

THE BROADSIDE

OF BOSTON

Volume III, No. 18

Cambridge, Massachusetts

November 11, 1964



FOLK MUSIC AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS & TWENTY CENTS



Dear Broadside Reader,

The past few months have been hectic with us, primarily for two reasons. Your continued patronage has kept us hopping. We are appreciative and can only say, Thank You. The other reason has been somewhat more nervewracking. We have been doing our utmost in control of our buying to reflect Wurlitzer standards of quality.

This is not the easiest way to operate for we have to cope with shortages, painfully slow deliveries and casual attitudes from some manufacturers and suppliers. The "hot" line has been many times a reality with us and more often than not a tang of sulphur hovers about our phones resulting from particularly pungent crosstalk.

Confusion it may be but out of this comes "good business" and a tangible reward in customer satisfaction, savings of time in necessary service and the pleasure of selling something that is "good". Our entire force here are or have been "pro" musicians and this does not washout easily. We enjoy offering "good" instruments be they low-cost beginner models or the costly artist grades.

Our key-word in selection is "choice" and we construe this to mean decent construction, inspired where possible, correct regulation, definite musical quality within a price bracket, service, service and more service. And we guarantee what we sell...

Try us for hard-to-get models. We have them and in dimension. ALL Martin guitars including D28SW's; Gibson LG0's, J45's - 50's, SJ's, Hummingbirds, Doves, J200's, Mastertone's; Epiphone Texan's, El Dorado's, Frontier's, Bard's; Guild F series models, Mark series classics, the amazing new Fender round-hole acoustic guitars, Dobro's new "Hootanet", a Dobro body with a five-string banjo neck (come in and try!), standard Dobro's, Goya, Framus, Vega, Regal, Harmony, our best value Crown classic guitar at \$37.50, and many, many more...

With the Holiday season approaching keep us in mind for harmonicas, autoharps (we have the new Appalachian model), Melodicas, anything and everything in Band and Orchestral musical instruments, strings and all accessories. And with the Holiday season in mind please accept a friendly tip. Plan your musical gift early or it may be too late. Guarantee your gift by selecting now. Use our layaway privilege. Mail and phone orders are accepted with FREE shipping on major instruments purchased.

E. U. Wurlitzer Inc.

BROADSIDE

Vol. III No. 18

November 11, 1964

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Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

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Photo by Rick Stafford from 3 Cats

THIS ISSUE'S COVER JUDY RODERICK

JUDY RODERICK

A little over a year ago, while I was managing the now defunct Cafe Yana, I received a long distance call from an excited agent. He told me that he had recently heard a young blues singer over whom he knew I was bound to flip out. I listened with my, by then, thoroughly jaundiced ear, and told him that I'd be glad to consider her for the Yana, if he would send tapes...

A few days later, he was knocking on my door, tapes in hand; and, at first listening, I was indeed impressed and made arrangements to book Judy Roderick into the Cafe Yana (shortly after she appeared as a surprise guest at the Philadelphia Folk Festival).

I've never regretted it.

Since then, Judy has begun to build a national reputation as a blues singer. Judy

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(next to Symphony Hall)
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has returned many times to Boston and Cambridge in the last year and has won enough fans to make this area a major sales point for her first record. Now she is, I'm sorry to say, moving away from folk blues to jazz blues, with the help of Columbia records and her manager, Lee Silberstein. Her second record, due early next year, will pretty much establish her as a performer outside the folk field.

But for her next visit to Boston, when she will be performing at Club 47, you will be able to hear her as a folk artist. By all means, hear her now.

dave wilson

FOLK GUITAR INSTRUCTION

*By experienced teacher &
well-known Boston folksinger.
At your home or my studio.*

RI-2-1586

"All the News that's Fit to



by Phil Ochs

When I told my friend Josh Danson I was going to write a song about the death of Medgar Evers, he answered that there seemed

to be too many martyrs. That idea formed the basis of the chorus along with a melodic idea from Bob Gibson.

Words by
PHIL OCHS
Moderately

BALLAD OF MEDGAR EVERS

(Too Many Martyrs)

Music by
PHIL OCHS
BOB GIBSON

1. In the state of Mis-sis-sip-pi man-y years a-go, A
boy of four-teen years got a taste of South-ern law. He
saw his friend a-hang-in', his col-or was his crime, The
blood up-on his jack-et put a brand up-on his mind.
Chorus
Too man-y mar-tyrs and too man-y dead,
Too man-y lies, too man-y emp-ty words were said,
Too man-y times for too man-y an-gry men,
Oh, let it nev-er be a - gain.

2. His name was Medgar Evers, and he walked his road alone
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know
They tried to burn his home, and they beat him to the ground,
But deep inside, they both knew what it took to bring him down.
(chorus)

3. The killer waited by his home hidden by the night,
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight,
He slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side,
It struck the heart of every man, when Evers fell and died.
(chorus)

4. They laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear,
They laid him in his grave while the victory was near.
While we waited for the future, for freedom through the land,
The country gained a killer, and the country lost a man.
(chorus)

Ramblin' Round

w/dave wilson

The fellow who runs things up at Elektra Records is named Jac Holsman. Now, Jac and I are certainly not of one mind and have often found ourselves on opposite sides of the fence when it comes to agreeing to lots of things, including music.

But, if Jac and I had never agreed about anything up till now and never manage to agree about anything again, I still have to say that everything Elektra has done which I haven't liked and anything they do from now on which I might not like is justified by the release of their album "Woody Guthrie - Library of Congress Recordings."

It's pretty hard to know where to start talking about the album.

There are three records, six sides, each side almost a half hour long. Woody's music alone is great; but this album, which is about half and half (i.e. Woody talking about all sorts of things, and Woody singing about all sorts of things), is a portrait of the man which has only been hinted at before.

Woody talks ("rambles" is a better description) about his family, his home town - Okemah, his gang, the making and disposal of home brew, the misfortunes of his family, his early ramblings, his learning to play guitar, his employment at a root beer stand, the dust storms, Pretty Boy Floyd, bankers, Jesse James, the Okies, chain gangs, the Blues, walking the railroad tracks, railroad "Bulls," freight trainin', hoboin', government camps, Steinbeck, handbills, the Labor movement, California, Jimmie Rodgers, Oklahoma, Will Rogers, floods, and a whole host of other things, some definable and some not.

There is also a whole pile of songs that may all have appeared on record at some time or another, but which are not generally available, like "Hard Times," "The Jolly Banker," "Chain Around My Leg," and "Los Angeles New Year's Flood."

As if that were not enough, Elektra has also included a 16-page booklet, with pictures of Woody, letters written by Woody, columns written by Woody, an article about Woody, an introduction to Woody by Alan Lomax, cartoons and sketches by Woody, notes by Woody, and even poems by Woody. As a sample of what's contained, take this Guthrie note:

"The worst thing that can happen to you is to cut yourself loose from people. And the best thing is to sort of vaccinate yourself right into the big streams and blood of the people."



deer are for darling
like the shoes at
the shop for pappagallo
145 newbury street

To feel like you know the best and the worst of folks that you see everywhere and never to feel weak, or lost, or lonesome anywhere.

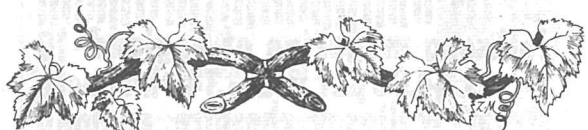
There is just one thing that can cut you to drifting from the people, and that's any brand or style of greed.

There is just one way to save yourself, and that's to get together and work and fight for everybody."

Woody Guthrie

This could have been a terrible album, a horrendous confused mish-mosh. The reason that it isn't is the amount of love and care which Jac Holsman put into the production. Everything, from the careful selection of the proper stylus for each Library of Congress disc to the delicate and artistic editing of the final tapes, can be credited to Jac's taste and discretion.

I don't know how Elektra feels about this one, but I think it's the high point in Elektra production to date. I only wonder, what can they do now which won't be anticlimactic?



"All the News that's Fit to SING"

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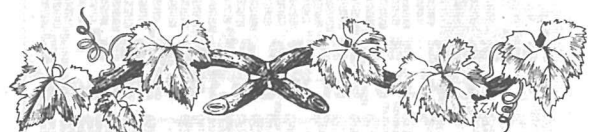
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*Bob Gahtan
Folksinger*

*now available for private
or public performances*

RI-2-1586

CAFE ORLEANS OPENS - NEW MGMT.

The Cafe Orleans is now under the management of Paul S. Lorris. Although an engineer by trade, Paul is certainly not new to the coffeehouse business. He's done a lot of research and can talk with authority about those first establishments dating back to the 1500's. Places "...where men of differing judgements croud, ... that's a Coffee House. For where should men discourse so free as there." (Eng. Pamphleteer, 1665)


The Orleans, located at 13 Charles St., is now open from noon to 5:30 and from 7:30 to 1:00 a.m. The atmosphere at this cafe differs slightly (and is somewhat refreshing) from that of the many coffee nightclubs in and around town. It's fresh and clean with white walls and new furnishings, having a decor that's practical as well as pleasing. Each month, Paul features an accredited artist by exhibiting a half dozen or more paintings, which are available for purchase. Sculptures, and possibly other art forms, will be displayed in the future.

Background music is provided by Paul's own tapes, mostly jazz and blues. There is no scheduled entertainment, but performers may appear from time to time.

The menu offers a variety of coffees, teas, and cold drinks; sandwiches, cheeses, and pastries; all at reasonable prices.

The Cafe Orleans is a place to sit and relax and be with people; a place to enjoy "coffee and conversation."

janet chartier

SPIN 
folksong magazine of england - 10
issues \$4.00 per year - 34 thirlmere
street - wallasey, cheshire, england

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

by Phileas Schwarzhomme

Chapter V ALL MY TRIALS

It was an impressive sound. It poured forth and overflowed 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. It was the Spade Chord.

No sooner had the chord been struck than Clarence regretted it. Pain racked his body. His joints stiffened. His vision blurred, and his chin dropped heavily onto his chest. The transfiguration was complete.

Clarence's one thought was to retain control of both his mind and his body. He had lost the battle over his body immediately. Now he struggled for his mind. Beneath deep and suffocating blankets of heat and color, he waged his war against a hard cold shell which tried to insert itself upon his will. Gradually, he managed to wall it into a corner somewhere. Moments later, he experimented by slacking his control and was grateful to find that the strangeness did not grow more. Bit by bit, he was able to take more notice of his surroundings. He noted the painted-over cracks on his ceiling, followed them to the other side of the room, where one small tributary joined a mainstream which continued down the wall to the floor. He sat up. For a moment, he was sorry, as his surroundings started to swim about him. Then things settled. He noted that his left hand was still wrapped around the neck of his guitar. "Well, why not?" he thought.

He lifted Miss Gibson into his lap and started to stroke the strings. His left hand suddenly sprang to life and made an unexpected and surprising foray up and down the length of the neck. The fingers on his right hand suddenly were picking notes Clarence had never imagined before. The music was pure magic. Finely spun lyrical weavings were spun onto a backing of lusty bass rhythms. Clarence started to sing. With quavering richness, he improvised a lyric which sometimes joined the melody he played and sometimes opposed it. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever heard. Many of his lyrics dealt with the need for a drink. Clarence did not drink, but drunk now with the spirit of his adventure, he ran his nose down the yellow pages, picking out the nearest package store which would deliver; and after several abortive tries with the dial, he reached a store. He ordered a fifth of rum, and, licking his lips, sat back to play some more.

It was at this point that destiny - fickle destiny - chose to complicate the already

complicated adventures of poor Clarence. The cab driver who delivered the package was a classmate of Clarence. When he knocked on the door, he was told to "com' on in," the speaker expecting his visitor. Clarence hadn't expected Matt.

"Here's ya' boose, Clar'," Matt managed to get out before he saw that Clarence was not there. What he did see was one of the ugliest, most deformed looking Negroes he had ever seen before.

"Guess I got the wrong pad," Matt said and started to back out.

"Yo' ain't got no wrong room there boy," said Clarence. "I ordered that there bottle yo' got in your hands."

"Oh," said Matt, a bit unsure, "...err, where's Clarence?"

"He went out for a bit, but he'll be back, he was answered. "Yo' jes leave that bottle here."

"Well, er, yeah, I guess, but I gotta get paid for it, ya see?"

The old man reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. He pulled out a sawbuck and handed it to Matt, waving him out the door. Matt left in a hurry. He wondered and wondered and wondered. Something was wrong, but he couldn't exactly place it. It hit him with a rush.


The wallet had been Clarence's. He knew that it was Clarence's wallet, because Clarence had once forced him for fifteen minutes to look at the pictures he carried of his azalea garden back home and the rhododendron bush with which he had won first prize at the Church Fair. "What," thought Matt, "was that old man, that old colored man, doing with Clarence's wallet?" The only answer he could find was one rife with foul play. His duty was suddenly clear in his blue and erstwhile eyes. He called the police.

The transfigured Clarence was meanwhile finding great joy. He had worked his way, a good half fifth of the way, through the bottle and was about to indulge in another stomach warming swig, just to add evidence to his new conclusion that his aversion to alcohol prior to today had been an adolescent emotional fixation. At that point, there was another knock on the door. Without a thought, he answered, "Com' on in."


Matt, with three burly Boston bests, charged through the door. "There he is," shrilled Matt. "He's killed Clarence," and, shaking his head, "I know he's killed him."

"Where's the boy who lives here?" asked one of Boston's best.

"Yeah," said the second, "Where's the boy who lives here?"



Just Arrived
Joan Baez Song Book



198 OXFORD ST., LYNN, MASS.
593-4450

"I'm him," chuckled Clarence, who was just tipsy enough to see the humor and not the horror of the situation. He started another sortie along the frets to punctuate his statement. The billy club that landed on the side of his head interrupted him.


When he awoke, he was to find himself huddled in a corner of a dark, somewhat moist and otherwise empty room. He was cold. He moaned. He reached for his guitar and encountered instead the solid roundness of steel bars. He suddenly knew where he was. Outside, light abruptly rushed toward his cell from an opened door. A warder shined his light in the cell and spoke. "Awake, are ye'? Well the Captain wants to talk to you. Stay put while I go get him." Chuckling at his joke, the warder retreated to the door he had left open and disappeared, closing it behind him.

Before Clarence had time to panic, he heard dimly and far away the striking of a bell tower. He started chuckling as the last tone of 3:00 a.m. sounded, waveringly, and echoed faintly along the corridor outside his cell.


Next Issue: BACK TO BLACK

or

I've Got The Ying-Yang Blues.



The Turks Head
Boston's Oldest Coffee House
7th Charles St.



Ramblin' Boy

by TOM PAXTON

About the hardest kind of thing to do, I guess, is for two or more people to communicate with one another. The playwrights of the Absurd have been giving that theme a pretty good going-over in recent years; and as I sit here trying to force it out of myself, it's pretty clear what a job it is. We bound around the country, hitting town after town, and if we're lucky, we run into some good people; and just about when we're starting to hit on all cylinders, we're off again. That can get pretty frustrating. I spent a total of about an hour talking to Ernie Marrs in Atlanta, and naturally we had to sing some songs for each other, and he showed me some more of his, typed up (it would take a year to

read them all). He showed me his cellar hideaway which his carpentry skill has transformed into as neat a place as you could hope for; we chatted for 10 minutes about politics, enough time to agree on the nature of all politicians, and all of a sudden it was time to jump in the V. W. and head for New York. I wonder what's in the cards for Ernie. In a folks scene priding itself on the discovering of native American folk talent, the last link to the Guthrie era (more than that; a writer involved in today), and far and away, the most prolific songwriter of our time is ignored. He's far too proud to ask for recognition; if you wait, you've lost him.

A fine week-end in the Boston area. Good crowds at the King's Rook - people who came to listen. Good times in the company of your publisher and my buddy Dave Wilson, who's too damned honest to tell me he likes my record when he doesn't. Hope to get back here soon with some new songs and some time to spend.

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER (WHERE I'M BOUND)

IT'S A LONG AND DUS-ty ROAD, IT'S A HOT AND A HEA-yy LOAD AND THE
FOLKS I MEET AIN'T AL-ways KIND. SOME ARE
BAD AND SOME ARE GOOD SOME HAVE DONE THE BEST THEY COULD, SOME HAVE
TRIED TO EASE MY TROU-BL-IN' MIND. AND I
(CHORUS) CAN'T HELP BUT WON-der WHERE I'M BOUND, WHERE I'M BOUND, AND I
CAN'T HELP BUT WON-der WHERE I'M BOUND.

2. I have been around this land
Just a-doin' the best I can
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do.
And the faces that I see
Are as worried as can be
And it looks like they are wonderin' too.
(chorus)

3. I had a little gal one time
She had lips like sherry wine
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane
But I was too blind to see
She was driftin' away from me
And one day she left on the morning train.
(chorus)

4. I've got a buddy from home
But he started out to roam
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay
And sometimes when I've had a few
His voice comes singin' through
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.
(chorus)

5. If you see me passing by
And you sit and wonder why
And you wish that you were a rambler, too,
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor
Lace 'em up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.
(chorus)

**FOLKSONG SOCIETY
OF GREATER BOSTON**

presents

**NOV
27th**

8:30 P.M.

Bill Keith

Jim Rooney

Pete Rowan

Sylvia Mars

YMCA BATES HALL

316 Huntington Avenue Boston

NEW NORTH END COFFEE HOUSE OPENS

A new coffeehouse has found its way into the Boston scene; the Rose Coffee House by name, it is located at 122 Salem Street (2nd floor) in the North End. Open nightly Monday through Saturday, this club offers stereo on Mondays and live entertainment the rest of the week (Tuesdays and Thursdays are guest performer nights).

The Rose is a pleasant surprise, for one walks into a very relaxing atmosphere of soft lighting, gentle colors on the walls and furnishings, and the most comfortable chairs of any coffeehouse I have ever been in. And you even have room to stretch your legs.

All this - and more too - for the Rose serves some of the finest Italian pastry you can get in this city. Drop down to Salem Street yourself some night.

POORMAN'S TEAHOUSE IN NEW LOCATION

The Poorman's Teahouse has found a new home at 85 Brookline Street in Central Square, Cambridge. A huge and cluttered room just days ago, the new teahouse was amazingly converted into a comfortable, Oriental-like setting for opening night on Friday, Oct. 30th. Highlights of the evening were folk singing, spontaneous poetry, and stimulating conversation.

**STRINGED
INSTRUMENT
WORKSHOP**
REINHARDT GUITARS
37 KINGSTON ST., BOSTON.

A QUESTION OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS

Time was when a young blues singer, not too well known, nearly begged William (Pop) Brainard, owner of the Buddhi Coffeehouse in Oklahoma City, to let her play his club at \$350 a week.

Not so any more. This blues singer has come up in the world, and refuses to play the Buddhi for anything less than \$1,000 a week - regardless of the contract she signed earlier in the Buddhi.

Not only did another act--a popular folk duo--break their contract by not returning to the Buddhi, but they also didn't make it known that they were not returning until it was too late to replace them with another good first act.

The Buddhi is certainly not the only club plagued with this problem. Enrico Banducci, hungry owner, makes the following statement in Hootenanny magazine (Vol. 1, #2):

"If you're running a cabaret, you very quickly learn that one of the problems with professional folk singers is their acute lack of loyalty."

The blues singer would have probably made it big if she hadn't played the Buddhi, but she had to start somewhere, and she undoubtedly needed the job at the time. Now she has two albums (which are selling) and spends a good deal of her time doing concerts. Would she starve to death if she spent two weeks earning \$700 instead of one or two thousand? It seems rather unlikely.

It is beyond me to understand why she and other like her don't honor their contracts with the various clubs where they got their start. It is no secret that the folk clubs are having a hard time these days, and name performers such as she would be a great help in drawing people.

I have not talked to either Miss Bluesinger or any other name performers who refuse to honor their contracts, and I'm sure there must be another side to the story--but so far I have not been able to come up with anything in their favor.

Wendy Winsted

DANCE WORKSHOP TO BE HELD AT YWCA

A workshop on English country, Morris, and sword dancing will be held on November 14 and 15 at the Cambridge YWCA. This event is sponsored jointly by the Country Dance Society and the New England Folk Festival Association (NEFFA). There will be Saturday morning and afternoon sessions, and a dance party that night. On Sunday, there will be afternoon and evening workshop sessions with an hour-and-a-half supper break.

WITCHBURNERS VS. FOLKSINGERS

A banquet and an evening of entertainment was presented at Salem State College on Oct. 20th. It was a get-to-know-you affair aimed primarily at the incoming freshmen class. The entertainment came in two parts, the first being a humorous speaker, the second, a program of folk music.

To the performers, this was in all respects, a concert, for their part of the program was to take place in the auditorium. However, the audience did not wholly consider it such. The banquet and speaker were the main event and so there were many who had perhaps no interest in folksinging. In other words, it wasn't as if all who attended had purchased tickets specifically to see folksingers.

The concert consisted of three performers from the Boston area. Their names are unimportant, for what happened might very well have happened to almost anybody.

The first young man was greeted rather well and the audience was appreciative. Much of his material was original and topical. Although he was well received, there were signs of what was to come. When, in one of his talking blues, he said, "Jesus Christ!" three or four hisses were heard. Frankly, it was hard to discern whether they were intended to show disapproval of the performer for taking J. C.'s name in vain; whether some people were talking and others, upon hearing the profanity were stimulated and wanted the talkers to shut-up so they wouldn't miss any others; or whether they were hissing Jesus, himself. Perhaps it should be pointed out that the audience consisted of mostly freshmen, faculty, and faculty wives. This might help explain their innocence. With the exception of a small minority, the audience didn't know the meaning of "featherbedding," a reference used in an anti-union song. The concert was scheduled to last an hour and forty-five minutes. The first singer was given thirty-five minutes, primarily due to his rather "pop" sound.

Enter the second.

A tall, somber young man dressed in a tan corduroy jacket, dark blue scarf and cap, and a guitar resembling an over-grown mandolin. Except for the guitar, there was nothing really strange about his appearance, nothing to giggle at. But, giggle they did! His manner of speaking was not glib (he had no "patter") but neither can it be described as country jargon. Nothing to laugh at anyway. The audience thought so. Now, put yourself in his position. If you walked out on stage and had 'em laughing before you had even sung a note and you sure as hell weren't a comedian, what would you have done? That's

right, he checked to see if his fly was open. Don't kid yourself, that's exactly what any man would have done. Well, most men, anyway. There are some guys, fearing the worst, who would rather play all night with their guitar in front of their crotches. In any event, it was closed.

So why were they laughing? Because they were unhip to where it's at and chose to laugh at what they thought was a hick? Partly. But there were some who thought his was a comedy act and his dress and manner of speaking were part of it. An honest mistake any Salem College freshmen is apt to make.

Then he started to sing. He opened with a variation of the "Great Silky." Not a funny song. He had 'em rolling in the aisles. About this time, he walked to the side and inquired what was happening. No one knew so he was told to go on and sing. His second number was a cute anecdote. It was meant to be funny. Coincidentally, they laughed. During the third song, most of the audience realized that he was real and started to listen. But the damage was done. He was given the high sign: one more number. He'd been on exactly eighteen minutes. The audience clapped along with him on his closing number.

Backstage, no one knew why he was yanked, especially since he was just then getting through to the crowd. The first excuse was the old stand-by, "they were running short of time." Then word got back. The faculty thought perhaps he was drunk or something, anyhow, they wanted him off.

The last singer was a girl who sings in many languages. She delighted the audience, leading them in participation numbers and the like. But, the powers-that-be had had enough of folk music for the night. And so, she got the hook after only twenty minutes. They were running short of time, of course.

While the performers were leaving, one co-ed came up and apologized for the behavior of the crowd. She was sincere and implied many others agreed with her. Too bad more couldn't take the trouble to express it. It is interesting to note that no one in the faculty came back to apologize or even explain their reasoning in this matter. Also, the student council vice-president assured us that he would be called on the carpet for this since he was responsible for the entertainment. I mention him only because he did his best to help out all evening, along with driving the performers back to Boston.

If Salem College asks for folk music again, which is doubtful, a stripe-shirted trio warbling "Maria" or "Joey" might be in order. With regard to the title of the article, The Witchburners lost.

Carl K. Wattanabe

Folk and Square Dance Calendar

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|---|---|
| Every Monday 7:45 - 10:15 | Cambridge YWCA Temple St., Central Sq. | Royal Scottish Country Dance Society | Dancing and Instruction |
| 2nd & 4th Tuesday 8:30 - 11:00 | Boston YWCA Copley Sq. | Ralph Page | Squares, Contrs & Folk Instruction 8:00 - 8:30 |
| Every Wednesday 7:45 - 10:00 | Cambridge YWCA | Country Dance Society | English Country & Morris Dancing w/instruction |
| Every Thursday 8:30 - 11:00 | Cambridge YWCA | The Taylors | Advanced Folk Dancing w/instruction |
| 8:00 - 10:00 | Stebbins Hall 3 Joy St. (Beacon Hill) | Country Dance Society | Square & Contra Dancing |
| Every Friday 8:30 - 11:30 | Stephen James House Porter Sq., Camb. | Ted Sannella | Square, Contra & Folk w/ some instruction |
| 8:30 - 11:00 | Cambridge YWCA | The Taylors | Easy Folk Dances w/ instruction |
| Every Saturday 8:30 - 11:30 | Orange Hall nr. School St., Brookline Village | Joe Martin | Squares & Rounds.. Step Dancing... Canadian |
| 2nd Sats. Oct - June 8:30 - 11:30 | Girl Scout House Concord | Ted Sannella | Mostly Square Dances Some Contra & Folk |
| 1st & 3rd Saturdays 8:00 - 11:00 | Unitarian Parish House 6 Eliot St., Jam. Pl. | Louise Winston | Square, Contra & Folk Dances |
| Every Sunday 7:00 - 10:00 | Agassiz Hall..Radcliffe Quad., Harvard Sq. | Henry Goldstein | Jewish & Israeli Dancing |

UNICORN CELEBRATES THIRD BIRTHDAY

Halloween Eve the Unicorn Coffee House celebrated its third birthday with an after-hours party. The many who showed up from time to time between the after-hours of 12 mid. to 4 a.m. made use of George's Hospitality and his three 44-gallon waste paper baskets, and made the evening one to remember.

Instruments were brought out and several groups were formed in the corners of the room: John Hurt in the back with his large group of admirers leaning close to catch his every word while Dusty Rhodes yodelled on the other side of the room to an admiring group of attractive young ladies. Later on, the piano became the center of attraction while Skip James commanded the attention of everyone there. Probably the blues-man's most sought-after song was the high point of the evening - "Silent Night" in ragtime.

Halloween is also, of course, a time of ghosts, devils, witches (yes, I was there) and

the Unicorn had its share. People were running around with paper bags on their heads and one spent half the evening with a ring through his nose.

For many of us, this was the first time we had seen the Unicorn since its face-lifting - George's birthday present to his baby. The front has a new modern look while the kitchen has finally been moved out back—at last, no more telephones and noisy coffee machines!

It was not a flighty party, though. At one table, the world's most pressing problems were solved over a pack of Gaulioses while at another the urgent question of where to eat was at last resolved.

About three o' clock, George had long since disappeared and, thanks to a goodnight announcement over the p.a. system, the party broke up. Those who made it and stayed had a blast.



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PHOTOS FOR PUBLICATION

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Nancy Michaels, Johnny O' Dea,
Dusty Rhodes
- 13 Retrospective Analysis of Judy Collins
Guest: Judy Collins
- 20 Field Recordings of negro prison songs
Guest: Bruce Jackson
- 27 Live Performance Series
Guests: Jackie Washington, Dayle
Stanley, Charles River Valley Boys

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- Nov. 5th Dick Doherty
6th Spider
& John
7th Koerner
8th open Hoot
12th Dick Doherty
13th Skip James
14th Skip James
15th Skip James

Turk's head

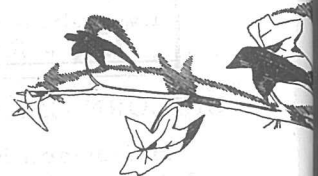
- Nov. 6 Rogelio Reyes
Dave Briggs
7 The Seekels (Bonnie & Kathy)
8 afternoon: Taj Mahal, blues
evening: Gil de Jesus, classical
9 Michael Hunt
10 Carl Shrager
11 Isabel Gardner
12 Carl Watanabe
13 Rogelio Reyes
Dave Briggs
14 afternoon: Joel Cohen, lute
Sandra Robbins, soprano
evening: Gil de Jesus, classical
15 Michael Hunt
16 Carl Shrager
17 Isabel Gardner
18 Carl Watanabe

The Loft

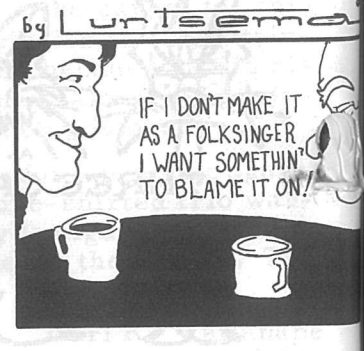
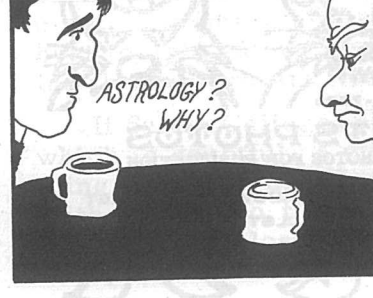
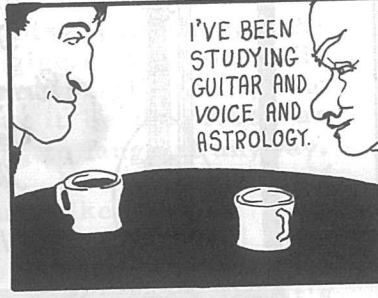
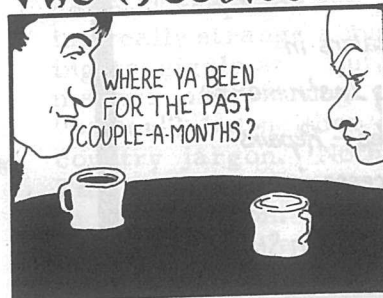
- Nov. 6 The
7 Villagers
8 closed
9 Hoot w/ John Rowlinson
10 Spider John Koerner
11 Ray Pong
12 Steve Koretz
13 Cook County Squirrels
14 The Villagers
15 closed
16 Hoot w/ John Rowlinson
17 Spider John Koerner

Cholmondeley

- Nov. 6 Son House
7 Jazz
13 Geoff Marshall
14 Isabel
20 to be announced
21 Ray Pong



The Freebies...





Club 47, Inc.

- Nov. 6 Geoff Muldaur
Mitch Greenhill
7 Charles River Valley Boys
8 Hoot w/Taj Mahal
9 } Rev. Gary Davis
10 }
11 three experimental films by
by Stan Brakhage
12 } Judy
13 } Roderick
14 Ray Pong
Eric Andersen
15 Hoot w/Ray Pong
16 Tom Rush
17 Amy Boutte & Jerry Edwards - Jazz Duo
18 The Image Theatre Workshop
19 Charles River Valley Boys
20 Mimi & Dick Farina
Taj Mahal
21 Keith & Rooney
22 Hoot w/Don MacSorley
23 Tom Rush
24 Spider John Koerner
25 The Image Theatre Workshop

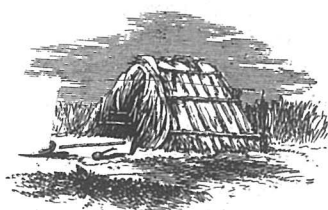


Unicorn

- now thru Nov. 15 The Country Gentlemen
Sandy Baron
Nov. 17 - 29 Jesse Colin Young
Biff Rose
Dec. 1 - 13 Dave Van Ronk

The Rose

- Nov. 6 } Kanga Fuller
7 } Pat Vegoner
8 closed
9 Tom Hayes
10 Hoot & Auditions
11 Bob Gahtan
12 Tom Hayes
13 } John O'Dea
14 } Kanga Fuller
15 closed
16 Tom Hayes
17 Hoot & Auditions
18 Dave Briggs
19 Tom Hayes
20 } Bob Gahtan
21 } Kanga Fuller
22 closed
23 Tom Hayes
24 Hoot & Auditions



Concerts

- Nov. 6 PETER, PAUL & MARY, Back Bay
Theatre, 8:30 p.m.
Nov. 6 JOSH WHITE, John Hancock Hall, 8:30 pm
Nov. 7 TAMBURITZANS, John Hancock
Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Nov. 7 The annual Slavic Dance Workshop
and 8 Dick Crum, Tammie's Choreographer
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Nov. 10 TONY SALETAN and IRENE KOSOY,
Quincy High School, 8:00 p.m.
Nov. 13 CHARLES RIVER VALLEY BOYS,
Newton South High School, 8:00 p.m.
Nov. 14 JIM KWESKIN & THE JUG BAND,
Saunders Theatre, Harvard; 8:30 p.m.
Nov. 20 MITCH GREENHILL and RAY PONG
Brookline High School, 8:30 p.m.
Nov. 21 ALFRED DELLER and the DELLER
CONSORT, Jordan Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Nov. 21 PETER, PAUL & MARY, Worcester
Memorial Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.

LAST MONTH

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

1964 NOVEMBER 1964

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | | | | | |

NEXT MONTH

| DECEMBER | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
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| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

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





SCRAPPLE FROM THE APPLE

by Alex Lukeman

There's a lot of things happening in New York right now, and here are just a few of them. The Village Gate is expanding and has instituted a series of workshops, the first (a topical workshop-concert) to be held soon. It will feature Pete Seeger among others. Speaking of the Gate, the top act there right now is Buffy Ste. Marie, which is good to see. Topical and protest music is getting a big boost from Electra and Folkways, with Electra bringing out an anthology featuring Buffy, Len Chandler, Tom Paxton, Dave Cohen, Pat Sky, and Phil Ochs. Folkways is producing another Broadside album, proceeds to go to New York Broadside, sung by the "Broadside Singers," an anonymous group which includes Pete La Farge, Pete Seeger, Dave Cohen, Phil Ochs, and others. Once again we see the curious phenomena of a handful of people dominating the entire protest music scene. If protest music is the new renaissance of folk music, as we've all heard many claim, how come only a few people are writing nine-tenths of it, and how come only a few get to record their songs? Seems to me that any song "Movement" that bids for recognition as the logical development of the folk tradition ought to be sung by the folk, not by just a handful of them. Most of the folk I know aren't having any.

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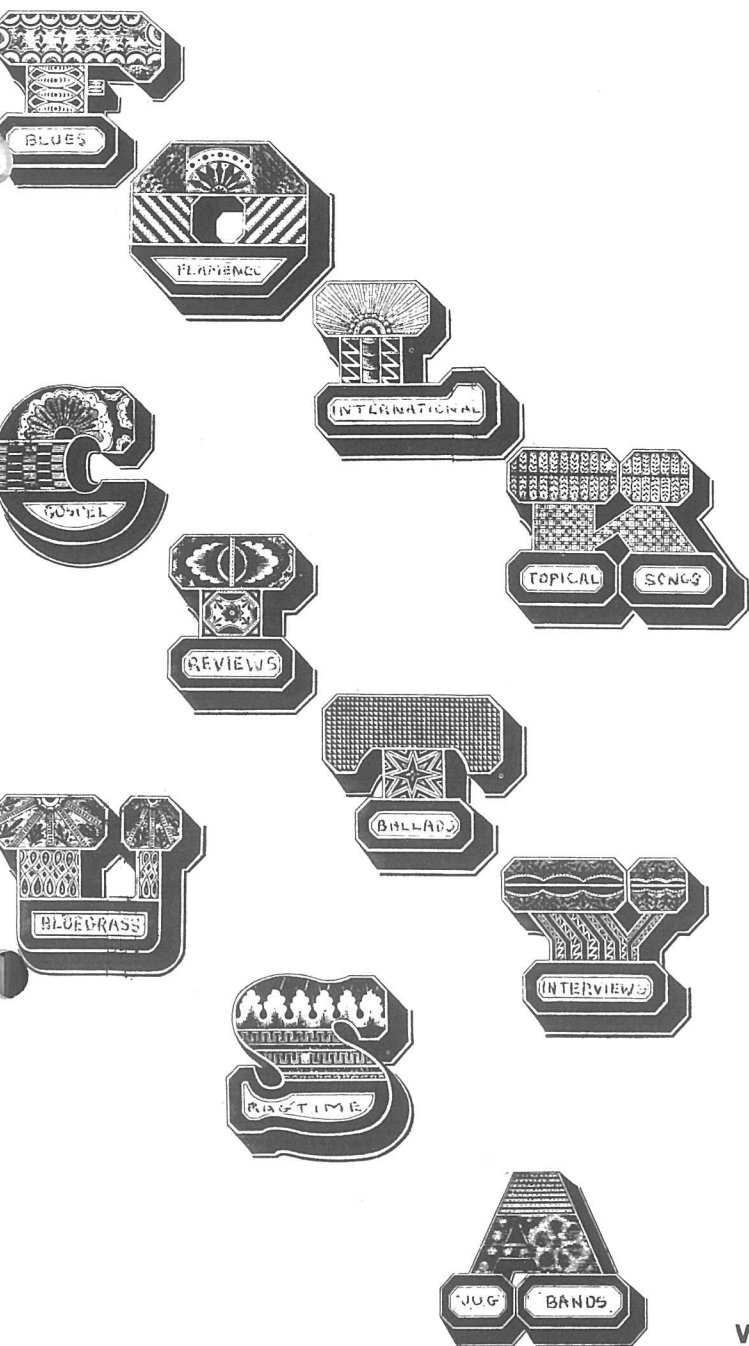
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Of interest especially to Boston readers, Pete Childs is no longer accompanying Odetta (Bruce Langhorn, her regular guitarist, is back on the scene), but is now working with Judy Collins. Pete may be doing some work with Bonnie Dobson on her next record also. John Sebastian is making some wild rock and roll records with Eric Jakobson (45's), so keep an ear out for them. Dave Van Ronk is currently in Chicago at Mother Blue's, will be back in a week or so.

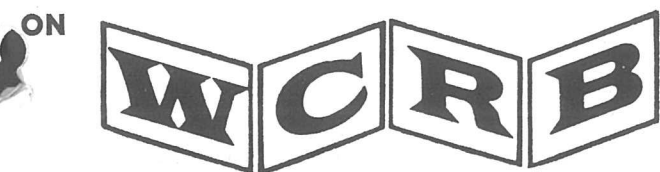
Now Laurence Kurland's article in the Oct. 28th issue of BROADSIDE deserves a little more attention, since I obviously failed to make my point, and that might be my fault, not his. On the other hand, I don't think Mr. Kurland made HIS point, since I am not in the least convinced. First of all let me assure you, Mr. Kurland, and anyone else for that matter, that I am thoroughly familiar with both the musicology and especially the historic development of folk music in America, although I don't claim to be an expert on either. Sufficient to the cause, however, and you'll just have to take my word for it. Now, then. If we eliminate the three or four paragraphs of generalities in Mr. Kurland's article, we are left with only a few specific points to consider. One certainly DOES find in a true instrument has taken the part of a second voice, still only an accompaniment to the song, which after all is the most important thing. To say that any instrument transcends its "mere existence as an instrument" is patently ridiculous and needs no further comment. Since Mr. Kurland admits that there is no longer any significant oral tradition in America, his main point seems to be that the reinterpretation of folk music constitutes progress. I disagree, since this is only a particular performer's way of doing an old song, not something new altogether. If it was something entirely new it would no longer be the same song or even folk music, as anyone can see from the current popularization Mr. Kurland reasonably condemns. Dave Van Ronk, one of the musicians cited in the article, would be the first to say that a reinterpretation of folk music does not constitute progress or a "future" for folk music, in fact this is one of the reasons that he is concentrating more and more upon jazz and all its vocal and instrumental ramifications.

Since I'm running out of space I would like to say lastly that something so intricately interwoven with the culture of this country as its folk music cannot assume a "new place" in that same culture. The time when folk music was a growing, viable part of that culture has passed, just as the conditions necessary for it to remain viable have passed. And that, Mr. Kurland, indicates that folk music is going nowhere, simply because it has no place to go.



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BRAVO SERRANO

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Juan Serrano proves himself more than just a flamenco guitarist on his newest record. With the exception of the first band, side one is devoted to compositions by Mr. Serrano which, although indisputably Spanish and showing a substantial flamenco influence, also reveal a sizeable knowledge of classical and contemporary music for the guitar. Of these compositions, the reviewer was most impressed by two -- Memories of Carmen Amaya and Rumores Del Convento. The first is a somber piece, evoking memories of "la negrada de la noche," the blackness of Andalusian night, of its inhabitants, the gypsies, themselves children of the night, and

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Broadside

of Carmen Amaya, herself a gypsy and one of the foremost cantaoras of all time. The second, somewhat lighter in tone, draws largely upon the flamenco form "Alegrias por Rosas" for its inspiration. In this piece a simple melody wanders from bass to treble, pauses at times, and then, finding new life within itself, continues on to a gentle anticlimactic ending.

The second side of the record is devoted to Mr. Serrano's own interpretations of traditional flamenco forms. Of these the Soleares (last band) is outstandingly meaningful. This, most basic of all flamenco forms, gains new depth and delicacy in the hands of Mr. Serrano. Note should also be made of the dulcieras (side one band one) on this record. This is a fine example of the Spanish taste and sense of humor so often lost in western recordings of this Flamenco form.

Needless to say, Mr. Serrano's technique is impeccable throughout the record.

Jose Stevens-Martinez

HAPPY ALL

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There are few guitarists who can lay claim to the rarefied strata in which Spence operates. There is no guitarist who can sustain his style for any time, except Spence. His flowing staccato, punctuated with gem after gem of musical surprises, makes his performances some of the most exciting on record.

I'm amazed that the jazz buffs haven't discovered Joseph Spence yet. This is folk jazz. Spence will start off simply, outlining the melody and its rhythm, and then he begins to dazzle you with incredible improvisations on theme, rhythm, and harmonies.

What at first seems to be grunting in the background often seems to resolve itself into a counter-melody to the guitar voice.

Spence, and this record, is an experience you owe yourself.

dave wilson

Reviews



THE BLUES - Vols. One, Two, Three

Vol. 1 - Chuck Berry, Lowell Fulson, Buddy Guy, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Vol. 2 - Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Buddy Guy, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Otis Rush, Muddy Waters, and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Vol. 3 - Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Elmore James, Little Milton, Little Walter, Jimmy Rogers, Washboard Sam, Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Argo LP-4026, LP-4027, LP-4034

This is a pretty accurate picture of the urban Negro blues scene, especially in the Chicago area. Most of the cuts are by singers who matured in the 40's and have dominated Chicago blues ever since (exceptions: if Waters is in the middle, Williamson and Washboard Sam were earlier, Berry, Diddley, and Rush, later). The performances have been culled largely from the catalogue of Chicago's Chess Records, and a few were r & b hits.

Vol. 2 is the best of the three and probably belongs on the shelf beside Elektra's *The Blues Project* (EKL-264). These are good blues, but pay special attention to Hooker's "Sugar Mama" and "Evil" by Howlin' Wolf (this is one of Hooker's best and Wolf is almost always exciting). Diddley's contribution is "I'm a Man." Little Walter, another bluesman who claims to have written "Keys To The Highway," performs well on "Key" and on "Blues With a Feeling." Waters' "Got My Mojo Working" was recorded at Newport.

Vols. 1 and 3 are spottier and both are marred by bad cuts, most notably those by Hooker, Little Walter, and Jimmy Rogers. Vol. 3 has three numbers, though, which probably make it a must anyway: Wolf's "I Asked For Water," Williamson's "Fattening Frogs For Snakes," and a fantastic "Diggin' My Potatoes" by Washboard Sam. Vol. 1 has two more by Wolf, "Hoochie Coochie Man" by Williamson. Witherspoon and Berry contribute professional performances throughout. The other cuts can pretty safely be ignored.



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The recordings are about average technically; that is, not very high fidelity, but not especially muddled either (Hooker is characteristically highly distorted). Apparently these recordings are not available in stereo. The liner notes are uninformative, as there are no recording dates, no personnel, no nothing. Still, these LP's offer a good chance to consider a number of blues singers who might otherwise be largely ignored. Vol. 2 is highly recommended.

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).

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SONGS

Twelve to fifteen songs in each issue; folksongs, songs of other countries, new songs; with guitar chords. Among the songs which have appeared in past issues: The Hammer song, MTA, Michael Row the Boat Ashore, Peggy-O, First Time Ever I Saw Your Face, Doctor Freud, Where Have All The Flowers Gone, Water Is Wide, Wildwood Flower, etc.

FEATURE COLUMNS

Regular features in every issue of SING OUT! include Pete Seeger's column of personal comment, "Johnny Appleseed, Jr.," "Frets and Frails," by Israel Young, and reviews of new books and records relating to folk music.

LETTERS

SING OUT!'s "Letters to the Editor" pages are among the liveliest pages in each issue. They include reader comments on every phase of the folksong world, with no holds barred.

ARTICLES

Leading scholars, performers and critics write for SING OUT!. Feature articles concern folksong history, background on traditional singers, news of the folksong revival, discussions of controversial issues, etc. Among those whose articles have appeared in SING OUT! are Sam Hinton, John Jacob Niles, Ruth Rubin, Alan Lomax, A. L. Lloyd, Richard Dyer-Bennett, and many others.

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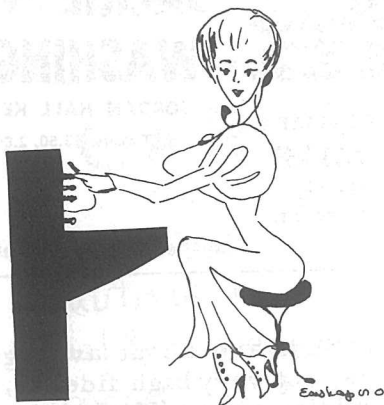
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Reviews



words and details that Elektra used to put out with their records?)

Theo Bikel has a rich and detailed enough knowledge of Yiddish language and literature to have done this descriptive work himself. Anyone else that so desires can easily find the necessary information if Theo wouldn't care to do it. A short synopsis of the history of the Yiddish Theatre, while welcome and interesting, is not enough.

How to Lose Things in Translation:

- (a) Work mechanically from a dictionary and
- (b) Oversimplify.

Summing up: I think that the point has been reached where this album will sell (a) because it is Theodore Bikel, (b) because the songs are yiddish in Yiddish, and (c) because these songs are Yiddish Theatre Classics (nostalgia market). Hmmmmmm....

...but the total effect is one of incompleteness:

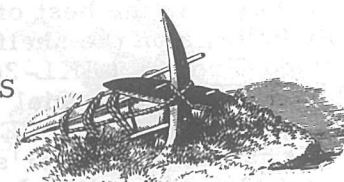
"Daddy, that was great what I just listened to ... What'd I just listen to, huh, Daddy?"

Tex König

ALL THE GOOD TIMES

Alice Stuart

Arhoolie F4002



Chris Strachwitz and his Arhoolie records has run up a score of fine records enviable to any recording company which cares about the artistic merit of its product.

Thus it is doubly disappointing that this release should be on Arhoolie. Even though Billboard has given the record and Alice Stuart their Special Merit plaudit, I find both of them to be in serious want.

It is not that Alice does not have a pleasant voice; she does. It is not that she is a pretentious singer; she is not. It is simply that there is no special reason evident on this record that would warrant its production and release. It is bland, bland, bland.

Her original material is trite. "Beatnik, Beatnik, that's what they call us, is Beatnik"; her phrasing is without distinction, and her occasional overenthusiasms are usually out of place.

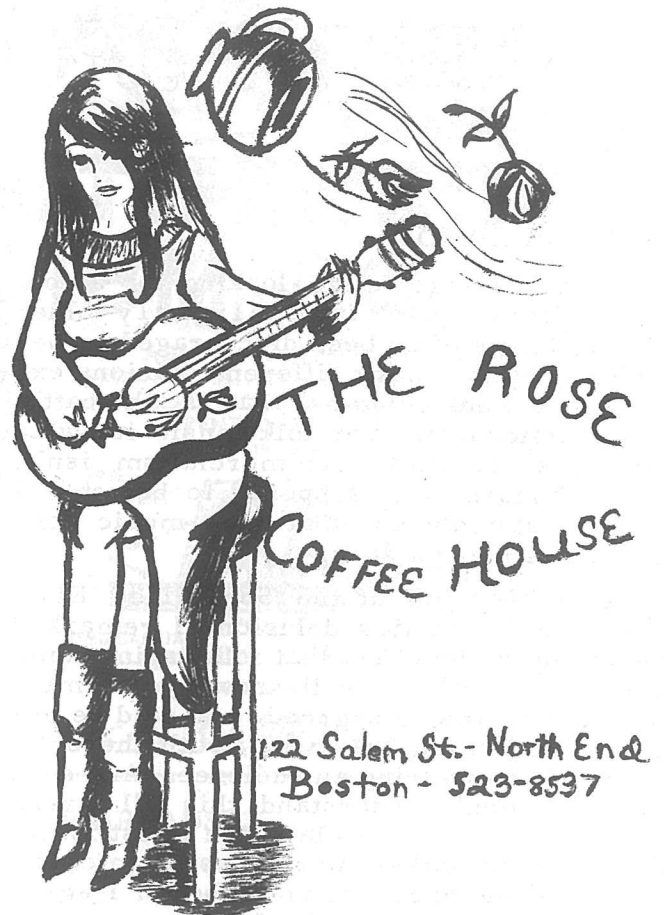
Perhaps it is only that Alice has recorded too soon. I'd guess it's probably at least a year too soon.

dave wilson

Notes from a Stanza Collector variant ed. freeman

A couple of days ago, I was listening to a rather commercial-dounding folk duo at a hoot in Boston; they had a very slick, slightly bland sound, somewhat lacking in that nebulous thing we call taste, but smooth, easily digestible and easy to listen to. Sort of Peterpaulandmaryish. Talking with one of the members of the duo afterwards, I said, almost by reflex action, that of course I couldn't stand their music because I was down on commercial music and all, but that I could at least appreciate the fact that they were doing their job well. (Shades of largesse...) Then later it occurred to me that, in fact, I had said that by "reflex action," that they were, in fact, pleasant to listen to, and that I had actually enjoyed hearing them. I was quicker to attack their shortcomings as musicians than I was to attack Blind Funk Earwax or whoever for his shortcomings as a musician, because it is Accepted and Hip to smear Peterpaulandmaryish sounds all over the map, and it is most definitely Not Accepted and Unhip to say anything even vaguely critical about Blind Earwax, because he is old and ethnic and, therefore, must be good, even if he's horrible. Add this to the fact that we as humans love to classify, type, categorize and judge everybody else (the Image, the Image...), especially if we don't know even enough about them to form any kind of opinion; and you come out with the makings for a whole mess of inane platitudes. Following are some excessively platitudinous Folk Platitudes which it would be well to re-examine:

1. All hootenanny records stink. Not so. Most do, but not all. (New Folk Platitude)
2. Joan Baez is ugly and can't play guitar. (An especially "in" platitude chez Harvard Square would-be hippies) Well, appreciation of physical beauty is a matter of personal taste, but it is disconcerting to note that this remark is most frequently bandied about by people who have never laid eyes on Joan Baez. As for her guitar playing, have you really listened to it lately? It's not bad.
3. Bob Dylan can't sing. Bullroar. If Dylan can't sing, neither can Louis Armstrong. Tonal quality is one thing, ability to sing is another. Maybe Dylan can't warble "aaahhh" as sweetly as Ricky Nelson, but he sure as hell can sing better.
4. The New Christy Minstrels are the scourge of folk music. Nonsense. The New Christy Minstrels don't pretend to be folk singers any more than their predecessors. The original Christy Minstrels were the 19th century equivalent of what we call pop music today; the new Minstrels are in much the same bag and, as such, are a damn sight better than most pop garbage.



5. Woody Guthrie is God, Woody Guthrie can do no wrong, Woody Guthrie is the Soul of America, Woody Guthrie knows all, sees all, sings all, there can be no greater than Woody Guthrie. Bird---t. Woody Guthrie is a man and, as such, has at least his share of human failings, he represents only one faction of American thought, he is just as narrow-minded in his own way as others are in theirs, a goodly proportion of his songs are unpoetic, unmusical, uninteresting dirges and a lot of pre- and post-Guthrie songs surpass the general quality of most of his work. This all-out adulation of Woody Guthrie has gone far enough. Good he was, prolific he was, saintly he was not.

Etc., etc., etc. The list could go on forever. Whether or not we agree in the end depends on personal tastes and opinions, and God forbid we should ever agree on everything. What I am screaming about is pigeon-holeization and black-or-white, all-or-nothing judgments as opposed to balanced, shaded opinion.

And I guess I feel a little guilty about what I said a couple of days ago - come back, commercial duo; I can't help it, I likes you.

DEAR BROADSIDE



DEAR BROADSIDE:

As a teen-age folkie looking for a folk music "philosophy" from slightly older folkies, I have often been discouraged or bewildered by the many different opinions expressed in your columns, that is, the battle of semantics over what folk music is, what bluegrass is, what commercialism isn't, what a performer is supposed to be, etc. I thought, stupidly so, that folk music consisted of singing a song.

Last May 2nd at the SomePlace Else, when I still had this delusion, I remarked something to the effect that folksinging came from the heart*. A well-known performer, overhearing me, disagreed, and said he believed performing was a job, with the obligation of entertaining an audience. And so it is, but I didn't understand this till I read Casey Anderson's article in the latest issue. What he said makes more sense to me than any argument over words, although I agree that "discussions" are healthy to a certain extent. With more articles like Casey Anderson's, I might actually become a full-fledged folkie performer.

Sincerely,
Nancy Fitzwilliam

*This is now incorrect. According to a recent medical journal, folk music comes from the bones.

DEAR BROADSIDE:

Come, come, Mr. Freeman, surely filling the air with verbal buckshot will guarantee a hit or two, but that too, fits your definition of "decadence."

In the spirit of friendly arguments,
H. R. Webb

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DEAR BROADSIDE:

As Bob Dylan says, "the times they are a 'chargin'", and when Ed Freeman launches one of his frequent attacks on the current "protest" writers, he had better expect retaliation.

Freeman cites that particular song as an example of generalization, complaining that too many contemporary writers commit this so-called sin. "The Times They Are A 'Chargin'", however, is not a protest song in the sense which Freeman discusses. Does the fact that one verse says children are beyond their parents' control call for PTA action? On the contrary, it is only an attempt to explain to the older generation the feelings of many members of this generation that the injustices in this country must not continue. I wonder what generation, if any, Mr. Freeman belongs to.

Freeman compares the current writers with Woody Guthrie, so I shall meet him on his own ground. Can he possibly assert that Guthrie's famous song about the immigrants in the California plane crash is any more specific than Dylan's "Oxford Town"? What is his definition of specific?

If I am mistaken, and Freeman can write better songs than Dylan, Ochs, Chandler, or anyone else, I sincerely wish he would.

Sincerely,
Dave Brooks

(If things continue as they appear to have started, we may have to initiate a Dear Ed Freeman Column. -- Ed.)

DEAR BROADSIDE:

Would appreciate it if you would mention Folk Music Pen Pal Bureau in BROADSIDE, so all its readers may benefit from this Bureau:

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Yours truly,
CaroleAnn Lovin, Ed.
FOLK FOLIO

DEAR BROADSIDE:

Hats off to Ed Freeman on his article about Protest Songs. I myself have long passed the fad of the Protest-folk song, now being entranced by Country Blues, Traditional Jazz, and R & B. Like Ed says, these Protest songs are pointless. I learned a few months ago (after making a damned fool of myself, which I have a knack at) not to protest unless you plan to do something about it.

The sincerity of many of the Folk-Protest singers can be easily detected by the personal sacrifices they have made. Now who, except Mark Spoelstra, has made any real attempt to stand by his convictions? Certainly not a "young female singer" who protests the paying of taxes for warfare, and does nothing further on her matter, because any further protesting and she would be in the klink.

And what about these two billion singers against war who feel it is alright to sing; but to claim C.O. is too risky, they might end up in jail with the real protesters.

Mr. Complaint is almost done now, but let me say this, It Is Great To Protest If You're Like Jesus and Are Willing To Be Crucified For It, but otherwise go back to singing Henry Martin and Mary Hamilton.

Yours truly,
Elliot Spring

P.S. If these singers really got to protest, let them become blues singers, then they can protest about what they really want (Wine, Women, & Money).

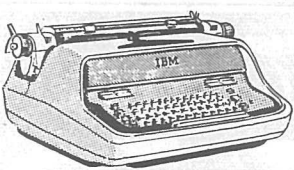
DEAR BROADSIDE:

In my opinion, BROADSIDE ranks among the best folk publications in circulation. There is, however, one complaint which I would like to submit concerning your "bi-weekly songster" Phil Ochs. Almost every one of his songs published in BROADSIDE is repetitiously and (to say the least) monotonously knocking down something about America. Argument is healthy, and criticism is generally constructive, but continuous protest is downright nauseating.

It is my view that if Mr. Ochs is so dissatisfied with this country, he should either "try singing 'This Land Is Your Land'" or buy a one way plane ticket to a country which would suit him better.

Sincerely yours,
Philip M. Dubuque

(Thanks for the accolades, Phil, but we think you are wrong about Phil Ochs. Topical singers, much like doctors, are concerned with diagnosis and prognosis of the patient. If they didn't care about the patient, they could ignore the disease.....ed.)




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DEAR BROADSIDE:

I have recently become the proud owner of a gift subscription to BROADSIDE! How did I ever get along without it?

Last issue, you reviewed the "Flick" here in Miami. The description you gave was perfect. Our three favorites of all the Folk Singers we yet have seen (and we go every chance we get!) are Vince Martin ("Tear Down the Walls" - Martin & Neal), Bob Ingram (whom you mentioned), and above all, Lisa Kindred, who, to our way of thinking, is the biggest breath of fresh air on the folk scene for an age!! We wish her well at the King's Rook in November. A really fantastic personality!

Keep up the good work of your very fine, badly needed publication!

Ethnicly yours,
Dale & Alex Gash
Miami, Fla.



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by Peter Stampfel



Among, ha ha, traditional folk music circles, everyone takes it for granted that one works out one's own musical arrangement or copies some traditional one. Copying traditional arrangements is, of course, how you learn how to play traditional folk music.

But, the majority of professional folk singers are incapable of working out their own arrangements. So they have other people do their arrangements for them. These people are usually professional arrangers who don't know much about traditional folk music. The same arrangers frequently arrange rock'n roll for professional rock'n roll singers who are incapable of working out their own arrangements. Because many arrangers have been working on rock'n roll for almost ten years, a lot of them have gotten very good indeed.

The rock'n roll/rhythm and blues artists who have the greatest popularity, however, are the ones who do their own arrangements and write a lot of their own songs. For example, Fats Domino, Ray Charles, Little

Richard, Chuck Berry, The Shirrels, The Four Seasons, and the Beatles.

The longer folk music is around, the more selective people will become concerning it. History is on our side. And the taste of the early teen group that buys so many records keeps improving. Not to mention the taste of children. In the lower east side, where I live, there are a lot of young people singing in the streets by one's, two's, or in groups -- singing with strange harmonies! -- some of them seven or eight years old! -- really singing together! -- interestingly! -- little girls singing Beatle songs and getting all the notes right! Things are getting very strange very quickly.

By now, most of you have probably noticed the development of the old-timey costume. As far as I can make out, it started in the late 50's, when leather, vests, and boots started becoming popular, this being concurrent with the peasant look for girls.

Take those little wire shades, for example. Several women's magazines were touting them last summer. The old-timey costume is having more of an influence on popular fashions. There is nothing remarkable about this development; American styles have always been inspired mainly by foreigners, Bohemians, Negroes, and homosexuals -- also musicians and prostitutes. Simply because these groups are more inventive in their way of dressing than most Americans.

The Beatles and the Rolling Stones are in a related clothing scene. As an example, look at the outward similarity in the appearance of the Rolling Stones and Kweskin's Jug Band. Naturally, you or I could tell them apart six blocks away, but as far as most people are concerned, "they all look alike." Like Negroes and Beatniks. The coming thing is a combination of the Beatles' look and the old-timey look. World sure is getting strange.

Whenever I've been in Boston, many people have asked where I learned those songs and "where do you hear music like that?" The main place I found out about traditional American folk music was listening to the Folkways anthology of American folk music, which is six LP records containing 84 selections, all taken from old (1925-1933) 78 rpm records. The records are put out by Folkways, the serial numbers are FA 2951 (a-b), FA 2951 (c-d), FP 252, FP 253, FA 2952, FA 2953.

Anyway, buy all these records. Play them all the time, for years. They will probably sound strange at first (the first time I heard one of the records, I went on a hysterical laughing and rolling on the floor jag, which lasted at least ten minutes). After a few hearings, you'll get used to them. Read the accompanying booklet, which is funny as hell.

In closing, these records have changed my life. A lot of other people's, too. That's how good they are. I wish these records would be played constantly in every American home.

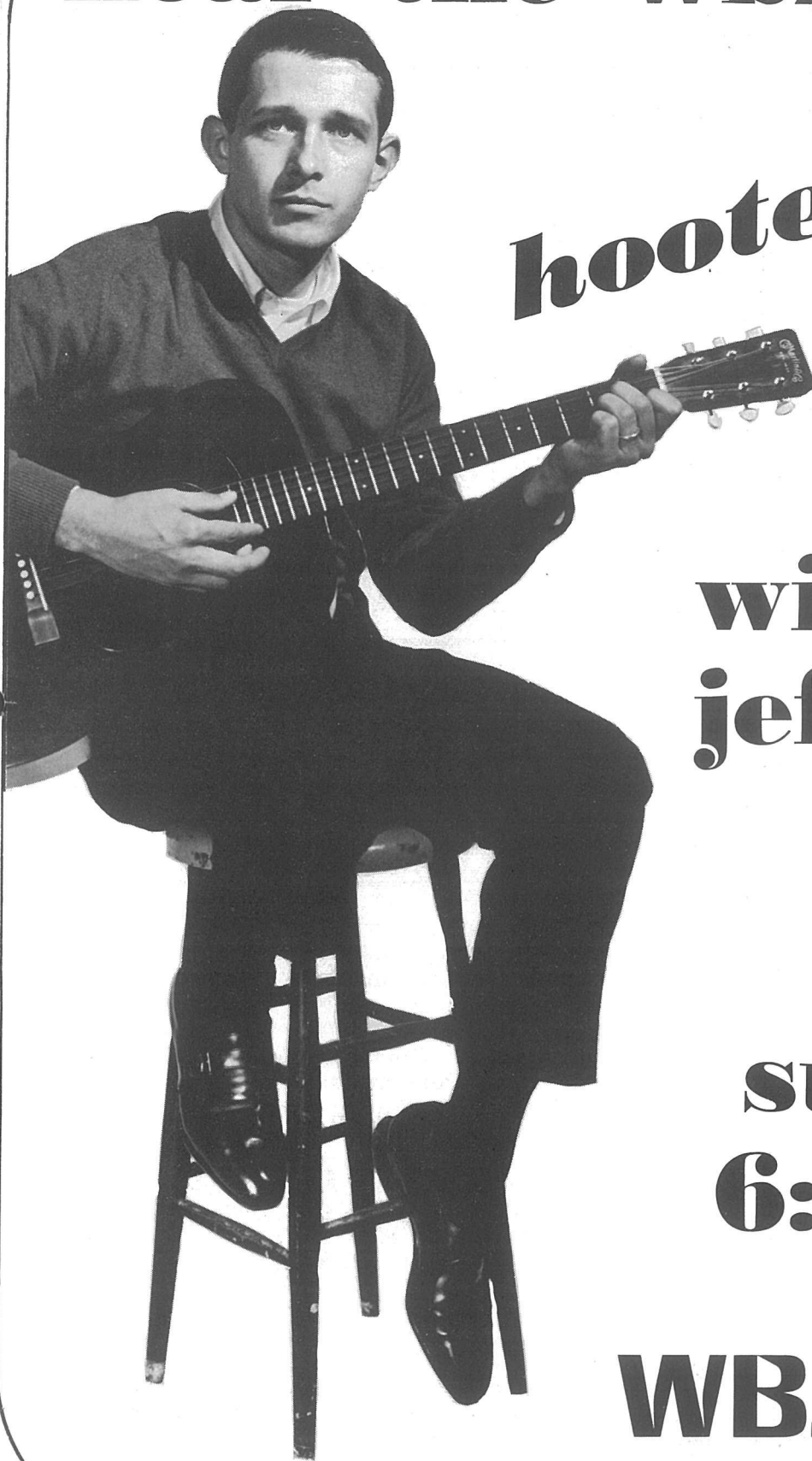
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