



Hammered dulcimer, psaltery, voice, flute, piano – Dorothy Carter • tamboura, log drums, harps, bells, shakers – Gail Edwards • bow chime, steel cello – Bob Rutman drums on "Waillee Waillee" – Rick Nelson • bass and mandola on "Waillee Waillee" – John Nagy

Recorded by Rex Morrill at Perfect Crime Studios, Watertown, Massachusetts and Steve Baer at Art City Studios, Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Tree of Life" was recorded by Jeff Gilman at Music Designers, Boston, Massachusetts. "Waillee Waillee" was recorded by John Nagy at the Mixing Lab, Newton, Massachusetts.

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1978 Dorothy Carter, Celeste Recording, 45 Cherry Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

This reissue is dedicated to Bob Rutman, who passed away in Berlin in 2021 at the age of 90. His impact on Dorothy's music is felt through every note on this record as well as his myriad musical contributions. He lived to the end as an influential musical vagabond and visual artist, projecting his exuberance for experimenting with musical forms, tonalities, and shapes. In Dorothy's own words, "something about him generate[d] ceaseless creative energy." With his uncompromising dedication to art and his no-nonsense attitude, Bob was and still is an endless inspiration.

Special thanks to Gail Faith Edwards, Richard Blackmon, Steve Baer, Daniel Orlansky, Eric Demby, Alexander Hacke, Laraaji, Danielle De Picciotto, and our deepest and utmost gratitude to Celeste Carter for sharing her mother's world with us.

Mastered by Jeff Lipton of Peerless Mastering Tape transfer by Rainer Maillard of Emil Berliner Studios Lacquer cut by Josh Bonati Sleeve and booklet design by Edward O'Dowd Archival Photography by Michael Stasiak Reissue produced by Jacob Gorchov and Daniel Ferrero

> Front cover photograph by Steve Baer Photograph of Bob Rutman by Jack Weiseburg Original front cover design by David Zaig

Drawings, images and sheet music sourced from Dorothy Carter's unpublished manuscripts *Psalterium* (1991) and *The Poor Astronomer's Songbook* (1994).

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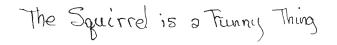
## **ON DOROTHY CARTER**

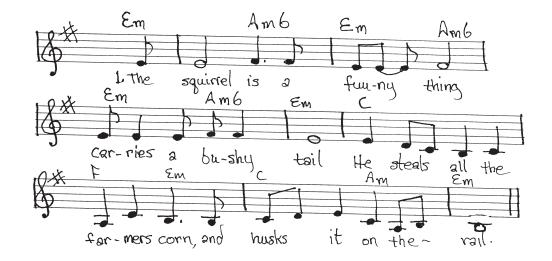
You gave us your soul in music and you made us men in return. Thank you Dorothy for allowing us to hear in our hearts what we are blind to in life, life is music, we don't know it till we hear it.

– written by a fan

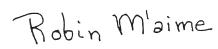
My mom lived for music. Meeting like minds, artists, musicians, traveling around a lot absorbing culture, music was her true passion and everyone who heard it knew it. Take time to see beauty and enjoy Dorothy's music. With love.

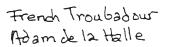
- written by Dorothy's daughter, Celeste





2. The racoon's fail is ringed all round the possum's fail is bare the rabbit's got nothing for a tail But a little bunch of hair

















Dorothy was my inspiration. She went to good schools and liked reading. She was a great person of unbelievable depth and quality.

Dorothy and I met in Mexico City in the sixties while she was traveling; she was staying at a monastery in Cuernavaca, Mexico. She played Irish harp originally and I persuaded her to make music, while I was only a visual artist at the time.

She was very perfectionist with her music and directed me while playing for the recording sessions of *Waillee Waillee*, telling me how I should play.

– Bob Rutman



Along the River

Words-Janes Joyce and to music by Dorothy Carter

open turing for zither, harp, auto harp - "water-harp":

. .

....

Dorothy Carter was a brilliant and beautiful soul, a musician with the power to profoundly move people, a magical woman who shared freely and a very special friend.

I was living in New York City, involved with a video arts collective called Survival Arts Media, when Ben Levine and I met up with the Central Maine Power Music Company. We immediately began collaborating with the group and eventually toured the East Coast together, putting on music and art shows at places like the Boston Museum of Art, the Boston Planetarium, numerous colleges/universities, and other venues as far south as Baltimore. I traveled out to the Midwest by car with Dorothy, her daughter Celeste, and James Fangboner, and we played music at universities all along the way. I originally played the tamboura, and then also learned to play zithers, hammered dulcimer, drums and percussion under Dorothy's tutelage. I accompanied her in countless performances from Maine to Baltimore and through the Midwest.

When I gave birth to my daughter Rosa, I found a new love and dedication and put an end to traveling and performing. Those years spent with Dorothy Carter and the Central Maine Power Music Company, with such luminaries as Bob Rutman, Constance Demby, Sally Hilmer and Hugh Robbins, have always remained a bright, creative light in my life. Dorothy gave so much to so many and possessed a heart full of love and magic. I am ever grateful to have known her.

.... slow and dreamy 8.00 the 2long music 1.0h there's ٤m Am wan-ders there. ليكراه love -for Em flowers u--ponhis mantle his pon hair leaves u Em

2. All soffly soffly playing with head to the music bent And fingers gently straying Upon an watric ment

– Gail Faith Edwards

## Vaillee Waillee



Dorothy Carter is someone who really influenced my early zither exploration and vocabulary. I was introduced to her in New York City in the late 1970's by her hammer dulcimer luthier, Jenny Lynch, who lived in New York's East Village.

Dorothy heard me busking with my electric autoharp/ zither on a West Village sidewalk one weekday afternoon and invited me to Jenny's home to meet a visiting client from Massachusetts. She was coming into town to pick up her new handcrafted hammer dulcimer. I accepted the invitation and showed up in time to perform for them. She heard what I did with the autoharp and invited me to the Boston Globe Music Fest later that year.

I went and performed a live set at the fest and stayed at Dorothy's home with her and her daughter, Celeste, who was quite young at the time. The Boston Globe Music Fest was wonderful. Dorothy Carter was as I recall a gentle mannered petite red hair lady, easy smiling.

Shortly after those meetings I began exploring the use of wooden hammers on my open tuned zither. I met with Dorothy again once or twice since then, whenever she would come into the East Village to visit with Jenny.

– Laraaji



JEBRALI POSTER = FIRST DOROTHY CARTER CONCERT OF DULCIMER MUSIC AT THE JEBR NATIONAL ART CENTER (XAMAX), 1980



Dorothy was a very loving, soft-spoken, and intelligent woman. She rarely got angry, and had many friends. When she played music, a look of rapture came over her face. She was also quite religious, and I think she tried to live with love and compassion for humanity.

I was in Berlin when Dorothy was there. From time to time she would stay with myself and Bob. She had her own small black and white TV, and would sleep with it on the entire night. In fact, it's because of her that I think Bob picked up the habit of sleeping with the TV on.

Dorothy was a classically trained musician, and brilliant. Music truly was her whole life. She ended up founding and touring with a medieval women's group from England called Mediæval Bæbes. They had a good amount of success, and were pretty amazing as a group.

– Daniel Orlansky



South Winds

I met Dorothy Carter in the early nineties and she was not only a huge inspiration but also a friend. We lived together for some time and I remember how she would hammer away on her typewriter in the early morning, writing lyrics and listening to the BBC. She was an incredibly strong personality who did not want to own much besides her instruments. Being free to come and go was her mantra and she would often set off to busk in Italy just for the fun of it.

Dorothy told me about how she had lived in communes and anarchistic monasteries, been a ship attendant on a Mississippi steam boat, had grown up in a Victorian mansion, run away to Paris and how much she loved her kids. She influenced me in every possible way and I am eternally grateful for having her in my life.

- Danielle De Picciotto





The basy lark Messager of the day Saluteth with her song the morwe grey while fiery Phoebis Riseth up so bright That al' the Orient laugheth in the light And down among the baves dryeth with his ray The silver dropes Two falleth on the spray a -Chaucer~

Mother Earth

When Dorothy appeared on the Berlin scene, she would describe herself, in her inimitably charming and modest manner, as "just a little old lady from New Orleans, who plays that plinkety-plonk music." She was so much more than that!

– Alexander Hacke

I first met Dorothy in late 1981 at the Penny Post coffeehouse in New Orleans. As soon as she started playing, a magical atmosphere descended on everyone present. Conversations came to an abrupt halt and as she continued her performance, it became obvious that

Not only was Dorothy an amazing artist and storyteller, but above all she was a delightful individual. It was easy to see from the twinkle in her eyes and her shy smile that not only did she have remarkable talent, but was also a wonderful person.

we were all in the presence of a master musician.

Our friendship grew over the years, and even when I no longer lived in New Orleans, our paths would cross on my occasional trips back there. She never lost her sparkle.

In the spring of 2003, Dorothy spent two weeks with me and several other friends at our home studio in southwest Mississippi, recording seven finished tracks for a new album that she wanted to call Whisperwood Sonata.

Sadly, she passed away three months later. But her memory is still as alive as her music.

– Richard Blackmon



one to rot one to grow one for the pigeon one for the crow



from an embroidery by Sally ~ OW English Planting Rhyme

As I was playing the harp more than the piano, I found myself perusing books on Medieval and Renaissance music, folk songs, collections of Elizabethan/Shakespearean (Noah Greenberg ie) and songs of the French Froubadours, transcribing these for harp, (and later psalteries and dulcimers, or zither). Songs like: "C;est le Fin", "The Willow Song" "J'a nons huns pris", and "Cantigas de Sta. Maria" come from this time.

Back in New York City I was having my harp worked on at a shop near Lincoln Center, and the shop owner showed me an instrument he had made. It was a jewel of an instrument, such as I'd never seen before except in old paintings and illustrations, a psaltery. I felt something like a strange recognition, FHIS was the instrument I wanted to play, even more than the harp. And so began my fascination with the "trapezoids", the dulcimer and psaltery, which are actually the forerunners of the piano, (via. the harpsichord, clavichord, etc.) I am working on another book entitled: "Psalterium" that deals soley with this family of instruments, their history and evolution into early keyboards, and their use in many countries of the world.

I then procured a Chinese Yang Chin, in Chinatown, and tuned it in a manner that seemed logical to me and enabled me to play what I was then playing on whatever instrument, I was not aware of traditional dulcimer playing, and as I was coming from a classical piano background with somewhat eclectic directions, my style has always been kind of unique. I later found I tune my instruments differently from the traditional American/English tuning, and I arrange my songs very pianistically, with bass and treble, some harmony and weaving of melodies, etc. I've included quite a few dulcimmer arrangements here. Most of what I play can be played on most instruments, whatever the tuning, it's all quite simple really.

Now, many years later, my house is almost like a museum, full of all sorts of instruments, hammered and mountain dulcimer, zithers of all sorts, hurdy-gurdy, all the recorder family and all manner of percussion.

We lived in Maine for some years in the early 70s, and much music with friends, jam sessions, happened aound wood stoves in winter, or summer cook-outs and parties. By mid-seventies I began to perform quite a lot around New England, and all up and down the East coast, at many of the folk clubs and folk festivals. Here is where I really started to learn about American folk music and traditional music. I learned so many new songs and dulcimer techniques, at the song-swapping workshops and after-the-gig fireside sessions that often went on till dawn. Among my musical mentors of the time are: Jean Ritchie, Bob Beers, (of the Fox Hollow festival) Pete Seeger (and the Hudson River festival) Jean and Lee Schilling, (and the Cosby Dulcimer Festival). I also loved and have been so influenced by John Jacob Niles and Carl Sandburg. We played a lot of Celtic music at the time, every one seemed to know the favorites, like "South Winds" "Planxty Irwin" (at a lot of O'Carolan) "Give me your Hand" "Sheebeg Sheemor" and "Star of the County Down"

- Dorothy Carter



## Hammer Chord Zither and Other Zithers of the Chord Zither Family

At the turn of the century, before the days of records, CDs, and radios, it was impossible to hear music if you did not go out especially or made it yourself, unless, of course, you were wealthy enough to hire your own private musicians! This led more folk to learn instruments or to sing, and many a happy evening was spent making music.

Of course, not everyone has great musical talents, so there were instruments which were easy and quick to learn for those not so blessed. One of those instruments is the chord, or American zither. This differs from the classical zither by having papers to place under the strings with dots indicating the strings to be plucked. The dots are joined by a line which starts with an arrow indicating the direction of the run and marked with numbers to indicate the accompanying chords. These zithers come in different sizes, formats, and types, with single or double melody strings and with or without semitones. The number of harmony strings varied between the different types. A simple version of the basic type is made in Germany to this day.

A technically improved instrument is the hammer chord zither, or Fischer's Mandolinette, so named because the sound of the rapidly repeated hammer strikes on the steel strings can resemble a mandolin. This instrument was made in Germany before the First World War. Some were made that resembled a small piano (the piano harp), or even combination instruments, with the chord section of a zither combined with the pedals and bellows of a harmonium. In zither pianos the keyboard could be removed and the instrument plucked with the fingers. When in use, the keyboard was held in place by two pins to stop it sliding about.

Another type, the violin harp, used a bow to play the melody, with chords strummed in the normal way. The Aeolian harp zithers had arpeggio chords plus a manual autoharp with wooden manuals that had felt dampers to dampen the sound of unwanted strings.

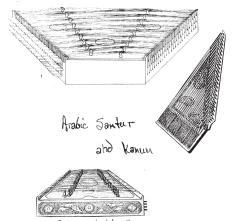
Mechanical hammer zithers came in many shapes and sizes, with or without semitones. They all had a range of two octaves and an accompaniment of arpeggiated chords. Even these had papers with folk notes so that the musically uneducated could play them.

Paul Reissner improved this instrument in 1919 so that it played on a tape punched full of holes like a barrel organ. This zither, TRIOLA, was made from 1920 to 1925.

As times have changed, with an increased pace of life, singing and playing the zither have been replaced by TV, radio, and the record player. The character of popular music has changed, and folk music is the preserve of the enthusiast. Now these fine instruments have faded into obscurity and most are curios.

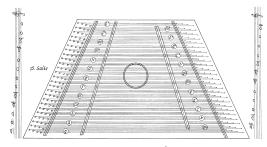
The biggest practical problem leading to their decline is the need for continuous tuning of the large number of strings, especially since the characteristic clear and precise sound depends on perfect tuning. The instrument on which this recording was made has ninety-two strings and can stay in tune for several hours of continuous play.

Dorothy Carter, excerpt from Psalterium, (work in progress) 1989/90



2 Sw155 Hackbrett





**Tonumfang des chromatifchen hackbrettes** Die neuen Informanie haben einen Tonumfang bis g<sup>e</sup>

