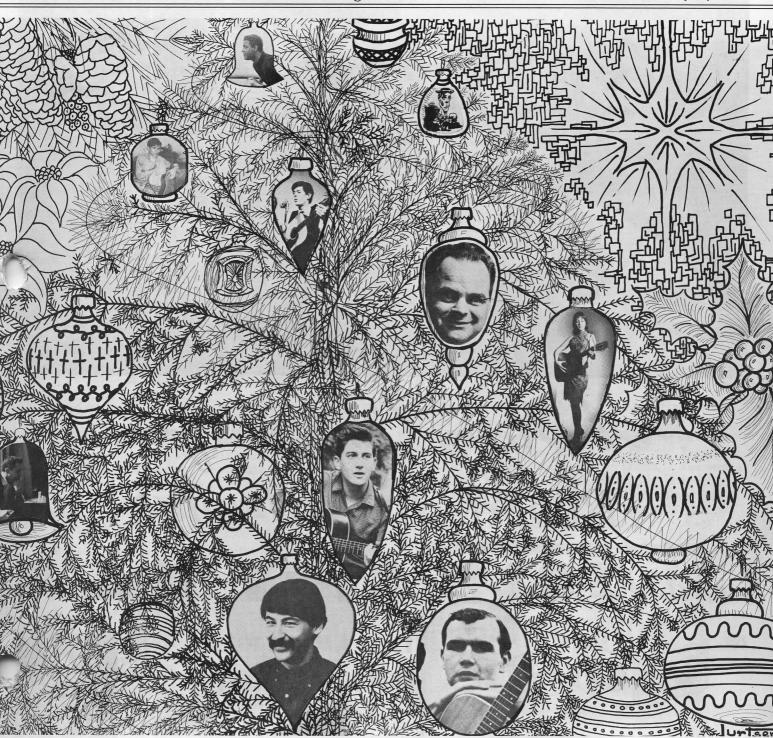
THE BRUADSIDE

OF BOSTON

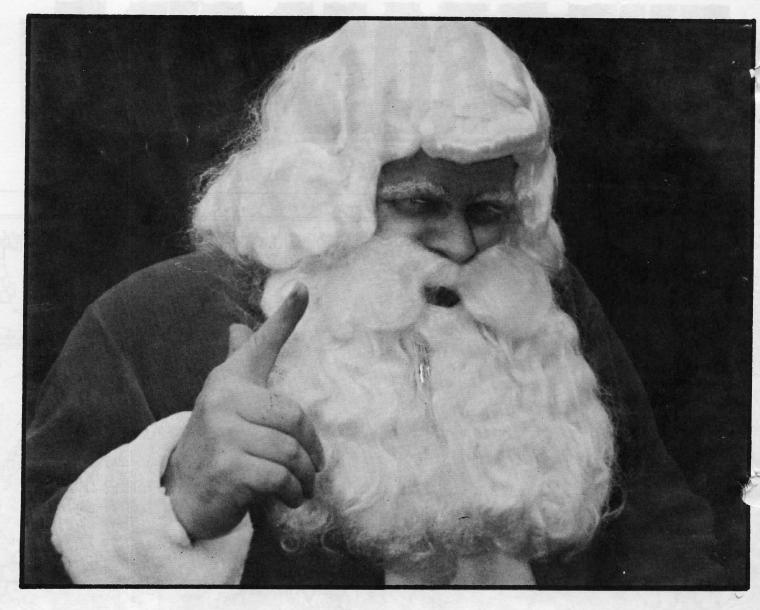
Volume III, No. 21

Cambridge, Massachusetts

December 23, 1964



FOLK MUSIC AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS 🕱 TWENTY CENTS



A Merry Christmas from Robert J Lurtsema

and FOLK CITY USA





LISTEN FRIDAY NIGHTS FROM 11:15 PM TO 1:00 AM

Vol. III No. 21

December 23, 1964

145 Columbia Street Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Phone: 868-9788

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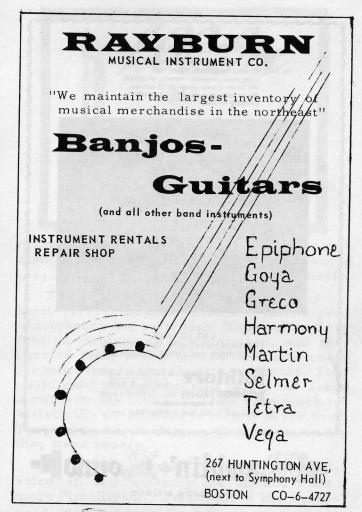
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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Hith Santa Clauses rampant on the city streets, and only the very hippest able to tell the difference between aesthetic atrocities and Christmas decorations, we would like to take this moment away from our usual preoccupation with folkmusic and its personalities to speak to you on amore personal level.

It takes little perspicacity to note that there is a wide gap between the professed and the manifest image of this season's meaning. Knowing what, if anything, can be done about it is a whole lot harder.

So, for a Christmas wish, we ask for ourselves, as well as for all our readers and friends and even for those who know nothing of us or us of them, that somehow in this coming year we will each be endowed with a little more understanding of ourselves and our fellow man, that the love of which we are each capable will be a little bit greater this time next year. That would be a real Christmas present.





FOLKLORE PRESENTS "REALLY SING THE BLUES"

The stage of the John Hancock Hall will provide the springboard for one of the Folklore Concert Series' biggest attractions this year when Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, Rev. Gary Davis, Barbara Dane, Johnny Hammond, and Eric Von Schmidt combine talents to "Really Sing the Blues." The concert will take place on Friday night, January 8th and will start at 8:30 pm.

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w/dave wilson

For a little over a month, I have been sharpening my razor-edged remarks, distilling my most vitriolic and acidic tone, and looking forward to forming some sort of reply to Gene Lee and his article The Folk Bomb which was printed in the Nov. HiFi/Stereo.

Could be that I'm getting old and mellow; but all of a sudden, I just don't really care about Gene Lee or his opinion and can't really be concerned with his mistakes. I guess that if readers of his article can't see the holes in it, there is little that I can say to make them any more evident.

What I would like to talk a bit about is a letter I received a few weeks ago from one of our readers. She wrote to complain about the treatment she received from a talent manager.

Evidently, this young lady had something rather personal which she wanted to communicate to a performer who is of national stature. In order to get an address to which she could write, she first called the performer's manager. The manager refused to give her the address and suggested that she send her letter to his office and he would forward it. Our young reader was outraged by this, and evidently the phone conversation between manager and reader became rather warm if not friendly.

My first thought upon reading the letter was to file it and forget it. But something about the young lady's desire to have her letter printed and to have the manager properly scourged begged me to make some sort of explanation. So I thought about it some.

The problem at last seemed to boil down pretty much to the function of a manager. More specifically, it resolved itself to one of the functions of a manager of a performer who is so much in the public eye that he has little life or privacy for himself.

People who have never had their privacy continually and constantly invaded have little idea how precious their privacy is. One of the most valuable functions that a manager can serve is to act as a buffer between the body of well-meaning but entirely out-of-line fans who wish to impose themselves into the life of a performer they admire. It is not an easy function to fulfill. The demands made upon him come from many, many directions, and each petitioner feels that he is entitled to a hearing and preferential consideration. I'm sorry my friends, t'ain't so.

My suggestion to the young lady who wrote to me is that she accept the suggestion of the manager she spoke to, and address her letter in care of his office. She may be surprised to find that it works out very well that way.

Anyway, I wish her, and Gene Lee, an all of you, especially those of you who take the time to comment on these articles and BROADSIDE, an awfully happy Holiday.

47 HOLDS BENEFIT FOR HOBART

Club 47 held a benefit hoot for Hobart Smith on Monday night, December 14th. Many regular 47-Club performers as well as others took part.

The proceeds will be sent to help pay for expenses incurred by the recent hospitalization of Hobart after he suffered a stroke. If anyone would care to help by contributing a donation, this may be sent to: Hobart Smith, c/o Club 47, 47 Palmer Street, Cambridge, Mass. It would be very much appreciated.

PETE SEEGER



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I*n Fl*m*ng did a whole thing on it in the last of the James Bond thrillers. Dashingly clever devil, that double-naught seven. He exploited an old premise that any good confidence man worth his weight in deception is more than hip to....simply that snobbery is one of man's greatest vices, and hence, one of his greatest weaknesses.

It is naive to think of snobbery flourishing only in the ivory towers of the blue-bloods. A quick look around reveals snobbery everywhere.... in all walks of life.... in every field of endeavor.

So many people harbor a desperate need to feel superior, particularly to other people; and when they can't find legitimate reasons to justify their superiority and worth, they'll latch onto whatever's handy. Though many snobs are harmless, this particular kind of snob, in addition to being a pain in the kvane, can cause real trouble. Their problem is simply that they couldn't actually produce if their lives depended on it....they just talk a big game. But then again, if they rould produce, they probably wouldn't be snobs. Would they?

Snobs can weaken and kill an art form, and we surely have our share of them in the folk field. I've been fighting these dum-dums ever since I've been in the business, and I'll continue to fight them because I don't want to see the folk snob kill folk music like the jazz snob killed jazz.

This is what always happens when the snob is allowed to infiltrate and "elevate" the art form above and beyond the understanding and appreciation of the masses, and make it his own precious little in-group thing over which he and his fellow snobs are the principal, if not sole, guardians and administrators. The danger in this should be quite obvious because the snob himself exists under the handicap of his own inability to really contribute anything truly worthwhile.

I can remember when the masses thought jazz was a swinging thing. They loved it because they could understand it and appreciated its components. There were plenty of good jazz joints around the country, and if a jazz musician could only play in three keys and keep the beat, he could make a fairly decent living. There was a lot of good jazz on the juke boxes too, and the jazz giants of the day were almost as well known as the current heavyweight boxing champ. I can remember the wonderful excitement of the jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, and I can remember



many a youngblood wanting to be a jazz musician more then anything else in the world back when jazz was a thing of the people.

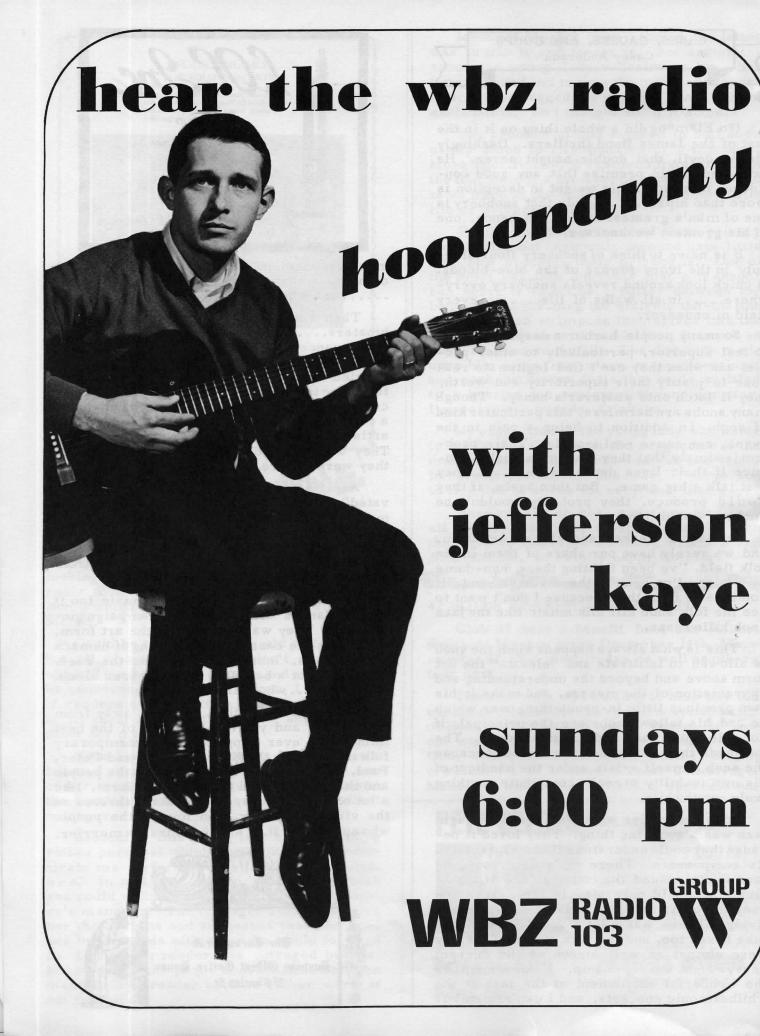
Then came the new breed....the hip hipsters....the jazz snobs with their dapper countenance and their tight little suits. They fancied themselves academicians, and they carried their music around in attache cases far more than in their hearts and heads. They could read the hell out of a chart, but sound a riff from the soul.... They were much too artistically constipated to blow it in the wind, They were so, so hip ... they were so hip they were square.

And what happened to jazz? They "elevated" it, and "emancipated" it, and made it more "intelligent," and gave it "a little class" and the people don't dig it so much anymore. It is too stilted, and too sterile, and more often than not, it ignores the soul from which it sprang.

All this can happen to folk music too if the folk snobs are allowed to campaign unchecked. They want to inbreed the art form; and, as is the case in the breeding of humans and animals, inbreeding weakens the race. So you've got a bona fide thoroughbred kleeb. Big deal....what else is he?

The wrap-up is this. Take it away from the people, and you kill it. Two of the best things that ever happened to contemporary folk music were the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul, and Mary. They took it to the people and the people loved them. An art form, like a lot of other things, survives and thrives on the virility, vitality, and love of the people who appreciate it... and the more the merrier.







MISSISSIPPI'S COUNTRY BLUES SINGERS

Mississippi will be the richest state by 1966. They've capitalized on their natural home-grown talent to bring revenues into the state coffers. They export folksingers. To qualify for exportation, a candidate must be 91 years old or 88 if he can prove he's blind; 86 if he has a bad cold or asthma which adds the tortured and abused quality to any voice. Best of all is a blind asthmatic who can sing out of state at age 83. There was one isolated case of a blind, crippled, asthmatic, toothless Negro from somewhere in the Delta who passed the state exam and was exported to New York at the incredible age of 26. He was accorded a ticker tape welcome up Broadway and presented with a solid gold iron lung filled with thunderbird wine.

The state collects 90% on all fees up to \$1,000. Out of this comes the percentage due the New York "hippie" folk managers who double as scum-lords. Any fees over \$1000 and the singer owes the state two bales of hand-picked cotton.

Young Negroes throughout the state are urged to start singing "Blues" at the earliest possible age and for greater inspiration, public beatings and flagellations have become popular.

Resentment springs up throughout the north among urban Negro singers who desperately wish they had been born in Mississippi. Young, northern whites are particularly frustrated. They've got color and geography against them. Suicidal tendencies are found chiefly among young, white, northern, Jewish lads who have absolutely too much against them and refuse to adjust to Theo Bikel.

Among the most famous of Mississippi's exports are Wee Willie Wee Wee, 84 years old and born in slavery in 1880 because his family lived deep in the Delta and hadn't heard about Lincoln's thing.

Elvis Presley, a most prominent lumi nary, who lives in suburban Memphis and "passes." Only 82 but tremendously hip.

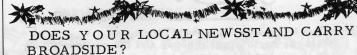
And last but not least, John Hurt, affectionately known as "Mississippi." From Brooklyn of Jewish and Polish parents who were speculators and moved to Mississippi, and changed color when John was only 81. He's 140 now and is still losing weight because his fees are so high he owes the state 1300 bales of cotton.



CHRISTMAS FOLK FESTIVAL

The Christmas Season will be celebrated with a Folk Song Festival in Johns Island, S. C., on Saturday night December 26th and Sunday afternoon December 27th. Artists will include the Moving Star Hall Singers (who appeared at Newport earlier this year), the Travelling Echoes, Guy Carawan, Bessie Jones, Georgia Sea Island Singers, New York Folk Singers, and Southern Freedom Singers. A special on Sunday will feature Isaac Hayward and his "Gospel Sound" program, and many other guest artists.

Donations received at the concerts will be used for community improvements.

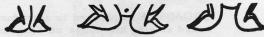


If not, why not? Ask them. If they are interested, have them contact BROADSIDE, P O. Box 65, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



THREE CATS PHOTOS
PHOTOS FOR PUBLICATION

26 WADSWORTH STREET ALLSTON 34, MASS.





Notes from the stanza collector

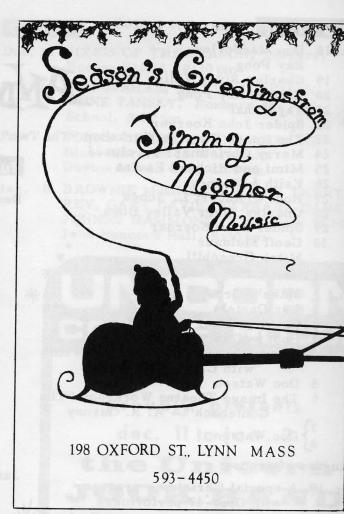
Question (an old one). How far can an artist (folksinger, in this case) go in search of public acceptability, in opposition to his own values, before he violates his own integrity?

Answer. Pretty damn far. This question has come up time and time again in connection with the Hootenanny TV show, Ivy League Folk Music, and "why-a-folksinger-whomakes-a-hundred-thousand-bucks-a-yearcan't-afford-to-patch-his-dungarees." Here follows an opinion If one's only purpose as an artist is creation, then any compromise (which communication usually entails) is a violation of one's values and therefore the worst sin an artist can commit. However, most artists are equally concerned with communicating their expression, which is the reason why painters exhibit their paintings, why writers publish their writings, and why folksingers sing their songs in public. Also, many artists are concerned with communicating their expression to the greatest number of people, which is why painters allow their paintings to be reproduced (even at a certain loss in quality), why writers publish their works in popular magazines (even at a certain loss in stature), and why folksingers comb their hair, sing into microphones and cut a verse here and there in the "Twa Corbies" (eighty odd verses in the unexpurgated version), even though these measures may mean going against one's own sense of esthetics.

Communicating to an already primed, hip in-group is never difficult - sort of like scratching somebody's back when and where he wants it scratched - it doesn't need much persuasion. Finding out when and where he wants his back scratched may be an art in itself (witness the arrival of the Beatles), but that's not the question here. What we are concerned with is communicating to an unprimed, un-hip out-group, the group that really matters because it happens to be bigger in numbers, and the same tactics apply here as in trying to sell somebody on Shakespeare when all he's interested in to begin with is Reader's Digest - if Shakespeare has any real quality, it isn't going to be impaired seriously by changing a word here and there and publishing it in Raw Guts magazine - it may disgust a few literaticians, but the taxi drivers will end up digging it. Likewise, Dylan would not be strangled by a coat and tie any more

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than he is by a socially acceptable stage name (Peter, Paul and Mary did more to popularize Dylan than Dylan ever did), and superficial social acceptability would make him and others accessible to people who otherwise might not hear them out - looking, as they do, like irresponsible, anti-social beatniks. (Dirty, dirty word.)

Besides, Mr. Dylan, Suburbia has more Buying Power (\$\$\$) than do Folkies.

Say I, scratching my mangy beard.



Thinking of a Concert?

Why not let BROADSIDE help you?

We would be glad to advise and help you make arrangements for your school, college, or organization.

Call Dave Wilson at 491-8675 or write:

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Club 47, Inc. dial: UN 4-3266 Dec. 18 Don MacSorley Ray Pong 19 Charles River Valley Boys 20 Hoot w/Ray Pong 21 Taj Mahal 22 Spider John Koerner 23 The Image Theatre Workshop "The Two" 24 Merry Christmas! ... closed 25 Mimi and Richard Farina 26 Keith & Rooney 27 Hoot w/Robert L. Jones

28 Charles River Valley Boys

31 Happy New Year! ... closed

2 Charles River Valley Boys

4 Film "Private Life of Henry VIII"

6 The Image Theatre Workshop "The

with Charles Laughton

Comeback" - A. R. Gurney

3 Hoot w/Don MacSorley

Dec. 19 A special Christmas program

with Club-47 performers

29 Spider John Koerner

Mitch Greenhill

30 Geoff Muldaur

1 Spike's Group

5 Doc Watson

Doc Watson

Saturday afternoon

Les Daniels

Jan.

AND COFFEE TOO



Turk's head

dial: 227-3524

Dec. 18 Rogelio Reyes

19 afternoon: Taj Mahal (SNCC concert) evening: Ray Pong

20 afternoon: Gil de Jesus evening: (8-10 pm) Andy Caponigro, Classic (10-12 pm) Joel Cohen, Lute

21 Ray Pong 22] Taj Mahal

23 Jesse Lee Kincaid

24 Sylvia Mars 25 Steve Koretz

26 Anne Tansey

27 afternoon: Gil de Jesus evening: Andy Caponigro, Jazz Guitar

28 Ray Pong 29 Seekels

30 Sylvia Mars

31 Carl Watanabe

Jan. 1 Steve Koretz

2 Anne Tansey



Judy I

20 Open 21 Hoot

22 Open

23 to be a

24 Merry

26 Silver

28 Hoot

29 Open I

30 Carl V

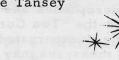
31 Rolf C

The M

Ed Fr

25

27



The Loft dial LA 3-8433

Dec. 18 Phil Rhodes

20 closed

21 John Rowlingson

22 Steve Hall Jazz Trio

23 Carol Crist

Merry Christmas to all!

26 Phil Rhodes

27 closed

28 John Rowlingson

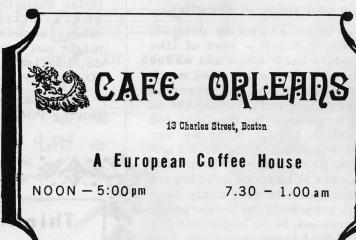
29 Steve Hall Jazz Trio

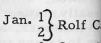
30 Carol Crist

31 closed

1 to be announced

2 Phil Rhodes





Open I 4 Hoot

Open I

Carl W

the freebies ...









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ristmas! ... closed

af Gospel Singers

The Rose dial: 523-8537

19* Pat Vaquer

20 closed Tom Hayes

22 Hoot & Auditions

23 Carole Martin

Merry Christmas! ... closed

26 Bob Gahtan

27 closed

Tom Hayes

Hoot & Auditions

30 Gil de Jesus

Happy New Year! ... closed Jan. 1

2 Johnny O'Dea

* Dec. 19 - All proceeds will be donated to Globe Santa.

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Unicorn dial 262-9711

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Jerome McMurray Dec. 22 - Jan. 3 Sandy Baron

Jan. 5 - Jan. 17 Rolf Cahn Dick Glass

Every Monday Sunday Aft;

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- Dec. 18 SONGS OF THE SEASON, Library, Boston YMCA, 8:30 pm
- Dec. 29 TAJ MAHAL, WALT BJORKMAN, ANNE TANSEY, Foxboro Jr. High School, 8.00 pm
- Jan. 8 SONNY TERRY, JOHN HAMMOND; Blues Harmonica Workshop Boston Music Co., 2:00 pm
- Jan. 8 BROWNIE McGHEE & SONNY TERRY, REV. GARY DAVIS, BARBARA DANE, JOHNNY HAMMOND, ERIC VON SCHMIL John Hancock Hall, 8.30 pm

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AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

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LEARN DELTA BLUES

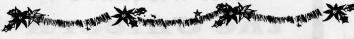
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w Classifieds w

For Sale: New York Martin, small, rosewood, good condition; \$125. Call Eliot Kenin, 876-6265.

5-String Banjo with resonator. Must sell by end of year, best offer. 868-9788, ask for Bill.

For Sale: Banjo, Gibson Mastertone, new condition with case. \$275, or best offer. See Dick at 18 Clinton Street, Cambridge (near Central Square) - evenings.

For Sale: Martin 0-15, \$125, mint condition, with case. Call Roy Raja, 259-9379 for a viewing appointment.

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Tickets: \$3.50, 2.80, 2.20

Send mail orders with stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Folklore Productions, P. O. Box 227, Boston

"THE TWO" CONTINUES AT CLUB 47

The time is the present, the place a dingy room in New York City. The characters are two Southerners, a Caucasian man and a Negro woman. The conflict is love, the kind of love that involves commitment. One character lacks the ability to commit-to make any commitments to himself. His "out" is obvious - the racial excuse.

"The Two", written by Lance Belville, is being presented by The Image Theatre Workshop Wednesday evenings at 8 & 10 p.m. through December 23, at the Club 47. Director Paul Austin has done a fine job of staging the play. Its emotional content is well projected by actors Spaulding Gray and Judy Johnson.

This writer found the presentation to be a powerful experience. Others in the audience were obviously affected, also. As the lights went out, there was a painful silence, broken by nervous laughter only when the director announced that the actors would return in a few minutes. (Each performance is followed by an informal discussion.)

The Workshop is devoting the entire season to new plays. Auditions are open.

janet chartier

THE RESERVE WHEN THE WAY WERE THE WAY WAS A WAY WAY

HIPPINESS IS

- ... being arrested in Hazard, too.
- ... being the one that Bobby smiled at from stage.
- ... being the reason everyone else is going to the party.
- ... having gone to school with Joan.
- ...having an album by John Fahey! John Fahey! John Fahey!
- ... being pointed out in a restaurant.
- ... owning a copy of the first issue of BROADSIDE.
- ... knowing someone who knows someone who knows Woody.
- ... having been at the first Newport Folk Festival.
- ... having original Bessie Smith recordings.
- ... being funky without having to work at it.
- ... being stared at in the Bick.
- ... smoking Gauloises because you really like them.
- ...not having to order because the waitress already knows what you want.
- ... not being recognized because you're wearing a jacket and tie.

barry e. mushlin



There used to be a popular song that said, "you always hurt the one you love." I think Oscar Wilde said it earlier, in Reading Gaol: "Each man kills the thing he loves." He doesn't, to my recollection, tell us why this is; but there can be little doubt that a lot of people destroy, or attempt to destroy, the very things which could make them happy. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that few of us take the time to know ourselves and consequently have no idea of what happiness, or love, actually is. We find ourselves in a relationship which we both desperately want

and fear; we fear we will prove inadequate, or will be made to look foolish, and none of our previous experiences offer any evidence to the contrary(I was inadequate; therefore, I am inadequate.) Maybe we're so preoccupied with our role as participant that we never learn the identity of the one we love. A few people have asked me whether this song was any indication of trouble between my wife and me. Told that it wasn't, they would sometimes ask how a person happy with his marriage could write a song like this. The answer is fairly simple. All it involves is a little imagination, projection, and a remembrance of times when things didn't work out. One tries to say to himself, when writing the song, "If it ever went wrong this is how I would feel."





- As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin' 'round and 'round, 'round and 'round. Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin' Underground, underground.
- 3. You've got reasons aplenty for goin', This I know, this I know. For the weeds have been steadily growing, Please don't go, please don't go.
- As I lie in my bed in the morning, Without you, without you. Each song in my breast dies a-borning, Without you, without you.
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In terms of value, this is a release of which you should take special note. It contains four LPs, eight sides, and dozens of performers. It sells for less than what it would cost to buy only two regular LPs.

It is an excellent representation of the major areas of folk music available on today's record market. It is my personal choice for gift-giving to those people whom I'm sure would find a lot to like in folk music if they had something representative to listen to. Dig it.

dave wilson

THE JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK

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Broadside

REVEREND ROBERT WILKINS

Memphis Gospel Singer Piedmont 13162

Here is a real surprise. We have heard many rediscovered bluesmen at or near their old-time peak, and some who have deteriorated, but here is the first case of clear improvement with added years. Somehow Wilkins has evolved from a spineless, overly delicate blues singer (1928) to a full-throated religious singer who plays and sings with freshness, taste, and vitality. This is easily the best traditional Negro religious music to be heard today anywhere.

"Jesus Will Fix It Alright" and "Do Lord" are surging vocals at moderately rapid tempos which are only slightly marred by excessive textual repetition. "Just A Closer Walk With Thee" is given a strange treatment with polytonal implications and has a strong fascination value. "Thank You Jesus" is an impressive instrumental.

Best of all is "The Prodigal Son" a 9 or 10 minute epic which, like "A Closer Walk," is totally unique in folk music. The depth of this piece, both textual and musical, can only be bettered by the best of Blind Willic Johnson's recordings in the recorded history of Negro religious music.

This is the best record from a superior record company. Worthy of attention even by those who would not normally consider a record in this style.

Al Wilson

* **



FOLK SONG FEST

James Leisy

Sam Fox Publishing Co. Inc.

When I reviewed Mr. Leisy's collection of songs for Gold Medal a few issues ago, one of the prime merits I considered was its This collection has no more to recommend itself, and costs twice as much as the former.

I think that its subtitle, "Songs and Ideas for Performance Artistry" is more than a little misleading. Most performers would have known and used or rejected practically all the songs in this collection.

The addition of Banjo and Guitar chord charts does not warrant the increase in price.

Martha Heyward

Zeviews.



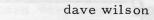
ENGLISH SHEPHERD AND FARMING SONGS

Bob and Ron Copper

Folk Legacy FSB-19

If stagey interpretations by polished performers is the music closest to your heart, give this record a wide berth. If, on the other hand, you can derive pleasure from the geniality inspired by two people who sing songs with which they have lived for most of their lives, and make their close association and geniality obvious through the warmth with which they sing, this record will be dear to you.

Perhaps we can scare the rest of the less honest away by mentioning that the album is entirely a capella. No accompaniment is necessary. Bob and Ron manage to keep a listener interested with many devices, not the least of which is the way they swap off lines, and parts of lines, and harmonizing which varies from tension to resolution in an unusual but by no means unpleasant manner. They also sing with what is not quite a formation of grace notes, but what is called "the hovering style" common to the English countryside. Anyone who knows more than two of the songs on this album can give himself a bonus in folk points. Anyone who doesn't investigate has automaticaly penalized himself.

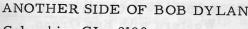










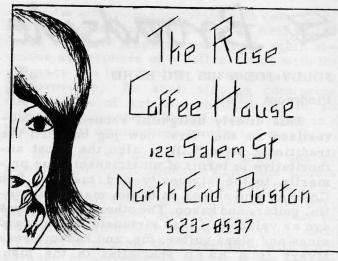


Columbia CL - 2193



This is perhaps the hardest Dylan record to evaluate yet issued. It is difficult because it probably contains the best and the worst of Dylan yet to be recorded.

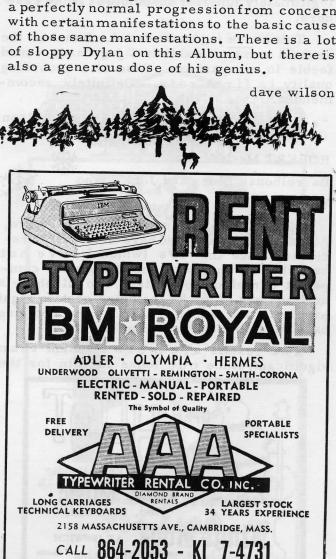
I have listened to the record in its entirety more than a dozen times, and I still haven't the faintest idea of what "Chimes of Freedom" is all about. I still think that "I Shall Be Free - No. 10" is a throwaway. I now think that "Motorpsycho Nitemare" is trivial, though I was impressed with it on first hearing. Then there are a number of fair to middln' songs most of which will probably be quickly forgotten. The brilliant songsare so far above the others that they deserve comment. They all have one thing in common. In each of them, Dylan exposes himself to the point where they become almost confessions; and the pain of their birth, it would seem to me, must have been excruciating. Dylan has been soundly criticized



by some for this verything. I can't help but admire him and the songs for this very intimate characteristic.

The songs I'm talking about are "To Ramona," "My Back Pages," "Ballad in Plain D," and, to a lesser extent "I Don't Believe You" and "It Ain't Me Babe."

What others lament in Dylan as a regression or forsaking of his past values, I see as a perfectly normal progression from concern with certain manifestations to the basic cause of those same manifestations. There is a lot of sloppy Dylan on this Album, but there is





Broadside

JOLLY JOE & HIS JUG BAND

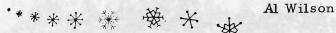
Piedmont 13160



This utterly delightful recording is advertised as the "first new jug band in the traditional style." It is also the most authoritative in terms of musicianship due primarily to the virtuosity and taste of Bob Coltman who shines on banjo, mandolin, violin, guitar, and kazoo. The other contributions are as valuable if less virtuosic, Joe Buzzard sings and plays guitar, jug, and kazoo, Oscar Myers is a harp specialist in the high, squeaky jug-band style, and Jerry Marcum is rhythm guitarist.

Although traditional in style these are not photographs of old recordings, in fact 8 of the 12 tunes are originals, in addition the humorous elements are not overdone as is the case in jug bands which have no musicianship qualities. Those kazoo and jug episodes sound best when surrounded with a legitimately superior ensemble as is the case here.

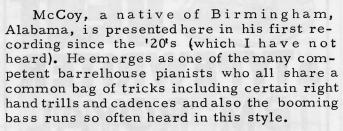
This is the jug band record. It makes the several more established jug bands sound feeble in comparison. Also the recording quality is first rate. Definitely recommended.



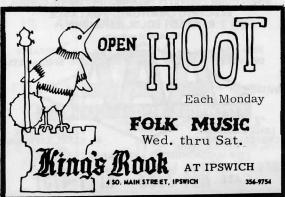
ROBERT McCOY

Barrelhouse Blues and Jook Piano





The results are more pleasant than significant, since one looks in vain for the



Reviews_



stamp of creative originality necessary for a sustained interest in any music. In this regard, only certain solos in the extreme upper register of the piano sounded completely new to this listener; in addition, neither his voice nor his material rise above the ordinary.

This record is nonetheless likely to appeal to the many lovers of piano blues who are attracted to the general style, for McCoy is more exciting than city pianists like Roosevelt Sykes due to the greater vibrancy and color of his less refined style. These listeners should give the album a try.

Al Wilson



WHRB FOLK ORGY SCHEDULE

Sat., Jan. 9: 8:00 am - 1:00 pm, Country & Western with Ron Green.

Sun., Jan. 10. 1 00 pm - 8.00 pm, Blues & Old Timey with Skip Wheeler and Carol Peters.

Sat., Jan. 16 8 00 am - 1 00 pm, Request **
Orgy with members of the staff

Sun., Jan. 17: 1:00 pm - 8 00 pm, THE TRADITIONAL SEMI-ANNUAL



LIVE FOLK ORGY. This orgy is an open hoot - anyone car come and play. To be broadcast live from Club 47 at 41 Palmer Street. Come early and help get the show started Ed Fox, your host on Balladeers, will emcee.



BROADSIDE extends its congratulations to Betsy and Bob Siggins on the birth of their first child, a girl.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM JIM ROONEY

I was distressed to read your editorial about coffee-houses in the most recent BROADSIDE - not so much by your general remarks but by your singling out (in a circuitous fashion) the Club 47 as the worst offender.

The problems of courtesy and informality in a coffee-house are not new but do require continual attention. We at the Club 47 have given the matter a good deal of thought. It is not our intention to be rude or high-handed with our customers. We have tried constantly to make our staff observe at least the basic forms of courteous behavior. If they have from time to time failed, we are not proud of it. But, as one familiar with the running of a coffee-house, you must be well aware of some of the problems. When people block the way to the kitchen, bathrooms, or exits, we must ask them to move and sit down. When people are talking to such an extent as to distract from the performer, we must ask them to be quiet. We try to do this nicely, but I think you will agree that certain customers seem at times quite oblivious to such requests and we have no choice but to be firm. There are times - especially when we are very busy - when the wrong word may be said, the wrong tone employed, and we give offense. We are human. The fault is ours - but it is not our intention. That makes a difference and should have been taken into account before indicting us. If we showed no awareness of the problem or no willingness to deal with it, you would be justified in your attack, but the fact is that we have been very aware of it and do make an effort to make the Club as pleasant for everyone as we can.

You mentioned that three years ago many people banded together to help us when we were in trouble. For that we are more than grateful. We would not exist today had others not come to our aid. Since then, we have grown considerably and, I think, have justified the faith people put in us at that time. We have played a significant part in the city folk revival, providing a place where performers could develop and grow into their own styles. Jackie Washington, Tom Rush, Jim Kweskin, Geoff Muldaur, Eric Von Schmidt, The Charles River Valley Boys, Bill Keith and myself - it's a long list - which is still growing - and one of which we are proud. Now that we have settled in our new place, we are beginning to realize some of its potential. Our Saturday afternoon children's series of folk music is a real joy. The Image Theater of Boston under Paul John Austin has just inaugurated a new plays series every Wednesday night and does much to bring back the intimate and stimulating atmosphere that should be the hallmark of a coffee-house. Beginning in January we will be having Classical music

on Sunday afternoons featuring both very early and very contemporary music as well as the more standard repertoire. Here again the unique atmosphere of a coffee-house with its intimacy and informality should enhance the performance. We shall also be continuing our exhibits of art and photography in an attempt to expose talented local artists in a less formal atmosphere than that of a gallery.

In short, we are putting a great deal of thought and effort into making the Club a lively and substantial center for all the various arts. All is not smooth, all is not perfect, but I think of no other coffee-house in Boston or Cambridge which is making such an effort to provide the community with such a range of activities - for no other reason than the fact that we feel that there is a need for them. We are non-profit. Our aim is service. Our operation is far from faultless. We know that better than anyone else. But we do care about improving. We do feel that a coffee-house is a wonderful place in which to combine pleasure and education, leisure and stimulation, and we hope that our efforts to achieve these goals will meet with success and will be kindly regarded.

> Sincerely, Jim Rooney, President Board of Directors, Club 47



DEAN BROADSFOR



DEAR BROADSIDE:

Attention. Dave Wilson

I would like to tell you and all of your readers of an unfortunate experience in Harvard Square on Saturday night, November 21.

My date and I thought we would go to the "Jolly Beaver," a thing we try to do every week. Well, it was too crowded so we went next door to the Cafe Americano or some such name, I cannot remember exactly, but it was right next door to the "Beaver." We walked in and looked around, but it was too crowded also. So we decided to leave. On the way out the host-manager stopped us and said, "that will be a dollar." "For what," we asked. "That's the cover charge," he said. Why should we pay this money for nothing? He said we had to pay or he would call the police. My date was ready to have the man call them, for we were in the right, but I was there so he paid the dollar.

I don't think any student should patronize such an establishment. A business which exists for the sole purpose of making a fast dollar. Thank you for listening.

> Sincerely, Rachel Brown

(We agree, and your protest should be lodged with the Cambridge Licensing Board. His action was not only out of line, it was illegal ... Ed.)



HEY BROADSIDE!

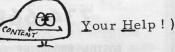
It's Crist, not Christ.

Thank you, Carol Crist

WNYH*!

Now that we have your undivided attention---we need help for BROADSIDE----typists, distribution assistants, office help, advertising assistants, etc. No pay---but lots of engrossing hard work, fun, and many very interesting people. Call us at 868-9788 right away!

* (We Need



DE AR BROADSIDE:

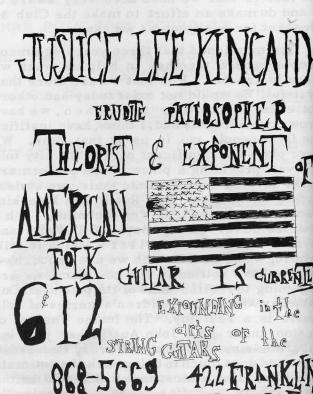
Please don't bury us yet! The Commonwealth Ragpickers are not yet dead...they are dormant. Dave Freidel is the only one who has graduated...Tom, Huck, and are in the process of attempting to do so. Therefore, when the college panic is finished, (when it's too late to do anything constructive) in February, the Ragpickers will rise again.

Unfortunately, Tony, our mandolin, banjoguitar, and etc. player, is in Italy so he won't be here, which is kind of obvious. David who is at Harvard, will return to the group. The Ragpickers will be sort of different this year, including a girl and a Frenchhorn. (The two are not related).

Also, if anybody plays a fantastically flashy, funny, and fanatically fast mandoling and would like to join the group, please call. Tom between 8 & 9 p.m., but don't everybody call at once. His number is BE 2-1207 Don't let modesty prevent you from calling.

Sincerely Fred Barro

P. S. Don't feel miserable and lose sleep abou your mistake, Dave. We took a vote and we decided to forgive you.



HAncock 6-3897-3898

What's a Music Store? - MARTIN, GIBSON, EPIPHONE, GUILD, GOYA, FENDER, FRAMUS, ESPANA, VEGA, FAVILLA, HARMONY, HAGSTROM, BURNS, VOX, KAPA, SYLVIA, KAY, CROWN, ROSITA, GAGLIANO, HOPF, DOBRO, HOWARD, GRECO, REGAL, BACON, KENT,

What's a Music Store? - Guitars, banjos, mandolins, lutes, autoharps, dulcimers, harmonicas and violins, violas, cellos, string basses, drums, tympani, cymbals, marimbas, xylophones, vibraphones, cornets and trumpets, trombones, horns and tubas, piccolos, flutes, clarinets big and small, saxophones.....

What's a Music Store? - accordions, concertinas, melodicas, slide whistles, tin whistles, metronomes and mutes, castenets, finger cymbals, tambourines, jingles and kazoos, humazoos....

What's a Music Store? - Selected music collections, methods too, periodicals and - BROADSIDE....

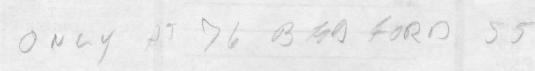
What's a Music Store? - watts and ohms, volts, AC and DC, tubes and transistors, electronics - amplifiers of the best quality, echo devices, microphones and stands, booms, rhythm boxes, tremolos, vibratos, tape recorders (ours has six heads) wires, fuses...

What's a Music Store? - parts and parts, accessories - bridges, tuning gears, strings for stringed instruments (more brands than we can mention including our own Wurlitzer "Gustom-Craft"), end pins, bridge pins, bridge saddles, nuts, pick guards, scratch-plates, Keith pegs, banjo pegs, uke pegs, 5th pegs, capos, straps, arm rests, pitch pipes, flat picks, finger picks, thumb picks, reeds, polishes and waxes, - repairs - services....

What's a Music Store? - Customers, some tall, some short, some loud, some quiet, some eager, others reserved, - customers, customers, customers....

What's a Music Store? - Sales and Salesmen: Ernie and Al, Tim, Bob, Phil and Billy.... wishing all of you the happiest of Holidays and good health for the coming year...

What's a Music Store? - why WURLITZER'S in BOSTON



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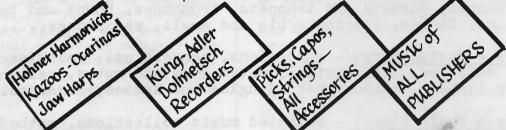
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