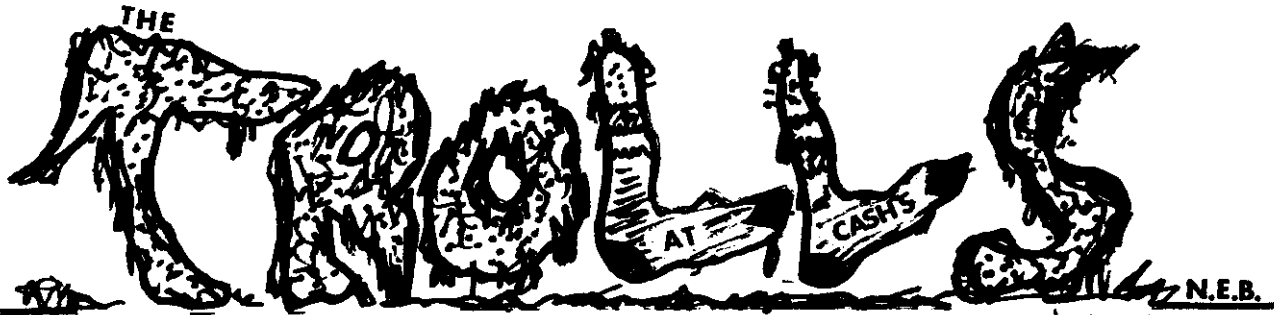


MUSIC



The car worked for once, Saturday night the 27th. Yeah, that was the night *they* played at the newly renovated Whaleback. I think it's called Cash's Whale bar. I had not known the boys in the band had such experience as ministers to the needy. At the same time the Trolls weren't running a catering service either. But how does that all fit into music? Well, I'll get to that.

I parked my car at the risk of a tow on the road to campus road mainly because Cash's used car lot was full to where a snail couldn't park his shell. I came in on the Trolls' second set, so I thought, "Well, the first set didn't clear the place so they must be doing something very, very right." And when I entered the hallowed doors I found I was right. The Trolls sounded right. The night was right. Well almost, but *something* was cooking in that stir-fry wok that has been known to us as the music of the Trolls.

They entertained and feelings were mixed as expected. Cash mentioned that the mixed response might have been due to the expectations of the audience as a result of the Wombler's performance the weekend before. But as far as I know, readers, the Trolls played for all: the querious, the fans, and themselves of course. They made a rarely seen attempt to reach out to all. I guess it has to be that way in a bar situation.

In any event, they entertained us in an amusing way (or if you will, vice versa) through music and various noodling between songs. Yes, humor of the absurd was risen from the shrouded and somewhat sparse minds of the group. They had a presence people responded to. Sure, one audience member yelled out, "Shut up and play! Shut up and play!" but hey, what does that tell us, rock fans?

The Trolls were loose as dishwater and that's why they played better than they have in other gigs. The situation was more crucial. It seemed like more was at stake. Yes, the music made me nervous but so does some of the footwear I see on campus.

"Voice of the Trolls," their newest release, was a great song. It was a good example of the current Troll sound. Some other new songs were performed which I missed. My loss. After awhile I started to move myself. In fact alot of people started up in the second set and after a short period of yelling from the crowd, (sounded alot like Freebird, Whipping Post, etc.) a few songs were played and danced to – and stood to – and drunk to and the guys played Alice Cooper's "I'm 18." Not bad. I guess it was a nice gesture. They're only trying to help. I know some people sincerely enjoyed it. And why not. Chris Cochrane's voice was shattering, as it is on many of the Trollsongs. Good chords inside and out. (Hey what the fuck, you can't ignore talent!)

Soon after, "Fucking Homos" was played with the subtlety of chopped liver, and I looked over in the corner and noticed three Lacoste-clad kids with finger in ear and horror on face. They were noticeably shocked. In any event, they stayed and got a few more from Jimmy Rodewald at the bar. I guess it wasn't shocking enough. C'mon boys, you've cleared out places before and reaped a harvest from a waitress' earnings! Why not tonight? I guess a question like that was answered in vain Saturday the 27th. But Art Carlson mentioned to me that he knows the Trolls "drove some people up the wall." Up the wall down at the "back." Well, Art has always been honest as long as I've known him, so the night wasn't a total loss. Besides, aspirin was heavily requested, according to a bartender there, so it stands to reason.

There were a few problems for both entertainer and listener alike. A lack of monitors presented the boys with some difficulties and the acoustics of the place were somewhat unsuitable at times but like I always say, "you can't get blood from a Troll!" So up ya giggi with a woo-woo brush, aspirin addicts! Go to Adolph's and listen to choruses of "You Shook Me All Night Long" by Washington D.C. or whoever the hell they are. Like Kirby said,

"It's all happening right here in Annandale and Tivoli." And I think we saw it. I know we saw something. You can say "we've seen it before," simply because we have. And all of this blocking of the ears, driving up the wall and aspirin shit can be funny, but it says something serious about what the guys are playing. I'd like to see *everybody* flip out at what they do but I don't think that's gonna happen now. I think some kind of decisions should be made in the cells of the Troll music body that can result in a *solid* response from all walks of life right now. You can take 'em or leave 'em, folks. As far as this reviewer can honestly tell through Saturday the 27th, people seemed to have taken to them. At least the dancers did and alot were curious. Yes, life is full of contradictions. I wish there was none here. Anyway, it was a good night for CKC & D. Keep it growing! See ya on the doggy papers Trollsters and Trolletes!

Nelson Bragg



ARTHUR E. CARLSON

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INTERVIEW

trOLLS UpDATE

(The following discussion was taped at Cash's Music Bar in the early evening of March 2. -b.a.)

BILL ABELSON – Art, would you care to say a few words on how last Saturday was for you up there?

ART CARLSON – Oh, well, last Saturday was fine. It was very interesting, uh – I think it was successful although I think that we were trying to accomplish nothing specific so that in that sense, successful as compared to what aspirations, I don't know. But I thought it was decent. I thought there was communication between us and the audience, which is the main thing that I like to see.

BA – Did you feel any negativity from the audience about what you were playing at certain points?

AC – Sure. A lot of people thought we sucked! But the point is they didn't leave, ya know?

BA – Yea, your philosophy seems to be pretty out-there in that regard these days, that you're not necessarily trying to be successful or one thing or the other ...

AC – I don't know what we're trying to be at this point, but I dunno, I dislike the use of the term "out-there" to describe anything. Something can only be "out-there" when you

"I THINK THAT WE'RE VERY IN-THERE."

have a system of "in-thereness" that you're definitely outside of, and I think that we're very in-there as far as having a certain system of ideas that we exist within.

I don't like the word out-there at all. Out-there for me has only one specific historical meaning – it is only a relevant term for me musically in relation to the movement against be-bop, where in be-bop you're very specifically in there as regards the notes you're playing vis-a-vis the changes you're playing over it, and when people stopped playing according to those rules then they were considered out-there. Very shortly out-there ceased to be a descriptive term because they started playing by their own rules. Basically (by) the rules of harmony they were very in-there.

I think people use out-there as a catchall for a lot of things, and I think a lot have it very value-laden as far as out-there good and in-there bad and I just don't think any of that is relevant in 1982.

BA – Just for history's sake, who are those figures that were indeed out-there?

AC – Eric Dolphy. I don't think you could name many more names than that. You get guys like Coltrane who started breakin' the rules but what he was doing was very within the confines of certain concepts, so, it wasn't out. It was very in, in fact he (Coltrane) was more in, it was the interior of in-ness that he was dealing with.

BA – Dale, do you want to say anything about how it went last Saturday night for you?

MARC DALE – Well, by all accounts it was successful. Although it points up the need for a change in concept. Too much activity in the music right now and I think we've taken that as far as that can go, so we probably need to scale everything down to bare essentials.

CONT. →

Either that or I've been listening to too much Webern lately.

BA -- What was the experience of playing at Cash's like, and the audience?

MD -- I found the audience good, and the experience really exhilarating. It was the first time I had played there, so it was different from playing Commons for the fiftieth time, et

"WE PROBABLY NEED TO SCALE EVERYTHING DOWN..."

cetera. I dunno, it (Cash's) hasn't settled yet, so it's like we're a part of the history of the place almost by being here. It's not like Adolph's, which has been there for years and acquired aeons of ya-ya vibes or something, you know, it's still forming here, still happening.

BA -- One of the original factors in Cash's Music Bar, the Trolls.

MD -- Yes, definitely.

BA -- Our thanks to the ever-changing Marc Dale, and the ever-changing Art Carlson.

MD -- Old inconsistent me.

BA -- But don't the philosophers say that life is change?

MD -- Well, I suppose that makes me a wise man.

AC -- Except for the ones who say it's all the same and change is only in your mind.

BA -- Nothing new under heaven and earth. Well -- it's all true. It's all true. Everyone is right, furtherwise.

AC -- But you can only say that when you admit that they're also wrong.

BA -- No, I just think everyone is right period.

AC -- Ohhhhhhh oh.

Can't have rightness without wrongness. Otherwise rightness becomes just as meaningless as out-there-ness.

BA -- 'Right' and 'wrongness' are just human terms for the more relative 'preferable' and 'less

"IT'S ALL TRUE. EVERYONE IS RIGHT, FURTHERMORE."

'preferable'. Right and wrong are human interpretations just to sharpen the focus of the egotistical side of our consciousness.

AC -- Well, but if you really want to sharpen your focus of consciousness, you have to hone in on what these words mean, and right and wrong and good and evil are in no way equivalent terms.

BA -- Well, I don't like either of them.

AC -- You don't have to like them to acknowledge that they mean something in discourse and that they are applied to certain philosophical mind-sets that are prevalent in the world today, and --

BA -- They certainly are.

AC -- --you have to deal with them, you can't just say you like 'em or you don't like 'em, that's like saying you like or don't like the Trolls. Ultimately, well, so what? You're listening to the Trolls and you get a headache, rightness or wrongness or in-there or out-there-ness are all irrelevant.

BA -- Probably true, look it's very clear that those terms (right/wrong, good/evil) mean a lot to a lot of people and that they influence my way of thinking too, I certainly acknowledge that.

AC -- You also have to realize that when people use terms like that, those are ways of non-thinking every bit as much as they're ways of thinking, by putting something in categories that obliterates the need for further thought on them, or consideration of what they might mean.

BA -- The Western mind is obsessed with, I like this/I don't like that; that's good / that's bad ...

AC -- Yea.

BA -- And I think it's really bad that the Western mind is like that!

AC -- I think there has to be a balance. You have to have opinions, but on the other hand you have to realize that when you say something is good or bad you're measuring yourself as much as you're measuring a thing in that statement. Especially when you precede it with the word "I".

BA -- Are you endorsing the humanistic psychology mode of thinking that when you call

"I HATE HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY."

something bad you're really calling yourself bad?

AC -- No, I hate humanistic psychology, I'm saying you're measuring both things, a thing might be bad, but so might you too ... Nothing is easy.

BA -- But why does saying something is bad imply that you think you're bad?

AC -- Because -- well -- it could imply that, it doesn't necessarily, but it does in the sense that you have not allowed this thing to penetrate you to the extent that you can experience it as directly as possible, so you can get an idea of what that experience is. Some things you might be able to say, "Aw, that's good or that's bad," but the majority of things are much more subtle than that. There's a certain degree of measurement on both sides going, and the ultimate test is when you bring that into reality, and when you have to act on that, like what kind of peanut butter are you gonna buy at the grocery store. □



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will take ~~Its~~ Place"*

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I WANTED TO INVITE
YOU TO A LITTLE
WELCOMING PARTY...



Ciao for Now

Unkle
Art
Dale
Chris



SPORTS

IVAN on the



Ipredict moocho problems for the Yanks. First base job -- will competition destroy Bob Watson & will Dave Collins live up to the pressure? Can Rick Cerone regain the form of 1980 or is he just a disco age one-night stand? Is Ken Griffey over the hill and does he need a new pair of knees? Nettles is going on 38 -- can he play 140 games & still produce? He'll be expected to produce the homers. Will Randolph recover from a disasterous 1981? Can Winfield carry the load thrust on his shoulders by the removal of Reggie Jackson?

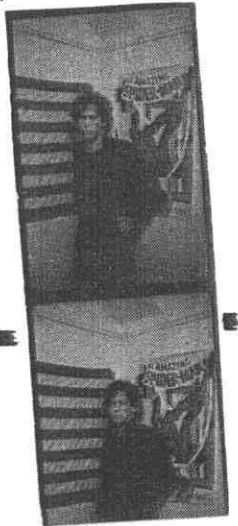
The pitchers: will Rick Reuschel really be happy out of the Midwest & in NY? Or is he just a farmboy? Will Gene Nelson get the fifth spot he rightly deserves? Is Rudy May washed up?

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If the Yanks make it to the Series they'll go for the throat and win. I don't see any National League team except for the Expos giving the Yankees problems.

Ivan Stoler



*The Trolls at Cash's, February 27, 1982.
Chris Cochran, Mark Kirby, Art Carlson, Marc Dale.*

Trolls photo by Denise Bricker and Mary May Wong.



MARC DALE

ON MUSIC AND HIMSELF

1/15/82

Dear Carolyn,

As for myself, I've become just an irascible old curmudgeon, unwilling to play publicly in most cases, and disdainful of any situation in which I am expected to explain my thoughts about music, for the simple reason that I have not a jot of thought about it, but have only and instead, feelings about it, which to my horror I have discovered to have been masquerading in my mind as thought, and which, when presented with a situation where their public display is called for, have the pith and audacity to expose themselves in a manner calculated to cause minimum benefit and maximum confusion and/or consternation, not least of all to myself, the bearer of these malign and chaotic machinations.

So, you see, having realized this thing to be what it is, I can now safely say that my thoughts about music can be summed up in the saying, "Live and let live", which says nothing necessarily about how things (at Bard) strike me lately, or at all for that matter, and it should now be clear why I am reluctant to express myself, on the record that is, in that manner except that since I am presently aware of the tendency which I have already mentioned to you, I feel more confident in being able to avoid those very habits of self-expression which have caused me so much chagrin and even grief. Therefore, with your kind consideration and patience, I will tell you simply that the musical community at Bard is, in spite of our conversations pursuant to the matter, quite healthy and vital in and of itself (in spite of what is often rather lazy and shallow audience participation), such nature being a thing apart from any difficulties one may experience in actually dealing with the community, as that may have less to do with the community than with the whims of the individual, and which deserves the same expectations as any other community at Bard ((I think I have just committed a grammatical error)) which is to say that human nature can be expected to take its course, and that the actual musical work will, being an extension of the people involved, reflect it accordingly.

So it should come as no surprise to you, already wiser than I in the ways of human nature, that owing to a solitary nature and an aversion (some might say unfitness) for the complex in society, it has as if by magic occurred to me that the reason that I have become an irascible old curmudgeonly hermit is that it is more in my nature to be an irascible old curmudgeonly hermit, as opposed to being a congenial and freely available bass musician, which the general community (an entity in which I include myself) would, I think and speaking for myself know, would prefer.

So, I will say no more on the subject, having said already too much about something which in all likelihood has little or no relevance to you, except insofar as it might occur to you to wonder what's on my mind, or whether or not I still care whether you're alive or dead, and so now I feel that I have done what I have set out to do, even though this may not in actual fact be what I should have done, but it nevertheless shall suffice for the purposes of communication, in spite of the obvious and tell-tale fact that I have as yet omitted the customary solicitations as to you and your loved ones' welfare, not intentionally, but merely in

CONT. →

consideration of the continuity of the expression of that which, at present, has the most immediate, if not most altogether important, significance to me, as it is commonly observed that the altruistic principle has precedence over the selfish, although it will be observed that I have no wish to even appear, much less exist, a totally self-insular being in spite of myself, and so I will end this particular and, in fact, uncharacteristically bold attempt at correspondence with fondest wishes that you and 'yours' are well and will continue in the same or better manner, and that I will have the good fortune to see you again. before circumstances, as they inevitably do, dictate otherwise.

With fondest wishes,
Marc Dale



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