

THE NEWSLETTER

A Mariposa Folk Festival Publication

SPECIAL PROGRAMME EDITION '77



Editorial



The Mariposa Newsletter comes out three times a year, the dates determined by an abstruse formula known only to the ancient Egyptians. A subscription costs \$3. for three issues. The issue you're now reading doesn't count--you get it free-for-nothing, just by coming to the Festival. Actually, we were hoping you'd like this one so much you'd immediately subscribe.

Our society increasingly favours consumer/spectators rather than producer/participants. People don't play baseball anymore--they watch it on T.V.; they don't cook--they buy precooked and heat it up; and what with girlie magazines and x-rated movies, even sex is becoming a spectator sport.

The folk song movement was a conscious attempt to bring back to people at least a part of their culture. Nowadays, the scope of that attempt has broadened to include crafts, cooking, what have you. And that broadening is reflected in The Newsletter. Folk music is still the centre of our interest, and we will have songs in every issue, but we are interested in any aspect of culture that people do themselves.

We would like our subscribers to feel that their interest in The Newsletter doesn't begin and end with reading the copy they get in the mail--we would like people to write articles and send them to us. And we pay--\$3. a page, \$10. for a feature article, for every contribution we print. Our next issue might be out by October, so the next deadline is September first. Our address is: 131 Roehampton Ave., Toronto, Ont., M4P 1P9.

Fifteen Months of Music

THE FOLK INSTRUMENTS OF SOUTH AMERICA
BY QUENTIN AND EDMOND BADOUX

EDMOND AND QUENTIN BADOUX returned to Quebec recently from 15 months travelling in South America. We heard about their notes and sketches of the trip and asked if they'd give us a glimpse or two. We were overwhelmed by their article, which is as beautiful in form as it is fascinating in content.

FIFTEEN MONTHS OF MUSIC, DANCES, RELIGIOUS FEASTS, MUSICIANS, FRIENDSHIPS, ARE STILL NOT ENOUGH TIME TO REALLY SPEAK COMPREHENSIVELY ABOUT ANDEAN FOLKLORE. IN FACT, WE WOULD NEED TO SPEND AT LEAST A YEAR IN EACH REGION TO HAVE AN IDEA OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE VARIOUS TERRITORIES ONCE RULED BY THE INCA — ECUADOR, PERU, BOLIVIA, AND THE NORTH OF CHILE AND ARGENTINA. ONE YEAR IS THE COMPLETE CYCLE OF THE RELIGIOUS CALENDAR AND IT SEEMS THAT A GREAT PART OF THE INDIAN MUSIC IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS WHICH ARE VERY OFTEN ANCIENT RITES BLENDED WITH CATHOLIC FEATURES.



FIGURE CARVINGS REPRESENTING PRIESTS PLAYING FLUTES AND DRUMS, PAN-PIPES AND QUENAS MADE FROM BONE, CLAY, STONE, OR REEDS, FOUND IN PRE-COLOMBIAN

GRAVES, GIVE EVIDENCE OF THE SACRED CHARACTER OF THE MUSIC IN THE INCA AND PRE-INCA CIVILIZATIONS.

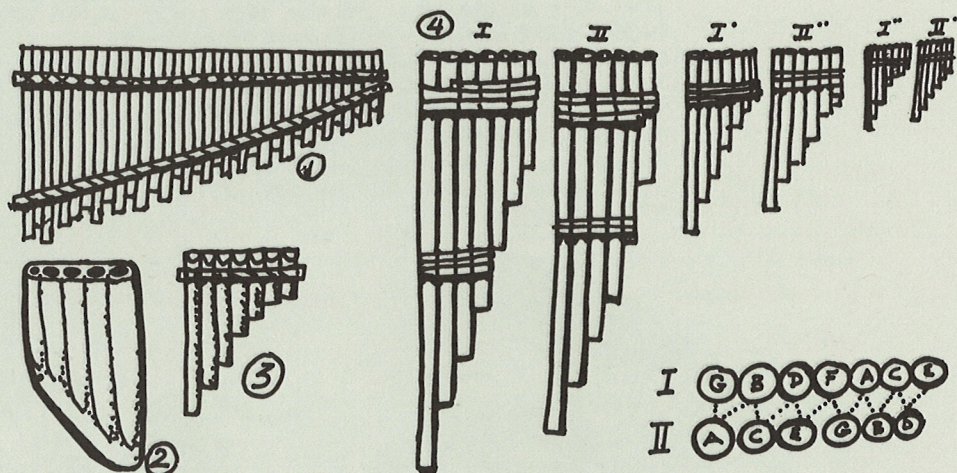
ALTHOUGH THEY ADOPTED THE STRING INSTRUMENTS INTRODUCED BY THE SPANISH AFTER THE CONQUEST, THE NATIVES IN THE SMALLER COMMUNITIES STILL HAVE A PREFERENCE FOR FLUTES AND DRUMS, IN THE CASE OF TRADITIONAL CEREMONIES.

IN ONE VILLAGE OF ECUADOR, FOR EXAMPLE, THE "RONDADOR PEQUEÑO" A PAN-PIPE TUNED TO THE PENTATONIC SCALE, IS RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ONE RELIGIOUS FEAST AND THE PEOPLE OF THAT VILLAGE WILL NOT PLAY IT AT ANY OTHER TIME OF THE YEAR.

INDIAN MUSIC IS BASED ON A 5-NOTE (PENTATONIC) SCALE: A, C, D, E, G, OR THE MELODY GIVEN BY THE FIVE BLACK KEYS OF THE PIANO. IN PERU, WE WERE EXCITED TO PLAY A FEW BONE FLUTES, 500 OR 3,000 YEARS OLD, WHICH WERE TUNED TO THIS SCALE.

PAN PIPES

- ① RONDADOR.
- ② PRECOLOMBIAN PAN PIPE MADE OF CLAY
- ③ PENTATONIC PAN PIPE CALL ANTARA
- ④ SET OF ZAMPOÑAS OR SIKUS



THE RONDADOR IS NATIVE TO ECUADOR AND ITS SCALE IS PENTATONIC WITH THE ADDITION OF ALTERNATING TUBES OF THE LOWER THIRD NOTE, WHICH GIVE THE MELODY AND HARMONY WHEN BOTH PIPES ARE BLOWN TOGETHER.

THE ANTARA IS ANOTHER TYPE OF PAN-FLUTE PLAYED IN PERU AND ECUADOR. IT IS ALSO PENTATONIC, CONSISTING OF FIVE, SEVEN OR MORE TUBES.

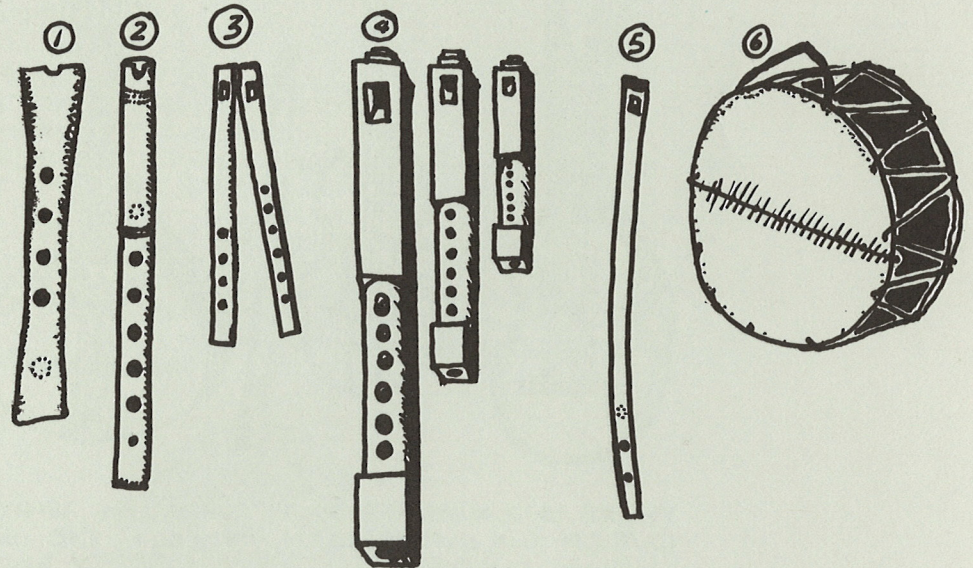
THE ZAMPOÑA OR SIKU, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE REGION OF LAKE TITIKAKA, IS A TYPE OF PAN-PIPE, LIKE THE ANTARA AND RONDADOR, CONSISTING OF HOLLOW TUBES OR REEDS CLOSED AT ONE END AND BLOWN AT AN ANGLE PERPENDICULAR ON THE OTHER OPEN END. THE INSTRUMENT IS PLAYED IN GROUPS OF MEN OR BANDS CALLED "SIKURIS" AND AS THE SIKU CONSISTS OF TWO PARTS, THE MELODY IS SHARED BY TWO PERSONS. EACH DIFFERENT PAIR OF SIKU IS ONE OCTAVE APART. ITS SCALE IS DIATONIC.

THE QUENA IS PLAYED PARTICULARLY IN PERU AND BOLIVIA. IT IS A HOLLOW TUBE OF BAMBOO, BONE OR CLAY WITH A NOTCH AT THE UPPER END & THE FLUTE IS SOUNDED BY BLOWING ACCURATELY ON THE EDGE OF THIS NOTCH.

THE PINGUILLO RESEMBLES THE CONTEMPORARY RECORDER IN THE DESIGN OF THE MOUTHPIECE WHICH IS THAT OF A WHISTLE.

THE DULZAINAS OR DOUBLE-FLUTE FROM ECUADOR, ARE TWO PINGUILLO TYPE FLUTES PLAYED SIMULTANEOUSLY; ONE HAVING FOUR HOLES, THE OTHER-SIX, WHICH PLAY THE MELODY TOGETHER WITH THE HARMONY.

- ① BONE QUENA (PRE-COLOMBIAN)
- ② QUENA
- ③ DULZAINAS
- ④ TARKA
- ⑤ FLAUTA, PINGUILLO OR PITO
- ⑥ CAJA, TINYA OR TAMBOR



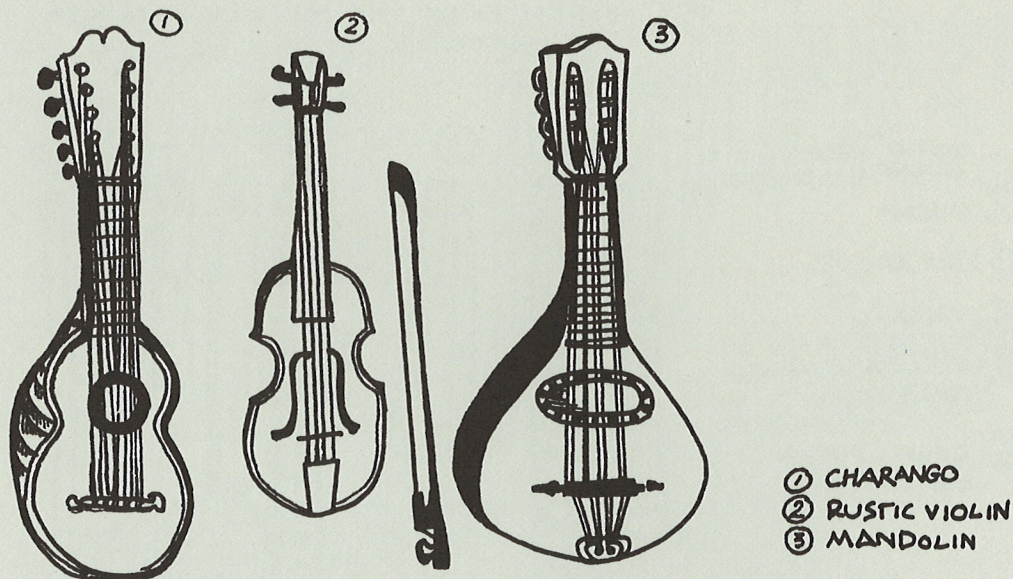
THE TARKA HAS A WHISTLE-TYPE MOUTHPIECE AND IS MADE FROM A BLOCK OF WOOD BORED IN THE CENTER. ITS SOUND IS UNIQUE AND SHRILL AND IT IS PLAYED IN PERU AND BOLIVIA NEAR THE LAKE TITIKAKA. IN THE SAME

BAND, THE MUSICIANS WILL PLAY TWO OR THREE DIFFERENT SIZES; ONE FLUTE AT THE FIFTH AND ANOTHER AN OCTAVE HIGHER.

FLAUTA IS THE NAME OF THE THREE-HOLED FLUTE PLAYED WITH ONE HAND ACCOMPANIED BY THE CAJA, A TYPE OF SNARE DRUM PLAYED WITH THE OTHER HAND. WE HEARD THIS IN THE NORTH OF PERU IN A VILLAGE CALLED CAJAMARCA.

THE CHARANGO IS A TEN-STRINGED INSTRUMENT, TUNED AS FIVE DOUBLE STRINGS TO: E, A, E, C, G. IT IS PLAYED THROUGHOUT BOLIVIA. THE CASE IS MADE OF A HOLLOWED PIECE OF WOOD OR MORE COMMONLY FROM THE SHELL OF AN ARMADILLO.

IN SOME REGIONS, THE MUSICIANS BELIEVE THAT EACH PERSON MUST MAKE THE INSTRUMENT HE WISHES TO PLAY AND IN THE CASE OF THE VIOLIN, MANDOLIN AND HARP, THERE RESULTS A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT SIZES AND SHAPES.



THERE IS A KIND OF COUNTRY MUSIC WHICH AROSE OUT OF THE INTERACTION BETWEEN THE SPANISH AND INDIAN CULTURES. IT IS PLAYED BY BOTH THE INDIAN AND MESTIZO USING QUENA, VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, CHARANGO, HARP AND GUITARS. ALSO THEY SOMETIMES USE MODERN INSTRUMENTS SUCH AS THE ACCORDION, SAXOPHONE, CLARINET. THE GROUPS GIVE INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCES OR ACCOMPANY THE WOMEN'S SONGS.

THE MUSICIANS WE MET WERE FARMERS, DOCTORS, LOCAL TEACHERS, MINERS AND STUDENTS. MOST OF THE "PROFESSIONALS" THERE WERE THE BLIND OR LAME STREET MUSICIANS. LIKE THE MINSTRELS, THEY CARRY THEIR TUNES FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, THROUGH FAIRS AND PILGRIMAGES, EITHER ALONE OR WITH A COMPANION.

DURING "CARNAVAL" OR AN IMPORTANT SAINT'S DAY, LIKE THE "FIESTA OF THE VIRGIN OF CARMEN" CELEBRATED IN PAUCARTAMBO, PERU IN JULY, IT IS POSSIBLE TO HEAR THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF GROUPS:

THE BAMBOO TRANSVERSE FLUTE PLAYERS WITH THEIR FINELY WOVEN PONCHOS PLAYING MELODIES ACCOMPANIED BY RUSTIC SNARE DRUMS WHICH FADE INTO "CONJUNTOS" OF VIOLIN, HARP, QUENA, MANDOLIN AND ACCORDION PLAYERS. WITH THEM ARE COSTUMED DANCERS ENACTING THE VARIOUS LEGENDS AND FOLKLORE OF THEIR VILLAGE.

SOMETIMES YOU WILL HEAR A TRADITIONAL PENTATONIC MELODY PERFORMED BY THE MUNICIPAL BRASS BAND OR A MODERN TUNE PLAYED BY TYPICAL PAN-PIPES AND DRUM.

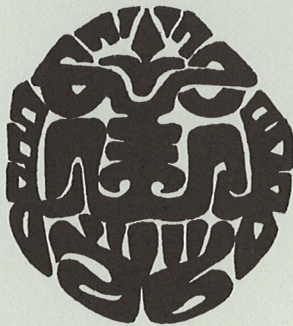
AND LATE AT NIGHT THE PEOPLE WILL DANCE TO A STRING-BAND PLAYING A CUMBIA RHYTHM FROM COLOMBIA WHICH THE MUSICIANS HAVE LEARNED LISTENING TO THE RADIO. WITH TIME THIS RHYTHM, TOO, MAY BE INTEGRATED INTO PERUVIAN FOLK MUSIC.



WE FOUND THAT MANY OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE CITIES WERE MAKING EFFORTS TO REDISCOVER THEIR FOLKLORE.

THEY WORK AT PRESERVING THE SURVIVING MUSIC, THEY ENGAGE IN COLLECTING AND RESEARCH.

AT THE SAME TIME, THEY ARE CREATING A NEW SOUND — A NEW MUSIC AND NEW SONG DERIVED FROM TRADITIONAL RHYTHMS AND MELODIES AND PLAYED ON THE OLD INSTRUMENTS. THEIR SONGS REFLECT A GROWING CONSCIOUSNESS OF ALL LATIN AMERICA.



IF YOU MISS ME by MATTHEW CLARK ON THE PICKET LINE..



*Matthew Clark (and two friends) at the
Selective Service Headquarters in
Washington D.C., 1967*

Photo by: Ginger Isaacs

Occupational songs make up a big category of folklore: sea shanties, lumbermen's songs, field hollers, cowboy songs, and so on. Jobs in the modern world seem not so suited to singing: it's hard to imagine a bank teller's holler or an assembly line shanty.

Back in 1967-68 I was a full time community organizer in the anti-war movement, first in New York City, then in Washington D.C. The project I was with was an attempt to transfer the methods of the Southern civil rights movement to the Northern anti-war movement, and we were trained by people from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee. They taught us all sorts of things, practical everyday necessities of organizing: how to move into a community, how to get to know people, which people to get to know, how to hold a meeting, how to put together a picket-line or a sit-in, how to avoid getting beaten up, what to do when you do get beaten up, how

to go limp when you get arrested, how to act in jail. They also taught us to sing. Singing in the movement is not an art: it's a tool for keeping the group together and working in the face of hostility.

For example, let's say you've picked a target: in the South, perhaps a segregated restaurant; in the North, perhaps a draft board. You set up a picket line to let people know you don't like what's going on inside, and to provide a focus for other people in the area who also don't like it but have never known what to do about it. You want to keep the line moving along briskly: first, because the law most places says a picket line has to keep moving, and second, because a draggy line is unattractive and dispiriting. Nothing keeps a line moving like a good song. Eventually, if you've picked a target that matters, you'll attract a crowd, and likely a hostile one. It's important not to interact with the crowd. If you can keep a distance between you and them, chances are things will stay peaceful; but if you start to talk, you'll start to argue, you'll start to shout back and forth, and before you know it, there will be trouble. So to keep the line together as a group, insulated from the crowd, you sing.

By and large we used songs from the civil rights movement: *If You Miss Me From the Back of the Bus*; *Come Go With Me to That Land*; Paul and Silas (*Keep Your Eyes on the Prize*); *Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round*; We also sang *Ain't Gonna Study War No More* (*Down By the Riverside*); and *We Shall Not Be Moved*, which I believe was originally a gospel song and then a union song. Often we could sing the songs with no changes whatsoever:

*Paul and Silas bound in jail,
Had no money for to go their bail.
Keep your eyes on the prize,
Hold on, hold on.*

*Hold on, hold on,
Keep your eyes on the prize,
Hold on.*

*Paul and Silas began to shout,
The dungeon shook and they walked out.*

*Paul and Silas began to pray,
The dungeon shook and they walked away.*

I suspect that this was a gospel song originally--the story comes from Acts of the Apostles, chapter 16--but it's obviously appropriate to any organizers who are likely to find themselves in jail.

Some songs we had to change just a bit. For example, *If You Miss Me From the Back of the Bus*:

*If you miss me from the back of the bus
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the front of the bus
And I'll be sitting right there.*

*I'll be sitting right there,
I'll be sitting right there,
Come on over to the front of the bus
And I'll be sitting right there.*

This was one of our favorite songs--it's simple, but it's very catchy. Bus segregation doesn't exist in New York or Washington, and in any case, we were primarily an anti-war group. So we changed it:

*If you miss me from the U.S. army
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the draft resistance
I'll be working right there.*

Other verses to the song we kept just as they were written:

*If you miss me from the picket line
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the country jail
I'll be living right there.*

Many of the songs would require just a change in names, as in *Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round*:

*Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round,
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round.
I'm gonna keep right on a walking,
Keep right on a talking
Marching to the Freedom Land.*

Ain't gonna let Bull Connor turn me 'round...

Ain't gonna let Lester Maddox turn me round...

Here we simply changed the names to Lyndon Johnson, General Hershey, Robert McNammara, and so on.

Very occasionally we would make major changes in a song. Someone in the group rewrote *Which Side Are You On* (*Harlan County*) to change it from a mine union song to an anti-war song, but I can't remember a single bit of it.

Never, either in demonstrations or in meetings (which I will discuss next) did we use any of the crop of protest songs written by the scores around that time: *Blowing in the Wind*, *Cops of the World*, *We Ain't Marching Anymore*, and so on. We liked them well enough, but they just didn't work as organizing songs. My favorite of this type, Eric Anderson's *Thirsty Boots*, I didn't even bother to learn until I came to Canada about a year later.

Meetings are another situation in which singing is useful. There are two sorts: meetings within the group for planning and evaluation; and public meetings, where you want to bring new people into the group. In either case, things can get pretty emotional, especially if you've got a good hell-fire and brimstone style leader. Emotion is necessary, but it's dangerous, so to control it, to create a sense of community,

you end the meeting with a song.

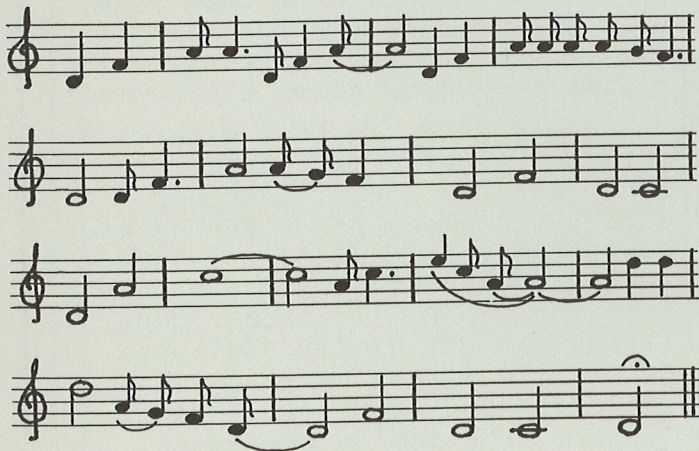
There are two meetings that stand out in my memory. Once, when I was still in high school, years before I was a professional myself, a local minister took me to a civil rights meeting in a black church, in a part of town where I'd never been, that I hadn't even really known existed. There were 75 or 100 people there; we were the only whites. I can't remember what concrete issues were discussed--but issues are in any case ephemeral. I do remember the intensity of the experience. These people were doing what few people ever do: they were seizing control of their own lives. It was exhilarating and at the same time frightening. I had certainly never seen anything like it. At the end we all stood and clasped hands and sang *We Shall Overcome*, and as we were singing I suddenly came to feel that I belonged with these people. I'd heard the song many times before, but never before had I understood it.

The second meeting I particularly remember was in the summer of 1967, just after a demonstration we had staged in the Flatbush area of Brooklyn. We had set up a draft resistance information table in the middle of the street, right

next to a Navy recruiting station--we weren't suggesting the the Navy recruiter shouldn't be there, just that both sides of the story should be represented. It wasn't long before a hostile crowd gathered, and things began to get pretty rough. People started pushing us around, burning us with cigarettes, one of us was knocked down and kicked in the face. His nose was broken and he spent a couple of days in the hospital. Finally the police figured out that there was something going on and got us away from the crowd. That night we had a meeting to talk about it all. For most of us it was the first time we'd seen action, as it were. The physical roughing up didn't bother us so much as the hatred we felt from the crowd. It was a crisis for the group, and if we hadn't been able to somehow come to terms with it, we probably would have split up then. We talked for a long time, calmed each other down, and then at the end we sang

*We been 'buked and we been scorned
We been talked about sure as you're born
But we'll never turn back
No we'll never turn back
Until we've all been free
And we have equality.*

PAUL AND SILAS -----



Paul and Silas bound in jail
Had no money for to go their bail.

CHORUS

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on
Hold on, hold on
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Paul and Silas began to shout
The dungeon shook and they walked out.

Paul and Silas began to pray
The dungeon shook and they walked away.

(No transcription from oral tradition is finally authoritative. Here, for example, I have notated only some of the possible syncopations, which are essential to the style, but which vary from singer to singer and from verse to verse.)

PLEASE WALK ON THE GRASS

by IAN ROBB

IAN ROBB is one of Canada's most respected folk revival singers. Born and raised in England, he now lives in Ottawa and has recently completed a Folk Legacy album of Canadian folk songs with Margaret Christl and Grit Laskin.

The terms "traditional singer" and "revival singer" tend to be confused. Strictly speaking, a traditional singer's material comes from his own family, community, or workplace, and he usually adheres strongly to the stylistic guidelines followed by the older singers. Traditional singers were generally unknown outside of their performing environment--though highly respected within it--until the advent of such gatherings as folk festivals, which modify or artificially preserve the tradition. It is hardly surprising that many of these singers feel very uncomfortable the first time they set foot on a workshop stage.

The revival singer, on the other hand, is without traditional roots, and taps the roots of others for songs and styles. He usually comes up with a mixture of widely varying influences. There are, of course, many revival singers who come from an established musical tradition, but keep it as only part of their musical world. Also, there are some younger traditional singers who have been so immersed in the melting pot of the folk festivals that they can no longer be strictly classed as traditional performers. Neither of these groups, in my opinion, can be criticized for wanting to overstep the bounds of their own traditions. In contrast, there are some revival singers who believe so strongly

With the mummers troupe at Mariposa (left) / Photo by Keith Buck



in the mint preservation of traditional styles that they insist on singing in a geriatric voice, apparently not realizing that all traditional singers were once, or still are, young. These people refuse to modify traditional songs, even to improve them. They seem to think that if a song is traditional, it must be good. They contribute less to the folk revival than does a good tape recorder. They should stick to collecting, where their obsession with preservation and documentation would be a valuable asset.

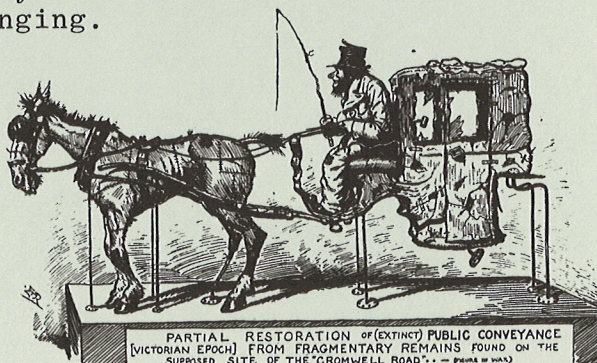
I feel that preservation and documentation should not overly concern the revival singer. His duty to the revival, and indeed to the tradition, is to use the traditional techniques to develop and improve the performance of a song. Keeping the tradition on ice can only lead to mediocrity and stagnation. I believe that the best traditional singers, or at least those who have had the most influence on the revival, have tried to develop songs in this way. It is interesting that in Britain and Ireland, many of the most creative traditional singers come from travelling families: gypsies and tinkers who continually add to their repertoire of songs and styles by moving from region to region. Revival singers also have access to this wide variety of musical learning; it is a terrible waste if we don't put it to use.

Style, of course, covers a multitude of different techniques. Decoration, pace, emphasis, and manner are just a few of the factors in performance. Effectiveness is a very subjective quality; it is important for a singer to read his audience to decide what will work in that particular performing situation. Style must be flexible and adaptable to the many different situations encountered by the revival singer. The traditional performing situations are somewhat narrow and the styles correspondingly

strict; unless we can recreate the atmosphere of a Scots bothy, a tinker campfire, or an Ontario shanty, there is little point in insisting on the traditional styles.

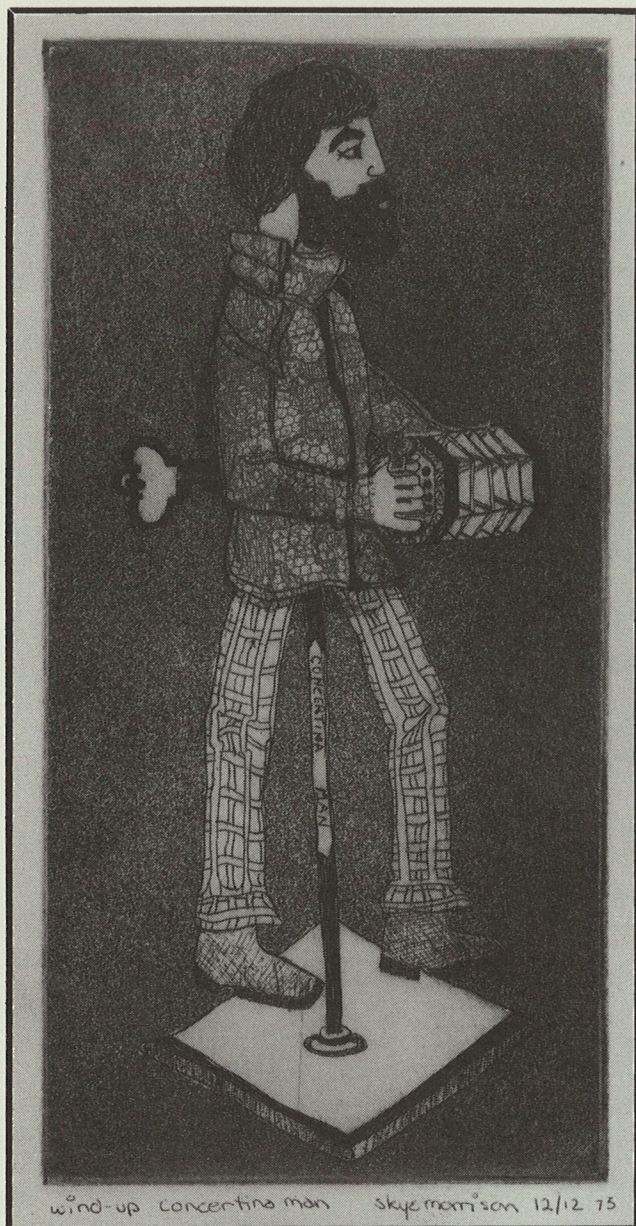
What I am suggesting is really a continuation of the folk process, which is as much a part of the tradition as the songs themselves. I cannot believe that revival singers are not competent to continue the development of our traditions. Some people seem to think of folk music as if it were a pretty lace table cloth, to be brought out only on special occasions and carefully guarded from stains. I prefer to think of it as an old cast iron cooking pot, which improves with each layer of soot and grease. Perhaps The Tradition has been treated with just a little too much reverence; perhaps we singers should be more adaptable. I am not suggesting we all trade in our dulcimers and concertinas for Moog synthesizers, but we should realize that there is more than one good way to sing a song. The revival singer with an audience of several hundred people can't always get away with a farm kitchen performance.

Traditional music, like the grass on Centre Island, is there to be used, not just preserved to look pretty. While I can already hear the shouts of "Heresy!", I hope that the erectors of "Keep off the Grass" signs in our revivals will stop and think what effect their attitudes could have on the still very much alive art of traditional singing.

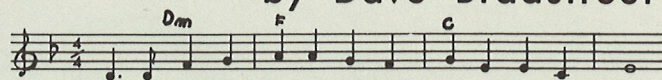


PARTIAL RESTORATION OF (EXTINCT) PUBLIC CONVEYANCE [VICTORIAN EPOCH] FROM FRAGMENTARY REMAINS FOUND ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE "CROWWELL ROAD". . . (painted in 1905)

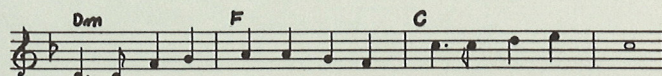
IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES" DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.



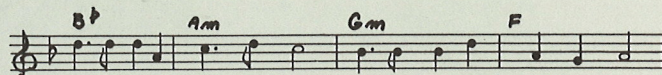
by Dave Bradstreet



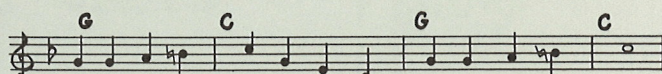
It's 8 o'clock on Beresford Street, the day is gettin dim



The people shed their working clothes the children sing their hymns

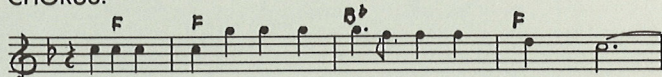


Now's the time to rest the soul; worries go and dreams unfold

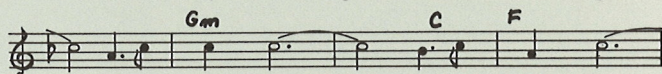


And in the empty twilight street the lamplight looks like gold.

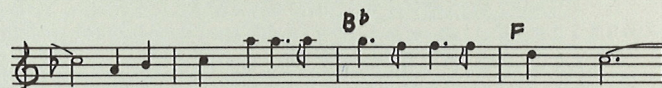
CHORUS:



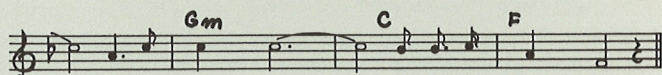
And when they danced along beside him in the moonlight



They were alright. T'was a goodnight



For his concertina laughed away the bad times,



Gave them glad times; forgot the sad times.

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Beresford Street

It's 8 o'clock on Beresford Street, the day is gettin dim
The people shed their working clothes the children sing their hymns
Now's the time to rest the soul; worries go and dreams unfold
And in the empty twilight street the lamplight looks like gold.

Down the block a sound is heard; the old folks turn their heads.
Stories stop before they end; kids wake up in their beds.
Out on the road they stand & wait; whisper to themselves he's late
For they've all been waiting for the Concertina Man.

And when they danced along beside him in the moonlight
They were alright. T'was a goodnight
For his concertina laughed away the bad times,
Gave them glad times; forgot the sad times.

They see him now, his head held high, his squeezebox plays a tune
Stepping to the rythm beneath the rising moon
The happiness with which he plays takes them from their worried ways
They follow in his harmonies and dance along with him

No one knows where the song man lives or how he spends his days
No one stops to question him about his gypsy ways
He lives his life without a care, hoping only to be there
To spend a little time to share his song with everyone

Now he's gone into the night; the lamppost stands alone
The dogs & cats are quiet now, all the children have gone home
But in their dreams they hear him sing reminding them of everything
That they love and wish to bring them each a little closer



HOBO'S TAUNT
WOODSHED RECORDS

WILLIE P. BENNETT

Hobo's Taunt, just released, is Willie P.'s second album. It boasts an all-star cast. (Sure, you might ask, "Tom who??" but fortunately stars are still in the eyes of the beholder regardless of what AM radio says to the contrary). The group I lovingly refer to as the Woodshed Mafia is out in full force: Chris and Ken Whiteley, Rick and Steve Taylor, Michael Gardner, David Essig and Tom Evans. They're a wonderful group of players who are maturing rapidly as very creative studio musicians.

Willie P. Bennett is as fine a contemporary songwriter as I've heard, with no exceptions at all. And Willie himself seems to have learned a lot about recording since "Tryin' to Start Out Clean", an extremely rambunctious first album. "Hobo's Taunt" is tamer, though not tame. The arrangements are great and Willie singing is giving his best. Why, the record's a very model of sobriety.

-Marilyn Koop

FOGARTY'S COVE
BARN SWALLOW RECORDS

STAN ROGERS

We're beholden to Stan Roger's Aunt June for wondering why Stan didn't write some songs about down East (His mother's family comes from Nova Scotia). The result was Fogarty's Cove, an album of songs--and one recitation--that sound like they have been around for many years. Like the bays and coves, the traps and dories he sings about, Stan Roger's songs are made of enduring stuff. He could introduce "Barrett's Privateers" by saying "Here's a traditional song I wrote." I'd have heard worse lies.

But I can't leave you thinking that the main virtue of Stan's songs is that they sound old. I admire them because they mourn the passing of a way of life and give tribute to good things that do not change.

-Marilyn Koop

THE BARLEY GRAIN FOR ME
FOLK LEGACY FSC 62, 1976

MARGARET CHRISTL AND IAN ROBB
with GRIT LASKIN

This is the first record made by these very popular Canadian performers who got their start singing at Fiddlers' Green and Mariposa. I welcome it as a recognition of the trio's fine singing, and I am glad to note that all the songs on it are traditional in Canada. As Margaret and Ian hail from England it's not surprising that they are attracted mainly to songs that originated in Britain, so all but four are local versions of old British ballads.

I'm particularly pleased that the title song comes from the repertoire of O.J. Abbott, as do also "By the Hush, Me B'ys", an Irish-American ditty from the American Civil War, "The Banks of Newfoundland", an unusual Irish ballad about a shipwreck, and a rare erotic song, "The Weaver". The only Child ballad, "The Banks of Ero", and a lumbering song, "Save Your Money While You're Young", are also from my collection. "Hard Times", "The Crockery Ware", "Oh No, Not I", and "The Foggy Dew" are from Kenneth Peacock's Newfoundland collection; "Campbell the Drover" and "Green Bushes" were collected by Helen Creighton; "Jack the Cowboy", a version of "The Yorkshire Bite" is from Labrador, and Shelley Posen found "The Ten Dollar Bill" in Nicabean, Quebec.

The singing and accompaniments are varied and attractive, and the style is a nice compromise between traditional and revival. The booklet might have given a little more biographical material about the singers, and the headnotes are a little sketchy: more information about the background of the songs would have been useful. However, the booklet does include a bibliography and discography of Canadian songs.

To conclude, I can't do better than quote Sandy Paton: "If my budget permitted the purchase of only one record album of folksongs this year, 'The Barley Grain For Me' would be my choice."

-Edith Fowke

DAVID BRADSTREET
AM RECORDS

Art is an invitation from the artist to his audience. I think that is what James Thurber meant when he titled one of his books My World and Welcome to It. David Bradstreet's world of music is intricate, subtle, sophisticated, and beautiful. This record is highly produced, with an electric band, background vocals and a string section. But these never feel just tacked on. I suspect that even when David was working solo, in his mind's ear he heard a complete arrangement. David himself, of course, is an impeccable musician and the other musicians on the album seem equally good. I'm particularly fond of the clarinet solo on "Cover to Cover" and the guitar on "Main Street Soliloquy." There are too many tasty licks to even begin cataloguing. I like the music more than I like the words. Someone once described poetry as imaginary gardens with real toads. When David says he "searched through all these mountains" or asks for "life on the rolling sea", I don't feel that any real experience lies behind the words. The exceptions are "Beresford Street" and "Renaissance", which seem fully realized. The first of these is already something of a classic, and I won't be surprised if the second becomes a classic quickly. It's about an old couple who dress up, lock the door and do the old dance once more--and as a friend of mine said, they almost appear before your eyes, waltzing.

-Matthew Clark

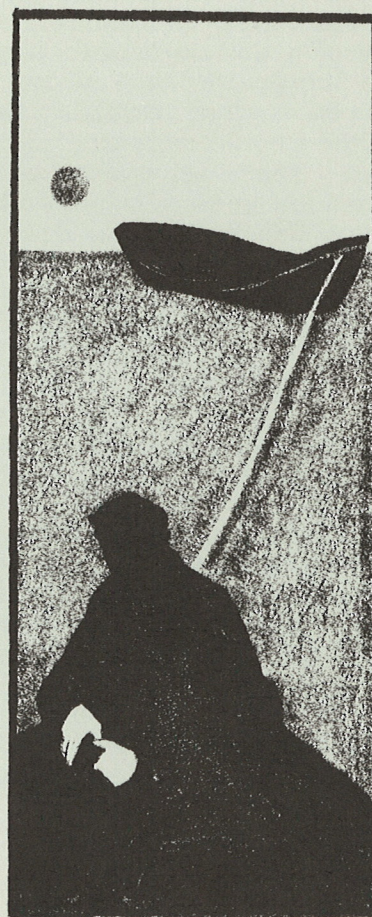
It's so hard not to think of before the big war
When the cod went so cheap but so plenty
Foreign trawlers go by now with long-seeing eyes
Taking all, where we seldom take any
And the young folk don't stay with the fisherman's way
Long ago they all moved to the cities
And the ones left behind, old, tired and blind
Can't work for 'a pound for a penny'.

*In Make and Break Harbour the boats are so few
Too many are pulled up and rotten
Most houses stand empty, old nets hung to dry
Are blown away, lost and forgotten.*

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style, featuring a melody line and a bass line. The melody line is written on the upper staff of each system, and the bass line is written on the lower staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the first staff. The score is divided into two sections: the first section is labeled "CHORUS" and the second section is labeled "VERSE". The score is written in ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
STAN ROGERS, BMIC

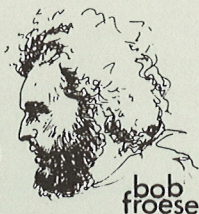
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Fogarty's Cove Music
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JUNE '77

JKY

Grit's Workshop



bob
froese

I've come across people who thought that the curved sides of a guitar (or fiddle, mandolin, etc.) are carved out of a large solid piece of wood. Actually, the sides are thin pieces (2 to 3 mm thick) which are bent into shape. Bending the wood is where the fun starts.

One method is to boil the wood until it becomes flexible enough to force-bend and clamp over a "male" mold (fig. 1). When the wood dries it retains the mold's shape.

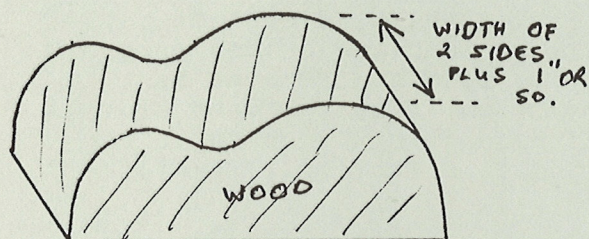


FIG. 1

Makers differ on how long the wood should be boiled and clamped. For rosewood and mahogany, 1 1/2 to 3 hours boiling and a week clamping should do. I suspect maple wouldn't need to be boiled for as long, but it doesn't hurt to be cautious (I said suspect because I don't use this method. We'll get to my method in a bit). When you clamp the wood to the mold, you first pull it down at the waist and then pull down each end (fig. 2). A heavy strong cloth on top of the sides ensures an even pressure over the whole surface.

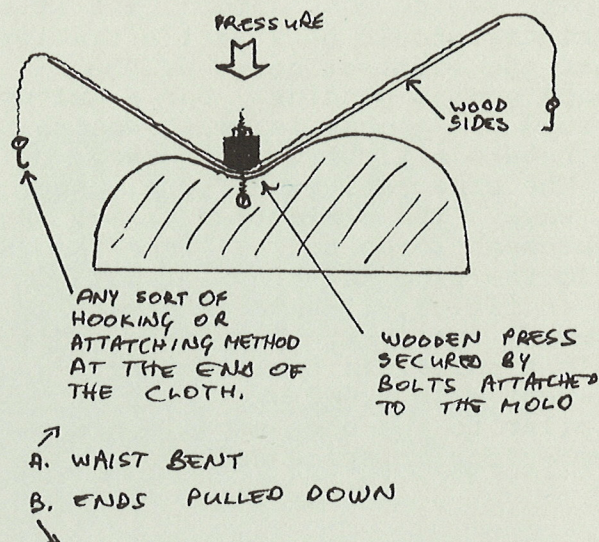


FIG. 2.

A second method involves a heated cast mold. An aluminum or copper half shape of the instrument is lined with an electric element that heats the entire mold. Some makers say the wood should have been soaking for a while before bending, others say just dipping it under the tap is sufficient. For rosewood I've found that just a surface wetting is fine, but mahogany needs to be soaked for an hour or two (water temperature doesn't matter). Once wet, the wood is bent as in the first method--i.e. waist down first and then the ends.

A third method, the one I use, is to bend the wood freehand over a heated pipe. I feel this is the best method. The wood retains its shape so you can work with it immediately after bending. Also, you can bend any shape of instrument without having to make up new molds. It is hard to

get smooth curves and symmetrical sides, but you can do it with practice. Copper or aluminum piping is the most common, and it's diameter should be a little smaller than the tightest curve of the shape you're bending. For a guitar, 3 to 3 1/2 inches is small enough to handle a tight waist curve.

The pipe can be heated a number of ways. The easiest is to set up a propane torch so the flame shoots into the pipe and keeps it hot as in fig. 3. I have an electric element inside the pipe (fig. 4). It's a porcelain cone heating element with a 660 watt coil, similar to the ones used in old semi-circular space heaters.

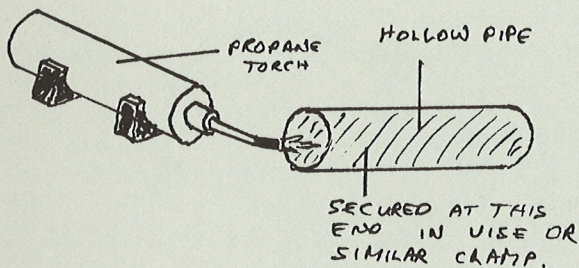


FIG. 3

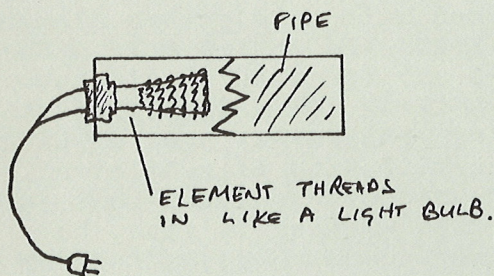


FIG. 4

People have asked me how hot I make the bending iron and the truth is I don't exactly know. If it's too hot the wood will be scorched. If it's too cool the wood might crack before it bent, if it bent at all. I got a good level of heat by stretching out the coil to just before the point where it would burn itself out.

Once the iron is hot (your spit should ball up and bounce off) you should dampen the wood. From my own experience, rosewood and maple need only a surface wetting. Mahogany needs to soak for about an hour. Ebony needs a lengthy soaking and even then its a very slow careful process to bend it without cracking--but it can be done. Softwoods like spruce and basswood need to be soaking for at least an hour. Then you'll have to clamp them in a mold for a couple of days so they won't spring back.

Once you've wet the wood, start bending it at one end, placing it on the iron and applying gentle pressure while moving the wood slowly and constantly. In some sections I also use a rocking motion. The motion is a necessity: if you rested the wood in one place and waited for it to bend you'd get a bump or a kink. Keep the wood damp by re-wetting occasionally and work slowly, checking the bend against your mold or template as you progress. If you find you're over bent in a section, turn the wood over and bend it out lightly in the opposite direction (fig. 5).

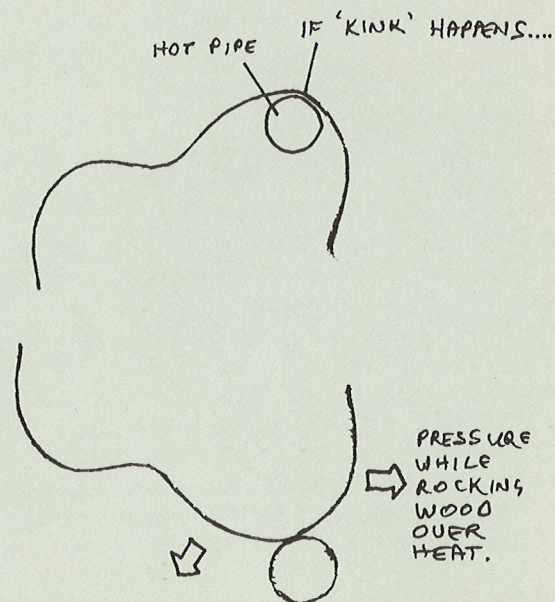
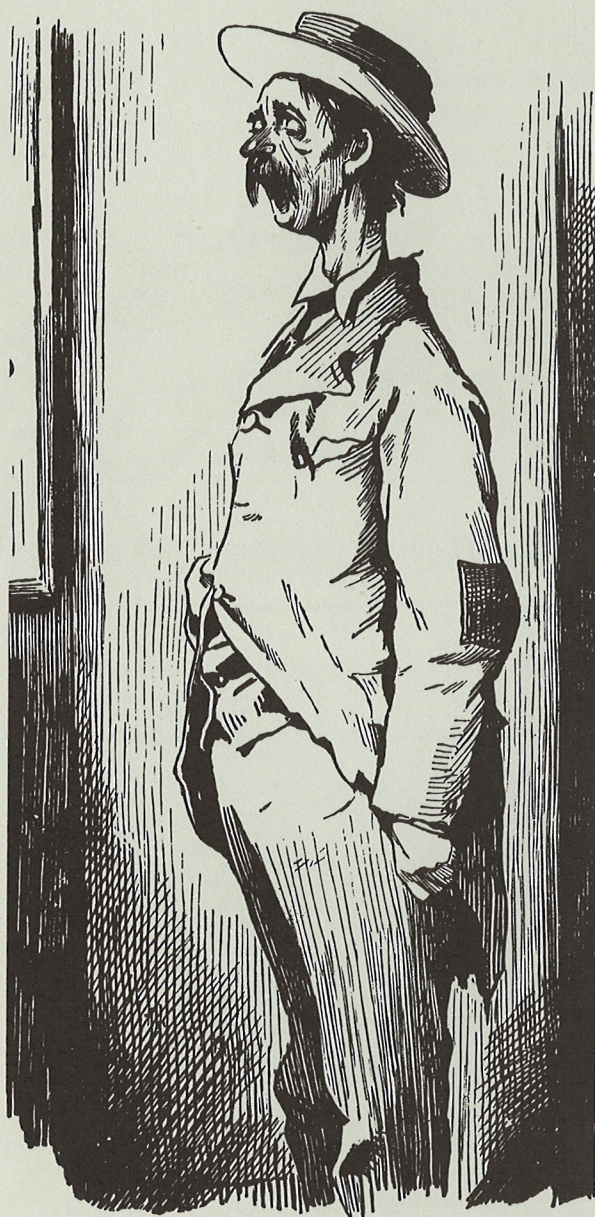


FIG. 5

These are the methods of bending wood that I know of. There are also ways of steaming wood to bend it and there are chemicals I've heard of that can loosen wood fibres--both methods I know little about. This brings to mind a story of an African tribe that can bend solid ivory tusks to a 90 degree angle with some sort of liquid concoction. I have every reason to believe its true, so if anybody out there happens to know anything about it, give me a call.



"GRIT!!!"

NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN

Thank you for the recent edition of "The Newsletter" which I read with interest and will pass on to my two co-editors when I see them.

I was particularly interested in this issue since I have felt for some time that one of the most important and, as yet, relatively unexplored audiences and sources, is the schoolchild. Logically the pupil is tomorrow's folk club attender but is also more important than that since the folk club is an arbitrary thing. The pupil, if one can get to him early enough may be persuaded that his own culture is just as important as the imported culture he sees displayed, often distorted, in the mass media. At the very least he may be shown another standard against which to value his society in terms of its history, sociology and music and even dialects. All this could be achieved if the powers that be would realise that the great white chiefs of classical music and the pieces they wrote are not absolute and should not be used to judge anything else by.

Anyway that is my pet theory. Whether or not it is sound is another matter--in fact it may not have even reached the theory stage, it may still be a hypothesis!

Dr. John Barrow
Co-editor/The Broadsheet
Edinburgh, Scotland

Very special thanks go to contributing writers.

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OUR FALL ISSUE
WILL INCLUDE A LIST OF
RECORD RELEASES BY
MARIPOSA '77 PERFORMERS

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