

*Recording begins as [Melissa Forgey?] finishes introducing speaker Teri Stewart:*

[SPEAKER]: . . . So welcome, and again, we really thank you all for being here. Teri?

*Audience applause*

TERI STEWART: Well, howdy. This is a great group here. I'm so glad that y'all could come. I'm going to hang around a little bit afterward in case anybody has questions. But basically I came to Atlanta about forty years ago as a wild, crazy hippie chick from Austin, Texas, and became crazy hippie chick here in Atlanta. And that's when I discovered the Gordon estate. I love to explore, I love history. I noticed on DeKalb Avenue there were these mysterious stone stairs that went up; and when I followed them up, you could see the remains of an old circular drive, the foundation of a large house in the back, where the well used to be, and I became fascinated by this particular piece of property. Ironically thirty-three years ago I ended up moving to Gordon Avenue, which is actually part of the same original parcel. Before I get totally into this, I want to make a big thank-you for the organizations that have made my exploration into the Gordon family possible. That's the Atlanta History Center, the DeKalb History Center, and, of course, their lovely space, and most importantly the Rare Book Archives at the Hargrett Library at the University of Georgia in Athens, where I was able to spend several days doing research on the Gordon family. And much to my amazement, not only was there a huge comprehensive series of files on the white Gordons, but there was also a huge companion file on the Black Gordons. And that's when I discovered that the Gordons were, in fact, a biracial family. Interestingly enough, in 1974 the DeKalb Heritage Trust said that the remains of the Gordon estate should be preserved as a public park because of its great historical importance. So I'm going to backtrack—this is going to be sort of a nonlinear history thing here.

So I'm going to backtrack to the beginning. There was a huge estate acquired by Kirkpatrick, for which Kirkwood is named, in the early 1800s during the Georgia Land Lottery. At that time the property had been owned by the Creek Indians, and they were driven off their land, and the property was given to white settlers. Kirkpatrick got a huge parcel of land that includes what is today Kirkwood, Candler Park, Lake Claire, across Ponce [de Leon]. And Kirkpatrick died right before the Civil War, and his estate was subdivided between his sons and his wife. His wife got the most valuable piece of property, because it actually had mineral springs on the property; and I assume that's probably on the other side of what is now Ponce de Leon. Interestingly enough, it would be great to be able to follow some of these old plats and deeds, because I'm sure that somebody has a big wet spot in their backyard or a porch, you know, that's always rotten, or a basement that's always leaking; and that's probably where the mineral springs were.

After the Civil War the land was subdivided again by Kirkpatrick's sons, and the Gordons acquired 86½ acres. They named it Southerland, which was Fanny—Fanny Gordon, who was the wife of John Gordon—was her mother's maiden name. And what's sort of interesting is when you look at the names of the families that were there, almost all of them originated in northern Scotland. Kirkpatrick is an old Scottish word meaning "the church to St. Patrick." Southerland and Fanny's maiden name, which was Haralson, are old Scottish names which actually date back to the Vikings. Southerland means, in Old Danish, "the South land," which is what northern Scotland was to the Danes. Haralson is also an old Viking name meaning "Son of Haral." Gordon, interestingly enough, is in the same part of northern Scotland. So I think if we went far enough back in the history, we would actually find old connections between these particular families, which somehow ended up in Candler Park, Lake Claire, and Kirkwood.

Now, everybody is pretty much familiar with Major General John B. Gordon. [*Prompting slide show presentation*] Next slide. He's the guy on the horse outside the state capitol, and he was a senator and twice governor of Georgia. He was a Civil War hero and worked with—served under General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was grievously wounded, seriously wounded, at the Battle of Bloody Lane, where he was shot multiple times and fell off his horse and actually landed with his face down in his hat. And he said he would drown in his own blood, except that, fortunately, a Yankee had put another bullet hole through his hat. He surrendered with Lee at Appomattox; and, if you've ever seen the Ken Burns film series on the Civil War, there's a wonderful piece—you know, regardless of what you think of the Civil War 160 years later—a wonderful piece about when Gordon surrendered with Lee. Apparently he came up on his horse; and when they came up to the point of surrender, he saluted with his sword, his horse bowed, and he dipped his sword to the ground as a gesture of surrender. He died in 1904, and there was a huge funeral downtown that went on for many, many days. He and Fanny were married for many years. They had a long and loving relationship, and Fanny and John are buried side by side in Oakland Cemetery next to the old Confederate section. [*To the audience*] Can you hear me over the music OK? [*Audience responds in the affirmative.*]

Fanny Gordon, next slide. Fanny Gordon was a spitfire. Whereas the general was known as sort of a "howdy-do" kind of nice guy, Fanny Gordon was the one with the brains and the determination and obviously a much better businessperson than John was. She outlived him by twenty-seven years. She was the daughter of General Haralson and related by blood to George Washington's sister Betty and Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition. She and John met in 1854, and it was love at first sight. She was seventeen, he was twenty-two when they got married; and they got married in 1854. She actually accompanied him all four years to the

front during the Civil War, fought side by side, nursed the soldiers back to health; and in fact General Early said that he wished the Yankees would capture Mrs. Gordon and keep her till the end of the war so she'd stay away from the front. He also later apologized and said that if his troops kept up as well as Mrs. Gordon did, he'd never again have to issue another order against stragglers. [Referring to slide] At the Battle of Winchester, which this is an illustration from, when the shells were exploding and the troops were retreating, Fanny Gordon was the person who seized the flag, rallied the troops, and personally led them back into battle again.

When they bought the Southerland estate in 1871, they were chronically in debt. John was not a good businessman, although he was apparently a pretty nice guy; and what would happen is that they would live lavishly way beyond their lifestyle. So creditors were constantly coming to seize the Gordon estate, Southerland. To prevent the estate from being seized, John and Fanny would pass it back and forth to each other, for "five dollars, love and affection." John, of course, died in 1904. And in 1906 creditors seized the Gordon estate for moneys owed. Fanny Gordon, right here at the Decatur Courthouse, at the back entrance, which used to be the front entrance because of the railroad and because DeKalb Avenue used to be the old Decatur wagon road, actually saved Southerland from the creditors by personally raising \$8,700 and thus was able to save the Gordon estate.

She started the Southerland Realty Company in 1911 and started the neighborhood of Lake Claire, which she did by selling off parcels of land; and Gordon Avenue, where I live, is one of the streets that was created by Fanny Gordon. That same year, 1911, for the price of one dollar, she gave Southern Bell permission to install the first telephone lines. She died in 1931, and in 1942 the Gordon estate was in disrepair and was demolished. At that same time, in *The Atlanta Constitution* they recorded this as a very great loss to history, and a poem was included, which went,

They are tearing down the walls today  
Of a Georgia mansion, old and gray.  
It was Gordon's home, and once again  
We hear the tramp of his marching men.

[Prompting slide show] Caroline? The very talented Caroline Lewis Gordon. She wrote an autobiography [sic] called *The General and Miss Fanny*, which are her memoirs of growing up at the Gordon estate in the 1880s. She actually divided her autobiography into two parts. The first is called *The Book of Stories*, which are actual stories from the period; the second is *The Book of Songs*, and these are actual songs that were sung on the Gordon estate after the Civil War and during Reconstruction. She performed onstage and traveled, reading excerpts from her diary and performing the music, until she got engaged, and her future husband decided

this was not—this was a little too risqué for his future wife; so he prevented her from doing future performances. And when you read—the autobiography is absolutely fascinating. Not all of it would be what we consider politically correct today, but I think the thing that comes across the most is the loving, long-term relationship between the Black and white Gordons. The Black Gordons had their own home at Southerland; the Black and white Gordon children were raised together and had a very long and loving relationship.

[*Prompting slide show*] Next? This is Sarah Gordon, seated there, and two of her children. Now, in 1854, before the Civil War, Sarah and Jim owned—John and Fanny owned two slaves. Their names were Jim and Sarah. Now, Jim was John's manservant, as they called him, and Sarah was Fanny's personal maid. Sarah and Fanny grew up together and had an extremely, extremely close relationship. Fanny's wedding present from her father was Sarah. Now, people wonder how the Black and the white Gordons sort of came to be. My personal theory—and I think this would be a great topic for the history detectives—is that Sarah and Fanny were either sisters or they were cousins, because the two women were extremely tight, had been raised together, lived together their entire lives, and stayed together for most of their lives. Interestingly enough, Sarah and Jim were married on the exact same day as John and Fanny in almost a double ceremony. After the war and after Emancipation, Jim and Sarah chose to remain with John and Fanny for additional forty years as permanent, paid companions. And again, they had their own house on Southerland, and the white and Black Gordon children were raised together. John and Fanny believed that the future of the South after the Civil War lay in education for all of its citizens, so they actually founded what were called at the time several Negro schools. All four of Jim and Sarah's children graduated from Morehouse College.

During the Civil War, when John Gordon was seriously wounded at the Battle of Bloody Lane, he was nursed back to health by a slave by the name of Buddy Hampton. After the war, in gratitude, the Gordons, Fanny and John, sent for Buddy; and in gratitude and appreciation for him nursing General Gordon back to health, they sent him to college. Years later, Buddy Hampton came back to thank the Gordon family and said that, due to his college education, he had prospered, and all of his children had been able to be provided college educations as well. In *The General and Miss Fanny*, after the Civil War, apparently the white and Black Gordons were so poor that they would have to draw lots and rotate as to who got the next pair of shoes. So again this shows a really, really long-term, enduring relationship between John, Fanny, Jim, and Sarah.

In 1904, ironically, Jim died as well as John; and at that time the family dispersed. The Black Gordons then moved to California. And at the Hargrett Rare Book Archives there are

huge files on the very, very touching and personal correspondence between the white Gordons in Georgia and the Black Gordons in California, where they recall their happy times together, their lives together at Southerland, and growing up together. [*Referring to slide*] And I don't have a picture of Jim, which is too bad. But you can tell by these two children of Sarah's that he was obviously tall, dark, and handsome.

Next picture. Walter A. Gordon, he was probably born at Southerland in the late 1890s. In 1904, when Jim and John died, and the family moved to California, Walter went with them. He was the grandson of Jim and Sarah. He was the first African American to receive a Doctorate of Law from the University of California. In the 1930s he was the president of the NAACP in Berkeley. In 1943 he was sent in by Governor Earl Warren to take care of the "Zoot Suit Riots," and in 1955 he was appointed by President Eisenhower to be the governor-general of the Virgin Islands. So here from one family you had two governors—one white, one Black—that lived on the same piece of property and were, nine times out of ten, probably related by blood as well as by history.

OK, now I'm going to tell a couple of stories from *The General and Miss Fanny*, Caroline Gordon's autobiography that was written about their lives at the Southerland estate in the 1880s. The first story I'm going to tell is one that is a story that is a personal favorite of General John B. Gordon. When he was riding his horse back from downtown when he was serving as governor, at that time the Southerland estate was considered in the country. And he was coming down the old Decatur wagon road on his horse, and he came across a young boy. And being a very friendly sort of gregarious sort guy, he said, "Well, howdy, son."

The little boy said, "Howdy."

General Gordon said, "What's your name, sonny?"

The little boy replied, "Gordon."

John said, "Well, now, that is a fine name. How did you get that name?"

The little boy replied, "My mama gave it to me. I think it's got something to do with General Lee." [*Audience laughter*]

The second story I'm going to tell is about the General and Miss Fanny. Now, the Gordon family always named their favorite trees after members of the family. And as a tree-hugger I appreciated the fact that the title of Caroline Gordon's autobiography was actually named for two trees. The General and Miss Fanny were two identical pine trees that grew directly in front of the Southerland estate. Well, John and Fanny weren't there at the time this happened; but Jim was. And apparently there was a huge, huge storm; and a bolt of lightning came out of the sky, struck one of the pine trees, and blew it apart. So when John got home,

Jim came and said, “John, I got some bad news for you. Bolt of lightning done come out of the sky and done split Miss Fanny from stem to stern.” [*Audience laughter*]

John said, “Well, that’s just terrible! I guess we’re going to have to cut her up for firewood.” [*Audience laughter*]

Fanny came home, Jim went up, and he said, “Fanny, I hate to tell you this, but a bolt of lightning done come out of the sky and split the General from stem to stern.”

So when Fanny and John got together, John said, “Well, Jim told me what happened to Miss Fanny.”

Fanny said, “That’s funny, he told me it happened to the General.” [*Audience laughter*]

Apparently no one had ever decided which tree was which—which tree was the General and Miss Fanny.

Now, the last story I’m going to tell is the story of Mary Gordon and President Grover Cleveland. Now, according to Caroline, although the word “Mammy” today is used as a derogatory term, during the 1880s, she said it was not a derogatory term; it was in fact a term of respect and that in each family there could only be one mammy. And the mammy was the matriarch, she was the oldest woman, she had the most authority, and there could only be one mammy at the time, that the title was passed on only after the person died. Now, there could be other terms of affection--“Mommy” or “Mamaw”—but there could only ever be one “Mammy.” This was Mary Gordon, and she was Fanny’s mammy from the time that Fanny was a very, very young child. And she also lived at Southerland with the Gordons. Now, when President Grover Cleveland was elected president of the United States, he and his wife came to visit the Gordons, John and Fanny, downtown, where they were living in the governor’s house. And Mrs. Cleveland was recuperating, because her hand had been so enthusiastically shaken, it had been crushed. People were excited at that time, because Grover Cleveland was the first Democratic governor [sic] in over twenty years. And at that time, when they were speaking to John and Fanny, they said, “Well, we hear you have an actual antebellum Mammy.”

And Fanny said, “Well, yes, I do. You know, she raised me. You know, we’ve always been together. But she doesn’t like to come into town, so she stays out in the country at Southerland. She doesn’t like to come into town.”

So President Grover Cleveland said, “Well, we’ve got to meet Mary. We’ve got to meet Mary. We just have to.”

So Fanny said, “OK.”

And they called for a coachman, and they sent the coachman out to Southerland to get Mary. And they waited, and they waited, and they waited. And finally the coachman comes

back, and he stands in the doorway, and he moves from side to side, twists his hat in his hands, and he says, "She ain't comin'. She says she's not comin'. She says she's got a misery in her legs, she already met a whole bunch of presidents, and she ain't comin'." [*Audience laughter*] Now, this was true, because Mary had gone with John and Fanny to Washington, D.C., on several occasions and had met a whole passel of presidents and couldn't see any point in meeting one more.

So Grover Cleveland and his wife said, "Well, if Mary won't come to us, we'll just have to go to her." So they went and got back in the carriage, started heading back out to the country to Southerland.

Well, Caroline was a teenager at the time and apparently quite an experienced horsewoman, as was John Gordon, and she freaked out. She's like, "Oh, no, here they're coming to Southerland, and, you know, it's going to be—" So she called for a horse, got on the horse, and rode at breakneck speed from downtown out to the Southerland estate, leaping fences, going over creeks, cutting through pastures, and managed, by riding at a dead gallop, to get to Southerland before the President and the wife, Mrs. Cleveland, got there. And sure enough, Mary was sitting on the back porch, smoking her corncob pipe, kicking back in her rocking chair, and Caroline's like, "Mary, Mary, quick! You know, the President's coming, the Mrs. President's coming! You've got to get ready! They're going to be here any minute."

So Mary Gordon, with great dignity, got up, put on her nicest dress, put on her fanciest turban, and graciously consented to meet Grover Cleveland and the Mrs. when they got there. Grover Cleveland, for the rest of his life, told the story that the only person that ever refused to meet him was Mary Gordon. Interestingly enough, Mary Gordon died at Southerland. At her bedside, holding her hands as she passed away were Caroline and Fanny. And Mary Gordon's last words were, "My little Fanny." Next picture. And there you have President Grover Cleveland.

Now, why are we doing all this, and why is this important? I believe that history is critically important. It's important for us to know who we are, where we came from, where we're going. It's important to have tangible places and things that we can touch, that evoke a sense of history.

Next picture. So we're trying to save the last publicly accessible greenspace left on DeKalb Avenue. It is the last publicly accessible greenspace in five miles between downtown Decatur and downtown Atlanta. It is a wooded half-acre at the corner of Gordon Avenue and DeKalb Avenue, and it is also the last publicly accessible part of the original Gordon estate. This is a historic pecan tree over a hundred years old that we call "Grandma Gordon," as the

Gordons liked to name trees after members of their own family. Interestingly enough, pecan trees are not native to this area; they first started to be planted in the 1880s. So because of her location and because of her age, since she is over a hundred years old, this pecan tree had to be planted by the Gordons. It's the only way it could have appeared at this spot with that age. Interestingly enough, she is also a very old variety of pecan. If you drive by and you look at her, you will see she is different from most contemporary pecans. Her leaves are more slender; they're also a brighter green. She also is very highly resistant to pecan scab, which is a disease in this area which affects pecan trees and causes crop losses of over 44 million dollars a year. There is no cure for pecan scab. All they can do is spray with repeated amounts of chemical fungicides. So again, saving these old varieties that show a natural resistance is very important.

This parcel of land is also the last natural watershed left on the Eastern Continental Divide, which is DeKalb Avenue. And because there has never been a structure at all behind the pecan tree, according to local archaeologists, all the way back to the Creek Indians, so that is the last undisturbed piece of ground that goes back to the early 1800s and even before. Because there has not been a structure on the property in over forty years [*Directing projectionist*]*—*you can do a couple more shots*—*it is an established Wildlife Habitat. These are actual pictures of animals that live there. We have recorded animals which are protected both by Georgia law and Federal law. We have recorded raccoons, squirrels, possums, mourning doves, Eastern cottontails. In the state of Georgia, these are considered game animals; and under Georgia law the nests, dens, and holes of game animals may not be disturbed, nor may they be driven from their nests, dens, and holes. We have also documented thirty-one species of Federally protected birds at the wooded half-acre, twenty-one of which are permanent year-round residents and require the greenspace for survival. Because of its isolation, because of the heavy traffic on DeKalb, the railroad line, the MARTA line, the construction around it, it's an ecosystem that is filled with diversity and density. These animals don't have any place else to go.

As of this spring we have now been fighting for six-and-a-half years to save this greenspace, which has been used as community greenspace for over forty years. We are now fighting the fourth round of developers to square off against the neighborhood. What they want to do is clear-cut for greater density condos than anywhere else on DeKalb Avenue, even though there is no market for condos on DeKalb Avenue, they can't finish the ones they started, they can't sell them, they can't rent them; and so to destroy an ecosystem like this for development is so wrong, you hardly even know where to start. In addition, the current property



owner claims that this parcel of property didn't have a history until he bought it three years ago; and you know that really gets my goat.

We have a nonprofit account with Park Pride. Their telephone number is 404-546-6760. No donations are too small, all donations are tax-deductible, and all donations go toward our community effort to save the last publicly accessible greenspace on DeKalb Avenue. Next picture. Oh—and that's either Buddy or Bertha there, the red-tailed hawk pair. They successfully raised a fledgling this past winter. Next shot.

This is what we want to do when we acquire the property. We believe we can keep it green and make it pay for itself. In the preexisting meadow area, what we want to do is keep that part as a meadow area; put up a green-roofed pavilion, bike racks, tables, and benches. It is directly next to a MARTA bus stop halfway within walking distance of the two MARTA stations and half a block from where the Path crosses at DeKalb Avenue. There is no covered shelter on that side of DeKalb Avenue at all, whatsoever; and right now an estimated 90,000 people a day commute back and forth on DeKalb Avenue by foot, bike, car, bus, and rail. We believe that we can use the space to promote public and alternative transportation, biological and historical information, and that this would be the best use of the property for the county, the city, and the neighborhood. The historic pecan tree is right over there; and what we would like to do is have a historical marker put up similar to the historical markers that were put up by the Biracial History Project in Candler Park, talking about the famous biracial Gordon family and their importance to both Georgia and America's history. Interestingly enough, the famous Black neighborhood, Rose Hill, which is the basis for the Biracial History Project in Candler Park, several of the homes were owned by African Americans by the last name of Gordon. And although we do not have any proof at this time, we believe that they are Black Gordons from the Gordon family.

We want to keep the woods, including the historic pecan tree, and over seventy-five other native hardwoods that are out there; put in a little nature path. Talk about why this is ecologically [sic] important. So technically, using the meadow area and making the property pay for itself. What we could do is bring grocers' markets, artists' markets, music on the green, seasonal events. So you could get off the MARTA bus, listen to some Bluegrass, buy a jar of local honey, catch the next bus. Bring your kids up on their bikes up Gordon, park the bikes, take a walk through the woods, learn about the flora and fauna, learn about the famous Gordon family. And again, we believe that this is the best use of the property. Next picture.

Now, the very talented Heidi Pallier [spelling?] is here. She is a fabulous music teacher and lives in Clarkston, and she is going to be performing two of the songs from the General and

Mrs. Fanny's *Book of Songs*. The songs are broken mostly into two categories: some are old spirituals, but most of them are children's songs. And Caroline talks about how both Black and white Gordon children really enjoyed the songs, that Mary Gordon would lead them in the songs, and they would laugh and play. Now, the Gordons also owned a farm in South Georgia called Beechwood; and the Gordons would travel back and forth from the farm to the Southerland estate. I believe this photograph, which was taken in the 1880s, was taken at Beechwood. But as she said, the same songs were sung at both locations. She says musical instruments were not used; instead, it was all done with hand-clapping and foot-stomping and slapping your hands on your hips. And the best dancer that anyone had ever seen, white or Black, was Little Georgia; and this is actually a picture of Little Georgia dancing to some of the music from the *Book of Songs*.

Ms. Heidi is going to do two songs. The first one she's going to do is "Noah." The second one she's going to do is "Sarah Gal," which, according to Caroline, was the children's favorite song. Mary would sing it, the kids would join in. And apparently, when they sang "Sarah Gal," which is what you have a copy of here, they would do their walk, and they would do like this, and when you got to the line, "bumber-shay," then all the kids would wiggle their bottoms and swerve their hips. And as soon as they did that, they'd all crack up and laugh. So at any rate, without further ado, we're going to have the very talented Ms. Heidi Pollyea do "Noah," from Caroline Gordon's *Book of Songs*. This song has not been heard here in the neighborhoods which they lived for over 130 years [sic]. We did actually do a performance of "Sarah Gal" at Granny Jam, which was another fundraiser for the greenspace; so that one has been played before, but "Noah" hasn't been heard in about 130 years. And then after she does that, if you are so moved to do so, we're hoping to get a little audience participation going with "Sarah Gal" here. So if you're willing to stand up and clap your hands and, you know, stomp your feet and wiggle your rears, well, we'll be right there with the Gordons. So here's Ms. Heidi. [Audience applause]

HEIDI POLLYEA: Well, how about we give a round to Ms. Teri for this great work she's done? [Audience applause] That's beautiful. Thank you so much. And you're a beautiful group to be out today in the middle of this beautiful day, with all this activity in Decatur. So I'm going to do one of these songs that, as Ms. Teri said, has not been done for a long, long time. And some of the colloquialism I've left out; a little bit of it, I've left in. Instead of saying the word "Noah," they used the word "Nora." So when I say "Nora," don't be like, "Who's she talking about?" Because it's good old Noah with the Ark. So, without further ado—oh, well, I'll tell you a little bit more in between songs. [Sings]

Oh, the called old Nora that foolish man  
'Cause he built the Ark on high, dry land.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Gonna tear them timbers down.

Old Nora commanded the [inaudible—could be “tanker,” “tinker,” “taker”?] dove  
For to bring him grain or bring him sand.  
The [inaudible] dove came back to say,  
“Lord, I cannot find any land today.”  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Gonna tear them timbers down.

Old Nora commanded the [inaudible—could be “tanker,” “tinker,” “taker”?] dove  
For to bring him back a holly leaf.  
The [inaudible] dove came back to say,  
“O, Lord, can’t find you no tree today.”  
So who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Who built the Ark? Old Nora.  
Gonna tear them timbers down.

[*Audience cheering and applause*]

TERI STEWART: Yeah, since I don’t have any problem making a fool out of myself, I’m going to stand up here and do this walk and bumper-shay.

HEIDI POLLYEA: I would certainly appreciate that, Teri.

TERI STEWART: And if anybody else wants to stand up, feel free to do so. If you’re too embarrassed to stand up, at least clap your hands and stamp your feet [inaudible]. [*Heidi Pollyea laughs.*]

HEIDI POLLYEA: OK, so this is a audience participation. And as Ms. Teri said, I know some of you are tired of sitting, so why don’t you just stretch your legs a little bit and stand up at least? There you go! It feels good. OK, we’re going to do a traditional back-beat clap. This really separates the wheat from the chaff or the soul from the soulless maybe. But anyway, it’s OK. If you clap any way you want to, that’ll be fine. But if you can get the back-beat, which I’ll give you a mini music lesson, being a music teacher, generally speaking, a lot of songs are in four-four time, and the emphasis in most Western music, if you will, is on the one and the three of the four beats. So [*clapping*] ONE, two THREE, four, ONE, two THREE, four. [*Audience claps in time.*] Great! That’s wonderful. Now, never do that again. That’s wrong, at least for

this song. OK, we're going to clap on the two and the four, OK, which is called the back-beat, and is more from a African tradition. So [*clapping*] one, TWO, three, FOUR, one, TWO— [*Audience claps in time.*] You people have soul, yes you do. All right. So you just keep that going, and then—it's a really pretty easy melody, if you want to sing along. Otherwise, go ahead and clap, because we're going to shake our butts when we get to the word "bumber-shay." [*Sings, as audience claps back-beat.*]

Sarah, girl, how you talk.  
Let me see you do this walk.  
Do this walk, do it fast.  
Don't forget to let me pass.

HEIDI POLLYEA: Let's do it again with a little step to the left, step to the right. I guess that's your right, that's your left. Step to the--I'm not going to even worry about that. Just go this way and that way. There we go. One, two, three: [*Sings*]

Sarah, girl, how you talk. [*Speaking, to audience*] You got it! Go for it!  
[*Sings*] Let me see you do this walk.  
Do this walk, do it fast.  
Don't forget to let me pass.

[*Speaking*] OK, that's all there is to the melody. So want to try it one time with me, because the next verse is your moving one. Here we go, the first verse now: [*Sings*]

Sarah, girl, how you talk. [*Speaking*] Come on, you can do it.  
[*Sings*] Let me see you do this walk.  
Do this walk, do it fast.  
Don't forget to let me pass. [*Speaking*] One more time!

[*Sings*] Sarah, girl, how you talk.  
Let me see you do this walk. [*Speaking*] We got some singers.  
[*Sings*] Do this walk, do it fast.  
Don't forget me, let me pass.

[*Speaking*] Here comes bumper-shay!  
[*Sings*] 'Round the corner, other way,  
Let me see you bumper-shay.  
Do this walk, do it fast.  
Don't forget to let me pass.

[*Speaking*] Last time, big shake!  
[*Sings*] 'Round the corner, other the way,  
Let me see you bumper-shay. [*Speaking*] There you go!  
[*Sings*] Do this walk, do this fast. [*Speaking*] Real slow  
[*Sings*] Don't forget me, [*Speaking*] Let me pass [*Sings*] let me pass.

[*Audience applause*]

HEIDI POLLYEA: Right on! [Inaudible] you're good. Awesome job, everybody.

END OF RECORDING

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