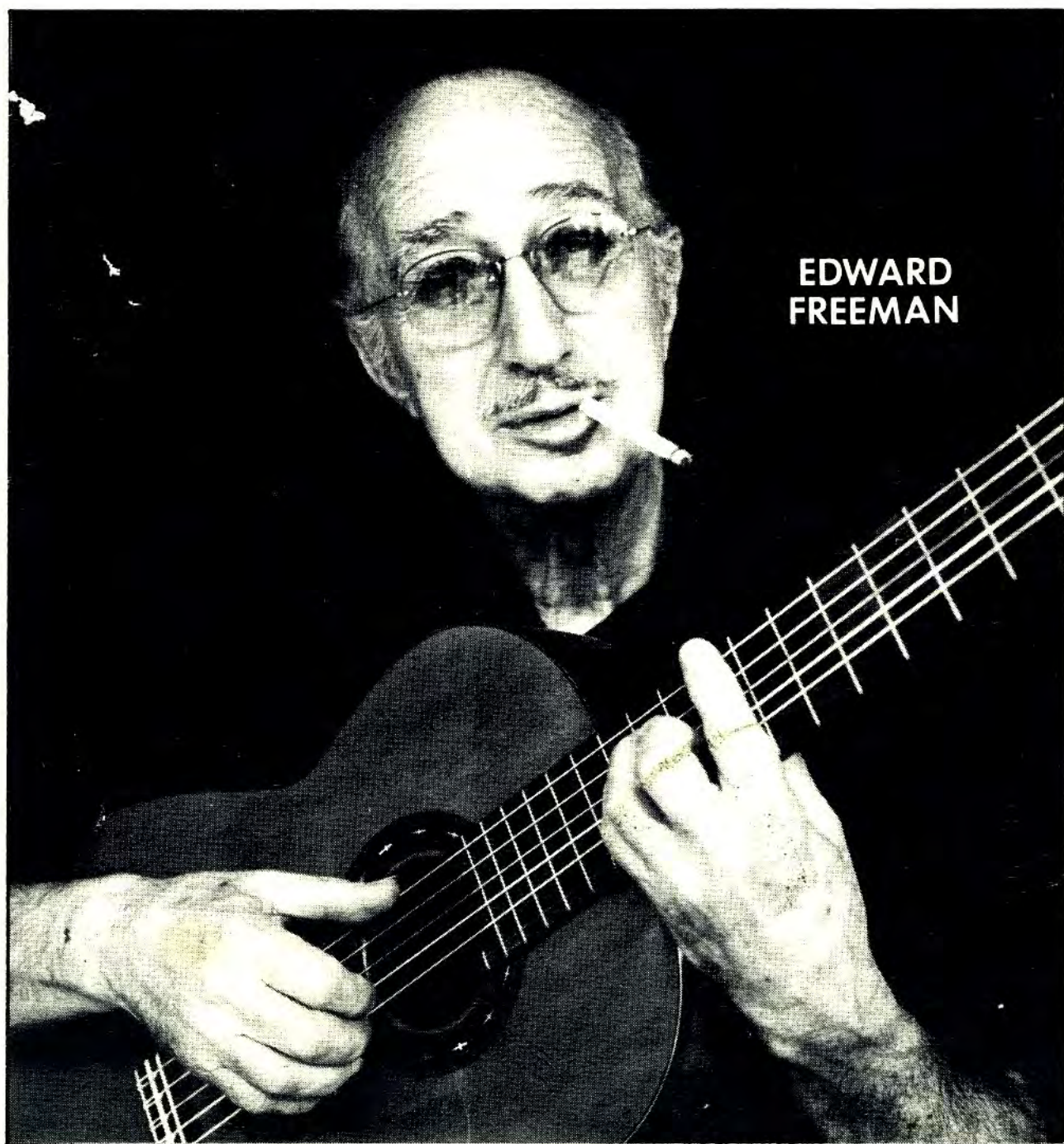


دريغ

January 1980

Vol. III No. 6



EDWARD
FREEMAN

JALEO

newsletter of the flamenco association of san diego

VOLUME III - No. 6

JALEO, BOX 4706 SAN DIEGO, CA 92104

JANUARY, 1980

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

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SUBSCRIPTIONS & ADVERTISING

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BACK ISSUES OF JALEO ARE AVAILABLE.

Most back issues are available for \$2.00 each, which includes mailing costs. Send to Jaleo, Box 4706, San Diego, California 92104. (This is for the U.S.A. and Canada; \$3.00 per copy for mailing to other countries.)

EDITORIAL

by Paco Sevilla

For the better part of a year, Jerry Lobdill of Austin, Texas has been working to put together the main feature of this issue of Jaleo -- a tribute to the guitarist Edward Freeman, whose teaching and music transcriptions have had a significant influence on the American flamenco scene. I welcomed this project because Mr. Freeman had always been a mystery to me. His name has come up so often during the years that I have been involved with flamenco, but I never knew who he was nor what he did. In such unlikely places as Encinitas and Oceanside, California, I would hear about amazing local guitarists who had studied with Ed Freeman in Texas (I never did meet one of them though); eventually I had a guitar student who had known Ed, but didn't play well enough for me to judge the teacher (we should never judge teachers by their students anyway, they may have had only a few lessons!); in San Francisco there were two guitar makers up from Texas who also spoke of Freeman. And so it went. Others have expressed to me that they also had heard of the man but knew nothing of him.

Now we get some answers, but, perhaps due to the nature of the man, many questions remain unanswered and new ones arise. As you will read, the response of Freeman's students is a testimony to the effectiveness of his teaching and the respect he has earned. Jerry did a tremendous job of encouraging people to contribute and gathering material so that he could present us with a complete package ready for layout (including much of the typing). Unfortunately, the main article, a complete biography, did not materialize as expected, so the reader is left to create his own mental composite of Freeman's life and contributions from the many different articles.

We want to thank Jerry Lobdill for his work and invite other readers to consider putting together part of an issue of Jaleo.

This month San Diego's Jaleistas have the opportunity to help determine on the future of the organization and the monthly juergas. An open meeting will be held (see "Juergas" for details) for the purpose of discussing whether the organization will continue to exist, whether the juergas will continue and, if so, what form they will take.

For many juerga-goers, the monthly juergas have lost their appeal and attendance has dropped off -- especially on the part of the flamenco artists. Some of the newer members may not understand this, since they have little to compare with. The juergas of a

couple of years ago had so much to offer: The food was incredible -- roast turkeys and hams, paellas, homemade cakes and pies, etc.-- and one could eat all night long; there was a warm "family" feeling, with all ages included -- dancers in their seventies and eighties and lots of children, many of whom could dance; the juergas were reunions of friends, a chance for old friends to meet, and new friendships to be made; most of San Diego's flamenco artists attended and flamenco would often be going on in three rooms at one time; finally, many artists visited from other areas, especially Los Angeles, and really sparked the juergas.

Today, most of those qualities are gone or greatly reduced. There are a number of suggested causes. Among them: The formation of factions or cliques that have become alienated from each other; large numbers of non-performers putting pressure on artists to perform and not knowing how to contribute correctly to flamenco; problems in the organization and running of the juergas -- a few people have carried the load for 2½ years and cannot continue to do so; the decline in attendance by artists has reduced the appeal of the juergas for others, so that the attendance drops off even more.

Members need to consider these and any other contributing factors they might think of and come to the meeting with suggestions. I feel that special emphasis and consideration must be given to the loss of interest by artists. Flamenco artists are attracted by the opportunity to interact with other artists and, as fewer performers attend, the juergas become less attractive to the remaining artists; a vicious cycle is set up, with the end result that attendance continues to decline. If the juergas are to be more than just cocktail parties, artists must be attracted back. I can think of only one way to do that. In a Spanish juerga, artists are normally paid. Jaleistas could pay a couple of artists, who would then not mind working hard all night long. To take this a step further, if the hired artists (for example, a guitarist and dancer or guitarist and singer) were from out of town, most of San Diego's artists would turn out to see them and interact with them; with all of those artists there it would seem that good juergas would result. It might mean a cover charge at each juerga, but it might also be worth it.



LETTERS

Dear Jaleo

This letter is to alert the Flamenco Association that my Jaleo issues are arriving too late to attend events in my area. I saw María Benítez-Estampa Flamenca on television. I was very unhappy when I received my November issue on November 29, missing María Benítez at The Dance Umbrella in New York City, November 21, 23, 25. Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Co., Feb. 16 & 17...There are not that many events in my area and learning TOO LATE THAT THEY ARE PERFORMING IN MY AREA AND ARRIVING TOO LATE AT THE STAGE DOOR IS EXTREMELY DISHEARTENING.....

Please try to at least get Announcements out if the issues are to be mailed late.

Sincerely, Leonard D. Kaminsky
New York

Editor's comment: This letter was probably not intended for publication, but we print it to focus attention on this problem. There are two major contributing factors to the delay in appearance of announcements. The first is our bulk mailing. We have discovered that bulk mailing is slow -- some readers get their Jaleo two months after the date they are mailed. We can do nothing about that, but you can; if you will send us \$5.00 to cover the cost (or \$17.00 for the total subscription), we will mail your newsletter first class. The other part of the problem lies in the fact that we don't receive information until too late; what good would it do to mail out the Jaleo earlier, if the announcements come in after the mailing? The "Announcements" continue to be one of the most frustrating parts of the Jaleo. At present their main value is as a record of what is happening around the country.

Thanks for your input, Leonard -- in 2½ years, this is the first indication we have had that anybody even reads the announcements.

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(213) 506-8231

Dear Paco,

After a long absence from a regular mailing address, I returned to San Diego and settled myself down for a long, long reading session of the last twenty issues of JALEO magazine.

The first thing to strike me was how the quality of your numerous feature articles, columns, comments and notes has drastically changed. In the beginning they were good, for sure, but now they are superb.

Your writing style has become professional, without doubt. Your articles are interesting and captivating-- I found myself completely absorbed in my reading and unable to stop until all twenty issues had been consumed.

Thank you for your unrelenting devotion to bring us the beauty and pleasure of flamenco.

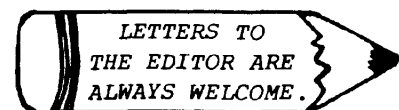
Stan Schutze
San Diego

Editor's reply: Thanks for the kind words Stan and any time you want to come back and show us how to make some money, you would be most welcome; we haven't done anything really innovative with the publication since you left.

Dear Jaleo,

I sold my flamenco shoes, which I had placed an ad for in your magazine. Thanks a million! I don't know why I didn't think of advertising in Jaleo before this. I received about 3 responses.

Thanks,
Nan Feinberg
Oregon



EDWARD FREEMAN

(All of the following articles are the personal property of the individual authors and should not be reproduced without permission. All photos are courtesy of Anne Freeman.)

by Jerry Lobdill

This issue of JALEO focuses on Edward Freeman, a multifaceted, dynamic English musician who was the first to capture the essence of the flamenco guitar in written notation and who is now in his 71st year. The collection of articles and letters which appear here were written by people who have either studied with Freeman or are related to him. They were written in response to a request for people's impressions of Freeman. When we began this project we had no idea what the outcome would be, since no one knew what others would say. As a result, we have a composite picture which leaves some questions unanswered, and some areas unavoidably overemphasized. These paragraphs are intended to rectify this situation to the extent that available information will permit.

Freeman's largest single contribution to flamenco may be that he made its melodies, rhythms, and basic forms understandable to any guitarist who could read standard musical notation. In 1953 he published an article in Melody Maker, a London music magazine for professionals, which explained for the first time to western musicians the variations of the 12 beat count on which so many flamenco forms are based. Some time later, he obtained contracts with Carlos Ramos, Mario Escudero, and later, Paco de Lucia to be their official transcriber for sheet music. All of this occurred at a time when flamenco guitarists were jealously guarding their techniques and music, and it was commonly accepted that flamenco couldn't be written. When Guitar Review published their first flamenco issue (No. 19) in the 1950's they selected Freeman's music above everything else they could find to publish.

Although Freeman did not dedicate his energies to flamenco until 1952 he had been a professional musician since 1921 when he ran away from home at the age of 12. His classical guitar training, which began about 1933, provided an excellent background for his study and analysis of flamenco.

Freeman was primarily a flamenco guitar teacher and transcriber of flamenco music.



SEVILLA, MARCH 1953; ED FREEMAN WITH THE GROUP "LOS TRES DE SEVILLA."

(He is now retired.) He infrequently appeared as a performer in public though he was an excellent player. He would play endlessly for his students, his guests, and for professionals such as Ramos and Escudero who came to Dallas from time to time. As far as we know all of Freeman's students play the guitar as an avocation-- none have become renowned professional flamenco guitarists.

As you will be told, Freeman is also an important guitar builder. His guitar design has changed over the years as his ideas have evolved. Today he is finishing his last six guitars and intends to shut down his shop. Freeman has never been a commercial guitar builder. He has been an experimentalist whose motivation has been to improve the response, volume, tone quality, and playability of his guitars. One of his guitars was made entirely of rosewood. One would expect this guitar to be dead, but amazingly, it is alive and has excellent playing qualities. His latest guitars are finished inside

and out and have prestressed soundboards which resist deformation with age. This has been accomplished concurrently with the production of a superior volume, tone, response, and balance no matter where notes are played on the fingerboard. (Anyone interested in purchasing one of these last six guitars may contact Freeman at 4315 Vandelia, Dallas, Texas 75219 for details.) Though it is rumored that some west coast guitar builders learned from Freeman, Freeman denies that he ever taught guitar building to anyone.

One may wonder what will become of Freeman's extensive library of flamenco sheet music now that he is retired. We don't know. Perhaps some publisher will negotiate an agreement to publish it. Perhaps it will be donated to some musicological archive someday. One thing is certain- it will not be indiscriminately xeroxed and distributed far and wide in its present manuscript form.

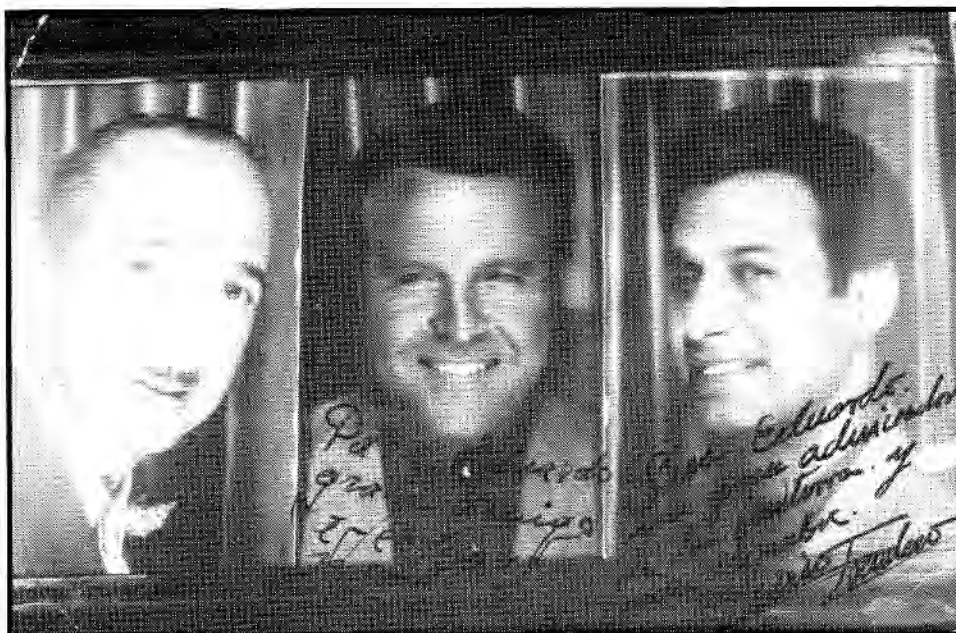
Freeman tells an interesting story about his involvement with Ramos and Escudero which bears repeating here because it demonstrates his attitude toward his transcriptions. When Freeman had completed the Ramos and Escudero transcriptions he went to New York to play them for Carlos and Mario. This trip resulted in Freeman's contracts with these artists. One evening Carlos and Mario were discussing Freeman's work with Sabicas. Sabicas asked, "Is it true that Freeman can write every note I play as fast as I can play it?"

Carlos responded, "Yes, and every breath you take, as well!"

Some time later, after Freeman had gone back to Dallas, Sabicas called Ed and asked him if he would accept a 50-50 arrangement with him. Ed agreed and told Sabicas that he would need Sabicas's written permission before he could publish any of his work. Sabicas never sent the permission, and Freeman never published any of his pieces. Later, Mario told Freeman that Sabicas was afraid that Freeman would reveal all of his secrets.

Freeman's publisher was Hansen. After the publication of the Carlos Ramos and Mario Escudero works Freeman submitted six solos by Paco de Lucía. These pieces were never published and were eventually returned to Freeman after legal pressure was applied. Hansen was concerned that the music was too complicated to sell well and had been delaying publication of the pieces. The facsimile reproduced here in this issue of JALEO is from the original manuscript submitted to Hansen and is the introduction to Paco's distinctive Rondeña, El Tajo, recorded on La Fabulosa Guitarra de Paco de Lucía, Philips 843 139 PY. It is published here for the first time by permission of Edward Freeman. For the convenience of JALEO subscribers uncomfortable with musical notation we present also a cifra version.

* * *



ED (LEFT), CARLOS RAMOS, AND MARIO ESCUDERO. PICTURE WAS MADE WHEN ED WAS IN NEW YORK TO TRANSCRIBE THEIR MUSIC.

Englishman From Texas With a Flair for Flamenco

(from: the Dallas News,
February 23, 1969)

By Francis Raffett

In Spain or Mexico, when one of Edward Freeman's guitar students plays a throbbing bit of flamenco, the listeners will exclaim, "Ah, el Ingles de Texas!" They recognize the style as that of "the Englishman from Texas."

Freeman, native born Londoner, has been engaged in one of the most difficult musical jobs extant -- writing and transcribing flamenco music written by guitarists who are born musicians but who neither read nor write this particular and unusual type of music.

Flamenco, as Freeman describes it, is a wild, untamed music unfettered except by a rigid 12 count, with accents on the third, sixth, eighth and 10th beat. Within that framework, a flamenco artist may range unconfined and give vent to his feelings and artistry.

How did a Britisher get to be a performer and teacher of flamenco guitar?

"It started when I was 12, leading a jazz band," said Freeman, an articulate, interesting man who also, by the way, makes expensive guitars for himself and a limited clientele.

"I ran away from home because I wanted to be a musician, not a businessman," he said. "I was 12 but I was 5 feet 10½ inches tall and looked quite old."

What was his father's business which he sought to avoid? "I never even bothered to find out," he laughs. "It was a factory. I'm now almost 60 and I've been 47 bloody years in the music business. But I wouldn't change a minute of it."

The tall, gawky English kid had mastered the violin and piano, and at 13½, was leading a 35-piece orchestra in a cinema house. They thought he was 20. Then talkies came in and he left classical music for the guitar and jazz. He spent 10 years playing jazz in the famous Savoy in London where, according to the song hit, people did their stomping.

"Some of our red hot numbers there, as on this side of the water, were 'Runnin Wild,' 'When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin,' and 'Jada'" he recalled. Another famous spot where he played as a raw youth was Claridges.

He spent three years in the United States starting in 1929, then went back across. As a jazz musician, after leading a Dixieland type band in Belfast, Ireland, he emigrated again to the U.S.A. But he found that as an English citizen, he could not take a permanent musician's job here. So he uncovered another childhood talent and started tuning and repairing pianos.

"Here I was, a bloody musician trying to find his way around in a businessman's world."

This was in California, mostly around Los Angeles. By this time, he had married a Belfast girl. She was 12½ when he first saw her and left for America. She was grown up when he came back, and she married the musician when she was 20. They now have two grown children, Gerard, vice-president of a

Minnesota company, and Anne, who is getting her doctorate in English at the University of Texas.

In 1954, at the age of 42, Freeman made a decision. "I had played classical guitar and then jazz and now had encountered flamenco," he said. "I was fascinated. But there was nothing in writing on the flamenco, no explanation. It was a folk art, not recorded."

He decided to leave his wife and children in the U.S.A. and go to Spain and learn about flamenco. Which he did. "I would give up my business to have nerve enough to drop everything and go alone to Spain," said a business friend wistfully. "You're a bloody liar," answered Freeman.

"In Spain, you ask where are the flamenco artists and they answer 'What's flamenco'" he recalled. "They won't tell you because you're a foreigner."

Finally, Freeman got on the trail of the real flamenco guitarists. He worked with Niño Ricardo, Ramón Montoya, Mario Escudero, Esteban de San Lúcar and Carlos Ramos.

Some of the gypsies could not count to the full 12 flamenco beat and there was nothing in writing on the subject. So Freeman, occasionally strumming his own guitar, laboriously spent 18 months writing a complete flamenco library. Some numbers he did from the artists' records. When he checked them in person, he found that he had written only a very few mistakes.

"The biggest coming star I believe is Francisco Sánchez, known as Paco de Lucía," said Freeman. A young man and virtuosic genius, he believes.

Many flamenco artists are known by their given name and their locale, he explained. Andre of Segovia, Paco of Santa Lucía, etc.

Freeman, a restless type, was not satisfied with existing guitars, no matter how expensive. So he experimented with the traditional Brazilian and East Indian rosewoods, Mediterranean cypress and spruce, and came up with his own manufacturing technique. "I invented eight different processes or procedures," he said, "That's why this guitar has so much more volume." One sold recently for about the price of a Volkswagen.

His personal emblem or trademark on each guitar is a dagger, sometimes in mother-of-pearl, on the neck and sometimes six of them inserted around the sounding hole.

"I'm no carpenter. I'm a musician," he insisted. "I make a guitar only when I have to, for myself or a student."

* * *

Abruptly Biographical

by a member of the family

It is not that Edward Freeman is uncooperative in explaining details that would tantalize a professional biographer -- it is that with intractable impatience, imperious calls for more tea, in a smog of smoke, he reflects abruptly: any preoccupation with the past, particularly his past, is a "bloody waste of time".

Among boxes of pictures and newspaper clippings (Maureen Freeman's treasures surviving World War II; moves from London to Belfast to New York to Los Angeles to Spain and to Dallas) a chronology exists. It defiantly awaits an organizer; it threatens years; it eludes an amateur.

The present is Edward Freeman's preoccupation: the student struggling to effect a correct hand position, the subtle construction of a guitar in the workshop. And the future: philosophical debates in the kitchen, theories about UFO's and men on Mars. Never idle, he is forever fixing, probing, discovering, designing, writing music, reflecting, and teaching.

Flicks of memory in names, places, incidents: Edward Freeman, London runaway at twelve, professional violinist in pit orchestras of silent movie houses, seventeen-year-



old conductor of a thirty-five member orchestra with musicians many years his senior; playing thirteen instruments, filling in when necessary with London chamber music, jazz groups, and combos (Dixie, Latin American, etc.) dance jobs, hotels, nightclubs; violin and banjo at the Savoy Cafe, Portsmouth, then with Larry Brennan in Belfast at the Plaza Palais de Dance -- two seasons long enough to meet Maureen McKeown, a blacksmith's daughter, whom he wrote to when he went to New York and played with Ricardo Giannoni; dance orchestra in Baltimore at the Summit Roadhouse near the Pimlico Racetrack; a Harlem speakeasy, engagements with Billy Lustig and the Scranton Sirens; return to London with Harry Roy at the London Paladium; then marriage to Maureen and ten years at the Savoy Hotel in London; made records with the best London musicians selected by recording producer Leonard Feather (still played on BBC in 1979!) designed "Eddie Freeman Special 4-String Guitar" for Selmer Music Company and composed "In all Sincerity", a demonstration solo; war years in Belfast playing trumpet and conducting a seven-piece Dixie combo in The Embassy Club; after the war playing trumpet in the Knightsbridge South American Club in London, always doubling with jazz guitar in the Bag O'Nails

Club; in the United States with family in the early 50's (where piano tuning became a more stable way of life than the fate of frequently jobless musicians) he became bored, restless, seeking a dream: flamenco first heard at the Savoy Hotel; felt driven to Spain to discover the fundamentals of its fascination; in Spain his solitary search interrupted when he played violin in the Palma de Majorca Symphony; but in Palma he met guitarist Manolo Barón from whom he learned the basics of flamenco; after transcribing flamenco solos with Manolo in Seville, played with Los Tres de Sevilla; returned to family in Dallas where he wrote, performed, transcribed and perfected his knowledge; became absorbed also in building his own flamenco and classical guitars -- instruments designed for consummate musicians and acutely discerning ears; played with the Dallas Symphony -- urgent call for mandolin part in Respighi's "Festival Romani"; then teaching and transcribing; a coterie of flamenco enthusiasts; a lifetime in music resolved, fulfilled through the most challenging and intricate of musical forms -- flamenco. Transcriptions of the finest flamenco guitarists: Ramón Montoya, Sabicas, Mario Escudero, Carlos Ramos, and Paco de Lucía.

Members of the family: Maureen Freeman, Anne Freeman, and Gerard Freeman await a patient Muse to preside over anecdotes, elaborations, and other discoveries at 4315 Vandelia Street, Dallas, Texas.

Freeman's Legacy

by Jerry J. Lobdill

Freeman's library of transcriptions is organized by lessons, small sheets containing five lines of music per sheet. Thus, a piece takes up a number of consecutive sheets in the library. The music was given only to guitar students studying with Ed, and they were admonished not to copy it. It was for their own edification only and was a part of their guitar education with Freeman.

Incidentally, it is legal for a teacher to teach what he knows and provide material to students for their own use in the course of instruction without fear of violating copyright law under the "fair use" doctrine. However, it would not be legal to offer unpublished copyrighted music for sale to the general public.

Some of Freeman's transcriptions were done in cooperation with the artist, as was

LOS TRES DE SEVILLA

TIPISMO Y SOLERA DE ANDALUCIA



Magníficos intérpretes del más
puro rango flamenco y gitano



La revelación del Arte Español

the case with the Mario Escudero, Carlos Ramos, and Paco de Lucía transcriptions, which were either published or were intended to be published. Others were done in the hope of such an arrangement, such as the Sabicas transcriptions. Some were done out of sheer admiration for the artist's work without hope of publication; among these are the Niño Ricardo, Ramón Montoya, Esteban de Sanlúcar, and Sarita Heredia works. Some of the pieces are traditional and, thus, in the public domain. However, these have been arranged by Freeman, and the written music is thus copyrighted by Freeman and cannot be distributed without his permission.

A collection of articles about Freeman would be incomplete without at least an attempt at a comprehensive bibliography of the works in his library. I believe the following compendium to be complete;

however, the library is so extensive that it is possible that something has escaped notice here. If anyone has knowledge of additional material- in particular, complete solos transcribed by Freeman- we would appreciate being notified so that this listing can be made accurate and complete.

Unfortunately, many of the source recordings are unknown to this writer. These listings bear the notation, (U). Classical pieces in the library are indicated with the notation (C). If any of you deal with classified material in your work, please don't be alarmed by these notations.

Here, then, is a bibliography of Edward Freeman's library. The order is arbitrary.

CLASSICAL PIECES:

1. Carcassi Study in Am (C)
2. Carcassi Study in A Maj (C)
3. Romanza d'Amor, (Anon) (C)
4. Lágrima, Tarrega (C)
5. Adelita, Tarrega (C)
6. Recuerdos de la Alhambra, Tarrega (C)
7. Cancion Triste, F. Calleja (C)

FLAMENCO VERSIONS OF POPULAR PIECES

1. Andalucía, (Lecuona) arr. by M. Escudero
2. Granada, (Lara) arr. by M. Escudero
3. La Cumparsita (Matos-Rodriguez) arr. by M. Escudero

(All these pieces were on the same unknown record, i.e., (U).)

FLAMENCO AND SPANISH TRADITIONAL PIECES

Traditional, arranged by E. Freeman

1. Alegrías por baile
2. Soleares por baile
3. Gran Jota
4. Malagueña
5. Bulerías
6. Zambra
7. Farruca
8. Bulerías Inglesas

These pieces are traditional in the legal sense of being public domain, except 8.

SABICAS

1. Granadinas (viejo) (U)
2. Malagueña, Elektra, EKL 117
3. Farruca " " "
4. Danza Arabe, (U)
5. Bulerías, Elektra, EKL 117

RAMÓN MONTOYA

All on Philharmonia No. 109

1. Soleares
2. Granadinas
3. Fandango

MARIO ESCUDERO

All on Montilla FM-57

1. Sevillanas
2. Granadinas (Falseta al Bordon)
3. Zapateado (Repiqueteos Flamencos)

ESTEBAN DE SANLUCAR

All on RCA LPM 3209

1. Soleares
2. Mantillas de Feria
3. Danza Mora (Castillo de Xauen)
4. Zapateado (Marisma del Guadalquivir)

CARLOS RAMOS

All on SMC 1004 and published by Hansen in 1967, catalog No. DL 420.

1. Guajiras
2. Petenera
3. Malagueña

NIÑO RICARDO

All on Epic LC 3556

1. Bulerías
2. Zapateado
3. Serrana

SARITA HEREDIA

All on World Pacific STEREO- 1282

1. Tarantas
2. Alegrías Rosas

JUAN GARCÍA DE LA MATA

1. Seguiriya, Elektra EKL-259-X

PACO DE LUCIA

1. Alegrías (early) (U)
2. Bulerías (early) (U)
3. Tarantas, Philips 843 139 PY
4. Seguiriya " " " "
5. Rondeña " " " "
6. Fandangos de Huelva " " "

* * *

GUITAR TUNING CALLED D IN SPAIN. ACTUALLY D⁹. KEY OF A USED TO AVOID ACCIDENTALS.

RONDEÑA NO. 10 PACO DE LUCIA

(FRANCISCO SANCHEZ)

ARRANGED BY EDWARD FREEMAN

CEJILLA IN 1ST

RONDEÑA IS A 3/4 OR 3/8 ENTITY, ACCENTED ON 1ST OF EACH BAR. PACO'S BRILLIANCE OF STYLE RELATES TWO BARS, OR ACCENTS ON 2/4 BASIS, CLEVERLY EMPLOYING TRIPLETS TO SERVE TRADITIONAL PURPOSES. COUNT SLOW STEADY 2/4. Edward Freeman

TUNE G 3RD STRING TO F#
LOW E 6TH " " D

MAESTOSO

The notation on the facsimile says, "Guitar tuning called D in Spain. Actually D⁹. Key of A used to avoid accidentals. Cejilla in 1st. Tune G (third string) to F#. Tune low E (sixth string) to D. Rondeña is a 3/4 or 3/8 entity, accented on 1st of each bar. Paco's brilliance of style relates two bars, or accents on 2/4 basis, cleverly employing triplets to serve traditional purposes. Count slow steady 2/4. Edward Freeman.

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tenuendo

A Scientist's View of Ed Freeman

by Donald (and Carla) Gray

I studied guitar with Ed Freeman for five years. I've forgotten who told me about Ed, but it was a fortunate recommendation. The pressures of teaching and research at the University of Texas at Dallas were wearing, and music always provided a means of relaxation. I knew nothing about Flamenco guitar, yet one meeting with Ed convinced me that this was what I wanted to learn.

From my first lessons in 1972, I'm certain that Ed knew that I would never be a performer. He spoke with obvious pride of his students who could play professionally, students like Mark Volk, Tom Cotton, and Larry Fuess. But we all appreciated the important contribution Ed made in writing down for the first time many of the complicated rhythms and forms of Flamenco music.

Even though I often postponed our Sunday noon sessions for lack of time to practice, Ed Freeman patiently let me proceed at my own pace. Both my wife, Carla, and I learned to appreciate Flamenco music, and we still listen for hours to tapes that Ed allowed us to make from his prized record collection.

Not only the music, but also the warm atmosphere of the Freeman household provided relief from the strain of work. Arriving for the lessons in recent years, we could count on a boisterous greeting from a pair of miniature Schnauzers. Then there was always some news or adventure to hear about, or a friend to meet, over a mug of Maureen Freeman's superb hot tea with milk. Sometimes Ed would demonstrate some aspect of the crafting of his fine guitars, or Maureen would take us on a tour of her indoor and outdoor gardens. There were many discussions of construction projects during the years as the Freemans redesigned and remodeled their house on Vandelia Street, transforming it to an elegant home in which friends often gathered to play and enjoy a night of music.

I am especially grateful for the willingness of a professional to share his knowledge and experience with a student who was not dedicated to playing professionally. Many teachers even at universities lack this willingness, giving attention only to the students who will go on to advanced studies. My own teaching has been influenced by the

realization that science, like music, can be appreciated by students who will never "perform."

We applaud Ed Freeman for his knowledge and teaching of music, and we are grateful to both the Freemans for their friendship and generosity.



ED AND BOB JOHNSTON, A DALLAS INDUSTRIALIST, AT THE TABLE WHERE ALL OF ED'S STUDENTS WERE TAUGHT. ED IS PLAYING ONE OF HIS SOLID BLACK GUITARS -- A FORMIDABLE INSTRUMENT.

Re: Edward Freeman

by Jake Freiberger, M.D.

Eddie Freeman is one of the most talented and possibly the most original man I have ever met. He stormed into my life when I was 3 years old and has had profound influence on both my personal as well as musical activities ever since. His musical feats are numerous and wonderful; his genius for synthesis and originality are unsurpassed. The musical world owes him a vast and as yet unrecognized debt for his transcriptions, and I owe him an unrepayable debt for his friendship.

I am presently a clinical fellow in medicine at Harvard University doing my internship and residency at Cambridge Hospital and Massachusetts General Hospital, respectively. I have known Eddie for 25 years and have been his student for 15.

Olé Eduardo!

EL Conquistador Freeman

by Wesley W. Burgess, D.D.S.

Like a gypsy born in a caravan, Eddie Freeman has traveled on a long journey from England to Spain to America, where he finally set his roots down in Dallas.

Here, he has been like the conquistadors of Spain, daring to venture to do what no others before him have done- to transcribe into written form the alive, intricate, fiery and haunting flamenco music of the gypsies.

In Dallas, he has captured the imagination of all of those who have encountered him and studied with him.

In addition, he is a guitar maker extraordinaire, his guitars being owned and sought after by guitarists all over the world.

No other guitarist has drawn unto himself such a large, ardently personal group of followers as has Eddie Freeman. He is an inspired guitar teacher and writer, as well as guitar maker and craftsman, and he also has an unusual gift for verbal communication.

Eddie Freeman believes that music, the guitar and life are closely connected and that everyone should be vitally concerned in the happiness and wisdom to be found through music and the guitar.

Inspiration Freeman

By Dick Cather

The day I first walked into the Freeman house was almost twenty years ago. It was the beginning of one of the most enjoyable relationships I have ever had. I was an aspiring student who was mesmerized by the haunting melodies and the mystical rhythms of flamenco. Soleares in the hands of Sabicas would raise the hair on my arms. A hard driving bulerías would always recharge me with energy and excitement. I just had to know more about this music and had heard that Ed Freeman was the one "That can do it!". When I first met Eddie, I sensed at once that he was much bigger than any expectations I had entertained.

Now as I look back in time, I realize that meeting Eddie has been the importance of flamenco in my life. I now consider that Eddie is my best friend. He has done so much for me and has given in so many different ways. He has never expected anything in return or, for

that matter, needed much. We have spent literally thousands of hours together discussing paradoxes and problems and victimizing one another on the pool table with our patented "glue balls". I know as my life goes by I will never know another Eddie, and to this point it has been wonderful.



DR. GAETANO AZZOLINA STUDIES
MANOLO BARON'S TECHNIQUE AT
FREEMAN'S IN 1964.

A Surgeon's View of Edward Freeman

by Dr. Gaetano Azzolina

Editor's Note: Gaetano Azzolina received his medical degree in Italy and spent several years doing surgical residencies in the United States in St Louis, Mo. and Dallas, Texas. While doing residencies in heart and thoracic surgery in Dallas he studied guitar with Ed Freeman and became so close to the Freeman family that he was regarded by most people as a member of the family. During the late 1950's and early 1960's he spent most of his off duty hours at Freeman's. We called him Tony. He is a

brilliant, stimulating, agreeable and humanistic person with diverse interests. He can sing the beautiful Italian songs while accompanying himself on the guitar with an air that is guaranteed to bring a tear to the eye of the most hard-bitten cynic, and he plays flamenco well also.

Today Tony is the most famous heart surgeon in Italy. He and his American wife live in Florence where he has a clinic. He still visits the Freemans on annual trips to the United States.

The following passage has been translated from Anche nel Cuore si Ricerca la Vita, an autobiographical book written by Dr. Azzolina -- one of a series of inspirational books by famous Italians funded by the Italian government for the purpose of inspiring youth. The translation is loose and was done by Franco Monzeglio of Milan, Italy.

J. L.

Edward Freeman has been one of the big friends who influenced my character formation. For sure he has been the most original. Being with him was a broadening experience because of his diverse knowledge and culture. It was very convenient that he lived near the medical center so that I could spend any free time I had in his house-- especially in his shop in the back of the house which was considered the center of the clan called "the family". Also, if musicians came from other countries the nights at Freeman's would be full up to the very early morning.

At first there was a period when Freeman and I argued, and I was almost banished from the clan. About the second or third time we met I suspected that Freeman had been exaggerating in order to test my character. One night he began to talk about how he had found the way to write flamenco music, both voice and guitar. I remind you that this kind of singing has a rhapsodic and improvised nature so that before Freeman was interested in it one had to learn flamenco by example from someone who knew it. Anyway, while he was talking I thought I understood what he was saying for a while, but then I became confused. Many different concepts were running through my mind. Then I asked him, "Show me, please". I wanted him to demonstrate how he did the transcriptions. since I like to learn by practice and also teach by practice. "I will show you when I am ready," Freeman said. But he knew I was so impatient, and maybe just because

of this he wanted to see how I would react. We began to fight at that moment. I was so impressed by the power of the reality of his accomplishment, which was extraordinary and to be admired, and it seemed impossible that he wasn't able to understand this. Naturally I was insisting on a demonstration because it seemed obviously the logical approach. The fight continued for a few days, [during which I was banished from the house] and then Freeman called me back and we were again face to face. Maybe he didn't realize how happy I was to see him, or maybe he did. Anyway I am sure that both of us knew that our friendship had to continue.

Edward Freeman introduced me to high level guitar, classical and flamenco. I already knew that I had to apply the same discipline I used to study surgery to get results at anything else. I had learned this in the practice of sports as a boy. Sport activity improves the physical qualities of an individual- it gives him the measure of his reserves, and it teaches him to be in harmony with himself and with others. Every sport has a correct precise technique. Using it stimulates the creativity. Discipline is absolutely necessary in practice in order to acquire skill in any sport or physical activity. If a certain result is desired it is necessary to do exactly the right thing at the right moment. This was also the rule of Freeman.

Seeing him at work, seeing how he was getting his results, observing how he made the musical transcriptions was very useful to me, and I applied some of the rules of his methodology, some of his approach, in my work. His life was so intensive and strong that he would drain me with it. He thought that nothing was impossible, and I was applying this principle in medicine, doing for the sick also the impossible. And always I felt that observing him work was like observing a great teacher of medicine. There was no difference, but Freeman was the greatest of them all.

He was unique and gave the air of an English gentleman. With his glasses without frames and with his bow tie he was very active, dynamic, almost bald, and with very prominent quick eyes. The thing I admired most about him was his acceptance of every negative thing that happened in his life and his ability to find some positive aspect to every event. I never saw him cry or even appear sad. Once he almost cut off one finger, and it was possible that he might lose it. In the meantime he was un-

able to play or write; maybe he would never be able again. "If without this finger I will not be able to play anymore," he said, "I will do some other things," and he laughed. After a while he said, "I would be quite stupid if I couldn't play without this finger- I would really learn something about it [the guitar] in that case!" What impressed me was the way Freeman accepted life, discomfort, the inevitable- such as death. When he tried to explain to me some of his thoughts on this he said that death is not the problem- the problem is life. Luckily Edward Freeman did not lose his finger, and he continued to be a great teacher. He was able to transmit his knowledge in the simplest, most effective, way. And he was really happy when someone approached his own ability- he was not jealous at all. He was a real teacher.

* * *

Edward Freeman: One Student's Point of View

by Jerry Lobdill

1957- Things were different then. You didn't just walk into the biggest music store in town, ask for nylon strings and get a spontaneous lecture on the importance of selecting the right combination of strings for your make of guitar. "The La-Dí-Da guitars are typically weak in the mid-range, and Maestro Ra-Dá-Ga has recommended a combination of the Concertiste forte 6th and 5th, and Concertiste extra forte 4th with Savarez trebles-- let's see, hmmm, that's the wound 2nd and 3rd, high tension. That's what we're recommending. Of course, we have all of the most popular brands." No, indeed! Most likely they didn't know nylon strings existed.

1957- A strange time. You'd see a flamenco or classical guitarist briefly on the still new and wondrous medium of television, or you'd buy an LP for your new monophonic high fidelity player by some Spanish classical or flamenco guitarist, and you'd know it was real, but the local music store had nothing but steel stringed Gibson or Martin guitars, taught only plectrum style, and the clerk acted as if you were hallucinating when you described what you had seen or heard. (We weren't into drugs in those times.)

A guitar was a "git-tar", and it had six steel strings, a sunburst finish, and maybe a flowered pickguard- or else it was

an electric steel stringed guitar like Les Paul played. And you invariably played it with a flat pick. Chet Atkins hadn't made it yet, and Django Reinhardt was a name nobody remembered.

That year I began looking for a classical or flamenco guitar teacher. I was a sophomore in chemical engineering at Texas Tech in Lubbock, Texas, and had seen Segovia play there that fall. I had acquired a new Philco hi-fi and some flamenco and classical guitar records that year also. I was fascinated. It was not until mid-summer 1958, however, that I heard about Freeman, who had moved to Dallas a few years earlier. I was spending the summer working in Ft. Worth, my home town, only thirty miles from Dallas... amazingly convenient. I called Freeman and made an appointment for my first lesson. Thus I began my six year period of study with Edward Freeman, an amazing man whose influence changed my life.

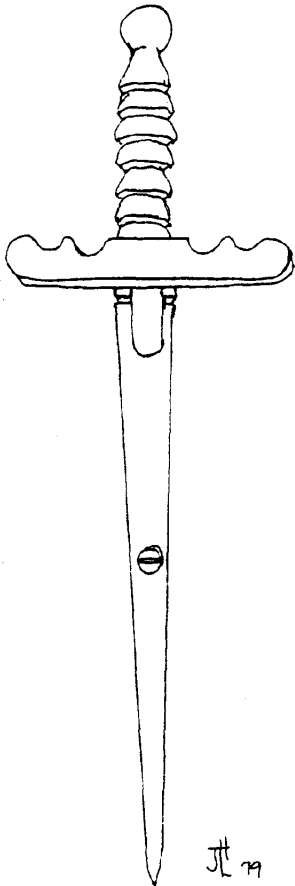
Freeman rented an old brick house at 4303 Cedar Springs Road in Oak Lawn, a neighborhood in west Dallas which had been developed in the '30's. There the sidewalks heaved up in places, and the concrete had acquired a patina. Cedar Springs was a narrow two lane street which served as a major traffic artery between the airport and downtown Dallas. Wealthy folks whizzed by the house without noticing it. From the outside there was nothing extraordinary about it. It was a one story house with a burned brick exterior, faded yellow wood trim, a covered concrete porch, a side entrance and a high pitched roof with gray shingles. Nothing really distinguished it from the other houses in the neighborhood except for the quaint notion of developers of the '30's that each house should be an individual. Oak Lawn houses were built with a variety of plans, styles and materials, but after nearly thirty years they appeared more alike than different. You didn't notice them as individuals- you noticed Oak Lawn as a neighborhood, an aging survivor of another day.

The interior of the house at 4303 Cedar Springs Road was unique. It would have been unexpected in any part of Dallas, or for that matter, anywhere. Everything from the cigarette lighters to the wood paneling on the walls had been made by the current resident, Edward Freeman, and everything, including the wood paneling, was ingeniously designed so that, should the need arise, it could all be removed and neatly packaged for transfer or storage in just one day. To

look at it you wouldn't believe it.

The walls of the living room were blonde stained wood with vertical and horizontal black lacquered 1/2 inch square strips attached in an 18 inch grid pattern which made the room seem large. The ceiling was done the same way. The dining room repeated the pattern, but here the background was tan burlap, and the grid was stained blonde. The furniture was all made by Freeman. It was all rectangular, functional and light. The designs were simple but original and had a slightly oriental appearance, although the effect of the combination of angular things was distinctly Spanish. Flamenco guitars hung on the walls of the dining room, which doubled as a guitar teaching studio.

Even the guitar hangers were unique. If you looked head on at one it appeared to be a stiletto. The handle and blade were



against the wall and the hilt was cantilevered by a dowel or piece of square stock. The hilt was appropriately notched to receive either a flamenco guitar with pegs or one with machine heads. To give an idea how distinctive these hangers are, Mario Escudero saw one in my home in 1979 and said immediately, "That was made by Freeman."

The living room furniture was flat black and the dining room furniture was blond. In the dining room a long table supported two or three handmade wooden lamps which cast indirect light on the shiny blond surface of the table. The individual rectangular stools lined up at the table gave the appearance of a long bench.

It was at this table that Freeman's guitar students received their lessons. Freeman would sit at the head of the table with the student typically on his left and pound out the compás like a third degree black belt Karate expert. Students usually learned compás quickly.

On each table in the house were cigarette lighters with custom wood exteriors

and a Ronson insert. On each lighter was the omnipresent dagger, Freeman's trademark. Back in the cozy kitchen there was not a cubic inch of wasted space, and an Irish teapot was usually brewing on the stove. Beyond the kitchen was Ed's shop where each of his ideas came to life. Off a hallway opening into the shop were the bedrooms.

Freeman's personality was as startling to the newcomer as the house was. Intense, proud, and seemingly devoid of humility, he would tell of his accomplishments without hesitation, perform his latest transcription, or show off a new guitar he had just completed which incorporated secret new construction ideas that made it the finest ever built- up to that moment. He never saw anything that he couldn't improve in some way. He trusted his own judgment and prided himself in his individuality, independence and talent. He was his own man. Some people were overwhelmed by these characteristics, but those who accepted him as he was were rewarded, for Freeman's claims were not idle boasts.

Freeman was highly respected among the diverse assortment of people who came regularly to his home. Businessmen, doctors, engineers, scientists and airline pilots came for their lessons and to visit with Freeman and his family. The head of the Spanish National Tourist Office in Dallas, Enrique García would come to visit and would sometimes dance flamenco when the atmosphere was right and the wine had flowed properly. Whenever a flamenco show came to town there would be an all night juerga at Freeman's after the performance, and all the guitar students would be invited and expected to play for the performers. Maureen, Ed's wife, would serve a meal, and we would all become fast friends with the performers before dawn.

One time Carlos Ramos came to give a subscription concert. He stayed in the Melrose Hotel near Freeman's, and Freeman took me to meet him on the day of the concert. We went up to Carlos's room at 11:00 A.M. Carlos, a short, stocky man with red hair, answered the door in his undershirt, his face white with lather. He greeted Freeman like a brother and pumped my hand enthusiastically. While Carlos shaved I played for him at Freeman's request. Then we took Carlos out to lunch and listened as he told tales of Ramón Montoya. It was obvious that Carlos had great respect for Freeman. They had an agreement to publish several of Carlos's pieces as transcribed by Ed. The pieces were eventually published through

Hansen as were some of Ed's transcriptions of Mario Escudero's music. (The Escudero publication had only three pieces transcribed by Ed. The other two pieces were done by another person who had originally tried to claim credit for all five pieces and had altered some of the fingerings in Ed's transcriptions.) Later, in 1961, Mario Escudero came for a concert at SMU. He, too, treated Freeman as a highly respected colleague. During the six years I studied with Freeman I met many professional flamenco guitarists who came to Dallas. Each treated Freeman with esteem. No one who was privileged to observe these relationships would question Freeman's stature in the flamenco community or the value of his work.

Freeman had organized his transcriptions into lessons printed on small sheets. There were eventually 193 of these sheets. A student would receive several of them at each lesson. The number received would depend on the student's progress and state of advancement. The music was written in musical notation, not cifra, and the student who could not read was in for big trouble unless he changed his attitude- Freeman would not tolerate laziness. The library of lessons contained some classical music, but most of it was flamenco. Freeman had notated each flamenco piece with great care exactly as the artist had recorded it. If there were compás errors on the record Ed faithfully reproduced them in the transcription, and he would point them out to his students without judgment. Most of us regarded the solos as pieces in the classical sense and did not attempt to put them in compás. When we played ad lib, however, we used only falsetas and rasqueado basic forms that were in strict compás. Whenever a student played fuera de compás in Freeman's presence he would be sternly corrected- Ed's students learned compás or else!

Freeman told his students that the music they received belonged to him, and they were not to reproduce it or distribute it to anyone else. Anyone who violated this rule was banished from the Freeman household, and Freeman demanded the return of all music the violator had received. The library has never been published, and to this day I have yet to see an illegitimate copy of any of the music of Freeman's library in circulation.

The years I spent studying with Freeman marked a turning point in my life. Looking back on that period I can see that my attitudes and expectations changed drastically during that time. If I hadn't had the good

fortune to know Freeman I would probably be a typical product of my graduating class, a disillusioned seeker of the elusive American dream. There is no doubt of it; Ed Freeman was my greatest teacher.

* * *

A Portrait of Ed Freeman

by George Gamez

I first heard about Edward Freeman in San Antonio, Texas, in the summer of 1960. I had just graduated from high school and had been playing guitar for about six months. As fate would have it, I was soon to be introduced to flamenco music and, eventually, led to study with maestro Freeman.

Very unsuccessfully, I had been fiddling around with various guitar styles and trying to accompany myself while singing rock and roll and Mexican country songs. One day a friend of mine asked me over to listen to a guitar record he was very excited about. As I listened to this record of Bernabe de Morón, I was immediately taken in by the exotic, Moorish flavor of the music and, then and there, I started my search for a good flamenco method book or teacher from whom to learn this fascinating "arte". Eventually, I found a little cafe where El Curro was playing in a romantic, outdoor atmosphere. It was through Curro that I first learned about Edward Freeman. Curro was very much impressed with what he had heard about Freeman, and one of his dreams was to study with the famous teacher someday. He left me with the mistaken impression, however, that one had to be an advanced student before going to the maestro; so I didn't think of studying with Freeman then. Besides, Dallas was too far away.

When fall arrived, I went off to school at the University of Texas. I started taking lessons from a guitarist named David Senechalle, who was originally from Chicago. He had also heard about Edward Freeman and one year later, he asked if I wanted to share gas expenses to drive to Dallas and study with Mr. Freeman. I agreed and was very excited to begin my studying with the man I had heard was such an excellent teacher of flamenco.

I remember a couple of things about my first lesson. One, I could hardly move my right thumb since I had injured it the day before playing touch football (that, by the way, was the last time I played touch football). Secondly, I was very impressed with the whole "ambiente" in the Freeman house-

hold. Freeman was a very hospitable and down-to-earth human being, and I immediately knew I had found a home. He said he preferred being called "Eduardo", but it took me a while before I got used to calling a very English-looking gentleman by something as Spanish as "Eduardo". Edward Freeman looked very much like David Niven, moustache, British accent and all. Thirdly, I remember that he was very supportive and patient in his manner of teaching. I had already developed some bad habits in my playing technique, but he did not criticize what I was doing. Instead, he merely mentioned these things so that I became aware of them and then began assigning exercises that would help develop proper technique. My first lesson was a malagueña exercise and part of "Romance de Amor". As we drove home that day, I felt I was at the beginning of an experience that would profoundly change my life. I soon became dedicated to learning flamenco and studied with Ed Freeman for the next five or six years.

Eduardo became somewhat of a father figure to me as he did to many of his students. He loved flamenco with a passion and was deeply involved with teaching everything he knew and inculcating in us the same joy of pure, authentic flamenco that he felt. Ed was strict but patient and insistently pounded out "compás" to us while teaching a lesson. As time went on, he took me into his household and treated me as a friend, eventually not even charging me for lessons. Even when I was paying for lessons, I ate more food, drank more tea and scotch, and smoked more cigarettes than the money I paid for the lesson could buy.

Somewhere along the road as a student of Eduardo, I began playing professionally at various clubs, concert halls, etc. around the state of Texas. Eduardo was pleased and very supportive. He helped me move along at a faster pace and taught me as much as I could handle. When I would come into Dallas, Ed would give me a lesson, and then we would party until the early hours of the morning.

I still vividly remember so many scenes from those days: being very excited about getting those small, rectangular pieces of manuscript paper on which Ed had transcribed many solos and falsetas of Escudero, Sabicas, Ramon Montoya, Paco de Lucia, etc.; hearing Ed say "bloody marvelous" when we rolled back the rug and 13 year old Patricia Guerrero from San Antonio did her zapateado, or "catch on?" when he explained how he invented a new way to make his guitars sound louder and more balanced; watching pianist-guitarist-singer Fernando Herrera do his bullfight song-and-

dance routine while Ed laughed heartily at Fernando's antics; and, not least of all, meeting other students and friends of Ed, some of who soon became my close friends.

Ed never competed with us as a performer but preferred to leave the performing to us "kids". He suffered from arthritis and couldn't move his right hand very well. He always kiddingly but proudly bragged about his left hand, though. He had been a "fiddle player" as he called himself, and still had tremendous dexterity in his left hand fingers. As a matter of fact, I still love to listen to Ed play the violin.

A story about Eduardo Freeman would not be complete without saying something about two other Freemans -- Maureen and Anne. Maureen is Ed's wife and, it seems to me, his perfect companion. She is a delightful person with a beautiful Irish wit and sense of humor. She is a lively, petite lady, always full of life, love and energy. Maureen warms the Freeman household and always makes you feel right at home. She's a fantastic story-teller and conversationalist. Where Ed talks about London or Spain or the intricacies of flamenco playing or guitar building, Maureen tells about her trips to Mexico and South Texas, always spiced with humorous, witty and perceptive anecdotes.

Anne, their daughter, is also a unique and charming person but in a more serious, intellectual and artistic way. She is an excellent pianist and holds a doctorate in English literature. She is a quiet and reserved person who loves to sit around drinking wine and listening to good flamenco or classical music, or having an in-depth discussion on art, politics, etc. The last time I saw Anne she was writing an annotated bibliography of Joseph Conrad. She is a very generous individual who always gives more than she asks for.

I spent many years in the Freeman household, sharing good times and learning about flamenco, and I also learned a great deal about life from all the Freemans. Ed counseled me and set me straight many times along the way. Maureen enriched me with her stories and her good food, while Anne was an inspiration on the more artistic, subtle areas of life. I recently saw all three after an absence of almost ten years. It was like old times, the same joyful atmosphere. I went with Ed and watched him tune a piano and then went home with him to shoot several games of pool in his dining room. Yes, Ed built a dining room table that converts into a pool table. Needless to say, Ed is very handy with wood. In addition to building the pool table, he has built many other pieces of



PACO DE LUCIA LINES UP A SHOT ON ED'S POOL TABLE. JUDGING FROM HIS LEFT HAND POSITION, PERHAPS HE SHOULD STICK TO GUITAR -- OR IS HE HUSTLING?

furniture and decorated the entire house in beautiful Spanish motifs.

It was last March when I saw Ed and we were drinking scotch and playing pool. Maureen and Anne walked in and I lost all track of time as we became involved in an engrossing conversation on religion and politics. Before I knew it, it was time to go. I wished Anne good luck on her book and hugged Maureen as I left the house. Ed drove me in the pouring rain to Dallas airport. As I said goodbye to Ed, I thought about how "bloody marvelous" it had been seeing the Freemans again.

* * *

The Freeman Method of Guitar Instruction

by Tom Cotton

To study Flamenco guitar with Ed Freeman is to engage in a very carefully developed and highly efficient process designed to transmit a maximum of information and understanding in a minimum amount of time. There are no limits on the speed with which a student can progress except his willingness to work and his ability to absorb the material.

Ed has been a professional musician literally since childhood, and his approach to teaching Flamenco shows it. To begin with, he insists that his students learn to read standard music notation starting with the first lesson, a requirement that often provokes cries of anguish from the unsuspecting beginner who has heard that most Flamenco guitarists cannot read a note. In typical Freeman style, however, Ed has devised a very simple system for teaching reading and basic music theory, so that even the most reluctant student has no excuse for not learning. In any case, the pain of learning to read music is repaid many times over, since it allows the student to focus on the substance of the subsequent lessons, rather than on simply trying to remember the falsetas that he has been shown. As a person who has studied both with Ed and with other guitarists who use the "traditional" approach of teaching off of the fingerboard, I can attest that Freeman's method is far more efficient and effective.

Ed's system involves both familiar classical pieces and Flamenco solos that he has transcribed from records of the greatest Flamenco guitarists, including Ramon Montoya, Sabicas, Nino Ricardo,



PACO DE LUCIA WITH TOM COTTON AT FREEMAN'S HOUSE. TOM IS ONE OF ED'S BEST STUDENTS FROM THE EARLY 1960'S. A RHODES SCHOLAR, HE NOW WORKS FOR THE U.S. CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON D.C.

Mario Escudero, and Paco de Lucia. (While there are still those traditionalists who maintain that Flamenco cannot be written, those of us who have studied with Ed know that this is nonsense.) Each piece in the library of music that forms the basis of Ed's system has been carefully selected to develop a particular aspect of technique or understanding of Flamenco in a logical progression. By using pieces of increasing difficulty, rather than scales and exercises, to develop technique, Ed's method maintains the interest and enthusiasm of the large majority of students for whom Flamenco will always remain an avocation rather than a profession.

Ed's thoroughly professional approach to music shows through very clearly in his teaching style. He is completely committed to teaching his students to play Flamenco well, and expects the same level of commitment from them in return. He has little patience with students who insist on seeking shortcuts which produce the illusion of "progress" in the short run at the cost of developing ingrained bad habits that will be difficult to break later on. Nor is he particularly indulgent of careless playing, especially with regard to compas. (His general rule is that if you really must make a mistake, at least be sure to do it in compas.) At the same time, he is very patient in working with students to help them overcome genuine difficulties that they encounter. He will spend hours devising different approaches to help a student deal with a particular problem with technique or understanding. For example, he must have come up with a half-dozen different exercises to help me smooth out my four-finger tremolo.

One of the extra benefits of studying with a musician of Ed's long experience is the opportunity to absorb a certain degree of professionalism by osmosis. This is particularly useful to the amateur like myself who would like to avoid appearing too amateurish.

The student who complete's Ed's course of study will have a solid understanding of Flamenco, a comprehensive technique, and more first-class music than he will be able to keep current unless he practices several hours a day. Perhaps the best evidence I can offer of the effectiveness of the Freeman method is the fact that professional guitarists, dancers, and

singers I meet generally assume that I learned to play in Spain, or at least from a Spaniard. It is a source of considerable amusement to me to watch their stares of disbelief when I tell them that I learned most of what I know about Flamenco from an Englishman in Dallas.

* * *

"Dead Accuracy"

by Phillip McCarter

As a current student of Ed Freeman, I have a few "dead accurate" reflections (Ed's term for how one should do nearly anything) on my experiences learning to play flamenco guitar.

I was one of those people who grew up fascinated by the sounds of flamenco and was always tempted, even in the midst of seeking college degrees, to stop everything and discover how to play. Filled finally to the realm of daydream, my interest was not renewed until I got word of Ed Freeman and heard his students play in the very place I never thought to look, Dallas, Texas.

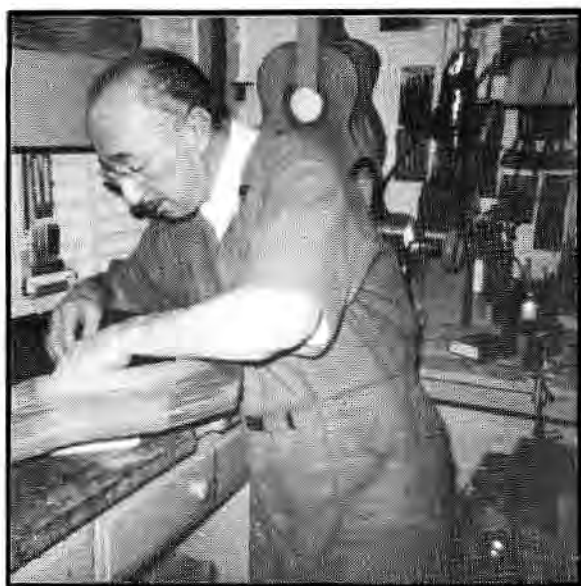
In a space of a week, I was on my way to learning to play from bare scratch. That was two years ago, with a six month break while my patient-eared wife and I took time out to have our new son. My first lesson, how to read music, was accomplished in such rare simplicity that I was left sitting on a studio bench wondering why "I had not thought of doing it that way." The following two years of Saturday afternoon visits were a continual revelation of complexity undone between cups of Maureen Freeman's Irish tea. In a world beset with deliberate over-complication, I found myself in a casual atmosphere where even the surroundings, designed and built by Ed, reflected the genuine inventiveness of these people.

The music and guitar, however, were approached with precision and exactness. A professional person, trained in math and science and engaged in the manufacture of photo-optical gear by my own hand, I leaped to meet this kind of challenge. I was delighted when my practice of a first soleares, one by Esteban Sanlucar, about six months into the study, produced a soleares just like the recording of the piece. This alone, represented a culmination of months of study at technique on pieces selected by Ed to develop my ability before I even began to study the soleares. Learning the techniques required persistence and perspiration, but the main thing about Ed's form of teaching is

that when I left Ed's front door, on my way home to practice, I left with no question of what I was to do, no aspect left for me to discover. I has been shown specifically what I was to teach my head and hands to do and exactly how to do that.

The music I have learned at Ed's, even an involved seguidilla, has been laid out in black and white, note for note, transcribed by Ed from recordings of the artists who performed the music or written by Ed himself. Ed's everpresent ingenuity was available to counter difficulties, even those I was not aware of. Ed's patience took the form of the continual examing of student and problem until the solution was obvious and, as usual, simple.

The study of flamenco guitar led me to the main enigma of the music -- the guitar. The outright junk I have seen marketed in guitar shops is discouraging. The ones I practiced on have been relegated to the garage for the purpose of, maybe, someday, a set of matching lamps. I now own one of Ed's guitars, a beautiful instrument which produces a clear, cutting, totally balanced sound (also in tune) enabling me to entertain neighbors down the block through my open study window. At Ed's I found that the production of a guitar is also an exact methodology. When I originally expressed an interest in how guitars were built, Ed referred me to a book on the subject and explained that he used none of the described procedures. I have since, between being trounced at eightball at Ed's pool table and work on other projects, followed



ED IN HIS SHOP WORKING ON A GUITAR. THIS YEAR HE IS CLOSING HIS SHOP -- AFTER HIS LAST SIX GUITARS ARE SOLD THERE WILL BE NO MORE.

him through the building of several of his guitars. The methods, the care in construction, minute detailing, and inventiveness are far beyond that of any guitar manufactured today. This judgement comes, mind you, from one who knows what it takes to build a fine piece of equipment from scratch. Many of Ed's ideas and ways of approaching problems in construction have found their way into my shop. I also hope to place more of his guitars in my study, as my son may need one some day. Since his guitars do not warp or bow out, I do not have to worry about how long they might have to hang on the wall in wait of new hands.

With regard to children, it has been great fun to bounce a four month-old along to the rhythms of flamenco. It is also a necessary ingredient, as I mentioned, to have a patient family. To have sat quietly while I went over and over particular phrases and to politely point out errors, took great courage.

The above, while sounding something like a commercial for Ed Freeman and company, is as faithful and dead accurate a recollection as I can muster. My work with Ed has been intertwined with relaxed evenings with his family, talk, humorous tales from England and Ireland, pool games and projects. But my efforts at flamenco and the results have amazed me. The Western mind has difficulty gaining a native feel for the beat-driven flamenco. The fact that I have begun to assimilate something of a natural feel for the music has led me toward the quiet confidence of one who possesses ancient secrets. I intend to continue as long as there is another piece to learn. Perhaps, sometime, I will be able to write my own -- "dead accurately".



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Manuel Torre:

Voice and Presence in Remembrance

By Emilio Jiménez Díaz

(This is the first of a five or six part series dealing with the great cantaor, Manuel Torre. The articles appeared in the Spanish newspaper *Nueva Andalucía*, July 21, 1978, as a centennial celebration of Torre's birth. The articles vary greatly in readability and style, but each has something to offer. Translating Spanish newspaper articles is often very difficult due to the incredibly bad writing in many of them. It may be that people who know flamenco are not often good writers. In many cases, perhaps in an attempt to be eloquent, writers put down all sorts of meaningless nonsense, while others cannot write a complete sentence. We attempt in our translations to remain faithful to the style of the author, sacrificing correct grammar and coherence when necessary. So most of the difficulties encountered in reading these translations are the responsibility of the original author, not the translator.)

We thank Bettyna Belen for the articles and Roberto Vázquez for the translations.)

A little more than four decades, almost half a century, separate from our memory the voice and presence of that Manuel Soto Loreto, Niño de Jerez, who would immortalize in the history of the "cante gitano Andaluz" the name of Manuel Torre.

The memory is still fresh for those who knew him and had the good fortune of listening to his "yayay jondo", slipping inside the veins, marking with an agonized grin the hearts of aficionados. Fresh as mint (yerba buena) in the hidden nooks of white-washed adobe patios, like the amapola in the cradle of his "gracia", his voice still exists, annointed with an indelible immortality, embellished with the blessing of immortal things. It is precisely that immortality, that reflection of continuous life, that has made, 100 years after this birth in that Jerez of vineyards and siguiriyas, his voice a living presence in this Andalucía of 1978, that is losing its deep roots and the wellspring of her art in a heterogeneous swapping: without "sonidos negros" (black sounds), without profound "ayes", without voices that wound, with-



MANUEL TORRE AT THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER AND ABILITIES.

out mirrors that break and echos that scratch the quicksilver of "Lorquian" mirrors.

"He put his foot on one of those small tables," said Pepe el de la Matrona searching his memories, "and sang three coplas por seguiriyas that made the earth tremble. I have not seen the like of it. I have it in my head and I can't forget it."

Manuel Torre had to be like that: indelible path of the cante, continuous echo of profound communication, stigmatizer of wills, duende that penetrates to the most hidden corners of the spirit. Incomprehensible Manuel with his personal oddities; genius Manuel, profound and mythical; worshipped Manuel of the nights of glory in the dark whitish earth of a room sprinkled with liquor; discouraging Manuel of the nights without a voice, broken and without echo, dreaming of extravagant contracts with green greyhounds and English chickens, the friends that shared his great solitude; immeasurable Manuel, liberator of the "quejío" (wailing or moaning sounds in the cante) that burst out in prisms from his rancid throat. Irreplaceable Manuel Torre.

Like Juan Belmonte, when he said that the bull owned no ground and that there was no notary public who could delimit it, Manuel Torre made his own all the terrains of the cante -- delimiting, unconsciously, his own formal structure for ascending even higher, breaking barriers -- also unconsciously -- reaching an emotionally expressive stage very difficult to explain.

From there the eternity of his echo, the perplexity of his cante and the reason for his voice and presence in our days, through his imperishable memory.

"Manuel Torre," Anselmo González Climent said, "is a delirious contention, a serious ritual of ecstasy, archaic and new, lean and soft, madness and genius."

And it was García Lorca who told us that,

"Each art has, naturally, a duende of a different form and fashion, but all of them unite their roots at a point from where the black sounds of Manuel Torre emanate...black sounds, behind which are already in tender intimacy the volcanoes, the ants, the zephyrs and the great night tightening its waist with the milky way."

What could Manuel Torre possibly be, when the same poet who dedicated these paragraphs to him in his lecture, "Teoría y Fuego del Duende" finds himself almost powerless to leave in the tread of a poem, a poetic portrait of the genius from Jerez, limiting himself to dedicating to him his "Viñetas Flanecas" as a recognition of his magnitude as an artist, specifying only "A Manuel Torre, Niño de Jerez, who has the trunk of a Pharoah".

Undoubtedly, Manuel Torre had to have the trunk of a pharoah, of an unknown clan, a heritage of thousand-year-old red blood cells, and the sounds of centuries nipping at his insides. Manuel Torre knew that everything that had black sounds had duende and it seems that, since he was the minister of their rites they would accompany him in the liturgy of the cante.

"He came out singing," confessed Pericón de Cádiz, "and everybody was affected -- something incredible; you got the sound in your ears and it wouldn't go away for two or three weeks."

All of his contemporaries, those who had the great fortune of listening to him, agreed on the same thing: that his cante had the mark of something surprising, something superior, something inexplicable that came from deep inside, much deeper than his own knowledge. That is why, since it was impossible to sing after him, Joaquín el de la Paula would give him the nickname "Acabarreuniones" (roughly, "he whe ends a get-together"). That is why, in the Mairena of the thirties, after Manuel Torre sang, while the public was tearing off their shirts and throwing the chairs, reaching the extremes of the "tárab," Antonio Mairena had to come out and say, "Distinguished audience, after the performance of Manuel Torre, it is impossible to sing again...the show has ended." That is why, at the Novedades, Chacón would become so full of enthusiasm listening to him sing that he threw to him his hat and everything he had on. That is why an infantry battalion would stop in a street of Sevilla to listen to the echo (Editor's note: "echo" or "eco gitano" in flamenco terminology refers to a quality of the voice in the cante jondo that seems to call forth the long history of suffering of the gypsy and

the great depth of his feeling) that came out of a window in the voice of Manuel Torre.

The anecdotes and testimonies about his art that we could state here would be endless, narrated with emotion on their lips by those persons who knew him and had the great fortune of sharing with him some nights of cante. We are going to be left with his memory, a remembrance that has made him a living presence, in this pleasant commemoration of the centennial of his birth. His voice is present because nothing can die if it has quality, and the voice of Manuel Torre has become eternal in the hearts of good aficionados.

Sevilla and Jerez, Jerez and Sevilla, in a fraternal embrace, fighting with all their might to defend such a laudible idea like this commemoration of an irreplaceable genius, full of that "cultura in la sangre" that García Lorca talked about, have made more present yet his voice and his imperishable memory. One was the cradle of his first breath in 1878; the other one the bed of his last one in 1933. Alamos Street in Jerez was offered to him as the shore of his birth, Amapola Street in Sevilla offered him the wheat field of his death, and today, both of them, 100 years after his birth and 45 after his death -- a time so full of suffering that there was no room for more, surrounded by miseries without the warmth of the many people who surrounded him while he was alive -- want to offer him a well deserved tribute and make clear their admiration.

"Let's ask Undivé (Caló for "God")", said Manuel Ríos at the Pregón del Centenario, for Manuel Torre to come back, sit down, and sing".

Let us, also, ask Undivé that the presence and memory of Manuel Torre remain alive and latent in future generations and that the pulse of his "sangre cantaora" (singing-blood) continue to be fed by the heat of the cante "por derecho", that cante that Manuel made great with his very valuable contribution of profundity and undecipherable echo, that cante that was great yesterday and should still be great today. Let's hope it won't be lost in the near future.

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MORCA

... sobre el baile

INDIVIDUALITY AND FLAMENCO DANCE

Dance is one of the most unique of human experiences, involving our total physical, spiritual, mental and emotional being. As a creative art form, it is a total personal high and flamenco dance is a giant facet of the total beautiful jewel of dance.

One of the extraordinary features of flamenco dance is it's focus on individuality, a solo dance that shines with the energy of a personal individual interpretation. How exciting to realize that each dancer has a different mind and body and approach to personal feelings that can give something of fresh energy and life to a dance.

For the flamenco dancer who was not born in the flamenco ambiente of Spain, it is this search for individuality that is of prime importance, something that should be kept in constant focus. No matter how many great steps you learn, great pellizcos you pick up from exciting dance artists and teachers, you must keep in mind how they will look on you, with your feelings, style, body and emotions. The only thing that a person can achieve by copying the feelings, expressions and dance movements of others, is to become a copy -- never anything higher. It is the search for originality through the understanding of flamenco as a whole that produces the exciting artist and the inspiration to continue to grow as an artist.

A teacher can give the ingredients: movements, understanding of the different compases and interpretation. Going to Spain can submerge you into the flamenco ambiente and let you absorb by that special flamenco osmosis, the feeling of flamenco from it's source, but it is you as an individual who will let yourself know what it is all about, your feelings about it. We all admire the creators, for they are the ones who dared to explode with their originality. Carmen Amaya, Vicente Escudero, Estampio, Antonio de Bilbao, are just a few innovators who were followed by countless imitators, but dance is more than technique and copying steps; it is the personal "estampa" and style that generates growth in the art.

I have been asked many times, "How long does it take to become a dancer?" Of course, there is no set time because of all of the

personal factors involved, but I feel that becoming a dancer or any other kind of artist is a sort of three stage operation.

The first stage I call "inspiration". You usually have been inspired by seeing flamenco or being exposed to it in some way that inspires you to pursue it, to study it and have it become part of your life. This whole explanation is very simplistic, but it roughly describes the experience.

The second stage I call, "the technique stage". This is the stage that you never really get out of if you continue your pursuit of flamenco. Very quickly your inspiration leaves, at least for awhile, as you start to learn the basics; your body awakens to flamenco movement, the frustration of making your body do what you think it should and having it respond in awkward movements of slow awakening; the searching for that means of personal expression that is bursting inside, wanting to grab onto the compás, the music, the feeling and cry out and say "here I am, I feel, I love" through dance.

The third stage will happen I know not when, but it is the blending of the inspiration and technique, and one day it will happen when you least expect it; you will not think of steps, compás, desplantes or anything; you will become the dance, you will feel, you will float, you will dance your personal feelings in all of their glory, your joys and sorrows, your love of that creative expression called dance, that special dance called flamenco; you will become the dance -- call it duende if you will -- the dancing bug will have bit you in this ultimate high and, for a split second, you will know dance, you will know yourself as an individual creative expression of life itself.

To paraphrase Shakespeare, -- To thine ownself and flamenco be true, and as the night follows the day to the next juerga, you and flamenco shall not be false to anyone.

CANTANDO POR "ALEGRÍAS"

(From: Diario de Cádiz, August 29, 1979; sent by Roberto Reyes and La Vikinga; translated by Paco Sevilla)

by Bartolomé Llompart

This week, specifically on Saturday and Sunday, the provincial contest of the alegrías of Cádiz will be celebrated in the neighborhood patio "La Tacita de Plata"; it has been organized by the "Asociación de Vecinos, La Tacita de Plata". With it is continued, on a provincial level, an undertaking that died on

a national scale after two attempts -- two times when our Gran Teatro Falla was filled with the echoes of the most "gaditano" (from Cádiz) and brilliant of cantes, whose themes, without cemetaries, jealousy, or suffering mothers, always resolve with happy exorcisms into the deep blue of the bay of Cádiz with its sailboats, tall masts, and colored flags, and if a tear appears sometime, it is the tear of that "Manué" when his pen, inkwell and "er papé" fell in the water.

The fine writer, Sánchez del Arco, used to say alegrías, along with the mirabrás and the caracoles, were given birth when the volunteer army fought against the French invasion from the abutment of the Puente de Zauzo to the "murallas gaditanas" (the great walls around Cádiz). And that probably, the mother (of the alegrías), rather than the sister, is the jota which spread in those times from the banks of the Ebro to all of Spain and remains, with different names, in almost all of the regions of Spain: jotas murcianas, manchegas, navarras... What happens is that Cádiz gives a certain character to the cantes she adopts and the jota was converted into a new cante.

The contest will last two days, two days in which floats an aura of homage to the great cantaores -- some now gone, others, happily, still among us -- who have given greatness to this "son tan gaditano" (rhythm so much a part of Cádiz); cantaores like Aurelio Sellés who eventually sang them on the banks of the Tamesis, Manolo Vargas, winner in the first contests, Capinetti, who taught his guitar to sound them like nobody else, or Pericón de Cádiz who continues "diciéndolas" (singing them) marvillously. How well this cante is going to sound in the Cádiz night and in this patio that carries the name of its most beautiful motto.

It is not easy to be a judge in a contest of the alegrías. "Manué", my old friend, says that among them should be an astronomer from the Island (Cádiz) who could work out certain cycles and rhythms the failing of which could disrupt all the mechanics of the cante.

In the cante, you have to know also how to hear and to accompany with the palmas, and for this there are the experts who, among one hundred people who are playing them (the palmas) know how to discover the indruder who is spoiling the accompaniment.

This provincial contest of the alegrías has been a good idea. May it not fail.

Manolo Sanlúcar: "Intento convencer con mi visión del flamenco"

MANOLO SANLUCAR: "I TRY TO BE CONVINCING WITH MY VISION OF FLAMENCO."

(From: Diario de Cádiz, August 21, 1979; sent by Roberto Reyes and La Vikinga; translated by Paco Sevilla)

--What does it mean to Manolo Sanlúcar to perform in Cádiz, like you will do tonight in the Festivales de Verano?

"It is satisfying, because it is my homeland and there exists a long flamenco tradition. Aside from that, I am interested in convincing people with the flamenco that I do -- besides the traditional -- that which is outside of the usual rules, but preserves the spirit and is open to the idioms from America".

--What can you tell us of your recent tour of Japan?

"It is an experience that is hard to explain. I wish that people here could know how much interest some of the Japanese have in flamenco -- and "some" means "a lot" because there are so many millions of them; they adore Andalucía. The proof lies in the existence of many flamenco dance schools. I attended a show where all of the dancers and guitarists were Japanese, with scenery based on García Lorca."

--Are you satisfied with the success you achieved?

"Very! It went beyond everything I hoped. But I don't consider it a personal success, but rather one of the love of Andalucía that I represented. They asked me to sign autographs, not on cards or papers, but on their clothes."

--Why this interest in flamenco?

"I have been asked this many times. I believe they are a very spiritual people, in spite of the appearance of being very technological. The Japanese have a double personality and the musical cadence of flamenco appeals to them very much."

--You present the image of a very studious approach to flamenco.

"What I have had is a lot of luck, and I have not had to study flamenco. I used to go around with La Niña de los Peines who called me "Gatito" (little cat) because I was very young and she was like my grandmother. Over a period of two years she told me everything about flamenco and enriched me very much. Now I study to improve myself technically in order



to be able to express anything that occurs to me, not for a display of virtuosity."

--What are your current plans?

"I just returned from Canada where I taped a television show. I am preparing a record to appease the public, to get rid of my serious image, to put the cherry on my previous nine records. I am going to give recitals throughout Spain; I go later to South America, Germany and, in the spring, to Japan once more."



The Miami Scene

Ernesto Hernández-Bailarín

by *La Chiquitina*

From San Francisco, Ernesto Hernández studied many forms of dance before focusing on flamenco as his career. He studied classical dance with the San Francisco Ballet, modern with Peter Wright, Spanish with José Ramón, Del Oro, Teo Morca, and Luisa Triana (to name just a few) and he was a soloist with the San Francisco Contemporary Dancers. After seeing a performance by Carmen Amaya, he was so inspired that he turned to flamenco as a career.

In 1958, sculptor and aficionado Dick Whalen took Ernesto and other dancers to Berkeley to perform at UC's Wheeler Auditorium and other halls in the area. The programs continued due to public demand and led to engagements on the Peninsula at the Pagliacci and Michael duPont's "Outside-at-the-Inside". Then, in 1959, Ernesto opened at Fred Kuh's multifaceted Spaghetti Factory in San Francisco. Ernesto formed the company of dancers and guitarists, along with the help of Dick Whalen. Not only was Ernesto the star, but he also was in charge of training the dancers and choreographing the numbers. His co-star was Isa Mora and they performed in the "Las Cuevas" Room in the Spaghetti Factory. Thanks to Ernesto, many artists had the opportunity to perform and expand their art in this tablao.

Ernesto has also performed in different parts of the U.S.A. and with different performers: David Jones, Fred Mejías, Cruz Luna, Luisa Triana, Rosa Montoya, and Charo.

In 1978 Ernesto came to Miami, Florida with bailaora Alejandra and guitarist Benjamín to star at the "Tablao Flamenco". Ernesto was very successful here and performed with many flamenco artists: Fina de Villa, Carlos Madrid, Roberto Bauza, Cacharrito de Málaga, Antonio

Sacromonte, José Miguel Herrero, Carmelita Vázquez, and Adela Vergara. However, due to mismanagement, the tablao closed and everyone went their separate ways.

Then Ernesto met La Chiquitina, who had returned from Spain, and they formed a successful flamenco dance team. They performed off and on at various places in Miami and then were featured at the Chateau Sevilla Supper Club. Miguel Herrero, the flamenco singer so popular in Cuba, saw them and immediately contracted Ernesto and La Chiquitina at El Cid Restaurant and Lounge. Ernesto is presently at the Cid nightly except Tuesday with Miguel Herrero, La Chiquitina, and guitarist Chucho Vidal.

Ernesto is a great performer, a consistent showman, has an excellent compas, and is a natural teacher. He can take any serious dancer, professional or student, and help them correct their faults, and bring out their good points. His choreography is instinctive. He is choreographically aware of things that most dancers never notice. Ernesto always gives everything he's got to his performance. He possesses an "aire" that is fiery and gypsy-like, yet elegant. His repertoire is boundless as are his technical capacities.

Ernesto Hernandez has made his mark in Miami. For me, both artistically and personally, he has been my inspiration. Never miss a chance to see Ernesto perform, it is well worth your while. In six months or so he will return to San Francisco to the Spaghetti Factory. I hope the Jaleo people will support the endeavors made by Ernesto and the many people at the Factory.



FLAMENCOHIO

by Bob Clark

The first quarterly Ohio gran juerga was held at the home of Bob, Linda and Jennifer Clark, 1104 Westwood Ave., Grandview Hts. (Columbia) on November 23, 24 and 25. Approximately 30 people attended the event, with participants coming from various parts of Ohio as well as Atlanta and Pittsburgh. Baile, toque and palmas supplanted the more traditional post-Thanksgiving inertia of the past, while paella and sangria forced turkey leftovers to take a back seat. The numbers of participants and their enthusiasm for both this recent and additional, future extended weekend juerga amply demonstrated the fact that flamenco is alive and well in Ohio. With the improved communication fostered by Jaleo,

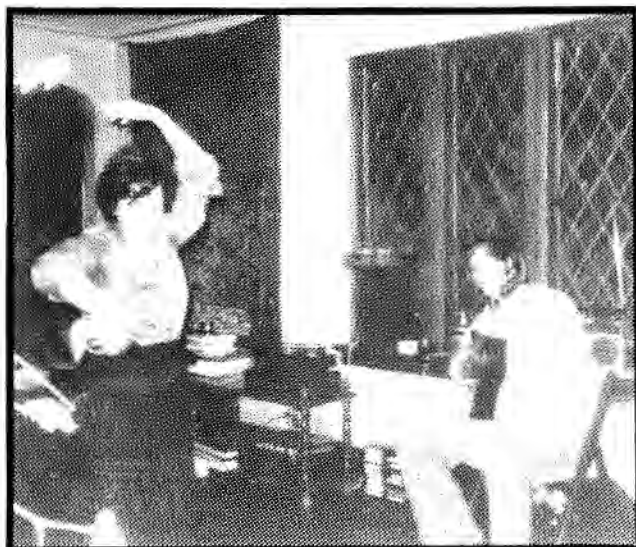


MARIA McCONNEL DANCING IN OHIO JUERGA

it can be expected to thrive.

The attendance was particularly surprising in that it did not include all known Ohio flamencos, some of whom were unable to come as a consequence of prior family commitments and the rather belated announcement of this first three day juerga. None of us had quite realized the strength of our numbers! Several flamencos contacted had not yet learned of Jaleo; they had begun to give up their art out of the despairing belief that flamenco had died in the United States. Without access to communication, it had been hard to tell!

A spirit of excitement and renewed hope for the future prevails in our area. Plans are being made for extended weekend juergas four times yearly, with additional mini-juergas to be held as often as possible. "Flamencohio"



MARIA McCONNEL AND BOB CLARK (ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF BOB CLARK AND JOE BUBAS)

people are unanimous in their gratitude for the excellent job that Jaleo is doing in spreading the word, and announcements of our future juergas will be published there.

Therefore, Ohio has more to offer than football and dairy cattle -- and it is conspicuously difficult for travelers to avoid unless they fly over it. Any wandering flamencos from afar are invited to call Bob Clark at 614-486-2270, should they desire information regarding flamenco activity or contacts in Ohio areas through which they will be passing.

* * *

Juerga in Ohio

by Joan Temo

I'm still walking and talking in compas, the result of a weekend juerga at the home of Bob Clark in Columbus, Ohio. He, his lovely wife Linda, and daughter Jennifer, opened their home to area flamencos for a three-day affair. It's difficult to describe the ambiente and the marvelous time we all had -- you just had to be there.

Juergas like this don't just materialize out of thin air. There is someone very special who is responsible for our little group of guitarists, singers, dancers, and aficionados (subscribers to Jaleo). Years of dedicated searching and teaching have brought together, slowly but surely, those of us who are mad about flamenco.

It has been through the efforts of Martha Sid-Ahmed that we have found each other. It has been her enthusiasm, her knowledge of the art (especially the dance), her talent and gifted teaching, but above all, her need to share it that found us together for the weekend. Last spring she moved from Ohio to Georgia, but she's left behind a growing colony of flamenco enthusiasts. I just want Jaleistas to know about this incredible young woman. She has done so much to propagate flamenco in this area.

* * *

CONTRIBUTIONS TO JALEO

JALEO wishes to express its special thanks to Francisco Ballardo for the donations of folding tables, adjustable and swivle chairs, binders and Rolodex file to the JALEO headquarters. Having adequate working conditions surely eases our job.



JALEOHIO '79

by Martha Sid-Ahmed
(photo left)

The following is my enthusiastic response to this query posed since the dawning of flamenco: Is it worth the 22 hour round trip by car to travel from Atlanta to Ohio for a Thanksgiving weekend juerga?

My dear flamenco friend, Bob Clark, called me a week before Thanksgiving to urge us to come back to Columbus for a 3 day juerga he was putting together. We had met many years ago while Bob was still in medical school, at a juerga that Dick Brune had arranged in Dayton. We re-established contact a little over a year ago, meeting sporadically because of Bob's heavy schedule (he is a neurologist with an interesting specialty in narcolepsy). His addiction to flamenco came about through the Hispavox anthology, and he recently was in Spain, soaking up Moron and Sevilla and studying with Naranjito de Triana, who made his guitar.

I agonized for a week after talking to Bob, thinking the trip outrageously impossible, but after a heavy family discussion we decided it was about time for another spiritual pit stop. So, at midnight on Thanksgiving we sped out into the dark, stopping for breakfast in Kentucky, and finally arriving at the Clarks' at noon on Friday. Bob had gone out for a few minutes, but we were welcomed by his wife, Linda, who gave us the lay of the land and helped us get settled. Throughout the weekend Linda proved to be the exemplary non-flamenco spouse, taking in stride all the ambiguities that are present in a 3 day open invitation -- not knowing exactly who's coming, when they're coming, how many would be sleeping over, how many to expect for meals, when to plan for meals, etc. We shared a hearty homemade soup for lunch and met Linda's sister, Louise and her husband, Steve, who were down from Cleveland for the weekend and who were making up a large crock of sangría that took up solid residence in the middle of the kitchen table. Bob returned and greetings were repeated. Mid-afternoon, Linda, Louise, and Steve scooped up all available children and went roller

skating, my husband, Sid, hit the hay to rest up from his lion's share of the driving from Atlanta, and Bob and I repaired to the living room which was to be the juerga room for the duration, with the furniture rearranged and the rugs removed to bare the beautiful hardwood floor for destruction. We caught up on news -- Bob had just passed his Boards and was primed to party -- and chatted about friends; gradually the conversation became flamenco as we traded observations and listened to Joselero and Diego and some wonderful antiguos I had never heard before -- Manuel Torre, Tenazas, and Chacón. Bob brought out his guitar, I strapped on my feet, and we began re-establishing our creative relationship. Sid arose, Linda returned with The Horde, and suddenly Joe Bubas from Pittsburgh was in the foyer.

I remembered Joe from his letters to Jaleo, and when I saw him I realized we had met years before when he came to our house in Akron with Bill Regan. Apparently flamenco in Pittsburgh has been sliding down hill and just about reached bottom, and this was Joe's first juerga in some time. Joe's guitar came out after amenities were exchanged, and he and Bob mutually acquainted each other with their disparate styles of playing -- Joe is more classically trained, through Sabicas and Escudero, while Bob has developed along more intuitive lines. All evening there was interesting discussion of techniques, comparison of styles, and sharing of falsetas and have-you-heard-this-ones. Joe had never worked with a dancer before, so we reviewed



RINCON DE TOCAORES: JOE BUBAS (RIGHT) AND TOMAS (CENTER).

desplantes and llamadas. I got the distinct impression that he felt he was holding us back, but I hope he will realize that we grow more, too, with each review, and that we get a tremendous charge from helping someone else to break through. I was impressed with his quick ability to grasp these new dynamics.

We broke for dinner, boeuf bourguignon, and I was amazed to find it was 11:30 -- there was no routine anymore and we were just flowing freely through an unobstructed flamenco experience. As evening became morning people gradually retreated to bed and I had to call it quits at about 3:00 a.m. I was feeling groggy from the trip, although flamenco had kept my adrenalin moving until then and I was also concerned that I would "crash" the next day from fatigue and wine, which often leaves me with crippling headaches. I didn't want to waste any time being sick, so I excused myself and left Bob and Joe to go at for another hour.

I awoke at 8:00, elated to find myself completely refreshed and ready to go. Breakfast was strung out over the next couple of hours, Joe went downtown to stretch his legs and see the city, Sid had some shopping to do. On the radio someone was discussing and playing Croatian folk music, and I wanted to run out and find Joe and haul him back as he is Croatian and has had a lot of experience playing in tamburitza orchestras. Everyone was pre-occupied with various chores and making an attempt at organizing the day, so I busied myself with Bob's record collection. I can't remember if we ever had lunch, Linda took the kids rollerskating again, and Bob and I revved up for another session. We were working mainly on alegrías, and there was much repetition of the end of the escovilla that leads into the ida. I get an incredible high from the way the alegrías builds to that climax, and with each repetition I was forcing myself to try out different accents and patterns to keep it stimulating for the both of us. When we finally sailed through, we celebrated with a jubilant hug, a quick dash to the crock, and then some bulerías. By now Joe had returned, and there was the added satisfaction of having an appreciative witness sharing our joy.

Linda's energy was boundless -- after returning with the skaters, she and Louise and Steve went to help a friend bail out a flooded basement, and she returned just in time to greet the Saturday night arrivals and prepare paella for our later sustenance. Our flamenco "family" from Akron arrived -- Joan and Larry Temo with phenomenal dancer/budding guitarist daughter, Marija; mi suegra árabe, Peggy Joseph; Joan's gitana looking niece and



SEVILLANAS: MARIJA AND LORI WITH JOE BUBAS PLAYING GUITAR.

dancer, Lori Bosu; Mary and Ross McConnell with daughter, Gwen; and Marta, an exchange student from Madrid who was astounded to find Spain alive and well and living in Ohio. We regretted that the many more invited were unable to make it -- the Vidlaks, Bruce Catalano, Char Gerheim. A little later Tom and Faith Shepherd arrived from across town, along with some non-flamenco friends of the Clarks. We rolled under way with different human combinations dancing sevillanas to the full sound of two and sometimes three guitars. I later noticed Marta, who used to dance it street style in Sevilla, sharing a copla with Lori, and I caught my daughter, Anya, teaching a few steps to Gwen at the other end of the room. All evening I was aware of a new attitude among my old students -- perhaps it was the desperation of knowing we had a limited amount of time to share, but I didn't have to prod anyone to get up and dance. Joan moved to our center and danced a sparkling, earthy tangos. Mary tried out some steps from a fandango that she was learning from a new dancer in Cleveland, Marina Torres. All of us watched in delighted and astonished shock as Ross leaped suddenly to his feet, and with a cry of "Flamenco is my life!" threw himself into a sort of Appalachian style tangos. Tom played his beautifully smooth and melodic rumba, Lori danced a soleá, and the evening was peppered with random bulerías. We all were thrilled at having made a convert of one of the dining room crowd -- Barb had unobtrusively slipped into the room, gotten hooked, and astounded us by quietly rising and trying out the paseo de sevillanas which she had picked up from observation. I cleaned it

up for her and showed her pasadas and how we work as a couple, but I think she was a little embarrassed from all the effusive attention and soon took to her chair again to watch others. People had to leave, children went to bed, and only the hard-core flamencos remained. Joe had us howling with an imitation of Julian Bream, and then he lulled us to a quiet finish with some lovely Croatian songs.

Four hours later, at 8:30, I arose feeling exhilarated at how I was holding up, and went downstairs to find Marija on guitar putting Anya and Lori through their paces with sevillanas and bulerías at break-neck speed. Eleven year old Marija presented a strong image of inspiration to all the children present. Anya and Stefan (mine at 12 and 11 years respectively) both want to start studying flamenco guitar (as do I). Bob and Linda's superdaughter, Jenny, was constantly seen toting around her junior sized guitar that Bob had bought her in Spain; Joe later showed her how to twist the strings to make a drum roll.

Soon everyone else was up who had spent the night in every possible nook and crannie of the Clark's charming tudor style home -- Bob remarked that if he opened a bureau drawer he would probably find a flamenco in it. We had a leisurely breakfast and then joined the kids in the living room. I had been wanting to make Bob more aware of the choppy dynamics and unusual stresses in the baile por bulerías and show him how to accentuate them. Lori was dancing with me, and in breaking down some of the steps I was doing I accidentally discovered the desplantes that begin on count 12 rather than 1. I had wondered about them since reading about them in Jaleo, and I had unconsciously been doing some that way but didn't realize it until I had to analyze it -- one of the blessings of teaching. Tom and Faith returned a bit later and joined us. At one point there was a stimulating discussion of the hereditary influence of flamenco (Joan) versus the environmental influence (Larry). Larry made some insightful remarks about duende and how it feels to be dancing Greek with similar vibes. Bob's description of an untrained singer who had stopped by the cátedra in Jerez to unleash a song simply because he had to made me think out loud of one big difference in "their" flamenco versus "our" flamenco. For them it's something inside that must be released; for we environmental foreigners, it's "out there" and has to be first brought in to then be released.

Later in the afternoon, Linda and Peggy organized a sit-down dinner with the remainder of the nourishing and tasty paella. It was

like taking communion, and we were all glowing with comaraderie. Joan was in a frenzy about an hour before we had to leave when she caught Joe singing beautifully to an alegrías that was going on a tape. We all hope he can be encouraged to develop this more. There was a round of firece hugs and kisses and then we were again speeding through the rainy dark on our way home and thinking what a hardy breed those Ohio flamencos are.

LATE ANNOUCEMENTS:

La Margo Flamenco with Chinin de Triana and Benito Palacios will perform in the 33rd Annual International Folk Festival at the Music Center in Los Angeles (Dorothy Chandler Pavilion) on Sat. January 26 at 8:00 P.M.

The Moscow News of December reports that Maria Rosa recently presented her Spanish Ballet in Moscow, Siberia, and Leningrad.

JANUARY JUERGA-MEETING

On the third Saturday of this month there will be a general meeting of 'active' members to elect officers and discuss the future of JALEISTAS juergas. (for more details see JUNTA REPORT)

DATE: January 19th 1980

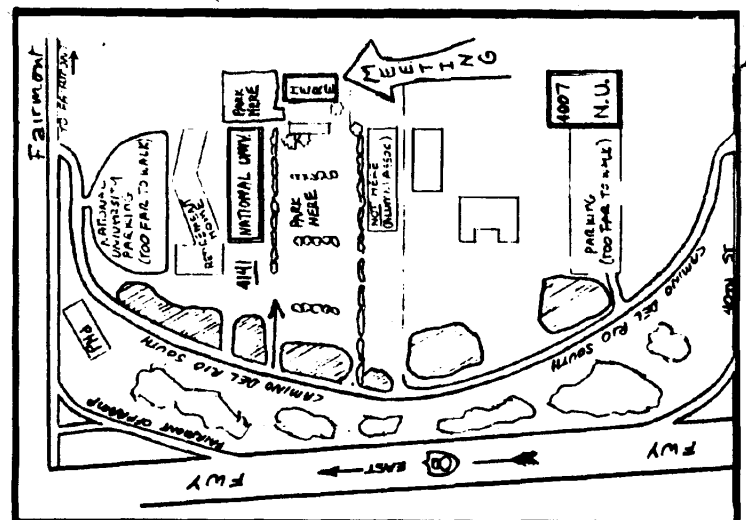
PLACE: 4141 Camino del Rio South, National University Alumni Cottage

TIME: 7:00 pm

WHO: Members only

BRING: Your ideas and nominations for the following offices:

President	Treasurer
Vice-President	Membership-Secretary
Secretary	Juerga-Coordinator



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements are free of charge and will be placed for two months; they must be received by us by the 15th of the month previous to their appearance, earlier if possible. Send to: JALEO, P.O. BOX 4706, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92104

JALEO CORRESPONDENTS

If you would like to assist Jaleo by acting as a correspondent for your city, please contact our P.O. Box number and let us know. We need to have an update at least every two months. Correspondents are listed as staff members.

canada

DANCE INSTRUCTION, TORONTO

Maximiliano (Academy of Dance Arts) 2347 Yonge Street, 483-4046.

pennsylvania

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Maria Bitting (Philadelphia) West Chester State University

Camillia Eurice (Harrisburg) Y.M.C.A.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Frank Miller (Harrisburg) Y.M.C.A.

new york . . .

CHATEAU MADRID - Lexington Hotel, 48th & Lexington, New York City features dancers Gloria Catala, Patricia Martinez, singer Paco Ortiz and guitarist Pedro Cortez.

DON PEPE - 347 Amsterdam Ave, New York City (Tel. 212-787-5706) "Espanolisimas"

LA CORUNA - 249 W. 14th St., New York City Tel. 212-242-1834 features dancer Estrella Morena, singer Pepe de Malaga and guitarist Pedro Cortes, Jr.

LA VERBENA - 569 Hudson St., New York City features dancer Mara, singer Alberto de Montan And guitarist-singer Antonio de Jesus.

MESON FLAMENCO - 207 W. 14th St., New York City, (Tel. 212-243-9205). Performing are dancer Aurora Reyes, singer Paco Montes and guitarist Miguel Cespedes.

LUIS RIVERA SPANISH DANCE CO. Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College, N.Y. Feb. 16 & 17

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Jerry LeRoy Studio:

Esteban de Leon (212) 724-4918

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Jerane Michel (212) 222-4973

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Flamenco & Classical Spanish

Azucena Vega (212) 989-0584

Victorio Korjhan (Flamenco) (212) 927-7220

231 W. 54th St. 4th floor

Ballet Arts:

Mariquita Flores 212-582-3350

Alicia Laura (Long Island) 516-928-3244

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Michael Fisher (Ithaca) 607-257-6615

washington d.c. . .

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Mariquita Martorell 301-992-4792

Tom Krauzburg (Crofton Md.) 301-261-0261

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Raquel Peña (Virginia) 703-537-3454

flamenco, Jota and 18th century Bolero

georgia

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Marta Cid (Atlanta) 404-993-3062

florida

EL CID RESTAURANT & LOUNGE now features dancers Ernesto Hernandez, La Chiquitina, guitarist Chucho Vidal and cantaor Miguel Herrero. Two shows nightly on Le Jeune Rd. one block from W. Flager St., N.W. Miami.

EL BATURRO RESTAURANT feature bailaor José Miguel Herrero, guitarrista Miguel Mesa, and cantaor Carlos Madrid; Fri. and Sat. nights at 11:00 PM; 2322 NW 7 St., Miami.

BODEGON CASTILLA features guitarrista and cantaor, Leo Heredia. 2499 SW 8 St.; Fri-Sun.

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Luisita Sevilla Studio 576-4536

(Luisita, José Molina, Roberto Lorca)

Conchita Espinosa Academy 642-0671

(Rosita Segovia)

La Chiquitina (flamenco) 442-1668

Maria Andreu 642-1790

(flamenco, bolero, regional)

minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Michael Hauser 333-8269

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Suzanne Hauser 333-8269

colorado

GUITAR INSTRUCTION: (Denver)

Bill Regan "Guillermo" 333-0830

Rene Heredia 722-0054

washington . . .

DANCE INSTRUCTION:

Morca Academy of Creative Arts; classical ballet, jazz, classical Spanish and flamenco. 1349 Franklin, Bellingham, Wa. 98225 Tel. 206-676-1864.

california**DANCE INSTRUCTION:**

Paula Reyes (NEW MONTEREY) 375-6964

GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Rick Willis (OAKLAND) 482-1765

Mariano Córdoba (SUNNYVALE) 733-1115

san francisco...**DANCE INSTRUCTION:**

Adela Clara and Miguel Santos - Theater

Flamenco: 415-431-6521

Rosa Montoya - Dance Spectrum Center, 3221

22nd St. 415-824-5044

Teresita Osta - Fine Arts Palace
415-567-7674

Jose Ramon 415-775-3805

FLAMENCO GUITAR INSTRUCTION:

Ricardo Peti 415-851-7467

Mariano Cordoba 415-733-1765

los angeles...**DANCE INSTRUCTION:**

Roberto Amaral 213-469-9701

213-462-9356

Pedro Carbajal 1828 Oak St.

Ester Moreno 213-506-8231

san diego...**ANDALUCIA RESTAURANT** features Paco Sevilla playing solo guitar from 8:00 - 11:00 P.M. on Tues. and Wed.; Thurs-Fri-Sat from 9:00-12:00. he is joined by Luana Moreno (dancer) and Pilar Moreno (singer). 8980 Villa La Jolla Dr. (just off I-5 on La Jolla Village Dr.)**RAYNA'S SPANISH BALLET** in Old Town features dancers: Rayna, Luana Moreno, Theresa Johnson, Bettyna Belen, Rochelle Sturgess and guitarist Yuris Zeltins. Sundays from 11:30am - 3:30pm at Bazarr del Mundo.**DANCE INSTRUCTION:**

Juana De Alva 442-5362

444-3050

Juanita Franco 481-6269

Maria Teresa Gomez 453-5301

Rayna 475-4627

Julia Romero 297-7746

GUITAR INSTRUCTION

Joe Kinney 274-7386

Paco Sevilla 282-2837

etc...**JOSE RAMON** invites San Francisco visitors to call at Nob Hill's Flamenco Dance Center, 841 Jones St. (near Bush); phone (415) 775-3805 for class times.**THE BLUE GUITAR** in San Diego carries books by Donn Pohren, Music by Mario Escudero and Sabicas, and a complete line of guitar supplies (strings ½ price). Flamenco guitar lessons by Paco Sevilla. See ad for location**POSTERS WANTED:** Paco Sevilla is looking for flamenco posters of all types, both Spanish and non-Spanish, promoting personalities, festivals, concerts, etc. If you have any that you don't want or would like to sell, contact Paco through the Jaleo, Box 4706, San Diego, CA. 92104**GUITARISTS AND STUDENTS** are welcome to accompany dance classes. Call Juana at 442-5362.**BACK ISSUES OF JALEO AVAILABLE:** Vol. I No. 1-6 are \$1.00 each; all others, \$2.00 each; add \$1.00 per copy for overseas orders.**JALEO**

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