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January 1983

Vol. VI No.4



JALEO

newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME VI - No. 4

JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

JANUARY 1983

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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ITEM	For February Issue	For March
ARTICLES.....	In by January 1st	February 1st
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	In by January 8th	February 8th
LETTERS, EL OIDO, COPY READY ADS...	In by January 15th	February 15th

SUBSCRIPTIONS & ADVERTISING

JALEO is published 12 times yearly by JALEISTAS, the Flamenco Association of San Diego. © 1982 by JALEISTAS.

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MEMBERSHIP-SUBSCRIPTION for JALEO is \$17 per year for bulk mailing (allow 2-3 weeks) or \$22 per year for First Class, Canada and Mexico - \$22 First Class only. Europe - \$22 Surface, \$32 Air Mail. For other rates write to distribution secretary, Penelope Madrid.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, with the exception of classified ads, are free of charge to members and advertising is accepted at a rate of \$10 per month (or \$25 per three months) for each business card size ad (larger ads at equivalent rates).

BACK ISSUES of JALEO are available at the following rates: Vol. I no. 1 to 6, \$1.00 each; Vol. I no. 7 to 12, \$2.00 each; Vols. II, III, IV no. 1 to 12, \$2.00 each; and Vol. V and VI issues \$2.50 each. (Add \$1.00 per copy for overseas mailing.)



ESCUELA BOLERA

by Paula Durbin

[Editor's note: While "escuela bolera" has little to do with flamenco, it seems that most issues of *Jaleo* contain at least one reference to this dance style. Paula Durbin was kind enough to explain this dance to our readers.]

The dances of the "escuela bolera" have taken something of a back seat to flamenco and folk dance in recent times. They were, however, the first Spanish dances to cross the Pyrennes and really win acceptance in theaters abroad.

When classical dance, as it then existed in France and Italy, was brought to Spain in the eighteenth century, Madrileños and Sevillanos were already doing their own lovely dances. Over the next decades, Spanish dance masters worked at combining the native art with the foreign, and the

"escuela bolera" evolved, a form recognizably both classical and Spanish.

The Spanish classical dances fascinated visitors and inspired artists from abroad. By the 1830's many foreign ballerinas had mastered castanets and were performing "escuela" choreographies to the applause of the most sophisticated international audiences. Enthusiasm for things Spanish eventually waned, but the impact on European classical dance was permanent. Ballet absorbed some of the steps of Spanish dance and, more importantly, adopted the curved arms and upper body lead.

Exposure to this dance form, both familiar and foreign to those outside Spain, probably did a lot to shape the confused ideal abroad of what Spanish dance should be. Spain, of course, has produced a great variety of dances. The "escuela bolera" is just one of the major groups, distinguishable from flamenco and the folk dances of the different Spanish regions. True flamenco, for example, is sober and deeply felt; the costume, even the most elaborate traje de luces, is cut to follow the dancer's expressive line. Folk dances, particularly those of the North of Spain, are done with exuberance and ingenuousness, their charm enhanced by the contrast of provincial finery worn with "alpargatas," canvas work shoes with rope soles.

Rich in movements from many sources, the "escuela bolera" is probably the least emotional of all the Spanish dances. Its choreography is frankly ornate, a quality emphasized by the elaborate "majo" costume, the same one celebrated by Goya during his earlier phase when he painted the Spanish aristocracy in a gentler light. Often of satin, lace, velvet or brocade, and festooned with ruffles, the female version of the "traje de Goyescas," as the costume is also called, is cut short to allow for the speed and jumping



ABOVE: "JALEO DE JEREZ" AND "OLE DE LA CURRA" BEGIN WITH SOSTENIDOS. RIGHT: THE GRACEFUL PANADEROS MOVEMENT USED IN "SEVILLANAS BOLERAS," "ZAPATEADO DE MARIA CRISTINA," "PETENERAS BOLERAS" AND OTHER DANCES OF THE ESCUELA BOLERA. (photo by Stanley Kanetake)

required of the dancer.

The rhythm of the dances of the "escuela" is marked by castanets, not by the feet as it is in flamenco. The sound patterns are more varied than in most of the regional dances, except possibly those from Andalucía. Each castanet sound corresponds precisely to a foot or body movement. Accompaniment is constant during a dance, and for this reason bolero dancers often prefer cloth castanets (palillos de tela plastificada) as they are less likely to break during a performance.

The dances of the "escuela" are usually done in "zapattillas" (ballet slippers). Some, however, which focus on patterns created by partners of lines of dancers, rather than on jumps, beats and extensions, give the female dancer the option of wearing supple, low-heeled pumps. A few dances, which developed later in the nineteenth century, require the dancers to wear "zapatos"; sometimes called "teatrales," these dances combine the simpler aspects of the "escuela bolera" and the flamenco zapateado. The "soleares de Arca" is typical of this type of choreography, often claimed by the "escuela" but performed by both bailarina and bailaora.

The name Pericet has been synonymous with the "escuela bolera" for many years. Angel, Eloy, Luisa, Carmen and Amparo, the fourth generation of this remarkable family, are all accomplished in the flamenco and regional dances of Spain and the folk dances of Latin America; their choreographies of the works of Spanish and foreign composers have been performed in the Teatro Colón, Carnegie Hall and on other major stages. But the family is best known for the careful preservation of the Spanish classical dances, exactly as their grandfather and great aunts performed them.

Angel Pericet Carmona (1877-1944) organized the steps and exercises of the "escuela" into a progressive course of study, consisting of a preparatory level followed by three "cursos," each subdivided into three groups. The student, as he progresses through the syllabus, also learns the "escuela" dances which correspond to his level. So many well-known Spanish dancers have studied the Escuela Bolera de Angel Pericet that it is almost easier to name those who have not.

Luisa Pericet, who lives in Buenos Aires, has carried on this teaching tradition. She allows seven years for completion of her program in Spanish dance, which requires mastery of her grandfather's course as well as zapateado and castanet technique, dance notation, some pedagogy, knowledge of the origins of the dances and of bolero, flamenco, folk and contemporary choreographies.

Even for a dancer who intends to do only flamenco, there are advantages to be gained from this type of instruction. Familiarity with the "escuela bolera" at the very least gives a dancer more cultural depth, a desirable attribute, since authenticity is a primary goal in Spanish dance. Systematic training increases flexibility, agility, stamina, and castanet coordination. Furthermore, the "escuela" shares many steps in common with the Andalusian dances usually learned by students of flamenco. The sevillanas, verdiales, and fandango de Huelva use the "sease y contra sease," "pas de vasco," "padebure," "matalaraña," "jerezana alta" and other steps included in the "escuela." Even "pure" flamenco dances require mastery of the various turns and escobillas. These movements are not always studied in isolation in most flamenco classes, the way the components of a zapateado might be, and the "escuela" class often provides the only opportunity to polish them. Finally, the "escuela" provides additional material for the dancer who wants to choreograph the music of the contemporary Spanish composers.

"Escuela bolera" choreographies such as the "sevillanas boleras," "La maja y el torero" or "El ole de la Curra" are a charming addition to any program of Spanish dance. There can be, though, a problem in performing them for the very audiences who would be most interested in seeing them. Once considered feats of incredible skill, bolero dances are now often termed museum pieces. They are, however, very lovely museum pieces, and their preservation is part of their beauty. No one drastically alters the choreography of style without losing the essence of the dances. The negative side of this fidelity to a tradition is that the "escuela bolera" has been comparatively static in its development, while ballet technique has reached an astonishing level of

refinement and virtuosity. To spectators accustomed to good ballet, there is the risk that the "escuela" dances might look like crudely done ballet. The potential for comparison can be reduced somewhat only by clever staging, meticulous performance, and emphasis on the Spanish characteristics of the dance, rather than on the classical.

The Pericets, whose beats and pirouettes are as skillful as those of many ballet dancers, have set the standard for the performance of the Spanish classical choreographies. When Dame Margot Fonteyn produced the six-part B.B.C. television series, "The Magic of Dance," she invited Carmen and Eloy Pericet to dance the intricate, "bolero de la Cachucha." They appear in the fourth episode of the series entitled, "The Romantic Ballet," broadcast in the United States on November 15, 1962. During this segment, Fonteyn comments on the personalities, trends, and innovations which determined the course ballet took in the nineteenth century. The selection, "La Cachucha," is representative of the era when Spanish dance inspired the ballerina, Fanny Elssler, and enchanted the patrons of the Paris Opera.

The performance is appropriately set in a cafe, the ambiance in which Spanish dance originally thrived. Because the photography concentrates initially on creating this atmosphere, some parts of "La Cachucha" itself are necessarily not filmed, for example, the Pericets' brilliant "briseles." Regrettably, there is only one fleeting close-up of Carmen Pericet, who is surely one of the most beautiful women dancing today. Nonetheless, the camera does catch the elegance of the dancers' movements, some of the elevation of their jumps, and their captivating gestures. The segment thus gives viewers a glimpse of an "escuela bolera" dance performed at its technical and artistic best. And Margot Fonteyn's brief but insightful commentary on "La Cachucha" and on the zapateado, jota and early bolero included in other parts of the series, is wonderfully credible testimony to the value of Spain's legacy to the art of dance.

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EDITORIAL

JALEO FIGHTS INFLATION

The Jaleo staff wishes to thank its readers for the many Christmas cards and kind words of support which it received in December.

Also, we are happy to announce that even though we advertised an impending raise in subscription rates for this month, we find that an increase is not essential at this time. Readers can help us to maintain current rates by encouraging flamenco-oriented businesses to advertise in Jaleo (restaurants, dance and guitar suppliers and teachers, etc.) and by helping to increase circulation.

We welcome Sandra Nicht as Baltimore/D.C. area correspondent (see "El Oido" column) and thank George Ryss (New York) and Ron Spatz (Los Angeles) for their continued updates and contributions to Jaleo. There are still many areas unrepresented. Those interested in being correspondents for their area please drop us a line.

We also wish to thank the many new writers who have contributed articles to this issue. This kind of participation is what continues to make Jaleo a vital publication.

--Juana De Alva

LETTERS

EL CABRERO INCARCERATED

Dear Jaleo:

In the Name of Allah, all-merciful, all-compasionate, Greetings. I set pen to paper to inform your illustrious readership of the sad plight of José Domínguez Muñoz, "El Cabrero," who now languishes in an Andalusian jail, doing time for.....BLASPHEMY!

The particulars are as follows: Two years ago while performing in Córdoba, El Cabrero -- may his flock increase -- found he could not sing, as the result of an argument that had freshly occurred. His audience, anxious to hear this most popular cantor, insisted that he sing anyway, even if he had to resort to sign language. He complied, and his new efforts met no greater success than his first, whereupon his kind audience began to bleat in imitation of goats (Cabrero is, as his name indicates, a professional goatherd). At this point, a common Spanish oath burst forth from the artist's most understandable frustration and he quitted the stage.

Two years of appeals have served to reduce his sentence from five months to two. The last week of October past, all legal recourses exhausted, El Cabrero reported to the local jail, while the artistic community of Andalucía vainly clamored and campaigned for his pardon.

The Spanish Minister of the Interior, García Añoveros, allowed that if this crime were prosecuted scrupulously and uniformly, eighty percent of the Spanish population would be serving life sentences.

In my own humble but valid opinion, a simple public flogging would have sufficed.

Peace unto you,
The Shah of Iran
Brooklyn, NY

VISIT WITH RAQUEL PEÑA

Dear Jaleo:

As my husband and I were planning a brief vacation to the Washington, D.C. area I came across your article on Raquel Peña and Fernando Sirvent. Having been interested and exposed to Spanish music and dancing since childhood I wondered if there was any possibility of taking three or four dance lessons from Raquel. My first phone call in August was answered by her secretary who explained to me that Raquel and Fernando were in Spain until September. From this conversation it became ostensibly clear that their

artistic engagements kept them continuously occupied. I began to doubt as to whether she would make time for a stranger from Michigan who wanted but a few lessons. When I called in September and talked to Raquel, I was pleasantly surprised that, although she did not know me at all, she was so helpful providing me with all kinds of information regarding Washington, D.C., places where flamenco was presented, where to find a good seamstress for a costume, etc., plus she said she would try to assist me as much as she could once we arrived to the area.

When we finally made the trip in early November, in spite of her very busy schedule, Raquel graciously managed to include me in one of her group classes. In addition she rearranged appointments and went out of her way to give me two private lessons. The entire experience was such a treat! In the group class I had a chance to appreciate how Raquel's impeccable technique is transmitted to her students through skillful didactic and rigorously measured steps. I also admired the personal style of the students as the teacher knows how to bring out the best from each individual. The morale of the group is very high, particularly now as they are preparing to present two recitals at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts on March 15 and 16 of 1983. The very friendly advanced students demonstrated for us renditions of the jota and soleares, which they danced with utmost precision and grace. In both dances the spectator subjectively experiences that rare blend of authenticity for the basic form of the dance, combined with a very creative, original and evolved choreography.

In the private lessons Raquel taught me steps of cientos, sharing freely a number of details -- "pellizcos" -- which add so much effect to a dance performance. In the background, Fernando generously provided the rhythm with his guitar. Such a privilege!

The highlight, of course, was to see Raquel and Fernando perform at the Tio Pepe. The family enjoyed it so much that we went there twice. On both occasions we got to the restaurant early, for we were to be exposed to two different experiences: the delicacies of the Spanish cuizina first and, later, the artistic presentation. Raquel's superb style through a variety of flamenco pieces had us all mesmerized -- particularly her siguiriyas, polished to the epitome of authentic Spanish art. It was also remarkable to see what a well-synchronized team Raquel and Fernando are. Dancer and guitarist complement each other magnificently. Fernando's command of the strings and expressive ability made his solos aesthetically exquisite. For the readerz planning to visit Washington, O.C., DON'T MISS IT!

In this letter we wish to extend our gratitude to Raquel, Fernando, their students, and also the Jaleoztas, whose publication allowed us to learn about this unique, dynamic, versatile and sophisticated team of flamenco artists.

Raquel Schreier, Ph.D.
Drayton Plains, Michigan

SPANISH DANCE SYLLABUS

Dear Jaleo:

Re: PUNTO DE VISTA "Traditional, Free Style or Both"

May I say a heartfelt thank you to Jimmie Crowell and your magazine for your kind words about the Spanish Dance Society, George Washington University and myself, regarding the formation of a Spanish Dance Syllabus. George Washington University actually had no part in forming the syllabus, but Prof. Nancy Oiers Johnson deserves all the credit for recognizing the strength of such a syllabus and for including it in their curriculum. She is even wiser than that. She considers that our experience in forming such a syllabus could benefit all dance forms, and discussed this with her students of other ethnic dance forms. They followed this up, and asked me to write an article, that will appear in the magazine Arabesque, explaining what went into the compiling of such a syllabus. The Middle Eastern dancers, especially, feel the need for something similar, and I shall gladly cooperate if I can be of any help.

I am very grateful to Jaleo for enabling us all to be in touch with each other and I find it most stimulating. In

your leader article, Jimmie Crowell says that the syllabus should be made available to all. It is my most earnest desire that it should be. Teachers are interested and by the time this reaches Jaleo I would have given my first classes in New York to some teachers there who wish to learn it. Several teachers who saw it demonstrated at our October performances became very interested and are now studying it. However, it must be remembered that it is a very exacting course for both the teacher and the pupil. We watched the standard of Spanish dance in South Africa blossom, when it came into nationwide use.

It is very exciting to find such an interest in Spanish dance here and I look forward to meeting everyone who shares this interest. I have already visited Chicago, where I was invited by Vicario Korjahn, who had come to see our performance in Washington. I enjoyed very much the performance he did with Libby Komaliko Fleming and her company. My discussions with them afterward were most stimulating, and I enjoyed the fact that she did not just show flamenco, but also other aspects of Spanish dance, giving her pupils a very solid foundation.

Paula Durbin really made me sorry to have missed the classes in Sitges, Spain. I have a student in Rome who regularly attends these courses. The pupils from Sweden who attended are students (and now teachers themselves) of my friend Barbra-Thiel Cramér, who is now semi-retired, but has done an excellent job in Stockholm. When I lived there she invited me to join her, which I did until we left that beautiful city. The Sitges course sounded like a gathering of the clans, Mercedes and Albano's work can be found incorporated in our syllabus. Mercedes is an excellent teacher and choreographer and has the fine old style of flamenco. Recently in Madrid I saw a dancer in Café de Chinitas who stood out from the others whose dance was beautifully constructed. I felt sure she was a pupil of Mercedes -- and this was later confirmed. I checked what we were doing with the Escuela Boleras syllabus, with Eloy Pericet, another of the Sitges teachers. He is most knowledgeable and learned it all from his grandfather.

Durbin picked out José Antonio Ruiz from the Ballet Español de Madrid and rightly so. He is a superb artist in all forms of Spanish dance and was principal dancer with Baile Nacional in Madrid when Gades was Director. I had the pleasure of having him in one of my ballets in South Africa and hope one day to bring out Antonio and his wife Luisa Aranda to dance here. We recently had a reunion in Madrid, celebrating with a five-hour lunch! As Durbin said, she had to pick his name from among the artists -- there is true humility. I am sending him a copy of the article.

Marina Keet (Mrs. M. Grut)
Washington, D.C.

FLAMENCO DANCE SYLLABUS?

Dear Editor:

Before time passes until the next Jaleo comes out, I must tell you how excited I was to see my article printed in the November issue. Hopefully, it will get some interest in the writing of a new and complete syllabus, a bible, so to speak, for flamenco dance, as well as stop the wasteful filing of entertaining and fun-filled "free style flamenco" under "Spanish dance," for fear of being "banned in Boston."

A committee to sort out and put together would be necessary, but the members could do the actual writing by sending in material, which could be published each month in Jaleo for criticism or approval. (If it took a year or so, it would still be worth it.) I'd be willing to bet money that Dance Masters of America, and other organizations, would adopt it and write their test for flamenco teachers from it. The good that would come with such a syllabus -- the dance teacher would have a complete and up-to-date book of reference, not so much for learning (which must come from studying with a good teacher), but for remembering or reminding as well as speaking the same language. Course, if the members are not for such a great undertaking as this at this time, best not to pursue it any further, but allow another organization to do it.

Jimmie Crowell
Oklahoma City, OK

PUNTO DE VISTA

LIFE STYLE DUES OR LIFE STYLE BLUES?

Every generation of every civilized culture has had them. They are a very disturbing element to those who don't understand them. Their names? Bohemians, the lost generation, beatniks, subterraneans, heaven's minstrels, wandering scholars, hippies, hobos, bums, flamencos, and of course, the perennial gypsies (all gypsies are not necessarily flamencos, nor are all flamencos gypsies). There are many other names, given to these life styles, but there is an underlying theme present in the conscious (or unconscious) philosophy of them all: the refusal to accept civilized (?) societies' established success values. They always represent a small portion of the particular society to which they belong. But, if one were to consider the "closet Bohemian" (those who secretly envy and support those of this particular persuasion, but feel obligations that preclude joining them), the percentage swells, until most of those who are left are not very exciting to be around (e.g., rednecks, three piece suiters, ivy leaguers, preppies, etc.). When one closely examines the artifacts that are treasured from ancient civilizations, it isn't their banking practices or their status symbols. It is overwhelmingly their art, music, and philosophical meanderings. These items are rarely created by persons enslaved to the success syndrome. This is not to say that there is something wrong with becoming rich from cultural endeavors, but that it is a rare occurrence and, in most cases, a residual effect resulting from a person's true goals.

In any case, I suppose those hardy souls still with me are wondering if there is a point to be made here, or if this is just the ravings of one who has been long exposed to low radiation emanations from computer terminals. The truth is, I began giving serious consideration to this subject about a year and a half ago while sitting in a warm bus on a cold rainy day in Granada. I was watching an old gypsy hawking tourist toys. His teeth were bad and probably hurt him. He was there at least as long as an average work day and was not having much luck. I began thinking about his life style versus mine. I work a steady job for eight hours a day doing intellectually satisfying work. After I have paid these "dues," I go home to comfortable privacy for the remaining sixteen hours. I think what I want and pretty much do what I want. If my teeth hurt, I have dental coverage. I don't spend even five minutes a day worrying or planning to be certain that I will have something to eat. In a few more years, I will be able to retire and will have the whole twenty-four hour day to do what I want. Who is the happier? This question isn't rhetorical. I'm really not sure, and I'm certainly not trying to be smug. I can only say that in my present situation, I'm not ready to trade places with the old gypsy. However, this is not to say with any certainty that he is not more content. Who decides? One thing is certain...whether a closet Bohemian or totally committed, these life style values are deeply seated among those who embrace them, as the following quotes testify:

Donn Pohren quoting a gypsy in his book El Arte Flamenco: "I have no desire to own a house or a car, or to go to work every day like a half brain. It seems to me that the gypsy (non-gypsy) works all of his life for things that he does not really want or need. He sits in a closed office dreaming of open fields and mountains and beaches and, when he finally is allowed a vacation he travels to a resort area, mills with people and pushes his way around for two weeks and spends his savings. He lives in fear and anxiety of his employer, a possible depression or war, old age, and a thousand other things either completely beyond his control or not worth the effort. But we, in our simple existence, have everything we need to be happy. I have a wonderful, talented family. If we feel like spending the summer on a beach or in a mountain forest, we do so. We have friends and relatives in all parts of Spain. Of course there are hardships -- the rain and the cold, occasional hunger -- but

the life of no one is perfect. En fin, as long as we are left alone, we can't ask for anything more. You look like you understand what I am trying to say. Verdad?"

Donr Pohren replies, "Yes, I'm afraid I do, only too clearly. That's the problem." He goes on to state, "The concepts and developments of progress are incomprehensible to them. They scorn the rat race and its participants."

Goldmund to his art teacher in Herman Hesse's Narcissus and Goldmund: "I don't want to earn money and become like other artists. I want to live and roam, to feel summer and winter, experience the world, taste its beauty and its horrors. I want to suffer hunger and thirst, and to rid and purge myself of all I have lived and learned here with you. One day I would like to make something as beautiful and deeply moving as your Madonna...but I don't want to become like you and lead your kind of life!"

Henry David Thoreau in Walden Pond: "I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust."

From Don Gypsy, by Walter Starkie: "They wander aimlessly through our world, clinging desperately to their primitive notions of independence and self-sufficiency...all places are the same to them...beds of rivers, mountain lairs, or caves, provided they can keep on their roaming way."

From Magister Lud, by Herman Hesse: "He loved nothing but his freedom, his perpetual student status, and preferred spending his whole life as the unpredictable and obstinate loner, the gifted fool and nihilist, to following the path of subordination to the hierarchy and thus attaining peace. He cared nothing for peace, had no regard for the hierarchy, hardly minded reproach and isolation. Certainly he was a most inconvenient and indigestible component in a community whose idea was harmony and orderliness. But because of this very troublesomeness and indigestibility he was, in the midst of such a limpid and prearranged little world, a constant source of vital unrest, a reproach, an admonition and warning, a spur to new, bold, forbidden, intrepid ideas, an unruly, stubborn sheep in the herd, and to our mind, this was the very reason his friend cherished him."

From Novum Organum, by Sir Francis Bacon: "Think first about the good things of the mind, and the rest will either be supplied or their loss will not be felt."

From Big Sur and the Dranges of Hieronymus Bosch, by Henry Miller: "A man with talent has to make his living on the side or do his creative work on the side. A difficult choice. He will generally be looked upon as strange or different. And indeed he will be, of course, since what makes him tick is that mysterious element "X" which his fellowman seems so well able to do without. Moreover, if he is an artist, he will be compelled to make sacrifices which worldly people find absurd and unnecessary."

Now before we all sling our shovels into the air and rush headlong to frolic among the flowers, let me offer at least one morsel of sobering food for thought in defense of advanced civilization:

From, U.S. News and World Report, April, 1982: "Things are looking up on the health scene. Childhood diseases are down dramatically. Take measles, for example. By October, it should be completely eradicated in this country. In the early 1960's, 485,000 cases turned up, 421 deaths. Smallpox already is gone. Diphtheria too. At the turn of the century, it was one of the leading causes of children's deaths. Last year it caused one death. Next candidates for extinction in five years or so...mumps, rubella. Also, over the winter, the number of flu cases dropped sharply from last year. Shots worked, and no new viral strains appeared in the country."

I'm glad somebody is watching the store, aren't you?

Ron Spatz

GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO

MANUEL DE LOS SANTOS "AGUJETAS,"
WITH GUALBERTO

This is one of Agujetas' most interesting recordings, since it mixes traditional flamenco with sitar on every track. Actually the official title of the record is "Gualberto y Agujetas," first billing going to the sitarist Gualberto Garcia. The album cover has a photo of both men's faces and a sitar. The guitarist who accompanies on every cante is Antonio Madigan.

"Verdolaqa" is the opening number, a buleria. Immediately one notices the sitar's presence and, at that point, decides whether the record is worthy. Let's wait until the whole record is over to make value judgments, if at all. The longest cante is the seven minute siguriya, entitled "Al Moro Me Iria." Agujetas is very emotional in his siguriya; he may be, along with Chocolate, the most emotional living interpreter of this cante. The fandango is sung in the style of Gordito De Triana and accompanied with the standard Niño Ricardo type guitar embellishments. The cante is called by its "letra": "Que La Enseñara A Querer."

Side two opens with "Que Es Aquello Que Raluce" (tangos). This is followed by "Como Tengo A Mi Padre," another siguriya. The album closes with "No Hay Hombre Que La Sujete," another buleria.

I thoroughly enjoyed this record and give it a good recommendation. If you feel that you must have it for your collection, try writing to Movieplay at the address given on the jacket: Movieplay, Tierra De Barros, 4 -- Poligono Industrial De Coslada, Madrid, Spain.

—Guillermo Salazar

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Enrique Morente



INTERVIEWED FOR JALEO BY
BRAD AND PACA BLANCHARD

We knew that Enrique Morente was singing in a modern version of "Oedipus Rex" in Mérida (about 40 miles from Badajoz), so we planned the following weekend: On Saturday, July 16, there was a concurso de cante in Villafranca (about 50 miles southeast of Badajoz), so we would go there; on Sunday we would go to the Roman Theatre where the drama was being staged and try to talk to Enrique. Everything went smoothly until the concurso in Villafranca lasted until 5:30 in the morning. We arrived in Mérida at three in the afternoon and decided to eat lunch there and then go home to Badajoz, since we were exhausted after only three hours sleep. We had decided to interview Enrique some other day because we knew where to get hold of him in Madrid, wandered around downtown Mérida until, finding a suitable restaurant, we entered, sat down, ordered a beer and looked at the people at the table directly to our right. Of course, who else should be sitting there but Enrique Morente and his guitarist, Paco Cortés. We introduced ourselves and decided to go somewhere after lunch to have coffee and talk. Both Paco and Enrique seemed enthusiastic about the issues of Jaleo we showed them. They had to go to a rehearsal for "Oedipus" at seven, so we had a couple of hours to spend together. This is what Enrique told us:

JALEO: Tell us about your flamenco "education."

ENRIQUE: My flamenco education...No sé, it hasn't been a real application -- I always sang when I was a chiquirillo, a boy; I always liked the cante, and anywhere I went, someone was singing somewhere -- in a nearby tavern, the old men, and I would always stop and listen to them.

JALEO: And your family...?

ENRIQUE: Yes, some people in my family sing -- not professionally -- others don't sing; some aren't even aficionados. But my mother sings well, and my sister, but, vamos, they sing well, but they don't know the cante. You have to really dedicate yourself to it in order to understand certain things about it. Also, you have to be born with the necessary conditions to be able to sing.

JALEO: What part of Granada are you from?

ENRIQUE: Albaicín...There's always been a lot of cante around there.

JALEO: How old were you when you stopped just singing and began to take it seriously?

ENRIQUE: I was grown-up, about nineteen or twenty, when the worm really started to bite me. Of course I sang before, but only for *afición*.

JALEO: What did you do to learn a certain kind of song, say a *soleá de Alcalá*?

ENRIQUE: Asking the old men, and listening to the old men, who knew how to sing well.

JALEO: So, in a sense, you had classes?

ENRIQUE: Of course! I went to listen to them wherever they were. As soon as I heard of someone who sang well, I went there to listen to him. For example, I really liked Aurelio de Cádiz, Aurelio Sellés, so I went to Cádiz just to look for him; he was there in the *café* drinking coffee every afternoon and, as soon as he saw me come in, he would sit in a chair and sing just for me. I travelled a long ways -- from Madrid to Cádiz, Cádiz to Granada, to find out -- when I was 22 or 23.

JALEO: You know a lot of *cantes antiguos*, right?

ENRIQUE: Yes, I'd say so; I've dedicated a lot of hours to it -- not only the *cantes* from Granada, but from all of Andalucía.

JALEO: How many records have you recorded in that vein?

ENRIQUE: One, two...and a half...five records and a half of *cantes clásicos*.

JALEO: And the half?

ENRIQUE: It was a record that was an homage to the poet Miguel Hernández. They were my interpretations of his poems. So I can't really say that that one was *cante clásico*.

JALEO: Did you actually take classes in cante?

ENRIQUE: No, you can't take a class in the cante. If you find yourself with a man who knows how to sing and you know there's a song, the *malagueña de fulano tal*, or *por seguiriyas*, and no one but that man knows how to sing it, you go see him, have a drink with him, make friends with him, and sometimes these people open up and they are singing before you can sit down; sometimes you have to get them drunk or you have to start singing first to encourage them.

JALEO: You mean you can learn a cante just by listening to someone sing it -- when you go out on the street after hearing it, you know how to sing it?

ENRIQUE: Claro! [Laughter]

JALEO: And this guitarist we have with us. Why is he so "callado" [reserved]?

ENRIQUE: No, he can sing flamenco, dance and play it on the guitar.

JALEO: How long have you two been together?

ENRIQUE: Off and on for three or four years.

JALEO: Does a guitarist need to know the cante -- even though he doesn't have a good voice -- in order to accompany well?

PACO: Of course! You have to know the cante.

ENRIQUE: He has to know it almost like a *cantaor*. For example, in the *soleá de Alcalá* that you mentioned before, the *cante clásico* says [he sings]:

Por nadie lo habría yo hecho
Eso no lo hará nadie
Yo lo hago por mi niña
que está pendiente el aire.

And the reply:

Me voy por la otra acera
Porque le temo a tu madre
que tiene muy mala lengua.

That was the reply, the cante that continued the cante before. You do it like that with the cones of guitar, and *ya está*. Really it's a matter of working together -- if I hear the guitarist is a little behind or ahead, I have to be aware of that. It's a communion of two; it's not one.

JALEO: Who are some of the *cantaores* you've learned from?

ENRIQUE: From a lot of different ones. Manolo de Huelva is one -- I learned a lot from him because he is a guitarist, as we were just speaking of guitarists. Of all the men that I've met, he knew the most about cante -- including *bailaores*, *cantaores*, and *tocaores*!

JALEO: Wasn't Manolo de Huelva the one who almost never played in front of anyone?

ENRIQUE: Well, he played for his wife! [Laughter] No, he

ENRIQUE MORENTE IN A MOMENT OF ACTION IN OEDIPUS REX

(photo Villarín)

dedicated his time almost exclusively to the fiesta. I would go to a place where he worked, almost every night, and sometimes he would go out, and sometimes not, because sometimes there wasn't any fiesta; every night I was with him, and he taught me a lot of cante.

JALEO: And how did you eat during that period?

ENRIQUE: Hombre, I used a spoon! [Laughter] No, it wasn't that; I went from pueblo to pueblo looking for cante. When you are working and you find yourself with a person who knows more than you, you go to that person and learn from him.

JALEO: Oh, I see. You were learning after you started to work professionally. Tell us, where has your own cante come from?

ENRIQUE: Well, it has come with the passage of time. Time goes on and you start creating your own form -- without realizing it; soon, you have your own way of singing. And you take some fandango, and you see that that fandango has many possibilities. There's no reason for it to always be the same fandango, sung the same way. And then you add to it the different tones of the guitar and -- well, that's the character of flamenco. By the way, I'm very pleased that when you saw me sing, you understood it -- it's a stimulus for me because not everyone feels the same. But I love singing the cante clásico too. Take an alegrías, for example, like the one that goes [He sings and taps out the compás on the table]:

Grande locura es negarlo.
Que es verdad que te he querido
Grande locura es negarlo.
Pero tú, hay a quien hundes.
Y así viví, era cien años...

You take that one...It's alegrías, but it's normal. Then, one day, instead of singing it like this:

Es grande locura negarlo...

Like that, the way Aurelio would sing,

"Que es verdad que te he querido..."

because that's how he would sing. Instead of singing like that, you sing [He sings the melody of his own alegrías]:

Grande locura...es negarlo...

You give it another melody, ya está!



ENRIQUE MORENTE (RIGHT) WITH HIS GUITARIST PACO CORTÉS
(photo Villarín)

JALEO: That melody just occurred to you suddenly one day?

ENRIQUE: Yes! Because if you stop and try to consciously plan and construct it, nothing happens. A lot of times I'm at home, or walking, or practicing with Paco, and things come out like that. At other times, nothing comes out, and it's better to leave it. Most of the things I've composed have been when I'm on the street walking alone.

JALEO: Tell us about the present state of affairs in flamenco.

ENRIQUE: They sing better than ever, dance better than ever, play better than ever, drink better than ever, dress better than ever...

JALEO: What about the aspect we were discussing at lunch, about flamenco sitar, flamenco trumpet, etc.?

ENRIQUE: There's a lot of confusion. There's a very high level in flamenco, in the mastery of the compás, of the technique, of the sound...there's a very high level of mastery. There's also a lot of danger, because flamenco is something -- it's known as a great art, but there's a danger that in a given moment it can turn into something ordinary [que caiga en lo vulgar]. It's extraordinary; it can turn into something ordinary!

JALEO: Do you have a predilection for a certain cante?

ENRIQUE: It changes for me. Sometimes one, sometimes another. For a while it's soleá, then alegrías, then malagueñas...

JALEO: It seems I've never heard you sing por peteneras.

ENRIQUE: I've recorded a couple of them. It's a beautiful cante and, of course, I like it, but now that we're working here in the ruins (referring to the Roman Theatre) I'm going to have to let the petenera fall in ruins for a while.

JALEO: Tell us about what you're doing here in Mérida and about any future plans.

ENRIQUE: Well, I just recorded a record. It is going to come out in two or three weeks and is called "Sacromonte." For now, I'm with this Greek theater company, singing Greek music within the context of the play "Oedipus Rex." It's a kind of counterpoint between Mediterranean and Byzantine music and flamenco. I'm the only one who sings flamenco, and I'm doing an adaptation of my flamenco to their music. Paco is playing with me there. We're contracted through the month of September and will probably go to Greece and Italy with them too. It's a world completely different from the world of flamenco, but it serves a purpose. One thing that happens is that people often discover flamenco through some other related experience. When I did the record "Homenaje a Miguel Hernández," it turned out that people bought it who didn't know flamenco, but knew about Miguel Hernández. I've met people and have become good friends with some who became aficionados through Miguel Hernández. So it seems like it's something positive.

JALEO: Is this the first time you've left Spain on tour?

ENRIQUE: No, I've gone to a lot of different places.

JALEO: With cuadros, or what?

ENRIQUE: At the beginning of my professional life, I went with cuadros, and groups, but lately I've gone by myself. We were in Mexico City, and some other places nearby, giving recitals. Every year I go to France several times. Last year we were in the Olympic Pavilion in Paris.

JALEO: How are the French?

ENRIQUE: Muy simpáticos. And they have good wine and cheese too.

JALEO: But there must be a difference between performing for Spanish audiences and performing for, for example, a French audience.

ENRIQUE: Of course; it's always a challenge to perform. Look, we're tired of performing in Spain, but tired in the good sense of the word. After a while you feel like trying something different, for example, like seeing what will happen with the cante in the ambiente of Paris. But art is universal; it doesn't have any borders. A person -- no matter where he's from -- if he has artistic sensitivity, whether he was born in the heart of the Albaicín, or the barrio of Triana, or Badajoz, or even in Tokyo, it's the same. I firmly believe in this; art has no borders. Paco and I have some good friends, young people, in Paris -- maybe fifty of them -- that whenever we work there, we go to their houses to eat, etc.

JALEO: Did you and Paco make the new record together?

ENRIQUE: No, not this one. Tomatito and Isidro de Sanlúcar play on it. Paco and I have made some tapes, but no record yet.

JALEO: Is the new record traditional cante, or what?

ENRIQUE: No, there's no traditional cante. They are my compositions.

JALEO: How is it that you and Paco haven't made a record after being together so long?

ENRIQUE: Because we haven't had a chance. Before taping this record I hadn't recorded anything for four years...

JALEO: Why?

ENRIQUE: Because I just left it. Then, later, this record was proposed with Tomatito and Niño Miguel -- who is a wizard on the guitar -- and the record company planned it, and it came about like that.

JALEO: Have you ever sung for the baile?

ENRIQUE: I've done it, but I'm not a specialist for that. But I like it: I've sung for some fine dancers.

A long conversation followed, in which we discussed *roncosuros de cante*, and the general incompetence of the judges. Both Paco and Enrique said that many of the judges "learned from books," for the general "desgracia" of the contests. Later, the subject turned towards gypsies and gypsy flamenco.

JALEO: You know, lots of times, in the Plaza Alta in Badajoz, we've heard gypsy kids 8 and 9 years old who sing and play some of the finest *bulerías* we've heard.

ENRIQUE: Well here in Badajoz is where you find the best tangos in Spain -- in Andalucía or anywhere -- the best tangos are in Badajoz, and in Granada they also sing tangos very well. What do you think, Paco?

PACO: They do it really well there [in Badajoz].

ENRIQUE: It's from that part. That branch [of flamenco] is from there, and is the best, at least for me.

JALEO: Every Region has its specialty.

ENRIQUE: That's it.

Suddenly it was time for them to go to the rehearsal. Although both Paco and Enrique said they enjoyed performing in the play, they weren't very excited about going to the rehearsal because, as they put it, "these actors are too formal and, in general, too weird." We had the "penúltima" (you never have the *última*, the last drink, in Spain) and said goodbye in the shadow of the Roman walls of Mérida.

* * *

A FLAMENCO WHO SINGS WITH VERSES OF SOPHOCLES

ENRIQUE MORENTE IN OEDIPUS REX

[from: *Hoy*, July 19, 1982; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla]

Something that shocks you at first in "The Myth of Oedipus Rex" and, as the work progresses, becomes more understandable, is the presence of a flamenco cantaor, one of the newest cantaores and, at the same time, one of the most traditional, Enrique Morente. Amid applauses from some and criticism by others, Enrique Morente gives the work an "aire" of "quejío" (wailing lament) with his voice, an explosion of notes that sometimes comes through the microphone and, other times is heard coming directly from his lungs. A classic text, adapted by a classicist, for one who is beginning to be an important figure in one of our important song forms, flamenco.

"The fact that I am here," affirms Enrique Morente, "was one of those chance happenings in life. I always admired the work of José Luis Gómez. He is a friend of a friend of mine -- a painter named Alexanco. José Luis told my friend that he had the idea of putting a flamenco cantaor into the work, as a counterpoint to the Byzantine music. He proposed the idea to me and it seemed to me that it would be a beautiful experience. That is how it came up."

The surprise that the audience feels on seeing Enrique Morente is explained this way by him, "In the beginning, it causes some surprise; but I am the kind of cantaor who is always mixed up in something unusual; I am always doing something different. At the same time, I love the classical flamenco, the "cante bueno de siempre."

The joy of Enrique Morente can be seen each evening, in spite of the tension that he has to maintain throughout the show. "For me," he says, "it is something to be proud of to work with this company. It was a challenge in the beginning for a flamenco cantaor to be here 'pegando tiros' and integrate himself without running everything."

This is the first time that Enrique Morente has visited Mérida. "At first I was turned off when I arrived here and saw these ruins. I asked myself, 'How can they do theater here when everything is falling apart?' Broken columns, seats falling apart, and all the rest. Little by little I began to grasp it and finally convinced myself that it is a true marvel. Later, I realized that the acoustics are unique; I don't know of any theater, open or enclosed, that

has such perfect acoustics. In reality, there is no need for a microphone, but you have to work with the music and balance the voices."

Such have been his impressions of these ancient, yet forever young, Roman ruins, that he is tempted to come to sing, to give a flamenco recital without a microphone. "It would be a dream, one of the most beautiful things in my career!"

Flamenco music offers this work, according to the cantaor, the expression of the southern part of Spain. It is an encounter of "quejíos" and enigmas that can be seen to be related. "When I heard the music of Chistodoulos Halaris," he continues, "I saw immediately that I could sing it and express myself with it. Flamenco, to me, is a mixture of the music of all of the peoples who have passed through Spain -- Greeks, Arabs, Jews, and others. It would be the same if we were doing an Arabic theater work; flamenco would be present, since, in the moment where there is genuine 'quejío,' there should be flamenco."

The work "The Myth of Oedipus Rex" will be performed in most parts of Spain, as well as in countries like Italy, Greece, and others. Enrique Morente will spend the summer with the company, "Las Galas [festivales] of this summer, I have had to miss. This summer it pleases me to continue with the company. Later, I will begin to prepare my new record and next year I will return to again sing my *cantes por soleá*, *siquiriyas*, *fandangos*, or *alegrías*. Then, I will have had a new experience which I believe has been positive. Whenever one becomes involved with a different world -- without forgetting your own -- and does it in order to learn, you acquire new tonalities, new shadings. With José Luis Gómez, you always learn; he is a man who works hard and knows what he is doing."

Between the hard life of the galas of flamenco and performing in the theater, Enrique Morente has no real preference. "Both things are hard. The flamenco audience is much like that of the bullfights, *muy bravío* [probably means "but-spoken and demanding"]. The audience in the theater is more friendly and, if they don't like something, they just don't applaud and that's it. In flamenco, they don't forgive your mistakes and, if you do things well, they praise you far too excessively."

Without the music, Enrique Morente defines "Oedipus Rex" as a marvelous show. It was somewhat daring to put this type of music into it, according to him.

On the street, this man is recognized by many flamenco aficionados. "The other day, a man told me that he had gone to see me and I hadn't sung *por fandangos*. He wanted to hear me sing *por fandangos* and, if I would do it one night, he would come to see me. So I arranged to meet him in the dressing room and, there, I had to 'entonarle algunas coplillas' [sing him a few little coplas]."

Paco Cortés and Albertico are the guitarists who accompany Enrique Morente each night. "We are having a good time here in Mérida," affirms the cantaor, "I hope they receive us equally well in all of the places we go!"

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THE FLAMENCO SCENE IN NEW YORK IN THE FORTIES

by Charles Teetor

Forty years ago I discovered flamenco in, of all places, St. Louis, Missouri. The experience was so exciting that even now my pulse quickens to think of it. I was a provincial boy from Indiana with absolutely no Spanish, Gypsy or even Mediterranean blood in my background. My only exposure to anything foreign had been one year of high school Spanish, a modest exposure at best.

It all started one rainy night in January, 1943, when, with nothing to do, I found myself standing in front of the St. Louis Concert Hall. The posters proclaimed Carmen Amaya and her company would perform in a few minutes. I bought a ticket. The next four hours changed my life.

It is impossible to explain to a non-believer the euphoria that Carmen and her company produced in me that evening. Looking back, it may have been one of the best all flamenco touring companies. In addition to the sizeable Amaya family, the company contained the best Spain had to offer. It had all been packaged by Sol Hurok, who knew how to package a dance company. Costumes, orchestra, scenery and staging were of a scale that we do not see today. When the curtain finally fell, I refused to let go of the spell the Amayas had woven. For the first (but not the last) time in my life, I found the stage door and waited. I simply had to see those magic people again.

The first two artists to come out were Antonio Triana and Sabicas. It was fate that made them ask me where to get a taxi to the railroad station. In my high school Spanish, I replied that it was only a two-block walk and that I would gladly guide them. By the time we arrived at the station we were sufficiently acquainted that they asked me to come in for a coffee. Within a few minutes the entire company had gathered in the Fred Harvey lunchroom waiting for the midnight train to Chicago. The war was on and transportation was difficult. To my everlasting joy the train was two hours late. During that two hours I discovered several interesting things. First, and most important, was that true flamencos are exhilarated but constrained by stage performances and frequently can't wait to get off stage and start performing "free form." The tile floor of the lunchroom and the marble-topped tables perhaps were somewhat reminiscent of the cafes of Andalucía and, while waiting for that train, I experienced my first juerga. Sabicas' guitar came out, the girls sang, and there was much knuckling of the tables. Antonio Triana was an electric spark that got everything and everybody going. Such was the magic of the moment that, when the train finally arrived, they asked me to come with them to Chicago. To my everlasting discredit, I let my sense of responsibility prevail. Their final words in parting were, "Come see us in New York."

By the time the college term had ended some months later, I had acquired the only two phonograph records of Spanish guitar for sale in the United States at that time. One was Segovia's "Tales of the Alhambra" ["Recuerdos de la Alhambra"??] and the other a bulerías by Carlos Montoya. I had also learned to tell the difference. Armed with this knowledge, I entrained for New York City. By great good luck, the train paused in Newark and two Latin types got on. I asked them if they knew where I could find Carmen Amaya. They had not heard of her, but by a quirk of chance they knew of a cafe on 52nd Street where Spanish entertainers sometimes gathered. It was named El Flamenco. I went there directly and was not disappointed. Around 2:00 A.M., in drifted some members of the Amaya company. They were kind enough to pretend they remembered me from St. Louis. In retrospect, I think this was the ultimate kindness. While there was no juerga that evening, I did find that the Amaya company had a full winter's engagement at a Times Square night club called La Conga (Times Square was different then). I also found that there were a number of other clubs in New York that featured flamenco shows. The Havana Madrid, which catered to a cafe society crowd,

Chateau Madrid, El Chico in Greenwich Village, and La Conga with the Amayas.

I went to all of the clubs, but the obvious choice was the Amayas. Between the shows the action was in the dressing rooms. When it is too cold to go out for a walk, what do flamencos do between shows? They play and sing and smoke and tell jokes. Carmen's father Jose dominated the group. He was dictatorial, not only in what and how they performed, but also, in the case of the girls, who they talked to. Carmen seemed to treat him with great respect but went her own way. The two younger sisters, Leonor and Antonia were on a tight rein and, generally, after performances, were escorted back to the brownstone house they rented in the West Forties. There were other younger children there but I was never clear as to their relationship. It seemed to be very much what we now call an "extended family."

The rest of the company, which included Sabicas and Triana, Carmen's brother Paco, the talented piano accompanist, Alberto de Lima, and a beautiful dancer, Gloria Belmonte, would make the rounds. There were several cafes full of aficionados, but the best of all was always El Flamenco. Many were the all-night juergas held there with this crowd. Within a week I had decided to become a flamenco. I bought a Tatay guitar at the Spanish Music Center on 44th Street, where Gabriel Olier held court and sold just about anything that was Spanish, as well as published music and acting as impresario for most of what was going on in Spanish. I also bought a year's supply of gut strings (nylon strings had not yet been invented) and somebody showed me how to play a couple of variations. Shortly after that, I joined the Marines and took my Tatay off to the war, during which time it accompanied a million verses of "You Are My Sunshine."

It was about four years later, or 1946, that I next heard a flamenco rhythm. I had returned to New York to seriously study guitar and hopefully become a professional. I had, with great difficulty, obtained a visa for Spain, but was unable to arrange transportation or finances -- I've forgotten which. I should add that my career ended several years later when a kindly teacher told me I was sadly deficient in talent and should stick to being an aficionado. I took his advice.

Stili, New York in the forties was a wonderful place to be. This was the year Rosaria and Antonia played the Roxy Theater. The Roxy was second in the land only to Radio City Music Hall. It was a gigantic palace, seating thousands, with a huge moving stage and even more lavish productions. Antonia gave them a Spanish show calculated to appeal to all and to run for years. It almost did. As with the Amaya company, the best shows were in the dressing rooms. Antonia alternated with a movie and, since there were five shows a day, there were four intervals a day in the dressing rooms. And, the Roxy had dressing rooms big enough to hold a juerga.

It was there that I met Jeronimo Villarino. He worked with Antonia for many years. He was one of the kindest and most considerate gentlemen I have ever known. No matter when, he was never too tired to open his guitar case and accompany whoever asked. He shared his art with everyone. He also introduced me to New York's only Spanish guitar teacher, Fidel Zabal. Fidel worked full-time for the telephone company and gave lessons at night in either flamenco or classical. Just about everyone who studied guitar in New York knew Fidel. Many years later, Fidel developed a terminal illness. This was before Medicare and he had no insurance. The Guitar Society organized a benefit concert with all the proceeds to Fidel. It was a tremendous success and eased Fidel's final months.

Several years later while living in San Jose, Costa Rica, I met Villarino again. The Rosaria and Antonia company were scheduled to perform, but it seems that there was some mix-up in the hotel reservations. When I found out, I was able to prevail on the residents of my pension to double up and give our rooms to the company. My promises that there would be juergas were more than fulfilled. Another member of this company was the beautiful and exciting dancer, Pilar Gómez, with whom, of course, I fell madly in love. But it was not to be. Her mother always travelled with her. Things were different then.

Several years later, in 1948, I returned to New York as a permanent resident. I brought with me a bride of two

weeks who had never heard the word flamenco. On our first night in the city we went to the cafe El Flamenco. It was still on West 52nd Street -- at that time composed entirely of bars and night clubs. El Flamenco was not one of the more famous. Actually, it was located upstairs over the Hobg News, a minor publication of the day. To reach El Flamenco, one ascended a long flight of not particularly well-lit stairs and entered a room that was completely nondescript. Since it was the juerga center of New York for many years, it deserves some elaboration. There was no atmosphere to help create mood. No paintings graced the walls -- not even photos of the famous. As I remember, the predominant color was ochre yellow, but wouldn't bet on it. There were about ten tables, which in the earlier days had tablecloths, but in later days did not. Across one end of the room was a gigantic window looking down on 52nd Street. In summer this was open for there was no air-conditioning. Dividing the room was a lattice screen with, I think, some fake ivy entwined. Behind the screen was the kitchen from which came New York's most famous paellas. There was one waiter and one cook. Against the wall opposite the kitchen were two booths for four persons each. One was permanently occupied by the venerable patron -- none other than the famous bailaor, Juan Martínez, who by this time was old and grizzled. He was short and stocky, had a very large head and a dour personality. He certainly was not the genial host. When juergas developed, as they often did, it was in spite of "El Patron." In fact, he seemed constantly worried that performing customers might get him in trouble with the authorities. How, I cannot imagine. Perhaps it was part of the folklore of his cities.

Every moment the cafe was open, Juan Martínez was there. And, beside him every moment was his young, beautiful, and exotic wife. It was said that she had been his last dancing partner. He was very possessive toward her, and with very good reason, for everyone who entered felt compelled to flirt with her.

In the many years I frequented El Flamenco, I never saw or heard of Juan Martínez dancing. On rare occasions he would play the guitar to accompany one of his friends, but never for the entertainment of the diners. He did keep several old guitars behind the bar, which he would pass out to good customers. However, the more knowledgeable performers usually brought their own.

I remember one winter with nostalgia. It was near the end of the era and El Flamenco had what appeared to be permanent guests in the persons of Sarita and her husband, whose charm will live forever. Sarita's husband welcomed all at the door, took orders, poured wine and danced on any and all occasions. We marveled at Sarita's virtuosity with the guitar and, together, they overcame old Juan's fear of police raids. Juergas proliferated. It was like the old days when the Amayas were in town.

About that time there began a true renaissance of the guitar in America. The driving force was a successful illustrator and artist named Vladimir Bobri. He, together with several friends, one of whom was Segovia, founded the Classical Guitar Society and its publication, the Guitar Review. Bobri was able to involve many of his friends from the art world in his projects and, as a result, not a few of the Society's leaders turned out to be famous commercial artists. While this may not have added greatly to the quality of a concert, it did provide the mechanics to produce a magazine that has consistently won international prizes for graphic arts. It is still published on occasion and is still a work of art.

Also, about this time, Vicente Gómez opened his sophisticated club, La Zambra, just down 52nd Street from El Flamenco. Unlike Martínez's cafe, it catered to an elite clientele. With a master stroke of diplomacy, Gómez made a deal with Bobri. Bobri would organize his professional artist friends to decorate the interior of La Zambra in exchange for permission for the Guitar Society to use the club for meetings on the nights it was closed. For years, the arrangement worked beautifully. Bobri designed a club of exquisite taste and ambience and, over one long weekend, brought in his friends to execute the work. Involved in the project were Gregory de Allezio and his wife, Ellen Terry, Grisha Dotzenko and many others. I am told that Ellen's cartoons in the ladies' room were classics.

The atmosphere at La Zambra was always more "classical"

than "flamenco." Vicente Gómez had spent a lifetime playing to cabaret crowds who shouted inanities over his delicate music. Once he was in command, he would have no more of it. When he stepped onto the stage, all drink service ceased and anyone who preferred to talk was asked to leave. Predictably, the club did not appeal to the normal cocktail and night club crowd. There were, however, sufficient aficionados in New York to support Vicente's classical mood and the club was successful for many years. Eventually it closed and Vicente moved to Los Angeles and opened his school of Spanish studies, which we in New York heard had a large following of movie stars. Not long after that, the city demolishers arrived and the entire area was destroyed to make way for skyscraper hotels.

During the fifties in New York, there was a constant stream of fine dance companies that came from Spain. Escudero, though a very old man, brought a brilliant company and amazed us all by playing his fingernails like castanets. Luisillo gave us a season well worthwhile and, of course, there was José Greco. Interspersed with these grand companies were small groups of performers who had attracted the attention of Radio Sevilla and a sponsor. They usually ended up on the Ed Sullivan Show and then hung around New York until the money ran out, whereupon they would sell their guitars and costumes and return to Spain. Once, in Granada, before they moved the gypsies out of the caves and into housing projects, I met a number of fellows who had made this trip.

Perhaps one of the high peaks of flamenco in New York was during the World's Fair of 1963/64. At this event, the Spanish Pavillion was the unquestioned star of the fair. At the Pavillion there was a simulated bodega with more or less continuous flamenco. The Spanish government assigned the responsibility of producing the bodega show to a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, but who, for many years, was the owner of La Embra in Madrid, which as everyone knows was the best place to find the pure and classical flamenco. His great star was Rosa Durán, who appeared several weeks at the World's Fair. The companies were rotated every two weeks or so, and a friend of mine was lucky enough to be on an Iberian flight taking one company home. He said it was stupendous. By 1965, most of the famous Spanish clubs had folded -- the Havana Madrid, El Chico, La Conga, and others. How only Chateau Madrid remains to continue to this day, but ... with a heavy accent on La salsa.

I fear that the era of the ethnic restaurant/night club with music and floor shows has ended, a victim of high costs and TV. I can remember when 86th Street offered four restaurants where one could hear Viennese operetta interspersed with zither background; down 2nd Avenue in the seventies were half a dozen Hungarian places, all with gypsy orchestras. In Russian restaurants, cossacks danced with flaming swords and threw knives with their teeth, innumerable Greek places alternated belly dancers with crockery breaking, and, of course, there were the flamencos. That is why it is such good news to hear in your magazine that young performers are finding a ready audience in the hinterlands and on the college campuses. Flamenco is one of the truly great folk musics and hopefully will be preserved forever by those who, like me, became intoxicated by it, but who, unlike me, had the talent necessary to perform it. Keep that light burning so that my children and my children's children will know the excitement I have known.

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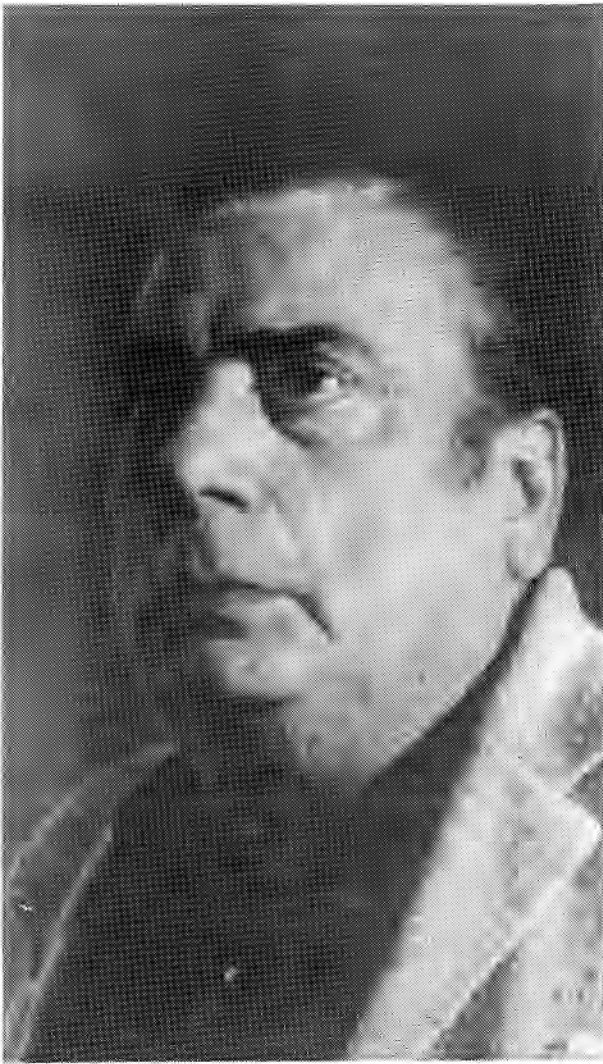
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CONCHITA PIQUER; TEATRO AVENIDA, BUENOS AIRES.



MANOLO CARACOL

[From: *El Cancionero*; published by Better Records, 1980; submitted by Rafael Díaz; translated by Paco Sevilla]

Manuel Ortega Juárez, better known by the nickname "Caracol" which he inherited from his father, was born July 9, 1910, in Sevilla, on the Alameda de Hércules. He was descended from a family with a great tradition in the cante; on one side was El Fillo (Francisco Ortega Vargas) and on the other, El Planeta; his great grandfather was Curro Durse (Francisco Fernández). Manolo Caracol's father, Manuel Ortega, known as Caracol el Viejo, was born in Cádiz in 1881. A great cantaor of siguiriyas and soleares, he spent most of his life as a sword boy for his relative, Joselito el Gallo, until the death of the latter in Talavera in 1920. He was a man of anecdotes and jokes and has passed into history as a prototype of the Andalusian gypsy.

With such artistic predecessors in his family, it is not surprising that Manolo Caracol would come to have the flamenco voice "par excellence" -- "ronca y afillá" [hoarse in the style of El Fillo], prototype of that which is now known as "desgarro gitano."

In 1922, Manuel de Falla, backed by other great artists such as Federico García Lorca, Ignacio Zuloaga, Santiago Rusiñol, and Andrés Segovia, organized the first Concurso de Cante Jondo. The goal was the double objective of spreading the knowledge of flamenco and cleansing it of the spurious uncrustations that had adulterated its genuine expression.

It was determined that professionals would be excluded from the contest. This decision provoked strong argument, but Manuel de Falla remained inflexible because he felt that the professionals had incorporated into their repertoire elements that distorted the pure cante. To alleviate somewhat the tensions, the composer from Cádiz accepted as the advisor to the organizing commission and as the president of the judges of the contest, the famous cantaor, Don Antonio Chacón.

In the search for artists, Don Antonio Chacón went wandering through Andalucía. He arrived in Sevilla and went to visit his old friend, the father of Manolo Caracol who invited him to dinner. Seated at the table, he explained the mission that had brought him to the city of the Giralda. Manolo pricked up his ears and, knowing that Don Antonio was staying in the Hotel Roma, went to visit him there, presenting himself as the son of Caracol. He explained that he had heard the conversation with his father about cantaores and he felt like going to Granada to enter the contest. Recovering himself from surprise, Don Antonio asked the child, "And you, what can you sing?" Manolito responded that he sang everything. The cantaor from Jerez asked the boy to sing por siguiriyas and did not have to ask twice; also sung were soleares, saetas and various other cantes.

As a result of the demonstration, Don Antonio Chacón made another visit to Caracol, the father. He told him, without hesitation, that he had found the boy he was looking for -- no other than Caracol's own son. Caracol was stunned. But Manolito, still wearing short pants, wanted very badly to sing and went to Granada.

The final session of the Concurso de Cante Jondo de Granada was held June 14, 1922. The prizes were distributed as follows: Diego Bermúdez Cala "El Tenazas," the "Premio Zuloaga" of one thousand pesetas. A prize of equal value to Manuel Ortega "Caracol." Five hundred peseta prizes went to Francisco Gálvez "Frasquito Yerbaquena," José Soler "Niño de Linares," and the little girl, Carmen Salinas of Granada. Three hundred pesetas went to María Amaya "La Gazpacha." An old man of seventy-two and a child of twelve were the stars of the contest in Granada. The success he achieved permitted Diego Bermúdez to record his first record, of which only a small number were produced, and thereby allow us to experience once more the almost forgotten cantes of Silverio, who El Tenazas knew. Later, he adopted the artistic name, "El Viejo de Morón," and achieved a well-deserved, although short-lived, fame. His career would soon end, while that of Manolo Caracol was off to a splendid beginning.

Manolo gave the thousand peseta prize to his father; it was a quantity that could feed a numerous family for three or four months in those days. But Manolo did get a prize, a bicycle that he had dreamt of on many occasions. No sooner had the triumphant artist returned to Sevilla from Granada than he was contracted by a theater in the Parque de San Sebastián. Antonia Mercé, "La Argentina," was present at the show one evening. She had not the slightest doubt about incorporating the precocious artist into her own company. They performed in the Victoria Theater in Sevilla and then went immediately afterward on a tour of all Andalucía. Manolo Caracol was earning a fabulous amount for those days -- three hundred pesetas a day.

In Madrid, Caracol made his debut in the Teatro Calderón. Then, at twenty years of age, his voice changed and he began to favor the fandangos and develop his "caracolesco" style. In the Capital, he met the woman who would become his wife, Luisa Gómez. He considered her to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and, a short time later they were married.

The war [Civil War] did not mean the military for him; he managed to be declared completely unfit, exempt from any service. He proceeded with his artistic performances, which, although there were reported successes, represented a considerable reduction in his earnings. In 1939 the war ended and he returned to Sevilla. He was again triumphant, in a show that also included Custodia Romero and Rafael Ortega. Just as they were about to undertake a tour of the whole country, Pastora Imperio joined the group.

Upon reaching Barcelona, skepticism began when Custodia Romero abandoned the group and was replaced by Pepe Heredia and the Jara sisters were also added. After a triumphant performance in Granada, Manolo Caracol became enamored of a plan to put together an extraordinary show in which room



LOLA FLORES AND MANOLO CARACOL AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR POPULARITY

would be made for the greatest stars of the cante. The opportunity was offered to him by the impresario, Alberto Montserrat, who was the organizer for shows in the bullrings. The many times postponed project was at the point of being realized. Manolo called Juanito Valderrama, Pepe Pinto, El Sevillano, Vallejo, Canalejas, and other illustrious figures in the art of flamenco. A fundamental principle in carrying out such an undertaking is that the pay be the same for all artists. But dissensions arose that cooled notably the enthusiasm of Manolo Caracol. Vallejo and Canalejas could not reach an agreement and said goodbye to their friends. Along with the cantaores, the show also included the guitarists Melchor de Marchena, Montoya, and Esteban.

The show was received with coldness and indifference. Pure flamenco is difficult for a mixed audience to take, for they lack the required preparation. At least, that is the explanation Manolo Caracol gave to himself. The bitter experience did not stop him from throwing himself with renewed vigor into the rough path of art.

In 1942, while performing in the Circo Price, along with Pepe Pinto, he had a visit from Conchita Piquer, who congratulated the Sevillan cantaores for his vibrant interpretation of "María Salomé." These two artists worked together for a short while. Quintero, León and Quiroga composed some things for their show. Manolo Caracol made famous the "Noche Vieja" that he did with Carmelita Vázquez; the cante of Manolo accompanied the dance of Carmela, "jaleandola" sensually; this cante and baile did not assault the essence of flamenco, was very well-received.

An illness suffered by Manolo ended the artistic collaboration with Conchita Piquer. In 1943 Manolo Caracol met Lola Flores. Lola, almost a child, came to Manolo to ask for work. The request went unheeded, but the two artists saw each other frequently after that. The definitive meeting took place one morning on Hortaleza Street in Madrid. Lola was performing in the theater "Maravillas" and Caracol went to see her, accompanied by Xavier de Echarri and Manuel Díaz Crespo.

The first show they put together was a disaster. Next, they presented "Zambra" in the Teatro Fuencarral with promising financial results. Caracol became an impresario and they began a tour of Spain. In Barcelona they were a tremendous success.

Manolo Caracol, perfect model of the temperamental flamenco artist, found himself at the best point of his artistic career. Free from prejudice and little inclined to compromise with the purists -- he didn't give much credence to their theories -- the great Sevillan cantaores never lost sight of the frontiers of the cante; but when the occasion required it, he knew how to go beyond them. Yet he was always genuine, jondo, and pure, without abandoning his attributes of genius. The magic of his "voz afillá" was manifested even in the popular flamenco, in his interpretations of zambras and orchestrated pop songs.

Dominating all cantes and knowledgeable about many different styles, Caracol sang them in a masterful manner. In his very flamenco voice, resonated the ancestral echo of the gypsy race.

The collaboration with Lola Flores, "whirlwind of colors," as described in a well-known verse by José María Pemán, brought to the stage the purest essence of flamenco together with a most sophisticated and commercial show -- an inexorable tribute to the preferences of a public that continuously grew in its addiction to these performances.

The fame of Manolo Caracol extended to movies. Together with his inseparable partner, they played a small part in "Un Caballero Famoso," a film directed in 1943 by José Busch and starring Florencia Bécquer, Amparo Rivelles, and Alberto Romea. They starred in a 1948 film, "Embrujo," directed by Carlos Serrano de Osma. In "Jack el Negro," an international co-production directed by Julián Duvivier and J. A. Nieves Conde and featuring George Sanders, Patricia Roc, Herbert Marshall, and José María Lado, the two artists once again appeared in a minor role. Finally, in 1951, they returned to the honors of stardom in "La Niña de la Venta," a comedy directed by Ramón Torrado.

Then, unexpectedly, came the break-up. Nobody could have imagined that Manolo Caracol and Lola Flores would separate, but the unforeseeable occurred in 1952. The artist from Jerez wanted to go to America, while the Sevillian cantaoor refused to leave Spain. During the six months that it took Lola to finalize her plans, Manolo prepared his daughter, a young girl of fifteen, to work with him artistically. Luisa was the creator of "Pena, penita" and "Limosna de amores" [very famous pop songs]. The first show in which the young artist appeared was called "La Copla Nueva." The unusual expectation surrounding the debut gave way to a thunderous and endless applause at the finish. Luisa Ortega sang marvelously, while Manolo Caracol accompanied the dance of Pacita Tomás, singing a very successful zambra, "Ay, mí Candelaria."

In 1957, Arturo Pavón appeared on the scene. Luisa Albéniz, Arturo's mother, was teaching dance to Luisa Ortega. The announcement of the wedding was not expected. Manolo Caracol was very upset. Another link in his artistic career had been broken and he saw that it would be necessary to start over again. The anger penetrated deeply and he didn't attend the wedding ceremony.

Pilar López invited Manolo to go to America with her company. Upon returning to Madrid, they were presented in the Teatro Calderón, with the money from ticket sales going to the Spanish Cancer Association.

A short time later, Manolo Caracol became ill and considered retiring permanently from the world of stage lights. In an attempt to not remove himself too far from the cante, he decided to open a tablao. In the tablao he performed sporadically -- to the satisfaction of the connoisseurs of flamenco who could hear once more that frightful, anguished and heart-rending voice.

The last years of his life were passed by Manolo in his luxurious chalet, "Villa Abuela Luisa," that was built fourteen kilometers from Madrid and dedicated to his wife who, unfortunately, died before the construction was finished. The building, with more than 1500 square meters, was surrounded by spacious gardens containing a magnificent swimming pool. Manolo Caracol shared the living space with his daughter, Luisa, Arturo Pavón, and their children. His life was tranquil and private. Only occasionally did he go to his tablao, "Los Canasteros," on Calle Barbieri. He liked to walk through the gardens of his home, watching his grandchildren playing happily and contentedly, or take a dip in the pool.

In 1972, Manolo Caracol celebrated the golden anniversary of his professional career. Simultaneously, new records of his were released as a form of symbolic farewell to the cante. Among the many distinctions awarded to Manolo Caracol was the "Cruz de Caballero de la orden de Isabel la Católica," given to him for embodying, in all its purity, the noble and popular art of flamenco, both within and outside of Spain.

Manuel Ortega Juárez, known in the world of showbusiness as Manolo Caracol, died on the night of February 24, 1973, when his automobile crashed into a post on the La Coruña highway near Fuente de los Franceses. Within a few hours of the accident, as soon as the legal formalities were completed, his body was installed in the "capilla ardiente" in his home, the home he had left moments before suffering the mortal accident on the way to the tablao, "Los Canasteros."

One hour before the funeral procession departed, the chalet was completely surrounded by automobiles and friends and admirers of the deceased cantaoor were arriving non-stop. Popular figures in bullfighting and showbusiness -- worlds to which the artistic genius was tied professionally or by family and afición -- made their appearances. Moments before the burial, the rosary was said and the priest offered the responsory for the dead. Around the coffin was his family, composed of his children, Luisa, Enrique, Lola, and Manuela, his sons and daughters-in-law, Arturo Pavón, Maruja Baeza and José Sánchez, and his grandchildren, Soraya, Yasmína, Esmeralda, Salomé, Giovanna, Jordana, Manolo, Enrique, José, and Manuel.

Manolo Caracol, with his ancient gypsy and Andalusian knowledge, reposes in the Cemeterio de la Almudena, in the tomb of the Ortega family.

MANOLO CARACOL: HIS CANTE

[from: Los Payas También Cantan Flamenco by Pedro Camacho Galindo; published by Ediciones Demofilo, 1977; translated by Paco Sevilla]

Some months ago, the "Hijo y nieto de gitanos," as the poet would say: "Son and grandson of gypsies" -- a take-off on a line by García Lorca, died in an accident. And he was of the gypsy cantaores. His father was one and, it seems, a good one; his great grandfather was none other than Curro Durse.

A cantaoor gitano one hundred percent. Not a cantaoor of cante gitano -- although that was his natural preference -- Caracol sang "a lo gitano" [in the gypsy style], as a gypsy, all of the cantes, even the most "agachonaos" [non-gypsy]: tarantos, fandangos de Huelva, alegrías, and cuplés [pop songs in flamenco rhythms].

Did he sing well? Who could doubt it! Were his cantes perfect? What is to be understood as perfection in the cante? Esthetics? Harmony? Melody? Rhythm? Compás? To be in or out of tune? Technical ability? Seriousness?

Of course, perfection, by itself, is the vital coagulating of the cante; it should be blood, but blood that is hot, gushing, and boiling over; coagulated blood is cante without life.

Caracol sang with a premeditated anarchistic conception. He knew the cantes. He had inherited them or learned them. He knew them formally and expressively to perfection, but he sang them his own way -- distorted, mixed, and as a form of demented projection.

There is a bullfighter named Joaquín Cagancho. He is also a gypsy and, from his family come resonances of the cante. Well, Caracol fought bulls -- that is, sang -- like Cagancho sang -- that is, fought bulls. The same style; the same conception; an identical instability and friendly fickleness. We will repeat the saying of Pepe Alameda: "Bullfighting (cante) is not an amusing flight, but a passionate delivery." Caracol fell into, excited, abused, and at times mixed these two antagonistic conceptions.

He was not, as somebody has described him, a "pseudo-genius"; he was, simply, a gypsy genius, that is, an "anti-genius."

The traditional gypsy styles can be sung without being restricted to a formal structure and a rigid melody, that is, inflexible and unchangeable; they can be modified, re-shaped, and modernized with personal contributions. That is the recommended way to revive or "re-invent" the cantes, as someone has described it. La Niña de los Peines is an example -- the example -- of that.

The gypsy styles can be repeated -- as can the non-gypsy cantes -- with consideration for even their most extraneous peculiarities: general outline, form, ornamentation, silences, tonalities, etc. This is the academic way of performing and teaching them. In this there is no creative transcendence, only historical revival. The performance of Antonio Mairena exemplifies this method.

The most important is vital current; then comes the reservoir of tradition; intellect and erudition; dynamic and static; spontaneity and memory.

But there is a third way to do it, to redo or reproduce the cante. It is the way that is generally employed by the unorthodox gypsy. It is that which uses the gypsy genius to tear apart forms. To square-off the circle. To touch-up the immaculate. To prolong the gauze. To disorganize the compás. To give birth to abortions [abortive schemes, messes], but with life, with "ángel," with devilish duende. The old polished copper kettle. The brass candelabra that has become a venerable relic. The jackass plagued with harness sores and lacking juvenile molars that has been transformed into a spirited, clean, and healthy donkey. This is the stylistic mold of Manolo Caracol. At times, overflowing and disfigured passion; on occasion, fugitive "desplantes" of the crafty horse trader of the feria.

And why, if this is so, you will ask me, has he had a half century of popularity and is considered to be one of the stars of the modern "baraja" [pack] of the cante. The reason is understandable. In the first place, Caracol was the initiator of the modern era of the cante. His participation, being only a child, in the Concurso de Granada in 1922, gave

him-- along with a disputable prize share with El Tenazas -- a certain popularity and renown. Caracol came from a family of cantaores and, from that brought a more or less authentic oral tradition. And, finally, Caracol made himself famous, not in the cante that was genuinely flamenco -- that would come later -- but by his participation, along with Lola Flores, in that "operismo" (opera flamenco) that had been so vilified years before.

All of this does not mean to say that Manolo Caracol was not a maestro of the cante flamenco. I would prefer to say, a phenomenon of his generation in the art. Without interpreting the genuine cante gitano -- or agitanado -- he sang the way the gitanos sing: strangely, anarchistically, differently. His soleares de Frijones, or his siquiriyas del Marruro, or his malagueñas del Mellizo, or the cantes of his ancestor, Curro Durse, or his martinetes and saetas -- all of them show, state his origins, but in a disarticulated, dismembered, incoherent, and irreconstructible manner. A sudden fit, a "jipío," a heart-rending sound, a "pellizco," identifies the cante, but it is an incomplete identification, inductive, indirect, precarious, macabre -- like the charred remains of

a catastrophe. You need to be a detective to reconstruct his cantes. Yet, there can be no doubt that his renown is based on this regypsification of the cante.

There is one cante in which Manolo Caracol's version has been highly praised: the fandanguillo. I have heard it, almost unanimously, praised as a unique form of fandango -- one person even baptized it as a new form: "caracolera" -- of original execution and great expressive profundity. All of that intrigued me so much that I think I have listened to those fandangos hundreds of times to see if my receptive senses or my critical tastes were, in this case, more atrophied than normal. And I confess that it must be so, for, to tell the truth, I don't find in the fandangos of Caracol anything original or wonderful. They seem to me more like a mixed version, somewhere between the fandanguillos of Pinto (Pepe Pinto) and those of Macandé, but, of course, of less quality than either.

The only things that, in my judgement, can be salvaged from the unorthodox flamenco of Caracol are his cantes por bulerías, some soleares, the fandangos de Huelva, and the tangos flamencos.



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Flamenco Roots And Reverberations

[from: Arabesque, June 1982; sent by Jimmie Crowell]

by Hagda Baron

In the village of Vejer, in Andalucía, until very recent times one would see veiled women -- "las tapadas de Vejer." Their eyes may have been heavily painted with "abenula." Some would wear high-heeled sandals, often in red, and lacquer their toenails. But veiled they were, from head to toe, in black.

After five centuries of Christian rule, southern Spain still retains a strong Moorish influence. It is evident in the dialects and social customs and most especially in the music and dance known as flamenco. Its name is supposedly derived from the Arabic "fellaḥ-ah-mengu" ("pheasant in flight"); no one knows for sure.

But flamenco and Arabic music and dance share a common ancestor. Both have their roots in the music and dance of India.

The forerunners of the gypsies, as we know them today, were called "Kathaka" or "Gitan" and were traveling minstrels from Sind, just off central India (whence comes the term "Sinte"). They eventually migrated to northern India where their dance became heavily influenced by the culture that had been brought by the Moghul rulers. Among other innovations, they incorporated the turns and footwork used by the Dervishes and Sufis.

The "Kathaka" evolved into resident singers and dancers of the court; their name was changed from "Kathaka" to "Kathak." The men performed as singers, but both men and women danced, although separately. In those days they were treated as members of the royal family. The proud stance, touched perhaps with arrogance, of both men and women from southern and eastern Mediterranean countries is perhaps a legacy of the "Kathak's" short-lived reign as pampered resident artists of the court -- the days when they seemingly could do no wrong until apparently they did. It seems that they were caught dipping into the court coffers and making free with the imperial treasury. Their punishment was banishment from India. All things considered, it could have been worse.

These ancestors of today's gypsies, having little alternative and being basically of a nomadic nature, traveled throughout the Middle East and Eastern and Western Europe, settling here and there along the way. For those who reached southern Spain, the artistic climate of the day was found to be ideally suited to their own form of expression, and their music and dance flourished, taking on new dimensions as they mingled with, influenced and amalgamated the indigenous culture and that of Spain's Islamic conquerors.

"Kithara," "chitarra," "guitarra," guitar -- all are derived from the Indian "gitar" or "sitar," singing strings. The basis of flamenco music is pure Indo-Moorish. The one-stringed forerunner of the Arabic "rababa" was at one time in use all over India. Dancers of many cultures have played hand-held percussive instruments to mark the rhythm of their dance. The ancient Greek and Egyptian dancers had their "krotalas," sometimes fashioned from shells and sometimes from metal. The Arabs had their "sagat," or "chinchines," as they are called by the Spanish (used to this day by flamenco dancers who still remember the zambra mora, the most Arabic of flamenco dances). But the Spanish wooden castanuelas or castanets are a direct descendant of the Kathak "klavos," two pairs of wooden sticks played by the dancers, which eventually became carved into rounded shape and held together by taut cord. (Many gypsies, however, refuse to use them, referring to them disdainfully as "postizos," false finger-snaps.) Also from India came the ankle-bells, no longer worn by Spanish dancers; heeled shoes and the resultant elaboration of "taconeos" (heel-work) were

Western innovations. The "peineta" (high comb) and "mantilla" (lace head-veil) and flowers for the hair were traditionally worn by "Kathak" women, as were the "sortijillas" (rather gracefully rendered in English as "spit-curls" -- in Spanish it translates as "little rings"). To this day, segments of the Spanish gypsy population will decorate their foreheads with a caste mark.

When the "Kathak" traveled outside of India they gradually lost their religious orientation and became more secular. However, for whatever reason, during the 1900s the dance of their successors seemed to re-embrace its Hindu roots, as before their long contact with the Moslems. There were other influences also, such as the "Apache" dance of Paris, and the European balletic "port des bras" superimposed on the undulating Indo-Moorish arm movements.

During their sojourn in Andalucía, the gypsies developed their own rhythms and dance forms -- their cante jondo, deep cry from the soul, which, when the duende (inner daimon) possesses the performer, is capable of electrifying anyone within range; cante grande, cante chico, cante flamenco; soleá, siguiriyas, alegrías, canas, bulerías; livianas, serranas, rondeñas, cante de levante; rhythms without music, such as the martinete, traditionally sung and danced to the blacksmith's anvil; deblas or tonás; zorongo, peteneras; medias granáinas, that tour de force beloved of the solo guitarist; malagueñas, fandangos; Farruca, tientos, zambra. The rhythms evolved, and some are complex -- while some follow a basic 4/4 pattern, others may be in two sets of six, or twelve in all, but accenting different beats in each of the two sets; or as some count them, ten and two, possessing some of the complexity of the raga. It is also interesting that the drum is almost never employed in flamenco. The Indian "raga" is singular in that the stringed instrument keeps the basic rhythm while the drum elaborates upon it; in flamenco the accompanying guitar keeps the steady rhythm while the dancer or singer executes the floritura.

The dance grew along with the music -- Near Eastern and Western nuances superimposed on a basically Far Eastern form; the quasi-alloof introspection of the Moor coupled with the vibrance and more overt fire of the Southern European resulting in a stirring, uniquely appealing hybrid, whether performed in the cafe cantante, in the cuevas del Sacromonte, or on the concert stage.

No one knows who were the most famous dancers of ancient times, but many of us are familiar with the recent generation of artists, both gypsy and non-gypsy, Spaniards and foreigners, such as Pastora Imperio, Lola Flores, La Argentina, La Malena, La Macarrona, La Argentinita, Pilar López, Vicente Escudero and the legendary Carmen Amaya, La Faraona -- the list grows; José Greco, Roberto Jiménez, Manolo Vargas, the late Carmen Mora, María Alba, Antonio Ruiz Soler and his cousin Rosario, Teresa and Luisillo, La Chunga, Antonio Gades, Estrella Morena, José Molina, Ramón de los Reyes, Gloria Catala, Mariano Parra. But who is to replace these artists in years to come? And what will happen to the dance? These days the flamenco arts do not seem to offer enough recognition, financial security or opportunities for exposure to attract many young artists.

I spoke with Lilibiana Morales, a bright young star in today's flamenco galaxy.

"New faces? I don't see any."

Lilibiana, like most others, works at an outside job and teaches to support her art.

"My first exposure to the public came when I was six years old, in Manhattan Towers, performing ballet and tap. At sixteen I danced professionally, first performing Spanish with Alex Bareshty at Town Hall in New York. I have danced with Teresa's company (of Teresa and Luisillo) and with María Alba; was several times soloist -- principal dancer -- with José Greco. I have danced with tremendous success in Santa Fe, New Mexico, with my own company, a full company. I did a one-woman show, "Reflections on the Spanish Dance," at Casa de España in New York in November, 1980. I danced in the best tablaos in Spain."

What are your goals now?

"To dance well technically and emotionally. The respect of my colleagues."

You have that. What now?

"I want to bring the dance to the public."

There are few places for flamenco dancers to work these

days. Twenty years ago there were many theatres and clubs in New York, across the United States and in Europe and the Middle East that would engage a flamenco dancer, or a team, or even a whole review. Not so today.

"There is at present only the Chateau Madrid, and they usually book a whole review, except for the Flamenco Lounge. The Spanish clubs on Fourteenth Street pay so little and are so poorly managed that they usually attract very fourth-rate talent -- a poor representation of the art form."

And the pitfalls facing the young flamenco dancer today?

"That's easy -- starvation."

A far cry from the magnificent rewards of the "Kathak" court dancers.

"A great new influence, truly an upsurge in the energy of the dance today is coming from the guitar -- particularly from the work of Paco de Lucía. But the dance is not keeping pace. It is at present stagnant and badly represented. Bring a theme to the art, vignettes -- that's a good idea. I would like to do a full-length Spanish ballet with a major theme, something universal. I also want to blend the flamenco with other forms -- jazz, salsa. I have a salsa group, Andalucía Latina. I think we may have broken the ice by incorporating flamenco with a contemporary form."

The art has absorbed so many influences throughout its development -- why not the culture of today?

"I would like to be booked in Regine's, Studio 54. Get it seen."

One can only hope that Lilliana and other gifted artists who share her vision will someday be allowed the opportunity to expose their art, and that there is indeed a glowing future for music and dance with such a glorious, historic past.

One believes it would deserve immortality.

MORCA

... sobre el baile

THE POWER OF SUBTLETY

I am often asked, "What has happened to Spanish and flamenco dance and why isn't there more flamenco dance to be seen and experienced, like there used to be?"

Even in a city like New York, with a population of 15 million, there is not one full time club or restaurant that features flamenco entertainment or a flamenco show on a full time basis. Where is flamenco, what happened?

Well, there is obviously no easy answer and there might be many reasons for flamenco not being around with greater popularity. But, when asked what has happened, I find myself giving a very simplistic answer, though I feel an important facet of the total answer: "The power of subtlety has lost its appeal." It has lost its appeal in this day and age of blasting, amplified sound, music and movement. There is also a trend for big, external technique for technique's sake; big and more are better, and the philosophy of quantity over quality is stressed.

The power of flamenco is not in quantity. A large group of people dancing flamenco together is often not as exciting and powerful as one solo artist. Because of its very nature flamenco is a solo, individual form of expression. Much of the excitement of flamenco dance lies in the subtle movements and feelings, the unsaid, the hint and power of the understatement, much like subtle seasoning that brings out the flavor and at the same time creates a bit of mystery in artistic gourmet cooking.

Subtlety is not weak. It is awesome power, but at the same time it is something generated from within and expressed externally, much like the subtle opening of a bud, revealing the beauty of a gorgeous flower. When I think of the moving, emotional moments that stick in my mind, they are usually the

subtle movements and moments of a dancer: the artist who can stand still and look like he or she is exploding.

When I used to perform in Las Vegas, Reno, Lake Tahoe, or the Moulin Rouge, I would perform and also see the giant extravaganzas of the big shows, where there were airplanes on stage, swimming pools, earthquakes, millions of nude bodies, fire eaters, more millions of sequins and non-stop, overpowering visual and audible titillation that rocked your senses. The interesting thing is that it would be forgotten in an hour. To me, it was fun, but all cotton candy that, when boiled down, becomes just ten grains of sugar. The people who have tried to make rock and roll or jazz flamenco have usually failed because they replace the real power of flamenco, which is greatly internal, with the external cotton candy and fluff and usually they just make it something that it is not; the real power and excitement is lost.

What I remember most in my 34 years of seeing and doing a lot of flamenco is Carmen Amaya walking out on stage and stopping, and from the power of the way she did that walk, receiving a standing ovation. I remember a pose that Antonio did while dancing his martinete. I remember the look that Sabicas and Carmen Amaya gave each other while they were seated on stage doing a bit of bulerías. I remember the stage exit of Pilar López and Manolo Vargas -- just backing off the stage, so subtle, so sensual. I remember many, many moments and most of them were what I would call, again, awesome and powerful subtleties. They are branded in my soul and are probably the influential inspirations that contributed to my studying flamenco dance.

There is a story that I was told about a well-known Japanese dance teacher who told her students, while they were getting ready to perform in recital, to keep moving, no matter what, as it takes a great artist to stand still. Since many young students of flamenco have never seen some of the older artists, such as Amaya or Antonio and have never been exposed to the ambiente of flamenco in Spain, I would like to suggest an in-depth approach to the "inner Game" of flamenco. Besides this mini-article, I suggest the reading of the book, Zen and the Art of Archery by Herrigel. This book is flamenco to the core.

The inner approach and search for the power of subtlety goes for all who are interested in flamenco, not just the professional student. Subtlety is full of inner energy. Subtlety is linked strongly to the expression of what could be called "an important facet of artistic expression." Subtlety is fairly intangible because it is not step-oriented. Subtlety can be quiet, dynamic, still, moving. Subtlety can be the manner in which movement and musicality are linked together. Subtlety can be the setting of a mood, the creating and developing of the interpretation of the dance, the understating of the power of the singer, the flowing of sensitivity through a musical falseta played by the guitarist. Subtlety is an exciting search in the development of personal artistry and can be seen and felt in so many ways. An inner search and understanding are a great beginning to incorporating exciting subtlety in the dance. When you start to dance, try to keep moving, even when standing still -- not externally, but with inner movement and energy. Try raising your arms slowly and, when they arrive in an up position, keep them there and see what it takes to "keep them exciting." Walk in different rhythms. Walk within the rhythm. Feel that you and the music are one, whether still or moving. Flamenco, by its very nature as a solo expression, is so very powerful in its potential for exciting subtlety. The aire in its beautiful posture, the head movements with the pride of an eagle, strong eye focus on the seen and unseen, a focus that reaches out to infinity.

Many feel that subtlety means soft and slow means soft. Subtlety and slowness can be soft, but that does not mean weak and unexpressive. You can be dancing the most dramatic, emotional, strong seguidillas and make an exciting stop, releasing it all in a slow, soft movement. The subtle contrast is one of strength, of weaving and contrast. The control of strong dynamics and soft release can be unforgettable if done with belief and inner sincerity.

I mentioned earlier some of the people I saw dance and their unforgettable moments, movements and subtleties. I also remember people, before my generation, who had seen earlier artists such as Escudero, Argentina, Argentinista and others; they told me in exciting detail about the subtle movements and moments that they had experienced with these

great artists more than thirty or forty years ago. They mentioned things like expression, the face, a pose, a whispering castanet or a hand in motion, whether in Spanish theater dance or flamenco. Also a raising of an arm that moved them to tears. What high art that is, worth working towards and cultivating.

Probably the most beautiful facet of subtlety can be seen in the face, facial expression that reflects the inner feelings and interpretations of the total dance. Too many dancers "bolt on" a face -- mostly a stern face -- for all of the flamenco forms. I have seen too many looks of constipation, of suffering and wrinkled foreheads, whether in bulerías or soleares, that looked like it came on and off like a costume. A subtle change of facial expression during a dance is just as important and exciting as a change of steps, if it is what you feel within. Subtlety is a great and exciting search, whether dancing or cooking. The power of subtlety is one of the ingredients in flamenco that wakes up the soul, which wakes up the artist, which is sent out in ripples as is a pebble tossed into a pool, its ripples flowing out to infinity. Let our souls be that pebble and, as we flow in our love of flamenco, let it ripple with the power of subtlety, out into infinity...

-- Teodoro Morca



JUAN MARTINEZ

El Arte Flamenco

INCREASE OF THE CLASSICAL DANCE WITHIN THE ANDALUCIAN DANCE

[from: La Prensa, 1941; submitted by Laura Maya; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Juan Martinez

As I have said, it was in Valencia that the classical school of Spanish dance was born; its origin was Italian, but it was called classical Spanish because only certain parts of it were preserved in Spanish (exercises at the barre, beats in the air, some of the turns that I have already named, and steps that were appropriate for dances that already existed in different regions of Spain).

For example, the primitive step of the jota was given the appropriate and wise name of "mata la araña" (kill the spider) by the classical school because of the position of the body when killing a spider. Quick walking movements they called "paseos." Steps done with the points of the toes were called "punteados," and there was also the "punta y tacón" -- this latter, aside from being done in Aragón, is used in Valencia, Legartera, Toledo, as well as other regions that were named previously.

In "La Montaña" is "el embotado," so called because the feet, held closely together cross one behind the other, always crossing and moving backward to the compás. In Galicia, this was and is done without crossing the feet; similarly, many other regions have taken advantage of the "embotado."

I want to say that the classical school did not only serve to supply names for the steps, but, for the baile Andaluz it was the best resource that could have been hoped for. It began with the little known and rustic bolero of the Baleares (Islands) that was taken to Sevilla where the maestros (teachers) transformed it into one of the most difficult dances to execute. Later, the techniques passed into the other Andalucian dances and were presented to the rest of Spain.

In Sevilla, the teachers organized competitions and contests among their students, and each student would try to outdo the others in the sevillanas or the coplas of the bolero, it being an honor for the academy to which the winner belonged. I should point out that the bolero was danced by

coplas [each verse of song danced more or less independently of the others] as were the sevillanas, the malagueñas, the peteneras, the valencianas, el vitg, and the jota.

The bolero also gave recognition to the classical bailarín (dancer) who had previously been called "boleros." In Madrid, by the time of Goya, they were dancing boleros, la cachucha and other dances that I will name at the right moment -- all from the classical Andalucian school.

As can be clearly seen, the classical school entered fully into the primitive Andalucian dances, enriching the original dance and perfecting the steps that had been used previously. The gypsy dance, on the other hand, did not admit anything from the classical school, with the result that it separated completely from the baile Andaluz and was left alone to follow the only path remaining in the dance -- flamenco, alongside the cante jondo and the guitar....

In the primitive academies of Sevilla -- and I'm sorry I can't remember the names of those teachers who taught the teachers who would later immortalize the baile Andaluz -- they taught nothing but the baile gitano and the pure Andalucian dance, which had remained for many years at the same level... The teachers had to look for help in the classical dance that was then taking on alarming popularity in Valencia and taking away some of the interest in the baile Andaluz, which the maestros of Sevilla considered a great art of the Spanish land. Rather than allow the new school an unobstructed path, they preferred to adapt the new school and mix it with the typical Andalucian dance. Once the baile Andaluz adopted the new ideas, it created such a tremendous reaction among the people that the influence of the Italian school was destroyed leaving only the beginningz and stepz that could be applied to the dances in Spain. That is how the Spanish dance school developed.

The maestros continued their task of developing the dance as well as they could, now having three styles -- the classical, the Andalucian, and the mysterious baile gitano. With all of this on hand, they lacked only danceable music to adapt to the dances which, although classical, should not lose their Andalucian flavor; music appeared that would become popular in Spain and outside of it.

Here is a comparison between the baile Andaluz and the baile gitano, with respect to their artistic history and value.

El Baile Andaluz

El Baile Gitano

- | | |
|--|---|
| - stood out and had great popularity | - found in obscurity |
| - danced throughout Spain because it had become a stage dance | - danced in the corner of a tavern |
| - conquered the public because of the wealth of variations and richness of dress | - represented by barefoot gypsies |
| - favored by the teachers of dance | - criticized by the teachers of dance |
| - became a school of dance | - had no school |
| - enriched the dance of the other regions of Spain | - remained enclosed in the region of its origin |
| - dance companies formed | - flamenco cuadros were organized |
| - transformed the dance | - created new rhythms |
| - the repertoire became stagnant and lacked the gypsy element | - remained isolated; developed the tacón |
| - the teachers began to mix in the gypsy dance | - gained strength |
| - dancers called bailarinas and bailarines | - dancers called bailaoras and bailaores |
| - falls into decadence | - continues its course |
| - forms a new school and combines more with the gypsy dance | - conserves its own style |
| - goes out to foreign countries | - continues its ascension |
| - more influence of the gypsy and recognizes its value | - maintains its privacy |
| - the Andalucian dance regresses | - becomes popular and receives recognition |
| - the Andalucian unites with the gypsy and, together, they are invincible | - becomes known outside of Spain |



Reviews

CONCERT IN HAWAII

by Paula Durbin

Some 1700 high school students were treated to a short pre-program of four Spanish dances before the November 5 concert by Dave Brubeck and the Honolulu Symphony in the Neal Blaisdell Concert Hall.

The dances performed were representative of classical, flamenco and contemporary choreographies, and had been selected for their potential appeal to a youthful audience. The "Jaleo de Jerez," of the Escuela Bolera; the flamenco "Tanguillo"; and the short, powerful interpretation of Manuel de Falla's "Danza No. 1," from "La Vida Breve," had been brought to Hawaii from the Academia Pericet by Paula Durbin. Also participating in the performance were Bob Miller and Aurora Dismuke, who performed a shortened version of Mercedes' alegrías.

Honolulu guitarist, Frank Cabral, completed this segment of the program. The featured concert included classical orchestral works and an original composition by Maestro Brubeck, "La Fiesta de la Posada," a work originally commissioned by the Honolulu Symphony.

This concert, entitled "A Special Spanish Experience for Music and Spanish Language Students," was the result of a cooperative effort by the Honolulu Symphony, the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, and the Department of Education of the State of Hawaii. It was made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts.

* * *

DANCE: MISS NAGAMINE MAKES NEW YORK DEBUT

[from: New York Times (?); sent by Barbara Davis]

by Anna Gisselgoff

Yasuko Nagamine, a Japanese dancer of great stamina and a woman of equally great determination, made her New York debut Friday night at Avery Fisher Hall in a production entitled "Musume Dojoji" (The Woman in the Temple).

Miss Nagamine is one of those obsessed spirits that arise on the dance horizon every so often and the world would be poorer without them. To dance a solo performance on the high-energy level that Miss Nagamine did for nearly two hours and to do it at such concentrated emotional pitch is not a routine occurrence. Having said that, one also can be of two minds about a gigantic effort expended for such surface results. "Musume Dojoji" is essentially a pure-dance, albeit theatrical, interpretation of a Japanese legend. Rejected by Anchin, a priest whom she loves, Kiyohime is transformed by her hate into a demon serpent. It is this change from human form to demonic spirit that is the stuff of the six episodes of "Musume Dojoji," for which Mizuomi Ikeda is listed as director and choreographer.

This is a puzzling credit since the nature of Miss Nagamine's dancing is so closely built upon her body and her past training in Spain as a flamenco dancer that it is difficult to conceive the solos as having been worked out by anyone but herself. Her style is very personal. And it is not very mysterious.

Like many experimental Japanese dancers who have studied in the West, she has sought to marry traditional Japanese forms with Western ones. In this case, she has juxtaposed a 16-member Kabuki orchestral ensemble, placed at the rear of the stage, with her bare-foot flamenco stamping and arm work on what seems a raised or milked stage. The sensibility remains Japanese simply because the music and the chanting set the tone. No amount of pouncing, rolling, beating the floor and shouting can break through the stability of a classical form such as Kabuki, particularly one whose tradition is already in the popular theater. What is of interest

is the juxtaposition of the Kabuki music and the free-form flamenco solos. They coexist rather than merge. And in this respect Miss Nagamine is at her best. The choreography is often too long, too limited in range. Yet her intensity is conveyed through her extraordinary ability to oscillate along a wide scale of rhythms. Miss Nagamine was assisted by Takashi Matsui, Naoshi Sawamura and Genrei Sakei, doubling as dancers and Kabuki-style stagehands. One was left at the end with an inevitable but powerful image -- demoness, in blue makeup, clinging to the rope of hell -- under which her victim lay hidden.

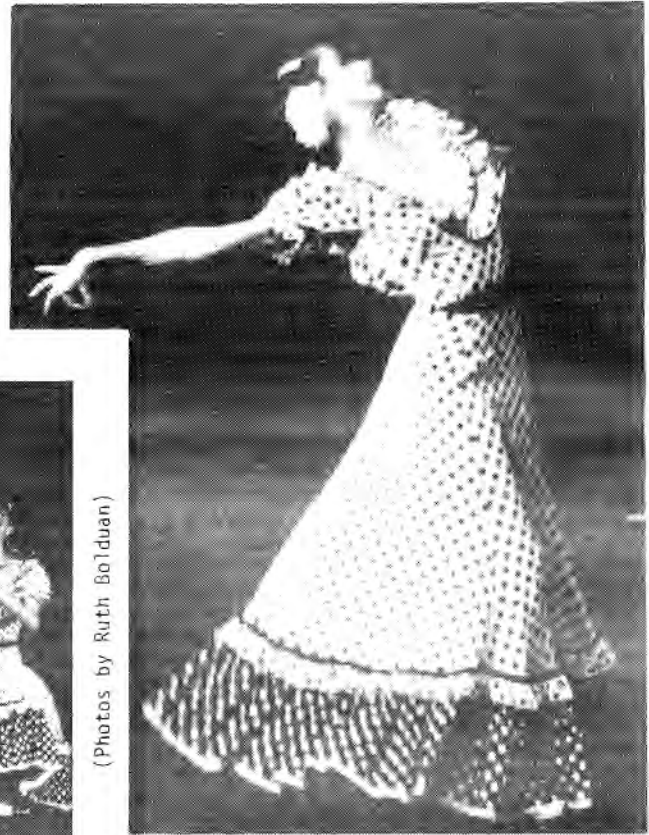


YASUKO NAGAMINE

* * *

SPANISH DANCE SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

The following pictures were taken at the inaugural performances of the Spanish Dance Society last October. (See Jaleo, Aug/Sept 1982 "Marina Keet: South Africa's Loss -- America's Gain.") These and the cover photo were submitted by Society's director Joanne Petrie.



(Photos by Ruth Bolduan)

MARGARITA JOVA



MARINA LORCA DANCING IN BATA DE COLA



(photo by Sandra K. Nicht)



LEFT TO RIGHT: MANOLO LEIVA (CANTAOR), PACO DE MALAGA, MARINA LORCA, MARGARITA JOVA, AND EMILIO ACOSTA

MONTOYA GETS HIS MESSAGE THROUGH

[from: The Sun (L.A. area), Oct. 11, 1982; sent by Mary Ferguson]

by Ray Cooklis

Flamenco guitarist Carlos Montoya, on stage at the National Orange Show during his guest solo appearance Saturday night, was having a bit of trouble finding the words to describe the piece he was about to play.

So he stopped, gave a shy smile and confided, "You know, my English is very bad."

Montoya needn't have explained. Through his music, he was getting through to the audience just fine.

The venerable wizard of the Spanish gypsy guitar delighted a concert crowd that filled somewhat more than half the spacious Citrus Building's 1,500 seats Saturday, during the first of two informal "cabaret" concerts the Inland Empire Symphony presented over the weekend. The program was repeated Sunday afternoon.

Montoya won standing ovations for his performances, both in solo pieces and in his "Suite Flamenca" with the orchestra, and it's no wonder. His playing has a directness, a simplicity of expression -- despite his still-blazing technical skill on the guitar -- that communicates with his listeners.

As he himself would say, Montoya's flamenco is "music from the heart," unfettered by pretense.

The "Suite Flamenca," a four-movement work based on traditional flamenco musical forms, was written in 1966, and has been Montoya's major touring piece since then.

The Montoya guitar, of course, is the work's raison

d'etre, with the orchestra a convenient coloristic backdrop carrying little weight, Montoya deftly put the piece through its paces, with good support from the orchestra, under the baton of guest conductor Jeff Holland Cook. The closing "Jaleo," with its swift, tricky syncopations and bubbling spirits, was an impressive bit of ensemble playing.

Montoya's solo segment was the time for "pure" flamenco, and here he showed just what an amazing variety of forms and moods are present in that tradition, which originated with the Spanish gypsies in the region of Andalusia in southern Spain.

His six solos surveyed facets of the genre, from a "zambra," a fierce, Moorish-influenced dance in which Montoya uses the guitar to imitate the percussive sounds and complex rhythms of tambourines, to a "levante," where the cante jondo ("deep" or "profound song") tradition of eastern Spain sings of pain and anguish in free, florid, cascading melodies.

On stage, Montoya displayed youthfulness and warmth. His characteristic little salutes to the audience were especially endearing. Montoya indeed is a unique and precious musical phenomenon.

Cook and the orchestra added to the concert with performances of works that were, with one exception, in a Latin vein -- Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, the "Intermezzo" from Enrique Granados' piano suite "Goyescas" (much more effective in the original piano version), a medley from the musical, "Man of La Mancha," and one Viennese gem, Johann Strauss Jr.'s "Emperor" Waltzes.

The conductor, who currently is music director of orchestras in Wheeling, W. Va. and Mansfield, Ohio, did an admirable job of putting the concert in shape musically, especially with barely three days of rehearsal...



TABLAO EL MARTINETE

photo and text -- Victor M. Gutierrez

People who are staying in Mexico City for a few days will be glad to know that "Tablao El Martinete" on Paseo de la Reforma 128 (Care Colon 3rd Floor), telephone: 5-46-04-64, besides offering good dinners and drinks has an excellent tablao flamenco which is worth seeing.

The evening starts with a sevillanas performed by the entire cuadro with Lucío Rodríguez at the guitar, who later on enchants us with a solo por bulerías. That sets the mood for Lorena Varga's tangos; Lorena captivates the audience with her young and refreshing personality.

Dulce de Córdoba, cantaora, and Ricardo Montoya, bailaror, perform their respective numbers with gusto and salero.

One of the highlights of the evening is the farfuga as performed by Carmen Blanco with her sobrio and excellent taconeos.

Marisol Terán, not to be outdone, follows with a very spirited tanguillo. Cantaor, Juan de Alba sustains the pace of the evening with lyric, well-sung cantes and closes with an inspired soleares. By the time they get around to the rumba flamenca, you will probably be doing your third bottle of burgundy and making plans to return for another evening of fun. Tablao El Martinete is open for the flamenco aficionados Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays; performances are at 10pm and 12pm.



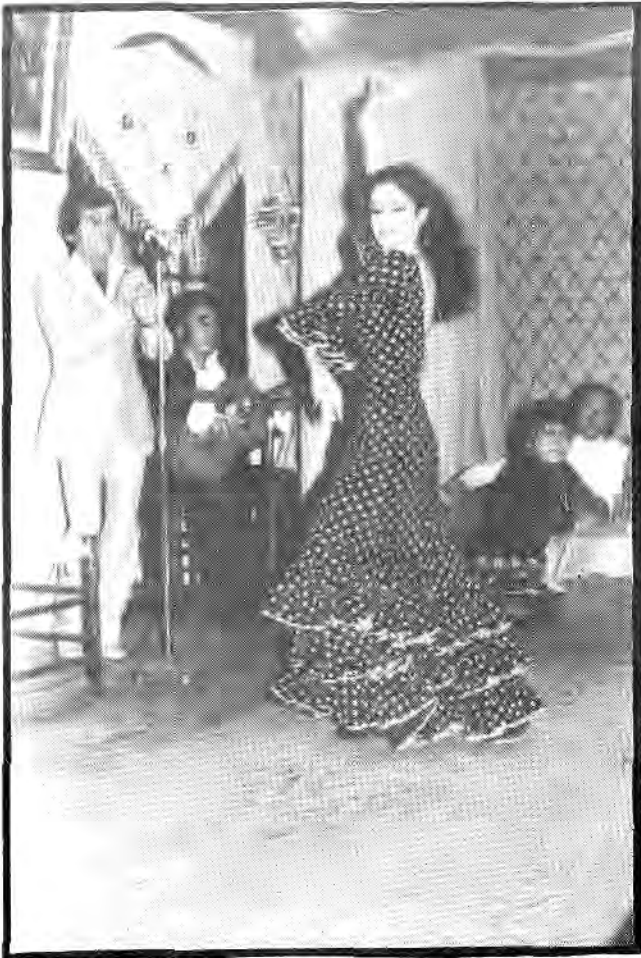
CARMEN BLANCO (FROM MEXICO CITY)



LORENA VARGAS (FROM BOSTON)



CARMEN BLANCO (FROM MEXICO CITY)



LORENA VARGAS BAILAORA; JUAN DE ALBA, CANTAOR (FROM MADRID); LUCIO RODRIGUEZ, GUITAR



LUCIO RODRIGUEZ AT THE GUITAR (FROM MEXICO CITY)



CARMEN BLANCO



LORENA VARGAS



WORKING OUT AT A WORKSHOP

by Ron Spatz

It was a crisp November morning and the sun felt good streaming through the patio door leading to the dance floor of the Intersection Folk Dance Center.

Maria Morca was beginning her Zambra Mora Workshop with some very yoga-like warming up exercises. "This is called a plano: flat-double flat-flat." With this intonation, the grueling five-hour lesson was underway. I say grueling, but there is something hypnotic about the zambra compás that allows it to be played for hours -- as Yvetta Williams and I did -- and still not want to stop. Of course one must also consider how infectious Maria's enthusiasm is to dancer and guitarist alike.

Anyone wishing more information about Maria's workshops may contact her by writing or calling the Intersection Folk Dance Center, 2735 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA 90026. 213-386-0275.

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LOS ANGELES NOVEMBER JUERGA

by Yvetta Williams and Ron Spatz

On the evening of November 6th, once more the strains of flamenco music drifted onto the sidewalk in front of the Chez Carlos Restaurant, happily signaling another L.A. juerga underway. Due to several conflicting events this particular Saturday, some now familiar faces were missing (and missed). This was somewhat offset however, by the addition of several new faces. Maria Morca and her husband Tony, attending for the first time together, were a welcome addition. As were flamenco guitarist Bill Freeman (El Niño de Sepia) and dancer Diana Del Rio, a beautiful and talented youngster from Pico Rivera. Guitarist Gene Norman and his sister Liz were down from Santa Barbara to join us. Also present were guitarists Ron Rivas and Ed Garcia with their spouses. Dancer/teacher Roberto Amaral made an appearance, as did guitarist Gene Foster.

Ben Shearer, Bill Freeman, Guy Wrinkle, and yours truly (Yvetta and Ron) provided the music for dancers Katina Vrinós, Maria Morca, Diana Del Rio, Sharlene Moore, Cristina Pastor, Maria Juana Shippen, Cathy Keane, Carolyn, and Suzanna.

Just as things were winding down, and about half the attendees had left, more excitement was infused into the evening as Teo Morca strolled in, accompanied by guitarist Miguel Ochoa and his lovely singer/dancer wife Carla. This initiated a "second wind" juerga with Maria Juana dancing some moving tientos, Miguel and Carla performing bulerías, and finally Teo joining in with some great improvisations. While this was not one of the largest attended L.A. juergas, it certainly was one of the more memorable ones.

We hope to see both the familiar and new faces (plus more new faces) at the next juerga, 8pm on January 15, located at Joaquin and Liza Peliciano's studio, 727 South Street, Long Beach. Please bring tapas. Phone there is 213-423-9886. While we are still planning not to charge a flat fee for juerga attendance, it should be pointed out that donations received have yet to cover expenses. This means that a very few people wind up shelling out for quite a few, which really isn't fair. So when the donation can be passed, anything that can be afforded would certainly help. Anyone wishing a breakdown of where the money goes has only to ask. Incidentally, we have made plans that if there is a surplus, it will be sent to help support Jaleo magazine.

We would also like to announce the date and location of our planned March 4th juerga, at the Intersection Folk Dance Center, 2735 W. Temple Street, Los Angeles, 213-386-0275. Food and beverages will be available for purchase.



CAROLYN AND MARIA MORCA DANCE SEVILLANAS



DIANA DEL RIO

(photos by Dick Williams)



CATHY KEANE DANCING



SUZANNA



LEFT TO RIGHT: MARIA JUANA SHIPPEN, CATHY KEANE, SHARLENE MOORE (DANCING), CHRISTINA PASTOR



GUITARISTS YVETTA WILLIAMS, MIGUEL OCHOA AND BILL FREEMAN ACCOMPANY THE CANTE OF CARLA OCHOA



KATINA VRINIS IS ACCOMPANIED BY YVETTA WILLIAMS

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM AT EL PASEO INN

by Yvetta Williams

On a very wet rainy Wednesday night, Dec. 22, 1982, a group of flamenco aficionados from the four corners of Los Angeles assembled for the 9:00pm show at El Paseo Inn on Olivera Street in Los Angeles for what turned out to be an unforgettable evening of good music, good food and good fellowship.

The hospitality of El Paseo Inn was warm and friendly and during a delicious dinner we were treated to a fast-moving, entertaining show.

The evening program began with Las Posadas procession and during the evening there was a giant walking piñata dropping candy for everyone, and Santa Claus giving gifts and candy, "The Trio Traición" entertaining with great Mariachi music, the loveable comic Gonzales playing his frying pan marimba and singing comic songs, and the orchestra accompanying different parts of the program and playing for dancing.

After the opening Las Posadas procession, the flamenco group entertained. The dancers were Paco Vera, Valeria Pico, Daniel Andrés, Amber Gonzales and Cristina Pastor. Oscar Nieto sang and David De Alba played the guitar.

The dancers danced Boda de Luis Alonso, Gitanerías, Soledad, Carsala and Perlitas accompanied by the orchestra.

These were Spanish classical and Mexican dances and were well-done.

Our two favorite numbers (being a little prejudice toward flamenco) were the cuadro flamenco numbers of guajira -- danced by Valeria Pico (great granddaughter of Pio Pico) beautifully accompanied on guitar by David De Alba and singer Oscar Nieto and the palmas of the group. The guajiras was lovely with contrasts in mood and dynamics and with all the participants blending their talents for a complete flamenco experience.

Paco Vera danced an alegrías accompanied by guitarist David De Alba and singer Oscar Nieto. Again the blend was beautiful and added to a great evening.

Oscar Nieto has been on a successful tour of the East Coast and we welcome him back to Los Angeles. It was great hearing him sing. He not only is a great dancer, but a great singer as well.

David De Alba is a fine, strong, accomplished guitarist who accompanied the dance and cante with precision and soul. We are privileged to have him working in the Los Angeles area.

Being flamenco-minded we would have enjoyed hearing more of the guitar and cante with the beautiful dancing and we hope that El Paseo Inn will include more true flamenco in the coming year's entertainment. The costuming, music, dance and programming were very professional, very enjoyable, and we hope to see more of all of these very fine performers in the coming year.

(photo by Dick Williams)



LEFT TO RIGHT: DAVID DE ALVA, PACO VERA, AMBAR GONZALES, OSCAR NIETO, CRISTINA PASTOR, DANIEL ANDRES, VALERIA PICO



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NEWS FROM OUR MEMBERS

New York: The Casa de España presented a program called "Mundo Flamenco" in November with guitarists Pedro Cortes, Manolo Varon and Diego Castellon, dancers Manolo de Cordoba, Lilianna Morales, Maca "la Gitana," Carmen "La Piconera," and singers Luis Vargas, Pepe de Malaga and Domingo Alvarado. On November 27th Rincon de España presented cantor Agujetas with dancer Mara Sultani and guitarist Robert Reyes. Pedrito Cortes, Estrella Morena and Pepe de Malaga have relocated in Florida. (from George Ryss)

Baltimore/D.C. area: Regular performances in the area include: The Macis Morales Spanish Dance Company (3 dancers, 1 alternate, guest guitarist) performs in area elementary and high schools and senior citizen centers under the auspices of Young Audiences, Inc. (Baltimore area); the Raquel Peña Spanish Dance Company (3-10 dancers, guitarist Fernando Sirvent) performs in Baltimore/D.C./Virginia schools, and will be appearing at the Kennedy Centre Terrace Theater, March 15-16, 1983. Fernando and Raquel also perform Mon.-Sat. evenings at El Tio Pepe in D.C. (1st show 8:30pm). Natalie and Evelina alternate performing at El Bodegon in D.C. -- Carlos Ramos is the guitarist. The Baltimore area was also treated to a performance of the Boston Flamenco Ballet at Patterson High School. The first

half of the program was a performance by a three-man Tuna band [Spanish minstrels]. The second half was devoted to guest artist Oscar Nieto's "Gypsy Life," a well-paced, informative look at the history of flamenco. (from Sandra Nicht)

SAN DIEGO SCENE

Flamenco In La Jolla

by Micaela la Soledad

Can it be true -- "¡Ole!", taconeo, palmas and jaleo ringing through the halls of La Jolla's staid Museum of Modern Art?

Well -- almost true.

The adjoining Sherwood Hall concert facility was the scene of a gathering on December 3, 1982, to celebrate and promote the recently incorporated San Diego-Alcalá sister City Society.

Alfonso de Bourbon, well-known La Jolla bon vivant and self-styled "Goodwill Ambassador from Spain," who is the moving force behind the Society, acted as master of ceremonies for the evening. Following an introductory talk on the Society, he showed color slides of San Diego's Sister City, Alcalá de Henares (the birthplace of the other Diego of note -- the one for whom our city is named) and various Spanish scenes.

He then read telegrams from Mayor Pete Wilson and California Secretary of State March Fong Eu expressing their enthusiasm for the Society and their sincere regret at being unable to attend the function.

A brief talk followed describing a tour of Spain which Don Alfonso will host in May, 1983. Stops will be made in Segovia, Alcalá, Madrid, Toledo, Córdoba, Sevilla, Jerez and Granada, with plenty of time for sightseeing, wine, tapas, music and flamenco. It sounds like a great time for Ibsenophiles, and, as Don Alfonso said, "Who needs to ever come back?"

Further information on the tour may be obtained from the Chula Vista Travel Center, 297 "K" Street, Chula Vista. Phone: (619) 426-8800.

Lo último, pero no menos importante, Mr. Reynolds Heriot of the Casa de España introduced the high point of the evening: a flamenco performance by some of San Diego's artists.

Tocador Paco Sevilla opened the show playing per peteneras. As always, he presented an arresting figure -- master of his instrument, communicating effortlessly the soul of his music. The combination of technique, feeling and immense presence which are Paco's hallmark were evident in this song. The free and thoughtful introduction, graceful tremolos and crisp runs, followed by the stark, evocative melody, moved inexorably toward an exciting rasgado finish.

Peteneras was the introduction to a delightful evening of flamenco song and dance: a spirited jota by Sandra Aguayo and Yasmin Kapadia (students of Juanita Franco), whose regional costumes were authentic and charming, as was their dancing; the ever-sparkling Julia Romero ("Tia Julia" according to Reynolds Heriot) doing a lively pasodoble with her usual charm; Juanita Franco, a dancer of formidable presence and technique, dancing por alegrías, accompanied by Paco Sevilla; Jesús Soriano giving a surprise twist to the well-known classical guitar solo "Romance Anónimo" by turning it into a cumba and singing it; cantaoira María José joining Paco, Juanita, Sandra and Yasmin por fandango de Juelva; all followed by aousing finale por sevillanas, with Jesús singing, Paco accompanying, and all of the dancers -- plus la María -- performing.

The audience was then invited to join the artists on stage for an orgy of eating scandalously scrumptuous goodies provided by the French Gourmet, the Danish Pastry Shop, La Jolla Spice Company and Uncle Mary's (yes, that's right -- Tio Maria's!!). Fine French paté, cheeses, pastries and THE FUDGE of all fudge disappeared in short order. The coffee smelled delicioso, but -- and maybe it's a nigging point -- a copa de vino would have been, perhaps, more in keeping with the ambiente of the evening. ¿Que pasó, Dick's Liquor, The Bottle Shop, etc.???

Some Jaleistas enjoying the evening were Tony and Alba Ficksley (Antonio del Mar), Carlos Herrera, and Vicki Dietrich, looking stunning in her chaqueta cordobese, 16th Century Goyasca cap, and ankle-length embroidered cape.

It's likely that more aficionados would have turned out if the evening had been given wider publicity (no information was sent to Jaleo) and if the price of admission had not been so high -- a whopping \$10.00 donation.

Speaking with some of the artists, we learned that the stage floor -- which to me looked rough and uneven enough to trip up a whisp of fog -- was considered by Juanita Franco to be "just fine." A flash of the dark eyes. "Yes. After dancing on bricks, cardboard, cement, this is just fine!" A sevillana speaks!

And María José had similar enthusiasm for the acoustics. Paco admitted that he was enjoying the food.

So perhaps the use of Sherwood Hall -- designed for intimate classical concerts and lectures -- for a flamenco evening heralds the return of flamenco to the North County area, which has been a real desert for our favorite art since the sad demise of the Restaurante Andalucía.

¡Lo esperamos!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements with the exception of classified ads are free of charge to subscribers. They will be placed for two months if appropriate and must be received by the 1st of the month prior to their appearance. Include phone number and area code for use in the DIRECTORY. Classified ads are \$1.00 per line (each 9 words) for each month they appear. Make checks payable to JALEISTAS and mail to JALEO, PO Box 4706, San Diego, CA 92104.

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

updates

LOS ANGELES JANUARY JUERGA: Saturday, Jan. 15, 8:00pm, at the studio of Joaquin and Lisa Feliciano, 727 south Street, Long Beach, CA. Bring tapas and drinks and a donation for juerga expenses. Call 883-0932 or 833-D567.

MARIA MORCA is giving flamenco classes on Friday evenings at 5:30 at the Intersection Folk Dance Center and Restaurant on 2735 W. Temple in Los Angeles. 213/386-0275.

LOS FISSTEROS, starring Adela Vergara, perform every Sunday evening at Les Pirates, 4898 El Camino Real, Los Altos, CA (415) 968-7251.

FLAMENCO WORKSHOP by Teo Morca in Albuquerque, NM, in Feb. For information contact Eva Encinas, 3110 Edith NE, Albuquerque, NM 87107, Tel. 505/345-4718 or 277-6143.

MORCA DANCE THEATER will be doing a Cultural Enrichment Tour for the Washington State Arte Commission, Feb. 18 through Mar. 4.

LOS ANGELES MARCH JUERGA: Friday, Mar. 4, 8:00pm, at the Intersection Restaurant, 2735 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA. For dinner reservations call 386-0275. For other information call 883-0932 or 833-0567. (Be sure to inform person at door you are there to attend the juerga so that you won't be charged an entrance fee.)

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

concerts

FLAMENCO ANTHOLOGY II will be presented by the Morca Dance Theater, Jan. 28 at Western Washington University with guest artist Roberto Zamora.

PACO PEÑA CONCERTS: in Fort Lauderdale, FL, Mon. evening, Mar. 7. Limited space, Tickets \$10.00. Contact Lauderdale Music Center, 1263 E. Las Olas (305) 463-4701. -- in Atlanta, GA, Mar. 12, at the Walter Hill Auditorium of the Memorial Arts Center. Efforts are also being made to arrange a guitar workshop. For further information call: Marta Del Cid at 404/993-3062.

RAQUEL PEÑA SPANISH DANCE COMPANY will be appearing at Kennedy Center Terrace Theater, March 15-16.

SABICAS IN CONCERT, Mar. 18, 8:30pm, Royce Hall, U.C.L.A.

THE LIVELY ARTS CENTER of Dallas, TX, will present their Spring student recital Mar. 26 including the participation of professional performers Los Bienvenidos and other guest artists. The "Center" is also trying to form an organization of flamenco enthusiasts in the Dallas area and would appreciate names and addresses of interested parties. Address is: 2339 Inwood Rd., Dallas, TX 75235.

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FLAMENCO GUITARIST (non-professional) with some experience in accompanying dancers interested in meeting flamencos on all levels who might be passing through this area. Contact: Sadana, 1500 Park Ave., Tucson, AZ 85719. 602/624-7979.

ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS has been chosen to be part of the Calif. Arts Council's dance touring program 19B3-19B4. The company consists of 7-10 performers and presents both flamenco and classical spanish dance. Contact: Connie Freeman (415) B24-BB44 or (415) 285-3154 -- 267 Teresita Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94127.

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