and be bathed in the totality of flamenco which in all essence and reality is really the dance of life, the song of life, the music of life in all of its glory.



EDITORIAL

Reference has been made on occasion to Jaleo being "too technical", "too gossipy", or too focused on one topic (sometimes guitar, sometimes dance). In reality Jaleo has got to be all of these things. There are four major functions of this newsletter-magazine, and a balance must be achieved between them. We serve a social function as a means of communication for flamencos; thus we have the announcements, reports on juergas, and reviews of concerts, books, and records. We should attempt to entertain while informing; for this we feature personal accounts, biographies, and translations of articles appearing in Spanish magazines. We wish to educate the aficionado and the student of flamenco, and, therefore, feature articles of a purely informative nature. And lastly, we need to provide stimulation and education for the advanced artist. This requires that we print articles of a nature far too technical for the average reader. It is only through our meeting all of these needs that we can succeed and receive input from all facets of the flamenco community. With respect to the balance between guitar, dance, song, etc., we can only print what we receive and therefore, particular issues may be a little heavy in one subject area, but it should all balance out in the long run.

We have also had a number of requests for a list of member's names and addresses. While this sort of list might serve some valuable purposes, it is our feeling that we must respect our member's privacy. Therefore, such a list would require that we mail a form to each member to be filled out and returned. This amount of work is beyond the capacity of our present staff which is barely able to get the Jaleo out monthly.

A national flamenco directory would be set in categories (dancers, guitarists, aficionados, castanet makers, instruction, etc.) and would have room for a small biography on each entry. A member's list would be strictly an alphabetical list of names and address-

es with a separate list for each community. If there is somebody who is interested in taking on either one of these projects, we can help by printing a coupon or questionnaire and mailing it to the members with Jaleo. We have a volunteer who will prepare a flamenco guide for Andalucia and for Madrid. If you have any information on either of these areas, please mail to Jaleo for inclusion.

This month we welcome two new columns that will be appearing regularly. Carol Whitney, currently residing in Canada, has a great deal of experience with the cante, having sung, accompanied a good deal of cante, and completed a PhD dissertation on the subject. She will be doing a column on cante, cante accompaniment, and related topics. Teodoro Morca, of Washington state, who is currently on a six month tour of the United States and has a great deal of experience in dance (see article in this and next month's issued), will do a regular feature dealing with the many aspects of the dance. We would welcome other writers who would care to do a regular feature of some sort.

In a future issue of Jaleo we would like to deal with the subject of "bulerías". If you have any views on the rhythm, please send them to us; when we have enough material we will go ahead on the project. Some possible themes are: The evolution of the modern bulerías, the modern baile por bulerías; gypsy vs. theatrical dance, soleá por bulerías and bulerías por soleá, top interpreters of bulerías, etc. Guitar falsetas should be restricted to those that illustrate some concept or have special interest, perhaps illustrating a particular style; there is so much good music being printed these days that we need not devote a lot of space to guitar music.

Another topic that has been suggested is fingernail preparations for guitarists. Send us your own formula and we will do an article when we have sufficient information.



Accents, Stresses, and Compás

by Peter Baime

In response to the continuing saga of the accent, from the east coast to the west, I would like to add a note from the "third coast". As the editor pointed out, accents (termed here as "natural" accents) within the given structure, may vary according to its use or function. The east coast says accents occur at the beginning of each tri-

plet. What we have here are apples and oranges.

I would like to address these two aspects: The lower architectonic levels, i.e., the triplet, more specifically those notes which occur on a half beat or take up two beats, to a later discussion. The second aspect is the accent that may or may not accompany it.

Let's take the accent first and clarify some terminology. One school of thought describes it this way: Accents are a rational concept. There can be accents only if there are unaccents (weak beats) and vice versa. In this sense there is no such thing as a series of accents. If all stimuli are alike, there is only a series of pulses. An accent, then, is a stimulus, in a series of stimuli, which is marked for consciousness in some way. It is set off from other stimuli because of differences in duration, intensity, pitch, timbre, etc. The accented beat is a focal point, the nucleus of the rhythm, around which the unaccented beats are grouped and in relation to which they are heard. Accents must not be confused with stress. Stress is the dynamic intensification of a beat, whether accented or unaccented. Thus a stress, no matter how forceful, played on a weak beat will not make that beat accented.

So according to Cooper and Meyer in the "Rhythmic Structure of Music", it is a stress and not an accent that is, or is proposed to occur on the first note of every triplet. But this subject is by no means exhausted. More commonly we just break down accents into several types as follows according to placement in the measure: A natural accent falls on the first beat, and in compound meters, on other beats, where it is called secondary accent; then there is the irregular or unnatural accent. According to the means of achieving stress, the following distinctions are usually made: Dynamic accent, which results from reinforcement; tonic accent which results from higher pitch; agogic accent which results from longer duration; melodic accent results from a change in direction in the melody; embellishment accents, etc. All have sub-topics for which I will spare the space.

So with all this in mind, we see that rhythmic grouping is a mental fact and not a physical one. Sensitive, well-trained musicians may differ in their interpretation; it is this that, in part, makes performance an art.

The second aspect of this topic was the triplet. Listen to the first movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. The triplet

figures are not made obtrusive to the phrasing of the piece by adding a stress at the beginning of each triplet. Or, let's turn to the pianist's concert repertoire by listening (or playing) the Mozart Concerto #21 K467. In the andante, which is in 4/4, the second violins and violas are playing triplets - unaccented to avoid rhythmic obtrusiveness. The theme of the same piece has triplets which are anacrusic to the quarter notes. It is time to turn to the flamenco guitar repertoire. I have included alternate possibilities for accents in the examples. The alegrías offers many possibilities for irregular, melodic, and agogic accents.

ALEGRÍAS POR ROSAS Serranito

The soleá of Diego Del Gastor is a good example of displacing accents with ligados.

SOLEÁ Diego del Gastor

The bulerías of Paco De Lucía are typical of flamenco, where the melody is grouped in three's but the rhythm is eighth notes.

BULERÍAS Paco de Lucía

The final example is yet another type where the repetition of the "A" provides a built-in melodic accent.

SOLEÁ Paco de Lucía

There are numerous examples of techniques which are meant to destroy the simplistic approach to accenting triplets, i. e., ligados, alzapua, triplet rasgueados, etc. The point is that accents can be identified, labeled, and analyzed for their function. Understanding gives one freedom, and allows for the infinite variation of performance practice.

Last but not least is this business of notation and performance practice. Musical notation (and cifra is as accurate as any), has always implied that the reader is a musician who understands the style he is reading. Students learn about style so they don't have to go to the phonograph every time they want to learn a new piece. Every musician must be able to make decisions about performance practice. Of course bear in mind that every listener's ear has developed differently. The phonograph can be the musician's friend, but it can also be his enemy.

Garó! on Cante

Before or Behind?

For the purpose of this discussion, the reader should know the meaning of the word *cambio*. It applies to the cante, and it means, literally, "change." Used in its broad sense, it refers to a letra or copla sung to a melody that contrasts with a "usual" one. If you listen to a traditional series of letras por soleá all sung in the same style (Alcalá, for instance), you will hear one or more letras sung to one melody, and then a letra with a different melody and a different feeling, usually more dramatic. The latter is the cambio.

Outsiders also use the word in a much more limited sense, to mean the dramatic climax that comes at the end of the next-to-the-last line of the letra, primarily in the soleares and bulerías, and occasionally in the tangos and tientos, if the accompanist chooses to play the specific chords involved. (I say outsiders because I have never heard Spaniards use the term this way. If anyone else has, I'd be glad to know about it.) Hereafter in this article, I use the word in its limited sense.

Sung cambio melodies vary considerably, but the cambio in the toque uses two chords at the most; they contrast with the rest of the accompaniment, so the cambio becomes

easy to hear, except in the one instance when the guitarist uses only a seventh chord. Por arriba (tonic or fingering for E), the guitarist uses G7 and C or the reverse; por medio (tonic or fingering for A), the cambio chords are C7 and F. As I've suggested, the accompanist may omit the "resolving" chord under certain circumstances, especially when the sung melody ends on the seventh scale degree (more about this in a later article). Both singer and guitarist stress the cambio.

The July 1978 *Jaleo* contains two opposing views on accompaniment of the cante, one in an article by La Vikinga and Roberto Reyes, the other in Paco Sevilla's article on Carlos Montoya. I quote (in italics).

Vikinga-Reyes (page 7): [*a renowned Gypsy singer*] likes to do the cambios after the guitarist has already played them. If a singer is not sure when to start or end a section, the guitarist must influence the singer, such as playing a cambio because there's where it should have been.

Montoya is quoted (page 15): *The important thing, though, is to remember to play behind the singer, one cannot anticipate. The singer is improvising, so the guitar must follow. It is acceptable to change chords a little bit late, but never early.*

Well, which is right? The choice is yours, depending on the situation. The Vikinga-Reyes article is written in the context of the dance. Without dance, the cante is flexible, and the cambio can be sung in any of various timings. If a guitarist is urged to "dictate" to the singer that he shall now sing the cambio, then that singer must be accompanying dancers who are depending on hearing it in a specific moment of time.

Context doesn't make clear whether Montoya is thinking of singers only, or whether he meant that the guitarist should play behind the singer regardless of the presence or needs of dancers. I'll bet, though, that he would say he should, because I feel sure he would deplore the playing of the cambio by the guitarist before the singer sang it. He would say the guitarist made a mistake.

If you are thinking in terms of absolutely traditional flamenco, you will have to agree with Montoya. If you are supporting a dancer who is performing in public, and have no other out, you might go along with La Vikinga and Roberto Reyes. Probably our audiences are so ignorant of the cante that the oddity of leaving the singer to sing his dramatic climax with incorrect

accompaniment will bother only him and perhaps the guitarist.

I can think of a few ways for a guitarist to get around this problem. Assuming he's accompanying a dancer who requires a cambio (presumably for emphasis) before the singer gets there, he can simply give a good, sharp rasgueo, but stick with chords appropriate to the cante at that moment. Then, as the singer reaches the cambio, he can play the required chords, but strike them more lightly.

Another possible solution, which I like less because of the toque-cante (melodic-harmonic) clash likely to result, is for the guitarist to play a double cambio. He could play once for the dancer, and then reverse the order of the chords for the singer. The reverse order is desirable because it would camouflage the accompanist's intention; the listener might easily think "how marvelous!" The old five-record Orfeón *Antología del cante flamenco* contains a double cambio por bulería, played by Perico del Lunar, for a singer; no dancer is audible.

A third solution is for the guitarist to "hang around" on a seventh chord, that marvelously noncommittal, unstable sound which can be interpreted as a half-cambio or substituted for a whole one. He may still wish to emphasize his rasgueo sharply at the appropriate time, for coordination with the dancer.

A fourth possible solution is to use the unstable seventh chord throughout the dancer's emphasis, and merely stay on it until the singer is finishing his cambio. Then the guitarist can use the resolving chord, either right with the singer or just after, maintaining a light touch if the dancer seems to require it.

Proper accompaniment for any improvised performance consists of staying with or behind the singer, and with the dancer as much as possible. The skilled accompanist develops some tricks of the trade, such as the noncommittal holding-off method I described for the cambio. Informal performances take everyone off the hook--so if the guitarist plays a cambio before the singer gets there, it should be good for a laugh. It's not "correct."

Any guitarist can be required to mediate between dancer and singer; to do this both well and unobtrusively can be really difficult, and requires much practice. But no one expects a fully improvised performance to be "perfect" in all details; it's the over-all effect that determines its quality.

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PACO DE LUCIA: A Discussion on his Revolution of Flamenco

By Ángela de la Yglesia

(The following is from a Spanish gossip type magazine, the name of which is unknown to us, but probably appeared in 1976. Thanks to Brook Zern for bringing it to our attention.)

Translated by Paco Sevilla and Ron Ryno

This boy with the long and serious face that reminds one of Caradine, the Kung-Fu of television, has dared to say that he will make flamenco evolve (you know, flamenco: that untouchable guitar, made from the wood of centuries, that is defended from the first string to the bass by wise purists...). This Andalucian with the look of a "hippy without marijuana" has achieved with the guitar that which was unattainable for the Segovias, the Yepes, the Segundo Pastors, and the rest of the eminent ones: That hundreds of people cause great disturbances in the doorways of the cultural theaters of the world when they can't get in to hear him. He is adored by the gypsies in spite of the fact that he is not a gypsy. The classical musicians admire his technique. The more progressive musicians, like Eric Clapton, affirm that there is "nobody like him". And flamencos say that he has revolutionized the guitar. Why this boom? Who is Paco de Lucía? What does he feel? How does he think? What is true in him and what is a prefabricated product?

I was almost at the point of not ascertaining, and not because I was faced with the traditional "chase after the idol". Paco de Lucía does not act like a great star. But he suffers - and makes suffer - his followers. Nervious and without a guitar to calm his nerves, between the airplane that took him to Palma de Mallorca and an automobile that would carry him to a concert in Oviedo, something of what he has inside floated out.

Paco de Lucía has been accused of something terrible - of not being a pure flamenco guitarist. Can it be that he does not believe that the art should be enclosed by canons?

--What value do you give to the rules that govern an art?

"The unbreakable rules are, for me, the rhythm, the compás, and the cadence. You have to respect these, but the rest of the

rules come from a false purity that doesn't convince me. Music is born in a spiritual state, from the sensations of the moment. For he who understands this, it is just a question of time.

The result is that many believe that in flamenco everything had been invented. There was nothing left to do but add to what had been said by the great masters of the past; Javier Molina, Ramón Montoya, Miguel Borrull... today they say, "What an outrage" about the technique created by Paco de Lucía. Of what does it consist? How is it different from that of Rafael Montoya, for example?

You have before you a man who makes music completely intuitively. I spend many hours preparing myself, but my music is not thought out beforehand. It is not prefabricated. This technique of which you speak is more the result of extracting all that I have felt in my life. Flamenco is that that I feel, that which I have in my subconscious, that which I want to say."

--And what do you want to say? What do you feel?

"I don't know how to define it. It is as if the atmosphere had made you lighter. You have the sensation of flying. You forget that you exist, or what your name is....it is a state of hypersensibility...memories..."

--Bad memories, then. If not, why do you play with such fury, in such an aggressive manner?

"I don't know..."

--You don't know why the fury? You are nervous. There are six hours of travel waiting for you (the suitcases are already in the car) and a concert, the first of 15 that you will give in Spain, and the "Festival Cervantino de Guanajuato" in Mexico. All this in a month. Perhaps you feel the rush, the tension, the fatigue, the desire to finish the interview; that which extracts from you unexpected words.

"The fury is because of having been born in an environment where there are the poor and the rich. I always had a big complex; I was always the "fatso" in the gang. When I was older, I never had enough information, the knowledge necessary to express the feelings that I had ... I have said that I am a "guitarrista de cabreos" because I have to get out that which I feel. I don't have theories. All I have are feelings. The theory, the facts, you can only learn as a child with money ..."

Of his beginnings, only the essentials. Paco de Lucía (Francisco Sánchez Gómez - that of Lucía is from his mother) does not wish to exploit that period of his life,

that period when flamencos used to live "from four señoritos (rich patrons) who used to give a fiesta and you had to play all night for them". His father, Antonio, played in the nightclubs of Algeciras. His mother, Lucía, and the five children, lived from his guitar.

--Is it true that there are twenty two in your house?

"Yes! I have ten. The rest belong to my brothers Pepe and Ramón; Pepe also plays although he is not a professional. My father and Ramón taught me how to use my hands. Later, I learned from everybody..."

(Editor's note: We omit here some of the details of Paco's life that were covered in Jaleo, June 1978, and a small portion of the article that was illegible; we continue with Paco's comments on success).

"But success places me in a state that does not satisfy me. Today I do not feel fulfilled. Because it does not depend exclusively on my work, but also on the work of those who surround you, of those who promote you, of those who do the publicity for you. I would be satisfied if the public could discover me for themselves -- for myself. Now I don't need triumphs. I am affirmed. I know who I am and what I want. I have no other goal than to feel as little unhappiness as possible. I want to live in the present. I want to stop talking, to not pigeonhole myself and expose myself to ridicule...Why leave ecstasy for a minute? This is the definition of being human. But this evolves continuously and I am not sure how what I tell you today will serve tomorrow. I enjoy life. To live. And that is all I am going to do."

His rumba "Entre Dos Aguas" represents an authentic improvisation -- he hasn't played it the same twice -- and popularity, for people go wild dancing it in the discos.

--Aren't you afraid of becoming more a product of consumption?

He bristled as he answered. I repeat the question.

"It doesn't bother me to appear as a product of consumption. That's what I am. I try to make my music. My music is that which makes me feel good."

One of the things most surprising about Paco de Lucía is that he has brought flamenco, the art of a minority, to the masses. How do you explain that the public is able to understand, to vibrate with and be elated by a soleares or a siguiriyas?

"I haven't yet found a logical answer. I don't know if they feel it, or at what level they feel and understand, nor why

such a varied public comes to hear me. Perhaps part of it is the cleanness of the execution, the technique, the brilliance of the sound, the desire I put into having them understand the flamenco that I adore and never has been at the level it deserves..."

--You say that the music is feeling. Doesn't it have a lot of the mathematical in it?

"Yes! For this reason the guitarist is the most intellectual of the flamencos. But some interpret these mathematics only with their heads, with coldness, and others express it intuitively; this grabs you more."

...His friends push him toward the car, leaving me with a mountain of questions on my paper. Among them, questions about love, of which Paco de Lucía has spoken little. I still had, however, a name: Casilda, "the person who knows me (Paco) best in the world." Also, Casilda Varela enjoys very much the subject of Paco de Lucía. She has outlined a portrait of the composer that is extremely revealing and intelligent:

"Paco is a man who is enormously attractive to women. He gets to people, gets under their skin. Apart from being a great instrumentalist, he is undoubtedly a social phenomenon. His inaccessibility -- that look on his face that isolates him from the public -- the serious expression, the eyes closed without looking where he puts his fingers; this air of mystery makes him attractive to young people, who, from their seats in the theatre, are able to fantasize a Paco de Lucía to fit their own desires. A pose? Perhaps! When he plays the guitar among friends, he never closes his eyes...maybe I have presented him as too much of a show-off, but not too much. With the rumba "Entre Dos Aguas," he began to mystify his image, to see in himself a salable personality. But Paco knows that all of this is circumstantial. He wants to spread flamenco and, in order to do that, it is necessary that the public grasp first the easiest. It is like a big balloon; with what is left after it is deflated, Paco will construct that which really interests him.

He only wants money in order to be free from material needs. He plays -- and why not -- at popular prices. In the Teatro Real of Madrid, where he introduced for the first time the flamenco guitar, those people who had never had the opportunity to attend a concert there, lived through a great afternoon for thirty or a hundred pe-

setas (50¢ to \$1.50). On the stage they had to put six hundred extra seats, and still, a thousand people were left outside."


"The most outstanding aspect of Paco's character is his sensitivity. This generates intuition. And an intelligence. The second fundamental feature is his great feeling for justice. He reminds me of the Patriarch of the Old Testament; goodness, but sternness and a protectiveness that does not impose itself. His lack of sophistication produces an irritation rather than a complex. It creates a state of continuous elation. For me, the word "culture" is a cliché. Paco and I have arrived at a level where we have perfect communication. This level of communication, I have not achieved with people superior to him culturally.

"He is understanding. Possessive in love. Jealous. A great affection for his family; for him it represents a symbol, the tradition, that has largely inspired him in his work. Family, Andalucía, childhood...Paco has never been a child. Because of this, Paco feels nostalgia for childhood. He speaks to me with nostalgia of Algeciras, of La Bajadilla, his barrio, of the patio of the house with its sweet smelling tree, and of the sea. He recalls a school that he attended for two years where a teacher used to hit him with a switch.

"To me he is a tortured man. The guitar tortues him more than it satisfies him... his surroundings are uncomfortable for him and give him anguish. It coerces him. He has known fame but it irritates him. He needs it but it has robbed him of his peace and solitude. But he is philosophical about it all.

"Imaginative. Lazy? If something motivates him, he is capable of great activity, but he is more lazy than active. Nevertheless, he thinks, weighs, concludes, and acts with great speed. He convinces. Very independent. Very opposed to method and order. He hates routine, schedules, and obligations. Few things are important to him.

(continued on page 20)



Flamenco Dance Classes

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CAFE DE CHINITAS
 Restaurante-Tablao Flamenco

✂ ✂ ✂

**MARIA VARGAS
 CARMEN CASARRUBIOS
 SERRANITO
 CUQUI FIERRO
 TEODORO MORCA**

EL CUADRO FLAMENCO

Torija, 7

"CASI GITANO"

Translated from the Spanish by
 Paco Sevilla

(The following is taken from Hoja del Lunes de Madrid, which appeared in 1971 or 1972. It is of interest not only because it tells a little about Teodoro Morca, but because the attitude of the interviewer is so typical and Teo handles it so well. The word "cingaro" refers to non-Spanish gypsies.)

The stage is deserted and in the back, a dim light hardly served us for our dialogue. He's an unusual man; tall, extravagant, "cingaro". He confesses to having danced flamenco for twenty years and has appeared in shows with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. He appears as relaxed as if, for a Hungarian to toss his hair in a tablao and to be named Teodoro Morca, it were the most natural thing in the world.

"I learned to dance in New York, Los Angeles, and also in Spain. I have had many teachers. It is a very interesting experience now to dance in a tablao with an authentic gypsy like La Chunga."

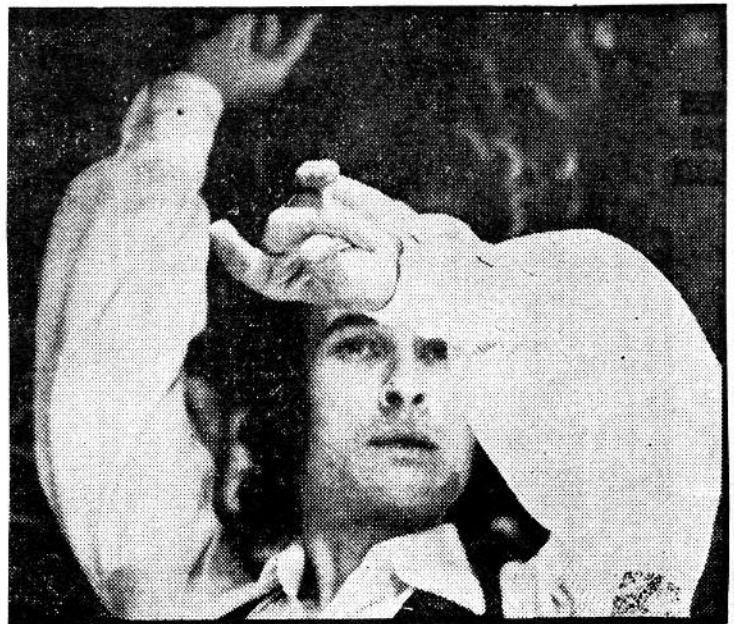
-- Partner of La Chunga, Hungarian, concert dancer, and at times, gypsy -- Do you believe all of this makes sense?

"Flamenco is an art. I believe that anyone who feels the music can dance flamenco. Having been born to the sound of jaleo and palmas does not give one the ability to appear on the stage of a theater. Besides, we "cingaros" are almost the same as "los gitanos."

-- Ah, very good! And you believe then that everything lies in technique? You don't feel a special "tickle" when you dance?

"What I enjoy and feel is the drama. I love the baile por soleares and the cante jondo."

-- How does the public react to a Hungarian dancer?



Teodoro Morca en el Café de Chinitas

"Look, I have had a lot of luck in Spain. The people don't know what you are. I insist that, to me, being Hungarian is not very important."

-- Listen, Mr. Tempermental, for you, what role do the palmas and taconeo play in your life?

"Flamenco is part of my life. When I dance, I feel natural."

-- Since I, with your permission, consider you to be neutral, who are the best?

"I can't answer because I have many friends and this little world is very small. Some great dancers are Antonio Gades, Antonio, Rafael de Córdoba..."

-- And the women, what can you tell me?

"I will tell you three of the best: La Chunga because she is so pure, María Soto, and Carmen Mora."

-- What about money?

"I have earned a lot with flamenco. I have lived many years from my dance. Now I go to the U.S.A. to do a tour. It will be very interesting. I will take flamenco to the American universities."

Juana tells him to go onstage. In a moment he is there alone. A small world, partially internal, seems to open for him. He takes it very seriously. The shawls and castanets are asleep on the walls. A Hungarian flamenco, little by little, starts to wake them up. He says it makes no difference; he could be right.



Dance Experiences in Spain

PART III

by *Suzanne Keyser*

LAST DAYS - MORÓN AND BACK TO MADRID

As I said before, the night life in Morón can be pretty hard to take if you're not a flamenco (and even if you are, because flamenco doesn't happen every night). But there is always Sevilla, which is about two hours' drive away.

One night Tana, Agustín, Chuck, and I piled into Tana's little old Seat, and off we went on the bumpy road to Sevilla - across the fields, headed for yet another tablao. After Madrid, we weren't exactly keen on the idea, but Tana managed to convince Agustín to tear himself away from his beloved Morón and his guitar and take her to see Mañuela Carrasco, the current flamenco dance star of Spain. We had seen her in an impromptu bulerías in "Café de Chinitas," and she had been extremely impressive then even in her casual slacks and high platform shoes (in which it is virtually impossible to dance - but dance she did!).

So off we went, with Agustín in his white suit, Chuck in his gangster outfit, and Tana and I in our best dresses. We arrived early enough to have a couple of copas in the Barrio Santa Cruz where the drinks are much cheaper than in the tablao.

On the whole, the show at "Los Gallos" (the tablao we went to in Sevilla) was much better than anywhere else, although they have the same package, with the perennial blonde rumba dancer and the raven haired sexy voiced "typical" gitana in the polka dots. However, the artistic quality was much, much better than in Madrid; one girl was a bit academic and only one was really offensive, but all the others were quite good and projected that special Andaluz gracia which is almost impossible to translate.

Manuela Carrasco was absolutely outstanding and deserving of all the publicity and fame. This young gypsy girl (who is no more than 18), who has a face that would be considered unattractive by any occidental standard of beauty, just took over the whole tablao, even with the other dancers as good as they were. Her stage presence is power-

ful; her movements, although wide and encompassing, are perfectly controlled; now dynamic, now subtle. She commands the stage like a queen, yet is still as earthy as any gitana ever was. The interplay between herself, her father, her singer, and her accompanist (Ramón Amador, the best guitarist we heard in Spain) is so smooth, the buildups so powerful, and the flow of the rhythm and expression held together so tightly that the feeling of the dance grows, and all your attention is riveted on that young woman as she holds you in suspense with the strength of her projection. The most amazing thing about her performance is that it looks improvised on the moment, and yet I know it can't be because I know how difficult it is to put such a performance with the arts of those people woven so tightly together, but it still came across as fresh and natural.

If she had been in Sevilla for a longer contract, we would have taken the bus to see her again; she would have been worth another closet in Sevilla for the night.

Every night we spent in Morón was comfortably warm enough to stay out in light clothes until sleep, exhaustion, or boredom forced us back home. Most nights we'd come back from "cena" at Bar Miguel around 10:00 and wander up to Bar Pepe for a nightcap to talk things over with Gonzalo or Donn Pohren or whoever happened to be sitting out on the plaza under the street lamp.

Sometimes all we'd hear would be the pinball machine, competing with the TV inside the bar, and sometimes there would be no other noises than dogs fighting, children playing, and their mothers calling out for them to come home to bed. But sometimes the palmas would break out, out of the blue, or Juan would start reciting his improvised poetry for a half circle of aficionados. The translated verses reminded us strangely of "Mary had a little lamb", recited very dramatically; the gypsies have that tongue-in-cheek sense of humor that counterbalances the intensity with which they live life and feel flamenco. It is that sense of humor and sense of life that produces finally those beautiful viejos (old men), with their weatherbeaten faces and threadbare suits, who walk the main street with their heads held high, their backs straight, their Córdoba hats at precisely the right angle, and the toothpick in the corner of their mouths, as if they owned the whole world (and perhaps they do).

Anyway, on one of those hot nights, things were as quiet as could be; I was sitting with Eugenia, and she introduced me to

Milagro's eldest daughter who was visiting from Sevilla, where she is staying with her uncle's family (her uncle, Pepe Ríos, is a well known dancer and teacher in Sevilla). She had just started studying at his academy a couple of months before. Well, one thing led to another; three other gypsy girls I had met at one of the fiestas joined us after awhile, and we all climbed up to Eugenia's house with a couple of bottles of wine and a big bag of chips. We pushed the crib into the alcove by the window, sat the other kids down with the bag of chips, and Eugenia started singing por bulerías, with the others doing palmas. Milagro's daughter was anxious to show us her new steps; I danced, we swapped steps, another girl wanted to learn a desplante, and then we changed to rumba. Then a couple of grandmothers, having heard the palmas outside, came wandering in; somebody went down for more wine, and we went on singing and dancing like that for fun; just a bunch of women by ourselves with no guitar, until Eugenia's husband came home from work. Then we sort of got inhibited and the impromptu party broke up.

When I came outside Chuck was wild with curiosity; he kept hearing all those terrific palmas and singing, and was dying to come up but was afraid of upsetting the atmosphere.

How difficult it is for me to talk about Morón in faithful terms. It was a magic place for me, and has been for other foreign flamencos who have been there. Yet, when you try to break down the reason why it is so fantastic, it is just that the people there are so genuine and such natural artists, in their varying degrees. Some have worked to develop their arts, while others have just picked it up by osmosis, but every one in the flamenco circle really loves and respects the art and values it as we value the air we breath. We don't think about it, but we would be destroyed without it.

Well, time went by much too quickly; we had hoped to prolong our stay with revenue from Chuck's course, but the mail strike cut the ground from under our feet and we had to leave.

Back in Madrid, we had to wait five days before we could get a flight back to Montreal. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise because we saw Marcella Del Real dance in La Pacheca, which is a tablao on the outskirts of Madrid.

We went to La Pacheca with the certainty of seeing one more depressing pseudo-flamenco horror show. But we went anyway on the

premise that one can always learn, even if it is only what not to do.

The show was mediocre in comparison with others in Madrid (and the club itself a rip-off); the star danced well, although after Morón it was difficult for us to relate to her.

But Marcella really impressed us; among the other girls there she immediately stood out by her unquestionable artistic integrity projecting a strength and "aire" very similar to that of Mañuela Carrasco in Sevilla. She was impressive in her choice of movement and choreography and was every bit as good as Mañuela.

I went back by myself the next evening and, as it turned out, we had met before in the studio of Mercedes León, three years before. In fact she, two other girls, and myself had been hired to do bit parts on the national television in Madrid, and we had spent the best part of a week standing around the studio waiting for our turn to perform.

We made a date to meet the next day with Chuck. She then generously agreed to let us film some of her dances. We were extremely pressed for time; we were leaving on Friday and this was Wednesday. Therefore, Chuck and Marcella didn't have any time to practice at all before we shot the films; in fact we were very lucky to find a large enough studio.

However, we met a few hours before studio time so we could at least get to know each other better. The more we talked with Marcella that afternoon, the more we liked her. We found that we shared her views on many aspects of the art, and the way she talked confirmed our feeling about the kind of dedication and the real sense of artistic integrity with which she approached her dance; that is, as an art form that had to be studied, respected, and loved. Dancing for her was not only a way of living; she was building her career as a life's work, slowly and carefully, and not seeking fame and prestige by condescending to cheapen her dance. She also emphasized the importance of the music to her; very often academy trained dancers consider the music to be secondary - they learn routines that are never varied and are independent of the accompanying artist (had we met Marcella earlier, we would have asked her to bring a singer with whom she felt "a gusto", but under the circumstances, Chuck had to provide the singing as well as the guitar accompaniment).

After a few minutes of warm-up, Marcella and Chuck began to perform for my camera and tape recorder. She danced two beautiful jon-

do dances, soleares and siguiriyas, with a beautiful understanding of the tensions involved in the subtle differences between them. She also did a great alegrías, a bulerías, and a bit of a rumba for us. We had to quickly pack up our gear and leave then, as the students for the ballet class started clammering at the door.

Afterward, the three of us went out to unwind over a well earned lunch, which went on until late into the afternoon, and then for a café solo as afternoon turned into evening. Marcella left us to get ready for her performance, and Chuck and I were left with the certainty that we had not only met and obtained films from a valuable artist, but that we had also made a real friend within the art.

It is thanks to artists like Marcella and Mañuela that the art of flamenco dance continues to grow and survives as the beautiful art it can be. Stage flamenco, although derived from the art of the fiesta, fills a completely different need and has to stand on its own as a different means of expression. Concert artists like Mañuela and Marcella are among the few that promote good flamenco.

No art form has been misrepresented more often than flamenco, even in Spain. The great majority of Spaniards know absolutely nothing about the art and are prone to consider the tablaos as a form of leg show (which, for the most part, indeed they are). A Spaniard, however, even though he despises the art, will never admit to knowing less than a foreigner, unless confronted with the art in performance. (A good test is to see if they can do palmas por bulerías).

The only logical places to look for manifestations of the art outside of Spain would be in Spanish establishments -- restaurants or nightclubs. A great number of Spanish theme restaurants to be run by Greeks or by corporate holding companies, who know nothing about Spanish pop music, let alone flamenco.

Next are the Spanish restaurant owners, virtually none of whom come from Andalucía (no Andalucian in his right mind would ever leave his province to start a business in a foreign country). As a result, most of the Spanish restaurants run by Spaniards are run by Basques, Catalans, or the hardest of the plastic set, the Madrileño. At best they will offer a silly version of a Madrid tablao, and at worst they will advertise Mexican music or Italian music as flamenco (as El Matador and Chateau Madrid in Montreal have done). They are under the conviction that what appeals to a Spanish public will

appeal to the world in general, which is the reason that most "flamenco" restaurants fold.

There are the gross misuses of the art in advertisements of products. (A particularly disgusting example is the recent television commercial advertising a trip to Spain through the sale of lottery tickets). Countless artists, like Manitas de Plata, are completely ignorant of the art, or "sin vergüenza" in their performance of it.

Yet when people are presented with the authentic thing, in a lecture demonstration or a class, with artists of good caliber and integrity, they do turn on to the art and want more. And the more they learn about it, the more they grow to love it. Some of us even are touched so deeply that our whole lives become a quest for the truth and beauty of the art, and we learn as much as we can, while being forced to sift through the piles of garbage and misinformation to find the gems. Yet the art still lives, in Morón, Lebrija, and in the hearts and artistic lives of real artists everywhere; in unrecognized and lonely artists in Montreal, Vancouver, Toronto, Los Angeles - never in an accessible way, and nearly always underground. The artists that are commercially successful have lost the edge of the wit of the bulerías and the ducas negras of the siguiriyas (which can be communicated in concert, but never in a club). It is almost a truism that only the mediocre artists are successful (with some happy exceptions).

I wish that the good flamenco could surface more often, and that the public could get a real experience of the power and beauty that flamenco can convey. We do the best we can.



Tablao-California Style

A REPORT ON EL CID IN LOS ANGELES

by Paco Sevilla

I finally got a chance to visit El Cid, Southern California's only surviving flamenco tablao; I was anxious to resolve conflicting reports which had said "...not very impressive!" or "...the best tablao in the country" and also to see Carmen Mora in action after many weeks of watching her teach in San Diego.

What I saw was the finest evening of club flamenco that I have experienced outside of Spain. I don't know how the club scene is in the East, but this show certainly far outdistanced anything I have seen in California.

The "Cid" is very attractively decorated and well set up for performances; there are few, if any, tablaos in Spain that pay such careful attention to decor and the technical aspects of the performance, such as stage visibility and sound (some Spanish tablaos may be superior in one particular aspect, such as Torres Bermejas for decor or Café de Chinitas for lighting, but they all fall down in many areas). The P.A. system sounded better than any I have heard, with the guitar sounding very clear and very natural.

The first show featured a cuadro that gave the impression of filling the stage with bodies, although there were actually only five performers -- guitarist Antonio Durán, singer-dancers Raul Martín and Concha de Morón, and dancers Juan Talavera and Liliana Morales.

They opened with a spirited sevillanas, the singers taking turns, then Concha danced alegrías. Antonio played a guitar solo, tarantas-tarantos, followed by Liliana in an elegant soleá sung by Concha. The rest of the show consisted of a long finale "por bulerías".

Concha sings well with a modern sound and I enjoyed her very much. Raul adds a human touch with his traditional style singing and unschooled natural dancing; he also added to the show with his introductions and explaining of the numbers.

After an intermission of 45-60 minutes, (I didn't keep track) the second show opened with an alegrías by Carmen Mora, Concha singing, Antonio playing guitar and Juan Talavera doing palmas. This number developed into a zapateado danced by Talavera. After a guitar solo "por bulerías" Carmen danced her tarantos and the group finished with bulerías. Each number flowed into the following one so that, as Carmen explained later, there was no letdown in the show. I agree with her in the sense of keeping the show going, but somehow the transition of an alegrías into a zapateado bothers me a little.

I was hit by three thoughts on watching Carmen dance. First, she teaches the same things that she uses in her dances -- there is no holding back of her good stuff and teaching students other movements. Second, Carmen's style is unique; if one comes expecting to see classical traditional flamenco, one is apt to be suprised. I'm not going to try to describe her dance except to say that it is pure Carmen, full of the unexpected and a lot of drama, at times almost like modern dance, but, very flamenco. Her personal style is so strong that those who study with her will need to exercise care that they do not over-imitate her and become grotesque

caricatures -- always a hazard when studying with with someone who has a strong "propio sello" (like a Diego del Gastor or a María de la Merced). Lastly, I found that aside from the above thoughts, I was hypnotized by Carmen's dancing to such an extent that I was unaware of exactly what was happening and have very little recall of anything she did. I know I have seen good dancing when I forget to be analytical or critical and don't pay much attention to the guitarists.

Speaking of guitar, I must give high praise to the playing of Antonio Durán. The shows demanded a great deal from the guitarist -- it seemed like he played a thousand falsetas por bulerías and Carmen's dances had many difficult falsetas worked into the choreography. He plays cleanly and very strongly, with excellent rhythm, precise accompaniment and a modern style. He plays a large part in creating the quality of these shows.

I didn't stay for the third show but I assume that it was similar to the first performance. I didn't time the length of the shows but they seemed to be at least 45 minutes long; in any case, the length was just right. The cost for two of us on a Friday night was almost \$10.00, including a couple of drinks each -- a bargain considering that a tablao in Spain would cost that much or more for one person.



Diego del Gastor: Flamenco Stories

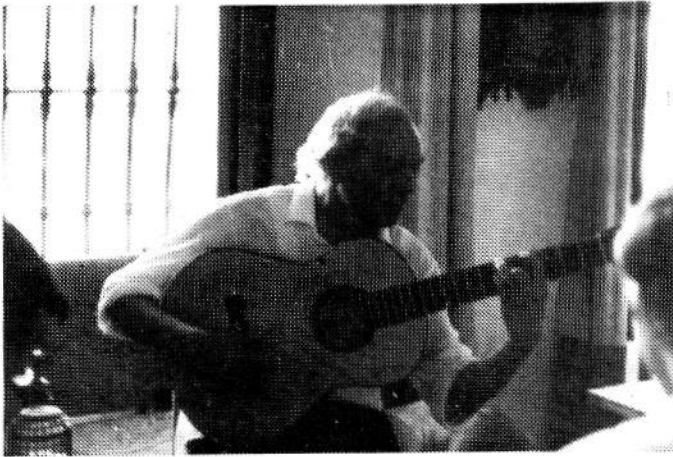
by *Carol Whitney*

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PART II

Paco's second question is "People write and talk about Diego as if he were a saint; certainly he appears to have had a sense of inner peace. He was also painted as enigmatic and eccentric. Was he really that way? If not, what was he really like?"

Of course you should ask the Spaniards who knew him if you want the whole story. My own knowledge is that of an outsider, and is therefore limited. Still, I have opinions on these questions, since I know something of human nature, and I believe those who knew Diego really well would agree with most, if not all, of them.



Pohren's *Art of Flamenco*, his *Lives and Legends of Flamenco*, and David George's *The Flamenco Guitar*, all published by the Society of Spanish Studies, give biographical information on Diego. (Possibly the *Blue Guitar*, San Diego, can help you locate these books, either to buy or borrow, as *Lives and Legends* is out of print, and probably *The Flamenco Guitar* is too.)

The most important facts are that Diego was the son of a wealthy Gypsy cattle trader, that his family owned a lot of land in Morón (sources: Juan del Gastor and Agustín Ríos), that his father consistently took care of the poor, feeding and clothing them (source: Diego's sister Amparo), and that the family lost its wealth eventually. Diego told me that he especially wanted to learn the guitar, but his parents didn't want him to be a professional, and didn't like his going out to juergas, which would have provided him with ideal learning conditions--perhaps they feared he would want to live only in juergas thereafter. So, he told me with a devilish grin, he had to sneak out. Juan reports that Diego didn't start playing seriously until he was in his early twenties.

By all indications, Diego lived a reasonably comfortable youth, and was exposed to some of the excellent flamenco of the time, among his family, in Morón, and possibly elsewhere as well.

An artist who has been nourished both in life and art, as Diego was (regardless of having to sneak out to juergas), develops both artistic and personal integrity. Diego's sense of himself as a person and a flamenco must indeed have been strong, since the family's material losses failed to sway him from his integrity and self-confidence. Anyone really observing could see that his refusal to accept certain recording conditions--or even certain juergas--was based

on the conditions he might expect and what he envisaged they might do to his playing. In other words he refused to fulfill someone else's image of what greatness is for a flamenco artist. For Diego, the greatness lay in the art, not in the payment. His determination to maintain his artistic integrity arose from his knowledge that it was a major source of his personal integrity, which he maintained to a surprising degree all his life, even when shaken by ill health. It is this kind of integrity which brings inner peace, because it supports life even under adverse circumstances.

Diego saw himself as a caretaker of people. Remember that in Spain, far more than in most of Europe, landowners have an old and lasting tradition of caring for their tenants and poor neighbors. Remembering also that Diego had a great deal of family pride, as evidenced in his strong rule both within his immediate family and among the Morón flamencos (many of whom are related to him), you may have a good idea of why Diego felt responsible for others. Certainly he cared for many foreigners, and heaven knows how many Spaniards--not necessarily with material goods, but with services of some kind--advice, lessons, and general friendliness and sympathy.

He also liked to be reasonably comfortable, and some money was necessary to provide for his comfort. Because he suffered badly from the damp and chill of the Morón winters, he accepted the gift of a warm sweater with obvious pleasure. When a close friend of his who had won a large lottery prize gave him a substantial portion of it, Diego had a small country house built just outside of Morón, possibly as an investment, certainly for his personal use. Though very sparsely furnished, it had two rooms, a large fireplace, and a small lavatory out in back. Diego used the house primarily for juergas.

He even liked money enough so that he asked the National Geographic Society to pay him at a rate sixty percent higher than normal, for recording. His request was granted without fuss, and he recorded at his country house, playing with apparent enjoyment to this receptive and sympathetic audience. (Two bands from this session appear on the National Geographic Society's record *The Music of Spain, Volume I: Andalusia*.)

(Editor's note: This record, THE MUSIC OF SPAIN, LP07704, contains two examples of Diego playing solo bulerías in a manner so

incredibly driving and virile that it is difficult to believe the player is almost 70 years of age. The record can be obtained from the National Geographic Society, Washington D.C. 20036; they will bill you.)

Caring for people when one has nothing material, only kindness, left to give, is an act of defiance by which the giver asserts he is still human no matter how badly he has been hurt; it is a means by which an oppressed person may maintain a personal integrity of the strength of Diego's. I bring all this up because it has a direct bearing on his death. Whatever else he lost, Diego always retained his sense of deep obligation. During the last few months before his death he suffered particularly through trying to care, at the expense of his own health, for someone who was desperately ill.

There must be some sources for the stories that made Diego a saint in people's minds. Let's look at them.

Flamenco is a very dramatic art--the singer, the dancer, the guitarist, are all acting out the drama of life when they perform. Strong emotion, displayed on the surface, is the key to the drama. This kind of performance, with its apparent forcefulness, easily attracts people with dependent tendencies. After all, it appeals even to the strong--imagine its effect on the weak.

I believe that people who have inner strength enter the flamenco drama at two levels, one on which they immerse themselves in the expressed or implied drama, and another on which they see it as a story which reflects human insignificance, imperfection, and weakness; it is the contrast of these two levels that gives the art its supreme poignancy. The artist or aficionado who sees and feels both levels laughs and cries at the same time. The parasite, on the other hand, sees only the emotion dramatized, whether it is laughter or tears; he is too ignorant of himself and others to enter the drama at all, so that he is merely a sponge, soaking up its pressure, but not its tension.

What is a saint, anyway? A saint embodies passion, a saint is generous, a saint is other-worldly. A saint may be physically attractive, or ugly, even repulsive, but whichever he is, he magnetizes others by his vitality.

Diego was physically attractive, and very photogenic. Look at the fine portraits in Pohren's books--and at the saint-like chiaroscuro in David George's

photographs. I have also seen really inspiring photographs taken by various foreigners. A great portrait contributes greatly to canonization.

Then, of course, we have the miles of privately recorded tape. Diego permitted foreigners to record much of his playing. I understand tapes have been collected, sometimes sold, exchanged, pirated. I can see little groups of foreigners huddled around the tape recorder, listening, studying, and glorifying, not only Diego, but often the tape's possessor as well.

Please don't misunderstand me--not every aficionado is a mere treasure-collector. But sanctification is, all the same, a common activity among enthusiasts. It generally arises out of a need for reflected self-importance; it's an insidious trap for those who indulge in it, but also, it's contagious, and in turn traps new aficionados who may deserve better.

Taking all this into account, we can now approach Paco's questions. Diego had passion and generosity, both saint-like characteristics. He himself made the ultimate contribution to the legend that he was a saint, by dying. But of course he was no such thing. He was entirely of this world--otherwise he could not have been a flamenco. Imagine with what guts a saint would perform the art.

If Diego wasn't a saint, why did people who wrote and talked about him give that impression?

Writers are free to choose what to say, of course, and any reader who doesn't know that is irresponsible, never mind the responsibility of the writer.

Pohren and George, in writing of Diego, presented attractive portraits of a strong personality. Pohren's is a direct and personal statement which gives the reader some opportunity of judging the writing for himself. George's is more subtle, full of gaps that tempt readers to fill them in with their imaginations--this, of course, is what skilled writing does. Imagine how many Spaniards and foreigners must have met and known Diego, and how many of them must also have told--or written--stories about him. Readers and listeners can tell stories too, and often do. Somewhere along the way, as in the children's game of "telephone," the word gets passed along from ear to ear, distorted further in each telling by the enthusiasm or ignorance of the next listener, who then becomes the teller.

Let me defend writers for a moment, since I'm putting my own neck on the line. Selection is an absolute prerequisite to writing, and a good writer selects according to what he intends to convey. Furthermore, his writing reveals his point of view, whether he states it directly or not. Judgment of that point of view is the reader's responsibility. (But with bad writing, the reader is left helpless, because no coherent point of view appears.)

Pohren and George are both competent writers, so we can place responsibility for judging with their readers. I don't mean to release writers from responsibility, but merely to point out that the reader's is equal.

Pohren reports that Diego was called eccentric because he refused to accompany the extremely famous Antonio Chacón, and also implies that his "total indifference to fame and fortune" was ample cause for the label (*Lives and Legends*, page 296). A reader examining the work with great care will find that Pohren himself doesn't say Diego was eccentric--but the writing style throughout the book is casual and intentionally entertaining, so that any but the most finicky reader falls into the trap of assuming that Diego was eccentric. Pohren sustains this illusion in the entire section on Diego, so that the reader must conclude that he believes the views he presents. But in all his written work, he makes clear his opinion that indifference to fame and fortune is eminently sensible, so we must assume that he also believes to be eccentric is to be sensible. This kind of playing around leads to some of the worst kind of story-telling among readers--the kind that incorporates creeping, subtle distortions, the kind that seems irrefutable to thousands of serious aficionados who look to the printed word and to famous flamencologists for their information. These aficionados have only the best of intentions, and really wish to learn the truth. They must learn to read responsibly, always maintaining a high degree of skepticism.

Diego enjoyed whatever fame he attained among both Spaniards and foreigners as long as it didn't threaten his integrity. He recorded at least five programs for the Spanish National Television series *Rito y geografía del cante*. The first time he recorded, he was uncertain of the conditions, but he got accustomed to the crew members, some of whom were good

aficionados themselves, and he found the settings comfortable for performing, so he became at ease and happy in the work.

I didn't find Diego's desires or priorities eccentric at all; they were extremely reasonable, pragmatic, and life-sustaining. Perhaps they were different from those of other artists, who did wish fame and fortune, who would sell out their integrity for it. Maybe from their point of view, Diego was eccentric.

Another factor enters: writers like to sell their work. Describing Diego as eccentric makes a good story. If Pohren offends here, his offense is minor, because his writing, and therefore his point of view, is clear and consistent, and one could certainly make a case that Diego was eccentric, for instance, by defining fame and fortune as the ultimately desirable. I have seen far worse distortions written about flamenco--direct lies, presented as if they were fact--some of them in prestigious newspapers, containing imagery sufficiently intoxicating to deceive all but the most wary completely, so that the writer is responsible for the deception.

One such article, published in America and written by an American, was awarded a Spanish prize which is normally reserved for Spaniards; here we have a situation in which flamencologists, writers and aficionados all puff each other up with hot air. Shrapnel from the inevitable explosion injures flamencos and aficionados alike.

This article's author may have been even more irresponsible than the author of a PhD dissertation on flamenco which demonstrates, to knowledgeable aficionados, that the author and the dissertation director connived together to create a dream world of their own in which flamenco's existence was merely for the purpose of fulfilling their pet theories. While the work's total incoherence guarantees that no competent reader would be taken in, regardless of his knowledge of flamenco, both the author and the approving group of PhDs are thereby revealed to be both dishonest and incompetent, as are so many today, particularly in the social sciences.

David George, in *The Flamenco Guitar*, reports that a journalist from Madrid came to Morón to interview Diego. Diego walked away, and the journalist went after him, but he refused an interview. The journalist asked in Casa Pepe (where Morón's flamencos can often be found) what was the

matter with Diego, and received the answer that he was eccentric (page 62). This story has two possible interpretations, one, that Diego really was eccentric, and the other, that whoever said he was simply told a story to mollify the journalist. If we choose the second interpretation, we could also believe that the person who said Diego was eccentric was accustomed to telling this story, and that it was a measure devised by Diego and his friends as protection against unwanted intrusions by outsiders. Measures like this are used in many cultures to protect against such intrusion. Often-told stories are often believed, too--sometimes, people who tell them even begin to believe them themselves.

Later, George quotes Diego: "They even say that I am *raro* [erratic, eccentric]. Can you imagine that?" (page 66). He implies that Diego enjoyed playing with this idea because it likened him to the famous singer Manuel Torre--but also that Diego considered himself normal, and was treating the report as a joke.

George's chapter on Diego, we can assume from the preface to his book, is largely conversation transcribed from tape; therefore it is almost certainly accurate--but it is very selective. Anyone who reads with adulation and without thinking, as readers about flamenco are frequently tempted to do, will fall into misconceptions.

Photographs, tapes, writings, all lead to the telling of stories. Stories, myths, legends and lies, draw their vitality from personal chatter. The listener, like the reader, must judge them as best he can--but how much harder to judge while listening than while reading, how much easier to be caught up in the enthusiasm of the moment, how tempting for the story-teller to distort without a second thought, and for the listener to egg him on.

We must remember that anyone who adapts his actions and thoughts to what he believes other people think of him is helping them to create a personality for him; this personality puts limits on his possible actions, and even on his thoughts. Flamencos, like others who perform for audiences, are strongly subject to "personality creation," but Diego usually saw through such maneuvers, and acted independently of them.

Thanks to his early wealth and support, Diego enjoyed a certain measure of freedom of choice. When poor, as he was (except for that country house) for the

rest of his life, he maintained this freedom another way, in defiance of material loss. He chose how to choose; he chose to take care of people, of himself and his art (as best he could), he chose not to put on airs, and to ridicule those who did. His ability to maintain a freedom of choice and to use it in preservation of his artistic and personal integrity was what set him off from those who never had such freedoms or abilities. This is perhaps why people called him enigmatic, eccentric, or a saint.

Next month: Part III

CORRECTION

In Carol Whitney's article "Diego del Gastor: Flamenco Stories," Part I, September 1978, the reference to *Guitar Review* No. 41 gives the wrong transcription numbers. They should read "2 and 3," not "1 and 2."

Duende Through a Lens

A Book Review: FLAMENCO GITANO

by La Vikinga & Roberto Reyes

Anyone who ever "made the Morón scene", traveled to Lebrija, or was invited to a fiesta in Alcalá de Guadaira, has returned to the states a little richer after experiencing a brand of flamenco which touches the lives of every person living and passing through the pueblos of Andalucía. Most of us who have made this pilgrimage have tapes, films, falsetas, and memories...and of course, there was the outstanding personality, Diego del Gastor, guitarist.

Donn E. Pohren's books have enticed many aficionados in search of the roots of the mysterious flamenco folklore, to witness for themselves in small towns of southern Spain, this ancient art. A new breed of aficionado has emerged. For example, many American guitarists are collectors, exclusively, of "Morón falsetas". These humble pueblos quite obviously have something very unique, profound, and powerful. Charles Berger, professional photographer, has been able to capture this "gracia" in his book, "Flamenco Gitano", published by Artisan Press, 1974.

The book is divided into 4 sections: 1) Juerga, 2) A Palo Seco, 3) Fiesta, and 4)

Raices. Charles Berger's lens caught those familiar moments, such as the hand and facial expressions of Joselero wailing through a "soleares", the many pellizcos of Miguel Funi dancing, and certainly, the guitar playing of Diego del Gastor. (Note: the pictures of Diego del Gastor were taken 10 months before his death). With the effect of the silk-screened color prints, one can clearly hear the beats of the guitar, smell the aroma of the wine, and the odor of olive oil.

This book is a must for every flamenco and collector of fine art. We are the proud owners of a signed copy, #20, of this limited edition of 250. There are still books available. The cost is \$85.00, and it is distributed, exclusively, by Book People, 2940 Seventh St., Berkeley, Calif. 94710. For more information, write: Charles Berger, Richcrest Road, Lake Peekskill, New York, 10537.

MORCA

... sobre el baile

SONG AND DANCE (UN TROZO)

One of the most important parts of flamenco dance is learning to dance with a singer. I make a point of this because, frankly, in America, there are very few singers and even fewer that perform with dancers.

In Spain, the process of studying dance is also usually just with a guitarist and, after studying and studying, a dancer may feel very lost when working with a singer for the first time. With or without a singer the choreographies that a dancer is working on should always consider the "place" for song, the involvement of the singer; it is only with the totality of the flamenco elements of guitar, song, and dance, that the dance will "speak". The guitarist should also "hear and feel" the cante whether it is present or not. This may sound mysterious, but it is really just being sensitive to an important part of the totality of performing flamenco.

Here are some suggestions to help better understand the art of working with a singer:

The obvious is to listen to as much singing as possible; if not live, then on records preferably singers such as Chocolate or Mairena and other top singers that have

worked with dance. Most records now are just song and guitar so there will be much freedom in the compás, but you can still become sensitive to the length of the different letras and the feeling of the different compases, as well as the dynamics of the various letras.

Become sensitive to the different "feelings" of the different cantes in the same compás such as romeras, alegrías, and mirabrás. It is the cante that helps you "move differently", interpreting each with its own flavor. The importance of individual interpretation is of prime importance. The more you become aware of the different singers and their styles, the more sensitive you will become to moving with the cante and you will not end up "counting compás" or doing the no-no of putting in lots of footwork while the singer is singing. A singer may lengthen a letra by adding an estribillo or a refrain. This can be very exciting and lead you smoothly out of your paseo.

Since flamenco singing carries so much of the feeling and emotion of each particular compás, especially the heavier rhythms such as seguiriyas, soleares, tarantos, etc., I feel it is of prime importance to carry that feeling through to the end. You see so many beautiful seguiriyas blown out at the end by a swift shift to bulerías, a profound taranto smashed by a smiling rumba finish, a soleares that flies into a cute bulerías; all drastic changes to get the big applause. I personally am very strong on my opinion, for what it is worth, that a dancer should go for the continued feeling of the particular compás and receive applause on that interpretation; "artistry", if you will. Finish your very up alegrías with a nice bulerías and your bulerías with some more nice bulerías, but have balance in your flamenco art growth. Follow through with your emotions and feeling. Let us laugh all of our laughter and cry all of our tears....(to be continued)

-- Teodoro Morca

WELCOME TO JALEISTAS - NEW MEMBERS

San Diego: Bill Phelps (Bodega Bill), Jim & Mirium Owen; Texas: Barbara Dutton & Tom Blackshear; Wash.: Robert & Linda Clifton, Bill Mitchell; New York: Juan de la Mata, George Ryss; Co.: William Regan, Candice Bevier; Joe Poltorak (Encinitas), Stephen Thompson (Mall Valley).

(Paco de Lucia - continued from page 9)

The guitar is one of them. There was a period -- the period of the father -- when he was forced to perfect his technique. Today he does not shut himself in a room to "make his hands." He is worried more about ideas, expression. He didn't learn to read music. In moments of inspiration, generally during the night, he tapes what occurs to him and later works it all out. He can play for hours. But he has never said "Today I have played well!"

"He is neither happy nor sad. He can be both because he lives in a state of constant feelings. His life can be summed up in one word: feeling!"

"He lives much at night. He likes to sleep. And nature. He loves the beach and the sea; they are the relief from the alcohol of the winter...he enjoys little things. He seeks the company of simple people, with them he can relax. With his long time friend, Carlos. With Bartolo, a dog without breed nor pedigree...with his Brazilian parrot who sings to him flamenco 'por canasteras'."

And with Casilda, his fiancée, whom he will marry this year. But that is another story! (Ed. note: they were married in 1977)

THE RECORDS OF PACO DE LUCIA

For the collectors and Paco de Lucía fans, here is an update on Paco's records (including some catalogue number corrections). A large number of letters to many parts of the United States and Spain yielded not a single response concerning this matter. We have to thank Jerry Lobdill of Texas and William Regan of Colorado for the following additions to our list. If you have any other titles, please send them to Jaleo. For the first part of this list, see Jaleo, June, 1978.

- "La Fabulosa Guitarra de Paco de Lucía"
Ph 843 139 PY
- "Fantasía Flamenca de Paco de Lucía"
Ph 843 198 PY
- "Paco de Lucía Interpreta a Manuel de Falla"
Ph 91 13 008 GT 146
- "La Guitarra de Oro de Paco de Lucía" A two record set of past hits. Ph 66 41 043
- "Canciones Andaluces Para 2 Guitarras" (with Ramón de Algeciras) Ph 843 140 PY
- "12 Hits Para 2 Guitarras Flamencas y Orquesta de Cuerda" (with Ramón de Algeciras) Ph 58 65 025 PY
- "El Mundo del Flamenco" (with brothers, Ramon -- guitar, Raul -- bailaor, and Pepe -- cantaor) Ph 63 28 025

WITH CAMARÓN DE LA ISLA:

- "Camarón de la Isla con la Colaboración Especial de Paco de Lucía"
Ph 58 65 026
Ph 63 28 004
Ph 63 28 021
- "Canastera" Ph 63 28 076
? Ph 63 28 100
- "Soy Caminante" Ph 28 130
- "Arte y Majestad" Ph 63 28 166
- "El Camarón de la Isla - Disco de Oro"
Ph 63 28 190
- "Rosa María" Ph 63 28 191
- "Castillo de Arena" Ph 63 28 225

WITH OTHER SINGERS:

- "El Lebrijano con la Colaboración de Paco de Lucía" Polydor 23 85 006
- "Nino de Barbate con la Colaboración de Paco de Lucía" TIP 24 56 016
- "Canta El Chato de la Isla"
Fontana 701 968 WPY
- "El Sevillano con Paco de Lucía"
Fontana 64 29 119
- With Fosforito: Belter 22.587
Belter 22.588
Ph 72 16 064 (cassette)



EL OIDO

. . . NEWS OF OUR JALEISTAS

QUIZ OF THE MONTH:

1. What teacher-dancer- choreographer who has been threatening to go to Spain for the last five years, finally got there and threatens to stay for a year?
2. Who gave a mini-concert, unannounced in Jaleo, at the Marquis Theater on the 22nd of September?
3. What flamenco group, formerly at the Posada del Sol, was seen at a fund-raiser for Pete Chacon and the Oz discoteque last month?
4. What beloved dancer-guitarist-painter of gypsies-maker of castanets celebrated his 86th birthday on Sunday, September 24th?

ANSWERS:

1. Jose Luis Esparza; 2. Rayna's Spanish Ballet, with dancers Rayna, Alfredo Aja, and Jesus Moreno, singer Isabel Tercero, and guitarists Joe Kinney and Yuris Zeltins;
3. Fantasía Española; 4. Ernest "Ernesto" Louis Lushaw.

FLAMENCO**TALK**

THE GUITAR

by Paco Sevilla

- AROS (los) - The sides of the guitar; usually made of cypress or rosewood.
- BARRAS (las) - Braces inside the guitar.
- BOCA (la) - The sound hole.
- CABEZA (la) - The head of the guitar, sometimes called EL CLAVIJERO. Holds "clavijas"
- CAJA (la) - The box; the body of the guitar.
- CEJILLA (la) - A movable device which is clamped on the fingerboard to change the pitch of the guitar.
- CENEFAS (las) - The rosewood binding around the edges of the guitar.
- CLAVIJAS (las) - Wooden tuning pegs; metal tuning machines are called CLAVIJAS MECANICAS.
- CUERDAS (las) - Strings; the bass strings are LOS BORDONES, the treble strings are LOS TIPLES. A set of strings is UN JUEGO; wound strings are called CUERDAS ENTORCHADAS.
- DIAPASÓN (el) - The fingerboard.
- ESTUCHE (el) - Guitar case.
- FILETERÍA (la) - The small patterns around the edge of the guitar or around the mosaic.
- FONDO (el) - The back of the guitar body, (sometimes called EL SUELO).
- GOLPEADOR (el) - Plastic tap plate.
- GUITARRA (la) - Guitar.
- HUESO (el) - The bone or plastic nut at either end of the guitar; the one on the bridge end may be called EL PUENTE (really refers to the whole bridge) while the one at the head end can be called the HUESO DE CEJILLA.
- MÁSTIL (el) - The neck of the guitar, also called EL MANGO.
- MOSAICO (el) - The mosaic around the sound hole; the whole design is called LA EMBOCADURA.
- PUENTE (el) - The bridge.
- PULSACIÓN (la) - The action of the guitar.
- SORDINA (la) - Anything placed under the strings to muffle the sound during practice
- TACÓN (el) - The heel at the base of the neck
- TAPA (la) - The top or sound board of the guitar; sometimes called LA TAPA HARMONICA.
- TRASTES (los) - The frets.
- VARNIZ (el) - The finish on the guitar.



Photo of August juerga by Jesus Soriano. From left to right: Joe Kinney, Raquel Reyes just back from Spain, David Cheney, Paco Sevilla, and Victor Gill. We have a number of photos of the August and September juergas which will appear next month; they have been delayed due to technical problems.

SEPT. JUERGA

NEW FACES AND RETURN OF SOME OLD

by Juana De Alva

Possibly because the newsletter is getting out closer to schedule or the more central location of the juerga, the September juerga drew a record crowd second only to the March juerga of one hundred and seventy.

Members came from as far away as Yuma, Arizona (guitarist Jose Serrano) and the L.A. area (dancer Coral Citron). Walter and Mary, guests of the Jacksons, coordinated their visit from Germany to coincide with the juerga. So as you can see, news of JALEISTAS is spreading, not only nationwide, but world-wide as well.

The highlight of the evening for me was seeing a tall "fideo" by the name of Ron Ryno walk in. A long time San Diego resident, returning after three years in Spain, Ron is known not as Manitas de Plata, but rather, Manotas de Hierro; with his seven-inch long fingers, his rasgueado can be heard at least a half mile away.

The Jackson split-level home and split-

level yard seemed to be conducive to the flowering of mini-happenings. At 1:30a.m. some late arrivals reported hearing the guitars and palamas as far as two blocks away. These sounds drew some other first-timers, namely two members of the San Diego police department. At this point the juerga moved indoors and continued until 4:00.

Sometimes there was the feel of a three-ring circus with jaleo and dancing going on in the "Pit," the "Sala" and on the lawn simultaneously. Traffic would flow from one area to another as people, anxious "not to miss something" hurried out of or back into the house.

Our host and hostess, Jack and Mickie Anne were working hard all evening in spite of the fact that it was Mickie Anne's birthday. Since we couldn't find an appropriate lull during the evening to make an announcement, we wish to extend our congratulations to her at this time and thank her for sharing her special day with us. Too often, in our enthusiasm and enjoyment of the evening, we neglect the common courtesy of seeking out the host and hostess and thanking them for their gracious offering of a location for our juerga. In the future, we will ask that the homeowners wear special name tags to identify them.

Some faces that showed up again after long absence were singers Maria Jose and Rafael Santillana. Rafael brought his lovely Spanish wife who danced charmingly to rumba while professing not to know how to dance. Dancers Juanita Franco and Carolina Mouritzen added to the evening and Raquel Reyes (alias Masami) is, to quote Maria Solea, "the heaviest female guitarist to hit San Diego since Carol Whitney."

Many comments were made about the fine quality and abundance of the food and all in all a warm cordial evening was had by everyone.

OCTOBER JUERGA

The October juerga will be held at the home of Francisco and Elizabeth Ballard. Francisco, born of Spanish parents (appropriately in San Francisco) was raised in Buenos Aires. Those who attended the last two juergas could not have missed him in his "sombbrero cordobes" joining in the dance and jaleo at every opportunity.

Elizabeth, also of Spanish ancestry, was born in New York. She is an avid flamenco

enthusiast and is studying classic and flamenco guitar. Both the Ballards are long time aficionados of flamenco, never missing a show during their travels in Spain, the U.S., and Latin America.

The Ballard home and yard is all Spanish motif and will make a beautiful juerga setting. To get there take Garnet west off freeway 5 and Soledad Mnt. Road north to the top of the mountain. Look for big juerga banner on right hand side. On top of Mount Soledad the view is expansive but the wind is strong so bring something warm, whatever you like to drink, and food according to the guide.

Date: October 21st.

Place: 6271 Soledad Mountain Road, La Jolla

Time: 7:00 p.m. to ?

Phone: 454-4086

Food Guide by first letter of last name:

A-De - Main dish

Df-J - Dessert

K-M - Bread or chips and dip

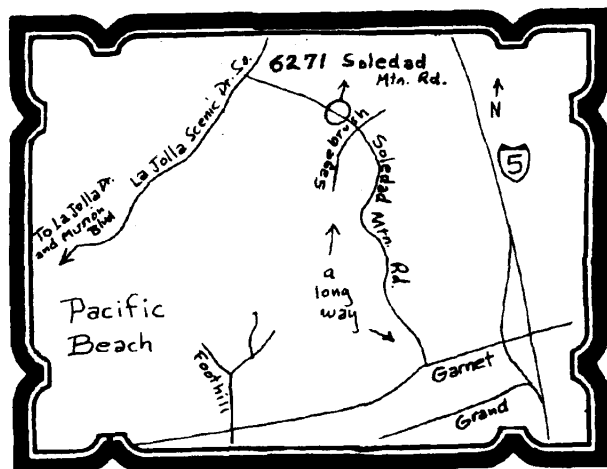
N-Se - Main dish

Sf-Z - Salad

We request the cooperation of our members with our admission procedure. Due to the fact that all of our volunteer "porteros" do not know all of you, we are going to require that you present your membership card at the door and that whenever possible, you bring your guests, not send them to the juergas.

We owe it to the homeowners who offer their homes for the juergas and to the participating members, that they need not worry about theft or damage to their belongings. We cannot guarantee this without careful screening of who comes in.

One last item; We now have a collection of over twenty serving dishes left at past juergas which will be placed in a box directly under the bulletin board. It is suggested that food contributions be brought in disposable containers when possible.



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

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

california

MARIANO CORDOBA, 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.

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...

INSTRUCTION:

MORCA ACADEMY OF CREATIVE ARTS; instruction in classical ballet, jazz, classical Spanish and flamenco. 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, Washington 98225. Phone; 206 - 676-1864

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.

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 Sargent García'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 BALLET 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.

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	481-6269
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

FOR SALE: flamenco guitar, 1956 Conde Hermanos "Sobrinós de Estesos" with Spanish hardshell case. Call Raquel at 224-8989.

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 Ken Boyd at 224-7634.

Box 4706 San Diego, CA 92104

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