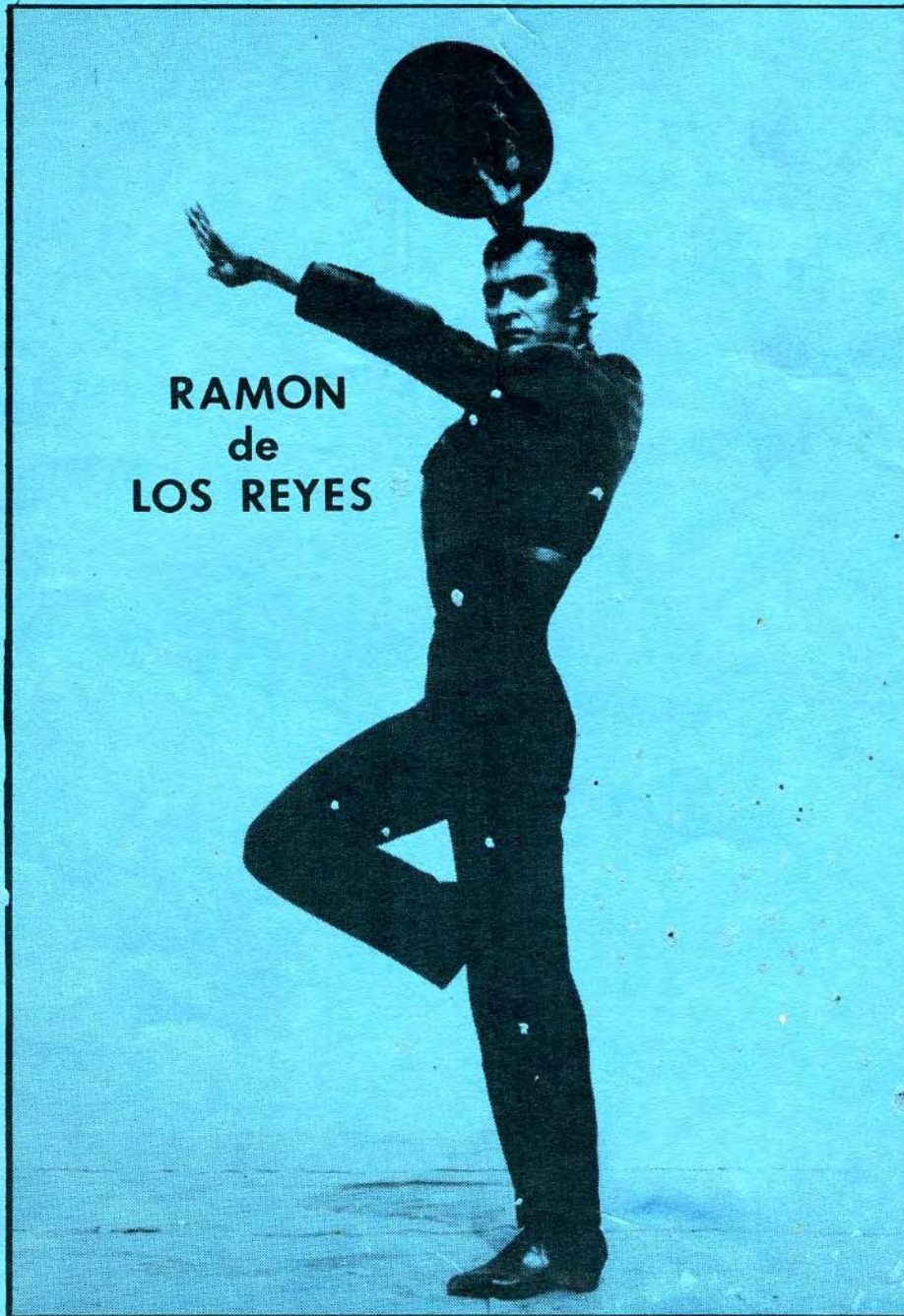


# دار الفنون

OCTOBER 1980

Vol. IV No. 2



RAMON  
de  
LOS REYES



# JALEO



newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME IV - No. 2

JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

OCTOBER 1980

The goal of Jaleistas is to spread the art, the culture, and the fun of flamenco. To this end, we publish Jaleo, hold monthly juergas, and sponsor periodic special events.

## STAFF

Editor..... Paco Sevilla  
 Managing Editor..... Juana De Alva  
 Spanish Consultant..... Pilar Coates  
                                   Paca Villarroel  
 Translators..... Brad Blanchard  
                                   Vicki Dietrich  
                                   Roberto Vásquez  
 Contributing Writers..... Teodoro Morca  
                                   Guillermo Salazar  
                                   Martha Sid-Ahmed

TYPING: María Soleá  
 LAYOUT: Paco Sevilla, Juana De Alva,  
           Thor Hanson, Denyse Simpson  
 COLLATING: Mary Palmer, Vicki Dietrich  
 DISTRIBUTION: Tony Pickslay, Penelope  
                   Madrid, Juana De Alva  
 JUNTA REPORT: Carolina Mouritzen

Contributors in this issue: Brook Zern,  
Gordon Booth

Correspondents:  
 DENVER: Candace Bevier  
 LOS ANGELES: Irene Heredia  
 MIAMI: La Chiquitina  
 MILWAUKEE: Peter Baime  
 NEW YORK: Roberto Reyes, La Vikinga, George  
           Ryss, Loretta-Marie Celitan  
 PHILADELPHIA: Maria Bitting  
 SAN FRANCISCO: Isa Mura  
 WASHINGTON D.C. AREA: Maria Martorell,  
                           Natalie Monteleone

## NEW MEMBERS

CALIFORNIA: Bill Irvin, Margo Navarrette,  
 David J. Wolf, Amanda Chaffin, Juan & Carla  
 Martinez; COLORADO: Neil Haverstick; KENTUCKY:  
 John Haas; TEXAS: Altagracia Azios Garica;  
 WASHINGTON: Orville E. Sherrard, Jan G.  
 Otterstrom.

## IN THIS ISSUE

FLAMENCO TABLAOS.....	PAGE 3
LETTERS.....	PAGE 4
RAMON DE LOS REYES: AMBIENTE IN BOSTON.....	PAGE 5
RAMON DE LOS REYES' SPANISH DANCE THEATER: TWO REVIEWS.....	PAGE 10
PACO DE LUCIA IN CADIZ.....	PAGE 13
ABOUT GORDON BOOTH.....	PAGE 14
MORCA SOBRE EL BAILE.....	PAGE 14
GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO.....	PAGE 16
ENCOUNTER: A CAPER IN SEVILLA.....	PAGE 17
FLAMENCO SALERIES.....	PAGE 19
DONN POHREN & LUISA MARAVILLA.....	PAGE 21
PEPE "EL DE LA MATRONA".....	PAGE 22
SAN DIEGO SCENE.....	PAGE 22
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	PAGE 25
FLAMENCO DICTIONARY.....	PAGE 28

## SUBSCRIPTIONS & ADVERTISING

JALEO is published 12 times yearly by JALEISTAS, the Flamenco Association of San Diego. ©1980 by JALEISTAS, all rights reserved.

Membership-subscription for JALEO is \$12 per year for bulk mailing (allow 2-3 weeks) or \$17 per year for airmail.

Announcements are free of charge to members and advertising is accepted at a rate of \$10 per month (or \$25 for three months) for each business card size ad (larger ads at equivalent rates).

BACK ISSUES OF JALEO ARE AVAILABLE. Most back issues are available for \$2.00 each, which includes mailing costs. Send to Jaleo, Box 4706, San Diego, California 92104. (This rate applies to the U.S.A. and Canada; add \$1.00 per copy for mailing to other countries.)

# FLAMENCO TABLAOS

(from: Guidepost, Jan. 14, 1966; sent by Marylin Marilyn Bishop. Note from the editor: Although this article was published in 1966, the points made are equally valid today.)

By George N. Clements

Of the many foreigners who come to Spain in hopes of seeing the pure flamenco music they have read about or heard on records, most leave in a state of disillusionment. If they travelled in Andalucía, they were probably told that the best singers and dancers find work in Madrid. Arriving in Madrid, they were guided to a series of expensive clubs which present tablaos, or formally staged flamenco entertainment. At some clubs they saw a few highly reputed singers and dancers, who performed sometimes with enthusiasm, sometimes with complete boredom; at others they saw a most cynical display of commercial night club acts, advertised as "flamenco puro".

For the foreigner of average means, or for the well-to-do Spaniard, the tablaos remain the only presentation of flamenco music that he can regularly hope to see. Out-of-the-way flamenco cafés just don't exist in Madrid; neighborhood bars invariably display the motto, "singing and dancing prohibited". Those who can afford to may hire musicians to perform at private parties; but these musicians, if they are good, will normally be members of a commercial tablao and will probably give their accustomed tablao performance.

**RECENT DEVELOPMENT.** For better or worse, flamenco music in Spain centers around the Madrid tablaos and their performers. Yet these clubs are a recent development; before 1950 there were no flamenco tablaos in Madrid. Flamenco music was held in low esteem by the more cultured classes; visiting private flamenco parties was considered "slumming". The music could be heard occasionally in theaters, where most singers would appeal basely to the tastes of the mass public.

Beginning in the years just after 1950, there arose a gradual interest in flamenco as a highly-developed native art, largely among foreigners who had heard recordings being made at this time, and then among the educated Spanish public. Coinciding with this was the development of tourism in Spain. Gypsy caves; Spanish dancers, and flamenco guitar music were found to be irresistible tourist attractions. These two forces coincided to create the flamenco club.

The flamenco clubs of the present are a mixture in varying proportions of the night

club and the café cantante of the 19th century. The café cantante was originally just that: cafés in which the best local singers were hired to perform for the enthusiastic patrons. But business became so profitable that the cafés began to compete among themselves, each presenting a bigger, "better" show. Dancers and dance arrangements were introduced. Soon the music had become so distorted that the audiences lost interest, and one by one the cafés closed down.

Are the Modern clubs heading the same way? Musically, they are starting where the café cante left off. No matter how well-intentioned a club manager may have been at the start, he has had to face a largely uncomprehending public made up of the curious, the fashionable, and the bored -- the same elements that destroyed the cafe cantante. To stay in business he has had to please the public to some degree always at the expense of the music. As each club's audience contains these elements, a certain standardization marks the presentation from one place to another.

The first hour to hour-and-a-half invariably features the gran cuadro, "great picture", the most colorful event of the night with the greatest tourist appeal. It is normally composed of two or three cantaores (singers), two or three tocaores (guitarists), and usually six to eight bailaoras (female dancers). The dancers, taking turns, will dance solo numbers or perhaps in pairs. The dancing and singing during this part is gay, featuring the rumbas, alegrías, bulerías, and the standard soleares. Following this and on into the night are the soloists and smaller groups. It is in these more "serious" performances that the quality of the presentation varies most from club to club. Those which are able and willing will present some of the long-established masters of the art and promising younger talent; others will present one or more acts which better belong to second-rate night clubs; the lower-budget clubs will bring back the members of the cuadro, one after another.

The best presentations, visually and musically, seem to be the simplest and most natural ones -- the singers and dancers who somehow give the illusion that they are performing for an intimate group of friends. Excessive shouting and arm-waving, applause milking, elaborate choreography, and complicated footwork belong more to the theater than to spontaneous musical expression. (But there are exceptions; a few highly trained dancers with great technical command, such as Antonio, are able to convey genuine flamenco emotion with their dance.)

Arthus Frommer advises his five dollar-a-

day visitor to a tablao to be patient if he comes in when someone is singing -- the dancers will be back in a minute or so. The singers do present a great problem to foreign audiences and yet in many ways the cante is the most interesting part of the music; it is considered by the musicians as the very core of the music. The best singers are considerate enough of their audiences to introduce their selections with the standard "Ahora voy a cantar para ustedes..." naming the type of cante, and perhaps saying a word or two of description.

Late in the night when the casual tourists have left, a hard core of devoted flamenco fans often remains. At this time performances are sometimes seen which are well worth waiting for.

## LETTERS

Dear Jaleo

Many, many thanks for the latest issue of Jaleo...the Diego issue. It's terrific! I am pleased that you found some of the things I sent you to use. The cover looks great! I did enjoy the photographic section; is it going to be a regular feature in the mag? I particularly enjoyed the Chris Wilson pictures, especially the toothless granny who seems to defy the passage of time with a "How do them apples grab ya, honey?" attitude. Believe it or not, although I have had the Feria y Fiestas articles for some few years now, this is the first time that I have read them (I can't read Spanish). Carolyn Tamburo seems to have done a sympathetic job of translation; please thank her from this reader.

Much luck with Jaleo; please keep up the fine work because it's a bit of a lifeline, you know!

Phil Coram  
London, England

Dear Jaleo,

Last August I attended Teo Morca's flamenco workshop in Bellingham, Wa. It was a great experience! Isabel and Teo are very hospitable and friendly people. They, along with Mary Rouzier, were always helpful.

The workshop was very well organized. Teo's approach toward what was learnable in a short two week period was realistic. He did not try to throw every part of a complex art form at us at once. On the other hand, he did not neglect stressing the fine details of armwork, correct footwork, body movement and music comprehension that make the dance beautiful.

Equally appreciated his encouraging attitude, his patience and his willingness to give the knowledge that he has.

I hope to see the Morcas again next year.

Susan Cole  
Studio City, Ca.

Dear Jaleo:

Your recent article about flamenco in San Francisco made me start reminiscing about how it was some years ago. To put things straight I am not a dancer nor a guitarist. I am a painter and I just dabble in these things because it is all so fascinating and many of my friends over the years have been Spanish dancers and guitarists.

I lived in San Francisco for 50 years and the only guitarist I saw and heard in the early years was Jack Buckingham, who was teaching guitar at the University of California at Berkeley, but he did not play flamenco. Mariano Córdoba came from Spain and started to teach flamenco and that really changed everything. Now, everybody is playing flamenco. Carmen and Maclovía Ruíz danced with Rosario and Antonio for about one year and returned with Mariano to San Francisco, where the Ruíz girls lived. That started the guitar movement in San Francisco.

Donn Pohren started at the Purple Onion in San Francisco where he worked with his wife, Blanca; they danced traditional dances of Spain and it was very enjoyable. After I first read his book and saw them perform later, they had changed and to me it was rather stuffy. He started a place in Marin county and it was very artistic with fishnets and barrels for tables. Donn always had a bottle of beer on the corner of the stage and took a drink off and on.

From Columbus to the waterfront there was quite a bit of activity. Cruz Luna was a big wheel in the Casa Madrid show, which ran every night. Warren White ran a guitar shop where he made and repaired guitars. His guitars were excellent -- Paco Sevilla still plays one. I displayed my castueñas in Warren's shop. It was sort of a gathering place after hours for guitar players and dancers, late or early...

La Bodega was a nice Spanish cafe on Columbus Avenue and Harry who ran the place was a G.I. who went to Spain with the U.S. Army. He came back with a Spanish wife, who supervised the Spanish cooking. They served only paella and vino tinto and it became a nice place for San Francisco Spaniards and their friends. There was a trap door behind the bar which led

(continued on page 20)



# RAMON de los REYES

## Ambiente in Boston

by Marta del Cid

There is a special force that emanates from the true artist -- people will use terms like "aura" or "glow" in trying to define this quality. I think what it is a constant and restless preoccupation with the art, a ticking you can feel and see, an habitual feeding on the environment to fuel the creative pump. The art has chosen the artist and his commitment to and union with it is involuntary. He has an inside track that demands endless exploration.

Ramón de los Reyes has this quality in abundance. I first learned of his residence in Boston through an article in Dance Magazine a couple of years ago in one of its all too rare coverages of Spanish dance. They had interviewed a number of Spanish dancers throughout the country in an attempt to feel out what had happened to Spanish dance and what direction, if any, it seemed to be taking. The segment on Ramón particularly struck me because his "enthusiasm is unmatched by others questioned. Ramón de los Reyes' optimism towards Spanish dance's present condition may be attributable to his residence in Massachusetts, or it may just be self-preservation".\* Ramón himself was quoted as saying "For me Spanish dance is entering a most challenging and exciting period. The state of the art is advancing in both quality and acceptance."\* The article went on to state that he was currently on the faculty at the Boston Conserva-

tory of Music, and that he had plans for a future center for the Spanish arts.

I was very excited. We were planning a summer visit to relatives in Massachusetts and perhaps I could arrange for classes with him while we were there. I had been on my own as teacher and performer for some time and was long overdue for a working over. I wrote Ramón at the Conservatory and, after a few weeks passed with no response, I received a call from his manager in Boston saying that Ramón was sorry for not contacting me sooner, but he had been out of town and had only just collected his correspondence at the Conservatory. He then gave me Ramón's phone number with instructions to call as soon as we were in town.

### FIRST CLASSES WITH RAMÓN

Ramón was very friendly and approachable on the phone and we roughly determined what would be covered in class and established a schedule. He was waiting as I entered the lobby of the Conservatory's dance annex and greeted me with that mixture of warmth and reserve that is so charmingly characteristic of the Spanish. He was obviously an artist -- that preoccupation was present -- and something else was there too -- humility and the need to communicate. I liked him immediately.

I was to be impressed with Ramón as a teacher. He was very generous with both his

knowledge and his time, and he was respectful of my knowledge of myself and sense of my own pacing. We were working on a fandango de Huelva, which I had not had in years, and I was impressed not only with the steps he was sharing with me, but the style with which these steps were performed. He had a very definite period feeling for this dance and he was careful to point out when the more modern flamenco moves gave way to much older, traditional ones. I greatly respected his sense of propriety and his attitude towards preservation of the old ways. I was flying after class and dancing in my head all the way home to my parents' house trying to retain everything -- in 2 hours he had given me almost the whole dance. It wasn't the routine of the dance itself that had made me grow so much -- quite a few of the steps I had done before -- but it was seeing another approach, another point of view at work, feeling new angles on old moves.

Two days later I went in for my second double class, still so high from the first that, in spite of all the notes I had made to myself concerning aspects of other dances, all I could think of was bulerías. Ramón was unable to dance himself this time -- in the interim he had fallen in a hole just outside in the street and had badly sprained his ankle. (If you ever have the opportunity to see Boston's streets you will marvel that they have any dancers left at all.) So he had brought his girlfriend Claire, who danced in his company, to help demonstrate the steps. His bulerías was all I had hoped for and almost more than I could handle, with counter rhythms so intricate that all I could do was imitate and react out of instinct -- dancing on the outside, a baffled vacuum inside. Stimulating but wierd! We finished out the class reviewing jotas, and I felt renewed and recharged when our time was up and grateful for this valued contact with a fine artist. I resolved to work with him again on our next trip back.

#### RETURN VISIT

We were back in Boston for Christmas, but were so busy that I had to discount the idea of a class entirely. More than a year passed and we decided to go back this Spring just before Easter, so again I wrote Ramón not only to inquire about class but, feeling he had much to share, to see if he would agree to an interview for Jaleo. Ramón called to confirm both requests, expressing an interest in Jaleo and adding that his company would be performing the week we would be in town.

When we got into town Ramón gave me direct-

ions to a new rehearsal studio on the ground floor of his apartment building, which is located just a few blocks from the Conservatory. We pulled up in front of a hulking mausoleum and entered to find the whole interior being renovated with working studios for artists, repertory groups, etc. on the first floor and apartments upstairs. We walked clear around to the back of the building before finding Ramón's studio which had a colorful promotional poster for Spanish Dance Theatre hanging on the door. We waited only a few minutes before Ramón came down the hall wearing work clothes and a smile and carrying a large bag, a cup of coffee and a key. As we prepared for class we chatted. He asked me more about Jaleo, saying there definitely was a need for this sort of communication, that he had toyed with the idea of a local newsletter but realized that with his heavy schedule he would not be able to keep it going by himself. Then he suggested investigating grant funding as a source of financing -- he and his company operate under at least three funds that I know of. Certainly a service such as Jaleo provides might qualify for aid. He went on to discuss the problems of managing a company in Boston -- not receiving adequate coverage by the ballet-oriented dance critics ("But we've already seen your company before!") who feel flamenco belongs in the cabaret. Ramón's healthy attitude is that audience opinion is the important thing. He also faces occasional bias because the performers are not all Spanish, but Ramón believes that anyone who feels flamenco in his soul and who dances from the heart with knowledge and honesty has the potential of becoming a valid and persuasive artist, and he is obviously very proud of his largely American company and sees no limitations to what they can accomplish.

Class was again tremendously rewarding, clearing up a lot of odds and ends concerning technique -- questions I had as a teacher concerning the men's baile. Ramón was extremely helpful and free with suggestions, and the two hour class flew by. As we prepared to leave, I asked about the interview and Ramón said next morning would be fine and invited us to come to his apartment where it would be more comfortable. So the next day we entered the mausoleum for the second time and this time went up to the top floor. What could have been a cold and vault-like hall was saved by the fact that most of the large doors to the apartments had been painted with creations ranging from pastoral Wyeth-like scenes to geometrics and cartoons. Ramón's door was still blank, but he told us that apartments are leased with priority to artists, and that

occasionally there is a contest on door art, the winner gets a few months rent-free, and everyone repaints their doors for the next competition!

Ramón welcomed us and then busied himself at the stove making coffee and providing my husband Sid with a rather free-wheeling oral recipe for paella which he had just made for friends the night before. Claire was bustling around getting ready to leave to teach a ballet class -- she and Ramón had married since I had seen them last and she was finishing up last minute pampering of their beautiful little 10 week old boy, Isaac. I was taking in the room -- a wall of windows, plants, well-stocked dance library, lots of photos and posters on the walls. A steep fire escape set of stairs led to the second floor and their roof access. Claire left, Isaac assumed his role as model baby on the couch, and the rest of us settled at the dining table.

#### RAMÓN DE LOS REYES

Ramón de los Reyes was born Ramón Ríos Llajamasades in Madrid. His father originally came from Granada, and it was thought there might be Arab blood in his family because of his unusual name. "My father looks like a gypsy -- he is a very beautiful man, very dark", said Ramón, dark and beautiful being synonymous in his mind. Later, when he was cuddling his son, I remarked what a handsome child he was, and Ramón, beaming down at him, said "I am very happy -- he is going to be very dark."

Ramón grew up in the old section of the city where there were always gypsies and flamenco in the streets and bars, which were more like social clubs, places where friends would meet and visit and where all ages were welcome. Families went places together, so whenever his parents went out, Ramón was always in tow and was therefore exposed to flamenco from the earliest age. "My mother was a very happy woman, always making palmas and having a good time." (There, I thought, is the source of that optimism and enthusiasm.) In this nurturing atmosphere Ramón began his dancing career, picking up bits here and there from artists who were amused to share their steps with this seven year old youngster of such exceptional ability. By the time he was eleven he was being remunerated for his talents, "at first with a sandwich or a glass of wine and then later with money which I used to pay for my dance classes." Already he had his life's goal in mind and the determination to develop his natural talent to meet that challenge. Some of his first teachers included Goyo Longa, La Palitos and



Estampío, and then later he went on to study with La Quica, Antonio Marín and Enrique el Cojo. Realizing the necessity of diversification he also studied bolero with the Pericets, regional with Pedro Azorín, and ballet with Hector Zaraspe, about whom he says "He is one of the best teachers of ballet in the world, you know. He is from Argentina, but I studied with him in Spain. He has coached Nureyev and Fonteyn, and today he is teaching ballet and Spanish dance at Julliard in New York."

By age fourteen he had performed professionally with Rafael Farinas, Manolo Caracol and Pilar López, and at sixteen Manolo Vargas invited him to join the Ximénez-Vargas Ballet

Español, which I remember as one of the first companies I have ever seen and where I had first seen Ramón. His association with Manolo Vargas and Roberto Ximénez lasted for the next 8 years and during this period he reached full maturation as an artist. Because of his talent and authority, even at that young age, he was given the position of lead dancer, after the company heads, and often choreographed and handled company rehearsals. "We lived together like a family -- I called Manolo padre and he called me son. He had the greatest influence on me as an artist and as a person and I will never forget him. He was one of the greats -- maybe in another century there will be someone strong enough to take his place, but not now. He lives in Mexico now, has a few students, practices yoga, and he is happy because he truly loves his art. He is a very humble man who has no real need for material things -- he has land in Spain he has never used. He once told me, 'I have no money, no problems, so I stay young!' Roberto has too much money, too many problems -- he's younger than me but he looks older!"

About Roberto Ximénez, Ramón observed, "He is a very formal, very private person -- inscrutable, you never really know him. He is a very strong, very good dancer who knows his work. He always had an insatiable curiosity about the dances of Spain and was always travelling around absorbing styles and patterns and costumes. Now he is teaching in Spain -- he is excellent with children. Manolo and Roberto are very different people and those differences made for a well balanced company."

While Ramón was talking I remembered an interesting observation he had made during class about improvisation, saying that no performer, not even Carmen Amaya, has ever been truly spontaneous in public. He recalled his years with Ximénez-Vargas and the awe he felt when watching Manolo improvise and create night after night. When he finally asked Manolo about this, what was the secret, Manolo denied it as true improvisation, saying that he was constantly drawing on his past. At the time some movements may feel new, but upon examination he would realize that somewhere, sometime he had done that movement before. And if he didn't recall, perhaps someone else would -- on somebody else. And so it goes. Does anyone ever truly create out of thin air?

Following his departure from the Ximénez-Vargas company in 1962, he enjoyed a successful and dynamic three year partnership with María Alba, "a very talented woman," who had been a soloist with Ximénez-Vargas. During this period they also worked with Roberto

Iglesias, "a genius with an incredible imagination. It is tragic that the strength he had as a dancer couldn't help him deal with all his personal problems." Being a very organized and systematic person, however, Ramón eventually found the need to go on his own again and he returned to Spain, married, and performed and toured with his own company. But things were not going too well, his marriage fell apart and, when a friend arranged an interview with the president of the Boston Conservatory of Music, he was ready to return to the United States and start a fresh life. After two weeks of teaching, he was offered a one year contract. During this period he performed briefly with another dancer who was also working and teaching in Boston, but this didn't last long. "She had these romantic notions about trying to be like the gypsies and we just couldn't work together. My dance is something of my life and I always want to do and look my best, very clean, my shoes polished. Besides, the gypsies don't dress sloppy -- they look the very best they possibly can. They are very proud people and their dress reflects this. Maybe inside they are not so clean", he chuckled, "but on the outside everything is just so. You know, during the time of Cervantes, during the war, there was very little food, but the gypsy would be dressed in his best and carry a gold toothpick. He happens to visit your home at mealtime and you invite him to join you, but rather than admit he is hungry, he produces the toothpick and declines with great ceremony, 'No, thank you, I have a pick!'. As Ramón was relating this little episode he was up and moving around, and the pose he struck upon that last remark, with weight on left foot, fist on hip and the pick delicately poised at the teeth, was priceless and we all dissolved in laughter. "Not all gypsies are that poor, either. Sometimes they ask for money just because they like to ask. When I was young I had many friends who would go begging in the streets just to see what they could get. You learn about the gypsies from being with them, not from reading about them in books. You have to be in the country and live with them -- not just one family or just in Andalucía, but all over Spain, rich and poor."

His next partner was his present wife, Claire, a beautiful woman of Philippine, French Canadian and Dutch ancestry. With lush hair down-to-her, she is a lovely dancer whose natural charm projects from the stage with ease. "Claire started as my student -- she had studied ballet since she was a child, but she was really born with the





RAMON WITH CLARA RAMONA (CLAIRE)

right attributes for Spanish dance. She has an incredible line -- within a week she was playing castanets and within six months we were performing together." It was Claire, who is also a pianist, who choreographed the piece to Bach and she has many other ideas for contemporary Spanish works. Ramón has choreographed his share of classical works -- "Capriccio Espagnol" of Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel's "Bolero", "Triana" by Albéniz, selections from De Falla's "Sombrero de Tres Picos" and "El Amor Brujo" -- to name a few, but his medium is still flamenco, in particular the more jondo dances, soleares being his favorite.

As his little company was growing so were his responsibilities at the Conservatory where he is now a member of the faculty. He is also now on the staff at Walnut Hill School of Performing Arts in Natick, Mass. At both schools his classes have replaced former "character" dance studies, a much needed step in the right direction in an effort to replace artificial mannerisms with the substance of the real thing. Ramón is currently teaching ten classes of Spanish dance at the Boston Conservatory and is one of the few artists in the country teaching for credit. It is encouraging to hear the school's stance that every dancer should study some flamenco -- that it is good for the mind as well as the body. "I

have to realize that most of the students in my classes are committed to ballet or modern and that only a small percentage will ever become seriously involved in flamenco. Because of this I teach a more classical form of flamenco, enough to acquaint them with the proper technique and give them a flavor and taste, but not the hard, driving flamenco that could cause them problems. If you are a good ballet dancer it is impossible to be a good flamenco dancer and visa versa. In ballet you break your body, but it is excellent strengthening for any dancer and it will prolong your dance life. I take ballet class regularly and use some ballet to warm-up for flamenco." The other dancers were at first surprised to see Ramón in ballet class with them. "They could not believe I knew ballet, too. The general attitude in the beginning was that Spanish dancers are an undisciplined group of entertainers, a Quico Borrachos or something. They were very surprised at all the technique involved."

There were other problems his first year in Boston. "Students of former teachers of Spanish dance here would come to me requesting certain dances they wanted to learn, and I would have to keep explaining that if they wanted to study with me it would have to be on my terms -- that they start at the beginning like everyone else. Sometimes they would threaten to complain to the president, and again I would explain that I am in charge of my classes and that the school supports this.

I must make note of the fact here that the general caliber of Spanish dance instruction prior to Ramón's arrival was not very high, and that his insistence on this policy was in the best interests of his students.

Other problems developed with Boston's Hispanics who, in spite of Ramón's stature within his art, felt competitive about his presence among them. Of great assistance here was the support and friendship of Raffael De Gruttola, the talented coordinator of a program promoting bi-lingual arts in the public schools, who provided Ramón the opportunity to work with the Spanish speaking community and other ethnic groups as well as to make presentations within the schools.

"I could have stayed in New York," Ramón said, "but everyone is in New York. I like living here very much -- I saw more opportunity for myself here and I hope my work will bring more ambiente to Boston. I hope someday we can have our own Spanish arts center here, like what Tina Ramírez is doing in New York. Of course, it is hard work -- not just the dancing, but all the business and paper work

associated with it. Sometimes I get depressed with teaching and think I would just like to be on the road again performing. But that leads nowhere and I have a future to build here. And then again, I look at my company, and I see my young boy, and I think to myself, it's not so bad."

No, not bad at all!

\*Dance Magazine, April 1978: "Spanish Dance in America: Fanning the Spanish Fever" by Lois Draegin

## Ramon de Los Reyes Spanish Dance Theater



by Marta del Cid

Ramón de los Reyes had been in Boston just about a year when he began organizing a resident performing company, his Spanish Dance Theatre. Until that time he had been doing a few shows with some of his students when he heard from Dini Román, a friend from the days when both dancers were working with María Alba. Dini was appearing as featured artist with Theater Flamenco in San Francisco, but had family in Boston and was interested in what Ramón was trying to do there. Ramón, on his part, was delighted at the prospect of having another artist with whom to share performing and choreographic responsibilities.

And not only did Dini join him, but guitarist Teo Greso, as well, of Theater Flamenco. The other members are all "home grown", students that Ramón has developed and coached and polished to a remarkably professional level in the short period of time the company has been in existence: Clara Ramona (Ramón's wife), Malena del Mar, Pamela Mora, Sara Olivera, and in a jota, Juan Seager. Fernando de Málaga is the cantaoor who, as Ramón puts it, "I found in the street". Originally from Málaga, he is a house painter by trade and was just singing for his own enjoyment when he met Ramón, who recognized the unique qualities that made his voice ideal for flamenco and who set about teaching him the cante himself. Others in the company were temporarily absent -- a couple of dancers, an Israeli guitarist -- and Ramón announced with pride that he would be presenting the debut of a promising student, a 14 year old boy, in the near future.

I was fortunate to be able to see the company in concert on April 5 at Brockton High School Auditorium in Massachusetts. This school must be one of the largest in New England, having its own ice skating rink and auto assembly shop, as well as a large auditorium. When so much money and concern for design is put into construction of a theater why is the stage floor always ignored or given short shrift? This floor was the typically modern "something over concrete", and was just as frustrating for the audience as for the dancers, who must work twice as hard to make footwork audible and then pay for their efforts later. The acoustics were annoying and uneven, the stage swallowing not only footwork but guitar as well. I found myself wishing that the whole performance could have been set on the stage apron, which better amplified subtle puntas and heel beats and carried guitar solos clearly.

The program opened with a set of traditional flamenco dances, the first a curiously "up" and smiling siguiriyas performed by the women and then joined by Ramón, who appeared on the scene dressed as an Andaluz dandy complete with cane which he ingeniously integrated with his footwork. A pretty and relaxed sevillanas followed and the set ended energetically por bulerías.

The second grouping consisted of a trio of classical dances set to compositions of Enrique Granados, and Dini Román's skillful and sensitive choreography, the evocative costuming, and the artful lighting all contributed to a stunning presentation. As the curtains parted on "Intermedio" the four women were silhouetted, backs to the audience, in subdued lighting. Fans slowly unfolded from upheld arms, lighting almost imperceptibly became



FERNANDO DE MALAGA, MALENA DEL MAR, RAMON DE LOS REYES, CLARA RAMONA, TEO GRESO, CLARA TICA

dawn-like revealing costumes in deep conservative hues "reminiscent of a Goya painting". The flow and pacing of this piece was very moving and beautifully executed. Dini Ramón's interpretation of "Playeras" was equal to the lyricism of that work and was illuminated by fragile little accents like the soft playing of castanets off her shoulders. The suite ended with all the women dancing "Rondalla", a refined but spirited number that looked like a period court dance gone country.

Next, in a very flamenco zapateado "Las Campanas" (credited to Estampío), Ramón demonstrated his superb domination of this technique, playing his feet in an ever-changing variety of patterns and shadings punctuated by brisk vueltas and sharp poses. Teo Greso soloed with a Moorish-sounding "Rondeñas", and the entire company brought the first half of the program to a close with a lively, effortless appearing jota Aragonesa that was introduced by Ramón's wonderful robust singing.

Following intermission, the second half was opened with a truly potent and dramatic siguiriyas as created by de los Reyes and Ramón, the latter entering first in a long, soft flow of red, just barely restrained in a large white shawl which was later discarded when her partner joined her, black enveloped in black. There were many striking moments and surprises -- his cape forming a temporary backdrop for her armwork, Ramón snatching her bata from the air as it came flying out of a vuelta.

The remainder of the performance was presented cuadro style, opening with a rumba sung by Fernando and followed by a vivacious fandango de Huelva featuring Malena del Mar. Ramón teamed up with Clara for an enchanting and humorous guajira: Ramón entered singing, in character as "pescador", carrying a fish net, mischievous in porkpie hat. Clara, "moza" in white bata and red shawl, was every bit his sensual equal and then some, flirting



DINI ROMAN AND RAMON DE LOS REYES

and enticing him into dance with her which at times threatened to get the better of both of them, as when they suddenly found themselves immobilized nose to nose at the finish of a particularly energetic vuelta. Dini Román's caracoles, with characteristic fan work, was full of lighthearted grace and charm with nice touches of inventiveness, as when making her exit, she walked around to lay her fan delicately on the end of her bata, and then danced into the wings. Somewhere in the midst of all this Teo Greso climaxed the evening with

alegrías, his most exciting piece of the evening. He was a man totally involved in his dance, barely containing himself, constantly setting up check points for himself, bursting through them momentarily, then containing himself again conserving energy until the next eruption. Masterful music from his feet was interspersed with swift and nifty back heel turns and strong dominating arm work. This artist certainly has total knowledge of his vocabulary and his instrument and communicates eloquently his joy in his life's work.

## RAMON DE LOS REYES SPANISH DANCE THEATER

(From: Dance Magazine, April 1979)

By Iris M. Fanger

Ramón de los Reyes came to Boston three years ago to teach at the Boston Conservatory of Music. Within a year he had formed the Ramón de los Reyes Spanish Dance Theater featuring himself plus four women with Spanish names (if not all with Spanish ancestry), two guitarists, and a flamenco singer. In the two years since its debut, the company has developed into a fine troupe, presenting as theatrical an evening of Spanish dance as is to be found north of Seville. De los Reyes is the center of it all, one man stamping out the

rhythms for the women, a dream world if ever there was one. De los Reyes set the tone for the December 15 performance early in the program when, after a curtain raiser by three of the women, the curtain reopened on four men drinking wine at a table, the air filled with smoke around their heads. The musicians began to play and sing. Dini Román entered and danced a slow and seductive caña, attracting de los Reyes' attention. He continued to eye her, only gradually swept into the dance beside her. Oh, to be watching in a cave-night

club in Spain instead of the antiseptic New England Life Hall in Boston!

In addition to the traditional Spanish dances de los Reyes is experimenting with using the Spanish vocabulary to interpret other pieces of music. His work to Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (performed on the organ by Ann L. Vivian) looked like a hybrid of an early modern dance work planted on the Spanish feet and posture. The four women wore dresses with slip tops and long skirts in blue satin with de los Reyes poured into a blue jumpsuit. The women worked in unison opposite de los Reyes with the movement connecting closely to the measures of the Bach. De los Reyes is musical himself and knows the infinite variations of the Spanish dance but, in truth, it is the traditional pieces with their barely contained emotion and colorful costumes that turn the audience on and make the evening so exciting.



## PACO DE LUCIA IN CADIZ

By Gordon Booth

Fans of the guitar who happened to be in the general area of the Bay of Cádiz on the 7th of August had a unique opportunity when, as part of the series "Festivales de Cádiz" (14 days of cultural presentations including plays, ballet, light opera, and, on one evening, even a full-blown flamenco festival), Paco de Lucía gave one of his rare recitals -- rare, at least, in Andalucía. While Paco often tours much of northern Europe as well as northern Spain, he has not appeared on stage in his native habitat for many years. In fact, a year or so ago, when he was busy performing in Barcelona and Madrid, one of the local papers questioned, "Why not Sevilla?" Well, if the sevillanos are still waiting, at least the gaditanos had their chance.

The concert was held in the open-air Teatro José María Pemán, a perfect setting. The theater is located in a small but quite lovely park where fancifully-cut fur trees and other exotic vegetation dance to the accompaniment of ocean breezes while in the background can be heard the moorish murmurings of a multitude of fountains. Some badly-needed restoration work on the theater had just been completed (when Manolo Sanlúcar had played there last year a section of the structure just above the stage had appeared ready to topple on his head at any moment) and it looked quite elegant in its fresh coat of white.

Even though the ticket prices were more than reasonable -- 400 pesetas (\$6) -- the

theater was less than 3/4 full...which is probably why Paco doesn't perform much in this part of Andalucía. On what to blame the lack of "sold out" signs? Quien sabe? Who knows? Publicity is always approached haphazardly no matter what the event. If one doesn't happen to buy the right newspaper on the right day or drive past the right wall -- the one where the poster has been pasted up -- the event comes and goes without one's knowledge.

The concert got underway at least a half hour late, a custom in this country; it is only the occasional misguided soul who mistakenly begins on time who incurs the audience's wrath. Once on stage Paco wasted no time in dazzling the crowd with his familiar rhythms, interrupted by sudden, lightinglike staccato bursts from his instrument. Performing by himself until the intermission, Paco concentrated on material from Fuente y Caudal and earlier albums. His reworking of almost every number made of each something sparkling and fresh -- like a newly cut diamond -- not that one could ever tire of the brilliance of the original.

The second part of the concert was especially exciting as it included much new material (hopefully from a soon-to-be-released album) as well as a number of tasty items from Paco's Manuel de Falla album (Falla was born in Cádiz and is buried a short distance from the concert site). Paco was accompanied during this portion of the recital by his brother, Ramón de Algeciras, on second guitar; Carlos Benavent, electric base (it took a song or two before one could fully adjust to some of the strange sounds coming from this instrument); Ruben Dantas on conga drums; and, playing the flute beautifully, Jorge Pardo. While all the musicians played well individually and together, Pardo must be singled out for his performance on the flute. He seemed to be working some unique brand of magic on his instrument. At one point he took the opening to "Danza Ritual del Fuego" and, obviously with Paco's blessing, turned it into a virtuoso flute solo.

Paco seemed to take special pleasure in the presence of Pardo and Dantas, the drummer, as well as the other musicians. During the time these other people were on the stage, Paco's playing was characterized by a huge grin of satisfaction. One sensed that, for the moment, he had found where he wanted to go with his music and he was glad that he had arrived.

The high points of the evening were many, but two were of particular note. The first occurred during one especially sizzling number (no program was available nor did Paco make any announcements so song titles were

unknown) when Pepe de Lucía added his strong, "gypsy" voice to the proceedings; one could almost feel the waves pause to listen. Another similar instance took place during the encore when Paco and Pardo started trading riffs. As Paco kept playing higher and faster, Pardo would return the melody just as high and just as fast. The spiral finally ended, as one assumes it was supposed to, in a tie buried by an avalanche of applause.

For most of the audience the evening seemed to end too quickly (even though that meant sometime after 1 a.m.). As the crowd departed the prevailing mood was best expressed by one young woman who was heard to remark, "Wow! I just hope that I don't have to wait five more years to see him again!"

\* \* \*

## ABOUT GORDON BOOTH

Now, on the subject of myself, I had thought that I could write something on the order of those personal ads one sees in the Village Voice or the New York Review of Books or various other publications. Something like: "WM, young (this, of course, depends upon one's perspective. I suspect that many of the people with whom I come in contact, most of whom were born in the 60's and whom insist on calling me 'Mr. Booth,' might take exception to that adjective. This realization came to me one evening when I had been up to the apartment above my own to request that the fellows who lived there turn their music down a bit so that my dishes would stop vibrating off the table. The response that I got was, "Come on, man! You must have been young once yourself!" Young once??? Suddenly I wasn't sure. I rushed back to my apartment and quickly dug through my old photographs. There it was! My arrival in Europe picture from 1964. The guy was right!)

Pardon the digression. Perhaps we should start again. "WM, young...okay, not so young but not aware of it, literate (last book read: The Art of Volkswagen Repair...and I don't even own a Volkswagen), wide interests ranging from flamenco to animal husbandry in the Ukraine to collecting marimbas, seeks female with like interests to share Green Fish Gin at the Festival de la Tortilla Española".

In a more serious -- some would say ponderous -- vein, I have lived in Europe since 1964, most of the time in Germany, but the last five years have been on the beach here in Spain. I work for the European Division of the University of Maryland's University College which offers academic courses for U.S. military personnel stationed overseas. My

current posting at the U.S. Naval Station, Rota, allows me to indulge my interest in flamenco, which has grown considerably over the past few years.

I live, with my wife and two sparkling children (ages 4 & 10), outside of Puerto de Santa María in an apartment which has an unobstructed view of the Bay of Cádiz. Our life is a happy one, with the warmth of the sun to wake us in the morning and the singing of the waves to put us to sleep at night. I have been in love with Spain since high school when I read everything I could get my hands on about the country, her history and culture; it has been a dream to have been able to live here.



# MORCA

... sobre el baile

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE DANCE

No one knows when the first toná was sung or the first planta hit the earth in primitive footwork or the first stick hit the ground in ancient rhythms that would become the art of flamenco that we know today. We do know that many years ago conception took place from the many cultures that lived in southern Spain and gave birth to the roots of flamenco, that tradition of flamenco has grown and blossomed into the most profound and complete of art forms.

From the very beginning, it was the power, the art, and the inspiration of the individual that shaped the growth of the many branches of flamenco, for it has always been the individual that expressed his inner feelings and emotions and life itself. That individuality has been one of the keys to the evolution of flamenco. Before there was ever a thought of flamenco going on stage, when flamenco was being expressed behind closed doors and in open fields in and around the pueblos of Southern Spain, the natural creative drive of the individual, for personal fulfillment, was changing and evolving flamenco.

Flamenco, like all great art forms that have no boundaries or borders, is a living, breathing, flowing creative process, very much alive -- like a flowing river, not a stagnant pool. Tradition also grows and moves. Tradition is the tap root with branches that grow and use tradition as a base for

more creative growth.

Throughout this last century, there have been many artists whose names are synonymous with the creative growth of flamenco: Antonio de Bilbao, Estampío, Pastora Imperio, La Macarona, La Malena, Frasquillo, Vicente Escudero, La Quica, Carmen Amaya, Antonio, Argentina, La Argentinita, Rosario, Pilar López and the more contemporary artists, La Chunga, Farruco, Antonio Gades, Mario Maya, Rafael de Córdoba and so many other great artists. All of these people were innovators, creating, leaving their artistic imprint for others to use and follow and, at the same time, they evolved with the art of flamenco.

From the time of the beginning of the cafe cantante of the mid-19th century, we have seen the growth of flamenco, spreading out into the world as a universal art, crossing all borders.

Many people feel that flamenco lost its purity when artists became professional, earning money at what they loved and did best. Many people also feel that the word "commercial" is bad, unartistic, antithetical to the creative process. Commercial means something that sells, and what is wrong with being paid for your art, your profession? An artist will be an artist whether paid or not. Some of the greatest creative growth and development came from professional artists like Carmen Amaya, who changed the art of flamenco dancing forever, being one of the first with the most awesome blend of great artistry, technique and creativity, and carrying flamenco to all corners of the world. Antonio Ruíz Soler, one of the greatest dancers of all times, was the creator of the dance drama to martinete, refined and elevated the taranto and inspired many of the great male dancers that we know today.

Flamenco is flamenco. If people want to dance for the joy that flamenco gives them, with no thought of making a profession out of it, that is fine. If a person has that magic in them called art, then whether they have a lot of technique, no technique, dance in the pueblo, on a concert stage, or in a tablao, they will still have art. Good technique can give art freedom if it is used to express the art. Technique for technique's sake is just technique, which is true of all art forms. It is silly to think that too much technique hinders the art. That is hypocritical. What is too much technique anyway? Great art and great technique go together beautifully if they are used together to express each other. Art, that inner energy that explodes from a person, can consume itself like a flame, if it is not expressed and technique by itself can be cold and boring, "not saying anything".

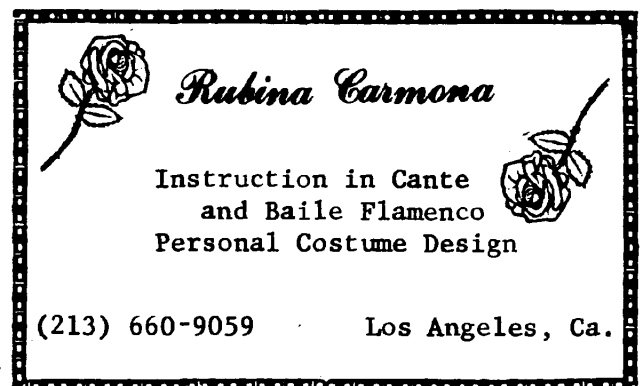
When the flame of the art is fanned by the exciting technique and movement that says something, then that unity of art and technique become the creative process, the feeling, the addictive force of the great art of flamenco.

For the professional flamenco artist, good technique is a form of freedom. If you are performing nightly in club, tablao, or traveling to concert after concert, there will be many a time that you will rely on good technique, the "craft" of your art to get you through a performance. The human being is not a machine, neither is the flamenco dancer; and many times the old cliché "The show must go on", is true, even if tired, sick, etc.

The ideal juerga, where the elements are all great for the profound flamenco happening, are rare, very rare. Who does not wish for the fine guitarist, superb singer, exciting dancers, great jaleo, sensitive and understanding aficionados, all with aire and gracia to set the stage for the ultimate flamenco happening. It does happen and it is beyond words in feeling and emotion, but like anything special, it happens seldom.

There have been many influences in flamenco, some very beneficial, some not so beneficial. Some of the negative influences have been the "tourist attraction" aspect of flamenco used in Spain and other countries. This has flourished in the many tablaos as "quantity instead of quality". Many people have tried a short cut approach to flamenco, learning a few set routines, adding what they think is a "sexy-sell-jazzy" approach to it with "cuchy-coo" costumes and passing this off as the latest Vegas-rock-instyle flamenco; in reality, it is just a plain lazy approach and in bad taste for such a beautiful art form.

The good influences in flamenco have been the serious artists who realize that flamenco is an art of the highest, most noble stature and bring forth innovative creations, taking the seeds of tradition and cultivating them with dignity, class, style and study. Examples are Vicente Escudero with his



*Rubina Carmona*

Instruction in Cante  
and Baile Flamenco  
Personal Costume Design

(213) 660-9059      Los Angeles, Ca.

approach to the seguiriyas, Antonio and his superb martinete and other flamenco masterpieces, Carmen Amaya and her tarantos, alegrías and everything else that she did, and the many others such as Mario Maya and other contemporaries who have raised flamenco from a regional art of southern Spain, to a universal art of the entire world.

Flamenco lives...it will always live, for there are always the few who hold it with love, who know that flamenco is...it is life, it is alive, it is one of the ultimate processes of life lived fullest from moment to moment. When one experiences that moment of losing themselves in flamenco, then they truly find themselves, in all of life's glory, of all emotion, all feeling; it is living creation and we should be so proud to be a part of this beautiful creative human expression called flamenco...

-- Teo Morca

## GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO

Several years back I met some people who had just come back from a vacation in Torremolinos. During the conversation they said: "We saw this guitarist, and he was really good!" I asked, "How was he good? What do you mean by that?" They didn't know what to say except that the audience response was good, and every one of the tourists believed that he was good -- a majority rule.

I have no idea who the guitarist was or how good he was, but this got me thinking. What does good mean? What are the criteria? The general public has a difficult time understanding flamenco performances since it is a foreign culture that is being presented. Put yourself in the shoes of the uninitiated.

Good can mean: (1) Technically good. (2) Soulfully good. (3) The critics of newspapers say it's good. (4) Other flamenco performers say it's good. (5) The general public says it's good. (6) Advertisers with financial interest say it's good. (7) Personal friends say it's good.

The uninitiated public, who attends most performances in the U.S.A., basically is looking for good entertainment. It is not interested in seeing real flamenco in a private juerga. It is interested in seeing costumes and choreographies, showmanship and finesse. It wants variety and visual stimulation. The Hollywood approach to flamenco seems especial-

ly successful: props on stage like tables in a taberna or exotic plants. People will then leave the show thoroughly entertained, which is the desirable effect.

I have met many artists who refuse to present themselves this way. Most of them are very fine musicians who want to present true flamenco as they think it should be represented. They want to be as authentic as possible. Most of these artists refuse to wear costumes, will not perform for larger crowds, and are sincere in their beliefs of preserving the true flamenco. A few of them will exaggerate the authenticity by spitting on the floor or cough loudly without covering up. To oversimplify, we have two approaches: Success vs. Salt of the Earth. Both approaches have their merits and drawbacks, depending on each artist's way of looking at the world.

The issue is even more complicated when flamenco is presented out of Spain. One glance out the window will prove that there is no inspiration to speak of in this culture. Presenting flamenco in a non-flamenco world is a tremendous challenge. The pressures of the city life in America seem to discourage serious flamenco people. The noises of fire trucks, ambulances, helicopters, police, airplanes, etc., alone are enough to take our minds off flamenco. Flamenco demands concentration, which in the Andalucía of yesteryear was so attainable. However, this is no excuse to give up; rather it is motivation to regroup and become more determined than ever. Flamenco will not disappear, even though flamenco artists will come and go. The death of old flamencos is replaced by the birth of new ones. The new flamencos will choose the styles of the future and this will be unpredictable, of course.

How should flamenco be presented in a non-flamenco environment? There is no answer to this question without criteria. The answer depends on the philosophy of the questioner. Our planet is full of multiple realities.

\* \* \*

Lonely Fire - Toti Soler RCA PL-35240 (1979)

This is a record of flamenco-jazz fusion by Toti Soler, a young guitarist from Cataluña. Other personnel include Raimundo and Rafael Amador, along with Feliu Gasull. Lovers of traditional flamenco most likely will not appreciate Soler's efforts; flamencos who like other kinds of music may see some value. The word is that Toti Soler was a John McLaughlin style jazz guitarist who was captivated by flamenco. He made the switch to playing finger style and since has created his own very personal style of guitar playing. Soler has



superior technique and seems to have freedom to roam all over the fretboard at whim. His touch is definitely flamenco, displaying good rasgueado, picado, pulgar and accurate rhythm. "Lonely Fire", a cross between soleares and alegrías, is the last track on side one. The record starts with "S'ablegai Alegre", a bulerías de Menorca, an exciting bulerías, quite unconventional. Side two begins with "Martinsky", an avant garde rumba with Raimundo and Rafael Amador. "Govinda" is not describable in flamenco terms, except for the technique. "La Flor del Cactus" is a swingy bulerías.

My impression of Toti Soler is that he is a fine artist who dares be different. The world needs more people like him.

—Guillermo Salazar



## Encounter: A Caper in Sevilla

(from: The New York Times, Sept. 15, 1974; sent by George Ryss)

By Brook Zern

I should never travel without a guitar. If I don't play the guitar for a whole day, my palms start to sweat and my mind gets foggy. But bringing a guitar to Spain -- and a flamenco guitar at that -- seemed about as redundant as toting along a box of dehydrated paella or a personal supply of olive oil.

So, guitarless myself, I hung around with guitarists, and played the odd flamenco. Or I visited music stores, "examining" their wares. Which led me, one afternoon, to Seville's biggest music store, where I requested nothing less than the Arcángel Fernández guitar occupying the place of honor in the carefully shaded display window.

To play such a guitar, of course, it is necessary to first promise that you will buy it. And afterward, of course, it is necessary to extricate yourself by explaining that you do not happen to have the money with you, but will immediately wire your bank in New York and have them transfer the funds. (This is preferable to simply saying that you have the money at your hotel, since it enables you to return on several subsequent days -- while waiting for the alleged transfer -- to retest the compromised instrument.)

And so I played the Fernández. Perhaps it was Dr. Johnson who remarked of a card-playing dog that the wonder is not that he does

it well, but that he can do it at all. Most Spaniards apply equally lenient standards to Americans who play the flamenco guitar, gaping in wonderment at the very ideal while retaining an unshakable conviction that such music can only be interpreted properly by one who carries it in the blood. (I learned much of my flamenco from my father, which is a point in my favor; but my father is Pennsylvania Dutch, which is at least two points against.) In any case, the net result of my playing was a few generous compliments and a complete identification of me with the Fernández guitar.

The next day I headed back to the store for some more practice. It was still early in the afternoon, and I noticed that the blinds were drawn behind the spotless window, presumably to prevent the guitars and other displayed items from exploding or melting in the sizzling sun. I decided to look at some records before asking to play the guitar.

After a few minutes a nice-looking fellow in a gray suit came up, tapped me on the shoulder, lifted his lapel to display a badge of some sort and mentioned that I was to come with him. I had a fleeting thought that perhaps he was a talent scout, but that didn't square too well with the badge. Then it struck me: the police.

The car stopped at the huge police cuartel on Jesus and Mary Street, and I was led through the imposing wooden entrance doors to a small room upstairs. And that's where I was left, evidently to commune with my conscience, for what must have been a half hour. Weird ideas entered my mind. Would they bring in all nine music store proprietors whose best instruments I had sworn to buy? Is there such a thing as breach of promise to a guitar? Would they be satisfied if I really bought all nine of them? Could I promise to testify against some higher-ups?

A very large policeman finally entered the room. He took a piece of paper out of his pocket, put it down on the desk and said sympathetically that he understood why I had done it.

"Done it? Done what?"

"Since you yourself were the one who did it," he said patiently, "it should hardly be necessary for us to go into that."

There was a long silence. To pass the time, I read the piece of paper on the desk. It stated that during the previous night, a brick had been thrown through the window of the music store and that a single guitar (the Fernández, naturally) had been stolen. Moreover, it said that the perpetrator bore a distinct resemblance to a suspicious character

who had played that same guitar and even sworn to buy it that very afternoon.

"Señor Capitán," I volunteered helpfully, "I did not throw any rock through any window and steal any Fernández guitar."

"And who said anything about a rock, a window or a Fernández guitar?" he said slowly.

"It says it all right there on that paper. I read it."

"But you could not have read it," he said, arising with a triumphant flourish. "You see, the paper is facing me!"

"So?"

"So from where you sit, it is upside down!"

"I can read upside down," I said. "Here, put it on the desk again and I will read the whole thing out loud."

"Nobody can read upside down," said the captain. "Besides, this is a confidential report." He folded it again and put it back into his pocket.

More sitting and more silence. Finally I realized that my wife might be getting concerned. I told the captain that I hoped they could send someone over to the hotel to explain the situation to her. And since her Spanish was still rudimentary, I pointed out that an interpreter would be necessary.

"By all means," said the captain. "I shall send the appropriate personnel immediately."

My wife tells me that soon afterward, there was a knock on the door. She answered it, and a man in a gray suit flipped up his lapel to show a little badge or something. Simultaneously, he smiled at her and said in perfect English, "Hot."

"It certainly is," she said. "Is there something I can do for you?"

He looked at her again, smiled even more pleasantly, and said, "Cold."

And so he and his companion proceeded to go through the room and our luggage, obviously looking for something. My wife, recalling a childhood game, said that if they would simply tell her what they hoped to find, she would tell them if they were getting hot or cold, but that drew no appreciable response. Finally she realized that the interpreter, who had undoubtedly gained great prestige among fellow officers for his linguistic mastery, spoke only those two words of English.

After 10 minutes of apparently fruitless searching, the men left. But on the way out, the other one pulled out my passport, pointed to my picture, and whispered reassuringly, "O.K."

Meanwhile, I had acquired my first ally at headquarters. He was a lieutenant whose job was to grill me further, but he knew I couldn't have done it. "How could an American steal

something like that," I'd heard him arguing in the hall. "Americans are all rich. Would you steal if you were rich?"

"Crime of passion."

We sparred for a while. I asked him why I would steal a guitar that was associated with me. He said that if I hadn't played it, I wouldn't have known it was worth stealing. He played the guitar himself and knew just how it was: I could not help myself -- it was a crime of passion. I asked what kind of idiot would go right back to the store the day after pulling a job. "Why do you think we had men there," he retorted. "Don't you know that..." "...criminals always return to the scene of the crime." We both finished the sentence together.

But because I was an American, and therefore rich, his heart was not really in it. And it was during his rather listless questioning -- about the third time that he offered to let me use the telephone, in fact -- that I realized something. The police wanted me to call the American Consulate. It seemed that they would be able to resolve the whole thing rather neatly. I would get off with an admonition, while the police would be able to claim that they cracked the Great Guitar Caper but were unable to prosecute for diplomatic reasons.

Well, the hell with that. This was getting interesting, and while I had no desire to end up in a Spanish jail, I was pretty sure they would have to drop charges when they couldn't prove I did it. The police weren't exactly delighted that I eschewed the diplomatic solution, but I could tell that a few more of them were secretly rooting for me.

After a few more hours, during which nothing much happened, I went so far as to ask how they planned to prove that I'd done it. The lieutenant was taken aback. "Prove you did it?" he said incredulously. "We don't have to prove you did it. It is enough that we simply say you did it."

In a flash, something I had heard in a civics class about a decade before came rushing back to me: The presumption of innocence that is part of English and American law is not operative in the European system based on the Napoleonic Code. It was getting late and I was getting hungry. The telephone was looking better and better.

"If what you say is true," I finally told the lieutenant, "then I am obliged to prove that I didn't do it."

"Well, that would perhaps be one way of proceeding," he said.

"Good," I said. "Now how do I go about it if I am stuck in this place?"

I have no idea of what the usual procedure must be, but I could tell from his reaction that the question had never before been raised quite so bluntly. He went out and started another argument with his fellow officers.

Reason prevailed. If I was still certain I didn't want to use the telephone, they would release me -- under guard, of course -- to do whatever it was I wanted to do. It was all quite unheard of, but if I could find more than one witness to say I didn't do it, I would be under lessened suspicion. (The two-person rule did seem rather odd to me, especially since the upside-down paper I had read indicated that only one person had actually gotten a good look at the culprit.)

First the lieutenant drove us over to the hotel where we picked up my wife. Her absolute composure impressed the captain immensely. "Things like this must happen to you all the time," he said. "She's gotten used to it." Then we drove over to the store. Within 10 minutes we had tracked down the key witness, a shoeshine man. He took one look at me. "That's not the one," he said. "The one who did it was guapo."

Guapo? My textbook vocabulary included no such word, but as soon as the officers heard it, I was off the hook. "Just thank God you are not guapo," my wife said.

Things were looking up, but the deal had been for two witnesses. We tried to find someone else who might have been around the night before, but didn't get far. Then the lieutenant went up to a lottery-ticket vender on the corner. Yes, he had been there during the incident -- not 40 feet away, in fact. That was the good news. The not-so-good news was that, like most of Spain's lottery-ticket vendors, he was blind.

The captain, who knew I was innocent because the crook was guapo, appeared unfazed. "Did you hear the thief run away after breaking the window?" he asked the vender. The vender said he had. "Good," said the captain. "Did it sound like this?"

He motioned for me to start running, and I did.

"That's what it sounded like, all right," the vender said.

"Yes, but surely not exactly," said the captain.

"Well, perhaps not exactly."

"Good. Get in the car."

It was after midnight when the six of us -- the very large captain, the lieutenant, the shoeshine man, the lottery-ticket vender, my wife and I -- emerged from the dinky sedan in front of the headquarters building. The brief drive had tended to bring us all closer together, in every sense, and from that point on

things went smoothly. The police took a disposition from the shoeshine man to the effect that the crook was guapo and thus could hardly have been me, and from the vender, who swore that my footsteps differed in resonance, frequency and sonority from those of the felon.

Since my name had already been entered in official records along with the presumption of guilt, we decided to go through the complex expungement procedures. It took two days, and the police insisted that it wasn't necessary at all unless we someday decided to live in Seville for more than six months and thus required residence permits. In fact, we had resolved to do just that.

It was during our long stay that I finally learned the meaning of the colloquial word that had been the key to my exoneration. In Seville, one who is guapo is handsome.

## FLAMENCO SALARIES

By Gordon Booth

Ever wonder what the top flamenco "stars" get paid for performing? A recent issue of the Sunday supplement to the Spanish newspaper ABC revealed that they don't do too badly.

According to the article, which dealt with Spanish performers in general and not just flamencos, Paco de Lucía receives the most dinero (as one would expect) -- 500,000 pesetas (\$4,225). The top singers, people such as Juan Peña "El Lebrijano" and Fosforito, normally command 80,000 pesetas (slightly more than \$1,000) an appearance.

The vast majority of the people involved in flamenco are not only paid a substantially lesser amount but often get little opportunity to perform, besides, a fact which one should remember the next time one of these lesser known figures seems reluctant to leave the stage at a festival; while not particularly nourishing, applause is still very satisfying.

### DON QUIXOTE RESTAURANT

A DINING ADVENTURE IN  
SPANISH AND MEXICAN FOOD



**Flamenco**  
ENTERTAINMENT

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

(LETTERS - continued from page 4)

to a basement room where dancers rehearsed. Later Harry sold the place and all the patrons were upset.

The Spaghetti Factory on Green St. was a crazy Spanish hangout with bottles dripping from the ceiling and barrels for tables. Frederico Mejía and David Jones played guitar there and dancers came and went over the years.

I met Guillermo del Oro at the Fiesta nightclub on Bay St. He was teaching ballet and Spanish dancing at the San Francisco School of Ballet. He was a pupil of old man Realito and had danced all over Europe and the U.S.A. He played a little guitar and he got me started playing too. I helped him play for his Spanish classes. Before that, all music for dances was on the piano.

José Ramón also had a Spanish dancing school and he played the guitar and piano. Some of his dancers came to del Oro's classes and vice versa. Isabel Morca danced for both teachers.

The Cansinos were established on Geary St. downtown, next to the Curran Theatre. I used to take my daughter to their classes and make quick sketches of the dancers. Elisa Cansino was teaching at that time. José used to teach there also, but the San Francisco climate did not agree with him, so he returned to Los Angeles, to the rest of his family. Elisa taught the pupils many traditional dances of Spain. Some of her pupils became very good and went to Spain for advanced teaching from La Quica. I danced with some of them when they were in San Francisco. When I was in Madrid in 1958, I met them again and visited their studio.

All the best Spanish dance companies came to San Francisco for performances, and many dancers came back to live. One, Rosa Montoya, is still there teaching flamenco.

As for flamenco puro, I am not an expert, but I still enjoy the dancing and guitar music, even if it isn't so "puro". So for us who cannot go to Morón de la Frontera and see the flamenco puro, there are many great dancers here in the U.S.A. -- and I have seen some very good ones. How about all the dancers and guitarists who came to the U.S.A. and all the Americans who went to Spain and stayed there for many years absorbing the culture. I remember Ricky Orleano, who took lessons in our basement from a Spanish nightclub dancer from Mexico City. He made good and danced in Europe for many years and we finally met him again at a performance here in San Diego.

When I lived in San Francisco I used to have open house on Mondays for guitarists and dancers. Lunch from 12 to 2 p.m. or longer. I served whole wheat toast and Danish blue

cheese, Norwegian sardines and vino tinto. Mariano Córdoba, Ciro, del Oro, and Antonio Gallardo, a great guitar maker came off and on. I had two guitars and the guitarists liked to play them, so pretty soon we had a small party going; eating, drinking, and playing music. I danced the sevillanas with Ciro. They all had a great time and forgot they had work to do, so after an hour or more there was a big rush to get back to work. This was in '65 and '66, I think.

Now, the Jaleo is a great publication and gives a lot of information about all these things and I hope it will continue for a long, long time. It would be great if the Jaleo had its own home, something permanent, with an office, rehearsal rooms, small theater and perhaps a restaurant.

Ernest Lenshaw  
San Diego, Ca.

Dear Jaleo:

I thought that perhaps Jaleo's readers would be interested in what the great cantao, Antonio Mairena, has to say about Diego del Gator in his book, Las Confesiones de Antonio Mairena (with Alberto García Ulecia, 1976). He calls Diego, "...aquel gitanito singular de toque enigmático e inolvidable." (pg. 173) He also describes Diego as follows: "Another guitarist with tendencies toward solo playing was Diego de El Gator, a gypsy descendent of la Anica Amaya, whose family had come from the Serranía de Ronda and made their home in Morón, where Diego lived the rest of his life and died in the summer of 1973. Diego tended more toward concert style playing than accompaniment, although he was a great aficionado of the cante and knew how to accompany, as Juan Talegas and I can testify, having been accompanied by him many times in fiestas. But, unlike what happened with Montoya (Ramón), he didn't favor the 'aires levantinos' (songs of the fandangos family like tarantas, granainas, etc.), but the others, more like Javier Molina, although even more pronounced in his position -- el de el Gator used to play only por soleá, seguiriya, and bulería, and in a very personal and unusual manner. In reality, Diego's attitude could be explained, in part by the fact that he was not a professional - the major part of his life he played for friends and in private fiestas." (pg. 122)

Paco Sevilla  
San Diego, Ca.

Dear Jaleo:

"Duo Flamenco Puro" will be returning to the University of Arizona in Tucson as part of its fifth tour in six years of colleges, universities and concert halls. The concert at the University will be free to the public, November 11th at 8:00 P.M. in Crowder Hall. The "Duo", whose ethnic integrity expresses intensely the feelings of the creators of flamenco, Andalucia's underprivileged, is composed of Madrid born Luisa Maravilla and her husband, American born Donn Pohren, a flamenco guitarist of the vanishing traditional school, who accompanies Luisa's dances and songs and performs solos. In addition to the dancing and singing, Ms. Maravilla explains in English or Spanish the historical background and the cultural and artistic fine points of flamenco.

In addition, there is a probability that the "Duo" will perform locally, off campus, November 9th at 8:00 P.M. in a concert directed toward the Hispanic community. This is yet to be arranged, however.

The "Duo" will be in Tucson from November 9th to the 13th. Since there is a fair amount of local talent, there is a likelihood of some juerga action. As of now, Sadhana has offered the use of his property, situated four blocks from the campus of the University of Arizona; visiting aficionados could camp there. The weather in Tucson is generally mild and dry in November, but nighttime temperatures drop considerably in desert regions and a light sleeping bag is advisable. Sad's address is 1502 N. Park Ave., Tucson, Az 85719. Telephone is 602-624-7979.

Bill Cox  
Tucson, Az.

## DONN AND LUISA POHREN

Donn and Luisa Pohren have made a number of tours of the United States in recent years, including several visits to San Diego. For those readers who are not familiar with the contributions they have made to flamenco, we present the following brief summary.

Donn Pohren was born in Minneapolis and attended Westminster College and the University of Minnesota. After a stint in the U.S Army, he used the G.I. Bill to study in Mexico and Madrid. In 1954 he was enjoying his first flamenco experiences in Spain, and by 1956 he had married Madrid born dancer, Blanca Luisa Bergasse, and they were living in Sevilla, in the home of the Pavón family. Donn studied guitar, while Luisa worked on her dancing with Carmen and Eloisa Albéniz.

In the late 1950's, the Pohrens performed

professionally using the artistic names, Daniel and Luisa Maravilla. In 1958, they opened a flamenco café in San Francisco. By 1962, the Pohrens had experienced a great deal of flamenco in the Sevilla area and Donn published his first book, The Art of Flamenco, which was eventually printed in a number of languages and became the important source of flamenco information for non-Spanish aficionados.

In 1964, Donn opened a club in Madrid that was intended to be both a center for flamenco study and a place to present traditional flamenco artists who did not fit into the highly commercial tablao scene. A writer for Guidepost magazine describes this club in 1964: "I've often had the odd 'copa' (glass of wine) in the Los Gabrieles bar on Calle Echegaray. But I never realized until the other evening what magnificent premises exist downstairs. This is where Donn and Cookie (Luisa's nickname) have installed their club. It's just about as tipico as you can get, which doesn't mean it's a phony 'patio andaluz' with bullfight posters and plastic claveles all over the joint. It is delightfully and naturally untidy, and both the entertainment and the hospitality is spontaneous rather than forced. If you want hilarious fun and are contented to sip or swill your wine while watching some of the greatest contemporary flamenco artists, this club is the place for you. Most of the outstanding flamenco singers, dancers and guitarists are friends of the Pohrens, so they drop into Echegaray 17 most nights for a drink, a chat, and -- inevitably -- an informal juerga."

Also in 1964, while Luisa was dancing in Manolo Caracol's tablao, "Los Canasteros," Donn came out with his second book, Lives and Legends of Flamenco, a collection of biographies of most of flamenco's important personalities. For his literary efforts, Donn was elected to the prestigious Catedra de Flamencología de Jerez de la Frontera and his books recieved their national award in 1970.

The "Club de Estudios Flamencos" closed in early 1965 due to a lack of the type of artist the club needed and the poor ambiente in Madrid. The Pohrens headed south to start a new project and, April 1966, the Finca Espartero opened in Morón de la Frontera for its first session. For the next eight years the Finca offered aficionados the opportunity to experience tradional flamenco at a personal level. The Finca and its activities have been described in a number of Jaleo articles and in Donn's most recent book, A Way of Life (1980).

Upon the closing of the Finca Espartero in 1973, Donn turned his attention to Spanish food and took small groups of people on tours through

different regions of Spain to sample traditional dishes in out-of-the-way places. He wrote a book on the subject, Adventures in Taste: The Wines and Folk Food of Spain. At the same time his Society of Spanish Studies offered aficionados worldwide the opportunity to purchase through the mail, records, books, dance supplies, and guitars (that service was suspended in 1979).

The Pohrens, sometimes accompanied by their dancing daughter, Tina, began to do lecture-demonstration tours in the United States. Usually every other year, they leave their home in Madrid in September and spend the next six or seven months travelling across America with the goal of educating people about the flamenco they have experienced. Twice they have performed in San Diego -- where Donn's parents live -- and will be here again, for our next juerga. We hope that aficionados everywhere will take advantage of a Pohren visit to their area to get to know them and to support their efforts.

## Pepe "el de la Matrona"

(from: ABC, Aug. 16, 1980; sent by Brook Zern; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by El Conde de Montarco

An irreplaceable interpreter of cante flamenco has left us; in Pepe "el de la Matrona" was combined interpretive art, exhaustive knowledge of the cante, and personal human quality.

When UNESCO sponsored the creation of the Centro de Estudios de Musica Andaluza y de Flamenco, with goals of investigation and conservation of purity in these arts, some fifteen years ago, I was appointed director -- more for having promoted the idea in Paris than for a profound knowledge of this art whose birth and interpretation have been the sources of much controversy. The first person I asked to be part of the advisory board of that center was Pepe Matrona -- as he is called by everybody -- and with him included other personalities who would be valuable in the study of flamenco, such as Caballero Bonald, García Matos, Fernando Quinones, Manuel Rios, Arcadio Larréa, Manuel Gutiérrez, Elias Terés, Ricardo Pachón, Manuel Cano, José Blas Vega, Luque Navajas, and Juan de la Plata

But when Pepe Matrona -- who didn't used to talk much in our gatherings -- spoke, he was listened to with great respect; he always had something important to say and he would say it in a manner that was simple, graphic, and amusing. However, it was in the Figon de Santiago, at a table with los cabales (knowledgeable aficionados), animated by Vitoriya,

that he best exercised his mastery. Here, throughout the night and dawn, we used to hear his opinions and judgements, supported by his interpretation of the cante under discussion. At that time he had passed seventy years of age, but the vigor of his voice and his vitality gave to his cantes an unequalled artistic value.

This second youth of Pepe Matrona was amazing. When close to eighty years of age, on various occasions he would run lunch into dinner and breakfast of the following day, in one continuous session of flamenco, well irrigated with wine and whiskey and smoked with Havana cigars.

Rocio Lloset, who was the secretary of the Center, with great devotion and friendship that she felt for him, spent one afternoon after another taperecording his recollections of that busy life in his first youth, a life that is of such great interest in the history of flamenco. His memory was prodigious and his references to Sevilla and Madrid at the end of the last century and the first part of this one, as well as his trips to Cuba and to Mexico during the revolution, reflect that epoch with accurate observations, some of them very humorous. Part of these reminiscences are compiled in a book that was subsidized by the Center.

In the history of flamenco, Pepe Matrona, who was a "payo" from Triana, will occupy an important place, and in the memory of his friends he will never be forgotten.



# SAN DIEGO SCENE

AUGUST JUERGA

The juerga at Diego and Chuck's was a lot of fun with plenty of room to spread out. There was no written juerga report; the pictures are worth a thousand words, as they say, so thanks to Gene for the great photos. We will include here the background on our hosts that was omitted previously.

Diego Robles lived in Spain and studied Spanish and flamenco dance as a child. In the States he branched out to ballet and jazz and performed with a variety of professional companies including the American Jazz Dance Company, Music and Dances of Spain (both of which toured Mexico), The California Ballet Company and Fantasia Española. Charles 'Chuck' Thompson, although not involved in flamenco, has been an active behind-the-scenes JALEISTA, setting up for juergas and collating the JALEO magazine along with Diego.

# AUGUST JUERGA



LOS AGUAYO Y LOS HERIOT ANIMAN LA JUERGA



MICHEL & PACA - SEVILLANAS

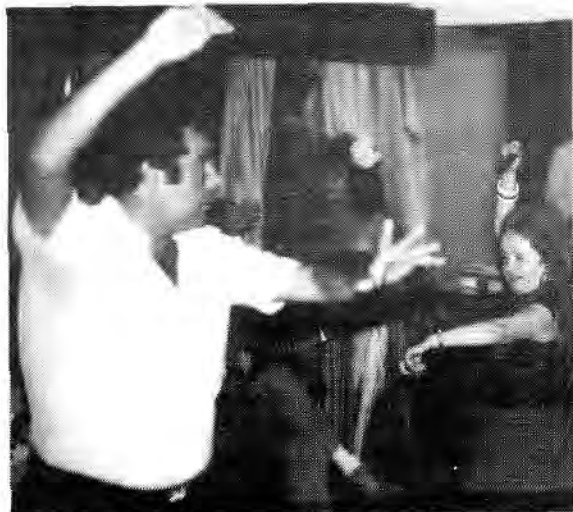


BRAD ACCOMPANIES MARIA JOSE

PHOTOS  
BY  
GENE  
JARVIS



VICKI & RAFAEL - SEVILLANAS



VICENTE CHAMURRO & JULIA ROMERO



PILAR SINGS TO GUITARS OF HERB, JOSELITO & YURIS



EL CHILENO, THOR & BRAD TUNE UP



YURIS, JOSELITO, MARIA JOSE & HERB



MARY FERGUSON & JULIA ROMERO DANCE



MARIA JOSE & SANDRA AGUAYO



MARIA JOSE, MARVILLA & MARINA - FANDANGOS



LOS CHAMURRO



# OCTOBER JUERGA

DONN AND LUISA TO JOIN IN OCTOBER JUERGA

Author-guitarist, Donn Pohren and dancer-singer Luisa Maravilla (see article page 21) will be in town at the end of October and barring any unexpected circumstances, will participate in the Jaleistas' October juerga.

Since they do not arrive until the 27th, the juerga date has, necessarily, been pushed into the beginning of November.

This will be a special opportunity to meet a couple who have been so instrumental both in educating the world about traditional flamenco and attempting to preserve it for posterity. If you have one of Donn's books you might want to bring it to be autographed.

Our October juerga hosts will be George "Jorge 'El Callao'" Willis and Mirriam Bean. Jorge is an instructor of modern dance at San Diego State University and a charter member of Jaleistas. Besides his long list of credits as a modern dance choreographer and dancer, he has also performed as a Spanish and flamenco dancer with Fantasia Española and the Music and Dances of Spain companies. Mirriam Bean is a student of modern dance and a long time patron of the arts in San Diego. She enjoys having social gatherings in her home to benefit such organizations as the Old Globe and the San Diego Opera and this month she is extending her hospitality to Jaleistas. She has raised six children and works independently in real estate.

CUADRO D is in charge of this month's juerga. For names of cuadro members and phone numbers of cuadro leaders see JUNTA REPORT.

- DATE: Sunday, November 2nd
- PLACE: 3971 Horton Circle, Bonita
- PHONE: 479-9568 or 479-1680
- TIME: 4:00pm to ?
- BRING: Food corresponding to the first letter of your last name:

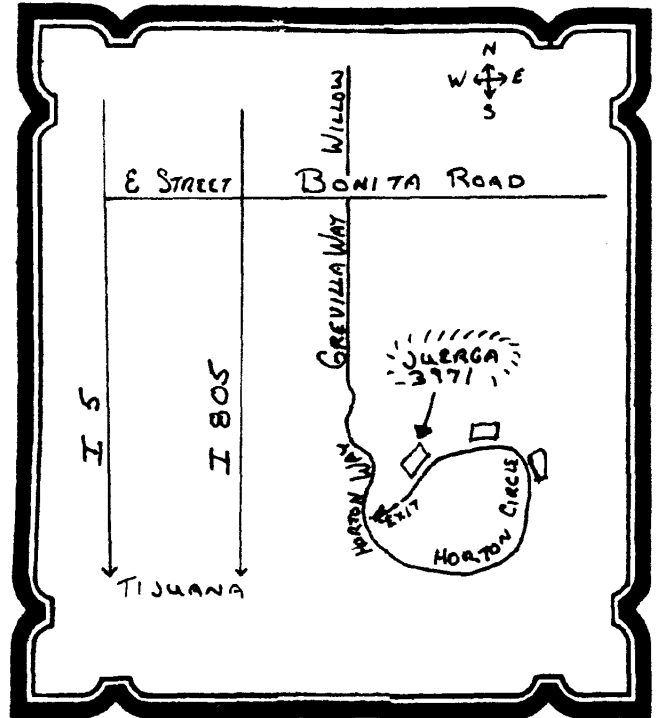
- A - E Salad & bread
- F - L Main dish
- M - Se Desert (fresh fruit) or chips & dip
- Sf- Z Main dish

GUESTS: By reservation only - call Thor or Peggy Hanson at 488-4139

DONATION: \$4.00 for members, \$6.00 for guests (\$4.00 for 1st guest of members with single-plus-guest cards), children \$2.00.

DIRECTIONS: Take I-805 south. Take E St. and Bonita Rd. turn off. Go East on Bonita Rd. Right at first light which will be Grevilla to right and Willow to left. Grevilla changes to Horton Way.

Bear left to get onto Horton Circle. From I-5 take E Street east and follow same directions after E becomes Bonita.



## 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 prior to their appearance. Include phone number and area code for use in the DIRECTORY. 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 an update at least every two months.

### concerts

RODRIGO AND REMEDIOS IN CONCERT at the Yuma Civic Convention Center, Oct 11, 8:00pm.

IN CONCERT TOGETHER: flamenco guitarist, Guillermo Salazar and classic guitarist, Marsha Kelly will perform Fri, Oct 17, 8:00pm, University of Denver, Buchtel Chapel on Evans.

ANTONITAS D'HAVILA, flamenco guitarist, in concert at Carnegie Recital Hall, NYC, Nov 1st  
DUO FLAMENCO PURO, Donn Pohren and Luisa Maravilla will be presented at the Crowder Hall of the University of Arizona in Tucson, Nov 11, 8:00pm.

LAURA MOYA IN CONCERT, University of Arizona in Tucson, Nov 24.

### updates

ANDALUCIA CLOSED: The Andalucia Restaurant, which featured flamenco entertainment seven nights a week and was the gathering place for local Jaleistas over the past year has closed.

CORRECTION August issue of JALEO 1980: Page 4 bottom of column 2 should read: (continued on page 26); Page 16, top of column 1 should read (continued from page 11); Pencil out first 1 line and add it to top of column 2 on page 26. Our apologies- "Haste" surely does make waste.

ARTE ANDALUZ continues at Olemendes in Capistrano, Calif. with dancers Juanita Franco, Angelita Gigletto, Diego Robles, singer Maria Jose & guitarist Joselito.

LOS FLAMENCOS DE SAN ANTONIO perform Mon at La Mansion Del Rio in San Antonio, TX. The group consists of dancers Gargiel Sanchez, Eduardo Montemar, Teresa Champion, Elsa Mari Tere, singer Chayito & guitarist El Curro.

CHATEAU MADRID NYC, features dancers Estrella Morena, Manolo de Cordoba, singer Pepe de Malaga and guitarist Reinaldo Rincon.

TAVERNA FLAMENCA (Astoria) NYC features dancers Emilia Rivas, Liliana Morales, singer Paco Ortiz and guitarist Pedro Cortez, Jr.

ADELA has moved to California where she will be giving flamenco dance instruction at the Community School of Music & Arts, 1560 California St. in Mountain View, tel: 415/961-0342.

GENE ST. LOUIS, flamenco guitarist, is now playing at La Mancha on Atlantic Ave. in Brooklyn, N.Y..

JOSE RAMON continues to welcome visitors at his Nob Hill Flamenco Dance Center at 841 Jones St. in San Francisco.

CARLA CRUZ, flamenco dancer, performs at La Bodega Restaurant Wed-Sun, 1337 Grant Ave., North Beach 415/3989555 (S.F. area)

BALLET FIESTA performs at the Norton House Restaurant in a dinner concert format in 4 and 6 week sessions throughout the year. The 5 dancers and guitarist open the fall season Oct 31 with Friday shows through Dec 12, featuring flamenco and regional dance, 53 NW Couch, Portland, Oregon 503/223-0743.

This group also appeared at the Artquake on Sept 7 as part of a performing arts festival. Artistic director and soloist is Maria Moreno.

## classified

FOR SALE: Manuel de la Chica flamenco guitar, 1957, signed, tuning pegs, excellent condition \$1400.00. Write Dan Di Bona, Valley Forge Apt F-406, King of Prussia, Pa 19406.

MINI WORKSHOPS & CHOREOGRAPHIES by Teo Morca available throughout 1981. Write to Morca Academy, 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, Wash. 98225 or call: 206/676-1864.

FOR SALE: 1964 Ramirez flamenco guitar and 1978 Francisco Fernandez, both Mediteranian

Cyprus, exceptional condition. Call: John Mauck 714/833-0038.

GUITARIST WANTED to work with dancer in Vancouver. Call 732-8970 or write Huguette Lacourse 2380 Cypress # 204, Vancouver, B.C. VGL-3M8 Canada.

GUITAR MUSIC AVAILABLE: Music of many top artists, both modern & old style, transcribed by Peter Baime, 1100 W. River, Park Lane, Milwaukee, Wis 53209.

FOR SALE Books by Donn Pohren, music by Mario Escudero & Sabicus & a complete line of guitar supplies (strings ½ price). The Blue Guitar, see ad for location.

GUITARISTS & GUITAR STUDENTS WELCOME to accompany dance classes. Call Juana 442-5362. (S.D)

BACK ISSUES OF JALEO AVAILABLE: Vol. I no 1 to 6 \$1.00 each. All others \$2.00 each. Add \$1.00 per copy for overseas orders.

## DIRECTORY

### canada

#### DANCE INSTRUCTION

Maximiliano (Toronto) 483-4046

### new york

#### FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

Chateau Madrid (Lexington Hotel)  
Taverna Flamenca (Astoria) 212/545-4036  
La Mancha (Brooklyn)  
Meson Flamenco 234-9205

#### DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Esteban de Leon 212/724-4918  
Jerane Michel 212/222-4973  
Estrella Morena 212/489-8649  
Victorio Korjhan 212/927-7220  
Mariquita Flores 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:

40 West 24th St. 212/675-9308

### pennsylvania

#### DANCE INSTRUCTION:

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

### washington d c area

#### FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

El Bodegon  
Tio Pepe  
GUITAR INSTRUCTION:  
Tom Kreuzburg (Rofton, MD) 301/261-0261  
Mariquita Martorell 301/992-4792

Paco de Malaga (Arlington, VA)  
Carlos Ramos (Arlington, VA)  
Fernando Sirvent (Arlington, VA)  
Torcauto Zamora (Silver Spring, MD)

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Raquel Peña (Virgina) 703/537-3454  
Ana Martínez

**georgia**DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Marta Cid 404/993-3062

**florida**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

El Cid (Miami)  
Bodegón Castilla  
Marbella Restaurant (S.W. 8th St & 31st Ave)  
El Mesón Espanol (S.W. 8th St & 22nd Ave)

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Luisita Sevilla 576-4536  
Jose Molina 576-4536  
Roberto Lorca 576-4536  
Rosita Segovia 642-0671  
La Chiquitina 442-1668  
Maria Andreu 642-1790

**minnesota**GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Michael Hauser (Minneapolis) 333-8269

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Suzanne Hauser 333-8269

**oklahoma**GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Ronald Radford (Tulsa) 918/936-3319

**texas**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

La Mansion Del Rio (San Antonio)

**colorado**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

Ikros Restaurnat & Lounge 755-2211

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Rene Heredia 722-0054  
Guillermo Salazar 333-0830

**washington**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

Pablo's Especial (Seattle)

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Morca Academy (Bellingham) 206/676-1864

**oregon**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

Norton House Restaurant (Portland) 503/223-0743

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Maria Moreno 503/282-5061

**california**GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Mariano Cordoba (Sunnyvale) 408/733-1115  
Rick Willis (Oakland) 482-1765

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Adela (Mountain View) 415/961-0342  
Paula Reyes (New Monterey) 375-6964

**san francisco**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

La Bodega 415/398-9555  
Las Cuevas 415/435-3021

Las Palomas Restaurant

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Adela Clara & Miguel Santos 415/431-6521  
Rosa Montoya 415/824-5044  
Isa Mura 415/435-3021  
Teresita Osta 415/567-7674  
José Ramón 415/775-3805

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

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

CANTE INSTRUCTION:

Isa Mura 415/435-3021

**los angeles**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

El Cid 666-9551

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Roberto Amaral 213/785-2359  
Pedro Carbajal 462-9356  
Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059  
Carmen Fabriga 213/589-6588  
Carmen Heredia 862-1850  
Ester Moreno 213/506-8231  
Oscar Nieto 265-3256  
Vicente Romero (Long Beach) 213/432-3795  
Enrique Valadez 213/589-6588

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Gabriel Ruiz (Huntington Park) 213/583-2801

CANTE INSTRUCTION:

Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059

FLAMENCO COSTUMES:

Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059

**san diego**FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT:

Andalucia Restaurant CLOSED  
Don Carlos Mexican Restaurant 714/461-2750  
El Moro Cuisine of So. Spain 714/222-2883  
Olamendes Restaurant (Capistarano) 661-1207  
Old Town (Bazaar del Mundo Sun afternoons)

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Juana De Alva 714/444-3050  
Juanita Franco 714/481-6269  
Maria Teresa Gomez 714/453-5301  
Rayna 714/475-4627  
Julia Romero 714/278-4008

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Joe Kinney 714/274-7386  
Rodrigo de San Diego 714/469-7732  
Paco Sevilla 714/282-2837

FLAMENCO COSTUMES:

Clara Martinez 714/831-2596

# DICTIONARY OF FLAMENCO

**BEMÓL** -- flat, as in B flat or B<sup>b</sup>.

**BÉTICA** -- an old name for part of Andalucía; sometimes used to refer to someone or something from the Sevilla area.

**BRACEO** (el) -- the movement of the arms in flamenco dancing; often used to refer to parts of the dance where the arms are the focus of attention.

**CABAL** (el) -- the aficionado who has a deep knowledge of the cante.

**CABEZA** (la) -- the head; the head of the guitar; sometimes called "EL CLAVIJERO" because it holds the "CLAVIJAS" (pegs).

**CÁDIZ** -- the oldest city in Europe, located on a peninsula on the southern Atlantic coast of Spain. The name comes from the word "Gades", the Roman name for the city, and the inhabitants are still called **GADITANOS**. Cádiz and nearby towns were the site of development of the alegrías, cantifias, mirabrás, romeras, tientos, tangos, tanguillos, and jaleos, plus distinct styles of bulerías, soleares, siguiriyas, and malagueñas.

**CAFÉ CANTANTE** (el) -- cafés where cante flamenco was presented in the last half of the 1800's and the early 1900's.

**CAJA** (la) -- box; the body of the guitar.

**CALAÑES** (el) -- "el sombrero calañés"; a circular, brimless hat that has small balls on the top, usually worn over a scarf; worn by horsemen on festive occasions, and sometimes with the traje corto or campero when dancing zapateado; not to be confused with the beret or "boina".

**CAMISA RIZADA** (la) -- ruffled shirt.

**CANASTERO** (a) -- Spanish gypsy; in the strictest sense, this name refers to gypsies who lead a wandering existence, but it is commonly applied to any gitano.

**CANCIÓN**(la) - song; a popular or composed song with fixed verses, beginning and ending; not usually used to refer to the cante.

**CANTAOR**(a) - flamenco singer, the title implies the ability to sing "cante jondo" (a non-flamenco singer is a "cantante").

**CANTE**(el) - The song; specifically, flamenco song, as distinguished from "canciones."

**CANTE CHICO** - light festive cante, as for example, alegrías, fandangos de Huelva and verdiales; many of these songs, especially bulerías and tangos, are often called cantes "por fiesta."

**CANTES DE IDA Y VUELTA** - cante that has gone and returned, or "made the round trip;" refers to songs that were taken to Latin America by early Spaniards, underwent changes and then were brought back to Andalucía by later Spaniards (especially gypsies like Carmen Amaya) where they were further changed and incorporated into flamenco. The most popular of these are rumba and guajiras (from cuba) colombianas (Columbia) and milonga (Argentina).

**CANTE JONDO** - deep song; usually used to refer to serious gypsy cante such as siguiriya, soleares, toná and martinetes. There are those who disagree with this classification and feel that almost any cante can be "jondo" if the singer feels it that way; This is especially true of such potentially jonde cantes as malagueñas, tarantos, tientos and fandangos grandes.

Box 4706 San Diego, CA 92104

<p><b>BULK RATE</b>  <b>U.S. POSTAGE</b>  <b>PAID</b>          La Mesa          California          Permit 368</p>
--

**TIME VALUE**

RETURN POSTAGE