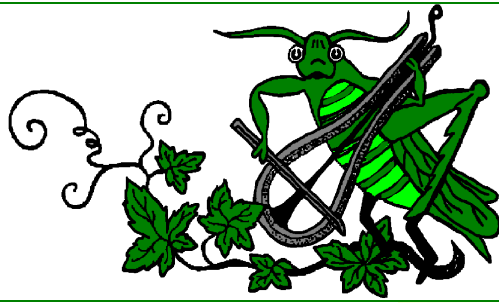


The
Official Quarterly
Newsletter of the
Jew's Harp Guild

Volume 7, Issue 3
Autumn/Winter 2002



International Congress Double-Issue



**T
H
E
P
L
U
C
K
-
N
-
P
O
S
T**



Photos by
Fred & Lois Crane
and Dan Gossi



**A special double-issue
dedicated to the
4th International
Jew's Harp Congress
in Rauland, Norway**

**With articles and insights by
Gordon Frazier and Peter Balkan
of the United States**

**Also: Announcing the release of the
North American Jew's Harp Festival
1998-2000 Highlights CD**



Mixing It Up in Norway

Article & Photos by Gordon Frazier

Tadagawa Leo stepped up to the microphone, joined by half a dozen other musicians, whose homes are spread, literally, across a third of the globe, from Tokyo to Kazakhstan. "We are from Asia," Leo said with a grin. There was laughter, whistles, applause. The group played a couple of pieces in the normal way, but then they packed together in a tight row, shoulder to shoulder, and reached across with one hand to play another's Jew's harp—each person holding his or her instrument in place while a neighbor plucked it.



It was an appropriate metaphor for the melding of cultures that was the Fourth International Trump Congress, held in Rauland, Norway, the second week of September, 2002. The congress lasted for five days and featured 131 delegates from 26 geopolitical regions: Altai, Argentina, Australia, Austria, Bashkortostan, England, Finland, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Japan, Kazakhstan, Kirghizstan, Lithuania, Morocco, Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Sakha-Jakutia, Spain, Sweden, Taiwan, Tuva, United States, Vietnam.

We all met at Rauland, a postage stamp of a town in the midst of the famed Telemark district. It is home to the Rauland Academy, an accredited school of traditional arts where the congress took place. Students study woodworking, metalworking, textiles, and music. Behind the academy stand replica buildings from the area's past, built by the students: sturdy buildings of thick logs with roofs made of living thatch. Beyond the reconstructed village lies a trail to lovely Lake Totak [too-tok].

Totak is an Old Norse name. Here is one story of its origin. A man wanted to cross the lake, so made a deal with a giant who lived on the shore. The giant blew the boat across the lake with only two breaths, hence totak (meaning two breaths). But no one is certain where the name came from. It was a long time ago, after all; the shores of the lake have been inhabited for over a thousand years.

Dan Gossi and I were hiking up the trail after checking out at the lake when we met three other Americans on their way down. Dan is from Boise, and I live in Seattle; Bryce and Donna are from New Jersey and Marc is from New York City. Marc said, indicating the forest and the lake, "Isn't this great?" I responded, somewhat cruelly I admit, "Hey, we're from the Pacific Northwest. It's a lake and some trees. It's okay." I was joking, of course. It was a gorgeous piece of the world. It did remind me of the North Cascades, though.

Many of the delegates to the congress had attended the 1998 congress in Molln, Austria, or the 1991 congress in Yakutsk, Sakha-Jakutia, so there were many happy reunions. There were also newcomers, and some of those meetings were also joyous. A case in point: Jerzy Andruzsko, who was in Molln and was universally loved even though he didn't understand any of us nor we him. Jerzy knows only Polish; none of us knew how to even say "hi" to him. Fast-forward to Saturday, the last day of the Rauland congress, and imagine his joy upon discovering that Donna Blicharz, one of our newfound friends from



New Jersey, is a second-generation Polish-American fluent in his language. The rest of us listened to their happy banter and couldn't understand a thing. And yet we understood every word.

Having places to mingle fomented many a cross-cultural exchange. There was a small pub, which was

great for mingling but acoustically challenging for a Jew's harp player; the common dining area, a popular spot for both talking and jamming; a semihidden den with a fireplace which saw some gatherings; picnic tables just outside the dining hall; and even the front lawn. In fact, little jams broke out all over the place. For instance, I sat in on one dorm-room session with Artur and Rinat playing Bashkortostani flute and Julane, a student at the Academy, playing Hardanger fiddle. Our music was all over the map. It was great fun. That type of musical exchange formed, for me, the heart of the gathering.

Once at the pub I looked across and saw a little jam session of players from Norway, Sakha-Jakutia, and Germany. The players were (I'm guessing) somewhere in the 18 to 21 age bracket. Two of those players, Kim Borissov from Sakha-Jakutia and Stephan Eberthäuser from Germany, would later wow us with an incredible improvisational duet on stage. If we need a reason for putting on these international congresses, other than just the fun of it all, then here is one: Youth of the world, twanging as one.

Another arena for the sharing of cultures was the lecture hall. As at previous congresses, the lectures ranged over an impressive breadth of topics, from the archaeological search for the earliest Jew's harp in Europe; to the reconstruction of European-style instruments in postcolonial Argentina; to a Taiwanese anthropologist's attempt to revive that culture's wondrous bamboo-and-brass instrument; to a discussion of just how Angus Lawrie, a famous Scottish player in the 1960s, hit some of those notes captured on archival recordings. (Lawrie's method apparently involved closing the epiglottis for the even notes in the harmonic series and opening it for the odd ones, rather like opening and closing the end of a valveless flute. A similar technique is used by munnharpa players in Norway.)

And then, in a film not likely to hit an IMAX near you anytime soon, a fiber-optic microcamera swooped up and into the left nostril of Spiridon Shishigin (aaaahh!!), snaked through his nasal passages, and came to a halt in the vicinity of his uvula-that little fleshy thing that hangs down at the back of your throat-so that we could watch the vastly interesting and equally unnerving sight of Spiridon's epiglottis and vocal cords writhing and twitching as he demonstrated various techniques of khomus playing. Was

it educational? Yeah, I guess so. Will I forget the sight? Not in this lifetime.

The windowless lecture hall was chock full of academia, but the blue-skied, cloudless, pine-scented great outdoors was full of unseasonably warm Telemark sunshine. Yes, I must beg the forgiveness of the lecturers whose presentations I missed and admit that I played hooky. On more than one occasion. It's just that I kept getting sidetracked. For instance, I was on my way to a lecture once when I saw, through the hallway window, four people sitting in a circle on the grass



jamming. Seriously, what else could I do? I hung a quick left out the next door and joined them.

I'm glad I did, for that is how I met Danibel from the Netherlands, and Stephan, Anna-Lisa, and Couldbecarol from Bavaria. (Carolin goes by Caro; I asked "Carol?" "Could be Carol," she answered. I called her that for the rest of the congress.) Stephan is an aficionado and an excellent player; his six-month stay in India at the home of a family of morsing makers was time well spent. But days before the congress his car died, so he asked his friends Anna-Lisa and Carolin if they wanted to drive to Norway to a Jew's harp conference in, oh, say, Carolin's car. Attesting to their remarkably adventurous spirit, they said sure. They told me later that they figured if conference were a bit dry they could always hike in the woods or swim in the lake.

And so I was watching them carefully at the next evening concert when the Mollners got on stage, because I wanted to catch their expressions as Christoph played that first low, liquid, heart-melting note on his four-foot overtone flute. I was not disappointed; the girls from Bavaria dropped their jaws in unison. They're hooked, I thought. And indeed, the two spent much less time hiking and swimming than they had planned. Both of them would be acquiring morsings before the start of college later that month.

We were surprised that so many of the students at Rauland Academy were singularly unimpressed with the idea of musicians from 26 lands visiting their home turf. The congress coincided with a short break in classes, so many of the students had gone on mini-holidays. The congress sounded boring to them, just as it had to Caro and Anna-Lisa. A pity. The ones who stayed got an earful.

At the scheduled concerts the emphasis was on regional traditions. Every evening brought new delights. Wednesday we saw Norwegian fiddling, munnharpa playing, and traditional dancing, followed by a spectacular performance by the Sakha-Yakutia delegation, which ended with us all going to a fire ceremony down in the reconstructed village. On Thursday it was European traditions and music from Southeast Asia; on Friday the Urals, Central Asia and Japan.

Saturday was an open mike, with a sign-up sheet and impromptu groupings. Impromptu? Hey, that must be us! The Americans threw together a pretty nice mix, I think: Mike Seeger, Alexia Smith, and Larry Hanks sang Carter family tunes in sweet harmony; David Holt played some tasty blues on his slide guitar with me backing him on Jew's harp; David later played a wild solo on his little Italian scacciapensieri in the style of Dizzy Gillespie; Larry and I played an unrehearsed ("Hey Larry, what key is this in?") version of Tennessee Waltz, with Larry on guitar and the melody alternating between his fine baritone voice and my newly purchased looowww G maultrommel; áron Szilágyi, from Hungary, joined me for some freeform improvisation; and I gave the audience a demonstration of the Clackamore. (William Tell, what else?) Everyone came out for the final old-timey number. It was, as you can imagine, a ton of fun.

Saturday night was the congress finale. In the schedule it said "Dancing to Jew's harp music in the Vinje hall." I (and many others) envisioned Hardanger solo fiddle music and traditional Norwegian dancing. And in fact the sound check was exactly that. But then the fiddler left the stage, and there spread the slow realization that there was no house band. Someone asked me if the Americans would play some dance music. I wandered off to see if I could scare up some volunteers from among our walking wounded (Mike without his banjo, David with a cold) and returned to find two young Yakut virtuosos playing away to a prerecorded Russian rock tape they had brought. The dance floor was full. Right on, I thought.

One of my favorite moments of the congress followed: Spiridon Shishigin, master of Yakut nature improvisation, got up on stage, leaned into the microphone and played a lovely waltz. After that the personnel on stage, and the music played, was everchanging. In keeping with the dance music theme, Larry Hanks and I reprised our version of the Tennessee Waltz, this time accompanied by Sara, an Academy student from Canada who can warble like a human kazoo. It was passing strange, and it was a hoot.

Most of the evening was like that: fun and slightly bent. At one point there was a set of Jew's harp improv that sounded a lot like trance music, and the floor full of dancers looked an awful lot like the denizens of a rave. Over the course of the evening we danced to Yakut circle-dance music, and techno-pop, and fiddle tunes and a lot of other music as yet unnamed. There was Jew's harp, of course, but also tuba and kalimba and didgeridu and fiddle and flute and drums and throat singing, sometimes all at the same time. It was silly and intense and beautiful and jarring and tender and raucous and weird. It was way, way out there. I liked it a lot.

But then I am always drawn to that which is off the beaten path. After the Molln congress in 1998 I wrote a song about some of my experiences there. Here is one line:

*Don't know why it is, if it's bad or good, but I know with certainty
That wrong turns have always been very good for me.*

It's true, too. Sunday morning, after the bus carrying most of the delegates had gone, I was saying goodbye to Preben Christensen from Oslo, and Johnny Springe, our lone Swede. They said they were going to visit a nearby sculpture museum on their way home. As a master carver himself, Johnny was especially interested in the visit. It was just half a mile up the road-did I want to join them? Sure, I said.

Well, first we had to get the key, as the museum was not open. But before that we had to find the man who had the key. That meant finding the house of the man who had the key. After stopping at a couple of houses we finally found our way to the home of Øystein Kostveit, who has a long association with the academy. The three of us got a tour of the place. Øystein pointed out a spot where the smelting of ore took place around 900 years ago, and casually mentioned that someone had lived on or around the site of their farm since. In America we have Century Farms and think it's a pretty big deal; in Norway they have Millennial Farms and shrug it off. After our tour we relaxed in the house, had some refreshments, and played a little music. It was a charming way to spend an hour.

Eventually we made it back to the Rauland Kunstmuseum, meeting two men from the Yakut delegation on the way there. Øystein then gave us all a private tour of the museum, which feature a large number of works of two local sculptors, Knut Skinnarlands and Dyre Vaa. Skinnarland's works were monumental, both in size and style; Vaa's pieces were by turn charming (a foal scratching its ear) to moving (a dying man planting a tree, which was in memoriam to victims of the Holocaust).

We then all sat down to coffee and waffles, where we discovered that the word for waffle in Norwegian, Swedish, Yakut, and English is, pretty much, "waffle."

After seeing Johnny and Preben off I returned to the Academy. My "wrong turn" had taken hours, but they were fruitful hours. Upon my return, though, I discovered the downside-during my absence my new friends from Germany had taken off. So I missed the Bavarians. Heck, I still do.

On the way to Norway I had stopped off in Iceland for a week. Why not? It was on the way, I reasoned, and I've always wanted to go there. It's hard to explain why. That trip is a tale in itself; suffice to say, if you get a chance to visit, do so. Sparse but beautiful; forbidding yet inviting; rugged and ethereal; mystical, magical, funkier than heck. Go.

For all its otherworldly charm, the highlight of my Icelandic trip was a visit to a thoroughly ordinary grade school. I was there to perform a short concert for the second graders. As I looked out over their bright, inquisitive faces I recalled what I have told others in the past: the elderly and the very young are the worst, and best, audiences. If they hate you they are not shy about expressing their disdain, but if they like you-! Well, there is no greater reward to a performer.

As it turned out, they liked me. How cool was it to play for a hundred 7-year-old Icelanders? Here's how cool: There is no word in Icelandic for Jew's harp.

A week later, at Rauland, I was strolling to the dining hall from my dorm room when I spotted a congress moment. A young woman from Japan was on one knee, playing her mookh-kuri for several tykes. As she yanked the string of the bamboo instrument the children looked on in wonder. For although the metal munnharpa is known in Rauland, there is no word in Norwegian for mookh-kuri.
Seattle, Washington - November 2002

International Jew's Harp Society

The Fourth International Jew's Harp Congress/Festival took place in Rauland, Norway from September 10th to 15th—a fine event in a wonderful setting. The Board of Directors met in a long session, and produced the final form of the Bylaws. The International Jew's Harp Society will get fully under way at the beginning of 2003. Annual dues will be US\$20.00, which will pay for the new Journal, and other communications. The Journal will take the place of VIM. Franz Kumpul was reelected President, and Tadagawa Leo was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

The Fifth Congress/Festival will be in Amsterdam in 2005.

Fred Crane



Fred and friends (not the board of directors)

RAULAND- THE HARDWARE

Article and Photos by Peter S. Balkan

It became obvious to me, even before the first note was played, that everyone was a fine player, musical scholar, or both. I, on the other hand was neither. Everyone else seemed to “belong” in Rauland, Norway, for the 4th International Jews Harp Congress, because they had distinguished themselves. On the other hand, I couldn’t find any reason for my presence other than the fact that I had the money to get there and an absurd but wonderful interest in the Jews Harp. Here I was, perhaps enjoying the best time of my life, but totally intimidated by the talent around me and embarrassed by my puny, but improving, knowledge and skill with this challenging instrument.

I would love to write about the knowledge I gained at the four-times daily lectures; learning musical theory from the likes of Tron Quang Hai or Gjermund Kolltveit, Ph.D., or Aanon Edgeland. I would love to give technical details of the demonstrations by Spiridon Shishigin and Ivan Alekseyev or John Wright. I would love to detail the performances of the evening, their color, skill and musical rapture. But.... I suspect that my experience, as rich as it was, did not compare with those persons with fuller musical knowledge and skill.

But, I do know Jews Harps. My playing is improving and growing more confident but my collection of instruments has not been limited by the constraints of intellect and talent. Rauland was a wealth of musical knowledge and skill: it was an experience of sound, color and wonderful conviviality and kindness. But it was also a heck of a good place to see and acquire instruments that are usually found only in museums.

SAKHA-YAKUTIA

To American players, the spectacular Khomus’s from Sakha-Yakutia, (Siberia) are an almost unobtainable treasure. I know of no American source for these beautiful, sometimes huge and rich sounding instruments. Werner Kempl in Kirchdorf, Austria (near Molln) sometimes sells them from his eclectic shop. I understand that he obtained his sources when his brother Franz (Chairman of the International Jews Harp Assoc.) was stationed in Yakutia with CARE.

The Yakutians had one of the biggest groups at the Congress. The great masters Spiridon Shishigin and Ivan Alekseyev brought an entire troop of male and female Khomus players and even six teenagers in a lively dance troupe. Also present were some fine master instrument makers and an assortment of instruments. I bought my instruments from Ivan Khristoforov because I already knew him, because he had the greatest selection and because he was eager to sell and would negotiate prices. With the aid of Kim Borissov, an incredible player at age 19, who speaks near-perfect English (along with Russian, Yakutsk, and Japanese) Kristoforov and I made a lot of deals.



This picture shows Ivan Khristoforov and Kim Borissov holding one of the Khomus’s that I bought. Note that Khristoforov has his arm in a large bandage. At the lecture on Yakutian playing, he demonstrated his instrument by plucking it with his tongue!

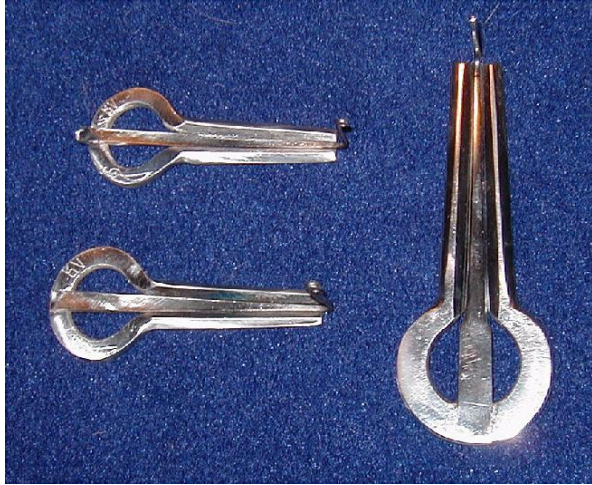


My first purchase was this wonderful, artistic Khomus with carved wooden case. The Khomus is fitted with a decorative tongue that is attached to the frame at 3 points. I’ve seen photos of these in collections but never actually touched one. I bought it during the first minutes of the open-market, paying way too much but fearing that I’d never have another opportunity. There were only a couple of these on display and they quickly disappeared.



Later, when Kim offered to translate a little price negotiation, I bought this lovely Khomus, in a wood case, sporting a Mammoth medallion. I was disappointed when Kim described it as a “souvenir.” But Kim offered to play any instrument that I bought (much better than me) and seemed satisfied that it had a good sound, although it was not to be used for performance playing.

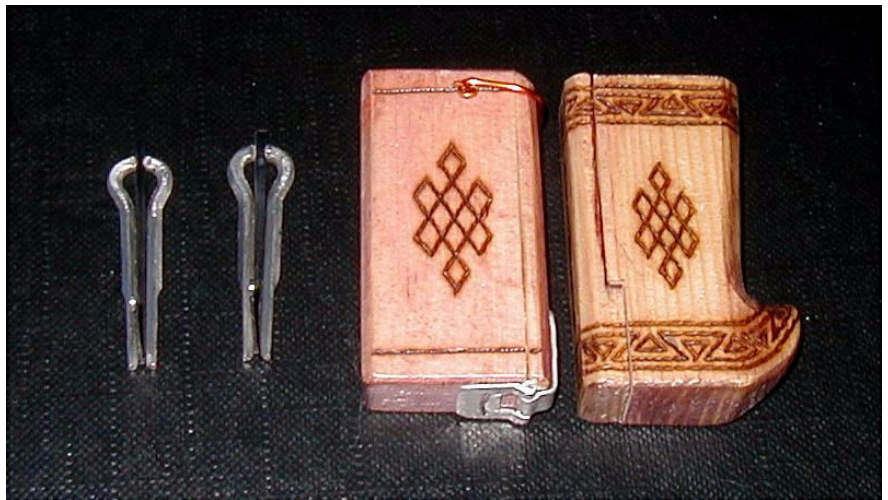
I visited Ivan often, especially if Kim was available. Ivan’s prices steadily declined as the festival wore on. I felt a little guilty for my price consciousness but remembered that I was a good customer who had paid top-price for the best items. One day, I negotiated a good “package” price on 3 items that were of no particular special interest but would be prizes in the U.S. All are good players. (Incidentally, as you would expect, everyone shared Jew’s Harps at the festival and shared a common cold as well!!)



By the 3rd Day, Khristoforov put a fabulous aluminum case, with Khomus, on display. I had never seen this before, except in the catalog of the Khomus Museum in Yakutsk that I bought but eventually lost. Unfortunately the Khomus has a slight flaw (although it sounds OK to me). For some reason, Khristoforov absolutely refused to sell the case without the Khomus or with a substitute. We negotiated for several days and finally, I agreed to buy the set but at a price that was a bargain for the case itself. Everyone had seen it but, for some reason no one else felt compelled, like me, to buy it. Perhaps Ivan had put it out too late and everyone was short of cash.

TUVA

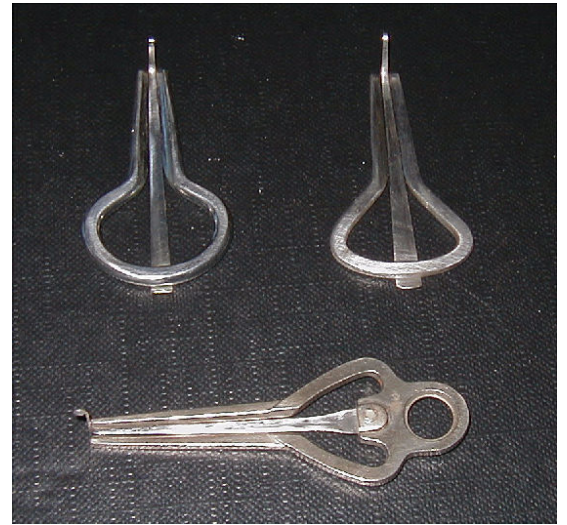
The Tuvans performed and presented a lecture on their instruments and on throat-singing. Unfortunately, their throat-singer could not appear and their performance was interesting but not spectacular. They only had a few instruments that were very inexpensive and disappeared in the first hour of trading. I bought two unusual Tuvan Khomus’s with crude but interesting cases and instruments that did not compare to their best.



BASHKORTOSTAN

Robert Zagretinov of Bashkortostan (in the Ural Mountains) seemed to be everywhere at once, at the Congress. He seemed always talking in animated fashion, giving advice to master-players and demonstrating his instruments, some of which were easily the most unusual and expensive. I could not afford his most expensive; a pistol-grip concoction of stainless steel that was capable of changing the fundamental key, “on the fly” over a fair-sized range. Another, could change the key by settings secured with knobs. I had hoped to find illustrations from Zagretinov’s web-page but it appears to have been discontinued.

I did buy three “Kubyz’s” from Robert at a very reasonable price. The JHG Archives identify these as being made in a former aircraft factory but, because of language problems, I could not confirm that with Zagretinov.



NORWAY

Strangely, some of the most difficult Jews Harps to acquire in Norway were Norwegian! Indeed for the first several days, they simply could not be had. During that time, we were treated to several performances by Aanon Egeland, Svein Westad and a host of equally skilled Norwegian players and dancers. Then, instrument-maker, Bjørgulv Straume arrived and opened a table, on the main concourse with his instruments. Nothing in Norway is cheap and Bjørgulv’s Munnharpen are expensive, difficult to play and worth every Krona! Norwegian Harps have a very short and very stiff tongue. You must strike the tongue very sharply, very close to your mouth and face. I have since spent considerable time trying to master these instruments, often getting a blister on my index finger for my efforts. Played correctly, they are extraordinary instruments capable of the volume and range necessary for their primary purpose, dance music!



All modern Norwegian Munnharpen secure the tongue to the frame by means of a wedge and a square housing on the frame itself. Broken tongues can and are replaced! Norwegian Jews Harps are far too expensive to discard when broken.



For the weekend Folke Nesland arrived with six precious Jews Harps to sell. He and I had become friends through the mail and I was especially happy to finally meet him. I have two of his most prized Jews Harps (see above). I suppose that I could have insisted on buying another of Folke’s instruments but accomplished players seemed desperate to acquire one. Folke also seemed to know the best players and to want to encourage them with one of his treasures. I was content to simply meet him, spend some time with him and value those instruments that he made for me.





JAPAN

A terrific surprise was the offerings of Leo Tadagawa of Japan and the Chairman of the Japanese JHG. His table offered an assortment of products and the very fine steel Jew's Harps of Metsugi Norimitsu that Leo commissioned. These Jew's Harps are of a more European design and not traditionally Japanese (why not?... Americans certainly don't shun fine instruments made elsewhere). Leo advised that they are made by a master knife maker and this is evident by the quality of the steel (especially the tongue and the precision of assembly). Their sound is incredible and, in my opinion, they are among the best in terms of volume and range.



HUNGARY

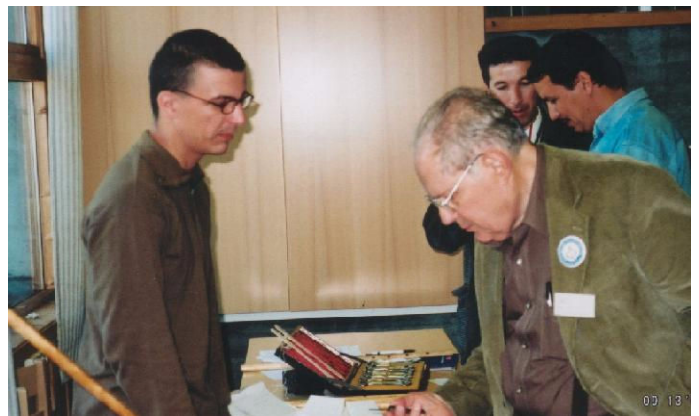
Aron Szilagyi performed at the festival and brought the house down with his driving non-traditional program! Aron is at the absolute cutting edge of Jew's Harp music, unrestrained or fettered by the past. Although he certainly did not want to be tied down to a sales-table, he brought a large number of the wonderful Jew's Harps (or Doromb) that his father Zoltan makes in Kescemet, Hungary. Aron brought just two models, the Baikal and Blackfire. Busy with other matters, Aron often lent his room key to anyone who wanted to sample his available items and select their favorite.

Our rooms were separated by a single sheet of pine and I could often hear festival participants sampling the Szilagyi harps. Since we are all familiar with Zoltan's fine instruments, I thought our readers would like this photo of Aron Szilagyi showing Zoltan's Jew's Harps to Professor Fred Crane, the Patriarch of the International Congresses and the driving force that has brought Harpists together from all over the world.



KIRGHIZSTAN

The small country of Kirghizstan sent a fairly large contingent to Rauland, including a young, male interpreter who spoke excellent English and had a wonderful sense of humor (kidding Tron Quang Hai from the stage to the delight of the audience). Their performances featured lots of Khomus playing and very colorful costumes. Their table featured many non-musical items and some crude looking but very playable Jew's Harps. Their cases rivaled their instruments for attention.



And so...

This article could go on for a much longer time but space, alas is limited. However, the last photo tells a wonderful story that is extraordinarily expressive of the spirit of the Congress and the camaraderie that our instruments, talent and enjoyment brought to all of us. On the last day, Gordon Frazier carried part of his collection with him as he listened and participated in the day's events. He and I were having a cup of coffee, when Spiridon Shishigin, very quietly walked up and began to look through Gordon's collection, picking out items for possible trades. Spiridon does not speak very much English but language was not necessary as we examined our rare and treasured instruments.

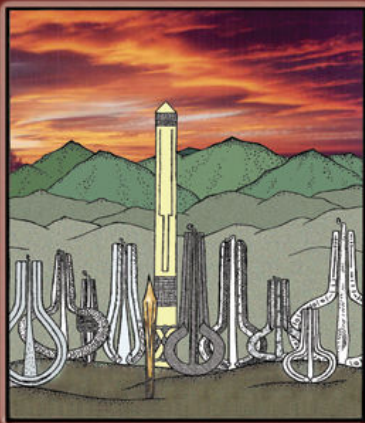


Announcing the release of the

**North American Jew's Harp Festival
1998 - 2000 Highlights CD**

Compact Disc - DBS-2707 - Total Time : 61:47
US\$12.⁰⁰ each + US\$ 3.⁰⁰ S & H in USA (US\$ 5.⁰⁰ international).
Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery. Sorry no CODs.

**Send Check or Money Order to:
Jew's Harp Guild/Festival
508 2nd Street
Cove, OR 97824**



**NORTH AMERICAN JEW'S HARP FESTIVAL
1998-2000 HIGHLIGHTS**

Summary:

Highlights 1998 - 2000

The North American Jew's Harp Festival is . . .

musicians from Australia, Austria, Hungary, the Netherlands, and the United States playing traditional, original, improvisational, and uncategorizable music on Jew's harp, dumbek, bhodran, Clackamore, cigar box fiddle, mandolin, harmonica, random pieces of wood, and more.

There's nothing else like the North American Jew's Harp Festival.



A Word from the Executive Director

Janet Gohring, Executive Director - The Jew's Harp Guild

Greetings to all!

This sure has been a crazy summer for all of us! Its nice to see the autumn colors reminding us the summer rush is over and the time of winter rest is near.

I'm happy to report that Bill and I are now settled in our new home in Cove, Oregon. Bill is working on getting his new Jew's Harp shop all set up and should be back to producing the Gohring Jew's Harp real soon. We both are thankful to all those who have been patient with us during our move. Bill has a new website (still under construction):www.billgohring.com and you can now email him at bill@billgohring.com.

Please note the new address for all Guild and Festival correspondence:

Jew's Harp Guild/Festival
508 2nd Street
Cove, OR 97824

NAJHF

We've had many people tell us how much they missed the NAJHF this year. I think it was good to have a break ... especially with our move and with the Norway Congress. I think everyone missed the gathering and the once-a-year chance to spend time and share music with all our "Jew's Harp friends".

Its time to start planning a gathering for 2003. Remember, our new festival format will be for Jew's harp players (and their family/friends) only. It will be low-key, relaxed and simple. If you have any suggestions on a location, please write or email us. There are several nice, quiet State Parks in eastern Oregon that are possibilities ... but we're open to all ideas.



NORWAY CONGRESS

Bill and I were so sorry to miss the Congress in Norway. The week of the Congress, we were literally moving in to our new home. But we were there in spirit and certainly felt the energy from everyone there. Thanks to Peter Balkan for keeping the Guild informed during the Congress. We especially liked the photo link on the Guild's website "Discussion Group" and look forward to seeing the rest of his photos.

Mark Poss (PNP editor) is featuring the Norway Congress in this special double-edition of our newsletter. I look forward to "reading all about it" and I'm sure everyone else, who couldn't make it to the Congress, is too. Thanks to everyone who contributed for this issue. You've made it possible for us to share in the Congress ... the next best thing to being there.

JEW'S HARP GUILD

Enclosed with this newsletter will be the ballot for election of Board Members for 2003 and your JHG 2003 Membership renewal. It saves the Guild postage money by sending everything at once.

The new NAJHF 1998-2001 HIGHLIGHTS CD is just superb!! If you haven't heard it yet, be sure and order one when you renew your membership. Many thanks to Mark, Wayland and Dan at Mouth Music Press for all their diligent work and effort to produce the CD. I love the artwork ... thanks to Gordon Frazier for his part in that!

Here's hoping all of you have a wonderful Holiday Season! Until next time ...
Keep twangin' ,
Janet Gohring, Executive Director - The Jew's Harp Guild

