

OFFBEAT RECORDS

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esoterica for everyman

4010

RIAA 33-1/3

SONGS

to

make

you

THINK

A WINTER'S TALE

**paul
winter**

Tired Blood, Automation Blues, Film Clip, Actor's Studio, Ballad of Orval Faubus, Hollywood Hot Stuff, Fallout

A WINTER'S TALE by paul winter

songs designed to make you think

. . . for happy people with happy problems

SIDE ONE:

Tired Blood
Automation Blues
Film Clip
Stalin Met Trotsky in Hell
Good Bishop Berkeley
Toptoon (The D.J.)

SIDE TWO:

Actor's Studio (Tempo di Tennessee)
Ballad of Orval Faubus (Litle Orvy)
Team Man
Hollywood Hot Stuff
All Hail
Sing a Song of Schopenhauer
Had It
Fallout

It would be nice to report that Paul Winter had the wholesome, typical, usual kind of American upbringing—born backstage at the old Roxy, between the acts of "The Drunkard," on the boards from the age of 18 months, alcoholic at five, marijuana addict at seven, autobiography at eleven, and dead in a Delahaye at 12½. But no. Paul prepared himself for the concert stage by being born in Los Angeles and raised in Detroit, getting various degrees at the University of Michigan, teaching philosophy, working on an educational radio station and now as a disc jockey in Detroit. (He abandoned a Ph.D. thesis in the Philosophy of History because of a scarcity of rhymes for Aristotle.) Today, having survived the yearly model changes in Detroit, Paul has a wife, two small daughters, a subscription to The Reporter, a green Plymouth, and an unquenchable curiosity and humor about world affairs. All affairs. From the hydrogen bomb to Kim Novak and back again. And forward again.

He has black crewcut hair, a ball point pen, and I don't know whether or not he sleeps in pajamas.

It should not be thought that Paul is content with the accomplishment represented by his repertory of lieder and folk drama. His days are filled with happy labors. For example, he has announced his candidacy for the Presidency of the next Geophysical Year; he is training to run a better-than-four-minute mile; he hopes to discover why human beings with tattoos on their hands, to a man, all smoke the same brand of cigarettes. When he has accomplished all these tasks, he hopes to do something really difficult, like changing a permanent needle. He is the finest type of young American male. His digestion is fairly good, as are thyroid, psyche, and that tender skin around the eyes.

And now a few words about the songs themselves. The history of music tells us

that the polychromatic harmonies brought by the Italianate reaction to stultified classicism carried the early, non-dramatic operatic repertory into France, Spain, and Rifle City, Colorado. This must be borne in mind always, as without a clear understanding of the geist of Western man, no sense at all can be made of these songs. If, on the other hand, you already have a clear understanding of the geist of Western man, you have no need of her music or philosophy. First matter, then: *this is for people who fall between the extremes of omniscience and discouragement.*

"Tired Blood," for example, is Paul's answer to the problem of the vitamin pill. Are tranquilizers the monkey on your back? When Mrs. O'Grady's cow set fire to king-sized Chicago, did she first light the end with the filter? No paraphrase of this music, not even Olin Downes writing about Sibelius, can do justice to Paul's coda: "Abelard lost his . . ."

"Actors Studio" deals with another aspect of contemporary life, being a study of a prominent acting technique as applied to the plays of a man named Tennessee. "Tennessee who?" you may ask, and any aficionado will answer, "Tennessee Ernie." In other words, this is music for non-afficionados. In fact, it is music to non-afficionado by.

"Fallout" is perhaps one of the cruelest jokes in popular American culture since "The Ten Commandments." That is, this song will do for the Bomb what Cecil B. DeMille has done for religion—set it back to its earlier, primitive, narrow-screen stage when men did not need Charlton Heston looking like an outlaw sheriff coming down Mount Sinai. What does this have to do with the song "Fallout?" Did you pay for literature or music?

And now we find "I Am a Team Man," dedicated to organization men everywhere. Organization Men used to wear gray flannel, but following upon some tragic errors made by near-sighted wives, it was decided to diversify the costume. They now can wear any clothes they want, so long as it is a strait-jacket.

"Sing a Song of Schopenhauer" speaks for itself. I don't understand it either.

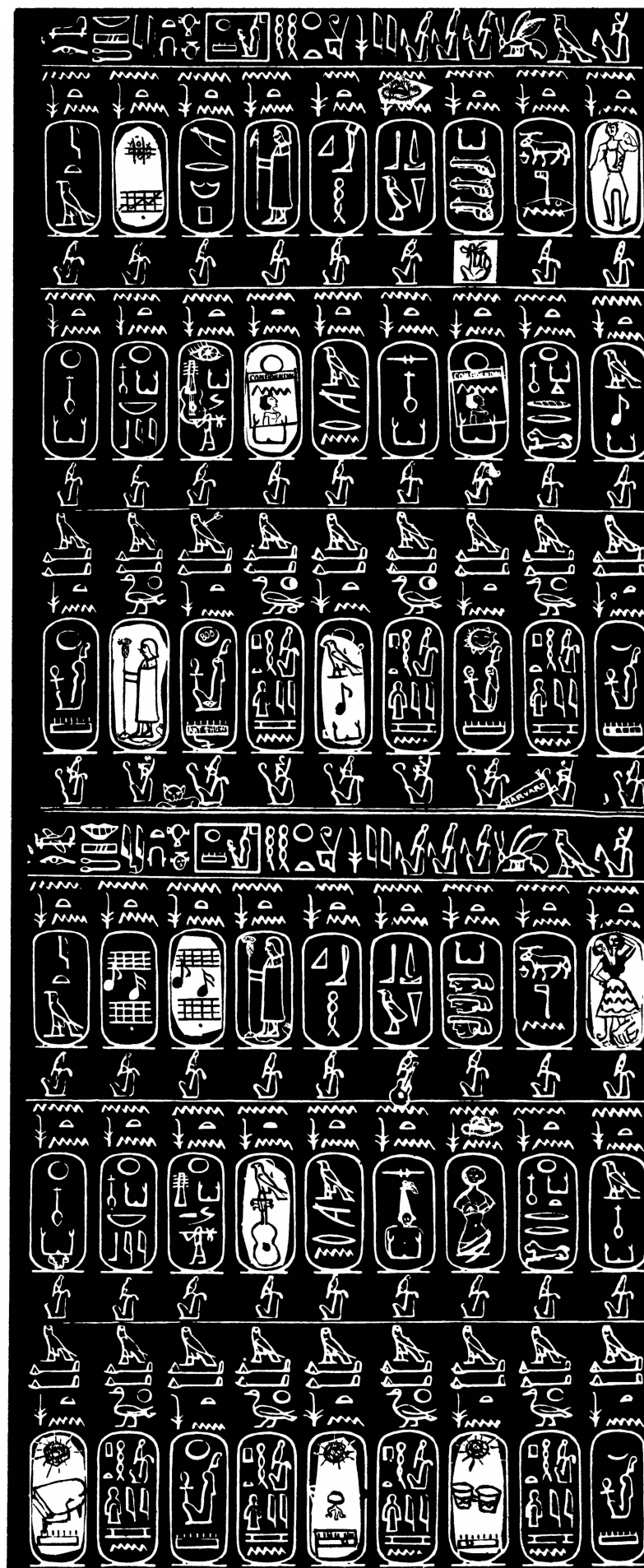
"All Hail the Harvard Business School" was submitted in a contest to produce a fight song for the Harvard Common Stock Contest, in which the contestants, starting with a million dollars, try to get rich.

The "Film Clip" combines a tribute to fashion in titles begun by Carson McCullers with a brief version, for busy Americans, of the Briddish story, "Brief Encounter."

In the meantime, don't scratch this record or you won't be able to return it.

HERBERT GOLD

FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO FOREGO THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION



Charlie Byrd on Guitar

Eddie Diamond on Piano, Harpsichord and Bongos



All material and performances by Paul Winter. Additional copies are available from Offbeat Records (4010), 1340 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D. C., at \$4.98 each. Additional postage: 25c east of the Mississippi; 50c west of the Mississippi; \$1.00 foreign.

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| 1. Tired Blood | 4. Stalin Met Trotsky in Hell |
| 2. Automation Blues | 5. Good Bishop Berkeley |
| 3. Film Clip | 6. Toptoon (The D.J.) |

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SIDE 1

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SIDE 2

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