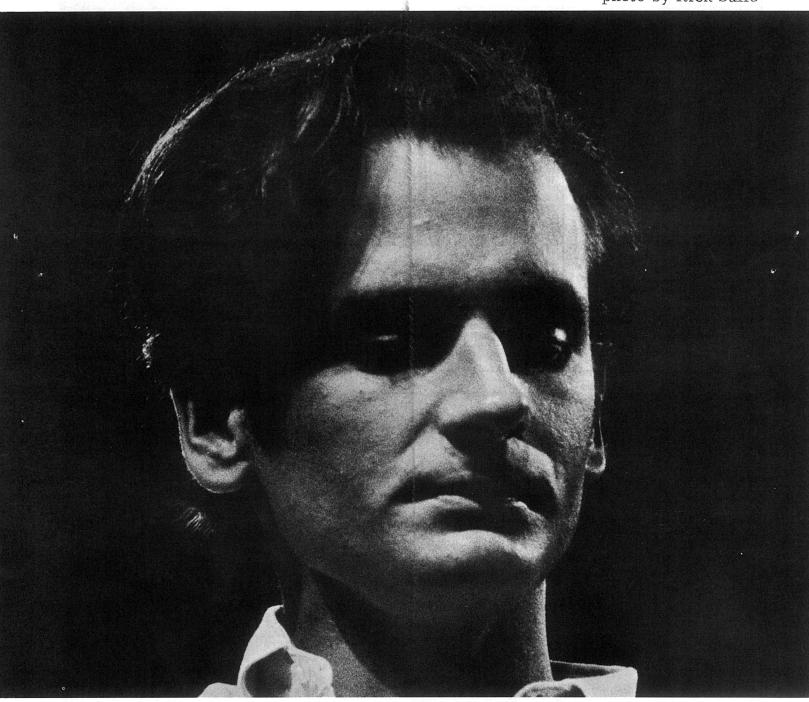
THE BRUADSIDE

Volume V, Number 16

Cambridge, Massachusetts

September 28, 1966

photo by Rick Sullo



FOLK MUSIG AND COFFEE HOUSE NEWS 🐉 TWENTY - FIVE CENTS

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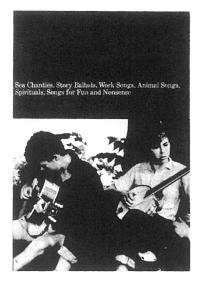
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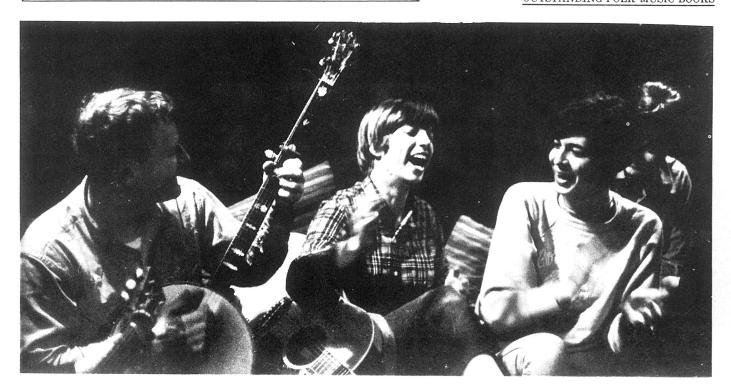
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THE BROADSIDE

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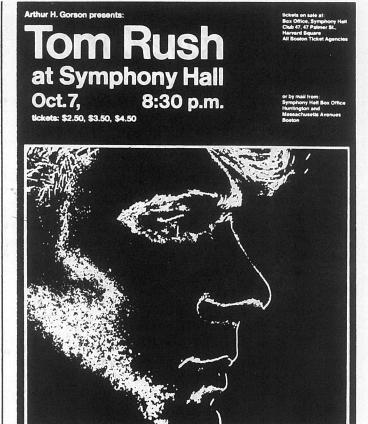
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If one were asked to name the people responsible for the recent revival of interest in Old Timey music, one of the first names to appear would be that of Mike Seeger. Along with the rest of the current and past New Lost City Ramblers, Mike is, after Ralph Rinzler, probably the one most responsible for the resurrection of old time string band music from the Southern mountains.

Mike comes from a folk music family and is, despite his youth (thirty-three years of age), a living part of the traditional music he sings and plays. As a child Mike played autoharp and sang songs from early field recordings from the Library of Congress. He began playing guitar in 1951. Although he had been performing earlier, Michael gained prominence in 1958 as one of the original New Lost City Ramblers. In addition to the instruments already mentioned, Mike plays banjo (he reached the final round of eliminations in this year's Philadelphia Folk Festival banjo



contest), mouth harp, mandolin, fiddle, bass, and dobro. There may even be others for he is an amazingly versatile musician.

In addition to being a fine instrumentalist and singer, Mike is a fine entertainer. He makes old traditional songs a living experience for the listener. Anyone who misses an opportunity to hear Mike Seeger is doing himself an injustice.

Bob Jones



TOM RUSH IN OCTOBER CONCERT

Tom Rush, Boston's favorite folksinger. will appear in concert at Symphony Hall on October 7. Tom's first public concert in Boston was last February. Since that time, his professional rise has been steady, with the exception of one hospitalization and operation. The cause was a lung condition which Tom now says has been cleared up totally and should not bother him again. A few months ago, Tom had a singel released ("Who Do You Love") which made the charts in some regions. He appeared at the Newport and Philadelphia Folk Festivals, and has been preparing a new LP. A new single was due for release this week. Concert tickets are available at the Box office, Club 47, and at all local ticket agencies.

Folk News: Philadelphia

by Chuck Klein

So now Philadelphia, home of the Philadelphia Folk Festival, can settle down to being Philadelphia. A bit nondescript. People walk around in a bit of a reflective fog. The festival? BROADSIDE reviews will go into specifics, but overall impressions yield one fact. The road leads to another Newport. P. F. F. is getting a bit too big, a bit too formal. Cut the number of performers and let's have encores. Stop making workshops into junior concerts. On the other hand, the new location is beautiful. Good music belongs among trees and grass. The banjo contest is getting to be a big thing now, and it means a lot of prestige for the winners. This is good, because a festival should do all in its power to support the music, which will then help the festival, not to mention make us all happy. Notice the endless circle. The P.F.F. is getting a great reputation. Sincere hopes spring forth that bugs will be ironed out and mistakes will be corrected. And while we're at it, "well done" to Dave Baskin and company. When you consider all the problems inherent in having new grounds and a larger-than-everbefore-attendance, then you realize that things really went very smoothly.



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Mind-blower of the festival award, by the way, goes to Benji Aronoff for showing us that he turned MOD (?). Rumors have it that Benji is going into a rock group, playing electric bass. John Pilla, who is one of the best flatpickers around, will be playing rhythm guitar. Lead is supposed to be a new guy from Nashville. If he's as good as I hear, then this group could be really great.

One suggestion for Philly for the year ahead: I love Paxton and Rush and Andersen and Chandler and Watson and Kweskin, all of whom have large followings here, but let's see some new people, too. I'd like to see more of Sandy and Jeannie Darlington, more of Steve Gillette, more of Joni Mitchell. She, by the way, deserves a mention. She is the writer of "Urge For Going" and "Circle Game," both of which are done often and well by Tom Rush. She is a fine guitarist and vocalist as well. Look for her.

#

Phil Petersen is back from California, but he will be living in New York this year, doing most of his work there. Big Bob Schneider is going on the road for a year or so. Some people think he may be ready for it now.

#

As for words to live by, dig the back of the Farewell Angelina album:

M'lords and m'ladies...beloveds... would it embarrass you very much if I were to tell you that...I love you.



"URGE FOR GOING" NEW RUSH SINGLE

A release of "Urge For Going" on a 45 rpm single by Tom Rush has been scheduled for Wednesday, September 21. It will be on Elektra, or its subsidiary, Bounty.

Listeners who have heard the version as played by some of the WBZ dj's will be surprised to find some differences. Bass, second guitar, and piano have been added to this cutting, and two verses have been dropped to bring it down to a length convenient for air play.

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RAMBLIN' ROUND

w/dave wilson

By the time you read this column, another coffeehouse will have for saken folk music and turned to more lucrative attractions. The King's Rook in Ipswich announced last week that the weekend of September 16 and 17 would be the last folk act presented; and so Pat Webb will be the last folk attraction to play that room for some time.

Instead, the room will present rock bands and feature dancing for all the teenyboppers in the area every Friday and Saturday night. I'm disappointed (and I'm sure that many others are also) that there is now one less folk showcase in this area.

I don't begrudge either the management of the King's Rook their right to present entertainment much surer of success than folk music, nor the kids that want a place to go to and dance, a club which will cater to their needs. But, for those who wonder why it should come about, let's look at some of the reasons.

Part of the responsibility has to be laid right at the feet of the performers. I don't mean to indict all performers, but many of them suffer from a lack of professionalism that would end their careers quickly in any other area of the entertainment business. Given four weekends to a month, each month the King's Rook could expect a performer to show up on time, ready to work on only one of them. On two other weekends, the performer would be late, and on the remaining one, they wouldn't show up at all. Often these cancellations were at the last moment, and sometimes the Club would receive no notification at all.

Performers come to town, do their gig, and leave. The club is part of the town, and the customers don't remember that so and so was late or didn't show up, but that the club let them down by not providing what they promised.

Again, there are few performers in the idiom who did not get their start working clubs. After gaining a certain level of acclaim, they have become loathe to play clubs at all, leaving those who took a chance on them holding the bag, or else they demand prices far beyond the ability of the club to provide. Their eye is only on the door the nights they perform, and not on the sparsely-attended room on the slow nights, when a club's overhead still has to be met. Because of this attitude, they have allowed their beanstalk to shrivel under them. They may walk around on those clouds for a while, but when



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the cloud dissipates, there isn't going to be any way to come down gently. It's going to be a fast hard fall.

Finally, those in apprentice now in the clubs will have no place to continue their learning process. Without their new blood, the idiom itself will shrivel, leaving the established performer with a shrinking audience and a punctured purse.



KNEE-DEEP IN BLUEGRASS



by Bob Jones

Last issue, the following question was posed: Who are The Kens? The Kens are a bluegrass group from Fort Smith, Arkansas. They all have other occupations and play bluegrass as a sideline. They appear more or less regularly on KTCS in Fort Smith. They are one of the several bluegrass and country groups this columnist met on the first of his two most recent Southern and Western trips. Another fine bluegrass group now residing in the Fort Smith area (although originally from Texas) is The Down Home Folks. They feature the fine tenor voice of Buck White, their guitarist. The personnel of the group is unusual in that both the mandolin and bass players are lovely young ladies. The Down Home Folks appeared at the Roanoke Blue Grass Festival. Two other fine groups which appeared at the Roanoke Festival (in addition to the name bands) were the Bluegrass Partners and the Virginia Gentlemen.

Also at the Roanoke Festival was a New England group, largely from Connecticut. Fred Pike and Bill Rawlins and their Twin



River Boys played at Roanoke on their way to WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia. North Carolina state banjo champion was also at Roanoke. He's one of the Shell Brothers who appear weekly on WKBX in Winston-Salem. Although they normally carry a full five-piece band, only the bass, guitar, and banjo played at Roanoke. Another of the myriad lesser-known bluegrass groups scattered around the country is the Caw Valley Stump Jumpers (try that with your mouth full sometime!) from Lawrence, Kansas. Lawrence is a college (Kansas University) town a few miles west of Kansas City, and since some of the members of the group are students, the band operates primarily during the school year.

While at the Fox Hollow Folk Festival (God bless Bob Beers!), many people met two reporters from the Albany Times-Union who were covering the festival. What most of those people didn't know is that one of the reporters, Joe Higgins, is a member of a country music band from that area: Hal Lamont and his Mountaineers. They also have a country music station in the Albany area, namely WEEE.

Another Northern bluegrass group ('though apparently somewhat folk oriented) is The Nonesuch River Singers. They come from the Portland, Maine, area and have appeared at the Boar's Head in Kennebunk, Maine.

How many readers remember Del McCoury? He sang with Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Boys in the early sixties (around 1963) and has a terrific tenor voice. He sang at Roanoke on the Saturday program, both afternoon and evening. Unfortunately, he couldn't be present Sunday to sing with Bill, due to a show in New Jersey.

In Little Rock, one of the local country music stations played a recording of a strictly ragtime rendition of "Coney Island Washboard." Explain that. In addition to the two country stations mentioned above, this reporter was pleased to listen to KGBS in Long Beach, California. They are a relatively new addition to the country music fold, having only recently switched over from pop and light classical. Commendations are also in order for radio station WHO in Des Moines, Iowa. Their powerful signal provides fine country music (including a good deal of bluegrass) to many people driving through the midwest at night. Two of the highlights of my most recent trip were an afternoon spent picking and singing (not to mention listening) at Clarence Ashley's home, and an evening with Clint Howard and Fred Price (and Clarence Ashley).

Those interested in the Roanoke Festival will be interested in the review in this issue. Next issue, there will be a brief history of Jim & Jesse.

the veer city rider

by Peter Stampfel & Antonia

THE FLESH EXPRESS by Obscure Publishing Company

Ι

I said 'splain that to me, Kingfish but he didn't explain There's a sound going round and it sounds like a train It runs through the middle of the radio dial Out to space, in to earth going faster all the while. It rolls through the wires and vibrates through the air Inside out through itself it keeps moving everywhere. Was it put there by the Russians just to mess up our minds Did it happen by itself Was it purposely designed Some radio engineer freaking with his dials Or an uptight mathmetician with bleeding piles Is it good, is it bad, is it ours, is it theirs Is it real, am I mad, was it God that put it What it is I don't know but I know that it is

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And as long as it is I'll be part of it.

I'm gonna ride ride ride ride ride ride ride ride ride the flesh express.

II

You seem to imagine that you want me to explain

But it might take forever for a thing to reach your brain.

You spend so much time thinking of what it might be

Analyzing, criticizing, making lists, telling

And with all that stuff inside your headgoing

I doubtif your ear ever got to hear the sound. Go back to your room, that's the way to begin Wear a gag and a blindfold and lock yourself in

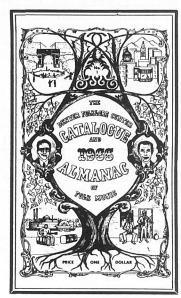
Turn on your radio, turn on your brain And don't move until you turn into that train

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with Robert J Lurtsema

It has been brought to my attention that, though the vagaries of the U. S. Post, I have inadvertently reneged on the final installment of the coffeehouse history which has been laboriously (but dutifully) hacked into this column for the past year. If I remember correctly, we were discussing the Merchants! Coffeehouse, and it was 1776.

It was in May of that year (while the American Army was still occupying New York City) that Cornelius Bradford became proprietor. He was a good landlord, but a better patriot, however, and in September he left with the troops under Washington to go to the front, not to return until 1781. During his absence the presence of the British Army gave a new life to the coffeehouse, but the place took on an entirely different aspect. The neutral merchants mingled freely with the redcoats, but the loyal tradesmen flocked by themselves.

When Bradford returned, he introduced many original ideas in tavern keeping that made the Merchants' a center of attraction. In fact, during his landlordship, the coffee-



house reached its highest point in popularity. It was the headquarters of all the merchants and tradesmen. The neighborhood resumed its importance and became the center of trade, commerce, and business activity.

Bradford opened a book in which he entered the name of the arrivals and departures of all vessels to and from the port. He also installed a city register in which the merchants and others were requested to enter their names and residence. This was the first attempt (New York had ever known) at making a city directory. The Bank of New York, the first institution of the kind in the city, was founded in the Merchants' Coffeehouse.

Societies of all kinds — military, political, social, financial, and mercantile — met in the coffeehouse. Among these were the Chamber of Commerce and Marine Society, The Grand Lodge of Master Masons, and the Societies of St. Patrick and St. Andrew. On the 19th of January, 1785, the Marine Society entertained Congress there and on the 3rd of February in that year, the Chamber of Commerce received the same body in the coffeehouse at a formal entertainment officially accepted by the President and Congress.

Cornelius Bradford died the next year, at the age of 57, but his widow continued to keep the coffeehouse, and still retained the custom of the societies. Among the events which were celebrated during her career as proprietor was the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the State Convention of Massachusetts on February 8, 1788. On the flag of the United States, which was unfurled from the coffeehouse at sunrise, were the words: "The Constitution, September 17, 1787." Later in the day the emblem of Massachusetts, bearing the date of her admission, was hung out from the same building. On the 23rd of April, 1789, a salute fired from the Battery, announced the arrival of President Washington. Escorted by the Governor, principal state officers, leading merchants and a retinue of military and citizens, he was led to his reception which took place in the Merchants' Coffeehouse.

For the next few years the Chamber of Commerce grew as more merchants swelled into New York and larger quarters were required for their gatherings. For this purpose, in 1792, the Tontine Coffeehouse was opened on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets. The following year, Mrs. Bradford gave up her lease of the coffeehouse and lived in retirement. She was succeeded by John Byrnes, who was the landlord until 1798, when he became proprietor of the Tontine. Edwin Bardin took the Merchants' Coffeehouse, and remained there until the year 1804, when in a blazing uncontrollable fire, the most famous coffeehouse in the history of America was burned to the ground.

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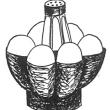
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ORLEANS BECOMES "SWORD IN STONE"

The Orleans, one of the oldest established coffeehouses in Boston, closed its doors to the public two months ago, and has been dark since. However, on October 1, 1966, the doors at 13 Charles Street reopen under new aegis. "The Sword and the Stone" will open that Saturday night, with Dan Gravas holding down the stage. In the following weeks, Steve Koretz, Paula Larke, John Braheny, Bill Staines, and The Indirect Approach 3 will be appearing. Hoots are schedules for each Monday night, with Dan Gravas presiding.

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JACKIE WASHINGTON IN TV ROLE

Jackie Washington will make his debut as a television actor when National Educational Television presents their production of Tennesee Williams' "Ten Blocks on Camino Real." WGBH-TV, Channel 2, is the Boston affiliate of NET, and the play will be telecast on that channel on Friday, October 7, at 2 and 8 p.m, and on Sunday, October 9, at 7 p.m.

LOFT RESUMES NORMAL OPERATION

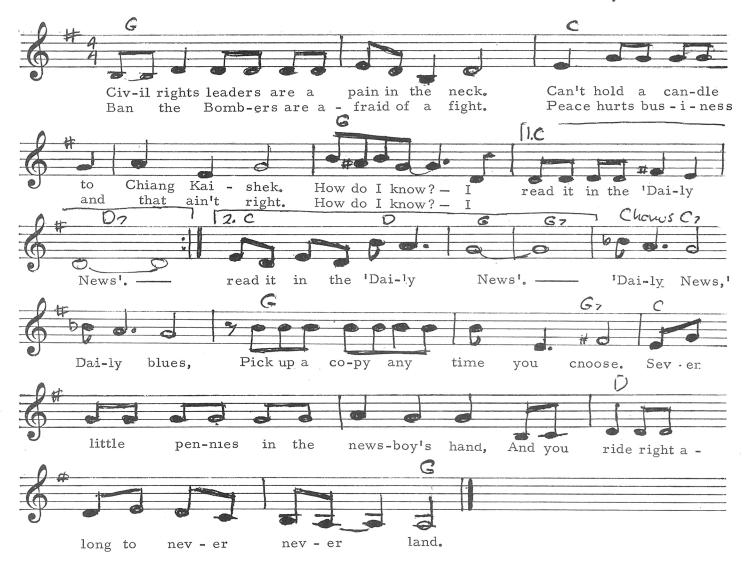
The Loft coffeehouse on Charles Street was closed for a few days, much to the disappointment of its patrons. However, last weekend, the Loft resumed its normal operation, as they began another season of folk entertainment. Leading off was Bob Jones and the Blue Ridge Mountain Boys. The Loft schedule can be found on this issue's centerfold.

DAMAGED ANGEL REOPENS

The Damaged Angel, weekend coffeehouse located in the basement of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, will have reopened for their second season on September 23. Interested performers are requested to contact Mrs. Wadsworth at 734-9115. People interested in helping run the club on a volunteer basis are also needed.

I READ IT IN "THE DAILY NEWS"

by TOM PAXTON



We got to bomb Castro, got to bomb him flat, He's too damned successful and we can't risk that, How do I know? I read it in the Daily News. There's millions of commies in the Freedom Fight, Yellin' for Lenin and Civil Rights, How do I know? I read it in the Daily News. (Chorus)





Seems like the whole damned world's gone wrong, St. Joe McCarthy is dead and gone, How do I know? I read it in the Daily News. Don't try to change my mind with facts, To Hell with the graduated income tax! How do I know? I read it in the Daily News. (Chorus)



John Paul Getty is just plain folks
The UN Charter is a cruel hoax
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News.
J. Edgar Hoover is the man of the hour,
All that he needs is just a little more power,
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News. (Chorus)

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Song Finder

TO: Steven Harris, Ottawa, Ontario

And to all the other inquiries about Joni Mitchell's "Urge For Going." Tom Rush is scheduled for a release of this song on an album and/or 45 the last of September. As yet, it has not been recorded or published.

TO: Dick Keyland, Traverse City, Mich.

The song that you described resembles "If Your Monkey Can Get It" by David Blue. It can be found on his first album, just released, entitled David Blue EKL-4003.

TO: Robert Hershon, Newton, Mass.

Bob Dylan's "Walls of Red Wing" can be found in the Bob Dylan Songbook. "Paths of Victory" can be found on his album The Times They Are A-Changin' Columbia (Cl-1986). "Ballad of Donald White" has not been recorded and is not included in his songbook.

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TO: Brenda Hayden, Boston, Mass.

The song you are looking for is "The Braes O' Yarrow" or "The Dewey Den's of Yarrow." It is listed by James Francis Child (214) and can be found in any fairly complete collection of Child ballads.

Ken Basler

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King Arthurs

September F 23 Eliot Kenin Sa 24 Dan Gravas Su 25) M 26 Closed Tu 27

W 28 Hoot & Auditions w/ Dan Gravas

Th 29 Closed F 30 Dan Gravas October

Sa l Paula Larke

Su M 3 Closed Tu

- 5 Hoot w/ Dan Gravas W Th 6 Closed
- 7 Sanda Dan Gravas
- Su M 10 Closed
- Tu 11) W 12 Hoot w/ Dan Gravas

Rose

September

Steve Koretz & Guest Singer Tempo Theatre: "Free, Free, Free" Closed M 26 Latin Guitar Festival w/ Gil de Jesus Tu 27 Closed W 28 Flamenco w/ Nino Antonio Th 29 Closed F 30 Bill Giles presents a musical review

October

- Sa l Bill Giles presents a musical review M Latin Guitar Festival w/ Gil de Jesus Tu 4 Closed 5 Flamenco w/ Nino Antonio
- Th 6 Closed 7 Tempo Theatre presents a one-act
- play, plus The Seekels 9 Closed
- M 10 Latin Guitar Festival w/ Gil de Jesus Tu 11 Closed
- W 12 Flamenco w/ Nino Antonio

Club 47

September

- F 23 Judy Roderick Sa 24 Mitch Greenhill & Jeff Gutcheon Su 25 Hoot M 26 Charles River Valley Boys Tu 27) 28 } John Hammond Th 29 \mathbf{F} 30 Sandy & Jeannie October Sa Sandy & Jeannie 2 Hoot Charles River Valley Boys 4 To Be Announced 5 To Be Announced

- 6 Louis Killen & Joe Heary 7 To Be Announced
- 8 To Be Announced Classical concert - contemporary 10 Mike Seeger
- Tu 11 Mike Seeger W 12 Rev. Gary David

Massachusetts Area



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

Turk's Head 227-3524 September

| 23 | Chris Smither |
|----|----------------------------------|
| 24 | Steve Koretz |
| 25 | Steve Koretz |
| 26 | Leonda |
| 27 | John Braheny |
| 28 | Ray Pong |
| 29 | Chris Smither |
| 30 | Chris Smither |
| | 24 25 26 27 28 29 |

| Octo | ber | |
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| M | 3 | Leonda |
| Tu | 4 | Bill Staines |
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- Chris Smither Bill Gleason Chris Smither Steve Koretz
- Paula Larke M Leonda
- Tu 11 John Braheny 12 Chris Smither

Where It's At

Schedule unavailable at time of publication.

King's Rook

W 12 Folk Music

September

| Su | | Go-go dancing to two bands Go-go dancing to two different bands Folk Music Free Hoot |
|--------------|-----|---|
| | 27 | 8 |
| W | 28 | Folk Music |
| Th | 29 | Poetry & Readings |
| \mathbf{F} | 30 | Go-go dancing to two bands |
| Octo | ber | |
| Sa | 1 | Go-go dancing to two different bands |
| Su | 2 | Folk Music |
| M | 3 | Free Hoot |
| Tu | 4 | Go-go dancing to two bands |
| W | | Folk Music |
| Th | 6 | Poetry & Readings |
| F | 7 | Go-go dancing to two bands |
| Sa | 8 | Go-go dancing to two different bands |
| Su | 9 | Folk Music |
| M | 10 | Free Hoot |
| Tu | 11 | Go-go dancing to two bands |

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September

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| Su | 25 | Hoot | t | | | | | ñ |
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- Tu 27 Jack McGann & Pinky W 28 Open
- Th 29 Auditions and Tryouts F 30 The Villagers

October

- l The Villagers
- Jack McGann & Pinky

Remainder of schedule to be announced.

The Sword and the Stone

October

| Sa | 1 | Dan Gravas |
|----|----|---------------------|
| Su | 2 | closed |
| M | 3 | Hoot & Auditions w/ |
| | | Dan Gravas |
| Τu | 4 | Steve Koretz |
| W | 5 | Sanda |
| Th | 6 | Paula Larke |
| F | 7 | Dan Gravas |
| Sa | 8 | John Braheney |
| Su | 9 | closed |
| M | 10 | Hoot & Auditions w/ |

Dan Gravas Tu 11 Bill Staines 12 "The Indirect Approach 3"

Out of State

Patches' 15 Below

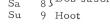
September

Mike McKinney

(Timonium, Md.) F 30 Mike Boran &

October

- l Mike Boran & Mike McKinnev
- Su 2 Hoot
- 78 Bob Jason Sa





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Hickory House

Lancaster, Penr

October

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Tete a Tete

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- 7 ζ Himalayan Mountain Boys Sa
- Su 9 Hoot

Main Point

September Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania F 23γEric Andersen

- Sa 24 and
- Su 25 The Munchkins (folk rock)
- Th 29 Eric Andersen & F 30 \$Liz Hollibaugh (poetry)

October

- l Eric Andersen & 2 Liz Hollibaugh (poetry) Su
- 6γLen Chandler
- 7 Land
- 8) Patchett and Tarses Sa (comedy team)

Come Cather Gather Round.

In the discussion of ballads which rambled over these pages for several issues, I referred to certain of the ballads which were 1) universally popular, and thus preserved in both English and American oral tradition, and 2) so effective in their story that only the commonplaces change, and most of the tests are almost the same. "Mattie Groves" is one of these ballads. No singer in his right mind would tamper with the story, which is at once witty and tragic, spicy and stark.

Hi-ho, hi-ho, high holiday, The first day of the year; Little Mattie Groves to church did go, God's holy word to hear.

The first to come in was a lady gay, The next was but a girl, The last to come in was Lord Arnold's wife, The flower among them all.

She stepped right up to Mattie Groves, Her eyes so low cast down, Says, "You must come home with me tonight, As you pass through the town."

"I cannot go with you tonight; I fear t'would cost my life! For I know you by your middle ring To be Lord Arnold's wife!"

"Well, if I am Lord Arnold's wife, I can't deny it all; But Arnold's gone to consecrate King Henry at Whitehall!"

Her little foot-page was standing by; He took to his heels and run, He run till he came to the broad water-side, And he bent on his breast and swum.

The lovely wife of Lord Arnold (or Arling, Darnold, Banner and others) approaches Mattie Groves at church and begs for an assignation. He protests, but she assures him that her husband is far away. Her foot-page, however, overhears, and, loyal to his master, sets off to tell him the news. Arnold marches for home at once, bidding his men not to make a sound. But one, a friend of Mattie's, blows a warning note on his horn. Mattie hears it and would go, but the lady bids him stay. They sleep and wake to find the lord at their feet. Mattie refuses to rise and fight, as he has no weapon, but Arnold gives him a sword. Mattie takes the first stroke, Arnold the second, and the fight is done: Mattie is slain. Arnold asks his wife her fancy, but she, bending to kiss her slain lover, refuses to give the safe answer, and he slays her, too. Some endings suggest a punishment to come for Arnold, but others only show that he is remorseful.

The appeal of such a triangle story is easy to understand, but due credit must be given to the wit of many lines. This ballad is exceptionally polished, probably because so many singers recognized in it a situation they knew intimately.

"What news, what news, my little foot-page, What news bring you to me? Are my castle walls all torn down, My lady with baby?"

"Your castle walls are not torn down, Nor are your castles three; But Mattie Groves is in your house, In bed with your gay lady!"

He took his merry men by the hand And he placed them all in a row, And he bade them not a word to speak, And not a horn to blow.

But there was one man among them all Who owed little Mattie good will, And he put his bugle-horn to his mouth, And he blew both loud and shrill.



"What's that, what's that?" cried Mattie Groves,
"I hear a bugle blow!
And every note it seems to say,
Arise, arise, and go!"

"Lie down, lie down, little Mattie Groves, And keep my back from cold! It's only my father's shepherd boy A-blowing up sheep from fold!"

From that they fell to hugging and kissing; From that they fell to sleep; And when they awoke at the break of day Lord Arnold was at their feet!

And it's "How do you like my fine feather-bed, And how do you like my sheets? And how do you like my gay lady That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Very well do I like your fine feather-beds; Very well do I like your sheets; But best of all your gay lady, What lies but ain't asleep!"

"Now get you up little Mattie Groves, And all your clothes put on, For it never shall be said in England That I slew a naked man!"

"I can't get up, I won't get up; I fear t'would cost my life! For you have two bitter swords at your side, And me not a wee pen knife!"

Yes, I have two bitter swords at my side, They cost me deep in purse; And you shall have the better of the two, And I will take the worse.''

The very first lick little Mattie struck He hurt Lord Arnold sore; But the very first lick Lord Arnold struck, Little Mattie struck no more.

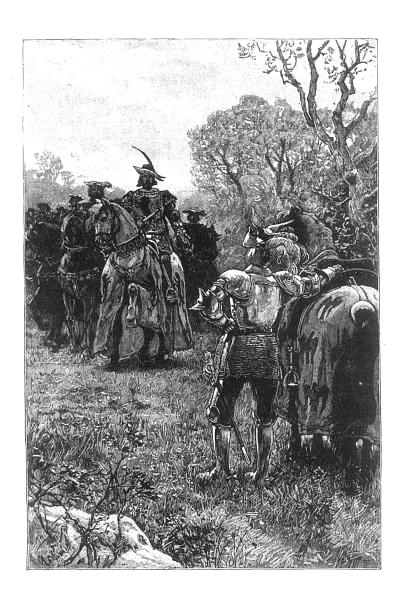
He took his lady by the hand, and he downed her on his knee, Saying, "Which do you like the best, my dear, Little Mattie Groves or me?"

She lifted Mattie's dying head, And kissed from cheek to chin; "It's Mattie Groves I'd rather have Than you and all your kin!"

He took his lady by the hand, And he led her o'er the plain, And he took the broad sword from his side, And he split her head in twain.

"Oh, woe is me, my merry men! Why stayed ye not my hand? For there I've slain the fairest two In all of England!"







(Two questions: Can you imagine this ballad ending with the lord cutting off the lady's breasts? This ending is far better and real, I think. Also, what does Mattie mean when he says the lady "lies, but ain't asleep"? Is he annoyed at believing her explanation of the horn, or is she awake and only pretending sleep?)

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Broadside

2ND ANNUAL ROANOKE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Cantrell's Horse Farm, Fincastle, Virginia September 2, 3, and 4, 1966

Would you believe that a name band did bluegrass arrangements of "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" and another Dylan song? It happened at the Roanoke Festival

Perhaps there was someone there who didn't enjoy the festival, but if there was, he was well hidden. It was magnificent. The only slight flaw (and it was indeed rather slight) was a bit of confusion on Friday (2 September) which caused some inconvenience (especially to members of the press). The organizer of the festival was so busy filming a TV show that he couldn't be found at the festival. Since that was the only thing that marred an otherwise perfect weekend, what else is there to say?

As might have been expected, Bill Monroe was superb. His Bluegrass Boys and his magnificent voice created an excitement which lasted all weekend. The Bluegrass Boys performed both Friday and Saturday nights as well as during the Sunday afternoon show. The Osborne Brothers arrived Friday night to listen although they didn't perform until Saturday. The Friday night concert included the great Jim and Jesse, Don Reno and his son Ronnie, Red Smiley's Bluegrass Cut Ups, and several less well known groups. Reno and Smiley did some of their old favorites together once again for a very enthusiastic audience. Next to Bill Monroe, Jim and Jesse McReynolds put on the best show of the evening.

On Saturday night they practically had to hurry people on and off the stage. There was a phenomenal abundance of bluegrass musicians. Of course the star was again the great Bill Monroe. Don and Ronnie Reno were there again also. Mac Wiseman was there, ably backed up by most of Don Reno's band. Wiseman also did a few numbers with the Osborne Brothers, with whom he has recently recorded an album. The Osbornes, of course, did their own material separately. The Country Gentlemen were there from Washington, D. C. They were the band who did two Bob Dylan songs. Clyde Moody and a host of less famous bands did a few songs each.

One of the highlights of the festival was the appearance of the Shady Valley Boys on the Saturday night program. The featured artists of the band are Del McCoury and fiddler Billy

Reviews_

Baker. Del McCoury has one of the finest voices in bluegrass. Another group on the Saturday night program was the Twin County Partners. This trio is made up of mandolin, guitar, and banjo and all three players are competent on their instruments. They played good, though not exceptional bluegrass, which would not have been particularly exciting coming from another group. Considering, however, that the banjo player is thirteen and the other two are only eleven years old, they are quite good.

The Sunday show was entitled The Story of Blue Grass Music Part 2 (part one, naturally enough, was at the first annual festival, last year). Essentially, what it amounted to was a recreation of the old Bluegrass Boys bands out of available personnel. Of course there were a few missing: Stringbean, Don Stover, Flatt and Scruggs, Jimmy Martin, the late Ed Mayfield, and more recently Del McCoury (who was busy doing a show elsewhere), Bill Keith, Jean Lowinger, and a few others. Nonetheless, the turnout was fantastic. In addition to the present Bluegrass Boys, there was Rudy Lyle, Clyde Moody, Mac Wiseman, Don Reno, Jim Eanes, Sonny Osborne (Bobby got up and did a few tunes with Bill, too, as did Red Smiley), Benny Martin, the great fiddler Kenny Baker, and many, many others. The impact of the show was tremendous. There were so many highlights that it's simply impossible to mention most of them, such as hearing Richard Greene playing twin fiddles with Kenny Baker.

To even begin to discuss the afternoon workshops would take at least this long again. Let's just say that it was a terrific festival. Hopefully it won't be the last.

Bob Jones



JOHN JACKSON: BLUES AND COUNTRY DANCE TUNES FROM VIRGINIA

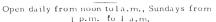
Arhoolie F-1025

John Jackson is a 42 year old Negro who goes around doing odd jobs like caretaking and digging graves to support himself and his family of eight. He started learning guitar when he was only 4 years old and later started

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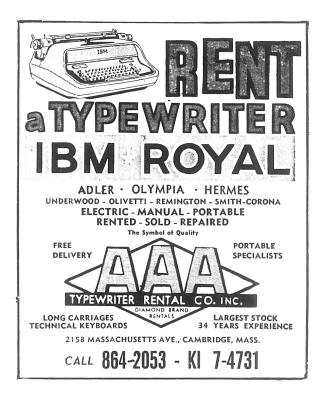


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playing at house parties and dances with his father; an incident at one of these parties stopped his playing for about 15 years, until 1964, when he was discovered and urged to resume. His style is reminiscent of so many people that it is difficult to quite piece them all out; against various elusive echoes, however, it is possible to place overtones of Jimmie Rogers (especially in "T.B. Blues"), Blind Blake, Woody Guthrie, and perhaps an occasional bit of Cisco Houston (?). Although it's quite possible that Jackson has never heard Woody, there still seems to be a lot of Woody's intonation in Jackson's singing. In any case, the resultant vocal style comes over well and merges easily with his freeflowing guitar and banjo-playing. Best cuts are "Black Snake Moan," "T.B. Blues," and his banjo piece, "If Hattie Wanna Lu, Let Her Lu Like a Man." Jackson may be another person we'll be hearing more of soon.

neil nyren



Broadside

CLARENCE ASHLEY AND TEX ISLEY Folkways FA2350 Ashley and Isley

Both Tom (Clarence) Ashley and Larry "Tex" Isley are fine country musicians. Both worked together in Charlie Monroe's band in the forties, and each has established a reputation in his own right. Tex Isley has accompanied Tom on his city concert tours of the past three or four years.

No recording of Tom Ashley could even come close to the experience of sitting in his (or a neighbor's) home watching and listening to him as he plays and sings. Nonetheless, this record shows off Tom Ashley and his songs very well. Tex Isley's guitar accompaniment is the perfect complement to Tom's singing and playing. In addition, Isley gets a very pleasant sound from the autoharp.

An album such as this is very difficult to review. Every song on the record is so good that it is literally impossible to say any are better than others. Almost all of the songs on the album have been recorded before, many by such favorites as Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers or The Carolina Tar Heels, with whom Tom Ashley sang years ago (as, "Rude and Rambling Man"). Nonetheless, many of these songs have been recorded only by little known groups or on hard-to-get labels before this album (as, "Frankie Silvers"). One of the songs, "Little Hillside," is an Ashley original and has never been recorded before. To all the songs on the record Tom brings a fresh yet traditional vocal arrangement. His drop thumb banjo playing suits the material perfectly.

With such wonderful and hard-to-find songs as "Can I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight,

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Mister" and "Faded Roses," the album would be excellent if only for a source of reference material. It is certainly a must for anyone interested in the old time music of the Southern mountains. With two such fine instrumentalists plus Tom's singing, in addition to the very good selection of songs, it is recommended with an earfor pleasant music. Tradition and good music can go together.

Bob Jones



BLUES FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA Son House & J. D. Short Verve/Folkways FV-9035

This is another album in the Verve-Folkways series of Folkways re-releases. The first side, recorded in 1942 by Alan Lomax for the Library of Congress, features six blues by Son House, taped when Son was still living in the Mississippi delta area. His sensitive voice and intricate guitar combine to produce a highly intense form of the blues which is so personal that words are often indistinguishable, and even nonexistent, as they become inadequate to express his feelings. Of particular interest is "This War Will Last You For Years," which may be the only blues in 3/4 time in existence. The second side contains four blues by J. D. Short, recorded by Sam Charters in 1962, a few months before Short's death. Short expressed himself less through his voice and guitar, both of which are far more primitive than House's, than through his harmonica, which produces an insistent deep crying sound. The best cut here is his "Train, Bring My Baby Back," which contains some really fine harmonica playing. A good album to re-release.

neil nyren



BIG MAMA THORNTON IN EUROPE

Arhoolie F-1028

Back in 1952, Big Mama Thornton was handed a song scribbled on a paper bag which she decided she liked, so she recorded it. The song, "Hound Dog," became a big hit not only for her, but for a later singer as well, name of Elvis Presley. Now, with her participation in the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival and the 1965 American Folk Blues Festival tour of Europe, Big Mama may be on her way to prominence again. And it's about time too, if this album is any indication of her ability. Big Mama sings high-spirited jump-blues one minute and low moaning-blues the next and they both sound just right. She takes each song and reworks it into her own highly personal expression of the blues, often making one feel that this is the way it should be sung, and this is true whether she sings with just one guitar or with half a dozen sidemen. And what sidemen! Among others, Walter Horton on harmonica, Buddy Guy and Fred McDowell on guitars, and Eddie Boyd on piano - not to mention Big Mama herself on harmonica and drums, demonstrating on "Down-Home Shake-Down" that she can match harmonicas note for note with Horton. To be noted especially are the two cuts on which she is accompanied only by Fred McDowell on bottleneck guitar; the unity of style and expression here between the singer and the guitarist is remarkably complete and extremely effective. Big Mama ends her last song with a full 300-pound shout; by that time, the listener may feel like doing the same thing himself.

neil nyren

TIME

The Pozo-Seco Singers Columbia CL 2515

The record jacket tells me that the title tune is a "haunting (ballad) that soared to the top of the charts almost overnight." That's nice, but I don't see why. "Time" is a vapid, inane song with absolutely nothing to recommend it except its short title - I take that back — it also telescopes the chief features of The Pozo-Seco Singers. The lyrics are abominable ("Sometimes I'm satisfied, sometimes I'm not / Sometimes my face is cold, sometimes it's hot"). The singing is listless. which I suppose is an attempt to show helplessness and resignation before inexorable Time, and their idea of vocal style, Susan Taylor's in particular, is to slide into every fourth note or so from under its proper pitch.

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Other than making you wonder if your turntable is eccentric, it serves no positive purpose.

This album is permeated by poor taste, or perhaps nearer the mark, the absence of taste. "If I Fell," the Beatles' tune, suffers from the Pozo-Seco Singers' customary vocal ennui plus the swooping about mentioned above. "The House of the Rising Sun" and "You've Lost that Lovin' Feeling" are sad attempts to cash in on established "hits." "Come A Little Bit Closer" is a worthless song to begin with, and their performance reflects this fact admirably. And I hope Bob Jones never has to hear this version of "Silver Threads and Golden Needles." The harmonies are completely out of character with the song.

There is one inexplicably very good cut on this record — "Guantanamera." Perhaps it's the song itself, which cannot easily be corrupted, or perhaps it is a happy accident that their usual dour passivity can be confused with the gentleness appropriate to this song, or perhaps they do have some musical sensitivity after all.

The back-up musicians all earn their bread and the stereo sound is good, but let's get back to the title tune. "Some folks treat me mean, some treat me kind / Most folks just go their way, don't pay me any mind." Right.

Ralph Earle

New York News & Notes

by Kathy Kaplan

Editors permitting, this column will be of a different nature than usual. But there's good reason for it. During the years I've been involved with folk music, I've met many, many performers. Yet, seldom have I crossed paths with anyone who is both a highly skilled musician and a darn nice person. Such a man is Jim Buchanan. I think you should know about him.

Coming from a long line of fiddlers which goes all the way back to Scotland, it is not unusual that Jim took up this instrument. (It is interesting to note that his source of inspiration and influences came mostly from his own family.) Considered a musician without peer by some, Jim has played the fiddle for fourteen years—which may seem to be a relatively short time compared to the masters. His musical ability is not limited to this instrument either. In addition to fiddle, Jim also plays drums, guitar, bass, mandolin, and tenor banjo. He also loves the Irish harp and the peddled steel guitar, and hopes to spend some time on them some day. He also is interested in classical violin music. (There's a switch!) From the little I heard him play ("Humoresque" and a few others), I can say it lives up to typical Buchanan standards. Jim appreciates any kind of music that is

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done well. "But don't think I'm one of those 'think nothing but music' guys," he adds.

Jim considers himself an outdoors type who loves hunting and fishing. "It's good for everybody. I can think and get lots of ideas there."

You may have heard the name Jim Buchanan in connection with a number of musicians -Arthur Smith, Jim & Jesse, or the Greenbriar Boys - all with whom he has performed at one time or another. Although he is back with the McReynolds Brothers again, he was working for awhile with an unnamed group of his own in North Carolina. (The other members were Herb Lambert, mandolin; L. W. Lamberth, banjo; John Shuffler, whose brother is with the Clinch Mt. Boys, on guitar; and Joe Green, bass. All have played bluegrass all their lives.) Having played in front of all kinds of audiences, Jim notices a difference: "A city audience's interest lies in a show where there is a great deal of technicality. They notice every detail separately. Country audiences are interested in overall sounds and looks. Country humor is different, too."

On the subject of commerciality, Jim believes that one must be commercial enough to bend—enough to "stay in business and make a living." But this does not mean "selling out." Common people originated folk music from a way of life. You can't dispose of the real music without first getting rid of the people or a particular way of life. "If folk music diminishes, it is the biggest defeat we have ever faced." (Amen.)

Whether on stage or off, Jim seems to derive a great deal of pleasure from his work. (I remember one night how after a long week at the Gaslight he and Dick Greene played right through 'til dawn without hardly ever stopping.) It's really good to see after a lot of 'wind-up dolls' who just go through the motions. Actually, there are a lot of good things I could say, but I'm afraid my journalistic talents (or lack of such) couldn't do justice. So why don't you find out yourselves? (If you're really in with things, I guess you already know.)

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WOW!

THE FOLK SCENE:

washington baltimore

by Mike Esterson

About October 1, a new club called the Listening Ear will be opening in Linthicum, just southwest of Baltimore. It will be located in the middle of the triangle formed by the Baltimore Beltway, Harbor Tunnel and the Baltimore-Washington Expressway, making it easily accessible from the various colleges in the area as well as the two large cities.

While plans for the Ear's operation are not yet complete, I will tell what I know. On Fridays and Saturdays the club will book local talent at first with larger names coming in later if it is a success. It will run a hoot either Sunday afternoon or evening.

The Listening Ear is opening at a time when there are only two commercial clubs in the whole two-city area and a large public is ready to support a new club. I wish them all success.

Judy Collins had to cancel her August engagement at Washington's Cellar Door because of throat trouble.

Bernie Stuart, a young singer from Baltimore, recently played a weekend engage-



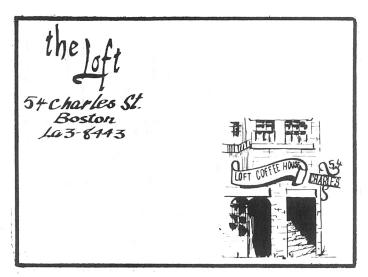
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ment at the Second of Autumn in Philadelphia, possibly opening the door to others from the area.

Church coffeehouses in the Baltimore area are doing a flourishing business. The 12 Gates in the Govens Lutheran Church normally features two acts during its 9 til 12:30 Friday night operation with auditions from 8 to 9. The Red Sea in the Towsen Presbyterian Church is open on Saturday nights with a come-and-sit-and-sing policy. Each has built up a solid group of followers and is attracting some of the best young singers on the Baltimore scene.

The 10 to 11 hour of the Sunday Dick Cerri Show over WAVA-FM, Arlington, Va., is broadcast live from the Cellar Door where there is a hoot (almost totally blocked out in advance) in progress. The hour is taped and rebroadcast on Wednesdays between 10 and 11.

The Foghorn Folk Center of Baltimore is now totally departed with the closing of its guitar shop which remained open after the Foghorn night club closed in June. The Blue Note, a 12 to 6 breakfast and jazz club at the Horn's old location, is now open Thursday thru Saturday.

Patches' 15 Below in Timonium, Md., had its best weekend ever when Don Leace appeared in August. Patches' has developed a policy of fostering new talent in its Sunday hoots and, when the management feels that an act is ready, presents it as a "Guest Act" on the Friday and Saturday feature nights. Many fine acts have come along this route and have even become headliners at local clubs.



THINK-IN

ed freeman

Before we go on to a folk singer's jaundiced impressions of Beatlemania, it seems I have to retract some of my grandiose philosophising of the last issue; my ex-physics-major downstairs neighbor, upon reading my one paragraph summary of all of nuclear physics, came tromping upstairs, visibly shaken that I had managed to misunderstand and oversimplify so grossly the delicate scientists-eye-view of the workings of nature; he scribbled down a few equations, mumbled something about a Unified Field Theory, reprimanded me for my disservice to Broadside readers in quest of Scientific Truth, and left, chewing furiously on his all-day Miltown.

So anyway. In principle, it seems I had the right idea — matter is made of energy, and so is light (although they seem to be basically different forms of energy) — but there was also some glunk about forces and waves and particles which I failed to understand fully. It doesn't contradict my original philosophy, however — that there is a One of which all things are manifestations, that all separate things are unified on the highest level of understanding. As a matter of fact, it seems that physicists are trying to figure out the One in their own little way. Who knows, maybe the next Nobel Prize will go to the scientist who figures out the equation for God...

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Various disconnected thoughts RE the Beatles tour:

The strongest impression is that it never happened. Fourteen cities, eighteen shows, tenthousand miles, and somewhere in the vicinity of a half a million screaming fans, all in the space of nineteen days seems very unreal, both during and after. I cannot think of a stranger way to spend three weeks.

The Remains, whose LP should be out by the time you read this, did very well, especially in the hard-rock oriented cities — Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

Musically, the whole tour was a fiasco, due to the incredibly bad sound systems on which we were forced to rely in most places we played. Seems that no one has figured out how to produce ultra-loud, hi-fi sound yet.

The whole tour went surprisingly smoothly; only two riots, one bomb scare, a KKK demonstration, and a couple of religious fanatics here and there to break the monotony. Remarkably calm compared to last year. But the Beatles aren't declining in popularity; their audience is just growing up and getting more conservative.

Living with the Beatles is an unbelievably weird experience, with its own unique problems. The most difficult one, for both the Beatles and the rest of the people on the tour, seemed to be that of resolving the huge gap between the immensity of the Beatles' public life and the down-home, eminently human quality of their private life. It is hard to understand that the guy you played poker with all afternoon is the same person who is responsible for tens of thousands of screaming fans that same evening.

My respect for the Beatles' music has only increased, if such is possible, since going on tour with them. All four of them are truly master musicians by any standards, and their musicianship, although completely different, is as evident on stage as it is on record. It is heartening to think that we have come to an age where such thoroughly good music can receive the acclaim that has been accorded the Beatles.

Next issue, I'll attempt to explain where I think they're at, music-wise and person-wise. A presumptuous task to undertake. Be prepared for a little psycho-mysticism...

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dear BROADSIDE

dear BROADSIDE:

While at the typewriter, attempting to editorialize the recent upsurge in schmucky (and/or rank) things done by schmucks (ranksters), with regard to the music scene — I find it increasingly difficult to be coherent.

The plain fact of the matter is that the more I think about it, the madder I become.

Re: "Beatle-Ban" thing:

- l. The "Bible Belt" should read the Bible more.
- 2. The Beatles should keep their yaps shut.
 - 3. I should turn off my typewriter.

I realize that I have been reading in The Broadside now, for over a year, some of the static all of you have encountered with radio stations. Little did I realize the intensity in scope of the bog surrounding radio. Local stations in Denver have "just plain folks" working in, around, for, over, outside of, inside of, underneath and/or you-name-it-capacity-things completely unaware of what is happening in music. They frantically chase down the commercial. They are frantically running in frightened and ever-diminishing circles. I hope no one gooses them!

I <u>DO BELIEVE</u> that Denver is fortunate, in that we have two Soul D. J. 's. One more is approachable, and that says a lot. The rest are "too busy".....(flying).....

When the Beatle-Ban thing broke, when Tommy Charles (does he realize that his last name is like Ray's?) made that initial breakfor a Beatle-Ban, our Station KIMN-AM Soul-guy, Hal Moore, did a good editorial stating KIMN's "Policy Thing" and then stated their intentions to ignore the proposed squelch. He gave a few of his own thoughts and tried to keep things down to a realistic (and on his part, wonderfully calm) roar. Happily, upon turning to KLZ-FM, I heard Max Floyd say: "The air is too clear up here (in Denver) — WE certainly aren't going to ban the Beatles."

In general, that was the attitude upheld, although the press attempted to blow it up.

Lenny Bruce died the same day; and there were about a dozen lines worth of press coverage. Lenny was as important at one time and I sincerely doubt that Playboy magazine would regard Lennon with as much depth and importance. Lenny — Lennon; two innovators. One blew his lid soulfully; one

blew his lid Englishly. I met Lenny in a graveyard many, many years ago. He was sitting on a grave. He wanted to be underneath the ground. He eventually made it, but he could not destroy his Greatness. He could degrade it, blaspheme, curse it, hate it (which he did) — but not destroy it. Now his memory is great to those who knew him "When."

And now we have news about Woody Guthrie, being lauded by the President of the United States, and Sec. Udall giving him an award. Folk songs are being written ABOUT him instead of by him—his image has been blown up seemingly out-of-proportion. He wrote some truly good songs and some excellent books, but had to be hauled from one job to another with the promise of drink at the end of the line. This does not detract from what he has given all of us, but quite frankly I cannot see the justice here. He was somewhat of a parasite (albeit, a soul-parasite).

The correlation to be drawn here is this: Here are three men from three totally differing walks of life—three spheres, so to speak; and on the same day news appears in print about all three of them in the same newspaper on three varying levels. Who knows if their individual Beliefs will land them in the same Hereafter? But "The Triangle Tingles"....and there certainly is one left who contains all three. May Heaven protect him.....from the others.

Sincerely, Carol Sterkel Denver, Colorado 80236





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