

FLAMENCO

newsletter of the
flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME II - No. 12

JULY 1979

DUENDE ON HUDSON STREET

A Flamenco Master Sings for His Sangría

BY BROOK ZERN

(This article, from the village Voice, June 14, 1976, is particularly relevant at the present time since Agujetas is again appearing in New York -- see announcements. We thank Roberto Reyes for sending this.)

One of the world's great singers -- an acknowledged master of a staggeringly difficult and demanding tradition -- is working unnoticed in New York. Or maybe he isn't in New York. He is a gypsy, and the fact that he was here last week doesn't mean he will be here next week, or even this week. But he says he will be around for a while, and that is a good omen.

He is called Agujetas, and he sings flamenco. Specifically, he sings the kind of flamenco called cante jondo, or deep song -- music of such shattering intensity that those who really dominate it can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

It has been a dozen years since New Yorkers last had the chance to encounter this style of singing -- when a woman known as La Ferdanda de Utrera sang at the World's Fair. But then circumstances were abominable. The formal setting, the transient and unsophisticated audience, the absurd scheduling (flamenco matinees yet), and La Fernanda's innate tendency to freeze up when appearing off her own turf made the engagement forgettable at best.

Things are better this time, but that doesn't mean you can hear good cante jondo on a predictable timetable. Agujetas sings in a small restaurant called La Sangría, at 569 Hudson Street on the corner of 11th St.



He does perhaps three short and spread-out sets each night from Wednesday through Sunday starting at about 10:30 and finishing late, usually around 2:30 a.m. The songs are rendered while Agujeta's wife, an extraordinarily good dancer named Tibulina, pounds out the rhythms. (Actually, the footwork is the easy part; she also dances well with her arms and upper body, in accordance with the canons of female flamenco baile).

A typical set consists of a light alegrías, a driving tango, and a soulful soleá. Only the last form is normally regarded as cante jondo, and because it is sung behind a dancer it hardly merits the name. Whenever a singer works with a dancer -- even in rare cases like this when they are perfectly simpático -- an important degree of leeway is sacrificed. The song,

(continued on page 24)



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.

JALEO is published 12 times yearly by Jaleistas, the Flamenco Association of San Diego
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IN THIS ISSUE

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| A FLAMENCO MASTER SINGS FOR..... | PAGE 1 |
| HIS SANGRIA | |
| A JALEISTA MEETS CURRO TORRES... | PAGE 6 |
| EL FLAMENCO, LOS GITANOS, | PAGE 7 |
| Y LA HISTORIA | |
| FLAMENCO, GYPSIES & HISTORY..... | PAGE 8 |
| EL FLAMENCO Y LOS GITANOS | PAGE 10 |
| THE GUITARS OF RAMON MONTOYA.... | PAGE 10 |
| FANDANGOS DE MALAGA..... | PAGE 12 |
| LOS ROCIEROS..... | PAGE 16 |
| MORCA "FOOTWORK FROM NOISE | PAGE 17 |
| TO ART" | |
| IN SPAIN: CASTANETS SI, | PAGE 18 |
| PETIPA NO | |
| DON ANTONIO CHACON - PART III... | PAGE 20 |
| ANSONINI IN SEATTLE | PAGE 23 |
| DEEP SONG OF THE EARTH..... | PAGE 26 |
| ABOUT BROOK ZERN | PAGE 26 |
| PHOTOS FROM THE PENA JACKSON.... | PAGE 28 |
| JUERGAS | PAGE 28 |

EDITORIAL

It has recently become clear to us that Jaleo is reaching some of our readers (in the United States) two and three weeks after we mail it; San Diego readers receive their copies two or three days after mailing. So, for those readers who receive their Jaleo toward the end of the month, this, the July issue, is really more like the August issue. This fact becomes important when we consider advertising and announcements. The majority of announcements we receive are sent to us after the issue for that month has gone to the printers. Even when an announcement for a dated event is received by the 20th of the previous month, it still will not be adequate for events occurring in the early part of the month, since we are mailing the issues in the first week of each month, and readers outside of San Diego may not receive their copies until the end of the month. Therefore, whenever possible, announcements of events should be mailed to us by the 20th of the month, two months before the event. We should now be receiving announcements for events that will take place in September.

Late announcements are worthwhile, however, as a record of what is going on around the country, so send them even if you think they may not come out on time.

Keep in mind also, that announcements, except for instruction, are run for two months only, unless we receive a request for additional months or an update to indicate that an event is still taking place.

LETTERS

Dear *Jaleo*,

Allen Yonge tells me Ansonini is returning to Seattle on Friday the thirteenth of July, for a second visit with friends. During his visit, he will be giving a lecture-demonstration, and possibly making a film and recordings, at the University of Washington. Jim Kuhn is doing the organizing, and anyone wanting further information can get it from Allen Yonge at (206) 525-8782. Allen didn't specifically mention a juerga--but you know what happens when Ansonini visits friends!

I understand you're planning to publish my letter to Paco about Ansonini's first visit to Seattle, last May, along with the short article I wrote on it. I'll also be looking forward to Gary Hayes's promised article (perhaps with photos?) about that weekend, since he lasted for the entire juerga--and I hope he'll also write up the coming visit. I thought his article on

Rafael el Aguila (*May 78*) was excellent--do it again, Gary!

In case anyone is worried about Friday the thirteenth, Ansonini told me the Spanish version is "el martes ni te viajes ni te cases," so it must be all right!

Sincerely,
Carol Whitney
Canada

P.S. What happened to Juana's marvelous juerga reports?

The following is Carol Whitney's personal letter dealing with her trip to Seattle. The photo of Ansonini in Seattle was sent to us by Gary Hayes.



ANSONINI IN SEATTLE

Dear Paco,

Recently I went very unexpectedly to Seattle, and I've just written up the experience as impersonally as I possibly could, in order to concentrate on issues that seem to me to be flamenco-wide. But my trip was an immensely warm personal experience, full of little exchanges that reminded me of all of you in San Diego--so for old times' sake, here's how it went.

The morning after Ansonini phoned me, I phoned Allen Yonge to ask if I could stay with them. I've known Allen about five years--we've had many long conversations--

but only over the phone! So this was my chance to meet Allen and Penelope in person. We hit it off right away, which didn't really surprise me after our conversations, but still, you never know. I was glad to have a rest, chat, wine and supper with the Yonges first, before the excitement of seeing Ansonini again.

Allen has a record company (name: Voyager); he publishes jazz and classical music, though in the past he's also published traditional U.S. and Canadian music. He studied in Morón in the early sixties, on and off, I guess, for several years--and said that even then there were generally a dozen or so foreigners around at a time. It's interesting to think of Morón before the more extensive inundation (there were, I estimate, between 70 and 80 foreigners in Morón in the winter of the year I was there on the Fulbright).

After supper, we went to the house of Jim ("Jaime") Kuhn, who organized the whole event and put the artists up. (I understand that circumstances forced a very quick organization, which may explain the lack of unity in the juerga audience.)

It was great to see Ansonini again. He's 63 now, looking as tall and strong as ever, with maybe one or two more grey hairs--though he's survived more than one nasty accident. I think Ansonini's uniqueness lies in his genuine interest in every single person he meets (no wonder he has so many friends--so that Pohren remarks "Ansonini knows everybody and everybody knows Ansonini"). And as I think about Ansonini's baile and cante, I realize his sense of humanity shines through everything he does--no wonder his art "arrives" (apart from his technical skill).

After we'd had a chance to exchange news and messages (among them, a warm message to me from Joselero), I chatted briefly with Jim, his friend Claudia (who, I noticed, managed to converse ingeniously with Anso-



iFlamenco!

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nini, via bits of Spanish, English, and Italian), and Gary Hayes, whose article on Rafael el Aguila (May 78) I remembered with pleasure.

We moved to another house for the juerga, and I enjoyed meeting Bruce Stock, a guitarist from Seattle. Later, during a break, I met another guitarist, from Port Townsend, Bob Clifton--it turned out that he and his friend Paco Mitchell are both studying the cante, and they take turns accompanying each other. Paco Mitchell arrived late--he walked in the door--stiffly, obviously tired. It turned out he had driven for thirteen hours, from Eugene, where he'd been working on an exhibit (he's a sculptor by profession)--his car radiator had broken down completely, and he didn't know if he'd arrive at all!

The juerga did have good moments; they came both from Ansonini and the response to his art. Melinda, the hostess (whose last name I never found out), was particularly affected--I expect she's now an aficionada for life--and I found her absolute delight with Ansonini's art extremely contagious. When response is so totally sincere, it spreads. (Melinda, by the way, is the "ineffective bruja" of the enclosed article.)

Allen and I were both struck by Ansonini's letras. I was amazed I could hear them so well, after five years away--sorry I can't offhand remember any--there were so many! His baile was, as always, superb too--but I won't even try to describe it--go back to Suzanne Keyser's description (last Sept.) if you want some idea of what it's like. But I think maybe what got to me the most was hearing Ansonini mold his phrasing, improvising, to suit his mood of the moment--in such a way as to illuminate the basic, traditional structure (both in cante and baile). Lesser artists would obscure it. To illuminate that way, you have to know your art through and through (and through). I don't know why my ear was suddenly so finely tuned for hearing this--maybe partly the long absence from this art had me honed up.

This kind of improvised cante is hard to accompany well; I was impressed with the progress Ken Parker had made since I knew him in Morón--he followed reasonably well, and his playing was clean and tasteful.

The Yonges and I left early--Allen was feeling bad, and my own head was aching from fatigue and excitement. But once home, after some fresh air, we started up again--and were up till all hours, talking about the juerga, flamenco in general--and Jaleo.

(You'll be glad to know that Jaleo was favorably mentioned at the juerga, and that we agree you're providing an excellent service with it. By the way, Bob Clifton told me he uses my column, so I extracted--I think--a promise for some comments on it--now I'll have one source for suggestions.)

The next day we listened to records, old and new. I heard Joselero's record Todos Mis Hijos for the first time--what an experience! (My listening was also affected by my warm spot for Joselero, as his ex-student--but of course that's how flamenco should be heard, isn't it?) The notes on the record jacket say he was turned on for this recording--perfectly true--you can hear it. What power! Dieguito's accompanying was good, but the engineer sharpened it up a bit too much, I thought. The picture of Joselero on the jacket makes you feel as if you're standing two inches from his face--and the record makes him sound as if his mouth was one inch from your ear. Add that to his mood when he recorded--and use your imagination!

It took some relaxed conversation for me to recover from the emotion of that experience, and then Allen gave me another blow, this time with a recording of Tenaza himself, singing a soleá. It was the melody that blew me over. In 1971, Joselero taught me that soleá, in his own version; I was amazed to find I remembered every note--so I could compare. There are some differences. The first line is exactly the same, but Tenaza sang it an octave higher than Joselero. The second line, as Tenaza sang it, starts high, dips, and then climbs and dips once more, in an incredibly artistic way. But Joselero, I assume to suit his vocal range and artistic preferences, made some changes in the melodic structure--still, he caught the character of the Tenaza version. So, though similar, each version carries the stamp of its singer. Fascinating! Allen kindly ran the tape back and forth, back and forth, while I tried to learn the Tenaza version. I didn't get it then, but managed to later on.

LATE ANNOUNCEMENTS:

SARITA HEREDIA IN CONCERT at the Cafe Calypso, 2001 Pacific Coast Hwy., in Lomita; August 11 at 8:00 P.M. For reservations or information, call Nilo Margoni: 213-862-3240.

MARIO ESCUDERO will be teaching this summer at the Shawnigan Summer School of the Arts in Victoria, B.C. Canada.

By this time Allen was aching and shaking--really ill--so I went alone to Jim's house to say goodbye to Ansonini and Ken--the enclosed article describes this event briefly. Jim and Claudia were there, also Melinda, Gary, and later, Tatsuki and Lenore Kobayashi, who, I gathered, were also relatively new aficionados (they have an art gallery in Seattle). The whole affair was wreathed about with giant smiles. After we had polished off Ansonini's delicious cooking, Ken madly tried to collect gear and finish packing--they had to rush off to the airport. Claudia drove--Ken and Jim climbed in--but Ansonini had trouble with the seat belt--one of the kind that wraps around you as you get in. Much joking, of course, and it was then that Melinda put her famous and ineffective curse on the tire (it's a wonder they didn't have a flat on the way back from the airport).

Suddenly only three of us were left in the late afternoon sun. So we sat down in the grass with our glasses of wine. Gary picked up Jim's guitar, and suddenly took me by surprise by asking me to sing. I guess I deserved that, after urging people to sing in my column--sometimes I've been frightened somebody might want to hear me do it. But Gary and Melinda were so relaxed I didn't mind, and the despedida ambiente had me bubbling over anyway, so it was a good outlet.

It's five years since I've sung more than snatches, and I had quite a time trying to remember anything--you know how your repertoire goes down the drain. I tried the Tenaza soleá, but fell apart in the middle. I remembered other soleares, and we also did some bulerías and siguiriyas, a snatch of a tango of Joaquín de la Paula--and I made a stab at the granaína from the April Jaleo--I got through it, in a very condensed version.

Gary's accompaniment was marvelously supportive--I've never had any like it. I think I can pin down some aspects of it for you. Naturally he never missed a chord change. He followed my phrasing perfectly (and I varied it considerably). When I stumbled, he covered up--not with loudness, but with melodic snatches, or just rasgueo bits and then falseta as necessary. He played short falsetas between letras, keeping an eye on me to see when I'd start again. In my efforts to remember, I gave him little breathing-space--often jumping in fast, trying not to forget again. And he was always right with me on the guitar. That is good accompanying. I think he'd

make any bad singer look good--but he must also be excellent for good singers. I had heard he played for Ansonini in the wee hours, after we left--I would have liked to have heard that combination.

Then Gary was ready to sing--and there I was, sin uñas--I had cut all my nails off because I spend so much time at the typewriter. I played for him anyway, what a laugh! But I found I could follow. Gary knows a lot of cante, so I found out why he accompanies so well. Though you have to think like an accompanist as well as a singer to do it as well as he does.

We were still at it when Jim and Claudia got back; Jim took over the guitar while Gary continued singing. Gary has a powerful delivery, and knows his structure solid. Jim is a solid guitarist, too, and he followed Gary's soleares and bulerías easily. I was already hours late, and had to tear myself away to rejoin the Yonges.

If Allen hadn't been so sick, we might have talked all night again--as it was, we were all staggering with fatigue when we called it a night.

But the weekend wasn't over yet. On my way home I stopped in Bellingham to see the Morcas. I've been wanting to meet them for a long time--and especially, to see them dance. I was very tired, and kept myself awake (while driving) by trying to sing the Tenaza soleá. I caught the Morcas in their first rehearsal for a June concert--and found Gary there singing for them! They were just finishing sevillanas as I came in, and I watched them through soleares, tangos, alegrías, siguiriyas, bulerías and rumbas. Greg, the guitarist, was following everything with apparent ease. Gary's accompaniment with cante was sensitive (if not as polished as his toque).

The dancing was excellent. Watching, I could see how the Morcas really do dance for joy--no wonder they're successful. I



noticed some things especially--Teo would talk through a structure with Greg and Gary, and then he and Isabel would dance, without a hitch. The only things they pre-arranged were the approximate locations of the entrada and llamadas--nothing about how many compases, no dictation of music (play this falseta here, that one there) nor of letras or melodies for the cante, so all performers, including accompanists, were required to improvise within the limits set by the llamadas. You know how daring that kind of structure is. You have to depend on your very thorough artistic knowledge to begin with--and you can't perform in public and succeed unless you enjoy every moment--and are accustomed to improvising--calling up from your memory and inspiration. And the Morcas tour--night after night.

Another thing I especially liked was the Morca's treatment of audible footwork. Some of it is complicated--but they always treated some places in a sparse, or translucent way, marking out the essence of the structure with just a few bits of taconeo (often alternating with each other)--so that I got a sudden feeling, each time, that this was the essence of the compás. And that is art.

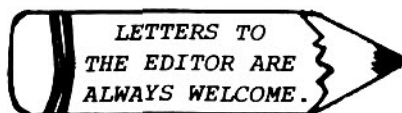
When you watch a first rehearsal and see total control of motion (which results in total communication)--you know you're watching artists. And it was flamenco. I couldn't sit still--I had to get up and move around to watch. They finished up the session with rumbas, and we all sang "Los Peces" for this last dance. My voice was cracking with fatigue. I stayed much too long.

That night as I fell asleep I could still see the Morcas dancing--it was a powerful image. I would have liked more time to talk with them, but hope for another chance some day.

I made this trip for two reasons: to see Ansonini and to meet the Yonges--and I came home glowing. Allen and Penelope have become very special friends, I have some new aficionado friends, Ansonini will be taking messages to Spain for me, and my mind is full of his art and humanity--and that of the Morcas. I'm flamenco-friend-renewed.

Sincerely,

Carol



A Jaleista Meets Curro Torres



RAFAEL WITH CURRO TORRES (center)
AND GITANILLO DE BRONCE (right)

While in Spain with his family this past spring, Rafael Santillana went one night to the tablao El Arenal in Sevilla. As the evening's performances were coming to an end around 1:30 A.M. and Rafael began to get ready to leave, he noticed a number of very dressed-up people beginning to arrive; when he saw a television camera being set up, he asked what was going on. It turned out that "La Tertulia Flamenca de Radio Sevilla" whose director is Manuel Palomino Vaca, was presenting an award, a trophy called "El Puente de Triana" to Antonio Mairena. So Rafael stayed and was treated to the singing of Antonio, Curro, and Manolo Mairena, accompanied by the guitar of José Cala "El Poeta," and the dancing of Matilde Coral and her husband Rafael "El Negro".

Our faithful Jaleista, Rafael (who is a native of Málaga), was taking notes on all of this when a man sitting next to him asked what he was doing. Rafael explained that he was a Spaniard who lives in America and that he was taking notes to share with the hundreds of aficionados in San Diego. The man didn't believe him and asked him to identify the songs that were being performed. Rafael did



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PHOTO: RAFAEL WITH SOME
OF CURRO'S FAMILY IN ECIJA

well on the test and went on to tell his new acquaintance all about Jaleo and the flamenco here. The man turned out to be Curro Torres, descended from the famous Torres family of flamencos, uncle of Agujetas and Gitanillo de Bronce, and a frequent judge in flamenco contests. Curro introduced Rafael to Antonio Mairena, who was apparently enthusiastic about Jaleo and the promotion of flamenco worldwide.

The following day Rafael went to visit Curro in Ecija, where he met Gitanillo de Bronce (who later went with the Santillanas to Málaga for the baptism of their son) and was treated to good food and flamenco. During the visit, Curro wrote an article for Jaleo, although still somewhat skeptical about the whole thing and suspecting it might be a joke. This article is very interesting in that it expresses a gypsy point of view -- which always brings cries of outrage from the non-gypsy flamencos. One should, therefore, read the article with the prejudice of the author in mind, although there appears to be considerable truth in what he says. For comparison we follow the English translation of the article with another author's point of view. There may be some errors in the Spanish since the author's handwriting was very difficult to read.

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El Flamenco, Los Gitanos, y La Historia

CURRO TORRES

Sobre flamenco no hay nada escrito que merezca una garantía; es como una viña sin guarda y puesto a vendimiar. Por mi cuenta, voy a intentar de forma somera, dar una breve impresión de la realidad que yo entiendo o creo.

Claro está que todo este abalardo por 50 años oyendo cantar defendiendo la pureza y verdad de cante grande y sobre todo por amor sin límite, por no decir pasión y sentimiento por este arte legado por nuestros mayores.

Aunque los flamencólogos dicen que el flamenco tiene 150 años de existencia, está demostrado que Cervantes, en su "Novela Exemplar", la gitanilla ya afirma que apresiosa acompañarse con un pandero, interpretaba a modo correcto, unos romances. También, Lope de Vega, en la Tabla de Sevilla, manifiesta que en El Arenal, oyó contar a un gitano unas coplas que le resultaron monótonas y tristes, según Lope, la trama de la copla era de tragedia y la melodía era un continuo rosario de "ayes" y lamento. ¿Si eso no era la siguriya, que hubiese sido? Dejando historia aparte, puedo asegurar que hace 50 años me cantaba mi abuelo la toná y romance que a su vez aprendió de su abuelo y así se acarreo a través de familias y generaciones a me entender.

El flamenco renace y empieza a divulgarse en Jerez, cuando en un padrón municipal que se hizo en el último tercio de siglo XVII, manifestó llamarse "Manuel Cantoral" y como

profesión dijo que era cantaó de flamenco; es lo primero que puede leerse en este tema. Sabemos que Manuel Cantoral cantaba romances, siguiriya, tonás, levanticas, esto que hoy se llama "cante de lavente".

En este tiempo o fecha empieza la comercialización del flamenco, primero en la taberna, venta, y cortijo donde el cantaó tenía su público. Empieza a divulgarse a través de la campiña gaditana y sevillana.

Si tuvieramos merecidad de hacer un árbol genealogía, la raíz la situaríamos en los puertos y la capa en Triana; sus ramos podíamos situarlas en Lebrija, Jerez, Utrera, Las Cabezas, Dos Hermanos, Alcalá, Marchena, Ecijay pare usted de contar porque de verdad que es exigua y mínima la geografía del flamenco.

A principios del 1800s aparece la venerable figura del "Planeta" y sabemos de su ambular por tabernas, ventas y cortijos ofreciendo su arte grande por la miserable paga de un vaso de vino, un cacho de pan y un plato de lentejas.

En la época de guerras civiles y disturbios, el flamenco, en algunos campos, sirve de bandera de algunos grupos, y entonces, el pueblo empieza a quererlo por considerarlo canción protesta.

El flamenco es un fenómeno racial porque fueron gitanos andaluces los que lo crearon y dieron forma, y fenómeno geográfico porque tan solo los que nacieron en Andalucía la baja lo pueden interpretar puro y por derecho. No quiero ni afirmo que no existiera un payo que cantara bien, o sea que no lo considero imposible, pero desde luego está demostrado que el flamenco necesita de la voz gitana del rajo gitano y sobre todo del fuego y pasión y la garra que el gitano pone en todas sus manifestaciones artísticas.

Cuando el gitano llegó a España, era portador de un bagaje y poseía un estor de aires, canciones, y melodías que habían ido recojiendo y puliendo a lo largo de su perigrinaje por el mundo; todo esto unido a su acerbo musical Hindú. He aquí la explicación que justifica la presencia de orientalismo en el flamenco.

El gitano llegó a Andalucía y se encontró con el paraíso soñado, campo verde, y agua clara y un pueblo indolente como él (el pueblo andaluz), amigos del baile, la canción, y el vino; por esta afinidad de caracteres se entendió con el maravillosamente, y fue precisamente en este instante cuando cristianizó el flamenco. Porque en este crisol andaluz, se fundieron y funcionaron arte, costumbres y todo lo que significaba cultura, dando lugar a un cambio, incluso en lo que concierne al atavío, ya que en cada andaluz

hay gitano latente que no se manifiesta hasta que tiene dos copas de más.

El proceso de formación del flamenco duró milenios, pero no cristalizó hasta la llegada de los gitanos a Andalucía. El desconocimiento del flamenco se debe, en primer lugar, a las dificultades que supone para un oído medianamente preparado musicalmente, y la asimilación y la aceptación de una melodía totalmente inarmónica. Y aquí precisamente es donde radica importancia ya que no es nada mas ni nada menos que un arte único.

Quiero dejar bien sentado que ser flamenco, como dijo el poeta, es tener otras carnes, es pensar de otro mundo, es vivir de otra forma. Ser flamenco es odiar la monotonía, la rutina y el método castra. El gitano es discípulo rebelde y vive al contra pelo, pero quizás sea el único hombre del mundo capacitado para la convivencia y en sus momentos de rebeldía se rebela contra el poder constituido. Tiene un espíritu masoquista que le confiere una gran capacidad de aceptación contra la adversidad y al mismo tiempo, su mimética le permite adaptarse y respetar leyes y costumbres de los países donde habiten.

Del gitano puede decirse que su reino no es de este mundo. Naufrago y superviviente de un pasado esplendoroso; altivo pero no orgulloso; dotado de una gran sensibilidad que aflora a flor de piel, que les permite desarrollar su tendencia -- arte en sus diversas manifestaciones de baile, cante y toreo, teniendo en cuenta que el duende, la plasticidad y el ángel están presentes siempre cuando un gitano baila, canta, o torea.

Su continuo de ambular, su vida azarosa y en muchos casos, miseria no es óbice para que en su código no haya un lema -- que está para ellos por encima de todos, primero ser hombre y después poeta.

* * *

English translation of:

FLAMENCO, GYPSIES, AND HISTORY

by Curro Torres

There is nothing written about flamenco that can be guaranteed; it is like a vineyard without a caretaker and ready to be harvested. On my part, I am going to attempt to give a brief impression of the facts as I understand and believe them to be. Of course, all of this is backed up by 50 years of listening to cante, defending the purity and truth of the cante grande, and above all, a love without limits -- not to mention passion and feeling for this art inherited from our ancestors.

Although flamencologists say that flamenco has existed for only 150 years, it has been

demonstrated that Cervantes affirms in his "novela exemplar" that a gypsy girl, accompanying herself on a tambourine, interpreted in the correct manner, some "romances." Also, Lope de Vega, in "La Talla de Sevilla," mentions that, in El Arenal, he heard a gypsy sing some coplas that were monotonous and sad, and according to Lope, the theme of the copla was tragedy and the melody was a continuous rosary of "ayes" and lament. If this wasn't the siguriya, what could it have been?

Leaving history aside, I assure you that 50 years ago my grandfather used to sing for me the toná and romance that he, in turn, learned from his grandfather, and thus it was transported through families and generations - to my understanding.

Flamenco is reborn and begins to spread in Jerez when, during a municipal census-taking being made in the last third of the 1700's, a man called himself Manuel Cantoral and, as his profession, he said he was a "cantaó de flamenco;" it is the earliest known reference that can be found on the subject. We know that Cantoral sang romances, siguriyas, tonás, levanticas -- that which we call today, "cante de levante."

In this time or date begins the commercialization of flamenco, first in the tavern, inn, and "cortijo" where the "cantaó" had his public. It begins to spread across the farmlands of Cádiz and Sevilla. If we were to make a tree of geneology (of flamencos), we would place the roots in "Los Puertos" (around Cádiz) and the uppermost foliage in Triana (Sevilla); the branches could be located in Lebrija, Jerez, Utrera, Las Cabezas, Dos Hermanas, Alcalá, Marchena, Ecija, and stop counting, because, truly, the geography of flamenco is very limited.

Around the beginning of the 1800's appeared the venerable figure of El Planeta, and we know of his wanderings through taverns, inns, and "cortijos," offering his great art for the miserable pay of a glass of wine, a hunk of bread, and a plate of lentils.

In the epoch of civil wars and disturbances flamenco, in some areas, serves as a banner for some groups, and the people begin to love it as a form of protest song.

Flamenco is a racial phenomenon because it was the Andalusian gypsies who created it and gave it form; it is a geographic phenomenon because only those who are born in lower Andalucía can interpret it in a pure and correct manner. I don't want to deny that there may be a "payo" (non-gypsy) who could sing well, that is, I don't consider it impossible, but of course it has been demonstrated that flamenco requires the gypsy voice, "del rajo

gitano" (with the gypsy harshness) and, above all, the fire, passion, and gripping quality that the gypsy puts into all of his artistic performance.

When the gypsy arrived in Spain, he brought with him a musical heritage and possessed a storehouse of airs, songs, and melodies that he had been collecting and perfecting during his long wandering through the world -- all of this united with his Hindu background. Here we have the explanation that justifies the oriental presence in flamenco.

The gypsy arrived in Andalucía and found a dream paradise -- green countryside, clear water, and a people easygoing like himself, partners in the dance, the song, and the wine; because of this affinity of character, they understood each other marvily, and it was exactly at this moment that flamenco was "baptized." In this Andalusian melting-pot, was fused and activated art, customs, and everything that signified culture, including that which concerns styles of dress, giving rise to change so that in each Andalusian there is a latent gypsy that doesn't manifest itself until after a few drinks.

The process of formation of flamenco took milenia, but it didn't crystalize until the arrival of the gypsies in Andalucía. The slow discovery of flamenco is due, in the first place, to the difficulties it presents to an ear that is only partially prepared musically, the assimilation and acceptance of a totally inharmonic melody. And here is precisely where its importance is rooted, for it is nothing more nor less than a unique art.

I want to leave it well understood that to be flamenco, as the poet said, is to have a different flesh, to think of another world, to live in a different way. To be flamenco is to hate monotony, routine, and "el método castra." The gypsy is a rebellious disciple and lives from day to day, but is, perhaps, the only man in the world capable of living with, and in moments of rebellion, rebelling against the constituted power. He has a masochistic spirit that confers to him a great capacity for accepting adversity and, at the

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same time, his propensity for mimicry permits him to adapt and respect laws and customs of the countries where he resides.

Of the gypsy it can be said that his kingdom is not of this world. Shipwrecked and a survivor of a splendid past; proud, but not arrogant; endowed with a great sensitivity that permits him to develop his tendencies, his art in all its various manifestations of dance, song, and bullfighting -- taking into account that the "duende," plasticity, and "el angel" are always present when a gypsy dances, sings, or bullfights.

His constant wandering, his precarious life and in many cases his misery; there is no reason why in his code there should not be a motto: It is for them, above all else, to be first a man, and then a poet!



EL FLAMENCO Y LOS GITANOS

(from: Los gitanos, el flamenco, y los flamencos, by Rafael Lafuente, Barcelona 1955; p. 19)

"But the curious thing is that the gypsies have not created any of the things that are attributed to them. The cante flamenco is not a work of theirs, nor is the "ángel" natural to them as is routinely recognized, nor the elegant dress of the Andalusian women which they wear when they wish to accentuate their regional personality. The gypsy has not been and never will be a creator, but only an interpreter and perpetuator. The only thing he has done -- and it is not a small thing -- has been to perpetuate in Andalucía some musical styles that would have been lost, swept away by the "Reconquista", if they had not been gathered by the old "Egyptians" from the lips of the persecuted Moors and Jews. Besides, the cante flamenco has nothing in common with the gypsies of the rest of the world. Neither is the "gracia" (greatest gift of the Andalusian) an attribute of the "zingaro" (non-Spanish gypsies), nor does the brash boldness so common to many of them in our country belong to the characteristics of the race. All of this the gypsy has taken from the only land that has exalted him as a symbol: Andalucía. What doubt can there be that the "rom" (non-Spanish gypsy) possesses his own gracia? But, the gracia of this melancholic people is on a

different order, although the Andalusian representatives have known how to assimilate and recreate the "salero" of the South, as he has done with the cante.

The typical Spanish gypsy is a product of Andalucía, that land that assimilates and transforms him, injecting into him a new feeling -- a unique feeling."

The Guitars of Ramon Montoya

(originally from FOTOS, Madrid, July 30, 1949, this article appeared somewhere in an English translation by J.P. Vassallo of Malta; we suspect it was in some sort of a bulletin of the Society of the Classical Guitar, but they did not respond to our inquiries.)

The people with sure and glorious wisdom, in order to praise a man who expertly manages his brushes say: "He is a Velásquez!" And the same people, listening to the texture of preludes, lively variations and improvisations on the guitar express their highest eulogy of the owner of the hands that evoke those sounds by exclaiming: "He is a Montoya."

Such lofty praise shows how the flamenco guitar never had a more illustrious master than Ramón the Madrileñian, with his fingers soft as silk and hard as claws -- as the theme demanded. How great is the loss which flamenco art has suffered by his death!

From now onwards the memory of Ramón Montoya will remain in the annals of flamenco art like an unconquered mountain peak. Flamenco players and singers will continue to talk about him, equally great as he was amidst the clapping of the merrymakers as well as on the stage, in an art which necessity has "standardized" with the stamp of "folklore". Those "cantaoras" who, after "Villa Rosa" or "Charco de la Pava" drink a glass of milk at seven in the morning in the Plaza del Ángel, will sadly miss that guitar which "could sing by itself" and will couple the name of Ramón with that of Manuel Torres or Antonio Chacón because, like them, Montoya occupied in flamenco a place which, now that he has gone, will remain forever empty.

The death of the great "tocaor" made me ask the question: "What will happen to his guitar?" And a sentimental curiosity impelled me to know the answer. Nobody better than the artist's family could supply it. And it was thus that I found myself in one of the modest districts of Madrid in the

house where everything speaks of recent sorrow, with Maruja Montoya, the guitarist's daughter and his faithful friend "Niño de Almadén".

"Almadén and I," said Maruja, "held father in our arms up to his last moment."

"What will happen to his guitar? Has he left it to somebody?"

"This," continued his daughter, "is a precious memory to us. There they lie, the three of them, in his working room, in their cases on the sofa."

"Did he call them by some special name?"

"By the names of their maker. The oldest of all is that by Torres -- it is eighty-two years old. Then came the Santos and the Ramírez."

"Were they made expressly for your father?"

"No, the three of them belonged to a member of the Spanish nobility, whose name I dare not mention. You may rest assured that he belonged to the oldest nobility and was a great lover of the guitar. My father used to give him lessons. He held these guitars in great esteem. Shortly before he died -- and indeed he died suddenly, like my father -- he said to him, 'Montoya, these guitars should not belong to anyone but you and I am going to give them to you.' My father has had them ever since."

I turned to Niño de Almadén: "What are your last memories of the Master?"

"They are so many. These last years I have always been at his side. We performed together. To my mind Don Ramón died of deep moral suffering; he realized that his art did not receive the merit it deserved. He suffered very much when they did not understand his playing. Sometimes, when they asked him to take part in some big fiesta and he saw how people hardly knew how to listen to him, he would complain to me, 'If I had money to live on, I would not play for such folks, Almadén. I am an embittered man...they do not appreciate my merit. They regard me exactly as a common player that does not know what to do with his hands...'"

"But you must also have witnessed many of the triumphs of the Master."

"Yes, sir. I could mention many. Recently in Granada, in Jerez...and also in Málaga. We were performing in this last city and were invited to a fiesta given in honor of a general. The audience rose to their feet and applauded Don Ramón again and again. He was deeply moved. Everything that had to do with his art went very deep inside him."

"My father," said Maruja Montoya, "had many successes not only in Spain but in the world outside. You must note that he gave

many repeat performances in Paris; he gave recitals as flamenco guitarist at the Pleyel and Chopin Halls. He gave television performances in London and toured America."

I had a vague suspicion that there was another famous guitar, well known to the public which had not been mentioned in the conversation.

"Has the master left only the three guitars you mentioned?"

The artist's daughter did not reply at once but finally she complied.

"No. You wish to inquire about the guitar which they called 'La Leona'?"

"Yes. That's it."

"It was a very old guitar -- so old that you couldn't even have it varnished for fear of making it lose its sound. The Spanish public knew it. Sometimes my father would take out a brand new guitar and the audience would protest, 'Not that guitar, but La Leona.' And father had to take out his old guitar to please them. All I know about this guitar is that he used it for the first time the day I was born..."

The daughter of the guitarist then went on to explain to me the whereabouts of "La Leona".

"Look here. Many wanted that guitar which father had for twenty-five years. At last he gave it as a present to a Mexican pupil of his, Don Mario Zayas, to repay his admiration and kind attention. This gentleman has a chateau in Grenoble where he used to invite my father very frequently. There he has a collection of Spanish objects. Their friendship was so close that my father could not find a better way of showing his appreciation than by presenting him with the famous 'Leona' which the Spanish public knew so well and on which they insisted on so frantically in their desire to hear its notes."

I could not detain any longer the family of the great artist who had passed away. People were calling and Maruja and her mother had to attend to them. I took my leave of them having learned where rest the guitars of this great exponent of flamenco art -- Ramón Montoya; those guitars which no human hand will touch again: three in the Calle de la Cabeza in Madrid and one, the most famous of all, in a chateau in Grenoble.

But the four are silent, indeed forever, because no other hands will know how to make them speak as he did.



FANDANGOS DE MÁLAGA

by *Paco Sevilla*

The Fandangos de Málaga

The fandangos are found throughout Andalucía in one form or another. They predate flamenco in origin, having been developed from some sort of jota. The fandangos can be divided into two major groups: the fandangos grandes are sung without defined compás and are usually serious and emotional in nature; they have evolved in different regions into such cantes as granaínas, malaqueñas, tarantas, etc. The other group, the fandanguillos, are songs of the fiesta, and are used to accompany the dance, having assumed a role similar to that of the sevillanas in Sevilla. The fandanguillos fall into two major categories--the "fandangos de Huelva" and the "fandangos de Málaga." The fandangos de Málaga, or "cantes abandolaos" as they are sometimes called, do not all come from Málaga, but they are all closely related and can be conveniently discussed as a group.

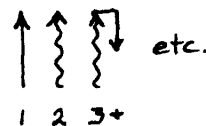
The many cantes that are closely related to or derived from the verdiales present a confusing picture to the casual aficionado or the guitarist who is not familiar with the melody of each. Most of these cantes differ from each other only in their melodic lines and perhaps do not deserve classification as distinct cantes, any more than do the many highly varied fandangos from the province of Huelva, all of which are lumped together as "fandangos de Huelva." The many different names for the malagueñan fandangos are partly the result of geography; the cantes come from widely separated areas and have been named according to their respective regions. Sometimes the names are historical relics. In other cases, however, the differences between the cantes are real, and each form deserves a unique treatment in performance.

THE VERDIALES

History

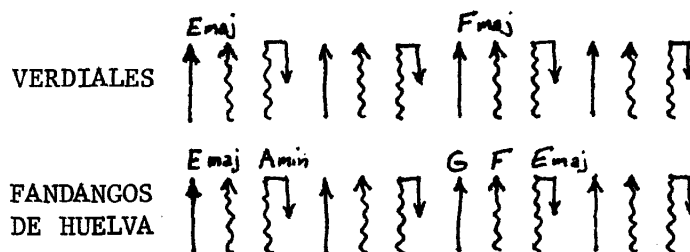
While some authorities consider the rondeña to be the oldest surviving form of the fandangos de Málaga, most agree that this honor goes to the verdiales. The early fandangos were probably something like

the rondeñas and the simpler forms of the verdiales in having an uncomplicated melodic line and a simple 3/4 rhythm that is usually played on the guitar like this:



Keep in mind that the guitar is a relatively new addition to the accompaniment of these fandangos and is used here to illustrate the rhythm only because it is familiar to modern flamencos.

The original verdiales-like fandango eventually gave rise to all other existing fandangos. To deviate for a moment, I would like to point out that the fandangos de Huelva have not come as far from this original fandangos de Málaga as many guitarists might believe, based on the seemingly different rhythms (the cante, of course, follows the same basic chord progression as do all fandangos). They really are not so very different, and some guitarists use a verdiales type of rasgueado, modified somewhat in actual practice, to play fandangos de Huelva as follows:



It is interesting to note also that the guitarist Carolos Montoya plays fandangos de Huelva using the rhythm of that toque, but maintaining the chord structure of the verdiales (no A minor or G major chords); perhaps this represents an intermediate stage in the development of the guitar accompaniment for fandangos de Huelva.

The name "verdiales" could have come from several sources: Donn Pohren (5) says there is or was a tiny village of that name near Málaga; most other writers feel that the name came from a "comarca" or district of Málaga that was named after the "verdial," a kind of olive, or the "verdiales" which refers to the olive groves. From Málaga the song spread out to the surrounding areas of Velez-Málaga, Marbella, Lucena, and even Granada (when Carmen Amaya sings "Fandangos del Albaicín" on "Furia Amaya," she is singing a form of verdiales).

A Song of the Fiesta

The country people call these fandangos "fiestas" and those who perform them "festeros" (1). The verdiales are popular during the ferias in Málaga where they are traditionally accompanied by violins, tambourines, castanets, and the bandurria, laud, and guitar. According to Molina and Mairena (3), this accompaniment resembles the typical North African orchestra, which demonstrates the Moorish background of the music. In modern times, when the verdiales are incorporated into the flamenco repertoire, they tend to be accompanied by the guitar alone and have even been developed into a guitar solo (probably first by Sabicas).

The verdiales can be danced by a single person, couples, or in groups of three. When a man and two women dance them, the man, called "zángano," tries never to turn his back on either of the women, while they in turn attempt to create all sorts of difficulties for him.

The Copla

The poetic structure of the verdiales consists of four or five lines of verse with eight syllables in each line; alternate lines tend to rhyme, often roughly or only when pronounced in Andalusian Spanish such as *está* and *hablar* (i.e. *hablá*). Since all fandangos have six sung lines, when singing the five line copla, the singer sings the second line of verse as the first line of cante and then continues with lines one through five, making a total of six. When there are only four lines in the copla, the singer does the same as above, but for the sixth line, repeats either the last line or again the second line. There is no special subject matter for the coplas of the verdiales; they are usually in a light, festive vein, dealing with descriptions of the countryside, the fiesta, or romance.

Types of Verdiales

The melodic line of the verdiales varies from simple, short and relatively plain melodies to the long, flowing, highly ornamented styles that clearly reflect the influence of the Moors in Andalucía. Molina and Mairena (3) state that there are three types of verdiales:

1) The older, more simple style that is very marked rhythmically and, therefore,

suited to dancing.

2) The more flexible and extended form that is often used more for listening than for dancing.

3) A less well-known form from Córdoba (Baena and Puente Genil) and northern Málaga (Antequera) that is sung in grave (probably minor) tones.

Since I am unfamiliar with examples of type 3 and don't know how it differs from fandangos de Lucena or the other verdiales, I will have to ignore that category (as have most other writers on the subject).

Verdiales: Type II

Type 2 is the verdiales most commonly heard on records. Juan Brevia (c. 1835 - 1915) is sometimes given credit for developing this highly ornamented style which is open to considerable improvisation and expression by the singer. Normally, the first and second lines and the fourth and fifth lines of cante are connected, sometimes so subtly that the inexperienced guitarist may miss a chord when accompanying. The guitar normally plays in the E Phrygian mode (E major and F major), introduces the cante with the heavily played chords G, F#, F, and E, and then accompanies in C major, resolving back to E at the end. It should be understood that we are speaking of chord *positions* here, not absolute tones, and that the *cejilla* may be used to supply any tones the singer wishes. The whole thing goes as follows:

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|----------------|--------------------------|----------------|---|
| | | G ⁷ | | C | |
| Often | sung as | } | Hay una laguna clara | | |
| one | | | Entre Córdoba y Lucena | F | |
| line | | G ⁷ | | C | |
| | | | Hay una laguna clara | | |
| | | C | | G ⁷ | |
| one | line | } | Donde lloraba mis penas | | |
| | | | Quando de ti me acordaba | C | |
| | | C | C ⁷ | F | E |
| | | | Válgame la Magdalena | | |

There is no definite compás to the singing, beyond the 3/4 rhythm, and the singer holds or draws out the lines as he wishes--especially the last one--with the guitarist changing chords when the tones dictate.

Verdiales: Type I

The verdiales of type I consist of two distinct melodies with different accompaniments. Both forms are sung in a rhythmically marked manner without elaborate ornamentation. Normally, each tercio or line is three measures long, so that if the singer waits one measure between the lines, the song can be "cuadrao" ("squared off" or consisting of regular, even-numbered units) which makes it excellent for dancing. It is not necessary that this "cuadrao" form be adhered to however.

One of these melodic styles is accompanied exactly as described above for type II, but is easier because of the regular nature of the chord changes. The other melody is different from most fandangos in not going to the IV chord or F major when playing in the key of C major. I have heard this done in two ways (both starting from the E Phrygian mode as a base): One way is for the guitarist to play G⁷→C for the first line, C→C⁷→G⁷ for the second line, and continue alternating these changes until the last line, which goes G→F→E. Here is an example of part of that melody:

Musical notation for the first line of a melody. The first measure is in G⁷ and the second measure is in Cmaj. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment is shown with wavy lines and arrows indicating fingerings.

Musical notation for the second line of a melody. The first measure is in C⁷ and the second measure is in G⁷. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment is shown with wavy lines and arrows.

Guitar accompaniment for the first line. The first measure is in G⁷ and the second measure is in Cmaj. The notation shows fret numbers (0, 3, 1) and rhythmic patterns (3, 1) with wavy lines and arrows.

Guitar accompaniment for the second line. The first measure is in C⁷ and the second measure is in G⁷. The notation shows fret numbers (0, 3, 1, 0) and rhythmic patterns (3, 1) with wavy lines and arrows.

In the other method, the singer sings the same melody, but uses different notes, so that the accompanist shifts to the key of

A major, just as in some fandangos de Huelva. The accompaniment is, therefore, E⁷→A major, and A major→A⁷→E, alternating until the last line which is again G→F→E, just as in the C major accompaniment. Believe it or not, it works!

Musical notation for the first line of a melody. The first measure is in E⁷ and the second measure is in Amaj. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment is shown with wavy lines and arrows.

Musical notation for the second line of a melody. The first measure is in A⁷ and the second measure is in E. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment is shown with wavy lines and arrows.

Guitar accompaniment for the first line. The first measure is in E⁷ and the second measure is in Amaj. The notation shows fret numbers (2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 0) and rhythmic patterns (2, 0) with wavy lines and arrows.

Guitar accompaniment for the second line. The first measure is in A⁷ and the second measure is in E. The notation shows fret numbers (2, 2, 0, 3, 2, 0) and rhythmic patterns (0, 3, 2) with wavy lines and arrows.

A copla of this type:

Me gusta lo de la sierra
 Porque soy un hombre cabale
 Y me gusta la serrana
 bailando los verdiales
 con el salero de España, ole ole ya.

I like the things of the mountains
 Because I am a wise man
 And I like the mountain girl
 dancing the verdiales
 with the "salero" of Spain, ole ole ya.

The Type II verdiales, especially this latter melody, is often alternated with an estribillo or chorus, which is either played instrumentally or sung using any of a number of verses:

Bailan con garbo, con alegría
 Cuando regresan de los encinales
 y del olivar
 Tiene la gracia de Andalucía
 La castañuela y la pandereta
 con su repicar.

Estribillo

Here is a copla for guitar that falls in the Type I category:

VERDIALES

References

Next Month: the rest of the story (bandolás, jaberas, malagueña de Juan Breva, rondeña, fandangos de Lucena, and fandangos de Almería).

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LOS ROCIEROS

(from "Palmas Sordas" in a March edition of el Correo de Andalucía; sent by Charo Botello)

by FRANCISCO MILLAN

Los Rocieros are two, Antonio and Santiago. The well-known group, Los Rocieros, brings out its new sevillanas each year. They are from Bollullos Par del Condado. A good city. Magnificent. The good cities, the prosperous ones are best discovered at night. Their lights, animation, advertising, reveal the economic condition. And, a while ago, when we were there, in Bollullos Par del Condado, we were surprised by its nocturnal luminosity, its commerce, and its activity in the early hours of the night, in contrast with other cities like Aljarafe and El Condado that sleep between the hours of light...

Antonio and Santiago, Los Rocieros, have been involved in the sevillanas and other cantes of lower Andalucía for enough time to be in a solid artistic and social position.

The dignity and wisdom of the quiet one, Santiago, and the elegance and good quality of public relations of Antonio, are an institution between Sevilla and Huelva. Their style, evident in their records, is a mixture of sweetness, balance of voices, delicacy and strength when it is needed to finish off a number with high notes, just like in the finishing off of a bull in a good "tercio de muleta". They know how to say the sevillana in a manner matched by few others.

The sevillanas rocieras are their base and essence, along with the fandangos for which they are "cantaos antológicos" (having encyclopedic knowledge). And they never forget the sevillanas dedicated to Sevilla; they know how to be "onubenses" (from Huelva) by birth and to love Sevilla; one doesn't exclude the other.

Their record for 1979 is now in the street, with themes from the best authors of today, sevillanas that are varied, juicy, and magnificent. They were presented in La Trocha in a recital that gave goosebumps to the crowd that filled the tablao.

Once again, for being artists, for the care taken with their recordings and presentations, Los Rocieros demonstrate that they are at the head of the names in this difficult world of the sevillanas. And once again we feel obligated to repeat it.

MORCA FLAMENCO WORKSHOP & JUERGA

A two week workshop for beginning and intermediate-advanced dancers. Each day, the workshop will feature a morning technique class and an afternoon repertory class for each level. Evening discussions will be held on all aspects of flamenco, including dancing with singing accompaniment, costuming, use of the bata de cola, and history of flamenco. The workshop will culminate with a juerga with participation by all. Mr. Morca's credentials are known to most of Jaleo's readers: He has worked with many of the top Spanish dance companies, been featured as a soloist at the Café de Chinitas, toured widely with his own companies, and is widely acclaimed as a teacher.

The course will run from August 13-25th. The fee of \$200.00 (\$25.00 deposit is required by June 15th to insure a place in the class) does not include housing. For more information, write: Morca Academy, 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, WA 98225. Or call Mary Rouzer at 206-676-1864.

MORCA

... sobre el baile

FOOTWORK, FROM NOISE TO ART "When You Speak, Say Something"

Watching a concert in Toledo, Spain a few years ago, I saw a dancer doing a very long zapateado; when it was over, an elderly gentleman next to me, who I took to be an aficionado of flamenco, said, "She had good taconeo, but it did not say anything!"

It is very interesting that many people who study flamenco still think that loud footwork, plus speed and above all, long escobilla footwork patterns, are still the excitement of flamenco dance.

If I sound a bit analytical in this article it is because this is written for the general flamenco aficionado, student dancer, or professional who was not raised from childhood in the cradle of flamenco in Andalucía. It is not a definitive article, but only suggestions they may help to broaden and deepen understanding of this aspect of flamenco dance in its study and interpretation, to have it "say something." In preceding articles, I have touched a bit on interpretation and I would like to go deeper into technique, execution, matice and other facets of these beautiful, audible energies of flamenco dance.

One of the first things that I like to keep in mind is that footwork, palmas, pitos, and any of the audible sounds of flamenco dance are musical instruments. Just as an Indian drummer plays the tabla, his hands creating musical art with rhythms on the drum, a flamenco dancer is creating the same art, but the floor is his drum, the "instrument" to play on. The floor is not just to stomp on to make noise. Nothing is more annoying than to read a review in some newspaper that "so and so flamenco dancer pounded the floor and stomped the feet."

There should be art in footwork. And how do we find art in this beautiful and fascinating part of flamenco dance? First of all, it should be approached like any other art form, with sensitivity to all of its aspects.

There are techniques for doing fine footwork which are better than others. Some people are born with a natural technique, others must develop a fine technique through hard work. Some of the finer points of good footwork are:

1. Thinking of the leg movements from the knees down, using the lower part of the leg as a hammer-type movement and not using the thigh to lift the leg, which gives a stomp effect.
2. Good posture is essential to good footwork; torso pulled up and centered over the hips, knees bent just enough so that you can float and not bounce; minimal looking at the floor which has a tendency to pull the body forward.

Each one of the different steps of footwork has a different sound and feeling: The media punta or ball of the foot, the tacón or heel, the planta or flat of the foot with the sound coming mostly from the heel, the golpe de tacón or punta por delante or por detrás which is the hit of the heel or toe coming off of the floor front and back, and also the sliding steps of the footwork. It is the combination of all of these steps that gives an endless variety to exciting footwork.

Another important fact to keep in mind is not only what you do, but how you do it. To start practicing interesting combinations of footwork to develop exciting steps, it is very beneficial to develop good technique with the basics, such as "redobles". There are many different redobles which, in English, means literally "to redouble". These are the short breaks used to begin and end phrases, to use as remates, to dynamically end llamadas, desplantes, etc. There are redobles that work more dramatically in "jondo" rhythms such as toe, heel, toe, heel flat, all put into one count. Work on alternating so that you can lift either foot when you want to and try not to become a "one-sided" dancer, as it limits you in the "attack" of your footwork.

Another type of general footwork technique to study is steady phrases of footwork, such as "planta, tacón, tacón" alternating this phrase alone. It should be practiced at different speeds, softly slow, softly fast, varying the accents, dynamics, loudness, and speed -- in other words, the total matice. This is one example of a simple footwork pattern that can be used in every compás and can create many different moods according to how it is used. There are countless ways of practicing before you actually start doing set patterns to different compases. Many people who start studying flamenco, fall into that mode of learning "routines". Before they have good technical foundation and a good knowledge of compás, they learn an alegrías from so and so, and something else from another teacher and really never get to feel the depth of flamenco in all of its physical

and emotional aspects. It is much like a guitarist taking one falseta from Paco de Lucía, another from Sabicas, two from Montoya, three from "Fulano" and putting them together as a solo that is music, but does not say much. Footwork should say something. As you learn, it should say something about yourself; it should be musically, visually, and dramatically a reflection of your feeling and love of flamenco.

I have mentioned in other articles that footwork should be practiced while maintaining good posture and body position, using the rest of your body as you practice, so that footwork is part of the whole. When you practice slowly, lift your legs from the knees down as high as possible so that your footwork will not have that "glued to the floor look" when you go fast. Also, practice as if you are focused onto one small area, not so much with feet parallel, but as if they were both standing on a control point; then, by the subtle movements of the hips and your own particular "seated position" or bend of the knee, you will find good balance and a good position. Look for a position where you will not bounce in your footwork and your upper body will find freedom to do all of the beautiful and important artistic expressions of flamenco movement. Feel that your footwork comes from the control of the center part of your body and down through your legs. This is a thought process that I feel helps with the all-important control, matice, and gives beautiful clean, crisp sounds. Each sound of footwork, whether a planta, or punta or tacón should be given special emphasis while practicing. It is much easier to do a planta loudly than a tacón, so emphasize your tacón.

These are basic ideas in approaching footwork as a musical instrument, as a part of the beautiful whole body expressing good and exciting flamenco, expressing that particular compás that you are dancing and "saying something" -- saying something about yourself as an individual artist expressing a beautiful art. --- Teo Morca

In Spain: Castanets Si, Petipa No

By Tom Kerrigan


It is definitely an old saw to suggest that there is more to the dance of Spain than just flamenco or gitano (gypsy) dancing. People like La Meri and Carola Goya, Americas experts on Spanish dancing, have been espousing this cause for literally 50 years. But on the occasion of the New York debut of Spain's three-year-old Ballet Nacional, it is a point worth reiterating.

To be sure, the companies of Antonio, José Greco, Federico Ray, Pilar López and most especially the great Argentina had repertoires that showed many of the dances of Spain -- not just flamenco. Nonetheless, the image of Spanish dancing to the average person throughout the world, and, also -- interestingly enough -- in Spain itself, remains one of flamenco.

It is one of the announced goals of the 40-member Ballet Nacional to enhance that image, and it is not unlikely that for many of the people who have seen the company on tour in some 14 different countries and who have cared to look closely, this image has already been altered. As Alan Kriegsman put it in the Washington Post this week, "At the mention of Spanish dance most of us instantly think of the rhythm of a thousand little firecrackers with heels and castanets chattering away like devil's teeth. There was plenty of that when the Ballet Nacional made its local debut, but there was also a lot more that one would have no way of anticipating. For this superb troupe is unlike any Spanish dance group that has ever existed."

Still, Mr. Kriegsman notwithstanding, one cautions a careful look, because flamenco dances in all their glory do, indeed, make up a substantial part of the 35-work repertoire of the company, and many of the remaining works have -- to the untutored American eye -- the appearance of "flamenco".

This is due in part to the use of castanets, and the mistaken idea that castanets are an exclusively flamenco accompaniment. In fact, castanets are not flamenco in origin at all, but rather distinctly Spanish. References to castanets or similar devices are ancient and are found in pre-Christian Egypt and later in Roman and Moorish civilizations. In Spain, castanets or their fore-runners (crótalos) were noted during the Roman occupation of the Iberian Peninsula from 215 B.C. to A.D. 409, but the gypsies



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with their dancing did not appear in the Peninsula until about the 15th century, and not in great numbers until the 16th century when, at the same time, many Flemish settlers followed the Ghent-born Charles I to Spain on his ascension to the throne. The word flamenco means Flemish, and at the time of Charles I was loosely applied to anything non-Spanish, which, of course, both the Flemish and gypsies were. Hence, gypsy dancing was called flamenco dancing, and only later did it incorporate from existing Spanish dances the use of the castanets -- and then only in some forms of flamenco, not in all of them.

If the castanets are not necessarily part of flamenco dance, they are certainly necessary to Spanish dance in general. The seguidilla, fandango, bolero and some forms of the jota, to name a few, all employ them. The question as to why the castanets should have become the single most pervasive and distinguishing feature of Spanish dance is apparently unanswerable. The Encyclopedia Britannica suggests, somewhat lamely, that they "became the characteristic instrument of the Spanish peasantry". La Meri, in a recent telephone conversation, agreed that the question has no answer, but suggested some practical considerations: economics (they were cheap) and the solo nature of much of Spanish dance (the dancer could accompany himself).

Whatever the reason, castanets were used in both the folk and ballroom or social dances of 16th and 17th century Spain, and, when, at the end of the 18th century, dancers and ballet masters from Italy came to Spain bringing the conventions of Italian classical ballet, they created a new school of ballet technique which also preserved the use of the castanets. This new classical technique was known as and is still called the Escuela Bolera or Bolero School. The name was taken from the prominent social dance of the day -- the bolero -- and the steps, though altered in the sense of less turn-out of the legs and a more closed look to the positioning of the arms due to the use of the castanets, were essentially the same as the Italian steps.

No less a choreographer than Marius Petipa was seduced by this attractive and unique school of dance when it reached its peak in the 19th century. In 1842 and 1843, Petipa visited Madrid and danced there. Apparently, he liked Spain enormously and, in fact, offered to start a school there and remain permanently. The officials in Madrid to whom he applied turned him down even though while there he had choreographed five


ballets on Spanish themes. Petipa left Spain and eventually went to St. Petersburg, but the influence on him of Spain, the Bolero School and the ubiquitous castanets is clearly evident. Full-length ballets such as "Don Quixote," "Paquita" and "Don Juan" speak for themselves in this matter as do the Spanish dance steps in "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty". It is fascinating to speculate what might have happened to ballet as we know it today had Petipa not left Madrid.

If Petipa was seduced, it is no surprise that Spanish choreographers in the 20th century continue to employ the technique of the classical Bolero School and its use of the castanets. These choreographers are also heir to the flamenco and other regional dances. The combined influences of the Bolero School and folk dance has produced a neoclassical style of choreography in contemporary Spain which is called *Española Clásica*.


The current repertoire of the Ballet Nacional reflects these three choreographic styles, and, as such, it is unique. There is, after all, no other dance company in the world that is attempting this fusion of classical ballets and folk dances, as well as the training of dancers in both types of dance. In America, we have something of a parallel in the fusion of ballet and modern dance in several ballet companies (Ballet Theatre, Joffrey, and Field) and at least one modern company (Ailey). Sooner or later the dancers will have to be equally trained on a daily basis in both modern dance and ballet just as the Spanish dancers are now trained equally in folk dance and ballet at the Ballet Nacional's own school in Madrid.


After only three years, it is perhaps too early to arrive at definite conclusions about the Ballet Nacional regarding this admittedly difficult training and performing task. What is evident is that a serious effort to preserve the dance of Spain -- all the dance, not just the folkloric -- and to encourage new choreography on Spanish themes

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to Spanish music has been undertaken by the government through the creation of the Ballet Nacional. Not since the 19th century has dance in Spain been regarded so seriously, and with the opening of a new theatre for the company next year, the first for dance and opera in Madrid since the old Opera House closed in 1925, the Ballet Nacional is well on its way to institutional permanence at home and, through its tours, abroad -- a permanence that has so far escaped all other dance endeavors in Spain.

ABOUT THE FESTIVALES DE ESPAÑA

The Festivales de España, which is the shorthand form of the full name "Organismo Autónomo de Teatros Nacionales y Festivales de España" (Autonomous Organization of National Theaters and Festivales of Spain), is not unlike America's own National Endowment for the Arts. It is a federal organization which disperses funds for artistic projects throughout the 50 provinces of Spain. It differs from the Endowment in two important respects: first, it is technically part of the Ministry of Information and Tourism, whereas, the Endowment is an independent agency responsible to no cabinet department; and, secondly, the Festivales de España administers and, indeed, creates the arts organizations it funds. It presents theatre, music and dance in over 150 different Spanish cities and towns.

(from: the dance program of the "Ballet Nacional" for their 1976 performance in Madison Square Garden)



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 III THE THEATER ADVENTURE

In the times just before the First World War, Chacón was hired to sing flamenco at the San Martín Theater of Buenos Aires. In the

same manner as Silverio had taken the cante to the café, Chacón took it to the theater, thus laying the foundation for an artistic degradation that would culminate in the flamenco "operas". Unconsciously, maybe by his being such a superb "cantaor", he opened the way to the most fateful epoch of this art. "To those slight, slow modernizing changes that Don Antonio Chacón would introduce because of his fame, one may attribute cause of a later eruption -- this time dangerous and decisive -- of Pepe Marchena..." writes Gonzales Climent.

Don Antonio's detractors have perhaps exaggerated their reproaches around the theatricalization of the flamenco show but, although it is true that he never sang with the modern orchestras of Río de la Plata -- he did it sitting down and accompanied by guitar -- it is no less true that "he had to accept librettos on occasion where he was only another character". "His majesty and solemnity, so dear, alternated with theatrical pieces of fake Andalusian color". We can't help but recognize that Don Antonio allowed the growing simplification of the cante, attracting attention to some of its more public and virtuoso facets.

Molina and Mairena, as in so many other points, make accurate observations upon studying the process of Chacón's cante in this sense. First is his deviation from the siguiriyas and other gypsy cantes, orienting himself fundamentally to the cantes levantinos and malagueñas, the folklore and creations of personal type. In order to dominate the theatrical stage, Chacón couldn't help but become subservient to the zarzuela and the opera. "The art that earned him the risky title of 'divo' (an extraordinary singer) created a modality 'sui generis' and at the same time flamenco and lyrical, having as much of the Andalusian copla as of the Italian aria. Very sweet melodies, ponderous flourishes, dramatic emphasis, equilibrium and perfect musical control, here justly accredited Chacón as a unique case in history -- "the divo of cante flamenco". If to all this one adds his tenor voice that inaugurated the reign of the falsetto voice in flamenco, one will have explained all angles of the phenomenon.

During all the long years of his apogee, Don Antonio was the King of the juergas, of the private parties, of the reserved places and rooms of the taverns and colmados. In "Los Gabrieles", "Villa Rosa", at the Café del Gato in Fornos, at the Café de la Viuda... he was an authentic "dueño y señor", and when he appeared, all the other flamencos who were

therewaiting for the pompous customer made way for him with respect and practically remained at his whim, to do whatever he wanted them to do. As he was a generous person, many nights after the fiestas had ended, he would spend all he had earned, and even more, with his companions that had been less lucky than he, he would ask them to sing and dance for him and he would pay them as if he were a "señorito".

Without doubt he was the best paid artist of his time. When they asked him "How much money have you made?" Manfredi puts the next answer in his mouth, "If I tell you I made two million, I don't exaggerate. For singing in public I have charged from six reales that they gave me in a baptism when I was six years old, to five thousand duros to sing at a party, hired by the King".

One time the Count of Grisal gave him five thousand duros after having listened to him for a whole night. When Chacón saw such a large amount, considering that it was excessive, he went the next day to the Count's home to return the money, thinking that it was a mistake. The aristocrat insisted that he keep all the money, but the cantaor accepted only a much smaller amount.

At the juergas, Don Antonio was greatly bothered by the jokers who wouldn't listen to the cante with due respect. When he suspected something like this was going to happen, before starting to sing he would ask casually, "And do you gentlemen know how to listen?"

When he got into a fiesta and was "a gusto" (in a good mood), like the flamencos say, Chacón was capable of spending nights and days in a row without thinking of going to sleep. Pepe el de la Matrona tells a story about one of these fiestas that took place at the theater of San Fernando, in Sevilla, at a gathering that was paid for by Manuel Cantares empresario of horses and bullring, and Paco Villegas, butcher and cattle dealer from the bullring of Puerto de Santa María. Almost at dawn they went to Pasaje de las Delicias, where they called all the cuadro flamenco from the Novedades, with La Serrana, her father Paco la Luz, La Macarrona, La Malena... and they also looked for Diego Antúnez, Manuel Torre, Pastora and Arturo Pavón.

That is to say, the best that flamenco had in Sevilla at that time was gathered at the Delicias. Until one o'clock the next day, when Villegas said to the artists, "Gentlemen, do you object if I send a telegram to Morcilla in Cádiz so that he will come here tonight? Because I am going to invite all of you here, to the dinner and to the fiesta".

By evening Morcilla was there, but the man couldn't sing, not withstanding how much interest he put into it and how much wine he drank to get in tune. When the fiesta was over, Chacón asked Pepe el de la Matrona, the guitarist Juan Habichuela, and Enrique el Morcilla to stay with him, and the four of them went to La Campana. There they kept on eating and drinking until Enrique was in condition to sing and started out with soleares. Then Chacón was satisfied, "I am happy. I have heard you sing; otherwise you wouldn't leave Sevilla until I heard you sing."

Such was Don Antonio's afición for the cante. They were at La Campana until nine o'clock that night; he left there the one hundred duros he had earned at the prior juerga with Villegas, and he even owed money over the 1500 pesetas that he owed before.

Manuel Torres, gypsy, was Chacón's great competitor in life. But it was a respectful and honest rivalry on both sides, as is shown by the fact that Chacón would always express great admiration for the other.

Antonio Mairena relates that Chacón used to say to Torre, "Majareta (the gypsy was called that by some), when you sing you are like Castelar when he talked."

"Salvaoriyo de Jerez told me," Mairena goes on relating, "that Chacón once got so carried away on listening to Niño de Jerez singing, that he threw to him on the stage his hat and everything else he had on. This must have happened around 1908, at the Novedades of Sevilla, where the two phenomenoms were performing alternating, that is one day Chacón and the next day Manuel Torre. On the night that Don Antonio Chacón didn't perform, he used to rent a theater box and would appear surrounded by his faithful court, including even Salvaoriyo, who was his compadre. Salvaoriyo, like the other people who hung around him, used to live a little at Chacón's expense, and he was always praising him and telling everybody that Chacón sang better than Manuel Torre. On one of those nights when Manuel Torre was singing, Chacón became so full of enthusiasm that he stood up and started praising in a loud voice the gypsy's cante, and went to the stage and threw at him his hat, his cane, his cape, and I don't know what else. Salvaoriyo, who was ridiculed since he attached Manuel Torre so much and defended Chacón, pulled him by his jacket, asking him to stop with his praises, since everybody was looking at them. But Chacón went on, as if he were outside of himself, pulling and applauding Manuel Torre, until all of a sudden he turned to Salvaoriyo and yelled

at him, 'You go to hell, compadre!'"

Many times the same Chacón would call Torre to the fiestas where he was. Even knowing that Manuel was the only one of his time who could make him a shadow, his admiration for him was so great that nothing mattered. Mairena has told in his Confesiones the following episode: "It was at a fiesta where several señoritos were with Chacón, and also Ramón Montoya, el Tripa and others. A gypsy from Linares was there, called Basilio, who evidently was somewhat extraordinary in tarantas and tarantos. That night Basilio sang so well that he even eclipsed Chacón, and the latter, who was very arrogant when the people present liked another singer better than him, an unbearable thing for him, didn't allow anybody to pay for the fiesta, and he paid himself. Then he told Tripa to call Manuel Torre in Sevilla and tell him to catch the first train and come to Madrid. El Tripa made the phone call while Chacón stayed behind with Montoya and the other ones at Los Gabrieles.

"When, many hours later, Manuel Torre arrived at Madrid, El Tripa was waiting for him in a car and took him to Los Gabrieles, telling him on the way what had happened. The fiesta at Los Gabrieles was still going on. Chacón was in shirt sleeves, leaning his head on his arms on a table. When Manuel came in, Chacón gave him a bottle of Amontillado which Manuel drank almost right away in two big glasses. Chacón wanted Basilio to sing, and he sang por tarantos:

Desde mi casa yo veo
la fragua de Tío Laureano,
a Fernando y La Raqueta
y los ojos negros de mi hermano

From my house I see
the forge of Uncle Laureano,
Fernando and Raqueta
and the dark eyes of my brother.

"Then, when Manuel Torre was ready to sing, Montoya went to accompany him por siguiரியas, but Manuel Torre told him 'Continue as you were!'"

"Manuel tuned his voice (templó) in an impressive way and started to sing the same thing that Basilio had sung. And one got the chills listening to him:

'Desde mi casa yo veo
la fragua de Tío Laureano...'

"That was all he said, and it became unbelievable. Basilio grabbed a bottle and

smashed it on his own head, and they had to hold Chacón because he wanted to jump from the window."

It shouldn't seem strange to us that for many cantaores, Chacón has been the best flamenco cantaoer of all times. Above all, those who continue the art of the Jerezano, like Jacinto Almadén or Juan de la Loma, and above all, Pepe el de la Matrona, who was his friend during his life, and it surely was he who has best preserved his cantes. "Chacón has been 'el monstruo de los monstruos'" (the greatest of the greatest) says el de la Matrona, "because, besides possessing that personality of his, everything he heard he studied and improved, if it was possible. In his voice everything was enormous...of the ones I have met, he has been the man most honest and most respectful of his art. He didn't put out anything to the public unless it was well done. Flamenco was to him like a second religion. And I say all of this having shared in the struggle with him for twenty or thirty years of following him. This is the word, following him, because I realized what he was doing and I couldn't find it in anyone else of his time."

"Generous nectar, gothic cathedral," Manuel Siurot has said of the cante of Don Antonio, "It is the goal of everybody who has closed his eyes before a guitar, the ideal of all idealists and peak of an immortal art."

However, this man who knew the greatest honors of fame and popularity, at the end of his life, suffered also a lack of understanding by the people. Times had changed, the operism was at its peak, and not even the cante Chaconiano, to which this new current was so much indebted, was free of the deluge. Manolo Caracol tells us that once, when he was in Jerez, he went to see one of those shows at the bullring and saw how they took Angelillo around the ring for singing the caracoles that Chacón had sung amid public displeasure. Antonio Mairena describes it in a similar manner.

It was also towards the end of his life when he made his last recordings, forced by his friends because he didn't want to do it. José Ortega and Enrique el Granaíno held him by his arms and took him up to a studio on the Calle de Peligros. A short time later, on the 21st of January 1929, he died in a modest Madrid "pensión" (boarding house) where he had a room. When the funeral procession passed before the Teatro Pavón, the artists that were performing there dedicated their songs to him.

Carol on Cante

ANSONINI IN SEATTLE

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Saturday, one-thirty in the morning, my phone's raucous rural ring roused me from a sound sleep. It was Ansonini, from Seattle, asking me to come see him. Sin tabaco, how could I? But of course I did, with five U.S. dollars in my pocket.

Sitting in the house of a Seattle aficionado, we exchanged news, going five years back. Pepe, of Casa Pepe, dead, Enrique Méndez, aficionado and incomparable singer of bulerías, dead, this one dead, that one dead. Joselero, well, his family well, Juan and Paco del Gastor, well, their father Pepe, well, his wife, dead. This one married, that one with children, and so forth. Five years of news in a few minutes over a glass of wine, a rushed meeting.

We went for coffee, while Ansonini told stories about the Talgo (express train). "Nadie habla en el Talgo," said Ansonini, putting on a prim and proper expression appropriate to that conveyance. He described their Gypsy picnic, the clowning, the teasing, Joselero in the middle of things, as he often is. A proper lady, pregnant, travelling alone, sitting in front of them, other passengers silent--till no one could resist the Gypsy display, and the whole carful of people was "muerto de risa."

Sipping espresso, Ansonini remarked on the strangeness of America, where you could go into a bar where you couldn't drink, or into another where you couldn't smoke. His remarks intensified my own feeling of strangeness. Only Ansonini himself, only the couple of friends I was visiting, were familiar to me. Being with Ansonini, in English-speaking ambiente, in plastic-and-friendly America, was strange.

We moved right on, to a pleasant living-room half-filled with aficionados. People chatted in small groups. A few introductions were made, but not very many. People didn't all know each other. My experience with juergas had been largely among people I knew at least casually--in San Diego, at the Finca Espartero, in Morón itself. Here, Ansonini became a spectacle, a show, no matter how great or how solid the attending afición. He was alone in that livingroom--

Ansonini was the foreigner, surrounded by small groups of onlookers, supported by his American accompanist, Ken Parker. Ansonini had to bring all the ambiente with him from Spain, and the oxygen content was a bit rarified.

Trying to catch my breath, I chatted with aficionados from Port Townsend, *Jaleo* subscribers. We waited for the cante, the baile, the one thing that could hold this evening together.

Ken tuned. Ansonini got out his large wooden plate, and put it on the table, upside-down. Por bulería, he drummed with fingers and knuckles, to Ken's compás and counter-rhythm. Spontaneous applause greeted his ending, but Ansonini turned. "No es el teatro," he said. "Entre nosotros." It wasn't, really, because nosotros didn't really know each other. But the evening was young.

Ansonini continued, singing, letra after letra, in that slow, measured, style of his, giving me goose-pimples with his calling-up of the ancient tradition, and the inimitable phrasing, the improvisation, he brought to it. But still, the cante, the accompaniment, the jaleo, arose from effort not quite spontaneous. We were all trying, trying, with only occasional instants of breakthrough into the indescribable elements of the cante gitano.

What was it that was missing? Nothing in Ansonini himself--just the support of the ambiente, the company of other artists, of the lives from which the Gypsy art springs. With enough of those lives, that juerga could have exploded, no matter what its location.

I felt torn. Ansonini sang, danced, he roamed the extremes, from siguiriyas to villancicos por bulería, he put aficionados into near-ecstasy. One moment I had tears in my eyes, and another I forced a smile into the plastic of the air. After a few hours, I was emotionally exhausted, and when one of my friends, coming down with chicken-pox, of all things, went home, I went too, after arranging to visit with Ansonini the next day.

Sunday's despedida had much more ambiente; Ansonini was no longer a spectacle, and he cooked and danced a gusto, to la Fernanda's cante from the phonograph. This was living, a moment of life, not of Foreign-Juerga, and the air vibrated with animated exchanges. One newly-entranced aficionada, the hostess from the previous night, wished for a flat tire to prevent Ansonini's departure. She wasn't an

effective bruja, so Ansonini did indeed depart.

And what did I bring home with me? News of fortune and misfortune from Morón, renewed delight in Ansonini's cante and baile, the warmth of exchanges with friends, old and new, and a superb flamenco story whose location was the plastic Talgo, with recuerdos, tears, and laughter; all relics of a visit, not to Spain, not really to flamenco, but to Seattle.



(AGUJETAS - continued from page 1)

always the central component in an authentic flamenco session, is subordinated to what in Spain is an intermittent and always secondary element.

So hearing Agujetas really open up and sing, just him and a guitar accompanist, is a matter of luck or sheer tenacity. The first night I went early, hung around until the 4 a.m. closing, and barely noticed the singer and his wife slip quietly out the door. During the sets, his singing had been interesting but tightly contained. Only briefly did hints of something special show through.

I left suspecting that he was overrated -- understandable, since Spain has been losing her venerable flamenco singers far faster than replacements appear. I decided that the sensation caused by Agujetas's sudden emergence a few years ago -- news that had run through the world's scrawny but tenacious flamenco grapevine like a hit of Rapid-Gro -- was probably the result of impatience or even desperation. Figure that he came from Jerez, the nucleus of flamenco's small spawning ground in southwestern Andalusia; that alone must have counted for maybe 25 points. By trade he was a blacksmith -- the special occupation of that gypsy clan most steeped in the tradition of deep song -- and there's another 20 points. His voice sounded like someone had run his vocal cords through a grater -- it had that raw, cutting quality which has characterized most of flamenco's great singers, and must have been worth at least 25 points. Give him 10 points more for his dark color -- undiluted and still bespeaking the north Indian ancestry of all gypsies; another 10 for his gleaming gold tooth -- no one knows why, but it seems to help; and throw in some more because his father was a noteworthy singer, so he had the early exposure and breeding. Hell, he didn't really have to know how to sing at all.

Besides, I already had a favorite gypsy

singer. During three years of scratching for this kind of music in Spain, I had hung around the cantaor called El Chocolate (after the color of his skin) like a mooning groupie, trying to accompany his eerie songs. I had heard him sing very badly and very well, and several times during those years I had also heard him make the cosmic connection: He had hooked into a different energy source, opening his mouth and letting his essence gush out like -- well, never mind what it was like; it sounds silly when I try to write about it. García Lorca called it the sonido negro, the black sound. He said it could make the quicksilver of mirrors open up. I can report objectively that men wept and tore their hair, and that women fell on their knees and crossed themselves. I also recall that an electric clock stopped, but that was no doubt because of a voltage irregularity.

For all I knew, two singers like that couldn't even exist at the same time. Maybe there wasn't enough flamenco fairy dust left over to support this upstart. And besides, I had traveled thousands of miles, misspent thousands of hours, and blown thousands of dollars in my quixotic search for real cante jondo. The notion that I could hear it again for the price of a subway token and an inexpensive Spanish dinner was nonsensical...

I kept my reservations to myself, though I hadn't seen Agujetas really try to produce; besides, I had invited another aficionado and his wife to check out La Sangría the following Friday, and I could hardly stand them up.

My wife and I had just walked in that night when one of the regulars came up to us and started babbling: "Two nights ago...unbelievable...two nights ago...incredible...you can't believe...."

Okay, Agujetas was for real. In fact, we had heard that same babbling, practically verbatim, in Spain after missing one of El Chocolate's psychic transports. Again, it was the raving of an ordinarily blase aficionado who knew the art cold, and who couldn't be snookered by even the finest counterfeit.

Agujetas did his three shows. Again, the dancing of Tibulina was impressive. The austerity and dignity of her bearing offered an interesting contrast to the broader and more theatrical work of a couple known as Edo and Azucena, whose performance was striking and warmly received. Fans of the dancing left after the last show, while a few people who had somehow acquired a taste for the cante stuck it out.

Then Agujetas came out and sang, if that's the word. It's more like a well-modulated primal scream, or an exquisitely controlled shriek of anguish and despair. I have heard it described as inhuman, and it does have a sheer animal quality to it; at the same time, it is the most human sound I have ever heard. It demands the breath control of an opera star, the lung power of a tuba player, the stamina of a boxer -- but you don't notice these things while it is happening. You notice instead that direct human contact has been made, that someone has opened a new channel to your mind at terrible risk to himself.

Everything that a person learns to hide is suddenly laid out in patterns of sound. I don't know what is really going on when these barriers break and cante jondo emerges. It seems to involve possession. Like a holy roller speaking in tongues, a gypsy in the throes of an attack of the duende (a word which literally means ghost) appears to give voice to something beyond himself. He seems to be speaking for his people -- for all the gypsies who uprooted themselves and began their ceaseless migration to no special place, who endured centuries of persecution in Spain and never wavered in their belief that the gypsy way is the right way.

The cante jondo singer does not attempt an artistically creative act in any normal sense. Instead he suddenly begins to function as a human receiver/transmitter, establishing some sort of communicative link between our reality and something else. The echoes of a vast racial tragedy resonate through the songs, whose separate and unconnected verses seem to function as a testament and a warning distilled from a distant memory. There are bleak and barren martinets, the earliest form of deep song:

Los geres por las esquinas
con velones y faró
en voz arta se desían
"mararlo, qu'es calorro'."

(The horsemen on the corners
with lights and torches
shouted
"Kill him! He's a gypsy!")

There are the siguiriyas, speaking of death and destiny with a strangely defiant resignation that borders on insanity -- itself a distinct occupational hazard among the form's greatest interpreters:

Que desgrasia yo tengo
mare en el andar
como los pasos que p'alante daba
se me van atrás.

(What misfortunes I have
mother, even as I walk
the steps I take forward
carry me backward.)

Finally, the soleares -- a later form which took shape when the worst epoch of persecution had abated and which left enough emotional headroom to consider gypsy love:

Hay lenguas en ésta calle
que te cortan un vestío
como tijeras de sastre.

(There are tongues on this street
that could cut you a suit
like a tailor's scissors.)

Agujetas came across. He delivered. He melded with the music. Fused with the cante jondo. Like all great gypsy artists -- bull-fighters like Cagancho and El Gallo, dancers like El Farruco and La Malena, guitarists like Melchor de Marchena and Diego del Gastor -- Agujetas had made the transition to another level. He had shed the successive layers of his personality in order to become host to something else.

I strongly suspect that this is the first time such music has ever been generated in New York. The occasional fine singers who have previously passed through were evidently overcome by culture shock, since there are not even rumors of such an occurrence here before. But it is happening now. New York's two dozen or so aficionados of hard-core, down-home, flat-out, low-down funky flamenco song -- freaks who have had to settle for nothing but film-flamenco until this month -- are soaking up Agujetas's incandescent music.

This weird and disturbing ethnic survival is in no danger of attracting a broad following, of course. But people who love the music of Robert Johnson, Blind Willie McTell, and America's other great blues singers, not to mention those who are looking for the inspiration behind much of García Lorca's poetry, might be well advised to listen to Agujetas. He can be unorthodox, and some knowledgeable people are disturbed by the liberties he takes in the ligature, the way he ties his tremendously extended vocal lines together. He is far from an encyclopedic singer, and his limited reper-

toire plus a certain cockiness bordering on arrogance guarantee him all the enemies he will ever need.

But quibbling aside, he is still the only singer of our time to be measured against García Lorca's idol, the legendary Manuel Torre. Agujetas is still pretty young. When he sings, you can measure his age in centuries.



(Here is an excerpt from an article which appeared in Dancemagazine, April 1978; we print it here because it relates to the above article.)

THE DEEP SONG OF THE EARTH

by Linda Small

"While Ballet Nacional was going through its minutely-set paces, one could step out, go next door to the Recital Hall (December 9) and see three gypsies performing the cante jondo, baile jondo, and toque jondo of Andalusia -- that is, the deep or profound song, the true flamenco dance, and the playing of the gypsy guitar. Agujetas and Tibu and accompanist Roberto Reyes are masterful performers. Agujetas is a firece singer, his wife Tibu, a dancer of explosive strength.

Tibu's hands are unusually fluid, and the rippling of her arms, her manipulation of her shawl and skirt, and the slight sway of her hips reminds one of the Moorish and Indian background of flamenco. She is remarkably strong in the legs. It is probable that, as a female dancer, she would be considered aggressive, but she is graceful in a full-bodied way. She even dances the alegrías, a dance of pride and satisfaction, dressed in the costume of a male dancer -- black pants, bolero jacket. It should be noted that in most of the regional dances of Spain, women are indeed free to dance with the fullest expression of joy and vigor in movement."

ABOUT BROOK ZERN:

Manuel Amaya Cortés Heredia "El Morucho" is the youngest of that clan's eleven children. Born to a life of freedom, sleeping beneath the stars, he rapidly acquired great fame among his people for his prodigious mastery of flamenco song, as well as his brilliance on the guitar and his

phenomenal dancing. Yet deep within him, there lay an unquiet and questing soul which could not rest content.

"One day our caravan happened to pass through the suburbs," he recalls, "and I saw an advertising copywriter getting off the train with a briefcase in his hand. At that instant, I knew at last what I had always wanted to be.

"During the night, I stole away from the campfire and ran back to that same neighborhood. Of course, you can imagine the suspicion and mistrust with which I was greeted. After all, I knew nothing of the strange laws and secretive customs of these exotic people. I only knew that in my heart of hearts, this was where I truly belonged.

"I won't bore you with the details of my long struggle for acceptance -- those difficult days of rebuff and rejection. Many times I almost gave up, convinced that the quality I sought so desperately was something that these people carried in the blood, something which could never be fully apprehended by an outsider.

"But gradually I began to gain their respect, and finally their acceptance. And I'll never forget the day when, after undergoing the rite of interview, I actually became a copywriter myself! On that same day, they even gave me my own 'name' in their unique dialect: Brook Zern.

"All that was long ago, of course. But even today, as I sit at my desk from nine to five typing jingles and commercials, I stop to reflect upon my good fortune and the singular chain of events which brought me such fulfillment. And sometimes, I can't help wondering -- what would have become of me if I hadn't happened to see that commuter so long ago..."

WELCOME TO JALEISTAS -- NEW MEMBERS:

ARIZ: Gordon MacLean; CALIF: H. Frank Arroyo, Luis R. Fumat, Carlos Alonso, Brian Cottingham, Barbara Tan, Vicki Leon, Guy Wrinkle, Bianca Almanza, Bill Stuart, Earl Kenvin, Emilia Klap, Steve Warshell, Armando Dubon, Bernardo & Chela Gres, Don Edson "Antonio Rubio", John Quintela, Ron Rohlfes, Richard Udell, Halcyon, David Macias, Jim & Robyn Millovich; ILL: Felipe Lopez; MONTANA: Antonio Beltramo; MINN: Barbara Davis; NEW YORK: David Antonio, Frederick Arnold, Gloria McDonald, Peter Gallet, Lenard D. Kaminsky; OHIO: Robert Clark; RHODE ISLAND: Gabriel Najera; TEX: Bill Bennett; VIRGINIA: Harvey Liszt; WISC: Bob Albers, John Verhague, Robert Weisenberg, Guitar Shop Ltd.; LONDON, ENG: Gerald Hawson; GERMANY: Manolo Lohnes, 6 anonymous; QUEBEC, CANADA: Marco Medina; SEVILLA, SPAIN: Pedro Bacán



RAQUEL REYES WITH RAFAEL SANTILLANA



YURIS AND JESÚS SORIANO



YURIS ACCOMPANYING JESÚS AND JOSÉ ROLDÁN



BETTYNA BELÉN (RIGHT)

Photos From The Peña Jackson

Some scenes from one of the periodic fiestas initiated by San Diego's premier aficionado, Jack Jackson, in his home. We have no further information on this particular gathering, but it is obvious that they had a good time.

Photos by Jack Jackson

JUNE JUERGA

The last minute insertion of the juerga announcement last month provided neither time nor space for our usual "bio" on the host and hostess, so we will include a few lines here.

Emilia Thompson, one of the most enthusiastic jaleadoras at the juergas, is a Madrileña. Her bubbly vitality is contagious to those around her and she is a believer, as her compatriot, Jesús Soriano, put it, that, "It's

never time to go home..." (see "Punto de Vista Jaleo, March 1978). Besides adding her energy and vitality to every juerga, she plays a major role, as distribution manager, assuring that Jaleo reaches its many destinations throughout the world.

Donald Thompson, who lived and worked in Spain for fifteen years (until 1969), had many opportunities to observe flamenco firsthand; he enjoys flamenco, but not to the exclusion of other styles of dance, music, and theater.

LA JOYA DEL FLAMENCO EN LA JOLLA

by Alba Picksley

Nuestra última juerga del mes de Junio

tuvo lugar en la elegante residencia de Emilia y Donald Thompson en La Jolla. Fue realmente un éxito y en todo momento reinó la alegría y el espíritu flamenco.

La dueña de la casa, dueña también de la gran simpatía que todos le conocemos, ofició de anfitriona cordial y amable, por lo tanto se logró el clima ideal; en ningún momento decayó el ambiente y se lucieron en el tablado de la planta baja nuestros valores locales. Juanita Franco y Carolina con mucha gracia, mostraron su garbo renovado en el último viaje a "la meca del flamenco" Sevilla, que hicieron con motivo de la celebración de



"BAJO LA LUNA GITANA"

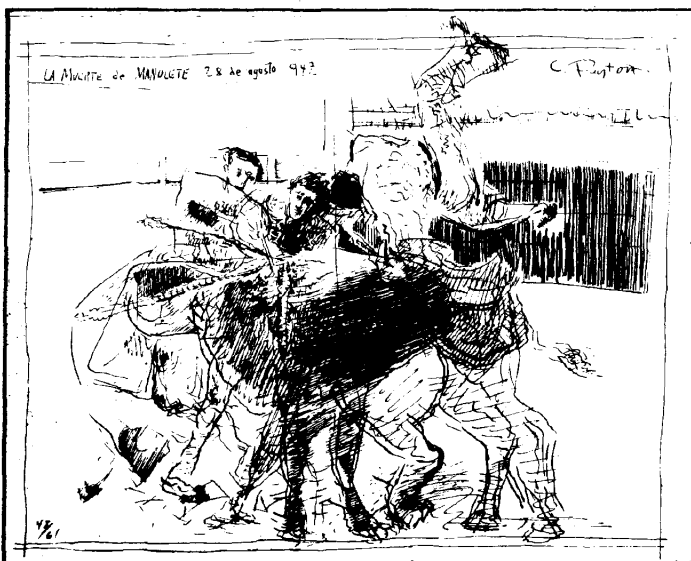
OWN A FINE ART PRINT AND CONTRIBUTE TO JALEO

Artist, Charlene Payton Gerheim, currently living in Avon Lake, Ohio, has donated to Jaleo ten each of three different works of art, all proceeds to go to Jaleo. These limited edition prints are numbered and signed and backed by the professional reputation of the artist, whose background includes a B.A degree in art, study with Salvador Aulestia in Barcelona, Spain, prizes in many art competitions, and a number of one-woman shows.

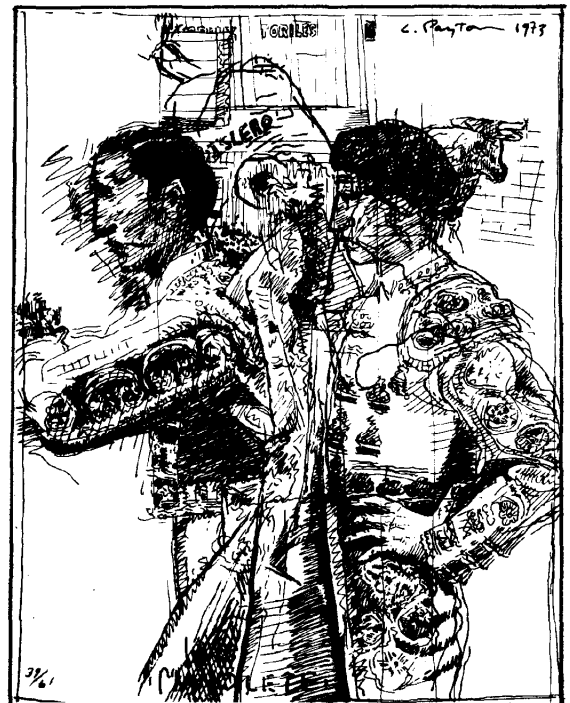
"Bajo la Luna Gitana" is a woodcut print which measures 12" X 26" and the price of \$125.00 includes the mat and mailing costs; this is a beautiful work for which our reproduction here does not do justice. The two Manolete bullfight prints are offset prints, 8½" X 11", and the price of \$15.00 does not include any form of mounting.

If you like to own beautiful art and would like to treat yourself and, at the same time, help Jaleo, this is your chance. Send a check or money order to:

Jaleo
P.O. Box 4706
San Diego, CA 92104



"LA MUERTE DE MANOLETE"



"MANOLETE"



SCENES FROM THE MAY JUERGA
PERFORMANCE BY CANTAORA PILAR "LA CANARIA,"
PACO SEVILLA, AND DANCER LUANA MORENO.

la Semana Santa y de la feria tradicional.

Lo mismo lo hizo Luana, monísima con su recientemente adquirido tono tostado, que *acentua su aspecto gitano*. También la querida Sra. Doña Julia, a quien no hay que invitar dos veces a que se luzca con sus sevillanas.

Deanna, bonita y elegante como de costumbre demostró su técnica creciente, lo mismo que Diego, siempre ligero y alado en sus movimientos. En cuanto a las guitarras, se destacaron como es habitual, *Paco fuerte y seguro* en su ejecución; Yuris, animado y sonriente acompañó por largo rato a los bailarines, impecablemente. Tuvimos el gusto de contar esa noche con la visita de Joe Kinney que en un rincón del primer piso acompañó el cante que interpretaron Charo y Juana de Alva muy animadas y elegantes las dos. Thor demostró su seriedad que le es característica en su ejecución y Elena sobre quien leyeron un artículo últimamente, continua perfeccionándose.

Dimos la bienvenida al nuevo valor de la guitarra, Herbert Goullabian, que nos deleitó con las rumbas de Paco de Lucía.

Otro cantaó siempre dispuesto fue Rafael que condimenta con gracia andaluza sus diversas especialidades, musicales y culinarias.

Echamos de menos a Benito y a su famosa rumba del " que no estaba muerto " que ha marcado un éxito acompañado por la rítmica guitarra de Jesús, en las últimas juergas.

Debemos destacar también toda la gente que asistió por su espíritu de alegría sana y auténtica. En fin que fue una verdadera fiesta andaluza, donde las perlas locales se lucieron ampliamente.

DESDE LOS DUEÑOS DE LA CASA

A todos los participantes de la juerga de Junio: os agradecemos de corazón los momen-

tos maravillosos que gozamos con nuestro arte, nuestros bailes, nuestra música y cantes que dieron a la fiesta un alegre y cordial ambiente flamenco.

-- Emilia y Donald Thompson --

THE JEWEL OF FLAMENCO IN LA JOLLA

by Alba Picksley

Our last month's juerga took place in the elegant home of Emilia and Donald Thompson of La Jolla. It was a total success, and the joy and spirit of flamenco reigned throughout the evening.

The lady of the house, who we all know for her great charm, officiated as a most cordial and friendly hostess, achieving an ideal mood; the mood did not falter even for a moment, and the downstairs "tabla" resounded with local talent. Juanita Franco and Carolina charmingly modeled their new costumes, acquired on their last trip to the "Mecca of flamenco" Sevilla, where they went to celebrate Semana Santa and the traditional feria. Luana also modeled her recently acquired tan which accentuates her gypsy appearance, and our beloved Julia Romero does not have to be invited to model her sevillanas.

Deanna, elegant and pretty as usual, displayed her growing technique, as did Diego, light and winged at her side.

Regarding the guitars, they were outstanding -- Paco strong and secure in execution, Yuris, animated and smiling as he accompanied the dancers impeccably for a long time. We had the pleasure that night of Joe Kenney's presence, and in a corner of the first floor, Thor, with his characteristic serious execution, and Tony accompanied the cante of Charo

and Juana, who were both elegant and animated. María Soleá, about whom we read an article recently, is continuing to perfect her style. We welcomed the addition of newcomer, Herb Goullabian, who delighted us with rumbas of Paco de Lucía.

Another cantaor who is always willing, was Rafael, who seasoned with Andalusian gracia, his diverse musical and culinary specialties.

We missed Benito and his famous rumba, "Que no estaba muerto," that has been such a success, accompanied by the rhythmic guitar of Jesús Soriano in recent juergas.

We should point out also all the people who attended, for their spirit of authentic joy. All in all it was a true Andalusian fiesta, where the local "perlas" shone fully.

FROM THE HOST AND HOSTESS

To all the participants of the June juerga:

We thank you from our hearts for the marvelous moments that we enjoyed with your art, your dances, your music and songs that gave to the fiesta a happy and friendly flamenco atmosphere.

-- Emilia and Donald Thompson

JULY JUERGA

This month's juerga will be held in the home of Deanna and Jesse Davis. Deanna has been dancing, acting, and modeling professionally since the age of fifteen. She is currently a member of the flamenco troupe "Fantasía Española" and membership secretary of Jaleistas. Jesse Davis, who just finished a three month engagement at the Hotel del Coronado, is a singer and song writer with several albums to his credit.

The Davis home is in Tierrasanta. Take Tierrasanta Blvd. east off of highway 15; then turn left (north) on Santos Rd., continuing almost to the end. Turn left again on El Comal and look for the juerga sign on your right. This is for members only. Guests are by special permission only (call Juana: 442-5362 or 444-3050).

DATE: JULY 21

PLACE: 10460 EL COMAL

TIME: 7:00 P.M. UNTIL ??

PHONE: 277-6141

WHO: MEMBERS ONLY

BRING: TAPAS (APPETIZERS) TO SHARE, FOLDING CHAIR, WARM WRAP (INDOOR-OUTDOOR AFFAIR). FRUIT PUNCH OR WINE WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR A SMALL DONATION, OR BRING YOUR OWN.

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A percentage of the income from the sale of these shirts goes to Jaleistas. They are available in Red-Yellow-Orange or Blue-Purple-Turquoise.

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Children's.....\$7.00

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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

JALEO CORRESPONDENTS

If you would like to assist Jaleo by acting as a correspondent for your city, please contact our P.O. Box number and let us know. We need to have an update at least every two months. Starting next month, correspondents

will be listed as staff members.

MADRID: Paca Villarroel and Brad Blanchard

NEW YORK: Roberto Reyes, La Vikinga

George Ryss, Loretta-Marie Celitan

WASHINGTON D.C. AREA: María Martorell,

Natellie Monteleone

MIAMI: Lezli "La Chiquitina"

DENVER: Candace Bevier

canada

EL CHATEAU MADRID, VANCOUVER, B.C. is presenting Fiesta Flamenca with Angel and Gabriel Monzón, singer José Luis Lara, and guitarists Enrique and David. Weekends only; 1277 Howe.

new york

CENTRO ESPANOL "LA NACIONAL" presents "Tablao Flamenco" with Estrella Morena and her group (3 girls and 1 male dancer); cantaor, Pepe de Málaga; guitarist, Pedro Cortés (hijo). Fri. & Sat. starting at 10:00 P.M., Sun. from 6:00-12:00 P.M. 239 W. 14th St. 929-7873.

LA VERBENA features Agujetas, dancer Tibu, and guitarist Diego Castellón in July. In August they plan to have Pepe de Málaga with a dancer and Diego Castellón. 569 Hudson St. 243-9439.

CHATEAU MADRID presents Paco Ortiz and his Company, including dancer Alicia and guitarist Pedro Cortés. Lexington Hotel; 14th & Lexington Hotel.

MESON FLAMENCO features singer Paco Montes, dancer La Tata, and guitarist Miguel Céspedes. Thurs. through Sunday. 207 W. 14th St.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Jerry LeRoy Studio:

Sebastian Castro (flamenco) 212-or9-3587

Estrella Morena (flamenco) 212-489-8649

Mariano Parra (escuela bolera and flamenco) 212-866-8520

Ballet Arts:

Mariquita Flores 212-255-4202

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

washington d.c. ...

EL BODEGON features dancer Ana Martínez and guitarist Carlos Ramos who just celebrated fifteen years of playing in this place. 1637 R St.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Mariquita Martorell 301-992-4792

ohio

COLONY RESTAURANT in Cleveland is featuring a local flamenco group plus visiting guitarist Victor Kolstee.

georgia

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Marta Cid (Atlanta) 404-993-3062

florida

EL CID presents cantaor Miguel Herrero with dancers Ernesto Hernández and La Chiquitina and guitarist Miguelito. One block from W. Flagler St. on Le Jeune Rd. N.W. Miami.

CENTRO ESPANOL RESTAURANT features Los Chavales de España with dancers Orlando Romero and Micaela. 3615 N.W. South River Dr. Miami.

EL BATURRO RESTAURANT: bailaora Carmen de Córdoba, cantaor/bailaor Cacharrito de Málaga and guitarist Manolo Vargas. 2322 N.W. 7th St. Miami.

DANCE INSTRUCTORS:

Luisita's Studio:

Luisita, Jose Molina, Roberto Lorca 576-4536

Conchita Espinosa Academy 642-0671

minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS

Guitar Instruction: Michael Hauser 333-8269

Dance Instruction: Suzanne Hauser 333- 8269

colorado

DENVER: RENE HEREDIA IN CONCERT at the Denver Art Museum on July 29. (matinee).

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Bill Regan "Guillermo" 333-0830

René Heredia 722-0054

washington

PABLO'S ESPECIAL (SEATTLE) features flamenco group "Zincali" with Gary Hayes as guitarist, dancer Eloisa Vasquez and guest artists. They will appear for three months starting in June Thurs-Sat. nights. 14 Roy St. Seattle.

ANSONINI RETURNS TO SEATTLE on Fri. July 13. Contact Allen Yonge for info. 206-525-8782

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Morca Academy of Creative Arts; classical ballet, jazz, classical Spanish and flamenco. 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, WA 98225 206-676-1864.

DANCE SEMINAR: special two week seminar in flamenco dance to be given Aug. 13-25 by Teo Morca. See ad, this issue.

california

CAFE DEL PASEO (Santa Barbara): Chuck "Carlos" Keyser plays guitar Sat. through Wed. from 11:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. nights from 7-10:00 P.M. he is playing at El Tapatío, 229 W. Montecito St. in Santa Barbara.

DON QUILXOTE Spanish and Mexican Restaurant presents guitarist Mariano Córdoba and dancer Pilar Sevilla on Fri. and Sat. eves. Four shows nightly beginning at 7:30. 206 El Paseo de Saratoga in SAN JOSE. 378-1545. No cover.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Paula Reyes (NEW MONTEREY) 375-6964

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Rick Willis (OAKLAND) 482-1765
 Mariano Córdoba (SUNNYVALE) 733-1115

san francisco...DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Adela Clara and Miguel Santos - Theater Flamenco: 415-431-6521
 Rosa Montoya - Dance Spectrum Center, 3221 22nd St. 415-824-5044
 Teresita Osta - Fine Arts Palace 415-567-7674
 Jose Ramon 415-755-3805

FLAMENCO GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Ricardo Peti 415-851-7467
 Mariano Córdoba 733-1765

los angeles...

EL CID offers Spanish tablao-style entertainment, currently Roberto Amaral, Rosal Ortega and Clark Allen, among others. 4212 Sunset Bl 213-666-9551

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Carmen Mora
 Ester Moreno 213-506-8231

san diego...

FANTASÍA ESPAÑOLA will present a half-hour segment in a variety show sponsored by the San Diego Dance Team, July 13 & 14 at the Community Concourse in College Grove Shopping Center. Adults \$3 & \$4, children, under 13 \$2 & \$3. For reservations, call: 787-5610

RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLET in Old Town features dancers: Rayna, Luana Moreno, Theresa Johnson, Bettyna Belén, Rochelle Sturgess, and Jeanne Zvetina. Guitarist is Yuris Zeltins. Sundays from 11:30-3:30 at Bazaar del Mundo.

INSTRUCTION:

Dance: Juana De Alva 442-5362
 Juanita Franco 481-6269
 María Teresa Gómez 453-5301
 Carmen Mora 442-5362
 Rayna 475-3425
 Julia Romero 279-7746
 Guitar: Joe Kinney 274-7386
 Paco Sevilla 282-2837

etc...

FOLKLORIC DANCES OF SPAIN: a special program in the performing arts for students minoring in dance will be offered by the State University of New York College at New Paltz in Sevilla Spain. Students may earn up to 12 units in dance and intensive language study in the one semester program. Offered Sept.-Dec. '79 or Jan.-April '80; the approximate cost is \$1860 which includes round trip airfare, room and board, and fees. Contact Dr. Louis Saraceno, Sevilla Academic-Year Programs, Office of International Education, HAB 503, State University of New York, New Paltz, N.Y. 12562

THE BLUE GUITAR in San Diego carries books by Donn Pohren, music by Mario Escudero and Sabicas, and a complete line of guitar supplies; strings ½ price. Flamenco guitar lessons by Paco Sevilla. See ad for location.

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

BACK ISSUES OF JALEO AVAILABLE: Vol 1 No. 1-6 are 50¢ each; all others, \$1.00 each.

EL ARTE DEL BAILE FLAMENCO is still available at a bargain price. A must for all aficionados (see Jaleo, May 1979). Send \$19.95 plus \$1.95 handling and ask for this book, item number 28345X. Publishers Central Bureau, 1 Champion Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07131

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 Permit 421

TIME VALUE

RETURN POSTAGE
 GUARANTEED