Neil V. Rosenberg's recent collection of academic essays on the Folk Revival, Transforming Traditions (U of Illinois P, 1993), should be of interest to members. Presumably many of us first became aware (if that's the word) of North American folk music (and later of other musical traditions as well) through the well-paid work of the various followers of the Weavers. As that era moves into history, we become able to reassess it; one hopes that folkies will take advantage of the opportunity.


We hope to review this volume in a future issue.

We have also received, to late for review in this issue, Pauline Greenhill's just published Ethnicity in the Mainstream: Three Studies of English Canadian Culture in Ontario (McGill-Queen's UP). The three studies deal with English immigrant narratives, the commodification of Stratford, and revivalist Morris dancing. Readers will encounter some of Greenhill's thoughts on the latter in the next issue of the Bulletin: stay tuned to this station!

Letters to the Editors

If you know the new address of the member listed below (with last known address), please let us know.

Alan Fleming, 2871 River Rd., RR#3, Manotick, Ont. K4M 1B4

Lost Soul

In CFB 27.3 [Ed.: This issue, misnumbered on the cover was in fact 27.4], there appeared a letter from Mary Eileen McClear, regarding a review of her tape of Canadian stories by yours truly in a previous issue. Ms. McClear pointed out certain errors and omissions in my review, for which I wish to make a formal and very profound apology. Recordings such as this are vital and important to the proposition that history can be made enjoyable through the use of storytelling and related folk arts. I hope that we shall hear more from this very talented raconteur in the future.

No reviewer is happy to have his or her work criticized, but we stub our toes once in a while, and when we do, we hope that correction can make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future. I hope that Ms. McClear will accept this apology and will continue to tell her strange and marvelous tales and to make us better in the future.

Robert Rodriguez
New York City, U.S.A.

I wish to thank you for publishing the very complimentary review about Vilitis [28.1, p. 22]. At the same time, please extend my sincere appreciation to Mr. Michael Pollock for his kind words. It made me feel elated to note that my efforts are appreciated. You are probably aware that I am the only one working on Vilitis, aside from the typesetter in Idaho and the printer. At 86, the task is not as easy, but I am not giving up

HOPE (VILITIS).

Vyts Beliajus
Denver, Colorado

I just finished reading my first copy of the Bulletin and wanted to write and tell you what I thought. All I can say is Yes, Yes, Yes. I am a self-professed folk music addict and unfortunately around here I definitely am in the minority. Most of my co-workers, all nurses, have never heard of Stan or Garnet Rogers and associate folk exclusively with the songwriting style of Woody Guthrie. I flog Canadian folk music shamelessly at work, in the hopes of at least picking up a couple of companions to accompany me to local coffee houses. Just glancing through your catalog makes me salivate with anticipation. For the past eight weeks I have had James Keelaghan's My Skies on order from Sam the Record Man. They said, "Never heard of him. Where d'ja hear him sing? On the CBC?" I replied with a glassy-eyed stare, "You're damn right."

A few years back, I stopped listening to the radio altogether. It seemed like everything was just a poorly made cover of some song I had grown up with in the 60s. My teenage son, after viewing pictures of his father and me from that era, has aptly titled that period in my life as the Days of the Weird, and I guess that is a fairly accurate assessment. Music ruled our lives back then. It's been 20 years, and I had almost given up on music being an integral part of my life until on a whim we went to see