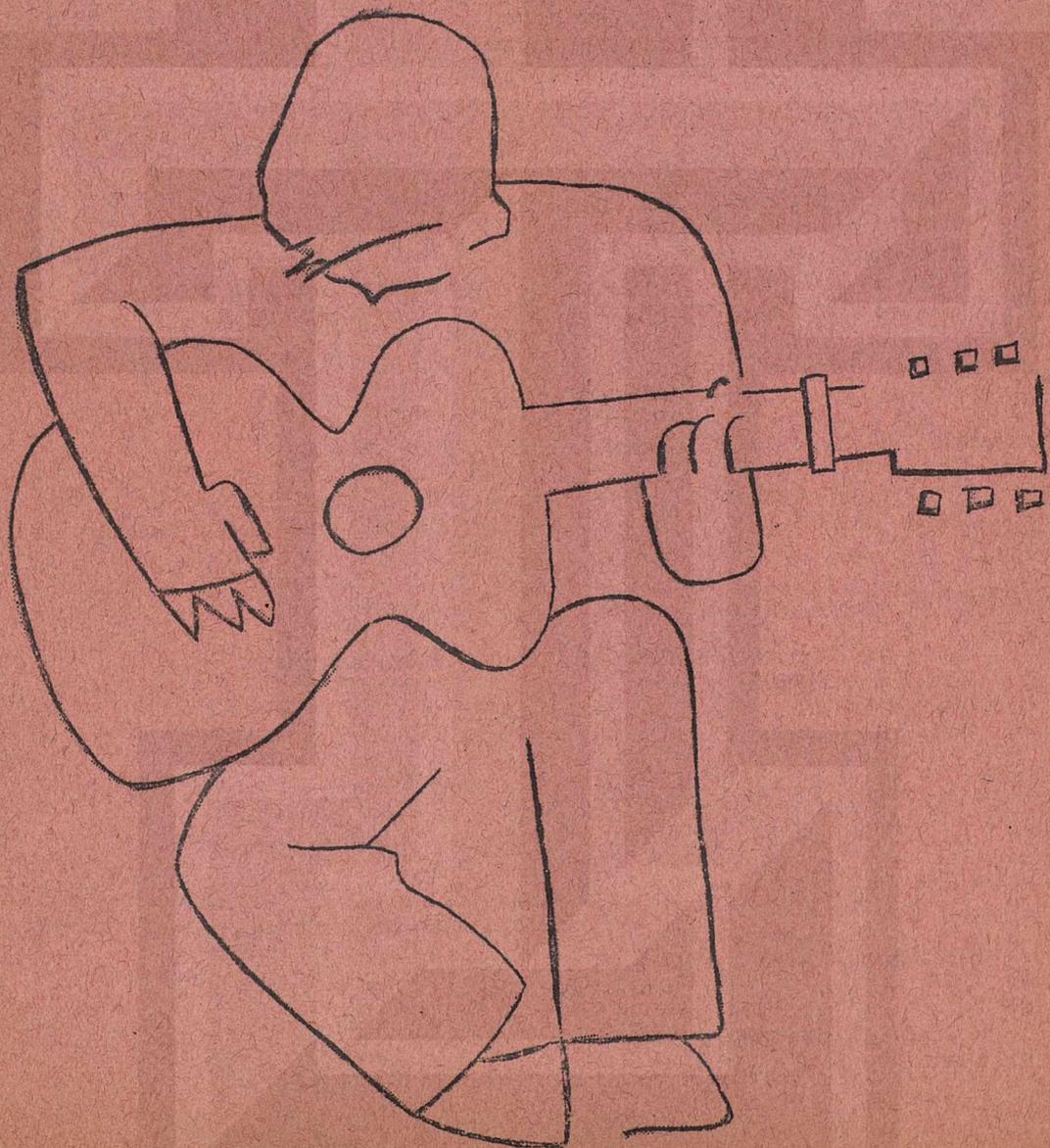


# CARAVAN

TEN CENTS  
JANUARY 1958



# CARAVAN

January 1958

Issue #6

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Articles due in by January 20th  
News items and announcements - 25th

Caravan is published by  
Lee Shaw  
Apt 5P  
780 Greenwich Street  
New York 14, N Y

A British folksinger writes about

# SINGING AROUND LONDON

by Mike Moorcock

Singing folksongs and playing them is great fun. I wish more people thought about folkmusic this way.

Instead there is a large percentage of people, in this country, anyway, who tend to become "dedicated". They spend hours and hours rehearsing and they never seem to be enjoying themselves. Personally, maybe because I'm just plain lazy, I'd rather just sit down in a corner, pick up my guitar, and sing. Mainly for my own relaxation. Partly, I admit, because I'm a natural born exhibitionist, and partly because it involves very little real physical effort combined with a feeling of satisfaction if you sing a particularly good song. Maybe I'm wrong. There are an awful lot of people around, I know, who will tell me that I am wrong. But who cares? I'm enjoying myself.

Folksinging, real folksinging, I mean, isn't appreciated in most of our London coffee-bars, although there are one or two in the suburbs where it is more or less tolerated, and you feel the audience is with you. Generall speaking you are expected to stick to the 'pop' skiffle numbers. These include at time of writing, "Last Train to San Fernando", "Cumberland Gap", "I'm Satisfied (with my girl)", "Freight Train", and a number of Lonnie Donegan numbers. Hch include "Puttin' on the Style" and a murdered version of Woody Guthrie's "Gamblin' Man".

If you try to sing something like "Poor Boy" which has a pleasant melody you get bawled and jeered down. Worse still, if you attempt an English (or more accurately British) folksong. I remember once trying to sing the Irish "Spanish Lady". It was really impossible to do so over the rabble of voices and the jeers which came from the corners of the bar.

Ray Nelson, an American, who is a competent folksinger and folk guitarist, was in England twice recently and I expect him over again soon sometime. While he was here we went to a local coffee-bar in my home town. This is a nice little place, a bit small, inhabited solely by teen-agers who seem to spend their whole time there. Many of them are school-kids but a good number go to work. The proprietor, a friend of mine, is a good main-stream-style guitarist and have a lovely Czechoslovakian guitar with a box much deeper than any I've seen. It had a wonderfu tone. Anyway, Ray and his girl and I went along one night to sing at this bar. Neither Ray nor I know any of the present pop-skiffle numbers so we sang anything that came into our heads. And strange to say, the kids really seemed to like the songs we sang.

As I expected, they preferred the more rhythmic numbers, things like "Take This Hammer", "Down By The Riverside", "Pharoah's Army Got

Moorcock (2)

Drowned" and similar negro work-songs and spirituals. Next to these, they liked the fast bad man ballads like "Railroad Bill" and the ballads with the sex-treatment above these like the version, unprintable, of "Gypsy Davy". The blues, of course, were popular, too. We sang "Midnight Special", "The Cotton Picking Song", "St James Infirmary", "Quail Hunters' Blues", "Rising Sun" and "Poor Unfortunate Bella".

I had my big horn-kazoo with me which I can handle better than a git, so we played a lot of instrumental stuff -- Ray as the rhythm section and me blaring out the tunes of "St James Infirmary" and "The Saints" and jazzed up versions of "Midnight Special", "Frankie and Albert", "Pharoah's Army" and "Careless Love". That "Careless Love" went on for ages. I sang a few humorous type songs of my own and talked a few talking blues. I finished up, in the morning I think it was, tho' it may have been before twelve, singing "Space/Radiation Blues", making up countless verses while Ray and his girl dozed in a corner. The majority of the kids had gone but people drifted in from time to time.

I remember that about 11 o'clock someone took up a collection for us. I refused the money as politely as possible but Ray wasn't proud. "I'm his agent," he said as he scooped the money into his hand and palmed it into his pocket.

Blues in trains, ballads on 'busses. Yelling out mountain songs on the streets. "Poor Boy" in a crowded pub, "Midnight Special" in a railway station. Times which have gone by but which will come again. Great times too.

The time when we tramped six miles, lugging a heavy bass, bottles and the rest of our instruments to a show we were on in an almost inaccessible town in Kent. We arrived there, went over a few numbers with a couple of blokes who wanted to join in and finally reached the stage. Waited for a quarter of an hour, looking silly while they tried to get the mike working. When it finally did transmit, they found that the little nut which adjusts the height was missing and we had to try to balance it on chairs and things until we finally gave up and made ourselves hoarse trying to reach the back of a long hall. Still the audience was a nice bunch, and understood. Tho' we were asked for a Lonnie Donegan number....

The group I had then was called the GREENHORNS and it formed and re-formed a couple of times but doesn't exist anymore. One of these days I'll re-form it if I can get enough folksingers interested. There are enough glorified r&r singers willing to join a 'skiffle' group....

There are hundreds of groups in London who literally sing all their songs to one tune (I use the word for want of a better one). Whether it's "John Henry", "Jesse James" or "Frankie and Johnny/Albert" every song is utterly devoid of melody. And this is the trend.

But I'm glad to see that more groups are being invited to play at dances etc. Not dance-halls, but 21st birthday and so forth. This sort of thing, music played by your friends, is one of the best things about the Skiffle Boom. I hope it lasts.

Dateline New York City

## SKIFFLE STATESIDE

(and sundry other singing  
at a Folklore Center concert.)

Last Monday Pete Stevens ran into a young English seaman who turned out to be the singer with a five-man skiffle group called the "Ivy Leaguers". All five were members of the crew of a British ship that would be in town through Saturday. So Pete contacted Israel Young of Folklore Center, and they arranged an informal concert for the group, to be given at Folklore Center Thursday evening.

The Ivy Leaguers opened with "Worried Man Blues". Derech Bowers was the singer, and Pete Torres (the group's leader), Chris Ryan and Bunny Marshall played guitar, while Dereck Penycad handled the washboard and Les Rutherford beat a tea chest base barehanded. The group's material and presentation were somewhat limited. As has been pointed out elsewhere about skiffle groups in general, their music is primarily rhythmic. It is the almost-shouted, repetitive kind of music that entices the audience to join in, clapping or singing the choruses. Their material is mostly from American negro folkmusic, particularly from the singing of Leadbelly, and their presentation is close kin to folk jazz. (Pete Torres explained skiffle to the audience as "American folksongs all jazzed up and played anyway you like it.")

When the skifflers took their first break Tom Paley was conscripted from the audience to sing a bit. John Cohen, who was busy photographing events, was also called up. He borrowed Pete Torres' guitar and joined Tom. Then the skifflers came back with such items as "Sylvy", "Long Gone Lost John" and "Wabash Cannonball". When they'd finished Israel called intermission and served soda, beer and cookies to performers and audience alike.

The Ivy Leaguers opened the second section of the program with "Railroad Bill". They sang with assumed American accents that were acceptable to the casual listener as some obscure southern dialect. And they spoke with pronounced British accents that were incongruous with their singing.

When they took their next break, more members of the audience were called upon to perform, among them Dick Weissman, Jo Mapes and Fred Gurlak. And when the skifflers had finished their concert, Tom Paley and John Cohen came on, fighting out a rendition of "Goin' Down The Road" on one guitar, Tom playing the treble strings while John played the bass. This is a tricky business. It was a small guitar. And Tom's singing was hindered somewhat by John's elbow in his Adams' Apple. The skifflers came out front to watch. John located another guitar, and he and Tom did several long, almost unbearably mournful hillbilly songs -- John grinning slightly as he sang, and Tom wearing a morosely beagle-like expression admirably suited to the material. Against the protests of the audience, they finally quit for the evening. It had been quite a show.

--LS  
27 Dec 57

Wandering Folksinger Sandy Paton writes...

## A Letter From London

I'm not sure that your John Brunner does justice to London in his regular letter. I find myself wondering how much he knows about honest-to-god folkmusic when he goes on at such length about skiffle, men who can play a hundred instruments (including wash-tub bass), "Frjeight Train", etc. Sure, there is still a frightening amount of skiffle going on in England, but real folkmusic -- that which accepts, without shame and loathing, the British traditional songs and ballads -- seems to be fighting its way back through the deluge of Leadbelly imitators and Guthrie maniacs. For which I breathe a fervent "thank God!"

If you've heard these skifflers you know how c ompletely they flatten out a once fairly (and only fairly) interesting melody to fit it into the skifflers' demand for sufficient noise and hysterical rhythm. This, like a lot of the New York enthusiasts' products, isn't really based on a love of and an interest in folk music! It's merely a substitute for rock and roll which permits the participant to maintain his "Intellectual" standing. He can still scoff at Presley, but only because he is doing to "Cumberland Gap" what Elvis does to "Blue Suede Shoes". Ask any one of these skiffle enthusiasts to teach you a British song and they'll look at you blankly and ask if you mean something like "God Save The Queen". They know only American songs -- and not very good ones, at that. Hell, if they sing "Foggy Dew", they learned it from Burl Ives, and no one ever heard of old Harry Cox, who sings an infinitely superior version up in Sutton, Norfolk. Paul Clayton knows a version very similar to Harry's, ask him to sing it for you and you'll see what I mean.

About this "flattening" of a melody: I've heard these kids pounding out a Woody Guthrie song, for instance, which I've heard sung by Guthrie himself, on a (pardon the expression) Stinson "Folksay" record -- and, by God, you can hardly recognize the melody. Another example: look at the "Puttin' on the Style" which Randolph collected in the Ozarks and compare its melody with the flat but boisterous version sung by the skifflers here. Sure, the Gateway Singers in San Francisco may have taken the first step in eliminating any 'lyric' touches from the melody -- and they may even be the source of the song as it is done here, but these foot-stomping souters have gone them one better. By the time the song gets into the Skiffle Cellar, it has no melody left at all!

I hadn't intended to spend so much time blasting skiffle, in general; guess I got carried away. Actually, I feel there is this to say for skiffle: the phenomenon does get kids up and participating, get them to making their own music, (less so at the Skiffle Cellar than at

Paton (2)

other skiffle coffee-bars). This is one strike against the "juke-box lethargy" that grips most of America's youth and leads the way to the inevitable extinction of "self-made music" (that which, with careful nurturing might lead to a new, if different, brand of urban folkmusic in America), and, as such, is certainly good.

On the negative side of the ledger, aside from their musical destructiveness, (which may be more a matter of my taste versus theirs) they, in seeking pulsing, rhythms and tempos, completely ignore and, resultantly, deny their own fabulously rich musical heritage! Here in London, a few weeks ago, Caroline and I attended a "Ballads and Blues" concert on British Industrial Songs. Ewan MacColl, A.L. Lloyd, Seamus Ennis and Dominic Behan made up the program. In the first half they sang working songs and industrial ballads; in the second half they sang a variety of personal favorites of theirs -- for example, MacColl, Lloyd and Ennis sang Scot, English and Irish versions of one ballad -- ("My Bonnie Laddie's Lang A-growin'")\*. MacColl sang "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow"; Lloyd sang an Australian version of the Irish "Old Man Rocking The Cradle" and was followed by Ennis doing the Irish original. Anyway my point is this: this was a damned exciting evening of real folkmusic and there were less than 75 people in the audience! Any night at the Skiffle Cellar will see more than that number crowded in to hear five English kids imitate a negro dialect and buzz into a kazoo! Pardon me one vulgar "Jesus Christ"!

The change the course, if not the subject -- these little coffee bars are a great institution. If only America could manage a similar one. I wonder if we can't because of union difficulties (I know that one can't pay union scale on coffee profits) or is it possible in England and not in America because these English kids can't afford a movie-and-milkshake type evening? This last idea looks, on first glance, like a pretty sound one. Wages are pretty low, by comparison, and one can have a full evening of music (?) and social banter over a nine-pence to one shilling cup of coffee. Dan cheap entertainment for a date, any way you look at it (no pun intended). Still, I wish we had a few places like them. A lot of good young folksingers could earn ten bucks a night and gain a lot of experience in working in front of a crowd which, I'm sure, tends to sharpen a guy's style and give him the confidence to really let himself get "into" a song. We'd surely end up with a larger number of professional-quality amateurs which would, in turn, help "sell" folksongs to a larger group of non-participants. If my only introduction to folkmusic had been through the sounds produced by some of these kids who have never had to make a song appeal to a crowd of only slightly interested people, I'd probably still think "folkmusic" meant Nashville radio.

Looks like this leads me into one final area -- which I hope will not just add new fuel to an already burned out fire. This debate of yours about "ethnic authenticity" and whatever its opposite may be called.

\*((ed. note: You can heard this sung by A.L. Lloyd on Tradition record TLP 1016, THE FOGGY DEW, under the title "The Trees They Do Grow High", and it is well worth going out of your way to hear.))

Paton (3)

In a letter to the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, Dr R. Vaughn Williams writes a few pertinent lines. He is referring, primarily, to dance but the ideas carry over, I believe, to song as well. We are all familiar, I think, with the term "unconscious artist-try" as used to describe and define the folksong and its singer's style. (See, for example, the introduction to Leach's "The Ballad Book" and Richard Chase's introduction to his little pocket book, "American Folk Tales and Songs".) With this phrase in mind let me quote you a sentence or two from Dr Williams' letter:

"What can be more self-conscious than the present cult of supposed 'naturalness'? It is just as bad to dance in a sham rustic style as it is to sing a folksong in a sham rustic dialect. I believe that this new back-to-the-land movement is likely to lead to the idea that if dancing (try inserting the word singing here....SP) is badly done it must be authentic. This, I think, is the reverse of the truth."

One more quote from the letter, for what it is worth:

"The avowed purpose of the E.F.D.S.S. is to preserve and practice our folk songs and dances. Why do we wish to practice them? Is it not because we find them beautiful? Otherwise let us relegate them to the shelves of our libraries and museums."

End of quotes, but a few words left for me to write. Why, in the name of heaven, should a fellow who can sing try to imitate one who can't sing, just because the one who can't was born eighty years ago on a rocky Kentucky hillside? The melody being attempted by the can't singer may be very beautiful and haunting. How much better then, for the world of the future, that it is taken by the can-singer and preserved for its intrinsic value as a thing of beauty? To imitate is phony, no matter how good the imitator may be.

And that concludes this rambling letter from your American London correspondent.

My best to all,  
Sandy Paton

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# HANDY JIM

"a Portsmouth favourite"

long-rope hauling shanty



Solo: I'm Handy Jim from Caro-line,  
Cho : So handy, me boys, so handy.  
I courted a girl named Sarah Jane,  
So handy, me boys, so handy.

Sarah Jane was a kitchen maid  
And ofttimes into her kitchen I strayed,  
And had a good blow-out of something hot,  
But one fine night, through my good luck  
The missus came home -- in the copper I got;  
But the missus had come the clothes for to wash.  
The fire being lit, the copper got hot,  
And the missus she came to stir up the pot,  
And I jumped out all smoking and hot,  
The missus she fainted, and cried, "Stop thief!"  
But I was off like a shot of a gun.  
When the missus came to there was an awful row;  
Poor Sarah, she got the sack next day,  
Then she came to me straightway, and said,-  
"I've lost my character, place likewise,"  
Says I, "My dear, now never you mind,  
Next Sunday morn' we'll go and get wed;"  
Next Sunday morn' I was at sea instæd.  
So now, my boys, when courting you go,  
If the missus turns up, in the copper don't go.  
If you're handy there, you're handler here.  
One more pull, and up she will go --  
The mate cries, "Belay!" so below we will go.

From MUSIC OF THE WATERS  
by Laura A. Smith  
published in London, 1883

The editor takes no responsibility  
for bowdlerizations.

JOHN BRUNNER

# WITH MY EAR TO THE GROUND

Monday in the office. End of the lunch hour. Settling back to work when the phone goes. Pick up the receiver.

"Brunner."

"Hullo, John. Joy Hyman here. I'm singing at the Albert Hall on Wednesday - did you know?"

Whereupon for a few moments I stop being a minor pillar of the editorial department of a London publishers, and put on my Caravan correspondent's disguise, consisting mainly of a ball-point pen and any piece of clean paper that comes to hand.

I was still heavily concealed by this disguise when we went along on the Wednesday evening. The Albert Hall, you see, is quite a prestige-filled place, even though its acoustics are lousy and its architecture is in the worst of ghastly Victorian good taste. It is, I think, the largest concert-hall in London except for the Empress Hall, and that's more like a corrugated iron greenhouse.

Every now and again the Society for International Folk Dancing puts on a show here, and indirectly - it turns out - it was thanks to me that Joy got the chance to sing here on this occasion. Hyam Morris, as regular readers will probably not recall even though I have mentioned the fact, is MD of the SIFD; Joy is a very charming Jewish girl who sings excellently and plays piano and guitar and does Israeli songs especially well.

Put the two together and you've hatched item 13 on the programme for tonight, or at least the musical accompaniment for it. But let's pick out some of the highlights as they appear.

The SIFD believes in getting its shows up in colourful style; they turned on a very wide range of regional costumes for the evening, as usual (the gayest, and also the most hideous, hail from the Balkans and Central Europe - they mingle shape and colour of garments apparently with no regard to taste at all; while the most visually effective and smartest, as always, were the outfits of the London Scottish Dancers.)

The programme kicked off with a well-staged processional kolo, Hora Din Teis, from North Transylvania - candles and branches of greenery and other trappings straight out of The Golden Bough; after which we visited Yugoslavia (another kolo), Lithuania (malunas), England (morris, very well done by the Beaux of London City, with one of the most amusing hobby-horses I've ever seen), Poland (a suite of various dances), Sweden (three dances), Ceylon -

Brunner (2)

Break for a more than usually enthusiastic plug. Anura and group were the performers: male leader, who plays his own accompaniments on a Singhalese double-ended drum, and two very pretty girls. This was the first item of the evening which both musically and terpsichoreanly (pardon me) made us sit up and take serious notice.

- the Basque country (a four part Mascarade Souletina in which the guy doing the Zamal-Zain or hobby-horse unfortunately spilt the wine-glass and cut the performance short - but it's a difficult dance, anyway), Estonia (three dances) and the Ukraine. Interval.

The Ukrainian dances were very nearly well done, particularly by one soloist who had all the tricks - the Cossack-style leg kicking and so forth - but London has really been visited by too many native Russian dance teams of an incredibly high standard, such as the Soviet Army ensemble, for this home-grown product to achieve very much.

Back to England (Kielder Schottiche and Three Meet - the tune of this one had me puzzled for a few moments till I recalled that Hyam sings a pleasantly indelicate song to it -

"If ever you come to be marr-i-ed,  
Be sure you don't tell of the joke,  
How you spent the night in a sentry-box  
Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak!"

- and so on), France (four dances by the Amis de l'Art Populaire du Marais Vendeen, from Brittany, all very stiff and starched and tight black suits), Israel (Kol Dodi, El Ginat Egoz and Hoi Harmonica, the first of which Hyam accompanied on the pipe with Joy's guitar and drum, and the others of which Joy, Hyam and the drummer sang for) -

Break to make a remark: surely Israel must be the only country in the world whose folk costume would pass on any street in London or New York for ordinary clothing?

-- the Ukraine again (Horlycia, Kolomeyka), Poland (Smigus Dyngus), Ghana -

Break for voicing a disappointment. No, it's no good. The drumming was excellent, but you simply can't turn these improvised, vital dances into a European-type staged performance. The nearest approach to it I've seen was Las Ballets Africains de Keita Fodéba, a troupe from French Equatorial Africa which has obviously been drilled and trained until its dancing is a quintessential distillation of all that is visually and ritually impressive in African dancing.

We'd had a similar disappointment a week before when we went to a concert of Nigerian music at the Horniman museum. The singing was stiff and the dancing was stilted; the prize item on the programme was a guy who showed us how to recite Yoruba poetry on a speaking drum.

- Scotland (ah! Excellent: particularly a first-class sailor's hornpipe danced by an unnamed soloist; marred slightly by the fact that

Brunner (3)

the piper had trouble with his tob notes), Indonesia (Tari Pajung - dancing charming, accompaniment - by a singer who sounded like Perry Como - Europeanised to the point of nausea), Macedonia (four dances full of frantic and impossible-seeming cross-rhythms), and finally Spain - an elaborately staged, superbly dressed imitation of a carnival in Valencia which was completely wasted because it had neither form nor coherence.

Afterwards Joy said, "I'm supposed to be going on to a party - do come," so we did, but the party was over. So we went home.

The Hootenanny habit has hit London. At least, that's what they're calling the series of programmes which started up on 24th November at the pub which used to be one of London's major skiffle rendezvous - the Princess Louise in High Holborn.

I'd been wondering how long it would be before one of the real folk-singers began to take advantage of the interest aroused by skiffle and kindred manifestations of the urge to go folksy (I'm not trying to be sarcastic, really). Ewan MacColl is the man: he's acting as one of the hosts at this regular sequence of Sunday-night meetings.

Didn't get to the first one, but 1st December we did manage to go along, and it turned out fine. Kind of a party plus lecture session plus musical slanging match plus free-for-all. If that sounds like what's meant by Hootenanny in the States, you get the idea.

There was a skiffle group - of course: the Red Devils from Reigate in Surrey, sounding much like most other not-quite-top-class skiffle groups...too many guitars playing too loud and too few people singing quite well too softly. They got a few of Ewan's barbed remarks about singing American songs when there are so many good British ones about, but they didn't seem to mind.

Ewan's a splendid compere, giving brief accounts of the provenance of most of the songs which turn up, occasionally singing alternative versions which he's heard for contrast, and telling folktales he's collected for good measure.

Another of the hosts was Dean Gitter, of Boston, Mass. The highlight of the evening, for me, was a sort of match between Dean and Ewan, Dean singing American songs and Ewan capping them with their British parent or cousins. They explored the history of St James Infirmary, taking it back to The Streets of Laredo and then to St James's Hospital (Bristol, England, about 150 years ago) and going off down various other sidetracks. They were under the mistaken impression they'd finished when I climbed to my feet and yelled for them to hold on, they hadn't brought the story up to date, how about Free and Equal Blues? "What's that got to do with it?" said Ewan. "Except tune-wise?" and Dean said, "I know Free and Equal Blues, yeah, but - Gimme the first line, will you?"

Brunner (4)

"I went down to St James's Infirmary, /I saw some plasma there..."

"Oh yeah!" said Dean, a great light dawning, and sang it.

Another of the hosts is West Indian Fitzroy Coleman. Fitz, I think, is a man in love with the guitar. He's one of Britain's most sought-after modern jazz and dance band stylists; he'd been all day in the recording studio, but he came along to play some superb accompaniments for Ewan and a couple of dazzlingly brilliant modern jazz solos, including a Love which made me want to chuck my guitar in the nearest horse-pond and give up.

Other people looked in: Terry Gould, saying the RAF is treating him pretty well (lucky man - wish it had done the same for me), Richard Field, who's sung his way round the world and doesn't sound any better than if he'd stayed home, Mike Philpot, and Jimmy MacGregor and Shirley Bland of the City Ramblers (see Caravan #2) - singing as excellently as ever and, in Shirley's case at any rate, looking quite as beautiful.

After it was over, I heard Jimmy and Shirley's opinion of the column I did about the Rambler's trip to Moscow (they liked it); Shirley asked me who Ruth Etting was and I told her, and we broke it up. Looks like that's going to be a fairly regular Sunday date as soon as we've got over the appointments stacked up before Christmas!

Incidentally, London readers who haven't been to one of these meetings - shame on you!

Points of interest: Ewan mentioned an Australian firm called Wattle Records which is putting out some cheap and excellent recordings of Australian folksongs; one of the chorus songs on last night's program (see previous section) was one collected by Cecil Sharp in a London workhouse earlier this century, a treadmill song, which interests me considerably.

Step in young man, I know your face,  
It's nothing in your favour,  
A little time I'll give to you -  
Six months unto hard labour.

Chorus: With my whip fol the doll,  
With my whip fol the day,  
With my whip fol the dee,  
FOL the diggy-o!

At six o'clock the turnkey comes,  
With a bunch of keys in his hand:  
"Come, come my lads, step up and grind,  
Tread the wheel till breakfast time."

At eight o'clock our skilly comes in,  
Sometimes it's thick and sometimes thin,  
But devil a word we must not say,  
Or it's bread and water all next day.

Brunner (5)

(At this point I turned to Michael Myer who was sitting next to me and proceed to quote Midnight Special appositely: "If you say a word about it, you're in trouble with the man!")

At half past eight the bell will ring,  
Into the chapel we must swing,  
Down on our bended knees must fall,  
The Lord have mercy on our soul...!

At nine o'clock the bell does ring,  
All on the trap boys we must spring,  
Come pray my lads to be on time,  
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind.

When six long months is done and past  
I'll return to my bonnie lass,  
I'll leave the turnkeys all behind,  
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind.

Oh yes, that ninely-year-old banjo. It's got a beautiful fat round tone. Excuse me while I go and play it.

---John Brunner  
London, Dec 1957

((Stateside, The Treadmill Song can be heard on BAD LANDS AND HARD CASES; British Ballads of Crime and Criminals (Riverside Record RLP 12-632), sung by Ewan MacColl with guitar and banjo accompaniments and an assist on the choruses by Peggy Seeger, a record which your editor recommends highly. -LS))

-----

### *"Riddle Me This"*

New from River\_side is the album of courting and questioning songs sung by Jean Ritchie and Oscar Brand, with banjo assistance by Dave Sear. The title is RIDDLE ME THIS, and the number RLP 12-646. It is an excellent record. Miss Ritchie and Mr Brand are a fine team. They sing with the enthusiasm of people who enjoy working together and who like their material. On this disc they perform Soldier, Soldier -- My Good Old Man -- Jennie Jenkins -- The Riddle Song -- Paper of Pins -- Pretty Li'l Reckless Boy -- Who Killed Cock Robin -- Billy Boy -- The Cambric Shirt -- The Deaf Woman's Courtship -- I Will Give My Love An Apple -- Marching Across The Green Grass - Riddle Me This -- What Are Little Boys Made Of -- Madam, Will You Walk With Me. But one riddle is left unanswered: what became of the Big Glass Doll?

This record, as well as any of Riverside's Folklore Series of 12" LPs, can be ordered from Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal St, NY 12 for \$4.15 each, which includes postage.



## THAT MUCH ABUSED DEVICE, THE FOLK PROCESS

The Folk Process - in simplest terms (as I have been given to understand it) - is the process by which change occurs in folk music during oral transmission. The change is usually slight as the song passes from one singer to another. Perhaps the singer didn't quite remember exactly how a tune or verse went, or he may make some semi-conscious change in words or tune. Over a period of many transmissions one can see the major changes which cause the offspring of a song to be very different from the parent.

Unfortunately the term "folk process" and the idea behind it have been misused, perverted, and prostituted by many individuals and groups for all sorts of reasons. (Before I go any further, please don't quote me as saying that I object to change in folk music -- even major changes in lyric or tune. My objection is to change under the false guise of the "folk process" which absolves all parodies of the sin of lack of artistic quality, allows the commercialiser to distort folk music in order to make it sell, and in general makes any change in the music -- both good and bad -- allowable without taking the song out of the folk context. Nonsense! And dangerous nonsense at that.

In the folk process changes are small at any one time. When an individual makes a major change in a folk song it is not the folk process at work. The song remains folk only insofar as the change is still within the folk idiom, using folk material (in an extreme change using all folk material this may almost be considered the creation of a new folksong).

Of course changes can be good. I don't deny it; I do it myself. The value of changes in a song can only be judged by their artistic improvement or detraction. But good or bad, they must be recognized and acknowledged as the conscious changes that they are, and not as ethnic folk processing.

Who are these self-made "folk processors"? What are their reasons? I can't answer this. There are too many of these perverters, each with his own peculiar reasons. There are, however, some outstanding offenders who are worth observing.

The commercialisers are fairly obvious and since I have dealt with them in a previous column, I won't bother with details here. Damn them, however, for they pervert good music.

The politicals are the largest and most blatant group of offenders (I don't mean the satirists such as Bosses Artists, who don't claim their songs to be folk). These people interpret all folk music as preaching their political gospel. Were they merely to do this I would

Kafka (2)

not object. Every one is entitled to his interpretations. But they have to go further. Since all folk songs preach their gospel, then any songs which preach their gospel are folk songs. The two are interchangeable under the rule of that absolute law of folk music - the folk process. Artistic integrity and quality don't even enter into the picture. Damn them, for they pervert good music.

The worst offender as an individual is the folksinger who wishes to add to his prestige by always being able to sing a version of a song heretofore unheard. He does this the easy way, by making his own versions. He doesn't write new songs; he merely changes the old ones. Whether his changes are for the better (and they're usually not) is of absolutely no importance to him. So long as the song is different he can raise his status among his fellows with it. This is cheap, unadulterated egomania. Damn him, for he perverts good music.

Once again, I am not against changed. Changes are good, provided they're for reasons of artistic improvement. They are one of the methods by which one can use folkmusic creatively. But please recognize that the result has to be carefully scrutinized before it can be called folk music.

- The ever-lovin' end -

--"Kafka"

Dec 9, 1957

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## VERNON DALHART - FORGOTTEN FOLKSINGER?

Bob Coulson writes an excellent letter in Issue 3 in which he traces the development of folkrecords since Ives, the Weavers and Belafonte. I am curious to know if Bob has ever listened to the record of Vernon Dalhart, Bradley Kincaid, Cliff Carlisle, Riley Puckett and other folk artists who sold millions of records of authentic folksongs and traditional ballads in the 1920's.

Before many of the present crop of pickers and bangers were old enough to travel to the microphone, Vernon Dalhart had recorded a tremendous crop of folksongs. It is one of the small ironies of history that Dal (his real name was Marion Fry Slaughter, bit that's another story) and Huddie Leadbetter learned their songs or ballads from the same sources and possibly the same singers. There were born close to each other in Cadde Parish, Louisiana and Harrison County, Texas. The farm hands and field laborers who followed the crops and sang as they worked didn't stop at the state line. My purpose is not to detail Vernon Dalhart's saga, but to hint as how long and rich is the story of recorded folkmusic in our land. Perhaps some of the story of folk songs on records in the era before Ives might be detailed in future issues of your fanzine.

Archie Green  
San Francisco, Calif.  
December 1957

Mary Corby  
East Keansburg, N J

## Singing Games

I confess to being a little bewildered sometimes when I read all those passionate pros and cons about something called "folkmusic". Here are songs I heard and learned as a child, games I played, music that I took as a matter of course, and suddenly it's a great big "thing". Never having heard most of the singers mentioned in the articles, I cannot take sides. I will say this-- call it folkmusic, national music, or anything you like, to me it still sounds better when sung by good voices. And please, please, let the words be understandable. I heard some "folksinger" on TV on "Greenwich Village Party" sing "John Henry" and he might as well have been singing in Chinese for all I knew. I know it wasn't French, German, Italian, Spanish or Hungarian, for these I recognize when I hear them, even though I don't speak or understand them. It certainly didn't sound like English! In folk music people like to hear the words. If anyone had ever sung like that man did, when I was a child, we would have just stared at him pityingly. We would not have called him "wonderful" as Art Ford claimed he was.

A little more on singing games---. Since these are handed down from older to younger children, I think they change more than other folk songs, and I think each locality develops its own version. A game I mentioned earlier, "We Are The Rovers", I have since learned is really called "The Roman Soldiers". We used to sing a long and involved song that I'm sure must have been a potpourri of many such singing games. It started:

"Down in yonder valley where the green grass grows,  
Where Jennie Thompson bleaches all her clothes,  
She sang, she sang, she sang so sweet,  
She sang for her sweetheart far across the street.

Anybody ever hear it? Another little gem was

"Red garters, blue stockings,  
My hair is tied with silver,  
With a red bow here and a white bow there,  
And a ring upon my finger.  
Hop, hop, hop to the butcher's shop,  
I cannot stay here longer,  
For if I stay, my mother will say  
I was playing with the boys up yonder."

In practically all singing games where a name appears, the name of a child present is used. For instance the children might sing, "Where Mary Corby bleaches all her clothes."

Has anybody else ever heard or sung "The Three Sisters"? This was my favorite singing game when I was a little girl. It starts:

Corby (2)

"There were three sisters gathering flowers (3 times)  
Down by the green, by the burnie, O."

Someday next spring, if I get up enough courage, I may stop at  
Washington Square and see just what's going on.

So long,

Mary Corby

12 December 1957

---

Dick Ellington  
New York City

## Answering Boyd Raeburn

I'd hesitate to try and pin down who or what is folk-music and  
what isn't and I bet I can find plenty of examples that would destroy  
anybody's definition.

I think that it's sort of vague and misty thing. You know -- you  
and I know what it is and so does Dave Van Ronk and so do a lot of other  
people but we couldn't define it exactly for anything -- and I don't  
think we're interested in defining it, not really. Once you've been  
around the so-called "folk-music" field for a while you can pick up a  
border-line record or hear something that isn't quite anything definite  
really yet immediately get a feeling of folk-music. What the hell is  
Tom Lehrer? So he got a record out and it's selling and it's like  
commercial and all that. But he wrote the songs himself, originally  
for the entertainment of his friends only -- in other words "pure" folk-  
music. But is it? I think so, yet a lot of people would probably  
disagree.

And what the hell is a folksinger. Woody Guthrie is one, so was  
Leadbelly, so is Dyer-Bennet, so is Belafonte and Burl Ives is too,  
whether we like it or not. Yes, and by God so is Andy Griffith, in  
FACE IN THE CROWD. I don't think the sharpest, most skeptical Village  
haunt around could fail to be impressed if they actually saw a perform-  
ance like that in a county jail. So we know he's an actor. So what?  
Who cares except the so-called "purist", who is trying to relive a set  
of Good Old Days he knows from nothing about? Do you care that Josh  
White doesn't always sing what is strictly defined as folk-music? I  
don't. Neither do I give a damn that Dyer-Bennet is a professional, or  
that Odetta is a trained singer. They are still good. Definitions,  
indeed.

As to Josh White -- don't bet on it. He has and still does call  
for audience participation when he thinks the crowd is ripe for it. Some  
places he won't if he feels the crowd isn't the type that goes for this  
sort of thing. Some singers work much better without it -- Bikel for  
instance. Again, so what?

Alors,  
Dick

"The Tailor Boy"

Steve Werdenschlag  
New York 14, NY

Memo to John Brunner: Of course, The Chandler's Wife, The Tailor Boy, and The Thing use almost the same tune as The Lincolnshire Poacher, However, the song is in no way related to King Arthur Had Three Sons, That He Did, or as DickDyer-Bennet sings it in this country, Three Jolly Rogues of Lynn. It is much more like The Farmer's Servant (q.v., ENGLISH DRINKING SONGS sung by A L Lloyd, Riverside RLP 12-618). Oscar Brand sings it as The Chandler's Wife (q.v. BAWDY SONGS AND BACK-ROOM BALLADS, 1st vol., Audio Fidelity; on 10" AFLP 906, on 12" AFLP 1906). Perhaps he wrote some of those words to bowdlerize the song. Incidentally, Oscar has on occasion introduced the song "A chandler is someone who makes candles. This song originated in the days when people used candles, uh, for illumination." Larry Mohr sings it as The Tailor Boy (q.v., ODETTA AND LARRY, Fantasy 3-15, the record that started this discussion two or three months ago), and since his version is out of print, I now restore it:

THE TAILOR BOY (as sung by Larry Mohr on Fantasy 3-15)

The tailor boy went to the chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,  
But when he got there and looked around, no chandler did he spy,  
So then he shouted loudly out, fit to raise the dead,  
Ehen he heard the sound of a \* \* \* right above his head. (repeat)

Well, the tailor boy being a smart young lad, he bounded up the stairs,  
Determined to find out who it was, and catch them unawares,  
And there he found the master, with the mistress, making free,  
And they were having a \* \* \* as plain as he could see. (repeat)

Now when the master's job was done, the mistress turned her head,  
And there she spied the tailor boy, a-standing by the bed,  
She said to him, "If you'll agree to what I have in mind,  
Why, you can come up for \* \* \* whenever you're so inclined." (repeat)

So, listen all you married men, who travel from town to town,  
You'd better keep your wife locked up, you'd better tie her down,  
Or if you do not heed me, just as sure as you have a wife,  
Why, she'll be having a \* \* \* most every day of her life." (repeat)

(You'll note that there's a similar song in the text of "Iceman Cometh.")

Can someone provide me with information on, or text of a very bouncy dance called "Josephine"? Is it folk? pop? plagiarized folk? I recall doing a folk dance to it. Les Paul has an instrumental of it, and of course BG has recorded it in his 1937/38 Jazz Concert No. 2 (Columbia SL-180, among others), with authorship attributed to Kahn-W. King - Bivens.

I thought your analysis of the Thanksgiving Eve Carnegie Hall Concert was a very accurate one. You say the sound system was horrible; Ray Boguslav later told me that no one gave any of the performers any instructions on use or placement of the mikes (EV-650's must be on a level with the performer's mouth, and EV-655's may be lower); also, there was apparently no engineer to raise the volume. Ray said, "Now they tell me."

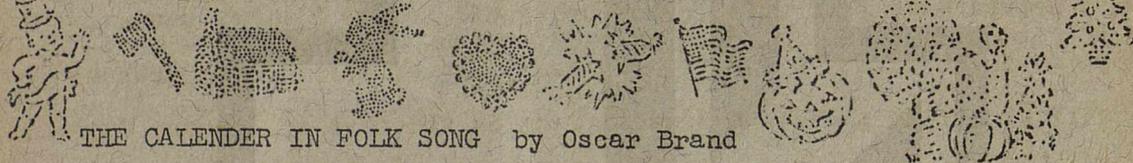
I would like to know whether your readers share the following comments with me re Josh White. One: "It sounds familiar." Must we hear Beverly sing "Cockles and Mussels", "I Ain't Got Nuthin' But the Blues" and "Half as Much", and Sam Gary sing "Saints" and "Foggy Dew" at every every Josh White concert? Two: "Is he Godfrey or White?" Perhaps Beverly, Donny (Josh Jr) and Sam Gary are entertaining enough to perform at their own concerts. But why can't we hear more of Josh at a Josh White concert?

January 7th's program of Folk Music Around The World will be devoted to Drinking Songs; the 9th's to Temperance Songs (radio always gives equal time!). January 14th's will include 1) Harry Belafonte, in an excerpt from Folk Music ATW originally live, in-person bdcst, offering his comments on, and singing "John Henry"; 2) Dick Dyer-Bennet, ditto. 3) Josh White, singing the Story of John Henry, as recorded especially for WKCR from the stage of McMillin Theater, Oct 27th, '55. This (14 minutes' worth) version had been called the best parts of his 23-minute one, recorded by Elektra. I think most Caravan readers will like it - I call it "John Henry - Man or Myth?", with apologies to Prof. Johnson. Programs tentatively scheduled for February include in-person guests, Israel Young, Ray Boguslav, Odetta, and Theo Bikel; and two programs will be devoted to picking approx. 20 songs from "SINGING HOLIDAYS". We're still on at Tuesdays and Thursdays at nine, at eighty-nine point nine.

Best,  
Steve Werdenschlag

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# "SINGING HOLIDAYS"



THE CALENDER IN FOLK SONG by Oscar Brand

This collection of some ninety odd folksongs, grouped around thirty holidays in the American year is now available at FOLKLORE CENTER, 110 MacDougal St., New York 12, N.Y. It is illustrated by Roberta Moynihan; musical arrangements are by Douglas Townsend. Alfred A. Knopf is the publisher.

## COFFEE SHOP SURVEY

The wandering minstrels, Brill & Sternlight have returned from a few collective and individual trips, and have the following to report. In Boston the place to go is Tulla's Coffee Grinder, on Mt Auburn St, Harvard Square, Cambridge. A group of talented singers are usually in attendance, and the management is very hospitable to people that bring their own and play them. Among the better folksingers there are Bill Chapple and Dick Zaffron, as well as Mike Kenen, all from Harvard. A call to either of the first two at TR 6-2670 (Leverett House) will get the latest work on what's up.

There are a couple of newer coffee shops, the Turk's Head, on Charles St, Beacon Hill, Boston, for one, but no information about folksinging there could be found.

In Washington, D.C. no success was encountered.

I finally made it to Sherri's Loft, at 596 Ninth Ave. between 42nd and 43rd Sts. It is a very nice coffee shop, and the gal that runs it has entertainment on Thursday through Saturday evenings. There is a stage and a few spots, and the folksingers there entertain formally, at fixed times, on the stage. There is also a play, comic routine, etc. as part of the show, and I understand that the stuff is professional. I caught a short play about dope addiction that was very well done. Somehow I ended up being the folksinger on the bill for the week of Christmas. It appears as though Bob Brill may do a bit there too. The idea seems to be to provide a hangout for Broadway actresses and actors (under 30 division) after their shows, etc. and the location is very good for that.

That's about all the news from the uptown branch right now. Roger Abrahams, Gina Glaser and Paul Clayton have led an expedition into the Southlands over Christmas and ought to be back with lots of goodies, including some mountain dulcimers. Check with them at Izzy's place when they get back.

Ole!

David Sternlight

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THE YOUNG FOLKLORISTS are holding OPEN HOUSE  
on Friday, January 3rd, at 8:00 PM.  
at 313 W 57th St. N Y C

# WHERE TO...DEPT.

## WHERE TO HEAR FOLKMUSIC IN YOUR AREA

New York BROWNIE McGHEE and TOM PALEY: Actor's Playhouse, midnight  
Concerts Friday January 3rd. Tickets available at Folklore Center.

SHANTY BOYS (Mike Cohen, Roger Sprung and Lionel Kilberg)  
Friday, January 3rd, at Studio 205, CBS bldg, 213 W 53rd St,  
Admission is 90¢. Guest artists are often features.

For up-to-date news of folk activities in NYC, watch the  
bulletin board at Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal St. NY12.

NY Sherri's Loft, 596 9th Ave. Programs, inc folkmusic on Thurs.  
regulars through Sat evenings. See page 21 for details.  
(live)

The American Youth Hostel NY Council Song Fest is held every  
Sunday at 3:PM at the AYH Headquarters, 14 W 8th St. NYC.  
A donation of 35¢ is requested. Many local folksingers  
make guest appearances at these Song Fests.

(radio) OSCAR BRAND'S Folksong Festival, WNYC AM & FM, Sundays at  
6 PM, features the singing of Oscar, guest artists, and  
records, plus news of folkmusic activity in town.

*see also  
addenda*

STEVE WERDENSCHLAG'S Folkmusic Around The World, WKCR-FM  
(Columbia U), Tues & Thurs 9:PM. 89.9 mg. For details of  
forthcoming broadcasts, see page 19-20.

CHICAGO The place for folkmusic is the GATE OF HORN at Chicago &  
ILL. Dearborn Sts.

BERKELEY BARRY OLIVIER's Midnight Special, on radio station KPFA-FM,  
CALIF from 11:PM to midnight, Saturdays. The public is welcome  
to attend. Barry also publishes a newssheet of folkmusic  
activities.

BILLY FAIER, we are told, is also doing a folkmusic broad-  
cast, from Berkeley, or vicinity, but we have no definite  
data. Further information would be appreciated.

WASH DC Folk music is featured over WASH-FM(97.1 mg) Sundays from  
10 to 11 PM.

Monthly "Hoots" are now taking place in Washington and  
vicinity, the next being scheduled at Capitol View Recreation  
Center, January 25th, 8:30 PM til midnight. For details  
contact John R Dildine, c/o WASH-FM, Folk Music Program,  
1319 F St NW, Washington 4, DC. Phone HEMlock 4-2625 (A  
Washington metropolitan number) (People like Tom Paley,  
Virgil Sturgill, and recently Mike Seeger, show up for  
these Hoots.)

"Where To..." Dept.

PHILADELPHIA Pa The place is THE GILDED CAGE, a coffee shop where folksingers gather informally on Sunday afternoons.  
261 S 21st St. Ph 3, PA.

And on radio it is PETE STEVENS' Folkmusic Festival, on WXPN (the U of Pa station) at 730 and 1460 kc, AM, Thurs at 7:30 to 8: PM. PETE and a young lady named ANDY MARKS run the show, which is expected to go onto FM sometime next month, on Sundays, time and place not definite yet. Anyone interested in appearing on this show call Pete at Baring 2-5065 or BA 2-9355.

BOSTON Mass & vicinity The place is a coffee shop, TULLA'S COFFEE GRINDER, 6n Mt Auburn St, Harvard Square, Cambridge. For details see page 21.

WHERE TO CONTACT FELLOW FOLKMUSIC ENTHUSIASTS -----

First check the list of coffee shops, etc above. They'll probably be hotbeds of activity, during certain hours.

in  
NYC

Check the bulletin board at Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal St for activities. Most of the folksingers in this area can be contacted through Folklore Center.

The Young Folklorists, a group of young people interested in various phases of folklore meet at Alexandre Studios, 318 W 57th St. For details call MO 2-6114 or PR 3-1037

BERKELEY CALIF Call Fritz Schuder, Thornwall 3-0218 for information on meetings of local folkmusic clubs.

WABASH INDIANA Robert and Jaunita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, offer their hospitality to the travelling folksinger.

WASH DC John R Dildine, c/o Folkmusic Program, WASH-FM, 1319 F St NW Wash 4, DC (phone HEMlock 4-2625) is the man to contact.

CAMBRIDGE MASS Call Bill Chapple or Dick Zaffron at TR 6-2670 (Leverett House) Harvard, for information o local activity.

LONDON ENGLAND Mike Moorcock, 36, Semley Rd, Norbury, London SW 16, England (phone POLLards 8161 after 7 PM) offers his hospitality to the travelling folksinger.

WHERE TO BUY OR SELL INSTRUMENTS AND THE LIKE -----

NEW YORK again, check the bulletin board at Folklore Center.

PHIL PA Locker's Fine Musical Instruments - 21 S 18th St - Ph 3, Pa. carries all kinds of new and used instruments.

WASH DC BANJO (\$50) see John Dildine, c/o Folk Music Program, WASH-FM 1319 F St NW, Wash 4, DC. Phone HEMlock 4-2625.

"Where To..." Dept. (3)

WHERE TO GET INSTRUCTION ON FOLK INSTRUMENTS

NYC GUITAR & BANJO - Dick Weissman, 410 W 110th St, NYC 25,  
Phone MO 3-1139

CHICAGO GUITAR & BANJO - Eliot Kenin, 741 Linn, Burton Judson Ct.  
ILL 1005 E 60th St, Chi 37, Ill.

This should ----- FOLKLORE WITH LORRIE, WBAI-FM 99.5 mg. Mondays -----  
have been at 11 PM. Many noted singers make guest appearances  
listed under this show. Richard Dyer-Bennet is scheduled for Jan 6th.  
NY radio

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WHERE TO...DEPT is new in Caravan, having had its start in the last issue. As yet, we have only a few entries in its columns, but we hope to add more in the future. If you have information for listing, please drop us a note. A postcard will be fine. There is no charge for listing. We want news of clubs, coffee houses, concerts, instruments for sale, instruction offered, etc. etc.

As to the WHERE TO CONTACT FELLOW FOLKMUSIC ENTHUSIASTS DEPT, Sandy Paton, who's travelled this wide world over, suggested that we run a listing of addresses, so that the wandering folksinger would be able to local local activity in whatever town he happens on. So if you are in with an organized, unorganized or disorganized group, or would welcome the itinerant folksinger, or know of a coffee bar where local folksingers hang out, etc. please advise us of such information.

In fact, if you have ANY NEWS pertinent to the folk-music field, please pass it along.

-----  
REY DE LA TORRE

CLASSIC GUITARIST

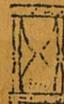
is appearing at TOWN HALL, Sunday evening, January 12, 1958, at 8:30 PM.  
Town Hall Box Office, 123 W 43rd St, NY 36. JU2-436  
Ermine Kahn Artist Management - 113 W 57th St NY 19. CI 7-5342

Prices (Tax included)

Loges (seating 6) each ticket \$3.50  
Parquet \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.00  
Balcony \$2.50, \$1.50

Tickets available at  
FOLKLORE CENTER  
110 MacDougal St  
New York 12, N Y  
Phone GR 3-7590

# new york scene



The big news during December in NYC was the number of concerts given. Formost was the appearance of MAHALIA JACKSON. To quote Israel Young, "Her concert at Town Hall, Sunday Dec 22, was the best concert I have attended in years." On Dec 9, DICK WEISSMAN gave an informal concert at Folklore Center, that was a sell out. On Dec 21st DAVE SEAR, SONNY TERRY and HALLY WOOD played Carnegie Recital Hall. The following week PETE SEEGER performed at Carnegie Hall. Folklore Center gave an almost impromptu concert of genuine imported English Skiffle, mixed with local folksinging. And there were others, many others, too. All in all it was one of the liveliest months of folk-music in a long time.

Naturally, in the pre-Christmas season, a batch of new records were released, and also some new books. Among the latter was OSCAR BRAND's "Singing Holidays", a large collection of folkmusic, some familiar and some rare. Among the records were Tradition's I WONDER AS I WANDER, songs and carols by JOHN JACOB NILES. Riverside released GAMBLING SONGS by LOGAN ENGLISH, SONNY TERRY AND HIS "MOUTH HARP", MINSTREL OF THE APPALACHIANS: BASCOM LAMAR LUNCEFORD, and a fine collection of courting songs RIDDLE ME THIS sung by JEAN RITCHIE and OSCAR BRAND with DAVE SEAR on banjo, JEAN and OSCAR pitch in with dulcimer and guitar. Riverside has also come out with a companion label, JUDSON RECORDS. Among the opening selections from Judson is a disc called FOLKMUSIC FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE FOLKMUSIC. I haven't heard it yet, but I suspect that it is a collection of folksongs played in the popular idiom. Mundell Lowe is the accompaniest. I've forgotten who sings. Esoteric also has a new label, Counterpoint, and on it they have released DOCUMENTARY TALKING BLUES, with PAT FOSTER and DICK WEISSMAN. DICK, by the way, will be appearing on three new discs in the near future; BANJO, BANJO AND MORE BANJO on Judson, GOLDEN CALIFORNIA, and on Stinson he accompanies on a disc tentatively titled DICK SELVERA SINGS.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER: Logan English is currently on the West Coast, playing at a new club in L.A. Rumor has it that Odetta is also there...Paul Clayton passed through NY the other day on his way from spending Christmas in New England, to spending New Years in Virginia. He, Roger Abrahams, and Gina Glaser have led an expedition in to the back country in search of folkmusic and mountain dulcimers, but they are expected back sometime in the near future...Dick Weissman sold that long-necked Weymann banjo...we understand that Frank Hamilton is now teaching in Chicago, but haven't got confirmation or data yet...like-wise we understand that Billy Faier is doing a radio show in Berkeley, Calif., but we have no definite information...Fred Gurlak, who was rumored to be going to California for a short stay, has decided to remain in NYC for a while...Theo Bikel is planning a tour of colleges

New York Scene (2)

in February, playing in the Midwest in the early part of the month, the Far West next, and finally the East...Jo Mapes is in New York quite frequently; she's sung several times at the impromptu sessions at Folklore Center...Oscar Brand's BAWDY SONGS AND BACKROOM BALLAD Vol 4 is out now...Israel Young at Folklore Center has a batch of jazz and folk records, various labels, 10" discs, going for one or two bucks each, depending on the record. Some of these are out of print already and probably won't be reissued...The Bosses' Songbook, first edition, is said to be almost sold out, and a second, larger edition is being planned. To quote a well-known authority on political folksongs, "The Bosses' Songbook is libelous!"...Bill Lyons is scheduled to be the singing guest on Oscar Brand's Folksong Festival, Jan 5th...Pete Seeger, who has been touring most of the fall, plans to be home most of the winter, "trying to paste together some folk music movies"... New York televiewers who watch old movies were probably surprised (at least I was) to see The Weavers in a guest appearance in an old film titled DISC JOCKEY; they sang a couple of songs and Pete did a "holler"... The "Hott" in Washington, Dec 6 was quite an affair: among the performers were Virgil Sturgill, Mike Seeger, Tom Paley, John Dildine, Chuck Connolly, Myron Edelman, Charlotte Daniels, Bob Bohl, Tizette (Mrs Pierce) Beauregarde, Bob Redfern, and others...while busy turning over flat rocks the other day we encountered Caravan's long-missing columnist, "Blind Rafferty", who has promised to have another installment of his thought-provoking column ready for the next issue of Caravan... Israel G Young, of Folklore Center, is contemplating the publication of a frequent newsletter covering events on the local scene; it should be a really valuable addition to the field, since it will be able to give more complete, up-to-date coverage than our monthly publication...

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"Alka-Seltzer, Speedy Alka-Seltzer, je te plumerai..."  
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