

I'M FED UP!

(Participation in IRTRAD always seemed to drop off considerably as Summer approached. In those ancient days there were few if any ways of being hooked into the internet on a 24/7 basis, so when folks decided to leave their desktop computers behind, the List didn't hear from them. The following introduction is supposed to reflect that fact.)

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All hail, normal people - we lower classes have the List to ourselves while the Lucky Ones rush off on their 12-week paid vacations, skipping off to Willie Week and the Catskills while we peasants swelter.

But we - we who feel deeply about stuff - now have IRTRAD to ourselves!

So in the spirit of some recent exchanges, I have decided that it's time for . . .

Zouki's "I'm Fed Up" contest! Yay catharsis! Let's get right to it!

(1) the single most annoying element of Irish traditional music is:

- (a) the backup on any Michael Coleman record*
- (b) trying to figure out the individual tunes on a "reel set" or "jig set" played on that cheesy no-name ceili band LP your aunt bought you for your birthday*
- (c) slow airs that exceed the ten-minute endurance limit*
- (d) session singers who can't be heard three seats away*
- (e) session singers who CAN be heard three seats away*

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(2) In plotting the "accidental" death of your most skilled musical rival, you should:

- (a) pick up a book on Druidic poisons at Wal-Mart and practice on your neighbor's chickens**
- (b) check your favorite travel website to see when Haiti's best voodoo festivals and workshops are happening**
- (c) stay awake till all hours trying to figure out how to booby-trap a bodhrán**
- (d) suggest to the rival that you have a few beers and play a few tunes down by what everyone in town thinks are the "unused" Conrail tracks**

(3) When some dwilf at your cousin's wedding sees you with a fiddle and drunkenly demands that you play "Toora-Loora-Loora", you should:

- (a) pretend that you're an visitor from the Balkans who doesn't know the tune (note: an Andy Kaufman "foreign man" accent will help immensely if you can manage it)**
- (b) play the first four notes then vomit on his shoe**
- (c) tell him you have a big boil on your left pinky that will probably pop when you go for the high note**
- (d) tell him you're only minding the fiddle for the big weight-lifting dude who just went to the can**
- (e) smack him severely upside the head with the fiddle, then tell the police that you were experiencing "Keltic rage" when you did it**

(4) Some schmo-ette in IRTRAD-land has just told the entire list that she thinks your favorite band are a bunch of incompetent tone-deaf morons. Your reaction:

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- (a) a 20K post accusing her of everything from carnal knowledge of komodo dragons to postal law violations
- (b) a meek response that you hope will buy time until you can find out who HER favorite band is
- (c) a 20K post questioning her right to have an opinion you don't share
- (d) you try to find her home address and contact info for a local hit man
- (e) you pretend shock at her insensitivity to the efforts of the musically challenged

(5) The person you'd most like to hit repeatedly if not fatally with a softball bat is:

- (a) that singer who believes "The Unicorn" to be deeply-rooted in the Irish tradition and not a composition by a (hugely talented) Jewish guy from Chicago (Shel Silverstein RIP)
- (b) the guy who first decided that mother-of-pearl and piano accordions were made for each other
- (c) the genius who suggested to Mr. O Farrell that he skip the reels and fill up his collection with slip jigs
- (d) your local 25-watt station's Saturday afternoon "Seltic" dee-jay who thinks that Flanagan and Allen represent sean-nós singing at its best
- (e) the drunk who goes for the high note in "Danny Boy" and misses by at least three semi-tones

Enough for now . . . whatever you answered was correct if you can feel that good old-fashioned hatred pulsating through your tired arteries! . . . yeah . . . feels good, doesn't it? . . .

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Epilogue:

(Imaginary sound of car doors closing in driveways and desktop computers being fired up)

Oh heck - they're back - but we had a good time while they were gone . . .