

# Optimistic Planning for Cygnet Folk Festival 2021

Report from Artist Director, Erin Collins.



**In these extraordinary days it seems a lifetime, rather than only ten weeks ago that we were all hanging out together for the weekend of the 2020 Cygnet Folk Festival!!**

In these uncertain times for so many, we are grateful that our event was able to go ahead, providing not only a wonderful experience for all who attended, but also contributing to the livelihood of performers, crew and arts workers, as well as the local community where our event is held.

As most of you music lovers would be aware, many

performers are now suffering an unprecedented loss of income as festivals and concerts around the world are cancelled for an unknown period of time.

Many of them are fundraising via online concerts-many of these can be found via social media and other forums so if you are in a position to support them, perhaps search online for some of your favourite performers and help keep them fed and knowingly loved until we can bring them back to a stage with a live audience!!

In the meantime, we are sincerely hopeful and are planning that the 2021 Cygnet Folk Festival will be showcasing yet another round of wonderful

artists and presenters and supporting not only performers, but all who help create this special event.

Applications to perform at the 2021 festival are still open until the end of April-we already have some very exciting acts that have applied and that we hope to bring to our stages.

In the meantime, if you need a break from the news-head to the Cygnet Folk Festival YouTube channel where we are uploading some very special memories from January 2020!

Stay safe and well and we truly hope to see you all in good health and ready for a party in January 2021!!



# WOMADelaide 2020 Review

by Derek Tickner  
Photos: Derek Tickner



## I am a WOMADelaide tragic.

I've been going to this music and dance festival every year since 2003, when I photographed and reviewed it for *Entropy*, UniSA's student magazine, now defunct.

Since 2006, I've been shooting it for *Trad & Now*.

Along with Woodford, it is one of the highlights of my festival going year.

WOMADelaide is a four-day festival that celebrates cultural and creative diversity from around the world.

It is held in Adelaide's sublime Botanic Park, a spacious sward studded with native shrubs, pines and shade-giving Moreton Bay fig trees, and has been running since 1992.

WOMADelaide is big, the festival site sprawls over 34 hectares and attracts around 20,000 people a day, with over a third of attendees coming from

interstate and overseas.

But due to the size of the park, it never feels crowded.

There's plenty of room to find a quiet and shady spot for some chill time, to lie down and gaze at Angus Watt's iconic flags fluttering in the breeze.

Around 500 artists from 30 or so countries perform on eight stages spread across the Botanic Park.

The performance areas range from small, intimate stages nestled in the trees, to the two major stages that put on the more popular acts to large audiences.

The festival also programs large scale installation works.

This year, Craig Walsh's 'Monuments' projected massive and eerie faces on to trees, the likenesses of luminaries who are passionate about the natural environment.

Various comedic or bizarre

performance artists roam around the site.

The most impressive were Company Archibald Caramantran from France.

Their four-metre tall articulated puppets delighted festival goers, who reacted with astonishment and laughs.

There are also lively discussion panels at The Planet Talks; music and dance workshops led by the visiting performers; and Taste the World, where artists cook up a favourite dish from their native country to a salivating audience.

The Global Village features over 100 international food, clothing and community stalls and the Healing Village provides a range of relaxation, remedial, and alternative therapies for weary festival bodies.

Every night, Wired Aerial Theatre's 'As The World Tipped' offered a metaphor

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KermesZ à l'Est

packed performance about climate change on a stage that started flat then slowly tilted to vertical, with the actors dangling and gyrating from wires in front of powerful imagery.

Utterly amazing, you can watch it on YouTube.

This year saw the debut of the NSS (Northern Sound System) Studio in a shipping container packed with recording gear.

Hip hoppers and rappers laid down tracks in front of an appreciative (and mostly teen) audience.

The KidZone is the place for the young and young at heart.

It has nature-play activities, stories, singing, dancing and educational entertainment in a fun and family friendly setting.

Some of the highlights were Justine Clarke's Story Time, SA Museum's Explorer's Tent and Uncle Stevie's Kurna Classroom.

The Kurna people are the Indigenous Australians whose traditional lands include the Adelaide Plains.

The Taikurtinna Dance Group performed at the Welcome to Country, the first event on Friday evening.

The entertainment continued on the opening night with two heavy hitters, Kate Miller-Heidke and The Cat Empire.

Kate wowed the punters with her clever pop songs and amazing vocal dexterity, and Festival regulars, the Cat Empire ("considered part of the WOMAD family") had the joint jumping with their well loved pop/samba/hip hop sound.

As usual for early March, Adelaide turned on perfect festival weather, with sunny days in the mid-twenties and cool (but not cold) evenings over the four days.

More big names graced the stages over the rest of the weekend: Mali's 'Golden Voice of Africa', Salif Keita; samba-rock king Jorge Ben Jor from Brazil; and the ever-inspirational Mavis Staples.

A rhythmic beating heralded the arrival of the Orang Orang Drum Theatre, who used precision percussion, theatre and dance to share the rich folklore of Malaysian society.

On the intimate Stage 3, the dynamism of the set of KermesZ à l'Est, a band of black leather anarchists from Belgium, was rapturously received by the crowd.

The brass section played their horns fit to burst, the rest of the boys playing their Balkan electro/metal/jazz songs with tight arrangements and wild abandon.

Their stage antics were a joy to watch.

The talented and high energy acrobats of Circolombia performed death defying feats as their sultry singer crooned Latin songs of love, rappers rapped and the cast members (those not being propelled through the air) danced and sang.

Circolombia were 'borrowed' from the concurrent Adelaide Fringe, and an exciting addition they were too.

If you're coming to WOMADelaide from interstate, it is well worth staying for more than the weekend, as there is so much music, comedy, cabaret and theatre to see at the Adelaide Festival and Fringe.

As always at WOMADelaide, there is never enough time to see everything that's happening, on stage or off.

Resigned to this fact, I always take some 'bar time' to catch up with friends over a reviving ale or two.

Especially as the bars are run by Coopers and all of their splendid beers are available.

Other acts I particularly enjoyed were indigenous singer, Deline Briscoe, from Black Arm Band and Mission Songs Project who performed soulful, jazzy songs.

Los Amigos Invisibles from Venezuela had the crowd grooving to their infectious Latin funk.

The ageing Blind Boys of Alabama were led on stage to face the afternoon sun on Stage 2, immaculately turned out in red jackets.

They sang gospel with vigour their harmonies were superb.

It was one of those festival moments that is engraved in the minds of all who saw them.

Maubere Timor's veteran singers honoured the music of the East Timorese resistance and their struggle for independence.

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Company Archibald Caramantran

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**RURA Crowd Zoo Stage**

Their show included smiling island dancers in traditional colourful garb.

The eccentrically dressed Minyo Crusaders sang traditional Japanese folk songs with the band driving the tunes along to a kind of weird ska beat.

This is what WOMADelaide is all about!

Fans of more traditional folk were rewarded by watching RURA.

These Scotsmen play the fiddle, Highland pipes, flute, guitar, keyboards and bodhran, their instrumentals had the throng reeling under the trees at the Zoo Stage.

A mostly younger crowd were enthralled by Thandi Phoenix,

playing under the bat colony in the trees around Stage 7.

Well known to Triple J listeners, rising star Thandi hit the stage to a tumultuous welcome from her fans and the bats, if their screeching can be taken as a welcome, as the last sepia of dusk illuminated the western sky.

She adds an edge to the automated beat of electronic dance music with her soulful, powerful vocals, like a young Mavis Staples for the next generation.

Aussie singer-songwriter, Matt Corby, was a late addition to the bill as Ziggy Marley was forced to cancel.

Matt was the last act on

Monday on the main stage and his seamless show provided a fitting climax for 'The World Festival'.

Between acts, I spotted a troupe of young festival goers wearing headphones and dancing their way through the alfresco dining area.

I hurried over to get some shots, their leader slapped some headphones on me and I became part of Guru Dudu's Silent Disco.

We paused along the way to do some set moves from classics like 'YMCA' and finished with Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family', which neatly sums up the whole WOMADelaide experience.

## Festival News &amp; Reviews

**Another one off the bucket list**

by Ken Grose

**I looked over the program for the March 6-9, 2020, Victorian, Port Fairy Folk Festival.**

It had a wide variety of international and local acts and so, after a few glasses of Cabernet Sauvignon, my fingers navigated to the tickets area of the website.

Booking the tickets went without a hitch, and before long I had an email with tickets attached.

Now for accommodation.

Wow! With a month or so before the festival, accommodation was limited and quite expensive, so I decided to go for the camping option.

I got an unpowered site for 3

nights at The Gardens Caravan Park for \$120.

Alcohol was not allowed in the caravan park. Gosh!

There was another Caravan Park closer to the festival, but I liked the idea of camping by the river.

Also, there was a shuttle bus every half hour or so.

It was a long drive from Woy Woy.

A total of 1,300km, so I had an overnight stop in Gundagai by the Murrumbidgee River, which was pristine.

Once in Victoria, Google took me on an interesting route, going through charming little towns of Western Victoria such as Noorat and Killarney.

Port Fairy is an historic

fishing village located on the far SW Victorian coast on the Moyne River, between Portland and Warrnambool.

Early buildings from the days of sealing and whaling in the 1800s still exist, adding to the town's charm.

The Caledonian Inn from 1844 is the oldest hotel in Victoria.

Entry to the festival was by way of a wrist band, which could be read by an electronic device at the gate.

This made moving in and out of the festival very easy.

I rolled up for the opening night on March 6, and sampled a few of the acts.

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Kieren Kane and Rayna Gellert from USA, Flats and Sharps from Cornwall, with their high energy bluegrass, and the Archie Roach CD launch, which was very moving.

Hit the sack about 11pm.

Day 2 brought good weather and more great music.

I headed to the venues at about 11am.

The crowd was very well behaved and consisted mainly of people in the baby boomer age group, although there were lots of young families too.

It sort of reminded me of a Sunday School picnic in the 1950's.

The performance tents were huge, with large video screens for people who were at the back of the venue.

The sound guys did a good job too.

If you had a low camping seat, it was possible to get right up the front, which suited me, especially when I saw The Blind Boys of Alabama.

There were also other smaller more intimate venues located outside the main festival compound, and included the Reardon Theatre, where they did a live ABC broadcast, St John's Church and the Lecture Hall.

The Blind Boys of Alabama started in the 1940's and I was so glad I got to see these legends of gospel music.

The Sandman and Flacco didn't disappoint.

I enjoyed concerts by Shane Howard and Neil Murray, both legends.

An intimate concert by the Scottish folk group, Fara, had a mixture of original and Orkney tunes.



Waiting for The Blind Boys of Alabama

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**The Blind Boys of Alabama**

They had great harmonies and fiddle playing and the acoustics of St John's Church made for an intimate experience.

Aloha Baby whisked us away to tropical shores with relaxing melodies and hula dancers.

Ye Vagabonds, from Ireland, provided excellent playing and wonderful vocal harmonies.

As with all festivals, it is very difficult to see all the acts, but what I did see, I enjoyed very much.

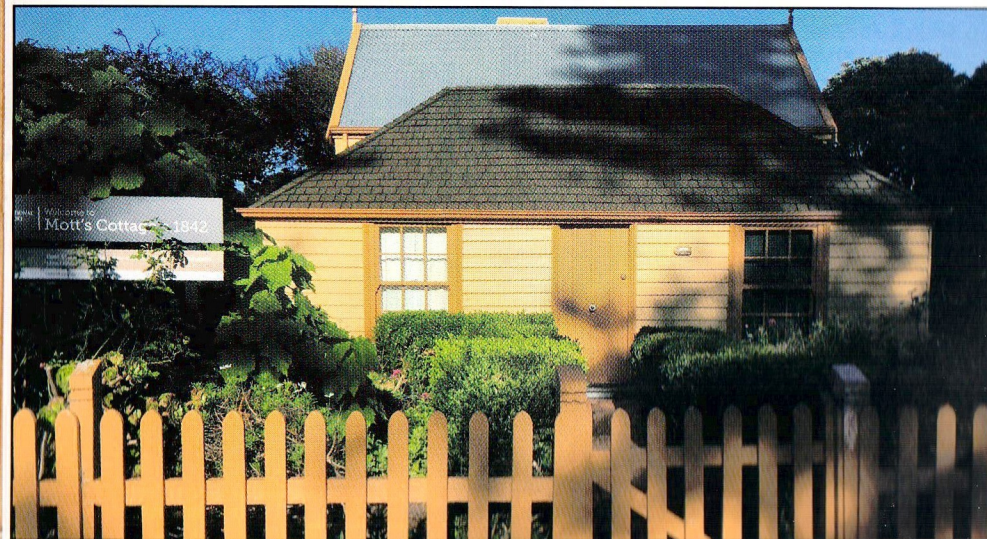
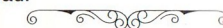
The festival is very well run, although I must say I did miss the mayhem of the pub sessions like at St Albans.

Unfortunately, this was probably the last big festival for

a while, now that we are dealing with COVID-19.

Hopefully the festival will be on next year.

If you have time on your hands, the visit could be coupled with a trip along the Great Ocean Road.



Mott's Cottage Port Fairy

# Woodford Folk Festival

## "To a Backdrop of a Burning Landscape?"

by Jefferson Lee  
Photos: Derek Tickner



*Fire Event (fire cancelled)*

**Woodford Folk Festival went ahead last Xmas/New Year with a backdrop of the worst climate change bush fires to ever engulf Australia.**

Indeed many of the army of volunteers were fretting that the festival may be cancelled right up to the eve of the week-long event, which starts officially on December 27th each year.

The Christmas and Boxing Day localised rain fall was the reprieve that everyone was hoping for with bated breath.

It was Heaven sent.

An example of this anxiety was the backstage manager of Bill's (now Bob's Bar).

She was glued to social media between events and was nervy.

Her husband in the beer garden was in tears as he watched his home town of Mallacoota burn on vision from his mobile phone.

There was sympathy and solidarity everywhere.

Numbers were down on the first day, as many regulars, rural alternative types from Northern

NSW and elsewhere, decided to forfeit their tickets and kept a fire watch vigil at home.

Anecdotally, I witnessed many festival goers who were checking their mobiles on the hour for deteriorating weather updates back home.

Bushfires aside, the numbers picked up over the week to a virtual sell-out by New Years Eve.

The spiritual beauty, the togetherness, the camaraderie of Woodforde Nation, one could argue, triumphed once again in 2019-2020, despite the burning sea of misery that swept

the nation elsewhere.

The opening night in the Amphitheatre was once again a huge success, with Kate Miller-Heike and Electric Sessions performing after the traditional welcome to country from local indigenous leaders.

The ageing guru director and founder of Woodfordia, Bill Horitz, was optimistic and generous during his annual report to two thousand odd who crammed around the Luna stage towards the end of the festival.

Privately he told me the re-naming of "Bill's" Bar with "Bob's" (Hawke's) bar was not just a tribute to now departed Hawkey, who had generated a lot of mainstream acceptance of the festival over his 12 consecutive years of attendance.

He hinted that it took the 'monkey off his back'.

Bill wanted more focus on the thousands of volunteers who make the whole event tick.

From garbage, to recycling, to stage construction, to logistics, to everything, he believes the goodwill and sacrifice of the many should receive the accolades, not him.

Nevertheless, I prodded him during his Q and A at the Luna.

"We've got a statue for 'Yellow Cake' Bob now on site Bill, how about one for the departed pioneer's of Woodford like the 'poet lorikeet' Denis Kevans, who performed the last Malany gig?"

Quick as a flash, he replied: "and his departed brother, Jacko Kevans, the best button accordion player of his time, who thrilled and taught hundreds of novices.

"Mate, the hall of fame includes hundreds of poets and musicians.

"There is not enough space for them all".



*Barleyshakes*

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He did point out that there are planted trees around the festival site to remember Denis, Jacko and others.

What Bill may have been doing was side-stepping claims of some about the ALP's creeping influence in the festival, where Anthony Albanese, and surprise guest, Kevin Rudd, sang the party tune from the major Grande stage the day before?

This could be forgiven as they were launching Blanche d'Alpuget's long awaited biography of the Silver Bodgie.

But for the second year in a row, Albo had to dodge the anger over Adani, equivocating with "It just won't happen".

Yet the news soon after the festival was that Siemens, in Germany, had approved their German technology for the coal mine to port railway for Adani, despite 10,000 Germans protesting outside

their headquarters over the decision, such was international environmental solidarity.

In defence of the ALP polities' perceived over kill, no one could object to Federal Opposition M.P. Linda Burney on the Aboriginal stage, exposing the tragic circumstances of our indigenous people in outstations and remote Australia.

As a footnote here, the generosity of the Qld Labor Govt towards Woodford stands in stark contrast with the NSW Liberal Govt who, apart from closing Sydney's nightlife down through over policing events with sniffer dogs and strip searches, has tried to strangle the rather placid NSW folk festivals with excessive security hire bills and total lack of support financially.

Ditto the Canberra Liberals, with their massive cuts to the ABC folk/world music programs and destroying the creative arts

generally with slashing Australia Council funding.

There was another controversy during Bill's annual report.

Many were outspoken about what they perceived as a major intrusion on the trust and humanity of the festival, with the parading of heavily armed police in uniform, where pistols protruded.

Bill defended what in his view was the low key presence of police at the festival site by giving an anecdote of a drunk man who had been rescued by them after falling off a cliff at the top of the festival site.

It still begged the question of the need for guns on site?

Meanwhile, the real broader debates, over the planet's future, were in the smaller Greening Australia Eco-Tent.

Here one caught everything from Professor Ian Lowe on



Bolivia Marka

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Highline Demonstrations Australia

the real and alarming unpublished statistics on Climate Change, to the Head of Mental Health issues in Qld., exposing the under funding and misappropriation, to everything in between.

The Greening stage had their finger on the pulse.

The cancellation of the annual fireworks at the end of the festival imposed a sense of reality as to where Planet Earth, and Australia specifically, stood.

Even without the closing night's fireworks, The Saturday Paper's journalist, Karen Middleton's twitter page, showed the laser light show,

huge puppets and thunderous revelry of music from the stage, which had thousands in the front of stage, arms raised, swaying with glee, as the 100,000 plus multitude, seated on the grassy Amphitheatre behind, joined in celebration.

Loss of traditional fireworks were a tiny sacrifice out of respect to those who lost everything as Australia burnt.

### FESTIVAL MUSIC

Enough of the politics, ah the music you beg.

The Celtic rhythms of Scotland's 'Elephant Sessions', Canada's 'East Pointers' and Ireland's 'The Barleyshakers'

were on everyone's lips, especially the under-30's, who no doubt missed the (Aussie) 'Bushwackers' in their 1970-80's prime.

The new maestros of fiddle and raucous Celtic-inspired dance music were dominant.

The upholders of jigs and reels had thousands dancing around with joy on their faces as the perfection and exhilaration of these touring bands captured the spirit of the festival at the Grande stage and elsewhere.

Not to be outdone, was a new Australian four piece Celtic group called 'Austral', complete with didgeridoo, who all but

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caved in the walls in Bill's Bar on the Wednesday night, such was the overcrowding and dancing feat.

Not to be outdone on the dance front and excitement, to a totally different beat, was the ecstatic Sufi band, 'Farhan Shah and Brothers Qawwali' from Pakistan.

I caught them late on the Sunday night at the Halcyon Stage, a logistical nightmare for the sound musicians, with over a dozen performers crammed onto the stage.

The hundred odd, mainly saffron or cotton clothed eager punters, were swaying slowly on a makeshift dance floor to the left of stage as they patiently waited for the slow tabla and vocal incantations to gradually pick up speed.

Meanwhile, intersecting percussion musicians eventually joining in.

The entralling rhythm was winding its way up your spine all the way up to your mind, leaving one indeed, with an uncontrollable sense of the ecstatic.

A bit like waiting for magic mushrooms to kick in for those who have tried, or listening to a 'Tangerine Dream' vinyl on replay.

Nearby, the Folklorica Stage had a continuous flow of local and touring acts covering what could loosely be described as World or Multi-cultural music and dance fusion.

My favourites here were an Indian act, 'Sanget Mishra', described in the program as "coming from a long line of saranga masters in India's

holiest city Varanasi", and a variety of acts from Brazil's "African-infused music", with vibrant feminine percussion called 'Meninas Da Lua'.

Many other flavours and cultures were beholden from this stage, a credit to the program director's diversity of taste in music, dance and spiritual explorations.

Did I mention the 'Spirit of the Hornbill Dance Academy' from Indonesia?

Or Tenzin Choegyial and 'Songs of the Himalayan Nomads'?

And a plethora more!

If Gypsy influenced music was to your taste, acts like the brilliant 'Cigany Weaver' or the more electric charged beats of 'Greshkelectro', then the exquisite venue called The Parlour was a place to hang.

Mixed genre band Gypsy Rumble appeared here as well but went down a lot better in more dance focused venues.

Cabaret performer and singer, Anya Anastasia, was popular here, as were an assortment of comedic acts like 'Banana Jolie' and 'Warm Waters'.

The added attractions of the Parlour were you could hang by the door and check out acts before entering, and they had a very cool shady beer garden outside the back, which was very relaxing between rushing around trying to catch everything, an impossible task.

The Parlour in previous years was the home of most of the late night raunchy shows.

Betty Grumble kept the tradition alive.

However, this year, the

main 'risque' event, 'The Briefs Factory', designated a must-see, was at the Cirque Tent.

Held at the respectable Adult MA15+ time of 8.45pm, the show kicked off with the extraordinary Host(ess), with ever more dazzling outfits, doing something between a stand up routine and, "Don't stay if you have a predilection for complaining about very mature content, leave now!"

Parents were warned for 15 minutes that shit was going to get real shortly.

Fabulous Drag, extraordinary physical abilities, and fun in the most stimulating playfulness was on show.

The host first appeared in a "Soccer Mom on the prowl" outfit.

A sort of get stuff done and still look appealing in a slightly frumpy way.

As the show went on, host costume changes held everyone's attention while sets were changed and stage clean-ups done.

A Master Class in making an entrance was stunningly held by the extraordinary host.

Describing the show's content is hard.

Visualise YoYos, High Wires, Juggling, Stripping, Musical Story Telling, High Heel Acrobatics, all part of it.

The "Girls" strut their stuff Cat Walk Style onstage.

Meanwhile, members of the audience are invited to get onstage and strut their own stuff.

Many who took up the challenge were very good, often comical, at times awkward.

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Every so often, a woman would get onstage and go "Full Woman" to the delight of everyone, including the Drag Beauties, who look forward to this part of the show.

"Full Woman" is where someone has the confidence to let these "Boys in Dresses" know what a real Woman looks like in her full glory!

No stripping or dazzling with physical prowess, but being Woman.

All sizes and ages from the audience took up the challenge.

I dipped into a different comedy session at Luna one afternoon late in the festival.

I noticed Sydney favourite, Peter Willey, was on the bill.

I nudged a tall broad Aboriginal man standing next to

me, "Watch this, he'll floor you with laughter".

It was not Peter's day.

He chose irony and wit with an ageing stand by, "The Tupperware Party of 1965".

Know your audience Peter.

Comedy at Woodford, unless it's the droll, Judith Lucy, or the confounded, head scratching Rod Quantock, is not for baby boomers.

The young-uns want contemporary cheap thrills.

Hence me cringing early in the day when I was the only one NOT in stitches over TV puppet Randy Feltface'.

After Peter's fall from grace, I turned around to apologise to my black brother and his pleasant wife, but he was gone.

Lo and behold, he was up on

stage as the very next act.

The old trick of wait in the wings to gauge audience response rather than backstage methinks.

It turned out to be Dane Simpson.

He killed it with stories of his background in Wagga Wagga and his dad visiting him on Federal election day from Brewarrina, outback NSW.

They ducked into the local church to vote.

Dad's not on the local roll after much searching.

"Suppose you're like an absentee then?" the voice from the roll clerk said.

Hard of hearing, Dad responds, "Na, but a cup of coffee would be good".



Signology Veggies

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No wonder this gentle giant is a headliner at the Adelaide Fringe with lines like that?

He inverts all the black white stereotypes, reminiscent of the black BBQ skit on non-commercial TV some years back.

Space prevents me expanding on some of the notables at the festival like Amanda Palmer, whose self funding undermining of capitalism, great politics and amazing talent, once again made her a huge drawcard.

Sonia Rutstein from the USA, who also appears under the name 'Sonia Disappear Fear', lived up to her name as warm, inviting and fearless in her song topics and style of performance. 'Dyson, Stringer and Cloher' did prove that three are better than one.

Having scored their CD as a prize in 2SER-FM's subscription drive, I felt they lacked something on first play, but catching them live was a total turn around in opinion.

They were lyrically ingenious and polished musically.

Tio, from Vanuatu, I caught briefly, but more next issue when I expand on his subsequent appearance at Port Fairy in March, just before the Pandemic shutdown.

Cat and Clint from Victoria have perfected traditional bluegrass style music down to a tea.

They should not be missed wherever they appear.

Ditto Kate Lucas aka 'Coda Chroma' from Melbourne.

Throw in the definitely talented Brisbane, Sahara Beck, here as well, who's singer song writing is notching up a string of awards.

A totally new act for me was, Basia Bulat.

The festival website pre-warned with "an electrifying voice and lyrics like silver arrowheads.

Basia has become one of Canada's most conspicuous talents.

She often appears solo in gigantic halls, winning over crowds with an autoharp or charango, stomping feet and two mighty lungs.

Indeed she did.

Catching her first at Luna, with a fair sized, crowd she astounded all with a voice that literally vibrates with the Great Plains of Northern America felt by my travelling mate.

Whatever, as word got around, she packed out the much larger Grande two nights later.

The clarity of her voice and her sweet positive energy had everyone spellbound.

We hope she is short listed for a return visit?

In such a huge program, it's easy to neglect long time stalwarts and favourites.

Hence down on the Blues Stage, the Kevin Borich Express, Harry Manx and Jeff Lang, were taken in as known territory under the category all legendary guitarists.

To match them, Fiona Boyles and her Fortune Tellers did some wonderful sets.

Indigenous bluesman, Roger Knox, grows on me more each time.

He slowly builds his set and each song grows on you.

This year, the last two songs of Roger's were accompanied by a female support singer with the range and fire of Aretha Franklin, making a great finale.

A great compensation for missing, sadly, the Archie Roach feature at Grande.

Of the newcomers, for me anyway, 'This Way North', the female duo from Victoria, were just phenomenal.

With just two performers, Leisha Jungalwalla and Cat Leahy, on guitar and drums, they were so in-sync with harmonies, beats and riffs that I couldn't turn my eyes and ears away from them.

With tracks like "Nothing to Say", "Head above Water" and "Make it work", their bluesy-rock surround-sound, with soaring, loud, but unforgettable vocals, was perfection.

My only regret was that I missed their final gig, when they were joined on stage with two of the femmes from Tallowood.

Of the singer songwriters and acoustic acts, Siobhan Miller from Scotland was superb.

Her localised songs had universal appeal.

Blair Dunlop from the U.K. also was enthralling in song and guitar.

Unfortunately, I missed Lucy Farrell, the BBC 2017 folk award singer.

But I did catch Brighde Chaimbeul from the Scottish Isle of Skye, playing traditional pipes with amazing professionalism.

Anne Tyrrell, an Irish lass who settled here, was also highly impressive.

Her double album on her road trip in the South Australian outback was launched at the festival and sold out quickly.

She is a well crafted songwriter with a fantastic voice and deserves national prominence in Australia.

Alas, I have missed out many great performers here, from Cloudstreet to The New Graces, to Jack Carty, to the Chloe & Jason Roweth Band, to Emma Louise, to Kyle Lionhart to David

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**Boban Markovic Orkestar**

Flower Band and even the Sunny Coast Rude Boys.

One great thing about Woodford, apart from too much talent, is that Southerners like me get to see a host of Sunshine and Gold Coast acts that never get exposure in the Southern States.

Indigenous acts were again widely featured across the festival.

The return of the Queensland 'Mission Song Project' with Jessie Lloyd and friends was warmly received.

They continue to open up

white eyes just a little more with each performance, by introducing new stories and songs from the long suppressed indigenous history of Australia.

This time, they gave a detailed description of the origins of the red, black and yellow Aboriginal flag.

In a seamless flow, they linked it to the song Inanay, made famous by Tiddas, by deconstructing its meaning and relevance.

Archie Roach was given the warm reception he deserved at his one concert at The Grande.

He followed up the next morning with a workshop covering his recently released biography in the Homelands Stage.

This was the venue for Glenn Skuthorpe and Robbie Bundle to continue their mentoring and national touring with a series of concerts with local indigenous talent from regions.

(Thanks to Jeff Joseph for Queensland hospitality)



**The Mask Family - Bobbles**

# Poetry and the written word

## Interstate friends and poets rally to help the Man From Snowy River Festival

by Christine Boulton

**As at March 10, following a bush fire scare, Christine Boulton told us that The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival in Victoria is up and running for 2020.**

Although many of the festival props and signs have been burnt, the festival was still to go ahead from April 2 -5, at Corryong.

The Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association, led by Jan Lewis from Cudgewa, has spent the last 25 years using this festival as a platform to promote bush poetry, music and yarns.

Although the Victorian Poetry championships are now held in alternate years, some competitions still went ahead this year.

The communities of Corryong, Cudgewa and

the Upper Murray suffered emotionally and financially in the December/January fires.

The town and farms were decimated with horrendous loss of animals, fencing, fodder, sheds, pasture and houses.

However, despite so many heart-rending stories, there have been many Aussie everyday heroes who have stepped up to lend a hand.

The folk community and artists have held many concerts at Cudgewa and Corryong recently to help the community, however, it was time to find some specific assistance for Jan Lewis and her crew.

To this end, it was decided to rebuild the stage for Banjo's Block at the poetry festival, that runs within the main Man From Snowy River Festival.

Jai Thoolen from Rosebud in Victoria was approached by

Christine Boulton from the West Australian Folk Federation and the West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners.

Christine asked if he would co-ordinate the building of a new Banjo's Block stage for the poetry event at the Festival.

These two WA organisations undertook to raise funds to go towards the costs of materials and transport.

As Corryong and Cudgewa had been so badly burnt, the stage needed to be rebuilt and transported from out of town to reduce the pressure on locals.

It was obvious that they needed time to refence their properties and come to terms with their losses.

The initial hat around at Wireless Hill's Australia Day Bush Poetry event in Melville (WA West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners) raised \$800.

This meant that there was enough money to begin.

Jai had a trailer of his own that he was able to donate.

He also sourced steel, at cost, through an anonymous company.

The wood and corrugated iron were also donated.

Jai's Uncle Henry, in New South Wales, let Jai build the stage in his workshop.

Uncle Henry also assisted Jai with his welding and design skills, along with many Facebook supporters.

On Friday, March 6, the WA Folk Federation held a concert and raised \$1,300.

### The Phoenix

by Jai Thoolen

Up where the mountain riders ride and poets meet their muse.  
At Corryong's own mountainside there was some awful news.

Where poetry of old is read and music makes its mark,  
A terrifyin' fire had spread and burnt down half the park!  
The storage sheds and lots of gear could not withstand the rage.

The festival was lookin' drear and fire'd claimed the stage.  
With only weeks and days to go the people set their jaws,  
'Cause poet folk are tough, you know, they'd rally to the cause!

While Jan and all her minions kept the festival on track,  
Christine was raising "millions" with her western poet pack.  
She raised a bit of funding when they passed around the hat  
To help with all the spending and to build a stage, and that.

She'd met him in Benalla just a year or so ago.  
He was a large-ish fella and she rang and said, 'Hello.'  
She asked him if he's able and/or willing to give aid.  
She'd heard about the fable of the trophies he had made...

He quietly accepted, thought it quite a simple task,  
When so many were affected it was not that big an ask.  
He kinda had a trailer and a few tricks up his sleeve.  
He'd collect donated timber and on Monday he would leave.

His uncle had a workshop on a farm out in the sticks.  
There'd been no rain to work crop so he helped for next to nix.  
Heroes come in any size and they're not born, they're melded.  
So quick it burns your eyes if you'd seen how this man welded!  
When times are tough, then poetry, will show who people are.

We're all one big community, no matter near or far.  
And phoenixes cannot be born when times are dull and tame.  
When we're all down and out, forlorn, it rises from the flame!  
Now, Maurie made a Banjo's hat, the stage's finished touch!

So, now, I guess that that is that, it didn't take too much,  
The MFSR festival begins on April 2.  
They've put the 'do' in do-able, now all they need is YOU!

## Attention all poets, poets' groups and poets' breakfasts organisers

Trad&Now is the longest running and only national magazine that regularly includes bush poetry news, bush poems and contact information to enable poets and those interested in bush poetry to locate like minded people anywhere in Australia. It does this in poetry news pages regularly set aside for that purpose.

We are now looking to have a bespoke Poets Directory published on the Poetry pages, to include a great deal more information and to ensure that the information is kept up to date by having it checked regularly by organisers.

By doing this, it is expected that more people will become aware of what poetry events and which poets are available and become involved, generally growing the bush poetry movement around Australia.

If you are a poet or run a poetry event and would like your information included in the new expanded directory, please complete the form on page 22-23 or on our website at [www.ducksrossing.org/tan/Trad\\_directory.pdf](http://www.ducksrossing.org/tan/Trad_directory.pdf) and return it to us, ideally by email to [info@tradandnow.com](mailto:info@tradandnow.com) or to the address on page 3, and we will include the information in the next available edition.

Entries in the new expanded directory are completely free but we require someone from each entry listed to be a subscriber to the magazine to ensure that the information is kept up to date.

The entry will remain in the directory for as long as the subscription remains current and a subscription still only costs \$55 for 11 editions.

# Redgum didn't foresee this parody

The Monaro Folk Society's Peter Foster normally writes dances, but since that won't be happening for a while he tried a song instead.

It's to the tune 'I Was Only 19' by Redgum

## Covid-19

Mum and Dad and Denny were not with us, they had stayed back on the farm  
We were all in isolation,  
It was just me and the girlfriend, together, twenty four by seven, This was no vacation  
So we sit down to our supper, our new favourite: rice and beans  
Or as we now refer to it, apocalypse cuisine  
And there's us, in our slippers, and our PJs stripy green  
Isolation, under Covid-19

Today we have a road trip, down to the corner store,  
I hope that there is something left for us  
In my mask and gloves, I scan the barren shelves  
Nothing there remaining but the dust

Then someone yelled out "loo rolls!" and the crowd around me swarmed  
We had been in there for hours, but we're too slow, they're all gone  
So tonight it's rice and beans as we continue our routine  
Isolation, under Covid-19

Staring out the window, at the world we used to visit,  
Trying to think of things that we can do,  
Even junk mail's looking interesting, when I have a great idea,  
It's something I can use in the loo

But it's really a poor substitute causing lots of wear and tear,  
Like the days back on the farm, when I could smell the dairy air  
And this rash, that never goes, I know just what it means  
This is the end, under Covid-19

We've seen disaster movies, but what they never mentioned, was the boredom  
The days are on replay So we tried a different movie, but it didn't help at all,  
perhaps it was a bad choice: Groundhog Day

And the news is so depressing, of that there is no doubt  
Seeing a constant parade of people passing out  
So we'll stay in isolation till they make a new vaccine  
Waiting, waiting, waiting, out Covid-19

And the rice and beans gets hard to eat, I can't put it in my face  
And then I found the problem, I had left my mask in place  
So here we stay together, as we endure quarantine,  
Isolation, under Covid-19

# The National Uprising

A Poem by Keith McKenry

Come all you friends and folkies, and harken unto me  
And hear my Manifesto, with which we'll All agree  
The scene is set – well, no it's not, the stage is all upended  
Our Festival this year is dead, its guts all spiked, distended

The Chop's been given unto us (and the world at large as well)  
By this Corona Virus, it's making life a Hell  
They've shut down bloody everything, everything that matters  
They'd take our lovely Festival and leave the thing in tatters

But NO!! They won't! No!! They won't! We'll not lay down and die  
We're FOLKIES, made of sterner stuff, we'll rise up, rise up high!  
We'll stand our ground, and SING and DANCE and play defiant TUNE  
Led by we POETS – yes, OUR voice, our voice will shake the moon

We'll rise up Giant – It's our time, for poetry's the key  
Our Breakfasts lunch and dinners inspire, you'll agree  
So get out there my comrades, and the Virus give the bird  
Defeat it! Not with sanitiser, but with the Spoken Word!

So get your pens out, Ipads too, or thumbnails dipped in tar  
And write – recite – inspire, unite us while afar  
For distance is a state of mind – (Yes, OK, and body too)  
But poetry's communion, lifeblood for me and you

This year we're here in spirit, and the spirit friends is strong  
No paltry Virus can stop us – we're tough, and we belong!  
WE belong to each other, we're a mighty kinship group  
The National LIVES while we have life, to no tyrant shall we stoop

So let our verses tell the world the Truth about our age  
That if we stick together, we'll break out from this cage  
This cage of isolation, the cage of paltry pelf  
We can't be caged by others, but only by ourself

So open up your voices friends, and join in harmony  
And share a song, a poem, tune, I know you will agree  
That Poetry is music friends, that lives in human will  
And music is a tonic friends, that no Virus can kill!

## Peter Blyth

Having retired from a life as a farmer, Peter now lives on a small property just outside of Albany, WA.

He is well known in the Great Southern Region for his involvement in promoting Bush Poetry in the region.

Peter is the organiser of the highly successful Poets Breakfast which runs in association with the Albany Show.

Much of his poetry is drawn from his farming experiences, often composed while driving his tractor.

### On A Roll

by Peter Blyth

We heard Coronavirus had been knocking people down,  
and local rumour had it, it was heading for our town.

The mob went into panic mode and hurried into Coles,  
and Woollies and the IGA to purchase dunny rolls.

They fought each other tooth and nail and nearly wrecked the shops,  
security was overwhelmed, they had to call the cops.

It didn't solve the problem though, it just seemed to worsen,  
'till finally they made a rule - two bog rolls per person.

I couldn't really come to grips with this silly caper,  
if they weren't stocking up on food, why buy dunny paper?

I guess the penny must have dropped, they worked it out themselves,  
for suddenly the grocers' shops had rows of empty shelves.

I'd washed my hands so many times, I'd used up all my soap.

I tried to do some shopping, but I really had no hope.

I'd heard about bush tucker and survival in the bush,  
so that's when I decided it was time to make a push

I loaded up my camping gear, my gold detector too,  
a dozen tins of Heinz baked beans, that oughter see me through.

I thought I'd do some prospecting to see what I could find,  
a bit of gold, an ancient coin; I didn't really mind.

I fossicked for about three months, but hardly found a thing,  
a pocket knife, some bottle tops, a rusty curtain ring.

I was about to pull the pin, but then, upon my soul,  
I found the most amazing thing, a brand-new dunny roll.

The plastic bag was still intact, the label shiny bright,  
the paper was immaculate, unmarked and extra white.

I handled it quite carefully; made sure it didn't tear,  
I knew my chance was slim to find another anywhere.

When I got back to my home town, the world had just run out,  
this dunny roll was worth a mint, of that there was no doubt

I put it on the market, just to see what it would fetch.

I hoped to get myself one of those limo's that they stretch.

It's in the State Museum now, they've got it there on show,  
and if you've never seen one, well, you really oughter go.

We have to use newspaper now, but then, who really cares?

I got more for that dunny roll than all my Telstra shares.

So, those of you who made the rush; to be the first in line,  
you might think I'm a loser, but in fact I'm doing fine,

And just to rub salt in the wounds; I find this quite funny;

I made a fortune from one roll, yours went down the dunny.

True story, only the facts have been changed!

## Rhyming Verse of Denis Kevans - Australia's Poet Lorikeet

Never Forget You

"Your friends will never forget you,"  
the fluttering leaflet said.

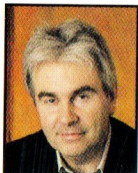
"Your friends will never forget you,"  
and then o'er the valley spread.

The wide sky cowed in sorrow  
and the eyes of the angels wept,  
For a promise made by the soldiers,  
that their leaders never kept.

For soldiers are there when you need 'em  
and they're there to suffer and die  
And to make the eyes of the angels weep  
in the depths of the tropical sky.  
And the soldiers are there to laugh it off  
and shoulder the blistering gun  
And fight anew, in the mud like glue  
and the sweat of the tropical sun.

And the soldierwhere there and their mates were there,  
their mates, the East Timorese,  
Who fought and bled beside them  
in the night of the jungle trees;  
Who fought and bled and suffered,  
so Australia might still be free  
And the soldiers cried, when their leaders lied  
and poisoned the Timor Sea.

"Your friends will never forget you,"  
the fluttering leaflet said;  
Dropped from the biscuit-bomber  
and then o'er the valley spread  
"Your friends will never forget you,"  
and the eyes of the angels wept,  
For a promise made by the soldiers,  
that their leaders never kept



# Talking Guitar

by Nick Charles

## Readings from the Bunker - A guide to some great reads in a troubled time

**Greetings guitar players, and other music fans too of course!**

It's been ages since my last article, but as we all know, full time musicians have plenty of time on their hands at the moment.

I feel something like a war correspondent reporting from a bunker.

I've had time to catch up on reading, listening and watching, so I thought I'd let you know about some of the books I've been enjoying.

As is usual for me, I tend to favour biographies, occasional autobiographies and music literature over a wide range of genres.

As well as a lover of blues and roots music, I do also listen daily to classical music and a wide variety of jazz.

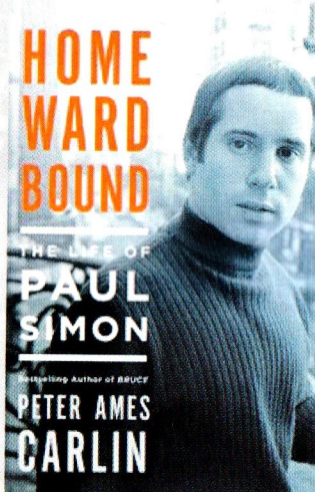
It's all folk music really, it's just that the folk vary, don't they?

So now to some of the best reads I've encountered in recent times.

You might be surprised by some of my diversions.

'Something Wonderful - Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway Revolution' by Todd S. Purdum

Definitely one of the most revealing insights into the



composition process of genius.

I've hardly been a fan of musicals, apart from the meeting of these tunes with the Great American Songbook, but I was almost converted by this book.

I literally couldn't put it down.

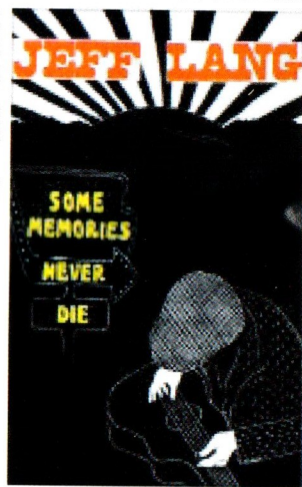
The incredible productivity and resilience of these writers (Rodgers and Hart are also covered) was astounding.

The wit and repartee of the era is delightful.

Hammerstein's uncle once said: "there is no limit to the number of people who won't come to a bad show"!

Love it!

Just the co-writing chemistry is a lesson for everyone in this business.



I could fill the page just reviewing this one.

Next up, in order of my preference is 'Homeward Bound - The Life of Paul Simon' by Peter Ames Carlin.

There is phenomenal research here and interviews with so many characters in a stellar career.

He was not only a great song-writer but also a wonderful guitarist and we can trace the development of both sides of his story.

His sojourn to England during the early 60s folk boom is well known, but I've not read much before about his earlier pop duo phase as Tom and Jerry, and also his voracious appetite for

absorbing influences at any price.

Peripheral players are left by the wayside in alarming numbers if they can't contribute or their ideas are seen as more significant than their presence.

There's a fabulous moment when "The Sound of Silence" appears one night and the career explodes in an instant. Very exciting.

Liner Notes - Loudon Wainwright III - 'On Parents & Children, Exes & Excess, Death & Decay, & a Few of My Other Favourite Things'.

The title reveals much in this autobiography!

I knew from his concerts and albums that this would be a humorous read, but I wasn't prepared for the degree of self analysis.

Here is a thinker, a raconteur, and his song-writing and prose is triumphant.

There are fine lyric examples throughout that tie in with his thoughts and his constant references from his father's Life Magazine writing is wonderful.

I mentioned my classical tendencies too you'll recall.

I'm crazy about Bach (could be a song title) and especially the Cello Suites.

'The Cello Suites - JS Bach, Pablo Casals and the search for a baroque masterpiece' by Eric Soblin.

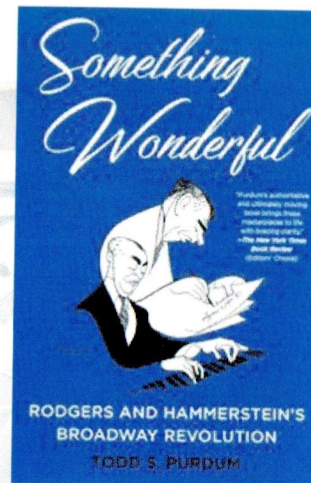
If I wasn't already addicted to the suites, I certainly am now.

The mystery of their origin and the discovery of them reads like a detective novel.

Pablo Casals was a remarkable personality for one, but there are so many more twists and turns that I had to read it twice in succession.

I won't spoil the story for you, but nothing is as it seems!

As for Bach, I can't begin to conceive of the industry of these classical composers.



They must have barely had time to eat.

Bach's biggest issue in his time was finding players who could play his music properly.

Witness the birth of the expression "cloth ears".

Being a child of the 60s, I am an unabashed Beatles tragic.

I've read a dozen books on "the" band and continue to be stirred and inspired by the magical songs and performances.

Yes, it is part nostalgia of course, I admit being.

'John Lennon - A Restless Life' by Ray Connolly, delves into the idiosyncrasies and bewildering contradictions that make up John's personality, and I suppose that's one of the things that has always drawn me to him.

He constantly reveals human frailties, much more so than the steadfast opinions and expressions of some composers.

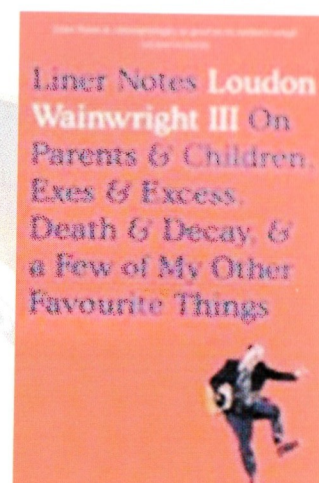
In short, I think he's just as confused as I am.

The end result is beautiful and diverse song writing.

Finally, a local artist I've long admired.

Jeff Lang has come up with a very engaging book.

I had the pleasure of



interviewing him on stage at Port Fairy as he launched 'Jeff Lang - Some Memories Never Die'.

You can tell by his prolific musical output that he's a progressive thinker and now you can read some of the stories and events that formed his creative personality.

For any Australian touring artist there is much here to identify with, much to laugh about and much to ponder.

From disastrous road trips to defining encounters with fellow travellers, it's all there poignant memories and self deprecation in abundance.

If you're not a troubadour but just a music fan, you will be surprised, charmed and occasionally shocked by the journey.

There's also a handy link to the songs mentioned.

I hope you find time for some of these literary treats.

I've read many more, and I could go on, but these are my current favourites.

Next time around, I might cover a few more and some of the music and films I've also been enjoying.



# Bluegrass News

by Lindsay Mar



Hard Drive at Yarra Junction

## Yarra Junction 2020

Today, it seems strange to be writing about a festival of just a couple of months ago when social distancing was unknown, and where close proximity jamming was an expectation.

But on the other hand, using the words surreal and Yarra Junction Fiddlers Convention in the same sentence, well, we seem to have been doing that forever.

The Yarra Junction Fiddlers Convention Feb 14-16, an hour east of Melbourne, saw rain tumble down for the first two

days.

Of course, we recognised the rain as the late Ken McMasters' (instigator of the event) idea of a joke.

It was a sign from Ken that there was a God, there is a heaven and that Ken was now up there bucketing down on his own event and the rest of us.

Of course, for this to be true, it would be the first time ever that atheist Ken would admit to being wrong about anything.

Nonetheless, although there seemed to be slightly fewer brave campers, all the rain didn't seem to have much effect on the dogs or the kids on bikes.

All that to say, the weekend was being setup from the start for a lot of one liners, double

entendres and inside jokes.

Philippe, from New Zealand, gave a beginners guitar workshop for those wanting to play with fiddlers, whilst Alan spoke about throwing ornaments at fiddle tunes.

When chief volunteer, Blue, left a fiddle workshop early to attend to other administrative things, his dog jumped up and down with much excitement and Blue muttered an admission to his dog that "there is only so much screaming cats that you can hear".

Whilst taking a photograph of a jam session, I apologised for standing in front of a seated woman who replied "don't worry I was only listening to them, I wasn't wanting to look at them".

Fiddler's Conventions are different to other festivals, in that the chief entertainment isn't necessarily on the stage.

And whilst the stage was amongst the best organised that we have ever seen at Yarra Junction, with the likes of Trad&Now reader John Boothroyd, the Flying Engine Stringband, Cat & Clint, Hard Drive, Strzelecki Stringbusters, My-T-Fine Stringband and NZ's Faustians, it is the getting together of friends at jam sessions and workshops that seemed to be the stand out attraction.

Saturday's workshops began at the BBQ area with a beginner slow-jam that made everyone, including harpists and even accordionists, welcome on harmonically complex tunes such as Ashokan Farewell.

Rob Lewis ran a friendly Bluegrass guitar workshop, discussing picks and lead playing, whilst Alan Musgrove probably had the most popular workshop on the Saturday with 30-40 people crowding the Rec Hut to learn Australian fiddle tunes.

On Sunday Ian White talked about the history of the five string in Australia since he started playing in 1961, including the influence of Pete Seeger, the New Lost City Ramblers and Darrol Adams.

But for us, the pick of the 2020 workshops turned out to be Jim Golding's Bluegrass banjo workshop.

Having been acquainted with Jim for over nearly 30 years we finally had the courage to attend one of his workshops and enter the mind of Jim Golding –

something his family members had been warning us against for all this time.

One question thrown at Jim was to his best tips about practicing his banjo playing, to which Jim, in his own self-effacing style, replied that since the kids have left home, he has a room at the other end of the house.

However, the best part of Jim's workshop was that he, as a fellow picker amongst learner pickers, used his own learning experience to teach others to teach themselves.

For example, in response to someone who wanted to learn how to accompany his own singing, Jim first suggested that the student learn about clawhammer as well as three finger style (in other words to listen to many other banjo players), but then went on to show how he himself would backup singing, and how he learnt to do so.

Jim spoke about learning to play along with records (not tabs), closed G and D shapes, using 7th chords to transition between chords, and the use of 6th and 7th chords to add colour to the singing, using the song Will The Circle Be Unbroken to demonstrate his ideas.

He later went on to show how he learnt by experimentation to use different finger rolls to texture his backup playing.

Jim's workshop wasn't about learning to play by rote, it was about learning how to learn, and to do so by experimenting and listening.

And all that came, not from an authority on high, but a fellow player, such is the way of Fiddler's Conventions.

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**Alan Musgrove Australian fiddle tunes Yarra Junction**  
Thanks to Max and the Yarra Junction crew for yet another great year.

**Country Music by Ken Burns**

With gigs and jams closed for the time being, and everyone shut in at home for the sake of social isolation, we may be glad that SBS On-Demand are screening Ken Burns' television series "Country Music".

Most people will know of Ken Burns and his definitive "Civil War" series that made Jay Ungar's "Ashokan Farewell" known throughout the world and a staple of jam sessions.

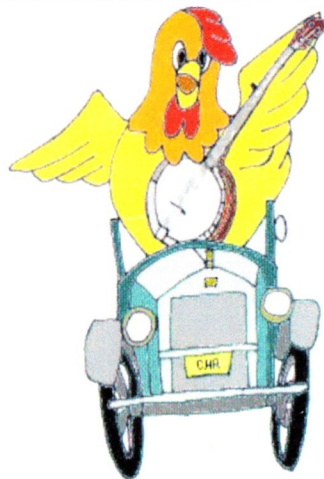
And that's not to mention the stylistic photographic presentation known as the "Ken Burns effect".

The original release of the Country Music series comprised eight 2 hour episodes.

However, SBS is screening the revised BBC Four, cut with nine episodes, each just over fifty minutes in length.

The first episode entitled The Rub covers the 20s and early 30s with the Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers.

The second episode is called Hard Times and picks up the 30s through to the end of WWII,



**Chicken Hot Rod**

Three Hours of Bluegrass, Old Timey and Other Forbidden Delights, Music You Can't Hear On The Radio

2RRR 88.5FM Sydney, NSW  
www.2rrr.org.au



**Ian White talks Australian Banjo History at Yarra Junction**

the era of Roy Acuff and Bob Wills.

The third episode is called Hillbilly Shakespeare and goes into the early 50s with Bill Monroe, Flatt & Scruggs and of course, Hank Williams.

The fourth, I Can't Stop Loving You is the mid 50s and into the 60s at Sun Studios, Johnny Cash and Elvis, and then Patsy Cline and the Nashville Sound.

The fifth is called The Sons and Daughters Of America in the 60s, with stories of Loretta Lynn, Charley Pride, Merle Haggard, and the coming together of Johnny Cash and June Carter.

The sixth episode, Will The Circle Be Unbroken, takes us into the early 70s and the Vietnam era with Kris Kristofferson, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and the super pair, George Jones and

Tammy Wynette.

The seventh episode, Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way, visits Dolly Parton and Hank Williams Jr.

The eighth episode, Music Will Get Through, moves on to Marty Stuart, Willie Nelson, Ricky Skaggs and the Outlaws as they were in the seventies and eighties.

The ninth, Don't Get Above Your Raisin', moves into the nineties with Reba McEntire, the Judds and Garth Brooks.

Whilst sitting at home is not near as much fun as going to see a live show, we may as well make use of confinement to catch up on some historical material, and none does it better than Ken Burns.

The series is available on-line through SBS On-Demand until Jul 25.

**Angela Sommers, Bluegrass Leadership**

Congratulations to Angela Sommers of the Dorrigo Folk And Bluegrass Festival upon graduating from the International Bluegrass Music Association's Leadership Bluegrass Program Mar 2-4 in Nashville Tennessee.

This was the 21st year for Leadership Bluegrass which focusses on developing learning and networking for Bluegrass industry stakeholders.

With Angela, twenty five other persons graduated the 2020 program including, Roxanne Tromly, of the Bluegrass Music Hall of Fame & Museum, Suzy Thompson, of the Berkeley Old Time Music Convention, Ned Luberecki, of the Becky Buller Band and SiriusXM fame and Rick Faris, of the band Special Consensus.