

Editorials

Membership Fee Increases

Because of the on-going financial crises facing the Society, it was decided at the 1998 AGM in Winnipeg to increase our membership fees. We have not had a fee increase since 1993. The increase will help keep the Bulletin and the Journal in a more secure state financially, especially if we do not receive grants for their publication in the future. The fee are now:

Underemployed-\$15.00

Individual Memberships-\$25.00

Institutions-\$35.00

We are grateful to those who have made donations to the Society this past year and we encourage those interested in making future charitable donations to consider CSTM.

—Leslie Hall, President

On Tithing

I've often thought that wherever else I may differ from organised religion (which is, frankly, almost everywhere else), the concept of tithing isn't a bad one. The notion is that each person will give to the community, financially, in keeping with their means. Working for the Canadian Society for Traditional Music, as many of us do, in serving on committees, holding offices and discharging the duties that go with them, participating in meetings, and so on, remains absolutely essential to keeping CSTM going. But CSTM needs money, too.

CSTM is an organisation that both needs and merits our financial support. In part because of aspects of CSTM that many of us see as its strengths, particularly its stance which moves between the academic and the popular, and its recognition that playing and singing these musics is just as important as analysing and theorising about it, too many funding organisations place CSTM outside their mandate. (I certainly found this in trying to secure funding for the conference—ultimately, it was

Richard Burleson from the University of Manitoba, and my own University of Winnipeg linkages, that got us the bucks!)

So, I would like to gently suggest that those of us who are fortunate enough to have a regular job and some level of financial security seriously consider supporting the organisation financially with donations. Some, board members and others, have already done so, and have CSTM's sincere thanks. And certainly, not everyone with a salary has the additional benefits of being mortgage-free, or child-free, or debt-free. I'm not trying to lay a guilt trip on you all; I'm just suggesting that if you can afford to do so, donating to CSTM is a good thing (as Martha Stewart would say). It will accrue good karma for you. And don't forget that just as donating to the Humane Society, Planned Parenthood, or whatever charitable organisations you support, will get you a tax receipt on top of your good karma, so does donating to CSTM. You can't lose!!!

—Pauline Greenhill

A Million Clams??

On the subject of money, I noticed the following interesting comment from the editor in the most recent issue of *Whole Earth*: "We don't feel as bad about being behind in fundraising

now that we know the New Yorker loses a million plus a year. But our 1998 goal is another \$80,000 before January." Does that put the CSTM woes—and goals!—into perspective? —GWL

Correction

Well, this really amounts to an apology more than a simple correction. When I wrote my component of last issue's three-part editorial, I ought to have gone back to the cassettes I dubbed of Jim Hiscott's presentations of Inuit accordion and Métis fiddling

events—I termed these *competitions*, and they were in fact *festivals*. Sorry, Jim—I was hipshooting on that one and got my foot.... —GWL

"Don't get up," said Steerforth ..., "my dear Rosa, don't! Be kind for once, and sing us an Irish song."

"What do you care for an Irish song?" she returned.

"Much!" said Steerforth. "Much more than for any other. Here is Daisy, too, loves music. Sing us an Irish song, Rosa! and let me sit and listen as I used to do."

He did not touch her, or the chair from which she had risen, but sat himself near the harp. She stood beside it for some little while, in a curious way, going through the motion of playing it with her right hand, but not sounding it. At length she sat down, and drew it to her with one sudden action, and played and sang.

I don't know what it was, in her touch or voice, that made that song the most unearthly I have ever heard in my life, or can imagine. There was something fearful in the reality of it. It was as if it had never been written, or set to music, but sprung out of passion within her; which found imperfect utterance in the low sounds of her voice, and crouched again when all was still. I was dumb when she leaned beside the harp again, playing it, but not sounding it, with her right hand.

Charles Dickens David Copperfield (Yarmouth, England)