

Yodel-Ay-Ee-Oooo

The secret history of yodeling
around the world

Bart Plantenga



Yodel-Ay-Ee-Oooo

“The hills are alive with the ululations of centuries of yodelers, whose echoes persist undyingly. Bart Plantenga shows how yodeling, which may be encoded in our DNA, is humanity’s most open secret, linking Swabian and Farsi, mountain and atoll, cowboy and jazzbo. Like an errant cowboy ride, his book is fun, head-spinning, and ontologically profound.”

—Luc Sante, author of *Low Life*

“Like yodeling itself, Bart Plantenga’s book is wry, humorous, touching, irreverent, vivid, and unforgettable. In addition it is erudite without being stuffy, and is extremely well written. At last, THE book on yodeling!”

—Ranger Doug, *Riders in the Sky*

“YODEL-AY-EE-OOOO is an amazing, wild, and wonderful book. If there’s anything to be known about yodeling since the dawn of recorded time, Bart Plantenga knows it, and he knows how to write about it—wisely, humorously, and stylishly.”

—Nolan Porterfield, author of *Jimmie Rodgers: The Life and Times of America’s Blue Yodeler*

“Writing a history of the yodel requires qualifications such as a degree in craziness, boundless humour and the capacity to enjoy and understand the entire musical history of the world (or universe, if you include *Mars Attacks*). Happily, Bart Plantenga possesses these in abundance. His enthusiasm for distinctive music and weird facts is capable of curing even the most yodel-phobic reader.”

—David Toop, author of *Ocean of Sound*, *Rap Attack*, and *Exotica*

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**THE SECRET HISTORY OF
YODELING AROUND THE WORLD**

BART PLANTENGA

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Contents

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	ix
INTRODUCTION: YODEL-FESTO	1
1 A JODL IS A JODEL IS A YODEL?	9
2 WHO DUH LAY HEE WHO: SWISS YODELING	29
3 GERMANY AND AUSTRIA: VELVET THROATS & LEATHER PANTS	57
4 WHERE YODELS ARE JODELED BEYOND THE ALPS	83
5 FROM INDIA TO DOWN UNDER	111
6 AFRICAN YODELING BEYOND THE RAINFOREST	137
7 TRANSMISSION AND TRANSITION	157
8 THE HILLBILLIES ARE ALIVE WITH YODELING	185
9 A COWBOY'S YIP TO A YODEL	213
10 MODERN EPIGLOTTAL FRONTIERS	241
11 BE ON YOUR AVANT GARDE, YODELERS!	269
APPENDIX A YODDS AND ENDS: YODELING BEYOND MUSIC	297
APPENDIX B SELECTED YODEL-OSSARY	307
APPENDIX C OTHER CARRIERS OF THE YODELING BUG	311
NOTES	313
BIBLIOGRAPHY	321
INDEX	329

**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER, WILLIAM "WILD BILL" PLANTENGA,
WHO DIED DURING THE WRITING OF THIS BOOK,
AND "JUMPIN'" KENNY ROBERTS**

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Acknowledgments

A book is usually painted as a solo effort. But look at the credits of any solo artist and you see it's pretty much a team effort; there are countless *others* behind the scenes who make a solo performance possible.

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Introduction

Yodel-festo

[Jimmie] Rodger's yodel is the most formidable barrier separating him from unsympathetic modern audiences.

—Nolan Porterfield

If you look at the voiceprint of a yodel, it appears—with a little shove into the imagination—as the graphic representation of how sound imitates topography: The dramatic ascendancy of the voice out of the chest into the head would graphically look a lot like the sketch of a mountain, the kind you find in the Alps. I thought my theory was pretty original until I heard others voice similar notions and then discovered that yodeler-composer A. L. Gassmann had already championed this yodel origin theory fifty years earlier.

Meanwhile, yodeling's essential energy gets a spoofed boost in Tim Burton's 1996 film *Mars Attacks*, which features Martians conquering Earth. An eccentric old lady seems to always be listening to her favorite cowboy singer, yodeler Slim Whitman, on her headphones. When the headphones suddenly slip off her head, the Martians hear Whitman's histrionic yodeling-crooning "When I'm calling you-oo-oo . . .," which shatters the Martians' helmets and they're "stricken by brain melt," as "yodelologist" Jack Collom describes it, "and they fall into yucky puddles of green and this saves the Earth!" Farfetched? Well, yes *and* no. Manfred Bukofzer, after all, in his 1936 "Magic & Technique in Alpine Music," described the magical powers of various Alpine tones especially when combined with the mystical qualities of certain words.

This magical aspect can be attested to when, in the 17th-century, Swiss mercenaries suffering from *heimweh* (homesickness) deserted, went



Yodeling in Zillertal: More serious than Bingo!

berserk, or even *died* upon hearing certain Alpine songs. A law was passed that effectively forbade the yodeling of the hysteria-arousing *kuhreihen*.

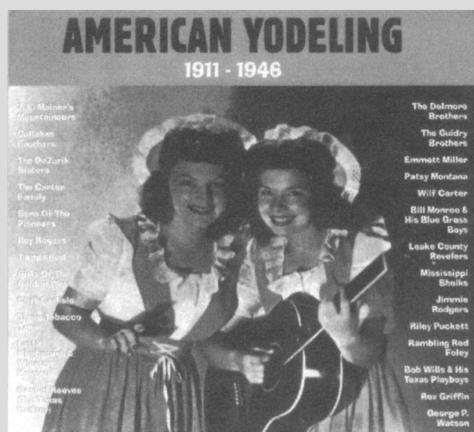
Hysteria aside, I bet everyone can name a yodel. Most Westerners go right to Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music* or the Seven Dwarfs. Older readers remember Jimmie Rodgers on the radio, while some may half-remember a yodeling TV commercial—was it for Swiss Miss? Most have some inkling that yodeling is that strange vocal thing you do with your throat; that the Swiss yodel; what it sounds like—someone in the throes of a conniption falsetto; and where yodeling is heard—in the Alps. Picture *biergarten lederhosen*-wearing revelers, beer steins swaying in the fetid, festive air . . .

Despite this exposure, most of us retain vast repositories of misconception regarding yodeling. Myths, half-truths, willful clutching of blatant (if colorful) falsehoods, and worse run rampant. I've experienced the entire spectrum of reactions when I tell people about my yodeling book, although it usually involves a kind of bemused grin or perplexed g(l)aze. If this grin or blank stare is your point of entry into yodeling, I propose we all go in for some basic deprogramming and wipe the slate clean of all cultural prejudice and misunderstanding. Before Paul Gauguin could *really* begin to paint, he insisted on *unlearning* everything he had learned about art up until that point. I'm thinking of something similar on a sonic level. Our ears must be cut loose from our cerebral attics full of accumulated cultural clut-

SELECTED DISCO/VIDEOGRAPHY OF INTRODUCTORY YODEL MATERIAL

An introduction into the various worlds of yodeling and related vocal techniques.

- ***American Yodeling 1911–1946***, Trikont, 1998.
- ***Blue Yodelers 1923–1936***, various artists, Challenge, 2000. From Roy Evans to Emmett Miller. Essential.
- ***Cattle Call: Early Cowboy Music and Western Musics, Its Roots Early Golden Era***, various artists, Rounder, 1996.
- ***Ethnomusicologie et Représentations de la Musique*** organized by Gilbert Rouget, CNRS, 1981. Yodeling around the world.
- ***Greatest Yodeling Album of All Time***, various artists, Bear Family, 2000. Priceless.
- ***Jodler du Tyrol au Texas***, various artists, ARB, 1995. Interesting linking disc travels back and forth between European and American yodels.
- ***Swiss Folk Music, Constantin Brailoiu Collection***, two LPs, VDE, 1986.
- ***Voices of Forgotten Worlds***, various artists, Ellipsis Arts, 1993. Good two-CD introductory survey of traditional vocal music of indigenous peoples from around the globe.
- ***Voices of the World: An Anthology of Vocal Expression***, various artists, Chant du Monde, 1996. 108 musical samples from fifty-six countries and a broad range of oral traditions.
- ***The World's Vocal Arts***, various vocalists, compiled by composer Henry Cowell, Folkways, 1995. Landmark two-CD set includes all styles of world singing, classical and folk.
- ***Yodel: Straight from the Heart***, video, producer-director Lori Maass Vidlak, Good Earth Productions, 1996.



DeZurik Sisters ready to tackle a cackle on the cover of *American Yodeling*

ter. Raze the entire housing complex where we've so effectively and staunchly stowed away our petty prejudices and ingeniously dolled-up our biases and misconceptions as personal philosophies.

That no one has ever written a book about yodeling is testimony to the fact that it has seldom been seen as anything but some annoying, kitschy, baroque decorative quirk akin to either white-trash nasal twangs or some pompous Germanic arias punctuated by transvestitic falsettos. And we all know that decorative is surface, and surface is the antithesis of deep, and thus incapable of being taken seriously as something profoundly artistic. In other words, not hip to a hip crowd, not contemporary because it's old-fashioned, and not germane because it's mere frivolous veneer. Plus a hint of something that makes people suspicious.

Go to your local bookstore, do an informal survey. Under the signs for any musical style you'll find some books that go some way toward validating it as something of cultural value. Go to a bookstore's music section and you will no doubt find 500 pounds of stock on jazz (*two* books alone on the making of *one* Miles Davis record), 250 on blues or doo-wop. There's certainly a thousand pounds of books on *every* aspect of rock music (no less than twenty books on Bob Dylan alone), including many of questionable, but no doubt profitable, subjects like Boys II Spice Girls on the Block. If Madonna is valid Ph.D. material, and serial killers have their own decks of cards, and the semiotics of backyard barbecuing finds its way into a few glossy coffee-table books, then why not a book about yodeling—far and wide, deep and shallow, irreverent and respectful, sober and blithe.

Anyone who admits to ever having yodeled, or hollered with the intention of making the yodel's characteristic glottal leap that gives it its uniquely vigorous character, almost always describes his or her early adventures with a repentant apologetic snicker. Yodelers, whether they do it as a hobby, a calling, or as a career-enhancement move, have had to deal with a certain amount of parochial bias and social ostracism. Cowboy singer Wilf Carter recalls his Baptist minister father as being none too pleased by his decision to become a yodeler: "I yodeled upstairs and downstairs, in the parlor and in the apple orchard. Dad couldn't get me to stop though he wore out more than a dozen slippers on the seat of my pants." You can bet your epiglottis that his father would have worn out far fewer slippers had Carter declared his desire to be an Edsel salesman or a junk bond trader.

This contrite attitude toward the affliction called yodeling is impressed upon us at an early age—*very* early! This uneasiness about being involved in something perceived as foolish comes across in some of the negative ways that the yodel has been conveyed to so many of us. All yodelers, it seems, learn to laugh at themselves—before someone else does. And, in an

ironic sense, then, this is what gives the yodeler his or her resilience. Under cover of humor and modesty, the yodel can continue to insinuate its presence. This humor at yodeling's expense may actually be somewhat more to its credit than I once thought: Out of self-effacing humor arises a tenacious sense of moxy—perhaps.

Most yodelers admit to rehearsing out of earshot where it won't bother anyone—in the shower, in their automobiles on their way to work, in a studio lined with mattress-thick insulation, or in a spacious piece of nature. Eastside Dave, a yodeler from Central Pennsylvania, practices yodeling “in a dark room so as not to take myself too seriously . . . The kids bust on me . . . when they've had enough yodeling for one day.” Patsy Montana, on an old tape, *Learn to Yodel*, suggests that a yodeler “get a ten-acre field and keep all your friends there.” Ranger Doug of Riders in the Sky suggests yodeling “in a truck, with the windows rolled up. If you try to do it at home,” he warns, “you will alienate friends and family, neighbors, and even pets. Maybe local wildlife . . .”

But the notion that you need to be more apologetic, polite, or diplomatic about your yodeling lessons compared to, say, drum, tuba, or girl-group harmonizing is a cultural prejudice that has been jocularly accepted by one and all. Or, in a Darwinian sense, has it been systematically absorbed into the yodelers' very being to assure survival of their self-esteem? The yodeler offers self-reflexive humor to derail attempts by the audience to frame yodeling in some kind of tongue-in-cheek, denigrating context. You know like, wink-wink, “S/He's a yodeler,” raised eyebrows, look of rehearsed horrified befuddlement—as if yodeling is inherently cursed with a high kitsch annoyance factor or is something akin to bestiality. This manifestation of zeitgeist intolerance or call it hip-factor snobbery remains a mystery to me because yodeling is no “worse” than any other type of singing or vocalizing. And so, yodelers begin “life” down a rung or octave on the evolutionary stairway to heaven.

Ultimately, yodeling is something that penetrates your being, gets a hold of all the sinew, cartilage, and connective tissue that links the physical to the metaphysical. Yodeling forces performer, audience, and anyone within earshot to take notice. The yodel will not leave you alone . . . it makes itself heard. But then again, that's not so weird because metal guitars, Caribbean percussion ensembles, screeching laptop electronica, post-punk quartets, avant-noise duos, or the Three Tenors certainly wouldn't let you slip by without making sure you noticed *them*.

And yet—and I'll stake my epiglottis on this—there is no musical genre that has not turned to the yodel now and again. Of course, there's the obvious cowboy and Swiss variety. But did you know that yodeling can be found

in rap/hiphop (De La Soul, the Fugees), funk (Parliament), prog rock (Focus), American folk (Pete Seeger), jazz (Leon Thomas), classical (Rossini), avant garde (Shelley Hirsch), trip-hop (We), hick-hop (Kid Rock), dub (Dub Syndicate), alt.rock (Jad Fair), dancehall reggae (Barrington Levy), pop (Vogues), vocal pop (Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters), Hawaiian (Ray Kane), political (Fugs), blues (Tampa Red), Cajun (Guidry Brothers), world (Zap Mama), electronica (Roberto Musci and Giovanni Venosta), Australian country (Slim Dusty), African (Francis Bebey), Bollywood (Kishore Kumar), gospel (Buzz Goertzen), children's (Cathy Fink), lullabies (Lefty Frizell), novelty (Dr. Hook), rockabilly (Jerry Lee Lewis), soundtrack (*Raising Arizona*) . . .

In 1996, as a deejay at freeform radio station WFMU (NY/NJ), I decided to tackle this mysterious vocal technique known as yodeling: why it's so haunting and yet so easily written off. I also wanted to know how a Swiss thing became a hillbilly thing. And why I was suddenly finding so many samples of yodeling blended into the ambient, electronic, and post-dub material I was spinning. For my radio special, I'd collected all the usual suspects—Jimmie Rodgers and the like—over a period of five years. I also discovered newer, post-modern *appropriations* of the yodel, mega-sampled yodels swirling around inside atmospheric musics, which welded electronics to the nervous system. Plus all the “new” and tongue-in-cheek yodeling reappreciations, and avant-scat-yodelers like Leon Thomas and Shelley Hirsch, who stretch the yodel's possibilities around new concepts. Midway into the program, things began to click as to why I *liked* yodeling. Like dub music, it involves echo: echo as a rearrangement of our psycho-acoustical apparatus, an entry point into another realm, a way for the modern recording studio to tap into the organic, human voice reverberating through valleys.

Ultimately, I hope this sprawling textual pastiche represents some hodgepodge orchestral maneuver, which will force different types of cultural data to perform together and play a tune, until they create some collective harmony allowing a greater theme to emerge.

Quasi-Mea Culpa #1: The book's title. I would've preferred *Will There Be Yodeling in Heaven?* because of its allusions to loftier climes, a Bob Wills's song, and popular notions of heaven as a place to hear good music. Or *Yodel in Hi-Fi*, as cribbed from an obscure LP, because I liked how it tunes into yodeling as something (like easy listening, lounge, and exotica) about to be rescued from the obscurity of misunderstood history. But I've learned to live with and love this title.

Quasi-Mea Culpa #2: If I come off as some kind of ham-fisted, bad-hair Gandhi who considers it his destiny to represent yodelers as music's untouch-

ables or something, then so be it. I make only vague passes at apologizing for the fact that I'm a dogged generalist who has always known a vague morsel or two about many subjects. In other words, I'm no mechanic although I've fixed a car or two; I'm no poet although I've written a handful of good poems . . .

Least of all, I'm *not*—nor have I ever been—an academic, ethnomusicologist, yodeler, aficionado, cultural preservationist, or any stripe of yodeling fanatic. I'm not even a musician or singer (although my young daughter—bless her three-year-old ears!—might believe differently). I'm a novelist and radio DJ who facilitates various creative audio moments. These instants offer thematic and happenstance (aleatric) situations that might just jostle a few cultural prejudices out of their well-worn grooves and into an instant of pleasant surprise—"I didn't know *he* yodeled"—or even better, a state of Zen-like satori. Populists let everybody in the door, spoiling the party. Purists let nobody in the door, also spoiling the party. I want to be a discerning and yet nice doorman and let in just the right mix to create a proper lively good time.

I'm interested in showing that the dissemination of the yodel is far wider than earlier believed. And that the yodel's effect on popular culture and art culture has been deeper than thus far noted. I'm also interested in finding new paths to how the yodel got from here to there, from Old World(s) to New. I've tried to be inclusive by snooping around in areas not usually considered prime yodeling territory. I've also interviewed lesser-known and younger yodelers to illustrate that the yodel is *not* dying, *not* square, *not* without its spiritual depths, and that it is much more beautiful than people ever imagined.

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1

A Jodl Is a Jodel Is a Yodel?

melodic calls, unexpected wordless birds of sound . . .

—Harold Courlander, *Negro Folk Music USA*

We call it yodeling because there is no other word for it.

—Nick Tosches, *Where Dead Voices Gather*

In the 1930s, the McKinney Sisters inquired singingly “Will there be any yodeling in heaven?” Because if there *is* yodeling in heaven, then heaven’ll be a rollicking joint and all yodelers can rest assured they’ll be at home there. And if all goes well, maybe Bob Wills can front the houseband, God being the manager and all—as long as they packed them in. The question is vaguely presumptuous and rhetorical, bearing a hint of ultimatum: If there’s *still* no yodeling in heaven there’d better be—and *soon* . . .

But yodeling, especially the Tyrolean *lederhosen* variety with its frenetic variations in tone and pitch, its esophageal gymnastics, lies within cheap earshot of that potentially annoying Oktoberfest *biergarten* oompah music—jolly, mindless escapism—hoist another stein, stretch another octave. Conviviality found in brew-strained forays into falsetto. As Mark Twain sarcastically noted in *A Tramp Abroad*, “during the remainder of the day [we] hired the rest of the jodlers, at a franc apiece not to jodl anymore. There is somewhat too much of this jodling in the Alps.” And yet yodeling, even its crassest Vegas warbles, can aspire to instants of “higher” purpose, because to entertain is a noble distraction from the suffering that seeps into our mundane existences—sometimes the lightest of lyrics might carry the heaviest loads of import.

But maybe yodel heaven will be something closer to a solemn holy place. Because, indeed, there's another side to yodeling (which begins, cartographically and conveniently enough, right in the Swiss Alps), a soulful, incantatory side—steeped in the ancient cowherds' prayer calls to appease valley gods. It's entangled in a vast psychogeographic conflation of yodel, geography, and spirituality whereby one's ability to extract its integral strains are difficult at best.

But aren't yodels just silly ululations that dart furiously back and forth somewhere between regular human voice and falsetto—what Christoph Wagner calls “low-down high-up vocal trickery.” Isn't this also the place where chord intervals are created allowing the yodeler to find harmony with him- or herself? Picture yodels bouncing off hillsides (or *any* reflective surface that offers echo effects) until there's any number of versions of your own voice harmonizing in midair. *Voilà*, witness your first instant of “recorded” sound—mountain valley as recording studio; air and memory being replaced by magnetic recording tape only deep into the 20th century.

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS THE WORD

Where does the word “yodel” come from? Some *Hauspartiers* claim that *jodel* derives from the Latin word *jubilare*—to shout with joy. If anything, German yodeling fits that description—within a song structure context. Author-singer Ed Sanders has pointed out that “music comes partly out of joy . . . but also out of keening [a wailing lament for the dead], a yodel has a keening quality to it. And so in the Oi-joy spectrum it . . . lurks there with oi but it can be quite exultant and beautiful in the Bavarian and Swiss [context].”

Some have taken great offense with this Latin-roots hypothesis (or rehash of several authoritative-seeming sources). Whoever first merged *jubilare* with *jodel* may have been under the influence of religious studies where, indeed, the meaning of jubilation is defined as an “expression of joy,” which is not all that distant from the common definition of yodel as “to shout with joy” or a “type of wordless singing, joyous in nature . . .,” in the words of *Encyclopedia Britannica*. So, the syncretic confusion is understandable. Max Pieter Baumann, writing in the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, notes that the modern German verb *jodeln*, meaning “to yodel,” derives from the Middle High German *jôlen* as first seen in George Rhaw's *Bicinia Gallica* meaning “to call” or “to sing.”

Denis Guiet, a Canadian yodeler living in Switzerland, in a May 2002 email, notes:

any awake yodeler will explain the origins of the word, based quite simply on the sounds “vokalisiert” during its practice. Nothing more, nothing less.



Swiss Yodel Choir from St. Gallen. Photo by G. Poschung. Permission by Schweiz Tourismus.

Much the same way that the English word “gurgle” descended from the sound it makes in a person’s throat. The word “yodel” shows its origins most clearly in Berner-Deutsch where the word yodel is pronounced very close to “yo-du,” the two most common vocalized sounds used in . . . yodeling.

Johlen / jola derives from the interjection *jo*, according to Hans of the Brothers Grimm (1877). It gained a “d” because it was easier to bridge the “jo” and “len/la” with a “d,” which Baumann describes as the “vocal-physiological reasons.” Each region in Switzerland, for instance, has its own audio/linguistic needs, pronunciations, and psycho-geographical-acoustical profile. There are many spellings that try to represent the many subtle differences in pronunciation. And so from the (presumably) original *jo* in Switzerland we get *joha*, *jölen*, *jodln*, *jödele*; while from the related *juchui* sound emerged *juchzen*, *jutzen*, *yutzen*, *juuzä*, *juizä*. Meanwhile, Austrian-German dialects produced *luedeln*, *dudeln*, *jorlen*, *jaudeln*, *hegitzen*; while from the German and Appenzell *johla* emerged: *jola*, *zorren*, *zuaren*, *rugussen*, and *länderen*. The *bibihendi* is a yodel that sounds like a hen.

A YODEL IS A JODEL IS A JÜÜTZ?

So, what exactly *is* a yodel? Greeting? Warning? Joyous outburst? Pious ululation? Twain’s “Tyrolese warbling”? Flashy pop chorus? Esophageal calisthenics? A cowherd’s hootchie-cootchie come-on to the most udder-

endowed among his herd? Or is a yodel just some irritating “variation upon the tones of a jackass,” as Sir Walter Scott in 1830 opined?

At least three dictionaries offer “warble” as a synonym. The *Wordsmyth* online dictionary offers “quaver.” One dictionary claims yodels are mostly performed by men, another insists they’re sung by both men and women. Defining a yodel is relatively easy: “Yodeling is understood as singing without text (yodel syllables), with continuous changes from chest to head voice and with frequent wide intervals.” It is especially easy if we accept the idea of the human body as musical instrument and as the prototype and shapely precursor for all future instruments. (Doesn’t the cello look like a voluptuous woman—i.e., see Man Ray’s photo “Violon d’Ingres 1924” with the cello’s soundholes on the naked back of Kiki de Montparnasse.) The body also houses a built-in sound system. The difficult part comes later when we move beyond the raw basics and encounter the countless interpreters, each wanting to dress the yodel with his or her own defining characteristics.

The yodel, simply put, is most distinguishable from other types of vocalizations by its characteristic emphasis on the noise, that jolt of air, that occurs as the voice passes from bass or low chest voice to high head voice or falsetto—and vice versa. Yodeling is the decorative wordless passage that is forced across that chasm of spasming muscle and cartilage. The fact that the epiglottal stop (speed bump?) is emphasized gives it its distinct voice-print. Look at an oscilloscopic representation of a yodeler yodeling and an opera singer singing and you’ll notice the difference. Other vocals may tinker with falsetto, trill, and vibrato, but it’s that abrupt, almost rude, leap across the cavern of pitch that makes the yodel *yodel*. Simply put: no glottal jolt, no yodel. Everything else is secondary.

Baumann adds that a yodel is “singing without text or words,” with emphasis on the “play of timbres and harmonics . . . in the succession of individual, nonsensical vocal-consonant connections.” The leaps of pitch are often dramatic and can sometimes (contradictorily?) be characterized by a legato, or a smoothing over, of any interruption between the various notes. Or, more traditionally, the pitch burst is highlighted by the obvious and emblematic glottal leap over the sonic crevice between two notes. A genuine yodel, or *juutz* (various spellings), is wordless and not really “music” per se but an acoustical signal, mostly associated with cowherds communicating with one another and their herds. Ed Sanders calls it “a kind of homemade Morse code for people in the mountains.”

A good yodeler effortlessly climbs three octaves between low chest voice and high head voice. Yodelers, according to Baumann, do not exhale “in spurts . . . but rather gradually . . . through abdominal (or diaphragm)

breathing, whereby the yodeled tone uses a deeply positioned larynx ('yawning position') and expanded resonance space."

Picture two craftspeople in their respective studios: The yodeler is busy sharpening and accenting that transitional cleft between the two voices like some perverse post-teen trying to preserve the painful audio evidence of that boy-becomes-man rite of passage, the proverbial cracking voice. Meanwhile, the trained professional singer is busy sanding down the voice, polishing *away* that rough seam to the point of imperceptibility. Call it the *portamento* or, more onomatopoeically, *glissando*, which Western singers—regardless of their chosen genre—are taught. So, it's the *Glottals* versus the *Glissandos*. The yodel's glottal leap is emphasized like a valley emphasizes the characteristics that make a mountain a mountain.

This break is found all over the world. According to Oren Brown, a pioneer in the field of voice therapy, "you can hear it in African tribal music, a cowboy 'yip,' or in one person calling another in Tibet." The falsetto is present in most human voices but, for the most part, the glottal pop or break is de-emphasized to the point of obliteration. Western singers consider it a problem like a pothole to a city's road department—something to fill in. Cowgal yodeler Liz Masterson observes: "One thing that makes good yodeling is to have the power in the high register and not have your lower note be a lot more powerful than your high note, where you kind of thin out. . . . It takes a long time just to practice those intervals to where you can train yourself to land right on the button."

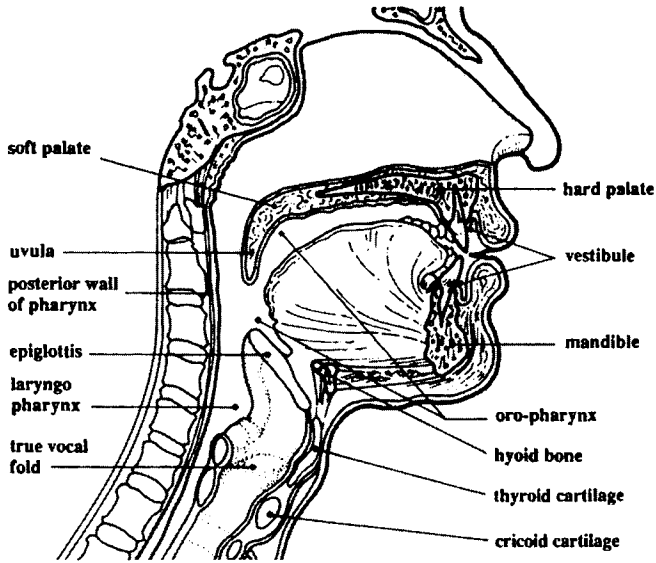
This break between chest and head voice constitutes "the release of one set of muscles and the activation of another," according to Brown. The chest voice demands the use of the thyroarytenoid muscles, which are vocal folds commonly employed during conversation. When someone enters the falsetto head voice, he or she is in effect relaxing the thyroarytenoids and "a stretch is placed on them by the cricothyroid muscles." This stretch has the effect of thinning and elongating the vocal folds. The desired seamlessness (often described as "silky" or "satiny") is produced by learning how to activate two sets of muscles simultaneously with the larynx resting naturally (unforced) in a low position.

EPIGLOTTIS

The glottis, orifice of the organic depths, harasses the tongue, until it cries for mercy, full of meanings . . .

—Vincent Barras

The epiglottis is the seat of government in the world of yodeling; it's where the law of yodeling is written. As part of the throat, the epiglottis is a thin,



The epiglottis: Anatomical seat of yodeling activity. Illustration from *The Functional Unity of the Singing Voice*. Doscher, Barbara. "Outline of the Resonators and Related Organs." *The Functional Unity of the Singing Voice*, Second Edition, fig. 22. Lanham: Scarecrow Press.

leaf-shaped, flexible flap of cartilage attached to the wall of the pharynx behind the root of the tongue and in front of the entrance to the larynx or voice box. The epiglottis at rest is in the upright position. This allows the breath to pass through the larynx and into the lungs. During swallowing it folds back to cover the entrance to the larynx or glottis, preventing food and drink from entering the windpipe.

The throat consists of an air passage (trachea) and a food passage (esophagus). If both passages are open simultaneously, air could enter the stomach via the esophagus and food could enter the lungs; both are undesirable situations. The epiglottis acts like a cut-off valve to prevent this. At the end of each swallow, the epiglottis returns to its upright position, allowing air to enter the windpipe again. Phonation is the process of generating sound by the air passing through the epiglottis. Sound is not made by vibrating vocal cords but by the recurrent stop-and-go of air flow through the glottis. Loudness of a note comes from the air pressure as air is forced through the glottis. Pitch is determined by thickness of the vocal cords. As the vibrating cords thin, the voice goes higher until reaching the head voice where the amplitude of the vibrations flattens.

The *glottal stop* entails a temporary hesitation of sound with the epiglottis moving up and down to cause that click or audio glitch called a *plosive con-*

sonant. That click is the cultivated instant that “creates” the yodel. It’s not a smooth purr or hum; it’s dramatic and explosive. As you will notice, “explosive” has as its root “plosive,” which comes from the Latin “*plodere*” or “*plode*” meaning “to clap.” The plosive consonant is formed by the complete closure of part of the vocal cords by the epiglottis. This causes the flow of air to stop. This is followed by a dramatic release of air, an explosion, resulting in our pop.

Believe it or not, the conversion of the physiological (throat sound) into the topographical (mountain valley sound) is magical but also poetic, or etymological; after all, the word *gorge* in French means both “throat” and “gorge.”

YODEL SOUNDINGS

the singular cry that Swiss peasants and some mountaineers employ . . .

Though commonly uttered on quite cheerful occasions, it might be the passionate scream of some wretched animal terrified by the solitude of a desolate place and trying to empty into one impetuous lamentation all its burden of loneliness and desire.

—C. E. Montague

What’s a yodel sound like? It all depends on whom you ask. As early as A.D. 397, in *Act of Martyrs*, Roman Emperor Julian complained of the northern mountain people’s wild shrieking songs; definitely *not* a yodel fan. Some compare the vocals to those of Tibetan monks. Or somebody taking a cold shower. There’s always Sir Walter Scott’s earlier “jackass” comment or Mark Twain “melodious ‘Lul . . . l . . . l . . . lul-lul-*Lahee-oo!*’” or a “sort of quaint commingling of baritone and falsetto which . . . we call ‘Tyrolese warbling.’” Texas Drifter Goebel Reeves could make it sound like a caffeine-drenched warbler, mixing birdcalls with speed yodeling, insisting that “yuh gotta hum before you can do it.” The Ashanti claim the *kokokynaka* bird as the source of their music with its “kro kro kro kro ko kyini kyini . . .” call. Papua New Guinea’s yodelers weave bird and animal voices into their songs as part of religious ceremonies. The Brazilian Bororo Indians don’t even distinguish humans from animals and, dressed in parrot costumes, sing “We are parrots.”

Others claim yodeling mimics a cow’s mooing, or an alhorn, or bagpipes. Tex Morton conflates train whistles and yodeling to produce a very lonesome sound. Christoph Wagner notes that the Excelsior Quartette in a Georgia tent show in 1890 made the yodel sound like a steam engine. Pharoah Sanders described Leon Thomas’s yodeling as “the moaning of spirits known and unknown.” Liz Masterson thinks it’s “where ambulances got their ideas. . . .” Or maybe a bird’s plaintive song, the whippoorwill

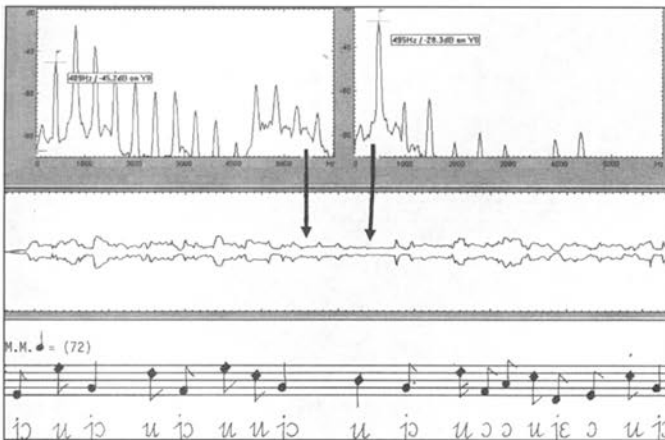
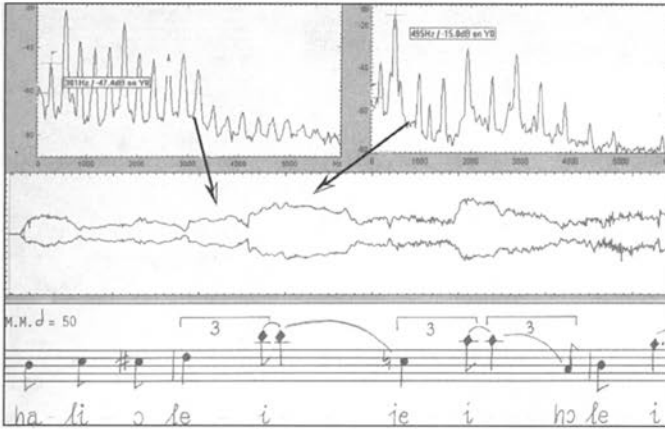
(Sourdough Slim), or the howling wind. The Three Tobacco Tags make it sound like a “Yodeling Mule,” while Kerry Christensen and the DeZurik Sisters both do chicken yodels. Corinna Cordwell, meanwhile, strives to communicate with a mockingbird with her yodeling.

Blues yodelers may be incorporating the vocables of field holler remnants of forgotten mother tongues. Blues artists dealt with everyday experience, so that a guitarist might imitate the sound of a train on a track and a singer might wail like a cat in heat. In the words of Max Haymes, “one of the first sounds to inspire a blues singer was a natural one—the sounds of a bird singing. A story handed down by ex-slaves claims that one evening, a slave was feeling low in spirit and heard a plaintive cry of a night bird. The sound inspired the slave to get a piece of cane from a canebrake and cut some holes in it. He then commenced to play a ‘blues’ on his whistle.”

The Alpine yodeler often sings about the cuckoo, a bird more famous in its laminated wooden form than in its living feathered form. The cuckoo, in any case, is the subject of many yodel songs including Franzl Lang’s “Kuckucksjodler,” Sepp Mollinger’s “Der Kuckuck,” Philippe Zani’s “Der Kuckucksjodler,” “Kuckucklied,” and Alfons Zitz’s “Kuckucksjodler.” It’s part of the standard repertoire of professional Alpine yodelers, is found on many records, and is inspired by the cuckoo’s call, which some (“cuckoo?”) musicologists claim is the ultimate source of the yodel. Hmmm! England’s “Whistling Yodeler,” Ronnie Ronalde, often combined his expert birdcalls with yodeling. Some ethnomusicologists suggest that the loon, with its characteristic territorial announcement “yodel,” serves as a model for some popular American yodels. The Bavarian name for *kulning*, or Scandinavian yodel-like calling, is *gallen*, or the onomatopoeic name for the call of the rooster, or *gallna*, the call of the cuckoo. The Spanish yodel is called *papagayo*, with *papagayo* meaning “parrot.”

If you’re ever out in the American Far West, under moonlight, in Joshua Tree, California, and you hear the lugubrious “querulous, high-tenor yammering yodel of a coyote,” you will hear some of the yodel’s complexity in this most psychologically complex howl. The coyote is interesting because it’s so interwoven into the cowboy myth—wily, and duly anthropomorphized, the coyote is called the singing dog because he’s got more song in his lean body than his three nearest relatives, the dog, fox, and wolf. Coyotes cry to warn off invaders but also to acknowledge friends and family. They howl when they’ve caught their prey and when they sense a change in the weather. Each emotion and situation changes the nuance and sound of their cries.

The yodel as a distinctive amplified vocalization basically consists of warbled melodies of between two to six sections that use sudden alterations of vocal register from a low-pitched chest voice to high falsetto tones sung



Visualizing the yodel: Spectrograms of two typical yodels—A Jimmie Rodgers' Blue Yodel and a Swiss yodel from Muotathal—show the basic composition of their distinct overtones from falsetto (stronger) to chest voice (weaker) in a period of 3 to 5 seconds.

on vowel sounds: AH, OH, OO for chest notes, AY EE for the falsetto. Erich M. von Hornbostel thought the *naturjodel* used consonants as a “lever” to make the leap from low to high and that the singing on syllables gives yodeling its unique aural penetrating ability that led Goethe to groan and cover his ears. Abrupt changes in pitch gives yodeling its ability to project over great distances. Voice therapist Richard Luchsinger (1949) was the first to investigate the relationship between sound and phonetics with regard to the yodel. He noted that the yodel’s unique employment of vowels and consonants gives it its high frequency and sonic intensity. The use of vowels allows for a better and easier voice formation that reinforces its strength and power. Alpine yodeling employs Western major scales. Each nonlexical syllable ends with a distinct glottal break at the moment of transition between these two registers, giving yodels their particular character: the dramatic cleave that separates low from high.



Harz Mountains, 1912



Lüneburger Heide, north-western Germany, 1916



Thüringer Wald, cowherd's call



Erzgebirge, Czech-German border, herder's call



Tyrolean yodel



Swiss yodel



Folksong of Carpathian Mountain lumberjacks in the Ukraine, 1934



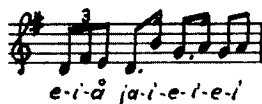
Odenwald, western Germany



Steiermark, Austria, woodsman song, 1893



Norwegian folksong



Pygmy yodel of southeastern Cameroon

Notated excerpts of various yodel-related motifs. By permission of Ernst Kiehl, "Comparative Research in Yodeling," in *Auf den Spuren der musikalischen Volkskultur in Harz*, Munich: Bezirk Oberbayern, 2002, 245.

Alpine *jodlers* often contain phrase repetitions like AA-BB or as a two-part yodel AB-AB. Other melodic phrase repetitions like AABA or BAA are also common. Alpine versions can go from solo to five-voice yodels.

Official, traditional Swiss yodeling does not make use of the "eee" (as in yodel-ay-EEE-ooo):

The Swiss use the 'oo' (as in Yahoo!) and 'u' (as in the French 'rue de Lulu') sounds instead, especially over the past 50 years, and almost exclusively the 'L' sound as opposed to 'D' vocalizations. The basic rule is fairly straightforward and [according to composer Ruedi Renggli] goes like this: In chest voice, 'a, o, la, lo, ya, yo,' and in head voice, 'oo, u, loo, lu,' and sometimes a 'du' as a help-vocalization, more or less a bridge to handle a difficult rhythmic passage.

This might involve the more esoteric and ancestral links between sound and transcendence.

The “O” sound is round, bellowing, womblike, defining spaces, drawing the contours of our qualms. Some consider it to be the most resonant vowel, the original utterance, the “o” of “OM,” the sound that escorts us beyond meaning, beyond the concrete, into the profound ineffable.

Or, as Cathy Fink explains in her charming “Yodeling Lesson,” “F for low, E for high, two vowel sounds with a break and that’s where the yodel takes place. . . . AY EE AY EE.” Fink is not far off from the refrain of “A Young Hunter Went A-Hunting,” an 18th-century Swiss song sung in Pennsylvania: “Hei lie, Hei loo.” Or the 16th-century German folk song “Dadd Driwe” brought to North America by 18th-century immigrants which contained the refrain: “ei die ei, ei di O.” It takes only a small leap of imagination to hear the Seven Dwarfs yodeling “Ho-la-la-ee-ay, Ho-la-la-ee-ay.” Like jazz, however, yodels are difficult to describe and certainly much easier to listen to.

THE HUMAN STOOD UP TO BE “HERD”

Yodeling goes back to some hazy early stone age (3000 to 1300 B.C.). It may very well predate language and go hand-in-herd with the development of domesticated animals. *Kuhreihen* were notated as early as 1545, with similar calls arising in similar times in other pastoral cultures from northern Sweden to the Caucasus, down into Romania. The Appenzell yodel has been famous since the 1600s.

Estimates of when man broke away from the rest of the apes vary from 20 to 5 million years ago. Humans stood up erect, became prehensile, and then began using sticks and stones as tools. As Louis Berman notes: “As man’s manipulative dexterity grew he developed a larynx and vocal organs that aided in the production of speech. An explanation of why apes can’t talk is that they haven’t used their hands in the variety of ways humans do, and this could be one of the reasons their brain capacity does not match ours.” With manual dexterity came confidence and curiosity and the utilization of the vocal cords for prelingual communicués. Socially agreed-upon vocalizations laid the foundation of language.

Meanwhile, humans began domesticating animals. This “organized control and selective breeding of prey” began more than 10,000 years ago. Somewhere in that vague broad timespan, humans began using sounds more systematically, functioning as consensual logic and control signals—sounds in the service of human endeavor. Early herding efforts required a communication system that allowed the herder to communicate with his or her herd and other herders over greater distances. Need led to function, and later, to aesthetic applications. Folklorist Alan Lomax noted: “Mankind has used voices to work animals for thousands of years. The singing milk-

THE YODEL'S SPELL



Ur-Ruf: Yodel roots.

- "di jo del jo—di jo le - dle i hi—di jo - del ihi"
- "Yodeling Cowboy"
- "Coma-cow-cow, coma-cow-cow, yicky-yicky-yea"
- "When I Was a Cowboy," Leadbelly
- "Whoop-i-e-e-ee"
- "Cowboy Boasting Chant"
- "eeoho-eeoho-weeioho-i"
- "Negro" laborers in the cotton fields
- "Oahoiohieu"
- "Negro" boat hand song
- "Yodel Lay Ee Tee O / Odel Lo OO Tee AY / Lull Lo OO EE / O Delo OO EE"
- "The Girl I Left Behind"
- "Lo OO DEE, Lo OO DEE / Lo OO DEE O Lo Odel OO DEE O Lo OO"
- "Home on the Range"
- "ha ha u— iu— u— mai"
- Romanian *hora lunga*
- "di-jo de li di jo di jo le-dl e ihi—di jo-dl e i hi—di jo dl e i—"
- "A Drunkard's Child"
- "Yo dee oh dee oh"
- "Britches," Elvis Presley
- "tri-hol- ri-ti-jo, di-ri-ja tralalala dijo"
- "Zwischen Berg und Tal" (Between Mountain and Valley)
- "Whoopie ti yi yo, git along . . . Hoo Hoo-Hoo-Hoo, He-oo-He-oo-oo-He-oo-oo-oo-oo, Hoo—Hoo-Hoo-Hoo"
- "Git Along Little Dogies"
- "Ka la eh (ah) ee yn na le le oh—ho ho"
- "Makala," BaAka Pygmies
- "à— ú à— ú / gèla ú gèla ú gèla / ke ke ke / ke ke ke / ú— ú— ú— / à ú— ú— ú— / gè-la gè-la gè-la / i i i / pú-lu pú-lu / pé-ge pé-ge pé-ge"
- The Huli from Papua New Guinea

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The Yodel's Spell, continued

- "Ho-la-la-ee-ay / Ho-la-la-ee-ay / Ho-la-la-ee-ay-ee-ay-ee-lee-ay"
- "The Dwarf's Yodel Song," The Seven Dwarfs
 - "Coma ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea / Coma ti yi youpy, youpy, youpy yea"
- "The Old Chisholm Trail," perhaps the oldest cowboy song
 - "O de yo de lodi O de lo di"
- "The Yodel Blues," sung by Kenny Delmar and Mary Hatcher
 - "Yada yada yada voo doo papa / Yodely doo / Da vooody doo doo doo . . ."
- "Jellyman Kelly," James and Sally Taylor
 - "Yodel-a-ee-he-he / He-he-he-he-he-he"
- "Mule Skinner Blues," sung by Dolly Parton
 - "Du o la la u du o la la he di o la la hu du o la la u"
- "Cow Song," as sung by the Swiss Amish of Indiana
 - "Tra- la-la la-la la- la- la-la hãl- di å- i- ri du- i ri- di- hã."
- "O Du Schiane, Süasse Nachtigall" (Oh, You Beautiful Nightingale), Tyrolean yodel
 - "lu-lo lu- lo lu-lo lu-lo lo. Lu-lu- lu-lo."
- Norwegian *kulokk*, a melody with a yodel-like refrain, sung by Hanne Kjersti Buen
 - "ah de lee de lo de lay ee prrr del ee doo de lee doo de del ee dee"
- "The Yodeling Bagman," Tex Morton
 - "Coo-ee-oo-ee oo (de) lay ee o oo dee"
- "The Australian Bushman's Yodel," Buddy Williams
 - "Yippy-l-o-ki-ay, Yippy-l-o-ki-ay . . ."
- "I'm an Old Cowhand"
 - "Ho-li-o-li-o o ho-li-eh, ho-li-o-li-o-li-eh . . ."
- "Du Bist die Rose vom Wörthersee"
 - "Oh-le, oh-le, oh-le, oh-le-lay / Oh-le, oh-le, oh-le-lay . . ."
- "Rose of the Mountain," Rosemary Clooney, English version of "Du Bist . . ."
- "Woh hoo-oo, woh hoo! / Woh hoo-oo, woh hoo! / Yeh-ee-ee, yeh-hee!"
 - "Woh hoo-oo, woh hoo! / Woh hoo-oo, woh hoo! / Yeh-ee-ee, yeh-hee!"
- "Negro" field holler from the early 1900s
 - "di ri-o-u ri-o-di ri-o-u di-e / ha de-i o-u ri-o u di-e-di ri-o-di-ri"
- "Der Kühsuacher," old Austrian herder's call from Steiermark, Austria



Man, mountain, and yodel in Muotathal.
Photo by Cyrill Schläpfer.

maids of the Hebrides, the shepherd piping to his flock, the Kansas dairy farmer piping Muzak into his milking barn.”

The herder’s close proximity led to his “relating” to his herd, anthropomorphizing or even hallucinating sheep as Rubensesque women. Many peoples—the Saami and Pygmies, for instance—have had an intimate organic and ritualistic relationship with their habitat’s flora and fauna. The Swiss gave personal names to their cows, and this name calling acquired incantatory traits. These calls often employ virtuosic elongations of their vocal range in order to puncture the silence and distance. However, it was playfulness in idle moments—much of a herder’s day was no doubt spent waiting, counting clouds, and dreaming—that may have led to imaginative vocal tricks. Music provided amusement, and passed the time, and killed the boredom—converting idleness into creativity, which developed into the sophisticated ornamentation of voice that led to song.

The Alpine *naturjodel*, sung without words, is most closely associated with the herder’s need, and sometimes longing, to communicate with other herders and his—and often *her*—herd over long distances. It is often cited as the origin of yodeling because it is characterized by an alphorn-fa sound: a “natural F” characteristic of the alphorn that became a standard in Swiss singing in the 18th century and was commonly sung in the regions of Muotathal and Appenzell. This yodel, as a utilitarian melismatic cry, is aided by its characteristic enunciation of open and closed vowels on the low and

high notes of wide intervals, commonly a fourth, fifth, or sixth. Larger leaps depend on register changes. A particular phrasing choice links the glottal leap and the beauty of a melody together. The basic yodel is nonnarrative, wordless, sung to vocables or syllables: onomatopoeic, abstract, and meaningless.

SONG WITH VERSE

While pagan songs were adapted as far as possible to Christian(ity) . . . the convert's ears and throat became accustomed to the chants prescribed by Rome.

—John Horton

The genesis of the yodel goes something like this:

1. Basic call, prelingual yeowl
2. Call develops musical qualities, is now a *naturjodel*
3. Yodel is incorporated into wordless songs, pre-Gregorian scat
4. Yodel is applied to a basic song structure where the yodel serves as refrain
5. Yodel song becomes its own entity, the *jodellied*
6. Commercialization through professional performances and recordings leads to yodel pop songs

In the period between way back then and now, people, being who they were and may always have been—if one believes the Dutch philosopher Johan Huizinga, who thought the *homo ludens*, humans at play, the suppressed participants of social history, should be regarded as every bit as important as reasoning or productive people—began fooling with the basics, hanging ornaments and personal characteristics from the basic branch, and—voilà!—unadorned yodel-cries began performing melodically within a song context.

Yodels as something more sophisticated than calls, as actual components of songs with verses, are a more recent invention. One might venture to guess that they arose about four or five hundred years ago, when cowherds purportedly began spending more time in villages. The yodel may have become more like a song as yodels began expressing the townspeople's longing for the idyllic lifestyle they'd left behind when they chose new nonagrarian employment opportunities. They may have taken the yodel, the expression of the lonely cowherd from their pastoral past, and tinkered with it, adding artistic embellishments, narrative verses with yodel refrains, inviting others to sing along, leading to the development of more sophisticated har-

SUMMARY OF ORIGIN THEORIES AND CULTURAL STRATEGIES

The genesis of the yodel has been the subject of many theories. How did the yodel start? Here are eleven basic theories, along with counterarguments.

1. The *echo theory* assumes yodeling's natural origins lie in the phenomenon of echo. But as yodel composer Heinrich Leuthold points out, the yodel is also indigenous to regions that have no "natural" yodel conditions, or echo such as open plains. Leuthold notes that a yodel caught in mountain valley echoes *does* lead to more melodies. Echo can be a formative factor in the yodel's genesis, but it's not a smoking gun.

2. The author of the *affect theory*, philosopher and yodel theorist, George Simmel, believes that when someone yodels, s/he falls under its influence. During the call, the voice crosses over, changes pitch from low to high. But yodeling doesn't *originate* here: a passionate scream can—but doesn't necessarily have to—change pitch.

3. No more formidable musicologist than E. M. von Hornbostel developed one of the most common origin theories: the yodel as human attempt to imitate the "natural F" of the alphorn and other natural instruments such as the shawm (double-reeded wind instrument invented around 1500). Hornbostel was convinced the yodel was an emotional-imitative reaction to the alphorn's sound and that yodeling only began to serve its communication function imitating the alphorn.

Respectfully, however, this theory is easily debunked. First, the parallels between these instruments and the human voice do not necessarily lead to the origin of one or the other. One day, an ethnomusicologist heard Pygmy women yodeling; no mountains, no alphorn. Which is exactly ethnomusicologist, Constantin Brailoiu's point: the yodel proliferated among people with few if any musical instruments.

4. Robert Lach's *phonation theory* states that the primal scream has its basis in the sexual impulse, which is expressed through an "ecstatic phonation." However, in the end, as Leuthold points out, Lach's theory pretty much leads us back to number 2.

5. Alfred Leonz Gassmann (1876–1962), famed yodel composer and one of the most important Swiss folksong researchers, presented the "*Silhouette of Horizons*" theory. He was convinced the yodel's vocal pattern, from extreme low and rapid movement to extreme high note, matched and imitated the natural (Alpine) surroundings of the yodeler: low note = valley, rapid movement (climbing the steep mountainside) to the high note = mountain peak. In a sense, one could say he created a kind of spiritual oscilloscope where the visualization of soundwaves—their amplitude—could be quite easily superimposed over a photo of a representative range of Alps on the horizon. In effect, the human yodel becomes an audio mirror of the yodeler's surroundings. But as Leuthold correctly

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Summary of Origin Theories, continued

points out, this theory may be part of the story of how the yodel came to be, but it's not *the* story of its origin. Because all we need do is note such flatland yodelers as the Pygmies.

Once we admit that the yodel did not emerge from one location (the Alps) as regional nationalists have claimed, but that it emerged simultaneously in any number of locations, we're already a long way toward defanging the various nationalistically tinged theories that have attached themselves to yodeling. In a 1998 email, Utah yodeler, Kerry Christensen, observed: "It seems perfectly possible that people just developed certain skills and talents at similar times in different places."

The music of the yodel *does* however, speak to the yodeler's surroundings: there is praise, thanks, joy, humility, a pre-Christian pagan celebration of place and our position in it whereby the inner meets the outer. Beauty (however regressive this may chime) still inspires. Beautiful musical expressions need not be one's compromise with hipness, nor seal one's pact with boring angels. In the Alpine context, yodeling is believable as a genuine expression of the drama inherent to the mountainscape, both its frightening, dangerous side, and its glorious, boundless aspect.

However, as Christian Schmid, in a personal correspondence, notes, Gassmann "gives the example of a *schottisch* and declares that it has the typical form of an Alpine melody. Unfortunately, he didn't know back then that this melody was first published in Erfurt in 1860, a region not at all Alpine..."

6. Wolfgang Sichardt, formidable author of numerous yodel studies, in his book *Der Alpenländische Jodler* proposes his *race theory*: "the original folk emissaries, the original couriers of yodeling belonged to the darker peoples (*melanide*), Mediterraneans, and other related races." They were the primary developers of a maternalistic agriculture-based society. However, modern research into yodeling peoples has proven the opposite.

7. The *shout theory* proposed by the Eidgenössischer Jodlerverband (EJV, Swiss Federal Yodeler Organization) is both ideological and idyllic: "Our yodel was born in the mountains through the shouting of one person to another. It was employed both in times of joy and danger, both nearby (deeply) 'jo-ho,' and at longer distances (high) 'juhu.' Echo and Alphorn may have also played their parts. And so central to the birth of yodeling are love and distance. Valleys and ravines separated the homes and workplaces of those living in the Alps. It would have been necessary to walk for hours just to meet. The simple shout or 'Yutz' just wasn't enough; they had so much more to talk about."

8. The interesting *magic theory* of Manfred Bukofzer, proposes that the "basic premise of all Alpine music is the belief in the magical power of the tone." In the "Loba" of the *Kuhreihen* he senses a magical word, which casts off evil spirits and illness. The magic of melody is connected with the magic of the

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