Aire

newsletter of the
flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME II - No. 5 DECEMBER 1978

THE JUERGA

Stories by Pericon de Cadiz

Edited and translated by Paco Sevilla

Pericón de Cádiz, now in his late seventies (I assume he is still alive, not having heard of his death), is one of the great cantaores from Cádiz. He is well known for his story telling and, in 1975, there appeared a book in Spanish called Las Mil y Una Historias de Pericón (The Thousand and One Stories of Pericón); the stories were collected and organized by J. L. Ortiz Nuevo and published by Ediciones Demofilo, S.A., Puerto de Maspalomas 12, Madrid 29. What follows are some excerpts from these stories, that deal with juergas as they occurred in the 1920's, 30's, and 40's.

* * *

"...in the Villa Rosa (today a tablao) were all the best of Madrid; every night there were twenty-five or thirty artists--tocaores, bailaores and cantaores. They used to arrive there, sit at their tables, drink their coffee, and wait for the señoritos (patrons) to arrive looking for cante. And, of course, it suited the owner to have so many artists there because it had made a name for the place and everyone who wanted to hear cante or see baile had to go to the Villa Rosa to look for artists. And even though they would many times leave for another place, for the most part they stayed there in a private room; they would drink a half bottle at the bar, call this guy or that guy, go to a room, and there do what they wanted; there were those who left at two o'clock in the morning, those whe left at four o'clock, and those who would spend two or three days...I remember that on many occasions Perico el del Lunar, since he knew so much, used to arrive in the morning looking for "leftovers". He would drink his coffee, somebody would come out of a room, see him, and ask him if he would like to enter into the fiesta; of course he would go in and for playing two times, grab the same amount as the rest of us after having been there all night drinking and singing."

Gypsies Of The Past photo by Robert Devore

There was a man in Cádiz who, when he put on a fiesta, would spend two or three days in juerga and nothing else mattered to him. He would arrive at the bar El Aguaucho and the first thing he would do would be to send for three or four women; the women would come and when they had entered, he would say that there would be no talk of only twenty four hours...that she who entered with him would leave with him. Later he called the artists, those for whom the outside had little importance when they were in a fiesta; when all of the personnel were ready, up they went to the room with two or three cases of wine, a ham, a bucket, and a mattress. He would close the door to the room, give the key to the owner under the door, and leave him with the order not to bother them until the bell was rung.

The fiesta would begin; singing, drinking this and that, and he wouldn't allow anybody to leave; somebody would get drunk and want to leave; to the bucket; someone became tired and wanted to sleep; to the mattress; and he wouldn't sleep for anything in the world; seated in a chair, he would drop his head on the table and in half an hour he was again saying, "Bueno, let's have another drink..."

I have never seen another man who was stronger than this one for this juerga thing; he never tired--venga cante, vengan mujeres, venga vino (more song, more women, more wine)... And when I went to Madrid I had the luck of stumbling onto one of these long fiestas, that had been going three days when I arrived. I was at the bar and saw Niño Valdapenas arrive; he called me over and said, "You have never sung for Don Francisco Gálvez, have you?"

I say "no!"

He says, "Ven p'aca hombre (come on man), you are going to sing tonight."

And of course I was delighted, so desperate was I.

We went into the room and Niño Valdapenas says to Don Francisco Gálvez, "Don Francisco I would like to present 'un muchacho' that has just come from Cádiz and would like to please you with his singing."

"Bueno, let's see!" says Don Francisco. And of course, I began singing the best I could...I sang two or three letras por alegrías and immediately Don Francisco leaped to his feet; he gave me an embrace and a thousand pesetas (about $20 in those days) and I, as desperate as I was, you wouldn't believe how I received them. And Don Francisco says to me, "Bueno, if you want to leave, go!"

And El Niño Valdapenas,"Don't go, don't go!"

And I say to him, "Yes, I'm going to leave here pretty quick."

And the fiesta continues; venga cante, venga cante, y venga vino...and after two hours, this man puts out his hand and begins to distribute two thousand pesetas (c.$40) to all the artists, and cigars and tobacco, and everything. And of course, being accustomed to the horse carriage of Cádiz, I was saying to myself, "Dios mío de mi arma, yo m'estoy volviendo loco!" (Dear God of my soul, I'm going crazy!)

But neither crazy nor anything, nothing more than having encountered a man who liked to feed the artist and attached no importance to spending thirty or fourty thousand duros (three or four thousand dollars) on a fiesta. Often he would arrive at the Villa Rosa and he would hire all the artists who were there, and later fill with money the hands of whose who were hired. A real case.

We used to have a friend who was the greatest aficionado in the world of cante; his name was Enrique and, since he was a photographer, we called him Enrique el Fotógrafo. And this Enrique, every Saturday when he left work, came looking for us and got together a juerga; he would call Antonio el Herrero to play guitar and, as singers, Luís el Compare and me; we were delighted because we were assured of work on Saturdays and he treated us like kings; everything we would ask of him, he would give with great pleasure.

But..."hijo de mi arma!", when he became involved in the juerga, there was no way to stop him; one hour and another hour...until five or six in the afternoon on Sunday. Of course, as he didn't have to work, it didn't matter to him what time it was; but it would kill us, "venga a cantar y venga a beber", until one day an idea occurred to me. It was about eight in the morning, "to's muertecitos" (all of us dead), unable to go on, and I said to him, "Enrique, I bet you can't eat right now a basket of sea urchins"

"You don't think I can?"

We went for the urchins; you wouldn't believe the basket, at least forty dozen, and with the sleepiness that urchins give... We finished with them and the poor guy had lost all desire to continue the juerga; he paid us, gave us our kiss because he loved us very much, and on to the next Saturday.

And so, every time I saw him with the desire to continue into the afternoon: "Enrique, let's go eat us some sea urchins!"

There in Cádiz, there was the custom of having fiestas in the horse carriages and, in place of going into a room to hear singing, what most people wanted was to rent a carriage, pick up the artists, and begin to ride through all of Cádiz so that the people would see that so-and-so was having himself a fiesta with three or four artists.

And we, the artists, spent the whole night singing from one place to another. We used to arrive at one store, at another store, and, as all remained open, at all hours there was wine. They used to stop the carriage in the door of a store, and right there, without having to get out or anything El Montañes would bring us the wine. Afterward we would continue on to another store or to the home of some young lady to give her a serenade, and through all parts of the

(continued on page 16)

JALEO

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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.

EDITORIAL

We are coming to another period of change for Jaleistas and, to a lesser extent, Jaleo. The first yearly renewals of memberships will be due in January and we would like to say a little about our new rates.

During the past year, practically all of the money taken in by Jaleistas went into the production of the newsletter. We now forsee other uses for money, such as revitalizing the juergas through the hiring of professional artists (in the true flamenco tradition). This will require somewhat of a separation of the two facets of Jaleistas, that of juergas and newsletter, with each being responsible for its own expenses.

You may not realize that Jaleo is still put together by one mad typist and three half-witted flamencos who don't know any better, all of whom sit around a living room floor for three evenings, babbling to themselves and hacking away at your articles with kitchen shears until the sun comes up on the third day, when, completed or not, they proclaim another victory and shuffle home to bed muttering something that sounds like "Why, why, why...?"

With all money going only for material expenses, Jaleo currently costs about .90¢ per member per issue to produce. We hope to reduce the costs by going to bulk mailing, but we will still need to seek other sources of income such as advertising. The new yearly subscription rate for Jaleo will be $10 per year. For those who plan to attend juergas, the membership rate will include an additional $5 for an individual ($15 total) or $10 for a family or couple membership ($20 total fee).
Guest donation at juergas will be increased to $3, and additional income will still have to be raised to afford the kind of artists we would like to see at our juergas. It is felt that the presence of guest artists and groups will not only provide enjoyable entertainment for those who expect this at the juergas, but will encourage the return of those flamenco artists of San Diego and Los Angeles who helped to make our juergas of last winter and early spring so artistically satisfying.

LETTERS

Dear Jaleo,

Your newsletter is fantastic...a number of us here in Seattle have been playing solo flamenco guitar for many years without any insight into the vast structure of the cante and the baile, or the job of accompaniment. Each issue of Jaleo opens new doors into this fascinating subject. May Jaleo live long and prosper!

Regards,
Bruce Stock
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Editor:

In the October issue of Jaleo, Carol Whitney addresses the question of Diego del Gastor. In the process, she warns readers about certain writers who prevert flamenco. Her comments focus primarily on one unidentified person, whose work has been seriously detrimental to the art we love.

This person, Carol states, is guilty of "far worse distortions 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."

She goes on: "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 resulting explosion injures flamencos and aficionados alike."

And who is this person? Who is this Judas who, out of greed or ignorance, does such grave harm to our art?

It's me, folks. I'm the "irresponsible" liar who "injures flamencos and aficionados alike." (As my friend put it, "I recognized you immediately from the description.")

The piece Carol refers to is not so much the recent one on Sabicas (Gypsy Genius, reprinted from the Village Voice in Jaleo's July issue.) It's got to be an article that ran in the New York Times on November 19, 1972. I am enclosing a copy of the article--about which Carol and I have already had what diplomats term "a frank exchange of views"--in the hope that your readers might wish to read it carefully and judge for themselves the depth of its malice or harmfulness to flamenco, intentional or not.

I was paid about $200 for it on publication. It was subsequently awarded the Melia Journalism Prize of 100,000 pesetas by a panel headed by Jose Maria Peman, whose writing about Andalucia and her traditions will outlast mine by a considerable margin. I declined a suggestion made by Carol at the time, namely that I might share the prize money with the people I wrote about. Instead, most of the money went to pay a legitimate debt to the landlord of the house in Sevilla that I had lived in for several years.

Why do I take Carol's charges seriously? First, because I take Carol seriously. She is one of a very few aficionados who really knows the art well. I have fought for the inclusion of her writing in Guitar Review's flamenco issue. Academic credentials don't mean much, as she well knows, but hers are fully deserved.

Secondly, I take it seriously because beneath it lies a far more devistating charge. Without wishing to put words into Carol's mouth, I think she feels that irresponsible writing--mine, among others--was behind a chain of events which led to the decline and even the death of some flamenco artists.

Without straining her logic, I think she thereby implicates me--my work as a writer--in the death of Diego del Gastor, a man I admired and loved. (Incidentally, the correct answer to the question of whether or not Diego del Gastor was a genius is: You bet he was.)

This is the gravest charge I can possibly imagine. It is not spelled out in Carol's writing for Jaleo, but the underlying groundwork for it is presented in her piece. In an exchange of letters, which I would only make available with Carol's permission, the issue is more clearly defined.

Her charges against me, both public and private, center around a series of ethical, moral and even philosophical questions which can be very complex. I want to stress to you and your readers that I am prepared to answer any charge or question in any appropriate forum.

In the meantime, I hope that a reading of the original Times article will allow your readers to draw some conclusions.

Yours truly,
Brook Zern
New York

(article on page 7)

PUNTO DE VISTA

XEROSIS-- ANOTHER UNEXPECTED BY-PRODUCT OF MAN'S INGENUITY

When I first began to play flamenco more than 20 years ago there were very few teachers in the U. S., and no sheet music of any value at all was available. I was lucky to be able to study with Edward Freeman, a man who not only knew flamenco, but had been a professional musician all his life, playing violin in symphonies, classical guitar, and rhythm guitar as well as flamenco. During World War II he got together a group of Irish farmers who played instruments and got a contract to be the official dance band at the Savoy Hotel in London. He led this orchestra and wrote arrangements for the band. A most amazing man... but I digress. Ed had notated a tremendous quantity of flamenco when I first came to study in 1957 and has added numerous other works to his library in the interim. The pieces are all first rate with only a few minor mistakes in the whole shebang. He has been very careful about whom he gives the music to, hoping that someday it can be published. It appears unlikely that it ever will be published at this point... which brings me to the subject of this article.

The December 2, 1977 issue of Science carried an editorial by Dr. Garrett Hardin, author of "The Tragedy of the Commons", and in-

ternationally known ecologist, which strikes at the heart of the problem. The editorial told the story of the death of a small business near the Berkeley campus. Fybate Lecture Notes supplied lecture notes to students and provided work for graduate students for 40 years. The business served a need, gave employment, and satisfied customers... yet it died recently. The proximate cause of death was terminal Xerosis. The price of the notes was higher than the price of a xerox copy.

The editorial went on to point out that at current xerox copy prices scholarly books and journals may be next to succumb. As I read the editorial I couldn't help thinking that music publishing is probably much closer to extinction than is any publishing business which requires only typesetting. Most popular hits are no longer printed in sheet music form except in collections long after the recording has declined in sales, and some music publishers have closed their doors. We have recently heard that Belwin Mills Publishing Co. will soon go out of the publishing business and will simply sell the publications of others.

The cost of a quick copy can be as little as $.04 in Austin. A few examples will illustrate the magnitude of the economic incentive to xerox:

Title	# pages	$/ page
Sagreras, Sup. Tech.	38	.12
23 Solos by Tarrega (Noad)	20	.15
Barrios, Vol. 2	43	.12
Danza Paraguaya (Barrios)	4	1.25
Flamenco Puro (Sabicas)	65	.09
Flamenco Guitar (Escudero)	55	.09
Panaderos Flamencos (Sanlúcar)	2	1.13

Generally speaking, the fewer the pages and the newer the offering, the higher the selling price per page. The reasons for this are several. New offerings are risky; thus, fewer copies are printed in the early printings, at higher costs per copy. Fixed costs of music preparation, transcription, art work, etc., are paid off first at the publisher's risk, which increases the pressure on the publisher to price the product toward the high side of acceptability. New works also must be advertised. In the course of time sales determine the marketability of the product and how it must be priced to recover costs and provide some return on the investment.

In the past this was how the market worked. Now, with the advent of the xerox, economics predicts a different chain of events. The more popular a new offering is the more frequently it will be xeroxed, and the total sales will be correspondingly diminished. The effect is to make good works as unmarketable as bad ones. Thus, if economics controls the outcome, as it probably does, the music publishing industry has contracted a case of terminal xerosis.

It is interesting to speculate on what will be happening in the 21st century and beyond (if we humans manage to survive our own blunders that long). Perhaps musicians will be playing nothing written after about 1980 because nothing new was printed after that year. Perhaps composers will be supported by the government and their works distributed for costs of xerox copying by the Government Printing Office. Or... perhaps man will have invented a machine to create prose, poetry, and music that is far beyond the capability of human efforts and recites it perfectly with synthesized human voices and musical instruments of such quality that man will no longer desire or need printed copies of any cultural work. He will be content to passively enjoy the offerings of the machine and blissfully taper off into oblivion while the machine waxes wiser. (Note that in this last scenario the xerox has long since gone the way of the printing press and humanity is losing whatever it is that separates it from the rest of the species.)

Of course, at the crux of the problem is the fact that copyright law is effectively unenforceable. At this point people are using the xerox with no thought of the law or the long term consequences mentioned above. Maybe you should get out all your bootleg xerox copies, look at them, and reflect on this problem.

The problem is serious. If you want to see the works of Paco de Lucía, Niño Ricardo, and more by Sabicas and Mario Escudero officially published and thus made available to you and posterity you should join me in refusing to xerox anything offered by a publisher, not buying any unauthorized transcriptions-- (Incidentally, the U.S. copyright law extends protection to foreign composers even if the music is recorded rather than written.)-- and ostracising those who do. Otherwise, these works will probably be lost as were those of the player/composers who never recorded. This would be a musicological disaster in my opinion.

JERRY LOBDILL

FLAMENCO - THE LONELY ART

A while ago, Roberto Reyes wrote to me about juergas that had taken place in the

"La Sangría Restaurant" in Greenwich Village, New York. He says:

"One of the main reasons that "La Sangría" had such a marvelous flamenco ambiente was that the owner is one of the finest gypsy dancers from Madrid who made his home in New York, Jesús Ramos. He came here some years ago with the great Antonio, and when the company returned to Spain, he stayed in New York City, eventually married a local girl, and built "La Sangría". Every flamenco artist in Spain made a point of passing by Jesús' restaurant. It was SO famous that when visiting artists came here such as Antonio Gades, the Antonio, Paco de Lucía, Serranito, etc., they all expected a large elaborate nightclub, the likes of "Café de Chinitas". Instead, "La Sangría" was a very small "mesón".

"When the spirit was there, at 4:00 a.m. Jesús would lock the doors and the restaurant converted to a private juerga.

"The one thing that most impressed me was that the guitarists always made a point of passing the guitar around, no matter who you were. Rarely did two guitarists play at the same time. It seemed like the dancers were seldom enticed to do anything serious unless one guitarist was playing. The singers were even less enthusiastic about doing anything as the number of guitarists increased.

"At first, I thought, what a shame, with a room full of guitarists, we could have created, with the added strings, so many beautiful harmonies and great rhythm patterns. But in restrospect, after experiencing over 500 juergas in the 5 years "La Sangría" was open, I can understand the reason. Flamencos are very proud of how they create pellizcos "at the moment". Spontaneous creativity is restrained with an elaborate ensemble..... it may be worthwhile to try something like this. You may see or hear or experience something new."

This letter started me thinking; I realized that flamenco, at its best, is a lonely art. Flamenco, true to its oriental roots, is essentially a linear or horizontal music rather than a vertical one; this means that the emphasis is on sequences of single notes (melodies) and rhythm, rather than chords, harmonies, and counterpoint. Therefore, we don't find in the traditional singing, more than one person singing at a time, or if we do, they all sing the same notes and do not harmonize. Some modern groups attempt to harmonize the music, but to my ears, it usually sounds like Mexican music. In flamenco dance, there is just one dancer at a time, the only exception being in the lighter rhythms of bulerías and rumba when a humorous effect is desired, and in the regional dances (not flamenco in a strict sense) such as sevillanas and fandangos. In the theatrical presentation of flamenco, group dancing is common and dramatic duets are almost a requirement. In a theatrical environment, where there is much pressure on the artists and where the audience is distant and demanding, it is necessary to provide lots of color, movement, drama, and easily assimilated excitement through the use of careful choreography and lots of eye-catching gimmicks. I find no fault with this--it can be beautiful and exciting--but it is lacking in some important elements of flamenco. The guitar, due to its nature and the techniques available for playing it, has strayed the farthest from the strictly melodic, and modern players use all sorts of rich harmonies; the mere act of strumming chords creates harmony and often a crude form of counterpoint. But even Paco de Lucía or Serranito, with all of their attempts at complicating flamenco, when playing solo, produce a music that is predominantly melodic and linear.

Whenever flamenco is presented seriously, there will be found one dancer, one singer, and one guitarist at a time. In tablaos there may be two guitarists in the cuadro, ignoring each other so that the only thing that saves the audience from hearing how bad they sound together is the fact that they can barely be heard over the sound of the palmas. But when the featured artists perform they will normally have one guitarist, or if there are two, they will be well rehearsed; again we are seeing a commercial, theatrical presentation of flamenco. In no private juerga in Spain have I ever seen two guitarists playing simultaneously. On no tape recording of juergas (hours of different juergas in Morón, for example) have I heard more than one guitar. Listen to anthologies of cante flamenco made from recordings of large numbers of juergas--one guitar. In fact, listen to any serious anthology and you will find one accompanist. Even on the more commercial records there is often only a single accompanist; Carmen Amaya and Sabicas, Lucero Tena and Serranito, Paco Peña and his groups.

Why should this be true? What is there about flamenco that demands this isolation? Why can a singer, dancer, and guitarist blend and flow together, but the addition of a second of any of these destroys that flow?

Flamenco should, ideally, be an emotional

experience; how can one delve into one's inner being and express spontaneous feeling if there is another person to consider and deal with? To really feel what flamenco has to offer, an artist must be free to be spontaneous, to create at the moment. When the audience is familiar with an artist and his or her work, the loudest and most sincere "oles" are offered in response to new creations and originality. If two singers are to sing together, they must follow a predictable pattern or the result will be unpleasant. If two dancers must coordinate their movements, they will have to stick to predictable patterns. Two guitarists, if they care about the quality of music they produce, will have to be very careful about the chord patterns they will use and will have to be always aware of each other and unable to retreat into a private world of expression. These inhibitions are not present in the relationship between guitarist, dancer, and singer. A singer is free to create at will within the compás, to forget the presence of all others if he wishes and, due to the nature of flamenco accompaniment, the guitarist will follow him. The guitarist can establish a rapport with the singer, yet is free to deal rhythmically and in some respects melodically with the accompaniment. The dancer is conscious of the singer, yet free to create, within the compás, his or her own world of expression. The guitarist is led rhythmically by the dancer but he is free to play against those rhythms and to express himself melodically. The three artists are free of each other in many respects but intertwined in others. I find that the imposition of the needs of the dancer and the singer actually increases my freedom as a guitarist, for they guide and suggest tones and rhythms for the guitarist to develop and play with; they free the guitarist from the need to think about what to do or where to go next.

A second guitarist thrown into this mixture short circuits the spontaneous creative process. Where the single guitarist had only to absorb rhythm from the dancer and tones from the singer, he must now pay attention to tones and rhythms from another guitarist. He must become predictable. He can no longer plunge into space on a whim and be surprised at where he comes out. Guitarist and dancer cannot "speak" to each other through their arts, because there are two guitarists speaking at once. It is possible for a dancer and guitarist to become so attuned to each other that, if the dancer were to stray from compas in a long complicated bulerías desplante, the guitarist would follow without even being aware of the error because he is just following; this unit would be unlikely with a second guitarist, since each guitarist would be likely to choose a different way to accompany.

Even the jaleo is subject to these principles. A large number of people doing palmas can completely inhibit the art of the other performers. It is extremely difficult for a dancer to alter the momentum of a large group, to slow them down, speed them up (too often, in a large group, speed tends to build uncontrolably) or get them to soften. Much better is a single, sensitive person doing palmas in jaleo in tune with the other artists.

So, if you want to work out elaborate guitar duets or arrangements for dance accompaniments, do so and enjoy the beautiful results. But if you want to enjoy the process and feel the freedom of expression that flamenco has to offer, have one guitarist do the accompanying. In a juerga situation, guitarists can take turns except in group numbers like sevillanas and fandangos, and it is likely that better music will be the result.

Paco Sevilla

Flamenco: For the Purist It's a Ritual, Not a Spectacle

(Appeared originally in the New York Times, November 19, 1972)

By Brook Zern

Fiery, foot-stomping dancers, fiery, dark-eyed señoritas, phenomenal artistry on the guitar, not to mention clacking castanets, elaborate costumes, splits, leaps and backbends--all these have made flamenco the resounding international success it is. Every day, in virtually every country in the world, audiences are enraptured by brilliant professional flamenco routines burnished by years of meticulous rehearsal.

But, meanwhile, back at the ranch in the south of Spain, an odd agglomeration of 10 or 15 foreigners from Sweden, Japan, Italy and America wait patiently for the chance to see and hear flamenco of an entirely different sort. The ranch is Finca Espartero, just outside of the town of Morón de la Frontera on the road from Sevilla to Ronda, and through some fluke, the foreigners have come to care about flamenco as a cultural

creation rather than a theatrical one, a ritual instead of a spectacle.

The ranch is on a green hillside facing one of those olive groves that dot the sun-baked red earth of Andalucía. The setting is idyllic; the only sound is one clunk of cowbells and the call of magpies. The big main building, once owned by a fine matador called El Espartero who died on the horns of a Miura bull in 1894, now houses the paying guests who have heard about it via the international flamenco grapevine.

The idea of the Finca Espartero belongs to a Minnesotan named Donn Pohren. The author of two important books on flamenco, Pohren is easily the most knowledgeable of flamenco's many foreign aficionados. His understanding of the art, combined with his openness and lack of pretense, has made him one of the few non-Gypsies to establish a real rapport with Spain's flamencos.

In 1965, after living for years in flamenco territory, Pohren and his Spanish wife opened the Finca Espartero to anyone who suspected that there might be more to this demanding art than usually meets the eye. Since then the finca has been operating every summer, introducing hundreds of foriegners to something that otherwise would have been almost impossible to come upon; ethnic, down-home, funky, authentic flamenco, flamenco in its natural habitat, flamenco with roots.

Pohren chose Morón de la Frontera because it was one of the very few towns that retain a coherent flamenco tradition. You cannot find this in Madrid, or even in Granada, because flamenco originally evolved in just one small area of western Andalucía. Almost all of the great song styles, as well as most of the legendary interpreters, come from within the small triangle connecting Sevilla, Ronda and Jerez. These cities themselves were once strongholds of pure flamenco, but in recent decades the pressures of urbanization and other symptoms of progress have tended to force the art into nightclubs where simple economics forces it into the lucrative commercial mold.

UNDILUTED TRADITION

But a few of the smaller towns--Utrera, Mairena, Lebrija, Alcalá de Guadaira--have managed to conserve flamenco in its traditional context. Here the music continued to pass from one generation to the next within the sealed sub-culture of the Gypsy, retaining its natural power undiluted.

The guests at the finca believe that true flamenco cannot be found in theaters or nightclubs. The flamenco they seek happens only at a juerga--a rigidly prescribed gathering that is a kind of cross between a jam session and a seance.

In every respect the difference between juerga flamenco and staged flamenco is enormous. For openers there is the fact that no one really knows whether a juerga will start at all. The very idea of this kind of flamenco presupposes a certain fortuitous combination of circumstances, and if the vibrations aren't right to begin with--if the singer's daughter is sick, if the dancer spent the last two days at a fiesta in a nearby town, if the guitarist has the blahs--then there is no point in trying to proceed. Why bother when things will probably be better tomorrow. The great Andalusian maxim "The hell with it, I don't feel like it," takes precedence over any alien notion that the show must go on.

Sometimes, though, everything just happens to work out. Around 11 P.M., give or take a few hours, artists and aficionados enter a small room that was once part of the finca's stable and take their seats: hard, straight-backed wooden chairs that line the white-washed walls. The juerga is set to begin.

But it doesn't. The artists obviously don't want it to. Some of the people in the room are still strangers, and although the flamencos are being paid they would no sooner reveal their art to total strangers than strip naked in their presence. So the chit-chat begins, in Spanish that is often halting and thick with assorted accents: "It was hot today." "Sí." "Do you like Morón?" "Sí." "Where are you from?" "Sí." The important thing is certainly not the content of the conversation--some guests speak no Spanish at all--but the human contact.

Someone tells a story about Pelao, a Gypsy guitarist who accompanied the dancer Carmen Amaya and her troupe on their world tour. Pelao was illiterate and he insisted on signing hotel registers with a fingerprint, laboriously pressing his inked finger onto the page while the hotel clerks looked on in astonishment. After one such operation he turned to Amaya and said proudly, "Look, Carmen, each day I write better!"

Among the guests at the finca it turns out that a kid from California is studying the guitar here, an Italian artist is planning to get tape recordings of the evening's proceedings, a Swedish woman is working on a doctoral thesis on Spanish folklore and a couple from Japan just want to hear a little music and enjoy the Andalusian countryside.

After a few minutes of conversation, the informal "tu" replaces the stiffly correct "usted," and a short time later the juerga has become what it must always be, gathering

of amigos. It can proceed.

GYPSY SOLO

The Gypsy guitarist opens his case, tunes up for a while, and breaks a string. The last time that happened there was nothing to do but give up and go home to sleep but this time the guitar student has a spare The guitarist, after warming up, goes into a solo version of the style called the bulerías. The newcomers look puzzled. They have heard the flamencos say that this man is one of the art's great geniuses. Many of them insist he is the finest of all flamenco guitarists. But instead of unleashing the concert virtuoso's unbelievable blur of cascading notes and strums, instead of astounding his listeners with whirling arpeggios and breathtaking runs, he simply lets the music unfold.

It seems on the face of it that he could never play as fast as such famous master technicians as Sabicas and Paco de Lucía, and this may well be true. It is more important to realize that this guitarist does not want to play with the incredible speed and utter precision of the concert maestros. He has spent his lifetime learning to play slowly. It is a part of the baffling esthetic of southern Spain, one which ignores a bullfighter who can make fine passes quickly but which immortalizes the man who makes the same passes with temple, controlled timing that seems to stop time, to expand each second into a minute. Speed, the essence of modern society, is not appreciated in Andalusia. The guitar student has already learned that his own formidable technique, acquired through years of methodical practice, does not impress the flamencos. They are looking for content, not form. They readily compliment him on his digital dexterity, but they withhold the one remark that really matters: "Corazón!" It takes more than discipline to acquire corazón--a flamenco heart.

WELCOME TO JALEISTAS - NEW MEMBERS

San Diego: Edward & María Alice Hidalgo, John & Viola Collins, Frances Rodenberg, Mike Davis, Don & Josefa Sadler, Nora Sherer, Victoria Ballardo, José Roldán, Nancy J. McCarty; Calif: Joel D. Blair, Nan Feinberg, Cree L. Maxon, Melanee Norris, Gino D'Auri, Andrés Lozano, Glicero L. Mera, Donna Bell, Rick Willis; New York: Fran Chesleigh, Richard Lewis, Jonelle Bardo; Florida: Sylvia McDonald; Ohio: Bruce A. Catalano; Wash: Mary J. Rouzer; Minn: Raymond Niemi; Canada: Bogue Babick; Málaga, Spain: Rod Hollman.

The fair-skinned white-haired guitarist now playing, a man well into his 60's and looking more like a distinguished professor than a wild-eyed Gypsy, has corazón. To other guitarists, his variations are stunning revelations. To singers, his accompaniment affords supreme inspiration. To the newcomers, though, it all sounds alike. His range is very limited, with most of his playing confined to a single register. His harmonies are deceptively simple, using none of the modern chord progressions that make flamenco guitar more appealing to sophisticated international audiences. Pretty tremolos and lilting melodies never seem to interest him. His playing is hard and cutting, and the flamencos say he can lay bare the guts of the music. His name is Diego del Gastor.

The dancer is Luisa Maravilla, Pohren's wife. If she dances, it will be in an old and pure style that is the antithesis of today's theatrical manner. She will not need to dress up in a costume that detracts from the motion of the body itself. She will not use castanets, since they inevitably destroy the sinuous flow of arms and hands that defines traditional feminine dance. She will not emphasize the driving heelwork that implies virility and aggressiveness and that only the brilliant Carmen Amaya could execute without compromising her sexuality.

Luisa will never stoop to the flashy acrobatics of staged flamenco, or move woodenly from one striking pose to another. Her dance will be fluid, obviously Eastern, focused on the upper body and arms; restrained, subtle, deeply female without resorting to the suggestive, hip-swaying style recently imported from South America.

Most important, she will not dance at all unless she is so moved by the music that she feels she must. This is the greatest strength of traditional flamenco dance--that it is always fueled by inspiration, surging forth spontaneously as a response to the setting and the music. It is not plagued by the showiness and the faked excitement that so often infects scheduled performances.

If Luisa dances, she will dance honestly. If she doesn't, another of the artists might. And sometimes the impulsive, awkwardly touching dance of one who is untrained but aware of the music's meaning can reveal more about flamenco than an entire commercial production.

The singer clears his throat, and Diego stops playing. He waits for the singer to decide what he'd like to do first. It is evident that the singer, virtually ignored in theatrical flamenco, is the focal point of this entire gathering.

When he opens his mouth it is not hard to see why the singer is shunted aside in staged flamenco. His voice, little more than a guttural croak in conversation, sounds even worse when he sings. It is so harsh and rasping that it surely must have been ugly always. Yet this singer, Luís Torres, called "Joselero," is acknowledged as one of just a few dozen in Spain who are capable of negotiating flamenco's great fundamental forms.

TONAL PURITY

Obviously, it cannot be tonal purity that defines a good flamenco singer. Instead it is a strange gift, an ability to break through certain natural bariers. It never comes easy.

The singer begins with an alegrías, a bouncing, uptempo style. He sings it competently, but somehow he fails to evoke the real mood of the song. Maybe he's just having trouble getting started. More likely, he just doesn't feel comfortable with this particular song. It comes from Cádiz, way down on the coast, and he realizes that only a few singers from that city can really do it justice. Joselero, like most of his friends who have managed to avoid the night-club circuit, is still corto, "short," concentrating on the songs from his own area of Andalusia. Like the guitarist, he focuses all of his creative effort on just a few styles instead of the 40 or more that would be required of a headliner.

The song ends. Out of politeness there are a few complients. More talk, more wine; plenty of time left. The next song, a bright Gypsy tango, is much better. Joselero gets into it beautifully, and the shouted olés are genuine. Again, more talk, more wine; lots of laughing. A girl from Michigan who has spent months trying to learn the basic rhythm structure of flamenco's central dance forms says that yesterday she asked for a dozen eggs in a local store and the small boy behind the counter handed them over, saying, actually chanting:

uno dos tres
cuatro cinco seis
siete ocho
nueve diez
once doce

Guitar Player Magazine's annual popularity poll results have been released. For the second straight year, Paco de Lucía is America's most popular flamenco guitarist. Second place was Sabicas, followed by Manitas de Plata and Carlos Ramos.

That was the pattern she had been searching for--those five accented beats immersed in a steady 12--but now she is justifiably worried that she will never dance as well as someone who was raised believing that this was the only natural way to count.

Then, unthinkingly, someone mentions the name of a local flamenco who was killed in an accident last year. He was not a great singer or dancer, but somehow he exuded the spirit of flamenco. The artists still miss him intensely, and things slow down for a while. The next few songs are half-hearted and unconvincing. One of the Gypsies, slightly drunk, starts to complain bitterly about the latest American moon landing. It soon becomes obvious that something more than his personal esthetic sense has been offended, that he sees the landings as a kind of sacrilege, a desecration of the moon. His anger indicates a survival in the Gypsies of nature-worship, even today. "They should have left the moon alone," he says ominously, "Now they will have to pay."

Early in the morning the singing seems to change slightly. This is a soleares, one of the most emotional forms of flamenco. The singer has a peculiar edge in his voice. The witnesses are pleased, but the singer isn't satisfied at all. He drinks some more sherry and talks for awhile. No, he says, he doesn't like "musica ye-ye", the Spanish imitation of Beatle-style rock. It jumps around too much, he says, flailing his arms disjointedly in the air; he misses the subtle intervals and fractional tones that characterize Gypsy flamenco.

The singer begins again, hesitates, then stops. "Toca por siguiriyas," he tells Diego. "Play the accompaniment for siguiriyas." The siguiriyas is pure flamenco, very old and very profound. Then it happens. The singer is suddenly possessed. This odd-looking little man with the watery eyes and the dirty jacket becomes someone else. Like a priest at a voodoo ceremony, he undergoes an ecstatic shift into another level of consciousness. It is as if he has become a vessel and through him the whole Gypsy race has found an unearthly voice.

SHATTERING EFFECT

The effect is shattering. He seems to lose control of himself, to sense that he is now only a medium, a means of transmitting sound from one realm to another. And the sound he makes is fearful in its urgency and intensity. It is the sonido negro, the black sound. It no longer comes from his throat; it seems to well up from the ground, from the soles of his feet, jetting up like water from a fountain or blood from an ar-

terial wound. It keeps coming, and there is a mixture of panic and joy in the singer's eyes as he tears at his hair, his shirt, his face in a desperate effort to let it out.

This is the cante jondo, the deep song. It is a distillation of the tragedy of the Spanish gypsy. It is a living testament to the Gypsy's long march from India, of the terror of the Inquisition with its relentless crescendo of genocidal laws that made it a crime to wander, a crime to live beneath the open skies, a crime to speak the calo dialect of Sanskirt, a crime to work metals or tell fortunes or trade horses or dance--in short, a crime to be a Gypsy.

And in the tortured voice something else comes through, too--the insane pride of these incorrigible people, learning never to trust anyone who is not a Gypsy, learning to live as fugitives or in jails or on the galleys, always resisting quietly, dying unheroically one at a time. The verses of the songs, like the Gypsies themselves, have somehow survived the centuries.

In the district of Triana,
on the streets of the Inquisition,
they executed Curro Puya,
the finest of our people.

Look at the shame
you have made me bear
to go asking for alms from door to door
to buy your freedom.

The horsemen on the corners
with torches and lanterns
called out:
"Kill him! He's a Gypsy!"

To my enemies
may God never send
the black sorrows of death
he has sent to me.

Don't hit my father again!
Stop, for God's sake!
The crime you accuse him of
I myself committed.

On those occasional nights when the singing reaches its peak, those who feel its power will weep openly. The next day, after some rest, it doesn't really seem possible that it was like that. Everyone was tired, and there had been a lot of wine, and besides, things like that don't happen these days. And yet there is that unmistakable tone of reverence with which the flamencos mention the names of certain singers: La Fernanda de Utrera, El Chocolate, Agujeta, Terremoto de Jerez. They mention these singers with voices slightly lowered, as if they were the guardians of something sacred, in contact with another reality so deep it cannot be fathomed.

A successful juerga reconnects the Gypsy with the spirit of his people and his past, and lets even an outsider begin to understand the essence of this haunted race. Federico García Lorca, obsessed with flamenco, devoted whole essays and poems to the music and to singers like Manuel Torre and La Niña de los peines who could make the

ANGELITA CONCIERTO FLAMENCO
was presented on Nov. 11 in La Mirada, Ca. It featured dancers Angelita (Macías), Alfonso Bermúdez, Óscar Nieto, Amber Gonzales, Daniel Villalobos, Viviana Romero, Theresa Cruz, Cintia Figueroa, Amparo Acosta Lydia García, and María Bárbara; Singers were Dominico Caro and Antonio Alcazár; flamenco guitarist was Antonio Durán; classical guitarist was Thomas Edwards.

frightening leap into the depths of flamenco. Of the legendary Silverio of Morón, Lorca wrote: "The old people say that when he sang, their hair stood on end and the quicksilver of mirrors opened up." At the Finca Espartero there is an old mirror, with most of its reflective backing long since gone. Ninety years ago, when the bullfighter owned the finca, Silverio probably sang in that room...

The Newsletter of the Gypsy Lore Society, North American Chapter, summer of 1978, reports that an international gypsy organization, the Romani Union, is applying to the United Nations for UN status. The Romany Union, founded in 1971, aims to "uplift the status, rights, culture, education, and social welfare of Roma (gypsies), as a people of Indian origin, in all communities in which their communities exist." Yul Brynner is Honorary President, and Juan de Dios Ramírez (congressman in Spain; see Jaleo, Nov. 1978), representing the Secretariado Gitano in Spain, is one of the vice-presidents.

MORCA ... sobre el baile

MUSIC, SONG, DANCE, A FLAMENCO HAPPENING...

I started to write an article on accompaniment but realised very quickly that there is no such thing really .... Well, not when the desire is to have a flamenco happening, that euphoric feeling, that search for the truly mysterious "duende" that is easy to say, but more elusive to find in feeling.

I have often dreamed of the ideal situation where fellow artists are completely tuned in to each other's "sixth sense", their intuition and sensitivity completely blending so that all of the elements of music, song, dance, and literally, the surroundings become as one. In this dream, there is nobody accompanying the other, but each one being the perfect part of the whole -- different, like oil and vinegar, but becoming as one in the art experience.

Technically, physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually, this experience can happen, if the artists and participants can only set their personal egos aside; this is the key. Even though flamenco is such a personal experience, when all of the elements are brought together it must be a complete giving, like two lovers giving their all to each other. The guitarist is no longer playing a solo, but tuning into the singer's feelings, his tones and tempos; the singer is sensitive to the guitarist, his feeling, his tones, and they both become the music and the song. The dancer is moved to dance. He or she is sensitive to the music and song, letting the music and song begin his or her movement. At the beginning, it is like slipping into a beautiful pool, submerging the oneness of singing music, actually being moved by the music and song. Guitarist and singer look not only at the feet for the rhythms to come, but dance with the movement of the dance with the movement of the dancer, their eyes fixed on the whole body, dancing, moving, whether tense in their stillness or a fast turning movement. When music, song, and dance are finally in motion together as one, then they feel as one, move together, ing together, dance together, not accompanying but being -- being and feeling as one. Reach with your mutual feeling and emotion for that beautiful "duende"; it is easier to find when you search for it together....

After dancing flamenco for 27 years, I can remember when I experienced the above moments, maybe just a few times but it is those times that addict you to flamenco for life. I repeat that saying, "Until one learns to lose himself, he cannot find himself."

One memorable moment in my life occurred when I returned from Spain in the early '60s and went to a juerga with our beloved singer, Pepe Segundo, and guitarist Julio de los Reyes. Everyone had gone home around 4:00 in the morning and Pepe said he wanted to sing soleares, dedicated to my birthday and homecoming. He sang, I danced, Julio played my only memory of that great moment was the three of us crying and laughing with joy, a memory of love burned into my soul.

-- Teodoro Morca

The tablao, "Las Brujas", in Madrid is currently featuring Chato de la Isla, Carmen Moreno, Dolores de Córdoba, Merche Esmeralda, and las hermanas Reyes. (Paca Villaroel - Madrid)

FROM MÁLAGA

RINCÓN RODRIGO

ACCOMPANIMENT AND THE JUERGA

(Editor's note: We welcome this more-or-less regularly appearing column from Rod Hollman. For those unfamiliar with Rod, (see Jaleo, January 1978 and Sept. 1978) he is a San Diegan who has been living and working as a guitarist in the Málaga area for about five years. He has had wide experience in all aspects of flamenco performance and will share some of his ideas in this column which will have no set format, but will consist of ideas, articles from magazines and news from Spain.)

A "good" juerga, for me, is one in which the singer conscientiously puts forth an effort and improvises well. If there's dancing, it should be done at the right moment and have a lot of "gracia" with the dancer really participating with the guitarist and singer. The guitarist should be able to play and create in a relaxed atmosphere, with the feeling that everyone is with him and for him; he must let the singer sing and answer his singing with the guitar. That is accompanying!! The singer must sing and the guitar must answer and reinforce. That's what Melchor de Marchena, Diego del Gastor and other greats did. With these people, good singers were made great and bad singers were made to give up. A guitarist never has the obligation to cover up. Paco Cepero does this with his singers such as Juanito Villar, Turronero, etc., and with this covering up and helping "too much", his playing comes off great and the singing is acceptable. Proof of this can be found in a record of Cepero accompanying Manuel Soto "El Sordero de Jerez", a good flamenco singer. His guitar has nothing to cover up and, therefore, his style of playing says or does nothing and often is just in the way. Paco de Lucía always lets Camarón sing, because Camarón, in his style, sings excellently. Do you remember Paco Cepero's terrible accompaniment of Camarón de la Isla in the festival in Albacaín de la Torre (see Jaleo, May 1978)?

And lastly, if the artists are hired for a juerga, they must be paid well!

José Menese gave concerts in Madrid on November 28 and 29 accompanied by Enrique de Melchor. (Paca Villareal - Madrid)

The following article gives some interesting information about Esteban Delgado, "Esteban de Sanlúcar". He is a genius hidden in South America, virtually forgotton in Spain, a creator who made other people famous. (Donn Pohren gives Esteban's age as somewhere around seventy).

— Rodrigo

Esteban de Sanlúcar, A Pillar of the Flamenco Guitar in America

by Camilo Salinas

(From Flamenco: El Boletin de Informacion de la Tertulia de Flamenco de Ceuta, Dec. 76
Translated by Paco Sevilla

Caracas; the July sun spreads its fire in the streets of the capital of Venezuela. "Tercera Avenida de Las Delicias", the tablao "Los Tarantos", and a little further up, a big sign in red letters reads, "Academia de Guitarra Española". We enter. The door is wide open and, smiling, with a cigar in his mouth and a coffee half finished with the guitar in his prodigious hands, we find the "maestro", Esteban de Sanlúcar. Invariably he will be there, studying, with a tremendous afición, incomprehensible to many people. Esteban, an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration, creates constantly. He plays, he corrects himself, he begins again, until he succeeds in finding the phrase he seeks. He only interrupts himself to flick the ash of his cigar that threatens to fall on the side of the guitar...

But, let"s return, with our tendency to recall more easily the good than the bad, some thirty years back in time. With a course set to the south of the world, we make a rapid flight to that Buenos Aires of the decade of the forties. Years in which the Argentinian capital lived its best moments of the flamenco art. Some time ago, Don Antonio Chacón passed through there. More recently, Don Ramón Montoya and the young Niño Sabicas.

In 1944, bringing with him the refreshing breeze of the Andalucian ports and the Sevilla poetry of the "Pasaje del Duque", a fabulous guitarist radiating youth and congeniality,and through his pure playing united with a beautiful and perfect musicality, he is immediately the prefered choice of both artists and public. His name: Esteban de Sanlúcar.

We recall with emotion--it was the first time we had physically seen him (previously, we used to hear him in radio performances)--a concert in which he appeared with the

bailarin (dancer) Ángel Pericet. He began the recital with his "Primavera Andaluza" and continued unveiling arpeggios, tremolos, and rasgueos to a public hypnotized by the magic of his playing.

For Esteban, bad performances have not existed. His great personality, his manner of entering the stage, quiets even the most noisy. And, if this is not enough, he resorts to the tricks he pulls from his deck of long experience. The year nineteen seventy or something. On the elegant "Avenida Santa Fe", in a no less elegant sala de fiestas through which the artist can pass almost unnoticed. They parade, one after the other, without suffering nor glory, until they announce the "maestro" from Sanlúcar. Esteban comes out with his wide smile, very neat and elegant. A white carnation in the lapel of his blue smoking jacket. The men talk of business, of the horse races and the women of the latest fashions.

Esteban doesn't grieve over this. With his imperturbale smile, he begins to play "La Zarzamora". The conversation ceases. Those in attendance believe that they are going to hear this song, when suddenly, noticing the attention given him, Esteban "cambia el tercio" and changes to playing "por granainas". A burst of applause follows and the guitarist continues for the space of half an hour with absolutely no interruption.

Another beautiful occasion that comes easily to mind, was in the capitol of Mexico. Our good friend, the poet Manuel Benítez Carrasco, invited us to have some drinks in a popular tablao. It was almost dawn and there were no customers yet. Only a guitarist and two professional shouters who were cheered on ("jaleados") by a group of friends. We commented to Manolo, "How good it would be now to listen to Chiquito de Triana and if only Esteban were playing! We had not finished talking when appeared, as if by magic, our guitarist and singer. Luís Algaba, "El Chiquito de Triana", and Esteban Delgado, "El de Sanlúcar", gave a magic lesson in the depth, purity, and wisdon of flamenco.

We return to Venezuela, to a Caracas afternoon many years later in the month of July. While the maestro plays and curses the infernal noise made by the motorcycles speeding by his door, let us recall something of his vast works: "Primavara Andaluza" (danza Española), "Panaderos Flamencos" (panaderos) "Madre de Sevilla" (panaderos), "Mantilla de Feria" (danza Española), "Espejismo Flamenco' (fantasia por bulerías), "Moro y Gitano" (danza mora), "Arrayan de la Alhambra" (tremolo), "Horizontes de Málaga" (malagueña), "Pérfil Flamenco" (zapateado in "D")... Esteban interrupts us. He also remembers. He recalls the times when he played together with the legendary Javier Molina in the "Kursaal" in Sevilla...and he remembers the "toque" (playing) of the maestro from Jerez, his alegrias in G major. We are moved by the playing of the music of unquestionable purity and we can only say one thing: "OLÉ ESTEBAN!!!"

Carol on Cante

REMARKS ON COMPAS POR SOLEA

Before turning to my main subject, may I urge you to read "Morca Sobre el Baile" each month with great care and attention. Whether Teo is discussing the broader aspects of flamenco, including song and guitar-playing, or whether he is describing the specific choreographic process, his remarks have much to offer singers and guitarists. Of course you have to read between the lines to find his offering in its totality, so you also get that added pleasure of seeing something of Teo's interesting mind. And by the way, you needn't agree with his point of view in order to enjoy his writing. As for me, I'm dying to see him dance.

Guitarists and dancers find compás a first clue to structure. The theoretical compás of the soleá has twelve beats, accented on beats 3, 6, sometimes 8, 10, and sometimes 12. I should point out immediately that this theory applies to the guitar music and the dance, not necessarily to the song, which is essentially in free rhythm. We could represent the theoretical compás this way:

beat no.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
"theory"	-	-	/	-	-	/	-	/	-	/	-	/
palmas	P	P	P	-	-	-	P	P	-	P	-	-
knocking	*n*	*n*	*K*	*n*	*K*	*n*	*K*	*nK*	*n*	*K*	*n*	*K*

If you are a guitarist and play the soleá, you know perfectly well that you don't always play accents in the indicated places (see Teo's November 1978 column). And, to your frustration, if you are accompanying a singer for the first time in your life, you find he seems to wander around all over the place, with complete disregard for the compás as you know it. You are quite right: singers treat compás quite differently from guitarists or dancers. If you listen to any competent singer, though, something about his overall rhythmic treatment sounds very right. What is this something that sounds as if it fits the measure so well?

Simply, it's his sense of *adjustment* to the compás of the guitar music. The singer weaves his phrases around the accents of the toque, and he coordinates his beginnings, his decorations, his long-drawn-out final notes, with it. To make your life easier, I'll give you two examples you can hear over and over again in your listening.

Listen to a good recording. What is "good" depends on you, but I'm assuming you will choose something relatively traditional. Pay attention first of all to the guitar, and play palmas or knock as you listen. Listen all the way through, concentrating on the all-important beats 3 and 10. Now listen again from the beginning, and concentrate on your knocking or clapping of beat 10. Every time you hit a beat 10, listen for the singer to come in. As he starts a letra, it will usually begin sometime between beat 10 and beat 1 of the next compás. Beat 12 is a common place to begin. As you follow the letra through, you may hear a new phrase starting shortly after beat 10.

In your third listening, concentrate on another very prominent beat: beat 6. As you knock beat 6 (in most clapping patterns, you skip it, so I suggest you use the knocking pattern illustrated for this exercise), listen for long-drawn-out notes--the ends of phrases. You will find they occur quite frequently in the vicinity of beat 6, particularly on the last line (text) of the letra, and also at the ends of first lines if the copla has three lines, or second lines if the copla has four lines.

Lest I give the impression you will hear these occurrences every time you listen, I warn you that you might hear them one time in five recordings, because the kind of phrasing I have described, while traditional, is very four-square, and subject to alteration. But to hear such structure once in five times suggests that the singer is adhering to a certain kind of tradition. And interestingly, if you find the singer on your recording phrases differently from the way I have described, you will still find that he adjusts to guitar accents in much the same way--the accents he relates to may be different: say, beats 8 and 12, or 6 and 10, or even 6 and 1, rather than 3 and 10.

When you have performed the above exercises many times, your knocking or clapping will begin to become automatic, freeing your mind to concentrate more easily on what you are hearing. Once this happens, you will find you have leaped a certain hurdle--your comprehension of the soleares you hear sung will be much extended--and so, I trust, will your enjoyment.

(continued from page 2)

city singing and playing the guitar. And I remember that many times, when it was three or four o'clock in the morning, we used to stop somewhere to have a drink and continue singing, and suddenly we would realize that the balconies were full of women with their husbands, the husbands in undershirts and the women in white petticoats, listening to singing until the one who brought us would say to continue on, and then those on the balconies would begin to shout:

"No! Don't take it away!"

"Leave it a little while longer!"

"Sing another, Pericón!"

And of course, the señorito would give in and we would stay a little longer.

Back then there were a number of companies with carriages for rent. Don Teodoro Simón had one in the plaza San Juan de Dios; Constantino Paredes had another in the plaza Candelaria; in the paseo Canalejas there were two...and in the plaza San Antonio there were another two...In other words, there was a good share of carriages, and some...had their drivers dressed in livery and everything...

Each person would chose the driver he liked best because there were famous drivers that were sought after the most: There was a driver named El Pájaro who had a big name; Rafael el Cuentista also had "un cartel bárbaro" (a big name), always very serious with his two horse carriage...and there were others who even used to dance on their carriages; Linaza, who would, from his driver's seat, come out singing some fandangos that would eat you up with the"gracia" they had; and Manolete, who knew all the old words to the "coros" and "comparsas"; and El Tripa, who also used to dance with "un ángel fenomenal" (with a phenomenal "angel" or spirit); and Verbena, who enjoyed a glass of wine more than all the gatherings in the world... When Maestre became governor and ordered everything to close at midnight, it shook us up. A capitol like Cádiz, accoustomed to having the doors of the establishments open day and night...ready for juerga and wine drinking at any moment...a ruin; for us it was a ruin, and we could do no more than say, "now is when we are going to die of hunger!"

And, in order to die, we had to find a way to continue on.

A señorito would arrive with the desire for a fiesta; he would call me and another, and we would be put in charge of going to a store to buy wine without being seen...and then off to the beach. We used to sit there in the sand--the señoritos, las muchachas, the guitarist, the cantaor...and there on the beach, "venga vino, venga cante, venga juerga."

And sometimes when a soldier would arrive to tell us that we couldn't be there at that hour, we would win him over, give him a glass of wine, make him our friend, and so the fiesta could continue and we could earn money.

And when it wasn't on the beach, we caught a horse carriage and there we all went to the country, from the"Campo del Sur" to "Puerto Tierra", with the wine in the carriage, stopping here or there in the middle of the countryside, until five or six o'clock in the morning.

Since, in this thing of flamenco there has always been so much funny business and one has had to suffer it without protest, many things have happened to me that later when you tell them, people don't believe you.

There was a man in Cádiz who used to call me often to sing for him; he liked my singing and he would spend the whole night with me until the morning at eight or so, when I would say to him that we should quit, and this man would answer me, "No, Pericón, wait a little; come with me now to my house and sing some fandangos to the cat."

And if I wouldn't go with him, he would not pay me, so when the hour came to collect there was no choice except to finish the juerga with the cat; we would leave for his house and when we arrived, since his wife knew well the monomania of her husband, she would get the cat and put it on top of the table; the little animal there on the table, frightened, and I in front singing two or three fandangos for it--so that this man would be content to see the cat listening to cante.

And of course, after going through the same operation two or three times, I caught on to the trick of the aficionado cat, and when I would see the first light of day, I would cajole him into going to his house. "Mire usté, right now I am phenomenal for singing to the cat."

We would take to the road, I would sing to the cat, he would pay me, and then I could go to my house to sleep.

Now, of course, there is more afición (serious interest) in flamenco than before; what happens is that, before, people went more for juergas and today, no; today they go to a tablao, or they go to this place or another, and don't go for juergas as much as before.

And, of course, he who has lived from fiestas knows what that is, because he has had to go through everything, through the good, through the bad, through the true aficionados and the aficionados who want nothing more than "el cachondeo" (messing around).

And, of course, one had to grab both the good and the bad; many times I have seen a group arrive at the Villa Rosa, go to a room and in a short while have to leave because in the room next door there was a "jaleo" that they couldn't stand.

And señores have come expressly to listen to flamenco, with women or anything, and have gone into a room and have been there ten or twelve hours listening to cante, "venga, venga vino, y venga jamon o pescado (ham or fish)".

Many times I have seen true aficionados kick women out of a room, women who were monumental, because they hadn't been quiet... but others have come with women and have asked for quiet, only to be told to just sing--and of course, there is no way to sing: they can give you all the money in the world and you won't sing, because you don't sing for what they pay, because they are going to give you this or that...it is for the treatment they give you, for how considerate they are, and for the respect they have for what you do, and only later for the attention they give you, the pampering--if you want a cigar, if it is the wine you prefer, if it is what you want to drink...then, even if you are hoarse, you exert yourself somehow and sing. But if they come to you with "guasa y con cachondeo" (in jest, messing around), you can't open your mouth, and if you have no choice but to open your mouth, it is "a mala leche" (with bad feelings) and you can't sing, because to sing you have to feel good.

And then there have been the know-it-alls, those who, without knowing anyting, not anything at all, have come with demands and impertinences, like one who said to me one day that what I was singing was not malagueña, that the true malaguenas goes "que bonitos ojos tienes abajo de esas dos cejas"...and, of course, they can give you millions and you don't sing.

And another who came one night in Cádiz asking me for "bulerías negras" (black bulerías) and, of course, I had to sing seven or eight different bulerías and in one of them, el tío said, "there, those are 'las bulerías negras'."

And, thusly, one could talk for three days about these people, and the boastful, the handsome and the hangers-on, the meddlers and the one who, not having any say with anybody, tries to command everybody. And if someone comes who has said he is the prettiest of all, immediately I would say to the guitarist so that it could be overheard, that when he was young he had at least twelve or thirteen girls crazy over him; and of course when he would hear this he would embrace you and in place of twenty, he gave you forty.

And if it were a braggart, I would say to the guitarist that you wouldn't believe, you just wouldn't believe the beating that he gave to four in Valencia in such and such a year, and of course he would come, another embrace, and in place of twenty, forty.

And so, you wouldn't believe what I have had to go through and the things I have had to do in order to live in this business of the cante. Because one always has to lie in order not to quarrel with the clientele, like on another day when I was singing por soleá and one said to me, "what good martinetes, Pericón!" And of course I, instead of saying no señor, those are not martinetes that is soleá, I said, "Mire usté, usté sabe mucho d'esto porque son unos martinetes mu raros que hay metios por soleá (Look, you know a lot about this because those are some very rare martinetes put in the rhythm of soleá)." And so I have won my point and haven't lost the client.

And I recall that during the contest of alegrías in Cádiz, when Manolo Vargas carried off the first prize and I the second. After the contest we went to a fiesta with some of the judges and one of the judges, one of the judges, after I had sung por soleá, came to me, and embracing me, said, "Pericón, olé for those malagueñas!" And of course one says nothing; what are you going to do? You go ahead with your own thing.

And the worst of all have been the hangers on, those who are in the fiestas at the side of the señorito without paying a nickel, drinking, eating, arranging that you sing this and then that, and of course, as they

are friends of the one who is going to pay you, you have to ingratiate yourself with them, knowing that they haven't a nickel, you have to be reverent and put on a friendly face--although later, inside...

...because this thing of the cante is something very special and whether you do well is greatly influenced by how the people listen to you, pay attention to you, and really encourage you; when they listen to you with respect and later talk with respect about the cante without presuming to know this or that, and of course on those occasions when one encounters "true afición", that is when one sings with pleasure and well!

TEHRAN JOURNAL

Guitarist José Carmona "Habichuela",(above) appeared at a trade fair in Tehran, Iran, in October. Also, two night clubs in Tehran feature flamenco regularly and touring groups are regularly seen in the city. (Stan Schutze - Tehran, Iran) OCT.2,1978

FLAMENCO TALK

by Paco Sevilla

FLAMENCO PRONUNCIATION

The Spanish pronunciation used in flamenco singing is usually that common to Andalucia. To those unaccustomed to this accent, trying to decipher flamenco singing or written verses can be a bit difficult. Below are a few of the common pronunciations that result in phrases such as, "Tor mundo va pa' Cái."

I. Dropping of the letter "d":

A. In the middle of a word
cá = cada Cái = Cádiz mare = madre
ná = nada Graná = Granada pare = padre
tó = todo toito = todito

-- "ao" replaces "ado"
cerrao = cerrado cantaor = cantador
pasao = pasado bailaor = bailador
tablao = tablado tocaor = tocador

-- "ío" replaces "ido"
sentío = sentido ha sío - ha sido

B. At the end of a word
boluntá = voluntad berdá = verdad
usté = usted

II. Dropping of final "r";

doló = dolor hablá = hablar
vé = ver escribí = escribir

III. Changing "l" to "r":

ar = al er = el curpa = culpa
der = del farta = falta

IV. Changing "h" to "j":

jondo = hondo jasta = hasta
jecho = hecho

V. Miscellaneous:

güeno = bueno naide = nadie
pa' = para é = de tor = todo el

Now you can read the following:

Maresita mía, que güena gitana,
de un peasito é pan que tenía,
la mitá me daba.

Diego del Gastor: Flamenco Stories

by *Carol Whitney*

PART III (continued)

By early February, Waah was under great pressure to leave Morón, and finally she said she was going, but she didn't. Diego, though, started hanging around with his closest friends during the day and evening, and sleeping in different rooms in the pensión at night, so Waah couldn't find him. I found this ploy actually funny, because it was so simple, yet so surprisingly effective. But then Waah left a note for Diego, saying he had abandoned her, and that she would commit suicide if he didn't take care of her; suddenly they were back together again. I went around Morón, then, talking to Diego's friends and family, asking if anything could be done. They all said they had already tried everything possible, and that the only solution was for Diego himself to insist that Waah leave. None of us believed he would ever do that. I thought of trying to provoke Waah to attack me physically, as she had once before, and then denouncing her to the police. Diego's friends told me not to; they feared for my safety.

Meanwhile I had written my mother, telling her of Morón in general, and Diego's difficulties with Waah in particular. I added that he had given me lessons and refused to let me pay, saying I felt rather at a loss as to what, if anything, I might offer in return. I mentioned that the winter was chilly, and that while I had heat in my room, Diego had none, because he was afraid of the butane gas which was the only practical source of heat for those rooms. I realized the extent of his fear when I lent him my heater and he tactfully lent it to someone else. But I could see he was suffering from chill and damp, and he told me once that he never slept much in the winter, because he was always so cold.

My mother wrote back suggesting she should knit Diego a warm sweater, and I answered immediately that I thought it was a fine idea. Furthermore, it was certain to make Waah furious, and we both thought it might serve as a wedge to begin prying her loose from Diego. Also, though I was fully aware that Waah was severely disturbed, I had a strong hunch that any attack she might launch on me was unlikely to endanger me much--as long as I stayed away from her car.

With the wedge in mind, I began to behave with Diego as if Waah weren't there--even when she was. I gleefully greeted him, asked after his health, showed him photographs, quoted coplas, suggested he teach, and finally, when the sweater came in the mail, gave it to him. Diego tried it on, and obviously liked it very much.

As a thank-you, he invited me, along with several Gypsies, to go to his country house for a stew, and we had a nice supper over a roaring fire. Diego made jokes about how hot he was in the sweater, pretending to fan himself. Shortly a juerga developed, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly--until the predictable arrival of Waah. She and Diego went off in the corner and had loud words. The party broke up. We had come out in a cab, and Waah had the only car. She wanted to drive us back to Morón, but I walked off, and two of the Gypsies joined me. When we got back, the others were already there. Diego took me aside, then, and offered to give me lessons on a regular basis, without charge. This was obviously another thank-you for the sweater--but I got a very strong impression, from the odd look on Diego's face, that he was also looking for distraction from Waah. He confirmed my impression later, by coming to my room a number of times to talk and offer lessons, but mostly we talked quietly.

That night Diego and Waah had a tussle--Diego was wearing the sweater, and Waah tried to take it away. Blood flowed, but no one was seriously hurt. Waah ended up as usual, driving away, drunk, in her car. The next morning she knocked on my door, and I told her to go away. She replied "*Me cago en la madre que te parió.*"

The battle over the sweater must have frightened Diego, because once again he tried to stay away from Waah, by associating closely with his good friends, and hiding in different rooms at night. He played for a few juergas, went out of town occasionally, and played in the feria in Sevilla. Unfortunately he had injured a finger in January, so he had to limit his playing somewhat, but finally, by May, it was nearly well, and he even began to teach some of the waiting foreigners.

From February through May, Waah kept saying she was going to leave. I don't know what finally prompted her actually to do so, but possibly the police put some

pressure on her; they had told me once that if she didn't leave soon, they were going to throw her out anyway. She left in June, to the great relief of many people, certainly most of all Diego.

He was away at the time, having left town in the hope that she would go before he returned. When I left myself shortly afterwards, I was delighted that Diego would be free of Waah when he came back, for how long I didn't know, but I was sure he would welcome any respite.

Waah wasn't alone in her depredations. An American man contributed to Diego's ill health just at the time he was having his worst problems with Waah. This American, whom I shall call Ears for reasons which will become clear, was the perfect example of a parasite.

He knew Morón and Diego very well. He was a borderline alcoholic, and had a fanatic desire to attend all possible juergas--but having good taste, he preferred those in which Diego played. He therefore hung onto Diego's coattails, hoping to wangle invitations through sheer persistence. He knew that if he could get Diego to drink a lot he might start playing, and there was always the possibility that this would lead to a full-scale juerga. If Ears had been buying the drinks all along, then he would be the initiator of the juerga, and couldn't be left out. His technique was broad and sweeping--he invited all possible juerguistas to drinks, and his bar bills must have been huge.

To put it simply, Ears was insatiable because he felt he was starving to death, emotionally. His needs so swamped him that he failed to sense the actuality of anyone else in the world--other people were little more than shadows performing to his command.

The more Ears devoured, the hungrier he became, and the more insistent his demands on the people around him. His omnipresent entreaty was "Drink! Drink!" He hounded Diego more than anyone else, but his effusive ordering-up of drinks by the dozen rivaled that of any strutting flamenco. One morning I ran into Diego, blind drunk after a juerga. Ears, tight but negotiating well, was supporting him on one arm. He put Diego to bed around eleven; by three, Diego was up again, retching as if he would die on the spot of heart failure with the effort. Incidents like this happened over and over again.

Ears spent a great deal of time in Morón, and his behavior drew unfavorable comment from practically all the foreigners. (I didn't talk with the Spaniards about him.) Even Waah complained of his behavior, but of course that's understandable, since for Waah, Ears was competition.

Ears, a vulture as voracious as any, took shocking advantage of Diego when his health was already threatened both by Waah and his rapidly encroaching high blood pressure.

Diego often told me he wished people wouldn't force so many drinks on him. No matter that whether to drink or not was ostensibly his choice, no matter how much he said he liked to drink, it was our responsibility to remember that in Spain, a refusal of hospitality insults the person who offers it. In juerga, an artist's consistent refusal to drink implies he is ill at ease with his hosts, so that to press unwanted drinks on him is a hostile and parasitic act.

Many times too, Diego complained to me about foreigners invading juergas. He described the subterfuges he and the other artists and aficionados used to avoid invasion; still, their juergas were frequently crashed. Waah went to every one she heard about when she wasn't too drunk to arrive there, and Ears went when he thought he could manage it without jeopardizing future invitations. Some Americans followed his lead--one of them told me that they were good listeners, and knew a lot more about flamenco than the Morón aficionados, so the artists would always welcome them, invited or not. Ears and Waah were so juvenile one wouldn't expect them to be either observant or considerate, but these Americans also demonstrated their *mala educación*.

Like most aficionados, Ears and Waah were more than just tourists; they supposedly came to Morón to study. But, unable to sustain their afición from within their own lives, they sucked the blood of the person they purported to admire or to love. They were millstones around Diego's neck.

The Madrid radio announcement appeared to be based on gossip. It incorporated two distortions: the statement that

A new Spanish dance company of 16 members headed by Luisa Aranda and José Antonio, is called "Siluetas" and is doing very modern flamenco choreographies; the guitarists are Juan Maya "Marote" and an Australian, "Flecha"; the singer is "Chaquetón". (José Luis Esparza - Madrid)

American women were Diego's downfall, and the implication that his death resulted from a single cause.

You now know as much about Diego's death as I; clearly we don't know much. We cannot deny, though, that foreigners contributed to the exhaustion and illness Diego suffered before he died. The depredations I have described here are extreme, but representative, examples of the kind of action that can result from an attitude prevalent among tourists--and also, unfortunately, many aficionados--that we have an inherent right to demand the services of the people we visit abroad. A common corollary, never explicit, is that we need set no limits on our demands.

Here is a story I invite you to share. Flamencos have a right to refuse us any service if they so desire. This is an absurd and hopeless belief--there is no way they can exclude us once we turn up, because to Spaniards in Spain, we are visitors, therefore guests, no matter how great our commitment; this makes us unexcludable and unexpellable except under the most extreme circumstances. If the flamencos open their hearts and arts to us, that is a gift.

Mass tourism is a feature of our world today; foreign afición was born of it, and depends on it for survival. Maybe mere sight-seers have no responsibility towards their hosts--we do towards ours, because we benefit directly from them. If we are really aficionados, if we really want to preserve flamenco for ourselves, then we must use the gifts they give us responsibly, first of all, by making sure we don't misrepresent their art, thereby opening paths for vultures. This warning applies especially to writers, academics, aficionados, and other story-tellers. Second, we must learn as much about every aspect of the art as we can, without interfering with the lives of the flamencos themselves.

Thanks to Diego del Gastor for his help. He taught so many of us so much, not only with his lessons, but also with his life.

* * *

About two months after Diego died, I was driving across the country, and stopped at a motel in Montana. I recall the heat of the evening, the sounds of the crickets and cicadas, the brown dust swirling in the wind. I had a glass of wine, easing the aches of driving, went to bed tired and relaxed, and dreamed.

I circled above Morón with an owls-eye view, and heard the Gallo, a famous statue of a rooster which symbolizes Morón's independence and resourcefulness, toll twelve times. I knew it was exactly midnight, and that I was dead. As I circled, the Angel Remedios took me on her back, spread her broad wings, and flew me up to heaven to look for Diego.

When we got there, we found him right away. His face looked partly cleared of the strain he had suffered.

"How are things up here?" I asked him.

"All right," he said. But he looked unhappy.

"How's the flamenco?"

"Not much flamenco up here."

I resolved to get Diego out of there, back to Morón where he belonged. But the next thing I knew, the Angel Remedios was circling with me over Morón, and the Gallo tolled twelve again. Diego was still in heaven.

LATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Minneapolis:

ZORONGO FLAMENCO; A CONCERT featuring music for two classical guitars with Anthony & Michael Hauser, and flamenco with Suzanne Marie and María Elena "La Cordobesa". Dec. 7 at the Walker Art Center.

DUDLEY RIGG'S CAFE ESPRESSO will feature Zorongo Flamenco (see above) on Dec. 8,9,10.

RADIO KUOM will present "The Art of Flamenco" with Suzanne and Michael Hauser on Dec. 2 at 2:00 p.m.

MICHAEL HAUSER plays flamenco guitar at The Restaurant on Monday evenings and at FUJI-YA on Wed. and Thurs. evenings.

COMPTON (CA): MOSAICO FLAMENCO; eight member group performs in the Choral Room at Compton Community College on Dec. 5 (8:00 p.m.). Admission $2.00 for general public.

NOVEMBER JUERGA

AT SECOND GLANCE: A VISITOR'S VIEWPOINT

by

Nancy McCarty

Though I am a native San Diegan and though I have dedicated myself professionally to the study of Hispanic language, literature and culture, I was never aware that an organization such as "Jaleo" existed. In reality, the November "juerga" represents a second glance, since I had attended the July juerga previously, and I would like to describe for you the sensuous, as well as cognative, impact it impressed upon me.

The first order of the evening was partaking of the banquet that included an array of delicate rice and noodle dishes and a sumptuous chicken, pepper and tomato casserole. To enhance the menu, fit for seducing royalty, was an outdoor fireplace to warm our bodies and relaxed, friendly conversation to warm our spirits.

The next memorable phase of the juerga took place in the "sala hundida" where, as I sat beneath a painting of a zebra, I witnessed the flamenco dancing talents of Juana de Alva, Deanna and Jorge El Callado, as well as those of Juana's conscientious students. Perhaps the highlight of my evening was participating in Juana's "sevillanas" lessons. What a thrill it was for me to be included in the exciting relationship between guitar and physical movement. As though I were hanging from a twelve-foot wall by my fingertips, I glimpsed the possibility of pursuing this dance form as a personally expressive outlet. Who knows? For me, it could be more constructive than assertiveness training classes. However, my flamenco fantasies were shattered as I went in search of a glass of water. Who ever heard of a red-headed gypsy, anyway, especially one who has trouble counting beyond eight?

Sidetracked by my glass of water, I entered into a world apart from the rest of the party, perhaps it was a world of my own creation, when the door of the "sala safari" was opened to me. The decor of this room gave me a strange but wonderful sense of Africa, if not northern Egypt, and of the origins of the nomadic gypsy culture prior to its Andalusian assimilation. The carpet, bedspread, stuffed animals, linens and paintings impressed upon me the material comforts required by the Arabian Caliphs, while the exquisite relationship between the guitar strings and Paco Sevilla's fingers intimately accompanied the precisely disciplined feet of Deanna and Luana. The African atmosphere, which nowadays would seemingly appear alien to those of Spanish origin, blended historically with a nation that was long ago the commercial and cultural crossroads of the literate world. It was a specfical I shall not soon forget.

As you can see, my impressions are too many to ennumerate here; in fact, I am still digesting them. However, you must know that I am humbly grateful for sharing your food, your dance, and your culture with me. My thanks to Jorge, Juana, and Stefano and to all "Jaleístas" for introducing me to the most economical trip I have ever had to Spain.

DECEMBER JUERGA

The December juerga will be held, as last year, on New Year's Eve. Since we are combining forces with the Casa De Espana Club and no private home has been offered, we have reserved a hall for the occasion.

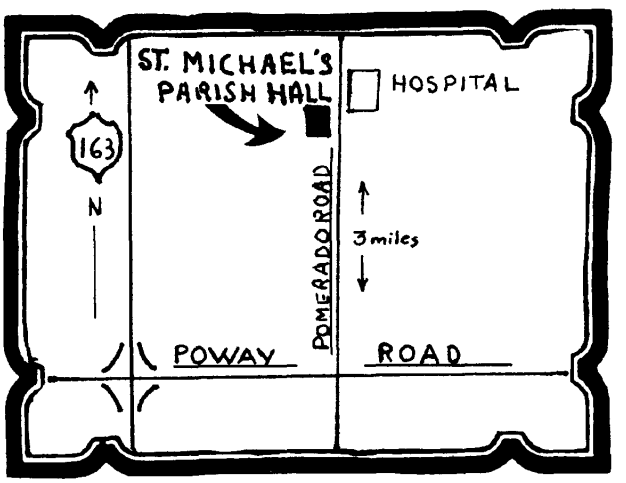
To celebrate the new year we wish to present a cuadro flamenco of all member artists who would like to participate. Each person's participation (not including singers & accompanists) would be limited to one number (although everyone would remain in the cuadro during the presentation to add their palmas and jaleo for the other performers). Be thinking about what would be your first, second or third choice to perform and get this information to Juana De Alva as soon as possible so that the show can be planned. We will probably close with Sevillanas to include everyone who knows them.

The traditional DOCE UVAS will be ingested at midnight followed by the traditional Paso Doble.

A simple repast will be provided but bring your own drinks. A four dollar donation will be requested from members and guests alike to cover food, decorations and rental of the hall. Baby-sitting service will be provided. (Contribution required by parents bringing children.

Take Freeway 163 North, Poway Road East, Pomerado Road (1st stoplight) north. The hall is about 3 miles North on the left-hand side.

Date: December 31st
Place: St. Michael's Parish Hall
15546 Pomerado Road in Poway
Time: 9:00PM to 3:00AM
Bring: Your drinks
Sleeping bags for your children
$4.00 donation



ANNOUNCEMENTS

new york...

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

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 VERBENA: (La Verbena is the new name for La Sangria which opened July 15. It's located on 569 Hudson st. in Greenwich Village Dancer; Mara, Singer; Pepe de Málaga and Guitarist; Juan Amaya.

DANCE TEACHERS

Jerry LeRoy Studio:	
Sebastian Castro (flamenco)	212-OR9-3587
Estrella Morena (flamenco)	212-489-8649
Mariano Parra (escuela bolera & flamenco)	212-866-8520
Manolo Rivera (flamenco)	212-724-5058
Edo Sie (jota)	212-255-4202
Ballet Arts:	
Mariquita Flores	212-255-4202

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

washington...

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.

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

california

GUITAR INSTRUCTOR: Rick Willis, Oakland, Ca. Phone: 482-1765.

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

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

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

FLAMENCO SPECTACULAR featuring dancers Margo, Roberto Amaral, Pepita Sevilla, Concha de Morón, Alfredo Aja, Luisa de Bernardo, Juan Martínez, Coral Citrón, Miera Fuentes and Leonardo Blanco; singers are Chinín de Triana and Antonio Sánchez; guitarists are Gino D'Auri and Paco Sevilla. Sunday Dec. 10 at 3:00 p.m. at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre, 4401 W. 8th St., Los Angeles (213) 939-1128.

EL CID now offering Spanish tablao-style entertainment, featuring a house cuadro made up of dancers Juan Talavera, Raul Martín, and Liliana Morales, with singers Concha de Morón and Antonio Sánchez, and guitarist Antonio Durán; this show is followed by the special attraction, Carmen Mora with Juan Talavera, Concha, and Antonio Durán. 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. Phone: (213) 589-6588.

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JUANITA FRANCO will be performing with dancer Carmen Camacho and guitarist Joe Kinney at Pepe O'Haras 4015 Avati, phone; 274-3590, Saturday nights from 6:30 - 10:00.

JESUS NIETO will be taping the background music (including flamenco) for a play, "The Wonderful Ice-Cream Suit" by Ray Bradbury to be presented at Southwestern College's auditorium on Dec. 21-22-23, -28-29-30 and Jan. 5-6-7 at 8:30 p.m.

DAVID CHENEY appears at the Swan Song on Mission Blvd. in Pacific Beach on Thursdays from 9 til 1:00 a.m.

RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLET in Old Town. With dancers Rayna, Luana Moreno, Theresa Johnson, Scott and Jennifer Goad, and Rochelle Sturgess. Guitarists are Yuris Zeltins and Paco Sevilla. Sundays from 11:30 to 3:30, at Bazaar del Mundo.

INSTRUCTION IN SAN DIEGO

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JUERGA SITES NEEDED. Contact Ken Boyd at 224-7634.

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