

Issue 2

March 2006

**ΒΑΒΒΑΒ
ΟΙΠΙΟ
ΑΓΓΡΑ
ΥΗΤΗΥ**





IRA SANKEY

Ira Sankey

BORN AUGUST 20 1840 - EDINBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A
DIED ~~1908~~ 1908, BROOKLYN, U.S.A

IRA SANKEY WAS BORN INTO THE HOME OF PIOUS METHODISTS, DAVID + MARY SANKEY. WHILE A CHILD HE LOVED NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SING + DANCE AROUND THE FAMILY LOG FIRE. AFTER WORKING FOR PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN 1860, HE WENT ON TO SERVE IN THE CIVIL WAR, WHERE HE BECAME WELL-KNOWN FOR STANDING ON THE FRONT LINE + ROUSING THE TROOPS WITH HIS HYMNS + SPIRITUALS. YEARS LATER WHILE SINGING "SHEPARD MAN O SHEPARD MAN" ON A STEAMBOAT, ANOTHER PASSENGER RECOGNISED HIS VOICE. HE ASKED SANKEY IF HE FOUGHT FOR THE UNION AND HAD SUNG ON A MOONLIT NIGHT IN 1862. "YES" REPLIED IRA. THE STRANGER SAID "I WAS IN THE CONFEDERATE AND SAW YOU ON PICKET DUTY. I RAISED MY MUSKET TO SHOOT, BUT YOU BEGAN TO SING. I DECIDED TO LET YOU FINISH BEFORE I KILLED YOU. BUT YOU SANG THE SAME SONG THAT YOU HAVE JUST NOW. AND I HEARD THE WORDS "WE ARE THINE, DO THOU BEFRIEND US" AND WHEN YOU HAD FINISHED, I COULD NOT BRING MYSELF TO KILL YOU".

IN 1863 HE MARRIED FANNY V. EDWARDS WITH WHOM HE HAD 3 CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM WAS BORN IN SCOTLAND. AFTER SETTLING IN PENNSYLVANIA, HIS SINGING TALENTS BECAME LEGENDARY THROUGHOUT THE STATE, WHERE HE SPENT SO MUCH TIME SINGING AT CONFERENCES + RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS THAT HIS FATHER ONCE COMMENTED "I'M AFRAID IRA WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING. ALL HE DOES IS RUN AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH A HYMN-BOOK UNDER HIS ARM". TO WHICH HIS MOTHER REPLIED "I'D RATHER THAT THAN A ~~WHORE~~ ~~WHORE~~ IS HIS ARM OR A WHISKY BOTTLE IN HIS POCKET". WHEN THE PREACHER DWIGHT MOODY HEARD HIM SINGING HE DEMANDED SANKEY STOP WORKING FOR THE PRESIDENT + TOUR THE WORLD WITH HIM INSTEAD "PRESIDENT GOD PAYS BETTER THAN PRESIDENT LINCOLN!" HE SAID. THE TWO MEN TOURED THE U.S.A PREACHING + SINGING, UNTIL THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE OF 1871. SANKEY WAS SINGING WHEN HE HEARD THE CLATTER OF FIRE ENGINES. AFTER SEEING MANY PEOPLE DIE, AND TRYING TO ESCAPE THE FLAMES, HE ENDED UP IN A ROWBOAT IN LAKE MICHIGAN, FROM WHICH HE WATCHED THE CITY BURN. A DAY LATER HE AWOKE IN THE BOAT TO SEE THE CITY STILL BURNING + THAT THE LINE HOLDING HIM TO SHORE HAD BEEN RELEASED. HE WAS SWEEPED INTO THE LAKE WITH HIS LIFE IN DANGER, BUT GOD OVERRULED AND BROUGHT HIM TO SHORE SAFELY, WHERE MANY OTHER CHRISTIANS HAD BEEN BURNT ALIVE. HE AGAIN TOURED WITH MOODY, AND IN 1873-75, THEY TOURED BRITAIN, WHERE SOLOISTS, ORGAN MUSIC + CHOIRS ~~WERE~~ WERE FROWNED UPON BY PASTORS. IN SCOTLAND, APART FROM THE PSALMS, MUSIC WAS NOT USED IN SERVICES AT ALL. IN EDINBURGH SANKEY BROKE WITH AN TRADITION BY SINGING A MAN-MADE SONG "JESUS OF NAZARETH WALKS BAREFOOT". THE AUDIENCE LOVED IT, AND SCOTLAND WAS READY FOR MOODY + SANKEY. IT WAS ALSO IN SCOTLAND, ON A TRAIN FROM GLASGOW TO EDINBURGH, THAT SANKEY'S MOST FAMOUS SONG "THE NINETY AND NINE" WAS CREATED. BORED ON THE TRAIN, SANKEY DID A CROSSWORD. NEXT TO IT HE SAW A WEE POEM BY ELIZABETH CLEPHANE OF MELROSE. HE LIKED IT + CUT IT OUT. WHEN THEY GOT TO ST. GILES IN EDINBURGH, MOODY SURPRISED SANKEY BY ASKING HIM TO SING A SOLO. HE WASN'T READY, BUT GOD TOOK OVER. PULLING THE POEM OUT OF HIS POCKET HE SPONTANEOUSLY STRUCK AN A FLAT ON HIS PUMP ORGAN AND COMPOSED THE MELODY AS HE WENT. BY THE END, BOTH HE AND MOODY WERE IN TEARS. IT WENT ON TO BE HIS BIGGEST HIT, AND FEATURED IN HIS FAMOUS HYMN BOOK "SANKEY'S SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS" WHICH SOLD OVER 70 MILLION COPIES WORLDWIDE. IRA SANKEY DIED IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, RICH AND BLIND.



Matt McGinn

BORN 1928 - GLASGOW

DIED 6TH JANUARY 1977 - GLASGOW

MATT MCGINN WAS BORN INTO AN IRISH CATHOLIC FAMILY OF NINE CHILDREN IN THE GALLOWGATE OF GLASGOW. AT THE AGE OF 12 HE WAS SENT TO ST. MARYS APPROVED SCHOOL FOR BREAKING INTO A SHOP AND STEALING FIREWORKS. 2 YEARS LATER HE BEGAN A SERIES OF DIFFERENT JOBS, AS AN ERRAND BOY FOR A FLORISTS, A BLACKSMITHS ASSISTANT AND IN A SCREW FACTORY. HE WENT ON TO STUDY AT OXFORD AND LATER BECAME A TEACHER IN RUTHERGLEN, AND AFTER THAT HE WAS THE ORGANISER OF THE GORBALS ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND. HIS FOLK SINGER/COMEDIAN/WRITER/HISTORIAN CAREER BEGAN WHEN HE WON A SONG WRITING COMPETITION IN A SUNDAY PAPER, WITH HIS SONG "IF YE DINNAE VOTE, YE CANNAE HUV YER SAY." HE MET BOB DYLAN AT CARNEGIE HALL IN NEW YORK IN 1961, AFTER BEING INTRODUCED BY PETE SEEGER. MCGINN LATER DESCRIBED DYLAN AS "A SCRUFFY WEE MAN, WITH A FUNNY LOOK, BUT AN EXCITED LOOK". A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY FROM 1949, HE CLAIMED THAT HE NEVER SANG A SONG THAT WASN'T POLITICAL, AS THE VOICE WITH WHICH HE HEARD HIMSELF SING MADE A CLASS STATEMENT IRRESPECTIVE OF THE SONGS CONTENT. HIS OUTPUT WAS PROLIFIC, SOMETIMES WRITING 8 SONGS IN ONE DAY, AND HE WROTE "BENNY LYNCH", A TRIBUTE TO THE FAMOUS BOXER, WHILE IN THE SHOWER ONE MORNING. HIS 1971 ALBUM "5, 227, 706 SCOTSMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!" IS REGARDED AS A CLASSIC, WITH PETE SEEGER HIMSELF COVERING THE SONG "TOO DAFT TO BE HARMFUL". MCGINN HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE CLOSEST THING TO SCOTLANDS WOODY GUTHRIE, AND HIS SONGS HAVE A DECEPTIVE SIMPLICITY WHICH HAVE THE ABILITY TO CHARM CHILDREN ("THE WEE KIRKCUOBRIGHT CENTIPEDE") WHILE ALSO HAVING THE SKILL + EMOTIONAL SUBTLETY TO BRING A TEAR TO THE EYE OF A COMMUNIST HARD MAN ("THE IBROX DISASTER" + "SKULL + CROSSBONES"). MATT MCGINN'S SONGS CONTINUE TO BE RELEVANT, A DIFFICULT TRAIT FOR POLITICAL SONGS WRITTEN AS EVENTS UNFOLDED, AND SONGS LIKE "I.O.U." WITH ITS DEDICATION TO "THAT GREAT INSTITUTION H.P. (HIRE PURCHASE), TO WHICH WE ARE ALL DEEPLY INDEBTED!" STILL RINGS TRUE TO THE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN CREDIT CARD DEBT. TODAY, FOR BUYING TOO MUCH JUNK THEY CAN'T AFFORD. IN 1974, MCGINN WAS HONOURED WITH HIS OWN TARTAN, AND BEFORE HE DIED, HE HAD PLANNED ON RECORDING AN ALBUM WITH THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND, WHO REGARDED MCGINN AS A MAJOR INFLUENCE. MATT MCGINN DIED IN 1977 DUE TO SMOKE INHALATION DURING A FIRE, BROUGHT ABOUT BY FALLING ASLEEP WITH A CIGARETTE IN HIS HAND. HAVING ABANDONED CATHOLICISM, AT HIS FUNERAL, THE COMMUNIST ANTHEM "THE BIG RED HAND IN THE SKY" WAS SUNG MOVINGLY BY A LARGE CONGREGATION.



Wladyslaw Moes

BORN 17TH NOVEMBER 1900 - WEIRBKA, POLAND
DIED 17TH DECEMBER 1987 - WARSAW, POLAND

WLADYSLAW MOES WAS THE REAL-LIFE INSPIRATION FOR "TADZIO", THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BOY WHO SO TORMENTED + INSPIRED THE WRITER "ASCHENBACH" IN THOMAS MANN'S INFAMOUS 1912 NOVELLA "DEATH IN VENICE". MANN WAS ON HOLIDAY IN VENICE WHEN HE FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE 10 YEAR OLD LADDIE, WHO WAS ENTERTAINING HOLIDAY MAKERS WHILE PRETENDING TO BE A VIOLIN CHILD GENIUS. MANN BASED HIS STORY ON ALMOST ENTIRELY TRUE -TO-LIFE INCIDENTS. MANN DID INDEED FOLLOW THE CHILD AROUND THE ALLEYWAYS OF VENICE, AND EVEN BOUGHT A WIG TO TRY AND IMPRESS THE MOES FAMILY. MOES WAS UNAWARE OF HIS INFLUENCE ON ONE OF THE 20TH CENTURIES BEST KNOWN PAEDO-STALKER STORIES UNTIL HIS TWENTIES. HIS OWN LIFE AFTER THOSE MEMORABLE HOMOEROTIC WRESTLING MATCHES ON THE LIDO WAS JUST AS FULL OF TWISTS + TURNS. BORN INTO A WEALTHY FAMILY, AS A SIX YEAR OLD, WLADYSLAW INSPIRED ANOTHER WRITER, NOBEL PRIZE WINNING HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS?", WHO DESCRIBED THE BOY THUS - "A BEAUTIFUL BLOND CHERUB OF A CHILD, WHO CEASED NOT TO EXCITE ME WHILE UPON MY KNEE, UNTIL HE HAD THE CHEEK TO URINATE ON IT." IN LATER LIFE, MOES RECALLED MEETING MANN IN A LIFT IN THE GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS, TELLING HIS OWN MOTHER THAT MANN WAS 'JUST ANOTHER OLD MAN WHO LIKES ME'. MOES WAS TAKEN TO A P.O.W. CAMP IN GERMANY DURING WW2, WHERE HE TAUGHT FRENCH + STUDIED HISTORY. "BARON" MOES HAD TO GIVE UP HIS TITLE WITH THE ONSET OF COMMUNISM IN POLAND AFTER THE WAR. HAVING LOST HIS LAND + WEALTH, HE WOUND UP WORKING FOR THE IRANIAN EMBASSY IN WARSAW, WHERE HE SPOKE IN FRENCH, + WAS FREQUENTLY ASKED TO SPY ON HIS EMPLOYERS BY THE SECRET POLICE, WHO FEARED THE IRANIANS WERE INTENT ON CRUSHING COMMUNISM IN POLAND. AFTER THE FILMING OF VISCONTI'S VERSION OF "DEATH IN VENICE", MOES AGAIN IN THE SPOTLIGHT. HE APPEARED ON CHATSHOWS AND WAS IN A PHOTOSHOOT FOR 'VOGUE' WHERE HE DESCRIBED BJORN ANDERSON, THE SWEDISH ACTOR WHO PLAYED THE PART OF "TADZIO" AS "A HANDSOME LITTLE BOY, BUT ONLY 75% AS BEAUTIFUL AS I IN MY PRIME". ANDERSON WAS OFTEN CALLED "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD" AT THE TIME. MOES DIED IN EERIE CIRCUMSTANCES, CONTRACTING CHOLERA - THE DISEASE REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN SPREADING THROUGH VENICE IN MANN'S NOVEL, AND FROM WHICH THE OLD MAN ASCHENBACH IS PRESUMED TO HAVE DIED OF, WHILE WATCHING A YOUNG "TADZIO"/WLADYSLAW FROLIC NAKED IN THE ADRIATIC SEA. A PECULIAR CASE OF LIFE IMITATING ART IMITATING LIFE.

"I HAVE SEEN THE HIGHLANDS"
MATT MCGINN

I WAS BORN + BRED IN GLASGOW IN A GALLOWGATE TENEMENT
WHEN PEOPLE SANG OF MY BONNIE LAND, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY MEANT
BUT THEN I TOOK TO TRAVEL, I MOVED FAR AND WIDE
AND NOW WHEN I SPEAK OF MY NATIVE LAND, I SPEAK WITH LOVE AND PRIDE

FOR I HAVE SEEN THE HIGHLANDS
I HAVE SEEN THE LOW
AND I WILL BRAG OF MY NATIVE LAND
WHEREVER I MAY GO

OLD NATURE TOOK A TANTRUM, MANY'S THE AGE GONE BY
TO OUT-DO ALL OF HER WONDEROUS WORKS, SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE A TRY
SHE TOILED AND SHE THUNDERED, SHE RUMBLED + SHE ROLLED
SHE MADE THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND THEN SHE THREW AWAY THE MOULD
I HAVE SEEN THE HIGHLANDS....

COME RAMBLING UP BY OBAN, STROLLING DOWN BY PERTH
IN THE RUGGED HILLS OF ARGYLLSHIRE FIND THE SWEETEST PLACE ON EARTH
GO GAZING BY THE CUILUNS, SEE THE LOMONDS IN THE MIST
ON THE LONELY ISLAND OF MULL, IN THE SUMMER THAT IS BEST

I HAVE SEEN THE HIGHLANDS....

BUT THE IRISH AND THE ENGLISH, THE AFRICAN AND TURK
IN OUR WORLD OF JOY AND OF HARMONY, TOGETHER WE WILL WORK
ON THE SHORES OF FOREIGN BROTHERS, WE'LL LAY NO ROBBERS HAND
AND ALL WE WISH IS TO TOIL AND LIVE IN OUR OWN NATIVE LAND

I HAVE SEEN THE HIGHLANDS
I HAVE SEEN THE LOW
AND I WILL BRAG OF MY NATIVE LAND
WHEREVER I MAY GO.

I HAVE MANY MEMORIES OF BEING IN PUBS + AT PARTIES OF RELATIVES
OR FRIENDS OF RELATIVES WHEN I WAS A CHILD. WHENEVER THERE WAS
MUSIC PLAYED, I REMEMBER BEING FRUSTRATED AT WATCHING ADULTS TAP
THEIR FEET, CLAP THEIR HANDS, BOB THEIR HEADS, PAT THEIR KNEES,
SWING THEIR HIPS, SHIMMY THEIR SHOULDERS COMPLETELY OUT OF TIME
TO THE MUSIC, EVEN TO THE SIMPLEST SLOWEST BEATS. I DON'T KNOW
IF THIS WAS A FAMILY TRAIT, A SCOTTISH TRAIT OR JUST MASS ~~RHYTHM~~
~~RHYTHM~~ RHYTHMIC DISABILITY.

TO GET COPIES OF BABUOGRAPHY ISSUE ONE OR TWO, EMAIL:
randandiscotheque@yahoo.co.uk ALSO, SEE
www.craigcoulthard.com + www.myspace.com/randandisco

© CRAIG COULTHARD 2006