BY REX BUTTERS

Maria Muldaur’s latest release, Heart of Mine: Love Songs of Bob Dylan adds another notch on an enviable creative upswing. A bona fide national treasure, her artistic momentum since the nineties has yielded a shelf full of CDs covering roots music, blues, love songs, and Peggy Lee, each with Muldaur’s faultless aesthetics overseeing the production as well. Graciously, she took a break from her relentless performance-rehearsal-recording schedule to chat about her recent projects.

FW: It was great to hear you back on fiddle on You Ain’t Goin Nowhere, a very exuberant reading of that song.

MM: Thank you. We just kind of got down with a low down Cajun hoedown on the whole thing. It reminded me of the kind of stuff the Band was playing over at Big Pink when we all lived in Woodstock. It had that vibe to it. Bob [Dylan], in the last ten years or so, every time I would see him backstage at a gig, he started asking me, “Hey are you ever playing your fiddle anymore?” And I’d say, oh no, I’m mostly singing blues now. “Well, you oughta take that thing out and play it. That would be something people

MARIA MULDAUR GIVES DYLAN A SHOT OF LOVE

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

PRAISING PEACE
A TRIBUTE TO PAUL ROBESON

CALIFORNIA INDIAN TRIBAL CULTURE

PLUS:

ROSS ALTMAN’S HOW CAN I KEEP FROM TALKING

& MUCH MORE...

MULDAUR page 12
Welcome to the 7th year of FolkWorks. Unless you are one of the two people we know who jump straight to the editorial, you’ve probably noticed Maria Muldaur on our cover. We saw her some months ago, when we were up in the Bay Area. We had stopped in for a Sunday morning breakfast and to listen to Suzy Thompson and some of her pals play great old-time music. Maria came in and joined the audience. Turns out that she’s a friend and fan of Suzy’s. We’ve always loved Maria’s upspring spirit and when we found out she had a new CD with Dylan love songs, we asked Rex Butters to talk to her. He was thrilled. So are we.

As usual, the remaining pages herein, contain a wide spectrum of folk music and dance. Perhaps you remember when Leon Bibb was well known folk in circles. Then a few years ago, his son Eric came touring around and became known to us as a wonderful performer. Now, this past year, Jorge Mijangos performed out West, and we have ink, so please help us encourage you to do this as well. While we love to hear it, telling us how much you enjoy this newspaper is not enough to keep it going. Public radio/TV does fund raising 3 or 4 times a year on-air. We have to “air.” We have ink, so please help us out and become a supporting member of FolkWorks. And, in April, when we have our annual benefit concert, be part of a sell-out crowd. Speaking of this New Year….we wish all of you a Healthy, Prosperous New Year!

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By Leda & Steve Shapiro

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African American singer Paul Robeson was blacklisted during the McCarthy era and his records forcibly removed from the shelves. His books were banned and he was subpoenaed to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1956, the same year as Pete Seeger. Like Seeger, Robeson refused to name others or to cooperate with the Committee’s investigation. In one memorable exchange, which I adapted in my song The Ballad of Paul Robeson*, Chairman Francis Walters asked him, "Mr. Robeson, since you admire the Soviet Union so much, why don’t you just move there and leave this country?" To which Robeson replied, "Chairman Walters, my father was a slave in this country. My father worked to build this country with his bare hands and bare back. My father earned the right for me to live in this country, and no House Committee on Un-American Activities is going to make me leave this country.

After the US State Department revoked Robeson’s passport and labeled him “the most dangerous man in America” he had to invent new ways to reach out to his international audience. Two unprecedented concerts deserve special mention: Robeson gave the first and only performance via a trans-Atlantic phone call to London, where he had introduced the first modern musical Showboat—which gave him his theme song Ol’ Man River—in 1927 at the Drury Lane Theatre in London’s West End.

Has any other artist commanded such loyalty that his audience clamored for tickets to hear his voice melded over a telephone, without even being able to see him? Not before Robeson, and not since. Perhaps even more extraordinary, however, and more symbolic, was the concert he gave at the US-Canadian border, where his stage was set up on the US side, and he sang to our northern neighbors seated on the Canadian side. For an artist who had broken so many boundaries—between sacred and secular music, popular and protest, and who achieved excellence in world music in a dozen languages, theatre (longest running starring role as Othello on Broadway), law, scholarship (Rhodes Scholar and Phi Beta Kappa at Rutgers) and athletics (football All-American), to cross one more border was not surprising.

Still, like so many of Robeson’s accomplishments, it stands alone. Dubbed “The Peace Concert” because it struck a note of international cooperation, Robeson demonstrated new ways of non-violent resistance to one attempt after another to silence him and still his voice. "Tell me why the caged bird sings," wrote the black American poet Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Robeson gave his answer unequivocally as follows: "The artist must choose between freedom and slavery. I have made my choice."

For those of us who grew up on his music and were inspired by his fearless and peerless example of an artist for whom songs were weapons in the struggle for social justice and human equality, it is a great joy to see his reputation reborn since 1998, the Centennial of his birth, when he was honored posthumously by the United States Post Office with a first class Black American Heritage stamp. I am happy to report that Robeson’s legacy, now fully available again on CDs of his own classic recordings, has just been extended and celebrated in a new album by the long standing Vanguard recording artist Leon Bibb, now 83 years old, and his gifted son, blues singer and guitarist extraordinaire Eric Bibb. Together they have created a moving collection of Robeson classics, and four new songs in his spirit by Eric Bibb.

Entitled, Praising Peace: A Tribute to Paul Robeson, this CD (on Stony Point Records with eloquent liner notes by Paul Robeson, Jr.) is a beautiful series of reinterpretations of his best known songs, with two of the original piano arrangements by Robeson’s great accompanist Lawrence Brown. It includes a selection of spirituals, such as Deep River and Home In that Rock, by which Robeson first made his reputation as a great baritone. It also embraces the popular folk classics such as Danny Boy and Shenandoah, to whose shimmering beauty Robeson added lasting dignity and power. And it fully recognizes three songs at the heart of Robeson’s political repertoire—Joe Hill (words by Alfred Hayes, music by Earl Robinson), The House I Live In (words by Lewis Allen*** [misidentified as “Allan Lewis” on the album’s credits], music by Earl Robinson), and his theme song—that Robeson considerably reworked from Oscar Hammerstein the 2nd and Jerome Kern’s stage version—Of Man River.

Each of these is a masterpiece that shows that great art can also be a powerful vehicle of protest. And they challenge the listener with four original songs by Eric Bibb, of which the title song Praising Peace evokes Paul Robeson’s autobiograpy Here I Stand: “Here I stand with outstretched hands/Praising peace in every land.” And finally, for you who have yet to hear Robeson’s own voice of the century, Leon and Eric Bibb have daringly sampled Robeson’s original vintage recording of Deep River into their version, knowing that hearing his voice will make you want to discover this great African-American artist for yourselves.

Ross Altman has a Ph.D. in English. Before becoming a full-time folk singer he taught college English and Speech. He now sings around California for libraries, unions, schools, political groups and folk festivals. You can reach Ross at Greggoosmusic@aol.com.
W ho hasn’t marveled at the majestic and haunting sound of church bells? What is it about the sound of bells that is so moving and mystical? Bells have an almost magical sound that is truly unique in the family of musical instruments. Bells are different from other instruments discussed in previous articles? Well, simply stated, yes they are. The “why” part of the discussion, however, is complex because a good deal of the explanation still remains as theory and sometimes not very conclusive theory at that. So, while this article may not have all the answers, let me share with you what I have discovered about bells.

Many years ago when I was young I observed that bells sound sad, and wondered why. One explanation is that unlike other musical instruments, the fundamental frequency is not the dominating sound in the bell’s harmonic series. Instead, the fundamental fudges rapidly and what remains as prominent is a minor third sound. As noted in a previous FolkWorks article on the subject, most chords are usually perceived as sounding sad. As satisfying as that information is, it also suggests that bells really are a different beast and may be hiding even more tantalizing musical secrets!

I Should Have Node Better

Remember from our past discussions that what we consider to be a musical pitch is the result of resonance forming a standing wave. Bells, unlike pipes and strings, do not have specific endpoints to confine a standing wave. Instead, bells vibrate in three dimensions producing both horizontal and vertical nodal patterns yielding various pitch-related modes of vibration. Furthermore, since the vibrations travel around and around the bell, energy can leak from one mode of vibration into others setting up different nodal patterns with different related pitches.

The sound produced by ringing a bell changes with time and can be broken down into three main time periods. 1. The Strike: a non-harmonic hodge-podge that dies away quickly. 2. The Strike Note: the perceived pitch is not necessarily that of the lowest partial. 3. The Decay: the selection and strengths of the surviving harmonics that give each bell a rich, complex and somewhat mystical sound. And they do play fiddle, guitar, harmonica, mandolin, banjo & spoons. Roger has a penchant for irritable and obscure and sometimes tries to explain how the clock works when asked only for the time. He lives with his wife, Monika White, in Santa Monica.

The heaviest harmonically tuned bell in the world is the Bourdon Bell (Figure 2) of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon, in the Riverside Church, New York City. Weighing 18 tons, this bell was cast in 1928 by Gillett and Johnston of Cromdon, England. There is much more to know about bells and I will try to discuss more in a future installment. Until then, feel free to ring in and, as always, stay tuned.

Replacing Quasimodo the Bell Ringer?

After Quasimodo’s death, the bishop of the Cathedral of Notre Dame sent word through the streets of Paris that a new bell ringer was needed. The bishop decided that he would conduct the interviews personally and went up into the belfry to begin the screening process.

After observing several applicants demonstrate their skills, he had decided to call it a day - when an armless man approached him and announced that he was there to apply for the bell ringer’s job.

The bishop was incredulous. “You have no arms!”

“Who cares? I don’t know his name,” said the bishop.

I Should Have Node Better

BY ROGER GOODMAN

Roger Goodman is a musician, mathematician, punster, reader of esoteric books and sometime writer; none of which pays the mortgage. For that, he is a computer network guy for a law firm. He has been part of the Los Angeles old-time & contra-dance music community for over thirty years. While not a dancer, he does play fiddle, guitar, harmonica, mandolin, banjo & spoons. Roger has a penchant for irreverent and obscure and sometimes tries to explain how the clock works when asked only for the time. He lives with his wife, Monika White, in Santa Monica.

The stunned bishop rushed to his side. When he reached the street, a crowd had gathered around the fallen figure, drawn by the beautiful music they had heard only moments before.

As they silently parted to let the bishop through, one of them asked, “Bishop, who was this man?”

“I don’t know his name,” sighed the distraught bishop, “but his face rings a bell.”

(WAIT! WAIT! There’s more!!)

The following day, despite the sadness that weighed heavily on his heart due to the unfortunate death of the armless campanologist, the bishop continued his interviews for the bell ringer of Notre Dame. The first man to approach him said, “Your Excellency, I am the brother of the poor armless wretch that fell to his death from this very belfry yesterday. I pray that you honor his life by allowing me to replace him in this duty.”

The bishop agreed to give the man an audition, and, as the armless man’s brother stooped to pick up a mallet to strike the first bell, he groaned, clutched at his chest and died on the spot. Two monks, hearing the bishop’s cries of grief at this second tragedy, rushed up the stairs to his side.

“What has happened? Who is this man?” the first monk asked breathlessly.

“I don’t know his name,” sighed the distraught bishop, “but he’s a dead ringer for his brother.”

BY ROGER GOODMAN

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The bishop was incredulous. “You have no arms!”

“Oh no matter,” said the man, “I observed.” And he began striking the bells with his face, producing a beautiful melody on the carillon. The bishop listened in astonishment, convinced he had finally found a suitable replacement for Quasimodo.

But suddenly, rushing forward to strike a bell, the armless man tripped and plunged headlong out of the belfry window to his death in the street below. The stunned bishop rushed to his side. When he reached the street, a crowd had gathered around the fallen figure, drawn by the beautiful music they had heard only moments before.

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MAGiC FROm NEw MEXiCO

Columbus has been so maligned that Columbus Day has become the most embarrassing holiday on our calendar. Yes, he was wrong about many things, like in what land he had docked his ships and about who those people were that greeted him. But he knew a good meal when he tasted it and what he tasted was the magic of chile. He brought the chile back to Spain and from there the chile conquered the world: from Europe to Africa, and on to India, Southeast Asia, China and Korea. Maybe if we celebrated Columbus bringing chile to the rest of the world, we’d have more agreement about his holiday?

You could fill many volumes with a description of the varieties of chile. Lots of chile lovers have their favorites. Those who go for the heat may have a fondness for the tiny, fiery Habanero or its cousin the Scotch Bonnet. The Tabasco chile, only slightly milder than the Habanero, is the key ingredient in Louisiana’s famous hot sauce. The Jalapeno, a moderately piquant chile, is perhaps the most popular or at least the most commonly found in the U.S. And the smoked, dried Jalapeno known as Chipotle has been gaining in popularity. The Bell Pepper, a chile with no bite at all, is ubiquitous in supermarket produce aisles.

I have no problem playing favorites on this issue. The New Mexico chile, both green and red (of course, when it is fully ripe), is a chile with a unique taste – real class. If you have never seen the New Mexico chile (and if you haven’t been to New Mexico you probably haven’t), it’s almost indistinguishable in appearance from the very mild Anaheim chile. But as similar as they appear, they are not interchangeable.

The New Mexico chile has a healthy kick to it and so it needs to be treated with due respect.

Capsaicin, the heat source in the chile, is not the whole story. There are, of course, those who love chile only for the heat. There are also those who drink wine only for the alcohol. (Hey, enjoy!) Like wine, chile can have subtleties of depth and flavor. With the right chile and the right handling there are adventures to be had, and the bite is like a gateway to the adventure.

More on this later, but let’s talk about the particular magic of New Mexico chile. Take a trip to Sante Fe or Taos and you will find the red chile and green chile at restaurants everywhere (the convention I am adhering to is “chile” referring to the plant and the pod, while “chili” refers to the dish or sauce containing meat and chiles). You’ll find it in unpretentious hotel cafes for breakfast and in the priciest restaurants for dinner. It’s virtually EVERYWHERE. Our innkeeper in Taos kept a freezer full of New Mexico chiles, replenished by periodic visits from her family. What’s in your freezer?

It obvious there’s something more than just the heat involved here. New Mexico chiles can be plenty hot but they are no competition to the Habanero, Tabasco, Serrano or Thai chiles. It’s the flavor… can you taste it? Well, that depends. If you are not used to the heat of capsaicin it can mask any flavor hidden beneath the bite. That’s the challenge of real chile. That’s the gateway to the adventure. Here’s how chef Mark Miller describes the unique flavor of New Mexico chile: “…sweet and earthy, with a clarity that seems to reflect the skies and landscapes of New Mexico.” People who know, are passionate about their New Mexico chile.

That being said, it takes a knowledgeable chef with the right touch to bring out the best in these chiles. A heavy-handed cook can bury the flavors in overwhelming heat. When that happens, you find yourself with a plate full of fire. When you are expecting the mind-opening flavors of New Mexico chile, that is an enormous letdown. I know that from experience. I like food that bites back. But if heat was all there was to chile, it would be a narrow interest indeed. How boring!

It turns out they have their own special variant of the New Mexico chile called Espanola Improved Chile. On our way back from Taos to Albuquerque to catch a flight home, I had to stop in Espanola to buy some chile to bring home with me. Normally, along the road from Santa Fe to Taos, you will see makeshift stands along the road selling chiles and tristras and other tourist favors. I was determined to find one of these in Espanola on the way back and bring home a couple bags of dried chile powder – one green and one red. However, we got into town a little late and there were no chile stands to be found. I asked along the road if there was anyplace I could buy some chile and was directed to a particular parking lot. When I got there I saw the old man packing up his truck ready to leave for the day. I parked the car and darted across the street. Putting on my best desperate tourist face, I explained to the man how devastated I would be to return home without the prized chile. He unpacked just for me, got out his scales and weighed the powder and bagged it in quart-sized baggies. I wonder what this must have looked like to an observer – thank goodness the powder was brilliant red in one bag and bright green in the other. I wonder if I would have made it through security if I had done this today.

If you are lucky enough to score some chiles – whether it’s ground up into powder, dried, frozen or fresh – here’s a basic recipe to get started.

(Beware of “chili powder” in your supermarket spice rack. There is no substitute for real New Mexico chile.)

NOTE: This is not a traditional recipe, it’s the way I like to make it for myself.

First, brown some stewing beef or pork. Make a medium-brown roux. No need to make it too dark. Throw in some onion and garlic, add water or broth (make sure the liquid is cold when you add it to avoid lumps). Add red chile powder to taste. Add salt to taste. Add the stew meat and simmer it for as long as you can – at least two hours. The chili should thicken nicely and the stew meat should be very tender. Adjust seasonings as needed – maybe more chile if it’s not spicy enough, or more salt. Remember it’s easy to add more chile, impossible to subtract it. Have some tortillas handy, or maybe some rice to soak it up. A good dark beer is best with this chili, wine will tend to get overwhelmed. As you can see, it’s a simple dish. Let the chile speak for itself. You will be rewarded.

When not dining in exotic locales, Michael Macheret forges closer to home in the South Bay regions near Los Angeles.

By Michael Macheret

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**Forklore**

By Michael Macheret

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SEE PAGE 28

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GOODBYE, KULAK’S AND HIGHLAND GROUNDS

not all progress is smooth. Seldom does anything race, or even plod, continuously in the same direction without hitting ruts, experiencing reversals, giving us cause to question, and sometimes to mourn losses along the way.

Tales of zoning, land use, conditional use permits and cranky neighbors might seem far removed from performing and enjoying folk music, but 2006 proved that wasn’t so.

By the time you read this, the controversial and celebrated Kulak’s Woodshed in the Valley Village area of Northern Hollywood may be a memory, or perhaps a homeless concept looking to land somewhere else. Not unlike New York’s Woodshed, the demise of the Woodshed has been predicted many times. Paul Kulak’s frequent appeals for help always produced legions of musicians to testify at zoning, planning commission, LA City Council and other assorted hearings.

The Woodshed, its ambiance and five-camera live webcasts, have been beloved by many, but the sand has left the hourglass. Last spring, Paul Kulak was given six months to correct numerous building and safety code violations. The deadline for completion arrived on October 31, and no work had begun. During the same time, an arrangement for use of a parking lot across the street was to have been formalized, and that turned out to be no more than talk.

The Woodshed’s woes with two of its neighbors, including a prominent ex-porn actor and his run-ins with Kulak and the “Shedhead” folkies, have made police blotters, newspapers and national TV. The sensational nature of that, along with a lot of wishful or oblivious thinking, were enough, for over a year, to draw popular attention away from the requirements of numerous city agencies.

For the landlord, endless wrangling among his tenants was one thing, but the continued insurability of his multi-tenant building, given those documentations and uncorrected code violations, was the breaking point. In early November, Paul Kulak received a 60-day notice to vacate. The latest news, or one side of it, anyway, is probably posted at www.kulakswoodshed.com.

The popular and award-winning Coffee Gallery Backstage in Alhambra also faced zoning issues and hostile neighbors who resented parking and other impacts on their adjacent residential street. Both the coffee bar-cafe and entertainment venue have been operating outside the allowed uses of their commercial zoning. A pair of hearings with many music fans testifying eventually brought a unanimous recommendation from the Altadena Town Council, aimed at securing full approval for the Coffee Gallery and its “Backstage” performance venue from the LA County Planning Commission. This one is looking good, but it’s not over yet.

Meanwhile, Highground Grounds will experience an interior and exterior makeover in January, and emerge as “The Dive,” devoid of live music. Their last show is currently scheduled for Friday, December 22.

Co-owner Leslie Brenner, who has also worked for BMI, said in a phone interview, “We presented seventeen years of live acoustic music at Highground. Everything has a cycle to it, and it’s time for a change. It’s tough for small business.”

She explained that they own three other restaurants, Hugo’s in West Hollywood and in Studio City, and Hugo’s Tacos in Studio City. She added, the transformation of Highground Grounds “Is a business decision to emphasize our restaurant and bar at that location, continuing those activities into the evening hours. We’ve added a professional mixologist.”

That’s a mixer of drinks, not sound.

Another establishment chose not to continue as an acoustic performance venue. Gayle’s Perks, a Northbridge coffeehouse, had hosted music since January, 2005, and had bookings extending months in advance when the end came.

The proprietors were simultaneously hit with ASCAP’s demands for performing rights license fees in arrears, and from residential neighbors who were not enjoying the music over their back walls from Gayle’s patio. The latter was a zoning issue, and resolving either would have cost money.

Finally, musician Dave Osti had a good thing going in a burger joint parking lot in Sierra Madre, booking and playing summer outdoor concerts. But the zoning and neighbors shut that down, too.

You can seek many morals in these stories. One is, before you cove...
WHERE’S THE DRUM?
DISCOVERING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIAN TRIBAL CULTURE

BY AUDREY COLEMAN

As I strode toward the pier in the early morning sunlight, the occa- sional jogger was winding rhythmically along the paths of the waterfront park behind the Aquarium of the Pacific in Long Beach. Fixed on their exercise ritual and looking comfortable in their pastel sweat suits, the joggers didn’t seem to notice the clusters of men, women, and children in ceremonial regalia who were waiting along the length of the pier. Some were adorned in shells, wearing multi-layered strands of shell neck- laces, shells sewn to the edges of their skirts, and headbands dripping with small shells. Several men wore fur headbands with tall rigid feathers attached to the front. In the autumn breeze, white, red, black, and yellow streamers fluttered from bamboo poles placed around the pier.

PRELUDE TO A CELEBRATION

At the end of the pier looking out at the sea stood a tall, wiry blue-jean-clad man with a pea-gra pony tail. Over his grey-blue shirt hung a ceremonial wing bone necklace and what looked like an abalone shell. Jimi Castillo, Tongva-Ajachemen spiritual leader, stepped over to a microphone and explained to the group that the ti’at had a leak in it and would not be coming, but the tomol was on its way and should arrive by nine a.m. There was a murmur of concern in the small crowd, which Jimi interrupted with authority. “Let’s offer some prayers to them to help them on their journey.”

As he led them in a series of chanted prayers and uplifting songs, many from the group now produced carved wooden sticks about the size of a recorder and split about halfway down the center. As they sang, they beat these sticks against their palms in a simple 2/2 rhythm, making a surpris-ingly powerful unison clapping sound. Other tribal members shook brightly painted gourd rattles.

The Chumash, Ajachemen, and Tongva songs featured simple melodies in major keys with small step intervals. The rattles and clappers usually beat out a “vcular 2/2 rhythm but some songs had more varied strong/weak rhythms. Lines of songs were repeated many times and often incorporated vocables such as web-hey-ah, ah-hey-ah. Songs typically ended with a few seconds of vigorous rattle-shaking while voices grew soft and the pitch slid down to the level of speech.

I recognized one song that I had heard at a performance of the World Festival of Sacred Music a year before. That occasion was the Honoring the Sea ceremony, during which two revered plank bottom canoes, the Tongva ti’at and Chumash tomol, came ashore at Santa Monica Beach. Moosmat Ahiko para’ra hamin’o Moosmat Ahiko para’ra hamin’o Para’ra amin’o para’ra hamin’ Para’ra amin’o para’ra hamin’ Sung three times, the song means: Breath of the ocean it moves above Breath of the ocean it moves above It moves about the sea It moves about the sea

When the tomol reached the shore with its crew of four bare-backed paddlers, fifteen-year old Charles Dorame, Tongva, put a large conch shell to his lips and blew a powerful, other-worldly welcome. The arrival of the tomol marked the official opening of a celebration of California’s indige- nous “salt water peoples” hosted by the Aquarium of the Pacific. The festi- val was called Moopetam (pro- nounced ‘MOHM-peh tahm’) and is derived from the Tongva word for salt water.

For the local coastal and island indigenous people, the ocean has always been a sacred entity. Archeological evidence suggests that the Tongva, Ajachemen, Costanoan, and Luiseno tribes inhabited the California coast and offshore islands for over 6,000 years before European contact. Members of these tribes reside throughout Los Angeles, Orange, and Ventura Counties. Biologically they are integrated into the urban land- scape, their identity and their traditions go largely unnoticed by the main- stream. For example, are you aware that the suffix nga is Tongva for “place of” and incorporated into local names such as Topanga, Tujunga, and Cahuenga? Moopetam was inaugurated to raise public awareness of the culture of Southern California’s coastal tribes as expressed in language, music, dance, storytelling, crafts, and ethnobotanical practices.

In the process of applying to the UCLA Ethnomusicology Department, Virginia Carmelo’s handsome son, Gabriel Arvizu, a college student, joined in the explanation. “A lot of people believe Indians didn’t have any string instruments. It’s far from the truth. Depending on the region, we had numerous string instruments. For the musical bow, usually we would use a thick hard wood because the arc is made by stretching the wood causing ten- sion to the string. Some of the strings were made out of deer hide like this. Others came from various fibers like the agate plant that were stretched or deertendons. Archeologists find bows that are too small to shoot arrows, too small to hunt with.”

RECOVERING THE CULTURAL LEGACY

In the performance area in front of a giant wall-eyed aquarium, Robert Dorame ( Tribal Chair of the Gabrielino-Tongva Indians of California), his daughter Mercedes, his nephew Ashout, and his brother George were bringing Tongva music to life. Mercedes performed tradition- al dances and at a certain point played the California Indian square drum, made from elk skin stretched over a square frame and filled with shells that made a rushing sound reminiscent of water. Ashout played the clapper stick and sang. George played the rattle. Robert sang and played a number of indigenous instruments plus the guitar, a legacy of the missionary period. In a solo number, Robert Dorame demonstrated how the Tongva used the gui- tar to play traditional rhythms that resembled a blues rhythm.

“Our family always played instruments together,” 56-year old Dorame

WHERE’S THE DRUM?

Virginia Carmelo, Gabrielino-Tongva, is a member of the Gabrielino-Tongva Tribal Council. A seasoned performer and storyteller, she showed me instru- ments I’d seen played by the tribal members on the pier that same morning.

“The clapper stick is made from the branch of an elderberry tree and it has a soft pith in the which is hollowed out so there’s a hollow portion inside and when you hit the stick after it’s slit, they clap together and that makes the sound. So that’s our drum. When you get many of them together and everybody does one beat, it sounds really nice.” She also pointed out a number of different gourd rattles and a rattle made from two turtle shells filled with seeds, glued together, and attached to a stick. The turtle rattle brings good luck because turtles live a long time. (The Hawaiians have the same belief.) The rattle she showed me, which brought to mind a horse’s hoof, was actually made from a deer toenail.

STRINGS ATTACHED

Then Carmelo picked up an instrument I hadn’t expected to see. “The musical bow was a link of sinew tied across a piece of wood,” she said. “I’m thinking that if you had several of them tied at different tensions, you could produce a scale.”

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A FAMILY PERFORMANCE TRADITION

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Writting for a magazine called FolkWorks, of course the question of what should be covered here is a question never far from my mind. Likewise, when discussing the music I like with my friends and fellow music fans, the “what is folk music?” argument rears its head. Maybe it’s because it’s the music that combines most gracefully with other forms. Nobody much questions what pop music or classical music is, but everybody has a different definition of “the folk” I tend to define it as music that’s rooted in a community of some kind, but it’s not always so easy to define. As all of humanity could be said to be composed of communities of varying sizes, it’s hard to say anything’s not folk music. So I guess I decide what to cover here based on what I like that at least has a tenuous link to the music that readers seem to like. In light of this, I’m going to review three records this issue, all of which are by artists who perform what would be called pop music. It’s music performed for commercial gain (as well as self-expression) rather than music arising organically from one community, though all have elements of traditional music within. Hence they are also folk music. They are all on Vanguard Records, known primarily as a folk label, though they tend to delve more heavily into pop music than anything else. All of the records this issue, all of which are by artists who perform what would be described it would be to say that Ronstadt fans would probably call it a folk record, though fans of Savoy would probably consider it a pop record. No matter, both have beautiful voices that shine both together and separately on a variety of tunes which, though all are of known authorship, come mostly from songwriters who emerged from folk tradition, including two by Richard Thompson, and one each by Julie Miller (Buddy’s on this one too) and Bill Monroe. Ronstadt’s identifiable voice features prominently, but so does the Cajun town’s background. It’s got a great fiddle playing, triangle, and Dirk Powell on a variety of instruments. The set finishes off with a lovely version of the 1960s pop hit by the Left Bank, which works beautifully even though it replaces the baroque-rock of the original with acoustic guitars. There’s also something wonderful about that. Though Ronstadt is clearly the star bigger name, she’s relishing the freedom that comes with Bubba Jackson’s backing band. It’s a lead voice that split pretty evenly, and it’s the beauty of both voice- and Ronstadt’s always been a fabulous singer, even during her days of mega-success- is what leaves the biggest impression here.

It’s that wispy term “singer-songwriter” that best describes Linda Ronstadt, but there’s a nice variety of musical coloring, and contributions from the likes of Beth Nielsen Chapman and Buddy Miller (who sings a lovely duet with Smith on What if the world Stops Turning) on her Long Island Shores (1). Like many before her, her main topic is the ins and outs - mostly ours - of long-distance relationships. Loves, losers, the topic of many a traditional song, feature prominently here, but here they don’t cavort with the devil or morph into otherworldly creatures. They simply do a girl wrong. There’s also an affectionate love song to the state of Tennessee, framed by a lovely two-voiced duet featuring Ronstadt’s voice, and I’m Not the Only One Asking, a waltz that inquires deeply into spiritual matters with the help of some stinging lead guitar by Miller. Smith writes nice melodies and her voice is charming and pleasant to listen to. Pedal and lap steel lend some country colors and there’s a bit of bluegrass mandolin as well on the playful You Know I Love You Baby. The songs have nice hooks that linger long after the record plays. The songs have nice hooks that linger long after the record plays. The songs have nice hooks that linger long after the record plays. The songs have nice hooks that linger long after the record plays.

It’s that wispy term “singer-songwriter” that best describes Mindy Smith, but there’s a nice variety of musical coloring, and contributions from the likes of Beth Nielsen Chapman and Buddy Miller (who sings a lovely duet with Smith on What if the world Stops Turning) on her Long Island Shores (1). Like many before her, her main topic is the ins and outs - mostly ours - of long-distance relationships. Loves, losers, the topic of many a traditional song, feature prominently here, but here they don’t cavort with the devil or morph into otherworldly creatures. They simply do a girl wrong. There’s also an affectionate love song to the state of Tennessee, framed by a lovely two-voiced duet featuring Ronstadt’s voice, and I’m Not the Only One Asking, a waltz that inquires deeply into spiritual matters with the help of some stinging lead guitar by Miller. Smith writes nice melodies and her voice is charming and pleasant to listen to. Pedal and lap steel lend some country colors and there’s

Dave Soyars is a guitarist, electric bass player, a singer-songwriter, and a journalist with over fifteen years experience. His column features happenings on the folk and traditional music scene both locally and internationally, with commentary on recordings, as well as live shows, and occasionally films and books. Please feel free to e-mail him at dave@soyars.com or write him c/o FolkWorks.
By Meg Hoffman

Tango

A BEGINNER’S TALE

O n a recent trip to San Francisco my husband and I decided to include an Argentine tango lesson as an anniversary treat. So, on our second day there we took an early evening bus down Polk Street from our hotel, got off south of Market and walked a couple of blocks to Heron Street.

Heron is really an alley, as we had seen on the map, but when we arrived at dusk to find ourselves in a short cul-de-sac occupied by car repair shops and decorated with some vivid graffiti, we began to get nervous. And we couldn’t immediately find number 19, Studio Garcia. Curiosity won out, as we stuck our heads in an open doorway where we could see past a cluttered vestibule into a lime green dance studio lined with mirrors and lit with huge white paper lanterns. Inside, about sixteen people taking a lesson. The nice man at the desk took our $15, which included both a beginning and intermediate dance lesson, and the dance party—or milonga—that began at 8:30 pm.

We quickly joined the dance lesson taught by Natasha and Ken, who had the dancers divided into “leaders” and “followers” (thus avoiding any awkward gender assignments). The students were practicing a swaying balance step as a prelude to the more complicated footwork of the quicker rhythms of the dance. As we approached the novice tango dancers, we had some trouble mastering the more complicated steps, especially (for me) the coyly crossed ankles of which I was supposed to pause and then step backwards without losing my balance. Yet, when the sensual and sweet music began, we were compelled to keep trying.

A couch and some café tables and chairs were pushed up against the one wall, along with a coat rack. A few other people from the first lesson hung out and watched the second lesson, likely as amazed as my husband and I, at the syncopated intricacy of the dance. The man at the door walked by and whispered, “About 9:30, all the great tango dancers show up.” Between the second lesson and the beginning of the milonga, disc jockey Emilio arrived to cue up a luscious assortment of tango music, and Ken and Natasha put out a very nice spread of refreshments (including some delicately flavored water, tea, and an excellent fruit platter). One very nice touch: plates had labels with explanations of the dances that were being performed. At about 9:30, the music was turned up, and the dancing began, with people from the first lesson hanging out and watching the second lesson, like us.

After 8:30, dancers filed in, took off their wraps and began find partners—women in slim skirts with ruffled or handkerchief hems and fabulous shoes, men in nice slacks and shirts. As the music started, couples began to pause and swirl to the voluptuous rhythms, some leaning into each other in a near faint, others more gymnastic, all having a great time. Even though my husband and I were tango pikers, we were mesmerized by the spectacle and stayed until about 11:00 to watch (later we went back to our hotel room to practice).

Tango Soma is located at Studio Garcia, 19 Heron Street, off 8th Street between Harrison and Folsom, in San Francisco 415-436-9300. Dance and instruction are held every Sunday evening. A beginners’ lesson starts at 6:30pm followed by an intermediate lesson at 7:30pm. The milonga goes from 8:30 to midnight.

In my area, Argentine tango taught by Paul Palmintere, is located at Buddy and Laurie Schwimmer’s 5-6-7-8 Dance Studio at 624 W. State Street, Redlands. Phone 909-335-0721; contact 909-885-7606, www.TangoTurtor.com; tangotutor@aol.com. It happens every Friday, 7:30 to 11:30pm.

In the Los Angeles/Santa Monica area, Argentine tango is taught by Makela at various locations. Contact her at 310-740-2007 (www.makela-tango.com). For other local dance lessons and venues see www.tangoaffi ciando.com.

Postscript: A recent article on dirty dancing in the L.A. Times noted that “tango originated in the brothels of Buenos Aires in the late 19th century.” Further, they reported that at the time the “Vatican tried to suppress this animal dance of irresponsible languor and high-breathing passion.” Oh, yeah.
SON OF WHADDA YA MEANYA NEVER HEARD OF...?

L ast time I waxed eloquent on several folk artists from the 1960s that you might’ve missed. This issue I’m going to chat about some modern artists that I’ve discovered in the last few years that you may not be familiar with. There’s such a wealth of talent today in the big world of folk.

Michael Jerome Browne is an American living in Canada who is sort of an MVP of folk music. He plays fiddle, fretless gourd banjo, guitar, lap guitar, and about 16 other instruments. He loves to cover Janis Hendrix, George Jones and others not usually noted as folk artists. But Browne’s versions of other’s tunes always sound like great folk music, not rock or pop pounded square peg style through a round hole. He has three CDs available, Michael Jerome Browne was released in 1998, and Drive On arrived in 2001. The most recent CD is an ensemble recording called from 2004 called Michael Jerome Browne & the Twin Rivers String Band. Check one out on their MySpace and browne.com. I think I like Michael Jerome Browne best, but that may just have been the excitement of discovering this talented young artist for the first time. And you can read his website in French.

Guy Davis is one of the “new lions” of acoustic blues music. His background in blues comes from his artistic heritage as the son of Ruby Dee and the late Ossie Davis, and he started his performing career as an actor, including a stint on television’s One Life To Live. His move to music was a good choice. His releases are this year’s Skunkmellow; Legacy from 2004; Chocolate to the Bone from 2003; give in from 2002; Butt Naked Free from 2000; You Don’t Know My Mind from 1998; Call Down The Thunder from 1996; and Stomp Down Rider from 1995. Davis’ style has warmth and his recording captures that back porch vibe that seems so easy to obtain but is actually darn near impossible.

William Lee Ellis had a pretty famous godfather in bluegrasser Bill Monroe. Ellis’ father played banjo with Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys. Although Ellis original venture into guitar was in bluegrass backing his fiddle and banjo playing dad at festivals and contests, he drifted into folk pop and in college he studied classical guitar, earning a master’s degree in classical guitar performance. Ellis discovered the band Skunksmöller in 2003, and from there experienced as much country blues as he could absorb. Ellis feels that the premier country blues performers were essentially folk musicians that used classical technique. Ellis went on to a residency in Japan, and returned to the United States to write about APD music, an interesting concept, serving as the pop music critic for the commercial Memphis Commercial Appeal in 2006, CEO of his Wat’s Tattoos, Conqueror from 2003, and The Full Catastrophe from 2000. His work includes a lot of spiritual questing, and is a refreshing blend of blues, bluegrass, classical and pop. Highly recommended.

Corey Harris started his career as an acoustic bluesman, but he has embraced electric, as his journeys to Africa have greatly influenced his work. He’s laid aside the National resonogaphic guitar that defined his early work, and has created an engaging and impressive body of electric music. Corey Harris’ was featured in Martin Scorsese PBS blues film Feel Like Going Home, as Corey traveled and jammed with Malian Master Ali Farka Touré, the “king of African blues.” His recordings include Between Night and Day from 1995; Fish Ain't Bitin’ from 1997; Greens from the Garden in 1999; 2006’s debut project with piano man Henry Butler on Wu-Du Menz; Downhome Sophisticate in 2002; Mississippi to Mali in 2003; and Daily Bread in 2005. Harris studied the blues in Denmark, and is a charged live performer as well as a captivating recording artist.

Last and decidedly not least, Rollie Tussing III is a folk blues artist now based in Portland, Oregon. His out of print 1998 CD Blow Whistle Blow is a charming blend of originals and blues standards featuring sensitive slide guitar, haunting harmonica and heart felt vocals. It’s an incredibly evocative recording. You can pick up these tunes on his website, www.rollietussing.com, and check out samples from his new Secret Society Of The Diminished Seven release. He’s also really into cigar box guitars...

CD REVIEW

Artist: ONE FOOT IN
Title: SONGBOOK
Label: COFFEEIN RECORDS CTR2553-11
Release Date: OCTOBER 2006
BY DENNIS ROGER REED

P robably the biggest deficiency of the vast majority of commercially released material is the music. With the incredible amount of songs that have been written, coming up with new ones that are strong, catchy and not overly derivative is a tremendous challenge. Songbook by One Foot In thankfully is comprised of excellent new material.

The added bonuses include adept production, skillful performance and especially harmonious vocals.

One Foot In has been performing around Southern California for nearly ten years, with a distinctive blend that incorporates singer-songwriter material with a folk rock influence, and bluesy-ragtime based songs. Almost all their material includes tight vocal harmonies.

One Foot In have defined themselves as a “rhythmically hip, funkified collection which plays in trio, quartet and quintet configurations.” The basic trio is comprised of Ross Lwerk on vocals and an amazing variety of guitars; Michael R. Gardner on vocals, guitar and mandolin; and Jeff Newell on vocals and bass. They are joined by Kevin Gore on banjo, keyboards and mandolin, and expand to the full quintet with Clayton Scott on drums.

Songbook features a blend of Gardner’s ballads and rockers, Lwerk’s more jazzy, more humorous choices, and Newell taking one lead vocal, on Bob Dylan’s You Ain’t Goin’ Nowhere.

Lwerk’s two contributions, “Cause I’m Man and Creepy Crawlers, feature his growly, blues influenced vocals. Both tunes have a somewhat ironic, tongue in cheek undertone. “Cause I’m Man is either an indictment of the typical Neanderthal male attitude towards all things emotion or an embracing of the concept of “fuck it up, tough guy.” The melody is reminiscent of tunes like The Beatles I’m A Loser. Creepy Crawlers chronicles the reticence that some have for the multi-legged segments of our society, and is more overtly humorous than ‘Cause I’m Man, but also has a nice element of dread. Cool stuff, reminiscent of Frizz Fuller’s work, and that is high compliment indeed.

Newell’s contributions go well beyond sterling harmony vocals, the lead vocal on the Dylan tune and rock solid bass work. He also co-produced the project with Gardner, and engineered the project in his personal home studio.

Gardner is a long time songwriter who only took up live performance in the 1990s. His work is often folk rock influenced, and on this project runs the gamut from Poor Bily, the story of a missing person that no one is really missing, to Everything’s Turning Out Fine, a song with vocals by Steve Wood, featuring gospel overtones, and a rockin’ electric guitar solo by Newell. Everything’s Turning Out Fine also features deit production work and vocals by Steve Wood. The strong lyric and anecomic melody is assisted by a great lead co- vocal with Gardner and Wood, and Beth provides a full overdrubbed gospel choir on the stirring outro.

Gore acquaints himself well with tasteful banjo (an oxymoron?), mandolin, and keyboards, with a particularly nice piano solo on Gardner’s Roadhouse Piano. Finally, percussionist Clayton Scott never overplays, and adds some French language spice to Gardner’s Oo La La.

Overall, this is a solid project with good performances and especially strong material. It’s also well produced, but in the manner that you can surmise that a live One Foot In show could sound a lot like this recording, which is a strong recommendation to catch them live as well.
COUNTRY blues flourished in the American South from the early 1900s until after World War II, when the Southern black population's Northern migration to Chicago, Detroit and other urban centers exploded. A new sound based on country blues but featuring electrification and instrumentation became much more popular. But the "folk scare" of the early 1960s also created a demand for the re-discovery of many country blues artists. Some performers, such as Son House and Mississippi John Hurt, had new careers in the music business after decades where professional musical performance had not been their livelihood. For those who enjoy acoustic country blues, here is a new recording that may be of great interest.

The long term, successful acoustic blues duet of Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry set the stage for a number of other performers. Tom Ball and Kenny Lee Duquaine, John Cephas and Phil Wiggins, Annie Raines and Paul Rishell, Nathan James and Ben Hernandez: there are still a good number of country blues duets performing. With Down Home Old School Country Blues, Richard Farrell and Steve Guyger join this esteemed group, and provide a heaping helping of well played, emotionally centered country blues.

Farrell and Guyger have 65 years of performance experience shared between the two, and this recording shows the result of that experience. Some of us are initially a bit daunted by a recording that features a number of blues standards, but Farrell and Guyger pour some new wine into these old bottles. Farrell and Guyger are now both based in Bucks County, PA and, although geographically this region is a long way from the Mississippi Delta, it is a real blues hotbed.

Farrell is a guitarist and vocalist, and although he is equally adept at playing electric blues as he is playing his National steel bodied guitar, this recording is focused on his smooth fingerstyle and slide chops. He's a more than adequate vocalist as well. Guyger sings and plays harmonica. He harkens from Philadelphia, and studied with many of the masters of the harmonica. He is the guitarist of the trio that has noted harp players like Mark Hummel and the late William Clarke singing his praises, and the Hohner Harmonica Company is proud to have him as an endorser.

So pour yourself a double, grab a deck of cards and a cigar, and slap this thing on top of vocal and instrumental funk and groove phrases, the text features the refrain: When we are born under the sky / we wonder what makes it all so blue / every day I blink with wonder / that's why the sky is blinking too... The song sets the musical vibe that in this album, as in life, anything is possible and many experiences will be encountered.

Moira Smiley & VOCO provides a heaping helping of well played, emotionally centered country blues. And it will be good.

On the other hand, Tony Gilkyson shares some common ground with the other ex-X guitarist, Dave Alvin. Both refine elephantine chops into tools of subtlety and taste. Both access encyclopedic Americana musical roots. Both possess novelists' skills in creating characters and voices in their songwriting that connect with emotional richness. Gilkyson played on Alvin's first solo effort, and has gone on to play with Mike Stinson, Bob Dylan, Peter Rowan, Jimmie Dale Gilmore. Most recently he rides the charts as the Sun Records guitar sound on the With the Line soundtrack. Only his second ever solo recording, Goodbye Guitar exercises depth and restraint to pack a punch.

A rocking acoustic jam, Mojave High tells the story of a young man graduating from a small town desert high school, and his intention to stay in the small isolated community that he knows as home. Living out here's like living on the moon / I want to stay when I graduate in June, he sings, augmented by Randy Weeks sneaking around on slide guitar and Kip Boardman's guitar. Josh Grohze's curling steel guitar introduces the poignant Wilton Bridge, one homeless man's tale of want. There's a story here to tell / Of a life that's lived in hell, he sings with Amy Correia channeling Emmy Lou on backing vocals. Lines like There's many more like me / All across this country / And why should we become forgotten souls / And don't fool yourselves my friends / You're no better than the man / Sleeping under Wilton Bridge tonight, have the added resonance of Pete Hicks' fiddle crying along.

Writing by his folksinger father Terry Gilkyson, and with sister Eliza singing backup, the ironically titled Man About Town has the world weariness of Breet/Weil, especially accentuated by Van Dyke Parks' accordion playing. One of this collection's treasures, the title track Man About Town, on the Hugardesque My Eyes, the narrator takes stock of his aging appearance, despairing, My heart holds my sorrows / But the home of my lies are my eyes. Adding banjo to the mix, Gilkyson sings a cranky love song to his one and only on Goodbye Guitar. She can't take the cold or the heat / And when I get on a jet plane I even buy her a seat.

Gilkyson beautifully delivers Celeste Moreno's tragic love song, Juanita: Gypsys, written for Merle Haggard guitarist Roy Nichols, features a fine flat picked solo, and an ambiance similar to that achieved by sister Eliza, who offers backing vocals. Carson Parks' road house rocker Donut and a Dream, takes it out in classic fashion with Grange Bates on pedal steel, and Hayes' lead vocals. A rocking acoustic jam, Gilkyson closes with traditional Hungarian song, Esik Esik. Electronic effects weaving in and out of the song make it sound like an old wax cylinder recording transforming to the new bright recording that it is, and back to old, and back to new. It is a treat, the whole way through.
MULDAUR continued from page 1

would want to hear.” And I’d say, you’re absolutely right. Then, I’d see him the next year and he’d ask me the same question and I’d have the same lame excuse, that I was too busy, you’re absolutely right, I should play it. So we went on and on, and about three and a half years ago, after Richland Woman Blues had come out, I saw him backstage and he told me how much he loved that record. I was so flattered and thrilled that he liked it, and I said, oh gee Bob, that means so much coming from you. At which point, he pointed a finger at me and said, “But you didn’t play your fiddle on it.” So I started making the same excuses, and he said, “Cmon man, you’re late with a story. How about now? I’ll take that thing out and practice and start to play again. People need to hear that rustic way you play.” To which I replied, rusty is more like it. So I left there vowing I couldn’t face him another year unless I had actually taken the thing out. I started right around that time, I hooked up with a group of people in Berkeley and to my delight discovered that the whole old timey scene had grown by leaps and bounds since the last time I’d tuned into it. The acoustic music scene was alive and very well and proliferating like mad, partly due to the O Brother Where Art Thou soundtrack.

So, I hooked up with Suzy Thompson, and she took me under her wing. She knew all these old Gatlin Carlson tunes, and that’s who taught me how to play fiddle. Doc Watson’s father-in-law. She got me playing it anyway. She started playing all these Gatlin Carlson tunes and it was like a déjà vu from my dim past. I’m still very rudimentary, I’m no Jascha Heifetz. But, the two of us are playing You Ain’t Gonna Nowhere, live in the studio together, we’re on our own, and this is what you hear is what we played, there was no fixing it in the mix. I felt so good, and was glad Bob kept nagging me, because it’s returned me to one of my first great musical loves, which is old timey Appalachian music.

FW: Tour a capella version of Lord Protect My Child in the No Direction Home DVD extra is riveting.

MM: Thank you. I had forgotten I’d sung that when they interviewed me. They interviewed me for seven hours. There’s a lot of stories I told that hopefully will be in parts 3 and 4. About half way through I was getting a little numb and I asked if I was giving them what they wanted, was I on the right track? It had been Bob’s suggestion for them to film me. And they said, “are you kidding, we just sent a runner out to get more film.” It was right track? It had been Bob’s suggestion for them to film me. And they interviewed me for seven hours. There’s a lot of stories I told that hopefully will be in parts 3 and 4. About half way through I was getting a little numb and I asked if I was giving them what they wanted, was I on the right track? It had been Bob’s suggestion for them to film me. And they said, “are you kidding, we just sent a runner out to get more film.” It was late on a rainy, torrential downpour day in LA, they’d flown me down to do it. The acoustic music scene was alive and very well and proliferating like mad, partly due to the O Brother Where Art Thou soundtrack.

I had just heard that song about a year earlier on his Bootleg Series and I thought it was so moving. I had sung it on a compilation for battered children and performed it on their CD. Luckily I remembered the words. I was doing a benefit for a film Society in Sir, a film about the little known fact that GIs started the Viet Nam antwar movement. To promote the film they invited Jane Fonda, myself, and Cindy Sheehan, and I had the opportunity to ed Jane Fonda, myself, and Cindy Sheehan, and I had the opportunity to

The third album in my blues trilogy will be out in April, and it’s

And what’s coming up?

MM: The third album in my blues trilogy will be out in April, and it’s
called Naughty, Bawdy, and Blue. It pays tribute in particular to the early classic blues queens who inspired and influenced me: Sippie Wallace, Victoria Spivey. I was lucky enough to know them both, and both of them took me under their wings and mentored me when I was young and coming up. I have particular love and fondness for them and their music. Also from

It opens the collection with an easy going arrangement featuring Clements double tracked on slippery guitar, Torkanowsky on acoustic and electric piano, and co-producer Joel Jaffe on tambourine. Lay Baby Lay (Lay Lady Lay) benefits from various lyrical adjustments making it one of the most convincing versions performed by a woman. Also from Nashville Skyline To Be Alone With You, that includes a funky beat.

Muldaur captures the off balance insecurity of Heart of Mine from the often overlooked Shot of Love Two from the recent Love and Theft. Make You Feel My Love gains in drama, and on Moonlight she gracefully negotiates Dylan’s tricky over packed lines. Returning again to Blood on the Tracks, Muldaur reads You’re Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go more as a humid stroll than the wiry desperation of the original. Clements and Caron pirouette on their strings.

An unreleased rarity from the first Bootleg Series collection, Golden Loom boasts Torkanowsky’s New Orleans style piano, and the enhanced eroticism of Muldaur’s rendering. Planet Waves On a Night Like This receives an arrangement emphasizing its spicy Spanish roots. I’ll Be Your Baby Tonight from John Wesley Harding reunites Muldaur with the snaky lead aigu of Amos Garrett. On the intensely impassioned Wedding Song, airs from Planet Waves on acoustic and electric piano, fiddler and guitarist Amos Garrett and Jaffe’s fango guitar create a swirling musical mist burned through by Muldaur’s soulful performance. Finally, Muldaur dusts off her fiddle for a rollicking You Ain’t Going Nowhere.

Near an hour of pure ear honey, Heart of Mine will be welcomed by fans of both artists, and doesn’t that include just about everyone?

Post and Journalist Rex Butters has been published for over thirty years in magazines as diverse as BAM, Rapport, LA Free Press, All About Jazz, Free Venice Beachhead, Caffeine, and Brain Vomit.

Artist: MARIA MULDAUR
Title: HEART OF MINE-LOVE SONGS OF BOB DYLAN
Label: TELARC

CD REVIEW

A mong the treasured extras included on the DVD release of Martin Scorcese’s Dylan bio No Direction Home, Maria Muldaur’s riveting a capella perform-

ance of Lord Protect My Child, rates among the most precious. With mas-
terful control and clarity, Muldaur throws down a scorchingly passionate take, while pictured seated at a coffee house booth. Although she’d stopped the idea of a Dylan collection for years, only after seeing the documen-
tary did the president of Telarc call her suggesting the recording.

On this proverbial match made in heaven, La Muldaur returns more fully to the subtle, intimate, sensuous voice that originally endeared itself to a generation of listeners. More knowing, if no less coy, her interpretations artfully bring new life to the more familiar songs. Like Dylan himself, she takes minor liberties with lyrics that further personalize her performances and heighten the immediacy.

A veteran band leader, Muldaur surrounds herself with a gifted crew that cradles her every breath. Her crack ensemble includes New Orleans guitar wizard Cranston Clements, and his fellow Crescent City New Guard David Torkanowsky on keyboards. She borrowed longtime Bonnie Raitt bassist Hatch Hutchinson, joining Texas blues drummer Tony Braunagel in the rhythm section. No Maria Muldaur session would be complete without old friends fiddler Richard Greene and guitarist Amos Garrett dropping in for cameos, and friends Suzy Thompson, fiddle, Danny Caron, guitar, and slide guitarist Chris Haugen round out the band.

Buckets of Rain from Blood on the Tracks opens the collection with an easy going arrangement featuring Clements double tracked on slippery guitars, Torkanowsky on acoustic and electric piano, and co-producer Joc Jaffe on tambourine. Lay Baby Lay (Lay Lady Lay) benefits from various lyrical adjustments making it one of the most convincing versions performed by a woman. Also from Nashville Skyline To Be Alone With You, that includes a funky beat.

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Dennis Roger Reed

Cowboy Blues
PlasticMeltwater Records
PMRCD 395

The music has a robust yet lighthearted feeling. Tucked into the past classic roots of American stringed instruments, the group incorporates syncopated rhythms, invention and catchy, melodic message clean and pristine style.

Dennis Roger Reed's
Cowboy Blues

$15 for CD (postage paid) from dennis@dennisrogerreed.com
Also available from all of www.cdbaby.com

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CD REVIEWS

Artist: MANISHA SHASHANE
Title: PEACE IN PROGRESS
Label: INDEPENDENT ARTIST – www.manishashamusic.com

BY ARIELLA KRISTOL FORSTEIN

A delectable collage of folk, jazz, classical and Indian musical styles, Peace in Progress weaves in and out of singer/songwriter Manisha Shashane’s cross cultural, cross musical journey with themes of love and peace. Each song tells a story that provides musical imagery to pull in and engage the listener. Her smooth, clear voice is alluring and sweet, while her overall tone reveals a strong, proclama-tory ideal about the world and her place in it.

Her preface reads: I used to believe that confl cting internal commentary, misunderstandings in our homes and communities, and wars of all kinds obstructed peace, until I realized this terrain is part of our collective peace in progress …

Opening with Collage #1, Manisha sings in Marathi, her parent’s moth-er tongue from the Indian state of Maharashtra. Intricately weaving her voice in and out of elaborate melodies and rhythms on the guitar, tabla, acoustic bass and various other instruments, the song has a trance-like back-ground frontend by expressively spoken and gently sung stories and poems of her youth.

She is a masterful musical storyteller, using the tones and textures to cre-ate stories with not just lyrics, but context. In Imaginary Train, Mahisha’s melody often takes unexpected turns, sending the song’s protagonist in new directions. As the song’s rhythmic and textual elements change and progress, sometimes drastically, the music unveils different parts of her emotional and physical journey. It is jazzy, well composed and exciting, leaving us to wonder, “what happens next?”

The album appeals to a large audience because its genres and sounds are diverse and intertwined throughout. For those who crave sounds of India, Nachre Mora, meaning “Dance Peacock,” a Marathi children’s song, is not arranged or fused, staying true to tradition. In Clumsy, a soft beginning fits the album’s imagery to pull in and engage the listener. Her smooth, clear voice is alluring and sweet, while her overall tone reveals a strong, proclama-tory ideal about the world and her place in it.

One of Manisha’s strengths, in addition to being a solid and inventive singer/songwriter, is connecting and collaborating with talented musicians. As heard on the recording, Manisha’s collaboration with Jerry Leake on tablas (Club D’Elf, Ali Akbar Khan), Blake Newman on acoustic bass (Jeff Robinson Trio), guitarists Kevin Barry (Mary Chapin Carpenter) and Prasanna (Joe Lovano, Harry Prasad Chaurasia), plus percussionist Ricardo Monzon (Boston Pops, Myanna) proves to be unique and enchanting.

New to Los Angeles, Manisha is working with local musicians, has started work on her next album, and will soon likely invade Southern California with sounds so intriguing that enthusiastic musicians and fans will seek her out, wanting to hear and make music. Just wait

Artist: JOHN ‘THE YANK’ HARRINGTON
Title: A CELTIC CENTURY
Label: INDEPENDENT ARTIST – www.yuvalronmusic.com

BY GEORGE REESE

Every now and then you find a wonderful little nugget of folk music, an obscure recording of an unknown artist in some tiny shop or on some esoteric website dedicated to the preservation and promotion of folk culture. Or maybe you receive it as a gift.

Such was the case with this 1990 CD, A Celtic Century. On first glance it looked to be nothing more than a charming local musi-cian (in this case local to Butte, Montana), and his shot at immor-tality by way of a CD recording. It is much more.

The artist, John ‘The Yank’ Harrington, was indeed a ‘local musician’ as well as a legend. He was also 96 at the time of the recording, with a head full of Celtic and American tunes from 90 years worth of playing the button accordion. ‘The Yank’ (nicknamed so over seven decades ago when he lived in Ireland) packs 36 crisply played tunes into the CD, which runs just under an hour. The songs average a minute and a half apiece, and each tune is pre-ceded by an introduction by Harrington. Selections include Dear Old Donegal, The River Shannon, Maggie in the Woods, Boys of Blue Hill, Skibbereen, The Sidewalks of New York, Turkey in the Straw, and Yankee Doodle. The liner notes are a delight too, documenting The Yanks colorful life from his early childhood as a first-generation American born to Irish immigrants, to the loss of his father to miner’s consumption and his moth-er’s death from influenza in 1918, to his seven years in Ireland and his run-in with the British troops (the ‘Black and Tans’ – they dismissed interrogat-ing him because he was a ‘Yank’), and back to America where he finally set-tled in Butte (reputed to be the third most Irish county in the US).

If you’re a fan of the button accordion and traditional Irish tunes, this is a hard-to-find gem that is well worth the search. The album is a wonderful archive of classic standards, and a perfect tutorial for button accordion play-ers as well. Harrington passed away in 2002 at 99 years of age, but his music will live on for decades to come through this recording. So where did I get my copy? It was a gift…from my mother, who passed away in 2005. I found it this past October while sorting through her pictures and letters. Some gifts are very special. Thanks, Mom.

You should still be able to obtain a copy by contacting:
John ‘The Yank’ Productions
108 South Montana Street, Butte, Montana 59701
406-723-5911 Toll Free 888-923-5911

The album is also available at www.countyceltic.com/music.htm

FOLKWORKS PICK

Sunday February 18 at 7pm
One Time Only
A Rare & Special Presentation of:
Seeker of Truth
an evening of Sufi music & Whirling
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featuring:
The whirling dervish of the Mevlavi Order Aziz
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and duduk master Yeghish Manukyan
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Space is Limited, Please get your tickets in advance!
Location: Church in Ocean park, 35 Hill Street, Santa Monica, CA 90405
Admission: $25 at the door, $20 advance tickets. To purchase advance tickets please call: 818 505 1355 or email to: info@yuvalronmusic.com
Parking: Free street parking on 4th street and streets east of 4th street or at pay parking lots on Main street or 1/4 block east of Main street.
For more info: info@yuvalronmusic.com or Calendar Page at www.yuvalronmusic.com
Towards the end of one of those diligently hot days we’d recently I was consulting with a woman who needed to replace a tree that had been removed. We considered a number of choices, I pulled one after another choice out of the trees I knew would do well in our yard and one by one failed to bring anything but a willingness to “consider,” in other words, none of my choices were cranking her tractor.

As we walked through Theodore Payne Foundation’s tree yard, I saw her eyeing a valley oak (Quercus lobata) – a hold over from the Roman name for oaks which was Quercus. I had not suggested this tree because included in her criteria had been the requirement that the new tree be “evergreen,” which the California Valley oak is not, it is deciduous, dropping its leaves in the cooler months. But this tree was calling to her.

She was falling in love with this oak. I was not going to discourage her. I’m from the mid-west and I cannot fathom why most folks in Southern California are so negative about deciduous trees. They are immensely practical. Put a large deciduous tree on the south side of your house and watch your air conditioning bills come down – as well as your heating bills because the tree will block sunlight in summer and then, dropping all those shady leaves, let the sun warm your house in winter. For a few leaves to be ‘ever-deciduous’ because, as anyone who has lived with so-called evergreen trees knows, they really are constantly dropping some leaves, not just at one time.

Leaves are free fuel for your garden too. Think about this – take the leaves and move them around your other plants – let no dirt remain exposed to the air – and you’re saving money again (we call this ‘mulching!’) First, because the leaves don’t get hauled away (you pay for that, you know), second, because you don’t need to buy mulch to do the same thing and third, the leaves will prevent water evaporating from the soil which means you can water less – what’s not to like? Worms and soil critters will begin to break the leaves down and they become fertilizer for your plants saving you money yet another way.

My band played at a Taste of Encino and I loved the fact that our stage was set in the shade of one of these glorious oak trees (this one was an evergreen ‘live oak,’ Quercus agrifolia). I felt the energy of those wonderful, old trees through-out the day. The park was populated with a variety of oaks and their sheer size made my heart sing. The shade was a welcome side benefit.

Encino is Spanish for ‘oak’ and the history of the San Fernando Valley is shown in the names of the towns all through it: Sherman Oaks, Encino and Thousand Oaks. One of the first English speaking explorers to visit Southern California said you could walk from one end of that very valley to the other and never leave the shade of an oak. Times have changed. Those old, magnificent oaks were used mostly as fodder for the charcoal trade – they were made into charcoal – which was probably an after-thought as the oaks were more likely removed to make way for agriculture in the valley.

Our word for ‘door’ comes from the Celtic word ‘doerr’ which was their word for oak. They’ve been a big part of the history of those of us from the British Isles (Quercus robur) and other European cultures (oaks for wine come from a Spanish species of oak, Quercus suber). Oak leaves appear in our culture from art to wedding rings. And the act of planting one of these trees can be such a profoundly soul-satisfying thing to do.

Oaks have a bad reputation of dying in lawns because our bulging population has pushed us out further and further into the surrounding wild lands. The old oaks in these new housing projects in a few years often succumb to the water that is applied to keep grass green around them. In their advanced age, these oaks cannot adapt to this profusion of water and frequently perish. Newly planted young trees do not suffer this fate as they are more able to adapt. The older oaks could well be the foundation of a new way to park your lawn, or for that matter, the provision of light to local festivals and contests. For lessons call David at 818-324-6123, or email him at davidbragger@yahoo.com.

DAVID BRAGGER
David Bragger teaches traditional fiddle and banjo to students of all ages and levels. He teaches music by ear, so no musical background is necessary! His students have won awards at festivals from Topanga, California to Galax, Virginia. More importantly, he shows you how to have a foot-stomping ruckus of a good time! You’ll be learning the technique, bowings, and styles of traditional Appalachian musicians so you can play at local jam sessions, bang away on your porch, or maybe even find a gig at local festivals and contests. For lessons call David at 818-324-6123, or email him at davidbragger@yahoo.com.

DES REGAN
Unravel the mysteries of the Irish button accordion with Des Regan, who has performed for over 50 years in concert halls and pubs across the United States and Ireland. In his warm affable style, he will show you the intricacies of ornamentation that gives Irish music its distinctive sound. His repertoire is from his native County Galway, with influences from Clare and Sligo.

He loves to kindle the spirit of those with a feverish interest in Irish music. If you don’t have a B/C button accordion, Des can assist you in finding one for a reasonable price. Contact Des Regan: 818-506-8303 or email him at desregan@siuglobal.net.

JOELLEN LAPIDUS
Joellen Lapidus is one of the pioneers of contemporary fretted dulcimer playing and construction. She is the author of the dulcimer instruction book *Lapidus on Dulcimer*. Her playing style is a blend of traditional Appalachian, Indian, Arabic, jazz, classical and pop music that gives the dulcimer a new range of rhythmic, melodic and tuning possibilities.

Returning to her first musical loves, the accordion and clarinet, Joellen also teaches a high energy Klezmer Band Workshop at McCabes. For dulcimer lessons or a Klezmer Band Workshop call her at 310-474-1123.

For dulcimer lessons or a Klezmer Band Workshop call her at 310-474-1123.
FOLK HAPPENINGS AT A GLANCE

SUNDAY

FOLK HAPPENINGS AT A GLANCE

JANUARY 2007

1

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15

22

29

FOH HAPPENINGS AT A GLANCE

Check out details by following the page references:

OMG: On-going Music - pg. 15

OGD: On-going Dance - pg. 18

SE: Special Events - pg. 30-32
### Folk Happenings at a Glance

Check out details by following the page references:

**OGM:** On-going Music - pg. 15
**OGD:** On-going Dance - pg. 18
**SE:** Special Events - pg. 32

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#### On-going Music (OGM)

- Irish Session
- Polish
- Israeli
- International
- Contra
- Cajun/Zydeco

#### On-going Dance (OGD)

- Welsh Music
- Irish Session
- Shape Note
- Open Mike
- Bluegrass Jam
- Scottish
- Scottish Group Singing
- Israeli
- Polish
- International
- Contra
- Flamenco

#### Special Events (SE)

- TRIPLE CHICKEN FOOT
- YUVAL RON ENSEMBLE
- CATHIE RYAN
- LIÄN ENSEMBLE
- PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND
- BRYAN BOWERS
- AND JOANN STAPLEY
- GUY VAN DUSER
- SUPERGRASS FESTIVAL
- THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS
- SAN FRANCISCO BLUEGRASS
- FOLKSONG SYMPHONY
- BALLET FLAMENCO SARA BARAS
- OLD-TIME FESTIVAL
- JOHN STEWART
- THE CHARRED BROTHERS
- DOUG SMITH & MARK HANSON
- RALPH STEVENS & THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS
- KAT PARSONS
- DOUG SMITH

#### Event Dates

- January-February 2007
- Pages: 17

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*Note: This information is a representation of a page from a magazine or program listing events for the month of February 2007.*
Kentucky Kernels

Three summers ago, I spent a day with legendary old-time Kentucky fiddler Clyde Davenport. A friend and I spent a day in his home and listened in awe to his fiddle and banjo playing. His smooth slippery bow style and reedy tone left us mesmerized the entire day. His wife Lorena’s surprise feast also contributed to the spell we were under. Homegrown supper, old stories and authentic fiddle playing are the recipe for old-time Heaven. An image that’s burned forever in my memory is of Clyde playing a certain tune that day. Stretched out on his couch and draped in his trademark overalls, Clyde effortlessly sawed through the classic fiddle tune Ladies on the Steamboat. He bowed this beautiful tune nearly without moving his eighty-two year old body. He was like a statue transmitting old-time radio waves from another world. He only stirred to spit tobacco into his bucket. Afterwards he told us a story about the great Kentucky banjo/fiddle duo Burnett and Rutherford. When Clyde was young he would regularly watch these two legendary musicians play in the town square where he grew up around Monticello, Kentucky. He claimed to learn Rutherford’s fiddle tunes simply by watching him play. In fact, Clyde has always maintained that nobody ever taught him how to play. He could just do it. If hears a tune once, he can play it. But, Clyde also once said he discovered a race of wild men! He’s a classic joker. So one day when Rutherford did not show up to play with Burnett in the town square Clyde showed up with his fiddle. He sat down and started to play a tune next to the blind banjo player who was patiently waiting for his fiddler. After the tune Burnett addressed Clyde as Leonard Rutherford! Clyde fooled his fiddle idol’s musical partner. Clyde cackled after he told us the story.

In just one story, Clyde demonstrated (1) his “super-natural” gift of playing fiddle without instruction, (2) his success in fooling a blind man, and (3) his ability to play just like his favorite fiddler, who is heralded by most as a virtuoso difficult to mimic. When you listen to Clyde you can hear distinct echoes of Leonard Rutherford. Not an easy skill. Interestingly, Clyde told me he couldn’t play the fiddle at all when I arrived. He played this joke for about an hour while I spoke to him and his wife about other things. Suddenly he left the room and returned with a homemade fiddle. Once he started playing, he didn’t put it down for about nine hours!! This was one of those rare occasions where I felt connected to an older time and an older music. For me, it was spending a day with Clyde. For you, I have found something different.

Master producer of vintage music Richard Nevins has assembled a compilation of old-time music that is nothing short of epic. Kentucky Mountain Music on the Yazoo label (www.yazoorecords.com/2200.htm) is a 7 CD box set featuring a sonic lineup of bibliographic proportions. In fact, I’ve often told both students and friends that it’s my current bible of old-time recordings. An oversized 32-page booklet offers beautiful photographs and two detailed essays. One essay, by Nevins, details the artists and tunes on the early commercial recordings in the set. Another essay, by late scholar Charles Wolfe, tells the tale of Alan and Elizabeth Lomax’s Library of Congress sponsored field recording trip in the Fall of 1937. Several field recordings in this collection come from that trip. The set launches off with none other than Ladies on the Steamboat by Burnett and Rutherford. It is one of the finest recordings in old-time music. Burnett’s percussive banjo-rapping, weird vocalizations and Rutherford’s loose fiddling mesh into something wonderful and sublime. It’s clear why Clyde Davenport admired these guys. Also in this voluminous collection of old hits are commercial recordings by Jimmy Johnson’s String Band (featuring fiddler Andy Palmes), Taylor’s Kentucky Boys (featuring African American fiddler Jim Bookter), Ted Gossett’s Band, Doc Roberts, the Crockett Family, the Walter Family, and Charlie Wilson & His Hillbillies. Nevins has tracked down beautiful clear copies of these recordings that he has re-mastered perfectly. In addition to these commercial recordings, we have the field recordings that probably capture some of the finest old-time performances I’ve ever heard. Just listen to the Lomax tracks by fiddler Bill Stepp and banjoist Walter Williams or banjo players Pete Steele, Justus Begley and J.M. Mullins. Pete Steele’s Payday at Coal Creek and Little Birdie changed my understanding of banjo playing when I first heard his recordings. They are deliberate, technical, and blistering with Kentucky mojo. In general, I can’t exaggerate how virtuosic the fiddling, guitar playing, banjo picking, and ensemble arrangements are. This collection offers a unique balance of various folk instrumentation, Kentucky regional styles, serendipitous studio magic, and superhuman musicality. It is the ultimate study for enthusiasts and students of old-time music.

David Bragger is a Los Angeles-based instructor and player of old-time fiddle and banjo music. He also photographs, films, and collects the lore of traditional artists, from puppeteers in Myanmar to fiddlers of Appalachia.

NEW INTERACTIVE WEBSITES FOR ACOUSTIC MUSICIANS

BY LARRY WINES

Welcome “acousticfriends,” to a new interactive web site created, according to its online publicity, “to provide a social network for acoustic musicians, fans, and others that have an interest in Americana, Bluegrass, Folk, Irish/Celtic, Old Time Stringband and the music of Singer-Songwriters.”

You can join and create your own page there, free, or peruse it for your favorite acoustic musician, at www.acousticfriends.com.

It recalls the early days of myspace, a cyber haven for musicians thatgradually became crowded with college party animals, racy hookup solicitations, teency boppers’ diaries, and the occasional internet predator.

The musicians are still on myspace, but...
The more familiar acoustic music site currently lacks all the features found on myspace. But it may have fixed that by the time you read this.

Here’s hoping it stays true to its purpose. Of course, Tied to the Trucks has a page on both sites: www.acousticfriends/tiedtothetracks, and the one where you’ll find LA’s most complete acoustic Americana music calendar, www.myspace.com/lacoustic.

Finally, western artists can now post clips of their music and cowboy poetry to plug their CDs, for free, at www.cowboy.com. Do that at www.cowboy.com/csf/login.php. Makes the site right good listenin’, too.
I t is a beautiful summer day and I am performing at an exciting Summer Family Festival. There is much going on. Too much. MUCH too much! Children are bouncing on trampolines, and a long line of singing children waiting their turn. On my left there is a face-painting table. Close in back of me is a little bandstand with five teenagers playing their own rock and roll compositions. They are amplified. Very amplified. About thirty feet in front of me are several food booths. Many people, tall and short and noisy are buying food.

And then there is me. I, Uncle Ruthie. In front of me, on the grass, are six children, I am singing a song to them. There is no mike. “Put your hand on the shoulder of the person next to you—” “A little boy from a good home starts to do as ordered, but suddenly the person next to him is gone. I continue singing and this child follows the first. “Say ‘HOW DO YOU DO!!!’” No one echoes me. The remaining four children are looking around for something more meaningful to do. Three leave. I sing to the remaining child, “Put your hand—” and then I realize that this will not be possible. Before I can apologize, this child is in the trampoline line. This is too much happening at this wonderful outdoor festival. I put my guitar on its stand and join the food line.

You people who perform only for adults do not know how easy life is for you. You have no idea! Sometimes I do adult concerts. I love to sing to adults. They are responsive. I only have to ask the adults to be quiet three times. At the end of the performance a bejeweled lady comes right up to me and the children and drops a check (no envelope) onto my lap. “Here’s your money,” she says. I go home with a massive migraine, take an Empirin codeine number three and proceed to write my greatest children’s song The Very Best People. The last verse goes: Oh, the very best people are sitting in the circle.

The Day It Rained Mooncakes which at one point I actually threw mooncakes out into the audience. In the front row were several ancient Chinese gentlemen whose faces told me they were not understanding a word of my story, until I began to toss the cakes, at which point they all yelled, “Throw more mooncakes!” I actually laughed, finished the tale, waved to the Chinese Opera Orchestra and went across the street to a favorite restaurant. I did not consume any mooncakes myself! Ed. Mooncakes are Chinese pastries. Check out www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mooncake for more than you ever want to know about mooncakes. We did!]

So is the audience. We cannot hear one another. Screaming children are running at top speed about the ball followed by their screaming parents. Some people, unable to find a table, are putting their plates and cups on the edge of the stage and eating their lattes literally under our noses! The lattes smell wonderful. There is so much saliva in my throat that I cannot sing. This is not really a problem. No one is listening.

- Uncle Ruthie

Even with no children present, grownups can be clueless where manners are involved. Once, as I sang one of my thoughts on disaster tales, I was interrupted by a family. A man in the front row yelled, “Hey, sing something FUNNY for God’s sake!” I told him to see me after my performance and I would sing him something very, very funny! Then I went right on with my serious show, but he never showed up, probably because I spoke to him in my Teacher Voice (which is also useful when singing for kids).

Excuse my oxymoron, but my favorite nightmare occurred during a Chinese Moon Festival performance. During my whole time on the big outdoor stage, the Chinese Opera Orchestra members were tuning their instruments because, I suppose, they were next on the program and wanted things to move along briskly. In my loudest voice I told my generic story about some of the really wonderful things that make performing for children worthwhile. But even the disasters have a positive side. They make great stories to tell at parties, and in newspaper articles!
I never lifted a finger to help make our community garden happen but it happened anyway. After the weedy lot was dedicated – on Earth Day 2005 – individuals and businesses began donating money, topsoil, lumber, organic fertilizer, pipes, mulch, and tools. Not me, not a dime. By the time it opened for planting a year later, volunteers had donated thousands of hours of weeding, digging, moving dirt, building raised beds and fences, and laying pipe. Not me. Not a drop of sweat did I contribute. Still, because most of the people involved were fellow Master Gardeners, I took pride in the wonderland they had created.

Late in the summer, when the tomato plants were chest high and zucchini had sprawled over the paths, the community gardeners realized they had everything but a scarecrow.

“Now there’s something I can do,” said I. “One evening, one scarecrow; what could be easier?”

I collected old clothes and hats and two weeks later I hung a raggedy mother scarecrow and her baby on a pole; “Ladybug Landing.”

“Done at last!” I muttered, but soon remembered that I hadn’t sewn the mom’s arm around her baby. I’d have to go over early the next morning and secure the dangling child before going kayaking.

The garden is on a corner lot near the city hall. I don’t know if people walked a lot in that area before the garden grew, but they do now. And they don’t walk past it; they come through the pretty trellised gates and walk through it, savoring the exuberant growth.

“They’re beautiful,” said one lady, “and these paths feel like forest duff.” They came by ones and twos and headed straight for me as I sewed, saying “Hello,” and “This is so wonderful!” and “You’ve done such a good job!” and “I use them for dyeing Easter eggs,” I said, thinking to reassure her, but “It calls to me,” raved one lady, “and these paths feel like forest duff.”

I’ve made the other ways.

After taking all this praise and good will as my own, you’d think I’d have felt like a fraud, but I didn’t. I felt wonderful about what “we” had done and was still feeling that way when I went over to the nearby market to collect onionskins. I noticed a young woman watching me with an uneasy “big city” look. She sighed. “How do you find things like that? We’ve lived here since Christmas and don’t know anyone. I miss our community in Portland and can’t find one here, if there even is one.”

I had to smile, considering what I’d just left. When she finished her shopping, I herded her out of the parking lot, across the street, and into the garden. She was suitably delighted by the beauty and amazed at how much can be grown in a small space.

“But all the berries and peas outside the fence – don’t people eat them?”

“Sure,” I said, “the Master Gardeners put them out there as a gift – and advertising.”

Some friends with kayaks on their car came in to water their squashes and said, “See you at the boat ramp!”

“Are they Master Gardeners?” asked Janeen.

“No,” I said, “contra dancers.” A man with his hands full of weeds said hello.

“A Master Gardener?” asked Janeen.

“No,” I said, “BLM (Bureau of Land Management). I planted trees for his project at New River. But see that tall guy? He and his wife started this project. He builds Habitat for Humanity houses and she’s a Master Gardener.”

I’d moved here with a plan for meeting people: go to local natural history programs; join the Audubon Society and hiking groups; go contra dancing and get a kayak. Life would be good. I did these things and met nice people. Then, because I didn’t know how to garden in this wet northern climate, I joined the Master Gardener program, not knowing that I’d have to pay back every hour of class time with a volunteer hour. Ironically, that requirement has led to great satisfaction and fun plus even more friends than I’ve made the other ways.

Janeen gave me her address and I sent her a dance flyer and an application for the gardening program. I hope I’ll see her some day, dancing or digging. Connecting with a community isn’t just finding people you like. It’s how much you put into it that counts, just like school or dancing or love or anything.

Valerie Cooley is living in Coos Bay, Oregon. When she’s not playing with her beautiful and brilliant young granddaughters, she paddles her kayak on the bay, watches birds, gardens, and contradances once a month.
and Chumash tribes are kind of spread out around the Los Angeles Basin so share the same frame and are used for both sailing and display. The Tongva story-telling and we do it on our tribal lands. We do a coastal cleanup, too, Tomol were on display. It was clear that they had some structural differences. The resonating shells evoked the sound inlaid shell, the box is moved at various angles to obtain sound from the square drum. Made of elk skin stretched on a box frame and decorated with sea snails, the box is moved at various angles to obtain sound from the movement of shells trapped inside. The resonating shells evoked the sound of ocean waves.

Finally, Dorame pulled out a tiny snail shell and blew into it. That sharp, high-pitched whistle would have been used to call Tongva people together (when they shake them),” Dorame said. “That makes for a more forceful sound and that’s the rhythm. We have a single beat, a double beat or sinews holding the shells to the sticks, they use asphaltum, a natural form of glue.

Dorame’s daughter had performed with what he called a California tiat, made of fish skin stretched on a box frame and decorated with inlaid shell, the box is moved at various angles to obtain sound from the movement of shells trapped inside. The resonating shells evoked the sound of ocean waves.

A GRAB BAG OF TONGVA INSTRUMENTS

TIAT, TOMOL, AND TIMA

In front of the Aquarium under a canopy, the Tongva and Chumash tomol were on display. It was clear that there were some structural differences. The tomol is built lower than the tiat. It dips down in the center and its bow culminates in a rounded carved form. The tiat bow comes to a high point. Both vessels are inlaid with shell designs of fish, flowers, and other forms. A pretty woman of 30 who identified herself simply as Tongva people together some 7,000 years ago, he told me with a smile.

The highlight of the year comes when a crew of Chumash oarsmen take the tomol across the channel from Santa Barbara to Santa Cruz Island. The crew paddles for 12 hours, arriving in the afternoon. “And we’re waiting for them,” Tima said,” and we’re singing and (playing) rattles and wansak (clappers). We do ceremonies and the kids get to go in the tomol.”

Tima picked up a clapper of pale elderberry and turned it over with her fingers. “This is a narrow one and it has a higher sound. The ones that are made thicker have a lower sound like a boom-boom-boom. Depending on how long they are, they can have a different tone. I’ve seen different tribes cut holes into them and it changes the acoustics. And we decorate them, like we sometimes put asphaltum on them or we’ll have leather around them or paint them. If you’re a kid, you can paint them pink or purple, whatever you want. Most of our events are planned around the children because it’s important to us to pass on the culture.”

A TONGVA TALE

Back inside the Aquarium’s Great Hall, a middle-aged woman who identified herself as Barbara (Tongva) taught me more about rattles. “The turtle rattle is shaken in a circle whereas gourd rattles are shaken up and down.” She picked up what looked like a stick with a bulbous end and hair on top. “This is a kelp rattle. The bulbs are dried out by filling them with sand. You pour the sand out and you put some shells inside and then you put the stick on. Pointing to dried leaves on top of bulb, she said, “This is natural, it’s the way the kelp grows.”

Barbara picked up a kelp rattle which was polished to a golden tone and decorated with painted stick figures in black and white with occasional touches of red. An arc with stick figures on it and white Becks that looked like waves captured my attention. I learned that it depicted the story of the rainbow bridge, a tale told by members of the Tongva as well as the Chumash tribe. Here is how Barbara told it to me.

The people only lived on islands, but they could see the mainland with mountains and they always wanted to go there. But they couldn’t walk upon the water. So Creator made a rainbow for them to walk upon. And when they walked upon it, He said I only have one request: you don’t look into the water. And so as they crossed, the fog came in, which made them dizzy and disoriented. And some of them fell off and into the water. Others were curious, so they looked. As they were drowning, going down into the water, something wonderful happened to them. They were pushed to the surface and their heads popped up, they were no longer people. The creator turned them into dolphins so that they didn’t die. The moral of this story is: These are our strong thing. There are community events surrounding them. We have kids’ camps with singing and story-telling and we do it on our tribal lands. We do a coastal cleanup, too, which is like sponsoring a beach.”

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Audrey Coleman is an author, educator, and passionate explorer of world music and culture.
MOVABLE MOUNTAINS

The Huntington Library and Gardens have several marvelous stones displayed in their Japanese Gardens. The ones that fascinated me particularly come from the Eel River in Northern California and are so smooth and pleasant to look upon that they captivated me entirely, and I began to make plans to visit the Eel River solely for the purpose of seeing the parent rock material that these stones sprung from. Well, I haven’t made the journey yet, but I have decided to put it on my list of Resolutions for the New Year.

If Quilting is your delight, or you just like to enjoy them without all of the work, the Road to California Quilt Show will be at the Ontario Convention Center Thursday-Saturday January 18-21, 9:30am-6:00pm and Sunday 10:00am-4:00pm. Admission will be $10.00 for all 4 days.

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as always, please remember that his column is provided for informational purposes only and is not legal advice. If you would like to act on any of the information you read in this column, please seek the advice of qualified counsel. Your comments and suggestions are appreciated and I will do my best to make sure that I respond to each letter in a subsequent column.

I have a restaurant and bar and have been thinking of including live music as well as "muzak" type music when live music isn’t available. As a folk musician, I, of course, want to hook folk acts. Yesterday, I was approached by a fellow from ASCAP telling me that I had to pay $200 for a license to play music in the bar. Is that legal? Do I have to pay it? Besides, I’ve heard that folk writers rarely get paid much for their songs from these guys.

To answer your questions, it’s probably important to know a little bit about how copyright to a musical piece works. When an individual writes a song, he obtains what courts call a “bundle of rights” known as copyright. These include the exclusive right to perform the song. While this may be the case, the problem has always been (and continues to be), how to enforce that right?

In the early 20th century, a group of songwriters and music publishers, including Irving Berlin and Ira Gershwin, established an organization whose sole purpose was to police the market place and require persons to obtain licenses in order to perform works which were subject to the public performance right of copyright. That organization was and is ASCAP. This organization is known in the industry as a “performing rights society.” While there are other performing rights organizations throughout the United States and the world (BMI and SESAC come to mind), ASCAP was the original organization.

Performing rights organizations use a variety of methods in order to ensure that their members get paid for the performance of their copyrighted works. Examples include audits of radio station playlists and, in your case, requiring so-called “blanket” licenses from venue owners to allow the performance of copyrighted works.

For the owner of a venue, the “blanket license” ensures that the owner will not be sued for infringement if a band booked at the venue performs a copyrighted musical work. While, of course, the owner of the venue can about the extent to which one can take this approach. For example, where a beauty salon hooked up a radio to speakers that were built into the salon and piped music from a radio station throughout the salon, the court held this to be an infringement use of the copyrighted work. Hence, as the state of the law is very fact specific, you should obtain legal advice before trying to circumvent the blanket license issue.

In a live venue, there’s not much chance that you will be able to escape getting a blanket license. Nor is that necessarily a bad thing. In many instances, a songwriter’s check from ASCAP may be the most significant amount of money they will make on their copyrighted work, far greater than record royalties. Hence, by paying the license fees, you are assisting songwriters in making a living in their trade.

The downside (besides paying the money in the first place) is that “niche” musical styles not frequently heard on the radio simply do not get played anywhere near as much as pop writers do. That certainly describes most folk and traditional music writers today. While that is a problem that needs correction, it does not justify performing another’s work in a commercial setting without paying them for it. I would recommend that you budget performing rights licenses (for the three major companies, ASCAP, BMI and SESAC) on a yearly basis as a cost of doing business. It will cost you far less to do so than paying an attorney to defend you in an infringement lawsuit.

Richard Gee is an attorney specializing in the entertainment industry and is a Celtic and acoustic singer, guitarist, songwriter, arranger and music producer in his spare time. You can reach him at rgee@gee4law.com
Some of you iPod users already know this, I’m sure, but for those who haven’t discovered it yet, I heartily recommend that before you embark on your next driving trip you invest in one of those gizmos that lets you listen to your iPod through your car stereo by tuning it to an FM frequency. We’ve been using one for past the past few miles, set on random play. It’s like having a radio station that only plays songs you like and never goes out of range. If I’d thought of it, I’d also have put together a few playlists with specific purposes, like music to keep you awake and alert after you’ve passed 500 miles in a day.

Just before leaving, we spent the weekend at another Scottish festival, and once again I found myself answering a familiar question—”I want to learn about Scottish songs, what albums should I buy?” It’s interesting to me that most people are more aware of the instrumental music of Scotland than they are of the songs, especially here is an incredibly rich selection of songs in all sorts of categories. So in response, here are a few suggestions. I’m giving you the artists only, in most cases there are several good albums for you to choose from.


All or most of the above: Capercailzie, Malinling, Ciar. If you have trouble finding any of these, try looking at www.musicscotland.com. They’re based in Torkappans on the island of Mull, and have just about everything in Scottish music, plus their shipping charge to the US is relatively good.

If you’ve ever received an email from a friend that sent you to a funny (or not-so-funny) video clip, chances are that the clip was located on the web site called YouTube. Remember the band that was dancing on all those Band and Planxty videos and some incredible dance videos as well? If you have a lot of time, go to YouTube and search for your favorite musician, band or genre…chances are you will find something. And my thanks to the person who posted this information on the Mudcat forum…can’t I find the posting, or I’d give you credit here. [Ed. If you have a lot of time, go to YouTube and search for your favorite artist. For instance, look for Dylan and you will find some incredible very old performances. There is a lot of old Bob Dylan Band and Planxty videos and some incredible dance videos as well.]

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This column may be a bit different than some of my others. That’s partly because I’m writing it in motel rooms during a drive from LA to New York, a sea voyage, and another drive, in the process of moving to Scotland. By the time you read this, the move will be over, but right now as I write there are some topics that come to mind because of recent events.

One of the good ones is gone…Freddie Fender passed away in October, after a battle with cancer. If you only remember his solo work and his CW hit about the last teardrop, then you should have the Texas Tornados hear to what Fender’s contribution was really all about.

“Music is the soil in which the spirit lives”  
- Ludwig van Beethoven

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For extremely bored computer geeks: Remember the “Paul is dead” rumors back in the days of the Beatles? Supposedly, if you played a certain track backward, you heard the phrase “Paul is dead” repeated over and over. Alas, in this era of CDs and downloads there’s no easy way to certain track backward, you heard the phrase “Paul is dead” repeated over and over. Alas, in this era of CDs and downloads there’s no easy way to check your albums for subliminal backward messages, but don’t despair. Just go to www.talkbackwards.com, download your favorite audio track, and hear it played back in reverse.

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- Ludwig van Beethoven
Son – Literally a sound that is agreeable to the ear, it is a Mexican regional song/dance style, usually in 6/8 rhythm.

Jarocho – “of Veracruz.” Applied to the people and music of Veracruz, the term originally meant “irrev- erent,” but the jarocho people have turned it into an assertion of pride.

Born and raised in Chiapas, Mexico, Jorge Mijangos is a self-taught multi-instrumentalist and luthier. He began performing as a soloist in local theaters and radio stations at the age of five. During his formative years, he played guitar and sang in the traditional estudiantina. He has been in numerous groups, playing such varied musical styles as salsa, rock, Andean music, canto nuevo, and son jarocho, and has recorded and performed throughout Mexico and the US. In his early 20s, he studied percussion in Havana, Cuba, and became fascinated with the rhythms and nuances of African-influenced music. Around the same time, he first encountered the music of Veracruz (son jarocho) as part of the group Matraka. In the early 1990s, he and a colleague formed the experimental ensemble Matanga, performing son jarocho with only drums and vocals.

His father wanted him to become an engineer and enrolled him in a technical high school to study metalwork using the lathe. Although he dropped out due to family difficulties, he returned with great commitment ten years later (as a 26 year old) to complete his final year of high school and graduate.

In 1994, he constructed his first jarana, a small guitar-shaped fretted stringed instrument with 6 string in 5 courses, which received an honorable mention from the state of Chiapas Annual Competition of Traditional Crafts. Since then, he has continued to build jararas as well as guitarras de son jarocho from otherwise known as requinto jarocho.

When he moved to the US in 1998, he was introduced to Tim Harding, a retired professor of ethnomusicology, who has dedicated the past 45 years of his life to teaching and promoting son jarocho. Ironically, under the guidance of this American professor, he learned more about the history, music, and art forms surrounding son jarocho than he had ever learned in Mexico.

In California, Jorge began making cajón drums for a small company, and for the past few years has made strings in a shop specializing in hand-wound strings. Moreover, my understanding of the music, the lyrical improvisation and danced jarana with the optimal projection and tone that the musician is seeking, linked to my relationship with jarocho music. As a musician in the jarocho tradition, I am able to comprehend musicians’ needs and can create a balanced jarana with the optimal projection and tone that the musician is seeking. Moreover, my understanding of the music, the lyrical improvisation and the role of each instrument within the ensemble, adds a multi-dimensional perspective on how to approach making each instrument.

Ed. Check out www.atlasofpluckedinstruments.com/n_america.htm for more pictures and explanation of these instruments]
Supergrass Festival Offers World-Class Luthiery

BY YVONNE TATAR

Did you know that 80% of the guitars sold are in the lower-end of the market price range ($1,000 or less) and sold to beginners? And, of that 80%, half of those buyers never progress past the beginning stage of proficiency. So, in guitar sales, the biggest market share is for entry-level instruments.

Players beyond the beginner stage usually desire a higher quality instrument with better tonal resonance, ease of playing, and ornamentation. This 20% creates the market for the higher-end instruments.

The cost for construction, materials, and point of origin are all kept low to keep entry-level instruments affordable. The use of pressed woods, synthetics, and laminates used with overseas constructions accomplishes this. High-end instruments are generally hand-made out of quality tonewoods such as mahogany, rosewood, maple, and spruce with upgraded hardware. With their construction, time is secondary to the finished product, placing quality above quantity.

The Supergrass Bluegrass Festival is happening again February 1-4, 2007, in Bakersfield and this year it will include a Luthiery, i.e., a gathering of world-class luthiers. This Luthiery is a wonderful opportunity for all levels of acoustic enthusiasts to see the finest and latest in acoustic instruments, parts and accessories. Here's a sampling of some of the luthiers that will attending Supergrass.

Greg Boyd's House of Fine Instruments from Missoula, Montana, has been trading in fine acoustic musicians for 27 years, both in-store and by mail. Boyd's business provides, "the real acoustic instruments that people in bands are making their living with. My customers are usually ones who have played enough and know what better tone is." Boyd revels in his ability to match the right instrument with the right customer at the right price. "This makes it all worthwhile."

Tom Ellis is the owner of Ellis Mandolins, located in Austin, Texas. In 1977, he met Ricky Skaggs, and Ricky then recorded and toured with two Ellis Mandolins for 20 years. Buck White also used his Ellis Mandolin on dozens of recordings. In 1992, Tom founded Precision Pearl Inlay, a major supplier to the US guitar industry. But in 2004, he returned to building mandolins, teaming up with Nathan Arrossin and Pava Knezevic. Ellis adds that his mandolins "have been featured in Mandolin and Bluegrass Unlimited magazines."

Minneapolis, Minnesota is home to Johann D. Brentrup, Luthier. Brentrup, highly regarded in his field, is a mandolin maker, and only attends one or two festivals a year. His father was in a mandolin orchestra in Germany and always had a mandolin in the home. Since 2000, Johann has been doing it full time. His mandolins have been described as "old world" and his Loar and F-4 reproductions as "accurate in tone and vintage look."

Cumberland Acoustic bills itself as the Nashville, Tennessee area and its owner Steve Smith, views his company's primary focus as "manufacturing high quality parts and components. We specialize in reproduction parts and accessories. And we happily consider custom orders." Cumberland Acoustic's impeccable craftsmanship is obvious as customers include Gibson Instruments, Johann Brentrup, Paul Duff, Ron Spears, Ronnie McCoury, and Roland White. Award-winning fiddle luthier Frank Daniels, owner of Frank's Fiddles, will also be at Supergrass this year. From Idaho, he and wife Karen travel to many festivals to vend Frank's well-known instruments. "Each of my instruments are hand-crafted using a basic Stradivarius, Guarnerius or Maggini pattern. I use my own graduations and a piece of ivory by the string nut – a family trademark started by my father," explain Daniels. Molly and B.J. Cherryholmes are proud players of Frank's fiddles.

Michael A. Lewis Fine Guitars & Mandolins from Grass Valley, CA, uses a variety of tonewoods for his archtop guitars and mandolins. "We have also made subtle changes to the traditional design that strengthens the structure and..."
Barry Manilow and the 1960s. Is this talkin’ bout my g-g-generation. Is it a perspective by incongruity, critic Kenneth Burke’s term for shed- ding light on one realm of experience by reference to a deliberately incongruous point of view, like “the war between the sexes,” or is simply it an oxymoron, like “The House Ethics Committee”? Take away Dylan, take away Lennon, take away the Stones, take away the anti-war songs, and it’s all right. Take away Woodstock, now tell me about the 1960s. That’s what Barry Manilow does in this follow-up to last year’s hit album The Greatest Songs of the Sixties. Have I ever said a mumblin’ word about the King of Pap before? Not a one—no. The key to that is they are all songs that are both timeless and timely. If you had not lived through this decade of social unrest and protest you would not let us forget it.

As Huckle Finn’s pap said, “That’s where I drewed out.” I know what the greatest songs of the sixties are. They are Blowing In the Wind, The Times They Are a-Changin’, Mr. Tambourine Man, Like a Rolling Stone (can I help it if Bob Dylan wrote four of them?), Give Peace a Chance, Satisfaction, There But for Fortune, Universal Soldier (written by Buffy St. Marie), We Shall Overcome, If I Were a Carpenter, Ira Hayes (written by Peter La Farge), and Abraham, Martin and John.

The specific titles are less important than the principle of selection involved. The key to that is they are all songs that are both timeless and timely. If you had not lived through this decade of social unrest and protest unequalled since the Great Depression and all you had to get a picture of it were twelve songs, you would come away from my anthology with at least some sense of what was going on.

As countless songwriters have said in a myriad of ways, one important value of music is to sustain human memory—but not just individual memories (which are, after all, the only ones we have), the collective historical memory as well. That is why Time Magazine chose Strange Fruit (by Abel Meeropol, sung by Billie Holiday), the “song of the century.” Comparatively few individuals experienced the lynching of African-Americans in the South (and well beyond, including Woody Guthrie’s hometown of Okemah, Oklahoma), but collective- ly it defined the issue of race in 20th Century America, especially so since for all its hand-wringing, the United States Senate and House of Representatives steadfastly refused to pass an anti-lynching law, thus making an entire country complicit in its barbarism. For a hundred years, until the civil rights movement in the 1960s, that was the shame of our nation, and music like Billie Holiday’s would not let us forget it.

That is what, at all times and in all places, great music does: it emulates us by sustaining human memory. It won’t let us forget.

*Meeropol’s pen name was Lewis Allan; see accompanying essay on Rosten for bio.

And that is why I have to object to Mr. Manilow’s new blockbuster record. I have nothing against him. I haven’t listened to his record. For what it is, I am not sure it is outstanding and will sell a million copies. It’s what it is that I object to. Because it’s a reflection of different musical tastes, and it is more than a disagreement over specific song selections—it represents an argument over how to define a decade. A decade in which 58,000 plus American soldiers were killed in Vietnam, in which African-Americans, for the first time in history, were guaranteed the most fundamental civil right of all—

But he insisted on the same prerogative for science—that religion must not be allowed to determine our quest for—and education of students in—scientific knowledge. Like Paul McCartney, when it came to religion, Gould was perfectly content to let it be. But he insisted on the same prerogative for science—that religion let it be.

I can live with that. So long as the kind of music Barry Manilow performed—representing music that hasn’t come into my classroom, I say Let It Be. Let him be the pastor of his church.

But calling this album The Greatest Songs of the Sixties is knocking at the door of my classroom, and is saying, in effect, add this to your list of reference works on the 1960s. It’s an “alternative view.”

Not to me it ain’t. It has no place in my classroom. Barry Manilow and the 1960s are “non-overlapping magisteria.”

Go way from my window.

Get back, get back, get back.

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

Ross Altman has a Ph.D. in English. Before becoming a full-time folk singer he taught college English and Speech. He now sings around California for libraries, unions, schools, political groups and folk festivals. You can reach Ross at Greygoosemusic@aol.com.
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Steve Rosem summer / Kelli Sager
Jim Woodcock
Clark Weissman

FRIENDS
Anonymous
Brookie Alberts
Rebecca Alberts
Carroll Bass
Lynne Bauer
Hortenziia Bonomia
Doug Brown
N.T. Calca
Joanna Caeden
Chris Cooper
Janet Connell
Carol L. / Robert W. Crocker
Susan Daniels
Alan & Margaret Davis
Lisa Davis
Winfred Davis
Lawrence Dean
Marcia / Brian Edwards
Laura / Joel Garfield
Kim / Barbara Gurry
John / Judy Glass
Thomas Graham
Don Green / Barbara Weissman
Chris Henderson
Betty & David Heinman
Dave Hellier / Bill Mayer
Ken Helms / Amy Masumi
Sue Hunter
Trudy / Peter Israel
Bryan Johnson
Bob Kay
Dodi / Marty Kernley
Carol / Marty Klein
Peter Kolsaid / Suzanne Benoit
Dina Lebov
Ray Mayers
Michael McKenna / Debbie Webb
Brian McKibbin
Teresa McNeil Maclean
Jay / Moonie
Ron Milberger / Gail Smihey
Aaron / Barbara Miranda
Doug Moon
James Morganstein / Linda Dow
Gitta Morris / Gee Martin
James Morganstein
Subrina Morley
Norma Nordstrom
Walt Nyce / Carol Kugler
Dave Ogden
Gabrielle O’Neill
Stephen / Susan Parker
Russe/Julie Paris
Pricilla Parrish
Lenny Potash
King Reilly
Suzie Richmond
Milt / Steven Ryan Rosenberg
Alan Ross
Diane Sherman
Anne Silver
Suzette Stambler
Sunburst Recording
Timothy Taylor
Mimi Tanaka
Barry Tavin
Vivian Taylor
Joe Wack / Katie Croshier
Cheri White
Donald Wood

SUPPORT FOLKWORKS
DON’T WAIT FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT. FOLKWORKS DEPENDS ON YOU!

FolkWorks has been around for 5 years. You have come to rely on it in the same way that it has gone on and will continue to run. Join us in this year’s drive to reach our goal.

FolkWorks needs your help to continue. Without your support, we will not be able to continue publishing the newsletter.

Your contribution is tax-deductible. FolkWorks is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization!

FolkWorks depends on your financial support. Become a member at any level you can afford and commit your membership to help FolkWorks continue.

Your contributions are tax-deductible. FolkWorks is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization!

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS AND RECORD LABELS HAVE DONATED CDS FOR MEMBER PREMIUMS. PLEASE JOIN THEM WITH YOUR SUPPORT.

NEW CD PREMIUM!

Loren Bean and Eric Bean, Printing Press: A tribute to Paul Robeson

Carolyn Aiken, Uncommon
Rosa Bowen, singer-songwriter
Tom R Trucks, Coal Black Light
Dolphin Boys, The Dolphin Boys
Hamilton Camp, Great Joy
Hendall Boys, The Hendall Boys
Chadwell, The Irish Shore
Crowes, Out of the City of Monroe
John Doyle, Sun Roses
Extreme Shimmer Mahome, Ukulele Construction
Rita Robinson, Peter Mabuto, Jeff Yamauchi, Kodomo
Life Denvers, One Horse
John Denver, Welcome to Margins
Ashley Butler, Flying Over Bridges
Pat McIvory, A Hit at Stau
Pat McIvory, The Pop Programme
Bria McCloud, Some to Save
Old Healer Long, Running Dog
Kristine Green, The Touch of a Woman

The Byrds [Mr. Tambourine Man, Turn, Turn, Turn and 5D (All Columbia Legacy, Turn, Turn, Turn) has the best of their career!]

Other than listening to things I’m considering for review, I tend to get obsessed with one particular artist at a time and listen to everything available from them. Right now it’s Gene Clark. Please let me know how his songs (solo records best found from Amazon, but the Byrds records obviously are readily available). The Byrds - Mr. Tambourine Man, Turn, Turn, Turn and 5D (All Columbia Legacy, Turn, Turn, Turn) has the best of his (and most) Clark songs

Gene Clark - No Other [Asylum - import only]

Gene Clark - White Light [A&M]


The Byrds(1973 reunion of the original 5- [Asylum]) has two great songs on it- Clark’s. Thoroughly avoidable otherwise.

Listening to Now

LEX BUTTERS
Neko Case-Fox Confessor Brings the Flood-Anti www.anti.com
Christmas Jug Band-Uncorked-Globe
Records-Amazon
Bob Dylan-More Modern Times-Columbia-anywhere
Los Lobos-The Town and the City-Hollywood
Records-Amazon
Old Crow Medicine Show-Big Iron World
Nettwerk-Amoeba
Joe Strummer & the Mescaleros-Hellcat-amoeba

DENNIS ROGER REED
Scott Miller and the Commonwealth - Citation [Sugar Hill] Amazon
Bottle Rockets: Zoyaia [Bloodshot] Amazon
and on the recent trip up the 5 to Sacramento: All England-American music issue compilations. Best road music available

LEDA & STEVEN SHAPIRO
Bob Dylan-More Modern Times-Columbia-anywhere

Dave Soar
Other than listening to things I’m considering for review, I tend to get obsessed with one particular artist at a time and listen to everything available from them. Right now it’s Gene Clark. Please let me know how his songs (solo records best found from Amazon, but the Byrds records obviously are readily available). The Byrds - Mr. Tambourine Man, Turn, Turn, Turn and 5D (All Columbia Legacy, Turn, Turn, Turn) has the best of his (and most) Clark songs

Gene Clark - No Other [Asylum - import only]

Gene Clark - White Light [A&M]


The Byrds(1973 reunion of the original 5- [Asylum]) has two great songs on it- Clark’s. Thoroughly avoidable otherwise.
improves the instrument’s tone,” Lewis adds. His guitars are inspired by the D’Angelico and Gibson L-5 guitar, made famous by Maybelle Carter. His customers have included Sarah Campbell, Greg Brown, and David Parmley & Continental Divide. Lewis also offers a full range of repairs, is an authorized

SUPERGRASS continued from page 27

the many
tomers have included Joe Satriani, Joe Mock, Shari Ulrich, Duck Baker, and

Please visit www.supergrasscalifornia.org for updated ticket and the many
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SPECIAL EVENTS
continued from page 12

7:30pm SAMITE [www.samite.com] $15
8:00pm DOUG SMITH [www.dougsmithguitar.com] $20
8:00pm DANA COOPER [www.danacoopermusic.com] $30-70
8:00pm BALLET FLAMENCO SARA BARAS $30-70
8:00pm LES BALLETS AFRICAINS $35-40

7:00pm RALPH STANLEY & THE CLINCH $25
8:00pm TRIPLE CHICKEN FOOT [bicyclekitchen.com] $20

continued from page 32

January-February 2007

for FolkWorks magazine.

who loved the spirit of good music and the company of music-makers, and who always welcomed and
of students, faculty, staff and administration there.
from-a-hat surprises that could have killed the festival, many times over.
I'll always treasure the teamwork, positive presence, and vital role Chris played for Desert Song.
their busiest season, and her staff must continue to process orders for shipment all over the world, so they,
a vast variety of almond-based and other confections, some available no where else. (Christmas is always
motivator for the Antelope Valley Folk Music Club, a
Antelope Valley Hospital in Lancaster.

CHRIS HINGLEY
BY LARRY WINES

For anyone who does not know the sad news,
Chris Hingley has departed her earthly exist-
tence. Wednesday evening, December 13, she
was surrounded by friends and family who sang folk
songs as she slipped away in the intensive care unit
at Antelope Valley Hospital in Lancaster.

She was a widow, and I never knew her late hus-
band.

Her smiling, capable, can-do presence will be
greatly missed. Chris was a musician who played
the zither and delighted in song circles. She was a
long-time board member of the California Traditional
Music Society (CTMS), a founding force continuous
motivator for the Antelope Valley Folk Music Club,
a dear friend to many, a house concert presenter, and much more. And Chris loved to laugh.

Chris was the owner-operator of Rancho Raviri in Quartz Hill, where she and her staff lovingly made
a vast variety of almond-based and other confections, some available nowhere else. (Christmas is always
their busiest season, and her staff must continue to process orders for shipment all over the world, so they,
too, warrant your thoughts.)

When I envisioned Desert Song Music Festival in 2004 as a charity event, Chris Hingley and Wayne
Slater-Luntsford answered my call, without hesitation, and joined me. The three of us assembled a corps of
volunteers and worked together to make it a reality, with 56 acts on six stages. Chris was the business
& financial manager, Wayne the web, sound and tech director, and I booked the acts and worked as pro-
ducer. Chris gave us office space at Rancho Raviri, and I became well acquainted with the candy factory,
its delicious aromas and tasty treats, and those who made them. I also observed Chris’ management style
at the Rancho, and with the festival.

Chris was great with people, and you had the sense that she genuinely liked everyone.
I’ll always treasure the teamwork, positive presence, and vital role Chris played for Desert Song.
Sometimes, Chris never allowed anyone to become frustrated through some very trying times and rabbit-
from-a-hat surprises that could have killed the festival, many times over.
I moved from the area and left the organization, as planned, after producing that first festival. Chris and
Wayne carried on the legacy of Desert Song Productions, doing an evening concert for charity on three
stages in 2005, and Chris and Wayne had plans for more. Recently, she was volunteering with the City of
Palmdale in support of an Eliza Gilkyson concert there on January 20, a benefit for the Lightfoot
Coalition.

In addition to operating Rancho Raviri, Chris was a librarian at Antelope Valley College, and a favorite
of students, faculty, staff and administration there.
I’m certain we will see many comments from those who were privileged to know Chris, and there
will surely be a formal obituary. I will carry memories of a very special lady who never spoke ill of anyone,
who loved the spirit of good music and the company of music-makers, and who always welcomed and
couraged others in countless, quiet ways.
A memorial service is being planned for January.

Larry Wines is Producer-programmer & host of Tied to the Tracks on KCSN, and columnist & feature writer
for FolkWorks magazine.
SPECIAL EVENTS

January-February 2007

**EDITOR’S PICKS**

**MONDAY JANUARY 8**
7:00pm  T. ALBERT COOK [www.talbertcook.com] $25
Folk Music Center

**TUESDAY JANUARY 9**
8:00pm  THE AUSTRIAN STRING QUARTET $20
California Performing Arts Center

**THURSDAY JANUARY 11**
7:30pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY JANUARY 15**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY JANUARY 15**
8:00pm  B.B. KING [www.bbking.com] $47.50
House of Blues (Anaheim)

**TUESDAY JANUARY 16**
8:00pm  B.B. KING [www.bbking.com] $47.50
House of Blues (Anaheim)

**TUESDAY JANUARY 16**
8:00pm  J. LEWIS & THE RIGHT HANDS, CHRIS HILLMAN & HERB PEDERSEN, LEWIS & THE RIGHT HANDS, JANIS JOPLIN, THE JOURNEYS END $15
Fret House

**WEDNESDAY JANUARY 17**
8:00pm  B.B. KING [www.bbking.com] $47.50
House of Blues (Anaheim)

**SUNDAY JANUARY 21**
8:00pm  CHRISTIAN BEKKEVOLD $20
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SUNDAY JANUARY 21**
8:00pm  DAVE ROCHLITZ $20
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY JANUARY 24**
8:00pm  SPEKTRUM $20
House of Blues (Anaheim)

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 5**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 6**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**FRIDAY FEBRUARY 9**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 10**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY FEBRUARY 5**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 6**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**THURSDAY FEBRUARY 8**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY FEBRUARY 11**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**THURSDAY FEBRUARY 15**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 20**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**THURSDAY FEBRUARY 22**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY FEBRUARY 25**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 26**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SUNDAY FEBRUARY 3**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 6**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 13**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**FRIDAY FEBRUARY 16**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY FEBRUARY 20**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY FEBRUARY 25**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 28**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**THURSDAY MARCH 1**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**FRIDAY MARCH 2**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY MARCH 3**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY MARCH 6**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 7**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY MARCH 10**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY MARCH 13**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY MARCH 20**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SUNDAY MARCH 25**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**MONDAY APRIL 2**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY APRIL 3**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY APRIL 4**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**THURSDAY APRIL 5**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**FRIDAY APRIL 6**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY APRIL 7**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY APRIL 10**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY APRIL 11**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY APRIL 14**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY APRIL 17**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**WEDNESDAY APRIL 18**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY APRIL 21**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**TUESDAY APRIL 24**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**FRIDAY APRIL 27**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SATURDAY APRIL 28**
8:00pm  JOHN BATDORF [www.johnbatdorfmusic.com] $15
Coffee Gallery Backstage

**SPECIAL EVENTS page 31**

**FOR UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION**
Mary Hensel and Friends at www.southbaycommunityconcerts.org
Cold War Kids at www.coldwarolds.com
The Smothers Brothers at www.smothersbrothers.com
A.C. Alliterative (B) at www.ascalliterative.com
Herman’s Hermits at www.hermanshermits.com
American Roots in (and around) L.A.
at blueroots.com
The Devil's Workshop at www.devilsworkshop.com
D.A.HO at www.da-look.com
The Country Current at www.countrycurrent.com
Billabong at www.billabong.com
Bluegrass Association of So. Cal. at www.bluegrass.org
Timothy Tipton at www.timothytipton.com
Iron Horse at www.ironhorse.com
Antonine at www.antoniemusic.com
PG&E at www.pge.com
The Leadbelly Project at www.leadbellyproject.com
Penny Nichols at www.penny Nichols.com
Tonic at www.tonicmusic.com
Cuff Links at www.cufflinks.com
Arlo Guthrie at www.arloguthrie.com

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