

In Memoriam: Joel Andrews

1928-2019

by Serafina Andrews

JOEL Andrews was born in 1928 in Santa Barbara, California to Loring Andrews and Florence Tuckerman Hyde. At age 9, Joel's stepfather Bobby Hyde engaged Marjorie Gibson Chauvel to teach him the harp. Joel earned a Bachelor and Master of Music and Harp under the eminent Alice Chalifoux at the Cleveland Institute of Music and went on to advanced study with the master and world-renowned harpist, Carlos Salgado.

Joel Andrews was a harpist, composer, author, and a pioneer music healer in America. He toured and presented concerts and workshops worldwide. Captivating international audiences with his exquisite music for over forty-five years, he produced thirty-three recordings, including collaborations with Paul Horn and the Paul Winter Consort. He was presented in Town Hall, New York, with critical acclaim and soloed with the San Francisco Symphony under Arthur Fiedler. Joel's CDs, tapes and writings are distributed world-wide and used to support many modalities of therapy. They have provided balance, harmony, healing, and enlightenment. Thousands of testimonials reveal the unbelievable variety of the therapeutic effects of his beautiful music.

Joel was head of the Harp Department at the University of Texas where he produced a National Harp Festival with sixty harps. Then he developed the art of improvisation through accompanying dancers, poets, and even births and deaths, and facilitated workshops at Esalen Institute with the late Alan Watts, the authority on Zen.

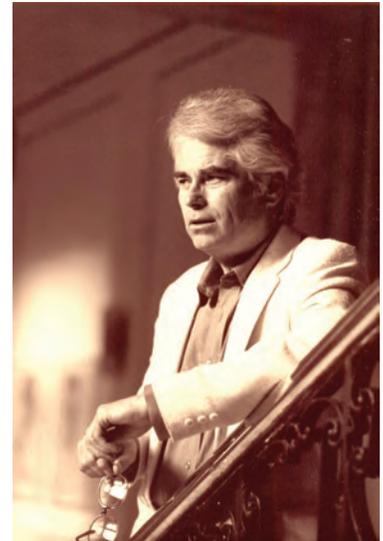
Joel's purpose, he said, "was to dissolve the barriers between the performer, the audience, and Higher Forces: and to generate through this co-created music a gentle, yet powerful, healing ambience, expansive love, and a lifting of the spirit—to arouse the Divine within us all."

He had recently returned from a tour of Egypt where he brought through music in ten temples including the Great Pyramid. His worldwide tours have uplifted thousands through concerts, workshops, and

individual healing sessions.

Joel is survived by his loving partner in life and wife of over forty years Serafina, his beloved daughters Marina and Myra, his son Michael, as well as extended family who will remain dear to his heart.

To honor Joel Andrews' legacy, contributing gifts can be sent to Golden Harp, PO Box 1073, Mendocino, California 95460. 



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In Memoriam



DeWayne Fulton
1933–1997

Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and raised in California, DeWayne Fulton had already studied both cello and piano when he began harp study at age 15 with the principal harpist of the San Francisco Symphony, Kajetan Attl. He went on to study at the Juilliard School in New York and the Academy of Music in Vienna also spending several seasons in Siena, Italy, and at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He attended master classes of Nicanor Zabaleta, as well. Other teachers who were of primary importance to his musical education were Edward Vito and Herbert Jelinek.

Years of extensive travel and international orchestral positions followed. For three years, Fulton was principal harpist of the Istanbul Symphony and Professor of Harp at the Istanbul Conservatory. He was the first American ever to become a member of the Berlin Philharmonic when he accepted the offer from Herbert von Karajan. He joined the Honolulu Symphony as the first harpist after his experience in Berlin.

Mr. Fulton made his European solo debut in 1977 in Holland and was immediately engaged for performances throughout the country as well as France and Germany. He made his New York solo harp debut at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall.

His many appearances at special events and state occasions include the Honolulu Summit Conference of 1968 with President Lyndon Johnson in attendance, presentations for the U.S. Ambassador to Japan at the American Embassy, the Palace Hotel in Tokyo and before Emperor Hirohito of Japan. Mr. Fulton was a guest soloist for the World Harp Conference in Paris in 1990.

DeWayne Fulton will also be especially remembered for his work in the popular music field. He performed at the Waikiki Surf Rider Hotel for eight years, performed regularly on Japan's NHK television network and at the Warehouse Restaurant in Marina del Rey, California. For him, this restaurant was altered architecturally to provide a special stage for the harp. This association lasted for 13 years and gained him popularity with such notables as John Wayne, Tom Jones, Lucille Ball, Debbie Reynolds, Ava Gardner, and other celebrities who came to enjoy his performances. By special invitation, he was featured soloist at the Shenandoah Conservatory of Virginia ceremonies honoring actor Anthony Quinn.

Such a full life was enriched still further by DeWayne's interest in gourmet cooking, linguistics (a fluency in six languages), and his avid interest in and enjoyment of the ski slopes. His enthusiasm for the harp and involvement in life will be missed.

—Wenonah Govea

Sister Mary Emerentia
1897–1996



The Marylhurst College community mourns the loss of longtime friend and faculty member Sister Emerentia Berndorfner, who died Wednesday morning, 2 October 1996 at the Marylhurst Care Center.

Born 20 April 1897, she taught harp to hundreds of students spanning more than seven decades and generations.

"When I was six years old, a dance musician carrying a harp on his back came to our small home town in Iowa," she said. "Mesmerized by the instrument, I vowed to master it. Not until seven years later at Sacred Heart Academy, Salem, Oregon, did my dream become reality."

In Memoriam:

Harvi Griffin

December 14, 1936–August 9, 2005

by Elizabeth Huntley

Versatile jazz harpist Harvi Griffin died in Arizona in August. A native of Detroit, Harvi was the first man to be accepted into the famous harp department at Cass Technical High School for study with Velma Froude. After a two-year struggle to convince the school of his true interest in learning to play the harp, finally, in his senior year, he was allowed to begin lessons and found what was to be both his vocation and his avocation.

His quest for acceptance continued at college at Michigan State University. The faculty wanted him to major in music education while Harvi wanted to major in harp performance. Once again, thanks to his talent and his persistence, he prevailed and graduated with a performance degree. It was at college where he continued to study with Velma Froude, that Harvi began seriously to study jazz and popular music. Following college, Harvi earned his first masters degree from Michigan State and then moved to New York to further his classical harp study at Mannes with Lucile Lawrence, where he earned his second masters, and also at Eastman with Eileen Malone.

Harvi's long and busy professional life as a harpist included extended engagements in Detroit, Las Vegas, and Manila. He played with the U.S. Army Band. He appeared regularly at the White House performing for visiting dignitaries.

Following his Washington days, Harvi began a long career of touring. For years he maintained a hectic schedule, performing over one hundred concerts for eleven months out of twelve, driving himself and his harp all over the U.S. He loved all kinds of music and would program classical, country and western as well as his signature jazz on a concert. His theatrical sense, his timing and his commitment to excellence made his performances riveting. As he once said, "Drama is ninety percent of playing music." Some of that excitement can be heard on his recordings which include: *Harvi plus 3*, *The Harp and Voice of Harvi Griffin*, *The Two Sides of Harvi Griffin*, *Phase 3*, and *The Other Side*.

For the past fifteen years, Harvi Griffin lived in semi-retirement in Arizona. He taught both in Arizona and in Europe, traveling there regularly to teach and to perform. He continued to play some engagements and selected concerts, but no longer made the grueling tours around the U.S. He leaves his partner Lee Barr. ☺



In Memorium: Daphne Hellman

1915–2002

by Park Stickney



Daphne Hellman



Daphne Hellman with musical partners Baby Dee and Mr. Spoons outside the Village Gate

The harp world lost one of its most colorful members this August, when Daphne Hellman passed away. She had fallen a few weeks before, breaking her hip and elbow, and died while in a rehabilitation center. Daphne was constantly on the move until the end of her life, whether playing in Hong Kong for the Fringe Festival, on the streets of Paris for the Fête de la Musique, in India, Sri Lanka or at the Firebird Café in New York City. For New Yorkers, she was probably best known for her performances in the subway system, as a longtime part of its “Music under the Streets” program, playing often at Lexington Ave station on the N/R line, as well as at Grand Central Station (“the Carnegie Hall of the subway,” as she called it). Daphne was one of the earliest jazz harpists, an innovator who played with an intense joy, no matter what kind of music she was playing, who succeeded in finding a unique musical voice, and whose music, enthusiasm, and *joie de vivre*, touched countless people.

Daphne, born Daphne Van Beuren Bayne in NYC in 1915, came from a world of wealth, of governesses and private schools. She started the harp at age twelve, with Mildred Dilling, then went to France to study with Henriette Renié. At sixteen, she stopped to pursue acting and modeling, training at the American

Academy of Dramatic Arts and the Royal Academy in London, and appearing on Broadway in a production of *Hamlet*. She modeled for Man Ray and was on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*.

In 1936, Daphne married Harry Bull, editor of *Town & Country*. She would marry twice more, first to Geoffrey Hellman, a writer for the *New Yorker*, in 1941, and then to Hsio-Wen Shih, an architect and writer who mysteriously disappeared in 1965. She gave birth to two children: the late Sandy Bull, a well-known guitarist, and Daisy Paradis, who performs and teaches sitar and studied with Ali Akbar Khan. She also adopted a third child, Digger St. John.

Daphne returned to the harp after hearing Nicanor Zabaleta by chance in Haiti. Upon returning to New York, she studied with several harp teachers, including Carlos Salzedo, Mario de Stefano and Marcel Grandjany. She performed at Town Hall with the singer/actress Marianne Oswald, who sang in the cabarets of Berlin in 1918 and was later an enormous artistic presence in Paris after the 2nd World War, a colleague of Camus, Cocteau and Jacques Prévert. In a review of this concert, *Time* magazine described Daphne as being “as curvesome as a treble clef.”

She was on the roster of the Community Concerts

Association and gave classical concerts in schools and universities. However, it's as a jazz harpist that Daphne was best known—especially as a jazz harpist who played in unusual places! She studied jazz with Lovilla Tullos of the Cab Callaway band and with pianist Phyllis Pinkerton (who played with Charles Mingus among others and was a student of Lennie Tristano.) She played in legendary rooms with groups that conjure another era: with Ving Merlin and his All-Girl Band at the Hotel New Yorker, at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, and after meeting impresario Julius Monk, at Upstairs at the Downstairs, the Ruban Bleu, Versailles, Le Perroquet, and others.

In the 50's, she started her trio "Hellman's Angels", with acoustic bass and guitar. The group was named by Daphne's longtime friend Norman Mailer when he said "They're Angels, man, Angels!" With this trio, Daphne played at the now-defunct Village Gate jazz club every Tuesday, for thirty years. These performances were one of the constants of NY musical life—like the *Fantasticks*, whose theatre was just around the corner from the Gate, and which, like Daphne, also finished its run this year. Coincidentally, Daphne rented the show its first harp. In 1976, she was a judge at the first Salvi Jazz and Pop Harp Festival in Santa Barbara, which is where first I met her. She was a regular presence at these festivals as a player and later as a teacher.

Daphne recorded four LPs: *Holiday for Harp*, *Pop Goes the Angels*, *Hellman's Angels Play Country*, and *Hellman's Baroque Angels*. In 1996, she released a compilation CD of these recordings entitled *Hellman's Angels Gala*. Her repertoire was wide-ranging, from Scarlatti sonatas, Bach, and Debussy, to country western (*Last Date*, *King of the Road*), to the Beatles, Gershwin, jazz standards and Scott Joplin rags. Her arrangements were bold, humorous, and technically challenging. Playing with her was like riding a bronco. She would just name a tune and charge ahead, ready or not.

An important fact of Daphne's musical life were the annual tours she made to Asia. Starting in 1980, she played at the Fringe Club in Hong Kong each January during the Fringe Festival, then would continue on to Sri Lanka and India to play in hotels and give concerts, everything arranged through her vast network of friends. She usually took other musicians along: her trio, or Mr. Spoons, a virtuoso spoons player, Phoebe Legere, Sean Grissom, Cajun cellist, or Richard Johnson, saxophonist, to name just a few.

I was privileged to play with her on four of these expeditions, and it was while traveling with Daphne that I saw firsthand what a great traveler she

was—and how unusual events seemed to follow her. She could leave for six weeks with a suitcase that was nearly empty, and a Salvi Daphne harp (of course) in a beat-up wooden case, and be elegant no matter what the occasion, with a style completely her own.

The first time I went with her, she was hit by a cab just before we left Hong Kong. We ended up staying much longer than expected, as she nursed broken knees, ribs, and feet, then came back to NY and just kept on going as if nothing had happened. The next year, there was a terrorist bombing in Sri Lanka the day after we arrived, which destroyed the room where we were supposed to play. On that same trip, we met a very interesting Swiss woman in Madras who joined us, the following year, in Hong Kong. The last trip ended up in Geneva, with Daphne as my witness as Christine (the Madras woman) and I were married.

Daphne's house on East 61st street was a rush-hour train station of lodgers, visitors, dinner guests, animals, and harps. Daphne lived in many worlds simultaneously—the harp world, jazz world, literary circles, high-society, animal lovers, artists. Every January, she gave a legendary party at the Village Gate, where it seemed like all the worlds turned out in force. Part of what made her life so magical was this confluence of people, centered around her, brought together, impossibly, by her, with the result that she seemed to know everyone and everyone seemed to know her. I'll never forget playing with her for a birthday party for caricaturist Al Hirshfeld (who drew Daphne twice), when Kurt Vonnegut walked up and said, "Whenever I hear a harp, I look for you, Daphne." Daphne was Mary Poppins and Aunty Mame rolled into one.

Daphne, in the years that I knew her best, the last 10 years, in which I was one of the lodgers in her townhouse, stuck to a schedule which was per-



Park Stickney, Daphne Hellman and Keith Peters, February 1998, Madras, India

haps one of the secrets of her vitality, and which was based on an underlying rule: she did exactly what she wanted to do. Every night she would have a scotch and coke and a cigarette before dinner. There would almost always be a guest or two, and then she would go out, to a party, a show, or a concert. Her cooking was famously...challenging, but her hospitality made up for the culinary adventures her guests faced. During the day, she would read (the *NY Times*, the *Daily News*, books by the sackful), practice, write letters (she was a champion letter writer), and, in the afternoon, play at the Favia Café (or in earlier times, at Kitty O'Shea's, or for breakfast at the Hotel Wales).

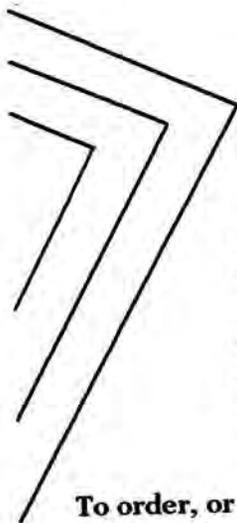
The Wales is worth mentioning because of a moment that was uniquely Daphne. A new manager at the hotel had decided that Daphne, in her eighties, with her spiky punk hairdo and bohemian clothes, wasn't the right look for the hotel, and fired her. Daphne took the news in stride, and started going out much later at night, as she didn't have to be at the hotel at eight AM anymore. Then, one night, around midnight, Daphne came back from a concert, and, with a mischevious look in her eyes, told me "Maybe I'll buy that hotel..." The

amazing thing is that she was serious, and actually looked into it, but learned that the Wales was part of a chain, which, although for sale, couldn't be broken up.

Her migrations to Asia every January, to Paris every June for the Fête de la Musique, to her house in Long Island every weekend, were also part of her schedule. Doing exactly what she wanted, even if it meant doing it alone, driving herself in her enormous huge Suburban, or walking in the rain to the subway, was Daphne at her most powerful, something she owed only to the strength of her personality.

Daphne loved to laugh, to sing, to dance. She was, in Eleanor Fell's words, "a splash of red paint on the harp world." The life that she created was wholly her own, an original work of art. She was active up until the day she had her accident: the month before, she played in Paris, as usual; Hellman's Angels had just performed at the Metropolitan Museum; and the day before she fell, we gave a duo concert at Skidmore College. Daphne Hellman, who seemed like she would go on forever, will be missed by all who knew her, for she really knew how to live. As she once said to Sam Milligan, "I may not be the greatest harpist in town, but by God, no one has more fun than I do!" ☺☺

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In Memoriam: Louise Trotter

1923-2019

by Tracy Thornton

LOUISE L. Trotter, aged ninety-six, of Houston, Texas passed away October 17, 2019 with her loving family by her side. She was born in Port Arthur, Texas on September 4, 1923 to Oren and Grace Lantz. Her dad was known as “Pop” Lantz and was the band director at Thomas Jefferson High School for forty years. Louise, lovingly called “Weezie,” graduated from the same school in 1941 and attended Texas State College for Women (TSCW) in Denton where she studied music. Her father couldn’t afford to buy her a harp when she was twelve, so he visited a harp factory and figured out how to BUILD one for her!

Louise married George P. Trotter in 1942 and they enjoyed a few short months together before he deployed to the army during World War II. When the war was over, he went to work for the Gulf Oil Company for forty years. The Trotters lived happily in Port Arthur, Puerto Rico, Baytown, and Houston until George’s death in 1979. They had three children: Gary, Caryl and Tracy; seven grandchildren: Jessica, Ryan, Ariane, Katie, Stephanie, Carly and Joshua; and five great-grandchildren, all of whom she adored. Louise’s family meant more to her than anything and she kept in close touch with everyone until the end. “One thing about Mother,” says Gary, “if I ever got in a word edgewise in our weekly phone conversations, it was a total surprise!” Louise was a storyteller and loved to spell out all of the details.

Louise learned the art of performing and entertaining at a very early age, but her career really took off after she landed a professional gig playing nightly at the Brownstone Restaurant and the Adam’s Mark Hotel in Houston. During her career she performed with the Baytown Symphony orchestra, and for hundreds of church events, weddings and programs, but was perhaps best-known for her concerts at annual pop and folk harp workshops across the globe. She became an internationally renowned harpist in a career that spanned over seventy years. Friends and



colleagues from around the country continue to reminisce about her famous performances highlighting her country and western arrangements of *Steel Guitar Rag*, *Don’t It Make Your Brown Eyes Blue* and *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. They loved her amusing Willie Nelson impersonation while her family especially enjoyed her versions of *Harvest Moon*, *Summertime* and various boogie-woogie compositions. She was honored with a cover story in *The American Harp Journal* just a few years before her passing and regularly kept in touch with her many friends in the harp community. After producing fourteen compact discs and selling hundreds of harp arrangements online, she retired at age ninety-five but continued playing the piano for the other residents at her home until a week before her death. 