

Freedom-Zine America!

The Values of Community & Culture
Issue #37, January 31, 2011

www.cepiaclub.com

Music & the Lyre of Life:

The Winter Dance Airplane Crash
& Our Mortal Coils
by Tim Krenz

The time of the Winter Dance. The airplane crash on February 3, 1959 killed the party. Songwriter & singer Don McLean posed the immortal question for all mortal beings in "American Pie," his tribute to the extinguished out stars who perished in the crash: Can music save your mortal soul?

Winter Dance—Continued on Page 3



JOIN *FREE!!*
RECEIVE!!

*Cepia Club's Select
Publications & Productions*

Freedom-Zine America!
News of Community & Culture

The Cepia Club Strategy Review
*Modern Awareness & Activism
for Free-Minds and Free-Markets*

Pikzl Vision Web-TV Shows
*Broadcasting for Peace &
Prosperity*

Sign up at:

www.cepiaclub.com

Sub Terra Vita

By Scipio Cepiacanus

**The Sold Outs: Not Holding on the Great "Holly Rock"
Tributes**

In late July 2010, a warm day above 80 degrees relented to the sun-settled evening on a rainless, though wet air-humid and damp Saturday night. Near my last tour to Den Haus, in Acqua City, in a year-long effort to chronicle our "life underground," I arrived to see the "polka rockers," my
Sold Outs—Continued on next page

Sold Outs-Continued from Page 1

friends, and I found a heat up band just starting to set up for their own show. The time ticked its piqued way to 10 PM, and I sat around the lollygagging crowd on the outdoor patio sucking razor blade tubes enduring our first month of smokeless taverns in our State of “Defiled.”

I sat quiet most of the moments before The Sold Outs took the stage proper to playing. Wearing well-fitted lounge tuxedos, gone fab Three, the white coats flared bird-wing lapels, trimmed all by powder-blue twined edges, baby satin in the stage lights, all-out outlined against the black stage wall. These guys from Mankato looked fun. I anticipated forward several minutes to this band, waiting to hear their opening for my friends in the “polka rockers.”

The Sold Outs played an oldie, punkified, which instantly knew as “This magic moment.” What magic summer's scene presented to me, the narrator of these notes, then began filling me with a warm thought at some of the miracles that one can see whenever we remember to look for them. Miracles exist as only the normal things in life. Such it is. I looked and I saw a bridge between a time's music past, updated and rollick-ey for now-today. The next song, “oldick” like the last, remained punksted, yet led out from the vocal lead of the five-string bass player. “My little Runaway.” Oh, how everyone runs away at some point. Reflecting more of how I run than others, the lead electric guitar player and the drummer supported a tinge of

Buddy-Rock, vocalized “ahhhh,” in back up.

“I wanna hold your hand,” The Beatles covered, swirled like the old Liverpool place in this caverned crowd of Den Haus. The Sold Outs played this classic a little better than pretty good, and tempo-ed to the punky beat in half the time, it seemed. Time, it seems, goes faster, sometimes, but especially when a skippy-tappy foot dance takes one by the song. The crowd built. Fun filled into the dark spaces of the room. Back into another goldie, from decades far, far away in a galaxy-wide space of star-studded songs, “Happy together.” The Sold Outs had me selling out to them. “Will you still love me tomorrow?” Falsetto. Dulce. The frenzy in Living a memory. The refrain. The Bridge. Forte. Fugue-ish, of a sort. Paunk-up, dance on down.

The Sold Outs might just sound to me what the radical sounds of the Fifties and Sixties might have sounded to my parents. Then, Buddy Holly was an extremist, but over 50 years we had largely forgotten why what he did was so good to the past, and great for all of us today, and so important for tomorrows. That was why his music was so enjoyable, then. Now, a band like The Sold Outs, good at what they play, and playing extra pretty special well to each other, give a little spin on that one-time legacy of great music by great artists. We cannot forget our roots. They've just updated the songs, and have fun in back-dated jackets.

Freedom-Zine America. Publisher and editor: Tim Krenz. Special Correspondent to The Cepia Club: Kevin Goins. Photographer:: FREE emailed and website versions. Publisher inquiries, including advertising and distribution, and reprints: The CEPIA Club LLC, P.O. Box 214, Centuria, WI 54824. V-mail< 715.646.9933. cepiaclub@gmail.com Tim Krenz, Manager/Director/Owner

Freedom-Zine America
Copyright © 2010 The Cepia Club LLC
Contributions ARE NOT tax-deductible!

Winter Dance—Continued from Page 1

The engine of optimism plowed a tragic furrow in an Iowa field, the world turned upside down for the future greatness that lasted no more. Backwards in what we call history, a freak-age of enduring disillusionment came upon our generations, since memorialized like McLean's "American Pie," by an age of defiant art in song that tried to bring a little sanity back to overwhelm the madness of it all. Those poets believed music could save not only a mortal soul, but a dying ideal of justice in liberty.

The 1960s, '70s, and '80s experienced multiple horrors of tragic deaths, assassinations, attempted ones, and war, not just the cold ones. In that time, never did people so accessible to each other need to throw some cold water on leaders and led alike, calm down, and patiently work out some sort of providential solution for the larger, inner gap between optimism and malaise, between hope and the despair. In those thirty years between the air crash in Iowa and the "end of history" in the early '90s, I witnessed twenty of them. I recall, with much fear, how the jaws of a fateful destiny with peace or nuclear winter—whichever way it would go was uncertain—pervaded shadows on skylines like specters waiting to snatch us with radiation

These last twenty years, to winter 2010-11, the pessimism that blighted the dull gray of history in our black and white photos of the 1960s and '70s now show up as sharp tuck lines and dyed hair in vivid digital television clarity. It pervades. It invades, and it make us restless. How other starving and mutilated generations might hold the present bling-junk civilization in contempt. We're not starving yet, nor does plague reign like the horrid angel it once did. We need to lighten up, take a cold philosophical shower in the stream of

In the dates of greed, there were the attempts on the lives of Reagan, Pope John Paul II.. One spirit crushing assassination did succeed, the one we could never imagine, that of John Lennon. If, earlier in the age of war and worry, those February

3, 1959 deaths of musicians Holly, Valens, and the Bopper on their way to the fateful Winter Dance in Iowa, did ignite the dark spirit, that death of music, there followed in 9 years the murders of JFK, MLK2, and RFK. These men of vision, though flawed, genuinely spoke of visions of peace on earth, brotherhood,, and the end of the war which dispel innocence (Vietnam), we also got the sharp noted hopes from the lyre of minstrels, rockers, hipsters, and different, diffident shades of libertarians, in song. All need is love; peace on earth; great days of sunshine, even in a hazy, cloudy mind-fogging dope of moral depression.

So, if asked, can music save a mortal soul? Or, even can it capture the spirit of an age, creating a mass appeal for the world rather than murder of our hope, the answer had better be, "Hell, yes, music can bring us back from the coil of the rope!" Even lyric sad poems of the death of rock and roll kings, and of the giant leaders of our history, we cannot fault the attempt to right the wrongs we see, without corrupting with violence. To rabbits in the hole of time forty years ago played chess, before mad queens, and characters in drug tripping debauchery lived the high life. But those legends at least rebelled against the anti-conformism, called the status quo suckage, and fought against tyranny.

Where have the poets gone who speak the truth about the need for optimism, if not for plain old faith? We need them now more than ever. In our case, they're here, not elsewhere. We must hear them, and not censure, those calling for a new age of truth in art. We need our legends back.

RALPH TERRANA – THE PRESENT & FUTURE FOR TERA SHIRMA

By Kevin Goins, Special Correspondent to The Cepia Club LLC

Our final installment of the interview with music industry veteran RALPH TERRANA brings us to the present. Reunited with his twin brother Russ (who has engineered numerous hits for Motown that it could fill a phone book!), Ralph is going great guns producing singer Abe Wilson & re-launching the Tera Shirma Studios (this time in California). He brings us up-to-date with what he's doing now.

How did you meet your present artist, Abe Wilson? I suppose you could say that Abe and I were destined to work together. Actually, we DID do one session together about fifteen years ago. This was at the time Teddie Morrow and I were working together. We had done a song with Teddie, and Abe was brought in as part of a background session. Abe had been recommended to me by a mutual acquaintance.

Terrana—Continued next page

Terrana—Continued from previous page

The back-up session went very well and for some reason we went our separate ways after that date. Time went by and I never saw Abe again and figured he had moved away.

Fast forward fifteen years and I'm finding myself somewhat at odds with ever returning to the studio. Too many changes to whatever it was I was trying to accomplish and studio burn-out had me seriously thinking of chucking the whole deal. I was at such a point that I was ready to dump the studio, and told my wife, Jesse. Fortunately I'm married to a woman who is a little smarter than me. She said, absolutely NO WAY to my suggestion of dissolving the studio, and told me what I needed to do was get myself re-committed to the studio and get back to work. Jesse isn't very big. In fact I affectionately refer to her as a "twerp". But what she lacks in physical stature, Jesse more than makes up with good old chutzpah. I knew she was right.

A short time later, Jesse & I were driving home from a restaurant when we saw Abraham Wilson walking down the street. I called to him from my car window. He turned, smiled and came up to the car. I couldn't stay because cars were behind me, but he flipped me his phone number and we agreed to meet for coffee. At home, later that evening, Jesse said that Abe who I was meant to record with. At first I reminded her that we were just meeting for coffee and discuss whatever it was we needed to catch up on. But I knew she was right.

I placed a call to Abe to see if he would be interested in getting into the studio. He eagerly accepted and we began recording in October of 08. You could call this fate, divine intervention or just plain, dumb luck. The bottom line is that working with Abe is the best thing that has happened to me creatively in way too many years.

Now, as far as needing a solid engineer for the project, you didn't have to look any further than your twin brother Russ...

I brought Russ in to co-produce Abe. Weeks later

Abe confessed that he had a few sleepless nights before the first session due to the fact that he was going to have to sing in front of Russ Terrana. We laugh about that today, but I can see his point. At that first session, I noticed that Abe had a way of tucking his chin down toward his shoulder and singing with his eyes closed. Russ would give me a silent nudge, while Abe was singing, and his unspoken words came shining through his eyes – "WHERE IN THE HELL DID THIS GUY COME FROM!" Yeah, Abe could sing. It wouldn't be until a bit later when Abe was feeling more comfortable around us that he would confess that his singing posture had nothing to do with being soulful - it had everything to do with sheer terror. As I said we laugh about that today. He doesn't really sing that way anymore and I first realized this a long time back when, during a vocal date, Abe was, while singing, looking directly into my eyes with a determined look usually reserved for prize fighters. Abe was definitely beginning to hit his stride.

The interesting facet regarding what had transpired between the three of us was that it is no longer a producer / artist situation. Abe would come to the studio one hundred percent prepared and usually bring in a suggestion or two of his own as to where the song we were working on might go. To me, it evolved logically that Abe should also be a producer on this project. And that is how we set it up. The three of us are equals. It has worked well for us.

You released a ten-song CD by Abe called "Smooth", which has some really nice tracks. What's the story behind that album?

Our initial intention with those first ten songs was to consider that a completed CD and go for the second CD. I test marketed the disc to several DJs that are gracious and supportive as to what I'm trying to do, and would give us air play on several of those ten songs. We were getting positive feedback on what we were producing. However, I was still at a loss as to how we would market the product. The business end has changed so much over the last few years due to music downloading that it is difficult to figure out what the business really is. In some instances,

downloading a song for a buck is better than trying to deal with a record company that may be short changing the sales count a tad. It happens.

We have decided to hold back on the "Smooth" disc and turn it into a double CD, twenty song package. We have just completed song #18 and are nearing the finish line. I'm glad we decided to do this. As much as I like the first ten songs, this next ten is proving to be extremely strong. I know I'm going to be proud of this finished effort. I'm kicking around a few plans for placing and promoting the CD, which may include going to Motown for the deal. After all, Russ and I are former Motown producers, and in all honesty, whatever Motown stands for musically these days is, in my opinion, rather embarrassing. I'd like to see what we can do to bring some real music back to the streets. I know that it is a real crap shoot these days, but I need to try this. If I can pull it off, I have a few other ideas I'm also kicking around in my aging head. Time will tell.

INTERVIEWER'S NOTE – days after we completed this interview, Ralph changed his mind in regards to shopping the Abe Wilson project to Motown Records. He will release the project on his own label, Tera Shirma Records, and has considered having downloads of the songs sold via CD Baby & Rhapsody, to name a few. We thank Ralph for his taking time out of his busy schedule for these series of interviews.

KEVIN GOINS PRODUCTION
AND MEDIA LLC

PROVIDING PROFESSIONAL CREATIVE SERVICES FOR YOUR BUSINESS.
COMMERCIAL/INDUSTRIAL AUDIO PRODUCTION, PRESS
RELEASES, COPY WRITING & NEWSLETTER PUBLICATION.

LOCATED IN POLK
COUNTY WITH OFFICES IN
CLAYTON & AMERY

PHONE 715-808-4465
KEVINGOINS@JUNO.COM

