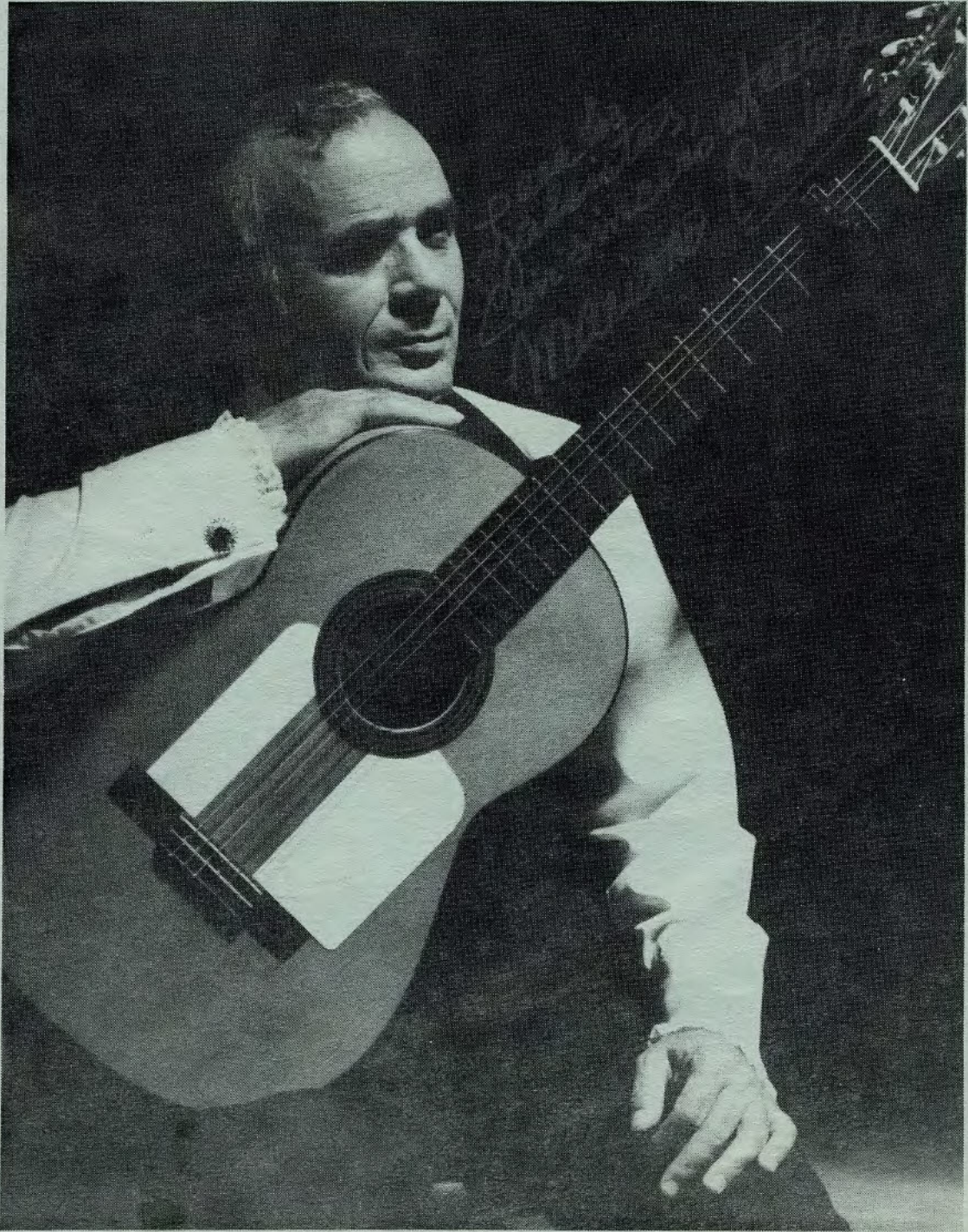


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دنيا



MARIANO CORDOBA



JALEO



newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME VII - 5

JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

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

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FLAMENCO '84

(Sent by Jeanne Payer)

On October 20, 1984 a happy, exuberant evening was enjoyed by all when the Northern California Flamenco Society put on the show, "Flamenco '84," at the Sunnyvale Performing Arts Theatre. Dancers and musicians displayed their talents with delight to the receptive audience. Although the evening was a combination of dance, guitar and song, the three guitarists, Anita Sheer, Luis Angel and Gliceria Mera held the show together not only with their brilliant solo playing but also by providing the live music so essential for flamenco dance.

All pieces were authentically flamenco in spirit but some had been influenced by Central and South American rhythms while pieces played by the guitar duo, The Touch, gave a contemporary note. "La Despedida," the story of a prisoner's last farewell to his betrothed was nicely choreographed by Patri Nader and magnificently danced by her and Cruz Luna with the able assistance of Teresita and Deborah Van Stone. A turnabout from this profoundly emotional

piece came with Cruz Luna's virtuoso solo dance that left the audience gasping in amazement not only at the seeming magic of his steps but also at the beauty that his pace and dynamics evoked. Beautiful Diana Alejandre danced the farruca with such earthiness and good humor that for moments we in the theatre were all one in the high spirits of the dance.

A big part of what made the evening so successful was the feeling established between the performers and the audience. Even though informative program notes were provided Anita Sheer and Luis Angel introduced the musicians and made charming comments about the music itself which set the tone of the evening as one spent among friends. All there that evening on both sides of the stage were true aficionados of flamenco.

LEFT TO RIGHT: PAUL VASSEN, ROLANDO GARZA, ANITA SHEER, LUIS ANGEL, PATRI NADER, CRUZ LUNA
(Photos by Curtis Fukuda)

LETTERS

FRUSTRATED CORRESPONDENT RESPONDS

Dear Jaleo,

I couldn't agree more with Ronald Radford's letter suggesting that performers take a more active role in reporting their performances. Having acted as correspondent for the L.A. area for quite a while, I have found it a study in frustration trying to report happenings in time for publication. I feel it conservative to estimate there is probably 10 times more flamenco activity in this city than gets reported. A painless and expeditious way to have a future performance reported (although not guaranteed) is to phone your local correspondent or better yet, Jaleo directly as soon as a performance date is firm.

Ron Spatz

COMMENTS FROM CONNECTICUT

[Editor: Our apologies for the late appearance of this letter.]

Dear Jaleo:

Thanks to David Alford for his interview of Paco de Lucia in the Volume III-3 1984 issue of Jaleo. What is so important about this interview is that he asked the right questions and Paco answered like we wanted to hear. For many of us, flamenco guitarists, Paco is a major source of inspiration and we couldn't help being worried that he would give up playing flamenco altogether. We enjoy jazz, but flamenco is part of our soul.

To those Jaleistas that are beginning to feel uneasy about the slow evolution of flamenco, we point out two important considerations to have in mind. First, flamenco is an art only to the art-conscious. To those that are involved in it daily it's a way of life. Second, "ambiente" is essential for it not to become static and non-dynamic. Under the proper traditional ambiente, the desire for evolution and fast change doesn't become a concern. Our advice is that we all participate in groups, since flamenco is a social event of the same nature as any western celebration.

Thank you and regards to all.

Sincerely,
José Ramón Ramos
Valeriano Ramos, Jr.
New Haven, CT

PUNTO DE VISTA

FLAMENCO GRINGO

I have been an aficionado for 20 years and was delighted to find Jaleo magazine. At first I read it from cover to cover, then the print became smaller and smaller and harder to read. Probably this was to accommodate more boring articles, written second-hand, about someone I've never heard of who studied with so-and-so and got good enough to go on tour. And that's the end of the article, the article reflecting no personal experience with flamenco.

This is what inspired me to submit this crank article. In fact this article is so bad that my wife said Jaleo would cancel my subscription if I sent it in.

Insincerely Yours,
Sadhana
Tucson, AZ

"FLAMENCO GRINGO"


While still inside her mother's womb, she learned to master the complex rhythms of Southern Spain. Her mother was a professional cock-roach stomper from Tarra, the gypsy quarter of Seville. Her father was also a professional exterminator who, in spite of his handicap of being completely deaf, played the electric guitar. By tuning various controls on his amp until his false teeth would vibrate, the roaches would run for cover. That's when the real stomping would begin.

With instructions from her parents she traveled to such places as: Harlem, N.Y., East St. Louis, MO., South Side Chicago, IL., completing her knock-out tour in Watts, CA.. Occasionally, for economic reasons, they had to perform in nightclubs which she detested, preferring the quiet life in the day care center. But this was not to last, as they were off on tour through Mexico City and South America.

When in sane all roads lead to Ma-dread, where she studied with such well known names as: Truly Noler: the Exterminator and Arnold Throw-a-dagger. She mastered such dances as Bowling-reas at Victor Lanes. Unfortunately she dropped a ball on her big toe, which became infected and was truly in com-puss. This proved to be a turning point in her life. She took the stage name Surely Insane and studied contour, both rough and harsh, with such well-known artists as: Cheech and Song and Mario Escon-tar-o from Labraa, CA.. It was the pits!

Today she is living in seclusion with her husband, Paco de Taco, and their three peppy boys, Manny, Moe and Jack, who are also learning the art of stomping. In closing, she wants to reveal her secret of wrinkling up her face in disgust when going a bug beneath her foot. Remember, the French language is for "amore", Japanese is for technique, English is for business and spanish is for pain!

* * *



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FLAMENCO, POR EL AMOR AL ARTE?

by Frank Campbell

There is in Chile an old popular saying that anything done for free, is done "por el amor al arte," the implication being that one could not possibly expect payment for something one loves to do anyway. Some crafty Chileans sometimes stretch the meaning of this saying by postponing (or altogether avoiding) payment to their grocer, tailor, doctor, or dentist. In the United States on the other hand, where prompt payment for services is expected, one wouldn't dream of showing up at the local Safeway, Sears Roebuck, or doctor's office without cash or plastic in hand. Our prevailing ethics also compel us to support lavishly, sometimes extravagantly (wit the salaries of pro-football or movie stars) those who entertain us. One group that tends to be a notorious exception to this rule is that composed by "aficionados" to the greatest art form in the world. How many times have we witnessed outstanding flamenco artists featured at various cafes and restaurants be dropped after a few days or weeks for lack of public? Or even worse, how many great establishments where flamenco was offered have been forced to switch to "other" forms of entertainment, or even worse, close their doors for lack of patronage? While we loudly decry the "lack of support" for flamenco, blaming everyone from the current administration to the Oil Cartel, we fail to see that (paraphrasing Pogo) the enemy is really "us". With a craftiness reminiscent of those Chileans I alluded to earlier, we have expected flamenco artists far too long to entertain us "por el amor al arte." How often did we sit at an establishment offering flamenco until closing time nursing that one bottle of beer we ordered upon arrival? How many times did we fail to patronize a flamenco establishment because there was a "cover charge" or dance, drink, and do "palmas" all night long at a juerga, only to leave the clean-up to someone else, or miss a guitar or dance lesson for some feeble excuse without compensating the teacher? I suggest the answer to these and other such questions may be "one too many times." While it is far from my intention to criticize Chileans (of which I am one), I submit that when it comes to supporting flamenco, "el amor al arte" may have worked at one time in another culture, but today, in our milieu, it simply doesn't. If there is not "enough" flamenco in our town, or none at all any more, we have no one to blame but ourselves. Theaters, restaurants, cafes, and other such establishments are simply not in the philanthropy business. In the final analysis, they will book whichever artist or group that makes sense in the cash register. I suggest each one of us we make an honest appraisal of how much we really "do" to support flamenco other than pay token lip service to the greatness of its exponents. After all, you get what you pay for. That is the American way.



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Solo Guitarist

by Ken Sanders

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Alone he sits or so it seems.

The solitary one,

Absorbed in his own little world.

In the midst of, yet separated from

The chaotic masses.

Whose constant chatter turns into the roar

Of some imaginary zoo or circus.

As Daniel in the Den of Lions,

With the Guardian Angel of Mercy.

The first few notes majestically pierce the air

Like the rays of a new dawn.

Revealing a mysterious world of melodious beauty and wonder.

Past reflections skyrocket and explode

In a picturesque display of blinding speed and passionate fury.

Like the Arctic Northern Lights,

Feelings too deep for words blossom harmonically,

Within poetic phrases of flaming musical expression.

Secret dreams and aspirations are unveiled,

In a dramatic sound painting of spirit and emotion.

A fairy tale atmosphere of mystery and bold adventure appears

And serenely surrounds.

Soaring high above the clouds,

The spirit hovers over, touches and awakens

Something of priceless beauty, value and worth,

Deep inside the soul.

Truth shines forth . . .

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Conversaciones con... MARIANO CORDOBA

by Frank Campbell

Mariano Córdoba, one of the best known exponents of the flamenco guitar in the United States was born in 1924 in the small town of El Vado, deep in the heart of the Province of Castilla. The fourth of eight children in a family of modest means, Mariano demonstrated great interest and talent for the guitar at a very early age. When he was ten years old, the family moved to Madrid in search of better fortunes. His beginning in the Capital were marred by countless setbacks and misfortunes which would have easily discouraged a lesser man. His early years are beautifully described in a moving biographical account contained in his book "Flamenco Guitar" (Oak Publications, 1971), which is highly recommended as a model of inspirational reading. The death of his father and the painful years of the Spanish Civil War proved to be further tests of Mariano's resilience and courage. His persistence finally began to pay off however, and in the early 40's his efforts began to meet with some artistic successes. His budding career was interrupted in a hitch in the Spanish Army, to be resumed a few years later with ever increasing success.

Mariano Córdoba is not only an outstanding performer and teacher, but an extraordinary human being as well. He is an



MARIANO, CENTER FRONT AT AGE SEVEN HOLDING A "BANDURRIA" (12 STRING LAUD-TYPE INSTRUMENT)

individual gifted with genuine warmth, friendliness; humility, true concern for others, and a keen sense of humor. It has been an honor to have him as a teacher, and a privilege to have him as a friend.

We have touched upon a wide variety of subjects with Mariano during the course of our many conversations, ranging from studying techniques, composing, performing in public, to health enhancement. While much more could be said about his amazing career, I have chosen to emphasize his role as a teacher of flamenco, his first love, and one for which he is particularly suited.

It is somewhat of a paradox to find this extraordinary flamenco artist living in the heart of the Silicon Valley, the capital of American high-tech industry. Far away indeed from the Castilian countryside in more ways than one. A glimmer of hope perhaps that high humanistic values can still exist in the land of computer chips and merciless competition.

MARIANO: In 1945 I was drafted into the military service, being stationed in Morocco (then a Spanish possession) where I stayed for about three years. Before deploying, I spent about one year at a regiment in Cáceres, west of Madrid, then onto Morocco in 1946. I always had my guitar with me. In Morocco, I was appointed as an aide to a Lieutenant who happened to like flamenco guitar, and was on my side on many occasions when it came to liberty and special assignments. I also became friendly with some local Arabs and learned something of their music. This undoubtedly had some influence and helped me capture some of their styles of music. Arab music has a strong influence on flamenco. After all, they were in Spain for 800 years! You'll find Arab themes in soleares, and many other toques.

In 1948 when I returned to Spain, I began to play for the school of maestro Rafael Cruz, and from then on, maybe because God helps those who help themselves, the doors to success began to be opened to me. Rafael Cruz was a disciple of La Quica and Frascuillo, two famous flamenco dance teachers. While at this school, someone told me about a company headed by Carmen de Veracruz that was looking for a guitarist to replace the one who had caught pneumonia. This guitarist was Patena Hijo, a great gypsy guitarist with whom I eventually became good friends. I took his place playing for María Martín and Paco Torres, a great dance couple those days. In 1950 I met the great dancer Flora Albaicín and the famous cantaor Antonio Molina. I worked with them in Barcelona for a year, where I recorded my first albums for Odeon. After that, Antonio Molina formed his own company, and Flora Albaicín and I were hired to join the Ballet of Antonio, one of the greatest dancers in the history of flamenco. In 1956 Flora returned to Barcelona to open an Instituto de Baile Flamenco which still exists under her name and direction.

JALEO: Who was your first formal teacher?

MARIANO: My beginning was with Manuel Santos and Eusebio Díaz.

J: Who taught you to read music?

M: I can't remember, when I was learning the rhythms...it was difficult in those days, much more so than now. Today you have records, TV, but then it was different. I went to a teacher then--I believe he played with the Orquesta de Madrid--and learned "solfeo," which was one of the best things I have done to further my musical education, to read and write music. It helped me tremendously to write my books. I wouldn't have been able to do it otherwise. I had been playing the guitar for quite a while though before I learned.

J: Did it change your technique or ability to play?

M: Yes it did, since I was able to play some classical pieces. There were two sisters who taught at the Sevilla Musical Conservatory. Their names were España and América. I think their parents had been in America and named them thusly. They were classical guitarists, España lived in Madrid. I can't remember where I met her, but she wanted to learn flamenco, so we exchanged lessons. Yes, that did help me...to know the rhythms, to tell the difference between a half-note and quarter note, to be able to play some classical pieces that are nice. I would recommend it to anyone studying the gui-



CANTAOR PEPE DE HUELVA, MARIANO AND BROTHER PABLO CORDOBA ON THE DAY MARIANO LEFT ON HIS ARMY HITCH (1945)



MARIANO IN THE SPANISH ARMY WHILE STATIONED IN MOROCCO (1945)

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POSTER FROM MARIANO'S FIRST CONCERT
TOUR WITH CANTAOR PEPE DE HUELVA IN CASTILLA
(AGE 16)

tar. To play by ear is fine, but sometimes your ear can trick you, and it is good to know music. But it also depends where you want to go in music. If you want to go far, and perhaps some day teach, it is very important. If you only want to play for your own enjoyment, then it is not so important. But if you want to become a professional, then you must know music.

J: Who are the best students? The ones with a classical background? Jazz?

M: Difficult question. It depends. The fastest learner will be the one who loves flamenco. Maybe a classical guitarist may want to dabble in flamenco as a whim, but if he is not really interested, he will not go very far. A good student may have any background, but is someone who really wants to play flamenco. His background will help, and he'll advance quickly. Studying is essential. Like if you want to play in front of the public, you must know your music 300% because your ability will go down in front of an audience. If you think you are at 100%, when you appear in public you will be down to 25%. You must study well...with strength. When you study the guitar you must study with strength, especially techniques must be done to perfection, paying particular attention to hand position. Each position has to be correct, otherwise it will show. It is easy to forget. For example, when you play with the thumb, the rest of the fingers must be firmly placed on the "tapa," with the index barely touching the first string, but this is easy to forget, and if your hand position is poor, you'll play weakly. I would recommend, yes you need a competent master who will teach you details. Teaching is difficult. It is more than telling a student, "Let's play por soleares" or whatever." No, that is not the way to teach. Teaching has to have rules, and discipline. Building blocks. Then true teachers of the

flamenco guitar are few. For example, in the US, in a country of over 200 million people, there are maybe 6 or 7 that I know of. Mario Escudero and Juan de la Mata in New York, Juan Serrano in Fresno, Vicente Gómez in LA, René Heredia in Colorado, and myself here in the Bay Area. In Spain the same situation. There are many good guitarists indeed, but you need great patience to teach. Rafael Nogales is one of the best and still teaches in Madrid, Calle Gómez 42. Eugenio González was another great teacher, but he died 5 or 6 years ago. Many of the famous guitarists we hear about are great, but they are not teachers. They may give a lesson every now and then, but a teacher knows what he can teach you. Someone who is not a true teacher may ask you "what do you want to learn?" "Well you'll say, I like seguidillas or soleares very much, or granainas." "Fine he may say, sit down and grab your guitar, let's play some seguidillas." But that is not the way to do it. You must have the basis. How can you play seguidillas well if you don't know verdiales, fandangos, or sevillanas. You must have a lot of patience to teach, and not everyone has it. My lessons are always fun. I like it.



MARIANO WITH "EL POETA GITANO" BARCELONA (1951)

- J:** What is the greatest reward you have as a teacher?
- M:** The greatest satisfaction is to help people, and to see them advance. It doesn't matter how well they play. What matters is that they enjoy it. Also, it is rewarding to see students become professionals. I have had a few. Not that you taught them everything they now play, but you pointed the way to them to learn more. I have been fortunate to have trained 7 or 8 students who have become professionals.
- J:** Is it better to have just one teacher in the beginning, or several?
- M:** It is better to have one, if the teacher is a competent one. Not all the time necessarily. But if someone is studying with more than one teacher, he'll become confused in styles. It is better to stick to one teacher.
- J:** How can you tell if a teacher is good?
- M:** You can tell. You can tell if what I teach you is good, whether it is in compás, if it helps you play better, if it is useful to you. It is better to learn the basics with one teacher. If there is someone else you like for his solos or whatever, you can go to him, but with some basics from where to build. But not at the same time.
- J:** Is it possible to learn flamenco well from a book?
- M:** No it is not. Books help. In the old times, there were no books, radio, TV, or electricity. Music was a form of passing time. People worked and there was music, and those were the times when music advanced the most. In the 16th century, classical and flamenco developed. There were no other forms of entertainment. In those times they needed no books. They did music all day long. But in modern times there are many distractions, like TV, radio, news, papers, too much noise, cars, nervousness, fast life. We do not have as much time available to us to spend three or four hours at the guitar. You need other ways to learn. From a teacher and a book. You need both. Listen to records too. Concerts. I don't think that a book can teach you everything, but it will help. Technique pointers you may forget you will find in a book.
- J:** Why are your books written in English and Spanish simultaneously? Are many of your books sold to Spanish speaking students?
- M:** No. My idea in writing them in Spanish and English was that, besides my being Spanish, I wanted to convey a certain feeling that only the Spanish language can accomplish.
- J:** How often do you travel to Spain?
- M:** About every three years, and I stay for a month.
- J:** Do you get any ideas from what is going on in Spain?
- M:** Sometimes, especially from my old teacher, Rafael Nogales, who is like a member of my family. You don't come back with great ideas. That is all done today on records, but it is your soil and nice to put your feet on it once in a while.
- J:** Where do you find the best flamenco in Spain, Madrid?
- M:** Andalucía?
- M:** Madrid, because it is the center of Spain. The flamencos come to Madrid because there are more opportunities. But it is unpredictable. Maybe you go to a cabaret and hear nothing but rumbas and bulerías, "mucho ruido y pocas nueces," like they say here "a lot of smoke and no fire." There were a couple of very good places, El Corral de la Morería, and El Café de Chinitas. There is where Serranito is, but it may have been closed, or so I heard.
- J:** Is there much difference in the way they teach in Spain or here, in their techniques or philosophy?
- M:** I think that it depends whether you find a competent teacher. There are many good guitarists in Spain, but it is not necessary to go there to learn the guitar. There are many good teachers here, not only with the experience in the guitar, but we have spent at least 20 years playing on stage before, so we have the experience. There, they also charge about the same. I have heard that in Spain they do not explain as much. Those of us who are here have become molded to the American ways. Americans like to know the reason for doing things a certain way. They like explanations. For example, if you want to learn guajiras and you ask what is a guajira and the teacher tells you it comes from Cuba, that is not a sufficient answer. Because everything has a reason.



AUTHOR FRANK CAMPBELL LEARNING THE FINE POINTS OF FLAMENCO WITH MARIANO

Those of us who are here must be prepared to answer those questions for people. As I explained in the concert, guajiras comes from Cuba, true, but the word comes from the Indians and means "senora" and guajiro means "gentleman." The Indians from Yucatán and the Araucos from Colombia and Venezuela used the words too. Then if you can explain that to a student, he is much more likely to understand. Also technique pointers, such as what is a measure, such as 6/8 or 3/4. Here everything has to be explained, and those of us who are here are better qualified to teach for all those reasons. And, in dancing, it is the same. It is harder for the foreigner who goes over there without preparation. An interesting thing happened to a student of mine some years back. It was a girl from San Francisco. She went to Madrid, piqued by curiosity I guess about studying in Spain. She thought she would learn more and more authentically than here. She was a woman of some means, stayed at a nice hotel on the Gran Vía, and asked for a flamenco guitar teacher. The fellow that came wanted to give her more than just guitar lessons, if you know what I mean. It didn't take her long to discover she knew more about guitar technique



MARIANO COPYING MUSIC

and could play better than he. When she returned to San Francisco, she told me about it. I got a big kick out of it, and in a way it made me feel good, to know that we can do a good job teaching right here. And that is the way it is! Who in Spain could teach better than a Mario Escudero for example? Or Juan Serrano? Or Juan de la Mata? Or Rene Heredia? We have been here a long time, and understand the way it works best for people here, whether they be beginners or advanced students.

J: I have never seen a flamenco text book come out of Spain, have you?

M: Good ones no. Never have seen one. To tell you the truth, it is very difficult to write flamenco music. It was never written before, and the ones who want to write it usually have to seek help from a musician, frequently a pianist who can write music. But that musician can't play flamenco guitar, and that is a complication, because the guitar is a very personal thing. To be able to write music for the guitar well, you must be a true guitar professional, be a concert artist or a teacher who can think of the student. A pianist can write chords that are impossible to play without breaking your fingers. The same chord could be played perhaps in a different, much easier, position. As an example take Tarrega, who was not only a composer, but also a magnificent guitarist. All of his chords flow easily, one after the next, effortlessly. So, if you want to write, you must write your own material, yourself.

J: How did you decide to write? Did you choose themes that would be easy yet challenging to the student?

M: Well, I always tried to write relatively simple things, although there is nothing really that simple, especially if you are a beginner. When I started out in San Francisco in 1956, I had never written anything, although I did study music. I began to teach by memory, but quickly realized that I had to write my lessons. That led to the idea of writing a book that my students could use at home. One thing led to another, and now I am working on my fourth one.

J: Do all of your books have cassettes?

M: No, the first book is now out of print, so right now I only have two, the first one, Flamenco Guitar, published by Oak Press in New York, and the second one I just published.

J: Talking about playing techniques: Sabicas, Marin Escudero and yourself use a foot stool, but Carlos Montoya and Paco de Lucia do not.

M: I always played without one, but when I began to teach it became more comfortable to use one. Sabicas was the first one to use one in concert. It is the same as the old way to hold the guitar that you see in old drawings and paintings, except that you use a stool.

J: There have been only very few women who have achieved notoriety in the flamenco guitar, why?

M: The flamenco guitar is a manly instrument; it requires a good deal of physical strength that most women do not have, I think. But there are a few women who are very good indeed, like Donna Reyes for instance. She plays in La Tarantela in Stevens Creek. And there are others who are doing well, too. The flamenco guitar can be mellow, but also energetic. In the old times it was more of a masculine thing; nowadays there is more equality in everything and there are some women who play quite well. Donna Reyes is the best one I have heard. She studied with me here and then went to Spain; she also studied in New York with Mario Escudero. She has an excellent technique.

J: How did you happen to settle in this area?

M: I liked America, was married here and decided to stay, settling in San Francisco. Here I started my school to teach flamenco guitar and gave some concerts, both solo and with other artists who were also in this area. The first artist I found in San Francisco was Chinin de Triana, a "Cantante por todos los estilos," with very good compás. With him I did an album for Fantasy Records. I also did another solo one for Capitol. The same year Pilar Sevilla, a great dance and singing artist came to town. I worked with her several times. In 1958 I opened a cabaret in San Francisco called "El Patio Andaluz." In 1960 I sold it to devote myself full time

to teaching the guitar, because that is what I like to do most, and still do it today. I wrote my books to help those who enjoy playing this beautiful music from the South of Spain. I give concerts occasionally. In those times there weren't very many aficionados in San Francisco. There were a few of them, some very good ["Femeninos"]. One of the first ones I met at a party was Mr. Ernest Lenshaw. I have never seen such an aficionado like him. He made castañuelas and danced. A truly remarkable man indeed. Another great aficionado, who also became my student was Harry Clark, who opened the Restaurant La Bodega, promoting flamenco in San Francisco by giving private parties in his home. Thanks to these people and others like them, flamenco has become very popular in America and, indeed, the world. In San Francisco, I also met Rosa Montoya, a great artist who has her own studio. I have worked with her. Other dancers with whom I worked in San Francisco are Cruz Luna, Nemesio Paredes, Maruja Vargas, Adela Vergara, Carolina, Diana Alexander, Ricardo Orellana, Jaime Valenzuela, Rubina, and Patri Nader. There are, nowadays, many other artists in this area, dancers as well as guitarists who deserve admiration. I have taught many students how to play the guitar in my 28 years as a teacher. Some of them have become professionals, some very good and I admire and respect them, such as David Jones (David Serva) who lives in Madrid as a professional guitarist, Donna Reyes who plays here locally in Cupertino, Fred Mejias who plays in San Francisco, Glicerio Mera, Luis Angel, Roberto Dale, Tom Johnson, and Cristobal. An interesting thing happened with a student from San Jose in 1975. He came to me to study with the thought of becoming a professional guitarist. He had a very poor guitar and he told me he intended to build himself a flamenco guitar himself. He took some measurements from my guitar and went ahead and made one for himself. The product was so good that I told him to continue making them. He has become an extraordinary guitar maker, to the point where Sabicas plays a guitar in concerts made by this young man, Lester Devoe, who lives in San Jose, California. I played in my last concert one that he just finished for me. I really enjoyed playing it, and the public did too.

J: Tell us about some of your difficult students.

M: Once a man came to me who wanted to study the guitar. He had been in the Korean War and his hand was deformed because of an injury. I thought, if I am going to be a teacher there will be no one who walks in through this door whom I will turn down. And I took him on, and taught him several things in the guitar. These are some of the challenges and rewards of teaching. The challenge, like the case I told you, and the satisfaction of seeing results. Another time, a student came to me, a Vietnam veteran who had lost the middle finger of his left hand. He had tried to take lessons from a classical guitarist, who saw him, got scared, and told him there was a flamenco guitar teacher who was pretty good and might be willing to take him on. So he sent him to me. He came and told me he wanted to play very much, but had a slight handicap, being missing a finger. I told him "que va!", as long as you have four fingers left, or one, you'll play the guitar. So I modified some positions for him of course, and he learned, and quite well at that. He was very happy.

J: How many students have you had?

M: I honestly don't know. I am sorry I never wrote down their names, or had photos of them, but I didn't think of it at the time. Can you imagine how many I have had in 28 years! Chinese, Japanese, nuns, priests, doctors--like you. Once I had about 15 doctors. One of them used to ask me for an aspirin every time he came! I have a student who has a very high position with Lockheed here in Sunnyvale, his name is Tom Pavelko. He is an engineer, or physicist in charge of about 45 people. He is a great aficionado who plays very well. He even dances. He also teaches flying. We were talking about how hard it is to play the guitar. I told him that what he does as a scientist must be very hard indeed, and he said, "Are you kidding? It's nothing! You can't compare it with the flamenco guitar!"

J: What techniques for study, do you recommend?

M: There must be discipline. Most beginners will grab the guitar to study and will start playing their bulerías, rumbas, or farrucas, or whatever, without reviewing the basics carefully. This is very important. The best thing to do is to start off with some picado, maybe a couple of long scales, and not too fast, but firm. Then go on to arpeggios, tremolos, or something like that, with a routine, with discipline which may take you 20 or 30 minutes. This will warm up and loosen your hand and you'll play better. If you are pressed for time take 10 minutes, but you need the exercise. Everything requires training. The runner who wants to race, the boxer, etc. The guitar is no different. I have been practicing karate for three years because this is a sedentary job. I am always sitting down. I thought I might have some arthritis in my right arm. So I decided I needed some sort of exercise. If we spend our entire lives sitting down, we need some exercise. I didn't know what to take. One day I saw a school of karate around here. I became curious and decided to check into it. I was a little shy at first because I was much older than everyone else, but once I got into it I lost my shyness. We practice a combination of karate, kung-fu and tai-kondo, from Japan, China, and Korea respectively. Different styles, aiming at self defense, that complement each other. They require concentration, and like music, you must memorize some variations. There are seven levels, or belts in this school. White, orange, purple, blue (which I have), green, brown, and black. They reflect knowledge and skills.

J: Do they help to play the guitar?

M: Does meditation help? Well no, I do not believe in that. Karate has some relationship with playing an instrument that it helps you relax, to be in control. If you are tense you can't play. At the same time, when you need to play strong you can do so. Same thing for karate. Especially kung fu, where movements are smoother, more gentle, almost like dance, but when you need to throw a strong kick, you can break someones' neck. The hand is always loose, relaxed, and only tenses up when it meets its target. Just like playing the guitar. Like I saw in a movie about Manolete. I saw him fighting the bull with his cape, which looked like a piece of silk. He was relaxed, elegantly dodging the bull at the last split second. It is like that in karate, playing the guitar, or fighting a bull. You must control the situation. Once they asked a famous torero what was the secret behind being a bull fighter. He answered, "To be two feet away from the horns of the bull and remain cool, in control." So there is a relationship with karate. If you want to play before the public and your tendons tense up, you can't play. A good teacher will help you learn how to relax. To stay in control in front of the public also takes years of experience.

J: What is the most difficult thing in the guitar?

M: Recording is very hard because you are there in that room all alone. The sound engineers are in the glass enclosed booth. A red light comes on and you are sitting there feeling like a mouse and you are supposed to start playing with feeling in such a cold environ-



UPPER LEFT CORNER: CANTAOR ANTONIO MAIRENA, GUITARISTS ANTONIO ALBAICIN, MARIANO CORDOBA AND RAFAEL NOGALES (MARIANO'S TEACHER) TOP CENTER: MACLOIRA RUIZ, FLORA ALBAICIN, THE GREAT ANTONIO, ROSITA SEGOVIA WITH COMPANY IN FOREGROUND



MARIANO ACCOMPANYING ANTONIO, FLORA ALBAICIN AND CANTAOR MANOLO VERAS, PARIS 1953



WITH BALLET DE ANTONIO 1953
LEFT TO RIGHT: ANTONIO ALBAICIN, MARIANO CORDOBA,
"EL MORAITO DE JEREZ," ANTONIO MAIRENA, FLORA
ALBAICIN

ment. Playing for TV can also be difficult. Everyone is silent, Shh!, three minutes to go! It is difficult, much more so than live in concert. (In concert Mariano appeared in his element, like he was giving a class.) In a concert, like anything else, experience counts. You can "crash" if you get nervous and begin to make mistakes. It is well to sit down and explain a little about what you will play, to prepare the audience so to speak. You will win them over to begin with, and you don't have to do fancy stuff to be liked. The public is a little bit anxious too. They don't know what you are going to do, but if they see that you are relaxed and in control of the situation, they can relax too and enjoy. You are in command. But if the audience is in command you will fail. But, hard as it is, to give a concert, is easier than to play for TV or a recording studio. The first number may be a little tense, but the second and subsequent ones will be better. Not in a recording. Everything is expected to be perfect.

J: Any difference between European and American audiences?

M: They are equally good. Depends upon the place. Where I gave the last concert (the Douglas Beach House), the people are very knowledgeable and you can't fool them. There wasn't a single person in the audience who wasn't listening attentively. In the theaters sometimes people go see Segovia, expecting him to play flamenco, or Montoya to play classical!

J: Do you share in some of the superstitions about peteneras?

M: In 1955, when I was with the ballet of Antonio in Washington, I was practicing in my "camerino" by playing peteneras. Then, Don Antonio Mairena came by and became furious, saying to me, "knock it off! Don't play that!". At first I thought he was joking, but no, he was dead serious. That superstition comes from La Petenera, an artist and beautiful woman. Men fell in love with her. She was from Paterna, a town near Jerez de la Frontera. In those small towns everyone knew everyone else. They

began to compose all kinds of songs for her. After she died, a dancer dropped dead on stage while dancing peteneras, and maybe that is where the superstition comes from. There are many other superstitions about salt, ink, and what not. Then people said she (la Petenera) was a witch. Then gypsies said she was a witch, and they won't let you play peteneras.

J: How about rumbas?

M: There are some flamencos who will never play them. It is a light flamenco, but it can be good music. One thing is if you play Rumba in cabarets, not a serious flamenco, just a "cachondeo," but a good rumba can be played in a concert, like this one I wrote (he plays it for me on the guitar, a beautiful and elegant piece indeed). Rumbas can be classical pieces; I like them. I do not like it when they play nothing but rumbas and bulerías all night long ("encabezados" in one single thing). There has to be some variety, then it is all right. Any kind of music can be good if it is done well.

And indeed, that is something Mariano does very well. Mil gracias, maestro.

LIST OF MARIANO CORDOBA'S RECORDINGS:

Columbia No. SCGE 80.019, with Antonio, Carmen Rojas, and Rosita Segovia. Recorded in Madrid, Spain.

Odeon Nos. 184.812 and 184.828, with Antonio Molina and Flora Albaicín. Recorded in Barcelona, Spain.

Fantasy No. 5005, with Chinin de Triana. Recorded in San Francisco, CA.

Capitol No. P8574, solo. Recorded in Hollywood, CA.

BOOKS BY MARIANO CORDOBA:

Escuela del Flamenco (out of print).

Flamenco Guitar. Oak Publications, 1971.

Traditional Flamenco Guitar Vol. I. Mariano Cordoba, 1982.

Traditional Flamenco Guitar Vol. II (in print). Mariano Córdoba, 1984

VARIATION POR BULERIAS

BY MARIANO CORDOBA

DEDICADO A LOS JALEISTAS

III BIENAL
DE ARTE FLAMENCO



PABLO JULIA

ANGELITA VARGAS

PROGRAM

[from: Sur Dominical, Sept. 2, 1984; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla]

The III Bienal de Arte Flamenco Ciudad de Sevilla is, without doubt, the most important of festivals. It is too bad that Malaga has never been represented in the program. Here is the complete program of events, which this year focus on the guitar:

- Sept. 12--"Nocturno a la guitarra, y a Sevilla": Felix Grande, Rafael Riqueni, Romero Sanjuán, in the gardens of the Torre de Don Fadrique.
- "Giraldillo de Baile": Mario Maya and his theater flamenco; including Rafael de Alacalá, Concha Távora, Juan Fernández, Pepa Herrera, Isidoro Carmona, Paco Carrillo, Manuel de Paula, Miguel López, Juana Amaya, Pilar Heredia, Charo Cruz, Juan de los Reyes, José el Lele.
- Sept. 13--"La Casa de Los Habichuela": Juan, Pepe, Luis, and Carlos Habichuela, José Menese, José el de la Tomasa, Carmen Linares, Tía Marina Habichuela, Manolete and Manolo Santiago.
- Sept. 14--Orquesta Bética Filarmónica, Víctor Monje "Serranito," José L. Gomez.
- Sept. 15--Manolo Sanlúcar.

- Sept. 16--"Toque, baile, y cante en familia": Manuela Carrasco y Joaquín Amador, Pepa Montes y Ricardo Miño, Concha Calero y El Merengue, Antonio Suárez, Pansequito, and Romerito de Jerez accompanied by their children, and "Triana."
- Sept. 17--"Recordando Diego del Gastor": Fernando y Bernarda Paco and Juan del Gastor, Dieguito de Morón, Joselero, Miguel Funi.
- Sept. 18--"Soníos de Jerez": Manuel Morao, El Sordera, Paco Cepero, Fernando La Morena, Manolo Parrilla, Ana Parrilla, La Paquera de Jerez.
- Sept. 19--"La Familia de Los Amadores": "Pata Negra" (Raimundito y Rafael), Diego Amador and Juana la del Revuelo, Ramón Amador and El Boquerón, Angelita Vargas.
- Sept. 20--"Soleras": El Poeta and Naranjito de Triana, Manolo Brenes and Beni de Cádiz, Felix de Utrera and Luis Caballero, Perico el del Lunar and Miguel Vargas, Farruco and El Moreno.
- Sept. 21--"Jóvenes guitarras andaluzas": Quique Paredes and Antonio Chacón, Manuel de Palma and El Pele, Antonio Sousa and Diego Clavel, José L. Postigo and Paco Taranto, Manolo Franco and Aurora Vargas, Ana María Bueno, Rafael Alarcón and Jarrillo, "Alameda."
- Sept. 22--"Desaño de Fandangos": Alosno.
- Sept. 23--"Ecos de la Alameda": La Tomasa, Pies de Plomo, Eduardo de la Malena, Chocolate, Manolo Carmona, Enrique Montes, Fernanda Romero, Fregenal, Joselito el Colorao.
- Sept. 24--"Lo que es Cádiz": Fiesta of compás and gracia.
- Sept. 25--"La Fragua del Tío Juani": Metales de Jerez, "Vanguardia."
- Sept. 26--Finals of the "Concurso Nacional de Jóvenes Intérpretes de la Guitarra Flamenca". Plus the debuts of Paco Aguilera and Toti Soler.
- Sept. 27--Finals of the "Concurso Internacional de Jóvenes Intérpretes de la Guitarra Flamenca." Debut of Gualberto.
- Sept. 28--"De la Tristeza y de la alegría": The meeting of jazz and flamenco.
- Sept. 29--"Homenaje a San Juan de la Cruz." Enrique Morente. "Clásicos."
- Sept. 30--Manolo Cano.
- Oct. 1 --Eduardo Falú.
- Oct. 2 --Manolo Castillo.
- Oct. 3 --The Guitar Chamber Orchestra of Madrid, Jorge Cardoso.
- Oct. 4 --Pepe Romero.
- Oct. 5 --Paco de Lucía.
- Oct. 6 --Orchestra of Música Andaluza. "Camino"
- Oct. 7 --Camarón and Tomatito.
- Oct. 8 --Juan Peña, Pedro Peña, La Perrata, and Pedro Bacán.
- Oct. 9,10,11--"Giraldillo de Toque " (finals of the contest of Professionals): Pedro Bacán, Manolo Franco, Paco del Gastor, Rafael Riqueni, José Antonio Rodríguez, Tomatito.
- Oct. 11 --"Fin de fiestas," with Los Montoya.
- Oct. 12 --"Maestros": Calixto Sánchez, Enrique de Melchor, Mario Escudero, Matilde Coral, El Mimbres, Rafael Fernández, Manolo Deminguez, Chano Lobato, Paco Arriaga.

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COMPLETE SUCCESS FOR "LAS NINAS"

[from: El Correo de Andalucía, Sept. 25, 1984; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Manuel Rios Vargas

In the patio of the Hotel Triana on the 17th a great flamenco event took place under the auspices of the III Bienal de Sevilla -- the day, "In the Memory of Diego del Gastor." The place was filled by a public that wanted and



DIEGITO DE MORON

knew how to listen and was inflamed by the ancient ancestral echo of the eternal "Niñas" de Utrera, who achieved a clamorous triumph. As has become traditional in these events, it began 45 minutes late.

Andorrano opened the night, accompanied by the guitar of Juan del Gastor, with some cantes por bulerías that had a superabundance of compás and ability, although he was a little cold; we all understand the difficulties involved in being first on the program.

Niequito de Morón followed with his performance as a soloist. He is probably the most representative guitarist of the dynasty, reminding us in many moments of the unforgettable Diego, especially in the toque he did por bulerías.

Then it was Joselero's turn, accompanied by his son niequito, and he sang acceptably por soleá, malagueña (as he called it, although it seemed more like a cartagenara), and closed with tango; Joselero sang with the flavor and knowledge that the years give one -- he has 74 of them -- demonstrating that they are also unforgiving.

Once again the Gastor guitar dynasty, this time in the hands of Paco del Gastor who performed guitar solos por solea and bulerías and had to perform an encore of the latter due to the insistence of the audience.

Then arrived the moment that all had been awaiting -- the turn of the eternal "Niñas" de Utrera, both accompanied by Paco del Gastor. Bernardec began, por bulería, with bravura and complete fearlessness, heating up the atmosphere so that her sister could shine, por soleá; they finished with each singer por bulería. The audience was aflame and on its feet; for many minutes they continued to applaud, a clear demonstration of their knowledge. It was definitely a complete success that was harvested by these two gypsies from Utrera.

The crowning touch was the performance of Paco Valdepeñas accompanied by Juan del Gastor. What a profuse display of artistry! What elegance in all of his movements! As the program said, he really reminded us a great deal of Anzonini.

At the end there was a fin de fiesta por bulería with the participation of all the artists. Shows of this nature, magnitude, and quality are what makes for afición.

Certainly Diego del Gastor, on this night that was dedicated to his memory, must have been crying with emotion and joy to see how his nephews, his brother-in-law, and all the other cantantes that he used to accompany, had created a really splendid night of cante.

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PASSIONATE COMEBACK OF THE "CANTAOR"

[from: El País, Oct. 6, 1984; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Feco Sevilla]

by J.M. Pérez Orozco

...The Bienal de Sevilla...[is] fulfilling all of its proposed objectives, the first of which is to contribute to the general knowledge and meaning of flamenco. The presentations have been sufficiently representative, although there still needs to be a justification for certain absences and presences.

The arrangement of the "cycles" [thematic program for each evening], as well as the artists within each of them, has been a complete success; they have grouped different themes so that each is in its proper place with its own people, where the artists can feel approval and give the best of themselves. This has been aided also by the choice of different sites for the concerts.

The "Triana" cycle ended with shows by two different generations, "La Nueva Triana" and "Solera," which included artists that are associated with the flamenco style of this barrio--a powerful place--that has been qualified by history as the crucible of cante, alluding to the process of fusion and purification that flamenco undergoes there continuously. This integrating attitude of the musician of Triana is clearly demonstrated in the performance of "Pata

Negra," an instrumental duo composed of Raimundo and Rafael Amador, who are cursed by the conservatives of flamenco for their musical incursions into blues and rock. But it is impossible to deny that their diabolic sense of rhythm creates one of the best compases por bulerías to be heard today, a fact which you can demonstrate easily for yourself if you listen to the guitar accompaniment on the first record by Los Montoya.

The other dimension of Triana, mysterious and distinctive, was given by Farruco, who danced a long time por soleá, in spite of the delicate state of his heart. In the baila flamenco, Farruco represents secrecy, tragedy, rebellion, and the sublimation of all that into a radically personal art; he electrified the audience in a number of moments with the greatest communicative tension that has been experienced in the Bienal up until that time.

The "Alameda" cycle began in the Plaza del Lucero, with a show called "Músicas del Sur," where the old Andalusian folklore--La Alpujarra, El Alesno, and the ancestral baile de cascabeleres--was brought together.

The other three concerts that made up this cycle were the best of the core of flamenco in The Bienal. In the first one, the performance of Manolo Fregenal stands out; he had an exquisite taste in the interpretation of his fandangos and bulerías with an ancient but very facile thread of voice. The married couple, Tomasa/Ples de Plomo, performed separately, he with some magnificent soleares, she singing emotionally por siguiriya with cantes of Manuel Torre that she learned as a child seated on the knees of the giant, Chocolate; who also demonstrated his quality, insisting on very long tercios of siguiriyas.

"Lo que es Cádiz" was the second of these concerts that were nourished primarily by non-professional artists who have the authentic flamenco "stuff." In this, as in the others, there was a notable difference between the individual performances and those of the fin de fiesta [grand finale]; this is understandable, not only because of a lack of stage experience, but because the fin de fiesta often reaches the point of being a staged version that resembles a flamenco gathering where there are the best circumstances for the production of this art. Gracia gaditana overflowed from Jineta, Felipe Scapachin, Chini, Curro, La Gamba, and Pablitos, among others.

"La Fragua de Tío Juani" closed the "Alameda" cycle on the 25th... The first scene in the show was a string of tonás and martinets by Tío Juani and his sons, El Gordo and Nano de Jerez, while they made a metal tool on a portable forge placed on the stage. Usually, with reason, there is criticism of the dramatic flamenco shows that have been done in recent years. But we have here a flamenco show of quality; the actors are not pretending, because they represent the role that they live every single day, where the symbolic content of the forging of metal and cante flourishes all around them. The stark execution of the martinets transports us to the origins of flamenco. For the first time, the strikes of the hammer on the anvil sound as authentic as the martinets of the family of Tío Juani.

If this representation of the forge refers to the birth of the cante, the postscript of the second part overflowed with demonstrations of the complexity, delicacy, and harmony that flamenco has achieved today; it was a fin de fiesta that the audience--entranced--extended by calling for the artists to come back again and again. There was the ancient beauty of Tía Juana de El Pipa, the tremendous sparceness of the cante of Tía Anica la Piriñaca, the splendor of the dance of Luisa Torre, the miniature and tiny steps of La Tita--to mention just the older, venerated artists.

The "Vanguardia" cycle has created the greatest arguments up to this point; it is debatable whether there is any connection between the paths of some of the musicians who were included and flamenco. An exception was the performance of Toti Soler, whose guitar incorporates very diverse musical influences and then molds them into a personal sound. In some of his compositions there were perceptible flamenco meters or phrases that had been learned from the fountain of Diego el del Gastor.

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THREE MEMORABLE SESSIONS

[from: Sur Dominical, Sept. 2, 1984; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by A. Alvarez Caballero

Sevilla, Triana, and the Alameda. Here the art of flamenco wrote many pages of history that are not to be found in any book. The III Bienal de Sevilla had the success--one more among the many that should be recognized--of bringing one of its most emotional cycles to the Alameda. The plaza of the Lucero, not to be found in any street map, was the site of three sessions that I feel no doubt in calling memorable.

"Escos de la Alameda" brought us the cante of some old names who are almost forgotten today and were never really well-known. Manolo Fregenal will go down in history as a singer of a personal style of fandangos and nothing more. With very little faculties remaining to them, these artists continue to sing in a manner very different from that of today, and they have their enchantment. The case of La Tomasa and Pies de Plomo, married in real life, is different; they are examples of artists that the general public does not know because they did not make singing a professional career. The parents of José el de la Tomasa--one of the most solid of the young generation of cantaores who are demanding their place--, Tonasa is the daughter of Pepe Torre, brother of Manuel Torre and also a tremendous cantaor who was perhaps overshadowed by the glory of his brother; the aire of the siguiriya of Tomasa carries the mark of the family, its aroma, and the version she gave us was priceless. Pies de Plomo, a payo with Italian ancestry, came out singing por soleá to blow your mind and did the same with fandangos de Carbonerillo and bulerías caracoleras. In the same program was Antonio Núñez "Choclate" with an inspired performance.

"Lo que es Cádiz" offered us a chance to get to know another group of artists from that city, who are not professionals. Here, art is manifested in an even more chemically pure form, with its imperfections, its nerves, but with a captivating emotionality. The "Fiesta del compás y de la gracia" was an exceptional display of this art from Cádiz that is so subtle, so grand, without shrillness, meant to be relished. There were people from the family of La Perla--her husband, Curro la Gamba, her son, Jose Torres, and her sister Manuela; there was also Loli la Revoltosa, a great and refreshing woman who reminds us in her way of Juana la de Revuelo; and Alfonso de Gaspar, who should not have sung cuplés; there was also the brothers Pablito and Jineto, two bailaores with many years, much weight, and much art. The guitarist Miguel Borrull did some dance turns that had elegance, distinction and gracia--a marvel to see. Then there was La Polvorilla, a young girl with a voice and a special touch in various styles of bulería. "Lo que es Cádiz" is...mucho Cádiz.

And Jerez...Jerez was too much! Just to see those two old women on stage, those two ungraceful burn't out bodies, 84 year old Tía Anica la Piriñaca and Tía Juana who is almost 80, was a moving and touching experience. Cheerful and happy to see how they were received and acclaimed by an entranced audience. Le Piriñaca, who came out with the aid of a cane, pronounced the first "Ay" of the siguiriya and we were all struck speechless, shivers running through us. She didn't sing long, she is no longer able, but she still has the rajo, the echo of an art that is not much more than a memory in many voices like hers. Tía Juana la del Pipa also did her thing, doing a few steps to the rhythm of bulerías produced by the gypsies who were on stage with her. These gypsies carry this art in their blood; it is something that can't be taught or explained. The fiesta por bulerías that made up the second part of the program will go down in history, because I don't believe anything like it can ever be repeated. It was an explosion, a joy, a drunker orgy of art offered by those who are especially gifted for it: Nano de Jerez and his father, Tío Juana, and brother, El Gordu, Mariquita soleá and Tita--sisters of the much mourned Terremoto--Tía Juana

and her daughter, Juana Fernández, María Burra, daughter of the recently deceased Tío Gregorio el Borraco, El Mono, La Curra, Luisa Torrá, Loli Carpio and the guitars of Moraito Chico and Carbonero. And, for me and all of those who had the privilege to find ourselves there that night, the memory that will remain forever in our hearts is the image of some little steps marked with the aid of a cane, while the other hand lifted the dress--the duende and infinite gracia of Tía Anica la Piriñaca. Mucho arte! Mucho arte!

MODORRA Y SOPORRA FESTIVALERA

[from: El Correo de Andalucía, July 24, 1984; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Emilio Jiménez Díaz

The basic definition of the word "modorra" given by the Royal Academy is "...a heavy and dazed drowsiness." It ignores whether this word was invented with an eye on the future, to be included in the abundant lexicon of the summer flamenco festivals, in which the public becomes sleepy from boredom on not a few of the long nights.

Clearly, there are many aficionados who are attentive to the artistic development of the program, but it is also true that, in these artistic celebrations of the long Andalusian summer, the bored "modorros" exist and far out number the stoic "cabales" [knowledgeable aficionados]. It is not necessary to call a fortune teller, nor use a magic crystal ball, nor even be especially intelligent to figure out the causes that so often produce this falling of the eyelids and people wandering in the aisles, because it is clear that the principal reason is boredom, boredom produced, no doubt, by lack of imagination on the part of the artists, who do not renew their repertoire, do not change, and continue with the same program for eight, ten, or twelve years; on some occasions boredom is produced by a poor combination of artists, or all the singers doing the same styles -- festeros, or from the Levante, for example -- when the ideal would be, if possible, to present a variety; boredom -- why not -- due to the length of the events, making it impossible for an audience to remain attentive, while sitting in seats that are normally uncomfortable, for six to eight hours of performance.

Anyone who possesses a minimum capacity for observation will have been able to contemplate the signs, worthy of being captured by an expert camera: mouths hanging open, eyes that open and close intermittently, legs that cross and uncross, signaling an unusual nervousness, chairs that move as the occupant looks for an impossible position of comfort, etc. This is the "modorra" and, as we said, there are many "modorros," conquered by boredom.

A few days ago, some organizers in a town near Sevilla gave testimony to what I write today, saying: "Es que no se può aguantá, es que siempre lo mismo, lo mismo y lo mismo, eso sí, menos el caché" [It can't be put up with, it's always the same, the same, and the same, that's how it is, except for their pay!]

So let the artists at least change their repertoires; they must have something new to say through their cante! Because there are "modorros" who start right away, during the second or third cantaor; others start about two or three in the morning, and some -- such as the mayors, authorities, and invited guests who have no choice but to put up with it and show a false satisfaction all through the night, with their obligatory ear-to-ear smiles -- begin to carry out their special function almost at the end of the festival.

The worst that will happen if the festivals continue in this "modorrera" line, is that the general drowsiness will pass into stupor, that morbid and unforgiving state of sleep. From "modorra," dear reader, to "soporra" [stupor]. The sun will not permanently go down with the summer flamenco festivals, but perhaps, due to the lack of imagination, boredom is the danger waiting in ambush. Sodom and Gomorra.

ANTONIO MAIRENA

INTRODUCTION FROM THE TRANSLATOR:

Antonio Mairena died a little over a year ago, and during this year, flamenco circles in Spain have been inundated with posthumous articles, records, etc. I chose to translate and send this article, originally published in the Granada newspaper El Ideal in November 1981, and republished in a special issue of Sevilla Flamenca dedicated to Antonio Mairena, because it gives a very deep and personal look into the decadent years of the opera flamenca - when the flamenco we hear today really had to struggle to survive - and for its unique look into the cauldron where flamenco artists were - and still are - born. Also, in the anecdote of el Piyayo, substance is given to an opinion I have often heard in Spain - that Antonio Mairena was a great creator of cantes who humbly pegged onto his creations the mythical names of artists from the past.

"I WAS AS STRONG AS A HORSE"

[submitted and translated by Brad Blanchard]

by José Delgado and A. Ramos Espejo

The door of our office has been opened by Antonio Mairena, entering and taking off his hat. He wears shoes with silver toes, a shirt for fiestas, and the Pharaoh-like composure of 72 years of living and of first-class art. His hands while talking, stretch, shrink and twist to give reverence to the words. Mairena is the genius of the Andalusian expression called cante. His biography, recitals, records and books are of a child in a blacksmith's shop in Mairena de Alcor, Sevilla, who takes off singing, doesn't stop, and flies through the world which inspires him and crowns him with Llaves de Oro del Cante Flamenco:

"Ever since I had use of my reason, I was a blacksmith. My father and grandfather were blacksmiths too. All of my grandfather's brothers were blacksmiths. When my father married he opened his shop. I was the second child, because there was a girl older than me who died almost when I was born. Then I remember, as a tot, working at the smithy fire."

--So you traded school for the shop...

"Because my father needed me. After school he had me pump the fire. I went to school some days and sometimes. Sometimes I went to the state school and other times to private ones. I never went more than 4 days. I had to help my father. First in the shop, and when I was 13 and could do more, I did other jobs. And like that until 1922, when they had the 1st concursu de Cante Jondo in Granada, and I was in the shop singing while I worked. And my father became enthusiastic hearing me sing. But to come here to Granada at that time was a monstrous trip [un señor viaje]. My father couldn't come and he didn't have money. In the pueblo they were telling him, 'Why don't you take the boy to Granada?' I was excited. But we had to stay home. And look, the first time I came to Granada was because of a man I'll never forget. I met him in Sevilla because he was a one-of-a-kind aficionado. This was in 1936, the year of the Civil War. I met him in a big fiesta. I was really in bad economic shape. He had me go to the fiesta, and gave me a tiny amount of money. And I said, 'You're going to Granada, no?' and he said yes. And then I asked him if he could do me a favor in Granada and that man told me, 'Within 5 days you'll go to Granada.' And he had me here, like a king."

--Who was that man?

"Frasquito Yerbabuena. He took me to many places, and also a brother of mine who was on the front. I was in a pensión because I was earning less than nothing. He took me out of there and put me in the Motel Victoria. Later, in the early sixties, I came to the Festivals six years in a row as a star."

--Let's go back to the beginning, to the blacksmith shop.

"Well, back then I used to sing in the baptisms, at weddings, or when some show came to the pueblo. And I didn't stop doing family fiestas until I was good and grown-up. My father, who had a lot of authority over me, would take me to Sevilla for Semana Santa to listen to saetas, to hear Manuel Torre, Niño la Gloria. I always went everywhere with my father. I remember that the first time he put me up on stage was in carmona. My father had a friend, also a flamenco - and a cattle-trader too - and he had a sister who performed in the café cantante in the pueblo. My father made me go up there with the guitarist. I sang for the first time in my life way up there on the tablao stage. This must have been in 1923. In 1924 my father took me to a provincial-level concursu during the feria in Alcalá de Guadaíra. And that year I won first prize, awarded to me by Joaquín el de la Paula. One hundred pesetas for first prize."

--Did you think then you would become famous?

"I don't know...And in 1925 Manolo Caracol, who had won the 1922 Concurso in Granada, participated with me. And they had to give us two first prizes - 100 pesetas each - one for Manolo and one for me. The Concurso in Granada in 1922 was one happy idea of artists, intellectuals and musicians. Because the cante was in the most pitiful state and to earn money with it, zero. There were some wonderful artists, but the art itself was in horrible condition. And those men in Granada realized what they had to do, as some of us are doing now. Of course they didn't have the means of diffusion that we have now. I also saw how, later, they took advantage of that same concursu to exploit...I saw in the Riena Victoria in Sevilla how they hooted Antonio Chacón and Niña de los Peines. My father covered his face with his hands, like a good aficionado, when he saw how the public reacted before such venerable artists, before the knowledge of Chacón when he sang his caracoles and the public hooted. And the new singers entering took advantage of this situation. I asked my father why the public hooted when these venerable artists sang and later went wild when someone sang the two or three little things that were coming out then - flowery fandangos, 'la Hija de Juan Simón,' one and another flowery guajira... that genre that lasted fifty years. Because then, when I started to earn a living in Sevilla, I didn't have any authority, but I was as strong as a horse, less intelligent than today, but I saw that what was happening to the others was happening to me: my cante didn't have a market. Because I was formed in the melting-pot of the pure cante, and I could never feel that other style."

--The business people saw you weren't worth their time.

"Exactly. No 'opera flamenco' wanted to give me a contract because my cante didn't work for that. Not even one of the bulerías that are sung today could go up on stage. Then when I would go to a fiesta filled with drunks, I had to look at what kind of people I had before me, and I had a couple of cuplés I practiced so I could get by and earn something. That's how I earned a living."

--How have you managed to maintain that straight line faithful to the cante?

"There are a lot of good artists in the same situation as I. Manuel Torre died in poverty. Tomás Pavón died in poverty. All of the artists, the dancers, came here in 1922, like La Macarrona...they were true geniuses and they died and were buried in Sevilla, in poverty. And we youngsters who loved that kind of art saw what was waiting for us. When the war was over, Sevilla went downhill and everyone went to Madrid where there was life for this art. And it was necessary to go. There, there were the cniacos, the ventas--sometimes you'd find a fiesta with some drunks for a few pesetas. Everyone who wasn't in the operas flamencas went there--the guitarists, singers and dancers. I almost died then from the kind of life I led. The years went by and I never saw the sun. And drinking--I drank everything there was to drink. And I fell sick in bed in a pensión in Madrid, and when I didn't have any more money to pay the pensión, I said to myself 'Where am I going? I'll have to get out of here to earn a living.' Then they looked me up to go abroad with a ballet, with Teresa y Luisillo. They paid me whatever they felt like. And I left for the 3,500 French francs that they gave me. I went as part of the

group. But that got me out of the life of drinking and staying up all night, from that life that could've killed me. And many things happened. I wasn't treated with importance; I was like an adornment for the dance. And I also sang for Pilar López two or three months in Madrid, for Carmen Amaya, for Pastora Imperia for a long time in El Duende, until Antonio realized he needed me for his ballet flamenco. I was good for him. And it was lucky for me. The cante still didn't have a market, but in the ballet I started to become known. They renewed my contracts and doubled the salary. Because the press was saying that Antonio had a great cantor. And ten years went by and flamenco thrived as it never had before, in the Opera de Vienna, en la Escala de Milán. And I was economically made over again."

--And you became independent.

"That's what I wanted. And in Madrid I started with the tablaos of Pastora Imperio, Gitanilla de Triana...I started going into the tablaos and saying that this could be the thread of salvation for el arte flamenco; it would get the artist out of the ventas and the colmaos. In the tablaos, the artist finished at three in the morning, he was paid in a dignified manner, and he was free to go to bed. That's how it started. And the public came to listen, the good aficionadas. So the artists started disappearing from the ventas and the colmaos to enter in the tablaos, with a good salary, and every day too."

--And later, don't you think the dog has bitten its own tail, that the tablaos have become what the ventas were, that the "flamenco de juerga" that you wanted to eliminate has ended up there?

"Yes, yes. Because those benefitting from this have never known how to do the necessary work, as far example, I have been doing for sixty years. But the degeneration came. Because the public was in a situation where it needed to be educated, and of course, the artist was the person who could do it."

--Why did the public need to be educated? Because of the bad image that it had...?

"Very, very, very bad. And everything they had heard was terrible. They didn't go farth for the good things. Trying to educate the public has been and still is negative. Because the teacher is the artist; the artist should be in command and tell the public what is positive in the cante. My job has been to go against the anti-cante."

--And what is the secret of your knowledge? How did you learn?

"I listened to the geniuses of that time, and it stayed in my ear. When I listened to one of those geniuses, a genius of the soleá..."

--The flamenco mentality of that time was different from now, because here, for example, we had in Granada, Juinilla el Gitano, and no one would put him on stage. And how that man sang por soleá!"

"Marvelously! I met Juanilla in Málaga. That was before the war. Because I used to try to earn a living in Málaga in the summer. I met El Piyayo there in Málaga in the Pasaje Chinitas. It was the first year I went to Málaga, and I greeted the dawn drunk in El Pasaje Chinitas. And they introduced El Piyayo to me in Málaga on one of those early mornings when we ended up drunk, a man with a huge beard, gray hair, skinny, skinny, with a wide-brimmed hat and a little old guitar, using an old clothesline for a strap. He would play his tanguitos and his verses, very pretty. I was drunk in the early morning and they introduced him to me...I had only heard of El Piyayo. He was a poor man who begged in the little bars and they'd give him a few pennies. A man with sandals, half-naked, with a little plate for his begging. I gave him 5 pesetas (a lot of money then). When he saw that I'd given him 5 pesetas, he started: Ha, ha, ha, ha. And he started kissing my hands. 'Sing that song again,' I asked. And he stayed, singing me his verses; I kept those things of El Piyayo. When I started recording, no one knew about El Piyayo and I put his things into tangos malagueños. It wasn't exactly what he did, which was something very simple, and I had to stretch them, give them more clarity and breadth, so their musicality would be more understandable. The verses were of El Piyayo. What I did was give Málaga some tangos, which many malagueños know today."

--And why is that? Why don't beginning aficionadas know about Antonio Mairena's creative capacity and always attribute your songs to singers from the past, when they really are yours?

"Because one can neither eat, nor swallow, nor destroy history. If we didn't have history, what would we be? Because I wanted the name of El Piyayo to continue, and for Málaga to remember it tomorrow."

--What have the gypsies put into the cante?

"A few branches of gypsiness [Unas ramitas de gitanería]. The gypsies have put some shades into the cante of Andalucía. I'm not saying that what gypsies sing is better. I like everything that is well-sung. And everything well-done has emotion and duende. Now it's true that when a gypsy from this Andalusian geography sings por siguiriya, and another non-gypsy sings the same, the objective changes. The music can be the same, but the objective changes."

The gypsy who knows how to sing doesn't pursue beauty, nor call the attention of the public to whether the cante is well or poorly done. The cante gitano hurts. It hurts like when someone pinches you. One thing is to not know what it is...The non-gypsy can even do it technically better, but the gypsy has another viewpoint. Of course, this is only in the superb gypsy, and how many come out in Baja Andalucía? When will there be another Pastora, Niña de las Peines, who was born last century? Right now we can't see from where. How many more centuries will pass? We have in history Mercedes la Sarneta, with her very strong personality; like Tomás el Nitri, who was given the Llave de Oro. But that key was given to him by a tribunal of geniuses in a golden age, like Juanelo, Las Caganchos de Tirana...who were all in a fiesta for three days and they told him: 'Maestro, you have the keys of the cante.' That's how that award was given."

--You were speaking about the suffering of the gypsies. What suffering do you feel when you sing?

"It happens to me in certain moments, when the duende is with me. I don't see the public applauding or cheering me. Until that point, I don't turn on. There are artists who are always dependent on the public, looking to see if their faces are content, if they are tocando las palmas..."

--However, the most faithful followers of your school are non-gypsies, like Menese and Calixto Sánchez.

"Exactly, exactly."

--Do you think that we are advancing on the road of creativity?

"Everything is already created in flamenco. Flamenco is in an endless enclosure, where there are millions of shades, [variations] waiting for a hand to pick them and develop them, to take them up and make them known. That door hasn't been opened. Some go to it and immediately close it. Everything is already created. Like in Triana, where many shades of cante are buried. Now, they do something and call it the cante of the patters. A little cante, nothing more. And that's it. And that in Triana, the greatest empire, a bottomless well. And I say that those variations are spinning through space, waiting for someone to grab them."

--Today Triana sounds more like flamenco rock.

"That's true, that's true, ha, ha, ha."

--And who is going to take the Llaves de Oro that you possess?

"There are some muchachos who are in good form. Because of the position I occupy, I am prohibited from printing them out. The material is spinning around. The great artists have been human beings. Chacón was; Juan Breva was. I'm not supernatural. I don't think this will end; it will exist while there is a world."

--You said at the beginning that you had the strength of a horse. Now that you have the knowledge of a genius, how are you going to continue this work of the master?

"By trying to be as faithful as possible to the art."



CHIQUETETE: INTERVIEW



[from: El Correo de Andalucía, July 31, 1984; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Pablo Jesús Rivera

--Can you remember when you were not much more than Pulpón's [flamenco promoter] chauffeur?

"Of course I remember him -- I care for him as if he were my own father!"

--Bueno! Let's talk about the program we will see this Sunday [a television special -- one hour of Chiquetete].

"I am very pleased! I have represented an Andalucía with class and incredible feeling [not clear whether he means "he" or "Andalucía" has the "class" and "feeling"]."

--But with lip-synch playbacks?

"Half were that way, but four of the songs were not."

--The outside shots were in the Patio de los Naranjos, the Barrio de Santa Cruz, the Plaza de España, and...

"Triana, de mi corazón, with its "Puesto de las Flores," the Iglesia de Santa Ana, the river, the Maestranza,..."

--And three beautiful women...

"With the most beautiful, La Giralda, in the background."

--Antonio Cortés Pantoja, describe yourself! What are you like?

"I am tremendously shy, as you know: and I tell stories in the only way I know: singing. I have no tricks, I express myself as I am."

--But don't deny to me that you have forgotten your flamenco origins!

"I haven't forgotten them. So much so that in more than one performance, they have asked me for *siquiriyas*, *soleares* and other 'palos fuertes' ["heavy" flamenco forms]."

--But how about those "potajés," "gazpachos," and "caracolás" [festivals]?

"You are probably unaware of it, but every year I ask them to include me in some festivals. For example, I am going to Cádiz, to the festival organized by the Peña Juanito Villar. And in the Colombinas, I will go to the caseta of Los Marismeños to sing flamenco."

--Muy bien. But how did you get started singing canciones?

"After having dedicated my life to flamenco since I was eight years old, Paco Cepero told me one day that we were going to put two canciones on a record that was otherwise

flamenco jondo. They were 'Tu y yo' and 'Las estrellas de plata.'"

--And the bomb exploded!"

"That's how it was."

--And then followed "Aprender a sonar" and "Ser amante."

"The first record of canciones was that one, 'Aprender a sonar' with ten songs, among them, 'Corazón de acero' and 'Mare Manuela'."

--As is the fashion among the famous from around here, you have purchased a chalet in El Aljarafe.

"In Palomares. It is an incredible neighborhood -- all the people are really good."

--And you are savoring the life of the rich.

"When one earns money, one desires to have all that he has been lacking: a house in the country, a car, etc. To be sincere with you, I will be rich if I can continue at this rate for four or five years. I am working like a beast. Monday I will arrive home at noon with five hundred kilometers under my belt, going from Madrid to Mojácar to Sevilla."

--And, on top of that, you will have to be hungry in order to watch your shape.

"I eat everything, although I try not to overdo it because of my tendency to put on weight. Some nights I go without dinner, but then I ruin it by eating sweets."

--You must cry when you pass the windows of a pastry shop!

"The truth is that I don't pass by!"

--Who could ever have told you that you would reach a point where you could charge a million pesetas per show?

"It still seems like a dream to me."

--And taxes, a nightmare?

"I have already paid a million and a half, and I still have to pay property taxes."

--You must have earned a lot to have paid that much.

"I'll tell you that also -- over twelve million."

--We conclude the interview talking about Antonio's three children: Antonio Manuel, Rocío, and Francisco Javier de la Salud.

"The 'de la Salud' comes from my 'Cristo de los Gitanos.' And don't forget to mention my wife Amparo, we get along phenomenally."

--As does everybody who knows Antonio.

MANOLO SANLUCAR INTERVIEW

[from: Cabal, May-June, 1984; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Alfredo Grimados

Manolo Sanlúcar is, perhaps -- along with Paco de Lucía -- the professional flamenco guitarist who has achieved the greatest popularity in today's world, although, as Manolo himself says, "Thanks, almost always, to the records of which I am least proud." He has inherited a great tradition in guitar playing; his father, Isidro, a breadmaker and guitarist, took classes from Javier Molina, one of the greatest figures in the history of flamenco, and two of his brothers are also professional guitarists. Manolo is decidedly partial to the evolution of the classic styles, to experimenting and trying to incorporate new forms of music that would enrich the traditional sonority of flamenco.

Flamenco finds itself at a crossroads. Some professionals try, as they have for some years now, to feel their authentic roots, to keep them free from adulterations and keep them clear of the profane. Others, moving away from those roots, try to enrich them and look for new means of expression. Manolo Sanlúcar finds himself among these latter.

"I am in favor of looking for new forms; if, in that search, one percent turns out to be worthwhile, I believe that is sufficient. You can't sit there looking in the mirror, thinking about the genius of the classical flamenco, while other types of music, other artistic terrains, are in constant evolution. This, obviously, implies some risk, but I believe it has to be confronted bravely..."

"Within flamenco there are big problems beginning to appear. There is a record by Chick Corea, "España de mi Crazón," that has a soleá, siguiriya, and a whole bunch of flamenco themes. Corea is a jazz musician and he has achieved a truly marvelous product; there you have a problem on the table that will have to be resolved in time.

"The problem of evolution, of leaping forward and breaking molds, is something that has always produced disturbance in all areas, both artistic and social. Within flamenco, the things that have been left for posterity have been, many times, the result of accident. Before, the intellectuals scorned or ignored flamenco; now, some of them have entered into our little world and, without stopping to understand it, speak as if they know the absolute truth and with an authority that permits them to write in a newspaper, publish a book, or be self-appointed spokesman--but, certainly, there is an enormous need to save the purity, the genuine flamenco, and free the art from the great contamination it has suffered in recent decades?

"Bien! But this business of the impurity, the adulteration, the prostitution of the art of flamenco is something that has not been clearly explained, has not been treated objectively. It is the same as when they say that there has never been so little talent in Spain as in the present epoch. We don't have a Velázquez, a Falla, or an Albéniz, but we have other artistic personalities. What you can't do is to put the geniuses of completely different epochs in the same package, which is what happens a little in flamenco. You have to look at what existed before--El Nítrí, los Pavones--and what there is now. You can't compare twenty years in the present with two hundred years of history."

--In flamenco, as in any other artistic world, a key question involves knowing when to abandon an evolution that leaves behind its well defined roots in order to incorporate elements that are foreign, that dilute the essence and personality of the art.

"I agree, but who determines all of this? Flamenco is very complicated. I have spent all of my life accompanying cantaores--since I was thirteen years old--and the cantes have never had an absolute rigidity, have never been written down so that it can be said that they should have a certain form. Flamenco has an oral tradition. Each cantaor, even those considered great, did the cantes differently each time. Those were the true creators. Chacón created a number of different style of malagueñas, not just one, and Antonio Mairena has compiled the historical cantes, but he stamped them with his own personality.

"There are cantaores who find it absolutely impossible to imitate others. This is the case with Camarón; he will never be able to imitate anybody else's cante because his personality is so large and strong that, whatever he does, he makes his own. The same thing used to happen with La Niña de los Peines. Everybody trespasses into the world of these people who have such strength. The imitators are individuals who lack personality.

Something similar happens in bullfighting. Not in the art of bullfighting, but in the art within the art. Let me see if I can explain. A person can be a worker in an art and not be an artist; he may lack artistic sensitivity. How many bullfighters are there who do two hundred passes and don't make you feel anything--they lack duende. Flamenco is not just a musical form, it is a way of feeling; you can't tell me that something is alien to flamenco if it makes me feel. For example, those cantes that El Chaqueta used to do, where he took popular songs of Antonio Machín that obviously were not flamenco and gave them a feeling, an interpretation, that brought them into flamenco."

--Yes, but El Chaqueta had it inside of him, in every corner of his being, because he had been nurtured and raised on flamenco. Today, people do not live as El Chaqueta did in his infancy and youth. With the progressive cultural environment in which we live, there is the danger that each artistic "parcel" will lose, little by little, its own characteristics, its identity. Surely, today, not everybody has the interpretive style of El Chaqueta, that flamenco feeling to the core; they take songs like you mentioned, try to make them flamenco, and end up with a "porquería" ["trash"].

"The problem lies in determining who has the capacity to carry through a task or be in charge of it. The profes-

sional demonstrates it to the public, but in a relative way; that is not trustworthy means of evaluating whether he does it poorly or well."

--Hombre, there is a whole series of commercial mechanisms that influence the judging of the professional--pressure from the recording companies, promotion...

"That, who tells me whether I am doing poorly or well, especially in regard to the subject we are discussing, because flamenco is a reflection of life, a way of viewing the world. Flamenco has always belonged to the minority and has not been understood by the general public. So how can you establish the truth about it? There are pseudoflamenco artists who attract more people than anyone. Who can tell them that they don't know what they are doing? They will always have the commercial recourses to justify themselves."

--The problem, if you don't have an elitist conception of art, lies in establishing a connection between the size of an audience and quality, because, under the circumstances in which we live, it is clear that good art is not necessarily popular art.

"Exactly! But, without wanting to be elitist, when you are moderately intelligent, and you spend twenty-four a day living for something and everything around you is for that purpose, you end up creating a filter that separates you more and more from the people who applaud you, people who concern themselves with this for maybe an hour a month.

"Without wanting to glorify in the slightest the artist, I have to tell you with absolute sincerity that I, as an individual, have a personal need to create, to express, that which may not be comprehensible to others. If I do something new that I like and you do not, who is right?"

--But, don't you believe that the specialized artist should be bound to the public and contribute to the elevation of this collective cultural level?

"Yes, of course! I don't believe flamenco should be for the chosen few, nor have its quality lowered to make it more popular. I have composed music for quite a few records; in some, my flamenco structure and development can be identified, while in others, it cannot be seen so clearly. But even in those latter, those of which I am not so proud, there is some music where it can be seen. Of course, the artist should contribute to the development of the public and, I stress again, the artist himself.

"My music searches for what is within, feelings--and I'm not talking about "El Caballo Negro," nor the records that have earned money for me; I refer to the records that have earned me a nickle. That is the music that has to be listened to with concentration and felt. But there are people who are incapable of getting inside themselves, those who prefer everything that is "farolillo y feria" ("festive lanterns and fairs"). That is why, in the same fiesta, there are those who go for the horses and the rowdiness and those who sit in a caseta, with their glass of wine, and listen to the guitar."

LA CHUNGA DANCES WITH A GYPSY FERVOR

(from: The San Diego Tribune)

by Lynn Carrier

Madrid, Spain - La Chunga, the Gypsy flamenco dancer, began performing barefoot at the age of 8 because her family had no money to buy her shoes.

Her unique ability made her famous, and today, the barefoot gypsy has earned the admiration of flamenco fanciers around the world.

She has danced at the Cafe de chinitas, a flamenco dinner club, since it opened in 1969 at 7 Torija St. in the basement of an 18th-century palace. The lobby, adorned with

photos and a sculpture of the star, is testimony to La Chunga's lofty status in the world of flamenco song and dance.

The tables are arranged around a stage, empty of props except for the painted wooden chairs used by the performers and a backdrop festooned with vivid mantillas.

When we visited, the house was full by 10:30 p.m., dinner hour in Madrid. A few minutes later, the singers, dancers and guitarists - all but three of them gypsies - started performing, urging each other on with shouts and the rhythmic stacato of "palmas," the intricate flamenco handclapping.

An expectant hush fell over the cafe when La Chunga and her partner took the spotlight.

A petite woman, she moved with a lithe, muscular grace.

At times she danced with an awesome intensity, her bare feet furiously pounding the boards. She seemed to be attacking the stage rather than dancing on it.

Other times, the tempo slowed, but the muscles never quite uncoiled, and the gestures remained unmistakably flamenco.

After the show, she changed into a blouse and slacks and talked of her rags-to-riches life with the same kind of force she displayed on stage.

La Chunga is a childhood nickname meaning ugly and malformed, but she grew up to be neither.

Some literature describes her as a native of Andalusia, the heart of the gypsy culture in the south of Spain. On this night, however, she insisted she was born in Marseilles, France, and that she grew up as a "gitana catalana," in a gypsy camp in Barcelona hundreds of miles from Andalusia.

Along with bullfighting, the rituals of flamenco are among those most associated with Spain, and through them, the nomadic gypsies have become the cultural translators of certain Spanish characteristics: a raspy sense of



tragedy, romance and passion.

Yet, La Chunga was in a mood to pierce myths.

"People think gypsies just sing and dance all day and all night," she said. "They come in here, enjoy the entertainment and then they go home and leave us to our realities."

"We are human beings just like they are. We have our joys and our sadness."

Her sadness, she said, was her separation from her husband. Her joy: their three children, especially the 11-year-old daughter remaining in her custody.

She was fatalistic about her dancing.

Flamenco, she said, isn't something you learn. "It's something inside you. You either have it or you don't."

She is among a small elite of talented gypsy performers who gave up their nomadic ways to prosper in the Spanish mainstream, but she spoke nostalgically of an earlier lifestyle.

"When I was a girl, we were hungry, but I think in some ways I was happier because I didn't have the care of an adult. There is no way to go back though. I live well now. I have a home. I like to dress well. I want my children to go to school and study."

Thousands of other gypsies in the Madrid area live an unromantic existence as impoverished outcasts on the outskirts of the city, out of sight of most tourists. They eke out a living as vendors, selling anything from fresh flowers to fake watches. Despite government efforts to help them, the Gypsies haven't assimilated, our tour guide told us.

When I asked our chauffeur to take us to a Gypsy camp, he replied, "Why would you want to see them? They're just thieves and vendors here in the north. You should see the ones in Andalusia. At least, they live with the rest of the population, and some of them even have jobs."

A few minutes later, perhaps feeling a twinge of remorse, he put on a tape of his favorite music, sung by the gypsy "El Fary."

The next day, he drove us to a dusty, foul-smelling camp about 10 miles outside Madrid on the road to Toledo.

The women and children came out to greet us, while the men stood in the background. A donkey cart rumbled across the rutted, unpaved street. A gaunt gypsy, walking a greyhound, stopped to stare.

Children in ragged, smudged clothing pressed closer, posing for pictures. A sea of outstretched hands begged for pesetas.

An old woman dressed in black read our palms. She told one writer that someone close to him would get married soon. He looked at her incredulously. His sister was to be wed in two weeks.

As we left, I watched a skinny, dark-haired gypsy girl raise her arm and dance, and wondered if here, in this camp, some future La Chunga would grow up and take Madrid by storm.

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THE SHAH SPEAKITH

[You ask me what "Ask the Shah," and by implication what my artistic name "The Shah of Iran" has to do with flamenco. Good question. To the readers of Jaleo, I am already known and recognized by this appellation. It is the name of an artist who is profoundly serious and superficially flippant. The name is an expression of a strong, well-centered man who is humble when appropriate and proud when pride is justified.

What has "earthquake" to do with flamenco? Ask "El Terremoto de Jerez." What is the connection between beans and flamenco? Ask Sabicas, "el niño de las habicas." "Overcoat?" Ask Chaquetón. Queen? Ask la Faraona. As for "Shah" and "Iran," what of the spurious references to Egypt and pharaohs in which many gypsies indulge themselves? I am completely within Spanish tradition and flamenco spirit using this name, which is accepted with good humor in Spain. There, I am El Shá, here, the Shah. In France Le Shah, etc.

I purposely do not affect a serious Spanish name because I wish to be judged by my art alone. I do not depend on a name to confer "Spanish authenticity" upon me. Nor the "traje corto" nor my physical appearance and airs, nor media hype, nor boastful inventions]

* * *

PART THE FIRST

Wherein a group of fine Spanish artists doth appear unannounced in New York, perform clandestinely, and then absquatilate.

The New York Times review (published in the last issue of Jaleo) is complimentary and persuasive. It is powerful enough to fill many seats in great concert halls, to impress the names of artists on the public, to advance their careers, and to promote the art of Spanish music and dance. It did none of these.

This encomium did not attract a single body to any of the five concerts. It did not sell a single ticket. Los Montoya, Morente, Serranito and El Guito departed New York as anonymously as they had arrived. Perhaps a total of 500-1000 people in a metropolis of fifteen million saw their art, and this over five performances. Not a soul was converted to the cause. A constellation of bright stars flashed for a second and disappeared, dissolved into blackness. The blackness of stupidity, of ignorance - for this review appeared after the final performance, and when the performers, bag and baggage, were on their way back to Spain, Congratulations, ladies and gentlemen, on a job well done!

The Village Voice, a very complete and respected guide to entertainment contained only the barest advance mention of these events, buried among the listings for the various films, plays, colloquies, etc. of the "Festival Latino." New York Magazine did not betray the secret of these performances. El Diario, the Daily News, and the New York Post, all pitiful excuses of journalism not fit to wrap fish in, command a very numerous readership. They made no mention, to the best of my knowledge, of this event.

(see photos page 31)

* * *

PART THE SECOND

The Shah visits certain of these artists dwellings in a public house, joins their revelry upon invitation and is accorded scant hospitality.

The scene in the Doral Motel was a chapter straight from Saravillo de Parmes. Great was the talk about food and eating, but talk as they might about supping, no one was doing much about it. A certain exalted member of the troupe complained of indigestion. I volunteered to go and fetch a remedy. I returned with a roll of Maalox tablets which was promptly intercepted by another member of the troupe who averred that he would tender them to the intended recipient. I recognized this interloper as the gentleman who, the day

before, had attempted to sell me a "silk shirt," one of two such dingy, wrinkled specimens that hung in his closet, and who upon seeing me ever after, never tired of singing the blues about his financial difficulties. I had to compel him to deliver the roll to its destination. While these negotiations were proceeding, another member of the troupe appeared, and beholding the Maalox tablets with large hungry eyes, inquired, "Is it a large roll?" I quickly explained that the tablets were not candy, but medicine. The affected one chewed a tablet, pronounced its flavor awful, and the entire assembly quickly dissipated, leaving him to savor the remainder of his palliative.

Great was El Guito's gratitude, and I was invited to join his group upstairs in a bull session. I did so. A bottle of purloined scotch was brought forth. I spent two hours in the company of these imbibing gentlemen without being offered so much as a drop of it. Poverty of the pocket is sometimes inescapable. Poverty of the spirit is always inexcusable.

* * *

PART THE THIRD

The reader observes, the reader reflects.
The weak and villainous are admonished.

I asked their tour manager to account for the chaos and misery suffered by his group. He explained that they all had been "deceived" by the organizers in Spain. Gentlemen, there is no deception possible where specifics are fixed in a contract. I could find no sympathy for these misguided innocents who stretched a weak excuse thin to cover their own deficiencies. How did this manager and his artists reach the age of majority without being plastered against the pavement by a car?

Nor are Guito's people the only good Spanish artists to come to America to starve and leave behind no impression on the non-flamenco American public. They are just another in a long string of commercial failures who betray their art.

Consider instead, the example of José Greco, peace be upon him. Aside from arguments on whether he is a "true flamenco artist" or a showman, he is a success. A financial success, a respected performer. His mere name with the specifics of when and where he is to perform will suffice to fill a hall to the rafters. The results of his fame are stacks of green that are described by numbers written in the blackness of ink.

Artists of Spain behold! Learn! If you all can't organize and conduct your own affairs to advantage, there are plenty of qualified, honest people who can. Hire one and leave off blaming others for your own shortcomings. As the Bard of Avon states, "the fault, dear Brutus, lies in ourselves, and not in the stars, that we are underlings."

* * *

PART THE FOURTH

The Spanish artist is enjoined either to repent or to lament.

I pen these lines, harsh perhaps, but true and necessary to the best of my ken, with the certain knowledge that they will offend no one whomsoever. None of the artists mentioned or alluded to herein will object to anything we write. We could even go so far as to discuss the purity...

Why? Because not one of them reads Jaleo.

They know us, of course, because this writer has never wasted an opportunity to bring Jaleo to the attention of Spaniards, and to enlist their participation. The Spaniard will show some slight curiosity and speak of "your magazine," and occasionally send, or cause to be sent some article extolling his own glory. But rare is the Spaniard who will subscribe or contribute to Jaleo. Rare is the Spaniard who will love his art more than his vainglorious ego.

The American, the Japanese, the European are destined to inherit and internationalize this beautiful art. The process is already in evidence. Spain will always produce good individual artists. The foreign non-Spaniard, however, will assume leadership of this art, will provide the organization,

innovation, creativity and pedagogy that will assure the survival of our art. The Spaniard stands in jeopardy of becoming no more than a paid performer or an artistic serf, a lackey in the service of those who are better organized, more devoted to art than ego, and intellectually sharper. Would that it were not so.

* * *

PART THE FIFTH

In which the Shah speaks of things to come and where to seek out havens of flamenco.

Bismillah;

Flamencos of New York, read and rejoice! The great ANTONIO GADES! and company are scheduled to appear at City Center Theater for three weeks, beginning January 29, 1985. Further details are not available at this writing, but should become available soon. Readers and other interested parties are enjoined to contact City Center for further information.

As if this news were little, in May, inshallah, Paco Peña and Chano Lobato are scheduled to appear at Carnegie Hall! Guitarists note: Paco will be offering master classes! Details are presently incomplete, but can be supplied by the venerable American Institute of Guitar, as they become available.

To our fine reader who writes despairingly of finding flamenco in New York disjointed from its announced schedule, or of not finding it at all, and unto all visitors to the Hub of the Universe, who find themselves similarly bewildered, fret no more, but do this:

Hotfoot it to Fazil's Dance Center, which is New York's answer to Madrid's Amor de Dios. Seek out any Spanish teacher or similar "enterao" that you may find skulking about. He or she will quickly inform you as to who is doing what, and where. Alternately, take a short stroll to the American Institute of Guitar. You will be received hospitably and assisted in a cordial, satisfactory manner.

Addresses of all institutions mentioned in this article will appear at the end.

Now we address the esteemed reader who asks in frustration (and possibly prostration) "What's wrong with those New Yorkers, anyway?" This New Yorker replies in one word - "plenty." However, were we to answer this question amply and with the degree of emotion the problem requires, issues of Jaleo from Bangor to Bangkok would self-incinerate in the hands of our feckless readers. We shall spare the reader the heartbreak of singed nails and eyebrows, as well as the inconvenience of swabbing soot from the ceiling and invite, instead, other New Yorkers to indulge in a bit of self-review and to make known its results to Jaleo. No mature adult will shrink from the chance of self-improvement that good self-criticism offers. Those New Yorkers who have reached a state of sublime perfection will be exempted from this exercise. By their own accounts, there are indeed some such walking amongst us mortals.

City Center Theater
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Other Information: (212) 903-9600

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N.Y.C.
(212) 757-3255

Fazil's Rehearsal Studio
743 8th Ave.
N.Y.C.
(212) 245-9504

* * *

PART THE SIXTH

In which humble comments are offered on a, once again, revived ghost.

CARMEN

Bizet's Carmen, directed by Francesco Rosi; written by Prosper Mérimée, produced for Gaumont/Production Marcel (Paris) and Opera Film Produzione (Rome).

Choreography by Antonio Gades; special participation of members of Gades' troupe and Enrique el Cojo, as well as gypsy locals.

Carmen Julia Migenes-Johnson
Don Inse Plácido Domingo
Micaela Faith Esham
Escamillo Ruggero Raimondi

The envy of a coterie of cats is the unfortunate gypsy of Seville who has died so many times in these past hundred years only to be revived again and required to gush a strong stream of blood and wilt at the feet of Don Inse. Just when we were satisfied that Laura and Gades finally had laid her to rest for a while last year in their excellent flamenco rendition of this classic, we find Carmen back living, singing and dancing amongst the living, thanks to Mr. Rosi.

The opera is presented as a movie and the result is very appealing. The "stage set" is therefore the actual terrain of Ronda and Seville, with their actual inhabitants and structures, their vegetation and animals, all as they were in the 19th century. All traces of the 20th century have been eliminated and supplanted with curious antiques from coaches to baby walkers.

Early on, the movie provides us the serendipitous chance to witness a Holy Week procession for which Seville is famous, and to thrill to the accompanying saeta, beautifully done, but alas! truncated. A bit afterward, the viewer will behold a group of women fluttering their hands in graceful filigrees. A short, stout, bald, elfine character will join them in some beautiful braceo. Note him well - this is the only opportunity most Americans will have to lay eyes on the great and genial Enrique el Cojo! El Cojo and his dance have moved audiences to states of high emotion throughout Europe, South America and Japan, but he has declared that he has "never had any desire to come to the land of the skyscraper." There is no arguing with personal taste.

Those viewers familiar with the dark, rich mezzo-soprano of a Grace Bumbry or a Marilyn Horne in the role of Carmen may miss this dramatic lower register. This Migenes-Johnson is a soprano, not a mezzo, and sings accordingly. She sings very well and is beautiful, a delight to the eyes. Her gypsy impersonation would convince most people unacquainted with authentic gypsies. At times, however, the funky, knife-wielding lowlife Carmen of the match factory appears to have graduated the Finch School, Briarly and Byn Mawr. Exposure of flesh does not equal sensuality, and movement suggested is more seductive than outright demonstration.

Plácido Domingo performs Don José the same way he performs most roles - like a singing stick of wood. Fortunately for Domingo, this is a perfectly acceptable interpretation for this role, and his singing is superb. Ruggero Raimondi and Faith Esham sing Escamillo and Micaela respectively, and acquit themselves very well. Local gypsy women handle chorus roles superbly, and why not? - they were dubbed. Dancing featured in group and tavern scenes could have been better, as far as the flamenco artist is concerned (thank you Mr. Gades), but quite sufficient to the use of the general public.

This opera-film is a pleasure, and well worth viewing should it ever come to the viewers' metropolis, hamlet, oasis or bivouac. Film presentation and particularly video film presentation should be considered seriously by the aspiring flamenco artist as an interesting and effective alternative to the usual cafe, street festival, concert hall presentation. Film is cost-effective, permits retakes and allows a much more elaborate presentation in the form of staging, orchestration and theme. And its potential audience is vast. The pen, having written, moves on

Finis

MORCA

... sobre el baile

SOLEARES--ARTE GRANDE

One of the giant foundations of flamenco is soleares. This is true baile, toque, cante grande, the essence of arte grande, the essence of flamenco. Cristobal De Los Reyes, one of Spain's finest flamenco dancers, said at one time, "I do not dance soleares because it 'has too much art'," (English translation). I am sure that he was being a bit modest but if there is a degree of difficulty in artistic conquest among the many flamenco dance forms, soleares is way at the top in its total expression.

At this point, I want to say that the very fact of putting down in words and writing, the feelings of this art, make this article a bit analytical, but any verbal expression of artistic feeling, emotion, or techniques make for a bit of analization.

Soleares is often called "the mother of flamenco song." Soleares could also be called the mother of flamenco dance and flamenco music for indeed it is a very special form held in universal high esteem for the soleares holds many of the possibilities of high art and expression in the world of flamenco. It could be a life time goal to express soleares in all of its potential and a true search of ones individuality in flamenco. There are probably forms older but solea (as it is often called) is artistic galaxy after artistic galaxy. It is the ocean, endless, calm, stormy, thunderous, powerful and deep, caressing and thrashing like giant waves on a rocky coast. Soleares can lull or frustrate you. Studying soleares is a primary study in control. When it is played and sung slowly it is the ultimate lesson in flamenco dance to capture that slowness with control, energy, dynamics, bigness and interpretation of yourself in honesty of mood. It gives you that time.

Of course, slow is relative to what we mean and feel about slow and fast. It is slow of almost clinging to the notes, the compás. Not letting it go too soon. A savoring of this jewel of a compás...a compás in 12 counts that you want to go on forever in slow but powerful climaxes. The marking in soleares can be sensuality in its purest form. In the movie Flamenco, that came out in the 50s, the gypsy girl dancing in front of the ranch of Juan Belmonte was sensuality from the earth in all of her simple paseos.

Soleares is an exciting search and study and it is best at times to let its difficulties find you, not you search for its difficulties in technique and mannerisms and profound interpretations. Much of the keys to enlightenment of what flamenco is, is to be found with soleares. I have heard dancers say that, "they have soleares." As if it can be crystallized, as if you can crystallize moods, your life's feelings, your daily moods put into stone. Soleares, like bulerías, can be experienced more fully when left open at a few ends so that the feelings of the moment can shine through with realness, sincerity, integrity and freshness the split second that you are dancing. Again, there is no one lesson for this soleares enlightenment. It comes through open-minded study, listening, digesting, absorbing the ambiente, the lessons, the music, the singing as much as possible. There is no end to this study, so there is great satisfaction in the life long search and awakening and the joy of learning and the joy of bit by bit enlightenment of this great art.

For all beginning students of flamenco dance, it is very important to start learning the ways of soleares, for it

truly is a life long search and discovery and I say this with not a bit of over dramatization. I feel about soleares like Pablo Casals felt about the music of Bach. He said that each morning he would play a selection of Bach Preludes and each time he would hear and learn something new and different in the music. Some technical approaches that might help in practicing soleares (which by the way is one of the most versatile compás to move to for total technique) is to move for example doing braceo. Take the full compás for a movement, then the same movement in half and quarter compás, walking and marking in 3s and 2s and then on each beat, also turning in full compás the halves and quarters and then mix them. Move also to the base rhythms of 3,6,8, 10,12 and 12,6,8,10, and 1,4,7,9,11 and then intermix them in movement and then move within the rhythm. All of this soaking up of the basic compás structures will help you get beyond the compás to the music energy, the flow, the melodic interpretations, the dynamics of moving in feeling with the singer and with the various techniques of the guitarists music. Even though there are many 12 count compás, soleares can be the longest most lyrical of all compás. If you can control, moving slowly with energy and knowledge and understanding, you easily move with relative speed. If you can do adagio and you can master allegro. If you can move big, (I mean giant movements, full movements encompassing the maximum movement of your body in relationship to the compás) then you can move small and subtly. Soleares can help you experience your fullest movement potential. These are just some examples of soleares movement ideas. Footwork explorations in soleares are endless and a beautiful challenge to get past the "one to the right, one to the left repetitious choreographic mentality."

Getting past the base compás is when enlightenment starts to happen in soleares footwork exploration. Just one example is to do intense footwork and what could be considered double speed while the music is very slow and simple, slow footwork when the music is faster. Also working in movement and footwork on the edge of the compás as if you are almost slightly ahead or behind the beat. This creates a very flamenco tension and I feel and exciting exploration in musical interpretation and is very much in line with the serious approach to soleares. The intense study of soleares makes other compás more understandable in movement experience. Soleares is probably the biggest challenge for the guitarist when it comes to performing with dance and, of course, with a singer also. It is mainly in energy and dynamics and I do not mean just staying in compás, I mean maintaining an energy level that is equal to the interpretation of soleares when it is marked well.

My articles are hopefully to create thoughts and thinking on flamenco dance. I try not to deal with too many absolutes for it is stimulation of thoughts and difference of opinion that are part of the life blood of individuality in the search for art. As I have mentioned in previous articles, I am often asked how long it takes to become an accomplished flamenco dancer...I often want to say, "When you can dance soleares and make it say something." When you can move yourself, be moved and move others. Soleares, La Madre, an honest label to a form of flamenco that encompasses what flamenco is all about; feeling, emotion, art, life, life force breathing life force, human creativity in its essence. I admit that I love good clichés and so I will use the one that is attributed to the Chinese: "The longest journey begins with the first step," and for serious flamenco dance students, soleares should be one of the first steps in discovery of what flamenco is. The study of soleares can also help get rid of the clichés that flamenco is a stiff, stomp the floor dance form. The fluidity of movement in soleares can be interpreted as beautifully as a cat, a stalking black panther. Soleares is but one journey in flamenco but a journey with many rewarding adventures for the serious study of this serious art. In modern terms, "go for it." With intense joy, discover the aire, the arte of being alone with soleares, La soledad, La Madre...

--Teo Morca



ROBERTO LORCA

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND PRINCIPAL DANCER
OF THE SPANISH DANCE ARTS COMPANY

Roberto Lorca is one of the foremost American-born exponents and performers of Spanish dance.

Born in Los Angeles of Mexican parentage, Lorca began studying dance at the age of twelve; ballet with Nico Charisse and flamenco dance with Antonio and Luisa Triana. At sixteen he joined the Jose Greco Company and appeared with the troupe for three years.

Lorca subsequently appeared with the companies of Ximenez-Vargas, Luisa Triana, Maria Alba, José Molina, his own duet of Sevilla and Lorca, and the Alberto Lorca Company in Spain. From 1978 to 1981 he was seen as partner to María Benítez.

While studying and performing in Spain, Mr. Lorca was brought to the attention of Rebekah Harkness, who arranged for him to interrupt his studies and return to New York for a month to work on a new ballet for the Harkness Ballet Company. Upon completion of his studies in Spain, Lorca returned once again to New York to become Director of the Spanish Dance Department at Harkness House for four years, from 1973 to 1977.

A noted choreographer, and recipient in 1983 and 84 of the NEA Choreographer's Fellowship, Mr. Lorca has created works for the Triana Spanish Dance Company, the Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, José Molina Bailes Españoles, and María Benítez, Estampa Flamenca.

"I feel that the dance must evolve and change; the purists disagree. Of course, one must retain some of the purity of the old school. Certain things are done, and other things are not done. there are such fine lines.

"The dance must have a strong element of contrast - periods of gentle calm, and a fiery explosion now and then. I've learned to express feelings without overdancing, which was my tendency ten years ago. I'm constantly asking myself if I'm still doing it.

"Spanish dance has grown a lot since the '50s. Flamenco

is all right just as it is, but the neo-classic style must say more. The audience should be involved in what's going on on stage. There must be drama in the form. Doing the same thing over and over was all right 30 years ago, but it doesn't work any more. And it doesn't do anything to further the popularity of the dance.

"There are very few men studying in Spain now. The art has declined a great deal, and they know they won't be able to make a living with it. Spanish dance and guitar music are surprisingly popular among the Japanese. The studios in Madrid are full of Japanese dancers and musicians.

"Americans really don't know what Spanish dance is. The dance writers definitely don't understand it at all, except for (the late) Walter Terry. He knew.

"Anyone who really wants to be a Spanish dancer must live in Spain, at least for a couple of years, and must keep going back. Many dancers don't do that.

"We must pay our dues. I'm still paying mine, but I love it. I go back whenever I can afford it. It's work, but it's also my recreation, my reward. It's stimulating for me. I go there to see what's being done, and to redefine and evolve my own dance. But I'm still an American, and I love living here. I see no reason why we can't make this dance work in America."

After almost a half a lifetime of performing with such companies as José Greco, Ximénez-Vargas, Luisa Triana, Alberto Lorca, José Molina and María Alba; partnering such Spanish dance luminaries as María Benítez; heading the Spanish Dance Department at Harkness House, and choreographing for other companies, Mr. Lorca surely deserves the greatest of successes with his own company. I hope it will expand and flourish.

Roberto Lorca has, indeed, opened my eyes to what is vital in Spanish dance today. I can hardly wait for his company's next performance. I want to see what he will come up with next.

* * *

A CLOSER LOOK AT ROBERTO LORCA: THE CONVERSION OF A DIEHARD PURIST

by Magda Baron

My active involvement in Spanish dance ended sometime at the beginning of the '60s, when most interpreters of the art -- especially the Americans -- were still vying for the title of "Most Traditional -- Most Spanish -- Most Gypsy." Perhaps that was the attitude that basically influenced my feeling about the dance. I have always been rather an anachronism at best; I still heartily dislike television, computers, plastic money and the social title "Ms." I strongly support Dr. Johnson's belief that "the language of the age is never the language of poetry." I was happily surprised, then, to find that one artist could make significant inroads in the tempering of at least one of my more rigid views.

When I saw Roberto Lorca's Spanish Dance Arts premier of his new choreography, "Reflejos," last June at the New York University Theatre, I did indeed find myself strongly drawn into the dramatically emotional qualities of the work. Of course, the love-jealousy-triangle motif has been done and done again, but the particular way that Mr. Lorca developed this classic situation impressed me, and I hadn't expected that it would.

Granted that Mr. Lorca was exploring one of his more "traditional" phases at the time, and had toned down his characteristic avant-garde wildness to a great degree. But one could see that, were it not for his forays into the starker modern innovations, the realization of his particular vision would have been less potent.

Roberto Lorca believes, of course, that the basic schooling in traditional technique must be there, but that the dance must progress, develop, grow; he makes a statement with which I doubt that any serious artist can disagree: It must be good theatre.

"The 'recital formula' -- a series of five-minute numbers ending in blackout, or some equally banal device -- is no longer interesting." This may be one explanation for the

untimely death of Spanish dance in America.

Mr. Lorca has been dancing for 32 years, and feels that he will always be a student.

"I go to Spain every seven or eight months, to see what is being done there, and to study. I practically live in Amor de Dios (the Madrid equivalent of Jerry Le Roy's). I take classes with María Magdalena, Ciro, Manolo Marín, La Tati, Tomás de Madrid - and with María Rosa Merced, who, I feel, is very much misunderstood in Spain. She is considered too 'new wave.'

"My early training in Los Angeles was with Antonio and Luisa Triana and with Rita Lupino. I studied acting for a year at the Neighborhood Playhouse, it helped me greatly with mind control, and added very much to what I do now. I studied a little jazz with Nico Charisse, Wilson Morelli and Miriam Nelson, and also character. I had six months of ballet, but my Spanish teachers saw that I was becoming too lyrical and fluid, and made me stop.

"My mother sang in theatres and clubs in Mexico. At eight or nine I was always spinning around in the back yard, and clacking my 'crickets' - those black metal noisemakers - in the apartment. I made my debut as a tap dancer when I was ten or eleven. Then I saw a Spanish dancer, and I knew that was what I really wanted.

"I started to study when I was twelve, and at sixteen I joined José Greco's company. In 1959 I came to New York to do 'Flower Drum Song,' - it was a change of direction for me. After a couple of years I went back to Spanish dance. We all need to stop for a while every couple of years. But for the last ten years I haven't stopped at all. Everything seems to go in cycles.

"I can't stop now. I consider myself married to my work. It is the same as eating or breathing to me.


"I went through sheer agony putting 'Reflejos' together. I was in the studio four hours a day, seven days a week. I had been working on it in my head for three or four months. I would walk into the studio not really knowing what would happen. Also, I had to work on four or five pieces at once. It was a constant battle, trying to make everything fit. I would go home, eat something and sleep for two or three hours, and then get up and listen to music until two in the morning.

"The duets and trios are all choreographed, but my solos are improvised. That means taking chances, and that excites me. I've become more traditional lately; I use my arms more. But next year, I don't know what I'll be doing.

"Americans aren't interested in escuela bolera; they only want to see flamenco. I consider my work to be mainly interpretive; I try to combine flamenco with the neoclassic style.

"The flamenco purists don't want to see anything modern, but the general theatre-goers like it; it moves more. The modern and traditional factions fight all the time, even in Spain.





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Dedicated to conserving the pure artistry of flamenco, Mr. Peña established the seminar "Encuentro Flamenco" offering the aficionado an intensive program of study as well as the opportunity to live in Andalucía, the heart of this musical culture.

He has recorded nine albums for Decca Records including three live performances and a duo effort with Paco DeLucia, another world renowned flamenco guitarist. He has also made several highly successful tours of Australia, given recitals with the company at festivals in Hong Kong, Edinburgh, Holland, and Aldeburgh and performed to audiences in Japan and London, all to widespread enthusiasm.

Paco Peña appears regularly worldwide on Television and has received extensive praise for his shared recitals with John Williams.

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PRESS RELEASES



FUEGO ESPANOL II

Choreography by noted Spanish dance artists María Alba, Ciro, La Tati, Nana Lorca, Manolo Rivera and Edo Sie will be featured in "Fuego Espanol II," a full length Spanish dance concert to be performed in Skokie as part of the Concert Series at Mayer Kaplan Jewish Community Center Theatre, 5050 Church Street on Saturday, December 15, 1984 at 8:15 p.m.

"Fuego Espanol" is the incendiary merger of two performance companies. Las Preferidas, under the direction of Teresa, is the resident dance company of the Ballet Arts Studio of Wilmette, and is sponsored by Productos La Preferida of Chicago. They will be joined by the Spanish dancers of the Northern Illinois Repertory Dance Company, directed by Lila Dole, associate professor in dance in the Department of Theatre Arts at Northern Illinois University. Partial funding for the staging of choreography is provided by a grant from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency.

The dancers, dressed in colorful costumes representing Spain's Galicia, Aragon, Valencia and Andalucia will perform regional dances with their complex jumping sequences, neo-classical dances showing a blend of classical music with both flamenco and balletic movements; and flamenco dances performed to the accompaniment of singer Paco Alonso and guitarist Paco Fonta. Michael Fredrics is ballet master and artistic consultant for this memorable event. For information: 312/675-2200.



* * *



ROSA AND THE COMPANY

THE SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF SPAIN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Saturday, September 29, 1984, 11 AM - 6 PM
The Cannery (Fisherman's Wharf)

submitted by Frank Campbell

Following the resounding success of the First Festival held on October 1, 1983, the Second Annual Festival of Spain in San Francisco was held again at The Cannery on September 29, 1984. This very special event was co-sponsored by Rosa Montoya's "Bailes Flamencos" and the Consulate General of Spain in San Francisco. The origins of California, and in particular San Francisco, are deeply rooted in the history of Spain. It is highly appropriate then to pay due tribute to "La Madre Patria" by celebrating its music, arts, crafts, and foods through such Festival.

Although many people and organizations contributed towards making the Festival a momentous occasion, enjoyed by thousands of visitors, the real impetus behind it was Rosa Montoya herself, who deserves full credit for it's



ROSA SHOWING LAST YEAR'S POSTER WHILE EMCEE RAFAEL RAMIREZ HOLDS ONE FOR 1984

success. With her seemingly inexhaustible source of energy and tireless work, the Festival was a true "labour of love" on her part. A most amazing artist and extraordinary person indeed this Rosa Montoya! The Festival opened at 11 AM with Rosa Montoya's Bailes Flamencos, followed at 12 PM by Cruz Luna's Ole! Ole! Spanish Dance Company, and at 1 PM by El Cuadro Flamenco. At 2 PM, Zazpiak Bat, a Basque Folk Dance Company performed a series of typical dances from the Basque Provinces. At 2:30 PM, a re-enactment of Christopher Columbus' landing in America was celebrated. The landing party was greeted by an Indian Chief representing the Native Americans, who duly offered Columbus the traditional Peace Pipe, a fitting reminder that after all, most of us (yes, Anglos included) are the real guests in the New World. The remainder of the afternoon featured again Rosa Montoya's "Bailes Flamencos," plus Dini Roman's "Theatre Flamenco of San Francisco," and a Cuadro Grande Finale with Rosa Montoya. The fine weather no doubt contributed towards a record turn-out for this event. San Francisco has a well-earned reputation as a cosmopolitan city, but for this event, it was the people from La Madre Patria and the rest of the Hispanic world that prevailed in both numbers and enthusiasm.

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Performing Groups:

ROSA MONTOYA'S BAILES FLAMENCOS

Artistic Director: Rosa Montoya
Dancers: Alma Janera, Malia de Felice, Laura Vargas,
Ricardo Torres, Carlos Docando, Roberto
Rodríguez, Rosa Montoya
Singer: Olga Delgado
Guitarists: Felipe Amundo, Benjamin Flores

CRUZ LUNA'S OLE! OLE! SPANISH DANCE COMPANY

Artistic Director: Cruz Luna
Dancers: Paqui Mera, Cruz Luna
Singer: Rubina Valenzuela
Guitarists: Agustin Rios, Federico Mejia

EL CUADRO FLAMENCO

Dancers: Raquel Lopez, Diana Alejandre
Guest Dancer: Cruz Luna
Guitarist: Cristobal Novato

THEATRE FLAMENCO OF SAN FRANCISCO

Artistic Director: Dini Román
Dancers: Carmen Granados, Rosa Aguilar, Daniel Genera
Guitarist: Benjamin Flores

* * *

BALLET ANTONIO GADES IN FIRST NEW YORK APPEARANCE IN 12 YEARS

(Sent by Marilyn Levine)

Antonio Gades, the legendary Spanish dancer and choreographer, will appear with his Company in New York for the first time since 1972 when he brings his Ballet Antonio Gades to City Center. The Company will have a three-week season, opening Tuesday, January 29 and continuing through Sunday Matinee, February 17, in which Mr. Gades will present the New York premiere of his internationally-acclaimed ballet of "Carmen." Featured will be the superb Cristina Hoyos. This production was conceived by Mr. Gades and the Spanish film director Carlos Saura, both of whom also produced the prize-winning film version of the ballet. Ballet Antonio Gades is being presented by I.C.M. Artists, Ltd., Sheldon Gold, President.

Antonio Gades, former director of the National Ballet of Spain, first electrified American audiences in 1964 with his appearances at the Spanish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. He began his professional career at the age of sixteen, when he was asked to join the company of the famed Pilar Lopez. After only one year, he became a principal dancer. He remained in the troupe from 1953 until the

beginning of the sixties, when Gian Carlo Menotti offered him the position of choreographer at the Rome Opera. From there he went on to choreograph for the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy and attain international fame. He has choreographed and guest-starred with Alicia Alonso's Ballet National de Cuba, appearing here with that company in 1978 at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Among the many awards that Antonio Gades has received are the Paris "Prix de la Critique," the Madrid Fine Arts Circle's Gold Medal, The Escudero Prize and the Gold Medal of the New York World's Fair.

Ballet Antonio Gades' New York engagement is part of a North American tour which includes Ottawa (January 13-15), Montreal (January 17-19), Washington, D.C. (January 22-27) and Miami (February 20-23).



RECORD REVIEW

EL TOQUE ACTUAL

Enrique de Melchor: Sugerencias
Zafiro MPL-179

[from: El País, August 13, 1983; drawn out of ye Spanish by ye Shah of Iran]

by Angel Fernandez Caballero

What has been lacking is a solo recording by Enrique de Melchor, one of the true masters of present-day flamenco guitar. Son of the unforgettable Melchor de Marchena, Enrique had in his own house an exemplary model to follow, and this is obvious. Despite his thirty-one years of age, Enrique has not maintained strictly what he learned from his father, but rather his uneasiness and that of others of his generation, lead him to incorporate in his toque that which is appropriate to their age.

For, certainly, flamenco guitar, as well as cante and dance, change with the times, and nowadays it would be unthinkable to produce a recording anchored in the toques of Ramón Montoya, Javier Molina, Niño Ricardo, or even Melchor de Marchena. I shall not speak of technique, in which the change has been radical, but rather of the "screl" with which today's guitarist approaches flamenco.

As a creator, Enrique de Melchor shines here in extraordinary prominence. We knew him well as a tocaor accompanying baile and cante, but not so much as a concert artist. Developing this aspect with his own composition, Enrique offers us a splendid exercise, wonderful and of rare beauty. It is certain that some of those compositions are easier than others and - why not admit it - more commercial. But next to them are a rondeña of unusual greatness, some very emotional granainas dedicated to his father, some tangos, a zapateado, and some bulerías whose flamenco accent is clearly audible.

The commercial concession is in this introduction in which figure, in addition to the guitar of Enrique de Melchor, a series of instruments foreign to flamenco. With

these, the toque occasionally seems strange and, one might conclude, adulterated, with so much adornment and strange clothing that the flamencan essences disappear from sight. Nay, not so. Even if we discount the other sounds and remain only with the guitar of Enrique, our beloved toque jondo is there and remains alive in all its grandeur.



REVIEWS

MARIANO DOES IT AGAIN

by Frank Campbell

The renowned interpreter and teacher of flamenco, Mariano Córdoba, appeared once again on August 17th at the Douglas Beach House in Half-Moon Bay. Playing to a rather large, learned and appreciative audience, Mariano, "un maestro de maestros," demonstrated the solid and clear style that has been his trademark for nearly half a century. This particular performance had a very special meaning for Mariano as, seated in the first row were several members of his immediate family from Spain, some of them visiting California for the first time. Mariano was visibly moved at the opportunity to play for them, and this feeling was readily perceived by the audience, who shared in his enthusiasm. The first part of the concert consisted of solos by Mariano, each preceded by a brief explanation on the origins and meaning of the piece, which greatly heightened the appreciation by an already musically sophisticated audience. The second part of the concert included dancers Adela Vergara, Jaime Valenzuela, and Ricardo Orellana, with supporting guitarist Robert Dale, for a performance that brought on wild applause and many encores.

As it might be expected, the quality of the artists, and the setting in which the concert took place resulted in a highly gratifying evening with the best flamenco the Old and New Worlds can offer. The Douglas Beach House has become a recognized haven for the best of the best in the world of classical, jazz, folk, and flamenco music. I am certain that many lovers of El Arte will be awaiting with a good deal of anticipation Mariano's next appearance at the Beach House.

* * *

MORCA DOES IT AGAIN

by Carol Jane Bangs

Teo Morca has done it again. His 1984 All-Flamenco Workshop was an unqualified success, demonstrating to those not already familiar with Morca's "method flamenco" that this incredible teacher has not only penetrated the mysteries of this arcane art form, but has mastered the ability of passing on his incredible knowledge to those

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lucky enough to study with him. Readers of *Jaleo* are familiar with Teo's theories, his insistence that the mind, body, and spirit must work together before the "dancer becomes the dance." What readers of his articles may not know is that he has actually developed a method of instruction (and provided a unique context) in which every dancer, professional or novice, comes closer to that flamenco ideal.

The annual All-Flamenco Workshop in Bellingham, Washington, is true to its name--only flamenco dance is taught--no Spanish theater dance, Andalusian folk dance, no jotas or escuela bolera. There are no castanets, minimal discussion of costume and staging, no elaborate accompaniment. What this workshop emphasizes is flamenco in its most pure forms, along with attention to the body, mind, and spirit necessary to bring that flamenco to life.

Equal time is devoted to classes in technique and repertoire. Each day's technique class builds upon that of the day before, introducing new pasos while critiquing and refining the style of those taught previously. The sheer wealth of material presented is immense; Morca holds back nothing. The sequencies and patterns taught are those he uses in his own choreography.

In most cases, steps are shown in several variations, or adapted to different compases so that students will not get "locked into" using certain pasos only for soleares or for siguiriyas, but will begin to see how these same steps can, with shifts of emphasis, be used in soleá por bulerías or alegrías, or even in a four-count compás. Braceo variations are emphasized and students are encouraged to practice all variations so that they can easily choose one or another while improvising.

Morca himself is a fluid dancer, in the tradition of Antonio, and he emphasizes the development of exciting upper body lines and braceo from the very beginning. Footwork, he insists, comes after one has learned to hold the body properly and to keep the body working as a whole. The footwork taught in the beginning-intermediate class is always elementary enough that students will not be distracted away from the dance as a whole. When more complicated and sophisticated footwork is taught (in the intermediate-advanced class) it is well worth waiting for. Morca is an acknowledged master of exciting, original escobilla and the patterns and variations he teaches over the course of two weeks would provide any dancer with the raw material for a lifetime of choreographies.

The repertoire class is no less challenging. In two weeks each class learns two complete choreographies. This year the first level class learned garrotín and alegrías (with a little rumba thrown in for good measure). The advanced class worked on a masterful siguiriyas and a sequence of pasos, llamadas, and desplantes for bulerías. Morca emphasized that the latter was not meant to be a set dance, but to give students a "bank" of material upon which to draw when setting their own dances or dancing por fiesta. The amount of material presented is more than even the most experienced dancers can hope to master in two weeks. Most go home with a tanucos hold on the sequences, copious notes, and an annotated tape recording of Morca performing the dances they've been taught. It often takes months of practicing and polishing at home before one really feels one has reached that stage of "becoming the dance," if only for a few moments. When it happens, you know you have earned it.

During the workshop itself the effort to learn such a quantity of new material places a certain stress on the students--a beneficial stress. Other concerns are laid aside and for two weeks the students live in a world totally dominated by classes and practice sessions. The practice studio is nearly always filled with students rehearsing the lessons of the morning's technique class or reviewing sequences of steps for the afternoon repertoire class. All this dancing demands a level of fitness and flexibility not always pursued by flamencos. A multi-faceted dancer himself, Morca offers a 45 minute jazz warm-up each morning and most of the students choose to begin their days with this series of stretches and strengthening exercises.

Evenings at the flamenco workshop are devoted to exploring other aspects of the art; there are sessions on music, palmas, history of flamenco cante, as well as films, con-

cert videotapes, and informal discussions in which all aspects of flamenco are explored and students have a chance to share their questions and experiences. Many of these sessions are held in beautiful waterfront parks or other locations which take advantage of Bellingham's pleasant summer weather.

Because most of the workshop students are housed in rooms and houses near the studio, a spirit of community is encouraged; many evenings the informal fiestas continue well into the night, with visiting guitarists, singers, or dancers showing up to join the fun. It is indeed a total saturation in flamenco, one unparalleled anywhere in the U.S. and, for that matter, one not easily available in Spain, except for those lucky enough to have expert guidance and plenty of time. One dancer flew to Morca's 1984 workshop directly from a three-week workshop in Spain. By her account she had learned more after the first week in Bellingham than during the whole Spanish workshop. The level of intensity, she said, was so much greater here.

This was my third year at the All-Flamenco Workshop. The first time I attended I was an out-of-shape aficionado with a lot of interest and two left feet. In three years I've learned basic "framework choreographies" for soleares, tangos, rumba, farruca, soleá por bulerías, siguiriyas, alegrías, and bulerías. I've found muscles I never knew I had. I now feel comfortable dancing at juergas or informal performances. Not only have I learned more than I ever dreamed possible, but my enthusiasm for flamenco has spread out among my friends in the Northwest who have begun to seek out flamenco entertainment and to learn more about this art form.

Most of the workshop students are more experienced than I. They return from the workshop to their own flamenco troupes, to their own students--in Washington, D.C., Ohio, Massachusetts, Canada, New Zealand. From that unlikely hub of Bellingham, Washington they spread out like the spokes of a wheel, keeping flamenco alive, bringing to many more people the fundamentals of flamenco technique, style, and spirit. And one by one they make plans to return again to this special place and this special teacher. Any dancer would do well to join them.

* * *

FLAMENCO AT THE COLONDRINA

A review by Ron Spatz

When relatives visit Los Angeles, they are usually herded to Disneyland, Universal Studios, the Queen Mary, ad nauseum, and just maybe....Alvera Street....the oldest street in the city of the Angels. Among the taquitos and sombreros, there is a restaurant known as the Colondrina. The inside houses such Spanish trappings as white stucco, brick, and wrought iron railings. Performing there recently were Marcos and Rubina Carmona, along with Angelita, Ambar Gonzales, Fredrico Aja, and Paco Vera. The show was lively and fast moving, however, the acoustics were disappointing. Anyone wishing to catch a flamenco show there would be wise to check first as the performance schedules are somewhat erratic.

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THE RYSS REPORT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Remarkable Charles Moeser keeps flamenco going in the D.C. area through the Peña Flamenca, playing in the entertainment spots and filling in for absentee artists. Charles is playing at the Tio Pepe, where Raquel and Ferando Sirvent often perform. (They are presently in Spain.) Paco de Málaga with Ana Martinez, the favored artists of EL BODEGON, were on a trip to South America.

NEW YORK

The following photos were taken at a gathering of local and visiting Spanish artists. (See the "Shah" column for further details.)



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LOS ANGELES JUERGAS

SEPTEMBER JUERGA

by Ron Spatz and Yvetta Williams

Our Sunday afternoon Juerga on a HOT day was not heavily attended, but did have an interesting and entertaining group. We were not very good at nailing down names this time, partly because we were playing most of the time, but also because so many people either didn't sign in or signed so sloppy that it is impossible to make out their names. This is the first Juerga that Juan Talavera has been able to attend, and we hope that he enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having him there. Other dancers known to be present were Carolyn Berger, Coral Citron, Marlen Gael, Gisela Colon, Gabriella De Ganges, and Louis whose last name got away from us. Accompanying on guitar were General Littleton, Paul Colon, Dennis Hannon, Tomas Wilson (De Chicago), Yvetta and Ron. Alberto De Almar down from San Francisco showed up towards the end of things and blew us away with some great solo bulerias. Our next Juerga will be on November 11, Sunday at 5 p.m. at the El Gato restaurant in Van Nuys, 7324 Sepulveda Blvd. The dinners are reasonable and there is a large outdoor patio. Take San Diego freeway to Sherman Way. East on Sherman Way to Sepulveda Blvd. Left (or North) on Sepulveda.



DANCING GISELA COLON, JUAN TALAVERA, CAROLYN BERGER, JUAN ?



LEFT TO RIGHT: YVETTA WILLIAMS, CORAL CITRON, MARLENE GAEL, ?, GABRIELLA



RUMBA



TERESA BURCIAGA, GUELA COLON, CORAL CITRON, CAROLYN BERGER



RUMBA

SAN DIEGO SCENE

Recent photos from the Tablao Flamenco which opened in San Diego, February first of this year. Below: Barbara Alba; bottom left to right: David De Alva, Barbara, Rosa Spires, Angela and Juanita Franco leave stage in "final por rumba"; at right: Juanita Franco in Soleares and Tango.



* * *

* * *

AN EVENING OF FLAMENCO

In September Rayna's Spanish Ballet Company presented a flamenco concert at Southwestern College Theater. Rayna was joined by guest artists singer Chinin de Triana and

dancer Alfredo Aja. Guitarists were Paco Sevilla and Yuris Zeltins with singer Charo Botello. Company dancers were Stasia, Nini, Carissa, Carina, Sandra and Christa.

The program included one classical piece, Capriccio Español, with the remainder flamenco. Vera Ray did her usual outstanding job of costuming. Below are some photos taken during the performance.



CANTAOR CHININ DE TRIANA, STASIA GLAVAS, YURIS ZELTINS AND CHARO BOTELLO



CHININ, YURIS, PACO SEVILLA, ALFREDO AJA, RAYNA AND STACIA



RAYNA ACCOMPANIED BY CHININ

* * *

PEPE ROMERO TO GIVE CONCERTS IN SPAIN

[from: Diario Sur, Sept. 1984; sent by Brad Blanchard; translated by Paco Sevilla]

Pepe Romero is a 40 year old guitarist from Málaga -- he was born in that city in 1944, into a family of guitarists -- son of one of the best known classical guitarists of the postwar period, Celedonio Romero, who had to go to America in search of musical horizons that were not to be found in Málaga, or anywhere in Spain. Celedonio triumphed there, in the United States, as did his sons, forming the very famous guitar quartet, Los Romeros, that has performed more than two thousand concerts throughout the world and made numerous records. Various composers have written works for them, including Joaquín Rodrigo, who dedicated to them his "Concierto Andaluz" for four guitars and orchestra, and Moreno Torroba did the same with his "Concierto Ibérica" for the same instrument combination.

Pepe Romero -- a concert artist at seven years of age, an important soloist who had recorded a record of flamenco by the time he was fifteen -- comes to Spain this year to give a series of concerts and give a debut performance in Madrid of the concierto, "Diálogos," for guitar and orchestra, composed by Federico Morno Torroba, with the Orquesta de la Radiotelevisión Española on March 19 and 20, 1985. We know that the Philharmonic Society of Málaga is looking into hooking a performance of works by Sor, Gialiani, J:S: Bach, Rodrigo, Malats, Tárrega, and Celedonio Romero ("Suite Española"), a difficult program, but in keeping with the artistic level of the guitarist from Málaga. Might there be some "official" help in arranging this concert?

* * *

ZORONGO FLAMENCO IN SAN DIEGO

The Minnesota based company, Zorongo Flamenco appeared in San Diego as part of the Community Concert Series on November 12th. Dancers Susana Hauser and Manolo Rivera out did themselves in the execution of the fast-paced, beautifully choreographed and costumed program. They were accompanied on the flamenco pieces by Susana's husband Michael Hauser and we were delighted to catch a glimpse, finally, of singer "Cacharito de Malaga" who adds that something special which only an Andalúz can do.

* * *

NOVEMBER JUERGA

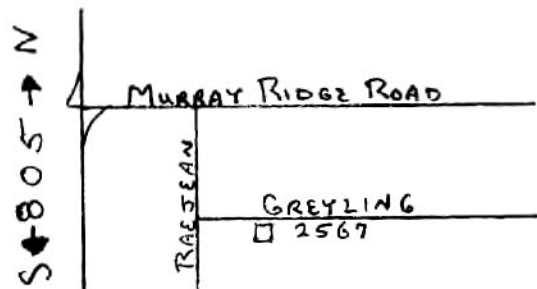
The November juerga materialized at the last minute thanks to the magic of Basilio Ceravalo who is one of these people who produces rabbits from hats and parade floats in twenty-four hours. The juerga took place at Manitas Mexican restaurant in Pacific Beach and considering the three hour notice, we had a great and enthusiastic turnout.

* * *

DECEMBER JUERGA

The December juerga will be held at the home of flamenco dance student Lynn Schroeder and her husband Edison. Lynn, who is not a newcomer to the performing arts, has been involved in both the performing and managerial sides of musical theater.

- DATE: December 31st, NEW YEARS EVE!
- TIME: 8:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.
- PLACE: 2567 Greyling (north ridge of Mission Valley)
- PHONE: 619/571-5001
- BRING: Tapas & drinks to share
- DONATION: \$1.00 for those bringing tapas & drinks
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- !HAPPY NEW YEAR!



* * *

JUERGA SCHEDULE

- JANUARY 19 TONY & ALBA PICKSLAY?
- FEBRUARY 17 LOCATION NEEDED
- MARCH 16 LOCATION NEEDED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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JALEO CORRESPONDENTS

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

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA FLAMENCO SOCIETY presents juergas on the last Monday of every month at Fargo's in Mountain View, CA. It is located on California St. in the Old Mill

Shopping Center. Performers as well as observers are welcome. Call (408) 723-0354.

MICHAEL HAUSER appears Mon. thru Fri. 5-7 p.m. in "The Bar" at the St. Paul Hotel, 350 Market St. and Sun. from 6-9 p.m. at the "Caravan Serai" at Finehurst and Cleveland in Highland Park area of St. Paul, MN.

flamenco calendar

DECEMBER '84

- 1-2 **RONALD RADFORD** Flamenco Guitarist in Concert, Elk City, OK, United Methodist Church and Country Club (3 workshops) Info: 405/225-7261
- 7 **PACO PEÑA** In Concert, Northridge, CA, Cal. State Univ., Info: 818/885-3093
- 24 **NORTHERN CALIF. JUERGA** (See "UPDATES" for details.)
- 26-1/3 **TEO MORCA DANCE WORKSHOP** DENVER, CO for Cleo-Parker Robinson Co.
- 31 **SAN DIEGO JUERGA**

JANUARY '85

TEO MORCA WORKSHOPS OR CONCERTS

- 14-19 **ALBUQUERQUE, NM - EVA ENCINAS**
- 24-26 **DETROIT, MI - Music Center** Guest with Gudonov and Stars of the Ballet
- 28 **NORTHERN CALIF. JUERGA** (See "UPDATES" for details.)

FEBRUARY '85

- ? **TEO MORCA CONCERTS - WASHINGTON**
- 24 **RONALD RADFORD FLAMENCO GUITARIST IN CONCERT** SAN ANTONIO, TX - Judson Montessori School (Master class Feb. 25) Info: 512/735-1673
- 25 **NORTHERN CALIF. JUERGA** (See "UPDATES" for details.)

MARCH '85

- 26 **NORTHERN CALIF. JUERGA** (See "UPDATES" for details.)
- 31 **RONALD RADFORD FLAMENCO GUITARIST IN CONCERT** Saint Charles, MO - Lindenwood, College Chapel, Info: 512/735-1673

APRIL '85

- 3-5 **RONALD RADFORD FLAMENCO GUITARIST IN CONCERT** BLYTHEVILLE, AR - Mississippi County Community College 5 workshops & mini-concerts, Info: 501/762-1020
- 29 **NORTHERN CALIF. JUERGA** (See "UPDATES" for details.)
- 18 **MARIANO CORDOBA IN CONCERT** BERKELEY, CA - 2320 Dana St., 8 P.M.

classified

For Sale: Santos Hernandez 1934 Flamenco Guitar, Beautiful tone \$3,000. Contact: C. Urysdale, 9306 Farmington Dr., Richmond, VA 23229. Tel: 804/740-0712.

CLASSICAL/FLAMENCO GUITAR FOR SALE: Pedro Maldonado 1970, Pearl Tuners, very low price \$700.00. Jack G. Ohringer, 1727 Fern Place, Vallejo, CA 94590. 707/642-5424 evenings.

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JALEISTAS BY-LEANS AVAILABLE to all members upon request. Please send a large, self-addressed envelope with your request.

GUITARISTS AND GUITAR STUDENTS WELCOME to accompany dance classes, San Diego area. Call Juana 440-5279 before 8a.m.

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