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# The Mosh Pit of Little People

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“ARE you with a child?”



Andrea Mohin/The New York Times

Giggles amid the music in Madison Square Park.

This is not a question concertgoers often hear. But at Madison Square Park on Thursday, it was the price of admission for a show by Trout Fishing in America, a folksy duo from Arkansas who are best known for the music they play for children. The concerts are part of the Tuesday and Thursday lineup of events at the park during the summer, thanks to the Madison Square Park Conservancy, perfectly timed to take place before the day gets too hot and the lines at the Shake Shack get too long.

It was one of those jewel-like Manhattan mornings. The blue sky dazzled after days of heat and rain, and there was a cool breeze and a spot of green on which to sit and listen to silly men singing silly songs.

A group from Arkansas might seem like fish out of water in the city, but Ezra Idlet and Keith Grimwood were right at home. They kept their young crowd rolling with songs like “My Hair Had a Party Last Night,” about waking up to a very bad hair day, and “Eighteen Wheels on a Big Rig,” a counting song about trucks — do they know their demographic, or what? — in which Mr. Idlet and Mr. Grimwood counted to 18 forward, backward, by even and odd numbers, and then in Roman numerals.

A mosh pit of little people formed at the front, bumping in a happy Brownian motion. A vast parking lot full of strollers was cordoned off, and blankets were laid. Parents brought their offspring, nannies herded their charges, and several day camps mustered their teeny armies. For an hour, New York was a smaller, younger, sweeter place, albeit one with an awful lot of citizens discussing their need to find a bathroom.

Aaron's family lives in Florida, had seen the band in Tampa, and happened by the park on a visit to New York. Charlie came with his buddies from the [Children's Aid Society](#). Skyler and Violette, who became fans via satellite radio and had come in from Long Island, sat at the edge of the small wooden stage with their mother. Seeing the group in person was good, said Skyler, adding: "You're closer. You can hear it better."

There's something else radio can't do. At the end of the show, a line of fans formed to greet the singers, and Skyler got to shake hands with Mr. Idlet. "High five," Mr. Idlet said, holding his hand up. Skyler complied. Then Mr. Idlet stretched to his full 6 feet 9 inches, raised an arm and said, "Really high five."

Skyler leaped, gamely, and fell backward on his bottom. He giggled. Now he knows: Live music can knock you on your behind.