

Smithsonian Folkways



Joshi Reagon: KINDNESS



From urban blues to retro funk and rap—**Kindness** is a rocker's intimate encounter with her roots. With this release Smithsonian Folkways continues to explore the work of tradition-based singer-songwriters.

1 *misty mountain* 4:53

2 *kindness* 4:18

3 *mr. conductor man* 5:28

4 *i call you* 3:56

5 *land on the shore* 4:54

6 *action* 3:57

7 *darlin'* 4:37

8 *where you gon be standin'* 3:54

9 *wait a minute* 4:51

10 *for our love* 2:48



Smithsonian
Folkways

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photograph by Melanie Weiner

1 *misty mountain* 4:53

(Ferron Foisy, Nemesis Publishing, BMI) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

2 *kindness* 4:18

(Music and lyrics by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

3 *mr. conductor man* 5:28

Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

4 *i call you* 3:56

(Music and lyrics by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

5 *land on the shore* 4:54

(Trad. arr. by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals, guitar and percussion

6 *action* 3:57

(Music and lyrics by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

7 *darlin'* 4:37

(Music and lyrics by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

8 *where you gon be standin'* 3:54

(Music by Toshi Reagon, lyrics by Toshi Reagon and Bernice Johnson Reagon)

Toshi Reagon and Bernice Johnson Reagon: vocals, Toshi Reagon: guitar

9 *wait a minute* 4:51

(Music and lyrics by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals and guitar

10 *for our love* 2:48

(Music by Toshi Reagon) Toshi Reagon: vocals

total running time: 40:56

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Folkways is surely the most astounding kaleidoscope of soundtracks ever gathered under one “label.” For almost 50 years, the sound of frogs, thunderstorms, and office equipment (not to mention songs to play for your guests when you want them to leave the party) have existed side by side with Pete Seeger and Bedouin music from the Sinai Desert. Above all under Moses Asch’s leadership, Folkways featured living artists—the American legends like Woody Guthrie and Lead Belly as well as newer performers from diverse communities offering a vast array of performance styles.

Like Folkways itself, Toshi Reagon’s musical works cannot be narrowed into a tight corner—she spins out her tradition, weaves in the soundtracks of her youth, and fashions the music and the written comments in beautiful, surprising, and refreshing ways. To some audiences around the country she is the artistic force at the head of a hard driving rock band, while to others she is a talented solo performer. As Toshi notes, this recording may not be “folk” as defined in a marketplace that pegs even post-generic artistry into catalog categories and music store bins, but it is full of songs from the folk. Some of the musical styles here have helped shape her unique rock sound. In these tracks we hear her doing what new generations always do—taking traditions another step down the road. In this solo album, Toshi combines blues, unaccompanied congregational singing, rock, (*à la* Sting, for example), Canadian balladry, rap, and other influences.

Toshi’s signature extends beyond the musical tracks and can be felt throughout the entirety of the creative process, especially in the creative team she assembled. She has orchestrated the work of respected African American artists—the wordscape of poet Niki Finney, visual elements from a collage created especially for this project by Nikky Davis, and the photography of Sharon Farmer—a long time chronicler of the Washington, D.C. community—now documenting the lives of President and Hillary Clinton as a White House photographer. Toshi’s creative team also includes the textual and visual reflections by two of her long time comrades, journalist Ray Rogers and photographer Melanie Weiner.

The granddaughter of a southern Baptist preacher and the daughter of civil rights song leaders and founders of both the SNCC Freedom Singers and Sweet Honey In The Rock, Toshi has been enveloped in song ever since she sat on the shoulders of her mother (Bernice Johnson

1 *misty mountain* up that misty mountain, wild flowers
bind the ground / down by the rushing river, force wears
those boulders down / me, i'm underneath my covers, me,
i'm trapped inside my grave / while up above the misty
mountain, up above the rushing river / up above the bed of
longing, the eagle takes the wind / the eagle takes the wind,
my friend, the eagle takes the wind / it makes me think like
this, my friend, "where does the eagle live in me?" // well
i'm walking through this city, i say, "this city will be my
home" / i say, "toshi you are halfway pretty, and may you
never be alone / be it scorn or be it favor, be it but a moment
gone" / yet i stood before the mirror like an open ended cav-
ern / like a breath held inhaled—holding, and i barely knew
my name / i barely knew my name, my friend, i barely knew
my name / it makes me think like this, my friend, "where do
i live in me?" // well, it's a planet of resistance, it's a
whirling flame of choice / are you my comrades of persis-
tence? / i'll swear they'll know us by our voice / though we
lay down in dusty corners, we are ragged as a scar / and we
sleep, our eyes stay open—we are always off to war / we're
always off to war, my friends, we're always off to war / it
makes me think like this, my friends, "where can the quiet
be?" // well is it up the misty mountain, where wild flowers
bind the ground? / is it down by the rushing river, where
force wears those boulders down? / is it underneath my cov-
ers, is it trapped within my brain? / is it up, above the misty
mountain, up above the rushing river / up, above the bed of
longing, where the eagle takes the wind? / come on...



Reagon) as she lifted her voice at concerts, rallies, and demonstrations. When a hip ailment cur-
tailed Toshi's original plans to become a professional football player, she threw her enormous
energies in the direction of her emerging musical talents. When I met Toshi at the age of 13 she
was already playing drums and guitar, composing songs, and singing. Over the next few years
she added bass and grew to be a talented producer of concerts, festivals, tours, and recordings.

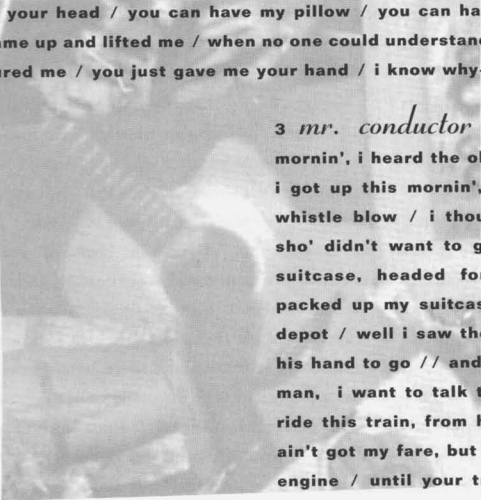
This recording was originally produced in a single, day-long session as a way to raise money
for her sixth hip operation. As I think about healing after the surgery—and specifically the out-
pouring of love and healing remedies she received from family and friends, it occurs to me that
the title of this release—*Kindness*—might also be her way of giving thanks.

Amy Horowitz, Assistant Director, Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

Sometimes I think Toshi Reagon should run for office. Anyone who's ever seen Toshi play
live would agree: she delivers her rambling between-song political banter with passion, fire,
humility, and a healthy dose of humor. But it is when she sings that she could really win anyone
over. There is a purity to Toshi's voice that is electrifying, whether she's singing in a low whis-
per or raging with a full-on shout: it is the sound of her soul speaking through the music.
A communicator of simple though often forgotten truths and deep emotion, Toshi connects with
her audience in an uncanny way. She once told me, "People always come up to me after shows
and say, 'Man, I felt like you were talking to *me*.' And I'm like, 'I *was*.'"

Kindness, her third album and first for Smithsonian Folkways, sees Toshi speaking more
directly than she ever has before on record, with just an acoustic guitar to accompany her
soaring voice. Perhaps because of that, the work takes on a more personal nature than her more
elaborate arrangements backed by bands. *Kindness* is pure Toshi, by herself, singing favorites
of her own, and a few that others have written. Stripped down to their emotional core, her own
performance staples "Darling" and "I Call You" ring with an enveloping tenderness and
urgency; "Wait A Minute," with a scalding fierceness. She also gives an impassioned reading of
Ferron's "Misty Mountain" and a steamy rendition of Bill Broonzy's "Mr. Conductor Man."
Her mother, Bernice Johnson Reagon of Sweet Honey In The Rock, joins in on "Where You Gon

2 kindness if you are down and in trouble / and you have not got a dime / you can come over to my house / and this is what you will find // there ain't much to go around / but I will give you my hand / if you are down and troubled / and have not got ten cents // chorus: because i believe in kindness / i believe in sweetness / i believe in peace and love / that is all i've been thinkin' of // if you wake up and hate yourself / and you cannot find your voice / you can come and shake me / and we'll scream until we get hoarse / if you are cold and lonely / and you're goin' out of your head / you can have my pillow / you can have my bed // chorus // you came up and lifted me / when no one could understand / you never pushed or pressured me / you just gave me your hand / i know why—because... // chorus



3 mr. conductor man i got up this mornin', i heard the old train whistle blow / i got up this mornin', i heard the old train whistle blow / i thought about my baby, i sho' didn't want to go // i packed up my suitcase, headed for the old depot / i packed up my suitcase, headed for the old depot / well i saw the conductor, he wavin' his hand to go // and I said, "mr. conductor man, i want to talk to you / and i want to ride this train, from here to Tupelo / hey, i ain't got my fare, but i'll shovel coal in your engine / until your train take me there // please mr. conductor man, please take my last thin dime / please mr. conductor man, please take my last thin dime / my baby's in tupelo waiting, and i can't waste no time

Be Standin'," a song they wrote together.

As a label dedicated to preserving and honoring the history of music, Smithsonian Folkways is a most fitting home for this album. Toshi comes from the mighty legacy of her mother's group Sweet Honey In The Rock, who have been revitalizing African American song for a quarter century now. Toshi carries on and revamps that tradition, incorporating it into her spirited blend of modern rock, funk, soul, and folk. Unbounded by genre, her music is intensely human.

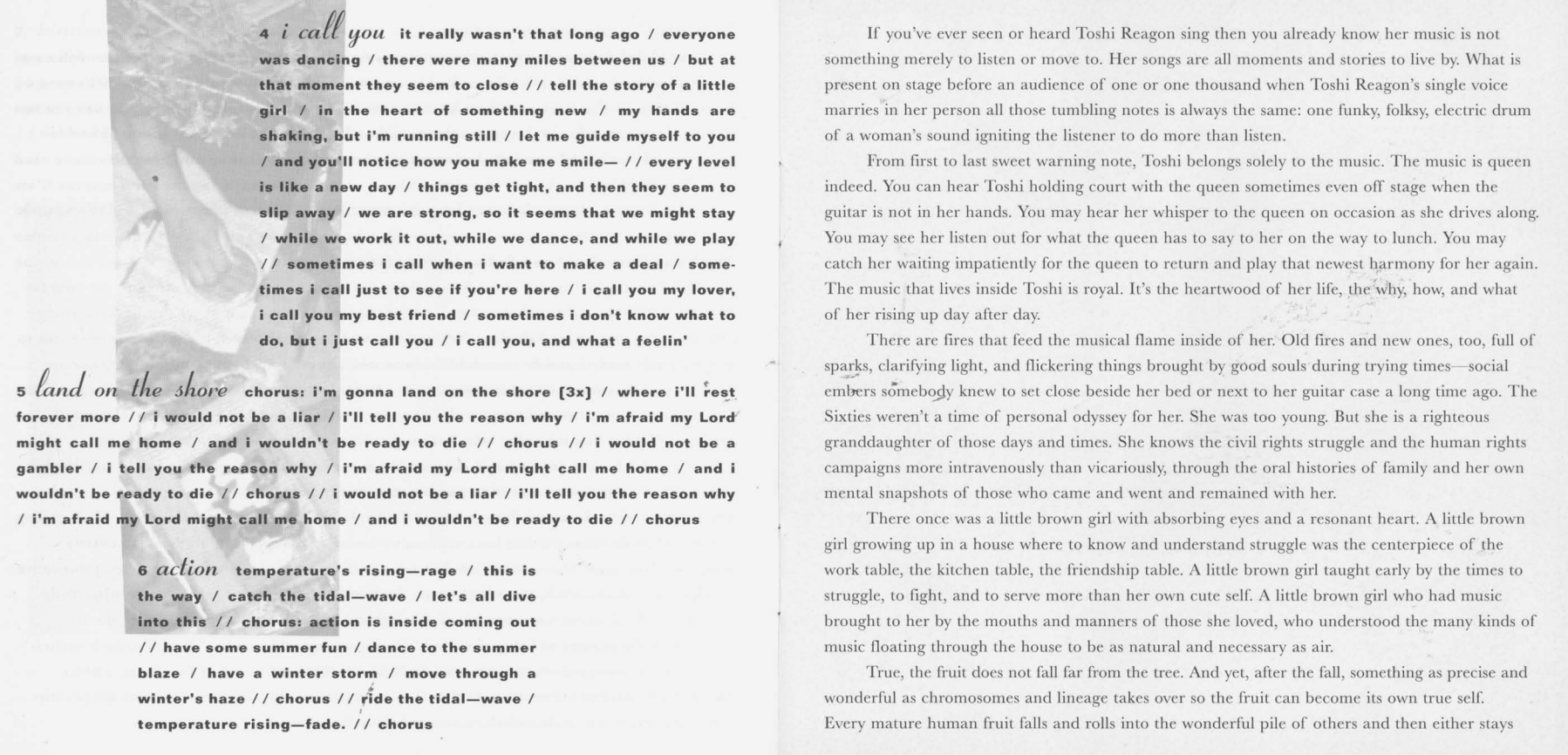
Ray Rogers

Ray Rogers is the music editor at Interview magazine and a contributing writer to OUT magazine.

Pluck and Guts: Toshi and Guitar by Nikky Finney

She is not the captive canary sent into a mine to test the air for poisonous gas before the hunt for treasure starts. She is the melodious look-out warrior perched on an unreachable limb, morning after morning, moving and singing, shaking us up into a state of wakefulness. She has been sent so that we might protect and be protected, be generous and genuine. She intends to catch our eye and ear as she passes along the necessary news of the day, good or bad. She is Toshi Reagon. She comes and goes in cities and towns with her guitar, and she never brings the music without the message. And because she never bites her tongue, I consider her a kind-hearted woman.

Even if you think you're not in the mood to hear the realness of what she has to say; whether or not you're convinced you need to pay attention to this kind of song; and especially if you'd rather be merely entertained than groove to the truth with her—she is there, anyway. She's smiling at you and all the while peeling back your pretty coverings and pouring her honest woman's song into your veins. She's young, but she's been perched since childhood where nosey, provocative woodpeckers always perch: just out of reach, but within audible range. She is doing what Toshi does. Lyrically, she is protesting politically disingenuous people and times. Humanly, she is recognizing the blessing of being alive and full of goodness and wonder. Musically, she is orchestrating for the always-listening planet, for any and all within the sound of her guitar, a peace and harmony off the music sheet. And she has never waited, not for a single second, for permission from anybody to be her glorious, megaphone self.



4 i call you it really wasn't that long ago / everyone
was dancing / there were many miles between us / but at
that moment they seem to close // tell the story of a little
girl / in the heart of something new / my hands are
shaking, but i'm running still / let me guide myself to you
/ and you'll notice how you make me smile— // every level
is like a new day / things get tight, and then they seem to
slip away / we are strong, so it seems that we might stay
/ while we work it out, while we dance, and while we play
// sometimes i call when i want to make a deal / some-
times i call just to see if you're here / i call you my lover,
i call you my best friend / sometimes i don't know what to
do, but i just call you / i call you, and what a feelin'

5 land on the shore chorus: i'm gonna land on the shore [3x] / where i'll rest
forever more // i would not be a liar / i'll tell you the reason why / i'm afraid my Lord
might call me home / and i wouldn't be ready to die // chorus // i would not be a
gambler / i tell you the reason why / i'm afraid my Lord might call me home / and i
wouldn't be ready to die // chorus // i would not be a liar / i'll tell you the reason why
/ i'm afraid my Lord might call me home / and i wouldn't be ready to die // chorus

6 action temperature's rising—rage / this is
the way / catch the tidal—wave / let's all dive
into this // chorus: action is inside coming out
// have some summer fun / dance to the summer
blaze / have a winter storm / move through a
winter's haze // chorus // ride the tidal—wave /
temperature rising—fade. // chorus

If you've ever seen or heard Toshi Reagon sing then you already know her music is not something merely to listen or move to. Her songs are all moments and stories to live by. What is present on stage before an audience of one or one thousand when Toshi Reagon's single voice marries in her person all those tumbling notes is always the same: one funky, folksy, electric drum of a woman's sound igniting the listener to do more than listen.

From first to last sweet warning note, Toshi belongs solely to the music. The music is queen indeed. You can hear Toshi holding court with the queen sometimes even off stage when the guitar is not in her hands. You may hear her whisper to the queen on occasion as she drives along. You may see her listen out for what the queen has to say to her on the way to lunch. You may catch her waiting impatiently for the queen to return and play that newest harmony for her again. The music that lives inside Toshi is royal. It's the heartwood of her life, the why, how, and what of her rising up day after day.

There are fires that feed the musical flame inside of her. Old fires and new ones, too, full of sparks, clarifying light, and flickering things brought by good souls during trying times—social embers somebody knew to set close beside her bed or next to her guitar case a long time ago. The Sixties weren't a time of personal odyssey for her. She was too young. But she is a righteous granddaughter of those days and times. She knows the civil rights struggle and the human rights campaigns more intravenously than vicariously, through the oral histories of family and her own mental snapshots of those who came and went and remained with her.

There once was a little brown girl with absorbing eyes and a resonant heart. A little brown girl growing up in a house where to know and understand struggle was the centerpiece of the work table, the kitchen table, the friendship table. A little brown girl taught early by the times to struggle, to fight, and to serve more than her own cute self. A little brown girl who had music brought to her by the mouths and manners of those she loved, who understood the many kinds of music floating through the house to be as natural and necessary as air.

True, the fruit does not fall far from the tree. And yet, after the fall, something as precise and wonderful as chromosomes and lineage takes over so the fruit can become its own true self. Every mature human fruit falls and rolls into the wonderful pile of others and then either stays



55
AGFA
320
56
APX 100



3
APX 100
320
49
AGFA
50
AGFA



55
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46
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"People always come up to me after shows and say, 'Man, I felt like you were talking to me.' And I'm like, 'I was.'"



57
AGFA
320

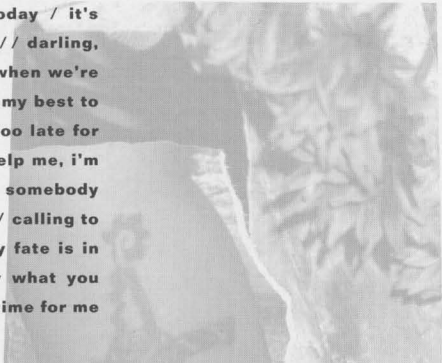


51
AGFA
320



47
AGFA

7 darling darling, i am captured by
your spell this morning / darling, i'm
the one to treat you well today / it's
not too late for us this time // darling,
i know there will be a time when we're
together / darling, i will try my best to
keep you forever / it's not too late for
us this time // somebody help me, i'm
falling / falling in love / somebody
help these tears i'm calling / calling to
you that i love / darling, my fate is in
your hands, don't you deny what you
know is true / there is still time for me
and you



8 where you gon be standin' are you sittin' around town //
near the place where the sun goes down / waiting for me to meet
you? / there's a brand new plan going 'round // see i'm steppin'
out of place, i'm all up in your face / and i'm just dying to shake
you / 'cause i know there's a brand new plan goin' round //
chorus: so you see how the top becomes the bottom? / see how the
bottom becomes the top? / there's a new world comin' / where you
gon be standin' when it comes? // some are scratching and
scraping / just trying to catch that last deal / some are playing the
role of oppressor / spilling that blood all over the land, all over the
sea // we are not sitting here waiting around for somebody to save
us / 'cause we know if we want to make a change / we gotta do it
ourselves, / and make it last this time // chorus

there or at some point recognizes her own spirit and plucks out her own path. She uses every blessing she has been gifted with, starting with the mother tree from which she fell. So she grows into the roundness of her own life spirit surrounded by the sacred cultural forest that was her nurturing childhood nest from the beginning. Thank goodness Toshi Reagon has never been able to do otherwise. She was graced with politically active DNA, a heart muscle whose shape combines treble and bass clefs, and an anchoring voice that was born to be listened to. Toshi came to us to sing her own songs in her own way, and for the last fifteen years she has done just that.

There is one traditional belief that unto whom much is given much is expected. There is another that anyone who has ever seen, heard, or stood as living witness to injustice or intolerance should some time, somewhere, take on the responsibility to do something about it. This belief is grounded in the notion that there are enough problems and broken things in our land so every one can lend hands and time to fix. When you hear Toshi sing, you hear this belief threading through her music like prayer beads. It is there because that belief threads this singing woman's life. The constant wail for justice is in her speaking voice and in between each note she sings, a womanish entreaty to arm ourselves with our own good-heartedness so that our fears can never mean more to us than our faith.

In some of Toshi's work over the years, I have heard calls from her many voices: the urban blacktop landscape singer to a perpetually lying and intolerant America and the responsive voice and guiding presence of the healing African chanter. Toshi's voice speaks from the roundness of several traditions. A card-carrying member of the hip-hop/rap generation. A pioneer in the advent of Black rock music. A daughter of the blues, jazz, and the great Black spiritual. And although many times she appears to be a solo act, just out there doing her own thing, nothing could be farther from the truth; it's an optical illusion, an inverted mirage. If you think you see her by herself, you are not looking with all your eyes. Others are standing on stage with her, a short, thick line of pluckish Black women, who in their own day and with jubilation, sorrow, song, and twanging guitar, also refused to be anybody's canary.

There are words and phrases we used to use everyday that, sadly, we don't anymore. We lost them somewhere between our grandmothers and our mothers, between our quest for integration

9 *wait a minute* and if it is so, then say so / and if you mean it, then let's just even it / if you believe it, time will ease it // i tell you just what's comin' down on me / and i'm just not where I want to be / i pick up the phone and i make a call / to the man, woman, or child who knows it all / don't let the wall fall upon me / don't let the wall fall upon me // so if you believe it, then let's just even it / and if it is so, then why not say so? / i just can't wait 'til i can see it clear // and if you mean it, then let's just even it / and if it is so, then why not say so? / if you mean it, then let's just ease it // i told you i can't wait 'til i can make clear / i know they tell me not to have no fear / but I tell you all these walls are falling down on me / i'm just not where i want to be / i pick up the phone, and i make the call / to the man, woman, or child who knows it all / don't let the walls fall upon me

10 *for our love* instrumental

about the songs The original eight songs for this collection were recorded and mixed in one day, December 26, 1995, at Bias recording studios. The idea was to record a bunch of audience favorites and a couple of new songs composed in the studio that day and to release them on my own label, Pro-Mamma LP's, as a benefit CD for myself for my upcoming total hip replacement surgery. But with the surgery in March and with all its preparations and shows I had to do, I couldn't get it out.

While I was recovering, a frequent visitor—Amy Horowitz of Smithsonian Folkways—asked to hear the songs and then

and our dream of a Black Ivy League. I believe we should still use some of these words to wrap and moisturize ourselves in every morning. These words still represent us. “Pluck” is one, “pluck and guts,” one of those phrases.

Schoolteacher, principal, and scholar Anna Julia Cooper returned the word “pluck” to me a few years back when I read about her life in the South at the turn of the century. In 1890 she tried to convince status quo educators to educate and inform girl children the same as they did boys. She went on to assert, “And if that girl has enough pluck and brain to take the higher education, [let us] encourage her to make the most of it.” I came to love this word. Through more research I came to understand this word was often used to indicate unmitigated courage, determination, and, most especially, great nerve. To pluck something, be it chicken or guitar, is to take your finger at an unkind angle to the feathers or the strings and dance them across until you successfully do what you came to do. (This last one, I confess, is my definition and not Webster's.) So which of these definitions did I intend you to associate with the life and music of Toshi Reagon? Try “D”: all of the above. In what she will and will not sing, in what she will and will not do, in the way she has never taken any safely trodden paths, and in the way her fingers passionately set on the strings of her instrument, Toshi Reagon's pluckishness shines brilliantly.

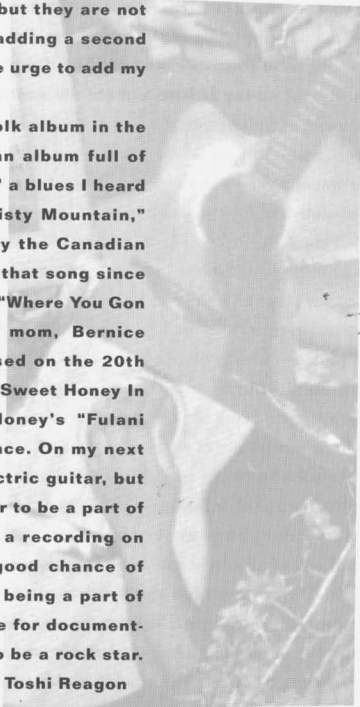
In each new generation, the voices that rise and fly are those that are full of the steam of truth. Toshi Reagon's guttural, glass-blown sounds continue to rise. She has not been out there all these years continuously trying to get your attention. She has been doing her life's work. She has been relentless in her traveling and her singing. Her love for music shapes her relentlessness. Her love for humanity pushes her on. She has not waited to be “discovered” or categorized. She has not sold her soul to the highest bidder. She has been making her music and educating us about ourselves from her very first song.

Each of us surely has an offering to make while we are here. Toshi's has always been music for life. The covenant has always been: she'll write the songs and play them if we promise to be more than entertained. She'll make the journey and play her softly frenzied guitar if we promise to join her in pushing the struggle for international equal rights up a notch. She'll bring us the sweet love songs if we all promise to shift ourselves one inch to the left, create some space, and

suggested that Smithsonian Folkways release them. I recorded two more songs the following December 26th.

The songs' structure is based on my solo live performance style. I mostly played guitar and sang at the same time. As some of you know, I have a fabulous band, but they are not on this recording. At times I took liberties by adding a second guitar or multitracking vocals—but resisted the urge to add my rock band.

I don't know that you would call this a folk album in the commercial sense of the category, but it is an album full of songs from the folk. Like "Mr. Conductor Man," a blues I heard from a recording of Big Bill Broonzy, and "Misty Mountain," one of my top three favorite songs, written by the Canadian singer/songwriter Ferron. I have been singing that song since I was 16 years old. My revolutionary standard, "Where You Gon Be Standin'" features funky vocals by my mom, Bernice Johnson Reagon. "For Our Love," a chant based on the 20th century chant styling of singer Aisha Kahlil of Sweet Honey In The Rock; one need only listen to Sweet Honey's "Fulani Chant" or "Mystic Oceans" to hear the influence. On my next recording I will get back to my drums and electric guitar, but let me close by saying that it is indeed an honor to be a part of the Smithsonian Folkways catalogue. To have a recording on Smithsonian Folkways means that it has a good chance of being available long after I am gone. It means being a part of history and at the same time being responsible for documenting my own history beyond the hype of trying to be a rock star. This is another chapter in the music life. Enjoy! Toshi Reagon



make room enough for everybody while we're all here on the planet. In every generation there are those who call attention, point a spotlight, reveal the real insanity, fetch the true murderers, and, yes, extend the swirling, agitating arms of community struggle out a little further than they were.

Singing us into the year 2000, girding her voice and guiding her guitar will be Toshi Reagon, a woman of irrepressible warmth and spirit. Dare to throw her a series of curves, and then by all means watch the sky for the shower of hits she'll make from them. Tell her she can't do something, challenge, question, or provoke her, try to throw illness or a prejudiced eye her way, and she will take you on—but in her own way, not in yours. And her own way is bare bones, unapologetic, with great heapings of traditional Black woman nerve all steeped in the faith of the goodness of the human soul.

I will always remember being with Toshi at the Nuyorican Cafe in Brooklyn in 1995. I had come to read my poetry. Toshi was there to play and sing. A woman appeared in the door. She did not have enough money to get in or get herself back home to Philadelphia. She had had only enough money to get herself to the show. I saw that look in Toshi's eyes. She greeted her as if to say, "Well, you've done your part to get here," and then I saw Toshi do hers. I watched her not consider what we're taught to consider about strangers with no money. I saw her pay the woman's way in. Then after the show I saw her go to the bottom of her own pockets again to make sure the woman had enough to get back home. It was a thoughtful thing, a kind thing to do. So Toshi Reagon's kindness reaches beyond song. It is something she understands fundamentally, something she lives and breathes down in her very core. I remember thinking that she was living the lesson she had just sung about only moments before on stage.

Charting the plain and simple truth, setting that truth to gorgeous music, and making that music and that truth into defiantly sung refrains has changed many a barren world to lush. Singers and songs full of this kind of faithfulness pass over the airwaves and into posterity telling stories of our love and of our struggle and of our having been here for a few flimsy, breathtaking minutes.

Toshi Reagon is a kind woman with a Black canary voice who, in the tradition of strumming women of old, plucks a mean guitar. With every note she asks us to remember what we already know, to feel our way back to our original selves.

This recording is dedicated to all of my friends and family who supported me through hip surgery number six. It is my blessing that there are too many of you to write down. However, I would like to extend my deepest thanks to Dr. Charles Engh and the Anderson Clinic staff. I would like to give respect for the new arrivals in my life this year who challenge me to keep moving even when I don't know—Madison, Cali, Ariel, Sadie Rain, and Tashawn Reason—the now and the future. Peace. Toshi

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Springfield, VA
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production supervised by Amy Horowitz and Anthony Seeger
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About Smithsonian Folkways Folkways Records was founded by Moses Asch and Marian Distler in 1948 to document music, spoken word, instruction, and sounds from around the world. In the ensuing decades, New York City-based Folkways became one of the largest independent record labels in the world, reaching a total of nearly 2,200 albums that were always kept in print. The Smithsonian Institution acquired Folkways from the Moses Asch estate in 1987 to ensure that the sounds and genius of the artists would be preserved for future generations. All Folkways recordings are available on high-quality audio cassettes, each packed in a special box along with the original LP liner notes.

Smithsonian Folkways Recordings was formed to continue the Folkways tradition of releasing significant recordings with high-quality documentation. It produces new titles, reissues of historic recordings from Folkways and other record labels, and in collaboration with other companies also produces instructional videotapes and recordings to accompany published books, and other educational projects. The Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Paredon, and Dyer-Bennet record labels are administered by the Smithsonian Institution's Center for Folklife Programs & Cultural Studies. They are one of the means through which the Center supports the work of traditional artists and expresses its commitment to cultural diversity, education, and increased understanding.

You can find Smithsonian Folkways Recordings at your local record store. Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Paredon, and Dyer-Bennet recordings are all available through: Smithsonian Folkways Mail Order; 414 Hungerford Drive, Suite 444; Rockville, MD 20850; phone (301) 443-2314; fax (301) 443-1819; orders only 1 (800) 410-9815 (Discover, MasterCard, and Visa accepted).

For further information about all the labels distributed through the Center, please consult our internet site (<http://www.si.edu/folkways>), which includes information about recent releases and a database of the approximately 35,000 tracks from the more than 2,300 available recordings (click on Data Base Search). Or request a printed catalogue by writing to: Catalogue, Smithsonian Folkways Recordings; 955 L'Enfant Plaza SW Suite 2600; Smithsonian Institution MRC 914; Washington, DC 20560 USA. Or use our catalogue request phone: (202) 287-3262, or e-mail folkways@aol.com.

