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MONADNOCK FOLKLORE SOCIETY

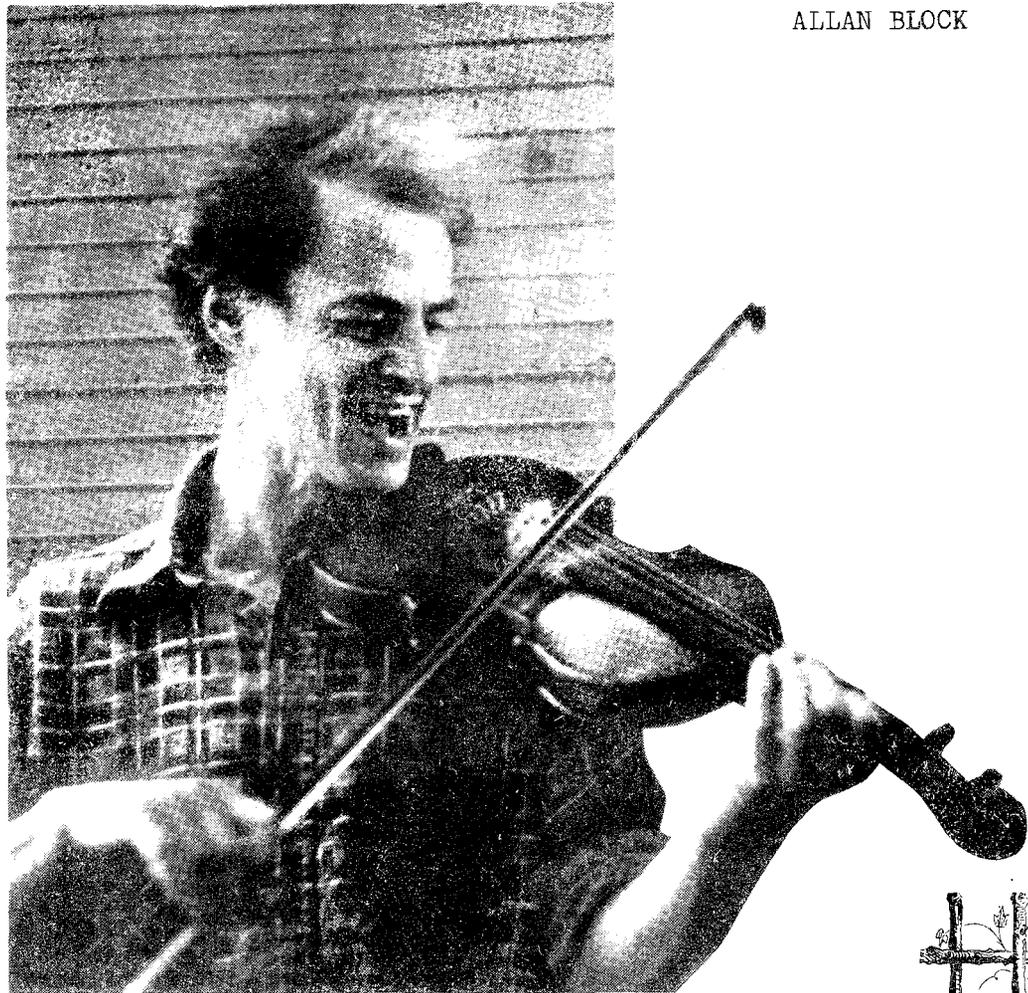
NEWSLETTER

January 1983

THE JOURNAL FOR FOLK CULTURE IN SOUTHWESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE



ALLAN BLOCK



LOCAL FOCUS

Alouette Iselin

This year, let us begin with a few thoughts on weight loss programs for musicians. The chances are that many of us have eaten and drunk rather more than was good for us during the post-solstice revelry, and yet it should be easy enough to return to normal by keeping a few things in mind. First, whenever tempted to snack between meals, simply pick up your instrument and head out of the kitchen for a pleasant relaxing practice session. If you are one who tends to munch while playing music, it might be well to sing instead or perhaps take up a mouth instrument; you will find it extremely annoying to clean peanut butter and breadcrumbs out of your pennywhistle, and hopefully you will set aside the former rather than the latter.

You might want to consider adopting a more frenetic musical style temporarily so as to use more calories per hour. The book Composition and Facts About Food by Ford Heritage defines as "sedentary" any activity "requiring little or no arm movement" and using 80 - 100 calories per hour. However, by standing up and increasing your arm movement to "moderate" you can increase that to 170 - 240 calories per hour, and perhaps more if you tap your feet. If you play the double bass, for example, you may use more calories moving your instrument from one place to another than playing it once you get there, whereas if you are a fast-picking mandolin player, the opposite is probably true. Bagpipers who pace back and forth as they play also qualify for the 170 - 240 range. Dancing, by the way, is defined as a "strenuous" activity and uses 350+ calories per hour, so you might want to give up playing entirely and simply dance for a month or so.

For serious health nuts, or those musicians who would rather not dance, there is a class of musical instruments requiring varying degrees of athletic ability. The most extreme of these, also coming under the "strenuous" category, is the bicycle ---- which, as you may remember, was used in some of P.D.Q. Bach's works; the faster you pedal, the higher the pitch of the siren. Another of his oddities was a keyboard instrument with several times as many octaves as a piano: when trying to hit a pair of eighth notes, one of which is 16 ledger lines above the treble clef and the other 12 lines below the bass, you can get some running in. Less exhausting, but still mildly aerobic, is the glass harmonica, an arrangement of tuned disks on a spindle which is operated by foot pedal. The musical saw, also physically demanding, is more of an isometric exercise which will do wonders for the finger muscles of your left hand, but really must be considered a sedentary activity. ↗

CELTIC DESIGN WORKSHOP

with Art Ketchen

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Part of the problem with playing the above mentioned instruments is that you will probably work up a terrific appetite. Here's what to do: cream together 4 oz. cream cheese, 2 tbsps cocoa powder and 1/2 cup sugar. Beat in 1 egg, and add 1/2 cup white flour, 1/4 tsp salt, and 1/4 tsp baking soda; mix thoroughly. Drop onto lightly greased cookie sheets and bake at 325 for 15 minutes. Call all your musician friends in for a jam session while the cookies bake; that way you'll have plenty of help eating them. One frequent result of this stratagem is that you will be so involved making music that the cookie will burn to a crisp, and no one will be tempted.

* * * * *

Errata: in the Christmas Carol of last issue, please change the second C# to B in measure two of lines 5 and 6. Sorry!

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DAVIS BATES - Songs and Stories

At the Fitzwilliam Inn

The Common Room at the Fitzwilliam Inn will be the cordial setting for an evening of songs and stories with master storyteller Davis Bates.

Davis intrigued a receptive audience last year at the Inn, as he has done throughout New England and the East Coast. Davis's stories are generally based on outdoor subjects - farming and stories of the seasons. His rich bass voice rolls out words from hushed mysterious whispers to thunderous exclamations, taking spellbound listeners on a magical journey, through New England forests or southern mountains. Interspersing his stories with song, Davis sings in a deep rolling style reminiscent of Gordon Bok.

The date is Friday, January 28. Stories will start at 7:30. Admission is \$3.50 for adults, \$1.50 for children under 12. For further information call 603/525-4904.

Over the recent holidays I did some traveling down to Massachusetts. My course took me over the major highways around the Boston area. Some time ago the regulation about cars passing on the right was lifted in Massachusetts, and as a result driving down there can be rather taxing. Pulling over to the left lane to pass a car in the middle, I then noticed a faster moving car behind me that really wanted to get by. I accelerated to get by the car that I was passing sooner and was just about to pull to the right to let "speedy" by, when suddenly a car moves in from the right to take the middle lane. I take on more speed in an attempt to pass that car, but it wants to go faster, so I slow down, figuring to slip into an opening between the two. Just about to pull to the right again when the impatient driver behind me darts out and passes me on that side. I finally manage to get into the middle lane and slow down a bit to settle my nerves. I should get over to the right if I'm going to drive more slowly, but cars keep zooming by that side. My instincts move my car a little to the left and then whoosh - one, two, three cars on that side. I'm not really sure what purpose it serves to have this free-for-all passing. It may allow people to save a few seconds in their travels, and it's probably great if you make a living in stress reduction services. When I finally reached New Hampshire it seemed like back roads going around Nashua.

I'm not trying here to exercise any northern snobbery towards our southern neighbors. After all, some of my best friends are from Massachusetts. I suspect that if passing on the right were permitted in New Hampshire, it would be just as crazy (do we have any three lane highways?) here. I wonder where it all leads?

In the beginning of his book A Time to Dance, Dick Nevell recalls an 'hallucination' he had while watching a contra dance in the Nelson Town Hall. The dance was Petronella, and suddenly Nevell saw how much the dancers resembled the rows of tomato plants in his garden. This strange vision haunted him for some time, until he began to see that the pattern for the dances had some relationship to patterns in agriculture. "After all," he writes "dancers had to get their patterns somewhere, and why not from the most important geometric form in their community: the source of their food." *

Dance is form, and form blossoms from the deepest secrets of the universe. In Morgan Llywelyn's article this month on Celtic music and dance, she suggests that those two forms let us "know who we are again".

One of the most frequently used terms in political jargon today is the word "myth". Used in modern context, myth means, essentially, a falsehood. Our president, for instance, would suggest that the notion that we couldn't survive a nuclear war is just a myth.

In his fascinating book, The Time Falling Bodies Take to Light, author William Irwin Thompson outlines four levels of meaning for myth. The first, or most recent, I have described above. The second level of meaning describes myth as "an imaginative narrative, which though literally untrue, nevertheless expresses an emotional truth." The third level presents myth as a macrohistory which explores the essence of the meaning of our existence. And the fourth level "is the intuitive state of the great mystics; it is a state of being, analogous to music, in which myth is not simply a description, but a performance of the very reality it seeks to describe". **

So we have come around to almost a contradiction in meaning. Indeed, it no longer takes a visionary to see that the principle of Orwell's "double think" concept has invaded our society. The process of deception has come to be an admired skill. Our social, economic, and even religious values are based not on what we see, but what we ought to see. Thus our structures are being built on false premises. The fourth level of meaning describes the true mythology of our own time - "the performance of the very reality it seeks to describe" - falsehood.

Morgan Llywelyn points out that the Celtic peoples did not foresee their own doom because they were too busy living in the present, listening to the "voices within". I believe that in our time we are blind to our own future because we are too busy listening to the voices "without", we are distracted by the chaos of the world, the human-made chaos which we seem to think is nourishing us in some way. But if we take a moment, slow down, and look around us, what is the real legacy which we are passing on to future generations? Where is the form?

By not paying heed to who we are, we are not only jeopardizing our present culture, we are shirking our responsibility as an evolving species.

GP

*A Time To Dance by Richard Nevell, 1977, St. Martin's Press, New York.

**The Time Falling Bodies Take To Light by William Irwin Thompson, 1981, St. Martin's Press, New York.

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Now that we have taken a brief look at the history of the Celts, and examined something of their art with Art Ketchen, let us consider the Celtic contribution to music.

If we are to come to grips with the essence of a people, we must understand their music, and in the case of the Celts music was so much a part of their lives that it is hard to separate one from the other. At the most archaic period of their culture, this heroic Bronze Age society from the river lands and mountains of Europe had instruments we would consider primitive today, yet they were the forerunners of much more complex creations. Each one was designed to fulfill a specific requirement determined by the nature of the Celt himself, and it is important to study them in that context.

First, the war drum, which centuries later would become the Gaelic bodhran. Here was the heartbeat of the race, the percussion instrument that set the pace for war with its simple repetitive demand to go, go, go. It may often have been accompanied by the bronze trumpet, which was capable of more sophisticated sounds, though still very basic to our ears, and was a symbol of the splendor of the warrior culture and the full panoply of heroes.

The simple pipe was necessary to express the more melancholy side of nature, for the Celts knew that the sun always casts shadows, and there are two faces to life - one of which is tragic. Only the sweet, sad wail of the pipe could convey the essential heartbreak which balanced heroic joy.

And then there was the harp. Originally it must have been little more than a modified portable lyre with a few strings and a plain wooden frame, but the Celts could leave nothing plain for long. The strings, for them could reproduce the sounds of nature; nature which flowed through and around them, and of which every man and woman was but a portion. The harp was the voice of the wind and the rain, the trees and the river. The drum was their heartbeat, but the harp came to symbolize their souls.

So these instruments in their earliest forms were but audible voices for the cultural qualities of the people, and all their rich music would grow from those voices, played in an astonishing variety of ways.

The pipe would develop into the bagpipe, perhaps one of the most exotic instruments yet devised by man, but one which retained its essential Celtic melancholy to such an extent that no one can hear this evocative instrument today without a sharp emotional response. Even people who hate the pipes cannot ignore them.

As the Celts marched - and walked, and rode, and drove their livestock - across the face of Europe, they left behind them a changed world. Their stylistic art influenced the design concepts of every people they met. Their music inspired the music of other peoples, stimulating new forms and expressions. Somewhere along the way, perhaps in Thrace, lyric music came into its own, and the muse of melody replaced more primitive tribal rhythms.

Instruments were usually crafted in early times by the musicians who would play them, and for the Celts, this not only meant creating something to make sound, but also creating a visually beautiful artifact. These were people who brought beauty into every detail of their lives, from their sword hilts to their firedogs. Therefore, a drum was painted, a pipe carved, a harp ornamented and gilded with all the love and artistry its creator would later bring to his music.

The music itself began, anthropologists believe, as a form of mnemonic, for these people committed everything to history. Their poetry was their history, transmitted through their bards, and to make memorization easier it was set to a rhythmic background. Most people today would have to admit they know the words to more 'songs' than they do 'poems', simply because music is a great aid.

Celtic music was structured to elaborate forms, like all other aspects of Celtic art. Chants and invocations were part of everyday life, doubtless used for instruction and ritual as well as to incite and satirize. Oh, yes, the songs of the satirist were important from the earliest days of the Celts, for it was the so-called 'cheek-blisterers' who cut the ranking nobles down to size when it was felt they behaved badly.

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So the music grew, a necessity for daily life. And with it grew another necessity, that of dance. The Celts were a vivid people, totally involved with the powers of existence, and they would not have been satisfied with merely hearing sound. They must enter into it and make it part of themselves; they must translate it into motion. Motion which once again told the stories of their tribes, their race, and expressed their emotions, hopes, and fears.

As they did everything else, the Celts threw themselves into the dance. For them it was a community activity and therefore the earliest known Celtic dances are group events, as they remain today. This was a tribal people. They valued the freedom of the individual above all else, but they knew that survival required cohesion as a tribe, so their dances involved many members of the tribe acting together.

In forgotten pockets of the Celtic world today, in the Basque country of the Pyrenees, in mountain valleys of Yugoslavia, among the Breton fisherfolk and in the Gaeltacht of Ireland, the people still dance as they once did. They dance because they must; the music captures the muscles and enslaves the feet. Once every family had its own particular dance demonstrating some favorite episode from clan history. On great festival days the bard of the tribe might recite the story while the dancers moved around him, acting out his words to the shouted approval of other families. Thus another segment of history was memorized and passed on - and made more real because one had physically taken part in it.

Today we call those historical recreations folkdancing, but they are much more than that. If we were able to strip later accretions and see them in their original forms, through the eyes of the people who first danced them, we would see a textbook on those people acted out before us in visible form. Lusty men and their tall women would form again, for us to appreciate, the stylized patterns of a pastoral life shaped by the change of the seasons and the rhythms of husbandry.

To the beat of the drums we would see the warriors come marching; to the wail of the pipes we would hear the voices of sacrifice, propitiating the powers controlling existence. For Celtic folk, every aspect of life was as interrelated as the steps of a dance. They did, indeed, dance life itself, courtship and harvest, birth and death.

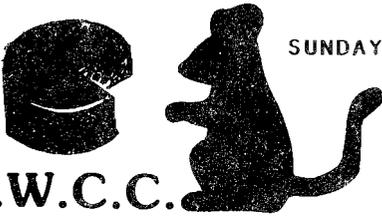
The instruments play, the bard recites. Each family eagerly awaits its moment as the center of attention, ready to dance the Dance of Ribbons or the Dance of the Plow; the Champion himself, the redoubtable warrior who singlehandedly upholds the honor of the tribe and meets some other tribe's champion in combat, will lead his family through the Dance of the Swords, celebrating his many victories.

In close touch with the earth and its rhythms, expressed through music, our long ago ancestors moved through intricate patterns as a weaving ribbon of color, dressed in their most brilliantly dyed tunics and trousers, flaunting their bronze jewelry. Strapping, big people, those old Celts, well-fed and prosperous, in a land of fertile soil and plentiful game. They did not know what the future held for them, for they were too busy living in the present, keeping themselves in harmony with the spirits that guided their lives.

They are gone now, but their music still holds the essence of the souls they believed were immortal.

The individual instruments bring to us the sounds shaped by their moods and emotions; the dances we try to duplicate guide our feet into patterns whose very meaning we have forgotten, and yet those dances excite and haunt us, because they carry an echo we cannot ignore.

Perhaps that is the single most important quality of folk music and folk dancing - it puts us in touch, in a physical way, with our earlier selves. In the rootless, dispossessed, very fearful twentieth century, folk music and dance allow us to reach out and touch hands reaching toward us from the past, and we know who we are again.



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"The first time I ever saw Allan Block, he was at a Nelson Dance, playing the fiddle and selling his records, sandals, and home grown apples."

I forget now who told me that, but if they hadn't used Allan's name I still would have known who they were talking about. Allan is an entrepreneur. He invests, he works hard, and he gets a good return. If he doesn't display the trappings of a wealthy merchant, it is because many of his investments are non-material.

I first knew of Allan Block as a fiddler, back a few years ago when I thought a fiddler was a fiddler was a fiddler, and I didn't hear much difference between an Irish jig and the Orange Blossom special. I remember being impressed that Allan could fiddle and sing at the same time, and while I wasn't used to the vocal style that was nasal and braying, it seemed to fit in with whatever it was he was doing. I didn't know why he was good, but I knew that he was.

Allan and I got to know each other over food. I was a cook, first at the Folkway and later at the Seed of Contentment. Allan has a truly lustful appreciation for nourishment, be it that which feeds the body or the soul. One day when I was working he came bursting in and, ignoring my plea that I was very busy, almost dragged me outside to see a spectacular evening sky. We watched the great clouds for several minutes, mostly in silence, and then he let me go back to work.

As I got more acquainted with the New England folk music scene, I became more intrigued with this individual who was definitely a part of it, yet was certainly not a traditional New England musician. Now, after several hours of conversation, and also playing music together, I am no less intrigued.

Allan began in Wisconsin. His folks owned one of the first Philco radios in the neighborhood. He grew up on the sounds of golden America; the jazz, blues and pop of the thirties and forties, and he absorbed. Jellyroll Morton, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, the bands and small jazz and swing combinations of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans - this was the music that he heard. Interestingly, his environment provided a rich Scandinavian heritage of polkas and schottisches, but his parents discouraged him from taking it very seriously. Instead, they got him started on the violin, in which he made sufficient progress to become concertmaster of the Fox River Valley Juvenile Symphony Orchestra, a group of about forty pupils of his first teacher.

In high school Allan discovered language. Music took second fiddle to words, and he began to write. Into college he figured to be a journalist, but he eventually felt he could be a poet. He felt strongly the power of words. His bilingual childhood (American and Yiddish) had given him a sense of the versatility of language, and of poetry as a form of intense and economical communication.

The year was 1948 and Allan found himself in New York, married and having children to support. He worked at odd jobs for a couple of years. He found that he had a fine coordination between eye and hand. He could look at a piece of leather, wood or metal, see what needed to be done, and do it. He could see something that was already made and figure out how to make another. In 1950 a Greenwich Village leather shop came up for sale and Allan borrowed the necessary \$1,200 to buy it.

In business for himself, things began to change a little. Allan's wife was a singer, and many of her friends were interested in the clothing, jewelry and adornment styles of the times. In those circles, one of those styles was sandals, and Allan soon found himself repairing and making sandals, and to this day Allan is not known as a leatherworker, but a sandalmaker. Something else began to happen that was a shaping influence. Musicians started hanging around the shop. Old timey musicians, folk musicians. Ralph Rinzler, John Cohen, Woody Guthrie, Pete and Mike Seeger, Lee Hays, Freddie Hellerman and Cisco Huston - the shop became a place for these people and many others to come and jam when they were in town. After a while Allan joined in with guitar, banjo, and sometimes fiddle. John Cohen, Mike Seeger and Tom Paley formed the New Lost City Ramblers, and Allan frequently joined them, absorbing, and waking up to a heritage that went beyond his childhood.

Allan is very conscious of his Jewish ancestry. He appreciates the humor that the Jewish outlook can provide. And he disdains the self-pitying potential of the Jewish attitude. Indeed he is not one to pity himself (unless there be a table set with food that must wait to be eaten until the other guests arrive), and he possesses the determination, ability for hard work, and appreciation for struggle that characterizes his heritage. It is this relationship to struggle that gave him a bond with the heritage of the music that began to happen in his shop. Much of the music was what we now call Old Timey music. The music of Arthur Smith, Kirk McGee, Clarence Ashley, Doc Boggs, Roscoe Holcomb, and Leadbelly. This was music that had come from the Southern mountains, music that had grown from years of hard work and isolation. This was truly American music, that had grown in the hills and told of life's struggle. Allan identified with that, and from these influences he began to develop his own attitude and the nucleus of his concept of Old Time American music. The southern tunes held an inner richness for Allan. He was not, could not be, a southerner, a mountain folk. But his Jewish and American heritage gave him an insight, a gut level response, that enabled him to start interpreting this music in a very pure way.

In 1969 Allan moved to New Hampshire, native land of his new wife, Fleur. Allan left his now thriving sandal shop to his children (who ran it until 1979) and set up shop in a barn adjacent to the old Cape that he and Fleur had bought. Whereas in New York Allan had often had several people working for him (who seldom lived up to his standards) here he worked, and continues to work, alone. Again, Allan sites a characteristic of his Jewish ancestry that sympathizes with his environment. The New England frugality - making use of everything, pieces of string, paper clips, wire, old screws - the do-for-yourself consciousness, the state of always preparing for the future that the New England seasons demand. Allan sees the New Englander as not being as expressive as the southerner: "New Englanders don't sing much. They live indoors and only dance on Saturday night."

So Saturday nights it was. Fleur had known the dances, had known the calling of Ralph Page, Duke Miller and Dudley Laufman. Soon Allan was going to dances, and it was in New Hampshire that the fiddle really came out. Allan would sit in with the band, and once Dudley found out he could read music (it is not uncommon for fiddlers to read little or no music) he provided him with the scores for all the old dances; Hull's Victory, Rory O'More, Ladies Walpole (or Lady Walpole's) Reel, Chorus Jig and Petronella. Soon Allan became a regular sight (and sound) at dances.

"New Englanders" says Allan, "are always living in some future season. Saturday night dances are a rare time of being in the present."

Allan does not profess to be a New England fiddler. His true style is southern, and any New England tune he plays inevitably has a southern flare to it. He stresses the important difference between playing a certain type of tune, and playing in a certain style. Having spent time in Ireland, he is downright disgusted with what he calls the fake Irish fiddling that some American fiddlers indulge in ("it's fun to play around with but don't call it Irish"), and when he might play an Irish tune, with his distinct southern accent, it is very clear that it he is humbly exploring the tune, not trying to present it with an air of authenticity.

We talked a bit about New England music, trying to define what it was and what it was not. There was of course no conclusion, but Allan made two comments about New England musicians which are worth noting.

"Bob McQuillen is an example of someone whose music is very authentic. His material is now being absorbed as New England Music."

And of Newt Tolman, with whom he often played in Nelson: "He was serious, yet funny. He knew he was part of a dying tradition that was going to have to change to be preserved."

Change, and the challenge of change, is an essential part of Allan's life. Raised in the values of personal service, he has great compassion for the human condition. "We wouldn't have any personality if it weren't for adversity" he says, and he has little tolerance for those who shun the adversity that he sees as inherent to life. He is quick to find the paradox in life, and he is quick to humor. Indeed many of the southern story-songs which he sings are of that very theme.

Today Allan lives alone, except for the company of his large grey tiger cat, Frances Towne Block. His leather shop is askew with sheet music, concert announcements, and countless notes from customers thanking him for leatherwork that is of a quality not often found these days. He enjoys his solitude, though he is far from a hermit. Recently he has begun teaching group classes in fiddle, at the Music Emporium and Music School in Cambridge. He is enjoying developing his own teaching technique, and the popularity of his classes indicate his success. And Allan is constantly reaching out - listening to what's going on. His heart is with the southern tunes, and with the popular music he grew up with, but he listens and appreciates such singers as James Taylor, John Denver, Janis Joplin and Joan Baez. Since the death of John Lennon he has made a serious attempt to listen more to his music, and while he finds that only a few songs are to his liking, he keeps listening. His own music is beginning to gravitate towards the jazz of Stephane Grappelli and Joe Venuti.

Musically, Allan is an interpreter. With poetry, he is a creator. The leatherwork keeps the body going, and he enjoys the buying, marketing and selling.

"Poetry remains the inner life of which music is an outer expression."

Sometimes at the dances Allan will play a southern tune, all by himself. He does it because there are a few cloggers around, and he loves to watch them. When he plays, there's no thinking about the fact that there's just one man and a fiddle. It's music, pure music and its source is beyond the person.

"I'm infatuated with life! I feel like I've been given something very precious and I want to give something back."

If Allan Block ever comes to you and drags you from your work to look at a sunset - go with him - he's a poet.

NOEL COPPAGE - Farewell

Noel Coppage, writer, musician, and recently, Master of Ceremonies at the Folkway, died on Sunday, December 12, at the age of 44.

Noel was born and raised in Kentucky. Over the years he turned his writing talents more and more towards music. As a writer for Stereo Review he interviewed such notables as Lacy J. Dalton, Tom T. Hall, Gordon Lightfoot, Waylon Jennings and Joni Mitchell.

Working as a freelance writer for the last twelve years, Noel lived in Gilsum, New Hampshire. While he had only been a regular figure at the Folkway for the last six months, his relaxed, easy going, yet highly professional manner contributed a great deal to the coffeehouse environment there.

His friend, fellow musician and writer, Dick Nevell, shares some thoughts on Noel's parting:

I've thought a lot about Noel since he had his heart attack, and thought even more about him since he died last Sunday. The fact that he is gone sinks in slowly, kind of like the way Noel bent a note on his harmonica, suddenly it's just there. The fact that he is gone hits me in funny ways. Noel loved a good joke, especially about musicians. The day of the memorial service in Keene I thought of a great joke about Caruso I never got to tell him. That made me made because I know he would have loved it. I can imagine his smile and restrained laughter. That makes me glad because at least in that way he's still with me. I know I'm not the only one who feels the companionship of his memory.

Noel was a Kentuckian, a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. As a music critic his praise was genuine and made sense, his criticism was always fair and when he wrote about you, you listened with enormous respect. He loved these New Hampshire hills because they reminded him of his home in the southern mountains. But as much as Noel loved home he loved the road. Truckstops, starry rambling nights, pretty waitresses a thermos full of coffee and a million cigarettes. Tom T. Hall and Loretta Lynn on the radio, waltzing across Texas. In a song he wrote called "Night Driver" Noel said:

NIGHT DRIVER by Noel Coppage

I've got to keep myself a little lonely
I've got some need to be that way I guess
Every now and then I've got to go to the highway
Put my thermos in the car and aim us west
'Cause when you've got to be alone the highway's best

The farms all show the interstate their backsides
But the farms will join the suburbs anyway
I'm just trying to do what my instincts are advisin'
Seems I just learned to read them yesterday
Lord I've wasted so much time along the way

The old car's runnin' good but I don't push her
There's state cops everywhere you look these days
I left a girl back there who kind of understands me
At least that's what I think she sometimes says

I guess I'll take a break at Howard Johnson's
Or some truckstop just ahead out of sight
Get my jug filled up, use the john and buy some candy
Maybe see a girl that looks alright,
Put my collar up and vanish in the night.

MORGAN LLYWELYN to speak at Peterborough Library

Celtic scholar and novelist Morgan Llywelyn will be giving an informal talk at the Peterborough Library on Saturday, January 15th, at 3:00. The format will be spontaneous; Morgan will address subjects of interest to the audience from her vast background of Celtic history and lore.

Ms. Llywelyn has authored the best selling Lion of Ireland and the recent Book-of-The-Month Club selection The Horse Goddess.

We have been privileged to have her contribute to our newsletter, and hope that many of you will come and enjoy meeting her on the 15th. Coffee and tea will be served.

In the wake of *LION OF IRELAND*,
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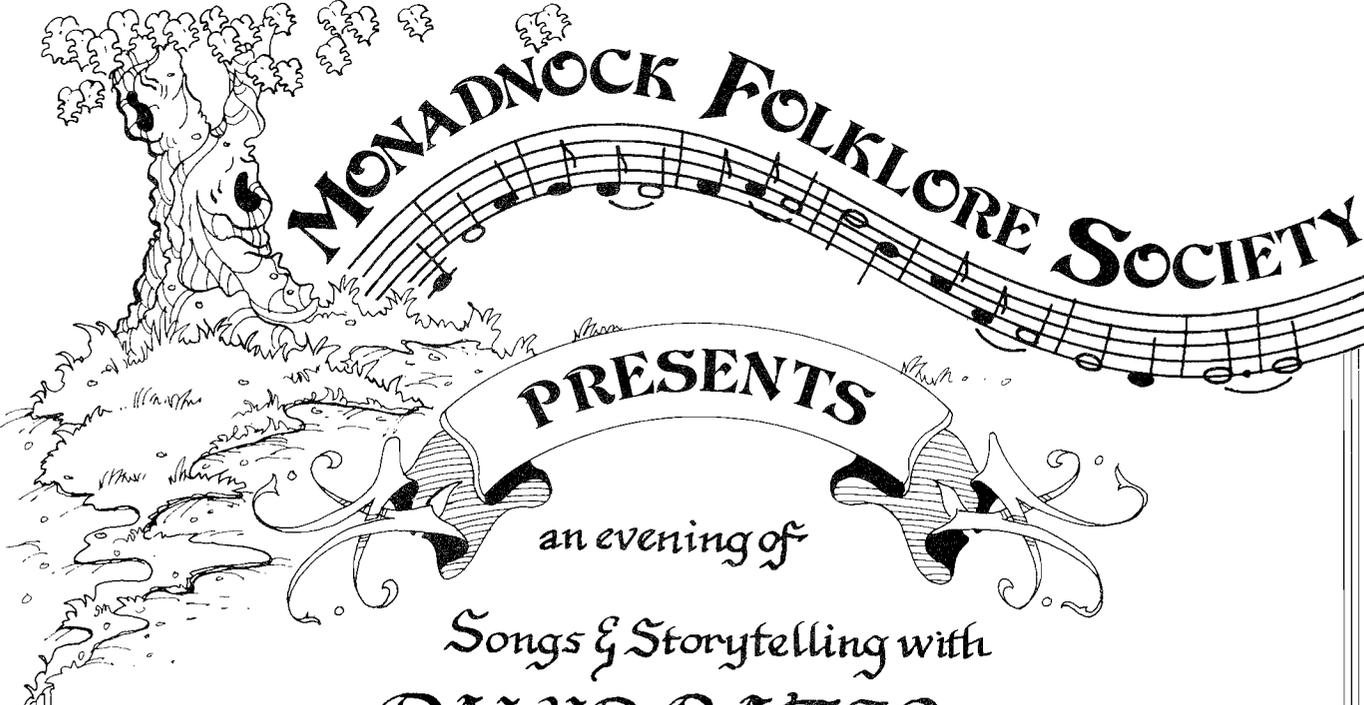
THE HORSE GODDESS MORGAN LLYWELYN

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