

Reviews/Comptes-rendus

Events

Calgary Folk Festival, 2002

It's no longer correct to talk of the "Big Three" Western Canadian folk festivals (Winnipeg, Vancouver and Edmonton); in the years since I was last involved as a volunteer, the Calgary Folk Music Festival has firmly ensconced itself in the group which might now more properly be known as the "Big Four". With this come all of the advantages of being a Big Folk Festival, and all the drawbacks as well.

To begin with, the city of Calgary has constructed a huge concrete stage on the Prince's Island site, which has for many years been the locale for the festival; thus, this year the festival had to adapt its site plan to incorporate the new stage. The new layout, although necessarily experimental, was mostly successful, but with the inevitable occasional sound bleed between the smaller stages. Perhaps the positioning will be fine-tuned in future years. The festival sensibly does not schedule mainstage concerts at the same time as small-stage events. To my mind, the new stage is an overly imposing structure, and the festival has paid the price in coziness; however, the fixture is there, and it would make no sense not to use it. As well, due to some last-minute cancellations of big names, attendance was less than planned for; a giant TV screen halfway down the clearing only emphasized the smaller audience. Maybe next year it'll be needed, and will look less out of place.

Might as well deal with another negative. Figuring that I'd be writing something for this publication, I went looking for English-Canadian traditional music. I didn't find any. Possibly I wasn't the only person in the audience to notice its absence (the Gregorys were there, after all), but I bet I was one of very few. And I'd be surprised if it even occurred to the organizers to consider the question. Such is the state of English-Canadian traditional music today. French Canada was ably represented by Norouet, who quite charmed me, and there were Canadians playing the music of other cultures, both adopted (as in the case of Jesse Cook's nuevo flamenco, Restless Lester's bluegrass, and

Swamparella's "Toronto Cajun" music, energetic and exciting as it was) and imported (e.g., the Latin music of Bomba! -- sorry, this machine can't handle an upside-down "!"). But I missed the music of my own culture.

I had a terrific time anyway. Both Dervish and De Dannan played wonderful Irish traditional music, as I knew they would; I didn't find the latter stodgy, as some of the audience and some writers did. Maybe playing great music isn't enough on its own any more -- well, it is for me! LIAO introduced me to the sounds of Galicia, which I enjoyed thoroughly, although some around me found it shrill. Sleepy La Beef was a lot of fun, and helped me discover '50s nostalgia I didn't know I felt. I was enchanted by The Silk and Steel Ensemble, who blended the music of China, India and the Ukraine without overwhelming any of them. This was no "fusion" mish-mash, but four superb musicians respecting and supporting each other's cultures. In particular, the playing of Debashish Bhattacharya on the veena impressed me. In a slide guitar workshop hosted by Harry Manx, the North American players were dumbfounded at his skills; this was a true serendipitous "workshop" -- what folk festivals are all about for me. Space forbids singling out numerous other folks who made a favourable impression.

The last two acts Saturday night were pleasant surprises for me: Michael Franti and Spearhead (I'm almost 60, for godssake -- I'm not supposed to like political hip-hop! But I was transported.) and Jesse Cook. The windup Sunday night was unfortunately anticlimactic, as after a few songs by Buffy St. Marie we decided to treasure our yesterdays rather than spoiling them with a mediocre today.

The high point of the festival for me? My younger son, who didn't think he cared much for folk music, and tagged along because I had an extra ticket, said at the end of the Saturday mainstage, "I'm glad we stayed until the end. I've never heard anything like that before." (He has since become a big admirer of Warren Zevon, and wrote a review of Harry Manx's CD for this magazine's last issue.) For me as well as him, that's another bit of what folk festivals are, or are supposed to be, all about.

John Leeder, Calgary, Alberta

Books

Georges Arsenault (translated by Sally Ross). *Acadian Legends, Folktales, and Songs from Prince Edward Island*. 2002. 158 pp. ISBN 1-894838-02-5. The Acorn Press, P.O. Box 22024, Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1A 9J2; <www.acornpresscanada.com>

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, a certain university student undertook a marvelous voyage of discovery and (to employ a modern verbal usage) discovered his own roots and a cultural heritage going back centuries to another world and another continent. And, as noted folklorist and historian Edward ("Sandy") Ives states in his foreword to this volume, Georges Arsenault has done a tremendous service not only to the Acadian community of Prince Edward Island but to the island as a whole.

In this collection of eight traditional folktales, 13 legends and 23 traditional folksongs, we not only meet the storytellers and singers who were the centre of traditional Acadian life and day-to-day survival, but also hear their own words in stating just how and why these tales and songs were important not only to those who told them or sang them but to those who heard them as part of the larger Acadian oral culture in those communities of P.E.I. where that culture held sway. The dozen conteurs and 15 singers we encounter in this magical volume, most of whom are unfortunately no longer with us, present vital gems from an oral tradition which is nowadays, sad to say, fast slipping either into the shadows or into total oblivion.

The book's first two chapters introduce the reader to the local storytellers, in public performances as well as more intimate family settings. The eight folktales present a variety of story types, including one animal tale, a wonder tale similar to older European fairytale plots, several tall tales and a few ordinary or realistic stories common to the type of tale known as the "Jest" or romantic anecdote. Personal favourites in this section include Delia Perry's version of "The Soothsayer" and Leah Gallant's fine rendition of "The White Cat". Several of these tales can be traced as far back as medieval France, several centuries before the first Acadians set foot on P.E.I. back in 1720. As to the legends, they are of a much more localized setting and cover a variety of story plots: witchcraft and magic, haunted houses, strange

apparitions, buried treasure, ghostly appearances and omens of approaching death or some other tragedy befalling a family member. These are more in the nature of morality or belief tales, and both tellers and listeners may accept, in part or in toto, what is being recounted.

As to the songs, they fall under two categories: songs sung by, and part of the repertoire of, the Chaison family from the village of Saint Edward, in the parish of Palmer Road; and songs composed by P.E.I. folk poets, mostly of 19th-century origin, recounting events that occurred after 1862 and even up to 1971, songs which then would slowly enter oral tradition to become part of the general Island folklore and Acadian cultural traditions.

As to the songs of *la famille Chaison*, of which three generations are represented, these are mostly of French origin, passed down from one generation to another through the oral process. They deal with a variety of subjects: lovers parted by war or conflict, children's songs and lullabies, laments for loved ones lost at sea in storms or other events, and songs of a more humorous nature involving local escapades and lovable characters. The songs too of Island composition cover a variety of subjects and themes: the drowning of a fisherman, the birth of twins to a local family, the theft of geese on several notable holidays, and even the building of a fish plant in 1971. Even a noteworthy and remarkable family may engender a song written about their very numerous members scattered through a community. Such is the nature of a tightly knit group such as the Acadians of P.E.I. that even a slight departure from the day-to-day norm would result in a satirical musical poke at the offending member. For all the songs included, both French and English lyrics are given as well as music notation.

In the final analysis, what we have with this wonderful volume of traditional songs and stories is a glimpse into a world where the storytellers and singers reigned supreme and the tales they told and the songs they sang helped bind the community together, often in times of hardship and uncertainty, even after the Acadians returned to P.E.I. following the Deportation of 1758. This is not a large or definitive collection of stories and songs, but nonetheless a truly meaningful, important and valuable one. For the most part, the storytellers and singers are gone, replaced by television, cinema, books and other

modern cultural manifestations. But what we have, thanks to the efforts of Georges Arsenault as well as Sally Ross, is a collection of oral treasures beyond price, helping to prove that all that glitters does not have to be golden, and all that is modern does not have to be the very best. Or, perhaps, putting it another way: Vive les acadiens de l'Île-du-prince-Édouard!

Robert Rodriguez, New York, New York.

Recordings

Black Lodge. *Round Dance Songs: It's Been A Long Time Comin'*. CR-6338. Canyon Records Productions, 3131 W. Clarendon Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85017, USA (new address, different from packaging); <canyon@canyonrecords.com>; <www.canyonrecords.com>

Black Lodge. *Weasel Tail's Dream: The Tradition Continues*. CR-6337. Canyon Records Productions (address above)

Although these recordings demonstrate two different music styles, the group performing them is the same, so both recordings are treated in this review. Black Lodge Singers, of White Swan, Washington, are a well-known and respected powwow group. They have performed across North America and toured Europe and Africa. Kenny Scabby Robe founded Black Lodge, and it's large: five men and four women, most of whom have zany nicknames such as "Skalpz", "Unco", "Froggy" and "Mozzie-Ska".

The first CD consists solely of round dance songs; I once heard them described as songs "for funnin' around". While Black Lodge adhere to traditional forms, they're not afraid to flex their creative muscle. The lyrics are lighthearted, with titles such as "Who Let the Dogs Out?" and "Oh Shucks!". The songs are usually about love, but it is a playful, tongue in cheek approach to love:

She's so good, she's so sweet
She's a round dance queen.

Melodies are in typical powwow form, with strong male voices and the frequent addition of women singers. There's lots of decoration in the form of whoops and calls. As is sometimes the case, the lone lead singer could be better amplified; after all, they introduce the melody for the entire song. The most noteworthy feature of the CD is the resonant sound of the hand

drums; the elaboration of the typical rhythm, for example, is made by tapping the back of the drum with the fingers. Dene drummers achieve a similar effect by placing a string or row of foetal bones across the drumhead.

In the second disk, *Weasel Tail's Dream*, Black Lodge continue the drum tradition of their grandfather, the late Jim Weasel Tail. Jim traveled the powwow trail with the Big Corner Singers, a group he established. He taught respect for the drum, and followed the heritage learned from his ancestor, Weasel Tail, who fought in the Indian Wars. This CD is a collection of powwow songs of intertribal style. Although the style and form are traditional, the names are not, for example, "Wassup?" and "Let's Go". The unison singing shows good teamwork, and the addition of the women's voices is stirring. It's an energetic work: the lead singer is talented, the rhythms are exciting and there are lots of whoops, calls and spoken affirmations.

Lynn Whidden, Brandon, Manitoba

David Francey. *Far End of Summer*. LKR 1002. --- *Skating Rink*. LAKR 1003. Laker Music, 182 Tyler St., Ayer's Cliff, P.Q. JOB 1C0; 1-800-633-8282; <laker@abacom.com>; <www.davidfrancey.com>; Festival Distribution Inc., 1351 Grant St., Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2X7; 1-800-633-8282; <mailorder@festival.bc.ca>; <www.festival.bc.ca>

It could be that the writer's edict "Write what you know!" is embossed on a plaque above David Francey's writing desk. But probably not. For a man like Francey, that would go without saying. These are his two latest albums; his first, *Torn Screen Door*, was reviewed in 35.3, p. 22. *Far End of Summer* won a Juno for best Roots and Traditional recording in 2001. *Skating Rink*, the latest offering, is very similar in mood to its predecessor, possibly slightly more elaborate in production.

Born in Scotland, Francey as a young man traveled about Canada working in a variety of jobs -- construction, mills and railway stations. Now he lives in a small Quebec village with his beloved wife and children. He's not especially political, but thinks about current and past events in terms of the effect they have on ordinary

people like himself. You don't need to read the liner notes to get this picture. It's all in the lyrics, which are basically Francey's life stories as poems set to music.

Arrangements are minimalist on both CDs. Guitar accompaniment (Dave Clarke) with fiddle or mandolin (Geoff Summers) is the standard, varied on occasion with one or more other musicians on banjo or accordion, and backing vocals (including James Keelaghan!). Delicate and eloquent, the instrumentals know their place -- as a frame for the lyrics. Despite the simplicity of the arrangements, each song has its own unique tune. There isn't wide variety in tempo or style from song to song, just enough to keep the listener's interest. Francey has a strong, pleasant voice made distinctive by a slight Scottish burr.

Discipline and understatement mark the lyrics; little sentimentality or romantic fancy is allowed to creep in. The classic example of this is the song about an evening walk through the village (the title track of *Far End of Summer*). It's a quiet night, lit by moon, stars and streetlights, he's walking the dogs, he waves to the gas station attendant, watches the dogs' shadows shift over the ground -- that's what happens, so that's what goes into the song. The mood is neither melancholy nor cosily idyllic, but on the cusp of both. It's simply a song about an evening walk through a village. There it is. Very unpretentious, almost to a fault.

Some songs have more emotional subject matter, sometimes upbeat love songs to his wife ("Saturday Night"), sometimes wistful stories of loves from the past ("Belgrade Train"). His expression, like his lyrics, is fairly restrained, almost as if he is reluctant to let out more emotion than the words will deliver themselves. In about equal measure to the songs about everyday life are songs with wider themes -- reflections on fallen soldiers, suicide, love in its many forms, the fall of the World Trade Towers, world events seen through "the kaleidoscope of the evening news". But always, the approach is direct, honest, autobiographical, experiential. On the theme of prostitution, where Tom Russell ("Annette / Box of Visions") goes straight and very effectively for the heartstrings with the pathetic story of a teenage runaway, "and the ballet class of '91 will miss her", David Francey by contrast simply relates his personal observations of what he sees from his hotel room above the "Streets of Calgary" (*Skating Rink*):

You stroke your hair and stand demure,
As if you really weren't sure,
If you're the catch or you're the lure,
But I know you know the deal.

On rare occasions, what could have been an ordinary moment will somehow strike you with an extraordinary evocative poignancy. I think this is what Francey is trying to share with us in his songs. There are many turns of phrase in these lyrics that are likely to haunt you more with each listening.

Fiona Gregory, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

Rebecca Levant. *Ani Ma'amin -- I Believe: Hebrew, Yiddish, Sephardi Songs*. LEVCD001. Rebecca Levant, 1725 7th Ave. NW, Calgary, Alta. T2N 0Z5 (no mailing address on packaging); <rlevant@shaw.ca>

The very first recording review I ever wrote was done at the behest of CFMB, and was also of an art music recording of Jewish songs by a woman vocalist from Western Canada (Claire Klein Osipov), and, a couple of decades later, here is another one. In this case, not only Yiddish but also Hebrew, Judeo-Spanish and English are represented.

The Western art-music-trained female voice performing traditional music is always a matter of taste. It is, as most readers of CFMB know by now, most emphatically not my taste. That said, there is a good deal of enjoyable music on this album by a singer from Winnipeg's Jewish community, now living in Calgary. Her songs encompass a welcome and well-chosen range of Yiddish folk and composed songs, Judeo-Spanish songs, Hebrew para-liturgical songs and songs of the early days of the State of Israel, as well as a couple of modern compositions. Rebecca Levant can certainly sing; and all four musicians are excellent: Alexandra Vander Hoek, piano; Joan Cobb-Beaumont, flute; and especially Hal Redekop's sensitive guitar accompaniment and Dorothy Bishop's lovely 'cello tone.

The most successful renditions for me are probably the Yiddish songs, several of which are by known composers and which have a tradition of being sung in both folk and concertized style. They also seem to be the most familiar to her, and perhaps for this reason the least pretentiously

performed. The Hebrew selections are also well performed, though, again, appreciation of the concert style will vary depending on one's preferences.

The classic Sabbath song "Shalom aleikhem" is sung a cappella, and without the piano or guitar, Levant's voice seems to take on more resonance and depth. Toronto cantor/composer Ben Steinberg's setting of the Ecclesiastes text "Lakol Z'man" (To everything there is a season) is one of the most successful tracks, possibly because the piece was composed for this style of singing, which emerges more naturally in it than in the folk melodies. The title song, the famous "Ani Ma'amin", an oft-performed setting of the medieval philosopher Maimonides' articulation of the Jewish credo, is performed with sensitive cello accompaniment; Levant sings this with real depth and sensitivity, and it is, for me, the single most appealing track on the album.

The least successful songs, again from a personal perspective, are those in which the singer uses what come off as pretentious devices. In the song "Kol dodi", I vividly remember learning the end of phrase "squeaks" when we sang this song in Jewish summer camp in the early 1960s. We treated the squeaks as a joke on the song's words, "the voice of my beloved" (from the *Song of Songs*), and indeed they sound like a joke here, though it is not clear whether Levant meant them this way; her rendition is rather pretentious and over-produced. Incidentally, this "Kol dodi" melody is by S. Levi, and is not an "Oriental folk song", whatever that might mean (Korean? Chinese?). A lighter variation of the "squeak" appears in the otherwise quite enjoyable "Adon Olam". One of the loveliest songs of the early Israeli period, "Hana'avah Babanot", is given a gentler treatment, except for the heavy breathiness the singer seems to think is an expressive ornament to "paint" certain words; this phenomenon also is featured in "Shnei shoshanim" and "Los bilbilicos", so perhaps it is safe to assume it is a favourite vocal device of the singer.

It is unclear why, on the two Sephardic songs she's chosen, both from the relatively recent lyric song repertoire, her singing gets even more portentous, and in "Los Bilbilicos" transcends the merely annoying to move on to the unbearable. Lack of attention to text underlay ("ro-o-o-SA" instead of "Rosa") and pronunciation are minor cavils: particularly

objectionable are the heavy sighing breaths, more exaggerated than in the other two songs where it appears, every time she gets to "neshama" (Hebrew: "soul", sometimes used in the song instead of the Spanish "alma"). This song has been both well and badly treated by singers over the decades; the version on this CD may well be the one I will be the most anxious to forget.

There are no explanatory notes, only one-line summaries of each song text and a pleasant, heartfelt note about Levant's family -- and the album cover photograph of the singer as a child with her grandfather is a jewel.

Judith Cohen, Toronto, Ontario

Allison Lupton. *My True Love*. Lea-rig Music, P.O. Box 23015, Cambridge, Ont. N1S 4Z6; <info@allisonlupton.com>; <www.allisonlupton.com>

This CD is Allison Lupton's first, and it is a treat -- a collection of traditional love songs ("Bantry Girl's Lament", "Jock o' Hazeldean", "The Water is Wide", "As I Roved Out") and songs in the folk idiom (Adrian Mannerling's "My True Love", Archie Fisher's "The Final Trawl", Richard Thompson's "Dimming of the Day"), interspersed with instrumental pieces featuring a wealth of instruments (fiddle, flute, uilleann pipes, cittern, guitar, bodhran, piano, bouzouki, mandolin, button accordion, whistle, and acoustic bass). Allison plays flute and whistle, revealing she is an accomplished instrumentalist as well as a fine singer. The recording is wonderfully clean and crisp, both in solo instrumentals and the tasteful backing and arrangements of the songs. Traditional songs such as "The Water is Wide" and "Jock o' Hazeldean" form part of the repertoire of many revival singers, so it is no mean triumph to have created new, fresh versions: the keynote of all the song arrangements here is "nothing too much", with the result that one almost has the illusion Allison is singing a cappella, so tastefully do the musicians blend in and complement her singing. Only after the song is over does one realize how skilfully the voice and instruments were intertwined. My one criticism regarding arrangements concerns a rather thumpy bass in "Jock o' Hazeldean".

Allison Lupton has a beautiful voice – fresh and lyrical, with no histrionics, and perfectly suited to the gentle, melancholy subject matter. She successfully avoids sounding wispy, which is sometimes a risk with gentle lovesongs, and her phrasing is faultless. She sounds as though she has both felt the songs deeply and thought about the words before singing them. This implies a refreshing absence of ego and a being true to one's self, which one cannot have too much of in folk music.

My favourites on this CD? Archie Fisher's splendid (and timely) song about the declining fishing grounds, "The Final Trawl", and Richard Thompson's haunting lovesong, "Dimming of the Day". Allison's choice of material on her first CD proves beyond doubt that she is capable of singing short lovesongs and laments with sensitivity and restraint. I do not know if she also sings narrative ballads, but if she does, I would love to hear her perform something a little meatier. From this recording, I would guess that she has the voice and the imagination to pull it off.

Rosaleen Gregory, Athabasca, Alberta.

Allison Lupton is a singer and flute player from Ontario. She has a sweet, clear voice, admirably suited to her chosen repertoire of love songs. There are seven songs on this CD, and all but one are about love. Even the exception – Archie Fisher's "The Final Trawl" – sounds like a song of lost love. Like the lover who leaves for war, the fishery will never return, and Lupton captures the sadness at the passing of a way of life. The songs are mostly well known, including such standards as "The Water is Wide" and "Jock O' Hazeldean", but they don't sound stale. Nor are they depressing or sickly. Lupton resists the urge to tamper with them too much, and lets their beauty shine with her lovely voice and a natural, uncluttered style.

A CD with too heavy a focus on love and yearning might become tiresome, so Lupton alternates the songs with flute sets, mostly Irish traditional. As with her voice, Lupton's flute is clear and true, with pure tone and perfect tuning. A classical training shows, and the playing is somewhat polite and lacking in character. I would suspect she learned some of the tunes from music, or at least from non-flute-players, because the phrasing and ornamentation on the jigs and reels sometimes misses the mark. She

sounds more comfortable on a slow air and an attractive set of waltzes. She has gathered a fine cast of supporting musicians, including Anne Lederman, who adds fiddle or piano to most tracks, and Brian Taheny and Bob MacLean, who provide guitar and cittern accompaniments. Under the guidance of producer James Gordon, they get the balance just right -- providing support and embellishment but never overshadowing Lupton's flute or vocals.

This is an impressive debut CD. Lupton's feel for traditional Irish music has a way to go, but her singing is accomplished and she chooses her material well. *My True Love* would make an excellent Valentine's gift for the folkie in your life.

Nan Colledge, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Northern Cree and Friends. *Round Dance Songs Recorded "Live"*. CR-6350. Canyon Records Productions, 3131 W. Clarendon Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85017, USA (new address, different from packaging); <canyon@canyonrecords.com>; <www.canyonrecords.com>

Louis Bull Reserve, Alberta, was the site for one of Canada's largest round dances ever. *Round Dance Songs Recorded "Live"* documents part of this gathering. In keeping with the preferred aesthetic of liveness in Native music, this album was recorded live on March 3, 2002. It features Northern Cree, along with Blackstone, Logan Alexis Singers, Little Island Cree, Big River Cree Fly-In-Eagle, Gordon McGilvery, and Eya-Hey-Nakoda.

The extensive liner notes explain the significance of the round dance, as well as the way in which the event unfolds, making this is a particularly good resource for the listener who is new to the round dance of Native tradition. These notes also describe the unique hand drumming style of Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, which produces the buzzing timbre prominent in their music.

Round Dance Songs Recorded "Live" features the energetic vocals and steady drumbeat typical of Northern Cree, and includes the soundscape of the event, for a truly live experience. While the recordings include the emcee's introductions to songs, it can be difficult at times to hear and understand what is being said. This is

unfortunate, since some of the humour and character of the emcee is lost, a characteristic which contributes to the overall experience of the event when it is audible.

Janice Esther Tulk, Edmonton, Alberta

A Peak in Darien

In this section we list recent releases that so far we have not had time (or perhaps space) to review. We also list releases which were sent to us but do not fall within our purview to review. We attempt to provide all the information needed for readers to obtain copies of these books and discs. Where no postal address is given, there was no address provided on the CD packaging. Where no date is given, there was none on the CD. Look in future issues for reviews of some of these materials.

Books

David Atkinson. *The English Traditional Ballad: Theory, Method, and Practice*. 2002. 310 pp. ISBN 0-7546-0634-1. Ashgate Publishing Company, 131 Main Street, Burlington, VT. 05401-5600 USA. <www.ashgate.com>

Dr. Ed Whitcomb. *Canadian Fiddle Music, Volume II: What Is It? Who Plays It?*. 2001. 204 pp. ISBN 0-9694667-1-4. Dr. Ed Whitcomb, 2130 Dutton Cres., Ottawa, Ont. K1J 6K4; <4whitcombs@sympatico.ca>

Recordings

Les Batinses. *L'autre monde*. Mille-pattes, 503 Archambault, Joliette, P.Q. J6E 2W6; <mp@millepattes.com>; <www.millepattes.com>

Eric Bogle. *The Colour of Dreams*. 2002. Rice Records RR2. PO Box 1037, Unley, SA 5061 Australia. <www.windbourne.com/ebogle>

Adi Braun. *Delishious*. LMC Media, 260 Hillsdale Ave. E, Toronto, Ont. M4S 1T6; <lmclarke@aol.com>

Big Bill Broonzy. *On Tour in Britain, 1952*. 2002. Jasmine JASMCD 3011/2. Unit 8, Forest Hill Trading Estate, Perry Vale, London SE23 2LX England, UK. <www.hasmick.co.uk>

Tony Cuffe. *Sae Will We Yet*. CDtrax243. Greentrax Recordings Ltd., Cockenzie Business Centre, Edinburgh Rd., Cockenzie, East Lothian, EH32 0XL, Scotland; <greentrax@aol.com>; <www.greentrax.com>

Aengus Finnan. *North Wind*. 2002. Borealis BCD 148. Borealis Recording Co., 225 Sterling Rd., Unit 19, Toronto, Ont. M6R 2B2; toll-free tel: 1-877-530-4288; <info@borealisrecords.com>; <www.borealisrecords.com>

Eve Goldberg. *Crossing the Water*. Borealis BCD150. [address as above]

Tim Harrison. *Wheatfield With Crows*. SAS 2008. Second Avenue Records, 12 Aldergrove Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4C 1B2; <info@secondavenue.ca>; <www.timharrison.ca>

The McDades. *For Reel*. 2002. Free Radio Records FRCD-003. www.themcdades.com <www.freeradiorecords.com>

Lynn Miles. *Unravel*. 2001. True North TND 264. True North Records, 260 Richmond Street West, suite 501, Toronto, ON. M5V 1WS; <truenorth@ca.inter.net >; <www.lynnmiles.com>

Brian Pickell. *Fresh Canadian Fiddle Tunes*. Brian Pickell, 30 Ball St., Paris, Ont. N3L 1X1 <brian.pickell@sympatico.ca>; <www.brianpickell.com>

Mary Story. *From the Heart*. 2002. MSCD-001. Box 681, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. B2H 5E7; marystory@yahoo.ca

Paddy Tutty. *The Roving Jewel*. 2000. Prairie Druid PA05. 219 11th St. E., Saskatoon, SK. S7N 0E5. wuidland@sk.sympatico.ca; <www3.sk.sympatico.ca/wuidland/>

Sheena Wellington. *Homely Fare*. CDtrax240. Greentrax Recordings Ltd. (address above)

Tom Wilson. *On the Radio*. TWIL 20458. <tom@tomwilsonmusic.ca>; PandaBird Entertainment (no postal address on packaging); <pandab@telusplanet.net>; <www.telusplanet.net/public/pandab/music.htm>