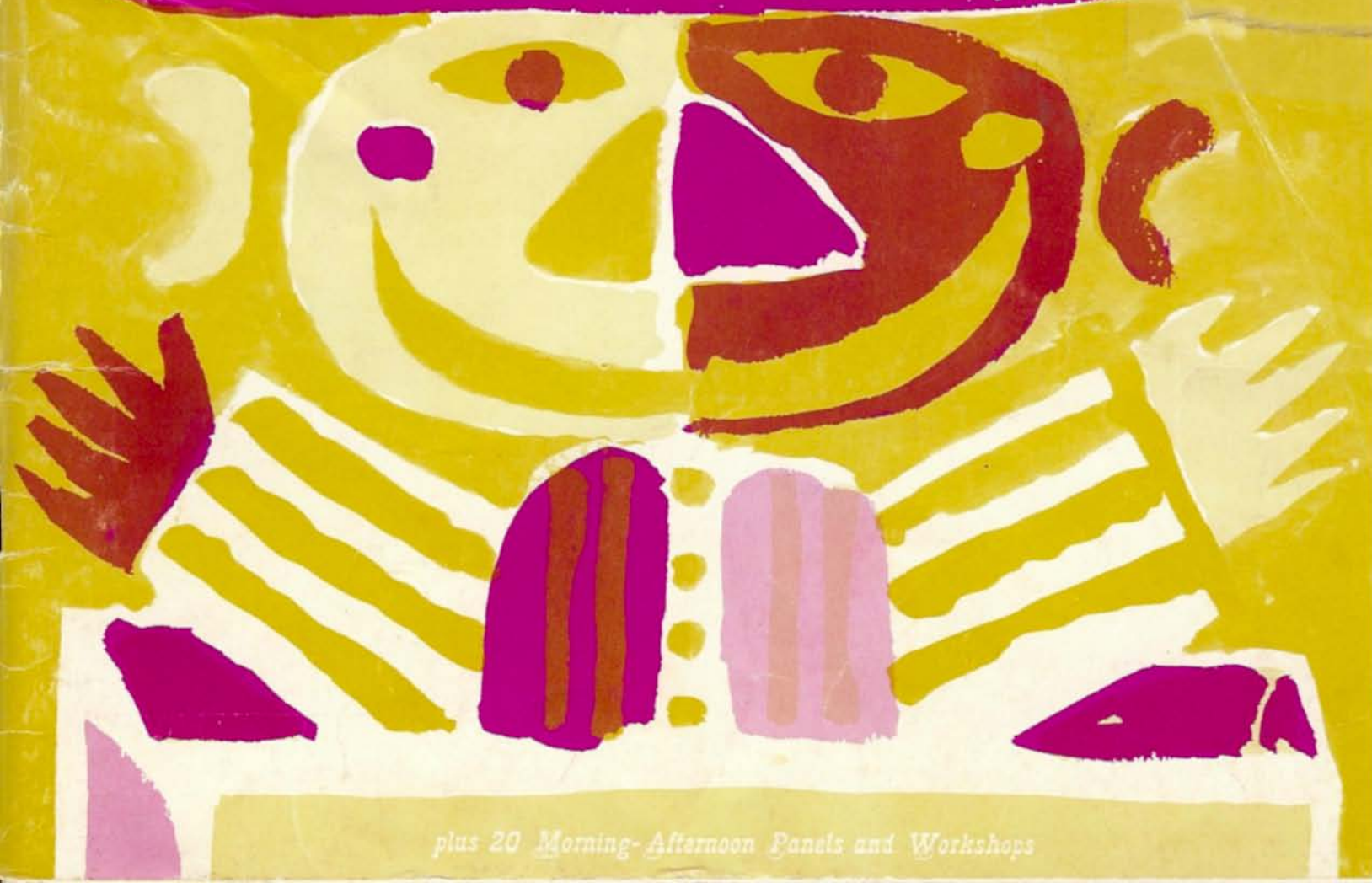


Newport Folk Festival 1963

Official Program \$1.00

Gay von Schmitt



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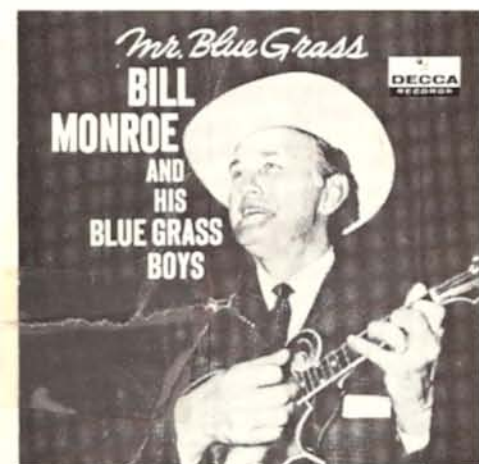
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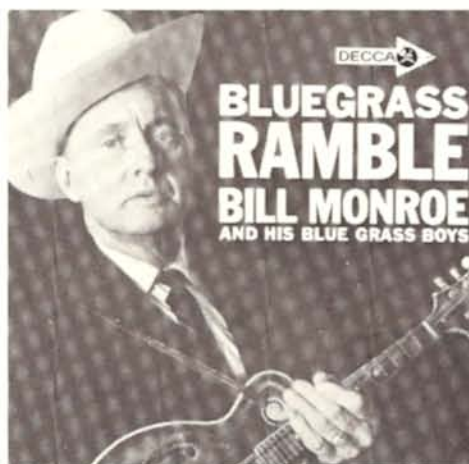


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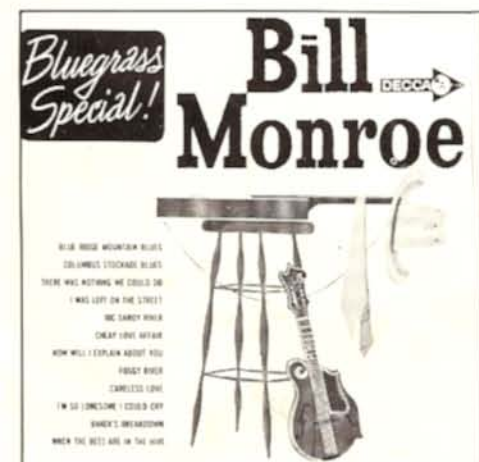
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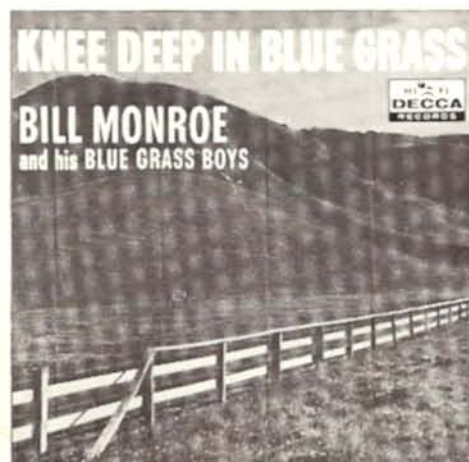
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Welcome

Dear Folk-Music Fan:

Looking at the names of the undersigned you will no doubt be aware that the one thing we all have in common is a personal involvement with folk music. Each of us in his own individual way has a stake in the folk field and an obligation to it. We would like to repay in some measure what we owe to the raw material upon which we draw in our work. To this end we are reviving the Newport Folk Festival—with some important changes.

Firstly, all profits will be used for the benefit of the field itself, be it in the shape of travel grants, scholarships, folk library endowments, the support of permanent records of folklore on tape or film, etc.

Secondly, everybody will work for scale. Thus a popular singing star or a well-known folk group drawing huge audiences and normally commanding huge salaries will in fact be contributing their services so that an unknown country fiddler or a Welsh miners' quartet may be brought in to be heard at the festival.

All matters will be run by a group of seven directors. We are among the first batch. However, we cannot perpetuate ourselves in office as Directors. Each year three members will be replaced from the ranks of people active in the field. You may be asked to serve at some time in the future.

In any event, this idea will only work if everyone shares some of our enthusiasm and our willingness to spend time and energy on this project. We would like to know if we may call upon you for advice, participation or other help as the need arises. And we shall eagerly welcome your comments and suggestions.

Fraternally yours,

Theodore Bikel Bill Clifton Clarence Cooper Erik Darling
Jean Ritchie Peter Seeger Peter Yarrow

All replies to be sent to Newport Folk Festival headquarters,
in care of George Wein, 50 Central Park West, New York 23, New York

Newport Folk Festival 1963

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Greetings from

THEODORE BIKEL



Welcome to the 1963 Newport Folk Festival, the first to be organized by a committee of folk singers and the first festival, the profits of which will go to the folk field itself.

In banding together in this formidable task of planning and executing the organization of the festival, the directors—all folk performers themselves—had several goals in mind:

1. To present the widest possible variety of folk music to the public, from the best-known "commercially"-accepted to the unknown and esoteric;
2. To fill every minute and every inch of space at the festival with folk activity;
3. To have everybody work for minimum union pay, and
4. To make use of the profits so as to benefit the whole field of folk music.

We are all indebted to the field; we base our research on sources in the field, both identified and unidentified. For myself, I have long felt that a tangible contribution is needed, be it in the shape of research grants, a centrally located cross-reference library, or a tape reference center. With popular support of the yearly Newport Folk Festival and through the contribution of our combined talents (usually the heaviest item of a commercially run festival), these aims need no longer remain distant dreams.

Use the festival. Do not merely attend a series of concerts; wander about; participate in the workshops, the debates, agree, disagree, argue; and above all, sing.

Welcome.

BILL CLIFTON



At long last we have in the structure of the Newport Folk Foundation the basic elements necessary to the establishment of a self-perpetuating organization dedicated to the understanding and propagation of folk music. The framework within which each festival will operate is broad enough to include any area of folkness regardless of contemporary classification.

In this Newport Folk Festival a cross-section of Bluegrass and early American mountain music is being offered—an exciting addition to the classical and traditional folk songs and ballads of our times! Here is an opportunity for performers and spectators of like interests but divergent tastes to meet and enjoy the whole spectrum of their folk music.

We should come away not only broader and better informed, but humble in the awareness of the enormous breadth and scope of our heritage.

CLARENCE COOPER



I was born and raised in Washington, N. C., of a comparatively middle-class family. I had 10 brothers and sisters and my parents saw that each one of us had an education. We all were members of a Methodist Church where there existed a formal service with little, if any, spontaneous and spirited gospel singing.

There were, however, two other churches in town, "sanctified" and "holy" where the gospel singing was spirited and expressed all of the desires for better days usually meaning "to a land beyond with Jesus." I was not permitted to go to these churches, but I used to sneak off anyway and that was my first exposure to my own folk culture.

The only other music I was exposed to was the "cracker mountain music" with much banjo and fiddle. Since I was raised in a totally segregated society I naturally associated banjos and fiddles with the white man and I naturally was not all that pleased to see or hear either. In 1952 when I first heard Pete Seeger, I recall feeling "oh, just another cracker with a banjo." Needless to say, through personal curiosity, which exposed me to all forms of peoples' music I am better able to appreciate their contribution and mine.

I was therefore pleasantly surprised and thrilled when asked to be a contributing person to the Newport Folk Festival and to serve on the Board of Directors this year. The experience of helping to put the idea of The Newport Folk Festival together has been a thrilling one and the realization of a dream. I am sure that this feeling will reach you and that you, individually and collectively, will get the same satisfaction. You are as much a part of this as we are. Folk music is yours and mine, belongs to none of us, yet to all of us.

Participate, listen, sing and enjoy. Greetings!

ERIK DARLING

I feel that the Newport Folk Festival organization could be a pretty broad operation. It could have a far-reaching effect for people interested in folk music, in a historical way as well as those interested in some kind of creativity. The actual festival, itself, is obviously a place for both the people interested in creativity as well as those interested in performing songs as they have always been sung for centuries. The Newport audience will exist for both types of performers.

Being that all of the profits are for the use of the Newport Folk Festival organization, it is fairly obvious to me that these monies could be spent on sending expeditions to collect folk material all over the world. This could create a wealth of natural material in a library for people who are interested in creating new work based on some aspect of folk themes. It could also be a place for those interested in singing from a historical point of view to find a wealth of knowledge and material.



the Directors

Welcome to Newport! Tonight it seems to me
That one of the reasons for my being born
In lost Kentucky Mountains, long ago,
And tenderly brought up, was to be led
Along the many years from then to now
That I might stand here in this place with you
And give my hand and heart and voice in love:

Welcome to the feast!

We are the yeast, we seven, we're the leaven
In the loaf. You are the salt, the milk
And honey, wheaten flour. No one part better
Than another. So, we'll knead it well,
And if we care enough and tend the fire,
The whole loaf will be good, and big enough
To feed the multitude, and all the world.

For if we have created anything
With all our molding, worrying into shape,
It is a vision of a goodly place
Where kind respect instead of contest reigns.

A place where all can come, the fathers, mothers,
All the children and their kith and kin
To hear and to be heard; also to see
And to be seen; and to appreciate
And be appreciated; and to share—

JEAN RITCHIE



PHOTO BY GEORGE PICKOW

To share our house with us, our loaf of bread,
Our bubbling stew of music, and to add
Their own thereto. To share our soft mist-mornings,
Our beaches noon-warmed, and our magic evenings—
Bright moonbows woven from the wild sea-spray
And music of many colors running through;

Our love of this world's beauty, our hatred of its wars,
Our great World's Fair of People, singing to the stars.

PETER SEEGER

I don't guess any of us who agreed to serve on this committee realized how much work it was going to be. We have tried to get as big a variety as possible. We hope the average person attending will be enthusiastic about at least 25 percent of what they hear, interested in another 50 percent, and actively dislike or be bored by not more than 25 percent.

The richness and variety of the folk music which can be found in these United States is so great that one could have a two-week festival with the program going on continuously for 24 hours every day, and not cover it all. Here are just a few of the things we *don't* have at this first festival, but hope to in future ones: Spanish-American music from the southwest; Acadian French music from Louisiana; Puerto Rican music from New York; Pennsylvania Dutch music and dancing; hammer-dulcimer players from the midwest; Basque pipers from Idaho; Eskimos from Alaska; ukulele strummers from Hawaii. And future festivals should have a lot more from New England; ballad singers, fiddlers, story-tellers from Maine fishing villages, and Portuguese singers from Provincetown.

Let's hope that you'll find lots on this year's festival that you didn't know about. Table-hopping during the daytime workshops is entirely legal; if you locate some music you really go for, get a seat up close, and stay there, soaking up all you want!

PETER YARROW

Newport this year can be the beginning of one of those situations that is a tribute to the fine things in people. Every person involved in the festival is donating his services. For this reason and because of the unique selection of people who have been asked to come and talk and sing... Newport is a recognition of...

- ... the importance of folk music as a dynamic, living force in our world today;
 - ... the importance of a music that deals with basic human problems and needs and emotions; not with market-researched, manufactured desires that are sated by placebo tablets;
 - ... the importance of each man's selfless concern for other people—for this is what folk music is about;
 - ... the importance of the way a person feels about himself, what he says about himself, what he stands for—for this, too, is what folk music is about.
 - ... the importance of dealing honestly with the world around oneself, as folk music does, and not escaping from the world into a limited, conceited, smug point of view.
- Newport is an opportunity...

... for commercially successful folk singers to pay a tribute to the grass roots singers from whom they have learned. (A large part of the festival audience is being exposed to traditional music for the first time.) Those singers who now have a limited appeal will be tomorrow's giants as the scope and artistic understanding of the popular audience grows.

... for new, young singers to be heard, to be broadened and to be influenced by the whole gamut of folk music.

Lastly, Newport is a step in the direction of having people's attitudes towards folk music more an inclusive, broad appreciation rather than a series of limited "in-group" points of view.



PHOTO BY PHIL OLIVIER



The Setting: Newport

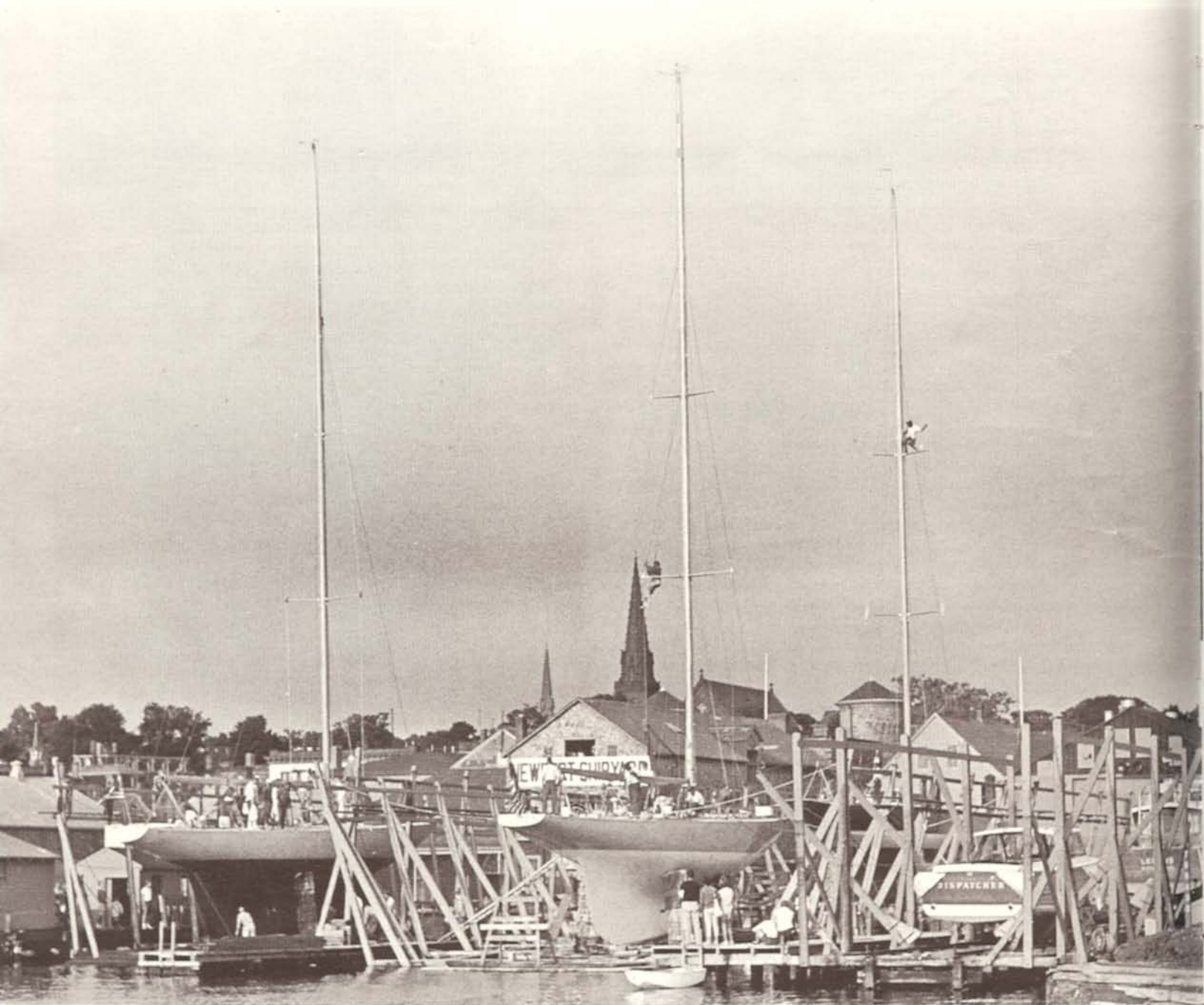


PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER

Newport shipyard on August 13, 1962. Left to right—Weatherly, Columbia and Easterner



Bob Dylan

—for Dave Glover

Yuh ask in the last letter how come I aint wrote lately—
 Yuh say that writin t me's like blowin words at a stone wall—
 Yuh ask in a quiet way if I changed my ways so hard that I don
 remember old friends—
 Yuh even ask if I'm mad at yuh for somethin—
 An with each letter sent yuh never got a one back—
 An I know how yuh mus' feel—
 Dave Glover—harmonica sidekick an guitar pardner—
 Dave Glover—best friend in the highest form—
 Dave Glover—true rebel an unconscious outlaw—
 Dave Glover—ramblin do-gooder a the best breed—
 Dave Glover—who knew me before I bit or got bit by New York City—
 Dave Glover—who's everythin I stand for or am a part of—
 An I don even answer a letter from 'm—
 I don even answer one little lousey letter—
 An I ask m'self am I crazy—
 This is Dave writin t you, man—
 This's somebody you love—
 We used t make music t'gether—
 We used t drink cough medicine bottles a vodka t'gether—
 We used t stay up all nite laughin an singin—
 An we did that when there weren't too many people doin it—
 Hey man—I'm sorry— // I mean I'm really sorry—
 I wrote many lines in the past few years but there aint no letters in
 none a the words t spell out how sorry I am—
 It's a complicated day—
 I keep rememberin the songs we used t sing an play—
 The songs written twenty thirty fifty years ago—
 The dirt farm songs—the dust bowl songs—
 The depression songs—the down an out songs—
 The ol blues an ballads—
 I think a Woody's songs—
 I think a Woody's day—
 "This land I'll defend with my life if it be"
 An I say t myself "Yeah that's right—

Hitler's on the march
 I don wan' 'm takin my ground
 I don wan' 'm livin on my land'
 An I see two sides man—
 I see two roads t pick yer route—
 The American way or the Fascist way—
 When there was a strike there's only two kinds a views—
 An two kinds a tales t tell the news—
 Thru the union's eyes or thru the bosses eyes—
 An yuh could stand on a line an look at yer friends—
 An stand on that same line an see yer foes—
 It was that easy—
 "Which Side're You On" aint phony words
 An they aint from a phony song—
 An that was Woody's day man—
 Two sides—
 I don know what happened cause I wasn' aroun but somewhere along
 the line a that used t be day things got messed up—
 More kinds a sides come int' the story—
 Folks I guess started switchin sides an makin up their own sides—
 There got t be so many sides that no eyes could see the eyes facin 'm—
 There got t be so many sides that all of 'm started lookin like each other—
 I don preten t know what happened man but somehow all sides lost their
 purpose an folks forgot about other folks—
 I mean they must a all started goin against each other not for the good
 a their side but for the good a jes their own selves—
 An them two simple sides that was so easy t tell apart basbed an
 boomed an exploded so hard an heavy that t'day all 'ts left and
 made for us is this one big rockin rollin
 COMPLICATED CIRCLE—

Nowadays folks brains're bamboozled an bouled over by categories—
 labels an slogans an advertisements that could send anybody's
 head in a spin—
 It's hard t believe anybody's tellin the truth for what it is—
 I swear it's true that in some parts a the country folks believe the
 finger-pointers more'n the President—
 It's the time a the flag wavin shotgun carryin John Birchers—
 It's the time a the killer dogs an killer sprays—
 It's the time a the billboard sign super flyin highways—
 It's the time a the pushbutton foods an five minute fads—
 It's the time a the white collar shirt an the white sheeted blood and the
 white man's suntan lotion—
 It's the time a guns an grenades an bombs bigger'n any time's ever seen—
 It's the time a Liz Taylor fans—sports fans an electric fans—
 It's the time when a twenty year ol colored boy with his head bloody
 don get too much thought from the seventy year ol senator who
 wants t bomb Cuba—
 I don know who the people were man that let it get this way but they
 got what they wanted out a their lives an left me an you facin a
 scared raped world—
 They drained the free thinkin air an left us with a mental institution
 circle—
 They rotted the poor wind and left us with a mixed up mislead
 puny breeze—
 They stole Abraham Lincoln's road an sold us Bill Moore's highway—
 They shot down trees—buried the leaves an nailed "Progress" t the
 gravestone—
 They damned up the clear runnin river of "love thy neighbor"
 said by Jesus Christ a Bethlehem an poluted us with "I'll guard
 the school door with my body" said by Governor Wallace of
 Alabama—
 They robbed the Constitution of the land an snuck in the censors of
 the mind—
 They bought up everythin at the auction an left us with a garbage
 market a fools an fears an frustratin phoniness—
 Yuh ask how I'm doin Dave—
 I'm still singin—I'm still writin—
 I'm still doin all a things I used t do I guess
 But the difference is probably that now I really aint thinkin
 about what I'm doing no more
 I don worry no more bout the covered up lies an twisted truths in front
 a my eyes—

cont'd on following page

cont'd from preceding page

I don worry no more bout the no-talent criticizers an know-nothin
philosophizers—
I don worry no more bout the cross-legged corner sitters who try an
make rules for the ones travelin in the middle a the room—
I'm singin an writin what's on my own mind now—
What's in my own head and what's in my own heart—
I'm singin for me an a million other me's that've been forced t'gether
by the same feelin—
Not by no kind a side
Not by no kind a category—
People bung up an strung out—
People frustrated an corked in an bottled up—
People in no special form or field—age limit or class—
I can't sing "Red Apple Juice" no more
I gotta sing "Masters a War"—
I can't sing "Little Maggie" with a clear head—
I gotta sing "Seven Curses" instead—
I can't sing "John Henry"
I gotta sing "Hollis Brown"—
I can't sing "John Jobannah" cause it's his story an his people's story—
I gotta sing "With God On My Side" cause it's my story an my
people's story—
I can't sing "The Girl I Left Behind" cause I know what it's like to
do it—
I gotta sing "Boots a Spanish Leather" cause I know what it's like
to live it—
But don get me wrong now—
Don think I go way out a my way not t sing no folk songs—
That aint it at all—
The folk songs showed me the way
They showed me that songs can say somethin human—
Without "Barbara Allan" there'd be no "Girl from the North Country"—
Without no "Lone Green Valley" there'd be no "Don Think Twice"—
Without no "Jesse James" there'd be no "Davy Moore"—
Without no "Twenty one Years" there'd be no "Walls a Red Wing"—

Hell no—
Them ol songs're the only kinda picture left t show the new born
how it used t be in them times—
Them ol songs tell us what they bad t run thru or walk thru or
dance thru
The ol songs tell how they loved an how they kissed—
They tell us what they rejected an objected to—
They laid it down an made the path—
They were simple an tol the story straight—
They said who they fought an what they fought for an with what they
fought with—
An who they fought against—
Now's a complicated day—
An all I'm sayin is 'at I gotta make my own statement bout this day—
I gotta write my own feelins down the same way they did it before—
me in that used t be day—
An I got nothing but bomege an boly thinkin for the ol songs and
stories—
But now there's me an you—
An I'm doin what I'm doin for me—
An I'm doin what I'm doin for you—
I'm writing an singing for me—
An I'm writin an singing for you—
I'm writin an singin for me cause I'm human an I'm breathin
In a world that was made for me—
I'm writin an singin for you cause yer a part a me an everythin I
stand for—
I don know why I aint written t yuh—
Maybe cause I never write letters t m'self—
Yeah maybe that's why—

See yub when I get there
yer friend

Bob Dylan

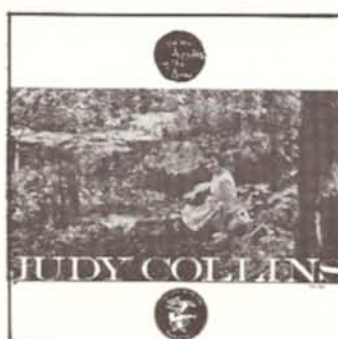
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Folklore in Your City

by Tony Schwartz

Many people think a folklore collector is someone who travels to remote parts of the country or world to collect songs and music of exotic peoples. If this were the only way to collect folklore, many of us city dwellers would just not be able to indulge. We have our jobs, school work and homes to take care of and just can't afford to cut loose and take off for distant lands to search for songs.

Does this mean we can't enjoy the collecting of folklore? NO. In fact, it actually may mean more enjoyment in collecting . . . no travelling expenses, no tropical diseases, no passports, no hotel bills, no bus schedules, no inoculations, no suitcases, no customs inspections, no equipment breakdowns far from servicing . . . in fact, fewer problems. Any benefits? As the commercial for the window cleanser says, "You can get to know your neighbors." In doing this, you open the possibility of one of the richest experiences of your life.

This article is too short to do any more than just touch on some aspects of collecting city folklore. First of all, it might be helpful to define "folklore" for yourself. The traditional definition, which roughly states that "folklore is the songs, expressions, customs, etc., passed on from generation to generation, the authors of which are unknown" I believe is much too limiting for today. As techniques of collecting folklore change, the types of material that can be collected change and, of course, the analysis and judgments of the material can change. In our generation, the pencil, pen, and typewriter have been replaced by the tape recorder and sound movie camera as the most efficient tools for the collection of folklore. I believe definitions of folklore must also change. I personally have no interest in folklore for folklore's sake, but I am tremendously interested in the sound expression of the people and objects of our time. In following this interest, I believe I have come into contact with material that the traditional folklorist formerly would not have called folklore but, when confronted with it today, would be forced to. The more liberal your definition for collecting, the better off you'll be.

The city offers one a wonderful opportunity to collect folklore. It may be of a different nature from country lore. Firstly, there are the songs and stories of the many national groups that make up many of our cities. Then there are children's games such as bounce ball, jump rope, clapping games, tag, riddles, jokes, and the fads children go through. By fads I mean things like knock-knock, yo-yoing, hula hoops, swifties, sick jokes, etc. There is also the folklore of teenagers, high school and college students—the folklore of work, the private languages of various trades and professions, the stories and jokes of various fields; salesmen jokes, garment industry jokes, stories, and songs. There are songs, street cries, stories, fables, games, etc. from the total history of a city. The various social and natural upheavals we go through have their folklore . . . wars, floods, depressions, snow storms, holidays, migrations, demonstrations, festivals, political and social conventions, weddings, funerals, openings of stores, movies, operas, etc. There is a whole folklore of sound . . . the bell of the old scissors grinder, the N.B.C. chimes, church bells, air raid sirens, the Third Avenue El, the signals of boat whistles, harbor welcomes, fire engines, ambulances, paddy wagons, etc.

In fact, one can say that all sounds, except those of nature (such as animals, wind, snow, rain, thunder, etc.) are an indication and reflection of the nature of our society.

I am going to limit this article to the discussion of the tape recorder as a tool in collecting folklore and the discussion of recording for listening purposes, not note taking.

Contrary to popular practice, I believe songs and stories should first be available in audible form and then in printed form. I believe that things that are sound are understood to the fullest degree when heard as sound. The printed word is only a less expensive and less communicative way of transmitting this information.

As far as equipment is concerned, good quality can be obtained in the Wollensak (about \$150) type recorder when employing a better microphone than is supplied with the machine. One might use an Electrovoice model 664 microphone (about \$50). This combination will give you good quality recordings when using the 7½ inches per second tape speed. In the city, where electric current is readily available, you will be able to do much work with such a machine.


Good quality in completely self-powered portables starts at about \$400 with a machine like the Uher Report 4000, again, to be used at the 7½ i.p.s. speed. But the best in the self-powered portables is the custom-built Iannelli recorder at about \$1,500.

An area where your own approach is important is in your relations with the people you wish to record. A good rule is to treat people as you would want to be treated. Candid recording is a popular concept now, but your best candid recordings are made when you don't think of "candid" as "hidden" or "secret" but rather as the opposite. When you think of "candid" as "frank" or "honest" or "open" you may then ask, "How can I get a really natural recording and not a performance?" Self-powered portable equipment is one good answer because you can begin recording within 10 seconds after someone starts to talk or sing. You may ask, "Won't a person be mike shy?" Possibly yes, if you ask him to sing or tell a story in a way which suggests "performance" but if he is involved for his own reasons in what he is saying or singing or doing, the problem tends to disappear. If the person is not involved on his own and you would like to record him, then you must communicate your own interest, sincerity, and appreciation to the person and in what he is doing. It can be no more of a problem than you face every day in any conversation with a person new to you.

Once some rapport is developed, you will find that people are glad to cooperate . . . mothers singing lullabies in French or Rumanian, waiters yelling orders into the hash-house kitchen, a painter explaining why your wall should be off-white and not pure white. And remember that you are asking these people to give you something, so a good rule is always to give something of yourself in return, and do it first if you can. Some things you can give are respect always, help in something they are interested in, money, copies of your tape, even work, such as helping the mother with her dishes or the painter in lifting his heavy ladder.

I would like to end this article by saying that if you are still interested in travelling to far-off places to record folklore, you will find it helpful to first record your own city. You will at least have fun, experience, folklore, the ability to evaluate new material, and a chance to get started.

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A RENAISSANCE IN FOLK MUSIC

by *Sis Cunningham*

EDITOR OF BROADSIDE

Not since the nineteen-thirties and forties, perhaps, has America witnessed such an outpouring of topical song as we are now experiencing. A whole new school of young songwriter-singers in the Guthrie tradition has emerged this past year or so and is today at a peak of song production.

Best known of them as yet is Bob Dylan, only 22, whose songs in a few short months have gone around the country and overseas. But the new crop also includes such names as Phil Ochs, Mark Spoelstra, Tom Paxton and Peter La Farge.

These are keen-minded young men, unafraid of "controversial" ideas, whose musical technique as well as their approach to subject matter is grounded in American folk song. One might call them "Woody's children" since they have been influenced in one way or another by Woody Guthrie. You could go further and describe them as "children" of John and Alan Lomax and others who reintroduced the ferment of folk music into the stream of American life.

In lands where folk song is less of a continuing thing these young men would probably be classed as poets, for much of their work is good poetry. But with the added dimension of music new power is given to what they have to say.

They are "working" songwriters, getting out among the public and singing their own songs. Coffeehouses have played an important part in their development. Another outlet for their songs is the year-old mimeographed magazine *Broadside* (Box 193, New York 25), where all have appeared. The magazine does not shy from "controversial" subject matter; Dylan's "Talking John Birch", which was banned in May, 1963, by the Columbia Broadcasting System from "The Ed Sullivan Show," was printed in its original form in *Broadside* #1. Fourteen songs from the magazine are on a new Folkways album "Broadside Ballads," designed to be the first in a series, and all except Paxton are represented.

Certain similarities between these singer-songwriters are basic: their music is built soundly on folk and country music; they are uninhibited in their choice of what to write songs about. Beyond that each has his own individuality, musically and poetically. Dylan is perhaps the most varied

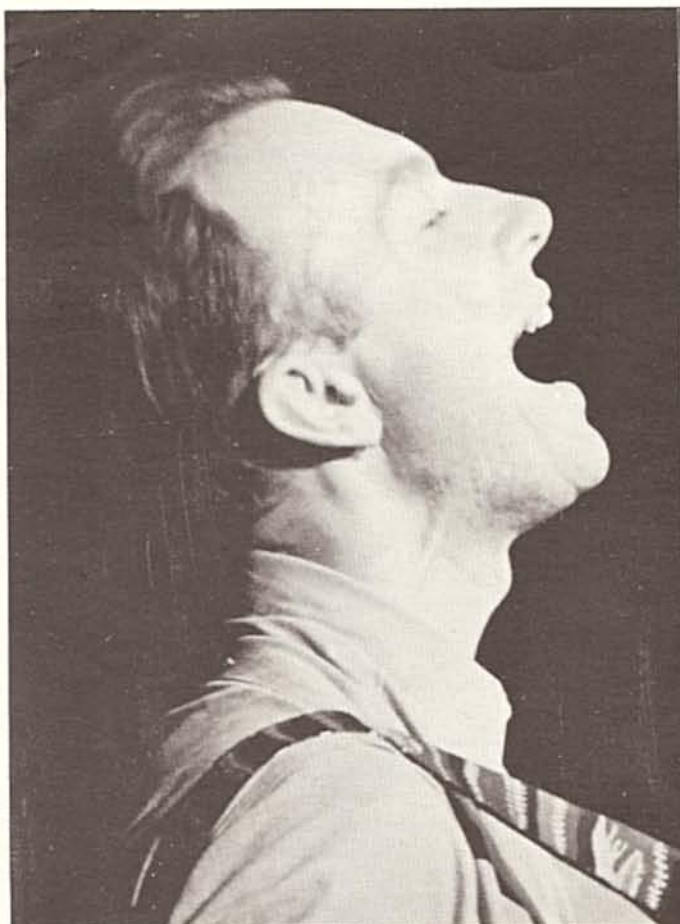
musical artist. La Farge, oldest of the group at 32, is still testing different styles but critics say he is at his best when he is his own natural self. Phil Ochs, a year older than Dylan, at first used crashing guitar chords mainly to drive deeper the barbed verbal shafts he hurls at the injustices he sees around him, but his musicianship is steadily growing. Paxton and Spoelstra, who are in their mid-twenties, have a similar solid, straightforward country style of playing with Spoelstra adding jazz chording.

Each is deeply concerned about the world around him and this concern is reflected in their songs. Each has dealt with the great question of our times: can we avert nuclear war and, as Dylan says, "walk down the highway with our brothers in peace." His "Masters of War" (*Broadside* #20) is one of the most scathing indictments in American literature. Ochs asks "How Long?", Paxton "What Did You Learn In School Today?", La Farge says "Take Back Your Bomb" and Spoelstra "We've Got To Find Another Way."

But it would be doing them wrong to portray them only as grim-faced social critics. They write and sing about love as well as politics, and La Farge, Paxton and Spoelstra turn out children's songs in the Guthrie manner. And they have to a greater or lesser degree a Woodyish humor, "a grin with a bite in it." Ochs can convulse an audience with a sudden witty thrust. And here is Bob Dylan commenting on a well-known New York politician (who wants to run for President in 1964) making a play for the Jewish, Italian and Negro vote:

"A man on the stand, he wants my vote
He's runnin' for office on a ballot note
Standin' and preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds of people.
He's eatin' bagles,
He's eatin' pizzas,
He's eatin' chitlin's."

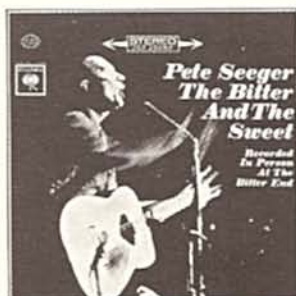
Between them these young men have written upward of 100 songs since last summer. And they are just getting started.



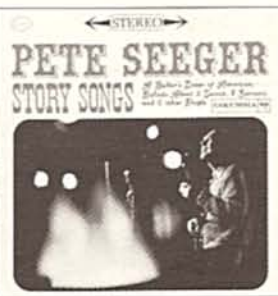
PETE SEEGER

BOB DYLAN

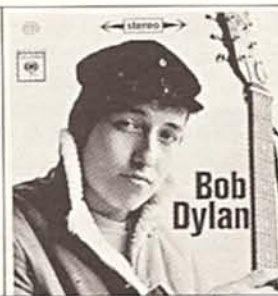
Pete Seeger has been humming and strumming his way across the land since 1940, the year before Bob Dylan was born. Today, Pete's eminence as an authority in his field is undisputed and his special gift for involving audiences in his performances is largely responsible for the folk singing revival. Bob Dylan, who exploded onto the scene only two years ago with a style as unique as the songs he writes, has met with knowledgeable, receptive audiences well able to appreciate his exciting, unusual talents. Both artists are dynamic forces in the folk singing world. Both are on Columbia Records.



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THE SOUND OF FOLK MUSIC ON COLUMBIA RECORDS 



PHOTO BY DAVID GAHL

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The Dulcimer— A Forgotten Heritage Rediscovered by Jean Ritchie



PHOTO BY GEORGE PICKOW

It is my belief that the mountain dulcimer is the easiest to play of any creative instrument. By creative, I mean that one has to play it *himself*, pick out his own tunes and make his own harmonies without the aid of pushbuttons or ready-made chords. The melody is produced on one string (the other strings are drones) by pressing the noter onto this string, beginning at the left and playing to the right to make the scale—so that it really is just as easy as playing with one finger on the white keys of a piano.

The sound of a dulcimer is, however, infinitely more beautiful than a one-finger piano sound. Pluck a few notes on the melody string alone; they produce a musical sound like that of a harpsichord, if comparison is called for; a crisp silvery sound, soothing as a drink of cool spring water. Then, the drones are strummed, adding solidity, a setting, the sense of impending drama. A tale is about to be told; the play is going to begin! There is no instrument that so easily provides a "just-right" accompaniment for folk ballads, love songs, murder songs, hoedowns or lullabies.

Ease of playing is not my only reason for choosing to play the dulcimer, though. Many people I know can play with great virtuosity on any number of folk instruments—guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle—none of which has the limitations the dulcimer has. Yet, these same people have also taken up playing the dulcimer because the sound of a dulcimer is distinctive and charming. None of the other instruments they play can produce that sound.

A fellow Kentuckian of mine, Josiah H. Combs, wrote in 1925 this comment on our dulcimer, "The 'dulcimer' (dulcimer) is an instrument formerly much used, but now rapidly falling into decay."

How wrong he was! There was indeed a period when this instrument was hung up over the fireboard in many a home and forgotten for awhile by many people, just as the old-fashioned music and song-ballads were pushed into the background of their minds by new sounds—the roar of the railroad train, the Tin-Pan Alley songs piped in by the radio and the "talking machine," the new fad of taking piano lessons, or voice lessons "so you can sing like that radio feller and make us some money." I know that some younguns my age when I was in high school didn't know a single old-time song or tune (except square-dance tunes which were

still popular), and furthermore if they did know an old ballad they'd be ashamed of it and wild horses couldn't drag it out of them. "That old thing? What do you want to hear that for?" And then they'd substitute something like, "After the Ball," or "Pale Wildwood Flower,"—one of the new pop songs.

These days it's different at home; our country is growing up, I guess, and so we are no longer as ashamed as we once were of our humble beginnings and our old-fashioned music. The log cabin, the poke-bonnet, the ancient ballad, all have honored places in the pages of American history. But our folk music is more than quaint, or historical.

Nowadays, the many have come back to the few, to rediscover this forgotten heritage (and now we are grateful for the scholars and their dusty pigeonholes, bless them; the "doers" *couldn't* have been so effective without the "preservers"). The many have come flocking back into the rural preserves and mountain storehouses of Culture; they have "found" hundreds of beautiful songs; they have "discovered" singers who still sound like the real thing (whatever that is); they have "uncovered" this wonderful old instrument, the mountain dulcimer, and found that it is fun to play. The Few have received them graciously; after all, this music once belonged to all, why shouldn't it again? I for one am happy when I can pass on a little of my love for singing and playing our music to anybody else, for it has been one of the most joyful things in my life.

But then, folk music and the mountain dulcimer do not need testimonials from me or anyone else in order to attract disciples. They can stand on their own merits and be welcome anywhere in the world. As a final proof of this fact let me quote Peter Seeger—and take note that this was written in the Summer, 1959, issue of the magazine, *Sing Out!* 34 years after Dr. Combs was already throwing cloths on the coffin of the dulcimer:

"The American dulcimer, the unique stringed instrument everybody assumed was really dying out for good, is making a steady comeback . . . The charm of the instrument lies in its quiet, reserved tone, and the ease of playing. Though it is limited harmonically, like the bagpipe, its very limitations serve in the end to build a unique musical act. Is this not often a characteristic of folk music?"

THE FRIENDS OF OLD TIME MUSIC

by Ralph Rinzler

The program of the 1963 Newport Folk Festival reflects the broad range of sounds currently grouped under the term "folk music." In a sense a festival such as this is a veritable answer to the tacky question "What is folk music?"

Here are examples of folk music some of which would satisfy the definitions of the musicologist, folklorist, disk jockey, "folknik," man in the street . . . some but not all of the performers heard at Newport this weekend will satisfy almost any definition of folk music on almost any level. Although few people agree on a definition for folk song, few will disagree with the statement that the existence and continued preservation of folk songs can be attributed to a nebulous group of people referred to as "the folk," most of whom originated and still live in rural areas.

The esthetic of "the folk" in terms of what constitutes a satisfactory tune, text, accompaniment (or lack of one), vocal style and performance technique is quite different from that of the professional urban singer of folk songs whose orientation, more often than not, is a pragmatic one based on a combination of economic and artistic considerations. In the past, too little attention has been paid to the folk esthetic not only by the folk-song enthusiast but by the scholar as well. It was with both interest in and respect for this esthetic and for those who foster and preserve it that the Friends of Old Time Music was formed.

Across the country there has been a growing interest, mainly among college students, in the origins of folk song and folk-song style; this interest leads to a desire to see and hear traditional folk singers deliver their songs. There was no machinery available for the promotion of this idea . . . established booking agents and managers did not find the artists "promising" or the prospects "interesting." As there was no interest in and little hope for profit from booking and promoting traditional musicians, a non-profit organization was chartered under the laws of the State of New York.

The Society for Traditional Music, Inc. of which the Friends of Old Time Music is a concert-producing segment, is responsible for the first New York appearances of such artists as Roscoe Holcomb, Clarence Ashley and his old-time string band, Doc Watson and the Watson Family, Jesse

Fuller, the Stanley Brothers, Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys (first solo concert), Gus Cannon, Memphis Willie Borum and Furry Lewis.

The "Friends" will sell series tickets in the 1963-64 concert season for performances featuring, among others, Maybelle Carter, lead guitarist of the renowned Carter Family; Hobart Smith, a legend since Alan Lomax first recorded him for the Library of Congress in the nineteen-thirties; Almeda Riddle and Horton Barker, among the finest traditional ballad singers in the United States; Obray Ramsey and Larry Richardson, masters of the five-string banjo; Mississippi John Hurt, recently re-discovered blues singer and guitarist of the nineteen-thirties; and Elizabeth Cotton, whose song, "Freight Train" and matchless guitar style have profoundly influenced both folk and pop music fields.

In addition to its activities as a concert producing organization, the society has sought to establish a sort of artists' bureau for traditional performers for college folk festival committees. Working in conjunction with Ed Pearl at the Ash Grove in Los Angeles, Manny Greenhill in Boston, Harold Leventhal in New York and with students throughout the country it has been possible to bring musicians from inaccessible towns in the mountains to festivals in California, Illinois, Texas and Wisconsin as well as to the major metropolitan areas of the East.

It is hoped that by making performers available for appearances and arranging for their transport and accommodations, the society will stimulate interest among students, coffeehouse and club owners to present traditional musicians of high caliber on their folk-music programs thereby bringing the folk into the folk music revival.

Chartered as a nonprofit organization in spring, 1962, the corporation's board of directors and charter members are: Ralph Rinzler, president; John Cohen, vice-president; Israel Young, secretary-treasurer, and Jean Ritchie and Margot Mayo, members of the board.

Contributions to the society are tax-deductible. Further information may be obtained by writing to:

Richard Rinzler—87 Christopher Street, N.Y. 14, or Box 30 WSM Radio, Nashville 3, Tenn. Israel Young—110 Macdougal Street, N.Y. 10.

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WHOSE BLUES?

by Sam "Lightning" Hopkins

Why do people like the blues? I feel like they get something out of them. Blues have a lot of truth. People feel that these things have happened.

People ask me about the blues all the time. They mostly ask about me and my blues. My guitar is fast and they can catch the notes on other people's playing quicker than on mine. They want to know how come I can do so well and they can't.

The white boys just don't have the voices for blues. They can play it but they can't sing it. And anybody can play the notes. Up here they call almost everything the blues. But it isn't the blues. They're just making a mess of it. They just can't sing some parts of the blues. Their voices just don't come out for blues as for hillbilly. They're afraid to let go of themselves. Afraid it makes them look too much like a fool. As long as they feel that way they won't do it. And there's quite a few who understand. But saying and playing is two different things.

It isn't white man's music. He can feel it but he just don't know where it's at. They know what the feeling is but they can't figure it out. They haven't been through it, only get it from records and concerts and don't live it out. They play all kinds of things then say, "I'm gonna play the blues." But they're not really with the blues. They try too many things. You'd never catch me singing anything else. Just the blues.

I guess it's all because the blues is something that goes on and on. They're real and true and the people know it. I tell people they're a gift to me, been having the blues all my life so I sing them.

Blues dwell in everyone. It's all in the soul.

by Eric Von Schmidt

Most young white guys who sing blues have this particular hang-up. Every morning when they get up they're still white. Kind of grayish-pink, orangish-purple, yellow-green—you know, white. Like a reverse fairy tale, hit the sack a prince, wake up a toad. "Mirror, mirror on the wall—can a white cat sing the blues at all?" Flicker, flicker, buzz, buzz—like some broken down TV, mirror (me) says "Yes man, but you got some problems."

Two big problems. WHO and NOW? WHO is all about that mirror. Not the flicker, flicker, buzz, buzz, mirror, but that morning mirror. That's the rough one. Night time mirror tells you pretty tales about who you think you are, or who you'd like to be. Morning mirror tells you where it's at. White, black, or blue—you're you. Robert Johnson and Bukka White were talking about *their* times, *their* women. Since the really deep blues are personal and introspective, we have to find and accept our own identities before we can really let go.

What bugged some guy in Memphis in 1927 seems more real to some singers than what's going on now. Got to get with this NOW. Jet planes not Terraplanes, outer space instead of mules. The closest we're going to get to Clarksdale, Mississippi, is the record store on the corner. Blues singers have long memories but history just isn't their bag.

Make a good song about a rough time and it's easier to bear. Rid yourself of a bad experience by singing it to a close. A guitar by the bed when misery falls is better than booze and the truest blues have always been played to the four walls and ceiling of an empty room. Too many white guys come to the blues like it was a baton-twirling contest. Zip-zip up and down that guitar like a drag race. Get so happy about pulling off that run that they just about cry for JOY. No, man, no. Got to dig into those areas of tough experience, the ones that hurt.

Some of the younger guys are starting to do it. And when it happens it isn't going to sound like the Delta or the Southside. It's going to sound like *them*. They're listening to the roots players for approach rather than style, poetry instead of repertoire. Who needs imitations when Sleepy John and Big Joe are alive and getting their kicks? Skip the Hal Holbrook and pass me some of that Tom Wolfe.



Newport Folk Festival—1959

PHOTO BY DAVID GAHR

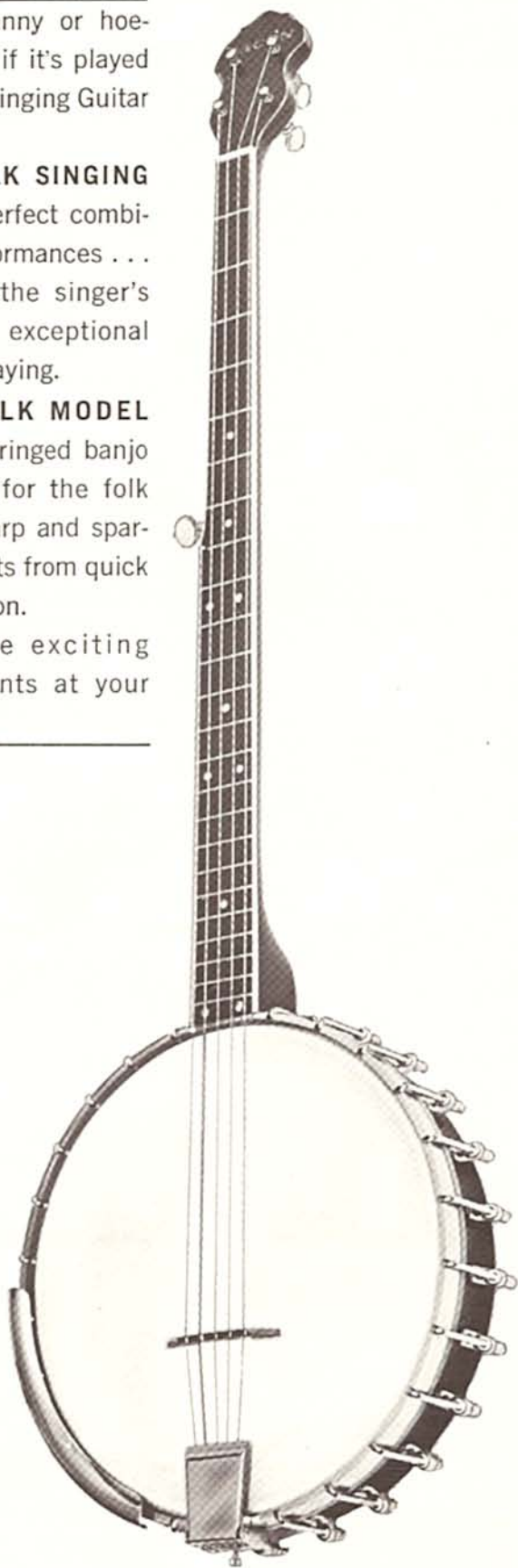
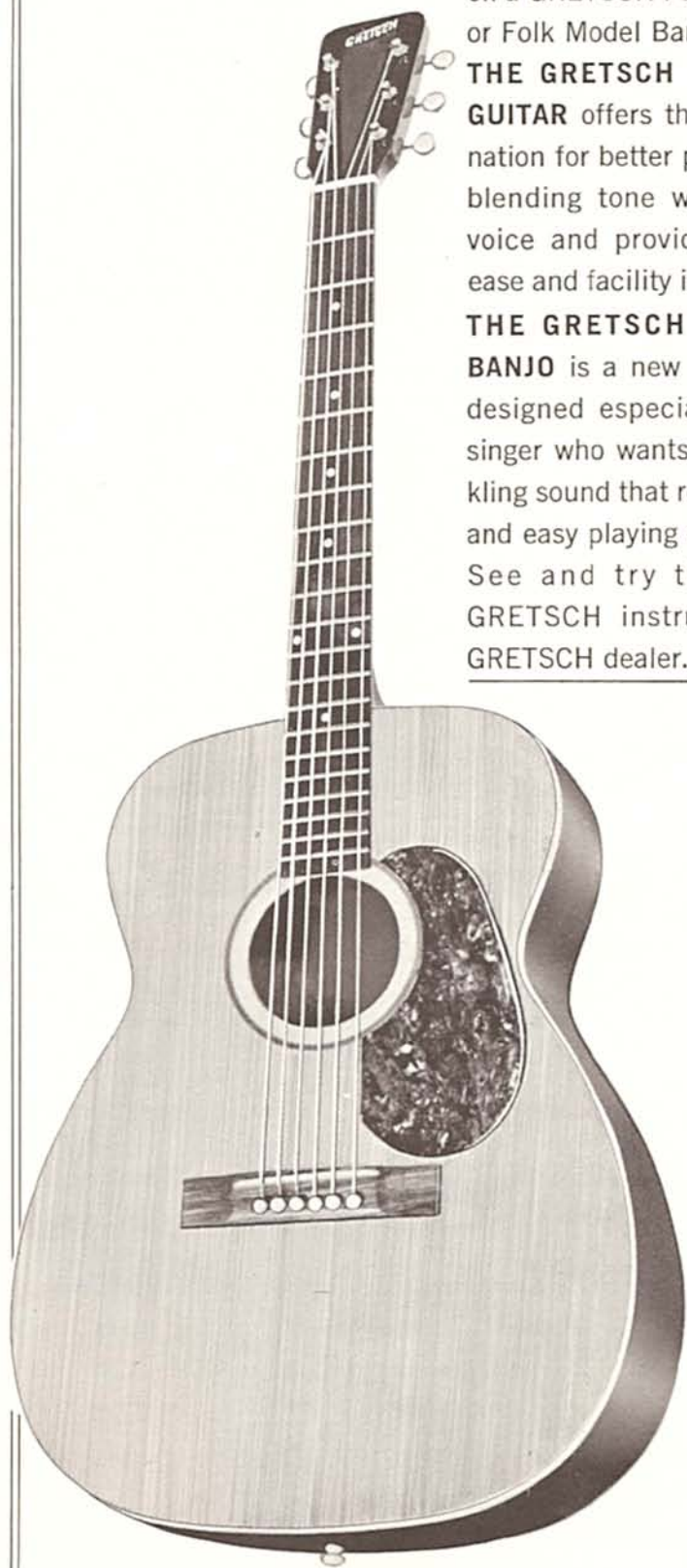
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The Golden Vanity



Under more than twenty different titles and in hundreds of variants, this traditional ballad has long been one of the most popular on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Francis J. Child traces the song back to a broadside of 17th Century England which says that Sir Walter Raleigh was the owner of the ship (in that version known as "The Sweet Trinity"). The popular American version printed here (learned from the singing of the Carter Family) enacts its drama as a piece of high tragedy. In various other versions, ship-mates rescue the cabin boy (or seaman), or the captain gives the gold and fee but holds back the daughter, etc. One theme remains constant in all versions of the ballad, however: the perfidy of the ship's captain in reneging on his promise. Perhaps this is one reason why the folk, with a great wealth of experience to confirm the untrustworthiness of nobility, gentry and the like, have kept the song alive. This particular version is taken from the singing of Pete Seeger, *American Ballads* (Folkways FA 2319).

There was a lof-ty ship, And she put out to
sea, And the name— of the ship was the Gold-en Van-i-
ty, As she sailed up-on the low and lone-some
low, As she sailed up-on the lone-some sea.

She had not been out but two weeks or three
When she was overtaken by a Turkish Revelee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

Then up spake our little cabin boy
Saying "What will you give me if I will then destroy
If I sink them in the low and lonesome low
If I sink them in the lonesome sea?"

"O, the man that them destroys," our captain then replied,
"Five thousand pounds any my daughter for his bride
If he sinks them in the low and lonesome low
If he sinks them in the lonesome sea."

"No! I will not pick you up" the captain then replied
"I will shoot you I will drown you I will sink you in the tide
I will sink you in the low and lonesome low
I will sink you in the lonesome sea."

"If it was not for the love that I bear for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto 'them'

Then the boy smote his breast and down jumped he
He swum till he came to the Turkish Revelee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

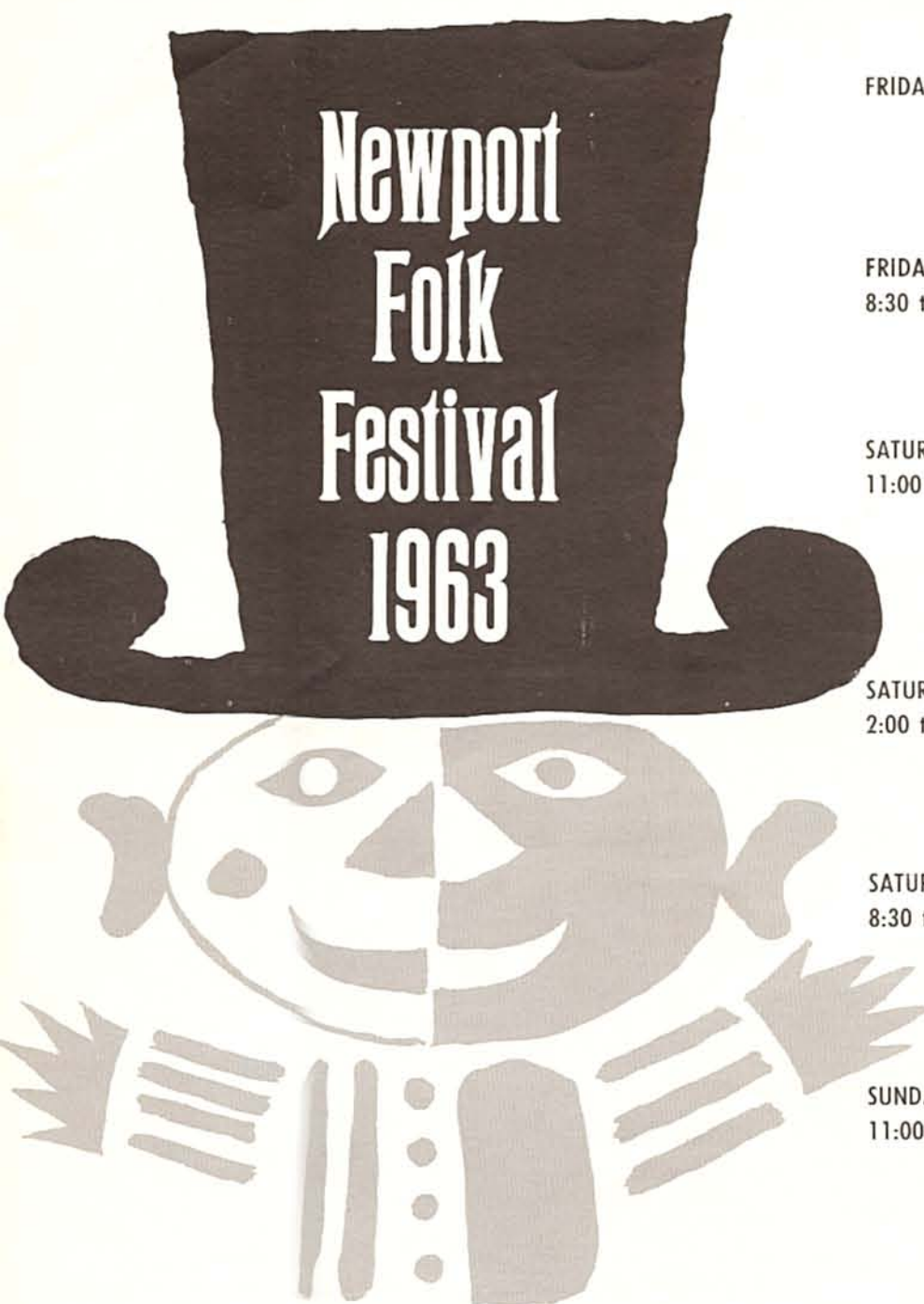
He had a little tool that was made for the use
He bored nine holes in her hull all at once
And he sunk her in the low and lonesome low
He sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He swum back to his ship and he beat upon the side
Cried, "Captain pick me up for I'm wearied with the tide
I am sinking in the low and lonesome low
I am sinking in the lonesome sea."

I would sink you in the low and lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."

Then the boy bowed his head and down sunk he
Farewell, farewell to the Golden Vanity
As she sails upon the low and lonesome low
As she sails upon the lonesome sea.

Program NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL — JULY 26, 27, 28



FRIDAY AFTERNOON

FRIDAY EVENING
8:30 to 11:30 p.m.

SATURDAY MORNING
11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON
2:00 to 3:00 p.m.

SATURDAY EVENING
8:30 to 11:30 p.m.

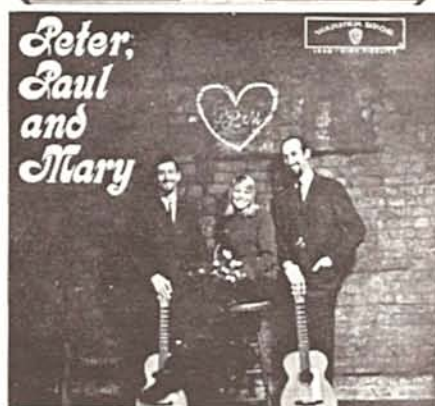
SUNDAY MORNING
11:00 to 1:00 p.m.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON
2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING
8:00 to 11:00 p.m.

MAIN PARK (<i>Freebody Park</i>)	PORCH No. 1 (Entrances to porches and theater at Newport Casino)	PORCH No. 2	THEATRE
	"WHITHER FOLKMUSIC?" 2:00 p.m. Theo. Bikel (host)		FOLK MUSIC MOVIES 3:30 - 5:00 p.m. John Cohen (host)
Peter, Paul and Mary Jean Redpath Freedom Singers Jean Carignan Helene Baillargeon Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry	Bob Dylan Doc Watson Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys Raun MacKinnan		
BLUEGRASS BANDS Bill Clifton (host) Bill Monroe Mike Seeger Eric Weissberg	Jim and Jessie Mac Wiseman Morris Brothers Ralph Rinzler	FIDDLES: Mike Seeger (host) Tex Logan Fred Price Tracy Schwarz Jean Carignan	NON-ENGLISH LANGUAGE Theo Bikel (host) Helene Baillargeon Jean Redpath Jackie Washington
		Jean Carignan Pete Seeger David McAllester Tony Saletan	BALLADS: Jean Ritchie (host) Joan Baez Raun MacKinnan Bess Hawes Bob Dylan Sam Hinton Jean Redpath
CHILDREN'S CONCERT: Pete Seeger (host) Sam Hinton	Jean Ritchie Ed McCurdy	2:00 p.m.—BLUES: Clarence Cooper (host) Erik Darling (host) Mississippi John Hurt Dave Van Ronk John Hammond Jr. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry	2:00 p.m.—OLD BANJO STYLES John Cohen (host) Mike Seeger Dock Boggs Clarence Ashley Doc Watson
			2:00 p.m.—FOLK MUSIC AND THE COPYRIGHT LAW: Elliot Hoffman (chairman)
Theo Bikel Tarriers Doc Watson Clarence Ashley Jean Ritchie Judy Collins Jim and Jessie	Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers John Lee Hooker The Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers Morris Brothers		
GOSPEL AND RELIGIOUS: Jean Ritchie (host) Freedom Singers Doc Watson Morris Brothers	Clarence Ashley Bessie Jones & Group	AMERICAN INDIAN: David McAllester (host) Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers	ALL KINDSA BANJOS (die hards) Marshall Brickman (host) Eric Weissberg Doug Dillard ALL KINDSA GUITARS: Bess Hawes (host) Sam Hinton Jack Elliott Dorsay Dixon Maybelle Carter
			COLLECTING FOLK MUSIC
Ed McCurdy (host) Mike Settle Ian and Sylvia Dave Van Ronk The Dillards	Bernice Johnson Jackie Washington Bob Davenport Paul Clayton John Hammond Jr.	AUTOHARP 2:00 - 3:30 p.m. Maybelle Carter Mike Seeger "WHITHER FOLK MUSIC" 3:30 - 5:00 p.m. Theo Bikel (host)	CHILDREN'S CONCERT 2:00 - 3:00 p.m. Sam Hinton (host) Bess Hawes Tony Saletan TOPICAL SONGS AND NEW SONG WRITERS Pete Seeger (host) Bob Dylan Freedom Singers Guy Carawan Dorsey Dixon
			Tom Paxton Peter La Farge John Lee Hooker Mike Settle Jim Garland
			MOVIES 2:00 p.m. John Cohen (host) Sam Charters Pete Seeger
Pete Seeger (host) Joan Baez Rooftop Singers Jack Elliott Doc Boggs Sam Hinton	New Lost City Ramblers Tex Logan Mississippi John Hurt Mac Wiseman Maybelle Carter		

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Battle Hymns of the Republic

by Robert Shelton

(Reprinted with permission from *The Nation*)

Rarely in time of peace has music played such a strong role in mobilizing people as it is doing every day in the integration movement.

At the funeral of Medgar Evers they sang. In the jails of Danville they sang. In the face of the fire hoses of Birmingham they sang. The Negroes of the South are marching to their battles to the tune of what have become generally known as "freedom songs."

One must really hear this use of spirituals, gospel songs, hymns and militant new topical tunes in the actual setting to understand the galvanizing power of this functional music. Few mass meetings in the South could be held without music. Few demonstrations could be held without the morale-building of melody.

But short of witnessing this curious phenomenon, it is possible to get an idea of the songs, old and new, and their impact by hearing the Freedom Singers, a quartet of young field secretaries of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

Members of the Freedom Singers are Bernice Johnson, 20 years old; Rutha Harris, 22; Cordell Hull Reagon, 19, and Charles Neblett, 21. All have served time in jail for civil-rights activities. All are first-rate singers, and Miss Johnson has stunned listeners especially with the power, intensity and range of her voice.

The Freedom Singers' concert at Carnegie Hall on June 21 with Mahalia Jackson gave an idea of the breadth and power of music in the integration movement. There was a timelessness about much of the music, as urgent and immediate as today's headlines, as old as the institution of slavery.

"We've been rebuked, we've been scorned," went a line of one of their spirituals. But the old self-pity, the old resignation, even the old patience have been swept out of their lyrics as they are being swept out of the thinking of Southern Negro youth.

More typical of their stiffening determination was the song, "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." The

"new-time religion" in the South has transformed the jaunty, infectious gospel song, "Walking and Talking With My Mind Set on Jesus" into "Mind Set on Freedom."

Ironically, many of the songs of slavery, the Civil War and the Reconstruction period are still being sung today, because they voice the same aspirations. These lines, once sung by Negro soldiers in the Union Army, are still to be heard at integration rallies:

No more moaning, no more moaning,
No more moaning, Lord, for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be
buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

While the majority of freedom songs spring from religious sources, popular songs have been appropriated as well. A Ray Charles tune is the basis for "Get Your Rights, Jack!" "Day-o," the Caribbean tune Harry Belafonte popularized, now is called "Calypso Freedom":

Freedom's coming and it won't be long.

Come, Mr. Kennedy and take me out of misery.

The evolution of freedom songs is a wonderment to watch. An old Baptist song, "O Ship of Zion" was introduced a generation ago to the labor movement by the Almanac Singers as "Union Train." Now the Freedom Singers have reworked it into "Freedom Train." "Which Side Are You On" was a Kentucky coal-miners' song. Now it contains the line: "Will you be an Uncle Tom or will you be a man?"

Few songs have such power and communicativeness as "We Shall Overcome," generally regarded as the theme song of the integrationists. It is used as the capstone of every meeting. In churches and auditoriums and jails, "We Shall Overcome" rings out its message of solemn determination in a tempo that irradiates the hope of the lyrics.

The Freedom Singers and the thousands of nameless members of the chorus for integration are writing new verses each day to a stirring song that is moving people in a direct way. They are writing a new score for history.

Blowin' in the Wind

Words & Music
by Bob Dylan
© 1962 Witmark Music Inc.

"June 1962 — There ain't too much I can say about this song except that the answer is blowing in the wind. It ain't in no book or movie or T.V. show or discussion group. Man, it's in the wind — and it's blowing in the wind. Too many of these hip people are telling me where the answer is but oh I won't believe that. I still say it's in the wind and just like a restless piece of paper it's got to come down some time. . . But the only trouble is that no one picks up the answer when it comes down so not too many people get to see and know it. . . and then it flies away again. . . I still say that some of the biggest criminals are those that turn their heads away when they see wrong and know it's wrong. I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many wars. . . You people over 21 should know better. . . cause after all, you're older and smarter." — Bob Dylan



How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it's washed in the sea
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free
How many times can a man turn his
head,
And pretend he just doesn't see

Chorus:
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in
the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky
How many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take 'til he
knows
That too many people have died

Chorus:
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in
the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

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1964

January	Italy, Israel
February	Great Britain, Scandinavian countries
March	Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland
April	Poland, Czechoslovakia
May	Soviet Union
June	Return via London to New York

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THE VANISHING RACE

by Mitchell F. Jayne of the Dillards

In October, 1962, a month when nights are getting chilly in the Ozarks, and honking geese remind a man that he better think about getting in some fire wood, the three other people who comprise our group met on the back porch of my farmhouse to make what was for us a momentous decision. Should we or shouldn't we tackle the world of commercial music with the repertoire of Ozark and Bluegrass music we had gathered in years of back-porch picking?

In the light of the past few months, that decision was almost made for us, and we are firmly committed to the world of commercial music, which, in our language, means playing for money. But on that particular night, it seemed a difficult step to take. We were all employed, we had a good life in a beautiful part of the country, and none of us knew much about the business of music, although we knew a lot about the pleasure of it. I think that each of us had his own ideas; Doug and Rodney Dillard wanted to play their music for as many people as possible, I wanted very much to bring the music to people totally unfamiliar with it, and Dean was anxious to pick, as every good musician is, for appreciative audiences. What we all wanted to do, was to play for people, to make a living doing what we had heretofore done only for fun, and in some measure, to carry on the traditions of a dying culture; the culture of the remote and self-sufficient Ozarkians.

My chief worry was that the traditional people might resent us. We weren't, after all, imitators of traditional mountain music at all. We played our own music, a natural growth and result of three generations of mountain pickers and fiddlers, and we tried in every instance to build what we played on the foundation of the old-time Dillards who came to Missouri from Tennessee mountains.

I think that in the past seven months we have satisfied a lot of our aims; we have played for a lot of people and met lots of musicians whose music we valued years ago, and this is no small thing. It has been good to make a living from an art form instead of a job, and each day each crowd, each concert brings its own satisfactions.

But there are some facets to the business that are disappointing, one being that the more people reached, the greater the criticism of method involved in reaching them becomes. Music, like all art, has its pedants, and there is something about the popularity of folk music that turns the bile of critics into hydrochloric acid.

In order to be pure, a group must hew to the already done. Innovations, the very heart and soul of the oldtime music, are not to be messed with, and a violation of this commandment is an indication that the performers are interested in nothing but money, and therefore prostitutes of a sort. My worries of October were valid, I find, and there are still those who want to purge the music by drying up its vitality, and rejecting change.

Yet music can never be a finished product, especially a product as changing as the mountain culture which engenders it. The besequinned artists of "Grand Ole Opry," capitalizing on the growing urbanity of country people (with electric guitars and snare drums) never really affect traditional music. Bill Monroe saw these influences early, and discarded them, and the music grew and prospered with him. With each generation comes a change in ambition, and therefore in scope, and these changes are no lessening in value, merely because Bill Monroe was not the first person

to pick up a mandolin. Rather, it was because Bill Monroe could (among other things) recognize and evaluate an Earl Scruggs, that mountain music has come as far as it has, and Bill Monroe has become a man of dignity and importance in our eyes.

Traditionalists are no more alike than banjos, each of which has its own background and the secrets of its peculiar sound. But a refusal to accept any premise but the proven, to reject any artistry besides the living anachronism, is the very death warrant that insures the passing of the people they so mourn, and makes their existence rather pointless. To imitate the non-living is to negate, in some degree, the creativeness they are imitated for, and few of the worshippers of the old-time music are really prepared to accept the thing for which they are searching, if they could actually find it.

This is the very heart of folk music, and the people who still make it. Compared to the satisfaction of making these emotions rise in the mind of Americans, none of whom are too far removed from the rural, pioneer background of the 1800's the ideals of tradition are phoney and unreal and beyond the imaginations of the very people whose works inspired today's traditional music.

For our part, the ideas of the Dillards, formulated on a back porch seven months ago, are still valid in our minds. To bring music to a lot of people. To make a good living and reflect credit on our town and our people, to bring our music to people who would ordinarily never listen, to play as well as we could all the time; these have been our only moral precepts and our only rules.

Only in this way, could we honestly keep alive the music of our part of the country and continue with a purpose. To the old timers, who lived in their own times, and who now lie beneath the Ozark woods, we can only hope that we've inherited the real thing, and to them we dedicate what things of our own we can add.

The old timers, according to a recent paragraph in a small folk magazine, are just about all gone and the music they made will not survive their generation.

I think I understand, in great measure what the writer was saying, since the Dillards all come from a corner of the country that fairly echoes with the silence of the mountain musicians who are indeed going or gone. One by one the old-time fiddlers, the singers of the sonorous mountain ballads, the ancient drop-thumb frailers whose fingers have long been stiff and arthritic, drop away like the leaves of a passing season, and life is a little different for lack of them.

But as Ozark people, with a pretty full background of all-night picking sessions, pie suppers and rural entertainments that still utilize our kind of music, we couldn't let that paragraph go unchallenged. Music is a compelling thing among country people, and like the octogenarian who sits before the fire and observes the past repeating itself in his children's children, music lives a long time and dies hard. It just isn't possible that anything as uniquely creative and persevering as mountain music could either be born or die in one generation.

This, to some extent is the great error of the traditionalists, who occasionally raise the hue and cry against an artist who is leaving the beaten path of folk music for more thickety footing, and I feel that the Dillards have had some opportunities to explore this facet of folk music that might be worth relating.



Crowd at Newport Folk Festival 1959

PHOTO BY DAVID GAHR

Peggy-O

Only in ballads do soldiers die of broken hearts. Captain Willie, refused by pretty Peggy-O because his "fortune is too low," appears in English, Scottish and American versions of this song. Originally an English broadside ballad, "Pretty Peggy of Derby," the song became popular in Scotland where it is known as "The Bonnie Lass of Fyvie-O." Many versions have been collected in America and, as in this one, poor Willie is laid to rest in Louisiana. For interesting variants, check Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, vol. 2, pp. 59-61. This version is taken from the singing of George and Gerry Armstrong, *Simple Gifts* (Folkways FA2335).

As we marched down to Fer-na-ri-o, As we marched

 down to Fer-na-ri-o, Our cap-tain fell in love with a

 la-dy like a dove, And the name she was / was pret-ty Peg-gy-o.

 called

"Come go along with me, Pretty Peggy-o (2)
In coaches you shall ride with
your true love by your side
Just as grand as any lady in the areo."

"What would your mother think, Pretty Peggy-o? (2)
What would your mother think for
to hear the guineas clink,
And the soldiers all are marching
before ye-o?"

"You're the man that I adore, handsome Willy-o, (2)
You're the man that I adore, but
your fortune is too low,
I'm afraid my mother would be
angry O."

"Come a-trippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy-o (2)
Come a-trippin' down the stair and
tie up your yellow hair,
Bid a last farewell to handsome
Willy-o."

"If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-o (2)
If ever I return the city I will burn,
And destroy all the ladies in the areo!"

"Our captain, he is dead, pretty Peggy-o, (2)
Our captain he is dead and he died
for a maid,
And he's buried in the Louisiana
Country-o."



Woke Up This Morning

G

Woke up this morn-ing with my mind (my mind it was)

A7 3 G 3 C G

lu, hal-le-lu, hal-le - lu - jah!

stayed on free - dom (Oh, well I)

Occasional variation:

Walk walk (doo doo doo) walk walk

C

woke up this morn - ing with my mind

G7 C

walk walk With my mind on free - dom walk walk

G

stayed on free - dom (Oh, well I)

G (a-weil-a) walk walk With my mind on free-dom

walk walk (a-weil-a) walk walk With my mind on free-dom

woke up this morn - ing with my mind (my mind it was)

D7 C G

Ah walk walk

C G 3 G 3

stayed on free - dom, Hal-le-lu, hal-le-lu, hal-le

walk walk

walk walk

Ain't no harm to keep your mind Stayed on freedom.

Walkin' and talkin' with my mind Stayed on freedom.

Singin' and prayin' with my mind Stayed on freedom.

Doin' "The Twist" with my mind Stayed on freedom.

(Repeat first verse)

FOLK SOUNDS OF AMERICA

by Pete Karman

The musical instruments that ring out the sound of America's folk songs are, like Mr. Mulligan's stew, an admixture that defy description yet, in the hands of their players, have a flavor—a sound—all their own.

That sound, however you cut it, is a twangy one. Our folk musicians, more than anything else, are attuned to the string. The guitar is standard equipment, and, since the proselytizing picking of Seeger and Scruggs, the five-string banjo has run a close second. But there are other, and older, instruments—most of them strung—that have their special place in the bandstand of balladry.

Some, like the dulcimer, are better known and more "reputable" than others, like the Dobro. Their commonality is in that they have all been "lost" for a time and then found again by folk musicians, and that when refound, they were being played in a different and usually more rewarding manner than before.

The Autoharp, for instance, when misplaced by history early in this century, was a typically Victorian contraption, most generally used by kindergarten teachers as a simple-to-play accompanying instrument for the singing of children's songs. This odd-shaped, automated zither (the zither is the older, more acceptable cousin of the Autoharp) is a 35-string affair that, while damnable to tune, is child's play to work as long as the player is content with producing an endless array of silvery arpeggios. Twelve wooden bars overlay the strings, each bar being marked with the sign of the chord produced when the bar is pressed downward with one hand while the other strums the strings.

Folk amanuensis and New Lost City Rambler, Mike Seeger, discovered members of the famed Carter and Stoneman families, among others, playing discernible melody on the instrument, and, taken by their virtuosity, introduced the Autoharp, via recordings and Rambler concerts, back into the folk idiom. The renaissance of the Autoharp has now gone so far that a University of Illinois scholar, Mark Moore, has written a treatise on it.

The Dobro, or Hawaiian guitar of the Bluegrass musician, was the product of a like-named company that went out of business in the nineteen-thirties, victim of the steady march of musical mechanization. The direct parent of the steel-electric guitar (which in its most modern state resembles a card table more than it does a guitar), the Dobro was, in effect, devoured by its own offspring. The Dobro is a more or less standard guitar fitted with a circular metal resonator in its innards and tuned to an open chord, allowing it to be chorded with a steel bar, thus producing its unique sound. Wearing metal finger picks on his picking hand, the player, holding the Dobro face up, slides the chording bar along the fingerboard, jostling the melody notes together and producing runs almost impossible on an ordinary guitar. Because of its distinctly syrupy sound, Bluegrassers tend to take the Dobro out only for the more maudlin and plaintive ballads. Nevertheless, some fine and fiery instrumentals ("Travelling Dobro Blues," to name the best known) have been recorded by Bluegrass units. The Flatt and Scruggs group keep a Dobroist—"Uncle Josh" in constant attendance. Using anything from a lipstick holder to a kitchen knife in place of the chording bar, many folk singers, both of Negro and Southern white genre, use the Dobro style, if not the Dobro, in their playing.

The dulcimer, in its European sense, can be traced to the 12th century, being called at various times a psaltery or

pantaleon. The history of the American southern mountain dulcimer, on the other hand, has been deucedly harder to re-create. It seems the only point in common between the two instruments is their shared name. The American version of the dulcimer is a slender, graceful instrument, of three strings usually, and resembling an elongated violin. More often than not, all strings are fretted, though in some older models only one is fretted, leaving the other two as drones, and so creating a wistful, modal quality. It can be played with either the fingers or with a turkey quill or slight piece of hickory, the latter two being preferred for faster tunes and breakdowns. The mountain dulcimer is unmatched, though, when used to complement some of the more languid mountain love ballads, as many who have heard the singing of Paul Clayton and Jean Ritchie will attest.

The only non-string instrument on our list is the mouth harp. Known variously as the mouth organ or harmonica, it has been a favorite of homegrown music makers down through the years, marking the lonesome call of the hobo, the migrant worker and the Negro street musician. Usually, it is as close as the back pocket, and the player need only whip it out, bang it on his leg once or twice to drive out the accumulated lint and begin to play.

Invented by Sir Charles Wheatstone, English inventor, in 1829 and originally called the "Acolina," it was described by a contemporary of that time as having "nothing in the way of value for artistic purposes." But then that critic never heard Sonny Terry blow "California Blues." Sonny is the foremost folk exponent of mouth harp playing, but Woody Guthrie always kept one handy, as does Bob Dylan. In expert hands it can become a miniature orchestra or a small sideshow (in North Carolina I witnessed local virtuosi bringing their noses into play on "John Henry.") Modest in price as well as size, the mouth harp will undoubtedly go on being the companion of the wandering balladeer and providing a short holiday from strings for the folk musician.



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Clarence Ashley and Doc Watson

PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER

Thomas Clarence Ashley—a man who learned his first songs from the singing of his mother and grandfather and his banjo-picking from two maiden aunts. Today he stands almost alone as one of the last of the professional mountain minstrels.

Ashley was "rediscovered" at the Union Grove Old Time Fiddler's Convention in 1960. The next spring The Friends of Old Time Music brought him to New York along with his group for their first urban appearance, and in the ensuing years they have played their old-time tunes to enchanted audiences from New York's Carnegie Hall to Hollywood's Ash Grove.

The group consists of **Fred Price**, who learned to fiddle from an uncle when a young boy—Fred now raises tobacco and beans on his farm in Shouns, Tenn. **Clint Howard**, who's first acquaintance with music was his mother singing and accompanying herself on the dulcimer. Clint, in addition to farming, works as a welder near his home. **Doc Watson**, the fourth member of the group, is mentioned below.

RALPH RINZLER

Arthel (Doc) Watson—a legendary figure in the three short years that he has been performing for folk song audiences. His brilliant instrumental techniques combined with a warm, rich voice and sensitive treatment of his material have enabled him to remain true to his traditional roots while winning the acclaim of countless listeners.

Capable of adapting his guitar style to a variety of different types of country and folk music, Doc has added a new dimension to any performance in which he has participated. He has worked extensively with Tom Ashley and the old-time string band as well as doing a great deal of solo work. During a recent tour in California Doc and Bill Monroe were on the same bill at the Ash Grove in Hollywood and took advantage of this occasion to work out some of the old Monroe Brothers tunes and to create a repertoire of their own much to the pleasure of audiences both at the Ash Grove and at the Monterey (Calif.) Folk Festival, where their success was immediate.

RALPH RINZLER



Bill Monroe

Bill Monroe—A direct descendant of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, Bill Monroe comes from a family that settled in Virginia in the late 17th century and moved to Kentucky probably early in the 18th. The family is of Scottish origin and thus it is not surprising that Monroe's music is so strongly influenced by the Scots-Irish fiddling and ballad singing traditions.

The first blue grass band consisted of mandolin, guitar, fiddle and string bass. After two or three years David Akeman, better known as Stringbean, came to Nashville to play for Bill's professional baseball team. He also joined up with the Bluegrass Boys, adding the five-string banjo, and the quintet form for the standard bluegrass band has been maintained ever since.

Bill is known as "the father of Bluegrass music" and also enjoys the title: "The King of Blue Grass Music," indicating that he is not only its originator but its master. The music is now the common property of musicians across the country and around the world reaching to Japan and many parts of Europe and Asia where numerous recordings are sold and reports are sent of local bluegrass bands existing.

After more than 30 years as a professional musician, Bill Monroe tours the country doing personal appearances from coast to coast at a rate of 75,000 miles a year. His audiences range from people who throng to country music parks and county fairs during the summer to New York's Carnegie Hall, Los Angeles' Ash Grove and numerous colleges throughout the country.

RALPH RINZLER

The Morris Brothers—Wiley and Zeke Morris of Black Mountain, North Carolina, have appeared on radio and television for more than 25 years. They have recorded for Victor and Bluebird. Wiley, a guitarist, and Zeke, a fiddler, have written or recorded such country songs as "Salty Dog Blues," "Tragic Romance," "Grave Upon the Green Hillside," "Somebody Loves You, Darling." They will represent the Southern Mountain tradition in white sacred and gospel music.

Mac Wiseman—Bluegrass singer and band leader born in Crimora, Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley. Been performing since 1944, currently on Capitol Records after several years on the Dot label. Has starred on several country music shows in the Southeast: "Tennessee Barn Dance," Knoxville; "Barn Dance," Atlanta; "Louisiana Hayride," Shreveport, and "Grand Ole Opry," Nashville. Active in the Country Music Association.

Peter, Paul and Mary—The newest group to attain national popularity through folk music. Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey and Mary Travers have two recordings on Warner Brothers. Their single of "The Hammer Song" became a national sensation. City singers from New York town. Peter and Paul play guitar and sing. Mary sings, and glows.

Jean Redpath—Traditional and revival singer of Scottish ballads and songs, from Leven, Fife, Scotland. Two recordings on Elektra and one on Prestige. Has appeared at folk festivals in Edinburgh, Berkeley, Calif., and at the Universities of Chicago, Illinois and Brandeis. Frequent radio and television appearances in San Francisco, Vancouver, Chicago, St. Louis and New York.

Helene Baillargeon—Singer and radio personality from Montreal. Widely versed in songs of French-speaking Canada. Records for Folkways Records. Appeared at a program of Canadian folk artists at Town Hall in autumn of 1962.

The Freedom Singers—The voices of the integration movement in the South are legion, but this quartet of young leaders in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee are among the most eloquent spokesmen for the whole movement. Bernice Johnson, Rutha Harris, Charles Neblett and Cordell Hull Reagon have all served time in jail for civil-rights activities.

Jean Carignan—The fiddler-taxicab driver from Montreal and Quebec. Plays a dazzling array of traditional fiddle tunes, jigs, reels and showpieces. Records for Folkways. Has appeared at Newport before and at Carnegie Hall and the University of Chicago Folk Festival.

Bob Dylan—22-year-old song writer from New York, via Hibbing, Minnesota; Gallup, New Mexico, and all points in between. Records for Columbia Records, has starred at Carnegie Hall and Monterey Folk Festivals. Plays guitar, harmonica and sings. Been on Westinghouse Broadcasting television, British Broadcasting Corporation TV. Film debut is imminent.



Morris Brothers



Mac Wiseman



Peter, Paul & Mary



Jean Redpath



The Freedom Singers



Bob Dylan



The Dillards

Ian & Sylvia



PHOTO BY PHIL OLIVIER



Bess Hawes

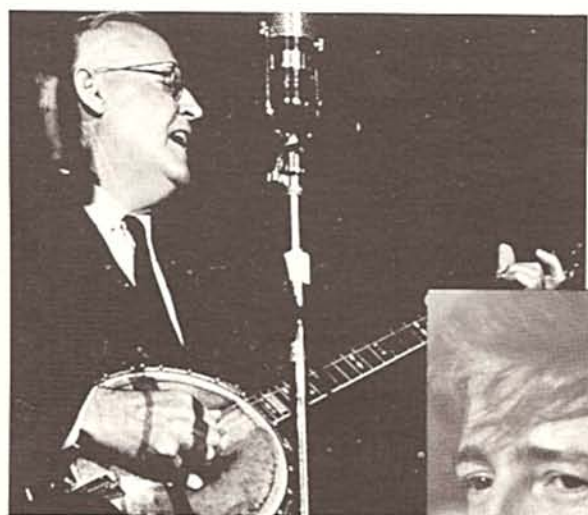


PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER

Doc Boggs



Bob Davenport

Paul Clayton—Collector, singer, song writer, dulcimer and guitar player. Recorded on Folkways and Elektra.

Jim Garland—Singer and song writer from Northwest. Friend of Almanac Singers in the Nineteen Forties. Union organizer. Best known for "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister."

Maybelle Carter—Guitarist, Autoharpist and singer who worked with the famous Carter Family in the nineteen-thirties. Known as Mother Maybelle. Recorded widely, most recently on Columbia with Flatt and Scruggs.

Ian and Sylvia—Canadian-born duo, Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker, who have been working in the United States for the last several years. Have appeared at the Mariposa Festival in Canada. Record for Vanguard.

The Dillards—Bluegrass quartet from Salem, Mo. Record for Elektra. Have appeared at the U.C.L.A. Festival, and on TV's "Andy Griffith Show."

Jack Elliott—Onetime associate of Woody Guthrie who sings American songs in Guthrie vein and others. Records for Topic, Monitor and Prestige. Has appeared at University of Chicago and Queens College Folk Festivals.

Dave Van Ronk—A leader of the white city blues revivalists. Records for Prestige, and made two disks for Folkways. Teaches and plays from home in New York.

Jackie Washington—Boston folk singer. Records for Vanguard.

Doc Boggs—Southern mountain banjo player, "rediscovered" by Mike Seeger.

Bess Hawes—Member of the famous Lomax family. Teacher, singer, mentor of folk song in California.

Alan Lomax—Noted collector, author and folk-song authority.

Elliot Hoffman—New York attorney, who will be chairman of the panel on "Folk Music and the copyright law."

Bob Davenport—Born in 1932 in Tyneside, industrial center in northeast England. People from Tyneside are called "Geordies." Served in Royal Air Force. Sang at the Bedford Arms in Camdentown, London, with Margaret Barry, Mick Gorman, Seamus Ennis and others. Sculpture student and singer. Done work on radio and TV in Britain with Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

Jean Ritchie—Member of the board of Newport Folk Festival. Singer and dulcimer player from Viper, Ky., a member of the famous Ritchie Family, an early source of many traditional folk songs and ballads. Author of "Singing Family of the Cumberlands." Records for Folkways.

Ed McCurdy—Canadian-born balladeer. Ranges widely from traditional songs of serious content to lighter "dalliance" songs. Has recorded for Riverside and Elektra.

Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers—A group of traditional singers discovered by Alan Lomax. They sing old Negro songs, shouts, jubilees, some of which go back to pre-Civil War days.

Tex Logan—Bluegrass fiddler who has studied at Columbia University.

Tracy Schwarz—Newest member of the New Lost City Ramblers. A fiddler, guitarist and singer.

Mississippi John Hurt—A root blues singer originally from the Delta. Singer and guitarist who went North to record in early nineteen-thirties on Okeh label. Has recorded "Frankie," "Louis Collins" and "Spike Driver Blues."

Theodore Bikel—Well-known actor and international folk singer who specializes in songs of the Israeli, Russian gypsy, Yiddish and many other languages and cultures. Has appeared in films, on Broadway. Records for Elektra. Newport Folk Festival Board member.

John Cohen—Member of The New Lost City Ramblers. Banjoist, singer and collector of several albums of authentic music on Folkways, notably "Mountain Music of Kentucky."

Bill Clifton—A musician and stockbroker from Charlottesville, Va., a Newport Festival Board member. Played with many Bluegrass bands and has recorded for Starday.

Mike Seeger—A member of two renowned institutions in American folk music, The Seeger Family and the New Lost City Ramblers. Has recorded and collected for Folkways Records. Singer and instrumentalist.

Pete Seeger—Banjoist and singer. Records for Folkways and Columbia. Composer and/or lyricist of "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" "If I Had a Hammer" and many other songs. Soon to leave on 10-month 21-nation world tour. "Mr. Folk Music." Board member of the Newport Folk Festival.

Joan Baez—Schooled and brought up in New York, Palo Alto, Baghdad and Boston. Her soprano voice and personalized Anglo-American ballads, spirituals and country music have made her well-known in the concert and recording world. She was introduced at the 1959 Newport Folk Festival by Bob Gibson. Time magazine featured a cover story about her. Miss Baez records for Vanguard Records.—L.S.

Judy Collins—Colorado-born alto and guitarist who does songs culled from Scottish, Irish and Southern Appalachian mountain sources. She has recorded two albums for Elektra and has appeared in concert with Theodore Bikel and on ABC's "Hootenanny" show.—L.S.

Samuel B. Charters—Noted ethnomusicologist and collector of blues and blues singers. Mr. Charters has collected and annotated several Folkways albums. He has written "The Country Blues." His most recent book is "The Poetry of the Blues." He has completed a movie on the blues for Brandon Films.—L.S.

John Hammond—The blues-singing son of the Columbia recording executive. He attended Antioch College but left to migrate South in search of the origins of rural blues. Accompanies himself on guitar and harmonica. Has appeared at Gerde's Folk City and at the Gaslight in New York, and at clubs and coffeehouses in the New England area. His first recording, on Vanguard, will be released in the Fall.—L.S.

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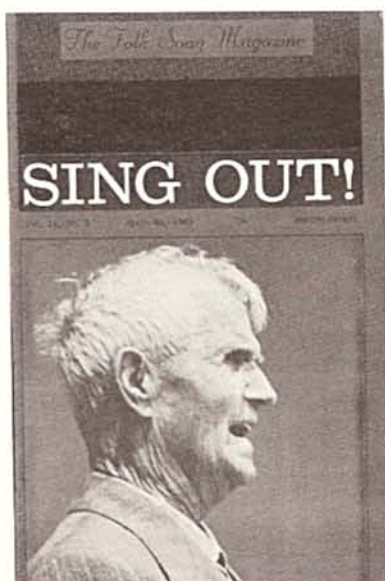
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SING OUT! SING OUT! SING OUT! SING OUT!



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SONGS

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

ARTICLES

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

FEATURE COLUMNS

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PHOTO BY GEORGE PICKOW

Jean Ritchie



Bill Clifton



Theodore Bikel



Pete Seeger

PHOTO BY PHIL OLIVIER



Mike Seeger

PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER



Joan Baez



Judy Collins

John Lee Hooker—Delta blues singer and guitarist, from Clarksdale, Miss. Has written more than 300 songs. Worked at various jobs in and around Memphis for 16 years. Has previously appeared at the Newport Folk Festival. Recorded first in 1949, on the Modern label. Currently records for Riverside, Prestige and Vee Jay.—L.S.

Sam Hinton—Singer, guitarist and folklorist from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Has recorded for the Library of Congress as well as for Decca and Folkways. A marine biologist in San Diego who has been active in the Berkeley Folk Festival. His material is comprised of songs representative of American folk cultures.—L.S.

Jim and Jesse—Brothers were born in Coeburn, Virginia—Bluegrass territory. Jim sings tenor and plays guitar and Jesse, the lead singer in the duet, plays mandolin. They have been appearing for many years with the Virginia Boys on radio and television throughout the South, and particularly, on the Grand Ole Opry program. They record for the Epic label.—L.S.

Raun MacKinnon—was graduated from Temple University and sang at the Second Fret in Philadelphia. Her first record is on the Parkway label.—L.S.

The Rooftop Singers—Trio of Erik Darling, Lynne Taylor and Bill Svanoe revived the Gus Cannon-Hosie Woods "Walk

Right In!" and achieved wide popularity with it for Vanguard Records. They reside in New York when they are not touring the country on concert appearances. Their music is generally blues and gospel-flavored with a strong beat.—L.S.

Tony Saletan—sings the fruits of a two-year world tour collecting and performing for the International Recreation Association. Formerly a music consultant for the Newton (Massachusetts) Public Schools and a contributor to an educational television series, Mr. Saletan believes in sharing his music with young people. He records for Prestige/International.—L.S.

Mike Settle—born in Tulsa, Okla., of part-Indian descent. He has written many songs in the folk tradition including "Going Down That Highway" and the gospel-tinged "Sing Hallelujah." His first record was released last fall on the Folk Sing label, a subsidiary of London Records, and his second will be out this autumn. He has appeared in New York and Boston clubs and toured the country last season with Vaughn Meader.—L.S.

The Tarriers—Marshall Brickman, Clarence Cooper and Eric Weissberg. They sing American traditional and contemporary songs. Their personal backgrounds are diverse, but they now live in New York when not performing in clubs or concerts across the country. They have recorded for Atlantic and Decca.—L.S.



John Hammond



Sam Hinton



The Rooftop Singers



The Tarriers

Peter La Farge—Singer and songwriter. Records for Folkways and Columbia. Represents both Western traditions of cowboy and Indian songs.

Tom Paxton—Oklahoma-born singer and song writer. Has recorded on the Gaslight label. Currently resides in New York.

David P. McAllester—David McAllester's interest in American Indian music began with his boyhood enthusiasm for all things Indian. The fact that he had an Indian ancestress gave a little more emphasis to his pursuit of an education in Indian culture. He majored in anthropology at Harvard (1938), excavated Indian remains in Colorado (1937-39), took his Ph.D. in ethnomusicology at Columbia (1949) with a dissertation on the songs of the Native American Church.

He has recorded among the Hopi, Comanche, Navaho, Apache, Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians and has given concerts of American Indian music for many years.

He is author of "Peyote Music" and "Enemy Way Music," edited "The Myth of the Great Star Chant" and two records of Indian music, and has written numerous articles in this field. He is one of the founders of the Society for Ethnomusicology and edited the society's journal, "Ethnomusicology," 1958-62. He is Professor of Anthropology at Wesleyan University, where he has taught since 1947. His current research is on Navaho ceremonials, with the emphasis on their music and poetry.

The Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers—At the University of New Mexico there are many young American Indian men and women acquiring the knowledge and learning the techniques to compete in the white man's world. Coming largely from New Mexico and nearby Arizona, where the country's largest Indian populations are to be found, these young people are preparing for such careers as engineering, business, nursing, medicine, accounting and law.

Some will move into key positions in the administration and business concerns of their own tribal groups. Others will make their way into the larger business and professional worlds outside the reservations, in the Southwest and elsewhere.

Some years ago, a group of these students came to the decision that they did not want to lose the rich values of their American Indian tradition in the process of acquiring the know-how of Euro-American culture. One result was the Kiva Club, named for the sacred ceremonial chamber, or *kiva*, found in many Pueblo communities. This group of students is dedicated to the understanding and performance of the Indian arts. For some years they have made public appearances in an effort to increase understanding and mutual respect between the old American culture and the new.

Sonny Tuttle is president of the Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers. He writes: "I am also a member of the Kiva Club of the University of New Mexico and I have been asked by them to bring some members of my group and represent the Kiva Club at the Newport Festival. I believe that the Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers are uniquely suited to represent American Indians since our members are from various tribes, and widely separated parts of the country. . . .

"Each member will endeavor to sing at least one song representing his or her particular tribe. We will also sing as a group several songs which all of our tribes have in common with each other. Only one or two of our group could be classified as professional-level Indian singers, for we are primarily a dance team and usually only one member sings while the rest dance. However, the bells and eagle-bone whistles of the dancers are as much a part of our instrumental music as are the ever-present drums. . . ."

An illustration in the upper right corner of the page depicts two maracas and a drum. The maracas are positioned diagonally, with their heads featuring geometric patterns of zig-zags and dots. The drum is cylindrical and shown at an angle, with several horizontal bands of decorative patterns, including wavy lines and geometric shapes. The entire illustration is rendered in a simple, line-art style.

On Listening to American Indian Music

by David P. McAllester

The oldest truly American folk music is also the least known to most people in the United States. American Indian music is so different from European music that most of us don't know what to listen for. Much of what we expect of music isn't there and many of the Indian music's most striking features are so new to us that we don't know how to take them in.

In the first place, you won't hear harmonies and you won't hear melodic instruments. Drums and rattles are the universal accompanying instruments—a guitar or a banjo would be totally out of place. Even the shape of the Indian melody is strange to us. Many of them start high, very high, even in falsetto, and then come soaring down to the base note, or tonic, while our tunes tend to start low, develop upwards, work towards a climax and come back to rest on the tonic. Many Indian songs contain passages on one pitch level, as in Gregorian chanting.

The rhythm of Indian music is likely to take us by surprise, too. It's not the DUM-dum-dum-dum of Hollywood Indian music nor the pyrotechnics of our jazz, but a driving one-beat, or two-beat, drum accompaniment around which the beat of the song shifts and changes with subtle sophistication.

Listen, then, to the steady drum and see if you can catch the tricky things the melody is doing in rhythmic counterpoint with it. Listen to the variety in the singing style—

the emphatic pulsations that catch you unaware and the sharp, often nasal voice placement that may remind you of the singing in the Near East. Above all listen for the zest and excitement and tension of this unique music.

Indian music is not a dying tradition as much of European folk music seems to be. In many Indian communities, particularly in the Southwest, it is vitally alive. New songs are constantly composed or are being borrowed from the neighbors.

The old traditional songs, most of them deeply religious, are still being sung in their original ceremonial context. Even Pueblos that have been Catholic parishes for 300 or 400 years still carry on their harvest and other calendrical ceremonies today, virtually unchanged by long contact with the European world. One can still hear religious epics thousands of lines long sung by memory by chanters who have devoted a lifetime to their performance. It is as though we could still walk down the street and come upon a Homer singing "The Iliad" or "The Odyssey" and sit down with him and ask him what it all means.

Among our Indian people there can still be found a tradition that includes music, poetry, dance and theater in its ceremonial arts. One can hear sung, a philosophy of close community and of coexistence with the forces of nature. It is a tradition in which man has a place of dignity and beauty; it has much to say to us in our present era of alienation and despair.

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