



*Photo: Elke Stolzberg*

Merche Esmeralda has made a study of the old-time female flamenco dance, which she dances well. This photo shows her in an attitude typical of that style.

### PART III

## THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FLAMENCO

## DISCUSSION OF THE VERSES OF THE CANTE

The verses included in the Encyclopedia have been selected to be the most representative of each *cante*. The Spanish form has been guarded as closely as possible in the translations, although it was often necessary to translate the verses more or less freely in order to avoid clouding their meaning. The rhyming of the verses had to be sacrificed entirely. These verses, ingenious in their phrasing and symbolism in Spanish, lose somewhat in translation. A considerable knowledge of Andalusia and its philosophy is necessary in order to capture the true fragrance of their meaning, something of which I have attempted to give during the course of this book. A brief general explanation follows, which is intended to further crystallize the significance of these verses.

The verses of the *cante* are derived from two sources: the poet, who creates them and passes them on to the people through a published work (and which are often altered to fit the personality of each interpreter), and those springing from the people themselves, created during inspired moments by *cantaores* and *aficionados*. The verses of the professional poet, profound expressions of the feelings and philosophy of the Andalusian people, contain more imagery and symbolism than those created by the people, and, as is natural, are invariably more grammatically correct.

A great majority of the verses presented here are anonymous, stemming from the common people, although some poets are also beautifully represented, including Manuel Machado, José Carlos de Luna, Federico García Lorca, and Domingo Manfredi Cano, all Andalusians, as have been, to my knowledge, all of the widely-heralded flamenco poets.

Perhaps the most colorful verses are those of the gypsies, which are distinguished by their picturesquely incorrect grammatical structure, word choice, and spelling, insertion of gypsy words, and their generally more direct and primitive expression of emotions and ideas.

I have left some of the verses with touches of incorrect spelling, which are meant to be a direct reflection on the mispronunciation not only of the gypsies, but of all the Andalusian masses. There are several unwritten rules for arriving from Castilian Spanish to the Andalusian: h's often become j's; final v's and s's are eaten; s's in the middle of a word may be entirely eaten, but will more often become h's; l's at the end of words or syllables often become r's; v's become hard b's; the



d is eaten in all «ado» endings of words, becoming «ao», and in some other instances (*granadina-granaína; vestida-vestía*); the word «de» becomes «e», and words like «todo» and «para» become simply «to» and «pa»; the ll becomes y, or more often yj (*calle - caye or cayje*); and so forth (1).

Examples:

#### CASTILIAN

*El día que tú naciste  
¡qué triste estaría el sol  
en ver que otro sol salía  
con mucho más resplandor!*

*La muchacha que yo quiero  
está llenita de lunares  
hasta las puntas del pelo.*

#### ANDALUSIAN

*Er día que tú nasibte  
¡qué trihte ehtaría er só  
en be que otro só salía  
con mucho má rehplandó!*

*La gachiª que yo cameloª  
ehtá yjenita e lunare  
jahta la punta der pelo.  
ª Gypsy words.*

Generally speaking, however, for the sake of clarity I have stuck more to Castilian than Andalusian Spanish, sprinkling just enough *andaluz* about to remind the reader of the vast difference between reality and the printed page.

The overwhelming majority of flamenco verses deal with all aspects of love (2). Death is perhaps a distant second, followed by many topics, depending largely on the general theme and geographic location of each *cante*. Apart from the grammatical considerations already discussed, the verses are by no means sung exactly as they appear on the printed page. Lines are often repeated, words prolonged, long wails of *aaay* interjected (3). When actually heard and seen interpreted, the verses are infinitely more meaningful. That is another adventure that awaits the *aficionado*!

(1) Alonso Zamora Vicente has made a complete study of this in his «Dialectología Española», Ed. Gredos, Madrid, 1967, pps. 287-331.

(2) One folklorist, Francisco Rodríguez Marín, in his «El Alma de Andalucía» (The Soul of Andalusia), had to limit himself to choosing only 1,316 of the 22,000 verses dealing with love that he had gathered.

(3) Take the example of this *Sigüiriya* of the legendary Manuel Torre:

<i>Son tan grandes mis penas que no caben más. Yo muero loco, sin caló de nadie, en el Hospitá...</i>	<i>My suffering is so great I can bear no more. I am dying insane, without warmth of anyone, in the hospital (insane asylum)...</i>
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In the actual singing of this verse, it may be changed thus:

<i>Son tan grandes mis penas que no caben más ¡ayy!... que no caben más. Dios mío, que yo muero loco, sin caló de nadie, en el Hospitá...</i>	<i>My suffering is so great I can bear no more ¡ayyy!... I can bear no more. My God, I am dying insane, without warmth of anyone, in the hospital...</i>
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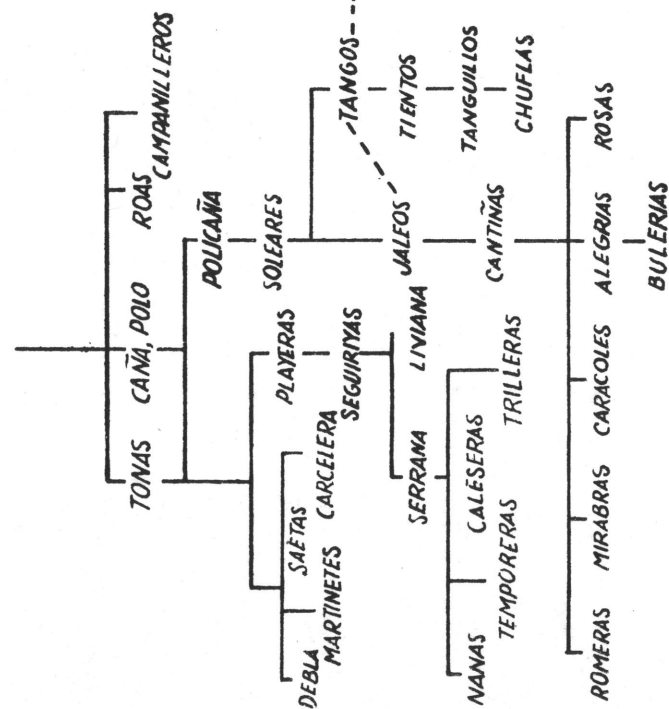
## GENEALOGY OF CANTE FLAMENCO

The following genealogy is the result of extensive studies of the origins of the components of present-day flamenco. The chart only attempts to trace the basic origins of these components, along with a few of the more important secondary influences. If all of the subtle cross-currents were charted, the result would be an incoherent muddle. It will suffice keeping in mind that the Andalusian influence—predominantly gypsy or *payo* depending on the particular *cante* (see Appendix No. 1)—is strong in all of these components as we know them today, regardless of their origins.

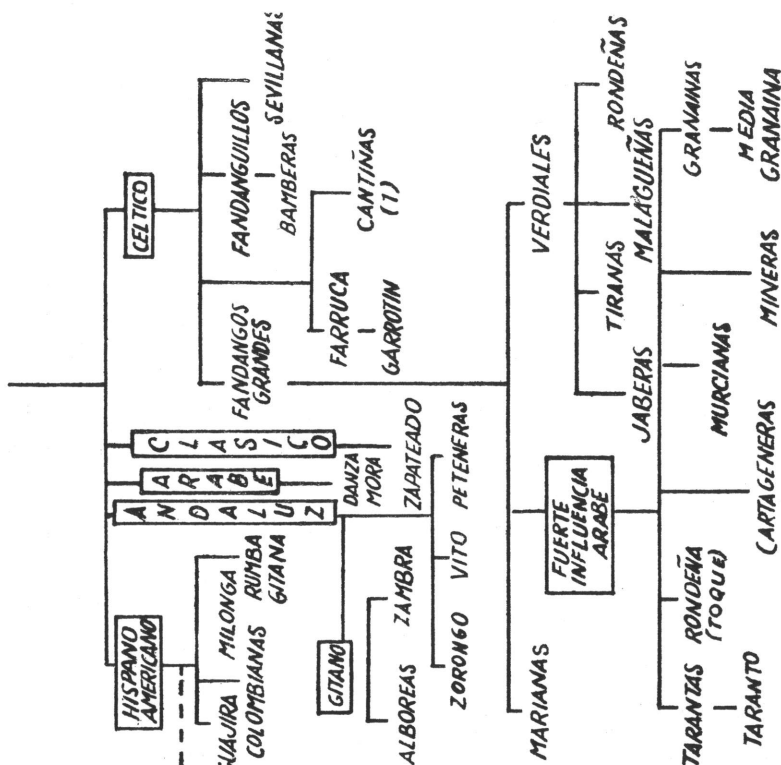
Regarding the chart on the next page, I wish to clarify that in truth no one knows which was the originating *cante*, or even if the originating *cante* is still known and sung today. There is a large school that believes that, of those known to us, the *caña* and *polo* share this honor, largely due to early references to them, and to their unique passages that are so similar to early religious chants. Another school believes the *tonás* to be the first, which is certainly a possibility (we could arbitrate and say that the three developed more or less simultaneously, which might easily have been the case). Others insist on the *soleá*, also a possibility, but, in my opinion, less likely, as it has all of the characteristics of being a less ancient offspring, further removed from religious influences, of the *caña* and *polo*.

As all but three (*danza mora, zapateado, rondeña toque*) of the charted components are believed to have been first conceived as songs, the chart has been entitled Genealogy of «Cante» Flamenco.

Cantes probably derived from religious songs and chants of various origins (Jewish, Muslim, Christian, Gypsy, Indo-Pakistani, etc.).



Cantes probably derived from the folklore of various origins (Celtic, Arabic, Andalusian, Gypsy, Latin American, etc.).



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ALBOREAS.—*Cante, baile and toque chico.*

The word «*alboreás*» is an abbreviation of «*alboreadas*», meaning «dawning, dawn of the day», which has led some theoreticians to believe that the *alboreás* are merely songs sung at dawn. In reality, the *alboreás* are a gypsy wedding *cante*. The word «*alboreadas*» can also be construed to mean «a happening at dawn», which is the time the *alboreás* are often sung to the newly-weds, and which could explain their connection with dawn. More romantically, it could also signify the «dawning of a new life» for the couple.

The *alboreás* are usually done to the *compás* of the *bulerías*.

<i>En un verde prado</i>	<i>In a green pasture</i>
<i>tendí mi pañuelo.</i>	<i>I stretched out my handkerchief.</i>
<i>Salieron tres rosas</i>	<i>Three roses appeared</i>
<i>como tres luceros.</i>	<i>like three morning stars.</i>
<i>Padrinito honrao</i>	<i>Righteous father,</i>
<i>a tu hija ya la han coronao.</i>	<i>they have crowned your daughter.</i>
<i>Ay, novio, mirala bien</i>	<i>Ay, bridegroom, look well at her,</i>
<i>que hasta bonitos tiene los pies.</i>	<i>she is pretty to the tips of her toes.</i>

The above verses refer to a gypsy ceremony testing the virtue of the bride-to-be. If this «virtue test» is successfully passed, it is in effect the wedding ceremony. The mother of the bride-to-be, and the parents of the bridegroom-to-be, deliver the nuptial handkerchief to an old woman who presides at this ceremony. The old woman takes the girl aside and inserts the handkerchief into her, deftly rupturing the girl's virginity, if existent. If the handkerchief is withdrawn spotted with blood, the wedding is consecrated, and a two or three day celebration ensues. If the handkerchief is withdrawn with no trace of blood, anything might happen, including a pitched battle between the families and their supporters. One thing is certain; the wedding rarely takes place. But considering that gypsy girls marry at the tender age of fourteen (or less), the ceremony has all of the probabilities of turning out well. If so, further rituals are performed (described in Donkey Back, Part I), culminated by the singing of the *alboreás* to the newly-weds.

Of course, more and more gypsies are adopting *payo* customs, including the church wedding ceremony. Only a few gypsy bands still tenaciously cling to their antique customs and rituals in this age when all remnants of regional colour are fast giving way to a fanatical drive to make three billion people look, act, and talk alike in a dull, universal togetherness.

Until just recently the gypsies considered it bad luck to sing the

*alboreás* other than at weddings, and within hearing range of non-gypsies. Today, with the *alboreás* having been recorded in anthologies and sung in at least one movie, with no widespread consequences of note, this belief is generally discredited.

ALEGRIAS.—*Cante chico, baile intermedio, toque chico.*

The *alegrías* are the dominant *cante* of a group of *cantes* categorized as «*cantiñas*» (see *cantiñas* section), developed in Cádiz from the more ancient *soleares* and *jaleos*. The rhythmical count and accentuation of the *soleares* and the *alegrías* are identical, although the *alegrías* are faster, and their chord structure stresses the gay major rather than the more melancholy minor chords of the *soleares*. The *cante* and *toque* of the *alegrías* are lively and vivacious («*alegrías*» translates «gaiety»), the *cante* probably having been influenced to some extent by the *jota*. The *baile* has developed along more *jondo* lines. As a popular *tango* verse states, one should go to the *barrio* Santa María (gypsy quarter) in Cádiz to see the *alegrías* performed with their true flavor.

As I have stated in the «Discussion of the Verses of the *Cantes*», the *cantes* of flamenco are by no means sung just as they appear on the printed page. The *alegrías*, for instance, are very flexible. Examples: if we number the lines of each of the first three verses below 1, 2, 3, and 4, they will often be sung thusly: 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 4. Or, sometimes the last 3 and 4 are omitted, and a type of *remate* inserted, which could be verses four or five as they are, or verses six or seven expanded and sung 1, 1, 2, 3, or even repeating the first line four times, then the 2nd and 3rd only once. (For obvious reasons of over-complexity, I shall not go into this type of explanation for each of the *cantes* that follow in the Encyclopedia).

<i>Aunque ponga en tu puerta</i>	1.	<i>Even if they put in your doorway</i>
<i>cañones de artillería,</i>		<i>artillery cannons</i>
<i>tengo que pasar por ella</i>		<i>I would attempt to enter</i>
<i>aunque me cueste la vía.</i>		<i>although it cost me my life.</i>
<i>Dos corazones a un tiempo</i>	2.	<i>Two hearts</i>
<i>se han puesto en balanza;</i>		<i>are being weighed on a scale;</i>
<i>uno pidiendo justicia</i>		<i>one asking justice,</i>
<i>otro pidiendo — venganza.</i>		<i>the other — vengeance.</i>
<i>Si yo supiera, compañera,</i>	3.	<i>Were I to find out, companion,</i>
<i>que el sol que sale te ofende.</i>		<i>that the sun that shines offends you,</i>
<i>con el sol me peleara</i>		<i>I would fight with it</i>
<i>aunque me diera la muerte.</i>		<i>although it cost me my life.</i>

Cuando te vengas conmigo  
¿que adónde te voy a llevar?  
Que a darte un paseíto  
por la muralla real.

¡Cómo reluce mi Cádiz!  
¡Mira qué bonito está!  
Sobre un cachito de tierra  
que le ha robaito al mar.

Si vas andando  
rosas y lirios  
vas derramando.

Ay, Dolores,  
¡cómo huele  
tu cuerpo a flores!

4. When you come with me  
where am I going to take you?  
For a little walk  
alongside the great sea-wall.

5. How my Cádiz shines.  
See how beautiful!  
On a little piece of land  
stolen from the sea.

6. You go scattering,  
as you walk,  
roses and lilies.

7. Ay, Dolores,  
how your body  
smells of flowers!

BAMBERAS.—*Cante chico*, neither danced nor played.

In a few Andalusian towns there still exists a curious medieval tradition of erecting huge swings every spring and summer, as a sort of fair weather sport celebrating the crop harvests. Each neighborhood in the town has its swing, and there are competitions to see who can swing the highest. The swingers are usually full-skirted girls, aided by people on the ground with ropes attached to the swings. In rhythm to the swinging, the spectators sing *bamberas*, which are similar to the other *cantes camperos*, while peeking at the girls' legs. It is claimed that the *bamberas* are of Celtic origin. Their name is derived from the word «*bamba*», the local name for swing. The Niña de los Peines has been the principal professional interpreter of the many delicious *bamberas* verses.

Eres chiquita y bonita,  
eres como yo te quiero,  
eres una campanita  
en las manos de un platero...

La niña que está en la bamba  
no tiene padre, ni madre,  
ni novio que vaya a verla,  
ni perrito que le ladre...

Entre sábanas de Holanda  
y corche de carmesí  
está mi amante durmiendo  
que parece un serafín.

You are petite and pretty,  
like I want you,  
a little bell  
in the hands of a silversmith...

The girl that is swinging  
has neither father nor mother,  
nor boy friend that goes to see her,  
nor even a little dog to bark at her...

Between Dutch sheets  
and a red coverlet  
lies my love, sleeping  
like an angel.

Eres palmera y yo dátíl  
tú eres alta y yo me enreo.  
Eres la rosa fragante  
del jardín de mi deseo.

You are the palm-tree and I the date,  
you tall and I entwined about you.  
You are the fragrant rose  
of my garden of desire.

BULERIAS.—*Cante*, *baile* and *toque chico*.

The *bulerías* occupy a special and supreme position in the world of flamenco. They are its most flexible form, constantly undergoing change, wide-open to spontaneity, full of humor and yet intrinsically majestic, all of which combine to make them flamenco's run-away festive favorite.

There are many opinions concerning the origin of the *bulerías*. The two most feasible theories are: 1) they were developed from the *alegrías*; 2) they began as a *remate* with which the singer Loco Mateo ended his *soleares*. In my opinion, the answer lies somewhere inbetween. The *bulerías* were likely another *cantiña* (see *cantiña* section), set to the rhythm of the *alegrías*, but generally given the three-line verse form of the *soleá corta*.

There are two basic ways of interpreting the *bulerías*. The most usual today is at a fast, machine-gun-like clip, while the other is a bit slower and more stately, variously called «*a golpe*», «*soleá por bulerías*», or «*bulerías por soleá*». There are several styles within the *cante*, usually referred to by their places of birth (Utrera, Alcalá, Triana, Jerez, Los Puertos, Cádiz). However, these styles are generally intermixed today, and few *cantaors* or *aficionados* presently distinguish between them.

And their name? Again, no one knows, but theories abound. The most popularly accepted, and most likely, is that «*bulería*» was derived from «*burlería*» (from *burlar*, to make fun of). R. Molina and A. Mairena suggest that it may have come from «*bolera*» (19th century dance), by way of *bolera-bolería-bulería*. This would lead to the unlikely conclusion that the *bulerías* originated as a popular 19th century dance. And so forth.

Due to the extreme adaptability of the *bulerías*, they are flamenco's most badly abused *cante*, having to suffer never-ending mixtures and brews both national and international. They are one of the most difficult dances to dominate, as a great deal of *gracia* and sense of rhythm are essential. They are also the most technically intricate and difficult flamenco form for the guitarist, especially at the ridiculous pace they are so often played at today.

With very few exceptions, the *bulerías* only truly come alive under the magic touch of gypsies.

The following are typical verses:

*Tengo en mi casa un jardín  
por si viene un contratiempo  
vender yo flores pá ti.*

*In my house I have a garden  
in order to sell flowers for you  
if bad times come.*

*A mi me duele, me duele  
la boquita de decirte,  
gitana, si tú me quieres.*

*My mouth hurts me,  
gitana, from asking you  
if you love me.*

*Lo he dicho, y lo voy hacer  
un teléfono sin hilo  
pá sabé de tu queré...*

*I'm going to make, as I have said,  
a wireless telephone  
in order to know of your love...*

*Er quere quita er sentio;  
lo digo por esperiencia,  
porque a mi m'ha suselo.*

*Love destroys the senses;  
I talk through experience  
because it has happened to me.*

*A mi me daban, me daban,  
tentaciones de locura  
cuando de ti me acordaba.*

*I had  
crazy temptations  
whenever I thought of you.*

*Cuando pases por mi vera  
orria que me has querido  
y no me mines siguiera.*

*When you pass by me  
forget that you have loved me  
and don't even glance my way.*

*En un cuartito los dos,  
veneno que tú me dieras,  
veneno tomara yo.*

*If we were in a room together  
I would do anything for you,  
even take poison.*

*Tu mare no dice ná;  
tu mare es de las que muerden  
con la boquita cerrá.*

*Your mother says nothing;  
she is one of those who bites  
with her mouth closed.*

**CALESERAS.**—*Cante chico*, neither danced nor played.

A «calesero» is the driver of a horse-drawn buggy. The *caleseras*, now forgotten, were the *cante* that helped these drivers pass the long hours of the open road. The *compás* was to the trot of the horse's hooves, slow or fast as the case may be. Their verses were usually about animals, the country, and love. They were thought to be a much gayer descendent of the *serrana*.

*Anda ¡aquita graciosa  
mueve las manos airosa  
y que tu gracia y tu brío  
sean la estampa del señorío.*

*Come on, little pony,  
raise your hooves high,  
and may your grace and dash  
carry the stamp of stateliness.*

*Tengo una yegua rubia,  
rubia castaña,  
la rubia de Lucena  
se llama la yegua.*

*I have a blonde mare,  
a chestnut mare,  
she is called  
the Blonde of Lucena.*

**CAMPANILLEROS.**—*Cante* and *toque chico*, not danced.

The *campanilleros* are a traditional *cante* sung by the members of religious processions called the «Rosario de la Aurora» (Rosary at dawn). These processions leave at dawn from their churches for various religious motives, proceeding through the streets singing the *campanilleros*, en masse, to the accompaniment of the ringing of little bells, and sometimes guitars, carried by the members of the processions. The tradition of the bells is being lost, although a few parishes in Andalusia still respect this colorful ceremony. These processions take place most frequently during Lent, and in the fall of the year.

The *campanilleros* are not usually considered flamenco, as the *cante* has few of the characteristics of true flamenco singing. Nevertheless, they do play an interesting part in the life of Andalusia, and therefore qualify to be mentioned. Also, a few singers have introduced more flamenco-sized versions of the *cante* (Manuel Torre's moving versions on old records), which have had the effect of adding the *campanilleros* to flamenco's repertoire. Their name derived from the tradition of the little bells, which are called «*campanillas*».

*En los pueblos de mi Andalucía*      *At dawn the campanilleros*  
*los campanilleros a la madrugada*      *wake me with their little bells*  
*me despiertan con sus campanillas*      *and make me weep with their guitar*  
*y con su guitarra me jansen llorá...*      *in the villages of my Andalucía...*

*Un devoto por ir al Rosario*      *As the Rosary (procession) passed*

*por una ventana se guiso arrojá,*      *one of the devout threw himself*  
[by  
[from a window,  
*y al decí «Dios te save María!»*      *and on crying «God save you,*

*se jayó en el suelo sin jaserse ná.*      *he crashed to the ground uninjured.*  
[Maria.]

**CANTIÑAS.**—*Cantes* and *toques chicos*, variable in the dance.

The word «*cantiña*» is originally the name given to medieval songs from Galicia, in northern Spain, today extended in meaning to signify «popular song». It is derived from «*cantiñear*», a verb meaning «improvised, spontaneous song». It is said that the term arrived to the port of Cádiz on shipboard, and so swept through the provinces of Cádiz and Sevilla that after a time any song sung in these provinces was called a «*cantiña*». Around Cádiz many of these *cantiñas* were gypsified, put to the *compás* of today's *alegrías*, and baptized with flamenco names: *alegrías*, *romeras*, *mitabás*, and *caracoles*, to name those remaining today. These *cantes*, therefore, are no longer referred to as «*cantiñas*» (with the frequent exception of the *alegrías*, which



many *cantaors* and *aficionados* name «alegrías» or «cantiñas» interchangeably), although they still fall under that general category.

In Cádiz today a *cantiña* is any miscellaneous melody sung with the «aire» and rhythm of the *alegrías*, oftentimes extremely similar to the traditional *alegrías*, and as often as not utilizing *alegrías* verses. The *cantiñas*, therefore, are still «improvised, spontaneous song» to a certain extent, serving as a necessary and praiseworthy outlet for the singer's inspiration (1).

A little further north, around Jerez and the province of Sevilla, the *cantiñas* mostly developed into today's *bulerías*, although they are not exclusively called *bulerías*; a few have retained their original name—the *cantiñas* of «Pinini» and «Juaniquí» are the most famous of these—while others are called such picturesque names as «fiesta en Jerez», «jaleo en Utrera», or whatever. All of these *cantes*, however, regardless of the name given them, fall within the scope of today's *bulerías*; it seems that it was up to the innovating artist to name his style of *bulerías* as he wished.

The northernmost extremity of the *cantiñas* (within Andalusia and flamenco), this time in the form of *alegrías* instead of *bulerías*, is the so-called «alegrías de Córdoba».

A ti muchos te dirán,  
«Serrana, por ti yo muero»;  
yo nunca te he dicho ná  
que soy el que más te quiero.

Many will tell you  
«Serrana, I would die for you;»  
I have never told you that,  
although I love you the most.

Que con el aire que llevas  
que cuando caminando vas,  
que hasta el farol de la popa  
que tú lo vas a apagar...

With the air that you have  
when swinging along,  
you're likely to blow out the lantern  
at the poop of the boat...

And these three savory verses; what a story they tell when sung in this order.

Tienes los dientes  
que son granitos  
de arroz con leche.

Your teeth  
are like grains  
of rice with milk.

Eres bonita,  
qué pena, morena,  
que estés mocita.

You're lovely.  
What a shame, dark one,  
that you're a virgin.

Vente conmigo.  
Dile a tu mare  
que soy tu primo.

Come with me.  
Tell your mother  
that I'm your cousin.

(1) Such a catch-all classification would be valuable throughout all of flamenco's categories of *cantes*, as it would serve the all-important purpose of breaking the rigidity of traditional form that so menaces the *Cante* today.

CAÑA and POLO.—*Cantes, bailes, and toques grandes.*

I have grouped these *cantes* together because of their close similarity in many factors: their *compás*, structure, «ay» passages, and feeling (or lack of it) transmitted.

Due to the widely accepted hypothesis of José Carlos de Luna, presented some years ago, the *caña* and *polo* have become known as the most pure and ancient forms of flamenco still in existence today. This theory was passed on from writer to writer and *aficionado* to *aficionado* and, as there is no proof to the contrary, almost became an historical fact though repetition. Today, however, an opposition group has sprung up, headed by Ricardo Molina and Antonio Mairena, and discussion rages concerning just what flamenco niche the *caña* and *polo* should occupy. Those who say that they are the first outcroppings of gypsy *cante* are countered by the truthful answer that they actually have little in common with the authentic *cante gitano*. They are much too formal in structure, and greatly lacking in primitive emotion, signifying to these *aficionados* that the *caña* and *polo* had a more literate background, very likely religious, probably the Gregorian chant, and as such represent the *cante grande* of flamenco's Andalusian *cantes* (non-gypsy). But what about the fact that in the last century, when flamenco began finding its way into print, many of the great interpreters of these *cantes* were gypsies? The answer might be that the gypsies took them up and tried to make them a part of their *cante*, but could never quite succeed in converting them into genuine *cante gitano*.

Were all of this true, where do the *soleares*, the indisputably gypsy *cante* so similar to the *caña* and *polo*, enter the picture? Did they descend from the *caña* and *polo*, as is almost universally thought, the gypsy offspring of Andalusian *cantes*? Or was it the other way around, the *caña* and *polo* descending from the *soleares*? Either way seems feasible, and anything we can say for either argument is mere conjecture. Except for one thing. The *caña* and the *polo* were both mentioned in literature before the *soleares*. This may have some significance.

Two of these early literary references cast light on the naming and pre-flamenco origin of the *caña*. The earliest was written by the Englishman Richard Ford in 1830. He wrote that the *caña*, «which is actually the *guannia*, or Arabic song,» was sung in a *juerga* that he attended. Another early writer, Estébanez Calderón, wrote in 1847 much the same information about the *caña* having derived its name from the «*guannia*», which, he said, signifies «song» in Arabic. He goes on to describe the singing of the *caña* in much the same way as Ford. What does this signify, if these gentlemen are correct? For one thing, that the name «*caña*» came from «*guannia*», and that before becoming flamenco it was an Arabic song. It follows that the *polo* had much the same birth. And something else, more important: that no doubt far

more flamenco than theorists like to think had its origins in the Oriental music of Spain's neighbors to the South.

One more historical reference. It is known, through literary references and oral tradition, that at one time there were various styles of both the *cañas* and the *polos*. These *cantes* began falling into disuse years ago, however, before the invention of the phonograph, and only one unvarying style of each has reached modern times. For this reason it is more appropriate to refer to them in the singular.

The outstanding characteristic of both the *caña* and the *polo* is a simple passage, very similar in both, sung totally in «ayes», which almost certainly was borrowed from religious sources, be they Christian or Muslim. These «ayes» can be sung in or out of *compás*. If they are sung rhythmically, they are usually allotted either two or three full *soleares compases*, of twelve beats each. If sung out of *compás*, it is up to the singer. Antonio Maitena, for instance, sings them out of *compás*, allowing them roughly two-and-a-half measures.

There is certain discussion as to whether these *cantes* were always danceable. My investigations point to the fact that their dances were developed not many years ago by theatrical groups in their quest for variation. They are not as readily adaptable to the dance as the *soleares*, due to their rather un-flamenco stiltedness, although the «ay» passages do give them certain unusual possibilities.

The guitar *compás* is identical in the *caña*, *polo* and *soleares*.

The *caña* and *polo* that we know today are in truth not well regarded by most knowledgeable *dicionados*. They have a formality and «*aire*» very un-flamenco in nature, causing the *soleares* to have far surpassed them in depth, possibilities for *duende*, and that other most essential flamenco characteristic: naturalness. The *caña* and *polo* are already cloaked in burial garments, while the *soleares* is still one of flamenco's most alive *cantes*.

Like most of the *cante grandes*, both the *caña* and the *polo* are characteristically ended by a *macho*.

#### Caña verses:

*Deja que la gente diga  
que te quiero y no te quiero,  
yo soy quien para las penas,  
y sé que te estoy queriendo*

*Let the people say what they wish,  
that I love you or don't love you,  
I am the one who suffers the pangs  
and I know that I love you...*

*The book of experience  
serves man for nothing;  
the truth comes at the end,  
and no one arrives to the end...*

*La mujer y la sombra  
tienen un similitud:  
que buscando se alejan,  
dejadas, siguen.*

*A woman and a shadow  
are much alike;  
on being pursued, they escape;  
on being ignored, they follow.*

#### Polo verses:

*Totos le piden a Dios  
la salud y la libertad,  
y yo le pido la muerte  
y no me la quiere mandar...*

*Everyone asks God  
for health and freedom,  
I ask for death  
and he will not grant it...*

*Si el queré era bueno o malo  
a un sabio le pregunté;  
el sabio no había querido  
y no supo responde.*

*I asked a wise man  
if love is good or bad;  
the wise man had never loved  
and knew not how to respond.*

*Clerigos y confesores,  
obispos y cardenales,  
en la hora de morir  
todos seremos iguales.*

*Clergymen and confessors,  
bishops and cardinals,  
in the hour of death  
we shall all be equals.*

This verse indicates the only consolation left to the poor people... equality after death. It will be interesting to see if it works out that way.

#### And a beautiful macho:

*Mi cariño  
me tiene comosionao,  
sin sé lo que me pasa...  
lloro y tiemblo como un niño  
por ti...*

*My love  
has me all muddled up  
beyond my understanding...  
I tremble and cry like a little boy  
for you...*

#### CARACOLES.—Cante and toque chico, baile intermedio.

The *caracoles*, one of the group of «*cantiñas*» from Cádiz, are rhythmically identical to the *alegrías*, varying mainly in their *cante* and in their chord structures. Today the *caracoles* are considered to be a *cante* of Madrid. In modern times this is true, due to their supposed introduction to Madrid by the 19th century bull ring personalities Curro Cúchares and el Tato, who heard, and were captivated by, the *caracoles* in Cádiz. It is said that the *caracoles* were a majestic and serious *cante* that has, contrary to the usual laws of growing older, become gayer and lighter with the years. Their creation and development involve the names José el de Sanlúcar, Paco el Gandul, Romero el Tito, and Antonio Chacón. It is thought that they may have been in part developed from the 19th century *cantiña* called «la caracolera». The word «*cara-*

*coles*» literally means «snails», but here it is used as an exclamation, much like «*caramba*».

The *caracoles* resemble the already-discussed *caña* and *palo* in one respect: they are also a dying, stilted *cante*, and even in their heyday cannot, in my opinion, have been considered either a very gypsy and/or very flamenco *cante*. They were likely a mere plaything in days past, as they are, in the main, today. Unlike the *alegrías*, the *caracoles* do not adapt themselves well to poetry, and most of their verses are relatively nonsensical. The traditional verses stated below are perhaps some of their best.

*Cómo reluce*  
la gran calle de Alcalá  
cuando suben y bajan  
los andaluces.

How the great street of Alcalá  
glitters and shines  
when the people of Andalucía  
pass up and down.

Alcalá is a principal street in Madrid.

*Vámonos, vámonos*  
al café de la Unión  
en donde parán Curro Cuchares  
el Tato y Juan León.

Let's go, let's go  
to the Unión café,  
the meeting place of Curro Cuchares,  
el Tato y Juan León.

The *Café de la Unión*, in Madrid, used to be the hangout for *toreros*, *banderilleros*, and other people of the bull ring.

**CARCELERAS.**—*Cante grande «a palo seco»*, not played, traditionally not danced.

The *carceleras* are *tonás* developed in the atmosphere of Andalusian prisons («*carcel*» means «jail» or «prison», «*carceleras*» translates «happenings in a prison»). Their original form is not remembered, and today they are sung merely as *martinetes* whose verses refer to jail life.

Other than serving as an emotional outlet for prisoners, the *carceleras* also served a practical purpose. Gypsy prisoners used to sing messages in *caló* (the language spoken by the Spanish gypsies, an impure mixture of *romani* and Spanish) to relatives and friends outside the walls, much to the helpless annoyance of the uncomprehending guards.

*Venticinco calabozos*  
tiene la cárcel de Utrera.  
Veinticuatro he recorrido  
y el más oscuro me queda.

The jail in Utrera  
has twenty-five cells.  
I have done time in twenty-four  
but the darkest still awaits.

*Ayyy, al subir por la escalera*  
en el primer calabozo  
oí una voz que decía:  
lástima de tan buen mozo  
con la libertad perdía.

*Ya van tres días que no como*  
más que lágrimas y pan:  
estos son los alimentos  
que mis carceleros me dan.

*Dame una puñalada*  
y lléame al hospita,  
y díle a la hospitalera  
que me acabe de matá.

*Maldita sea la cárcel,*  
sepultura de hombres vivos  
donde se amansan los guapos  
y se pierden los amigos.

*Conocí a un hombre de bien*  
tan cabal como un reló  
y por cosas del querer  
en un presidio murió.

*Ayyy, on climbing the steps*  
of my first jail  
I heard a voice say:  
the pity of it, such a good man  
with his liberty lost.

*In three days I've eaten*  
only bread and tears:  
that is the food  
that my jailers give.

*I ab me with a knife*  
and take me to the hospital  
and tell the head nurse  
to finish me off.

*Damned be the jail,*  
tomb of live men,  
where spirited men are tamed  
and friends are lost.

*I knew a good man,*  
as faultless as a watch;  
through the happenings of love  
he died in a prison.

**CARTAGENERAS.**—*Cante and toque intermedio*, not danced.

There are mixed theories about the *cartageneras*. Some say that they grew up in the atmosphere of the mines, like the *tarantas*. Others say no, they are not mining *cantes* but merely a  *fandango* from the region of Cartagena, dealing more with the sea and the country than the mines. I would say that, judging by their verses, they are a combination of all of these components of life. One point that is generally agreed upon; they are the most modern of the *cantes* of Levante, probably coming into existence around the end of the last century.

The *cartageneras* were strongly influenced by the *tarantas*. Their musical structure is roughly the same and, like the *tarantas* and all of the *cantes de Levante*, they are free of *compás*. Also like all of the *cantes* of Levante, they are undeniably Andalusian, with a strong Moorish, not gypsy, influence.

*Se está quedando la Unión*  
como corrá sin gallinas:  
a unos se los lleva Dios,  
a otros los matan las minas.

La Unión is becoming  
like a farm without chickens:  
God takes some,  
the mines finish the others.

*La Unión* is a mining town in the mountains near Cartagena that had a typically large casualty list in the years of primitive mining.

<i>Obrero, por qué trabajas si pá ti no es el producto para el rico es la ventaja y para tu familia el luto.</i>	<i>Worker, why do you work if you don't reap the benefits; for the rich, the rewards, for your family, the mourning.</i>
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Notice the similarity between this verse and the American union songs of the 20's and 30's.

<i>A Cartagena me voy a ver la mar y sus olas y a ver los barcos del rey con la bandera española.</i>	<i>I am going to Cartagena to see the sea and the waves and to see the Spanish flags on the ships of the king.</i>
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<i>Al pie de un soberano llora una cartagenera: por Dios y por la santa Magdalena</i>	<i>A girl from Cartagena cried, kneeling before a potentate: for the love of God and Santa Mag- [dalena]</i>
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<i>que no se lleven a mi hermano ayy, al peñón de la Gamera.</i>	<i>don't take my brother away to the cliff prison Gamera.</i>
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CHUFLAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

A more burlesque form of the *tanguillos*, the *chufas* are an all-out effort at humor. Developed by the gypsies of the Cádiz region, it is said that only the gypsies have the abandon to dance and sing the *chufas* well; if not done with true *gracia* and good taste by natural comedians, they tend to become grotesque.

The *chufas* are often used to convey the public's views of contemporary events, usually in a humorously ironic manner. As in the *chufas* anything goes, they are probably flamenco's most truly spontaneous component. Their verses are often recited, not sung, or a combination of both, which gives the performer far more leeway for true comedy.

Verses of the *tanguillos* and the *chufas* can be sung interchangeably, as the rhythm and accentuation are identical.

The word «*chufa*» means «kidding», «horsing around».

COLOMBIANAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

The *colombianas* have been inspired by the rhythms of Colombian folk music. Their *compás*, accentuation, chording and flavor are strongly reminiscent of the Cuban *guajiras* and the *rumba gitana*. They have been popularized to a great extent, both in and out of Spain, by Carmen

Amaya and the guitarist Sabicas. Carmen Amaya sang the following verses:

*Quisiera ser perla fina  
de esos pulidos arretes  
y besarte la boquita  
y morderte los cachetes.  
¿Quién te manda ser bonita  
si hasta a mí me comprometes?*

*Oh, to be one of the elegant pearls  
of your burnished ear rings  
and kiss your pretty mouth  
and bite your cheeks.  
Who told you to be so pretty  
that even me you are winning?*

*Me gusta estar en la sierra  
que cuando llega el nuevo día  
y me acuerdo de tus amores  
y de tu mala partía  
me consuelo con las flores  
que es mi única alegría.*

*I like to be in the sierra  
when the new day arrives  
to remember your love  
and your sad departure.  
I console myself with the flowers,  
that are my only happiness*

*Quisiera, cariño mío,  
que tú nunca me olvieras  
y tus labios con los míos  
en un beso se juntaran,  
y que no hubiera en el mundo  
nadie que nos separara.*

*I would like, my sweetheart,  
for your never to forget me  
and for our lips to come together  
in a kiss  
and for there to be no one  
in the world to separate us.*

DANZA MORA.—*Baile and toque chico, not sung.*

«*Danza mora*» translates «Moorish dance», and is a direct flamenco adaptation of the Moorish style of music. Rhythmically it is similar to the *zambra*.

The *danza mora* is the flamenco *baile* and *toque* most influenced by the Moors. It is usually danced barefoot, and often with little cymbals on the tips of the fingers which make bell-like sounds when struck together. It is generally more serious and less sensuous than the *zambra*, with an increased use of slow, fluid arm movements, and without the *desplantes* which mark the *zambra*. When danced well the *danza mora* has an air of mysterious beauty which characterizes all serious Oriental dancing. Sometimes verses of the *zambra* are sung to the *danza mora*. This practice is frowned upon, as it is out of keeping with the feeling of the dance.

DEBLA.—*Cante grande «a palo seco», not played, traditionally not danced.*

The *debla* is one of the more difficult of the many *tonás* that formerly existed. It is said that the *debla* we know today was sung by el Lebrijano and Diego el Fillo, and in more modern times was



resuscitated by Tomás Pavón. Until recently its verses were always ended with the curious phrase «*deblica bare*», *caló* for «grand goddess», causing theorists to suspect a connection between the *debla* and some distant gypsy religious rite. As this ritual is not remembered today, however, many singers feel that the «*deblica bare*» ending is outdated, and no longer include it in their renditions of the *debla*.

*Yo ya no era quien era  
ni quien yo fui ya seré;  
soy un árbol de tristeza  
pegáito a la paré.  
Deblica bare...*

*I am no longer what I was  
nor will I be again;  
I am a tree of sadness  
in the shadow of a wall.  
Deblica bare...*

*Una mujer fue la causa  
de mi perdición primera;  
no hay perdición en el mundo  
que por mujeres no venga.  
Deblica bare...*

*A woman was the cause  
of my first downfall;  
there is no perdition in the world  
that is not caused by women.  
Deblica bare...*

*En el barrio de Triana  
no hay pluma ni tintero  
pá escribirle yo a mi mare  
que hace tres años no la veo.  
Deblica bare...*

*In the neighborhood of Triana  
there is neither pen nor ink  
with which to write my mother,  
whom I haven't seen for three years.  
Deblica bare...*

FANDANGOS GRANDES.—*Cante and toque intermedio*, not danced.

The *fandangos grandes* are one of the most widely sung, and badly abused, *cantes* of all flamenco. Every singer with the minimum of pretensions attempts the *fandangos grandes*; but the *grandes*, sung as they should be, are not a *cante* for the run-of-the-mill singer. The true *fandangos grandes* approach the *jondo*, and are dominated by only a few singers. One of these, el Gordito de Triana, gives a veritable lesson in their interpretation on the record «*Sevilla - Cuna del Cante Flamenco*».

The origin of the category «*fandangos*», which includes the *grandes* and the *fandanguillos* (also called *fandangos de Huelva*), is thought to have been in the *jota* country of northern Spain (1). The original *fandangos* were lively and danceable, accompanied by guitars, castanets, tambourines, and violins (as is still true of the traditional *verdiales* of the same family). In time one branch of the *fandangos* took on more serious aspects, chiefly because of the influence of Arabic stylings, and grew away from the original *fandangos*; this *jondo* outgrowth is the *fandangos grandes*. Now, due to their completely different natures, it

(1) The *jota*, in turn, has been traced to a Moorish heritage. The word signifies «dance» in Arabic.

is necessary to differentiate between the *fandangos grandes* (great *fandangos*) and the *fandanguillos* (little *fandangos*).

There are many types of *fandangos grandes*, the most prodigious being those of Triana and Lucena. They are an abstract *cante* without an indicated *compás*, the guitar having to closely follow the singer.

*La gente quiere perderte  
y voy a salvarte yo,  
porque me duele tu pena  
como le dolió al Señor  
el llanto de Magdalena.*

*The people wish to reject you,  
but I am going to save you  
because your grief saddens me  
as the grief of Magdalena  
saddened God.*

*A los racimos de uva  
se parece tu querer;  
la frescura viene antes,  
la borrachera, después.*

*Your love seems  
like a bunch of grapes;  
the freshness comes first,  
the drunkenness after.*

*Yo como tú no encuentro ninguna,  
mujer, con quien compararte;  
sólo he visto, por fortuna,  
a una en un estandarte  
y a los pies lleva la luna.*

*I won't find another woman  
to compare with you;  
I have only seen one  
on a pedestal  
with the moon at her feet.*

This verse refers to a statue of the Virgin Mary, on which she is standing on a ball which could be taken as the moon.

*Por su santa voluntad  
ciego hizo Dios el queré.  
Yo he visto más de una vé  
perderse a un hombre cabal  
por una mala mujer.*

*God made love blind  
by his saintly desire.  
I have seen more than once  
the ruin of a good man  
over a bad woman.*

And two depressing *fandangos* de Triana:

*Una mujer se moría  
sus hijos la rodeaban  
y el más chico la decía  
Mamá mírame a la cara  
no te mueras todavía...*

*A woman was dying  
her children surrounded her  
and the smallest said to her  
Mama look at my face  
don't die yet...*

*Entré un día en un manicomio  
me pesa el haberlo hecho  
yo vi una loca en el patio  
se sacaba y daba el pecho  
a una muñequita de trapo...*

*I entered an insane asylum one day  
—it grieves me to have done it—  
I saw a crazy woman in the patio  
take out and feed her breast  
to a little rag doll...*



FANDANGUILLOS.—*Cante and toque chico*, mixed dance.

The *fandanguillos* (*fandangos de Huelva*) are thought to have descended from the *jota* of northern Spain. Originally they were accompanied by guitars, violins, tambourines, and castanets. Deep in the Huelva country, where these instruments are scarce, supplemental accompanying instruments have been developed, and are still used, which are: reed flutes, hand-made by the country people from reeds that grow in the country; pieces of partially-split cane that, when skillfully banged between the thumb and forefinger, produce a sound similar to castanets; and crude drums on which they beat out the basic rhythm.

Each village in the province of Huelva has developed its own style of *fandanguillo*. A particularly good time to hear these many types of *fandanguillos* is during the *Romería del Rocío* (religious pilgrimage to the village of Rocío, which lies between Sevilla and Huelva). Once a year el Rocío is the convergent point of oxen carts from all over the province (this *Romería* is, sadly enough, becoming badly cluttered up with automobiles, motos, trucks, etc.). Religious ceremonies are stressed the first two or three days, followed by two or three days more of merriment sparked by countless *fandanguillos* which issue from everywhere and everybody.

The *fandanguillos* have enjoyed immense popularity during this century, much to the disgust of the purists. During a span of thirty on forty years the *fandanguillos* and the *fandangos grandes* were almost all that could be heard of flamenco. This state of affairs, extremely harmful to the art of flamenco, is just today subsiding.

The most famous *fandanguero* remembered is Pepe Pérez de Guzmán, a member of an aristocratic family of Huelva.

The *fandanguillos* are characterized by a never-ending number of poetically beautiful verses of all themes and moods, as follows:

*Cuando la vi llorar  
que creí de volverme loco,  
pero luego me enteré  
que ella lloraba por otro,  
y entonces fui yo quien lloré.*

*Me tratas como a un niño  
porque te quiero con locura.  
Tú me tiras por los suelos.  
Qué malamente me miras  
tanto como yo te quiero.*

*When I saw her cry  
I thought that I would go crazy.  
But later I understood  
that she cried for another;  
then it was I who cried.*

*You treat me like a child  
because I love you with frenzy.  
You drag me through the dirt.  
How bad you are with me  
as much as I love you.*

*Se volvieron a encontrar  
al revolver una esquina,  
y como dos criaturas  
se pusieron a llorar.  
El amor no tiene cura.*

*No quiero que hables con nadie.  
Sólo con tu confesor,  
con tu padre,  
con tu madre,  
con tu hermanita  
y yo.*

*Hasta después de la muerte  
te tengo que estar queriendo,  
que muerto también se quiere.  
Yo te quiero con el alma,  
y el alma nunca se muere.*

*As they rounded a corner  
they met again,  
and like two children  
they began crying.  
Love has no cure.*

*I don't want you to talk to anyone.  
Only to your confessor,  
your father,  
your mother,  
your sister,  
and me.*

*I shall love you  
even after death,  
for the dead can still love.  
I love you with my soul,  
and the soul never dies.*

FARRUCA.—*Baile and toque chico*, rarely sung today.

Domingo Manfredi Cano states in his book «*Geografía del Cante Jondo*» that the port of Cádiz was an important stop-over point for ship travelers in the past. These visitors brought their songs and dances with them, many of which were adopted by the people of Cádiz and converted into flamenco. This, Sr. Manfredi says, is what has happened to the *farruca*, which is nothing more than an Asturian dance strongly influenced by the *tangos* of Cádiz. A dictionary definition seems to back this up: «*Farruca* - Asturian or Galician newly-arrived», which could also account for its name, once introduced into Cádiz. Its name could also have stemmed from another of its dictionary definitions: «brave, courageous», an accurate description of the dance when danced well.

The *compás* of the *farruca* is identical to that of the *tangos*, although the guitar chord structure is different, as are the accentuation and emphasis.

There exist two or three recorded versions of the *farruca*, but in general its *cante* has nearly disappeared.

GARROTÍN.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico*.

Until recently considered folklore, the *garrotín* is slow but surely being accepted into flamenco circles, as are the *sevillanas*, *milongas*, *tanguillos*, *campanilleros*, and the *vito*.

There are two schools of thought concerning the origin of the *garrotín*. One states that it has taken the same road as the *farruca*; that is, from Asturias to flamenco via the port of Cádiz. The other

school, led by Vicente Escudero, insists that the *garrotín* is a creation of the gypsies of Lérida, in northern Spain. The latter school, I believe, is most likely to be on the right track. There is little mention of the *garrotín* in Cádiz, while there is much mention of it around the regions of Lérida and Barcelona.

Regardless of its background, the *garrotín* is a pleasing addition to flamenco, slow and sensual, generally with colorful verses. Carmen Amaya has been its principal popularizer.

*Mi marido es mi marido  
y no es marido de nadie;  
la que quiera a mi marido  
vaya a la guerra y lo gane.*

*My husband is mine  
and mine alone;  
whoever wants him  
has a fight on her hands.*

*Pregúntale a mi sombrero,  
mi sombrero te dirá  
las malas noches que paso  
y el relente que me da.*

*Ask my hat  
and it will tell you  
of the bad nights that I pass  
and the cold that I feel.*

GRANADINAS.—*Cante and toque intermedio*. Not danced.

The *granadinas* are an adaptation of the *fandangos grandes* which have been strongly influenced by the Moors, rulers of Granada for eight centuries. They have, therefore, developed a more discordant, Oriental quality than the *fandangos grandes*. Although a bit too ornamented to be *jondo* (in my opinion, their immediate descendant, the *media granadina*, far exceeds them in this possibility), certain virtuosos singers can give them a superficial beauty that cannot be denied. They are a free *cante* without a determined *compás*. The term «*granadinas*» is an abbreviation of «*granadinas*», which means to say «songs from Granada».

*La que habita en la carrera,  
la Virgen de las Angustias,  
de esa señora me espante  
si no te quiero de veras.*

*The Virgin of Anguish,  
she who lives in the carrera,  
may she punish me  
if I don't truly love you.*

*Ninguno ya tiene penas,  
que todas las tengo yo,  
con una losita negra  
encima del corazón...*

*No one has grief anymore,  
I have it all myself,  
like a black tombstone  
upon my heart...*

GUATIRAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico*.

The *guatiras* are a flamenco version of a Cuban rhythm of the same name. They are said to have been brought to Spain in the XVI century by Spanish soldiers returning from the conquests. Most

of their verses deal with Cuba and the Cubans, usually in a light vein. Indolent and sensual, they are rhythmically similar to the other flamenco forms influenced by the new world. It is not unheard of for their verses to be slightly racy.

*Yo vi bañarse un cabanito  
entre los cañaverales  
y al mirarme sonreía  
y cantándome decía  
que lo sacara del agua  
porque el agua estaba fría...*

*I saw a Cuban boy swimming  
between the cane fields;  
on seeing me he smiled  
and asked me, singing,  
to take him out of the water  
because it was very cold...*

*A la Habana me he venido,  
a probar el aguacate  
y me encontré en el bobio  
un negro de chocolate.  
Bijo la fronda de un mate  
me dio la rica banana,  
y al cabo de una semana  
el negro pidió mi mano.  
«Con vos no me caso, hermano,  
porque no me da la gana.»*

*I came to Havana  
to try some avocado  
and instead found in a grass hut  
a chocolate Negro.  
Beneath a leafy holly bush  
he gave me the savory banana,  
and at the end of a week  
he asked for my hand.  
«I will not marry you, brother,  
because I don't feel like it.»*

JABERAS.—*Cante and toque intermedio*. Not danced.

The *jaberas* are a rarely heard member of the large family of the *fandangos grandes*, more directly associated with the *malagueñas*. They are believed to have originated as an inland *cante* of country people. Like the *malagueñas*, they are a free *cante* with no determined *compás*.

*Se despierta un rey celoso,  
coge la pluma y escribe,  
y en el primer renglón pone:  
quien tiene celos no vive.*

*A jealous king who wakes up  
picks up his pen and begins writing,  
and on the first line he puts:  
he who is jealous does not live.*

*En el pinar del amor  
estando cortando piñas,  
del tronco salió una astilla;  
se clavó en mi corazón.  
Muerto estoy, llórame, niña...*

*In the pine forest of love  
cutting pine trees,  
a splinter flew from a trunk  
and buried itself in my heart.  
I am vanquished; cry for me, love...*

*Cuando paso por tu calle  
miro siempre tu ventana  
esperando ver tus ojos ¡ay!  
pa que alumbren la mañana.*

*When I go up your street  
I always look at your window  
hoping to see your eyes, ay!  
so that they light up my morning.*

JALEOS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

The *jaleos*, thought to have been a more primitive form of the *alegrías*, are said to be the oldest flamenco form from the port of Cádiz.

<i>Viva Cádiz y viva la muralla junto al mar. Vivan los cuerpos gaditanos que se saben jalear...</i>	<i>Long live Cádiz and its sea wall... Long live the gaditanos, experts at bell-raising...</i>
<i>Viva la novia, y el novio, y el cura que los casó, el padrino y la madrina y los convidados, y yo...</i>	<i>Long live the bride and the groom, and the priest who married them, and the godfather, and the godmother, and the guests, and myself...</i>

LIVIANAS.—*Cante, toque, and baile grande.*

According to Domingo Manfredi Cano, among other theorists, the *livianas* is a less difficult descendant of the *tonás*, probably having been first sung in the gypsy forges. He goes on to say that, like the *tonás*, it had no *compás*, and only with time adopted that of the *siguiriyas* and *serranas*. Other theorists, such as Ricardo Molina and Antonio Mairena, see a much closer melodic similarity between the *livianas* and the *cantes camperos*. This hypothesis seems to me to be the closest to the undeterminable truth, for the *livianas*, as sung today, largely lack the force and *rajo* essential in the *tonás*, but do possess the calm, easy-going style and *aire* of the *cantes camperos* (*trilleras, etc.*) and *nanas*.

The *livianas* (meaning «easing up» in this case) is one of the less difficult and more smoothly flowing of the *cantes grandes*, and as such is often sung directly before the *serranas*, as a kind of introduction, or warning up.

Although the name «*livianas*» has come down to us in the plural, there is in truth only one style of it remembered today.

The following *livianas* verses depict well the difference between the verses of the learned poet, and the people. The first three, full of poetry, philosophy, wisdom, and hard work, are Manuel Machado's. The last two are the more simple observations of less complicated souls.

<i>Quita una pena otra pena, un dolor, otro dolor, un clavo saca otro clavo, y un amor quita a otro amor...</i>	<i>One sorrow relieves another sorrow, one pain, another pain, one nail forces another, and one love is replaced by another...</i>
---	--

*Crece el fuego con el viento,  
con la noche el padecer,  
con el recuerdo, la pena,  
con los celos, el querer...*

*Tengo una copa en la mano,  
y en los labios, un cantar,  
y en mi corazón, más penas  
que gotas de agua en el mar,  
y en los desiertos arenas...*

*Ventanas a la calle  
son peligrosas, son peligrosas,  
pá la mare que tiene  
sus niñas hermosas.*

*De canelita fina  
pá mi morena  
estoy haciendo un camino  
pá ir a la sierra.*

*Fire grows with the wind,  
suffering with nightfall,  
sorrows with remembrance,  
and love with jealousy...*

*I have a drink in my hand  
and a song on my lips,  
but in my heart... more sorrows  
than drops of water in the sea,  
or sand in the desert...*

*Windows facing the street  
are dangerous, so dangerous,  
for the mother that has  
beautiful daughters...*

*I am making,  
for my morena,  
a road of fine cinnamon  
leading to the sierra.*

MALAGUEÑAS.—*Cante and toque intermedio, not danced.*

The province of Málaga has developed its own very personal world of flamenco. They early decided that the gypsy-style flamenco was not for them, and went on to innovate their own *cantes* to fit their every mood. They have the *verdiales* and *rondallas* for gaiety, the *jaberas* for light philosophy, and, for their *cande grande*, the *serranas*, and countless styles of *malagueñas*, whose verses encompass the most profound human emotions. For a time, during the last thirty years of the past century, these *malagueñas* swept Spain, picking up quantities of admirers and interpreters who were not from Málaga. The most admirable of these, Antonio Chacón, from Jerez de la Frontera, who created his own difficult, flowing style, and Enrique el Mellizo, from Cádiz, who added the gypsy touch, converting his *malagueña* into the most movingly flamenco of all, came to be ranked alongside of the «king of the *malagueñeros*»: Juan Breva, from Vélez-Málaga. The *malagueñas* of these three artists are those best remembered and most sung today, although there were scores of other fine interpreters and creators within this *cante*, most of whom were from the province of Málaga, as is fitting.

Like so many *cantes*, the *malagueñas* are directly descended from the *fandangos grandes*, and, like them, are a free *cante* without a determined *compás*.

The well-known semi-classical *malagueña* of Lecuona was based

on the flamenco *malagueñas*, and at times displays certain faint traces of a flamenco style.

*Malagueñas* credited to Juan Breva:

A un sabio le pregunté  
y me contestó al momento  
«Yo también me enamore  
y aunque me sobra el talento  
lloro por una mujer».

Los siete sabios de Grecia  
no saben lo que yo sé...  
las fatiguitas y el tiempo  
me lo hicieron aprender...

¡Ayy! Maresia del Carmen,  
qué pena tan grande es  
estar juntito del agua  
y no poderla beber...

En ti puse mi querer  
creyendo que ya eras buena  
pero yo me equivoqué;  
tú sigues siendo quien eras  
y Dios te lo pague, mujer.

*Malagueñas* of Antonio Chacón:

En la tumba de mi madre  
a dar voces me ponía,  
y escuché un eco del viento;  
no la llames, me decía,  
que no responden los muertos.

Aquella campana triste  
está dando la una;  
hasta las dos estoy pensando  
en el querer que me diste;  
y me dan las tres llorando...

*Malagueñas* of Enrique el Mellizo:

¿Dónde va a llegar  
este querer tuyo y mío?  
Tú tratas de aborrecerme,  
yo cá vez le quiero más;  
Ayy que Dios me mande a mí la

[muerte...

I asked a wise man a question,  
and he responded instantly:  
«I too have fallen in love,  
and, although I ooze wisdom,  
am also crying over a woman.»

The seven wise men of Greece  
don't know as much as I...  
anguish and time  
have made me learn...

Ayy! Virgin of the Carmen,  
what suffering it is  
to be so near water  
and not be able to drink...

I gave you my love  
thinking that you had changed,  
but I was mistaken;  
you are still the same,  
and may God punish you, woman!

In the tomb of my mother  
I started shouting,  
and I heard an echo on the wind;  
do not call her, it sighed,  
the dead do not respond.

The mourning bell  
told one;  
until two I thought  
of the love that you gave me;  
as it tolled three I was crying...

Where is it leading us,  
this love of ours?

You wish to destroy me,  
and each day I love you more,  
Ayy that God send me death...

Ayy yo vi a mi mare veni  
en el carrito de la pena, y  
se me ocurrió a mí el decir:  
«siendo mi mare tan buena,  
no se debía de morir.»

Ayy I watched my mother arrive  
in the cart of the dead  
and found myself blurring:  
«My mother, being so good,  
should not have had to die.»

MARIANAS.—*Cante* and *toque chico*, not danced.

Although the *marianas* are sometimes called «*tientos de las marianas*», I believe it is safe to assume that they were derived from the *cantes camperos*. Their name has excited some speculation. Some say that Mariana was the name of the creator's sweetheart. A more popular theory claims that Mariana was the name of a performing monkey, whose itinerant gypsy owner, probably Hungarian or Rumanian, sang of her adventures. The following verse supports this theory:

Sabe, Mariana, sube,  
por aquella montaña arriba sube,  
no pegarle más palitos a la  
porque la pobre está manquita  
y coja.

Run, Mariana, run,  
up that little mountain.  
Don't hit Mariana any more  
because the poor thing is one-armed  
and lame.

The *marianas* are a simple, charming Andalusian *cante*, free from a well-defined *compás*. They are well on their way to extinction.

MARTINETES.—*Cante grande* «a palo seco», not played, traditionally not danced.

When the gypsies were driven off of the open road, many of them entered iron forges and became blacksmiths. Frustrated by their desire to roam and by the hard life to which they had been subjected, they poured out their souls in song while they hammered away at their work. Thus the *martinetes* of the forges were derived from the *tonás* of the open road.

The *martinetes*, probably first developed in the forges of Triana, are extremely difficult to interpret, as they take great physical and emotional capacity. They are often accompanied, traditionally with no attempt at *compás* (in modern times the *compás* of the *siguiriyas* is being increasingly used), by a blacksmith's hammer. The word «*martinete*» is said to have been derived from «*martillo*» — hammer.

The two types of *martinetes* still sung are the «*natural*», and the «*redoblao*», longer and more difficult.

I have stated above that the *martinetes* are «traditionally not danced.» Today, however, the only remaining *cante grande* that has not



been defiled by theatrical dance companies is the *tonás*. It will not, I predict, hold this distinction for long.

Entre la Hostia y el Calí,  
a mi Dios se lo peli,  
que no te aloguen las fatigas  
como me alogan a mí.

As I took the sacred Bread and Wine,  
I asked my God  
not to permit misery to choke you  
as it chokes me.

Así, como está la fragua,  
iecha candela de oro,  
se me ponen las entrañas  
cuando te recuerdo, y lloro.

Like the forge,  
my insides glow like gold  
when I remember you,  
and I weep...

Con las fatiguas de la muerte  
a un latío yo me arrimé;  
con los dedos de la mano  
arañaba la pared...

With the weariness of death  
I crept to one side;  
with the fingers of my hand  
I tore at the wall...

¡Alza la voz, pregonero!  
levanta la voz y di;  
no hay deuda que no se pague  
ni amor que no tenga fin.

Shout out, town crier!  
Raise your voice and say:  
there are no debts that are left unpaid  
nor love that does not end.

MEDIA GRANAINA.—*Cante and toque intermedio*, not danced.

The *media granaina* is a less difficult, less ostentatious and ornamented sister *cante* of the *granainas*. As such, it has far more possibilities for profundity. Like the *granainas*, the *media granaina* has absorbed a strong blend of Moorish and Andalusian influences. Today the *media granaina* is more widely sung than the *granainas*, probably because it is not only easier, but in better flamenco taste. Both of these *cantes* are from the province of Granada. «*Media*» translates «half».

Una cruz llevas al pecho,  
engarzá en oro y marfil,  
deja que me duerma en ella,  
crucificándome allí...

You carry a cross on your chest,  
mounted in gold and ivory,  
let me sleep upon it,  
crucifying myself there...

Gitania como yo  
no la tienes que encontrar  
aunque gitana se vuela  
tota la cristiandad...

Another gypsy girl like myself  
you will never find  
although all Christianity  
turns gypsy...

Dejarme un momento solo,  
quiero batirme de llorar;  
dejame que ponga unas flores  
a esa tumba tan sagrá,  
recuerdo de mis amores...

Leave me alone a moment,  
I wish to satiate my crying;  
Let me put some flowers  
on that tomb so sacred,  
memory of my loves...

Ya te tengo prepará,  
pá cuando quieras veni,  
una cuevecita nueva  
iecha en el Albaicín.

I have prepared for you  
for whenever you want to come,  
a new little cave  
in the hill of the Albaicín.

Quiero vivir en Granada  
porque me gusta el oír  
la campana de La Vela  
cuando me voy a dormir...

I wish to live in Granada  
because I like to hear  
the bell of La Vela  
when I go off to sleep...

MILONGAS.—*Cante and toque chico*, not danced.

The *milongas*, thought to have originated in Argentina, groped their way into flamenco much in the same manner as the *guajiras* and the *colombianas* although, in truth, they are much less flamenco in nature than either of those *cantes*. Their *compás* is variable: sometimes free (por *fandangos*), sometimes well-defined (por *rumba*). They are of little flamenco value, certainly not to be taken seriously, although they do lend diversity, and are sprinkled with some colorful verses.

Cuando siento una guitarra  
me da ganas de llorar,  
porque me acuerdo de España  
la tierra por mí soñada.

When I hear a guitar  
I feel the urge to cry,  
because I remember Spain,  
the land of my dreams.

Y en la noche clara  
hasta el aire canta,  
y de una garganta  
yo creo escuchar  
palabras de amores  
muy junto a una reja;  
suspiros y quejas  
y un beso al chocar...

In the clear night  
even the air sings,  
and from a throat  
I can almost hear  
words of love  
pass through barred windows;  
sighs and murmurs  
and a kiss through the bars...

These are obviously the sentiments of a homesick Spanish immigrant in America.

¡Me gustas más que el buen vino  
y más que un pavo trufao!  
¡Más que me gusta el tabaco  
y que estar siempre tumbao!  
¡Con decrite que me gustas  
más que el acia a un diputado!  
¡Y eso que eres un tonel  
y tu cutis se ha arrugao!...

I like you more than good wine  
and roast turkey!  
And more than tobacco  
and just lazing around!  
I tell you that I like you  
more than a lawyer likes court!  
And this, even though you're a barrel  
and your skin is all wrinkled!...



Mas no sé qué gracia tienes  
ni qué tienen tus traseras  
que te miro y me parece  
que das adormideras...

I don't really know what charm  
you and your buttocks have,  
that when I look at you it seems  
you've given me opium...

This immigrant seems to be better adjusted.

MINERAS.—It is uncertain whether the *mineras* were a slight variation of the *tarantas* and *cartageneras*, or a way of calling these very same *cantes* when their verses dealt with mining themes. If the former, the *cante* has been forgotten. If the latter the term is rarely used today. «Minera» translates «mining», or «pertaining to mining».

MIRABRAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

The *mirabrás* were undoubtedly inspired by the *alegrías* or a similar *cante*, as the *compás* and many other characteristics are identical.

A mí qué me importa  
que un rey me culpe  
si el pueblo es grande  
y me adora...

What does it matter to me  
whether a king pardons me  
if the country is large  
and the people believe in me...

This verse has led theoreticians to consider the possibility that the creator of the *mirabrás* was a nobleman, or person of the upper classes persecuted by the king.

Venga usted a mi puesto, hermosa,  
y no se vaya usted, salero,  
castañas de Galarosa vendo, camuesa y pero.  
Ay Marina,  
yo traigo naranjas y son de la China.  
batatitas redondas y suspiros de canela,  
melocotones de Ronda, agua de la nevería;  
te quiero yo  
como a la mare que me parió...

Come to my stand, beautiful,  
don't go away, salero;  
I sell sweet and sour apples  
and chestnuts from Galarosa;  
I have China oranges,  
little round yams and cinnamon sweets,  
peaches from Ronda and water like ice.  
Ay Marina, I love you  
as I loved my mother who gave me birth.

This verse reveals the technique used by the owner of a stand in attempting to entice Marina with the delicacies that he sells.

has inspired the theory that the *mirabrás* came into being when José el de Sanlúcar, a 19th century *banderillero* and *cantaor*, first saw the many colorful stands of delicacies that used to rim the Madrid bull ring. He is said to have put his verses to the music of a *cantiña* called «El Almorano», and the *mirabrás* came into existence.

In my opinion, the *mirabrás*, although no doubt a gypsy-developed *cante*, contains little of the true «aire» *gitano*. Although its *compás* is identical to that of the *alegrías*, it by no means possesses the rhythm and *gracia* of that *cante*, leading me to believe that it was created, in the never ending commercial quest for variety, for the *café cantante* circuit of the last century. That could explain its awkwardness and superficiality, and the feeling that the *cante* did not come about naturally, but was hastily ground out in the flamenco version of a song writer's studio.

As can be expected under these circumstances, its dance cannot begin to live up to the dance of the *alegrías*.

MURCIANA.—The *cante por murciananas* is shrouded in mystery. To my knowledge, no one knows exactly how it went, nor is it even referred to in modern times. My theory is that the *murciananas* (from the province of Murcia) gave birth to today's *cartageneras* (also from the province of Murcia) and then ceased to exist, or, simpler yet, was merely an earlier name for the *cartageneras*.

NANAS.—*Cante chico*, not traditionally played, not danced.

The *nanas* are cradle songs, sung to the children at bedtime to lull them to sleep. Cradle songs, of course, date back to the first mother and her child, but the cradle songs of Andalusia, sung in a tender flamenco style, are especially irresistible. The *compás* of the *nanas* is the rhythm of a rocking cradle. «Nana» literally means «slumber song», «grandmother», «wet nurse», or, less frequently, «mother».

As the *nanas* are not, of course, sung for *fiestas*, nor exploited in any way, they have never known guitar accompaniment. An exception to this is Perico el del Lunar's beautiful accompaniment of Bernardo de los Lobitos' *nana* on the Hispavox Anthology of *Cante Flamenco*.

Un ángel de canela  
guarda tu cuna,  
la cabeza p'al sol,  
los pies pa la luna...

A cinnamon angel  
watches over your crib,  
his head towards the sun,  
his feet towards the moon...

A dormir va  
la rosa de los rosales;  
a dormir, niña,  
porque ya es tarde...

Off to sleep goes  
the rose of roses;  
sleep, little girl,  
it is getting late...

El niño chiquito  
se quiere dormir,  
y el pícaro sueño  
no quiere venir...

En los brazos te tengo,  
y me da espanto.  
¿Qué será de ti, niño,  
si yo te falto?

Clavelito encarnado,  
rosa en capullo,  
duérmete, vida mía,  
mientras te arruyo.

Nana, nana... ay... nana,  
duérmete, lucerito de la  
mañana...

The little baby  
wishes to sleep,  
but the mischievous sandman  
just won't come...

I hold you in my arms  
and am suddenly afraid:  
what will become of you, little one,  
if I fail you?

Little pink carnation,  
budding rose,  
sleep, my life,  
while I sing you a lullaby.

Slumber song... ay ... slumber song,  
sleep, little star of the  
morning...

PALMARES.—A *cante* that is completely forgotten, the *palmares* were very similar to another country *cante*, also on the verge of disappearing: the *temporeras*. The *fandangos* and *fandanguillos* have replaced these *cantes* in the hearts of the people.

PETENERAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque intermedio.*

The legend goes that the *peteneras* were created by a beautiful prostitute who was a great destroyer of men's hearts, and who finally died a violent death at the hands of one of her deceived lovers.

Quien te puso Petenera  
no te supo poner nombre,  
que debía de haberte puesto  
la perdición de los hombres.

Whoever named you Petenera  
did not name you properly;  
he should have called you  
the cause of men's perdition.

The girl, as the verse states, was named Petenera, and is thought to have been from the village of Paterna, near Jerez de la Frontera. The similarity between the names «*patenera*» (girl from Paterna) and «*petenera*» has caused some to think that the *cante* of the *peteneras* derived its name from the mispronunciation of the word «*pateneras*». This is generally discredited.

There are two types of *peteneras* sung today. The older one, longer, more difficult and ornamented and therefore, as is usually the case, less moving, was resuscitated and recorded by the Niña de los Peines. This version, referred to as «*larga*», is rarely sung today, and is again well on its way to being forgotten. The other, called the «*corta*»,

has been recorded by Rafael Romero in the *Hispanox Anthology of Cante Flamenco* (thereby helping discredit the «black legend», still believed by many flamencos, that performing the *petenera* brings the interpreter *bad* luck).

It is interesting to speculate on the *peteneras'* past. Friends of mine returning from Turkey and other Middle Eastern countries have met ancestors of the Sephardic Jews who were expelled from Spain at the end of the XV century (1492). These people not only still speak the Spanish language as it was spoken at that time, but conserve many of their old Spanish customs and traditions. Among these, they sing songs very similar to many of flamenco's *cantes*, including the *peteneras*. The possibility exists, of course, that these people learned the *peteneras* while on tourist visits to Spain, or from records, but the very people who sing them claim not. They say they are passed down from generation to generation within their own tightly-knit group. Hipólito Rossy, in his book «*Teoría del Cante Jondo*», cites this same curiosity, referring to the Sephardic Jews now living in the Balkans. They, he writes, sing the *peteneras*, including the verse of the Petenera being the «*perdición de los hombres*», a verse still widely sung today in flamenco circles.

Sr. Rossy reasons, as have other theorists, that the verse concerning Rebeco and the synagogue (below) also helps date the *peteneras*, for the synagogues disappeared in Spain, together with the Jews, in 1492. He thinks that it could easily be that this verse existed at that time, and even that the *peteneras* was originally a song of the Sephardic Jews. He goes on to say that that could explain the *peteneras'* striking dissimilarity to the rest of the *cantes* of flamenco.

When the Petenera was killed, the following verse became popular:

La Petenera se ha muerto,  
y la llevan a enterrar,  
y en el panteón no cabe  
la gente que va detrás...

La Petenera has died  
and they are taking her to be buried;  
all of the followers of the procession  
will not fit into the mausoleum...

Other popular verses:

Ven acá, remedíala,  
y remedia mis dolores,  
que está sufriendo mi cuerpo  
una enfermea de amores...

Come here, girl of remedies,  
and remedy my affliction;  
my body is suffering  
the sickness of longing...

Al pie de un árbol sin fruto  
me puse a considerar  
qué pocos amigos tiene  
el que no tiene que dar...

At the foot of a fruitless tree  
I sat down to contemplate  
how few friends one has  
who has nothing to give...

¿Dónde vas, bella judía,  
tan compuesta y a deshora?  
Voy en busca de Rebeco,  
que está en una sinagoga...

Where are you going, beautiful Jewess,  
after hours and so fixed up?  
I go looking for Rebeco,  
who is in a synagogue...

PLAYERAS.—The *playeras* are believed to have been the most plaintive form of the *siguiriyas*, derived from the verb «*plañir*» (to mourn, grieve, bewail). Except for the content of their verses—those of the *playeras* are traditionally even more pessimistic and black with death than those of the *siguiriyas*—they are identical to the *siguiriyas*. In modern times a distinction between them is rarely made.

It is said that the *playeras* were originally a *cante* of mourning, sung during the procession to the graveyard, and at the gravesite itself. It is curious to note that professional mourners were often hired who had a knowledge of the songs and rituals of mourning, and who interpreted them movingly and well. This burial singing may well have been the earliest outcropping of flamenco on a professional level.

El carro e los muertos  
pasó por aquí;  
como llevaba la manita fuera  
yo la conocí...

The cart of the dead  
passed by;  
I recognized her  
by her dangling hand...

From «*The Venta de Los Gatos*», by Becquer, this verse tells of the tragic end of denied love, in which a boy, unaware of the death of his forbidden sweetheart, recognizes her by her hand protruding through an opening in the funeral cart. The boy, so the story goes, went insane from grief. The singer Silverio made this verse famous over a century ago, shortly after the tragedy is thought to have occurred.

Una noche e trueno  
yo pensé morí,  
como tenía una sombra negra  
ensima e mí.

One stormy night  
I felt death  
like a black shadow  
upon me.

La muerte llamo a voces,  
no quiere vení,  
que hasta la muerte tiene  
lástima e mí.

I cry for death  
but it will not come;  
even death  
finds me unworthy.

Cuando yo me muera,  
mira que te encargo  
que con la cinta de tu pelo negro  
me amarres las manos...

When I die  
I ask of you  
to tie my hands  
with the ribbon of your black hair...

This verse reflects a custom formerly practiced in Andalusian villages of tying the hands of the dead person together when preparing him for burial.

POLICAÑA.—José Carlos de Lurza, in his book «*De Cante Grande y Cante Chico*», mentioned in passing a *cante*, no longer sung, called the «*policaña*». Domingo Manfredi Cano («*Geografía del Cante Jondo*») elaborates on the theme, speculating that the *policaña* may have been a mixture of the *caña* and the *martinetes*. I would say, judging solely from its name, that it seems more reasonable to assume that it was a combination of the *polo* and the *caña*, perhaps being a step in the development of the *soleares*.

ROAS.—Gypsy ceremonial dance and song, not generally considered flamenco.

The *roás* are a song and dance which have been conserved from an ancient gypsy religious (mystic) ceremony. They are believed to have been brought by the gypsies from the East, and to be a descendent of one of the primitive rituals such as sun, moon, or wind worship. The *roás* is an abbreviation of «*rodadas*» (to wander about, to roll), which is thought to have resulted from the constant wandering of gypsy caravans. They are usually accompanied by tambourines, and the dance and *cante* are accomplished by an entire circle of gypsies simultaneously. In Spain this ceremony is practiced mainly in the Granada area; outside of Spain the *roás*, by a different name, are said to be practiced by gypsies in Hungary, Yugoslavia, France, and in other countries where gypsies are found.

ROMERAS.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico*.

The *romeras*, a form of the *cantiñas* of Cádiz (see *cantiñas* section), are a *cante* that falls short of reaching the true «*gracia*» and flowing ease so characteristic of Cádiz' *cantes*. As I have written of the *mira-brás*, the *romeras* also strike me as a hastily-conceived *cante*, possibly innovated to add variety to the *café cantante* circuit. I understand that they were never in much demand, and well on their way to extinction when rescued by el Chaqueta and recorded in the Hispavox Anthology of *Cante Flamenco*. Because of this recording the *romeras* are today making a comeback, and are enjoying some popularity.

There are various versions as to how the name «*romeras*» came about. One is that they were named after their creator, a *gaditano* singer known as Romero el Tito. Another is that they received their name from a phrase of one of their popular verses: «*Romera, ay mi romera...*»

Regardless of the dubious merit of the melody line of the *romeras*, their traditional verses are sometimes quite delightful.

Romera, ay mi romera,  
no me cantes más cantares,  
como te coja en el hielro  
no te salva ni tu mare.

Romera, ay my romera,  
don't tell me more lies,  
because if I catch you in another  
even your mother will be unable to

[save you.

Debajo de los laureles  
tiene mi niña la cama  
y cuando sale la luna  
viene y la llama.

My little girl has her bed  
under the laurel trees,  
and when the moon rises  
it comes and calls her.

Qué disparate,  
qué disparate,  
¿no te quiera  
igual que antes.

What foolishness,  
what silliness,  
for you to think that I love you  
as before.

Estoy por decí,  
estoy por decí,  
que no quiero a naide,  
na más que a ti.

I want to say,  
I want to shout,  
that I love no one,  
only you.

**RONDEÑA (TOQUE).**—*Toque intermedio*, rarely danced, not sung. The little know *rondeña* differs completely from the *rondeñas*, which are a form of the lively *verdiales*. The *rondeñas* is an emotional, discordant *toque*, strangely reminiscent of the haunting mountain country near Ronda (much of the discordant effect of the *rondeña* is caused by the re-tuning of two of the strings of the guitar). It is said to have been a *toque* of the *bandoleros* (bandits) of the rugged sierra near Ronda; Ramón Montoya is credited for developing it into the complex and only interpreters of the *baile rondeña*, to my knowledge, have been Carmen Amaya and Luisa Maravilla. It is rhythmically similar to the *baile* and *toque taranto*. It can safely be said that the *rondeña* is one of the most beautiful of flamenco's *toques* and *bailes*.

**RONDEÑAS.**—*Cante* and *toque chico*, group dance.

The *rondeñas* are the *verdiales* of Málaga removed to the rugged mountain country of Ronda. They are a gay, optimistic *cante*, very similar to the *verdiales* in rhythm and temperament, but much less frequently heard. The name «*rondeñas*» is generally believed to have stemmed from «*rondar*», to serenade, which would indicate that they were originally songs for serenading.

¡Rondeñas vienen cantando!  
Sobre la cama me siento,  
porque en oyendo Rondeñas  
se me alegra el pensamiento....

They come singing Rondeñas!  
I sit on my bed to listen  
because my thoughts become gayer  
when I hear them....

Después de haberme lleuao  
tóa la noche de jarama  
me vengo a purificar  
debajo de tu ventana  
como si fuese un altar.

After having spent  
the night in revelry  
I come to purify myself  
beneath your window  
as if it were an altar.

Naegando me perdi  
por esos mares de Dios,  
y con la luz de tus ojos  
a puerto de mar salí.

Navigating I became lost  
in God's stormy seas,  
and with the light of your eyes  
I found my way to port.

Vive tranquila, mujer,  
que en el corazón te llevo,  
y aunque lejos de ti esté,  
en otra fuente no bebo  
aunque me muera de sé....

Live tranquilly, woman,  
because in my heart I carry you,  
and although I may be far from you  
from another fountain I shan't drink  
although I die of thirst....

**ROSAS.**—The term «*rosas*» has nearly disappeared today. Most books on flamenco do not so much as mention them, or if they do, limit themselves to stating that the *rosas* were a variation, now forgotten, of the *alegrías*.

However, through questioning many old-time flamenco artists and *aficionados*, I have been able to arrive at a fairly well-defined idea of just what constituted the *rosas*. They were, in effect, *alegrías* played more slowly, utilizing the graver key of *mi* instead of the usual key of *la*, whose verses tended towards despondency and melancholy instead of the gaiety essential in the *alegrías*. This explanation abolishes the incongruity of including the following disconsolate *rosas* verses within the category «*alegrías*».

Pá que pases por mi pena  
que Dios te mande el castigo  
que la persona que quieras  
se te vuelva tu enemigo.

May God punish you  
for all you have made me suffer  
by causing the person you love  
to turn against you.

Qué me importa a mí que pases  
por mi puerta y no me hables,  
si yo no como ni bebo  
con los buenos días de naide.

What do I care if you  
pass by my door without speaking?  
Your salutations will neither  
feed me nor quench my thirst.



Ni el Pare Santo de Roma  
ni el que inventó los tormentos  
está pasando las ducas  
que está pasando mi cuerpo.

Neither the Pope in Rome  
nor the creator of anguish  
is enduring the pangs  
that my body is suffering.

RUMBA GITANA.—Cante, baile, and toque chico.

Borrowed from the Latin American rumba, the *rumba gitana* has retained all of the sensuality and charm of its source in becoming flamenco's sexiest dance. When danced well, it is certainly most suggestive and gaily infectious while never having to resort to vulgarity. The guitarist can actually use the slapping techniques of the Latin American guitarist, while inserting flamenco *falsestas* and *rasgueado* as desired. The singing is gay and colorful. Rhythmically the *rumba* is in the family of the *tangos* and the *colombianas*, although varying in the accentuation.

Hazme con los ojos señas  
que en algunas ocasiones  
los ojos sirven de lengua...

Make signs to me with your eyes  
for on many occasions  
the eyes can speak...

Yo me la llevé a mi casa,  
se la presenté a mi gente,  
y le pusieron corona  
por ser gitana decente.

I took her to my house  
and presented her to my people;  
they crowned her  
for being a decent gypsy.

El sol le dijo a la luna  
«apártate, bandolera,  
que a las seis de la mañana  
¿qué hace una mujer soltera?»

The sun told the moon,  
«go home, little tramp,  
what is a single girl doing out  
at six in the morning?»

SAETAS.—Cante grande «a palo seco», neither danced nor played.

The *saetas* are sung as chants worshipping the figures of the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ during Holy Week religious processions. Traces of the *saetas* date back centuries, before they evolved as a part of flamenco. In the mountain areas of Granada, especially, these early *saetas*, generally agreed to have been of Jewish origin, are still remembered and sung in their original form, which is less powerful and moving than present day *saetas*, although perhaps more lyrical. The flamenco *saetas*, only innovated in this century, are sometimes sung with a free rhythm (strong influence of the *martinetes*), other times to the *compás* of the *siguiriyas*. These flamenco *saetas* are known as «*saetas por martinetes*» and «*saetas por seguiriyas*».

The Spanish Holy Week processions, with their corresponding *saetas*, have excited international interest. Barefoot penitents of each

church carry their Virgin Mary, or Christ, on heavy, richly-ornamented platforms through the streets of the cities, followed by hundreds of candle-bearing worshippers, also often barefoot, dressed in pointed hoods, and capes. These snail-like processions are marked by a band monotonously repeating a religious type of march. At intervals the platforms pause to rest and the band stops playing, which is the opportunity for the singers to sing to Jesus and the Virgin. This is a very emotional moment for the devout. In many Andalusian towns, such as Sevilla, it has become traditional for the *saetas* to be sung by a particular *saetero* (singer of *saetas*) from pre-established balconies, under which crowds of people gather waiting for him, or her, to sing. More often than not the crowds will cheer on the *saetero* just as they do at a *juerga*, reducing the whole matter to an exhibition during which, of course, the true significance of the *saetas* is largely lost.

For this reason many people prefer to spend at least part of Holy Week in a small town, where the atmosphere is far more authentically religious. In some out-of-the-way villages they still stage traditional medieval plays in the village plazas, which depict the biblical events of each day of Holy Week. Processions, on a minor scale, also take place, with the corresponding singing of *saetas*. These villages and small towns invariably achieve a more truly religious atmosphere than the larger towns, as the towns and cities get caught up in competitions between churches (who has the prettiest, most richly-dressed and ornamented Virgin, the best processions, etc.), and attract milling crowds largely composed of curiosity-seekers, rowdies, and the irreverent, whose attitude and actions strongly detract from the essential (if this pageant is to be at all meaningful) religious intensity of Holy Week.

*Saetas* are sung of the suffering, death, and majesty of Jesus Christ, and of the grief of the Virgin Mary.

Jazmines de luna nueva  
le nacieron a la Cruz,  
y claveles, a la tierra  
que echaron las manos buenas  
en la tumba de Jesús...

White lights of a new moon  
shone like jasmine on the Cross,  
and carnations covered the ground  
thrown by good hands  
on the tomb of Jesus...

Míralo por onde viene  
agobiao por er doló,  
chorreando por las sienas  
gotas de sangre y suor.  
Y su mare de penita  
destrosao er corazón.

Look at him come  
bent with pain,  
his brow dripping  
with blood and sweat.  
And his suffering mother  
with her heart broken.

Los judíos te clavarón  
por decir que tú eras Dios.  
que no quisieron creerlo,  
como me lo creo yo...

The Jews nailed you to the cross  
for saying that you were God;  
they did not wish to believe it,  
as I myself do...



Ayy una sogá lleva en su garganta,  
que otra lleva en su cintura,  
y otra en sus manos santas;  
Ayy he has a rope around his throat,  
and another around his waist,  
and another around his saintly  
[hands;

son tan fuertes ligaduras  
que hasta las piedras quebranta.  
they are tied so tightly  
that they would crush rock...

And a simpática gypsy saeta:

De las flores más bonitas  
voy a jacé una corona  
pa ponérsela a María,  
hermosísima paloma...  
I am going to make a crown  
of the prettiest flowers  
to put on María,  
beautiful dove...

SERRANAS.—Cante, baile, and toque grande.

The *serranas* are said to have originated as a *cante* of the smugglers who plied their trade on the southern Mediterranean coast. When they had brought in a large haul they would hide in caves in the nearby mountains to the south of Ronda for long periods of time. Their *cante* thereby derived its name and mood from the life of these smugglers and their compatriots, the *bandoleros* (bandits), in the sierra (the word «*serrana*» means «mountaineer», «people of the sierra»).

The following verses, the first and third originals of José Carlos de Luna, the second popular, tell a little story of a shepherd turned outlaw.

No me jayo en la choza  
con los pastores;  
quiero ser bandolero  
de los mejores;  
y por el día  
pasear a caballo  
la serranía.  
I won't be penned up in a hut  
with the shepherds;  
one of the best bandits  
I must be;  
and by day  
ride my horse  
through the mountains.

Por la Sierra Morena  
va una partía  
y el capitán se llama  
José María.  
No será preso  
mientras su jaca torda  
tenga pescuezo.  
Through the Sierra Morena  
rides a band  
whose leader is  
José María.  
He won't fall captive  
as long as his dapple pony  
remains proud.

Al llover en la sierra  
por primavera,  
toman coló de sangre  
las torrenteras.  
When the spring  
rains fall  
the bursting ravines  
turn the color of blood.

Y entonces pienso:  
Así será mi llanto  
si caigo preso.

And then I think:  
that will be my fate  
if they catch me.

The *serranas* are spotted with verses, such as the ones above, referring to the life of bandits, as well as others about love, and mountain life in general. They possess the same *compás* as the *siguiriyas*, and show signs of having been influenced by the *siguiriyas*, *livianas*, and *caña* (the «ay» sections in the *serranas* and *caña* are very similar, among other things). José Carlos de Luna, in fact, is of the opinion that the *serranas* are a direct adaptation of the *caña*.

The *serranas* are generally played slower and in a graver tone than the *siguiriyas*. Nevertheless, they are not as gypsy as the *siguiriyas*, nor do they reach such profound depths. They are generally ended by a *siguiriyas macho*, usually those of María Borrico, a *cantaora* of the 19th century.

Silverio Franconetti, among the professional *cantaores*, was a great interpreter and creator within the *serranas*. One of his verses, perhaps that most widely sung today, is:

Yo crié en mi rebaño  
una cordera,  
de tanto acariciarla  
se volvió fiera.  
Y las mujeres,  
contra más se acarician  
fieras se vuelven...

I brought up in my flock  
a lamb  
who turned vicious  
from too much caressing.  
And women,  
the more they are pampered  
the more difficult they become...

SEVILLANAS.—Cante, baile, and toque chico.

This infectious rhythm, typical of Sevilla although extremely popular throughout all of Andalusia, was derived from the ancient *seguidillas manchegas*, of Castile, in central Spain. The colorful dance, danced by couples, and the *cante* are performed by men, women, and children alike during Sevilla's annual week-long fair, considered the gayest in Spain. It is a time when traditional dress is donned, work is ignored, and the *sevillanas* are danced at all hours in the streets, bars, and wherever groups congregate. One group of guitarists traditionally sets itself up in a plaza of the typical neighborhood of Santa Cruz and offers its accompaniment to all, much to the delight of passing celebrants.

Like the *fandanguillos*, the *sevillanas* is an alive *cante*, to which new styles are constantly being added. These styles are differentiated in various ways: some in their verse content, some in their points of accentuation, others in their melody line. The *compás*, of course, always remains the same.

Un moreno garboso  
ronda mi calle  
y dice que me quiere  
más que a su mare.  
Esta es la vía;  
que aquel que más promete  
más pronto olví.

En el río de amores  
nada una dama,  
y su amante en la orilla  
llora y la llama;  
¡ayy que te quiero!  
y como no me pagas  
de pena muero...

A mí me gusta pegarte  
sólo por verte llorar.

¿Para qué quiero llorar  
si no tengo quien me oiga?

A handsome dark boy  
paces my street  
saying that he loves me  
more than his mother.  
But that's life;  
he who promises the most  
forgets the quickest.

In the river of love  
a lady swims,  
and from the edge her lover  
weeps and cries to her:  
ayy how I love you!  
As you don't return my love  
I am dying...

I like to hit you  
just to see you cry.

Why do I wish to cry  
if there is no one to hear me?

# SIGUIRIYAS.—Cante, baile, and toque grande.

Most aficionados agree that the *siguiriyas*, including its most desolate form, the *playeras* (see «*playeras*» section), are the most profoundly emotional element of flamenco. That is, when they are performed with true feeling and unfalsified emotion, for the *siguiriyas* is a release of pent-up hates, persecution, denied liberty and love, tenderness towards a companion-in-misery, and above all, of relentless, stalking death. I have seen and heard the *siguiriyas* unleashed («performed» is not the word) in a way that makes one's insides tighten with a momentary glimpse of the world's hopelessness and cruelty. Not often, to be sure, and never in a commercial atmosphere. The truth is, the *siguiriyas* are completely out of place in commercial surroundings (like the Lord's Prayer in the local gin mill). Usually the singer toys with them in an unfeeling act, the guitarist is being busily virtuoso, and the dancer contrives to destroy whatever emotion remains. Favorite commercial methods of abuse are ending the *siguiriyas* with a *bulería* or a *tango*, and the use of castanets in the dance.

The *compás* of the *siguiriyas* is identical to that of the *serranas* and the *livianas*. To the uninitiated it appears a difficult, vague *compás*, but in reality is composed of twelve beats, as are the *soleares*, *alegrías*, *bulerías*, *fandanguillos*, and many other rhythmical flamenco forms (1).

(1) It does not occur to many aficionados to think of the *siguiriyas* as having twelve beats. If they count them at all it is generally while learning to dance, or play the guitar, and then they are usually taught to count to an irregular five or seven beats, holding some

The *siguiriyas*, perhaps the most gypsy *cante* in flamenco today, is also one of the most richly varied. There are many styles, most of those presently sung dating from the last century, when every singer with a grain of pride created his own version. They demand a great physical and emotional outlay from the singer, which is even more pronounced when they are ended by a *macho*. It is probably the most difficult of the *jondo* dances to dance well, due to its character and necessarily slow-paced *compás*. The dancer must be able to captivate solely by an exceptional personality and dance of the upper torso, for any type of theatricalism or artificiality, including prolonged speeding up the *compás* to «relieve the boredom», immediately and thoroughly destroys the essence of the *siguiriyas*. For the guitarist of good taste it is a *toque* of great potential for emotional outlet.

Three-line *siguiriyas* verses exist, but the huge majority, like those below, contain four lines. *Siguiriyas* verses (in Spanish) contain an oddity that distinguish them on paper from four-line verses of other *cantes*: a third line that is quite a bit longer than the other lines. This is due to the structure of the *siguiriyas'* *cante*.

No quiero que se entere  
quien sólo era mía,  
que en mis profundos suspiros por  
se me va la vía...

I don't want her to know,  
she who was only mine,  
that in my profound sighs for her  
my life is wafting away...

counts longer than others. This is a perfectly acceptable means to an end. I personally had never considered counting to twelve counts in the *siguiriyas* until one occasion, when I was rehearsing a commercial *soled* with a dancer.

There is a *zapateado* in the *soleares* that also fits perfectly well into the *siguiriyas*, during which the guitar is usually silent until nearly the end of the footwork. Now during the period when the guitarist is just sitting there, he may start thinking about wine or girls or something equally as important and distractedly begin following, in his mind, the footwork *por seguiriyas* instead of *por soled*, the consequences being, of course, that when the footwork reaches its rapid climax and the guitarist has to break in, he may do so, as I did, in the wrong form. On this particular occasion the dancer followed the guitar, and we ended a dance flawlessly *por seguiriyas* that we had started *por soled*.

It came as a shock to all of us that the *siguiriyas* and the *soleares* are so similar in *compás* and even accentuation, and we began analyzing the situation. Bob Haynes, an American aficionado present, was the first to hit on the solution and put it on paper. It was simply that the *compás* and accentuation are identical in the two forms, but are started in different places. To demonstrate. The line of numbers below is one full *compás* of the *soled*. The blacker numbers signify points of accentuation. Count this out slowly, at the speed of a normal *soleares*, emphasizing the blacker numbers.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Now count twelve beats, starting at the number eight, at about twice the speed as you did the *soleares*, bearing in mind to also accentuate the blacker numbers (8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7). This will give you a perfect *siguiriyas*.

This little gem of information brings to mind any number of possibilities. For one, the *soleares* and the *siguiriyas* are not as far apart as they appear and are thought to be. It is not unlikely, in fact, that when someone decided to put the *cantes* of the *tonás* group to *compás*, they merely chose the *compás* of the *soleares* (or perhaps of the *caña* or the *polo* at that time, if the *soleares* had not yet fully developed), inadvertently or purposely disguised it, and the primitive *siguiriyas* was born. Another: that all of the rhythmical *cantes grandes*, and a good many of the *cantes chicos*, have an identical *compás* structure and accentuation, varying only in the points at which the various forms are entered into (i. e. the number diagram above). A third: that flamenco is not quite as complex a business as it is generally thought to be.

Anhelaba vivir  
por verte y oírte;  
ahora que no te veo ni te oigo,  
preferiero morirte.

Me faltaba entereza:  
yo sólo veía  
que era la mujer a quien adoraba  
la que se moría.

Si te enteras que he muerto,  
píde a Dios por mí,  
pues de ese modo, en la otra vida  
yo pediré por ti.

No temo a la muerte,  
morir es natural;  
lo que siento es la cuenta tan  
que a Dios voy a dá.

Me asomé a la muraya,  
me respondió er viento:  
¿pa qué das esos suspiros,  
si ya no hay remedio?

Le dié a la luna  
del alito cielo  
que me llevara siquiera una hora  
con mi compañero.

No pegarle a mi pare,  
soltarlo, por Dios,  
que ese delito que ustedes le  
lo había hecho yo.

The cabales of el Fillo:  
Desde la Polverita  
hasta Santiago  
las fatiguitas de la muerte  
me arrodaron.

I longed to live  
to see you and hear you;  
now that you're not here,  
I prefer to die.

I lost all reason:  
I only saw  
that the woman I adored  
was dying.

If you hear of my death,  
pray to God for me;  
if you do this, in the other life  
I shall pray for you.

I'm not afraid of dying,  
dying is natural;  
what bothers me is the huge list of  
[sins  
that I have to present to God.

I climbed to the top of the wall,  
and the wind said to me:  
what is the use of sighing  
if there is no remedy?

I asked the moon  
high in the heavens  
to grant me if only an hour  
with my companion.

Don't hit my father,  
for God's sake release him;  
that crime of which you accuse him  
I myself committed.

From the Polverita  
to Santiago  
the anguish of death  
surrounded me.

SOLEARES (SOLEA).—Cante, baile, and toque grande.

The word «soleá» is a gypsy abbreviation of «soledad»; the word «soleares» is an improper gypsy pluralization of «soledad» (it should

be «soledades»). Thus both «soleares» and «soleá» signify the same thing, «loneliness», and can be used interchangeably.

The *soleares* have been described as the «mother of the *Cante*». This, of course, is a poetic allusion, more likely referring to the role that the *soleares* play in flamenco—there is no doubt that they are the central figure, the matriarch, around which all of flamenco revolves—than to any belief that the *soleares* have given birth to flamenco.

There are countless theories concerning the antiquity and development of the *soleares*. It is thought certain that in some form, most probably not that which we know today, the *soleares* have existed for many centuries. Poetry identical to today's *solá corta* verses, particularly, pops up frequently in past literature, including examples in the works of Cervantes (XVI century). The first *soleares* that have reached us, however, are those of Triana, which date back only to the first half of the last century. From Triana they spread through the provinces of Sevilla and Cádiz (and, in diluted forms, to some other centers, including Córdoba), and many styles of *soleares* were born.

Many theorists, myself included, feel that the «*aire*» and essence of the *soleares* is serious, and that they should inspire verses dealing with serious themes—not desolate, like the *siguiriyas* and *playeras*, but at least leaving the frivolous and insignificant to the far-more-appropriate *cantes chicos*. As Ricardo Molina and Antonio Mairena point out, however, in practice this is not always the case. Many *soleares* verses do deal with inconsequential themes—some insignificant event, or trivial comment or complaint—which incites one to seriously consider another of the mentioned gentlemen's viewpoints: that the *soleares* have developed over the past one hundred years from a fast, gay *cante*, that served basically to accompany the dance, to the slower, more serious form presently in existence. Were this correct, it would explain the phenomenon of the many inane *soleares* verses, so out of keeping with the form as it is known today, as well as why the earlier *soleares* of even this century were performed at a faster tempo.

The *cante por soleá* is broken down into three categories: the *solá «grande»* (great, profound), the *solá «corta»* (short), and the «*soleariya*» («little» *soleares*).

#### *Soleá Grande.*

The *soleá grande* is thought to be the most recent form of the *soleares* to have developed. It differs from the *solá corta* and the *soleariya* in two ways: its verses contain four lines instead of three, and are therefore longer and more difficult to sing; and the *solá grande* is characterized by increased solemnity, and as such is more sprinkled with wisdom, philosophy, and death than its shorter counterparts. Examples:

Quisiera por ocasiones  
estar loco y no sentir,  
que el ser loco quita penas,  
penas que no tienen fin.

Aquer que fue poca cosa  
y que cosa llega a ser,  
quiere ser tan grande cosa  
que no hay cosa como él.

La muerte a mi cama vino  
y no me quiso llevá;  
no estaba cumplió mi sino  
y al irse me eché a llorá.

Estoy viviendo en el mundo  
con la esperanza perdía;  
no es menester que me entierren  
porque estoy enterrá en vía.

Cuando murió la Sarneta  
la escuela quedó serrá  
porque se llevó la llave  
del cante por Soleá.

The above verse became popular after the death of the famous singer and creator of *soleares*, Merced la Sarneta. The «school» refers to her style of *soleá*.

Y si he caído en desgracia  
que le hemos de jasé.  
Santitos que yo pintara  
demonios se han de volvé.

Er querer es cuesta arriba,  
y el orvidar, cuesta abajo;  
quiero subir cuesta arriba  
aunque me cueste trabajo.

Floreillas silvestres  
se menean cuando paso  
yo te quiero a ti solita  
y a ninguna le hago yo caso.

Sometimes I would like  
to be crazy and not feel,  
for being crazy takes away grief,  
grief that has no solution.

He who was no one  
and becomes someone  
wishes to be the biggest someone,  
bigger than all the rest.

Death came to my bedside  
but did not wish to take me,  
as my destiny was not complete;  
on its departure I began to weep.

I am living in the world  
devoid of hope;  
it is not necessary to bury me,  
as I am buried alive.

When la Sarneta died  
her school was lost  
because she took with her  
the secret of the Soleá.

If I have fallen into disgrace  
what can be done?  
Saints that I paint,  
demons become.

Love is uphill,  
forgetting, downhill;  
I want to climb uphill  
even though I end up suffering.

The wild flowers  
shimmy when I pass  
but I love you only  
and walk on unheeding.

#### Soleá Corta and Soleariya.

These two forms of *soleares*, composed of three-line instead of four-line verses, are shorter and therefore less difficult to sing than

the *soleá grande*. They differ from each other in only one respect: the first line of a *soleariya* verse is extremely brief, while the corresponding line of the *soleá corta* is of normal length.

In talking about these *cantes* the very name «*soleá*» (loneliness) is misleading, for the *soleá corta* and the *soleariya* (and, of course, to a certain extent the *soleá grande*) form one of flamenco's principal *cantes* of ardor and romance. The vast majority of their verses push death and other such considerations aside, and the more immediate problems of love take over.

These shorter *soleares* are sung at a variety of tempos: sometimes slowly, like the «*grandes*», other times at varying cadences which can get quite fast, developing into what is known as the «*soleá por bulerías*». The tempo, profundity of interpretation, and verse content are entirely up to the individual singer (1). In the mouths of some singers, such as Manolito de María, Fernanda de Utrera, Joselero de Morón, and Juan Talegas, the *soleá corta* leads love to profound depths, while other singers make love their playground. In this respect, these *soleares* serve as an insight into the character of the individual singer.

The *soleá corta* and the *soleariyas* are better suited than the *soleá grande* to the *baile*. Their tempo, as we have seen, is more flexible, and their verses appropriately deal with love. As love is many-sided, the dance *por soleá* can absorb many more touches of gaiety and insertions of technique than, for example, the always desolate *siguiriyas*. I would say that it should depend on the content of the verses sung whether the dance develops in a *jondo* manner, or whether it can be ended gaily with the customary *bulerías a golpe*. If it is optimistic, the *bulerías* ending is somewhat appropriate, as long as it does not get wildly out of hand; if pessimistic, the *bulerías* ending is incongruous. In practice, of course, the dancer rarely patterns his dance on the *cante*, as obviously should be the case. The dancer and singer are too often wrapped up in their own worlds, and perform emotionally independently from one another.

As for the guitar, the *soleares*' simple, straightforward *compás* (see footnote, *siguiriyas* section), makes it pregnant with *jondo* possibilities. It also makes it an ideal virtuoso *toque*. Consequently, little of value is heard guitar-wise *por soleá*.

Lo gitano  
va en la masa de la sangre  
y en las rayas de las manos.

That which is Gypsy  
is found in the surge of blood  
and in the grooves of hands.

(1) The singer is often influenced, as is natural, by the tradition prevalent in his area. Example: the verse content of the *soleares* of Cádiz is generally lighter and more inconsequential than that of the province of Sevilla.



Por tu vera  
paso de noche y de día,  
buscando mi compañera...

Por ti  
las horitas de la noche  
me las paso sin dormir.

The above three verses are characteristic of the *solaría* because of their short first line. The following verses are *soleás cortas*.

Ay pobre corazón mío...  
por más gorpas que le doy  
nunca se da por venisio...

Yo me agarro a las paredes  
cuando te encuentro en la calle,  
chiquilla, pá no caerne.

Me va faltando er sentio.  
Cuando estoy alegre, lloro;  
cuando estoy triste, me río.

¿De qué me sirve deiate,  
si dondequiera que mire  
te me pones por delante?

Tienes cuerpo de chiquilla  
y carita de mujer  
llenita de picardía.

Dejo la puerta entorná  
por si alguna vez te diera  
la tentación de empuja.

Unos ojos negros vi...  
Desde entonces en el mundo  
todo es negro para mí.

Tu calle ya no es tu calle,  
que es una calle cualquiera,  
camino de cualquier parte.

Voy como si fuera preso;  
detrás camina mi sombra,  
delante, mi pensamiento.

No siento en el mundo más  
que tener tan mal sonío,  
siendo de tan buen metal.

I pass by your side day and night  
searching for my mate  
without recognizing you...

I pass the hours of the night  
without sleep  
because of you.

Ay my poor heart...  
despite the bad times I gives you  
you never give up...

I cling to the wall  
when I meet you, chiquilla,  
for support for my fluttery legs.

I am losing my senses.  
When I am happy, I cry;  
when sad, I laugh.

It is useless to leave you  
if wherever I look  
you are there.

Your body is a little girl's,  
but your face that of a woman  
full of mischief.

I'll leave the door ajar  
in case one day you have  
the temptation to enter.

Her eyes were black...  
since then the whole world  
is black for me.

Your street is no longer your street  
it is any street  
anywhere.

I go as a prisoner;  
behind me my memories,  
ahead, my thoughts.

Nothing saddens me more  
than I, being of such good metal,  
having such a bad sound.

Le dijo el tiempo al querer:  
«esa soberbia que tienes  
yo te la castigaré»

Time said to Love:  
«I shall destroy  
this cocksureness that you have.»

TANGOS (TANGOS FLAMENCOS) (TIENTOS CANASTEROS).—  
*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

There are various *tangos* scattered throughout Andalusia. There are those of the Malagueñan singer Piyayo, for instance, others of Frijones de Jerez, others from Triana, but the *tangos* that have most captured the hearts of *aficionados* are those from Cádiz. At their best, the Gaditanan *tangos* are a gay, contagious example of the lively spirit of that port-city; combined with a few glasses of wine, they are a sure remedy for all ailments. However, all *tangos*, even those from Cádiz, are not happy. An inverse case of the *soleares*, which incongruously contain frivolous and even humorous verses, some *tango* verses are most melancholy. To me, this phenomenon signifies one of two things: a serious *tango* past, from which the sad verses are remnants, or the insensitivity of some of the old-time *tango* interpreters (1).

The *tangos*, considered one of the oldest and most basic gypsy *cantes*, have an unknown origin, but theories abound. Argentines claim that they are a brother of the Argentine *tangos*. Others theorists dissect the word «*tango*», tracing it to Latin, or demonstrate the similarity between «*tango*» and the names of various musical instruments. Still others find its roots in ancient songs of northern Spain, while Fernando Quiñones has recently presented the possibility that the suffix «ngo» may be associated with Negro Africa.

The *tangos* are also called «*tientos canasteros*», which means to say «*gypsy tientos*» («*canasteros*» is a flamenco term for «wandering gypsies», and also, less likely in this case, for «basket weavers»), and has led some to think that the *tangos* came about as merely a more gypsified version of the *tientos*.

The dance *por tangos* is sensual and exciting, more subtle and therefore more effective than the *rumba gitana*. It's *toque*, driving and rhythmic, is straightforward and exciting.

(1) In many cases «ignorance» and/or «limitedness» are better words than «insensitivity», for in days past there were many «specialists» who sang only one *cante* (or danced one *baile*, or played one *toque*). Let us say that this *cante* is *por tangos*, or *por bulerías*, both characteristically gay *cantes*. Now obviously our specialist is not always going to be bubbling with joy, and being a flamenco singer, when some tragedy befalls him he must also give vent to it through song. If it is death, and he only knows the *tangos* or *bulerías*, he must sing of death in his chosen *cante*. He will undoubtedly slow it down to a minimum, of course, and sing it with great emotion, but nevertheless, the verse dealing with death may remain within the traditional *tangos*, or *bulerías* verses. Inversely, if he can only sing *por soleá* and he wins the lottery, he will sing a wildly rampanctuous *soleá*, which verse may also stick. Fortunately, this state of affairs has largely disappeared today. The one-*cante* specialists of days of yore now know at least two *cantes*, one of each type (*tangos-tientos*, *bulerías-soleá*, etc.), and presently there is little need, or excuse, to mix the intrinsic emotion and essence of the various *cantes*.

¡Con el ay, caray, caray!  
 Minusé qué fiestas  
 va a haber en Cádiz.  
 Luego, qué hambre  
 se va a pasá...  
 Ay, caray, caray, cará...

Las fiestas de mi tierra  
 son de canela,  
 y está el Ayuntamiento  
 de enborabuena.

Dolores, Dolores,  
 ¿con qué te lavas la cara  
 que tanto te huele a flores?

Péinate tú con mis peines,  
 que mis peines son de azúca;  
 quien con mis peines se peine,  
 hasta los deos se chupa.

Cuatro casas tengo en Londres,  
 que me las dejó mi tía,  
 y rentan cuatro millones  
 de dinero tós los días.

Si alguna vez vas por Cádiz  
 pasa por barrio Santa María,  
 y allí verás los gitanos  
 cómo se bailan por alegrías.

A tós los ojitos negros  
 los van a prender mañana,  
 y tú que negros los tienes  
 échate un velo a la cara.

Yo a ti te pondría  
 un puente pa que pasaras  
 de tu casita a la mía.

Vales más millones  
 que los clavelitos grana  
 que asoman por los balcones.

El vecino del tercero  
 a mí me mira con seriedad,  
 porque dije que yo tengo  
 con la vecina amistad.

With an ay, caray, caray!  
 Just think of the fiestas  
 that Cádiz is going to have.  
 And afterwards, the hunger  
 that will come...  
 Ay, caray, caray, cará...

The fiestas of my land  
 are of cinnamon,  
 and the City Hall  
 is to be congratulated.

Dolores, Dolores,  
 what do you wash your face with  
 that it smells so much of flowers?

Comb yourself with my comb  
 as it is made of sugar;  
 if you use my comb you will  
 end up sucking your fingers.

I have four houses in London  
 that my aunt left me,  
 and they rent for four millions  
 of money every day.

If you are ever in Cádiz  
 go to the barrio Santa María,  
 and see how the gypsies  
 dance por alegrías.

Tomorrow all black eyes  
 are going to jail!  
 And you, whose eyes are black,  
 cover them with a veil!

I would build you a bridge  
 for you to more quickly pass  
 from your house to mine.

You're worth more millions  
 than all the scarlet carnations  
 cascading from the balconies.

The neighbor on the third floor  
 looks at me quite seriously  
 because he says that with his wife  
 I have become a bit too friendly

TANGUILLO.—Cante, baile, and toque chico.

The *tanguillo* (little *tango*) is considered by many as Andalusian folklore, outside of flamenco, and by others as a *chico* component. Those who consider it non-flamenco are justified, as the *cante* has few of the characteristics of good *cante chico* (like the *sevillanas*), and is usually sung in a popular vein. The *baile* and the *toque*, on the other hand, are more flamenco in nature. The *tanguillo*, a cross between the *tangos* and the *rumba*, has a mischievous, airy rhythm, an innocent sensuality (unlike the provocative *rumba giana*), and a lack of any attempt at depth (unlike the *tangos*). The *tanguillo* was developed in Cádiz from the *tangos*.

Niña, asómate a la reja  
 que te tengo que decir  
 que te tengo que decir  
 un recadito a la oreja.  
 El recadito consiste  
 que no te quiero ni ver  
 que los besos que me diste  
 te los vengo a devolver...

Niña, come to your balcony,  
 I want to whisper something  
 to whisper something  
 in your ear.  
 The message is  
 that I want to lose you from sight,  
 and that I've only come to return  
 the kisses you gave me...

TARANTAS.—Cante and toque intermedio, not danced.

The *tarantas* are basically a *cante* of miners. Thought to have originated in the province of Almería, they spread to wherever there are mines in southern Spain: in particular, to the provinces of Jaén (Linares) and Murcia. They are a resigned *cante*, well reflecting the atmosphere in which they developed.

The *tarantas* are similar to the *cartagenas* in feeling and structure and, like them, are a *cante* free from *compás*. They are descended from the *fandangos grandes*, but with a far more discordant Moorish influence. Their verses usually reflect mining themes.

Clamaba un minero así  
 en el fondo de una mina;  
 ¡Ayy en qué soledá me encuentro!  
 y en mi compañía un candil  
 y yo la salía no encuentro.

A miner cried out  
 in the bottom of a mine;  
 ayy what loneliness I have!  
 and although I have a lamp  
 I cannot find my way out.

Dices que te llamas Laura,  
 Laura de nombre,  
 si no eres de los laureles,  
 que los laureles son firmes.

You say that you are Laura,  
 that Laura is your name,  
 but you're not of the laurels,  
 for the laurels are firm.

En diciendo ¡gente ar torno!  
 todos los mineros tiemblan  
 al vé que tienen su vía  
 a volunta de una cuerda.

In saying, line up to enter!  
 all of the miners tremble  
 to see that their fate  
 hinges on a rope.

No se espante usted, señora,  
 que es un minero quien canta;  
 con el jumo de las minas  
 tiene ronca la garganta.

Don't be frightened, señora,  
 it's just a miner singing;  
 with the smoke of the mines  
 his voice has turned hoarse...

TARANTO.—Cante and toque intermedio, baile grande.

The *taranto* is the danceable form of the *tarantas*. Unlike the *tarantas*, which have no set *compás*, the *taranto* has a steady, bearing *compás* similar to a slow *zambra*. Its *cante* and *toque* are very similar to the *tarantas* in construction. The dance of the *taranto* is majestic and *jondo*, with great opportunities for expression due to its discordant Arabic beauty. Most of its present-day dance interpreters have a tendency to underestimate the emotional potentiality of the *taranto*; they insist on dancing it too rapidly and commercially, much like they dance the *zambra*, and they are consequently at odds with the somber mood set by the *cante* and the *toque* (this is, of course, the principal objection to all of the *bailes grandes* as danced today).

The *cante por taranto* originated in the province of Almería. *Tarantas* and *taranto* verses can be sung interchangeably.

TEMPORERAS.—Cante and toque chico, not danced.

A descendent of the *serranas*, the *temporeras* are a country *cante* that originated around the area of Gabra, near Córdoba. They have the peculiarity of being sung by various people in a group taking turns, each singing a different verse. The originating voice calls «*voy*» (I begin); when he ends, another singer calls «*voy*» and sings; this goes on until they have all sung, and finally the originating singer announces «*fuera*» (out), and sings the last verse. The *temporeras*, nearly disappeared, are very similar to the *fandanguillos*.

Las uvas de tu parra  
 están diciéndo comenme,  
 pero los pámpanos dicen  
 que viene el guarda,  
 que viene...

The grapes of your vine  
 are asking to be eaten,  
 but the vine leaves warn  
 that the watchman is coming,  
 is coming...

Los surcos de mi besana  
 están llenos de terrones,  
 y tu cabeza, serrana,  
 está llena de ilusiones,  
 pero de ilusiones vanas.

The furrows of my land  
 are full of mounds,  
 and your head, mountain girl,  
 is full of illusions,  
 but vain illusions.

This verse, originally a *temporera*, is often sung presently as a *fandangullo*.

TIENTOS.—Cante and toque intermedio, baile grande.

The *tientos* are very similar to a slow *tango flamenco*, so much, so that few flamencos presently distinguish between them. True, the *compás* and structure of the *tientos* is identical to that of the *tangos*, and their *cante* verses can be sung interchangeably. There is a difference, however, which consists mainly in the way the guitar accentuates the rhythm. Traditionally the *tangos* are played without noticeable accentuation, while in the *tientos* some beats are prolonged, others are cut short. This lends the *tientos* a certain air of remoteness, of profundity, not possessed by the *tangos*. Few guitarists, however, stress this difference today, and more and more a slow *tango* and the *tientos* are becoming molded into one, as undoubtedly they were in the beginning.

It is theorized by some that the *tangos* are a gaiter descendent of the age-old *tientos*. Others state exactly the opposite: that the *tientos* are a more *jondo* descendent of the *tangos* — are, in fact, nothing other than a slow *tango*, innovated by the Gaditanian singer Enrique el Melizo in the latter part of the last century. Still others claim that the *tientos* were a creation of Diego el Marruro, a singer from Jerez de la Frontera. Actually, all of this conjecture, and the blind stands taken one way or the other, will lead us nowhere, for, in truth, no one knows. The dance of the *tientos*, one of the most majestic, rhythmic, and sensual of flamenco, has an advantage over most other *jondo* dances. It can be as profound as the interpreter wishes to make it, while at the same time the movement and *gracia* inherent in the *tientos* should never permit it to become tedious, as is often the case with other *jondo* dances when not danced by truly gifted artists. Inexplicably, the *tientos* is rarely danced today.

¿Qué pájaro será aquel  
 que canta en la verde oliva?  
 Corre y dile que se calle,  
 que su cante me lastima...

What bird would that be  
 that sings in the green olive grove?  
 Run and tell him to be quiet,  
 as his song saddens me...

Yo no le critico a nadie  
 que le domine el quere,  
 porque a mí me está dominando,  
 y no me puedo valer.

I cannot criticize anyone  
 who is dominated by love,  
 because I myself am dominated  
 beyond help.

Te voy a meter en un convento  
que tenga rejas de bronce,  
que la gente no te vea,  
ni a la ropita te toque...

I am going to put you in a convent  
that has heavy bronze bars,  
so that people cannot see you  
nor touch your clothing...

Tú serás mi prenda querida,  
tú serás el pájaro cuqui  
que alegre canta de madrugada;  
Ayy lo que te quiero,  
¿sin ti mi vía pá que la quiero?

You will be my cherished belonging  
the cuqui bird  
that happily sings at dawn;  
ayy how I love you,  
without you why would I want to  
[live?

Te quiero yo,  
te quiero yo  
más que a la mare  
que a mí me parió.

I love you,  
ah how I love you,  
even more than the mother  
that gave me birth.

TIRANAS.—The tiranas, today completely forgotten, was a *cante* very similar to the *malagueñas*.

TONAS.—*Cante grande «a palo seco»*, neither played nor danced.

Professor M. García Matos, who publishes his findings and theories in the «*Anuario Musical*» of the Instituto Español de Musicología, proposed in 1950 what appears to be the most acceptable theory concerning the origin of the *tonás*. He believes that under the name «*tonadas*» they were songs relating stories and events, which were sung by wandering minstrels from village to village throughout Spain. It is probable that these songs were adopted and fomented by the gypsies, and the «*tonás*», a form thought by many to have been flamenco's earliest, or at least one of the earliest, was born. When the gypsies were driven off the roads, they took the *tonás* with them into blacksmiths' forges, with the resultant development of the *martinetes* of the forges, a form similar to the *tonás*. The *deblas* and the *carceleras* are also offspring of the *tonás*. The original story-telling *tonás* have nearly disappeared, although García Matos states that some of the early folkloric versions still exist in Extremadura, more particularly in the provinces of Cáceres and Salamanca.

The flamenco *tonás* developed into a profound *jondo cante*, one of the most difficult of flamenco that was on the verge of disappearing when flamenco made its comeback in the 1950's. The *tonás* are completely devoid of *compás*, and are not accompanied.

It is said, probably exaggeratedly, that there were at one time some thirty types of *tonás*. Now only three are remembered: the *tonás grande*, the *tonás chica*, and the *tonás del Cristo*.

Ayy no te rebeles, gitana,  
yo tengo hecho juramento  
de pagarte con la muerte.  
Vinieron y me dieron que tú  
había babilao mal de mí,  
y mira mi buen pensamiento.  
que no le creía de ti.

Ayy do not fight it, gypsy girl,  
I have sworn  
to pay you with death.  
They came and told me  
that you have talked badly of me;  
and imagine my opinion of you  
that I didn't think you capable of it.

This verse, a *tonás chica*, reflects a normally violent gypsy reaction.

O pare de almas y ministro de  
tronco de muestra iglesia santa  
y árbol del paraíso.

O father of souls and minister of  
heart of our saintly church  
and tree of paradise.

This verse, the «*tonás del Cristo*», may reflect the contrition felt by the gypsy after his impetuous act.

TRILLERAS.—*Cante* and *toque chico*, not danced.

The *trilleras* are a song of the country, traditionally of the wheat grinders. In Spain the ancient method of grinding wheat is still used, which consists of a man, seated on a small platform resting on shining blades of steel, being pulled by two horses round and round over the wheat spread on the ground. While this monotonous process goes on hour after hour, the rider may divert himself singing the *trilleras* to the *compás* of the beating hooves. His song is joyful and optimistic, and his verses are usually *piropos* (flatteries) to his horses, his girl, someone else's girl, his village, the sun and the birds. Unfortunately, the *trilleras* have nearly disappeared.

Qué mula, vamos a ver,  
a esa mula de punta la gusta el  
aligera y no comas  
que viene el amo...

What a mule, gee, git up...  
that one up front that likes grain so  
Gee now and hurry, don't eat any  
Here comes the boss!

Esa yegua lumanca tiene un po-  
con una pala blanca  
y un lucerito;  
bueno... buenooooo...

That spotted mare has a little colt  
with one white hoof  
and a star on his forehead,  
bueno... woa... wooooa...



VERDIALES.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

The *verdiales*, said to have been named after a tiny village, Los Verdiales, in the province of Málaga, are thought to be the oldest of the existing *fandangos* in Andalusia. They are a gay, lively predecessor to the *malagueñas*; the *malagueñas* of Juan Breva was the intermediate stop between the *verdiales* and the present - day *malagueñas*.

The *verdiales* are accompanied by guitars, tambourines, violins, and certain other crude instruments in sprees of singing and dancing that can go on for many hours and even days in the mountain country behind Málaga capital. When performed more reasonably, time-wise, they are Málaga's festive answer to the *sevillanas*.

The dance, very folksy and undoubtedly ancient, is danced by couples and groups. The *verdiales* has only recently been developed as a guitar solo.

*Yo soy de la Triniá...  
Viva Málaga, mi tierra  
el huerto de los claveles,  
y el puente de Tetuán...!*

*I am from Trinidad...  
Long live Málaga, my land,  
home of carnations  
and the bridge of Tetuán...!*

La Trinidad is a neighborhood in Málaga.

*Quién te pudiera traer,  
pueblo de los Verdiales,  
metido en la faltriquera  
como un pliego de papel.*

*That I could carry you,  
town of the Verdiales,  
in my pocket  
like a folded piece of paper.*

VITO, el.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

According to Hipólito Rosy, who in turn quotes other writers, the *vito* is an extremely old folk form that surged to the surface in the first half of the last century as a dance accompanied by song. Again it was nearly lost, and again came to the surface with the first theatrical folkloric groups of this century, in part due to the efforts of García Lorca.

Until very recently, however, the *vito* has not been considered flamenco. At present it is usually performed on stage to the *compás* of the *bulerías*. When sung alone it is often *compás*-less.

*Yo me subí a un pino verde  
por ver si la divisaba  
y sólo divisé el polvo  
del coche que la llevaba.*

*I climbed a green pine  
to see if I could spot her,  
and all I saw was the dust  
of the carriage that carried her away.*

*Anda, jaleo, jaleo;  
ya se acabó el alboroto  
y ahora empieza el tiroteo.*

*En la calle de los Muros  
mataron a una paloma.  
Yo cortaré con mis manos  
las flores de su corona.*

*Anda, jaleo, jaleo;  
ya se acabó el alboroto  
y ahora empieza el tiroteo.*

*Anda jaleo, jaleo;  
that ends the hullabaloo  
and now starts the shooting.*

*In the street of the Ramparts  
they killed a dove.  
With my hands I shall cut  
the flowers for her crown.*

*Anda jaleo, jaleo;  
that ends the hullabaloo  
and now starts the shooting.*

The dove in this verse is thought to be the speaker's sweetheart.

ZAMBRA.—*Cante, baile, and toque chico.*

Hipólito Rosy writes that there are references to a dance called the *zambra* that date back to the XV century, and that in the XVII century it ranked alongside such popular dances as the *fandangos*, *zapateado*, and *zarabanda*. He claims that its name came from «*zamra*», Arabic for «flute», and that the *zambra* was originally a lively Moorish dance.

Presently the *zambra* is identical to the *tangos* in *compás*, although it employs a different chord structure. It is practiced mainly by the gypsies of the Sacromonte (Granada). When performed well, in the atmosphere of a cave illuminated by firelight and shining copper, the *zambra* can be a very exciting experience.

*No te metas con la Adela,  
la Adela gasta cuchillo  
pa quien se meta con ella.*

*Que nos miren desde el puente,  
y que la envidia nos siga,  
que queriéndonos tú y yo,  
deja que la gente diga.*

*Gitana, si me quisieras  
yo te compraría en Graná  
la mejor cueva que hubiera.*

*Vente conmigo y haremos  
una chozita en el campo  
y en ella nos meteremos.*

*Don't provoke Adela  
for Adela has a knife  
for whomever meddles with her.*

*Let them goggle us from the bridge  
with all of their envy;  
as long as we love each other,  
who cares what people say.*

*Gitana if you should love me  
I would buy you in Granada  
the best cave ever.*

*Come with me and we'll make  
a little hut in the country  
and there we'll stay.*

ZAPATEADO.—*Baile intermedio, toque chico*, not sung.

Another ancient Spanish dance, mentioned, among others, by Cervantes, that has surely reached us in a completely varied form, the *zapateado* today is a virtuoso dance strictly for showing off footwork. Originally a man's dance, it has been adopted by *bailaoras* in recent years to the extent that it is now considered a necessary component of both the male and the female repertoire. For this dance the female usually dons tight-fitting men's ranch wear (*traje corto*, boots, *cordobés* hat, ruffled shirt), or less frequently, women's ranch wear (a *traje corto* with a long slit skirt instead of pants, boots, *cordobés* hat, ruffled shirt). In my opinion the development of the female *zapateado* has contributed a great deal to the decadence of the feminine dance. The *bailaor* can make the *zapateado* a virile, exciting dance; the *bailaora* merely demonstrates the results of hours of practice.

The *zapateado* is danced by both the male and the female in a rigid attitude, grasping with both hands the bottom of their *traje corto* jacket throughout most of the dance.

The guitarist plays a difficult accompanying role in the *zapateado*, as he should follow to perfection the stops, starts, and accentuations of the intricate footwork. Usually the arrangement between the dancer and the guitarist is worked out in advance. Recently guitar solos have also been developed for the *zapateado* by concert guitarists in their effort to increase the scope of the flamenco guitar. Rhythmically it is played to the *compás* of the *tanguillo*, although with a more stern approach, and utilizing a different set of chords. The most popular music for the present day *zapateado* was composed by the Spanish classical composer Sarasate, followed by an arrangement by Monreal. When the dance is accompanied by the piano, the arrangement is played directly from the sheet music; when by the guitar, the arrangement is based on the classical, but usually some flamenco touch, some innovation or improvisation, will creep in.

El Raspao, a dancer of the 19th century, later Antonio de Bilbao, and more recently the late Estampío, have been legendary interpreters and developers of the *zapateado*. The arrangements of footwork most danced today are based on those of Juan el Estampío.

ZORONGO (ZORONGO GITANO).—*Cante, baile, and toque chico*.

The *zorongo*, another of the old folk songs resuscitated by Federico García Lorca, has only recently become a part of flamenco. Since its rediscovery by García Lorca it has been popularized largely through theatrical flamenco dance groups. The following verses were all composed by García Lorca.

*La luna es un pozo chico,  
las flores no valen nada,  
lo que valen son tus brazos  
cuando de noche me abrazan...*

*The moon is a little well,  
flowers are worth nothing;  
what are of value are your arms  
when at night they embrace me...*

This verse is the theme of the *zorongo*, carrying the *compás* of a slow, sensual *tango*, and is repeated alternately after each of the following verses:

*Las manos de mi cariño  
te están bordando una capa  
con agremán de alhelies  
y con esclavina de agua.*

*My loving hands  
are embroidering a cloak for you  
with the cape of jasmine  
and the collar of clear water.*

*Cuando fuiste novio mío,  
por la primavera blanca  
los cascos de tu caballo  
cuatro sollozos de plata.*

*When you were my sweetheart,  
during the white spring  
the hooves of your horse  
were like four silver sighs.*

These are two verses of the many that are done to the *compás* of the *bulerías*.

## PIROPOS (COMPLIMENTS) IN SONG

A large slice of Andalusian life is devoted to making the Andalusian woman *feel* like a woman. She may be as beautiful as sunrise, ugly as sin, *simpática*, bitchy, gay, dull, but one thing she is not: ignored. It is not surprising, then, that the *cante* flamenco is sprinkled with charming *piropos*, oftentimes expressed so poetically that the most determined woman must weaken.

The following are a few such *piropos*, mostly verses that originated with the populace, not the professional poet. When one stops to think that until recent years the common people in Andalusia were largely illiterate, with no formal education whatsoever, one cannot help being overwhelmed by the verses (especialy, of course, when read in Spanish), and by the feeling that Andalusia must be a land of lovers.

Although, as we have seen, the *soleares* is basically flamenco's *cante* of love, it by no means has the corner on that market. These verses can be adapted to most of flamenco's appropriate *cantes* by prolonging a word here, repeating a line there.

So attention, lovers!

De rosas y claveles  
y de alhelíes  
se te llena la boca  
cuando te ríes.

Your mouth fills  
with roses and carnations  
and jasmine  
when you laugh...

Ya no se llaman dedos  
los de tus manos,  
que se llaman claveles  
de cinco ramos...

The fingers of your hands  
are not like fingers,  
they are more like  
a bouquet of five carnations...

Es tu pecho redoma  
llena de olores,  
donde se purifican  
todas las flores.

The flowers  
are scented  
by the perfume  
of your breasts.

Sin duda que tu padre  
fue confitero,  
pues te hizo los labios  
de caramelo.

Your father doubtless  
was a confectioner,  
for he made of your lips  
two lollypops.

Es tu cara una rosa  
que colorea,  
y tu cintura, el tallo  
que la menea.

Your face is a  
reddening rose,  
and your waist  
the fluttering stem.

Eres alta y delgadita  
como junco de ribera;  
has de tener más amores  
que flores la primavera.

You are tall and thin  
like a rush at river's edge;  
you must have more loves  
than springtime has flowers.

Cuatrocientos contadores  
se pusieron a contar  
las gracias de tu hermosura;  
no pudieron acabar.

Four hundred accountants  
could not finish  
counting the graces  
of your beauty.

Te vi por la serranía:  
¡pintores no te pintaran  
bonita como venías!

I saw you in the mountains:  
painters could not have painted you  
as pretty as you were.

El día que tú naciste,  
¡qué triste estaría el sol,  
en ver que otro sol salía  
con mucho más resplandor!

How sad the sun must have been,  
the day that you were born,  
to see that another sun now rises  
with more radiance and splendor.

El día que tú naciste  
nacieron todas las flores,  
y en la pila del bautismo  
cantaron los ruiseñores.

All flowers were born  
the same day as you,  
and in the baptismal fountain  
sang the nightingales, too.

¿En qué jardín te has criado,  
linda maseta de flores,  
que no tienes quince años  
y ya robas corazones?

In what garden were you cultivated,  
beautiful flower,  
that before your fifteenth year  
you already steal hearts?

De tu cara sale el sol;  
de tu garganta, la luna:  
bonitas he visto yo,  
pero como tú, ninguna.

From your face rises the sun,  
from your throat, the moon:  
I have seen pretty girls,  
but none as pretty as you.

La gachí que yo camelo  
está llenita de lunares  
hasta las puntas del pelo.

The girl that I love  
is covered with beauty spots  
to the tips of her hair.

¡Bendito Dios, morenita,  
qué buena moza te has hecho:  
delgadita de cintura  
y abultadita de pecho!

For goodness sakes, morenita,  
what a doll you have become:  
with your narrow waist  
and blossoming chest!

Eres  
la emperatriz de las flores,  
la reina de las mujeres.

*You are  
the empress of flowers,  
the queen of women.*

La iglesia se ilumina  
cuando tú entras  
y se llena de flores  
donde te sientas.  
Y cuando sales,  
se revisten de luto  
todos los altares.

*The church is illuminated  
when you enter  
and fills with flowers  
where you sit.  
And when you leave,  
the altars return  
to mourning.*

Esa madeja de pelo que  
te cuelga por las espaldas,  
de día, por hermosura;  
de noche, por almohada.

*That bouquet of hair  
that cascades down your back.  
By day, how lovely;  
by night, what a pillow!*

A tu cara le llaman  
Sierra Morena,  
y a tus ojos, ladrones  
que andan por ella.

*They call your face  
the Sierra Morena,  
and your eyes, bandits  
that roam over it.*

Al revolver de una esquina,  
tus ojitos me asaltaron,  
tus cabellos me prendieron  
y a la cárcel me llevaron.

*On rounding a corner  
your eyes assailed me,  
your hair captured me,  
and they led me to my imprisonment.*

Tus ojitos, morena,  
tiene tal virtud  
que a los mismos que matan  
le dan la salud.

*Your eyes, dark one,  
possess such magic  
that even while they devastate  
they restore health.*

Tienes un hoyo en la barba  
que parece una cunita:  
¿quieres que me meta en él  
y me cantes la nanita?

*The dimple in your chin  
looks like a crib:  
if I climb in will you  
sing me a lullaby?*

Eres y eres  
la flor y nata de las mujeres.

*You are and you are  
the blossom and cream of womanhood.*

For further *piropos*, consult the other verses included in the Encyclopedía, particularly those of the *alegrías*, *bamberas*, *bulerías*, *cantiñas*, *solearías* and *soleás cortas*, and *tangos*.

## PART IV APPENDICES