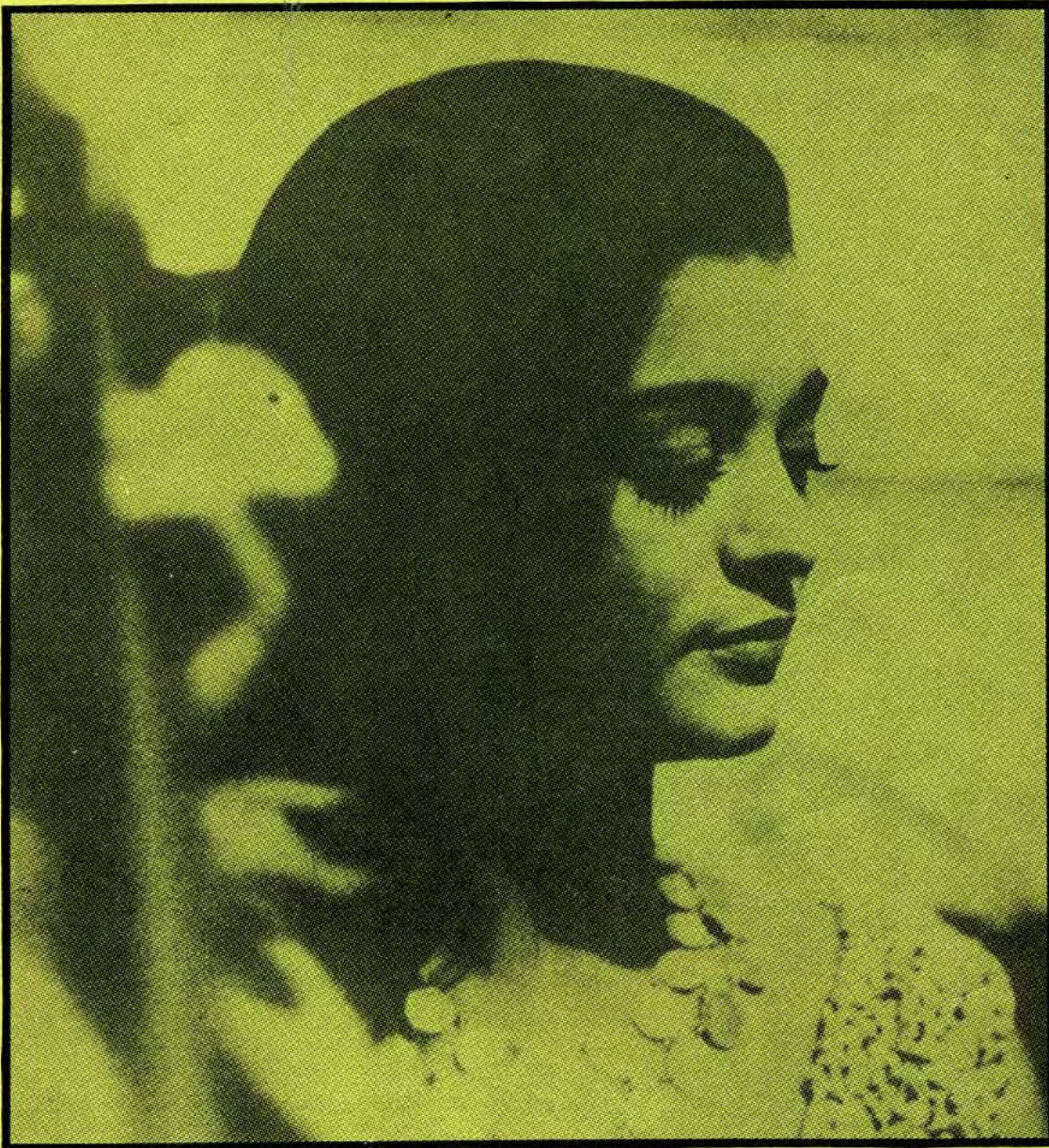


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JALEO



newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

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FEBRUARY 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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CANTE JONDO O ABRIRSE LAS CARNES CANTANDO

I SEMANA DE ESTUDIOS
FLAMENCOS (MALAGA)

*** 1963 ***

(from; LAE, 1963; sent by
Marilyn Bishop; translated
by Paco Sevilla.)

by Jesus Hermida



(photos: Francisco Ontañón)

LA FERNANDA AND LA BERNARDA DE UTRERA

The "I Semana de Estudios Flamencos" (the First Week of Flamenco Studies) has been celebrated in Málaga. This was a good thing. With your permission, let me say that all is worthwhile when it comes to studying that incredible thing, that profound, jondo thing that racial thing that God has given us "porque si!" (just because)

In Málaga there have been many learned, wise, and emotional things about flamenco. And many people heard them with devotion and great feeling. This is good! In Málaga there were facts and poetry, investigation and intuition. In Málaga, señores -- not señoritos -- spoke about the cante and the baile; all spoke with science, knowledge and depth: Francisco Bejarano, president of the Peña Juan Breva, José and Jesús de las Cuevas, alternating in their lectures, back and forth like a "polo" and a "caña" mixed together, Rafael León, Ricardo Molina who knows the most, Jose Manuel Caballero Bonald, and Edgar Neville, he who struck home most often.

In Málaga it was a week filled with cante and baile. It was organized by Coca-Cola,

a drink that would like to become flamenco... In Málaga there was endless pure air to breathe. To tell the truth, I would have to talk until I became red in the face if I were to tell all that happened and was said. At one or two o'clock -- in the morning, you understand -- while passing through the Pasaje de Chinitas and then in front of the Cathedral, I was asking Fernando Quiñones (who, besides writing stories like nobody else can and being an Andalucian and a "gaditano fino" like nobody else, won top honors in the "Semana de Estudios" for his Manual de los Cantes de Cádiz) what method I should choose to explain to you -- who will include the wise and knowledgeable, no doubt -- something about flamenco that would not be an erudite lecture nor a cliché "por bulerías."

"Bueno," pronounced Quiñones, as he tasted a rich, clear wine, "you go to the fiesta tomorrow night, you put yourself into the guitar and the throat of the singer, you die with the anguish of a siguriya, and later you tell it to the uneducated..."

(continued on page 6)

LETTERS

Dear Jaleo:

I enjoy Jaleo and I read it from cover to cover every month, but some of the ideas and attitudes expressed in Paco Sevilla's editorial in the December issue bothered me.

I don't agree that flamenco is a strictly traditional, almost provincial art form rooted among a certain society in a particular part of the Iberian peninsula. Flamenco thrives all over the world now, and some of the great flamenco artists do not live in Spain anymore. We should be open to the idea of flamenco happening anywhere.

I also don't believe that there is much to be learned from reviews of flamenco festivals and contests. I read those articles; they are fun, but they are just gossip. There's nothing in them that would help you play a note or dance a step.

The flamenco quiz bothered me, too. The editorial states "...the true 'cabal' in flamenco will have a knowledge that is much more extensive than that required here." If that means cafe habitués in Andalucía would know all sixty names in Part I of the test, then I agree. But I don't agree that name dropping is equal to knowledge of flamenco. All these things add up to chauvinism, that "in group/out group" mentality that seems to collect around every art form, especially those imported from one culture to another.

It would be ironic and a great loss if Jaleo, which is dedicated to spreading information and interest in flamenco, should become elitist.

Respectfully,
David J. Wolf
Monterey, CA

(Editor's comment: I think we all hope that Jaleo can avoid becoming elitist and continue to serve all extremes of flamenco interest. Aside from that, I don't agree with any of your statements or your interpretations of my statements. But I do appreciate your taking time to express your views. There is much potential for valuable discussion in these subjects and perhaps other readers will provide further input.)

Dear Jaleo,

My name was Bill Regan. I was a mixture of Yugoslav, Irish and German. Now I'm Guillermo Salazar! My father is from Valladolid, and our family speaks Castillian. Shortly after the name change I got a guarantee check card under the new name, and later got checks also.

The original idea was to try an experiment for a year. Within a month business tripled at my language school. I began to

get standing ovations at my occasional concert appearances. I had a good thing going and wasn't about to lose it.

I've had to make a few changes in my outlook during the period of adjustment. The first change was to be more tolerant of other people, more accepting of their weaknesses. I am no longer angered by fortune-tellers, tarot readers, actors, or children. I realize that I almost believe that the end justifies the means; but I thought I could try this philosophy for a while, because I do have a good product--the bottom line.

So, this "mentira" is a sincere one. I am an authentic fake, if not genuine. Life now is more interesting and business is better. I am planning a new album to show my progress on the guitar. My new friends, who eventually find out about me, seem to take it all with a grain of salt. I think I'll be Guillermo Salazar for a while longer.

Guillermo Salazar
Denver, Colorado

Guillermo: So that you won't feel alone, here are some other people who have benefited from name changes (a similar list could be made for Spanish as well as American flamenco artists):

William Claude Dunkenfield (W.C. Fields)
Allen Stewart Konigsberg (Woody Allen),
Norma Jean Baker Marilyn Monroe), Issur Danielovitch Demsky (Kirk Douglas), Benjamin Kubelsky (Jack Benny), Nathan Birnbaum (George Burns), Margarita Carmen Cansino (Rita Hayworth), Sophia Scicoloni (Sophia Loren), Archibald Leach (Cary Grant), Joseph Levitch (Jerry Lewis), Joe Yule (Mickey Rooney), Rodolpho d'Antonguolla (Rudolph Valentino), Jill Oppenheim (Jill St. John), Marion Michael Morrison (John Wayne), Samuel Goldfish (Samuel Goldwyn), Dino Crocetti (Dean Martin), Leonard Slye (Roy Rogers),

Dear Jaleo

Well, Philadelphia had it's first big organized juerga in a long time, Monday November 10th. It took place at the La Meson Don Quijote. As the restaurant is closed on Mondays, the gracious owners Julia and Enrique Lopez allowed the event to take place there. A fun filled night was enjoyed by a large crowd, and it all came about on very short notice. I want to express many thanks to Jaleo for being the great inspirational force that you are.

Yours truly,
Dan Di Bona
Philadelphia, PA

(continued from page 3)

Two o'clock rang out from a clock in the street, and water poured from a fountain. Fernando Quiñones drained his glass..."There is more value in the flamenco that is felt in one second of a night of cante than in any book or library."

I followed his well-given advice. Fiesta flamenca. Juerga -- a word of distinction that nobody spoils with other meanings.... Fiesta flamenca in Andalucía. From beginning to end, from night to morning, a complete study in flamencology. Neither more nor less!

The juerga begins with a touch of wine to kill the little worm of cold and create some flavor in the pine grove of Marbella. Some small things; somebody sings low to himself, out of tune, some philosophical tientos:

Sentaito en la escalera
esperando el porvenir
y el porvenir no llega...

(Seated on the stairway
waiting for the future
and the future never comes...)

A small thing. Almost nothing, this letra of tientos. There were twenty or thirty tables around the tablao. People with coat and tie, others wearing open shirts. Listeners mixed with people. People and listeners -- they are not the same.

Some malagueñas. El Niño de Canillas is the singer, while Antonio Vargas plays guitar. All is still cold -- the night, the wine and the hearts.

"Callarse...quiet, the singing is starting."

Callarse. The cantaor grabs the knee of the guitarist. The guitarist, Antonio Vargas "el místico," looks like a cactus fruit or a seashell. Callarse. The cantaor, who becomes king when his throat begins to vibrate, lengthens his copla. Cigarettes sit still in the air, wine goes untouched. The cantaor, "Canillas," lengthens his copla:

"Quien tiene celos no vive..."



EL NINO DE CANILLAS AND ANTONIO VARGAS

A voice at my side, a tactless and hoarse voice, speaks without being asked, "Vamos a ver..." (We shall see...). We are seeing! Appetizers of the juerga. A song to whet the appetites. To Málaga:

"Estando cortando piña
en er piná der amó,
der tronco sartó una astilla
y se clavó en mi corasón.
Muerto estoy; llórame niña"

(While cutting pinecones
in the pine tree of love,
from the trunk flew a splinter
and pierced my heart.
Now I am dead; cry for me, girl)

Now the door is open. Now there are those who cover their eyes, and the tasteless one says, "Olé, olé, olé..." Now the warmth is rising up from the liver to the emotions. Another cantaor for the cante: Manuel Avila is tiny, ugly, and awkward, with shirt open in front and a diamond on his finger -- all



MANUEL AVILA

of this is good when there is also character and voice. And showmanship. The cantaor lowers his head, challenges the air with his nose, flexes the muscles in his neck, clenches his teeth and then loosens them, and makes his eyes wide open and protruding. Por siguiரியas. Silencio. Even the sand will be amazed"

"Quieto. Uy...Callarse. Ea..."
Silence.

"Era un día...."

Silence. And now comes the long and profound threat of the siguiiya.

"...era un día señalao de Santiago y Santana..."

"Ole!"
And silence.

"...le rogue yo que la aliviara a mi mare..."

You feel it or you don't feel it. You understand it or you don't understand. You find yourself in the trembling, offering, speaking, singing, tragic hands of the cantaor, or you do not! The hands where the diamond shines.

Then a tactless heretic says, "How ugly that man's face becomes...!"

But it is not the ugliness of a man. It is the pure expression of the cante.

"Era un día señalao de Santiago y Santana.."

The cante should not be without listeners. It is like in the story that García Lorca told in his lecture on the cante. He said that one time La Niña de los Peines -- the others were relatively unimportant next to La Niña -- was singing well, very well, the cantes of Cádiz. And they said to her:

"Viva París..."

Viva París? Not "viva el rumbo, viva España, viva lo jondo, o viva la mare que te parió..." Viva París. She was singing... well!

And La Niña de los Peines --La Niña -- upon hearing that ironic and cold "Viva Paris," wrung her hands, cried a tear, poured a bottle of anis over her head and sang. She sang! She broke out singing...she died singing. She killed herself with her singing by tearing out pieces of her own Spanish soul.

Así se canta. This is how the cante happens. The listeners, as we were, went to a small room with two beds, a window, and wine. Now it can happen. Ahora, bueno! Now El Niño de la Loma -- completely in black, all seriousness, from out in the country and dark-skinned -- por tarantas with art:

"Se dise una misa en Roma
tóos los viernes del año,
que la dise el Pare Santo
y la dirige una paloma,
obra del Espiritu Santo..."



MANUEL AVILA



CERREJON DE HUELVA

There it is. The taranta of the heart. Juan el Africano playing the guitar and Cerrejón singing. Cerrejón, the best "saetero" (singer of saetas) from Huelva and a specialist in the fandangos of his region. Cerrejón, who stopped the parade of the Virgen in the Holy Week of Huelva this year. He silenced the band, the people and even the night itself with his saeta por martinetes. Cerrejón sang fandangos:

"De una alegría a una pena
late en las coplas, señores,
de un blanco ramo de flores
o de una larga condena,
de una enfermedad de amores..."

Now there is no human force that can stop the juerga. Shoulder to shoulder, body against body, seated where you wouldn't believe -- on the floor, on the night table, in the window -- were the listeners. The drops of wine run from glass to glass. There is a knocking on the tightly shut door:

"Somebody is knocking on the door!"

"It might be somebody who wants to come in."

"Well, let them in!"

"It might be someone who wants us to leave."

"Well, we can't leave. Another fandango, another fandango. Tune up, Juan..."

"I'm tuning!"

"Give me the tone Africano!"

"Here it is."

"Ea..."

"Ea..."

The cheeks of the cantaor glistened. His fingers trembled in the air. The voice filled everything with sparks of vinyards and the sea:

"More than the wisemen of science,
I love flamenco.
I feel it because I feel it..."

You feel it because you feel it. And the scholar, Fernando Quiñones, validated his scholarship by singing; he lifted his arms, his voice rose and broke, and it was a marvel of fine things, a profound and living thing. You feel it because you feel it. And now the "show" is over and we are surrounded by truth. The air smells of blood and jasmine, of wine and verse. And it is something so great, so pure, and so enormous that your insides hurt. And now, Platerito de Alcalá - burned dark by the sun, short and humbly dressed -- who warms up with some alegrías de Córdoba:

"La hija de la Paula no es de mi rango.
Ella tiene cortijo y yo voy descalzo..."

(The daughter of la Paula is not of my
class.)

She has a ranch house, while I go
barefoot...)



PLATERITO DE ALCALA



FERNANDO QUINONES (GUITARIST PROBABLY JUAN EL AFRICANO)

And later, por soleares and then siguiriya. And it is delirious. Delirious? A strong word. The delirium of those who feel because they feel. Amigo, that is the way it is.

Menese. A young man with a voice of aguardiente (brandy) and much cante in him. And la Fernanda and la Bernarda de Utrera. "Quiet. Keep still..." la Fernanda and la Bernarda de Utrera. La Fernanda is tall and wears her hair loose and curly. La Fernanda sings what she wishes with a heavy voice. La Bernarda is short and plump, with her hair pinned up carefully. La Bernarda sings what she wishes in a medium voice. Each of them has a gold tooth. When Bernarda sings, Fernanda gives her jaleo, "Así se canta, gitano bueno..."

When Fernanda sings, there is one who cannot hold back the "oles" that leap from

his mouth:

"Fernanda, hija..."

Nothing more. Ya está dicho tō (Everything has been said). "Fernanda, hija!"

And Don Antonio. Antonio Mairena, he who is called the high priest of the cante and is said to hold the key to the cante. The greatest cantaor, along with Caracol, of our time. He who when asked to define the cante answers, "What can it be? My life...the greatest thing there is!"

Bald, with two tufts of hair at the sides and seated in his place, he sings por soleá. I asked him, "What is the soleá?"

"The soleá is a good thing, very rhythmic, soft, and sweet."

"And the siguiriya?"

"The greatest. Along with the toná, it is the most viril..."

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TO THE READERS:

Jaleo will no longer be reprinting back issues of the magazine as they run out. Therefore, back issues will gradually become unavailable. That makes your copies valuable. If you have back issues that you want to sell, offer them in the announcements section. Do the same if you wish to buy certain issues.

At the present we do have all back issues, but supplies of some are running short. We do save the master copies and so could reprint in the future if demand were ever great enough.



JOSE MENESE

He sings por soleares:

"Al infierno que te vayas
me tengo que ir contigo,
porque yendo en tu compañía
llevo la gloria consigo"

(I have to go with you
even if you go to Hell
because going in your company
I bring Heaven with me.

He says "consigo" when he should have sung "conmigo." But it is not important in the least, because here the dictionary does not count...

Silence. Trembling. A cantaor is singing. A cantaor spits out feelings. The night has died. It is very dead. It will end with doughnuts, aguardiente, and anis -- a good drink, an endless walk, some singing to oneself, and some good "piropos" (flatteries to women).

The night is dead. It is very dead.

Now I recall, as I walk among the palm trees along the Alameda, what Quiñones told me, and what García Lorca wrote somewhere, taken from some Andalusian Arab writings that, sinner that I am, I don't know and have never read.

It was something very tremendous, beautiful, and Spanish that happened in Córdoba when it was ruled by the Arabs. Something about an Andalusian Arab, a poet and a wise man who had a slave that sang like fine gold. One day, the Arab invited two friends to listen to the singing of the slave. One of



ANTONIO MAIRENA

the two friends arrived with a jar of oil under his arm. The two waited in the reception room for a long time. Finally, the slave appeared, old and black with filth, so the story says, and the two friends felt they had been gravely deceived. The slave sang. And when he sang, his cante was of such caliber, so profound, and of such great tone, that the man with the oil threw it to the floor with a great shudder and rolled in the grease -- in ecstasy and filled with duende...

This happened in Andalucía, Spain. And it still happens. And he who wants it, has it. And he who feels it, feels it:

"Aunque el mundo me critique,
yo te seguiré queriendo..."

(Even if all the world criticises me,
I will continue to love you....)

Cante jondo. Uy, madre mía huelvana... what a serious thing...

I wanted to say that, in Málaga, there were some very learned things said about flamenco.



Rubina Carmona

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MORCA

... sobre el baile

LISTENING TO FLAMENCO

Rhythm is that magical something that is everywhere in life. It is the pulse of the universe, the rhythm of the stars, the planets going around the sun, the heartbeat of our bodies, the visual rhythms of the ocean waves, the rhythm of daily walking, or a cricket chirping or the rhythm of an eagle's wings beating the stratosphere. We are literally surrounded by rhythm all of our lives, both visually and aurally, whether from nature itself or the music of our own making. This total palette of rhythm and music in nature has been the inspiration for man from the beginning of time, inspiration to create his own music and his own dance, which were forms of communication, even before there was a spoken language.

Flamenco was born among peoples who lived close to nature and used nature as a source of inspiration for the music that grew from their feelings and emotions. From a simple beating of a stick to produce a rhythm to move to, to the anguished cry of a pre-flamenco song expressing hunger or loss, to the complex rhythms of today's many flamenco styles, the evolution has brought flamenco music to its complete blend of many musical elements. The music of the guitar, the song of the singer, the audible rhythms and visual movements of the dancer, the complex jaleo of the complete flamenco experience. It is this approach of flamenco music in its entirety that I speak of, this listening to flamenco in its totality that will reveal its complete majesty.

The more one listens to flamenco, the more one hears. At first, you might just listen to the rhythms. This is important, to absorb the different rhythms, their structures and their pulses. Of course, when there is no live flamenco, then good tapes and records are the way to learn what flamenco sounds are like, and there are still many records available, old and new. There is nothing like listening and listening to soak up flamenco like a recorder.

Back to the rhythms. When one takes up flamenco dancing, one of the first things to begin learning is the structure of the different rhythms. Since there is no

written music in flamenco, you must train your ear to hear the "frame" of the compás or 4 or 6 count compás. Once you understand where the compás begins and ends, then you can start to "feel" the base accents of which there are many. Again, I say that the more one listens and absorbs, the better it is and the more you understand without counting. This is very important because this is one musical form in which it is best to try not to count once you know the compás, because it will inhibit freedom of expression later on. Counting is very good and important to know, but once understood, best forgotten. Trust your inner ear, your feel within so that, when you dance, you will be listening to the total music and dancing with it, not counting it and being late or early. Counting can become a crutch and hinder movement and true expression. For example, too many get caught up with the base accents of 3,6,8,10,12, in a 12 count compás and if anything deviates from that, they are thrown. You do not want to create a mentronome out of the base accents, but use them to spring from and create from.

Aside from the accents of the various compáses, there is the pulse. The pulse is what gives the compás its individual character and individual expression. The pulse is the tempo, the flow, the feeling of the compás, and the interpretation of the compás. It is the difference between alegrías and soleares and, closer still, it is the difference between soleares and soleares por bulerías or caracoles, alegrías and romeras. It is the "aire" of the compás. It is the individual heartbeat and, even though the difference may be very subtle between, say, alegrías and romeras, it is there and can be heard by the person who listens for it.

The pulse is that long, stretched, sinewy drama of a slow soleares in its lyrical arte. It is the round, sensual femininity of a slow tango, the dry, sharp staccato power of the farruca, the driving energy of the soleá por bulerías, the up and flowing feeling of the alegrías, the short impulsive earth quality of the siguiriyas, and the reaching tension of the taranto. These are just example feelings of the pulse of various compáses and each person will feel them in his own way.

Another factor of flamenco music that carries the feeling so strongly is the different tones. The feeling of dancing a soleares por bulerías with the cejilla on five por medio is something that almost carries the dancer with its tone and power. Just the tone of a taranto is enough to feel

a strong punta driving into the earth. Many times, listening to the old anthologies and hearing many of the forms such as the serranas, cabales and different forms of siguiriyas, or the different styles of alegrías such as mirabrás, romeras, rosas and other cantiñas, gives you insight into the inner feelings and evolutions of flamenco. The different tones have their own interpretations and carry a special feeling, even though the rhythm may be the same as something else.

Probably the most important facet of flamenco for the dancer to listen to, aside from the music itself, is the cante, for each singer, although singing in his own individual and unique style, will be singing within the traditional structures. This may seem basic, but for the overall freedom of dancing with different singers, it is important to understand the tradition of individuality within the tradition of the base compás and the pulse of each compás.

The evolution of flamenco guitar playing in the last 40 or 50 years has been something like a comet. Just a few years ago, you heard mainly the thumb techniques and rasqueados, but today you hear almost every possible technique and dancing with a guitarist who has a good command of thumb, rasqueado, picados, tremelos, arpeggios, etc., gives that much more expression and interpretation for the dancer as well. When one listens to the accompaniment of Sabicas playing for Carmen Amaya, or the Moraos with Antonio, one is really hearing something tremendous and creative. It is unfortunate that there are not more records coming out with good sensitive accompaniment of good dance included. There are some, but too few, for listening to all of the elements, with exciting guitar, cante and baile, is to hear the full energy of flamenco.

Listening to flamenco is an art in itself, as many serious aficionados know, and they take listening very seriously, appreciating the subtlety, the nuance, the rhythms, the tones, the different singers and their different styles, the expression and matice of good footwork, the guitarist whose fingers sing out the many beautiful expressions and techniques, each with its own feeling and depth of the language of flamenco. If one listens long enough and open enough, then the original feelings and emotions will be heard, those feelings and emotions that came from life itself, from peoples who lived close to the earth and felt its pulse, its rhythm, the rhythms of life itself.

--Teodoro Morca

GASPACHO DE GUILLERMO

FLAMENCO FOR THE SAKE OF FLAMENCO

Quite a few people have asked me if flamenco is a scam that I use to attract women. The first time I heard this from a friend of mine, I was very surprised, since I really never had thought of this. It is true that people who are in the public's eye are attractive. They are getting attention, and have an aura of importance. Many people see this as the most important part of all. Another friend once said to me, "If I could play the guitar like you, I would have at least twenty girlfriends." This mentality seems to want to use flamenco as a stepping stone to popularity. In reality, any art form can be used this way by people who have the art form itself low on the list of priorities.

Let's face it, it is extremely difficult to excel in flamenco. Flamenco excellence, on the other hand, is a kind of excellence that is generally not appreciated by the masses. The popularity received is not directly proportional to the hours of dedication. The true artist is not going to get involved in this type of situation, when he or she could find an easier way to obtain popularity. Those who do get the popularity through flamenco receive it as a by-product, rather than a conscious effort. However, it is true that some fine artists lose interest in their art and get side-tracked into enjoying popularity. Inevitably the artistic ability seems to deteriorate. Just as there are natural athletes, there are natural flamencos. Others have to work harder at it to attain their top form. The worst thing is seeing a natural performer who has lost form, either through lack of practice or ruined by success, and living on the reputation of past glories. Natural flamencos have to practice, too.

If you make a full or partial income from flamenco, you have to present yourself in front of other people. By its very nature flamenco is ostentatious, or showy. The audiences expect it, except for initiated aficionados, who are looking for duende. The fact that you go on stage does not necessarily mean that you are on a big ego trip. Don't forget that if you don't

(continued on page 19)

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.)

XV Caracola Lebrijana

LEBRIJA

(from: ABC, July 2 1980)

by Miguel Acal

It was a triumph of the cante gitano -- although in spite of the many self-proclaimed aficionados who haven't the slightest idea what it is all about.

In brief, Domingo Sánchez "El Melón," brought to the stage his great desire to sing, Paco Taranto his knowledge, Manuel de Paula his resonant anguish, Pepe Montaraz his honesty, Miguel Funi his art, and Manuel Mairena his voice. Curro Malena and Manuel Soto "El Sordera" had been very moving in *siguiriyas*. The dance was represented by the ever-changing emotion of Los Farrucos -- the impossible rhythm of Antonio and Pilar and the beauty and *compás* of Farruquita.

In the second part, the cante gitano acquired an incredible dimension. Miguel Peña "El Funi," hurt by the indifference of the public, took out his rage in an incredible rhythmic insanity *por bulerías*. What he did in this fifteenth edition of the Caracolá made all the previous fourteen editions worth the trouble. And Francisco Carrasco (Curro Malena), with the witchcraft of Pedro Bacán, made the crowd go wild.

The full moon was high in the sky when there began an *abracadabra* without time nor place, an inaccessible and yet tangible pain, as the guitar of Pedro Peña began to sound. ... With Juan el Lebrijano the room began to dance. *Compás, compás, compás!* Because it is impossible to "*esparrabarse*" (*lose compás*) when Pedro is playing and the voice of Juan abandons itself to his gypsy people. El Lebrijano made clear the quality that the cante gitano can have when it is served by somebody who knows. *Por bulerías*, Juan brought all of the public --and there were still many considering that it was five thirty in the morning --close together in a beautiful sense of brotherhood, with the cante bringing warmth to the stage.

There is little more to say. The organization was not the best. The audience was cold at first, devoted at the end --as should be expected of an audience that knows

its art. This singing event had the good taste of the cante gitano, something that is difficult to achieve, but worth the trouble for it is beautiful when it happens.

II Festival De Mairena

MAIRENA DE ALJARAFE

(from: ABC, September 4, 1980)

by Miguel Acal

The audience in the Aljarafe movie theater gave a lesson in respect, understanding, and in knowing how to "be" and how to be "there" (*ser y estar*). There were many children in the audience. But many children being good and allowing others to listen. When they began to tire and play and distract, a brief announcement returned them to quiet.

The "cartel" (list of artists) was not long, but it didn't matter. The fiesta was opened by the winners of the recent contest. Young Carlitos de Bornos had everyone's attention when he sang *por malagueñas* and *peteneras*. Manuel Otero, from Mairena del Alcor, was not good in this festival. It makes you wonder about the quality of the juries (in the contest).

Juanito Villar, with Pedro Peña, began with *soleá del Chozas*, a cante, that is not heard often in festivals. In *bulerías* and tangos he sang well, correctly, and without a display of progressive trends. I really enjoy Juanito Villar.

With Rancapino the cante reached its summit. *Por soleá*, the singer from Chiclana demonstrated an enviable knowledge and quality. You have to give a lot of credit to Rancapino who really brought the house down in Mairena and gave a thick and bitter-sweet flavor to the "*cante bueno*." *Por malagueña* and *alegrías*, more of the same. Who can possibly do these cantes better?

Paco Taranto had a good performance, singing *soleá*, *alegrías*, *granainas*, *fandangos*, and *bulerías*. He is singing well, sure of himself, and always giving of himself completely.

Naranjito de Trina did not have good luck. He had bronchitis and only his professionalism saved him.

La Tati had a tremendous success. She danced *soleá* and *bulerías* and received an *olé* the size of the Giralda. Pedro Peña and Pedro Bacán were two guitarists suitable for the monument. José Luis Postigo and Antonio Saavedra are two artists who must be taken into account.

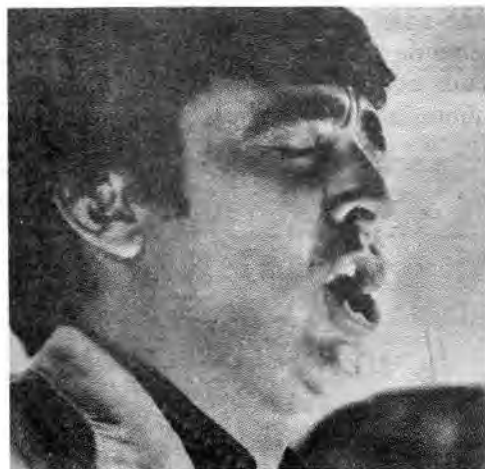
XIX Festival de Cante Jondo

Antonio Mairena



RAFAEL EL NEGRO

ONE OF THE BAILLAORES WHO WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN IN SEVILLA.



CALIXTO SANCHEZ

AWAITED BY THE FAITHFUL, HE SATISFIED ALL; HE KNOWS HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE.



ANTONIO MAIRENA

HE CONTINUES TO BE, JUST "TEMLANDOSE," NUMBER ONE.

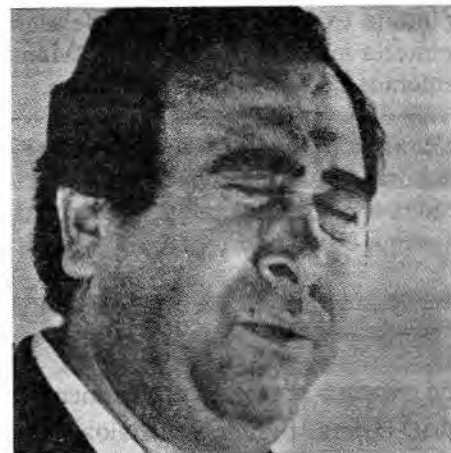
ROMERITO: HE GAVE HIS ALL AND, AS A RESULT, WAS ONE OF THE BEST.

CAMARON: HE DIDN'T SETTLE FOR THE EASY, BUT SEARCHED FOR THE DUENDE AND FOUND IT; HE SHOWED HOW A GYPSY SHOULD SING.



CURRO VELEZ - ANA MARIA BUENO
TECHNIQUE, STRENGTH AND ELEGANCE.

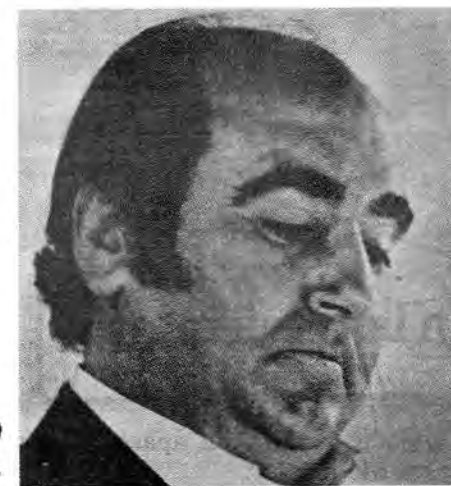
NARANJITO: HOW MUCH THERE IS TO LEARN FROM THIS MAN!



ROMERITO DE JEREZ



CAMARON DE LA ISLA



NARANJITO DE TRIANA

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Tablaos flamencos de Jerez



MARIFE DE TRIANA: A PAMPERED VOICE FOR SENTIMENTAL THEMES THAT APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.



LA SUSI: GYPSY FIBER IN COMPAS ARRUMBAOS; SHE HAS A DEEP ECHO.



ROCIO JURADO: MODERN SONGS WITH A FLAMENCO FLAVORING.



PAQUERA DE JEREZ (LEFT): DOMINATES THE COMPAS OF BULERIAS.

MANUELA CARRASCO (RIGHT): HER STRENGTH LIES IN HER STRENGTH.



GRUPO MONTOYA (FAR RIGHT): "LA NEGRA" SANG AND DANCED WITH EXQUISITE COMPAS.

MARIA VARGAS: ECHO OF THE PUERTOS, VERY FLAMENCO. (LEFT)



XIX Festival Antonio Mairena

MAIRENA DEL ALCOR

(from: ABC, Sept. 9, 1980)

by Miguel Acal

A night of good things, very good things, but too long. It began with Romerito de Jerez who sang with pleasure por soleá, alegrías, and bulerías; he found himself on pitch and in control of his voice.

Naranjito de Triana sang confidently and with strength and left in the night some cantes por soleá that he combined with polo, some fandangos, and some peteneras of Medina and Pastora. "El Trianero" sang well with the young guitarist Manolo Franco.

Then, the first surprise: Rafael el Negro danced with Isabelita Bayón. Curro Fernandez and Romerito sang for them, while Quique Paredes and Manolo Franco played guitar. It seems that somebody must have taken special interest in assuring that Rafael would not dance alone as had been announced. It seems to me that Rafael was given a secondary role, when there is in him a bailaor of much greater stature. He doesn't deserve that sort of treatment, nor anything close to it.

Enrique de Melchor appeared on stage with Manuel Mairena. Manolo did not have a good night; he tried to sing tientos --his best effort --soleá and bulerías. Curro Velez and Ana Maria Bueno danced a siguiriyas that was much better than their performance in Triana a while ago, but they didn't inspire the public. However, this was an audience that did not warm up easily, partly because the night was so long and monotonous.

Antonio Mairena commands the attention of the audience because, from the moment he opens his mouth, it overflows with authority, knowledge, and quality. Antonio asked for silence and then, por soleá, poured forth a masterful symphony of cantes de Joaquín, La Roezna, La Jilica, Frijones, Paquirri, Enrique, Triana, La Serneta, Juanquín... He didn't reach the sensational height of last year, but he made it clear that, at seventy-one years of age, he remains a tremendously gifted cantaor. Por bulerías, he didn't do so well due, perhaps, to a lack of communication with Enrique de Melchor.

Chano Lobato failed to appear. In his place appeared Curro Fernandez. Earlier, he had sung well for the dancing, but alone he didn't have it.

Camarón de la Isla sang briefly, but with pleasure, quality, and personality. Por tientos, bulerías, and fandangos he managed to raise the temperature of the audience a

few degrees. El de San Fernando is "largo" (a large repertoire) and has an exquisite flamenco flavor in his singing.

More dance by Curro Velez and Ana Maria Bueno and then Calixto Sánchez. Two fandangos and the crowd went wild. Calixto really does sing the fandangos of Carbonero very well --a little long perhaps, but with excellent voice and exact word placement. The guitar of Pedro Bacán performed miracles. Pedro accompanied only Calixto on this night, and he tried hard to show who he is and that he understands the mystery of playing well. Calixto sang well with Bacán and, on this night, offered a varied and select repertoire of good cantes.

Rafael el Negro and Isabelita Bayón returned to finish the show. It had been an evening with some nice details, but too long.

* * *

Tablaos en la Fiesta de la Vendimia

JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA

(from: ABC, September 14, 1980)

by Jeronimo Roldán

The "Tablaos Flamencos" of the thirty-third "Fiesta de la Vendimia" took place in the bullring of Jerez de la Frontera on September 9th and 10th. Let it be said first, that the current edition of the "Tablaos Flamencos" was marked by a setback due to a previous controversy -- the lack of participation by certain local artists, among them the very popular festero "El Niño de la Berza" and other pseudoprofessional local artists who had not been invited. The anger resulted in a demonstration of protest, and all the first night there was a continuous buzzing and humming of whistles that were opposed by other sections of the audience who were applauding the artists. It was a constant battle that irritated and kept emotions at a high level.

The artists tried to rise above the storm especially the outside artists who had respect for the locals. However, the majority of the public in the ring were paying attention and awarded each performance with strong applause.

The first night was opened by Manuel Carpio, "El Garbanzo," who brought strength and warmth to his caracoles, finding excellent compás in the guitar of Pepe Moreno. After the usual cheerful and festive performance of José Vargas, "El Mono," the chorus of whistles began with the appearance of the first foreigner, Pepe Sanlúcar,

accompanied by Pepe Morao.

La Susi went into action; she is gradually earning artistic stature with her revolutionary flamenco rhythm. La Susi was well-received in Jerez and was well-supported in her rumbas by her cuadro flamenco.

Tension was high and the presence of Juanito Villar renewed the effort of the protestors. But Juanito warmed up the audience quickly with his aire de alegrías and his finish por bulerías with the sure, precise, and well-acclaimed compás of Paco Cepero. Marifé de Triana led up to the intermission with her popular and very Spanish style. In the second half, Antonio Cortés, "Chiquetete," was able to quiet the crowd. María Vargas continued with her profound bulerías, accompanied by Manuel Morao. The bailaora from Sevilla, Manuela Carrasco, was once again greatly appreciated in Jerez. Then came the real uproar; Turroneo appeared with a series of improvised letras dedicated to the torero, Rafael de Paula, and the unruly crowd went crazy.

The second night the storm passed, and there were many more people in attendance. The gracia and aire of El Nano de Jerez, accompanied by Manolo Parrilla, warmed the crowd quickly. El Lebrijano, with Manolo Parrilla, was excellent, as was Juan Moneo with his bulerías. The young Jerezanos, Paca and Manuela, had excellent compás in their cante and baile. The quality continued to rise with the duende of Terremoto, the profundity of his sequiriyas. The Montoya family continues to move in a good direction, molded by their unique manner of conceiving a flamenco that is moving in its profundity. La Paquera, with the vibrant strength of her land, is an unequalled genius in the bulerías. The guitars of Juanito Morao, Parrilla, Moraíto Chico, and Antonio Jero were excellent on this night.

The finishing touch was Rocío Jurado, with her exceptional artistic quality that she uses in two areas of music. First she sang flamenco, cheerful and festive, and then went into her large repertoire of popular songs for which she is known.

PHILADELPHIA JUERGA

by Maria Bitting

On Saturday, December 6th, Philadelphia's Classical Guitar Society had Mario Escudero in concert. It was a real treat and well attended. The performance was followed by an informal get-together in Center City. Among those attending was Carlos Rubio, from Mesón



GUITARIST CARLOS RUBIO; DANCER JULIA LOPEZ

Don Quijote who joined Mario in several duets.

Juerga #2 was held at 7:30 on December 8th at Mesón Don Quixjote. One hundred enthusiastic aficionados sipped wine, ate delicious tappas and joined in dancing and singing. One table of Sevillanas danced many coplas with their outstanding Andalusian style. The spirit of Christmas rang out with villancicos tambourines and voices blending.

Frank Miller, Howard Hoffman, Carlos Rubio, and Shirlyana kept the guitar music flowing like the wine. Dancers Julia Lopez, Julio Clearfield, Elaine Frankel, Camilla and newcomer Neri Basserelli all doing solos as the night moved on. The excitement reached a high point when "Señora Lopez" announced the arrival of Lola Flores! There was a hush



SEVILLANAS WITH GUITARISTS FRANK MILLER (LEFT) AND CARLOS RUBIO



ABOVE & RIGHT: JULIA LOPEZ

in the audience as a very slim figure in a red flowered bata moved on stage. The hush soon became hilarious laughter! Lola turned out to be "Eduardo" the waiter miming to Lola's record - mustach and all! The finale came when Eduardo took his final bow gently lifting his ruffled skirt above his knees, exhibiting the most sinewy pair of hairy legs ever seen! It was a night long to be remembered by all.

los angeles EL CID

Photos by Frank Campbell

Guitarists are Clark Allen and Marcos Carmona with singers, Rubina Carmona and Pepita Sevilla (far right, upper photo), and dancers Juan Talavera, Rosal Ortega, Angelita(below).



(continued from page 12)

present yourself, you will have to do something else for money. Then you will have less practice time, and the art will suffer. This happens to many young travelling musicians. They start off with money they have saved, play the musician role until their bank accounts have diminished, then return to a mundane job they despise. Other more wealthy, non-professional musicians play the role longer since they can afford to hold out longer. For those who choose the flamenco lifestyle, and want to be proficient, production is the name of the game.

The successful musician has the luxury of practice time. At least he is practicing somewhat while performing. Many flamencos look upon success as a bad thing, probably because of their upbringing. I think flamenco for the sake of money is neither good nor bad; it simply is.

I have changed the old phrase "Ars gratia artis" into "flamenco for the sake of flamenco." Flamenco is certainly valid as paid entertainment, and equally valid as release of tension therapy. What is it that the artist is asking? In any art form, flamenco included, the simple question is "Le gusta o, no le gusta?" The artist puts himself on the line for both acceptance and rejection. Flamenco in its most pure form, regardless of the format of presentation, has the artist performing it for its own sake.

"FLAMENCO PURO-GUITARRA ESPAÑOLA POR
LUIS MARAVILLA" (EMI-LCLP 158) 1960

I believe this album is still available directly from Luis Maravilla, from his music store in the Barrio de Lavapies, Madrid. I got my copy from him there in 1971. Luis has also recorded several solo albums for the Westminster label here in the U.S.A., all of which are collector's items. He was the guitarist for the famous Pilar López dance company for many years. His style has elements of Niño Ricardo and Ramón Montoya, as well as his own variations on traditional flamenco.

"Zapateado de la Tanguera" is the first selection. In retrospect, this seems very elementary, sticking to I, IV, V, I harmony in C major, but this "purity" is the record's strongest point. I am a fan of modern flamenco, but always listen to these old albums to get perspective. "El Darro de Graná" is a charming granadinas conjuring up images of old Granada. "El Baile de la Macarrona" is a dance-oriented alegrías

complete with "ida," which you rarely hear nowadays. "Brisas Malagueñas" is a combination of a classical composition and a malagueña flamenca. "Falsetas por Siguiriyas" is again dance-oriented, the rhythm given preference to the tones. "La Guitarra por Huelva" is a fandango de Huelva with lots of aire, the guitar imitating the coplas of the cantaor.

"Falsetas por Bulerías" begins the second side. This has moments of sounding like an "al golpe" type bulerías and other moments of observing strict twelve beats. My opinion is that he goes out of compás, or more mildly put, is playing "para escuchar," as Diego del Gastor would defensively claim. "Mi Farruca Gitana" is a strict dance farruca, well done except for the ragged tremolo. "Alegrías de Cádiz" is my favorite piece on the record. It's an alegrías por rosa, supposedly given birth to by Ramón Montoya. The serrana is called "Por la Sierra de Córdoba." It has a metronome like regularity, more reminiscent of baile than cante flamenco. "Guajiras Cubanas" is a nice showpiece, the falsetas being played "a cuerda pelada" or one string at a time, for the most part. The album ends with "Tientos y Marianas," the only piece that favors the cante.

Luis doesn't seem as sharp technically on this record as he does on some earlier ones. This is a good sample of his playing style, and I'd recommend getting it, if still available.

--Guillermo Salazar

«Candela»

A RECORD REVIEW

by Gordon Booth

(Editor's note: For the last six months, Jaleo has benefitted from the contributions of Gordon Booth. Living in Andalucía, he has sent us considerable material that has allowed us to be better informed about flamenco in Spain. Unfortunately, Gordon has had to return to the United States. We thank him for his efforts and hope he will find some way to continue to be involved.)

Wander through the narrow streets of the town which shaped Manolo Sanlúcar and his music, Sanlúcar de Barrameda, full of sun and shadow, past the silent bodegas where the young manzanilla is quietly dancing its way from barrel to bottle, to the beach where fishermen are setting out their nets to dry beside the timeless Guadalquivir.

Nearby is a bar where the fishermen will go when they have finished with their nets. Inside, the bar bears witness to others who passed this way before: hanging from the ceiling and walls is an array of Roman amphoras, Punich anchors, and fossilized sharks' teeth, a collection of relics snagged in the nets of men more interested in fish than pottery. It was a bar probably not much different than this that Columbus tossed down a last copa before setting off on his second journey to the new world he had discovered shortly before.

From the doorway of the bar one can see the bones of long deserted ships decaying at water's edge, while chickens pick hopelessly at the dirt and men with faces like shoe leather read posters announcing the coming cock fights. From out of nowhere a single cry pierces the air, "Ay-y-y!" The pounding rap-a-tap of clapping hands suddenly explodes from an alleyway, rounds a car and sways down the street letting the silence softly return like fine dust.

While some things remain the same, others change. The Duchess of Medina Sidonia lives in the ancestral home perched on a hill overlooking the town. Her forebearers once owned Andalucía; now she owns the title but little else. A trip to Puerto de Santa María or Jerez is no longer considered going to the big city nor is Manolo Sanlúcar the skinny kid seen sitting in the plaza with his guitar.

Manolo has become a seasoned world traveler. With such an occurrence comes inevitable change, a change in Manolo's perspective generally and, specifically, a change or recasting of his music.

Paco de Lucía remarked recently that he was constantly looking for music outside of flamenco that he could adapt and make a part of his flamenco. Manolo Sanlúcar has been doing the same thing. The difference between the two is that Paco has retained a strong sense of flamenco whereas, in Manolo's case, the flamenco flavor is much less in evidence. His latest album is illustrative of this point.

"Candela" (RCA PL-35310) displays a finely crafted blend of guitar, flute, violin, and drum along with a sprinkling of other instrumentation. As one would expect Manolo is the sole composer, except on one number where he shares credit with someone named Caffi. Of the ten cuts on the album only a couple can claim to have flamenco roots... but with titles such as "Japón, Siempre Japón" what would one expect?

Briefly, the album shapes up like this: The title cut, "Candela," is bright and

spirited. Besides the guitar work (Manolo's brother, Isidro, plays second guitar), which is uniformly excellent throughout the album, there can be heard the singing of violins and the occasional zing of a synthesizer. The second number, "Como Un Trozo De Ti," presents an immediate change of pace. It is of a slower tempo. The music becomes soft, fragrant; the air light with the whisper of violins and the answering voice of a saxophone. Next comes "Amanecer" with a light, bouncy flavor that is occasionally broken/high-lighted by the bullet-like bursts of a synthesizer. "Japón, Siempre Japón" is the only cut that I have a bit of trouble with. Here the guitar is especially clear and sensitive, but the use of a chorus gives the overall orchestration a majestic quality that unfortunately makes the whole thing sound like a Hollywood movie theme. Something familiar surfaces at last with the final cut on the first side: "Callejón del Carmen" is flamenco through and through.

Leading off side two is "Oripando" which combines flamenco rhythms with some latin drumming, palmas with the ripple of a flute. The music rushes in to swirl around the listener in a cascade of sound. It's a real delight! "Alba Rociera," after a slow beginning picks up the pace and ends on a particularly joyful note. "Cuando Un Gitano Mira Al Cielo" pulsates with vitality while "Katosan" returns to the Orient with flute, drums and the distant tinkle of wind chimes. The album ends with the somberly-titled "Solidaridad" which turns out to be a very light and mellow number that once again relies on a gentle mixture of violins to carry out the composition.

I like the album very much and, as always am looking forward to Manolo's next release. According to something I read in the newspaper, he supposedly is at work on his next album which, he says, will contain more music from the Orient; hindu themes. It was also reported that he was working with Rocío Jurado, the popular singer from Sanlúcar de Barrameda's neighboring town of Chipiona. From the sound of things it appears to be shaping up as quite a mixture. If we are lucky perhaps there will even be room for some flamenco.

Vicente Escudero Dead

Brook Zern reports to us of having read in Variety that the great dancer, Vicente Escudero, died during 1980.

ARCHIVO

The Making of an Anthology

PART II -- SEVILLA by Caballero Donald

(translated by Brad Blanchard)

Our first objectives necessarily had to be directed towards Sevilla. And we returned there many times, as it was the most reliable center of operations. Any previous exploration had already supplied us with the same --or very similar -- conclusions that we would obtain in all of our travels, that is, that the cante, sociologically speaking, is a reality that is practically archeological. We are not referring to its presumed corruption with the passage of time, but rather to its transplant from its native areas to various other horizons, losing in the change its original social foundations. One cannot deny that, due to the gradual popularization achieved by flamenco, today it is much better known --and, of course, better mastered by some interpreters -- than at any other stage of its development. But this generalized progress has turned its back on the historic and geographical nucleus from which the cante came. Does this manifest uprooting imply some immediate danger? It is difficult to venture an objective reply, but there is no doubt, where its social involvement is concerned, that the cante in its present form retains only isolated relations with the primitive cante. That miserable and painful expression of intimacy that was kept shut up within a few anonymous Andalusian gypsy families has overflowed into the most widespread arenas of fame.

Triana was, with Jerez, the most definitive site from which the cante sprang. We now know that around the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the hidden seeds of flamenco expression began to filter out from domestic concealment towards its first public ventures. And this occurred in this very neighborhood of Sevilla within its most obscure gypsy communities. The absolute lack of documentation keeps us from reconstructing with even minimum certainty the family-type atmosphere where the hidden seed of the cante flourished for the first time. Let us enter, therefore, into the popular climate of Triana. After crossing to the other bank of the Guadalquivir, the urban landscape seems to change its character. Triana is like a village pushed up close to Sevilla, yet open to the great pastures of the Bética or toward the never-

ending rice fields in the marshes of Aznalcázar. The river also separates Triana in a way that isn't just physical. Triana doesn't seem to have any special distinction but, nevertheless, forms a very unique nucleus of population, including gypsy, "morisca" and country people. Her humble yet strong personality isn't external but comes from the human interior of the neighborhood...

We walked through Triana both day and night; we lost ourselves in the deep, light alleys of La Cava, of el Altozano, of el Arco de la Pureza. Right here in some of these poor tenement houses, at the end of the eighteenth century, lived in anonymous misery some of those illustrious gypsy families who were the only repositories of the heritage of the cante. In such a poor and unstable cradle, the dazzling artistic reality of flamenco was born. Triana must not have been then very different from what it is like now. We know very little about the lives of those first interpreters of the cante --el Planeta, el Fillo, Frasco, el Colorao, Juan Encueros, los Cangancho, los Peleaos --although we claim to know something of their styles of tonás and siguiriyas. Although distantly linked to their long history of persecution and with unclear alliances with the Moors of the region, it is still unclear why these gypsies were the ones entrusted with carrying out that fusion of elements of extremely oriental Andalusian music that would be called flamenco? The oldest verses of cante that we know of invariably speak of misfortunes and outrages, prison and death. It was, the life of the gypsies, those inhuman zeros among the world's wandering peoples. The theme of flamenco gathers, from the beginning, all of that desolate flood of experiences, adapted in each case to individual experiences and without any relation to the usual themes of popular Andalusian song.

What remains of all that moral and material landscape of the Triana of 1800? Only some vague trace in the surroundings; the rest has been diluted, as society changed its outlines during the known history of the cante. There is no doubt that the condition of life and the daily ups and downs of the flamenco artist have altered, in radical measure, the ingredients of the art. The new interpreters are removed from those special human conditions which made possible the genesis of flamenco. The majority of cantaores appear today to be associated, profusely and competitively, with the many opportunities that are offered to them by the growing international popularity of the

cante. The productive allure of professionalism --or the new ways of life --have practically made the cantaor disappear from the land of his birth.

During our various explorations of the flamenco scene of Sevilla, we counted continuously on the inestimable help of Antonio Mairena --the best living professional cantaor --and on Amós Rodríguez, a conscientious expert of flamenco and excellent, although sporadic, interpreter. The orientation and the direct collaboration of these irreplaceable advisors was essential for our work. Mairena has an exceptional knowledge of the history of flamenco. He speaks to us of the old cantaores that he met when he was a child, of the unforeseen artistic baggage that they carried on their shoulders, of the miseries and of the great moments of their ways of being and existing. Mairena is responsible for the rescue and the personal re-elaboration of many forgotten styles, and his lonely example has imposed, without a doubt, a demanding standard of performance on the dense professional payroll list of the cante. The eagerness to revitalize a degraded heritage makes Mairena an essential point of reference for any examination of the sources of flamenco. Amós Rodríguez, for his part, represents an important sector of non-professional cantaores who combine solid investigation and personal interpretive ability --an infrequent combination. His points of view are somewhat different from those of Mairena and define, in a certain way, a different attitude in relation to the expressive canons of the cante.

We had very interesting conversations with Amós Rodríguez and Antonio Mairena during our walks through Sevilla and our ramblings through Utrera, Alcalá de Guadaíra, Dos Hermanas and Mairena del Alcor. We met many times in Sevilla, in the bar of Pepe Pinto, whose wife, la Niña de los Peines, always attended in silence, the decrepit symbol of another epoch, listening to the discussions of that historical period of the cante that she has left with her indelible stamp. La Niña de los Peines gives no opinion and she can no longer sing. Suddenly we have the impression that through this narrow bar of el Pinto there circulates, now fragmented, a great current of history of the cante...

Mairena believes in personal styles as the only possibility for enrichment of the cante. Purity is therefore measured by the importance we give to oral tradition; that which follows the old flamenco tradition is

pure. Amós Rodríguez, in turn, believes that creations attributed to individual cantaores must always be suspect, since they will be adapted and deformed by those who interpret and transmit them. The amount of truth in the cante corresponds to the amount of truth in the person communicating it. The abilities of the cantaor should be subordinate to his power to captivate; he will communicate pain to others only as he feels pain inside himself. And this can only be achieved if the cante is adapted to his life... Flamenco could turn out to be inoperative if the modern interpreter were to reproduce in his cante, structures that no longer have anything to do with the world in which he lives. The most logical thing would be for the cantaor to adjust his themes and expressive intention to the repertoire of his own experience. It has already been said many times, that no art --popular or otherwise --can lose touch with its history. And flamenco was engendered by human junctures and social circumstances that no longer exist.

In Sevilla, on different occasions, Amós Rodríguez, Tomás Torre, Luis Caballero and Antonio Calzones were recorded. We scheduled the meetings in the best and most natural surroundings: in a tavern in Triana, in a venta outside of Sevilla, in a home on the outskirts of Alameda de Hércules (prodigious setting for flamenco until about twenty-five years ago). Sometimes the cante came quickly, before midnight; other times it was slow in coming, as if it had struggled helplessly against its own destruction until the dawn. The inner ritual of the cante depends on the degree of abandon of the interpreter. It was something we never forgot during our work. The majority of non-professional cantaores in the "Archive" are people who haven't tried --for one reason or another -- to earn a living with flamenco. In a way, some of them are the last representatives of that almost legendary caste of cantaores who limit themselves to narrating the dramatic burden of their lives. We really believe that before long, when these illustrious members of the history of flamenco have disappeared, with them will also disappear the possibility of experimentally verifying that pathetic chapter of flamenco history that is already adapting to coming times. There is no doubt that the usual manner of contracting and then recording the artist in the studio, with proper order and predetermined time, would have suppressed from our "Archive" its most essential and necessary characteristic - the authentic

and spontaneous documentary value of cantes gathered from their own sources in the most authentic surroundings.

It was hard for us to convince Amós Rodríguez to participate in our "Archive." He only sings on special occasions and this time sang unexpectedly, when the climax of the gathering had reached its highest communicative level... Amós is a cantaor little less than unpredictable... Not even the mediocrity of the guitar --we had to settle on this occasion for the only one available --diminished the validity of that gushing expressive passion of Amós.

The lone ascendancy of Tomás Torre now confers upon him special credit as an interpreter. Son of Manuel Torre --one of the most passionate figures in the history of flamenco --this humble and now elderly gypsy is not considered to be exactly a cantaor but rather a transmitter of memories of the old styles of Jerez, learned from that family dynasty, that culminated in his father. It doesn't matter that the abilities of Tomás are somewhat limited. The broken, dark voice, the tonal stridency, the lack of power, have nothing to do with the supreme truth of the cante. It is something very similar to what happens in jazz, especially with the kind of exaltation represented by Louis Armstrong. Perhaps the only attribute really indispensable in both cases, is a spontaneous, buried emotion brought to the surface by the compás. Flamenco, in good measure, is a question of compás. Rarely can its light be revealed if the cantaor is not intimately in line with that demanding norm that marks, the luminous unfolding, the spiritual jolts, of the cante. Tomás Torre knows the secret of the compás and knows the secret of the truest gypsy depths of flamenco. What better documental guarantees could we offer? Tomás speaks of his father as a mythical figure. The life of Manuel Torre constitutes, in effect, a model representation of the difficult and enigmatic personalities of the gypsies who forged flamenco.

Tomás confirms for us many known anecdotes of that proud, impenetrable and masterly flamenco creator that was Manuel Torre. When he sings, Tomás' dark eyes become moist and from his throat leaps the hoarse trembling of his own exposed memories. He says that he, like his father, sometimes has to sing poorly. To always sing well is impossible. He who always sings well has become a canary. Tomás only feels a true expressive impulse when he remembers the chills of his family experiences. The siguiriyas and soleares that he sang that

night were worth all that he hasn't been able --or hasn't wanted --to sing in his unstable and difficult life. In Tomás' struggle with dark shadows of his voice, in the desperate root of each one of his broken laments, in the tragic gypsy echoes, resides the deepest truth of the cante: its furious social meekness, an apparent contradiction. Flamenco is only a cry without rebellion or a resigned protest. Tomás Torre doesn't know it, but all of this is heartrendingly implicit in his exemplary sense of the cante.

Luis Caballero, for his part, is just the opposite of a flamenco professional. Belonging to the small bourgeoisie of Sevilla, without greater contacts than the daily eventuality of the cante, he has always lived, in spite of everything, very close to his artistic circles. In Sevilla, as in any other southern locality, the average Andalucian never considers flamenco to be a popular music that identifies with his likes and traditions. It is a logical phenomenon, produced by the independent birth of flamenco within a minority group and by its unusual and semi-clandestine paths of development. There is no doubt that these historical circumstances provoked an evident disinterest and, at times, even a certain disdainful attitude in the majority of Andalucians. For many it was a musical repertoire that was suspiciously linked to dark backgrounds and having a very dark and strange meaning. Generally, the popularity of the cante was produced only through its alliances with other kinds of popular regional folklore. We allude to this because Luis Caballero represents, with very special characteristics, that slavish attraction for flamenco that comes up at times in places and persons who are far-removed from the atmosphere in which it was born. In spite of his personal distance from the little professional world of the cante, Luis Caballero generously agreed to participate in our "Archive." Lucid and passionate at the same time, his ample stylistic domination responded at all times to this knowledgeable and profound calling.

The case of Antonio Calzones is very peculiar. Still a young man, not at all subject to the burdens of professionalism, his cante is a textual reply to that already mentioned way of understanding it as an expressive necessity. We couldn't pin down exactly what combination of circumstances caused certain difficulties in the get-together we prepared to listen to this introverted, fervent and almost anonymous

(continued on page 5)

DECEMBER JUERGA

ADIOS NATIONAL U.

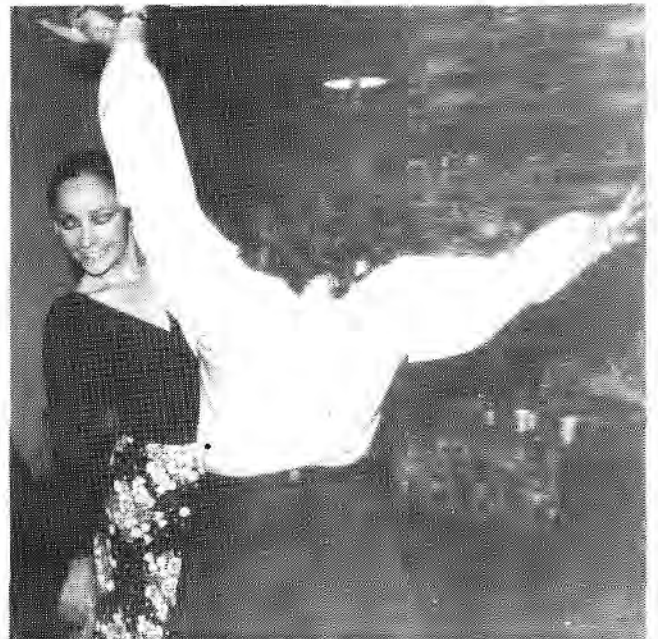
The National University Alumni cottage, the site of many memorable JALEISTAS juergas, is being converted into classrooms. The following photos were taken at our final N.U. juerga.
photos by Frank Campbell



MARI PILI DANCES SOLEA



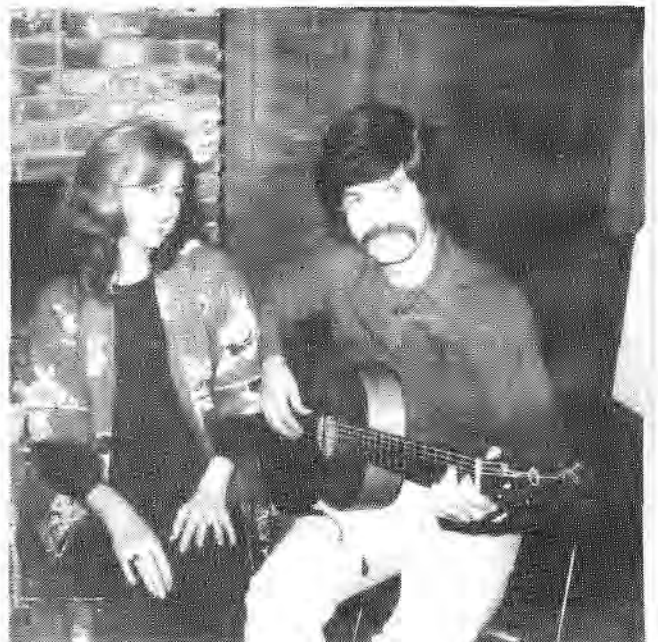
REMEDIOS FLORES & JOSE PICA



MAGDALENA WITH PARTNER IN SEVILLANAS



RAFAEL DIAZ, MARIA JOSE JARVAS DO PALMAS FOR BILL HARDIN ON THE GUITAR, CONNIE HARDIN CENTER



RIGHT: GUITARISTS KATHLEEN JONES & P. SEVILLA

anniversary juerga

Francisco and Elizabeth Ballardo celebrated their 32nd anniversary with a juerga on December 20th. There was a large gathering of friends and flamenco enthusiasts who made merry into the morning hours.
photos courtesy of Mary Ferguson



ELIZABETH BALLARDO (SEATED) WATCHES WHILE DAUGHTER ELIZABETH DANCES BULERIAS



FRANCISCO BALLARDO (STANDING CENTER) JUIANA DE ALVA DANCING ALEGRIAS

FEBRUARY MEETING - JUERGA

"LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HAPPEN"

In February, as in January, we are in search of a location for our annual meeting-juerga. We need to talk over the past year, elect officers and raise a bit of "jaleo".

Cuadro "C" has offered to take charge again this month but they need members' assistance in finding a site for February 21. If you have a house to offer or other location to suggest contact Brad or Paca Blanchard at 281-8447. Remember garages make great flamenco caves; condominium recreational facilities are another possibility

DATE: February 21st

TIME: 7:00 to ?

PLACE: ?

BRING: Tapas of your choice

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JALEO CORRESPONDENTS

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

concerts

RODRIGO DE ESPANA and his flamenco group will perform Feb 8, 2:00pm at the East County Performing Arts Center in El Cajon, CA.

CARLOS MONTOYA in concert, Feb 28, 8:00pm, Palace Theater, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$8 & \$9.
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.
MANO A MANO guitar concert featuring Anita Scheer and Laurie Randolph. Apr 4 2PM at The New School, 66 W 112 St., New York City.

updates

El MESON FLAMENCO just open in Alexandria, VA. Featuring Ana Martinez and 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 and Fernando Sirvent perform at Tio Pepe's; Carlos Ramos, Natalie Monteleon, Maria Candelas at El Bodegon.

classified

GUITARIST WANTED to work with dancer and singer in the atlanta area for club dates, concerts, school demonstrations and workshops, teaching, etc. Write or call collect: Marta del Cid, 773 Nile Dr., Alpharetta, GA 30201. Tel. 404/993-3062.

FLAMENCO GUITAR FOR SALE: personal instrument of maestro Juan Serrano, constructed by Richard Schnider, \$2000.00. Contact Robert Velasquez, 11422 Minden, Detroit, MI 48205, Tel. 313/839-9091.

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.

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DICTIONARY OF FLAMENCO

- LLAMADA** (1a) -- a call; a signal used by dancers to communicate a forthcoming change in the dance; llamadas are commonly used to signal a dancer's entrance (**SALIDA**), the closing of a section of dance (**CIERRE**), a major change of tempo or rhythm as in **CASTELLANA** or the change to bulerías in the alegrías, or the beginning of a **DESPLANTE**.
- LIGADO** (el) -- slur or tied note; notes that are played with the fretting hand alone, that is, without plucking the string with the right hand.
- LUNARES** (los) -- polka dots.
- MACHO** (EL) - a personal ending or "remate" which is tacked on to the end of the cante.
- MADRID** - outside of Andalusia, but the most active site of commercial flamenco and home of many top flamenco artists; there is plentiful instruction in all areas of flamenco, but not much atmosphere; inhabitant = madrileño(a).
- MÁLAGA** - a city on the Mediterranean "Costa del Sol." Not a lot of gypsy flamenco, but here were developed the malagueña, jaberas, verdiales, and a style of tangos; inhabitant = malagueño(a).
- MANO**(1a) - hand; right hand = derecha; left hand = izquierda.
- MANTILLA**(1a) - Spanish veil made of lace; worn on the head, often with the *peineta*
- MANTÓN**(el) - Spanish shawl used in dancing.
- MÁSTIL** (el) - The neck of the guitar, also called **EL MANGO**.
- MAYOR** (el) -- the major mode, as in Amajor.

MEDIA PLANTA (1a) -- half-sole; the striking of the ball of the foot against the floor; also called **GOLPE**.

MENOR (el) -- the minor mode, as in A minor.

MESÓN (el) - a bar-restaurant where people can gather to sing and dance such things as sevillanas, fandangos, and rumbas; occasionally the site of more serious flamenco.

MORÓN DE LA FRONTERA - a town in the Sevilla area that became famous in the 1960's when it, and its resident genius guitarist, Diego del Gastor, were exposed to the world by the writings of Donn Pohren. Many foreign guitarists made pilgrimages to the pueblo and the style of guitar playing has come to be known as "Morón style."

MOSAICO (el) - The mosaic around the sound hole; the whole design is called **LA EMBOCADURA**.

MURALLA REAL - literally, the "Royal Wall;" refers to the ancient wall around Cádiz and is frequently mentioned in verses of the alegrías.

MUTIS (el) - exit (hacer mutis = to make an exit); in flamenco, the ending of a dance by going off stage.

NOTA (1a) -- a musical note.

PALILLOS (los) -- the Andalusian or flamenco term for castanets.

PALMAS (las) -- handclapping used to accompany flamenco singing and dancing.

PALMAS ABIERTAS (las) -- loud, sharp handclaps made by the fingers of one hand hitting the palm of the other; also called **FUERTES** or **SECAS**.

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