

FAST FOLK

M U S I C A L M A G A Z I N E

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FAST FOLK

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FAST FOLK
M U S I C A L M A G A Z I N E

EDITORIAL

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INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

by Richard Meyer

I remember standing in the very crowded lobby of the SpeakEasy on MacDougal Street in New York's Greenwich Village, during a showcase for the 1986 New Music Seminar. I don't recall who was playing, it may have even been me; what I do remember is talking to Mike Rogers from Toronto. He was describing the songwriters' scene there to me, and I was giving him the ten minute history of *Fast Folk*. We decided there and then to make this record. That was two years ago. Mike has moved to the left coast of Canada, and the work of pulling this together included many others.

Mike began by sending me a tape of Toronto artists he thought should be on *Fast Folk*. We called back and forth, and many other names came up. The Toronto scene is, like most music communities, far larger than a first glance can show.

For a while, we were going to set up an impromptu recording session, like we've done in Boston and other places. Scheduling conflicts made this impossible, but two concerts were set up in late May and early June of 1987, which

were recorded by David Dobbs (of the CBC) direct-to-digital two track. Since that time, we have been working across the border to get the master tapes, edit them into this record, secure all the proper releases, get bios, and introduce the idea of *Fast Folk* to all the performers. The tapes were sent to us and apparently got misdirected to Texas, returned to Toronto and then to us. All of these details have been coordinated by Dianne Myers and members of the Mariposa Foundation. We at *Fast Folk* want to thank all the performers, technicians and other supporters of this project. This is our first international venture and we are thrilled about it.

David Seitz (who records many of our stateside albums) became familiar with a number of Canadian artists by way of trips to the Mariposa and Owens Sound Festivals. He was impressed with Eileen McGann, Loreena McKinnnet and the Celtic Gales. One of the main differences he noticed was the extent to which Canadians are familiar with and include traditional music in their set. Over the summer of 1986 members of Catchpenny became aware of David's studio in GreatNeck Long Island and

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I take the pleasure of writing you this letter because Adelmo (one of our Italian subscribers) let me read your article "The Use of Memory and the Bardic Tradition" in FAST FOLK and I felt I should like to say something about it.

I am nobard, no poet or musician; so my perception of your ideas could lack a relationship between thoughts and acts and could appear somehow cold and strongly linked with the rational side of the psyche. Yet I do agree - I can say completely with what you write and I thought I could add some considerations which you surely won't find alien in your own Weltanschauung.

Let's start with the Romans, who were the Nazis of their era. Their 'civilization' was destroyed by a strong pressure many different populations exerted on their broad empire. In many Italian schoolbooks one reads the term 'barbaric invasion' to explain the same phenomenon which in Germany is referred to as 'migrations of northern populations'. Why were the Romans the Nazis of their era? and how did it happen that these widely assorted populations coming from the north came into connection with many older populations of the deepest culture; they took all these cultures and dissected them into small pieces; they set up these small pieces together into what is called latin culture. This was their weakness. Modern Americans dissected many European cultures and put pieces together; this is called American culture. This is one of the weak sides of America.

Why should one become so weak by dissecting and glueing? Culture is based on mythologies, and a myth is always built on an archetype. Carl Gustav Jung said that an archetype is a symbol belonging to the collective unconscious. Symbols and

archetypes are definite amounts of unconscious creative energy. It is of no use to learn Old Greek or going to visit the Acropolis in Athens to understand the ancient Greek mythology. It is no use conquering Greece and changing the names of the Olympic goddesses to master the energy involved in Greek mythology. This was the Roman's mistake.

Symbols belong to the unconscious psyche. If one dissects a symbol and tries to explain it this symbol loses its unconscious nature; it becomes a sign, a signifier with its own meanings - and these meanings belong to conscious psyche. The creative energy involved with the nature of symbols gets lost forever. If one tries to dissect a culture, symbols and archetypes get dissected. A dissected culture brings no energy with it. Myths can be told, can be spoken about, can be sung around in songs like yours; but they must never be dissected.

I am sure yours is hard work. That's why I wish you the best and hope to greet you here again.

Mauro Bozzola

January 8th

1989

Dear Fast Folk,

Congratulations on your sixth anniversary issue! The years of recording, reproducing and presenting artists of all kinds is a remarkable achievement. Likewise, congratulations on your expanded circulation and grants.

Each time my wife and I see one of your records in our mailbox, we look forward to finding out what's on it. When we know that there's a new copy out, we encourage our local public radio station to give it airplay. And to keep them on their

toes, we will request cuts from back issues. Its encouraging to hear your magazine get airplay.

We were also encouraged by your note saying there were more issues in the pipe. We've sometimes wondered if the last issue we received was going to be the LAST issue we received. Sometimes, I wondered if the magazine was really called FAST FOLK OCCASIONAL.

I was also please to see that your anniversary issue contains new material (at least to me). Its easy to fall into the trap of producing an annual "best of" issue and this one was a pleasant surprise.

Well, congratulations again and best wishes for your next six years. I am the proud owner of a complete FAST FOLK/ and CooP collection.*

Bob Withers

Falcon,

Colorado

* FAST FOLK was preceded by 17 issues called the CooP prior to its incorporation in January 1984.- Ed.

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CLUBS IN TORONTO TODAY

by Steve Pritchard
(with additional material
by Dianne Myers)

Although offering acoustic music to restaurant patrons is becoming more popular here in Toronto, The Free Times Cafe, and the Flying Cloud Folk Club have been carrying the banner for folk music for a number of years. There are several venues that offer an open stage set-up, The Jailhouse Cafe and Fat Albert's, which are good venues for beginning performers. Both The Free Times Cafe and The Flying Cloud Folk Club book out-of-town performers, as well as local artists and offer a wide variety of acoustic music, and offer financial remuneration to the musicians.

The Free Times Cafe has been operating as a folk club since 1982, when an *ad-hoc* music policy, which started only as a Saturday night event, spread to a weekly effort. This turned the one-time restaurant into a full-fledged folk emporium.

The Cafe is a warm, small place, which is located via a large, red, circular, neon logo above its door. The actual playing room is small; the stage itself is no more than eight feet across. A *full* house is about fifty people. The size of the room promotes intimacy, but doesn't generate great finance, and therefore necessitates a cover charge.

The Free Times, certainly the main place for acoustic music in Toronto, operates seven days a week, offering all kinds of music from jazz to folk to blues. For a commercial restaurant club, it is akin to a non-commercial club in that the same enthusiasm exists, and the audience comes to listen. And the food is good, too!

The club is owed by a warm, slightly whacky lady named Judy Perly who, besides coordinating the food menu and booking the talent, hosts the regular Monday night open stage which, in her own words, is an important part of the operation. Perly intends to keep the club as it is. If it continues to grow, however, she may need a bigger place. Whatever happens, The Free Times is likely to remain the hub of acoustic music in Toronto.

The Flying Cloud Folk Club was started in 1983 as the Celtic Music Society, its purpose and mandate being "to promote

Celtic music in Toronto." At that point, the club was located in the New Windsor House Tavern, where it operated on Thursday nights, and it was often poorly attended.

Partly because of the poor attendance, the club changed venues in July of 1984. It located at Henry's Pub, operating on a Friday night with a new policy and a new name, The Flying Cloud Folk Club, and offering a broad spectrum of acoustic music, not simply Celtic-based acts. As a consequence of these changes, the club jelled.

In February of 1986, however, the Cloud was on the move again, this time to Tir na nOg, a Celtic organization which offered a performing space. This was thought to be a permanent home, but in March of 1987, when the Tir na nOg building was sold, the Flying Cloud was moved to the historic Spadina Hotel just blocks away. But for how long? At the time of this writing, the Flying Cloud Folk Club has reopened at the TRANZAC Club, an Australian-New Zealand organization, under which the Cloud will function on Sunday nights. If nothing else, the name of the club is certainly descriptive.

The club was originally started by Dan Meany and some friends of his who wanted to provide Toronto with a second volunteer-oriented folk club which could, like the long-running but now defunct Fiddler's Green, give local and international acoustic acts a place to play. Since it first opened its door, in no matter what location, the Flying Cloud has grown with each move. At present, the Cloud provides an excellent alternative to commercially oriented clubs.

Incidentally, Fiddler's Green, mentioned above, operated for seventeen years, closing its doors just last year, giving its location over to the Cloud. Perhaps, just perhaps, the Cloud may stay there for seventeen years also.

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FAST FOLK VISITS TORONTO

by Ken Brown

So, this is your first time in Canada. And all you'll have a chance to see will be a few days of Toronto before you go home. Well, I suppose Toronto's as typical as any Canadian city gets.

Will you have a chance to hear any music before you leave? Good! If you get to hear enough of it, you may be able to get some idea of what our folk music is all about.

This recording is probably a good starting place, if you're looking to understand what Canadian folk music *is*. The songs chosen form an excellent cross-section of the folk music scene in and around one Canadian city.

I guess most of Canada's folk music styles can best be defined by the boundaries that contain them -- whether they be the geographic boundaries of the country itself, the boundaries drawn by our social realities, our national history, or the boundaries which define the "Canadian Experience."

As you listen through the varied performances, you will hear songs about Canadian geographic and social landscapes. You will encounter songs about specific events in Canadian history, as well as songs, the like of which have been heard in our country since before its inception. You will also be fortunate enough to hear what modern Canadian experience has done to transform the music of our nation's history.

But, more than that -- between the songwriters and the singers of topical songs, between the traditional performers and the so-called neo-traditional artists (which we sometimes refer to as "Celtoid") -- you should be able to get an idea of the mosaic that makes up the whole Canadian folk music scene.

Now, don't get me wrong. There are several important traditions and styles that are not represented -- native music, for example. And if you went to any other area of the country, the mix of styles would probably be quite different. But listening to this collection should start to give you some idea of what our music is like.

So, what makes our music typically Canadian? Well, a good example probably lies in the music of our Celtic traditions.

Our pioneers brought their music with them. In some areas it remained a strong tradition, with its musical idiom intact. There are some areas of Cape Breton, for instance, where the Scottish fiddling style is considered almost ancient

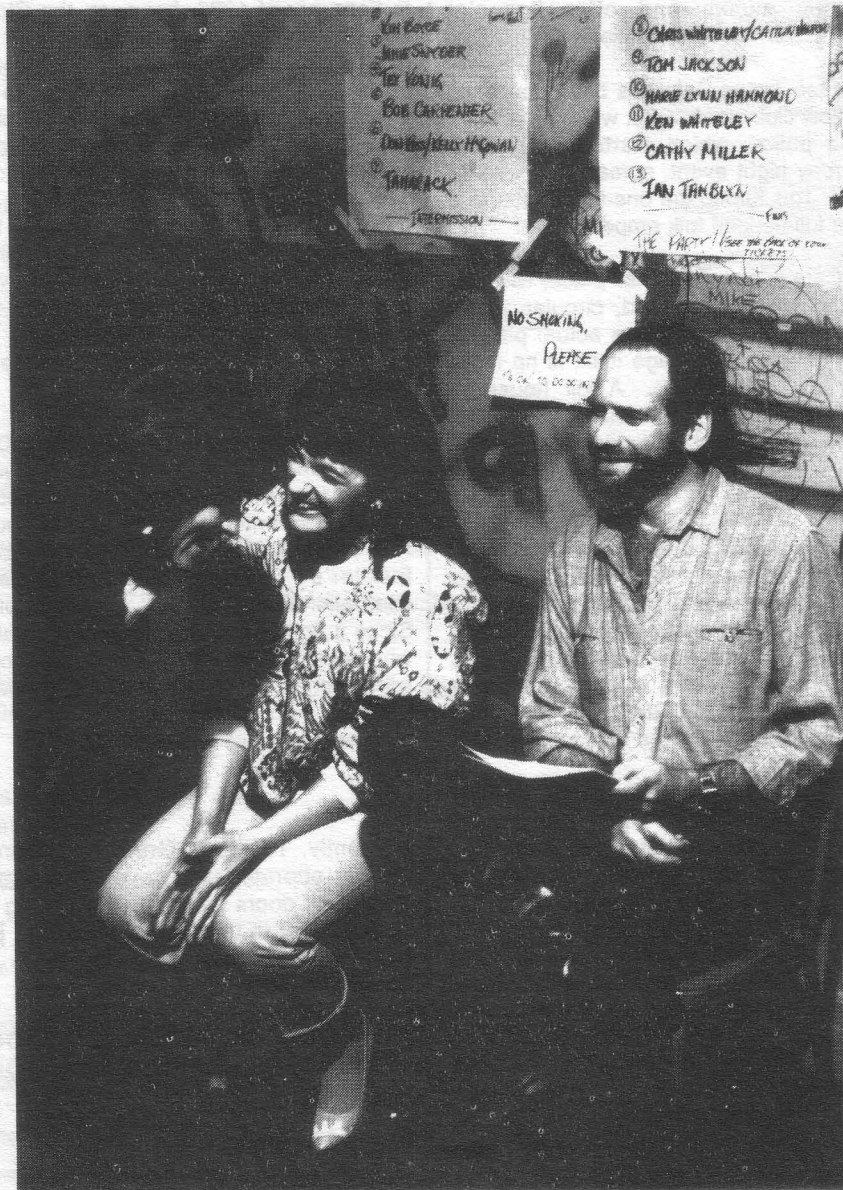
are not represented -- native music, for example. And if you went to any other area of the country, the mix of styles would probably be quite different. But listening to this collection should start to give you some idea of what our music is like.

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Our pioneers brought their music with them. In some areas it remained a strong tradition, with its musical idiom intact. There are some areas of Cape Breton, for instance, where the Scottish

fiddling style is considered almost ancient when compared to the traditional styles played in Scotland today.

On the other hand, some types of Celtic music have become remarkably progressive over the years. In pipe and drum competitions throughout the world, Canadian bands have become notorious for their new treatments of what has been considered a fairly static tradition. Jigs have been turned into jazz waltzes and boleros -- to the consternation of the judges, and the delight of many competitors and audience members. (One can see where the music of Rare Air



SYLVIA TYSON AND STEVE MENDEL HOST THE FIRST FAST FOLK TORONTO CONCERT FOR THIS RECORD, TALKING TO MARIE LYNN HAMMOND.

is a natural evolution, rather than a musical aberration.)

Somewhere in between the staunchly traditional and the radically modern stand the majority of Canadian Celtic performers -- defined by the two extremes. They play the music with care, always adding their own subtle textures, or they write their own material in a traditional style. Canadian artists, in this last category especially, have come to be recognized as among the best in the world.

So what am I saying?

I'm saying that Canadian music is much like our country and its people.

I can usually tell a Canadian in a foreign crowd. Don't ask me why -- Canadians are as individualistic as they come. I think, it's just that after a while you come to recognize a certain general attitude. (For some people, the easiest way to describe a Canadian is to describe how he or she differs from an American.)

I think our music has a general attitude about it. There is a similarity in "taste" between Ian Tamblyn's "North Vancouver Island" and Eileen McGann's "Isabella Gunn"; between Tamarac's "Les Raftsmen" and Rare Air's "New Swing Reel," and between Tim Harrison's "Innocent Eyes" and Jamie Snider's "UIC." Each of them (and the other fine tracks recorded) represent a Canadian approach to the music. Don't ask me why -- each song is different from the next.

Just try this for me. Give these songs a listen through a few times, then see if you don't start to see it -- a certain general attitude. It's that attitude that makes this music Canadian.

And just think, we get to hear this stuff all the time!

(Sometimes I wonder if we know how lucky we really are...)

(Ken Brown is a Hamilton-based musician who has been a professional performer for over ten years. He specializes in "Celtoid" repertoire, as well as his own original material. He is currently the President of the Ontario Council of Folk Festivals.)

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TOM HARRISON WITH RON SELLWOOD AT THE WINNEPEG FOLK FESTIVAL 1988.

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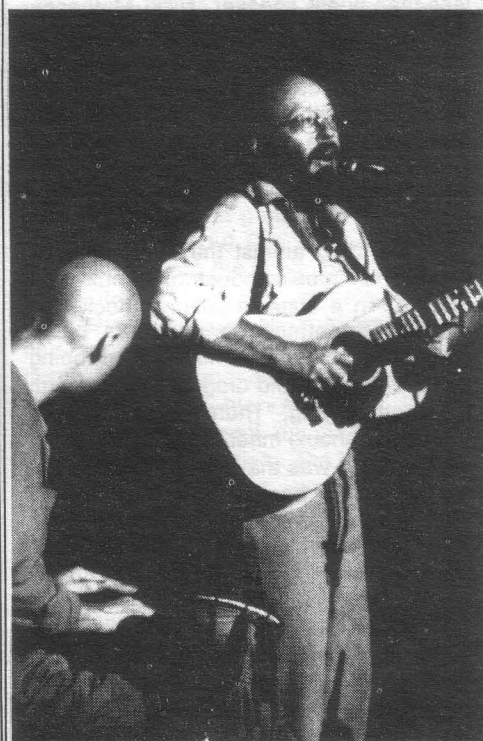
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DAVID ESSIG- HOST OF THE 2ND CONCERT PLAYING WITH TREVOR FERRIER OF RARE AIR.

ALAN STIVELL: The Ancient Harp in the New Age

by Jackson Braider

At the annual *Music-Show* in Paris, the convention hall is filled with people. Kids dressed for the rock stage, girlfriends dutifully tagging along; grown-ups who run the stores where the kids buy their stuff. If you aren't there by nine in the morning, you might as well forget about trying that nice-looking acoustic guitar by the guy from Normandy. Because the Salon de Musique is filled not only with people, it's filled with noise. This is music in the electronic age -- keyboard synthesizers, guitar synths, drum synths, wind synths. You have to plug in to be heard. And for that you have a roomful of amplifiers -- and they all seem, as the guy says in *Spinal Tap*, turned up to 11.

Working at the booth for *Musicien* magazine is our correspondent in Paris. Speaking French without the "ers" and the "ums" that so quickly identify the less-than-fluent speaker, Nikki Matheson has managed in a little less than a year to carve for herself a curious niche in the French musical scene, not only by performing with Gabriel Yacoub, but in translating (she was serving as the basic French/English interpreter for the French musical press) and performing on her own.

Standing amidst the celebration of the French musicointerotechnological complex in a state of culture shock that resembled nothing so much as battle fatigue, I suddenly found Nikki grabbing me by the hand and dragging me through the booth, saying, "There's someone here I think you should meet."

Thus it was that I found myself face to face with one of the few French musicians who has managed to cross the Atlantic without having been decimated by the experience. Alan Stivell, the Breton harpist, stood there in his gray raincoat and sunglasses, perhaps as amazed at Nikki's energy as I. A hesitant smile but a firm handshake -- we'll see how this unexpected interview goes.

Stivell is a Breton -- that is, he comes from the peninsula of France that reaches out into the Atlantic Ocean to the

south of England. The region is called Brittany; it's known for its gray weather and rough seas, its heavy tide, and its ancient Celtic heritage. All around the windswept countryside, one can find domens -- rock formations assembled of uncarved boulders by Celtic forefathers thousands of years ago. The old churches, built of the same grey stone, are covered in moss that established its roots six or even seven hundred years ago. The moss feeds on the humid air and the rain. And at the very end of the Breton peninsula, where the unobstructed Atlantic hits the coast with massive 40-foot tides, stands *Finisterre* -- quite literally, "The End of the World."

A culture born out of such a land does not die easily. To survive the bitter weather, to maintain the discipline needed to embrace the sea, the Bretons have, of all the regionalities of France, been the most intractable in the face of the national culture that emanates from Paris. The national deputies attempted to ban the Breton language, even the use of Breton names until well in the '60s -- but all to no avail. Where other regional languages and customs have fallen into disuse -- in Provence and the Languedoc, home of the early *trouveres* and *troubadours* -- Breton alone flourishes.

These are important things to know, says Stivell, when it comes to understanding what he perceives as his musical "mission." Oppressed by the national government, the Bretons grasped firmly onto their roots, acting as much out of defiance as out of any particular ethnocentricity. "We survived in our way of life for many centuries without any help from Paris. The harder Paris pushed, the more rooted we became. In fact, I think it was *because* of Paris that we began to look even more deeply into our heritage."

Stivell's first involvement with the Breton harp came at the inspiration of his father. He wanted to recover the old music. To unattuned ears, it resembles the Irish in its sense of melody, but the rhythms differ. No wonder: the Celts inhabited Brittany and the British Isles (including Ireland) long before Julius Caesar brought the boys up from Rome. A collective unconscious has joined these people against the romance-speaking invader for over two millennia.

Stivell's first two albums reflected this involvement with his native soil -- *Journee a la Maison* (odd that he should have chosen a French title) and *Renaissance of the Celtic Harp*, both available on Rounder. Since then, he has

expanded his work to embrace a sort of jazz rock, though his feelings about these later recordings is somewhat mixed. "They're very much experimental, and so they certainly aren't my last word," he says. "I am interested in the vocabulary of music, but I see it as something I want to expand."

In his desire to "expand the vocabulary of music," Stivell seeks to go beyond his native Brittany. "I am a citizen of the world. So much of the world's music enthalls me that I cannot be otherwise." In that sense, he is proudest of his double album, *Celtic Symphony*. He admits that it's a problematic album -- 75 minutes of music, drawing from traditional, jazz, rock, classical, Tibetan, even Sanskrit inspirations. At different points in the music, singers enter, singing texts in languages both living and dead.

"Yes, I don't doubt that many people find it strange. But I could see no other way of doing it. When you have such a vision, you must do something with it." As visions go, it is very difficult to fulfill. Stivell does not admit to the age-old notion that music is the "universal language," but he does see the world's musical styles expressing, in their respective ways, many of the same ideals and beliefs. The result is that while the album is uneven -- Stivell admits that he was dabbling with musical styles as if they were colors on a palette -- there are some breathtaking moments where the music approaches the sublime and the vision informing the album is achieved.

These are, as you might have gathered, moments you would not typically think of as sublime. Someone mumbling in Tibetan is tough to identify with -- the text is inaccessible, the melody is nonexistent. But where Stivell's mystical effort to portray the principle of unity in the world works is in his valiant effort to fulfill his vision. It's here that he really renders so much of the New Age, as we've experienced it in America at any rate, null and void -- a leftover from smoking too much dope and worrying about where you can park a BMW in Marin County.

At its very best -- which doesn't occur too often -- music as we have come to know it in the New Age is a nonpresence, a hip psychologist's prescription for immediate stress reduction. "Take two sides and call me in the morning, man." In the main, the performers (can we really call them

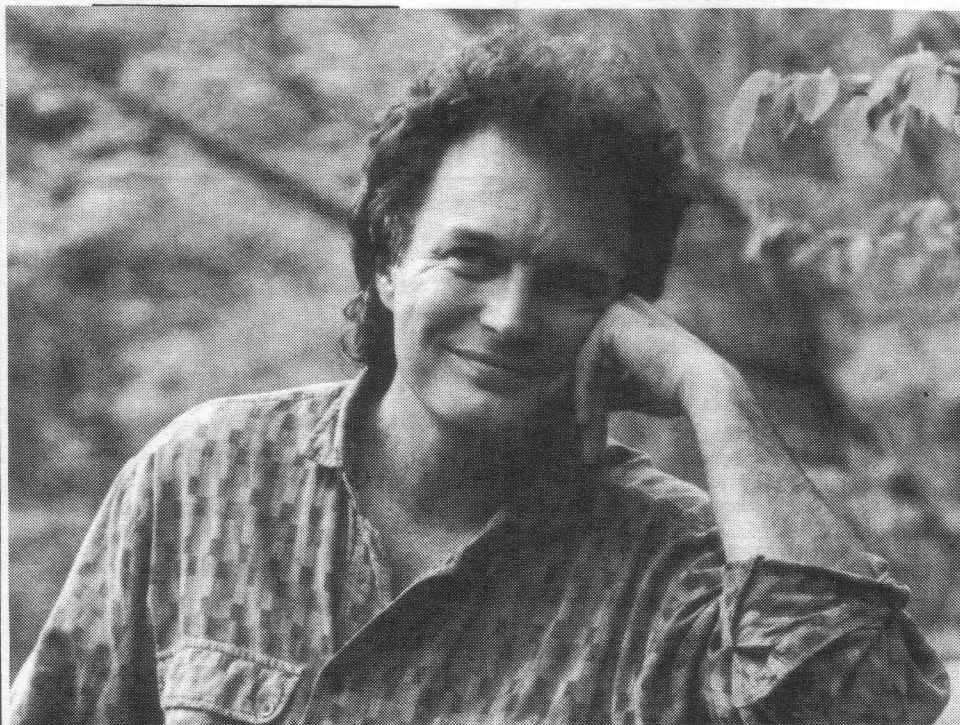
composers, even though they collect royalties?) have been technically inept, stylistically indifferent to anything beyond a mellow sound and a major key. In a word, music in the New Age has been above all else *banal*.

Proponents argue that what they are doing is evoking some form of spirituality -- a kind of warm, fuzzy bliss. But all they are really doing is ridding their music of any challenge whatsoever. Current theorists feel that when music *works* -- that is, speaks to us, affects us, moves us -- it is the result of a particular balance between tension and rest. So much of New Age has no tension; there is no challenge.

Stivell's unique approach as a "citizen of the world" is perhaps somewhat different from the kind of tension we are used to experiencing -- it's hard to know where he's going to come from next. Wherever that is, however, it is bound to be a thoughtful place. Not a place of definitive, dogmatic statements; rather it is an on-going experiment.

That's one image, at any rate, but it doesn't seem to account for the kind of restless joy that seems to prevail in Stivell's work. Not adolescent energy, but a relentless curiosity -- a bit like a man going crazy at a haberdashery. So many hats, so little time.

In the next years, Europe will be undergoing a political unification the likes of which the Europeans have not known since the Roman Empire. Ironically, Stivell feels, the regional cultures, like that of Brittany, will emerge as part of the new international fabric, no longer held in check by any perverse nationalistic need. "They promise that it is going to be a wonderful time, this new European age. I don't know about that, but I do know that it's going to be a wonderful time for the musics of the world."



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THE FOLK MUSIC CHRONICLES



A collection of articles, essays, and short stories

by ROGER DEITZ

The eighteen stories in this collection originally appeared in the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* between 1984 and 1985. All would, therefore, seem to be about folk music, at least on the surface. But there is more to them than that. Available by sending \$5.95 + \$1.00 postage to: Rescan Associates Inc., 401 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

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but I didn't mind that much 'cause I knew I had enough
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now I'm back in the ranks of the unemployed again

Chorus:

and it's
U.I.C. standing in the long line
U.I.C. waiting for a cheque
U.I.C. thinking you're going to have a great time
but three months later you're a nervous wreck

They're sending me extra, but they're taking it back
and writing me letters saying "come and see us Jack"
The looks of my councillor would make the flowers wilt,
and when I'm on the pogeys, I'm always full of guilt

Chorus:

and it's
U.I.C. trying to enter trade school
U.I.C. trying to make a new start
U.I.C. cursing yourself for a fool
as you're lighting up the fireplace with your
bachelor of arts

They say there's work in Edmonton, and work in Montreal,
work digging graves and picking apples in the fall,
work in the east, and work in the west,
but the best job of all is handing out the cheques

Chorus:

and it's
U.I.C. standing in the long line
U.I.C. hanging about
U.I.C. complaining instead of changing
but I'd better finish now because my claim
just ran out

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Of a boy who's raised,
By the railroad line

The sound of a whistle,
At the cross in the road
And the tanks and the trucks,
And the tractors of a flatcar load
Become a part of the soul,
And the heart and the mind,
Of a boy who's raised,
By the railroad line

Chorus:

And the big round penny
That you lay on the rail,
And the wheels mashed flat
And the pictures of the ladies,
And the glimpses of the men
In their engineer's hats

And the brakeman waves,
From the red caboose
He's part of the past
Never quite turned loose
He's part of the soul,
And the heart and the mind
Of a boy who's raised,
By the railroad line

Words & Music ©1988 by Paul Craft

LES RAFTSMEN

La ou'est-ce qu'ils sont tous les raftsmen
La ou'est-ce qu'ils sont tous les raftsmen
Dans les chantiers y sont monter

v'la le bon vent, v'la le joli vent
v'la le bon vent m'amie m'appelle
v'la le bon vent, v'la le joli vent
v'la le bon vent, m'amie m'attend

et par Bytown y sont passer
c'était pour bien s'habiller
des belles petites bottes
dans leurs gros pieds
chez Mme Gauthier y sont aller

avec leurs provisions achetées
vers l'Outouais sont diriger

en canots d'écorce sont monter

et du plaisir y sont donner

dans les chantiers s'sont arrivés
des manches de hache ont fabriquer

que l'Outouais fut étonné
tant faisaient de bruit
leurs haches trempées

quand les chantiers fut terminés
chacun chez eux sont retournés

Where have all the raftsmen gone
Where have all the raftsmen gone
They've gone up to the winter camp

they have passed through Bytown
to purchase better clothes
with nice new boots
on their great big feet
they've gone to Madam Gauthier's

with their new supplies
they've headed off for the Outouais

in birch bark canoes
they've gone upriver
happy to be on their way

when they arrive in the winter camps
they carve handles for their axes

the whole region echoes
with the thunder
of their tempered axes

when the winter camps are over
each man goes back to his home

Traditional

THE BALLAD OF THE SPRINGHILL MINING DISASTER

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
down in the dark of the Cumberland mines
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In the roads that never saw sun or sky,
The roads that never saw sun or sky.

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy
Often the earth will tremble and roll;
When the earth is restless, miners die:
Bone and blood are the price of coal,
Bone and blood are the price of coal.

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
late in the year of '58.
The day still comes and the sun still shines,
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland mine,
Dark and quiet as the grave in the Cumberland mine.

Down at the coal face, miners working;
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade
A rumble of rock and the walls close round
The living and the dead men two miles down,
The living and the dead men two miles down.

Twelve men lay two miles from the pit shaft
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang;
Long hot days in a miners tomb:
It was three feet wide and a hundred long
Three feet wide and a hundred long.

Three days passed and the lamps gave out,
And Caleb Rushton he up and says,
"We have no more water nor light nor bread,
We will live on songs now and hope instead,
We will live on songs now and hope instead."

Listen for the shouts of the barefaced miners,
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team,
Six hundred feet of coal and slag,
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam,
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam.

Eight long days and some were rescued.
Leaving the dead to lie there all alone,
Through all their lives they had dug their graves,
Two miles of earth for a marking stone,
Two miles of earth for a marking stone.

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy.
Often the earth will tremble and roll;
When the earth is restless, miners die:
Bone and blood are the price of coal,
Bone and blood are the price of coal ! !

Listen for the shouts of the barefaced miners,
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team.
Six hundred feet of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam,
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam.

Words & Music ©1988 by Ewan MacColl

DOWN ON THE STATION

planes on the runway
jet fighters overhead
planes flying through your dreams
when you're lying asleep in your bed
and the job means being ready
for a war no one wants to fight
eternal preparation for
those sirens in the night
down on the station

so they play it out in wargames
the phone rings early dawn
papa says the code word, grabs his gear
and then he's gone gone gone
and it's the biggest tease of all now
imagine how it feels
to spend your whole life cocked and ready
but you never get to shoot for real
down on the station
down on the station

Bridge:

and every year they move you
if you're lucky every two or three
so you learn how to be real adaptable
'cause that's how a soldier should be

you get good at playing new kid in school
or new wife on the block
you learn not to get too close now
you learn when not to talk
down on the station
down on the station
down on the station

Operation Nighthawk
mama's pacing up and down the hall
she says 'go back to bed now girls
nothing to worry about at all'
and for years of course you believe her
and then one night you know the score
all it takes is a little bad timing
a slight miscalculation
a critical malfunction
and someone's father don't come home no more
down on the station
down on the station

Bridge:

and booze was cheap in the messhalls
you can bet it was planned that way
to keep you from thinking too much at night
about what you did all day

so papa stumbles home around midnight
we listen upstairs in fear
he stalks the house like a stranger
mama's once again in tears
oh god and now he's cursing and raging
he thinks no one understands
he feels trapped in this house full of women
oh where are the sons he planned

because what could you do with daughters
back in 1962
you can't take them hunting
can't talk about the war and flying
about the glory and the madness
all the tension and the terror
and how it finally gets to you
down on the station
down on the station
down on the station

and it's the biggest tease of all now
imagine how it feels
you spend your whole life cocked and ready
but you never get to shoot for real
oh papa can't you see
we're not the enemy
oh papa can't you see
we're not the enemy

and nobody knows who they're fighting
nobody knows what for
nobody knows who the enemy is any more
down on the station
down on the station
down on the station
down on the station
down on the station

Words & Music ©1985 by Marie-Lynn Hammond

THE STOLEN CHILD

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
*For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can
understand.*

Words by William Butler Yeats
Music ©1989 by Loreena McKennitt

SIDE BY RIVER TWO

ISABELLA GUNN

My name it is Isabella Gunn and I'm a woman both true and strong
From Orkney's rugged isles I come, but now listen to my song
When I was young I had a lad, as I loved, so he loved me
But poverty made him sell his land to travel across the sea

It was in the summer of eighteen-six my lover and I set sail
To stay with him I used my wits and my courage it did not fail
In man's attire I stole away and joined that jolly crew
Side by side we worked each day and only my lover knew

But oh how I loved those rocky cliffs and the windy and treeless shore
And oh how it broke my heart to leave but I loved my dear one more
Much more, oh I loved my dear one more

My love was signed by the Hudson's Bay for to be a voyageur
To paddle and explore the northern ways, to trade and transport fur
And if you think I would be left behind, it's little that you understand
For on the very next line I signed for to do the work of a man

And oh how I loved the life we led, though my love and I worked apart
But adventure delighted my very soul and the forest land healed my heart
My heart, the forest land healed my heart

The company signed me to work three years and I had well proved my worth
But eighteen months fulfilled my fears and I found that I'd soon give birth
I hoped that the trees would afford me rest but they found me as I lay
With my newborn son lying at my breast, there was little that I could say

They sent me down river to wash the clothes of men I had worked beside
And though I did well enough I suppose, I felt that I'd rather have died
The only thing that gave me joy, my babe grew strong and hale
And I looked for the day that I'd take my boy and we'd follow the northern trail

For oh how I loved those rocky lakes and the stands of birch and pine
And oh in the spring how my heart turned north for to search out this land of mine
Of mine, for to search out this land of mine

My name it is Isabella Gunn and it's many long miles I've roamed
From Orkney's rugged isles I come but now Canada is my home
For it's here I've come and here I'll be and here I'll find my rest
And my son's sons and daughters will follow me in this land that I love best

Words & Music ©1988 by Eileen McGann

(This story is a true one, documented in the records
of the Hudson's Bay Company. Isabella worked her
two years as a fur trader in the James Bay and Northern
Manitoba regions.)

FALLING NIGHT

I heard a voice calling
somewhere in the night
It could have been an echo
or a bird in flight
As near as I can tell you
as clear as I can see
There's something on the verge
of being shown to me.

And I wonder if maybe
my life is a daydream
I think it might be
Yes I wonder if maybe
my life is a changing
in the way of me.

Thunder on the border
Lightning in the sky
Shining on the rising
of the falling night
A man among disorder
standing in the stream
You've seen him in your dreams
You've seen him in your dreams.

Words & Music ©1988 by Bob Carpenter

NORTH VANCOUVER ISLAND SONG

In the deep green dark green
Grey poles mist shrouds
Gravel beds the rivers race
Mountains barred and the scarred land
But the regrowth's coming back again
Coming back again - you bet I am
Coming back again to the deep green.....

In the deep green the dark lakes
The giants fell now old teeth
The raven croaks and the cabbage flower
Grows amongst the deep green
From the logging camps to the lumber camps
Deep green and the mist shrouds
Cedar air of the fishing towns
Salmon streams running gold and brown
The rain it falls the rainbow arcs
White wisp over deep dark
White wisp over deep dark
Coming back again?
Coming back again you bet I am
Coming back again to the regrowth
Coming back again to the mist shrouds
Dark lakes snow caps gravel beds rivers race
to the green on white over green on blue over
Green on black over green on grey
Over green on green
Over green on green.....

(Repeat second half of tune)

Words & Music by Ian Tamblyn
©1982 Sea Lynx Music (Capac)

(The song was written on a bus travelling from Nainimo
to Port Hardy. "I wanted to convey the impression of this
bus whirling through this amazing landscape.")

YOUNG GIRL CUT DOWN IN HER PRIME

As I was walking one midsummer's morning
As I was walking before it was day
Who should I spy but my own darling daughter
Wrapped up in white flannel and cold as the clay

Chorus:

Beat the drum slowly and play the pipes merrily
Sound the dead march as you bear me along
Into my grave throw a handful of roses
Say "There goes a bloomin' girl to her last home"

Mother oh mother come sit ye down side o' me
Sit ye down side o' me pity my fate
It's of a young fellow who's lately deserted me
See how he's brought me to shame and disgrace

Chorus

Daughter o daughter why hadn't you told me
Why hadn't you told me we'd have took it in time
We might have bought salts and pills of white mercury
Now you're a young girl cut down in your prime

Chorus

Send for the clergyman for to pray over me
Send for the clergyman e'er it's too late
Send for that young man whose lately deserted me
Bid him come to me and pity my fate

Lyrics ©1988 by Catherine Crowe

INNOCENT EYES

The sun comes up, a day will start
The flame is lit to start the spark
Burning in the souls of the living
You walk to Second Avenue
One more day to pay the dues
Of living in a world so unforgiving

Chorus:

Innocent eyes, innocent eyes
Never see a danger
Innocent eyes, innocent eyes
Always look to strangers

Celebrating the gray days
Sitting in all night cafes
Moving with the joy and feeling able
You start to swing as the music sounds
But something makes you turn around
It's Machiavelli dancing on the table

Chorus

You look to find the human beat
You walk to Forty Second Street
Moving with the whores and with the hustlers
You stop to play a game of chance
One more try for a romance
Buying tickets to the heart from scalpers

Chorus (Repeat twice)

Always look to strangers
Never look to strangers
Always look to strangers

Words & Music ©1986 by Tim Harrison

"WE'RE THE ONES WHO WILL HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH A DRUMSTICK WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING" An Interview With Rare Air

Edited by Hugh Blumenfeld

Rare Air is resurrecting the bagpipes the way Zydeco music is resurrecting the accordion. Both instruments have suffered from years of ridicule and neglect, and have been hiding in the recesses of traditional folk culture. We wanted to find out how the successful group ever decided to make a go of it with bagpipes, whose mere mention can make people cringe, and how they went about transforming the traditional music they had been given into Rare Air's signature style of bagpipe-jazz-funk-fusion.

The group, which has always played more in the States than it has in Canada, has a new album out on Green Linnet, Hard to Beat, but no recording can hope to capture the pure energy that the group gives off on stage.

Dave Seitz and I met with Rare Air's two pipers, Pat O'Gorman and Grier Coppins, at the press house at the Mariposa Folk Festival in 1987. Pat, with his long mane of golden hair and knee-length robes, has the air of a Celtic magician on stage, while Grier, with his face painted half blue, half red, looks aboriginal. In plain clothes by the light of day, they still give off an aura of otherworldliness - a zaniness combined with a certain intensity around the eyes. They are quick to laugh, and very at ease talking music with two highpowered music industry people like Dave and myself. Dick Murai, the group's bassist and guitarist, and Trevor Ferrier, the drummer whose kit is a wild set of rototoms, were taking a break from the festival. The room was noisy and crowded, and sometimes it was hard to tell who said what on the tape.

One last note. The song you'll hear on this Fast Folk recording is Rare Air's customary entrance when they open a concert. They begin it from somewhere offstage, and it builds as the group members converge on the stage, in no particular hurry as they move through the audience. In fact, it becomes a kind of march, and everybody dances or sways, compelled to move. These are real pied pipers, make no mistake about it.

FF: When did you start playing the bagpipes?

Pat: He was 7, I was 11.

Grier: I did a family thing - I was next in line in the family. You know, my cousin is quickly becoming the bagpipe guru of the world - at least on this side of the ocean. I was next in line, I got it handed down. Pat, man, when he was 11, just figured it out. He said, 'I'm eleven years old and bagpipes sound great. Bagpipes sound great and I wanna play 'em,' and he did it.

Pat: There's no connection, I just liked 'em. My grandmother bought mine, even though she didn't like them very much. She was English.

Grier: My family was fully supplied, but they never gave me shit. When I started to play the pipes, my mom went down to the flea market or something, and got the bottom of the scrugs pile o'lorry pipes, and I grinded out on them for a couple of years. That's what Scottish families are all about - hold the pipes until he's really good. OK, he's good enough now, pass him the pipes. I never got the pipes, though - there's something wrong with that thinking.

Pat: Yeah, 'cause you left! You're a maverick, renegade!

Grier: We grew up in the system. We played pipes in pipebands...

Pat: ...taught by older pipers. His uncle was a piper for years and years - had his own pipeband. I was trained under a guy who had a boy's pipeband in Toronto for years. He had committed his life to teaching boys how to play bagpipes, and I started under him. When you get to a certain point, you start to move up in the system and start playing amongst better players.

Grier: You can take solo tutorial kinds of things, which he did quite a bit of, but you can still learn in a pipeband. Every week, twice a week, you go out and the better players spend time with the people who are not so good. They teach you, and you just keep getting better and better, and you move from amateur to professional.

Pat: What you have in a pipeband is this really small amount of music and you perfect it. So you're always working on up. You're doing this tune every week, you're trying to get thirteen pipers to play together with five drummers, and it goes on and on. We were eighteen and hungry. We were sick of playing the same

tunes.

FF: What happened then?

Pat: Well, we just all got together to see what we could play. There were four of us in that pipeband - it's an insular little world, you all know each other. I guess we were all in the same band because we like each other, and we played new music in that band. It was as exciting as we could get. And then, it didn't quite do it for us, and we wanted to do something else; and Dick, who plays bass and guitar, I went to kindergarten with him. So you take your best friends and this guy from kindergarten, and you all play good music together. We had never even heard a guitar with a bagpipe.

FF: So it wasn't like you had this concept, it just fell out that way?

Pat: Exactly. Like, you needed something to do and that was the thing to do. We started with three pipers and a drummer - Trevor was the drummer. It was a funny thing. The pipeband we were in broke up and we just started trying some stuff. We were influenced to a certain extent by the Bothy Band, and we were listening to the Irish folks, hearing what they were doing with their music, so it became apparent to us that we were in these pipebands, and here were Planxty and the Bothy Band playing this traditional music that's like ours, and yet they're stuffing it and mixing it up with all these other instruments.

Grier: The Bothy Band was a really good band - on an album, I never saw them live. Stravinsky was pretty good, too. Pink Floyd was a good band.

Pat: We tried to learn their stuff, but we never actually played it in the band.

Grier: We never got a chance to 'cause everybody had new ideas. We never got a chance to.

Pat: We weren't really interested in copying them anyway. They wanted to do that thing with their music, and we wanted to do this thing with our music. We didn't want to become like them. Like when we left the pipeband, they all thought we'd given up the bagpipes to play whistles and flutes, trying to be like Planxty.

Grier: Little did they know we still liked them...

FF: Who were your influences in terms of the music you ended up creating?

Grier: It's hard to say...actually, let's get real specific, that'd be fun. Sun Ra. Sun Ra was a big influence on this band. We loved Sun Ra. The Bothy Band was pretty big. Alan Stivell, in the early years, say ten years ago. Nine years ago, we were just forming.

Pat: Hmmm...specific influences. African music.

Grier: Yeah, Trevor always listened

to a bunch of African stuff. Bunch of tabla stuff.

Pat: ...and Indian music, and things like the Korean music he's been playing with David Essig. In terms of Dick's playing, he would say somebody like Jimi Hendrix, progressive rock. Maybe we would call these influences, but jazz influenced us a lot in our mode of playing. I mean Dick's approach to accompaniment is a lot different from most.

FF: Yes, he's a lot more up-front than most bass players.

Pat: We never have thought of things as being accompaniment so much. The drummer doesn't back up the band, it's like a conversation. It's always been like that, and that came out of Trevor's whole background in pipeband drumming. That's the way his teacher believes. Dick was the same way, we gave him complete freedom. He has a different view of how to make a tune sail. He tries to push the outer limits, he tries to bend it a little, make it sound a little bit stranger than it is, or a little bit straighter, if it's strange. Any kind of perspective that's just a little bit bent.

Grier: The beauty of Dick is that he has a different sense of harmonics. It makes total sense to him to play against tunes - he's very outside. In technical terms, it's like we'll be playing in A (we call it B-flat) and he'll be playing in G - and he loves it.

FF: That's what seems to give Rare Air its distinctive sound. You are piping away on some very traditional sounding tunes, with your eyes closed in some kind of ancient reverie. I mean, they could transport you two to a field in Scotland and nobody would stop and say, 'Hey, they're doing something strange with those pipes!'

Pat: No, you wouldn't hear the funk bass in the background.

Grier: We're a big fan of the four voices going down their own paths and it all making sense.

Pat: Or not making sense.

Grier: It doesn't have to make sense all the time.

Pat: Exactly.

FF: Who starts the writing of the tunes?

Pat: We all do. I write a lot of stuff - we haven't gotten to all of it.

Grier: Trevor will come up with a drumming idea, he'll say, 'I've got this idea for reels, you guys pick the tune.'

FF: So you take traditional tunes and stick them in.

Grier: Yeah, we use a lot of traditional tunes. We still love them. And a lot of stuff, as you say, sounds like

traditional tunes.

Pat: It's pretty much in the idiom. I mean, that last piece we played, Dick wrote that tune very much in a piping vein.

Grier: He wrote it after listening to ten years of bagpipes (*groans all around*).

FF: How did you find non-traditional audiences responded to the bagpipes - was it difficult at first?

Grier: It's a lot better lately. I don't know - the bagpipe moves people, they're very clewed into it. Sometimes I think they're more clewed into it than I am. It's just primal. You can't ignore a bagpipe, it gets under your skin. For better or worse, you're grabbed. People have actually come up to us after hearing the two of us play together, just playing bagpipes together, and say: 'I hated bagpipes until you guys played - it changed my idea.'

Pat: That's a thrill. A lot of people come up after a show and say: 'I can't handle bagpipes, that was great!'

FF: Do you ever have a problem with people who say that your music is a bastardization?

Grier: People do that, but they'll come around. I don't understand what the word means - everything's a bastardization. People live over here for two hundred years, and there's no such thing as purity. I mean there's such a thing as purity, but they've got the wrong words attached to the wrong meanings. Purity is a spirit thing. It's just a matter of playing good music.

FF: There is a sort of Eastern spiritual feel that you get out of your music, that sense of a chant which makes it tempting sometimes to classify Rare Air as New Age music.

Grier: New Age? No. We're the ones who will hit you over the head with a drumstick when you're not looking.

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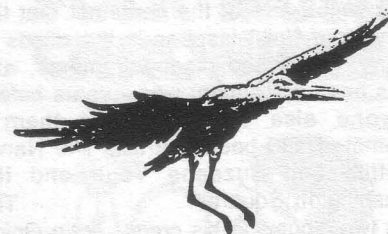
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ON THE RECORD

TIM HARRISON has done much to further folk music in Canada. In addition to releasing two albums of his own material, Tim has acted as artistic director for Owen Sound Summerfolk Festival, Mariposa Folk Festival, and Northwind Festival. He most recently hosted and produced CKLN Radio's *Acoustic Espionage*, a weekly Toronto folk music program which ran until February of 1988, in addition to a busy schedule of club appearances with his band. As is said of him: "Harrison lives in a smaller, more personal world - just as we all do. This is the world where smaller, intimate details are the personal headlines of our lives, where relationships get built, but where they crumble, too; where hope is won, and sometimes lost; where events are measured in fragments of joyous but sometimes bitter-sweet memory. And where, much of the time and despite the odds, the good guys win and sadness is frequently vanquished. He remains an unabashed "folk music" enthusiast, but he's well aware of the contempt that the very word "folk" inspires in the minds of many. He's had disappointments, and he's been a visionary who - years before anyone else had heard of them - promoted and booked artists like Nancy Griffith and Suzanne Vega and the Washington Squares.

Tim has two albums to his credit, *Train Going East* (1981), produced by the late Stan Rogers, and *In the Barroom Light* (1985), produced by David Essig. For further information contact: Richard Flohil & Associates, 1240 Bay Street #303, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2A7 or Second Avenue Productions, P.O. Box 1069, Stn. "F", Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2T7 or call (416) 925-3154.

LOREENA McKENNITT is based in Stratford, Ontario and is a true Renaissance artist. A fluent performer on a number of instruments, not the least of which is her own voice, Loreena has performed in concert from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, and has also represented Canada at Expo '85 in Japan, and at UNESCO during Canada Week in Paris. She has written music for the Canadian National Film Board, the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and for productions at the Stratford



Shakespearean Festival, where she also lends her talents as an actress. A recent half-hour television profile of her was aired by the CBC. Loreena has recorded two albums available on cassette, *Elemental* (1985), which includes the studio version of *Stolen Child* and a variety of Celtic-based material, and *To Drive the Cold Winter Away* (1987), which was mostly recorded in a monastery in Ireland, and consists of carols, as well as original and traditional songs. Both are available from Quinlan Road Productions, R.R. #5, Stratford, Ontario N5A 6S6.

RARE AIR is Dick Murai, Grier Coppins, Trevor Ferrier, and Patrick O'Gorman. They have been performing their particular blend of Celtic Funk since 1978, when they began performing under the name, NA CABARFEIDH. In 1980, they released their first album called *Stick It In Your Ear*, followed by *Rare Air* in 1982. At that point, they changed the group's name to Rare Air as well, and have subsequently released two more albums, *Mad Plaid* in 1984, and *Hard To Beat* in 1987 on the Green Linnet label. Based in Toronto, the group has toured internationally and spends much of its time on the road, gaining great popularity both in Canada and in the United States.



TEX KONIG, in his own words: "I tell ballads, I sing stories." In the mid-50's, Tex started perfecting his trade in New York City's Washington Square Park at the Sunday afternoon sessions, which continue to this day. Tex moved to the coffeehouses down the street from the park, and, until his move to Canada in 1968, took an active part in that legendary New York era. He has been a cook, gunsmith, photographer, coffeehouse manager, and actor, but, as he says, always a folksinger. After 25 years as a folksinger, Tex released his first album in 1985 called *Konigsblende*. Since then he has been a central figure in several Canadian cities such as Montreal, Ottawa, and now Toronto. He has played all across the country in clubs and at various festivals over the years.



DISCOGRAPHY OF ARTISTS

Jamie Snider
with Red Island In Pursuit of the Wild Bologna Indep 1978*

Jamie Snider with
Wonderful Grand Band Living in a Fog Indep 1982*

*no longer available

Eye Music Shorelines Indep 1987**
(Don Ross, Mark
Duggan & Oliver
Schroer)

Don Ross with Kehewin Indep 1986***
Kelly McGowan

Mark Duggan with North of Java Centre Disc 1987*
Evergreen Club
Gamelan

Oliver Schroer Underground Freedom Indep 1986**

Harbord Trio (Don Ross, In From the Cold Indep 1987***
Kelly McGowan and
Oliver Schroer)

All are cassette only
available through:

*Canadian Music Centre, 20 St. Joseph St., Toronto

**Oliver Schroer, 511 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5R 2Z6

***Don Ross, 148 Huron St., Toronto, Ontario M5T 2B4

Tim Harrison Train Going East 2nd Avenue Music
1981

In the Barroom Light 2nd Avenue Music
1985

Available through:

Boot Records (Canada)

Silo-Alcazar, Box 429, Waterbury, VT 05676 (USA)



Since 1978, **TAMARACK** has been bringing their lively interpretations of early Canadian music to every corner of the continent. From the Festival Du Octobre in Guadalajara, Mexico, to the World's Fair in New Orleans, and back to Martha's Pub in Newfoundland, Roy Thompson Hall in Toronto, and points between and beyond. Tamarack consists of Alex Sinclair, James Gordon, Jeff Bird, and David Houghton. They have been frequent guests on CBC Radio, performing their show "Ontario: 200 Musical Years," and "Wind on the Prairie," a multi-media production about Canadian Folk hero, Louis Riel.

JAMIE SNIDER is a former member of such Newfoundland groups as Figgy Duff and the Wonderful Grand Band. Now based in Toronto (he is originally from St. Catherines, Ontario), Jamie's varied repertoire of ballads, fiddle tunes, ditties and songs, topical and original, have made him a name as one of the best performers in his style. Jamie accompanies himself on guitar, fiddle, mandolin and accordion. The list of artists with whom he has worked is as impressive as it is long: Stan Rogers, Ryan's Fancy, and Liam Clancy are but a few.

About the song "U.I.C.", Jamie explains: "The initials stand for Unemployment Insurance Compensation, a system whereby after working a certain number of weeks, if one is laid off, fired (though that makes it more difficult to obtain benefits) or your employer goes out of business,

Bill Garrett

Bill Garrett

Posterity/Woodshed
Records 1979

(no longer available)

Eileen McGann

Elements

Dragonwing Music
1987

Available through:

Valerie Enterprises, R.R. #1 Woodburn Rd., Hannon, Ontario (Canada)

Canadian River Music, 4106 Tyler St., Amarillo, Texas 79110 (USA)

Ian Tamblyn

Moosetracks

1970*

Ian Tamblyn

Posterity 1976*

Closer To Home

Posterity 1978*

When Will I See You Again

1980*

Dance Me Outside

1983

1997

North Track 1983*

Sandinista

North Track 1983*

Northern Affairs

North Track 1984*

Politics

North Track 1986*

Over The Head

North Track 1986

*Deleted or no
longer available

North Track Records, Box 68, Stn. "B", Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6C3

Bob Carpenter

Silent Passage

Stoney Plain 1984

included on

Owen Sound Summerfolk
Live 1979

Indep 1980?

Stoney Plain Records, Box 861, Edmonton, Alberta

Owen Sound Folk Festival
c/o Georgian Bay Folk Society, P.O. Box 521, Owen Sound, Ontario N4K 5P5

We apologize for any errors or omissions.

etc., after paying into the U.I.C. program, one is entitled to receive benefits which comprise a fraction (50 to 70 percent) of the money one made while working. These benefits are for a limited period of time, thus the phrase 'your claim has run out.' In less prosperous parts of the country, especially the East Coast, U.I.C. has become a way of life. The song is very popular in Newfoundland and most people know at least the first verse and chorus - sometimes they put their own words to it - I've heard it sung on picket lines with union lyrics, also a bawdy version called "I.U.D." - 'nine months later you're a nervous wreck.' " The word "pogey" is slang for U.I.C. benefits, and verse two of the song makes reference to quite a few documented cases where the bureaucracy (or the computer) fouled up, and an individual had been paid thousands of dollars in extra benefits (and, of course, spent it) and then was forced to pay it back.



Loreena McKennitt Elemental Quinlan Road 1985
 To Drive the Cold Winter Away Quinlan Road 1987

Available on cassette
only through:

Quinlan Road Productions R.R. #5, Stratford, Ontario N5A 6S6

Canadian River Music, 4106 Tyler St., Amarillo, Texas 79110 (USA)

Rare Air as Na Caberfeidh	<u>Stick It In Your Ear</u>	S.W.D.T./Flying Fish 1980
Rare Air as Na Caberfeidh	<u>Rare Air</u>	S.W.D.T./Flying Fish 1982
as Rare Air	<u>Mad Plaid</u>	S.W.D.T./Flying Fish 1984
" "	<u>Hard To Beat</u>	Green Linnet 1987

Rare Air/S.W.D.T., P.O. Box 805, Stn. "P", Toronto, Ontario M5S 2Z1

Green Linnet Records, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840

Flying Fish Records, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614



MARIE-LYNN HAMMOND has (in many capacities) been an important member of the Canadian music community since the early 70's, when she and Bob Bossin founded Stringband. In recent years, Marie-Lynn has released three albums of her own material, and has toured solo and with Stringband to as far away as the USSR, and EXPO '85 in Japan. During the summer of 1987, and again this year, she has been host of CBC Radio's *Dayshift*. In addition to music,

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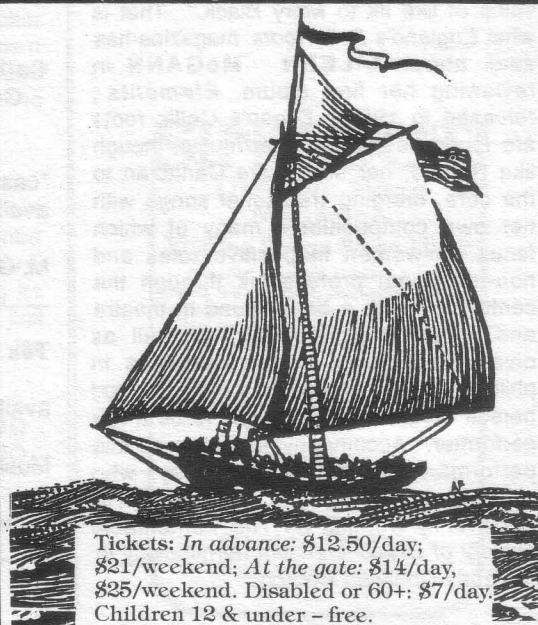
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Marie-Lynn is at work writing her third play. Her second play, the bilingual *Beautiful Deeds/De beau gestes*, was nominated for Best New Play in the Canadian equivalent of the Genie awards. Marie-Lynn refers to herself as "an air force brat," having grown up as the daughter of a career air force father. She is based in Toronto.



"Songwriting a la Stan Rogers allied to a voice of like ilk to Mary Black." That is what England's *Folk Roots* magazine has said about **EILEEN McGANN** in reviewing her first album, *Elements*, released in 1987. Eileen's Celtic roots are found deep within her music, though like Rogers, her songs are Canadian to the core, merging traditional songs with her own compositions, many of which focus on women in positive roles and non-traditional professions through the centuries. With a background in theatre and stage sword fighting, as well as diverse academic studies (degrees in philosophy and history), she has prepared herself in rather eclectic style to be a folk performer. Accompanying Eileen on this performance is Sean Mulrooney, who plays music with her from time to time. He is currently working on *The Lamentable History of Greek Trinitaria* terminology in the early Christian Church.

Tamarack	<u>Music of Canada</u>	SGB 1981*
	<u>A Pleasant Gale</u> (album only)	SGB 1983
	<u>Ontario...200 Musical Years</u>	SGB 1984*
	<u>Tamarack Collection</u> (cassette only)	SGB 1986

*no longer available

SGB Productions, Box 714, Guelph, Ontario N1H 6L3

Marie Lynn Hammond (solo) 1978	<u>Marie Lynn Hammond</u>	Black Tie Records
	<u>Vignettes</u>	Black Tie Records 1984
	<u>Impromptu</u> *	Black Tie Records 1985
with Stringband	<u>Canadian Sunset</u>	Nick Records 1973
	<u>National Melodies</u>	Nick Records 1975
	<u>Thanks To The Following</u>	Nick Records 1977
	<u>Stringband Live</u>	Nick Records 1980
	<u>Across Russia By Stage</u> *	Nick Records 1984

*cassette only

Black Tie Records, 344 Clinton St., Toronto, Ontario M6G 2Y8

Nick Records, 2137 West First Avenue, Suite 5, Vancouver, BC V6K 1E7

Catherine Crowe, Ian Goodfellow & Martin Gould	<u>This Ancient Fabric</u> *	Indep 1987
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*cassette only
available through:

M. Gould, 148 Howland Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5R 3B5

Tex Konig	<u>Konigsblende</u>	Music Cellar 1985
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available through:

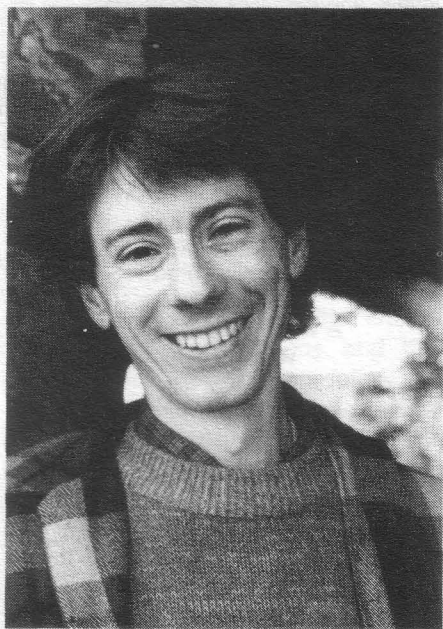
Music Cellar of Elliot Chapin, 24 Monteith St., Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1K7 (Canada)

Canadian River Music, 4106 Tyler St., Amarillo, Texas 79110

IAN TAMBLYN has been performing across Canada since 1972, has released five albums and five cassettes of his music, *Over My Head* being the most recent release. Since 1982, Ian has had an active association with the Great Canadian Theatre Company of Ottawa, providing soundtracks for over twelve of their productions. In recent years, he has also written four plays of his own, and has been a frequent contributor to CBC Radio. Currently, he is working with his own rock band, *Hormone Derange*, and is writing a children's play.



BOB CARPENTER has been composing and performing his music throughout Canada since the mid-sixties. He was a guest artist with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and has performed at most of the Canadian folk festivals. Bob's album, *Silent Passage*, produced by Brian Ahern, was released in October, 1984. It features Emmylou Harris, members of Little Feat, Anne Murray, and many others. Songs written by Bob have been recorded by Valdy, Brent Titcomb, Billy Joe Shaver, Bonnie Koloc, Bruce Murray, and Tom Rush. He currently lives in Gibsons, British Columbia.



DAVID WOODHEAD deserves to be mentioned separately. He accompanies three of the artists on this album, and has worked with most of the others at one time or another. David's C.V. reads like a compendium of Canadian acoustic music. He has recorded on a variety of instruments with the Perth County Conspiracy, Stan Rogers, Garnet Rogers and Scott Merritt, to name but a few. Live, David has played with Valdy, Edith Butler and Sneezy Waters. He currently performs extensively with many groups, and composes and records scores for film and multi-image presentations. He is based in Toronto.



EYE MUSIC is Mark Duggan on marimba, tabla and percussion, Don Ross on acoustic guitar, and Oliver Schroer on violin and hammered dulcimer. David Woodhead accompanies them on bass. "Eye Music" is defined as music written from a visual point of view; in addition to being musical information, scores are often beautiful works of art. This creative blending of idioms is at the heart of Eye Music, the band. They have played at festivals across Canada and at the Montreux International Jazz Festival in Switzerland. In addition to their cassette album, *Shorelines*, each member of the group has recorded individually. They are based in Toronto.



CATHERINE CROWE, MARTIN GOULD and **IAN GOODFELLOW** perform the traditional songs and dance music of Ireland, Scotland and England, along with some Canadian songs of British origin. Catherine sings, Martin plays guitar, and Ian plays flute, tin whistle, and Scottish and Irish pipes. A popular traditional act at folk festivals and clubs, Catherine says one day they will get around to choosing a name for their group. Their cassette album, *This Ancient Fabric*, is available by mail. They are based in Hamilton and Toronto.

BILL GARRETT, a fine guitarist, makes his home in Toronto, where he is involved with the CBC producing music shows. Bill's career has included recording, singing, songwriting, and performing all over Canada and in the U.S., both on his own and with other musicians, live and in the studio. Bill has produced over 25 albums of folk and related music such as Amos Garrett and Sneezy Waters. Originally from Quebec, he lived in Ottawa before moving to Toronto. Bill also supervised the recording of this album.

CURLY BOY STUBBS has been a fixture in the folk music scene for about twenty years. Back then he was known as Paul Mills, but now goes by either name. He's been known at various times as one or all of the following: great finger-style guitar player, a singer who tries hard, backup guitarist for Stan Rogers, Tim Harrison, John Allan Cameron, etc., record producer for Stan Rogers, John Allan Cameron, Margaret Cristl, Sharon, Lois and Bram, Eric Nagler, etc., and as a CBC Radio producer. As a performer, Paul and Curly Boy have appeared at many leading folk festivals in Canada. His latest projects include completing the latest Sharon, Lois and Bram album, and trying to fit in as a CBC executive. He and Bill Garrett have been playing together off and on for about 10 years.

RECORD REVIEWS

Robin Greenstein - *Slow Burn*

by Josh Joffen

It seems like almost every singer-songwriter around New York City is either at work on an album, has plans to work on an album, or has just completed an album. Well, every last one of them should listen up: Robin Greenstein's debut album, *Slow Burn*, has just rolled off the presses. My hat's off to her: *Slow Burn* sets a standard for self-produced projects. This is what everyone else will want their albums to sound as good as.

Why? What makes an album *sound* good? Roughly speaking, good arrangements of the songs (the selection and organization of instruments), and skilled engineering (the recording and the mixing processes). Arrangers and engineers can be as highly regarded as recording artists. It's the producer's job to get the best possible performance from engineer and musicians alike while remaining within at least shouting distance of a pre-planned budget. Qualities called for in producers are often diametrically opposed to those found in recording artists. To self-produce an album, then, can be an exercise in constructive schizophrenia. Small wonder that the result often leaves much to be desired.

Often, not always. On *Slow Burn*, not only are the songs well arranged, they've also been extremely well-produced. Greenstein's vocals are always clear and out in front where they should be. Her guitar has a great sound (a tribute both to instrument and microphone positioning) and is always well-placed within the arrangement. She has surrounded herself by excellent musicians and vocalists, too numerous to list here. The songs run a gamut of pop, acoustic and soft rock styles, and never strike a false note. Bass, drums and percussion are crisp and propel the songs along, rather than hobble them. The solo instruments and backup vocals are always clear; their parts are always tasteful. The songs never sound cluttered, although there are often eight or nine instruments and vocals.

Although there are some excellent songs, the album's strengths are more musical than lyrical. Greenstein is a pop songwriter with folk roots. (This puts her in contrast to many of the writers who grace these pages, who either deliberately reject pop sensibilities or don't know enough to capture them well.)

Lyrical, pop songwriting is known, if not notorious, for a preference for the sentimental over the emotional and, paradoxically, a preoccupation with Love, or Sex, for the adolescent-at-heart. (Pop writers tend to get involved in a recurring quest to get new juice from a topic which has been in the squeezer for the last thousand years.)

It's not suprising, therefore, that seven of the ten songs on *Slow Burn* are about the problems of finding, keeping, losing and/or doing without a loving partner. Although none of them breaks new ground lyrically, there is an integrity to most of them that is the mark of honesty and professional ability working hand in hand. "Me and My Daydream," "Catch You if I Can" and, especially, "Searching" are examples of Greenstein's skill in this idiom. However, both "The Magic of Paris" and "When You Leave Amsterdam" fail to satisfy lyrically. Both rely too much on ideas which have been used too many times elsewhere. Furthermore, neither leaves the listener with any real feeling for the cities in the titles, which sort of defeats the purpose of name-dropping.

There are nonetheless two outstanding songs on this album; both are stylistic departures for Greenstein. The first is titled, "He Always Like the Ladies," a tribute to the work of Edgar Degas, who is best known for his sketches and portraits of ballerinas:

"A box of gouaches
and a drawing pad
Now with a single line begin..."

"An unlaced slipper,
a glance in the mirror
Watched closely and carefully
Such private moments
in a woman's life
Drawn for all eternity"

Like Degas' studies, the song is graceful, lovely, and exquisitely arranged.

The second, and title cut, "Slow Burn," is the best song on the album, and one of the best I've heard in a long time. Written for her mother, this gem is a song of celebration:

"You stood out
like a burning flame
In a world where everyone
wants to be the same
A wild, wild woman
who wouldn't be tamed..."

And a song of loss:

"I guess that's what happens
when people die
They leave you
and you don't know
the reason why
You're left alone
to mourn and cry
These tears are burning
holes in my eyes..."

The song is very reminiscent of Gordon Lightfoot in his prime, which is to say that it has a fine melody line and harmonious chord progressions wedded perfectly to the lyrics. All that's left to mention are expressive and strong vocals, with fine phrasing, and a completely solid arrangement which includes a surprisingly fitting sax solo.

I should also add that Greenstein's singing is a pleasure to listen to. She's got a fine, strong voice, and a developed sense of melody and phrasing. She's also quite a fine guitar player, which is amply demonstrated throughout the album, but especially on the last cut, a

Slow Burn is available from:

(It costs \$10, which covers tax, postage and handling charges.)

A detailed black and white illustration of a classical female head, likely a personification of a virtue or deity. The head is shown in a three-quarter view, facing slightly to the right. It is adorned with an elaborate, jeweled headdress that features a central crest with a star-like element, flanked by large, ornate circular motifs. The hair is styled in a curly, classical fashion. The face is serene, with a slight smile. The head is framed by a decorative wreath of leaves. A large, ornate necklace with a central pendant hangs from the neck. The pendant is oval-shaped with a central figure or symbol. The entire piece is highly detailed, with many small beads, tassels, and intricate carvings.

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SIDE ONE

- 1-UIC (Jamie Snider) Jamie Snider/Guitar and Vocal
- 2-RAILROAD LINE (Paul Craft) Bill Garrett/Guitar and Vocal Curly Boy Stubbs/Guitar
- 3-DOWN ON THE STATION (Marie-Lynn Hammond) Marie-Lynn Hammond/Guitar Allan Soberman/Electric Bass Evelyne Datl/Keyboards
- 4-LES RAFTSMEN (Traditional/French) Tamarack: Alex Sinclair/Lead Vocal and Guitar James Gordon/Vocal and Bodhran David Haughton/Percussion Jeff Bird/Fiddle
- 5-THE STOLEN CHILD (Poem by William Butler Yeats Music by Loreena McKennitt) Loreena McKennitt/Harp David Woodhead/Fretless Bass and Synthesizer Brian Hughes/Guitar and Guitar Synthesizer
- 6-THE BALLAD OF THE SPRINGHILL MINE DISASTER (Ewan MacColl) Tex Konig/Guitar and Vocal
- 7-SHORELINES (Oliver Schroer) Eye Music: Don Ross/Guitar Oliver Schroer/Violin

SIDE TWO

- 1-ISABELLA GUNN (Eileen McGann) Eileen McGann/Guitar and Vocal Sean Mulrooney/Bass Guitar
- 2-NORTH VANCOUVER ISLAND SONG (Ian Tamblyn) Ian Tamblyn/Guitar and Vocal Fred Guignon/Guitar
- 3-FALLING NIGHT (Bob Carpenter) Bob Carpenter/Guitar and Vocal David Woodhead/Fretless Bass
- 4-A YOUNG GIRL CUT DOWN IN HER PRIME (Traditional) Catherine Crowe/Vocal Ian Goodfellow/Uilleann Pipes Martin Gould/Guitar and Vocal
- 5-INNOCENT EYES (Tim Harrison) Tim Harrison/Guitar and Vocal Ron Sellwood/Accordian Paul Mills/Guitar David Woodhead/Bass
- 6-NEW SWING REEL (Grier Coppins) Rare Air: Trevor Ferrier/Percussion Dick Murai/Bass Grier Coppins and Patrick O'Gorman/Highland Pipes