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CARMEN MORA

TERREMOTO DE JEREZ





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newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

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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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«Los Flamencos» of South Australia

by Veronica Hood

I'm writing to you from Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia, because I'd like to inform your readers of what is happening in flamenco here in this part of Australia. After reading several of your magazines owned by a friend, I have decided to subscribe myself.

The scope for performing flamenco here in Adelaide is very limited, as it is in most parts of Australia. We have nothing that resembles a tablao here, although there are a few Spanish restaurants, one of which has a mediocre floorshow. Flamenco in Australia is kept alive mostly by non-Spaniards. Here in Adelaide a singer and I have been instrumental in forming a flamenco group and we have been together since March 1979, which is something of a record. I'm enclosing a photo of our group and I'll briefly describe the people in it from left to right. Our group is called "Los Flamencos"

and each member has been involved in some form of other dance or music at some stage as well as flamenco.

Besides having performed at many weddings, clubs, dances, cabarets, nightclubs, restaurants, etc., we have made a few television appearances, made a commercial and the highlight of our career was to be given the opportunity to appear with Carlos Montoya when he came to Adelaide in September last year -- he normally does not have any other artists appearing with him. At present we are working every fortnight in an international type restaurant, alternating with a Greek dancing floorshow. The floorshow we do is very well received and the audience consists mainly of Australians and Greeks.

The problems we face here and in other parts of Australia is that firstly, restaurant/nightclub owners don't want to pay a lot of money for a flamenco floorshow because it

is a specialty type of entertainment and doesn't appeal to everybody; secondly, if they have a second rate floorshow which doesn't cost a lot of money and the audience seems to enjoy it, especially if it is commercial with pasodobles in it, they prefer to keep that on rather than look for better quality floorshows with better dancers in it. This tends to be depressing and I know of several dancers in Sydney who were very good dancers in Spain for many years, but are not working because of this type of attitude. However, here in Adelaide, we are getting work and we're still very enthusiastic. We've all been to Spain at some stage and though Spain is too far to go for short trips, we find going to Sydney inspirational as far as learning and seeing good flamenco, because of the amount of talent there.

Starting from the left, sitting down, is PAQUITA. By day she is a Pharmacist; she is Greek and has been dancing for about ten years.

SALERA has been dancing for about four years. She has always been involved in dance since the age of four years and has progressed tremendously in the short time she has been dancing. She is Australian, and works as an art and drama teacher.

RAFAEL, standing up, worked as a principal dancer in a Spanish dance company for several years, in another state. He studied under Estrella Morena in Spain and has been dancing for fifteen years. He is Australian with some Spanish blood, going back a couple of generations. He works as a professional pianist for a dance school and is a qualified hairdresser as well, which is lucky for us when we want our hair and makeup done.

DOMENIC plays a little guitar, but is involving himself mostly in singing now. He and I started the group. Although he worked as a professional singer in popular music for a number of years, he now is an owner of a successful hairdressing salon in the city. He is Italian, He is learning to sing flamenco and although he is finding it difficult, especially as he doesn't speak Spanish, he is coming on very well. At present he is singing garrotín, sevillanas, verdiales and guajira. He is in the process of learning tientos and, although it's hard work, we feel he is getting there.

ITALO, the youngest of our group (21 yrs), has been studying guitar for twelve years. He has appeared as a solo artist in various talent shows on television and has always walked away with major prizes. This is the first flamenco group he has been involved in and he is learning fast. We're especially

pleased with the way he is able to accompany the dancers. From past experience I know how difficult it is for a guitarist, used to playing solo, to follow a dancer and not many of them can do it. When Paco Peña was here for our last Festival of Arts, three years ago, he was very impressed with Italo's playing and invited him to join his summer school for guitarists in France the following year. Italo went and needless to say, learnt a lot. Another Italian.

In the centre is me, VERÓNICA. I've been dancing for about eight years now, starting as a hobby, but finding it like an addiction -- I can't get enough of it. I spent six months in Spain and have studied under various teachers here in Australia. I'm a secretary and Croatian with a bit of Hungarian thrown in on my mother's side. I speak Spanish fluently and teach flamenco to the children at a Spanish school here. I've been with various flamenco groups here in Adelaide but they have never lasted long. I spent two years dancing in a Spanish restaurant here, until they decided that they couldn't really afford a flamenco group and also, under new ownership, were trying to change their image. That particular restaurant was the closest to a tablao we have ever had. It was a place that had a resident flamenco guitarist/singer and people were always welcome to come in and dance a little, sing and do palmas.

One of the problems we have here is trying to get basic items like castanets. Those, as well as shoes, have to come from another state, if available. As far as things like earrings, shawls, materials -- we always wait until someone we know is going to Spain, then give them a list. If they have time they bring us back what we need; if they don't we wait until someone else goes. We make do with what we have and use substitutes, but it's never the same.

When we do floorshows we find the facilities are never just right. If, for instance, we are going to a hall or restaurant, the sound system is not right for us, there is no proper lighting and the floor is parquetry set over concrete. We have overcome these difficulties by buying our own sound system, lighting and making a portable floor which is put together in 3 simple parts. It means a lot of work carrying and setting up, but we manage quite well when we have to. At present we need to think about another floor; one of the boards was left out in the rain and has a warp in it. It's quite interesting when we try to do any zapateado on it, as it gives off an echo and bounces up and down.

The last member of our group, not in the photograph, is a latecomer who started in March this year; VICENTE is also Italian. He used to play guitar a lot with his brother and was quite well-known here. He has been playing flamenco for about twelve years and is another one of those guitarists who doesn't like to have his guitar out of his hands for too long. He studied guitar in Córdoba and is involved in another flamenco group besides our own. The group concentrates mostly on the musical side rather than dancing and, besides guitar, consists of percussion instruments and flute. They have a female singer (also Italian) with a tremendous voice -- one that will send shivers down your spine; at some stage we hope to combine our two groups together for a special concert.

I could go on and on about what we do, but to briefly describe a typical floorshow: We start with palmas, then alegrías (male/female dancing), soleares (female), sevillanas (group), guajiras (female), and finish with rumba or bulerías (group). This varies, of course; sometimes we put in a solo guitar piece and we also dance zorongo, fandangos and malagueñas

I hope this will be of interest to you. We will be happy to correspond with anyone interested and I look forward to reading your magazine as it comes out.

(Editor's note: We thank Veronica for this wonderful account and encourage others around the world to share their particular flamenco environment and activities with the rest of our readers. And we hope Veronica and her group will feel a little less isolated if they realize that their experience and situation are practically identical to those of most other aficionados outside of Spain. Whether it be in the USA, Japan, Hong Kong, or Europe, the flamenco people still have to deal with isolation, difficulty finding work, poor working conditions, lack of equipment, and usually a lot of "infighting" between local groups and artists. By sharing in articles like this one, perhaps we help to put things in perspective and make us feel a little less alone.)

LETTERS

Dear Jaleistas:

I wish to thank all of those beautiful dancers, guitarists, and guests who helped to make my birthday party a great success.

Thank you and Salud!
Ernesto Lenshaw
San Diego, CA

Dear Jaleo,

I recently wrote from Ronda, after attending the Mairena Festival, to confirm that Antonio Mairena is still alive. That night, at the Ronda Festival, Fernando "Terremoto" sang por soleares, siguiriyas, and bulerías, dancing a bit por bulerías. It tragically was his last performance. He died suddenly the following morning, shortly after returning to Jerez -- a terrible loss for flamenco. The first night at the Fiesta de la Bulería of Jerez, in which he was to have appeared, was presented as an homenaje to this great cantaor. His death will be felt keenly by everyone who has had the good fortune of hearing his magnificent siguiriyas.

Sincerely,
Bob Clark
Grandview Heights, Ohio

Dear Jaleo:

Here is a photo of Luis Maravilla that he autographed for me in 1959.

George Ryss
New York, NY



Dear Jaleo:

Here are some photos that were taken during Mario Maya's stay here. (see next page)

Vera King
London, England



PACO PENA, MANOLO "EL CHINO" (ONE OF LONDON'S PREMIER DANCERS), AND MARIO MAYA AT A PUB DURING HIS LONDON PERFORMANCE SEASON.



(photos by David Bateman)

EL OSÍTO PLAYS FOR DIANA "LA CHOCOLATA" AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF JENNIFER LOWE NEAR LONDON. GUITARIST ANGEL CORTEZ AND SINGER MANUEL DE PAULA LOOK ON.

PUNTO DE VISTA

PACO DE LUCÍA -- CABALGANDO CON EL VIENTO
(RIDING WITH THE WIND)

by Kenneth Sanders

You can always tell that a noble prince of the guitar has arrived on the scene, when people start raving about him in a negative as well as an affirmative way. Whenever I read an ugly, unkind review concerning the work of any accomplished artist, especially Paco de Lucía, I am reminded of the German composer Hugo Wolf, who wrote a piece describing his pleasure in kicking an unpleasant critic down the stairs (to the lilting strain of a Viennese waltz)!!

To me, there appear to be three kinds of people: (1) The ones like the artists, who make things happen. (2) The people like the fans and aficionados who watch what happens and really get off on it. (3) And then there's the negative kind who wonder what happened and always try to put it down because it's something new and they can't relate to it.

All people are certainly entitled to their respective opinions, but the reviews, etc., that I have read in the recent issues of Jaleo concerning Paco de Lucía's latest accomplishments seem to miss their mark. I personally adore the antique, traditional flamenco, but I can also certainly dig what's happening in the 80's. I didn't have to pay \$12.50 for Paco's new record. He had his record company send it to me free of charge from Spain. He was also nice enough to autograph it for me backstage after his concert with John McLaughlin and Al DiMeola at the Hollywood Bowl, CA, Aug. 9, 1981. Several regular Hollywood Bowl concert series aficionados declared Paco's concert to be the best of the season. I told Paco of Jaleo's interview with Sabicas and of Sabicas remarking that Paco had left the path of flamenco, etc. Paco didn't seem too moved. I find it amusing and somewhat disappointing that some people think they can tell Paco de Lucía how to play the guitar or try to "classify" him with all their little rules, regulations, traditions, etc. It's like trying to tell Bruce Lee how to fight. The man is a free spirit, riding with the wind!

There was a lot of feeling at that concert and much warmth. And that wasn't only because I was with the most beautiful girl in the world either! The music was the magic that had us in "Cielito Lindo" (Beautiful Heaven). It seems that when Paco touches

the guitar, the feeling drips from his fingers. I think the people who try to knock him are the ones with no feeling.

We flamencos secretly wish that people of other styles and forms of music, dance, song, etc., will recognize what our art has to offer. John McLaughlin and Al DiMeola can't play flamenco, yet Paco embraced their art and they collaborated together in a beautiful fusion of their respective styles, each man giving something of his own. (I just wish I were half the guitarist that John or Al is, much less Paco!)

It's always easier to sit on your fanny and be an "armchair quarterback" and criticize every new, fresh effort, saying, "Well, it's not traditional or whatever," than to get up onstage and really give of yourself to the art.

I can certainly recommend adding Paco de Lucía's new record, "Solo Quiero Caminar" to your album collection. It's beautiful. The whole album is interesting; the more I listen to it, the more I hear. The jazz influence is present, but it doesn't dominate the flamenco at all. It's very up-to-date music. The two bulerías ("La Tumbona" and "Piñonate") are exceptional and both are solo guitar works. The cumbianas ("Monasterio del Sal") is also a gorgeous work of art.

In my opinion, Paco de Lucía's present potential is about as "dormant" as a tornado's when it touches the ground.

Viva la Revolución del Flamenco!

"SOLO QUIERO CAMINAR" -- ANOTHER VIEW

by David Alford

I would like to mention a different viewpoint from the one my friend Jerry Lobdill took in his record review (Jaleo Vol. V No. 1) of Paco de Lucia's recent album "Solo Quiero Caminar."

The heart of the matter, it seems to me, is whether an artist will come closer to

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reaching all of his potential by limiting his time and energies to a well-defined field of specific concentration (such as "real" flamenco) or whether additional growth and maturity comes from expanding one's horizons (for instance into jazz and classical music).

In my own case, I know I'm better off if I restrict myself just to flamenco because I still have to work on keeping my soleares in compás, and time spent learning jazz riffs is probably not my best investment even in the long run. However, Paco's mastery of traditional flamenco is so profound I believe he has to push ahead (or to the side) even at the risk of temporarily straying from the soul of true flamenco. In jazz, and I especially believe in Indian and Arabic music, there are golden threads for weaving the most profound *siguiriyas*, the most incredibly wonderful *bulerías*. It is high altitude climbing for sure, but let us trust in Paco's *afición* and also remember that no mortal can play all his music simultaneously.

The Last Malagueña of Enrique el Mellizo

Por Gabriel Ruiz

Madrid y su invierno en las calles de la capital española, llena de euforia para la mayoría de sus habitantes, por la caída de Alfonso XIII, y la recién instaurada República de Alcalá Zamora...Corren los días en aquel 1935.

La Calle Echegaray, como siempre en las madrugadas, repleta en sus casas de vinos, bares, restaurantes y colmaos. Aunque es un invierno crudo, y ya para llegar el alba, se oye bullicio en todos los establecimientos públicos y, en algunos, *palmeo* y *cante flamenco*. En aquel tiempo, por la mencionada calle -- al igual que el Callejón del Gato, Calle la Cruz y Plaza Santa Ana -- todas las noches *deambulaban* por ellas casi todos los flamencos que en Madrid vivían, al igual que los aficionados al *cante* y al *vino*. Los primeros, para ganarse su vida con las *juergas*, y los segundos, para divertirse con aquellos, a los cuales pagaban por escucharles *cantar* y *tocar* en algún *reservao* de cualquier *colmao*.

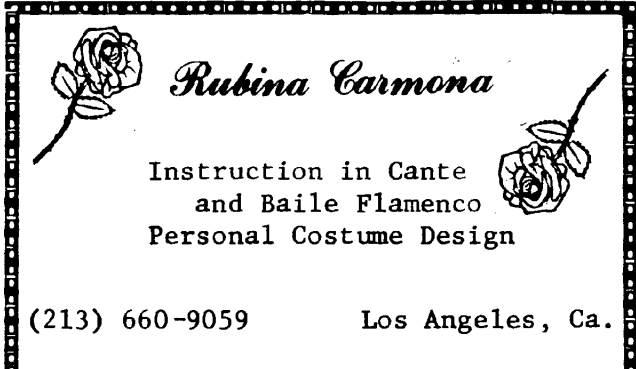
Los *Gabrieles* -- ¿Quién no lo conocía, al igual que a su dueño, Don Fabián? -- con muchos *pelmazos* en la barra, casi todos *borrachos* y otros clientes en los *reservaos* de arriba, del segundo piso. Hay un

reservao especial, famosísimo para los flamencos de aquella época, que se le llama "El Cuarto de la Lidia," por sus *carteles taurinos* y su *decoración interior*.

En este cuarto se hallaban aquella noche, Don Tomas, famoso y popular médico, amigo de los flamencos, Don Gabriel -- buen *aficionado* al *cante* y padre de un joven *tocaor*, Gabrielito -- el señor Agustín -- padre de Sabicas -- Pepe el de la Matrona, Estampío, Fernando el Herrero, Fosforito, el Maestro Malagueño, el Señor Luis -- maestro de obras y amigo íntimo del de la Matrona -- Manolo Bonet, Sabicas y su hermano "Dieguico," Enrique el Mellizo, y Gabrielito. Están allí, reunidos, desde las once de la noche, despidiendo al Mellizo, quien debe viajar al día siguiente para Cádiz. Ya casi va a amanecer; se ha cantado, bailado, y tocado mucho aquella noche. La fiesta, la *juerga*, es pagada por Don Tomas y Don Gabriel. Los mayores, algunos, están ya algo bebidos, sobretodo el Mellizo. Los jóvenes -- Bonet, Sabicas, Dieguico, Gabrielito -- no, pues no beben, sólo toman café con leche y *bocadillos*. Sabicas, con su padre y hermano, ya se marcharon, sobre las 4 de la mañana, junto con Manolo Bonet.

Cerca de las cinco y media, Pepe el de la Matrona dice al Mellizo que se vaya a dormir, pues es muy tarde, y debe viajar pronto. Todos opinan igual y Don Gabriel dice a su hijo que acompañe al Mellizo a su casa. El gran *cantaor*, único en sus *malagueñas*, se despide de todos, sin ocultar su emoción y sus *lagrimas*, quiza por los muchos *tragos* que tomó; baja las escaleras, hasta el primer piso, acompañado por Gabrielito, que le lleva del brazo y por Demetrio -- ¿quien no conocía al famoso *camarero* de "Los Gabrieles"?

El Mellizo y Gabrielito salen a la calle Echegaray. Está amaneciendo ya. Enrique, enfundado en su *chaquetón* con *cuello* de piel, su gorra "macarra," su *pañuelo* blanco de seda al *cuello*, su *tez gitana*, ya con algo de *barba* en aquel nuevo día, le hace pensar al joven *guitarrista* en un auténtico rey faraón.



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El Mellizo vive cerca; según se sale de Los Gabrieles, a la derecha, el primer portal, es donde para el gaditano, en una modesta casa de huéspedes, bien conocida por los flamencos.

Han llegado los dos al portal, y allí se detienen. Gabrielito, muy emocionado, no dice nada. El Mellizo, balbuceante su voz, dice con voz apagada al joven, "Grabiélito, hijo, te voy a cantar la última malagueña der Mellizo" y aquel gaditano, ya viejo, enjuto, alto, flamenco, con color de ciprés, apoya sus manos en los hombros de Gabrielito y muy tenue, apenas sin voz, sollozando, humedad bajo su nariz, su aliento rebotando en la cara del joven tocaor, susurra...

"AY.....ERAN LAS DOS DE LA NOCHE....
AY AY AY....
Y VINO MI HERMANO A BUSCARME.....
ALEVANTATE HERMANO MIO A, A, A, A,
AY AAAAY....."

De pronto, cesa en su divino susurro. No puede seguir; se le acaba la voz. Abraza fuerte y besa la cara de Gabrielito -- quien nunca sintió tantas cosas a la vez -- y sin nada decir, se separa del joven -- incapaz éste de comprender aun -- y sube los pocos escalones que le conducen a la pensión.

El joven queda unos momentos atónito, húmedos sus ojos, contemplando la figura esbelta del Mellizo, que desaparece en un pasillo sin luz. Maquinalmente, enciende un cigarrillo y regresa a Los Gabrieles; sube al Cuarto de la Lidia, se reúne con su padre y amigos, y refiere lo sucedido con El Mellizo. Todos se miran y quedan callados, pensativos. Luego de un pequeño silencio, El Maestro Luis comenta, "No hagas caso, Gabrielito... Son cosas del vino... "

Pepe el de la Matrona dice, "¡Yo nunca he visto al Mellizo así, tan llorón...!" y queda pensativo, liando un cigarrillo picado. Don Gabriel y su hijo llegan a su casa cerca de las siete de la mañana; la esposa y madre, Doña Isabel, les prepara el desayuno, antes de que se acuesten. Gabrielito, ya en la cama, no puede agarrar el sueño, pensando y viviendo aquel momento habido en un frío amanecer, en un portal, junto a un cantaor gitano, de figura gallarda, tez palida, con pañuelo de seda blanco al cuello, bajo su pelliza flamenca, que susurra: "¡AY...ERAN LAS DOS DE LA NOCHE...!"

A los pocos días, en el Café Madrid de la Calla Alcalá -- punto de reunión de flamencos, joyeros y toreros -- corrió la noticia: "HA MUERTO EL MELLIZO...!!!"

THE LAST MALAGUEÑA OF ENRIQUE EL MELLIZO

translated by Paco Sevilla

by Gabriel Ruiz

Madrid and its winter in the streets of the Spanish Capital, full of euphoria for most of the inhabitants due to the fall of Alfonso XIII and the recently installed Republic of Alcalá Zamora... So went the days in that 1935.

Calle Echegaray, as always toward dawn, finds the "casas de vinos," the bars, restaurants and colmaos filled. Although it is a harsh winter and almost sun-up, lively sounds can be heard in all the public establishments and, in some, palmas and cante flamenco. In that time, on that street -- as well as on the Callejón del Gato, Calle Cruz, and the Plaza Santa Ana -- almost all the flamenco artists who lived in Madrid, as well as the aficionados of cante and wine, could be found wandering every night. The artists were earning a living with the juergas; the aficionados were there to enjoy themselves with the artists, who they paid in order to listen to them sing and play the guitar in some "reservao" (private back room) in some "colmao" (bar).

"Los Gabrieles" -- who didn't know of it, as well as its owner, Don Fabián -- with many irritating, boisterous types at the bar, almost all drunk, and others in the reservaos upstairs, on the second floor. There was a special reservao, famous among the flamencos of that time, that was called "El Cuarto de la Lidia" due to its interior decoration and bullfight posters.

In this room were found on that night, Don Tomás, a famous and popular doctor and friend of the flamencos, Don Gabriel, a good aficionado of the cante and father of the young tocaor, Gabrielito (the author of this article), El Señor Agustín -- the father of Sabicas -- Pepe el de la Matrona, Estampío, Fernando el Herrero, Fosforito, El Maestro Malagueño, Señor Luis -- "maestro de obras" and intimate friend of De la Matrona -- Manolo Bonet, Sabicas and his brother Dieguico, Enrique el Mellizo, and Gabrielito. They have been gathered there since eleven o'clock at night, saying goodbye to El Mellizo, who was to travel to Cádiz the next day. Now it was almost daybreak; they had sung, danced, and played much that night. The fiesta, the juerga is paid for by Don Tomás and Don Gabriel. The adults, some of them, are now "algo bebidos" (somewhat intoxicated), especially El Mellizo. The youths -- Bonet, Sabicas, Dieguico, and Gabrielito -- don't drink; they only have coffee with milk and sandwiches. Sabicas, with his

father and brother leave about 4:00 a.m. along with Manolo Bonet.

About five thirty, Pepe el de la Matrona says to El Mellizo that he should go sleep because it is very late and he has to travel soon; everybody agrees and Don Gabriel tells his son to accompany El Mellizo to his house. The great cantor, unequalled in his malagueñas, says good-bye to everyone, without hiding his emotions and tears -- goes down the stairs to the first floor, accompanied by Gabrielito and Demetrio -- who didn't know that famous waiter at Los Gabrieles -- who support him by the arms.

El Mellizo and Gabrielito go out onto Calle Echegaray. It is getting light now. Enrique, wrapped in his big coat with a fur collar, his "macarra" cap, and a white silk scarf around his neck, with his gypsy complexion and the stubble of a beard on that new day, makes the young guitarist think of a real "rey faraón" (pharaoh king; noble gypsy). El Mellizo lives nearby; as soon as you leave Los Gabrieles, to the right, the first doorway is where the Gaditano stops, in a modest boarding house that is well-known to the flamencos.

The two have arrived at the doorway and there they stop. Gabrielito, very emotional, doesn't say anything. El Mellizo, with a broken and barely audible voice, said to the youth, "Gabrielito, hijo, I am going to sing for you the last malagueña of El Mellizo!"

And that Gaditano, now old, thin, tall, flamenco, with the coloring of cypress, rests his hands on the shoulders of Gabrielito and, very faintly, almost without voice, sobbing, moisture below his nose, his breath falling on the face of the young guitarist, whispers:

"Ay...Eran las dos de la noche.....Ay, Ay,

y vino mi hermano a buscarme...
Alevantate hermano mío, A, A, A, Ay,
AAA..."

Suddenly he stops in his divine whisper. He can't continue; his voice is gone. He tightly embraces Gabrielito -- who had never felt so many things at one time -- and kisses his face; with nothing to say, he leaves the youth -- who is incapable of understanding -- and went up the few stairs that led him to the pensión.

The youth remains a few moments, astonished, his eyes moist, watching the slim, elegant figure of El Mellizo as it disappears into a dark hallway. Mechanically, he lights a cigarette and returns to Los Gabrieles. He goes up to the "Cuarto de la Lidia," rejoins his father and friends, and refers to what happened with El Mellizo. Everyone looks at him in silence, thoughtfully. Then, after a short silence, El Maestro Luis says, "Don't pay any attention, Gabrielito...those are things brought on by the wine!"

Pepe el de la Matrona says, "I have never seen El Mellizo that way, weeping so...!" and then he sits quietly, toying with a crushed cigarette.

Don Gabriel and his son arrive home about six o'clock in the morning; the wife and mother, Doña Isabel, prepares breakfast for them before they go to bed. Later, in bed, Gabrielito can't fall asleep, thinking and reliving that moment in the cold dawn, in the doorway, with the gypsy cantao, his gallant figure, pallid complexion, with a white silk scarf at his neck, as he whispers, "Ay...Eran las dos de la noche....."

A few days later, in the Cafe Madrid on Calle Alcalá -- a gathering place for flamencos, jewelers, and toreros -- the news was spread: "El Mellizo has died!"



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

GABRIEL RUIZ was born in Madrid, Spain and studied the flamenco guitar since the age of ten. Gabriel is one of the few remaining flamenco guitarists from Spain who plays in a traditional style; he grew up playing the guitar with many legendary flamenco guitarists, such as Ramón Montoya, Niño Ricardo, Manolo de Huelva and Paco Aguilera.

Gabriel Ruiz has made many recordings in Spain with outstanding flamenco performers such as Jacinto Almadén, Niño de Marchena, Angelillo and others. He also played for the best flamenco dancers in the world: Estampío, Quica, La Argentinita, Antonio de Triana, José Greco and many others. He has appeared in foreign films and made numerous recordings in France, Spain, Germany and South America.

Gabriel Ruiz now resides in Los Angeles where he teaches the flamenco guitar, performs in nightclubs and on television.



A Visit to Sobrinos de Esteso

by Ron Spatz

One of my lifetime ambitions was recently fulfilled when I became the proud owner of one of the "aristocrats" of flamenco guitars, handed to me personally by the great luthier, Faustino Conde. In order to portray the feeling I would like to share of this moment, I must allude to a rather depressing scenario.

After enjoying Holy Week in Sevilla this last April, my wife Frances, our traveling companion Helen Payson, and I embarked upon a zigzag course that eventually led to Madrid (as all roads do in Spain). Armed with several letters of introduction to some celestial flamenco types and bursting with anticipation, we no more had arrived than I began bursting in other ways (i.e., a bout with the green apple quickstep). The upshot is that I lay flat on my back in an expensive hotel room for days -- sick, cold, and needless to say, miserable, comforted only by my Donn Pohren books and a copy of Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra.

On the very last day prior to our necessary departure, I made a superhuman effort to drag my sickly body from the damp hotel room, determined that I would kill if necessary to reach the primary goal of my trip to Spain: the guitar shop of the Hermanos Conde (for those not aware of it, the three Conde brothers are nephews of the great Domingo Esteso and the exclusive builders of the



A HUMBLE BUT FAMOUS STOREFRONT

Esteso guitar since Domingo's death in 1937).

Upon reaching the curb through the driving rain, we hailed what turned out to be the grumpiest cab driver on the Iberian Peninsula. After what seemed an eternity of inhaling recirculated cigarette smoke in the stoney silence of the drafty Fiat, we arrived at the supposed address.

Since the area did not look too promising, we asked the cab driver to wait (which he refused to do, thereby forfeiting his potential tip). We disembarked from his gloomy cab (maybe the weather was making his hemorrhoids hurt) into the cold rain and approached the nearest building with considerable apprehension. It turned out to be



SENOR FAUSTINO CONDE WITH A HAPPY CUSTOMER -- RON SPATZ

just what it looked like...an office building. There was a small pharmacy inside and with the help of my wife's good Spanish, we soon discovered our problem was being off on the street number. We then proceeded to walk the necessary extra block, shivering in anticipation of a cold, locked shop front.

You can imagine our joy at discovering that the shop was not only open, but was warm as toast. Upon entering, the first sight we were confronted with was this smiling, jovial little fellow with twinkling eyes and an unmistakable charisma engulfing his being. The difference in atmosphere from the previous three days was probably akin to leaving Purgatory and arriving in Heaven.

When I stopped shivering, I inquired about Faustino Conde and was delighted to discover that was the identity of our jovial host. I handed him the letter of introduction from my guitarist friend Gabriel Ruiz and he beamed with delight upon hearing from his long ago friend of over 50 years. He then selected a guitar from the corner of the shop and made the understatement to me, "This one is very good." A few strums and my suspicions were confirmed: He considered this guitar something special. This was the one I was waiting for and price was now no object (although I almost fainted when it was revealed to me).

Now today when anyone asks me if the trip was worth it, I can only reply, "Was Isabella Catholic?"

Dear Jaleo: (late letter)

by Alba Picksly;

translated by Antonio del Mar

It was the last Friday before the Fiesta de la Vendimia. The rhythm of bulerías filled the streets and it even seemed that the smell of fresh squeezed grape juice perfumed the air.

The people of Jerez, happy and chattering, had filled the bullring to hear and applaud their favorite artists. Dawn was approaching and even in the last of the intermissions the people gathered around the food stands to have a glass of good "fino" or some hot, savory fried fish, preparing themselves for the final performances. Important cantaores were on hand for this the last of the weekly concerts: El Chocolate and Agujetas would be appearing as a surprise to delight the aficionados.

We were seated very close to the stage. I went to the back of the bullring to look for my son. Suddenly there was silence around me. The crowd parted for a moment and a

(continued on page 24)

GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO

SPANISH LESSON

One of my favorite things about the Spanish language is the subjunctive mood. English does have subjunctive, but it is used far less than in Spanish. Let's observe some of the uses of subjunctive and see if there is any way to apply this to our appreciation of the music and lifestyle we love -- flamenco.

The specific uses of the subjunctive that are the most interesting to me are the following. It is used after verbs of wanting, wishing, hoping, commanding, insisting, and verbs of emotion. For example: "Espero que vengan." The word "vengan" is properly put into the subjunctive. This sentence is rendered, "I hope that they come." The technical formula for any sentence of this type could be written:

- a) verb of wishful thinking or emotion
- b) que
- c) change of subject
- d) subjunctive mood in second verb.

Especially the verbs of wishful thinking show a desire for control over events or other human beings. The subjunctive is a clever way to eternally remind us that wishing for something doesn't make it so. Consider the sentence, "Espero que vengan." I say this to myself when waiting for students to show up for their guitar lessons. It never works to say it, even a hundred times.

How does all this tie in to flamenco? Well, let me do it in story form. Once I went to a flamenco guitar concert with some flamenco friends. My friends were staunch followers of the great Diego del Gastor and were all guitarists. In the lobby before the concert, I observed on the face of each one an irritated look of displeasure. I asked, "What's wrong?" One said, "I wish this were a juerga" (See the English subjunctive?). Another said, "I hope Diego del Gastor comes out when the curtain opens." Then I replied, in the indicative: "The fact is that this is not a juerga, and Diego surely will not appear."

Needless to say, the friends didn't enjoy the concert and looked for faults to attack. Well, what is the point of all this? Maybe it is this: Many times people do not do what we want, wish, demand, petition, order, or prefer: Especialmente flamenco people.

CARMEN MORA DIES IN MEXICO

(from: La Voz de la Frontera, Oct 3, 1981)

Dos Bailarines Muertos en un Accidente de Tránsito

TORREON, COAH. OCTUBRE 2 (EX-CELSIOR).- En un accidente automovilístico ocurrido esta madrugada en la carretera Saltillo-Torreón, fallecieron los bailarines españoles Carmen de Mora y Félix Ordóñez y otros cinco integrantes de este grupo resultaron lesionados.

El Agente del Ministerio Público de esta ciudad, licenciado David Gómez, informó que los artistas viajaban en un automóvil último modelo

rumbo a esta ciudad en donde deberían presentarse en un espectáculo.

Según las primeras investigaciones, el vehículo era conducido a exceso de velocidad y volcó en una curva cerca del sitio denominado "La Cuchilla".

Los otros cinco artistas españoles lesionados fueron identificados como Gregorio Cortijo, Rosa María Morell, Francisco Izquierdo, Ricardo Quezada y José López.

(English translation)

TORREON, COAH; Oct. 2 -- In an automobile accident that occurred at dawn on the highway between Saltillo and Torreón, Spanish dancer Carmen Mora and Felix Ordóñez died and five other members of the group were injured.

An agent of the Ministerio Publico of that city, the lawyer David Gómez, said that the artists were traveling in a late model automobile toward this city (Torreón) where they would be presenting a performance.

According to preliminary investigations, the vehicle was being driven at excessive speed and overturned on a curve near a place called "La Cuchilla."

The other five injured Spaniards were identified as Gregorio Cortijo, Rosa María Morell, Francisco Izquierdo, Ricardo Quezada, and José López.

* * *

CARMEN MORA

Carmen Mora was born in Madrid, into a non-dancing family. She studied first with Ramón Ontín and began her professional career at age 15. With her own and other companies she toured throughout Europe and the Orient with much critical acclaim. In 1962 Carmen came to the United States with "José Greco and His Spanish Ballet." She also was principal dancer with Alberto Lorca's "Ballet Lorqueana." With her husband, Mario Maya, and the dancer El Guito, she formed "Trio Madrid," a very popular dance trio that was

awarded the "Premio Nacional de Flamenco" by the Cátedra de Flamencología de Jerez de la Frontera in 1971. In 1977 Carmen Mora was the featured bailaora with the "Ballet Nacional Festivales de España," performing her tarantos and bulerías, as well as appearing in several classical numbers. With this company she came to the USA for the second time.

Summer 1978 found her in California for what was to be a stay of almost a year. During that time she taught extensively in Los Angeles and San Diego, performed regularly at the El Cid restaurant, formed a company in early 1979 to present concerts in both Los Angeles and San Diego, and learned an impressive amount of English. Also during that time she was asked to go to Mexico City to do special performances for Spanish King Juan Carlos and President José López Portillo.



Carmen returned to Madrid, where she continued her teaching. In the summer of 1981 it was rumored that she was to perform with José Greco in Santa Fe, New Mexico, but an automobile accident resulted in the eventual loss of sight in one eye. The next concrete information was the news article presented above.

* * *

CARMEN MORA -- SOME THOUGHTS

by Paco Sevilla

I was in contact with Carmen Mora at infrequent intervals over a period of about a year; I didn't know her intimately, so I didn't know all sides of her, mostly her professional personality. And yet there was so much that was unique about her -- even when viewed from such a narrow perspective. When I first met her -- she was coming to San Diego to give classes -- she didn't know anything about me; I was just a local gringo from San Diego, an out-of-the-way border town north of Tijuana. Yet she greeted me with respect and always addressed me as "maestro." During classes she always took the blame when the guitar and dance did not go together properly, even when it was my fault! At the end of the class she shook my hand and thanked me. These may seem like small things, but in my many years of accompanying the classes of many different teachers, I had never been treated that way before, so it made an impression. At the end of that first class, she watched me getting into my dirt-encrusted, rusted, junk-filled 1965 Mustang and said, "Es tuyo?" When I said it was, she replied, "Que gitano eres!" And so my car became "El Coche Gitano" and to this day I think of her whenever the car gets really dirty (which is quite often).

Carmen Mora was not only a memorable person, but she accomplished what every flamenco artist strives for and only a few achieve -- the creation of her own, unique and very personal style. Her style, which combined traditional Spanish movement with a strong gypsy element, modern dance, and even a touch of karate, was so personal that I felt that much of it did not look good when imitated by others. The style was so strong that it became a caricature if imitated too exactly. That does not mean that she was not a good teacher. Thanks to her generosity -- she taught her best material -- dancers all over the world will continue enjoying material that she taught them.



CARMON MORA
WHEN SHE WAS
WITH JOSE GRECO
IN 1962

Fernando Terremoto Dies Suddenly

(The following is the summary of a number of articles sent by Bob Clark of Ohio. They come from La Voz del Sur, Sept. 8, 1981, and Hoja del Lunes, Sept. 7, 1981.)

by Paco Sevilla



On Saturday, September 5, 47-year-old Fernando Fernández Monje "Fernando Terremoto," was not feeling well when he performed in the festival in Ronda. But nothing could foretell what was to occur. His doctors said he was in good health and not suffering from his old hepatitis infection. On the way home from Ronda he was feeling badly, and three hours after arriving home at Calle Dolores, Number 10, in the "Barriada Asunción," at six o'clock Sunday morning, Terremoto died of a heart attack in the bathroom of his home.

Manuel Morao, who worked often with Fernando, said, "He died singing -- it couldn't be any other way." When asked if he knew anything about how Fernando had been feeling in previous days, Morao said, "He was so special, so much his own person, with such a sense of propriety, that you never knew if he was feeling well or badly. He just was!"

The news was out immediately and spread rapidly by word-of-mouth, the only topic of conversation on that festive Sunday (The Fiesta de la Vendimia). Cantaores, bailaores, and tocaores went immediately to the house in Asunción to see the body of their deceased idol. Those who found themselves away from Jerez, returned as soon as possible. It is hard to think of any artist from Jerez who wasn't there. The house was filled with artists, friends, and relatives who came to offer condolences to the family -- Terremoto had three children.

The vigil of Sunday was impressive and by dawn of Monday, there was room for no more people. The coming and going was incessant, but at any one time there were over five hundred people.

It was incredible, but true -- as true as the gypsy genius of Fernando Terremoto.

Monday morning the streets of the Asunción neighborhood were filled with over three thousand people, while the barrios of San Miguel and Santiago (gypsy neighborhoods) were practically deserted. The crowd was truly impressive, with women, children and old people crying as they recalled episodes in the life of the great cantaor...

"He was unique. When not performing he hardly ever left his barrio. He always used to play cards with us, with those who loved and idolized him. There was nobody like Terremoto."

The small church could not hold everyone for the funeral. In the immense crowd could be seen the great artists of the cante -- Beni de Cádiz and his family, the Pansequitos, the Chiquetetes, the Turroneiros, the...everybody you can think of, and representatives of the government. Later, in the Catholic cemetery of Jerez, another giant crowd, and a Christian burial for Fernando Terremoto, a burial in the earth as he had always wanted.

* * * *

TERREMOTO, HEAVEN AND MOURNING

(from: Hoja del Lunes, Sept. 7, 1981; sent by Bob Clark; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Juan de la Plata

Terremoto has left us, on the eve of cante and grape harvest, when Jerez puts festive banners on every corner. The gypsy bell with its voice silenced forever, carrying its stifled echo to the most hidden bodegas of the soul of Jerez, after having sounded for the last time, por bulerías, over the bridges of Ronda.

He had in his giant's chest, a giant of the best cante, the heart of a child, a mixture of black arpeggios and tremolos of art. He sang and danced with his heart in his hand, bringing glory and joy to Jerez. He was the dark-skinned duende of Santiago who gave us with each copla his very life, the air that he breathed, his heart-rending cry in the form of siguiiriya, soleá, or bulería.

I knew him as a child, there in Arco, dancing before he began to sing, in the market-stall in Canalejas, in La Pandereta, and on the Calle Nueva, where there is still that storehouse of his cante festero, blended with gracia and compás. Fernando grew up to the rhythm of bulerías. It couldn't be any other way. He danced and sang with the mark of the chosen few. The world of his Dionysiacal cries was a small one. The times



CARMEN



AMAYA:



THE SPANISH



BOMBSHELL



THE GIRL NEW YORK CROWDS TO SEE: Nineteen-year-old Carmen Amaya Does Her Spanish Gipsy Dance

To the Beachcomber Night Club in New York flock the bored, the indolent, the tired, the idle. They come to see the most amazing exhibition of vibrant agility New York has to offer—the spectacular gipsy dancing of a nineteen-year-old Spanish girl.

when he poured forth like a fountain of blood were captured on records and his fame was carried to all corners of the flamenco world. Terremoto was born an artist and his name appeared on the programs of the most important shows and festivals. Caracol used to cry when listening to him and the greatest artists admired his art.

The Cátedra de Flamencología also recognized, doing justice to him in his homeland, where he was a prophet, that art that Fernando transmitted through all his pores. First was the "Copa Jerez," then the "Premio Nacional de Flamenco" for the best cantaor in Spain, and to his chest came the insignia of the "caballero cabal de la Orden Jonda andalucista." Those were high points in the artistic life of the best cantaor to come forth in Jerez since the times of Manuel Torre and El Gloria.

And now, after a number of years on the highest pedestal of fame, after many years of enjoying the laurels of triumph and the admiration and respect of the aficionados and his fellow artists, that shining light does not stop; that legendary joy, that storm of compás that was Fernando Terremoto has just entered through the great door to the heaven of the chosen. Heaven changes, now in mourning for Jerez and for the art of flamenco. But his name is now indelibly written with gold letters in the best history of the cante of Jerez. Rest in peace.

LOS TABLAOS DE LA VENDIMIA TO BE
DEDICATED TO TERREMOTO

(from: Hoja de Lunes, Sept. 7, 1981; sent by Bob Clark; translated by Paco Sevilla)

Hardly had the sudden death of the cantaor of Jerez, Fernando Terremoto, become known yesterday morning, when the Commission of the Tablaos Flamencos de la Vendimia, presided over by the director of the fiesta, Juan Luis Bretón, gathered in urgent session. They agreed at first, given the circumstances of mourning in the world of flamenco, to suspend the celebration of both tablaos as a sign of the feeling of loss due to the disappearance of such a great figure in the cante -- feeling that in this way they would be reflecting the feelings of the artists and the aficionados in general.

Later, when the meeting was somewhat advanced, a group of artists of the Tablaos appeared in the Casa del Vino and said they had agreed to perform and give their pay to the widow and children of Terremoto...

The Commission, in view of the artist's

request to continue forward with the celebration, agreed unanimously to celebrate the Tablaos as an homage to Terremoto, with the understanding that the people of Jerez be informed of the painful and generous circumstances on the part of the majority of artists, so that they will support by massive attendance in the bullring on the nights of the 8th and 9th, the selfless gesture of those who wanted to have the homage that their departed friend deserves...

(from: La Voz Del Sur, Sept. 8, 1981; sent by Bob Clark; translated by Paco Sevilla)

Today begins the Tablaos Flamencos of the Fiesta de la Vendimia... Before the actual show begins, all the artists will go up on stage to observe a moment of silence in memory of the cantaor...

On the first night, the "XV Fiesta de la Bulería will begin at ten o'clock in the bullring. The presentation, with Antonio Nuñez in charge, is composed of the following artists: Antonio Nuñez "Chocolate," Manuel de los Santos "Agujetas," Manuel Soto "Sordera," Nano de Jerez, María Soleá -- the sister of Terremoto, whose appearance is questionable, given her logical and understandable emotional state -- José Vargas "El Mono," Sebastian Jiménez "El Berza," Diego Vargas, and Mateo Soleá. Ana Parrilla will dance and the guitarists will be Manuel Marao, Manuel Parrilla, and Periquín Niño Jero. And as a fin de fiesta, a flamenco cuadro in which will appear the cantaores El Pili, Juana Fernández, and Eduardo Méndez; dancers will be Tía Juana la del Pipa, Antonia la Marchena, Tomás Torre and Rafael Paulera; guitarists are Juan Parrilla, Pepe Moreno, Gerardo Nuñez and Antonio Jero.



CARMEN AMAYA AT THE BEACHCOMBER, 1941 (p 16/17)
(from: Picture Post, London, June 14, 1941; sent by Phil Coram.) The quality of these photos is very poor, but they are real collector's items. The caption on page 17 reads: "To the Beachcomber Night Club in New York flock the bored, the indolent, the tired, the idle. They come to see the most amazing exhibition of vibrant agility New York has to offer--the spectacular gypsy dancing of a nineteen-year-old Spanish girl." Carmen was actually twenty-seven at the time.



FESTIVALES 1981

TERREMOTO TRIUMPHS IN
THE FESTIVAL "NOCHES DE LA
RIBERA" IN PUERTO SANTA MARÍA

by Jeronimo Roldán

(from: ABC, July 8, 1981; sent by Gordon Booth; translated by Penelope Madrid)

...The organization showed understanding. The order of appearance of the artists on stage was decided by a drawing of lots. It was an experience that will serve as an example. It eliminated delays and gave a sense of order. The show was divided into two parts, each opened by the appearance of an aficionado. In the first, Manolo Simón from Jerez demonstrated that he is on the rise; his cante por soleá showed the unmistakable stamp of his region.

The enthusiasm reached its peak with the appearance of a top artist like El Lebrijano. In his generous offering, we recall best the bulería por soleá that he interpreted with the uninhibited boldness of the most pure cantes de Lebrija. The performance of Camarón de la Isla followed, with the unmistakable stamp of the "eco" of his melodic voice; bulerías and fandangos brought down the house. María Vargas, with the enchantment of the extremely flamenco emphasis of her cante, delighted the audience. The exquisite cantaora from Sanlúcar succeeded in carrying the compás with the refinement and style of art that characterizes her.

The first half had a rhythm of quality that continued to improve as it developed. Then purity broke out in an uproar. The presence of Terremoto, with his very gypsy manner of interpreting the cantes, stood out from the rest. Fernando never let down for an instant -- he had delivery, determination and was feeling "a gusto" (in the mood). Terremoto truly made the crowd go wild. He had the perfect accompaniment of Paco Cepero, given the solemnity of the "palos por soleá and siguiriya," the latter cante being interpreted by Terremoto as nobody else can do it. The roar of the crowd exploded into greater acclamation when Terremoto sang and danced por bulerías. He was accompanied by the compás of Juan Angel, Boloncho, and Cavero,

three flamencos from Jerez who work miracles with Terremoto. Fernando was definitely the victor of the flamenco night in Puerto. However, the enthusiasm of the crowd grew to the limit when the majestic bailaora, Manuela Carrasco appeared with her group. She interpreted with compás, the dances por alegrías and soleá. Her bronzed arm work was the outstanding note in the ancient rhythm of her dance.

After a brief pause, the second part came on strong; it was characterized by harmony. First was the "portuense" (from Puerto) aficionado, Manuel de los Ríos accompanied by the guitar of Pansequito, hijo. The young cantaor had a penetrating strength, getting the greatest ovation when he sang por bulerías.

This second half offered us the artistic return of the cantaor from Puerto Santa María, Pansequito, who is engaging in the recovery of his prestige. He found himself "a gusto" and equally por alegrías, bulerías, and soleá, he left the stamp of his very personal style in tune with Paco Cepero, who always helped to inspire the cantaor -- as he did also in the appearance of Rancapino, who dominated with duende the cantes of mala-gueñas and alegrías.

Juanito Villar was also in the high tone of the night with good "aire gaditano" (flavor of Cádiz) in the very flamenco "eco" of his voice. The baile of Orillo brought on more frenzy by the public. To close this occasion, the mastery of Fosforito. The cantaor "pontanés" (from Puente de Genil) once again brought to light his wide knowledge and complete mastery of all styles of cante. It was as if the drawing for place on the program had been planned to honor this sublime cantaor. He was accompanied with perfect balance by the toque of Enrique de Melchor...

FESTIVAL DE BARCELONA

(from: ABC, June 13, 1981; sent by Gordon Booth)

The "II Festival Flamenco de Barcelona, organized by the Obra Cultural de la Caja de Pensiones," will be held on the night of June 19 in the main plaza of Montjuic...

In the second edition of the festival that was so successful last year, will figure: Antonio Fernández "Fosforito," Juan Peña "El Lebrijano," Manuel Santos "El Agujetas," Alonso Nuñez Nuñez "Rancapino," Manolo López, Manolo Cano, Diego Garrido, José Vargas Vargas "El Mono," Ramón Nuñez Nuñez "Orillo del Puerto," "Milagros" and her group,

Enrique de Melchor, Manuel Fernández "Parrilla de Jerez," and Lorenzo Romero "Romero de Badajoz." Master of ceremonies will be Fernando Quñones. There are plans for a performance by Antonio Mairena, but they have not been confirmed.

POTAJE DE UTRERA

(from: ABC, June 30, 1981; sent by Gordon Booth; translated by Penelope Madrid)

by Miguel Acal

When the festival concluded, the question was unanimous: Who dares to sing after Antonio? The 1981 Potaje was the highest demonstration of mastery, of exquisiteness, of profound cante. Those who didn't attend -- who were many -- will tear out their hair for not having heard the tremendous recital given by Antonio Mairena. Beautiful words of Rafael Belmonte offered homage to the master, after which he felt "a gusto." He asked for the guitar of Pedro Peña and began to sing "por soleá." The bones of La Serneta and Rosario la del Colorao must have jumped. This is not to be irreverent, it just that it is not possible to offer a recital of cante more exact, more honorable, or with higher quality. And then, por bulerías, the ultimate. Pedro Peña -- how masterful his guitar dissertation -- was enjoying himself like a child with a bucket and shovel. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, for there to be another night like that of June 27. Such union, such mastery, such profundity, and such duende, do not occur very often.

Earlier, Ana Peña showed her strength and her compás por bulerías. Turroneo, por tangos and por bulerías, had absolute delivery, good compás, and perfect timing. He sang only a short time but left the public with a very good feeling. And then Romerito de Jerez, por soleá, alegrías, and bulerías, made it hard to figure out why he is absent from so many programs. Others of less quality are seen more often. Such are the things of this little world of flamenco!

After the cante of Antonio, the intermission. It had to be. The young seventy-two year old cantaor had left the audience holding its breath. What a shame for those who did not go! What a shame!

After the break, Enrique Montoya dared to go on stage and, through the miracle of his talent, make the audience forget the absences of Gaspar and Fernanda de Utrera, who had been announced -- without destroying the mood of the night. Juan Carlos Montoya, his

nephew, was perfect in his accompaniment.

With much strength, and the aire of a bailaora "rancia" (Ed. note: The meaning of this word is unclear to us -- it has just recently begun to appear frequently in the flamenco vocabulary), La Tati planted her flag well. Conchi-Vargas did the same. Both had a sensational accompanying cuadro in Quique Paredes, Paquito Fernández, Miguel S. Melchor and Curro Fernández. The night -- it was now a little after five -- ended with the performance of the fraternal cuadro (everybody). A cuadro with much gracia, although perhaps, with too many people on the stage. But, with an abundance of rhythm.

But let's return to the most important, to that which gave the extremely high quality to the silver anniversary of the Potaje, to those cantes -- Utrera, Alcalá, Jerez -- that will never be forgotten. Antonio, with the clean and powerful voice, broken but sweet, "redonda y negra" (full yet with dark sounds) in only fifteen minutes gave an historical lesson. Forgive me Curro Malena -- with all my heart I write, but the thoughts come and go of the cantes of Antonio. Curro sang por malagueñas and por bulerías with correctness, with strength, with capability and understanding. To Caesar goes all things that are Caesar's.

Once again I am going to forget about the small crowd, the cante and the baile, the frijones and the cold, to remember a guitar -- that of Pedro Peña -- and a voice -- that of Antonio Mairena, who made the foundations of Consolación shake with delight. The Potaje has been giving good cante for twenty-five years. All were summed up by one voice and one guitar on June 27, 1981. He who missed it, doesn't know what is good.

FLAMENCO FESTIVALS: URGENT NEED FOR A SOLUTION

(from: ABC, June 19, 1981; sent by Gordon Booth; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Miguel Acal

The past festival of Ecija lit the flame. And, sadly, the start of the festival could not have been more discouraging. When the show was over, we witnessed a haggling that should never happen again.

It is obvious that, if the public fills the house, nothing unpleasant would happen, because expenses would be covered and a little money might be earned. But when there is not a capacity crowd, the artists shouldn't suffer the consequences. The organizers of



ANTONIO MAIRENA DANCING
POR BULERIAS



ANTONIO MAIRENA AND PEDRO PEÑA

EL POTAJE GITANO DE UTRERA

(photos by Pozo-Boje)



ENRIQUE MONTOYA



ROMERITO DE JEREZ

the festivals should have the costs of the event covered independently of the attendance by the public. It is a demonstration of enormously serious irresponsibility to be depending upon the results of the ticket sales.

Of course, the organizers complain about the excessive fees demanded by the flamenco artists. And they are completely right. Given, of course, that the art has to pay for the artists, and this is a happy time when flamencos are able to earn a living -- at least, some of them. But they have to keep their feet on the ground. One day the flamencos discovered that the cante was a chicken that laid golden eggs. And the big stars began to talk of millions -- three, four, five, in a single summer -- as the normal.

And one begins to think that the famous little chicken is in serious danger of disappearing. Because greed breaks the sack, and the flamencos want to earn the maximum in the least possible amount of time. And they will end up killing the chicken in order to get at the little eggs inside its belly.

When the organizers get together and agree on the fees that they can afford to pay the stars, our art will begin to return to order. Not that we support a big loss to the economics of the artists -- they are the ones who bring in the public -- but we do believe it is necessary to apply some radical braking to the steady rise.

The flamencos say that, if Julio Iglesias (a pop singer) charges so much, why can't they also ask what they are asking. That reasoning has absolutely no validity: Señor Iglesias fills a stadium all by himself, while a flamenco festival with five or six stars doesn't even draw a thousand spectators. There lies the truth, no matter how much it hurts.

Where is, and for what purpose exists, the Federation of Peñas? When the organizers of the festivals take the matter seriously, the solution will be close by. If the "Porompom-

pero" can attract thousands of people, then the author deserves his money. If, to sing por bulerías and por tango, you ask for ninety thousand pesetas (\$900) and only attract one hundred people who pay a total of fifty thousand pesetas, you come close to being a swindler. The famous law of supply and demand, as long as the economic responsibility lies in the hands of private enterprise, is the only thing that controls the situation. If, someday, the organizers and the artists realize that, then the festivals will have been saved. If not, then the festivals will come to an end and the artists will once again find themselves enduring sleepless nights and insults in the back-rooms.

JOSE GRECO IN SANTE FE

(from: unidentified Santa Fe, NM newspaper, August, 1981; sent by Eduardo Montemayor)

by Allan N. Pearson

Six dancers, including the famed Jose Greco and Nana Lorca, two guitarists and one cantaor form the exciting "Jose Greco Spanish Dance Company," currently performing a month-long engagement at the former Casablanca nightspot in La Fonda. The room is now designated El Greco Room in honor of Don Jose Greco, knighted by the Spanish government as "Cruz de Caballero del Merito Civil" for his worldwide contribution to the culture and performing arts of Spain.

This dance show, both in quality and quantity, is the biggest and best show of its kind Santa Fe has seen in the last decade; and it suggests a new adage: "Old flamenco dancers never die -- especially when they come to Santa Fe."

Jose Greco has been in the business for a long time; so long, in fact, that one hears the question around town: "Is he still dancing?" Lay your doubts to rest! Not only is Greco still dancing, and dancing enthusiastically and well, but he has gathered around himself and his wife Nana Lorca some of the best young talent in the country.

The whole show is an exquisite blend of refreshing youth and professional experience. It has an honesty to it that demands respect, and it provides an extremely entertaining evening of dance.

The show begins slowly. Guitarists Carlos Lomas and Lorenzo Villa establish their technical mastery at the very start, as does cantaor El Pelete. (Both Lomas and El

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PILAR SEVILLA
DANCER

Pelete have been seen in other flamenco shows in Santa Fe.) A trio of women then enters, including Lorca, Liliana Morales and Jordana Romano. Then, with the arrival of Eduardo Montemayor and Faustino Ríos, the ensemble becomes a quintet of five dancers and begins building suspense for the arrival of Greco himself, who does not enter for several numbers.

The costumes are consistently wonderful throughout the 75-minute show, especially the women's, of course. In fact, the audience witnesses a veritable fashion show of flamenco and Spanish dance attire. Particularly fascinating and noteworthy are the colorful costumes for the peasant waltz, danced by Lorca, Morales and Greco. Wearing short skirts of glittering reds and yellows, the two women sing and flirt with Greco, all to the rhythmic one-two-three beat of the waltz.

This number has a built-in dramatic situation that is most pleasing, resulting in the final tease and trick the women play on Greco. Neither flamenco nor classical Spanish dance, this simple folk waltz nevertheless stands out for its contrast to the rest of the show.

Flamenco in its purer form, performed to the live musical accompaniment of the guitarists and the cantaor, alternates with a middle section of classical Spanish dance, performed to taped orchestral selections. At the first show Sunday evening (Aug. 2), the shift was jarring, and there were some technical difficulties. But ultimately the contrast between the two dance forms establishes a sense of variety that prevails throughout the presentation.

Each dancer has the opportunity to shine in solo selections. Morales is liquid, fluid, feminine and beautiful, while Romano is petite, yet spirited and dynamic. It is Montemayor, however, long, lean and youthful, to whom the audience gives its first real burst of enthusiasm. He demonstrates intensity and control, combining energy and sensitivity.

Lorca is most impressive with castanets in the Spanish dance section -- manifesting smoothness and utter professionalism -- and in the duets with her husband. Greco himself is in truly great shape for his age and experience. He is in total control of his rapid-fire footwork and flamboyant use of the cape, and cuts a fine figure.

One number begins with Romano, clad in green, black, white and red, carrying a rider's crop. The number develops into a trio when the two younger men, Montemayor and Rios, join her. They add spice with their own interpretative skill: the latter more

serious and sensuous, almost shy, the former more in control of his stage presence.

Cantaor El Pelete is given far more opportunity to demonstrate his many talents in this show than I have ever seen him have before, playing guitar and dancing, in addition to singing. He responds well to such challenges.

The show is packed with variety and utilizes the many possible combinations of the nine-member company to the fullest. In addition to their marvelous accompaniment in the dance numbers, guitarists Lomas and Villa perform an outstanding duet that is alternately subtle and moving, fiery and exciting, but always masterful.

The entire presentation flows beautifully, building to climaxes then ebbing away, only to build again. There is not a weak moment in the show. It is smooth, professional, exciting and dynamic.

The \$7.50 cover charge includes a small, delicious combination plate; but there is an additional two-drink minimum, so that the average adult is apt to spend approximately \$12 plus tip for the show. But given its quality, it seems well worth it. You leave with the feeling you have really been entertained to the fullest.

The Jose Greco Dance Company appeared in the El Greco Room at La Fonda Tuesdays through Sundays throughout the month of August. Two performances of equal length were presented at 7 and 10:45 p.m.



AUGUST JUERGA IN HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Sent by John W. Scott

For the past two years, the members of the dance company, DANZANTE, have given flamenco aficionados in central Pennsylvania a unique opportunity to become involved in this Andalusian tradition of the juerga. Our latest, and probably most effective, took place at the home of John W. Scott, a dancer with the company.

We regretted the absence of two of our performers, Paco, our guitarist, and Virginia Loria, dancer. Paco (Frank Miller) was away in Maine and we missed his golden fingers. Virginia (visiting San Francisco?) armed with her copy of Jaleo, contacted local dancers, teachers, and performers and took a class with Rosa Montoya. She was also able to see several performances in the area.

Now back to the juerga. We all spent a very congenial evening and afternoon outdoors



in the sunshine and later under the stars with the help of two fine guitarists, Joe Bubas from Pittsburgh, PA, and Ed Mattas from New York City via Pittsburgh. Music ranged from the ever popular sevillanas to alegrías, siguiriyas and even martinete. Other guitarists joined in throughout the evening, including Jeff Molnar who regaled us with his classical renditions and Luis Antonio Ortiz from New Jersey, who played a few short selections. Frank Leister accompanied Jan Hinton on a few jazz vocals which pleased the eclectic crowd. Tanya Gansley, singer and

dancer of the troupe, sang a variety of flamenco pieces including farruca and alegrías. Camille and her warm personality involved many people in the sevillanas and also brought a number of "Olés" when she performed her solos, at times dancing to Tanya's cante. John Scott, in addition to being an extremely gallant host, thrilled everyone with his rendition of farruca, incorporating the use of some fiery capework. It was all great fun and everyone is awaiting the second and third annuals for next year.



(continued from page 12)

silhouette appeared, almost a shadow, wearing a dark suit with the coat unbuttoned and a white shirt beneath. An ashen, contorted face had a sad grimace that was completely out of keeping with the reigning mood. It was a somber moment. The grey figure, completely out of place, passed like a halo of black light which caused the brightness of the fiesta to stand out in stark contrast to the dejection surrounding the figure.

I returned to my seat, trying to figure out who it was I had seen--his face was so familiar to me. As I sat down, I remembered and said to my friends, "I just saw Terremoto, but he is dead!" I had seen his photograph mounted in the Museum of Flamencology, along with other relics of flamenco art. In my ignorance, I had supposed that, because his picture was there, the artist was dead.

A little more than twenty-four hours later we heard the news: "Terremoto de Jerez has just died upon returning from Ronda!"

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SAN DIEGO SCENE



Louis Ernest Lenshaw

SPIRIT OF JALEISTAS ENTERS 90TH

On September 27th, Jaleístas and San Diego folk dancers joined in celebrating the 89th birthday and the beginning of the 90th year of "Ernesto" Lenshaw.

Ernesto, originally from Denmark, has been involved in folk dance and especially Spanish dance and music most of his long life. He has done everything from painting pictures of gypsy themes, to making castanets, playing the guitar and dancing. After moving to San Diego fifteen years ago, Ernesto immediately got in touch with local flamencos and offered his services as guitarist, artist, castanet maker or in any other capacity. He has been a friend and supporter of flamenco here ever since. His unfaltering enthusiasm and participation has been an inspiration to us all.

In a way, because of his dual nationality and his devotion to the Spanish culture, Ernesto embodies the spirit of Jaleístas -- that growing international community of flamenco aficionados. We salute you Ernesto and the rest of you Jaleístas from England, Germany, France, Spain, Finland, Canada, Mexico, Australia, Sweden, Dominican Republic, Japan...and, of course, across the United States. Keep the faith!

(Biography from Jaleo, Jan. 1978)

by Rosala

Ernest Lenshaw, a legend in San Diego and our most enthusiastic aficionado, is a tall outstandingly featured man who radiates self-confidence with his erect posture and beret perched jauntily on his head. He speaks with a Danish accent, paints, plays flamenco guitar, dances, is famous for the castanets he makes, and attends as many flamenco events as possible -- amazing accomplishments, but even more so, considering that he has just turned the striking age of eighty-five.

Ernest was born in a fishing village on the west coast of Denmark in the year 1892. His family had always danced, and he learned folk-dancing at an early age. This style of dance has continued to interest him and he is at present an active member of the San Diego Folkdance Club.

In his early years, Ernest worked as a decorative painter, played the violin in cafes and movie houses and traveled around Europe. When he was twenty-one, he came to the United States and settled in the San Francisco area where he began his life-long career as a painter, decorating furniture and painting murals on the walls of such places as restaurants, bars, and hospitals. In 1924 he married Hilma (they are now celebrating their fifty-third anniversary) and eventually they had two children, Vilma and Normand. They also have six grandchildren and one great-grandchild who was born in

DRAWING FROM
THE LENSCHAW
SKETCH BOOK



Cadiz, Spain.

In the late 1940's, Ernest took his daughter to the studio of Elisa Cansino and there he would sketch the dancers as they took their lessons. In 1950, he met Guillermo del Oro, student of Realito and teacher of the Spanish dance in the classical tradition. They became friends and Ernest often went to Guillermo's studio to watch the classes. During this time, Ernest's son was taking a course in Spanish guitar when he had to leave town and was unable to complete the course. Ernest took over the classes and, thus, began his guitar playing career. When the course was completed, he went on to other teachers and eventually learned to play for the Spanish dance under the instruction of Guillermo del Oro, who used to accompany his own classes (although at that time most Spanish dances performed in concert were accompanied by piano or orchestra). Once he had mastered the sevillanas, alegrías, and tanguillo, Ernest played regularly for the dance classes which had for students such people as Isabel Morca (not her name at that time) and Carmen Ruiz, who eventually married Mariano Córdoba, the Span-

ish guitarist who introduced the flamenco guitar to the San Francisco area.

Ernest was given a pair of castanets which he copied to make a Christmas gift for Guillermo del Oro. Guillermo was astounded and thrilled by them and Ernest was off on another career, making and selling castanets, which he continues to do.

The Spanish dance had always been of great interest to Ernest -- he had seen most of the great companies, including those of La Argentinita, Carmen Amaya, and Antonio -- and so, at almost sixty years of age, he began to take dance lessons with Guillermo del Oro and at the Cansino studio with Margarita Torres and Jose and Lolita de Ramon. He also studied with Gabriel and Lita Cansino and later with Guadalupe Arroya in Guadalupe, Mexico.

After his retirement, Ernesto went to visit Denmark, and, while in Europe spent some time in Spain. He stayed primarily in the Málaga-Torremolinos area, but during a visit to Madrid, he had the opportunity to meet the famous dance teacher, La Quica. After his visit to Spain, he became more serious about his dancing, practicing regularly

with different partners and performing non-professionally.

During the early 1960s, Ernest was active in the San Francisco Spanish dance scene, spending time at the guitar building shop of Warren White, where he sold his castanets and came to know many of the flamencos of the time. He held open house at his home on Mondays and served lunch to many of San Francisco's flamencos, including the world famous Ciro, guitarists Paco Juanas and Mariano Córdoba, and guitar builder, Tony Murray.

In 1968, the Lenshaws moved to San Diego, and with the help of the newly issued flamenco directory, Ernest was soon acquainted with most of San Diego's flamencos. His home became the site of many juergas, some especially good ones occurring on his birthdays, and he kept active promoting flamenco any way he could.

Now in his eighty-fifth year, Ernest continues to paint and sell portraits and pictures of flamenco dance scenes, make and sell castanets, practice the guitar, remain active in folk-dancing, and spark juergas with his dance "por sevillanas."



ERNESTO AT BIRTHDAY JUERGA WITH JALEISTA VICE-PRESIDENT, FRANCISCO BALLARDO

(photos by Elizabeth Ballardo)



SAN FRANCISCO DAYS
ERNESTO THE GUITARIST (LEFT)



WELL-WISHERS SURROUND ERNESTO AT JUERGA

NOVEMBER JUERGA

We owe this month's juerga site to new member Juan Torra. Juan, born in Vic, Barcelona, has been in the San Diego area a year and a half. He plays classical guitar and has recently begun studying flamenco guitar with Paco Sevilla.

The juerga will be held in the language school of Juan's friend, Silva Jurich. Silva, of Yugoslav descent, has danced and taught folk dances for thirty years. Her language school is centrally located on Fairmount, a block off El Cajon Blvd. It has been converted from a house and the atmos-

there is still intimate -- including a fireplace, kitchen and several rooms of varying sizes.

Other family members who will be present at the juerga are Silva's Armenian, Sudan-born husband, Vahe Derounian, and their young daughter Marina. Vahe runs a print shop on the premises and his work includes printing multi-language newspapers. Do yourselves a favor and get to know this most interesting couple who have so graciously offered their hospitality.

"Leaderless" Cuadro A will be in charge so please all pitch in.

DATE : November 21st

PLACE: 4175 Fairmount Ave.

PHONE: 280-1105 or 281-3673

TIME : 7:00-?

BRING: Tapas (hors d'oeuvres)

DONATIONS: \$5.00 for guests (non-member or non-Jaleo subscribers). Exempt are subscribers who live over 100 miles from San Diego or first guest of member holding single-plus-guest card. (Two guest limit per membership.)

DIRECTIONS: From I-8 take Fairmount Ave. south one block past El Cajon Blvd., turn left on Orange and right on Fairmount and park. From South Bay take 805 North to 40th, right on Orange and right on Fairmount.

SPECIAL NOTE: Last month's experiment having the early part of the juerga for aficionados worked beautifully so we'll go with it again. We had many people participating who had not done so in a long while. Come to learn, to practice, to share, to teach.

ALSO: It is requested that smoking be done outside. Several exterior doors make it easy to step outdoors from almost any room.

MURIO CURRO

H. E. HUTTIG

Flamenco circles in Miami lament the passing of Curro Zamorano of Cádiz, an accomplished dancer and a cantaor of encyclopedic knowledge of cante chico. We met him through Miguel Mesa, a local tocaor and had the



CURRO ZAMORANO IN JUERGA AT THE HOME OF H.E. HUTTIG

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CURRO DANCING WITH ELENA MARTINEZ

supreme pleasure of enjoying juergas with him, Miguel, Pepe Menéndez and other local Flamencos. Always present was Elena Martínez a fine cantaora well-versed in the most profound cante hondo and also an accomplished dancer. Curro was the life of any party - always in fine good humor and telling jokes in Gaditano slang and dancing comic dances. When I first met Curro, he shared an apartment with Miguel. He worked nights as a security guard and Miguel was working making carbon armatures in a factory, a process that played the dickens with his fingers and nails. One time, upon trying to reach Curro, I learned that he had suffered a stroke and was in a nursing home with his right side paralyzed. We made it a point to visit him as often as possible and were able to bring him to our home for Thanksgiving one year. He was making good progress, working hard to regain the use of his right side. Though he couldn't talk, he could and did sing, proving that there are separate control areas in the brain for speech and for cante. I hadn't seen Curro in some time. I had a visit from Fernando Rivero, guitar maker, and learned to my deep sorrow that Curro had died some months before. It seems that a thread of sorrow travels with most flamencos. Fernandillo de Morón died in an unnecessary auto accident as an example. As the ancient Egyptians kept a skull at the feast table to remind the guests of the transience of life and happiness, the Calé carry a sort of fatalistic reservation in their minds even in the midst of the most carefree Juerga,

ARCHIVO

The Making of an Anthology

by Caballero Donald

PART XI -- PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA

translated by Brad Blanchard

The cante of Puerto, like that of Arcos, and in spite of the geographic characteristics of the area, is also closer to the flamenco embryo of Jerez than the stylistic nucleus of Cádiz. That, naturally, does not mean that the old tradition of cantinas gaditanas -- alegrías, romeras, mirabrás, caracoles -- has not had in El Puerto de Santa María (and in Puerto Real, San Fernando and Sanlúcar de Barrameda) a number of important interpreters of that style. But the

most typical local cante is tied to the ancient origins of the flamenco of Jerez and Triana. Today it is very difficult, clearly, to find some representative "port style" which we could call the "old flamenco school." This is typical -- as we have already insisted -- in all the native zones of the cante, except for some notable exceptions. We had news, however, of some solitary survivors of those primitive, anonymous cantaores of the Puertos -- close to here, in Puerto Real, Francisco Ortega, "El Fillo," one of the most important names among the interesting fundamental cantaores. We made contact with José Reyes el Negro, and through him, with Dolores la del Cepillo and with her brother Alonso -- all old gypsies. Juan de la Plata, Manuel Ríos Ruiz and Joaquín Piserra served as experienced guides for us on the expedition to the lost horizons of flamenco. José Reyes is a nervous, livid man of undefined age, with a type of moral ruin showing in his collapsing physique. He lives in a shack in the old part of Puerto, a very characteristic zone of fine homes and hovels. José Reyes occupies only one miserable room, into which his whole family is heaped. He is surprised that we have come to find him; he distrusts our intent. Only the possibility of earning some money tranquilizes him. At times he works at shining shoes and at others he works in vain, trying to find a job. He speaks in a disordered manner, in a very peculiar jargon, mixing old slang terms with a series of almost unintelligible Andalusian phonetic corruptions. Until recently, José Reyes led an errant life through pueblos on the coast. From a sociological point of view, this fugitive gypsy is a human symbol, representing the fateful history of flamenco.

The cante of José Reyes el Negro -- and of the brother and sister, Dolores and Alonso -- is like a painful shipwreck, from which remain pieces more or less susceptible to reconstruction. They are dispersed fragments, gathered in the squalid tide of memory. They are part of, in a certain way, the cante at its primitive root. We believe that all flamenco began its gestation in this rudimentary manner. We have already pointed out: The gypsies appropriated the popular music of the people among whom they tried to live. The primitive tonás and siguiurias were other results of the marginal process of fusions, effected through the combination of melodic, semitic, and byzantine elements which were latent in Andalucía. It is possible that the only ones who today conserve that elemental wail of the cante are the gypsies, who have also maintained, without visible changes,

their miserable social structure.

We know that many "tonadas" and "romances" of Castilla were sung since the sixteenth century by gypsies wandering through the country. Our picaresque literature alludes frequently to the fact. These gypsies mastered -- as is normally the case -- the songs they heard around them, modifying them according to their likes and conveniences and they offered them as a street spectacle. Estébanez Calderón, in his *Escenas Andaluzas*, speaks concretely about some "romances" or "corridos" still interpreted by gypsies in the first half of the nineteenth century. This modality of "gypsified romance" has been almost completely lost in our times, although certain examples are still preserved in popular Andalusian tradition. The gypsies, it is clear, didn't respect themes nor the original editing of those "romances," confusing and mixing styles and episodes. The one called "Bernardo del Carpio," for example, nobly dusted off by Antonio Mairena, demonstrates a previous error of attribution. We have always heard that it is an old interpretation of a primitive "romance" known throughout Andalucía, when in reality it is -- with a few insignificant variations -- a take-off on one of the most traditional versions of the "romance" of Roldán in which the French hero has simply been substituted for by the Spanish hero. We allude to this because the disorder is in this respect as usual as it is pardonable. José Reyes sang for the Archive a corrido in which is mixed, in a confusion that is almost delirious, fragments of romances alluding to Gerineldo and to the Count Partinuplés with unrecognizable segments, undoubtedly of some spontaneous and anarchic incorporation. Even if only for this habitual ballast, the corrido of José Reyes el Negro was for us -- even within its nonsensical reasoning -- a subject of particular interest.

This recording, along with that of Dolores and Alonso del Cepillo, was done during our second trip to Puerto de Santa María. We got

together in one of the rooms of a large, noble house converted into apartments. An abundant group of gypsies gathered. In this room lived an old bailaora, Pepa Campos, who enjoyed a certain "festerero" fame in her younger years. The preparation of the fiesta was difficult. Dolores la del Cepillo sang a strange romance, which we have been unable to place geographically, but whose historic flavor seemed to concede an evident hold in tradition. This gypsy -- whose advanced age allowed her to only sketch out the cante -- called this romance "nana de Alejandría." Her brother Alonso told us that all of the old cantes -- without guitar, of course -- were tonás, nanas, and cambios de siguiriyas. The logical thing, of course, it to suppose that the gypsies, in private fiestas, used that initial exclusive repertoire of tonás and corridos in order to adapt it to each and all their expressive necessities.

The ideas of all of these gypsies -- Dolores and Alonso del Cepillo, José Reyes, Pepa Campos -- about flamenco were very disordered and incoherent. Alonso remembered his difficult nomadic infancy. He lived flamenco as he lived his hunger -- as something fatal and inseparable from his own nature. He understands that there are those who earn their living by singing, but he thinks that flamenco is an intimate inheritance that is corrupted and squandered when it leaves its natural course of the family gathering, a wedding celebration or baptism, a reception for someone who returns from working at a hard job far away. Alonso assures us that all of the limited balance of primitive cantes used to form the secret material of the gypsy code. It was not good to air flamenco outside of those private domestic gatherings. Does this have something to do with the opinion of Alonso del Cepillo, so obscurely explained, that the still standing superstitious custom of not singing the alboreá or the petenera except in the ritual moment of the corresponding gypsy event? It is possible. Anyway, Alonso doesn't know very well what an alboreá is; they weren't sung among his family. On the other hand, his sister Dolores affirms that the gypsies created their own songs to be sung, as in a competition of innovations, in their two principal celebrations: Christmas Eve and the day of the dead. From there, flamenco later expanded, through the demands of its conversion to a commercial product, into its more and more common public exhibitions. That opinion is fairly sensible.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements are free of charge to subscribers. They will be placed for two months if appropriate and must be received by the 1st of the month prior to their appearance. Include phone number and area code for use in the DIRECTORY. Send to: JALEO, P.O. Box 4706, San Diego, CA 92104.

JALEO CORRESPONDENTS

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

updates

FLAMENCO YOUTH GROUP FORMING; auditions every Wednesday in Nov. 7:30pm Jaleo studio 1628 Fern, San Diego, CA; must be under 18 and know at least 2 Sevillanas.

EL CID NIGHTCLUB AND RESTAURANT presents: flamenco shows Tues. thru Fri. at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.; Sat. and Sun. at 8, 9:30, 11 p.m., and 12:30 a.m. Reservations suggested. 4212 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. Call 213-668-0318.

CHEZ CARLOS DEL PERU RESTAURANT is presently featuring flamenco/classical guitarist Leonardo Navarro Sun. nights from 6 to 9 p.m. (excellent paella). 5254 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys (San Fernando Valley -- L.A., CA). Call 213-789-6513.

FIRST DIGITAL FLAMENCO ALBUM in the making with artists Sarita & Carmen Heredia, Antonito & Antonio Duran. Watch announcements for further details.

concerts

MOSAICO FLAMENCO IN CONCERT: with special guest artists. Sunday Nov. 22 at 3:00pm, in the ECC Theater in San Diego. (See page 24 for details).

SYLVIA SONERA OLE FLAMENCO COMPANY will present a flamenco show "Christmas in Spain," Nov 29th, 1:30-4:30, La Crescenta Woman's Club, 4004 La Crescenta Ave, tel 248-9806. Show features a movie of an American style bullfight & suits of lights ceremony wine & cheese intermission & flamenco show. Artists are dancers Kamala & Victoria, cantaor Chinin de Triana, Guitarist Gabriel Ruiz. \$10 Reservations by Oct 15.

GISELA & HER FLAMENCO FIESTA is being presented in the L.A., CA area by the Community Concerts Association on the following dates and locations:

Nov. 7th	Monterey Park
Nov. 8th	Van Nuys
Nov. 10th	Thousand Oaks
Nov. 11th	Hollywood

For info. call 213-461-3401.

GUILLERMO SALAZAR presents a solo guitar concert, Nov. 20, First Unitarian Church, 14th Av at Lafayette, Denver, Colorado. ANGELITA IN CONCIERTO FLAMENCO Y FIESTA MEXICANA Nov. 28, 8:00 p.m., San Gabriel Civic Aud, 532 N. Mission Dr., San Gabriel, CA, guest artists Roberto Amaral, Antonio Sanchez, Antonio Duran, \$8.00, \$7.00, \$6.00.

JOSE MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES will appear at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, CA Sun. Mar. 14, 1982 at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. For info call 213-577-5511.

classified

FOR SALE: Edward Freedman flamenco guitar, spruce top, cypress back & sides, excellent condition. Very reasonably priced. Dan DiBona, Valley Forge Apts. F-406, King of Prussia, PA 19406. 215-783-7670.

WANT TO BUY: a flamenco guitar, used O.K. if in good condition. San Diego--La Jolla area. Call Mimette 714/454-2337

ACCOMPANIST FOR DANCE & CANTE:

Eduardo Aguero 213/660-0250

FOR SALE: 1971 Arcangel Fernandez flamenco guitar, 1st class. Mechanical tuning. \$1,900 Gary Hayes, 818 N.E. 53rd St., Seattle, WA 98105 (206) 522-9072.

FOR SALE: Imported shawls, long fringe, beautiful, hand made, choice of colors. Write, A. Vergara, 1825 Echo Av., San Mateo, CA 94401 or call (415) 341-4484.

ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS is currently available for the 1981 - 1982 booking season. The company consists of ten performers and presents both flamenco and classical Spanish. For more information contact: Rosa Montoya, 267 Teresita Blvd., S.F., CA 94127.

MINI WORKSHOPS AND CHOREOGRAPHIES by Teo Morca available through 1981. Write to Morca Academy, 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, WA 98225 or call: (206) 676-1864.

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

FOR SALE: Books by Don Pohren, Music by Mario Escudero and Sabicas, plus complete line of guitar supplies (strings 1/2 price). 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 other \$2.00 each. Add \$1.00 per copy for overseas orders.

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