

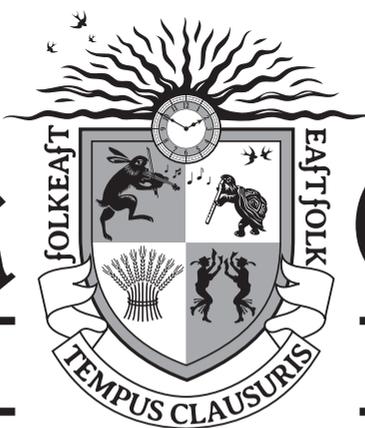
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EASTFOLK'S NUMBER ONE NEWSPAPER

Established 1486

# The Eastfolk



# Chronicle

Fine words doth butter no parsnips

SPRING 2016

## FOLKEAST CONVENTION Or 'What we will do in our holidays'

By Kay Leigh

Research into the ancient history of the newfoundland of Eastfolk has accelerated alongside the re-emergence of the FolkEast Fairs. The recorded history of the fair goes back as far as AD724 but it is presumed that it existed long before that in a pre-Christian Albion in what has now been technically termed and academically accepted as 'The Olden Dayes'.

It is known that the Fairs were 3 day celebrations of feasts, dancing, music, wrestling, pot-boiling, story telling and poetry. Challenges were sent out to all four corners of the Atlantic Archipelago, even as far as France, to encourage a meeting of the clans. Though the celebrations were remembered most, it was also a time of intense political wrangling and border control. If rules were broken throughout the year the Eastfolk Court would sit, at this time, in Glemham Hall and pass judgment. If a transgression had occurred the cry of 'Breaks It!' went up and a charge would be levied and the issue rectified. Observant readers will know that this term has now been adopted by the vocal Brexit campaign using the modern American spelling.

This year marks no exception. The fifth revitalised FolkEast Festival will bring in musicians, dancers, craftsfolk, feastfolk and all manner of artists from the very corners of the currently undivided united Islands.

From Ireland we have the independent state of Usher's Island, a tiny free state based on a spit of land inside the River Liffy near Dublin (see last edition: pp 6 article on Dubbin) Usher's Island is, in itself, made up of a conglomeration, an amalgamation, no less, of Ireland's historic living songmen. Andy Irvine once a voice of Sweeney's Men, later a Planxty Hill Light Orchestrarian, with Mozaik along the way, Andy is joined by Dónal Lunny his fellow Planxty and Mozaik man, but Dónal also served in The Bothy band, Moving Hearts and Coolfin as well as co-founding Mulligan Records and collaborating with England's Kate Bush, Mark Knopfler, Senegal's Baaba Maal and his own native Clannad.

A veritable United Nations already, - but wait! Capercaillie and Lúnasa piper and flautist Michael McGoldrick also bagged an English Kate (this time a Rusby) to collaborate with, as well as Sharon



Usher's Island: Named after a medieval quay existing since the creation of the world in 4004 BC

Shannon, The Afro Celt Sound System, Mark Knopfler and over to Africa again, this time for Youssou N'Dour (not all at once). Bothy Band founder and fiddler Paddy Glackin put up his hand to be counted in and also counts in Kate Bush, Van Morrison (not to be confused with the Morris car-hire company in Long Sufferingham) and John Cage as collaborators of old and all of this is topped off by guitarist John Doyle, founder of Irish American supergroup Solas, strummer with Joan Baez, Liz Carroll and Karan Casey. A comprehensive history of contemporary traditional Ireland all in one package here, performing jointly and severally throughout the FolkEast weekend. We are reliably informed that Usher's Island will appear nowhere else on these shores, once again Eastfolk County bags a bonus, and exclusive visit from foreign dignitaries. Watch out for a special in-store session in Long Sufferingham's only Record Shop 'Toot & Cummin'.

Who better to challenge Usher's prowess than the decorated knight of the North East: Eliza Carthy? Eliza's been here before, but knowing the arm-wrestling prowess of her

Irish counterparts she comes tooled up and mob-handed with The Wayward Band: a 900 piece band of brigands that fill the stage with Sam Sweeney on fiddle, Saul Rose, melodious, Lucy Farrell on viola, Beth Porter on 'Cello, David Delarre on guitar, Andrew Waite on accordion, Willy Molleson, drums, Laurence Hunt lashing out, Barn Stradling on bass guitar, Nick Malcolm trumping and Adrien 'Yen Yen' Toulouse on the Bone of Tröm. Expect noise, expect excitement and movement: Onwards and Waywards.

Across the Channel (in spirit and in dance) comes the collective hordes of Blowzabella, a long-standing tradition all of their own featuring many luminaries and darkeraries, see Andy Cutting sew buttons (long standing but not standing for long due to diet tonics), Jo Freya sing and sax, Gregory Jolivet gird his hurdy, Paul James and Jon Swayne bag their pipes, whilst David Shepherd fiddles, Rome burns and Barn Stradling plays a guitar. Some may stand and watch but they will not be standing still for long.

See page 2 for more



Eliza Carthy (not always wayward) & The Wayward Band

## THE TIPSY THUNDERBOLT A Chat-N-Boogie Choo Choo

By our transport editor Helen Bacque

Many of you will already be aware of the 'Music-On-Trains' initiative that travelled through the three Counties Suffolk, Eastfolk and Norfolk, sometime in March. The famous single-track Ipswich to Lowestoft line was adopted as a mobile venue for the band Solana to entertain commuters, passengers, film star Robert Donat and friends alike.

The two-car train had one carriage (the choir carriage) dedicated to their lively music whereas the other one, (the quiet carriage) was empty. All of this took place with kind permission of Joost A. Bellio the private owner of the railway line, a man known to have his own Cocktail Carriage to the rear of the trains he travels on, a man who will fight the battle for passengers against the Eastfolk Coach Company (of Sea On Sea) and the Treacle Minder's Benevolent funded bus driven by one Reg Varney (based at Lowestefesteam).

All of this interest in steam is neatly coupled with plans to re-instate the Halesworth to Southwold narrow gauge railway (regardless of the local moaning minis who'd rather stick to their black Range Rovers whilst complaining about the increase in fuel duty).

Having been such a success, our news desk was tipped-off that this musical feast may well become a permanent monthly

feature. Talk is of Beccles station becoming a venue to which the musical trains take us and return us back to our 'next station stop'.

Those passengers worried about the sound of good-time music drowning out the snack-bar announcements ("serving a wide variety of sandwiches and hot and cold snacks") need not worry as there is no buffet bar on these tiny trains. The motto is: bring your own picnic and dance the night away (whilst holding down the picnic please).

Mr Abellio can re-assure passengers that the brigands that were known to attack the train (particularly the ones carrying that month's post) over the Eastfolk stretch, have been eradicated as they proved easy shooting-practice targets for the Eastfolk North-West Frontier Volunteer Regiment. He also gave out plans for the new station to be built at Glemham to cater for the FolkEast Festival (2045) and the relocation of Wickham Market Station back to its rightful town after having been kidnapped by the burger masters of Campsea Ash. Until that date, FolkEast-goers will be served by the regular bus transport between railway station and Festival Site thanks to Halesworth Area Community Transport (H.A.C.T.)

Further details will be announced on the dew course.



Members of The First Great Eastern Roof Orchestra about to mount the 6.30 Woodbridge Express. Members are custom scaled to take up the least room in the carriages thereby maximizing passenger ticket sales. (photo: Antar Archive)

## The Eastfolk Chronicle

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Submissions for the next issue gratefully received as the Editor is running short on ideas as you may tell. Please send to the editor by email as above.

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# FINGERS AREN'T WHERE THEY USED TO BE

From our London correspondent  
Mr Joe Boyd



Joe Boyd in 1969

As a teenager, I was horrified by the idea of white blues singers, but modified that view when I heard my friend Geoff Muldaur successfully channelling Lonnie Johnson on a Boston coffee-house stage. I was also put off by middle-class singer-songwriters until I was bowled over by Bob Dylan in a tiny room at a Cambridge, MA party in 1963. These prejudices never evaporated entirely; for every Nick Drake or Joni Mitchell, there seem to be thousands of well-bred strummers whose CDs I recycle to Oxfam. And don't get me started on the Stevie Ray Vaughn and Johnny Winter cults! But I digress from the subject at hand...

When I arrived in London in 1964, I had already developed, then lost or modified a number of such prejudices. Before setting out for London, I had a very bad attitude about English folk music. (I know, some of you, my dear Eastfolk readers, still have a bad attitude about your own folk music; if so, perhaps you'd better skip this article and wait for the next one...) I have written elsewhere about having these views

## Number one in an occasional series

confounded by an encounter with the Ian Campbell Group and Dave Swarbrick, and then by Norma and the rest of the Watersons. (Joe Boyd's excellent book: White Bicycles, Ch. 7). But when I went to the famous "Singers Club" in Farringdon, there was Ewan MacColl singing shanties with a finger in one ear, conforming to the humourless stereotype prevalent across The Pond. MacColl had notoriously barred Bob Dylan from singing at the club; only songs from whence you came were allowed! His rigid, snotty attitude was just as advertised and I never went back to The Singers' Club.

Around the same time, producer Bill Leader took me to small basement flat just down the road from MacColl's club to meet a man from the opposite end of the class and stylistic spectrum of British songwriters. Sydney Carter was eccentric, middle-class, donnish, kind, off-hand and idealistic (He had worked in an ambulance corps in WW2 rather than fight...). He wrote poetry and taught a bit, but his primary source of income seemed to be fees and royalties from writing songs with Donald Swann of the Flanders and Swann comic duo. (Economic guru Stephanie Flanders is the daughter of the other half of that team.) I was entranced by his odd, off-hand songs.

When I returned to London a year and a half later to open the Elektra Records office, I took Sydney into the studio to make an EP "The Lord of the Dance". The title song was to become his most famous, gleefully sung by happy-clappy liberal Christians the world over, but don't hold that against him! Like Springsteen's "Born In The USA", which became a red-neck anthem despite the ironic lyrics, "Lord Of The Dance" is a secular sceptic's attempt to portray Christ as the very human founder of a cult of joy and ecstasy (which is pretty close to how it actually was until killjoys like St Paul got ahold of it). I think my EP was the first recording of "Lord", but I wish the

God-botherers had been quicker off the mark with the title song; the EP might have sold better and not been a black mark against my track record with the Elektra bosses back in New York. (If anyone has a copy and wants to sell it or make me a digital version, I would be very grateful; it's the only one of my productions not in my collection.)

A series of concerts last year took me back to Year Zero of my exposure to the London folk scene. In April, there was a tribute to Carter (who died in 2004) in a small, medieval theatre adjoining the Porter's Lodge at Balliol College, Oxford. One driving force behind this event was Martin Carthy, a longtime supporter who accompanied Sydney on that 1966 Elektra EP (and who shared my dislike of MacColl). Martin led a great group of singers in the canon of Carter songs, including my personal favourite "Taking Out the Dustbin in the Gray's Inn Road" as well as his anti-war song, "Crow on the Cradle", for years a staple at Jackson Browne concerts.

The other instigator was Stephen Sedley, whom I met in my first years in London. He grew up a folksong buff; his lawyer father represented many folksingers as well as Topic Records. Sedley now teaches law at Oxford, having retired from the bench after a heroic career championing human rights as a Lord Justice of Appeal, a member of the European Court of Human Rights and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. (After I introduced a girlfriend to

*Continued on page 3*

## ... FolkEast Convention

*Continued from front page*

As if the aforementioned was not enough, we have more. More you cry? Yes more. Those who attended FolkEast last year may have been lucky to squeeze into the Broad Roots Tent to see Chris Wood and Andy Cutting re-unite for a very special and touching home-brew of their songs that stretch back centuries. Chris returns in 2016. FolkEast is all about space; no queues4loos, but acres of camping fields, more food than you can shove a spoon into and lots of room to breathe. If there's mud it remains untrodden, there is an abundance of paths-less-taken so all will enjoy Chris Wood again this year, no need to book a seat at 8.00am. No need to lay out towels beforehand.

Honorary Eastfolk Ambassadors, Embassy Emissaries and entitled enobled decorated freemen of Long Sufferingham The Young'uns will return. Return, yes, but they never managed to return to their native Hartlepool since last year as so much in Eastfolk has distracted them to stay put. They may have played Aldeburgh, they may have held a local Singing Weekend, they may have lead some Aldeburgh Young Musicians to water, they

may have hosted Satanic Basket Weaving Ceremonies and Wassups (Eastfolk Wassails) but come FolkEast all will be well as the plucky three superheroes, the Righteous Brothers - nay Walker Brothers - of song take to the stages again and sing the living daylights out of themselves. (N.B. The Aha theme from The Living Daylights is currently not thought to be in their set).

...And this is just the start, Turn to the back page to be bamboozled by all the other things that will fill three days of mirth and merriment, munch through the local food village, hunker down by the Soapbox Stage for song, dance, poetry, amusement, build mental instruments in Instrumental, goggle at films and puppets in the Eastfolk Kinodrome, buy lots of stuff at the stalls, reminisce in the East Angular Fairs Archive Tent, print stuff, bake stuff, make stuff, dance away in Morristown, attend free workshops, sea sideshows, compete in the sports day, animate stuff, get your children to teach you things, tell-tails and tall tales and quaff, yes quaff local beers and ciders in the on-site public houses where sessions break out and there's a right old song-and-dance I can tell you.

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# ... Fingers aren't where they used to be

Continued from page 2

him at a Human Rights Lecture, she told me it was far more impressive and thrilling than the time I introduced her to Mick Jagger.) Earlier last year, I impulsively purchased a train ticket to Glasgow to hear some of my favourite singers pay tribute to one of my least favourite songwriters. Celtic Connections had brought together Norma Waterson, Chaim Tannenbaum, Martin Carthy (who knows a good song when he hears it, regardless of who wrote it), Jarvis Cocker, Eliza Carthy, Dick Gaughan, Paul Buchanan (The Blue Nile) and Karine Polwart to honour the long-deceased (1989) MacColl's memory. One attraction for me was that the evening was curated by Ewan's sons Neil and Calum and Neil's wife Kate St John. Working with those three in various combinations on my own live tributes to Nick Drake and Kate McGarrigle has been an unalloyed pleasure. And there was in the back of my mind the nagging thought that if he had such great kids, maybe it was time for a reassessment...

The concert was terrific. Chaim and Norma stole the show with their renditions of "My Old Man", "Go Down You Murderers" and "Shoals of Herring" (Tannenbaum) and "The Moving On Song" (Waterson). Sitting in the audience, I was forced to admit the old crank wrote a lot of great songs, full of anger and passion and wonderful folk-based melody. Even the often-corny "First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" sounded pretty good in Buchanan's hands.

But another reassessment was also slowly dawning in my prejudiced mind. Researching my world music book, I've discovered a hero-figure in Dimitri Pokrovsky, the man who defied Soviet ideologues to revive regional Russian folk music. Cultural specifics are anathema to authoritarian regimes; they prefer broad generalities and the music that expresses them (the Soviet Moiseyev Ensemble being the archetype). The Right-Left divide in politics these days often comes down to denial vs acceptance of facts. Local music is the equivalent of factual research.

Pokrovsky was not only opposed to Soviet kitsch, but he peered into the future and recognized the dangers of post-Soviet Russian nationalism; he refused to call any folk song "Russian". They were 'from Voronezh' or 'Irkutsk Oblast', never "Russian".

At a time when cultural battles are being waged over what it means to be "British", or "English", MacColl's strictures that you should sing songs from your home territory begins to seem like a good idea, an antidote to the kitsch clichés of UKIP and the Tories. And when I went to give a talk at the English Folk Expo last year, I found many wonderful musicians fully committed to the notion of local music, usually their own. It was inspiring, and yet another reason to give the old finger-in-his-ear crank a respectful reappraisal: he might have been right after all!

The Glasgow concert was such a success that they took the show on the road in November and the London show was, again, terrific. I hope a few of you got to see it. And I am so glad I bought that train

ticket last January; Norma Waterson's health has taken a turn for the worse and it's hard to say when we'll hear her sing like that again.

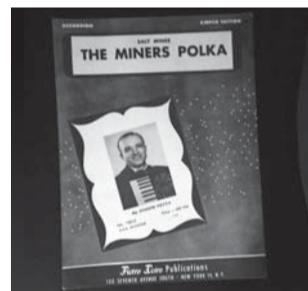
It was nice to see Jarvis Cocker and Norma bonding backstage. I remember the 1996 Mercury Prize awards, when the jury announced a deadlock between Pulp's "Different Class" and Norma's solo record for Hannibal. They gave it to Pulp in the end, but Oasis had also been nominated, and I've saved the Daily Mail headline "Grandmother beats Oasis in Mercury Prize Vote".

Tribute concerts have sprouted like toadstools in recent years, but for me, 2015 was a vintage year because of those celebrations of two eccentrically British songwriters. They were based only a few hundred yards from each other along Roseberry Avenue, but between them there was a chasm of class, attitude, style and personality. Somehow, last year, they seemed quite nicely balanced, resonating beautifully across the decades, never to be forgotten.

Seek out Joe's A-Z podcasts. Easy as pie at [www.joeboyd.co.uk](http://www.joeboyd.co.uk) - click on a letter and the ten-minute podcast plays.

## NEW HEADLINER ANNOUNCED FOR FOLKEAST

It has been brought to our attention that this year's FolkEast Festival will mark the debut concert performance of the newly re-formed Black-Treacle Amalgamated Union Miners Band.

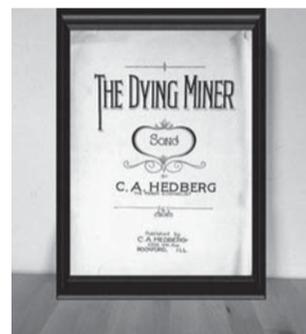


Those with long memories may remember this proud unit marching through the streets of Eastfolk villages playing their unique repertoire of miner's songs and ballads of sweet toil and stickiness. Ever since the sad death of band leader Joseph Petta, the band has remained silent. Petta, a known black-leg broke the strike of 1942, returned to work and lost his comrades all at the same time. His latter years were spent playing the songs solo, on the accordion

at street corners to all who would listen. Few did.

Uppermost in his repertoire was the well-known hit ditty 'The Dying Miner' based not on the death of a Treacle Miner in the past, but of the saga of the scoundrel Loudon Klear III who tried to alter the colour of Treacle in order to pass it off as Molasses, a far more exotic substance that commanded a higher price and lower tax levy.

The band will appear and perform in the original



tunnels beneath the grounds of Glemham Hall and all can enjoy this grand occasion by pressing either ear to the ground and listening hard.

## Keeper Jack



John Harding Bayfield went on his last drive on The Glemham Hall Estate in December.

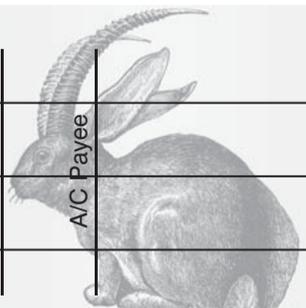
For 96 years he enjoyed the country life, simple pleasures and particularly people. Once met never forgotten, he would be as comfortable in the company of royalty on a shoot day as he would be in The Lion pub, chatting to the farm labourer. He always had a story or joke to tell and lit up a room when he entered it.

He was a proud and loyal member of the Cobbold staff for nearly 50 years. An honest and generous man who will be missed by many, particularly his loving wife, Kathleen and his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Sleep well Keeper Jack.

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A once-off free offer to all our readers, fill in and cut out the Time Cheque below and hand it to your nearest family member, cell mate, competitor, co-worker, clock-watcher or anyone you feel needs a bit of time or is a bit short on time. A wonderful gift at the best of times.

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## JACK TAR the KING CREOSOTE

## Or Adventures With The Boys And The Black Stuff

By Saul Waysdewey

'What do you want to be when you grow up?' a much discussed topic behind the wall in the playground where my nine year old chums suggested the usual occupations: yes astronaut, yes deep-sea diver, yes Vulcan Bomber pilot, but mine was always 'roadmender'.

No, roadmender.



The men who mended the roads of Brookmans Park enthralled me. They had towed wagons and a little tent in which they'd have a brew before starting work, beside the road. That was good, but, better still, they also cooked up tar on the back of their 350 FG BMC Three-Penny Bit lorry. Huge gas cannisters fuelled

flames beneath a massive cooking pot into which their gloved hands dropped football size crystal shards of solid purple shiny tar. This brew would steam away, sometimes boil over, leaving traces of the black sticky drip down the outside and would smell heavenly.

Various smells enticed the nostrils at that tender age: the exhaust from the rear pipe of the Consul De-luxe, the heady pong from a freshly creosoted fence, the carbolic sting in the Durnsford swimming pool corridors, the Super Grade petrol in printed tin gallon cans in the garage, the smoke of distant bonfires and the fumes found in dead fireworks - we now know that, like so many pleasures to follow; the best smells were all heavily addictive and also deadly toxic.

I watched as they poured the molten liquor into a tiny funnel on the end of a pole and hover that over the scar in the road they had just mended, drooling an erratic black steaming turd over the joint which would dry dull black, with an opaque skin, like a liquorice slug - until the hot summer would again melt the insides and it would bubble up onto my bicycle tyres which, by turn, gathered up sticky granite chips that would, in turn, clog up my brakes.

*No, it had to be the itinerant heaven-scented verge-life of a road mender for me.*

My second brush with the black stuff was found in birthday trips to London's Madame Tussauds in which was built a two-decked depiction of Nelson's Victory at battle. Deafening roars, cries of pain, flashing lights and that amazing smell hovered in the air. I'd stay there for hours, my jumper stinking of the stuff when I got home. 'That's cordite, son', said my dad, and being a chemist he should know. He didn't. It was tar. I was to learn what tar it was much later. (My father carried on mowing the lawn, un-concerned that his son may have been tampering with cordite, a step up from the weedkiller bombs we had made the previous weekend, anyway).

My third brush with the black stuff came from a flaking pubescent scalp aged 15. My mum bought me a tar based shampoo that smelt just the same, I had long hair, I could sniff it in double-maths it didn't work on the scalp but it worked on me in other ways. I failed maths CSE.

Agreed- there was Wrights coal tar soap but more significantly during the so-called 'troubles' across the 6 counties in black and white on Clive Liggatt's telly were the shaven heads of women being dragged through the streets shouting, kicking, screaming, covered in black tar and white feathers. I wondered why the tar didn't burn through their flesh to the bone, I shuddered at their fate. I thought of the scars. I still do.

## THE DEVIL IS IN THE DANGER

Just last month a great cycling and sailing chum flashed a bright red tin of Stockholm Tar under my nose ... I was hooked, I was transported back to my road-mending days and I rushed to buy a tub of the stuff from the local Horse & Garden Supplies. It comes thick and black like molasses or marmite. The world stocks many brands of tar; Stockholm Tar is pine tar, it dribbles out of trees. The other stuff comes from the ground and is number 1999 (with a bullet) on the United Nations list of dangerous goods. Best not get these confused.



If you make charcoal you get tar as a bonus, as with turpentine; a by-product of high-pressure distilled wood; traditionally Pine Tar comes from the root stock only, never forget your roots.

Like so many off-shoots, Pine Tar has a multiplicity of uses and the extensive forests of North Carolina gave us 'tar heels' and massive exports to the maritime industries who used it to waterproof everything on ships and boats including the aforementioned HMS Victory\* of course. Tar was liberally applied to the ropes whose hemp would ordinarily rot without, and so the sailor's hands turned black and so they were named Jack Tars. Jack went on to be named Jack Ironside as metal cladding replaced timber all together.

Pine tar finds its way into baseball (for grip) and medicine (as an antiseptic) contrary to the many 'they-don't-make-it-like-they-used-to' bemoaners of 'health and safety' - much tar use became banned for good reason, because creosote, a known carcinogen, was often found in the tar depending on how it was manufactured.

Like any fine spirit, of all the different genus derived from tar, King Creosote is probably the most sinister and best avoided if long life is selected in your drop-down menu. Cheapskate neighbours used to coat their fences in used engine oil and probably lived longer as a result of avoiding the Big C. Their fences burned well, though as I discovered when my dad was away.

Yet here we meet the great divide that confused me for so long. Creosote made from pine tar has many beneficial applications such as for smoking meats, anaesthetics and antiseptics but its sister, the mighty coal tar based creosotes bring only death and woe to the local hardware-shop sniffers.

Coal-Tar, the hot stuff, is a by-product of coke production.

Continued on page 5

# ... Jack Tar

Continued from page 4

Well do I remember countless nights in my bedroom listening intently to Jim Morrison singing about the La Brea Pits on the Door's L.A. Woman album and wondering just what those pits were (they are the rocking ostrich pumps over bitumen pits one sees when driving away from Los Angeles Airports and thus became legends of popular music) Coal Tar is the one on the back of the lorry being cooked up like works only without needle or spoon. That's why the ladies didn't catch fire when tarred and feathered as they were covered in the other stuff, the Stockholm tar. Problem solved, not much of a punishment then.

## TAR VERY MUCH

Mention of this humiliating torture goes as far back as 1189 and Richard I who issued to his navy: "a thiefe or felon that hath stolen, being lawfully convicted, shal have his head shorne, and boyling pitch poured upon his head, and feathers or downe strawed upon the same whereby he may be knowen, and so at the first landing-place they shall come to, there to be cast up". Okay, he cooked up the tar before liberal application, but its boiling point is mercifully low. One imagines that there were plentiful supplies of both tar and feathers on board, perhaps planks too.

Later, In 1696 a London bailiff, who attempted to serve process on a debtor who had taken refuge within the precincts of the Savoy, was tarred and feathered and taken in a wheelbarrow to the Strand, where he was tied to a maypole that stood by what is now Somerset House, as an improvised pillory. This was also a relatively rare form of mob punishment for Republican African-Americans in the post-bellum U.S. South, as the goal was typically pain and humiliation rather than death (as in the more common and far more acceptable lynchings and burnings alive). There were several examples of tarring and feathering of African-Americans in the lead-up to World War I\*\* in Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Edgar Allan Poe's humorous short story, "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether," features the staff of an insane asylum being tarred and feathered. In the superlative HBO Series "Carnivale", set in 1930's midwest America, one of the carnival workers is kidnapped and has what appears to be bituminous tar applied to him as torture for the accidental death of a "townie" at the carnival's previous venue followed by covering with feathers from a pillow.

Yet what serious pop scholar could forget the lead singer of King Curt being tarred and feathered during their performance of the minor hit song "Destination Zululand" on Top Of The Pops in 1983? Come to that; Tar and feathering is mentioned in the chorus of the song "To Kingdom Come", from The Band's album *Music from Big Pink*, plus the much-missed electronic music artist Fad Gadget often performed on stage while tarred and feathered. He was later photographed in tar and feathers for the cover of his album *Gag*.

As the nights draw in and the dubbin is applied, one more ritual remains: the tipping of a small quantity of best Stockholm Tar into a jam jar which is then placed on a hot radiator and the fumes fill the room and I am back on the Victory back mending roads but not back in the dreaded double-maths thank you.

Stocks of Stockholm Tar are still available from Three Piece Sweet Shop in Lowerstelfestem or from all good Eastfolk Hole Sellers

Footnotes:

\*If the Victory had sunk, if we had lost, would it still be called that? Was it wise to name a ship 'The Belgrano' and expect it to stay afloat? As with the Titanic both in size and death toll.

\*\*If we called The Great War 'World War One' did that mean that ideally America wanted to sit that one out, saving their best for the expected Round Two and was their reluctance to join that because they thought that World War Three was a much easier option?

And was The Great War really that great?

# THE BOOKSTOP



The photo accompanying the 1913 article is captioned 'A Group of Men all wearing Yarmouth Oilskins manufactured by Messrs. Johnson & Sons Ltd'. Some of the young men pictured would be leaving their jobs the following year to fight for their country in France

## The History of Johnson & Sons Ltd, Great Yarmouth

by Ann Green (Holm Publishing)

Review by John Andrews

*'We are but women mild and meek  
We work for Johnson's all the week  
The more we work the more we may  
It makes no difference to our pay  
On Monday morn we start our toil  
Among the navy serge and oil  
And on the clock our eyes are fixed  
We gently murmur 'Roll on Six'.*

The chances are that if anyone has ever said to you with the straightest of faces 'We Always Dress Like This' then they will be togged up in clobber which bears the label Johnson & Sons: of Yarmouth. (just up the coast from Lowestelfesteam - ed)

Kitted out in a combination of any of the following: Apron or Black Worsted Knicker Hose, Cardigan or Boiler Suit, Dungaree or Duffell Trousers, Umpire Coat or Grey Flannel Shirt, a Mersey Guernsey and a Yachting Cap, Kersey Drawers under Fearnoughts, a Ready-Made Pilot, The Bomber, The Cruiser, The Norfolk or the Hood made in cloth 'used by the BRITISH ADMIRALTY', or jauntily sporting a pair of HOLDFAST Overalls tested on bears, drenched from head to toe in pre-patent oilskin Sou'westers 'made for seamen & fishermen' or adorned with Drabbetts and Mitts. These things all bright and beautiful for two centuries the girls at Johnson's in Yarmouth made them all.

In her book Ann Green tells the story of Johnson's from its birth at the hands of a retired professional soldier and a tailoress in the early 1800's right through to the company's demise at the hands of 'whizz kids' in the 1980's. The lifespan of the firm mirrors that of the rise and fall of Empire as a soldier-cum-shoemaker sets about not painting the countries of the world red but in covering its seas in a thick coat of linen dressed in linseed oil or paraffin wax and then watches from his grave as upon those very seas are shipped cheaper products from elsewhere to sink the mighty firm that once won medals at every trade exhibition it entered.

It is a pre-Barbour story of deckies

and herring girls, boiler stokers, pattern cutters, missed patents and 15 year old 'runabouts'. Green takes your hands and steeps them in the oils and waxes of the production line, deafens you with the sound of the steam powered machinery and startles you with the screams of workers with needle finger. Then she quietly sets you down to sleep in the giant scrap pile of offcuts as the girls on the line did with a one-too-many Ronnie Webb when the checker came round.

Through numerous interviews with the surviving 20th Century employees you learn that perhaps you should not have thrown away that cardboard branding on the back of those Millets jeans you bought in 1977 as the same girls who looked after Ronnie Webb had written their names and addresses on the back before they stapled it on in the hope of making contact with someone beyond the factory gates in other words someone who did not live within Yarmouth. Green introduces you to Harry Halfnight and to Herbert 'Slasher' Watts, to Ethel Chubbock, to Myrtle Rix and to Lily Cooke who served on the line for 41 years by which time she could make a complete shirt for Denny's of London in under 20 minutes. Green's book is a testament to all of the townsfolk who worked at Johnson's which for a time was Yarmouth as much as Yarmouth was Johnson's. Like so many factories in so many towns. Long before its 1970's directors relocated the factories to Somerset and invested the firm's money in land deals in America in a Perrinesque charade of management strategy which alongside pressure from cheap imports, the impact of decimalization and declining orders from a shrinking Armed Forces made someone call in Ronnie Webb and ask him to turn out the lights for one last time.'

I first closed Admiralty Road. I walked through that factory remembering all them girls and all them machines and the people there - that was heartbreaking. It sent a cold feeling through me.'

Goodbye then to the place which made Drab Dabbetts, Cooks Caps, Aprons, Boiler Suits, Football Knickers, Butchers Coats with Prussian Collars, Ribbed Guernseys, Boot Socks and Heavy Natural Pants, tell the band to strike up no more for staff dinner dances at Gunton Hall, farewell to a philanthropic family firm who found work on the town's tea stalls for the machinists when orders slackened. Let



the bell toll for the girls and boys at Middlegate Street, on Hosiery Row, down Admiralty Road and on Pier Plain. Holdfast! Holdfast! for their collective memory preserved in this blue plaque of a book and reflect for a moment in your imported cheaps upon the words that closed a piece on Johnson's in Men's Wear Magazine of July 1975:

*'Old skills, old ways, old values shouldn't be thrown out too casually, often enough the need for them returns more quickly than imagined'.*

Available from Ann Green's Bookshop in Halesworth, or from "Look Before You Leap" the combined bookshop with the Samaritans in Sea On Sea, Suffolk.

Review reproduced by kind permission of Caught By the River

Hey Folksters. **How are you all?** It's been too long, I miss your faces. Shall we make a date in a Suffolk field? Maybe the **third weekend in August?** What?! There's something already on? FolkEast? Perfect! Let's make camp together, share tales, sing songs, eat food, breathe merriment and feed the soul. Yes, I hear you cry?! Yippee! I knew what we had was real. So, tell me about your year... Oh did you? Wow, great news! So pleased for you. Me? What have I been doing? Well, gosh, cor blimey and crikey. I am SO glad you asked...

2016 has seen a hive of activity here at SoapBox HQ. Dreaming, weaving, crafting and conceiving in preparation for a rather special landmark... Our **tenth anniversary of running gigs.** I know?! Crazy! By the time we meet in August, SoapBox will have spent a whole decade promoting and supporting original musicians - and poets - from the East. And we are more deeply in love with this job than ever before!

**GET ON THE SOAPBOX**

Last Wednesday of every month throughout 2016

27 April = Hollie McNish  
25 May = Harry Baker  
29 June = Salena Godden

John Peel Centre, Stowmarket.  
All ages welcome.

All tix £6 advance, £4 conc, £8 on the door (if available)

Details at  
[getonthesoxapbox.co.uk](http://getonthesoxapbox.co.uk)

extraordinary musician and songwriter. With several E P's and an album already behind him, we know the future is bright for this remarkable artist. Jack won't be at FolkEast this year as he will be running a community stage in Brighton, but plans are underway for a **Jack Pout Tribute Band** and I must say the masks are looking very dapper.

We are working harder than ever for our **fifth year running the SoapBox stage.** As I type this, I am surrounded by boxes of donated materials, wool, ribbon, threads and colourful cloth. The Soapbox Creative Team has been recycling these to create **30 beautiful woven bamboo fence panels.** You told us our

# SOAPBOX SHENANIGANS



[www.naturecultureart.com](http://www.naturecultureart.com)

fence was great for keeping the little ones nearby so it's getting a fancy-pants upgrade. **We have been involved with FolkEast since it was a glint and a glimmer in Mr and Mrs FolkEast's eyes,** and it has truly been a joy - which is reflected in our bright, bold artwork.

**"I had no idea what anything was going to be like as we walked a winding pathway through trees of fairy lights and all things magical, it was like being led by a pied piper almost blindfolded, being drawn to the music, it was breathtaking."** - The Gillies

The SoapBox Creative Team is a collective of **artists and craftspeople drawn from the eastern region,** working throughout the year and in the ten days directly preceding FolkEast, to create and install stage artwork and décor. We hold monthly **'Make It Days'** at SoapBox HQ, joining forces on collaborative installations. **Lee Turner** has created several pieces especially for the stage, including the painted violin you will have seen online. We also welcome weaver **Tarn Turner;** **David Brown** and **Hannah Cook** who are Art degree students

from UCS, completing their professional practice on the SoapBox stage; carpenter and comedy songwriter **Flavian;** knot specialist and musician **JP Lodge;** alongside our new visual artists and build team **Sam White, Simon Osborn, Tree Gilroy** and **Frank.** Big thanks to long-time team members **Ric Hardacre, Frances Arnold, Jared Tilston, Sarah Al Quasmi, Ayshea Schofield, Tom Ford, Bryony Moss, Emma Beales, Andromeda Ford, Persephone Ford, Arlo Turner** and **Mia Turner** - who make the SoapBox stage world (and bar!) go round. We are also very pleased to welcome back our family-run veggie caterers **Dragonjaks (Maria Pearson, Paddy Pearson and Keith and family),** along with **Holly Meadows** and **Mark 'Buzz' Bradley,** their **Solar Double Decker** powering the stage by sunlight.

So who will be performing for you this year? Applications opened in January via our brand-new online form - packed with questions - to help us dig out the best talent (and people) we could from 200 amazing applications. With bookings approaching completion, there will be announcements galore in the coming months. We can already confirm the raucous world-folk band **Solana** for Friday night to kick your heels up to. The (frankly incredible) political singer-songwriter **Grace Petrie** will be our Saturday night headliner. And on Sunday we are particularly excited to host the new collaboration between members of **The Woodland Creatures, Feral Mouth** and **Murphy's Law - Alden, Patterson and Dashwood.** Sunday also brings the début of a unique collaboration between **Cinema City (Norwich)** and the **British Film Institute.** Heritage footage of rural traditions, specific to Suffolk and Norfolk, with specially commissioned live scores from contemporary folk musicians across the region. Alongside our usual daily Open Mic sessions, we will also be holding our first **Under 18s Open Mic** at Sunday lunchtime, hosted by our very own **Tilly Dalglish.** An accomplished young folk star, Tilly started playing on the SoapBox stage as a teenager herself - so kids, teenagers, young people, get ready, we are giving you the stage. We can't wait to see what you do with it. Talking of kids, this year we welcome the fantastic **Albion Kids** crew to the family. They will be setting up camp beside us, running free workshops and activities throughout the weekend.

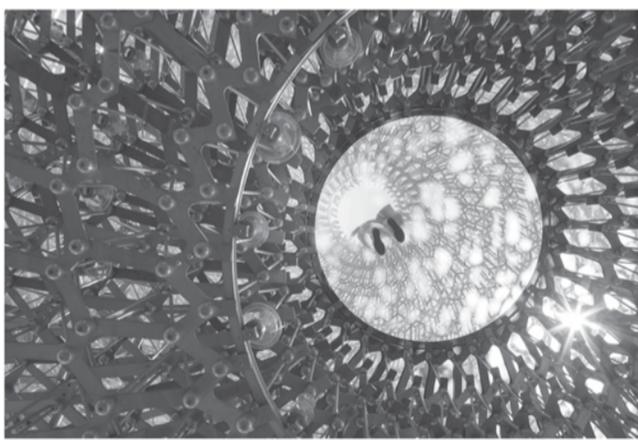
Finally, a big thank you and long-distance-hug to you, wherever you are. I'm off to do the annual sunflower planting for SoapBox. Every year we plant as many as we can to decorate the stage. If you fancy joining us, now is the time. This April, plant seeds outdoors in as big a pot as you can find and water regularly; they'll be in bloom in August.

Love Amy SoapBox

## S L O W N E W S I S G O O D N E W S

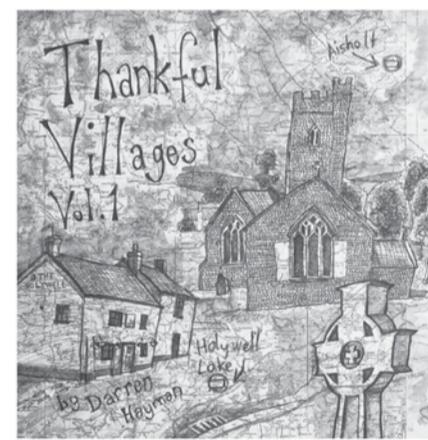


July Skies is: Orford Ness, lost youth, Henry Moore, pylons across fields, abandoned airfields, Avebury, endless childhood summers, forgotten England, the romance of the heavens well after closing time, Super8, countryside, mornings in May, ruins, faded innocence, post-war Britain, skies of all seasons, trudging coastlines, Festival of Britain 1951, memories made with a Polaroid Landcam 103, overgrown follies, East Anglia, concrete precincts and tower blocks, suburbia, old Ordnance Survey maps, lost airmen, rustic charm, John Nash, poppy day, a half remembered smile, 1960s artwork by Harry Wingfield, John Berry, Martin Aitchinson, C F Tunnicliffe, Ronald Lampitt, BST, municipal parks at dusk, love, infatuation and loss.



This four-track album imagines the sound of British summertime as heard by one of the most important members of the animal kingdom - the bee. A hypnotic conceptualisation of the life, work and living environment of the bee, "One" is a truly transcendental record - think Spacemen 3 recording a series of 21st century outdoor ragas for Touch Records and you're somewhere in the right direction.

"One" is the soundtrack to artist Wolfgang Buttress' multiple award winning UK Pavilion at the 2015 Milan Expo - an installation that highlighted the plight of the honeybee, focusing on the importance of pollination. The music on the record is a constantly changing and evolving symphony - the sound of a dialogue between bee and human.



Darren Hayman will release his enthralling and ambitious new album **Thankful Villages** via Rivertones on 3 June.

A Thankful Village is a village in Britain where every soldier returned alive from World War I. The writer, journalist and educator Arthur Mee coined the term 'Thankful Village' in his series of guidebooks, *The King's England* in the 1930s. Darren Hayman visited each of the 54 Thankful Villages and, focussing on village life, made a piece of music and a short film for every one. Some take the form of instrumentals inspired by the location, some are interviews with village residents set to music, others are new songs with lyrics or found local traditional songs.

Rivertones

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\* Established 1889, by Guiseppe Tioli, the 'Take It Or Leave It' king of Eastfolk Supermarkets, of Long Sufferingham, covering all of the vale of Deep Wregrette, Eastfolk, England

# Eastfolk Kinodrome

Regular visitors onto the site at FolkEast may have visited the Eastfolk Kinodrome or the Cinema Bus or attended the many workshops and animation tents that allow people of all ages to get involved, or merely observe, moving images of all kinds, including local films, cartoons and proper puppet shows.

The Eastfolk Chronicle has been asked to reproduce the first twelve golden rules of cinema to help guide budding film students through the choppy waters of Eastfolk Cinema. We are indebted to research carried out by S. Tony Sylans for the following:

1. At least one of a pair of identical twins is born evil and has creepy black eyeballs.
2. Should a bomb need de-fusing any wire can be cut as long as it is done within the last 3 seconds of the handy red countdown device installed.
3. Most laptop computers contain enough power to override even the most secure and powerful world network systems.
4. Should you be skilled in martial arts your enemy will wait patiently and only attack you one-by-one.
5. All bedside lights, when turned out, bathe the room in a bright blue haze.
6. Honest and hardworking local bobbies are always shot dead three days before retirement.
7. Large spacious London flats are well within the reach of even the most impoverished students.
8. After-sex always includes sheets drawn tightly over a woman's upper body but not of a man, and cigarette smoking is essential even for non-smokers.
9. All scenes with bicycles must be commenced with the ringing sound of a 1950s bicycle bell
10. All groceries come in brown paper bags and contain at least one stick of French bread.
11. Anyone can land a Jumbo 747 if there is someone in the control tower to talk you down.
12. Anyone will survive any battle in World War 2 as long as they never show their comrades a photo of their sweetheart back home.

This article was sponsored by F. Stop Fitzgeralds Cameras and Books Ltd of Long Sufferingham

# Frivols and Joculs

The vicar, a doctor and a local Member Of Parliament were on Halesworth Golf Course waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers.

The M.P. fumed, "What's with these guys? We must have been waiting for 15 minutes!"

The doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such ineptitude!"

The vicar said, "Here comes the groundsman. Let's have a word with him."

"Hi George! what's with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?"

The groundsman replied, "Oh, yes, that's a group of blind firefighters. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime."

The group was silent for a moment.

The vicar said, "That's so sad. I think I'll say a special prayer for them tonight."

The doctor said, "Good idea, and I'm going to contact my ophthalmologist colleague and see if there's anything he can do for them."

The MP said "So why can't these guys play at night?"

The graduate with a Science degree asks,

"Why does it work?"

The graduate with an Engineering degree asks,

"How does it work?"

The graduate with an Accounting degree asks,

"How much will it cost?"

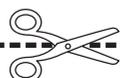
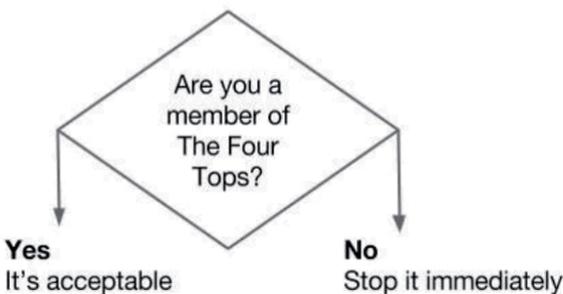
The graduate with an Arts degree asks,

"Do you want fries with that?"

# RUDE BITS OF WISDOM

## No. 1. On reaching out.

Is it acceptable for me to use the term "reach out" in the workplace?



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Sunday 26th June	Ange Hardy
Sunday 24th July	The East Pointers (on tour from Canada)
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skills to share



music to inspire

games to play

# FolkEast

room to roam

19th, 20th, 21st August 2016 Glemham Hall Parkland, Suffolk

A fresh approach to a timeless tradition

With an eclectic mix of contemporary and traditional music, where instrument, song, dance, storytelling, poetry, art, heritage craft skills and knowledge are shared and collaborations born. Re-kindling the Eastfolk folkmoots on the Glemham Hall Estate, where, for three days of the year the folk from the East bring their families and gather for a right old song and dance.

## Eliza Carthy & The Wayward Band

## Blowzabella

## Usher's Island

### FolkEast Patrons The Young'uns In The Mix • Chris Wood • Rura

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Martin Newell & The Hosepipe Band • Peter Knight • John Spiers • Moore Moss Rutter • The Hut People • Tir Eolas

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Georgia Shackleton Trio • Daisy Vaughan • Hex • Broadside Boys • The Larks • Shorelark • Honey & The Bear

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Get on the Soapbox brings us: Grace Petrie • Solana • Jess Morgan

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Rhiannon Mair • Lisa Ambrose • The Knights Project • Rowan James • Christine York • Leanne Moden

Open Mic hosted by Flavian, Bessie Turner & Dan Clark • Under 18's Open Mic hosted by Tilly Dalglish with many more to be confirmed

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Adult £115.00

Youth (12-17 years) £65.00

Concessions (Students & 60+) £98.00

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Camper/Caravan Pass £25.00

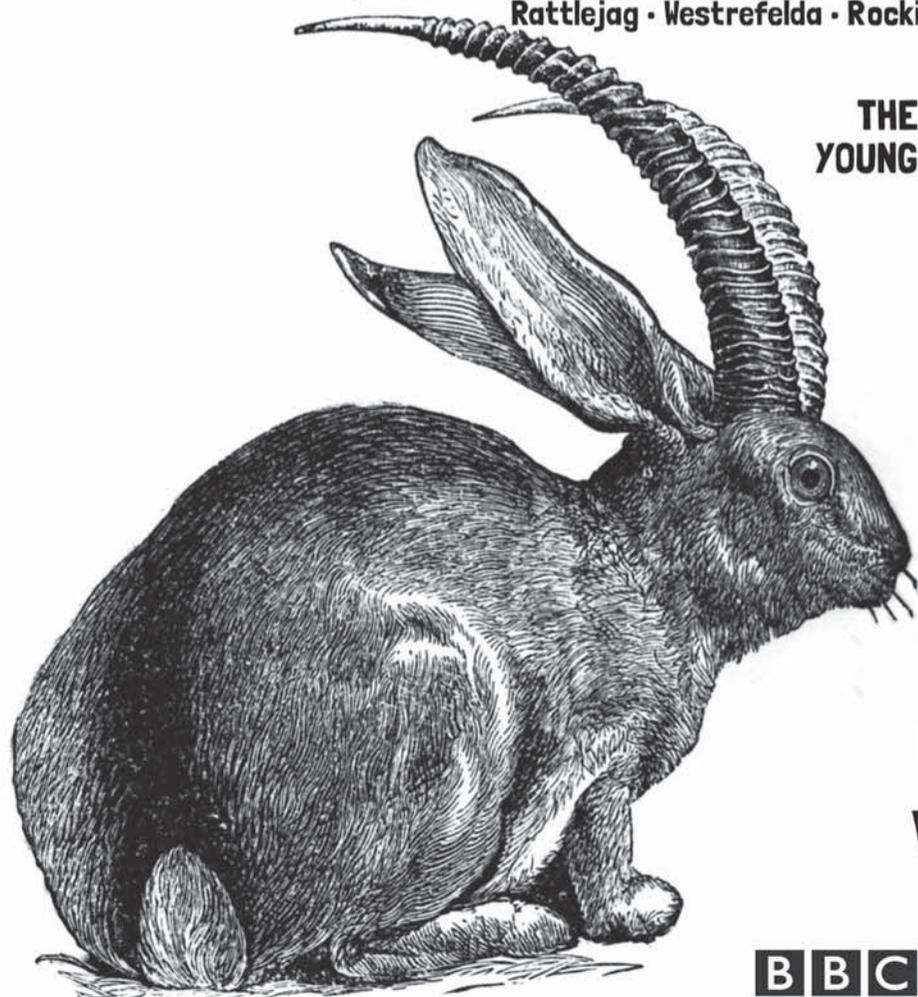
Advance Full Day Tickets

Available from the end of May.

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Children 11 and under go FREE

Sorry, no dogs (only jackalopes and assistance dogs for visually or hearing impaired)



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FolkEast will be bringing a smidgen of the festival to:

The Geldeston Locks

Sunday 29th May

With Dan Walsh

The Georgia Shackleton Trio

The John Ward Band

Daisy Vaughan

The Broadside Boys

Pretty Grim and Fenstanton

Morris

Aldeburgh Festival Bandstand

on the Beach

Thursday 16th June

Free entry to both events