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August 1980

Vol. III No. 12



DIEGO DEL GASTOR



newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME III - No. 12

JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

AUGUST 1980

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IN THIS ISSUE

ON THE FLAMENCO TRAIL.....	PAGE 3
EDITORIAL.....	PAGE 5
PLAYING OTHER PEOPLE'S MUSIC.....	PAGE 5
GHOST STORY.....	PAGE 6
DIEGO EN SU NOCHE DE MORON.....	PAGE 10
UN GAZPACHO CON MUCHO TOMATE.....	PAGE 10
DIEGO DEL GASTOR, A LEGEND.....	PAGE 11
EVOCACION A DIEGO DEL GASTOR.....	PAGE 11
A DIEGO DEL GASTOR.....	PAGE 12
BURIAL OF "NINO DEL GASTOR".....	PAGE 13
FERNANDILLO DE MORON DIES IN A TRAGIC ACCIDENT.....	PAGE 13
DIEGO DEL GASTOR (POEM).....	PAGE 13
A STYLE THAT ENDURES.....	PAGE 13
THE MUSIC OF DIEGO DEL GASTOR.....	PAGE 14
A MORON SCRAPBOOK.....	PAGE 16
FINCA ESPARTERO: FLAMENCO AS A WAY OF LIFE.....	PAGE 19
A WAY OF LIFE.....	PAGE 20
COSTUMING FOR FLAMENCO.....	PAGE 22
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	PAGE 30

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JALEO is published 12 times yearly by
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Membership-subscription for JALEO is \$12
per year for bulk mailing (allow 2-3 weeks)
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Announcements are free of charge to mem-
bers and advertising is accepted at a rate
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On The Flamenco Trail

By Ira Kamin

Kenneth Parker lives in a white cottage in Berkeley, not far from the Marina. He is a guitarist who makes his living fixing cars. He works in a garage in Mill Valley and breaks his nails with great frequency. The nail is important for his guitar work. He plays a handmade, \$750, Indian yellow guitar, which he bought in Spain. When he has music jobs -- they're usually in restaurants, playing for people eating expensive dinners -- he applies Les Nails to his nails. He has also used tape, glue, and gelatin to build and strengthen his nails.

He lives with a woman, a dog, and a large collection of flamenco records. He serves his guest this morning a glass of Anis Zurito, a clear, potent Spanish liquor, impossible to get in this country.

Kenneth is in his early thirties. His mother died when he was small, and he spent part of his boyhood living in tough, remote boarding schools. Flamenco is a family art, and Kenneth Parker knows the genealogy of

most of the great flamenco families. Families live and die in the tiny Spanish villages. A man can spend his entire life without traveling more than fifty miles from his brother.

Kenneth studied in Spain with a gypsy named Diego del Gastor, who died seven years ago. Diego was recognized as one of the masters of the pure style of flamenco. He turned down jobs even though his family needs the money, because he would not sacrifice his art. Diego lived and died in Morón, a small village near Seville, and spent his life in somber suits, standing in bars drinking tinto and fino (sherry), playing at fiestas for dancers like Anzonini del Puerto, who now lives in Berkeley, and singers like Juan Talega and La Fernanda, all exponents of the pure art form, which revolves around duende, a release of the soul, a singular dark cry that is never expressed the same way twice.

American guitarists went to Diego del

Gastor in Spain to learn technique and runs and hand positions. He would subtly suggest they concentrate on the tones, on the moods, on the feelings.

For nearly two hundred years there has been a deep split between fiesta flamenco and commercial flamenco. At fiestas in small Spanish villages, flamenco artists perform when they feel moved to perform. People who have commercialized flamenco -- Carlos Montoya and Sabicas, for example (both are Spanish gypsies), and José Greco, an Italian-American, perform on stages whether the spirit is there or not, like all professionals. The pure flamencos say that the commercial art has little to do with the true expression of flamenco. In California, there is little work for the pure flamencos.

Kenneth Parker wears his hair fluffy and falling onto his forehead. His shirts are made of Oxford cloth and the collars are buttoned down. He wears cords and slip-ons. When he lived in Spain, the last time, he took a job at a bar on the coast. The owner asked him if he might grease his hair and comb it back, if he might wear a more lively, slicker shirt and black alpaca trousers. Kenneth did what he was asked to do and worked in the club.

All flamenco artists, even Americans, take on flamenco names. Kenneth's is "El Lebriano," although at his last Spanish job he was called "El Keni."

Kenneth knows all of Diego del Gastor's nephews; they are all guitar players. And he knows precisely how each plays. He knows the singing styles of La Fernanda and La Bernarda, sisters. When their nephew, Pedro Bacán, came to California two years ago to give a guitar recital, he and Kenneth cooked together, ate together, played together, drank together. "It seems," Kenneth says, "that a lot of great flamenco artists are butchers. Anzonini was a butcher, Pedro Bacán was a butcher, El Funi, one of the best dancers in Spain, is a butcher, too."

Kenneth knows all of the "good" flamenco towns in Spain. Morón, where he studied guitar. Lebrija, Jerez, Utrera. He took the name "El Lebriano," from one of the most famous singers in Spain, Juan Peña, who also called himself "El Lebriano." Peña is part of a huge flamenco family that includes Pedro Peña, his mother, La Perrata, Pedro Bacán and La Fernanda. One of Kenneth's prize possessions, besides the stack of campy, funny, Spanish postcards, is a photograph taken of La Fernanda and him.

Kenneth has a hard time in the flamenco circles of San Francisco. He is thought of

as a purist, someone who despises the commercialization going on in this city, all the Spanish flash, the costuming and posturing that have nothing to do with the spirit of flamenco. So he doesn't work often.

A dance teacher in the Bay Area likes to tell this story about Kenneth. She was giving lessons to a man who knew very little about flamenco. She gave him a tape of Diego del Gastor, so he might better understand the music.

The next week she came back to the man's house, for his next lesson and she heard the man playing trumpet to Diego's tape. "Oh, no," she thought. "What would Kenneth Parker think if he heard this?"

Kenneth says his life right now is "a little crazy." He is probably the best flamenco guitarist in the Bay Area right now, though he calls himself limited. And he rarely plays his guitar for money. He tells people he is a mechanic now, and that his fingers are so out of shape he can barely play at all. Now and then, when he is drunk enough, loose enough, at a party, he will sing. He once improvised a lyric about his broken fingernails.

He describes his friend Anzonini as "a fiestero," someone who gets a fiesta moving. He says Anzonini has the best hands in the business. A friend of Kenneth's has said, "to watch Anzonini light a cigarette is enough."

To watch Anzonini light a cigarette; to watch Diego del Gastor drink his sherry; to watch Pedro Bacán fry some liver. For some American aficionados, there is something so pure about the gypsies, you don't have to study the craft at all. You merely have to live in Spain for awhile and absorb the gypsies as they live their lives, tying their shoes, combing their hair, opening and closing doors. One American woman who lived in Spain for a couple of years told an eager young guitar student not to spend his money on lessons. "Throw fiestas instead," she told him, "and just watch. You can learn more that way."

Kenneth met Anzonini several years ago in Morón, at Diego del Gastor's funeral. Diego died on the biggest flamenco day of the year -- the beginning of the Morón fair. Anzonini had been living on the Costa del Sol, running a butcher shop across from the Hilton.

In 1978, Anzonini was living in Morón (where he had lived most of his life) and a series of horrors came upon him. He burned his leg on his motorcycle. His whole body broke out in sores. His hands began to bleed.

(continued on page 16) 26

EDITORIAL

This month's Jaleo was intended as a tribute to the flamenco artists of Morón de la Frontera. Very little material came in from the readers, however, so it consists primarily of a collection of odds and ends that have come in during the last year. I would like to thank the few people who did respond with material, especially Chris Wilson, Raymond Ramírez, Adela Vergara, Peter Baime, Phil Coram, and Guillermo Salazar.

We plan to dedicate the November issue to Carmen Amaya. If you have anything that deals with her or her companies, please consider loaning it to us or sending a copy. We have a pretty good record of returning borrowed material.

PUNTO DE VISTA

PLAYING OTHER PEOPLE'S MUSIC

By Guillermo Salazar

Brook Zern makes a good case for the validity of playing other people's music on flamenco guitar. We all play other people's music and enjoy it immensely. No one can escape playing this way to some extent; however I think the secret is to be influenced, but not dominated by others. It is interesting to meet flamenco guitarists and observe how they play, how they live their life styles, and how they think.

It is not impossible for American guitarists to create good material. People here have varying talents and pursue the guitar with different degrees of intensity. Most of them have been obsessed at least for a little while with flamenco. If you can succeed at maintaining this intensity, you have more in your favor of ever creating music. Secondly, a conscious decision has to be made that you do indeed want to create. New material will not flow out for the great majority of artists. So, it is work. Not work in the sense of a job for money, but just as demanding.

Flamenco creativity is very difficult since there are boundaries. New creative material has to be somewhat different, but it has to sound like flamenco. There are several ways of embarking on this journey if that is what the guitarist wants. Altering already existing material is good for starters. We can copy the rhymical phrasing, while altering melody and bass line. Or, we can copy melody while altering rhythm. It seems that most great flamenco creators have done this, after spending a period in their lives playing like their teachers or idols.

Again, a conscious decision was made to change things, "to add their own grain of salt to the dish."

If you do happen to invent new things of worth, you haven't "transcended" or gone beyond what others have done. You are simply doing it too. You are being a more artistic artist. There are a few Americans who are doing this now. I have met four or five, and I'm sure there are more, especially living in Spain. Besides, there are many other non-Spaniards who have plenty of talent. We probably hear some of their material on records by Spaniards who are their friends. While this may be true with the guitar, I tend to doubt it with the cante.

All this is not to say there is anything wrong with playing other guitarist's music. Even people who invent their own music continue to play material not their own. There is no escaping this as I see it. Listen to Sabicas or Escudero and you will hear lots of Ramón Montoya. Listen to Paco de Lucía and you will hear Niño Ricardo. Listen to Diego del Gastor and you will hear El Mellizo. Who can live in this world without being influenced by others?

However, in the final analysis, there are a few things you can do to assure that you will never create any guitar music, or at least to impede the process of creativity:

- 1) Decide that it is impossible, and can only be done by geniuses born in the southern part of Spain.

- 2) Be lazy and have no interest. That way you can play all the stuff you learned ten years ago forever.

- 3) Worship flamenco idols. "I want to be just like Sabicas".

- 4) Work a full time job. How can anyone come home from work and create brilliant music? This has been done, but is the creativity because of or despite the job? Even flamenco jobs become routine.

- 5) Get married and have children. Really, marriage can be a fulfilling experience. So fulfilling as to take your mind's energies away from anything artistic. Some great guitarists are married. Was most of their greatness realized after their marriage?

- 6) Defend the flamenco status quo. "We don't need anything new." People should stop trying to change things and play like Ricardo. That's flamenco." Yes, that is flamenco, by a flamenco genius. Why not admire his genius as well as his creativity?

- 7) Have a lousy guitar. How can you make up stuff if you don't enjoy your guitar?

- 8) It is extremely difficult to create new things in a vacuum. If a hundred other

people are trying to create new material, it is easier to think along these lines. Ambiente is most important, and is a major impediment not to have it. That means spending as much time in Spain as possible, mixing with the right people.

Brook Zern is right though when he says creating new music is not for everyone. Not everyone is a genius capable of inventing. True geniuses use that combination of craft and inspiration, and can do it despite the impediments. Bach had twenty children but was prolific in music as well. There is no getting around differences of ability in humans. There are plenty of already existing ideas for the masses of flamenco guitarists to copy and re-combine.

I think at least there should be more encouragement from teachers toward creativity. If more people believed that they eventually could create music, there would be a higher percentage of guitarists creating. One negative remark to a potential fertile mind could ruin that fountain of creativity.

* * *

Ghost Story

by Brook Zern

This was written some years ago, and read at New York's Club Taurino and the Gypsy Lore Society. I wasn't anxious to see it in print, if only because it hardly poses a threat to Garcia Lorca's essay on the same subject. I decided to wait for a sign, so to speak, before I considered sending it to anyone.

Today I read that Curro Romero was just named the "triumfador absoluto" of the 1980 Feria de Sevilla. If an omen is an incredible event which defies all logic and probabilities I think this should more than suffice.

For twenty years, Curro Romero has embodied Sevilla, bearing its love through years of bitter frustration and constant doubt. Sevilla long ago had delivered itself to him -- completely, unequivocally, in a relationship between a man and a city which has no parallel. Now, at last, Romero has returned the favor. Now the sevillanos -- and I feel I am almost one of them -- have regained their belief in Romero and in themselves. Romero has confirmed the essential truth of their majestic myth. He has revalidated their faith.

The story of this man, his art and his strange power bears directly on the central mysteries of flamenco.

"Years ago, during a flamenco dance contest in Jerez, an old woman of eighty, competing against beautiful women and young girls with waists as fluid as water, carried off the prize by simply raising her arms, throwing back her head, and stamping the platform with a single blow of her heel; but in that gathering of muses and angels, beauties of form and beauties of smile, the dying duende triumphed as it had to, dragging the rusted blades of its wings along the ground."

F. García Lorca

The people in Spain who know the most about the duende will tell you that it cannot be described or defined. But they're all a bunch of mystics anyway. We all know that a red-blooded, straight-thinking American with a healthy dollop of Yankee ingenuity can do darn near anything, so let's get started.

Now and then you find the word duende, right there in black and white, in Spanish newspapers or books. A taurine critic will say that a bullfighter had duende, or a book on flamenco will talk about the duende of a singer. So far, so good! Now if you look it up in a dictionary, you'll find that duende means ghost or spectre. That's not so good, since it doesn't make sense. But perhaps it's just a matter of confusion in the context. Maybe it doesn't really mean ghost, but spirit. Surely a lot of flamenco artists and bullfighters have spirit -- after all, they'd hardly be worth watching if they didn't. So duende must be a romantic word for spirit or inspiration. Except for one thing: It is used only in reference to a few individuals, and always the same ones. And these few who are linked to the duende are not necessarily regarded as the foremost exponents of their arts, while others held in universal esteem



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may be praised again and again, without any need to use the peculiar word.

Let's get down to cases. Antonio Ordóñez was the greatest matador of recent times. He proved it regularly, displaying an inspired classical brilliance which no other torero could even dream of matching. His courage, consistency and sense of honor illuminated his profession.

Curro Romero, on the other hand, is a "sinvergüenza" -- loosely translated, a shameless coward. Actually, that's a pretty charitable word to apply to someone who behaves like he does in a bullring. On any given afternoon, Romero will be found cowering behind the wooden barrera. He is either hiding from the bull or, after his vile assassination of it, dodging the expletives and seat cushions which rain down from the packed stands. Yes, the stands are packed. Because aficionados realize that Curro Romero is one bullfighter -- and in fact the only bullfighter of our time -- who is a vehicle for the duende. Because once a year, and twice if he is having a great season, Romero changes. In the process, he simply redefines the parameters of the art and its possibilities. He

does things that cannot be done.

Such transcendental bullfighting precipitates a total suspension of disbelief -- no, a total suspension of practically everything. Some witnesses are simply frozen in their seats, smiling beatifically. Others may break down and cry uncontrollably, sometimes joining hands with weeping strangers on either side of them. An observer unfamiliar with the special dynamics of the situation might try to apply terms such as mass hypnosis or hysteria. And confronted with the spectacle of thousands of people who simultaneously lose contact with the normal world and undergo a transport to God-knows-where, that's a most reassuring explanation. But that analysis tends to confuse and affect. Just what was it that triggered this startling reaction? Obviously, it had to be the performance -- a performance which differs qualitatively from even the most superb work of other artists.

I think the explanation of that difference may possibly be found in its different, more direct, conveyance of art to audience. In this view, the link which is missing from the normal chain of transmission is the individual artist himself. When Curro Romero has his

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annual moment (actually about eight to ten minutes, of which only two or three are spent in the vicinity of the bull's horns) it is not because he has suddenly become courageous. It is because he is possessed. He is literally not himself. His personality has been evacuated, and the void has been filled with some utterly distinct entity. This whatever-it-is which acts through the vessel of Romero is not cognizant of the normal boundaries of artistic expression; these limitations are transcended not through enormous effort, but unwittingly, as if they simply did not exist.

Both Ordóñez and Romero at their respective peaks work with consummate artistry and purity, but there remains the inescapable realization that the two men work on separate planes. A great fight by Ordóñez is seen and experienced; it is always memorable. Because of his incomparable technique and the craftsmanship which structures his art, the critics often fall back on a pet phrase that says Ordóñez "offered a majestic lesson in bullfighting". From Curro Romero, there is no lesson; nothing can be learned. But his performance somehow dilates the mind's eye, so that the intensity becomes almost unendurable. It is assimilated directly into the recesses of the psyche, at normally inaccessible levels where one might expect to encounter such fundamental influences as early trauma.

When Romero is under the control of the duende, specifics fall away; the matador, the bull, the ring and the crowd are no longer concrete entities of the particular moment. They become abstracted, quintessential, symbolic of the respective components of the art. It is no longer a bullfight, but "The Bullfight" -- all of them, it seems, rolled into one and summed up in a single moment. If you've seen this one, you've seen them all. There is a quality of first-timeness, of reality so heightened and exaggerated that it becomes unreal, and this is characterized by a remarkable time-distortion effect which is frequent in nightmares but otherwise quite rare. Ernest Hemingway observed this phenomenon forty years ago, when he wrote in Death in the Afternoon about a bullfighter called Cagancho, "Cagancho is a gypsy, subject to fits of cowardice, altogether without integrity, who violates all the rules, written and unwritten, for the conduct of a matador." But then he went on to mention those infrequent occasions when Cagancho "can do things which all bullfighters do in a way they have never been done before and sometimes, standing absolutely straight and with his feet still, planted as though he were a tree, with all the arrogance and grace that gypsies have and of which all other arrogance and grace seems an

imitation, moves the cape spread full as the pulling jib of a yacht so slowly that the art of bullfighting, which is only kept from being one of the major arts because it is impermanent, in the arrogant slowness of his veronicas becomes, for the seeming moments that they endure, permanent."

A friend of mine, emerging shaken from Sevilla's bullring after Curro Romero's sole triumph in 1966 and his last in his home town, put it less eloquently: "Time moved like that for me once before -- when I was in a crashing car." And the taurine critic for El Ruedo, describing Romero's 1973 fight in Granada, headlined his piece; "Romero Stops the Clock". A funny thing: Like Cagancho, and like Rafael "El Gallo" who also displayed the syndrome, Curro Romero is a gypsy. And so are all of those flamenco artists who sometimes incarnate the duende. They are not prone to inspiration, which enables an artist to focus his personal technique and work at maximum capacity. They are instead stripped of their own volition and character and placed at the disposal of forces which defy present comprehension.

Spaniards, hardly immune to a certain chauvinism, nonetheless seem quite content to leave duende to the gypsies. They will gladly pay good money just to be present where it might break through, but they are not inclined to attribute the duende to non-gypsy performers. They suspect that it's hardly a coincidence that bullfighting and flamenco -- the only arts to which the term is traditionally applied -- are also the only means of expression for Spain's gypsies. And they seem to feel that the roots of the duende are to be found in the historical experience of these strange intruders.

The gypsies apparently left their homeland in northern India in two waves. The first westward migration began about a thousand years ago, while the second -- possibly triggered by the invasion of Tamerlan's legions -- occurred around 1400. The subsequent struggle of the gypsies to survive in Europe is epic, and Hitler's extermination of half a million of them was one extreme example of the genocidal forces arrayed against them since their arrival.

In Spain, which they entered in 1447, the gypsies faced a cruelly prolonged ordeal. For three centuries beginning around 1500, the gypsies were targets of a brutal barrage of edicts designed to eradicate their way of life. The country which had spawned the Inquisition to destroy its brilliant citizenry of Jewish and Moorish origin was hardly inclined to tolerate the gypsy's primitive animism, weird Sanskrit speech, incorrigible

indolence, spiritualist hokum and fortune-telling, and lascivious tendencies toward dancing and song. These dark-skinned aliens were not only inferior, they actually had the gall to be proud of it. They did not consider themselves equal to other people, but better. Better, even, than Spaniards. And during generations of jailings, enslavement in the galleys, random execution and terror raids through the ghettos that entrapped them, they clung to this conviction while continuing their passive resistance. The Spaniards sealed the gypsies in. The gypsies sealed the Spaniards out. By the time the oppression eased, the gitanos had been permanently scarred; illiterate, they had documented their anguish in a strange kind of song.

Now three great song styles -- regarded by some investigators as the crux of flamenco, and by others as a totally distinct body of music -- contain the fearful record of what happened to the gypsy in Spain. Stark and unornamented, rendered in a murky and damaged voice, with strangely twisted melodic lines that extend to agonizing length, these songs are the bitter legacy of a heroic attempt to defend a unique identity. The three styles -- the barren and desolate martinete, the shattered, death-obsessed siguiriyas and the longing soleá -- are collectively known as cante jondo or deep song. They are only interpreted properly through the intervention of the duende. To hear them performed by the dark singer appropriately nicknamed Chocolate or by the equally erratic Terremoto of Jerez can be more than a revelation. It can be a phenomenon of searing beauty.

When these performers connect, it becomes clear that the duende is an aspect or extension of the unconscious; not that of the individual singers themselves, but of their people. When the artist's psyche is invaded by the duende, it transforms him into a surrogate; it causes him to speak for the victims. The artist is not involved in a creative act. He is functioning as a human receiver/transmitter, establishing a communicative link between the normal frame of events and the echoes of the dead. The dictionary is right after all: The bullfighter and the singer really do have "ghost".

If this disturbingly literal translation is accepted, further analysis becomes possible. The duende is not the creation of an individual artist; if anything, the reverse is true -- the individual is simply serving as its host. While in our experience an inspired performer projects his unique personality through his art, a gypsy seeking to summon the duende can only contribute to the process

by peeling away the strata of individuality. The objective is fusion with a performing principle. Such a conception may be a survival of Hindu thought, which posits denial of specific selfhood or personality as the only path to union with a greater "universal" consciousness. The impulse to merge individual and collective selves would thus be an aspect of the gypsy's Indian heritage.

The duende presents a unique instance of possession as part of a non-religious ritual, possession in the service of secular art. The tight and inviolable structure of the bullfight and of deep gypsy song are designed to contain the lightning-bolt when and if it strikes. While both arts can be rendered well and even brilliantly without it, the duende is the key to the vital role of the gypsy in each.

And -- in case it is not yet obvious -- death is uniquely intertwined with the duende. Death lies at the center of the corrido. Death lies at the center of deep flamenco song. But the subject of these arts is not death: It is life in the face of death -- the continuing struggle for existence within the context of impending, inevitable death.

This is the difference -- the difference between the duende and the mere inspiration that infuses a great performance of opera, or ballet, or all the other plastic arts which, irrespective of their pretensions, can be termed entertainments. They are scripted, scored, choreographed. They are inanimate arts, which a great performer must bring to life. But the bullfight and flamenco are animate; they are alive. There is no need to bring them to life. The equation changes, and a different kind of exchange becomes possible. The carriers of the duende have learned to make a deal. They have learned to strip away their personalities; to literally cease to exist. They are willing to die -- temporarily, of course -- as a sacrifice. And their death is offered in exchange for a special kind of life -- the fresh and new-born quality that can only result through the intercession of the duende.

Yes, it exists. It resonates at the core of flamenco and the bullfight, lying in wait, lurking, seeking the moment when equilibrium is lost and it can emerge to shred the fabric of our familiar time and our familiar reality. It is the duende -- so hard to find, so crystalline to experience, so difficult to speak of, so absurd to try to analyze.



DIEGO

en su noche de Morón

(from: Feria y Fiestas, 1973; sent by Phil Coram; translated by Carolyn Tamburo)

by Manuel Barrios

Aspect of a dethroned pharaoh, smile of a wise angel, and hands of a little girl. Blown by a storm of duende-filled winds, his eyes used to shine like good copper or flint, depending on whether one came with "guasa" or with good intentions.


Those who didn't know him became entangled in the web of hieroglyphics, without understanding why Diego, in the middle of a great moment, for less than a sigh, would put his guitar under his arm and go off alone to talk to himself.

It was because Diego would hit the target on the first try with regards to ascertaining the feelings of each person. That is why he spent so many nights in the warm companionship of his friends and why, more than a hundred times, with all the money on the line and the promise of good business, he would pick up his things and leave; maestro that he was, in addition to discovering incredible secrets of the guitar, he would withdraw if things weren't going the way he thought they should.

Diego Amaya Flores. In 1912 he went to El Gastor and remained there until 1923 when he settled in Morón de la Frontera, the land where Fernando Villalón composed his ballads romances of the 800's:


"Si no se me parte el palo,
aquel torillo berrendo
no me hiere a mí el caballo..."

(If my stick doesn't break on me,
that little spotted bull
will not wound my horse...)



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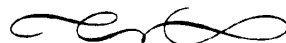
That is where Diego began to play the guitar, having as his teachers, his brother, Pepe, and Jose Naranjo Solis. Says F Francisco Ayala, who knows well the celestial limits of Diego, "Other factors that contribute to the greatness of his toque are his exquisite talent for accompanying the cante (especially the cante gitano) and the fact that much of the material that he plays is his own creation and presently forms the nucleus of an authentic school or style."

Neither fame, fortune nor life were important to him, but his toque contained the fortune, fame and life of the chosen. Noble Diego. Diego of the timid smile and all the true profundities of his experience in the darting of his meek eyes.

Very soon he will have his permanent monument in stone so that those who pass by will remember the one from El Gastor. Away from the commemorations, I know that his friends will drink to him and cry in the streets.

It was Seneca wasn't it who said that art was something beyond definition. Perhaps it is the "aire of Andalusian Rome" that García Lorca foretold. Perhaps it is the dark well in which the gypsy stars bathe. And the wait for the transcendental. Because there remains the clay waiting for the childlike hand of Diego; over there the bronze of his wounded smile.

Meanwhile, his friends will continue their farewells to Diego, "Adiós Diego, hasta mañana," watching him go, with his reticent smile, enveloped in the ancient duendes of La Calle de las Minas.



Un Gazpacho con mucho tomate

(from: Ferias y Fiestas, 1974; sent by Phil Coram; translated by Carolyn Tamburo)

by Paco Ayala

Where the festivales flamencos are concerned, in spite of the interest that the organizers put into them so that they will turn out in the best way possible, there is no way to reach an agreement, neither with regard to the dates, nor any of the many obstacles that must be overcome from the moment that the festival is planned until the time it is presented. The Gazpacho Andaluz has been suffering from poor preparation for some years with regard to the date. This year the date was to be June 6 (the first Saturday in June); nevertheless, in spite of having made all the contracts



DIEGO DEL GASTOR AND ADELA, MORON 1972

a year ago, it was necessary to change the date to the 13th -- a date in itself somewhat fatally destined. Consequently, it was necessary to make up a new list of artists. As a result of this, weak programs appear, due to the fact that the artists have previous commitments for that date, and so it becomes necessary to bring whatever artists are free. But these artists don't charge any less and the payroll becomes enormous; the deficit makes its presence felt in both the artistic and the economic. These things are going to be the end of the festivales if they are not remedies quickly -- which I see as a very difficult thing to do!

The XII Gazpacho this year promised to be out of the ordinary. There was reason for this; not in vain had everything possible been done to insure it. The monument to Diego del Gastor was going to give incentive to the fiesta with its inauguration which served as a prologue to the festival. In addition, there was the homage made to the cante of Utrera, in the persons of Fernanda

(continued on page 16)

Diego del Gastor, A Legend

By Adela

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Diego can't help but feel a certain warmth at the sound or sight of his name. A legend indeed among gypsies and payos alike. Worshipped, loved, admired. Diego was known to be a nonconformist with a mind of his own. Also a man of incredible magnetism among the ladies. I'll never forget an episode which to me was surprising, but to those who knew him and lived around him in Morón it was a common thing.

After an all night juerga at Finca Espartero in the summer of 1972, we all piled up in a jeep to go to town for breakfast. Among us was Diego. When we stopped at the designated corner to take him home, low and behold, there was a good looking blond woman standing in the corner waiting for him. She had waited for him all night. This woman, we learned later, was from a Scandinavian country who after having met Diego refused to go back home and left everything behind for HIM!

The following summer we all felt the emptiness left by Diego's absence. That unforgettable witty genius who could get away with playing Beethoven's "Für Elise" por bulerías...

But Diego's duende was present the night of Diego's Memorial in Morón. Among those who participated were the nephews, Agustín, Paco, Juanito, Dieguito, along with Matilde Coral and Rafael, Joselero, La Fernanda de Utrera, Luisa Maravilla, Antonio Mairena, and more...Yes, we did feel his presence that night in Morón de la Frontera.

(see photo left)

Evocacion a Diego del Gastor

(from: Ferias y Fiestas, 1975, sent by Phil Coram)

*Las horas que ayer fueron ambrosía,
delirante hermosura, vida tensa,
hoy son como las páginas de un álbum
donde, heróicos, brillantes, proseguimos.*

*En tus mágicas manos la guitarra
era un profundo y entrañable enigma
en cuya hegemonía naufragábamos.*

*Y tu anciana cabeza alucinante
se iluminaba con la inextinguible
luz de los elegidos, que semejan
perenne adolescencia entre los hombres.
intransitables como los torrentes,*

*¿Quién en aquellas horas,
podría hundirse en sus pequeñas penas?*

*Sólo beber el vino amable y pálido
que sabe a sueño, a salvación fantástica.*

*Sólo vibrar como hojas perseguidas
del clamoroso otoño de tu música.*

*¿Qué saben de estas cosas los que entonces
nos veían como ebrios o sonámbulos
en una isla de la noche, cómplice
flotar, arder, felices evadidos,
hasta ganar con nuestro estuérzo ardiente
la sombra destruida, el alba pálida?*

*¿Qué saben de esas noches los que ahora
tal vez contemplan la desolación
que a veces nos congrega o nos dispersa?*

*Tu recuerdo —no saben— nos defiende
contra su incompreensión o su aspereza.*

*Tu guitarra escuchamos en el alma;
y te sentimos enterrado vivo
dentro de nuestro ser, que hoy nos parece
cárcel de tu memoria, palpitante
congoja de un vivir para perderte.*

*Teníamos de antaño soledades:
soledades herméticas de uno;
pero ahora, en tu ausencia de difunto,
una gran soledad nos une y pace:
una gran soledad de rotos huérfanos,
repartida y gloriosa como un pan
que el recuerdo de tu presencia amasa.*

*Como un bordón de luz que nos alumbraba
los oscuros rincones de la pena,
tu encendido recuerdo nos reúne
en compartida soledad unánime.*

*Y al buscarnos detrás de las palabras,
más allá de los ojos, de los gestos,
desenterrando sombras, encontramos
los momentos de luz que ayer bebimos.*

*Y, torpes, huérfanos, descarriados,
sin más poder que el de seguir viviendo
—si es un poder vivir—, nos embriagamos
en la muda emoción de reencontrarnos,
y apretarnos las manos en silencio,
casi rozando el tiempo de tenerte.*

*Nos alimenta tu fecunda ausencia
como ayer tu presencia nos nutría.
Eres ya un sol caído en nuestro pecho
que nos hace llorar y nos protege.*

Alberto García Ulecia

A Diego del Gastor

(from: Ferías y Fiestas, 1974, sent by
Phil Coram)

*Gitano de pura cepa,
manos de dioses guerreros
y alma pura de poeta.*

Así eres tú.

*Hombre con debilidad,
como todo ser humano,
y genio para captar
esa gran sensibilidad
de las cuerdas de una
guitarra...*

*Supistes hablar así
con dolor, amor,
desengaño, entrega,
triunfo, poder,
embrujo y garbo.*

*Alma errante,
manos firmes,
dolor de hombre,
idealismo de
algo más que todo
esto... Porque tú, Diego,
fuistes y eres
parte sensible,
dardo hiriente
del alma de un pueblo,
que muere y vive a la vez,
porque así tú le enseñastes.*

*Morón eleva hacia ti
lo mejor de sus plegarias:
a través de tu guitarra
tú le supistes decir que
política, ambición,
poder, dinero,
no valen nada...*

*Lo importante de una ciudad
es el alma
que llora con el dolor,
que sufre con la desgracia,
que vive por el amor
al igual que tu guitarra!*

C. Calvo

BURIAL OF "NIÑO DEL GASTOR"

(From: ABC, Tuesday July 10, 1973; sent by Peter Baime)

Morón de la Frontera (Sevilla). Verification came this morning of the burial of the popular guitarist Diego Amaya Flores, known artistically as "El Niño del Gastor", who died suddenly yesterday morning from a heart attack.

Diego Amaya Flores was born in the Malagueñan local of Arriate 63 years ago, but he lived in Morón de la Frontera almost all of his life.

The burial was attended by many artists -- singers and dancers -- along with important local authorities and a great many friends and acquaintances of the deceased -- some 3,000 people.

At the request of the peña flamenca "El Gallo", the government of Morón has conceded to Diego the insignia of "La Orden del Gallo" which will be presented tonight in "El Gaspacho", a gastronomic and musical feature that was postponed due to the death.

This morning, after the religious funeral service celebrated in the church of the "Compañía", the body was carried on shoulders to a platform installed in the main door of the town hall, where the major, Francisco Inigo Cruz, placed on the coffin the "condecoración" (decoration) in the midst of the great silence and respect of those attending.

He was then moved to the local cemetery where he received a christian burial.

FERNANDILLO DE MORON DIES IN A TRAGIC ACCIDENT

(From Dígame, 1970)

It was shortly before the end of the "Caracola" in Lebrija, when, heading toward Morón after attending the festival, a tragic highway accident put an end to the life of an artist who was very popular and highly esteemed in the flamenco scene of all Andalucía. Fernandillo de Morón, who we applauded just a short while ago in the "Potaje" in Utrera, drowned when the car in which he was traveling went into a ravine.

All flamenco artists have felt enormously the early death of this amiable gypsy, the irreplaceable "animador" (spark plug, one who keeps things moving and lively) of so many festivals of cante and baile. May he rest in peace.

DIEGO DEL GASTOR

(Ronda, 1906 - Morón, 1973)

Of ten thousand unborns the father,
Mentor to a caravan of nephews,
Inventor of a score of true falsetas,
Deepest well of all the cante jondo,
Profoundly sounding too García Lorca,
Possessed by the genuine duende,
Only his own heart with this flamenco
Man of parts could kill the cock of Morón.

John Lucas



A Style That Endures

By Peter Baime

It was in 1968, three years before hearing Diego live, that I heard tapes of his playing. For those three years I listened to those tapes day and night, so that when I first heard Diego, I could even recognize his sound by his tuning. Part of the beauty of his playing was that sound -- recognizable from a few notes.

When he began playing there were those unmistakable spaces in his playing and time to savor those slow passages. But those spaces took on new meaning as I warmed to the new feeling of time everywhere in Morón. Everyone had the time, and Diego's music projected and reflected that sense of time and space. It all fit together.

The other impression I got from his music was a new sense of syntax in playing. It was developed with improvisation in mind. Six beats of this fit with six beats of twenty other falsetas. This right hand pattern led you to other left hand fingerings and new sounds. The left hand was always searching for a new note to insert here or there and, when it happened, a resounding "olé". It was to become an important factor in developing my understanding of three Morón rhythms: solea, bulerías, siguiiriya, and more bulerías -- my god, that's all you ever heard! You heard those rhythms so much that they affected your daily pace; those accents and spaces were the motions of every day.

In the past five years my own playing, previously dominated by Diego material, was becoming more and more influenced by the new sounds. But the new got newer and once again I returned to Diego's music. Pohren's new book, A Way of Life, encouraged me further to take a new look at a sound and style that has indeed endured well.

Transcribed by
Peter Baime

1 *Bulería* Transcribed by Peter Baime

The score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It contains a sequence of notes with various accidentals (sharps, naturals, flats) and fingering numbers (1-5). A circled '12' is written below the first measure. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a double bar line and a circled '6'. The third staff contains a circled '7' and a circled '6'. The fourth staff has a circled '1' and a circled '2'. The fifth staff has a circled '1' and a circled '2'. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Bulería - A major - minor

A major 9

④ ⑫ ⑥

⑫ ② ⑥ ⑫

(continued from page 4)

People thought he was going to die. A friend and Bernarda with their purity of interpretation in the cante -- although born outside of said locale, they became naturalized citizens of Utrera.

Nevertheless, the affluence of the public was less than in previous years, although we did see the familiar faces of good artists and aficionados, among them such as Antonio Mairena (special guest), Beni de Cadiz, Manolo Mairena, Rafael Belmonte, Don Francisco Vallecillo, and many more. We happily thought that, having less of an audience, there would be more silence. But it was not so. The people talked incessantly and prevented others from listing. The festival seemed like a gathering place to discuss anything and everything and disregard the artists completely. What a shame! All of

(continued on page 29)

A Morón Scrapbook

This collection is made up of photographs sent to us by our readers. Explanatory note for the pictures are presented separately for technical, money-saving reasons. The names of those who sent us the photos are given in parenthesis. The photos are identified starting in the upper left hand corner (your left) and continuing clockwise around the page. People in each photo are named from left to right.

PAGE A

- Diego del Gastor (Phil Coram)

PAGE B

(all photos from Ramón Ramírez)

- Diego with his nephew, Juanito, in 1968
- 1965 Gazpacho in Morón de la Frontera; Antonio Mairena, Juan Talegas, guitar(?)
- Joselero and Diego del Gastor
- 1965 Gazpacho; Jose Menese and Paco del Gastor.
- Jose Menese and Paco del Gastor

PAGE C

- Joselero and Diego (Guillermo Salazar)
- Joselero, Diego, and Donn Pohren (Guillermo Salazar)
- Dieguito de Morón, Diego del Gastor, Fernandillo in May 1970 (Dominico Caro)
- Dieguito in the late 1970's (Roberto Reyes)

DON QUIXOTE RESTAURANT

A DINING ADVENTURE IN
SPANISH AND MEXICAN FOOD



Flamenco
ENTERTAINMENT

CAMPBELL AT SARATOGA
206 EL PASEO DE SARATOGA
SAN JOSE, CALIF. 95130
378-1545

PAGE D

- The cave of El Chispa, a neighbor of Manolito el de la María; Chispa's wife dancing rumba (Chris Wilson)
- La Fernanda de Utrera (Chris Wilson)
- Luisa Maravilla
- Cave of El Chispa; Francisco Mairena singing (Chris Wilson)
- Francisco Mairena, with El Poeta doing palmas (Chris Wilson)

PAGE E

(all photos from Chris Wilson)

- Chris Wilson, La Posaera, La Perla de Triana, Antonio Sanlúcar (brother of Esteban Sanlúcar) in a bar in Triana.
- La Posaera dancing
- Joselero and Diego del Gastor
- Chris Wilson, Donn Pohren, Joselero, and Diego at the finca
- La Perla de Triana and La Posaera

PAGE F

- Joselero and Diego in Morón de la Frontera in 1971 (Peter Baime)
- Diego, 1970 (Dominico Caro) Wilson)
- View of the Finca Espartero (Chris Wilson)
- The juerga room at the Finca (C. Wilson)
- Diego playing for Andorrano on the patio of the Finca in 1971 (Peter Baime)

PAGE G

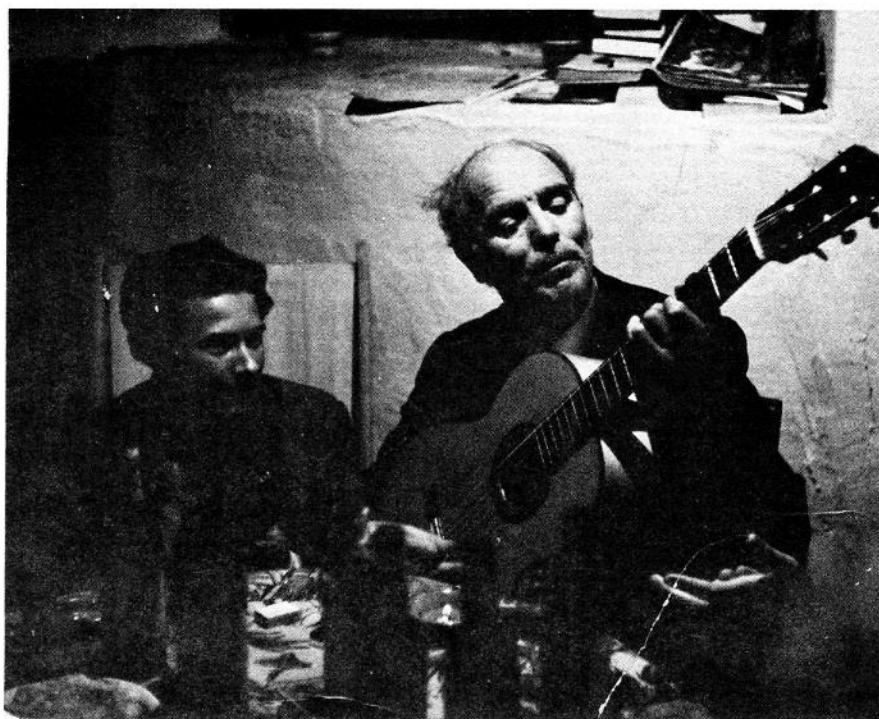
- Diego del Gastor (Ramón Ramírez)

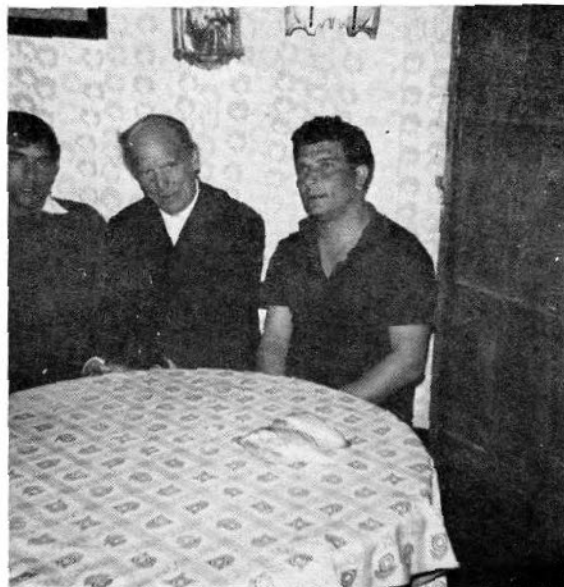
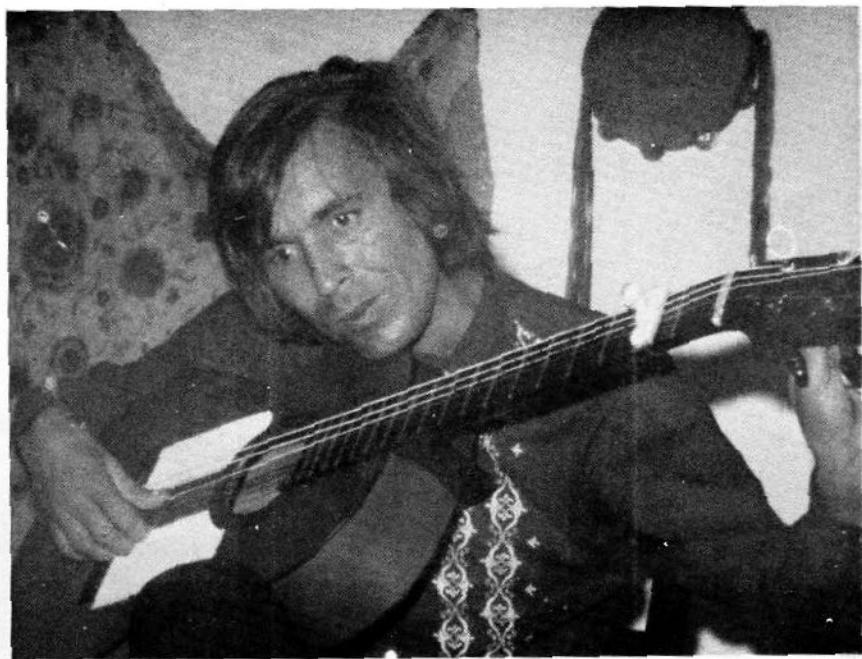
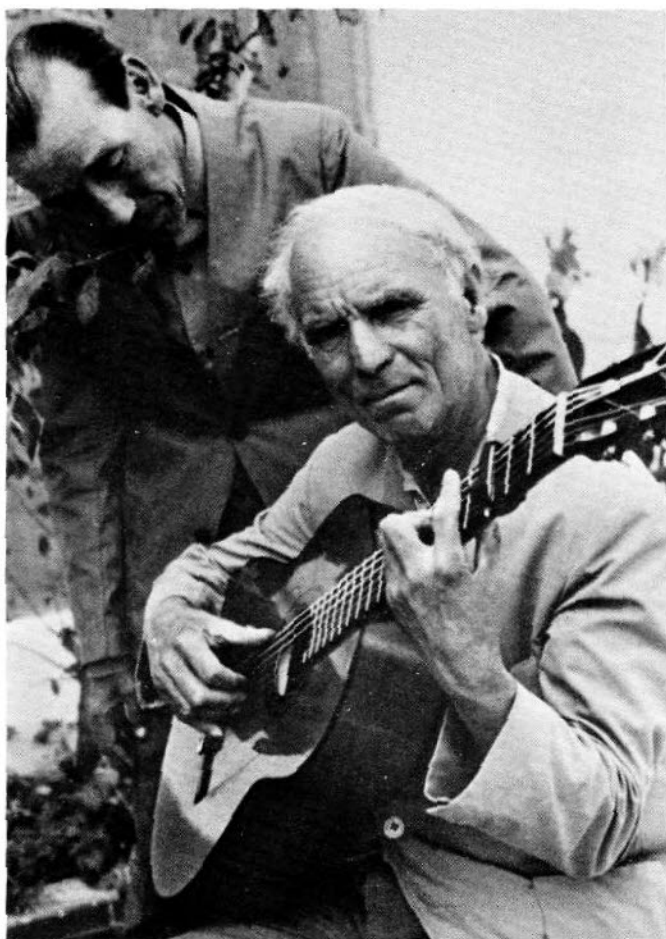
PAGE H

- Diego del Gastor (Ramón Ramirez)
- Diego del Gastor (Carol Whitney)
- Joselero, Luisa Pohren, El Farruco -- in the livingroom of the Finca Espartero (Chris Wilson)
- Fernandillo and maid (Chris Wilson)
- Manolito el de la María (Carol Whitney)
- Joselero dancing; Luisa looks on (Chris Wilson)



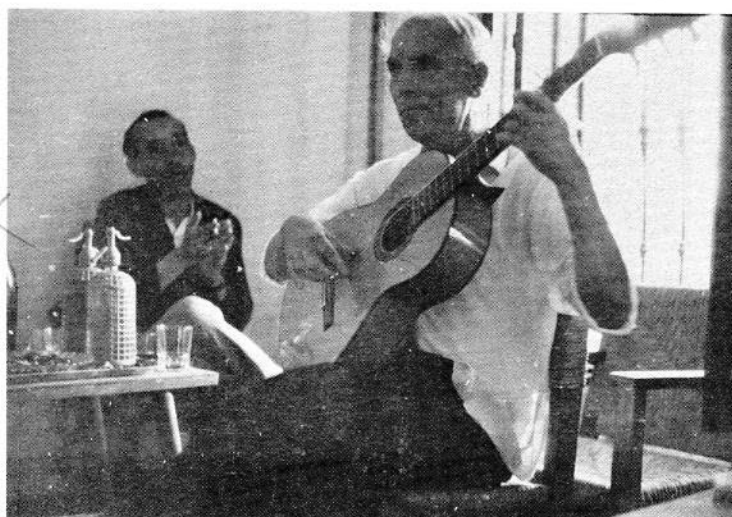
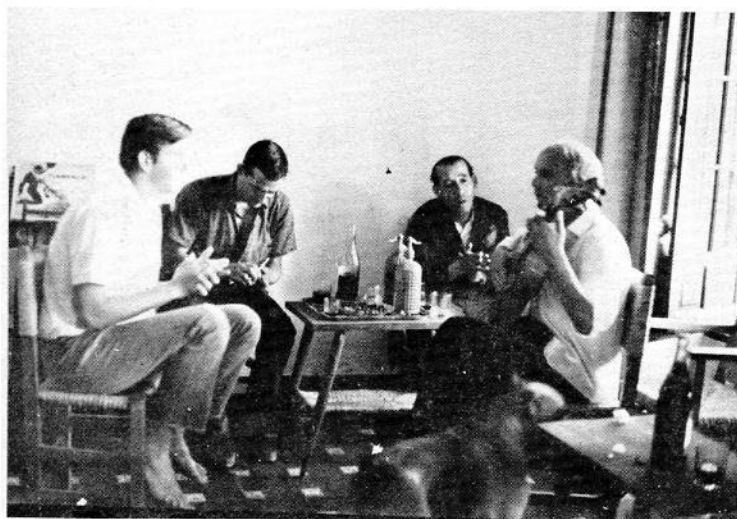
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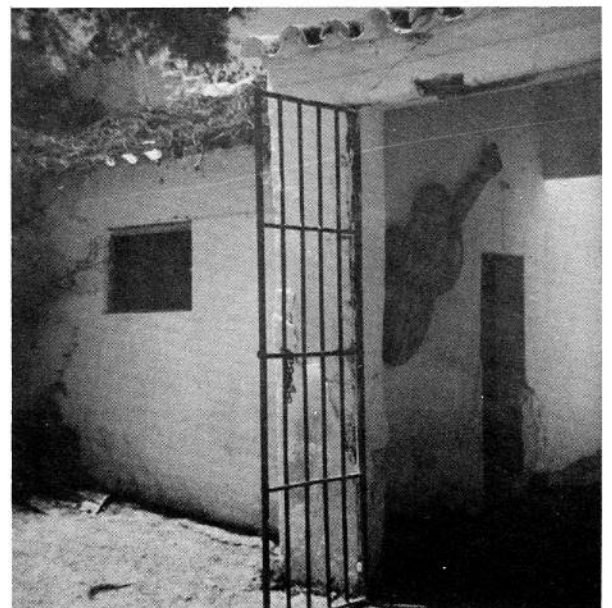
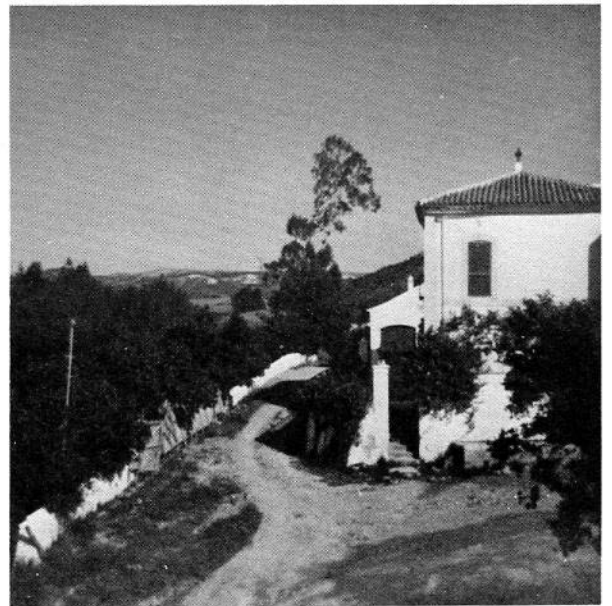
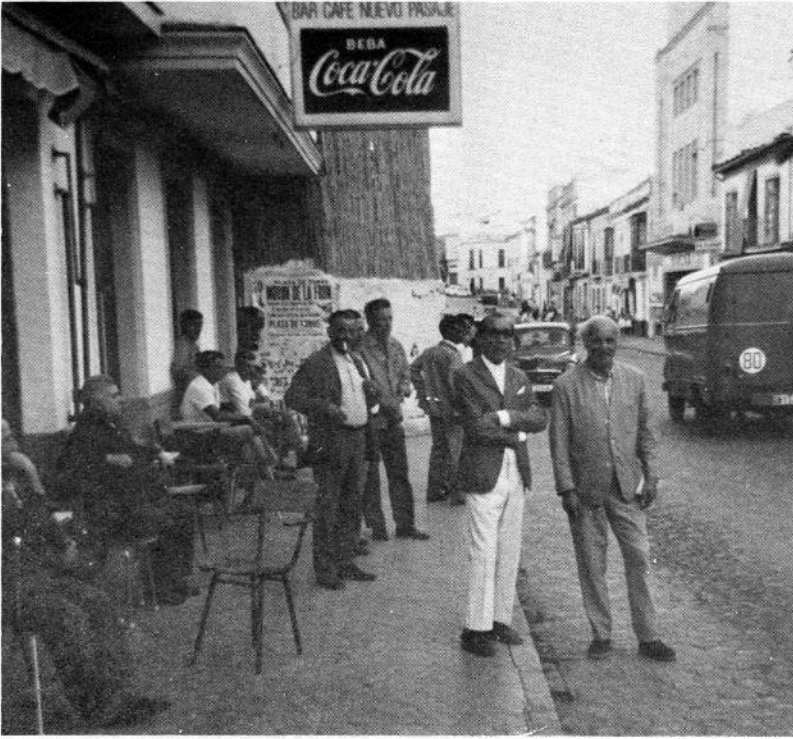


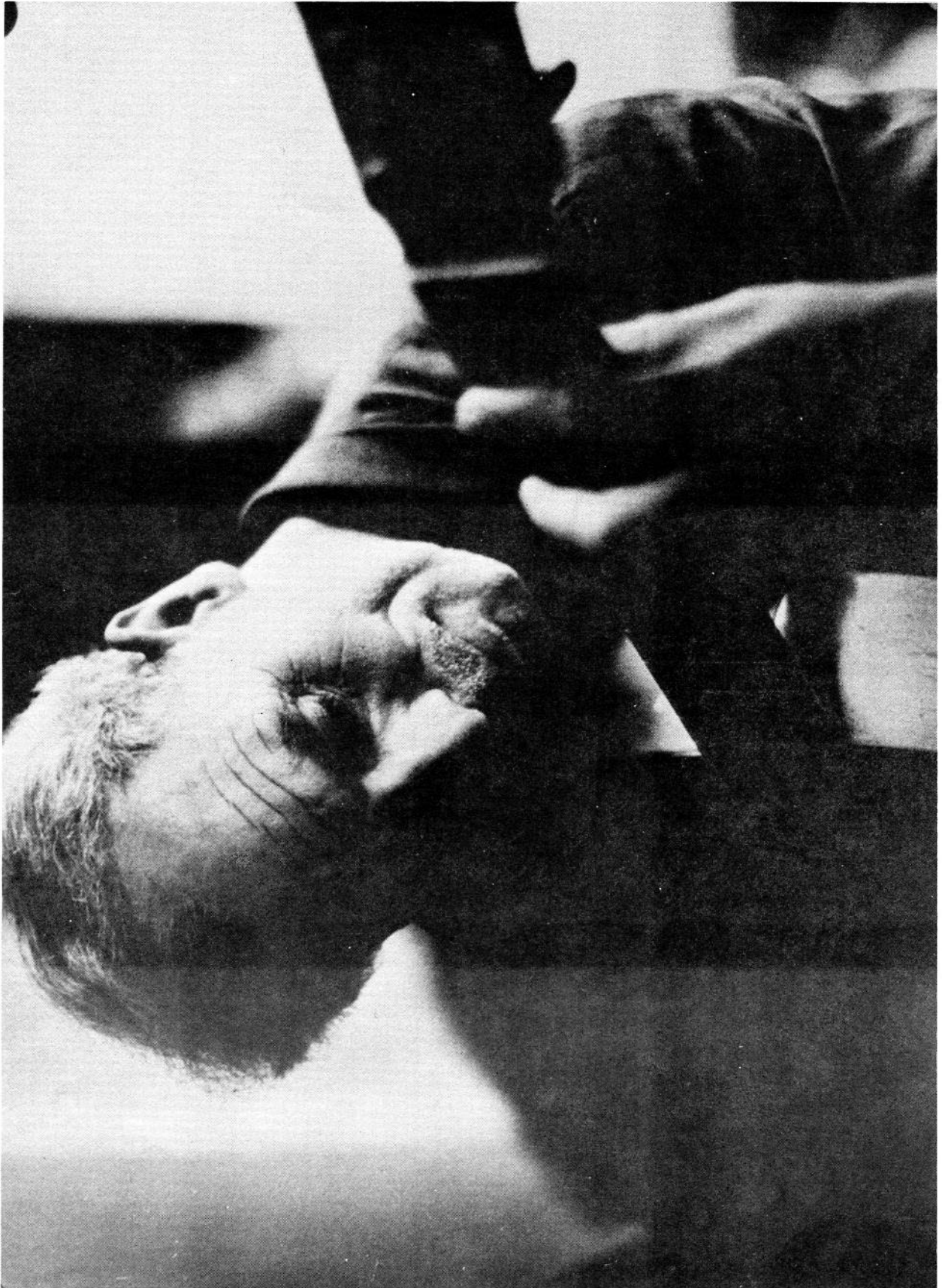
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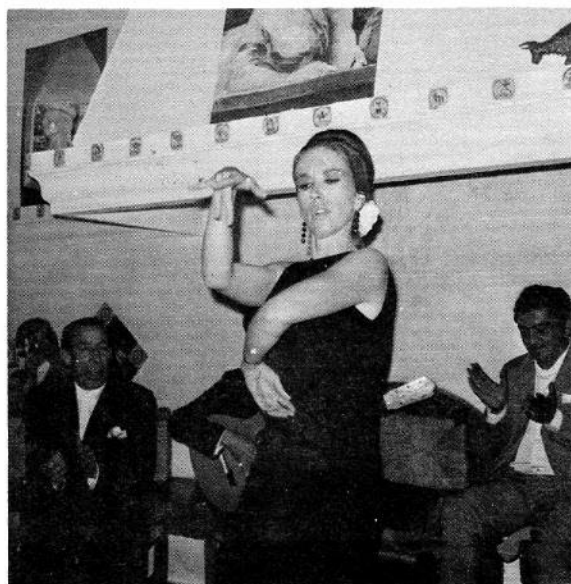
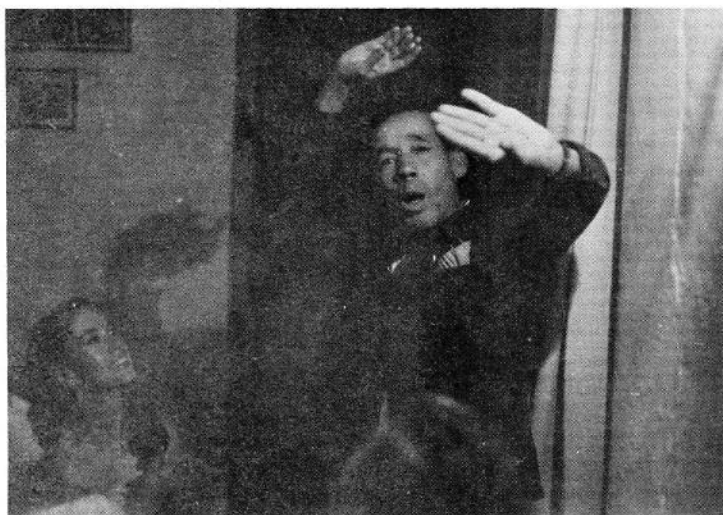
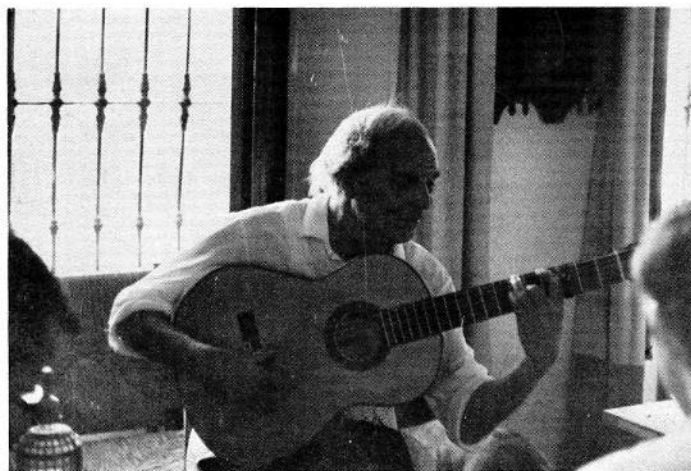
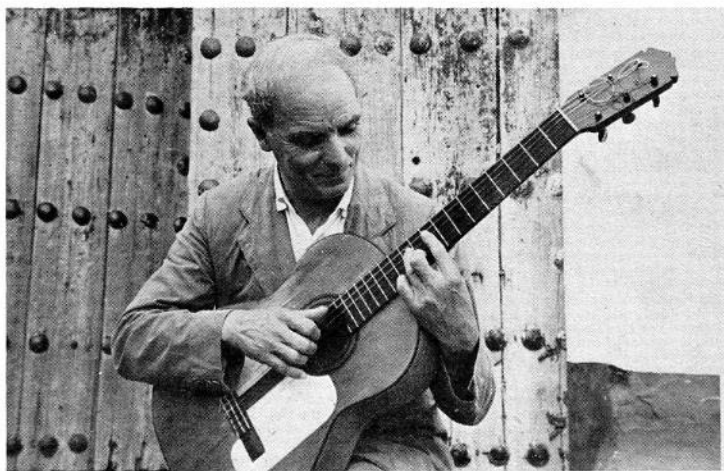


F





H



[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation for a guitar exercise on a single staff. The notation includes various notes, rests, and fingerings. Above the staff, there are vertical lines with flags and accents (>) indicating specific techniques. Below the staff, there are numbers 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 4, 2, 0, and a circled 12. To the right of the staff, there is a downward arrow and the text 'A maj'.

MORE MUSIC
ON
PAGE 17

Solares

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree' on ten staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes), rests, and fingerings. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is in 3/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

FINCA "ESPARTERO": FLAMENCO AS A WAY OF LIFE

(From: Guidepost, September 16, 1966)

By Sally Nicholson

It's not an easy task for anyone to earn acceptance in the flamenco world and if you're an American aficionado you might as well forget it. One exception to this rule is Donn Pohren, a tall yanqui from Minneapolis, Minnesota who has lived in Spain on and off for the past fourteen years. As a much-respected flamenco guitarist and the authority on the art of flamenco in the English-speaking world, Mr. Pohren's primary concern has always been "pure" flamenco.

Non-commercial and high quality flamenco is increasingly hard to come by, what with all the tourist-minded tablaos stressing the light and sexy side of the baile and playing down the serious side of the cante for the uninitiated who find the singing one long scream. Donn Pohren has set out to do something about what he calls "the decadent state of flamenco" by setting up a serious flamenco center in the south where aficionados can hear and rub shoulders with the purists of flamenco, many of whom have never performed outside of intimate gatherings and juergas. By taking on the task of making pure flamenco available at his finca, Mr. Pohren hopes to give his guests a closer and truer glimpse into what flamenco really is. For, as he sees it, flamenco is a way of life, something beyond pure technical perfection and the best of it springing up in a spontaneous setting and not lending itself to organization.

After many years of studying flamenco guitar Donn Pohren launched his professional career performing both with groups and as a soloist in the United States, Mexico and Spain under the artistic name of Daniel Maravilla. In 1958 he settled down for a year in the San Francisco area where he and his Spanish wife, Luise Maravilla, ran a flamenco cafe cantante, the first of its kind in the United States. But, soon homesick for the flamenco ambiente and things Spanish the Pohrens moved back to Madrid the following year when he began work on his two books, The Art of Flamenco and Lives and Legends of Flamenco, both of which have subsequently become veritable "bibles" to English-speaking flamenco fans. So many flamenco enthusiasts began appealing to Mr. Pohren as to where they might hear flamenco puro that he began mulling over the idea of opening a flamenco center and soon started up a private flamenco

club in Madrid where aficionados gathered for juergas and to practice. It wasn't until after the club had been running for almost a year that Mr. Pohren found just what he wanted in the way of a permanent home for his flamenco center.

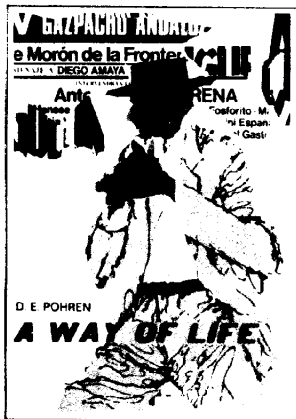
Heading down south the Pohrens discovered the perfect spot for their flamenco center at Finca "Espartero". Near Morón de la Frontera, it is right in the heart of flamenco country where cante and baile are not just a business but still a way of life. The house is set in a lovely landscape near the foot of a mountain on one side with a large orchard running from the house down to the Guadaira River on the other. In the orchard is a small spring-water pool for bathing as well as a fine swimming hole in the river. The house itself, originally built as a play refuge for a wealthy señorito, is large and typically Andalusian with room for ten guests. A terrace runs around the entire length of the house cluster-with all kinds of flowers.

The center's season lasts from April 1 through November 30 and the minimum stay is one week but so many requests have come in for some kind of winter schedule that the Pohrens have decided to arrange "flamenco weekends" which will run throughout the winter months beginning in October. All phases of flamenco from cante and baile (Luisa Maravilla, Mr. Pohren's wife, instructs the dancing) to guitar accompaniment are taught for those who would like lessons. But the highlight of all the flamenco activity at Finca "Espartero" are the juergas where all the oldtimers from around the region join with the guests at the center for allnight sessions of singing and dancing. These juergas are frequently held at the finca itself but just as often the visitor will find himself spending the evening with a group of flamencos at a gypsy's cave, around a campfire or at an allnight bar in nearby Triana -- anywhere, it seems, when the mood strikes.

Not all the activities around Finca "Espartero" are flamenco-centered. The Pohrens have a large Land Rover and often set out with their guests to villages near Ronda, isolated swimming spots, bullfights and castles. And many guests take treks out into the countryside on donkeys and horses.

Considering that the center was opened just last April the project has proved to be a great success. It's getting so that reservations in advance are a must (for further information or reservations write to Mr. Pohren at Finca "Espartero", Moron de la Frontera, Sevilla). The center's international clientele seems to have been spreading the virtues of the Andalusian country

life far and wide. "In August, for instance," explained Mr. Pohren, "we had people from the United States, England, France, Turkey, Japan, Germany and India. They are all going away with quite a different and enlightened idea of flamenco, and most are planning to return again next year. At least half are either practicing flamencos or take lessons."



A WAY OF LIFE

A Book Review

by Paco Sevilla

(*A Way of Life*, by Donn E. Pohren, Society of Spanish Studies, Victor Pradera, 46, Madrid-8 Spain. 191 pp.)

Can flamenco survive? There is a strong feeling among many knowledgeable flamenco people today that flamenco as we know it cannot endure. Most of the conditions that gave birth to flamenco and nurtured it are gone or going. Can flamenco possibly survive as a theater art with no roots in the daily lives of people; can it continue when it is no longer a way of life?

Donn Pohren is one who feels that it cannot. His new book, *A Way of Life*, describes flamenco as few of us will ever experience it. He takes us away from the world of theaters, chorus line dances, unvarying choreographies and musical arrangements, and high-powered technical virtuosity to show us an environment where flamenco is part of the daily routine, a way of thinking, feeling, and existing.

A Way of Life is, basically, the story of Pohren's years in Morón de la Frontera (roughly, 1968-1973) and his impressions of the people and events that were associated with his flamenco center at the Finca Espartero. Those who visited the Finca will read this book with nostalgia (perhaps not always pleasant -- Donn pulls no punches in describing the guests); those of us who were aware of the Finca and know many of the people involved, but never went to Morón, will enjoy learning more about what actually occurred there; those who never heard of Donn Pohren, the Finca Espartero, or Morón de la Frontera, will enjoy reading about a unique flamenco event and will learn a great deal about the "flamenco" life style.

Beyond the story and the detailed descrip-

tions of some of the characters involved, there is a great deal to be learned from Donn's views on flamenco. As an example, in the preface (page 9), he says:

"We might begin this study by exploding the popular myth that flamenco is the tragic expression of an oppressed people, moving blackly across life's stage amidst great wailing and gnashing of teeth. Poets and other tragedians have successfully presented flamenco in this light, but the fact is that nothing could be further from the truth. I would estimate that within the realm of true flamenco as lived by its exponents in Andalusia (this includes all types of commercial staging), light-heartedness is the name of the mood about ninety-nine percent of the time, not only in the art, but in the life style as well. The flamencos are traditionally a happy-go-lucky bunch, tireless and inventive in their oftentimes daffy efforts to make their existence an enjoyable one. And this they manage to do regardless of the equally as traditional poverty in which they exist. Or perhaps because of it, for today's affluent times are showing us that, as the flamencos' material well-being increases, they seem to proportionately lose their ability to abandon themselves to living for the moment..."

Donn is capable of very descriptive and often powerful writing. This is quite evident in the following narration of the first time he heard Diego del Gastor play the guitar solo. Pohren tells how Diego had just returned from two days of partying in Utrera, days and nights with neither food nor sleep. Donn found Diego in the morning at the bar "Casa Pepe" drinking and reciting poetry, having just arrived from Utrera. The entire day was spent drinking, telling stories, and singing light-hearted flamenco songs. Donn continues:

"No one wanted to break up the gathering at a mere two in the morning, and at Diego's suggestion we loaded up a few bottles of wine and a case of beer and followed him out into the summer night. We did not go far, moving down a street lighted only by the moon and through a large, barely discernable doorway to the right. After stumbling over the cobblestone flooring of an intensely black hallway for a considerable distance, we emerged into a large, walled-in court that shone blindingly in the moonlight. Dark, low buildings rimmed the court on two sides which, I was told, housed a

goodly percentage of Morón's gypsy population. Three of Diego's five sisters lived here with their families, as did Diego's sole remaining brother, Mellizo, and his elderly mother, quite senile at the time and confined to a wheel chair. Diego's sisters claimed they lived there with Diego in order to 'take care of him', but of course in reality it was the other way around. During those hard years Diego was the only one in the clan who regularly brought in money (through paid juergas), and was in large part responsible for supporting the entire family.

"Diego was in the mood to play, and one of his nephews brought him a chair and his guitar. The rest of us settled down on the ground, distributed the wine and beer, and waited. Diego, his hair silver in the moonlight, his nose gypsy-beaked in silhouette, began playing. It took only a moment to realize that this was like nothing I had ever heard. It was not even like the Diego of the Utrera gathering, the excellent and moving accompanist. This was a mystic Diego, opening his soul for his friends in this moonlit courtyard. No technical frills marred the pure emotion; each note was significant. The music broke forth, ebbed, surged again, like some magic surf. Extremely forceful phrases were followed by passages of utmost delicacy; long silences heightened and dramatized this tapestry of feeling and beauty into which each of us was being woven. I was spellbound. I had heard much music in my thirty-one years, but none anywhere near so moving as this.

"Diego played on for perhaps thirty minutes. Not a sound, not even an olé, was heard. When the last notes were carried away on the warm summer air the silence continued for a few moments longer, and then all hell broke loose. Fernandillo, sitting next to me, commenced tearing his shirt off his back, then into shreds, then hurling them to the ground and stomping on them. A roar of DIEGO and OLE engulfed the courtyard, and everyone was embracing Diego, or each other if they couldn't get at Diego. The place was complete bedlam. Diego's entire family had also heard, and were also demonstrating excitedly. This could only lead to one thing: great merrymaking for at least the rest of the night. Everyone sang and danced, Diego's young nephew, Paquito, played, as did Diego's brother, Mellizo. Pepe of Casa Pepe was awakened and more

wine and beer purchased. Sometime during the night a pair of municipal policemen dropped by to see what all the ruckus was about, had a wine or two, told us to try hold it down a bit, and departed, shaking their heads and grinning."

Incredibly, the fiesta went on through the night, continued the next day in the country, and was still going in a small village when Donn had to leave at ten o'clock that night.

Other figures that Pohren describes in considerable detail are Manolito de María, Paco de Valdepeñas, Fernandillo, Anzonini, and Juanito. He also touches on Joselero, Fernanda and Bernarda de Utrera, El Farruco, Tía Anica de Piriñaca, La Perla de Triana, La Posaera, Rosalía de Triana, and Antonio Sanlúcar. Guitarists will delight in the stories of Diego's meetings with Sabicas and Niño Ricardo.

There will be objections to this book on many different grounds. Some will be offended by the coarse language. Others may feel that the great amount of print devoted to romantic intrigues and the eccentric habits of the foreign visitors is largely wasted. Aficionados who were turned off by Pohren's strong stand against commercial flamenco in his previous two books, The Art of Flamenco (1962) and Lives and Legends of Flamenco (1964) will certainly object to his even stronger stance here. Donn writes (page 75), "We were dedicated to offering the pure, as opposed to the commercially sophisticated. I had tried both, and compared to the highly emotional flamenco found in towns like Morón, Utrera, Alcalá, Jerez, and so forth, commercial flamenco as performed throughout the world is banal and insincere, good business but no longer authentic folk art."

As one who enjoys many aspects of modern or commercial flamenco, I have, never the less, never been bothered by Pohren's strong opposition to it, feeling that he has valid points to make, and I prefer a strong, clear statement to an ambiguous or vacillating one. I would hope that others would look under the surface for the truths that lie in most of his observations.

One thing that I feel would have improved this book considerably would have been the omission of many of Donn's philosophical asides that are quite irrelevant to flamenco or to the flow of the writing. For example, after an interesting description of how flamenco artists seldom managed to hang on to their earnings long enough to get money home to their families, he adds a value judgement that is really unnecessary and out of place,

"...perhaps marriage should not have entered the picture until after these irresponsible artists were too tired, old, or fed up to continue carrying on." (pg. 16) He attempts to justify the gypsies taking up with foreign girls and, in many cases taking their money, when he says, "To my way of thinking, it has to be considered as merely another method of redistributing the wealth. A little sexy socialism, so to speak." (pg. 195). Then there is an entire page devoted to Donn's formula for arranging life's priorities from youth to middle age (pg. 161). These examples and many more are not only irrelevant, but actually disrupt one's reading with their incongruity and sometimes embarrassing naiveté. Pohren should stick to writing about flamenco and leave the social commentary to others.

When Donn philosophizes about what is happening to flamenco due to the social changes in Spain, he is on firmer ground and makes a strong case. Referring to those who prefer modern flamenco, he writes, "'Flamenco must keep up with the times' they say, when in reality the phrase should go, 'Flamenco is being destroyed by the times.'" (pg. 76)

Speaking of Anzonini and Paco de Valdepeñas he says, "They are the last of their breed. The spirit that drove them on (and on) has nearly disappeared in this more 'reasonable' age of materialism and regular hours." (pg. 102)

In the last of his explanatory notes, he sums up his message for those who have not distilled it from the rest of his writing. He finishes with, "That the end of Spanish complacency occurred simultaneously with the end of the flamenco way of life is no coincidence. Both were struck down by the same inevitable causes." (pg. 191)

Many who perform flamenco professionally (foreign or Spanish) do so without realizing their dependence on those who have lived the flamenco way of life. Flamenco, no matter how it is modernized, altered, or jazzed-up, depends upon its tradition, its roots, for its unique character. The flamenco tree

appears to be flourishing at the moment, but there can be no denying that root-rot is well established.

A Way of Life (in English) may be ordered from:

Society of Spanish Studies
c/o Sunrise Press
P.O. Box 742
Chandler, Az 85224
U.S.A.

Send \$6.95 for soft bound, or \$10.95 for hardbound plus \$1.50 for postage and handling (\$.50 for each additional book). In Europe: Order from Spain (see address at beginning of review) for equivalent of 460 pesetas (soft-bound) or 720 pesetas (hardbound).



Costuming for Flamenco



SKIRTS - PART I

By Marta del Cid

Maybe you have experienced flamenco a number of times or maybe all it took was one exposure, but it has caught you somewhere deep inside and won't leave you alone. You are no longer content to be just an observer but feel you must participate in some way, so you make a decision, based on your own inclinations and capabilities, as to what area of the art you will actively pursue and search out instruction.

If you are starting study of the baile you will find that you will need to equip yourself with a few basics: proper dance shoes, castanets, and, if you were a woman, a skirt. The skirt embellishes body movements, accents rhythm and subtly frames footwork; effective manipulations of it is an important adjunct of the female baile flamenco. You will discover that you will dance better and your technique will actually be more precise if you have a good skirt complimenting and reacting to your movements. Personally, I detect a change in style, an altering inside, if I am dancing in jeans -- I guess it feels a little more tailored and masculine.

At the outset you will probably use whatever you have in your wardrobe that seems appropriate -- a wrap skirt, flounced skirt, or square dance (tiered) type skirt worn over a leotard. There are some fairly good dance skirts available in the stores now, some wrap and ruffled sold as disco wear, and you may even find a tiered skirt on the racks, although peasant wear isn't as much in fashion



now as it was a couple of years ago. I was astonished once to find a rather full wrap skirt with our circular cut ruffle all around the bottom, although the print was so hideous that I just made note of the dimensions and reproduced it in my own choice of fabric.

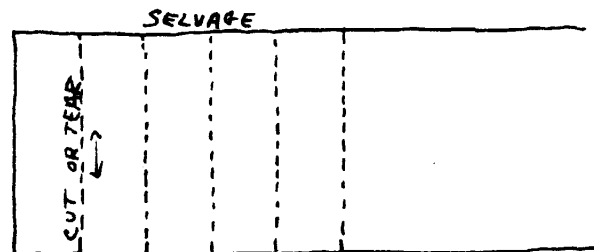
You can take any old skirt that has a fair amount of fullness and make it into a useful practice skirt by just adding a ruffle around the bottom. Or you may choose to make the whole skirt from scratch; either way, this is an easy and quick skirt to assemble and you will find it can double as street wear. Most of my skirts seem to follow this type of pattern and they are attractive, comfortable, good to dance in, and are handy just in case you are suddenly confronted with an emergency. (Example of a flamenco emergency: You are sitting in a tiny Italian restaurant in the shadow of the Alcazar in Sevilla partaking of a late afternoon lunch when one of the proprietors, dapper in three piece pin stripe suit and spectator shoes, appears at your table and politely inquires if you are a dancer. No sooner has "sí" escaped your lips than a rumba is pulsing from the record player in the corner, everyone has forgotten about eating and is up and dancing, and you are approached by a gypsy of dubious intent who offers a smile and a ride to Morón.) Who wants to be caught in jogging pants?

Gathered Ruffle

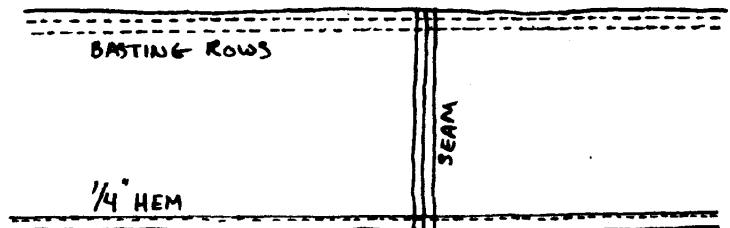
There are basically two types of ruffles used on flamenco costumes -- gathered and circular cut (Skirts/Part II). Gathered ruffles are not used much any more; they require more fabric and therefore produce a bulkier costume, they are time consuming to apply, and they are not as effective or flattering. Still, they can be charming on children's costumes and they can be attractive as a single flounce that you may want to add to the bottom of a wrap or A-line or gored skirt you may have. Mid-calf is a good total length for this kind of skirt, and you will find that a ruffle that is not too deep will work better; 7" or 8" is about maximum depth to air for. If the basic skirt is fuller or circular a shallower ruffle of 3" or 4" works best. Yardage will depend on the depth of the ruffle and the amount of fullness you want, which will be based on measurement around the bottom of the skirt to which it will be applied. Moderate fullness is achieved if the ruffle is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 times this measurement (if the skirt is 2 yds. around the bottom the strip of fabric to be ruffled into it would measure 5 or 6 yds.).

Assembly

- 1) Decide on the total length of the finished skirt.
- 2) Determine the desired depth of ruffle and add 1" to cover $\frac{1}{2}$ " top seam and $\frac{1}{4}$ " turned bottom hem.
- 3) Cut strips of fabric for the ruffle on the crosswise of the goods or from selvage to selvage. Fabric will hang better and there will be less waste in the long run. However, if you feel the print of the fabric looks better run lengthwise then cut it on the straight of the goods. This is how I cut the paisley layers in the tiered skirt. If your fabric is a cotton/polyester and the weft (crosswise threads) is straight it is much easier and more accurate to just clip through the selvage and then tear your way across to the other side.



- 4) Connect the needed number of strips with narrow $\frac{1}{4}$ " seams and then hem the whole length along one side.
- 5) Along the top edge of ruffle sew two parallel rows of loose tension basting, one row $\frac{1}{2}$ " in from edge, the other in $\frac{1}{4}$ ". This will make gathering neater and easier later on.



- 6) Fold the length of fabric in half and mark this point with a pin. Then divide each of these sections in half and mark points again. Divide until you have about 8 equal sections (you may need more depending on how much fabric is involved).

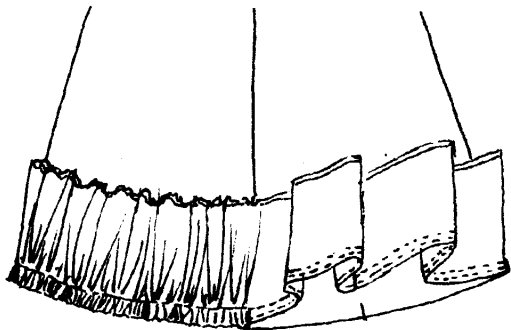
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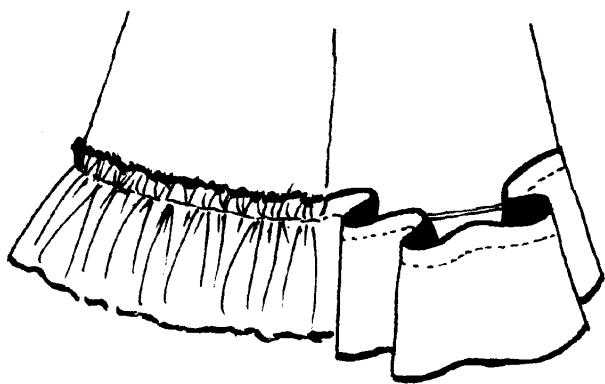
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7) Do the same with the skirt, measuring around the bottom and dividing into the corresponding number of sections and marking points.

8a) Lay ruffle top seam against skirt bottom, right sides together and matching and pinning the points marked on each. This system makes for more even distribution of the gathers.



8b) Alternate method: Lay ruffle wrong side against skirt bottom right side. If you use this method you will need to hem the top of the ruffle with a narrow 1/8" hem. Match seam lines and stitch on top of ruffle. This is especially effective if you line the ruffle: stitch lining to ruffle, with right sides together, on both long edges and then turn right side out. Run single row of basting thread through the top 5/8" or 3/4" in from edge. You could also cut the lining strip about 1/2" wider than the outside fabric so that when you turn it you have a narrow strip of the lining showing both at the top and bottom of the ruffle.



9) Pull up double row of threads to gather ruffle strip to fit between the points, securing with pins every couple of inches. Stitch the two together with 1/2" seam. Trim seam. If you have an overcast stitch on your machine this will make a neat finish to seam.



Tiered or 'La Chunga' Skirt

The tiered or square dance skirt makes a good practice skirt when you are first starting out. Essentially it is put together like a petticoat, with each successive layer being gathered into the one above it until the top layer is gathered into a waistband. Patterns for this type of skirt can be found in commercial pattern books, but they generally are not full enough to dance in and they are really easier to make without a pattern.

If you are making this skirt for flamenco, though, it is much more effective if the gathered tiers are set into a hip deep yoke (a La Chunga) at the top rather than a waistband. You do not need nor want all that bulk around the waist as it will interfere with that beautiful long back line that you are working to develop. Dimensions on this skirt are flexible, as is the design, so I will just detail the skirt that I made for myself and you can use that as a guide -- you may want more or less tiers, different pattern combinations, etc., so don't feel you must duplicate mine exactly.

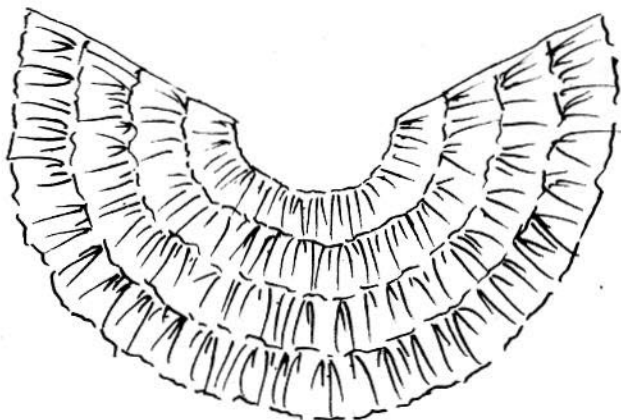
You should start out by planning the skirt on paper. I keep a notebook detailing each

costume I make from start to finish, noting how much fabric is used, adjustments that have to be made along the way, sketches, etc. As before, first figure the total finished length. Floor or ankle length is a bit droopy for this style -- my skirt, although it looks longer in the photo, ends about 7" above the ankle bone. The polka dot fabric is red with a white dot salvaged from an old costume. The paisley layers are black and red on white. Both fabrics are cotton/polyester. Following dimensions do not include seam allowances:

TIER 1: 2 yds. x 5"
 " 2: 3½ yds. x 6"
 " 3: 7 yds. x 7"
 " 4: 11½ yds. x 10"

Hip Yoke: 5½" deep. You can use the top of any fitted skirt as a pattern for this part. No waistband and 2 darts in the front and 2 in the back for fitting. I made two identical yokes, assembling each separately, leaving back seam open for zipper, placing them right sides together and stitching around the waist. This way one of the yokes acts as a lining.

Tiered Skirt: The skirt is assembled following the same procedure as detailed previously, gathering each section into the one above it. Leave back seam open for zipper.



Attach skirt to the outside yoke, leaving the lining pulled out and free. Next stitch up the back seam leaving upper end open for zipper (I used a 14"). Insert zipper. Pull yoke lining to inside and hem it down both sides of zipper and around the bottom where it joins the skirt. Narrow hem the bottom tier.

If you wish to dress it up more you can add ric-rac or a tiny 1" width ruffle around the bottom of the skirt or at the bottom of each tier. You could line the bottom ruffle with a contrasting color or print or make the lining ruffle separate and a little longer than the other so that it shows below the

other when sewn on the bottom of the skirt. You can make the whole skirt of the same print, or alternate prints on the tiers -- a nice effect is using different size polka dots of the same color, white on black, for instance, starting with the smallest dot on the yoke and top tier and working down to a large dot on the bottom tier. You will probably think of decorative accents all your own as you're putting this together, so let your imagination run.

Multiple Ruffles

This style, with 3 or more ruffles climbing up the skirt, is not seen too much anymore and has pretty much been replaced by the circular ruffled skirt. However, should you wish to make this you will need to start with a basic pattern that has 8 seams and gores -- fit it snugly over the hip and at a depth of about 9" start flaring each section until by the time you reach the bottom you have a full



MARTA DEL CID IN A MULTIPLE RUFFLE SKIRT
 (PHOTO : MARY MC CONNEL)

circle. Bottom of basic skirt will be the total length -- no ruffle is added on to the bottom here, so narrow hem it. Decide how many ruffles you want -- 3 is a good number. Draw a line where the top ruffle will be placed and divide the distance to the hem into thirds marking each third with a line. To figure ruffle depth, take the measurement of a third, add 1" to cover top seam ($\frac{1}{2}$ ") and bottom turned $\frac{1}{4}$ " hem, plus on all layers but the bottom, about another $\frac{1}{2}$ " for overlap. Prepare ruffles as before, laying the bottom two on top of skirt, and stitching the top one as in #8A so that the seam is underneath. On the other ruffles you can finish the tops by either hemming before applying to skirt or overcasting or stitching another straight seam line $\frac{1}{4}$ " away the first.

These ruffles and skirts are really very easy to get together -- just a bit time consuming. I realize I have not gone into complete detail, but I am assuming a certain amount of sewing experience on the part of anyone attempting this. If you need more detailed instructions you can find these styles in the pattern books. I sometimes feel more secure having a basic pattern to work from, particularly on gored skirts, so unless you are one of those clever people that can cut from scratch, you may want to check out any of the following list of pattern suggestions:

Butterick:

- 3137 - 8 gore
- 6860 - "
- 6898 - " but less full
- 3182 - yoke with 2 tiers
- 5619 - bias cut 4 seams, interesting bottom cut
- 6085 - full A-line with double flounce

McCalls:

- 6989 - 3 tiers
- 6436 - tier and flounce variation with tie waist
- 7026 - 'V' cut yoke with flounce
- 6861 - 4 seam bias
- 6732 - " straight or bias
- 6701 - semi circular

Simplicity:

- 7876 - wrap
- 9502 - 8 gore with bottom flare

Vogue:

Couldn't really find anything appropriate here but got a kick out of Oscar de la Renta's bata (#2144)!



(Flamenco Trail, continued from page 4)
finally took him to a doctor who healed him. An American paid his way to America, and he came to Berkeley. An aficionado threw an "homage to Anzonini," charging \$25 at the door. Forty people showed up and Anzonini began to make Berkeley his home.

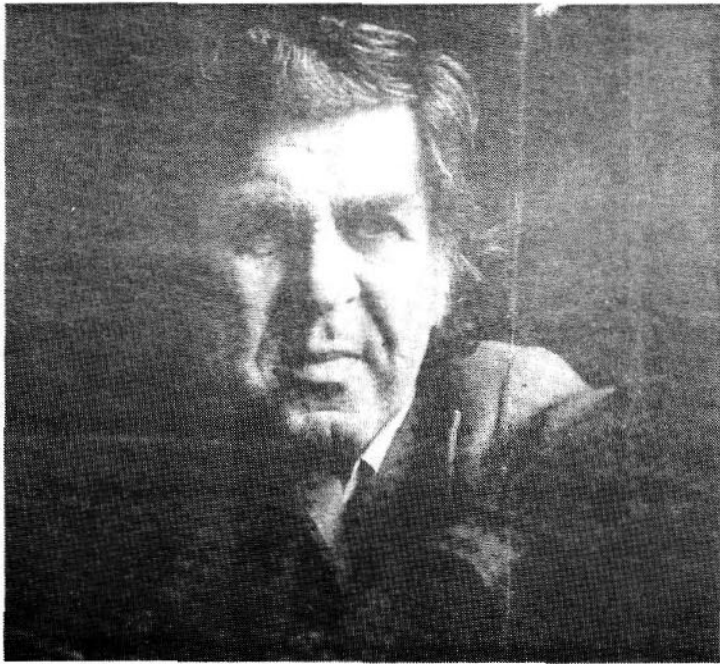
Anis is a morning drink. After a couple of glasses, the day takes on a still, eerie quality. Kenneth remembers how much his teacher, Diego, loved cognac. He had seen Diego drink twenty glasses and still play beautifully. Kenneth says Diego was the greatest accompanist of all times.

Kenneth went to Spain for the first time in 1973, the year Diego died (Juan Talega, the great singer, was already dead). He went back in 1975 for the festival in Morón. He went back in 1978 and lived and worked in Southern Spain for nearly a year. Later today he will drive over to Anzonini's house with a bunch of Spanish parsley he picked from his garden. Spanish parsley, he says, makes Anzonini happy. He will have some wine and bread with Anzonini, and then they will go to a saloon near the Marina and drink cognac.

Anzonini is a strong, sturdy man with greying hair. He wears a chain around his neck with charms dangling near his heart; a metal garlic, three crosses, other religious medals, a small sculptured heart. He says he likes Berkeley better than Spain. He says there is more life here. He and Kenneth speak to each other in Spanish. Anzonini says he knows only twelve words in English. Four of them are, "Thank you very much," which he says each time the bartender brings him a cognac.

The bartenders know Anzonini here; he comes every morning. Flamenco life used to be centered around bars. It was a street life, and the artists were in the streets day and night, dressed up in fitted suits and shined shoes and big hats. Anzonini is a product of that time. Every morning he dresses up in colorful shirts and scarves and hits the streets. His back is always held straight.

Anzonini dances in the quick, gesture style of fiestas. A fiesta dance might last a minute, and it might be done without shoes. When Anzonini works in this country, he brings with him a wood serving tray. He uses it to beat out rhythms with his knuckles and fingernails. When he is not dancing, he sings, and when he is not singing, he taps out time on the tray. He sings with a great deal of facial gestures, and as he taps his knuckles on his tray, he spins



ANZONINI

There are those who think that the original gypsies migrated north from India and North Africa. The movements of the wrists, the mournful prayer-like scales of the vocals, the dark gypsy skin, all of these things bear out the Indian, Arabian, Semetic gypsy influence. There is a gypsy language, which Anzonini knows, but it is banned in Spain. The songs are sung in Spanish, sometimes improvised, sometimes derived from traditional lyrics.

Anzonini promises to throw a party soon. He says he will make a big stew with chorizo and invite all of his friends. It will be a big fiesta, he says. The fiestas in Spain last four days, and you can find all the artists sipping coffee in the morning, resting up from the night before, preparing for the next night. At fiestas, people don't sleep, or if they do, they sleep rarely.

Anzonini says the gypsies are the most noble people in the world, and it shows in their art. Above all, Anzonini says about himself, he is an artist. He has blue eyes and furry eyebrows and a large hawk nose. He says his friend Diego del Gastor had an inferiority complex and didn't care about public recognition. Gypsies, he says, have no culture. Everything is passed down in the family. Gypsies were once nomads who traveled from place to place, leaving the land unspoiled. But the nomadic lifestyle was outlawed in Spain, along with the gypsy language, and the gypsies were forced to settle in small villages, mostly in Southern Spain. The best bullfighters, Anzonini says, are gypsies. Often as he talks, he will tap out a rhythm on any available counter and

raise his head and align his shoulders as if he were looking, nobly, for his people.

One of the four guitar-playing nephews of Diego del Gastor lives in Mill Valley with his wife, Totten, and their three children, all under three. His name is Augustín Ríos de Morón. He's thirty years old. His wife, an American, met him eight years ago, when she went to Spain to study dance. Her mother, who was the dean of women at the Art Institute, used to hang around the flamenco shows at the Spaghetti Factory, when the Spaghetti Factory presented some of the best flamenco artists in the United States. Totten says the music got into her own blood and she's addicted for life. She is teaching her husband English.

Kenneth Parker visits Augustín. He brings with him a bottle of sherry. Though they are both guitarists, and in some ways competitive, they have flamenco in common. Augustín knows Anzonini from Morón, but they rarely work together in this country. Both Anzonini and Augustín are in their ways soloists. Kenneth works better with Anzonini because Kenneth is more of an accompanist (this is an art form in itself).

Augustín lives with a photograph of his uncle on the wall. When Diego played, everyone cried. And even though he and Anzonini do not work well together, Augustín says Anzonini makes him cry, too. Duende, that demon that escapes through flamenco, lives inside all great gypsy artists.

He and Kenneth talk about winters in Morón. Augustín says, "It's never cold in Morón if you wake up with your cloths on." There is no central heating. In the summer, the heat paralyzes you.

They talk about Diego and about famous flamenco bars, and about certain Americans who lived and drank themselves rotten in Morón. Morón is near an American military base, so the people in the village are used to seeing Americans.

Then it is suggested they play music together. Kenneth says he can't play; he has the hands of a mechanic. But he is coaxed. Augustín hands him his guitar, and the two of them, Augustín singing, Kenneth playing, make music.

Here are some of the lyrics Augustín sings:

"Yellow is the sun, manifesting the pain that my heart is singing.

"What greater pain? Everyone loves my little girl and my little girl doesn't want anybody.

"Your heart should rot of gangrene, the mouth with which you scold me and the hands with which you hold me.

"I am going to remind a man that life is just fleeting by, that it is not even worth it to laugh and cry.

"They'd have to pull my heart out by the roots, so that I wouldn't love you."

After the music, Augustín and Kenneth go to a bar in downtown Mill Valley and drink. It's the same place Kenneth and a couple of dancers, including Marcia Merrill, used to work a few times a month. But the place also serves food, and some of the patrons complain that the dancing was too loud for eating.

On a cold Saturday night in December, a tall thin man in a black frock coat is sipping coffee from a white mug and selling tickets to a show he has run for twenty-three years. "It's a flamenco show," he tells people who stop at the dark door. "Three shows, all different, a delight and pleasure for the ears and eyes. Three dollars."

The man is Richard Whalen, a wood sculptor by trade, and the cavern is called Los Flamencos de las Cuevas. It is a side room of the Spaghetti Factory. Whalen also runs the lights and books the entertainment. He calls it his labor of love. He began these shows on Pearl Harbor day, 1957. For the next six years, natives and tourists jammed the place. Flamenco became a rage in small underground circles, in Greenwich Village, in North Beach, in the Latin Quarter of New Orleans. Soon the great square, traveling middle class began sopping it up, like they began sopping up the beatniks at City Lights, and later the hippies in Golden Gate Park.

There was something dark and romantic and passionate and erotic about the music, the singing, the dancing. Isa Mura, an American singer who's now convalescing from an operation in Cloverdale, did the vocals, and an eighteen-year-old American guitarist, David Jones, who would later move to Spain, study with Diego del Gastor, and make his living as a musician in Madrid, did the accompanying. Freddie Mejia and Ernesto did the dancing. It was the best show in town. Music critic Ralph Gleason called it "pure flamenco."

Other flamenco clubs began popping up. The Casa Madrid, run by Cruz Luna, whose son is dancing tonight at Whalen's club, brought artists in from Spain. Clubs opened on Columbus (La Bodega), downtown (Ciro's).

In the mid-sixties business started dropping off. Broadway became topless. The subtlety of flamenco was being sapped, commercialized. Dancers wore gaudier and gaudier costumes, louder shoes. The Wednesday and Thursday shows at the Spaghetti Factory dried up. Governor Jerry Brown came to the club



THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY

not long ago and asked Richard Whalen where all the people went.

Whalen said, "Where did all the sardines go? I don't know."

Brown had been in the club when he was a kid, when it was still exciting, when all the uncomfortable benches and chairs were taken by an odd mixture of hip and square, when the club was being supported by first-night guests. "Now," Whalen says, "seventy-five percent of the people who come here have been here before. It's being supported by its fans." Augustín comes at least once a week to sit in. Whalen says there are more good flamenco artists in the Bay Area now and fewer places for them to work.

The show starts. There are four dancers, three women (one of them is Marcia Merrill) and one man, Cruz Luna. There are two guitarists and no singer. The dancers are perfumed, their hair pulled back, their clothes tight and dramatic. The women wear flowers in their hair. They talk to each other in Spanish. They pick up their dresses and dance in the strange combination of dignity and sexuality evident even in this commercial version of flamenco. They dance straight backed, like bullfighters, to the last uplifting chorus of every dance.

After the first show, a man turns to his friend and says about Cruz Luna, "He could do a hell of a job in a walnut factory."

Cruz Luna was born in Spain and raised in San Antonio. His father was from Texas and his mother was Spanish. His father was a boxer who gave up boxing when he married.

Then he became a tailor.

Cruz Luna is thirty-eight. He has made his living dancing since he was fourteen. He has traveled all over the world with flamenco troupes.

One of Cruz Luna's ex-dancing partners is Rosa Montoya, who now teaches dance in San Francisco. She is Carlos Montoya's niece. And her great uncle, Ramón Montoya, was one of the legendary masters of flamenco guitar. She is a gypsy, born in Madrid, who started dancing at fiestas, after her great uncle died, and later went on to dance for Sol Hurok's flamenco shows. She gave up the road shows when she had a son. She did one tour while he was a baby and she came back to him and found he didn't remember her at all. In the early sixties, she opened *Ciro's*, across from the Hilton, with her partner, *Ciro*, and brought in artists like *Sabicas* and *Juan Serrano*.

She knows both worlds of flamenco, the pure and the commercial, the old style and the modern. She knows the old saying about flamenco, "It comes from the first sob and the first kiss," and she knows the flashier side, the technical side, played now by artists like *Paco de Lucía*. "I was lucky to see all the old people," she says, "when I was growing up. And they loved me because I was the young one."

"You see," she says, "the *puros* don't understand professional techniques. *Anzonini*, for example, is a fiesta dancer. At fiestas, if the artists don't drink and they don't feel like singing, they don't do it. They do it for themselves. They do it when they feel like it. You see it at fiestas and it's great. But when you put people on a big stage and they don't feel it, it's not professional. The *puros* think that if you play castanets you're not flamenco. But stage shows are all choreographed: it's an entirely different thing. Even when *Paco de Lucía* (the guitarist most responsible for modernizing and popularizing flamenco in Spain) was at my house at a fiesta, you don't push him to play. He has to relax and want to feel it.

"You can still hear a lot of great people in Spain, at fiestas, in little towns. It's passed down from generation to generation. They know one or two good things, but if you're a professional, you have to sing everything."

Americans like *Madeline* and *Charles Berger*, *Paul Schlamy* (who brought *Anzonini* to America) *Mica Grana*, *Marcia Merrill*, *Kenneth Parker*, *David Jones*, and *Totten Ríos* go to these little towns to listen and study flamenco with the gypsies, with the purists, because

American flamenco theaters just aren't enough; no demons are released. Nobody here has the pride and warmth of *Diego del Gastor*, the dignity of *Anzonini*, that curious blend of dark and light that makes all great artists unique.

The music doesn't flow here like it does in small flamenco villages, from the kitchen, to the streets, to the bars, like a sort of blood that pours continuously.

Yet each time the Americans go back to Spain, they find flamenco a little more commercialized, on the jukeboxes in bars, being recorded with electric instruments, synthesizers, accepted now by Spaniards who used to have a hard time listening to raw flamenco. And each time they go back, they find the gypsy living conditions a little more modern, flamenco singing outlawed in bars, televisions in the homes, jeans on the children. The Americans despair that commercialization has begun to influence the purest gypsies.

The second set begins at the *Spaghetti Factory*. *Richard Whalen* has been outside, explaining the shows to the gawkers. "A delight and pleasure to the eyes and ears..."

And the dancers and guitarists, almost all of them American, perform the strange Andalusian art.

(continued from page 16)

this discourages the artist, the organizer, and everyone in general; it also makes the artist lose his concentration, which should not happen since they have the obligation to command attention and impose silence. If they had tried to do this, they would have succeeded. This was demonstrated by *Dieguito Torres* who, in a display of faculties of duende and good style, resuscitated the toques of his uncle, *Diego* (may he rest in peace), and an absolute silence reigned in the place for a few minutes. He stood out and made those performing with him shine also. For example, the granddaughter of *Manuel Torre*, in a marvelously inspired interpretation, made us think for a moment that the situation would change. But unfortunately it continued in the same vein and the artists limited themselves to putting on the same old record as they have learned to do in those festivales where they believe they will get nothing out of it and that's that!

This was, in brief, the *XII Gazpacho Andaluz*, of which I would liked to have made some good comments about the cante, but since there was none, I limit myself to what has been said.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements are free of charge to subscribers. They will be placed for two months if appropriate and must be received by the 1st of the month previous to their appearance. 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 and let us know. We Need to have and update at least every two months.

NOTE: Beginning next month with Volume IV, there will be some changes in the ANNOUNCEMENTS format. A CONCERTS & WORKSHOPS section will be added, UPDATES section will contain information on new shows or changes in current shows. The DIRECTORY of flamenco instruction and entertainment will carry names and phone numbers only. Those wishing to list more information may take out a small ad (\$10.00 for one month, \$25.00 for three month card-size ad).

updates

EL MORO RESTAURANT recently opened in San Diego and is now featuring dancer Rayna, guitarist Rodrigo de San Diego and singer Remedio Flores, Fri & Sat 10:00-12:30pm and Sun afternoon 12:30-3:30.

SARITA HEREDIA Flamenco guitarist will appear August 15th and 16th 8:30 PM at the Storie-Crawford Studio 1329-B Fifth St. Santa Monica, Ca. Information: 213/393-3962 Reservations: 213/862-1850

LAS PALOMAS RESTAURANT: 1399 46th Ave. (corner with Judah) presents guitarist Joel Blair. (San Francisco)

FLAMENCO FOLKLORICO: On July 1 Canada celebrated its 113th birthday. There were festivities throughout the country, highlighted by music and dance. A special program was arranged for Vancouver's historic Orpheum theatre in which Sr. Monzon and his Flamenco-Folklorico Dancers were asked to perform, along with selected groups. Sr. Monzon's fourteen dancers featured Gabriel Monzon's Soleares -- newly choreographed to the music of Sabicas, Mario Escudero, and Domingo Alvarado, as a singer. The presentation also featured Antonia Granados in the dance with Sr. Angel and Gabriel Monzon. Another engagement in late June was at the summer arts Festival Shawnigan Lake in Victoria, B.C.

MORCA DANCE THEATER presented Fiesta Flamenca with dancers Teodora and Isabel Morca, guitarist Victor Kolstee and the singer-dancer Roberto Zamora at the Broadway Performance Hall in Bellingham Washington, June 26th.

DON CARLOS Mexican Restaurant in La Mesa is featuring guitarist Rodrigo de San Diego and singer Remedio Flores Fri 5:00-8:30.

classified

DANCER WANTED: To perform with guitarist in Vancouver. Call 732-8970 or write Huguette Lacourse 2380 Cypress #204 Vancouver, B.C. VGI - 3M8 Canada

DANCER WANTED: To work with guitarist Peter Baime for already scheduled concerts. Good pay. Contact Peter Baime 1100 W. River Park Lane, Milwaukee, Wis. 53209

GUITAR MUSIC AVAILABLE. Music of many top artists, both modern and old style, transcribed by Peter Baime. See address above.
FOR SALE: Flamenco guitar by EDWARD FREEMAN, Mediterranean cyprus, Rosewood fingerboard and custom case. Call: Marvin Hirschfield (213) 342-4157,

FOR SALE: Conde Hermanos 1976 Flamenco Guitar. Excellent condition. \$650.00 Call Ed Lastra 408/984-0799 or write 120 Kiely #4, Santa Clara Ca. 95051

FOR SALE: books by Donn Pohren, Music by Mario Escudero and Sabicus and a complete line of guitar supplies (strings ½ price). The Blu Guitar, see ad for location.

A WAY OF LIFE, Donn Pohren's latest book on flamenco \$6.95 softbound or \$10.95 hardbound, and other Donn Pohren books are available from the Society of Spanish Studies, c/o Sunrise Press, P.O. Box 742, Chandler, AZ 85224. Add \$1.50 for mailing.

PANADEROS FLAMENCOS, by Esteban Delgado, recorded by Paco de Lucia - accurately notated sheet music: \$2.75 in the USA, \$4.50 foreign, Southwest Waterloo Publishing Co., 6708 Beck Beckett Rd., Austin, TX 78749.

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

BACK ISSUES OF JALEO AVAILABLE: Vol. I No 1-6 are \$1.00 each: all others \$2.00 each. Add \$1.00 per copy for overseas orders.

DIRECTORY

canada

DANCE INSTRUCTION, TORONTO

Maximiliano (Academy of Dance Arts) 2347 Yonge Street, 483-4046

pennsylvania

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

María Bitting (Philadelphia) West Chester
State University

Camila Erice (Harrisburg) Y.M.C.A.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Frank Miller (Harrisburg area: 717-582-8691)

new york

MESON FLAMENCO presents dancers Alberto
Montemar & Aurora Reyes with guitarist Miguel
Cepedes every weekend at 207 W 14th St. N.Y.
For Res. call 243-9205.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Jerry LeRoy Studios:

Esteban de Leon (212) 724-4918

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Ballet Arts:

Mariquita Flares (212) 582-3350

Alicia Laura (Long Island) (516) 928-3244

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Mario Escudero (212) 586-6335

Michael Fisher Ithaca) (607) 257-6615

REHEARSAL SPACE AVAILABLE 40 West 24th St.

3rd floor phone (212) 675-9308

washington d c

EL BODEGON features dancer Ana Martínez and
guitarist Carols Ramos. They are joined on
Fri & Sat nights by guitarist Paco de Málaga
1637 R St.

TIO PEPE features dancer Raquel Peña and gui-
tarist Fernando Sirvent.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Tom Kreuzburg (rofton, MD) (301) 261-0261

Mariquita Martorell (301) 992-4792

Paco deMalaga (Arlington, VA)

Carlos Ramos (Arlington, VA)

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DANCE INSTRUCTION:

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florida

EL CID now features singer Carlos Madrid,
guitarist Chucho Vidal, dancer-singer Marina,
dancer José Miguel Herrero. Two shows night-
ly, three on weekends, Le Jeune Road, one block
west from Flager Street N.W. Miami.

BODEGÓN CASTILLA features guitarist Leo
Heredia and singer Antonito.

MARBELLA RESTAURANT presents singer Juanillo
and guitarist Miguel Mesa. S.W. 8th St. &
31st Ave.

EL MESÓN ESPAÑOL presents singer Arturo, gui-
tarist Pepe Menéndez, dancers, La Chiquitina
and Adela. S.W. 8th St. & 22nd Ave.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Luisita Sevilla 576-4536

José Molina 576-4536

Roberto Lorca 576-4536

Rosita Segovia 642-0671

La Chiquitina 442-1668

María Andreu 642-1790

Adela 854-1287

colorado

IKAROS RESTAURANT & LOUNGE presents flamenco
guitarist Rene Heredia Tue-Thur 9 & 11, Fri
& Sat 9, 11 & 12:15, 1930 So.Havana

Tel 755-2211

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Guillermo Salazar 333-0830

Rene Heredia 722-0054

washington

PABLO'S ESPECIAL features dancer Eloisa
Vasquez and guitarist Gary Hayes Thur- Sat
nights 14 Roy St. in Seattle.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

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

oklahoma

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Ronald Radford (Tulsa) (918) 936-3319

california

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Paula Reyes (New Monterey) 375-6964

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Rick Willis (Oakland) 482-1765

Mariano Cordoba (Sunnyvale) (408) 733-1115

JUAN TALAVERA and company will again perform
at the Lobero Theater during the Old Spanish
Days Fiesta in Santa Barbara July 30-Aug 2.

san francisco

LAS CUEVAS presents Flamenco Fri & Sat nights from 9:30-12:00pm with singer-dancer Isa Mura dancers; Cruz Luna, La Romera, Paqui Mera, Raquel Lopez with guitarists Lionel James & Lee Thompson; guest appearances by Agustin Rios and others. 476 Green Street off Grant Ave. (415) 435-3021

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Adela Clara & Miguel Santos (415) 431-6521
Theater Flamenco
Rosa Montoya (415) 824-5044
Dance Spectrum Center 3221 22nd St.
Isa Mura (707) 459-0639
at Las Cuevas
Teresita Osta (415) 567-7674
Fine Arts Palace
José Ramón (415) 775-3805
Nob Hill's Flamenco Dance Center
841 Jones St. (Visitors welcome!!)
Isa Mura (415) 435-3021

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Mariano Cordoba (408) 733-1115
Ricardo Peti (415) 851-7467
Joel Blair (415) 564-8351

CANTE INSTRUCTION:

Isa Mura at Las Cuevas (415) 435-3021

los angeles

EL CID: Flamenco show follows disco dancing with guitarist Marcos Carmona & singer-dancer Rubina Wed-Sat and dancers Oscar Nieto & Agelita, singer Concha de Moron & guitarist Antonio Duran Tue & Sun.
For show times: 666-9551.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Carmen Heredia 862-1850
Oscar Nieto 265-3256
Roberto Amaral (213) 785-2359
Enrique Valadez (213) 589-6588
Carmen Fabriga (213) 589-6588
Pedro Carbajal 1828 Oak St 462-9356
Ester Moreno (213) 506-8231

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Gabriel Ruiz (Huntington Park) (213) 583-2801
(213) 589-6588

san diego

OLAMENDES RESTAURANT in Capistrano Beach is featuring flamenco three nights weekly, on Tues. Rodrigo de San Diego's group entertains and Sat & Sun evenings Juanita Franco's group Arte Andaluz performs. 34235 Downy Park tel. 661-1207.

ANDALUCIA RESTAURANT features Paco Sevilla playing solo guitar from 8:00-11:00pm on Tue & Wed; Thur-Sat from 9:00-12:00 he is joined by Luana Moreno (dancer) and Pilar Moreno (singer). 8980 Villa La Jolla Dr. (just off I-5 & LaJolla Village Dr.)

RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLET in Old Town features dancers Rayna, Theresa Johnson, Bettyna Belen Rochelle Sturgess and guitarist Yuris Zeltins Sundays from 11:30am-3:30pm at Bazarr del Mundo.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Juana DeAlva 442-5362
Juanita Franco 481-6269
María Teresa Gomez 453-5301
Rayna 475-4627

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