

THE BROADSIDE

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We had always figured that the Clancy Boys and friend Tom were known only to folk fans and to a few of the citizens of Irish delineation who happened to be interested in their ancestral country's music. You can imagine our surprise when we discovered that one of their albums was the third best selling LP on Boston charts one week. Obviously the boys have a great many fans who have no interest in folk music save their own, and who are extremely faithful. They deserve this support.

For those of you who are not too familiar with the Clancys and/or Tommy Makem, let's tell you a little about them.

Liam became interested in folk music while studying at the National College of Arts in Dublin and collected throughout Ireland and Scotland before he came to the States in 1956 to act professionally at the Poet's Theatre in Cambridge. Tom Clancy has proven a fine actor as well, ap-

The Clancy Bros. & Tommy Makem



pearing with Orson Wells in "King Lear", Siobhan McKenna in "St. Joan" and with Helen Hayes in "A Touch of the Poet" as well as on a great many TV plays.

Patrick Clancy, the elder member (Liam is the youngest) has been everything, cab driver, brewery foreman, diamond hunter, insurance salesman, and painter, and formed the fine Tradition Record Company in 1956.

Tommy Makem comes from a musical tradition. His mother was a folk singer, his father a traditional piper, fiddler, and drummer. At 15, Tommy had his own Ceili (Irish Country Band) and became a top pop vocalist. He made his debut as a folksinger in NY at the Circle in the Square.

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INTRODUCING CRITIQUE

The events which led to the following article being placed in our hand are a bit bewildering. We don't know the author although we have been promised many more of the same from them. We print it as always, as an expression of opinion, not by any means ours, but one which certainly deserves exposure.

CRITIQUE I

Recently I went to a charmingly depressing little coffee house to hear some folk singing and drink some coffee. To admit that I satisfied neither of these hungers would be to understate my reaction. What I finally did, to wash the dishwater out of my system was to go to a Waldorf's where the babble was easily as insane as coffee house babble (but with a point of reference) and where, much to my surprise, the coffee was quite good.

Those few shreds of Christianity remaining about my person prohibit my naming the establishment, as well as the "folksinger" who held sway on that ill-fated evening. I use the term "held sway" as the only one applicable, for this many toothed creature did not truly sing, nor did he perform, in the strict sense of the word. He merely held the floor for what seemed an interminable space of time. That he was no artist was evident from the start. (What man daring to claim that title would brazenly clamp a "cheater" on his fingerboard or rasp the strings of his instrument with feline clamps of metal on his fingers?) This person stood bathed in red and green floods before a teetering microphone. He cocked his eye at the tape recorder, tilted his head back in mock anguish and "sang" endlessly of lost loves, prisons, hangings, ship-sinkings, homosexuality, Castro, Kennedy, Mail Robberies, and collegiate sex. His texts, his delivery, his stance, his "accompaniment", his gestures and postures, his whole demeanor and even his voice