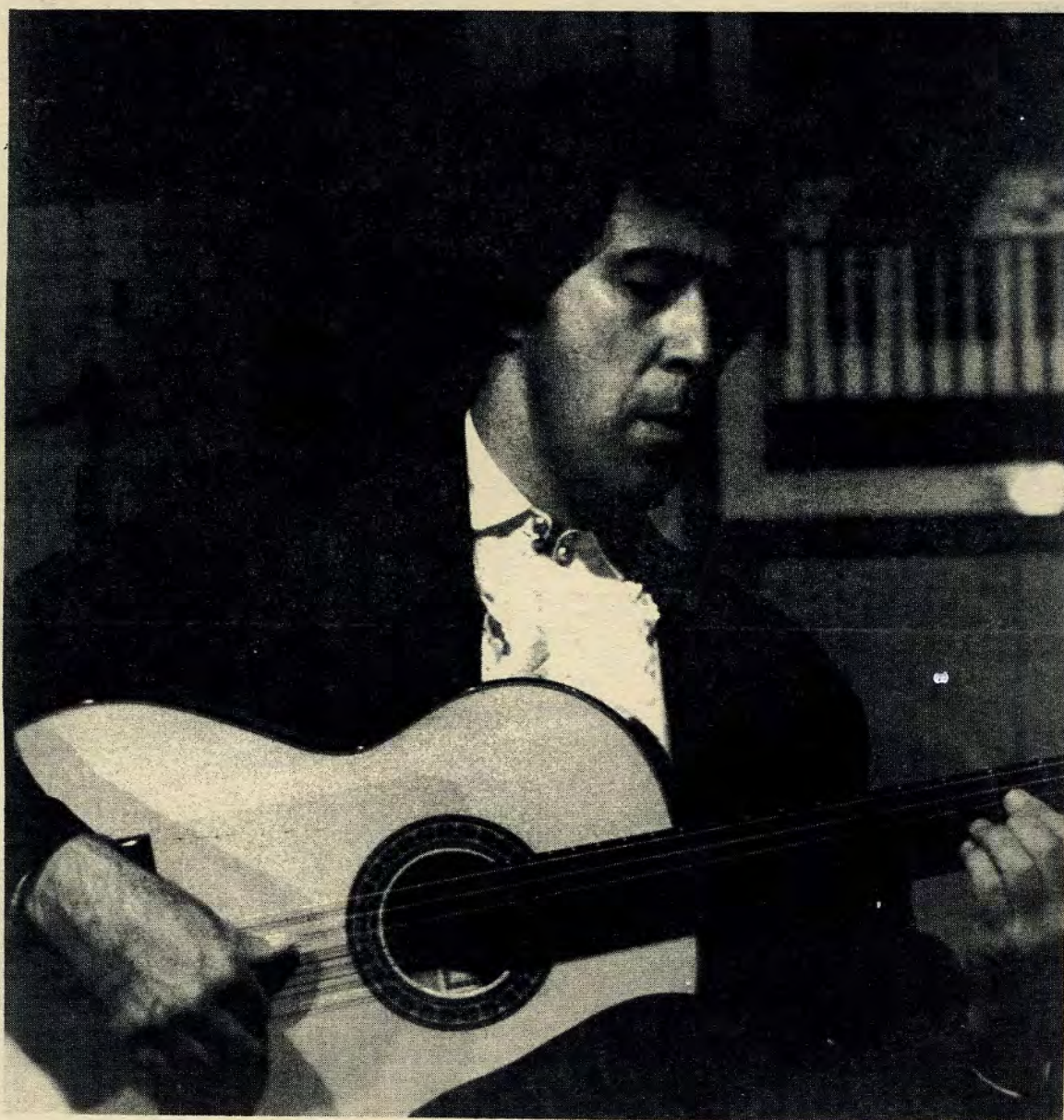


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JUAN MARTIN



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

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(*See back cover for explanation)

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COVER PHOTO: Flamenco guitarist Juan Martin. Photo by Curtis Fukuda. (see page 8)



ZORONGO FLAMENCO

DRAMA AND RESPECT FOR FLAMENCO IS GUIDE FOR FOR ZORONGO

[from: *Star Tribune*, Minneapolis, MN; April 29, 1989]

by Joan Timmis

Susana di Palma and her company, Zorongo Flamenco Dance Theatre, continues to reshape the look and feel of flamenco. Stricken from their aesthetic is the cliché of seething passion, mad-at-the-floor stamping. Instead, political and emotional drama and deep respect for the powerful flamenco technique guide their work.

At O'Shaughnessy Auditorium, this weekend, Zorongo introduced two new theatrical works, both by artistic director di Palma, and a set of music and dance improvisations presented café-style.

Zorongo takes the daring step of combining feminism with flamenco in "La Mujer de la Sombra (Women of the Shadow)," a drama based on poems by three Spanish women dating back to the 1600's. These are not happy verses; they deal with women put in the position of "victims of dishonor."

Di Palma plays the "chaste" and ultimately "conquered" women, first as a figure in a church setting then as a woman trapped by menacing men. The piece reaches a powerful climax when dancers Manolo de Córdoba and Pablo Rodarte pound their canes on the floor, trapping di Palma in a threatening din. Di Palma's strength is her ability to express the many nuances of suffering implied in the flamenco style.

The program opens with a brief composition "Carta de Amor (Love Letter)," a not entirely successful attempt at comic flamenco. The premise of the dance, taken from a poem by Fernando Pessoa, is that "Love Letters, if there is love, have to be ridiculous." The poem, printed in the program in English, is read in Spanish as the piece opens. Di Palma, De Cordoba and Rodarte, formally costumed, discreetly pass red envelopes to hint at a kind of parlor room intrigue.

The dancers use the high-pitched click of castanets against a romantic piano score by Pessoa played on stage by Richard Zgodava, to keep the tone light. The awkward staging inhibited what could have been out-and-out parody or even wry commentary on the inherent darkness of flamenco. The dancers' relationships to one another isn't clear in the choreography, leaving it up to cocky posture and sly glances to tell all.

The program finale, "Cuadro Flamenco," is a show in itself. Over an hour long, the entire second part of the program is devoted to the mesmerizing and indefatigable music and dance improvisations of each of the company members. The performers each take a turn — 10 to 15 minutes at a time — displaying their distinctive talents and quirks. In the process, they reveal the discipline it takes to shine in flamenco which requires great rhythmic accurateness and endurance.

The dancing begins when di Palma, de Cordoba, Rodarte and Maya Tatiana make a mock fierce entrance with a proud flamenco strut. Although, each presents him or herself with flashes of bravado and clowning, they all get down to the real business: the solo performance. The others join singer Manolo Segura and guitarist Gregory Wolfe for sharp, rousing clapping and singing accompaniment. Segura not only sings with great feeling, but proves an able and comic master of ceremonies.

Above photo: Zorongo Flamenco troupe in the production of Picasso's Guernika. Left to right: Susana diPalma, Antonio Sánchez (singer), Gregory Wolfe (guitarist), Maya Tantiana, Pablo Rodarte, Luis Porcel, (dancers) and Luis Primitivo(guitarist).

Photo by Karen Bowers ©1989

FLAMENCO PERFORMANCE LEAVES AUDIENCE, DANCERS BREATHLESS, FULL OF HISPANIC PRIDE

[from: Carletonian; May 5, 1989]

by Brian Sostek

The color and movement of flamenco dancing began about six centuries ago in Andalusia, Spain. This art form remains vibrant today; Zorongo Flamenco, a group composed of a singer, guitarist, and three dancers, performed in the Concert Hall on Tuesday night, and managed to convey the sense of dignity and passion with which the dance is usually associated. As singer Manolo Segura told the audience, "This is 100% flamenco. (We don't like junky flamenco.)" But what is 100% flamenco?

Although I am no expert on the subject, I did learn enough between eight and ten o'clock to get a general idea. Just as the American art forms of jazz music and tap dance derive their unique qualities from improvisation, so does the artistry of flamenco rely on the interplay between dancer, guitarist, and singer within a basic framework. According to guitarist Gregory Wolfe, singing is the most important element as far as maintaining the cohesiveness of the group. Dancers also direct the entire ensemble at times with certain cues to the musicians.

After approximately four years together, the members of Zorongo Flamenco have obviously developed the sensitivity to one another that is so



Susana diPalma of Zorongo Flamenco

important to the success of improvisation. This significant characteristic lends to the constantly developing nature of the 600-year-old art.

"People think flamenco — they think it stands still, but it moves," said dancer Pablo Rodarte after the show. "We don't do the same thing we did in 1940...thank God."

Of course, flamenco is still flamenco. While the more recent dance forms of ballet, tap, and jazz have been part of the dancers' training, each member of the group has dedicated him or herself to this specific style. The dance, like music, is characterized by a tension that exists between restraint and release in each artist. The calm upper body and hand movements are strikingly similar to classical Indian dance, with the women using every finger as a separate instrument of expression and the man revealing and concealing his palm like a well rehearsed magician.

In contrast, the syncopated rhythm created by the zapateados (heel and toe clicking) and hand clapping continuously crescendos to reach an almost frenzied flurry of energy at least once in every dance.

At this point, a burst of calm allows for the precariously perched members of the audience to shake out of their trance and push themselves back into their seats.

In Spain, this would have been the cue for observers, who are often indistinguishable from performers, to get up and join the action, according to Brian Burt, a student who has seen flamenco in its natural setting.

Despite a relatively restrained audience, Zorongo Flamenco made it well worth Laso's efforts to bring the group to Carleton. The performance consisted of two sets of the physically exhausting dance separated by an interlude, during which the musicians were given their turn in the spotlight.

Although bright costumes reflected the tone of some of the pieces in the first set, at times the dancers seemed on the verge of bursting into tears or a barrage of fatal curses. After they had done enough stomping on the Concert Hall's wooden floor to send anyone with shinsplints whimpering to the lobby with empathetic pain, the dancer's and the singer exited.

Wolfe's solo then kept the audience enthralled for at least ten minutes straight of the inhumanity fast and furious flamenco style guitar. After a resounding ovation, Segura joined Wolfe to perform a song about Granada, one of the most beautiful cities in the world according to the singer, because of the mixture of Christian, Jewish, and Arab culture. At times, Segura's voice was reminiscent of song used to call Muslims to prayer, and during the entire piece he seemed possessed by the music.

The second set of dance began with *La Madre de Flamenco* (The Mother of Flamenco), an extremely difficult and long piece performed by Susana di Palma, the group's artistic director. Wearing a black dress, the ruffles of which trailed several feet behind her, di Palma actually began seated in a chair. The energy in her balletic arm movements steadily grew until she rose from the seat to continue the crescendo of energy with her entire body, even incorporating the trailing ruffles at times with a deft sloop of her legs. All the while, of course, the sound of guitar, voice, and clapping from the four others performers developed steadily as well.

One of the last numbers, a solo by Rodarte, seemed to capture the playful spirit that often appeared fleetingly in other pieces during the night. Before Rodarte began his performance of what might be the human equivalent of a male peacock's mating strut, Segura told the audience "This one's more funky — so enjoy yourselves." Needless to say, we did

FLAMENCO GUITAR, DANCERS COME TO SHELDON

[from: St. Louis Post-Dispatch; April 24, 1989]

by Kevin Eckstrom

In our society, which is largely organized by numbers, technology, and litigation, the expression of genuine passion is all too often forced into pathological modes of behavior. But in those rare instances when real passion informs artistic creativity, the result is very exciting, redeeming us

LETTERS

WRITER WANTS MORE GUITAR

Dear Jaleo,

My name is Stephen A. Richards and I'm very interested in flamenco guitar. I play classical guitar, and this year I will be performing in the Pepe Romero masterclass in Tampa and Tampa University. I've studied flamenco with Dr. Mark Switzer and went through the Juan Martín Volume I, although the bulerías is still giving me difficulty. I would appreciate any information as to the availability of QUALITY flamenco guitar instruction in my area. I'm interested in any correspondence or information of methods and documented transcriptions of technique and rhythmic functions of flamenco guitar.

Sincerely, a troubled gringo,

Stephen A. Richards
Tampa, FL

[Editor: We invite our readers' responses to Stephen's inquiry. Letters will be forwarded to Stephen and published where appropriate.]

IMPRESSED WITH JALEO

Dear Editor,

I'm very impressed with the magazine. The writing is surprisingly poetic. The photography captures intensity!

Jaleo has a tremendous sense of diversity and balance, to which is adds a meticulous sense of historical accuracy.

I have never seen all of these qualities so well combined in a single magazine.

Thanks for the valuable contribution of your time so that others may enjoy the profound beauty of flamenco!

Sincerely,

Paul Trujillo
Peralta, NM

PUNTO DE VISTA

PROGRESS VERSUS TRADITION

There has been a lot of heated discussion about Paco de Lucia's new directions in guitar playing over the years. I received my share of criticism when I wrote a little piece of fiction some time ago in *Jaleo* about the direction in which flamenco seemed to be heading. A recent article, "Paco de Lucia — A Guitar Player Crossing the Border of Flamenco at the Zenith of His Life", *Jaleo*, March, 1989, seems to focus on and defend the changes Paco has brought to the flamenco guitar in his career. It is stated that in flamenco today the choice must be made between tradition and progress and between purity and freedom. And then the subject of purity is elaborated upon. Basically, what we are told is that Paco is happy with the changes he is making and that Sabicas is responsible for telling him that he must play his own music if he is ever to be considered a great force in flamenco.

This is all highly interesting information. Who is more qualified to make such pronouncements than Sabicas? And who is more qualified to define the direction in which flamenco will evolve than Paco de Lucia? I certainly would not presume to challenge their authority in these areas. Yet, I, you, and we, all are entitled to our opinions, whatever they may be, on these points. We are certainly entitled to our personal emotional responses to whatever music reaches our ears, and we are entitled to express those responses. We are not required to agree that Paco's new direction is as emotionally satisfying to us as was Sabicas', or Niño Ricardo's, and there is no logic that can ever prove that we should feel differently about it.

The attraction to a particular type of music is an intensely personal experience which may have nothing to do with the music's origin or the meaning of its lyrics. It defies rational explanation. There was an article in the newspaper recently about the growing audience for American country music in Poland. Some of the fans have guitars and have learned to sing the English words phonetically. These Poles don't understand the meaning of the words they are singing, but they say they are not interested in the meaning anyway. The voice in country music is like another instrument to them. Knowing the meaning of the words might destroy the ineffable emotional message they get from the music. The Japanese people seem to have a similar ability to enjoy and get deeply involved with American country music, bluegrass, flamenco... and who knows what else?

In view of all this it is not so strange that those who are the most insistent on rules of tradition and purity in flamenco are frequently those whose very involvement in flamenco breaks those rules. Those who are deeply moved by music — of whatever genre — simply feel strongly about it. They want more like it and they don't appreciate others trying to kill what they love. Count me among this group of reactionaries. If the Phrygian mode is abandoned in "modern" flamenco, and all that remains is the guitar and the compás, there are bound to be many of us who will not be happy about it. Why, we wonder, is this necessary? Why couldn't the new music be given a new name? Why must the new kill the older?

The greats themselves have declared that each true great must produce his own distinctive music, which must remain largely unwritten. While delighting record publishing companies for profit reasons, this attitude virtually guarantees that only clichés will survive, while the best music will be played by its composer only and will die with him. In spite of the availability of perfectly adequate notation techniques which could preserve the best pieces in written form for posterity, it is considered almost heresy to do this, and no aspiring great would dare admit to being able to read the notation or even having any interest in it.

As our phonographs become obsolete and tape recorders evolve, even our ability to hear the recorded pieces will be stripped away. There will be no profitable market for old flamenco in new digital tapes or CDs. When I think of what was probably lost with the deaths of Favier Molina and Manolo de Huelva, and what was surely lost with the passing of Niño Ricardo, and

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how that tradition is being carried on today I feel very sad. I never even got to hear a note of Molina's or Manolo's music—much less learn to play any of it. Now it is gone without a trace, lost forever. What a waste; what a sacrilege.

Works of art survive because of their ability to touch the human spirit, enriching each beholder in a unique way. The value of the enrichment is beyond the power of economics to estimate, and it is sad, indeed, that copyright law, the profit motive, and a callous disregard for the incalculable, inestimable human value of any work of art should doom it to eternal oblivion. Yet, that is exactly the fate of flamenco guitar.

As one of a handful of students of the late Edward Freeman, I am the custodian of a huge library of Freeman's written transcriptions of the best flamenco guitar solos ever recorded. This library may never be published in my (or any present *Jaleo* reader's) lifetime due to copyright law and the lack of demand for the older music. What a waste. However, even these transcriptions do not completely and definitively preserve what the composer/player created, because they were taken strictly from the recordings without complete assurance of the fingerings used. In some cases notes are definitely incorrect, though to have suggested that errors might exist in Freeman's work would have been the ultimate insult that would doom a student to everlasting banishment and deprivation. Thus, none of the transcriptions have been verified by either the composer or a consensus of qualified players. A hundred years hence, if the transcriptions survive, it will not be possible to know what is correct and what is not. What a pity it is that definitive editions of these pieces were not published. This is not intended as a slam against Freeman; his contribution to the preservation of flamenco guitar music is colossal and speaks for itself. It is simply a lament about the results of his work.

It has been some thirty-two years now since I began studying the flamenco guitar. I am still a student, and I learn something new about the guitar each time I am able to spend an hour or so playing. I will say this—I have come to believe that there are some pieces that ought not to be tampered with, regardless of how famous the tamperer is. And those pieces ought to be played note for note, as faithfully as possible, by any and all players who love them, and credited to their creators, because it is through this act that we affirm the value of the art and the works of the Masters and pass along the best to posterity. To violate these pieces and their composers by ripping them apart and mixing parts of them with other parts ripped from other masterpieces and one's own "original" material is the grossest form of disrespect and arrogance that I can imagine. It would be like going to the Louvre and altering the Mona Lisa to suit your own fancy.

I am all for progress and freedom, but—just my opinion—true progress in flamenco cannot involve abandonment of the essence of flamenco, and freedom does not include the freedom to create a whole new reality which destroys, devalues, or invalidates existing beauty in the art form. I predict that those who believe the Phrygian mode has already been milked of all its potential will one day receive a great shock when some new giant steps forward and begins to play.

—Jerry J. Lobdill

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JUAN MARTÍN IN AMERICA

photo and text by Curtis Fukuda

Juan Martín lives and breathes art. You can see it in the lightness and grace of every step he takes. You can hear it in the poetic lilt to his voice, in the imagery of his words. Every fiber in Juan's body is full of expression, and for the public, it is his magnificent guitar playing that communicates so much art.

Juan Martín occupies a place among the best of modern flamenco guitarists. He performs with authenticity and accompanies cante at the festivals in Andalucía every summer. While being reverent with regard to flamenco tradition, Juan carefully interprets the falsetas of the masters (Ricardo, Manolo de Huelva, Ramon Montoya, etc.) with enough life to avoid the sense that someone is merely dredging up the archives. Additionally, Juan is a flamenco scholar. He has written the masterful *El Arte Flamenco de la Guitarra* (published by Theodore Presser), and contributed to Evans' *Guitar Anthology*. These achievements would be enough to earn him a place in flamenco history, but Juan goes further. He explores new expressions in the flamenco context. Listen to the "Painter in Sound" album with Mark Isham; Juan explores the fusing of flamenco themes and rhythms with the meditative atmosphere of New Age Music.

His newest album, "Through the Moving Window," with jazz keyboardist Todd Cochran, is a continuation of the New Age explorations. While not "pure," as are his solo albums, these recent collaborations are in the adventurous spirit of Paco de Lucía's explorations in jazz and Sabicas' experiments with new contexts.

The summer of 1988 found the aficionados of Northern California treated to both a concert and a master class by Juan Martín. The events were produced by Lester DeVoe, who built the guitars that Juan plays.

The concert took place at the lovely Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society in El Granada, next to the beauty of the Pacific Ocean. Though Juan had been known to Americans through his books and recordings, this concert marked

his American debut. With publicity from appearances on KGO radio's Jim Eason Show, KPFA, and KLRS, the concert was sold out and crowds had to be turned away at the door.

As the sun's light faded beyond the horizon of the Pacific, the audience waited in anticipation of Juan's appearance. Though the Bach can house a sizable crowd, its ambience is intimate enough to accommodate solo guitar. This was a wonderful location for people to hear one of the most sensitive artists playing modern flamenco.

Finally the maestro entered, dressed in a black tuxedo, and greeted the audience. He slowly sat down and positioned his guitar. The room was absolutely silent. Juan closed his eyes to concentrate. The tense silence broke as Juan's rasqueados evoked the solemn pulse of tarantas. One could see that tarantas is one of Juan's favorite toques as evidence by the profundity of his playing. The music journeyed through the dark world of tarantas, then as if by magic, it effortlessly segued into a stirring fandango, ending the first piece on an upbeat.

The audience applauded, showing that it was not disappointed. Indeed, it recognized that the night's concert was in the hands of a flamenco master.

Juan provided the audience with a variety of toques, and a couple of pieces that blended flamenco with modern experiments. He often explained the background behind the various compases, describing the Spain that gave birth to the music.

Among the highlights of Juan's concert was his stirring bulería al golpe, containing falsetas by Diego del Gastor. This elicited many jaleos from the audience.

Juan switched to a DeVoe flame maple guitar to perform a few works, notably his pastorale "Bathers at Asnières", "The Diver" (from "Painter in Sound"), and a Rondeña, evoking Spain as it was long ago and the rocks of the chasm in Ronda.

Always mindful to give credit to those artists who inspired him, Juan Martín acknowledged Niño Ricardo before playing a lovely siguiriya containing many Ricardo themes.

The concert was a definite pleasure. For fans who were familiar with Juan's latest New Age experiments, this was an opportunity to hear the works in a solo context, free of the synthesizer overdubs. In the case of "My Aquarian" (from "Through the Moving Window") the solo guitar version brought out the lovely simplicity of the melody line without the layers of sound. Juan was called back for three encores before Pete Douglas, owner of the Bach, decided that he wanted to close up and turned on the house lights.

The weekend was not over for Juan Martín, he gave a master class at Santa Clara University the next afternoon. He listened as six students performed. Juan's comments and suggestions were straightforward, but never malicious. During the class, he also explained concepts behind three important forms: soleares, siguiriya, and bulerías. The students were still asking Juan questions long after the class was over. Finally Juan had to excuse himself as he and Lester DeVoe journeyed to a juerga by the Flamenco Society of Northern California, where Anita Sheer invited Juan to perform for the audience.

It was an exhausted Juan Martín who finally boarded the plane back to England. 1988 proved to be a productive year for Juan Martín in America. He recorded a new album for RCA ("Through the Moving Window"), gave his debut concert, taught a master class, and delighted the aficionados who were fortunate enough to hear him live.

1989 will see the return of Juan Martín to the United States. In October of this year, Juan will be giving a concert in Los Angeles, also featuring a singer/dancer. At the time of this writing, negotiations are in progress to either bring Juan Martín back to the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society, or present Juan in concert at the Herbst Theater in San Francisco. The event will take place around the time of the Los Angeles concert.

JUAN MARTÍN TALKS TO LESTER DEVOE AND CURTIS FUKUDA

photography by Curtis Fukuda

Lester: How did you get interested in the guitar?

Juan: It was a magical sound to me. I didn't have lessons to begin with, I was self-taught. I got hold of an old guitar—it was so worn away, it had steps between the frets. I developed a strong left hand. Then I got a good guitar, I would just practice day and night. I didn't watch T.V. because there was no T.V. in Spain at that time. For me, amusement was playing and getting together with other flamenco people.

There is this image of the guitar as a free spirit. The violin and piano comes from this great tradition... Vienna, Beethoven, Mozart... that nobody can live up to. The guitar has this wonderful bohemian spirit, "Have guitar will travel," and I love that.

That is what is interesting about the guitar. You can take it to someone's house. "Come over and bring your guitar." People don't usually say "Bring you violin and play for us."

That's because the tradition behind the violin is so grand. To perform flamenco guitar for just anyone is not so simple. An understanding is required. Many artists in Spain will not perform spontaneously or even perform in public at all. They will only perform in private juergas... after midnight when they feel it's right. Some flamencos won't perform because they are asked to or are being paid. Art to them is a very precious, special thing; they don't like to be recorded. Manolo de Huelva is a legendary guitarist who I met in Spain. I suspect Sabicas actually learned some music from Manolo. Some of the greatest variations (falsetas) that have been played were actually created by Manolo de Huelva and nobody even knows that. He accompanied various people on record, but he didn't show his potential on those recordings.

Have you heard his best?

Yes, he used to live in a pension above the Villa Rosa in the Plaza Santa Ana in Madrid. If you listened carefully you could hear him on the fourth floor. I had a friend who lived on the third floor, and he used to leave his balcony open. I could hear Manolo de Huelva practicing, but I didn't listen much. I felt that was a terrible intrusion, because I knew he wouldn't want me to hear him.

Have you ever heard him play in a juerga?

I've heard him play in the Zambra in Madrid, towards the end of his days, where he was accompanying. I've never heard him in a juerga, that was a bit before my time. I know people who have heard him and have said that he had this wonderful thumb technique and beautiful simplicity in his playing. Through the years I've heard [Niño] Ricardo and I remember Paco de Lucía as a young boy. Things have to change, but in a way, I love that past and regret that it is gone. Though you can't keep restating the past, you must keep that tradition in your music. I can play you Ricardo material, one of the greatest falsetas ever in soleares... you can't play a better soleá than that. Now rhythm and syncopation are getting involved. That's where jazz comes in. No music understands syncopation more than jazz.

Did you study with Niño Ricardo?

Not officially, but I met him in a guitar shop. He was there and put me right on a lot of different things. I didn't realize who he was at first. After being very confident, he presented himself. He was kind in the sense that he realized that I had bothered to learn his material from records. I spent a lot of hours working out Ricardo's variations. Therefore he was sympathetic in trying to put my techniques right. So I would be play his seguiriyas variation on the wrong string. He would say "No, no, aquí hombre." Then we'd go out for a glass of tinto, red wine. Later I'd rush back home and work out what he showed me. I did learn a lot like that. I learned from different players, very good players, so many of them who have no name in the outside world, but deserve to.

I first heard of you as a writer of a flamenco guitar method book. You weren't well known as a performer here in America. It wasn't until last year

that I found an album of yours available in this country... "Painter in Sound" (RCA 3005-1-N), with the collaboration of keyboardist/trumpeter Mark Isham. This surprised people who only thought of you in the traditional flamenco context.

Well you see my roots are in flamenco but for a long time now I have been open to other music. I feel we are living in an age of multi-media, whereby TV brings programs from all over the world. You are on a jet flight and in a few hours you are almost anywhere. So the musical sounds you are hearing as an individual are multi-cultural. Therefore, as a flamenco guitarist to only play within your tradition is to deny what your ears are receiving. My first three records were solo flamenco, and I felt I had made a statement. Unfortunately those records weren't heard in America, they were only released in Europe and Asia. So, in a way, America has only got to discover about me as I'm in these newer approaches in my music, which has come about in a very natural way because everything is multi-cultural. This New Age music is really not a description of music but more a description of a market area. The music that is categorized as New Age music is varied... you get ethnic influenced music, synthesized music, very many different types. Now this is good, because somebody like David Sanborn can play in this area, or Mark Isham playing trumpet or synthesizer, or Juan Martín playing music that is of a flamenco origin. I am reacting to other rhythms, but the roots of my music still are coming through.

A tradition gives you a lovely security, a direction. It's very simple to learn a tradition and just play within that context. It is far more difficult to think, "Well where can I go that's different?" The audience likes what they are used to and if you change, they don't like it. Even new audiences are reluctant at first because they don't know enough about your music so they think, "I'd rather hear the traditional form first before I hear the progressive forms." It's quite difficult to move forward.

I understand your new album, "Through the Moving Window" is a further exploration of multi-cultural music. This time you collaborate with keyboardist Todd Cochran who has played with Natalie Cole, Aretha Franklin and Peter Gabriel. Can you tell us about this latest project?

This is my first American based contract. Since RCA is not a European record company, it really made sense to look into the market which I've been placed in (for good or for bad)... which is this New Age music. When you go into a shop and you look for my record "Painter in Sound" you will find it near the Windham Hill, New Age, or Jazz section.

I met Mark Isham in London, where he lived for three years and we made "Painter in Sound" there for WEA. RCA bought "Painter in Sound" from WEA, so "Through the Moving Window" is my first record actually recorded for RCA. I thought I should look at what the scene is here in the U.S. since the album is an all America product. I came out to L.A. before Christmas (1987). A friend of mine, Michael Hoppé had signed me to do the "Picasso Portraits" record for Polydor back in 1981, and had since moved to Los Angeles. Michael said, "I'd like you to meet two keyboardists and pianists. I played with Todd Cochran and I just knew that he could make this record for me. Plus it has always been a longtime thought to play with a great jazz artist. In a way flamenco has always been a fusion music, a fusion of cultures and now I'm extending that by playing with somebody like Todd who has a jazz background and seeing what comes out.

So what's coming out?

Hopefully a lot of very interesting and satisfying sounds... fresh ideas, rhythms, and moods. I would like to be able to contribute something new to my art, something that will satisfy and give pleasure. At one point, one is extending flamenco, at another point, one is making music that doesn't have necessarily a generic term, a title. It just is music that works. We'll leave labels for later, for what musicologists want to call it. At the moment there is this New Age bracket. A lot of what's going on in this New Age is repetitive and not musically interesting. Other things are very interesting.

How would you categorize "Through the Moving Window"?

The mixing of two cultures really, flamenco culture and jazz culture. Although Todd is a jazz artist, he has experience with many different artists

from soul to rock. He's got very good experience with a variety of musicians. Similarly I made "Picasso Portraits" (1981) with drummer Simon Phillips and keyboardist Tony Hymas, who were both with Jeff Beck's band. Superficially there may seem to be no connection between flamenco and rock, yet the intensity and feeling of rhythm of Jeff Beck's music has something in common with a really "hot" bulería.

[Juan plays a dissonant passage from "Fiesta en Sevilla", a bulerías-inspired composition from his new album.]

It is rhythmic drive, it is aggression. You're talking menace here. The world is full of many feelings. At one time Andalucía was this very conservative society... little white pueblo villages... a trust. The world today is very different. There is a lot of drug taking in Spain. There is danger of attack, of mugging. Same in America. So the music starts to take on a feeling that is less traditional and reflects that menace, the discordance, and at the same time it can be very exciting. I don't know if what I just played appeals to you or not, but you hear the difference between this new bulerías and a traditional interpretation.

The essence of flamenco always stays with me. Whatever I'm doing, I never lose that essence. For example, on the new album, "Palomino" uses a rumba rhythm, but instead of playing with an obvious slapping guitar technique, I'm playing a riff. It's got the traditional bite combined with a riff which, I feel, creates a nice syncopation. I also used the sound of a bass guitar. Now you could say that a funk bass guitar with flamenco sounds commercial. I find a lot of funk bass guitar very exciting. Flamenco needn't just be a guitar. You can extend it. It can take on other instruments. Traditional flamencos just played hands (palmas) for percussion because that is what they had available. Palmas do sound great, but one can experiment with other forms of percussion.

Now somebody like Todd Cochran has enough rhythmic understanding to know what I am doing and fit in with me when I play, say, a bulerías or whatever rhythm. His understanding of syncopation and rhythm is very developed. There aren't many people in popular music who know what is happening in flamenco. It doesn't have an obvious foot-tapping rhythm at times. You have to know what you are doing. People try to join in, but it is too esoteric, too difficult. Todd and I make a rhythm where people suddenly start to feel the beat. Additionally, Todd uses synthesized sounds, which are the language of today. Combine all these elements and people then relate to this flamenco inspired music.

Todd and I got back to the studio after a big Italian meal one night. I thought I wouldn't be able to do anything, but I heard Todd play some arpeggiated rhythmic thing on one of the synthesizers. It was such a beautiful sound. I said "Do that again!" I picked up the guitar, improvised for twelve minutes, and we had a track. ["Through the Moving Window"] the title track of the album — it wasn't originally planned on the record at all. That sort of spontaneity is so exciting.

Are you going to continue to search out new instruments to work with and new sounds?

Yes, whatever hits my ear, Lester... and particularly the stomach. If it feels right in your gut, then it is right. When I'm feeling it "right here" in a concert, I know I'm communicating and all of a sudden it's something quite tangible... you could cut it with a knife — communication. But when you are tense, the audience knows this because they are tense also. Once you really start to feel the music, communication is right to the heart. I try to do this also on record. I believe in performance full stop whether it's a concert or a record. Most of the things Todd and I created are performance pieces in the studio. We haven't been playing just "click tracks". We've played rhythmically, him following me or me following him. Rhythm is more than just playing to a metronomic electronic click. Olivier Messiaen, the French composer, said that he was against metronomic time because even the human heart beat is never absolutely even. The way the earth orbits is never exactly the same every time and rhythm has these little fluctuations which make it alive. I go for a performance where there is no editing if possible. We are working on a system whereby there are lots of tracks, so you don't want to

edit unless you have to. For example, "Knights of the Desert" we recorded very late at 2:00 AM, it became like a magical creative period and it just went down. You get the microphone in the right position, the guitar is just right, the tuning is just right and the feeling is just right. It is like a religious experience in the sense, the moment seems quite unreal. When you hear the results on tape, you know you have captured "something". It is so elusive to get all factors exactly at the right time. This is when recording is really at its best. It is very hard to do this because studios are expensive. They cost a lot of money each hour and you are aware of this. It's another pressure. To get music as well as you can and yet be relaxed takes a lot of experience. "Through the Moving Window" is my ninth album. Only now am I beginning to really get more relaxed in the studio. It's a challenge because you know the album is for posterity and it has to be good... every note. I'm less worried about slight mistakes than I used to be. Unfortunately there is an artificially high level of performance in recording. Nobody can actually play like the records sound because of the technical process. Yet what happens when you edit in a correction for a section where you've made a mistake? That creates an emotional graph that is different from a real performance. No two performances are emotionally identical, so no matter how skillfully you edit or "punch in" (insert) there is something that isn't flowing. What I'm doing more and more in my recording is trying to be honest in the sense of a performance. If there is an odd little thing in a performance, the temptation is to get rid of it because you know the standard expected by the audience is that every note must be clean. However, there is more to music than just clean notes. The odd little thing is part of a performance and I think we should get back to listening to a performance — sort of warts and all.

What is in flamenco for the average American who is exposed to jazz and rock?

I think flamenco and jazz have a lot in common. They are an expression of rhythm and oppression. In flamenco you'll find a guitarist playing somewhere in a bar with sawdust on the floor — he doesn't have good fingernails and he makes a rough tone. You will also find a blues player on a corner in New Orleans somewhere — or maybe you used to — and he also will have that rough voice. I played with the singer Rafael Romero and he had a Louis Armstrong-type voice. This roughness in the throat is part of it. The classical idea of tone and beauty, or even pop music's idea of a good voice is very different from the art of blues and flamenco. Go a step further you have jazz and the refinement of jazz. You get up to the level of Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock. Last year I did the Montreaux Jazz Festival and Herbie Hancock was on the same night as I was. We met afterwards, had dinner together and spoke for hours and hours. We had much to share about music because there are many things that are similar. For me, of all the folk musics in the world, only two come to the highest level of the greatest classical music... that is flamenco and jazz. "Una maravilla del arte natural". [a wonder of natural art] was how Manuel de Falla described flamenco. You can't say why, it's a magical sense of rhythm and improvisation.

Flamenco is a very young music. At a maximum, it is only 200 years old as we know it today. The origins go right back to the Bronze Age, certainly well before the Moors. There is always this talk of the Moorish influence in flamenco, but the Moors were influenced by the music already present in the Spanish church, which was Byzantine. When you hear the chant... the typical E-F-G-F-E movement... this harmonic progression was sung in churches. So there is a connection between the gypsy fiesta and church music. There is such a rich tradition in flamenco. North African, Berber, Roman, Moorish and South American influences... the gypsies from north of India brought rhythms. Kathak Indian dance rhythms are uneven in a way that you have two threes and then three twos, similar to flamenco, only even more involved with tabla [the drum used in Indian music]. Flamenco dancers' hand movements are very similar to Indian kathak dancing.

The fascination of flamenco music for most of the followers is that it does have this thing that is neither totally Eastern or Western. The tunes are not sweet little tunes that you would get in most European folk music of Switzerland or Germany. Flamenco has this Phrygian Mode... this cadence

of Am, G, F, E... which is eternally satisfying. Within that mode there are many ways of playing it. The various feelings of expectancy, of Bohemian feeling — of tension. You can create a feeling of flow, like a wind or you can create a feeling of joy with a rumba rhythm with the same harmonic sequence. Lament, tension, joy... all these expressions can come through this wonderful vehicle called the Phrygian Mode — the second of the ancient ecclesiastic scales which were Byzantine. It's related in some way to Greece. The whole Mediterranean area at this time was like a market place, there was trading going on between Athens and Greece and Carthage. These sounds were traveling. Even though flamenco is only 200 years old, as we know it today, the influences are much, much older. Don't forget there have been Spanish Roman emperors. Julius Caesar went to Ronda for example. Influences have been absorbed and Andalucía has been a melting pot. Flamenco is a fusion of music.

Within flamenco there is also spirituality in the slower more profound styles like tarantas of granafinas. There is a lot of spiritual feeling. Since flamenco has this brand of fire music — "fiesta", people aren't aware of the contemplative side. Flamenco reflects all emotions of life. Seguiriyas is the most pensive and sad song to come out of a people. The poet, Garcia Lorca, said it could be played, danced or sung in a church without profanation. There again you have a parallel with gospel songs. The black people start off in church and then go out and appear on records. This thing that comes out of a genuine human emotion enriches people and touches their hearts.

As such, I really don't like pop music. I find ordinary pop music superficial and devoid of real feeling. You get the rare performer who really is dynamic and good. I think that's why people are playing so many old recordings. You hear an old song with color that is raw... Fats Domino or early Elvis Presley... It had a drive. It was magnificent and it had a rebel thing. Today pop music isn't about the rebel who wants to go against his parents, a rebel without a cause; it's entertainment now... video.

Now, flamenco got sectioned off through being over nationalistic. It has tended to be exclusively Spanish and not even Spanish in general, but Andalusian specifically. This has not helped the art to spread. Ballet at one time was considered to be a French art and the terms like "pau de deux" are French. The Russians came along, Nijinsky, and Anna Pavolova, and now in an international ballet company you have Americans and every nationality you can think of. I think flamenco has kept very closed, partly because it comes from this rather traditional, conservative society — Andalucía.

In a way traditional flamenco music reflects the period when Spain was cut off by the Pyrenees. When communications weren't so great, with airplanes, television and video, it was natural for flamenco to stay, not only nationalistic, but absolutely provincial. So in Andalucía you had not only just Andalusian flamenco, but you had a particular style from Granada, a particular style from Sevilla, from Málaga, etc.

We live in a multi-media situation. You don't sit isolated in Spain. Starsky and Hutch come on the television and you'll hear some funky riff on the title theme. If you have any sense of rhythm as a flamenco guitarist, that riff will interest you. Just to be shut off and say "I only play traditional" is I think, a little conservative. Never-the-less, I have the greatest respect for tradition and

I am a product of tradition. If we are to change anything, we have to give something new. It's no use to keep repeating what is in the archive, because that's already been done so brilliantly by Sabicas, Niño Ricardo, Ramón Montoya. To keep repeating their material, in my opinion, is not to go forward.

Now on the other hand, we can't put the entire blame on flamenco for being so esoteric. Flamenco has been sectioned off from the world partly because rock music is an Anglo-Saxon world. It is an English speaking world. Latin things find it very hard to come into contact with that. I met Bill Graham (Santana's manager) nine years ago and he said, "Americans like hamburgers, Juan, don't ask me why they like hamburgers, I like broccoli." Now that was nine years ago and I think tastes have changed. People are much more aware. But at that time, Graham said that the problem is changing peoples diet in music. Now, that people like Paco de Lucía have played with John McLaughlin, you get the art going out to a wider audience. It's been quite a fight.

Julio Iglesias has only just recently made it in America, whereas he has been a big star in Latin speaking countries for many years. There still is this language problem even in 1988. This barrier "Oh well that's Latin, that's different, it's a different culture."

One of the things I like about America and London also is that it really is multi-racial. It's bound to get this brilliant art of flamenco out eventually. But it must happen naturally. You can't just say, "Listen! This is fantastic!" You can't force people. It's got to emerge through awareness of hearing something like... "Hey, I really like that guitar!"

As I've mentioned, Paco de Lucía has done a lot by playing with Al DiMeola and John McLaughlin. He has picked up interest from their audiences and developed a larger audience for himself. I think this process has got to be done. If you just go around playing solo concerts with straight flamenco guitar, people aren't prepared to receive it. It is a very involved art. Even in Spain there aren't many people who truly understand flamenco. In Andalucía, people mainly like the cante. People outside of Spain don't like the singing. It sounds too foreign, Arabic, and strange. This is something which saddens me because I love that style of singing, but I understand it is a very strong thing to take. It is like six spoons of coffee in every cup... it would blow your head off unless you are used to it. In any music you need



Lester DeVoe and Juan Martin relax after the performance at the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society
Photo by Curtis Fukuda



Juan demonstrating at the master class. Student Bruce Currigan follows along.

to be educated. For those who are interested, they can go further and listen to solo albums and concerts. Some people cross right over and come right into the pure flamenco without much coaxing. Coming out of the tradition like Paco is not a bad thing either because what springs from the fountain is pure and fresh. Not that everything that is traditional must be good. A lot of what is traditional is just stale. We are people of today, we have to move forward. You have got to create something new that is lasting in order to achieve any form of greatness within your art.

There is an approach to the flamenco guitar that is different from classical or any other folk style. Can you describe this?

The normal intensity of flamenco is strong attack and for a flamenco guitarist to play a theme and not to attack the strings is a challenge. It's all a learning experience, and as I've said, flamenco is a young art. There is room for variation in dynamics, variation in tone color, as well as the attack. If flamenco guitarists are to make successful solo records, they can't play at just one level of intensity like you are accompanying a dancer. You must have color. The tendency is for the flamenco guitarist to play a phrase with a certain aggression and speed. This technique is used in the picado, in the arpeggio, in the thumb and in the rasgueado. After one piece you say, "incredible!" After two pieces the virtuosity is still incredible. After the third piece on an album or concert, you are starting to be tired of this constant intensity. This thing of showing your muscles, this machismo within flamenco has to change.

Like I mentioned, the solo flamenco guitar grew out of the tradition of being an accompanying instrument for following the singer and dancer. The guitar provides a rhythmic sensibility. You have to stay with the dancer. If she suddenly goes faster, you follow her and you must not go too far ahead or behind her, you must just ride on her steps. A singer could also be singing with the dance, so you have to maintain the rhythm and give the singer the right chord.

So out of this tradition with the development of the instrument, the flamenco guitarist is learning to play not always with this maximum attack. Really great artists of the flamenco guitar, like Sábicas, have used tone color

for a long time. But there are still many guitarists who haven't learned that lesson. Compare this constant intensity to life, nobody is built like that. Even the most hateful murderer has moments of gentleness. Music should reflect life. It should mirror your temperament, your humanity, your warmth, your aggression, your nervousness. It's a myriad of things. The flamenco guitar can do a lot in this way. John McLaughlin said in *Guitar Player* magazine about a year ago, that he thought flamenco technique for acoustic guitar was the most complete. Coming from an artist of his stature, that's something! He commented on the particularly smooth five note tremelo, and the fact that the fingers give such a nice tone and so much variation in rhythm.

The guitar is actually in a very magnificent period at the moment. The standard of playing is extremely high. The harmony is continually evolving. The speed at which everything is being played is getting a little overdone... the notes-per-second thing. That is because Pace de

Lucía has set a very high standard in fast runs as an end in itself. I do think Paco knocked out the audience and therefore made his reputation in this way of "listen to this" more an acrobatic sense than a musical sense. Young guitarists have seen that they don't just have to back a singer and a dancer all their lives and be in the background. A musician can make a name for himself as a guitarist. They are playing less for singers and dancers than in the old days where that was required before you were allowed to play solo.

That was the education of a guitarist?

Yes, and I believe in that tradition still. I used to play till 3:00 in the morning every day for dancers and singers in academies like Amor de Dios and Rafael de la Cruz in Madrid. I played for five pesetas an hour, nine hours a day, when I was eighteen years old. The setting was like a ghetto, it was two floors below the surface of the street. There was a gypsy I was playing with called Jesus who had eighteen brothers and sisters he was supporting on five pesetas an hour. That was Spain in poverty. Now things are better, there is more money and less oppression.

Since flamenco technique is at this high, almost super-human level, how can a young person approach learning this music?

We are living in a technological age... high tech. Today the children pick up what computers are about very quickly. They press the keys and if it doesn't work the first time, they try something else. They feel their way through and they get it. This is the same with approaching this high level of guitar playing. The new push comes and there is a fever to reach the goal. It doesn't mean that greater technique is more moving or more profound. That is something that worries me a little bit.

What is the flamenco scene in Spain today?

The flamenco scene in Spain, as I said earlier, is changing. People are hearing modern sounds and modern instruments are being used.

How are you involved in the flamenco scene in Spain?

I play at festivals in the summer. I have a home which is quite near Estepona, in the province of Málaga, down the coast between Marbella and Gibraltar, nearly opposite Africa. There are festivals in that area. In the festivals you have fantastic singers. From the old school you have Fosforito,

Niña de la Puebla, Juanito Valderrama... from the new school you have Calixto Sánchez, Pansequito, Tina Pavón. The guitarists such as Enrique Melchor, Pedro Bacán, Niño Pura, and Manolo Domínguez perform.

Are the festivals in Spain for the village people or are they designed for tourists?

This is a big occasion for people in surrounding villages. Festival evening is the big event of the year. The tickets are quite expensive. You will get foreigners from France and an occasional aficionado.

Typically everyone in the town goes to these?

Yes, absolutely. There are a couple thousand people at this open air festival in Ojen. You have microphones, the radio station is there. There is a program called Flamenco Anthology. Every day they are putting on tracks of the best artists: Fernanda, la Bernarda, Fosforito, Camarón de la Isla. I go on and do an interview, maybe play something and tell about what I'm doing and promote my latest album. Then I may go down to Algeciras and do the same on their radio. I'll go to Sevilla and see what's happening in the tablao, Los Gallos, where there are very good artists. The Amadors were playing there when I was last there. (Note: The Amadors were the guitarists in last year's "Flamenco Puro" production) Paco de Gastor is a very good friend of mine; he is one of Diego del Gastor's sobrinos (nephews). So I saw Pace in Ronda, he was playing for Chano Lobato, the singer. We usually visit. So I keep in touch very closely to the flamenco world.

How would those festival events be paralleled in America? Would it be like a Jazz Festival?

It's very difficult. I don't know America well enough. I would say the closest thing would be a concert of country music of musicians who are still country people but have a very high level of instrumental artistry. These musicians would sing about their local culture. It is still very regional. At the festivals, the audience can be quite hostile. If they don't like you they will talk over your performance. The gypsies are there to let you know that you are just a payo, a non-gypsy, that they know more than you about flamenco. In fact at the last festival I was at, there were a few gypsies in the audience who didn't know much. They were tapping with a cane which is a traditional form with gitanos; in fact this man was out of time and he was a gypsy. So not all gypsies are geniuses. A foreigner might think, "Oh any gypsy must know flamenco." Not true at all.

The festivals I'm talking about start at midnight and go until 7:00 in the morning. We play through the night. I went on stage at 3:00 AM to play solo, imagine that. At 3:00 in the morning in Andalucía it can be warm enough to play and you can watch the sun come up as a singer is singing... it's beautiful. Then there are festivals like that all over and each one is a bit different. There is the Gazpacho Festival, then there is the Potaje Festival in Utrera. There are fairs in Spain too like the Feria of Sevilla which is an internationally known fair. A festival of cante flamenco is specifically for the hearing of flamenco singing. There are also guitar competitions in Spain.

Talk about the gypsies and their role in flamenco.

There is always this attitude in Spain: The gitanos think they are the ones, and the only ones, who know flamenco. The Andaluces and other people disagree. What I would say to you is that in the cante flamenco, there have been very great gypsy singers and also non-gypsy singers. What the gypsy has is a certain sound in the throat, like a black singer has a distinct voice. Why is a black voice different than a white voice? The gypsy is similar. From his cultural tradition, he has a certain roughness in voice that suits the serious cantes particularly. So you have "voz redonda" which means round voice. You have "voz rajada" or "voz afilá", which mean rough voice. The ideal voice for singing the profound cantes is the rough voice. In an operatic sense, such a rough voice would be considered a very bad voice. Take for example, Camarón, whom I love as a singer. His voice is strangled in comparison to an opera singer. This whole delivery is influenced by the Moorish style of singing, the Arabic style of singing. It is a mixture of these cultures. Traditionally, the gypsies have always had an outstanding flair for rhythm... more than melody and harmony. Their rhythmic sense as dancers and singers is particularly good. But even there, you can't make generalizations. Ramón

Montoya was gitano and he played wonderful melodic things. Niño Ricardo played in a more earthy style than Ramón and he wasn't a gypsy. I do like gypsy players, they have a certain basic earthiness which I love. Rafael Romero is a gypsy singer I presented in concert. He has a face like a pharaoh, a wonderful face. He always used to say to me, "You must be gypsy because you play profound... non-gypsies don't play jondo." Gypsies always insist that you must have some gypsy in you if you are playing right. Human beings love the clan. If anybody goes away from the herd, they quickly put him down so he is in line again. All that is really important is creative, artistic expression and quality of your sound, your singing or your footwork. Anywhere you are striving for a top position there is extreme competition and animosity. That is the part you have to learn to endure and surmount.

Talk about your book, El Arte Flamenco de la Guitarra (published by Theodore Presser, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania).

This book took five years to write and it is accurate... every buleria, every soleares, every rasgueo is exactly as I do it on the disks. It's not approximate. It's musically correct, as is the cifra.

How is the course arranged?

It's a book of 26 lessons and recorded disks (sound sheets). Exercises are played at normal speed and at half speed. It covers all the main toques, alegrías, soleares, bulerías, malagueñas, and the elements of flamenco.

Can a person learn without having a teacher. Can they pick up the technique just from your method?

Yes, many people have written saying exactly that. They have managed to learn without a teacher. The course really does go right from the very beginning up to a standard whereby you will be good enough to be a professional.

This book was written to really teach the art without a secretive approach. In the past, flamenco guitarists have given lessons but they didn't necessarily give nice variations (falsetas) to the student. So a student can be paying a lot of money and just getting average material and learning a bit of compás. The person teaching is doing it just to earn a living and doesn't want the students to get better than him. I thought, if this art is to flower, I should write a book and write the music precisely as it is. Now, the way I'm improvising, you can't write that down in music so easily. What I have written down is what I learned as a student. I wrote really good material that could be played in the cuadro flamencos by the working guitarist, who would learn a falseta of Niño Ricardo or Sabicas. Really the essence of the art is what is written in El Arte Flamenco de la Guitarra. If you want to learn the basics it's all there in music and cifra... the elements of flamenco, how to select a guitar... all those things are covered.

I get the impression that you are interested in other arts besides music... the visual arts.

Yes.

Do you paint?

No, but my mother paints. I have grown up with painting. My mother's influence was very strong on my visual side. She comes from Britain. My mother is quite a revolutionary woman. She encouraged me to play instead of taking a safe job. My mother was an artist; she said you have to play the guitar, of course you do. There is no other thing to do. To be an artist is the greatest thing in the world. There is no greater thing that you could be, than to give people joy with your music. She felt this with her painting. So I grew up in an atmosphere of quite primitive flamenco in Andalucía on the one hand and on the other hand my mother always talking to me about Van Gogh, Renoir, Picasso, and Miró. That is my core. I also think the pain of my parents' separation increased my awareness of life early on and what soul meant in music... the feeling, in sadness. If you haven't had your heart broken when you are young, you won't know how to express. My mother's heart nearly stopped after her separation from my father.

You're very articulate with your thoughts. Do you write often?

I write an occasional poem. I sometimes have a feeling one can get to a point of expression on the guitar where you just want to change and write or draw something... a poem. You'll just walk out into a park in autumn and see

something in nature that is just so overwhelmingly strong that you have to express it somehow. One day maybe I'll publish something. For the moment, music is enough. But I'll draw things within a domestic scene. I'll draw within the family. I have too much respect for the quality of other artists to think I'm good. I think it is dangerous to believe you are multi-talented. you can end up being mediocre in everything if you are not careful. So I just stick with the guitar. That's me... a guitar and a suitcase and off I go.



Juan just played for Laura del Sol in a film to be released this Fall — also starring Denholm Elliot and Julie Walters.



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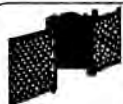
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SPANISH WANDERINGS 1988

by Paco Sevilla

It has been many years since I last wrote for *Jaleo*, so I thought I would share some of my experiences in Spain during August and September of 1988 while doing research for books on flamenco. The research required me to run all over Andalucía, as I needed information from most of the major cities. I wanted to visit many of the places where I had lived in the 1960's as a teenager.

MADRID

In Madrid, I took a taxi to the Plaza Santa Ana to look for a place to stay. The Plaza Santa Ana was once a center of flamenco nightlife. There were still touches of flamenco remaining when I was there in 1964, but then they dug up the park and put a parking garage underneath. Now the bars and cafés that had once served as outdoor tables in the plaza are gone. In their place are jazz and rock clubs, an ice cream parlor, and various retail stores. Where, at one time, families gathered, people dined under the trees, and old, beret-clad men played chess every afternoon, there are now drug-addicts — everywhere, sprawled on the scraggly grass, slumped on benches, or accosting potential customers as they pass through the plaza. The people of the neighborhood still try to use the park, but children can only play comfortably in a few areas, side-by-side with stupefied bodies and drug-dealers. On the steps of a bank that borders the plaza, the druggies gather every night after closing. All over the steps lie bodies, some with needles hanging out of their arms, others clutching bottles of wine. Young boys sit motionless for hours, their heads hanging between their knees. In the morning, the steps are literally covered with needles, broken glass, razor blades, and vomit. A man hoses the steps clean and business goes on as usual.

Next to the bank is the historic Villa Rosa, the café cantante (forerunner of today's tablaos) that was the site of so much important flamenco in the first half of this century. It fell into disrepair in the early 1960's, was reopened as a tablao in 1964, and has now become a sevillanas bar — a sad fate for what was once such a prestigious establishment, but, at least it remains intact and somewhat on the fringe of flamenco. No such luck with Los Gabrieles nearby on Calle Echegaray. Los Gabrieles was competition for Villa Rosa and esteemed for the magnificent tilework that covered the inside and the outer facade, as well as for its special fiesta rooms upstairs and downstairs. For some reason, all of the outside tiles were recently chiseled off, leaving bare stone. The inside fortunately remains, but the bar has become a trendy student hangout that plays blaring new-wave rock music. The juerga rooms are now used for storage and I couldn't get access to them.

I found a place to stay above the Villa Rosa, where greats like Ramón Montoya and Antonio Chacón used to perform for nobility and where Manolo de Huelva lived during the last years of his life (at least, during the brief period when he was playing in the tablao La Zambra in the 1960's). I felt a sense of reverence to be there, but it was no fun trying to rest when the sounds of the night echoed up from the Callejón del Gato, making sleep almost impossible. (Sleep is never easy when traveling in Spain; within days of arriving, I always enter a zombie-like state that lasts until I am once more back in San Diego.) As morning approached and the sounds of revelry began to fade, the morning sounds took over: one last drunk singing his way home, barking dogs, and huge metal kegs being rolled down the alley to the many bars and restaurants.

A block or so from the Plaza Santa Ana, at No. 5, Calle del Prado, is the Librería del Prado, a bookstore owned by the great flamenologist José Blas Vega. He always has a large selection of flamenco books. There were dozens to choose from, even though he said that a Japanese fellow had been in a few days earlier and just about cleaned him out. Not the warmest person with strangers, so don't expect to hang out. A few blocks from there is the famed studios of Amor de Dios. It made me sad to see how far it has fallen from what

it was even a decade or so ago. The windows have all been sealed with glass bricks, making it unbearably hot in the summer. Down below, in what looks like a wine-cellar, was once a thriving little bar where great guitarists mixed with students and spontaneous flamenco would often erupt. Now nothing remains except the arched brick ceiling.

I found that there was a new tablao, called Zambra. On the chance that an attempt was being made to revive the old Zambra (generally considered to have been the best and least commercial tablao — which is why it had to close), I went to check it out. If this tablao still exists, STAY AWAY! It has to be the worst tablao I have ever experienced. I won't waste too much time describing it, but it is in a modern hotel building (Hotel Wellington, Calle Velázquez 8) and the decor in very "nightclub". There was nothing resembling true flamenco, mostly group ballet and medleys of short solos, with a loud and distorted sound system. It is not a true tablao and charged me an outrageous \$20 for half of one show — I wasn't about to sit through another show after all of the audience had gone except for me (can you imagine how bad that show would have been).

One afternoon, I ran into Paco Peña on Calle Amor de Dios. He was coming from rehearsals at the famous studios on that street, preparing a group for upcoming performances. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned that I was looking for a guitar. With him was the Madrid gypsy, Tito Losada, who often performs with Paco as second guitarist. He said that he had a number of fine Bellido (Granada) guitars that he was going to take to Japan to sell. Since I was a friend of Paco's, he might sell me one at a good price. Many phone calls later, we arranged for him to come to my room above the Villa Rosa. I tried many times over the phone to get him to give me some idea of how much he might want for a guitar. He wouldn't respond except to say that these were "fine" guitars, but that there would be a "special" price for me. We played three guitars for several hours. I didn't like any of them, but thought I might try one of them if the price were right; I could always sell it later. Finally, he came out with a price: \$5,000! I couldn't believe it. That was outrageous. Cleverly, he was dealing in dollars, taking away the advantage I would have had if we had used pesetas.

I put the guitars away and told him that the amount he wanted was completely out of the question and that I didn't really care for the guitars anyway (the truth). He assumed I was bargaining and began to lower the price, being sure to keep reminding me that he could get much more in Japan. I kept telling him that I wouldn't want to deprive him of that higher profit. All the way to his car, Tito continued to lower the price. He didn't understand that I didn't want the guitars at any price. He was still bargaining as he sat in his car, a sporty model. In the process of getting out of the parking place, he bumped a beat-up old car behind him. The owner of that car came running over, complaining. Tito said to him, "If your car was so damaged, I'll trade you mine." The other guy was dumbfounded and speechless; Tito said he would be in touch with me and drove off.

For the next several days, Tito phoned me often, inviting me to late night fiestas or wanting to come over. It would have been fun to go to some of the places he invited me, but I didn't want to be subjected to the intense pressure that I would be certain to face. The price kept coming down, finally reaching close to \$2,000. I reflected upon the fact that I had been in the ideal bargaining position — I wasn't interested! And the gypsy was so accustomed to bargaining that I couldn't convince him I was telling the truth. He's probably still wondering what went wrong.

When in Madrid, the best way to find interesting flamenco might be to ask around at the tablaos to find out where the after-hours hangouts are. I ended up in one in Lavapiés for the life of me I can't remember the name of it, but it's probably not important — they don't normally survive too long. From the outside, it looked like a vacant building. It took some nerve to walk through a door into the unknown, but it turned out to be set up as a typical bar. I heard cante coming from downstairs and went down into what appeared to have been a wine cellar. A teenager was singing — quite well — accompanied by another youngster. They were practicing alone in the room and said they didn't mind if I watched. At one point, they became stuck in a ma-



El Polinario: Flamenco tavern of the early 1900's.

lagueña, the malagueña double where it goes to A-minor; the guitarist kept trying to accompany it as a normal fandango. Finally, I said, "Try A-minor!" They looked at me in surprise and then tried it. When it worked, the guitarist acted like it was a great revelation. About two o'clock in the morning the first flamencos arrived — among them artists from the tablao Corral de la Morería, including Cancanilla de Málaga, Felipe Maya, and El Yunque. Unfortunately, the juerga the night before had been such a wild one that people in the neighborhood had complained. Therefore, the manager of the bar wouldn't permit any loud cante. He kept telling Cancanilla, who was ready to go, to be quiet. In spite of that, Cancanilla put on a demonstration of flamenco knowledge (bulerías in particular) that left me flabbergasted. His knowledge seemed to be highly technical and he was able to demonstrate different countertimes in the cante, as well as ways that he and others treated a specified melody. When he danced and marked time in place, while singing under his breath, I felt that I was in the presence of rhythm such as I had never experienced. Although no fiesta developed that night, it is in places such as this that one has a chance of experiencing truly spontaneous flamenco among professional artists.

GRANADA

I was only in Madrid a few days, going from there to Granada by train. The first time I was in Spain, I made the same trip in a train that was pulled by a steam locomotive, struggling up hills at what seemed a walking speed, stopping often for water and coal, and belching smoke and ashes that entered through open train windows when the wind was wrong or when going through tunnels. At the time, we rode in compartments, with eight people facing each other on wooden benches. Now, the speedy train carries its passengers in lux-

ury — comfortably seated, with air-conditioning and television in each car. However, I kind of missed the sharing of food and the little fiestas that often developed in those old compartments.

Granada is a truly beautiful city. From the ancient Calle Elvira to the Sacramonte, the picturesque Albaycín (this spelling, in contrast with the more customary Albaicín, is now very much vogue) clings to the hillsides, with very narrow cobblestone streets that are so steep that steps are often built into them — which doesn't stop people from driving cars over them. Some of the homes and villas are so inaccessible, due to the narrow, steep streets, that donkeys are still used to haul building materials in and out. Calle Elvira, which is only one block from — and runs parallel to — one of Granada's most modern and busiest streets, is one of the oldest thoroughfares in Granada and has some of the narrowest "streets" branching off from it. This street is so narrow that the exhaust fumes from the very heavy traffic are suffocating and there is great danger to pedestrians who must share the sidewalk and street with fast-moving trucks and automobiles. When

I was there, walls were covered with spray-painted slogans calling for traffic to be banned and the street made into a pedestrian walkway. I hope the campaign succeeds.

La Alhambra, the Moorish palace and fortress that overlooks Granada, is a cliché — its ornate arches and courtyards are familiar to us from picture postcards. Yet, I found myself awed during my visit. The real reason for going to the Alhambra, however, was not the palace. I wanted to find El Polinario, a tavern that was operated by the classical guitarist Angel Barrios and his father in the early part of the century. It was the hangout of artists and flamencos of that time, visited by the likes of such as Manuel de Falla, García Lorca, Antonio Chacón, Ramón Montoya, Manuel Torre, Andrés Segovia,



Gitanas of the Sacramonte

and many others. The Alhambra staff did not know what I was talking about—they kept sending me to the new Polinario bar that has been built across the street from the Alhambra. Just as I was about to give up, I found someone who suggested that I was perhaps referring to the old Arab baths that are not open to the public. I knew that the tavern had been built on the site of the baths, so I followed this lead and eventually found that I could get a special permit to visit the site. It took several days of return visits, but finally a guard escorted me to the home of Angel Barrios, built right into the ancient baths. Most traces of the actual tavern have been removed, but the tiny arched chambers—the original baths—in which the customers drank and enjoyed flamenco, are in excellent condition. I was told that the area was far too delicate to ever be on public display.

A real treat was to be able to use the Alhambra library and, with a guard standing over me, actually handle and read letters from Falla, Lorca, and others, in regard to the 1922 flamenco contest in Granada. The majestic Alhambra Palace Hotel lies on an adjacent hill; in its basement is the intimate theater where Andrés Segovia played flamenco before the 1922 contest. Nearby is Manuel de Falla's home—not generally promoted to tourists, but well worth a visit (don't forget to tip the very grouchy caretakers).

On Cuesta de Gómez, the steep road that leads up to the Alhambra, are a number of guitar shops. Among them are Casa Ferrer (the granddaddy of guitar shops), the shop of a Manuel Bellido (who was renowned for awhile as a builder of very loud guitars), and the shop of Manuel Díaz. Díaz was hard to pin down; every time I went to see him, he had "just gone out." When I



Paco Sevilla looking through old records with Manuel Diaz.

finally made contact, he didn't seem to have much interest in building guitars. Later, I was told that he had won the lottery and was not doing much building; that also explained his expensive car and clothes. Manuel was very generous with me, however, taking me to lunch and helping me with my research. He has a very large collection of old 78-rpm records and was the founder of the Peña la Platería (a flamenco club) that has a gorgeous clubhouse in the Albaycín. He was so fascinated by *Jaleo* and the idea that I teach flamenco to children in the elementary schools that he had me interviewed for a local newspaper. If anything appeared in print, I haven't been able to get a copy.

I was very interested in seeing La Manigua, the old red-light district that was the center of flamenco activity in the first half of this century. It lies just off the main street, Los Reyes Católicos, and can be entered from Calles San Matias or Naranjo. It was hard to find and I went by it several times. Finally, I discovered that I had been walking right by the streets, which are barely more than slits between buildings. What a spooky place! The two and three-story buildings, decaying and appearing largely deserted, are often so close together that one's shoulder almost touch on either side. Even in daylight, it was dark and eerie. The few inhabitants were well suited to their environment and lived up to the reputation of the area. It was dismal and gloomy, but I felt a deep sadness when I realized that only a fragment of the original district remains and it will soon disappear completely. A new shopping center is slowly encroaching on the last of La Manigua.

Twenty-five years ago I visited the caves of the Sacromonte. At that time, the gypsies had just been largely evicted and relocated in public housing (slums like La Chana)—supposedly due to unsafe and unsanitary conditions. I was impressed by the colorful and comfortable nature of many of



Cave guitarists



Two year-old dance phenominon of the Sacramonte.

the empty hillside homes. Since then, I had heard that some of the gypsies had moved back and that foreigners had taken over many of the underground abodes. I hoped that this very picturesque community had somehow survived.

In spite of numerous warings that I should not go to the Sacromonte alone, I trekked up the hill and turned down the ominous looking Calle del Sacromonte. It really was intimidating; the warning stayed on my mind and inhibited my explorations somewhat.

On my first walk-through, I didn't see a single cave, except for the commercial ones where flamenco is performed for tourists. An aside: It is worth going to see these shows, in spite of the bad flamenco and the horrendous show at the Jardines de Neptuno that is part of the package. The highlight of the evening I went was a two-year old boy (see photos) who danced a complete soleá por bulerías (his choice, and he cried until they lowered the light to his satisfaction). The amazing thing about the performance was that this baby, who was unsteady on his feet, danced a long adult version of the soleá, with impeccable compás, in spite of the fact that he could not successfully carry out any of the leaps, turns, or complex footwork. He was obviously learning from the top down, absorbing a complex routine by watching and without bothering to learn the basics first. It really seemed to lend credence to the gypsy claim that their babies "come out dancing."

Back to my exploration. Where were the hundreds of caves I had seen years earlier? On the second walk-through, I spotted a bit of whitewash high above the road. Climbing up the cliff, I found a half-buried cave that was partially filled with garbage. It had been an amazing six-room home, complete with electricity. Apparently, the cave had been buried when the road was improved. It would appear that the fate of many of the caves has

been to be buried and forgotten. In another decade or two, the Sacromonte will largely have disappeared. I did find a number of inhabited caves higher up in some ravines. As I said, the warnings I had been given, plus the many barking dogs, discouraged extensive exploration. However, in trying to find my way back to the road, I came upon an amazing sight. Earlier I had seen many closed discoteques in caves on the main road. Now I had stumbled onto La Chumbera, and elaborate underground nightclub built high on a cliff with a spectacular view of the Sacromonte, the Alhambra, and the city of Granada below. I can't go into much detail here, but this was one of the most incredible fantasylands I have ever seen. And it was completely deserted. Apparently, at one time (probably in the 1970's) the Sacromonte was the scene of a very hot nightlife. What a mix that must have been — disco and gypsies! In any case, La Chumbera symbolizes for me the loss of a whole culture and a very flamenco way of life. What a shame that the Sacromonte was not preserved in its original form as some sort of living historical site.

MALAGA

Málaga is not exactly the place one would choose to go in search of flamenco, especially on a short visit. However, I had a couple of days and there were a few historical things that were of interest to me. Also, I had discovered that books about flamenco are often only available in the city that was the major focus of the book, even in big chain stores like El Corte Inglés. This is also true of records, which are sometimes distributed only in the artist's home town. To collect information about flamenco in Málaga, one has to go to Málaga. One source of information that I hoped to contact was the Peña



Paco in a partially buried cave.

Juan Brea, but this proved to be impossible on such short notice. The peñas are often only accessible at certain times, on particular evenings of the week or month.

In the center of Málaga's commercial district, just off the Plaza de la Constitucion, Spain's most famous café cantante of the 1800's and first half of this century, El Café de Chinitas, can still be seen. One walks under an archway and down a narrow passageway, the Pasaje de Chinitas, and finds the cafe facing a small courtyard and fountain. It is identified by a plaque — otherwise, what is now a fabric store would probably go unnoticed. Inside, among the rolls of modern fabrics and pattern displays, are found the original marble columns and other parts of the original structure. But that's it — there is no other information available and the clerks will answer your question with, "We just work here!" You can peek through a doorway into the circular inner chamber that was once the main salon where most of flamenco's legendary figures performed; it has been rebuilt as a storage room, so it is difficult to picture how it once served as a tablao. Not very satisfying, but at least it is still there!

If you walk across the Rio Guadalmedina on the Alameda Principal, you will find yourself between the two important flamenco neighborhoods of the last century, Barrio Perchel on your left and Barrio Trinidad on the right. Lining the quaint old streets are aging two and three-story *casas de vecinos*, buildings that were usually constructed around a central courtyard and house a number of families. If you don't hurry, however, you will not see them, for they are falling to the demolishing ball at a rapid rate. In 1988, whole areas had the appearance of ravaged European cities after the bombings of World War II — a depressing sight. Sadly, another reminder of flamenco's past is giving way to the glass and steel of apartment buildings and huge shopping complexes. Yet, amid the ruins and in the remaining intact areas, one sees touches of the old style of living and the streets are still the center of social life. See it soon or not at all.

SEVILLA

This is going to be an unusual picture of Sevilla; I didn't do too many of the expected things. The Biental; (see the last issue of *Jaleo* for another perspective) can be dismissed with a few words. I attended most of the events over the period of a month, missing only a few of the performances at the beginning and end. Aside from the contest of young dancers, which was terrific and featured the best guitar and cante (keep an eye on guitarist Miguel Pérez), I felt that, on the whole, the flamenco was not of the quality one would expect — especially if you are not too interested in theatrical, balletic flamenco. There were some well-known figures whose performances were quite dismal. Enough said!

I was in Sevilla looking for information. Therefore, I spent a great deal of time wandering the streets. The first thing I noticed is that the city is undergoing tremendous renovation. Everywhere, old stone buildings are coming down and being replaced by glass and steel. The skyline seen from a distance revealed

dozens of tall, stork-like mechanical cranes, each indicating a new tall building going up. Part of the reason for all of the activity is probably the big events of 1992 — the Exposition in Sevilla and the Olympics in Barcelona. But it also would appear that Spain is only just beginning to develop a sense of the value of its historical buildings. One occasionally sees preserved and restored buildings, but it is too late for many, many others. I was particularly saddened to see what has happened to Calle Sierpes. This street has long been reserved for pedestrians only and, for centuries, was the center of Sevilla's social life. Although it gradually lost much of its former importance, up until ten of fifteen years ago, it remained of interest to the tourist, with bars, cafés, and souvenirs shops (where many visiting flamenco dancers bought their castanets, shawls, and other paraphernalia) to help give it a special flavor. Not anymore! Just about everything is gone, replaced by mundane clothing stores, banks, and video game arcades. Now Calle Sierpes is no different from the surrounding commercial streets. Tourists already seem to be learning that there is little there for them and are staying away. It would have been so easy for the city government to regulate the businesses on Calle Sierpes and retain some of its old ambiente. By the way, at No. 35 on Calle Sierpes, there is a game arcade located in a building that once housed the oldest café cantante in Sevilla (originally, El Tronío, and built in the early 1800's); one can wander in and see the columns and arches forming the courtyard that was the main room of the cafe (tablao).

Fortunately, my friend and book collaborator from San Diego, cantaora Marysol Fuentes, was visiting her family in Puerto de Santa María and attended some of the Biental performances. I was able to take advantage of her social skills to help me become acquainted with some of Spain's most knowledgeable flamencologists. We visited Emilio Jiménez Díaz at his beautiful home in Triana. He and his wife were warm and hospitable during our two long visits. Emilio was most generous with his extensive library; he permitted us to carry off and photocopy valuable documents and rare books. He was impressed by the copies of *Jaleo* magazine we showed him and several months after my visit with him, the following paragraphs appeared in the prestigious flamenco magazine *Sevilla Flamenca* as part of an article about flamenco magazines:



Café El Tronío on Calle Sierpes

DE REVISTAS

[from: *Sevilla Flamenca*, Dec. 1988; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Emilio Jiménez Díaz

Fortunately, during the days of the Bienal, I had the luck to meet a couple of young lovers of flamenco who live in San Diego. They are the editors of the revista *Jaleo*, which promotes our art in Los Angeles, New York, Boston, San Francisco, and Philadelphia; its message also reaches Japan and Spain.

With fifty-two pages and more than a dozen volumes, this publication is produced — although printed in English — by people who know what they are doing. He, Paco Sevilla — for this is the professional name of this American and she, Marysol — *gaditana* [from Cádiz] by birth and life experience — are the "alma mater" of the publication [although Marysol does not work with *Jaleo* except for consultation, it facilitated conversations to speak as a single unit representing the magazine]. He is a teacher of guitar and she of baile [cante], and they are experts on the subject and missionaries of flamenco in their world travels.

The magazine, complete and extremely interesting, presents to us a superb selection of interviews, commentaries, and critiques, spiced with excellent photographs. It is a shame that the paper is not of suitable quality for a publication of such a high and meritorious content.

[Paco Sevilla in Sevilla; continued]

A major goal of my trip was to learn as much as possible about Triana, the gypsy barrio of Sevilla and historically important in flamenco's development. Emilio suggested we visit Manuel Oliver, the last of the old-time cantaores of Triana. Manuel is one of the few residents of the recently restored Hotel Triana. The hotel was built in the manner of the old *casas de vecinos*, three stories with wooden-railed balconias facing the large inner courtyard (this was the site of some of the Bienal performance). Manuel lives with his wife, Dolores, (she said to us, "Just don't call us 'Lole y Manuel!'") in three tiny rooms on the third floor. We introduced ourselves and were immediately welcomed like family. Their son, a singer and their pride and joy, had died a few years earlier and they were still grieving (his picture is on the wall in the photo). Manuel has refused to sing since that time, but we were able to listen to tapes of his singing; his cante is in the style of the *payos* (nangypsies) of the Cava de los Civiles, or El Zurraque, as it is also called. The *payos* of this part of Triana generally were involved in making the famous ceramic tiles (*azulejos*) and pottery of Sevilla, while the gypsies lived in the Cava de las Gitanos and were known for their blacksmithing. Each of the two "Cavas" had its own style of singing; the most popularly known *soleá* de Triana is the *soleá apolá* style of the *payos* of El Zurraque.

Manuel agreed to give us a guided tour. The following day, we spent the entire afternoon walking all over Triana. Eighty-five year-old Manuel walked our legs off. I can only give a few examples here of the things we saw. If you enter Triana through the Plaza Altozano and make a right turn at the first street, you are faced by the elaborately tiled facade of a ceramic shop. A door in the back of that shop leads to a labyrinth of rooms that occupy most of the entire block, with access from at least three streets. This is a ceramic factory that still operates using techniques that are centuries old. Pots are turned on potters wheels, decorated by artists who sit all day long creating intricate patterns with almost microscopic strokes of a brush, and fired in immense, smoke-belching kilns that are sealed with mud and heated from below by a wood fire that is built in a room-like vault and kept burning by men who must work in incredible heat.

Outside the factory is a small plaza where a man used to keep a cow and served fresh milk right from the udder to the glass. One street over was the *cuartel* of the Guardia Civil, from which the Cava de los Civiles got its name. Walking up Calle Castilla, past the dance studio of Matilde Coral, just before arriving at the old *plaza de abastos* (food market) of Triana, we came to an arched passageway that leads down to the river. Two gypsy boys sat at the entrance singing *por bulerías*. This passage is a remnant of the Castle of the

Inquisition and through it were taken the heretics to their death in the Plaza Altozano. It seems that the centuries-old food market was built on the site of the castle (from which comes the street name, Castilla) and will soon be demolished to make way for archaeological excavations. There goes another landmark. The other old market, in the center of Sevilla, was converted some time ago into an artist's commune. They're going fast, folks!

Crossing Calle San Jacinto, the main street that comes off the bridge, we entered the Cava de los Gitanos, passing by Manolo Marín's dance studios on Calle Rodriga de Triana, and then taking a side-street over to Pages del Corro — in the old days, the outer fringe of Triana and bordered by fields, orchards, and gypsy forges. Today, Pages del Corro is a wide, heavily-trafficked thoroughfare, lined with modern businesses and apartment buildings. Everywhere we went, Manolo repeated the same theme: "Here there used to be a flamenco bar..." [pointing to a shiny new clothing store], "over there were several forges..." [indicating a office building], "and that was a gypsy *corral* (Sevilla's version of the *casa de vecinos*)" [now condominiums]. Indeed, much of Triana has disappeared; everywhere, we saw new buildings going up. As the song says, "*Triana ya no es Triana*." Most of the gypsies are gone from Triana, having been forced by rising property values to move to the housing projects far out on the outskirts of Sevilla. Triana is now a chic place to live and is dominated by villas, apartments, and condos.

I can't begin to describe here the amount of information that came from Manuel during this walk. I learned about so many things that appear in songs or flamenco literature — El Tardón (now a *barrio* and often referred to by Lole y Manuel; originally a *cortijo* where olive oil was produced), Monte Pirolo (an area where there were numerous blacksmiths and taverns), the *café* where Silverio surprised the flamencos with his cante when he returned from America, El Puente Camaronero, and so many more. There is a mark on the wall near the market, about four feet from the ground, that shows how high the water has risen in the streets during the periodic flooding by the Guadalquivir River (Manuel said that they are going to open up the river to allow it flow between Sevilla and Triana again; it would be wonderful to see that giant sewer flushed out — maybe fish could be caught again, although don't count on it [see below].)

Several days later, I again visited Manuel and took with me a cheap guitar that I had just purchased to get me by until I could find something better; I hadn't played for over a month. When I had played for awhile, and with the prodding of Dolores, Manuel began to sing — the first time since the death of his son. He flattered me by telling me and others that the music forced him to sing. His voice and sense of *compás* were a bit rusty, but it was a real treat to listen to him sing *por soleá* for over an hour. He demonstrated many different styles of Triana and explained how different artists used to interpret them. Recording and writing as fast as she could, Marysol collected dozens of verses; they poured out from Manuel in song, or in a steady stream of recitation, all identified by their style or creator. It was an afternoon I won't soon forget. Nor will I forget the warmth and generosity of Emilio, Manuel, their wives, and the many other Trianeros we met.

One morning, I met Marysol and we went to have breakfast with Mario Escudero and Luis Caballero. Mario, who had just arrived from America, was exhausted and limited his conversation to a stream of puns and bad jokes. Luis, the well-known cantor/writer, is renowned as a story-teller ("Two gypsies fell asleep in the country. The first to wake roused the other and chasised him, 'I thought you were supposed to be collecting snails.' The other replied sleepily, 'I had one, but I guess it got away!'" Or the one about the guitarist who refused to play for a certain singer because he had a crippled foot. One night, the guitarist was the only one available to play for this singer. After much discussion, he agreed to try. Seated next to the singer, he kept looking at the bad foot out of the corner of his eye — and didn't play. Finally he jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Hombre, I can't play unless you cover your foot with your jacket!").

I wanted to meet Luis in order to give him a tape of his own cante being accompanied by the great and eccentric guitarist Manolo de Huelva. And there-in lies a tale, a tale that will be told by three articles that appeared in



Above and below right: Two moments in the cante of Manuel Oliver

Spanish flamenco journals. It all began when I came across an article by Luis Caballero in *Candil* about Manolo de Huelva. Manolo and Ramón Montoya were the hottest guitarists going in the first half of the 1900's. After 1950, as Manolo aged, he became more and more eccentric and reclusive, eventually refusing to play in public or record, always on his guard lest somebody steal his precious falsetas and techniques. The few who heard him play (Segovia, Donn Pohren, Sabicas, and others) were lavish in their praise—the greatest guitarist of all time, etc. According to the article by Caballero, Manolo accompanied Antonio Mairena in the bar La Cuadra (Sevilla) in 1968. An American secretly taped the session from behind the bar, but when Manolo found out about it the following day, he returned to the bar and demanded the tape. The American agreed to erase it, but, unknown to Luis Caballero, he only erased one track of the stereo tape. Years later, Chris Carnes made this tape available commercially (a short-lived venture, as most of these are, due to pirate copying). I had a copy of the tape, which featured, not Mairena singing, but Luis Caballero and Gaspar de Utrera, and it occurred to me that it would be fun to present it to Luis Caballero.

A second event complicated my plans somewhat. I obtained a copy of a record dedicated to Manolo de Huelva and Ramón Montoya that was purported to contain the only existing recorded solo playing of the former. I was shocked by what I heard. This record, along with the fiesta tape described above, inspired me to

write an article about the recordings on Manolo de Huelva and attempt to have it published in *Candil*. I hoped that the article would serve to introduce me to the intellectual element of the flamenco world in Spain and perhaps facilitate my research. Unfortunately, the article did not appear until after I had returned from Spain, so it didn't help while I was there. In any case, here is the article.

THE RECORDINGS OF MANOLO DE HUELVA

[from: *Candil*, July-August 1988;
translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Paco Sevilla

Recently I had my first opportunity to listen to Manolo de Huelva on the record "Concierto de Art Clásico Flamenco" (Dial Discos 54.9317/18), produced by the city government of Sevilla on the occasion of the III Bienal de Arte Flamenco in 1984. I was very surprised by what I heard, for it was not

what I had expected. It is my belief that this recording does not represent the true toque of Manolo de Huelva and that its presentation, as such, does a disservice to flamenco aficionados by leaving a false record for history.

I am aware of three different types of recordings of the toque of Manolo de Huelva: The first is his accompaniment on records of cantaores such as Canalejas de Puerto Real, Manuel Centeno, Manuel Vallejo, and El Tenazas. In these recordings, he demonstrates very little more than the ability to play with compás and accompany the tones of the cante. Taking into account Manolo's secretiveness, we can be fairly certain that he intentionally avoided playing anything of importance.

The second type of recording is a tape made in Sevilla, in La Cuadra, in



1968. This tape was described by Luis Caballero in an article he wrote for *Candil* entitled "Manolo de Huelva: Imagen y Anécdota I". Señor Caballero describes a fiesta with Manolo de Huelva and Antonio Mairena that was secretly recorded by a North American. Manolo found out about the recording and demanded the tape, threatening to call the police. In fact, that tape was not given to Manolo. The American pretended to erase the recording, but did not. I have a copy of that tape and would be happy to present it to Luis Caballero. I was told that the cantaores were Gaspar de Utrera and Señor Caballero; Antonio Mairena does not appear on the recording.

On this tape, Manolo accompanies *por malagueñas*, *mirabrás*, *tarantas*, *soleares*, and *siguiriyas*. *Por soleá* he plays solo at great length. His playing is very strong and emotional, with a hard touch; the *falsetas* are imaginative and unique. However, he was seventy-six years old at the time and his age shows in his playing. The music is uneven. In an effort to play with strength, he loses control and plays too hard, snapping the strings violently and creating unpleasant sounds. At times, he appears to hook his thumb under the string and pluck outward, "tirando", snapping the string instead of playing down into it, "apoyando"; this produces a false tone. When he plays rapidly, we do not hear all of the notes. And yet, in spite of all this, we are still able to experience the *toque* of Manolo, his strength, the unexpected stops, the emotion, and the personal and creative style.

Por mirabrás, Manolo accompanies very simply, with *compás* and without counter-times nor *falsetas*. *Por malagueñas*, he does many very rapid *ligados* on the treble strings, plucking with his fingers; the *cante* is accompanied in traditional tones, but with a constant 3/4 tempo (rather than in the usual free rhythm), derived from the *bandolás* or *verdiales* (perhaps a consequence of the fact that Manolo was from the epoch of the *malagueñas* of Juan Breva). There is little of interest in the *taranta*. The most interesting *toque* on the tape has to be the *soleá* — inventive and original, with many rapid *ligados* played with thumb. Here, although the *toque* is often crude, we get an idea of what Manolo might have been like in his prime. The *siguiriya* is played *por arriba*, in the tones of the *serranas*, so we learn nothing of Manolo's *toque* in *siguiriya*. Overall, this tape gives us a feel for the playing of Manolo de Huelva, which certainly is not what it must have been thirty or forty years earlier.

Finally, we come to the record "Concierto de Arte Clásico Flamenco", which claims to present Manolo de Huelva as a concert artist. I have not had the opportunity to read the literature which comes with the record, so I do not know all of the details of the recording. However, I am certain that the recordings are part of the collection of Marius and Virginia de Zayas and were recorded in the 1930's. We know that Manolo normally refused to be recorded, and it has been said that he only agreed to these recordings under the condition that they never be released until after his death.

In a review of this record (*El País*, Dec. 22, 1984), Angel Alvarez Caballero describes the playing of Manolo de Huelva in the words of Andrés Segovia: "...simple, emotional, and expressive." On this record, we hear primarily the "simple". Señor Alvarez also calls this record the "only recording of Manolo de Huelva in concert." Can this music truly be called "concert music"? Let's see!

On the first three record tracks, Manolo accompanies the *baile*. In the early years of flamenco, guitarists did not play *sevillanas* as concert solos. *Sabicas* is generally credited with creating the true *sevillanas* "de concierto" — *sevillanas* that are not based on the *cante* or are more than simple reproductions of traditional songs. We would not expect a guitarist of Manolo's status to accompany *sevillanas*, much less do so without the *cante*. But, here on the first track, Manolo accompanies *sevillanas* and demonstrates a strong and rapid *picado*. The second "copla" reminds us of the style of *Sabicas*; we will encounter other examples of the influence of Manolo de Huelva on the *toque* of *Sabicas*.

With the exception of the *sevillanas*, the dances included here are not complete. Manolo is presented accompanying only the footwork in the *escobilla* sections of the dances. *Por alegrías*, he does the minimum, the traditional basics. *Por siguiriyas*, he again accompanies the footwork.

Nevertheless, he demonstrates a hard, driving thumb and an unusual tremolo. It is not common to hear a tremolo in the *siguiriya*, for neither the *compás* nor the *aire* of this *toque* are suited to it. Manolo accomplishes it by playing the first three beats of the *compás* with a normal tremolo, with five plucks per beat (one with the thumb and four with the fingers); in the two long beats, he does a "double" tremolo, with eight plucks per beat (one with the thumb and seven with the fingers). This is not any easy technique. The dissonance of this passage adapts the tremolo to the mood of the *siguiriya*. After the interesting tremolo, Manolo plays several more *falsetas* with an *aire* resembling that of *Sabicas*.

The first three "pieces" on this record give us no hint as to the purpose of the original recordings, but it is clear that they are not concert solos. They are not solos, nor do they, for the most part, represent well the *toque* of Manolo de Huelva.

The final four tracks on the record, three *soleares* and *la caña*, are quite different from the music described above. With the exception of the final *soleá*, these *toques* contain few *falsetas*. Manolo plays very simply through a series of chords. Angel Alvarez writes that Manolo plays on this record "...as if he were accompanying a *cantaor* or a *bailaor*."

In fact, Manolo plays, not "as if he were accompanying a *cantaor*," but was indeed accompanying a *cantaor*. And, if I am not mistaken, that *cantaor* was Virginia de Zayas, who studied *cante* with the guitarist in 1937-8. What we have here are recordings made for the practice of *cante*, recordings made by a teacher for his student. Manolo plays simply, passing through the chords without elaboration, with little inspiration or creativity, and probably with the intention of not revealing anything that he considered to be of value. Let's look at some examples:

In the first *soleá*, we hear the accompaniment of the "salida" or "temple" of the *cante* and three "coplas." The development of the *cante* is very complete, with one *compás* of solo guitar music after the first *tercio* [sung line] of each "copla", repeats of each *tercio*, and a *cambio* [change to a different melody] in the third "copla." Similarly, the *caña* consists of the *lamento* of the "ayes", two *letras* of *cante*, and a *remate* [change to a different *cante* to finish]. The second *soleá* has two "coplas" of *cante*. In the last *soleá*, we finally encounter a guitar solo. It is a short solo, but it contains an excellent and very smooth tremolo, rapid thumb *ligados* and at least two *falsetas* that *Sabicas* would later claim as his own.

In 1978, Virginia de Zayas wrote an article about Manolo de Huelva for *Guitar Review* entitled "Origens of Flamenco Music and Its Oldest Songs". She writes that Manolo did not like to use the first of sixth strings when playing *rasgueados* [strums]. Therefore, he stopped the top string with his little finger and the bass string with his thumb. Manolo used to say that, by using only the inner four strings, he got a more flamenco sound. To a certain extent, we hear this on the record, but the dark sound is much more evident on the tape of *La Cuadra*. De Zayas adds the following quote from Manolo: "The more monotonous the *falseta*, the more flamenco it is." We find no *falsetas* on the record that would fit this description.

In my opinion, the record, "Concierto de Arte Clásico Flamenco," should not be presented as representing the true *toque* of Manolo de Huelva. In reality it consists of recordings made for the study of *cante* and, perhaps *baile*. It only gives us a glimpse of the technical ability of the guitarist. However, if we combine the technique of the record with the emotionality and expressivity of the tape of *La Cuadra*, we get a more complete picture of how Manolo might have played. We can only hope that the Zayas family will authorize the release of more tapes and, even more important, publish a book about their experiences with Manolo de Huelva.

[Paco again]

Several months after the appearance of the above, a follow-up article appeared in *Sevilla Flamenca*. Here is that article:

THE LONG HISTORY OF A PIRATED RECORDING

[form: Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1988; translated by Paco Sevilla]

by Luis Caballero

The guitarist Manolo de Huelva is heard from more today with regard to his eccentricities than in recordings of his guitar. Even in the most recent promotions by professionals and aficionados who never knew him, there are more comments about his strange personality than about his scattered and brief recordings that have survived to present.

Once again the enigmatic Huelvano from Rio Tinto is back in conversation precisely because of his characteristic reactions to situations. Actually, Don Manuel distinguished himself among the professionals of his time, but I don't believe it was because of a form of conduct that was specifically eccentric. If we stop to reflect a moment, we would not consider as strange his seemingly illogical conclusions, nor his usual manner of going through the life that he was given to live as a man and an artist. He was neither arrogant, nor overly proud, nor suspicious; he was simply dignified.

I, apart from having had the high honor of singing "a sus órdenes", also had the luck to cultivate his friendship, although only in the last years of his life and for a short time.

Manolo de Huelva oriented his criteria according to his own philosophy and a resolute, clear, and serious sense of dignity.

The climate in which the flamenco lifestyle developed has lent itself more to the play of the picaresque than that of more redeeming qualities. In a curiously singular manner, this world and sub-world was the cultivating brew of a peculiar bohemianism with enough gracia and *gracejo* [similar to gracia, i.e., wit and humor] to excuse, more than condemn, the arbitrariness and personal anarchy that can still be perceived among this typical social group.

Customs become the rule, just as the *ambiente* creates a typical "type". To not conform to all or part of the mold created by a particular environment, leads, without fail, to one's being singled out, for better or worse, as an unusual case. Perhaps Manolo was so, but we can justify him somewhat when we consider that there were many "casos aparte" like him in that "difficult world of flamenco." Nevertheless, we see ourselves obligated to admit that, in our beloved guitarist there was a certain attitude toward teaching that was perhaps misguided, but not uncommon. Naively and obsessively he attempted to hide his music from possible "thieves", even knowing that they were nothing more than genuine admirers of his artistic originality. Which brings us to the point. In another article of mine dealing with the personality of Manuel, I referred to an anecdote that began with a recital in which El de Huelva accompanied Joselero, Gaspar de Utrera and me. It was in La Cuadra in 1968. (God help me, how these twenty years have flown by!)

That good-hearted Cristóbal, countryman and friend at that time of the American cantaora María la Marrura and a flamenco guitarist who studied day and night, had the opportunity of a lifetime when he was present for that concert of accompaniment by the legendary Manolo de Huelva. I don't believe that any of us four participants were aware of his technical achievement. The following day, Manolo did find out that the American had taped the recital and... that's where the trouble began. Now, I wonder how Manuel found him to get the tape — Manuel neither knew him nor knew where he lived. [note from Paco: Luis Caballero does not recall that Cristóbal was working behind the bar at the time and was easily found there the following day.] He also never found out how the American had tricked him. I have learned about it only after twenty years.

This past summer, a couple from San Diego (Baja California) called me on the telephone: "We want to talk with you and give you the historic recording that Cristóbal made that night in 1968 in La Cuadra and supposedly gave to Don Manuel de Huelva. We are great aficionados, editors of the magazine Jaleo, and in contact with all possible activity in that regard. We read an article of yours in which you told the first part of the story of the pirate tape and we have decided to tell you the second part while we are in Sevilla."

Some time later, in issue number 58 of Candil, I found a stupendous and detailed article by Paco Sevilla in which he clears up the cloudy and arid panorama of Manolo's recordings and, in which, for the second time, appears the now celebrated pirate recording — now in the possession of this gentleman who so kindly offered it to me. (I must untangle one confused point in Paco Sevilla's article: In that recital, Antonio Mairena did not take part, although he was present. I remind you that I was involved as a sort of organizer. Manolo had just returned from Madrid, where he had stayed for some time with his arm in a cast. He found himself clumsy in playing the guitar and in poor economic condition. Antonio told me that we should help him. So, aside from the fiesta described here, there was another one, held previously in La Cuadra; in another article, I have described that private fiesta and revealed how privileged I felt to be present with the genius of Manolo and Antonio — on that night, Manuel played very well and Antonio sang better.

All I have left to say is that the tape came to me from San Diego, thanks to my flamenco friends from California, has an atrocious and disastrous sound. The original must have been of very poor quality and, if we add to that the large succession — as they assured me — of copy after copy, the truth is that the fruit spread around by the passionate pirate guitarist Cristóbal el de la Marrura is not presentable. But, in any case, the story is worth the trouble.

[Paco Sevilla continues]

While I was in Sevilla, there were two nearby towns that I wanted to visit. One was Los Palacios, the home of my first guitar teacher, and the other was Alcalá, home of such legendary figures as Joaquín de Paula and Manolito de María and, of course, the birthplace of the soleá de Alcalá. It turned out that I was able to take buses to both places on the same day.

The visit with my teacher, Manolo Carmona, now 84 years old, was quite interesting and emotional but it is a long, involved story that I will save for a future writing.

Alcalá is dominated by its hilltop castle. Of interest to me were the caves where the gypsy flamencos lived. I hiked up a long series of switchbacks, passing a couple of very civilized caves and a whole neighborhood of low, whitewashed, homes. The castle is not restored nor controlled, so one is free to wander through the ruins. From one of the parapets, I looked out over the valley below. The scene was one of pastoral serenity: a lazy river wound through lush green grass that was fed upon by black and white milk cows standing belly-deep in the water or grazing at the water's edge. Later, when I had descended from the hilltop, I strolled out onto a bridge across that river. A pungent stench hit my nostrils and looking down into the river channel, I saw that immense sewer pipes were broken off in a number of places and thick brown sewage poured into the river at a great rate. Upstream the water was green, but below the discharge it turned putrid brown and, further downstream, the cattle I had seen were eating and drinking. Even further down-river lay Sevilla. I could only envision that sort of pollution taking place all along the river, while innocent fisherman caught food for their families and cattle gave poisoned milk.

I searched all around the hill below the cattle, but never found the gypsy caves. Younger people told me they knew of no such caves, while an older gentleman said they were all gone. Perhaps with more time and a lot of inquiry I might have found something, but I have to assume that another traditional lifestyle has hit the dust.

Back in Sevilla, I came across an interesting book, La Sevilla que nos fue, by José María de Meña, a historian who seems to be cranking out an endless stream of books about Sevilla. In this book, I found some answers and some pronouncements that fit with what I had been observing. Almost every *pensión* that had been my home during various visits to Andalucía has ceased to exist (in Madrid they have survived, although not as *pensiones*). I don't mean that they have been converted to *hostales* (*pensiones* used to serve meals and are no longer found in Spain; *hostales* provide only rooms). Either their buildings have been torn down or they are now deserted. Señor Meña

explains that, beginning in 1950, a rent control law went into effect that prevented increases in charge for room and board. Since landlords could not increase rates to keep up with inflation, gradually they became impoverished and their buildings deteriorated until they had no choice but to sell to investors. Señor Meña describes the result: "By 1982...we can say that the major part of Sevilla has been destroyed...What is happening is, simply, the destruction of one Sevilla and the appearance of another city, a new and different one, that has nothing to do with Sevilla." (page 303)

Walking back to my room after visiting Alcalá and Los Palacios, I had my two cameras ripped from my hand by a motorcyclist. For over a month, I had guarded the cameras carefully; it took only a moment of relaxation to lose them. That loss put quite a damper on the rest of the trip and partially accounts for the small number of photos accompanying this article. In addition, most of my photos were slides — not usable in *Jaleo*.

JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA

After all of this bad news, I am glad that I can finish on a more cheerful note. I only was able to visit Jerez de la Frontera twice, taking the train from Sevilla, so my impressions must be suspect and superficial. However, I accomplished a great deal in those two visits. The train station is near the barrio San Miguel. Immediately, one is struck by the contrast with Sevilla. Jerez has the feel of a small town instead of the major city that it is. The whitewashed buildings in San Miguel are single and double story, many of them *patios* or *casas de vecinos* with beautiful, bright little courtyards. Walking up Calle Méndez Núñez, directly out from the train station, I found the air heavy with the fragrance of fermenting grapes. The second cross-street is Calle Alamos; a right turn, down one block, and we are standing before No. 22, a rundown single-story building with a plaque attached to its mud wall that announces it as the birthplace of Manuel Torre, the legendary cantaor who was born in 1878. Exploration revealed it to be a tiny *patio* with quarters for four or five families — all vacant and decaying except for one that appeared to be occupied. If something is not done this very interesting and important monument will be lost. One block away is Calle Manuel Torre, honoring the cantaor (strange choice of street).

The nearby Plaza Orellana was once crawling with the gypsy blacksmiths for which San Miguel was once known; they are non-existent today. Turning right down Calle Sol, we come to number 60, the unmarked birthplace of Antonio Chacón. It is a well-preserved (who knows if it is the original) two-story *patio* that is completely inhabited. Continuing down Calle Sol, we find Calle Cazón, mistakenly honoring Chacón with a plaque on No. 11 — perhaps the home of Chacón's uncle.

A half-hour walk takes us completely across town to the barrio Santiago, the other major birthplace of flamenco in Jerez. I don't know if I was imagining things, but to me this place reeked with flamenco. This may be the only place left in Andalucía where spontaneous flamenco in the street is still a possibility. The *patios* here are incredible — I had never imagined that such places existed. One peeks into a doorway and sees, instead of a home or a small *patio*, a labyrinth of low, whitewashed walls, irregular and punctuated by small doorways, winding around corners and disappearing from sight. It is hard to convey the appearance and feel of these places. They seem to have been built without plan, homes added at random as needed. Some of them are extensive, eventually, I suspect, emerging on distant streets. Calle Nueva is particularly impressive, with *casas* that might be from another planet. The gypsies in this barrio were primarily farm workers and it is still possible to see farm barracks where some of them lived.

There are two centers of flamenco study in Jerez (hopefully, they will eventually become one and pool their resources instead of competing). The Fundación Andaluza de Flamenco is in the barrio Santiago, located in the Palacio de Pemartín, an 18th century palace. It is a beautiful facility with a bookstore, theater, dance studio, library, tape library and viewing room, and exhibition hall. When I was there, it was still not completely open and organized. I was fortunate that Marysol had met me in Jerez that day, for she

worked a minor miracle. The library was not yet open, but one of the young girls working there (all of them absolutely ignorant of flamenco or the Fundación) let us into the office-like room where all of the rare books are kept. We prowled around, finding several desperately needed tomes. The girl returned to tell us we were not permitted in that room. We pleaded our case, explaining that we had come all the way from America looking for the material and telling her about *Jaleo*. She took our message to the acting head man. I was surprised that we were not taken to see the person in charge — it was the first time *Jaleo* did not open doors wide. The girl said she could make a few photocopies for us, even though we weren't members. She copied three *entire* books!

The prestigious Cátedra de Flamencología is located on the barrio San Miguel side of town. It is not nearly as public as I had always imagined and we gained entrance only by making an appointment with the director, Juan de la Plata. Juan was pretty bitter about the Fundación at that time, for it had all the money and city banking. He said that the reason the two organizations had not combined was that the Fundación refused to incorporate the name of the Cátedra (foolish if true, considering the long tradition of the Cátedra). We had a good, if short, conversation and then were rushed to the station by the guitarist Pepe Moreno, just in time to catch the train.

It appeared to me that Jerez has not yet been hit by the rush to modernize and the exploitation of real estate investors and big business. I'm sure it is happening, but it is not as apparent as in Sevilla. There is still a great deal of the past left for us to experience. Hopefully, with the awareness that seem to be awakening in Spain concerning the value of its historic buildings, Jerez will stand a better chance of surviving than did Sevilla. I think Jerez will be the next (and maybe last) major center of flamenco activity. I know that's where I'm going from now on.



Barrio San Miguel

FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE ARTISTS

[Selected and translated by Paco Sevilla]

"You can't teach a non-Spanish person to sing flamenco. You have to grow up with the language, with the form; it comes from outside... The people themselves have a particular quality in the voice which is just like an accent, which you learn to speak as a child."
—Paco Peña,
Classical Guitar, Sept. 1988

"Everyone is crazy about the latest novelty [in flamenco], without thinking about the treasure that makes flamenco different from every other music — feeling!... Looking for new and more complicated melodies has never been the way to more profundity and feeling..."

"Flamenco fusion is done with making money in mind; that which sounds familiar is swallowed more easily. Flamenco is adapted to the masses, when the opposite should be true — the masses should be educated so that flamenco can reach them..."

"Many American aficionados know how to mark compás por bulerías. Here [in Andalucía], 99% don't know how and will never learn."

—Pedro Bacán,
El País, Dec. 4, 1988

"Granada, land of good guitarists and bad cantaores...the cante has been destroyed [hecho polvo]...[the aficionados] pay more attention to the letras [words] than the cante..." —José Carmona (patriarch of the "Habichuelas"),
El País, Dec. 4, 1988

"Today there are many people who can devour the guitar, who play phenomenally. But, when it comes to accompanying, the guitarist has to stop, listen to the cantaor and help him, especially if his voice is not in good shape. He shouldn't insert long variations or do strange things that will leave the singer even less able to sing... When the cantaor finishes singing, [the guitarist] should give him a short variation and then let him sing again. He should help him to breathe and find his tone again...The singer is the star and we are the secondary star — if I can call it that. So, if there is a guitarist who accompanies well, he is also a star; if he wants to outshine the cantaor, he is not...The cantaor is the matador and the guitarist is the banderillero..."

"So many youngsters come out playing and devour the guitar. It's frightening! But what happens is that they don't know when to slow down. They don't caress the guitar. The guitar is like a woman: You have to slap her around when she deserves it, but then you also have to say, 'How beautiful you are'..."

"This thing that some people say that Paco [de Lucía] can't accompany cante...He plays for cante better than anyone. Better than anyone! What happens is that you have to be able to understand what ese tío [that guy] is doing."
—Juan Habichuela,
Candil 1988

"Gypsies smell you, and if they don't like your odor, there is nothing you can do!"
—El Cabrero,
El País, Dec. 4, 1988

"Buenas noches...Aquí estoy yo pa jacer lo que puea, acompañao a la guitarra por una figura muy grande — Juan Habichuela...Si ustedes vosotros oís alguna cosita rara, ustedes me perdonais." [untranslatable]—anonymous cantaor, Festival de Puebla de Cazalla

El País, Dec. 4, 1988

"Duende cannot be acquired. Duende is something that, just by talking about it, slips away from us. When you have it, try by every means possible

to take advantage of it and not let it get away. Take advantage of it, because it is one of the greatest things you can have. It fills you with satisfaction when you feel it...But you can't look for duende. If you try to find it, it will evade you and you won't find it even at the end of the world. You have to wait for it to come to you and then it is a question of taking full advantage of it. When I find myself with duende, I am capable of taking on the world...My eyes shine. You notice the duende has arrived when you begin to sing slowly, relaxed, with feeling, with a glazed look and your mouth tasting of blood...For me, duende is the pure essence of flamenco..."

"My personal opinion is that [Antonio] Mairena has left behind a school where aficionados can learn to sing. It is a school that is easy to learn, with easy directions...Because Mairena, like it or not, was not a man of *pellizco* [flavor, character in his singing], not a cantaor with a *voz calentita* [a voice that warms and stirs the emotions]. He was a man who did everything perfectly. Truly perfect! When aficionados sing, they must have some of Mairena's sound. It is easy to have that sound. Today there are very few cantaores who sing 'difficult'."
—Juan Moreno Maya "El Pele"

Sevilla Flamenca, Dec. 1988

"[The dance does not have the importance it deserves], neither within flamenco nor outside of it. The baile is a slave, placed to one side. First comes the cante, then the guitar, and finally, way behind, comes the dance. To tell you the truth, the dance has never been appreciated, never recognized for the cultural value it has...The people in Spain like the dance the least. But in other countries, the dance is the main thing."
—Manuela Vargas,
Sevilla Flamenca, 1987

"Farruco, mi arma, [he] should be paid just for a look at his face!"

—Cocha Vargas,
El País, Dec. 4, 1988

"All of the moderns have learned form the toque of Morón; if not, how would they know how to play por bulerías? What has happened is that Paco [de Lucía] has adapted it to his abilities. Besides, nobody can play with the purity of Diego [del Gastor]..."

"Paco [de Lucía] is a lover of the *toque corto*... and we shouldn't forget that, apart from his great speed *y sus cosas*, when Paco de Lucía stops [slows down], he is *un bicho* [roughly, 'a monster']...I have gotten drunk with him many times and, when he felt like it, he would say 'Now I'm going to play a little especially for your pleasure.' And he got to me, you know!..."

"In a fiesta with Enrique de Melchor...I said, 'Play me something of your father's; you are Enrique de Melchor, not Enrique de _____!' and I won't mention the name of the other guitarist. He played two things of his father's and I gave him a hug and said, 'Ole tu!'..."

"If you have a picado that is hard for you, you have to spend sixteen days doing it backwards; then, later, when you do it forward, you will do it in your own way and much easier."
—Paco de Gastor,

Sevilla Flamenca, 1987

"I consider myself to be a complete cantaor. But I am most comfortable in the cante por soleá. With the cejilla placed at any fret on the guitar, I am capable of singing any style of soleá that exists — Triana, Alcalá, Juarín, etc."

—El Chozas,
Sevilla Flamenca, 1987

"Of course there are differences [between the gypsy dance and the non-gypsy dance]! The gypsy is not as well prepared as the non-gypsy, has less schooling, which causes the dance to develop on the basis of the stimulus of the moment, intuition. It is more *salvaje* [wild, primitive, savage] and more influenced by temperament than by studied posures. That is not to say that one is better than the other, just that they are different. However, the dance that dominates today is the non-gypsy, that of much preparation and study. If we gypsies, who are a privileged race, worried as much as they do, it would

be horrible, because we would lose that wildness that appeals so much to the good aficionado."

—Curro Fernández,

Candil, 1987

"To sing, I need a woman who pleases me; *no soy raro, pero sí delicado* [I'm not strange, just delicate]...

"¡De artista a artista, toos tus muertos! [to Salvador Dalí]"

—El Chocolate

El País, Dec. 4, 1988

GAZPACHO DE GUILLERMO

ABCs OF FLAMENCO

One of the difficulties in learning to be a flamenco artist has historically been the lack of information about flamenco art. Any flamenco teacher worth his salt, it would seem, would try to give his students a foundation in flamenco, yet when I meet some students of flamenco guitar and dance, it is apparent that they lack much knowledge, either through fault of their own or, in many cases, through the fault of their teachers. How can this be true in the so-called "information age"?

What is the correct foundation for flamenco dance or guitar? We know what it means to lay the foundation of a building. This happens before the walls go up, before the roof goes on, before electricians are called in. But when it comes to flamenco very few know how to lay a good foundation for their students. We find so-called flamenco teachers, some of them famous performers, confusing the students, having them memorize virtuoso guitar solos or difficult choreographies without the proper foundation. A five-year-old child is capable of memorizing the sentence, "D-O-G spells dog." But this sort of thing has no meaning until the alphabet is mastered. Some of you will say: "That's obvious". If it is so obvious, then why do so many not know these things? Why do so many continue to flounder with no hope of ever comprehending flamenco?

Remember now that the key word is FOUNDATION! Lay the foundation for your students. So the following points are essential in any basic foundation you must lay. I am assuming the teacher is willing to impart knowledge and not lay endless mind-trips on unwitting students.

1) Make clear the difference between flamenco and whatever else you teach! As of 1989, many, many students have absolutely no concept of what flamenco is. You must tell them—if you know: "Recuerdos de la Alhambra" by Tárrega is not flamenco! "Asturias (Leyenda)" by Albéniz is not flamenco! "Zapateado" of Monreal or Sarasate is not flamenco! Escuela bolera is not flamenco! "Al Dimeola, Chick Corea, John McLaughlin, and Larry Coryell are not flamenco! Ravel's "Bolero" is not flamenco! Bach is not flamenco! Certainly all of these pieces and artists are to be appreciated for their dynamism, energy, subtlety, beauty, and vitality, but tell the student right away that they are not flamenco. Push back the boundaries of flamenco ignorance! It's your responsibility!

2) Start beginners with easy material to build confidence! Never raise your voice or belittle students. Don't start beginners with bulerías! Don't teach complex things like caña until soleares has been dealt with! Remember, Antonio Gades in the films "Carmen" said that it was the farruca that taught him the foundation for all of his dances! Basic farruca! Not a fantasy

farruca lasting 15 minutes with ballet emphasis. Farruca, tientos, tangos and exercises of scales are good to start with. If you start with difficult material, then I've got to question your ability as a teacher, or your motive! Short-term results are rarely in the best interest of your students.

3) Compás must take precedence over choreography! I'm not telling you to never teach choreography. I don't care what type of flamenco you practice, you must educate the student with basic knowledge of compás or you are doing a disservice to that student. Monkeys can be taught to ride tricycles, and elephants can be trained to do certain tricks, but if one is to go very far in flamenco, it cannot be learned solely as an inflexible memorized activity.

4) Have your students do a lot of listening to flamenco records and tapes! Have them watch instructional and performance videos. Make study tape from your private collection. Have the students listen to ten farrucas, ten tientos, ten of whatever you are studying, comparing the differences and similarities. The student must have a general knowledge of each toque or baile as well as a specific knowledge of class material.

My friend Marta del Cid from Atlanta used to say that guitarists must take their noses out of the sound hole of the guitar and learn about the other aspects of flamenco. Conversely, the dancers must spend some time away from their mirrors and learn about the other aspects of flamenco. Never refer to the cante as being something only for those people who are "really into it"; listen to cante flamenco on records where there is no dancer.

5) Realize that it is important for your students to eventually study with other teachers. In the very beginning one teacher is desirable for students to have less confusion, but I don't think it is harmful for them to study with others. Bonds of loyalty are many times merely a euphemism for the bondage of slavery. No single teacher can have a complete knowledge of flamenco, no matter who it is! If you are accustomed to imparting your paranoia instead of valuable flamenco knowledge, you are doing a disservice to the art of flamenco and to the pliable psyches of your students. From the very first lesson it is important not to bathe their brains in the ABCs on psychological confusion.

—Guillermo Salazar

MORCA

...sobre el baile



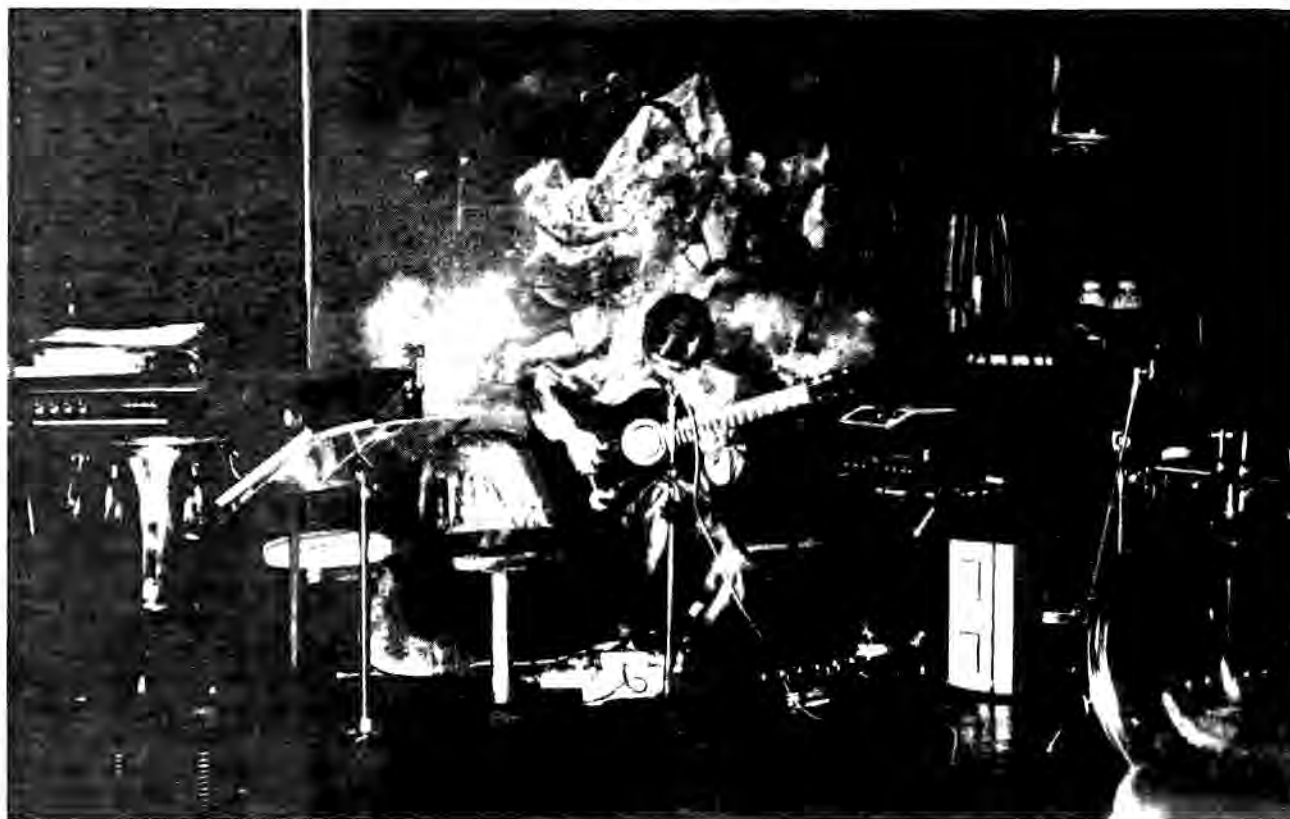
INTERPRETING THE CANTE IN FLAMENCO DANCE PART I

Flamenco singing is the soul-voice of the total art of flamenco. Long before there was the music of the flamenco guitar, the flamenco voice was crying out the feelings, the joys, the sorrows, the inner and outer life's happenings of the people of flamenco. Who knows when the dance and song became intertwined. We can only assume that the inspiration and need to dance — to move and be moved by this incredible singing — sprang forth together as twins born of the mixed blood of the many cultures that have made Southern Spain their home.

We often hear the words to describe flamenco singing as either "cante hondo, cante grande or cante chico". This is a very limited way to describe the many interpretations of the cante. The categories in reality are neither all black or all white but many shades of gray, as flamenco singing expresses the endless variety of emotions that we, as human beings, can experience. It is into this endless variety of feelings and interpretations of the singing that the dancer blends.

Ever since flamenco became a performing art in cafe cantantes, tablaos, concerts and festivals it has evolved and expanded, with many new dance styles. Most of these styles and forms were, previously, only meant to be sung.

(Continued on page 39.)



FLAMENCO IN JAPAN

By Terry Setter

AFICIÓN IN OKINAWA

While working on Okinawa Island for two months we found (to our disbelief) that there was a club in Okinawa City which was doing its best to be a tablao. It's a must for those who find themselves on Okinawa and feeling flamenco hungry. It's called "Alhambra," although it is not connected with the Alhambra clubs which Sadhana has listed on the big island (Honshu) of Japan. They spell the name in Japanese characters which are pronounced AL-HAM-BA-RA. It is in the Morami district of Okinawa City and the telephone number is 3-2175. Be patient: someone who speaks English or Spanish will come to the phone. If not, call back. The club is open from 7 PM to 5 AM, no cover charge. Bring your guitar and dancing shoes, they love it. Best of all, we were introduced to Shigairu, the owner/guitarist and Chisato Tomihara an Okinawan bailaora who spent several years studying flamenco in Spain and is a very powerful dancer — QUE BULERIAS!

Two other flamenco clubs of interest are located in Kobe (on Honshu, the big island). They are "Los Gitanos" at 3-15-19 Shimoyamate Chiyuoku, Kobe city, Hiogoken, telephone # 078-381-5431. And "El Pancho Gitano," address unknown, sorry. Show times for Los Gitanos are 8:40 and 10:15 PM. 1000 Yen cover charge.

*

AN EVENING OF FLAMENCO IN JAPAN

On November 24th, a concert of flamenco music and dance was presented in the Bunka Kaikan Theatre, Osaka, Japan. It featured dancer/choreographer Yoko Komatsubara, "La Yoko", who first went to Spain 25 years ago and who was referred to in the publicity as the "the finest flamenco dancer in Japan." Also included were singers Curro Fernández and Refael

de Alcalá (both of Sevilla), dancers José Fernández and Fernando Romero (Sevilla), Guitarists Antonio González (Granada), Paco Fernández (Sevilla), Norihiro Takahashi (Japan), and a corps de baile of Thirteen Japanese women. The two and on-half hour program was divided into two sections.

The first half featured "Baile de Luis Alonso" set for fourteen women, a caracoles set for three women, a tanguillo set for fourteen women, a zapateado for four women, and a soleares (solo) danced by La Yoko. The music for the first two numbers was pre-recorded and featured a number of conventional orchestral instruments. Music for the tanguillo was performed live and was highlighted by the cante of Rafael de Alcalá. In the zapateado, the music was a jarring alternation between live performers and pre-recorded sections which proved to be more of a distraction than an asset. The music for the soleares, however, was what I had hoped for when I paid the \$40 ticket price. It was performed live and the cante of Curro Fernández was as welcome as rain on dry ground. His strong voice has a stirring jondo quality which beautifully framed and supported the dance. Although La Yoko's soleares was the strongest and most "puro" dancing in the first half of the program it revealed several problems in her style which were to come up throughout the rest of the evening: Her upper body movements appeared weak and did not reflect the rhythms of the music, her skirt work was not timed to show-off some of the more interesting things which she did (much of her escobilla was lost behind the folds of her skirt) and, in general, she lacked stage presence.

The second half of the concert was Yoko's interpretation of "Carmen," clearly intended to be the showpiece of the evening. The work was staged

Above: Shigeru, owner of the Club Alhambra, 1988, Okinawa, Japan.
Guitar by Estesio. (photo by Setter)

and choreographed by La Yoko and it made use of the entire troupe. The music was primarily provided by live musicians. However, several long sections of pre-recorded piano, woodwinds, and harp were used which, again, worked against the coherence of the piece.

The performance began with a star-shaped pattern of white light falling straight down on a small table. On the table were red roses and a Japanese short sword. The stage was then filled with smoke. So much smoke that coughing and the sound of programs being used as fans could be heard from the audience, the front rows of which had disappeared in the thick haze. This unsuccessful bit of theatricality was followed immediately by the production's most dramatic and successful lighting effect, a row of bright red lights shining straight up from the front edge of the stage, like search lights through clouds, forming a curtain of light. As the smoke cleared, La Yoko (as Carmen) could be seen posed at the rear of the stage, dressed in red with rose in hand. (It was an anti-climactic moment which set the tone for much of what followed).

Next, La Yoko chose to insert a preview of the death scene with two singular twists. Carmen committed suicide and she did so to the rhythm of *bulerías*. The first, effectively undermined the explosive and dangerous nature of her lover's passion throughout the rest of the drama, the second, greatly lessened the tragedy and impact of her death. When this scene was repeated at the end of the performance it took on a feeling of parity, having already lost its dramatic impact early in the story.

From there on, the production was a vague representation of the classic story line and relied heavily upon the audience familiarity to fill in the gaps. This reduced the continuity of the drama and weakened many of the scenes. The theme of a man who is driven to destruction by his own desire and who is capable of destroying the very object of that desire was totally missing, as

was any attempt to develop the deeper psychological aspects of the characters.

Throughout the evening the Japanese performers were unexciting, though it was clear that technique and attention to detail were present at all times. The Spanish members of the cast, however, were excellent. This made the Japanese seem all the more uninteresting by comparison. La Yoko's extensive use of long poses and transfixed gazes was in direct contrast to the spontaneous quality of the Spaniards. The *bulerías* in the tavern scene, sung by Curro Fernández and danced by José Fernández, was superb. Witty and *pellizcao*, it was completely different from everything that preceded it. The climax of the production was also provided by the Spanish members of the cast and it occurred long before the end of the production. It was the cane fight between Don José and Escamillo, the bull fighter, (set to *seguiriyas*) which was danced by José Fernández and Fernando Romero.

Overall, La Yoko's version of Carmen was so far from the original that when I left the theater I was wondering why she had stayed with the traditional red-dress-red-roses motif. A few days later it came to me quite clearly. She had Japanese-ized it. She had retained those elements which were most identifiable, while adjusting the story to Japanese sensibilities. Just as East Indian food sold in America has generally been "spiced" to suit American tastes, so too, La Yoko had constructed this version of Carmen to be performed for an audience with Japanese tastes. The short sword, the suicide, the poses and gazes are all ingredients which fit within traditional Japanese drama. The red dress and rose were signals to the Japanese that this was Spanish and that they were seeing "the real thing." Judging by the audience response at the end of the show, I would have to say that she was right.

*



Left to right: Chisato Tomihara, Maria Kinjo, Michiko. Sevillanas, Club Alhambra, Okinawa, 1988.



John Shelton "Juan Grande" at Club "Alhambra", 1988.

'I CHOSE FLAMENCO' BY KOMATSUBARA

[from unidentified English language newspaper in Japan; October 17, 1988]

Twenty-five years have passed since Yoko Komatsubara first went to Spain alone to study the Flamenco. Since then she has won an outstanding reputation as a Flamenco dancer in both Japan and Spain. Expressing the highlights and memories of the past quarter of a century, Yoko Komatsubara will present "Yo Elegi El Flamenco" (I Chose Flamenco) at Yubin Chokin Hall, Tokyo, on October 26 and 27 at 7 p.m.

The performance is directed by Miguel Narros, general director of Spain's National Theater, and choreographed by Manolo Marin. Yoko Komatsubara will be assisted by a very large cast of Spanish and Japanese artists, including male and female dancers, singers and guitarists. Admission: 12,000, 10,000, 8,000, 5,000 yen

"Yo Elegi El Falmenco" was highly praised when performed on September 12 this year at the Fifth Bienal de Flamenco in Spain. It was the first non-Spanish work to participate in the Bienal and

"La Yoko" received highly favorable reviews in the national newspaper *Entrevista* as well as *El Correo de Andalucía*, *z. El País* and other newspapers.



Yoko Komatsubara

BECOMING A FLAMENCO DANCER: A PERSONAL PROCESS

by Patricia Mahan

When I discovered Flamenco for myself in 1976, I knew that if I were going to get serious about it, I would eventually have to study in Spain. I had always heard from students and teachers alike that in Spain one can get the aire for Flamenco. I have now been to Spain three times to study and have learned many things about myself in the process.

My first time there I studied with just two teachers for ten months: Paco Fernandes (Carmen Mora's former teacher) and Ciro. With Ciro, I had to quit and come back to him when I had more facility and a stronger foundation. Paco was tall and somewhat angular like me and I liked the way he used his body dimensions. We worked

on the same three dances for months at a time. It took that long for me to integrate the dances and fully understand them. The second time I returned to Spain, in 1984-85, I studied with too many people: Tati, Ciro, Gilito, Jose Antonio, and Paco Romero. I wanted to get as much material as I could, as I was only going to be there for three months. As a result I felt frustrated, disconnected and, though I particularly enjoyed some teachers more than others, I felt the whole experience was too watered down for me. When I returned for the third time in 1987 I studied with fewer people: Fernando Romero, Antonio Martinez and, for a brief while, with Merche Esmeralda. They were all so different and I really enjoyed that. I did really believe that it was good teachers that would make me into the dancer I knew I could become. I had a good basic knowledge of compás, a good ear and nice lines, a reasonable amount of talent, and the emotional capacity for Flamenco. Like most foreigners and especially Americans I was fairly impatient with the process.

Somehow, for so long, I missed out on the real secret. What I didn't realize is that studying with good teachers is only the first part of the process. The rest of the process is an intensely personal one. Though it is important to learn choreographies and be steeped in authenticity and tradition, it was more important for the dance to be mine, to make sense to me, to feel right in the deepest part of me. That meant going into the studio and reworking the dance, throwing things out of it, adding things to it, and discovering myself in the dance. I realized that, otherwise, all I would ever dance was an imitation of someone else. For me it meant going into the studio almost daily and discovering myself each time anew as I integrated this dance art into my beingness. It is a process that needs to be continuous, on a daily basis, so that it can grow with me.

The following letter has been a source of inspiration to me. It was given to me in 1981 by the Argentinian ballet dancer Delfino de la Rosa. It is a translation of the letter written by Antonia Mercé (La Argentina) to Maria Ruanova at the time when she was starting her career as a prima ballerina of the Colón Theatre in Buenos Aires. It means some degree of sacrifice. The rewards are to dance as if my whole being depends upon it, and it does.

Santiago de Chile, October 20, 1934

Dear Maria,

I trust that you know how to profit from all the knowledge which Lifar, the great artist, has taught to you in his instruction.

I give you my advice because the great interest of your work inspires me. Study constantly, cultivate thoroughly music, read everything of value to you to enrich the spirit and acquire a general knowledge applicable to the dance art.

Be not unduly influenced by anything. Develop your own personality. Do not bother with little quarrels that occur in the theater. The defense should be only to improve more and more and fight the stage battle, with the public as a judge.

Never rely on your achievements, not even when quite successful. These efforts remain only at the side, always unsteady; these weaken effort and the will—the result being the annulment of the real value. In every battle that confronts, claim the support of your own effort, this effort being based upon your own study.

Do not forget that we never stop learning, that we never arrive, that sacrifice goes on continually. Maria, I should like you never to forget this little advice that may be applied to all the arts.

With all affection embracing you,

Antonia Mercé

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MARÍA DEL CARMEN: DANCE MEMORIES

by María del Carmen

Sometime ago I read an article by Charles Taton entitled, "The Flamenco Scene in New York in the Forties" and it raised such a wave of nostalgia within me that I couldn't suppress sharing a trip down memory lane with your readers.

I was born in Manhattan and spent most of my young years in that city. Born to Spanish parents — my father was from Murcia, my mother from Galicia — I grew up in the most Spanish of homes. "When you enter this home and we close the door, we are no longer in the U.S.A. — we are in Spain," was the daily saying. In this manner, Papa enforced the Spanish traditions along with teaching us how to read and write the Spanish language.

One thing that was always handy was the *guitarra* that Papa had learned to play (not perfectly of course), but with a fantastic compás — a sense of rhythm that influenced my life tremendously. From the time I can remember, malagueñas, tanguillos and, yes, jotas were played by him and, of course, I was encouraged to "bailar unos pasitos" as he would coax me along.

My first *maestra* was María Montero, but aside from recalling that she was very kind to me, my recollection of her is very vague. I became ill shortly after starting classes with her and had to discontinue my lessons for a while. A short time later, we were shocked to hear that she had been murdered by her lover.

My next teacher was Maestro Joaquín Ortega. He was a true gypsy and, in my memories, one of the most delightful people that one could meet. I am sure that Mariquita Flores, who I believe still teaches in New York City, will remember him, since she took lessons from him also.

Many times I remember arriving for my lessons and being greeted by him at the door wearing a kerchief tied around his head. He wore a toupee, but when he was alone he would wear the kerchief. Other times, in his haste to keep up with his appearance, he would quickly put his toupee on but he would have it on backwards.

Somehow, this little man would sit on a stool after teaching me a few steps, close his eyes and say "a ver nena, baila!" And with his eyes closed,

he could somehow sense whether I was doing my steps right or wrong. Through the years, I have come to appreciate what he did for me at that point in my life. He helped to develop my sense of rhythm by beating the tempo out for me, as well as by playing the castanets to the compás of whatever I was learning.

Unfortunately, Maestro Ortega was not long for this world and, after a brief, beautiful time with him as my teacher of Spanish dance, I lost him and was again minus an instructor. From that point on my method of instruction changed.

I recall visiting Mr. Angel Cansino of the famous Cansino family from Sevilla. Angel's father, brother and sister, Elisa, were all dancers in the Spanish classical field as well as in the flamenco styles. He encouraged me to take ballet to enable me to learn dances in the classical as well as the flamenco and regional themes.

I was thirteen years old when I started dancing professionally. My debut was at "El Chico" in Greenwich Village. Benito Collada who was the owner of "El Chico" had seen me dance at one of the social clubs that were so plentiful at that time. Each province of Spain had its own club or society — Club Asturias, Casa Galicia, Sol de la Fraternidad (a Masonic club that presented some fantastic fiestas). Since I appeared older than my true age, he signed me up to perform at "El Chico." At that time I had been known as "La Murcianita" because of my father's place of birth. Later, I was to change my name to Carmencita Pérez and later to what I still keep as my professional name, María del Carmen, (it is also my real name).

This was the age of live orchestras. José Greco was then a young dancer who was married to a Puerto Rican girl named Sarita. José was studying Spanish dance under the instruction of Madame Viola. Argentina had become the talk of the town; unfortunately I never saw her perform, although I do recall hearing from those who had seen her dance "La Danza del Fuego" from El Amor Brujo that you could actually see the perspiration dripping from her arms. I always felt that I missed something extra special when I missed her performances.

But, coming back to the orchestra, Enrique Vizcaino and his orchestra played at Pedro Vallis Club Gaucho where I performed for months at a time. There was the Havana Madrid where Desi Arnez played, and La Conga where Carmen Caballero was the orchestra leader. Enrique Madriguera was another orchestra I performed with; Paul Whiteman still another.

I remember being warned by Juan Martínez not to accept a job performing at La Conga because the floor was cement and I shouldn't risk splintering my shins as one of his friends who had accepted a contract there had done.

Upon his advice, when I was called to perform, I made it clear that I would not perform unless they installed a wooden floor. They said they couldn't do that, but several weeks later called and agreed. By then I had signed a contract to go on tour with a company called "Hollywood Hotel Revue" and I had to turn them down.

In the magical Forties, I was to meet and be taught my first complete alegrías routine. My teacher was Pilar López and my guitarist, none other than Carlos Montoya. I recalled being so elated and so intent on remembering the steps and rhythm that I literally heard it in my sleep. Both Argentinita and Pilar had taken me under their wings and what a joyous time that was. While working at a club called the Beachcomber with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, Carmen Amaya and her troupe came to town to perform at the Hurricane Restaurant. Between shows my mother-away-from-home, Claudia (who was also my manager and made my costumes) and I would go to see Carmen dance. I was so moved by her performance that I actually had tears rolling down my cheeks. We later became friends. Recently I visited her two sisters, Toña and Leonor, who reside in Mexico City and we reminisced about the old days.

Pilar Calvo and her guitarist-husband, Luis Maravilla, were also part of the New York scene. From Pilar, I learned "Los Claveles" (de Serrano) and faruca "Como Quieras."

I remember having a week of free time at one point that coincided with one week of performances by Argentinita and her company and Carnegie

Hall. I was at every performance. The beautiful part of all this was that, in all of her top star billing, she was still humble enough to ask, "How was it? Did you think it was better today than yesterday?"

I remember being invited to juergas at Carmen Amaya's home. Geronimo Villarino also went. Because of my shyness, I was reluctant to join in. Sabicas, Carmen and Villarino all said, "You must start and then, once you do, you'll see how easy it becomes." Carmen even wanted me to drink *una copita de manzanilla* which I graciously refused.

Antonio and Rosario, who in later years were to join us here in Michigan at a juerga at my Aunt's house, told my husband "You must never let her stop dancing. A talent is a special gift from God and it should not be wasted."

Imagine how great it was to be performing and later be invited to tables of friends such as Carlos Montoya, his wife-to-be, Sally, who under the name of La Trianita also danced, and Juan Martínez. They would come to see you perform and share the evening with you.

In 1942, Argentinita invited me to perform with her and her troupe at the Metropolitan Opera House for the opera Carmen dance scenes. I was unable to accept.

I teamed up with Paco Hoyos (who later changed his name to Paco Lucena and danced with Carmen Amaya's company) for a performance at Teatro Hispano in New York. I had preferred to dance solo as a rule. José Greco had indicated that he was interested in my being his partner.

How sad that these dear friends, Rosario and Antonio, José Greco and Carlos Montoya, who incidentally after all these years will still pinch me on the cheek on rare occasion when we meet, and say, "*Mira rica nunca dejes de bailar.*" It is at times like this that I am once again a little girl filled with awe of what the magic Forties were like when Escudero performed "El Amor Brujo" at Radio City Music Hall. To have performed on the same bill with him, Carmen, Geronimo, Rosario and Antonio and to have known and been friends with and to have been a part of that era, makes me feel grateful to Papa, José Pérez, who was later to be the castanet maker to the stars of the Spanish Dance.

One of my contracts took me to Detroit, Michigan where I met my husband-to-be. We decided to remain in the Michigan area.

It was my good fortune to meet and work with the great flamenco guitarist, Juan Serrano, who also resided in the Detroit area. We too had some wonderful times preparing for concerts, reminiscing, talking and remembering all of our mutual friends in the arts. He no longer resides in this area, but our friendship and my admiration for him will always remain. Just a closing remark: The name Zabal was included in Mr. Taton's article as I recall, stating that Zabal was a guitarist. I knew him when he was the husband and partner to Nina and they danced under the name of Nina y Zabal.

The María del Carmen Grupo España Spanish Dance Theater was formed in 1981 as an educational and performing dance company whose mission is to teach and perform the music and dances of Spain and Latin America. Since then, this Michigan-based company has won the hearts and



María del Carmen (center back), Patricia Pappas (bottom center).

praise of Hispanic as well as non-Hispanic people throughout Michigan.

Through my efforts as the group's founder and director, the company has reached the height of professionalism and has repeatedly been invited back to perform in concert with the Oakway Symphony, Lyric Chamber Ensemble and in conjunction with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. The company has performed at Orchestra Hall, Masonic Temple and many other performance halls.

Grupo España is rapidly gaining recognition and enjoys the distinction of including in its repertoire not only flamenco, but classical and regional dances as well as dances from Argentina, Mexico, Peru and Paraguay. This rapid recognition has won the support for the company of an annual grant from the Michigan Council for the Arts. In the Spring of 1986, the Council sent the company on a tour of several Michigan cities, via the N.I.F.T.A. program.

The company feels a great commitment to the community and has year after year done many benefit performances to raise funds for numerous charities and relief organizations including those for the recent earthquakes in Mexico, Columbia and Puerto Rico.



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PERSONALITIES



MARIA LORETA

CAPTURING THE FIRE OF FLAMENCO

[from: The New York Times; April 23, 1989, sent by George Ryss]

by Barbara Delatiner

When Loreta Maria Annonio was an art history student at the State University at Stony Brook, a date took the young woman from Smithtown to the Chateau Madrid, a Manhattan nightclub. That was in 1971, and things haven't been the same since.

Appearing at the club that night was José Greco, the Spanish dancer.

"After just one set," she recalled, "I was hooked." Eventually, the date, Mirek Celitan became her husband, and she became a professional flamenco dancer under the name Maria Loreta.

Miss Loreta is the founder and artistic director of the Sol y Sombra Spanish Dance Company, a Long Island-based troupe.

On the evening at the Chateau Madrid, Miss Loreta said: "We invited one of the Greco company dancers over to our table for a drink and after he told us that Greco wasn't Spanish, but Italian from Queens, I decided that I could dance that way, too. I even had a Spanish great-grandmother on my Italian family tree.

"What was it that caught me? The drama, the excitement. I just found it overwhelming, so appealing."

Having studied ballet and jazz dancing (and having promised her parents, Dominic and Maria Annonio, who still live in Smithtown, as do the Celitans, that she would not give up her academic pursuits), Miss Loreta set out to learn flamenco.

"I looked in the Suffolk Yellow Pages and found a listing for a flamenco

dance teacher," she said during an interview at a Manhattan studio.

Miss Loreta was rehearsing there with Jacqui Kalata, also of Smithtown and a regular member of the Sol y Sombra ensemble, and José Molina, the Spanish dancer, who will perform in the concerts Friday and Saturday.

Several teachers and two degrees later, Miss Loreta was asked to audition for Estrella Morena's Ballet de Madrid.

"I went as a lark," she said. "I mean, I was working on my master's in comparative religion at Fordham. I did the course work, but not the final thesis, for my master's in art history at Columbia. Estrella offered me the job, and though I did finish my master's, I've never worked as an art historian. I've been dancing professionally ever since."

In addition to her work with Ballet de Madrid and solo concert performances, Miss Loreta's credits include three years of touring the United States with Mr. Molina's Bailes Españoles. They had met in Madrid during one of Miss Loreta's five extended stays in Spain, where she had gone to study dance.

In 1982, a chance visit to the Northport Public Library led to the founding of Sol y Sombra.

"There was a concert that afternoon," Miss Loreta said. "George Thompson was playing Spanish guitar, and it blew my mind. This was what I had been studying all this time, and here, practically in my own backyard, was a marvelous flamenco guitarist."

Since there "was very little, almost no, flamenco on the Island, and since Suffolk has the second largest Hispanic population in New York State and there was a potential audience here," Miss Loreta said, she decided to form a company.

Mr. Thompson, who has since moved and been replaced on guitar by Arturo Martinez, and Ms. Kalata, a former student and then colleague of Miss Loreta's on the teaching staff of the Seiskaya School of Dance in St. James, joined her to make up the nucleus of the original troupe.

Frequently, the trio is expanded to include Dominco Caro, a flamenco





Sol y Sombra Dance company , left to right: Jacqui Kalata, José Molina and Loreta María. (photo Jim Estrin)

singer, and Maria Benitez, another dancer.

The company's name was carefully chosen to reflect its programming, Miss Loreta explained. For although Sol y Sombra, sun and shade, is a term used to describe bullfight tickets ("sol" means cheap seats, "sombra," expensive ones), she saw it as a phrase that would sum up the emotional and stylistic mix that she wanted to achieve in her dance.

It was flamenco dance, with its dramatic posed, studied heel work and rhythmic beat, that first attracted her to Spanish dance, with its soft slippers and graceful, linear movements. Its roots are in ballet and folk dances from other regions of Spain, she said.

"It's in the classical dance that we use castanets," Miss Loreta said. "They go back in history. Have you seen ancient pottery from the Mediterranean? Greek or Roman vases, with pictures of dancers?"

"Look closely, and you'll see they have shells in their hands. In Spain, they continued using this ancient device, changing the shells to wood."

Whatever the company dances, the program encompasses the joy and sorrow, the "sun and shade" of the Spanish people, capturing, Miss Loreta said, "their majesty, gaiety and fiery sensuality."

These days, the mix is beginning to pay off, she said. After seven years, some of which were very sparse in engagements, there is increased interest in the facet of Spanish culture that she and her company offer.

"With Spanish the second language in most districts on the Island, we're doing a lot of school programs and residencies," she said. "In May, we'll be at the Latin Center of St. Hugh's Church in Huntington, offering free classes in Spanish dance."

Friday's performance in Port Jefferson marks the beginning of a new series from the Greater Port Jefferson Art Council. Called "Dancing From

the Source," it also will showcase professional companies from India, the Middle East and the Caribbean.

SOL Y SOMBRA DANCE COMPANY

(Promotional release.)

Sol y Sombra Spanish Dance Co., was founded six years ago to promote the art of Spanish music and dance as well as serving as a vehicle for an educational and aesthetic appreciation of Hispanic culture.

Under the direction of Maria Loreta Celitan, the company presents programs for concert series, librarians, cultural and entertainment centers often bringing in guest artists of the highest caliber to perform with them.

In the past some of these performances have included star nights for the Huntington Summer Concert Series, the Vanderbilt Museum Concert Series, two productions for Port Jefferson's Theatre Three, several concerts at S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook and Suffolk County Community College and most recently for the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival's concert series.

In conjunction with the Suffolk and Nassau BOCES Arts and Humanities Program for whom they have been contract consultants since 1983, the company also presents educational programs and workshops in schools throughout the year.

In recognition of its quality, the value and achievements, Sol y Sombra has already been the recipient of numerous grants from the New York State Council on the Arts and the Suffolk County Office of Cultural Affairs.

MONTOYA, 85, PLAYING FINAL CHORDS

(from: The New York Times, August 6, 1989; sent by George Ryss)

by Barbara Delatiner

When Carlos Montoya performs at the John Drew Theater in Guild Hall Saturday evening, it will be billed as a "farewell concert."

But "farewell" does not mean "final." Far from retiring as he approaches his 86th birthday in December, after East Hampton Mr. Montoya, the celebrated master of the flamenco guitar, will play Carnegie Hall, his favorite showcase in the world; the Kennedy Center in Washington and comparable auditoriums in Boston and Detroit, all dates with suitable intervals of rest in between.

Then, perhaps, there will be some smaller cities and even a few cam-

pus.

"He's not retiring," insisted Sally Montoya, his wife, during an interview at the couple's summer home in Wainscott.

The Montoyas have been married for 49 years, and with Mr. Montoya's limited English becoming even more limited with increasing age, his wife dose the talking for him, translating questions and answers or sometimes merely answering.

"He's just finishing the important career that he's had," Mrs. Montoya said. "He just couldn't close the door and say, 'I'm finished.' That would disappoint his fans. And he can do no wrong for the people who love him."

Mrs. Montoya conceded that the Carlos Montoya of 1989 "doesn't have the technique that he once had." That is, in the 1950's and 60's, when single-handedly he transformed the flamenco guitar from an instrument that merely accompanied fiery Spanish dancers and singers into a solo artistic medium worthy of the concert hall.

"He's very tired," Mrs. Montoya said. "His hearing is diminished, although in a way a hearing aid has helped his performances. He doesn't have to have the sound amplified as much as he once did. And his eyesight is bad.

"But he's very conscientious, and will know when the time comes to stop completely. He has tremendous respect for his audience, who love him intensely and expect and deserve a great deal from him.

"Besides, we don't pretend that he's the 'world's greatest flamenco guitarist' now. All he wants to do is give pleasure to those people who have been so wonderful to him."

The title of "world's greatest flamenco guitarist" came early to Mr. Montoya, who was born to a Madrid family of Spanish gypsies. He was only two when his father, a mule seller, died; his mother, Emilia Montoya, teaching her son when he was eight.

After just a few lessons from Pepe el Barbero, a local barber who doubled as neighborhood guitar teacher, young Carlos Garcia Montoya struck out on his own.

At fourteen, he began his professional career, leading cafe "cantantes," joining in "cuadros flamencos" and accompanying dancers and singers in cafes.

Except for a short stint as a post office and court clerk and service in the Spanish Army from 1924 through 1927, Mr. Montoya's climb up the performing ladder was steady and so successful that by 1928, when he was twenty-five, he was asked to join the touring troupe of "La Argentina," then the leading flamenco dancer on the international scene.

Tours of Europe, the United States and the Far East followed, first with "La Argentina" and, later, with her successors. Along with the tours came a certain celebrity and, eventually, star status.

Did he know he was destined for greatness?

"He says he never tried to do anything else," Mrs. Montoya said. "He never really knew how to do anything else. But he thinks he always felt he could do something with the guitar.

"And his mother always said, 'My Carlos is going to be somebody in his life.' But he never had the idea of being a star, just the desire to play well. You know, Carlos has never got over the surprise of being outstanding in the world."

The Montoyas met in Paris. She was Sally MacLean, an American "diplomatic corps brat who was raised all over Europe," she said. "I was studying flamenco dancing — I was a dancer — and went to him for help."

Their romance, conducted in French, which she spoke fluently and he stumbled through, picked up again in New York in 1938. Two years later, they were married.

"And I immediately began having him teach me Spanish so we could really talk to each other," Mrs. Montoya said. "Our sons, Carlos Jr. and Allan, were raised in a bilingual household. Over the



Carlos Montoya, with wife Sally and his well traveled guitar case at their summer home in Wainscott. (photo Rameshwar Das)

years, Carlos did pick up some English, but now he gets very tired and it's an effort for him to talk to people in Spanish, let alone English."

Mr. Montoya's difficulty with languages other than Spanish is the subject of a legendary tale, first told to a New Yorker reporter in 1950. Mr. Montoya may, in fact, be the only person to acquire American citizenship after answering "No" to the judge's question, "Do you like the American form of government?"

Actually, he did like it, but his faulty English led to a misunderstanding. With the help of Mrs. Montoya, who has been her husband's manager and interpreter, he corrected himself and then took off of Washington, where that night he played at the White House for President Harry S. Truman.

It was about this time that Mrs. Montoya said her husband began toying with the idea of going solo.

"He didn't particularly want to spend the rest of his life as the accompanist of dancers and singers," she said. "So we got a friend to give us her dance studio, we put a small ad in *The New York Times* and started selling tickets through the mail and at our apartment door. About 100 people came — and loved it."

According to Mrs. Montoya, her husband's first break came in about 1957 or '58, when he performed at the Village Gate and, later, at Town Hall.

"We had 75 people on stage," she said, "and a review from the Times said something like, 'While Carlos Montoya doesn't read music, he doesn't have to. He creates it.'"

That he cannot read or write music is something that has never bothered

Mr. Montoya. Despite this shortcoming, he composed "Suite Flamenca," a concert piece for guitar and symphony orchestra.

"It would take away from my style of music if it was written," Mr. Montoya said through his wife, who added:

"He improvises all the time. Why, I've never really heard him play any work the same way twice. Flamenco comes from the heart, he always says."

Why does Mr. Montoya think flamenco has proved so successful in the West, particularly in the United States, where for almost three decades he has reached millions through sold-out concerts and frequent television appearances?

Again the translation, the conference and the answer.

"He says because it's interesting with its rhythms, style and sound," Mrs. Montoya said. "It's also strong. But above all, because of *humana*. It's very human music — natural, emotional. It's not something you learn out of a book. You play as you feel, he says."

"That's why in 'From St. Louis to Seville,' his only recording of music other than flamenco, he plays jazz with a group that includes Milt Hinton on bass. Carlos says blacks are the gypsies of America because the music they make is improvised, rhythmic, and because they don't read music."

And finally a response, in English from Mr. Montoya, who, in his years as a part-time resident of Hamptons has played more concerts at Guild Hall than anyone else:

"Jazz? I like it very much."

MARINA KEET HONORED

King Juan Carlos I of Spain honored Marina Keet, Professorial Lecturer at George Washington University, with the medal of "Lazo de Dama de la Orden de Isabel la Católica", the highest award given to foreigners. It is a singular honor, as only a few people possess this award. In a ceremony at the University, the medal and title of Dama of the Order of Isabel were presented to Marina by the Spanish Ambassador, Julian Santamaría, for her dissemination and preservation of Spanish culture — in particular the dance and music — through her performances, lecture/demonstrations, and her writings.

Marina Keet is a professorial lecturer in the Department of Theater and Dance at GWU. She is also founder of the Spanish Dance Society in the USA and Italy and a founding member of the original organization, author of two books on dance and many articles for encyclopedias and dance magazines.

Attending the celebrations were the Spanish Minister for Culture Mr. Ramon Remacha and Mrs. Remacha, the Cultural Councillor Mr. Javier Malagon and Mrs. Malagon, Patrick Hayes, founder of the Washington Performing Arts, and Mrs. Hayes, the present Director Douglas Wheeler, and Artistic Director Linda Soma, Artistic Director of the Washington Ballet, Mary Day and their Managing Director Elvi Moore. Also present were members of the Spanish dance class of GWU, who were hosting the party for Luisillo and his dancers on tour of the USA with Teatro de Baile Español



Marina Keet receives "Lazo de Dama" award from ambassador of Spain Julián Santamaría and minister of culture, Ramon Remacha (pinning on award).



Rosa Montoya Bailes Flamencos performed during the second half of the concert. Left to right: Alma Janera, Carlos Docando, Rosa Mon5oya, David Gutierrez.

ROSA MONTOYA

TEXT AND PHOTOS

Advanced students strike a pose during a dramatic moment in soleares. Left to right: Karen Robbins, Gladys Rouge, Koko La Japonesa, Irene Haughey, with David Gutierrez on guitar.





Guajiras persormed by advanced students Koko La Japonesa, Susana Camo (who is also in Rosa's professional troupe), Karen Robbins.

AND HER STUDENTS

BY CURTIS FUKUDA

Rosa's intermediat4e students perform tanguillo. Left to righ (foreground): Patricia Lamborn, Renee Regjio, Carmen Torrico, Sandra Muñoz. (Background); Tiffany Jackson, Summerlynn Rivera, Carmen Santiago, Marina McClay, Barbara Hood.



ROSA MONTOYA AND HER STUDENTS

Flamenco flourishes in the Northern California Bay Area. From San Jose in the South Bay to San Francisco in the North Bay, the rhythms of flamenco can be heard at public performances and private juergas. Supporting and nurturing this interest are several wonderful teachers who live in the Bay Area.

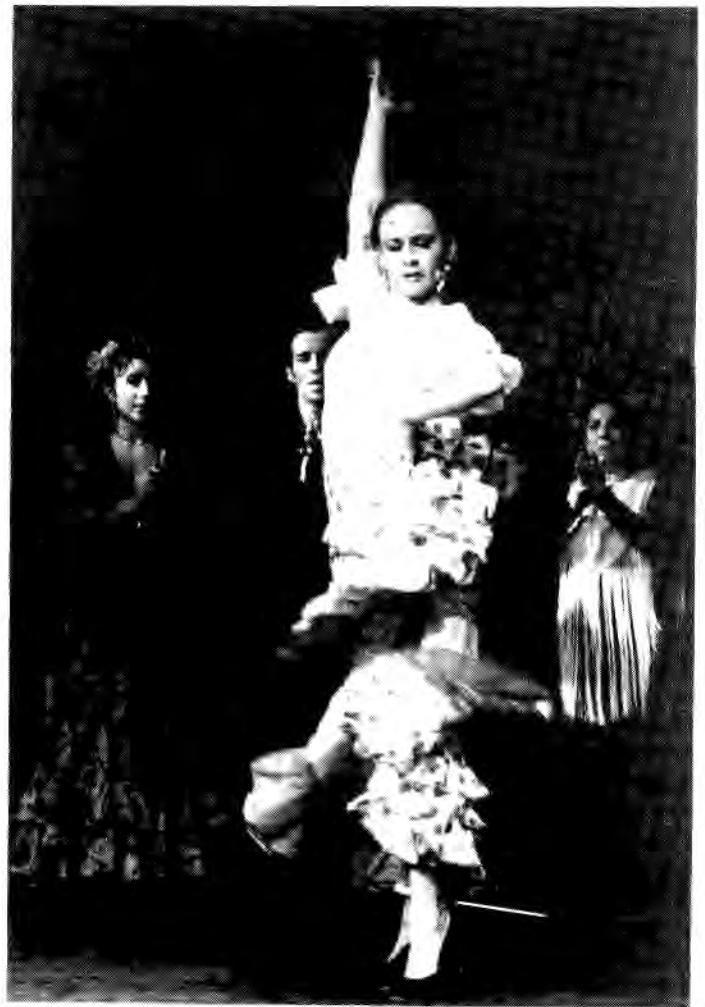
Rosa Montoya is one of the finest and most dedicated teachers. Her studio is located in San Francisco. Drawing from an extensive life in flamenco (see Jaleo Vol. VI No. 3 for information on the career of Rosa Montoya) she instructs students in baile and cante. Her classes span the range from beginning to advanced, classes for men and women. In addition to her own studio, Rosa also teaches flamenco at San Francisco State University.

Studying in Rosa's class is not merely the learning of technique. One also gains a deeper understanding of the feeling behind the art of flamenco. Many of Rosa's students are accomplished enough that the possibility of public performance is now a reality.

At the close of last year Rosa organized "Flamenco Ole!", a student dance concert, which also featured Rosa's cante class and the "Rosa Montoya Bailes Flamencos" — her professional troupe. The concert took place at the Mission Cultural Center in San Francisco to a sold out audience. Singer Charo Monge came up from Southern California to provide additional cante.

[Below] Joyous celebration by the dancers at the end of the first half of the concert. Left to right: Henri Halpern, Jim Murdoch, Peter Birkett, Carmen Santiago, Adelaida Mejia, Kathy Thomas, Tiffany Jackson, Sandra Muñoz, Alma Janera, Helen Gordon, Carlos Docando, Andrea Regjo, Rosa Montoya, David Gutierrez, Marina McClay, Barbara Hood, Beth Overson, Jane Tansley, Carmen Torrico, Renne Regjo, Patricia Lamborn.

[Right] Breathtaking move by Susana Carmo. Palmas provided by Alma Janera, Carlos Docando, Rosa Montoya.





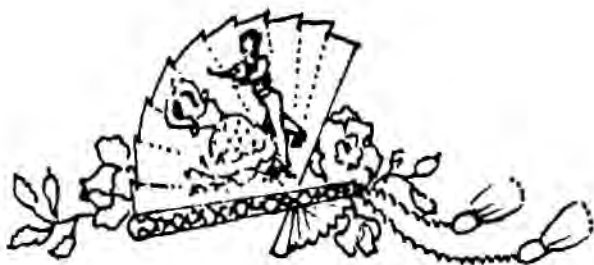
The fun of Caracoles seen in the joyous duet of Carlos Docando and Alma Janera of Rosa's professional troupe.

The concert was the result of over five weeks of strenuous rehearsal. These rehearsals were in addition to regular class time. The students got the full experience of the dedication necessary to give a fine performance.

The effort was worth it. The audience was treated to an exciting concert. As a bonus, there was the added pleasure of seeing members of Rosa's professional dance troupe perform during the second half of the concert.

Due to the success of the student concert, Rosa's students will be giving more public performances this year. They will be giving two recitals in San Francisco, one in June and one in July at the City Celebration Performance in Golden Gate Park.

Currently Rosa Montoya is relocating her dance studio to another location in San Francisco. Information is available by calling Kathy Thomas at 415-824-8844.



(MORCA - Sobre El BAile - continued from page 26)

There are basically three styles or ways of hearing the cante. First there are the free forms such as the granainas, the fandangos grandes, the tarantas, the many other forms of free fandangos, the many forms of palo seco or songs without guitar accompaniment. Many of these forms are acquiring danceable compás and I will discuss this in a future article. Secondly, there is the style of singing that is a solo type performance. The singer is singing with his or her own flavor and interpretation, with all of the freedom of the solo cante. This is much like the solo guitarist who has the freedom of flexing and flowing in and out of the compás to add drama, interpretation or whatever else that will make it his own. At times, the compás is almost secondary, as the guitarist is not performing with a dancer and is following the singers "stampa" or personal feeling and expression.

The third form is the singing with the dance. This is the total trilogy of music, song and dance that makes up the foundation of the flamenco art. The singer has to be sensitive to the compás, the form, the musicality of the particular form that is being performed.

The latter form is the one the dancer must be sensitive to and involved with. From day one of a dancers study, it should be stressed that it is dancing, not only the compás, the music of guitar and all of the dance technique but it is to dance with the cante, and to interpret the cante to its fullest, that is of prime importance. Without this awareness, knowledge and sensitivity a dancer will never bare the whole fruit of the art of flamenco.

What is a dancer interpreting when working with a singer? What is the total picture when a singer, dancer and guitarist get together? What should a dancer know, feel, think of, do, express, emote, etc.?

There are many answers to these questions but the primary and most important factor is that all of the artists — singer, dancer and guitarist — honestly interpret the feeling and tradition of the form itself. An alegrías is an alegrías and all should be sensitive to that fact — it should be interpreted as an alegrías. A dancer should know the structure of whatever toque is being performed just as well as the singer and guitarist. When a cantaor starts to sing that particular compás that the dancer will dance, the singer is locked into that compás as much as the guitarist and dancer and the dancer must think and feel just as the singer does.

Let me give a few examples: I have seen dancers do a set routine of steps that are using the singer as music. They have steps that fit the compás; they are moving around in dance and the moves are in compás but they do not "say anything" because they are dancing steps and not being sensitive to the nuance and expression of the cante. A dancer need not know the words of a letra and in fact the words can be very secondary to the basic interpretation of the cante (just as the "blues" are interpreted with feeling first and words second). The shaping of the dance steps are in the way that the singer interprets the cante — the accents, the sound, the phrasing, the matice, the dynamics and the tradition. This is what many dancers miss as they get into their own titillation of steps or routine.

To give another example: The music begins... the singer begins to sing, perhaps a solo letra... the dancer listens, feels, senses the feeling of the music and cante blending as one. The dancer begins to dance, not consciously thinking of steps or the cante, but letting the cante move him or her to "move into the cante". The cante is now shaping the dance and dancer in feeling and expression. Flamenco, being an improvised art form within the various compases, means that there are never two interpretations alike. The dancer is dancing as if this is the first and last dance that she or he will ever do. This is also what is happening to the singer and guitarist. The dancers whole body is being moved, shaped and accented by the interpretation of the cante and guitar. This is what it is to "become the dance" — as you, the dancer, are also singing within (not words) but the feeling and soul of the cante. You do not have to think of steps. The steps happen in complete harmony with the soul and spirit of the cante if you stay sensitive to it and have a good knowledge of your basic flamenco dance technique and style.

—Teodoro Morca



photo by Jack Michell

HEARTFELT DANCING IS HER SIGNATURE

[from: *The New York Times*, Feb. 12, 1989]

by John Gruen

"She dances not as a gypsy but as a lady, and within this range her mastery of nuance, the accuracy with which she makes her point, is unparalleled. The lightest of ironies colors her suggestion of passion, of speed, of grace. And it keeps her performance within the bounds of what may be done with good taste in public." So wrote the critic Edwin Denby in 1943 of the legendary Spanish dancer, Argentinita.

The words might easily characterize the art of yet another Spanish dancer, Pilar Rioja, who for some 25 years has captivated an international public with performances of astonishing purity, rare taste and authenticity. "As near greatness as one has seen in Spanish dance in some time," Anna Kisselgoff, dance critic of *The Times*, wrote recently. Miss Rioja is back in town performing solo dances at the Gramercy Arts Theater, under the sponsorship of Repertorio Español. Her first program, which will run through Feb. 26, features two premieres; during March and April, Miss Rioja will present a second program of Spanish dances at the Gramercy Arts and at the Equitable Tower.

What especially ties Pilar Rioja to the gifts of the late Argentinita and to some extent to the earthier, more extraverted talents of Carmen Amaya is her consummate technical clarity. Whether performing dances of the classical escuela bolero, the flamenco or such boisterous Spanish folk dances as the canario, folias, villano, and seguidillas, or dances of her own devising, Miss Rioja typically displays an admirable command and virtuosity of the feet and a mesmerizing control of the upper body, with arm and hand movements charged with utmost expressiveness.

"Yes, I have been inspired by Argentinita and Carmen Amaya, but even more so by Antonia Mercé, who was known as La Argentina," says Miss Rioja. "I have never seen La Argentina perform — she danced during the 20's and 30's — but I have read much about her and was deeply impressed by the fact that she elevated Spanish dance to a great art form, that she took it out of the gypsy music hall and made it live on the concert stage. More than anything, La Argentina proved that Spanish dance had class and elegance. And she imbued it with a sense of history."

Miss Rioja, her face an impassive mask of nobly chiseled features, offers the image of Spanish restraint and pride. Yet, there is fire beneath her aristocratic mien. "Of course, the problem with Spanish dance is that there is no academy for it, such as exists in classical ballet," she says. "There is no school

that trains the Spanish dancer in its many techniques and disciplines — in its history. There is simply no cultural perspective. Because of that, Spanish dancing has often been vulgarized, and the art has fallen into banalities. My hope is to correct this false impression."

A native of Torreón, Mexico, Miss Rioja, whose parents were born in Spain, received her earliest training with several Spanish teachers in Mexico City. She then traveled to Spain where she worked with El Estampío, a dancer whom Serge Diaghilev had invited to appear with his Ballets Russes in 1921. But it was with the renowned Spanish dancer and teacher Manolo Vargas that Miss Rioja found her creative métier.

"Vargas made me understand that in Spanish dance one's whole body comes into play — one's whole being. From the feet to the fingers — all must be alive, all must be fluid. With Vargas I also came to realize that while Spanish dancing has many rules, you can also break those rules. There are many stylizations one can permit oneself, but only if one fully understands the tradition out of which the dances have sprung. The point is, there are many subtle shadings of interpretation that can make a particular dance more interesting, more varied, perhaps more meaningful."

By way of example, Miss Rioja cites the two premieres she will feature during her New York season. The first, called "Garrotín," is a flamenco rhythm made popular in the Galicia region of northwestern Spain during the late 19th century. In it, the dancer will incorporate non-flamenco steps and rhythms to lend variety to this early traditional dance. The second is Miss Rioja's version of the zapateado, a tempestuous flamenco rhythm usually performed by a man.

"I did this dance in a man's costume and followed tradition," she says. "This time, I will dance it as a woman — same steps, but with much greater freedom of the arms and hands."

Miss Rioja's program will also include dances she herself has choreographed to music of Albéniz, de Falla, and Soler. One of her signature pieces, a flamenco based on Federico Garcia Lorca's poem "The Gypsy Nun," will highlight the season.

Asked what propels her into the performance and creation of Spanish dance, Miss Rioja has a ready answer: "It is life itself that propels me. You see, once you have studied and absorbed all that is necessary to become a Spanish dancer, it is life that becomes your greatest teacher. Hopefully, you grow. Often you suffer. Sometimes there is joy. What I want to do is to make visible the many, many emotions that are contained in Spanish dance, and which are part of life.

"You have only to understand the words of a tarantos to know about the suffering of the gypsies, of the poor people of Andalusia — of miners longing to see the sky and sunlight. All this can be expressed in dance. Conversely, there are the great historical dances of past centuries that speak

of elegance, of culture, of great classical beauty. That, too, is part of life, and Spanish dance is full of such revelations and refinements. So, I've tried to give some of this emotional wealth to an audience."

Throughout her career, Miss Rioja has always preferred to dance alone. She has no partners and no company of dancers, but travels the world over with a small group of singers and musicians. She has recently completed a successful tour of the Soviet Union — her fifth — and has been invited back next summer not only to perform but to help judge the International Ballet Competition in Moscow. While there, she will give a course in Spanish dance to teachers of the Bolshoi Ballet.

"Spanish dance is a highly individualized art," says Miss Rioja. "At the same time, it is an art that requires years and years of study. It is only after you have mastered the techniques of Spanish dance that you can speak fully with the heart — that you can bare your soul. I don't know if I have reached that point, but, always, it is what I strive for."

RIOJA'S SPANISH IDIOM

[from *The New York Times*, February 16, 1989]

by Anna Kisselgoff

Pilar Rioja is a superb concert dancer whose choreography is drawn from a variety of Spanish idioms. Not for her the conventional format of the ebullient Spanish dance program. Purity and seriousness are her trademarks. To appreciate her is to understand her first and foremost as a creative artist.

Over the last decade she has performed regularly in New York, where she has acquired a loyal following. Tuesday night found her back in exuberant form at the Repertorio Español's Gramercy Arts Theater (138 East 27th Street), where she offered the new program she will be presenting through Feb. 26.

In a city beleaguered by sound and stress, she allowed the viewer to escape into a different self-contained world. In this intimate theater with its 1920's atmosphere, Miss Rioja and her small fine contingent of musicians and singers created a theatrical experience that relieved the mind and entertained the eye.

Miss Rioja is well versed in regional dances, the classical bolero school, flamenco and the so-called art dance that is her proper lineage. In short, she feels free to draw upon her own resources within the confines of a style but never to be hemmed in by those confines. The joy of this particular program is in its cornucopia of surprises.

In the opening dance, to sonatas by Soler and Albéniz, the playing of the onstage pianist, Jesús María Figueroa, moves parallel to her chattering castanets rather than in dialogue with them. The dance form is cleanly defined as bolero with its heelwork and leg movements, but the variety and speed are original.

Nancy Herrera sings entertainingly while Miss Rioja changes costumes for a well-known regional dance from Navarra. This jota is performed with emphatic bounce and exclamatory heel clicks and yet artistically comes in the sculptural form of the sensuous "Albaicín."

The familiar "El Vito," introducing the power of Miss Rioja's heelwork, led into the new "Garrotín," a northern version of the flamenco, almost Caribbean in its rhythms here. Miss Rioja is prone to shift in style within a dance, to vary one modular phrase with another. And yet the defining dance form is always visible, as in this hat-to-hip solo, begun in profile. It is jaunty and strong, a change from Miss Rioja's stern projection.

The program has a humane quality, visible in the dramatic vignette "The Gypsy Nun" and in "Tangos," a concentrated solo for the dancer in her ruffled dress. The new "Zapateado" is not the usual virtuoso explosion of heelwork in a man's costume but a feminine version in a slinky fringed gown.

The dance becomes a delightful nonstop parade studded with whirls and curves. José Negrete and Arturo Martínez were the guitarists, and Enrique Iglesias the witty flamenco singer.

LA CONJA

"To witness the phenomenon of a performance by the La Conja is to experience the soul of Spain itself." —Editor, *Cymbal Magazine*

At the age of ten, Conja Abdessalam became fascinated by flamenco dance. With talent and determination young Conja pursued her dream, and at thirteen, won a scholarship to study and perform with the José Greco.

At sixteen, La Conja emerged as a flamenco artist of ability and fire. She commuted from America to Spain enhancing and refining her art with Mario Maya other teachers. She also performed with Carmen Mora, then the first dancer with the Ballet Nacional de España.

In 1975 La Conja became involved with the flamenco singing art: the "cante". As dancer and singer her horizons expanded. She appeared in American and Spanish films and television, including "The Great Santini" with Robert Duvall, and "Studio Abierto" in Spain.

La Conja toured the United States appearing at the International Hotel with Danny Kaye, El Nido in New Mexico, and La Colombia in Florida. She performed in Europe and Asia, returning to Spain to instruct at the renowned Amor de Dios studio in Madrid.

La Conja was the only America chosen to join an all-Spanish troupe that performed throughout Japan. She joined the Spanish dance company of Jose Molina on a tour of the United States and Canada, which culminated in a





Ibrahim Farrah teaching a Middle Eastern dance class at Fazil's studio on Eight Avenue. (photo Ruby Washington)

there.

"There used to be a famous room, a big studio on the third floor that was fondly known as the Snake Pit," she recalled. "You could rehearse there for half an hour or all day, from nine to nine if you wanted to, for fifty cents. It was a group thing. You'd stake out your little spot and you had better not move out of it. You had tap, ballroom, ballet and a rubber-man act rehearsing around you. You certainly learned how to concentrate." Barefooted Indian dancers learned to bring tweezers with them to remove splinters caused by rampaging tap and flamenco shoes.

Searching for a place to conduct private and advanced classes, Mr. Farrah came to the studio in 1967. Jerry LeRoy, a former co-owner of the studios with Michael, had bought out his partner's share and renamed the then-famous studio after himself.

"Jerry was a character I will never forget," Mr. Farrah said. "He was an old-time tap dancer who traveled the vaudeville circuit and worked with the biggest names. His big days had sort of been over, though he was still getting work. The studio was a place where he could come and still be part of that world. He worked out there two hours, three times a week, tapping on ice skates with blocks on them. He had worked with the Ice Capades for a while."

"To talk to the guy, you'd think he was almost illiterate," Mr. Farrah said. "But he was a wise man. He ran that place almost as a military institution. I think he had a stage mama who protected his money in the early days. If you were an amateur or he didn't like you, if you had no talent, he would tell you to go to Rudy's or Alexander's."

Fazil's has three floors with fourteen studios in all; the club is on the floor below, one flight up from the street. Some of the studios have been decorated by

teachers.

A minuscule theatrical seamstress named Chiquita holds court in a tiny, top-floor room crammed with costumes and signed photographs, the successor to such nondance tenants as a Tarot reader and seller of magic potions.

Small studios rent for \$11 an hour and large studios for \$13 an hour. "There are mostly Middle Eastern people on the first floor of studios," Miss Alba said. "The tap people are all over the place. Then you have flamenco companies. We're not allowed on the first floor. Most studios don't want flamenco dancers because you ruin their floors. And if not floors, the ceilings below." She does all her rehearsing at Fazil's. "It's either there or the sub way," she said.

Studio rentals elsewhere tend to run a good deal higher. "These days, I don't know how anybody manages to rehearse," Miss Alba said. "You can't afford to go in and make mistakes at those prices."

Neither she nor Mr. Farrah is impressed with the sleek newer studios. "They're depressing," Miss Alba said. "They're so clean. With palm trees and things. Everyone is there in their dancer designer togs. This is not serious, folks."

"They're so quiet," Mr. Farrah said of today's more modern studios. "So many rules and regulations. No feeling of relaxation. And that's as most a statement of today's art. Their guts are lacking."



Maria Loreta and José Molina. (photo by Karen Bowers)

BOOK REVIEWS

ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA DICTONARY OF FLAMENCO DICCIONARIO ENCICLOPÉDICO ILUSTRADO DEL FLAMENCO

[IN SPANISH. TWO VOLUMES. 860 PAGES. 10 X 13 X 3 INCHES. HARDCOVER. JOSE BLAS VEGA AND MANUEL RIOS RUIZ. EDITORIAL CINTERO. MADRID, SPAIN. 1988. PTS. 25,000 (APPROX. \$220 US)]

by George Hollenberg

The history of flamenco, like that of Spain itself, is one of individuals. Perhaps the durability of flamenco may be due to its capacity to permit great personal expression, albeit superimposed on an established framework. This work, without doubt the most extensive of its type ever written, is more than a dictionary of flamenco; it is a dictionary of flamencos — brief biographies of more than 5,000 individuals. In these pages the famous, the gitano, the foreigner, the experimenter, all are given their due, including many whom fate had rightly left in obscurity.

These biographies, their length proportional to the authors' opinion of the renown of each individual, are alphabetically arranged, usually using the artist's stage or nickname. There follow their real name (nombre y apellidos), place of birth and dates. A capsulated biography is then given and, if applicable, extracts of commentary by better known flamencologists (too often taken whole-hog from record jackets). Most striking is the wealth of photographs, many never before published.

The *Diccionario Enciclopédico* represents the most modern, complete and objective compilation of the lives of those who made and nurtured flamenco. Although it is in the tradition of other similar works it is, by and large, devoid of their defects: *Arte y Artistas Flamencos*—panyeric; *Mundo y Formas*—polemic; *Lives and Legends*—discovers the virtues of the primitive and the vices of the modern in flamenco.

It had long been observed that the contents of a book are more important than its cover. However, it is most felicitous when cover and content complement each other. The reproduction of hundreds of photographs, paintings, lithographs, posters — even matchcovers and wine labels — many in color, impart a flavor to this work in proportion to that recognized between picture and word. The format, paper and printing of the *Diccionario Enciclopédico* surpass anything relating to flamenco ever printed.

Of course, where much is accomplished, per force much must be omitted—perhaps most helpful would be the addition of an index. A more exacting discussion of compás, especially treating the compás of individual cantes is in order. A very extensive discography and bibliography is included.

No reader will be disappointed with the *Diccionario Enciclopédico*—the aficionado will expand his horizons and the contentious will be confounded by the wealth of detail. The *Diccionario Enciclopédico* is a milestone in the written history of flamenco.

LIFE AND SONG OF DON ANTONIO CHACÓN VIDA Y CANTE DE DON ANTONIO CHACÓN

[ONE VOLUME. 273 PAGES. 8.5 X 8.5 X .75 INCHES. SOFT COVER. JOSE BLAS VEGA. SOCIEDAD-COOP. IND. TIPOGRAFICA CATÓLICA. CÓRDOBA, SPAIN. 1986. PTS. 1500. IN SPANISH]

by George Hollenberg

This marks the first attempt at a detailed scholarly biography of a flamenco figure. Improvisation and hyperbole, qualities so desirable in flamenco are of little help in a search for truth. In general, earlier attempts at flamenco biography have been both superficial and partisan. Such

biographies were based on very sparse scholarship and much prejudice — they disclosed little and professed much.

More recently we have flamenco autobiography, e.g. *Mily Una Historias de Pericoón de Cádiz*; *Yo tenía mi güena estrella de Amica de Perinaca*, etc. These autobiographies, often picaresque and amusing, are too often, the products of imagination operating on fantasy, and add very little to our understanding either of flamenco or of the forces which influenced these very lives.

Chacón is the first biography of a flamenco based on substantial original research, e.g. the author's discovery of Chacón's adoption (suppressed by Chacón himself), and the first to include extensive, documented, references to the text. Also exemplary are a very detailed discography — for Chacón, like all flamenco singers, preferred his voice to "do the talking." Other sections include a very detailed explication and analysis of Chacón's coplas. Numerous photographs complement the text.

It is significant that, more than fifty years after his death, Chacón still elicits controversy. The *cante gitano* — *cante andaluz* dichotomy promoted by Mairena, Climent, and subsequently by Pohren and others, still exists in the ears of many. Blas Vega assiduously defends Chacón against his critics sometimes even resorting to personal attack on Chacón's detractors! The value of any musical contribution, such as that of Chacón, is not absolute but comparative. The excellence of Chacón's *cante* cannot be demonstrated scientifically, but by listening and experiencing it—the true test of its value is the fact that it continues to be esteemed and performed even today—listen to Enrique Morente's "Homenaje a Don Antonio Chacón", Hispavox 230127. Whether the gitano or andaluz has contributed more to flamenco will never be known. In fact, to those who live in a pluralistic society and realize the variety of influences present, searches for a simplistic, unitary explanation of the evolution of flamenco seem ridiculous.

The shortcoming of this biography is common to those written by authors who were not personally acquainted with their subject or his contemporaries. Thus, we have much of Chacón's comings and goings but very little of Chacón's own character. What flamenco would not like to know the force of personality that allowed Chacón to dominate *cante flamenco* during its golden era? What type of person rose from the obscure adoption by a non-musical family to become the "Rey del Cante"?

The intellectual contribution made in this biography — the beginning of a new standard for flamenco writing — far outweighs its defects. It is "must" reading for any one desiring an historical grasp of flamenco evolution.

ANTONIO DE TORRES GUITAR MAKER — HIS LIFE AND WORK A book review by Paco Sevilla

Antonio Torres: Guitar Maker — His Life and Work (1987) is a remarkable book — actually three books in one: It is a well-researched biography of Antonio Torres, the father of the modern classical/flamenco guitar (37 pages), a detailed study of the evolution of the guitar and Torres' methods of construction (132 pages), and a catalogue of the sixty-five known surviving Torres guitars, including photos, measurements, and descriptive notes (38 pages). Let's take a look to see why this book warrants its \$55 price tag.

This is one of those once-in-a-lifetime works by an author. José L. Romanillos, a guitar builder himself, must have submerged himself in research for many years in order to come up with all of the fragments of sketchy information that he needed in order to put together a still somewhat sketchy picture of Torres' life from interviews with family members and obscure documents like birth certificates, church records, debtor's records, attorney records, and correspondence.

I found the description of Torres' Sevilla period (1844-66) to be fascinating and filled with information about the guitar scene of that time; we meet

the many guitar makers active around Calle Sierpes and personalities like Tárrega and Julian Arcas, one of the early guitar virtuosos who included flamenco pieces in his repertoire. We learn of Torres' lifelong interest in the 11-string guitar and his extensive experiments with the *tornavoz*, a resonating cylinder placed in the sound-hole of the guitar.

This biography will be of interest to anyone who has some awareness of guitar history and enjoys reading about flamenco or Spanish history. It is a bit technical for the casual reader. Keep in mind that more emphasis is placed on classical than on flamenco guitars, although during this period the distinction between the two was more a matter of economics than function — flamenco guitars were originally those built with inferior materials to make them more affordable (it is possible that the materials molded the taste for a certain flamenco "sound" more than the desired sound dictated the materials used today).

Section two, dealing with guitar history and construction, is even more technical and is suitable reading only for those who are knowledgeable about guitars. A chapter on history from 1800 to the present includes detailed information about Sor, Aguado, the Ramírez dynasty of builders, and other *guitarreros* such as Fleta, Santos Hernández, and Herman Hauser. Other chapters deal with woods, soundboards, construction methods, labels, mosaics and inlays, the *tornavoz* (we learn that Tárrega's guitars were invariably burned on the upper bout due to his habit of smoking while playing), imitators and the Torres sound.

The catalogue of guitars is more esoteric yet and will be most enjoyed by collectors and guitar fanatics. I am neither of these, but I enjoyed the tidbits of anecdotal information that accompanied many of the entries; more of that type of information would have been appreciated.

If I have any criticism of this book, it lies in the fact that, after reading all of the marvelously detailed information, I don't really know what Torres contributed to the modern guitar. It seems like every innovation had predecessors, Torres was inconsistent in his methods and constantly varied dimensions and materials, and the pertinent facts are buried amid so much detail in this book that I found it difficult to determine what Torres did that was unique or significant. A few paragraphs of pages of summing-up by the author would have been helpful.

Antonio Torres is certainly worth the \$55; with all of the photos, it was an expensive book to print. But it is of value only to its intended audience, the serious lover of guitars who enjoys learning the intimate details of the history and evolution of his instrument and its construction. The book is available from The Bold Strummer (included \$2.50 for shipping), which distributes hard-to-find books dealing with guitar, including Lives and Legends of Flamenco and A Way of Life by D.E. Pohren and The Flamenco Guitar by David George. Send for a catalogue: The Bold Strummer, 1 Webb Road, Westport, CT 06880.



PERFORMANCE REVIEWS



GIPSY KINGS: THE SOUND OF ROOTLESS ROOTS

[from Newsday, Dec. 16, 1988]

by John Milward

The Gipsy Kings, who played to a packed house at the Ritz on Wednesday night, give new meaning to the notion of a guitar band. Standing six abreast, and strumming six acoustic guitars in front of four backing musicians, they wove a densely propulsive sound keyed by the keening vocals of Nicolas Reyes and the spindly guitar figures of Tonino Ballardo. The result was a heady brew that can be called nothing less than Heavy Flamenco.

For followers of world-beat music, Wednesday's show was another stop on the musical globe. But while the gypsy clan to which the Kings are connected is based in southern France, the peripatetic nature of the lifestyle naturally accommodates other regional influences as well as cosmopolitan connections. In fact, one factor that has given the group its cachet is that their music inspired a recent collection by influential French designer Christian Lacroix.

The Kings, however, are not fashion plates. The six wore black peg-legged pants, shiny black boots and crisp dress shirts. By contrast, the audience at the Ritz was a stylish crowd whose members were just as likely to speak French, Spanish or Italian as English. But when band members punctuated the music with handclaps, fans echoed the beat in the international language of rhythm.

One good thing about a band of gypsies is that they are unlikely to fall into the rock-star trap of writing songs about the rigors of the road. Of course, as Reyes sings in *Gitane*, a language that mixes Spanish, French and various gypsy dialects, the lyrics are academic to all but the multilingual. For novices to the intriguing sound of the group's eponymous Elektra debut, the only melody that rang a bell was "A Mi Manera," the group's rather unlikely version of Frank Sinatra's signature tune, "My Way."

The Gipsy Kings' way to international recognition has been to underpin the romantic strains of flamenco with an electric bass, a synthesizer, a drum kit that's played from a standing position and a second percussionist. The rich strumming of multiple guitars remains at the heart of the group's sound, but this modern bottom accommodates dancing feet of any nationality. As it happened, the Ritz was too crowded for dancing, so when the group rolled into the two hits that have made them stars across Europe, "Bamboleo" and "Djobi Djoba," the crowd responded with an ecstatic vertical bop. At moments like these, the floor of the club looked like carnival, with heads bobbing, arms raised in the air and hands clapping.

Reyes and his brother Andre are the sons of the famous flamenco singer Jose Reyes. The other four Kings belong to the Ballardo family. Beyond literal blood links, however, the group, some of whom have settled into houses, still spends time in an 80-trailer caravan parked in Arles. These rootless roots, finally, are what make the music of the Gipsy Kings such an intoxicating anomaly.

It's easy to imagine these guitar rhythms wafting through a gypsy camp, and when

Ballardo was showcased on instrumentals that alternately featured languidly sustained notes, quicksilver run and emphatic strums, one could see how this music grew to be an intimate, concert-hall attraction.

Still, hearing this ethnic music in a pop context was an exotic experience that underscored how our musical world is getting increasingly smaller. The Gipsy Kings' art is based in a family passion that has been amplified into big-time public entertainment. The New York crowd roared its approval, and questions of nationality became moot. During the encores, when the music coaxed the crowd into double-time clapping, the Ritz might as well have been filled with a room of happy crickets.

...



Sabicas at Carnegie Hall concert in his honor. (photo Karen Bowers)

FLAMENCO HOMAGE TO SABICAS

by George Ryss

As a furthering of Quinto Centenario and Casa de España on June 3, 1989, this Homage to Sabicas at Carnegie Hall, New York City brought together the many faces of Spain and the guitar world: The performers included the blending of all the ages, namely youth, maturity and golden age, Jeronimo aged eleven (concertizing for three years); Paco de Lucia, the greatest name and Sabicas, the Grand Maestro — the highlight of this fabulous guitar concert might have been — not the guitar — but the cantaor Enrique Morente with the fabulous gypsy toque of the guitar of Montoyito who intoned the



Guitarist Montoyito and cantaor Enrique Morente at Homenaje for Sabicas. (photo by Karen Bowers)

siguiriyas of Morente as special homage to Sabicas.

Jeronimo, "El Wunderkind" de la Sonanta-Menuhin of the flamenco guitar — and what a natural talent making his New York City debut at Carnegie Hall "Mi Papi trabaja en El Corral de la Moreria con Blanca del Rey" — his daddy is Felipe Maya who performed with Manolete in Casa de España. Jeronimo rendered soleares, fandango de Huelva, bulerias and minera...his second guitarist, Ramón Jimenez, possibly one of the best



Ramón Jimenez with his prodigy Jeronimo. (photo Karen Bowers)

players of the very modern guitar, a cousin of the Sabicas family recently played lead guitar for the Luisillo ballet at Brooklyn College for dancers Maria Vivo and Juan Fernandez. Enrique Morente sang caña and tarantas and his siguiriyas... Ramón is a special teacher of Jeronimo.

Jeronimo is a miracle, for somebody at his age 10 to 11 to perform with such fluency is a gift from God. Paco de Lucia and Sabicas performed in the second half of the program. Paco — performer, innovator, who has solely modernized the guitar — played his arrangements of fandangos de Huelva, soleares, algerias, bulerias, and with his brother Ramón de Algeciras, rondeña and por rumba.

After Paco de Lucia and his brother Ramón de Algecira had performed their last encore came presentation time for Sabicas: Awards included Citations from New York City, from New York State and from the Spanish



Eleven year old Jeronimo Maya (photo Karen Bowers)

writers — the Consul General of Spain replied on behalf of Sabicas. Finally Sabicas performed for the public which included the following numbers: granadinas, zambra, malagueñas, guajiras.

A reception for the artists and friends followed at Casa de España.

NIGHT OF FLAMENCO GUITAR

[from: The New York Times, June 7, 1989; sent by René Heredia]

by Stephen Holden

The stage of Carnegie Hall was pelted with long-stemmed red roses on Saturday evening as Sabicas, the legendary flamenco guitarist, entered from the wings.

The 76-year-old Spanish master, who has lived in New York City for decades, was one of the first to popularize the flamenco guitar as a solo concert instrument. The four selections he played, including a delicate, unembellished "Malagueña," illustrated how eloquent flamenco — a style synonymous in many minds with flash and emotional fire — could be when played in a sparse, quiet mode.

Sabicas' style is characterized by a soft, ringing tone; clear, simply sculpted arrangements, and an unusually relaxed sense of rhythm that at moments almost cut loose and swings gently. It was fitting that Saturday's concert, in which several guitar virtuosos paid elegant tributes to him, should

end so simply. This was, after all, where it began.

Paco de Lucia, who preceded Sabicas, is one of his most distinguished descendants and a very formidable technician. His set of flamenco tunes and Andalusian melodies had the emotionally riveting quality of brilliant, impassioned conversation. Much of the power of Mr. de Lucia's playing comes from his far-reaching, deeply personal explorations of the tensions inherent in flamenco, especially its use of prolonged harmonic irresolution and its abrupt, jarring rhythmic punctuation.

He has greatly enriched the harmonic vocabulary of flamenco, inserting odd, impressionistic chord changes that open up its expressive landscape. The mood of traditionally stormy severity suddenly gives way to gorgeous lyrical reflections that are challenged and almost ferociously brought up short. It is almost all done at high speed.

Opening the concert was an 11-year-old Spanish guitarist, Jeronimo, whose quiet, authoritative style is very traditional in the austerity of its meter. He was followed by Enrique Morente, a noted Granadian flamenco singer, whose formal gesticulation and incantatory, nasal delivery impart an almost religious fervor to traditional song.

SPANISH DANCE SOCIETY IN RECITAL

The Spanish Dance Society presented its annual recital at the American Museum of Natural History on June 1, 1989, Central Park West, New York.



Ralph Pemberton guitarist and musical director with SDS since 1985.



Finale from the 1988/89 season in Washington DC. (photo by Victor Cohen)



Ziva of the Spanish Dance Society. (photo Victor Cohen)



Nancy Sedgwick, first American to get the Maestra de Baile certificate of the SDS. (photo Sali Dimond)



Jaime Coronado of SDS dancing farruca. (photo Miguel Zuno)

The Society's second annual recital here in New York spelled another outstanding record performance; the costumes were authentic, outstandingly beautiful, the choreography superb; alas we missed the young dancers of New York who could visually partake in all the dances of Spain.

The program opened with the Goya's Suite which the Society had recently presented at the Boston Museum of Art... The Seguidillas del Candil had fourteen dancers, next followed the Fandango de Candil and the Triana del Zarandillo featuring Nancy Sedgewick (who is the first American to get the maestra del baile certificate of the Spanish Dance Society).

In the Basque Suite the Baile del Vaso was of special interest, the music was played by Txista, a Basque flute and drum, the dancer was Lourdes Elias — Paula Durbin was again outstanding dancing the Peteneras Bolerias. In the Regional Suite Nancy Sedgewick was a cute Alcaldesa. The Alcalde was danced by the highly improved dancer Antonio Saldana. The audience welcomed the Societies' next two numbers — the Muñeira and La Charrada, so well presented by this group of dancers.

"Flamenco Actual" the highlight of this program and any other show... stunning, extraordinary, modern performance of dance with music of the fusion quality, orchestra and cantao and guitarra and the superb choreography by the greatest, José de Udaeta danced by Ziva (tremendously improved) another Dame Marina achievement. Seguiriyas and Caracoles featured Diane Pisano and the farruca was owned by Jaime Coronado... I also liked the group presentation of "Nosotros Somos" presented by thirteen dancers... The rest of the program was in the able hands (or feet) of La Ziva and Coronadito with an alegrías and finally por bulerías.

FLAMENCO AT THE FILLMORE

[from: Rockhead, Spring 1989; sent by Nikki Valentine]

by Nikki Valentine

Guitarist Martin Cohen, "El Zurdo," is a man with a mission. The San Francisco born Spanish/flamenco guitarist is on a one-man crusade to establish this intense, emotional music as an accessible form of entertainment. Unlike most local flamencos, "El Zurdo" (the lefty), prefers to ply his trade as a soloist.

A rock 'n' roller for many years, the San Francisco native discovered in the flamenco guitar solo a primitive passion coupled with an other-worldly technique that he felt would win over rock fans as well as the aficionados of the art. After many years of study with Spanish maestro Mariano Cordoba, he is beginning to prove himself correct.

Most recently, he opened for the Gypsy Kings at Fillmore Auditorium, having been promoted to the big stage after several successful shows in the lounge. Both Martin and the Fillmore management were a little nervous! "It was tough thinking about walking out there with a couple thousand people screaming for a famous ten-piece band. But after about 30 seconds, I knew I was on the wave. We had left the length of the set open, but it was a great crowd and I was able to stretch out with some of the heavier tunes."

The "tunes" he refers to are actually complex guitar solos based on Flamenco song and dance forms. Some of these such as *soleares* (solitude) date back centuries, while others are of relatively recent invention. Although the rhythmic structures of the forms are rigidly fixed, the melodies are subject to interpretation and improvisation. Thus, a performer can interpret a style that echoes the historic experiences of the Andalusian people while still stamping his or her own personality on the music.

The forms themselves vary from the desolate to the celebratory, and the sounds from the most delicate to utter bedlam. Mariano once drew a comparison for me of flamenco and classical guitar styles. He said, "Classical guitar playing is like a river with beautiful grassy banks and lovely flowers growing on them. Flamenco is that same river, but then we turn the corner and we encounter — the rapids."

It was "the rapids" that pulled Martin into flamenco. "There's really not



Martin Cohen "El Zurdo"

much difference between nailing a tremendous power cord with a strat through a Marshall stack than executing a continuous *rasgueado* (a complex strumming technique) at the opening or closing of a piece. Both are power expressed thorough music and both are difficult to do."

"I've always fantasized about being able to walk into a party or some bar and being able to whip out my guitar and entertain people. Not being a singer, it just wasn't possible with rock music. You'd meet people and it was like 'Oh, you're a musician. Where can I hear you?' And I'd go, 'Well, we're playing on June 29th at Leo's or something,' or, 'Well, let me turn you on to this tape.' Now I can just whip out this guitar. It's immediate and the impact is much more powerful."

"Recently, I had some visitors from Central America at my house, and I played them a tape of a yet-to-be-released album by Bandido, an eight piece Latin rock band that I play lead guitar with. That tape cost of \$20,000 and the efforts of at least twenty professionals to produce. They dug it very much. But when I played some flamenco pieces live, the reaction was greater. I love the intimacy of it, the simplicity."

Martin takes advantage of these aspects of his art to perform everywhere from biker bars to concerts. Included in the latter are monthly shows for the Bread & Roses organization where he has become a favorite performer. "I'm trying to reach out to as many people as possible with this music because I feel that it will be accepted by a lot of people who have never really experienced the power of it, the beauty, and the unexpected variety."

"I started out playing the blues, Hendrix being a great force of my inspiration. And really, that's what I'm doing now. 'The Spanish Castle Magic Blues.'" Olé!

[Editor's note: We were reluctant to run this article since "El Zurdo" is unknown to us and the article reeks of pseudo-flamenco. There can be no flamenco solo without knowledge of cante and baile. We would welcome information about this performer and his qualifications so that we can be certain that he is not "El Ab-Zurdo".]

NEWS FROM NEW YORK



Liliana Morales at the Maximiliano



Al Andalus at the Maximiliano restaurant in NYC.
(L to R): El Pollito, La Conja, Liliana Morales, Diego Castellon.

(Text and photos by Terry Setter)

The group Al Andalus appeared three nights per week at the restaurant Maximiliano during the months of June and July. The show featured cantaor Fernando de Triana, cantaora/bailaora La Conja, cantaor/guitarist El Pollito, bailaora Liliana Morales, guitarist Arturo Martínez, and special guest guitarist Diego Castellón (brother of Sabicas). Highlights of the evening were the rumba "Pan y Chocolate" by El Pollito, the soleares by Liliana Morales, and the guitar solos of Diego Castellón. These, blended with the strong footwork and lyrical voice of La Conja, the emotive cante of Fernando de Triana, and the excellent food and decor at Maximiliano made for an exceptional evening in a city where good flamenco can be hard to find. (Terry Setter

R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R*R°R°R*R*R

RYSS REPORT

NEW YORK

Greetings to all aficionados and joining me in salutations is the Lady from "Sol y Sombra" — Loretta [see *Personalities* page 32] beautiful, spellbinding performer of both flamenco and the classical dance. She is no stranger to readers of JALEO — was correspondent for our magazine in company with La Vikinga, Roberto Reyes and yours faithfully...Hauntingly gorgeous dancer, she hypnotizes her audiences and her fellow performers... She has now regrouped and strengthened her dance Company "Sol and Sombra" — the biggest Spanish dance company on the island (already well-known) — she is busy organizing for performances, especially in the rich Hampton areas of Long Island...

Another beautiful dancer of New York joined with a group of Zarzuela performers...here in New York — She is Jerane Michel. Jerane's dance program *Zarzuela and Duende* is a first for the Andalucians themes in the Zarzuela. The extraordinary dancer performed the homenaje to the great Argentina on the 50th anniversary of her death at the American Museum of Natural History — the program highlight was the rendition of Argentina's castanograph of "Playera" by Granados, danced and played by Ms. Michel.

Carmen Rubio appeared with her Spanish Dance Theatre at the Thalia Spanish Theatre in Sonnyside, New York on consecutive Fridays... Carmen was joined by partner Jorge Navarro in Manzanita's creation *Liberate*. Carmen danced in Fandango de Doña Francisquita and at the very end in Cañas — Jorge excelled in the performance of Romeras and a Farruca — Loretta danced beautifully costumed performed *La Leyenda del Beso* and the Garrotin — Wila gave an exquisite performance "por Solea" — Rosa Rey in her first performance danced Alegrias. Arturo Martinez was the guitarist (he was joined by Marco and Bill) — the new cantaor was Fernando de Triana



Maria Alba and Dominico Caro in concert at Faisal's in NYC. (photo by Karen Bowers)



Left to Right: guitarist Arturo Martinez, unidentified, Manolo Rivera, Maria Loretta (photo by Karen Bowers)

— there were a number of tablao flamenco performances; we only wish that such Spanish Theatre could be repeated. After the show most of the performers, aficionados and friends went to Mesón Asturias in Queens to listen to the performance of Paco Montes, Aurora Reyes, in excellent form, with the guitar of Basilio... Mesón is highly recommended by this writer...good music and good food.

I include photos by Karen Bowers, Sol y Sombra with Manolo Rivera dancing, and one of Loretta and Jackie; a mixed bag of Faisals photos: María Constanca and "El Polito", the producer "Edward" of José Molina fame, María Alba and Dominico and Conja and Manolo...



Maria Costanzia with El Pollito (photo Karen Bowers)

Here is the answer to the participation of Spain's eleven year old "Wunderkind" Jeronimo at the Hommage to Sabicas — our own "Wunderkin" **Roberto Castellon** — aged sixteen and playing flamenco guitar for eight years. A Cuban-American, learned guitar from his father and Manolo Barón (played for Jose Greco) — A gifted natural inventive player, now self taught, has tremendous picados, rasgueos... Roberto lives in West New York, New Jersey where he performs at restaurant Adolfo with his father Roberto Castellon Sr. He has a larger repertoire of flamenco guitar solos.



Roberto Castellon

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

To Robert Castellon and to so many other players of the guitar — he was their mentor... He was **Antonio David**. Tony David died February 13, 1989 at the age of 68... A man of many talents and adventurism; he was decorated during the last war, including Distinguished Flying Cross. Tony worked as a salesman, car salesman to be precise, but it was the love of Spanish guitar that made him work as collaborator for Juan Orozco, for many years and later with the American Institute of the Guitar — both in New York City. Mr. David aided Sabicas in many of his concert ventures here and in Europe. He supplied his own brand of guitar strings "Supreme" for both the classical and flamenco guitar. He sold guitars to nearly every player I know... Tony had a special way with all the aficionados...he was their Godfather.

At a memorial sponsored by the American Institute of the Guitar there were many speakers, those who had known him, those — and there were many — who he had helped. Their mood was jovial; they told the stories he had told them. Only one classical guitarist played two solos — Eva Levine aged thirteen — to the memory of a friend gone but not forgotten.

FLAMENCO FUSION

The second flamenco fusion presentation was held at St. John the Divine Cathedral, Amsterdam Avenue and 112 Street, New York City on Saturday, May 13 and was organized by Casa de España, New York — the opening address was delivered by d. Enrique Camacho (head of Casa de España) with, d. Enrique Martinez.

The artists included both flamenco stars, as well as fusion players who had worked with Paco de Lucia in recordings... As guest artist the Dominican pianist Michel Camilo performed with his own combo — the Cathedral harbored no less than twelve artists: flamenco dancer, cantao, two flamenco guitarists, two saxophonists, two pianists, two bassists and the two pianists.

In this majestic setting of this, the world's largest Cathedral, cantao Di-gueto intoned the proceedings with a solo cante that seemed to have reverberated off the walls of the giant structure and pierced the inner soul of the aficionados. The sheer beauty of the flamenco sound was enhanced with the gorgeous sounds of the guitar. The flamenco sound was also of Jorge Pardo on soprano saxophone the nearest to the rendition of the voice of the cantao. Paco Peña appeared later performing fandangos de Huelva and por malagueña in tremendous rhythmical pattern with El Bola and bassist Benavent. El Bola, on his third visit to this city, performed the solo minera on guitar. Carles Benavent played a solo on bass with the guitar background of Bola. Jorge Pardo changed instruments a flute obbligato and then also the tenor sax...

But all in all the dancer Raúl dominated the performance with superb showmanship and gigantic footwork "con su limpieza en el cuerpo"...an entertainer par excellence and his ageless and endless algerias — yes, the only dancer to have recorded with Paco de Lucia's guitar. The flamenco fusion program continued with the guest appearance of Michel Camilo and his players, who at a later stage were joined by Raúl, Pardo and the other artists — an unforgettable night of music.

PROGRAM NOTES

Flamenco Fuslon

The art of flamenco has evolved over the centuries from the fusion of music from ancient and different oriental and occidental cultures. In the seventies, a generation of jazz musicians began combining the guitar, the singing and dancing of pure flamenco with jazz. This new genre borrows

elements from the two musical styles, creating an experience that is catching fire all over the world.

THE ARTISTS

Michel Camilo is known the world over for his brilliant technique as a pianist and a composer who flavors his music with Caribbean rhythms and jazz harmonies. He first performed with flamenco artists as well as Paquito d’Rivera at the Madrid Jazz Festival in 1985.

Carles Benavent, bass has performed with Chick Corea, Jorge Pardo, Rubem Dantas and has recorded three albums of his own, *Carles Benavent*, *Peaches with Salt*, and *Dos de Copas*.

El Bola is the son of flamenco singer Augustín Montoya and has appeared as a guitar soloist all over Europe. He recently toured the United States with “Flamenco Puro”.

Rubem Dantas, has performed with flamenco artist, Paco de Lucia and such jazz greats as Chick Corea and Pat Metheny. He displays the most innovative development of percussion in flamenco.

Dieguito was born in Madrid to a gypsy family of artistic talents. He made his debut in 1985 with Flamenco Joven and has been called an “artist among artists” for his expressive vocals.

Tomás San Miguel, has performed as a pianist and keyboard artist all over the world in concert with Stan Getz, Airto Moreira, Tania Maria and others. His own band was featured in the Fifth Annual Madrid Jazz Festival.

Jorge Pardo, saxophonist performed all over Spain with his own group before collaborating with Paco de Lucia, Ramon de Algeciras, Pepe de Lucia and Tomatito on the record, *El canto de los guerreros* in which the flavors of jazz and flamenco are combined.

GOING BEYOND FLAMENCO

(from: New York Times; May 15]

by Peter Watrous

The “Flamenco Fusion” show at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Saturday night opened with one of those rare clearly beautiful moments that seem to stop time. Dieguito, a gypsy singer from Madrid, sang a wavering melody in a deeply passionate and dryly husky voice that filled the dark and cavernous space of the collective gasp.

The rest of the show was blessed and cursed. Like many who play the music of local traditions, flamenco musicians are trying to find a way into a broader, more international context, making obvious connections between traditions. The inclusion of jazz and pop rhythms — to a traditional singer and two guitarists, the group added a bassist, a saxophonist, a pianist and a percussionist — made for a staggeringly banal “Spanish” fusion. And there was a nicely ironic touch: the pianist Tomás San Miguel slavishly imitated the “Spanish” affectations of Chick Corea, an Italian-descended jazz pianist from Boston.

When the show was at its best the two guitarists — the brilliant Paco Peña and El Bola, joined by the bassist Carles Benavent and Dieguito — would either play the complex rhythms of flamenco or accompany Raoul, a flamenco dancer who added a guttural percussive voice to the music and an astounding amount of drama (Flamenco, derived from an Indian rhythmical system, is antithetical to jazz’s African-derived sensibility.) The music had detail and discipline, and it had the audience up on its feet cheering. The more jazz-related music, badly played and mawkish had people firmly in their seats.

Michel Camilo, a young Hispanic pianist, played luke-warm, cliché-laden jazz for the second half of the show and he, too, had people up on their feet, but they were heading out the door.

—George Ryss

JUERGAS

LOS ANGELES JUERGA



Scene from the Los Angeles Juerga. Gisela dancing.

Art Valdez of Valdez Guitar Shop at 7420 West Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, California, offered his shop for a Saturday night juerga on Feb. 4, 1989. After a slow start, the juerga really began when a group of dancers arrived after their rehearsal for a show. By that time many of the early group had left, but there were still enough guitar players, dancers and singers to have a good party. It was nice to see everyone helping each other to understand and improve on compás, coplas, dance steps, etc. There was lots of good food and drink brought in by everyone.

Bill Freeman, Eugene Cordero and his music partner, Benito Palacio, Mickey Kane, Richard Ogelby, Rick Colman, Paul Donn, Gabriel Reyna, Victor, Ed Valenzuela, Michael Long, Yvetta Williams and several other guitarists who are friends of Art Valdez were there.



Left to Right: Yvetta Williams, Carolyn Burger, Richard Ogilby



Left to Right: Paul Down, Michkey Kayne, Ben Shearer, Juan Talavera, Gabriel Ruiz.

Susan Duckett, Miguel de Malaga, Antonio and Bill Freeman were the singers in attendance. Carolyn Berger, Jan Gutman, Josie Roth, Katina Vrinós, Anna Konya, Gilberto Cesar, Alonzo Verano, Oly Mogollon, Jane, Elsa, Jackie Waddell and others, whose names I didn't learn, danced.

Lourdes Rodríguez, Alicia Gordon, Charo and Yuris Zetins arrived with some singers and guitarists from Teatro de Danza Española after their Redondo Beach performance. They were eating and visiting and, just as it seemed that the juerga was going to take off and be great, the bewitching hour of 12:30 arrived and the juerga was declared closed for the evening. So near to greatness, but fun anyway.

Juergas are as good as the people who involved. The organizers provide a place and time and after that it is up to the participants to produce the fun, and to clean up after themselves. If you teachers, performers, students, and those who enjoy juergas want juergas to continue please support them and make an effort to arrive as early as possible. It is difficult to find locations that don't have an early closing hour, so the next best is to come early.

The organizers are trying to limit the attendance to guitarists, singers, dancers and serious aficionados. By doing this we hope to create a relaxed, juerga atmosphere where professionals and amateurs at all levels can play, sing or dance without feeling self-conscious or feel like they are "the show." We just hope that a good flamenco party will be the result.

If anyone has a free location for a juerga please call Rick Colman at 213-930-1819.

—Yveta Williams



Corral and Mardi — Sevillanas. (photos by Dick Williams)

MEMORIAL JUERGA FOR GENE FOSTER

by Ron Spatz

On the evening of December 3rd at the North Hollywood home of Greg Miller, a memorial juerga was held for Gene Foster. Gene, a dear friend and aficionado, left us in July of 1988 shortly after suffering a major stroke. Why a juerga? — they are supposed to be fun. Well, Gene wouldn't want it any other way. I have never met anyone who loved flamenco more than Gene. He never tired of discussing it or experiencing it. One time at one of our private juergas where things were really coming together, Gene remarked to me, "Ron, I live for these moments."

I am happy to report that he would not have been disappointed. The chemistry was about as near to perfect as you can get with a crowd of 50 or so aficionados. The participation was near 100%. As usual, with that many people, it would be nearly impossible to capture the names of all the participants. Most of Gene's close friends were present, plus several less familiar (to me), but most welcome, faces. It was great to have Stamen Wetzel back among us after his change of heart about taking up residence in Hawaii (too much sand, too little flamenco). Likewise having Coral Citron back from Spain. Marcos and Rubina Carmona who recently moved to Seattle could not be there, but called the night before the juerga to offer their condolences about Gene and to wish us all well (Seattle's gain is L.A.'s loss).

Yveta and myself (both suffering from juerga arranging burnout) have received some welcome relief in the form of the rejuvenating efforts of Rick Coleman, who arranged the location for this juerga through his friend Greg Müller. If one were to design a house specifically for a juerga, it would probably come out looking much like this one. Gene's wife, mother, stepfather, and oldest son were present, and from all appearances, enjoyed themselves immensely. There was a lot of video and audio taping taking place throughout the evening, which hopefully captured the moment for posterity. Dancing, we had Juan Talavera, Gisella Lorca, Alonzo Hanolin, Gilberto Cesar, Kathy Danelski, Carolyn Berger, Katina Vrinós, Coral Citron, Carmen Torres, and Mardi. Beautiful cante was provided throughout by Susan Duckett. Participating guitarists were Mickie Kayne, Ben Shearer, Stamen Wetzel, Bill Freeman, Gabriel Ruiz, Paul Donn, Richard Ogilby, Yveta and myself. I'm sure there were others that I missed, because there were several happenings in different areas of the house, plus my memory span isn't what it used to be. Gene was a sensitive, loving person who liked people, poetry, ballet, classical guitar, all aspects of flamenco, and philosophy. I have never known anyone before with whom I had so many things in common and I feel that I knew Gene well enough to state with complete authority that this juerga was the most appropriate memorial that he could wish for.



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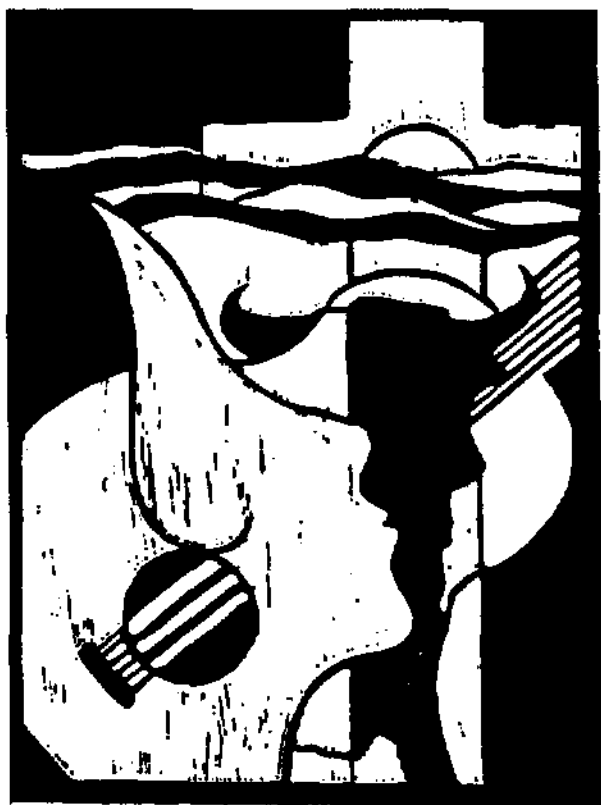
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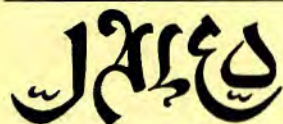
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