

THE BROADSIDE

OF BOSTON

Volume III, No. 17

Cambridge, Massachusetts

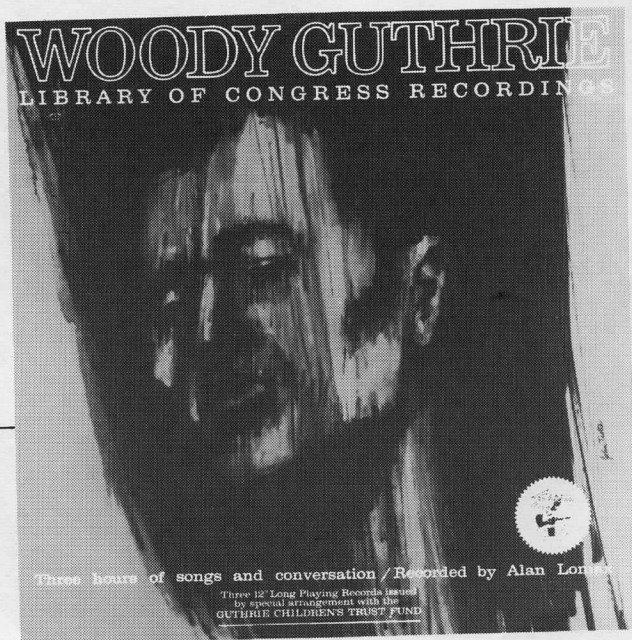
October 28, 1964



FOLK MUSIC AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS & TWENTY CENTS

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THIS ISSUE'S COVER
DOC WATSON

DOC WATSON



It may have been at the Berkeley Folk Festi-
val, it may have been at the Ash Grove in
L. A., it may have been at any of a number
of concerts at various colleges across the
country (the mythology which grows up around
great performers has already blurred the de-
tails) where an audience member called out
to request a song which was currently a pop
radio hit. Doc sort of grinned, shook his
head and answered, "Oh, I couldn't do that,
it might ruin my image "

That is only one example of one of the grand-
est innate senses of humor extant in folk
music today The humor and sheer beauty
radiate from this exceptional man.

He was born in North Carolina in 1923.

Doc was surrounded by folk music from the
time he was born. He had the chance to hear

continued 2nd page overleaf

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day nights, October 30th and 31st. Bonnie,
one of the most popular female balladeers in
the country, has four albums available on the
Prestige label and is currently negotiating
for her fifth record with a major label. Red-
headed, freckled, and carrying a hidden de-
sire to sing the lead role in the opera "Tosca,"
Bonnie, nonetheless, pleases her audiences
so much that her admirers back home in
Canada are jealous of us for keeping her from
them as much as we do.

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Ramblin' Boy

by TOM PAXTON



... Sitting in Syracuse, a town I never expected to see. Been here once before, last Spring, with Gil Turner and Carolyn Hester to do a CORE benefit. Now I'm here to sing at a new folk club, The Folk Gallery, started up by a fellow named Bert Fink. It's a coffee house at present, but he's due for his beer license. Selling beer gives a man a chance to make a dollar or two and maybe stay in business. Also, I can stand just so much coffee.

It's pretty amazing the places this guitar has led me -- out of Oklahoma, for one thing. It's taken me all around this country and next Spring (we hope) to Europe. Some of the places it's taken me we could have done without: the cocktail lounge in Akron, Ohio, full of hustlers. I got the hell out of there, and I don't think they missed me.

But it's also taken me across the Great Desert to California, up the Pacific Coast Highway through Big Sur to Berkeley and San Francisco, where we ran into Eric Anderson and Debbie Green.

I do have an old buddy living in San Francisco, just as the song says. We met at The University of Oklahoma in the drama

school and shared an apartment for a while. We were pretty tight and we ran through some pretty amazing scenes, during which he turned me on fully to folk music, until this particular chick got her hooks in him and in a very short time had done him in. She managed to get herself pregnant so he married her. He has zero dollars so he went into the Navy just to pay the bills.

He got out in two years and tried every kind of job around - selling vacuum cleaners, manual labor, you name it. And his wife, who's always come on so strong about being with it, she's leaning on him harder all the time until he finally gives up and goes to work in his old man's business and before long he's messing around with cough syrup.

Finally he chucks it and moves to San Francisco, followed by his wife and kids. He goes to work there, too, and falls into a few of the North Beach scenes and finally this chick picks up the kids and goes back to Oklahoma and divorces him.

He's still in San Francisco, I saw him there and he's in trouble. Maybe if she'd left him the hell alone he'd have been okay - maybe not. Anyhow, he's my buddy, hung up and strung out. Old times often are an illusion, but we had some great ones and now I wonder what's going to become of him and where he's bound.

He was a man & a friend always, He stuck with me in the hard old days, He never cared if I had no dough, We rambled 'round in the rain & snow, And here's to you my ramblin' boy, May all your ramblin' bring you joy Here's to you, my ramblin' boy, May all your ramblin' bring you joy.

2 In Tulsa town we chanced to stray
We thought we'd try to work one day
The boss said he had room for one
Said my old pal, we'd rather bum.

3 Late one night in a jungle camp
The weather it was cold and damp
He got the chills and he got 'em bad
They took the only friend I had.

4. He left me here to ramble on
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone
If when we die we go somewhere
I bet you a dollar he's a-ramlin' there.

Copyright 1963
by Tom Paxton

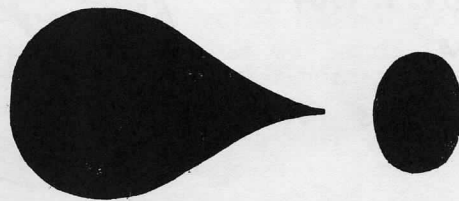
songs such as Omie Wise, The FFV, House Carpenter, Talk About Suffering, from his mother and relatives of the family. He also heard many contemporary songs over the wireless and through the singing of friends and peers. Most of them could not in any way have been called folk songs, but they still managed to endear themselves to him.

Doc serenaded his father that night with "When the Roses Bloom in Dixieland," accompanying himself on the guitar. He had learned it from one of the family's Carter Family albums. Six months later, Linney, Doc's older brother, picked up a guitar, and from then on, the two of them sang everything they could learn.

They were so impressed with Doc and his talent, that they immediately considered plans for making his music and talent known to folk music fans everywhere. They have done well.

~~800~~

After many false starts and as many frustrations, the Turk's Head has now expanded to twice its former size. At this time, prior to publication, a new floor has already been installed, and wiring is being completed. By the time you read this, the new area will be in use.



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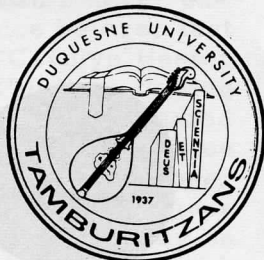
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Ramblin' Round

w/dave wilson

"Did you see the Five Blind Boys at the
Gospel Concert last Sunday?"

"Which Five Blind Boys?"

"You know, the Five Blind Boys."

"But honey, there were three Five Blind
Boys."

"Oh!"

And there were. There were the Five
Blind Boys from Ohio, the Five Blind Boys
from Mississippi, and the Five Blind Boys
from Alabama helping to celebrate Jimmy
Byrd's 12th Anniversary in Boston at the Back
Bay Theatre on Mass Ave, Sunday afternoon,
October 11th.

It was, as Tom Rush put it, "almost a
biannual reunion." Judy Roderick was there.
The Greenhills minus Manny were there. I
saw John Cooke, Debbie Green, and Jim
Kweskin in the milling throng. And there
were a lot of other people there whom I had
never seen before. It was strange, because
they were not negroes.

Three years ago, when I went to the Church
of God in Roxbury one Sunday, to hear the

Staple Singers, I and my date were the only
white people there. It was a very strange
feeling, and I have commented about it in this
column before. I continued to attend Gospel
concerts over the years, and the feeling of
strangeness began to wear off. This last
concert it returned, and it was not because I
was white in a Negro world, but because
there were so many other non-Negroes there.
There were not, mind you, very many in all,
just many more than I've ever seen before.

And it made me wonder.

I wonder if these members of my race
who have listened and learned to appreciate
gospel music are aware that they are attend-
ing a religious service when they go to these
concerts. I saw no evidence of disrespect
anywhere that afternoon, but as more and
more non-Negroes become members of the
audience, the chance of an indiscreet act or
remark becomes more probable. Perhaps
I'm overworrying, but I'd be very unhappy
if someone spoiled the courtesy which has
always been extended to me in the past. It
happened in other places. Let's hope that it
does not happen here.

Jimmy's 12th anniversary was a smash-
ing success I would say. The house was full,
and it is unfortunate that the sound system at
the Back Bay Theatre is as poor as it is.
That was noticeable at the Seeger concert
two days earlier also.

Tom Rush, like many of us, was there
primarily to hear the Swan Silvertones. Tom
drifted out for a smoke just before they came
on, and I still don't know whether he heard
them or not.

Later, Judy Roderick, who was there es-
pecially to hear the Staples Singers, and I got
quite a chuckle trying to imagine what other
female Blues singers would do if Mavis Sta-
ples ever started singing Blues. It would be
all over for most of them. She has got one
of the richest, fullest, most adaptable voices
to be heard, and she certainly knows how to
use it.

One of the most noticeable differences
between the performances of the Swan Silver-
tones and the Staples Singers on Sunday and
their appearances at Newport, was that at
Newport they were performing for a huge
white audience (some of whom were interested
in 'folk' music), and Sunday they were with
their own people, and there were no half at-
tempts, no half sorties into emotional ex-
pression. They pulled out the stops and be-
came a bit less performer and a bit more
real people, singing their joy, their hopes,
their prayers.

As one friend noted later, it sure sounded
good to hear so many people clapping in
rhythm . . . together.

BLUES UNLIMITED

Rhythm and Blues fans may be interested in a monthly magazine entitled Blues Unlimited published in the U.K. Now in its second year, this magazine is sold through several agencies abroad, including one here in the states. (Dave Wilson chanced upon a copy in Central Square last week at Loc Inc)

The cover of the July issue pictures Cousin Joe, Otis Spann, Little Willie Smith, and Champion Jack Dupree, members of the "Caravan" that toured England last Spring. The editors of "Blues Unlimited" (there are two) expound for pages on these and many, many other names in what might be termed an elaboration of our "Bits and Pieces" column.

This particular issue runs twenty pages. The ads are limited; the facts abundant. About one half of the magazine deals with biographies and concert reviews; the other with record reviews and album listings.

More than one full page is devoted to background and review of "Can't Keep From Crying" (Topical Blues on the death of President Kennedy), recorded on Testament.

For subscription information, write:

Walt C. Allen

P. O. Box 501, Stanhope, N. J.



REVEREND GARY DAVIS AND PHIL OCHS AT LENNIES

Lennie's on-the-turnpike, inc. will be featuring Phil Ochs and Rev. Gary Davis. Phil needs no introduction to Broadside readers. Possibly, Rev. Gary Davis' name is a little less familiar to most. The Reverend Davis is a traditional street-singer, whose repertoire consists almost entirely of spirituals, underscored by his unique style on the guitar. They will be appearing concurrently for one week, November 2-8, at Lennie's, located on Route 1, in West Peabody--25 miles from Boston.



ARNIE GINSBERG MAKES FOLK DEBUT AT UNICORN

Ed Freeman, who runs the Unicorn Hoots, made history of a sort last Monday when Arnie Ginsberg joined an "ensemble" on stage. Arnie was playing his slide whistle and joined such other notables as Dusty Rhodes, Paul Arnoldi, Ed Freeman, Monty Dunn (Ian & Sylvia's accompanist), Dave Wilson (Boston's worst kazoo player), Bill Lyons and his magic lute, and others. The "ensemble de la grotesque" played "Good Old Mountain Dew," and "When The Saints Come Marching In."

IN PERSON

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by Alex Lukeman

All this boils down to one thing, really. To expand musically, a performer must be willing to see both sides of the picture without unnecessarily coloring his view with his own prejudices about folk music in general. Notice that I say unnecessarily — of course he ~~can~~ not totally remove himself from the way he has previously thought about something. He can make an effort to listen objectively and judge accordingly, to judge aesthetically and not emotionally. Seems to me that you can't help but be a better musician for it. After all, isn't it good music that counts, not your particular brand of it?

B HOLY MODAL | THER

by Peter Stampfel



People who perform traditional folk music tend to not be concerned with the showmanship angle of being on stage and focus on the music. But there's nothing wrong with "showmanship" and all that. Like anything else, it depends on how it's used. So I thought up a planned, organized setting for traditional folk music that would please a larger segment. Ain't nothing like pleasing larger segments

The curtain rises.

Nine young ladies dressed as attendant dancers to the goddess Cybele file across the stage waving censers which are full of burning incense and other things. The fumes fill the audience. A flashing neon sign is lowered from the ceiling which reads:

Orville Swamp Bucket
and
Prescott Dregs

A small boy dressed in a 1940's hollywood version of a pioneer kid costume runs across the stage, rolling a hoop, shouting, "Gee whillikers Maw, it's a string band."

String band plays first selection, after which a woman dressed in hollywood style pioneer chick costume runs widdershins around string band, shouting, "Chase them away, Henry, they've come to molest the livestock."

Background noises from offstage.

MOO! WHINNEY NEIGH! BOW WOW!
QUACK QUACK! COCK A DOODLE DOO!
BAAA! MEOW! CLUCK CLUCK!

Next string band plays "Come little Suzy, let's go up to the loft, the hay up there is always warm and soft," etc. after which black-eyed Suzy, played by Debbie Reynolds wearing fetishy milkmaid costume and 6-inch spike cowboy boots, says, "Sure "

Pioneer mother shouts, "Do something, Henry, my dander is getting riled."

Henry appears from the wings, dressed American gothic, and says, "Stop talking so dumb, Maw, I can't do a thing unless I get high first."

"Shucks, Henry, you can always score from a string band."

"The very thing!" Henry runs toward string band, screaming, "What's happening, Jack, what's happening, Jack!" String band



MARTIN D-28 DREADNOUGHTS (WE GOT 'EM!)

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slips Henry a plain manila envelope and plays final selection.

The curtain descends

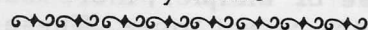
Dwight D. Eisenhower presents string band with golden record. String band presents Eisenhower with a silver dagger. Betty Furness presents audience with a paper of pins, comfits, doctored Coca Cola, hallucogenic barnacles, and glow-in-the-dark statues of Charlie Poole seducing an allegorical figure representing avarice, Peoria, Illinois, and Tuesday afternoons in February.

Audience: MOO! WHINNEY! NEIGH!
BOW WOW! QUACK QUACK! COCK A
DOODLE DOO! BAAA! MEOW! CLUCK
CLUCK!

String band plays encore. Publisher of the National Inquirer, who happened to be in the audience, announces that starting next issue, he will print nothing but hard core pornography.

Audience: YAY! HOORAY!

Audience files out. Everyone has beatific visions all the way home



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If we had to choose one word to say what sets folk music apart from other forms of music, that word would probably be "traditional". For the past few thousand years at least, folk music has been developed, preserved and modified by the traditions surrounding it and the traditions set up by the music itself. I would like to examine some of these traditions and what has happened to them since we 20th century types got our hands on them. (Talking about the musical aspect of folk music now--I will attack the poetic end of it at a later date.)

The first form of vocal music was a chant on one note, and the development of what we call melody can be seen as a series of additions to that one note, first one different pitch, then another, and so on. The chromatic scale that we use today was developed for more classical forms of music during the Renaissance, but Anglo-American folk music at least (good ol' stodgy folk music) has persisted in the use of simpler, more restricted scales until very recent times. These modal scales are in effect an intermediate step between the one-note chant and the development of the complete major and minor scales. Even though folk music has moved away from strictly modal melodies in the past couple of centuries, the tradition still influences modern renditions of folk music; the banjo, dulcimer

and bagpipes are all basically modal instruments, and all have a built-in drone.

Through the years certain traditions governing meter, phrasing and note progression were developed for different styles of song, to the point where melodies started sounding strangely alike. (Ever notice the similarity between the tunes of "Shady Grove" and "The Three Ravens"?--tunes which are not related to each other in any way historically, except that they are both old English tunes...)

Accompaniment was just as restrained (reserved, restricted) as the melody it was meant to support. Beginning with purely rhythmical backing, accompaniment never developed much further than merely doubling the melody or providing a one note harmony until relatively recent times. Chording instruments are an innovation of the past couple of hundred years in folk music.

So now what? Folk music in the 20th century has changed considerably. Our melodies are based on modern scales. Lightnin' Hopkins plays 13 1/2 bar blues, Dylan & Co. write songs with chord progressions that would make Bartok roll over in his grave, we play instruments nobody ever heard of a hundred and fifty years ago (5-string banjo, dobro, wash-tub bass, jug, coffee grinder), we have created umpteen different new forms of music and I challenge anybody to give us a valid reason for calling Bluegrass folk music.

Good? Bad? Folk music as we know it nowadays is much more individually oriented than it ever used to be. An individual is more capable of producing an atrocity, and there are a lot of examples of both extremes floating around. Folk music has not yet been engulfed by the Organization Man and his Standardization Machine. Not yet.

LISA KINDRED AT KING'S ROOK



Friday and Saturday nights, November 6th and 7th, will mark the first return of Lisa Kindred to this area in several months, when she performs at the King's Rook in Ipswich. Lisa appears on Vanguard's "New Folks, Vol. II" and has been signed to complete a solo album, which is due for release in the near future.

WERE YOU BURNED?

BROADSIDE is looking for information from customers of the now defunct Folklore Center. While many examples of unfair dealings have been related to us, most of it is hearsay. If we receive sufficient documented information to publish an article which will warn others before they are misused, however, this magazine will do so. We will respect your confidences. Contact Dave Wilson, Editor, BROADSIDE of Boston, P. O. Box 65, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

HEY MR. TAMBURITZAN!



The Duquesne University Tamburitza's annual visit to Boston is one of those events which goes unnoticed by almost everyone except those who have seen them perform before. If you are one of those people, you probably will be at John Hancock Hall on Saturday night, November 7th. Chances are you even have your tickets ordered already, not because you expect a sell-out, but because you've been looking forward to their 1964 appearance in Boston ever since these talented young people took their final curtain call at last November's concert.

What are the Tamburitza's, and why do some people find them worth seeing year after year? First, let's take that odd name of theirs. "Tamburitza's" are people who play the tamburitza, a Croatian stringed instrument common throughout Yugoslavia. Tamburitza instruments are similar to mandolins but have a distinctively different tone. They have six strings -- single low E, single A, paired D, and paired high G. Like many other stringed instruments, they come in a "family" -- ranging from the prim, which is smaller and higher-pitched than a mandolin or violin, down to a full-sized double bass.

The Tamburitza's, then, are a Slavic string ensemble, but they are also quite a bit more. They are a dance troupe, performing traditional dances of Yugoslavia and other Eastern European countries. One of their strong points is their costuming -- they have the largest collection of authentic Slavic costumes in the Western hemisphere, and their wardrobe has been compared favorably to that of the Ballet Russe. They are also a choral group, singing Slavic folksongs in the Slavic languages, and with the unusual vocal techniques found in Eastern Europe. And numbered in the personnel of the tamburitza orchestra, the dance troupe and the Slavic chorus are individual performers who are featured as soloists and in small ensembles, giving greater variety and flexibility to the program.

And all this from thirty college students! How? Being a "Tammie" is a full-time job. It means you have to maintain very high grades, that you attend rehearsal camp for six weeks each summer, that you make arduous concert tours during the school year, that you take five years to get your degree, that you have a full scholarship. You are set somewhat apart from the other students, but yours is an envied position. Each Tamburitza sing, dances and plays the tamburitza, and excels at one of the three. Each member of the troupe was chosen by competitive audition from applicants from all over the country, who also had to meet Duquesne's scholastic standards. Aspirants from Pitts-



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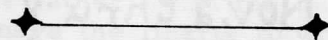
burgh and neighboring communities in Pennsylvania have an "edge" on their competitors -- they have had the chance to study the tamburitza and Slavic folk dance and song since grade school, at the Tamburitza's School of Music or in one of the many local Junior Tamburitza's groups which are active throughout this heavily Slav-populated area. A source of great civic pride in Pittsburgh is the Tamburitza Philharmonic Orchestra, formed from the current Tammies ensemble, Tamburitza's Alumni, who remain quite an active group, and advanced members of the junior orchestras.

In the last twenty-eight years, the Tamburitza's ever-growing program of research, their increasingly ambitious repertoire, and their concert tours have done much to preserve the Slavic culture. They have been acclaimed in Yugoslavia and throughout Europe on their foreign tours, and have been commended at home and abroad for the unique and worthwhile institution the Tamburitza's has become. And they're worth seeing!



198 OXFORD ST., LYNN MASS

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LARGEST FOLK CENTER ON THE
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CASES, CAUSES, AND COUPS

Casey Anderson



It's as brother Dave Gardner says, "it's all in how you look at it, friends". And some things bear looking at with a very jaundiced eye

Take, for example, the appalling way so many folk performers "die" on stage. This is show-folk jargon for doing badly in front of an audience. It is also spoken of as "laying an egg," "bombing," and in certain unprintable terms

The general run-of-the-mill folk performers are notorious for this, and it is one of the reasons folk people are quickly filed away in the lots-of-luck-losers slot by the total show-biz scene. And let's face it friends, though the folk-fonies would disregard it, when you perform in front of an audience, you're in show business, whether you like it or not.

Curiously enough, many folkies could easily avoid laying an egg if they were: (1) better equipped, (2) engaged in a bit of simple evaluation and analysis, and, (3) used a little horse sense.... that remarkable reasoning that keeps horses from betting on people

Granted, some audiences can be "duds". They wouldn't be moved if you committed suicide for them. Then rose from the dead as an encore, but much more often, a folk performer's "death-on-stage" is singularly his own fault. And while we're talking about audiences, let's not put them down with a thumb of the nose. In spite of what the pseudo ethnic esoterics would have you believe, a performer without an appreciative audience is an obese zero. Whether he remains so or not depends on what he does with an audience, and for most of them, it's translated into something so trite as food and rent.

Why do so many folk performers bomb? To begin with, quite a few of them are ill-equipped. Consider:



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ample parking

A performer faces an audience. He calls himself a folk singer. Amazing as it may seem, one of the first things expected of him is that he be able to sing. And there are entirely too many folk singers around who simply cannot do this little thing. They are lacking in basic equipment. They don't have a voice.

Taking the liberties that we do with folk music, this doesn't mean that a folk singer must have what is commonly thought of as a "good voice," but it must at least be a voice that is musical, and/or "interesting," and/or easy to listen to, and/or have some redeeming graces that provide its owner some excuse for calling himself a singer. And yet a general sampling of folkies will yield voices that are dull, bland, un-interesting, non-musical, and generally offensive to people who enjoy music. Some of them are even close to being tone-deaf. Who ever said a folk singer shouldn't necessarily be able to sing? It is a stupid, but seemingly accepted, notion that just anybody can be a folk singer whether he's properly equipped or not. But audiences have consistently pointed out that a singer who is not equipped to sing should maybe be an engineer, or something. You've got chronic DT's and you want to be a watchmaker?

This basic equipment thing extends into general musical aptitudes, theatrical aptitudes, instrumental facility, motivations, etc., and is a discussion in itself, but let's get back to this evaluation and analysis business.

Folk performers, and again I mean the general lot of them, are known for their ignorance of, or apparent disregard for, the circumstances surrounding the situations in which they work.

A good performer never goes to the stage without first thoroughly evaluating and analyzing certain vital information that could well put him at the head of the class first off. Namely, the fundamental who, what, when, why and how of the thing. And yet, how many folkies do you know whose work reflects this kind of consideration?

Recently I worked a standard, large, commercial, folk-coffeehouse. On weekends another performer also appeared on the bill with me, and I got sorely bugged because every time he got on stage, he got creamed.

In each set, after his first couple of songs, the audience fairly ignored him. They conversed and sought other diversions until he finished. Their appreciation and applause for his labor could best be described as a rousing

round of indifference, and note that in spite of all, these were not initially rude audiences. It is simply that the performer did not "reach" them, and he could have won the game if he had done what he should have with the ball.

He had some good things going for him. To begin with, his exotic physical features pleasantly shocked and delighted the audience. He was a good-looking chap with a personable smile, and his personality, when showing, was quite engaging. His voice was attractive enough, and he played his guitar rather well. The audience was ready to listen to him, and they wanted to like him.

Now with all these goodies in his corner, what does he do? He commences to bore them stiff.

He does down-tempo protest songs. not exactly the tastes of a week-end "commercial crowd." He does dated topical material. for all practical entertaining purposes, the Panama Crisis is a dead issue. He does songs with a message. and while a message thing can be a winner in the right place at the right time, the old Hollywood script-writers' rule-of-thumb is generally more applicable, you got the message? Call Western Union.

His comedy could have gained him points if he had followed through. But each time he got them laughing, he left them hanging.

To top it off, all his work had a "sameness" in choice of material, instrumental accompaniment, vocal range, and entertainment values. When he finished, you got the distinct feeling you'd been listening to one terribly long song. In a word, he bombed.

Now the problem here is simply that this performer was having trouble with his "basics." And in his case it need not be fatal. He is intelligent, imaginative, and creative, and will, no doubt, find his place in the sun after having served a bit more of his apprenticeship. But for the moment at least, he was lacking in two very important areas.

First, he was missing some essential tools .. basic equipment. He had the voice, and he played his guitar well, but this is by no means enough. He needed variety of material. He needed "positive thrust." He needed theatrical arts. He needed professional attitudes. He needed tricks-of-the-trade. These, and more, are all part of a performer's basic equipment. the very values without which he remains an also-ran in the sand-lot league.

And secondly, he seemingly did not evaluate and analyze the situation in which he was working and if he did, he chose to disregard his findings.

These are two areas in which an uncomfortable number of folk performers are found

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fairly starving. And I, for one, wish the folkies would quit horsing around and get with it. If the contemporary folk-performing art is to survive in the tremendously competitive industry that is show business, we must begin to treat our craft as if our very lives depended on it. and that is exactly the case for most of us. Though some may disagree, the cause of preserving and advancing the art of today's folk performance is as equally important as the in-tact preservation of folk music in tradition.

A performer, folk or otherwise, is on stage to do a job. In addition to being properly equipped and prepared, he needs a plan, material, and labor. His plan is determined by the evaluation and analysis of the situation in which he is working. The material is provided by his complete repertoire, not only this, but a repertoire of all his pertinent skills and abilities as well. Finally, the labor will come from the sincere motivation to do well. and after all, that's what a performer gets paid for.

The focal point: it is not enough that the folk performer simply sing and play for his audience. or even that he only entertain them. But rather, with the unique field in which we have the liberty to work, we must "reach" that audience. With the little time we have on stage, we must research, develop, and evolve a "relationship" with those people. And if we're not going to try to do this, what the hell are we up there for? It's the name of the game, and win or lose it's all in how you look at it.



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31 } Dobson
Nov. 1 Open House
2 Hoot
3 Open House
4 to be announced
5 Ed Freeman
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9 Hoot
10 Open House

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& TOMMY MAKEM

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24 Spider John Koerner
25 closed
26 Hoot w/John Rowlingson
27 Spider John Koerner
28 to be announced
29 Steve Koretz
30 Cook County Squires
31 Spider John Koerner
Nov. 1 closed
2 Hoot w/John Rowlingson
3 Spider John Koerner
4 to be announced
5 Steve Koretz
6 Cook County Squires
7 Spider John Koerner
8 closed
9 Hoot w/John Rowlingson
10 Spider John Koerner



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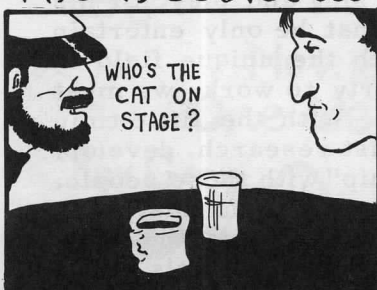
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24 Mitch Greenhill
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31 Mike Seeger
Nov. 6 Son House

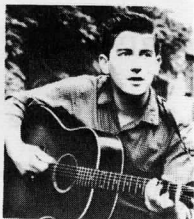
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 25 afternoon Gil de Jesus - classical guitar, Isabel Gardner - flute
 evening Andy Capenigro - jazz guitar, Ken Carter - bass
 26 Michael Hunt - songs w/comic flavor
 27 Julie Meredith - ballads
 28 Isabel Gardner
 29 Carl Watanabe
 30 Rogelio Reyes
 Dave Briggs
 31 Carl Watanabe
 Nov. 1 afternoon Gil de Jesus
 Isabel Gardner
 evening Andy Capenigro
 Ken Carter
 2 Michael Hunt
 3 Julie Meredith
 4 Isabel Gardner
 5 Carl Watanabe
 6 Rogelio Reyes
 Dave Briggs
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 8 afternoon: Gil de Jesus
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 Ken Carter
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NEXT MONTH

NOVEMBER						
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29	30					

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JUDY COLLINS



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

IV A ROSE, BY ANY OTHER NAME

by Phileas Schwarzhomme

Clarence had not taken much time about deciding his first step. As soon as George had left, he stood up, thrust his shoulders back, turned, and strode across the room to his guitar. Feeling at that moment that he might weaken, he bit his tongue, clenched his jaw, and closed his eyes. With one swift swipe of his arm, aimed somewhere in the vicinity of the top, he managed to slam the case shut.

Without opening his eyes, he fumbled for, found, and closed the snap latches, sealing the guitar beyond his reach.

Opening his eyes, he breathed a sigh of relief and hoisted the case, turned to search his room for a safe place to stash this threat to his identity. He considered taking it down to Bill Lyon's shop and selling it, but he knew that if he did, he would not only have to answer questions, he would have to open the case, show the guitar, and generally get involved with it. He might not be able to go through with it, he might not be able to keep from playing it. Finally, he deposited the instrument in a laundry bag, took it to a closet, and after emptying the closet of two years' collection of whatevers, he placed the guitar at the very back, burying it under the whatevers, all two years' worth.

He went to a movie.

He had almost managed to relax, when suddenly a guitarist flashed on the screen, and after six bars of music, Clarence struggled from his seat and ran pell mell up the aisle. The usher tried to stop him to ask what was the matter. Clarence fainted to his left, swerved to his right and passed the usher, who, upon turning too fast, found himself off balance, and he landed flat on his flashlight. The manager who had noticed the preceding, misunderstood Clarence's flight for an escape of some sort from the scene of a crime of whatever nature crimes can be when committed in theatres, and incited by the witnessed attack on his usher's valuable flashlight, tried to stop Clarence.

"Halt," said the manager, for he had once been a sentry at boy scout camp during World War II.

"Can't," replied Clarence, pretending to faint left, pivoting 360 degrees, and running by the manager who, having witnessed the previous faint, had stepped to the opposite side to block Clarence.

"Stop, thief," cried the manager, who, not knowing what had really happened, in fact, not knowing much at all except that innocent people never run out of theatres or attack ushers, felt he really ought to shout something.

"Oh, Lord," murmured Clarence, immediately ashamed of his vulgarity and silently proclaiming to destiny and anyone else tuned in that he hadn't really meant it.

"Thief?" screamed the 65-plus matron in the ticket booth and instantly dashed out, wielding a rococo-ornamented cane given to her at Christmas by a distant nephew, who, having spent a weekend with her during the summer, had scratched his head for a long time before deciding that it was a good chance

to unload the prize he had won at the officers' club bingo game when he had been stationed at Sidi Slimane. She had liked it immensely and the next day called her lawyer and named her nephew beneficiary. Now she waved the cane over her head, pirouetted into the fugitive's path, whirled her shawl from her shoulder and executing a near perfect veronica, clouted Clarence competently on the noggin.

For the second time in as many days, Clarence was down and out. When he came to, he found himself stretched out on his own bed in his own room.

The theatre manager was pacing back and forth and evidently had been for some time, according to the testimony of the trail of ashes which led back and forth across the room, leaving a maze with little order and still being sown.

His brief sortie into cartography quickly completed, Clarence raised himself on one elbow. "You're dribbling ashes," said Clarence.

"What? Oh, yes, sorry about that," said the manager. "Sorry about everything, as a matter of fact -- didn't mean to inconvenience you this way, it was all one of them unfortunate misunderstandings, you know, and we hope you won't hold it against us."

Clarence groaned, thought about protesting, considered what he might have to explain, and said, "No, no, those things happen," and tentatively exploring the bump on his head, added, "I guess."

"Fine, fine," muttered the manager. "Just sign this release, and I'll be on my way." Clarence scribbled his name.

"As I said, this is a very unfortunate circumstance -- never would have happened if we had had our regular ticketseller on duty,

but unfortunately she was run over by a street sweeper last night, and we had to bring "

"Street sweeper?" Clarence screamed his interruption.

"Hmmm, what?, oh, yes, a street sweeper. Mama Rose was what she was called, probably not her real name, but she would have never allowed this to happen."

"I'll bet," shuddered Clarence, trying not to picture what might have been. "I think that I would like to be alone "

"Oh yes, of course, of course," mumbled the manager, "I understand, here's a book of passes, come by any time, be our guest, you'll always be welcome," and stepping into the hall, he turned to ask, "Say, just why were you running out of the theatre anyway?"

Clarence screamed, "Get Out!"

The manager flinched, shrugged, and with a philosophical acceptance created by years of association with theatre nuts, closed the door, and went back to work.

Clarence slept.



He awoke early, disturbed by half remembered dreams of some strange quest. For a moment he remembered one scene wherein he had been crouched on the floor in front of a door, trying desperately to find his way in. He shrugged it off, rose and prepared himself for his morning classes. Washing his hands, he curiously noted that his fingernails, short as they were, seemed to be ragged, and in some cases torn. He shrugged it off. Running around the kitchenette, he prepared and consumed in a short time one glass of orange juice, two slices of toast, one poached egg, two cups of coffee, and an all-purpose vitamin capsule. He considered the possibility of supplementing his diet, as he often did, with some hot oatmeal, sprinkled with wheat germ and topped with blackstrap, but decided that the delay it would incur would be unbearable. He had to get out of there, and quickly.

He glanced idly, almost sneakily, at the closet door as he donned his jacket, picked up his books, and headed for the hall.

"Hmmm," he mused idly, "how in the world did that door get all scratched up?"

He carefully locked the door to his apartment, checked it, and headed down the hall.

He was almost to the front door when he suddenly knew what those scratches meant. His books slammed to the floor as he raised his hands before his eyes to study again his torn and ragged fingernails. He sank to sit on the lowest step, and buried his head inside those two taletelling hands. One thing may be said for our Clarence. He nearly broke, but after one horrendous sob he pulled himself together. After all, if there was anything that Clarence knew with his whole heart, it was that the expression of any of the weaker emotions in public was a vulgarity, not to be hinted at in a person of his upbringing and stalwart nature, and he suspected that somehow it was wrong to even feel these emotions, or yet, to admit them to oneself.

He picked up his books, jumbled them in his arms, and bolted out onto the street. He did not remember how he got to classes, he did not even remember attending them; although the microfilmed records in the college vaults are a thorough substantiation of his attendance on that and other days. He generally avoided his friends, ate alone in a far corner of the Commons, even at one point forgetting to nod (the modern genuflection) to one of the academic gods, Prof. Bertocca. He spent the end of the afternoon in the chapel, scrunched and bent in a back pew, head in hands, sunk in his problem.

He didn't go home that night, but wandered the streets, resting occasionally in one or another of the all-night cafeterias, and went to classes the next day as he had never done before, unshaven, unbathed, and unsure. Two more days and two more nights passed in the same way. It was at 5:00 am, in an out of the way Albiani's, in a strange section of town, one he had never been to before, nor was he apt to ever be in again, that he was struck by inspiration. He had found a way to ask his friends for advice without seeming ridiculous.

He whistled his way to an all-night war surplus store, picked up clean clothing, hummed his way to the YMCA, showered and shaved, and managed to make his 9:00 o'clock class only a few minutes late.

At 10:00, he hurried over to the Commons and directly to the table at which he was used to meeting his friends.

"Hey, Clarence, where ya' been?" said John.

"Hey, Clar', where ya' been?" said Hank.

"Hi, Clarence," nodded Ben, who always said strange things.

"Hi, fellows," said Clarence. "I been awfully busy, but I'm a little hung up at this point and thought you might be able to help me. You see, I'm writing this story "

Hank and John looked at each other and said, "Hey, old Clarence is writing a story. What's it all about, Clarence?"

Ben just looked at Clarence quizzically and prepared to listen.

"Well, you see," Clarence christened his story and launched it with a prayer, "there is this kid who gets messed up with this colored woman, and she is sort of evil and involved with black magic and gets mad at this kid and lays a curse on him which only she can take off, but she goes and gets bumped off right after, so the kid is stuck with it all. Ya see? Now, what this curse is, is a thing where everytime this kid plays a certain chord on his guitar, he turns into a dirty, old, sick colored man, and he stays that way until the next morning, when he changes back to a kid again, until the next time he plays the chord, and he can't play the guitar without playing this chord. That's where the story is at, and I don't know how to get him out of his fix, and I thought maybe you fellows could give me some ideas."

"That sure is a weird story," said John.

"Ya', Clar', that sure is a weird story," said Hank.

"I never suspected that your imagination was that creative," said Ben, who always made Clarence nervous.

"Yeah," said Clarence, "but what am I going to do with this kid?"

"You could make him give up the guitar forever," said John.

"I've tried that," replied Clarence, and catching himself, added, "He can't."

"You could have him commit suicide and make it a tragedy," suggested Hank.

Clarence shuddered and shook his head.

"You see, this story has got to be one of the triumph of modern knowledge and our culture over the dark and decadent foreign ones," explained Clarence.

"Suppose you develop this young man to the point where he finds that he can adapt to his situation, draw what value there is from it, make his life all the fuller for it, and make your point that way."

"What kind of nut are you, Ben?" said John.

"Yeah, nut?" said Hank.

"That's not the kind of answer I'm looking for, Ben," said Clarence, who seldom forgot to be at least polite.

After an hour of various suggestions, which included such ideas as digging up Mama Rose and performing a magic rite over her to reverse the spell, cleansing the kid through exposing him to high voltage, a nuclear blast,

or the kiss of a beautiful DuPont Heiress, Hank and John finally managed to come up with an answer which seemed reasonable, if trying, to Clarence.

"Look," they said, in a sometimes together, sometimes alternating torrent of verbiage, "this kid is pretty brave, ain't he?, and he is a product of this superior culture, right?, and if he sort of ignores the whole thing and goes through it time after time, you know, exposes himself to it and beats it on its own ground by the simple strength of his own courage and beliefs."

The more Clarence thought of it, the more sure he was of the idea's value. "Yeah," he said, "sort of trial by fire and all that; that might work."

John and Hank beamed.

Ben smiled secretly to himself, but Clarence ignored him, 'cause Ben was sort of strange.

"Thanks, Fellas," he said. "I think I'll cut the rest of my classes and beat it back to my pad to work it out."

Clarence practically floated back to his apartment. His heart was light, though in the core of his mind, he demanded, "Now, let us not be totally flippant about all this. It will be tough to meet the enemy on his own ground, of that there can be no doubt. But we must always keep in mind that right will prevail, cannot be beaten by evil, as long as we have courage and conviction." He unlocked his door, stepped inside, and deposited his books. Hanging his coat up neatly, he turned to the closet, held a short pep rally with destiny, and plunged through the door, moling his way through the two years' whatever to the laundry bag, and backed out, dragging his precious axe behind him. A sudden calm shuddered through him, as he felt the rightness of his new direction pervade his mind and body.

He was no longer in a rush. He unlatched the case and withdrew Miss Gibson. He snatched up the polishing cloth and caressed her everywhere. He took her with him to the other side of the room and sat on the edge of his bed. Carefully, he tested each string with his pitchpipe, and assured of being in perfect tune, he placed his left hand on the neck of the guitar, enjoying the sensuous tactile sensations which raced up his fingers to his palm - to his wrist - to his arm - to his body and mind. He smiled and struck the Spade 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 heartache - and persecution, and it was yet edged with hope - and humor.

Next issue, ALL MY TRIALS

JUST A MOMENT, MR. LUKEMAN



by Laurence Kurland

I was greatly disappointed in Alex Lukeman's recent article on the continued growth of true folk music within our American culture. While displaying a perhaps natural affinity for all that is harmful for the continued spontaneity and meaningfulness of this genre, he appears to be lacking a thorough understanding of musicology and the historic development of folk music in America (both of which are indispensable for an accurate analysis of the problem).

Primarily, Mr. Lukeman seems to forget that true folk music is much more than music. It is the literature of the particular people responsible for its birth. The true meaning and power imparted by the song is deeply rooted in the cultural significance the song originally possessed. It is most telling that these songs were employed not only as entertainment for the folk group but also (and indeed more important) as a means for passing on their culture.

These various factors — the homogeneity of the group, the verbal tradition, the cultural significance — were also primary factors in the development of the folk blues. Thus, what we find are tunes that were born (and not written) from the deep individual anguish which found expression in this musical form. Little attention was paid to the correct musical arrangements; in fact, more often than not, the original renditions are characterized by a roughness which, while detracting from the melodic value, contributes the priceless quality of intense feeling and involvement. One has only to compare Bessie Smith with the more contemporary Nina Simone to experience the emptiness that results from the loss of spontaneity and involvement in what is being sung.

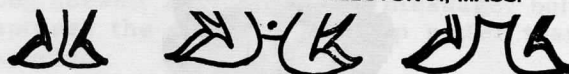
In a similar vein, the folk guitar, banjo, mouth harp, and fiddle became integral parts of the delivery. One never finds in a true informant that the guitar is being used for accompaniment. Instead, the instrument is used to heighten the meaning of the delivery. The same spontaneity that one observed in the vocal approach may be seen in the employment of the instrument. In fact, one very common characteristic of the performer is to place the voice upon the guitar, etc. — the instrument cries, whines, laughs, and in each instance, transcends its mere existence as an instrument.

When one considers this brief description of the all-too-numerous prerequisites of folk music, he is forced to question Mr. Lukeman's basic premise. Is modern folk music going anywhere now, and will it in the near future? I believe that the answer to both of the above

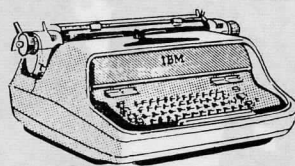


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questions is yes. Admittedly, it would be inane to argue for the continued presence of an oral tradition in this land of rapid acculturation (unfortunately). Secondly, this feeling of spontaneity and meaningful involvement, while greatly hampered by the influence of popular music and the emphasis on musical expertise in our singers of folk songs, isn't necessarily dead. It may be seen in many of the "reinterpretations" of Dave Van Ronk, Eric von Schmidt, Rolf Cahn, and others. Thirdly, the topical songs (which I feel Mr. Lukeman attacks unjustifiably), insofar as they represent a true expression of inner consciousness and are not spurious attempts to be funny, may point the way to a new and rejuvenated folk tradition. To be sure, folk music must assume a new place in our culture, but as long as it can hold out against bastardization of popular music which levels all individuality in its march to the dollar, it certainly has a future. Let us not forget the old but frighteningly contemporary French adage: Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.



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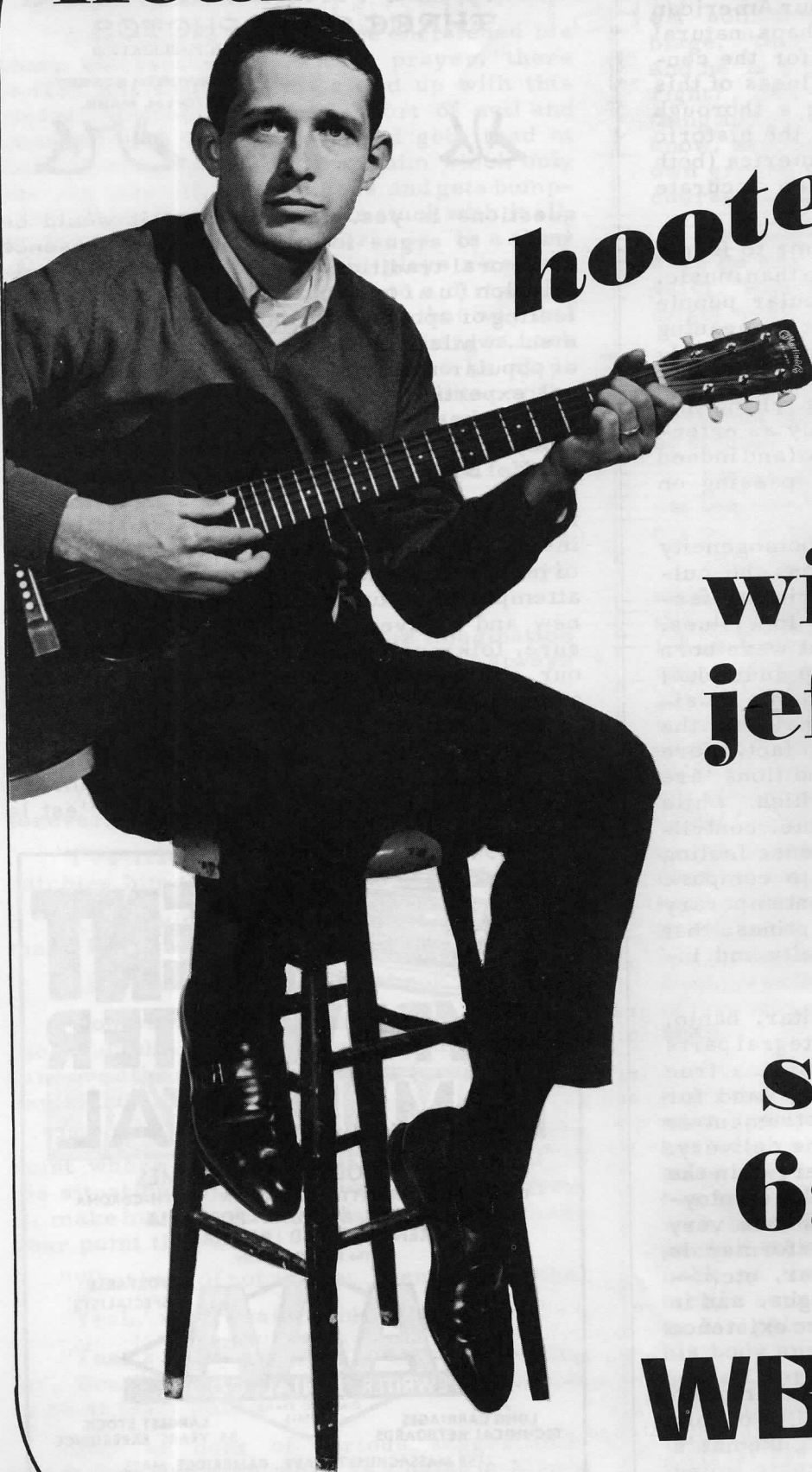
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"All the News that's Fit to SING"



by Phil Ochs

HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA - This is based on my second trip to Kentucky when I drove down with Eric Anderson. As we went through West Virginia, I consciously tried to



record images in my mind and made up some tentative verses while I was driving. The song doesn't have much of a message, but it captures the mood of the trip better than I expected.

Moderately

1. From the flat plains of O - hi - o — we drift-ed out one day, —
 For the south-ern part — of a jour-n-ey —
 Un-der-neath the bridge, the O - hi - o Riv-er sang, — As we
 head-ed for the hills of West Vir - gin - ia.

2. And the red sun of the mornin' was smilin' through the trees,
 As the darkness of the night was quickly fadin'.
 And the fog hugged the road like a cloudy, cloudy sea,
 As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

3. And we smoked the tobacco and drank of the wine,
 And spoke of the forests we were passin'.
 And the road would wind, and wind, and wind;
 As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

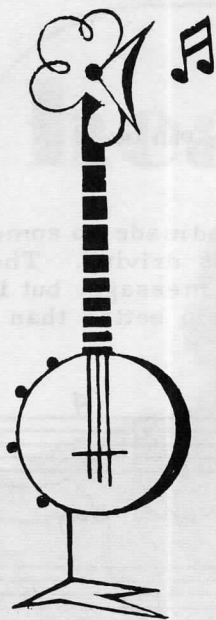
4. And among all the wealth of the beauty that we passed,
 There was many old shacks a-growin' older,
 And we saw the broken bottles a-layin' on the grass,
 Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

5. The Virginia people watched as we went ridin' by,
 Oh, proud as a boulder they were standin'.
 And we wondered at each other with a meetin' of the eye,
 Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

6. And once in awhile we would stop by the road,
 And gaze at the womb of the valley.
 Almost wishin' for a path down below,
 Where we stopped in the hills of West Virginia.

7. Up and down and all around we took our restless ride,
 And the rocks they were starin' cold and jagged.
 Where explosions of the powder had torn away the side.
 Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

8. And the orange sun was fallin' on the southern border line,
 As the shadows of the night were now returnin',
 And we knew the mountains followed us and watched us from behind,
 Where we left from the hills of West Virginia.



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THE JOAN BAEZ SONG BOOK

Ryerson Music Publishers Inc.

(Review copy courtesy of Briggs & Briggs)

Ryerson, a division of Vanguard Records (which gives us Joan Baez on record), has given us a book of Baez songs. This is not to say that the book contains songs written by Joan, but as the cover blurb says, "Sixty-Six songs comprising the repertory of .." Joan Baez.

Few people would buy a song book, just for the illustrations, but I suggest that this book might be an exception to that rule. Eric Von Schmidt has done a beautiful job. Many of the drawings are obviously Joan, portrayed as the heroine of the song the illustration accompanies. There is also a self portrait of Eric (not announces as



Broadside

such) illustrating "Rake and Rambling Boy," and a delightful drawing of Joan with the Rev. Gary Davis

But for those people who would not buy a song book for its illustrations, this book has a good deal more to offer -- 66 songs, most of them good solid material. Above each song is listed the key in which the guitar is to be tuned, fret position for capo, and the resultant key in which the song is played. Each song is arranged for piano as well. Finger-picking style is thoughtfully left up to the reader.

The book is divided into six sections: Lyrics & Laments; Child Ballads; Broadside Ballads; American Ballads; Hymns, Spirituals, & Lullabies, and Modern & Composed Songs. The introductory notes to each song are better by far than those accompanying most popular folk song collections, only occasionally stooping to the vague drivel one usually finds

This is not a book for the collector, although there are songs included such as "Danger Water," which would be hard to find elsewhere. However, the folk neophyte and intermediate should find this book to be invaluable.

dave wilson

NEGRO BLUES AND HOLLERS

Big Joe Williams

Library of Congress AFS L59

After two rather pointless "hollers" and two interesting gospel selections we get down to the real purpose for this LP, the Blues. We are told over and over that these recordings were made in 1942 by "Alan Lomax, Lewis Jones, and John W Work for a study jointly sponsored by the Library of Congress and Fisk University of Nashville, Tenn." Unfortunately, the whole thing is approached with a "matter of fact" attitude of intellectual folk music researchers, rather than with the sincere interest of a Blues fan, as it is evidenced by the 17-page booklet of incorrectly transcribed lyrics and the lack of biographical information. Ignore this and listen to the great Son House with "Special Rider Blues," "Depot Blues," and "Low Down Dirty Dog Blues"--to William Brown with "Ragged And Dirty, Mississippi Blues"--to Willie Blackwell with "Four O'clock Blues"--and you will find out what country blues are all about. This LP stands with the well-known "Really the Country Blues" and the Robert Johnson LP's as the three best examples of the music form that is called Country Blues. This LP leaves us asking just how much other great (real great!!!) material is being hidden in the Library of Congress Archives. Inquiries go to the Music Division--Recording Laboratory, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C.

Lauri Forti

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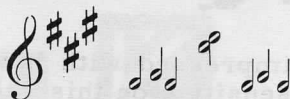
Reviews



PATHS OF VICTORY

Hamilton Camp

Elektra EKL 278



My favorite folk group is the combination of Bob Gibson and Bob Camp which unfortunately didn't last long enough to make its deserved mark on the national scene. Camp dropped out of sight for a while and turned up in San Francisco where he established himself as a master actor and comedian in the satirical revue "The Committee" which recently opened in New York to critical raves.

Now under his real name of Hamilton Camp, Elektra has issued a stunning debut album in a period when the folk market has been saturated with many a bland and repetitive release.

Camp has the vital ability to communicate the modern folk idiom to the urban ear without having to affect phrasings or styles that are alien to his own background. For example, he is the only singer I have ever heard to effectively perform the country and western classic, "Satisfied Mind" without the twang that has always been associated with the song.

Like Joan Baez, Camp has a voice that demands to be listened to because of a unique vocal timbre, in Camp's case a piercing, almost whining quality in his tone which creates a sense of urgency and excitement.

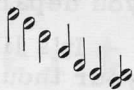
He is also the first performer to do a number of Dylan songs as well as Dylan and interpret them intelligently into some new areas. The album is of tremendous value if only because of the quality of material which includes several early Dylan numbers unknown to most people and a brilliant song by California-based Dino Valenti called "Get Together."

With his first album, Camp has established himself as one of the very finest vocalists in the commercial folk field, a field that unfortunately has been too barren of creativity. As folk music adapts itself to the realities of an urban world, Camp will be one of the most important talents of the transition.

Phil Ochs

THE HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS

Prestige/Folklore 14031



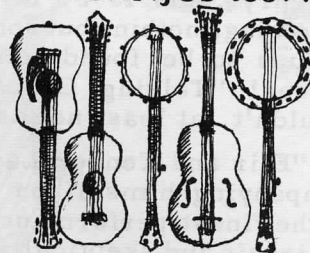
If you don't buy this record, you're crazy. The people who made it are crazy, so if you don't buy it, you'll be in the same boat. Almost. You won't have the record, and they'll be one (at least) up on you. Gotta watch out for things like that.

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Steve Weber plays the guitar and sings. Pete Stampfel sings and plays the other instruments on the record. He also plays with peoples' minds. If you've ever heard him play or have read anything he's written, he's played with your mind. I might add that both Stampfel and Weber have natural rhythm. Not only that, but they also know the difference between a train song and a railroad song, and that puts them right in my good graces without further ado.

There are a lot of songs on this record. Old ones, new ones, old ones with new words, and new ones with old words. You need these songs to be a happy, well-adjusted person. Besides, the notes are worth the price of the record.

John Cooke

PETE SEEGER



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Broadside

INSIDE DAVE VAN RONK.

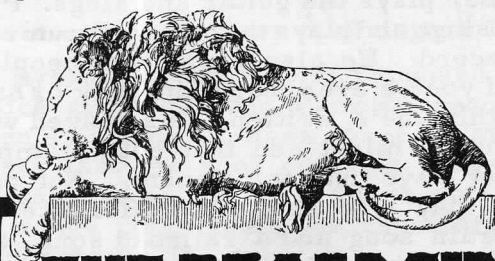
Prestige Folklore FL 14025



I have no idea of the machinations which led to the production of this record, but whatever they were, they're justified. Of the two recent Van Ronk releases (the other is on Mercury), this is by far the better. On it, Dave sings nothing but songs and ballads--not a blues to be found unless you count Phil Rhodes' "Talking Cancer Blues," and you shouldn't, at least not as a blues.

"Fair and Tender Ladies," with Dave accompanying himself on banjo, ranks as one of the finest performances he has recorded. His ironic and skeptical approach to the usually deadpan-delivered "Silver Dagger" is a fresh breath of air.

Listeners of this record get a chance to hear Dave accompanying himself not only on the guitar and banjo, but also on the dulcimer and autoharp and are more able to gain a bit of insight into the incredible scope of Van Ronk's musicianship. If you have been impressed with his ability to overwhelm with the power of his voice, you cannot help but be



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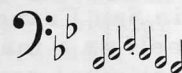
impressed with his ability to be gentle and sensitive on this record.

It will be nothing new to those who have heard Van Ronk on stage, but it will be new to those who have never heard him save on record; this release will be a revelation.

dave wilson

BLUES FOR 9 STRINGS

BIG JOE WILLIAMS -- 1056



Mississippi's nine string guitar playing bluelman Big Joe Williams certainly needs no introduction here, but his harmonica playing accompanist, Larry Johnson, does. The liner notes by Martin Williams (any relation ???) tell us that Big Joe had requested a harp man for the recording date and Down Beat's Pete Welding suggested Johnson, who is working as a superintendant in a New York apartment house. Johnson was born in Georgia 22 years ago and in spite of his youth, he is a very accomplished harmonica player. Although Big Joe met Johnson for the first time on this recording date, we get the impression that they have been playing together for many years.

Lauri Forti

REVIEW - THE POORMAN'S TEAHOUSE

"Dedicated to the proposition that humanity just might be worth bothering with" - Scott Kamins. A dozen words that perfectly express the philosophy of the Poorman's Tea-house Art Center, located at 253 River Street in Cambridge.

The Tea-house, open both Friday and Saturday nights, is currently raising funds for an International Inn for foreign students and visitors. This non-profit, non-political, fully interracial organization has but one goal -- to further human understanding.

The set-up is simple -- candle light, a little wine, all the art forms, and people. As you cross the threshold, your hair relaxes and gently falls down; your shoes slip off your feet (figuratively speaking, of course). If you're a people, you belong -- but only as yourself. The air's too pure, too real, for prejudice. It flees -- possibly outside -- to suck in that last trace of falseness when you depart.

It's like pull up a piece of floor, release your thoughts, and I'll tell you mine. If you get carried away, your neighbor may nudge you and say, "Wait a minute, let him (another person) finish." Meanwhile, Bob Stuckey is in ecstasies, muttering, "Isn't it great? Everyone's talking at once!"

janet chartier

on either side of midnight ! !

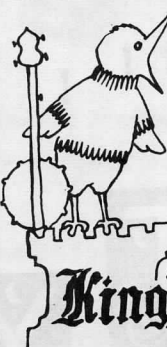
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CASH BOX lists as Pick of the Week the MITCHELL TRIO'S recording of "I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER" by TOM PAXTON*** New ODETTA record about to be released, contains only DYLAN songs***Second albums cut and due for release in next few months include BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE on VANGUARD, PHIL OCHS on ELEKTRA, and JESSE COLIN YOUNG on CAPITOL***There is now a BUFFALO BROADSIDE, a new topical song sheet***The McPEAKE FAMILY OF BELFAST coming to U.S. for concert tour in Spring '65***

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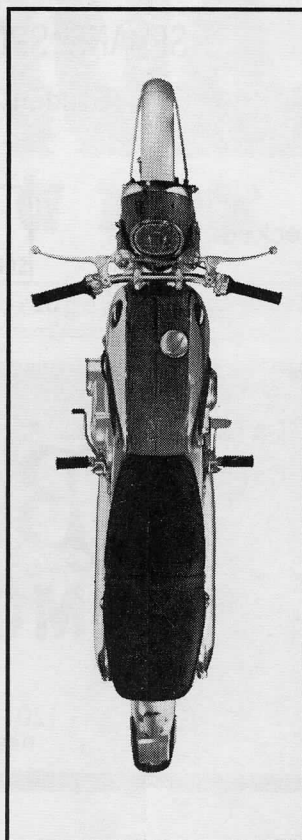
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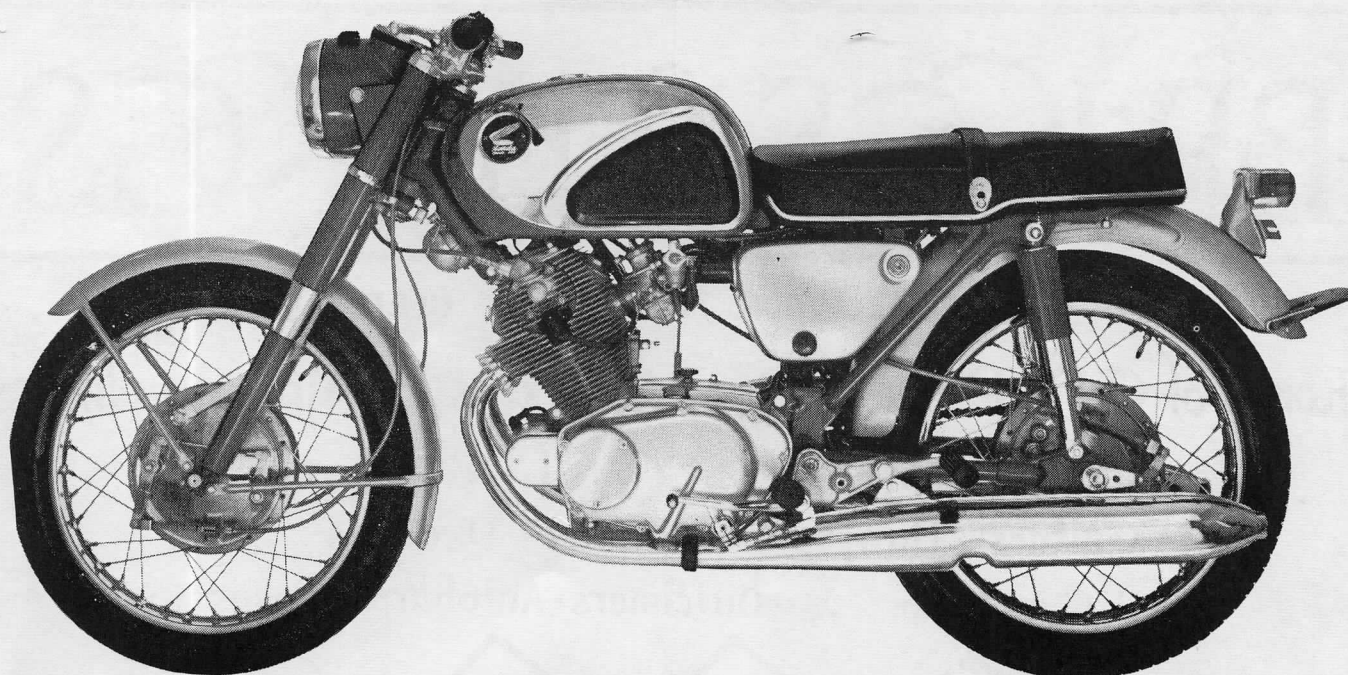
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