

LOCAL LORE

Tales From The ROAD

Your Folk Music
Connection



"Observations on Space and Time from the eyes of a touring fiddler"

by Avery Ballotta

It's an odd thing – sitting for hours on end in the back of a hatch-back sedan, trying to keep the mind busy as the body is moved, yet confined to a state of motionlessness. Life on the road with Damn Tall Buildings has given me the opportunity to think on many things, one being: Time. When you think about it, all travel is Time Travel. As we move from A to B, life unfolds before us: the trees along the highway begin ahead, meet us where we are, then trail behind our little speeding box-on-wheels carrying our physical bodies through the Space in which we live. On a large scale, Time is our fuel for moving through the universe.

I am also drawn to the idea of Space. There are spaces that hold

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Front Page (previous) Damn Tall Buildings performing at Hart House in Beaverton, Oregon. Photo by Sandy Nadbornik

The Wedding (pictured right): Emily Moran & Avery Ballotta. Photo by Gina Mathis.

special meaning to those who visit. Many of us can think back to that first-ever overnight fishing trip, or driving to family reunions. Maybe you even got to visit your favorite amusement park. No matter the location, the events that take place in any given Space shape the experience of those within it.

One such Space and resulting experience came my way this summer, while enjoying a homemade breakfast with our gracious hosts Kim and Stan in none other than Beaverton, OR. We were still waking up the morning after a wonderful night of music, good conversations, and a late-night billiards game. Stories of travel and interests flew around the table as we diligently enjoyed the food and each other's company. Towards the end of the meal, Kim asked if any of us would be interested in writing for Local Lore and I immediately said yes. We had just begun a summer full of touring, and as I had begun journaling again after 15 years, it struck me as a perfect opportunity to process my experiences while on the road.

Directly following that meal, we proceeded to tour by car, planes, trains, and ferries over the next couple months. Playing shows in Oregon, Washington, then up in Alberta CA, then back closer to home in New York, Connecticut, down to Tennessee, over to Texas, up to Kansas, then drove up to Michigan to have MY OWN WEDDING to my incredible (now) wife (yes in the middle of tour!), then 5 days later spending a week in North



over how to put the feelings of our lifestyle into words. Sure, I can tell you how it's taken nearly 10 years of trial & error to figure out how to actually eat well and uphold decent health practices while touring. Don't get me started on ALL the details on ALL the work it takes to develop the sustainable business side of the band. Most of all, I could talk for hours about the overwhelming love and generosity shown to us from everyone who hosts us in any way while we take our little show from town to town.

There's a lot to say, but in addition to puzzling over the questions themselves, I often ponder the "why". What inspired this person to ask this question? While the individual answer varies, overall, folks ask because they genuinely care about me and how I am living, having only just met me.

These questions are often presented after shows, while we are all still swimming in the

"moment" of the Time we just shared. It's got me thinkin' on what really connects us.

From my observations, it comes down to us (artist + audience) choosing to make a genuine, joint commitment to "show up". To exist **intentionally** in a Space **together**, and to dedicate Time to pool/spend **together**. It has become clear to me, that the agreement entered into when coming together for a show creates something special & powerful.

That agreement is what then creates moments, or in different verbiage, creates a piece of Art that is singular to the moment, and experienced by everyone in attendance. No matter what differences we hold in our lives, when we come together in any capacity, creation is always the result.

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Carolina before returning home to Brooklyn, NY, just days into October. My journals are filled with accounts from the floors of family homes, all the way up to the top of Hurricane Hill in the Olympics.

It's always amazing to connect with all these folks from around the planet – living in whatever place their path has taken them. Some travel far and wide, while some stay where they grew up. No matter the case, I've noticed that it is curiosity & the pursuit of meaning that seems to be a driving force in our desire to live.

When sitting down to actually write this article, I began thinking about questions folks ask me while on the road. There are many different questions of course, but the most consistent ones tend to be some form of inquiry about what it's **really** like to be a touring artist. I puzzle

Art is an anchor. Works of art serve as landmarks for how we experience Time. When we record music, for example, we are taking the songs and "capturing" versions of them. Sonic snapshots of vibrational resonance in Time. Whether discovered in recorded form or in person at a show, these pieces take on a life of their own, and serve as platforms to build life experiences.

It's worth taking things beyond the lens of touring & music, and into how we carry on throughout our lives. When you take away the monikers and titles, we are all Earth-dwellers looking to find joy and meaning in our lives on this planet.

We end up carrying with us the impact of the moments we share, into a landscape of potentially mundane activities; informing choices that may not be inspiring on the same level of a specific event. The more we are present for those events—really "show up" to those things—we are given practice in the art of creation. With enough practice, we are able to carry that forward, and can then help recognize meaning in the things that seem meaningless in our day-to-day.

While I could wax on about every day spent on the road, every show, every story, I will stay the course and leave you with this:

The road takes me all over, and teaches me many things. But, the overwhelming lesson I am learning over and over is that we are all creators, and our choices are the catalysts for creation. In the case of a show, we choose to make that agreement of joining together to carve out Time and Space, we are participating in an act of creative collaboration. It takes all of us to make what we make, and speaking as but one of the billions of us, I'm honored to create with any & all of you. Hope to see you at a show, and above all else, may your journeys be full of joy, love, and creation! I'll be thinking of you while greeting the trees, as they fly by our car on the highways, from moment to moment in Space and Time. ◆



Born and raised in Bozeman, MT, Avery Ballotta spends a lot of his time on the road with Damn Tall Buildings. When not on tour, he lives in Brooklyn, NY and Southern Michigan writing, recording, and producing music and conjuring stories. Avery aims to connect through Art and has a diverse array of projects published & in the works. You can explore more of Avery's work and support the creation on Patreon at www.patreon.com/averyballotta. Photo: Tom Dunning

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IT'S all the WILD STUFF that HAPPENS along the way

We invited touring musicians to share a memory. Enjoy the ride!

My Dis-ambiguation

Here's a story of the weirdest thing that has happened to me in the Internet Age.

Forget the superficial spookiness of algorithms predicting our moods with the next song or a little spyware monitoring what seemed like a private desire! The important interaction all musicians have with the algorithms is finding the phrase that, like a trail of uneaten breadcrumbs, leads your listener to your homepage. For years this phrase was "del+rey+guitar+ukulele". Since about 2011 that completely fell apart, as the young Lana Del Rey took over my search mantra. I became well-accustomed to being confused with her online.

In 2012 I was on a bicycle/train tour in the Netherlands, guitar on my back, ukulele strapped to the front rack of my trusty green Brompton bike, waiting at Amsterdam Central station. A young man in his early twenties came up and said "Del Rey? Is it you?" I said "Yes" surprised, but not too-I dress just like a musician and I'm draped with instruments after all-then he names a Lana Del Rey song, says "Thank you, I love your music" and runs off to his train.

Now, how did that happen?

—**DeL Rey**

Wanderers and more

The Wanderers were a trio formed in 1960 at Washington State University. We became a duo after graduation and we played together for 54 years. We did folk and Woody Guthrie Columbia River songs shows. My partner was Carl Allen of Seattle.

One of the more heart-warming shows was in Florence, Oregon. We had played their winter folk festival and returned for a solo show. We were told in advance of that show that a lady would be celebrating her 100th birthday and wanted to hear us sing "I've Been to Texas", written by David Rea, who lived his last

few years in Portland. It was one of our favorite songs and we agreed. We even bought a flower bouquet for the lady's birthday. After the song, we stepped off the stage to present the flowers and her daughter told us the reason mom wanted to hear the song was because she had done every event mentioned in the choruses. She'd been to Texas and Tennessee; seen the southern cross, the arctic sea and the northern lights. Most surprising- she had ridden wild horses! Her daughter said her mom was quite the adventurous woman in her day. We were honored.

There was the time at a farm implement convention in a Washington hotel ballroom where we were incidental music prior to the speeches. We used the house sound system without monitors. Someone said they couldn't hear us, so we turned the volume up. Another person said we were too loud. We turned it down. Back and forth this went a couple of times. Only then did we discover that the house sound system fed only half the ballroom.

In early August, Carl Allen passed on in Seattle.

One of my most memorable shows also involved the Florence Winter Folk Festival. Tom Paxton, one of my folk music heroes, was the headliner. Tom's ride from Portland airport to Florence wasn't available so Sandy and I volunteered. Then, two weeks before the festival, Tom asked me to accompany him in the show. After the shock, I agreed. I had to learn 17 of Tom's songs and arrangements. After the show, we brought Tom back to our house to watch a pro football playoff game he was anxious to see. We all topped off the evening with a wee bit of rare scotch.

One thing I've learned over the years of doing shows- folkies are some of the world's finest people.

—**Bill Murlin**

Road story

In 2015 I toured up to the Pacific Northwest with my upright bassist, and we played a live, two hour set at

the Portland radio station, KBOO, to promote some shows we had on the area. I enjoy performing on the radio, but the downfall is not knowing how many folks are tuning in. After we finished our set we went out to dinner, and I heard a ding on my phone.... It was an email from a listener that apparently heard our show in it's entirety. What she wrote not only brought me to tears but it made me realize why I make music to begin with.

She said she had been in an extremely dark place for a very long time. She mentioned she didn't want to leave the house, and she felt extremely depressed. There were some days she had a hard time finding something to live for.

She then went on to say that listening to our music helped her see a light at the end of a dark road. She felt joy for the first time in a long while, she was moved to tears, and she said something inside her became alive again. She thanked us for playing and told us how much of an impact our music truly had on her.

I barely knew what to say.... I was so incredibly emotional, and grateful for her honesty and vulnerability. I offered her a guest pass to one of our Portland shows and we ended up meeting in person. It was such a beautiful moment. I will never forget it for the rest of my life!

This is why I make music... I continue to hope that my lyrics resonate with other listeners. I want people that hear my music to make the lyrics theirs, while discovering some kind of joyous light at the end of a windy road.

—Abby Posner

Hallelujah

When I first got the day hospice gig, I envisioned beds filled with weak looking people, surrounded by solemn loved ones, my soothing music helping them rest. Turns out they'd rather hear "Eight Days a Week" or "Wagon Wheel." I played in a comfortable living room, not a bed in sight. There's usually a raucous card game going on as a volunteer pushes a cart with snacks and juice served in elegant wine glasses. I always look for Andrew when I arrive for my shift. Even though he kids me about the ukulele I bring he sometimes looks my way and smiles when I do a song he likes. One day Andrew was in the parking lot smoking a cigarette when I walked up for my gig. "Oh good, it's you" he said, "When it's not you, that lady with the harp shows up and I'm not ready for that yet." I've gotten to know many of the regular clients, from the young woman in a turban to the older gent who sang "Brown Eyed Girl" with me.

One day, someone passed away in one of the back rooms where there were beds. A volunteer soberly informed me that in a few minutes they'd push a covered gurney down the hallway. When that happened, there was a moment of silence. I'd almost forgotten until

a few minutes later when she said softly, "It's time." I'd been singing Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah." I stopped, the last chord gently fading away. We all turned toward the hall as a group of people, heads bowed, pushed a covered gurney slowly by. A minute later, the boisterous card game resumed and I finished "Hallelujah," fighting tears.

—Jamie Anderson

What are the odds?

Some years back my Red-Hot Bluesiana Band & I were traveling overnight by motorhome from Florida to New Orleans to play Jazz Fest there~

All of a sudden in the middle of nowhere, one of our front tires blew out~It was the dead of night & no emergency roadside service was available!~ if we waited by the side of the road till daylight, when mobile roadside service would be available, we would never make it to New Orleans in time for our performance!~A truck driver stopped to see if we were all right, & told us that the nearest truck stop was about 20 miles up the road~Not wanting to miss our much anticipated performance at Jazz Fest, we decided to risk everything & go for it, & with blinkers on slowly & gingerly crawled along the Highway on the shoulder at about 10 miles an hour~ Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of tension & suspense we saw lights up in the distance indicating a truck stop!! ~Slowly slowly we inched our way towards it...As we got close enough to read the sign...There it was!.... THE OASIS Truck Stop!!... and what time was it?...EXACTLY MIDNIGHT as we finally pulled in!~You can't make this stuff up!~The service part of the truck stop was closed for the night but when we explained our dilemma they opened back up, put on a brand-new tire, & sent us on our way!~We made it safely & just in time to play Jazz Fest, & I'll always remember that as the most serendipitous Midnight at the Oasis I have ever spent!

—Maria Muldaur

Tour on a bike

Three years ago, my career as a van touring musician well underway, I rode my friend Jackson's converted Xtracycle cargo bike for the first time in Massachusetts. He called it his "pickup truck." It was smooth and maneuverable, and he assured me that a guitar and personal gear would fit easily. I returned a year later, strapped the guitar on, and toured by bicycle for three days through New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut. I remember I broke a chain between towns somewhere in New Hampshire. With no tools and very little "handiness," I walked the bike and gear a few miles back to the closest town and asked around for help. I met strangers, I had to interact with them, we shared laughs. Eventually someone pointed me toward the local

car mechanic notorious for cycling. After a generous dose of New England affection (shit giving), he fixed the chain and sent me off with his personal grease stained bike multi-tool to keep. Getting up on stage the next night, 90 miles of New England roads and trails later, I had a story to tell, something to give, and I was hooked.

—Jenner Fox



Asheville, NC - September 20, 2018

archetypes shimmering from black sequins
spouting slithery serpentine sins hissing fits
saying all is nothing and nothing is everything
and I'm like why and why does everything
have to be a few degrees off and how do
we leave this place without losing
too much of ourselves and how do we leave
without taking too much of you
burbling babbling stories filled us like liquor
and here we go trying to have patience
trying to have babies trying to have a career
might this fan fall on my head I think
I oughta shut my eyes and bring the light down
and what was that did you hear it
a surround sound shift in energy
do you hear the ants in the jar lid
I think they're trapped I think that's the point
now there's something on my computer
sliding down the screen it's really sliding
where's my wife seriously where are you lucy
please say hello cider buffalo walgreens
anything weird enough to catch my attention
and make me haul you in I'm so tired
like a lamppost on the corner of a good night
watching the moths come and go from the darkness
shedding light on the cracks in the pavement
flickering out in the hush before dawn

--Kelcy Wilburn | Ever More Nest

Chowchilla

Many songs have been sung and stories told about "the road"...largely by people who didn't have to do their own driving. Those who have, leaven their lyricism with a nod to luck and a lot of logistics. Suppose, for instance, the routing on a solo tour has you playing a show in Tucson, Arizona on a Thursday night, and the next thing up is early Saturday afternoon at the annual KPIG-fm Fat Fry in Santa Cruz, California. It's not an ideal situation but it could happen; and there's no need to speculate about what you'll be doing on Friday. Here's a road story.

There was a guitar to buy in Tucson, so my Friday departure wound up being a little later than good sense would have otherwise dictated. Way past dark, I was still in Arizona; about 25 miles from the California line at Needles... and 500 from Santa Cruz. The rest area there on I-40 is big and well appointed and looked nearly empty. It seemed a good choice for some quick ablutions, a change of socks and a nap in the back seat before what was going to be an all-nighter. The only company in the parking lot was a darkened Econoline van and a young woman in jeans with a denim shoulder bag who was using one of the pay phones.

After an hour or so of sleep, a cold Coca-Cola and a Zero Bar, I was back on the interstate when I saw a lone figure walking on the shoulder in the dark. It was the girl from the phone booth. She wasn't hitch hiking, but I pulled over, rolled down the window and, for lack of anything better to say to someone walking alone into the Mojave Desert after midnight, asked "Are you O.K.?" She didn't answer; just opened the passenger door and got in.

Once underway, we exchanged names. Steve. Heather. "Are you a maniac?" she wanted to know. The truth was obvious, but I said no anyway. Where was she going? Chowchilla. Well, that was kind of on my way if we took 99 instead of 5 which we, for our own reasons, agreed was a good idea. Quite soon, we were better friends. Heather laughed when I explained I was driving all night to play at a fat fry. A maniac. She was nineteen, she told me, and had left Chowchilla for a new start with the people in the Econoline. They'd turned out to be less than ideal travel companions, and besides she was pretty sure she was pregnant, so she'd called her Mom from the phone booth at the rest area and.... Just as the lights of the California border check at Needles came in view, she added that she was actually only seventeen.

Any real Chuck Berry fan knows all about the Mann Act; and there I was crossing a state line with a teenage girl, a trunk full of guitars and, I was sure at that point, at least one outstanding arrest warrant back in Texas. An officer was waving me forward. As though reading my thoughts, Heather smiled, curled up small in her

seat wrapped in her jacket, closed her eyes and, in an instant, looked for all the world like a peacefully sleeping child. The border guard peered through my open window and smiled at me and the kid. "Where you headed?" "Chowchilla." "Got any plants with you?" "No, sir." "O.K. then. Drive safely." "Sure will. G'night."

Around Bakersfield, we pulled over for fuel and found an all night donut place. "You like country music?" Heather asked and dialed in some long haul trucker radio, quietly singing along with the ones she knew, which was most of 'em, as the asphalt buzzed it's one note harmony. The sky had started to lighten by the time we got to Fresno and it was bright morning in Chowchilla. We stopped at a gravel road off the highway with a farmhouse visible in the dusty near distance. "This'll be fine. Thanks." Heather said and, shouldering her bag, got out and walked away without looking back.

Headed west on California 152 toward Watsonville, I stopped to call the studio at KPIG-fm to let them know that I'd be on time for the Fat Fry.

"Hey, John." I said. "It's Steve James. I'm in Gilroy!"

"We're so happy for you." he replied.

—Steve James, www.stevejames.com



MacDonald's

On our first Ireland tour, we performed at a small concert hall in a tiny, somewhat remote coastal town in County Mayo. After the show, the producer invited us to the pub for a pint. "MacDonald's, down on High Street," he said.

Two things we learned that night: (1) There was no High Street in that town; he had actually said, "the high street," the way we might say "the main drag." Duh!

And the pub wasn't (thankfully) MacDonald's, as in, golden arches. It was McDonnell's. The same family also owned the funeral home, same street.

—Kristen Grainger, True North

We best be getting some miles in...

I remember back to one of the early years I was touring Europe and was in central Germany with my then wife, Jan.... We had a show mid-week, in a small club outside of a small town whose name I've forgotten. We were a folk-duo, playing THE ROCK CLUB- an inauspicious looking concrete building with a wooden octagonal stage and a single disco ball hanging just above the microphones. Two young, enthusiastic and energetic young men were our hosts and we made it through a simple soundcheck in which I probably suggested the volume could be turned down.... The disco ball was seemingly the only light source on stage. I asked if it could be turned off and was told, no, it could only be turned 'down'. So, I asked them to turn it down please. We played songs of the rural Midwest under a dim disco ball. Maybe to an audience of a dozen, but our two hosts were wildly enthusiastic and sang along to many of my songs. They were thrilled that I was there. After the show, we waited as they cleared some things away and handed us our take for the night... a bit more awkward conversation, but it was getting late and I cut to the chase and inquired about our lodging- which was part of our deal (made by my dutch agent). The guys looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders and said, "Well most of the bands just sleep on the stage. We have some blankets...." My wife and I looked at each other and smiled at the guys and thanked them, and said, on second thought, we'd be best getting some miles in that night. We drove maybe 20 minutes and saw in the distance the lights for a new Holiday Inn Express. We made the appropriate turn and slept in the next morning.

—Tim Grimm

The Inadvertent Counter-Revolutionaries

In 2000, I played around Havana for a couple weeks. My friend from Mississippi Steve Cheseborough was invited to play music for a photography exhibit during the Biennial. I talked my way onto the gig as I've always wanted to visit Cuba. We worked up some common repertoire from the Memphis Jug Band, Frank Stokes and other early American blues and jug band players and it was wonderful to watch the flamboyant salsa and tango dancing that went on at the art opening while we played.

We found a little gang of Cuban musicians and artists who kindly showed us around, one of whom had a radio show. He had to run our music by his program director before we could go on air with him, to make sure we weren't "counter-revolutionaries." This was taking a long time. But we played at a Casa de Cultura open house concert, and out in the parks. We kept getting one main request "Mr Crump Don't Like It", Frank Stokes' 1920s song about the Boss of Memphis, the refrain of

which is “Mr Crump don’t like it, ain’t gonna have it here”. People were really enthusiastic about that song, singing along even. We finally realized we were being subversive without knowing it. We never did get on the radio.

—DeL Rey

The Touring Life

Many folks tell me that they imagine touring must be such fun! It often is, but it’s not quite as romantic as you might think! The best parts by far are: getting to see new places, being with old friends, making new friends, visiting family, moving people through music, getting to play in the rare gorgeous acoustic rooms scattered around the country, feeling part of an important but disappearing culture, knowing that I am keeping some great old music and vibes alive while supporting others doing the same thing.

My favorite tours were when I had my van or rented a rig for a couple weeks. Then, I could visit, have privacy, go hiking, swimming, skiing, paddle boarding and have my own space for rehearsing and warming up, to eat what I wanted, etc. I always loved going to hear roots music in areas where it is still somewhat traditional, going to local small history or folklore centers, natural history museums and, especially, to visit players that I met, learned from or was inspired by in workshops or other performances. A sense of place, along with experiencing a little local color and culture can shift one’s sense of roots music, adding context to the music and appreciation for the culture it is part of. I am very grateful to have been able to play and visit in as many areas and places around the country that I have and to have been so warmly welcome by many fine folks and musicians along the way.

The flip side of touring is that one is far from home and family, gardens and dogs. It can be lonely. Many of us performers joke about the quarters to be made out there in the world as an acoustic musician, but it

means that if you want to bring money home, you must put up with rough accommodations, difficult schedules, lack of control with life style choices like exercise, eating and sleep habits. There are many performance venues that are poorly lit, have poor sound, are ugly visually and have dwindling audiences and are low in funding.

I feel fortunate to have a spouse who can support my performance habit by holding down our fort and welcoming me when I return. And I feel fortunate to have been able to maintain diverse interests which kept so many aspects of being on the road interesting, engaging and rewarding. And, I do feel grateful, of course, for having some inspired music to share that folks wanted to hear and gave me many standing ovations for! I’m also glad to have actually kept some of the old music alive and to be able to still do so through my teaching and performing.

—Lauren Sheehan

“Octet in Three Movements”

In 1977, I was invited to play a club in Yokohama, Japan, as part of a Japanese tour with guitarist Amos Garrett. About two months prior to the tour, I discovered a box in my family home that included old letters, newspaper articles, etc. In the box was a newspaper article from 1870 about the sinking of the USS Oneida in Yokohama harbor that year. The article mentioned that the ship’s Lieutenant Commander, my great-grandfather, went down with the ship and was buried in the Foreigners’s Cemetery in Yokohama. We called the Japanese promoter, told him the story and let him know that I wanted to visit the grave when I came to Japan. The promoter quickly changed venues... from the club to a much larger concert hall. “Muldaur Searches for Grave of Great -Grandfather.” The show sold out... and we found the grave.

Thirty-five years later, I received another box of family historical records... this time from the estate of my cousin. In it were letters sent from Japan by my great-grandfather to his wife in New Jersey. Among them was a love letter written the day before the USS Oneida left Tokyo (Yedo) for home. As the ship left Tokyo Bay in the fog, it was rammed... sunk and abandoned by a British steamer out of its lane.

From these Letters from survivors and military officers, newspaper articles and a US Senate report describing the event, I wrote “His Last Letter.” It is the title of my latest collection subtitled The Amsterdam Project.

—Geoff Muldaur

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Invitation to PFS Leadership

Dear PFS Member,
Thank you as always for your continued support of folk music in the Portland Metro area and beyond. Things at PFS are buzzing along with continuing concerts, song circles, the publication of this newsletter, and at the time you are reading this, a recent wrap-up of our virtual festival, Fall Song. I've said it once and I'll say it again, if you're looking for more ways to participate in the PFS community, opportunities abound! Besides attending these events as a member, there are also ways to participate in the organization and leadership of all of these endeavors. The following are more ways to get involved:

The next festival on the docket is our annual in-person festival, Singtime Frolics, which takes place in March. If you're interested in joining the organizing committee of Singtime 2023, email our Singtime committee chair, Mary Ann, at maryanngilpatrick@yahoo.com with your special interest in helping make the festival a continued success. If there are other PFS events in which you'd like to play a more integral part, reach out to me at president@portlandfolkmusic.org and let me know whether it's concerts, song circles, or a new endeavor you'd like to get off the ground, and I can point you in the right direction. On a smaller scale, if any interesting folk music-related videos or articles cross your desk or phone screen, please forward them to socialmedia@portlandfolkmusic.org.

Upcoming Board Elections

Most importantly, the time has come to think about December Board elections. We have four Board positions opening up for election. The Board is the axis that keeps PFS activities chugging along cohesively,

and having a strong Board is the best way to ensure that PFS continues doing great work into the future. That said, we need your skills and energy! This is your personal invitation to consider joining our band and becoming a PFS Board member.

Being a PFS Board member means attending monthly meetings (usually virtually and sometimes in person if you choose), collaborating with PFS and other Board members to further our mission of preserving, presenting, and promoting folk music in the greater Portland, Oregon area, and making the decisions that keep our organization thriving. If that's something you'd like to be involved in, or if you have further questions, send me an email at president@portlandfolkmusic.org.

Wishing you music and enjoyment,
Alana McKenzie ♦

Alana McKenzie

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What's the Lesson Here?

If there is an ethic to the folk movement, it has something to do with participation. It's a tradition that is handed down from one person to another, and it changes as it goes. You don't just listen to other people, you play with them, and learn from them.

It's a tradition that has been disrupted by the pandemic, which made the in-person class hard to do, and playing together almost impossible. Now in-person classes are returning, and you can find them on the PFS Folk Calendar at <https://www.portlandfolkmusic.org/>. There are many such events of all kinds and everyone can find a place to contribute.

Artichoke Community Music at 2007 SE Powell Blvd. offers more classes and more instructors than any other music school. They also have a steady schedule of events where people can gather and play together, from Soldier Songs and Voices to harp circles and bluegrass. For more information, go to <https://www.artichokemusic.org/classes>.

Neighborly Music – Maggie Lind, Patrick Lind, and Sophie Enloe teach a legendary string band class for old-time musicians that returns this fall to in-person classes. The last class ends in a community dinner and party. Guitar classes are also available. Check it out at <https://neighborlymusic.net/classes/stringband>.

Hostel Café – in the tree-lined back yard of the NW Portland Youth Hostel, this café offers many get-togethers such as the live folk music on Mondays, the traditional American old-time jam on Thursdays, and the Trailjams Irish jam on Sundays. For more info, go to <https://www.hostelcafedpx.com/>

East Side Music Club – this old-time, acoustic blues, and folk jam meets on Wednesday evenings in SE and country. Portland, to get on their mailing list, contact Steve Bleiler at bleilers@pdx.edu.

O'Leary's Pub – offers Irish music, including a Ladies Seisiún at O'Leary's on Tuesdays, led by Nancy Conescu, and piping on Sundays by Preston Howard Wilde.



Anne Weiss

Anne Weiss has been teaching Portlanders to sing for decades. Her most popular classes are back:

Everyone Welcome Community Choir: World music by ear in the garden. Anne Weiss leads a class and choir rolled into one, all levels, no audition, all ages, \$120 for six weeks or \$25 drop-in. Register at the Artichoke Music website: <https://www.artichokemusic.org/classes>.

Singing for the Vocally Challenged: Wednesday mornings in the garden, led by Anne Weiss, learn to sing better in a non-judgmental, fun environment, \$110 for six weeks or \$20 drop-in. Register at Artichoke Music website: <https://www.artichokemusic.org/classes>.

If you have any issues joining a class session or finding a link, contact Anne by phone or text at 914-924-2574.

By Barry Gorden, PFS Calendar Editor and volunteer

Explore the Portland FolkMusic Calendar Online

<https://www.portlandfolkmusic.org/calendar.php>

Your guide to Folk Music in the area

Dave Stamey

Saturday, November 19, 2022

Reedwood Friends Church

"Perhaps the greatest cowboy balladeer alive today"
Seth Hopkins, Director, Booth Western Art Museum

"If you haven't discovered him yet, it's time you broadened your horizons"
Cowboy Magazine

His music is gorgeous, often funny and his performance is flawless"
Bonsall Village News

Dave Stamey has been voted eight times Entertainer of the Year, seven times Male Performer of the Year and five times Songwriter of the Year by the Western Music Association. Additionally, he received the Will Rogers Award from the Academy of Western Artists in 2000 and in 2016 was inducted into the Western Music Hall of Fame.

To date he has created 13 CD's and 2 books; the majority under his own label Horsecamp Music. He works and travels with his wife Melissa who is his

"The world is changing all around us, but the world of the American West remains pretty much the same"

tour and business manager. Together they spend several weeks a year on the road — until the Covid-19 pandemic put a major pause to that in the spring of 2020.

During this hiatus off the road, they decided to embrace technology and created "The Dave Stamey Collection" on a flash drive. "It's my life's work" he explains "197 tracks, 13 albums on a limited-edition flash drive." It turned out to be a smart move; even he was surprised when sales took off. However, it is a validation of the love his fans have for his music.

He performs only his own songs. When asked about his song writing process he replied "I'm always writing. It is my passion but I don't seem to have a process. I've got a goal but no specific actions. There are times at the end of a week I've written a total of 2 lines, neither of which seems to belong to the same song." His best time to write is early in the morning with a pot of coffee and his Olympia typewriter. As with most songwriters, he will hear a conversation or turn of phrase that will



inspire him.

Stamey sees sharp differences between western music and country music. "Western music tends to be positive and is generally acoustic and under produced. Country music tends to be more southeastern (in its roots) and historically has been bluesy. Now it tends to be very electric and very overproduced."

"The world is changing all around us, but the world of the American West remains pretty much the same" he continues. "People who

live in the rural American West are not city dwellers. They're not urban people and usually aren't swayed by popular culture because they're busy working. They are connected to their geography; their sense of place" he adds. "They appreciate the mountains in front of them and the desert at their feet. I have a pretty neat subject matter to draw from in the rural American West and I try to celebrate it" he concludes.

WEBSITE: <http://www.davestamey.com>

MUSIC: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-5hhfNKCTY&t=16s>

The Bandit Joaquin

<https://youtu.be/Ktv0EIV6x2w>

Come Ride with Me

New World String Project

Saturday, December 10, 2022

Reedwood Friends Church

The New World String Project performs uplifting music in the Celtic, Nordic and American folk traditions. The quartet consists of four skilled multi-instrumentalists who usually play in two different duo acts. They have joined forces and created an exhilarating weave of traditional world music. The members are Aryeh Frankfurter (Swedish nyckelharpa, Celtic harp), Lisa Lynne (cittern, Celtic harp), Stuart Mason (guitar, bouzouki, vocals) and John Weed (fiddle, vocals).

As a child, **Aryeh Frankfurter's** musical development led him to explore many musical genres and instruments, but he found his passion when introduced to the Celtic harp at age 15. He has recorded and toured internationally since 1994 and has been a featured artist on the PRI syndicated radio program Echos.



Fiddler **John Weed** is a classically trained violinist who has spent the last 25 years immersed in traditional fiddle styles with an affinity for American styles. Weed explores the connections between Irish, Scottish, and Swedish traditions. He is also a member of the Celtic band Molly's Revenge.

They have joined forces and created an exhilarating weave of traditional world music.

Lisa Lynne grew up in southern California, started playing guitar at age 7 and discovered the Celtic harp at age 21. This multi-instrumentalist has gained worldwide recognition for her original music featuring her Celtic harp and has collected over 20 harps in various sizes over the years. Lynne's music is heard throughout the award-winning PBS special *Alone in the Wilderness* as well as other soundtracks for commercial television and independent films.

In 2007 Frankfurter and Lynne began performing and recording together and eventually married in 2015. They live on 10 acres in the Willamette Valley of Oregon.

Stuart Mason is known not only for his award-winning traditional singing but also for his award-winning skills on guitar, mandola and banjo. Additionally, he is a member of the Celtic band Molly's Revenge, the old-time quartet SLO County Stumblers Project, and in a duo with fiddler John Weed. When not gigging, he teaches, writes, builds websites and works on his music blog *Fiddlefreak*.

The New World String Project began in 2018 and released their first CD in 2021. Cabin 22 is 14 tunes in total; 12 instrumental and 2 with vocals. It is extraordinary music rooted in the Nordic, Celtic and American folk traditions.

WEBSITE: <https://newworldstringproject.com/>

MUSIC: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i-1fYKftYf8>

**Concerts are held at the
Reedwood Friends Church
2901 SE Steele St, Portland.
All concerts start at 7:30 PM.
Doors to seating open at 7:00 PM**

See Back Cover for Ticket Pricing

After The Ball Was Over



Our intrepid editor has asked me to share some stories from my various experiences in the music business. In this particular segment, I'll talk about things that occur after a show is completed.

My perspective comes from 3 1/2 years on the road starting in 1961 with a band called The Journeymen, (Scott McKenzie, John Phillips and me), and much lower-key touring as a solo act or playing with various other musicians to the present day.

We began playing professionally in New York City as a result of me doing some studio work on the group that Scott and John were in before The Journeymen started. We did a couple hundred college concerts, and played in clubs in New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Toronto, San Francisco, Spokane and Los Angeles. The club work mostly occurred when students were off campus, or in holiday periods, like Christmas or Thanksgiving.

I should mention having performed for audiences ranging from 0 to 70,000 people, that college concerts are probably the easiest way to make a living that musicians encounter. The pay is good, and the audience is predisposed to have a good time. Often

there isn't any competition from other events on campus, unless the show is at a college in a major city. The three of us traveled together without a bass player or a road manager so whatever money we made we got to keep, minus the 30% that went to our agents and managers.

I think we differed from most of the pop-folk groups, except for the Limelites, in the sense that each of us had some particular skill that the other group members didn't share. Scott was the golden-voiced lead singer, John did 80% of the talking and the vocal arranging and I played all of the instrumental solos. John and I were both writing songs at the time.

I should mention that having performed for audiences ranging from 0 to 70,000 people, that college concerts are probably the easiest way to make a living that musicians encounter.

1 Flash to a show in Houston.

Performers generally use up quite a bit of adrenalin when doing a show. After a typical show (2 50-minute sets for us) it's difficult to go back to normal. Different people handle this situation in different ways. Everyone reading this is aware of the alcohol/drug thing, which is the way some musicians choose to get through it all. In

our case we were often invited to go to coffeehouses, clubs or fraternity parties after a show. In Houston we were invited to go to a club. I did a set of my own music, none of which I played in The Journeymen, by the way. Then several other local entertainers performed. The group that struck me was a guitar player and a female vocalist. They sang Lead Belly tunes and other such material with a sort of raw harmony. After that we went back to the hotel to prepare for the next day's flight. Years later I ran into Guy Clark at the Winnipeg Folk Festival. He had been at the club the evening that I played. I asked him who the duo was. It turned out the man was Frank Harris, a painter who also played music, and the young woman was Kay Oslin, later known to the world as K.T. Oslin. KT had various hits, especially 80's Ladies. Guy then promised to send me a tape of KT and Frank. To my surprise the tape actually arrived about a week later. It was every bit as good as I remembered.

#2. This is what happened after a show that never actually took place.

When we did our 3rd album,, Capitol Records sent us on a promotion tour. One of the stops was in St. Louis. We got a last minute phone call, telling us that the person who was supposed to take us around was

A couple of hours later, John knocked on my door, and asked if I felt like making the rounds of clubs in St. Louis and performing without our stage clothes.

ill, and the show was cancelled. I had been dating a young woman who I met in Springfield, Massachusetts, who had just moved to Madison, Wisconsin, to go to graduate school there. I quickly called her and arranged to go up there for a couple of days. Almost immediately we got a phone call that Capitol had found someone else to deal with the show, and we were on again. In something of a foul mood, I called my friend and told her that I couldn't make it to Madison.

Our plane was an hour late getting into St. Louis. The Capitol rep was frantic. He drove 60-70 miles an hour on the shoulder to get to the downtown hotel where we were scheduled to play. It was raining and even John Phillips, not the most judicious proponent of safety, told the rep that getting there wasn't as important as living to play other gigs. Anyway, we quickly we got there and changed into our performing clothes, and met the rep at the appropriate room. Scott looked at him, and asked who our audience was. The rep. answered that it was editors of high school newspapers in the area. He added that originally there were some twenty or so, but now only six of them were still there. Scott looked at him, and said, "our audience is college kids. No

thank you." He then turned around and walked back to his room. John, seldom at a loss for words then explained that Scott was "a deeply sensitive boy," and that this simply wasn't going to work out. The show was cancelled and we all went to our rooms.

A couple of hours later, John knocked on my door, and asked if I felt like making the rounds of clubs in St. Louis and performing without our stage clothes. The three of us went to Gaslight Square in St. Louis. We found a few clubs to play at, and we agreed to say that we were all friends, not professional musicians. I have to say that we were kind of a minor sensation. We were offered a couple of club gigs, someone wanted to fly us to the West Indies, and so forth. Finally a fellow walked in who had seen us play in Cleveland, and he blew our cover.

Of all the gigs I played with the band, including Carnegie Hall, this was by far the loosest one, and the most fun.

3. The Race Thing

We played a show at Hampton-Sydney College in Virginia, and were invited to a fraternity party after the show. I usually tried to avoid these affairs, because I never felt that I had anything to talk about to the hosts, and didn't want to appear rude. This time I acquiesced. There was a black musician sitting at the piano, and

playing a nice version of Smoky Robinson's "You've Really Got A Hold On Me." His eyes were closed and he was really into it.

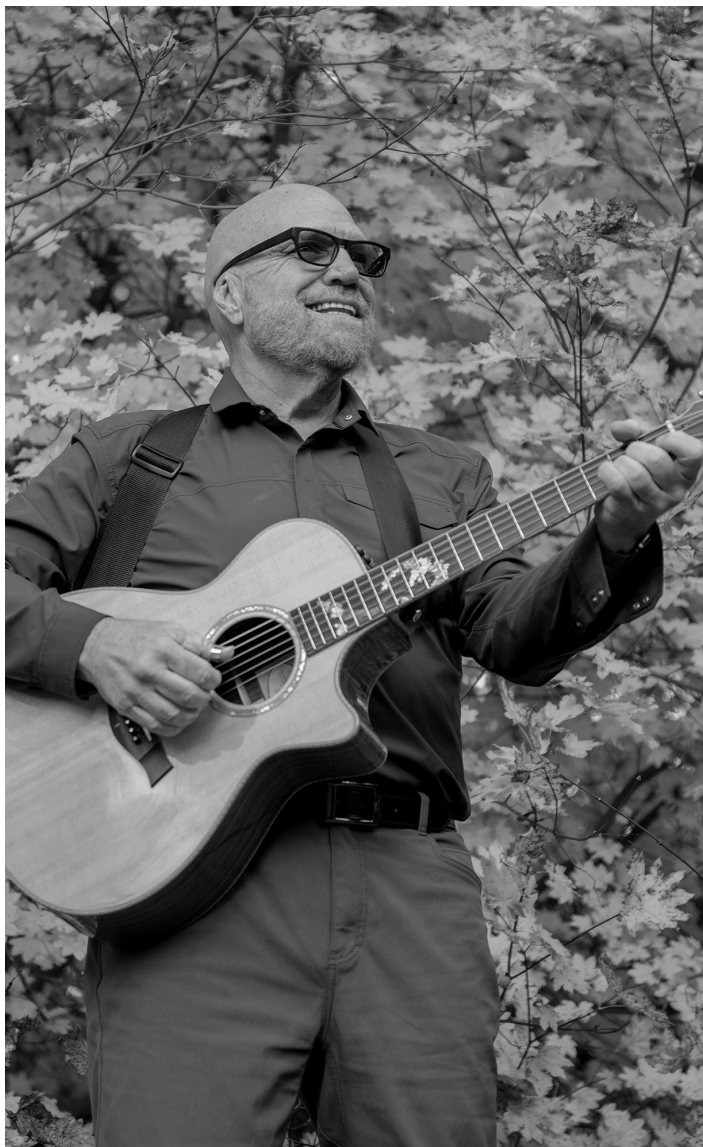
Sitting right next to him was a blonde co-ed with a very low-cut dress, digging every nuance of his style and seemingly his being.

This was during the early years of the Civil Rights movement, and I began to get very nervous. What if some dumb redneck decided that the "chick" was giving the singer too much attention. Would he get beaten up, humiliated or worse? I got out of there as soon as possible. I've never forgotten this night, because the alleged fatal attraction across racial lines is indeed present in some situations, much to the peril of the people involved.◆

By Dick Weissman is a composer, performer and author who writes books about American roots music, music and politics, and the music industry. He is an inductee in both the Colorado Authors Hall of Fame and the Music Hall of Fame. His most recent book is A New History of American and Canadian Folk Music.

www.dickweissman.com

Take 5 with Darryl Purpose



1 . You were inducted into the Blackjack Hall of Fame in 2010. Are there any attributes that made you a standout blackjack player that are transferable to your music career?

I got into music originally through the keyboard on a piano. It was all black and white, no grey. That made sense to me in the same way blackjack does. There's a right play and a wrong play, black and white.

Also, both of these things are not 'real' jobs, and yet they've been my only jobs. Mostly I'm happy with that choice for my life.

One could argue that it's impossible to write a song, record it and travel around playing it for people, and make a living. In the same way, the idea of learning to play blackjack, going to a casino and winning consistently seems impossible, but I never bought into the impossible thing. I just don't accept those limits.

2 . When did you first come to the Pacific Northwest and what made you decide to settle in Portland?

August 2021, there were several reason;

- a) I didn't want to pump my own gas ;)***
- b) I just thought the next big adventure might be here***
- c) lots of friends here***
- d) trees***
- e) all of the above***

3 Your latest release "Two Good Hands" is an EP. What do you see as the advantages of an EP versus an LP?

This is my first EP. I was very excited to work with Ryan Hommel as producer, but an entire album wasn't in the cards. He is the common thread of these three tracks. And he knocked it out of the park. I'm very happy with all the tracks, though disappointed that Spotify and other platforms are calling an album with three songs, a Single. ??

People are playing one song at a time more these days. So I thought I'd try the EP, but I wasn't sure what to expect.

4 . You recently concluded your Three Song Thursday livestream. What takeaways do you have from this year-long experience?

What fun that was! I prepared three songs and played them live every Thursday at 5pm. I had been playing and singing and performing part time in recent years. Then a year ago I declared myself, 'full time' singer songwriter. What to do? Play every week! I re-learned my entire catalogue. I re-learned how to sing and play the guitar. It got me back in the game.

I enjoyed interacting with the commenters, I miss it. I believe I will soon start a hour-long livestream on the first Thursday of every month.

5. What do you have coming up for us in 2023?
Looking forward to more music, much more writing, more touring, more recording. As previously mentioned, it's impossible to write songs and play them for folks for a living, but I intend to do it anyway, from here on out. Yes, blackjack is a good fallback, but I never liked casinos much, and I'd prefer to stay healthy by staying out of them.

Darryl will be performing a CD Release show at Cafe Artichoke Friday December 9th, see www.darrylpurpose.com for details.

By Kevin Nordlie. Kevin is based near the other Washington (DC) and works with independent musicians in the folk music community. Kevin.Nordlie@gmail.com

**What local/regional musician would you like to see profiled in Local Lore?
 Send your suggestions to
LocalLore@PortlandFolkMusic.org**



2022-23 Walters Performance Series

Nov 4 Ramya Raman & Janaki Rangarajan
 Indian Classical Dance | \$15/\$18

Nov 19 Beatrice | Portland Opera to Go
 Family Matinee | \$5 suggested donation

Dec 9 An Evening with Tony Starlight
 Variety, Holiday, Benefit | \$60

**Dec 16 Acoustic Guitar Summit
 Holiday Concert**
 Fingerstyle Guitar | \$22/\$25

**Purchase Tickets Online:
Hillsboro-Oregon.gov/WaltersConcerts
 Walters Cultural Arts Center | 527 E. Main St., Hillsboro**

Or-E-Con

The folk community is invited to join us November 4-6, 2022 to our virtual Or-E-Con convention, featuring our Music Guest of Honor, Lawrence Dean from the United Kingdom.

Our music program includes over 40 international and local musicians performing in concert, including PDX Broadsides, Jeff & Maya Bohnhoff, and Alexander James Adams. Among the performers are 9 members inducted into the Filk Hall of Fame, an award for lifetime (and ongoing) achievement within the Filk Community presented each year at FilKONtario, Canada. Twenty performers have received one or more Pegasus Awards, which were established in 1984 by the Ohio Valley Filk Festival (OVFF) to recognize and honor excellence in filking.

There will also be an open song circle Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 6pm Pacific Time at which ALL are invited to sing. The song circle is open to folk songs, work shanties, cat songs, ballads, historical songs, and many other genres in addition to filk. Just find "Raise Hand" under "Reactions" in your Zoom window to join the queue to sing.

Registration is free although donations are very much appreciated.

You may register for the Zoom link at the Or-E-Con website at:

<https://orecon2.orycon.org/registration/>

The complete lineup of performers and links to their website(s) are available at:

<https://orecon2.orycon.org/music-programming/>

Belonging to the Folk Music Wider Community

There is a wide folk music community around Portland, Oregon, the USA, and the world. Becoming a member of Portland FolkMusic Society is an entrée to that much wider world.

First, there are the calendar and Local Lore which tell you about folk music in the Portland area, on-line and/or in-person events like FallSong, Singtime, and song circles introduce you to potential music events and musicians in the Portland area and the northwest.

Second, you can meet musicians from other parts of the USA, Europe, and Australia at the on-line events. There are talented and knowledgeable PFS members like Joe Hickerson (retired, Library of Congress curator of folk music), or David Ingerson, winner of traditional

Irish singing awards. And, you can hear musicians traveling through during the PFS concert series in fall and again in spring.

Finally, if you go traveling on the road yourself, you can attend events of other folk societies in the US, or talk with local members about contacts you might meet in other countries while traveling. Many folks in the world-wide community know about Portland Folk Music – mention you are a member of Portland Folk Music and you might be surprised to find a door opening to join in a local song circle or session, or to attend concerts small or large as you travel around!

Jinx Kuehn

Membership ♦

Folklore Music Map courtesy Library of Congress



PFS Membership

It's easy to join PFS: just go to www.PortlandFolkmusic.org.

You can also join by filling out the form below, and sending it, along with your dues, to: Membership, PO Box 1448, Portland, OR 97207-14485

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Telephone _____

E-mail _____

Web Address _____

(business members only)

	1 year	2 years	Life-time
Individual	\$30	\$55	\$500
Household	\$40	\$65	
Sustaining	\$100		
Student and/ or Low Income	\$5		
Student and/ or Low Deluxe (LL Mailed)	\$15		
Business Renew (2022)	\$75		
Business New (2022)	\$100		

May we list you in Members' Directory?

☐ Yes ☐ No

Yes, but don't list my:

☐ Phone ☐ Address ☐ E-mail

This is a:

☐ New Membership ☐ Renewal

☐ Donation ☐ Gift Membership

☐ Contact Information Update

Advertise in Local Lore

PFS accepts ads pertinent to folk music, dance, and the arts. To place an ad, return the following information via e-mail to:

secretary@portlandfolkmusic.org

☐ Date

☐ Name

☐ E-mail

☐ Phone

☐ Address

☐ PFS member

☐ Business or personal membership

Specify Size of Ad and Membership expiration date

Please provide ad copy/jpg/pdf if prepared.

Send ad file to kim@kimclaughlin.com

Basic Rates

\$20 for one-eighth page [3.5"w x 2.5"h]

(\$100 for one year— six issues)

\$35 for quarter page [3.5"w x 5"h]

(\$175 for one year— six issues)

\$60 for half page [7.5"w x 5"h]

(\$300 for one year— six issues)

\$100 for full page [7.5"w x 10"h]

(\$500 for one year— six issues)

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Business Members can take 10% off listed advertising rates for their ads in Local Lore.

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Payment is due in full 30 days from date of completed ad submission.

Please send a check, payable to:

Portland FolkMusic Society

Send payment to:

Treasurer

PO Box 1448

Portland, OR 97207-1448

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May & June Issue—April 10

July & August Issue—June 10

September & October Issue—August 10

November & December Issue—October 10



PortlandFolkMusic.org

Local Lore
Volume 46 Issue 6

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The minutes of the most recent board meeting are available on our website.

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president@portlandfolkmusic.org

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Kim McLaughlin

LocalLore@portlandfolkmusic.org

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PFS 2022/23 Season Continues



Dave Stamey

Saturday, November 19, 2022

New World String Project

Saturday, December 10, 2022

David Francey

Saturday, January 21, 2023

Kray Van Kirk

Saturday, February 18, 2023

John Reischman & The Jaybirds

Saturday, March 18, 2023

Honey Whiskey Trio

Saturday, April 15, 2023

House of Hamill

Saturday, May 20, 2023

Concerts are held at the
Reedwood Friends Church
2901 SE Steele St, Portland.
All concerts start at 7:30 PM.

Doors to seating open at 7:00 PM

Single Ticket Prices	On Line	At the Door
General Admission	\$22	\$25
PFS Members	\$19	\$22
Ages 12-18	\$11	\$12
Under 12	Free	Free

www.portlandfolkmusic.org
