

THE BEST OF JOHN FAHEY

1939-2001 R.I.P.

Here's the best of John Fahey: complete transcriptions of all the songs from his new Takoma Records album of the same name. Plus his thoughts on guitar, the best of his rambling and bizarre stories, many photos, a discography, and more from this pioneering American folk guitarist.



Guitar Player Books

Learning Materials for the Complete Guitarist
(An affiliate of Guitar Player Magazine)

1959 ~ 1977

THE BEST OF JOHN FAHEY

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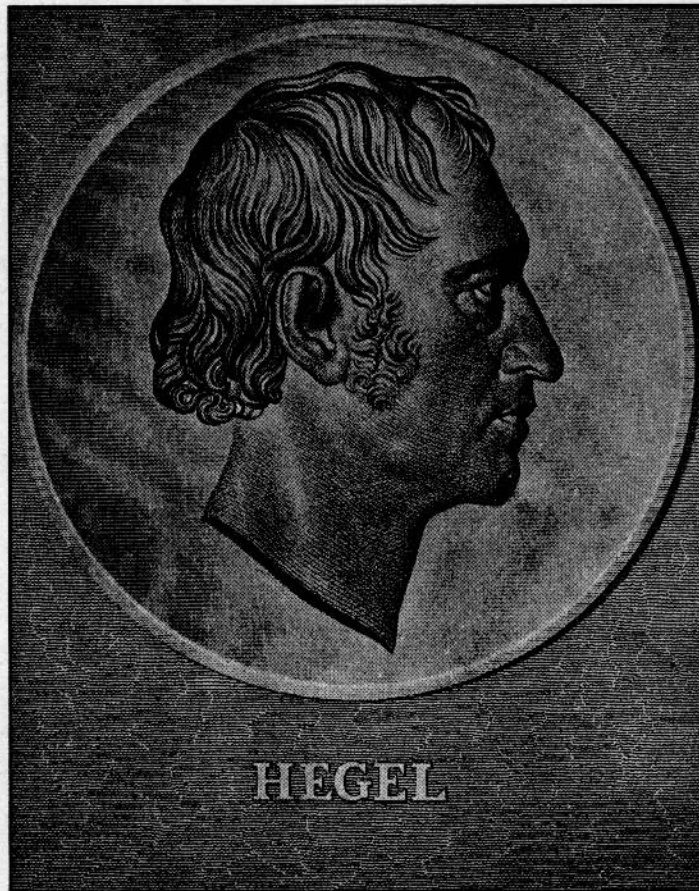


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CREDITS

"Nothing great
in the world has been accomplished
without passion."



Editing

John Lescroart

Book Design and Layout

Sandy Haight

Photography

Steven J. Cahil, covers

Elaine Miller, p. 25

Photocomposition

Frank Fletcher

Music Transcription

Stan Ayeroff

Music Editing

Vic Trigger and Kip Haaheim

Music Copying and Tablature

Janet Smith

Administrative Assistant

Marcia Hartman

Executive Editor

Jerry Martin

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Flat foot floogie with a floy floy
 Flat foot floogie with a floy floy
 Flat foot floogie with a floy floy
 Floy-doy floy-doy floy-doy floy-doy.

"Flat Foot Floogie"

Slim Gaillard and Slam Stewart

Vout a rini, mac vootie
 Vout a rini, mac stootie
 Vout a rini, mac vootie
 Aah, za ba za ba za ba.

"Mac Vootie"

Slim Gaillard

Shool, shool, shoola manna roo
 Sal a mana ral a back, sal a baba doo
 Then I sigh for a sal a baba dink
 Come a dibble al a doo sal dory.

"Buttermilk Hill"

Traditional

Set down on a hard hot cold-frozen stone
 Ten thousand stood around me and yet I's alone
 Took my hat in my hand for to keep my head warm
 Ten thousand got drowned that never were born.

"Nottamun Town"

Traditional

Hear that savage serenade, way down in the everglade
 Dig a dig a doo dig a doo doo
 Dig a dig a doo dig a doo.

"Dig A Doo"

Traditional


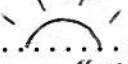
Which a way
 Which a way
 Do that river run?
 Which a way
 Which a way
 Do that river run?

"Jim Lee Blues, Part 2"

Charley Patton



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* Kottke, Lang, Fahey

INTRODU

The compositions in this book comprise my selection of the best of my shorter pieces. If sufficient interest is generated by the present work, I will publish two more books: 1) my redactions of Christmas carols that I have recorded, and some of my arrangements of various hymns and spirituals; 2) another book like this one with some of the longer and more difficult songs, such as "Beverly" and "Stomping Tonight On The Pennsylvania/Alabama Border."

The songs in this book have been transcribed by Stan Ayeroff. Presumably, anyone versatile on guitar, who can read music or tablature, can learn to play these songs as written, just as anyone with sufficient technical dexterity and good sight-reading habits could learn to play any other written guitar piece or exercise.

But while technique is very important, it is only part of the story. Music is a language—a language of *emotions*. The worst possible way to play these songs—and I am not only talking about my own compositions—is in metronome time at a uniform volume. Another terrible thing would be to play any composition the same way every time, or to feel that you have to play it exactly the way someone else, such as myself, played it or said to play it. A good technician must also be creative. Even if a person is not a composer, he can interpret and arrange, and these skills are as important as technique in making a performance interesting. I rely heavily on both technique and interpretation, and I think of myself as a very good composer, arranger, and plagiarist for the solo acoustic guitar.

Interpretation depends on two factors: First is the ability to dramatize one's self, to get caught up in and carried away by what one is doing, especially in conducting and guitar playing. Second is musical background. A broad spectrum of musical interest over a long period of time is ideal. The broader and longer your musical appreciation, the better; and the earlier you start, the better. I grew up listening to classical orchestral music. I later immersed myself in Southern American folk music. For some reason, the

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best folk music came out of the South, and east of the Mississippi. Nobody really knows why.

I learned to play the guitar by listening to old 78 rpm recordings. After perfunctory attempts at Carter Family and Riley Puckett imitations and after learning that I could do neither very well, I turned to the Negro fingerpickers. I began with some songs by Sylvester Weaver that were interesting to me at the time. These compositions, which were perhaps by Weaver himself, were on both Spanish and steel guitar. But Weaver was a very slow and sloppy player. He was also unimaginative. Perhaps he was old at the time these recordings were made. Sam McGee's 78s (*only* his 78s) were a great inspiration to me because the compositions are excellent and the playing is impeccably clean and frequently hard-driving and extremely fast. Blind Blake interested me, but all I could come up with were rough, boring approximations. It took me another ten years to realize why: Blake almost always played with increasing tempo, and he also rarely played the same verse exactly the same way. Each stanza constantly changes. How can you copy something that won't stay still?

Blind Lemon Jefferson and Charley Patton also varied their tempos and stanzas, and both frequently played and sang different tunes during what was supposed to be one song.

Listen to Patton's "Pony Blues," and Blind Lemon's "Rabbitfoot Blues." A few other obscure players worth listening to also did these things, but I don't want to bore the reader with further name-dropping. *Most* of the folk music recordings of Negroes and whites are not worth listening to. But so many recordings were made that the number of good ones is quite large.

After one has mastered technique, one begins to realize that the most important things, besides a heavy stroke and phrasing, are rhythmic tricks and syncopation. So, it is important to notice that American folk music, in its own setting at the time it was done, was primarily *dance music*.

Charley Patton, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Blake, and my mentor, Blind Joe Death-Reynolds-Josephs, did not, like

we do now, sing and earn their living by playing for a house full of guitar aficionados, space people, pederasts, sodbusters, goat ropers, and drug addicts. Nobody gave

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a damn about guitars. Our boys played in barrel houses, and on the dirt floors of farms, and the people danced to their music. And those entertainers, who didn't sing and play hot and make the people want to dance and drink and gamble, simply didn't survive. The dance-party element is also an integral part of the early white country string bands that played hillbilly, western swing, and Cajun (Arcadian) music. *All* the music connected with the white country tradition was heavily influenced by the dance party. The successful musicians, including religious entertainers and church choirs, were very, very syncopated.

The point is that nobody, at least nobody in his right mind, sat long hours in reverie contemplating the poetic, metaphorical, or psychological significance of a Blind Lemon Jefferson stanza, a Charley Patton guitar lick, the political thoughts of Mississippi John Hurt, the stirring of racial unrest and social consciousness in the ravings of Too-Tight Henry's atonal "Charleston Contest" [Columbia, 14374], or Boll Weevil Jackson's mad ravings on "Some Scream High Yellow" [Paramount and Vocalion], any more than anyone studied the hidden metaphysical implications of the comedy duet, Butterbeans and Susie, on their "I Wanna Hot Dog For My Roll" [Okeh, unissued], or the Christological imperfections of the famous Atlanta preacher, Rev. J. M. Gates, whose sermons had such titles as "Death Might Be Your Santa Claus" [Okeh, 8413], "Women Spend Too Much Money" [Okeh, 8606], "Tiger Flower's Last Fight" [Okeh, 8562], "Pay Your Furniture Man" [Okeh, 8606], "Kinky Hair Is No Disgrace" [Okeh, 8884], "Pay Your Policy Man" [Okeh, 8884], and "Smoking Woman In The Street" [Bluebird, B8301]. This music was thoroughly non-reflective. Nobody, at that time, thought anyone was saying or doing

anything particularly important. And yet *every* writer on black and white folk music treats it as if it had great poetic, psychological, metaphysical, sociological,

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historical, documentary, and political significance. These writers separate the words and/or the music of a tradition from its environment, its setting, its context, and then print expensive books elucidating, and to a certain extent exemplifying, the authors' preconceptions and misconceptions regarding the social strata that they do not understand, and that they have nothing in common with. These books are then sold to other members of the authors' same (upper) social class and not to any members of the class that the book purports to be about (most of whose members are dead anyway). This is dishonest and I don't like it. I have only seen objective and interesting discussions of folk music by one author, and that is Stephen Calt, of Yazoo/Blue Goose Records. His unpublished book on Charley Patton, my favorite blues singer, is the best writing on Patton I have ever seen.

I learned to play the guitar by spending incredible amounts of time, because I was a slower learner than everybody else, practicing very simple things. The only reason I am still playing, and some others are not, is because I wouldn't give up. I remember learning the simple sequence *C, C7, F, G7*, by practicing it for *months* until I had it right and could play it perfectly. The friends who had taught me these things had mastered them in very short order. During practice sessions—I usually would sit from four to six hours, and I still do—strange things would happen, and suddenly I would have an entire song or a significant fragment. Many of my songs were written when I was seventeen and eighteen. I probably wrote half of the fast ragtime songs I play in *C* or *G* before I was twenty-one. But this is common.

If you make yourself play the guitar except for breaks—cigarette, bathroom, whatever—for four to six hours, I can

guarantee that you will come out of these sessions with something new: a composition, an arrangement, a fragment. That is the way the mind works. In order to conquer boredom and chaos, you cannot avoid coming up with something new. I recommend these long sittings, rather than short sittings more often per week. I do not and never have practiced single note exercises—scales. The most advanced technical things I ever practiced were chord changes. Songs, and variations of songs at different tempos, and duple/triple variations, are what I have always practiced. I think that emphasizing the organic unity of songs, as opposed to practicing scales, will provide more fun

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and more creativity for a guitarist—he will compose songs automatically. All original composition is automatic, seemingly inspirational. The remainder of composition is conscious arrangement and has to do mainly with the composer's formal intent: Is it long enough to sustain interest? Too long? The right tempo? Enough or too many chords? Is it in the right tuning?

Those guitarists I know who concentrate on practicing scales, as opposed to songs, are frequently better than I am technically, but either they do not write and do not want to compose new music, or they say they want to and never do. I can only assume that this is because of the way they *hear* what they are playing, the imagery, the feeling that they associate with what they practice. What can you associate with a bunch of scales played up and down in a chromatic sequence of keys except a very impersonal, unfeeling, and dry situation, emotion, or image?

When I play the guitar, even when I am practicing, I am besieged with images, memories, *deja vu* experiences, and emotions; and for every chord I play, for every tune I write, there is within me a distinct and unique image, emotion, or feeling. What made and continues to make guitar playing exciting for me, and what makes it bearable during long,

long two-set jobs, is the continual show of emotions, images, memories, etc., that comes before me internally as I continue to practice or play. For my second set, I am frequently onstage for three or four hours. I turn work into fun. I recommend nighttime for these long sessions. For some reason, the night tends to enhance our creative powers and let our imagination, including our musical imagination, run more freely. Where was I when I wrote this song? What is the name of this strange feeling I am having while I play this chord sequence or this song? Consciousness is in a constant state of flux. The stable element, then, must be the commitment to sit there with your guitar for six hours and

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express yourself through your music. The process is cathartic, creative, and automatic, since the freer you are to choose this or that determination, the more your spirit will permeate the music in this or that composition, arrangement, or fragment.

When I play in public, I play long medleys, some as long as forty-five minutes. It is easier and more fun for me to play for forty-five minutes without stopping than to play a series of short songs interspersed with humorous or didactic remarks designed to ingratiate myself with the members of the audience. I give concerts to play the guitar.

Most beginning guitarists have trouble writing interesting melody lines. The majority of demo tapes that I receive demonstrate this. It is not enough to learn various picking patterns and then move various chords shapes up and down the neck with the left hand, and/or only play chord sequences that have no discernible melody lines. Good melodies are usually distinguished by their simplicity and by their scalar quality.

If the guitarist cannot write good melody lines, he should take a long course in classical music appreciation. I grew up on classical music and my basic format retains classical form. The material of the form imitates or extends

American folk music. If after several years you can't come up with good melody lines, concentrate on being a good arranger of previously existing compositions. It is better to be a good arranger than a bad composer.

To a thoroughly competent guitarist, sight reading, or tablature, should be merely aids. Emphasis should not so much be on *hearing* and *feeling* anything external, but on internal states or conditions. What I am advocating is the supremacy of playing by ear and of subjectivity, which is the evocation of and externalization of internal moods. Every chord (and certainly every chord progression) should evoke a particular emotion, and you must learn to hear what you play and feel that emotion.

If you sit and listen to yourself, *the creative act will happen*. You cannot make it happen, but you can put yourself in a situation where it must because human nature is constituted that way. Writers and philosophers have tried to explain precisely what it is that happens

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during the creative act. Typically, the writer on aesthetics attempts to at least suggest that some deity takes over at the creative moment, that there is something divine about artistic creation. While I believe that nothing is more *fun* than the moment of creation—even if it is just a moment—I have never experienced anything transcendent during those times. Most writers on aesthetics are not artists or musicians.

You must take your guitar and go someplace where you are comfortable and relaxed. Don't worry about being introverted, about feeling anti-social, about not being friendly, etc. Secretly, steal away with your guitar. Don't let anyone know you've gone. Take it and go some place where you can hide from everybody. When you get there, pick up the guitar and start playing *what you feel like playing*, whatever it is. No matter what others think, be your own

person. It is healthy at times to want to be alone. If you never want to be alone, *then* you should start worrying.

HOMOSEXUAL GUITAR PLAYING

You must play until you are no longer afraid of the guitar. Many players are afraid to touch the guitar, *and they act*

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like it. You must create an intimate relationship with your guitar. Getting over your fear of it is much like a romantic-sexual conquest. It is no mere poetic metaphor when some songs refer to a guitar as though it were a woman.

Mastering a guitar is really very similar to conquering a woman, and when you fail to master it, like when you fail to master a woman, you have the same feelings of humiliation and violence.

When you are alone with your guitar, you must win if you are to be a man. And you can win—with any guitar. Sit there with it for six hours. No guitar can withstand the creative spirit that is in every human being.

Anyone who calls his guitar a “box” does not understand. Anyone who calls his guitar an “axe” cannot play it very well.

GUITAR ANGST

Those who fear their guitars are essentially cowardly faggots who have allowed themselves to be conquered by perverse tendencies. They are unable to sit anywhere for six hours under any circumstances. Their span of attention is short, but what is much worse is that they don't *care*. They don't even care to learn how to lengthen it. They have constituted themselves essentially as hatred, opposition—pure negativity. They are not feminine men. Homosexual guitar playing is an imitative gesture of the non-essential (i.e. temporary) characteristics of women—bitchiness, frivolity, flightiness, and super-sensitivity. These superficial characteristics are not the essence of the feminine. Look at the homosexual guitarist pick up the guitar—he is afraid to touch it. He is afraid of it. He thinks it hates him because *he* hates so much. He has constituted his spirit against—he is against life. He is a Nazi. His politics are *against* freedom. He is a totalitarian at heart, but he has no power. He must overcome this fear of the guitar. And he can. The guitar must be his secret love, narcotic, whatever image he prefers. But, he cannot forget to abuse it also, to learn to bang on it and to make a percussion instrument of it, to play hard on it, and bend it to his will.

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Flamenco and American folk guitarists play the guitar soft and hard, quietly and loudly, fast and slow, with irregular and regular rhythm. The possibilities of your relationship with your guitar can only be made manifest by an exposition not only of all the qualities you can come up with, i.e. sweet, slow, pastoral, etc., but also by their opposites.

If in this essay I have put the emphasis on subjectivity, this

has been because I feel that the other writers and exponents of guitar playing neglect this side of it and place too much emphasis on objectivity and technique. But never let it be said that I have encouraged an irrational perspective, sung only the praises of the personal. Playing emotionally *and* well presupposes a great deal of practicing, learning, and mastering all of the technical essentials. You must broaden your musical education, and spend many, many hours over a period of years, listening to and digesting symphonies, tone poems, concerti, and chamber music, as well as the folk and/or popular music which *you* wish to play. From this perspective, and only with these prerequisites, can you let yourself go and play emotively and well, because when you have digested the music, your mind has a built-in sense of form and structure—a sense of when to stop, when to speed up, when to play quietly, triumphantly, etc. When you get to this point, you can play with self-confidence and freedom.

The typical middle-class interpreter of folk music makes his guitar sound like a metronome, without timbre changes and without percussive and loud-soft tone contrasts. He is a friendly guy. He likes everybody. He smiles a lot. He wants you to like him. He's *volk*. The hell with him. The real test when someone, at least theoretically, is playing hot or hard-driving, is this: Does his music make you want to *dance*, or not? Does it make you want to get up and move, or not?

Most of the songs in this book are modeled after short, American, folk-guitar pieces, and follow Southern American

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styles. Thus, they are to be played with gradually increasing tempo, and the fast songs or sections should conclude at a pace that is as fast as you can play. "The Last Steam Engine Train" provides the guitarist with a choice. It affords excellent opportunity for hot playing, but if you play it as fast as you can, you will of necessity sacrifice some of the hotness. The same is true of "In Christ There Is No East Or West." "Poor Boy A Long Ways From

Home" can be played extremely fast, but the Negroes played it slower. After all, what's the rush? At moderate tempo it has an *eerie* quality. Excessive worship of speed also sacrifices syncopation.

In a longer song, or a song with more than one section, it sometimes sounds good to *slow down* the pulse. The 3/4 time section of "When The Spring Time Comes Again" sounds best to me if I gradually decelerate during the last few bars. I also like to decelerate during the last few bars of "Sunflower River Blues." The way I hear and play these songs, as well as "Last Steam Engine Train" and "Poor Boy A Long Ways From Home," is to evoke a reflective, *deja vu*, slightly mysterious and dreamlike mood—the way you feel in a dream when you are a kid and you find something exciting. "Some Summer Day" is very back-glancing.

In recent years, I have incorporated and plagiarized as much as I could of the solo guitar work of Bola Sete. Where previously I eschewed any classical, Spanish (except flamenco) or bossa nova influence, I now find myself working this material in wherever I can (see my article on Bola Sete, myself, and the nature of the universe, in the February '76 issue of *Guitar Player Magazine*). Unfortunately, Bola Sete refuses to travel far from San Francisco to play and is sinking into oblivion. I can hardly market his very excellent records. "On The Sunny Side Of The Ocean" lends itself gratefully to Spanish rhythms. So, too, with the "Dance Of The Inhabitants Of The Palace Of King Philip XIV Of Spain." "Spanish Dance" doesn't, and neither does "Spanish Two Step."

Many guitarists these days capitalize on phony ethnicity with their patter, their gestures, their clothes, their liquor, or with anything available. There was a time when it was fashionable for young white boys to play at being old Negro

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Bola
Sete

blues singers. There was a time when some young Negro entertainers imitated older, retired blues singers. There was, and still is, a time when retired blues singers would sit on the northern and western stage and plug themselves (and be plugged) as the Real McCoy, the pulse of the Delta, the very essence of the South (as if ante-bellum Southern culture still existed), as if anybody in the South was even faintly interested in these relics—living blues singers. But they are all *retired* blues singers.

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Currently, the fad has changed to another prehistoric type, which no longer exists except among a bunch of college students who want to share, exploit, and re-create what is now only a myth—the white hillbilly, the redneck, the primitive noble savage from the hills of Tennessee, or wherever, with his music. This guy is also aided and abetted by the Nashville country and western music industry, which permits some, but not many, explorations into contemporary life. Nevertheless, the overall theme is that the real essence of hillbilly, redneck, down-home-ism is still alive and well, in fact thriving more than ever before. Look at the Autoharp player from Manhattan with a Southern accent. What all of these examples have in common is the glorification of types of people that no longer exist, along with a constant implied assumption that unadulterated *volklische* life styles of bygone eras are contemporary and somewhat eternal.

This is not to say that attempts at re-creation of old guitar styles can't be an enjoyable pursuit and afford enjoyable listening, nor that archaisms may not be eclecticized, providing a more universal listening and playing experience. I can think of no more valuable musical learning and listening experience than to listen often and repeatedly over the years (even after you think you are good) to the guitar phrasing of Maybelle Carter's Spanish and Hawaiian guitar on the many, many recordings by the Carter family. It has been more than twenty-five years since I opened my uncle's gramophone and heard my first Carter Family record. I have been listening to these records for all this time and I am still learning from them, and still enjoying them greatly. Maybelle Carter's guitar style, for me, is a *definition* of classic American musical economy, syncopation, and superb phrasing. Maybelle Carter's playing had more balls than Chet Atkins, Leo Kottke, or I, will ever have. There are many people who claim to *teach* and play what they call "Carter picking," but I have not heard one of them that really understands. There is much, much more to it than learning to play melody on bass strings with the thumb and harmony accompaniment with one's index finger on treble strings. The same is true of the vocal phrasing.

For additional and more intricate examples of syncopational models, the Negro race has contributed a great deal

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(e.g. Blind Willie Johnson's recordings, especially those on which he does *not* play the bottleneck).

I am limiting the dropping of names to musicians who:

- 1) recorded extensively; 2) have records that are easily available at your local Koonaklastier Konfectionery;
- 3) recorded *before* any *volklische* revivalism; 4) are very good, but not obvious, and likely to be overlooked for one or more reasons; or 5) I personally like or haven't actually heard, but mention for political reasons.

I should like to conclude this introduction to guitaring by invoking the name of Maybelle Carter.

**OM
SRI
MAYBELLAYNA
NAMAH
SHREEM
SHREEM
SHREEM**

by John Fahey

Deep within me, not noticed by the
 casual observer, the pederast, the sod-
 buster, the goat roper ~~~ Deep
 within me I carry the secret of this
 great and marvelous burden, I
 Am American Guitar! More than
 any of the others, I incarnate the
 spirit of America within my soul
 (Geist), unencumbered by foreigners
 and women sothagists ~~~ I Am
 American Guitar ~ It Is I ~ I
 Have Come Back For You ~ I Am
 Here ~ I Am American Guitar!

Dis Wam Me



Dis wam me at de age ob 11.

My name am _____

***Me come to get ye.----De Trufe
yes, YES, yes, YES, yes, YES, yes***

Did you know I can play?

Did you know I can sing?

Did you know I'm _____?

They help me. You will help me to.

LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN!

I mean it. Please wait. Satan is coming. And I. Oh yes, I will be here. Please am be ready for me. Brothers an sistuhs, wait fo' me. Ah gits heah. Listen to Me, man. I know.

---Tears my guts out!! Samson Grinde EDITOR

Pitchikawi Journal

Thus Speaks Soon to be released on recording.

Southbound Press.

The voice of a generation! Out of total chaos comes the song of an ageless child. Listener, Beware. Do you remember the grapes your grandma used to feed you after peeling them? Do you remember her funeral? The way the gravel ground beneath your soles the night she died? Yeah you saw her white hair. You remembered the things she did during her lifetime. She was cool too. She knew. He knew and He am!

The Fly (Executive Generalization)

Conceived by Wayne Wilson.

FALLING IN THE MIDST OF TIME

It was an ambivalent, undetermined sort of day; the sun was shining and the mist was slowly falling, now up, now down. There in the midst of time, an ambivalent young man stepped irresolutely out of his unassuming young house and blinked his eyes in the soft wavering sunlight. "I feel unresolved," he said unresolvedly. "Perhaps someday I will feel resolved," he said indeterminately. "Perhaps someday I'll find Blind Joe Death again and be able to finish my thesis in ethno-musicology," he said chthonically. So saying, he wavered on in an *aufheben* sort of way toward the B & O Railroad tracks to try to discover Blind Joe Death, the old blues guitar player, and perhaps also himself.

Coming to the Chinese laundry next to the viaduct under the railway station, he entered and opened his mouth and inquired of the old boarded-up Chinaman who ran the shop: "Pardon me, have you seen an old Negro street musician by the name of Blind Joe Death?"

"Take your filthy fucking feminine component and suck out of here, muvva," the old Mandarin replied in his quaint sing-song Cantonese dialectic.

"Ah," said the young man a little more resolutely, "the bourgeoisie reject me."

Thus assured, he walked down the street under the viaduct, his *aufheben* quivering in the mist under the abandoned railroad station. Suddenly he stumbled over something which was more or less indeterminate because of the fog. It was an old Negro sidewalk painter who made his living painting the portraits of the downtrodden *volk* of Takoma Park on the sidewalks of that once-great city. "Pardon me," he said, his *aufheben* heaving, "have you seen an old Negro street musician by the name of Blind Joe Death?"

"I don't pay any attention to color," said the old man savagely. "I judge every man as an individual and not by any superficial standard such as race, color, or creed. Why don't you go fuck yourself with a file?"

"Ah," said the young man a little more resolutely, "the artists

reject me."

Now, yet surer of himself, he proceeded back through the viaduct toward the magic place where Carroll Avenue is majestically transubstantiated into Laurell Avenue. Stopping to inspect his *aufheben*, bruised when he tripped over the street artist, he saw a familiar form approaching from the mystic corner—Domenick Zurubian, his boyhood friend and idol! He stood stiffly waiting by the glass front of Youngblood's hardware store, not daring to hope that Domenick Zurubian would recognize him. It was as well so, since Domenick Zurubian ignored him with a vaguely hostile glance, and began to pass by.

"Wait!" he called to stop him, the words torn from his *aufheben* almost against his will. "Here is your pencil."

A light began to glow in Domenick Zurukan's oblique eyes, those fascinating angled eyes, in the form of a horizontal seven. "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

"Yes, yes, the fourth form in the Takoma Millinery Academy!"

"Well, damn if I can remember who you are," said Zurubian, without embarrassment. "There were a couple of ambivalent indeterminate young men in that class." Zurubian left him by the glass front of Youngblood's hardware store with a lame excuse and a smile, softly and resolutely crising his lip.

"Yes, then. I am an ambivalent, indeterminate young man." His voice was a warm human bourgeois whisper, as he resolutely dissolved into the fog with the sound of drying wildflowers. "The wolves," he said, looking out the door before the stranger came in, "are gone now."

Resolutely he mounted the steps to the railroad tracks. There he found several old Negroes sitting on the tracks guzzling wine. "Ah," he said to himself, "if they reject me too, it does not matter. I am now resolute."

"Pardon me," he said, "have any of you seen Blind Joe Death recently?"

"Yea, verily," one of them replied, "I saw him two-three days ago meandering up towards ol' man Fahey's cypress tree and Galapagos Tortoise farm. You might find him up there. Then again you might not."

"Thank you very much," the young man replied, his *aufheben* severely pacified as he proceeded up the railroad tracks.

As he was walking a train came screeching down the tracks and ran over two or three of the Negroes. "Ah," said the young man dissolutely, "the poor downtrodden *volk* of Takoma Park. They have no place to drink their wine in peace but on the railroad tracks. Behold they are like the lilies of the field for they neither work nor travail, but they get run over by trains. Perhaps someday things will be different." Approaching a grove of cypress trees alongside the railroad tracks, which transubstantiated itself hodologically into a field of hay, where many large tortoises were grazing, the young man said to himself still resolutely: "Perhaps this is the farm of which the former citizen has spoken."

Emerging into the sun he began to cross the gentle rolling hill of new-mown hay when suddenly from out of nowhere a herd of wild dogs attacked him and tore at his clothing and his limbs. Their teeth bit into his flesh. Screaming and bleeding, he ran towards a farmhouse that he made out on a distant slope. Arriving there breathless, he ran up the steps onto the porch. Throwing open the door, he ran into the dwelling and slammed

the door shut behind him.

An old farmer who was seated in an oversized wicker basket jumped up at this and demanded of the resolute young man resolutely: "What is all this doggerel? Who do you think you are, running into my dwelling here in the midst of time?"

"Sir," he said, "I am besieged by a herd of wild dogs. They have ripped and torn my clothes and I am bleeding profusely."

"I can see that you are bleeding and that your clothes are torn, but come look out the window. There are no dogs out there, and there never have been, not on my farm. What you saw was only some pages of old newspapers blowing in the wind. Come and see," said the old farmer.

The young man turned towards the window and, looking out of it, he saw that there were, indeed, no dogs now, but only old newspapers being tossed about on the sunny slopes of new-mown hay. Strange though, they had the appearance, as they blew to and fro, of those very dogs that had just now attacked him.

"But," said the young man, "if that is true, what did attack me and what drew all this blood?"

"I do not know," said the old man. "Perhaps in your haste you tripped and fell."

"Perhaps," said the young man. "The wolves," he said, looking out the window, "are gone now." As he turned to leave, he asked the old farmer: "By the way, is this ol' man Fahey's cypress tree and Galapagos Tortoise farm?"

"Not any longer," said the old man. "I bought it from him many years ago, and it is now mine. Fahey moved to California or Caledonia or China or someplace like that."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you could tell me if you have seen an old Negro street musician named Blind Joe Death."

"Blind Joe?" he replied enigmatically. "He used to work for me in the cypress groves. But he left a few days ago. Said he was going to make records for somebody or other. Didn't even know he was a musician. Funny, isn't it? Hope he does all right. He was a nice old guy."

Returning to his unassuming house, the young man, now irresolute, attempted to open the door. It wouldn't open. "Ah," he said, "perhaps it has happened again." He went to the back of his house and attempted to open a rear window. As the window gradually opened, he was besieged with sheaves of falling grist. "Ah," he said, "they have filled my dwelling with grist again while I was gone."

This was a quite common occurrence in the indeterminate young man's life, and the recurrence of it had left its mark on his *aufheben*.

"How long must I be the prey of evil grist mongers?" he sighed to himself gently as his words floated along in the evening breeze. "Once again I shall have to call the used grist store and ask them to come out and take this stuff off my hands. Tonight I shall have to sleep in the damp evening breeze. And still I have not found Blind Joe Death. I am indeed an unfulfilled, indeterminate, ambivalent young man."

Later that evening, he expired due to an advanced case of previously undetected Heisenbergian Indeterminacy. Later, and somewhat elliptically, I met myself coming through the back door. "The wolves," he said, looking out through the window before the stranger came in, "are gone now."



WALTER KAUFMAN



THE LATEST ADVENTURES OF
JOHN FAHEY & BILL BARTH, THE HARUSPEX:

**JOHN FAHEY AND BILL BARTH
 MEET EVIL DEVIL WOMAN**

OR

**JOHN FAHEY & BILL BARTH VISIT
 WACHEPRAGUE, MARYLAND**



Many years ago in the Orient while John Fahey was learning the martial art of Samurai sword fighting, Bill Barth was traveling through ancient Rustic Etrastica and there beside the waters of the Green River he met an ancient Haruspex named Tireseus, whom he befriended and who taught him the ancient divinatory art of seeing into the future by observing lightning, natural prodigies, and by viewing the entrails of sacrificial victims—Haruspicy. Later, when the advent of the downfall of the Adelphi Rolling Gristmill and the first foundation became apparent, both decided to dedicate their lives to law and order enforcement. They had been relatively successful in their endeavors until several recent foils by Evil Devil Woman.

It was in the old days before the flood during the first foundation. Civilization had been besieged for many years by Evil Devil Woman and the Evil Green Hoardes from the East. The question, which all the guardians of righteousness and justice were asking, was how long man might prevail against these bitter enemies of society. Could the demise of the first foundation be near at hand? When would the Transcendental Waterfall prophecy be fulfilled?

In his secret mountain hideout, Fahey was reading a newspaper article describing a recent robbery of a great quantity of being from a nearby bank, committed by Evil Devil Woman. "Hark," said Fahey, "those crooks can't get away with their heinous plot to steal being from the world and transpose it somewhere else. Who do they think they are anyway? Why should anyone have a monopoly on being?" Reading a little farther, Fahey jumped up and said, again addressing his faithful servant, Barth, "Karl, we've got to do something about this. Barth, twang your magic Haruspicy divining machine and see what our chances are."

"My name is Bill, damn it," said Barth.

"Oh, all right, Karl. But look here. We've got to get to work."

Barth begrudgingly turned on the secret machine and looked into the view-scope. "Boss," he said, "things don't look so bad as I thought. We'll get those crooks but good by the beard of Yahweh."

Later, standing by the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere near the ancient deserted city of Wacheprague, Fahey on his great Clydesdale horse, Kairos, said to his faithful servant, Barth, "Here they come, Barth. We got here in the midst of time."

"Yes, Boss," said Barth.

From out of the ocean slowly emerged a gigantic green brontosaurus. On its back majestically sat Evil Devil Woman and Crocodile Man and Gos-Hawk Man, and Gruff the Tragic Wagon. There, in their evility, were Elephant Woman and She Wolf and all the other Evil Densons of the Underworld.

"Great Glark," said Barth.

"Holy Gleeps," said Fahey.

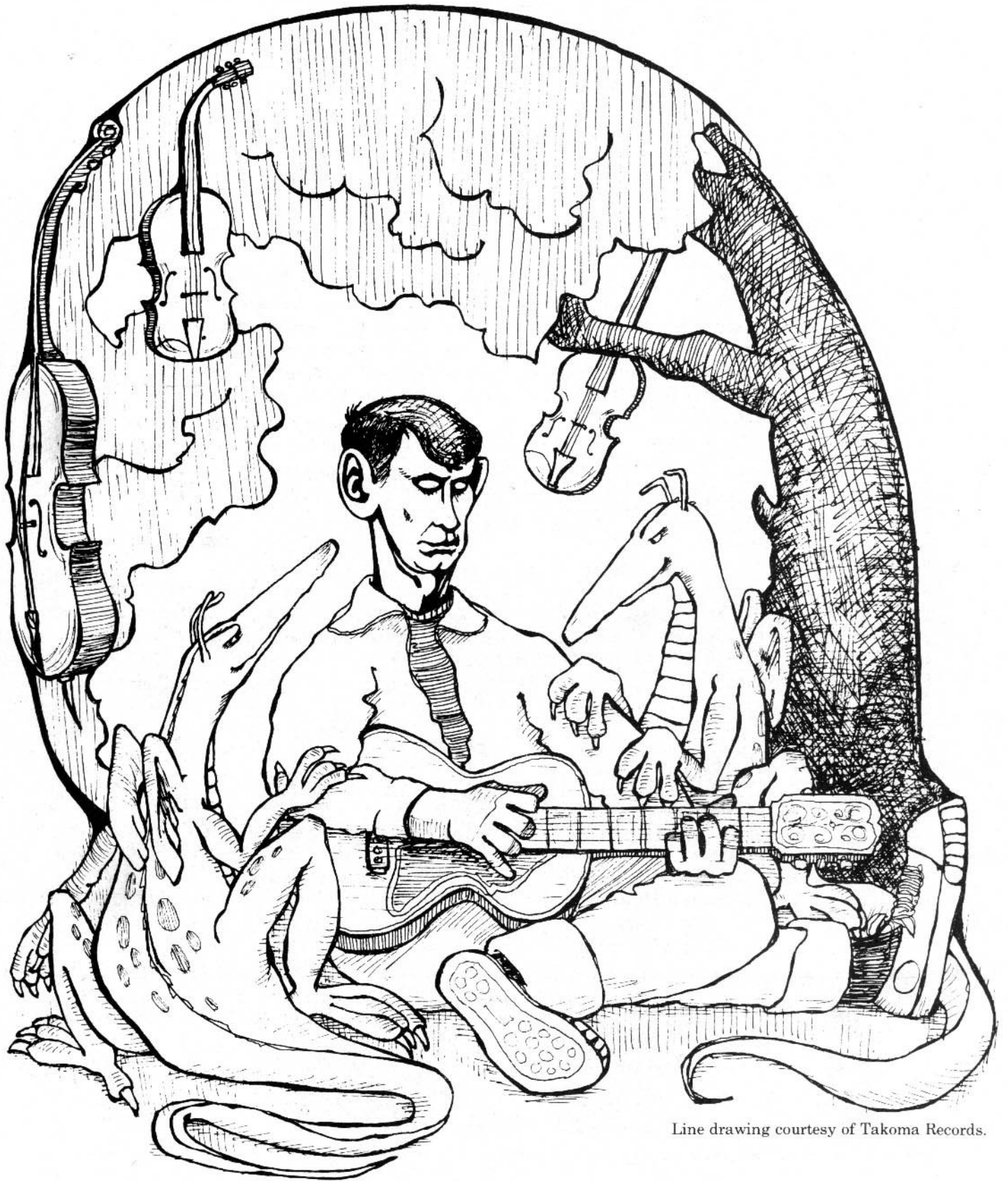
"Boss! Boss! They've got Enigmatizing Ephemerizing Chimerizing Eglioclastical Recalcitrating Machine. Boss! Boss! What'll we do?" screamed Barth.

"Relax, Barth," said Fahey. "You don't understand big business. I'll do a number 725 kata all around 'em and that'll sure put those crooks in bitter lemon straits." At that, Fahey, with Magic Samurai Sword Zen Bong, danced fiery, magical circles all around the Evil Densons of the Underworld and Evil Green Hoards from the East, thrice. The evil ones were soon routed. Evil Devil Woman fell into the sea, clinging to She Wolf. Enigmatizing Ephemerizing Chimerizing Eglioclastical Recalcitrating Machine's tubes exploded. Evil Devil Woman and Crocodile Man and all the other evil ones were turned into brine.

"Zen Bong gong fong," said Zen Bong Magic Samurai Sword.

"Yes," said Fahey, "it's all over now. We've made the world safe for Kledonomanacy."





Line drawing courtesy of Takoma Records.

ROOTS

In the hot summer months of July and August, dust rises in the quiet streets of Takoma Park. The Sligo River becomes a chain of narrow, muddy ponds. The rural Maryland countryside becomes a veritable pot of steam as the temperature passes 110°, and the humidity is not far behind. The old Southern Negroes, who work in the cottonfields there, have a *volk* saying that expresses all this quite well: "If the temperature passes 110°, can the humidity be far behind?"

I stopped in at People's drugstore. "Has anyone seen John Fahey or Blind Joe Death, or maybe Gerhaupt Hauffman?" I asked dissolutely. "They were recording stars for Paramount thirty years ago, and I was told that somebody here might know where they are."

"No," said the old man with the white beard from behind the counter, resolutely, "they've done been here and gone. Maybe—if you go down to the first fork in the road and turn left and then when you see the big house painted all over green and turn right and left and go by the railroad tracks and stop at the ethnic-looking water tower where once many years ago Jimmie Rodgers got stranded dissolutely—maybe if you do that, you'll see Heh God, and maybe he can tell you where they are."

It was noontime, and no gentle breezes blew across the hot cottonfields, in the midst of time. There, by the water tower, I found Heh God, and I opened my mouth and asked him the same question I'd been asking people for months: "Have you seen John Fahey or Blind Joe Death or Gerhaupt Hauffman?" There, by the water tower, I found Heh God, and he opened his mouth and said, hodologically: "No, I haven't seen them lately, but probably if you go down to the next left red light and turn green and ride over the great B & O viaduct and ask at the pool hall, maybe."

This sort of thing was not new to me. I remembered the months and months I had spent the previous winter, traveling across the continent and back again in search of the mysterious and elusive Hestum-Festum

Brothers—the constant disappointments, and then finally finding them, only to discover that they still hadn't learned to play or sing very well.

As I walked down Maple Avenue, the heat from the blacktop road began to get me. "Just keep going," I said to myself, imperatively, there in the midst of time. "You owe it to all the people in the 13th Century who started the whole business, to Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Jan Sibelius. You owe it to Heh God, and to the other downtrodden people of Takoma Park—to locate them hodologically. You owe it to all the good *volks* on the West Coast." Not very soon after this, I found them. They were sitting out in back of the Takoma Funeral Home, where Blind Joe Death had a part-time job embalming the downtrodden people of Takoma Park who had

gone on before.

As a little boy, John Fahey had sat at the feet of an old blind Negro, listening to the intensely personal blues and religious songs the old man played on his surrogate kithera.

Blind Joe never sang. He had no voice. He had been struck blind and dumb at the age of three by a local member of the NAACP for not complying with the organization's demand to learn barre chords and diminished augmented sevenths, so that he might disassociate himself from the myth of the Negro past. Here, thanks to the intensely personal stubbornness of an old man who refused to bow to the dictates of crass commercialism and political interfuge, sat John Fahey, at the feet of this old man, listening and waiting for his hands to grow big enough to play the surrogate kithera as did his mentor. For in Blind Joe Death's singing, the young white boy could discern a way in which he could express the intensely personal, bittersweet, biting, soul-stirring, *volk* poetry of the harsh, elemental, but above all, human, life of the downtrodden Takoma Park people (*volk*).

In time, Blind Joe's kithera was washed away in the great 1927 flood of the Sligo River, which many of the local *volk* recall with fear and trembling. Blind Joe, having recently acquired great wealth as a Paramount recording star, bought himself a Martin guitar, and found to his surprise that he could even better express the intensely personal, bittersweet, biting, soul-stirring, *volk* poetry of the harsh, elemental, but above all, human, life of the downtrodden Takoma Park *volk*, because this instrument had six strings instead of one.

John Fahey had made his first guitar from a baby's coffin, and led the old blind Negro through the back alleys and whorehouses of Takoma Park in return for lessons. When the Second World War broke out, John was already a musician in his own right. His career as a *volk* entertainer was briefly interrupted when he was drafted and sent to New Zealand to fight with the Allies against the Finno-Armenian invasion. After the war was over, John, a decorated war hero, returned to his home and re-established relations

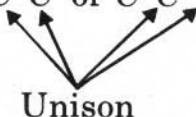
with Blind Joe. In 1952, only a few years before Blind Joe's bodily ascension, Melody Brennan, working in coordination with the Library of Congress (of Bessarabia), recorded the two of them and issued them on the now-rare Takoma label (for which, unfortunately, neither was paid, in the tradition of many recorded *volk* entertainers, such as Poor Boy Krennach, and Barbecue Cage). Now, thanks to those who remember, John Fahey has just finished a concert tour, and has won even more friends in his travels through this land, especially on the West Coast, singing and playing the intensely personal, urgently expressive music of the downtrodden people of Takoma Park. This record, *The Best Of John Fahey*, is for those who remember.

GUITAR TUNINGS

Here are some tunings you should know:

- Open *D* minor (Skip James tuning)
- Open *D* modal
- Open *C* *C* *G* *C* *G* *C* *E*, or one of these variants:

C *G* *C* *G* *C* *C* or *C* *C* *C* *G* *C* *E*



The open *C* is my favorite tuning. It has the widest range, chords are easy to find, and blues licks are all over the neck. The third is on the top string where it should be so you can get rid of it easily and only have fourths and fifths in your base.

You should also know chords in the open *C*, open *G* (Spanish), and open *D* tunings.

See also *C* *G* *E* *G* *C* *E*

SUNFLOWER RIVER BLUES

Arranged by
John Fahey

INTRO

"C" TUNING

INTRO

A B C

P.O. S P.O.

D E F G

P.O. P.O. S

H I

♩ = 176-184

Theme (A) \$

3 4 5

H

6 7 8

H

9 10 11

(A')

S

12 13 14

15 16 Theme (B) 17

18 19 20 (B)

A disgusting, degenerate, insipid young folklorist from the Croat & Isaiah Nettles Foundation for Ethnological Research meandered mesmerically midst marble mansions in Mattapan, Massachusetts. It was an unsavory, vapid day in the summer of 2010 as the jejune air from Back Bay transubstantiated itself autologically and gradu-

21 22 23

SECOND TIME ONLY

24 25 26

(A)

27 28 29

ally into an ozone-like atmosphere.

Knocking on a random door, haphazardly, the tasteless young man pondered the Hebraic inscription on the marble-tiled foot-brush, soporifically: "I wonder what the hell that means," he said to himself reflexively. The foot-brush backed itself into a corner at bay, with

30 31 32

33 34 35

36 37 38

its back to the wall. Then, hissing at the wishy-washy young man, it reared up on its hind leg, stared into space, vociferously & stolidly. At this juncture a somewhat equivocal shoe-shine man opened the door, munching on a vacant popsicle stick. Before greeting the young man he reached up with a tentacle and stroked the

39 to Coda ♩ 40A. 1. (B) 40B 2.

Theme ©

41 42 43

44 45 46

aging foot brush on its fore; thus quieting the beast's existential anxiety.

"Pardon me," the unflavored young man said casually, "Do you have any old arms or legs you'd like to sell? I'm paying thirty-seven, twenty-five, ninety-six, twelve cents apiece for old arms

Ⓐ REPEAT FROM BAR 2 (♫) TO CODA ♯ (END BAR 39). ♯ CODA
 49 THEN PLAY CODA (BAR 40 C).

& legs depending on the condition they're in."

"Just one moment," the splotted ontology professor mumbled, "I think we may have a few out back in the quagmire, or possibly near the fen, or then again we may have some by the waters of the boggy bayou. I must point out, however, that it is quite possible that we have none left. And I should also say that we may never have had any anyway. I certainly can't remember ever having any. Since the past went into a flux it's very difficult to remember anything, you know. But I'll certainly take a look. And don't

be afraid of my foot-brush. He's been in the family for years. And, while it is quite true to say that he hisses a lot, and he certainly does, it is also quite true to say that he never bites anyone except when he does. But that is not the same as to say that he has actually bitten people, and I certainly wouldn't go so far as to say that, because, well, for one thing I can't remember anyway. But I'll go look for those arms & legs like I said I would. Did I say I would?"

"Yes, you did," the stale young man replied weakly.

"Well, then I will, in all probability," the aging grave-digger muttered as he faded gradually through the irregular portal.

"Why, thank you," the insipid young man replied discordantly as he sat down on the jewelled obelisk. The degenerate young man considered his present state ponderously. "I wonder," he said quietly now to himself autologically, as the immense live-oak leaves scratched forebodingly against one another and scraped against the sides of the hovel in which the aging football-player lived, occasionally, "I wonder if I'll ever be able to get a better summer job. Perhaps some day if I can find the right size & shape---," he went on autochthonically, "--I'll get a raise."

At this point the grasping shoe-shine man re-entered the front gallery of the mansion and kicking the foot-brush into the obtuse corners, mid hisses & groans, spoke and said: "Here's a few you might look at. I found them out back in the fjord. They're not in very good shape, but then they're pretty old."

THE LAST STEAM ENGINE TRAIN

Arranged by
John Fahey

♩ = 200

SECTION I Theme (A)

STANDARD TUNING

E
B
G
D
A
E

5 2 7 2 9 7 8

2 7 7 7

3 2 0 2

5 6

H

2 1 2 1 2

7 8A 1.

H H S

8B 2. 9B

H H H

10B SECOND TIME THROUGH THE PIECE, GO TO VARIATION A' 8C 3.

S

SECTION II

During the second time through the piece there is a variation on the third "A" theme, presented at the end of this transcription.

9 **(B)**

10

12 **(B')** 13

"Just the kind I'm looking for," the young man replied repugnantly as he inspected them randomly. "Yes, very good," he went on languidly. "I'll give you \$5.00 for the lot, if that's alright?"

"Yes, that'll be fine," the acrobat replied. "Do you mind if I ask you what you're going to do with all those old arms & legs?"

14 15

16 17

(B)

18 19

"Gonna make new ones out of 'em," the young man replied degenerately, "Those, that is, that I can't eat."

"Oh, I see," replied the enema man. "Anything else you can use?" he went on judiciously. "How 'bout an old radio. It don't work now but it used to play real well. I also have a whole-

20 

22 

24 

gang of old bullrushes and cattails, and not only that, but I also have an old wind-up toilet. Could you use any of them?"

"No," the young man replied, "I'm sorry. You see, I'm working my way through college—as a road man for the Arabian-American Antique Company, and all I've been authorized to deal with

26 27

28 29 (B')

30 31

is old arms and legs. Occasionally hands & fingers separately if they're real good ones. There is one thing, though," he went on extensively, as he handed the turnip salesman a crisp, new five-dollar bill. "I can use a little information if you've got any of them. How long have you lived in Boston?" he asked randomly.

32 33

34 35 (B²)

36 37 (B³)

"Oh, 'bout forty years, give or take fifty," the gas man replied, "Why?"
 "Well, think back a few years. Did you ever go to any of the clubs around Boston during the 1960's and perchance see or hear of a guitar player named John Fahey? I need any information I can get on him for my Master's thesis. I'm doing it on pre-

38 39

REPEAT FROM TOP, INCLUDING
VARIATION A' BELOW. AT BAR 37
GO TO CODA (37A).

40 D.C. AL CODA ϕ 37A CODA

38A 39A 40A END

second foundation artistically creative geniuses."

"Well," mumbled the electrical gymnast, "that's been a mighty long time, you know. But come to think of it, he left such an undying vivid impression in my mind that I do remember him a little. I think I saw him a few times. You

The musical score is written on two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The first system is marked '1x' and '2x'. The second system is marked '3x' and '4x'. The music features various note values, rests, and fingerings indicated by numbers 2, 7, 8, 9, and 0.

know, they say he got eaten alive one night by a wild, man-eating GETCHELL that escaped from the zoo. Aside from that, all that I can remember is that his true meaning seemed to reside in the fact of his ontological reality, i.e.: in his existence, or perhaps in his epistemological fixity. For he existed just as, yea verily, you and I do, or at least that much anyway: he existed as no character of the imagination could exist. His great weight, mystery, and dignity were in this fact....."

"That's very interesting," the young man spoke quietly now, as the unwary cypress groves wended their way down the hill, towards the setting sun. "And, I never heard that about the GETCHELL before."

"Oh, it's true," continued the aged bee-keeper. "I'm sure any of the old-timers around here can tell you the same thing. There was a big to-do about it in the papers. I remember that. I have a very good memory you know. But I don't remember much else about him because nothing else caught my attention at the time. And besides it was so long ago. So dry long."

"Yes, I can certainly understand that," the young man stated flatly, but not too boldly. "Could you direct me to anyone else who might remember him?" the young man asked insipidly.

"You might try Ralph Riverboat," the old concentration-camp superintendent replied. "He used to live at Noyes Place,

POOR BOY

A LONG WAYS FROM HOME

Death learned this from an old Columbia record by Barbecue Bob [Columbia, 14246-D], which the Death household at one time possessed.

Arranged by
John Fahey

SECTION I

"D" TUNING: Theme (A)

SECOND TIME THROUGH, RHYTHM DISPLACED AS ILLUSTRATED

$\text{♩} = 192$

The musical score is written for guitar in "D" tuning (D-A-F#-D-A-D). It features a single melodic staff and a five-string guitar staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as 192 beats per minute. The score is divided into two systems, each containing two measures. The first system is labeled "Theme (A)". The second system is labeled "SECOND TIME THROUGH, RHYTHM DISPLACED AS ILLUSTRATED". The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and specific guitar techniques like bends and slides indicated by slurs and "7" (natural harmonics).

Musical score for measures 6, 7, and 8. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Measure 6 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass line consists of a half note G3 and a half note F#3. Measure 7 continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass line consists of a half note E3 and a half note D3. Measure 8 continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The bass line consists of a half note C3 and a half note B2.

Theme (B)

Musical score for measures 9, 10, and 11. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Measure 9 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass line consists of a half note G3 and a half note F#3. Measure 10 continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass line consists of a half note E3 and a half note D3. Measure 11 continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The bass line consists of a half note C3 and a half note B2.

Musical score for measures 12, 13, and 14. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Measure 12 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass line consists of a half note G3 and a half note F#3. Measure 13 continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass line consists of a half note E3 and a half note D3. Measure 14 continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The bass line consists of a half note C3 and a half note B2.

15 Theme ©

18 to Coda

21 THIRD TIME, TO BAR 34

down in the North End. I'll bet he could tell you something. But it is getting late. You and I are getting old and we are going to die someday," the retired prelate went on.

"Yes, and we are growing old with whoars," the insipid young man replied diagnostically.

24A (1.) 24B 2. 25B

26B (A) 27B

28B 29B 30B

"That is most certainly true," the old publisher went on, "but you go down and see Ralph Riverboat. I'm sure he'd remember Fahey if anybody would....."

"Yes, I have seen Fahey," said Riverboat. The insipid

31B 32B 33B REPEAT FROM SIGN AT BAR 9 THEN TO 34

SECTION II

34 (FROM BAR 22) 35 36 Theme ①

37 38 39

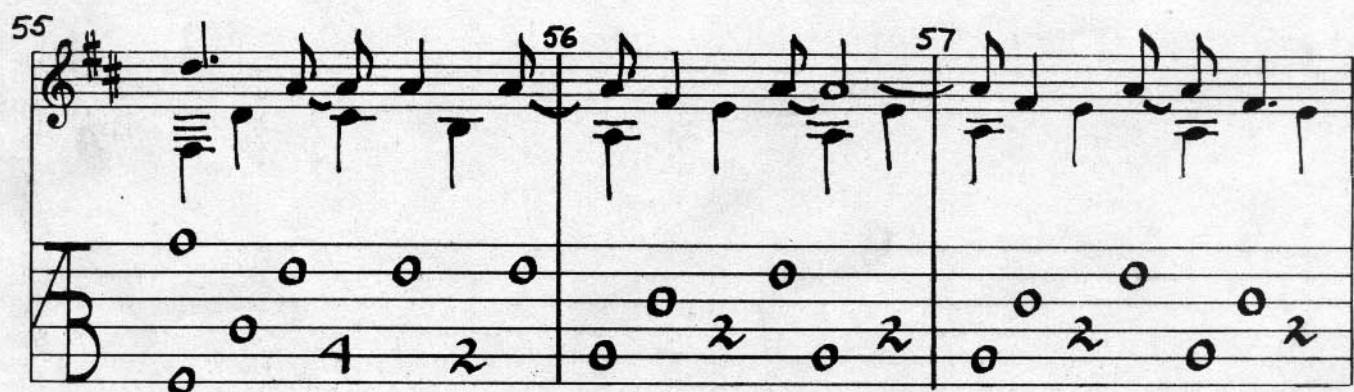
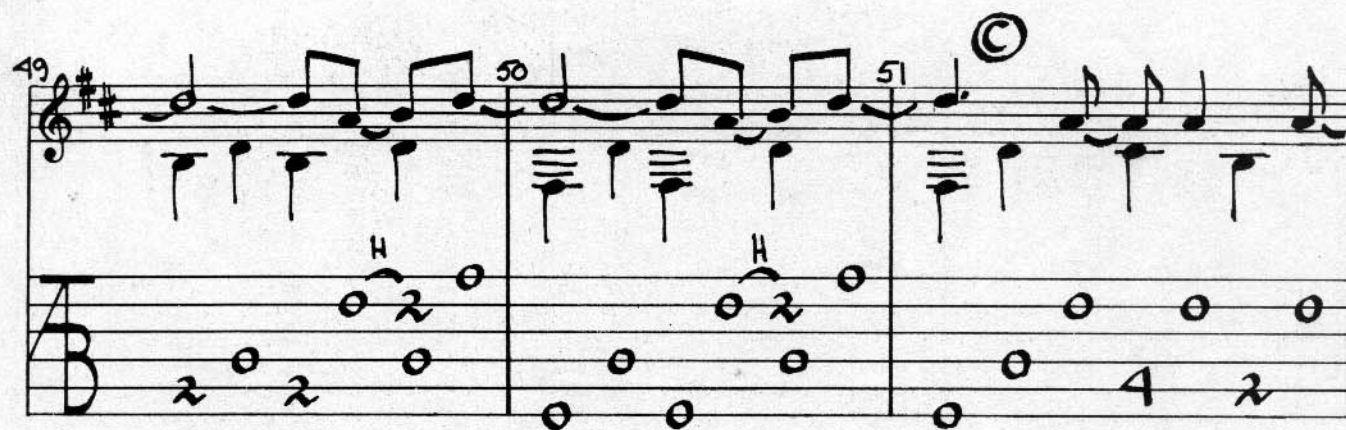
young man observed with distaste the moans and shudders racking his aged frame. Wonderment superseded distaste as the old man continued, after a time, "I have seen many fahays, and also the place from which Blind Joe Death made his bodily ascension and was transfigured. And also, son," and

40 41 42

43 44 45

46 47 48

once again he sank into the deepest distress, "I have seen John Fahey." The young man feared that something like this would happen. At the desk he had been told that Riverboats' lucid periods were becoming rarer and rarer, that reality receded ever further from his grasp. And yet the young man realized



that his entire future at Nettles depended on what he could find out from the aging schizophrenic as to the fading legend of the elusive John Fahey.

"Many Faheys?"

"Oh God! I searched and searched everywhere, but

PLAY Ⓐ AS FIRST TIME THROUGH,
REPEAT FROM TOP TO BAR 19,
THEN PLAY CODA Ⓐ

Ⓐ Coda

58 59 60

61 62 63

64 65 66

they were all stooges. There were surrogate Faheys, Bogus Deaths, Denison's zombies were everywhere, the poor devils---the poor devils---." His voice trailed off, and he became lost in distant reflection. The young man pondered for a time on all of this, and on the possible grain of truth in these demented ravings.

WHEN SPRING TIME COMES AGAIN

Arranged by
John Fahey

INTRO : SECTION I

Theme (A)

$\text{♩} = \text{♪}$ $\text{♩} = 80$
3

"DROPPED D" TUNING

VERY CAREFULLY

The musical score is written for guitar and bass. The guitar part is in 'Dropped D' tuning, indicated by the 'D' on the low E string. The bass part is in standard tuning. The music is in 3/4 time. The guitar part consists of three systems of four measures each, marked 1 through 11. The bass part consists of three systems of four measures each, marked 1 through 11. The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of chords and single notes.

Musical notation for measures 12-15. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef. Measure numbers 12, 13, 14, and 15 are indicated above the first staff.



Musical notation for measures 16-19. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef. Measure numbers 16, 17, 18, and 19 are indicated above the first staff. The section is labeled "Theme (B)" above measure 16.

Theme (B)



Musical notation for measures 20-23. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef. Measure numbers 20, 21, 22, and 23 are indicated above the first staff.



SECTION II $\text{♩} = 200$

Theme (A)

All he knew was that Fahey (& Death) had recorded for ED Denson's Takoma label in the early 1960s, for all this was in the standard discographies in the reserve stacks at the Bogus Blind Ben Covington Memorial Library at Nettles. In addition, Fahey was known to have lived at this time in greater Los Angeles,

35 36 37

38 39 40

41 42 43

and thus had presumably perished in the great catclysm, along with the rest of coastal Southern California. Not much, for a master's thesis, but even the flimsiest straw had to be clutched now.

"Tell me, Mr. Riverboat, about the -- Faheys -- you have known. How many did you --- say ---?"

44 45 46

47 48 49

Theme (B) 50 51 52

"I came to know many Faheys during the time I spent with the EVIL DENSONS OF THE UNDERWORLD. Yes, as I said, I even saw John Fahey a few times, though it was more than I could bear." Again his frame began to shudder, but he continued on, "But the one Fahey I knew well, and the only one

53 54 55

56 57 58

59 60 61

on the outside, was the one I recorded in Boston. Of course, I thought at the time I was recording John Fahey, but I became suspicious when I read in *Variety* that on the very eve of the recording, John Fahey was playing a benefit at Boys' Town in Missouri. I decided to ask 'Fahey' about this when I arrived home (for

'Fahey' was staying there while working the local coffee houses.) But upon my arrival I was greeted with a horrible scatological sight: 'Fahey' was slumped in a chair, transfixed with terror, shaking visibly from head to foot, and staring fixedly at an envelope, and waves of terror began to flood through me as

Theme ①

FIRST TIME ONLY

74A

75A

74B

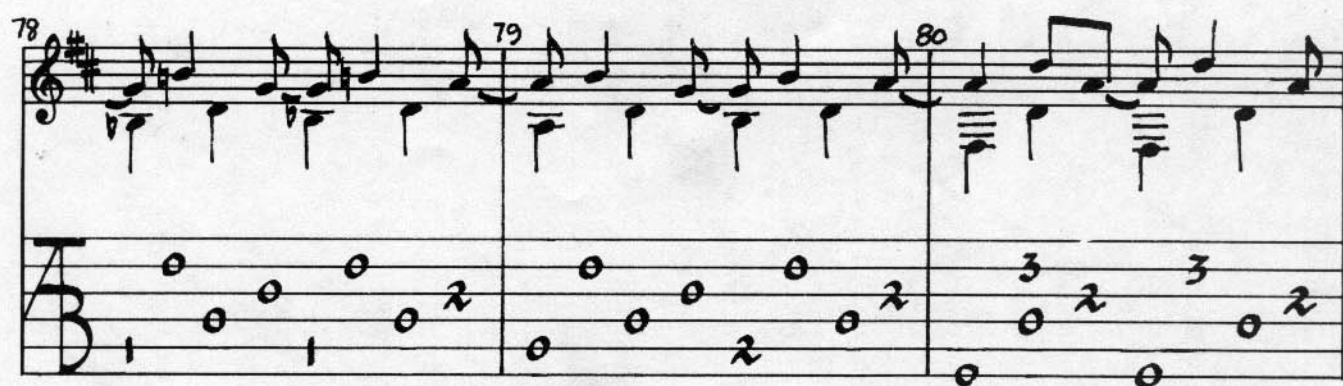
SECOND TIME ONLY

75B

76

77

I examined it, for it was addressed to Chester C. Petranick %... me! The return address read: Harmonica ED, Box 2233, Berkeley, California. As I shook the envelope, so as to remove the enclosed letter, I discovered that there was no letter, for instead, in my outstretched palm, I observed a little mound of...



---grift!"

"I looked down with increasing alarm, for 'Fahey' was now staring at me, with wild, imploring eyes."

"Fearfully I asked him, 'What does this mean?' and fearfully he replied, 'It is death.'"

87 88 89

SECTION III

Theme (E)

THIS SOUND IS AN OVERTONE, PRODUCED
BY THE THUMB'S G AN OCTAVE LOWER

90 91 92

93 94 95

Silence filled the room, and again Riverboat's mind began to wander. The young scholar sat transfixed for many moments considering the words of the reminiscing madman, and then spoke: "Chester C. Petranick wrote the notes for Fahey's 'Death Chants,' and also an album with Blind Joe Death." His voice was low-



ered in reverence, and in confusion. "Are you saying that this person at your home was the same Petranick?"

But there was no response, for Riverboat was suddenly staring at a bottle which the young man had brought with him. "What is that, son?" he asked. He seemed to be in a state of

105 Theme (G) 106 107

108 109 110

111 112 113

considerable agitation.

"Oh, it's just an economy size jar of 'SHE-WOLF' brand homogenized afterbirth for my GETCHELL. Why do you ask?"

But there were to be no more answers from Ralph Riverboat. Paranoia engulfed him in tortured waves, and as

Theme (E)

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains measures 114 and 115, and the second system contains measure 116. The music is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, along with fingerings and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score for guitar, measures 117-119. The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef. Measure 117 shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with a '2' (second fret) and a '2' (second fret). Measure 118 shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with a '5' (fifth fret) and a '5' (fifth fret). Measure 119 shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with a '5' (fifth fret) and a '5' (fifth fret).

he glared at the insipid young man, he began to rant and rave about "Denson's afterbirth empire, the FEMALE GETCHELL, LINDA, EVIL DEVIL WOMAN, ALLIGATOR MAN, and BILL BARTH, KEEPER of the FAHEY." And then he turned on the insipid young man, screaming "Getchell-

Theme (G)

lover," again and again as he tore the room to shreds in his fury. As the attendants poured through the entrance he smashed the jar of afterbirth in impotent rage, shouting: "JOHN FAHEY, JOHN FAHEY, JOHN FAHEY," and "Beware, beware of Denson and his Cetchells who may yet

132 133 D.S. AL CODA

Repeat Section II from \$in (bar 33) to \$, (end bar 87), then play Coda below (bar 88B).

88B Coda 89B 90B

conquer the world."

But the young man was now gone. He was running down the hall, flushed by waves of resolution the like of which he had seldom known, for he now had a lead on JOHN FAHEY. And yet----could it be? Could the ED Denson of TAKOMA, in those far-off days, be the same as the ED Denson, the aging, eccentric tycoon who had revolutionized the American pet scene with his lovable, tamed Cetchells and his patented, homogenized "She-Wolf" brand afterbirth?

"Yes, it is so," said Denson, as he casually picked a pair of fleas from his beard and fed them to one of the

GETCHELLS. "I do have information which might prove useful to you for your JOHN FAHEY thesis. You will, of course, understand that I am a busy man, with but limited time to devote to many projects. Nonetheless, JOHN FAHEY is a subject dear to my heart, and I feel I can devote an hour or two to the topic. You see, FAHEY is to be the aesthetic standard of the new order."

The cringing youth was euphoric for he had scarcely dared to hope that an insignificant, degenerate cipher such as himself could ever actually talk with ED Denson, whom presidents dared not offend. It was, in fact, a very curious business.

They had been throwing him out of DENSON INTERGALACTIC HEADQUARTERS in the bustling seaport town of San Bernardino when an old man of eighty-six heard him sputtering about JOHN FAHEY. He was a dark-skinned janitor from India named N. S. DHUSTY, an incredible figure who identified himself, auto-chthonically, reflexively, and autologically as JOHN FAHEY's Veena teacher, somewhat relatively. It was he who had henceforth brought the youth to DENSON'S INNER SANCTUM under the desolate scorched wasteland of the Mojave desert. The insipid young man wondered at all this, and was awestruck by the eerie series of compartments which comprised DENSON's catacombs. He was now two levels beneath the ground. Soon, however he was on the third level, where he encountered

SOME SUMMER DAY

Blind Joe Death learned this song from Jim Lee, Bertha Lee's brother, and sang it frequently with his old friend and World War I buddy, Charley Patton.

Arranged by
John Fahey

triple feeling $\text{♩} = \text{♩}^3$
♩ = 69-72

STANDARD TUNING

Theme (A)

3

4

5 6

5 8 5 8 5 10 7 10 8 5 8 5 5 5 9

7 8

Ⓑ

12 9 12 10 12 8 8 7 8 8 8 8 8 8

9 10

Ⓒ

5 6 6 6 5 6 5 5 6 6 5 6 6 5

11 12

Ⓐ

5 8 5 8 5 10 7 10 8 5 8 5 8 5

13

14

15

16A

16B

17

SPEED UP $\text{♩} = 92$

THUMB ON DOWN-STEMS

an ungodly din. For, as he looked on in amazement, fifty-odd white-haired guitarists of varying abilities were struggling with "THE DOWNFALL of the ADELPHI ROLLING GRISTMILL", and all at once. After a seemingly interminable period, the cacophony lurched to a halt as a lone

TO TEMPO 18 7 19 SPEED UP

TO TEMPO 20 7 21 SPEED UP

TO TEMPO 22 7 23

instructor bellowed out directions concerning right-hand technique. Once again the group went into action, lumbering clumsily through the selection.

"I am very concerned with this group's progress, or rather the lack of it," said Denson. "Even hypno-training

24

25

26

27

SPEED UP

28

TO TEMPO

29

Go to page 67 (79)

is not producing any noticeable results----I fear the worst. We'll have to brainwash them, start from scratch----but the inconvenience, not to mention the delay, seriously impairs the entire project."

"What project?"

30 31

REPEAT FROM BEGINNING TO Φ (END BAR 13)
THEN PLAY CODA, BAR 33

32 33

D.C. AL CODA Φ CODA

34 35

"Come in here and I'll show you," said Denson, leading the baffled youth into the next room. "See these (at this point throwing a pile of Billboards, Cashboxes, and Varieties into the youth's lap)----they're all saying the same thing. Folk music, and folk-related music, is coming in again, and it's

SPANISH DANCE

Arranged by
John Fahey

$\text{♩} = 112$

STANDARD TUNING

INTRO

A B C D

E
B
G
D
A
E

Theme (A) SECTION I $\text{♩} = 112$

Handwritten musical score for measures 7-9. Measure 7 is marked with a circled B (B). Measure 8 has a circled 3 above it. Measure 9 is marked with a circled A' (A'). The score is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The bass line includes fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a triplet of eighth notes in measure 9.

Handwritten musical score for measures 10-12. Measure 10 has a circled A' (A'). Measure 11 has a circled A' (A'). Measure 12 has a circled A' (A'). The score is written on a grand staff. The bass line includes fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a triplet of eighth notes in measure 10.

Handwritten musical score for measures 13-15. Measure 13 is marked with a circled A' (A'). Measure 14 is marked with a circled A' (A'). Measure 15 is marked with a circled B' (B'). The score is written on a grand staff. The bass line includes fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a triplet of eighth notes in measure 13.

Handwritten musical score for measures 16-17. Measure 16 is marked with a circled A' (A'). Measure 17 is marked with a circled A' (A'). The score is written on a grand staff. The bass line includes fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a triplet of eighth notes in measure 16.

SECTION II

18 19 ^(A) 20

21 ^(A) 22 23 ^(B)

24 25 ^(C)

going to be big – I mean really big, much bigger than the '60s." He was suddenly engulfed in a wave of excitement as he said, "It'll be just like old times --- I'll have a FAHEY in every city, town or hamlet which has a coffee house. But that is only the beginning." He was now speaking rapidly,

Handwritten musical notation for measures 26 and 27. The notation is in treble and bass clefs. Measure 26 shows a melody in the treble and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes. Measure 27 continues the melody and bass line.

2→

Handwritten musical notation for measures 28 and 29. The notation is in treble and bass clefs. Measure 28 shows a melody in the treble and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes. Measure 29 continues the melody and bass line.

2→

Handwritten musical notation for measures 30 and 31. The notation is in treble and bass clefs. Measure 30 shows a melody in the treble and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes. Measure 31 continues the melody and bass line.

2→

with a feverish glint in his eyes. "Supermarkets! That's where the real money is to be made! I'll have FAHEYS playing for the little woman in shopping emporiums throughout the inhabited universe. It's always been my grandest scheme, save for one." He was now indulging in a smile of pride, and

SECTION III

FIRST TIME ONLY

32 33A 34A

2-7

SECOND TIME ONLY

33B 34B 35

3-7 2-7

36 37 38

2-7 3-7

of surpassing wisdom. "I will call it the INTERGALACTIC FAHEY SUPPLY," he said, "What do you think of it?"

The insipid young man hesitated for a long moment, and then surprised even himself. "Pardon me for asking you, Mr. Denson, and don't consider me impolite or ungrateful, but

39 **(B)** 40

2-7
3-7

41 **(A')** 42 43 **(A')**

2-7
3-7

44 45 **(A')** 46

2-7
3-7

what makes you think that the housewives of our universe want to listen to JOHN FAHEY?" It should be borne in mind that the feeble youth seldom spoke or enquired so decisively. But Denson didn't seem to mind.

"Son, to come up in this world you need a proper under-

47 **(B')** 48 49 **(A)**

50 51A **(A)** FIRST TIME ONLY 52A

53A **(A)** 54A 51B **(A)** SECOND TIME ONLY

standing of power, and its legitimate use toward profitable ends."

He was again pulling at crawling things in his beard, which seemed to the young man to be unaccountably mangy for a man of his stature. "In this instance, one must not forget the utility of my AFTERBIRTH EMPIRE, for it is true that

52B 53B (A¹¹) 54B

3-7

55 (B) 56

2-7 3-7 31 →

REPEAT SECTION III (BARS 33B TO 56)
TO CODA ♯. THEN PLAY CODA (BAR 59)
TO END.

57 (B) 58

2-7 21 →

the good housewives may at first find FAHEY's music unsettling as they wend their way through the aisles. But, you see, the housewives have little choice in the matter, for I shall make the wholesale shipments of my homogenized afterbirth contingent on the installation of a FAHEY in each and every chain store. The

88

♩ CODA ©

59

60

61

62

63

64

Handwritten '39' in the left margin.

owners of the supermarket chains, you will appreciate, will be in a quite difficult position, for the lovable beasts will eat nothing else, save for people. Nearly all families have at least one GETCHELL now, and would be forced to take their business elsewhere. This would, of course, be intolerable for the supermarket owners



in question, and thus we have the INTERGALACTIC FAHEY SUPPLY. I shall make millions. But come along now for there is much more to show you."

At this point Denson led the young man down a further flight of stairs, to the fourth level. "This is the basement,"

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BABY

This song, which is preserved in the archives of the Groat and Isaiah Nettles *Volkmusik* Library in Heliotrope, Maryland, has only one verse.

Arranged by
John Fahey

STANDARD TUNING

1A 1B

2 3 4

5 6 7

8 9 10

11 12 13

14 15

16 17 18

19 20 21

22 23 24

said Denson. "Perhaps you might find further conversation with our janitor, DHUSTY, illuminating. After all, he was in Boston with----oh, which one was it now, for it was an unsettling business." He now halted, for the mysterious old Indian had appeared, and was brushing grime and dust from his turban.

25 26 27

28 29

30 31

As he spotted Denson, he fell to his knees in a gesture of obeisance.
 "You called, Mafsa?"

"No, but that's all right, for this young man that you brought here seems interested in that record Chester cut in Boston, and perhaps you could tell him about it, for I shall

32 33

5 2 2 0 0 0 0

1 3 1 0 0 0 0

34 35

3 0 3 3 0 0 0

3 0 3 0 0 0 0

36A 1. 36B 2.

3 2 0 2 1 0 0

3 3 2 0 0 0 0

be busy a brief time. I'll be back soon, however."

As the wealthy eccentric receded from view, the cowardly young student was lost in thought. It was slowly dawning on him that most of RIVERBOAT'S "mad ravings" were being confirmed as stark realities. In fact, it even crossed his mind that ED Denson was not necessarily very concerned with his personal welfare and happiness. But before he could deal with these musings in a systematic manner (for the young man was very systematic) he was interrupted by the aging janitor, who was reminiscing about the Boston period, and who appeared to be very agitated by his recollections.

"I begged him not to do it," he said, and tears streamed from his eyes, "but poor Chester was so miserable, for he hated being a mere functionary, a straw-man. He couldn't realize that he was a necessary and valued contributor to an undertaking greater than himself. So often Mafsa would come around to the quarters and tell us how he loved us all and that 'we were everything, and he but nothing!' 'Nothing' he said, and he such a great man." DHUSTY paused, wiping the tears from his face, and then continued, "You see, he recorded tapes for a FAHEY album for RALPH RIVERBOAT without Mafsa's permission.

True, it was THE FAHEY, note for note (there never was a better FAHEY interpreter than Chester) but Denson hadn't OK'd it. And despite the bond of friendship between us, I had to tell Mafsa, and---- Chester paid dearly, for the crime was unforgivable. The tapes were subsequently recovered, some of which appeared on the Takoma album "The Great San Bernardino Birthday-party"

I'M GONNA DO ALL I CAN FOR MY LORD

Arranged by
John Fahey

$\text{♩} = 120$

STANDARD
TUNING

(CAPO 3 or 4) 1

Theme (A)

E
B
G
D
A
E

Measures 1 and 2 of the guitar theme. The treble clef staff shows a melody starting on a whole rest, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef staff shows a bass line with whole notes and half notes, including fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a 'H' (harmonic) marking.

Measures 3 and 4 of the guitar theme. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line with fingerings and a 'H' marking in measure 4.

Measures 5 and 6 of the guitar theme. Measure 5 is marked with a circled 'A' and a '5'. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line with fingerings and 'H' markings.

7 8

Handwritten musical notation for measures 7 and 8. Measure 7: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. Measure 8: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. A 'H' is written above the bass clef staff in measure 8.

9 10

(A²)

Handwritten musical notation for measures 9 and 10. Measure 9: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. Measure 10: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. A 'H' is written above the bass clef staff in measure 9.

11 12

Handwritten musical notation for measures 11 and 12. Measure 11: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. Measure 12: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3.

13 14

(B)

Handwritten musical notation for measures 13 and 14. Measure 13: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3. Measure 14: Treble clef has a half note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4. Bass clef has a half note G3, quarter note A3, quarter note B3, quarter note A3, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, quarter note E3.

15 16

17 18

(B')

19 20

along with several items by the real FAHEY, but it was a close call."

"But what happened to RALPH RIVERBOAT?"

"DHUSTY brought him here, for he sought information on JOHN FAHEY much like yourself." It was ED Denson talking; he had just returned. "I did not disappoint him,

21 **(B²)**

23 24

25 **(B³)**

and likewise you shall not be disappointed. Come along, son, for there is yet much for you to see."

It was dark and damp in DENSON'S UNDERGROUND. DHUSTY led the way, through the winding passages with a lone candle, which was flickering mesmerically, casting faint

27 28

29 30

31 32

flashes of pale yellow on the surrounding walls of rock. It was completely, utterly silent. And then---- a "room" the size of a house. In the middle of this huge clearing was an underground brook, spanned by a wooden footbridge, whose gurgling and babbling seemed strangely amplified and distorted

33 $\textcircled{\text{B}^5}$ 34

35 36

37 $\textcircled{\text{C}}$ 38

as it echoed through the cavern. And to the left, just off the path, was a curious mound about two feet high. DHUSTY and Denson were now gazing at it, and tears had come to their eyes. DHUSTY had fallen on his knees again, and appeared to be praying.

"What is it?" implored the youth.

Handwritten musical score for three systems of music, measures 39-44. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time. Measures 39-40 show a vocal melody with eighth and quarter notes, and piano accompaniment with eighth notes and rests. Measure 41 includes a C-clef change and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). Measure 42 continues the melody with a sharp sign. Measures 43-44 show further development of the melody and accompaniment.

"It is grist," replied Denson. He was now running it through his hands, watching it as it drifted irresolutely through the dank, heavy air. "This, my son, is the GRAVE of BLIND JOE DEATH. And it was here, on February 5, 1962, that I witnessed his bodily ascension and transfiguration. Thus was introduced the new age,

45 **(D)**

47

49 **(C)**

for which DEATH is to be the religious standard."

"Oh, Mafsa!" exclaimed DHUSTY, who was radiating joy, light and peace to all beings. "Surely DEATH was an incarnation of the Supreme Brahmin, that which has no form, but which knoweth all form, and which is known to man in the form of love and compassion

51 52

53 54

(A)

55 56

between sentient creatures."

"Yes, DHUSTY, it is as you say, and it is my fondest wish, that I might bring the message to all the world." As Denson spoke his voice became charged with the heady recklessness, fixity of purpose, and quiet desperation of the fanatic. In his eyes

57 ³A

58

59

60

was the fixed gleam of insanity, as he clutched his harmonica to his bosom. At this time the cringing student again became fearful about his personal safety. He knew about these odd types. One had to be careful. Unfortunately, before he could formulate a definite plan of action, Denson was talking to him again.

"Come along, son, we are approaching DENSON'S UNDERWORLD, the last stop of your little tour. And the three crossed the bridge, coming upon a large door of graven cypress hitherto lost in shadow, which Denson promptly opened, calling out: "Barth, come hither." And at length a strange figure appeared in the entrance. He seemed ancient and withered, his hunched frame clothed in a tattered old robe across which dashed the ram, the bull, the scorpion, and all the other figures of the zodiac. "What do you want, boys?"

IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST

This is a hymn that was sung, in its world historical aspect, by Captain Marvel and the Mole Men during their heroic attempt to destroy the theological stranglehold of the 1920s.

Arranged by
John Fahey

INTRO

STANDARD TUNING

INTRO

STANDARD TUNING

A B H

SECTION I ♩ = 126

SECTION I ♩ = 126

C D E 2

Handwritten musical score for guitar, measures 8-12. The score is written on two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass staff. Measures 8-12 are shown. The bass staff includes fret numbers (3, 5, 7, 1, 2, 3) and a 5/7 time signature. The treble staff shows chords and melodic lines.

♩ = 208(+)

SECTION II

17 18 19

20 21 22

23 24 25

"Barth, I want you to show this young man around the UNDERWORLD, and tell him anything he wants to know. He knows quite a bit already --- deal with him accordingly." And Denson and DHUSTY were suddenly gone.

"Come with me, young man," the ancient rabbinical figure com-

26 27 28

29 30 31 A & B 1. & 2.

32 A & B 31 C 3. 32 C SECTION III

manded in a resolute and confident tone, "for I have much to show you," he went on, as he led the insipid youth through yet another winding corridor. But this was only a short one, for in but a few minutes they had emerged into yet another 'room,' smaller than the last, but infinitely more terrifying. In the center a fire-blazed, casting strange, flecting



images on the walls of rock and ice. And built into the far wall was a row of cages! For here lived---the **EVIL DENSONS** of the **UNDERWORLD!!** "Let me show you my pretty little pets," he went on, his voice now rising to meet the occasion into an elated tone. As they approached the first cage which contained a white-haired,

46 47 48 49

50 51 BAR 52 III

wolf-like, apparently female but somewhat indeterminate withered-up, skinny old humanoid, they were greeted by agonized shrieks and gnarls. "This," said Barth, as he jabbed the beast with the sharpened end of his staff, "this is my lovely pet SHE-WOLF. Isn't her hair lovely?" he chuckled evilly to himself. "And in this cage," he

went on, eyes burning now with pride as he pointed to the adjacent cage, is her mate, EVIL DEVIL WOMAN." Again they were greeted by an evil snarl from the somewhat darker haired and plumper creature. "But my dear young man," he went on, "before I can tell you their story, I must show you SHE-WOLF'S ALTERNATE MATE: GOS-HAWK MAN, for it was he who invented ED's most popular product: SHE-WOLF BRAND AFTERBIRTH!" And there in the third cage was another creature, more hairy and dark than the rest, somewhat small, and sitting on its haunches in the corner munching on a Eucalyptus tree leaf. "Many years ago," the hebraic patriarch went on, "GOS-HAWK MAN- when he was out in the world somewhere- gave shelter one night to a strange visitor to the city in which he then resided. It was none other than SHE-WOLF, great with child, and with no place to lay her weary fangs. That night, somewhat parthenogenically, she bore a child, a child which had wings and which flew away shortly afterwards never to be heard of again. GOS-HAWK MAN, easily duped into submission by the EVIL CHTHONIC FORCES of the UNDERWORLD, helped deliver the child or whatever it was, and conceived that night an idea which was to have intergalactic repercussions. For GOS-HAWK MAN had residing with him a pet kitten, and being broke and destitute at the time he had no food to feed the poor creature. In the morning while SHE-WOLF was sleeping, exhausted from her labor, and nursing her child or whatever it was, on her middle breast, GOS-HAWK MAN crept up to her pallet and gathered together the afterbirth in his grubby little claws and hid it in the refrigerator. Later he attempted to feed it to his cat and found that the cat would eat it and thrive on it, but unfortunately didn't, apparently, like the flavor very much. He kept a small portion in the refrigerator and whenever She-Wolf would go

out to catch her prey he experimented on the substance in his secret laboratory, to try to find a way to make the substance more palatable to his cat. Eventually he found that by homogenizing it and adding certain spices and herbs, his cat relished the substance. He then set about to synthesize the substance for he planned to manufacture it as a commercial cat food. But one night ED, who had the place wired and who had been watching through a rear window for some time, broke in with his storm troopers, spirited GOS-HAWK MAN and SHE-WOLF away and stole the magic formula which GOS-HAWK MAN had finally created. And that, young man, is the story of the invention of the afterbirth which folks all over the world, and perhaps you yourself, feed to their pet GETCHELLS."

"Amazing," the young man gasped, "I had no idea that..."

"Yes," interrupted Barth at this point, "ED has this wonderful gift of getting the most out of people." Turning then to the rest of the cages, Barth continued: "And in these cages we keep various species of GETCHELLS which we use to, uh, shall we say, induce some of our more, uh, reticent guests, to uh, coöperate with us. These GETCHELLS come from the original wild stock mothered somewhat parthenogenically by the female GETCHELL, LINDA, after her escape from the Boston zoo. She bears them somewhat autochthonically in her secret mountain hideout, where she is spending her last remaining years, completely alone, except when she sporadically bears a young un. She has been there ever since she escaped from the zoo. But of course we have the whole area wired and televised so that as soon as she bears one we steal it away from her and bring it here. She lives alone because she can get along neither with her own kind (for they

GIVE ME CORNBREAD WHEN I'M HUNGRY

Arranged by
John Fahey

♩ = 184 - 192

"G" TUNING

Theme (A)

3 4 5 (A)

6 7 8

9 10 11 (A)

S S S S

5 5

12 13 14

15 (A') 16

17 18 19 (B)

20 21

22 23 (B) 24

have all long since been domesticated, but she always refused even the slightest concessions in this direction) nor with human beings (for these she has an uncontrollable desire to tear apart with her sharp claws, a desire which she promptly carries out whenever she runs across any people in her mountains.)"

25 26 27 (A)

28 29 30

31 32

"And that, of course," continued Barth, "brings us to the topic in which you are primarily interested, i.e.: namely FAHEY."

"Yes, FAHEY," the young man replied. "Do go on."

"Ah," gloated Barth gleefully, "My favorite topic. Yes, I will tell you about FAHEY. You see, I had known FAHEY for several years



before I came into ED's employ, and frankly I never liked him very much. As a matter of fact, you might say that I despised him, for FAHEY (at least this has always been my opinion, and I must confess that ED never agreed with me about this--nor anybody else for that matter) was not half the guitarist I was, and he never did get half as good as I am.

42 $\textcircled{\text{D}}'$ 43 44

45 $\textcircled{\text{E}}$ 46 47

48 $\textcircled{\text{E}}$ 49 50

But HE (and not I), HE, the slimy bastard---." As he said this a look of infinite rage and uncontrollable hatred crossed his countenance-- "HE was the one that got all the jobs. HE got all the glory. HE got all the money. HE got everything, and I got nothing. But I got him," he said chuckling evilly and smiling malefically, "I got him but good." At

51 52 53 ©

54 55 ©

56 57 ©

this point he broke into a long satanic series of shrieks of laughter. The insipid young man started to cover into a corner but found that the laughter penetrated everywhere, and even there, somewhat demonically. "Let me tell you what I did to FAHEY," Barth went on, hurriedly and eagerly. "But wait--let me calm down a moment. I'm

58 59 (C')

60 61 62

63 64 (E) 65

starting to hallucinate again." He then proceeded to sit down among several of the hot coals which had fallen from the fire. "Ah, he subsequently went on, "fire always soothes my nerves and eases my care. Yes, now I feel much better, and I shall tell you all. "ED came to me one night and told me that he

66 67 68

(E¹)

69 70 71

(C²) PLAY FOUR TIMES

72 73 74

(D)

would pay me to deliver FAHEY to him alive, but subdued. It was essential that FAHEY be subdued, of course, for he always carried with him his MAGIC SAMURAI SWORD ZEN BONG GONG, and he knew how to use it quite effectively, as I well knew. And ED reasoned that even though I could



never overpower him in actual combat, I might think up some way to subdue him since ED had heard that I was very crafty and possessed magical powers of paranoia-induction, and renohyperbobulastmistic haruspicy. Also, at this time, (And ED knew it) I was FAHEY'S best friend, or so FAHEY

84 85 86

87 88 89 90

91 92 93

thought. And ED was quite right. It took me very little time to make my bread.

"You see FAHEY used to like to go to the Boston Zoo every afternoon before he went to work and while away his time with the female Cetchell they had there, Linda. He liked to just sit



there on the bench and gaze. He'd feed her peanuts and he'd try to talk to her but she could never understand what he was trying to tell her because she was only recently imported from the wild steaming jungles of the planet Dorchester, in the 93rd sector of the Carpathian Galaxy. Sometimes he'd

101 102 103 (F)

104 105 106

107 (F) 108

bring his guitar and play some of his songs for her. She seemed to like music, especially waltzes, and his stupid music somehow communicated something to her, and sometimes she would become very quiet and still, and she would purr like a cat. That made FAHEY very happy. You know, he even

109 110

111 112 PLAY THREE TIMES

113 114 115

wrote a song about her, and I think the original recording of it got issued on the Boston period album. I don't think Chester's crude imitation was issued for that cut. There was a banjo, played by, I think, Earl Scruggs, or L. Mayne Smith, or somebody or other. He wrote that song about her one

night while he was playing an exceptionally drunken set at the Odyssey Coffee House.

"That was, I believe, the summer of '65 or '85 or '36 or something or other. I had been employed by Fahey for several years as his faithful manservant and Haruspex, but

125 C^2 126 127 C^2

128 129 C^2

130 131 D

now I became a double agent and counter spy or what have you, just like on television. Fahey thought that he knew all about Getchells but, well, I knew a little more about them from my psychedelic trips to other heavenly bodies. I knew more than FAHEY knew about a lot of things. Just imagine!

132 133 134

132 133 134

135 136 137

135 136 137

138 139 140

138 139 140

He even thought he loved me, as dearly as one might love a dog or a cat. What a fool he was. How could anyone love a Cetchell? The very idea. They're so stupid, you know.

"Well, one day while FAHEY was at the zoo, he fell asleep, and while he couldn't tell what I was doing--and I also knew that Linda hadn't been fed yet--I stealthily sneaked over to her cage and broke the lock on it and opened the door just a little and then I ran and scurried up a tree. It was both very terrible, and extremely hodological. The Cetchell sprang from the open door right on top of FAHEY and proceeded to tear him apart. But I with my magic paranoia-inducing powers scared her away just in the nick of time, before she had eaten FAHEY.

"FAHEY was by this time unconscious and bleeding profusely, and I, BILL BARTH, spirited him away to Denison's secret catacombs where I was promptly paid thirty pieces of silver. And that, young man, that is how I delivered him into ED's hands. No longer am I FAHEY's faithful manservant, but rather --- I am THE KEEPER OF THE FAHEY."

By this time Barth was once again shaken by demonic fits of laughter, as he raged and ranted somewhat sadistically. "And FAHEY--" he went on giggling, "FAHEY still waits in his cage, thinking that perhaps someday the female Cetchell Linda will have a change of heart and come and rescue him from me and ED, and from the times when I periodically let Evil Devil Woman into his cage. She likes to eat people too, you know. But sometimes," he began to shriek, "some-

DANCE
OF THE INHABITANTS
OF THE PALACE
OF KING PHILIP XIV OF SPAIN

Arranged by
John Fahey

$\bullet = 126$

"C UNISON"
TUNING

Theme (A)

♩ = 126

s

f

s

Handwritten musical score for guitar. The top staff is in treble clef and contains a melody with a trill marked 'A' and a triplet marked '3'. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains chords, with a '5' marking above a chord. The score is divided into two measures by a vertical line.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first two measures of the melody and the first four measures of the bass line. The second system contains the next four measures of the melody and the next four measures of the bass line. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass line is written in bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and chords. A repeat sign with a first ending bracket is present in the second measure of the melody. The bass line features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed eighth notes. The score is labeled with a '4' in the top left corner and a '5' in the top right corner, likely indicating the page or measure number.

Handwritten musical score for guitar, measures 6 and 7. Measure 6 includes a circled 'B' above the staff. The score shows a treble clef staff with notes and a bass clef staff with chords and fingerings.

The musical score is divided into two sections: "FIRST AND THIRD TIMES ONLY" and "SECOND TIME ONLY".

Section 1: FIRST AND THIRD TIMES ONLY

8A (Treble Clef): The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a half note G4 and a half note F#4. The final measure contains a half note E4 and a half note D4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

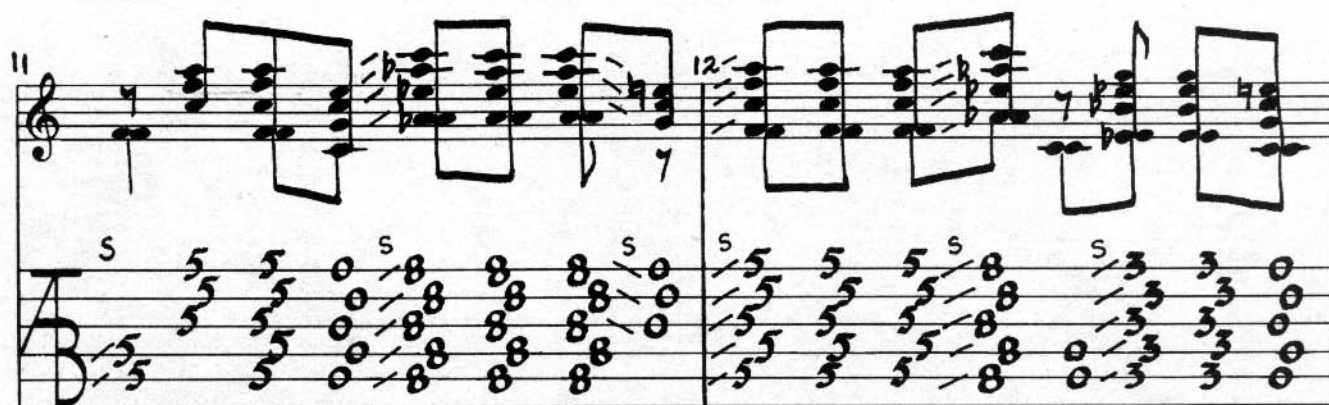
8B (Bass Clef): The bass line starts with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, then a quarter note B3. The next measure contains a half note G3 and a half note F#3. The final measure contains a half note E3 and a half note D3. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

Section 2: SECOND TIME ONLY

8A (Treble Clef): The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a half note G4 and a half note F#4. The final measure contains a half note E4 and a half note D4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

8B (Bass Clef): The bass line starts with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, then a quarter note B3. The next measure contains a half note G3 and a half note F#3. The final measure contains a half note E3 and a half note D3. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

9 

11 

13 

times I even play the voice of the Female Getchell Linda over the tape recorder while FAHEY is sleeping, and he wakes, thinking she has finally come, haaaaaa, heh, heh, heh, but she will never come." His last words had come forth like water from a hose as the pressure is turned up to its highest intensity. Fin-

(A)

15 16

FIRST TIME ONLY

17A 18A

SECOND TIME ONLY

17B 18B

ally he fell on the floor, convulsed by paroxysms of laughter, gnashing his teeth, and rolling in the grist which covered the floor. But the insipid young man was not thinking of Barth any more. FAHEY alive? Not once in his journeys had he ever suspected it possible. "What about the cataclysm?"

THIRD TIME ONLY

17C 18C

①

19 20

21 22

he asked, bewildered.

When finally Barth had recovered, he stood up brushing the grist from his ancient Rabbinical attire. "Ah yes," he went on, gradually returning to his normal level of insanity, "--the cataclysm of 1966. It was June 5, or May 7, or

23 24

25 26

REPEAT FROM \$ (BAR 5) TO CODA \$ (END BAR 22)
THEN PLAY CODA,

27 28

Something or other. Anyway, FAHEY was right here where he is now." Barth pointed to a cage on the far side of the room. As the swivelling student approached the cage, he was greeted by the most shattering scene he had ever observed, or even conceived of, for there was JOHN

CODA

23A

24A

25A

26A

27A

SLOWER

FAHEY, the legendary Volk-like hero, simpering and muttering in the corner of a cage, dressed in tattered rags and encrusted in grime. He was reclining on a mat of woven grist, which was the only thing in the cave save for a Martin D-45 guitar. The young man hesitated, benumbed with horror and bewilderment, and finally spoke: "JOHN FAHEY, I presume?"

The aged FAHEY turned with a start, and seemed for an instant to panic. But he quickly became confused, turning towards a wall and staring at it blankly. Finally he faced the young man, simpering, and said, "All is ichthyological in design, if not in intent."

The young man was speechless with horror, for FAHEY was completely and utterly mad! The demented guitarist

became frightened, for the revolting youth was staring at him with fierce intensity. He retreated to the rear of his cage, whimpering. "JOHN, do you hear me?" It was Barth, now at the cage, speaking softly and malevolently. FAHEY looked up, now sobbing bitterly as Barth continued. "Now ED's been real nice today and given you some nice grist and water to eat, hasn't he? We like ED, don't we?"

"Yes," simpered FAHEY, "ED is a nice man. I like ED. ED is my friend. I know that ED is my friend. I know that. Yes." A sudden radiance had swept his features. "So now we're going to help him get out a new FAHEY album, aren't we?" Barth was triumphantly wheeling portable recording equipment toward the cell.

But FAHEY had again become confused. He looked sternly at the mat of woven grist and began to talk, with oratorical gravity. "Beware, beware of the day of the ornamental ironworks. For while we were growing old with whoars, they took us all away, my good mat. And ever present is the danger of creeping calligraphy, the filthy swine, the mangy dogs, the degenerate whoars, the slimy bastards, the ----"

"FAHEY!" screamed Barth. Startled, FAHEY turned to face his tormentor. "Now pay attention JOHN, listen carefully." He paused for an instant, and a sadistic snicker flashed across his aged frame. "Getchell --- Getchell --- Do you hear me FAHEY? Getchell."

The spineless young scholar was aghast, for FAHEY's countenance was alternately crossed by terror and euphoria.

THE REVOLT OF THE DYKE BRIGADE

The inspiration for this song was the famous rampage of the Sligo River in 1939. The notorious Bertha 'Butch' Rosenthal supervised all the dykes in Maryland, but they leaked. The song is actually a blues-rooted protest broadside, with lyrics by B.J. Death, objecting to the tactics employed by Rosenthal in conscripting women workers. These pointed lyrics—among the most powerful of American blues-rooted protest broadside lyrics—resulted in the wholesale walkout of the Dyke Brigade and the subsequent destruction of St. Georges County. I learned the tune and picking style when I worked with Blind Joe at the old Adelphi Rolling Gristmill. I forgot the lyrics. This was played by Blind Joe Death, who learned it in Memphis from W.C. Handy, in whose band Death at one time played, previous to the great northern migration and the great crossing-over.

Arranged by
John Fahey

$\text{♩} = 72$

"C" TUNING

The musical score is written for guitar in "C" tuning. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff, and the bass line is written on a six-string guitar staff with fret numbers. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 72. The first system has a measure marked '2' and a measure marked '3'. The second system has a measure marked '4A' and a measure marked 'FIRST AND THIRD TIMES ONLY'.

48 SECOND TIME ONLY

5

3

6

7

H

8

9

10

11

H

12

13

TIED
SECOND
TIME ONLY

14

15

"Now listen to this," Barth went on, as FAHEY began running around his cage banging his head against the walls, and foaming at the mouth. "Evil -- Evil Devil -- --Woman --- Now which would you like? Getchell, Evil Devil"--- And in the next cage, a Getchell was becoming

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score is divided into two measures, 16 and 17, by a double bar line. Measure 16 contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes. Measure 17 continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two systems of music, numbered 18 and 19. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into two measures, 18 and 19, by a vertical bar line.

feverish with bloodlust. It madly gnashed its teeth and clattered on the bars with hard claws. And in the cage next to that of the Getchells was Evil Devil Woman, sitting quietly, patiently, but with a hungry expression on her face. "Would you like to visit JOHN again tonight?" Barth was addressing

22 23

24 25

26 27

the Cretchell, who, though but a dumb beast, reacted with increased fervor. It was now growling fiercely and smashing the cage, attempting to free itself and get to FAHEY.

"Or how about you my pretty little pet?" Barth enquired of the sultry Evil Devil Woman. "Which will it be JOHN,"

REPEAT FROM TOP TO ♯ (END BAR 10) THEN PLAY CODA

28

D.C. AL. II A

CODA

12A SLOWER

Barth said turning to FAHEY, "blood or insanity?"

"No, no, no," screamed FAHEY, "I'll do what you want!"

Barth looked at FAHEY contemptuously, and both were silent. But the Cetchell was creating a fearful din, roaring and smashing its head against the steel bars.

"Oh, won't you please shut up," whined Barth, addressing the Cetchell. "Here," he said, opening a large jar of SHE-WOLF BRAND HOMOGENIZED AFTERBIRTH and thrusting it through the bars. Instantly the creature became still, save for gentle purring noises emanating from its throat. Then it sprang upon the jar and slurped up the afterbirth in a few quick gulps, whenceforth it became contented and serene, and quickly fell asleep.

"You know," said Barth, "Sometimes I feel that Cetchells

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE OCEAN

Arranged by
John Fahey

SECTION I

$\text{♩} = 126-132$

"G" TUNING 1 Theme (A)

5

3

4

5

6

Musical notation for measures 7 and 8. The key signature is one sharp (F#). Measure 7 starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line of half notes. Measure 8 continues the melody and bass line.

SECTION II

Musical notation for measures 9 and 10, labeled (B) PLAY THREE TIMES. The key signature is one sharp (F#). Measure 9 starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line of half notes. Measure 10 continues the melody and bass line. A bracket connects the end of measure 9 to the beginning of measure 10. The text "THIRD TIME" is written above the treble staff in measure 10, and "P.O." is written below the bass staff in measure 10.

Musical notation for measures 11 and 12, labeled (B'). The key signature is one sharp (F#). Measure 11 starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line of half notes. Measure 12 continues the melody and bass line.

13 $\textcircled{B^2}$

SECOND TIME, SKIP TO 17B (SECTION III) §

15

FIRST TIME ONLY

17A 18A

have more ordinary good sense about food than people. In fact, I still can't understand why the authorities were so sickened when the Bofs' afterbirth hit the shelves. After all, it is rich in protein and other essential nutrients---their attitude was deplorably un-scientific, all in all."

19A REPEAT II, INCLUDING THREE "B" THEMES 20A

SECTION III

17B © 18B

19B 20B

"What caused them to relent?"

"Well, it was all very simple, actually. People wanted Getchells, but unfortunately the Getchells also wanted people ...for food. This grisly circumstance prevented the wide-spread domestication of the animal until GIOS-HAWK MAN

21 **D**

23 24

SECTION IV

25 **E**

uh, donated the new formula to harmonica ED. After all, despite the plentiful supply of arms & legs at that time, there were nowhere near enough limbs to support a really large amount of Cietchells. Anyway, ED's advertising combine swung into action and soon everybody thought they

27 (E¹)

29 (E²)

31 (E¹)

wanted a pet Cretchell. (Subliminal hypnotic methods worked wonders in this regard.) Quite naturally they preferred afterbirth to being eaten alive, and thus we have **DENSON'S AFTERBIRTH EMPIRE.**"

Barth was now wheeling the recording equipment

into FAHEY's cell, and was setting up microphones. FAHEY was chattering amiably about mediæval theology with the mat, and Barth was forced to interrupt.

"Look, JOHN, the boss keeps hounding me on how he wants something on that resurrection business--sort of a

39 40A FIRST TIME ONLY

40B 41 SECTION V

SECOND TIME ONLY TO CODA (BAR 41B)

42 43

religious theme song for the new order. You liked the old guy a lot, didn't you, JOHN?"

"Yes," said FAHEY, "always I have loved Death as dearly as life itself." He seemed suddenly serene, even profound, although still quite insane.

44 45

46 47

48 49

"Yes, JOHN, I know how you feel. Now why don't you put it all into music?" And as he spoke he passed his dagger through the bars.

Slowly FAHEY turned and got his guitar. He sat down, tuned the guitar into an open G, leaving out

50 51

P.O. P.O.

1) PLAY SECTION V, INCLUDING F, F' REPEATS, USE SECOND ENDING →

2) PLAY SECTION IV (BAR 26) § THROUGH 40B, § THEN TO CODA (41B) D. § al § CODA

52A 52B

3 5 3 5 4 3

§ CODA (B)

41B 42B

PLAY THREE TIMES

THIRD TIME

H P.O.

the third, and gently caressed the dagger to the strings. As the dagger slid up and down the fretboard the room was suddenly filled with a warmth, a radiance which permeated to the very depths of the young man's being. It spoke of suffering and of love, and of the humility and

43B B³

45B A'

47B

strength of the downtrodden folk of Takoma Park. It bore witness to 300 years of tragedy and torment, and yet above all it was a hymn of affirmation, a psalm of praise stemming from that which is most human in all of us. And when, towards the end, he quickened the tempo, the room



came alive to the driving, surging, forceful, and pounding rhythm, and to the acidulous, corrosive, smoldering and rough-hewn tonal quality of the music. Evil Devil Woman started stripping and dancing around her cage, making strange gestures at She-Wolf. When it ended, the insipid young man was flushed with ecstasy. JOHN FAHEY --- alive and playing! Soon he would announce his rediscovery, and he would bring him to Newport, write his thesis, and become a powerful force at Nettles. It was too good to be true! FAHEY reverently placed his guitar on the floor, and wandered toward the rear of his cage.

"Heh, JOHN, what will we call that one?" called out Barth, who appeared to be bored. But FAHEY had not really heard the disorganised man. He was again gazing

SPANISH TWO-STEP

Arranged by
John Fahey

♩ = 200-208

"G" TUNING

(CAPO 2ND FRET)

Sheet music for "Spanish Two-Step" in "G" tuning (Capo 2nd Fret). The music is arranged by John Fahey. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 200-208.

The score is written for guitar, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is divided into three systems, each with a guitar tablature line below the staff.

System 1 (Measures 1-3): Measure 1 starts with a circled "A" and a sharp sign. The tablature shows a sequence of notes: 5, 9, 9, 5, 5, 7, 5, 5. Measure 2 continues the sequence: 5, 5, 7, 5, 5. Measure 3 continues the sequence: 5, 5, 7, 5, 5.

System 2 (Measures 4-6): Measure 4 starts with a circled "A'". The tablature shows a sequence of notes: 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5. Measure 5 continues the sequence: 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5. Measure 6 continues the sequence: 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5.

System 3 (Measures 7-9): Measure 7 starts with a circled "A'". The tablature shows a sequence of notes: 7, 7, 9, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Measure 8 continues the sequence: 7, 7, 9, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Measure 9 continues the sequence: 7, 7, 9, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

10

11

12

13

A²

14

15

16A

1. AND 2.

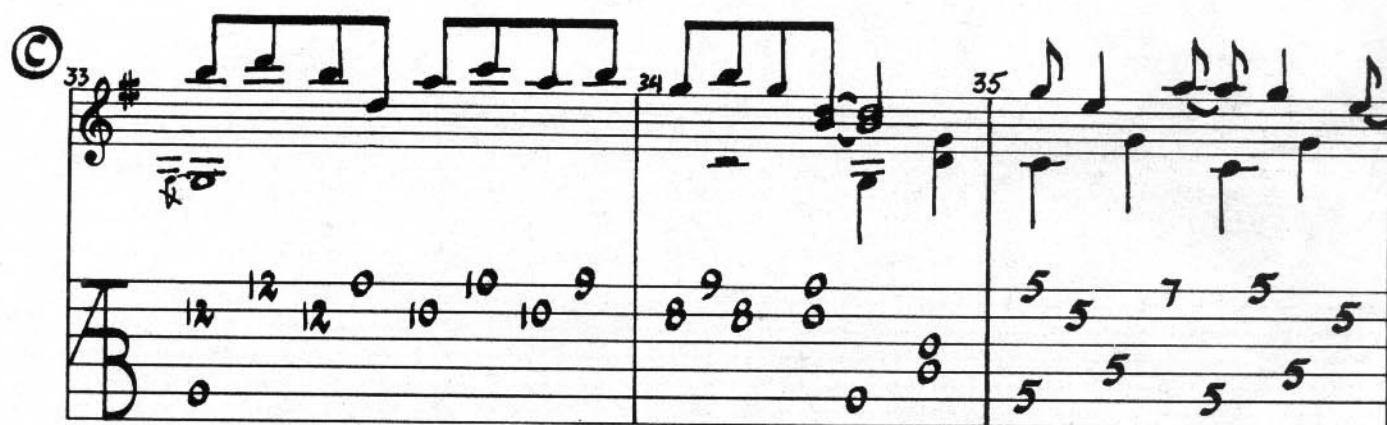
16B

LAST TIME ONLY

17

B

lovingly at the mat of woven grist, and presently addressed it in solemn tones: "I am the resurrection and the life, and mats that believeth in me shall fear neither hoof of jabberwock nor claw of Cetchell, for I am with thee, thy pleats of woven grist, they comfort me, particularly my back,



for it's been aching quite a bit lately. Arthritis, I guess...."

"Hold on FAHEY, that's a little bit unwieldy for a song title. Can't you make one a little shorter?"

At this moment FAHEY's confusion was genuine. There was nothing he could say. He said nothing.

36 37 38

39 40 41

42 43 44

"Must you always be so difficult?" complained Barth, who seemed mildly put out. "Oh well, I'll just cut the one you gave me down to 'I AM THE RESURRECTION,' and leave it at that. ED did want a religious title, and that's what he'll get. But a religious theme song for the

45 **A³**

46

47

48A

REPEAT FROM TOP, END
48B INST'D OF 48A

D.C. AL **48B**

CODA

new order? Impossible! JOHN FAHEY simply can't deliver a piece of that raw power, of that captivating dynamism that moves men and nations. Now if the Bos would only let me do one for him, then he would

"What is this all about the new order?" burst in

the feeble young student. Barth's use of the phrase had triggered him into speaking, for he had found Denson's frequent references to the "New Order" quite puzzling.

"Let's see," said the traitorous manservant craftily, "What has the Boss told you?"

"He said that FAHEY was to be the aesthetic standard, and Death the religious standard. In fact he dated the new order from Feb. 5, 1962, the date of the purported bodily ascension of Blind Joe Death. Also, he described in some detail the Intergalactic FAHEY Supply. Now, what he said nothing about was the political standard."

"ED told me to tell you everything, and I shall do just that. The new order is to be an Intergalactic Benevolent Suzerainty under the Boss." Once again Barth began to speak heatedly, with fanaticism smoldering in his eyes, and an evil smirk on his lips. "The takeover will come as follows: Soon, very soon Denson will address to the world an ultimatum. Any section of the world (and for that matter the inhabited universe) which does not accept his loving embrace will receive no afterbirth. The hungry Getchells will decimate the population, for they will eat nothing save afterbirth and people. But the people won't kill the Getchells, for ED's hypno-techniques in mass-communication have over the last 50 years instilled in the common man a love of Getchells far greater than that for his fellow man, or even his own family. Thus hegemony is guaranteed. The Getchells, in effect, shall be

the military of the new order, but a military loved by the subject peoples more than even their sons and daughters. This plan cannot fail! It must not fail! IT WILL NOT FAIL!"

Barth paused, suddenly calm, and smiled sagely. "You see, son, to come up in this world you need a proper understanding of power, and its legitimate use toward profitable ends!"

He drifted into thought, and then spoke softly, reverently. "ED told me that once, long ago. Such a great man --- a great man."

The insipid young man was awed by all this, but one topic still remained unexplained. "What about this resurrection of Blind Joe Death?"

"The Boss feels the new order needs a state-sanctioned (ie: Denson-sanctioned) religion to keep the masses guilty, docile, and subservient. You know, opiate of the people and all that. Thus the cult of DEATH!"

"And what about the Resurrection itself?"

"Oh come now, son, you know better than that. I dug up the body shortly after burial and fed it to a Getchell. Then I had ED tell Dhusty about Death's "Resurrection," and the poor, dumb oriental swallowed the whole thing. You see, Dhusty symbolizes mass man, ignorant and superstitious. I understand these people. All in all a clever little ruse, a master stroke. I thought of it myself. But now it is getting late and we must retire."

"We?"

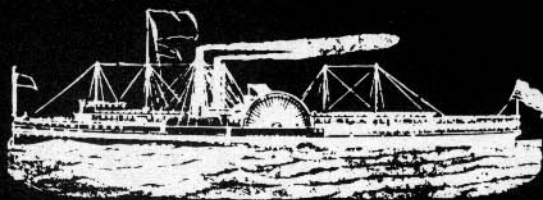
"Yes, we."

"But I must leave, quickly!"

"No, that's not actually the case. Not at all!"

As the weeks rolled on and on, the youth had plenty of time to ponder his predicament. He had found JOHN FAHEY, and, perhaps of more significance, he had come upon a conspiracy to subjugate the inhabited universe. Had he escaped with the news he would have been a hero, revered in history books around the world for centuries to come. But now he was to spend his life in a cage, under the care of a madman. He kicked himself now for his foolishness. Even when all of Ralph Riverboat's "demented ravings" were being revealed as stark, chilling fact, he had not paid heed to the old man's advice. He remembered, now, how Riverboat had cried out "Beware, beware of Denson and his Cetchells, who may yet conquer the world." And why, oh why, hadn't he realised that Denson's ruthlessness had from the start imperilled his well-being, even his life? There was no hope now, and as the days passed on and the insipid young man's mind gradually fell into full deterioration, he began to entertain the one hope -- the same hope entertained by another madman, FAHEY, that perhaps someday the female Cetchell, Linda would have a change of heart and come and rescue them. And although he had learned a little in hindsight, he was in his thinking primarily, somewhat unclear as to certain particulars. Thus he was terribly confused.

For, you see, the insipid young man was also very, very stupid.



SELECTIVE SUGGESTED PREJUDICED DISCOGRAPHY

In the following discographical section, I list many out-of-print 78 rpm records. Tape recordings of these are all available for a small charge from:

Joe E. Bussard
Cherry Hill Rt. 7
Frederick, MD 21701
(301) 662-6666

6610 cherry hill dr.
21702

Anthology Of American Folk Music, Vol. 1: Ballads Folkways, 2951

Anthology Of American Folk Music, Vol. 2: Social Music Folkways, 2952

Anthology Of American Folk Music, Vol. 3: Songs Folkways, 2953

Arica

Heaven Just Sunshine, JSS 11

Robbie Basho

☒ *The Falconer's Arm, Vol. 1 Takoma, 1017*

☒ *The Falconer's Arm, Vol. 2 Takoma, 1018*

Berlitz

☐ *Basic German*

☐ *German-English Study Manual (two records plus easy-to-use verb finder) Berlitz, 96131*

Blind Blake

"Early Morning Blues"/"West Coast Blues" Paramount, 12387

"Bad Feeling Blues"/"That Will Never Happen No More"
Paramount, 12497

"Hey, Hey Daddy Blues" Paramount, 12606

"Diddie Wa Diddie"/"Police Dog Blues" Paramount, 12888

Bola Sete

✓ *Ocean* Takoma, 1049

☒ *Goin' To Rio* Columbia, KC 32375

Roy Bookbinder

Some People Who Play Guitar Like A Lot Of People Don't
Kicking Mule, 104

(Particularly note the cuts "Bad Luck Blues," "I Got Mine," and
"Bye-Bye Baby Blues.")

Roy Bookbinder and Fats Kaplin

Git-Fiddle Shuffle Blue Goose, 2018

Steve Calt and Dave Mann

Looney Tunes Blue Goose, 2017

Carter Family

"The Broken-Hearted Lover" Victor, 23791

"The Winding Stream" Victor, 23807

"I'll Be All Smiles Tonight"/"Hellow Central! Give Me Heaven"
Bluebird, 5529

"Darling Daisies" Bluebird, 5586

"There's No Hiding Place Down Here" Bluebird, 5961

"I Never Will Marry" Bluebird, 8350

"God Gave Noah The Rainbow Sign"/"Little Moses" Victor, 40110

"Forsaken Love" Victor, 40000

"Wabash Cannonball"/"Meet Me By The Moonlight, Alone"
Victor, 23731

"Kitty Waltz"/"The Lover's Farewell" Victor, 40277

"Keep On The Sunny Side"/"River Of Jordan" Victor, 21434

"Little Darling Pal Of Mine"*/"Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?"
Victor, 21638

*Steel guitar

- "The Poor Orphan Child" Victor, 20877
 "When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland"/"No Telephone In Heaven"
 Victor, 40229
 "Western Hobo" Victor, 40255
 "When The Springtime Comes Again"*/"When The World's
 On Fire" Victor, 40293
 "The Birds Were Singing Of You" Victor, 23541
 "Jimmy Brown, The Newsboy" Victor, 23554
 "Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow" Victor, 21074
 "Homestead On The Farm" Victor, 40207
 "There's Someone A-waiting For Me" Victor, 23554
 "Sowin' On The Mountain"* Victor, 23585
 "Motherless Children" Victor, 23641
 "Chewing Gum" Victor, 21517
 "The Foggy Mountain Top"*/"My Clinch Mountain Home"
 Victor, 40058
 "Dark And Stormy Weather"/"In The Valley Of The Shenandoah"
 Bluebird, 8868
 "'Mid The Green Hills Of Virginia" Bluebird, 5243
 "Girl On The Greenbriar Shore" Bluebird, 8947
 "Fifty Miles Of Elbow Room" Bluebird, 9026

Bob Coltman

Lonesome Robin Minstrel, JD-200
 (Especially note "Vandy, Vandy.")

Elizabeth Cotten

Folk Songs & Instrumentals For Guitar Folkways, 3526

Blind Reverend Gary Davis

Reverend Gary Davis—1935-49 Yazoo, 1023
 (Note the cuts "The Great Change In Me," "I Belong To The Band,"
 and "I Am The True Vine." If you can find a reissue of it some-
 where, see also *I Am The Light Of This World*, ARC 5-12-66. Joe
 Bussard might have it.)

*Steel guitar

Walt Disney Productions

Snow White DQ, 1201*Esso Trinidad Steel Band* Warner Bros., WS 1917

John Fahey

I have recorded sixteen albums. These are my favorites:

✓ *The Best Of John Fahey (1959-1977)* Takoma, C1058✓ *Old Fashioned Love* Takoma, 1043✓ *Fare Forward Voyagers* Takoma, 1035✓ *The Yellow Princess* Vanguard, 79293*After The Ball* Warner Bros. (out of print)*Christmas With John Fahey, Vol. 2* Takoma, 1045

(On this album, I especially like "Christmas Fantasy," Parts 1 and 2.)

Rick Foster

Rick Foster—Traveling On Mark Records, WD-1213*The Masterpiece* Nashville Record Productions, NR 5829

Stefan Grossman

□ *Acoustic Music For The Body And Soul* Kicking Mule, 105
(I like "Requiem For Patrick Kilroy," which is a masterpiece of composition for solo acoustic guitar, and "Wall Hollow Blues.")

Bob Hadley

□ *Tunes From The Well* Kicking Mule, 103*The Raven* Kicking Mule, 113

Frank Hamilton

Frank Hamilton Sings Folk Songs Folkways, 2437

Joe Hickerson

Songs & Ballads Folk Legacy, FSI-39

Frank Hutchinson

"The Train That Carried The Girl From Town"/"Worried Blues"
Okeh, 45064*"KC Blues"/"Cannonball Blues"* Okeh, 45025

"Coney Isle"/"West Virginia Blues" Okeh, 45083

"Logan County Blues"/"The Last Scene On The Titanic"
Okeh, 45212

(All of these songs feature steel guitar, except "Coney Isle," "West Virginia Blues," which has a guitar solo, and "The Last Scene On The Titanic.")

Blind Lemon Jefferson

"Got The Blues"/"Long Lonesome Blues" Paramount, 12354

"Stocking Feet Blues"/"That Black Snake Moan" Paramount, 12407

"Wartime Blues" Paramount, 12425

"Broke And Hungry" Paramount, 12443

"Shuckin' Sugar Blues"/"Rabbit Foot Blues" Paramount, 12454

"Hot Dogs" Paramount, 12493

"Sunshine Special" Paramount, 12593

"One Dime Blues" Paramount, 12578

"See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" Paramount, 12608

"Bed Spring Blues"/"Yo-Yo Blues" Paramount, 12872

"Blind Lemon's Penitentiary Blues" Paramount, 12666

"Black Snake Moan"/"Match Box Blues" Okeh, 8455

Woody Mann

□ *Some People Who Play Guitar Like A Lot Of People Don't*
Kicking Mule, 104
(Note "Good Gal," "Old Devil," "Crosstown Blues," and "Who's Been Here?")

✓ *Old-Fashioned Love* (John Fahey) Takoma, 1043
(Woody Mann is the second guitarist on the entire first side of the disc.)

Sam McGee (only these original recordings)

"In A Cool Shady Nook"/"Old Ties" (with Uncle Dave Macon)
Vocalion, 15325

"The Franklin Blues"/"Buck Dancer's Choice" Vocalion, 15318

"Knoxville Blues"/"If I Could Only Blot Out The Past"
Vocalion, 15326

"Railroad Blues" Champ (Decca), 45033

John Miller

First Degree Blues Blue Goose, 2007

How About Me? Blue Goose, 2012

Bill Monroe

"Six White Horses" Bluebird, 8586

"Dog House Blues" Bluebird, 8692

The Father Of Bluegrass Music Camden, CAL-719

(Notice "Mule Skinner Blues." Bill is featured on guitar on these records.)

Monroe Brothers

Feast Here Tonight RCA, AXM2-5510 and RCA, 5510 (two records, two songs)

Tom Paley

(Tom used to be dynamite, but his Elektra record is out of print and he moved to Sweden and became a communist, so I am told.)

Charley Patton

"Mississippi Boll Weevil Blues"*/"Screamin' And Hollerin' The Blues" Paramount, 12805

"Down The Dirt Road Blues" Paramount, 12854

"Pony Blues" Paramount, 12792

"Pea Vine Blues"/"Tom Rushen Blues"* Paramount, 12877

"A Spoonful Blues"*/"Shake It And Break It" Paramount, 12699

"Prayer Of Death, Part 2"* Paramount, 12799

"Elder Green Blues"/"Green River Blues" Paramount, 12972

"Heart Like Railroad Steel" Paramount, 12953

"Jim Lee Blues, Part 1" Paramount, 13080

"Jim Lee Blues, Part 2" Paramount, 13133

"Circle 'Round The Moon" Paramount, 13040

"High Water Everywhere, Part 1" Paramount, 12909

"Jesue (*sic*) Is A-Dying"/"Bed Maker"* Paramount, 12986

"Some Summer Day, Part 1" Paramount, 13080

*Steel guitar

"High Sheriff Blues"* Vocalion, 02680

"Oh Death"*/"Troubled 'Bout My Mother"* Vocalion, 02904

A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

Vande' Ham Iskon Media (32 Tiffany Place, Brooklyn, NY 11231).

The Radha Krsna Temple Apple Records, SKAO-3376

Larry Sandberg

□ *Some People Who Play Guitar Like A Lot Of People Don't*
Kicking Mule, 104
(I like "Delta Swing.")

Reverend Robert Wilkins

Memphis Gospel Singer Piedmont, PLP 13162 (Music Research, Inc.,
Box 288, Silver Springs, MD 20907).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Fahey is undoubtedly the prototypical contemporary American folk guitarist. Long before 'folk music' had become popular music, John had begun exploring its roots and its themes. Now, after its demise as a commercial product, he continues that exploration, constantly striving to find and express the essence of American guitar.

John's first album, *John Fahey/Blind Joe Death*, was recorded in 1958, on his own label, Takoma Records, and though only 100 copies were pressed, it immediately began to establish him as a primal interpreter of the American folk idiom. His later albums have amplified his interpretations and secured his reputation.

Not only does John bring brilliant technique and originality to his music, but, since his days at American University in Washington, D.C., he has been a tireless researcher of the early American music scene, integrating the traditional phrasings and rhythms of such old-South blues players as Blind Willie Johnson and Elizabeth Cotten with his own highly-personalized style. He has also been the prime mover in rediscovering such great blues artists as Bukka White and the late Skip James.


During the 1960s, John moved from Washington, D.C., to Berkeley, California, and continued his search for the roots of folk music. Traveling from the Southeast to Hawaii, and drawing from such diverse (but wholly American) influences as Hollywood film soundtracks and Hawaiian 'slack-key' music, he expanded his own definition of what was traditional, and recorded his second album, *Death Chants, Breakdowns, And Military Waltzes*. Emboldened by the relatively quick sale of all 300 of these albums, John began to perform in public.

After leaving Berkeley, he returned to the East Coast, where he recorded his third Takoma LP, *Dance Of Death And Other Plantation Favorites*. His scholarly fascination with his music, however, led him to Los Angeles, where he enrolled in a master's program at UCLA, and completed a thesis on blues legend Charley Patton that has now been published.

But his academic interests did not limit his creative output. *The Great San Bernardino Birthday Party*, his fourth album, which he recorded in Los Angeles in 1967, marked the beginning of a surge of recording activity that included the re-taping of his first two albums, and the release, by Vanguard Records, of *John Fahey*, and *The Yellow Princess*.

John continues to release albums on the Takoma label, and to pursue an active performing career, so that, to quote a press release, "at least 10% of the people who should know his music have already heard of him."

THE BEST OF JOHN FAHEY (1959 - 1977)



In this striking book you'll find over 120 pages of exact, note-for-note transcriptions, with tablature, of every song that appears on John's Takoma Records album, *The Best Of John Fahey (1959-1977)**. You'll also learn the tunings most favored by this reigning monarch of 'American primitive' guitar. But that's not all you'll find. John has embroidered this book with his thoughts on guitaring and with his tales of Blind Joe Death (John's alter-ego) and the other surreal characters from his bizarre, yet refreshing, imagination. With photos, discography, and a brief account of John's musical life—all you need to play and experience the best of John Fahey.

*(Record available from
Takoma Records, Box 5369,
Santa Monica, CA 90405)



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