

الجزيرة

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JALEO



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Ansonini

Second Round

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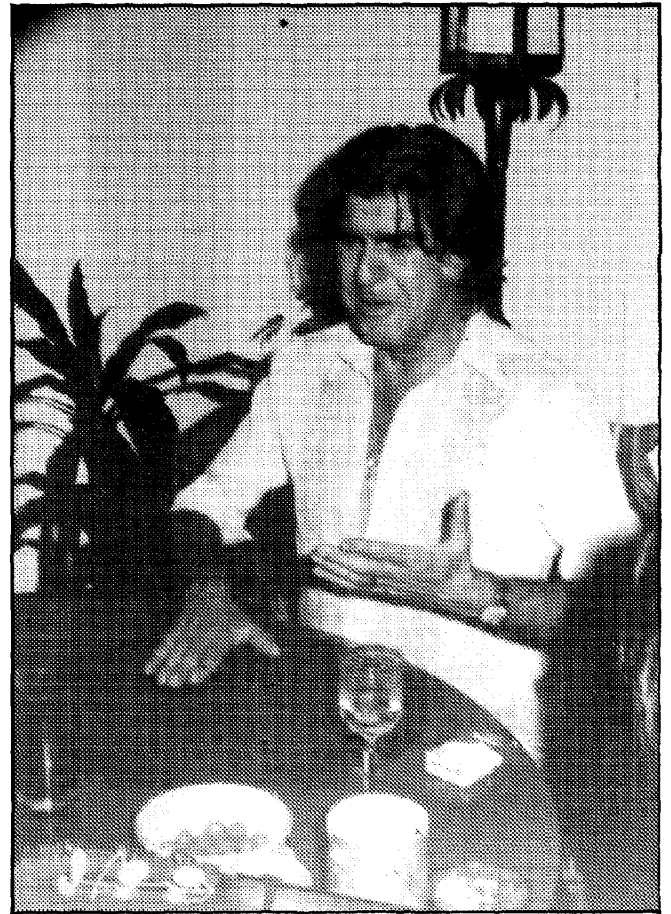
Recently I returned from a second trip to Seattle to visit with Ansonini del Puerto and Seattle aficionados. The experiences I passed through this time made me more than ever fully aware of a surface incongruity: the mixture of flamenco's art, coming from its original sources, with *afición* of foreign birth, *afición* created by the so-called "chance" exposure to flamenco that results from tourism and its promotion, from widespread distribution and sale of records, books, magazines, from travel "articles" (really advertisements) in newspapers.

It was Ansonini himself who brought this awareness so strongly to my consciousness. He did it by giving us his art, bringing it out from his own inner depths, always in a manner so appropriate to the occasion that we watcher-listeners became one with him, as artist-audience-art. Perhaps for the first time in my life, I understand artistic maturity. Ansonini has it. If you think of his presence, personal and artistic, as the master hand behind all the events I'm about to describe, if you imagine his artistic process as source of inspiration leading us to the soul of art, you may understand better what I'm trying to say here.

The incongruity I refer to results from a mixture of a performed art so rooted in life's experiences and outlooks as flamenco is with an audience which, no matter how devoted, has a life totally different from the life of flamenco's source. So I ask--why? how is it possible that the events I experienced this second time vibrated with harmony, in contrast to the chaotic, interfering, vibrations I felt the first time?

I can find only partial answers to these questions--but the first and most complete answer lies in Ansonini's artistic power, in his ability to share that power.

Ansonini couldn't have provided such harmony all by himself. The individual and group efforts of his accompanist, Gary



Hayes, his hosts, Jim Kuhn and Claudia Ross, his aficionado friends, and the others who attended the various events, contributed. The harmony was so intense that I spent four astounded days riding a giant wave of personal and artistic interchanges.

As you read the following account, I hope you can call on your own similar experiences as symbols to help you read between the lines, and so understand what I mean.

Pablo's E'special

This time I planned my trip ahead of time, but planning failed to diminish the excitement I felt, anticipating reunion with dear friends (the Yonges and Ansonini), reacquaintance with aficionados I'd met already, and meeting others. Allen and Penny and I went to Pablo's E'special (that *is* how Pablo's spells it), where we were rubber-stamped with a baby Bhudda, to prove we had paid the cover charge. (My stamp-mark took so long to come off that I thought I was tattooed for life. Finally Penny helped me out with cold cream--and I had thought soap and water should be sufficient!)

Gary Hayes was playing guitar solos as we
(continued on page 6)

PUNTO DE VISTA

by Jerry Lobdill

"Hey, man--- I mean wow!--- All right!-- Flamenco used to seem like this weird stuff from nowhere, y'know? But Jeez! These new guys really put it all in one sock! Rock 'n roll and disco must have really impressed these guys 'cause they're sure hip now! Listen to those jazzy chords-- and that rhythm, rumba-- man that could just be the next rage! All right!"

All right? Maybe so... but maybe not. I'm not so sure the world would be a better place if everyone rejected all the older values in favor of getting hip. I'm not even sure people know exactly what they mean by "hip". I am sure there are a lot of people who think old is bad, and new is good-- people who believe that progress means replacing the little home owned cafe (the one that stayed in business for 25 years by serving the best hamburgers in town) with 3 or 4 shiny, plastic McDonald's stores. I am sure of this because rock 'n roll, disco, and Muzak are everywhere and there are an incredible number of McDonald's, Kentucky Fried Chickens, Holiday Inns etc., etc. the world over. This couldn't be if there weren't a lot of people who prefer or mindlessly accept the bland uniformity common to all of these things.

But is the new really better?... and why do so many people think it is? It is better because it is the most efficient way for big business to transfer money from our pockets into theirs. People think it is better because they have been brainwashed by the Madison Avenue PR men hired to sell products to a mass market.

Folk music changes very slowly. It is music which has survived for generations because it says something basic, and people like to play it, sing it, dance to it, or just listen to it. Look at the hip music that is being pandered today. Do you believe that "Have You Never Been Mellow", sung by Olivia Newton-John will last for 400 or 500 years like "Greensleeves" has? It doesn't have to if it'll just sell today. Flamenco evolved slowly through the folk process, but now it is changing rapidly and becoming more acceptable, more "viable", as a product for mass marketing.

Before the era of instant communication a guitarist only had to make enough money to support himself and his family in a modest fashion. Now he also has to support

his manager, and if he records he has to have a wide enough appeal to support a share of the record company's PR department, sales organization, high paid executives, and make a profit for shareholders. The record company can't make any money on a flamenco guitarist who has only a limited number of falsetas to play. Each new LP must contain new stuff. To maximize profits it should all be original or, at least, public domain so that the company doesn't have to pay royalties to any third party.... The PR effort resulting directly from this economic fact of life has conditioned an entire generation of Americans to believe that any musician worthy of the name composes his own material.

Of course, flamenco guitarists usually refuse to play each other's music anyway, but great creators of flamenco music were always scarce and still are. Even the best of them can't produce enough really good new material to fill an LP every six months or every year, or whatever the contract requires. Two of the greatest, Niño Ricardo and Ramón Montoya, each made only one LP of solo guitar music to my knowledge. These great creators continued to play their best material all through their lives, (judging by their recordings with singers and dancers), adding slowly to their repertoires as their inspirations were tried out and refined or discarded.

This process is much too slow for commercial feasibility, and as we've said, you can't sell the same material over and over. So the process had to be altered. In addition, it would be efficient if the music could be made to sound more like "the kind of music the buying public understands". This would eliminate the need for new PR efforts to create a new market. Musical quality and cultural integrity may be nice but are entirely dispensable when gross sales are the bottom line.

Today there are many young, ambitious flamenco guitarists recording a blue streak whose music is, to a great extent, taken directly from the older, greater creators (some of whom are still active). The changes these newcomers make for the sake of originality are not musical improvements and do not disguise the original source. When new original material is presented it is frequently mediocre to poor and introduces clichés and chords foreign to flamenco but known to be sellers in the mass market.

It appears that the requirements of mass marketing are now the major factors influencing the evolution of flamenco. While the

Pepsi generation continues to frolic in the sun, ever youthful, receiving ideas and values subliminally from mass marketing propaganda, a unique culture is undergoing irreversible change. A way of life is dying. Something of value is passing away and being replaced by the lowest common denominator.

All right? Maybe so.... but not in my book!

The author is indebted to Paco Sevilla and Yuris Zeltins for their cogent observations on, around, and about this topic, received in a memorable visit to the fine city of San Diego in early August, 1979. However, the author has expressed herein entirely his own views.

* * *

JOE OR JOSÉ

by Paco Sevilla

I would like to make a case for the adoption of Spanish stage names by American flamenco artists. While many American artists do use Spanish professional names, others believe that it is a "phoney" thing to do and that those who have integrity stick with their given names. Thus we find well-known performers with names such as Ronald Radford, Bruce Patterson, Michael and Suzanne Hauser, David Jones, and Gary Hayes, to name a few who come immediately to mind. All of these artists have found some degree of professional artistic success while using non-Spanish names, but I believe they have very likely missed opportunities that would have been realized had they used a Spanish name. An appealing Spanish name might be a deciding factor in situations where a potential employer is undecided; it is likely to have an effect on the size of an audience and, even more important, will affect the critical evaluation by the audience. Roberto Reyes wrote in Jaleo (July 1978, p. 6), "When the day comes that we can introduce flamenco with the artists' real name, Joyce Roth, rather than the traditional Juanita Reyes, flamenco will have come a long way." That day is a long way off! John Smith has to prove himself on stage; José Montoya just has to avoid blowing it too badly. Even when an artist is secure in his work, the audience is subtly affected by his name. A performer attempts to create moods and evoke images; anything that destroys the illusion, that distracts from the art, whether it is an English name, inappropriate attire, scuffed shoes, a boil on the nose, whatever, any of these things

will be working against the effect the artist is after. And, did you ever perform in a cuadro and try yelling out, "Ole' Max" or "Eso es Mildred!"

Even American movie and television actors realize the value of an artistic name that is appealing, easily pronounced and likely to be remembered; many of them adopt new names. The same is true of artists in Spain. Many Spanish flamenco artists, even when they already have a perfectly good Spanish name, adopt a professional name. For example, who are these people: Antonio Fernández Díaz, Luis Pérez Cardoso, Agustín Castellón, Diego Amaya Flores, Juan Peña, José Nuñez Meléndez, Antonio Ortega, Manuel Soto Loreto, Fernando Fernández, Antonio Cruz García, Micaela Flores Amaya, Encarnación López, Manuel Serrapi, Víctor Monje, and Francisco Gómez Sánchez? They are of course: Fosforito, Luis de Córdoba Sabicas, Diego del Gastor, El Lebrijano, Pepe el de la Matrona, Juan Breva, Manuel Torre, Terremoto de Jerez, Antonio Mairena, La Chunga, La Argentinita, Niño Ricardo, Serranito, and Paco de Lucía. Some of these names are childhood nicknames, others are taken from the place of birth, and others seem to be pure fabrication. The important point is that all of these artists realized the importance of a good professional name; they weren't all lucky enough to be born Carmen Amaya, Carlos Montoya or Curro Heredia, and even if they were, their given names might be too common in Spanish.

All of the conditions that hold true for Spanish flamenco artists and American movie stars also are true for aspiring American flamenco artists. Changing your name can smooth some of the bumps in the road. Be aware of the hazards though. If the name is not legally changed, but used only as a stage name, there will be difficulties with check cashing, social security, income tax, etc. So, either make it legal or be prepared to reveal your legal name to anybody who writes you a check.

I think it pays to use care in selecting a name. The more personal you can make it, the more comfortable you will be with it. First, try the Spanish forms of your name; most names will have a useful Spanish translation and sometimes a whole name can be arrived at that way -- John Martin becomes Juan Martin without much adjustment. If you can't find a good last name, try searching your family tree for a Spanish name. Still no luck! Then be patient and go to Spain where you might acquire a nickname (Spaniards are good at labeling people with nicknames) and become "El Rubio" or "El Chipi". Avoid getting

stuck with names like "La Inglesa" or "La Californiana" -- they are self defeating.

Once you have a name, all that remains is to get your family and friends to stop yelling out from the audience such things as, "Hey Orville, play that real fast one!"



(ANSONINI; continued from page 3)

came in. I hadn't heard him play solos before. His face was serious--almost deadpan. His guitar was amplified. I'm sure this was entirely proper under the circumstances--for Gary was providing background-foreground music in a tablao atmosphere. The drinking, chomping audience was supposed to be able to hear over its own chatter. Pablo's serious listeners are supposed to have ears tuned to speakers, not to the guitar's finer tones.

But at the time, I wasn't thinking of all this (though I noticed it subconsciously). I attended to Gary's playing. It was good. But with such amplification, you couldn't really hear.

We joined Ken Bostard, Sara, and Angel Juárez. I hadn't met any of these people before. Sara is a friend of Gary's, Ken is a craftsman and builder of musical instruments among other fine things, and Angel works for B.C. Ferries, as a captain or first mate, I'm not sure which.

Before long, we watched a very attractive, superbly balanced dancer, Eloísa Vasquez (that's how she spells it), in sevillanas, alegrías, soleares, tangos, and several other dances. Gary accompanied, as always, beautifully.

Jaleo readers may be familiar with my slow reactions to the baile (dance). I have an ingrained preference for the cante--but good baile captures me. And Eloísa is good.

One notices first that she has trained her body to respond, always in perfect balance, to every demand she makes on it. She has spent countless hours studying each motion, each position she takes, compás, footwork, hand motions, costumes and their visual effects. She knows, to the finest detail, how each tiny aspect of her dance looks to the watching public. She is clearly aware of her beautiful proportions, and her dance enhances them.

Afterwards I remarked to Allen that for once I wasn't bored watching footwork. He replied that he finds footwork boring by nature. Responding, I remembered that one aspect of Eloísa's footwork did bore me--her series of quickly repeated steps, all alike, of the kind my old friend Joe Trotter used

to call "a herd of a thousand horses."

Allen knows the dance by personal experience (much better than I do, though I've taken various series of lessons). He has a very good eye for exactly what is going on. My eye, less trained, still noticed that the "thousand horses" steps set Eloísa's body shaking and jiggling--so that the watcher feels as if his eyes are out of focus! To me, this kind of dancing distinguishes nothing, proves nothing. (It does cause the dancer to breathe fast from the physical effort--just as running a treadmill would.) But--Commercial Lesson Number One: it draws audience response. (Eloísa doesn't need it, though--she can get it with art.)

After the set was over, I talked very briefly with Eloísa. She is from San Francisco, and is doing a three-month engagement at Pablo's, with Gary.

Ansonini came in with his friends Jim, Claudia, and Pat. They greeted us and then stood at the bar, behind the crowd, to watch the next set. I was very curious. What would Ansonini think of Eloísa's dancing?

Judging by his *jaleo*, he liked it. I watched and listened with delight. Eloísa might be a modern American Greek goddess, so perfect is every motion of hers, every beat in place, every instant in balance. This perfection is cool, like marble. But Ansonini's voice, coming from the back, "alá," "bien," "quiero," "viva tu mare," its rough sound contrasting with Eloísa's smoothness, his Gypsy aire with her American polish, gave me shivers. This was incongruity meshed into art, accompanied by Gary, who was watching closely. Did Eloísa react? Yes--a smile here, turned-in, to herself, bringing her watchers suddenly to the inside of her dance, though her dance remained unchanged.

Later, at home, Allen and Penny and I stayed up till all hours again. This time our discussion became intense, serious, philosophical and artistic in content. We talked of the cante, the baile, the evening's performance, of aficionados and artists--until we were stupified with exhaustion, until only sleep could restore coherence.

Angel Juárez gives a lesson

The next morning I woke to the sound of the doorbell. I stretched, felt lazy. Eleven o'clock. I lay in bed and heard voices. Allen, and Angel. I got out of bed and dressed rapidly, grabbed my toothbrush, and went out. Ken was there too; Penny had

gone to work earlier. Two six-packs of Lowenbrau sat on the table. I sat down and listened while Allen drew Angel out on the subject of flamenco. Angel mentioned guitar music, saying he found the toque inspiring when he wanted to sing. My ears perked up. I was eager to hear Angel sing.

It seemed to me very early in the conversation (not to mention in the morning) to bring a guitar out. But I had brought mine this time, and grown my fingernails back. And I sensed Angel was eager to sing. So, taking the risk, I brought my guitar out. A silence fell--the kind that suggests a singer is ready. I began to play por bulería. (This is a good bet for encouraging a singer to begin, but very bad for an out-of-practice guitarist--still, I held the compás, with some trace of aire.)

Sure enough, Angel sang. He sounded somewhat tentative, as my playing must have sounded. This was a two-way try-out.

As the morning drew on, Allen's friend Dave Tameron joined us. Ken and Dave and I kept passing the guitar around, and Angel kept singing. At first I was impressed with his knowledge and its variety; then I became especially pleased with his flexibility and generosity--for he made the morning into an accompaniment lesson.

No matter what anyone played, Angel could sing it. He sang lots of bulerías and soleares, some bamberas, peteneras, guajiras and tangos, rumbas, and siguiriyas. His style reminded me of Camarón.

When the others were accompanying, I watched both them and Angel. Dave had a particular facility for catching on--but then, he hadn't been drinking steadily since the night before. Ken, though well under, and perhaps a bit sleepy, also did well.

None of the music we produced between us was great art--for a singer needs the best accompaniment to produce it. But all of us had a good time--so that hours later, Angel remarked that he had missed his bus. We phoned for information, and he caught the next one. Suddenly Allen and I were alone, with the vision of Angel's departing desplante por bulería.

Fiesta: Ansonini and Gary

We arrived at a rented art gallery with bare, white walls. Some people were already there, preparing genially with wine and tapas. The room appeared cold--but the ambiente was warm. I noticed that people were talking to each other--even introducing

themselves to each other--and I began to hope the atmosphere would be better than it was the last time.

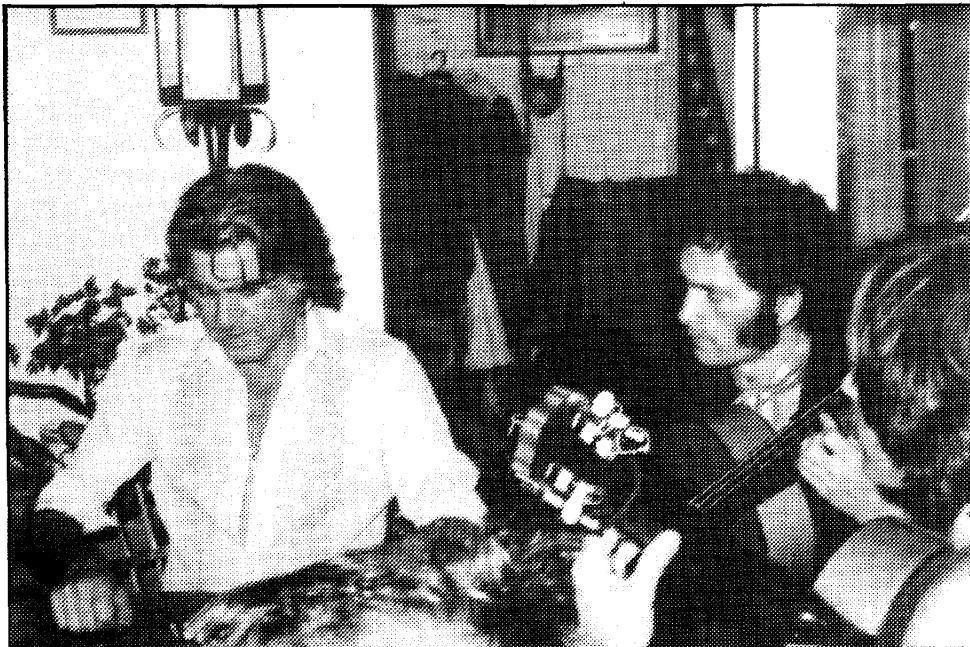
Chairs were set up in a semicircle, a bit far from the table, but this was a vast improvement over last time, when chairs were all askew, and audience sat themselves hither and thither, so that only a few would have a chance of really listening. (And last time, the people who spent the night talking in the kitchen didn't help.)

I recognized people I had met before, Tatsuki and Lenore Kobayashi with a friend of theirs, and Bruce Stock, who introduced me to his wife Carole. Gradually I met some others, including Francisco Pérez Peña (a Seattle lawyer), María Christiansen, Rowena Jones and Dale Juárez, from Vancouver. I had a long chat with María and Rowena, enjoying their enthusiasm. María, a dancer originally from Lima (Peru), was especially anticipating this chance to see Ansonini perform. Dave Tameron came in with his friend Beth. A friend of the Morca's, Michael, another aficionado, Tom Ardayaney, Ansonini's friends Pat and Cristina--the audience was growing. I didn't meet everyone who came, but the circle of chairs, the friendliness, the attentive excitement, unified the waiting audience. I was glad that Jim and Claudia, who had again worked so hard to prepare, would probably be rewarded for their efforts--and so would we!

Ansonini and Gary prepared to begin. The listeners sat down, and a respectful hush fell over the group, broken by an occasional joyful and amusing remark.

Ansonini began por bulería, knocking on his "tabla" (large wooden plate), and singing in his unique style. Gary's accompaniment, well-measured, unobtrusive, was the perfect support. Beside me I heard María gasp almost silently. She had never heard the cante in person, I understood--certainly not from such an artist. Later she told me the knocking inspired her immensely. She followed the intricate patterns easily--but





ANSONINI, GARY HAYES, & JIM KUHN

she had never seen anything like it. As always, her great joy in Ansonini's art reflected back on me, increasing my own enjoyment.

Allen and I leaned forward in our chairs. That expanse of floor was too large. We were both physically and emotionally too far away from Ansonini. The expanse of floor didn't belong there, and we couldn't hear the letras clearly. I had tried to reach Jim on this subject, but failed. But, under way, we couldn't interrupt.

At the break, Allen told Jim we couldn't hear the letras, and together, they pulled the chairs in close. Maybe a yard of floor remained--a breathing-space for Ansonini, an "aire-space" for us. As we got under way again, it was perfect. But we were still leaning to Ansonini in our chairs. He was on top of his art that night. So was Gary--so much so that he was almost unnoticeable. You had to attend to his accompaniment with great care in order to notice it. Ansonini's cante was majestic, and filled every space in my being.

The night was a lesson in the cante--and Ansonini even remarked on it. He told us he was a *gusto*. He didn't need to say so, it was obvious--but it was still nice that he made an open statement, acknowledging, in words, what we were all feeling.

Ansonini continued, singing bulerías and soleares. After another break, he was ready to expand. Warming up with more bulerías, he went on to announce he was going to sing the siguiriyas of his mother. I looked around. Where were Paco Mitchell and Bob

Clifton, the Port Townsend people I had met at the last fiesta? I knew that both were expected, and would hate to miss this. Were they not coming?

Ansonini was ready to begin. Gary lifted his hand to play--and the door opened. Again loud greetings: "Paco!" "Bob!" I could sense a jolt in the atmosphere as the group's attention was so suddenly diverted. Paco and Bob came in with their wives, Jane and Linda. They had been delayed with ferry problems.

Such a jolt would wreck many a fiesta--but this ambiente was so strong it withstood the shock. We refilled wine glasses and chatted. Some time later, Ansonini was ready again, and we were ready to listen. Another warm-up por bulería, more letras, more joy--and then the expectancy held us, a group, attentive. The serious cante was before us.

Ansonini sang the siguiriyas of his mother. I don't know when I've heard him sing so exquisitely, so clearly, with such mastery and such soul. "Classically" trained ears find the cante rough, raw, grating. Here no description could apply, for adjectives become irrelevant. Verbs work better: Ansonini shared; we received. Art transferred in a moment of time.

The siguiriyas brought the fiesta around a corner; Ansonini extended himself. He sang and sang.

Four tarantas in a row, from La Union and Linares. Ansonini was a little boy who didn't want to work in the mine. His mother wanted him to. His father took him to work



in the mine. His father was killed in the mine--why should *he* work in the mine? He wanted to play--outside, in the sun and fresh air.

He sang sevillanas. And tangos del Piyayo, setting first the letras I've heard Antonio Mairena sing--and then others I've heard por bulería. He sang more bulerías, improvising letras to his woman, and the group became caught up in passion. This night was indeed a lesson in the cante and in unity created by artistic process.

Some of the listeners were new to flamenco, others seasoned aficionados. How could such art flow from the singer in the presence of newcomers? How could this happen in Seattle, among Americans, Canadians, Cubans?

This happened because Ansonini gave and was received, because Ansonini's sixty-three years encompass a full life-knowledge and an art that grows from that knowledge, because Gary accompanied with knowledge and willingness, because the *afición* present was embodied in the lives of the listeners and the listeners were a unit, because Ansonini unified all beings there with the maturity of his art.

This night of fiesta was so powerful for me that its art seemed to spread back in time and affect the events of my life.

Work session

The next afternoon Paco and Bob came over to visit Allen and me, while Penny was courting culture shock by attending *The Mikado*. Bob pulled out his copy of the June *Jaleo*, pointed to the *soleá* example, and began to

ask questions. Paco played, and I illustrated a version resembling the printed example; Bob followed with the same letra and a different phrasing.

We began to experiment with different phrase placements, and then different letras. Bob accompanied a *cambio* (contrasting melody), and Paco asked questions, and then took over the accompaniment again, working with the accompanist's ever-present problem of anticipating what the singer is about to do, using as clues what he has just done.

When Bob sang, he sat crunched up, turning his consciousness inwards, pulling the song out. I thought of Joselero, and how he had taught me to sing out, whether I could sing or not. I wondered if I should say something.



The four of us were comfortable with each other, relaxed, and having a good time. I remembered Joselero's classes--and suggested to Bob that he stand up, breathe deeply, and pronounce each syllable clearly. Bob did exactly that, and the rest of us listened, astonished. Bob was singing with as much power in the cante as I have heard any foreigner attain. He would pass muster anywhere as a serious student of the cante--he was illustrating effectively. The contrast with his previous effort was immense. Until that moment, I had understood Joselero's lessons only as his student--now, I saw their effect, second-hand, in someone else--and I understood how accurately he perceived student needs.

We got into a discussion of letras, and Paco asked if I knew an *Agujetas* letra por

soleá that begins "ay, la noche, la medianoche." I'd never heard it. Paco said he understood all of it except the second line. Allen put the record on, and we all listened attentively. The second line sounded something like "júngala m'echó (something) requiebro." I tried Allen's caló dictionary, with no results. We had to give up for the moment. Then Paco made a remark about understanding letras. "I can hear them perfectly," he said, "when I'm washing dishes."

"Well, there you are," I said, "it's scientific proof." I have made notes, more than once, about this effect. When I can't understand a letra by any other means, I put the record on and wash the dishes while listening. If I have any chance of ever understanding the words, that's the only way! (But I seldom wash dishes during a fiesta, so I'm afraid I don't always understand all the letras.)

Pablo's again

That night Allen and Penny and I went to Pablo's E'special once again. Ansonini was going to perform. I had considered staying home and catching up on sleep--I was afraid that after the previous night's fiesta, any performance would be a let-down. But at the last moment, I couldn't resist going. I had said goodbye to Ansonini earlier that day, but he wasn't surprised to see me. I think he knew me better than I knew myself!

When we arrived, Gary was playing solos again. We had trouble finding a place to sit, and Allen ended up too close to a speaker. Finally we got shifted around, and were reasonably comfortable.

Eloísa came out to dance. I asked Allen to watch to see if she did exactly the same routines as two nights before. (Here I should say that I'm comparing Eloísa with the best theatrical dancers I've ever seen, including Antonio. Also, she is a tablao dancer, who must please an audience, but I judge her as an artist.)

Again Eloísa impressed me with her absolute control and the depth of her body-knowledge. As I watched, though, I could tell for myself she was repeating dances she had done the other night. This time I paid special attention to her hands, noticing again a slightly Balinese effect she put in, using finger-wiggles. Her face, at times, was almost mask-like. I began to feel her facial expression was protection against too much familiarity from the audience.

Later she came out in traje corto

(dressed as a man). The other night she had worn only dresses; my interest was aroused. She danced por alegría; her traje fitted to perfection, black against a white blouse. She impressed me all over again. Dressed in masculine style, her dance expressed a power we attribute to males--but she remained entirely feminine. This woman, I said to myself, is an artist, without question. Her gestures drew out the essence of female power released in action. I sent her a silent tribute. Ansonini sent her his vocal jaleo, and again she smiled, but concentrated on her dance.

By this time Bob and Paco had joined us. During a break, Paco told me he had figured out the missing letra line. He whispered it to me: "un galán (m)echó un requiebro." I didn't ask whose dishes he had washed. Here is the letra:

ay, la noche, la medianoche
un galán (m)echó un requiebro
creyendo que era una dama
y era un gato blanco y negro
que estaba en una ventana.

At night, midnight,
A handsome young man threw a compliment
thinking it was a woman.
And it was a white and black cat
in a window.

I was sorry that I would never learn the meaning of that strange caló word "júngala."

Culmination

Gary asked Allen if he would introduce Ansonini. Allen was silent for a moment, then said he would. By that time Pablo's was fairly full, and Eloísa's dance had really warmed the audience.

I remember a few details from Allen's introduction (which he gave on the spur of the moment). Allen remarked that the audience had seen two of flamenco's elements the toque and the baile (he translated: the guitar music and the dance). Flamenco, he said, has a third element: the cante. (He didn't translate.) Ansonini, he added, knew the cante of Los Puertos, of Jerez, of Morón --of all around. Ansonini, a Gypsy gentleman, a fine artist, was about to introduce the audience to his art. (Allen added a very tactful request that the audience attend to the cante in silence.)

Penny and I exchanged glances. It was Penny who noticed *why* Allen hadn't trans-

lated the word "cante." He avoided setting up any special expectations in the audience.

Ansonini sat down with his tabla and spoke briefly to Gary. They began por bulería, and Ansonini knocked on the tabla. The audience was immediately taken. But I wondered how it would react to the roughness of the cante.

In a moment I forgot to wonder; I was too busy listening and watching, as Ansonini, again, drew me into his art. Tonight he was different, more flamboyant--on the surface. Underneath, nothing was changed. This was Ansonini, his uniqueness in style, his all-encompassing expression, his givingness, spurting from flamenco's fountain. He sang, knocked, and danced, Gary accompanying throughout, as willing, as unobtrusive, as the night before.

Ansonini asked that the microphone be removed, and continued, his cante filling the room. The jabbering noise of people coming in from outside died down, and flamenco took over. This night club, this tablao, became a unity to rival that of the night before. When I realized what Ansonini had done in this public place in America, I marveled at the extensiveness of his artistic powers. If the audience had been casual before, it was no longer casual. This was a lesson, not in cante, but in art.

Afterthoughts

When I was a young student of fine arts, the sculptor Henry Moore lectured to us. I hadn't yet learned to look for spaces, and I asked him how you could tell when an artist was sincere. "I don't know how to put it into words," he said, "but you can tell. You can always tell." I believed him, but I didn't understand him.

Now I understand him, but I don't know how to put it into words. The nearest I can get is to say that no matter how different the life-source of art may be from one culture to another, people are all members of the human species, and humanity, a unit, must share something. An art that draws on profound human experience speaks to more than one culture. Perhaps this is why flamenco's art leaps across the boundaries that separate human beings--when performed from the depths of the artist's being. I am still in awe of this recent exchange of human experience.

As I got ready to write this article, I felt that I might best do it by writing Ansonini a letter to thank him. And suddenly the idea frightened me. I would have

to write in Spanish, I thought, and it's even hard for me to say in English. Besides, Ansonini wouldn't understand. What does he know of my life? Practically nothing, outside of my afición.

And then I tried putting the shoe on the other foot. What do I know of Ansonini's life? Practically nothing, outside of his art.

So how could we possibly understand anything of each other?

Perhaps we don't--except for those common bonds of humanity, and their projection into the artistic form that suits the performer and his audience.

Envoy to Jaleo

This is a real, individual, personal view of my experiences. I had them in the presence of numbers of people, some very well-versed aficionados, some artists in other fields, some newcomers to flamenco. I have only one brain, one pair of eyes, one pair of ears. My reality may be very different from another's. I believe no one would dispute that we witnessed mature art which drew on life's profundities for its vitality. But anyone could observe in some fashion different from mine. I'm sure that everyone's experience would be expressible in different terms.

If anyone who was there feels like presenting his own view, I believe it would be of great service to *Jaleo* and its readers. And for me, it would give me another art lesson--if the writer is sincere!

Manuel Torre

Christof Jung

(Editor's note: This article originally appeared in the German publication, Flamenco, and then was translated into Spanish to appear in the original Spanish Flamenco. The editor of the German Flamenco has given us permission to reprint articles, although this article is translated from the Spanish version and we hope it retains some resemblance to the original after having passed through another language.)

In the history of flamenco, Manuel Torre occupies an exceptional place, not only as the greatest singer of the siguriya gitana, but also as the prototype of the gitano andaluz.

Tall and strong in stature, gypsy on all sides, almost always with a white silk scarf around his neck, he had an arrogance and a gypsy eccentricity, but when he sang, he moved people with the tragic expression of his "sonidos negros" (dark sounds) and the violent passion of his cante jondo.

Manuel Soto Loreto was born December 5, 1878, in Jerez, in the gypsy barrio of San Miguel at 22 Álamo Street, in the place where in 1959 the Mayor of the city ordered the placing of a commemorative plaque. From his father, Juan Soto Montero, who was also a great cantaor, he inherited his great height which had already earned his father the nickname of "Torre". Like his family, Manuel had worked first in the country, on the cattle ranches and vineyards of Jerez, and there, after work, as well as in the small tavern "Vera Cruz" in his home town, began his first artistic efforts as a cantaor.

The great "maestros" in his youth were Diego el Marrurro, El Loco Mateo, El Nitri, Paco La Luz, El Viejo de la Isla, Enrique el Mellizo, and his uncle Joaquín La Cherna. He was inspired in the various styles of the cante and copied mainly the difficult siguiriyas of El Nitri and Manuel Molina.

As a youth, Manuel used to go to Sevilla, where they called him "El Niño de Jerez" and he would sing in the cafes cantantes of his time, preferably in "Novedades." There, he seems to have caused a certain amount of disturbance by his revolutionary style of singing (many, among others, Antonio Mairena, affirm that Torre was the first to sing directly from the lungs, a style of singing that is called "voz natural"), along with his provoking of quarrels. Both of these things earned him friends and admirers, but also enemies.

In Sevilla, Manuel, now called Manuel Torre, married Antonita Vargas "La Gamba", one of the greatest flamenco bailaoras of her time. With her, he had two children, Juan and Tomás, of which only Tomás is still living and has recently recorded some of the cantes of his father for the record anthology "Archivo del Cante Flamenco."

Manuel Torre popularized the farruca, tangos, and fandangos grandes, but his favorite cante was the siguiriya gitana, of which he commanded a large repertoire in many styles and thereby entered into the history of flamenco as its best interpreter.

Que desgracia terelo
mare en el andar
como los pasos que p'alante daba
se me van atrás.

A clavo y canela
me hueles tu a mí;
er que no hueela a clavo y canela
no sabe istinguí.

Pobresita mi mare,
me la quito' dió.
Si cien años viviera en er mundo
tendré ese doló.

Era un día señelao
de Santiago y Santa Ana;
yo le rogué a Dió
que l'aliviera las duquelas a mi mare
de mi corazón.

Torre was frequently reproached for his specialization in the siguiriya and also because he was inconsistent as a cantaor, but he rejected these criticisms because he was a maestro in all of the cantes grandes and his inconsistency was due to his not having the security and regularity of some professional cantaores and knowing that he had to be careful with his "duende". When his moment arrived and the cante had ripened inside of him, he sang the cante jondo with his "voz negra" (dark voice), giving it an intensity that nobody else has achieved.

In this respect it is of interest to cite the description given by the Irish investigator of the gypsy people, Walter Starkie, who was in contact with Manuel Torre in the 20's. Starkie wrote in the book, In Sara's Tents (Munich 1957):

"He (Torre) used to delay his appearance on stage hour after hour. We would fill his glass again and again, and listen to him without contradicting him when he would compare, in a bragging tone, his fighting cocks with those of his Sevillian friends. A tall nervous man, with sparkling eyes in his bronze face, our great artist would remain insensible and impassible, like a priest in his oracle, to any of our attempts to get him to sing. With a white curl in his blue-black hair and the face of a priest in his temple, he had something vampire-like in his expression. Since he considered the fandanguillos to be modern and degraded, we would throw out hints, saying 'You are fond of the fandanguillos, isn't that true, Maestro?' to which he would answer, 'Eso pa mí está en Inglé (For me they are in English)'. When, finally, morning arrived and we wanted to go home, we would hear the rhythmic tapping of his cane, observe the drops of sweat on Manuel's forehead, and see how the bronze color of his face would deepen, as if a demon were burning beneath his skin. And then out came the cante grande, as those who know call the cante 'maestro'.

In amazement, we would listen to that siguiriya that expressed something more than just the usual melancholy. An infinite pessimism, a dark feeling that surrounds human life, filled his cante."

Torre passed the last days of his life in the poor house on Amapola Street. He, who had harvested the greatest triumphs in innumerable juergas, admired by Lorca and Falla; he, who had earned much money and squandered it in his passion for greyhounds and fighting roosters, died poor, sick, and almost forgotten, attended and cared for by some friends at the age of only 54, on July 22, 1933, in Sevilla. In past days he had sung prophetically in a siguiriya:

Son tan grandes mis penas
que no caben más
yo muero loco, sin caló de nadie
en el hospité.

My suffering is so great
that there is room for no more.
I die, insane, without the warmth of anyone
in the hospital.

Antonio Mairena, who knew him as a youth, admired him and carries the strong stamp of Torre in his cante, said, "Manuel Torre left a void in the gypsy art that nobody has been able to fill."

Poesía by María José Jarvis

María José Jarvis, a native of Málaga, is a very "flamenca" member of Jaleistas in San Diego. She thinks in poetry, a poetry that springs from the heart in traditional flamenco fashion. Recently, she has been creating flamenco letras and has written some beautiful ones for fandangos and fandangos de Huelva. Here are some poems dealing with her experiences with flamenco in San Diego.

Apologies to those who do not read Spanish, but these poems lose so much in translation that we have decided not to print them in English.

JALEO

Les voy a contar señores
lo que me pasó en San Diego
A encontrarme a un Jaleista,
me dijo con gran salero.....

"¿Tu no vienes al Jaleo,
a la Juerga de San Diego?"
Y yo, muy asustadita,
le dije con mucho miedo.....

"¡No me diga que en San Diego
se armó la revolución!

Habían entrado los Rusos
habían entrado la Legión?"

Pero al explicarme bien
me contestó con los pie.
Y dando unos taconeos
me dijo lo que eso es.....

La juerga de la que hablo
aquí se hace cada mes;
se juntan cuatro guitarras
con cuatro hombres de pie.....

Y sale cada bailarina,
con un estilo calé,
bailando por sevillana
como lo manda undibé.

Nunca pude imaginar
econtrarme Andalucía,
en tierras Americanas
bailando por bulerías.

Así les cuento señores
la experiencia que me dió,
desde que voy al Jaleo.....
la rumba la bailo yo!

LA FIESTA

Ayer estuve en La Juerga
y vine muy cansadita,
de lo mucho que bailé
junto con los Jaleistas.

Que gente, que distinción
que maravilla de fiesta,
que vestido de volante
luzen todas las flamencas.

Todos juntos cooperaron
incluyendo a los señores,
con unos chatos de vino
de su boca se oye un olé.

Olé las mujeres guapas
que frecuentan nuestra Juerga,
piropéa Santillana
en su fandango de Huelva.

Y se escuchan las guitarras
tocando por alegría,
siguen pasando la noche
hasta las claras del día.

Aunque cansada me encuentro
de tanto como bailé,
espero con ansias locas
volver al Jaleo otra vez.

Cristina Hoyos



(From Alerta, Santander, March 1, 1979; sent and translated by Rosala) by Antonio Martínez

Artistic expressions that arise from the people aren't only aesthetically beautiful, but are admired for the vitality they demonstrate, which is to say, they reflect the eternal dicotomy of life that is perhaps more evident in the dispossessed classes where sadness and happiness are intermixed, where silence and noise are definitive, where crying and smiling are all the same thing -- all of these express the feeling of being alive.

Cristina Hoyos began with flamenco in a search for economic escape, a better future: "I'm from a poor class. I'm from Sevilla and all of Andalucía is poor. My mother noticed my potential and, by sacrificing, helped me to dance. To be a dancer is one of the better opportunities offered here. It is a way of becoming something more."

--Does Andalucía really influence?

"In a way it does influence since there is dancing going on all the time. But when you aspire to something greater, when you want to perfect yourself, the region no longer is a great influence; it is the desire and will of the individual that determines success or failure."

--What is necessary to become a great dancer?

"In Andalucía we say that you have to have 'duende'. Everyone can dance, but to really dance well, you must feel and live it. It is

something special. There are things that don't have an explanation. It is a complicated feeling where it is possible to mix work, personality, technique, thinking and a magnetism with regard to the audience."

--Why does the majority of flamenco artists come from the poor class?

"Because of what I said before, flamenco is a way of being able to live better. It is a necessity and, if I don't do it well, I have no alternative but to exert myself more and become better, because one must live. People who do not have this necessity give up when the sacrifice becomes too great. Flamenco is an expression of the people, and those who dance are of the lower classes; that is why it involves not only happiness, but also sadness. It is the reflection of oppression and suffering of an enslaved people."

--Where did you begin to dance?

"When I was a little girl, I participated for a long time in a children's program 'Galas Juveniles' in Sevilla. I learned a lot and it helped me get an idea of the theater -- expression with the body, walking in silence, etc. When I was sixteen I was able to obtain a 'carnet' (permit to work) and I began to work in the flamenco tablaos; I have always been attracted to the guitar. For we who have nothing, the work is always very hard.

--And later?

"I starved. Perhaps not starved, but I was deprived. Besides, I wasn't very pretty and when I arrived with my hair in a bun and skinny, nobody would hire me. I knew I danced better than those who were working there, but they wouldn't give me work. Finally I found something, earning 20 duros (c. \$1.75) a night, although I had to buy my flowers, my dress, everything. And if I wanted to learn something, I had to pay for my classes. Everything was very difficult. I learned with my eyes, watching those who knew more than I did and exerting myself every day."

--All of the bailaoras have high sounding names. Why don't you?

"In the old days, the great artists had a reason to use such names. Today there is no reason; the bailaoras present themselves with those names so they will be remembered by the public, a name that has a ring to it. I use my own name, Cristina Hoyos; I see no reason for changing my name. I prefer to present myself like that."

--Is there rivalry between you?

"On my part, there has never been the slightest rivalry. I like to watch and

applaud my fellow artists. Of course, I would like to surpass what they do, but without hurting anyone."

--Some people think, from your style of dancing, that you are a gypsy. Is that true?

"I have great admirers among the gypsies, and I believe that it is true that my style of dancing is very gypsy, but I am not a gypsy."

--Is there a defined school of flamenco dance?

"There is no definite school of flamenco. Perhaps before, with 'La Macarrona', but today no; flamenco is a dance that is renewed from day to day and continually enriched."

--Has flamenco been distorted?

"If you go to the Costa Brava, where there is a lot of tourism, yes. At times it seems like a cabaret, where you don't go for dance, but to have a drink."

--And how about you?

"If I had distorted my art, I would have earned more. But I didn't do it. When I dance, I appreciate more the silence than the applause and shouting. I expect, of course, the final applause that rewards your quality. What I desire the most is that the audience doesn't forget what they saw."

--What significance has the National Ballet?

"More than I can describe. It is a learning experience for me and my future life. There are choreographers and stupendous teachers that I could never have paid. I am learning things that I never would have learned alone."

Cristina Hoyos, after sacrificing so much, has had her reward: She was with Manuela Vargas in the New York World's Fair, later, she continued as partner of Antonio Gades, and finally, by herself went to Japan, Holland and other countries.

--What would you say to the young beginner?

"That they should practice and work hard!"



A Visit With The Guitar Finisher

By Paco Sevilla

The following is a description of my visit with a guitar finisher in Madrid about a year and a half ago. The situation may have changed since then, but probably has not. As most owners of flamenco guitars probably know, the old hand-rubbed or "French-polish" shellack finish is pretty much a thing of the past with most major guitar builders, some notable exceptions being Manuel Reyes in Córdoba and Gerundino Fernández in Almería. Ramírez pioneered the shift to sprayed var-

nishes in the mid 1960's and then, later, to catalyzed varnishes.

We parked Ed's motor scooter in front of Arcángel Fernández' shop and went in. Ed had been living in Madrid for two years and spending a lot of time with Arcángel. Marcelo Barbero was the only one there and insisted we go for a drink before going out to the "barnizador" (varnisher) where Ed had to go on an errand for Arcángel. After a lengthy conversation in the bar, Ed insisted on paying for the drinks, in spite of Marcelo's claim that his money would be worthless in that bar. So of course Marcelo paid.

Leaving Marcelo, we took a bus to the outskirts of town and walked up a dirt road to a cobblestone street. We met Antonio Valdivia Juárez on his way to the bar and had to join him for a drink before going to his shop; again our money was worthless. Antonio is a youngish man, probably in his thirties, has a mustache (unusual at that time in Spain) and seemed to welcome visitors. I told him that I was interested in guitar finishing because I had built a guitar in order to learn about the process and hopefully better understand the instrument. Also, I told him, I have friends who do repair work on Spanish guitars and were interested in learning more about the finishes. He seemed appreciative of this and said that he had no secrets. He was a "pistolero" (sprayer) with Ramírez when they were just experimenting with "la pistola" (spray gun) and trying to find a good finish. Eventually, he left Ramírez to work on his own and was now doing all the finishing for about half of the makers in Madrid and most of the better ones, like Fernández, Barbero, Manzanero and Álvarez. He spoke highly of the Ramírez organization which he said has about thirty highly skilled craftsmen turning out over 125 instruments each month.

We went to Antonio's shop at Calle Ansar, no. 35, which turned out to be four very small rooms in the back of a building. In one room he had the guitars hanging on racks, all of the above mentioned makes and many more, waiting at different stages of finishing. There were some incredible mosaics. A maker named Solar uses very small pieces of wood and very bright colors to produce intricate patterns suggesting South American bird plumage and butterfly wings; one had actual feather shapes in the mosaic and another had the background colors graduated into a rainbow.

The other three "rooms" were a spray room, a sanding room, and a general work area. While I played one of the guitars Antonio

keeps around, I was wondering how to get some more specifics in the formation on the finishing process. Antonio solved that problem when he said, "I suppose you would like to know something concrete about the finishing process." He then took us through the whole process, step by step:

First he closes the soundhole with a piece of cardboard held against the inside of the top by a large cube of foam rubber and then glops on with a brush, a thick, lumpy coat of "Barníz Reactivo Fondos" (a varnish that is activated by a catalyst added before application). He said Ramírez used a similar, but different, product called "Glasurit 'Glassofix' S-340-FN1". This heavy coat must dry for about a week.

Next he sands that coat to the wood with an electric sander and coarse wet-dry sandpaper.

Then another very thick, but more neatly applied coat is brushed on and sanded off.

The first spray coat contains the coloring which is added in a liquid form (the original "barníz" is absolutely clear). This coat is hand sanded with 600 wet-dry sandpaper. A "coat" of spray is actually two sprayings with some drying time between them.

Two coats of clear finish complete the spraying. After three days of drying, the finish is rubbed out with 600 paper and "petroleo" (a general word which can be used for any petroleum product; this was not gasoline nor kerosene -- perhaps something like diesel fuel) which he uses in place of water because the paper lasts longer and does not become clogged as quickly.

The last step is to rub out the finish with rubbing compound and an electric buffer.

That's it! It's a lot of work and he does it all alone. There were about 60 guitars hanging up, at various stages of finishing.

Garól on Cante

LEARNING TO SING: TAKING IT ALL APART

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Diego del Gastor identified the melody illustrated in this month's transcription as that of a soleá de Cádiz; judging by Antonio Mairena's *Gran Historia del cante gitano andaluz*, it can also be called "de los Puertos." On the record from which I made the transcription, it's identified

as a soleá of Pastora's brother Tomás Pavón. (The record is EMI Regal, IJ 040-20.077 M, *Niña de los Peines*.) The letra is one I heard Jesús Escudero (Mario's father) sing some years ago; it's one I've always liked.

Pasajero es mi camino,
mi camino es pasajero;
yo no paso por tu puerta
por no echar más leña al fuego.

Fleeting is my path,
my path is fleeting;
I don't pass by your door
so as not to throw more wood on the fire.

Notice that essentially this is a three-line copla; it's transformed into four lines by the word-reversal in the repeat of the first line.

Having said before that you need to take the music apart in order to learn it, I think now I should show how you might accomplish that. When you begin to study a song, you should look it over first (if you're studying from a record, listen instead of looking), to see what its main characteristics are. Usually you will be able to determine the kind of scale without difficulty. (The soleares are in the Andalusian scale, with the occasional exception of letras used as endings.)

If we thought we were artists, we would have to consider speed, or tempo, as well, but we can be sure that in learning, our speed will be extremely slow. The notation in this transcription suggests a slow speed; in fact, the song goes quite fast on the record. But this letra and melody can equally well be sung fairly slowly. Looking over the scale degrees (*Jan 79*), or if you prefer, the Western notation, you should notice how large a compass (or range, if you like) is covered. In this melody, we range only from the tonic to the sixth scale degree.

Now look at the structure of the letra as placed against the indicated compás (shown by the knocking pattern [*Nov 78*]). Surprise, we have approximately one line of the letra to one compás of the guitar! This arrangement, then, would suit admirably for dance accompaniment.

It's at moments like these that we should try to remember that the example represents only one moment of performance, that the letra could be phrased differently. Assuming, though, that we are students of traditional cante, and that we don't yet know all

SOLEA de TOMAS PAVON, as sung by PASTORA PAVON. Style: soleá de Cádiz (Los Puertos)
Copyright © 1979 by Carol Whitney. All rights reserved. (main melody)

1. *pa-sa-je-ro es- mi- ca-mi-*
 3 4 4 4 5 6- 6- 5 6 5- 4 5 6- 5 6

2. *mi- ca- mi- no- es- pa-sa-je- ro-*
 5 4 3 4 5 6 5 6 5 4 3 4 3 4 4 3 2 1- 1- 1- 1- ADD ONE GUITAR COMPAS [3.]

3. *pa-sa-je-ro es- mi ca- mi- no-*
 3# 4 4 4 5 6 6 5 6- 5- 4 4 5 6 5 6 5 4

4. *mi- ca- mi- no- es- pa-sa-je- ro-*
 3 4- 5 6 5- 4 3 4 4 3 2 1- 1- 1- 1- 1-

5. *yo no pa-so por- tu- puer- ta- (a)- que*
 3 4 4 4 5 5- 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 2 1- 2 3 4 4

6. *por no e- char más- le-ña al fue- go-*
 4 4 4 3 1 2 3 4 3 2 1- al fue- go-

7. *yo no pa-so por- tu- puer- ta- que por*
 3 4 4 4 5 5- 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 2 1- 2 3 4 4 4

8. *no e- char le-ña al fue- go-*
 4 3 2 1 2 3 1 1 1 1- etc.

to CW 23 May 1979

about it, we are best off if we try to copy fairly exactly. This is really the only way we can eventually learn the rules of the game, so as to make knowledgeable alterations. Our improvisations, once we know the rules, will then fall reasonably within the boundaries of the tradition's structures, even if we can't, ourselves, possibly sound traditional. So I'm going to suggest that we stick with the phrasing as illustrated here, and that we learn, laboriously, note by note, knock by knock, and nail by nail. In case you haven't yet guessed, I can't yet sing this myself, so I'll be learning with you.

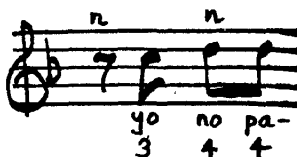
Before I illustrate the disassembly of this letra, I want to make one more observation about speed. I transcribed this with the tape going at half-speed, and once again (*May 79*), noticed the complete technical control of the singer. After hours of transcribing and checking back to make sure I had the timing approximately correct, I listened once more at full speed. Of course the letra sounds entirely different--to the extent that at full speed, the indicated sixteenth notes almost (but not quite) sounded like slides. Don't, for heaven's sake, kid yourself, and fall into the trap of sliding past those sixteenth notes. The good singers don't do it, and you shouldn't either. Learn to sing them individually. When you develop great vocal control, you can put them all back together into what sounds almost (but not quite) like a slide.

One more hint, which comes from my first real singing teacher, Joselero (*Joselero, Aug 78*). Pronounce each syllable of the letra clearly--don't mumble. The obvious exception is the elision of the words "leña" and "al" into "léñal"; similarly, "leñital."

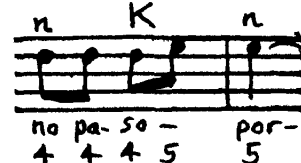
In my own efforts to sing, I've found that the only way I can possibly sing with any accuracy is to take the letra and melody apart into tiny sections while learning--sections so small they sound meaningless. Any flamenco singer hearing me at work would undoubtedly wonder what I was mooing. I hope you won't let such wonderings stop you. Go practice where flamenco singers can't hear you. With any luck and lots of effort, your original mooing will eventually turn into at least a recognizable melody and letra, and we aren't trying for more than that, are we?

I think an illustration of how to take part of one line apart will give you enough to go on. So here it is (beginning of compás number 6 from the example).

begin:



continue:



put together:



first part done.

continue:



then:



put together:



put more together:



and so on.

Some small sections will be especially difficult and require practice all by themselves, for instance the "por tu" illustrated above, and the "puerta."

It's very important to knock as shown. Never mind that at this stage your "compás" is totally unrecognizable. The flow will come some time (perhaps quite a time) after you have mastered the individual notes.

As in the "squared-off soleá" (*June 79*), I have sketched in a guitar accompaniment; the rasgueo and chords I've given may of course be varied. I have purposely shown some variation here, in order to suggest some of the possibilities available to the accompanist.

Donn Pohren remarked that an accompanist should sometimes (out of mercy, no doubt) try to drown out a singer who is weak at certain places in his cante. But here, we expect the singer to be weak, so I urge you accompanists to support him as much as possible, by marking the compás as steadily as possible, making strong accents, and keeping your accompaniment fairly simple during the singing of the actual letra. Try to adjust your volume so that the singer can be heard over your accompaniment--but don't play so softly that he stands out enough to scare himself!

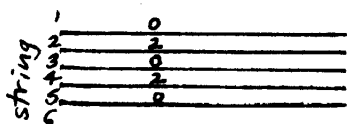
If you find accompanying a singing student boring, may I suggest you learn to sing yourself? Then you won't be so bored--and at least you'll be sympathetic.

Singers: when you first manage to get through the whole letra without hesitation, you should be very proud and pleased. A tip: don't, at this stage, be tempted to rush, to sing the letra fast--at the expense of those individual notes. After you have learned a number of different letras, the vocal techniques you'll need to make the notes fuse into a melodic unit will come--gradually.

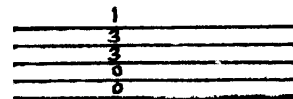
Taking a song apart in the way I've shown here will give you an understanding of cante melodies that you can't achieve any other way. Once you have learned a few letras off paper, you may find you can follow the melodic details directly from a recording--provided you think in equally small units. Presumably your regular listening has by now given you some understanding of the overall melodic shape of the cante's phrases.

In the sketched guitar accompaniment, I have used three unusual symbols which need explanation:

A₇ = an A⁷ chord played with the G string open

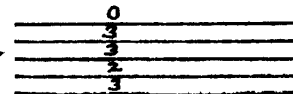


dmp = a "d minor" chord which is, more properly, a Bb, fingered:



("p" stands for fingers 3 and 4, which are "planted" on the third fret, second and third strings.)

Cp = C, "planted"



LATE ANNOUNCEMENT: PEPE O'HARA'S CANTINA & BEANERY features the dancing of Juanita Franco and Carmen Monzon approximately once a month; the next performance will be on Sat. Sept. 29 starting at 7:30 P.M. 4015 Avati Dr., on the corner of Morena Blvd. 274-3590.

NEW GUITAR METHODS

By Brook Zern

(In keeping with our normal policy, we managed to leave out part of Brook Zern's article on records and guitar methods that appeared in last month's Jaleo. Here is the rest of it.)

In a column (mostly about de Lucía) in the current Guitar Review #45, I mentioned several guitar methods. I've just seen a new one that is ambitious and well done. It is by Juan Martin, whose records don't impress me very much, but his method, El Arte Flamenco de la Guitarra, should be a useful approach for guitarists who are interested in learning flamenco. It comes with a 60 minute cassette as well as the 168-page book which uses music and tablature, plus clear and intelligent explanatory material and photographs. It is published here at \$24.95 by the Theodore Presser Company, Presser Place, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.

Finally, Juan Serrano has created a basic method (book only), Flamenco Guitar, Basic Techniques, that is part of the Mel Bay guitar instruction series. It looks fairly simple (music and tablature for the key forms), but not very interesting. Mel Bay Publications, Inc., Pacific, Missouri 63069. \$6.95.



FLAMENCO TALK by *Paco Sevilla*

DOWN

1. flamenco rhythm, accent and cycle length
3. heelwork
6. abbreviation for a system of guitar notation (English)
7. guitar case
8. Antonio ---rena
9. duquelas
11. cave homes in Granada
14. ---- de fiestas
16. form related to alegrías
24. sides of the guitar
28. he performs
29. culture that contributed heavily to flamenco

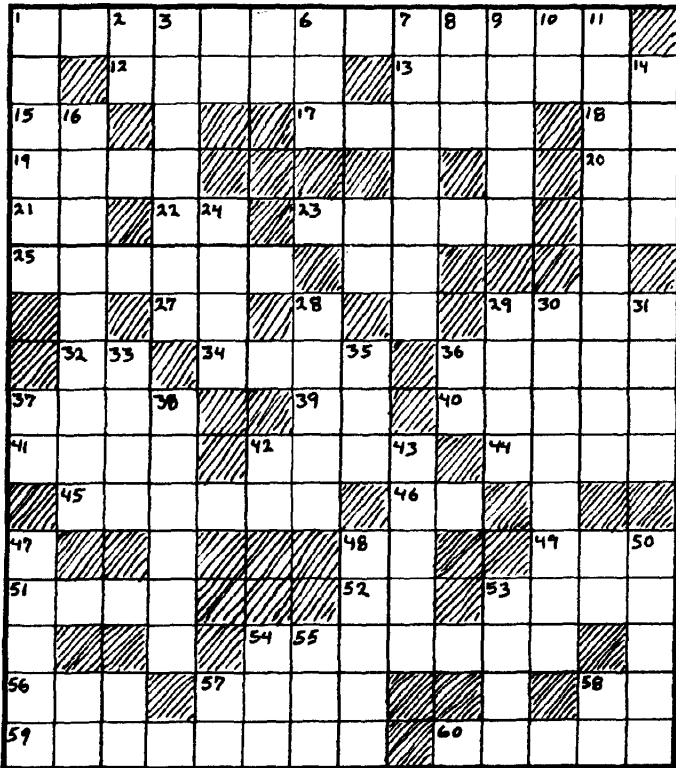
30. scarf
31. province of Andalusia
33. an old form of cante jondo
35. a jaleo expression
38. last part of the body to leave the room
42. ____ Alva (initials)
43. Andalusian pronun. of "nobody"
47. braces on inside of guitar

48. a cante sung "a palo seco"
50. most popular form of cante jondo
53. gypsy (in calo)
54. Andal. pronun. of city where alegrías developed
55. Initials of well-known dance team working in USA
57. Initials of guitar builder in Cordoba
58. Initials of dancer who appeared in the Zambra

ACROSS

1. stressed or accented sounds or movements done on the off-beat
12. "dance"
13. songs of Holy Week
15. initials of deceased singer, owner of Los Canasteros tablao
17. type of boot
18. great female dancer (initials)
19. Calo word for non-gypsy
21. Andal. pronun. for "to the"
22. Andal. pronun. for "nothing"
23. "you play" (music)
25. "wit, style"
27. monetary value of a Manitas de Plata record
29. first letter of each of the following words: -----n, province of ---a
34. loud sharp handclap

36. Andal. pronun. of city where granainas originated
37. Spanish dessert
39. bald Amer. actor
40. flamenco song
41. flamenco club
42. "____ Maya" (guitarist)
44. Un ____ guitarista (good)
45. opening move by a singer or dancer
46. "to the"
48. pronoun (famil)
49. "____ Rocieros"
51. ----púa (guitar technique)
53. elbow
54. guitar binding
56. --- Guadalquivir
57. Mario ---- (dancer, choreog.)
58. key of D
59. song form from Cadiz
60. Andal. pronun. of "truth"



ANSWERS FOR LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



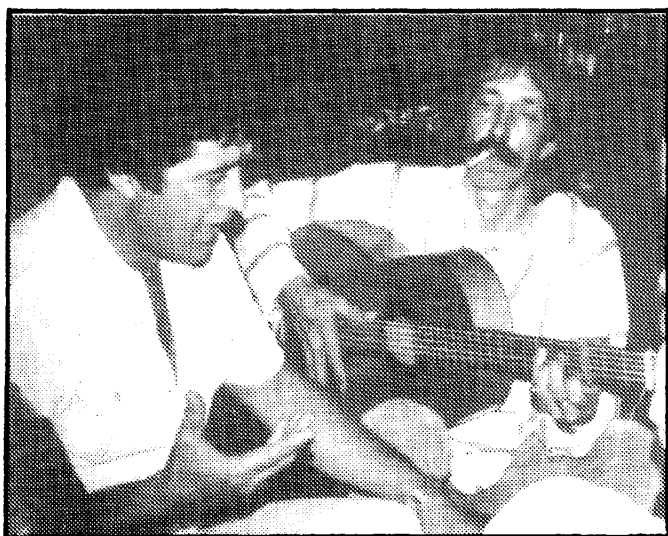


Photos

FROM RECENT JUERGAS

by JACK JACKSON

Above: Nina Yguerabide and Don Edson
 Below left: Julia, Juanita, and María Clara
 Below right: Rafael and Yuris



AUGUST JUERGA

AUGUST JUERGA SHROUDED IN MIST

Overcast skies and the view of the sea on approaching the Picksley Home, brought to mind visions of Carmen Amaya dancing on the beach of her native Barcelona. With the sound of waves in the distance and mist rolling in off the ocean, eighty Jaleistas gathered once again to conjure up the duende of past flamenco spirits.

In the early evening there was much gaiety and "fiesta" por bulerías, sevillanas and rumba. Our hostess, Alba Picksley was radiant in a long yellow gown and a great golden hibiscus. Tony Picksley, genial as usual, made everyone feel welcome. Don Edson and Roberto Vásquez proved indefatigable - taking out their guitars on first walking in the door and not putting them down until the last guest had left.

Juanita Franco who was in rare form and not to be upstaged by Denise Santillana (looking like a fashion plate from Vogue with suit and Robin Hood hat) borrowed María Ferguson's red Cordobés and the two of them improvised the sevillanas "con sombreros".

Benito Garrido is surprising us each juerga with new accomplishments on the guitar. Last month it was sevillanas; this month, in the absence of his mentor, Jesús Soriano, he took over the rumba quite admirably. Rafael Díaz was not only willing to try his hand (or his feet as the case may be) on the tablas, but was also seen to be giving instruction on several occasions to attractive young ladies.

There were some notable visitors, but not necessarily strangers. Bettyna Belén, from Los Angeles, was back again in a splendor of peinetillas and has now become a full active member. Richard Udell, another subscriber from the Los Angeles area and a recent convert from classical guitar, joined the throng. Tony Heller, after several months' absence was back in the fold with a lovely lady on his arm. John Fulton must have felt at home with us because he was back again -- this time not as an onlooker but as an accomplished participant.

An unexpected treat was a visitor from Mexico, Joaquín Vásquez, who sang and played some of his own compositions. He will be appearing in a club, near the bull ring in Tijuana.

Midnight seemed to be the witching hour for duende (or perhaps things had quieted down enough so that the singers - the third essential element of flamenco - could be heard). Rafael Santillana seemed to be everywhere: singing tientos in the entrance nook with Roberto Vásquez, soleares on the veranda with Paco, back in the nook taking turns singing coplas to fandangos with Pilar Coates, Charo Botello and José Manuel, and then in the sala, accompanying "yours truly" in alegrías and John Fulton in Soleares. John also joined

in rumbas, bulerías, and sevillanas and treated us to two recitations. Luana's bulerías becomes increasingly more intricate at each juerga.

By 3:00am, while our numbers thinned out and less hardy souls retreated to the safety of cover, three figures remained on the veranda. Nora Sheker listened attentively as Earl Kenvin and Don Edson played on, oblivious to the increasing darkness or the droplets of moisture collecting on their guitars.

SEPT. JUERGA

This month, at long last, we return to one of our earlier haunts -- the Alumni Cottage of the National University. To celebrate, let's make it a dinner juerga again (which we haven't done for awhile).

To get there, go south off highway 8 on 40th St. or Fairmont and look for the Alumni Cottage between the two big National University buildings. It will be the 4th Saturday this month.

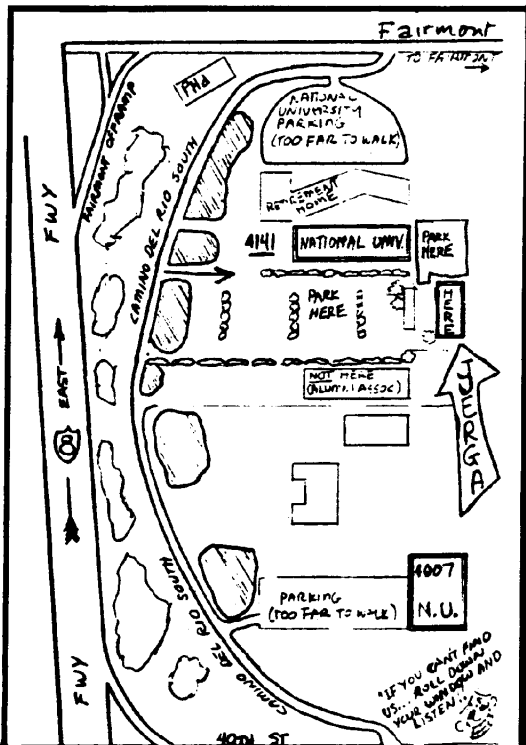
Date: September 22

Place: 4141 Camino Del Rio South

Time: 7:00 p.m. until?

Who: Members and guests

Bring: Food or snacks of your choice; wine and punch may be purchased.



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. Correspondents are listed as staff members.

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 . . .

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Jerry LeRoy Studio:

Sebastian Castro (flamenco) 212-489-3587

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. . .

TIO PEPE features dancer Raquel Peña and guitarist Fernando Sirvent.

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

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Raquel Peña (Virginia) 703-537-3454
flamenco, Jota and 18th century Bolero.

ohio

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

georgia

DANCE INSTRUCTION: 404-993-3062
Marta Cid (Atlanta)

florida

CENTRO ESPANOL RESTAURANT features Los Chavales de España with dancers Orlando Romero and Micaela. Shows at 1:00pm daily, 9:00pm Fri. & Sat. 3615 N.W. South River Dr. Miami.

LA ALHAMBRA RESTAURANT presents Leo Heredia, guitarrista/cantaor; two shows nightly. Coral Way at S.W. 88 Ave., Miami.

EL CID RESTAURANT & LOUNGE now features dancers Ernesto Hernández, La Chiquitina, and Rosa Martha Baez; guitarist is Chucho Vidal and cantaor is Miguel Herrero. Two shows nightly on Le Jeune Rd. one block from W. Flagler St., N.W. Miami.

EL BATURRO RESTAURANT: Until Aug. 15 presents Cacharrito de Málaga, cantaor/bailarin and guitarist Manolo Vargas. When they leave for a season in Nashville, Tennessee, the club will feature dancer Carmela Vázquez and possibly Carmen de Córdoba, along with bailarín/cantaor/guitarrista, José Miguel Herrero.

PEPE BRONCE Y LOS DE ORO with bailarina Elvi Rosa, singer Manolo, and guitarist Suli de Cordoba, are performing with a chorus girl act at a hotel in Bogotá for six weeks and in Cali, Colombia for two weeks. They will also do two television shows.

LA CHIQUITINA & JOSE MIGUEL HERRERO were featured in Grateli's Zarzuela "Doña Francisquita" July 29 & 30 in the Dade County Auditorium.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:
Luisita's Studio:
Luisita, José 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

GUITAR INSTRUCTION: (Denver)
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 Vázquez and guest artists. They will appear for three months starting in June Thurs.- Sat. nights. 14 Roy St., Seattle.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:
Morca Academy of Creative Arts; classical ballet, jazz, classical Spanish and flamenco. 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, Wa. 98225. Tel. 206-676-1864.

california

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

DON QUIXOTE Spanish and Mexican Restaurant presents guitarist Mariano Córdoba and dancer Pilar Sevilla on Fri. and Sat. eves. Four shows nightly beginning at 7:30pm. 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...

FLAMENCO RESTAURANT, now appearing: Brian Webb, guitarist. 2340 Geary Blvd. 922-7670

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 Ramón 415-755-3805
FLAMENCO GUITAR INSTRUCTION:
Ricardo Peti 415-851-7467
Mariano Córdoba 415-733-1765

los angeles...

EL CID presents Spanish tablao-style entertainment, currently: Juan Talavera, Pepita Sevilla, Roberto Amaral and Angelita Macias. 4212 Sunset Blvd. 213-666-9551

EL PASEO RESTAURANT on Olvera Street currently: Cynthia, Yolanda and Daniel among others. Fri & Sat - reservations necessary 626-1361

GOLONDRINA RESTAURANT has flamenco shows Fri and Sat evenings, currently dancing: Fabian & Marianela with guitarists David & Mickey. Reservations a must 628-4349

PAST HAPPENINGS:

"Margo" Flamenco, U.C.L.A. August 24th
Oscar Nieto Mosaico Flamenco, excellent demo and show at the Olvera St. Kiosko August 12th
Inesita Workshop-flamenco August 18th

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Roberto Amaral	213-469-9701
	213-462-9356
Pedro Carbajal	1828 Oak St
Ester Moreno	213-506-8231

san diego...

HAJJI BABA presents Cuadro Flamenco with dancers Rayna, Bettyna Belén, and Luana Moreno, singer Pilar Moreno and guitarist Paco Sevilla. Three shows on Sunday nights, beginning at 9:00pm. Cover charge and drink minimum (except with dinner). 824 Camino de la Reina (behind the Akron) in Mission Valley. 298-2010.

KING LUIS INN will present Luana Moreno with singer Pilar "La Canaria" and guitarist Paco Sevilla on Sept. 19th starting at 9:30. 5125 Linda Vista Rd (near Morena Blvd) 291-4279

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 11:30am-3:30pm at Bazaar del Mundo.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

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 INSTRUCTION:

Joe Kinney	274-7386
Paco Sevilla	282-2837

etc...

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 \$1.00 each; all others, \$2.00 each.

GUITAR MUSIC AVAILABLE. Music of many top artists, both modern and old-style, transcribed by Peter Baime. Write Peter Baime, 1100 W. River Park Lane, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209.

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.

Box 4706 San Diego, CA 92104

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