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JUNE 1982

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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DEADLINES

ITEM	For July Issue	For August
ARTICLES.....	In by June 1st	July 1st
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	In by June 8th	July 8th
LETTERS, EL OIDO, COPY READY ADS.....	In by June 15th	July 15th

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Lola Flores and

LOLA FLORES: INTERVIEW

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

by Javier de Pablo

"The greatest in the world, along with Jerez" has returned to Sevilla, an artist who has spent many years on top without losing one iota of that overwhelming energy that inundates everything and manages to attract an audience that is always excited by her...Now, for three days, on the stage of the Lope de Vega Theater, Lola Flores, accompanied by Manuela Carrasco, performs for her people.

"My sister Carmen was going to come, but since she signed a contract with Manolo Escobar, she couldn't do it. They suggested Manuela Carrasco to me and I was very satisfied, because, to me, she is an unusual genius. I like to work with artists who leave the people warmed up, not cold."

-- What does the recital consist of?

"Manuela does the first part and I do the second. It is a show much like what I usually do, that is, with recitations, bulerías, pasodobles, costume changes, with orchestra, cantaor, guitar, and everything. I have a beautiful bulería that I sing to my children, by Antonio Gallardo, a Mexican song by Juan Gabriel, a poem by Rafael de León on the death of García Lorca, plus all of my hit numbers."

--Is the Spanish canción still on the rise?

"Bueno, it continues at a high point in certain people. There are artists who continue to be what they were, like Juanita Reina, who will be a star until she dies. But few new artists are appearing, and those who do appear do not have personality -- they resemble Marifé or Juanita, etc. But, in any case, the canción will never decline because Andalucía is a source and good people will appear."

-- What do you do, Lola, to maintain that strength and temperament that characterizes you?

"I sleep very little, only six or seven hours -- at night I like to write poems and songs. I believe that I work a lot and give too much. I give my entire life when I go out on stage and I think that must be good for me."



Photos by Vilches

Manuela Carrasco

-- For how long will we have Lola Flores?

"I will retire the moment that I find myself a little tired, or I can't give what the public is used to, before the people realize it. If I am here, it is because I am contracted, because I know I fill the halls where I go, and I know that the applause won't fail me, nor will I. This is my life and my dreams. I was born an artist. But I am mentally prepared for when I have to retire, in time. Don't think that I will be a bitter woman -- none of that."

-- How is the book coming along that you are writing with Tico Medina about your life?

"I now have completed more than two hundred pages, with seventeen hours of conservation. I am going to relate my psychology of the different countries, the important people I have known, my family, my loves, my suffering, my fight to reach the position I now occupy. What I am going to do is write some memoirs that are more sincere than those of Sophia Loren -- you can't say that you knew [intimately] Carlo Ponti and never anybody else -- not even she believes that!"

* * *

MANUELA CARRASCO: INTERVIEW

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

by Javier de Pablo

It has been only a few days since the Sevillian bailaora, Manuela Carrasco brought the house down por martinete, soleá and bulerías in her performance in the III Quincena de Flamenco y Música Andaluza. On that occasion she was accompanied by two great cantaores, Chiquetete and Fosforito, and now she performs with no other than Lola Flores on the stage of the Teatro Lope de Vega.

-- How did this work with Lola Flores come about?



"I think it was her idea. For me to work with Lola Flores is something -- this is the truth -- that I don't really believe yet. To perform with this artist is something difficult since she is such a complete artist. I do the first part, approximately 40-50 minutes, and dance siguiriyas, soleá and bulerías."

-- Don't you run the risk that she, with her temperament, will eclipse you and you will go unnoticed?

"I think not. It helps me to perform with Lola. You have to realize that we are very different. She is a giant in her field and, what I do, I don't do badly."

-- Were you satisfied with your performance in the Quincena?

"I am very pleased with my part in it. The Quincena has been a marvelous thing; each day had a greater success. The audience went all out and I believe everyone enjoyed it. The artists gave everything they had in the Quincena."

-- They say the baile of Manuela Carrasco is radical, distinctly aggressive, and profoundly reaches the public. Do you agree?

"I think so. Certainly I am a gypsy and therefore do it in a pure manner. I have never gone to a dance school. Mine is a personal style of dance, although I try to pick up things from the good dancers, for you are not born knowing."

-- Who are your favorite dancers in the world of baile?

"There is Matilde Coral, who is a great bailaora, Farruco and El Güito. In el baile there are many good bailaoras and bailaoras, but I believe these three are the best."

-- Future projects?

"Projects? I am going to return to Italy for two months -- I was there recently and the public was delighted. And with Lola Flores I believe I am going to do a tour through South America."



THE CLEAR TRIUMPH OF LOLA FLORES

(from: ABC, Dec. 20, 1981; sent by Gordon Booth; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Miguel Acaí

She says she is the only one. Some think that she is conceited, "que no tiene abuela" (praises herself)...Later, she appears on stage, says that bit, "you have to be born in Jerez and be named Lola Flores," and all of the prejudices become meaningless. The theater bursts into an uproar, and delirium fills the box seats of the Lope de Vega. Lola de España has reconquered Sevilla.

The music of that unforgettable "Pena, penita, pena" precedes the fiery entrance of Lola. A gold peineta (comb) serves as her crown. She, on one more night, again demonstrates that she is unique, although that might bother some people. As she affirms, she is the one-and-only because nobody else does what she can do on stage. That is certain. Lola is a woman who captivates. It almost doesn't matter what she sings, what she dances, what she recites, what she wears...she is important, only she, and the rest -- although the false purists give further weight to the thesis of technique, of the abuse of showing the legs, or of the respect for the "respectable" (public) that is important above all -- almost has no importance at all. It is odd, the level of communication, almost to the point of identification, that this woman has achieved. That is where her strength comes from, her durability, her importance, her uniqueness.

The first part was opened by Manuela Carrasco and her group. The guitar of Joaquín Amador was at an extremely high level, playing without showing off and searching for new melodic expressions, and the applause verified her performance. His scales in the bass open new perspectives that must be taken into account. With him, and Julio Carrasco and Rafael Fernández, was that unjustly ignored phenomenon, Diego Camacho "El Boquerón." In the two cantes he did alone with the guitar of Joaquín and those he sang for the baile of Manuela, Diego offered all of his important artistic dimension. If this trend continues to show itself, we will have to pay much attention to Diego, because he is a cantaor of much -- very much -- quality.

And Manuela. She has against her, not only the meticulous, but the friends of those who have seen their importance decline when she appears. She was a whirlwind and continues being an authentic seismic phenomenon. Time, which is the perfect judge, demonstrates, with facts and without words, the truth of her quality. In the Quincena, along with

Matilde, Milagros, and El Güito, they formed a real dance team. And triumphed. And she continues to triumph, together with that whirlwind of color, that inexplicable woman named Lola. The "jerezana" has succeeded in being not only a star in her art, but a piece of the art itself. That is why Nacha Guevara and Juanita Reina were there to applaud her.

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LETTERS

GUITARIST FINDS HOSPITALITY IN NEW YORK

Dear Jaleo:

Several months ago while in New York City for a few weeks of seminar meetings, I used some of my spare time to "rediscover" the guitar. This happened under the best of circumstances, as I also had discovered, through this newsletter, how to reach Mario Escudero and The American Institute of Guitars.

Yet another discovery, a most personal one and the happiest of all, was Mario's capacity as a teacher. Great performer and fine teacher are not always the same person, but with Mario, it is so. Here was an opportunity to gain back some of the facility I had learned in the Bay Area with another excellent instructor, Mariano Córdoba, now out of my reach since I left California.

I must mention, too, the warm hospitality shown by Antonio David and other staff members at the Institute in New York. There is nothing artificial there -- you feel at home. In my experience, the place definitely reaches its goal of a "sharing atmosphere conducive to proper learning."

Here in Montana, we flamenco enthusiasts are separated by hundreds of miles. The lasting encouragement provided by teachers such as Escudero and Córdoba is vital nourishment.

Sincerely,
Anthony Beltramo
Missoula, Montana

TRIBUTE TO PACO SEVILLA

Dear Jaleo:

Just a quick note to let you know that Paco's work as editor of Jaleo has been a constant source of inspiration for many of us. The service of putting people in touch with people is greatly appreciated. To me, Jaleo magazine provides an historical record of flamenco artists to be collected and treasured as are Don Pohlen's books. Yes, writing about an art is not doing the art; however, writing is sharing an art. To be a good sports announcer one needs to know a lot about that sport. Just think where sports fans would be without announcers.

There are few people with the knowledge of flamenco who are willing to take the time to write. I'm hoping Jaleo readers will make a greater effort to send usable material (to insure the survival of Jaleo) now that Paco has stepped down.

Tucson, AZ

Thank you, Paco,
Sadana, Tucson, AZ

TIME WARP PRICKS ACHILLES HEEL

Dear Jaleo:

As ever, thanks for the magazine (April issue). My god! There was certainly some response over the Jerry Lobdill article, wasn't there? It just goes to show that, when the pin finds the right Achilles-heel all the stones in the desert creak on their hinges as the inhabitants blink at the sunlight, get off their ... and contribute something of their own point-of-view...All is healthy, of course, whether you agree or not to the opinions expressed because response is the life-blood of a specialist magazine.

It was sad to read the editorial re Paco Sevilla's demise as editor but, I expect that it's rather like working behind a bar...it would be nice to get time to enjoy the customer's side once in a while. Of course, no one but the regular editorial staff knows what effort goes into a magazine of Jaleo's quality...Paco will obviously be missed but perhaps we can look forward to a few less "Tallyrandish" contributing articles in the future. Good luck Paco!

To Juana De Alva, of course, it is hoped that she gets all the necessary help and encouragement (via una copa de vino, or two or several) to keep this magazine afloat. Much luck Juana. .

Regards,
Phil Coram
London, England

(LETTERS continued on Pg. 23)

PUNTO DE VISTA

IN SUPPORT OF "TIME WARP"

by Marta del Cid

Find the common thread we did (Editorial, March '82 Jaleo). Jerry Lobdill's brilliantly satirical "Time Warp" makes a statement cogent enough to satisfy any of the traditionalists among us. He could not have chosen a medium of expression that better amplifies our apprehensions concerning the direction, or detour, that flamenco seems to be taking. Oddly enough, the brief opening piece on Enrique Melchor came across as satirical, too, with an implied warning even stronger, because it was unintentional, than Jerry's. Melchor is quoted as saying, with innocent and enthusiastic sincerity, "Maybe if I add everything, I will eventually reach everyone!" -- in an attempt to "internationalize the appeal" -- so that it will "play in Peoria."

But what is it that will play in Peoria? Reach everyone with what? Certainly not flamenco. I can appreciate an artist's need to stretch and expand himself, to test and challenge his creative resources. This is the definition of a living art. But flamenco is not a popularity contest. No one can be all things to all people -- your image to others becomes fuzzy and indefinite and soon even your own self-image is blurred and indistinct. Ultimately you render yourself ineffective. This is what I see as happening to flamenco if we are not very careful.

Flamenco has made its influence felt in many other artistic areas. It has proved an inexhaustible source of inspiration for most of Spain's classical composers -- De Falla, Rodrigo, Albéniz, et al. -- who created a highly identifiable nationalistic style based on its cadencies. Miles Davis' "Sketches of Spain" is a jazz foray into the emotional psyche of flamenco. Teo Morca, whom I finally caught a piece of on Sunday mid-afternoon television, can take the baile, with technique and dynamics faithfully intact, superimpose it on a Bach fugue, and make it work with stunning success. And how many of you have found that you can dance a perfect bulerías, complete with desplantes, to the song "America" from "West Side Story"?

Yes, flamenco is a generous contributor. But flamenco cannot absorb. Nor does it need to. It comes equipped with a spare but complete system of built-in dynamics. It is perfectly balanced for the job. As soon as anything extraneous is added (percussion, choral back-up, bassoons, etc.), dilution sets in. More is less. Some of it may be very pleasing to listen to -- I find Paco de Lucía's "Almoraima" very decorative and beautiful, but the addition of the oud and the overall tone of the piece makes me respond to it as Arabic music, not flamenco, but then again, it isn't really Arabic, either! I guess the difference is this -- I listen with my head instead of my gut -- I intellectualize instead of reacting.

I remember first hearing Eric Clapton's version of "I Shot the Sheriff" -- good song, catchy beat. But what a difference when I later heard the original version by Bob Marley. Clapton is a good storyteller and a good musician, but Marley told us the truth -- you really believe he shot the sheriff. And the unadulterated reggae beat, clipped and plugging at the same time, has a dual complexity and delicacy that is shattered in the hands of a rock band. It is an intimate back room pulse that simply vanishes in the big air of an amphitheater. Flamenco, while potent and full-bodied, is similarly very fragile. The more stripped down it is, the more effective it becomes. Less is more.

There are those of us who say, "Do your own thing!" but for many of us, this is not our own thing to do with as we wish. It is their thing. We have taken occupancy in a borrowed art form and have an obligation to guard and respect its origins and traditions. As for the true flamencos, for whom art and life are one and the same, I would only hope that they are aware of their responsibility to the future. If they are going to alter the art, what happens when the next wave of artists takes that mutation as a launching point for yet another metamorphosis? Strength of tradition will, as Rebs are fond of saying, fade faster than a Yankee tan.

So if you must do your own thing, go ahead and do it. But don't call it flamenco. Call it something else.

Ana Martínez and Paco de Málaga

[Ed: The idea for this article and interview, as well as the initial contact with Ana Martínez and Paco de Málaga, came from Stan Peters.]

by Henry Jova

Ana Martínez and Paco de Málaga are a husband and wife team who have been living and performing in the Washington, DC area since 1973. Ana was born in Málaga, but her entire family is from Brenes, in the province of Sevilla. Paco, who was born in Teba in the province of Sevilla, is of a family from the Málaga area. Both came from families with considerable afición for flamenco. Paco's father, uncle and grandfather were competent amateur guitarists; Ana's father was Niño de Brenes, a well-known singer in his time, as well as a dancer, while her mother was a professional dancer and singer, and her sister is currently a dancer.

At the age of nine Ana won an open competition dancing flamenco in Paris and was then contracted by the dancer Mariemma to interpret Manuel de Falla's "El Amor Brujo" at the Salle Chopin Pleyel in Paris. She continued dancing in her teen years in France and throughout Europe with her father's dance company and performed on the BBC of London, at the Opera comique, the Salle Chopin Pleyel and the Palais de Chaillot. The company went to South America and performed



primarily in Argentina and Brazil, where her father now lives. During her artistic career Ana has worked with notable flamenco artists in and out of Spain including among others: Rafael el Negro, Paco de Ronda, Matilde Coral, Trini de España, El Farruco, Antonio Mairena, and Fosforito. In the fairs of some of the Andalusian towns she has been accompanied by such singers as Romerito de Jerez and Chocolate.

Paco began to study the guitar in Algeciras at the age of thirteen with Antonio Sánchez, Paco de Lucía's father. Ramón de Algeciras was a fellow student at the time. The family moved to São Paulo, Brazil, a few years later where Paco was much in demand among aficionados of the Spanish colony. During the next few years he worked with numerous artists in South America and then in Spain. These included La Chunga, Carmen Sevilla, Joselito, Angelillo, Juanito Valderrama, Niño de Utrera, as well as Mario Maya, El Chocolate and Chiquito de Triana. While in Brazil, he recorded two records as Paquito el Malagueño, one of solo guitar and another with singing and palmas. He also formed a trio known as "Trio Los Malagueños," which was contemporary with "Los Paquiros" and "Los Gaditanos." He met his wife when he joined his father's company as guitarist and married her two years later. Together they performed throughout South America and Spain and first came to this country in 1967 to inaugurate the Flamenco Supper Club in Miami with a group called "Los Martinetes." During this one year contract they did a recording, "Mosaico Flamenco," with Tomás de San Julián. After working for a few years in Spain at Torres Bermejas and Corral de la Morería (tablaos) in Madrid, Los Gallos in Sevilla, and then El Colmao in Valencia, they returned to the U.S.A. in 1969.

Ana and Paco worked at Casa Madrid in San Francisco, El Matador in Los Angeles and the Chateau Madrid in New York. After again touring Spain, Brazil and Canada for two years,



they moved to Washington, DC, and worked at the Tio Pepe Restaurant until 1979, after which they worked at the Bodegon Restaurant for two years, and until recently El Meson Flamenco. They also give private recitals throughout the Washington, DC, area and have performed three times at yearly receptions for Andres Segovia at the Spanish Embassy in Washington.

Ana and Paco are often accompanied by their seventeen year old son, José Antonio, who is an accomplished guitarist and plays beside his father at their private engagements. José Antonio is a fine accompanist and is the youngest of a series of family generations that have been closely involved in flamenco.

Of the various anecdotes that were mentioned during this interview two are particularly interesting:

At the age of twelve, while in Paris, Ana performed at a private informal party at which Pablo Picasso was one of the guests. He thought that her hands were so graceful that he did a quick sketch of her arms and hands and gave it to her. Ana lost it because, at the time, she says, "no sabía lo que tenía."

One evening, while working in Washington, Paco recognized a man he had known in Brazil. After the show, the man took him to play for some friends of his in a suite at one of the best hotels in Washington where there were two gentlemen and a lady. Toward the end of the evening, having played guitar and chatted with them, he caught one of the men's name -- Anwar Sadat!

JALEO: As a guitarist what is your opinion of how the guitar has evolved as an instrument for accompanying cante?

PACO: Singers in the past, and many today, don't like a lot of ornamentation on the guitar because it tends to confuse them. The singer is involved with his cante and the adornments can put him off track. However, one notices in today's recordings considerable adornments by the guitarists and that singers are accepting these, and accepting them well, as this enriches the number for them; put a guitarist who can play transitional chords (tonos de paso) behind a singer and it's wonderful for him. Nowadays the singer almost requires that kind of accompaniment -- the more modern, Paco de Lucía inspired style, which people are tending to play now. Singers are accepting this and I think for the better as, in the past, neither playing nor accompaniment was done better than it is now. Many of the early guitarists didn't go beyond a few chords and often didn't match these to the cante. Before, there was more emphasis on the compás than on providing the correct chords. Today, people play in compás and more "a tono." Music is not something you can stop. One can't say flamenco stops being flamenco at any given point. New chords, some from jazz, are being used which are beautiful. Flamenco guitar has reached this level today but tomorrow another guitarist may appear who will dazzle Paco de Lucía. We can't say that the toque of Ramón Montoya is the purest or the most authentic. Ramón Montoya was a super-modernist, he was a Paco de Lucía of his era and we owe everything to him. What the guitarist is today, what Paco de Lucía is today, we owe to Montoya, to Ricardo and to Sabicas. Today I think one has to accustom himself to these modern developments in playing, not blindly, of course, one has to be discriminating and respect the canons, but these are innovations which are natural and normal. Today's guitarists are more "completo." The same is true in cante. Before, people tended to specialize in one or two styles; for instance, a singer sang very well in malagueñas or fandangos, but had no real idea how to do the other cantes. Today most singers in a cuadro can sing most of the cantes and sing them well-measured and in compás.

JALEO: How do you see the afición in America for flamenco guitar?

PACO: The majority who come to me to learn are more impressed by the speed and that type of thing than anything else. Of one hundred who come to me to study, perhaps one becomes more seriously interested. Flamenco guitar is complicated and is becoming more so. Often these students are classical guitarists who want to learn one or two toques to enlarge their repertoire and then leave. One thing is to play flamenco and another is to be a flamenco guitarist. To be a flamenco guitarist is not to be a virtuoso, but rather to know how to accompany flamenco singing and dancing; of these, the basic one is singing.

JALEO: What advice do you have for the aspiring guitarist here in the Americas?

PACO: The best advice is to try to go to Spain, go to the flamenco festivals, mix with people in the ambiente and learn to accompany singing -- this latter most of all. Accompaniment of singing is where most American guitarists have difficulties. Not that accompanying singing is that much more difficult than accompanying dance, because today there are arrangements to accompany dance that are fabulous. To play a complicated, perhaps choreographed, dance accompaniment may require a "falsetta" to match the feet. There the guitarist has to be good and has to be right there. In singing, sometimes you may lose the compás or make a mistake on the chord or be late with it, but in dance you cannot be late because, if you are, the dancer has left you behind. Accompanying a singer is difficult for most Americans because they have had little or no contact with it, while finding a dancer here is much easier. Listening to records is obviously extremely important and this cannot be overstressed as it gives one the opportunity to prepare oneself for the occasion when one may accompany a singer. I know guitarists who deserve respect playing a solo, but who can't follow a simple fandango. I also recommend that the non-Spanish guitarist learn the lyrics of the songs in order to learn the cante itself and, that way, be more prepared for the surprises he may get from the singer who he is accompanying.

JALEO: You sing when accompanying Ana in the show. Do you find it hard to play and sing simultaneously?

PACO: I sing because the restaurants either don't want or can't afford a singer. Cante adds a lot to a dance. I don't find it hard to do both at the same time, but I am not a cantor; I do it through necessity.

JALEO: How does the afición in Andalucía start?

ANA: In Andalucía, flamenco is not constantly heard on the radio and there are actually few flamenco programs. What you do see everywhere, whether in Córdoba, Sevilla, Cádiz or the small towns, are a group of kids on an afternoon doing palmas and singing sevillanas. This is a simple way of initiating an interest in flamenco. Boys and girls learn sevillanas,



ANA AT 12



PACO DE MALAGA WITH SON JOSE ANTONIO



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LOS MARTINETES: TOMAS DE SAN JULIAN, ANA MARTINEZ AND
PACO DE MALAGA

the movements of which are basic to flamenco because they are simple, melodious and danced at many social occasions. They learn these as children in an atmosphere where they will also hear fandangos and a rumbita and thereby develop a receptivity for the day when they are slightly older and hear serious singing in a caseta or a party. They may then become interested and take dance or guitar classes. They are exposed to it as children, which is why most artists come from Andalucía. Good artists also come from Madrid or other cities, but their interest and formation usually come when they are older.

JALEO: What are your comments about the directions which cante flamenco is taking, both among the professionals and the young aficionados?

PACO: It has lost some of its quality and some of its variety. Take Niño de Marchena; he was truly musical, as well as being a singer. He didn't always respect the compás and often interrupted the guitar in its falsetas or sang the falsetas as they were being played. He had enormous qualities in his voice; he was a nightingale. That type of singer, like Vallejo and also Valderrama, who have a special "tono" for singing flamenco has been lost. What one hears now is the "rajo," a more gypsified cante. Today there are many singers who don't have good voices -- they have good rhythm, "rajo" and strength for singing, but there are few who have the "gorgojeo," the sweet, lyrical quality that the Marchena style had.

JALEO: What do you think of the tendency towards the canciones "atangadas" and the bulería larga, particularly among the youth?

PACO: These are the more facile forms of flamenco; just because they are rhythmic, anyone can "tararear" (hum) a tango. Three people can walk down the street doing palmas and singing tangos without any problem. They also appeal to the ear. Flamenco really is for a minority; the cante grande and serious flamenco that we like is not usually appreciated by the general public. Even in the flamenco festivals one tends to hear limited cantes -- mostly soleá, seguiriya, bulería, and tango; rarely are the taranta or malagueña or the many

varieties of these heard. These are for the public that takes this music more seriously. The flamenco festivals are poorly focused; they are too long and saturate the audience. Flamenco traditionally takes place in a room or in the patio, starting with fandangos and sevillans. After people have eaten and are relaxed, even tired, when they feel heavy, that's when flamenco starts, when people begin to sing seguiriya, malagueña, etc., when one can savour flamenco. That's why it's called cante de madrugada.

JALEO: Ana, what do you think of the, let's call it "trinity" of flamenco -- cante, baile, and guitarra? Perhaps, of the three, dance is the weakest. What are your opinions, especially since dance is what has elevated flamenco to an internationally appreciated art form?

ANA: The dance today, although there are very good dancers, needs a "figura" who projects. Some dancers are very modernist. I can accept modernism, but the spirit and canons have to be preserved. To go back to guitar, Paco de Lucía is a modernist, but when he has to accompany cante, few can hold a candle to him. What is needed in dance is a "lider," an impulsing force, male as well as female. There are very good dancers in Spain. The problem is that dance there is very commercialized. The tablaos, which are where the dance element should be cultivated, are run with an eye for the tourist. There is little, if any, room for development. The good artists have to leave Spain, or at least Madrid, with companies. Take Rafael de Córdoba, traveling with his company throughout Europe. The dance scene in Spain is by two or three people and, unfortunately, rarely goes beyond them. One of the things that has happened is that there have been a number of dancers, female and male, who have been billed as figuras (stars) and who have contributed very little to flamenco precisely because they have not been figuras. A lot has to do with how figuras, and there are some, are promoted and managed. Too many good ones have not been well-promoted.



LEFT TO RIGHT: PACO DE MALAGA, TOMAS DE SAN JULIAN, LUIS BERMUDEZ,
PACO DE RONDA, ANA MARTINEZ, UNIDENTIFIED



ANA MARTINEZ AT 17

I think that the future will present us with many good dancers. There is a great deal of afición now in Spain. There are quantities of girls who, having started with sevillanas, are now involved in flamenco dance. Just in Sevilla there have recently flourished a number of dance academies and these appeal now to a wider segment of the population. Something that helps very much is the dance competitions. These are interprovincial and, sometimes, national competitions that are good incentives, particularly for young people who are starting to study seriously.

JALEO: How do you see the entry of some of these people into professional dance?

ANA: The idea is attractive, but it is hard, requires sacrifice, and who knows if it will offer much future to a girl. It's difficult, as it is in classical ballet.

PACO: The real difficulty is that there isn't enough work, so there can't be a future in it for many people. Also there are no criteria for determining who is and who isn't a professional. The tablaos don't choose quality. They often pick a girl because of her appearance and because she can dance a bit of soleá and alegría. Also, the demand for male dancers is far less than for females, which is one of the reasons there are, overall, few male dancers in flamenco.

ANA: In Sevilla, while at a few parties, we saw a large number of young kids, nine to fifteen, who were dancing some



ANA AND PACO PERFORMING IN VALENCIA 1967



ANA MARTINEZ AT 17 WITH NIÑO DE BRENES



(LEFT TO RIGHT) ANTONIO AMAYA, PACO, LA CHUNGA, MARIA AMAYA, JULIO AND MIGUEL



1976 PERIOD



ACTION SHOT OF ANA IN PERFORMANCE IN VALENCIA 1967

of the more serious dances, not just sevillanas, and also some classical Spanish dance. In five to eight years I think there will be a large number of good dancers from among those who are now studying in dance academies.

JALEO: How do you distinguish between a bailaora and a bailarina? Are there qualities one of these needs that the other doesn't?

ANA: The "bailaora" is flamenco and often more an improvised than a studied dancer. The "bailarina" studies dance and may have a classical base. She probably does regional dance as well. Both need technique, but a bailaora I think needs more inspiration. In essence, a bailaora should carry her interest and feeling for flamenco almost innately and, because of that, be able to improvise with ease. However, a bailaora without technique may feel it, but not be able to do it well. You have to have both of these things (technique and feeling).

JALEO: Who do you feel are doing good things in and for dance?

ANA: I always liked Carmen Mora. I like Gades and Antonio Ruiz. As a bailaora, I like Matilde Coral very much. Farruco too. In the Spanish classical style, I like Angel Pelice.

JALEO: What do you suggest to the dance aficionado? What do you think is a good base?

ANA: First she must truly like it and not merely learn a dance or two with the objective of dancing and earning money. Work on the barre is very important, as it gives flexibility; some classical ballet training is very good too.

PACO: Whether dance or guitar, we are talking about flamenco and its three branches -- cante, dance, and guitar. Any girl who studies in an academy and can't be emotionally moved by singing will never dance well. How could she even be inspired?

ANA: What is very important is that the dancer practice with a guitarist as soon as she has the rudiments learned. To dance with guitar accompaniment at an early stage is very necessary. Listen to a lot of singing too, in order to get the feeling for flamenco. Go to Sevilla or, at least, Andalucía and spend time there to get the "aire".

JALEO: What difference to your dancing does it make to have a singer?

ANA: I dance 50% better when someone is singing. Dancing really should be done with cante -- they go together. Of course, for dancing, a singer has to have good rhythm. I always had singing accompaniment as a girl and I've had it most of my professional years.

JALEO: What about your father?

ANA: At seventy-four he still sings and he still has a very good voice. He has his own style. Marchena brought him out. His first job was with Marchena's company when he was seventeen. He is a real artist; he doesn't only do it for money, he likes to sing at any time. He is a rounded singer; he sang, and sings well por seguiriya, soleá, very well in the fandangos of El Sevillano, and in the granainas and malagueñas.



ANA MARTINEZ, PACO DE LUCIA, PACO DE MALAGA, JOSE ANTONIO



PACO AND ROMERITO DE JEREZ EN A FESTIVAL PUERTO SANTA MARIA



LEBRIJANO WITH JOSE ANTONIO



ANA MARTINEZ



SEGOVIA AND PACO DE MALAGA AT A FIESTA



SEATED IN BACK: MARIO MAYA, LA CHUNGA, MARIA AMAYA
(FRONT RIGHT) PACO DE MALAGA



ANA MARTINEZ



ANA WITH RUDOLF NUREYEV

STANDING: JUANITO VALDERRAMO, UNIDENTIFIED, DOLORES ABRIL
WITH PACO LOWER RIGHT

ANA, AMY CARTER, JOSE ANTONIO

JALEO: Have we missed any of your flamenco activities in this review?

ANA: As a girl, my father was contracted to do a movie in which I played a part. It was called "Gitanos de España" and was filmed in Paris. Paco and I did a Mexican movie called "Fugitivos en la noche," in which I had to do several dances; Paco composed and played the music for the entire movie.

PACO: In Brazil I was one of our guitarists -- another was Barbosa Lima -- who played in a documentary film for the Giannini luthiers in São Paulo. I also did the music for the Brazilian "Teatro Brasileiro" production of Garcia Lorca's play "Yerma".

JALEO: Who do you like as a guitarist for singing and dancing?

ANA: Paco de Lucía for me is "fuera de serie"; not only is he a brilliant player, but he also gives a lot to his playing; he puts everything he has into it, and he is very sure of himself. As a guitarist I like Sabicas; Ricardo was wonderful. I like the Habichuelas very much. El Rubio accompanies dance very well.

JALEO: Is there any guitarist who has accompanied you who is particularly memorable?

ANA: Guitar in the last few years has changed tremendously. With today's playing style, one dances better. It is more rhythmic and stronger. The guitar has changed so much that comparisons are unfair. Not that many who play today are necessarily better than earlier guitarists, but the rhythmic style played now is something completely different.

JALEO: Paco, what are your comments on guitars? What kinds do you play and own?

PACO: I have an excellent classical/flamenco guitar made by Pedro Contreras (no relation to Manuel Contreras of Madrid) who works for Ramírez. We became friends in Brazil, where he

lived for two years, and at the time he had already worked with Ramírez. Ramírez knows he makes my guitars, but obviously it is difficult to get a guitar of his. I also have a Ramírez classical flamenco and one by Arcangel Fernández, also a classical flamenco. These "nagras" are the type predominating now; they have more volume and strength and will probably displace the traditional cypress guitar. The strings I use are Savarez basses and La Bella for the others.

[About the author: Henry Jova is a flamenco aficionado and guitarist who has studied with Paco de Málaga and also spent time in the flamenco ambiente of Spain.]

* * *

NIGHTLIFE IN MONTREAL

(from: The Montreal Star)

by Charles Lazarus

Chateau Madrid, 368 Mount Royal E., at St. Denis; Ana Martinez and Paco de Malaga; no minimum or cover charge; two shows nightly.

Señor Manolo Sanchez has been operating his Chateau Madrid for many years and one would expect, by now, to have found the authenticity of both the food and flamenco somewhat tattered by time.

The reverse seems to be true. If anything, both the entertainment, menu, atmosphere and decor, from native shawls to stylized Don Quixote's adorning the walls, are as authentic as ever.

This takes considerable determination in a day and age when, all too frequently, ethnic folk dancing takes on the rock style.

The current appearance of dancer Ana Martinez and guitarist Paco de Malaga provide ample proof that it is not necessary to borrow foreign culture in order to maintain popularity.

Miss Martinez' talent for fiery flamenco in the best traditions of southern Spain, is evident as she projects a performance of impressive discipline and artistry: fingers tracing delicate patterns, castanets chattering brazenly as heels and toes drum their tales of shattered romance or a sentimental adventure.

Miss Martinez dances not in the slick and polished style required for an American-style night club. Rather, her strength lies in an uncanny ability to perform in various moods and tempos reflecting the Spanish temperament.

Paco de Malaga, plays a classical Spanish guitar with verve and delicacy. Both in accompanying Miss Martinez and in his own solos, Sr. de Malaga purveys that special Spanish talent of joy and sadness, almost as part of the same emotional experience.

There is no master of ceremonies, no fanfare, no long introductions: Just two artists mounting a simple stage, doing their thing, and doing it excellently.



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A CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH "ALL FLAMENCO
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WRITE OR CALL FOR INFORMATION AND BROCHURE

GASPACHO DE GUILLERMO

FICTITIOUS GUEST

GUILLERMO: Welcome to Denver. Would you mind being interviewed for Jaleo magazine?

GUEST: I don't really have any interest in that. You know that flamenco is something that you do; talk is cheap. All of us love the art of flamenco but why do so many of us get hung up with all of this talk?

GUILLERMO: One of the great problems that flamenco has had is the lack of information about it. Jaleo seems to deal with that problem at least. The dissemination of information can never hurt flamenco.

GUEST: One of the things I am curious about is, "Why do many of the American flamencos go around masquerading as Spanish?" Do they have some kind of identity problem? Don't they like themselves and their true identities?

GUILLERMO: I can't speak for everyone. In my own case it was a question of marketability of a product. The particular chemistry worked so much better that I decided to stay with the name change. That doesn't mean that everyone should change names, nor does it mean that those who do necessarily have an identity crisis; not at all.

GUEST: Don't you think it is a social mask?

GUILLERMO: It can be if taken too seriously, sure.

GUEST: What about the problem of identity then?

GUILLERMO: That's a huge question, isn't it? Let's investigate and explore it. It has tremendous ramifications and is not to be brushed aside as "philosophical" by anyone serious about flamenco. It isn't a question of philosophy or religion, just common sense.

GUEST: The positive side of talking about something is that it helps clear up things. Communication is valuable, I see that.

GUILLERMO: When a baby is born, it has no "orgullo." It does not identify with historical events or characters.

GUEST: Wait a minute. Are you saying that "orgullo" is bad? Be very careful what you say. You know professionals will read this and laugh if you write things that are irresponsible. "Tonterías" have their place but don't overdo it. Besides you don't want to hurt anyone.

GUILLERMO: What is it that gets hurt when someone claims to be hurt?

GUEST: Their soul.

GUILLERMO: I don't think so.

GUEST: What then?

GUILLERMO: Probably the identity, the ego, the image, the concept. It isn't the soul, that's for sure. People get great comfort in knowing who they are, which is an accumulation of facts and events from history told to them by their parents and teachers. Later on this is added to the person's own contributions. This happens all over the world, so then you see the possibility of differing traditions in confrontation with each other.

GUEST: That's where the question of purity comes in. Is there any such thing or was there ever any such thing that is pure?

GUILLERMO: I think purity is a bad thing with a good name.

The purist of today is completely different from the purist of 40 years ago. The purist of today clings to his own experience, even though in his own mind he identifies with his "antepasados." As the old purist dies off, the contemporary purist incorporates. The problem with historians is that usually there is no one alive to disagree with them.

GUEST: That would explain why Ramón Montoya was scorned by many as being revolutionary, and now many view him as being true and pure.

GUILLERMO: If purity were such a good thing then there would be no intermarriage whatsoever. Black with Black, White with White, you know the old Ku Klux Klan excuse: "Racial

purity is America's security." People fortunately see through it by means of their intelligence and intermarry. The only race is the human race. Even so there are plenty who realize this and still cling to the weak purity argument. GUEST: Why do you always bring up the negative side of things? It is a beautiful world that we live in. Why not concentrate on more positive things?

GUILLERMO: You mean sweep the dirt under the carpet? Then the dirt remains. I am well aware that these are very sensitive issues that are easy to sidestep. One of the reasons why I mention them is that they are there, as well as the wondrous beauties of the world. If others begin to discuss and communicate, then it sends a ripple out which eventually deals with these matters of great importance. The great number of long distance phone calls and letters of encouragement I've received mean to me that the readers are extremely interested in subjective observations, since they may apply them to their own lives.

GUEST: So you feel that you have a stake in flamenco merely because you are a human being and flamenco is a human activity.

GUILLERMO: That's it. The flamencos came to the USA in the 40's, 50's and 60's and showed us by example. "The actual, not theoretical, dissemination of culture and subculture from or between one generation and another is -- has always been -- shall always be -- not by instruction, not by command, not by exhortation,...but by EXAMPLE."

* * *

RECORD OF THE YEAR (1981): "COMO EL AGUA"

Camarón de la Isla con Paco de Lucía y Tomatito
(Philips Stereo 63 01 035)

My vote goes to the record, "Como El Agua," as flamenco record of the year. The reasons are obvious: the personnel is first rate and experienced, and the record has lots of vitality. The recording and pressing are very good, as is usual with most Philips records.

The record only has eight selections, which surprised me. [Editor's note: There is a total playing time of only about 14 minutes a side, compared to 18-24 minutes for most other flamenco records -- and Camarón/Paco records are among the most expensive.] Most of the previous Camarón releases have 10 to 12. Each of the selections is very good though, so it is a question of quality, not quantity. All but one cante is credited to Pepe de Lucía. I can't tell whether Pepe is responsible for the letra or the cantes themselves. Even if it is the cante, Camarón interprets them in his own way.

Paco de Lucía is as sharp on this cante album as he has ever been. He always makes it interesting by decorating the accompaniment with the right amount of emotion and technique. Paco's accompaniment is never boring or predictable and is as flamenco as can be. He doesn't confuse purity with conformity.

For the most part Tomatito plays the role of second guitarist on this record. His earlier release with Camarón (Philips 63 28 255 -- "La Leyenda Del Tiempo") features him as first guitarist. I wasn't really expecting more from him in the new record, but I could see how a Tomatito fan might be a bit disappointed. Tomatito is always right on the money, just like Ramón de Algeciras, when accompanying cante or playing second guitar. When Tomatito or Ramón de Algeciras are the back-up guitarist, you never hear the small problems in timing that were heard in some earlier de Lucía recordings with Modrego.

What about Camarón? The guy just keeps singing as if it were the most important thing in his life. We could all learn a lesson in daily life if we approached living with a vitality compared to Camarón's. Technically, Camarón never sings out of tune. The voice, like a violin, has no frets, so cantaores have the additional problem of finding the pitch. Spiritually, Camarón reaches down deep and emits a message to everyone: "Be Here Now."

The message may not sink in right away. Try to enjoy Camarón now! Don't wait until tomorrow's purists declare him worthy.

--Guillermo Salazar

Concert Reviews

FLAMENCO SOLO GUITAR PERFORMED BY RODRIGO

(from: The New York Times, Sunday, May 2, 1982)

by Theodore W. Libbey, Jr.

A flamenco guitarist who performs under the name of Rodrigo appeared at Carnegie Recital Hall on April 24, offering 12 selections characteristic of the flamenco solo guitar repertory. The recital was admittedly something of a sampler, conducted in an atmosphere more formal than that of a high-spirited juerga; nonetheless, the playing had immediacy and a high level of technical sophistication, and generated a fair measure of enthusiasm among the listeners.

The flamenco style is one that, like many forms of specialization, is limiting as well as liberating. The rapid passage work and complex rhythmic structures lend the idiom unmistakable vitality, through certain things that the guitar can do very well -- particularly in melodic ussages, and in the areas of color and nuance -- are not emphasized. Highlights of the program were two rumbas, the Moorish-sounding granainas, and the two concluding works, a seguidilla and piece written by the performer entitled "Alameda Gitana," both of which came across in a highly personal and spontaneous fashion. The first enrore, Malagueña, received a vivid treatment.

* * *

MORCA IN PASADENA

by Ron Spatir

There may have been larger dance troupes in the southland in recent history, and possibly better ones, however, I for one, cannot remember when. The entire performance was carried off by Teodoro and Isabel Morca providing the dancing, Gerardo Alcalá on guitar, and Rubina Carmona cantillating.

The program opened quietly with Gerardo playing some nice smooth bulerías of the Paco de Lucía vintage. As the program developed, Gerardo provided a mixture of traditional and progressive toques and postures to suit. (It will be interesting to observe, twenty years from now, how many of the guitarists, that have adopted the cross-legged position, have had their right legs amputated from lack of circulation.) His compás and coordination with the other members was absolutely impeccable.

The cantes of Rubina were remarkably moving. She is living proof that one does not have to be Andalusian to become a good cantaora if the desire and ability are present.

Isabel in her beautiful costumes was a joy to watch, and Teo has that something in his movements that cannot be explained...only experienced.

The size of the stage and the not so good acoustics detracted slightly and rendered a thinness to the otherwise excellent quality of Gerardo's guitar.

All in all, the rapport with the audience and the overall ambience was perfect. In fact, the only serious criticism I can muster is that only one performance was scheduled in the Los Angeles area. Maybe this situation will be remedied next time.

* * *

GUITARIST SERRANO: ELEGANCE, TASTE AND THE PULSE OF LIFE

(from: Chicago Sun Times, April 13, 1982)

by Robert C. Marsh

Juan Serrano, flamenco guitarist, in a program of his music at International House of the University of Chicago Monday.

During part of my mispent youth I could be found nearly every night at a table in a Portuguese nightclub. I appreciate that, despite many common strands of history and culture, Portugal is Portugal and Spain is Spain, especially when it comes to music. But the memory of those weeks in

Lisbon served me well Monday when Juan Serrano played a program of flamenco guitar music at International House of the University of Chicago.

I enjoyed his playing immensely. He gets a big warm sound from the instrument (which really didn't need to be amplified in such a small hall), and his music is full of the pulse of life in a Latin country. The program consisted of his own compositions and arrangements, which are done with elegance and taste and, naturally, mastery of the style.

It is simply difficult for me to respond fully to this kind of playing in a concert setting. It comes from the heart of the people, the rhythm of their day-to-day thoughts and feelings, and putting it in a concert hall makes it too much of an abstraction. Someone should have been dancing. Clapping hands should have been providing their own rhythmic pulse, and someone should have been passing around a wineskin or two.

The classical guitar takes to the concert hall. Andres Segovia plays baroque dances with the skill of a great antiquarian. Flamenco, he once told me, is noisy cafe music. I take exception, at least, in the case of Serrano. Flamenco, as he realizes it, is popular art requiring a genuinely high level of skill. He and Segovia are both masters of their instruments, and Serrano's tone, unlike that of some flamenco performers I have heard, is always thoroughly refined and musical.

The entire mood of the program changed when, after the final number, Serrano spoke to us. We were a step closer to the nightclub situation. Contact has been established on a new and closer level. Warmed up by his playing, we might, had the opportunity been provided, really thrown ourselves into the passionate spirit of the music.

Not every fine artist necessarily belongs in a concert hall. Not every kind of music is best appreciated in a chaste, recital situation. The smoke and the sweat and the dregs of the winebottle can make their contribution, too. This is not inhibited music, and it is best heard in uninhibiting surroundings.

Lole y Manuel

"OUR BUSINESS IS WITH OURSELVES"

(from: *Pais*, March 21, 1982; sent by Brad and Paca Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Ricardo Dessau and Alfonso Domingo

Andalusians and gypsies, but also lovers of Lennon and rock. Since they appeared on the Spanish music scene in the mid 1970's, Lole Montoya and Manuel Molina have changed substantially the traditional and perhaps fossilized concept of flamenco. The young people follow them fervently, while the older ones, who criticize them, listen to them on the sly. Their controversial ingredient is, surely, an indication of their value.

"I have always been a mediocre guitarist; I believe I am the worst of the guitarists. If I were in charge of giving out diplomas, I wouldn't give myself one. I learn, that's it. I'm an aficionado, 'un tío' who plays the guitar, who likes the guitar. But I don't know how to do arpeggios, I don't know how to do tremolos, I don't picado, I don't know the guitar. I haven't the slightest idea! What happens is that I like music, and nothing else. It has been luck to do fourteen or fifteen songs for La Lole and that the people like them, as do the recording companies. Tío, I am just another musician. Truly, I swear to God! With luck you will like it. Pues, qué bien, I'm glad you like it. Because, if each tío (person) that I meet tells me that I play well, it is a medal that he puts on me, an interior medal that I am not going to put here, that is, on the outside. As a guitarist I am worth nothing. My air 'mi rollo,' my nourishment since I was born has been the guitar, and I have continued supporting myself with the guitar. But I don't want to deceive anybody. Do you understand what I am saying? No? I am not a guitarist who goes about deceiving people, saying that this is done this way because I say so. I don't know

how to play the guitar, and anybody who does can come and teach me and do what he wants."

Manuel Molina speaks like the poet that he is. A gypsy poet, a self-taught poet, who didn't suck his knowledge from the pedantic academic udders, but from his 32 years of life's wanderings, "por los cielos de Sevilla, sembrando negras ortigas, y borrascas de comets" [through the skies of Sevilla, sowing black nettles, and storms of comets]. He speaks and his words have the same freshness as the poems he has written for Lole Montoya -- his wife for seven years; he makes them dance and crackle, with his imposing voice. He speaks like the poet he is: "It is for the poet to drink from the songs of the people, from that old estribillo, and make it new again."

"I have had many influences on my life. There was my father, because my father was a guitarist. Also Caracol, Marifé de Triana -- I'm talking about my childhood, when I was seven or eight years old. I like Marifé better than Concha Piquer, and I adore Concha Piquer. What happens is that, with all respect, Concha wasn't born in Sevilla. Concha sings much better than Marifé, but is not "caliente" [warms up audience] like Marifé. I don't mean to upset anybody by saying this. Also, I like Paco de Lucía and the gypsies of Jerez. Jerez is where they play 'pueblerías' the best [Ed: It is unclear whether Manuel means "bulerías" here, as he says later in the article, or whether he is making a pun of some sort, i.e., "bulerías of the 'pueblo' -- people]; nowhere in the world do they play 'pueblerías' as they do in Jerez; better than anywhere. For me, the more lively the better. You can play very well, but if it isn't lively, then you play very well, but for yourself. In Jerez it is the music that gets you, 'la música te la da a ti.'"

Manuel was born in Ceuta, but it is as if he had been born in Jerez, "because my family, on my father's side, are all from Jerez. But that doesn't mean I am talking about Jerez. It is all the same to me. Let me tell you something: the place where they make the best 'merluza a la vasca' is in Bilbao, a place where I can bring you all you want and it is enough. In the same way, I tell you that the place where they play the guitar por bulerías the best is Jerez de la Frontera. An aire, 'un rollo,' that never loses quality and doesn't hurt your arms. In contrast, in other places, Sevilla for example, it hurts your arms to do palmas because you have to maintain such a velocity and you can't do it. There in Jerez, no, like it or not. Sorry!"

Gypsy of pure stock, Manuel nevertheless, before uniting professionally with the one who would a short time later be his wife, passed through some unorthodox experiences. One of them would be "Smash," a group that, in spite of Andalusian roots, was fully involved in the world of rock. Guitars, but electric, and much percussion.

"Look, I have always said when I enter into a venture: I am going into this because this man knows what he is doing. I always have trusted the person above me. If everybody is doing something, why shouldn't I? So I went into it and was scared to death. But I trusted this guy. And so it was like breath for me. So why shouldn't I get involved with Smash?"

"Besides, music can be written on any kind of paper. What can't be written on paper is the life experience of those who live that music. That is, a black is not the same as a Russian or a Japanese, or a Portuguese. Their experiences are different. There are sounds that nature gives you to assimilate. Or, better than sounds, I would say that nature gives vibrations to each person. Since the black has suffered, 'el tío' shouts, cries out. Those who don't suffer, don't cry out. So you try to do a type of music, Australian for example, I don't know, and it becomes a cold thing because you haven't lived it. The black's thing is a crying out and that is the shout that is theirs. It is an expression that takes the form of a shout, or is transformed into a shout. And for me, that is music. Music is that which you have lived and learned. And what you want to do, of course, because you can have possibilities and not take advantage of them. But you continue being a musician if you were born for it. To whatever degree."

"Neither does music nor art have a national flag. You can't put a flag on art, tío -- what flag are you going to put? Art should have one flag: one flag with two thousand colors."

Now Lole is with us. She is, to put it musically, "moto perpetuo." She doesn't stay quiet for a single moment, or, if she does, what moves, what evaporates into the air is her

soul; as she says, "I am always flying." Under these conditions, one can't sum up her dialogue more than just in passing, especially because Manuel usually becomes the natural spokesman for the duo; it is something that Lole readily admits and Manuel assumes with complete awareness of his role. Manuel is the ideologist of the musical couple known as Lole y Manuel, something that is, to a certain extent, explicit in the words of his companion, "He is always searching, trying to know himself better -- since he was a child. For that reason, lately he has been interested in psychology. On the other hand, I don't want to always know what is not known, and that way I have no remorse. However, I do understand a little of the psychology that Manuel is reading, just as I am beginning to know music, kinds of cars; it is the same as when I read philosophy or study yoga -- I have to give time to each thing or I go crazy."

At twenty-four years of age, Lole had Alba, who is now three. Manuel wrote some verses for his daughter that give rise to the song, "Al calor de la manta," and then to the LP, "Al alba con alegría":

Al calor de la manta sobre mi pecho
duermete, lucerito del firmamento
...al calor de la manta, duerme que duerme
mientras que los limones se ponen verdes.

Alba runs through the living room of the house (in Umbrete, 20 kilometers from Sevilla), climbs the armchairs, and pulls on the beard of her father (for some time, Manuel has been letting it grow). She is the queen and "señora" in the home of the musicians.

Manuel returns to his own childhood: "The first time I sang, I went to Radio Algeciras -- I was six years old -- and my father played the guitar for me. It was a competition between Paco de Lucía and his brother and my father and me; they were Los Chiquitos de Algeciras and I was Manuel Molina. I won the prize. If I had had a good guide -- my father was a good person, but he didn't know how to be my father and also died a short time later -- I could have developed very well. I have always tried to develop the best I could, but I could have done better. That doesn't mean that my life would have changed decisively, but we wouldn't fear the things that people fear when they have been somehow reprimanded or reproved. Study yourself. Study your ideas. If your father was as I think he should be, wonderful! For that reason I am very involved with my daughter; I feel I should be her friend. I became her father by accident; suddenly I was her father!"

Lole y Manuel were born as an artistic couple in 1975. Since then, they have opened new paths in flamenco, making that "flag of two thousand colors" wave over an often exploited and despoiled terrain; that is to say, their strength has been to impregnate their music with resources that are, to a certain extent, foreign to it, but which they have been able to incorporate. This has been their contribution, although they say: "It was our turn. We never have tried to do anything. All we did was make a music that you like because you are a sensitive person."

-- You say you haven't intentionally tried to do anything, which is the same as saying that Lole y Manuel arose almost spontaneously, almost without any elaboration. That might have been so in the beginning, but as you advanced, wouldn't you head toward more elaboration, thinking a little more about what you were doing?

"Our greatest elaboration was the first elaboration. The first song we did was the best and had the best elaboration of anything we have done in our life. Because it was the first discovery. And because we didn't take it as an everyday thing. Although there can be no doubt that if there weren't something of our daily life in all of our songs, it would be because we were dead. But we didn't take it as something that happens and that's it; our first song has the same love, the same painstaking care, the same responsibility and the same what have you as our last. No more nor less than the last. Nevertheless, there is something that could give the appearance of a difference in elaboration between each of our records and that is: The first record we made was "Nuevo Día," the second, "Pasaje al agua." And what happened was that the second had drums and electric guitar. The third record, which was "Romero verde" had a lot of rehearsal, and the last record, "El alba con alegría," had drums and a lot of rehearsal..."

As singers, Lole y Manuel don't believe in compromising themselves for others: "We do things for ourselves...we are

not going to worry about whether you like what we do; we are convinced that you will like it!

And if you don't like it, at least you will understand perfectly that we had good intentions. That is, it is very different to say, 'that is worthless,' than it is to say, 'I don't like that, but I don't know if it is good or not; I don't like it, so I can't give an opinion.' We would prefer this latter, that you can't make sense out of our music, than to have you say it is 'una porquería' (a revolting mess; fit for pigs)."

-- There might come a day when Lole y Manuel don't please, maybe not you or me, but a majority of the public. Or perhaps a problem with communication rather than giving pleasure. Perhaps it is an absurd suggestion, but what would happen then?

"The day that we don't communicate with the public, you can be sure that we will come home the happiest people in the world. Although, perhaps not so happy, because if we find sometime that we are uncomfortable with the public and they are uncomfortable with us, we are going to be uncomfortable all of our life. So we would stop it before it could grow worse."

-- Do you prefer direct contact with the public or making records?

"We enjoy the work of making records. With a live audience, if we make a mistake, if something comes out poorly, we can't go back. It is one thing to go out and play on stage and, if you are out of tune, you tune up before you begin to play, and it is a different thing to not worry about whether you are in tune or not because you know that if it doesn't come out well you can do it over."

Record making, working in the studio, the technical possibilities that are offered in recording, are things Manuel loves: "The only thing that I would like now would be to have a studio. I have to make a living somehow and what I would like to do is make a studio, to make a studio in my house, not in Sevilla. It is very difficult for a recording company to say, 'Do your thing here,' and then not worry, knowing that one hour in the studio costs you 8,000 pesetas -- just the studio, without talking about musicians or anything else. So if necessary, I will put a gas generator in my house so we will have electricity."

In the living room we can hear the sounds of silverware, dishes, and glasses; they are setting the table. It is time for lunch. Pilar, the kind secretary who made this interview possible, takes the small Alba from the arms of her father. Lole follows. Manuel returns to making sounds on the guitar, his inseparable guitar whose notes have been mixed with the words throughout this drawn out, friendly appointment in Umbrete. Manuel reveals two last reflections. The first: "Music is like the clouds above to which not everybody has access. There are those who take eighteen hours to get to Madrid from here because they go by way of the coast, and there are those who know how to go in six hours. The same thing happens with music. It is exactly the same as life; there are those who have the art of living and those who do not."

The second, more personal, and perhaps an unexpected revelation: "I have always said that I shouldn't have lived in this time period. I should have lived centuries earlier or centuries later. I don't know how many centuries, but this is not my time. I don't like it. Neither am I capable of taking my own life; I can't do it, I don't have the guts. Also, it doesn't interest me to quit this life, because, where am I going to go, tío? It is a continual question."



VI Gazpacho Andaluz de Morón de la Frontera

(from: FISL Newsletter; Oct. 1968)

by Brook Zern

[Editor's note: We reprint here a report on a festival that took place almost fourteen years ago in Spain. You might wonder at our reasons. First, it is an early festival that took place before the explosion and commercialization of the festival phenomenon. Second, Brook Zern's writing is always entertaining and in this article he hits a number of nails on the head and makes some amazing observations that time has borne out. It should also be refreshing to the readers to see a point of view that is different from the ones we get from the Spanish newspaper critics.]

Well, we did it again. My wife and I survived another Gazpacho de Morón--our fourth in a row yet! We still haven't gotten it down to a science in the manner of guitarist Bob Haynes, for example, who paid his five dollars for a ticket, listened to the first singer warming up, and decided to go home and sleep. That was perhaps the most flamenco thing of the evening. At any rate, remembering last year's frigid night air which made us miserable all night, we both wore extra-heavy clothes. The temperature never dipped below ninety-three, which made us miserable all night. Still, it was a welcome relief from the daytime temperatures which were 112 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade (and in Morón you're lucky to find enough shade to fit a thermometer into.)

Among those present at the event were the Don Pohrens, nattily outfitted in the latest Gazpacho wear. Asked to comment on the progress of the affair, Mr. Pohren smiled broadly and said, "t@-a@#" which seemed to sum up the situation just perfectly. Also present were the Pohren's house guests, known to their friends as Los Finkos de Espartero. Another face spotted was that of art dealer Jay Kantor of Chicago and New York. Mexican playboy Chris Carnes was gied in the company of a statuesque brunette identified only as "Moreen." All in all a marvelously smashing evening.

Oh, the music. Well, you can't have everything.

The morning after the VI Gazpacho Andaluz de Morón de la Frontera: The Gazpacho broke up with the dawn, but we stayed riveted to our seats. (After seven hours in a sharp wooden chair you can't just get up.) We considered the inevitable artistic failure of the event. La Fernanda and La Bernarda saved the night with soleares and bulerías, respectively. (One enthusiastic American stated that the sisters could never give a bad performance. I told him that the loudest, most listless flamenco I ever saw was by these same sisters in Madrid's Villa Rosa tablaro last year, for an admittedly uncomprehending audience of tourists. If I recall correctly, they weren't exactly "a gusto" at the N.Y. World's Fair either.)

What else? Well, the poignant dedication to La Niña de los Peines, now desperately ill and with her mind almost gone. She was not there, nor was her husband Pepe Pinto who had to be with her. The Andalusians tend to go overboard when they turn to poetry, but the directness of a poem to "la gran Pastora" was striking:

Por las esquinas de un viento
que acaricia cuando sopia
se está muriendo un lamento
hecho mujer y hecho copla...

Diego himself, despite all the nonsense about his "drinking himself to death" (noted in a past issue of FISL and elsewhere among people who have never seen how a real flamenco lives) was really grooving on the guitar (far more so this year than last, when the whole damn Gazpacho was dedicated to him, but he didn't feel like playing well--or it was too cold). A beautiful picture was that of Diego accompanying, flanked by nephew Agustín Ríos, who is already a superb jondo guitarist, and nephew Juan del Gastor, who is no soloist-composer, but who accompanies beautifully (without being obtrusive on the singer, as Diego must inevitably be at times when his genius gets out of hand) and nephew Dieguito, who was nowhere to be found two years ago, but who has suddenly appeared as potentially the most creative inheritor of the Morón school of guitar. Waiting in the wings was the incredible Paco del Gastor, another nephew of course, who had come down from his Madrid "actuación" (gig) to visit, but who didn't play despite the program notes. Paco has been hung up on concert-style playing for a few years. From what I've heard of him lately, he still doesn't have much in the way of unimportant techniques (arpeggio) or junky techniques (tremelo), and he still has the extremities that count (aside from those which are the most important, I mean thumb and picado). Nonetheless, D. Pohren in his last book demoted him from jondo to concert guitarist, with some reason. "Ozu," if Diego had had a son!

Jose Menese did his thing, which is to sing the deepest possible songs in the loudest possible voice. The year that I couldn't afford a ticket and had to watch from the fence, this was much appreciated, but from up close Menese doesn't make it, even though he waves his arms real good. For five years now I've heard that he will really be great next year, and I haven't heard much improvement. But to be fair, I've never heard him at really close range, in a juerga. I'd fear for my eardrums. Why does Jose Menese wear make-up?

Juan Peña "El Lebrijano" also failed to convince, despite (or because of) the road show he brought along: a dancing girl named Mariquilla, whose fancy-costume bit tended to lower the Gazpacho towards the nether realm of theatrical flamenco, than which it's still much better. A baby-faced gypsy guitarist (maybe named Pedro Montoya) with an electrical wrist (using Juan Maya's triplet-rasgado technique of down-with-all-fingers-at-once; down-with-the-thumb; up-with-the-thumb, to such excess that the guitar sounded like a banjo). Lebrijano isn't really a bad singer, but...

The great disappointment for those in the know was El Chocolate. Friends, this guy is a flamenco singer all the way up the scale. Dark, black-eyed, light-absorbing except when he opens his mouth and the gold tooth shines out, dressed fit to kill when he can afford it, and possessed, and unhappy, and friendless, and manic-depressive like many other unbent gypsies, Chocolate is flamenco. One implication of this is that he will be inconsistent, which here means probably lousy. Sure enough, he was so weak this night por siguiriyas that he promptly retreated out of his own cante gitano into the relative safety of romeras, tarantas, malagueñas and such Andalusian cantes. Even here he was not producing. I had skipped the earlier Festival of Cante in

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Mairena del Alcor because I was sure Chocolate could never sing outside of a juerga situation. So naturally he tore the place apart, winning all the awards of the evening in the process. I couldn't help thinking that Chocolate is sort of like the bullfighter Curro Romero, whom we have followed about mindlessly through endless disgraceful performances just so we might be present when he turns on, even for just a few passes (as he did in Seville in late August, in what the newspaper critic, too, saw as passes for the history books).

For those who were not Chocolate fans -- and he has far more detractors than you could believe possible -- the great disappointment of the evening was Franconetti! Yes, the name of the immortal Silverio lives on. (For those of you who haven't done your homework in Pohren's essential book, *Lives and Legends of Flamenco*, Silverio Franconetti was the son of an Italian and an Española, lived in Morón long, long ago, and was very nearly the greatest singer of his era, as well as the greatest non-gypsy singer who ever lived.) His great-grandson (or whatever), young Aurelio Franconetti, appears to be almost pure gypsy, as I am told the family has become through successive marriages. What with that sort of introduction, everyone was disappointed at the lack-luster music he made. He was evidently frightened, having sung much better while warming up in the Bar Pepe. The American flamencos, who spend much time convincing themselves that flamenco is not genetic and that you don't need to "carry it in the blood," were nonetheless damn surprised and even disappointed to hear Aurelio flop. I hope he makes it someday.

El Farruco, the only dancer who can ignore the stage and dance for himself in public, was very fine, even when he tried a few silly José Greco acrobatics just to show the dancing girl he existed. In a juerga, Farruco is a fabulous dancer. Ansonini, a local talent, did a fine dance thing, too. He sings beautifully, and has carloadz of gracia.

Little old Joselero, who is taken for granted as part of the Morón everyday scene, did more this evening than some of the higher-priced artists; Perrate was not at his best; Luis Caballero did some nice Andalusian songs; local bar owner Pepe Palomo impressed everybody except me and some other Americans with his "payco" (non-gypsy) rendition of a gypsy siguiriya.

Antonio Mairena, considered among most respectable Spanish and foreign aficionados as the greatest flamenco singer of this age, was at the Gazpacho after years of absence. Gossip was that he got paid 25,000 pesetas (over \$350) for his trouble, while other stars got only 10,000 and the local artists just over 1,000. Is Mairena the greatest singer of this age? I prefer to think that we are between ages. Right now, he is not only the most knowledgeable singer alive -- by a wide margin -- but also the singer with the greatest vocal ability. His command of the music is complete. Mairena possesses his music totally. But his music doesn't possess him, and this is what I go looking for in a singer. It is not that Mairena is immune to the feeling of duende -- the state that transforms a singer into a necessary outlet for a natural force -- but that he seems to lack the will to abandon himself to this force. Mairena usually seems to me to give a "majestic lesson in the cante" (to use the Spanish newspaper critic's enthusiastic phrase) when I would rather hear him just sing.

From all the above remarks I would now hasten to exempt

Mairena's bulerías. As we finally got up to leave the Gazpacho, Mairena's last bulerías were echoing around us. They had made all his powerful singing por siguiriya and por martinetes seem flat by comparison, and had delighted everyone.

Then from behind the stage there came the faint but insistent sound of bulerías compás being knuckled on a table: knock-knock; knock-knock; Mairena was going to wail, and wail he did. Twenty minutes of the finest bulerías you could ever hope to hear. Mairena, singing and dancing and making everyone embarrassed for having left him out of previous Gazpachos. Just a few people around, the sun coming up, a nasty Spanish woman trying in vain to stop us from trampling her plants as we crowded around.

It was very beautiful there, and the hot days and the intestinal medicines all seemed worth it. Mairena dances beautifully and revealingly por bulerías. As you watch the subtle delicacy and the almost feminine grace in his hands and his wrists, you realize what might cause his difficulties in the great songs, where a man must deliver every bit of himself and his masculinity to succeed totally: Mairena is too refined, too sensitive for this primitive ritual with its sexual core. For me, Mairena is the great singer of festive cantes of our time, as great in his way as La Niña de los Peines was in hers. In this Gazpacho, dedicated to her, he seemed to be making this claim, and proving it.

Strange things can happen in flamenco situations. Mairena was joined by a singer who was every bit as magnificent as he was in the bulerías -- only bulerías, all bulerías -- of this hot dawn. No, not La Bernarda, who is known to all as the great female singer of these songs. It was a lovely little woman who said that she didn't sing, that she forgot all her songs, that her voice was gone. Her name was La Perrata; she was the mother of guitarist Pedro Peña who was playing at the time. It seemed odd. We all know that flamenco is dying as an inherited tradition, and that the number of fine singers can be counted on one's fingers. Yet here was a woman who had never sung, or thought of singing, outside of her own house. And she had immediately, in the minds of everyone there, joined the tiny elite who can sing flamenco as it should be sung. For maybe an hour she alternated with the professorial Mairena, this wizened and beautiful housewife. Then she left, and went back to her house. And Antonio left, and we left. "son cosas del arte."

Across the street we saw Diego. He had left after seeing Mairena begin. Many of the Americans followed him faithfully, missing the strange fiesta. Diego sat down with Pepe Palomo, who continued his non-gypsy recital of gypsy songs, and Diego accompanied for just as long as Mairena was singing. Why? Well, in the brotherhood of flamenco there is not much brotherhood, and the petty jealousies and conflicts that we all know seem to get pettier as some of the artists get greater. The greatest guitarist and the greatest singer are no exceptions, and Diego and Mairena resent one another with an infantile enthusiasm. The awkwardness penetrates the whole Morón community, with Americans (who can be pretty nasty themselves at times) forced to choose between antagonizing one or another admired performer. We won't even consider the changing convolutions of affections that permeate all levels of the scene, but leave the matter with this aviso. And that's the way it was, August 24th 1968.

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Pastora Pavón

"La Niña de los Peines"

(1890-1969)

La Petenera se ha muerto
y la llevan a enterrar.
No cabe por las calles
la gente que va detras.

(from: FISL Newsletter, May/June, 1970) by A. Vollandó

Last winter (1969), after a long illness, Pastora Pavón, greatest of all cantaores, finally died. The legendary "Niña de los Peines," intimate of great flamencos, acquaintance of princes, adored of aficionados, is no more. With her also died another part of the dwindling memory of flamenco's "Golden Age," the era of great artists and great personalities, of which she was, perhaps, the foremost. She was a Sevillana, and in true "estilo sevillano," ardent and colorful, she had lived her rich and varied life.

Pastora was born of gypsy parents on an obscure street in Sevilla's barrio of San Román, a parish distinguished only by its possession of the image of the Virgen de los Gitanos. She continued to live most of her life in her native city. At an early age, she and her brother, Tomás, began to sing professionally in taverns, first in Sevilla, then in several cities in the north. Pastora was a phenomenal success and eventually entered the glittering world of the cafe cantante. Her early specialty was the tango and she is said to have earned her nickname, "Niña de los Peines," from the famous tango "Peinate tu con mis peines," which became associated with her in the early years. In her youth Pastora knew intimately most of the great cantaores of the first part of this century, and her long love affair with Manuel Torre probably left a deep impression on her later cante.

In her prime, Pastora's name was synonymous with the colorful and disreputable world of the Alameda de Hercules. Now a second-class neighborhood of shabby, once-grande houses, the Alameda was then the center of Sevilla's lively night life and the last remnant of the now mythical Andalusian world of juerqa, cante, and toros. In this atmosphere, Pastora's flamboyant taste and exuberant spirit were entirely at home. Basically ugly, she dazzled all with the pride and confidence of her carriage, the brilliance of her smile and, of course, with her cante.

In 1933, "La Niña" married the well-known malagueño, Pepe Pinto, in ultra-Sevillian style, that is, at the feet of the Virgen de la Macarena. She was to remain with Pepe until his own death shortly before her own.

With the decline of the Alameda and the loss of interest in gypsy cante, Pastora began to experience difficulties. In 1949, she made her last attempt to reach the public in an expensive theatrical presentation in which she starred. The show was a disaster. Enraged and disappointed, she retired from public life, singing only at gatherings of friends. She made a brief appearance at a 1961 performance in her honor, but was otherwise rarely seen except as she sat, dressed in black and wearing dark glasses, outside her husband's tavern, the Bar Pinto, on Sevilla's Plaza Campana. Late in 1969, Pepe died. Pastora followed him by only a few months. The loss to the flamenco world is, of course, incalculable.

The greatest homage we can pay Pastora now is to love and understand her particular kind of cante and the flamenco spirit from which it sprang. She was that rarest of rarities, a cantaor who sang everything and sang it not only well, but magnificently. Her enormous repertoire ran the gamut from the most serious to the most frivolous cantes and reflected her long association with some of the most knowledgeable cantaores of all times, in particular, Manuel Torre and her brother, Tomás. She stood in the tradition of both the singers of Triana and those of the province of Cádiz. This broadening of stylistic horizons was widespread in the period of the cafe cantante as widely traveled professional singers, rather than local specialists, became the central figures of the flamenco world.

There was a basic difference in Pastora's renditions of cante grande as versus her cante chico. She was conservative in her attitude towards the great cantes and sang them

straight and unembellished, following the stylistic examples of Manuel and Tomás. Many old songs probably owe their preservation to her remarkable memory, just as others owe their revival and engrandisement to her deeply creative brother. In contrast, Pastora's own creative abilities were spent on the lighter styles. She transformed simple Andalusian folksongs like the Petenera and Bambera, into cantes of stylistic richness and nostalgic depth. Her cante chico sparkled with wit and humor. She was one of the finest singers of bulerías, and reigning queen of the tango. Her artistry was infallible and she alone seemed capable of transforming the otherwise insipid styles of the "Latin American period" into something flamenco.

Much of the appeal of Pastora's cante can be attributed to her remarkable voice. Though raspy and nasal in her later years, it always remained extraordinarily flexible. To study her old recordings is to become aware of notes that are more felt than heard, so subtly and swiftly are they introduced into trills and arabesques. This sheer technical perfection makes imitation of her personal renditions a formidable task for any singer. But more importantly, the spirit of her cante was unique. A woman of great energy, Pastora's delivery was characterized by a note of defiance and restlessness, as if some great source of power were being contained and released in sudden bursts. In her ardor and tension she contrasted sharply with her brother, Tomás (whose voice is similar and stylistic predilection identical), for Tomás' cante is essentially serious, even solemn. (Compare, for instance, recordings by Pastora and Tomás of the same soleares of Sarneta.)

American lovers of the cante owe Pastora a particular debt. In a time when flamenco was little heard and less understood in this country, the international fame of la Niña de los Peines made her one of the few flamenco artists known here. We eagerly awaited her voice on Pru Devon's "Hights in Latin America" and treasured the scratchy copies of her old 78's. She represented the world of the "true cante" which we knew existed, but knew nothing else about. How fortunate, indeed, that the earliest object of our desire and adoration should have been that paragon of artistry, the great Pastora. Pastora, gracias.

Old recordings of the voice of Pastora Pavón have been reissued on EMI Regal, 1 J040-20, 077 M; Odeon 7EPL 13.228; and Odeon 7BPL 13.355. The cante of Tomás Pavón can be heard on Gramafono-Odeon EPL 14.289. An unusual record by Pepe Pinto, probably the greatest of his long career, was made shortly before his death. It is called, prophetically, "Homenaje de Pepe Pinto" (a Tomás y Pastora Pavón), on Discophon S.C.2.040. Antonio Nunez, "El Chocolate," recognized heir to the Pavón school of singing, has made numerous recordings for Hispavox.

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The Mastery of Fosforito and Chaqueton's Great Evening in Vallecas

(from: *El Pais*, March 31, 1982; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Roberto Vazquez)

by A. Alvarez Caballero

Last weekend the Peña Fosforito held its third annual reunion of cante at Puente de Vallecas, naturally with the performance of the titular cantaor and others, both amateur and professional.

The great firmness was Fosforito, of course. At this point, after a quarter century of being the first figure of the cante, everything about Fosforito has been said. He was brilliant, as always, in all the styles that he touched: alegrías, soleares, tarantos, tientos and tangos, bulerías. We had not heard Fosforito for some time, and it seems to us that the cantaor is still the same. This can be taken as praise or reproach. As praise, inasmuch as it supposes a permanency in a line of indisputable formal quality, the voice always powerful and flamenca, with all the resources of a long and wise experience; as a reproach, inasmuch as Fosforito puts everything at the service of a personal stereotype that repeats itself time and time again, not only in the modulation of the voice, but in the gestures, the tics, in the apparent feeling, in such a way that emotion remains distant in something that appears rehearsed even in its trivial details.

For Carmen Linares, the art of the "jipio" is in her cry. Her deep voice, which frequently breaks forth unmercilessly, is tremendously effective for that cante with passionate abandonment and exasperation. She does it without ever losing her part and with a formidable ability to attract the audience. Later, when the spirit cools and one calmly meditates about what was heard, one asks oneself if the cante of this woman is as great as it seemed to us while hearing her.

Chaquetón is, for me, the present young master of the styles of Cádiz. Each new performance of his reaffirms this belief. Saturday evening, his granaina and the malagueña del Mellizo and las alegrías were exemplary. I don't think that, at the present time, there is a cantaor that can offer such an ample repertory and with such a variety of hues por alegrías as this man of great humanity and a natural voice -- round, able to go from almost the whisper to the scream, without an unwanted twist.

Salako de Córdoba presented a sad spectacle on stage -- trying to be funny at all costs. He made a mockery of a poem by Miguel Hernández in a bulerías, a characteristic that marked all his cante, except perhaps in a soleares where he showed himself more moderate. Several aficionados of the Peña Fosforito also sang, with better or worse luck, but all with great desire to please. An evening of the various hues, of which, if we were asked to summarize, we would say: the wonder of the malagueña and alegrías of Chaquetón, the cry of Carmen Linares, the controlled mastery of Fosforito. And the great guitar of Enrique del Melchior.

El Oido

NEWS FROM OUR MEMBERS

Los Angeles: Members of the Morca Flamenco Theater made the rounds of the Los Angeles flamenco scene during their stay in the area. The show at the Espartacus was great fun -- very upbeat. Talegón is a show in himself -- a veritable "flamenco orchestra." The show at El Cid is beautiful -- a real "meat and potatoes" show. Marcos is playing beautifully. (From Teo Morca)

Canada: The Toronto based group "Los Hispanicos," under the direction of Maximiliano, will be appearing seven days a week at Canada's Wonderland. Performances are on International Street, between 12 and 6 in the afternoons. The theme park is open all summer. The dancers are accompanied by guitarists Marry and David Dwen. "Los Hispanicos" will also perform at night at the Palais Royale in the month of August. (From Maximiliano)


ANDA JALEO

IN APPRECIATION OF THOSE, WHO THROUGH THEIR CONTINUED CONTRIBUTION, KEEP JALEO GOING.

by Juana De Alva


Last month, in the Junta Report, our treasurer, Elizabeth Ballardo, was recognized for her contribution to the Jaleistas organization over the past three years. I intend to use this space to highlight other members who have made an invaluable, ongoing contribution to Jaleo.

Guitarist Tony Pickslay "Antonio Del Mar" offered his computer services to update and print our mailing labels over three years ago. Since that time -- without fail -- he has delivered the computerized print-out, in zip code order, every month, for every issue. It is this kind of dependable and consistent contribution that keeps Jaleo going where other flamenco publications have fallen by the wayside.




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LETTERS

(Continued from Pg. 5)

BOTAS O ZAPATILLAS

Dear Jaleo:

After reading about Menkes for boots by one of your readers, we decided to send away for a pair of boots. We dutifully sent a letter asking for some sort of catalogue of other things the store may have plus a check and respective details. Two weeks later a huge box arrived. Inside was 1 pair of boots? -- more like zapatillas. They looked like boots without a heel with some sort of ripple sole on the bottom and were quite soft. When they were put on, the toes stuck up. This on top of paying \$12 customs duty (reduced from \$27 after a heated phone call to Customs). So what to do? I made an expensive phone call to Spain and was asked what model of shoe we had received. How should we know? There was not a letter, receipt, absolutely nothing but boots and tissue paper in this super large box. After much discussion I was informed that boots were now 5,200 pesetas plus 500 pesetas for mailing. They had no printed details or any sort of catalogue but had various castanets at various prices.

Anyway the boots are on their way back with another check and we await hopefully for the return of proper boots. You may like to amend the price you print in Jaleo for Menkes boots. The lady I spoke to over the phone informed me that ladies shoes were 3,900 pesetas plus 500 pesetas for posting and they had two heel sizes -- unfortunately I didn't understand the sizes. We'll wait for the boots before we send away for anything else.

I notice the ladies' costumes in Spain are changing, becoming softer. How about an article soon on the new costumes? I'm not sure that I like them as much as the older ones, the older ones are much easier to dance and move in and look pretty with the nylon frills, however I think we need to change and keep up with what is happening in Spain.

I'm disappointed that Tep Morca didn't come to Australia, after all he went to New Zealand which is right next to us and I'm sure that he would have been astonished at the reception he would have received from flamenco-starved Australians here. Perhaps next time.

At some stage I intend to get myself organized, especially with winter coming and the hope of juergas in the air, to send updates to Jaleo of what is happening, not just here but in other parts of Australia as well.

Los Flamencos is still working in a Greek restaurant, and we are working most Saturday nights. The one and only Spanish restaurant with a flamenco floorshow has closed and that is sad -- all due to financial problems. Nevertheless we still try to do our bit and hope that one day the right venue for us will open. Also sad is that Los Flamencos has lost two of its female dancers due to internal problems. However, the group is now actually stronger because the ones who are left are the ones who are serious about what they are doing and we have pulled together very well.

yours sincerely,
veronica Hood
Clarence Park, South Australia

JUAN SERRANO IN CHICAGO

Dear Jaleo:

Serrano concertized in a church on Fullerton Avenue -- or could he have been playing in the Mezquita de Córdoba? My first encounter with this tocaor, a giant among guitarists -- creativity, musicality, jondo, compás... I doubt if there is a better player of tientos than he, not to mention tarantos, soleares, and fandangos.

This was Juan's second recital in the Chicago area. For his third (a series) he will be performing at Sarat College, Lake Forest, with Pascual Olivera and Angela del Moral. Jaleo readers are familiar with these names as of recent issues. Serrano has Cacharrito de Málaga (Juan Pacheco) as cantaor. (I hope to have some material on Cacharrito to send to Jaleo.)

Best wishes,
George Ryss
Freeport, NY

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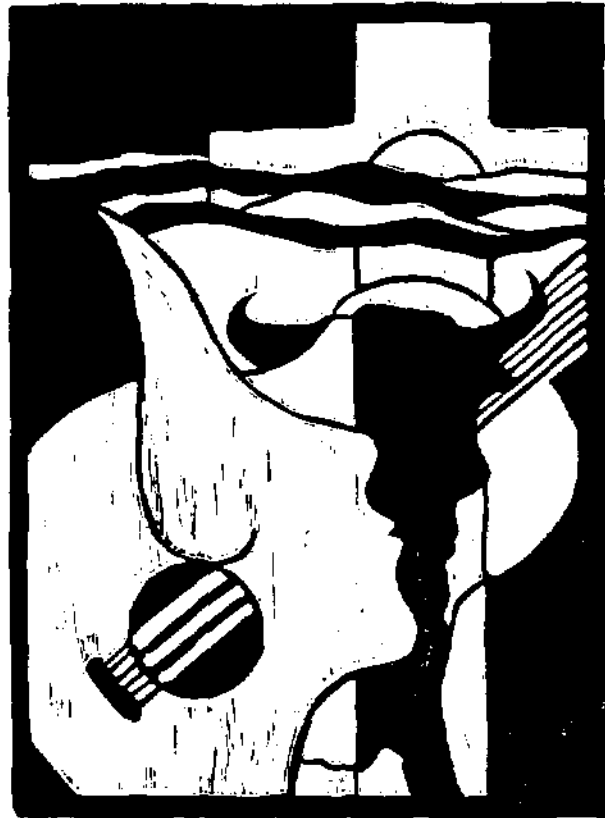
Dear Jaleo:

I am trying to obtain as many back issues of Jaleo as I can, because I feel that your magazine is the only one of its kind, and I want to learn and understand as much about flamenco as possible. Nowhere have I found a publication as good and as informative as yours.

I have a modest collection of flamenco albums (and I am constantly searching for more). Since I have a tape cassette recorder, I would be glad to tape some flamenco music and send them to you if some flamenco aficionados out in the boondocks have no access to flamenco records and tapes. I will not charge anything because it will be a pleasure to share what I have with others who are not so fortunate to have the music that I have. I must warn you, however, that I have quite a few records by Manitas de Plata (who I adore regardless of what others say and think), Carlos Montoya, Paco Peña, and a beautiful album of Andalusian folk music sung by the late Niño de Almadén and played by Mario Escudero. This album was offered at only \$2.95, and it is an absolute treasure. Good luck with the magazine (and save some back issues for me).

Stan Peters
Arlington, VA

[Editor: readers may write to Stan care of Jaleo.]

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Juergas Across The Nation



LEFT TO RIGHT: PEPE ROMERO, DORCAS GOODWIN, MRS. LONG

JUERGA IN FLORIDA

by H. E. Huttig II

Pepe Romero recently presented the Concierto de Aranjuez with the Piedmont Chamber orchestra of Miami Beach. While in Miami, Pepe stayed with Al Kunze, concert guitarist and opera singer, in an old estate on Snapper Creek. This was the basis for one of several celebrations, a juerga in the tropical patio, lit with oil lamps and moonlight. A paella was prepared by H. E. Huttig from recipes learned in the suburbs of Valencia, Spain. Pepe was recovering from an accident to his foot which left him in no condition to dance the zapateado, but he got around very well with little discomfort.

The paella was started at five in the afternoon and guests began to arrive from as far away as Tampa, Florida. Among the first were the Dick Longs, guitarists and composers, and their friend, Mark Switzer, classic guitarist. As the evening progressed, a rocket was fired to indicate the paella was

ready. By then Juan Mercadal, and Iris, Hugh Scott-Kerr and Lois Nevin and Dorcas Goodwin were on hand. Bob and Susy Ruck were present as they were staying in the "Castaways" guest room, an adjunct of Kunze's home. (Ruck is a justly famous luthier and also a talented player of classic and flamenco guitar.)

Celedonio and Angelita Romero arrived (father and mother of Pepe) and were greeted with rockets and other fireworks. Carisa, Pepe's secretary and girl Friday danced to alegrías. Lois Nevin sang sevillanas, Hart and Chico Taylor played and sang Mexican and Cuban folk songs. Angelita played castanets to accompany Pepe and others. Celedonio both played guitar and also recited poetry in a style reminiscent of Garcia Lorca. Juan Mercadal showed Celedonio a replica of the 1923 Estes, the guitar that he brought to Miami on his first visit.

With sangria, music and fireworks, the evening drew to a close. The oil lamps had gone out one by one and dawn was breaking as the last guests retired to their various lodgings. It was generally conceded that Al Kunze threw a juerga that would be hard to top. The weather cooperated and the collection of talents was outstanding. We all look forward to Pepe's next Miami visit.



CELEDONIO ROMERO PLAYING REPLICA OF A 1923 ESTES

JUERGA IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

by Halcyon Ida

¿Juerga? ¡Sí! ¿Como No? Announcing the birth of The Flamenco Society of Northern California. It seems that when Mariano Córdoba and Anita Sheer, maestros of flamenco guitar get together with people like dancer-singer Pilar Sevilla, and guitarists Dona Reyes and Luis Angel, something creative has to happen. Last Wednesday night (April 28th) at Jess' El Jardín Restaurant in Los Gatos, the first juerga was held. There was an overflow group of aficionados. They were standing, spilling down the stairs, and into the next room.

Highlights of that first juerga were too many to detail. But the group responded with gritos and jaleo in appreciation of Sr. Córdoba's soleares y caña and his Zorongo Gitano (from Garcia Lorca) as well as bulerías performed with gypsy, singer-dancer Pilar Sevilla. The fiery Ms. Sheer brought the house to its feet with her tientos and fandangos. And guitarists Reyes and Angel livened the evening with guajiras and rumbas.

The Society plans to provide a place where students as well as professionals will be able to dance, sing and play. It also hopes to highlight professional talent at juergas, to sponsor outside concerts, and promote the good spirit of flamenco in our area. Anyone interested can call (408) 429-8476. We plan to meet the last Wednesday of every month.



PEPE ROMERO LISTENS AS JUAN MERCADAL PLAYS

SAN DIEGO SCENE

APRIL JUERGA

COLLAGE: Mary Ferguson



APRIL JUERGA WITH MARILYN BISHOP

by Mary Ferguson

The weather was lovely, the setting was beautiful and all in attendance were in the mood to visit with friends, sing, dance, play guitars and take time out for a tinto and tapa now and then. Some of us had a difficult time finding the Bishop residence (someone removed the road sign and someone else must have found our JALEISTAS directional signs interesting because they were also missing!).

Jesus and Benito wasted no time in livening up the evening with their guitars and songs. Marilyn Bishop, our hostess, and friend Dan were much in evidence in the bar, dining room, dance areas and wherever there was any action.

Our out-of-towners who made the scene were Yvetta Williams (guitarist from L.A. who is responsible for having started juergas in Los Angeles) and husband; Juan Quintella, L.A. guitarist; and Magdalena Cardoso, dancer from Mexicali, and her brother.

A new member-guitarist, Mimette, was welcomed and she and Yvetta held forth in the front room. Tony Pickslay was seen here and there, first accompanying Juanita Franco and her little student, Alisa Vande, for fandangos. Later, he was upstairs playing bulerías for Magdalena and still later, alegrías for Juanita.

There was much exchanging of ideas among the guitarists and some dance instruction that took place. However, Juan Santana created a most enjoyable diversion demonstrating the use of the bata (it was filled with tinto Rioja from his native area of Spain). Juana De Alva proved a very apt student -- no spills, no stains. (I have a sneaky suspicion that she needed no lessons???)

It was great to have singer Charo Botello and husband back from their overseas tour with the Navy and also to welcome new members, singer Mari-Sol West and husband, Gary, who recently came to San Diego from Rota, Spain, via Georgia, USA. A lively team was formed when Yuris Zeltins and his guitar joined Charo and Mari-Sol accompanying them for palmas and their many songs of Spain. El Chileno joined the group; other guitarists wandered in and out; a few of us did sevillanas occasionally, but when "Yours Truly" left at some wee hour of the morning (most had already departed) that small but effective group was still going strong and had no idea of time. Wasn't that "duende"?

* * *

JUNE JUERGA

by Vicki Dietrich

We have a new site for our June juerga. It has to be offered to us on a trial basis and there is a good possibility that it will perhaps solve our problems once and for all. There is ample parking; it is on the ground floor; and it has a more intimate atmosphere. So I, as juerga coordinator, ask all of you to take just a little extra care to make sure that we leave the place as we found it in order that we may return if we wish. Cuadro "B" will be in charge. (Their names appear below.)

Tenemos un lugar nuevo para la juerga de Junio. Nos han ofrecido el lugar en plan de prueba y creo que el sitio nos puede ser el mejor hasta ahora. Hay bastante "parking," esta en la planta baja, y bastante acogedora. Yo, como coordinadora, les pido que tomen un poco de cuidado para asegurar que dejemos el lugar limpio para poder volver si quereamos. El Cuadro "B" estará a cargo de la juerga. (Los nombres aparecen abajo.)

FECHA: Sábado el 19 de Junio
LUGAR: Gateway Casting - 525 West B Street
TELEFONO: 234-7611 (USA solamente la noche de juerga)
TRAIGAN: Tapas

AYUDANTES: Helpers will be admitted to the juerga free of charge. They must be current members of jaleistas and must notify the juerga coordinator one week prior to the juerga if they wish to help. Please volunteer! It is not fair for one or two persons to have to man the bar or the entrance table all night. We are all members of jaleistas and should all share in the work as well as the fun! Call Vicki Dietrich 450-6218 or 468-3755.

Ayudantes serán admitidos sin cobrar. Deben de ser socios de jaleistas y necesitan avisar a la coordinadora de juergas una semana antes de la juerga si quieren ayudar. ¡Por favor, ofrecense! No es justo que una o dos personas estén atras del bar o la mesa de entrada todo la noche. ¡Todos somos socios y debemos, compartir no solo en la diversión pero también en el trabajo! Llame Vicki Dietrich 460-6218 or 468-3755.

DIRECTIONS: Going south on I-5 exit on Front Street, right on Ash, left on Columbia to corner of West B Street. Going north on I-5 exit on 6th Avenue, right on Ash, etc... Freeway 163 south runs into Ash.

DIRECCIONES: Del I-5 sur, se sale por Front Street, derecho en Ash y izquierdo en Columbia hasta la esquina con West B Street. Del I-5 norte se sale por 6th Avenue, derecho en Ash, etc... El autopista 163 hacia el sur sale en Ash Street.

CUADRO "B" MEMBERS: El Chileno, Deanna Davis, Tom Fleming, Victor Gill, Thor and Peggy Hanson, Earl Kevin, Michele Martín, Carolina and Gunar Mouritzen, Angelines and Quenten Olson, Mary and Maus Palmer, Cristina Reyes, Lee Wood, Bill and Connie Hardin.

SPECIAL NOTE: We are expecting some out-of-town members from as far away as Georgia and Pennsylvania. It would be nice to have a private home for this juerga. If anyone would like to offer their home for July 17th, please contact Vicki Dietrich.

ATTENCIÓN: Esperamos tener socios desde Georgia y Alabama en la juerga de Julio. Sería bonito recibirlos con juerga en una casa privada. Si alguien quiere ofrecer su casa para el 17 de Julio avisa a Vicki Dietrich.

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, PO Box 4706, San Diego, CA 92104.

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

updates

NEW YORK FLAMENCO SCENE: The Meson Flamenco and Taverna Flamenca have both closed. Two new places now have flamenco entertainment: El Rincón de España, 82 Beaver St., and El Castellano at 80th and Roosevelt Avenue in Queens.

CLASSICAL/FLAMENCO GUITARIST, GINO D'AURI, has just released a record and cassette tape under the label Skyline Productions. It is titled "Nuevos Caminos: Contemporary Flamenco Guitar." Review upcoming in July issue.

LOS FLAMENCOS performs in the Cosmos Inn Restaurant on Gouger St. in Adelaide, Australia. Tel. 08-51-2287.

LAS BRUJAS RESTAURANT features flamenco shows Fri. & Sat., 4760 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA. 213/667-9587.

ESPARTACUS RESTAURANT features flamenco shows alternating with Brazilian Jazz, 8911 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Los Angeles, CA. 213/659-2024.

SARITA HEREDIA is appearing Sat. nights at Chez Carlos Del Peru Restaurant in the L.A. area. For reservations call 213/789-6513.

concerts

ROSA MONTOYA BAILES FLAMENCOS will perform June 19, 8pm with guest artist Cruz Luna at Sunset Theater in Carmel, CA. Call 408/373-7055.

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ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS is currently available for the 1981-82 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.

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Sylvia Sonera 213/240-3538

Linda Torres (San Gabriel) 213/262-7643

Elena Villablanca 213/828-2018

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Gene Cordero 213/451-9474

Gabriel Ruiz (Glendale) 213/244-4228

CANTE INSTRUCTION

Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059

Chinin de Triana 213/240-3538

FLAMENCO COSTUMES

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Jose Fernandez (Reseda) 213/881-1470

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Maria Teresa Gomez 714/453-5301

Rayna 714/475-4627

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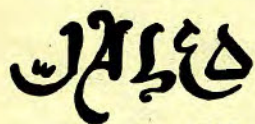
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