

THE BROADSIDE

OF BOSTON

Volume III, No. 15

Cambridge, Massachusetts

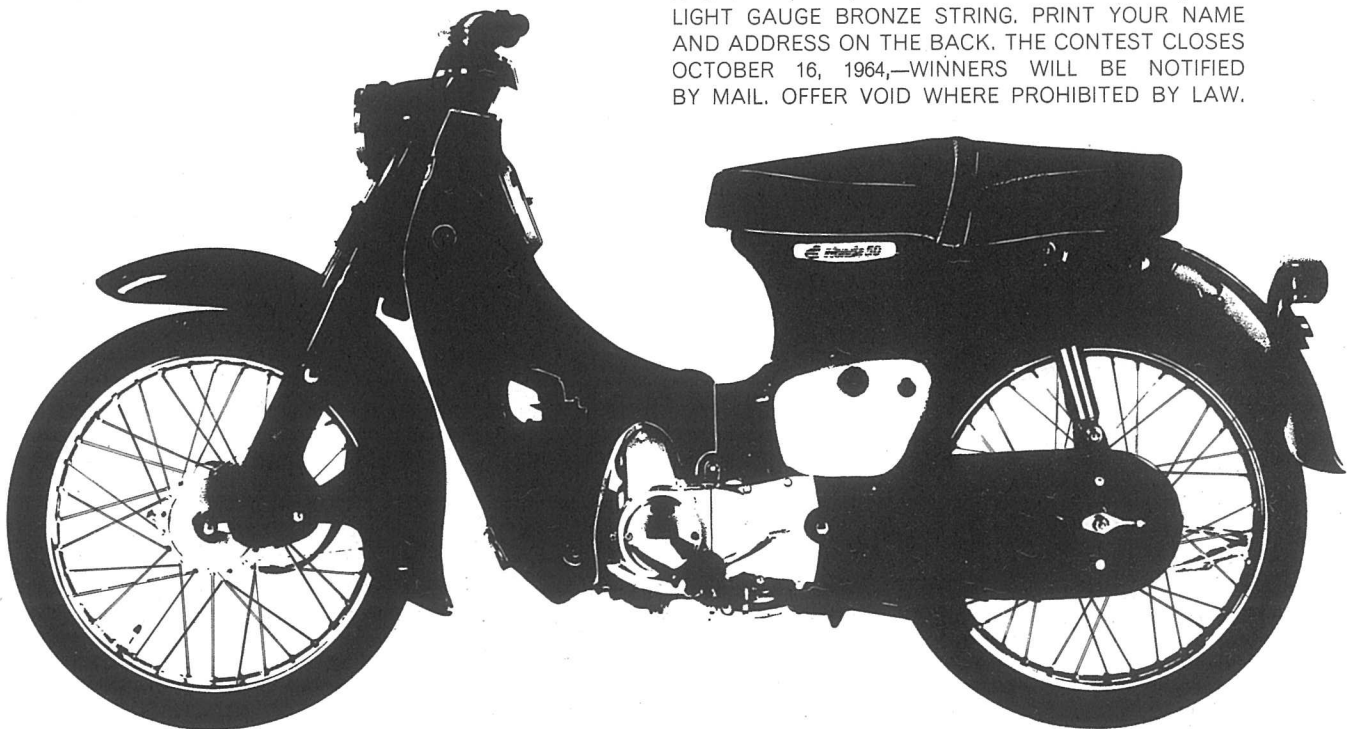
September 30, 1964



FOLK MUSIC AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS & TWENTY CENTS

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THIS ISSUE'S COVER

Len Chandler & Dick Gregory

Len Chandler, student of music turned folk-singer, is one of the most up and coming song writers of our generation. A 20-year old holder of a Master's Degree in Music from Columbia, Len made the switch from Bach to "Stagger Lee" a few years ago, to the delight of critics and audiences, when he began appearing in concerts and coffeehouses.

A Negro and topical song writer, as well as an artist, Len has been hailed by one critic as "a spokesman in music" for the Negro. His claim to that distinction is well grounded in his powerful interpretations of traditional blues, as well as his sophisticated "freedom songs," such as "Turn Around Miss Liberty," a song about the murder of Medgar Evers.

Len has just finished a summer of voluntary activity in Mississippi, performing in the Council of Federated Organizations' concerts, which were presented in Negro communities throughout that state.

After graduation from the University of Akron (where he received his B. S. in Music Education) and a stint with the Marines, Len returned to Akron, where he taught high school until he won a scholarship for graduate work at Columbia. He played in the Greenwich Village and Riverside Symphony Orchestras, worked at a children's home and frequently took the children to Washington Square. Hearing the

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many folk singers gathered there and the children's enthusiastic response, he renewed an old interest in American folk music.

An immediate success in Greenwich Village cafes and coffee houses, Len has since appeared at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, and the 1964 Newport Folk Festival. He has also done a 26-week program for WXYZ-TV in Detroit.

Dick Gregory, the civil rights comedy star, startled the entertainment world when he became an overnight success in Chicago's Playboy Club. Dick, a humorous commentator on the times, was hailed by every Windy City critic as a smash hit.

Success brought Dick into the national spotlight for more than one reason. His biting satire could be heard on the picket line in Greenwood, Mississippi as well as in the plush supper clubs of New York. Never too busy or too tired when justice and human dignity were the issues, Dick has given his energy and talents (and time in jail) to the struggle for civil rights.

Dick went to Southern Illinois University, took two years out for the army (where his ability as a comic was demonstrated in Army talent contests), and after his discharge, returned to college. Graduating, Dick made his way to Chicago, where he worked six months in the post office; he was dismissed for not taking the mail seriously enough. "Whenever I encountered a letter from Mississippi, I put it in the foreign sack."

Recalling the days when he made people laugh in the Army, Dick decided to become an entertainer in earnest. He played for ten dollars a night, three nights a week. His big break came when the comic star at the Chicago Playboy fell ill, and Dick replaced him for the night. Appearing before an audience of convention delegates from the South, his reception was so favorable, the Club asked him to return. Two days later, he signed for three weeks. Dick has been playing the circuit ever since.

His appearance with Len Chandler at the CORE benefit concert at Jordan Hall, October 3rd, is expected to be a well-remembered evening of timely entertainment.

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SCRAPPLE FROM

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by Alex Lukeman.



An award of 1000 folk points goes to Pat Sky for inventing a brand new, never-before-seen folk instrument. This amazing contribution to the folk arts is known as the GUITOILET, sometimes referred to as the BANJOHN. As the name implies, it is a cross between a guitar and a toilet seat (well used), with a touch of the old banjo. It must be seen to be believed, heard to be appreciated. I have no doubt that it is only a matter of time before one of the large companies such as Vega or Martin picks up on the idea, and we will all be able to buy them for several hundred dollars or so. Oh, what a joy to know that there are still some inspired souls like Pat around, who, like the visionaries that they are, see a crying need within the folk field and fearlessly set out to fill it. Here's to the GUITOILET - folk instrument of the future.

The most interesting facet of the folk scene here in New York these days, and certainly one of the most important things to happen on the Street for quite a while, is a strike by coffee house entertainers against three of the most notorious clipjoints in the area. The CHEG (Coffee House Employees Guild) has struck and is picketing the Why Not?, the Basement, and The Cafe Manzini, all owned and operated by the same management. This is about the fourth or fifth try at organizing singers on the Street in as many years, and so far this attempt has been the most successful. These coffee houses are typical basket joints, offering no guarantee and forcing the entertainer to work for what he can squeeze out of the audience after they have been hit with a ridiculous check for whatever they ordered. Understandably, this does not often amount to much, and on a bad night, a singer may make less than a dollar for four or five hours work. To the management, of course, this is just so much profit, and they have steadfastly refused to recognize the union or meet its demands.

The union demands are simple - a guarantee of \$5.00 on week nights, \$7.50 on a Friday or Saturday night against the basket and minimum wage for the waitresses. This is extremely reasonable, since management would have to pay only a few dollars or nothing at all, and since the only attraction these places have is live entertainment. Tentative agreements were made between the coffee houses and the union, but were broken as soon as the weekend rush was over. The coffee houses in question are now open only on weekends, but this is the only victory the union has been able to achieve. The strikers have

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set up a relief kitchen in an apartment, feeding the pickets and providing sleeping space on the floor. The mother of one of the union members does all the cooking for them.

There is a good deal of local sympathy and support on the street for the union, and both the Gaslight and the Figaro are supplying free coffee to the pickets. Dave Van Ronk and Odetta, Tom Paxton and others have helped with advice and money. Dave and his wife, Terri, are veterans of the ill-fated Folksingers' Guild of several years back and have been all through this before. Although they and others feel that this attempt has a better chance of succeeding, most survivors of the MacDougal Street wars are essentially pessimistic about the outcome of the present strike. Even though the pickets have seriously affected the business of the three coffee houses, there is a matter of economics which cannot be avoided. With their negligible overhead, the coffee houses can hold out longer than the union (it costs a lot of money to feed 80 strikers), and it appears likely that this newest attempt to buck the system which denies the entertainers and waitresses a living wage will fail in the end. But meanwhile, the strike goes on.

(Ed. note: Since receiving this article, we have received word that the strike has ended, with the coffee houses meeting the union's demands.)



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the PROTEST singers

by Jon Landau



#1 WOODY GUTHRIE

In recent months a great deal of controversy has raged among folk-enthusiasts as to the validity of protest songs as folk-music. This is undoubtedly due to the increasing popularity of such topical balladeers as Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs, and Buffy Sainte Marie. In this and the following group of articles, I'm going to attempt to evaluate the work of several protest singers to determine whether the criticism each has received has been justified. During this discussion a protest song will be defined as a song whose purpose is to express a need for social change or social action.

The first person I want to deal with is, of course, Woody Guthrie. Of all the recorded protest songwriters, Woody has undoubtedly had the most influence on other performers. And it's important to note, at the outset, that many who are extremely critical of the whole protest set react favorably to Woody's protest songs. There were several qualities in his music which set it apart from other folk-protests and which seem to give Guthrie's songs a special flavor. An analysis of some of these may help us to see why it is that Woody's protest songs have been met with such universal praise and longevity of life.

Musically, Woody made primary use of traditional melodies, varying them for his own purpose whenever he wanted to. His classic "Union Maid" came from the tune "Red-wing." "This Land is Your Land" is an obvious variation on the Carter Family's "Little Darling, Pal of Mine." In other cases Woody thought up his own simple folk-melodies. I think "Pastures of Plenty" is an example of an original Guthrie melody. But even here, the melody is so traditional sounding that it might well have been written by Doc Watson. In his melodies, then, Guthrie emphasized one main virtue: traditional folk simplicity.

With regard to his lyrics, Woody followed the same rule. He fastened political verses onto

traditional melodies at will. ("She'll be wearing a union button," as a verse to "She'll be comin' round the mountain.")

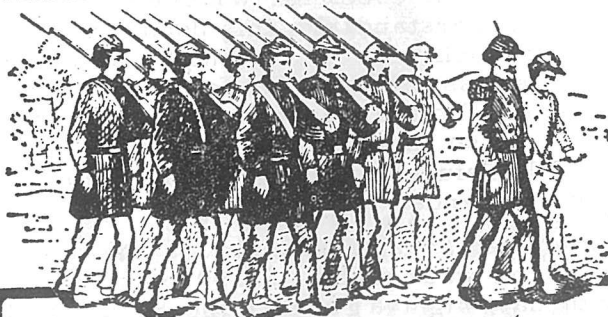
But his creativity showed through most clearly in his more original words. Lyrically, it seems that Woody was poetically capable of a near perfect balance between the general and the specific. He knew when to write about the forest and when to describe the trees. On the one hand he could create a general song about the United States, ("This Land is Your Land"), and on the other he could write intricately and specifically of a single person, ("Tom Joad"). In either case he rendered his message in its most poetic and simple form.

In addition to his sense of balance and his simplicity, Guthrie added one other ingredient to his music: the truth as he knew it. Guthrie's protest was submerged in the honest sentiments of the American left during the depression, (and afterwards). He experienced what he wrote and he related these incidents to us with complete frankness and without false emotion. He had no compunction about saying:

"I'm a union man, in a union war,
it's a union world I'm fighting for,"

in "There's a Better World A-Comin'." He didn't hesitate to tell us of his hate for the rich in "Jesus Christ".

So, the three components of a Guthrie protest song appear to have been: a) simplicity of melody and lyric, b) balance between the specific and the general, and, c) perfect frankness and honesty. This method appears to have been a successful one in terms of creating folk-song, judging by the universal recognition Guthrie's songs have received. Perhaps by studying Guthrie's approach, some of our good, but not good enough, protest writers can learn how to improve their music.



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Folk and Square Dance

by Marcia Young

Contrary to popular belief, the rural areas are not the place to go, these days, to find country dancing. Traditional dancing can be found there, to be sure; but you'll find your search for this type of activity will be easier and more rewarding in the urban centers.

At this point, perhaps a definition is in order: by traditional dancing, I mean squares (or quadrilles) and contra (longways) dances, danced to the original quadrille music and to jigs, reels, and hornpipes. Many of these dances and the music played for them date back to music and dances brought here from the British Isles and France during the Colonial period. Other dances and tunes are native to our own soil, but evolved from the earlier material and are very similar.

Traditional dancing in New England and eastern Canada has expanded to include the later round (couple) dances, such as the waltz, polka, galop, and schottische. Even more modern couple dances, done to jazz and rag-time music, will be found on the programs of many country dances.

The basic difference between the rural square dance today and its city-bred counterpart is most clearly shown by the type of dances which are included on the program along with the squares and contras. The real local small-town square dance, which is a central social activity in the community or countryside, draws a large segment of the population and a wide cross-section - the working class, professional people, farmers, young people, and it has to please them all and "keep up with the times" to stay alive. Hence, more brass in the orchestra - and musicians can play popular tunes (jazz tunes are offered with a suitably nondescript but bouncy beat) to which the oldsters can show off their fancy foxtrot steps, "up-to-daters" can twist, college students home for the weekend can give us a Charleston demonstration, and the hoi polloi can two-step. Quite a challenge to the musicians! Old-time pop songs are often substituted for the jigs and reels, since the caller sings his calls and keeps the square dances simple, curtailing or even omitting the supposedly more difficult contras. These people have come to the dance to have fun and socialize, not to learn how to dance their New England heritage. And it makes sense, too. Change is natural and, on the whole, desirable. Of course, there are country dances where they dance only the old dances and play only the old music, and the dancers clog, not walk, through the figures, but these are rare, and precious, and another whole story by themselves.

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And the urban square dances? The dancing is more carefully kept historically correct with traditional music. The contra dances, at least here in Boston, get their full share of attention and popularity. The squares, contras, and traditional round dances share a program with folk dances from many countries. The dances are done as couple or threesome dances, in formations of two or more couples, as mixers, or in circles and lines without partners. The people who attend these urban dances have more education than the average, and they approach square and folk dancing not only as a recreational activity, but as a cultural and educational experience. The fact that these dancers are willing to put some time and effort into learning the dances and that they are interested in the tradition being kept alive and unchanged, is the reason why you will find an abundance of good, well-conducted dances meeting regularly in urban areas such as Greater Boston. Here you will find the traditional dances of our own and other countries being danced, and danced well, while dedicated amateur musicians play the beautiful old dance tunes.

Now, where can such dances be found around Boston? As of the last issue, BROADSIDE is carrying schedules of folk and square dance events being held in the area. This will include public dances, dance organizations' activities, classes, workshops, and festivals. We also plan to print articles on traditional dancing, dealing with its history, its music and musicians, and the current scene. We will be looking for your comments on your interests (or lack of same) in this field of folk activity.

B HOLY MODAL I THER

by Peter Stampfel



It is interesting to see how contemporary nonfolk music and folk music look at each other. For instance, a few months ago, I heard a "Folk Music" record by a rock & roll group called the Four Seasons. The Four Seasons are one of the best groups going; every record they have released since 1962 has made the top ten. One of the many things this group has going for them is an almost mindless hysterical joy...

"Sha- aa-aa ay ay ay ayaree bay-ay bee
(Sherry baby)

Sha- aa- ree, won't you come out tonight
(Come, come, come out tonight) ..."

I mean mindless in the way an animal moves, un-hung up.

(That song I just paraphrased was called "Sherry" and came out in 1962. It just so happened that at the time the village was full of girls named Sherry, most of whom, for some reason, were dykes. So everywhere in the village where there was a juke box, someone would be playing "Sherry." The following conversation was common:

"Hey, have you seen Sherry around?"

"Which Sherry?"

"You know, dyke Sherry."

"Which dyke Sherry?"

Anyway, a few months ago I heard a couple cuts from a folk music record by the Four Seasons. The songs I heard were new ones, and just what you would expect. Lonesome roads, midnight trains, and plenty of suffering. Shame on the Four Seasons.

But really, their angle of attack was the usual one for people to take concerning folk music.

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Most people consider folk music more serious than ordinary music, and when seriousness is required, most people start to take themselves seriously. This is always a terrible mistake.

This taking yourself seriously business is responsible for the vast amount of contemporary folk songs dealing with lonesome travelling, dirty old bombs, nasty old fallout, and the cru-el civil war.

Cannonball don't pay no mind
If you're gentle, if you're kind
Honey, let me be your salty dog.

There's a bunch of paradoxes around here. For example, almost all of the people who sing about rambling around and not giving damns for greenback dollars are making plenty money and flying in jets. Why doesn't someone make up a folksong about making plenty money and flying in jets?

But the thing that bothers me most about these songs is the awful drone of self-pity that runs through them. The idea of all these young people (most people who buy folk music records are young people) indulging in bizarre fantasies in which they are long-gone-lean-hungry-hard-travelling-men of constant sorrow - damn it, self-pity is so negative, and besides, it isn't pretty.

While I'm complaining, there's another thing been on my mind. That is, how much I don't like the versions of "Blowin' in the Wind" done by Stan Getz and Lena Horne. Getz is a brilliant musician, and there's little more I can say. What can you say about a first rate artist besides that he's a first rate artist without becoming redundant? But his "blowin' in the wind" sounds like Billy Vaughn. And Lena Horne's version... Oh, well, I just don't care for big bands and 1940-style arrangements.

A few days ago, Weber and I worked opposite one of those new christy style groups. I had never seen one of these groups in action before and had been wondering for some time why they were so popular. Revelation! One of the things people like best about folk music is that most folksingers are young and rather pretty. And they're so active, the way they stamp their feet and clap their hands and swing their guitar necks over the microphone.

This cracked on me in 1962, when I was living in Chicago. I was putting down a folksinging group because I didn't think they were very good, and an older friend of mine said that they weren't very good, but they looked nice, young, active, intelligent... And anyway, most people don't listen very closely, they just watch. Well, if people like to look at a couple of young, pretty, active people, they'll like looking at a young, pretty, active crowd even better. And so they do.

NEW FOLK CLUB OPENS IN COPLEY SQUARE

Frank Borsa and Joe Vertucca, former owner-managers of the Orleans, will open their new and as yet unnamed club in Copley Square directly over the Copley Square Restaurant on October 1st. Bonny Dobson will lead off the entertainment schedule and will be followed by John Hammond and Jean Redpath in the following weeks. Seating almost 160, it will be the largest Folk House in Boston, and its atmosphere will be much plusher than any other house in town at this time. Check the schedule page for specifics.

FOLK MUSIC, USA SET TO FILM

Folk Music USA, WGBH's TV Folk Show, which will be back on the air this year due to the requests of its viewers, will tentatively film its first two shows on Monday night, October 5th. Readers who are interested in attending the show as members of the audience, may call BROADSIDE or WGBH for information.



BROADSIDE wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Jerry and Leila Corbitt on the birth of their first child, a girl, Jessica Lyman.

Classifieds

For sale: Vega long-neck, five-string banjo; model SS-5 Folklore; very good condition, with case. \$150.00 Call 387-9742

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BITS PICTURES

TOM PAXTON'S first ELEKTRA release due this week***SAM CHARTER'S in town last week to record ERIC VON SCHMIDT'S second PRESTIGE release***THE STAPLE SINGERS, THE SWAN SILVERTONES, FIVE BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA, and others in big GOSPEL show at Back Bay Theater Sunday afternoon, Oct. 11***By next issue, BROADSIDE will be firmly ensconced in its new office at 145 Columbia Street, Cambridge***Question - Why do you suppose that the credit given to BROADSIDE by Rick Stafford for his show of JOAN BAEZ portraits at CLUB 47 was deliberately cut out during the exhibit?

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Pete Seeger will open the 1964-65 Folklore Concert Series on Friday, October 9, at the Back Bay Theatre (formerly the Donnelly Memorial Theatre). This concert will be sponsored by Mass. PAX and will mark Pete Seeger's second appearance in Boston since returning from his world tour. Tickets for this concert, as well as the other five in this series (see Concert Schedules) are available from Folklore Productions, P.O. Box 227, Boston 10, Mass. Tickets for this six-concert series are \$17.50, \$15.00, and \$12.50. All concerts begin at 8:30 PM.

HELP WANTED - Typists, artists, distribution assistants, and others to work for BROADSIDE. No pay; much interesting work involved, tho. Phone 491-8675 day or night.

CORE PRESENTS

Core presents Dick Gregory, comedian, and Len Chandler, folk singer, Saturday, Oct. 3rd at 8:30, in a salute to Freedom. All proceeds will go towards the benefit of CORE. The concert will be held at Jordan Hall, and tickets will be \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.50, and \$10.00. Call HI 5-9458.

Ramblin' Boy

by TOM PAXTON



So all of a sudden I'm a columnist. Me and Murray Kempton.

At old friend Dave Wilson's invitation I am joining the Broadside staff and for the next decade or two will be doing what can loosely be described as a song column. The songs will be my own.

About song writing: I have a healthy respect for tradition. Two of my very favorite performers are Doc Watson and Mississippi John Hurt, both of whom are traditional singers par excellence. Those city singers I admire are usually the ones versed in traditional styles. Unlike some of them, I do not feel that the tradition has ended and that the museum era is upon us. I think that our musical heritage is still growing, still expanding, and although it might sound impossibly presumptuous, it is to this tradition that I want to contribute.

How is this done? Well, I've only been writing for about four years now and I'm learning more all the time. I used to write a lot of pretty drively songs but I hope that's behind me. I used to write counterfeit period songs, too, songs that one might think existed before the turn of the century. One of them, Willie Seton, I still like, but I don't write like that now.

What I'm trying to do is this: I'm trying (not always successfully) to reflect our own times in all my songs; songs set in a traditional style. A lot of these songs, of course, are "topical" or "protest," but I feel that even love songs and children's songs should mirror our times. We live in the year 1964 and there isn't much to be gained in retreating from that reality.

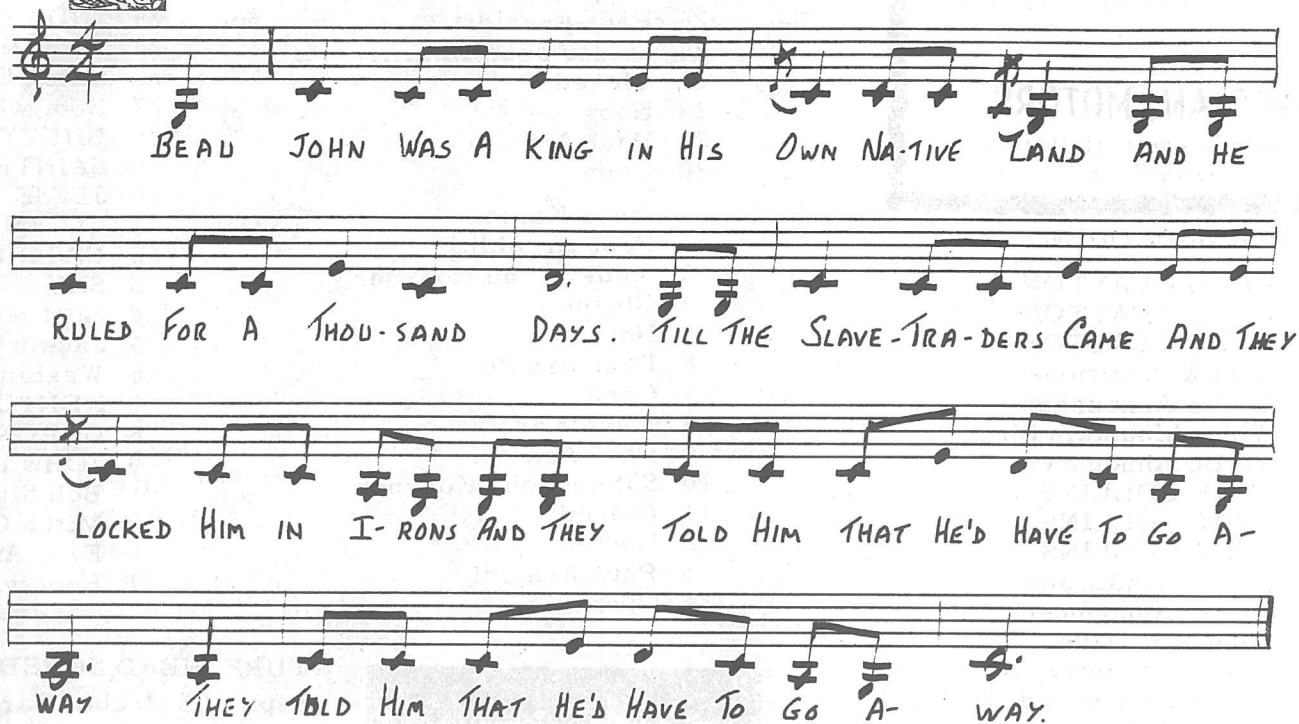
For this first column, I am submitting my most recent effort, the long ballad, Beau John. It should go without saying that Woody's Tom Joad was my inspiration here. Not that I feel I've copied anything, but it was Woody who showed us how a really big subject can be tackled in ballad form. I've written my own tune for it but it can also be sung to John Hardy if you like.



JUDY COLLINS COMING TO KING'S ROOK

The King's Rook, 4 Main Street in Ipswich, will be presenting Judy Collins for three nights Oct. 2, 3, 4, from 9 pm to midnight. If you haven't been to the Rook since the new room has been opened, this would be a gas of an opportunity!

BEAU JOHN BY TOM PAXTON



2. Beau John got sick on the long ocean voyage,
 All around him people died.
 They took his friends and they threw them overboard
 John hung down his head and he cried,
 John hung down his head and he cried.

3. They sold Beau John down in New Orleans
 To a man with a whip in his hand,
 He said farewell to his lifelong friends
 And they took him to a strange new land,
 And they took him to a strange new land.

4. Beau John worked hard for thirty-seven years,
 And he worked with a woman by his side,
 And on the morn that his last son was born
 Beau John laid down and he died,
 Beau John laid down and he died.

5. His son grew up just as big as his dad
 And they called him Beau John, too,
 And for one hundred years Beau John and his sons
 Did just what the master made them do,
 Did just what the master made them do.

6. One day when the cannon fire shook the ground
 And the master's wife and children did flee,
 Some men in blue coats rode into the yard
 And they told Beau John that he was free,
 And they told Beau John that he was free.

7. When Lincoln died, old Beau John cried
 And he knew times were bound to get bad,
 Saying, "though I never saw Abe Lincoln in my life
 He was the best friend I have ever had.
 He was the best friend I have ever had."

8. When the night riders came for old Beau John,
 Little Beau John hid behind a tree.
 He saw what they did and he hit the northern trail
 Saying, "maybe up there they'll let me be.
 Saying, "maybe up there they'll let me be."
9. They pushed Beau John and they shoved him around
 Till he didn't know where to turn
 Some folks in Harlem took him into their home
 And Beau John started in to learn,
 And Beau John started in to learn.
10. He fought for his country in World War One
 And his son fought in World War Two.
 And they learned no matter what price they paid,
 There were certain things they weren't allowed to do,
 There were certain things they weren't allowed to do.
11. And then one night on the television screen
 He saw that Medgar Evers was dead.
 He took his wife in his arms in the night
 And these are the words that he said,
 And these are the words that he said;
12. "They made me a slave and I worked in their fields
 And they made me fight in their war.
 They've beaten me down for four-hundred years
 But I ain't gonna take it anymore,
 But I ain't gonna take it anymore."
13. His wife got a letter from a Georgia jail
 From a town called Albany.
 It said, "I'm proud to be your own Beau John,
 And I ain't comin' home till we are free,
 And I ain't comin' home till we are free."

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LOFT SCHEDULE

Sept.	25	Paul Arnoldi
	26	Spider John Koerner
	27	Closed
	28	Hoot
	29	Paul Arnoldi
	30	Open
Oct.	1	Steve Koretz
	2	Paul Arnoldi
	3	Spider John Koerner
	4	Closed
	5	Hoot
	6	Paul Arnoldi
	7	Open
	8	Steve Koretz
	9	Paul Arnoldi
	10	Spider John Koerner
	11	Closed
	12	Hoot
	13	Paul Arnoldi
	14	Open

CLUB 47 SCHEDULE

Sept.	25	JUDY COLLINS
	26	Mimi & Dick Fa Mitch Greenhill
	27	Hoot w/Paul Ar
	28	BUFFY
	29	SAINTE-MARIE
	30	JESSE
Oct.	1	COLIN YOUNG
	2	PATRICK
	3	SKY
	4	Hoot w/Ray Po
	5	Jackie
	6	Washington
	7	KENTUCKY
	8	COLONELS
	9	JOHN KOERNE Bob Siggins
	10	Mitch Greenhill Eric Andersen
	11	Hoot w/Paul A

KING'S ROOK SCHEDULE

Sept.	25	PAUL CLAYTON
	26	PAUL CLAYTON
	27	PAUL CLAYTON
	28	Hoot & Auditions
	29	To Be Announced
	30	White Mountain Singers
Oct.	1	To Be Announced
	2	JUDY COLLINS
	3	JUDY COLLINS
	4	JUDY COLLINS
	5	Hoot & Auditions
	6	To Be Announced
	7	Johnny & Dave, w/Herb Hoover
	8	To Be Announced
	9	JEAN REDPATH
	10	JEAN REDPATH
	11	JEAN REDPATH
	12	Hoot & Auditions

NEW FOLK ROOM SCHEDULE (over Copley Sq Restaurant, Copley Sq)

Oct.	1	6	BONNIE DOBSON
	4	6	Taj Mahal
	7	12	JOHN HAMMOND
	11	12	Charles River Valley Boys
	13	18	JEAN REDPATH
	14		Tom Rush
	15	& 18	Ray Pong

UNICORN SCHEDULE

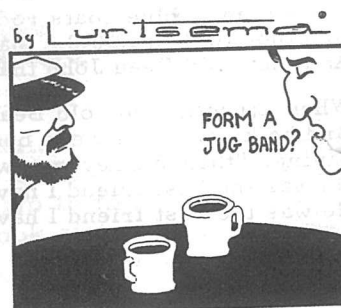
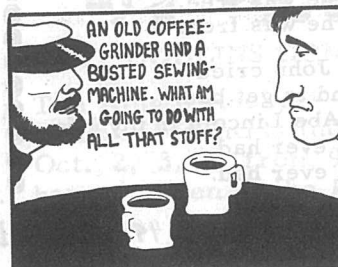
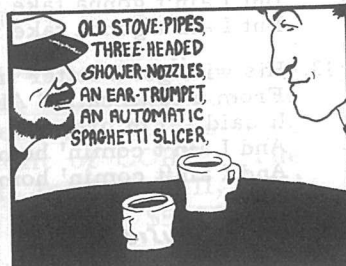
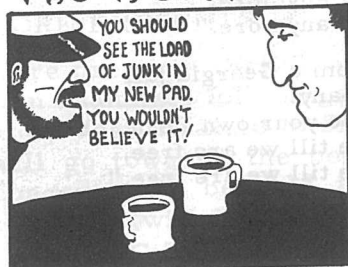
Sept.	20	Oct.	3	Casey Anderson
Oct.	4	Oct.	17	Phil Ochs & Judy Roderick
Oct.	18			To Be Announced
Oct.	19	Oct.	24	IAN & SYLVIA

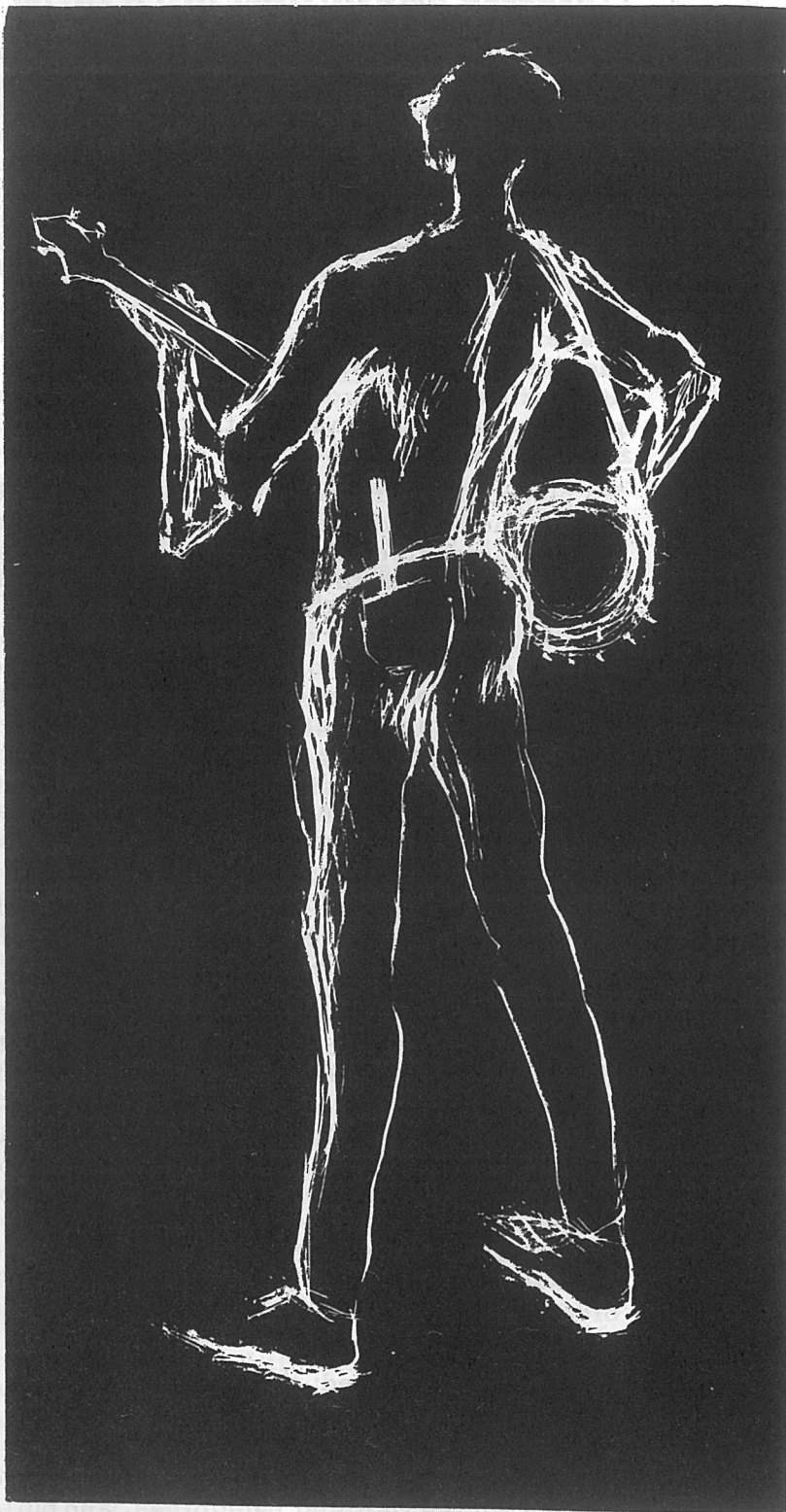


TURKSHEAD SCHEDULE

Sept.	25	Isabel Gardner
	26	Dave Briggs,
	27	Aft.: Noel Day Eve.: Gil de Jesus Isabel Gardner
	28	Taj Mahal
	29	Julie Meridith
	30	Paul McNeil
Oct.	1	Carl Watanabe
	2	Isabel Gardner
	3	Dave Briggs
	4	Gil de Jesus Isabel Gardner
	5	Taj Mahal
	6	Julie Meridith
	7	Paul McNeil
	8	Carl Watanabe
	9	Isabel Gardner
	10	Dave Briggs
	11	Gil de Jesus Isabel Gardner
	12	Taj Mahal
	13	Julie Meridith

the freebies ...





CONCERTS

- Sept. 27 Noel Day, Taj Mahal
Carl Watanabe, SNCC
Benefit, 2pm, Charles
Street Meeting House.
- 30 SPOON RIVER, featuring
Gil Turner, Marilyn Childs.
8 pm, Jordan Hall.
- Oct 3 DICK GREGORY, LEN
CHANDLER, Benefit for
CORE. 8:30pm Jordan Hall.
- 9 PETE SEEGER- Folklore
Concert Series, 8:30 pm
Back Bay Theatre.
- 11 STAPLE SINGERS, SWAN
SILVERTONES, FIVE BLIND
BOYS OF ALABAMA AND
MISSISSIPPI, plus others.
3pm, Back Bay Theatre
- 31 EWAN MAC COLL, PEGGY
SEEGER- Folklore Concert
Series, 8:30 pm, Jordan Hall

SNCC BENEFIT CONCERT 2p.m.

NOEL DAY SUNDAY
TAJ MAHAL SEPT.
CARL WATANABE 27

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FOLK CITY USA SCHEDULE

WCRB - 1330am - 102.5fm

- Sept. 25 Contemporary Folk Song
Series, Part IV. Interview
w/Len Chandler.
- Oct Local Folk Talent-LIVE
- 2 Eric Andersen, Spider John
Koerner, Dayle Stanley,
Mitch Greenhill.
- 9 Paul Arnoldi, Betty & the
Moonlighters, Bill Lyons,
Dave Briggs.

LAST MONTH

AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

1964 SEPTEMBER 1964

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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27	28	29	30			

NEXT MONTH

OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SCHEDULES printed in BROADSIDE are as
given to us by the clubs. We are not, can not
be responsible for changes made by the clubs



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF BOGUS BLIND LITTLE CRIPPLE DEAF AND DUMB COFFIN HEAD

by Phileas Schwarzhomme

Chapter II TRANSFIGURATION

Once he was around the corner, Clarence ran as fast as he could. As fast as he could, that is, without overjostling the guitar he carried. He didn't stop running until he had safely closed the door to his apartment behind him, snapped the lock and connected the night latch. He leaned his back against the door and closed his eyes. Two bright opals blazed at him from behind his lids.

Clarence really didn't want to remember. He sighed, opened his eyes, groped for the light switch, and as light flooded the room, checked all corners for any malicious presence. None was evident.

He relaxed, considered having a cup of coffee before he sacked out, rejected it, looked fondly at the records stacked beside the player, tentatively considered listening to some Robert Johnson, but decided that God must wait until tomorrow.

Hurriedly, he went through his nightly ritual, brushed his teeth, dusted around the furniture, threw out the empty coke bottles and put the almost full, shiny yellow plastic wastebasket into the hall where the janitor would empty it the next morning. After donning a fresh pair of pajamas, he carried his guitar case over next to his bed and set it on a chair. He opened the case, checked carefully over the J-200 for anything out of the ordinary, took the instrument out for a moment to wipe it down with a soft cloth, and replaced it gently in its own bed. He snapped out the light, crawled under the covers and closed his eyes. Mama Rose's eyes were still there.

"Remember, remember," careened off the walls of his mind, scampered down long neglected corridors of thought and rebounded in waves which filled the whole of his head.

He tried to concentrate on something else.

He couldn't.

He tried to engage destiny in conversation.

"Darn woman . . . I tried to stay out of her way."

Destiny was busy elsewhere.

Three quarters of an hour later, Clarence decided to try another tack. He switched on his light, noticed that the clock read almost quarter to three, and for a moment, he wondered how he was going to make his eight o'clock class.

"Darn," he muttered. He picked up his guitar and checked the tuning. Gently he caressed the strings, picking out the notes of a standard blues line and making it sound like some-

thing Liberace might play at a teaparty given by Lawrence Welk's mother.

"I must be tired," he thought. His left hand just didn't seem to be working right. It was almost as if he had a cramp in it, the way it seemed to try and contort itself.

He stopped playing long enough to massage his hand, and gazing at his palm was amazed to see again Mama Rose's eyes boring into his and her command to remember suddenly swelled to full volume.

Clarence laughed. "Well," he thought, there's only one way to beat you, and that's at your own game. That hand position isn't going to produce anything that will remotely resemble music."

He placed his left hand upon the neck of the guitar and moved his fingers to the frets as he had memorized them when Mama Rose had first placed them there. He marvelled at the ease with which his fingers formed that position which had first seemed to be the most awkward contortion of his hand he had ever witnessed. He picked out a few notes with his right hand, amused, and then struck the chord. It was an impressive sound. It poured forth and filled the room, and it spoke. It told of years of misery - and pain - and heartbreak and persecution, and it was yet edged with hope - and humor.

Clarence would have been impressed if he could have listened to it. He couldn't. He was too busy with other things.

Pain racked his body as his joints stiffened. He felt torn apart. His vision blurred, his tongue thick in his mouth, and his chin lolled on his chest.

He struggled to his feet and tried to walk across the room to the lavatory, but he had to hold on to things and drag his right foot behind him. He stared into the mirror in disbelief. Through the film which encased his eyes, he saw staring back at him the oldest, ugliest, blackest negro face he had ever seen.

Clarence whimpered; the face leered.

Clarence turned, made a lunge for his bed, forgot about his foot, and fell flat on his face. He crawled, dragging himself across the floor 'till he felt the rumpled bedclothes, and pulled himself onto the bed.

Outside, a church tower clock started to signal the hour of 8:00 a.m. Clarence moaned.

Suddenly, he began to relax; the pain eased, his vision cleared. He sank back onto his bed; sleep washed over him.

Outside, the last stroke of three wavered faintly, struggling to survive and giving up, diminished in the night air.

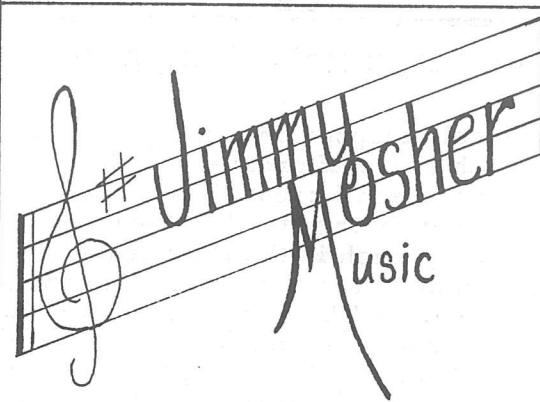
Next issue, don't miss the thrilling chapter
REALIZATION

Notes from a Stanza Collector variant ed. freemari

It seems that I irritated a few people in the last issue by referring to the "decadence-prone Boston folk music scene;" I was approached by several people who wanted to know if I really thought that Boston folk music was "commercial." First of all, the fact that anybody, including me, could conceive of "Boston Folk Music" (as opposed to New York Folk Music, West Coast Folk Music, Wichita Falls Folk Music, etc.) is an indication that something has happened to Folk Music since the back porch dulcimer-strumming days, which gives just cause to purists to Tear Hair and Gnash Teeth. What has happened is anybody's guess and/or opinion, and, God knows, it has been expressed often enough. It could be, and is often called, commercialization. But there is a difference between commercialism and decadence, which I shall hereupon expound. Upon.

Commercialism in folk music consists of watering down the original to the point where it is inoffensive and easily digestible even to the most nerdy of tastes. Boston Folk Music is not so very commercial. It is not as commercial as the New Crunchy Monsters, which is not saying much, but it's something. Decadence is a different scene. Decadence has to do with the attitude that one has towards the music, be it commercial or super-ethnic-funk. Decadence is doing something different not because it's musically valid but because it's different and everybody is supposedly tired of the same old stuff. Decadence is finger-picking Lord Randall four hundred notes a minute to show everybody that you can do it. Decadence is singing "Blowin' in the Wind" because you figured out a more complicated chord structure for it than Dylan ever did, because you figure nobody but a Goldwaterite could not applaud long and loudly for it, and because it's an easy, ready-made way to identify yourself with the Hip and the Good Cause. Decadence is using music to communicate something that has nothing to do with the music, e.g., sex appeal, sex appeal, and maybe sex appeal. Decadence is performing music for any other reason than that you dig the music and want to communicate it. (Sure, we all gotta live, but you make more money laying bricks than singing folk songs.) Boston is crawling with decadence. It is also crawling with well-intentioned, sincere, beautiful people. Take your pick.





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LARGEST FOLK CENTER ON THE
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FANTASY IN SHOW BIZ TRADE PAPERS

Leon Bibb, an American Negro discovered in New York last year by a Russian talent scout, recently played to a capacity crowd of 1500 at a summer theatre in Moscow.

Mr. Bibb, relaxed in comfortable attire, clapped his hands and tapped his feet to his own beat. The folksinger's songs included "Joey" from "Most Happy Fella," "Glory, Glory, Halleluja," and "Summertime" from "Porgy and Bess".

The audience expressed approval of this program of American Folklore with rhythmic clapping and shouts of "Bravo." At the end of his performance, Mr. Bibb received the customary basket of flowers.



SNCC TO HOLD CONCERT

A benefit concert for SNCC will be held Friday, October 9 at 8:00 PM at the Rindge Technical School Auditorium in Cambridge. The concert, being given as a part of "Cambridge Weekend for Mississippi Freedom," will feature John Hammond, Taj Mahal, Ray Pong, and Tom Rush. Tickets are \$2.00, unreserved, and are available at the Ploughshare, 30 Brattle St., Cambridge; Filene's Ticket Agency; the SNCC office, 1555 Mass. Ave., Cambridge; and at the door.

Ramblin' Round

w/dave wilson

I find myself trapped in a mesh of bureaucracy which I myself created. I didn't make the deadline which I created, and having just returned from a trip to the West Coast, I can't say very much in the little space I managed to chisel from the staff except that Woody Guthrie's This Land Is Your Land certainly means a lot more to me now than it ever did before. But I'll tell you all about that in next issue's column, and all I really want to say to you right now, is that it feels good to be back.

SPOON RIVER PRODUCTION FEATURES GIL TURNER

Gil Turner fans will be happy to know that Gil will appear in the Road Production of Spoon River which will make its first appearance on September 30th at Jordan Hall. There will be only one performance. The production is adapted from Edgar Lee Master's book, Spoon River Anthology, and has enjoyed great success on Broadway in the past year. It will be presented in Boston as a benefit for the Rockport Playhouse. Besides Gil Turner, who is well known as a contributing editor to the New York Broadside, the cast includes folk singer Marilyn Childs, and Barbara Gilbert, Carl Esser, Linda Seff, and William Severs. Tickets are available at the Jordan Hall Box Office.

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ADDITIONAL FOLK AND SQUARE DANCE SCHEDULES

In addition to the regularly scheduled folk and square dances listed in the last issue, the following dance events have been planned:

Saturday, September 26, 8:30 - 11:30 - Harvard Outing Club Square Dance, at Memorial Hall, junction of Cambridge and Kirkland Streets, Harvard Square - John Melish calling to the music of the Chataguay Rangers - Next dance in this series will be Saturday, October 17.

Tuesday, October 6, 8:30 - 11:30 - Square dance at the Unitarian Church, Harvard Square, (corner of Mass. Avenue and Church Street) - caller, Charlie Webster - music by the Royal Flophouse Orchestra of Boston.

REMINDERS: Beginners' Class in Square and English Country Dancing, starting Wednesday, September 30, for 10 weeks at the Boston Center for Adult Education, 5 Commonwealth Avenue, sponsored by the Country Dance Society, taught by Louise Winston.

First dance of the season at Concord, Mass. Girl Scout House - October 10th, 8:30 - 11:30 Ted Sannella calling to live music. Every second Saturday thru June.

"All the News that's Fit to SING"



LINKS ON THE CHAIN

LINKS ON THE CHAIN - I consider this one of my most important songs in several respects. It covers a big area by talking about the need for unions and civil rights to get together, and it has a musical background that matches the force of the words. I use a song

like this as a guideline in developing my style.

Coincidentally, the day after I wrote the song, I heard a speech on a similar subject ending with the same line taken out of context, "Which side are you on?"

by PHIL OCHS

Vigorously

1. Come you ranks of la-bor, come you un-ion core, — And see if you re-
mem-ber the strug-gles of be-fore, — When you were stand-ing help-less on the
out-side of the door, — And you start-ed — build-ing links — on the chain, —
— on the chain, — And you start-ed — build-ing links — on the chain. —

2. When the police on the horses were waitin' on demand
Ridin' through the strike with the pistols in their hands,
Swingin' at the skulls of many a union man
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

3. Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run
But the army of the union, they did what could be done,
Oh, the power of the factory was greater than the gun
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more line on the chain.

4. And then in 1954 decisions finally made,
The black man was a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain.

5. And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides,
And forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,
Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side
As they watched you lose your link on the chain, on the chain,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.

6. You know when they block your trucks boys by layin' on the road,
All that they are doin' is all that you have showed,
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed
When you're building all your links on the chain, on the chain,
When you're building all your links on the chain.

7. And the man who tries to tell you that they'll take your job away,
He's the same man who was scabbin' hard just the other day,
And your union's not a union till he's throwin' out of the way
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain, of the chain,
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain.

8. For now the times are tellin' you the times are rollin' on
And you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone.
Now it's only fair to ask you boys, which side are you on
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain, on the chain,
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain.

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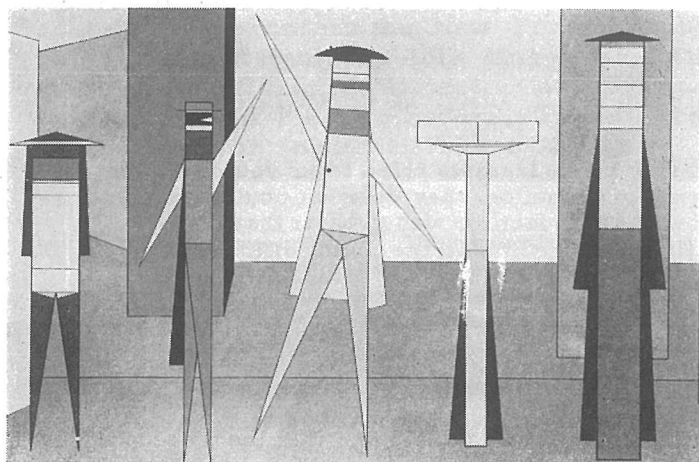
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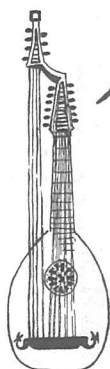
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Broadside

THE IMMORTAL CHARLIE PATTON
Vols. I & II



Origin Jazz Library OJL-1, OJL-7

These two releases give us 28 sides by the man ranked by many as the greatest of all blues singers. Personally, I rank him on a par with Son House and Booker White, and with only Skip James and Robert Johnson his superiors.

Patton was gifted with what may be the strongest and roughest blues voice ever recorded, a vital sound which stirs the listener even through a blanket of surface noise exceptional even among recordings of this period (1929 - 34). Among the most moving of his recordings are those in which he applies this big, gravelly voice to seemingly inimical gentle melodic lines such as High Sheriff Blues and Tom Rushen Blues, two recordings which for sheer warmth are unmatched in blues. In fact, in all of Patton's singing there is a blend of savagery and gentility which is as delightful as it is unexpected.

Patton's guitar ranges from rhythmic backgrounds in standard tuning (which also involve much string-slapping and foot-stomping) to extremely sensitive jackknife playing on slow pieces. In particular, his single-string jackknife playing is the most controlled and tasteful playing ever done in this much-abused style. Patton also was unmatched from a standpoint of variety; his mastery of disparate styles of guitar playing adds yet another dimension to these recordings.

Vol. I includes several tunes in which Patton is not at his best, including a couple of folk blues (Frankie and Johnny), several pop tunes of the period, and two undistinguished party-type blues with fiddle accompaniment. Thus only 4 or 5 of these pieces represent Patton at his best. Not so Vol. II! Fully 12 of the 16 numbers here represent Patton playing strictly blues of the most challenging character. The result is an LP which is topped only by Robert Johnson's on Columbia. Such a wealth of fine sounds should not be ignored.

Vol. I is a good buy for serious blues fans, in spite of the deficiencies mentioned above, for there are 4 or 5 top quality cuts on it. Vol. II is a must buy item for any blues fan, and also highly recommended to folk music fans with only a passing interest in blues as being the second best blues LP now available. Buy it!

Al Wilson

Reviews



"TALKING ABOUT MY TIME"

Eugene Rhodes

Folk Legacy FSA-12



This is the first Folk Legacy release of Negro blues, this company having devoted their efforts up till this time to Southern white and foreign ethnic musics. Rhodes was recorded in the Indiana State Penitentiary by Bruce Jackson, and plays mainly the 12-string guitar.

Although a commendable step by Folk Legacy, at least from the blues fan's standpoint, this first release is, on its merits, thoroughly mediocre, for Rhodes is a completely derivative performer in a field where the best music has always been individualistic and inventive. He plays Blind Lemon Jefferson less well than Jefferson, Blind Boy Fuller less well than Fuller, and so on. His voice is not strong, and his guitar playing is all based on standard rudiments which have become all too shop-worn. One or two original compositions do not significantly alter this overall impression.

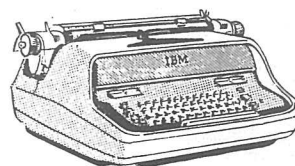
In fact, the one fascinating aspect of this record is Rhodes talking to Bruce Jackson. Rhodes speaks candidly to the bluesmen he has met, and deals frankly with his reservations on playing the old blues, reservations rooted in the distaste with which many Negroes view this music, so reminiscent of the period of subjugation and misery which they, quite logically, are loath to recall.

Despite these talking episodes, this is a record which is commendable in intent (the production and annotations are superb) but quite mediocre in strictly musical terms.



Al Wilson

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Flatt & Scruggs, Stanley Bros., Carl Story,
Anita Carter, Maybelle Carter, Bill Monroe,

Mercury - MG 20857; stereo, SR 60857

Bluegrass music is centered in Wheeling, and electrified country and western music is centered in Nashville. The score on this record is Wheeling - 7, Nashville - 4, and someplace else - 3. Unfortunately, there is still only one bluegrass anthology which is an essential part of even the most complete bluegrass record collection, and that is Folkway's Mountain Music Bluegrass Style, put together by Mike Seeger. This Mercury hootenanny (if you will pardon the expression) contains some excellent bluegrass. All (3) of the Flatt and Scruggs cuts are pure Wheeling, as are the Carl Story gospel tunes, the Stanley Brothers' "No School Bus in Heaven," and Carl Story's "Fire on the Banjo." If you are a bluegrass fan and don't mind buying a fair number of records, all of the above-mentioned tunes are available on LP's by the individual artists, and that's where you should buy them. Two tunes by Jimmy Skinner, "Blue Moon of Kentucky," by the Stanley Brothers, and Anita Carter's "Love's Ring of Fire," are strictly Nashville. Anita Carter's "All My Trials" has no business on a country music record, and Maybelle Carter's two autoharp instrumentals have a heavenly chorus humming along behind.

All in all, this record is about average, as bluegrass anthologies go, and you can certainly buy worse records that call themselves bluegrass.

John Cooke

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1964-65

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JORDAN HALL

SATURDAY
EVENING Oct. 31st
at 8:30 p.m.

Enclose Check or Money Order and Self-addressed Envelope.
Mail to Folklore Productions, P. O. Box 227, Boston, Mass.

Concert	Number of Tickets	Price

PHENOMENON BLUES

Lightnin' Hopkins

Of all the southern states responsible for spawning the blues, Texas would probably have to score first for the number of wandering minstrels it has produced during the last 70 or 80 years. We are beginning to see that this tradition, if it was such, is now closed; a fast Chevy, jobs at NASA, and Fender guitars, among other things, have long replaced riding the rods through Texas (or much of anywhere). There is, however, one last blues singer from Houston's third ward, Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, to and on whom the legacy of all that has gone before belongs.

Sam Hopkins' life has been one of ambiguity. Never "in the tradition" by foresight and certainly not by inclination, Lightnin's roots cross unexpected old paths, playing at a summer picnic with Blind Lemon Jefferson when he was a little boy, and later, on the road, with his older cousin, Texas Alexander (who recorded the famous '98 Degree Blues' for Okeh). With all this, those not fairly deep in the blues would probably presume Lightnin' dead or at least overripe for a popular rediscovery. Still, such is not the case. Lightnin' is only in his fifties, and his candle has not burnt out by any means. The truth is that Sam Hopkins chose to remain comfortably buried in his own subculture, basking on the streets of Houston, for years, and only in the 50's did his presence become known on any large scale.

During the late 40's and early fifties, Lightnin' cut a considerable number of singles designed and played for the West Texas market. On the reputation of these, he eventually wound up in New York to record. In time, the now defunct Prestige/Bluesville line issued eight albums by him, almost in succession. Today, with reissues and new records, Lightnin's column in Schwann is no small matter.



Broadside

But the man himself is the curious thing. Suspicious by nature (he always used to record for spot cash only) and parochial in thought, he still has managed to make the sufficient transition needed to insure his old music in an atmosphere that has turned Houston into a space center. Like John Hurt, it is his timeless appeal that assures his continuance.

When folk music began to regenerate itself in the late 50's, it was thought a good thing if Lightnin' could begin giving concerts, both in his own area and nationally. He did appear in the East very infrequently and is rarely seen today, except in conjunction with an occasional New York recording session. Mostly he feels pretty uncomfortable out of Houston, and there he stays most of the time, playing with a group of friends in the dance-halls.

All the foregoing may be interesting enough, but it is Lightnin's influence that in the end makes him important. His style is not particularly complex, but then Lightnin' never was a flashy guitar player. He draws from a repertoire composed of the large round of Texas blues, his own earthy compositions, and whatever else drifts into town. It is a potpourri of everything known in the blues; love, hate, reportage, memorial, farce, and tragedy. All of these things Lightnin' carries, if not smoothly, then expertly on his shoulders. Somewhat like Pete Seeger, he is a person with one foot each in two musical times, not really too many years apart, but different universes in what they were and are like. That they can be spanned at all is surprising; with success, even more surprising; and that they can serve as a model for what still remains as an alien generation to Lightnin', perhaps most surprising of all.

Perhaps.

Stu Marks



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Reviews



HARD DRIVING BLUES

Roosevelt Sykes

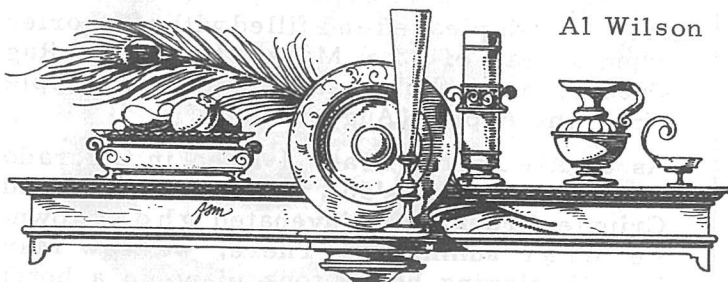
Delmark DL-607



Sykes is a representative of the hard-driving, barrelhouse piano style, which emerged in the late 30's and early 40's. One's opinion of this record is to a great extent dependent on one's opinion of this style in general. In this regard, annotator Bob Koester refers critically to "folk music fans who inhibit their listening experience to the archaic styles involving acoustic guitar accompaniment," feeling that "one who dismisses urban blues from the world of folk music pays a heavy price for his concern with ethnicity."

I have found, however, that folk music fans usually are interested in the slick, so-called "folk-blues" singers i. e., Broonzy, McGhee, and Josh White, than in the "archaic styles," whose fans more often than not ignore folk music entirely. The "archaic" fans tend to downgrade Sykes and his cohorts not due to "modernity" or "non-ethnicity," but on the grounds that these men lack the intense personal involvement with their music which is a prerequisite (though not the only one) of any great music. Theirs is a functional music, an "easier" music, with lyrics that entertain rather than grip the listener. Even as party music, this style falls far short of the erotic frenzy that a Howling Wolf or a Muddy Waters can induce with their electrified "down-home" blues bands.

Nonetheless, this is a good record on the 'genre.' If you enjoy the style, you will probably want this record.



Al Wilson

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PHILLY 1964 - Part II

John Hurt signing autographs in the audience by matchlight ...

A set Phil Ochs did which started off with his new song, "Tambourine Man" and also included the Beatles' new civil rights picket line song, "I Want To Hold Your Job" ...

Dick Waterman emceeing the Blues Workshop 'cause it seemed he was the only one available who knew the performers ...

Also, the cow backstage at the Blues Workshop ...

And the performer onstage who had to interrupt a song to kill a yellowjacket that chanced to stop on his guitar strings ...

Phil Ochs again, this time having to run off-stage in the middle of one of his song introductions so he could move his car before it was towed ...

Theo Bikel: "Can I sit? I'm a sitting-type singer." (Don't we have enough trouble already with just ethnic vs. commercial?)

A couplet from a freedom song: "Senator Russell, you better kneel and pray; four more bills are on the way" ...

Son House breaking a string on the guitar he was using just as a steel National arrived backstage ...

Paul Caldwell with his banjo strung with nylon fish line ...

barry e. mushlin

DEAR BROADSIDE

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DEAR BROADSIDE:

I have seen inconsiderate people in my life, but a good percentage of the crowd in Newport took the cake. Very few people (with the exception of Thursday night's crowd) had any knowledge of real folk music. I think Thursday night's concert was probably the finest presented anywhere ever.

To get to the point, when real folk artists, such as Skip James, Sleepy John, Fred McDowell, and Robert Pete, were performing, there was mass confusion of such extremity that no one could imagine. People were talking, walking all about, yelling and milling in the corners. It was impossible to appreciate these artists with such confusion. However, when the Chad Mitchell Trio, Johnny Cash and other greats were on, everybody was quiet. The ironical thing is when this trash was on, everybody should have yelled. The only point I am trying to get across is please tell your readers that if one has any respect at all for his neighbor and the performer, he would be quiet, just as I was quiet for the people who enjoyed the commercial music. To hear these stupid people laugh at Libba Cotton, who was one of the finest artists there, was sickening.

Yours disgustingly,
Elliot Spring

©
DEAR BROADSIDE:

In response to your appeal for cooperation, I am sending you my zip code number: 020402

Very truly yours,
?

(Unfortunately, the writer of the above forgot to sign his name to the letter. -Ed.)

©
DEAR BROADSIDE:

It was with great pleasure I stumbled upon your recent issue of BROADSIDE. On many different occasions, I had expressed the need of such a periodical for our town.

I want to wish you luck and hope you continue to fill in the gap.

Respectfully,
Paul F. Walton
Hyannis



The Turks Head
Boston's Oldest Coffee House
14 Charles St.



DEAR BROADSIDE:

I read with utter disbelief the review of Pete Seeger at Newport, wondering if Barry Mushlin saw the same performance I did. I have the warmest spot in my heart for Pete, largely stemming from an incident in 1953, when I was a camper at Indian Hill Music Workshop in Stockbridge, Mass. He had come to give a concert for the camp, and I was stuck in the infirmary, close to tears at the thought of missing it. Someone told him about the miserable girl in the infirmary, and he promptly climbed a tree with his banjo, slithered across a branch, leapt through the infirmary window and sang me a song.

This sort of thing he does every day of his life, and for this reason, as well as my love for his music and his indestructible idealism, I was standing and cheering for him along with the rest of them at Newport.

I felt, however, that something was very wrong at that performance. Pete seemed to lack that magic quality that always spellbinds his audiences. He sang as if he were just going through the motions, performing in his sleep. There are rumors that he was quite disillusioned by his trip to the Soviet Union and the satellite countries. Whatever caused it, I hope he finds the resources to bounce back and go on hypnotizing the world with his music and himself.

Isabel Gardner

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DEAR BROADSIDE:

...Was both pleased and filled with memories when I read of Max Morath's original Rag Quartet in Alex Lukeman's column, "Scrapple From the Apple" (August 2nd).

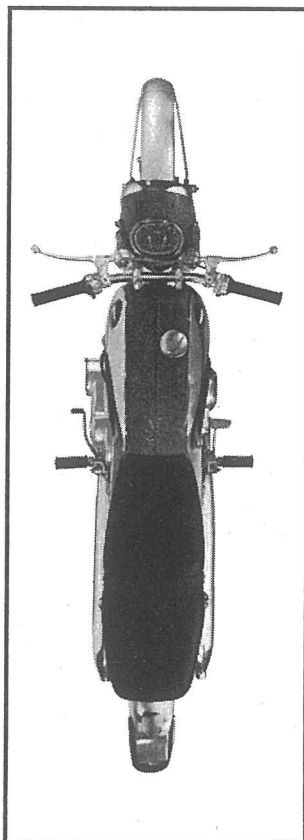
As an Air Force "brat," I lived in Colorado for two years ('54-'56), and my family visited Cripple Creek, a rejuvenated ghost town, several summers. There, we saw Max Morath playing honky tonk piano in a hotel which was famous for its old-time melodramas. We all hissed the villains and cheered the heroine while Max Morath played appropriate music. Looks as though he's moved up a little in the music world, but I'll bet he's not having as much fun.

Claire Mathews

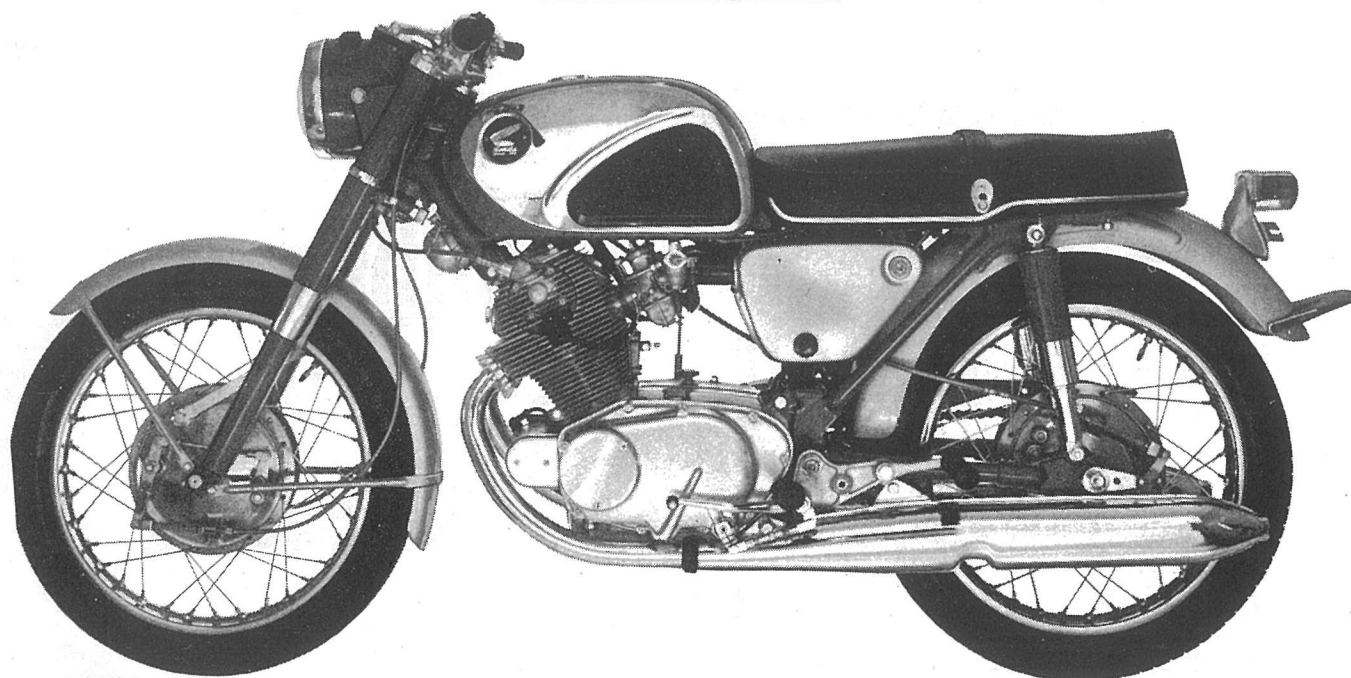
p. s. I enjoy your magazine muchly; although was disappointed in your "Newport Issue" - that cover map was something else again.

24 reasons why you can't beat a Super Hawk

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- 12 volt electrical system of alternator type.
- Front and rear brakes of 8" diameter with double leading shoes on both. Both are full width hubs of aluminum alloy with cast-in liners for better cooling and lower unsprung weight.
- Crankshaft rests in 4 main bearings. Two outers are ball, and the two inner mains are of roller type.
- Connecting rods ride on needle bearings.
- Centrifugal oil filter.
- Engine and transmission of unit construction for lower weight, oil tightness, and compact design, plus added rigidity to eliminate vibration.



- The transmission main shaft is totally suspended in ball bearings that are pressure fed. This is unique with Honda. Entire high gear train carried in needle bearings.
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- Exhaust system is factory tuned for best HP output.
- Dual saddle for greater comfort.
- Key-locked steering head.
- Top speed 110 mph.
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