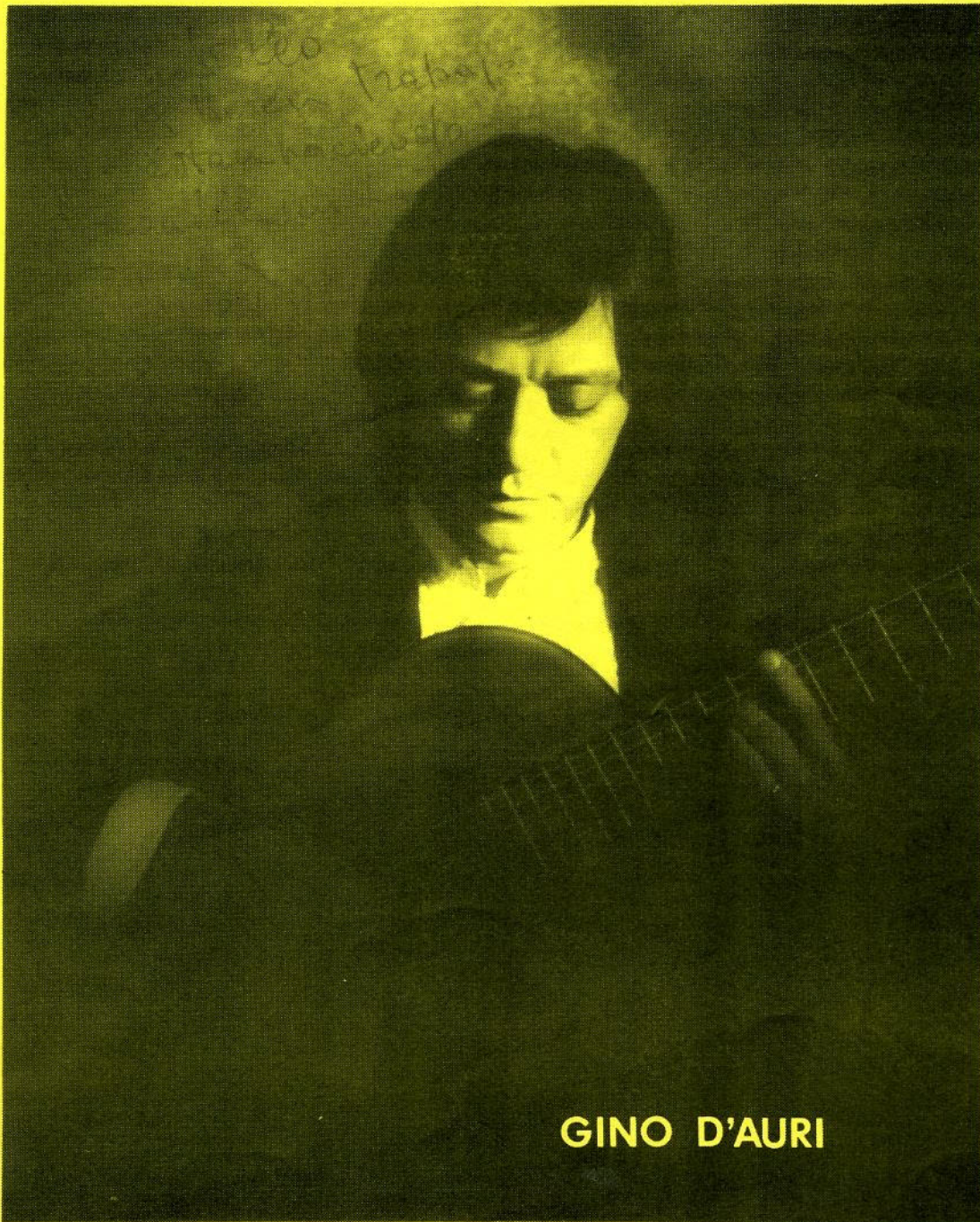


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newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

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JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

JANUARY 1981

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.

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José Domínguez, «El Cabrero»

(from: El País, Summer 1980; sent by
Suzanne Hauser; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Jose Aguilar

At the beginning of this week, the flamenco cantaor, José Domínguez, "El Cabrero," was released from the provincial prison in Sevilla. He had been arrested four days earlier in his hometown of Aznalcollar for the alleged crime of an attack on an authority. The agent in question was a guard for the mines of Andaluza de Piritas who disarmed him after an argument related to the second activity of Domínguez, that of goatherd.

The day after having won two important prizes in the national flamenco contest in Córdoba, José Domínguez was once again deeply involved with the activity that constitutes his second reason for being -- the care of his goats, from which he takes his professional name, "El Cabrero," and the attire he inevitably wears in his public appearances. He is what the critics call a cantaor of high quality and, at the same time, a very special and singular personality.

In the middle of his one hundred goats, on the trails that the farmers squeeze in on more and more with each planting, is where you have to find him if you want to talk to him. The goats and flamenco have been El Cabrero's inseparable companions ever since his father began to take him into the countryside -- that is, since he was five

or six years old. The cante had been a necessity and had only been done publicly during the town's fiestas. The herd had been the traditional means of subsistence for the entire family.

Now the goats are no longer profitable, because the pastures continually become more scarce, the grain more expensive, and the middlemen who buy the milk for the cheese industry, more uncompromising. "He who cares for goats only earns a minimum salary, and works fifteen to twenty hours a day... "Some like hunting dogs, some like to play cards, and I like the goats," he explains with absolute faith in what he says.

This love for his animals is not a pose. José Domínguez, as things stand today, earns enough money from his recitals to continue to maintain his goats, even though they create unpleasantnesses such as those four judgements pending against him by people of his pueblo, Aznalcollar, who accuse him of trespassing in their fields, or his continuous confrontations with guards who threaten to take justice into their own hands if his goats enter their land.

His companion, Elena, a girl from Galicia who organizes literary homages to the Spanish Republic in Geneva says, "The first time I saw him, he was eating bread and ham, and I said to myself, '¡Qué bruto tiene que

ser este tío!" (What an animal this guy must be!) and I was right!" She defends him, arguing that the farmers don't respect the goat paths and nothing is done to defend the goatherders and their historic rights. If these lawsuits between farmers and live-stock owners remind you of the "westerns" made in Hollywood, then El Cabrero, who appears in public dressed all in black, with a hat and work boots, is like some Clint Eastwood.

With regard to his life as a cantao, his sincerity and a certain aggressiveness ("I was very restricted since I was born; my father used to hit me until I was twenty years old.") have created more than a few difficulties. He is a man who worries more about singing and living than in abiding by life's social rituals. "I clash often with these señoritos that there are in flamenco."

The fact is, that in spite of his five LPs and his long professional career, the two prizes he won in Cordoba for the best cante por soleá and the best for malagueñas are the first he has received.

Neither is he helped by his concept of the cante as an expression of rebellion against all that he considers unjust and his confessed inability to sing a cante festero after delivering a drama por siguiurias or fandangos (grandes)!

A mí me gusta el monte,
darle la cara a los vientos
pa que se lleven mis penas
y alivien mis suframientos.

I love the mountains,
to turn my face into the wind
so that it will carry off my sorrows
and relieve my sufferings.

With some fame in his favor, he continues to prefer the lonely open spaces to gatherings of many people, the spell of his goats to the conventions of social life.

LETTERS

Dear Jaleo:

As a newly subscribing member, a relatively new student of flamenco, and an established performer and instructor of oriental dance, I would like to say hello from beautiful Vancouver. I would also like to say "Olé y gracias, Teo Morca."

I had been trying to get my heels moving up here for about a year and did manage to co-ordinate my sevillanas, puntas and plantas. Then I went to Madrid and was immediately inspired, frustrated and overwhelmed

by the brilliant classes presented by Paco Fernández, Carmen Mora and Ciro (I only watched).

Back home, I put on my beautiful new Gallardo shoes and found, to my dismay, that they were glued to the floor. I wanted more than anything to dance flamenco, but didn't even know where to begin. That's when I heard about Teo's August workshop in Bellingham, only a short drive away.

I arrived on Monday morning, August 19th, sleepy, anxious and full of insecurities about my near complete ignorance of this highly developed dance form. I believe that most of the two dozen students there shared my feelings, but before we could nurture them, Teo put us straight to work. He demanded and we responded, relieved to be moving. For the next two weeks he continued to demand -- I had never experienced such unyielding intensity and concentration -- yet his giving far exceeded his demands.

This is how it went:

The morning technique classes consisted of stretching, breathing, travelling, positioning, vueltas, brazos and never-ending variations of footwork combinations. In the afternoon repertoire classes, Teo not only clearly explained particular dances in terms of compás and form, but also showed us how to apply the material we were learning in the technique classes to these dances. We worked on tangos, soleares, rumbas and bulerías for beginners; farruca, soleá por bulerías and bulerías in advanced classes. All classes were accompanied by Gary Hayes or Robert Clifton on guitar, while in the second week, Roberto Zamora arrived to further enrich the sessions with his beautiful singing.

Evening gatherings were casual and comfortable. They included a brief history of flamenco, explanations of dances which we were not studying, palmas sessions, discussion groups, stories, video showings, a performance by Teo, Isabel, Gary, and Roberto, and a few impromptu pot-luck dinners at the ocean-side park. These sessions gave us the opportunity to explore the many facets behind and inside flamenco, but more important, they gave us all the chance to get to know one another. Believe me, it was a warm, open and very special group of people!

Although I was very happy with the content and presentation of the entire workshop -- it was Teo's method of instruction that made the strongest impact on me. Teo is direct; he is clear, concise and articulate. He is also a very powerful man, whose endless energy and attention act as a magnet to gather and focus all the jumbled fragments

dashing through his poor students' brains into one solid picture. And his picture is complete, or "total dance," as he calls it. Not only did Teo Morca help me to "unglue" my new shoes from the floor, he also showed me how to dance on top of those shoes.

It is one thing to be a great dancer -- it is another to be a great teacher; to be both is indeed a special talent. Teo Morca has this talent. After two weeks of exposure to his unique abilities, I am sure that we all came out 100 steps ahead. So, *otra vez, gracias and olé!*

Jocelyn Chownard
Washington



Carlana Gerheim of Ohio sends this photo of the cantaor, Domingo Caro, who is posing with Jaleo used as an abanico. Carlana says that Domingo is a great supporter of Jaleo and when he came to town on tour, made certain that people knew about the magazine.

--Thank you Carlana and Domingo--

PUNTO DE VISTA

BRACEO

Do you know what baile flamenco makes me think of? A gnarled old tree: Its trunk and branches are all contortions; it has weathered a lot of adversity and you can see its reactions mapped out. But in spite of all, it has survived. That is just what flamenco is, a reflection of the persistence of life despite frequent adversity. Not that there have not been some gentler, relaxed times in the life of this tree also, the straight and carefree parts, but the overall impression is of an ugly beauty, of the bittersweetness of life itself. The twist and flow of a bailaora stem from her reaction to her life circumstances in a process of release possible only with a special combination of sensitivities -- musical, spiritual, and sensual. Only a few can match those old trees in expressiveness....

I was led to these thoughts at the end of a recent 6-month visit to Toronto by Concha Vargas, a stupendous bailaora, whose energy and honesty have helped me and many of the local students of baile in our strivings for self-liberation.

L. Oraw
Toronto, Canada

Manuela de Cadiz

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MARTA DEL CID

by Carlana "la Maya"

Ohio does seem to be "out in the boonies flamenco-wise." I remember Marta reflecting on our fair state and I sharing her opinion exactly. Those many years ago flamenco was an earnest desire and fed only by occasional dance companies on tour through the Midwest. A miraculous transformation has occurred in Ohio; a growing oasis of aficionados has come together because of one great friend of our art, Marta del Cid.

I met Marta at my flamenco "low point" nearly eight years ago. I had just recovered from an accident that crushed my left foot and I was resigned to a life without dance. Dick Brune, now a luthier par excellence in Chicago, heard of me and my past afición and raved about a girl in Akron... "the best flamenco dancer in the state." I remember meeting Marta, her home humming to the sounds of Pepe el de la Matrona and Perico el del Lunar. She was exuberant to find a new friend in flamenco and eager to get down to the business of guitar and baile. Here was a fair-skinned, red-haired, all-American, but when she broke into a bulerías, her then toddling boy and girl were admonished to watch out or they'd get "stomped on." I could see why. Her concentration on the dance at hand was complete. Her sunny disposition and light-hearted manner turned to spectres of strength and seriousness. Her expression was not sudden and contrived drama. Like a wheel grinding in reverse, she seemed to draw inwards to some well of feeling and then slowly revealed her findings in movement. Her flamenco was thought provoking. She expressed herself in a way so unlike the flashy theatrical and nightclub flamenco I'd seen before. I remember Marta moving freely from bulerías to alegrías, then with the spirit, inching her way to my favorites, siguiriyas and tientos. I was so struck by her difference in attitude, her knowledge of all the dance forms, and her great facility for improvising.

Marta was not always an Ohioan. She grew up in Boston in a very musical family. Her mother plays piano, both parents sing, and to quote her, "I remember music going all the time. One memorable weekend it was the complete 'Ring Cycle' of Wagner blasting from every opening in our house! I often wondered just what sort of impression the



neighbors had of us when added to this, I would be practicing castanets and my sister would be practicing the bagpipes!"

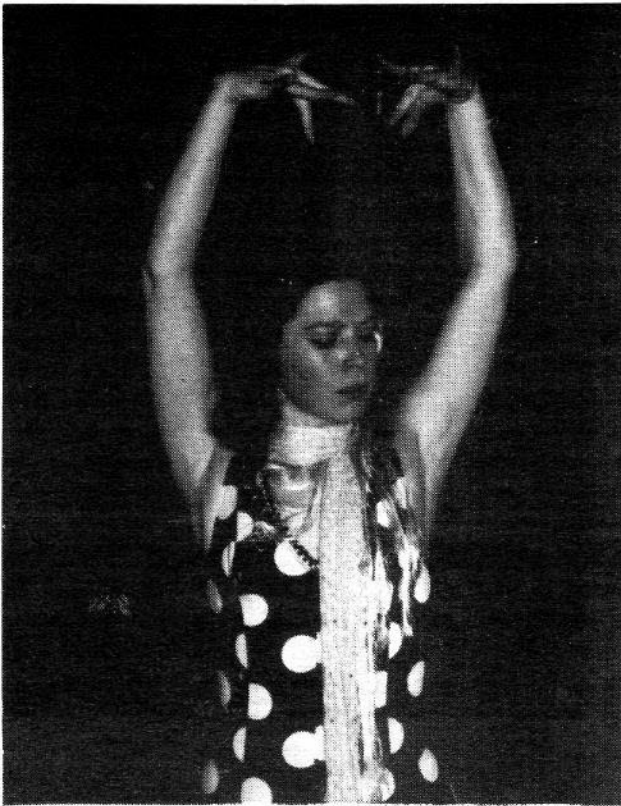
Marta started ballet at age six. Over the ensuing years she studied modern dance and jazz, becoming very involved in folkdancing. But it was a weekend excursion to see the movie, "Around the World in 80 Days," that decided her future. "I was completely captured by the powerful image of José Greco maneuvering his way around the top of a tiny table. The spontaneity and driving rhythms were incredibly exciting, but I never dreamed that I might be able to dance like that until a few months later when I saw him in person and noted a local teacher's ad in the program. So, Marta began a few years of study with Adolphe Robicheau. He was "a good ballet teacher who didn't know beans about the fundamentals of flamenco but had personality." She eventually found herself taking lessons with the "opposition," Juanito Cansino, who got her back on course, cleaning up her technique and teaching her the dances correctly.

"About this time," I met some local guitarists and together with a singer and another dancer, we formed our own cuadro and performed all around the Boston area. I was beginning to see how flamenco worked, how all the components fit together. We were a pretty crude group, but we were all learning and we had some wild experiences together."

Marta made the "big jump" when she went to Spain and stayed with the Pohrens, studying with Luisa Maravilla and el Cojo, "experiencing flamenco to the hilt." Later, back in Ohio, Marta studied briefly with Pascual Olivera. Then through the years, she has made many a trip to her native Boston, where she worked extensively with Ramón de los Reyes. She speaks fondly of him and feels he has helped her grow and develop as a dancer and an artist.

Since Marta studied an entire season with Luisa Maravilla, staying at the finca in Morón, I was curious about its effect on her present style. I have always been struck by Marta's carriage, her upper body lifted into a position of strength, the expression of her hands and arms foremost in her dance. As well, she has such a keen sense of footwork, that she lapses into improvisation with confidence and grace. And yet her footwork is never overdone. There is a restraint that registers in her dance, a contained force that I have seen especially in Luisa Maravilla. From her experiences with Luisa, Marta received a "strong message ...the same force projected in her stage presence...It is her ability to lead you on through and beyond the physical dance into another dimension, so that your suddenly expanded mind says, 'My God, there is much more happening here than just dance!...' You could feel and almost see this power roll off the stage and wash over the audience and completely fill the hall, suddenly enveloping all of us in one unifying emotional experience. One is deeply touched by the honesty and simplicity and profundity of a performance uncluttered by ego or pretension, and through which glows the artist's reverence and respect for her art." Luisa's honesty extended to the classroom where she choreographed dances that were sparse and economical, not falling into the overpowering footwork of the modern flamenco idiom. She used dynamics that accented the compás with a simplicity, employing silent spaces as openings for the dancers emotion. The compulsion to fill every beat of the compás with movement or sound, always active and too busy, was still-ed by Luisa's approach. Rather she worked





braceo or technique. I've never seen so many budding five to ten-year-old girls placed so beautifully, with strong arms and hands, facial expressions assuming the "aire." I thought momentarily that I was transported to Morón as Marta moved these girls through their paces.

I personally studied and corrected a lot of faulty technique with Marta. She took the "work" out of footwork -- which so often appears in the mediocre artist. The tendency to "work" so hard at foot patterns, she stressed, is not only exhausting to the dancer but to the audience as well. She emphasized the relaxation of the working foot before its weighted attack on the floor.

Marta's striving as an artist and a dancer found great expression in her teaching, but she also initiated a great movement in the area towards that illustrious get-

toward "an instinct for pacing and an esteem for the quality of silence."

Marta has a love for every form of the baile. In my recent interview, she expressed a favorite to me, the alegrías. "It has elements of all the other dances, both in moods and techniques, and really hones us as dancers and artists." She was encouraging me at the time to create within my own techniques, to let the music act on me as I interpreted the various moods -- "sunny and open and elegant in the entrada and paseo, more introspective and restrained for the paseo silencio, skillfully crafting your footwork in the escobilla."

Marta has a great ability to teach, especially the subtler aspects of the baile. She gives a dance with the emphasis not on choreography, but on structure, pattern and, within the movements, their energy. She speaks of "space," "weight to the movement," "the arms flowing freely, but dragged slightly behind the compás -- abstract concepts too often unexpressed by a teacher. The student learns a dance and "ya está." The routine is ekked out time after time, movements locked into a dry and inflexible performance. Marta has the ability to take the performance out of its box and help the student to get into a creative state. She does not however slacken in the areas of



MARTA DEL CID AT THE COLONY RESTAURANT IN OHIO

together, the "juerga." Eight years ago the setting was intimate -- a basement tablao, a few hard-backed chairs and wine. Perhaps three or so aficionados were present and one guitarist. There were times when I visited and our only source of music was in the archivos flamencos on record. But foremost in all of Marta's beginning juergas, which was the special element for all those present, was her ability to react to the music, to create movements, explorations into the unknown that were forever new.

Now our numbers are much greater and we claim three-day purges of flamenco every few months. And the basic intimacy that permits flamenco to happen is still at the core of our juergas. Marta has instilled in us this basic ingredient and, hopefully, we strive as did she those many years to grow with one another. This past summer was such an occasion, when, making the trek all the way from her new home in Atlanta, Georgia, Marta joined us for a holiday weekend celebration. We were all gathered on an outdoor deck, a balmy night with just enough wind to kick up our shawls. A soleá began its lament and the din of the crowd was not yet quieted. Marta rose to the occasion and, inconspicuously marking the compás with media plantas, moved to face the guitar. She was unpretentious and caught us all off guard, in her subtlety all the more dramatic. Then, after a setting of mood, she lashed into a flurry of well-calculated steps, intricate and interesting. A few llamadas and footwork passages later, she finished as she began, inching her way back to her seat, softly marking the rhythm -- like the traveler that she was, passing on to the scene, expressing the music and moving on with the load of the soleá weighted about her shoulders. For me it was a special moment, an impression that remains with me, recent and melancholy, knowing the friend that we all have in Marta, how she touched all of our lives, and how fleeting those moments are that we have her with us.

Marta del Cid has made her estampa on a hard core group of flamencos in Ohio. She is a fine artist and a sincere friend of the art. She now makes her home in Atlanta, Georgia, to begin again the search for flamencos. Hopefully she is on her way to the great things she has affected here in Ohio. For my part, I am delighted to introduce Marta del Cid. To our dear friend amidst those tall trees of Georgia, a host of Flamencohioans wish Marta:

¡Mucha salud y Alegrias!



ARCHIVO

The Making of an Anthology

by Caballero Bonald

Editor's note:

With this article, we begin an incredible journey that will require close to a year to tell in JALEO. In 1967, an anthology of flamenco cante was published by the Spanish recording company, Vergara, under the direction of the flamencologist J. M. Caballero Bonald. The "Archivo del Cante Flamenco" was six LP records containing material recorded in juerga situations in Andalucía. The booklet that accompanied the records contained photos and extensive text written by Bonald, telling of the adventure of making the recordings. Like most good flamenco recordings, this "Archivo" was on the market for a short while and then disappeared.

For who knows what reason, an American company reproduced the "Archivo" on five records with a different accompanying booklet that contained a brief translation of Bonald's introduction and all the words to the songs (not included with the original). Recent reports indicate that this booklet often no longer accompanies the record. The record set (a great one) can still be found in some American stores and perhaps ordered from Everest records (last known address: 10920 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024) under the title "The History of Cante Flamenco: An Archive."

What we plan to do here is to translate the original, out of print story of how the recordings were made, so that a truly valuable piece of flamenco writing will be made available to a wide audience. For those who are familiar with many of the names and places, the story is a truly interesting one. For those who are not, it is an incredible education in flamenco and its roots. Here is the first installment -- an introduction.

PART I PREPARATIONS

(Translation by Brad Blanchard)

These pages don't claim to be anything but a simple, informative guide for the listener, especially conceived as a literary complement to the recordings that make up the "Archive." We wanted to offer a living chronicle of the work that was undertaken. In a certain way, we have enclosed our personal information about the complex moral and material world of flamenco in a type of travel journal, paying primary attention to

our experiences during the search for sources and the carrying-out of the taping.

One cannot deny that the job of gathering and ordering with even slight coherence the dispersed and diverse abundance of cante flamenco has yet to be done. We naturally are referring -- and even counting some partial and praiseworthy efforts achieved in this sense -- to the important discographic aspect of the question. In spite of the growing bibliography produced in the last few years and enthusiastic attention by the most heterogenous sectors of the public, flamenco continues to be a phenomenon of popular music very fragmented and shallowly known. One cannot doubt that the most effective and complete recorded archive is yet to be seen and is the only visible possibility for fixing the purity of the older forms, conserving and allowing to become known with a precise historical guarantee, the totality of the greatest examples of cantes that have survived until our time.

We are conscious that a job of this type brings with it a whole series of obstacles that are difficult to overcome. There was established in the beginning the ticklish problem of finding creditable sources in the native zone of the cante and the no less arduous stumbling block of the more and more frequent professionalism of the cantaores. The character of our "Archive" could not stray from the fundamental idea of finding non-professional interpreters, anonymous in many cases or only known in the limited sector of their respective places of birth. Once the general work-plan was established, it was obligatory to carry out an advance exploration of the ambiente (social atmosphere of the surroundings). Our personal experience -- or that of third parties -- guided us on an attentive and detailed sweep of the concrete geographic band that goes from Sevilla to Cadiz and that constitutes, without a doubt, the territorial nucleus where flamenco was formed and developed.

In the first trips we were able to prove something that we already suspected: the increasing absence of cantaores in their native zones. Little by little the social foundation of the cante has been experiencing a series of logical transformations, subordinated to the normal and progressive changes in the life style of the cantaor and the absorbing influence of professionalism. What began by being an intimate way of expressing so many episodes of hunger and persecution atavistically submerged in the memory of the Andalucian gypsies, became changed by the passage of time into a few initiated repetitions of those original

experiences, very different now in their causes and effects. The cantaor of a century ago limited himself to narrating his personal and painful history; he was the interpreter of his own life and rarely could change his art into a commercial transaction. But it would be absurd to suppose that in the immutability of these communicative formulas, rooted in the material spiritual misery of the culture, resides the only possibility of greatness in the cante. Today's perspectives are not the same and the cantaor has become a professional, belonging to other vital spheres; he is no longer the protagonist of that touching intimacy that flamenco manifests, rather he transmits an expressive heritage latent in certain corners of Andalucía. We are speaking, of course, in general terms and only with the intention of concretizing the different circumstances of our work. It is not necessary to be reminded that almost all of the good interpreters of flamenco are today linked exclusively with different companies, or else they form part of various theatrical companies that never cease showing throughout the world their more or less convincing "espectáculos de arte flamenco." To track down and determine the possibilities of taping a good number of the indispensable professional cantaores, we forcibly had to submit to not a few readjustments and complications in relation with our previous work-plan.

Once we had thrown out the idea of the usual system of recording the cantes outside of their natural area of expansion, we had to comply with the indispensable program of going to Andalucía as many times as it was necessary with the recording equipment most apt to offer technical perfection. After the corresponding explorations, we went to the following locations of the fundamental orbit of flamenco: Sevilla, Alcalá de Guadaíra, Mairena del Alcor, Puebla de Cazalla, Morón de la Frontera, Osuna, Arcos, Lebrija, Jerez, Sanlúcar de Barrameda, Puerto de Santa María, Puerto Real, San Fernando and Cádiz. We also had in mind other Andalusian latitudes, detouring from our planned route when circumstances so advised. In each of the mentioned places we had already located the cantaores who were to figure in the "Archive." The last cycle of taping took place in Madrid due to the habitual residence in the capital of some professional interpreters who could not be substituted. In all, we gathered material that included more than two hundred different versions of cantes. Approximately a third

became included in the contents of these records -- after the detailed task of contrasting the quality and ordering the styles.

All of the recordings carried out during our different journeys to Andalucía -- and including the obligatory ones done in Madrid -- have taken place in their own characteristic surroundings. From the first moment, it seemed indispensable to us not to subject the interpreters -- the majority non-professional -- to the unpleasing and possibly perturbing experience of a recording studio. Without the normal climate in which the cantaor normally shows himself, we would in no way have been able to achieve the authentic atmosphere which would support our essential aims. The fact that sometimes it was so complicated to convince some non-professional cantaores to help with the "Archive," perhaps would have been found to be an insurmountable barrier on proposing that the artificial test take place in a studio. The results also would have been very different.

It's logical that the successive setting up of the recording equipment in locations with very unusual acoustic conditions would give us not a few headaches. The systems of making the equipment work properly without at any moment interrupting the carefully set up preparations of each gathering was not desirable, but absolutely necessary. On some occasions, we were well-advised not to begin recording, even though the rite of the fiesta flamenca had begun at midnight, until almost dawn. The imponderables in these cases were as frequent as the surprises: one could never know which moment would produce a sudden burst of brilliance or an unsalvageable frustration. The true cante, that which takes hold of us and fills us with unexpected awe, that "oscura raiz del grito" of which Lorca spoke, can arrive suddenly, like lightning, or it can never arrive. At times the cante shuts itself in and becomes something impossible to express, and there are those who will fight with it in desperation, while others just give up without trying. There does not exist -- there cannot exist -- "inbetweens" in an art like flamenco whose secret of communication lies in surpassing its own limits.

In the first revision of the collected materials we were faced with two principle problems: background sounds that were at times very noisy, and the difficulty of choosing from a long series of one style of cante by one artist, the three or four examples that would interest us most for our "Archive." How to eliminate the anecdotal

comments that could be disturbing? And how to tie together and give the guitar adequate continuity to compás when it would be necessary to extract a few examples from among a group of cantes, especially when they were closely linked to each other? Aside from well-known technical methods for accomplishing these tasks, we have been true to our belief that our "Archive" should avoid, in accordance with our basic objectives, the usual character of sound that is associated with recordings that are made in a studio. The term "archive" is sufficiently self-explanatory in this respect. It means filing all this living and expressive documentation of the flamenco that can be found in its area of origination and taking advantage of the most unusual moments and occasions. One true fragment of cante or an isolated moment of brilliance standing out from the usual confusion of the fiesta -- these were especially valuable for our purposes. It would have been preposterous to try to carefully plan the performances or to select the guitarists -- very bad in some instances -- who would best serve to support each cante. From the time we first began our task, we have fundamentally been concerned with the truthfulness and maximum effectiveness of the material we would record. From this point of view we believe that our "Archive" includes the most traditional repertoire of cantes that can still be found in their native setting: In a tavern in Triana or Jerez, in a home in Puerto de Santa Maria or Mairena del Alcor, in a "venta" (roadside inn or tavern) Cádiz or Alcalá de Guadaira, in a small restaurant in Arcos or Utrera, in a courtyard in Morón or Lebrija...

It should not be necessary to allude to the fact that the massive undertaking of grouping all of the cantes, each of the many known variants of flamenco, would have made our ambitious project practically impossible. With the hundreds and hundreds of styles of cante that could be classified in Andalucía -- not to mention Extremadura, La Mancha and Murcia -- and the uncountable

individual styles and distinctions made by each interpreter, the huge task of recording this flood of divisions and sub-divisions of flamenco would have demanded the employment of means far in excess of what we could permit ourselves in this private venture. Our "Archive" is not intended to be more, nor less, than a basic panorama of the most genuine cantes that have survived to our time, authenticated by tradition and by the reliability of the artists we have chosen. But we insist that this labor of compilation would not have attained its validity without the support of the recordings made in the zone of flamenco's birth and surrounded by the natural climate in which it takes place. We wanted to contribute a useful and necessary effort to benefit the popular culture, to create an archive with integrity that would preserve the most authentic expressions of flamenco.

Conversaciones

con...

Gino D'Auri

by El Chileno

Italian-born Gino D'Auri was already an accomplished classical guitarist before entering the world of flamenco. Having won first prizes on two important contests in 1963 and 1964, where the famous Alirio Díaz acted as judge, Gino was well on his way to launching a distinguished career as a classical guitarist when he was "struck" by flamenco.

"It was a mystery to me," recalls Gino, "but the movie 'El Sombrero' featuring José Greco had great influence on my decision to study flamenco."

Interestingly, some four years later, Gino realized his ambition to work with José Greco touring extensively in the U.S. and abroad.

Largely self-taught, Gino feels that he has derived much of his inspiration from Niño Ricardo, Paco de Lucía, and Sabicas.

"I never had a formal teacher," says Gino, "Antonio Gades, Pilar López' first dancer, taught me the 'compás.'"

In the U.S.A. for some twelve years now, Gino D'Auri has performed extensively with Carmen Mora, María Benítez, Pelete, El Moro, and Chinín de Triana among others.

Beginning November 14, he will be appearing at El Dorado in Reno with Roberto Amaral and Antonio Sánchez for one week. On November 20 through 23, Gino will be featured at the



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Coronet Theater in La Cienega in "Homenaje a Evita," where he will play flamenco-based original compositions.

Gino's wife Dahad, of Syrian/Lebanese extraction, is an accomplished dancer who appears frequently with him on stage.

At present, Gino is experimenting with an electronic Takamine guitar, playing mainly his own flamenco-styled arrangements. I have always been impressed by Gino D'Auri's technical virtuosity and his highly expressive and personal style, and found his latest musical experiment most interesting and promising. Pioneering into new musical frontiers is not always easy, but I hope that Gino will continue to expand his new and exciting techniques.

As far as plans for the future, Gino hinted at a production based on Jose Greco's biography, but waving a hand in the air with a mysterious grin he said it was still in "the planning stage..."

Gino D'Auri appears regularly at the Lares Restaurant in Santa Monica Wednesday through Sunday nights.

Gazpacho de Morón

(From: ABC, Aug. 28, 1980; sent by Gordon Booth, translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Miguel Acal

We have to receive the return of the Gazpacho almost like a prodigal son. It was lost one day some years ago when they wanted to mix, for the sake of an ill-advised commercialism, flamenco and politics.

But the Gazpacho has returned; that is the important thing. Now we must go carefully, with far-seeing vision and short steps so that we don't fall again into the difficulties that forced the previous disappearances...

Like all festivals, there have been good nights and others not so good. Like all of them, there have been moments of Heaven and of Hell. But -- and if it were otherwise, they wouldn't exist -- there were more of the first than the second... Now there is no longer the solemn bass strings of Diego, he who in 1964 or '65 made us cry when, the festival over, he played the "What'd I say" of Ray Charles. In the soul and hands of Diego, everything became profoundly gypsy.

That Amaya, of the dark ones from Ronda, has put aside forever his perfumed guitar. Juan and Paco del Gastor will be, on this night, the successors to that indescribable flavor. And Pedro Peña:

Maestro compañero / compañero del alma,
en mi corazoncito / llora tu guitarra.



JOSE LERO

BEING FROM ANOTHER EPOCH, THE ANTIQUITY OF HIS CANTE HAS AN ENVIABLE PRESENCE

Much Cement and Little Gravel

(From: ABC, Sept. 3, 1980; sent by Gordon Booth, translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Miguel Acal

It was not yet ten o'clock at night when I entered the site where the site where this edition of the Gazpacho would be celebrated. I wanted to arrive early because the celebration was, to me at least, very important.

With Pedro Peña and Luis García Caviades -- I ran into them in the gas station where they were giving a drink to their steel horse -- I had a beer and some snacks. We were given some magnificent olives. We were celebrating their quality when we saw the cap of Bernabé Coronado. Greetings, embracings, and memories. So many good memories. Those times when Manolito de María charged five hundred pesetas (\$8) or a little more and the Gazpacho was an extended fiesta in which Diego gave symphonic lessons in purity, or Fernandillo threw -- my God, with such art! -- his handkerchief on the floor in order to pick it up again, or Mairena who made absolutely clear his quality, or Menese who changed out of his work clothes just minutes before going out to sing.

Those Gazpachos in which, at the end, the artists would sign Bernabé's shirt, turning it into a trophy.

The night was beautiful. The beer was hot within five minutes of being served. But the heat is good for flamenco festivals. Like



NANO DE JEREZ DID THINGS FROM HIS REGION THAT WERE TRULY BEAUTIFUL; ANOTHER FESTIVAL TO ADD TO HIS SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN OF 1980.

GAZPACHO DE MORON



MIGUEL VARGAS WITH PEDRO PEÑA; WITH HIS USUAL SERIOUSNESS AND STRNGTH, HE HAD MORE QUALITY THAN OTHER TIMES, BUT DID NOT HAVE A TRULY GREAT NIGHT.



CHANO LLOBATO: THE BREEZE FROM CADIZ HIS WITH HIM; HE NEEDS MORE FESTIVALS AND MORE TRANQUILITY; HE CAN AND SHOULD GIVE MUCH MORE.



DIEGO CLAVEL HAD STRENGTH AND DELIVERY; HE FULFILLED HIS OBLIGATIONS COMPLETELY AND HARVESTED DESERVED APPLAUSES.

(photos by Paco Sánchez)

oil on spinach...

Some cantes by Joselero, por alegrías, "estoy ético de pena", and por soleá, that one, "yo te voy a queré a tí con la misma violencia...", removed any disorderliness in the crowd. Andorrano resuscitated the flavor of past years, singing and dancing. Ramón Barrull and Juana Amaya were highly pleasing and were strongly applauded. Juana has much class and should not allow herself to be influenced so obviously by the success of others. Ramón Barrull is very light on his feet and has "gusto", but in the art it is

his personality that nails down his triumph. El Nano de Jerez had some moments of great quality when he sang bulerías por soleá. Chiquetete lit some fire under the serious cante and hinted at some nice things, but he can and should give more. He runs the danger of not being able, from the effort of doing numbers for recording machines, to sing "por derecho" (in the correct manner) when he wants; the public is not going to tolerate it...

The others -- Antonio Savedra, Ytoli, Diego Clavel, and Miguel Vargas -- fulfilled their



CHIQUETETE

WITH MORE DUENDE THAN IN RECENT FESTIVALS, HE SANG WITH STRENGTH AND FLAVOR, BUT IN THE END HE SOUGHT CHEAP APPLAUSE.

obligations and then some. And they received loud applause from a public that was as cold as it was correct...

Juan and Paco del Gastor and Pedro Peña carried the guitar load for the evening. And they were at a very high level of quality. There were moments when they achieved an absolute union with the flavor of past years..

The Gazpacho was, in spite of everything, a clear victory for the organizers. We have to wait until next year to see the results of this night, but those who brought about the return of the Gazpacho should be satisfied. They have done well and should do better next year...Morón de la Frontera, its art, its traditions, and its wisdom, deserve a good festival. And we are going in the right direction.

GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO

RIGHT HAND TECHNIQUE PROBLEMS?

by Guillermo Salazar

I have met "montones de guitarristas" who have technique problems with the right hand. I have had periods in which I struggled with technique problems so badly that I thought of quitting flamenco. What is it that causes these problems? Is it all in your mind? People who cannot help will tell you that you have a mental block or that you enjoy searching for some answers that do not exist. So the question is: Are there secrets to technique and are the masters holding back these secrets?

My first observations were that on certain days I felt really hot, and other days I felt really off. I believed biorhythms were responsible, then later, thought the weather, humidity, flexibility of the nail, and many other variable factors were involved. I tried using different soap, moved to a different climate, changed my diet -- all to no avail. I consulted with top professionals who said things like "practice," or "take a walk in the park and listen to the birds," or "hold your hand like this."

I feel I have solved the mysteries for myself and would like to share some things with you. If you have tried many hand positions and still your right hand feels out of balance, consider some of the possibilities and alternatives below:

--You may have a guitar that is too small or too shallow. Phrased in the Peter Kraus terminology, you may be too tall for your guitar. The January 1980 Guitar Player Magazine has an article by classical guitarist, Peter Kraus, about his special armrest. The ultimate solution may be having a bigger guitar constructed for yourself. Some laugh at this concept, but the ones who laugh make sure their clothes fit. Smaller people seem to have an advantage on the guitar, technically speaking. Guitar makers are not interested in this concept because they will have to make new plans and this slows down mass production. Imagine a world in which everybody wore the same size clothes. The "experts" would tell you "What's wrong with you, you don't fit into that shirt?"

--Your guitar may have string spacing that is not compatible. Some guitars have narrow spacing between the strings, others have wide spacing. I play better on guitars that have the narrow spacing. This is too bad because most bigger guitars have wider spacing. Personally I need a bigger guitar with the narrow spacing, hard but not impossible to find.

--You may be more comfortable with a different string tension. Some guitars have a taper in the ebony, or are constructed with an angled displacement in the neck itself. This affects the string tension, as does the scale length (length of strings from nut to bridge). There are so many guitars and they all play differently in the right hand.

--Your strings may be too low or too high for your stroke. Simple experiments can be performed by raising or lowering actions. Most guitarists try changing the action on their guitar to change playability in the left hand, but it affects the right hand also. A higher action gives better sound, a lower action gives easier playability and

the flamenco buzz. However, disregarding this, try your right hand techniques with your strings at different heights. This may be the root of all your troubles.

--Your flamenco guitar may have a classical bridge. The flamenco bridge is very low to the top of the guitar; the classical bridge is higher. If you have a guitar with a classical bridge, you can lower it considerably, but don't start filing away the wood to get it even lower. A new guitar is the answer to the problem. Don't sell your old guitar until you have replaced it with something more compatible -- especially since this may not be the problem you have with your technique.

--Try a thicker golpeador. Sometimes this simple process makes the right hand feel very comfortable. It gives a different feeling to the operation of the right hand, but has the disadvantage of slightly deadening the brilliance of the guitar. White styrene, available at hobby shops, comes in many thicknesses and may give you a new comfort in playing. Be very careful when removing your old golpeador, as it can be a sorrowful experience. Have a professional do this for you unless you know a lot about guitars. If you do it yourself, don't use crazy glue or epoxy when gluing the new golpeador on. Maybe you can experiment by taping a piece of styrene to the guitar to see if you really want to go through with the experiment.

--Try playing with no thumbnail. If you develop a callous on the thumb, you can play effectively with no nail. Many guitarists play this way, but it is a give and take matter. The hand balances out nicely for some guitarists with technique problems, but they sacrifice alza pua and other effective thumb playing techniques. If you do this, have a higher golpeador, at least on the bottom part of the guitar, which pushes the hand into place and permits playing effectively with a very short thumbnail. Listen to a Juan Serrano record and you'll hear Serrano's two different sounds, especially in the tremolo. The notes played by the fingers are nail sound, the thumb is skin sound.

--Try sitting in different postures. My favorite position is flamenco style, with the right foot elevated on a rung of a chair or a footstool. Also sitting on a pillow helps if you have long legs. These aids seem to throw the right hand into place.

These are just a few suggestions to try. I cannot guarantee anything because everyone is different. Find what works for you. The

problem with many flamenco teachers is that they try to make others do it their way. There is no one way that is right!

* * *

"Ian Davies" Hispavox HHS 11-311 (1976)

Since flamenco is not a religion, there are no bibles to tell you what you are "supposed to think" about individual artists. If you choose not to like an artist, it is better to follow your own taste rather than believe blindly what others say. It is not my intention to dictate taste in these reviews. Anything I say, other than factual information, is pure opinion.

This record by Ian Davies is an interesting one, having lots of good moments. Ian Davies came to the public's attention as second guitarist to Serranito. He also was first guitarist and composer for José Antonio and Luisa Aranda's progressive flamenco dance company, "Siluetas," in the early 1970's. On his debut album he shows extremely clean technique and a flair for creativity. The great majority of traditionalists probably would not enjoy the record since it features many non-flamenco musical instruments. Davies' group includes Toni on bass, Tomás on keyboard, Rafa on electric guitar, J. A. Galicia on drums, and Ian Davies himself on zambomba and timbales.

"En Conjunto," a bulerías, is the opening number. The group presents a modern bulerías featuring Davies' lead. Ian Davies immediately shows dominance of the bulerías rhythm. The Englishman has shown that flamenco is not so foreign to him. Music can unite peoples beautifully instead of being a divisive force promoting nationalism.

"Brindis" is a beautiful alegrías, showing an inner peace. On this record, with its role reversals (English playing flamenco and Spanish playing rock instruments), we have almost an East-meets-West type of album, but in reverse.

"Podría" is a nice granáina with recitation. The recitation gets carried away a bit with a few strange questions: "Cómo te llamas? Estudias o trabajas? Vas mucho al cine? Qué disco has comprado últimamente?" The poem is about a person drinking a glass of gin talking to another person. During the piece we hear imitation sound effects of wind and water.

"Re Acciones" is a Rondeña alternating free form with 4/4 and 3/4 time. "Wild

World" is a flamenco sounding piece in 4/4 time and completes side one.

Side two begins with "Azules," another bulerías. Ian Davies has decided to assert his individuality. Here is a relaxed approach to bulerías, even though he strikes the strings with much authority. "Inténtalo Otra Vez" is an ultra modern farruca, almost a rumba. "Dulce Hechizo" is a popular composition by Ian Davies which has nothing to do with flamenco. "Giving It All Away" is a popular tune written by L. Sayer. Both popular tunes are interpreted by Davies with his flamenco technique. "Muerte del Herrero Negro" is a martinete for guitar. A kettle drum opens the piece as a kind of surrealist imitation of a blacksmith. Davies' guitar enters playing por siguiriyas, followed by a screeching rock 'n roll interpretation of flamenco. The siguiriyas rhythm goes into a cambio to the major key and, if I'm not mistaken, Davies throws in the melody of "Mama's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread." Is this just a similar melody or thrown in with tongue in cheek?

FESTIVALES 1980

by Miguel Acal

(The following reviews of summer festivals were condensed from articles that appeared in ABC; they were sent by Gordon Booth and translated by Paco Sevilla.)

III Festival de Cante de Triana

(Triana; c. June 30, 1980)

In Triana we had a clear demonstration of the cante as art. We listened to artists -- not just cantaores.

Enrique Fernández from Ecija opened the night and, although he is still a youngster, he reminded us of Tomás Pavón.

Manolo Limón and Chano Lobato did what was expected of them. Salmonete, that red-headed youth from Jerez, had difficulty with some cantes of José de Paula -- those cantes require knowledge and flavor that few possess; the rest he sang cleanly.

Lebrijano really stirred the audience. In tangos and bulerías he gave a whole lesson in good singing, strength, and personality. He did some things of Pastora with very high quality. Lebrijano was a real star, demonstrating that he can do anything with compás; he developed his cantes.

Turronero, faithful to the honesty that has elevated him, sang well por bulerías and

the audience rose to its feet to applaud him. He sang three cantes, each with its own aire, but with his personal stamp on each, and demonstrated an honesty that is seldom seen. And Rocío Jurado. Some days before the festival, I was asking myself why she was appearing. Now, after seeing her, I am still asking! She sang por soleá, alegrías, fandangos, and bulerías with Cepero helping her out a great deal with his guitar. Pansequito sounded very gitano. We expected more from Camarón, la Susi, and Juanito Villar, but they fulfilled their obligations.

Chiquetete? These young cataores come with good intentions and ideas, anxious to please, but they abandon the seriousness and respect they owe to the public in exchange for "un cantecito 'made in Cepero'" (a little song composed by the guitarist Paco Cepero).

In the dance, we had Curro Vélez and Ana María Bueno, and La Tati. Two different conceptions of the dance. Curro and Ana María did a splendid dance por siguiriyas, but this wasn't the place for it. La Tati, on the other hand, had the proper aire. She danced por soleá and bulerías with enormous strength, and the audience responded; for her there was, and it was much deserved, much applause.

* * *

II Festival de Ginés

In this first flamenco festival of the summer, Gines offered a clear demonstration of what a festival should be; in the second year of the festival, we were given quality and interest without a huge mass of artists and in a reasonable length of time. The patio of the hacienda "El Santo Angel" offered the same beautiful appearance that it had in 1979. There were no sound problems, in fact, the sound was really good.

The night opened with el Nano de Jerez, who wasn't announced in the program. The recent winner of a national prize for bulerías demonstrated that he has sufficient knowledge of styles other than the cantes festeros.

Enrique de Melchor and Pedro Peña provided a battle of gypsy sounds, a beautiful competition between two ways of interpreting flamenco on six strings. At the end, the two of them, accompanying Lebrijano, offered us a recital with artistic quality.

Then the first problem arose. With the economy the way it is, we are beginning to



FERNANDA DE UTRERA
In Fernanda we have mystery,
duende, and the cante por soleá.



(photos by
Paco Sánchez)

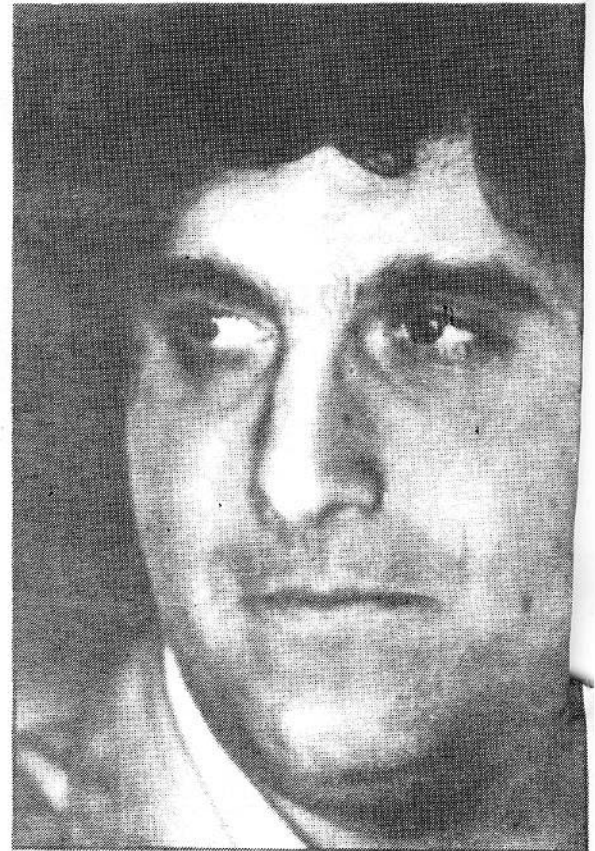
EL "LELE" DE CAMAS
The winner in group one. "Lele
de Camas" will have to be have
to be taken into account from now on

I Festival-Contest in Camas

A good festival in all senses of the word --
sufficiently short, sufficiently important,
and with sufficient quality in stage.



MIGUEL EL FUNI
A true victor; the guitar
of Pedro Peña helped him.



CHIQUETETE
In Camas, he sang with strength and
honesty -- as it should be.
BERNARDA DE UTRERA
Bernarda Jiménez Peña demonstrated
the enviable quality she possesses.

see cantaores singing in two places on the same night. Chiquetete was to sing second, but he hadn't arrived yet. That shouldn't happen, but it is going to continue to happen. Due to the tardiness, Manolo Mairena was next. He went out angry; these cantaores should know that anger will affect their performance. Manuel got over it and sang with good voice, "gusto," and quality. Naranjito de Triana, professional that he is, did not allow the change in the order of appearance to affect him and sang with serenity and pleasure.

The dance is gradually winning a place in these summer celebrations due to artists like Ana María Bueno, who demonstrated her mastery and true knowledge in Gines.

Chiquetete, after the tension created by his tardiness, was a true artist. He sang alegrías, bulerías, soleá and sevillanas. He sang with strength, although it is only fair to keep in mind that his other appearance must have tired him somewhat. In 1980, his triumph is almost assured. His sevillanas struck deeply and he gave them a special aire. But Chiquetete runs the risk of being associated with pretty things and losing the possibility of demonstrating what he really is -- a gypsy cantaores of high quality.

This festival was important to Fosforito after his performances in Sevilla (in the Giraldillo de Cante). He sang well. In alegrías he sang with calmness, good voice, and precision. After that he let down a little, but maintained a dignified level. Lebriano closed the evening. He had a magnificent moment, with desire to fight with the cante -- a rare thing. Por soleá he sang very well, although at a very lively tempo. In tientos he let down a little, only to rise to the sky por bulerías. Applause that had been strong for everybody, acquired extra decibels when it was for el de Lebrija.

* * *

XXIV Potaje Gitano

(UTRERA; c. June 23, 1980)

This festival should have been a good one, following its long tradition. The organization was good and the sound excellent, considering the large area involved, but one essential ingredient was missing -- art.

One problem that needs to be discussed is the order of appearance of the artists. The posters and programs list the artists in order of their artistic caliber. Why then cannot the artists perform in the reverse

order that they appear on the posters? Thus, the best would sing last and many unpleasant discussions and bad feelings would be avoided.

This festival was to honor Enrique Montoya, who, as it turned out, had to save his own homage with his performance. The only other outstanding performance was that of guitarist, Pedro Peña. Pansequito, Chocolate, Fernanda, José de la Tomasa, Curro Malena, and Paquera had some good moments, but very few. Juan el Lebriano deceived us. In the festival in Gines he really put forth, but if he is going to save himself just for certain occasions, then he should forget it!

The absence of Juana la del Pipa and her cuadro was a shame; they could have brought brilliance and flavor to the Potaje. Fransuz Sevilla and Paguita del Río may be something someday, but now.

Inés and Luis more or less had to be included in the program, even though this was not the place for them. They did some bulerías that weren't bad, but this festival is not the place for electric guitars, pianos and drums.

The festival was an economic success; it is too bad the public has to pay the price for poor performances.

* * *

VII Festival de la Guitarra

(Marchena; c. July 19, 1980)

We didn't believe it possible, after eight years of inactivity for this festival, but three thousand people were present in Marchena. In attendance the organizers deserve our applause, but only silence with regard to sound, seating, staging, and other minor details. The lack of chairs, justified by the unexpected large numbers, forced many to stand. Groups formed to discuss, argue, and fight; as a consequence, the least important thing was the cante, baile, and guitarra.

The guitar was well-served. Enrique Jiménez, el de Melchor, made his caresses -- from the top string to the bass -- rise above a sound system that was really bad. The same can be said of Pedro Peña, who played almost the entire first half of the evening, and of Juan Habichuela and Ricardo Miño. The guitar surpassed the cante -- only logical in a festival dedicated to such a flamenco instrument.

The appearance of Juan el Caeno, who opened the show, was marked by misfortune.

The microphones didn't work and Juan had to force himself in order to be heard. He didn't do badly por soleá, although, in lengthening some passages to get attention, he got out of compás a little. In the second part, he sang well por tarantos.

El Lebrijano had to leave early for an appointment in Jerez, so he sang second. He began with soleá, with personal touches that some would call unorthodox, although keeping intact the roots of Juaniquí. Por tangos, he did things of Repompa and Pastora, things that few can master. Then bulerías and tonás. Juan was an ocean of sweat when he came off stage. In Marchena he didn't sing as if he were thinking about his upcoming performance in Jerez. For the record, he gave everything and achieved a very complete performance -- as it should always be.

Miguel Vargas is well-loved in Marchena and he responded in kind. He sang soleá "muy asentao," sure and with fine detail. Diego Clavel sang some things not normally heard in festivals in recent years: A mala-gueña de la Penaranda and two well-executed fandangos de Juan Breva. And then, to close, the inevitable siguriya de Manuel Molina that he had to sing because the people expected it.

It is difficult, very difficult, to dance the alegrías; Pepa Montes succeeded, rematando por bulerías with much flavor.

Calixto Sánchez. Granainas, tientos, and fandangos with strength, clear diction, and exact placement. It is easy to get up to sing when you know the public will applaud.

Chiquetete is awaited with affection, but he is sacrificing quality for applause and fame. He can give more and it should be demanded, but he escapes by way of roads he knows so well, the cantes festeros "made in Cepero." I would like someday to see Chiquetete give what he has inside. The applause might not be so great, but it would be more dependable.

ANGELITA

Concierto Flamenco y Fiesta Mexicana

by Juana De Alva

A small group of San Diego Jaleistas drove up to the La Mirada Civic Theater on Saturday, November 29th, to see the Mexican-Spanish-Flamenco performance presented by Angelita. She had assembled an impressive number of artists including dancers Roberto Amaral, Ambar Gonzales, Daniel Andrés and Juan Talavera; singers Rubina Carmona,

Antonio Sánchez and Antonio Alcázar; guitarist Antonio Durán and an additional eleven supporting dancers. The entire production was well-staged and colorfully costumed; the lighting simply, but beautifully, handled by Jack Pelton.

Throughout the concert, one had to be impressed with Angelita's energy and stamina. She performed in nine out of the sixteen dance numbers (including Mexican folkloric, Spanish regional, classical and flamenco), always appearing fresh on stage in spite of the fact that she must have been furiously changing costumes in between numbers.

The program opened with four Mexican folkloric numbers--"Canto Veracruz," "El Jarabe Loco," "El Colass," "Zapateado Veracruzano" and "La Bamba." Since our expertise does not lie in this area, we will list these numbers without comment for the interest of our readers.

The second part of the program began with three Spanish pieces --"La Vida Breve" (a group number featuring Ambar Gonzales, Daniel Andrés and Cintia Figueroa), "Castilla" (danced by Angelita and Roberto Amaral) and "Mañico, Cierra La Puerta" (a jota, authentically presented down to the dancers' alpargatas [rope-soled slippers] and middle-finger use of the castanets).

The flamenco section began with Antonio Sánchez singing a rumba titled "Adoro!" This writer, who is a fan of Antonio's, was disappointed in the rock-star type presentation of the number but well-pleased later with his interpretation of bulerías and tientos. The rumba was followed by a farruca choreographed by María Rosa and danced in pants by Angelita, Viviana Romero, Cintia Figueroa and Cristina Gracia. Angelita did a miraculous change and was back on stage in a backless bata to perform tangos with Juan Talavera.

The fandangos was the most spectacular as a production number. Angelita's choreography, based on the original Pilar Lopez shawl-fandangos, was beautifully arranged. Subdued blue costuming set off the nine swirling multicolored shawls which were expertly maneuvered by the dancers. The stage was filled with a sea of rippling sails and the voice of Rubina Carmona.

Bulerías was another great mood number. The scene was set by singers Antonio Sánchez and Antonio Alcázar with everyone in shades of grey or black and white. Angelita, Juan Talavera, Ambar Gonzales and Daniel Andrés soloed and partnered each other. It was our first glimpse of Ambar and Daniel doing more serious flamenco. She executed some really

nice gypsy desplantes and Daniel's Cirole-style pelliscos were a delight.

Being the only guitarist in the concert, Antonio Durán did a marathon almost as great as Angelita's -- only his, was non-stop from the beginning of the flamenco section to the end of the program. His solo was titled "Amor de Verdad," a bulerías played in the tones of tarantos. It was a beautiful, creative piece of the same high caliber as his accompaniment to all the numbers. Angelita and Antonio Sánchez backed him up with palmas and jaleo.

Juan Talavera's "Soleá" followed with Rubina singing and Antonio Alcazar giving back-up palmas. Juan, as he always does, put his all into his long train heelwork. He had a new twist at the end -- with heels still going -- he took the scarf off his waist, put it around Rubina's neck and took her off with him.

Antonio Sánchez sang for Angelita's tientos, danced in gypsy blouse and heavy zambra skirt. This was another María Rosa choreography and executed with Angelita's usual precision and charm.

Next was Rubina Carmona's solo, "Me Vá." Rubina's style has changed since we last saw her, her voice to a more even ronco. She is putting more salero Andaluz into her work. Moving around the stage dexteriously trailing microphone cord behind her -- definitely more solidly in command.

"Aires de Cádiz," Roberto Amaral's alegrías was outstanding. He brought the house down when he carried his heelwork to the logical extreme of dancing on the heels (toes off the floor). There is much more to Roberto than a few crowd-pleasing tricks though; he has long since branched out from his Cirole-based style to experiment and create his own style duende and one must love him in spite of his unflamenco moustache and, sometimes, outlandish costumes.

The show closer was a rumba, a production number all in oranges and yellows -- as though going out in a burst of flame.

The show as a whole was good entertainment -- fast-paced, well-rehearsed and professionally presented. Those looking for emotional depth -- flamenco jondo -- in this performance, would have come away unsatisfied. But each person has his own statement to make and Angelita's statement is definitely upbeat!



Paco de Lucia, John McLaughlin, and Al DiMeola in Los Angeles

by Paco Sevilla

The difference was apparent at once. The performance had been sold out for days. People were milling around outside the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium looking for a way to get in. A gruff voice yelled, "Get in line or get out of the way!" A body search at the door -- open jackets, pockets, and purses -- cameras and tape recorders not permitted. No ushers in sight to greet the public cordially; no programs. Inside, upstairs in the back near the ceiling, the marijuana smoke was thick and burned the eyes.

A flamenco concert? Definitely not! This was Al DiMeola, John McLaughlin, and Paco de Lucia in concert on Wednesday evening, November 3, 1980. The only flamenco to be heard on this evening were the jazzy columbianas and the bulerías played by Paco de Lucia following solos by McLaughlin and DiMeola. The bulerías had a few new sounds in it, but was primarily bits and pieces that he has played on his albums, including a segment from the jaleos on "Almoraima."

This writer has had very little experience with jazz music and, therefore, will not attempt an in-depth critical review of the music. Here is the review that appeared in the Los Angeles Times:

THREE ACOUSTIC GUITARS

(from: Los Angeles Times, December 5, 1980; sent by Nilo Margoni.)

by Zan Stewart

Guitarists John McLaughlin, Al DiMeola and Paco de Lucia put on a flawless technical display Wednesday at the Santa Monica Civic, but the impact of their flashy performance was considerably dampened by repetition and poor pacing, obstacles that professionals of their stature and experience should have easily overcome.

Working acoustically and without backup bands, the gentlemen played only (with brief exceptions) Spanish influenced music, a style whose rhythmic sameness and redundant medium tempos wore down even the jubilant sell-out audience to occasional, rather than constant, bursts of applause.

The guitarist's individual approaches provided interesting contrast. McLaughlin's and DiMeola's steel-stringed instruments' were both miked and equipped with pickups, giving them a bright sound with more presence in the ensembles, while De Lucia used a

smaller classical instrument with nylon strings with which he obtained a mellow, wholesome tone. McLaughlin interspersed his mad, up-and-down gallops with powerful chorded strums, as did DiMeola, but De Lucía chose to restrain his prowess, playing melodic, even-noted lines colored by flashes of startling brilliance.

After opening solos, where McLaughlin played snatches of "My Foolish Heart" amid heavy chording, DiMeola some Bach, De Lucía (a strong influence on the former) two flamenco pieces, McLaughlin and DiMeola rendered Chick Corea's "Short Tales of the Black Forest," the evening's high point. The two delighted in 500-m.p.h. interplay, throwing the melody and ensuing lines back and forth with elan, and a long middle section continued the musical conversation as snatches of "The Pink Panther," "Dueling Banjos," and a slow, funky blues gave the outing a refreshing spontaneity and change of pace the show sorely needed.

The second half was devoted to trio selections, among them Luis Bonfa's "Manha de Carnival" and Corea's "Spain," all further inundating us with more of what had gone before.

* * *

(concert review by Paco Sevilla, continued)

I get the feeling that the L.A. Times reviewer left at the intermission, since there is no mention of the part of the program which contained some of the most powerful music of the evening. In addition, Zan Stewart and I agree upon very little, except that Chick Corea's "Short Tales of the Black Forest" was very entertaining. That piece was the first of the duets which followed the solos. Lucía and McLaughlin then played a Brazilian number, and Paco and Al DiMeola followed with "Mediterranean Sundance" from DiMeola's album.

After intermission, the trios. It was not always easy to hear the titles of the selections as they were announced by the guitarists. One of the first pieces was "Tres Hermanos," a collection of random sounds, scales, and bursts of chords. That was followed by "Manha de Carnival," which seemed to be just "...more of what had gone before." However, the following two numbers Chick Corea's "Spain" and a number that Paco de Lucía introduced (in Spanish) as, "...a piece composed by a friend of mine, called 'Fantasía para tres guitarras,'" were really exciting music and I found myself awakened from my growing boredom. The trio finally played together and created some

music that I could really enjoy. The three encores went downhill quickly from that point and it was a relief when it was over -- they had played for almost three hours.

Reactions and impressions of this concert were highly varied and often in direct opposition. The audience seemed to be primarily jazz-oriented people and many of them seemed to love all of the numbers. A flamenco friend of mine who has a wide taste in music thought it was all great music, while another flamenco was ready to leave after a few numbers.

I felt that Paco de Lucía appeared somewhat out of his element. In contrast to the L.A. Times report, and in spite of the Spanish sounding titles, there was little or no Spanish influence in the music and certainly no flamenco. It seemed strange to me that so little use was made of Paco's style of music and his large repertoire of techniques. Paco had to adjust almost totally to the music of DiMeola and McLaughlin; a little bit of flamenco style music would have added some much needed variety to the concert. Paco played almost exclusively "picado" with little or no use of rasgueo, alzapúa, arpeggios, or tremelos.

The three guitars appeared to be miked equally, but Paco sat near the monitor speaker and, early in the concert, I saw him signal back stage as if he wanted his sound to be lowered; from that point on, he seemed to lack the power and presence of the other two. I didn't feel that Paco was as fast as the other two or quite as comfortable in that style of music. However, another flamenco guitarist said to me, "Wow, Paco blew those other guys away, didn't he? He was obviously the leader and musically superior!" Notice too that the newspaper critic also saw something special in the performance of Paco. His playing was perhaps more musically expressive, although the other two guitarists also had some nice melodic moments. Paco said later that he was very fatigued and did not play well in this concert.

Nilo Margoni sent some notes about the concert on the following night, Thursday the 4th, at "The Country Club" in Reseda. Tickets had been sold only one day and just 900 people were able to attend in the nightclub atmosphere. Recording was being done at this concert for a future record album.

Nilo writes:

"The atmosphere could be compared to a Las Vegas showroom, but more relaxed. The program was the same except that Paco played his solos first instead of last. The concert

began about 9:15 and ended after midnight. During the concert, instead of hearing "oles" which I am accustomed to, I heard things like, "You guys are beautiful," or, "You guys are the best!"

"After the concert the security was tight and we waited about 45 minutes before we were allowed in to see the artists. I overheard one conversation about Paco not having much concert experience and just doing studio work; I couldn't let that pass, so I told them about Paco and instructed them to drop by Tower Records and pick up a few of his albums.

"In the parking lot there were people selling McLaughlin and DiMeola T-shirts. We asked them if they had a Lucía shirt and they said, 'Who is he?' We told them that he was the one we came to see!

"I feel the whole experience was great for Paco because many people went to the concert not knowing who he was and came away as new fans."

(Paco Sevilla again)

These concerts were indeed very successful for Paco de Lucía from a commercial point of view. Most of the audience would not have gone to see Paco perform alone, but now they know his name and will go to see him in the future. Paco's record have disappeared from the stores; there were many at Tower Records a few weeks ago and now there are none. Lucía must also have made a great deal of money from this tour, which ends in Japan, where Larry Coryell will fill in for Al DiMeola.

It remains now to see what Paco de Lucía will do with flamenco. He has a new record planned which will include the columbianas he played on this tour and, very likely, some numbers with the group he has in Spain. It is hard to imagine Paco ever returning to a traditional form of flamenco, but perhaps he will find a new way to contribute to the art.



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EL CID

A REVIEW

by Frank Campbell

Recently I had occasion to visit El Cid Restaurant in Los Angeles, a long time flamenco landmark in that city. I was a little apprehensive before arriving, as I had heard that the stage was shared by other various intruders such as jazz "hum" rock "ugh" groups, whose function clearly must have been to chase away the duende. Our fears were disappointed upon arrival as I learned there would be no extraneous noise (my apologies to the aficionados of "other" musical forms) to detract from the all flamenco presentation.

A converted theater, with a large stage set on one end of a garden-like dining area, El Cid offers an ideal setting for flamenco. This natural "ambiente" provided a fertile ground for an excellent performance by guitarists Marco Carmona and Clark Allen, singers Rubina Carmona and Pepita Sevilla and dancers Angelita Macias, Juan Talavera and Rosal Ortega.

Clark Allen, once an owner of El Cid, accompanied Marco and gave a brief and animated narrative of each piece for the audience, which was incidentally composed largely of Japanese tourists returning their yens to California.

Marco Carmona is a singularly talented guitarist who has achieved considerable maturity within a relatively short time. His technique is precise, fast and contains highly personal elements of style.

Angelita and Rosal Ortega danced an impressive bulerías and Juan Talavera, a strong soleá with five minutes of heelwork to palmas. Rubina's dramatic sense and Pepita's fiery personality added two more dimensions to the show. In all, the group presented a flawlessly executed and inspiring performance.

On another vein, aficionados looking for gastronomic delights such as paella or "calamares en su tinta," may be in for a disappointment, as the menu is strictly Mexican (with Japanese subtitles). The food, however, was well prepared and moderately priced. The sangría was pleasant and the service excellent. Four forty minute flamenco shows are presented Wednesday through Saturday evenings, beginning punctually at 8:00PM.

I came away with the feeling that the group has put together a well thought-out and highly professional show, well worth the trip to Los Angeles. The superb performance and a pleasant "ambiente" should

make El Cid a choice spot for Southern Californian aficionados in search of inspiration, even if tempura and sashimi are included in the menu. However, I hope that "other" musical forms will not be mixed with flamenco.



Carlos Montoya

AT SEVENTY-SIX, THE GYPSY'S
HANDS STILL FLY

(from: Philadelphia Daily News, November 7, 1980; sent by Maria Bitting)

By Jack McKinney

Carlos Montoya and I got together again the other day to fracture syntax in two languages. It was our first meeting since 1955 and, of course, the man has aged.

He looks at least five years older.

But not his hands. The strong brown gypsy hands of the 76-year-old flamenco guitarist look the same as they did when I was first introduced to him 25 years ago by the legendary flamenco dancer Vicente Escudero.

"My hands have a life of their own," said Montoya, flexing the left fingers that will be darting over the frets of his Arcángel Fernández guitar like a tarantula on "speed" when he performs in recital next Friday at the Academy of Music.

"Honestly," he emphasized. "It is as if my hands enjoy an independent existence, separate from my body."

But the body is also in a remarkable state of preservation.

"My body feels 40 years old," said Montoya. "My hands feel 30."

I asked Montoya if he owed it all to Escudero's "Vino Flamenco."

When his brows arched quizzically, I reminded him that Escudero had attributed his own prolonged youth to a home-made gypsy wine, which the dancer said he intended to bottle and sell commercially as "Vino Flamenco" after his retirement.

Montoya laughed heartily that a fellow-gypsy's con would still be remembered 25 years later.

There was never any "Vino Flamenco," he confessed. "That was all in Vicente Escudero's head."

But while Escudero was in his late 70s at the time, his feet could still drum out a zapateado with blurring speed. And when he wasn't spending all that energy on stage, he had an active thing going with a strong-

limbed female dancer less than half his age. He must have had some secret.

"Vicente is in his 100s now, and he is still with the same woman," Montoya disclosed.

"The secret is in being able to spend your life doing something you love."

Carlos Montoya has been doing something he loves since he was 14 years old, playing in the "Cuadros Flamencos" of Madrid with such Hall-of-Famers as Juan el Estampío, Antonio de Bilbao, La Camisona and La Macarrona.

He went on tour internationally with stars like Antonia Mercé, La Argentinita, Teresina Antonio, the young Carmen Amaya and, of course, the ageless Escudero.

But by 1948, Montoya had come to the conclusion that he'd love it even more if he weren't limited to playing the occasional rasgueado to cue the singer's lamento or strumming the rhythmic outline for the dancers' bulería....

"In Spain, there are 34 million natives and 30 million tourists," explained Montoya's American born wife, the former Sally Maclean--who was dancing in Europe under the name, "La Trianita," when she met and married the guitarist 40 years ago.

"The tourists all want to hear flamenco," she added, "so the agents supply the demand."

The result has been the infusion of some styles that don't bear an awful lot of resemblance to the real thing -- including one product of this disco-oriented age known as la rumba flamenca.

Sally Montoya calls it "dilution" -- probably because she is too polite to call it corruption.

Improvisation is the very soul of flamenco tradition. A piece Montoya might knock off in five minutes, say, at Washington's Kennedy Center could run on for 10 or 15 minutes here, if the spirit seizes him -- as it probably will.

Has he no regrets that, except for his LP recordings, these spontaneous and unique responses to moments of inspiration can never be exactly duplicated?

Montoya smiled and shook his head, as if to tell me that if I had to ask the question, I'd never be able to understand the answer.

"We gypsies live for the moment," he said. "What is gone is gone."

Montoya can't read a note of music. But as N.Y. Times critic Harold Schonberg has pointed out:

"He does something much more important. He makes music."

There is no drudgery in Carlos Montoya's work.

"I don't practice," he disclosed. "Oh, yes, I will play the scale, then maybe a few arpeggios and some tremolo. But no more than 45 minutes a day."

When I asked Montoya about the famed acoustics at the Academy of Music, he kissed his finger and waved it reverently above his head.

"The most beautiful in the world," the guitarist said.

The way Carlos Montoya said it seemed to promise something special for the audience that will hear him Friday night at the Academy.



The Cries of Madrid

THE DISAPPEARING PREGON

(from: Guidepost, November 18, 1966; sent by Marilyn Bishop)

by B. Sass

(Editor's note: Although this article refers to Madrid, it actually describes the disappearance of the "pregón" or street vendor's cry in all parts of Spain. In Andalucía, the pregones were often very flamenco in nature, and some of the old-time flamencos were famed for the pregones associated with their occupation.)

Of all of the city noises that one has to contend with in this age of thin-walled apartments and knob-happy TV addicts, perhaps the most pleasant is that of the itinerant street vendor. That they are a vanishing breed no one would deny, yet some remnants of this picturesque calling are still to be found even in so ruthlessly modern a city as Madrid. In the mornings, provided you live in a section of town sufficiently typical and are neither tone deaf nor suffering from last night's hangover, you can still hear the chairmender's cries as she slowly wends

her way down the street lugging two or three wicker chairs in her arms: "La silleeeeera!" And then a little fainter, the same hoarse cry: "La silleeeeeera!" -- until her cry becomes so faint that it is throttled by the other extraneous noises, backfirings, children's screeches, low-flying planes or what have you.

There was a time when you could set your clock by the cries heard in the streets. Many an aged academician, with tottering head and bleary eyes laments the passing of the days when he was awakened from youthful slumber by the cry of: "La churrera, calentitos!" upon which he would jump out of bed and buy his morning's ration of churros to be dunked in coffee or hot chocolate. Thereupon came a long succession of other street vendors, a few of whom are still to be seen squeezing out a precarious livelihood from their anachronistic callings. The most picturesque of these is the scissors grinder who, pushing about his little carriage-mounted grindstone, still circulates through the streets blowing his Pan-like pipe -- a quick, emphatic arpeggio which brings out the housewives toting their scissors and battle-axes for sharpening. He stops, sets up his wheel and then grinds away, peddling with his foot. Tradition has it that these sharpies hail from Orense province in Galicia and, not content with their meagre earnings at home, wander down to the capital in October or November, their wheel on their backs, travelling from village to village, until they get to Madrid itself where, despite the perils of zooming traffic, they can scrape together enough pesetas to return home in style, using a modern third-class railway carriage.

Some of the cries of olden days are curious to note;

"Un cochinito vivo vendo!" sang out the man with the greasy suckling pig under his arm.

"Hay seeebo!" chimed the vendor of fat.

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" Al bollero, al bollero, bollos de aceite y empiñonao!" cried the bun man.

And innumerable others. Everything from spinach to eyeglasses seem to have been sold in the streets. One of the most curious was the match-seller who used to cry out:

"Yo traigo en este cajón
a la Fama y a Cervantes,
fósforos fulminantes
de cerilla y cartón.
Fosforos, papel y fósforos,
papel de fumar de Alcoy.
Comprad fósforos, papel;
Con la niña me voy,
con la niña me iré."

Vendors of water, lemonade, sardines, watermelons, nuts, cabbage, muslin, pots and pans, stockings, tea, oil, honey and just about every household item imaginable came in turn through the streets of the city. Perhaps the strangest of these was the eye-glass peddler:

"Gafas para vista cansada.
Lente barato.
Quevedo de cristal de roca,
quevedo barato."

And the glasses would be tried on then and there, and after a bit of bargaining a price would be decided upon and buyer and seller would go forth contentedly. Dog sellers there were, and bird-sellers à la Papageno in the "Magic Flute."

The ubiquitous sereno too used to add his voice to the din in the streets. In addition to the jangling of the keys, the pounding of

the stick, the sound of " Ya voy!" and the idle chatting with friends underneath the windows; sometimes anything but serene, our typical friend used to sing out the hours of the night as well. Though in Madrid the custom has ceased to exist -- the introduction of modern clocks and the absence of highwaymen having obviated this custom -- many provincial villages still preserve a chanting sereno, some even going so far as to keep a town-crier who announces births and deaths, as well as new prohibitive laws.

The rag picker can still be seen on the streets. And the flower girl still intones, "A duro el puñao de claveles de olor... y que bonitos!" And the villager from the sticks with his donkey still is selling his pottery every day on as improbable a street as the Calle Goya; and chestnuts are still roasted in the streets for those who don't want them hygienically cellophane-wrapped in Pryca. But their days are numbered, so let's enjoy them while we still can!

SAN DIEGO SCENE

EL OIDO

by Juana De Alva

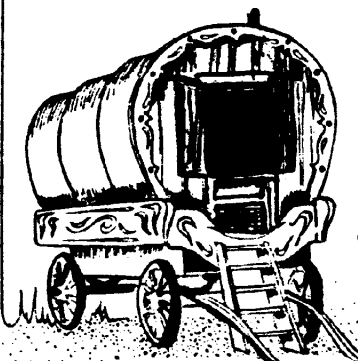
Gypsy singer Agujetas was in San Diego briefly with his dancer wife, Tibu. He was visiting his sister in Chula Vista.

Jaleistas would have liked to sponsor a juerga in his honor but it was not in the cards at that time. He did visit the Ballardo home while he was here and also jammed-out with Rodrigo and Remedios a bit.

Maria Jose Jarvis gave a very successful benefit-mini-juerga for Rodrigo de San Diego' upcoming Tijuana concert. Her house was packed to capacity as a brief show was presented by Rodrigo, Remedios Flores, Angela Giglitto and Carmen Monsón. Later everyone joined in to make a lively juerga.

A flammeco dramatization of Garcia Lorca's poetry was presented in Tijuana at the Club Campestre. Unfortunately our program and notes were lost but it was an inspiring performance with an all Mexican cast, two singers, male and female dancer and actress, Ofelia Guilmain, reciting.

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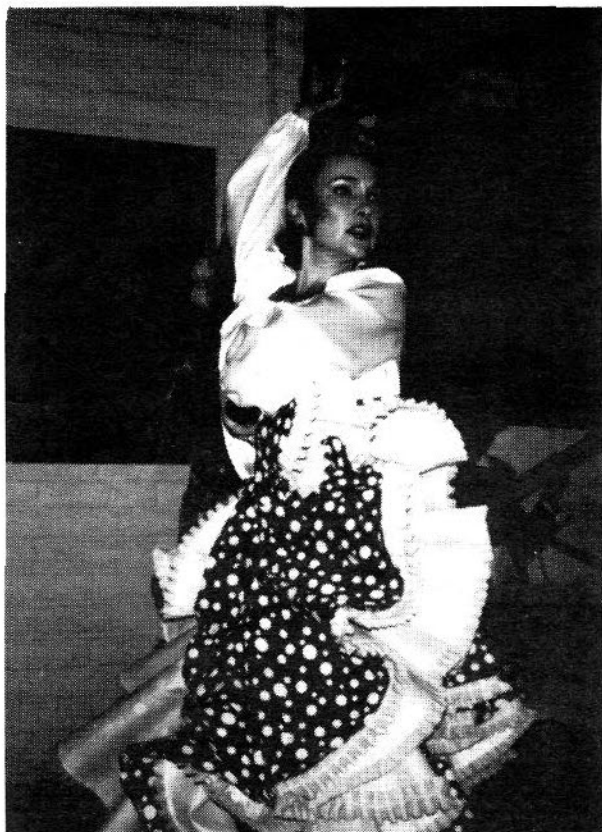
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AN EVENING AT OLMENDI'S

photos and text by Mary Ferguson

Saturday night at Olamendi's -- you're missing something if you don't go. Our own (Jaleistas is proud to claim her) Juanita Franco and troupe go all out to entertain. The dining room, bar and tablao are so arranged that there is no visual nor acoustical problem for anyone. This was my second time there and I arrived to the sound of many palmas and "Olé!" "Olé, Juanita!" "Olé, olé, olé!" There are three performances beginning at 7 p.m. and I had just missed the first one, sorry to say. Gene Coates and a friend were already there and asked me to join them. While waiting for the second show to begin and also for my niece to arrive from Laguna, I sampled the wine Margueritas and perused the menu, and I highly recommend both. Here I had better explain that there are two Olamendi's at Capistrano Beach. This is the newer one and is about one block from the end of the exit to beach cities off I-5 heading north. Needless to say, my niece was at the other one for some time before learning of this.



JUANITA FRANCO



ANGELA GIGLITTO

However, she made it in time for the second performance.

Juanita and dancer Angelita held up the dancing part and singer Pilar, "La Canaria," the singing. Joe Kenney, "Joselito," was outstanding with his guitar solos and in his accompaniment for both dancers and singers. The other time I had seen the show there were three dancers, but even dancers have to take a night off now and then. Juanita really comes through with her fiery personality and outstanding showmanship when the occasion calls for it. This night was no exception. Pilar's singing, as usual, was beautiful and intriguing. Comments heard from neighboring tables gave evidence that a few aficionados were present: someone explaining a zapateado

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(Angelita dancing), another talking about "palmas," etc. The audience was with them all the way. Too soon it was "Buenas noches, amigos," but it had been an evening well-spent and well-worth the drive to Capistrano.



ANGELA GIGLITTO, JUNITA FRANCO, PILAR
"LA CANARIA" WITH GUITARIST JOSELITO

show there were three dancers, but even dancers have to take a night off now and then. Juanita really comes through with her fiery personality and outstanding showmanship when the occasion calls for it. This night was no exception. Pilar's singing, as usual, was beautiful and intriguing. Comments heard from neighboring tables gave evidence that a few aficionados were present: someone explaining a zapateado

NOVEMBER

There was no November juerga but a few Jaleistas gathered at El Moro restaurant and later moved to the home of Francisco and Elizabeth Ballardo. The accompanying photos were sent by Mary Ferguson.



REMEDIOS FLORES, RODRIGO DE SAN DIEGO AND RAYNA PERFORM AT EL MORO



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JANUARY JUERGA-MEETING

No site has yet appeared on the Horizon for our January MEETING-JUERGA so check JUNTA REPORT or call your cuadro leader to find out when and where and if??

If you wish to offer a site, January 17th or the 24th would be appropriate.



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.

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concerts

SABICAS in concert Jan 19, Dalas, Tx. at the Anatole Hotel Aud.

RODRIGO DE SANDIEGO, solo guitar concert, Kresge College, Santa Monica, Ca, 7:00pm.

RODRIGO DE SAN DIEGO will present a concert, Jan 31 at the Club Campestre in Tijuana with singers Remedios Flores and Maria Jose. He will have the additional support of dancer Juana De Alva and guitarist Yuris Zeltins.

LUIS RIVERA SPANISH DANCE CO. with guitarist Emilio Prados will give free dance workshop Mar 26 and concerts Mar 26 and Mar 28 at U.T. in Austin, Tx 78712.

updates

GINO D'AURI appears at Lares Café in Santa Monica, CA (at Pico and 29th St) Wed-Sat.

GARY HAYES and LA ROMERA perform Thur-Sat at Pablo's Especial, 14 Roy St., Seattle, Wa.

EL MESON FLAMENCO just opened in Alexandria, VA featuring Ana Martinez & Paco de Malaga.

TORCUATO ZAMORA plays solo guitar, a combination of flamenco and popular Latin-American songs at El Caribe in Silver Springs, MD.

WASHINGTON DC AREA, Raquel Pena & Fernando Sirvent perform at Tio Pepe's; Carlos Ramos, Natalia Monteleon, Maria Candelas at El Bodegon.

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FOR SALE 2 spanish shawls (authentic Mantones de Manila) 1 black the other peacock blue, both with multi-colored hand embroidered flowers. Only one for sale \$500. Contact Lola Montes, 1529 N. Commonwealth Ave, LA, CA. 90027. 213/664-2388.

WANTED TO BUY: guitars by Gerundino Fernandez. Write or call collect: Gary Hayes, 818 N.E. 53rd St., Seattle, WA 98105; 206/522-9072.

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

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

FOR SALE: 1970 Ramirez top model flamenco guitar, pegs, good shape, \$2,000, call; 213/664-8707.

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

FOR SALE Books by Don Pohren, music by Mario Escudero and Sabicas, plus a complete line of guitar supplies (strings 1/2 price). See the Blue Guitar, see ad for location.

GUITARISTS AND GUITAR STUDENTS WELCOME to accompany dance classes. Call Juana 442-5362 (San Diego).

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.

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DICTIONARY OF FLAMENCO

- COPEADOR** (el) - plastic tap plate.
- GRANADA** -- mountain city famed for its gypsies and the fortress-palace, "La Alhambra"; not known for good quality commercial gypsy flamenco, but good artists have come from this area; here were developed the granainas, media granaina, others styles of fandangos, and the gypsy zambra; inhabitants are called "granadinos(as)."
- GUITARRA** (la) - guitar.
- GUITARRERO** (el) - constructor of guitars; also called "constructor de guitarras."
- GUITARRISTA** (el or la) - guitar player.
- HUELVA** -- far western port city; along with neighboring towns such as Alosno, Riotinto, etc., it is known primarily for the festive fandanguillos or "fandangos de Huelva"; originally was called Onuba and inhabitants are still called "Onubeses."
- HUESO** (el) -- the bone or plastic nut at either end of the guitar; the one on the bridge end may be called **EL PUENTE** (real, refers to the whole bridge) while the one at the head end can be called the **HUESO DE CEJILLA**.
- IDA** (la) -- the ending of a dance (also called **EL FINAL**); sometimes used to refer to a set, stylized section of the alegrías that can be used to enter the bulerías.
- JALEO** (el) -- all of the background sounds that create the proper atmosphere for flamenco and encourage the performers; includes rhythmic handclapping and shouted words and phrases.

JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA -- city lying between Cádiz and Sevilla, Jerez is famed for its flamenco ambiente and afición, as well as for its wines; many great artists have been developed here and the area is known for its styles of the gypsy cantes, bulerías, soleares, and siguiriyas; inhabitants are "jerezanos(as)."

JIPIO (el) -- in the cante, the extension of words through the use of mournful wailing or whimpering sounds and breaks in the voice.

JUERGA (la) -- a flamenco gathering; may be a spontaneous gathering or an occasion for which flamencos are hired.

LEBRIJA -- a flamenco town between Jerez and Sevilla that has produced many excellent artists, including the currently active Juan Peña "Lebrijano," Pedro Peña, Curro Malena, and Pedro Bacán.

LEVANTE (el) -- the mining region in the eastern part of Andalucía, including the southern part of Murcia and the northern parts of Jaén and Almería; the difficult lives of the miners gave rise to the tarantas, tarantos, cartageneras, and mineras (sometimes the granainas are included in this group); these cantes have a strong Moorish rather than gypsy influence; people from some parts of this area are often called "tarantos."



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