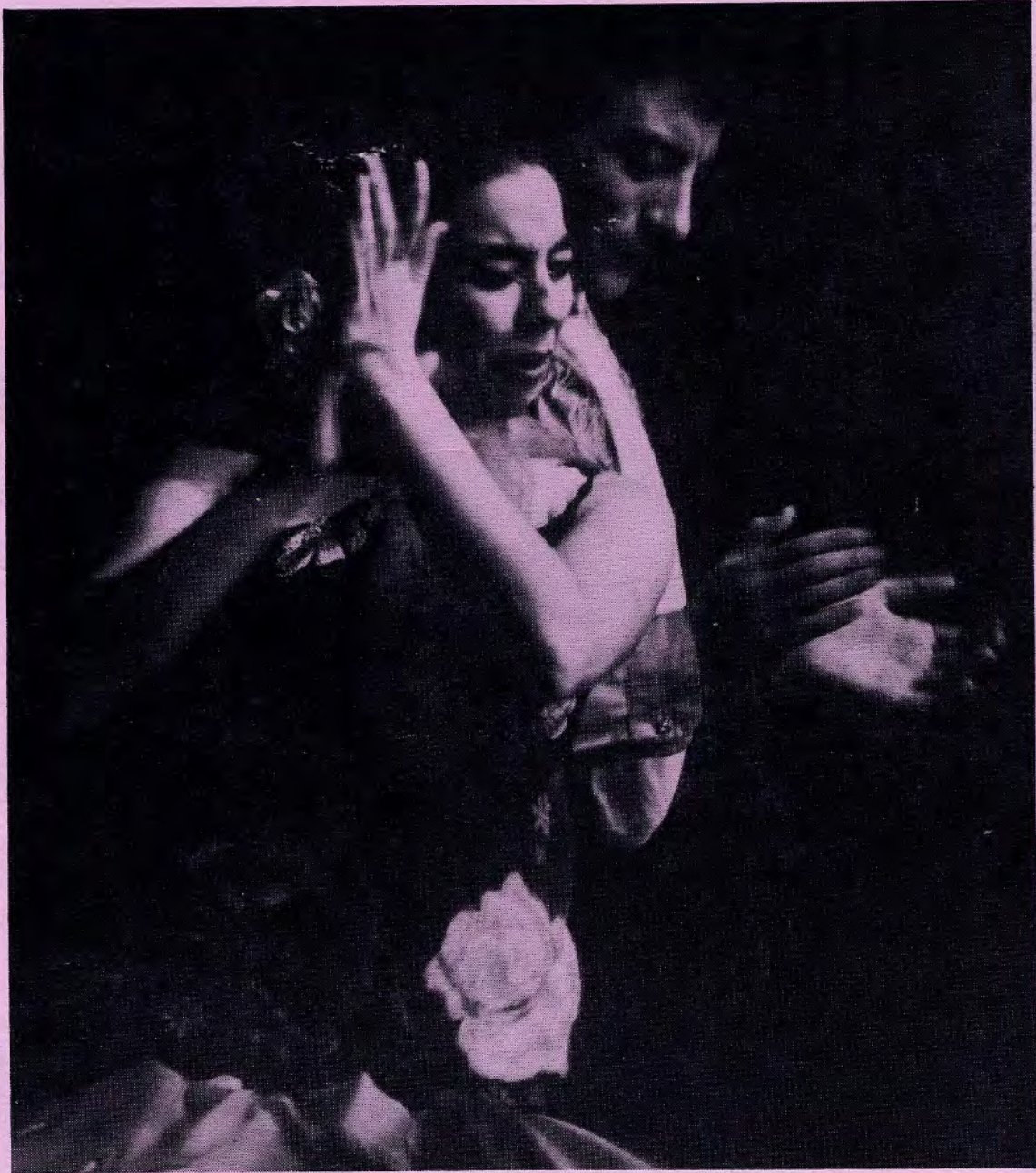


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newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

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

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Christmas in the Cante Flamenco

VILLANCICOS AND CAMPANILLEROS

by Paco Sevilla

To prepare the readers for the articles that follow, I offer here some background on the Christmas songs of Andalucía.

Villancicos play a role similar to that of Christmas carols here, but tend to be of a lively nature -- more like "Jingle Bells" than "Silent Night." In Andalucía, they often take on a flamenco quality and can be sung to any of the festive flamenco rhythms, including rumba, tango, or bulerías, although they are generally sung by non-flamenco people to straight 2/4 or 3/4 rhythm and accompanied by guitar, bandurrias, and tambourines.

The gypsies often give the villancicos a humorous or clever theme in the verse and tend to think of Mary as gypsy and Joseph as payo. Here are the verses sung for rumba in the "History of Cante Flamenco; An Archive":

San José ha tomao celos
del preñado de María
y cuando nació el lucero
la baba se le caía.

Joseph became jealous
of the pregnancy of María
and when the star was born,
its dribble went all over him.

Madroños al Niño
no le demos más
que con los madroños
se pué emborrachá.

We will give no more
madroños [fruit of the strawberry tree]
to the Child,
for with madroños
one can become drunk.

La Virgen, como es gitana
a los gitanos camela.
San José, como es gachó,
se rebela, se rebela.

The Virgen, since she is gypsy,
loves the gypsies.
Joseph, since he is payo,
rebels, rebels.

San José hijo un guisao,
pero no le echó tomate,
y la Virgen le decía
"¡Si lo pruebo, que me mate!"

Joseph made a stew,
but he didn't put in any tomato,
and the Virgen said to him,
"If I try it, it will kill me!"

La mula le gruñe
y el buey le vajea
y el Niño de Dios
durmiendo se quea.

The mule grunts at him
and the ox lets out a loud breath,
and the Child of God
remains sleeping.

La Virgen iba subía
en la jaca de los moños;
San José iba detras
dandole al Niño madroños.

The Virgin went along mounted
on the pony "de los moños" (?);
Joseph went behind
giving the Child madroños.



(drawing from Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1980)

Que sí, que no,
María se llama
la Madre de Dios.

Que sí, que no,
Mary is the name
of the Mother of God.

El Niño se ha perdido,
su Madre lo esta buscando,
y está en la orilla del río
de juerqa con los gitanos.

The child is lost,
his mother is looking for him,
and he is on the bank of the river
in a juerqa with the gypsies.

Jerez de la Frontera is famous for its villancicos por bulerías, of which there exist many recordings -- usually called "Fiestas de Nochebuena" or "Bulerías de Nochebuena." This style was popularized by a well-known cantaor from Jerez, Rafael Ramos Antúnez, "El Niño Gloria," who was the nephew of the great Frijonés (whose soleá is one of the main styles of Jerez), and who died in 1937. El Niño Gloria was accomplished in many cantes, but is considered by some to have been flamenco's greatest singer of bulerías and saetas; the difficult fandangos del Gloria have seen a great popularity among cantaores in recent years. He received his nickname from a villancico that he popularized por bulerías, in which the word "gloria" was repeated with monotonous insistence: "Gloria al recién nació, gloria, y a su bendita mare, la gloria!"

Canalejas de Puerto Real is another cantaor who is well-known for his villancicos flamencos.

Campanilleros are a special form of villancico. Domingo Manfredi Cano, in his book, "Geografía del Cante," says: "The campanilleros is a villancico baptized in the waters of the cante jondo, with the first light of day and the salt of the tidelands of the Guadalquivir."

The campanilleros are sung during religious processions called "Rosario de Aurora" that leave the churches at dawn and go through the streets accompanied by the ringing of little bells (campanillas) by men called "campanilleros." This tradition in Sevilla and surrounding towns is done not only at Christmas, but also during Lent and at other specified times during the year. Here are some coplas, which are accompanied by a steady 3/4 beat:

En los pueblos de mi Andalucía
los Campanilleros a la madrugada
me despiertan con sus campanillas
y con su guitarra me hacen llorar.

In the towns of my Andalucía
at dawn the Campanilleros
wake me with their little bells
and their guitar makes me cry.

Zapateros que estáis remendando
toita la noche
a la luz de un candil,
cuando oigáis a la Aurora pasar,
dejad los zapatos
y echaros a dormir.

Shoemakers, you who are repairing
all night long
by the light of a candle,
when you hear the Aurora passing by,
leave the shoes
and go to sleep.

Un devoto por ir al Rosario
por una ventana se quiso arrojá
y al decir, "¡Oios te salve María!"
se cayó en el suelo sin hacerse ná.

In order to go with the Rosario
a devotee threw himself out the window,
and on saying, "God save you Mary!"
he fell to the ground uninjured.

En el portal de Belén
gitanitos han entao
y al Niño y a San José
los calsones se le han robao.
Pícaros gitanos,
cara de pandero,
que al Niño de Dios
han dejado en cueros.

Gypsies have entered
the portal of Bethlehem
and stolen the trousers
of the Child and Joseph.
Mischievous gypsies,
"cara de pandero,"
have left the child
of God naked.

The campanilleros have become part of flamenco only because a few cantaores, particularly Manuel Torre and La Niña de la Puebla, adapted the "campanilleros de la Aurora" to their flamenco style of singing. Most modern cantaores base their interpretations of this cante on the style of Manuel Torre. Here is a verse that Manuel popularized:

A las puertas de un rico avariento
llegó Jesu Cristo, limosna pidió
y en igual de darle limosna
los perros que había se los azuzó.
Pero quiso Dios
que los perros murieran ar momento
y el rico pobre se quedó.

Jesus Christ arrived at the door
of a greedy rich man asking for alms;
instead of giving Him alms,
the rich man set the dogs on Him.
But God made
the dogs die at that very moment
and the rich man became poor.

Y NO ES NOCHE DE OORMIR

(from: Sevilla Flamenco, Dec. '80; submitted and translated by Paco Sevilla, with special thanks to Manolo Marín)

by José Luis Ortiz Nuevo

"I don't believe there can exist another fable as adorable as that of the child, the manger full of people, the wonderstruck shepherds, the adoring kings, and the sudden song of glory of the celestial legions. If humanity had to possess a unique and effective redeemer among its children, one believes he could be born in no other manner."

(Barrows Dunham)

And the fable, the history, the doctrine, grew, to give life to other imaginative and beautiful explications of the birth, such as that told by the wandering gypsies on the roads of the Christian Kingdoms of medieval Europe, wandering nomads who said they had to pay that way, with their eternal exile, for not having given shelter to the celestial couple on the night of divine childbirth.

With this trick and other cleverness, they achieved safe conduct through the courts and principalities, and their indomitable wandering beneath the stars was seen as justified, a penitent march through the passage of time, searching for the redemption of their guilt, which they confess with the utmost repentance to the "señores" of the castles and villas, begging for their charity and pardon, appealing to their honor as believers so that they would not fall into the same dishonor as they, the gypsies had, condemned to live by begging for century after century.

Story after story, fantasies and collective beliefs to insure some bread each day, a roof, and the warmth of a fire where they can dance and sing, referring also to what happened that night in Bethlehem, when:

(continued on page 27)

EDITORIAL

Again we wish to thank our readers for their generous response in the way of donations, gift subscriptions and advertisements. Jaleo is back on solid footing and with your continued support we look forward to another year of sharing and spreading the art of flamenco.



JALEO THANKS THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORS:

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Wishing You
A
Merry Christmas

LETTERS

PLANNING A TRIP TO SPAIN

Dear Editor,

Next year I am tentatively planning a trip to Spain. Right now the idea is very new and in the developmental stages. Since I've never traveled to a foreign country I'm a bit apprehensive and I'm writing to you with the hope that you can be of assistance.

My interest in Spain is due to my interest in the art of flamenco. I have been a dance student and have been taking lessons from an instructor in San Francisco for the past four years.

I intend to be going in the summer of '83. Since I don't know anything about Spain and the places that would be of interest, maybe you could make some suggestions and help me to plan an itinerary. I'll be going with my girlfriend, so we will be two women traveling alone. I'd prefer not to stay in hotels but make other accommodations such as staying in a pension or with a family. If time permits (I'm not sure how long we'll be staying), I may decide to enroll in a dance class.

I would really appreciate any information that you can give me. Thank you again.

Sincerely,
Sarah Ibarra
Half Moon Bay, CA

[Editor: Letters such as Sarah's are not uncommon. Since our limited staff does not permit us to respond at length we refer her request to our readers. If you have any suggestions write to Sarah c/o Jaleo. We would also appreciate updates of teachers in Spain for our directory section.]

PUNTO DE VISTA

THE ROOTS OF FLAMENCO

I'm afraid Mr. Clark begs a reply to his "Punto de Vista" letter of Oct. 1982. There are several points to be addressed.

First, I don't believe that "personal attack" is an appropriate interpretation of what is transpiring. When debate occurs, error is pointed out. Can one point out error without addressing the one who made the error, and why? Should we not point out error for fear of damaging fragile egos? There is something more important here, and that is that there are people reading Jaleo who perhaps are new to flamenco and want to learn more about it. Shall we direct them to Mr. Clark, Ms. del Cid, or Mr. Lodbill instead of Paco de Lucia? Are they more knowledgeable about flamenco than he is?

Second, flamenco's history is much more complex than Mr. Clark understands. Who can say when flamenco was "born"? What day, what hour? Also, there is little evidence to support Mr. Clark's idea that flamenco was initially non-performing and without some form of guitar accompaniment and instrumentalism. The first reference to the gypsies (the Shah Nameh, c. 1000 AD) indicates clearly that they were a performing artist caste that was invited to Persia by Prince Behram Gour in about the year 420 AD when he realized that "his poor subjects were pining away for lack of amusements. He sought a means of reviving their spirits and of providing some distractions from their hard life...he sent a diplomatic mission to Shankal, King of Cambodia and Maharaja of India and begged him to choose among his subjects and send to him in Persia persons capable by their talents of alleviating the burden of existence and able to spread a charm over the monotony of work. Behram Gour soon assembled 12,000 itinerant minstrels, men and women." He gave them land and grain and seed so that they could survive and to play music at no cost to the people. They ate their grain seed instead of planting it and were expelled by Behram Gour for their irresponsible behavior. Other sources, such as the Arab historian Hamza (c. 940 AD) corroborate this account.

To quote Jean-Paul Clébert, a well-known writer on the gypsies: "With music, dancing is one of the earliest activities attributed to the gypsies...It is more than likely that the first gypsy dancers in India were professionals...The guitar is inseparable from the Gitano musician, in the same way as the violin is from the Gypsy." The guitar is, in Walter Starkie's words, "the ideal nomads' instrument. It is far from being exclusively Spanish. The Gypsy tribes of Persia, Syria and Mesopotamia, who are, so to speak, the hyphen between Asiatic and Spanish music, always play instruments such as the Arab lute...In India, the sitar, and the tambura...are indeed also variations of the guitar." Again, Clébert: "The earliest known gypsies...are the ten thousand Luri musicians which King Sankal sent to charm the ears of his son-in-law, Behram Gour. These Luri, says the poet Firdusi [author of the Shah Nameh] were expert lute players. The term lute (old French leut, 13th Century) is borrowed from the Arabic *al'oud* (literally 'of wood,' 'wooden') through the intermediary of old Provençal *laut*..." Also: "The majority of the musicians who play in public, from Persia to Egypt, are in our own times still gypsies, according to Jules Bloch [a well-respected gypsologist]." Ample records exist showing that gypsies performed extensively for crown heads and nobles in Europe and Russia as early as the late 1400s, which is close to the first appearance of gypsies in Europe. Again, Clébert: "The official Registers of Accounts of Queen Beatrice of Aragón, wife of Mathias Corvin (end of the fifteenth century), inform us that this queen already had Gypsy musicians in her service. These frequently visited the castles and were soon at every festival. Every great lord wished to have his own orchestra." So you see, music has always been a major profession of the gypsies. They made their living by performance, the best being the most in demand. This is not to deny that there may also have been a ritual function in some gypsy groups for music and dance. It has been used to ward off calamities and to produce collective ecstasy.

However, in talking about flamenco, one must not only

talk about the gypsy contribution, but also the Arab, Persian and Spanish contributions. During the 700-year occupation of Spain by the Moors, Persian court musicians were imported to perform and set up schools of music in Spain. Listening to Persian classical music reminds one of certain flamenco forms. From Clébert: "For Manuel de Falla, it was certainly the Gitanos, settled on the Sacro Monte at Granada since the 15th Century, who introduced into the old Andalusian music already impregnated with Arab influences, the new element which was called cante jondo... [However] all we know is that this style, born in the South of Spain, was formed from popular themes which are not all of peninsular origin. Some of them were brought from abroad... But many also came from Africa by the same route as that taken by the Gypsies. To sort out the Gypsies' part in these importations is extremely difficult. In accordance with the same phenomenon of osmosis found in Hungary, Spanish folk-lore and that of the Gypsies mingled."

So when was flamenco born? Who gave birth to it? Time dances on and we are very fortunate to experience the magnificent flamenco of the recent past preserved by records as well as the flower of flamenco as it blooms today. It would seem to me that a true aficionado would love both.

Third: If unburdening the soul were the most important thing, we would all be public primal therapy fans. Art is expression. But it is more than just catharsis. Fine art is very direct and fluent expression of a universal sort. What I see in each case of criticism of Paco de Lucía is a non-Spanish person preferring his own personal experience as a "flamenco artist" to the experience of witnessing the finest that Spanish flamenco as a cultural expression has to offer as its artistic ambassador to the rest of the world. This is strange. This is, to me, like preferring the contents of my own diary to the glorious poetry of Rabindranath Tagore, Basho, Kabir, Borges, and others. This would be blindness and arrogance. These great poets, like Paco de Lucía, Sabicas, Mario Escudero, and others, have something ineffable to teach us about life, about humanity's struggle and capacity for the divine. Of course I also enjoy -- or experience excruciatingly -- my own poetry and music. And I heartily encourage others to involve themselves in all forms of art. I believe that art is one of the best therapies for the human condition. And improvisation is a door through which the soul may pour. However, it is counterproductive to prefer one's own expressions to the point of losing the ability to really hear and appreciate what others -- especially those more fluent and close to the center of an art form or cultural expression -- have to express. We can only learn from these masters. That is why they are considered great. That is why tens of thousands of people all over the world want to experience and learn from them, and will gladly pay money so that these artists can continue to spend all of their time doing it. It is foolishness to begrudge them their greatness, to say that their gift is a flaw. This is what hands are for -- to communicate the heart with such completeness. Would anyone prefer that Paco did not play so well? So passionately? So much? My sentiment is that we are graced to have him here on this planet with us, doing what he is doing for us. I cannot understand this attitude of trying to be "más católico que el Papa."

Fourth, I would like to hear what Lebrijano, Enrique Montoya, Camarón de la Isla, Fosforito, La Niña de la Puebla and all of the other singers Paco de Lucía has accompanied have to say about his talents in that regard. I am quite sure that they will disagree profoundly with Mr. Clark.

Fifth, one should not underestimate the concert experience. I have witnessed in Real-time events that I will never forget -- genuine magic, true prayer, expression that extends beyond the personal into the divine. I have wept and praised God, have been filled with the awe, the beauty and poignancy of life and death at the hands of these wizards, these gandharvas (Sanskrit: celestial musicians). There is simply no substitute for genius.

I would also like to respond to Ruth Fike's very sincere and open-minded letter. I understand and share your discomfort with much of the new technological age. I often yearn to lead a completely sylvan existence. But we were born in the belly of the beast and it is up to us to ensure that the positive nature of humankind is accentuated over the negative such as the fear and mistrust that create nuclear weapons. I feel utterly that Paco de Lucía's music

is a reflection of the positive side. And it is comforting to note that technology can be used to communicate this. Most of us would never have heard flamenco music were it not for some electronic device or other.

Kathlyn Powell

[Editor's comments: In order to head off a rash of letters picking at some minor point or other in Kathlyn Powell's informative, well-thought out and well-written letter, I would like to make a few points. It is very likely that gypsies performed music publically from the time they first appeared in Spain; we have no evidence to substantiate nor negate that ideal until the 1700's, when we find the gypsies performing the popular music of Andalucía (zarabandas, fandangos, chaconas, etc.) to the accompaniment of orchestras of stringed instruments or, more commonly, only the rhythm of handclapping. But it is generally held that the true cante gitano developed primarily without guitar accompaniment and the nature of much cante jondo even today would indicate that it evolved without the restrictions of the regular meter normally imposed by musical instruments such as the guitar (compare the cante of siguiriyas with that of fandangos de Huelva). Some of the most "jondo" of the gypsy cantes are still done without guitar.

In the cafés cantantes of the 1800's, Andalusian folk music and the cante gitano came together to form what we now call "flamenco," and the guitar became an integral part of that art. It is interesting to note that when certain Andalusian folk forms, particularly the fandangos styles, became exposed to the cante gitano, the role of the guitar in those styles became more and more reduced, until eventually we had cantes like the fandangos naturales (grandes), malagueñas, granainas, and tarantas, where the guitar plays a minor role and is really not necessary.

Also, I personally would like to see Paco de Lucía's name kept out of these discussions. Going all the way back to the original "Time Warp" by Jerry Lobdill, I don't believe Paco should ever have been an issue. He only represents a phenomenon of commercialization and merchandising of flamenco that began in the 1970's, a process that is perhaps hard to visualize by those who haven't spent some time in Spain in that period. It involves not only guitarists who have formed rock and jazz fusion groups and the whole recording industry, but also dancers like Mario Maya, Antonio Gades, and José Antonio, and, particularly, singers such as Chiquetete, Manzanita, El Chozas, Pansequito and many others. Paco is not an issue at the moment because mainstream flamenco left his path a long time ago, and he left it, not to say that he cannot and does not go back to it when he wishes, but he shouldn't be at the center of flamenco discussions at the present time, because he is doing something else. -- Paco Sevilla]



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ROSA MONTOYA

INTERVIEWED FOR JALEO BY PACO SEVILLA
AND JUANA DE ALVA



ROSA MONTOYA PERFORMING AT THE ZELLERBACH AUDITORIUM,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, 1975

To get us started, will you tell us something about your family?

Ramón Montoya was my father's uncle, that is, Ramón's sister was my father's mother. Carlos Montoya is my father's brother, one of three brothers, all of whom played the guitar. The other brother, Juanjo, was a professional guitarist, but he died very young -- in his twenties. My father only played the guitar for himself -- he spent more time with his father's family, who were livestock dealers and went from feria to feria buying and selling horses. The mother and father of the three brothers died quite young, so

Carlos, Juanjo, and my father went to live with Ramón Montoya and his mother.

I was raised by Ramón Montoya's daughter, who is like a mother to me. My father was sick, half-paralyzed, and couldn't work much, so when I was very young my brother and I had to go to live with my aunt, Ramón's daughter. All of my family is gypsy, but my aunt's mother, Ramón's wife, was a "paya" (non-gypsy) and, besides that, daughter of a Guardia Civil. In those times, the gypsies and the Guardia Civil did not like each other. For that reason, the gypsies did not like her at first, but she was such a good woman and did so much for the gypsies that, later, everybody came to her and praised her. So, the aunt I lived with was half-gypsy. She married a "payo," a lawyer. We lived, also, with Ramón, whom I called "abuelo" [grandfather], and his wife.

I remember that I always used to dance and Ramón didn't like it, because he didn't want any of the women in the family to be dancers. In those days, the bailaoras did not have a good reputation. But all of the men were guitarists -- Carlos, the other brother, Ramón, and one of Ramón's sons, who was also named Ramón.

I recall very well when Ramón died, because it was so incredible at our house. There were long lines in the street Calle de la Cabeza, which is between the plazas Tirso de Molina and Antón Martín, enormous lines of people who had come to see the body of Ramón Montoya. I was young, eight years old, but I remember all of the famous artists, artists from all around the world, who came to see him. *How did you begin to dance? Were there fiestas in your home?*

My mother said that when I was three years old, I was always dancing, and I used to put on shows with other little girls in our patio; I always danced to "La Tani" [a popular song]. My uncle, Ramón Montoya, was very strict. In the house, like with most gitanos, there had to be a lot of respect for everybody; he was very serious. So there were not many fiestas. What I remember is that there were many musicians and flamencos who came to the house. There was El Príncipe Gitano, El Gallina (Rafel Romero), Pepe Culata, Pericón de Cádiz, and musicians like Quiroga who would come and write down Ramón's music. We had a piano and musicians would copy Ramón's music on the piano and then write it down. And violinists, including one very famous one whose name I can't remember, would also come to the house. So there was music, but not fiestas gitanas; my uncle was very serious. Other flamenco people say he was not like that, but that he was very funny and "muy juerguista" [a lover of the juerga]. But at home he was not that way; he was "un señor." He would come home at eight or nine o'clock in the morning and everybody had to be quiet while he slept.

How about Carlos Montoya?

My uncle, Carlos Montoya, was separate from our family. He went to France. He wanted to make something of himself and was not content to just play for dancers. I don't remember too much of him in those days because he lived in the United States when I was born, and I didn't get to know him until later on.

When did your dancing seriously begin?

I began to dance when I was eight years old. I took classes with a friend of our family who taught little girls all kinds of dance, not just Spanish. Later, I took classes with La Quica, in both flamenco and classical, and with Regla Ortega when I was twelve years old. La Quica had her studio near the Rastro. She taught in one room of the basement and in the other room was Rafael, another teacher. I also studied with Antonio Marín in his studio on Calle Amparo. Antonio Marín was young then and had been a good dancer. In his classes were Antonio Gades, El Güito, Isidro El Mono, and Jesús Ramos; they were all young men and helped Antonio, who couldn't dance too much because he had lost one foot due to an infection.

After Antonio, I studied with La Quica. These teachers were the best there were in those days. Then I studied ballet in the conservatory, Circulo de Bellas Artes, with a Russian teacher, and "Escuela Bolera" with the Pericets and Victoria Piter, the partner of Angel Pericet.

Were you dancing just for fun or did you want to be a professional dancer?

I knew what I wanted when I was eight years old. I would dance in school for my friends and perform for school shows.



IN THE AUDIENCE AT ROSA'S PERFORMANCE AT "EL DUENDE": (LEFT TO RIGHT) CARLOS MONTOYA, SINGER NIÑO ALMADÉN, MANOLO CUERVO, MARIA MONTOYA, SALLY MONTOYA, PASTORA IMPERIO, 1958

I always knew I wanted to dance. In Spain you could not be a professional dancer until you were sixteen years old and passed an examination by a jury; then you would be accepted into the union. It is different now, but in those days you had to have your union card in order to work. So when I was sixteen I went for my examination. Lots of people were there -- dancers, singers, comedians, everything. I was scared because they were all telling me, "This is my second time to try to pass" or "third time" and knew that, if they didn't pass me the first time, I would never try again. When I went to the union to see the results, I saw my name at the top of the list and was so happy, I started to cry.

So at sixteen years old I began to work at La Zambra, for me the best tablao that has existed. I was "la nena," the baby of the cuadro; you were supposed to be eighteen to dance there, so I couldn't dance when the police came to the club; sixteen was okay for theater, but you had to be eighteen to work in a nightclub.

At that time the artists in La Zambra were Rosita Durán with El Gallina [Rafael Romero], Pericón de Cádiz, Manolo Vargas, Juan Varea and Perico el del Lunar; in the cuadro were the guitarists Triquito and Andrés Heredia, the dancers Tere Amaya, Juanele Amaya with his wife, La Salomé, Adela la Gitana, Juan el Pelao and a son, Antonito, Antonia Motos, the sister of Pepe Motos, La Cañeta and her husband, the singer José Salazar, El Chaleco, Felipe de Triana, and others.

I was at the Zambra for about two years and I was very lucky -- I have always been lucky. I used to do a tanguillo that I learned from La Quica, a soleares, and some verdiales that Rosa Durán taught me. Señor Cazares, who was the owner of the Zambra, did not allow any of the other artists to watch Rosa Durán dance, but he did let me watch every night. I was very scared to dance with all of those "fieras" [giants of flamenco], but had an incredible success with my tanguillo. And they liked my soleares. But the other artists gave me a hard time. I especially remember one dancer who used to mimic me and make fun of my verdiales. I used to cry a lot, and one night Señor Cazares asked me why I was crying. I wouldn't tell him, but I finally told Rosa Durán that it was because the others were making fun of me. So Señor Cazares went into the room and

told them that if they made me cry again, they would all be on the street without work. That made it worse because they felt even more jealousy and anger. The ones who helped me the most were the men; they helped me with palmas and things like that. Also, I remember that Antonia Motos stood up for me and said to the others, "Aren't you ashamed that you don't try to help a little girl who gets more applause than you or you or you...!" That was the only person who tried to help.

I remember one time when the cuadro from the Zambra was contracted to work in a fiesta at the home of the Duchess of Alba; Carmen Amaya was there, along with Antonio. I will remember all of my life that, after the cuadro had performed, they wanted Carmen Amaya to dance. But she had no shoes. They asked all of the girls what size shoes they wore and the only ones that fit -- and they fit exactly -- were mine. Imagine, she danced in my shoes! And I was so ignorant then, that I didn't think anything about it. If it happened today, I would have had her sign them and I would have kept them forever.

When did Carlos Montoya make the record with you and other artists from the Zambra ["Carlos Montoya: Flamenco Festival" RCA Victor LPM 1713 1958]?

My Uncle Carlos was very close with my father and used to write often and help with money when my father was sick; he was very good to us. He came to Spain with his children when they were about eight years old so that they would learn Spanish. I came to know Carlos Montoya very well during the seven months he was in Madrid. After that, he came to Spain almost every year.

For that record they contracted Adela Escudero "La Gitana," Juanele and Tere Maya, along with Tere's daughter Paquita, Salomé de Córdoba, and me. Along with Carlos was the guitarist, Pepe de Badajoz. The singers aside from Adela and Tere, were Felipe de Triana, Emilia de Córdoba, and Pepe el Poli. Each dancer did a solo, Juanele, Tere with her tangos, and I did siguiriyá. I remember I was so nervous with all of those professionals. They did their numbers over and over, stopping and starting, but I said I was only going to do it once. It came out very well even though it was without cante. My uncle was afraid for me and didn't think I would be able to do it, so he said I should



ROSA AND CIRO AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN SEATTLE, 1962

do it alone with just guitar rhythm. Afterward, he told me it was the most successful number and it was one of the numbers selected by the recording company to put on a 45 RPM record. So I was very proud -- my first record.

After the Zambra, I went to the club, "El Duende," owned by Pastora Imperio. There I was with Matilde Coral and Rafael el Negro, among many others. I was still studying with La Quica while I worked, and, while dancing a jota I fell and broke a leg; of course, I had to stop dancing. When I had recovered, I went to work in a new place, "Sacromonte," a tablao in a venta outside of town. That job did not last long because there were scandals and the place got a bad reputation and had to close after about six months.

When I was about eighteen, I went with a fabulous artist, a young bailarín named Jose Marchena -- he was an incredible bailaor. There have only been two men whose braceo [arm work] I have liked: Ciro and this young man; they both had fabulous arms. So I went with him and we did a tour of the Costa Brava and Barcelona. That was my first job as the "primera bailaora" [first dancer]. Then I did a series of variety shows in which I was featured in the dance.

Finally, a club opened that was called "Cuevas de Nemesio." There, I had "un exitazo" [a tremendous success]. It was a small place, but it was a time when all of the cantaores from the other "houses" -- La Zambra, El Duende, Corral de la Morería -- would come into the Cuevas de Nemesio. I was contracted as a "figura" [star attraction] and I worked with the daughter of Porrina de Badajoz and her husband, Eugenio. All the rich people and the other artists used to come there -- Porrina would come in and sing some-times.

After about five years of non-stop work, after the Cuevas de Nemesio...Ciro! I had met Ciro's cousin, Angel, who was a guitarist working in Chicago. Angel called Ciro to say he had a contract. He told Ciro that he wanted me to come with him. I had met Ciro when I was twelve years old and was studying ballet, but didn't realize it until much later when we were talking. I had been teaching dance so

much that I had begun to lose my own dance. One time when I was going to put on a concert with my students, I asked Angel to play for us. When he saw me dance, he said, "What are you doing? You are teaching so much that you have lost your dance. I won't play for that trash!" He got so mad. This was before I danced at Cuevas de Nemesio. Ciro heard from Angel about the contract in the United States while I was at Cuevas de Nemesio and came to see me dance there. He liked my dancing, we met, and we began to practice together.

What was Ciro like then?

Completely different! He has always been a gentleman. He has education -- he was a lawyer, but never practiced law, instead, he went with the company of Antonio. He was so different then, his hair cut very short, very polite -- when he came to our house the first time, he had flowers for my aunt -- he never swore -- I was the one who did that. I was very lucky to come to the United States with him. Unlike other couples who tour together and end up living together, with the man having to prove how "machote" he is, Ciro was like my father or brother. Of course, at first, my aunt did not want me to go, but I said I was going to go.

How did Ciro dance then?

Much more classical. He danced flamenco, but not like a bailaor. I was much more flamenco than he was at that time. Many people think that Ciro taught me to dance, but that's not true. He danced well, but was not really "there" in flamenco. I have a lot of respect for him, because he always worked very hard. He later developed his whole style of dance. Actually, we developed our dance together, here in the United States, by ourselves. In the beginning, in



REHEARSAL WITH CIRO, NEW YORK, 1970

Chicago, we danced four 50-minute shows a night, by ourselves, with the guitarist, and then practiced six hours every day.

To go back a little bit, how did you end up in Chicago? My family didn't try to stop me -- they have always helped me. But they gave a lecture to Ciro: they told him I was just a little girl, I was not to go out with people, and everything that happens to her is your responsibility! So Ciro never let me go anywhere -- nightclub to home and home to nightclub. We were contracted for four weeks in Chicago and stayed for twenty weeks. From there, we were contracted to go to Los Angeles to work in Latin clubs. After that, we went to the Casa Madrid in San Francisco, where Cruz Luna and his partner Pepe Reyes were working. They wanted to sign us for five years, but we said no! Our guitarist there was Adonis Puertas and the singer was Pepe Segundo.

We worked about three months at the Casa Madrid, then went to the Purple Onion in Hollywood, where Juanele Maya and Salomé de Córdoba had just finished, and we worked with guitarist Jaime Grifo for a few weeks. Then we went for six months to the 1962 Seattle World's Fair, with the



PERFORMING AT "CIRO, MESON FLAMENCO" WITH GUITARIST PACO JUANAS AND CIRO, 1964

same group that was at the Casa Madrid. There were other groups brought to Seattle from Spain; one from Valencia, one from Granada, and another from Madrid. At one point we had some problems and Cruz Luna and Pepe Reyes went with Chinín de Triana to work in a restaurant in Seattle. They were replaced by María Gloria, wife of Rafael de Córdoba and a dancer named Antonio who was in the film "Los Tarantos" with Antonio Gades.

After the World's Fair, completely exhausted, we went to Spokane, Washington, to work in an incredibly beautiful restaurant, where we stayed a month. Then back to the Casa Madrid, where we continued to work, without rest. That is where I met Carlos, my husband. He came in to the Casa Madrid with a friend and then continued to come back often. When he finally found out I wasn't married to Ciro, he asked me if I would like to go out to have a cup of coffee. He didn't speak Spanish and I didn't speak English. Ciro had

never let me do anything, but he said I could go if I came back early. So that is how we met.

We went for two months to work in a club in Australia. It was very difficult because we had to do a lot of television shows, getting up at 6:00 a.m. and staying in the television studio all day, and then going to do three shows -- sometimes in different nightclubs on the same night!

Keith Rockwell, one of the owners of the Casa Madrid, had been getting all of this work for us and, after we had returned to San Francisco and the Casa Madrid, he got a contract for us in New York where we were very successful and were held over for three months. The five of us, Cruz Luna, Pepe Reyes, Adonis Puertas, Ciro and me, did three shows a day -- always to full houses -- and were exhausted. All of this time, since we arrived in the United States, Ciro and I had been working, without a break. I was very tired and sick; I couldn't finish my dances and knew something was wrong. So I said to Ciro, "I want to go to Spain, I don't feel well and I'm not dancing well; I've had it!" Ciro felt the same way and told Keith Rockwell. We had been working almost three years without a break. But we had to continue work in the theater in New York because of the success, but finally we were replaced by Goyo Reyes and his wife, and we went to Spain.

We had the idea, Ciro and I, of opening a club in San Francisco. So, during the six months we were in Spain, Ciro was collecting material for the nightclub. My aunt took me to the doctors and I had all sorts of tests. Finally, they told me I was anemic, and it was lucky I had stopped dancing because I could have come down with tuberculosis. So I didn't dance for those six months. Ciro and I went all over Spain -- Toledo, Málaga, the Rastro in Madrid -- buying ceramics, iron work and other things for the club.

Ciro returned to San Francisco just to start to work on the club, while I stayed in Spain to visit with my family and have all new costumes and shoes made. When I arrived in San Francisco, Ciro and our other partner had done a great deal of work preparing the club, in fact it was almost finished. We hired the artists -- Luisa Escobar, Conté, along with other girls, the guitarists René Heredia and Paco Juanas, and the cantao Luis Vargas. Our club was a tremendous success. The decor was marvelous -- Ciro has very good taste and he did all of the construction and decoration. We also had publicity the whole time we were open -- Dance Magazine, The Examiner, The Chronicle, all the papers. Herb Caen came, the Moiseyev Ballet would come to "Ciro's" after their performances at the Opera House.

We served dinner for three hours each night and I did all the cooking. I spent the mornings buying food and preparing it; I would cook the paella and then dance four shows. It was a lot of work, but people liked it, and we couldn't afford to hire a cook. We had hoped that, after a year of trying out the idea of serving food and saving some money, we would be able to have a formal kitchen and hire more people. But that first year, the three of us did it all. Ciro would help take care of the club and clean up. The other partner was supposed to take care of all of the business, ordering things like liquor and paying the bills and taxes.

Many people came to the club with lots of money and drank champagne and we felt we were doing very well. Then one day a lawyer called us and told us that we had to get out, that we should take everything we could out of the club because we were to be closed down and locked out. It turned out that partner, who we trusted completely, had not been doing his job. He had not paid the bills or taxes. We knew nothing about it -- Ciro wanted to kill the guy. Thanks to the lawyer we were able to get all of the valuable things out of the club.

For several months we were very depressed. We had learned a big lesson. We had no money, nothing. We lived on the money from selling what we had taken out of the club. I was very sick. Our friends were a big help and finally we got a contract for the Chateau Madrid in Montreal and were there for twelve weeks. Then we went with "Los Churumbeles de España" and worked around New York. We would perform in movie theaters and do our show after the movie. One day we went right from one theater to another. So there was no time to check on the stage. Ciro asked if there was an exit from the stage, because in the dance we were going to do, we exited together. As we went off the stage to the music of



"CIRO MESON FLAMENCO" 1964. LEFT TO RIGHT: RENE HEREDIA, CIRO, ROSA, LA CONTE, LUISA ESCOBAR

the orchestra, *Ciro* didn't realize it because he was concentrating on the dance, but at the last moment I saw that there was no exit, just a long drop to the floor and I said, "*Ciro*, no, don't go any further." But, it was too late. We fell from a great height. *Ciro* caught me and landed on his knees. By a stroke of luck, he had put on knee-pads that day -- something that he hardly ever did. Later we laughed, but, if *Ciro* hadn't caught me, I would have landed on my head and been hurt badly. The next day *Ciro* couldn't dance and in the middle of the soleá, said he couldn't finish the dance. I had to do the rest of the show alone. *Ciro* had broken two ribs. We were supposed to go to Las Vegas, but since *Ciro* was hurt we had to cancel and had to return to San Francisco. *Pepa Reyes* had hurt her foot, so *Cruz Luna* and I worked together in the Casa Madrid.

Teresa, of "*Teresa y Luisillo*," was looking for people to work in a club in New Orleans. *Ciro* and I went there and worked with *Pablo Cañas*, *José Antonio*, *Luisa Escobar* and the guitarist, *Bob Milling*. When that club had money problems and had to close, we were offered a contract in Montreal. While there, *Ciro* began to talk to a friend about the club in New Orleans, which was very beautiful and located in the French Quarter. So, when the job was over in Montreal, I went back to San Francisco and *Ciro* went to New Orleans to reopen the club.

I went to San Francisco to see *Carlos* [her future husband] and worked in the Casa Madrid. When the club was ready in New Orleans, I went there to work and a short time later, *Carlos* came to join me and worked there as a bartender. We opened with *Luisa Escobar*, *Pablo Cañas*, some other girls and the guitarists *Ken Antoine "Antonio"* and *Roberto Milling*. I

didn't want anything to do with owning the club, so I left that to *Ciro*. I would work there off and on for the next four years.

Meanwhile, *Sol Hurok*, the famous impresario, had brought *Lucero Tena*, *Serranito*, and the singer *Gabriel Moreno* to New York to try them out. They were not well-received by the critics and *Sol Hurok* began looking for a different flamenco group. That was in 1967. One of *Hurok's* agents, *Simón Simonoff*, who knew *Ciro* from Spain, suggested that *Ciro* try out. First they came to New Orleans, where *Ciro*, guitarist *Adonis Puertas*, singer *Paco Ortiz* and I did an audition for *Hurok*. Then, we went to New York to do a special show for the annual meeting of agents and managers. They loved it and we were signed by *Sol Hurok*.

From New York, *Carlos* and I went to Spain to be married. For the next four years we worked in New Orleans and did concerts for *Sol Hurok* in theaters and universities all over the United States and Canada. In 1971 my son was born and I didn't work for a year. *Ciro* ended his contract with *Sol Hurok* because there wasn't enough work. We would work eight or sixteen weeks and then have nothing for awhile. *Ciro* wanted more work; he was losing money on the tours because they weren't long enough -- the cost of putting a tour together was more than could be earned on a short tour. During the year I was away from the dance, *Ciro* was contracted by *Columbia Artists*. He also changed the location of his club in New Orleans to a better site near *Preservation Hall*. I went back to dancing, first in the club and then a five-month tour for *Columbia Artists*.

When I came home at Christmas, when we had a break, my son didn't recognize me. I felt so badly and was crying

that my own son didn't even recognize me. So when I went back to finish the tour, I told Ciro that it would be the last tour I would do, that I wanted to be home with my family. Ciro didn't believe me, that I would stop dancing. But I did. And I returned to San Francisco.

When Ciro got a contract for Australia and I didn't go, he got mad at me. But he continued working in the club and for Columbia Arts. He replaced me with La Chuni, a niece of Carmen Amaya, and other people. Then he began to have problems, something that never happened with us. He was very tired of working, always struggling, doing things for people, arranging publicity; it had been six or seven years that he had been working in New Orleans and he was very tired. I told him he should go to Spain, that he would feel strange for awhile, but then he would be the best of them all, because he was the best. And that is how it was. He sold the club and returned to Spain. There he began to teach, formed a company to work, and did choreographies for the National Ballet, but then he found that he didn't want to do all that.

Ciro has become very famous as a teacher. Can you tell us something about him and his dance?

His dance is very difficult. He is a man who creates. He doesn't have a set dance to teach to everybody. There is nothing set, nothing prepared ahead of time. He creates everything at the moment. He is a creator...and difficult! I have never seen another bailaor who can dance soleares for twenty minutes and at the end receive a tremendous ovation. Usually, when somebody dances for twenty minutes, the audience just wants him to get off the stage. He always gave everything on stage, a true artist, and any audience, whether they know flamenco or not, will respond to something good. Ciro always gave everything; you could wring water out of his shirt when he came off stage.

We made our dance better and better by improvising on stage, "sacando cosas," and getting our ideas as we performed. We had worked together so much that we could follow each other without thinking; if one person had a sudden mental block and didn't remember what was supposed to happen next, the other would follow the other perfectly. So, step by step, we created our dance by ourselves here in the United States.

And now Ciro is better than ever. He is in Spain...you understand that when you are in America and you don't see other people dance, your creativity gets blocked -- although that was somewhat of an advantage to us because we had to create. So, Ciro has changed, but always for the better, always improvising, not like many others who go up and down. It is a shame that he doesn't want to dance anymore, for he is one of the best bailaores of today, as a dancer, choreographer, creator, artist, and a poet. He is educated, speaks well on any subject, reads and speaks English very well, and writes beautiful poetry. He is an artist and "un señor."

How did you get started in San Francisco?

I found a studio and began to give classes. When people found out, more and more came. Soon I formed a small company and began to perform. And everything has continued to grow.

There are always interesting or amusing incidents which happen when you're on tour. Can you recall any which you would like to share with Jaleo?

Oh yes! There was one time when we were on tour in Canada. I'll never forget! We were going to Victoria and we had a large bus for the whole company. No one had eaten because we had gotten up early -- around seven in the morning -- and we thought, "We have lots of time, we can eat later."

It was winter, so it was freezing...ice and snow. The snow was incredible. The bus stopped in a snowbank. We had a professional driver from New York -- none of that having one of the performers drive, none of that! So there we were saying, "What are we going to do?" And the driver was trying to get the bus going the best he could. All of the men got out and dug with shovels and with their bare hands to get the snow away. Finally all the girls got out too, with snow above our knees, and we couldn't do it. I remember all the Canadian people were wonderful, stopping to help. But the bus wouldn't move. By this time it was 6:30 in the evening and we were supposed to perform at 8:00 o'clock. And we were still forty-five minutes from the theater. Ciro had to call the impresario to tell him

what had happened. He told us that the theater was sold out. We had to get out of there. Then, I remember, another bus stopped -- a large tourist bus -- and it took us. We had to take everything -- shoes, costumes, hats, trunks -- to the other bus.

It was 8:00 o'clock, on the dot, when we arrived. The theater was full. We were frozen to death! I couldn't



NEW ORLEANS "CHATEAU FLAMENCO"

feel my toes -- they were frozen! They brought us a banquet of food, but who was going to eat when there was a full theater waiting for us? Some did eat -- the guitarists and some of the others, but Ciro and I didn't. We put all the costumes in the dressing rooms and asked for a huge pot of boiling coffee. I remember that, when I went out on the stage, I still couldn't feel my feet -- they were pure ice. I couldn't do heelwork -- nothing! My castanets didn't sound



"CASA MADRID," SAN FRANCISCO, 1967

[she bursts out laughing as she remembers]. It was horrible. We did what we could. I remember the stage manager was trying to set the lights while we were dancing. How can you set lights at the last minute? It takes at least two hours of preparation to set the lights. At one point in my *siguiriya* someone gave the wrong cue and there was a total black-out. But we danced the best we could and the audience was very appreciative. The audience knew what had happened, and we had gotten on the stage in half an hour from the time we arrived.

Well, finally, when we were finished with the show, *Ciro* and I went to eat and found that they had taken all the food away. They thought that we had all eaten. How were we going to eat? That couldn't be! There were no restaurants open at that time, so we ate some bread and fruit that had been left on the bus.

There was another funny thing that happened while we were on tour with the company. I had just finished dancing and *Ciro* was just starting his dance -- a *soleá*. The manager came to us and said, "I don't want to frighten you or the audience. They have called to tell us that there is a bomb in the theater. Please tell your people to leave quietly and not to panic. We will ask the audience to leave little by little. Well *Ciro's* *soleares* was ten minutes long and he had just begun to dance! So we're all standing in the wings yelling, "*Ciro*, cut!" And *Ciro* didn't react. He was off in his own world. He really concentrated when he danced. He was one of those dancers who didn't care if there were two or two thousand in the audience -- he danced for himself. There are people who dance for money and there are people who dance because they love to dance. He didn't hear us. He finished his whole dance with us yelling from the wings. He came off and we told him, "There's a bomb! We have to get out! We've been yelling at you but you never looked at us. In any case, we all got out, they got the audience out,

and we waited around for over forty-five minutes while they searched the theater. Of course, there was no bomb, and everyone said, "Well, let's go, let's finish the show!" *Ciro* said, "No! Maybe that bomb is there and, when we go in, it will explode."

And not one of us would set foot in the theater. But the audience wanted the show and there was an enormous garden there. It was beautiful. They put some boards down and that's where we finished the show, although not the show that had been planned. The audience sat on the ground and everybody had a great time. But no one wanted to set foot in the theater -- not even to get the costumes -- until about three hours had gone by.

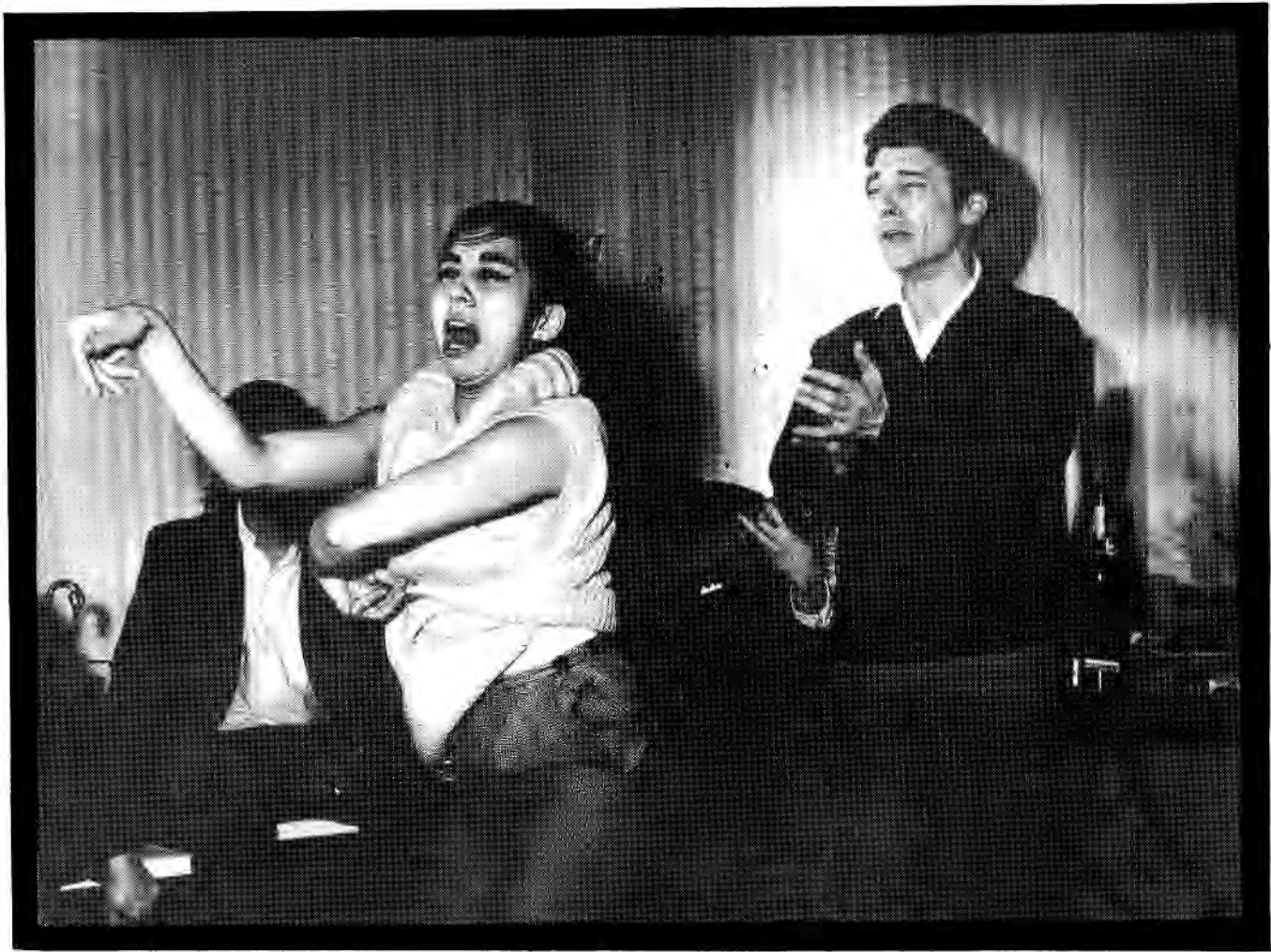
How do you feel about modern flamenco?

I have danced in different epochs. I danced in the time of *Pastora Imperio*, when the dances, cantes, and guitars were different, more tranquil, even simple, but very beautiful, with great art. There was *Rosita Durán*, who danced in the *Zambra* when I was there. She was a woman who danced with "arte" and strength, the two things. She knew how to control each number -- one strong with footwork, or a *peteneras* that was simple, but with tremendous "arte." So, I lived in that era, and then in the period of 1959-1961, when everybody danced at a hundred miles per hour, and all the men and women wanted to be the same, or, rather, who could outdo the other. And it was worth nothing, because the women had so much strength, so much footwork, but they had forgotten the art of the arms. So, that was another epoch.

Then, everything began to change...right down to the costumes. From small ruffles, they began to go back to the



MEMPHIS UNIVERSITY, 1968



ROSA AND CIRO AT A JUERGA WITH JUAN SERRANO, 1965

old style, with large "batas de cola" [train dresses], and people began to dance more with the body, more calmly. That was after 1968 or '69, more tranquil and with arms. That was another period, and it continues still; the dances are slower and have more sincerity, rather than just lots of footwork, and there is much more combination of body, arms, feet and pellizcos today.

It is more difficult to project to the audience with the body, than with the feet. Footwork impresses people who don't know. It is possible to do footwork and not know how to do anything with the rest of the body. So, for me, footwork alone has little merit. It has to be a combination of everything. Actually, I prefer to dance more with the body and pellizcos than with the feet. But the thing that is good about the dance of today is that it is so complete and combines everything. The old days focused on the arms and body; then it was all feet. Now you have to have everything, PLUS pellizcos. Still, some people do almost all countertime footwork, but I think it is more beautiful when you dance mostly in time and, then, when nobody is expecting it, out comes your countertime or pellizco, and everybody says "olé." If you do very fast and complicated footwork all the time, the audience can't assimilate it, can't see or know what you are doing.

How about the modern cante and guitar music?

I love it! I can't say that I like it better than the old style, though. Today, the guitar is phenomenal. In the old days, the guitar was not important, it was just to accompany -- except for Ramón Montoya, who gave concerts. We never used to worry about the guitarists. I believe that Paco de Lucía is responsible for making people listen to the guitar. You can say whatever you want about Paco, but he plays flamenco. I remember when he first came here as a youth and

came to my house. You couldn't believe how he played. The things he does are amazing. So because of Paco, people listen to guitar now, in fact, the guitar may be more popular now than the dance. I was listening to the husband of Manuela Carrasco, Joaquín Amañor, playing for the singing of his sister, La Susi, and when he played something on the guitar, the people went crazy. You never heard that sort of thing in the past -- the guitarist obeyed the singer and stayed in the background. And the guitarist saw what he could do and followed after him. Now there are so many young guitarists who play so well, "que no se puede aguantar." The guitar has been revolutionized, not only for solo playing, but also for accompanying. So, I love the way they play today, although sometimes they do too much countertime. *How do you like a guitarist to accompany you?*

The chemistry needs to be good; the guitarist needs to be strong and have a variety of falsetas -- not just play compás all the time. But I don't either want someone who is doing countertimes all the time and you never hear compás or a falseta. I love a melody on the guitar, a beautiful falseta. Besides it's more interesting when there is melody and compás along with pellizcos. But the pellizcos have to be when the dancer asks for it -- when the dance requires it. At a quiet moment in the dance -- that is not the place for countertimes; it calls for a melody. I think that many guitarists are trying to do too many counters, trying to copy people from Spain...but they also have to know when and where to use it. So for me, I prefer that a guitarist play plenty of beautiful falsetas, pellizcos and have a variety of everything.

Who are some of the guitarists you enjoyed dancing with because they have those qualities?

I loved -- long ago -- working with Adonis Puertas. He was a

great guitarist. He knew how to play. He didn't even have to practice with Ciro and me. I mean we never said, "I want this falseta here or that one there." He played whatever he wanted and we danced. We had our choreography, but he knew how to follow us...he knew precisely when to cut off a falseta or come in with compás or countertime. Of course, on the other hand, if a falseta was a little long, we never cut off the guitarist. There are many dancers who have their choreography and, when the poor guitarist is in the middle of a beautiful falseta, they start "tun, tun, tun" and make their call. They don't listen to the guitar -- they just go with the choreography that they have set. Ciro and I, whether we were dancing alone or as a duo, we always waited until the guitarist had completed his melody. We knew when it would be over; it was a natural thing. Then we would come in with a call or whatever we had next in the dance.

So there was Adonis Puertas and Carlos Rubio, another very good guitarist. We also worked with Carlos Sánchez, who played for Antonio and Rosario -- very good. There were many others, but those were some who Ciro and I really liked. We worked a long time with Adonis Puertas. And, later, there were other good guitarists who worked with us -- Bob Rich, Rene Heredia, Juan Serrano, Sarasate, Fernando



WITH ROBERTO ZAMORA AT THE MASONIC AUDITORIUM IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1979

Sirvent, Eduardo Santiago and Benito Palacios, who played very well for us.

When you are dancing, who do you listen to more -- the cantaor or the guitarist?

Both, because the guitar is one part and the cante is another part. And when the cantaor is singing for you, in that moment you are listening to the cante, and if it inspires you -- phenomenal! Later, when it is time for the guitar, you listen to the guitar. Both, for me, must inspire me, fill me with emotion. Of course, many times there are not enough people who sing the way you would like. It is difficult; there are people who have learned to sing here and they deserve credit, but they have not lived in Spain. Some have gone to Spain. For example, there is one, Roberto Zamora, who dances very well, but who also

sings. I like him very much. He works with me. He studies a great deal and listens and tries to do things well and goes to Spain and works there. He is one of those who realizes that one must try to progress. He has a good voice. Even though he is not from Spain, I like working with him. He is punctual, does things the way I like them to be done, rehearses, and on stage, he is stupendous, very supportive for the dancer. He knows the palmas and the dance. I'm not saying that he sings like someone from Spain -- that is very difficult to do, but he has a good voice.

Who are some of your favorite cantores in Spain?

Of the modern ones, I like Turronero very much. I like Camarón. I like Villar, who sings well for the dance, very clear, very "cuadrao" [literally "squared off"; well-marked and logical for dancing]. Of course there are many more who have come out. Those are the ones I've heard more on records. Oh, I like Susi, and the Montoyas, ay! When you hear them all on their records, they are divine! I've never seen them perform, but I've been told that all of them are phenomenal. Las Grecas, in their style of rock, they're good -- they don't displease me; they were the first to come out with those things. And there is another too, Marelu. There are many who have come out now whom I have never seen -- I've only heard their records.

What cantores have you worked with here in the United States?

One of the best we've worked with here is Antonio Serrano, from Spain -- a very good cantaor. And Miguel Galvez "El Niño de las Cabezas" worked with us too, along with Domingo Alvarado, Pepe Segundo, Luis Vargas and Manolo Leiva.

Who was your favorite among those?

Well each one had his own style. Pepe Segundo sang formidably! Por soleares, it was too much to bear! Miguel Galvez sings well in his style, too. "El es gitano por los cuatro costados" [gypsy on all four sides]. Those are the ones I have worked with in the United States. Of course, I worked with many others in Spain -- the cantores of that time.

What is your approach to teaching and what do you think is the most important for people to learn first?

Many people start to build the house from the roof. I don't believe in that. I like to start with the basics -- the body, the posture, the arms, the feet. Everybody does feet, but the arms and body are the most difficult, and that's what needs to be learned first. When I start, I begin with the body, the arms and the hands. The first dance I teach is sevillanas. It is not easy -- it is difficult. When they can dance the sevillanas well, they can say that they have learned to dance (a little), because it is a dance with choreography, too. It is not a solo dance, but it is danced with a partner. It's a very good base -- it has everything and the compás is difficult.

Do you teach it with or without castanets?

With castanets, with castanets! At the beginning, before they know how to play the castanets, I teach it (the dance) without castanets. Then when they know how to play them, we put the castanets with the dance. Because you can't put the castanets with the dance if they don't know how to play them. They may have learned the dance very well with arms and everything, but when they start to dance with the castanets, they forget everything. You have to start all over again slowly, from the beginning, to set each step with arms and castanets and steps.

That's how I start my students. Then I begin to set the sevillanas, tanguillos, and fandangos. When they know a little more, I start to set alegrías and bulerías, but only when I know that they are prepared. In my technique classes, I always give a little bit of bulerías so that they become familiar with the compás.

Do you count when you teach or do you prefer that students learn the compás by listening and feeling?

I prefer that people listen to the compás, but in this country it is very difficult. They ask me, "Where is the three or where is the six?" I know where it is and I can tell them, "The three is on the flat or the six is on the toe." You have to count for them in the beginning. I don't like to do it. I tell them, "You have to listen." I teach the count with the palmas so that they learn where the accents fall, but I tell them, "You can't be counting while dancing -- one, two, THREE, four, five SIX -- you have to listen to the guitar." But it is difficult. It is not something which you learn in one month, nor in two or three.



ROSA WITH SINGER MIGUEL GALVEZ, 1965

When they have been studying about a year, then they begin to distinguish the compás and can say, "Ah, that is an alegrías," or "that is a soleares," or "this is bulerías." When they know how to distinguish one from the other, then they know the compás. If they cannot distinguish one from the other, they are still not ready. It takes time. If they want to learn faster, they must listen a lot on their own. They must buy records and listen to the cante and the guitar a great deal. If they only listen when they come to class, it will take much longer. The teacher cannot do everything -- the student must learn and practice on his own. I have had students who, in one year, are dancing and I have put them in the company. But that is because they have practiced and rehearsed hard on their own.

In your experience do you find that dancers with a ballet background learn more rapidly?

Yes, yes! For example, I have a new student with a ballet background who, in the two times she has come to class, has learned the four sevillanas with arms. Those who have not danced before are like mummies -- it is hard to get them to move. On the other hand, those who have danced a lot of ballet have a hard time dancing flamenco so that it doesn't look like ballet; it is more difficult for them to present themselves in a flamenco manner. So, with those who have studied ballet, you work more at getting them to dance "flamenco," while, with those who haven't studied ballet, you work more on technique. Ballet does a lot for you. There are those who say that a person who dances ballet or classical Spanish dance cannot be "flamenco." They say, "That is not flamenco, because it uses castanets," or "too much technique" or "that is not gypsy!" But that is not true...and I say that as a pure gypsy. What is gypsy?

There are Americans who say they are gypsies because they have gone to Spain and seen the gypsies dance or have lived with gypsies. No matter how long they live with the gypsies they will not become even part gypsy. So these people are with the gypsies, pure gypsies who have no technique, but dance their baile gitano. That doesn't take away anything from those who have a great deal of technique and dance flamenco. The gypsies have their own thing, some of it very unesthetic, but divine when done by them because it comes out of them naturally. But for those who copy them, it is not natural. True, some people do go to Spain and absorb some of the flavor of the gypsy dance and are able to do it, but there are others who cannot and it is a disaster for them. This is also true in the toque and cante.

There are gypsies who have good technique. For example, El Güito is a gypsy who dances gitano. But when I saw him dance in the film "Bodas de Sangre," he had a great deal of technique and did turns that you cannot learn with just a little bit of practice. Other gypsies will say, "I have wanted to dance a farruca for twenty years, but it just won't come out!" It's not that they can't do it, but that they don't want to. They do what is easy for them, like the bulerías; they are phenomenal in that.

If you have good technique, you can dance anything. You can dance alegrías, soleares or siguiriyas. Of course, there are dances you like better and feel more. I like soleares, I feel it. If you are a good bailaora and you have ability, you can dance anything. I admire my family, los gitanos, who have something of their own, but I also admire the technicians, who have good technique and also dance flamenco.

How much ballet did you study?



ROSA (CENTER) WORKING ON RAVEL'S "BOLERO" WITH THE OAKLAND PROMETHIUS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, 1973



WITH GUITARIST CARLOS RUBIO AND SINGER ANTONIO SERRANO; WEST COAST CONCERT SERIES, LOS ANGELES



"DANCE SPECTRUM" CONCERT, 1981: (LEFT TO RIGHT) RAQUEL LOPEZ, CRUZ LUNA, PIER CHARTER (BEHIND ROSA), AUGUSTIN QUINTERO



"DANCE SPECTRUM" CONCERT, 1981 (LEFT TO RIGHT) RAQUEL LOPEZ, CRUZ LUNA, ROBERTO ZAMORA, PIER CHARTER, AUGUSTIN QUINTERO, ROSA, ANNA BREVA, DIANE ALEJANDRE



ROSA WITH GUITARIST CARLOS RUBIO IN NEW ORLEANS, 1971



ROSA AT "CUEVAS DE NEMESIO" TABLAO IN MADRID, 1960



ROSA WITH GUITARIST AUGUSTIN QUINTERO AT THE "SPAGHETTI FACTORY," 1982



AT "CUEVAS DE NEMESIO"

I studied ballet as I said earlier, and also escuela bolera with the Pericet's. Actually, I did not study ballet for long because I loved flamenco and I didn't want to be a classical dancer. My teacher was pushing me to go on point, but I wanted to just study a little to train my muscles and learn to do turns -- so I would not do turns like the gypsies, who pivot on their heels.

Do you feel that foreigners can learn to dance flamenco well?

I don't say that Americans can't learn flamenco, or that everybody can learn to dance. I am not one of those gypsy fanatics who say, "I am a gypsy, and these people don't know how to dance or sing!" I believe I know too much about art to say that. You have to give each person his due credit. There are many Americans who have been in Spain for six or seven years and dance... "olé!"...with pellizcos and everything. It is something inside you. If you have it, you will do it. It is not in the blood, as some gypsies say, and it can't be injected. There are many Spaniards dancing who do not have it. They don't have ability or they don't care. But people who care and study can do it.

One thing that is very difficult for people here is learning how to move the hips. The hips have to move in time with the guitar and they don't know how to do it. It is the hardest thing to teach and takes a long time. Another thing is controlling the dance. The guitar may go very rapidly, but the dancer can control her dance and dance slowly if she wishes by dancing half-time [Rosa had a hard time explaining this and did it by demonstration; she meant that you can stretch a movement normally done in one compás of music, into two compás, so that it is much slower]. Many times the hands are moved so rapidly, without control, that they look like fans or flies. The hands must be controlled and have their proper movement.

A good example of an American who has learned flamenco is Lourdes, who is now dancing in Los Angeles. I love her dancing. She was in Spain with the gypsies. In some ways she does not have a lot of technique, but she has captured the essence and feels it. She has captured the compás, the cante, and knows how to dance bulerías with the cante. "Es una bella!" So, it can be done.

* * *

Rosa continues to reside in the San Francisco area where she teaches six days a week and has the home base for her performing company, "Rosa Montoya's Bailes Flamencos." She intends to dance as long as she is able but hopes that she will know when it is time to stop. "I will not make a fool of myself by performing when I am no longer able to dance well."

In her teaching she wants to prepare her students so that they will be good ambassadors of the art of flamenco in this country. She says that poorly trained performers tend to degrade the art -- give it a bad name while excellent performers will raise the art to a higher more respected level here.

For the present and the future she will continue to promote the growth of quality flamenco in every way she can.

* * *

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

ROSA MONTOYA FLAMENCO COMPANY PERFORMS FOR FULL HOUSE AT MPC
(from: Monterey Peninsula Herald, Feb. 18, 1974)

by Richard Seymour

Local aficionados of Spanish dance packed the Theater of Monterey Peninsula College to the last seat Saturday evening and enjoyed both a grand show and a surprisingly exemplary display of Spanish dance and music provided by Rosa Montoya and her Ballet Flamenco company.

The company's offering was a pleasant surprise for knowledgeable lovers of this much maligned art form, as good Spanish dance -- especially good flamenco -- is about as rare as hen's teeth. And the colorful Montoya troupe gave just plain theater lovers their money's worth too.

Not only is the company technically accomplished, but they also have a considerable amount of the right "gitana pura" style and spirit. This is not to say they are perfect in respect to authentic style and could make one forget an Escudero, but this finely flavored little troupe gets one closer to the meat of gypsy song and dance than, say, Jose Greco used to do with his big company.

De Falla's "La Vida Breve" provided the music for the opening number which featured Nemesio Paredes, Lourdes Rodriguez and Paula Reyes in a pleasant enough curtain-raiser that, however, seemed to go a little heavy on the castanets.

A "Guajiras," which is a rarely experienced Andalusian form, was next and brought out Miss Montoya in a solo dance that showed-off her excellent body carriage, tasteful theatricality and fine arms, hands and shoulders. Greatly increasing the high musical value of the piece was the singing of Rubina, whose rich voice and emoting of lyrics added to the employment of all the other pieces on the program in which she participated.

Following the "fandangos de Huelva" which featured Miss Rodriguez and Miss Reyes and showed that like Miss Montoya they possess unusually good torsos and arms for Spanish dance, Paredes danced a most elegant, but stylistically unusual "farruca." This is the supreme test for the male flamenco dancer, calling as it does for great technical control, care in body alignment, demanding zapateo work and especially fine temperament.

Paredes gave his audience intriguing rhythms and beautiful body poise as well as nobly and hypnotically serpentine movement, and his "caidas" (quick falls to one or both knees) were briskly articulated. However, his emotional projection was too subtle and boyish. Also, he chose not to do the "vuelta quebradas," but rather made all his turns with unbent body.

In the "Zorongo Gitano" Miss Montoya and Paredes joined together for a real treat of flamenco dancing in flavorful style. The costuming and lighting was perfect, as it was for the whole program.

A guitar solo by Marco, who provided expert music all night, but who could benefit his playing if he kept his toe-tapping down, and a piece called "Vardiales," a peasant-type dance, ended the program's first half.

Now came the real spice of the evening, for in the final half of the show the group really got down to the nitty-gritty of belting out flamenco spirit in an admirably individual way that was free of artifice. Paredes, Miss Rodriguez and Miss Reyes blended their talents with those of Marco and Rubina to do a fine, down-to-earth "soleares," a form which along with the "alegrías" is the source of all flamenco. Paredes especially shone here.

Miss Montoya then did a definitively staged and extremely well-dance "alegrías" working very well with Rubina's appealing voice. Miss Montoya was the total dancer in this. Facial expressions, eloquent filigranos displaying her remarkable arms, emotional project and quite amazing footwork were all there and her enchantment of the viewer was complete. Noteworthy too were her charming pasos ondulados -- believe me Miss Montoya can really "undulate."

The program ended in a riot of rhythm with a "cuadro flamenco" setting.

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ZORONGO GITANO AT ZELLERBACH AUDITORIUM

(from: Dancemagazine, March 1975)

by Pamela Gays

Across the Bay in Zellerbach Auditorium, January 10, I was enchanted by Rosa Montoya and her small, yet excellently trained company of dancers. "Zorongo Gitano" (from a poem by Garcia Lorca) showed the petite Montoya wrapped in a large embroidered shawl, alone against yellow lights effecting the pale outlines of church windows. Montoya's use of the shawl, her direct controlled movements of the port de bras and highly arched back gave the effect of a miniature religious figurine. The sinuous body tensions and "elastic turns" of Nemesio Paredes match the lyricism of Montoya as she sang and danced the lyrics of Lorca. In the second part of the program, Montoya revealed her second true talent as being that of comedy. A fan, a straw hat, the fury of castanets accompanied by the flirtatious wiggle of a scarf in "Rumba"

cause a character to appear who might be renamed "Carlita Chaplin" (as opposed to Rosa Montoya). After flirting with her scarf at the guitarist, she and Paredes rumba off stage only to return to an audience cheering curtain calls of applause. Bursting with the energy of one hundred heel clicks per minute, Rosa Montoya is almost a "one woman show within a show."

* *

AN ETHNIC FIRST

(from: After Dark, July 1978)

by James Armstrong

San Francisco's First Ethnic Dance Festival, held early in May, was an experiment that turned into a triumph. When the Neighborhood Arts Program (S.F.'s was the nation's first) dreamed up the idea, and the Hotel Tax Fund (levied to aid the local arts) came up with \$25,000, nobody really knew that there were so many varied and professionally competent dance companies in this area. (In the main, these are people who have jobs and dance for fun, you understand. Only a few do it for their living.) It was planned, put together, publicized, and put on in a relatively short time, but even on the learn-as-we-go basis, the touch was sure and the results a joy to all. Naturally, each company has its own following. What the Festival did was vastly enlarge that, and make the community as a whole more aware of its artistic resources.

So we, the cross-section, were appropriately staggered by the panoply of Tiare's Otea, a Tahitian group whose show can truly be termed spectacular. All those headdresses and feathers and flowers and drums! Their demonstration by dozens of gorgeous girls of the precisioned ritual of the close-order hula was something nobody will quite get over. Do consider Rosa Montoya's Bailes Flamencos, for me were the single most hair-raisingly exciting group on the bill. They're professionals, of course, and what professionals! Rosa's fire, flare, and technical command reminded me strongly of no less an immortal than Carmen Amaya. Yes, I know what I'm saying. You should see Rosa! Passion is too tame a word.

* *

THE UNIQUE FIRE OF FLAMENCO

(from: Independent Journal, May 8, 1982)

by Alan Scfield

After the roars, bravas and whistles finally quieted in the Marin Showcase Theater Saturday night, the spark of celebration was still alive in the air. Rosa Montoya and the Bailes Flamencos had once again brought to vivid life the spontaneous art of Spanish gypsy flamenco.

Encouraged and inspired by guitarists Gabriel Hernandez and Daniel Fuente and the lean emotional singing of Roberto Zamora, the company offered a well paced and varied program of classical Spanish and flamenco dances.

The concert revealed more often the bright joyous side of the flamenco art with such dances as Aires de Cuba, verdiales and the engaging improvisations of rumba flamenca. The four younger dancers, though well trained and styled, lacked a certain strength and fire with the exception of Ana Brava whose grasp on who she is and what she is dancing is already firm.

The darker poetry and unique fire that is flamenco was created most powerfully by the company's director Rosa Montoya, and her special guest, Cruz Luna. From the deep loneliness of the soleares to the wild elation of the alegrías, Montoya's dancing burns with youth, stamping life into the stage she adores. This art is her life.

Cruz Luna, featured particularly in the very masculine farruca and solea por bulerías, is a dancer of strength and elegant reserve. Over a brilliant attack of heels he offers the cool grace and the essence of control.

Saturday night's concert proved how very alive a living tradition can be. Bravo! Rosa Montoya.



MORCA

... sobre el baile

DANCING WITH CONTROL

Having full control while dancing seems very basic at the first look, but in reality there are many facets and faces of one's control over dance. There is a never ending search and discovery process in these many areas of control. When I speak of inner control and being -- being in control of the body, the total body as the ultimate goal, not the body controlling and guiding our dance and our feelings of dance.

As initial inspiration gives way to learning good technique, the body seems very much in control, until our long study periods start to develop "muscle memory," that ability to know that when you execute a turn or a footwork pattern, it will be there. Control over our basic technique is a never ending study process; as we climb to a level of expertise and put all of the isolated parts of our body together to do one beautiful flamenco turn, then immediately we begin the search for and practice of two and three turns and on and on. The same is true for all of the facets of technique -- refining, cleaning, developing a deeper and more complex total involvement.

In my 1982 all flamenco workshop, we worked on some very important facets of control that I feel develop the art of the dance to a higher degree. Some of these basics are often neglected and are not given sufficient time and worth in our total study. A few concepts we worked on were: sustaining energy and focus, proper breathing; dancing slowly with power; attacking speed with power, not just winding up into it; the control of footwork with speed, not just loud, but a full range of slow-fast, loud-soft, slow-loud, fast-soft, etc, and all combinations of contrast; control over filling in the music within the compás, developing a "Flow" within each compás that steadily interprets that particular compás; sustaining interpretation, not switching interpretation just to get the "Rah-Rah" ending as a performing artist, controlling the area between artist and audience; making simple things look difficult and difficult things look easy; making the whole body and spirit move as one, completely integrated for whatever interpretation message it sets out to do; the ability to stand still and exude energy and power to the back of the room.

These are just some of the ideas to think about in the search for a total approach to control in dance.

One of the most important approaches to good over-all control is to be in good physical "dance shape," and to properly warm up and do a regular series of stretch and strengthening exercises. The body is the instrument and, the better tuned it is, the better it dances. I always suggest ballet for flamenco dancers; for many, it falls on deaf ears, but it is one of the best approaches to body control, centering, strengthening, stretching, breathing and discipline, which all can be applied to flamenco without becoming or looking like a ballet dancer.

Another facet of control is sustaining energy and focus. I am speaking of that special inner tension that is like a spring, coiled, like a stalking tiger. Think of tension as flexible, not stiffness like a cement wall, but a sustained energy that you release at will. Think of your body as independent of gravity, your upper body suspended, your legs and hips free to move, your arms sustaining energy to bring them down as well as to lift them, a feeling of suspension, like moving under water. Also, along with energy is breathing, total breathing deep into the body, both with nose and mouth. It is important to find your breathing spots within your dance movement, otherwise all of the muscles in the world will not prevent the huff and puff and strain, sucking out all of the aesthetics.

Along with breathing is focus, an inner focus as if you are stalking an unseen force. This focus I am speaking of is not a mystery, nor is it just a focus with the eyes, but

it is a piercing inner and outer focus of a "deep purpose" that you are portraying. It is the difference between tip-toeing through the tulips or shaking the audience to the inner core of their spines. It is both peripheral and concentrated; it is a focus of interpretation; it is becoming one's true self and focusing that into the dance.

A very exciting facet of control is dancing slowly. I mean a powerful slow, a filled-in slow, a sustained slowness, as if you are savoring every second of every movement. When a dancer has conquered the basic compás and basic accents of the various rhythmical structures, then he can start filling out the music, using all of the musicality that is built into all flamenco rhythms and music. This filling out of the music gives a sense of control that enables you to "breathe" with the music and make slow movement into very full movement, full of special meaning, and enabling you to do many more things that you could not do going fast. Slow and fast are relative approaches, but a sense of this cross-section between slow and fast is an exciting search and one of great inspiration and power when conquered. I tell people who are first getting into flamenco that control over their footwork comes mainly from the upper part of the body, and it is of primary importance to start flamenco training with proper carriage, arms in control, finding that special "seated" position, where your hips are able to isolate your upper body and that slight bend from the knees which gives a beautiful freedom in footwork. All of our lives we are under the influence of gravity, or shall I say, over the influence of gravity and, during our dance training, we work against gravity by pulling up, centering our bodies, lifting our torso off of our legs and then making that superb posture work for us. As an experiment, put your feet together, bend at your knees all the way down, keeping back straight and body centered without letting your behind stick out. Now put your hands under your rib cage and "lift" yourself back up. If you are lifting in your upper body, you will come up with little or no strain and your weight will not be left for your legs to lift, but your torso will act as if it is floating on your legs. Basically, flamenco demands good old-fashioned posture and it is not a mystery to find.

Probably the most interesting search for control of what you feel in dance is on the subjective level, such as sustaining interpretation of a dance, control over standing still or walking, exuding that inner energy that crosses over between artist and audience. I do not mean just the paid audience of the professional, I am speaking of any sharing, whether two people on the street corner (we did that in Madrid) or at a fiesta. These facets of control to me are of supreme importance and come from a combination of understanding flamenco and total belief in "becoming" the dance with your whole self.

Today, I see dancers ending everything with bulerías or rumbas, mainly for their need for the RAH-RAH ending. Why should everything have to have a thunderous applause of approval on speed and noise? Try at some point to end a soleares slowly, just as it began, sustaining a feeling all the way through this dance of dramatic intensity and a powerful inner energy of stillness with intensity.

The most exciting facet of total control in dance, and any other art form, is that there is always room in the search for improvement. It is a never ending search, for we are human and it is an ongoing growth within our total

make-up that makes the search of our personal art worthwhile. With humility, patience and a deep love, the inspiration and joy of control will be yours. You will become the dance...the flamenco dance.

-- Teodoro Morca



JUAN MARTINEZ El Arte Flamenco

THE GUITAR, THE BANDURRIA, AND THE CANTE
JONDO DEVELOPED THE SPANISH DANCE

by Juan Martínez

[from: La Prensa, 1942; sent by Laura Moya; translated by Paco Sevilla]

Now that I am in Andalucía, I don't want to overlook the guitar nor the cante called flamenco, or cante jondo -- it isn't known whether this latter name is due to the obscurity of its origin or because it comes from the "soul." In any case, both the guitar and cante jondo played an active role in the development of the dance -- in general, and in that of the gitanos in particular; for this reason, these two fountains of pure Spanish art deserve special mention.

The guitar has seven strings in Russia and is used especially by the Russian gypsies; in Italy the guitar has up to nine strings, but in Spain, only six. In the early times, it was used only as an instrument of accompaniment, both for dancing and singing. In Andalucía the guitar took another, more important, path of development, passing rapidly from the role of accompanying the singer.

In Valencia, the guitar served and still serves as an instrument to accompany the songs of Valencia, and in Aragón it completes the great "rondallas" [musical groups] made up of bandurrias [mandolin-like instruments] that would sound incomplete without the guitars. The bandurria, being an instrument for playing melodies, was adopted by the gypsies so that, between it and the guitar, they could harmonize the melodies they needed for the development of their dance. But the guitar couldn't stop there; it was made to reach a much higher position, and it was easy for it to achieve that position because of the role it played in the cante and baile.

The early guitarists, without having anything of their own except a great ability to follow rhythms, were able to accompany whatever dance was executed in front of them. At the same time, the cante then just beginning to be very rich in variations, but lacking in titles to give recognition to the different melodies, was, like the dance and the guitar, looking for a way to classify the differences in styles, even though almost all came from the same origin -- the gypsies.

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All of these songs had to be accompanied in different ways and no matter what unexpected turn they might take. One cannot imagine how, but when a cantor was singing, no matter what the melody, the guitarist followed with a solid rasgueado, strong rhythm, and changes of tone that followed the sound of the voice; such a miracle could not have developed on any other instrument.

As you can understand, in order to accompany so many different cantes, it was necessary to know the guitar in depth, and the strangest part is that all of this "toque" [guitar music] was done by ear, in spite of the fact that each toque has its own different compás, rasgueo, and falsetas...

Since those early days, the guitar has been indispensable to the cante and baile, and, later, came to occupy a more predominant position, not only in flamenco, but as a musical instrument in all of the rest of Spain.

The same thing happened with the guitar as with the dance: the classical came and was mixed with the original Andalus or gitano. It cannot be denied that the classical players advanced the guitar and formed -- just as in the dance -- a special school for the development of technique. The guitar is one of the most difficult instruments to play and requires a long and in-depth study in order to play that which is called "classical." Due to the quality of music played on the guitar, this instrument has risen to the level of the concert hall.

Among the many celebrated artists of the classical guitar, we can single out Fernando Sor and Dionisio Aguado who, besides being great performers and geniuses, wrote the first instruction methods for the guitar, methods that to this date have not been surpassed, nor equaled. From their school of playing came Tárrega and his disciple Llovet, and Andrés Segovia, today the undisputed maestro of the classical guitar; also, Pujol, Sáinz de la Maza, Luis Marín, Agustín Andrés, Vicente Gómez, Moreno de Madrid, etc.

And not only did the guitar develop greatly in Spain, but the seed which bore fruit there, extended to Spanish America where we find such excellent guitarists as Julio Martínez Cyanguren and others. In other nations it was cultivated with great success, and today the guitar is seen as one of the outstanding instruments in the melodic art, with enormous potential for those guitarists who possess the indispensable qualities needed to extract it.

But, returning to the flamenco guitarists, those who preserve the origins of the guitar, that is, the "toque Andaluz-gitano," these are the true phenomena of the guitar, in my opinion, because none of them know formal music, nor do they need it. They know only one thing: the guitar.

The rasgueos [strums] are the primitive foundation of flamenco because they provided a system of accompaniment; just by passing the right hand over the strings in a downward motion, or a circular one, and adopting various positions with the left hand, the guitarist could accompany all dances and songs, no matter how different they were. These guitarists, aside from playing in the purest manner, with great ease adopted whatever new forms appeared during the evolution of flamenco, such as scales and other techniques that, although they were "classical," became flamenco and are executed with incredible finger dexterity. The middle fingers of the right hand pick from high to low, or vice versa, and perform tremolos while the thumb runs over all of the strings and the left hand coordinates with speed and positions.

Another of the merits of these guitarists is the wealth of variations they have in each toque -- especially for accompanying the cante; they execute a great variety of falsetas, each guitarist in his own style. The flamenco repertoire has become so extensive and varied that the origins can hardly be remembered, although they undoubtedly exist. And, due to this abundance, just as with the classical, the flamenco guitar has risen to the level of the concert stage; it happened much later with the classical guitar, but reached the same height.

This development is due to the instincts and personalities of the flamenco performers, not to the study of music as with the previously mentioned classical guitarists. Classical music was more easily understood by everybody and, therefore, more easily popularized -- the music was, more or less, already known. The flamenco guitarists, on the other

hand, were understood by only a certain element. For that reason, it was many years before flamenco spread around the world, just as with the flamenco dance that had remained concentrated only in special places that cultivated nothing but "el arte flamenco."

We owe the great renown of the flamenco guitar to the perseverance and great numbers of admirers who encouraged the toque. And, among the professionals I can list the following: Luis Molina, Amalia Cuenca, Ramón Montoya (today, the top flamenco guitarist in Spain), Miguel Barrull (padre), Angel Regadera, Niña Huelva, Niña Sabicas, Niña Ricardo, Luis Yance, Miguel Barrull (hijo), Carlos Montoya, Paco Aguilera, El Pena, Pepe de Bañajaz, Relámpago, Jerónimo Villarino, and an infinite number of guitarists who are contributing their new ideas and adding to the truly inexhaustible fingerboard of the guitar.



GAZPACHO DE GUILBERMO

TIPS ON LEARNING TO SPEAK SPANISH

PART 3

This is the last installment of articles on learning Spanish. Here are some more questions that people ask:

Q: Is Spanish easy or difficult?

A: That is really a subjective question. Some people have difficulty with Spanish and others find it easy. When I hear someone say that it's easy, I usually interpret it as meaning that it's easier than most other languages. You do not have to learn a new alphabet, and the sounds are very predictable.

This does not mean that it is easy, though. Why does this issue have to be settled? Is Spanish easy or difficult? I think the question is asked by the prospective student to size up the teacher. The student wants to hear that it is easy, since it gives credibility and authority to the teacher. If the teacher is a good salesman he can even sell the product as being arduously difficult, only for the chosen few. This approach appeals to the elitist personality. One feels that Spanish is extremely difficult for the masses, but simple for him.

Q: My teacher at the university tells me not to watch the "telenovelas" (soap operas), but rather the news broadcasts. What do you think?

A: Watch both! The newscasters speak in perfect Spanish and the soap operas have quick dialogue. You can learn plenty from the "telenovelas" even though the university crowd may look down on it. The content of the stories may not compare with great literature, but the reason for studying these television shows is to hear people speak with the quick dialogue.

Q: What other things can I do outside of class to help to learn Spanish?

A: I like this question! It shows student-generated interest and willingness. My way of teaching assumes cooperativeness, not to be confused with adulation. I highly recommend comic books since there are many pictures to serve as visual aids. Again, you may get some frowns from literature teachers. It's "not dignified" enough.

Q: Why do you mention this dignity issue in many of your articles?

A: Much of Spanish and Latin American literature deals with the theme of dignity: the lord and the peasant, the Christian and the pagan, the beggars, the persecuted, the inquisition, the "conquistadores," and the Indian. Also great numbers of articles have been published, especially in the "New World"

about it. I find it strange that professors would look down on things like flamenco or non-Castilian Spanish when the very literature they teach has dignity as a main theme.

Q: What are the different dialects of the Spanish language? And which one do you teach?

A: Spanish doesn't really have dialects. I think a better word for it is "deje" or "dejo." This means a particular way of saying the words, a twang, or lilt. It is true that certain countries have some different vocabulary words also, but there are far more similarities than differences. What I teach are the similarities to the beginners, not slang or vocabulary used in any particular region not used elsewhere. Later on I do present some of this kind of thing.

Q: Isn't it easier for babies to learn a language than adults?

A: I can't remember first hand. Parents like this idea and it may be true. Remember that babies remain silent for a long time before they start to speak with any communication. The adult can start to say phrases and sentences in his first lesson. Adults can do quite well if they wouldn't psych themselves out.

Q: In your first article, when speaking of discipline, you seemed to be critical of the concept of "being in control of oneself." What is wrong with that? And are you a Communist? You seem to be against success.

A: When learning Spanish, is it good to use discipline and to control oneself by studying hard, even when not in the mood? How can one control oneself? You are yourself; there aren't two different entities. The part that "wants to" conquers the part that "doesn't want to" study. You both win and lose at the same time. You beat yourself now, but "yourself" is going to come back and beat you later. Like you said, it is a concept.

I am not against success and careers in Spanish or flamenco. What I want to clear up here is that the means to this success may be a bit stormy. Most successful people know what it is to step on a few toes to get where they are going. This "socially acceptable ruthlessness" is almost inevitably associated with what we call success. What's wrong with learning Spanish with no goal other than communication with other human beings? What's wrong with learning flamenco with no other goal than to enjoy it? Too many people feel that if you enjoy something it cannot be any good, or if it is unpleasant it must be worthwhile.

A career in Spanish must always be accompanied by another unrelated skill, such as teaching, translating, typing, diplomat, radio announcer, writer, etc. Spanish alone will get you nowhere; all the more reason to enjoy it.

* * *

"CASTRO MARIN, PACO DE LUCIA"

(Philips 28PP-2, 1981, Recorded in Japan)

This record was released around the same time as "Solo Quiero Caminar" and is somewhat similar to it. Paco de Lucía is joined by Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin on two tracks. The most noticeable difference between the two records is the cleaner sound this record has. The salesman at the record store claimed that, since it was a Japanese pressing that it would be exceptional, and hence worth the \$20.00 price. Later on in the week I saw another edition of "Castro Marín" available for \$11.95, but it was not pressed in Japan.

"Monasterio De Sal" is the opening number. In contrast to the other version of it, this one is only guitar with no electric bass to help out. The sound of the record is definitely crisper with more dynamic range. Paco does a good job on the colombiana. "Gitanos Andaluces" is the bulería which starts similar to the other album, but for percussion Paco plays rhythm on the dead strings of a second, overdubbed, guitar during the whole piece. In the absence of "palmas" it makes a nice effect; however, it would have to be done by another guitarist live. "Castro Marín" is a fandango and is pretty much the same as "Montiño," the fandango from "Solo Quiero Caminar" except that it has a different ending. "Herencia," perhaps named tongue-in-cheek, starts with familiar soleares material from other Lucía albums, but switches over to a soleá por bulerías, which is ad-libbed as only Paco can do.

Larry Coryell joins Paco for "Convite," a rumba. Coryell adds his own steel string sound. It's very well done, but for some reason I prefer the other version. "Palenque" features both Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin in a sound similar to the "Saturday Night in San Francisco" record. "Huida" is the final piece, a minera.

--Guillermo Salazar

Reviews

GYPSY MUSIC RECORDED AT THE FESTIVAL DE STES,
MARIES DE LA MER, 1955 (LONDON TWB 91127)

RECORD REVIEW

by David Carl Blakley

(David Carl Blakley is an adventurer, thinker, and aficionado, as well as a gypsy at heart, ever on the move. He sends us some impressions of flamenco experiences he had while in Washington, D.C.)

The writer has recently been submitting himself to repeated hearings of what is certainly the finest recording of an "agrupación gitana" he has ever had the great good fortune of having heard. Discs in general are quite disappointing when such "juergas" are recorded. Also, that extra measure of "penetración intensiva," which causes bystanders and/or fellow performers to exclaim "¡Salero!" fails to "come-off sufficiently" to justify (let alone necessitate) repeated listenings.

But that disc was damned hard to put down. And it was damned hard to go back to the public library with it -- as Ray Charles (a fine singer of cante jondo of a different flavor) sang in the tune "Busted": "Lord! I am no thief, but a man can go wrong..." To reflect my sentiments, I might only add, "...when he has such a non-duplicable musical 'momento de verdad' in his possession."

Agreeing heartily with García Lorca's dictum "flamenco is close to liturgy," I approach this review with some misgivings, because I take to heart Hemingway's dictum, "A writer must have the probity of a priest of God." Indeed, "these are the times that try men's souls."

The record proved extraordinary from diverse aspects, both major and minor. The introduction on the jacket states: "In recording this Festival, it was hoped to find some link between flamenco-type voice-production and the songs of the wandering Bauls from Bengal, whose vocation is never to remain rooted in one place for any great length of time, but to roam throughout India singing religious, philosophical and amorous songs.

"The recordings were taken under difficult conditions. The microphone was taken from one group to another, as they sang and danced night and day in the streets and arena, intoxicated by alcohol and the rhythmical fire of their music... There is a brutal, savage quality in the wild, strangely long-drawn-out cry of these songs, and in the sadness of the cante jondo."

I could swear that one hears the raggy, raucous voice of Manitas de Plata -- back in the antediluvian days when his landslide of fame was but a twinkle in his eye.

The numbers cover bulerías, fandangos, soleares, fandango de Huelva, as well as cante jondo. The bulerías is singularly frenetic -- the outcries of the singer curiously suggestive of the "falsetto" tones of Negro blues. The fandangos are particularly heart-wrenching and poignant -- ending in a sort of gurgling death-rattle of desperation.

Under the duress of the performance, "dentro de la gravedad de la situación," voices frequently break and crackle; the woman's voices have a brassy timbre -- as the description of the cante jondo has it. "The song is interrupted by guitar interludes in order to give the singer time to have a drink of neat alcohol." Good ol' nourishin' "anis seco" -- used to quaff the stuff during my travels in Castilla whenever I could!

"Genius might be more fitly described as a supreme

capacity for getting its possessors into trouble of all kinds," wrote Samuel Butler -- and one can't help but note, "the natives are restless."

At the very end of the final cut on side one, "Pandanguillos," one is surprised to hear a single sentence, in French, uttered by a mellow-voiced female, a sentence which suggests a significant commentary on the preceding outpouring. Is she, well...shall we say, "No siente dolor?" Someone had hollered "¡Oiga, corre y dame un chato!" Those folks were definitely taking care of themselves!

What, "por amor de Dios," was our woman with the last word intoning? I checked with six reference librarians for a viable translation -- they were at a loss. The seventh, a beaming woman, thought it might be "Fermez les pupille contre le prix dans l'amour." ("Close your eyes to the cost of love.")

Intent upon deciphering the cryptic comment, I asked nine people, some of whom claimed to know a little French -- and to no avail! Finally, just prior to dashing off to board a train for Harpers Ferry, W. Va., with the objective of commencing a 900 mile hike to Georgia via the Appalachian Trail, I visited a Frenchman at the language department at George Washington University and, with sterling Gallic finesse he proceeded to crack the code! He stated firstly that it was a line from a poem of Mallarmé, "ferme que tu pares/contre le feu d'un bracelet." Not, of course, completely translatable, but meaning something like this: "the white light of the closed fan which you put to rest against the fire of a bracelet," referring to a lady who has rested the fan she holds against the iridescent radiance of the bracelet she wears. He implies it (the closed fan) symbolized the latent splendor of well-exercised art and the double-distilled artistry of true art in sensitive hands waiting to unfold, enchanting the spectator!

Indeed, a superbly graphic suggestion of a Spanish lady's use of a fan in certain flamenco sequences -- that in turn causes me to recollect some observation of some admirer of things Spanish I read years ago, to the effect that an Andalusian lady wields a fan more effectively and charmingly than her Japanese counterpart -- a Geisha -- would!

However the case may be, that disc surely merits "le grand prix du disc du art flamenco." So if there is anyone who doubts that el duende can be enshrined in a recording -- audition that disc -- and doubt no more!

* * *

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE FLAMENCO ARTISTRY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: FERNANDO SIRVENT AND RAQUEL PEÑA

by David Carl Blakley

On 14 Oct. '82, the writer attended a flawless recital by Fernando Sirvent. The accompanying sheet says of him: "He has performed as a concert artist throughout Europe, the United States and Canada to great critical acclaim and is a major recording artist with four albums."

"Mr. Sirvent is unique as a flamenco and classical Spanish guitarist. He has dedicated his career not only to the pure flamenco, at which he is considered a great master, but to interpretations of the outstanding Spanish composers, reflecting many modes and styles. His fine technique, brilliant tone and extreme musicality earned him praise from international critics as a complete musician. He is composer-arranger for all his flamenco selections, and his classical repertoire includes compositions by Albéniz, Tárrega, Granados and others."

On the classical side of the ledger, he played the incomparable and obsessive "Layenda" by Albéniz.

He launched into "Taranto," followed by "Dos Zambras," strongly suggesting the influence of Sabicas. He proceeded to a "granadina" that recalled Sabicas -- and followed with a farruca that seemed influenced by Montoya.

At that point the writer was "pierced" by a sense of flamenco's uncanny capacity to stir a person deeply, irresistibly. That in turn made me recollect a reading of the "Kama Sutra," the sutra (prayer, meditation or chapter) of the "Vedas" (Indian Scriptures), in which the subjects of

sex and love are so artfully dealt with. In particular, I recollected a fragment referring to "the cunning knife of lust" (i.e., the innate arousal response brought by some exterior stimulus, resulting in the pangs of sexual desire). I immediately paraphrased it in my mind's eye as "the running knife of flamenco" -- suggesting that, with or without sexual connotations, flamenco has an uncanny inclination to suddenly and unexpectedly stir a person irresistibly. (In this regard, the sublimated sexuality inherent in flamenco has been well commented upon, but the scope or objectives of this review would make it inappropriate for the writer to deal with this significant and intriguing topic at this time.) He concluded with that dream of sunny Málaga, "Malagueña," by the Cuban, Ernesto Lecuona.

The restaurant, "El Tio Pepe," is a pretentiously ill-conceived place, and one can't even see any portion of Raquel Peña's footwork -- what a shame to miss the artistry of this striking raven-haired, grey-eyed woman who is Fernando's wife. I had, however, seen a film made by the Public Library of a fine demonstration of flamenco basics she made while putting in a promotional appearance there.

Sirvent is a jovial, athletic, strong-featured man -- he confided he had collaborated at some past time with a certain jazz guitarist. I registered my long-standing joyous wonder that flamenco, though a "folk-music," is a truly classical music (along with the "classical music" of Europe). He emphasized that it was truly universal, that the world was desirous of experiencing it.

If you are in Washington, D.C., don't miss the opportunity to experience the sterling music (and conversation) at the El Tio Pepe Restaurant.

* * *

VICTOR MONGE "SERRANITO" PERFORMANCE IN D.C.

by David Carl Blakley

On 5 Oct. '82, the writer attended a recital by Victor Monge "Serranito." The program of the Kennedy Center related the following: "Born in Madrid, Victor Monge 'Serranito' was presented with his first guitar when he was only eight. A self-taught guitarist, he had mastered the instrument by the time he was 12 years old, and at 14, he was accompanying singers and dancers alike in the flamenco clubs of Madrid. As a flamenco guitarist Victor Monge 'Serranito' is most unusual. The majority of his repertory is made up of his own compositions, not simply the interpretations of another's works. He has been acclaimed by Maestro Andrés Segovia for his brilliant technique and purity of style. Among the many awards and honors bestowed upon him have been the Gold Medal of the Folk Music Festival 1977 at Bratislava Czechoslovakia, where he competed with players from 32 countries, the Gold Medal at La Unión, and the National Guitar Prize of Córdoba (1979). He has performed at famous international forums including the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center in New York, Sala Madelaine of Brussels, Esal Hall of Dublin, Teatro Maria Guerrero of Madrid, and the Opera Haus of Köln, as well as theaters in Tokyo, Paris, Moscow, and Rome among other capitols of the world. He is currently a professor of flamenco art at Jerez in southern Spain."

His partner is described as follows: "Born in Madrid in 1957, Francisca began her musical studies at the Royal Conservatory of Madrid at 14, where she received the Honorary Awards for 1971, 1972, 1973 and 1974. In 1974, she pazzed from classical to flamenco guitar. She has appeared with 'Serranito' in numerous tours around the world."

Especially notable to this writer were "Serranito's" renditions of the following:

"Presagic" (a taranto) with an unanticipated tempo and possessed of a very true almost intolerably incisive "cante jondo" inflection.

"Luz de Luna" (popular), a very haunting aire, reminiscent of Joaquín Rodrigo and Carlos Antonio Jobim -- but which surprisingly metamorphosized into a bulerías! The rasgueado was striking. The program notes related (much to my surprise for the bulerías, one of my favorite forms, has the restless impetuosity of the eternal nomad as I apprehend it as well as a dark and stealthily obsessive ambience) that

"the word probably comes from bulerías (joking). Its words allude to an occurrence and develop in a humorous way."

For an encore "Serranito" did an aire of Paraguayan origin -- with a scintillating "pocket comb" rasgueado, which Monge, when I interviewed him afterwards, said was the evocation of a harp-like instrument of the native Americans of that state.

In conclusion, "Serranito" said he would be performing elsewhere in the States, without stating specifics.

* * *

MARIA MORCA IN D.C. AT EL MONTE

by Ron Spatz

After an eleven year "sabbatical" in Canada, María Morca has returned to Los Angeles with a fury -- a fury to dance! On October 24, she descended upon the El Monte Community Center Theater in the company of Chinín de Triana and Benito Palacios. It was a performance that, given more time, could have easily developed into a lively and spontaneous fiesta. However, the billing was being shared with a troupe of Middle Eastern dancers, and there was not enough time for this to happen.



MARIA MORCA WITH SINGER CHININ DE TRIANA AND GUITARIST BENITO PALACIOS (photos by Tony Ferris)



While the Middle Eastern dance troupe was interesting, it suffered from the lack of warmth and excitement that was provided by Benito's strumming, María's stately movements, and Chinín's golden voice. Chinín brought down the house with a little bulerías high-stepping of his own (at María's prompting).

María and her husband, Tony, plan to stay in sunny California, and I for one feel they are bringing a little more sunshine with them.





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(CHRISTMAS IN EL CANTE continued from page 4)

San José tenía celos
del preñao de María
y en el vientre de su madre
el niño se sonreía

Joseph was jealous
of the pregnancy of Mary
and in the stomach of his mother
The child was smiling.

Villancicos that the flamencos sang and still sing on Christmas Eve are basically folklore with a Castilian origin, as much in the music as in the spirit of the verses; the gypsies, with their passion, change Mary into one of their races, and Joseph, the carpenter, a non-gypsy, hard worker, an object of their jokes.

San José bendito,
¿por qué te quemaste?
Viendo que eran gachas
¿por qué no soplaste?

Blessed St. Joseph,
why did you burn yourself?
Seeing that it was porridge,
why didn't you blow on it?

Fundamentally, it was the tangos and bulerías that were preferred to tell of the night, the shepherds, the mule and the ox. Rhythms for the family fiesta, to the beat of palmas and brandy, in the old homes or streets of the old towns, resounding in all corners:

Esta noche es Nochebuena
y no es noche de dormir;
Que está la Virgen de parto
y a las doce ha de parir.

Tonight is Christmas Eve;
it is not a night for sleeping.
The Virgin is in labor,
and, at midnight, will give birth.

And the campanilleros, of the processions and religious rituals, are recreated also by the people, along with those campanilleros that the choruses of Sevilla make danceable by giving them a lively rhythm...Then there are those campanilleros that the flamencos lay down in broken cadences, solemnly, as in those of Manuel Torre, who was a giant in his greatness and genius. These are the campanilleros, of our Andalucía, that are capable of referring to incredible events and surprising images that are absurdly unusual and delicious:

A la una o las dos de la noche
está San Cristóbal en medio del mar
con el niño de Dios en los brazos
diciendo: ¡Valerme, que no pueo más!

At one or two in the morning
St. Christopher was in the middle
of the sea
with the child of God in his arms,
saying: Help me, I can't go on!



CHRISTMAS IN THE CANTE FLAMENCO

[From: Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1980; submitted and translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Alfredo Arrebola

Christmas is not just a time of joy; there are other things that cantaores have expressed through their coplas. And one of the characteristics of flamenco is the calling out to God, or "a su Dios," in the most profound of cantes. The cantaor rebukes God because he doesn't know why he dies "sin frío ni calenturita" [without cold nor warmth]. What a marvelous *siguiriya* we were left by that anonymous cantaor and poet.

There are innumerable letras that at each moment speak to us of God...Through the cante flamenco -- and it is an experience that has been corroborated by me -- the cantaor/man tries to express his thanks for the benefits that he receives each day, or he tries to achieve his purifying liberation...The life of the cantaor makes him feel this way and to express it in his way; he doesn't know any other way. It was the great poet, Federico García Lorca who told us that Manuel Torre, who didn't know how to read or write, was "the man with the greatest culture in his blood" that he had ever known. Thus he reflected in his transcendental speech, "Teoría y juego del duende." If, in the manger of Bethlehem, it was the angels who intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus," we can compare how the flamenco cantaor has known how to throw his psalm to the four winds, like another David; the history of flamenco confirms this with a letra in the same vein as that of the angels:

Gloria a Dios en las alturas,
paz y alegría en la tierra
a toda humana criatura;
cese en el mundo la guerra
que el amor y la ternura
la ira y el mal destierran.

This verse was recorded by the cantaor from Cádiz, Pericón de Cádiz, por peteneras. The tenderness, feeling, and good singing of the cantaor is a true wonder.

I cannot forget my condition as an Adaluz and a cantaor because Andalucía has always sung the best villancicos flamencos. But it isn't only in the villancicos that Christmas can be celebrated -- it is possible in the whole range of cantes, from the grande to the chico (if you admit this division first proposed by José Carlos de Luna). With the villancicos flamencos, you can make an authentic anthology of Andalusian cante. And there is no daring involved in doing so, given that the church always accepted and availed itself of the most diverse esthetic values, enriching its heritage with the art of all the people.

In addition, Christmas brings together in its different facets, an overwhelming range of emotions -- joy and jubilation, anguish and loneliness, tenderness and love -- that find parallels in the different styles of cante Andaluz, so rich in feeling, depth, and with the most accurate and sparkling clear expression. The cante flamenco, I believe, acquires its most profound dimension when it is impregnated with religious emotion. When is one more able to approach Divinity than when singing to it one's joys or sufferings? I think it is the finest moment, when man identifies with the Divinity that he searches for everywhere.

All of Andalucía sings at Christmas. From Linares and Andújar, where there is a very rich tradition, to Ayamonte, flamenco celebrates Christmas with its cantes por villancicos and campanilleros that overflow with joy. The main centers of the villancico tradition have been Sevilla and Jerez de la Frontera. The villancicos have had some illustrious interpreters in the cante flamenco. In Jerez we must mention the brother and sister, El Gloria and la Pompi, and the great cantaor Manuel Torre, whose villancicos and campanilleros stood out for their "jondura y rajo" [depth and harsh gypsy vocal quality].

Sevilla had great interpreters of villancicos: Tomás Pavón and his sister, La Niña de los Peines, Manuel Vallejo, Antonio el Sevillano, Antonio Mairena. It was with Pastora Pavón, La Niña de los Peines, that the villancico acquired its maximum festive intensity. Niño Gloria sang them with sweetness, and Manuel Torre with a high level of art, but nobody infused them with joy, movement, and captivating

gracia as did La Niña de los Peines.

In Cádiz we must point out the names of Manolo Vargas, Pericón de Cádiz, Aurelio Sellé and Niño del Solano. The cantes of Cádiz, with the gracia and profundity that characterizes them, have infused their gracia into the villancicos, which are sung in all styles -- tientos, alegrías, malaqueñas ... And there is no heresy in doing so.

The nucleus "jiennense" [of Jaen] presents villancicos of great interest for their abundance and literary variety. To a demanding flamenco, the villancicos of Linares and Ardújar sound more like folk music than anything else, that is, they constitute an example of regional flamenco influenced by the authentic flamenco of Sevilla and Cádiz. But that does not reduce their importance at the hour of speaking of flamenco at Christmas.

The cantes that go best with the Christmas flamenco are the bulerías and the nanas, but above all, the cante festero predominates, that is, the bulerías. It could be that the very holiday that we commemorate has contributed to the fixation of the Christmas songs in the form of villancicos and bulerías. It should be pointed out that, in the bulerías, there is room for everything, from the tragic to the comical. Nevertheless, modern cantaores have put the Christmas songs into other, more serious, styles -- soleá, malaqueñas, caña, tientos, alegrías, serranas, fandangos de Huelva, and verdiales de los montes de Málaga -- and they have been truly triumphant.

We should add one curious fact that would find its explanation in the history and religion of the gypsy people: There are innumerable verses of villancicos in which the Virgin is always considered to be "gitana" [gypsy] and Joseph is always "payo" [non-gypsy].

A large volume could be compiled of villancicos. The soul of the Andalusian people is reflected in its songs. And these have always put the flamenco cantaores at the feet of the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and the son, who became man in order to save man. There is a flamenco verse that tells us, precisely, of this Divine generosity to man. It prays thusly:

Esta noche ha de nacer
Manolito de Jesús
para morir por el hombre
enclavado en una cruz.

CHRISTMAS IN "LOS AIRES FLAMENCOS"

(from: Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1980; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Manuel Fernández Peña

If at a religious level, the saeta is the flamenco cante that prays to Christ and his Mother, the only ones who could possibly hear the requests of a people, and his is the expression of a naive faith where we catch a glimpse of the drama and tragedy of the toná and the siguiriya, then the villancico, within the structures of the cantes festeros, especially the bulería, represents the open and straightforward identification, with jubilation and exaltation, of the Andalusian people with the commemoration of the birth of the Son of God.

The villancico, or Christmas cante, has come to be imbued with all of the elements of salvation that have been claimed in the form of anguish in the rest of the flamenco cantes, but made festive by very clever verses of faith and religion, an explosion of joy and triumph, and freely expressed feelings.

The days of Advent create the proper atmosphere in our Andalucía for the exaltation by the gypsies of the unique and transcendental fact that changed the history of the world. The Birth of Jesus Christ, and, in the folkloric essence of our towns we are brought each year, as the year comes to an end, the echoes of a compás that will come from palms and sounds, guitars and drums...

And, thus, appears the villancico gitano; in conformity with the roots of each place, appear the styles and traditions. Andalucía feels in different beats, but all with the same great joy of Christmas Eve.



*A Belén pastores,
a Belén chiquitos,
que ha nacido el Rey
de los Angelitos.*

And the villancico andaluz contemplates Mary and Joseph on their way to the manger:

*La Virgen va caminando
- ¡Viva el amor! -
Caminito de Belén
- ¡Viva el laurel! -*

*La Virgen lleva un clavel
en su Divina pechera,
que se lo dio San José
visperas de Nochebuena...*

And the transcendental reason for Christmas Eve also puts to flight the sound of bells:

*A los balcones del cielo
se asoma Santa Isabel,
con una mantilla blanca
por ver al Niño nacer...*

*Una pandereta suena,
yo no sé por donde vá,
camino de Belén lleva
hasta llegar al Portal...*

*El Guadalquivir,
a su paso le dice a Triana:
"Hoy es Nochebuena,
no se può dormir".
Alegria, alegría, alegría
que ha parido
la Virgen María...*

The villancico andaluz can be categorized as part of a group of songs that are "aflamencadas" (flamenco-stylized), among which stand out those called campanilleros and other airs of extraordinary popular flavor, especially those of Arcos de la Frontera and Jerez.

*Al churumbel de María,
como le bailan los ojos
le canto por bulerías.*

In this sense, and with arrangements by the gypsy poet Antonio Gallardo Molina, the maestro Nicolás Sánchez, and the guitarists Manuel Morao and his brother, Juan, La Paquera has recorded an important collection of villancicos in the form of an anthology. Among all of the styles, the best is a creation by the famous cantaor from Jerez, Rafael Ramos Antúnez "El Niño Gloria," who, from his duende and privileged throat, brought forth into the echos of flamenco history that which has come to be the aire and verse most representative of the gypsy Christmas Eve -- La Nochebuena de Jerez," a cante that has become popular throughout Spain:

*Los caminos se hicieron
con agua, viento y frío,
caminaba un anciano
muy triste y afligido.*

*¡Gloria!
A su bendita Madre
¡Victoria!
Gloria al recién nacido
¡Gloria!...*

NEW VILLANCICOS

by Carlos Murciano

VILLANCICO DE LA FLOR DE PASCUA

A Calaya Argüello

Llegaba la primavera
pero la flor no floría.
(En el vientre de María,
la semilla verdadera.)

Huía el verano — ¡adiós! —,
venía el otoño — ¡hola! —...
(Delicada caracola
creciendo el rumor de Dios.)

Llegaba el invierno helado
y la flor se desangraba.
(Rayo de sol, traspasaba
Cristo el cristal engloriado.)

Florece que en Belén
pones tu gota de pena.
(Esta noche es Nochebuena.
Nochególgota también.)

DE COMO MARIA APROVECHA EL SUEÑO DE JESUS PARA PEINARSE EL CABELLO

El Niño se ha adormecido
entre la mula y el buey:
sueño de Dios y de Rey
desnudo y mortalecido.
Cruza sin hacer ruido
la Virgen el portalejo;
toma un peinecillo viejo,
sale a la noche serena
y se peina la melena
con la luna por espejo.

CAMPANILLEROS

Por Cristóbal Cordero González

*Podión haber nacido del vaho de una cañada en arboreá,
o debajo de una luna helada en la marióna,
Sus ecos iniciales, a golpes de barro y alpargata,
parecen herir el corazón sonoro de las tarres
y en su vuelo, van dejando en el espacio
un aroma de ramas recién cortadas, de romero, de juncia, de...*

*Salen en bandadas por senderos violetas
y cogen rosas pálidas en la madrugada,
no conocen, no ven la oscuridad,
quizás por la tremenda carga de luceros que llevan encima.*

*Sus sonidos bajaron del Aljarafe
a los llanos amarillos de Jerez,
incluso hasta las tierras cobrizas del Alosno
y en su algarabía, ventan arrullados de cascabeles, de
/panderos, de sonajas,
..., hasta de vidrios raspaos.*

*Vienen anunciando la buena nueva, la alegría,
son los exocistas bucólicos del pueblo,
los que gritan la gracia en el Adviento...
... "en el cielo se alquilan balcones para un casamiento",
la armonía sublime de estas palabras
fueron a posarse temblorosas,
ante la razón incorpórea del gitano grande de la calle Amapola
y desde allí, ennoblecidos con los duendes azules del cante,
fueron pregonando por Andalucía
el gozo renovado de la Navidad,...*

*A un postigo,
a un postigo, con hambre y con frío,
sin echarle cuenta, María llamaba.
Y en su vientre, cercao de lirios,
al Cristo de uvas y espigas llevaba.
Y espigas llevaba,
a postigos, de tierras dormías,
de paro y de mico, María llamaba.*



Retablo flamenco de nochebuena por Antonio Murciano

VILLANCICO DE LA NOCHE MAS ALBA

Para Paco de Lucía y "Fasforito" que le prestaron música y voz.

*Porque un niño pobre
nació entre unas pajas,
dicen que es la de hoy
la noche más santa,
la de más estrellas,
la de más campanas,
la noche más llena
de música de alas.*

*Para nadie sea
nunca noche mala,
nunca noche negra,
nunca noche amarga.
Para todos, siempre,
noche de esperanza,
noche de alegría
dulce y buena y blanca.*

*Esta noche nadie
sin hijo y sin casa,
sin vino y sin lumbre,
sin zurrón ni manta.*

*Esta noche, todos,
su amor y su hogaza,
su copla en los labios
su paz en el alma.*

*Porque es Dios quien
Niño,
nació entre esas pajas,
yo os juro que es hoy
la noche más santa,
la noche más niña,
la noche más casta,
la noche más bella,
la noche más alba.*

VILLANCICO DEL CANTAOR DE FLAMENCO

A Manalita de Paula, que lo grabó por bulerías

*Al churumbel de María
como le bailan los ojos
le canto por bulería.*

*Esta noche es noche santa.
¡Cuántos ángeles y duendes
de rodilla en mi garganta!*

*Canta tú, corazón mío,
y que bailen cielo y tierra,
que el Niño-Dios ha nacido.*

*Y mi voz para cantar
las coplas del Dios chiquito
que nació esta madrugada.*

*Fuera llanto y fuera pena
que dentro está la Alegría
y esta noche es Nochebuena.*

*Cueva en flor, cal y chumbera,
sones de cante gitano
por Arcos de la Frontera.*

*Noche de la aurora bella,
de pobres con esperanza
y de Reyes con estrella.*

*Barrio de los Caños Verdes,
barranco de Caldereros,
no me busques que te pierdes.*

*Esta Noche luce el sol,
la Virgen salió del parto
hecha la madre de Dios.*

VILLANCICO DE MI NACIMIENTO

A mi madre

*¿Qué azul villancico
canta por mi vena?*

*(Yo nací en Diciembre
una Nochebuena).*

*¿Qué tierna alegría
se me vuelve pena?*

*(Yo nací y Diciembre
era Nochebuena).*

*¿Qué música niña
en mi voz resuena?*

*(Yo nací un Diciembre
por la Nochebuena).*

*Calle Nueva seis,
cal y yerbabuena.*

*(Cincuenta Diciembres
esta Nochebuena).*

COPLAS NAVIDEÑAS DE COLUMPIO

A "Los Pandretos" estas banheras de Arcos.

*Allá abajito, abajito,
hay un puente sobre el río,
y en sus ojos tiene escrito
que el Niño-Dios ha nacido.*

*Si el Niño subiera al Cerro,
qué bien que lo pasaría,
con los chiquillos del barrio,
cómo se columpiaría.*

*Hay una soguita echá
encima Los Cabezuelos,
"a la chica" llega a Algar,
y "a la grande" hasta los cielos.*

*Desde El Cerro veo el Castillo
y veo La Cueva también,
la Plaza del Cananeo
y la Cuesta de Belén.*

*Esta Noche es Nochebuena
y mañana es Navidad,
traerme al recién nacido
que lo quiero columpiar.*

*En el Cerro de la Reyna
hoy te quieren columpiar,
mañana en el del Calvario
te querrán crucificar.*

Christmas with Joaquin el de la Paula

(from: Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1980; translated
by Paco Sevilla)

by Manuel Alvarez López

[Editor's Note: Joaquín el de la Paula is one of the legendary figures in flamenco history. He played an important role in developing the cantes de Alcalá -- the soleá de Alcalá is the style of soleá most often heard today. His cante was carried on by his cousin Manalita el de la María and his nephew Juan Talegas.]

For Joaquín and his two children, Enriquillo and Iliniesta, that Christmas Eve would be passed in the same poverty and sadness as so many others in that harsh winter of 1930. On the tattered oilcloth that covered the small table as a sort of tablecloth, Iliniesta had placed all of the food that would comprise their frugal meal: some pieces of bread, three skimpy pieces of herring, a small pot of olives, and a handful of chestnuts that Joaquín had been given by El Moreno, the owner of a small stand in El Duque, a place where Joaquín went daily to sit for a few hours in the heat of the small stove where El Moreno toasted his delicious fruit from the mountains.

Joaquín was lamenting, as Enriquillo agreed with light movements of his head, about how badly things were going, how it had been more than a month since there had been an animal to shear, and it seemed that the "señoritas had lost their desire for the cante, for he had not been called to perform in a juerga since the end of the summer. Suddenly, interrupting his dark monologue, Joaquín directed his gaze toward the dark roof of the cave and, reaching out his arms, exclaimed pathetically, "Is it possible, my God, that you can allow some to have so much and us to have not even a drop of brandy to toast the happy birth of your son?"

Joaquín had not uttered his last word when, from the broken door of the cave he heard the shrill voice of Indígena, the waiter at the Venta de Platilla, shouting his loudest from halfway up the hill, "Joaquín, El Plata says you should come down to the Venta, there are some men who want a juerga!"

A shiver went through Joaquín upon hearing that; he jumped to his feet, pulled his hat down to his ears, raised



the collar of his threadbare jacket, grabbed his wicker cane, and, uttering an unintelligible "Válgame Dios!" he ran down the hill with all the speed that his weary legs would permit.

When Joaquín entered the Venta, he was trembling and his teeth were chattering as the intense night cold combined with the emotion that overcame him upon believing that God had heard his plea and this call was the work of Divine Providence. Upon seeing him shivering that way, Platilla offered him a glass of cognac, patted him on the back, and said to him in a confidential tone, "Cheer up, Joaquín! If you are capable of keeping this gathering going all night, I'll give you a good gift."

Joaquín entered the room where they were waiting for him and, almost without warming the seat of his chair, he began to sing. And those who heard him that night, say that never in his life had he sung that way; for more than eight hours, without repeating a single "letra" [verse], his throat poured forth the most harmonious laments that those men had ever heard. The solsaes de Alcalá never had a greater nor more profound interpretation. So great was the enthusiasm of those who had listened with emotion that, at the first light of day, when Joaquín, destroyed by his efforts, was anxiously, but timidly waiting for the four or five pesetas that were normally paid to cantaores in those times, he saw with amazement that one of them took from his wallet a one hundred peseta bill and handed it to him, saying, "Take this friend Joaquín! What you have done here tonight, the way you have sung, there is not enough money in the world to pay you."

In spite of the euphoria Joaquín felt on finding himself the owner of twenty "duros," a fortune to him, he did not forget the present promised to him by Platilla. He went to the bar and said, "Plata, where is the present you promised me?"

And Platilla, who combined his well-known talents as a tavern owner with a gracia without equal, knowing that Joaquín was more than satisfied, went to the kitchen, took down an old, stripped ham bone and, putting it on the bar, said, "Here is my gift, Joaquín, so that you can make a good stew for your children."

Joaquín smiled, picked up the bare bone, put it under his arm, and slowly began his walk back to the cave. Upon reaching the archway of San Miguel, he saw his friend, Vitorino, who, on seeing Joaquín with the bone under his arm, exclaimed, "Osú! What a stew you are going to have today!"

And Joaquín, squeezing the bill he carried in his right hand, answered in a wry tone, "Yes, Vitorino, yes! And the first cup of broth I am going to drink boiling, to see if the warm in my stomach will last until next Christmas!"



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El Oido

NEWS FROM OUR MEMBERS

EL OIDO

Minneapolis, MN: Zorongo Flamenco with Susana and Michael Hauser were joined at their regular engagement at "George Is in Fridely" by dancer Manolo Rivera and singer Dominic Caro. Zorongo also performed in concert in Dallas, Texas, and at the Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center in Minneapolis. (from Suzanne Hauser)

Chicago, IL: Ensemble Español presented Spanish Dance in Concert the last weekend in October and the first weekend of November under the direction of Libby Komaiko with guest artists dancer Victorio Kojhan, guitarists Greg Wolfe and Tomás de Utrera, and singer Pepé Culata at Northeastern Illinois University. (from NIU)

New York City: Cantaoor Agnjetas is back in New York at the Rincon de España with his dancer-wife Tibu and guitarist Roberto Reyes. (from George Ryss)

Chicago: Cantaoor-guitarist Jesus Ribon presents a varied flamenco program at the Toledo Restaurant with three dancers and two guitarists. (from George Ryss)

Washington, D.C.: Following the successful summer appearances of Ana Martínez and Paco de Málaga, Ana was engaged as choreographer and solo dancer for the Houston Grand Opera production of Bizet's "Carmen" at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. (from Ana Martínez)

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updates

FLAMENCO WORKSHOP: Dec. 6-11, Rosa Montoya, dance, and Juan Serrano, guitar. Includes choreography, palmas, cante and

compás as well as dance and guitar technique. For fees and further information call (415) 239-7510.

EL NIDO RESTAURANT features dancers Vicente Romero, Tamara Spagnola and Pilar Hernandez with guitarist Pedrico El Abogado -- engagement thru end of 1982.

MANUEL AGUJETAS OF JEREZ and his flamenco dancing wife, Tibu, and guitarist Roberto Reyes will be performing at the Rincon de España Restaurant, 82 Benver Street, New York City, 212-344-5228.

concerts

RAQUEL PEÑA SPANISH DANCE CENTER performances in Washington, D.C.: Dec. 5, Hazza Gallery, 12:30pm. free; Dec. 11, Georgetown Park, 1:00pm, free; Dec. 19, Studio Christmas party and juerga (including a performance by the Studio Company). Aficionados are invited to attend. For further information call (703) 527-3454.

ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS Christmas Fiesta Benefit: Friday, Dec. 10, 8:30pm, a special showing of Rovira-Beleta's film, "Los Tarantos," followed by a Fiesta Flamenco party; Saturday, Dec. 11, 8:30pm. Bailes Flamencos in Concert featuring Rosa Montoya, Cruz Luna, Juan Serrano. Both events at 3221-22nd St. (at Mission), San Francisco. \$10.00 per night, tax deductible. Reservations: (415) 239-7510.

classified

STOLEN: One flamenco guitar -- a 1960 Ramirez with one light wood peg and hand painted rosette of roses and a 1974 Ruck guitar with crack running down length of back, in the Washington, D.C. area. Please notify police or Steve de Bevec at 2606 Talbot Rd. 9A, Baltimore, MD 21216, phone: (301) 664-6722 if you have any information about the location of the instruments.

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FLAMENCO GUITARS FOR SALE: 1967 Manuel Contreras, signed, with pegs \$1500 and a 1981 Pedro Maldonado "Negra" (excellent new builder from Malaga) \$1800. Call Jorge Strunz 213/829-3268 Los Angeles.

LOOKING FOR OTHER FLAMENCOS in Vallejo, CA to get together. Call or write Jack Dhringer, 1727 Fern Place, zip 94590, (707) 642-5424.

ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS has been chosen to be part of the Calif. Arts Council's dance touring program 1983-1984. The company consists of 7-10 performers and presents both flamenco and classical Spanish dance. Contact: Connie Freeman (415) 824-8844 or (415) 285-3154 -- 267 Teresita Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94127.

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Lilian Morales 212/245-9504

Jose Molina 212/245-9504

Bobby Lorca 212/666-5107

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Michael Fisher (Ithaca) 607/257-6615

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

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pennsylvania

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GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Carlos Rubio 215/732-9610

DANCE INSTRUCTION

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Julia Lopez 215/925-1889

virginia

DANCE INSTRUCTION

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Ana Martinez 703/931-0324

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Paco de Malaga 703/931-0324

washington d c area

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Tio Pepe

JUERGAS

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Maria Carmen Ramos 703/524-5083

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

Marta Cid 404/993-3062

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Marbella Restaurant (SW 8th St. 31st Av)

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

Suzanne Hauser 333-8269

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texas

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

Anita Mills-Barry (Dallas) 214/357-8802

Ricardo Hidalgo (Dallas) 214/352-6798

Teresa Champion (San Antonio) 512/927-9029

Rogelio Rodriguez (Houston) 713/780-1796

Gisela Noriega (Brownsville) 512/541-8509

DANCE SUPPLIES

Casa de Danza (San Antonio) 512/922-0564

new mexico

FLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

Tamara Spagnola (Santa Fe) 505/983-2914

colorado

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Guillermo Salazar 333-0830

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Barbara Alba 303/733-4015

oklahoma

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

Jimmie Crowell 946-2158

washington

DANCE INSTRUCTION

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La Romera (Seattle) 206/283-1368

Maria Luna (Seattle) 206/323-2629

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Gerardo Alcala (Bellingham) 206/676-1864

oregon

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DANCE INSTRUCTION

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arizona

DANCE INSTRUCTION

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Lydia Torea 602/841-0028

Patricia Mahan (Tucson) 602/885-0815

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Ismael Barajas (Tucson) 602/745-8310

california

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Don Quixote (San Jose) 408/378-1545

Mariano Cordoba (Sunnyvale) 408/733-1115

Anita Sheer (Los Gatos) 408/723-0354

JUERGAS

Halcyon Ida (Santa Cruz) 408/429-8476

Jack C. Orhinger (Vallejo) 707/642-5424

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

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 Rick Willis (Placerville/Sacramento) 209/245-6095
 916/622-6672
 Juan Serrano (Fresno) 209/439-2410
 Anita Sheer (Los Gatos) 408/723-0354

DANCE INSTRUCTION

Adela (San Mateo) 415/341-4484
 (San Jose) 408/292-0443
 Rosalie Branigan (Montclair) 714/624-5501
 Paula Reyes (New Monterey) 375-6964
 Carmen Chevere (Newbury Park) 805/498-0264

san franciscoFLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT

La Bodega 415/398-9555
 Las Cuevas 415/435-3021
 Flamenco Restaurant 415/922-7670
 El Meson Restaurant 415/928-2279
 Siboney Restaurant (Berkley)
 Las Palomas Restaurant

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Adela Clara, Miguel Santos 415/431-6521
 Rosa Montoya 415/239-7510
 Isa Mura 415/435-3021
 Teresita Osta 415/567-7674
 Jose Ramon/Nob Hill Studio 415/775-3805

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Mariano Cordoba 408/733-1115
 Ricardo Peti (Carmel Highlands) 624-3015

CANTE INSTRUCTION

Isa Mura 415/435-3021
FLAMENCO COSTUMES
 Raquel Lopez 415/924-5908

los angelesFLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT

Chez Carlos Del Peru Rest. 213/789-6513
 Lares Cafe (Santa Monica) 213/828-9205
 El Cid 213/668-0338
 Espartalus Restaurant 213/659-2024
 Las Brujas Restaurant 213/667-9587

JUERGAS

Yveta Williams 213/833-0567
 Ron Spatz 213/883-0932

ACCOMPANIST FOR DANCE & CANTE

Eduardo Aguero 213/660-0250

DANCE INSTRUCTION

Roberto Amaral 213/785-2359
 Pedro Carbajal 213/462-9356
 Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059
 Manuela de Cadiz 213/837-0473

Carmen Heredia 213/862-1850
 Oscar Nieto 213/265-3256
 Vincente Romero (Long Beach) 213/423-5435
 Sylvia Sonera 213/240-3538
 Linda Torres (San Gabriel) 213/262-7643
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GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Gene Cordero 213/451-9474
 David De Alva 714/771-7867
 Gabriel Ruiz (Glendale) 213/244-4228

CANTE INSTRUCTION

Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059
 Chinin de Triana 213/240-3538

FLAMENCO COSTUMES

Rubina Carmona 213/660-9059

CASTANETS

Jose Fernandez (Reseda) 213/881-1470

san diegoFLAMENCO ENTERTAINMENT

Calliope's 714/281-2610
 Old Town (Bazaar del Mundo - Sun. noons)

JUERGAS

Vicki Dietrich 714/460-6218

DANCE INSTRUCTION

Juana de Alva 714/440-5279
 Juanita Franco 714/481-6269
 Maria Teresa Gomez 714/453-5301
 Rayna 714/475-4627
 Julia Romero 714/475-5356

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Joe Kinney 714/274-7386
 Rodrigo 714/465-7385
 Paco Sevilla 714/282-2837

FLAMENCO COSTUMES

Clara Martinez 714/831-2596

MAIL ORDERFLAMENCO COSTUME PATTERNS

PATRICIA MAHAN - 755 N. Evelyn Ave., Tucson, AZ 85710
 (send self-addressed envelope)

FLAMENCO SHOES

H. MENKES - Mesonero Romanos, 14, Madrid 13 Spain (Shoes
 5,000 pesetas/boots 7,000 pesetas - send measurements in
 centimeters)

GUITARMAKER'S SUPPLIES

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 33156

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