An interesting letter came in from the International Exchange Centre of Kamchatka. "...a nonprofit public institution which unites a number of artistic collectives and dozens of interesting people living and working in Kamchatka. Our goal is to develop relations and strengthen mutual understanding between peoples of Russia and other countries. We aim at making as many people as possible acquainted with culture, mode of life, history and traditions of each other. Our Centre provides collective and individual contacts between Russians and foreign citizens and the establishment of both business and friendly links. It maintains relations between different social institutions, educational establishments and enterprises. It also exchanges in various fields, of delegations, pupils, students and families.

"Today a number of teachers, scientists, technicians, choreographers, musicians, interpreters and journalists are the members of IECK. Beside them such artistic companies as children's Spoon Band, vocal band, performers of classical and folklore music, dancing companies including performers of Kamchatkan aboriginal dances, and art studios. We are ready to suggest our partners the exchange of specialists in the fields of education, music, dancing, non-traditional medicine, children's creative activity. Our Centre is now working out the project "Rainbow Over the World"—it means a voyage of gifted people from different countries round the world aboard ship, giving concerts in the ports along their way.

"We are able to provide contacts between newspaper journalists, TV companies and radio stations, and exchange of publishing matters, video and radio programs."

For more information about the Centre, its activities, and Kamchatka itself ("Having visited Kamchatka you will fall in love with our exotic wonderful land."), write them at Box 305, Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky, 683049, Russia. You may also email them at ieck@svyayz.kamchatka.su

The Canadian Society of Children's Authors, Illustrators and Performers is holding its 12th annual day of workshops entitled Packaging Your Imagination in Toronto on October 19, 1996. The workshops will be led by a variety of presenters including Kady MacDonald Denton, Hazel Hutchins, Richardo Keens-Douglas, and Ruth Ohi and should be of use to "an established professional, a novice or an interested onlooker." They will be held at Victoria College, the University of Toronto; registration begins at 8:30. Workshop fee is $75.00; to attend the lunch, add another $10.00. For information, phone (416) 515-1559.

Kelly Russell's Pigeon Inlet Productions is working on a variety of projects. Many readers (we hope!) are well aware of the fine series of recordings from Pigeon Inlet; a pamphlet arrived recently announcing three new Newfoundland cultural events. The Culture Club showcases "Singers, Musicians, Writers, Poets and Storytellers" every Sunday evening at the Ship Inn (Solomon's Lane, St. John's); it's nice to see the inclusive mixture. Buttons & Bows, obviously, is a fiddle and accordion event, every Thursday evening at Erin's Pub (Water Street, St. John's). Dance Up is a traditional dance event with fiddle and accordion players Kelly Russell and Baxter Wareham and dance caller/instructor Tonya Kearley, held at different locations (to find out where and when, phone the Pigeon Inlet number and ask for Michelle). For more information, contact Pigeon Inlet Productions: PO Box 1202, St. John's, Newfoundland A1C 5M9. Telephone: 709-754-7324; Fax: 709-8557; email: tkearley@plato.ucs.mun.ca

Letters

Re: your comments on El Nino Ambiance [Bulletin 30.1, June 1996], I think that you missed the point! These songwriters are not tourist promoters; they are simply expressing their feelings about this area. They are proud of the beauty of this place: we have coast, lakes, rivers, and high mountains all readily accessible, and most of the people who live here are friendly. What more could one want?

I had lived in three different places before coming here, but I liked this community immediately. It was smaller then. Everybody said "Hi," or some other greeting, whether they knew you or not, so I responded, being a friendly person. The longer I stayed, the more the community grew on me. I think it has that effect on many people. They do not all put their thoughts into words, as our singers did on that tape, but the sentiment is there just the same!

Sincerely,
Georgina Lapointe
Powell River, BC

I trust all is well in Calgary and with the CSTM. Look for an episode of "Adrienne Clarkson Presents" next fall with a documentary on Calvin Vollrath and John Arcand.

Cheers,
Gord Fisch
Regina, Saskatchewan

I very much enjoyed Vera Johnson's piece on Alan Mills—it filled in many gaps for me about Al's life. And thank you for publishing my piece with its addenda; I hope people find it
worthwhile. As far as I know, the photo of Al which I supplied has never been published. I have found one typo so far: in the Sharon, Lois and Bram discography of Alan Mills songs on page 15, it should read "Michaud (est monté dans un beau pommier)"—not pannier.

Best Regards,
Bram Morrison,
Toronto

I wish I had a picture of me playing the mouth organ which I was inspired to take by my mother's playing. In the notes I wrote for the Folkways record, I state that I started to play the mouth organ at age seven—at other times, I have stated that it was at age five. The discrepancy comes from the fact that although I started at age five, it wasn't until the passage of two years that I was able to play a tune recognizable to other people.

At the time of making the record I had been playing the mouth organ for so long and in so many different camps and so many occasions that I never even thought of it in terms of "folk music," so it never went on the record. When I thought about it much later, I found it very amusing.

By the way, the Black Swan coffeehouse was in Hamilton, Ontario, in the basement of an old house, not in Stratford. I think later there was one in Stratford, thus the confusion. (Perhaps under the same management, I'm not sure.)

I'm enclosing the words to "The Green Cove" as I originally wrote it. You'll notice a few differences between this and the one you printed.

It has always fascinated me to see changes that have occurred in folk songs, and it is equally interesting to see them occur in the songs I have written. They just creep in, hardly noticed, and are sometimes made by choice, accident, bad memory, or sometimes by bad listening.

One such change I noticed when, years ago, my friend Rod Cameron was singing "The Wreck of the Green Cove." Not minding the alteration, but wanting to know his reason for the change, whether for the sake of meter, clarity of meaning, or whatever, I pointed it out to him. He insisted that it was the way I sang it on the tape and got very upset when I suggested it may have been a poor tape and he did not have it correctly. I thought it very funny.

One singer in the Lardeau forgot the tune to one of the Lardeau songs. His wife, a Lardeau girl, had claimed the record when they were divorced, so he made up a new tune!

Another fellow wrote to me for permission to add a chorus between each verse of "The Oda G." and to remove or change offensive words like damn! Maybe I never answered him, but my feeling is that you shouldn't have to ask; you should just go ahead and do it. If it's good, it'll last; if not good, it won't. I've made a lot of changes to a lot of songs, and I still do it. Besides, in his case, I figured he'd already done and done it. I never heard his version, but if he was happy with it (and his audience, too), then that's okay by me.

The whole process is highly entertaining to me and adds to the satisfaction of seeing one's own songs going out in the world on their own.

Regards,
Stanley Triggs
Hemmingford, Quebec

The Wreck of the Green Cove
words and music by Stan Triggs

Three days did pass, the wind dropped down,
We set our sails and made the town.
A miner's wind was yet to blow,
But the sails and men were all aglow.

At dawn the skipper rose in a boat,
Three times around the island he roved,
Grunt ed, "We're off on the Green Cove.
To the windward, we bid you good-bye.

The激起 was in the morn to rise,
And away the skipper and the men.
Grunt ed, "We're off on the Green Cove.

The skipper and the mate grabbed the lifeboat,
Rowed, row ed, and set the sails aglow.
Back ward into the wind we drove,
And away the skipper and the mate.

How the skipper and the men grabbed the lifeboat,
Rowed, row ed, and set the sails aglow.
Back ward into the wind we drove,
And away the skipper and the mate.

One singer in the Lardeau forgot the tune to one of the Lardeau songs. His wife, a Lardeau girl, had claimed the record when they were divorced, so he made up a new tune!

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Regards,
Stanley Triggs
Hemmingford, Quebec
Bravo for your article on Stanley Triggs and his music (Bulletin 30.1). Yours truly has always prided himself on having an extensive music collection, especially where recordings of Canadian music were concerned, but somehow must have missed this one. Folkways recordings stand the test of time, especially in their presentation of Canada’s traditional music. (Any copies of the Triggs recording in the old stock of vinyl remainders at your Mail Order Service?) Anyone familiar with the old Folkways catalogue knows the wide variety of music and songs recorded from all over Canada, from Helen Creighton’s recordings from the Maritimes and Edith Fowke’s from Ontario, to French traditional songs and Jean Carignan’s fiddle music from Quebec, not to mention music from Manitoba and Saskatchewan. I fervently hope that in future issues the Bulletin will do more articles of this type.

If it is any comfort, solace or consolation to Bob Bossin, GWL, and all the others north of the border who are fighting the good fight to keep the forces of reaction and extremism at bay, things are pretty grim down here as well. There is a traditional proverb, known throughout Africa, among the Wolof of Senegal, "If the elephant and the lion go off to war, the only true and perpetual losers are the small animals of the bush: the hare, tortoise, and the lizard. It is most disheartening to realize that, for the most part, whoever wins in November, those who are downtrodden, winners are the small animals of the bush—whatever we have not inherited this earth from our fathers, we have borrowed it from our children. posterity. Mary Adami was still drummer for the Enjoyment Band (see Bulletin 29.2 June 1995, "Powell River BC: The Enjoyment Band Plays On") when I became part of it. Mr. Adami had passed on; he was remembered as one of their piano players, and perhaps vocalist, I’m not sure. Anyway, Mary was becoming forgetful, not remembering which place the band was playing; sometimes she brought her full set of drums, sometimes no drums. Alzheimer’s.

Mary became fond of playing on the Celestial Beast. With this assortment of bottles, pots, and cans, there was lots of room for comic relief and goofing off. As her memory failed, so, too, Mary faded out of the picture, but there was a last show, at the golf club, a trend-crazed place membered by big income status types that had marshalled lots of grants for a new fancy clubhouse situated on the only large choice farmland in the community—now manicured into humps and hollows and annually drenched in pesticides to ward off dandelions. (I had publicly advocated with tongue in cheek that the site for the new garbage landfill ought to be on the new golf course because there they needed humps and hollows and the people were not averse to having toxics underfoot.) Mary and her husband had been long time members—the earlier clubhouse and course had been quite modest. So now an event in a fancy new setting surfaced for Mary. Would her band come play for the occasion? Of course.

The day came, the MC was most cordial, but must have looked askance at the array of recycled cans, pans, and bottles mounted on an arbutus tree branch with a weighted hubcap for base. When it came time for nice words in recognition of Mary, her tenure with the club, and now farewell, Mary took the cue to seat herself with the Band and enjoy her drumming skills with the Celestial Beast, that just happened to be there. For the next hour, Mary was a real sensation, running the rhythm from top to bottom and back again, tossing the sticks and catching them again without losing a beat. Somehow it all became integrated, Mary, the sticks, bottles, pots, and cans, her friends at the tables, and time stood still, becoming inconsequential to the scene.

Maybe, to a small degree, Mary had helped win some favor for a secondary use of our waste materials, maybe in some way the wasters might eventually come to terms with their own waste as some of us on the bottom income level learned to do earlier, out of sheer necessity.

I sometimes wonder how much paranoia corporate officials carry around with them. On my way from the parking lot to the clubhouse, I met such a person. His surprise at seeing me there seemed evident. I quickly assured him that the violin case actually contained a violin, not a "typewriter" (a gangster term for machine gun, circa 1930s).

Martin Rossander
Powell River, BC

The De Jarlis Fiddle Camp in July was a tremendous success. There were twenty in attendance, from age 7 to late 30s, who learned about a dozen of Andy’s waltzes, jigs, reels and polkas, and we had a wonderful concert to hear their accomplishment. The Barn Dance also was a great success.

There will be two fiddle instructors at each summer Camp, one for advanced fiddlers and a second instructor for those with less experience. Those registered in the Camp must have at least two years fiddling experience. I plan to continue to hold all De Jarlis activities held in Victoria, on the University of Victoria Campus.

Robert Rodriguez
New York City

This little memorabilia I set down on paper lest it be lost to posterity. Mary Adami was still drummer for the Enjoyment Band (see Bulletin 29.2 June 1995, "Powell River BC: The Enjoyment Band Plays On") when I became part of it. Mr. Adami had passed on; he was remembered as one of their piano players, and perhaps vocalist, I’m not sure. Anyway, Mary was becoming forgetful, not remembering which place the band was
Emphasized during all instruction is the unique fiddling style of Andy De Jarlis and the sensitive expression of feeling, meaning and character flowing through his playing. Interestingly, the titles of his compositions are mainly for people, places and of historical interest in the Red River Valley area in Manitoba, which he loved.

The Andy De Jarlis Entrance Scholarship is in place at the University of Victoria, and the first one ($1,000.00) will be awarded at the second Fiddle Camp in the summer of 1997, when the first De Jarlis Fiddle Competition will take place, and at each annual summer Camp thereafter. This Scholarship is administered and will continue to be, by the University of Victoria. Applicants for the Scholarship must play a waltz, jig and a reel, in that order.

For the Competition, each entrant will play a De Jarlis waltz, jig and a reel, in that order. We will also have a Fiddle work-shop during a weekend in January of 1997.

I have been in touch with the South Island Métis Nation board members and they are thrilled to have the De Jarlis music brought to Victoria and BC. I am a mature UVic Education student doing a music concentration, and I am privileged and proud to take the leadership in this resurgence and revival of the beautiful fiddling music of my special friend, Andy De Jarlis (1914-1975).

People interested should write to me.

Reverend Franceene Watson
3945 Lexington Avenue, Victoria, BC
V8N 5C1.
Telephone 230-721-1120
e-mail: fkmw@uvic.ca

A Peak in Darien

New recordings and publications which have crossed our desk recently. Some will be reviewed in upcoming issues.

Books

Ken Perlman. The Fiddle Music of Prince Edward Island: Celtic and Acadia Tunes in Living Tradition. Mel Bay Publications Inc., #4 Industrial Drive, Pacific, MO 63606-0066, USA


Loretto Reid & Brian Taleny. Celtic Mettle. RCPCD 96042. Reta Cool Productions, 1361 Williamsport Dr., Mississauga, Ont. LAX 177

Andrew Robin & the Pecos Mountain Men. Perilous Pursuit. Upstart 1003. Andrew Robin, 213 N. Third St., Emmaus, PA 18049, USA

Andrew Robin, John Linares & the Pecos Mountain Men. Upstart 1002. Andrew Robin, 213 N. Third St., Emmaus, PA 18049, USA


Fear of Drinking. ODe MorDiDl W~ I We8t to Wu. Bia City BC 010. Bia City PnWctKms, 1323 916 W.. BI'-"MIy, Vaocwver, B.C. V5Z IK7


Lewis & Molesworth. Heart So Black. SMCD1. Stationmaster Music, 4 Sydenham St., Guelph, Ont. N1H 2W2

Reviews/Comptes rendus

Maybe it's a good time to remind people: opinions expressed in reviews are those of the authors only, and don't necessarily express the views of the editors of the Bulletin, or the views of the Canadian Society for Traditional Music. Letters responding to reviews probably won't be printed unless they bring new facts to our attention or raise substantive issues likely to be of interest to the folk music community in general.

Books

Ordering folksong books? Were you ever frustrated?

Skimming lists of books-in-print, I occasionally spot one from a small publisher which looks interesting. In Vancouver, a well-established bookstore, Duthie's, has taken my orders, and although I've had many of my orders filled, at times I've waited in vain for books especially from small publishers. A message from the bookstore comes to me that the book is unavailable, out-of-print or whatever. When a new catalogue, (say, Bowker's