



# The Folk Club

*of Reston-Herndon*

...Preserving Folk Traditions



Vol 8, No 9; October, 1994

## The Sharpest Edge of Flat

It was a cold and heavy rain. The kind of loud-on-your-roof rain that could drown out a chorus of Happy Birthday in a room full of first graders, even with Aunt Susan raising the key every third word. I could've been home singing in the shower. Instead I was downtown at the office, with business slow and a mountain of sheet music threatening to block the door if it wasn't filed.

The lady was tall. Well, she looked tall at first. The way people look when you're on your hands and knees. Her blouse was opened at the neck, wrinkled and roughed up looking but not from the rain. She took out a handkerchief and dabbed her eyes. I noticed the eyes right away. Large and brittle, they were the color of burnt rice.

"What can I do for you Rice Eyes?" I offered, getting to my feet. She smiled faintly, as though she'd heard the comparison before.

"You're a songwriter." She said, folding her handkerchief.

"That's right. I'm Joe. Joe Intermezzo."

"What exactly do you write Joe?"

"Besides the wrongs of society, just about everything." I told her, moving behind my desk to sit down. "Singing telegrams, song parodies, and of course invitations, proposals, and subpoenas set to Broadway show tunes. What do you have in mind?"

"I'm worried Joe," she said, moving to the seat opposite mine. "I need you to write a telegram for me." Her hands were shaking. "It's very important."

"Shouldn't be any trouble," I assured her. "I've written them before. Now why don't you tell me what this is all about." There was a pause while she collected her thoughts.

"Precious has been kidnapped," she started. "I fear the worst. She was gone when I got home from work last night. I waited all night ... and nothing. So

I decided to come to you. You will help me, won't you Joe?"

Her voice was measuring and pleading, like a campaign promise. She had moved over next to my chair, and her hand was on my shoulder.

I got to my feet and walked over to the window to let my head clear and my shoulder cool off. Outside the rain was loud and ugly.

"Who's Precious?" I asked.

"My only real friend." She said, getting a picture out of her wallet. The picture was small. I looked at it for a full minute. Precious was average height and weight for her breed. She looked to weigh all of 8 pounds, which is about right for a Scottish Terrier. I tossed the photo on the desk.

"You've called the Pound?"

"Every one in the city." She whimpered back. Her mouth was making crying noises, but her eyes were watching me closely, to see how well this was playing.

"Ok, I'll bite," I told her. "Why do you need a songwriter for this?"

A telegram Joe, a singing telegram." It was the campaign voice again.

"So Precious likes Broadway tunes," I smiled at her. "I'm beginning to see why we should fuss."

"You're making fun of me," she said. "And I thought you would help."

"Could be. But suppose we tell Uncle Joe a few more facts."

"What else is there to say?"

I wondered quickly if the fine line between acting stupid and being stupid had been drawn with erasable ink.

*Continued*

## Dave Ross Showcases For October

In 1990, someone from work invited Dave Ross to the Folk Club. By his second visit, he was performing. Dave's showcase performance is Tuesday, October 11th.

*FCN: When did you first get interested in music?*

**Dave:** I guess I was about ten. I bought my first guitar from Lafayette Radio. My mother bought record players for all of us as kids, so I ended up listening to a lot of early rock.

*FCN: Who were your early influences?*

**Dave:** Stephen Wolf, the Beatles, James Gang, and Deep Purple. In high school, *Smoke On The Water* was known as the National Anthem of the Summer of '73. Then in college, I discovered Jimmy Buffet and Mike Cross and started listening to everything they did.

*FCN: What attracted you to their music?*

**Dave:** Oh, the fact that you could play most of the songs on the guitar, and also the lyrics. Jimmy Buffet for instance, can write so much in to one line of a song. Lines like "if the phone doesn't ring, it's me." and "we are the people our parents warned us about." Sometimes the titles alone say a lot.

*FCN: Which Folk songs do you think are the best?*

**Dave:** I wouldn't want to single out any songs really. I have certain, very definite tastes about the kind of music I like. That doesn't always fit other people's definition of Folk music. To me, if a song speaks about culture and lifestyles ... if it talks about things that happen to you, and comments on the experience, then that's Folk music.

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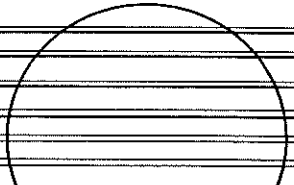
## Herndon Launches Second Annual Folk Festival

The second annual Herndon Folk Festival will be held from noon to 5pm on Sunday October 9, 1994 around the Town Hall in Historic Herndon. The event features folk music on two stages, children's entertainment, games and contests, traditional dance, musical instrument workshops, and demonstrations. Admission is free.

Performers on the main stage include folk legend Garnett Rogers and a cappella Gospel music by the Smithsonian Folk Life festival veteran group Reverb. Kicking off the main stage entertainment will be Mid-Atlantic Songwriter award winner Susan Graham White, featuring songs from her newest release. Mary Cliff, of WETA's Saturday folk music show *Traditions*, will host the main stage.

The festival is presented by Herndon Parks and Recreation, in association with the Folk Club of Reston-Herndon and the Council For the Arts of Herndon. If you are interested in volunteering to help at this festival on behalf of the Folk Club, contact Ellen Kaminsky at 689-0444 to see how you can help. See you there!

### Takamine 12 String



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## Sharpest Edge of Flat ...

"Well, for starters, who are you, what are you trying to say, and why do you think dognappers will respond better if they're sung to?" Instead of answering, she sniffed and stared at her lap. For some reason, the moment reminded me of the Glen Campbell parody I wrote for the bathroom tissue company, *By The Time I Get Some Kleenex*. I made a note to look at other Jimmy Web tunes for inspiration on this project. The silence took on a foreboding air, so I tried another approach.

"Do you know anyone that would want to hurt you. Or heaven forbid, did Precious have any enemies?"

"Peter always hated her," she said quietly. "I never took it very seriously. He hated me too ... in the end."

"Who's Peter?"

"We were ... friends. I met him in the park".

"Friends?" I asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Well, he used to tell people at work that I was his girl. He seemed so nice. Once I caught him looking through my underwear drawer. He said he had lost one of his cufflinks. I didn't say anything, and then after he left I forgot all about it. She smiled faintly, as though remembering was a kind of game. I took a deep breath.

"So, you think that Precious was poached by a pervert named Peter?" I grinned at my alliteration.

"Possibly" she said.

"I'm still a little foggy on how writing a telegram figures into all of this." I was trying to sound annoyed. If she noticed, she didn't let on.

"There's a party Friday," she stood up and began pacing. "I think whoever took Precious might be there." I took out a pen and started writing.

"So we might try one of the tunes from CATS, and then work our way to larger pets?" I was thinking out loud, but she cut me off.

"I have some ideas on paper." She moved over to the desk and handed me a sheet of paper:

LOST: Nothing But A Hound Dog  
Precious and Few  
Dog Eat Dog  
The Last Thing On My Mind.

In the part of my head reserved for wrestling matches with my conscience and warnings about personal safety, a light came on. Rice Eyes was up to something. She was a different sort, perhaps given to hostility. I studied her note for a half minute, setting it on the desk next to the mug shot of Precious.

"I know it's not complete," she assured me. "I want you to add to it, as long as those basic ideas are worded that way everything should work out." She let me wonder what everything 'working out' might mean, and then gave an indication.

"I'll give you \$500 now and \$400 more when the work is finished".

"Will you need to be sending a telegram every week?" I asked, in a sudden rush of hope. She was staring out the window now and didn't seem to hear my question.

"How soon will the writing be done?" She asked, facing me.

"Monday, about this time." I stood to show her to the door and she shook my hand.

"Write it good for me Joe Intermezzo," she said, locking her eyes onto my face. Her eyes took up my whole field of vision. I wondered if I had ever really tasted burnt rice. Then there was a click from the door and she was gone.

I was alone with my notes. In this case, that was very thin company. I read over her handwritten message a few times. It made me nervous. I was on my way out for a sandwich with the mug shot of Precious in my coat pocket when the phone rang. I grabbed the receiver before the third ring.

"Intermezzo here, my tunes, your money".

"Mr. Intermezzo," the voice was male and nervous. "How does lunch sound?"

"Like a noun. Who is this?"

"Meet me in the coffee shop on King street in 20 minutes", he took a breath. "And Joe, come alone".

Continued in November

1	B	2	E	3	S	4	T		5	A	6	T	7	T	8	L	9	E		10	S	11	S	12	T	13	S
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Answers to last month's puzzle.







*"This song is dedicated to our parents, and is in the form of a plea for more adequate supervision."*



# Folk Club of Reston-Herndon



October 2 - November 19, 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Oct 2	Oct 3	Oct 4 7:30pm Folk Club	Oct 5	Oct 6 7:30pm Frederick Folk Club-Deli Creations	Oct 7	Oct 8
Oct 9	Oct 10  <b>Columbus Day</b> (Observed)	Oct 11 Showcase Performance 7:30pm Folk Club	Oct 12	Oct 13 7:30pm Chris Proctor @ Frederick Folk Club	Oct 14	Oct 15
Oct 16	Oct 17 8:00pm Iona CD Release Concert - Unitarian Ch-Silver Sp	Oct 18 7:30pm Folk Club	Oct 19	Oct 20 7:30pm Frederick Folk Club-Deli Creations	Oct 21	Oct 22
Oct 23	Oct 24	Oct 25 Showcase Lottery Draw Scott Ainslie \$877 7:30pm Folk Club	Oct 26	Oct 27	Oct 28	Oct 29
Oct 30  Daylight Savings-set back 1 hour	Oct 31 <b>Halloween</b> 	Nov 1 7:30pm Folk Club	Nov 2	Nov 3 7:30pm Frederick Folk Club-Deli Creations	Nov 4	Nov 5 <small>8:00pm Open Door Coffee House, Fairfax VA Ch, Ala 8:00pm Inns of Open Door Coffee Her-Fairfax VA, Ala</small>
Nov 6	Nov 7	Nov 8 Showcase Performance Election Day 7:30pm Folk Club	Nov 9	Nov 10	Nov 11 <b>Veterans Day</b> 	Nov 12
Nov 13	Nov 14	Nov 15 7:30pm Folk Club	Nov 16	Nov 17 Steve Gillette & Cindi Mangsen 7:30pm Frederick Folk Club-Deli Creations	Nov 18	Nov 19

## Coming Folk Club Events

October 25	- Scott Ainslie	\$8/7
Nov 22	- Duck Baker & Mollie Andrews	\$7/6
January 31	- Barb Martin & Rarebird	\$7/6
Feb 21	- Fred Koehler	\$9/8
March 28	- Connemara	\$9/8

## Showcase Performances

On October 11th, the featured performer will be **Dave Ross**.

On the second Tuesday of every month we feature a Folk Club member in a showcase two-set (25 minute) performance. To become one of these "showcase" specials all you have to do is 1) be a member of the Folk Club, 2) fill out a lottery slip by the last Tuesday of the month, 3) win the drawing and 4) practice, practice practice!

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**ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!**  
Check your Label - Are you expiring?



"19941001" is expiring with this issue. Don't miss an issue - Don't miss the benefits of the Folk Club. Please send in your membership check (\$12.00) to keep your membership active!

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### The Folk Club

President, Larry Mediate

Treasurer, David Hurd

Members of the Board:

Ray Kaminsky, Ellen Kaminsky

Lynn Jordan, Bill Davis

Richard Flinchbaugh, Liza Cobb

Jim Rosenkrans, T.M. Hanna

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