



# calling

Beware the Ides of March 2011



## FLYING VOX TOUR A HUGE SUCCESS

### DNL HAS WHAT IT TAKES —SAYS FAI.

Every year I apply to perform at the **Official Showcase** of the **Folk Alliance International Conference**. To the extent that

there is an arbiter of quality and solidarity in the folk music business, Folk Alliance is it. Each year artists, venue owners, agents, luthiers etc. converge and confer from all over the world.

At previous conferences, I had found myself chatting with the likes of **Pete Seeger, Utah Phillips, Lou and Peter Berryman** and **Louis Killen**. To perform at the FAI Official Showcase is a rare and precious feather in the cap. I apply dutifully each year and forget about it.

So on the Winter Solstice, I was not at all surprised to get what started off like a rejection e-mail from FAI. "This year," wrote Executive Director Louis Meyers, "we received almost 1000 entries for around 200 total showcase slots. This makes the showcase selection extremely difficult. At this time, your status is **STAND BY**, not declined." ["What does *that* mean?" I wondered.] "That

means that we would very much like to have you showcase, but we need a little more time to make sure that we actually have a showcase spot available for you. We are issuing **STAND BY** letters to around 30 artists of various styles at this time. We are sending declined letters to over 500 today. Your receipt of this **STAND BY** letter

confirms that *you have what it takes to be offered an official showcase,* [italics mine] "but..."

It took me a day or two to realize that the FAI Conference in Memphis was scheduled for the same weekend as the **Winterfolk IX Festival** in Toronto where I was also booked. What to do?

Making what I hoped would be a good decision, I decided to attend the first half of FAI and the second half of Winterfolk IX. I booked my

flights and motels and wrangled some unofficial showcases.

*Unofficial Showcases?* Early on, some clever soul had figured out that if you couldn't showcase officially, then just showcase in your hotel room. Invite a bunch of people round to hear you perform and do business that way. This idea is now the standard model and perhaps the prime activity at FAI conferences. Folk Alliance only allows the

Private Guerilla Showcases on two or three floors of the conference hotel and never at the same time as their official showcases. There will be only six or seven official showcases going on at one time. But there will be nearly 200 unofficial showcases going on simultaneously.

So after selling a pile of stuff on e-bay; hiring Rafael Gonzalez to lead me through a week of rigorous vocal exercises and azfter arranging for a good warmup gig round the corner at the Creative Arts Cafe, I was somewhat financed and in shape. Since I had made

some successful inroads into Canada over the last three years, I decided that making further inroads with higher speed limits would be a prime conference goal. On my list of conference attendees I highlighted the names of those who might further that end.

Arriving in Memphis a day before the conference began, I got a call from FAI headquarters saying that an official showcase spot had at last opened up for me. On Wednesday I did two unofficial showcases (one to an empty room) and went to my motel with a fever and sore throat.

On Thursday, miraculously recovered, I went to hear music journalist **Dave Marsh** interview **Jac Holzman**, the founder and first president of Elektra Records. During [continued on reverse]

were several items crucial to completing several of the issue's articles. The items in question were among several that bounced underneath a dresser. During a routine thorough house cleaning in late February, the items were found and so *Volume 2 Issue 1* will follow this issue..

Asked for comment, Editor in Chief, DNL,

## DNL TO PERFORM TWICE IN APRIL

### HIGHLANDS TO BEDLAM

On **April 2<sup>nd</sup>**, David Nigel Lloyd will be performing at The Kern County Scottish Society's **16th Annual Scottish Games and Gathering**. To be held at the Kern County Fair Grounds in Bakersfield, the games and gathering take place from **9:00<sup>AM</sup>**

to **5:00<sup>PM</sup>** and will include clan gatherings, highland piping and athletics as well as music. DNL will be performing on the indoor stage. A **Ceilidh** (for which separate admission is required) **begins at 6:00<sup>PM</sup>** and will feature, in addition to **DNL, Wicked Tinkers, Whiskey Galore, 1916** and **Banshee in the Kitchen**. For



more information and tickets, go to: <http://www.kernscot.com/games.html>

April is **National Poetry Month** and the Writers of Kern are planning a number of events in Bakersfield. As part of an **8:00<sup>PM</sup> April 15<sup>th</sup>** reading event called "**The Bedlam Experiment**," DNL will be performing at **Cal State Bakersfield in the Common Room**. **LisaAnn LoBasso** and **Her Poetry Choir** will also perform. DNL, **gita** and **Ursula Lloyd** are all members of this choir devoted to the poetry of LoBasso who has twice been nominated for the post of Poet Laureate for California. She and her choir will also perform at **Russo's Books** (9000 Ming Avenue #1-4) at **7:00 PM on April 30<sup>th</sup>**.



Taylor Guitars booth at FAI

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE JAN/FEB ISSUE? DNL BLAMES THE CAT

*DNL Calling Volume 2 Issue 1* was due out January 15<sup>th</sup>. However, a cat named **Hermes** knocked over an important pile of documents etc. among which

stated, "We apologize for the inconvenience, of course, but sometimes I just wonder if anybody at all is reading these things. It takes me forever to put them together so maybe we'll have to go to a quarterly or just lower our standards if we continue as a bimonthly. Or just forget the whole thing. Is anybody listening?"



the Q&A, I asked Jac about what producer Joe Boyd brought to Elektra, especially the Incredible String Band. Holzman answered enthusiastically. Afterwards, a man named **Derek Andrews** shook my hand saying, "Good question." After a few minutes chatting, we realized we had been in the same course together at **Seneca College** 39 years ago, had several mutual friends and had almost certainly gone drinking together. I did not yet realize that his was one of the names I had highlighted only the day before. What was my purpose in attending FAI? he asked. "Canada," I said. "Follow me," he said, leading me this way and that, introducing me to half the people on my target list. My idea of fun.

My Official Showcase went very well and resulted in who knows what. Time will tell, etc.

Next morning, as US Airways Flight 3170 flew across Lake Ontario to greet it, Toronto rose up blue, grey and white, a fabled city of clarity and possibility. Looking down from my seat, I wondered: if my Winterfolk sets are poorly attended, will people coming in late to see the next act like what they hear? They will, I decided.

The city was balmy, a little muddy and brown as I schlepped instruments and luggage down College Street to my parents downtown home. I awoke in the middle of that night to the sounds of young people laughing in the street. The bars had just closed. It was that kind of laughter but soft without resonance as there was now a light fall of snow everywhere with more drifting slowly down.

Winterfolk IX took place in several pubs, coffee houses and churches on the Danforth, an old part of town, now Greek. I discovered I could get there, guitars and all, within 15 minutes on the subway.

I arrived at **the Dora Keogh Pub** on Saturday a little before 8:00PM for the merry disaster that would be my first performance. A gentleman by the name of Chris was already there celebrating his 50th birthday with more than a few boisterous friends. They were oblivious to the fact the pub

was also hosting part of a folk festival. I played one song and could barely hear myself. I left the stage to ask Chris and Co. politely to move to the back to allow festival-goers to move forward. They quickly embraced the diplomacy of my proposal. However it had come several pints too late for clearly they had progressed beyond the possibility of any concerted action. Defiantly, the Winterfolkers at the pub cheered thunderously after every song. Just in case I might still be plunging into deep despair, however, five young Irish kids came forward to assure that all were enjoying my music. For the rest of my set, they stood a few feet in front of the stage cheering, singing along, laughing at anything that might be a joke etc.

"If you'd like to hear what I really sound like," I told the audience, "I have an excellent CD for sale across the street at the Festival Store." That got big laughs as well as the thunderous applause.

My next performance was on Monday (Family Day in Toronto) at 2:00PM in **the Danforth Cafe**. The stage sound was excellent. I was able to deliver my best. The audience, however, consisted only of my brother, my sister-in-law, my two college-aged nephews and a friend of theirs. As I packed up my gear, several late-comers, volunteers and festival musicians told me how much they had enjoyed what they had just heard.

At 4:00 I was back at the Dora Keogh for a children's show. Chris and Co. were nowhere to be seen. The same goes for an audience of children. I counted only three among the grownups. So I delivered half of my children's program—in which there are no kid songs per se—and then

returned to my normal repertoire ending with, "Let's meet again in Hell and put our stories up for sale," from "A Ballad of Cole Younger." Audience reaction was again very encouraging. Next came my friends **Hotcha! (Beverly Kreller** on accordion and her husband **Howard Druckman** on acoustic guitar.) Singing "songs for the New Depression," they don 1930s hardscrabble costumes and play fast and skiffle like. It's completely tongue-in-cheek except, of course, when it's not.

I flew back to California and a concert at the **Work of HeART Gallery and Performance Space** in Frazier Park, a mountain community between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. Again, snow fell gently outside as I sang. Having completed the last gig of the Flying Vox Tour, I realized that I thoroughly enjoy doing this.



## 12<sup>TH</sup> NIGHT REVELS WITH SONGS, POEMS AND PRANKS

PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES FAILS

The Party to End All Parties started off when poet **LisaAnn LoBasso** and David Nigel Lloyd decided to put on a quiet respectable evening of poetry and song in celebration of the host of odd religious observances held on **January 6<sup>th</sup>**.

The moment LoBasso suggested 99 cents as the price of admission, they realized that their artistry had to become part of something that would blend Barnum and Bailly, History Channel and an infomercial with a spirit of farce and misrule. How better to end the season of endless parties and commitments and set people resolutely forth into the new year?

Lloyd insisted, however, that the ticket came with a Money-Back Satisfaction Guaranty (less 10% restocking fee). The event was held at **Metro Galleries**, in Bakersfield

The fine Bakersfield singer and guitarist **Larry Thomas** volunteered to act as ringleader, mystic guide and prank-master. "Actually, I lost a bet," he later confessed to the audience.

LisaAnn LoBasso, two-time nominee for Poet Laureate of California, plumbed the evening's mystery with the debut of her Poetry Choir. DNL (et al) sang several songs associated with January 6<sup>th</sup>. In the spirit of Twelfth Night celebrations of old, the new King of Kaulifornia and his consort the Queen of the Universe were revealed and crowned in a brief but moving ceremony! The audience also got to admire Metro Galleries' exhibit, **Living Room: A Decade of Painting in Kern County** by gita Lloyd, a member in good standing, as is DNL, of the Poetry Choir.

The evening called for, among other things, Larry Thomas in a tutu, DNL in the strange three-cornered metal hat he wore as Feste in the feature film **Shakespeare's Plan 12 From Outer Space** and the coordination of six voices to both sing and recite the poetry which comprised a good half of the evening. Consequently the event had to be mapped out and directed by Beautiful Bakersfield award-winner, **Jennifer Barber**. The evening's exhaustive if not exhausting intricacies ended with Larry Thomas singing the old Nat King Cole classic. "The Party's Over."

January 6<sup>th</sup> is a curious date in which many holidays from different religions intermingle. It is Old Christmas, the day on which Christmas was originally celebrated and is still celebrated in Armenia. It is Christmas Eve for most Orthodox Christians. The Epiphany of the Magi is January 6<sup>th</sup> as is Jesus's baptism and His turning of water into wine in Cana. The birth of another deity of wine and inspiration, the Greek god Dionysus, is also celebrated on the 6<sup>th</sup>. His mother Semele suffered an epiphany on that date also when she begged Zeus, her unborn baby's immortal father, to show his face; reluctantly he obliged, but the Sighting of the God (the meaning of the word 'epiphany') destroyed her. Jamaican Rastafari celebrate the birth of their messiah, Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, on that day despite His Majesty's insistence that he was born on July 23<sup>rd</sup> and was nobody's Messiah. The Reverend Sun Myung Moon made so such denials; but his birthday actually is on January 6<sup>th</sup>.

From top: Dave Marsh interviews Jac Holzman at FAI; Hotcha!; The Dora Keogh on Danforth; The 12<sup>th</sup> Night Party to End All Parties with [l to r] Julie Jordan Scott, Queen of the Universe; Greg Goodsell, King of Kaulifornia; gita Lloyd; Ursula Lloyd; LisaAnn LoBasso; Rafael Gonzalez; Larry Thomas and Feste the Clown [DNL in *Shakespeare's P12 < Outer Space*].

