THE BRUADSIB

Volume V, No. 13

Cambridge, Massachusetts

August 17, 1966



THE BEERS FAMILY



FOX HOLLOW FESTIVAL



AUGUST 18 - 21

photos by Chris Murray

FOLK MUSIG AND GOFFEE HOUSE NEWS 🐉 TWENTY - FIVE CENTS

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THE BROADSIDE

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Editor Managing Editor Business Manager Photographer Dave Wilson
Sandi Mandeville
Bill Rabkin
Rick Sullo
Ed Murray
Chris Murray
Jan Chartier
Joey Decourcy

Art Editor Copy Chief Production Schedule Editor

ART: Malinda Cowles, Harris Taft, Betty Allred

BUSINESS STAFF: Marianne Comunale, Gerald DiBello, Jane Rosenberg, Leona Son,

READER'S SERVICES Jane Rosenberg

SUBSCRIPTIONS Phyllis Rotman

COPY: Claudette Bonnevie, Bob Dudley

DISTRIBUTION: Jeannemarie Little, Julie Snow

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS: Gail Thompson, Arlene Jaffe, Peter Schauss, Rachel Rubin PROOFREADERS: Neil Nyren, Mary Jo Candy

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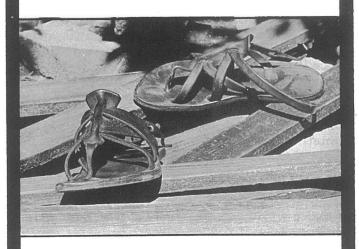
Beers Family Festival

The amount of effort that must go into the planning of any folk festival is prodigious. Newport is forced to plan at least a year ahead for each one to come. That the Beers Family have undertaken a festival of the magnitude which this first one promises to be shows a sense of dedication and stamina difficult to measure.

The clearing of the land, alone, required many, many hours of strenuous labor, and then the organization, the invitations, the promotion...it's hard to figure why anyone would go to all the trouble.

The obvious answer, the one that makes it all worthwhile, of course, is the love and respect that Bob and Evelyn Beers have for traditional music and its preservation. Their testament to that love is this festival, and the staff of BROADSIDE hopes that it will have the

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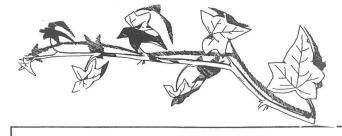
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opportunity of seeing and meeting many of you there. It will be far more informal and far less hectic than are most of the other festivals, with the chance to meet and talk with some new and some old favorites.

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RAMBLIN' ROUND

w/dave wilson

This morning while sipping my first cup of coffee, the one I depend on for some small ability to function, I heard via the radio a new Beatles tune, the name of which I did not catch. (It might be called "Ellen Rigby," or something similar.) In any event, it's on the flip side of "Yellow Submarine" which I have yet to hear. Being only a few sips into my coffee, I was, granted, still pretty foggy, but something struck me about the tone of the whole thing which seemed familiar. Shortly after, "Mother's Little Helper," by the Rolling Stones, was played. And I began to get a glimmer of the association I had been trying to make while the Beatles song was playing.

Bertold Brecht!

I hope the name is at least familiar to most of you.

I don't want to spend a lot of time here drawing up sociological parallels between Germany prior to World War II, and the United States in the 60's. Even ignoring what analogies there might be, Brecht's observations are as valid today as in those hysterical



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times during which he wrote songs like "The Black Freighter."

Brecht songs have been finding their way into folksingers' repertoires with increasing regularity, Dave Van Ronk's for example. Some have made them a specialty.

Martha Schlamme is one of those, and probably the best. Martha has been in Boston for a few weeks appearing in "Brecht on Brecht" which has been presented by Boston's new Theatre On The Wharf. I hope some of you got to see her in the production which is scheduled to run through Saturday, August 13.

Martha, herself, is not only a beautiful woman (as those who have seen her in person can testify), but has an ability with this kind of song (as those who witnessed her performances in "The World of Kurt Weill" can confirm) which is aweing.

Brecht's brilliant images, his bitter, clinical, impassioned, frightened, demanding, loving, hopeless, hopeful, damned, saved, surgical lyrics are perfectly delivered by Martha who allows herself to be the instrument for a communication with the audience, rather than making the lyrics a vehicle for a narcissistic exercise.

Martha Schlamme, Brecht on Brecht, and Theatre on The Wharf all deserved to have a better reception than they had.

Meanwhile, take another listen to what is happening in both pop and folk music today, and see if you too don't hear the scalpel-like perspective of Bertold Brecht in increasing evidence. Who will persecute the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, or has Brecht paid for them in advance?









Come Come Cather Cather Round...

Having just returned from Newport, my head ringing with a bewildering variety of music, I find it difficult to collect my thoughts and aim at the discussion of a particular type

of music. But at Newport, I heard workshops devoted to ballads, and, remembering some of the fine modern ballads that were sung, I thought I would digress into ballads and definitions.

delinitions.

So far in this column, I have discussed only the Child ballads. Now, they are interesting because of their age as well as their relation to folk tales and songs around the world, but they are only a narrow segment of the full spectrum of balladry.

A ballad is essentially a story song; even though its action may leap wildly in time and its motives may be obscured, a story can be seen in it. Some people seem to feel a ballad should speak only in the third person, but many of the finest ballads Child collected show startling leaps from third to first, and sometimes it is a little difficult to figure out who is speaking. Ballads are specific, though; usually the main characters have names.

Ballads have been made up through all the English-speaking world, and many other places as well, ever since the time the first of Child's ballads were begun. All that the birth of a ballad requires is a moving event and a poet capable of framing the event in verse.

Woody Guthrie wrote some fine ballads, not the least among them "Tom Joad," inspired by seeing the film "Grapes of Wrath." Bob Dylan has, in his "early period," written good classic ballads; my favorite is "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll." Oddly enough, I can't bring to mind a single ballad Pete Seeger has ever written. (On second thought, considering Seeger's almost fanatic irreverence toward the Child collection, it isn't odd. Do you suppose it's a rebellion against his father's academic musical knowledge?)

There are many fine ballads whose authors are now unknown, and I hope to discuss some of them in detail in later columns. There are great lumberjack ballads, such as "The Jam on Gerry's Rocks," and Southern murder ballads like "Omie Wise."

The thing to look for in calling something a ballad is, first and foremost, a story line, a plot. People nowadays have gotten into the habit, especially in pop music, of calling any love ditty a ballad. To the ballad collector, "Ma luv hayas layeft me, and Ah em forlorn" does not constitute a plot!



I'd like to get some suggestions from readers as to what ballads you would like to see discussed. If you have a favorite, and would like some history on it, or if there's a mystery fragment you'd like to find out more about, let me know. I'll see what I can do.

Oh, and a last note: God bless Ed Freeman! I feel thinking is fully as important as singing; I do a lot of both myself.

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FOX HOLLOW FESTIVAL

a philosophy

In concept, the Fox Hollow Festival is the gathering of a large, friendly circle, formed like a chain of small links, and joined together by mutual acquaintances, one to the other, across the nation. We feel that our audience, if not already, will become part of this circle. It has been a mutually, oft voiced dream among us to bring it all together.

Tradition today, as ever, speaks from the obscure depths of antiquity, but, like the Redwood, wears the regenerated raiment of the present. It freely chooses its own course and makes its own environmental changes, happily unhindered by the hyper-critical mutterings of an intellectual society that tries vainly to classify, analyze, define, possess, or even control it. Hardy as the Redwood, it will not perish either. And the fool who tries, can never find a purer source for enlightenment than the rich mulch that nourishes its soul, the roots that penetrate the tough exteriors of human inadequacy, or the secluded forest trails that lead to that protective ring of friendship...the sunlight of its own creation.



This, I hope, is the essence of Fox Hollow. Too often, we picture tradition speaking in a cracked voice, wearing gingham, or plowing a field in faded overalls. Tradition is no recluse, it wears no identifying clothes, it knows no "rules of performance." It walks daily in the streets beside you, drives on the turnpikes, goes to the theater, and, above all, it likes company. Across America, and in other lands, families and friends gather. They still sing, tell stories, dabble primitively in oils, carve, build, or follow the often occult ways of their fathers.

The diversity of voices to be heard at Fox Hollow, we feel, are in part the sounds of a thriving, vital tradition, the nucleus of which spreads like the branches and roots of a living tree, to the corners of the earth.



festival grounds

The Beers Family estate is located on Route 2, a half mile west of Petersburg, New York. This is the point where the famous Mohawk and Appalachian Indian Trails met, and joined with the Taconic Trail west toward Buffalo. Early settlers later used these overland routes, now marked only by stone fences that bounded them, and almost completely obscured by forest overgrowth. The remains of this historic folk "way" can still be seen in woodland areas of the Beers property.

Located on what was once called "Aunt Sweet's Hill," in the Taconic-Grafton mountain ranges, the old estate has a romantic history, which included its use as a hideout for the notorious "Legs" Diamond, known locally as "Jack O'Diamonds" or "Diamond Jack."

The festival stage itself is located in a natural wooded amphitheater, surrounded by old New England stone fences. It is set about two hundred yards behind the house and grounds on a 180-acre tract purchased last summer by our family for this purpose. A 17-acre meadow adjoining the amphitheater will be used for parking.

No area of the premises (aside from closets, chests, bedrooms, and kitchen) will be restricted, and art exhibits will be shown in and about the house. However, due to large numbers of participants and guests, we hopefully ask that our lawns, shrubs, flowers, house, and equipment be respected. Fences in the festival area normally enclose cattle. Climbing over and under the barbed wire will cause damage, so we would appreciate your using only legitimate entrances. Advise children accordingly, and kindly watch that they are not injured at play.

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KNEE-DEEP IN BLUEGRASS



by Bob Jones

Just in case the mug shot above isn't enough, I'm going to elaborate a bit on the fact that there are indeed several Bob Joneses in the trade. There is a Bob Jones who used to host a folk music radio show in the Boston area. There is Robert Leslie Jones from Roxbury, Massachusetts, who is noted for his singing of ballads and Woody Guthrie songs. In addition, there is myself. Although I have at times played various styles of music, bluegrass is far and away my favorite. Certainly in the Boston area (and New York, so perhaps I should say the northeast) Robert L. Jones is the best known. On the other hand, it is well known that he is not a bluegrass musician. Recently, there have been a number of stupid cries of "Unfair!" by uninformed people accusing each of us of capitalizing on the reputation and name of the other. At several recent personal appearances, I have been accosted by well-meaning (apparently), but illinformed fans criticizing Jonesie. I expect that he has had to face similar ordeals many times over, since this is, after all, his home territory. We are indeed two different people! He is Robert L. Jones. I am Robert C. Jones. Let us hope that by thus belaboring the point, I can help avoid annoyances of this kind in the future.

On to more pleasant topics. Let's talk about bluegrass. Bill Monroe is the king; of that there is no doubt. He is simultaneously the most traditional and the most dynamic figure in bluegrass (or, for that matter, in all of country music). That all this is true was demonstrated once again at the Bluegrass Festival held at Warrenton, Virginia, on Sunday, July 10. Most of the greatest talent in the field of country music was there. The great, the incomparable Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys stole the show from the finest collection of bluegrass musicians ever assembled. Flatt and Scruggs were there with their Foggy Mt. Boys, including Earl Taylor (mandolin and lead voice with his own band in better days) on harmonica. Their folkum was worse than ever and the southern country audience's response showed it. Jimmy Martin was in fine voice. Included in his band (The Sunny Mt. Boys) was his young son Tim on snare drum. Jim and Jesse McReynolds and the Virginia Boys sounded fine. Jesse's mandolin playing is better than ever. Their new banjo player, Bobby Thompson, is terrific. Another great banjo player, and one more familiar to Boston audiences, is Don Stover. Picking with Bill

Harrell and the Virginians, Don sounded better than he has in years. Don sounded so good that one is led to say that he was the best banjo player there. Sonny Osborne's banjo playing has degenerated still further since his last Cambridge appearance. Sonny is a wonderful guy, and the Osborne Brothers are both more than competent musicians. Why they insist on playing such garbage is beyond anyone's comprehension. When he was playing with Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Boys at the age of thirteen, Sonny sounded better on the banjo than he does now. Their mixture of jazz and bluegrass is wholly lacking in taste. Osborne Brothers with Red Allen was one of the finest bluegrass bands of all time. It is more than regrettable, it is tragic that the Osbornes have let their music slide so. The roster was completed by Mac Wiseman, a very good and powerful singer. The highlight of the day came during the last portion of the evening show, with Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys. First (while Monroe was playing "Paddy on the Turnpike") Bobby Osborne walked on stage and some fantastic (a totally inadequate word in this case, as is any other mere word) double mandolin music ensued. Bobby and Bill sang and played several tunes together, but the force of the music is utterly beyond description. The climax of the evening came shortly before the end, when Jimmy Martin came on stage to sing with Bill. They were magnificent. The beautiful duets which they created fifteen years ago came to life again. There is simply no way in language to describe the thoughts and feelings evoked by these two great singers. There is only one Bill Monroe: he's the greatest.



Those who are serious about bluegrass music (by the way, folks, this is a free plug, so those of you who tune in a different station when the advertising comes on can skip this, although I advise against it), should send three bucks to Bluegrass Unlimited, Box 505, Falls Church, Virginia. Bluegrass Unlimited (rather an unwieldly name) is apparently a club type organization created "To support bluegrass music on record and in person by all groups, local, national and international and to encourage the furtherance of this music." In addition, they will be publishing a monthly newsletter, the first issue of which is technically poor but very promising in content. Chairman of the organization is Pete Kuykendall, a banjo player who has been recorded several times under the name Pete Roberts. They deserve all the support and encouragement they can get.

One brief note must be inserted here to keep Mike Esterson on his toes. He has overlooked some of the finest folk music in the Washington area. Beauty and talent are combined in two thirds of the act: lovely Alice Foster and her bass playing associate Hazel Dickens. The third member of the group is Smiley Hobbs; he's not as pretty but he sure can play. Smiley can pick just about any instrument, but he is (I think) sticking to the banjo in this case. They're playing Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Fillmore Restaurant, Columbia Pike, in Arlington, Virginia. Another good bluegrass group, this time in Baltimore, is the Mason Dixon Boys. They can be heard Friday and Saturday nights from nine 'til two at Pete's Shore Inn on North Point Boulevard and Sunday afternoons from three to half past seven at Zebelean's Lounge at Carey and Ramsey Streets. Speaking of Zebelean's, Bill Harrel and the Virginians are there on Wednesday nights from nine until two. An interesting note for Washington, D. C. bluegrass buffs; Charlie Waller and Buzz Busby are working together on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights at Clyde's Restaurant in Lexington Park, Maryland.

Of interest to Reno and Smiley fans are the following bits of information. Red Smiley and his band (the Bluegrass Cut Ups) have a regular radio show (eleven to quarter past on week nights) on WWVA. In addition, they have three regular television shows: WDBJ Roanoke, Virginia (6:35 - 8:00 am), WOAY Oak Hill, West Virginia (7-7:30 pm), and WSVA Harrisonburg, Virginia (6-7 pm Saturdays). Don Reno and Benny Martin, who turned up together at Roanoke last year have a single out on Monument (#45-931). The better side is "You Can't Make a Heel Toe the Mark" and is quite good.

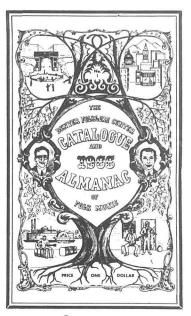
Many of the big name bluegrass groups have (relatively) new albums out. By far the best (naturally) is The High, Lonesome Sound of Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys (Decca DL 4780). The Osborne Brothers' latest (Up This Hill and Down, Decca DL 4767), with their current guitarist, Dale Sled, is an improvement over its immediate predecessor. Flatt and Scruggs latest (When the Saints Go Marching In) gives all indication of being just as bad as the last one (Town and Country, CL 2443 on Columbia) which was frightful. Apparently the new one is not available yet. The Stanley Brothers' new one (Hymns of the Cross, King 918) is about the best of their most recent.

Don't forget the upcoming Second Annual Bluegrass Festival (the "Roanoke Festival"). The dates this year are the second through the fourth of September. If it's half as good as last year it will be worth the trip. Next issue we'll look at another good northern bluegrass band — the New York Ramblers.

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United Illuminating

by Ralph Earle

"Joan Baez refused to come. She didn't like the feeling. When asked what feeling, she replied, 'Hate.'" The speaker was Mel Lyman. He and Jim Kweskin are the two performers on the twenty-man committee "United Illuminating," and they are concerned. Along with technicians and employees of the Newport Folk Festival, they are concerned about the Festival because they feel it is destroying itself. More and more performers are taking part, and, in order to keep chaos from reigning, the seven-man festival board has strangled the performers with rules.

"There are 26 performing groups on this Saturday night. That means eight minutes for each performer. How can Chuck Berry or The Lovin' Spoonful be expected to do anything in that amount of time? What is a festival for except for musicians to get up and blow? The machine is so big, there's so much buckpassing with seven on the board that you can't change it, so you've got to get rid of it." Jim was definitely not trying to sabotage the Newport Folk Festival. He and Mel and the rest of United Illuminating want to save the Festival by rebuilding it. But as Mel put it, "Every

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year, they build on the ruins of last year's festival." The hard fact is that with so many performers on the bill, the atmosphere has become so thick with restrictions on the performers' time, living quarters, and movement, that it has stifled the artistic expression of the performers themselves. Throughout the Festival, the large number of performers on each concert meant long, enervating microphone rehearsals which increased the tension and irritability of the performers and the staff. And on Saturday night, the pressure of time meant that Son House, Skip James, and Bukka White appeared together with about four minutes apiece in a performance that was a near disaster because they did not have the freedom to make music.

"There is an attitude here of fall in, do you gig and split," Mel added. "The only attempts at improving this festival are by legislating more rules. And those rules only serve to suffocate the spirit of a folk festival, which is joy. Pete Seeger once said, 'We are born in simplicity, and we die of complications.' And this festival is dying of complications."

Jim emphasized that everyone on the board has his heart in the right place. Nevertheless, each member of the board has his favorites and wants to see them on the stage. Consequently, the stage has been jammed to the point where the performers are no longer enjoying themselves.

"When a performer gets up on stage, he is reflecting the feeling of the festival." But what is to be expected of performers who are being constantly marshalled about, put into a Shindig atmosphere and left with no freedom to feel, to breathe, to express their love of music and for their audience?

According to Jim, great credit should go to George Wein's staff. "They almost make it work." But what is needed, he and Mel feel, is a reorganization at the top. One man should be in charge of the Festival, and that man should be George Wein. With advice from the board, he should make all the decisions. "I have full confidence in George Wein and his ability to run a festival," Jim ended.

If Mr. Wein's personal feeling of a lack of expertise in folk music has been an inhibition to his taking charge in the past, he should accept this vote of confidence and take charge now. If he does, the purpose of United Illuminating can be fulfilled, and the Festival can become a rich and meaningful experience for the performers and the audience.



Folk News: Philadelphia

by Chuck Klein

So how do you start a column for BROAD-SIDE, I asked myself and came up with the answer that I should say hello. Hello.

We seem to have quieted down a bit in Philly. The Main Point out in Bryn Mawr will be open Fridays and Saturdays only for the rest of the summer. The last act featured will be Len Chandler, from August 4 thru 7. After that, the weekends will have Robbie Robinson doing sets and leading open hoots.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Second of Autumn, which is only a few months old, will continue with its policy of local talent only, at least for the near future. Down at the Shore, three clubs are in full swing: The Lonesome Traveller and The Place in Wildwood, N.Y., and the One Eye in Avalon. Appearing will be such perform-



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176 Federal Street | Boston 10, Massachusetts | Tet: IIU bhard 2-1827 | Manuel Greenhill, manager | Arthur Gabel, Associate ers as Kris Crawford, Benji Aronoff and Jim Dahme. Second Fret schedule may be found on the schedule page.

* * * * * * * * * *

There's a lot of news available about the Philadelphia Folk Festival. The dates are September 9 thru 11, the place is the Spring Mountain Ski Slope in Schwenksville, Pa. Included on the bill are Theo Bikel, Judy Collins, Judy Roderick, Grant Rogers, John Hurt, The Beers Family, Bonnie Dobson, Tom Brandon, The Mitchell Trio, Shoshana Damari, The Ishangi Dancers, Len Chandler, Tom Rush, Bill Monroe, Tom Paxton, Doc Watson, The New Lost City Ramblers, Rev. Gary Davis, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Pat Sky, Jesse Colin Young, and others. Some novel workshops and discussions are also planned. If you want further information, write to the Philadelphia Folk Festival, Box 215, Phila... Pa. This sounds like a fantastic lineup and promises to be a good festival.

That's it for now.

Peace everybody



CHICAGO HAPPENINGS

by Larry McCombs

Connie Harding, wife of Poor Richard, was seriously injured July 31 when the motorcycle on which she was riding was struck by a car. She was expected to be released from the hospital on August 5. Connie, who has done public relations work for Chicago radio stations and the Plugged Nickel, Old Town's leading jazz club, has recently been handling publicity for Poor Richard's folk bookings.

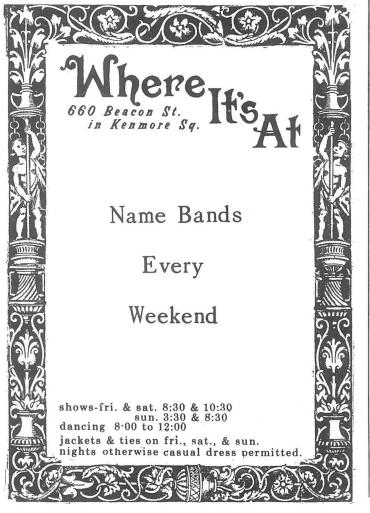
Crowds have been very sparse for Arlo Guthrie's three-week booking, and Richard has decided not to bring in any more out-oftown performers until fall. He has been worried by the fears and threats of riots in the near-west neighborhood, and a couple of incidents near the tavern, have frightened away some potential customers. With Connie's accident, Richard decided to take it easy for the summer with only local singers, and resume his major bookings in the fall. (After just spending a few thousand dollars to aircondition the place!). First fall booking will be Gordon Lightfoot, September 7-11. Others booked for September and October include Dave Van Ronk, Judy Roderick, Tom Rush, a return visit by Kweskin and the Jug Band. and possibly an appearance by Tom Paxton.



The first public record of the Exchange Coffeehouse appeared on March 1, 1730, in the Gazette, a simple announcement that a sale of land by public vendue would take place there. One can infer that, since no address was listed, the coffeehouse must have been well known by the citizenry of the time, but there is no clue as to just how long the coffeehouse had existed. The building itself was constructed in 1690 and for some years previously had been used as a slaughter house.

The map of the city at time shows that the Exchange was at the foot of Broad Street, a shed-like structure open on all sides — a roof erected on pillars, its front foundation resting upon the sea wall. Leading from it in a straight line was the Long Bridge, which divided the Great Dock facing the crescent-shaped basin (a favorite resting place for vessels of all kinds).

Buildings on the river front in the vicinity sprang up rapidly, and small taverns for the accommodation of captains and crew lined the shores overlooking the bay, affording a picturesque view of Governor's Island and what



was then a green-wooded vista on the opposite shore where Brooklyn now squats. It was a favorite meeting place for the friends of the church and state and the ruling administration—in general a peaceful resort, but it was also to become the scene of one of the most bitter controversies in journalistic history.

In 1734, a public dispute arose in the Exchange Coffeehouse, which had as its battle-field the two leading newspapers of the time — Bradford's New York Gazette and Zenger's New York Weekly Journal. The Gazette was the Governor's organ, the Weekly, the paper of the opposition. Feeling ran so high that the court party was driven to desperation by the ridicule and charges heaped upon it by the democratic journal, which made little attempt to observe propriety in the things it said and the invective it used.

The upshot of the controversy was that, after the court had refused to grant an order that "certain numbers of the obnoxious journal be burned by the hangman," Zenger (the publisher) was thrown in jail. His trial was held in the spring of 1735.

Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer of great reputation, astonished the court by appearing for the defense. Zenger was acquitted. It was a popular verdict and was received with cheers. After the trial, Hamilton was entertained in state and became a popular hero until his return to Philadelphia.

From that time on, the Exchange Coffee-house, although it moved to several locations and endured varying fortunes, bore the proud reputation of the battle ground where a blow had been struck for the common man and freedom of the press.



COFFEE HOUSE NEWSLETTER AVAILABLE

The first issue of <u>The Coffee House News-letter</u>, edited and distributed by The <u>Coffee Information Service</u>, goes out this week to a list of 20,000 subscribers.

The newsletter, full of news from organization-sponsored, youth-oriented coffee houses across the U. S., goes to students, both high school and college, faculty advisors to student coffee houses, and key people in such youth-serving organizations as YMCA, YWCA, YMHA, Junior Achievement, National Conference of Christians and Jews, National Recreation and Park Association, United Community Funds and Councils, and various national and local religious groups.

For copies of the newsletter, write — Coffee Information Service, 300 East 44 Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

AND COFFEE TOO

Out of State

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



La Cave Cleveland

Aug. 25 Dave Van Ronk Aug. 27

Sept. 1 Odetta

Sept. 8 Judy Collins Sept. 11

Sept 15 thru Sept. 18 Bob Gibson

Mother Blues Chicago, III.

Aug. 9 Jose Feliciano Aug. 21

The Club Chicago, Ill.

Aug. 6 Joe Tex Aug. 8

Sept. 2 Gene Chandler Sept. 4

Cellar Door Washington, D. C.

thru Aug. 20 Joe & Eddie

Aug. 22 Judy Collins Sept. 3

Riverboat Toronto, Ontario,

Canada

Aug. 2 Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee

Patches' 15 Below

(Timonium, Md.) Aug. 19 thru Aug. 20 The Chadam County Ramblers

Aug. 26) Don Leace thru plus Aug. 27 The Timber-Ridge Singers

Boar's Head Kennebunk Maine

Sept. 2 thru Sept. 3 The Beers Family

Second Fret Philadelphia

Aug. 3 Judy Roderick Aug. 8

Aug. 9 Doc Watson thru Aug. 23 and son Merle

F 12 Sa 13 Ellen Stoney Su 14 Hoot M 15 closed

Tu 16 thru Th 18 Workshop

F 197 Lin Kushner
Sa 20 Lin Kushner
Su 21 Hoot
M 22 closed
Tu 23 Workshop
Th 25

F 267 Justin Devereaux

Su 28 Hoot M 29 closed

Tu 307 Workshop w/ W 31 Justin Devereaux

Tete a Tete Providence, R.I. 401-621-7998

Sa 13 Paul Phillips Su 14 M 15 Hoot

August

Tu 16 thru Th 18 Barry Skinner

F 19 Devon Square Trio
Sa 20 Devon Square Trio thru Mike Cooney
Th 25

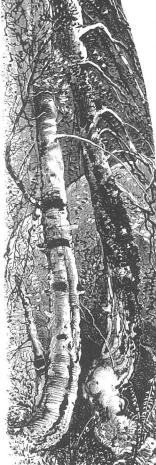
26 27 Nonesuch River Singers Sa

Sa 27 Honesden R Su 28 Jim Aguiar M 29 Hoot

 $\begin{array}{ccc} {\rm Tu} & 30 \\ {\rm W} & 31 \end{array}$ Mississippi John Hurt

September

Th 1 Open The Second Edition



Catamount So. Egremont, Mass.

John Joscelyn Aug. 13 Clayton Singers Aug. 20 thru Ken & Marie Prentice Aug. 27 Sept. 2 Peter Childs

Sunday Hootenany Song Swap thru Sept. 4 - 8 pm

Sept. 3 The Villagers

King's Rook

Turk's Head

127 Leonda Su 14 Bill Staines M 15 Free Hoot Au-Go-Go w/ the Grimm Reapers W 17 Mike Cooney Th 18 Au-Go-Go F 19 Dirty Shames Jug Band Sa 20 5 Su 21 Bill Staines Free Hoot M 22 Tu 23 Au-Go-Go W 24 Mike Cooney Th 25 Au-Go-Go F 26 to be announced

Massachusetts Area

Blues Bag Provincetown, Mass.

August

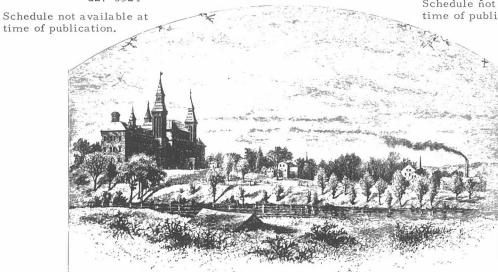
Kweskin Jug Band Su M 15 Hoot Tu 167 -John Hammond thru M 22 Hoot Tu Eric Andersen thru Su 28) M 297 thru to be announced W 311

September

Mississippi John Hurt

Turk's Head at Wellfleet

Schedule not available at



Muddy Waters Blues Band

the freebies...









AND COFFEE TOO

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



Club 47

12 Times Square Two Les Daniels of the Double Standard String Band Hoot M 157 Dirty Shames thru W 17~ Th 187 Eric Andersen thru Sa 20J Su 21 Hoot M 227 thru / Muddy Waters Blues Band W 31 J

September

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Every Saturday - Folk Music Bring your guitar and sing.



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and Concerts

New York Concerts

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Aug. 12 Theodore Bikel

Aug. 19 Muddy Waters John Lee Hooker Barry Goldberg Blues Band

Aug. 20 Carlos Montoya

Aug. 26 Odetta

Butterfield Blues Band

Sept. 2 Rev. Gary Davis New Lost City Ramblers Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee

Sept. 3 Buffy Sainte-Marie

at John Terrell's Music Circus

thru Peter, Paul and Mary

Aug. 21

Aug. 21 The Byrds

Aug. 26

thru The Smothers Brothers Show

Aug. 28

Sept. 5 Phil Ochs at Shea Ştadium

Late summer — Bob Dylan

Peter, Paul and Mary

Long Island

Late summer - The Long IslandFolk Festival taking the place of the New York Folk Festival

Folk Festivals

August 18-21 Beer's Family Festival Beer's Estate, Petersburg, New York

Folk Music Week - Pinewoods Camp, Long Pond, Plymouth, Mass.

September 2 - 4 2nd Roanoke Bluegrass Music Festival Cantrell's Horse Farm, Fincastle, Va.

September 9 - 11 Philadelphia Folk Festival Spring Mountain Ski Resort, Schwenksville, Pennsylvania

Sept. 16-19 Second Annual Georgia Festival of Folk Music Unicoi State Park, Helen, Ga.

Local Concerts

Aug. 18 THE BEATLES & THE CYRKLE Suffolk Downs, Carousel Theatre 8:00 pm - Phone 235-9180: 872-3577

Other Concerts

Arie Crown Theatre McCormick Place, Chicago

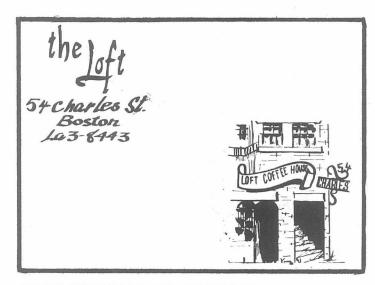
Aug. 5 KINGSTON TRIO

Aug. 14 NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS & DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET

SHADY GROVE MUSIC FAIR

Rockville, Md. Aug. 15 The Kingston Trio

Aug. 22 The Byrds



FOLK FESTIVAL IN GEORGIA

Sponsored by the Atlanta Folk Music Society, the second annual Georgia Festival of Folk Music will be held September 16 through 19 at Unicoi State Park, Helen, Georgia. Besides evening concerts, workshops will be held on Church Music, Mountain Ballads, Topical Songs, Blues, Instrumental Techniques, Children's Games & Songs, Folk Tales, Folk Dance, and Handcrafts. Watch these pages for announcements of performers who will appear. For additional information, write: Atlanta Folk Music Society, P. O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.



Broadside

SECOND ANNUAL FREEDOM FOLK FESTIVAL

Rindge Tech Auditorium Cambridge, Mass.

July 29-31.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts of the Second Annual Cambridge Freedom Folk Festival were nearly complete successes. Only a recalcitrant sound system marred the performances. On Friday, July 29, Mitch Greenhill, Jeff Gutcheon, the Double Standard String Band, Judy Roderick, The Bacchanalians, Ed Freeman, the CRVB, and surprise Buffy Sainte-Marie were featured.

Mitch and Jeff unfortunately had to work under less than ideal circumstances, with Mitch stated onstage and Jeff at the piano on the floor. They could not hear each other and at one point in "Dr. Jazz" were 180 degrees out of phase. But "Make Me A Pallet On Your Floor" came off well. The Double Standard String Band was delightful. A repertoire containing "Burnt Eyes Of Budapest," "The Belleview Murder Mystery," "Chinese New Year Waltz" and "Pants" is hard to beat.

Judy Roderick's performance was simply outstanding. I had not heard her in over a year and had forgotten how great a blues singer she is. A guy could lose a lot of sleep (and girl friends) listening to "Down Home, Chile" and "I Want To See My Chauffeur."

The Bacchanalians were the hit of Friday night, since last year they have developed quite a bit of showmanship. Their performances were distinguished by their use of dynamics. In playing their style of jazz, which is very Afro-Caribbean oriented, they pace their exciting crescendos of sound very well. The sax man, incidentally, plays from a classic stance.

After intermission Ed Freeman, the Charles River Valley Boys and Buffy Sainte-Marie provided an excellent second half to the opening concert.

Saturday night's concert was equally as good. Eliot "Ragtime" Kenin started the concert well and Paul Phillips, who recently arrived from Britain, was refreshingly humourous as well as entertaining. Jack Elliott made a surprise appearance and sang "San Francisco Bay Blues" and "Sadie Brown."

Carl Watanabe opened the second half with "Send Me A Ticket To You." He is a good songwriter. Milhaus Nixon joined Carl for

Reviews.

"The Foul Matriarch," a song about Mildred Harbor.

David Blue sang his "Scales For Å Window Thief" and "Grand Hotel." His performances were good, but some of his imagery seems to have only sonorous value and little content. Judy Roderick came back again (sigh) and was great again.

Pat Sky ended the evening light-heartedly. His ballad "A Girl I Once Did Own" was well done and "The Major General's Song," collected by an obscure folklorist, W. S. Gilbert, was a rare treat.

Praise should go to the festival committee, headed by Bill Field, for concerts which were well-paced and of high caliber. It is a shame more people did not attend.

Ralph Earle



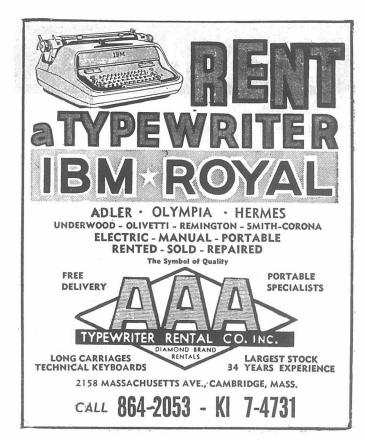
JOHN FAHEY VOL. 4
THE GREAT SAN BERNARDINO BIRTHDAY
PARTY AND OTHER EXCURSIONS

Takoma C1008

And here we are again, friends, with lovable old John Fahey's latest; like his others, it'll never make WWVA (Wheeling, W.V.), but who cares? He wins a few, loses a few, and generally remains afloat.

The inevitable epic is "The Great San Bernardino Birthday Party"; parts of it are truly excellent, but the piece is simply a collection of nearly unconnected sub-pieces. There is no unity here, and the whole is considerably less than the sum of its parts. A similar affliction ails "Knotts Berry Farm Molly," a very nice cut that is torpedoed by overdone special effects. "Will The Circle Be Unbroken?" is an interesting trip with organ (played by the mysterious Flea) and guitar. Although there is no timing problem, Fahey and Flea seem to be of divergent opinion on the question of key and barring an occasional meeting of minds, the differences are never settled. "Guitar Excursion Into the Unknown" is a total loss - atonal, amusical, and a bore.

Is Fahey sinking slowly into the sea? Is that noise merely surface scratch, or is it the crew of the iceberg cheering their imminent victory? But wait! "Sail Away Ladies," a stately vessel. Musical, slow, beautiful, imaginative, wow! Fahey sails on, with the



motive power of mysterious Al Wilson's veena (no, Virginia, it's an Indian stringed instrument, much like a simplified sitar). The record is saved and the iceberg departs (and don't call this review ridiculous until after you've read the liner notes).

"900 Miles" comes off quite well, with Fahey backed by Nancy McLean, the flutist who did such an extraordinary job on "The Downfall of the Adelphi Rolling Grist Mill." The record ends with an elegant hymn, "Veni Emmanuel," done with taste and precision.

As usual, Fahey's music is more easily experienced than analyzed. The record comes in a plain brown wrapper; you are advised to use it in the privacy of your own home, with sympathetic friends in attendance. WARNING: May be addictive.

Phil Spiro



Broadside

FREAK OUT

The Mothers of Invention Verve V-5005-2

I'm not sure if there is any way at all to justify a review of this particular album in this particular magazine, but I'll tell you why I'm doing it anyway. Three reasons spring immediately to mind, although if left to my own devices, I'm sure that I could invent several more. First, we reviewed the Fugs, and these freaks are not much different. Second, it's a pretty weird lp (two lps actually). Third, I have a distinct feeling that we are going to hear a lot more like it in the months to come. Fourth, this thing is directly related (or indirectly—I'm open to compromise) to the effect that the folk thing has had on pop music in recent years.

If you are of the opinion that folk-music has had its share of contributing to our popart culture, whether that contribution was voluntary or not, you will find evidence here to support your opinions.

The MOI are better musicians than the Fugs, although their lyrics (it's all original

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material) are often nowhere near as brilliant. The effectiveness of the group lies in the performance and arrangement of the songs.

In this two-lp release, there are songs with titles as follows: "Hungry Freaks Daddy," "Who Are The Brain Police?" "Motherly Love," "You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here." Side 4 is devoted in its entirety to "The Return Of The Son Of Monster Magnet" an unfinished ballet in two tableaux, the first called Ritual Dance of the Child-Killer, and the second, Nullis Pretii. It is weird, and occasionally amusing.

The most interesting selection to my mind is on Side 3. Entitled, "Help, I'm a Rock," this song details the problems of an individual who happens to be a rock (or thinks he is and what's the difference?), his progression through evolutionary changes to policeman to mayor, and never being any better off.

The form is revolutionary, its validity is yet to be established, but this attempt is great fun, once in awhile enough to put you through a minor change.

dave wilson



WHAT'S SHAKIN'

The Lovin' Spoonful, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Tom Rush, Al Kooper, and Eric Clapton and the Powerhouse.

Elektra EKL-4002

My guess is that this potpourri of blues and rock is a collection of old cuts which were left over from previous recording sessions at Elektra. The Spoonful's version of "Good Time Music" sounds well over a year old, as does their "Searchin'." Similarly, Mike Bloomfield's guitar style dates the five Butterfield cuts to about the same time. Be that as it may, on balance this is a pretty

Reviews.

fair record. Butterfield's "Off The Wall" and "One More Mile" compare favorably with any of his other recorded cuts. Al Kooper's "Can't Keep from Crying Sometimes" shows a good deal of harmonic inventiveness; he is a good musician, if only a fair singer. Eric Clapton and the Powerhouse suffer in comparison with the Butterfield band, although the lead guitar on "Steppin' Out" is original. And then for historic interest there is Tom "Antoine" Rush doing "I'm In Love Again."

Be forewarned, this record contains a couple of strictly "B" sides, but the five Butterfield cuts and the two Spoonsful make it worthy of notice.

Ralph Earle



COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH Rag Baby

If Rag Baby has ceased to function as a folk magazine, or any kind of magazine for that matter, it has not ceased as a record label. Country Joe & The Fish, who were on the first record with the RB label are back with three numbers on this little lp.

It's a little lp because it isn't any bigger than a 45, but is for 33 rpm playing. They are only asking a buck for it so I guess nobody is being cheated.

Side one consists of two vocals, the first, "Bass Strings," being a pot song of sorts, and the second, "Thing Called Love," is most likely self explanatory. They are well done, but nothing to jump up and down and shout about.

Side two, however, is something else. Titled "Section 143," this instrumental takes up the whole side and displays the musicianship of the group. The melody is a simple thing, played in that combination of the near east / far east/R&B sound that is becoming fairly common. However, whereas most groups who get into that kind of sound tend to clutter their compositions with any number of meaningless riffs, trills, and sly sniggers, Country Joe & Fish stay right on the track, exploring the development of the theme with which they started, and pursuing it to a logical and incredibly serene resolution.

I certainly hope we hear more from this group!

dave wilson

DON CRAWFORD

Verve Folkways FT-3002

The liner notes reveal that Don Crawford is an accompanist-turned-soloist who has returned to his first love, folk singing. This is misleading, for the cuts on this record are all up-tempo, commercial blues. The songs are undistinguished, but Crawford sings them fairly well and brings out whatever musicality they have. Although his is not a distinctive sound, he is pleasant to listen to and he may develop a more individualistic voice with experience.

The arrangements are all right, the orchestra plays them well and, if it is fair to infer this from the lack of a specific credit on the jacket, Crawford's harp playing is always tasteful. He could probably sing "soul music" fairly well, but to apply the label "folksinger" to Don Crawford is inappropriate.



RISK - New Hymns for a New Day Youth Department, World Council of Christian Education

"There was a minister in a European country not very long ago, who told his congregation on a Sunday morning that they would only sing one hymn: 'What we should like to sing about,' he said, 'is not in the hymnal; what is in the hymnal about our subject is obsolete or heretical. So let us be silent and listen to the organ.'"

With the above explanation, editor A. H. van der Heuvol opens his preface to this issue of Risk, which contains 44 hymns suitable for the subjects of today's sermons. They include "We Shall Overcome," "Oh Freedom," and even Phil Och's "What's That I Hear"!

As objectively as I can consider the idea, I think it's probably very reasonable that someone finally got around to realizing that new hymns and collections are needed to reflect problems which never beset the majority of those who penned most of the hymns found in most texts.

Interested parties can obtain more information by writing Risk, World Council of Christian Education, 150 Route de Ferney, 1211 Geneva 20, Switzerland.

dave wilson

Because many currents seem to be vying to decisively influence the course of folk music, a reflection on the 1966 Newport Folk Festival can perhaps be most useful if it is focussed upon the trends which were evident there. For me, the experience of being completely and intensely caught up in the energizing atmosphere of Newport was both a refreshing and replenishing one. Indeed, it had the makings of a folk renaissance, both personal and, I hope, universal.

To separate the best from that which could have been better is a difficult task and, if achieved, one of perhaps only individual meaning and value. But because of the circumstances which prompted the story on United Illuminating, it may be worthwhile to present an observer's corollary to the actors' views. To delineate my perspective, I should first point out what were for me the high points of the festival: the performances of Dorothy Love and the Original Gospel Harmonettes; Ed Young and the Southern Fife and Drum Corps; Billie and Dede Pierce and the Preservation Hall Band; Bessie Jones, Janie Hunter and the Sea Island Children; Bettie Mae Fikes; Clark Kessinger; Kilby Snow; and Joe Heany. None of these are "big names"; most are Negro.

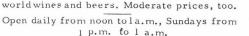
I especially enjoyed these performers for a variety of reasons, but what they all had in common was the appeal of authenticity, which in turn stems from the long practice of a personal tradition. And this points up a crucial dichotomy which exists in folk music and was present at Newport: the demonstrative versus the interpretive performer.

The people listed above were directly expressing themselves through their own materials and craftsmanship. The feeling of immediacy which this evokes in a listener simply cannot be matched by a performer who must, no matter how expertly, shape mother's art to his own ends. Even if he creates his own material, he is most often doing so in the conscious effort to mold an image of an-

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Boston - North End

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other feeling of another time and perhaps another person. His appeal must be content to be intellectual and rational and then emotional. Rarely is it visceral.

It is this distinction which lay under the troubled surface at Newport. The interpretive artist needs more room to express himself. When a performer's art is as complex and subtle as Judy Collins!, for example, it is difficult to be satisfied by a brief performance. And so it was at Newport. The interpretive performers - Collins, Ochs, Andersen, Paxton, Gibson, Hester, Sainte-Marie seemed cramped on the stage. They were invariably reduced to performances of what could be termed their "greatest hits." But what else were they to do? To attempt any sort of communication through new material to so large an audience, which basically wanted to be entertained without demands being placed upon it, was foolish. Phil Ochs tried to do so with "Half A Century Wise" and failed badly. Yet the alternative which most of them chose was barely acceptable. By now, Carolyn Hester must be haunted by "That's My Song." Many of those performers songs have become diluted through repetition.

This is not to say that these artists have merely adequate performances. Judy Collins. an extraordinary musician, displayed beautiful control in the best job I have ever heard her do of "Anathea" on Thursday night. Sunday night, Tom Paxton's "Ramblin' Boy" gave me chills, as it always does. Eric Andersen, whose musicianship seems to go unnoticed, was excellent on Saturday — plaudits should here go to Mephistophelean Harvey Brooks who accompanied Eric. I have not heard a finer electric bass player. And Buffy Sainte-Marie, although she often ventures dangerously close to the put-on, gave a very arresting performance on Saturday night of "My Country 'Tis of Thy People You're Dying."

Nevertheless, there was an air of frustration, of incompleteness about their performances which derived from the fact that they did not have the opportunity to establish the rapport necessary to the communication of a new idea. In sharp contrast were the performances of the poeple listed earlier. For them, the problem of communication was non-existent. They merely played, danced, or sang and the audience understood. audience did not have to be aware of these performers as individuals and therefore as interpreters or transmitters of ideas. These performers were generating their ideas, and their impact was therefore much more immediate. One could feel, even if one could not understand. Rarely does this happen with interpretive performers.

The phrase "tears of joy" was a mawkish cliche until I sat on the stage listening to Dorothy Love and the Original Gospel Har-

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monettes on Friday afternoon and felt my own eyes welling. Theirs is not a tradition I share, but no one from my own background could ever move me so, because he would appeal to my reason and not be able to reach out and touch raw nerve.

Another event at Newport reflected this differentiation. On Friday night, the format was based on "The Battle of Music." On the program were nine fiddlers, five ballad singers, three blues men, and three gospel groups.. Each grouping had its jury which invariably awarded everyone a prize. The farce would have been only inane if it had not meant that the audience's attention was now focussed on the performers in comparative terms. There simply was no basis for comparison - how do you choose from among Liam Clancy, Mike Seeger, Grant Rogers, Jimmy Driftwood and Joe Heany? - and the resulting onslaught of performers in a small span of time was bewildering. When Skip James, Son House and Bukka White sat down with orders to sing one verse each of the same blues, the result was a near disaster. These performers should have been expressing themselves, not one another.

Those concerts, then, which featured performers who were presenting their own material of the moment directly to the audience suffered least from the constraints of time. But despite thoroughly professional

performances, those artists who were attempting to recreate a spirit, and therefore made the audience immediately aware of the performers as a third party, did not appear in their best possible light. This problem, which stems from the festival committee's laudable attempts to provide a wide range of worthwhile music, must be faced. The opportunity must be found to give the artists who need it the adequate environment for the sustaining of their own kind of rapport.

* * * *

At the outset, I mentioned a folk music renaissance. I feel that many people "rediscovered" folk music at Newport. I did, for Newport came at a time when the burgeoning folk-rock movement was occupying most of my attention, and that of many others I suspect. We were helped by Norman Kennedy, Grant Rogers, the Cajun Band, the Rev. Pearly Brown, and even the schoolchildren of Newport, to remember that folk music has living roots and that it is there that it grows the strongest.

Next issue, editor and readers willing, some comments on if and where folk-rock fits into Newport. Until then, may I end by thanking Caroline Paton for teaching me how to make "Limber Jack" dance. My teaching a small girl how to make him dance, too, was a cherished moment of Newport 1966.

New York News & Notes by Kathy Kaplan

Thanks, Dave, for mentioning Australian Tradition. I'm glad to see it's become more than just a name to someone. Although this has nothing to do with New York, I would like to mention another small magazine that might go unnoticed. It's called "Bluegrass Unlimited" and is a newsletter which contains lots of reviews and schedules. Write to them at Box 505, Falls Church, Va. 22046...

With nothing but word-of-mouth advertising (including the help of Charlie Faurot), Clark Kessinger's group played for an overflow audience at the Folklore Centre on July 19. Clark, an old-time fiddler from W. Va., was rediscovered in 1965 by Ken Davidson. With the assistance of Gene Meade on guitar and Wayne Hauser on banjo, the group presented a skilled (but not slick) program of old and original string band songs. This was without a doubt one of the greatest events in the place's history...

Joan Baez was recently in town to record another album for Vanguard. For this session, there were something like 16 additional instruments used, including woodwinds and strings. Something unexpected—vocal accompaniment by the Chambers Brothers...

I heard at this time (although it has yet to be confirmed) that Vanguard has just signed Carolyn Hester...

Also unconfirmed were rumors of a Long Island Folk Festival, which would be held



MAGAZINE

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reviews · commentary · profiles news · technique · lore · songs

WRITE: P.O.B. 879

Station 'F', Toronto 5, Ontario, CANADA.

about the time this appears in print...

Billy Grammar can be seen on television these days. His show, which also features Barbara Allen (!) and the Homesteaders can be seen Saturdays at 6:30 on Channel 47, following Ernest Tubb...

NET presented a program of music of the Blue Ridge in the form of a tour led by Bascom Lamar Lunsford and his wife, Frieda. The music was good, but I'm afraid there was too much emphasis on overall effect, and not enough on the music. Although, I only heard her sing a few lines, I believe that Mrs. Lunsford is the singer I'd been trying to locate for sometime after hearing her on Lunsford's album, Appalachian Minstrel...

Times sure are a changin!: Mac Wiseman's new recording, "White Silver Sands," has a Nashville backing. His last appearance on the WWVA Jamboree was also sans bluegrass band. Scratch one more?...

I hear that Eric Weissberg got a part in "Joyful Noise," and that Steve Mandel will once again accompany Judy Collins...

Harry Belafonte will record an album of civil rights songs. The title song, "These Three Were on My Mind" was written by Pete Seeger and Press reporter Fran Taylor...

Quote: (Benji Aronoff at the Main Point) "This song is called 'Cod'ine', which is not to be confused with 'Cocaine Blues'—although they were both written in the same vein." If you think that's bad, wait 'til you see next issue!...

Back in February the word around here was that Bob Dylan had obtained a marriage license here (Nassau County Seat — Mineola) and had wed one Sarah Lownds of Upstate New York. It was regarded as nothing but a rumor. The July 30 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, however, states not only that he's married, but has a son, Jesse Byron Dylan...



FOLK MUSIC WORKSHOP WEEKEND IN OCTOBER

The Pinewoods Folkmusic Club of the Country Dance Society of America will hold its second Folkmusic Workshop Weekend in the foothills of the Berkshires at Camp Freedman in Falls Village, Ct., October 21 to 23.

Len Chandler, Tony Scott, Charles O'Hegarty, Bernie Klay, and May Gadd will be the professional staff for this program. Workshop themes for this weekend will in-



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clude: Effective songwriting, history of folkmusic, folkmusic as an educational tool, British ballads, programming for kids. In addition, there will also be: concerts, songswaps, discussion, a report from the KEELE Festival, country and square dancing, hiking, biking, boating, archery, and good eating.

The first weekend was fully subscribed, so those interested in making the scene are advised to reserve their places now. For information, write to Jean Domovs, 54 Winthrop Street, Newark, N.J. 07104, or call 201 - 484-5499 or 212 - AL 5-8895.



BLUES BAG SUCCEEDING IN PROVINCETOWN

The Blues Bag Coffee House, at 120 Commercial Street in Provincetown's west end, was started this year by a group of young people who were disappointed by the lack of congenial night spots at which to gather in a community with so much else to offer. They decided to try and put into operation a plan to bring back the leisurely and colorful aura

of Provincetown to some measure by opening a coffeehouse. The idea was to present the best entertainers, to present as informal an atmosphere as possible, and to incorporate the friendliness of the old artists' colony and fishing village of the past. They looked for and found a spot away from the throngs of "Cape Cod sweatshirt-wearing, saltwater taffy-seeking tourists." With acts like Son House, Kweskin and the Jug Band, Eric Andersen, John Hammond, and Mississippi John Hurt having played or scheduled to appear, the club has developed a good following and are already planning for next summer.



DYLAN DUMPS ON CYCLE

According to news reports during the first week in August, Bob Dylan took a spill off a motorcycle which resulted in hospitalization. Despite the fact that he will have to spend some time in the hospital and in convalescence, no permanent damage is suspected.

Editor's Note: The second annual Freedom Folk Festival, held the last weekend of July, sponsored a songwriter's contest on Sunday afternoon. Three winners were selected, and their songs will be published in BROADSIDE in this and upcoming issues. The first of these appears below.

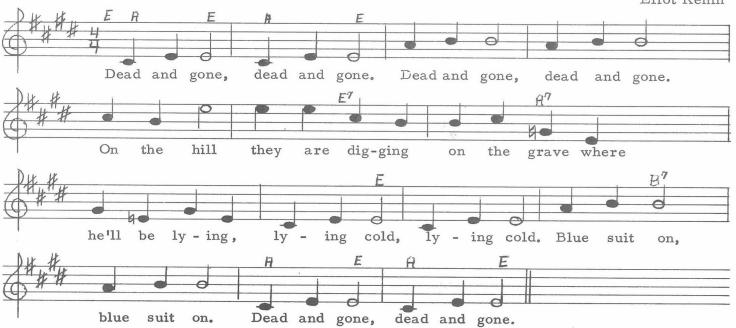
Dead and Gone

words & music by Eliot Kenin



This follows the same leader and chorus repeating pattern as does "I'm On My Way." Every audience I've sung it with has joined right in, convinced they had heard it somewhere before. I didn't intend advocating helping the sheriff, etc., in the song into an early grave, but I wouldn't mind seeing them get there by themselves. The song, perhaps, is a bit more topical now, with the Deacons for Defense and Justice in the news, than it was when I wrote it in 1959.

Eliot Kenin



2. Mean old sheriff, mean old sheriff
Done me wrong, done me wrong
On the hill they are digging
On the grave where he'll be lying
Lying cold, lying cold,
Blue suit on, blue suit on,
Dead and gone, dead and gone.



- 3. Mean old judge, mean old judge
 Done me wrong, done me wrong,
 On the hill they are digging
 On the grave where he'll be lying
 Lying cold, lying cold
 Blue suit on, blue suit on
 Dead and gone, dead and gone.
- 4. Mean old captain, mean old captain
 Done me wrong, done me wrong
 On the hill they are digging
 On the grave where he'll be lying
 Lying cold, lying cold
 Blue suit on, blue suit on
 Dead and gone, dead and gone.
- 5. Old Jim Crow, Old Jim Crow
 Done me wrong, done me wrong
 Lend a hand on the digging
 On the grave where he'll be lying
 Lying cold, lying cold
 Blue suit on, blue suit on,
 Dead and gone, dead and gone.

FOLK NEWS: CLEVELAND

by Dave Loebel

Judy Henske and her band recently discovered the efficiency of the Cleveland Police Force. Some members of the band were beaten by some thugs in a hamburger joint, and when the police were finally called, they said that they "didn't want to get involved."

* * * * * * * * *

The New Christy Minstrels sang at a concert by the Cleveland Summer Orchestra.

* * * * * * * * *

QUOTE OF THE MONTH DEPT. After finishing playing a pop version of Pete Seeger's version of "Guantanamera," a local R&R dj said, with a seemingly straight face, "That was Guantanamera, a good old Italina love song."

* * * * * * * * *

La Cave was ordered closed for a couple of nights because of its nearness to the Hough Avenue riots.

* * * * * * * * * *

I have to put in a good word for Jim and Jean's new Verve-Folkways album. One song, "The Crucifixion," by Phil Ochs, was played by Bob Conrad on WCLV, who was so overwhelmed by it that he immediately played it again.



THE FOLK SCENE:

washington baltimore

by Mike Esterson

Back on July 18, The Lovin' Spoonful was in Baltimore for a concert. Following a dismal half of preliminaries, the Spoons bounced on stage and electrified the audience with their fantastically happy music. Their program consisted of most of their best material from their two (by the time this sees print probably three) albums. The few present who didn't like the Spoonful generally complained about their mode of dress instead of the music. Hmmm...

The following is a brief transcription of my conversation with Zal Yanofsky of the Lovin' Spoonful.

Me: Do you have any observations or comments on being invited to the Newport Folk Festival this year?



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Zal: You mean as to its implications in the folk world?

Me: Yes. Zal: Nope.

#

Anyone in the Baltimore-Washington area who will be able to pass schedules on to me, please contact me at 301 - 486-6622 or write to 3503 Southwale Rd...

#

Next time, I'll report on Pete Seeger's concert at Shady Grove...

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dear BROADSIDE

dear BROADSIDE:

Or rather, Dear Mother Freeman:

I can't seem to find any mention of the "I know all-the-answers" cop-out. I wonder

why?



Saint Sebastian Boston

dear BROADSIDE:

In what issue did Ry Cooper (Dear BROADSIDE 6/8) find Paul Simon's "Leaves That Are Green?" I heard someone sing it a few weeks ago and have been trying to get the music and the rest of the words.

> Sincerely, Rathe Falls

(The song in question appeared in Volume V, #6, May 11, 1966 issue... Ed.)

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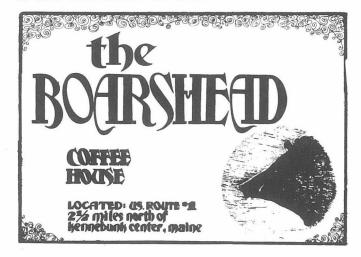
Could anyone give me some information about the present location and occupation of folk singer Dwain Story. The last time I saw the former lead singer of the KNOB LICK UPPER TEN THOUSAND blue grass group was at the Chessmate Coffee House in Detroit last year when he was appearing as a single act. Dwain told me he had recorded a rock and roll record in the Buddy Holly tradition 'called' "Little Lovin" on the Stallion Label. I consider Dwain Story to be the finest musician I've ever heard and I'm sure BROADSIDE readers would be interested in learning where they could hear Dwain sing. Any help or information would be greatly appreciated.

Please reply to -

Donald G. Jackson 535 French Street Adrian, Michigan 49221

WINNERS OF FREEDOM FESTIVAL CONTEST

The Songwriting Contest sponsored by the Freedom Folk Festival in July was held Sunday afternoon, July 31, with a dozen or more contestants appearing to perform their songs. Len Chandler, Sandi Mandeville, and Dave Wilson acted as judges, and awarded John Braheny first prize for his song, "December Dream." Second and third prizes went to Eliot Kenin for "Dead and Gone" and Judy Mooshian for "New World Limited." The winning songs will be printed in this magazine in this and future issues.









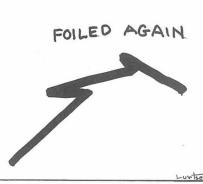






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