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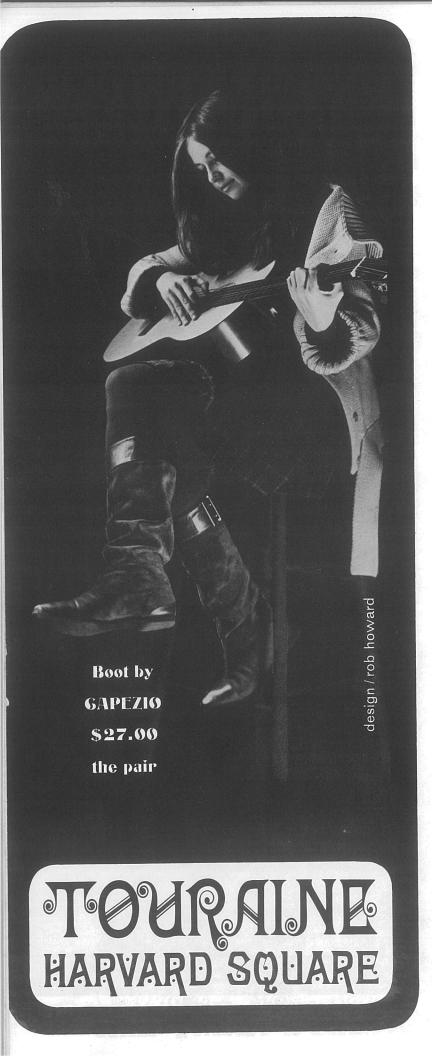
Volume III, No. 16

Cambridge, Massachusetts

October 14, 1964



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Vol. III No. 16

October 14, 1964

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THIS ISSUE'S COVER

Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger



EWAN MacCOLL - PEGGY SEEGER CONCERT TOUR CANCELLED

A one-month American concert tour by the noted British folksinger and ballad writer, Ewan MacColl, and his wife, the former Peggy Seeger, opening at Town Hall in New York on October 3rd, and due in Boston on October 31st for the second offering of the Folklore Concert Series, was cancelled October 2nd.

Mr. Harold Leventhal, the concert manager who planned the national tour, was forced to make the cancellation because the U.S. Embassy in London refused to issue a visa to Ewan MacColl as "ineligible for political reason."

Mr. Leventhal issued the following statement:

"Mr. MacColl is Britain's outstanding folklorist and a folksinger of international reputation. In 1960, he appeared at the Newport Folk Festival, and for years has long been a favorite of Americans interested in folkmusic. The failure of Mr. MacColl to receive a visa

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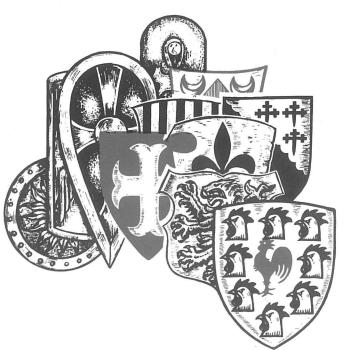
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BOSTON CO-6-4727

for a concert tour which was booked in eleven cities and several college campuses is a blow to cultural freedom. I received a cable from Ewan MacColl about ten days ago that the U.S. Embassy in London advised him that he was considered ineligible for a visa due to some regulation regarding his "alleged" political beliefs. I instructed my attorneys to immediately appeal this ruling. Efforts were made in Washington and at the U.S. Embassy in London to have a waiver issued in this matter; but, having received no favorable reply, I was forced to cancel the tour at a great loss to the many promoters who had already hired halls and sold tickets. This cancellation was an even greater disappointment to his audience. Mr. MacColl is a featured performer and writer for BBC-TV and radio; is equally noted as a composer and writer of many documentary films for the British Government and is one of the most popular folksingers in Britain today. I will continue to seek a reversal of this unwarranted ruling and hope that the concert tour can be rescheduled in the Spring of 1965."



FOLK CITY USA with MUSICUM IMPENDERS Bob Lurtsema



"Boston's Music Stations"



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IN STEREO .

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w/dave wilson

I won't recommend the way I traveled to and from California except to say that it probably beats flying if you want to get some sort of feel for this country. We drove straight through, taking about 62 hours to make the trip each way.

I don't really have anything to say which hasn't been said more often than enough before.

It sure is a big country.

I spent some time in San Francisco and Berkeley, seeing old friends from Boston like Rolf Cahn, Johnny Morier, Joel Myerson, names that many of you will be familiar with through their performances here when they were considered Boston musicians.

I also took the chance to look over the coffeehouses out there, and there is quite a difference.

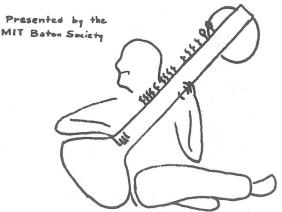
The Cabale and the Jabberwock in Berkeley are much like many of our establishments and I'll bring them up in a future column, but what impressed me most was the popularity of the more traditional coffeehouse.

With only a vacant store between them, The Forum, and The Mediterranean are both flourishing houses. I would estimate that both of them can seat about 200 or more patrons, and I never saw either of them less than half full. They are open all day long, and late into the night. Service is cafeteria style, with three, four, or five countermen making up your orders as you call them out whether they be cafelatte, espresso, capucino, regular American or any of a dozen other varieties of beverage. They also serve a wider variety of pastries than any coffeehouse we have in Boston. These are not the only differences. They serve full meals continually, specializing in Lasagna, and like Italian dishes.

But even more impressive than all of that is that the coffeehouses there are integral parts of the community, not accepted as they are here at best as tolerated nusiances on the fringe of the undesireable. Certain tables at each of the two above mentioned establishments are considered to be the traditional stands of various groups. The boys from the "Rad" lab have a certain table which looks like a study in Brownian movement if you were to study it throughout the day. Another table provides a focal point for the Drama students, another for the musicians, another for the literaries. Conversation, whether it be the exchange of ideas or the pursuit of company is rampant and reigning.

"SPECTACULAR"

Pavi Shankar/



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We need places like this in Boston.

The Waldorf's, the Bick's, the Walton's, which more or less fill the same position in our area don't make it. The student, the artist, the intellectual (would-be or accomplished) are neither catered to nor encouraged. Their encampment upon the seemingly sacrosanct premises of the cafeteria cartel is always uneasy and subject to courteous or discourteous dismissal.

What we really need is a businessman who is willing to give value for value. Open an establishment which will provide an atmosphere conducive to daytime conversation and conviviality and reap the benefits which would naturally return when a need is sensitively filled.



Denise Kennedy, Broadside Staff Artist, and popular performer has left Boston in a sudden move to Chicago where her husband, Michael, has just secured a position of great promise. We are sure that Chicago's magazine, The Folk Scene, will find her a valuable asset to the community and their efforts. We will darn well miss her.



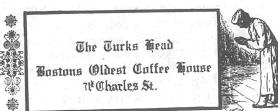


PHIL OCHS OFFERING ALL THE NEWS THATS FIT TO SING AT THE UNICORN

Broadside's feature columnist and song writer Phil Ochs is now appearing at the Unicorn Coffeehouse at 725 Boylston Street in Boston. He will continue there through October 17th. If you have been wondering how some of the songs that have been printed in this magazine might sound when sung by their creator, here is your chance to find out first hand. Also keep your eyes and ears open for Phil's second record on Electra which is due to be released in the near future.

JUDY RODERICK will appear each night with Phil Ochs. Judy is hailed by many as the finest of the new white female blues singers. She made her first appearance in Boston just one year ago at the Cafe Yana and has been back numerous times to both the Club 47 and the King's Rook.

The combination of these two artists at the Unicorn is certainly one of the most appealing bills to appear in this area in many months.



No other form of music has such a guilty conscience as does folk music, because no other form of music has the possibility of being as hypocritical as folk music. Folk music is supposedly concerned with more than just making nice sounds; supposedly, it has something to do with integrity, and this is where Double Standards (a disease known to many) comes running to the fore. Case in point: Protest Songs (not to be confused with Topical Songs, "Contemporary Folk Songs," Beatle music, etc.). Way back then (circa Woodie Guthrie), protest songs were songs of protest against specific actions taken by specific people; they were sung to a not-alwaysappreciative audience with the intent of bringing to light whatever wrongs had been committed and rousing the audience against these wrongs.

That is what protest songs are supposed to be and what they are supposed to do. Except that nowadays a healthy proportion of protest songs are nothing but watered-down whinings on socially acceptable subjects (integration, peace); they contain almost no original thought, express almost nothing except a general and vague feeling of discontent (in spite of its being a beautiful song, "The Times They Are A-Changin' is a perfect example of the pointless complaint against everything); and what is perhaps most important, the modern protest song is sung to an audience that offers no resistance; everybody who listens to protest songs is already rah rahintegration-pacifism-ban-the-bomb-bury-Goldwater and whatever else protest song writers may care to bitch about. I do not mean to belittle these just causes; I am merely saying that singing about them in the nambypamby way that we do, to a public that agrees with the cause anyway (in the nambypamby way) is about as meaningful as expounding upon the virtues of sunlight to Florida resort owners. At best, it is a form of flattery to our "enlighteded opinions"; at worst, it is a false means of escape from a guilty conscience, guilty because we all sit around on our flat bottoms, in our airconditioned pads and don!t really give a damn about the down-trodden Negroes and the starving Indians. (Hmm, not a bad thought... now if I could only change around the words a little, get them to rhyme, swipe some music someplace, I could cook up my very own protest song...)

Why are there no protest songs on socially unacceptable subjects? Why, for example, arethere no songs protesting unfair prejudice against Jews, Homosexuals, and other social outcasts? Could it be that "fearless," "enlighteded" songwriters are perhaps also

afraid in their own way?

#2: Phil Ochs

Phil Ochs is the most obviously "protesty" of all the protest singers. As such, he reflects most clearly the strengths and weaknesses that a talented artist will be likely to develop if he attempts topical song writing. A look at Phil's work ought to show us what these strengths and weaknesses are.

Phil composes most of his own melodies. He says that he has been greatly influenced by Bob Gibson's melodic approach. ("Too Many Martyrs" was co-authored with Bob, and Phil has written "The Gibson Song," a humorous tribute to Gibson.) Certainly few of his melodies appear to have been patterned after traditional tunes. As a result, Phil has had to rely on his own imagination for almost all of his tunes. The result is that many have criticized Phil's songs for sounding too much alike. I think that the similarity of pace and guitar style with which Phil renders most of his numbers contributes to this impression. However, most of his melodies have a streak of originality and a sort of power that fit the words of his songs. "I'm not Marchin' Anymore, " (Phil's new "hit",) is a good example.

Lyrically Phil, again, has his ups and downs. His humorous material is, above all, humorous. In addition, it is usually highly pointed, and highly satiric. Judging from audience reaction when Phil plays "Firehouse 35" "Talking Vietnam," and "Talking Birmingham Jam" such numbers are very popular. When discussing a specific topic or person seriously, however, some of Phil's lyrics have decided short comings. In his songs about John Henry Falk, William Moore, and in his original words to "Lou Marsh", Phil tends to over-generalize. (Phil's earliest efforts show this flaw more often than his newer songs.) In these instances, where just the facts would make the point, Phil still insists on overt moralizing. His detail becomes so general that the songs don't cafry the power they might if Phil were to use his poetic gifts to describe more, and preach less.

On the other side of the ledger, Phil's more general songs do have the force that a song like "William Moore" just misses. Phil himself says that his three best endeavors have been "Power and the Glory," "What's that I Hear," and "I'm not Marchin' Anymore". (He feels that these tunes have a good chance of infusing into the oral tradition.) Notice that all three deal with principles, not specifics. In each case the song states a simple truth without the use of slogan or cliche. The point is conveyed by Phil's

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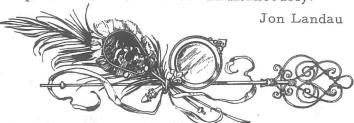
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original statement of that truth. In a serious vein then, Phil's strong point appears to be in these "Blowin' in the Wind" type songs. (Of course, they can't all be gems. "I'll be There" is so ridden with slogans and cliches that it sounds like a bad convention speech.)

As a performer Phil's style has some noticeable strong points. He always balances his material, attempting to establish some kind of order in any given set. His sense of humor and his failure to take himself too seriously is admirable. His voice is more than adequate for his purposes. However, I think that his guitar playing could stand some improvement so as to allow him a greater variety of rhythmic patterns in his songs.

Phil Ochs is a very talented song writer. His real weaknesses are few; his guitar and his excessive moralizing. With time, these flaws will undoubtedly be overcome and I'm sure Phil's full potential will be realized. Phil is constantly writing and improving. My hope is that he does both simultaneously.





"All the News that's Fit to SING

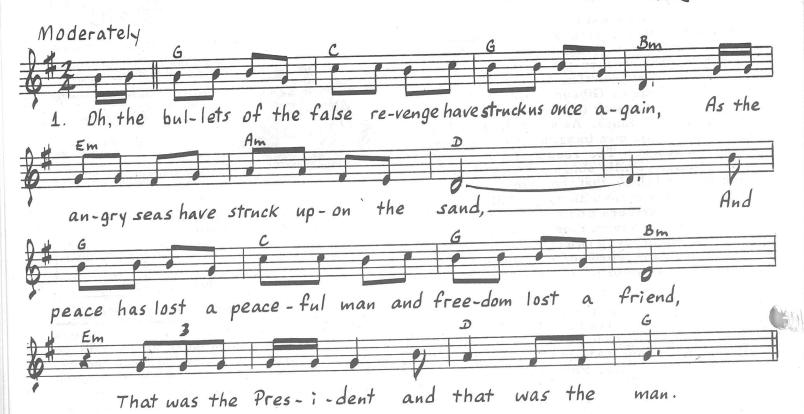


THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT

by PHIL OCHS

HAT WAS THE PRESIDENT - This is a revised version of the first printing in New York Broadside. It's one of the most difficult songs I've ever attempted to write,

and it took at least five or six months before I had changed it around enough to feel comfortable with it.



- 2. I still can see him smiling and waving at the crowd, As he drove through the music of the band. And never even knowin' no more time would be allowed Not for the President and not for the man.
 - 3. Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save, Of the sudden early ending of command. But a part of you, a part of me is buried in his grave, That was the President and that was the man.
- 4. It's not only for the leader that the sorrow hit so hard,
 There are greater things I'll never understand.
 How a man so filled with life even death was caught off guard
 That was the President and that was the man.
 - 5. Everything he might have done and all he could have been, Was proven by the troubled traitor's hand. For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men, That was the President and that was the man.
- 6. The glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain, It's been carried over time and time again. And to the list of honor you may add another name, That was the President and that was the man.

FOLK MUSIC USA PLANS FULL YEAR

Folk Music USA, WGBH-TV's Folk show will make its season debut on Wednesday night, October 7th at 7:30 PM. The show will be re-run on Saturday night, October 10th at 6:30.

Dave Sloss, producer of the show, has announced that 28 programs will be produced this year, and that each show will be aired twice, once on Wednesday night at 7:30 PM, and again the following Saturday evening at 6:30 PM.

Because WGBH has moved to new and larger studios, with greatly improved technical facilities, they are prepared to present a number of improvements to the viewing audience.

The programs will be taped on Monday nights, starting on October 5th, and any Broadside readers who would care to attend the tapings as members of the audience may obtain tickets by writing to Folk Tickets, Boston 34, Massachusetts. Be sure to indicate the date and the number of people in your party for sessions you wish to attend. Visual credit is given to organizations or individuals who contribute to each production; and if you are either an individual or a member of an organization, who would like to help support this show, you are urged to contact Dave Sloss at WGBH.

Folk singers and musicians who are interested in appearing on the program may arrange for auditions by writing or calling Mr. Sloss as the station.

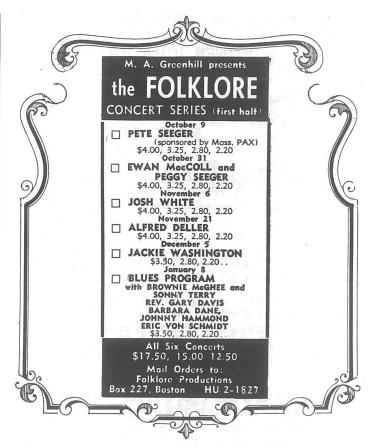
BROADSIDE wishes Folk Music USA a very fine second season.



KING'S ROOK PRESENTS ERIC ANDERSEN

On Friday and Saturday nights, Oct. 17, 18, 19, the King's Rook will present singer and songwriter Eric Andersen. Eric, who has recently moved into the Boston area, is featured on Vanguard's "New Folks - Vol. II."





TOM PAXTON AT KING'S ROOK

Tom Paxton, whose record was released last week by Elektra, and author of the song column which appears regularly in this magazine, will be performing at the King's Rook in Ipswich on Friday through Sunday nights, Oct. 23 - 25. Tom is author of a number of songs which are being sung by many other performers. Songs which are most familiar to folk fans include "Ramblin' Boy," "The Marvelous Toy," "Bottle of Wine," "What Did You Learn in School Today?" "The Last Thing on My Mind," and "Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound."



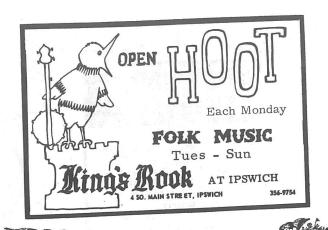
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Anybody willing to contribute a table, chair, and/or waste basket to the new BROADSIDE office will find us very appreciative.



ELEKTRA PLANS RELEASE OF TWO FOLK PACKAGES THIS MONTH

Elektra Records, fast taking the lead in the production of Folk anthologies and compendiums, (witness the Blues Project and the Old Time Banjo Project) expect to release two gigantic packages to the folk devotees this month.

The first of these is a 3 LP set of Library of Congress recordings of Woody Guthrie which contain three hours of playing time. There are 28 songs which make up 90 minutes of the set, and an equal length of conversations between Woody and Alan Lomax. A 16 page book of notes accompanies the set, with photostats of some of Woody's writings. The second package to be released this month will be "The Folk Box", a four record anthology of American folk music, with a 48 page illustrated book. This release is unique in that it involves a cooperative effort between Elektra and Folkways Records.

Folkways contributed 30 of the 83 songs on the anthology, lithographs for the books, and the guiding hand of Moe Asch, who worked closely with Elektra mentor, Jac Holzman. Artists represented on the anthology include Clarence Ashley, Big Bill Broonzy, Cisco Houston, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Willy Johnson, Leadbelly, Ewan MacColl, New Lost City Ramblers, Pete Seeger, and Doc Watson from the Folkways Library, and Elektra artists, Theo Bikel, Oscar Brand, Hamilton Camp, Ian Campbell Folk Group, Judy Collins, Erik Darling, Dian and the Greenbriar Boys, the Dillards, Jack Elliott, Bob Gibson, Cynthia Gooding, Woody Guthrie, the Irish Ramblers, Koerner, Ray and Glover, the Limeliters, Ed McCurdy, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Jean Redpath, Susan Reed, Jean Ritchie, Mark Spoelstra, Sonny Terry, Dave Van Ronk, Frank Warner, Eric Weissberg, Marshall Brickman, Josh White and Glen Yarbrough.

The accompanying book was compiled and edited by Robert Shelton, and contains a discography of folk records from all leading folk labels.

THE ODYSSEY, BOSTON'S NEWEST, LARGEST FOLK CLUB.

On Sunday night, September 27th, the Odyssey was crowded with Boston folk press, performers and personalities, as well as well-wishing friends and family of owners Frank Borsa, and Joe Bartucca.

Frank and Joe, who formerly owned and operated the Orleans Coffeehouse on Charles Street will open the doors of their new club on Thursday night, October 1st. The club's first entertainer will be Bonnie Dobson, who will appear there through the sixth. Following Bonnie will be John Hammond, blues stylist, and he in turn will be followed by Scots singer, Jean Redpath.

The Odyssey will mark several departures from the usual Boston Coffeehouse operation. The most noticeable departure will be the decor which is one that is most often associated with urban restaurants or lounges than with the more-often-than-not ascetic furnishings of most coffeehouses. Another departure is evident when you first view the menu. Besides all the expected foods and beverages, a full menu of exotic dinners is being offered. Dishes like Beef Stroganoff, and Japanese seafood are listed and at very reasonable prices. A full line of sandwiches is also being offered.

The whole new approach of the Odyssey is bound to win a lot of new friends for both folk music and coffeehouses. Many patrons who previously would feel uneasy in a traditional dark room, regardless of how clean it might be, and who would perceive only shabbiness, will be far more comfortable in the more luxurious surroundings of the Odyssey.

Prices on the whole at this new club will be the same or less than other clubs in the area. The Odyssey is located at 573 Boylston Street in Copley Square, Boston, over the Copley Square Restaurant. Frank and Joe extend their personal invitation to all of you to attend their new club. BROADSIDE extends a hearty congratulations to the Odyssey on their opening, and wishes them a rousingly successful first season.

(As we go to press, we have been notified of al week delay in the opening of the Odyssey.)

RICK STAFFORD AND THE 47 THIEVES

Rick Stafford is a man of mixed emotions these days, having trouble trying to decide whether to be flattered or angry. Three of his pictures have been stolen from Club 47 where he currently has an exhibit of photos culled from the Newport Festivals. The pictures which were stolen were those of Joan Baez, The Clancy Boys, and Mary Travers. If the temporary owners of these pictures find themselves conscience stricken, Club 47 will be glad to have the pictures back. It will give others a chance to buy copies.



SCRAPPLE FROM

THE APPLE

by Alex Lukeman

acondo accesso

Up at Martha's Vineyard a few weeks ago, I heard some of the best music in a long time in the combination of Bill Keith and Doc Watson. It is fantastic to see these two play together. It is also good to see two top musicians work together without trying to cut each other down, but complementing each other instrumentally. I think someone ought to think about cutting an album of these two just playing instrumentals, or maybe half and half, with Doc singing on some of the songs. Speaking of albums, here are a few I think everyone in folk music would enjoy listening to:

BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE, Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell (Columbia CI-1799)

OLD TIME SOUTHERN DANCE MUSIC, The String Bands (Old-Timey Records)

THE COUNTRY BLUES, (RBF Records)

A JOPLIN BOUQUET, Ann Charters (Portents Records - this is the definitive record of Joplin's works available)

Of course, there are many others everyone should have which are readily available, such as the Riverside Classic Jazz series, Billie Holiday's Golden Years on Columbia, etc., etc. From time to time, I will mention records here in the column that you may or may not be familiar with, which I think are outstanding and worth buying.

I am very glad to say that my prediction of failure for the coffee house union, the CHEG, that I talked about in my last column, turned out to be wrong. They have successfully negotiated a contract with the management, and since several weeks have passed with no further incidents, it looks like the victory is permanent. Bravo. Other happenings here in New York: Pat Sky has written a new tune called, "For the Love of You," which is a gas. Pat may be cutting an album for Vanguard soon, which is also a gas. In fact, Pat is a gas, except when he brings his horse along. The damn animal isn't housebroken. Mark Silberman is back from California and running Fretted Instruments here on 6th Ave. Stop by, if you're in the area. At this writing, John Hurt has just finished the Gaslight, and John Hammond is in for two weeks, with Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs. Buffy Ste. Marie and Dave Van Ronk just finished before John, and broke all attendance records for the Gaslight. Big smiles on the Hoods' faces these days since they're making money for a change.

Famous last words, borrowed from Paul Clayton: "How about a little more steam,

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Casey?" "Mmmm - Just a little to the left, Jesse," "Are you sure that hammer's not just a little too heavy, John?" Remember, little minds from mighty acorns grow, and you can't beat an emperor on a sunny day. May the benevolent Gods smile upon you all and keep your string in tune. Peace.

THE CLANCY BROS. & TOMMY MAKEM COMING TO SYMPHONY HALL

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem will be presented in concert Friday night, October 30th, at Symphony Hall. Their tremendous range includes Irish folk songs dating back to the eighteenth century, songs of the Irish rebellions, Scottish ballads, Irish drinking songs, and anti-war music.

Although the boys worked together briefly in 1953, it was not until 1961 that Paddy, Tom and Liam Clancy, from County Tipperery, and Tommy Makem, the handsome lad from County Armagh, regrouped. Lovers of Irish music will remember the Clancy Brothers and Tommy from their performances at the 1962 Boston Arts Festival and the Donnelly Memorial Theater March 15th, in '63. They also appeared at Newport this year.

Tickets for this concert are available at Symphony Hall, Filene's and O'Byrne DeWitt in Roxbury.

CLUB 47, INC.

Oct. 9 Spider John Koerner Bob Siggins

10 Mitch Greenhill Bob Neuwirth

11 Hoot w/Paul Arnoldi

12 Tom Rush

13 Jim Kweskin

14 Taj Mahal Amy Boutte & Jerry Edwards

15 Charles River Valley Boys

16 Keith & Rooney Carl Watanabe

17 Joe Val and Pete Rowan Bob Neuwirth

18 Hoot w/Taj Mahal

19 Tom Rush

20 Jim Kweskin

21 Spider John Koerner Eric Andersen

22 Charles River Valley Boys

23 Mimi & Dick Farina Gil de Jesus

24 Ray Pong Mitch Greenhill

25 Hoot w/Don MacSorley

26 Tom Rush

27 Taj Mahal Eric Andersen

28 Spider John Koerner Carl Watanabe

THE UNICORN:

now thru Oct. 18 Judy Roderick Phil Ochs

Oct. 12 thru 19 Hoot w/Ed Freeman

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10 | Jean Redpath

11)

12 Hoot

13 Jazz in the Evening 14 The Loblolly Four

15 Bob Copp

16

17 Eric Andersen

18)

19 Hoot

20 Jazz in the Evening

21 The Folklores

22 Bob Copp

2:3)

24 Tom Paxton

25)

26 Hoot

27 Jazz in the Evening

28 Bob Copp

THE ODDYSSEY:

now thru Oct. 12 John Hammond

11, 12 Charles River Valley Boys

13-18 Jean Redpath

14 Tom Rush

15, 18 Ray Pong

20-25 Tom Rush

TURK'S HEAD:

Oct. 9 Isabel Gardner, Folksinger

10 Rogelio Reyes, Spanish Songs Dave Briggs, Flamenco

11 Andy Caponigro, Jazz Guitar Ken Carter, Bass

12 Paul McNeil, Folksongs

13 Julie Meredith, Ballads

14 Isabel Gardner, Folksinger

15 Carl Watanabe, Originals

16 Rogelio Reyes, Spanish Songs

Dave Briggs, Flamenco

17 Michael Hunt, Songs w/a comic flavor

18 (afternoon) Noel Day, Folksongs

18 Andy Caponigro, Jazz Guitar

Ken Carter, Bass 19 Paul McNeil, Folksongs

20 Julie Meredith, Ballads

21 Isabel Gardner, Folksinger
22 Carl Watanabe, Originals
23 Rogelio Reyes, Spanish Songs

Dave Briggs, Flamenco

the freebies..











TH

Oct

LOFT:

Oct. 9 Carl Watanabe

10 Spider John Koerner

ll closed

12 Hoot

13 to be announced

14 to be announced

15 Steve Koretz

16 Cook County Squires

17 Spider John Koerner

18 closed

19 Hoot

20 to be announced

21 to be announced

22 Steve Koretz

23 Cook County Squires

24 Spider John Koerner

25 closed

26 Hoot

JAZZ WORKSHOP

October 19 thru 25 Muddy Waters Sextet

COFFEE TOO

SALADIN, Amherst, Mass.

er 9-10 Taj Mahal

- 17 Tony Saletan Irene Kossoy



FOLK CITY U.S.A. Schedule W C R B 1330 am - 102.5 fm

October - live performances by local artists

- 9 Paul Arnoldi, Bill Lyons, Betty & the Moonlighters, Dave Briggs, Rogelio Reyes; Karl Watanabe
- 16 Charles River Valley Boys, Tim Sawyer, Ed Freeman, Ray Pong, the Tambourim
- Joel Cohen, Isabel Gardner, Bob Gahtan, Tim Hardin, Bill Keith & Jim Rooney
- 30 Eric Andersen, Dayle Stanley, Gil de Jesus, Golden 4 Sextet



Oct. 9 PETE SEEGER Folklore Concert Series, 8:30 pm, Back Bay Theatre

Oct. 10 JOHN HAMMOND, TAJ MAHAL, RAY PONG, TOM RUSH Benefit for SNCC, 8:00 pm, Rindge Tech Auditorium

Oct. 10 IAN & SYLVIA, 8:00 pm, Kresge Auditorium at M.I.T.

Oct. 11 STAPLE SINGERS, SWAN SILVER-TONES, CONSOLERS, 5 BLIND BOYS OF MISSISSIPPI, 5 BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA, and others, 3:00 pm, Back Bay Theatre

Oct. 11 PETE SEEGER, Holy Cross College

Oct. 11 "A Showcase of Stars," JOSH WHITE, MAYNARD FERGUSON, and others, 8:15 pm, Back Bay Theatre

Oct. 13 SERENDIPITY SINGERS & GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET, 8:30 pm, Sargent Gym at B. U.

Oct. 17 RAVI SHANKAR, 8:30 pm, Kresge Auditorium at M.I.T.

Oct. 24 BOB DYLAN, 8:30 pm, Symphony Hall

Oct. 30 CLANCY BROS. & TOMMY MAKEM, 8:30 pm, Symphony Hall

Oct. 31 DOC WATSON and BILL MONROE & HIS BLUEGRASS BOYS Folklore Concert Series, 8:30 pm, Jordan Hall

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WHAT'S IN A WORD?

by Pete Seeger

(This piece, which was originally printed in Spin, an English folk music magazine of some note, was originally intended as a reply to a columnist who had misinterpreted a remark that Pete had made about having heard some nice songs in England but not daring to sing them till he got home and changed them. The columnist said something like this, "see what happens to folk music when it lands in the hands of commercial people. It's ruined." This was Pete's reply.....Ed.)

It is not unusual to find that the same word means different things to different people. "Authenticity" is one such word.

Okay, we can agree that there are some appalling commericalizations of folk music which one hears today on the juke boxes. However, I have often been just as repelled by some of the sterile imitations of folk music which I used to hear from effete, well-trained middleclass musicians. Don't you agree that it is quite possible, in fact it has often happened, that the letter is imitated while the spirit is a allowed to escape?

In America, when I sing some of the beautiful songs I learned in Britain, I try to keep the spirit, the strength, and the truth of the songs. But it would not be authentic of me



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Furthermore, it seems to me that the first duty of any artist is to produce good art. The only artists exempt from this first commandment are those engaged in the very specialized field of creating historical reproductions. They, of course, must try to be as authentic as possible in restoring, say an 18th century drawing room for a museum. Here we can only hope that the original was good art.

In the field of folk music, the authentic original is best captured on an authentic field recording. Since this is so, would it not only be futile but completely wrong for a singer such as myself to reproduce exact imitations? Rather, it is my duty to be myself, to make as good music as I possibly can, and to transmit the truth and strength of other nations' songs as well as I am humanly able.

As for "good music," that can be interpreted in an almost infinite variety of ways. My personal definition, for example, of a "good" vocal tone is the resonant rasp of a real country singer which has no vibrato to speak of and often strains the upper register . . . And with no such things as pear-shaped tones placed in the proper cavities.



MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT AT THE UNICORN

The performer who set new attendance records every night when he made his first Boston appearance at the Cafe Yana last Winter is coming back to Boston for his first engagement since then He will be at the Unicorn from Oct. 19 through November 1. John, who was long thought to have been dead,

was rediscovered a little over a year ago by Tom Hoskins and Dick Spotswood. They used as a clue to his location a line which appeared in one of his old 78's, "Avalon is My Home Town," and sent a telegram to him in Avalon. They got a reply, and hastening there, met John. When John is asked about being rediscovered, he usually smiles and says that he was more afraid than anything else because he thought they might be from the FBI.



CASES, CAUSES, AND COUPS Casey Anderson



(it is not unusual to find Casey Anderson on the side of an issue which is the unpopular one in the mainstream of American folk-musicdom. This article is no exception, and is printed here for two reasons. One being that it gives us another point of view, two, that it is more often felt than stated, and Casey seems to have the courage to say it....ed.)

Oh freedom! It was late last spring when I was approached by this sweet young thing who enthusiastically introduced herself as an official representative of a prominent civil rights group. She wanted to know if I would be interested in taking my guitar, my songs, and whatever else of myself I could muster, into Mississippi to work with the Freedom Movement during the coming long, hot summer. My answer was a placid.... "No."

"But why not?!!!" was her indignant reproach.

It was going to be a tough day.

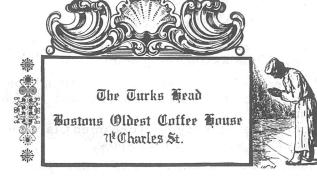
"To begin with, dear, I am not what you could call a non-violent Negro. In spite of what you might have heard from God-knows-who about good old me, I froth at the mouth at the very mention of Mississippi. My mind becomes that of a homocidal maniac, and grizzly bear hair sprouts from my eyeballs. In short, I become a monster sore distressed."

"But a lot of folksingers are going."

"I don't doubt it, but I wouldn't set foot in the place unless I were armed to the teeth with a good deal more than my guitar. And besides, no sooner than I got there some dum-dum would say the wrong thing to me, and I would say the wrong thing back and before you could say "we shall overcome" some unsuspecting people will have gotten very dead, not the least of whom, I easily predict, would be me."

"You wouldn't be a coward, would you" she sniped.

"Nay, I am not a coward. But neither am I a hero, or a martyr, or a fool. We have a great tradition in this country. It has to do with awarding decorations posthumously.... a morbid custom that leads me only to believe that the brave ones and the flashy ones ain't with us anymore."



Her young bosom fairly heaved. "But they're your own people...."

"True, they are indeed my own people. But so were the Christians of ancient Rome, and the victims of the Spanish Inguisition, and Hitler's expendable Jews, and the Mexicans and Indians of the Southwestern United States, not to mention the Negroes of Harlem, or Manhattan's Puerto Ricans. The poor and hungry, the ill-formed and uneducated, the oppressed and frustated all over the world.... these too are my own people."

"But the people in Mississippi are afraid, and we can help them" she countered.

"Yes, there is much fear, but I have learned since becoming a passionate motorcyclist, that fear at best is at times no worse then the distinct taste of brass in one's mouth. When it comes, one swallows very hard and throttles onward toward the exhilarating ecstasies of what he seeks.

Look Love, don't misunderstand me. I'm not putting down the admirable purpose, and noble self-sacrifice of those who would journey to the nation's crotch, this pus-pocket of the Universe, to do what they can to help. I admire them and I respect them, but let's not be naive. The white man is not going to surrender his Mississippi to an invading force of well-meaning idealists armed only with their hopes, dreams, songs, guitars, and freedom classes. Indeed not. He thinks far too much of his precious "way of life" to have it plucked from him so easily; and without bloodshed yet? No. In spite of what it may cost him, he is going to do exactly what he has been doing...only moreso. He is going to kill and burn and bomb. He is going to intimidate and reprise and lynch. He is going to destroy, and destroy, and destroy.... and he is going to love every minute of it.

No, dear, don't talk to me about going to Mississippi with my guitar and songs. Talk to me perhaps about going to work in an effective underground that engages in the cheerful business of reciprocal terror. When a man points a gun at you and suddenly becomes aware that you are also pointing a gun at him, he begins to have grave misgivings about squeezing the trigger."

We were both very close to tears as she walked away.



THREE CATS PHOTOS
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DIE DIE

DOC WATSON and BILL MONROE & HIS BLUEGRASS BOYS TO APPEAR AT



On Saturday night, October 31st, Jordan Hall will be presenting Doc Watson and Bill Monroe & his Bluegrass Boys in an evening of traditional, country and bluegrass music. The second event of the eighth annual Folklore Concert Series, this will replace the one which was to present Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger. Residents of England, Mr. MacColl and Miss Seeger were denied U.S. entry visas, thus forcing cancellation of their scheduled tour in this country.

Doc Watson, who hails from Deep Gap, North Carolina, and has been blind since birth, is widely known and respected as a folk musician. Skilled with guitar, banjo, mandolin, and as a singer, he is considered basic listening for the folk enthusiast. Bill Monroe is often called the father of bluegrass music; one of the great style formulators in the country music field. His skill as a mandolinist and his intense high tenor voice have put an indelible stamp on American music.

Tickets for the Watson-Monroe concert can be obtained at the Jordan Hall box office or at Folklore Productions, P. O. Box 227, Boston.

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

by Phileas Schwarzhomme

Chapter III REALIZATION

while sleep was deep for Clarence, it was not dreamless. Black, warped monsters chased him down dark, almost emptystreets, threatening him with ugly guitars, guitars warped into strange shapes, with honed edges, spided bottoms, and dripping evil smelling juices. Despite the discomfit of the night, Clarence did not manage to break loose when his alarm clock went off.

In fact, it was well into the hour of his third morning class when Clarence was aroused. He was encouraged to awake by a sharp rapping upon his door which occurred at the same time as his capture by the dream hordes who were beating him over the head with their guitars. He sat up sharply in bed staring at his alarm clock and soundlessly forming his severest curse.

"Rat's," he said, but softly.

It was then that the knocking demanded his full attention.

"Who in the name of Hogman Maxy can that be?" he muttered, "Jes' a second," hecalled out.

Clarence went to the closet and slipped into his robe, went back to his bed and dragged his slippers from beneath with a hooked toe, and stepping into them, padded to the door. He opened it. He would have closed it immediately, but his guest scooted through the door before he was able. It was the little man who had precipitated Clarence's involvement with Mama Rose the night before.

"It was all a put up job," the little man said.
"Huh?" said Clarence.

"But I want you to know it weren 't no idea o' mine," continued the little man.

Clarence had had enough. "Wait a minute," he shouted, "I don't have the faintest idea of what you are talking about, I don't even care what you are talking about, I never wanted to see you in the first place and I don't even want to talk to you now. Get out."

"Huh?" said the little man.

Clarence nearly gave up at that point. "Who are you?" he asked resignedly.

"I'm George, "answered the little man, "don't you remember I ran into you last night down...."

"I know where I met you," screamed Clarence.
"'Why?' is what I want to know."

"There's no reason to yell," said George.

"I only came here to help you."

Abashed, Clarence remembered his manners. "I'm sorry," he said, and then, "Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?"

Settled on opposite sides of a table, George and Clarence looked at each other.

Clarence had regained a great deal of composure and decided to humor his visitor. After all, George was a Negro, and Clarence did not want him to think that Clarence might be prejudiced or anything.

"Like I said," George started, "I only came here to help you. So just listen for a few moments and keep quiet. I've known Mama Rose for quite a while, and she's fairly decent people, but a little nutty once in a while. She studied all that voodoo stuff, and she was pretty good at it, and when someone bugged her, she'd whammy them - and it'd be all over for them in some horrible way or another, but then she didn't bug nobody who didn't deserve it, and she was pretty good to me. But a few weeks ago, she seemed to get all upset by all you white boys playing all that black music and doing it so bad, too. I tried to talk her out her upset, but it didn't do no good. Anyhow, it was you she picked to start on. She said she laid dis here spade chord on you an that that was gonna take care of you good."

Clarence, whose eyes were bulging slightly by this time, gasped and tried to interrupt, but George wasn't about to let him, at least not before he had finished.

"This here spade chord is something she whipped up all by herself and she was pretty proud of it, but I don't imagine it gonna make you too happy. Seems as if when you play this chord on your guitar, you is gonna change into a Blackman yourself, and you is gonna be in real bad shape. You is gonna stay black till 3 a.m. in the morning when the spell wear off and there ain't nothing you can do to change back before then once you turn'd. The only hope you got is to never go near yo' gitar, 'cause once you played that chord, it's all over for you, and that spell gonna force yo' to play that chord the very first time yo' picks it up."

"God," cried Clarence, a sudden believer, "Isn't there any way to shake the curse?"

"Well," said George, "Mama Rose might have been able to do it, but she can't now."

"Why?" screamed Clarence.

"Well, that's why I'm here, 'cause I wouldn't ordinarily interfere with Mama Rose's messins, but right after you left last night she got run down by a street sweeper, and she's long gone beyond being able to help you now. But you be all right long as you never pick up a gitar, and don't play that spade chord. You do that once, you can't never

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DOC WATSON BILL MONROE

& the Bluegrass Boys

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get loose. That's why I came by to warn you. Say, whas samatter wi' yo' boy?"

It was all that Clarence could do to choke out the words, "It's already too late."

George looked at him in pity, shook his head slowly and rose. I'm sorry, he said, and walked to the door. "I'm sorry," he said as he closed the door behind him.

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BOTTLE OF WINE

It ought to be clear enough that this song is no attempt to present a realistic picture of what it's like to be a wino - any more than "Big Rock Candy Mountain" reveals the inside truth about life in the jungle camps. It's only meant to be a fun song - nothing more.

Ordinarily, I turn out the lyrics first - sometimes on a typewriter, sometimes in a notebook I keep in my guitar case; but this time I came up with the tune first, and it was two or three weeks before I could figure out what to do with it.

We (Midge and I) were at my mother's home in Oklahoma, enroute to California, and I was noodling on the guitar in the key of A; and what came out proved to be the melody of the phrase "bottle of wine," and the rest came out pretty easily.

The winos in the Village, sad though they be, do have a funny side to them. Competition for the tourist coin being what it is, they've

developed some pretty ingenious approaches. One fellow, for instance, is a dead ringer for the late Barry Fitzgerald and plays the role to the hilt. He does very well, indeed. Another has the loudest human voice I've ever heard and freezes his "victims" in their tracks with ''I'm Trying to Get to Texas to Buy an Oil Well." The effect is devastating, but my favorite is still the guy who nailed Midge and me infront of a theatre, and with totally disarming candor, asked, "Can you spare any money for an alchoholic?" In the face of honesty like that, all we could do was come across.

I don't want to minimize the problem, but maybe a little humor in these areas can be good for us. The old popular song, "Show Me the Way to Go Home," could be a very sad song, too, if read that way - but it never is. Obviously, there's much more to the story than you'll find in "Bottle of Wine," but I hope you find it fun to sing.

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ELE

2. Little hotel, older than Hell Dark as the coal in a mine. Blankets are thin, I lay there & grin, I got a little bottle of wine.

Buy me a bottle of wine. 4. Preacher will preach, teacher will teach, Miner will dig in the mine, I ride the rods, trusting in God, Huggin' my bottle of wine.



AMERICA'S GREATEST FOLK INSTRUMENTALIST

PPP de

Hobart Smith

Folk Legacy FSA-17

To hear a musician with an extraordinary technical skill is far from uncommon; nor is it rare to hear traditional styles of instrumental or vocal music done with taste and ability -- not that rare, at any rate. But to have a traditional musician blessed with all these graces who can also communicate the far from simple joy of making music is a rare experience. Name a few? Well, Doc Watson, Rev. Robert Wilkins, John Hurt... and Hobart Smith.

Hobart has appeared on a number of records in the past, but this is his first solo album. There are banjo tunes, fiddle tunes, old ballads, sacred songs and sentimental songs; only his remarkable banjo-like piano playing has been omitted.

Yet for all of the obvious planning and attention to detail shown by the producers of the record, it falls a bit short of the mark. Four or five of the songs are as fine as Hobart has ever done (notably "Cuckoo Bird"), but the rest of the record is but average for him. Also, the excellent liner notes are offset by a recording quality that leaves much to be desired.

But if you've heard him before, you will enjoy the record because it's Hobart Smith; if you haven't, you will find that average Hobart Smith is still some of the best music that ever came down the pike.

Buy it, enjoy it, and hope that the next one is Hobart at his best.

Phil Spiro

THE COUNTRY SONGS OF THE LILLY BROTHERS

dodda

Prestige/Folklore 14035

When the Lilly Brothers decided to cut their second record for Prestige by themselves, everyone was denied a chance to hear more of Don Stover, a man whom some people consider Scruggs' equal on the banjo. I think this is unfortunate, because so far there is simply not enough of Stover's playing on record. But the decision was made; and as a result, this is not a bluegrass record. It is a record of old-timey songs and some more modern songs in old-time style, and it is good.

Reviews_



The music presented here by the Lilly Brothers is in the guitar and mandolin (and bass, played by Everett's son, Everett Allen Lilly) tradition of the Blue Sky Boys and Bill and Charlie Monroe. There are many well-known old-time tunes, such as "Butcher Boy," "Dig a Hole in the Meadow" (Darlin' Cory), and "Rosewood Casket," as well as more recent songs from country and western or bluegrass music, such as "Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms" and "Long Black Veil." The Lilly Brothers are among the very few musicians left who regularly play and sing in this particular style; and when they made the record, they were in good voice and playing well. The recording, it's worth mentioning, is better than average for Prestige. There is good presence, and the instruments and voices are well balanced.

John Cooke



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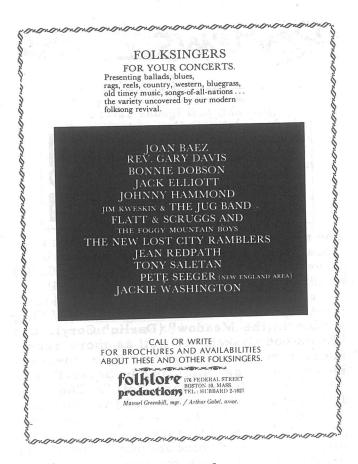


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REVIEWING THE FLICK, MIAMI, FLA.

Envision, if you will, a large room, tastefully finished in dark wood paneling and maroon damask, with matching wall to wall carpeting. Place marble-topped tables and upholstered chairs in the picture and add several young ladies attired in the costumes of French maids. Antique lamps provide overhead lighting, and a spotlight is directed to a stage at one end of the room. Behind the microphones is a folk-singer, for this is a coffeehouse. You have just entered The Flick, Miami's latest addition to the folk scene.

Built to satisfy a growing demand for a place where everyone could hear folkmusic, The Flick caters to a wide span of age and taste. The men are taken to wearing freshly laundered shirts and clean pants (Heaven forgive them!), while the women are clearly discernible as such. Coffee and other exotic beverages are available at the usual exorbitant prices. The admission price of \$1.25 is reasonable.

The house tends toward the commercial, with the unfortunate result that some fine performers have been forced to adjust their material accordingly. This seems to be a product of the variety of clientele and the normal growing pains. Time will probably provide a more attentitive and appreciative audience. Performers there have included Tom Rush, Lisa Kindred, and a very talented young man named Bob Ingraham.

The Flick has much growing to do, but its



potential is tremendous. The combination of tasteful appointments and rapid, courteous service provide a more than adequate setting for the development of good folkmusic. This development rests with the demands of the audience and will be gradual in this most unorthodox coffeehouse, The Flick.

J. C. Synnott



THE WORLD OF BLUEGRASS

PPPdddb

The Bluegrass Playboys

Briar M108

Don't let the cover or the name of the group scare you away from this record. It's real bluegrass, and it's good. The five Playboys are all from Kentucky and play in an early-bluegrass style. They sing harmony on almost every tune on the record, and their singing is closer to the sliding-note country sound of the Stanley Brothers than the more precise sound of modern bluegrass groups.

The recording is so-so. It's hard to balance the sounds of five stringed instruments with different tonal qualities, and Briar does not always succeed. In many tunes, the guitar is inaudible; and in one or two, it crowds out the other instruments uncomfortably. More care was apparently taken with the voice recordings, which are generally quite good.

Elmer Burchett, the banjo player, is by far the best instrumentalist in the group. He plays cleanly and sometimes quite originally. Unlike many banjo players, he plays slowly, almost as comfortably and surely as he plays on breakdowns. The fiddle player has a good ear and nice feeling for country fiddle, but his bowing is sometimes uncertain, most often on the slower songs. There are not many mandolin breaks on this record, and the playing is good, but not imaginative. Thurman Endicott, the mandolin player, contributes more with his voice, a good high tenor.

Many of the songs on the record are originals by various members of the group, and by presenting this new material, the Playboys are making just as important a contribution to the cause of good country music as the many groups that keep alive well-known bluegrass tunes and traditional tunes.

John Cooke





Leroy Carr, piano and vocals (Accompanied on guitar by Scrapper Blackwell and Josh White)

Columbia

CL 1799

KING OF THE DELTA BLUES SINGERS

Robert Johnson, guitar and vocals

Columbia

CL 1654

Many of us have long decried the fact that indifference on the part of major record companies is resulting in important recordings of the 20's through 50's remaining unavailable to the general public. These companies, we say, have a duty to release all the major works sealed away in their vaults.

The companies answer that they are not in the business just to make records, but to sell them too. And, they say, the market for most of the vault material is too small to make releasing it worthwhile.

The manufacturers have a good argument and the two LP's to be reviewed here are perfect examples. Both are top-notch and both have been greeted with resounding indifference by the buying public.

Leroy Carr is, in this writer's opinion, the greatest of all the city blues singers. was born in Nashville in 1905 and died in St. Louis 30 years later. By the end of his tragically short life (with how many early Jazz and folk artists are we forced to use this phrase?), he was the best loved of all blues singers by his race. When he died, the mourning throughout the South equalled that for Bessie Smith of the earlier generation of blues singers.

On these recordings, his blues tend to be very personal, although like any city singer he is open to many influences. His piano, though heavily colored by the barrelhouse pianists he heard while he was growing up, achieves a rich, warm sound uncharacteristic of barrelhouse style. Set against Carr's piano is the strident guitar of his friend and accompanyist, Scrapper Blackwell. staccato playing underlines perfectly the rolling piano (White is added on second guitar on three numbers). There are sixteen sides on the Blues Before Sunrise album ranging from the incredibly tender Shady Lane Blues through the bitter Take A Walk Around The Corner to the exhuberantly suggestive It's Too Short, (Incidently, Blackwell has an album of his own on Folkways and does some background work for Prestige).

In contrast to Carr's urbanized approach is the rawly exciting style of Robert Johnson.

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folklore 176 FEDERAL STREET productions TEL.: HUBBARD 2-1827

Manuel Greenhill, mgr. / Arthur Gabel, assoc. ひっしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゅしゃしゃしゃしゃ

Johnson was very young when he died (about 18) and he left behind only 29 sides - 16 of which are on this album - but he is rated by most critics as one of the four or five most important country blues artists. Unlike Carr who had been raised in the city and who had traveled throughout the Midwest, Johnson is not believed to have left home until just before the recordings were made in Texas during 1936-37. His style developed in the relative isolation of the Mississippi delta. His blues is another example of the incredible variety spawned in the delta region. Robert Johnson leaves the listeners cold and uneasy as he snarls his way through these records of his hard times.

On both albums Columbia has done a fine job of remastering. The sound on both records, allowing for the expected faults resulting from the primitive conditions in which they were recorded, is excellent. Neither one can be recommended too highly.

Who should be blamed for the poor sales records of such albums? Certainly Columbia could have done a better promotional job on them (many folk buyers in Boston are apparently unaware these records exist). On the other hand, anyone taking the trouble to glance through the Schwann catalogue from time to time can keep up with what is avail-Maybe the manufacturers are right; maybe nobody cares.

John Gabree

(Listen to John Gabree Wednesday evenings at 9 for Big Band Jazz and at 10 for Jazz Spotlight over WBCN, 104.1 megs FM).

DEAR BRAFISTE





I am writing you in order to find out more about your magazine, BROADSIDE of Boston, which was included in a list of folklore publications sent to me by the Library of Congress.

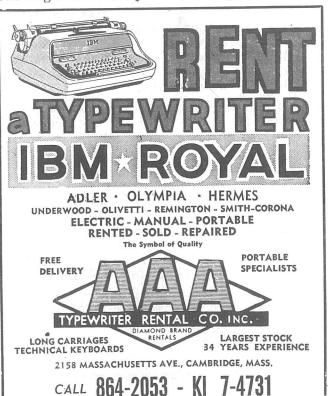
As you can well imagine, up-to-date, authoritative information on U.S. folklore - folkmusic and the folk scene is somewhat hard to come by over here, and that is why I am writing you in regards to your magazine.

Would you please tell me: what is the overseas subscription rate to your magazine, how often is it published, exactly what does it cover (if possible would you please give me some specific examples), is it possible to obtain back-copies and have you made any other publications, eg., Songbooks, Collections of Folklore, etc?

Any information as regards your magazine would be a great help, and I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely, Stuart A. Ware New South Wales, Australia

(Full details already enroute to you. Give our regards to Inspector Bonaparte...ed.)



I don't know who is at fault, but someone has brown eyes. Alex (Scrapple From the Apple) Lukeman has credited Pat Sky "...for inventing a brand new, never-before-seen folk

instrument," the GUITOILET.

Remembering a story once told me by my grandfather (William K. Durfee), I set out to track down this rare instrument. Both Mr. Durfee (piano) and Mr. William Nemo (washtub) verified that the late Dr. Harold "Doc" Smith regularly played the guitoilet with the Rotary Club Band in Athol, Mass. (Massachusetts, our home turf). This group, for several years after the Second World War, frequently played before Rotary Clubs and V.A. hospitals. They make no claim for the originality of this instrument, saying that Doc got the idea from Spike Jones. Doc Smith also played a homemade fiddle with a tin horn (possibly from an old phonograph) on it.

Oh well, we ought to leave a few folk points to Pat Sky for having the courage to be seen playing the thing.

Russ McLean

Here at Newburyport High School, we are trying to form a new group. A folk music club would like to get in on the swing of things, but it lacks what most groups have, organization.

I would like to know what we could do to get the club moving and progressing. If this club can get moving, then you might have a representative from this Northshore area.

We have noticed your ad for HELP WANTED; and even though we are on the Northshore, we feel that we could possibly handle some type of work, if you need it.

Being a newly formed folk group, we are looking for things to do, and we feel that you might have something for us.

If any of your readers ever belonged to a folk club and know how to get one moving and what activities we could do, please write to:

> Arthur Champoux c/o Mr. John Battis Newburyport High School Newburyport, Massachusetts 01952

> > Thank you, Arthur Champoux

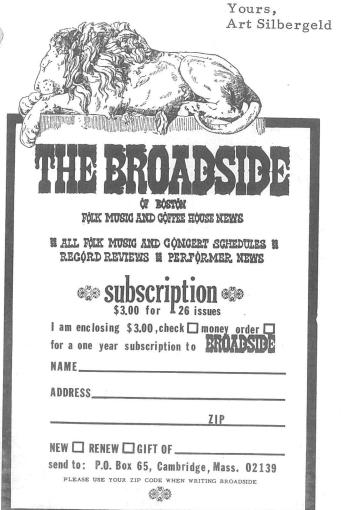
DEAR R. G. THOMAS c/o BROADSIDE

In briefanswer to your protest over the publication in this magazine of my review of Dave Van Ronk's new Just Dave Van Ronk album, I think you might have taken two things into consideration:

First, BROADSIDE, if I understand the editors' policy, exists to serve as a printed media through which people interested in folk music can express their opinions about the various aspects of it. To condemn that policy is to speak up for restriction, rather than freedom, of speech.

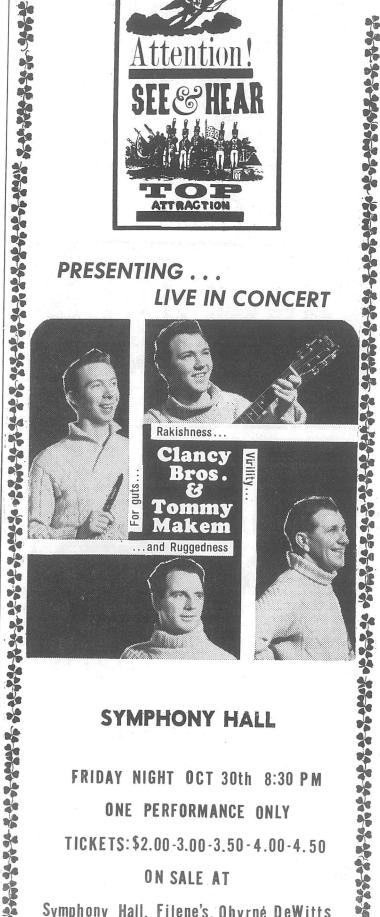
Second, in assuming that a BROADSIDE reader of a review which praises a recording will rush out and buy it, sound unheard, regardless of the accuracy of the review, is selling the reader a little short. BROADSIDE readers have good critical faculties than you might suppose.

I might suggest to you that BROADSIDE seems to be a little short of reviews which take negative attitudes toward their subjects (John Cooke on Mother Maybelle's Smashers and several by Dave Wilson excepted), and I am sure that they would be happy to print anything you might have to say about the Van Ronk I praised or the numerous records being released.





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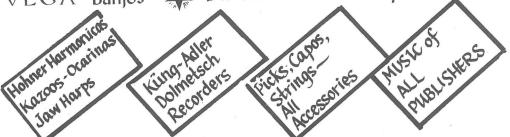
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