

TRENDS IN FOLK MUSIC AROUND THE GLOBE

REPORT ON SABBATICAL LEAVE - SPRING 1975

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FOREWORD

This report is concerned with the sabbatical leave which was granted to the writer for the spring semester, 1975. The original application was accepted but was placed on an alternate basis. When it was granted, it was for a period shorter than the original one year application. Therefore, the areas which were to be covered had to be adjusted because of time. However, I was away from the United States from February 8th until September 1st, which was substantially a greater amount of time than one semester and allowed me to cover a wide geographic area and to investigate a great diversity of music.

I am very appreciative of the opportunity which was given me to enlarge my knowledge of folk music, and I wish to thank the Board of Trustees of Mt. San Antonio College for their interest in and encouragement of the sabbatical leave program. They may be assured that the material and experiences of this sabbatical leave will find a viable place in my teaching assignments at the college.

OBJECTIVES AND RESULTS

The primary purpose of the sabbatical leave was to get an overview of what is happening in the folk music field in various parts of the world. This, of course, entailed a great deal of travel and also demanded a method of research which took me far beyond the lobbies of the tourist hotels and the air-conditioned reclining seats of the tour bus. Although I attended many concerts and recitals of various types, most of my listening experiences were "off the beaten path." I used a portable tape recorder where possible and also notated information.

The main point of emphasis was in finding out what characteristics of the modern world are beginning to show up in ethnic music in certain areas where there has been less outside contact. Most music teachers traveling abroad have been almost completely concerned with the concert hall or with a very specific part of the creative media in music. Therefore, just a few words of explanation about the differences between concert, or art, music and that which is generally considered as folk music.

The line which divides ethnic, or folk, music from art music is not a sharp, clearly defined and generally accepted one. Broadly speaking, ethnic music consists of traditional material, orally transmitted. New subject

matter is added, but both melody and words follow an accepted pattern and the form therefore tends to be somewhat archaic and unchanging. Within this framework considerable variability is found.

The ethnic group may be a non-literate one from Africa or Asia, or a literate one from the Balkans or western Europe, but this traditional music plays a definite and important part in the culture of the group. Art music may be considered a convenient term for classical and also liturgical music; it is usually theoretically defined and is generally in written form. Ethnic music may sometimes be performed by professional musicians, while art music is almost entirely so. Clearly, art music includes not only the works of composers like Bach, Beethoven and Stravinsky, but the classical music of India, of the Arab world and of the Far East. Also, ethnic music and art music may exist side by side whether the locale is India or Scotland.

The distinction between ethnic and art music persists into the field of musical instruments. The vina of India, for example, is an art instrument and would never be used in Indian ethnic music. The karnai (long trumpet) and naqara (pottery drum) of Central Asia are used for village music but are not considered refined enough for use in the highly developed classical music of the region. Occasionally, of course, an instrument may be used for both kinds of music; a violin is an orchestral instrument, but it may also be used by a folk fiddler with an entirely

different technique of playing as well as a different repertoire.

Thus, my objectives were based to a great extent on the background knowledge which I have acquired in research and teaching over the past several years. I wanted to find out, first hand, what trends were beginning to show, in the context of the written material we have available at the college. In a period of over 200 days, in which planes, ships, trains, buses, trucks, autos, bicycles, and feet (definitely!) carried me around the globe, I was able to take a fresh look at places and people, some familiar and some brand new.

This material, I believe, will fulfill the intended purpose of personal enrichment and, more importantly, will relate to my teaching field specifically, in the course "Introduction to Folk and Ethnic Music." Also, there are areas in the Music Appreciation classes where the material is of value. I find that hardly a day goes by that I do not draw from the vast pool of experience which this sabbatical leave provided.

ITINERARY

There was no set time limit of individual locations as the inevitable problems of political unrest and social turmoil seem to be in greater evidence now than in the recent past. Therefore, I purchased a round the world ticket which allowed me to adjust my times in the various cities where I stopped. There were drawbacks, in that I had to stay on one routing and to hold to the particular carriers. However, even this pattern saw several changes because of emergencies. Following are the dates and places of the sabbatical leave:

February	8-9	Honolulu
"	10-14	Tokyo, Japan
"	14-17	Seoul, Korea
"	17-20	Taipei, Republic of China
"	20-22	Hong Kong
"	22-28	Bangkok, Thailand
March	1-5	Bangkok and Changmei, Thailand
"	5-16	New Delhi and Agra, India
"	16-18	Kathmandu, Nepal
"	18-20	Varanasi, India
"	20-21	Khajuraho, India
"	21-28	Tehran, Iran

March	28-31	Rome and Naples, Italy
April	1-6	Rome and Naples, Italy
"	6-14	Munich and Heidelberg, West Germany
"	14-17	Paris, France
"	17-30	London, England
May	1-15	London and other areas of England
"	15-31	Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland
June	1-4	Leningrad and Kalinin, USSR
"	5-8	Moscow, USSR
"	8-13	Oriel, Kiev, Odessa, Kishinev, USSR
"	14-23	Eastern Europe (Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia) and Austria
"	24-26	Wurzberg and Neustadt, West Germany
"	27-30	London and vicinity, England
July	1-5	London and vicinity, England
"	5-19	Spain and Morocco (Malaga, Tangier, Rabat, Casablanca, Agadir, Marrakech, Fez, Tetuan)
"	20-25	London, England
"	25-28	Gorey, Ireland
"	28-31	Dublin, Ireland
August	1-6	Dublin, Ireland
"	7-28	Ireland (Dun Laoghaire, Limerick, Tralee, Glengariff, Cork, Galway, Sligo, Raphoe, Letterkenny, and other areas)
"	28-31	London, England
September	1	To New York

RESEARCH METHODS

In the folk music field, we find that the approach to a project such as this would vary with the time, the place, and the performers. One could simply record music and take down, from the statements of the informants, the necessary information on its cultural background. Or he might observe musical events as they occur. He may learn aspects of the musical system by learning how to perform the music himself; this can be done effectively in those cultures which have established formal musical training. He may devise techniques, such as musical aptitude tests based on the people's own music. In general, we may divide field research into several categories: (1) getting material from informants in special recording or interviewing sessions; (2) observing culture as it operates, from the field worker's view as an outsider; (3) participating in the culture as a student and performer; and (4) gaining insights from special tests which oblige the informants to think about their culture in ways to which they are not accustomed.

I stressed the second category out of necessity, but I always looked on the task from a broader view. Turning on the tape recorder or learning to play an instrument is only a small part of the job of the field

worker in ethnomusicology. He needs to find out what the people think about the songs they sing; whether they consider it a good song or a bad one, and why; how they learn songs; how they compose; who the good musicians are and what makes them good musicians; what kind of songs the culture has; and on and on.

In general, there was a great deal of exchange of ideas about music in all categories. Time and again I found that "foreign" elements had crept into certain musical idioms and had created an entirely new form of folk style. With the second category (above) as a basis, the following things made up my listening and transcribing approach:

- (1) Conversations with local people--making mental notes.
- (2) Perusing written material from the local area.
- (3) Attending concerts, recitals, and professional performances (recording where possible).
- (4) Listening to radio and TV--tape recording.
- (5) Bibliographical material.

THE ORIENT

I began to set a pattern for my research the first night I was away from California. Rather than to "explore" the boulevards of Waikiki, I attended a celebration in the downtown Honolulu area, known as Chinatown. It was interesting sampling the Chinese food, sold from stalls, and listening to an orchestra of native instruments. These orchestras sound more percussive than they really are because the gongs, drums, clappers, and cymbals tend to dominate the other instruments. In the company of a Korean acquaintance, I felt that I had made a good start on my Oriental odyssey by hearing the music of the pipa, cheng, and hsiao. I talked with a Chinese gentleman who told me that classical Chinese music is quite popular with the people in that area and it is included as a course of study in several schools. Since my interest is in the folk music, I was curious to hear some songs of that type and found that most are simple and rhythmic, used for celebrating the harvest or accompanying various tasks. At the outset of this journey, I felt that it was important to hear first hand the materials that I had been teaching from the text or from recordings.

Even though the Chinese celebration was a commercial venture, it was a good start. I might mention that my hotel

was Japanese, somewhat off the beaten track (as I had not made previous reservations). This has always made my travels more interesting, although there have been times when I was not sure where I would put my head down!

The next stop was Tokyo. I had been here before, during a very warm and smoggy summer, so it was quite a change to get off the plane into a crisp, cold night and attempt to find a place to stay. Luckily, I was able to locate a room at the Asia Centre, which caters to students and teachers from all over Japan and the world. The main interest I had in Japan on this trip was to see what effects the electronic age has had on traditional Japanese folk culture. It was obvious at the outset that Tokyo is brash, gaudy, and expensive. Yet I was able to find some out-of-the-way places which gave me an insight into the present day personality of Japanese, young and old. Some memories--a McDonald's hamburger on the Ginza--(they have the largest sale in the world!), the restaurant called Bei Rudi with the orchestra dressed in lederhosen--German songs with a Japanese flavor, and the huge entertainment areas--Shinjuku and Shibuya. I was able to wander down narrow byways and hear the sound of the koto, the shamisen, and the hichikiri.

Japanese children are delightful, as are children all over the world, and to see them at the Ueno Park Zoo, the Asakua Kannon Temple, the Meiji Shrine, the Imperial Palace, and many other places, gave me an insight into

why the discipline of the Japanese have made them leaders in many fields, including music. This is not to say that one hears only the music of the Kabuki or gagku in Japan-- there is the sound of the ubiquitous transistor everywhere. But I believe that the seriousness of purpose which pervades, in every endeavor, cannot help but leave a lasting impression on the visiting westerner.

The arrival at the International airport in Seoul, (Korea) contrasted greatly with that at Tokyo. Here was a bare, brown landscape, with all my impressions heightened by a cold, sharp atmosphere. As this was my first trip to this country, I wanted to record as many examples as possible in the short time scheduled. Luckily, I was met by the friend from Honolulu and through him, I was able to get accommodations and organize my stay. Some of the highlights of the city included the South Gate market (always a fascinating visit in any city or town), the Duksoo Palace (the 450 year old residence right in the center of Seoul), and the Garden of Bright Happiness, which contains a zoo, museum, and botanical garden. At the foot of South Mountain is Korea House, a Ministry of Public Information complex displaying traditional Korean arts, architecture, food, and music. It is open daily and features performances of traditional court dances. I was fortunate to attend one of these programs and record the music of the dances and some folk music. There was also the opportunity to see a fine collection of Korean musical instruments. And I didn't

catch cold padding around in stocking feet.

I had many interesting gastronomic experiences on this trip and Korea provided one of the best. In the company of my Korean friend and an Australian couple, I visited a typical restaurant which catered to local people. At the outset, the reader must be informed that the standards of hygiene in most of the countries visited is on a different plane than ours--and the real traveler must have a sturdy stomach. Our menu this night included the most famous of all Korean foods, kimchi, which is a highly spiced pickled vegetable served with cooked rice. Also pulgogi, (marinated beef slices broiled over charcoal) and sinsullo, a mixture of meat balls, various nuts, vegetables, and bamboo shoots. Good.

Seoul definitely shows many American influences because of the presence of the U.S. military and many businessmen from the States and Europe. Here, as in Tokyo and other places throughout the world, I was able to listen to Armed Forces Radio for news, sports, etc. although I must say that the music being broadcast wasn't of much interest in my project.

The high point of the Korean stay was a visit to the Folk Village at Suwon. Although the day was cold, the sun was bright and the people were friendly. I was able to visit a variety of homes, farms, and miniature temples. Not a Disneyland sort of place at all, but a very select and authentic collection of folk culture examples. As

has been the case in all my travels, the unexpected always seems to occur at various times and this was a very pleasant event. While wandering through a small courtyard, my friend and I came upon a group of people from Inchon who had prepared their own food and drink and were having lunch inside one of the farmhouses. They insisted that we share their meal. So again the shoes came off and, using fingers and chopsticks, I was able to sample some real homecookin' Korean style. During the afternoon, there was a kiteflying contest. The Koreans take this sport very seriously and cheer the kite "fighters" as enthusiastically as we might in one of our national sports. There was a traditional orchestra accompanying the festivities and I was able to record some of the music. The basic instruments are the taekeum (flute), haekeum (two-stringed bow fiddle), and the kayakeum (a zither with twelve movable bridges). These provide the melody while the inevitable loud percussion quality is given by the changko, an hour glass type of drum in which the right-hand membrane is played with a stick and the left with the hand.

By the time I left Seoul, I had resigned myself to a pattern of reconfirmations, changed schedules, different types of airport transfers and security checks, and of course, waiting. I might mention at this point that my fourth flight, to Taipei, eventually was part of a total of over twenty. A vast improvement in climate here, as I moved southward, and a change in the appearance of the

people. Whereas the Koreans have a ruddy, red-cheeked countenance (from the climate, no doubt), here I saw the sharp and sometimes "inscrutable" features of the Chinese, most of whom had come from the mainland when the Communist regime took over (or were the progeny of those who had followed Chiang Kai-Shek). Taipei is a very bustling, clean (by Oriental standards), and noisy city. In reference to the latter, there seemed to be a non-stop cacaphony of motorcycles revving up, loud trucks and buses (which had the conductors blowing police whistles on every turn), and unexplained firecracker barrages at all hours. And there was plenty of music, emitting from dozens of record shops, cafes, and business establishments. I'm sure that in the future the medical profession will discover that the citizenry of Taipei will have a particular type of neck ailment from watching TV's placed up near the ceiling while carrying on their normal business routines below. I had already acquired the habit of eating at food stalls, and Taipei provided some excellent variety, although here, as in Tokyo and Seoul, I found thick soups and bread to be the best bet. Filling, inexpensive, and safe. In the city, the top attractions are the various markets, Presidential Square, the Botanical Gardens, National Historical Museum, the Art Museum, the Confucius Temple, and the Lungshan Temple. I found the latter to be one of the best; the largest and most brightly decorated in the city. Another point of interest was Chungking Road, where there are dozens

of shops displaying pirate editions of books and records, selling at a fraction of normal prices. I didn't buy any. Not because of legal reasons--but I have learned from past trips that traveling light is the only answer when doing my type of research.

The National Palace Museum, outside of town, is a must. It was here that I saw a magnificent collection of ancient instruments, part of a collection of 300,000 items. Jade, bronze, paintings, scrolls, books, ceramics, calligraphy--absolutely mind-boggling! The day spent here only reinforced my plan to return to Taiwan and see more of the countryside. I was able to get materials here for my teaching because of hearing music as part of the daily routine of the people. For example, in some shops, you could hear clerks singing of the quality of their wares. In restaurants, orders are called from the waiter to the chef in a sort of melodic recitative. Street vendors have distinctive calls (this is common throughout the world). Chinese music is primarily melodic, using the pentatonic scale, though altered in recent times by wide usage of semi-tones to resemble closely Western scales. In fact, the Western influence in harmony and notation becomes more obvious as time passes. But there is strong interest in maintaining traditional forms (as I mentioned before in Honolulu) and the Chinese Classical Music Association has subsidiary groups devoted to regional specialities. The association revives ancient melodies

and prepares new orchestrations for them. This revival is readily apparent by the amount of live concerts, recitals, and the radio and TV.

The main instruments used in modern Chinese music are the chin (seven strings of equal length stretched along a wooden sounding board about four feet long, low in pitch and soft in volume), the pipa (like a mandolin or ukelele--four strings and frets on a gourd-shaped frame), the hsiao (a flute with six fingerholes), the sheng (sounds like a small reed organ), and the cheng, a 16 string zither invented about the time of the building of the Great Wall in 200 B.C.

The great metropolis of Hong Kong is probably the best-known of all the Chinese cities. I will not go into the details of location, industry, population, etc. as this is readily available, but will mention a few of the things which made this visit an important part of my Asian journey. First, there is a great diversity of music to be found in this international center. The yearly Arts Festival has become one of the best-known in the world and draws musicians from around the globe. Of course, much of the music performed is in the art category which was not in the area I was pursuing so I restricted myself to searching out materials not generally presented at the festival. This led me again to prowling the back streets off Nathan Road, the Wangchai district (the "world of Suzy Wong"), the New Territories near the Communist border, the

fishing villages, and the Shep Kip Mei refugee area. Although English is widely spoken in Hong Kong, I found myself "tongue-tied" on several occasions.

I felt that perhaps I should play "Tommy Tourist" in order to direct potential visitors to less adventurous places than I frequented so one day I spent some time at the Harbor Village. It is rather a surprising location--situated on the fourth floor of an office block, Star House in Tsim Sha Tsui. But once inside it is like a Chinese bazaar. Particularly interesting was one of the stalls where musical instruments are sold. You are welcome to pick out tunes on the two string violin, crash the cymbals, and also bargain a bit on the prices, although this is not as common in the city as in the villages or other areas away from the tourist centers.

My most interesting experience was a boat trip to the island of Sheng Chau. Very few tourists make this trip, preferring to visit Aberdeen, Tiger Balm Gardens, Victoria Peak, Happy Valley, and other well-known places on Hong Kong island and Kowloon. It was a clear, warm day as I walked through the back lanes of this fishing village, absorbing the sights, sounds, and smells of old China. I had previously visited Macao, which is a Portugese enclave and somewhat of a "sin city," so I found that the islands of Hong Kong were an entirely different experience.

It seemed hard to realize that I had been away from home only two weeks when the Korean Airlines jet landed at

Bangkok on a humid Saturday evening and projected me into a rare cultural and musical experience. This metropolis, with its twin city of Thonburi, is well-known to thousands of Americans who served in Vietnam, as it was the center for leaves. At the time I was there, most of the military had left South East Asia and the majority of visitors were Japanese and German, which might be an interesting commentary on the state of the post World War II economy. Several things impressed me immediately--the courtesy and gentle manners of the Thais, the curiosity about the visitor, the lilting sing-song speech, and (unfortunately) the smog, heat, dust, traffic, and noise which pervades so much of Asia. I had learned at this stage that I needed to put urban problems in perspective and search out the things that would be relevant to my research. This was done by means of conversations, walks about town, reading the English language papers, asking questions, etc. Music was everywhere, although I felt that some of the transistorized sounds were beginning to deaden my aural facilities. I must point out, however, that much of the Thai popular music is very pleasant to listen to, even if it doesn't have any particular character in comparison to the indigenous folk music. Attempts have been made to link South-East Asian tonal systems with those of India by comparing contemporary Indian ragas with specific South-East Asian scales. I will speak of this later but I felt that two types of instrumental ensembles that I heard are of interest at this stage. The first was a combination of

Eastern and Western influences. Imagine a large restaurant--many tables surrounding a dance floor--and an orchestra of perhaps 25 players (using western instruments) playing popular Thai tunes in a "1920's" style. Enjoyable, but not very original. Then take yourself down the road about a hundred yards where a pi phat band was holding forth with gongs, xylophones, cymbals, etc., with only an oboe-like instrument relieving the percussive effect of the ensemble. I did not list the native names for these instruments since I will not be describing them in detail.

The high points of my stay in Bangkok included, naturally, a trip along the klongs (canals), passing floating markets where much of the commerce of the city takes place every morning. It is hard for the first-time visitor to accept that from babyhood, millions of people bathe, drink, wash, swim, and cook with the water of the klongs. The Chao Phya River probably has claimed less "victims" than the Mississippi. I visited the Pasteur Institute to see venomous snakes being "milked," the Temple of Dawn, the Emerald Buddha, the Palace of Kings (one square mile of art treasures), the National Museum (largest in South-East Asia), the Wat Po (reclining Buddha), and the great Monastery of the Golden Buddha--covered in gold--ten feet high and weighing 5 1/2 tons.

The northern capitol of Thailand is Changmai, 400 miles away and in the highlands, a welcome change from the heat and humidity of Bangkok. In an area of teak forests,

working elephants, fields, and paddies, I found what I considered to be the real Thailand. Friendly, attractive people, a slower paced style of living (an example is the use of samlors--bicycle cabs), and a more languid style of music. I found the Meo Hill Tribe a fascinating group of natives. The government is attempting to woo them away from the opium growing trade into more legitimate means of farming but, I suspect, without much success. I saw and listened to a variety of folk dances at Laddaland which is a beautiful folk village established as a cultural center on the outskirts of the city. My tape recorder got some use at this point also. The summer palace of the king is near the magnificent Wat Phra Doi Sutep Temple, located at the 3500 foot level, which is visited by thousands of Buddhist pilgrims annually. There is also a section of old Changmei which has been set aside as a cultural center. In this area there are families from all over Thailand who live in the same style as they would in their native villages. The variety of handicrafts, music, scenery, and costumes make this complete area a rare experience in getting close to people who are still somewhat outside the modern world.

INDIA, NEPAL, IRAN

It was with real regret that I left Thailand to move on but from the very outset of the trip, I had looked forward to India. I knew that time would not allow me to see all of the country and, in fact, the small area that I visited provided enough material to fill this complete report. India cannot be explained. I am reminded of the story of the three journalists who visited the country: The first came home after three weeks and proceeded to write a book, the second returned after three months and wrote an article. The third stayed for three years, came back and wrote nothing because he hadn't had the time to really learn anything. I will mention in this report only the high points of the places visited so that the reader (and potential visitor) will have a small idea of the immensity of the country and the variety of things to do and see in only four urban areas. In addition, I should like to point out those things which made this such an important and fascinating place from the standpoint of folk music.

I headquartered at the guesthouse of the Educational Resources Center in New Delhi. The ERC is an undertaking to develop materials for teaching and study about India in American schools, colleges, and universities. It is organized under the auspices of the State Education

Department of New York in cooperation with other Indian and American educational institutions and agencies. The Center is engaged in selecting, evaluating, and developing materials on Indian society and culture for use by American students, teachers, and scholars. It has a small professional staff of both Indians and Americans. These people were very helpful to me in my research on Indian music, giving advice on sources of information, films, and bibliographical material.

The places I visited in New Delhi included the Qutab Minar (five stories of red sandstone and marble built in 1200 A.D.) which is regarded as one of the most perfect structures of Indo-Islamic architecture in the world. There are many ruins in the surrounding area. Particularly fascinating is the Iron Pillar of King Chandravarman. It was erected over 1500 years ago and despite exposure to the elements it is free from rust or corrosion. The purity of the iron is nearly 100 percent. Of course, I have slides of all these sites and others, including the Birla Temple, the Jantar Mantar (the astronomical Observatory built in 1719 A.D.--near the center of town), the India Gate, the Ashoka Pillar, and Connaught Place, the modern center of commerce and business. The first day in New Delhi, I watched a procession of 2 million people pass by in a political demonstration.

Old Delhi offers even more. Humayan's Tomb (1565 A.D.), the Raj Ghat (the cremation place of Mahatma Gandhi--

with beautiful gardens around), the Red Fort (magnificent grounds wherein once stood the Peacock Throne) near to the main shopping center of Old Delhi, the Chandni Chowk. This mile-long bazaar has to be seen (and smelled) to realize how far apart our societies are from one another. Other places of interest: a fine zoo, which was a welcome respite from the crowds and noise of the streets--the National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, and museums dedicated to Ghandi and Nehru.

No visit to India is complete without seeing the Taj Mahal--a distance of 125 miles from Delhi. The trip to and from was a revelation in itself. Built on the bank of the Jamuna river between 1621 and 1652 by Shah Jahan, it is an immortal tribute to the memory of his wife. It is pure white marble with inlaid work of semi precious stones in places. It cannot be described in words. The Agra Red Fort is the other important sight of Agra, with a beautiful view of the Taj Mahal in the distance. Agra is also a center for handicrafts--I purchased two small inlaid marble containers made by the artisans and apprentices in one of many small factories. In Agra, I became painfully aware also of the maiming of professional beggars--an example is the "spider men." As children they were sold to unscrupulous men who broke their spines, so that the rest of their lives would be spent walking on all fours, begging for "baksheesh." Others had arms and legs twisted into grotesque shapes.

The other two places visited were Varanasi and Khajuraho, which were on the air route when I returned from Nepal later in the month. Varanasi, sometimes known as Benares, is the holy city of the Hindus. In their devotion to Siva, the pilgrims crowd the banks of the Holy Ganges for ritual bathing. One of the thrills of my life was the boat trip at dawn to see the multitudes praying, bathing, drinking (!) in the broad green river. And of course--the burning of the corpses on the steps, known as ghats. One can hardly comprehend the sights of this amazing city; I walked (and became lost) in a labyrinth of narrow passages in one evening which will always remain in my memory. The view of the Bharat Mata Temple, the Durga temple with the monkeys swarming about, Sarnath (the birthplace of Buddhism 2500 years ago),--the crowds of pilgrims, ascetics, priests, yogis--and at the same time, modern commercialism creeping in with the proliferation of silk and sari shops and other business enterprises.

Khajuraho was an entirely different experience. The small air terminal had been opened only a few weeks when I came through. People from all over the world are discovering the 85 temples, dating from 950-1050 A.D., which contain some of the most intricate and erotic carvings seen in the world today. Oppressive heat and sharing a primitive "guesthouse" with lizards, snakes, mosquitoes, and other creatures did not deter me from getting the most from my visit, which included an elephant

ride and the ritual Hindu spot on the forehead. I might point out that there are better accommodations available, including the Chandella Hotel, which is named for the kings who erected these fascinating temples. This trip should not be missed!

Now--a few words about Indian music. Raga is the base on which Indian music is built. Many definitions can be given of the Raga but only repeated contact and experience with it can convey the full idea and richness of its nature. Briefly, a Raga may be called a set of notes, a scale, even a tune, a melodic phrase following an ordered pattern within an ascending or descending progression. It is somewhat like a fixed framework, not a predetermined written "book" or musical structure. Within the order of notes, ascending or descending in a particular scale, the musician or singer is free to develop many kinds of elaboration and exploration but all within the general pattern of the predetermined Raga framework.

Another characteristic attribute of the Raga is its rhythmic pattern, the number of the beats of the Tala on which the composition is based. The drummer provides this fixed rhythmic reference, but he too may vary it, embroider and improvise within it, by virtue of a close and intuitive understanding with the solo musician.

Important in this relationship is the prevailing mood or tone, which is fixed by custom and tradition. Sometimes it is associated with a particular hour of day or

night, sometimes with a particular season. But the mood is all-important, and characteristic of each individual Raga. The freedom, emotion, intensity, and spontaneity of such music give it a special character and greatness, all based on very ancient traditions and beliefs going back into the origins of Indian philosophy and culture.

I am indebted to Mr. P. D. Poplai, the Director of ERC for his assistance and interest in my project. He has provided me with a list of films and bibliography for further research.

Nepal, on the roof of the world, has been beckoning travelers in greater numbers during the past few years. A laxness toward drugs, until recently, has brought a surge of young people from all parts of the world to Kathmandu, intending to "drop out" of society. However, since the focus of the world's attention was briefly on this tiny country (because of the coronation ceremonies) only a few days before my arrival, I was informed that the government was taking steps to clear up the problem. What has this to do with musical research? The answer is, of course, that when outside negative influences are present, native culture tends to be influenced in a negative way. I was pleased to find a group preserving and presenting folk music on a regular basis. It was a rather naive and simple format, which makes it all the more delightful, because it lacked the slickness which is sometimes so evident in the performances obviously aimed at tour groups.

I walked a good distance on a balmy evening to find the Hotel Manaslu where a group called "Lala Pate" (the Poinsettia) presented folk music and dances. Although the audience was small (I was the first arrival and had an excellent seat for recording), the performance was done in a professional and enthusiastic manner. I have always found interest and a certain amusement in the English descriptions in various places around the world. I quote from the Lala Pate program:

"Nepal, the land of multi-dimensional beauty gives voice and form to its inner being in a variety of folk dances. Such dances are interwoven with the joys and sorrows of the different ethnic communities that comprise the population of Nepal. The distinctive feature of the dances being presented is the joy note of and hilarity. The close link with the community values gives these dances a vitality that is unique and an immediacy of appeal that is unavoidable."

It gets a bit thick at the end, doesn't it? The music was interesting--somewhat in the "hillbilly" vein, if I use the term loosely. At times it was quite boisterous, with lots of stamping. I found the Nepalese a very friendly and cheerful people. The scenery, of course, is magnificent. I took a day trip, in a van, to Daman and saw the view from Simbhanjyang (8200 feet) over the valleys to Mt. Everest and Annapurna. On this same trip, we visited the ancient Nepalese capital of Bhadgaon, which has the world's largest stupa (Buddhist temple) with the five stages of devotion, each depicted by an animal. The Durbar square, surrounded by brick and wooden buildings, with narrow low doors and

intricate wooden lattice windows, plus many shops and swarms of kids and dogs, made for an exciting side trip from Kathmandu. I stayed in a guesthouse which was filled with young people from all parts of the world. There were many Americans, English, Australians, Germans, Scandinavians, etc. Shared experiences and conversation continued to be an important part of my travel. The Durbar Square, Temple of the Living Goddess (very lavishly decorated), Singha Darbar, the markets and medieval buildings--none of these should be missed. There are also several modern hotels and restaurants in Kathmandu--the twentieth century is moving in very fast.

After returning to Delhi, I reorganized my belongings and caught a middle-of-the-night flight on Air France to Tehran. This city, and the country of which it is the capitol, is much in the news these days because of the oil crisis, the problems of the Middle East, and the emergence of the Shah of Iran as one of the leaders of the world political scene. I will not dwell on politics except to say that the Shah runs a tight ship. There are thousands of British and Americans in Iran at the present time who are unaware of the tight censorship concerning the military posture of the country. Prices are high, except for those who know how to budget a research project. Even at that, I noticed expenses jumping considerably. The main places to see on a short visit are the Gulistan Palace and Museum, the Palace of the Shah, the University, and above all, the

Crown Jewels at the Bank Melli. An absolutely astounding collection of precious gems, including the Peacock Throne from India which was taken away centuries ago. But since music was the main reason for my coming to this part of the world--a few words about Iranian (Persian) folklore. In addition to street music, which I have mentioned before, I attended a concert by the Iran National Folklore Organization which featured the following: Dances from Bojnurd. This is in the northeastern province of Khorassan near the USSR border. In ancient times, tribes from western Kurdistan were transplanted to this region to help safeguard the inhabitants from the northern tribes. The Kurds, famous for their courage in battle, were ideal for this and during the following hundreds of years the folklore of both groups has produced an original art peculiar to themselves. (In our Folk and Ethnic Music course at MSAC we learn this as a form of "acculturation.") In the dances, light hand and feet movements are accompanied by the goshna (a double reed flute made from the bones of eagles legs) and the aldafi (a sort of tambourine).

Music from the mountain province of Kohkiluyeh was outstanding because of the varying rhythms played on the karna (a long brass trumpet) and the naghareh (twin drums). I was told that sometimes as many as 500 women will join in the dances, adding great splashes of color with their bright skirts and scarves. Kurdistan is the most important part of Iran as far as music is concerned because the

tribes are an ancient ethnic group of great vigor and courage. Music and dance form an important part of their life and are performed not only in happy ceremonies such as weddings, but sometimes as funeral expressions. The main musical instruments are the sorna (a kind of wooden trumpet), the balaban (wood and reed), and the dohol (a large drum). There is a great variety of dance figures, rhythm, and melodies. I felt that this concert gave me insight into Iranian music which would not have been possible from a text or recordings.

THE CONTINENT

I will, of necessity and consideration for the reader, be brief in this section. Each country has a wealth of folk and ethnic music, enough to fill volumes and containing material that is not really unknown to the layman. For example, we are all aware of dances like the polka and the schottische, of songs like lullabies and children's ditties, and of instruments like the accordian and fiddle. The main thing about any research into European music today is the immediacy of the investigation and I would suspect that any "great" revelations which I uncovered have evolved into some other pattern by this time. May I then only speak of those places and things which made an impression on me as a traveler and student of human nature as well as music.

ITALY

I found no particular change in the urban areas which I visited--there is still a strong tie between folk and art music. In fact, it was a widely held opinion up to recent times that Italy had no real folk music remaining, that is considering the usual traits of oral tradition, communal re-recreation, and the like. The usual "continental" style still predominated (as we hear in pop tunes like

"Volare") and the traditional instruments such as the clarinet and violin are still most in evidence. In Naples, I did hear some interesting folk ornamentations sung in cafes. These were, as I suspected, from Sicily. The leading ethnomusicologist in Italy, Diego Carpitella, has discovered many different types of folksongs and has been a leader of research in this field.

WEST GERMANY

Two rather brief visits this time turned up the predictable fact that our German cousins are still singing-- in groups. Although the tradition of German Lieder is based to a great extent on folksong, it is seldom that I have heard solo singing except in the concert or recital hall. Yet, what a depth there can be in choral singing, whether it is the Brahms' Requiem, Beethoven's Ninth, or a group of merrymakers on a Rhine steamer or in the Bierkeller. Oh well, I've heard them all (and participated in some). Spontaneous folksinging is part of the German culture and is quite in evidence in all age groups. I have been to Germany many times and have not been as aware of the interest in jazz as on this trip.

FRANCE

On this trip to France, I did not leave Paris, confining myself to areas which I had not visited before. The high point of this "April in Paris" was a first visit

to the Cimetiere Du Pere-Lachaise to pay homage to some of the great composers of the past. This "City of the Dead" with streets and avenues and ornate tombs above ground is the "residence" of dozens of famous figures in the arts, science, military, etc. Among the famous musicians interred here are Chopin, Rossini, Bizet, Faure, Edith Piaf, and one not in the guidebook, (which I discovered), Georges Enesco. This was interesting as this composer was a leader in the use of folksong themes in his compositions--for example, the Roumanian Rhapsodies. The funeral of the famous singer, Josephine Baker, had been held that morning and there were great mounds of flowers and wreaths which had been brought over from the Madeleine, including tributes from the President of France and the Rainiers of Monaco. Immediacy yes, but I still was impressed during my solitary stroll that in this area were the remains of some of the greatest creators of all time. My musical experiences were the same as before--nostalgic prowls along the Seine, small cafes with accordianists or pianists, and the "music of the city" which only Paris can produce.

ENGLAND

Some "digging" was done in London at the Horniman Museum in Forest Hill, a suburb, in order to check some examples of ethnic instruments in the large collection there. I also visited the British Museum and the National Gallery and attended several concerts. The listening

experiences on tape are from the BBC which did a series of folk music broadcasts and visits to various pubs which featured folk groups. This is the best method of keeping up on the changing styles and topical material. Of course, the troubles in Ireland have been the source of ballads for centuries and the present unrest and violence is no exception. This field of listening research was the basis for my master's thesis and the sabbatical leave in 1966-67. There are as many Irish groups appearing in England as in Ireland, it seems, so I was able to record many good examples of topical ballads which will be a value in the folk music class at MSAC. At present, the material is not prepared for inclusion in the course schedule but I will make reference to it and will have it ready for use the next time the course is offered.

Outside of London, I was able to hear some interesting folk groups in Dorset and Kent. These did not offer any really "new" sounds but I sensed that the quality of the performances, in general, have improved over the past few years.

WESTERN EUROPE AND SCANDINAVIA

In mid-May I set out with a group of young people, mainly Australian and New Zealanders, for a bus-camping trip which was to take us 6000 miles and six weeks around the continent, experiencing a variety of climate, food, and life style. I felt that this method of travel would

afford a different type of experience and would enable me to absorb the reactions of a different age group than my own to the various cultures we would encounter. It was a completely unique and satisfying experience--and the fact that I was able to "survive" the night-to-night ritual of setting up a tent, inflating my "lie-low," helping with cooking and cleaning, convinced me that the old machine hadn't broken down as yet.

Highlights--The barrel organs in Amsterdam, playing a great variety of folk music, and also operatic airs and marches. The German "oompah" band in the Zillertal in Hamburg, and the huge crowd of merrymakers who locked arms with total strangers (our group) and did communal singing and dancing. In the fjord country of Norway, the famous Hardanger fiddle groups and the Grieg Festival at Bergen. Oslo--friendly and expensive. Stockholm--expensive. Finland--seeing the city of Helsinki by streetcar and wandering the backstreets to discover an empty cathedral with the organist playing Bach.

THE USSR

I found that many of the group had booked the camping trip only in order to visit the Soviet Union; the tour leader and myself were the only ones who had visited Russia before. What a change since 1964! I made the remark that living standards had about reached the 1930 stage--but this may be an unfair statement when one

realizes the difference in the social structure and the fact that the effects of World War II are still to be seen in many facets of life. I will not dwell on the annoyances, the drabness, the petty bureaucracy--but I will remember the concert of the Soviet Army Chorus and Band in Leningrad (which I recorded) with a great variety of folk music and dance. I have never experienced such vitality by a group of "soldiers" playing, singing, and dancing the music of their motherland. Another night, I attended the Kirov theatre and saw a performance of ballet. Admittedly, the classical ballet was more appealing than the inevitable propaganda type of dancing which ended the performance. The orchestra and dancers were superb--and I noted also that the audience was caught up in the performance with the same "dedication" of those performing. In Moscow--a performance of Il Trovatore, a night at the Moscow Circus (the finest in the world) with excellent music as a background to breathtaking performances. In Oriol, we had an evening with students from the University. They played and sang for us and we joined in with some community singing. I have always felt in all my travels that somewhere the politicians have missed the point that people are people and can get along if left alone. However, politics is not my field and I attempted to hear as much music as possible. For example, one afternoon while most of the group had gone in to visit Red Square (which I had previously seen), I listened to the radio and recorded the

Russian version of "Kiss Me Kate" and "My Fair Lady." The orchestrations and singing were excellent, even though the translation into Russian sounded a bit strange to my ears.

The Opera House in Odessa was a testimonial to the Russian love of music as it was the first building to be restored from the bombings of World War II. We attended a State wedding ceremony in Odessa. Would you believe that a jazz group provided the music? Of course it was a civil ceremony with no prayers, kneeling, etc., yet I felt that it meant just as much to the participants as the church ceremonies do to couples in America.

EASTERN EUROPE

This area is one of the most musical in the world and we had occasion to hear native musicians in several places. At Constanza on the Black Sea in Romania, there is a complex of resorts, many restaurants, etc., which have gypsy orchestras. I have always stressed this kind of music in the Folk Music course at MSAC because it is pleasurable music for the students, rhythmic, yet understandable because the instruments are familiar to western ears. The only exception is the cimbalum, a piano-like instrument played with flexible hammers. In Bucharest, the group had dinner at an outdoor restaurant with entertainment by dancers and a gypsy orchestra. I was quite fascinated by one dance in which the participants hit sticks together in a complex formation. I had only

seen this previously in the Philippines (a variation, of course). In Budapest, I visited the Kodaly and Bartok Institutes, as these two composers had been the leaders in folksong research not only of Hungary but of other areas, including North Africa, which I was to visit later in the summer.

Prague seemed less "bright" than on my previous visit two years before; nevertheless, there is still a strong movement in the theatre and music world. The Smetana House on the river is a shrine for those interested in the music of the father of Czech music, who incorporated many folk themes into his music.

AUSTRIA

"Wien, Wien, nur du allein"--so goes the song. Vienna, you are the only one--and so it was, on yet another visit to this wonderful city of music. The cradle of the waltz, the symphony, the quartet, the classical, the avant-garde. Strauss, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Haydn, Mahler, Schoenberg, Webern--not to forget Mozart. Music seems to pervade all the streets. The radio station uses a Strauss motive for identification (incidentally, music motives are used in USSR and Rumania). One evening was spent listening and dancing to Strauss waltzes all in the proper style--no rock and roll here. On previous journeys, I had visited many of the music centers, so this time I searched out two or three folk music taverns. The music

was mainly waltzes or popular melodies, but I was able to observe an example of the "Landlerwalzer," a thigh-slapping, yodelling affair that is unique to this part of Europe.

NORTH AFRICA

My original plan had been to visit North Africa in the early spring because of the temperature problem, but the earlier camping trip was cancelled so I re-scheduled for the first part of July. This was done with some trepidation but, even though the temperature reached nearly 120 degrees Fahrenheit, the heat was not unbearable. The journey began with the flight from London on a Laker Airways DC-10. I found my seatmates on the plane to be members of our group which was to make a journey by 4-wheel-drive truck down the west coast, inland across the Atlas Mountains, then back north to Fez and Tetuan before returning to Malaga. I found some changes in Spain since my last visit--not all to my liking. The Costa del Sol has become like Miami Beach, frequented almost exclusively by English and German tourists. I did hear some interesting choral arrangements of flamenco music on the radio, but that was the only bright spot in the short time I spent in Spain.

North Africa was a different matter. Nearly four decades ago, Charles Boyer spoke the seductive words "Come wiz me to zee Casbah." The tricolor flew over all of North Africa. . . and everywhere things were French. Travelers toured the lands of the Sahara by motor, going from sun-drenched cosmopolitan cities with their mixture

of European and Islamic people to the more romantically set oases, with palms and camels. There were the casbahs, mysterious with dark winding lanes and veiled women. War, politics, and the changing world of economics have blurred this French-Arab world as a tourist paradise, but I can report that much of the old charm is still there.

I heard the best examples of Moroccan music in Agidir, which is beginning to be the "in place" for the jet set, who are a bit jaded with Acapulco and the Riviera. Although I visited one or two clubs along the sea front, the most authentic Arab music was found in the back streets. Here also, I partook of the local food specialty, cous-cous, in a private home, and later viewed (ahem) belly dancing of the finest type in a very touristy hotel. Such are the trials and tribulations of the folksong researcher.

The capital--Rabat is the principal residence of the King and a city of verdant gardens and imposing city walls; the Tower of Hassan (a giant minaret for what was to have been the largest mosque in the world).

Marrakech--the Pearl of the South. It is an alluring city of pale pink and brown buildings surrounded by palm gardens against the backdrop of the Atlas Mountains. I could not help but compare this to the Imperial Valley of Southern California.

It is the second oldest of the "Imperial Cities" and has sights galore. I could have easily spent the entire time in the cacophonous carnival that is Djemma El Fna

Square--a teeming, turbulent marketplace of acrobats, balladeers, singers, storytellers, scribes, dancers, and fortune tellers. The Souks (also called the medinas, casbahs, etc.) provided a rare experience to meet the people, even though everyone has something to sell. I spent an afternoon at a huge swimming pool and made the acquaintance of several Berber youths, who seemed to accept my pale skin with the same aplomb as I accepted their tattooed dark bodies. Although they are very fierce looking, I found them to be friendly, gentle, and very curious about the USA. My meager knowledge of French helped me to a great extent here. I might intersperse at this point that a knowledge of language, even the smallest amount is a great asset in traveling, and particularly in the type of research that I was doing. Luckily, I have a fairly good command of German, Spanish--some Italian, French--and a few words of Russian.

Fez was the highlight of the North African journey. It is the oldest of the Imperial cities and place of rare fascination. Lots of minarets--the cultural capital of Morocco--and the place to hear wonderful native music while shopping for handicrafts, wood carvings, and carpets.

Again, it could be said that North Africa could fill up the entire report. I will go back.

IRELAND

If I said in the previous section that North Africa could fill up the entire report, then certainly Ireland could make a couple of volumes. This is the country of my heart, where I studied, have lived, and have a close bond with many people. My previous sabbatical was mainly concerned with Irish ballads--and the itinerary of this trip showed that I again traveled extensively. I have visited all of the 32 counties of the Republic and Northern Ireland. There will be no comment on the "Troubles." They have remained and will remain.

I will attempt to make a brief "fill-in" on the state of Irish traditional music as the summation of the sabbatical leave.

It is very much easier to recognize traditional music than it is to describe it. Basically it is the still-living, popular music in the style which has been native to the area in question for quite some time. In Ireland we have a plethora of it. In comparison with almost any country in the world, traditional musicians and traditional music is very common in Ireland. A vast amount of this music has been noted down by collectors, but there is still an enormous amount which has never been recorded anywhere. The musicians and singers come from all four corners of the

island, and from all classes of society, both rural and urban. And, because almost all of them are making music because they enjoy doing so, they are always ready to talk about what they are doing to any outsider who is interested.

We know from tradition and from the old sagas that music played an important part in pre-Christian Ireland. The official poet and musician was the bard, who ranked almost at the top of Irish society. He was respected for his art and his learning; and feared for his power of satire. He kept something of this high place in society until English rule became absolute in Ireland after the major Irish defeat of 1691. This strong tradition in respect for music forms the basis of what we have today. For that matter, much of the music composed from the 16th century on is still played, quite appropriately, beside modern compositions.

Until the mid-19th century, Irish was the spoken language of most of the population, and all ballads and songs were composed in it, with the exception of some from Dublin and Cork. Since then, more and more have been composed in English. If the number and popularity of ballads is any criterion of the main interest of a people, then the Irish were obviously more interested in soldiering, sport, protesting, wooing and religion than in their means of livelihood. Songs about trades and occupations are far more rare than in other countries which have the ballad tradition.

The harp is, of course, the instrument most people associate with Ireland. Unfortunately, it is very rarely played as a traditional instrument nowadays. The Uilleann (Irish for "elbow") pipes are a refinement on the more normal bag-pipes. The elbow is used as a bellows to pump air. The Bodhraun is a traditional instrument particularly popular in West Cork and Kerry. It consists of a goat or greyhound-skin stretched over a round wooden frame. It is beaten with the knuckles or a soft double-ended drumstick. The tin whistle is an extremely cheap and flexible instrument and is used in combination with just about any other traditional instrument. The violin, or fiddle as it is normally referred to, is the mainstay of Irish traditional music. The accordian, piano, flute and other instruments have also been adapted and are used either solo or with other instruments. Very traditional songs are sung unaccompanied, but on most unrehearsed musical occasions, instruments and singers are mixed-in entirely following their own taste.

In recent years there has been a considerable increase in the amount of genuine traditional Irish entertainment available for visitors during the summer. Much of the best entertainment takes place in private sessions. It is not difficult to get invited to these but obviously the public sessions are easier to find.

Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann is the central organization for the promotion of traditional music,

song and dance. Comhaltas (pronounced 'co-ultus') organizes fleadhhs and hotel entertainment and many of its branches have their own weekly or monthly sessions.

The All-Ireland Fleadh (pronounced 'flah") is the zenith of the traditional music year in Ireland. It is a three-day music and song festival, with competitions for all grades of musicians, which is held on the last weekend in August at a different location each year. Aside from the musicians who attend to take part in or judge the competitions, there are a very large number who come to listen and to take part in the private sessions. There is normally music in the pubs, in the streets, in many private houses and hotels, and just about anywhere where a couple of people can gather. The music is there for the asking for anybody who is interested in it. This is a totally informal affair and the only requisites for anyone wishing to attend it are stamina and a love of the music.

There are over thirty provincial and county fleadhhs throughout the year. Often these produce music of a standard, if not surpassing, that to be heard at the all-Ireland event. Naturally, they are smaller affairs, cosier and particularly interesting in that the regional variations in the music is noticeable.

The Fleadh Nua, which has evolved from the all-Ireland affair, now takes place in early summer. It is somewhat more formal than the other events, but does provide a showcase of good traditional music, dancing and singing.

Possibly the most interesting venues for visitors are the weekly and monthly sessions held by the 200 branches of Comhaltas throughout the country. Each branch has a regular get-together for its members. Outsiders are always welcome once they do not disrupt the music or dancing and the cover charge is normally nominal.

Siamsa (pronounced 'she-amsa') is the national folk-theatre based in Tralee with performances on Mondays and Thursdays during the summer, also by request. As well as these performances in the Ashe Hall, Tralee, "open house" evenings in their headquarters at Finuge, three miles south of Listowel, have become extremely popular with local folk-musicians and with visitors.

Seoda (pronounced 'show-da') is a somewhat similar traditional musical entertainment on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in Galway.

Seisiun (pronounced 'sesh-yoon') evenings take place regularly during the summer in approximately thirty hotels throughout the country and consist of a performance of local songs and dances, followed by a general session when members of the audience are invited to join in.

Singing pubs and hotels offering ballad evenings are sometimes quite good also. There are, of course, regular concerts by the various traditional music groups and folk-groups who have become particularly popular. These and many of the pub ballad-evenings are normally advertised in the evening papers.

So that's it. A long journey, ending on a hilltop near Letterkenny, where I sat on a late August evening looking at the Delgany Stone Ring, which predates Stonehenge, and thinking that perhaps one semester hadn't been enough, even with the summer tacked on. But there is always the optimism of the Irishman that I will return here, and to the other places around the world where folksong in all its forms is still performed and appreciated.