



JALEO



newsletter of the
flamenco association of san diego

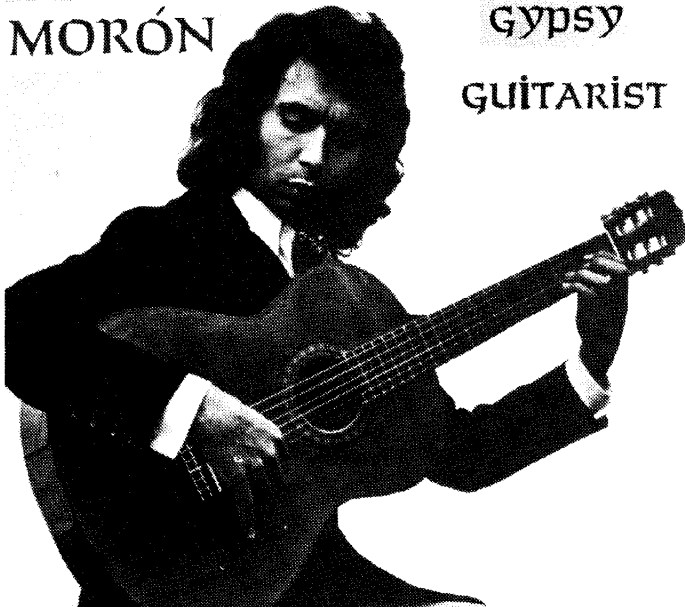
VOLUME II - No. 10

MAY 1979

AGUSTÍN RÍOS

DE
MORÓN

GYPSY
GUITARIST



The March 1978 issue of Jaleo included a "miscellany" photo of gypsies partying in the cave home of Manolito el de la María; the unnamed guitarist was Agustín Ríos de Morón who is now living in Mill Valley and performing in the San Francisco area. Agustín, a gypsy whose guitar-playing is familiar to those who have spent time in Morón de la Frontera or listened to the many tapes of juergas there, is a nephew of the legendary Diego del Gastor and plays a mixture of his own and Diego's material. Now 30 years old, Agustín toured Europe in 1972 with La Singla and for the last two years has been performing concerts in the United States. He appears in the film "La Vida Flamenca" (16mm, 20 minutes long, now available for distribution in this country) along with relatives and friends such as his sisters Milagro and Eugenia, brother Pepe, Ansonini, La Chica, La Pili, Pura and

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Granada

By Brook Zern

Recollection, Reunion, and Remuneration

In 1961, I went to Granada to study flamenco with the gypsies. That fact alone should fully demonstrate the depth of my ignorance at the time. I was unaware of the geographical constrictions on the art, which tend to confine the good stuff to the Seville/Jerez axis and environs thereof. But God takes care of drunks, children and befuddled flamenco freaks.

I had come to learn guitar, and after reluctantly rejecting some tempting offers in unrelated areas, I found Pepe Tranca.

Pepe--Jose Maldonado Cortes, technically speaking -- was considered a bit strange by some of the other Gypsies. He had actually taken the time and trouble to learn good guitar, despite the fact that people apparently preferred bad guitar. (Actually, people didn't prefer the guitar at all. In the caves, the lead melody was generally taken by the so-called Portuguese guitar -- an instrument that uses doubled steel strings, as I recall, and sounds like an overgrown mandolin.)

Pepe worked in the cave of Maria La Canastera, and was married to a striking young woman who may have been her daughter. (My Spanish was pretty bad at the time; for that matter, so was Pepe's -- his accent was all but impenetrable.) They evidently lived in the caves, and I took lessons in a small room carved into the Sacromonte hillside. The air inside was delightfully cool. Unfortunately, the flies appreciated this as much as I did, and at times there would be one on each finger as I tried to mimic Pepe's music. Every few minutes he would call a fly break and we would waggle a white sheet from the

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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, hold monthly juergas, and sponsor periodic special events.

Membership-subscription for JALEO only is \$10.00 per year; membership for those who plan to attend juergas is \$15.00 for the individual, \$20.00 for family/couple or individual plus guest. Announcements are free of charge to members, and businesses may display their cards for \$6.00 per month or \$15.00 per quarter.

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BACK ISSUES OF JALEO ARE AVAILABLE. Most back issues are available for \$1.00 each, which includes mailing costs. Send to Jaleo, Box 4706, San Diego, California 92104. (This rate applies to the U.S.A. and Canada; add \$1.00 per copy for mailing to other countries.

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others. He is currently working on a record, teaching, and doing concerts and fiestas; a recent performance paired him with dancer-singer Ansonini who is visiting in the Bay area.

For concert or film information, contact Patrice Thompson: (415) 387-8403; we thank Patrice for this information. (For some experiences with Agustín, see "Dance Experiences in Spain, Part II" by Suzanne Keyser, Jaleo, September 1978)

EDITORIAL

by Paco Sevilla

Last month we told you about the glowing, optimistic side of the situation with Jaleo. However, there is another side: Jaleo has some serious problems and if they are not dealt with, there may be no newsletter to enjoy the exciting things that are happening. I hope that every reader will seriously consider the following:

At the present time, if I were to leave Jaleo (a constant temptation, for the purpose of getting back to normal life), it would very likely cease to exist in its present form. If Juana de Alva were to quit and return her life to sanity, Jaleo would cease to exist. This is not a desirable situation for a publication. We are fortunate to have our faithful typist María Soleá (many hours of unpaid work), Emilia Thompson and Elizabeth Ballardo doing the very difficult and tedious chore of getting Jaleo to the readers (collate, fold, staple, address, arrange zip codes in order, bundle, weigh, mail -- with all sorts of special mailing requirements), and Deanna Davis taking care of all the subscription hassles and letter writing. If any of these people gets sick of the hassle, we are in trouble. And you may have noticed that our borrowed typewriter needs work -- if it goes, we are really in trouble! The actual layout of each issue is being done by one or two people and takes weeks -- which is why we are behind in mailing. The burden of supplying material for us to publish has fallen on the shoulders of just a few people. Financially Jaleo is not well. We spend almost all of our money on the layout, printing, and mailing. We are a much better newsletter than we should be (larger and more photos) for the amount of money we take in. At any time, we could find ourselves broke and unable to go on.

Why am I telling you all of this? Because I want each reader who would like to see Jaleo continue to consider what he or she can do to help. We have four basic needs: 1) People to work on the newsletter; 2) Material to publish; 3) more subscribers; 4) money.

At this time, I wish to focus on numbers three and four because they are the critical ones at this time. And more subscribers means more money and greater potential for more advertising, which also means more money. So, subscriptions are the key issue. Subscriptions keep tricking in, but far too few -- we should double our circulation in order to be solvent with our current expenses. What is standing in the way of growth? Communication is, of course, a problem -- people don't know we exist. So we must all spread the word. But we are fairly certain that there are two or three readers of Jaleo for every subscription, because most of our mail and phone calls come from non-subscribers. Many flamencos are too poor or too cheap to get their own subscription; some are just lazy. There is also a fair amount of active resistance to the whole Jaleo concept; some flamencos feel they already know it all (I will never understand this attitude) or are opposed to anything organized, or prefer that flamenco remain a "mystery to all but a chosen few".

What these people need to realize is that education of the public and aficionados can only help them build an audience for their work; the flamenco situation in this country can only get better.

- Here are some things that readers can do:
- Don't let your friends mooch off your copy of Jaleo; persuade them to subscribe.
 - Think of somebody we could send a complimentary copy to.
 - Get a gift subscription for a friend or a flamenco who is too poor to get his own.
 - Approach flamenco oriented businesses about taking out an ad (cheap at present,

- \$15 for 3 months for a business-card sized ad).
- Support our advertizers. If you live in San Diego, visit the Blue Guitar, let Tarbell Realtors know that you are aware of them, buy a T-shirt, whatever, but let them know that you appreciate their support.
- If you are financially well endowed, consider a monetary contribution to the cause. It doesn't take much to really help: \$25 dollars pays for an elaborate photo layout; \$50 pays much of our mailing costs for an issue; \$100 pays a sizeable part of our printing costs. A contribution could allow us to buy a drafting board and T-square so we could get our articles in straight for a change, or we could get the typewriter fixed, etc.

So, come on folks, let's keep this thing going!

LETTERS

Muy Apreciados Artistas y Compañeros,
 Me es grato dirigirme a Uds. para felicitarlos por su teson y magnífico entusiasmo, así como también por sus buenos informes que publican, los reportajes y material de tantos buenos artistas flamencos, y aficionados.
 Los doy las gracias muy sinceramente por publicar una fotografía de la gitana, TERE MAYA, gran amiga y compañera de muchas compañías y temporadas; entre ellas, la de tres meses en El Chico de New York, con el trio "Los Majos" (ANGEL MONZON, LOTY ESCUDERO, y JOSE MARQUEZ), y en Buenos Aires, Argentina, donde TERE MAYA y su hermano, JUANELE MAYA, trabajaron conmigo en el Teatro Avenida por más de un año, como también en los desaparecidos colmaos flamencos, encabezados por EL NINO MARCHENA, JESUS PEROSAN, el guitarrista ESTEBAN DE SANLUCAR, CARMEN AMAYA, y todas las grandes estrellas del arte flamenco... que sería interminable nombrar a todas. Luego, de nuevo, como compañera por Sur America y Europa con la compañía de José Greco; TERE MAYA es merecedora de ese lugar que Uds. la han dado en JALEO.

Suyo Sinceramente,
 Angel Monzón
 Vancouver, Canada

(English translation on page)

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Manolito de Maria: Impressions

by *Carol Whitney*

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Before long I will be offering transcribed fragments from the cante of Manolito *él de la María*, who died in 1966, and achieved some fame shortly before his death.

I have always considered myself extremely fortunate to have met this man, to have heard him sing, and to have taken some (very) informal lessons with him--and chatted with him over many a glass of wine.

Manolito's singing was, to me, truly incredible. Also, his very presence, whether in *juerga* or just sitting around and chatting, gave me a great sensation of joy--because Manolito had a bubbly irrepressibility about him which was totally contagious. As I write about it now, nearly thirteen years after his death, I *still* feel the joyful quality that he bestowed.

Because Manolito had this quality, I feel I can't offer you transcriptions of his songs unless I first do my very best to capture something of his character for you. I will try, too, to allow for a certain perspective in the portrait I am about to paint, though, as I think about it, I don't know why I should, unless it is to acknowledge that Manolito, like the rest of us, was a human being. Perhaps that is all the perspective needed.

Fortunately for me, I attended my first real, Spanish, *fiesta flamenca* before I first heard Manolito sing. He sang in the second *fiesta* I attended (these were both at the *Finca Espartero*, *Morón de la Frontera*, 1966). I was so bowled over by the experience of the first one that I could hardly grasp what was going on. But by the second time, I was really able to listen. Of course when Manolito sang, I had no idea that his singing was anything particularly unusual by flamenco standards--still, I was nearly breathless with incredulity at the beauty of his cante. Frankly, I didn't find his voice "foggy," as Pohren described it, though I can imagine why it might be called that. I was entranced not only by the beauty of his song,



MANOLITO EL DE LA MARIA
PHOTO BY C. WHITNEY

by his control, his total domination of it, but also by his relaxed manner between songs, his laughter, his jokes, and his manner of sharing with his listeners and the other artists. He treated me, and other relatively new *aficionados*, as if we were his equals--but who could equal Manolito? No one. He was completely unique.

Manolito came out to the *Finca* from *Alcalá de Guadaira*, where he lived in a cave dug into the hillside below the ruins of the old castle. When he came for a *juerga*, he generally stayed at least overnight, and sometimes for a few days. The day after I first heard him sing, he sat with *Moreen Carnes* (*María la Marrurra*, unless she's changed her professional name) and me for a couple of hours, dictating *letras* at *Moreen's* request. I felt very much honored to be allowed to sit in on this session. I admired Manolito's generosity in sitting around, reciting *letras*, repeating lines we couldn't hear clearly--sometimes several times. He had few teeth, and was hard to understand, though most of the words in his cante are quite clearly pronounced.

One night we (people from the *Finca*) went to Manolito's cave for a *fiesta*. We met Manolito in a bar in the town, at the foot of the hill. Our group was small, and included, of course, *Donn* and *Luisa Pohren*, who, for us relatively inexperienced *aficionados*, served as mentors throughout.

When we went into the bar, Manolito was already there. At this point, I quote from

the notes I wrote the next day.

Manolito was already drunk, and greeted me as if I were a queen. During our session having drinks at the bar, Manolito asked Donn to pour wine into the crown of his hat; then he drank from it. Donn said that at a fiesta at Manolito's one night, everyone was drinking out of Manolito's shoe!

My notes are sadly deficient in descriptive images, because the mere reading of them recaptures the images so clearly for me. It was Manolito's mock-serious bearing that made these events so excruciatingly funny.

After we had had several drinks, we drove up the hillside, and left the car. We got out in the dark, and began to make our way up a path that was full of large holes, and had ditches precariously close by its side. I felt quite blinded; my eyes hadn't adapted, and I began to stumble. Manolito came up beside me and took my arm, and I was very grateful--but just as we had gotten past a few potholes, I heard someone mumbling. Manolito mumbled something back, and I felt him drop my arm and turn back. I stood stock-still, afraid of stepping in a hole. I still couldn't see a thing.

Manolito and the others went back out onto the road, and conversed in quiet voices, and then rejoined me. But Manolito didn't take my arm again, and I had to feel the rest of the way with my feet. My eyes began to adjust as we neared the cave.

Once more from my notes: *Chris [Carnes] told Diego [del Gastor] something [in a whisper] and Diego burst out laughing, then Chris told Tomás [a teacher from Morón], ditto, so I asked what was going on. Apparently Manolito had told his wife that I was blind and that's why he was leading me!* I then learned that the person coming down the road had been Manolito's wife, and that the others had warned him she was coming. I found it very amusing that Manolito would tell his wife such a story, especially as he was going to be found out immediately.

The fiesta that night didn't develop well. Manolito sang, but didn't like his own singing; Diego told him he needed warm-up time. Later Manolito sang some bulerías, and someone said, when he danced a few steps, "olé, Farruco" (el Farruco is a dancer of note). Manolito felt insulted, and said he didn't know how to dance. Diego tried to patch things up, but the evening never quite recovered. That's one of those things: one never knows how a fiesta will turn out.

Manolito truly loved to sing. When he

did, it was really always for his own pleasure, never mind who else he might be pleasing. I suspect that when he didn't like his own singing, that was because he couldn't quite get in the mood. As far as I know, he never continued when he felt that way.

Another time we went to a fiesta in Sevilla which was thrown by some (relatively) wealthy Americans who were aficionados. We lost our way, and arrived late. People had finished dinner, and a juerga--a rather odd one--was starting up in one room, while in others, people were chatting.



BROOM-WIELDING OUTSIDE CASA PEPE, MORON
MANOLITO (CENTER) AND CAROL WHITNEY
PHOTO BY PHIL STANBRO

The juerga was odd because people were seated as in a theater, in rows of chairs facing an improvised stage.

Luisa Pohren and I were both ravenous, but just as we were stepping in the door, I heard Manolito begin to sing. I hadn't known he was going to be there. Usually, when I'm as hungry as I was then, I can't enjoy anything until I've had some food--but the sound of Manolito's voice was too much for me. The hostess was urging us to take plates, so that my action was actually rude--but I went to the door of the room where Manolito was singing, and looked in. Just at that moment, Manolito saw me, and stopped his song. I felt terribly embarrassed, particularly since everyone turned

around to see what had made Manolito stop. Things got worse when Manolito called out to me, and told me to join him on the "stage."

Manolito turned to the guitarist who was accompanying him, and said "dale a ella la guitarra; vas a tener una sorpresa." By this time I felt like cringing. My playing, at that time, was even more limited than it is now. Perhaps I had random touches of "eco gitano," thanks to my first teacher, David Cheney, and to others, but my technique was what some people call, politely, "earthy." Furthermore, I had only learned the rudiments of cante accompaniment.

Manolito took the guitar, handed it to me, and said "Carolina, hija, toca por seguiriya." I looked up at him. He was watching me expectantly. He wants to sing, I thought to myself. But seguiriyas? Not one of his specialties--but fortunately, relatively easy to accompany.

I was nervous, but I looked at Manolito's shoes, and began to feel calmer, with something to look at. So I paused for an instant to collect myself, checked the tuning and found it very good, and began to play. I played a very short falseta, and then an invitation for Manolito to sing--but he didn't begin. One more short falseta, and another invitation--and still no song. Then I caught on. He wasn't going to sing. So I played a third short falseta, some rasgueo, and stopped, handing the guitar back towards Manolito.

"No, Carolina," he said, "tócame por soleá." I thought things had gone far enough, and risked a glance at the audience. The people within my range of view, including the guitarist, were showing at least a polite interest, and some, who appeared to be Americans, were even showing some enthusiasm for my afición, which I thought was kind of them. If I had been listening, I would have wanted to hear Manolito and his accompanist.

I was reasonably comfortable with the soleá, and thought I could probably get away with two falsetas. So I played an entrada, a short falseta, and a closing pattern. I was just about to launch into the second falseta when Manolito began to sing. I stayed with him; he sang one copla and then a cambio. I looked up at him, and he seemed ready to stop, so I ended, using a particular rasgueo that makes "I am stopping now" quite clear. So ended my debut as a fish-out-of-water accompanist. I went and had some supper.

Later I wondered what had possessed Manolito to ask me to play. After all,

foreign guitarists lurk in every corner. I still don't know why he did it; perhaps he was acknowledging my afición. More likely, he was in the mood to do it.

One night shortly before I left Spain, Manolito came again to the Finca. We had another rip-roaring fiesta, and again Manolito sang really beautifully. The next morning, he and I met over breakfast. I was tired and feeling run-down from the months of fiestas and drinking. But Manolito was full of really funny jokes. I didn't understand how he could stay up most of the night singing and drinking, go to sleep for a little while, and then be so full of joy so early (around eleven) in the morning.

We finished our coffee, and then Manolito went into the kitchen and came back out with a full bottle of fino. He brought two glasses, and poured them both brimful. "Toma, niña," he said. He drained his glass in one gulp. I wasn't sure I could face fino at that moment, but Manolito's enthusiasm was so infectious that I took a sip. It was pretty awful, but the second sip was better, and the third better still. It was pretty good fino, I decided.

Manolito picked up the hat I had seen him wear so often, and set it neatly on top of the bottle, which was already half-empty. He tied a ribbon around the bottle's neck.



MANOLITO WITH FRIEND
PHOTO BY POHREN

I added a shell ashtray that was sitting on the table, and soon a little bottle-person was grinning at us from the table. We were getting very silly, very quickly.

Manolito went back to the kitchen for another bottle, so as not to disturb our new friend. He came back with a bottle in each hand. I didn't know who he was expecting, because all the other Finca guests had left, and the Pohrens were both working hard upstairs.

Catching our bottle-friend under one arm, Manolito motioned to me to pick up my glass and join him. I followed him into the livingroom.

"Coja la guitarra," said Manolito, "y tócame por soleá; te voy a dar clase." He set the doll-bottle down, refilled my glass, and then took a long slug directly from one of the newly-opened bottles.

Donn's guitar was sitting in the corner, and I picked it up and tuned it. My hands felt sluggish, and it was cold and damp in the room. Manolito insisted that I empty my glass, into my stomach, of course. He watched me while I did, and filled it again. I began to wonder whether I would be able to play at all--and how I might feel afterwards--but Manolito let out a temple, and I was caught up. I placed the cejilla where I knew he liked it, and began to play. My sound was all mushy, and the strings were mushy too, which didn't help. But Manolito didn't care. He felt like singing.

The fino started to hit me, and my hands began to feel warm, if still uncoordinated.

It's really impossible to describe Manolito's singing meaningfully. Probably that's good; otherwise there would be no point in singers singing. Anyway, he sang for four hours, stopping only to take another drink from the bottle (or to go get another bottle). He refilled my glass too. He began por soleá, and sang for quite a while. Then he gave me a rest by singing a martinete por seguriya, knocking the compás on the table. I didn't recognize the martinete--I thought it was a seguriya cabal, and accompanied him as if it were. Manolito was so polite that he waited till after the song to tell me what it was, and even then I had to ask him to do so. He sang more soleares, and also some alegrías, which he didn't do very often, and some tangos, and of course, his famous bulerías. I had quite a bit of difficulty with the bulerías, because even though my hands were warmed up--well, I'll blame it on the mushy strings, not the six glasses of fino.

Luisa called to us, finally, around four in the afternoon, while Manolito was taking a breather after four straight hours of singing, to join her and Donn for lunch. I stood up and nearly fell over; I was not, by any stretch of the imagination, sober.

It turned out that Donn and Luisa had heard the whole thing from upstairs. They said they had never heard Manolito sing so well. I thought about it. It was true that he had sung really extremely well. And

there I had been, working hard to accompany well--and still not familiar enough with the guitar and the cante to drop all consciousness of my playing, and so hear all the greatness of Manolito's singing. My tape recorder had sat upstairs the whole time. I had thought, once, of bringing it down, but had found the situation one of those in which one does not interrupt that way.

Sometimes I've wondered how people could remember details of experiences, so clearly, many years later. Now I know that the intensity of an experience contributes to remembering. Being with Manolito was an intense experience, even though a relaxing one.

I really knew very little of Manolito. I didn't know anything to speak of about his life, about his personal history. I didn't know much about his cante or its origins--only the most basic facts. I didn't know what motivated Manolito to sing. But if you listened to him, he took you into his world, right into the heart of his cante, so that none of these things were relevant. I know that many people listened to Manolito, and because he sang mostly in private, most of them heard him that way. I understand from Donn Pohren that he was at his best in private, which seems reasonable indeed. I know that if Manolito could take me into that world of his cante, he must have taken others there in the same way.

Manolito's demeanor showed that he cared nothing for reverence (for himself)--but one who reveres art of any kind has to revere the cante of Manolito. Let me end with the words of Antonio Mairena: "*Manolito María cantaba con un sentimiento casi religioso y su cante sonaba gitano hasta lastimar.*" (*Las confesiones de Antonio Mairena*, MS. prepared by A. García Ulecia, Universidad de Sevilla, 1976, p. 62.)



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Garól on Cante

MANOLITO AND SOLEARES

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Before I start: from now on, you will see an odd-looking device in my column, and perhaps occasionally in my other articles. Sometimes I've referred to earlier columns, or said I'd deal with some subject later. I do this in order to avoid unnecessary repetition and allow some depth of coverage. If what I write here is to be of any real use, cross-reference is important. But the references interrupt and take up space. So to keep them short, and easy to pass over, I'll enclose the minimum information in asterisks and parentheses. References to my column will carry only month and year: (*January 1979*). Those to my other articles will show short title, month and year: (*Diego, October 1979*). Those to anything else in *Jaleo* will show author's last name, short title if necessary, month and year: (*Lobdill, Bulerías, January 1979*).

Where the situation warrants, of course I'll give more extended information. I'll confine "asterisk" references to anything that has appeared in *Jaleo*. Please let me know if you object to this procedure.

* * *

Some of the examples of soleares I'll be including here are taken from those of Manolito él de la María. Donn Pohren includes a biography of Manolito in his *Lives and Legends of Flamenco*; he certainly captures the flavor of what the man was like. Incidentally, Pohren told me that Manolito was the nephew (not the cousin, as stated in *Lives and Legends*) of the great singer of soleares, Joaquín él de la Paula, of Alcalá de Guadaira.

Others besides Pohren have written about Manolito; his cante and his personality were apparently irresistible to the aficionados and artists who met him. He wasn't very widely known, because he had a predilection for flamenco as life, not as commerce.

In a separate article, I've written my own impressions of Manolito, but I've left mention of his technical abilities for this column, rather than let them intrude on a personal portrait. So before continuing with the soleares, I'll tell you a story which illustrates what kind of technical facility Manolito had.

Manolito and the other artists present at Finca Espartero fiestas permitted me to make tapes on two occasions when he sang. I've transcribed three fragments of his cante: a salida and two coplas.

While transcribing one of the coplas, I had great difficulty with one short passage, and I slowed the tape to half speed, in order to hear more clearly.

If you are a guitarist, and have slowed tapes of your own playing, you know very well how your faults are magnified by this ruthless treatment. Slowed singing has a quality of its own, and a listener really has to get accustomed to the mooring sound. I'm used to it, but this time, I sat up in my chair, astounded. Manolito's voice, slowed to half its normal speed, didn't sound like a cow. Instead, I could hear a very distinct and steady alternation, on a long note, between the tonic and the note a little less than half a tone above it. Manolito was employing something like a vibrato, to give his sound a color--and his control over his voice was absolute. I know that he had had plenty to drink when I made that tape. I draw these conclusions: Manolito's incredible cante was partly the result of his vocal control. I don't know whether he himself was aware of exactly what kind of control he had. I doubt that he made a deliberate decision to produce an almost machine-like vibrato from the tonic to the second scale degree (with a slightly lowered pitch on the second note). I know he sang because he loved to sing.

The lesson I learned from this experience was that flamenco singers who are known for their excellent singing do deliberately sing well. If pitches are changed slightly from those of the tempered scale, that "in-tune" sound we Westerners accustom ourselves to, the change is deliberate, even if not fully conscious. Singers, like other musicians, need practice, even if they are flamenco singers and the "practice" is all in fun, as I'm sure Manolito's was.

The examples I will use (*later*) include a beat sheet (*January 1979*) with a letra of Manolito's, and the transcriptions I mentioned above. To make these examples as useful as possible for you, I'll describe here the basic letra structure of the soleares.

The soleares have coplas of either three or four lines of text. The "standard," or "main" melody of the soleares of Alcalá (now also known as the soleares of Joaquín él de la Paula) employs a copla of four lines. Here is an example of one of

Manolito's.

line
number

- 1 El día que yo nací
- 2 ¿qué planeta reinaría?
- 3 Por dondequiera que voy
- 4 una mala estrella me guía.

The day I was born
what planet can have reigned?
Wherever I go
a bad star guides me.

Set to music, words may be added, dropped, or changed here and there; Donn Pohren gives an example of this in his *Art of Flamenco*. Also, lines are frequently repeated. The most common setting of a copla for the soleares of Alcalá (main or standard melody) results in the arrangement of text lines illustrated below. The letters at the ends of the lines show the arrangement (repetitions) of the melodic lines.

text line		melody line
1	El día que yo nací	a
2	¿qué planetita reinaría?	b
2	¿Qué planeta reinaría?	a
2	¿Qué planetita reinaría?	b
3	Por dondequiera que voy	c
4	una mala estrella me guía,	d
3	por dondequiera que voy	c
4	una mala estrella me guía.	d

This arrangement is one you'll find in other styles of the soleares too; therefore an abstraction of the relationship between the lines of text and those of the melody is extremely useful to structural understanding, and therefore also useful to the guitar accompanist. Awkward as it is to put understandings on paper, the best I can do is refer you to "line 2-a," or some such, when that suits my purpose.

In all soleares, the end of the penultimate *text* line is emphasized or accented; this point is a dramatic climax. In some soleá styles, the melody itself provides an inherent emphasis, such as a climb to the seventh scale degree (*January 1979*), but in the main melody of the soleares of Alcalá, the end of line 3-c aims at the tonic, so that the climax effect depends on accent rather than melody. Modal considerations dictate what follows the emphasis (*later*).

The climax has been called, by foreign-

ers, a *cambio* (*October 1978*), which means, literally, "change." (I don't remember ever hearing a Spaniard call it that--does anyone else?) I suspect the usage comes from the chord change required of the accompanist at this point (*later*).

The word *cambio* more commonly denotes a sung melody which contrasts with a standard one. In the soleares of Alcalá, the *cambio* employs a three-line copla. Manolito used to sing this one:

- 1 Desde que murió mi ma(d)re, a
- 2 camisa de mi cuerpo, b
- 3 no tengo quien me la lave. c

Since my mother died
I have no one
to wash my shirt.

(A very dear friend of mine calls this the "laundry" verse. Even if our foreignness makes us laugh, perhaps we can put aside our foreign reactions long enough to feel sympathetic for the poor guy who misses his mother. I admit, though, that my friend's remark has changed the character of this copla, for me, forever. Still, when someone of Manolito's caliber sings it, I can shiver with admiration. Incidentally, it's a very popular one; you can hear it in many styles of the soleares, and also in some bulerías.)

In the *cambio* of the soleares of Alcalá, the copla is sung straight through, in the text-melody pattern 1-a, 2-b, 3-c. Lines 2-b and 3-c may then be repeated (together) if the singer wishes. Manolito, as I remember, seldom or never made the repeat. The dramatic climax comes at the end of line 2-b; line 3-c tapers off in mood.

The three-line soleares are normally treated with this structure, though when sung in other styles, line 1-a is often repeated, particularly in those that use the three-line copla as a main melody.

If you've done a lot of listening, you probably already know all this. Perhaps you also realize its significance--but just in case, I'll clarify.

Melody, not text, is the essential identifying feature that distinguishes one style of the soleares from another. This fact is normally true of other flamenco forms, though the *siguiriyas*, for example, may also be identified by their texts, when these have become associated very closely with one particular singer.

You also need to know that the *cambio* (the copla, not the climax) is sung inter-

mittently, not constantly--otherwise, obviously, it wouldn't serve as contrast. Manolito commonly sang the main melody, with different letras, a number of times, before singing a cambio; thereafter, he would either return to the main melody, or change to another style of the soleares (commonly, those of La Serneta of Utrera).

Here, I have barely scratched the surface of the soleares, which, as you may have guessed by now, are *one* of my many favorite flamenco forms. Coming up (*later*): the promised examples, with some analysis, a beat sheet with accompaniment patterns for guitarists, and more detail on how styles are distinguished. Mode is a subject for advanced study, and will come later still.

Roberto Cartagena

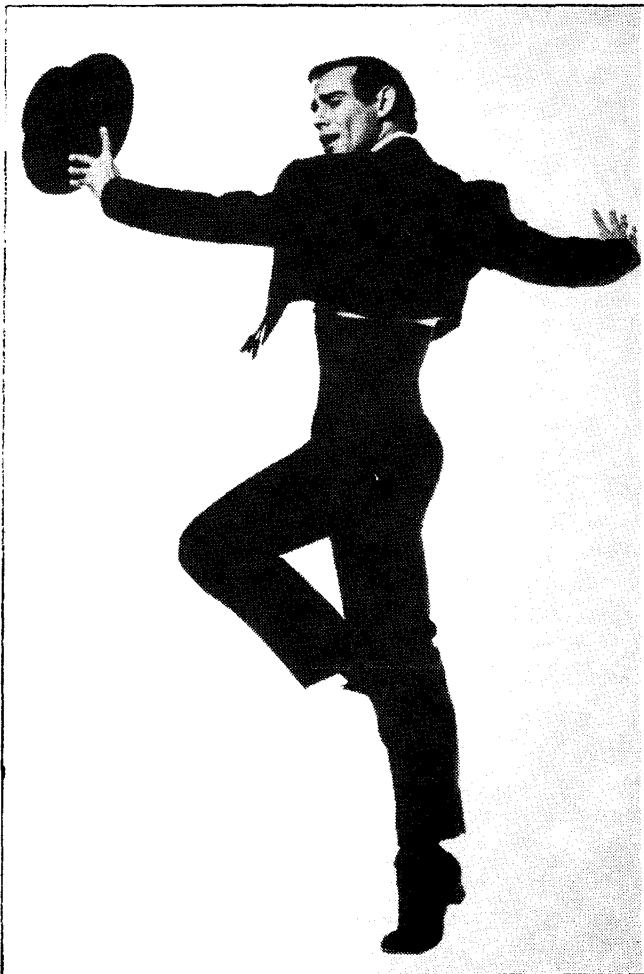


PHOTO BY JACK MITCHEL

Roberto Cartagena

(Taken from promotional material)

Roberto Angulo Bossa adopted the name of his native Cartagena (Columbia). He studied ballet in New York while learning flamenco from Juan Martinez. Later, he worked as a soloist with the Spanish Ballet Ximénez - Vargas and was first dancer and choreographer with María Alba. With these companies and his own, which he formed in 1977, he has performed in Europe, Latin America, Canada, and the U.S.A., including performances at the Dance Festival at Jacob's Pillow (Massachusetts) and with symphony orchestras in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Buffalo.

The following reviews are almost two years old, but give an idea of the type of program Roberto presents, including Spanish classical dance, flamenco, and folk dances from both Spain and Latin America.

* * *

ROBERTO CARTAGENA DANCE COMPANY

From the Nauset Weekly Calendar, July 29, 1977:

The Eighth Annual Summer Festival of Ethnic Dance, presented by La Meri at the Barnstable Village Hall, featured an exciting and exhilarating presentation of Roberto Cartagena and his Dance Company on Friday evening, July 22nd. Señor Cartagena, a native of Columbia, is without a doubt the star of his company, but the four young and lovely ladies with him certainly give him a run for his money!

As "Guest Artist", Azucena Vega proved that she is a consummate and dedicated artist in her field. Her fire and passion were not a put on. Whenever she performed, everyone was aware of a first rate and completely honest interpretation of whatever she was asked to do. She could be subtly sensuous or downright sexy, repressing or expressing to the utmost the many faces of the moods of the Spanish dance forms. In a duet with Cartagena called "Seguiriya", a traditional flamenco dance of passion and restraint, it was obvious to one and all that the heat created by these two fine artists could have ignited the very curtains of the stage!

Carlota Santana did a "Caracoles" with such ease and exquisite demeanor and her use and handling of the huge fan was truly breathtaking. She is a classically beautiful woman and an asset to the Company. Andra and Ernesta Corvino, who are sisters,

and the lovely daughters of the famous ballet teacher Alfredo Corvino, proved that the ethnic dance world and the ballet are very closely related. In a classical Spanish number called "Of a Long Time Past", along with Cartagena, they proved the point emphatically by their fine ballet technique and their lovely interpretation of the classical Spanish dance.

Adonís Puertas, one of the greatest guitarists in the world, nearly stole the show with his gorgeous interpretations of "Malagueña", Romanza", and the "Miller's Dance" from De Falla's wonderful ballet "The Three Cornered Hat". He is a warm, gentle, and fine gentleman with a golden touch. Luis Vargas, the flamenco singer, is no stranger to Cape audiences. His style is all his own and indeed added greatly to the success of the dancers. They seemed to adore him and the feeling was mutual!

Now, to get to the star of the show, Roberto Cartagena. This young and handsome man is a high voltage performer with the countenance of a little boy having one hell of a good time on that stage. He is at home in flamenco and could dance rings around most of the so-called STARS of Spanish dance! Not to mention any names! He can be passionate, he can be humorous, and he can be classic. His range is phenomenal and he does it all with a bit of tongue in cheek without being cute. His foot work is very precise but never dull; he has facial expressions that are projected by his true feelings and not just put on for the audience; he is charming and courteous to his Company and never tries to be the STAR. But he is surely just that -- A STAR of the first magnitude!

I can only repeat what the whole audience expressed to the Roberto Cartagena Dance Company -- "OLÉ", "BRAVO", and please come back many more times!

* * *

ETHNIC DANCE FESTIVAL POPULARITY GROWS

From the Sunday Cape Code Times, July 24, 1977, by Judith Provost.

Barnstable -- More and more people seem to be finding their way to the Summer Festival of Ethnic Dance as was evidenced Friday night by the sizeable crowd that turned out to see the Roberto Cartagena Dance Company at The Barnstable Village Hall.

Accompanying the lithe Cartagena was a diverse group of artists including dancers Carlota Santana, Andra and Ernesta Corvino, and special guest Azucena Vega; Luis Vargas,

singer; and Adonís Puertas, flamenco guitarist.

The program included a variety of dances from Spain and two suites of dances from Colombia, one of the central mountain regions and the other of the northern coast. Cartagena is a native of Columbia and is the sole choreographer of Colombian dances in this country.

The "Suite Andina" comprised of Bambuco, Guavina, and Pasillo was playful in nature, portraying children and old people dancing humorously. These were performed by the Corvino girls who had slight difficulty at first keeping up the 6/8 rhythm of the Bambuco, but improved when Cartagena joined them for the other two parts. All three danced with grace and elegance in the world premiere of "Of a Time Long Past".

Carlota Santana did a lovely "Caracoles" with effective use of her fan, and then later performed a fluid "Soleares" in traditional flamenco style.

To prove she was truly worthy to be named "guest artist", Azucena Vega first rapid-fired her castanets in "Córdoba" and then danced passionately with Cartagena in "Seguiriya", and finally stamped a seething solo in brilliant red dress with long black hair flying in "Tientos".

In "Martinete", Roberto Cartagena displayed virtuoso heel work to the guitar music of Puertas, and to the contrapuntal beat of the anvil, played by Ernesto Corvino.

To increase the Spanish flavor of the evening, a quartet of solos was expertly played by guitarist Puertas in soul-stirring arrangements of "Holy Week in Seville" (in which he brought forth the sound of drums on his guitar strings), "Dance of the Miller" by de Falla, "Malagueña", and "Romance" from the French motion picture "Forbidden Games".

It was a chance to see yet another variation of the Spanish theme, and the audience responded appreciatively.



DON ANTONIO CHACÓN, "PAPA" DEL CANTE

ON HORSEBACK BETWEEN TWO EPOCHS; CHACÓN IS THE TOP OF FLAMENCO ART AND THE BEGINNING OF ITS CORRUPTION.

by Angel Alvarez Caballero

(from: Madrid's ABC, Feb. 11, 1979;
sent by Brook Zern)

translated by Roberto Vasquez

PART I

"But upon the arrival of Chacón," write Molina and Mairena, "the most perfect and virtuoso of the great masters, we enter another period, which he inaugurated -- the theatrical period -- for which the illustrious French flamencologist, Hilaire, has called him the brilliant fountain of 'bad flamenco'".

In effect, Don Antonio Chacón can serve us as a link between two well defined epochs of flamenco: the classical or Golden Age, and the theatrical, in which the cante advanced one more step toward the conquest of greater audiences. This was Chacón's task. In January 1979 it will be a half century since his death. Before, Silverio Franconetti had taken the cante from the tavern to the café cantante. Then Marchena would close the cycle, taking flamenco to a total vulgarization with the opera flamenca. Three payos (non-gypsies) lead the way in these three decisive operations in the evolution of flamenco. Chance? Coincidence in a way of visualizing the art? A greater vision of the future?

No one less than Enrique el Mellizo gave Chacón the decisive push in his career. This happened, according to some authors, on the 25th of July 1879 when Antonio was only 14 years old, but this does not agree with other trustworthy data that we are going to consider next. The bullfighter, Herмосilla, was celebrating at the bar of Plaza Progreso the triumph of the corrida he had fought that afternoon in Jerez. The colmado (restaurant-bar) belonged to Juan Junquera, also a famous cantaor of the epoch. According to Manfredi, Junquera had sent a message to Chacón urging him to come, because there were people who wanted to listen to him seriously; on the other hand,



DON ANTONIO CHACÓN

the guitarist, Javier Molina, who was very close to the cantaor in his adolescence and his first years in the art, seems to suggest otherwise when he says, referring to a date maybe one or two years later, "...then we talked to Junquera about Antonio Chacón so that he would also hire him. But Junquera did not want him because Chacón wasn't worth much at that time and all the singers that he had were better than he. Through the force of our pleas and recommendations, he hired him for a few days, but had to discharge him because he wasn't liked, in spite of being from Jerez."

At any rate, that meeting in Junquera's must have taken place, but I believe some years later for the reasons that we will see. Next to Herмосilla were nothing less than the cantaores Enrique el Mellizo -- who had a close friendship with the bullfighter, and Joaquin Laserna, also called Lacherna, a gypsy from Jerez who was Manuel Torre's uncle. All of the people present were amazed at the young man's singing, especially Enrique el Mellizo, who, according to the somewhat imaginative version of Manfredi, "rises with the majesty of a king. He puts his hand on Chacón's shoulder and looks at him face to face. Antonio Chacón resists his gaze. There are in his eyes a brightness and a tremor like the sparks that quiver at the bottom of a well when some one puts a

lighted lantern at the curbstone. 'Son... one day you will be called the father of the cante...I, Enrique el Mellizo, who knows what I am talking about, say this to you.'

The next day, Mellizo himself convinced Chacón's father to allow him to take him to Cádiz to sing at the café where he was performing at the moment. This happened in 1885 according to Quiñones, who is perhaps taking information from Javier Molina. Chacón was therefore around 20 years old and not 14 as he would have been had his meeting with Mellizo taken place in 1879. The rest of the cantaor's professional wanderings since that date, to the cafés cantantes of Andalucía and later in Madrid are perfectly documented.

Enrique el Mellizo was earning "una onza" (ounce) each night, and Chacón, seven pesetas. It was there where the youngster learned from the old man the cante por Malagueñas in which he would shine so greatly.

Years later, Don Juan Antonio Gómez y Arámburu, better known as Juanelo Gómez, confronted el Mellizo and Chacón in a tournament of cante. The competition took place at "El Siglo" and it was a memorable one; it lasted two days and all the Cádiz aficionados thronged to listen to them. "The impassioned listeners came in such a way that they took over Cervantes street where that colmado used to be and there were discords, scuffles and quarrels in order to be an inch closer to the artists."

From Cádiz, the youngster's reputation began to spread throughout Andalucía and the aficionados talked relentlessly about his art. Silverio Franconetti, who was then managing his own café cantante in Sevilla, could not feign indifference to this new wonder which everybody was talking about, so he sent a man he could rely upon to hire him.

In Sevilla, Chacón raised hell! He was the first singer there to charge 20 pesetas, according to Fernando de Triana, who comments "It must be seen! Until then, the most famous cantaores never charged more than a ten peseta salary..." And he adds, referring to the success of the young cantaor, "All the most notable artists of that epoch gave up their seniority rights and agreed to sing before the phenomenon. In this manner people would listen to them and applaud them, because when Chacón finished his first show the salon was left completely vacant until the public started to return for the after-midnight show. This one ended at four o'clock in the morning, which seemed like ten o'clock at night, and nobody would move

from his seat until Chacón finished, or better said, until he closed the show." When this was happening, the salon turned into a church, with the great sepulchral silence interrupted only in some "tercio de cante" by the voice of the great Silverio, who, nervous and emotional, used to whisper in a low voice, crying at the same time, "Que bárbaro! Que bárbaro!" (unbelievable, incredible, etc.)

It so happened in the year '86 that, while Chacón was singing at the Café del Silverio, Fosforito was doing it at the Café del Burrero, "...and upon request of the aficionados," we continue quoting de Triana, "the two businesses had to come to an agreement and arrange the turns of the two cantaores so that the public could come out from listening to one and arrive in time to listen to the other. And what the route between Rosario and Tarifa streets turned into! A multitude of fans of all social classes commented upon what they had just heard and yearned for the moment's arrival when they would listen to the other idol and then form a judgement with true critical knowledge of the work done by the two friendly competitors."

If Silverio cried listening to Chacón, it must be said that the latter always kept a deep veneration for the master. If somebody pretended to praise him at the other's expense, the Jerezano stopped him immediately replying, "One must take off one's hat in order to talk about that gentleman. He is much better than I am!"

And when finishing a cante in a juerga, a certain marquis embraced him full of emotion and cried at him that he was better than Fraconetti, Chacón stopped him short, "But what are you saying, sir? I am only a little shoe next to that monster!"

Beginning that season at the Café de Silverio, all the cafés cantantes were already fighting over Chacón. From there he went to the café of Manuel el Burrero, also in Sevilla, where he was later contracted for the legendary Café de Chinitas in Málaga. There he met Juan Breva in 1892, already in his final years and living in near misery which forced him to keep working at inns and taverns, even though he was practically blind. At a private meeting the young man sang for the old master. First "un cante por caracoles".

"Where did you learn that song?" asked the patriarch.

"I learned it from the old man José." answered the Jerezano.

Then Chacón sang "por malagueñas" and Juan Brevá asked again, "Who is the King of the malagueñeros?"

"You are, sir!" answered Chacón.

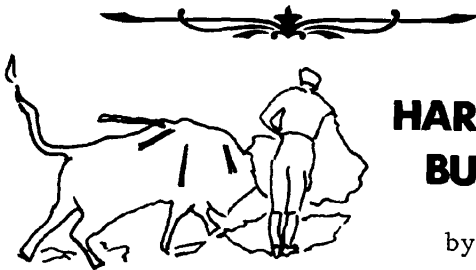
This time the old master of Vélez replied, "I am telling you from this Café de Chinitas that has heard so many malagueñas, that you sing better than I this new malagueña!"

This is the way Manfredi Cano narrates it, and this episode was left imprinted in a copla that is still being repeated over and over:

En el Café de Chinitas
cantó una copla Chacón,
y le contestó Juan Brevá,
cantas tu mejor que yo
esa malagueña nueva.

At the Café de Chinitas
a new copla was sung by Chacón
to which Juan Brevá responded,
you sing better than I,
this new malagueña.

(Next month: Part II, "ON THE ROADS OF ANDALUCÍA")



HARKEN, BULL LOVERS

by D.E. Pohren

There exists a solid nucleus of people, mostly non-Spaniards, who are opposed to bullfighting on the grounds that it is a one-sided, unfair contest always won by man. In fact, some of this group feel so strongly about this that they have been heard to utter witticisms such as "I'll begin going to bullfights when the bull starts winning!" Well, REJOICE, practitioners of fair play in the Fiesta, there is a gleam of light at the end of that long black corridor of cruelty to bulls.

You see, there is a whole series of festivities in Spain in which the bull does come out on top. The trick is to avoid the formal bullfights and attend the "running-of-the-bulls" events held annually in dozens of towns throughout Spain. In these festivities the bull is truly king. My torn and trampled body can testify to that. But before recounting the gory details, let me digress a moment.

No doubt you all know that bull worship has been prevalent in Spain for centuries, just as it was previously in other Mediterranean and Near Eastern cultures (Persia, Minoan, Roman, to name a few) as well as in prehistoric times (judging by the Paleolithic bull paintings in caves in northern Spain, southern France and elsewhere). The bull, in fact, was probably Spain's original Don Juanian macho, upon which so many Spanish men have tried hard to pattern themselves. When the bull wanted a female, he took her, no questions asked. When he desired several, he had them. Who would have dreamed of protesting! Due to this virility and to his prowess as a fighter, bull cults sprang up wherever bulls were found. All of today's bull rituals, including the bullfights and the running-of-the-bulls, are direct descendants of this worship of the bull.

While bullfights are held in all parts of Spain, the running-of-the-bulls is much more widely practiced in the northern half. Pamplona, or course, hosts the most celebrated of these festivities, but in reality the San Fermín celebration is only one of many such dangerous annual diversions. Each practicing pueblo has its own traditional elaboration on the theme. In Peñíscola (Castellón de la Plana) the bulls are turned loose along the beach, and participants dive into the water to escape their ire. In Cardona, (Barcelona) the daring youths of the village enclose themselves in a makeshift bullring with the bull, their salvation being ropes hanging down over the barricade, which the youths utilize to swing up out of range of the horns. In Ciudad Rodrigo (Salamanca) tradition still dictates running the bulls from horseback, as the noblemen did centuries ago, as well as taking your risks on foot, while in Coria (Cáceres) a bull is merely turned loose in the old part of town, causing dancing and singing street revelers to scatter wildly as the bull rounds each corner. Besides the street scenes, at some point in the festivities of each town the bull is also enclosed in a bullring or barricaded plaza, where the local youths attempt to outmaneuver or even clumsily pass the bull, depending on its size (obviously a factor in direct relation to the danger involved).

The bulls vary considerably in size from town to town. The more sensible towns turn loose small brave cows or bulls as well under two years old, often with their horns padded. The local youths can play with these animals in relative safety, occasion-

ally receiving a hard knock or two, but rarely serious damage. Other towns unleash utreros (two to three years old) or novillos (three or four years old), with or without their horns padded, while a few, such as Pamplona, turn loose fully grown bulls for the run from the corral to the bullring. This frightening custom is toned down somewhat by sending them in a group, which consists of the six bulls to be fought that afternoon, as well as three or four cabestros, tame bulls sent along to calm the brave bulls and remind them of their herd instinct, for a bull will rarely attack when in herd. Thus, normally the bulls race along trying hard to ignore the reckless youths running in front and alongside them, the most daring touching the bulls' flanks or horns with their hands or with some object, such as a rolled up newspaper. Occasionally, however, a bull trips, becomes confused, or for any other reason drops behind the rest. Then he becomes a killer. Yearly in Pamplona several youths are gravely injured, and death occurs not infrequently. John Leibold, author of two fine bullfight books, witnessed one such tragedy in Pamplona in 1975 when a Navarrese boy was killed just alongside him as the two of them tried to scramble up the crowded barrier that separates the temporarily insane from the spectators, the fatal horn wound causing the boy's blood to spurt all over Leibold and other nearby participants.

This not-so-subtle reminder that we are discussing serious matters wraps up the background. On to the autobiographical part of this article.

In years past I have occasionally dabbled in the art of bull evasion, but certainly

not in a dangerous way. Or so I thought, for I have since learned that there is no such thing as an undangerous way. (Take the case of Antonio Bienvenida. After spending his long career fighting mature bulls, he was killed after retirement by a young cow in the small ring of a private ranch.)

My last attempt at "bull evasion" might well have been my last attempt at anything. Time: a sober eleven of a sunny morning last October. Setting: Las Rozas, a town some thirty kilometers northwest of Madrid. In Las Rozas, the bulls are turned loose along a barricaded street leading from the corral to the bullring where the bulls are formally fought later in the day. So far the set-up seemed similar to that of Pamplona. There were, nonetheless, two major differences. The Las Rozas bulls were destined to be fought in a novillada, meaning they were smaller than those of Pamplona. On the other hand, they were released one at a time, signifying they were out for blood during their entire route. And there was one other significant factor. At one point along the street in Las Rozas a series of steps rose to a tree-lined plaza. This point was not barricaded due to the belief that bulls will avoid steps if possible. This is usually true, but in this case one impressive novillo, some three and a half years old, weighing about 400 kilos (about 900 lbs) jet black and with nicely shaped, untampered-with horns, went up those steps like a shot and found himself nearly alone in the plaza, what with people leaping walls and scattering in all directions. Once there, he didn't know how to get back down, and the square became his playground.

Yours truly, or course, had to go up to



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see what was going on. When I arrived, a young chap was masterfully toying with the bull. They were standing stationary on opposite sides of a slim little tree that couldn't have measured over half a foot across. When the boy feinted slightly to the left, one of the bull's horns smashed into the tree. A feint to the right brought the tree-shaking crunch of the other horn. This went on for some time, and the frustrated bull was getting madder and meaner looking by the second.

This was when I, in one of my less rational moments, darted behind a similar, if younger and smaller tree perhaps ten meters from the tree of action. The nearly one thousand pounds of solid muscle spotted me, studied the situation for a very brief time, then came at me and my tiny little tree like a big black snorting horny locomotive. I must admit a tinge of doubt began seeping through the old gray matter, for I had overlooked the consideration that a charging bull and a stationary bull are two quite distinct matters. Although there was no time for real fear, I could not help but notice that my adopted plant seemed most inadequately placed, and I quickly devised a course of action, for better or for worse. I placed both hands on the tree, and when the moment seemed right (when the huge black eyes loomed impossibly close -- this can't really be happening to me, I remember thinking) I feinted pointedly to the left, the bull veered properly, and I took off to the right like a sprinter, seeking the safety of yon scalable wall.

Now, I have always been led to believe that a charging bull takes a goodly amount of space and time to change directions. Try a half a foot and a tenth of a second, because that black blur was on me like a tornado, had its horn into the area of the family jewels, and tossed me high in the clear Castilian air. (At this point I still wasn't taking the whole thing too seriously. I remember thinking "Here goes my trip to Galicia, goddamn it," for a group of us were to leave in just three days on the much anticipated excursion.)

Exalt, fair players, there is more to come. You see, in formal bullfights there are several fellows trained (and paid) to lure the bull away from its victim immediately, thus giving the bullfighter an even greater advantage (the bull rarely has time to get his horns in deeply more than two or three times). I am sorry to say this is not true in village festivities. No one present had muleta, cape or any other contrivance with which to lure the bull away, much less

the knowledge and training to do so, and even less the desire to risk his skin for some perfect stranger.

So the bull worked me over for what seemed an eternity (observers estimate it was a full three minutes). At first, still saucy, I tried giving the son-of-a-bitch a couple of good kicks on his snout while lying on my back. That brilliant course of action cost me multiple lesions on both legs. Then I calmed myself and tried playing dead, the way you're supposed to. I can swear I heard the bull chuckle as he redoubled his efforts to finish me off. WHAM. CRUNCH. THUD. SLIT. I remembered reading that bulls, horses and similar types will not step on people if they can avoid it. It's a shame this bull didn't read the same bull. He didn't step on me, he danced on me. Each time I dared glance up, those intense black eyes, flashing horns and wildly swinging gonads (as he lurched into position for another attempted kill) caused me quickly to look down and again cover head with hands. On one such upglance I saw a boy pulling the bull's tail with all his might, then dash to safety when the bull looked as if he might swing around. But the bull ignored him completely. He had his mind made up.

By now the Galicia trip was the farthest thing from my mind, and the question of survival took over. As the spectacle dragged on, it occurred to me that this could well be it. (That thought occurred to the crowd, too, for my daughter and her boyfriend overheard utterings down in town proper to the effect that "the bull is killing some poor bastard up in the plaza." At that time daughter and boyfriend did not know I was the victim.)

Does one's whole life really flash before one at such a time? Perhaps, but if so I was cheated of the sensation, for a crashing hoof or horn caught me on the head and knocked me unconscious (about time!). When I came to, six or seven young fellows were dragging me out of the square, while I vaguely noticed several others entertaining the bull by throwing their jackets and sweaters at him. I was hustled down through the throng, over the barrier, into a waiting ambulance, and to the local clinic. Enroute I looked down and saw the crotch of my pants was torn in all directions, and bloody flesh popping through the horn hole in my briefs. This did not make me terribly happy. (The ambulance, for some reason, would not transport my daughter and her boyfriend, so they ran behind the ambulance a full kilometer, all uphill, not knowing if they'd find a

corpse on arrival.)

During the entire episode with the bull I had felt nothing physically. No pain whatsoever. Adrenalin is truly a wonderful thing. But you can be sure the pain came, starting in the clinic. First, the appliance, to all the wounded areas, of large quantities of the stingiest disinfectant ever devised. Then the stitching of the scrotum wound without, of course, any type of anaesthesia (the horn missed the important equipment by millimeters). Then on to the serious business of finding out just how alive I was. The thumping and prodding went on for some time. Finally the doctor looked up.

"God was with you, my friend. You are very fortunate to be alive, moreover in such good condition. You have only the scrotum wound, all the ribs on your left side fractured, another horn wound in your back, multiple lesions and bruises, and considerable internal bleeding, which we hope has no connection with your kidneys or liver and will stop by itself (apparently neither my liver nor sole kidney were injured, and the bleeding did stop without medical intervention, but only after a hematoma, or temporary blood ball, the size of a grapefruit had sprouted from my right side).

"You are going to hurt like hell for a few days (no understatement), and will have to sleep propped nearly straight up (no easy feat), but it will pass. Adiós, amigo.

"Next."

For there was indeed a next, another bloody victim of the same animal.

So elate, fans of the bull. He often wins.

And how!

(This article also appeared in Lookout Magazine, March 1979, Costa del Sol, Spain)



(Granada -- continued from page 1)

back of the room toward the door to the evident amusement of the flies themselves, who had learned to hide in the brasswear until the humans finished their mysterious ritual.

Pepe was my first real live Gypsy, and I was evidently his first real live discipulo extranjero. He had light skin, which puzzled me a bit. And perhaps he noticed, for one day he looked at me intently. "I may be white," he said, "but my heart is black."

Two years later I came back to Spain and headed for Granada to find Pepe. I did, but things had changed for the worse. Torrential rains had crumbled many of the habitable caves, and while the showplace caves were open for business most of the Gypsies had been relocated to flimsy, tin-roofed, windowless quonset huts beneath the Sacromonte. I can't imagine what they were like in the winter cold, but in summer the roof functioned as a broiler. It was hot.

My wife was with me, and we got to know Pepe's wife and children pretty well. The children would proudly show us pictures they had done in school, usually on the theme of the Blessed Virgin. The kids were beautiful. It seemed that other people thought so, too. Pepe and his wife told us that an English couple had recently offered them a very handsome sum of money in exchange for their little girl -- or perhaps more precisely, for the right to take their little girl away with them and raise her in a proper environment, with all of the concomitant advantages for her future development. The suggestion was firmly refused, of course. "What would be the advantage?" Pepe asked, "What advantage is there in growing up to be like those people?"

Pepe's daughter danced pretty well by any standards, and especially well for a six-year old. I asked her what her favorite dance was, hoping to see a pure and uncorrupted zambra at last. "El twee," she replied, launching into a very creditable imitation of Chubby Checker himself. The world is getting smaller, I thought to myself.

Pepe's intense interest in his children's academic progress took on new meaning when I asked him to autograph a picture he had given us. He said he would, and that I could have it "manana." "No, why not do it right now," I suggested. My wife kicked me unobtrusively in the ankle, which is her wont whenever I am being especially obtuse, and which accounts for my chronically purplish ankles. "On second thought, tomorrow is even better," I said. And so we got the picture our last day in Granada, along with a short and touching dedication in a hand which clearly indicated the great investment in time and effort it had taken.

During our two year stay in Sevilla and many subsequent visits, we made it to Granada only once (an overnight visit) and failed to find Pepe. So, it was not until last summer, fifteen years after our last contact, that we had another chance to try.

During that time we had often wondered what had become of Pepe and his family.

I was hardly optimistic as we headed up the narrow road toward the Sacromonte, squeezing the dinky Seat sedan into doorways to dodge the convoys of tourist buses. Our children were still excited from the afternoon spent wandering through the Alhambra. The gypsies, heedless of my dashing and clearly Continental appearance, inexplicably took me for an American. "You want see dancing girls, see real flamenco show?" they hollered in English as they ran alongside the car.

"No," I said pettishly as I continued along the road. "I'm looking for Pepe



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Tranca. He was my maestro many years ago."

Immediately, the strange gypsy communications network went into action. We went along, faster than anyone could follow, but all along the road, people were pointing. "Tranca," they said, guiding me toward the Canastera cave. Soon, we had acquired a motorcycle escort -- young gypsies who had to make sure that the reunion went smoothly. We arrived at the cave and left the unlocked car in the care of these riders (there are times when Spain's gitanos suspend their normal mode of operation and become fiercely protective of an outsider's property as a matter of honor. I knew this was such a time).

We walked to the crowded cave entrance. I stopped and held up my 7-year-old, while her slightly older sister looked under people's legs. They were impressed by the spectacle and disappointed when I decided not to go in -- our flamenco budget was tight, and I couldn't quite rationalize blowing it on the gypsy caves of Granada.

The frantic rumba finally bumped and ground its way to a halt, and Pepe came to see me. For some reason he looked older than before, but still very good. I could tell that he remembered me well, and he seemed almost as happy as I was. I introduced him to my kids -- my first objective -- and then demanded one more lesson. He gave complex directions to his new house, and I said I'd show up the next afternoon.

When I arrived the next day, I realized that my apprehensions about Pepe over the years were misplaced. The house, part of a "bloque" in a new barrio a few miles outside of town, was charming. It was compact, like most Spanish homes, and very bright and appealing. It was also Pepe's. He had paid for it -- a pretty substantial amount by Spanish standards that are now approaching ours -- which meant that Pepe's net worth was a damn sight larger than my own. I found out one reason why at the end of the lesson. "How much?", I asked.

"Mil doscientas", said Pepe with a perfectly straight face.

"No, not your guitar, Pepe. Just the lesson." He repeated the price. Twelve hundred pesetas, or seventeen dollars.

I remembered the old rates -- about seventy cents for an hour. I remembered the price of a lesson with Diego del Gastor in 1972 -- two hundred pesetas, or about three bucks. The world is indeed getting smaller, and also more expensive. Since I only had a thousand pesetas with me, it was logical to

"MARTINETE" - GRANADA 1961

Granted, the martinete is never accompanied. If it was, Pepe told me, it might go like this. (The rhythm is siguiriyas - the rhythm to which Antonio danced martinete)

BULERIAS - GRANADA 1963

(Editor's note: In order to avoid clutter, we have eliminated the compás counts that were in the original copy. The siguriya is written in alternating measures of 3/4 and 6/8 time; that gives you the alternating three fast counts and two slow counts. In some spots we have put the compas count in () under the music.)

EL OIDO

. . . NEWS OF OUR JALEISTAS

Rosala (from San Diego) is working with a flamenco group in Santander in the north of Spain. The other dancer is Angel Valverde, formerly with Antonio Gades, and the singer is "El Fati" from Málaga. There are two guitarists: Ramon Fernández, who owns a music store, and a gypsy named "Cookie" whose sister-in-law is "La Chana;" Rosala says that she has become well acquainted with "La Chana" who is supposedly taking a company to Buenos Aires, Argentina, for four months.

(English translation; from page 3)

Very Appreciated Artists and Friends,
 It is a pleasure to direct myself to you, to congratulate you for your steady and magnificent enthusiasm, as well as for your good information, the reports and material about so many good flamenco artists and aficionados. I thank you sincerely for publishing the photograph of the gypsy, TERE MAYA, a great friend and companion in many companies and periods of performing; among them were the three months in the El Chico in New York, with the trio "Los Majos" (ANGEL MONZON, LOTY ESCUDERO, and JOSE MARQUEZ), and in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where TERE MAYA and her brother, JUANELE MAYA, were working with us in the Teatro Avenida for more than a year, as well as in the now-vanished flamenco "colmaos" headed by EL NINO MARCHENA, JESUS PEROSAN, the guitarist ESTEBAN DE SANLUCAR, CARMEN AMAYA, and all of the great stars of the art of flamenco...it would be interminable to name them all. Later, there was our travels through South America and Europe with the company of



SCENES FROM THE MOVIE "EL OBJETO OSCURO DE DESEO" BY LUIS BUÑUEL
If you haven't seen this movie which features the beautiful Angela Molina (in these photos), don't go expecting to see much flamenco -- it is an interesting and enjoyable film anyway.



SOME BOOKS

By Paco Sevilla

Here are some books that should be of interest to flamenco aficionados:

LAS CONFESIONES DE ANTONIO MAIRENA by Alberto García Ulecia; published by the Secretariado de Publicaciones, Universidad de Sevilla, 1976. The book is number 53 in the series "Colección de Bolsillo". Carol Whitney reports on this book in her letter to Jaleo (March 1979, pg. 3) and recommends it highly. It might be a little tricky to get ahold of, but for those willing to try, the price is 175 pesetas and ? for postage and handling.

THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN by Jan Yoors, is essentially a book of photographs by Andre A. Lopez. Macmillan Publishing Co. Inc., N.Y., 1974. There is not a lot of flamenco in this book, but it is an interesting view of Spanish gypsies in general.

THE SPANISH GUITAR by Gerald J. Bakus, Gothic Press, Los Angeles, 1977. 230 pp. \$7.95 in paperback. This book, which I have been trying to track down for a year, was reviewed in the latest Newsletter of the Gypsy Lore Society, North American Chapter, by Bertha Quintana. It deals with the general history, construction, care and playing of the Spanish guitar as so many books have done, but it also goes at depth into flamenco and gypsies. There is extensive material dealing with Los Angeles'

WELCOME TO JALEISTAS - NEW MEMBERS:
Arizona: Don Chiappetti, Maruja Vargas;
California: Joseph Choghi, Sarah Ibarra, Kathy Munson, Theo C. Roberts, Vicki Leon, Barbara Tan; Conn.: Robert Boudreau;
Florida: Mike Mueller, A.F. Cambell; Ill: Felipe Lopez; Michigan: Antonio Harris, Lee Miller; Missouri: Susan Campbell; Nev: Anthony Hoffman; New York: Carlota Santana; Rhode Island: Gabriel Najera; Quebec, Ca.: Marco Medina; N. Wales: Michael Prutt.

(translation continued)

Jose Greco; TERE MAYA is deserving of the place you have given her in Jaleo.

Sincerely Yours,
Angel Monzon
Vancouver, Canada

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Heredia family, including a number of photographs.

EL ARTE DEL BAILE FLAMENCO by Alfonse Puig Claramont with Flora Albaicín, Ediciones Poligrapha S.A., Balmes 54, Barcelona 7, Spain, 1976. 325 pp. \$20 (originally \$60). This is the book, possibly the finest book on dance that has been published. It was brought to my attention by María Solea and I was only able to briefly look at her copy. I am still waiting for my copy to arrive but was unable to wait to inform Jaleo's readers. It is basically a book of photographs, but there is a fair amount of text and, if it matches the pictures, it will be extremely interesting and worthwhile (included is an extensive section dealing with technique: arm and hand movements, palmas with exercises, shawl movement, turns, etc.). The photos alone are worth the original price of \$60. Everyone is there! Have you ever wondered what Salud Rodríguez looked like? There is not one picture of her, but at least two! El Estampío, La Macarrona, La Quica -- all the old timers are there. Do you like Carmen Amaya or Vicente Escudero? You don't get a picture of them. . .you get several pages of excellent pictures. Are you curious about La Singla? There she is. It is like the photo section in Don Pohren's Lives and Legends of Flamenco expanded to more than 200 pages with every photo large and perfectly reproduced on high quality paper. And photos are not all; are you tired of seeing the painting "El Jaleo" as the representative of flamenco in art? There is a collection of paintings in the book that I never imagined existed -- beautiful pictures, and postcards and cartels (posters) from shows in the old days and on and on...

Part of the reason for the large size of the book is the fact that the text is printed in four languages. (Spanish, English, French and German) This is probably very wise, as it makes the book salable and valuable on a worldwide scale)

So, don't eat for a week if you have to, in order to save the 20 bucks for the book. Imagine having this book to refer to when reading Jaleo so that artists can come to life for you!

I don't know how long the following offer will be available, but it is worth a try. Write to: Publisher's Central Bureau, 1 Champion Ave., Avenel, New Jersey 07131. Ask for "El Arte del Baile Flamenco" item no. 2834X. Send \$19.95 plus \$1.95 mailing costs.

FLAMENCO TALK

by Paco Sevilla



EL CANTE - PART II

- CANTINEARSE - to sing in a low voice or to oneself.
- ESPARRABARSE - to lose or go out of compás (from Caló)
- ESTRIBILLO - "remates" or tacked-on endings for certain, usually festive, cantes such as alegrías, fandangos, and tangos; sometimes, called "juguetillos".
- FARFULLEOS (LOS) - sounds used in place of words in the cante to feel out the compas and tones; examples are tirititran, tran, tran, or lelelele...etc.
- MACHO (EL) - a personal ending or "remate" which is tacked on to the end of the cante.
- QUEJÍO (EL) - passages of "Ay"; can be used as a "temple" (salida), as part of the song, or as a "remate".
- REMATE (EL) - the closing of a cante by switching to a different, but related, cante, such as closing a solea with a change to the tones of alegrías or to a bulerías.
- TERCIO (EL) - a single line or phrase of song; this usually coincides with the poetic line (verso) of the verse (copla or letra) but need not do so.
- VERSO (EL) - a literary term referring to a single line of poetry.
- VOZ (LA) - voice; there are certain terms commonly used in describing voice quality: "voz rajá" is the very hoarse and rough voice common to gypsy cantaores and considered ideal for the cante jondo; "voz afillá" is similar to "rajá" and was derived from Diego El Fillo, a singer who had this type of voice (the term "rajo" is also heard in this context); "voz natural" and "redonda" are more natural and clear singing voices and more suited to singing the non-gypsy cantes, although there are many excellent cantaores with this type of voice (usually they can call forth a little "rajo" when needed); "voz bonita" is a negative term among flamencos and refers to the very sweet, operative type voices more common among the popular pseudo-flamenco singers in Spain.



APRIL JUERGA

TAPA NIGHT

The April juerga, held in the home of Yvonne and Merrill Scott, was the first time since the conception of Jaleistas that we did not include dinner. Tapas, hors d'oeuvres, and wine were the fare of the evening; many felt this was a welcomed change, eliminating much preparation and post-juerga clean-up.

The Scott split-level home afforded ample room for the members-only gathering. The atmosphere was relaxed, with lots of improvising taking place. Regla Dee improvised to tientos, accompanied by Paco and Pilar; Stephanie and Francisco did a long rumba. Fantasía Española squeezed in a rehearsal for an upcoming show, assisted by Jaleistas' newest singing duo, Jesus Soriano and José Roldán. We saw more of Betina's dancing than at the last juerga as she improvised to tientos in the "cueva." Charo Botello was really hot, singing everything from sevillanas to saetas at the end of the evening.

MAY JUERGA

The May juerga will be held at the home of Jack Jackson or at the National University on Saturday, May 19th. Members will have to call Jack at 272-5748 (or Paco or Juana) to get up-to-the-minute details. We will again have "tapas" only (bread, cheese and fruit are a nice relief from "chips n' dips").

To initiate our plan of having local groups do small shows at the juergas, there will be a performance at about ten o'clock by Paco Sevilla, Luana Moreno, and Pilar "La Canaria."



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements are free of charge and will be placed for two months; they must be received by us by the 15th of the month previous to their appearance, earlier if possible. Send to:
JALEO, P.O. BOX 4706, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92104

canada

CHATEAU MADRID, VANCOUVER, B.C. is presenting Fiesta Flamenca with guitarist, Enrique singer, José Luis, and dancers, el maestro Angel Monzón and Gabriela Monzón. Weekends only, at 1277 Howe St.

new york . . .

LA BIBAINA: 218 W. 14th St. NYC. Guitarist, Carlos Lomas (Chip Bond); Dancer, Jesús Ramos; Singer, Pepe de Málaga.

DANCE TEACHERS:

Jerry LeRoy Studio:
Sebastian Castro (flamenco) 212-OR9-3587
Estrella Morena (flamenco) 212-489-8649
Mariano Parra (escuela bolera & flamenco) 212-8668520

BALLET ARTS:

Mariquita Flores 212-255-4202

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

washington d.c. . .

EL BODEGON at 1637 R Street NW features dance dancer Natalia and guitarist Carlos Ramos.

EL TIO PEPE at 2809 M Street NW will feature dancer Raquel Peña and guitarist Fernando Sirvent, opening March 17.

TORREMOLINAS at 2014 P Street NW features guitarist Tomas de la Cruz.

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Bill Regan "Guillermo" 333-0830
Rene Heredia 722-0054

DANCE INSTRUCTION, DENVER:

Vicente Romero 831-8601

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CAFE DEL PASEO in Santa Barbara is featuring Chuck Keyser (Carlos) Thursday through Monday 10:00AM - 2:00PM. and Sunday Brunch from 9:30 AM - 4:00PM.

DANCE INSTRUCTION: New Monterey. Classes Monday evening 7:30 - 8:30. Advance instruction by appointment only. 375-6964

MARIANO CORDOBA, flamenco guitarist, is appearing with dancer Pilar Sevilla at the Don Quixote Spanish and Mexican restaurant at 206 El Paseo de Saratoga (278-1545) in

San Jose. Four shows nightly, beginning be 7:30 P.M. on Friday and Saturdays. No cover charge.

GUITAR INSTRUCTORS:

Rick Willis, Oakland; 482-1765

Mariano Cordoba, Sunnyvale; 733-1115

san francisco...

THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY at 478 Green Street in North Beach is featuring Cruz Luna, Friday thru Sunday; shows at 9 and 11.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Adela Clara and Miguel Santos, Theater Flamenco, (415) 431-6521

Rosa Montoya at the Dance Spectrum Center, 3221 22nd St. (415) 824-5044.

Teresita Osta, Fine Arts Palace, (415) 567-7674

Jose Ramon, 841 Jones St. (415) 775-3805

FLAMENCO GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Ricardo Peti (415) 851-7467

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EL CID offers Spanish tablao-style entertainment. 4212 Sunset Blvd. phone: (213) 666-9551.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Carmen Mora, 665-5455

Ester Moreno, 506-8231

san diego...

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

RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLET in Old Town features dancers: Rayna, Luana Moreno, Theresa Johnson, Scott and Jennifer Goad, Rochelle Sturges, and Jeanne Zvetina. Guitarist Yuris

Zeltins. Sundays from 11:30 to 3:30 at Bazaar del Mundo.

INSTRUCTION IN SAN DIEGO:

DANCE Juana de Alva 442-5362

DANCE Juanita Franco 481-6269

DANCE María Teresa Gómez 453-5301

DANCE Carmen Mora 436-3913

DANCE Rayna 475-3425

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GUITAR Paco Sevilla 282-2837

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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.

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