

THE NORTH WEST FEDERATION OF FOLK CLUBS



**NEWS
JULY
1986**

**ROYAL
WEDDING
SPECIAL**

SEPT - NOV '86

25p

Page 2 Comment:

Good Evening Music Lovers,

As you would expect, we have ensured exclusive and extensive coverage of The Royal Wedding for you in this issue. Gossip John, our man under the table, dishes the dirt and dirties the dishes, while society lensman F.Stop Fitzgerald provided the candid photos.

Other contributions include another searching insight into the human condition courtesy of Simon Jones, in a session with Yorkist rogue-folkers Malcolm's Interview. Ian Wells produces a welter of live reviews and a relevant rant, while we welcome a new contributor in Lyndon Noon, who profiles latest blues sensation Robert Cray.

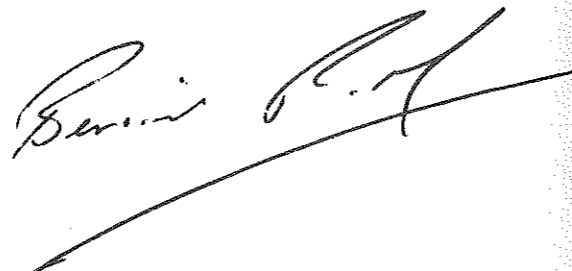
As usual, getting dates off some organisers was like drawing teeth, so, with the power-crazy recklessness born of only being editor for one issue, I have left GAPS where appropriate. Please send your hate mail to the

organisers, NOT Nigel or me.

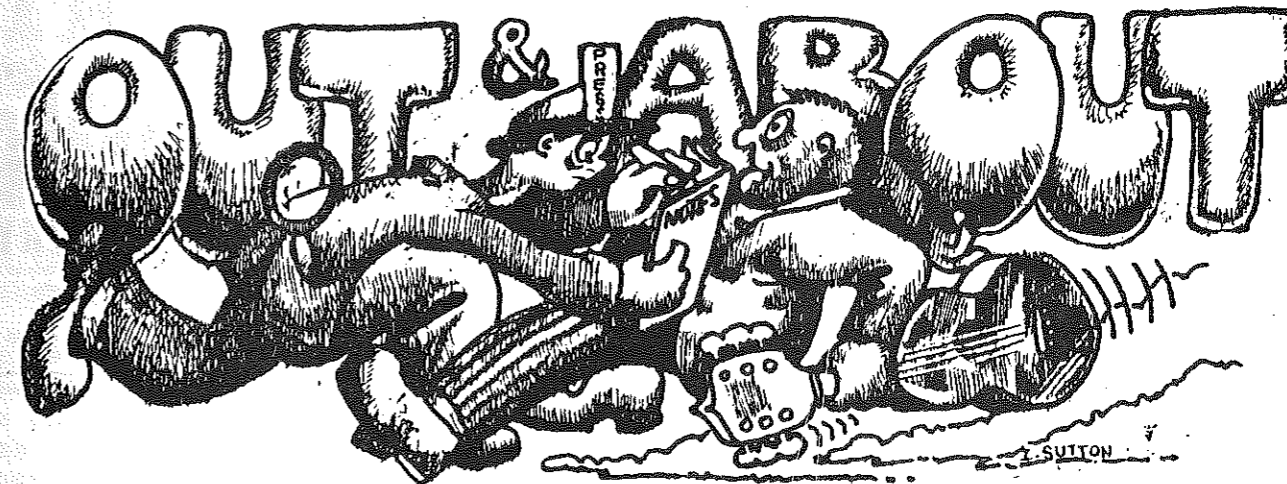
A quick round of thanks and I'm done. For typing and assistant editing, Angela Forkia. For typing under extreme pressure, Janet Hale and Margaret Marsden. For dates and distribution, Phil Capper and Ian Wells. For the cover, Dave Hurst.

Best Wishes to Nigel and Jean.

Nigel, your editorial chair awaits you!




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FOLK PROGRAMMES ON NATIONAL AND LOCAL RADIO

'Folk On Two'	BBC Radio 2	330m (90.2 VHF)	Wednesday	7.00- 8.30pm.
'Lancashire Drift'	BBC R/Lancashire	351m (96.4 VHF)	Sunday	11.05-11.35am.
	Monthly, second Sunday		repeat - Tuesday	6.35- 7.05pm.
'Folk Scene'	BBC R/Merseyside	202m (95.8 VHF)	Tuesday	6.30- 7.00pm.
			repeat - Sunday	8.30- 9.00pm.
'Folk Like Us'	BBC R/Manchester	206m (95.1 VHF)	Sunday	5.15- 6.15pm.
			repeat - Monday	7.00- 8.00pm.

On September 5th the BQTHEY FOLK CLUB present "finger style guitarist" DUCK BAKER in the Cambridge Bar of SOUTHPORT ARTS CENTRE. Tickets are available from the Box Office at £2. Further details available from Southport 67852.

Still on Merseyside and the flowing rhetoric of CLIVE POWNCEBY. "Folk on Merseyside - the splendid body that brought you the three Liverpool Folk Festivals in the early 1980s lives and breathes, and still stages the occasional event as well as promoting its highly successful Road-Shows. They have a CEILIDH planned at LIVERPOOL'S IRISH CENTRE on Friday, OCTOBER 8th, with an all-star, but secret, line-up calling itself the COSMOPOLITAN BAND. Licensed bar, of course, and the usual 8p.m. start. Tickets, modestly priced at £1.50, are on sale and can be had from CLIVE POWNCEBY, who will also be pleased to give more information on Folk On Merseyside and it's aims. Contact CLIVE on 051-924-5078 on those rare occasions when he's in, or on 051-236-9955 during the day."

NORTH WEST ARTS have organised a tour by THE OYSTER BAND for Autumn, and you can catch them at the following venues: CHARTER THEATRE, PRESTON, Tuesday 16th SEPTEMBER at 8 p.m.. Tickets available from Box Office Tel: 0772 58858 are £2.50 and £1.75 concessions for students, UB40's, OAPs and children. HOWARD ARMS, DARK LANE, WHITTLE-LA-WOODS, Wednesday 17th SEPTEMBER at 8.30 p.m. Tickets £2.50 and £1.75 concessions from Amenities Dept., Union Street Baths, Chorley. Tel: 02572 65611 and The Music Cellar, Chapel Street, Chorley. KEITHLEY GREEN SOCIAL CLUB, MASSEY STREET, BURNLEY, Thursday 18th SEPTEMBER at 7.30 p.m. Tickets £2 and £1 for pensioners, students and UB40s from Mid-Pennine Arts Association, Tel: 0282 29513 and Burnley Recreation and Leisure Department 0282 85411. PARR HALL WARRINGTON, Friday 19th SEPTEMBER at 7.45 p.m.. Tickets £2 and £1.50 students and OAPs from Box Office Tel: 0925 34958.

ROMILEY FORUM, COMPSTALL ROAD, ROMILEY, Saturday 20th SEPTEMBER at 8 p.m.. Tickets £1.50 and 50p for OAPs, children and UB40s. Box Office 061-430-6570.

THE REMOULD THEATRE will be performing "THE NORTHERN TRAWL" in the N.W. from NOVEMBER 10TH. They appear in FLEETWOOD, SHEYINGTON, LANCASTER, BURNLEY and SALFORD. Details from NORTH WEST ARTS 061-228-3062.

FOLK ROOTS celebrated its first birthday in June. If you are unable to obtain a copy from your local newsagent, a 12 issue subscription costs £14.40 from FOLK ROOTS, P.O.Box 73, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 7UN Cheques/P.O. payable to Southern Rag Ltd.,

Dancers and musicians may be interested in "THE COMPLETE COUNTRY DANCE TUNES FROM PLAYFORD'S DANCING MASTER" edited by JEREMY BARLOW and published by FABER MUSIC LTD., at £15.

Former WIGAN FOLK CLUB organiser KEITH ROBERTS had his second children's book "BINGO BONES AND THE FURRY CUBE" published by HODDER & STOUGHTON in their BROCK RED series (ISBN 0 340 38630 4) on AUGUST 18th priced at £4.95. If there aren't too many big words, Gossip John will review it in the next edition of the Newsletter.

Staying in WIGAN, THE HUNGARIAN FOLK ENSEMBLE appear in the WIGAN PIEN: SEPTEMBER FESTIVAL on September 23rd.

Finally, Saturday 25th OCTOBER will be the SECOND GREAT SWINTON FOLK DAY with Concerts, Ceilidhs, Singarounds, Irish Sessions, Morris Dance, Craft Fair and Kids activities based at the LANCASTRIAN HALL and the WHITE LION. Artists appearing include: CILLA FISHER AND ARTIE TREZISE, THE WILSON FAMILY, STANLEY ACCRINGTON and, making a welcome return after illness, TAFFY THOMAS.

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THIS NEWSLETTER ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR OR OF THE FEDERATION.

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Huzzah! Huzzah! Let joy abound, the Federation can boast a new and very welcome Member. Namely The Hare and Hounds at Maghull, run by the likes of Dave Day, Tony Gibbons, Dave Godden and Chris Locke. It's a fine club and well worth a visit. See dates pages for guest details.

Like Mark Twain, the reports of the death of The Howcroft Club in Bolton were greatly exaggerated. Its alive and well and being run by John Cole and Pete R. der. Ring Pete on Bolton 47190 for details.

On the gloomy side, the Golden Lion at Rainford has closed after 15 years. I had some of my first folk nights there - even taking the wife there on our first date. (AAAAAH). Tragic.

Mid West Arts are running a special event at Enfield Wharf, Blackburn Road, Clayton-Le-Moors for the Canal Carnival. Guests Chris Cqe, Johnny Adams and friends will entertain and free canal rides are available. It's all happening on September 18th.

One or two advance notices:-

December:

21	Oyster Band	Eagle And Child
5	Martin Carthy	Packhorse
1	McGalmans	Horwich
5	Cosmotheke	Porkies
3	Gregson/Collister	'Tute
10	Dave Walters	'Tute
3	Martin Carthy	White Swan
17	Red Shift	White Swan
10	Whippersnapper	Whitehaven
7	Strawhead	Bothy

More from Southport Theatre. Forthcoming attractions include:-

Nov. 2 Furey's and Davy Arthur
Nov. 22 Richard Digance
Dec. 6 Houghton Weavers

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HINDLEY

Looking back through past Newsletters and reading the competent accounts of various club's histories I find myself wondering what on earth can I say about a club that has been in existence for less than twelve months.

Hindley folk club launched itself on the poor unsuspecting people of the town at the end of September 1985 with a sort of free for all singer's night. We were fortunate enough to have some good local singers who had supported us at the Belle Green folk club, Ince, which we had taken over from Calico and run for a year. (After a change of licensee and various other contributory factors we threw in the towel and moved to the Worthington Hotel in our own town).

For the first two or three months we booked good local artists like Quartz and Caught On The Hop who gave us tremendous support; and the inimitable John Howarth for whom we have a great affection and admiration and who gave us so much encouragement.

The club did start with two resident groups but we are now down to one. Penny Gate is basically a duo-myself, Kath, and my husband Paul. Sometimes we expand to a trio with our daughter Judith, on recorder and then often we are a quartet being joined by Merv Phillips on twelve string guitar. There are always at least two of us around somewhere!

We have a nucleus of local singers on whom we rely and who I would like to mention and thank- Ian Hornby, Terry O'Leary, Derek Holland, Theresa Tooley, and Steve and Cath Eckersley for all their invaluable help.

We are in an area where folk clubs are fairly thick on the ground. A couple of them are thriving weekend clubs that are able to book the national guests; another runs almost exclusively as a singer's club so we are trying to fill the middle gap. At the moment we run on a weekly basis with a guest every third week or so.

CLUB OF THE MONTH

Our audience varies from twenty to forty or so and tend to be fairly traditional as far as guests go, but having said that, on singer's nights we get a wide variety of performers from traditional unaccompanied, through contemporary self penned, to alternative comedians. Everyone is always made welcome and given an attentive and appreciative hearing.

One legacy we have from the Belle Green folk club is our annual Songwriting Contest. This seems to go from strength each year, and this year our large room was packed to capacity and we overflowed to the public bar. We have a smashing licensee who not only made a video of the night but piped it live to the T.V. in the public bar. Radio Manchester recorded the night and six songs have already gone out with more to follow.

Our inaugural season finished with a charity night to raise funds for specially adapted wheelchairs and sports equipment for our local school for the physically handicapped. No we didn't book any "Big Names" - no offence Derek - our residents ran the night, and we used our regular hard working floor singers for the first half. Then we brought out the big guns - Judith and Pete from Quartz and a final amazing half hour from Derek Gifford. We handed over £120 and everyone had a thoroughly good night.

I sincerely hope that we have entertained our audiences well enough for them to come back for more when we re-open at the end of August. If you have a free night one Tuesday and can find Hindley, we are on the main road in the Worthington Hotel, Market St.

You will find a welcome whether you be a performer or listener. After all which other club can boast the Federation Singing Treasurer? That must be worth a visit - you can always kill two birds with one stone and pay your club's outstanding bills-.

Kath Holden.

SIMON JONES TACKLES

Raw, loud, fierce and turning the tradition upside down as well as inside out, MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW are probably one of the liveliest things to happen to folk music in years. The Newsletter despatched SIMON JONES, (who else) to get the low down.

Now look, remain calm, will you? But I'm beyond the bounds of the north west for this job, truth to tell, those of you who live in Lancashire will probably hiss when I tell you that Malcolm's Interview are from Yorkshire. But come on, be reasonable, and put your prejudice aside. Look at it calmly and rationally and listen. The Interview were raised with the idea of marrying the rock of the 1980s with the folk influence. To achieve their ends they go to any length. They are, as they point out, a rock band working with ethnic ribbons in the music. The majority of the members have zero folk background and know very little about the comings and goings of the roots business, and its partly this lack of preconceived notions that makes them so refreshing.

"My Dad used to run a folk club," guitarist Jon Townend admits, "but at the time I was into very short haircuts and punk. I used to write the most terrible rubbish and play it at the club. The audience sat there and listened to the stuff and clapped. I thought 'Hello, I'm on to something here'. I then joined a new wave band and it was n't until I went to college and met Martin Appleby, our ex bass player, that I started going to the clubs again.

Townend and Appleby worked through a variety of personnel until they hit on a stable enough line up which could get out and record something. They had a mediaeval horn and woodwind section at one stage, which proved too top heavy, and also an electric fiddler who departed when they decided they weren't modern enough. Evolving the modern sound they wanted involved stripping the band down to a basic, drums, bass, guitar and keyboards, with vocals. Josie Swiss, who wandered into Malcolm's from a close harmony choir, explains a bit more. "We decided that we wanted to try and bring a Talking Heads type approach to bear, a sort of art folk

rock. The way we do things is still English, though. I think I sing in an English voice, I can't help it, there's no way I'd do what half the rock scene does, and that's sing in an assumed way to conform to a given style."

Along with drummer Dave Allen and keyboardist Frank Swales, Townend, Swiss and Appleby stuck out a splendid 12 inch EP on their own Eggs Will Walk label. It got the general thumbs up from the alternative Yorkshire rock press, and I was right chuffed with it too. Buried on there you'll find the most left of field version of "The Cruel Mother" you're likely to hear. Josie growls and rants the tale of ghostly vengeance over a barrage of jarring guitars and bass while the drums pound a bleak solid backdrop.

"We do a few traditional songs in the set," Jon confides, "on an earlier tape release we covered 'Sir Patrick Spens', though I don't think that anyone could accuse us of doing straight versions copied from Fairport or Steeleye Span records. We generally take the traditional lyric apart, write a tune to suit and then stick back the words we think would go."

The results of this healthy philosophy are startling, invigorating and no matter what anyone may say about having respect for the tradition, they're damn exciting. It's no wonder that a couple of years ago, when I first caught up with them, they'd got most of the venues in their native York sewn up and converted. They've never played a folk club, yet have probably reached twice as many people by sticking to discos (yes, discos) and rock venues. The record sold out rapidly about a year ago and John Peel played the disc to an insomniac late night Radio One audience.

"We got distribution via the Cartel and before we knew where we were, there were less than a hundred left. Actually I was quite pleased with the way that our own songs came out too," Jon considers.

Townend's lilting style in its early form was very heavily laden with Richard Thompson influences, it's a point he's not too happy with, but one he concedes. Later on, though, his writing took on a

malcolm's interview

style all its own, and a style which has become the ready sound of Malcolm's. His bleak, sparse, echoing compositions litter the band's repertoire, and are best exemplified by the stirring "Why Don't You Listen?" from the EP.

"I was very pleased with that," he concedes, "it's come out very heavily atmospheric and it's meant to be a cry of anger. Somebody who wants to be heard and no-one takes notice at all."

Latterly they played the Theakstons' extravaganza with Jethro Tull and Steel eye Span, where they got the chance to put their sound through a massive festival PA, and they will tell you now, some twelve months later, it was a hell of an experience. Yet, despite interest from major labels, no-one has the guts to put their money up front and sign the band. Chrysalis were making noises, but vanished. As they say, they're used to people saying they'll do the band all sorts of favours and never delivering, it's just part of the rock circus.

Recently in Manchester they recorded a session for Andy Kershaw, which he's yet to use, but is a corker. I know, I've heard it. Again, it has a full range of Townend compositions, more mature than the last time he was let into the studio, and benefitting from the driving dobro of guest player Bob Greenwood. The cutting track of the session though, is a biting rendition of "Young Waters", a strangulated Townend vocal over a haunting bass drums back cloth, and swathed about in spacey synth, it's the most chilling and appropriate setting of a traditional song I've heard this year.

"I like it too," Jon agrees, "though some people have said I'm trying for a Scottish sound on there, I'm actually singing as close as I can to east Yorkshire."

The session proved to be the last bow that Martin Appleby made with Malcolm's and he jumped ship shortly afterward, though he and Jon still operate round the folk scene as an electric duo. So what exactly did the future hold for the Interview?

"We're up to big things. We found a replacement bass player who says he's into the Sex Pistols and Ewan MacColl,

which is great. There's also a strong possibility of us adding a female accordion player, we think she's hot and she can help out on the harmony vocals. And also there's a planned single in the autumn, with one of my songs on the A side and a Ewan MacColl song on the flip," Jon expounds at length.

Some people might say you're not all that folky, though.

"No, I suppose we aren't, we don't really want to be known as a folk group because that eliminates half your potential audience straight away," Josie. "But it's in there no matter how we try to disguise it, the folk roots will always show through. That's not something we would want to hide anyway," Jon.

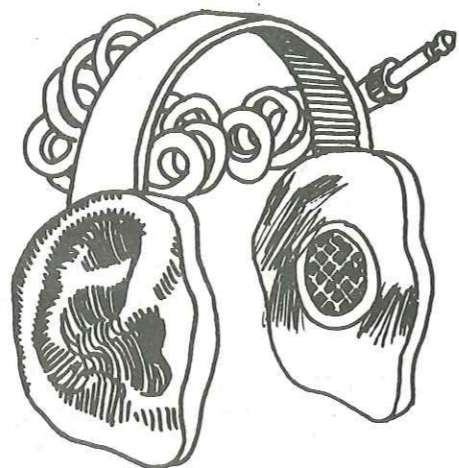
All it'll take is some independent minded and enterprising label to come along and Malcolm's Interview could be set fair, Lord knows they've got the potential if any have. Their live show is an exhilarating, and can be a draining, evening, a rock solid pounding rhythm section, wrap around keyboards, a demon guitarist and songwriter fronted up by a singer who sounds like Toyah Wilcox meets Kate Bush and rubs up against Sandy Denny, sounds wacky and wonderful, doesn't it? You bet it does and is.

No longer wet behind the ears, this band is capable of making a big splash. Watch out, and let's hope we get soaked.

BROADFOLK

Once again only radio gave us folk music as music, while TV put out documentaries, mostly on American themes, or permitted folk musicians to record some background music. The exception was a couple of programmes on Channel 4 called *The Future of Things Past*. These looked at genuine surviving folk customs across the UK and used the associated music. The tone of the programmes was rather detached and the part the music plays was hardly touched on. BBC1 gets an entry by putting out D A Pennebaker's 1965 film on Dylan, *Don't Look Back*, for the singers' 45th birthday. It went out under the Omnibus label and with a description of it as 'a seminal rock documentary'. C4 has also been buying in documentaries from the States and letting them creep out at insomniac times. First was a 1977 tribute to the then 76 year old Malvina Reynolds (of Little Boxes fame), then a 1986 tribute to Paul Robeson. This concentrated on his political struggle for black rights, oddly enough mostly commented on by white leftwingers, but the show was stolen by the scratchy, grainy B&W footage of the man himself. It was worth watching just to hear him singing *Going Home*, or, hand cupped to ear, Joe Hill. "I never died, said he" is as accurate an epitaph for Robeson as for Hill.

That links us to the most interesting one: a 1979 film on *The Wobblies*. The International Workers of the World, to give them their Sunday name, were the nearest thing to real left wing activists that the United States has ever seen. Joe Hill was one of their early organisers and the movement believed in the power of song. It was Joe Hill who, finding some local administrations were promoting the Salvation Army as an opium for the people, promptly rewrote a gospel song into 'Pie in the Sky When You Die'. The producers had found survivors from some of the branches and they cheerfully refought their battles, one couple standing in front of the now defunct silk mill and singing a Wobbly song. They had also found Utah Philips, the only survivor of the period not to be captioned with his former trade (lumberjack) but as a folk singer. He explained the importance of the *Little Red Song Book* and sang a lumberjack shanty. Many more songs were sung during the 100 minute film, mostly by a sort of folk choir to piano accompaniment. The film was made by the US National Foundation for the Humanities. Where is there an equivalent for the British story?



BBC (Midlands) had shown a half hour programme featuring Johnny Coppin's settings of the poets of Gloucestershire. BBC2 picked it up but put it out in the very early evening of the Royal Wedding Day, without any publicity, thus ensuring minimum audiences. No doubt this will become another example to quote back at us when we complain about lack of folk music related programmes.

Glimpses and background music include: BBC2's documentary on *The Falls Road* had pub sessions and the McPeak family; Paul & Linda Adams provided appropriate sounds for C4's *Sheepman of Ennerdale*; Mick (Calennig) Tems played fiddle concertina under the titles of BBC Wales' *Trade Winds*, which recalled the heyday of ship building in Porthmadog.

Radio provided some interesting moments, including the revived Fo2. Our own Tony Gibbons appeared briefly, supporting Sara & Ellie, and a letter by Shay Black was read out. While Jim took a holiday, guest presenters were Harvey Andrews and Isla St Clair, with Harvey sounding more assured in this role. The following slot transmogrified from *Scrumpy Song* into *Folk Roots*, which was not quite a rerun of *Country Meets Folk* (as the involvement of Ian Grant as producer might have lead you to expect) but an intelligent investigation of the links both ways across the Atlantic. Even Colin Irwin sounded good in 75 second bursts - pity that he turns into a cliché music jouno when you give him 1500 words. He will be followed by a Scottish dance band series from Aberdeen and *The Spinners* are somewhere in the pipeline.

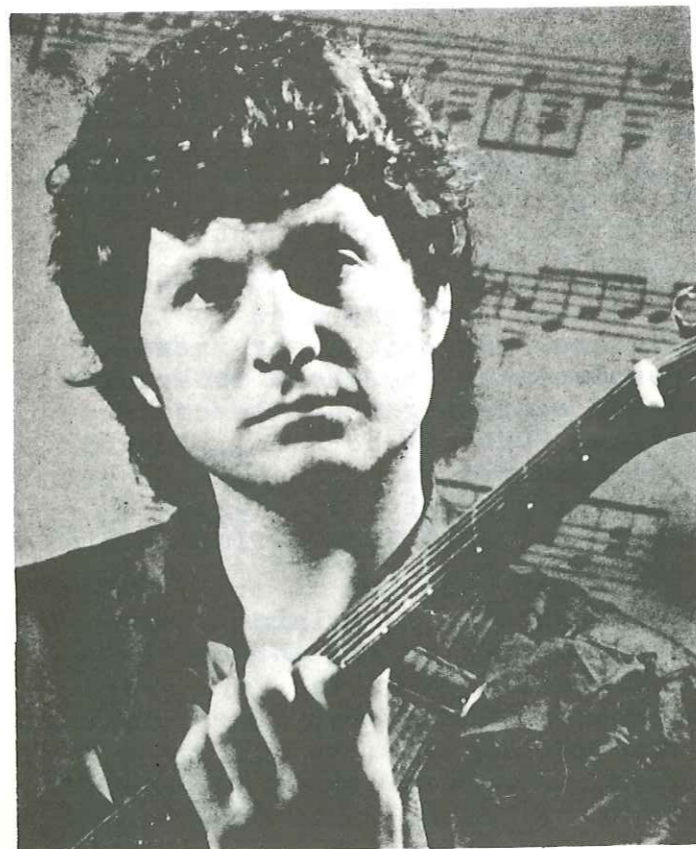
Radio 4 produced two gems. Jake Thackray appeared on a non-studio version of *Start the Week* from Scarborough, and rounded on Laurie Taylor, the presenter, when he made a slighting comment about folkclubs. Jake produced a robust defence of the folk club and said he preferred singing there. *Woman's Hour* did a short profile of June Tabor, even using a snatch of her singing as the programme trail.

Broadfolk hour...

They included generous extracts from *While Gamekeepers Lie Sleeping*, Bogle's *The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*, and Bill Caddick's *The Barmaid's Song*. She commented that the latter was a remarkable statement of women's condition, even though written by a man. She also mentioned the importance of practising not only for the tune but for 'the silence - which is just as important as the notes around it'.

Back to late night TV for Folkear's *Failed Floorsinger* award, which goes to the *The Rovers*, who held several dire parties after midnight. For the same programme, the *Cloth Ears* award goes jointly to the Ulster/Canadian team who made it, and Granada for buying it. I refuse to try to describe it - it made me feel ill and it's very difficult to clean keyboards, but put it this way: if they started to sing in a pub I was in, I'd certainly change bars and probably pubs; anyone who booked them wouldn't know how to keep beer either.

FOLKEAR



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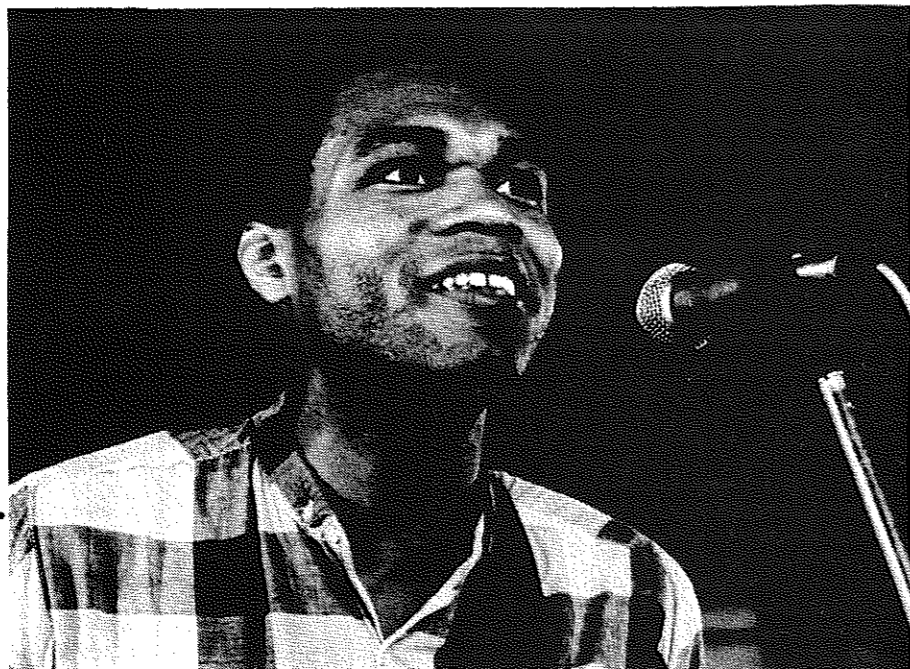
Blues Sensation, ROBERT CRAY,

INTERVIEWED BY: LYNDON NOON

Call me a jaded cynical hack, but very few artistes that come my way these days excite me the way they used to.

Last year ploughing through a host of uninspiring review platters, the album "False Accusations" by a certain Robert Cray caused a severe shock to the system. In fact the 'Doc' is still recommending two plays a day.

Cray to my mind is the first genuine blues exponent that truly belongs to the eighties. Clean, economical playing, understated solo's, and no need, Thank God, to resort to the "Woke Up This Morning" syndrome.



Although he formed his band way back in 1974 in Takoma, Washington, along with bassist and co-writer Richard Cousins, it's only the last eighteen months that have seen any reward for the incessant touring around America's clubs and bars.

The release of "Bad Influence", his debut L.P. for the Californian label Hightone, set the ball rolling. Cray's fresh perspective to the blues won him many friends, and a few awards too. Perhaps the most satisfying accolade though came from Albert King, who covered the now recognised classic "Phonebooth".

Suddenly the press boys are clamouring to meet this 'new' artist, who's been on the scene for some eleven years. Overnight he finds himself playing to packed houses. "We've had a whole lot of coverage, and I'm thankful for it", says Cray. "The success of 'Bad Influence' has really enabled us to broaden our horizons. I never imagined we'd be playing Europe or the Far East when I started the band."

Cray is not afraid to experiment within the frame-work of the blues, incorporating many different

influences. It's this fact more than any other that has the purists wringing their hands, claiming he's bastardising the genre. How does Robert react to that?

"It's just stupid," he says shaking his head. "I'm from a new generation. I didn't have the same lifestyle as Howlin' Wolf or Muddy Waters so how can I sing about the same things they did? My songs relate to real life situations, love and personal things - that's what the blues are about."

Offstage Robert is a shy intro-spective man, found oft in a quiet corner clutching a bottle of Remy Martin. Onstage he's relaxed and good humoured, and clearly enjoys the interplay with his fellow musicians. Did they influence his playing?

"Sure they do!", exclaims Cray. "The only way to get the best out of yourself, is if the guys your working with are happy too. That means getting them to express themselves. I wouldn't be happy or interested in doing one particular thing. So what if it's got a funky beat to it, this is 1986."

Cray's tunes are always accessible. His vocal delivery putting one in mind of those sixties stalwarts Otis Reading and Bobby Bland, clearly reflecting the Gospel influences of his childhood. "My father loved Gospel music", he recalls. "As a kid I couldn't escape it, he was always playing tapes of the Five Blind Boys, the Dixie Hummingbirds, people like that."

His message is clearly reaching a new audience, who ordinarily wouldn't give the blues a second thought. "I think we're filling a void left since the end of the Stax period", says Cray.

After many years of stagnation, the blues needs people like Robert Cray to inject some vitality into the current scene. It's refreshing to see a younger generation attend his concerts, and discover that music has more to offer than high living or a drug problem.

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ANGUS RUSSELL

It is with regret that we report the death, on July 23rd, of Angus Russell of Newcastleton. Angus was always to be found in the singarounds he helped to run with great enthusiasm at Poynton Festivals.

Since his retirement he had taken to visiting and performing in clubs and festivals throughout Britain, one of his last trips to our area being to the Liverpool Shanty Festival.

All who knew Angus will miss him, his songs and his kilt and our condolences go to his family and close friends.

Pete Gleave.

ERIC BROCK

Everyone who has ever attended any of the Poynton Festivals, will, I'm sure, be saddened to learn of the death of Eric Brock. Eric had been synonymous with Poynton for longer than most of us would care to remember, and his sad loss will be deeply felt.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Ann, his children David, Anthony, Cheryl and Heather.

Editor.

Gossip John's RAMBLINGS



The sun rose blood red over Henry Higginbottom's Pie and Peas Emporium. (Actually, it was Bernie Forkin's eyes holding a dress rehearsal for the morning after the St. Helens Day of Folk.) This was a special day for Henry, Nigel's Wedding Reception was the biggest do he'd ever put on. It was a bit posh too. He'd heard that the list of invitation rejections ranged from such notables as H. M. Queen and Family, M. Thatcher, N. Kinnock down to Bernie Forkin and the guy who used to clean the Folk Club urinals. As it turned out, suitable expenses were agreed at the last minute and Bernie did make an appearance, albeit without his support - that's Caught on the Hop, not his truss, in case you're wondering!

Henry was putting the finishing touches to the decorations, flags and bunting when he noticed his neighbour, Alf Hart. Alf was aptly named as he suffered from chronic stomach problems which caused him to be a bit cantankerous and not the best person to stand next to in a crowd. He was also a bit deaf. Cheerfully, Henry asked "Are you putting up your decorations today?" "Up yours too you bent b...." Alf replied, but the rest of the sentence was lost in the wind as Alf's stomach roared into action, and five passers by were hospitalised by the fumes.

What has this got to do with Nigel's wedding you might ask?. Not a lot, but it's filled a bit of space.

Actually, Nigel's do wasn't a bad un I'm told by people who survived. Rumour has it that Bernie Forkin had a hangover for a week. Perhaps it was caused by the bottle of wine he shared with Derek Gifford - Giff drank the wine and Bernie was hit on the head with the bottle! Mention must be made at this stage of the sartorial elegance of Derek Gifford, resplendent in birthday suit and matching beard.

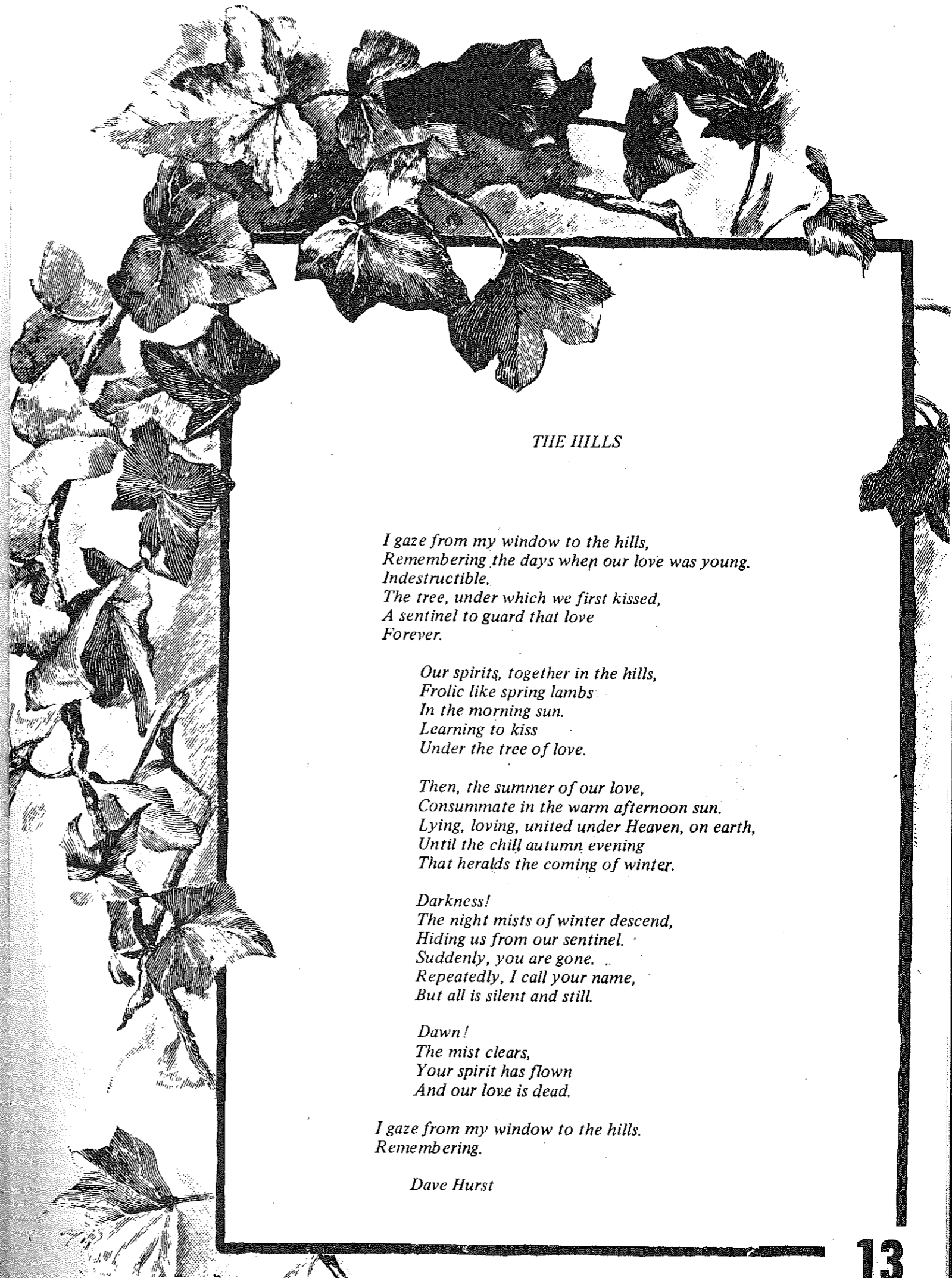
To be honest, I was a little disappointed with the meal, the french fires tasted just like chips to me! Mind you, Henry Higginbottom's Pie and Peas Emporium isn't the best place to hold a wedding reception - how can the relatives have a good punch up when there isn't room to swing a cat. Talking about cats reminds me that there aren't many to be found in that area, and I'm sure there was black fur in my chicken sandwich.

Incidentally, I hope Nigel and Jean weren't like the Irish couple who sat up all their wedding night waiting for the sexual relations to arrive.

Back to the reception. The wine flowed freely, probably because all the bottles had been broken in the fight that I promised Nigel I wouldn't mention in this report, but I hope that policeman's black eye's healed by now. Soon the ale was running out, and so were the guests five minutes later as Nigel lapsed into a tuneless rendering of "Haul Away Joe".

We now came to the high spot of the afternoon as bride and groom, together with all the guests staggered or crawled drunkenly to Wigan Pier where the Royal Yacht Britannia, hired for 25p a week by Gossip John as a surprise wedding present, was waiting to take the happy couple on their honeymoon cruise down the Leeds - Liverpool Canal. As they went on board, Derek Gifford lead a rousing chorus of "Heave Away My Johnnies" and Gossip John, Bernie Forkin and the other guests showered Nigel and Jean with used con (Editor's Note :- the rest of this word is obliterated by a whiskey stain, but I presume it should read "confetti").

Finally, on a serious note, all of us who attended Nigel and Jean's Wedding had an enjoyable day, an excellent meal and would like to thank them for the invitation and wish them both every happiness for the future.



THE HILLS

*I gaze from my window to the hills,
Remembering the days when our love was young.
Indestructible.
The tree, under which we first kissed,
A sentinel to guard that love
Forever.*

*Our spirits, together in the hills,
Frolic like spring lambs
In the morning sun.
Learning to kiss
Under the tree of love.*

*Then, the summer of our love,
Consummate in the warm afternoon sun.
Lying, loving, united under Heaven, on earth,
Until the chill autumn evening
That heralds the coming of winter.*

*Darkness!
The night mists of winter descend,
Hiding us from our sentinel.
Suddenly, you are gone.
Repeatedly, I call your name,
But all is silent and still.*

*Dawn!
The mist clears,
Your spirit has flown
And our love is dead.*

*I gaze from my window to the hills.
Remembering.*

Dave Hurst

CHAIRMAN'S RANT by Ian Wells

As I write this people are rushing off to summer festivals but by the time you read it they will be coming back for the start of the autumn season. A look at the club dates list for the autumn reveals the usual mix of confident and worried organisers (and the omissions reveal the usual disorganised clubs). The quality of the acts booked makes me even more annoyed than usual that folk music does not get the recognition it deserves outside the club/festival circuit. However, things are looking up very slightly: the Arts Council of Great Britain - or at least it's music panel - has formally recognised in principle the existence of folk music and that it should support it. No money this year, of course, but the door is now ajar. I doubt if folkclubs will benefit directly, but recognition of our music and the consequent increase in public awareness, however small, should produce some trickle down effects.

I welcome Bernie to the editorial chair for this issue, while Nigel gets used to being married. Both Bernie and I would love to have more people writing for the newsletter: there is no magic circle, those of us who get published are those who send things in. If your favourite club, festival, or artist, your pet praise or carping criticism, can't be found in this issue, it can be in the next: if you write it out and send it in. Neither Bernie nor I suffer from false modesty, but we freely confess to one major failing - we can't read minds, only manuscripts. We would prefer reasonably grammatical articles, free from unspoken bias, and expressing a carefully thought out point of view. However, these are not inviolate rules, as we've shown by publishing Simon Jones' reviews.* Put pen, pencil or crayon to paper or borrow the home computer, but write something and send it to us.

Ian Wells

* AND THE CHAIRMAN'S RANT (ED)

Rise up, Old Horse, and Shine Again:

Folk Roots....New Routes

Davy Graham/Shirley Collins

1965 saw the debut of this album and the beginnings of what the posh Sundays were to call "Folk-Baroque". My cousin had a copy and he occasionally left off playing "Bringing It All Back Home" to play it to me. I remained unimpressed and a Beatlemaniac. Twenty years on, one can see the merits.

The album came about as a result of several phenomenally well received concerts by the duo at Cecil Sharp House in 1964. Folk, of one style or another, was doing the business. What, with Dylan, Baez, Donovan, Peter, Paul and Mary, et al, so the fusion of Davy's intricate guitar patterns and Shirley's plaintive voice was seen as a herald of a new, more experimental stage of Folk's development.

Ecstatic reviews followed, with Shirley's vocals on "Pretty Sara" and "Nottamun Town", both among the best things she's ever done, being singled out for particular praise. So far, so good. And yet...listen to the album now, and wonder whatever happened to the style, the sound. Echoes of the guitar work in the techniques of Carthy and past Nic Jones, certainly; but whither the general feel, the raga-cum-ragtime sound?

Although I know several critics who consider that the beast we now call Folk/Rock owes it's life to this album, I beg to differ. This style reached it's zenith with Pentangle and one or two lesser lights in the late sixties, and even then it was on borrowed time. The future belonged to Fairport, Steeleye, Five Hand Reel, JSD Band and their followers.

Not surprisingly, the careers of both protagonists never looked back after this collaboration. Davy Graham produced N (were N is a very large number indeed) albums in his self-obsessed style of fretwork, with "The Compleat Guitarist" probably his best, most concise work.

Shirley (with Dolly, Ashley and The Albions) produced a significant, if self-conscious, album with "Anthems In Eden" and an absolutely seminal one in "No Roses", due under the microscope next issue.

Unfortunately, what seemed to be new routes in 1965, turned out to be 'cul-de-sacs' by 1972. But you can't knock people for trying.

Bernie Forkin.



every Wednesday, 9-00pm

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Sept. 3rd	- singers' night	
10th	- Caught On The Hop	
17th	- Plan B	
24th	- Mara!	
Oct. 1st	- Bernard Wrigley	
8th	- The Liverpool Roadshow	
15th	- The Kipper Family	
22nd	- Pete Merton	
29th	- Sara Grey & Elle Ellis	
Nov. 5th	- singers' night	
12th	- E.S.P	
19th	- Danny Carnahan & Robin Petrie	
26th	- Whippersnapper	
Dec. 3rd	- Clive Gregson & Christine Colister	
10th	- Dave Walters Band	
17th	- Folk Aid Xmas Special	

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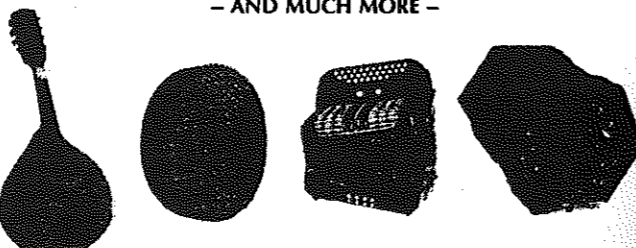
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Club Dates - September

Monday	1st	8th	15th	22nd	29th
HORWICH PRESTON POYNTON BREWERY THE TRITON	singer's night singaround singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD * —	singers' night singaround singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD Reopening Special	BRAM TAYLOR THE KIPPER FAMILY singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD JOHNNY COLLINS	singers' night singaround singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD singers' night	singers' night singaround singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD Club A.G.M.
Tuesday	2nd	9th	16th	23rd	30th
HINDLEY BLACKPOOL MAWDESLEY MAGHULL	JOHN HOWARTH — GEOFF HIGGINBOTTOM DAVE GODDENS *	singers' night singers' night — Club Swap *	singers' night THREE WAY STREET — ARMPIT JUG BAND	JOLLY JACK singers' night — THE SISTERS *	singers' night J. & B. BLACKWELL * — CHRIS LOCKS *
Wednesday	3rd	10th	17th	24th	
WHITEHAVEN WHITE SWAN FOLK AT THE TUTE THE STAR	GARY & VERA ASPEY THE WATERSONS singers' night MARTIN MOYLAN	TITCH FRYER SEAN CANNON CAUGHT ON THE HOP GENTLEMAN SOLDIER	THREE WAY STREET singers' night PLAN B guest t.b.a.	CONCERT * THE WILSONS MARA! plus E.S.P. guest t.b.a.	
Thursday	4th	11th	18th	25th	
DARWEN POYNTON WIGAN MAGAZINE	singers' night singers' night singers' night —	— singers' night singers' night —	singers' night singers' night singers' night —	— singaround singers' night —	
Friday	5th	12th	19th	26th	
BEE NEWCASTLE NORTHWICH PORKIES CUT ABOVE BLACKBURN	DEREK GIFFORD singers' night STEVE TURNER — PETE BOWSON	singers' night GARY & VERA ASPEY GOLDEN BOUGH ROSIE HARDMAN singers' night	singers' night singers' night singers' night — TONY NYLAND	singers' night JOHNNY COPPIN singers' night JOHN JAMES singers' night	
Saturday	6th	13th	20th	27th	
BURY BREWERY SOUTHPORT POYNTON	STEVE TURNER — — —	PETE CASTLE — — —	CHRIS COE — BUDAPEST DANCE *	ROB MALANEY — Folk At The Tute *	
Sunday	7th	14th	21st	28th	
CROWN BOTHY EAGLE & CHILD LEIGH POYNTON RAVE ON WIDNES LLANDUDNO	singers' night singers' night — — PETE MORTON DEREK GIFFORD	PAUL METSERS GENTLEMAN SOLDIER — — singers' night singers' night	singers' night singers' night — — singers' night guest t.b.a.	STEPHENS/ LENNOX * TONIGHT AT NOON — — J. & B. BLACKWELL singers' night	

Residents

Bury - various
Bothy - Clive Pownceby, Pete Rimmer, Paul Reid
Eagle & Child - Caught On The Hop, Quartz, Bric-a-Brac
Leigh - Trevor & Joan Hunt, Calico
Rave On - Volunteers
Llandudno - Stuart King, The Rambling Boys
Poynton (Mon.) - Rick Harrup
(Thurs.) - Arthur Wakefield
Triton - Jenny Wright & Colin Wilson
Brewery (Mon.) - Mountain Road
Hindley - Pennygate, Pocheen
Whitehaven - Knotted Cord

White Swan - Geoff Higginbottom, John O'Hagan, Dave & Helen Howard, Pete Morton, Andy & Alison Whittaker, Hollerin' Pot
Mawdesley - Derek Gifford
Wigan - Joan Blackburn
Magazine - Black Dog, Brass Tacks, Arthur Marshall, Dave Locke
Bee - various
Northwich - Sean & Sandy Boyle, Iain Bowley, Tony Howard, Rod McDermott, Paul Taylor

Club Dates - October

Wednesday	1st	8th	15th	22nd	29th
WHITEHAVEN WHITE SWAN FOLK AT THE TUTE THE STAR	REMOULD THEATRE * BRYONY BERNARD WRIGLEY JOLLY JACK	local singers BRIAN PETERS LIVERPOOL ROADSHOW HUW & TONY WILLIAMS	BILL ZORN & JON BENNS KIRKPATRICK & HARRIS * THE KIPPER FAMILY BRAM TAYLOR	BOB FOX & STU LUCKLEY PORTWAY PEDLARS PETE MORTON KEITH HANCOCK	guest t.b.a. BONNIE SHALJEAN S. GREY & E. ELLIS * GEOFF HIGGINBOTTOM
Thursday	2nd	9th	16th	23rd	30th
DARWEN POYNTON WIGAN MAGAZINE	singers' night singers' night — —	— singers' night — —	singers' night singers' night — —	— singers' night — —	singers' night singers' night — —
Friday	3rd	10th	17th	24th	31st
BEE NEWCASTLE NORTHWICH PORKIES CUT ABOVE BLACKBURN	singers' night P. & J. COLCLOUGH * PAUL METSERS — — guest t.b.a.	singers' night singers' night SHEPHERD & BOWDEN * MARZIBAND singers' night	singers' night DAVE WALTERS singers' night * — — PENDLEM & guest	singers' night CARNAHAN & PETRIE * BONNIE SHALJEAN ISAAC GUILLORY singers' night	singers' night JOHN KIRKPATRICK CARNAHAN & PETRIE * — guest t.b.a. DICK MILES
Saturday	4th	11th	18th	25th	
BURY BREWERY SOUTHPORT POYNTON	THE WILSONS — 2nd - OYSTER BAND —	CAUGHT ON THE HOP — — —	— — 17th - DE DANAAN —	— — 22nd - LOUDON WAINWRIGHT —	
Sunday	5th	12th	19th	26th	
CROWN BOTHY EAGLE & CHILD LEIGH POYNTON RAVE ON WIDNES LLANDUDNO	— singers' night singers' night — — singers' night singers' night	— RICHARD GRAINGER BERNARD WRIGLEY — — BRYONY singers' night	— singers' night singers' night — — singers' night guest t.b.a.	— KEVIN LITTLEWOOD JAKE THACKRAY — — ALLAN TAYLOR singers' night	
Monday	6th	13th	20th	27th	
HORWICH PRESTON POYNTON BREWERY THE TRITON	singers' night singaround singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD singers' night	singers' night — singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD BARBERSHOP CHOIR	singers' night — singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD THE SPINNERS	singers' night — singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD singers' night	
Tuesday	7th	14th	21st	28th	
HINDLEY BLACKPOOL MAWDESLEY MAGHULL	singers' night singers' night singers' night TERRY MURPHY	BRIGHT PHOEBUS singers' night — BERNIE DAVIS *	singers' night PORTWAY PEDLARS — ZORN & HIGGINS *	BRAM TAYLOR singers' night — LEN & SUE	

Notes

Sept. 1st Brewery every Monday, MOUNTAIN ROAD plus guest artist(s)
2nd Maghull DAVE GODDENS' 60s NIGHT
9th Maghull club swap with Bromborough F.C.
20th Southport Arts Centre BUDAPEST/B.E.M. FOLK ENSEMBLE
23rd Maghull THE SISTERS' LIVERPOOL NIGHT
24th Whitehaven special concert with BOYS OF THE LOUGH, ALISTAIR ANDERSON and CLANN NA GAEL
27th Folk At The Tute TONIGHT AT NOON
28th Bothy SAM STEPHENS and ANNE LENNOX-MARTIN
28th Rave On } JILL and BERNARD BLACKWELL
30th Blackpool }
30th Maghull CHRIS LOCKS' INTERNATIONALE

Oct. 1st Whitehaven REMOULD THEATRE present "THE NORTHERN TRAIL"
3rd Newcastle PHIL and JUNE COLCLOUGH
10th Northwich VIC SHEPHERD and JOHN BOWDEN
14th Maghull BERNIE DAVIS' ANIMAL HOUSE
15th White Swan JOHN KIRKPATRICK and SUE HARRIS
17th Northwich at the Red Lion, Barnton
21st Maghull BILL ZORN & NEIL HIGGINS
24th Newcastle } DANNY CARNAHAN and ROBIN PETRIE from California
31st Northwich }
29th Folk At The Tute SARA GREY and ELLIE ELLIS

Club Dates - November

Saturday	1st	8th	15th	22nd	29th
BURY BREWERY SOUTHPORT POYNTON	DICK MILES	BRYONY	ALISTAIR ANDERSON 13th - STEELEYE SPAN	CARNAHAN & PETRIE * 24th: SANDERS/GILTRAP	NICK DOW 29th BATTLEFIELD BAND
Sunday	2nd	9th	16th	23rd	30th
CROWN BOTHY EAGLE & CHILD LEIGH POYNTON RAVE ON WIDNES LLANDUDNO	singers' night THE WILSONS singers' night singers' night	ROBERTSON & McCOMBE WHIPPERSNAPPER BOB WALSHER singers' night	singers' night MAXI & MITCH singers' night guest t.b.a.	singers' night singers' night singers' night singers' night	RANTING SLEAZOS singers' night DOUGGIE MACLEAN singers' night
Monday	3rd	10th	17th	24th	Dec. 1st
HORWICH PRESTON POYNTON BREWERY THE TRITON	singers' night singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD THE SPINNERS	singers' night singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD singers' night	BERNARD WRIGLEY singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD ALISTAIR ANDERSON	singers' night singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD singers' night	singers' night singaround MOUNTAIN ROAD surprise guests
Tuesday	4th	11th	18th	25th	Dec. 2nd
HINDLEY BLACKPOOL MAWDESLEY MAGHULL	singers' night singers' night PAT RYAN guest t.b.a.	guest t.b.a. singers' night guest t.b.a.	singers' night singers' night guest t.b.a.	singers' night singers' night guest t.b.a.	REDMAYNE singers' night t.b.a. DAVE GODDENS *
Wednesday	5th	12th	19th	26th	Dec. 3rd
WHITEHAVEN WHITE SWAN FOLK AT THE TUTE THE STAR	CARNAHAN & PETRIE * ALISTAIR ANDERSON singers' night guest t.b.a.	local singers FIONA SIMPSON E.S.P. MARZIBAND	MIKE SILVER KEITH HANCOCK CARNAHAN & PETRIE * TED EDWARDS	CROWLEY & DALEY * ALLAN TAYLOR WHIPPERSNAPPER guest t.b.a.	GREGSON & COLLISTER * guest t.b.a.
Thursday	6th	13th	20th	27th	Dec. 4th
DARWEN POYNTON WIGAN MAGAZINE	singers' night	singers' night singers' night	singers' night	singers' night singers' night	singers' night
Friday	7th	14th	21st	28th	Dec. 5th
BEE NEWCASTLE NORTHWICH PORKIES CUT ABOVE BLACKBURN	singers' night DICK MILES ALISTAIR ANDERSON PAUL METSERS singers' night	singers' night ALISTAIR ANDERSON singers' night singers' night	singers' night singers' night NICK DOW MIKE SILVER PENDLEM	singers' night guest t.b.a. singers' night WHIPPERSNAPPER	singers' night MARTIN CARTHY CHESHIRE WAITS * t.b.a.

Notes

Nov. 5th	Whitehaven	DANNY CARNAHAN and ROBIN PETRIE
19th	Folk At The Tute	
22nd	Bury	
26th	Whitehaven	JIMMY CROWLEY and JACKIE DALEY
29th	Southport Arts Centre	RIC SANDERS & GORDON GILTRAP
Dec. 2nd	Maghull	DAVE GODDENS' MUSIC HALL
3rd	Folk At The Tute	CLIVE GREGSON and CHRISTINE COLLISTER
5th	Northwich	at the Red Lion, Barnton

Are your club's dates missing?

*December/January dates
must be in by October 24th!*

Letters to The Editor...

Dear Editor,

I'm appalled that a supposedly reputable folk music paper could give house room to such an offensive and ignorant piece as Bernie Forkin's article "Rise Up Old Horse And Shine Again" on The Copper Family. No doubt it was intended to be provocative, but that's no excuse for a clever-clever hatchet job that tells the reader nothing useful about the family or their recordings.

I defend The Coppers, not because they are some revered institution against whom any criticism counts as blasphemy, but because their 4-LP set has given me untold listening pleasure over the years. I can only assume that Bernie Forkin finds their singing "...embarrassingly poor.." and "...not worth coming out of the cow shed for.." (how arrogant and patronising!) because they do not conform to the sophisticated mannerisms of the recent revivalist performers who constitute his only background in folk music. To comment on The Coppers' lack of "...artistic progress.." betrays an abysmal lack of understanding of traditional singers coming from a folk musician. Phrases like "...various lineups.." may be appropriate in connection with Black Sabbath, but hardly for a family group in which younger generations take over as older ones pass on.

Just as misleading is the quite paradoxical over-estimation of the significance of "A Song For Every Season" to the folk revival. "Without it the revival would have been hamstrung", even "...stifled at birth..". Come off it! The record only came out in 1971, by which time the revival was ten or fifteen years old. What about all the traditional singers who inspired the likes of Lloyd, MacColl and Carthy in the fifties and sixties? Giants like Harry Cox, Sam Larner and so on were still alive and singing in the early years of the revival. But

perhaps The Coppers are the only traditional singers Bernie Forkin has ever heard of?

I shudder to think what further inanities we can expect in this "occasional" series. Try a Wham! single next time, Bernie.

Brian Peters.

"...The family hails from Rottingdean, a Suffolk village..."

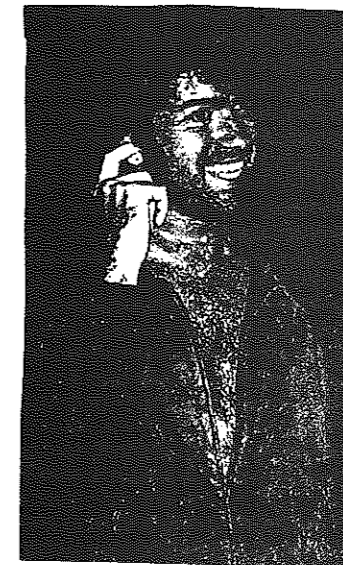
Brian Peters: Reprinted by kind permission, 'Folk Buzz'.

Now, Class, we see the consequences of failing to re-read your efforts before rushing into print!

To explain, the article was part of a "Building A Library" series and I selected that album as representative of that facet of folk. Fine, except that my comments about 'significance' were meant to pertain to The Coppers per se, not merely the album. Substitute 'them' for 'it' in the paragraph about the hamstrung revival and all becomes clear. Sorry. Apart from that, Brian, we can only agree to differ. What you call 'sophistication' I will continue to refer to as 'being in tune' and even an arrogant ignoramus like me knows that Rottingdean is in Sussex.

Finally, for those who missed it, here's an informal snap of Wham's George Michael doing "General Wolfe" last week at the Eagle.

Bernie Forkin.



CLEETHORPES REVIEWED

It used to be on the pier but the pier couldn't stand the pace so now the festival is centred in the Winter Gardens at the southern end of the sea front.

Following a Friday 'Welcome Dance' which I missed it began in earnest on Saturday with several workshops, sessions and singarounds. I nipped across the road to the 'Annexe', which turned out to be the Masonic Hall, to join an excellent singaround led by Sue and Arthur Knevet in a room that would justify folkies joining the Masons just to sing in it! Featured guests were the Wilson Family and it was worth the price of a festival ticket just to see them singing in such hallowed place totally against their socialist principles!

Then it was back to the Floral Suite which is the upstairs part of the Winter Gardens for an afternoon concert where I managed to catch Jim Eldon and his little clog dancing wife Lynette performing at their best. Jim is a typical storyteller and 'patter' man with a fund of tales and songs. Robin Garside was on next and gave an accomplished performance spiced with his dry humour - it's too bad that because he spends so much of his time as a 'sound man' we see so little of him behind the microphones.

I left the concert half-way through to sample the dance displays in the warm sunshine which now bathed the prom! there I saw 7 Champions and Mr. Jorrocks Morris Men give a competent and entertaining display followed by the Grimsby Step Clog Lassies who amazingly performed unaccompanied clog dances!

Next to Willy's Wine Bar, which was the one venue a little away from the festival centre and probably the least successful in that although acoustically good the room was awkwardly shaped and our hostesses Scolds Bridle had understandable difficulty in organising the scheduled singarounds.

Back at the Winter Gardens I made for the evening concert in the main hall where Bernard Wrigley was doing his usual hilarious stuff and where I saw

and at last understood Dick Gaughan realising that he is a very talented and polemic singer once the words are clear; I only wish he would Anglicise more of his records!

Meanwhile upstairs there was a dance with Shagpile and finally a late night dance in the main hall with Mr. Cosgill's Delight. Already I was feeling Shagpiled and still with two full days and nights to go!

If Saturday was hectic Sunday was emotionally exhausting. The Annexe singaround was again well attended with a high standard of floor singers and in the afternoon concert I was impressed by a Nottingham based group called Patti O'Doors who, apart from the horrible title pun, played and sang confidently and I was equally pleased to see at last the three lads who make up the Holme Valley Tradition in a live performance. The Wilsons were reduced to 4 but the sound man still jumped when they began singing! They finished with their new song released on a single called 'The Third World' the profits of which go to famine relief.

At 4p.m. the festival came to a halt in honour of this charity and we all 'Ran The World' - or rather danced it. It was one of those occasions when words became an inadequate means of communication but to try to picture a scene; the Salami Brothers leading everyone out of the Winter Gardens pied piper style into the afternoon sunshine until the car park and pavements were full of a massive 'Bridge of Athlone' type archway where everyone eventually passed through and filled a bucket with money; while hundreds of the people of Cleethorpes ran by along the front and Steve and Mike Wilson collected another bucket - full of money from the holidaymakers; while on BBC radio Stuart Hall described the scenes at Hyde Park and in New York - indeed it seemed at that moment the whole world really was running - nice one Geldof and Co. and well done Cleethorpes and its festival the latter now running a full hour late; but so what?!

Later on, having hardly recovered from the afternoon's excitement, I experienced what was for me and many others the highlight of the Festival - The Remould Theatre Company's rendition of 'The Northern Trawl'. With songs by John Connolly (of 'Fiddlers Green' fame) and words recorded from the trawlermen and their families to form a story of the trawling days of Hull this was indeed a bonus; needless to say the company took two encores. (It will be in the North West in November - see 'Out and About').

The Grand Ceilidh with the Oyster Band finished at midnight and the late night folk club where I spent most of the time at 12.45. Shortly before one O' clock I passed into oblivion.

On Sunday morning I recovered some of my composure by spending a pleasant couple of hours birding on Tetney Marshes - the folk festival pace was beginning to tell - and so I arrived towards the end of another packed singaround in the Annexe and sacrificed the 'Chance To Meet' to see Jim Eldon's 'Songs of the East Riding'. My one regret was that I wasn't able to tape record the workshop as Jim and his fellow collector Steve Gardham related the amusing anecdotes while collecting the superb songs.

While I sampled the excellent catering facilities in the main hall (where I was served by the friendly and helpful Winter Gardens staff) I was entertained by 'Feet First' who are a gusty American group performing technically brilliant Appalachian dances. A singaround at Willy's Winebar with Holme Valley Tradition led nicely into the evening concert back at the main hall where a noisy 'Blowzabella' were playing their French influenced music. After the Wilsons final spot came 'Easy Club' who are Scots based and excellent musicians but seem unable to decide whether they are a folk act or a jazz group without ever getting to grips with either in depth.

Instead of attending the late night (and the final) dance I joined Bamsley's own festival layabouts Johnny Booker and Ray who had managed to take over the Foyer Bar from the musicians who had held their sessions there for the entire

weekend! A madcap singsong followed and at the end of the festival we all trooped into the main hall to join the Auld Land Syne - type circle while Johnny B. now completely 'blown' ably led the singing of 'Wild Mountain Thyme' which has become something of a traditional ending to the festival.

I had enjoyed a well organised and friendly festival with the Winter Gardens as its ideal centre. Although the free programme sheet was rather poorly printed the layout of the dozens of events (of which I have only given a sample really!) in a grid form was an excellent idea giving a better overall picture of what was available and allowing easier planning.

I can honestly say it was one of the best festivals I have ever attended and although it clashes with our more local Chester festival I'm sorry Chester but it'll be Cleethorpes for this lad at least next year too.

DEREK GIFFORD.

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LIVE REVIEW

St. Helens' Folk Festival

Early August; where should we go? Can't afford Sidmouth, don't want to play 'spot the folk artist' at Cambridge, surely there's something happening locally. Saturday August 9th, a choice! - and both based on member clubs. Will it be Porkies on the Lawn in rural Cheshire or an urban safari to deepest Billinge? Since the DoE seem to be trying to use up a decade's supply of 'men leaning on shovel' signs in one short, wet summer, we opted for the shortest journey.

The St Helens' folk festival was cunningly concealed down an anonymous lane in a special school which had recently changed it's name. Once there, one found the residents and habitués of the Eagle & Child club, organising, performing, and enjoying themselves. During the day, it looked a bit like a Friends of Folk reunion, with lots of good things fairly thinly attended, but come the evening, that changed. The main hall was jammed and the atmosphere tremendous for the main evening concert.

During the day, I caught snatches of several good local acts. To my fury, I keep missing The Ranting Sleazos sets and only catch them in workshops or singarounds, which whets my appetite for more of their gutsy singing. The fiddle of Mary Anne Wise, now teamed with Phil Hare, tweaked a few heartstrings. Every time I hear Tony Gibbons, he's with somebody different: this duo with Chris Kelly works very well, between tunings. They make twin bouzoukis sound most attractive, whether with trad tunes, Norwegian Wood, or Ravel's Bolero.

But back to the evening: Bric-a-Brac drew the short straw and had to find an audience to open (they were competing with a Collin's shanty workshop) but by the time they had finished and Gibbons/Kelly were on, the upstairs room was jumping. Quartz not only entertained the audience with superb harmony singing but handled Folkdrunks Anonymous with wit and tolerance. They were followed by Caught on the Hop, one member fresh from a visit to the maternity ward, who took the audience by storm. All their numbers worked well, the internal balance was excellent even for the songs, and the overall volume was just right for the hall. This set demonstrated that when they are in control of their own PA, when their own intentions are realised, they are a very good band indeed.

The audience cooled off slightly during the interval, and lent a thoughtful ear to Bryony's thoughtprovoking set. They were one member short, but didn't let that be a handicap. The tune sets showed the surprising virtues of a combination of hammered and Appalachian dulcimers, and they roused the chorus loving audience with Graham Miles' 'Shores of Old Blighty' and Andy Barnes' emotional 'Last of the Great Whales'. Stanley Accrington had been raising mirth all evening with his many costume changes as MC but started his set seriously with 'The Great Wallender'. Humour returned with a tribute (?) to the Channel Tunnel, a current affairs medley that had Mexico Waves of laughter running through the audience, and an evil looking prop lamb to accompany his final number on glowing things on the Cumbrian fells.

Who could follow that? Johnny Collins had no problem with a sparkling set of straight songs that simply demanded audience response. Billinge has always had a singing audience and it rose to the challenge with a vengeance, putting the roof in danger.

At that point, we staggered out, leaving a hyperactive audience for Strawhead, and regretting missing that nice Arthur Marshall who was to help Caught on the Hop in a closing ceilidh, and grinning at Folkdrunks Anonymous ensconced in the bar. This must be considered a success for Bernie Forkin, the only organiser I know who has had both a poem and a bit of Accringtonia devoted to him in concert.

We now have a new criterion for attending festivals: go to the one with the Singing Chef in attendance. Joyce and Johnny's food is as wholesome as Johnny's singing and as likely to lead to demands for more.

Ian Wells

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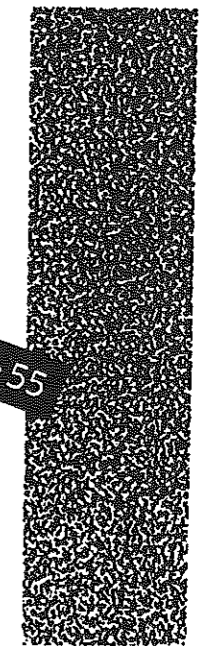
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FOLK FOR FOOD

As organiser of the 'Folk For Food' charity concert, I am pleased to report that the event was a success artistically and financially. The creme de la creme of the North-West's folk fraternity appeared - at least two acts had turned down paying club work to appear, while Gregg Butler of Straw head passed up a trip to Germany to do his bit.

I wish I could report that a similar generosity of spirit had prevailed with the general public - the hall is built to hold 500 and was less than 2/3rds full. I suppose England v Poland must shoulder some blame. Pity.

Stanley Accrington put on his compere's hat - among others - and ran the evening to a tight schedule with maximum good humour. Bob Geldof's Knighthood was the days big news and Stan "knighted" me in front of the unruly populace during the proceedings. The Rat!

Quartz opened the show and coped with the dreaded 'death' spot with astounding ease. I suppose anything I say in praise of my fellow Eaglers will be taken with a pince of salt, but don't take my word that they're great. Book 'em and see for yourselves.

Hobson and Lees performed with loathsome ease. After "Stompin' At Decca" damn near brought the house down, Bernard Wrigley turned to the rest of the cast and muttered "P'raps I'll not do a tune, then".

Caught On The Hop went next and for the first time in ages we had enough room to perform in. Then all the D.I. boxes packed in and we had to mike up, thus reducing us to passive staticity. Typical. We enjoyed ourselves, despite various sound problems (like losing the vocals, for example).

Clive Gregson and Christine Collister opened the second half and were utterly superb. Christine's voice really is magnificent. Folk is blessed with many good female vocalists from Linda Thompson to June Tabor, and Christine belongs in that class. Her prospects aren't damaged any

by the fact that she looks gorgeous and I assure you that that remark is meant to be sexist with a capital 'S'.

Bernard Wrigley took time off from making the cast laugh, to do the same for the audience. After three songs he was joined by Hobson and Lees for a wilfully excruciating version of the M.A.S.H. theme, and then the trio became a quintet as Derek and Di Boak joined them for an accapella version of the Beach Boys "Little Deuce Coupe".

Strawhead closed the show, with a high-powered set of greatest hits. Unfortunately the P.A. problems which had beset C.O.T.H. earlier now returned with all their relatives - cracks, pops, whistles and screeches. It was a great pity as it detracted from an otherwise excellent performance.

Sound problems notwithstanding, the show was extremely well received - some work colleagues of mine who would no more have gone to a folk club than the pope sign for Glasgow Rangers, reckoned that if that's what Folk was like, they'd be back for more.

It remains only for me to thank all those artistes who gave generously of their time, transport and talent and to state that the event raised £225 which will go to the funds of Folk Against Famine.

Thank you all very much.

Bernie Forkin.

NEW SONGS FOR OLD

As I squeezed my way into the upper room at The Worthington Hotel in Hindley, I wondered if I had done the right thing in agreeing to help judge the third Songwriting contest. I'd listened to the preliminary tapes, read the lyrics, but now, there in the flesh were the hopeful writers and performers and their supporters. John Howarth, Mike Billington and I took our places behind a table wedged into a corner. Over my right shoulder was a friend of the landlord with a video camera, relaying proceedings to the bar below. Off to our left was a Radio Manchester engineer recording the songs for Mike's programme, Folk Like Us. There were 25 songs (already whittled down from 40) to fit in between 8pm and closing time, and we were trying to pick an overall winner and the best in two categories.

The quiet/serious category had twice as many songs as the humorous/up-tempo one, and the overall quality was very high. I'm not sure who found it more of a strain, the performers who had to go in cold with each song, or we judges trying to give equal attention to each song, regardless of the quality of performance. The audience were very much on the side of the competitors, listening with appreciation and joining in the choruses.

For those few of our readers who were not crammed in that night, the songs varied from extremely serious to totally flippant. The performers ranged from one unaccompanied singer, through duos and trios, mostly with guitars, to Parish Folk, who seemed to include their entire parish. Some writers had come in person, others had asked the home team, Penny Gate, to sing their entry, and some had entrusted their hopes to local semi-professionals. We listened with interest to love songs, leaving songs, dole queue epics, semi-dialect numbers, songs of optimism, a Falkland lament, a pastiche ballad, and a fake forebitter.

When we retired to consider our verdicts, complete with sheaves of notes and a final pint, one part of our task was easy and one was very hard. The humorous entry selected itself, even though it was nearer performance poetry than folksong: the Birmingham duo Redman, Greenman had creased both audience and judges with 'Missing Persons'. We also commended 'Black Pudding Line', sung with stomach wrenching gusto by Calico for Brian Ashton, and 'Bowton Born and Bred', vigorously bashed out by Me, Thee and T'Others for Colin Armstrong.

You can judge how difficult the choice was in the serious category by the fact that we named five songs as well as awarding the section and overall winners prizes. The near miss songs were 'Cry, Wild Bird' (by Brian Clare, sung by Bram Taylor), 'My Northern Town' (Rob Anker), 'Days of Clog and Shawl' (Alan Windsor), 'Ribblethorpe Mill' (Joseph Thorpe, sung by Graham Gilmore), and 'The Rolling Sea' (Rob Maloney). The section prize went to 'When the Nightingale She Sings' written by previous joint winner Keith Scowcroft and well sung by Derek Gifford. Finally, we named the overall winner: 'Lady of Beauty', written and sung by Tony Hewitt. This song had lifted the audience, who rapidly joined in the chorus with enthusiasm. I'm just glad that I'm not Bob Pegg with over 3000 entries to get through in the preliminary judging at Kendal! My personal thanks go to Kath Holden and the gang at Hindley Folk Club for excellent organisation. Songwriting is alive and well, and living in folk clubs.

Ian Wells.

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REDCAR '86

Oh God, He's not going to go on about his bloody band again is he? No, he's not, Honest, though when you've got to hang around pre- and post-performance it does restrict your movements around the rest of the venues.

So this is what happened at The Swan Hotel, Redcar, on Festival Saturday. There was an early afternoon benefit concert for Taffy Thomas, which could have been better attended. Bryony and Sid and Henry Kipper helped raise the funds. The Kippers are still very funny - though I didn't spot any new material since Warwick last year - 'Seven Deadly Sins' with "shell" chorus and the inevitable 'Whistling Monologue' were both greeted with shrieks of laughter.

The 'official' afternoon concert was a good stylistic mix. Jenny Beeching and Chris Haigh (Swing and light jazz, basically) were good curtain raisers. Then Bryony's traditional songs and sweet harmonies and Alex Attersons psuedo-blues piano plus a nice line in chat. We opened the second half, giving way to Fiona Simpson and, finally, Sam Stephens and Anne Lennox-Martin.

Fiona was on very good form, showing off her usual range, from "Lord Franklin" to Bruce Springsteen, taking in Joni Mitchell, Feargal Sharkey and Noel Coward en route. I sought solace in the bar while Lennox-Martin and Stephens did their crafty cockney routine. John O'Hagen compered nicely. I found time, earlier, to drop into the downstairs Singaround, which had all the atmosphere of a wet Thursday in Southsea.

Saturday evening found us at an extra-curricular concert at Redcar Cricket Club. Left to comper and introduce ourselves, (the comper failing to turn up) we drew the short straw for starting. You can say what you like about PA systems, but when the audience are, shall we say frisky, and the bar pumps, one arm bandit and pool table all lend their inimitable charm, those little speakers are the bee's knees. Steve Turner bit the bullet

REVIEWED

and went second. Bryony bravely eschewed PA and charmed the audience over. Best recieved were Cilla Fisher, Artie Tresize and Gary, whose up-front style of verve and hunour went down a bomb. Gary's accordian sounds almost Jimmy Shand, conjuring memories of 'The White Heather Club'. If you haven't heard them, I reccommend that you do soon - 'leave Us Our Glens' is the funniest song I've heard for years.

To my regret, I missed both The Oysters and The Watersons: Hearsay had it that The Oysters were cooking with gas and that The Wilsons showed the Carthy-less Watersons the way home. Lucky Watersons. There was no-one to show me and I get lost.

Bernie Forkin.

EAGLE & CHILD FOLK CLUB

MAIN STREET, BILLINGE.

- Sept 7 Singers Night
 - 14 Gent: Soldier
 - 21 Singers Night
 - 28 Tonight at Noon
 - Oct 5 Singers Night
 - 12 Bernard Wrigley
 - 19 Singers Night
 - 26 Jake Thackeray
 - Nov 2 The Wilsons
 - 9 Whipper-snapper
 - 16 Maxie & Mitch
 - 23 Singers Night
 - 30 Singers Night
- RESIDENTS: BRIC-A-BRAC
CAUGHT ON THE HOP
QUARTZ

THE TRANSPORTS

'Transports' has had an almost cult following since it first appeared on record, disappearing almost immediately with the demise of Free Reed. Some songs have passed into the repertoire of individual singers, particularly 'The Mother's Song'. Various stagings have occurred, most notably by the Herga club at the National Festival and in dumb show on the South Bank, but somehow I've always been somewhere else. It was therefore with great pleasure that I went to Poynton to hear a semi-staged production.

This had been put together by John Walker and featured a mixture of amateur, semi-professional and professional singers and players. The band was hidden behind a canvas backdrop, and the performers walked on in turn from the wings in varying degrees of costume.

John Walker had cast himself as The Street Singer, and stood rather nervously on stage through most of the performance. He suffered from a sound imbalance, with the invisible solo fiddle (excellently played by Jackie Rawlinson) about 25% too loud. The first half ran smoothly, but without too much reaction from the thin Friday night audience. The 'through composed' style choked off any attempt to applaud individual songs, even Linda Dann's superb singing of 'The Leaves in the Woodland', and Ian Wood's powerful performance, complete with fetters, of 'Norwich Goal'. The other outstanding performance, of Henry Cabell, will add to Brian Peter's growing reputation. The second half picked up, and the audience really warmed to 'The Green Fields of England' and Tony Mannion as Shantymen leading a splendidly gutsy 'Roll Down'.

Dolly Collins' arrangements were performed by a strings and woodwind sevenpiece under musical director Roger Briscoe. The overture betrayed a little nervousness, but confidence was steadily gained during the evening and the Saturday production should have been really sharp.

Problems? I was unable to judge Alice Walker's performance of Susannah, subverted as it was by a heavy cold. There had been inadequate technical rehearsal, leading to poor positioning of some singers for the mikes.

Overall, this was a worthwhile and enjoyable effort, and I hope it raised lot's of money for MENCAP.

Ian Wells.

LIVE!

ONWARD!

You're writing a piece of community theatre for your local town's 150 year celebrations and you want to put someone on stage to act as narrator: how do you make this work? Ron Baxter simply placed the whole action in Heaven and gave the job to the recording angel, played as a rather dry DHSS official. This breadth of vision is well in the tradition of the founder of Fleetwood, Peter Hesketh-Fleetwood, who turned sand dunes into a planned town, intended as the railhead for Scotland, but better known as a fishing port.

A collection of local singers and actors, with a pit orchestra drawn from local folk musicians, zipped through a rapid fire sequence of scenes and songs. The approach was something like MIKRON, but with a larger cast, with a whole series of minor parts, racing through Fleetwood's history. There were about 24 songs, all written or adapted by Ron, and set to a wide variety of existing tunes by Ross Campbell. Many of these were folk influenced, and well sung by Ross, and by Liz Gillingham and Sue Bousfield, better known as Scold's Bridle, as well as by the cast. Kevin Whelan's fiddle also deserves a mention.

I liked the tongue in cheek setting of a song about a funeral to 'Walk Him Along' and the elaborate glee for choral society that greeted Queen Victoria (the weather was appalling and she was not amused). The one existing song, revived from The Final Trawl, was 'The Flowers of the Sea'. The other song that stuck in my mind was 'False Tunes of Glory', set to the bagpipe tune we know best for The 51st Highlanders Farewell to Sicily: this lament for the 'heroic dead' of Fleetwood could well become a standard.

Organisers might appreciate the tale from the early days of the folk club: 'That's the last time we book her.' 'Why? Wasn't she any good?' 'She was a good act but we'd paid her top wack, £17.10.0, put her up, and then she stuck us for the taxi fair to Blackpool North.' 'What's her name?' 'Barbara Dickson'. IW

Islwyn Festival Review

Caught On The Hop took it's collective self to South Wales for Whit Week, playing clubs in places like Pant-Y-Hose and Cwm Off It, as well as the above festival.

Usually at festivals our bank of software corners the market in curious pokes (What happens if you press this?) and jaundiced comments (I suppose you pop singers haven't heard of Martin Carthy). This year there were others to share the interest.

Battlefield Band for four. Old favourites of mine, I must admit, though their days of frontier breaking seem to be over. Brian's keyboards are still a nifty notch above the normal and the fiddling and piping hasn't got any worse either. They produced a highly polished set with some careful use of taped drums. Somewhat ridiculously, I found myself thinking that a bit of a cheat.

The Chartists sport keyboards as well, though I'd be hard pressed to pretend they used them with any great originality. Good quality filler and pleasant to listen to, I couldn't actually remember any number they played.

Tonight At Noon performed back to back with us, a piece of programming both bands could have done without. Having said that, they are significantly different in their approach. A good deal "rockier" than us, with a 'heavy metal' guitar sound, taped drums and block harmonies. I wouldn't go as far as Ian Woods did in his album review in this august periodical, when he wrote that they were good musicians but not folk singers: They are using traditional material and developing it in their own way, and as such deserve to be called Folk Singers - more than say, Allan Taylor or Paul Metsers - who owe nothing to the tradition.

Their guitarists had a very smart haircut and Gavin's shirt was a good deal trendier than mine.

Away from all the microchips, The Doonans were superb, as full of larks and style as usual, but still

packing a punch like Frank Bruno. Ar Log were depressingly ordinary, technically very impressive but registering a low score on the excitement scale. I didn't find Jez Lowe as significant as some folk obviously did. Nothing I could put my finger on, but I'm not a devotee of alepot bards anyway. Blakes 3 are no more than passable, though there's nothing wrong with their influences - thirties Jazz and forties swing. T'ain't what they do it's the way that they do it.

Prospective visitors to South Wales might like to note two or three good clubs in the area. The New Inn, Pwllmyric near Chepstow boasts a very 'folk' setting - all oak beams and candles. Pleasant atmosphere and good residents.

The Mountain Ash club, run by exiled Lancastrian Godfry Birtill, is a friendly place with, again, a good standard of residents, while the Gower has a very good club at Llanrhidian run by Joy Toole. All well worth a visit.

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RECORD REVIEWS

JOE STEAD Greenwich Village
"A Baker's Score" GVR 230

It could be said that this is probably an exhibition of overt plagiarism by Joe Stead because the majority of the songs on this album have been recorded by others. It could be said; but the critics who say so forget that Joe has an individual style which he imprints on each of the tracks. Whether you like his style of course is a matter of conjecture; personally I find he has a clear though not a rich voice with almost faultless diction.

This latter faculty has an important bearing on the whole album in that this record is an invaluable source of material for singers especially as many of the tracks are undoubtedly 'popular' folk songs.

Among these my own personal favourites are Graeme Miles 'Green Coats and Beagles' and 'An Evening in Summer' and Amanda McBrooms very beautiful song 'The Rose' I am also pleased that Joe has included Bob Watkson's 'Shantyman' which is slowly being 'immortalised' by Johnny and Jim!

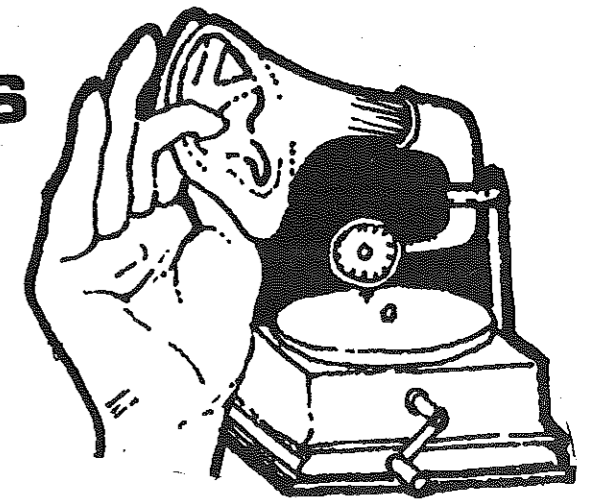
One surprise among the 20 songs recorded is Keith Hancocks 'Third World War' - I say surprise because it must be fairly well known by now that The Wilson Family have recorded this on a single in aid of 'Folk Against Famine' and it seems strange that he should want to even attempt a cover version of the song. However, as the Wilsons back him on the recording its obviously all right by them!

Overall you won't find anything new on this album but you will have a pretty handy compendium of good songs all on the same disc and with 20 of them altogether - my life - what a bargain!

DEREK GIFFORD.

PHIL HARE RTS1215
"The Din of Inequity"

Phil Hare is one of the reasons I still like Folk music and the Folk Scene after being part of it for almost 20 years (yes I did start very young)



The ability to entertain with one guitar and voice still fascinates me and to find someone like Phil who has something new to say with interesting new self penned songs, guitar arrangements so fluent they could be from best of Nic Jones or Martin Simpson and a good new slant on old favourite trad songs such as Bitter Withy and Fricketty Bush, is well worth looking into.

Yes, I have known Phil for a while now and its good to see that he is getting a few bookings around the folk clubs futher afield than his native Wirral area.

I'm happy to report that most of the tracks on this, his first cassette are of a good standard. Phils playing and singing are excellent and a couple of his own songs 'Looking for my true love' and 'They've come to take our town away' will I'm sure be sung by many other over the coming years, they are a pair of very good songs.

Some very flashy guitar playing to the fore on Planxty Hewlet/Faires Hornpipe and the already mentioned Bitter Withy give an insight to what Phil is capable of and I hope this wont be his last solo effort.

Look out for Phil Hare at your local club.

PETE RIMMER.

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RECORDREVIEWSRECORDREVIEWSRECOR

THE HOME SERVICE.

SPIN 119

"Alright Jack"

Gone is Bill Caddick and his place comes Andy Findon on flutes and saxes, the Service are eight strong and still firing on all cylinders. Their debut got a mauling in these pages, I disagreed then, and most definitely do now, for "Alright Jack" is a mighty work. When they're on top form then there are very few bands in the country to touch the Home Service. Sadly these days they rarely get a gig outside the National Theatre and a festival or two, but it doesn't seem to have done them one ounce of harm. Opening with the

cutting "Alright Jack" which has been lying around on the shelf since the Albion Band days then you realise that the band mean business. The traditional "Rose of Allendale" is done as a straight folk rock piece, and the ensuing "Radstock Jig" romps along neatly with some pumping brass. But it's the closing "Sorrow/Babylon" which takes the cherry, by God let anyone with any feeling listen to this track and then tell me that the Home Service are just another group. Tams is in magnificent form, mighty guitar from Graeme Taylor and the trumpets counterpoint some storming synthesizers. "Sorrows" was the theme music to the recent BBC drama "The Holy City" and its bleak mournful desperate subject matter, unemployment and urban waste is reflected in the arrangement.

Flip over the disc and Tams is back in sensitive form on "Scarecrow" which leads neatly into the "Lincolnshire Posy" a collection of songs garnered by Percy Grainger. Probably prompted into action by the departure of Caddick the work has attained a maturity since I heard it performed at Cropredy 85. I'm still not sure of its lasting impression on me, but almost everyone who wanders through and hears it reckons that this is the cut to be talking about. Certainly its complex and tricky, executed to precision.

The Home Service have proved with this record that though it's some six or seven years after their initial formation that faith put in them at the time was not misplaced. "Alright Jack" is one has the feeling destined to go down as one of those mile stone records that several years on down the line folkies will go misty eyed over. Alright Jack? you bet.

SIMON JONES.

CATHY LE SERF

FUN FUNGO2

"Surface"

Well now her's a paradox, Cathy Le Serf of Albion fame, sometime Fairporter and owner of the most variable voice I know. At times it can warble to excruciating heights and others it can be plaintive and penetrating. Fun records is the new label set up by the Albion guitarist Doug Morter so I suppose it's natural for them to issue Le Serf's debut solo album. She's gathered rather a stellar backing crew to help out too. Bill Martin, Daves Pegg and Mattacks, Jerry Donahue, and Doug Morter, it reads rather like a Fairlbionwacket register. And much to my delight all the songs are Cathy's, I had no idea she was such a writer, outside of the odd credit on the Albion discs she's shown very little sign of pushing a pen. But by jimminy some of these are belters. "Broken" is a beaut, and though it's the third recording of it, "My Feet Are Set For Dancing" loses nothing on another showing.

This is'nt the caberet music that I thought it might have been after the totally dubious last couple of Albion Band records, it's catchy, poppy even well worth seeking out.

SIMON JONES.

THE VOLUNTEERS. DEMO TAPE.

And there I was just having my bacon and eggs when up comes the postman and hands me a whole bundle of packages and envelopes, amongst which was a demo from this bunch in Chester, the Volunteers. They aren't half good too. Citing no influences in particular they seem to be carving a neat contemporary folk rock niche for themselves around Chester way and further spicing up their set with break neck renderings of Irish tunes. The three songs on the cassette suggest that they need to mature a bit beyond Strawbs, Lindisfarne, renderings, but come on this is their first serious effort and it's darn promising. Do I want an interview they ask? Yep. Watch this space.

SIMON JONES.

Federation Page

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THE AIM OF THE FEDERATION shall be the promotion of Folk Music in the North-West by:-

1. The "block booking" of artists for tours
2. Joint publicity of the member clubs
3. The general support of member clubs
4. Joint organisation of concerts and ceilidhs within the area
5. The support of festival organisers within the area
6. The organisation of events to attract the "under 18s" to Folk Music

The Member Clubs

FOLK CLUB	START	ADDRESS	ORGANISER	TELEPHONE
Sunday				
CROWN	8.15 pm	The Crown, Conway St., Birkenhead	Phil Hare	051 342 4145
BOTHY	8.00 pm	Blundell Arms, Upper Aughton St., Birkdale, Southport	Clive Pownceby	051 924 5078
EAGLE & CHILD	8.30 pm	Eagle & Child, Main St., Billinge, nr. Wigan	Bernie Forkin	0744 53058
LEIGH	8.00 pm	Oddfellows Arms, Twiss Lane, Leigh	Steve Eckersley	0942 677955
POYNTON	8.00 pm	Poynton Folk Centre, Park Lane, Poynton	David Brock	061 483 6521
RAVE ON	8.30 pm	Grosvenor Rowing Club, The Groves, Chester	Nick Mitchell	0244 315094
WIDNES (ST. MARIE'S)	8.30 pm	St. Marie's Am. R.L. Club, Brentfields, Widnes	Patrick Lindley	051 423 3775
LLANDUDNO	8.30 pm	The London Hotel, Upper Mostyn St., Llandudno	Arthur Bowman	0492 622049
Monday				
HOPWICH	8.15 pm	Crown Hotel, Horwich	Sue Grills	0204 691430
PRESTON	8.15 pm	Lamb Hotel, Church St., Preston	Mavis Eccles	0254 580383
POYNTON	8.30 pm	Poynton Folk Centre, Park Lane, Poynton	David Brock	061 483 6521
BREWERY	8.30 pm	Brewery Arts Centre, 122a, Highgate, Kendal	Bill Lloyd	0539 25133
TRITON	8.00 pm	The Triton, Paradise St., Liverpool	Doreen Rickart	051 227 3911 ext.448 work
Tuesday				
MAWDESLEY	8.30 pm	Black Bull, Mawdesley	Derek Gifford	0704 822574
HINDLEY	8.15 pm	Worthington Hotel, Market St., Hindley	Kath Holden	0942 58459
BLACKPOOL	8.30 pm	King's Arms, Talbot Rd., Blackpool	Mally Dow	0253 401842
MAGHULL	8.30 pm	Hare and Hounds, Maghull	Dave Day	
Wednesday				
WHITEHAVEN	8.15 pm	Rosehill Theatre Bar, Moresby, Whitehaven	c/o theatre	0900 2422
HOW CROFT	8.30 pm	How Croft, off St. George's Rd., Bolton		
FOLK AT THE TUTE	9.00 pm	Wrea Green Institute, Station Road, Wrea Green, Kirkham	Phil Capper	0772 684537
WHITE SWAN	8.00 pm	White Swan, Green St., Fallowfield, Manchester	Anne Morris	061 881 8294
THE STAR	8.30 pm	Star Inn, Back Hope St., Salford	Martin Gittins	061 205 3680
Thursday				
DARWEN	8.30 pm	The Kiosk, Sunnyside Woods Centre, nr. Darwen	Jan Foster	0254 775860
POYNTON	8.30 pm	Poynton Folk Centre, Park Lane, Poynton	David Brock	061 483 6521
WIGAN	8.15 pm	White Horse, Standishgate, Wigan	Joan Blackburn	0942 863389
MAGAZINE	8.30 pm	Magazine Hotel, Magazine Lane, Wallasey	Arthur Marshall	051 334 7860
Friday				
BEE	8.30 pm	Bee Hotel, Bodfer St., Rhyl	Dave Costello	0745 32488
NEWCASTLE	8.00 pm	Pack Horse, Station St., Longport, Stoke-on-Trent	Jason Hill	0782 813401
NORTHWICH	8.30 pm	Harlequin Theatre, Queen St., Northwich	Sean Boyle	060644361
PORKIES	8.30 pm	Lady Brooke Hotel, Fir Rd., Bramhall, Cheshire	Judy Aucutt	02605 2633
CUT ABOVE	8.30 pm	Tom Rolt Centre, Boat Museum, Dock Rd., Ellesmere Port	Jon Ford	051 339 0940
BLACKBURN	8.30 pm	Mill Hill Hotel, Bridge St., Blackburn	Ron Crane	0254 40347
Saturday				
BURY	8.30 pm	The Napier, Bolton St., Bury	Jean Seymour	061 761 1544
BREWERY	8.30 pm	Brewery Arts Centre., 122a, Highgate, Kendal	Bill Lloyd	0539 25133
SOUTHPORT	8.30 pm	Southport Arts Centre, Lord St., Southport	Neil Johnstone	0704 40004
POYNTON	8.30 pm	Poynton Folk Centre, Park Lane, Poynton	David Brock	061 483 6521



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