

15c

# *gardylou*



**The Greenbriar Boys**





I am lost.  
Please return me to 1932.



# Gardylloo

the journal of Wash Sq folklore

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New York 3, NY



GARDYLOO, the Occasional Everyday Dirt,  
takes pride in presenting...

### *Editor's Note*

Since Gardyloo is The New Lost City Ramblers Appreciation Magazine, some of the staff members were sitting around one evening not long ago, quietly appreciating the NLCR from afar, when suddenly it occurred to one of us that these otherwise fine folk musicians were operating under a great handicap.

The NLCR, as you know, present old time string band music and such in an authentic manner. And they do it well. But...

As John Cohen says in his article "About Us" in the booklet accompanying their first Folkways Record: "We call ourselves THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS. This is the kind of name used by the old bands from whom we learned our songs. There were THE FRUIT JAR DRINKERS, THE BUCKLE-BUSTERS, THE SKILLET LICKERS, THE NORTH CAROLINA RAMBLERS, THE PIEDMONT LOG ROLLERS and DR SMITH'S CHAMPION HORSE-HAIR PULLERS..." All fine and good. THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS is a fine name for a group. But Tom Paley, John Cohen, and Mike Seeger?

A pretty insipid bunch of names when compared to such fine cognomens as Gid Tanner, Riley Puckett, and Welby Toomey, you will admit. Oh, they're good enough names for photographers and recording technicians and such...but for members of a group like the NLCR they just don't make the grade.

It posed quite a problem. We sat gazing at the poster for their June concert and wondering just what could be done. Of course, Gid Tanner, Riley Puckett and Welby Toomey would have been excellent names for them. But this, we feared, would be likely to cause some confusion, especially among hillbilly discographers. And besides, a man's name is part of his personality and to take it away from him completely might cause deep psychological repercussions.

So we looked at the problem tail-end-on. Paley wasn't such a bad name. It was the Tom that fell with a dull thud from the lips. Seeger had rather a pleasant ring to it, but Mike just didn't ornament it as it should be ornamented. Cohen on the other hand offered distinct problems. John or no John, Cohen was a Washington Square name if we'd ever heard one. But it wouldn't be fair to leave Paley and Seeger, and wipe out Cohen completely. So we accepted

(continued on page 9)



## HARRY & JEANIE WEST ROY BERKELEY, THE GREENBRIAR BOYS

The Folksingers Guild had the misfortune to choose April 24th as the date for their April concert at the Mills College Theater. The performers were Harry and Jeanie West, Roy Berkeley, and the Greenbriar Boys. The "misfortune" consisted in the fact that Odetta was singing at Town Hall that evening, and New York's far-from-vast body of folk music aficionados was torn between these attractions. I chose to attend the Folksingers Guild presentation, and I must say that I and the rest of the somewhat depleted audience were richly entertained.

How do I know that the rest of the audience was pleased by the performance, you may ask. Well, I am one of those super-sensitive souls who are tormented beyond belief by some of the typically inattentive audience one finds at any gathering of blasé New Yorkers (you see, I am a prejudiced New Jerseyite). Such a welter of seat-hopping, whispering, smoking and coughing, and downright indifference to the performers! But not on April 24th at the Mills College Theater -- these people simply sat and listened. I was stunned.

One, or rather two, of the reasons for the audience's unwonted politeness were Harry and Jeanie West, the headliners of the show. They again displayed the wide knowledge of traditional songs which is so much in evidence in their many recordings. The audience was treated to such solid old-timers as Wildwood Flower, Down in the Willow Garden, I Ain't Gonna Work Tomorrow, Homestead on the Farm, and Poor Ellen Smith. The Wests' appearance on the stage had its fascination, too. Jeanie, with her simple dress and modest charm, appeared as a foil to the be-moustached (and therefore worldly-wise) Harry. It almost appeared as a tableau from a melodrama, with Jeanie as heroine and Harry as villain. This impression (erroneous, I am sure) was heightened by the apparent necessity of Harry to re-tune his wife's guitar after every song (while she stood in mute subservience). This was somewhat annoying to the audience, I felt, and they ended up by feeling a great deal of sympathy for Jeanie. What with Harry's changing with approximately equal ease from mandolin to dobro to guitar to fiddle, I was impressed by his versatility. But I was truly charmed by his self-effacing spouse.

My only criticism of the Wests was that a certain sameness started to creep into their songs. Perhaps this was caused by too little variation of tempo. At any rate, I felt that boredom would have overtaken me if the Wests had extended their program to any great length. Perhaps it was a measure of the generally good planning of the program that they did not.



## Folksingers Guild Concert (2)

Also on the agenda was Roy Berkeley. This tall young man repeated the miracle that has constantly awed me -- how a single human being with a single musical instrument can hold the attention of a diversified audience. But Roy and his talented guitar-playing held the audience, if not spellbound, at least quiet and attentive to his words. And interesting words they were, too. While the Wests chose the familiar ballads, Roy presented less well-known songs and presented them simply and forcefully. Two of his songs impressed me especially. One was a simple, honest leftist song (which some folksingers go to great lengths to avoid). Roy was somewhat apologetic about the song, also, but he needn't have been. The song was beautiful in its forthright anger.

The other song I particularly liked was a very funny satire of one of the typically shallow Western hits, *Geisha Girl*. Roy's was the Japanese girl's "Yankee-go-home" reply to our wandering innocent from Tennessee. In singing these songs and others, Roy showed, I thought, real imagination in both the planning and presentation of his material. The result was an appreciative (and quietly attentive) audience.

While the listeners admired the Wests and sat attentively for Roy Berkeley, however, they were greatly exhilarated by The Greenbriar Boys. These are a trio of young fellows (Bob Yellin, Paul Prestopino, and John Herald) whose obvious delight it is to present that exciting, rapid-fire type of country music known as Bluegrass. And they do it very well, too. Using the standard Bluegrass instruments (guitar, banjo, and mandolin), they launched a series of swift, well-coordinated, harmonious songs such as Hit Parade of Love, Will You Be Loving Another Man, and Barefoot Nellie. In spite of what must have been rather extensive rehearsals, they seemed truly spontaneous and informal. What is more, they appeared to be having a great time, and the audience seemed to catch the fever.

Let it not be thought, however, that The Greenbriar Boys were putting on the typical act of the professional Bluegrass outfits --- carefully studied corny clowning and crude, unfunny gags. No, indeed, these boys were regaling their listeners with fine country musicianship coupled with a truly comical informality.

To get to the music itself, I found myself admiring Bob Yellin's banjo work immensely. I feel that he can play with the best of them. The bearded Mr Prestopino certainly knows his music, too, and appears fully as versatile as Harry West, as far as ability to play the strings is concerned. The banjo duets by Bob and Paul were novel and interesting. I felt that the voices supporting the lead could have been a little more forceful and, indeed, that the singing of all three boys could stand further polish and greater volume, but it should be recalled that Bluegrass music depends rather more on instrumentation than on the quality of the singing. It is hoped that The Greenbriar Boys will come into greater circulation, since they have the rare quality of being able musicians and fine entertainers as well.

So, all in all, I'm glad I chose to attend this Folksingers Guild production and am eagerly looking forward to more of the same.

-- Allen Strasburger



## ON CRITERIA

In a recent letter to Caravan Magazine, Bob Coulson wrote: "Caravan seems to be more and more emphasizing the kind of folk music I personally despise -- the 'authentic' type (and the worse the singer, the more 'authentic' he is). I don't give a damn for the study of ethnic folkways, and the idea of someone like A.L. Lloyd or Jean Ritchie being 'foremost exponents of a traditional art form' or something similar strikes me as being a ridiculously pompous approach to the field."

It isn't too clear to me whether Mr Coulson's objection in the last sentence is to the choice of the particular persons named, or to the idea of calling traditional folk music an "art form". (I assume he does not object to the concept of their being "foremost exponents" of a traditional art form.) Basing my interpretation on the position of his quotation marks, and with many apologies to Mr Coulson if I've misinterpreted, or if quoting him out of context has done injury to his meaning, I will assume that he means that it is ridiculously pompous for anyone to consider persons such as A.L. Lloyd and Jean Ritchie to be the best traditional folk-singers.

In regard to the statement, "The worse the singer, the more 'authentic' he is", one cannot take this literally. Since Mr Coulson places the word authentic in quotation marks, it seems evident that he is saying, by implication, that the worse a singer is the more readily the deep-dyed fan of ethnic folk music will accept him as authentic.

To say, literally, "the worse the singer the more authentic he is" is to say that bad singing is the only criterion of authenticity. This is quite obviously not so. There are many many very bad singers by any standards (people unable to attain correct pitch, etc.) who no one has ever thought of acclaiming as authentic folk-singers (myself, for example).

Reversing Mr Coulson's statement give us what I suspect is a valid statement of his personal opinion: the more authentic a singer is, the worse he is. (While I disagree heartily with this, I'm not on this soapbox today to try to enforce my value judgements on others.)



Hoffman (2)

This might give us the key to the nature of his disagreement with the folk-fans.

The folk fans, as I know them, consider style of performance to be an integral element in folk music. And a traditional style of performance is not something that a folk fan creates arbitrarily. It is something that has grown within a particular cultural group, just as certain styles of performance common in the United States today have grown within our national culture.

Various styles of performance, various concepts of music, have developed within various different cultural groups and quite naturally, different criteria of "good" and "bad" in regard to music have developed in many cases. What is lovely and inspirational music to a member of one group may be just so much harsh and discordant noise to a member of another group (and vice versa).

It happens at times, though, that some of the members of one cultural group will find the music of another group very acceptable to themselves, whether spontaneously or through becoming familiar enough with the standards and performance styles of the other culture to overcome initial prejudices against them. This is not to say that every individual will learn to like the styles of an alien culture if he expends the effort necessary to become familiar with them. (Some individuals even despise some of the performance styles and musical standards of the culture they were born into, despite a live-long familiarity with them.) I am only trying to say that the criteria of "good" and "bad" music are not universal. What is "bad" to one culture may be "good" to another. And the criteria of one group, while generally unacceptable to the mass of another group, may be valid for specific individuals within the latter group.

When Mr Coulson says, "...the kind of music I despise -- the 'authentic' type..." I take him to mean that he finds the musical standards of alien ethnic groups unacceptable to himself.

If he feels that the more authentic a traditional folksinger is, the worse he is, then he is saying in effect that the criteria of the ethnic group in question are in exact opposition to his own criteria for good music.

The folk fans whom he finds pompous are people who have discovered the musical criteria of certain ethnic groups valid for themselves, and who quite frequently would find Mr Coulson's musical criteria unacceptable to themselves. In acclaiming people like A.L. Lloyd and Jean Ritchie as foremost exponents of a traditional art form these folk fans are judging performers in terms of the musical criteria of the particular ethnic groups which they represent.

The key word there is traditional. Since the musical criteria of a cultural group are specific and not arbitrary, one can judge a performance of a "traditional art form" as traditional art, only in terms of the specific standards of the specific cultural group in



Hoffman (3)

question. An element from a traditional art form may be isolated and be used as a basis for interpretation in the idiom of a culture to which it is not native, but the performance is no longer representative of a "traditional art form". The use of a Greek folk tale for the plot of a modern American play does not make that play an example of traditional Greek folk art.

Mr Coulson may feel that it is pompous for a folk fan to like the musical standards of an alien culture. He may consider it pompous for someone to find the criteria of another cultural group more valid to himself than those of his own culture.

I, personally, consider it pompous of anyone, folk fan or otherwise, to feel that the criteria which are acceptable to him are the only true and valid measure of good or bad musical performance, and that all other criteria are universally invalid.

--Lee Hoffman

(note: this article is a slightly edited version of an essay which the author published in the Spring 1959 issue of Chooog.)

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EDITOR'S NOT: (con't)

the challenge.

And after a great deal of research, study, and exhaustive and exhausting thought, we arrived at a set of names for the members of the NLOR:

Delmore Paley

McKinley Cohen

Wilber Seeger

On the subject of names and the NLOR, another question has also arisen. Many people on the local scene, and undoubtedly many people elsewhere, have been asking whether the New Lost City Ramblers are the Most Recent Ramblers from Lost City, or the Most Recent Urban Ramblers to have been Misplaced.

Theories leading to the possible solution of this dilemma would be appreciated. Completely documented and with footnotes, if possible.

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# NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL

Judy Weston  
Kirkwood, Mo.

Dear Lee:

I have just returned from a marvelous weekend in Nashville, Tenn. attending the 23rd annual NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL. Here then, is my report:

The festival has been going strong under the direction of Miss Sarah Gertrude Knott for about 25 years (skipped two years along the way). This lady is a *rande dame*, of sorts, who runs everything and everyone her own way. (She managed to antagonize all of the folk-singers this year (reasons below). She does deserve a great deal of credit for arranging to have about 100 performers from all over the U.S. show up for this thing.

The Festival was held in the Fairgrounds Coliseum, May 6-10, and sponsored by The Nashville Tennessean (newspaper). Since the Coliseum seats about 5,000 and the audience numbered about 300 at each performance (two a day), one got the feeling of vast and utter emptiness all around, while performing. The choice of location was one of my major gripes. The place was unsuitable because of its size and impersonalness. I kept wondering when they were going to bring on the elephants. Another fault was the lack of "source" folksingers. There were about six or seven folksingers and one two were from up in those cabins you hear so much about. Two others had learned their songs from Granny et al, and the rest had picked up their material from books, records, etc. There were many, many folkdancers and square dancers. Too many. The program was very unbalanced because of this. I was told that there was nothing to be done since they all had travelled so far to perform. It would be cruel to limit them to one dance each. The folksingers could be limited to one song each, though, since they could enjoy themselves at the parties after the performance and the dancers could not. Well, O.K.



Weston (2)

Everything else I have to say will be good! (I hope) Just having a festival of this sort every year is an amazing and worthwhile feat.

The things I liked best on the program were:

Mrs Alex Usher, and Mr Bob Crane, both from St. Louis, singing songs learned from books, (etc.) but I have recently met them both and drove there and back with them so St. Louis is no longer barren for us. Also, a wonderful folksinger named Janine Haley who now lives in Denver but has been spending a few weeks in St. Louis and who also drove up with us. She plays a beautiful 5-string Vega banjo with a really, really long neck. She has very good material which she has collected in various sections of the country. I always have enjoyed Virgil Sturgill, and was pleased to see him again and hear him sing. I was very happy to meet Bob and Evaline Beers (Fiddler Beers). Bob plays the psalterly with a unbelievably beautiful technique, and he and Evaline sing some great songs. He was a concert violinist and college professor and has given this up to try to make a go at professional folksinging. They would like a recording contract and should really get one. Then you will all be hearing the sound of the psalterly which is just unbelievable... sounds somewhat like a harp, but not really...

So much for the folksingers. Now, other things I enjoyed were the Sacred Harp Singers from St. Joseph, Tenn. This is a group of about 25 people, mostly elderly, who sing shape note hymns. There is a very ancient quality to the tone of the singing and you can almost imagine that before medieval times singing was like this. We all bought songbooks from them and are learning some of the hymns. What Wonderful Love has perfectly gorgeous harmonies and is a fine example of the type of thing they do.

Jimmie Driftwood Morris was there and played the pickin' bow and sang The Battle Of New Orleans and other songs. Here is a good instrument to make (Pickin' Bow). Following his directions completely: First, get a segment of the wheel off of an old spinning wheel (about 2-1/2 feet long). Attach a D string to each end of the arc, on one end by drilling a hole and pushing in a peg to hold down the string (as at the bridge of a guitar) and at the other end by wrapping a string around a long peg which you can turn to tune. You then hold up the end of the arc to the side of your mouth, pluck the string, sort of move your tongue and mouth around, and hope for the best.

Anyway, the festival was fun...but the parties until dawn every night were even better. Ahah! Another complaint. We had a hell of a time finding a place in which to gather and sing. The Fairgrounds closed up after each performance and there we all were (about ten or twelve people who wanted to sing) all of us in a strange city...and no place to go. So, we found that the owner of a motel where two of the singers were staying liked singing, and was lonely on the night shift anyway...so we all went there and had a fine time...the old guy loved it.

There were conferences every morning which we would always be a little too tired to attend, on things like: Two Kinds of Dulcimers, The Professional and Folk Music, Folk Activities in Tennessee -- Changes in Attitude, etc. Actually, we should have gone...and did enjoy the one we did attend on Problems of Holding



Weston (3)

Traditional Lines in Folk Activities Today.

Alex Usher and I spent from noon on Saturday until about 5:30, riding all over Nashville, looking in junk shops for old banjos, dulcimers, etc. There are more junk shops per square foot than I have ever seen in my life. We found one old 5-stringer but the neck was very warped and even for \$15, we thought it wasn't worth it, and left it behind. Each shop owner said that every once in a while he had a banjo or dulcimer, but not too often. The place to find them is still in people's attics or in Greenwich Village, I guess.

--Judy Weston

"THE BUTCHER'S BOY"

Tom Barton  
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Lee:

I am enclosing a copy of a song I got (collected is such a snobbish word) from Mr Peter Stanley, of London, this summer when I was over there. He's a chemist with the government, and told me he had learned this song during the war, in the Army, and that it is well known. I have seen no references suggesting it has been previously found in oral tradition in England for many many years, and no melody was reported. It has been recorded in this country as The Butcher's Boy on the Folkways anthology.

A father came home late one night  
to find his house without a light.  
He went upstairs to go to bed,  
When a sudden thought came to his head.

He went into his daughter's room  
And found her hanging from a beam.  
He took his knife and cut her down  
And on her breast this note he found:

Oh Lord, I cannot bear the shame  
To have a child without a name,  
So dig my grave and dig it deep  
And lay white lillies at my feet.

(con't)



Barton (2)

They dug her grave and dug it deep  
And laid white littlies at her feet,  
And on her breast a turtle dove  
To show that she had died of love.

Now all you maidens bear in mind  
An Airman's love is hard to find,  
So if you find a love that's true  
Don't change the old one for a new.

The melody the which this was sung in London was very oddly the same melody used by the Carter Family on a record called Bring Back My Blue Eyed Boy To Me, and if you are familiar with the Carter Family disc you may note that transmission of several lines in the last two stanzas between the two has occurred. Whether this means the Carter Family side is a fragment of this one with other verses added or transferred from other songs, or whether a couple of verses from this song have been grafted onto another song which the Carter Family knew would be hard to say. The parallel between this version and The Butcher's Boy is quite close in words, but the melodies are entirely different. Here is something for a scholar to go to.

--Tom Barton

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advt

T H I S

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

D I R E C T E D

T O T H E

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T O . . .

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# SYMPOSIUM, FORUMS



## SUCH

On the evening of May 15, Jean Ritchie was featured in the fourth of a series of talks-with-illustrations put on by the Folksingers Guild. The event was a resounding success, both in an entertainment and an educational sense, and its closeness in date to another successful event of this nature, Hofstra's Folk Music Forum on May 9, inevitably leads one to make comparisons.

First of all, let me say that I feel it's high time someone started putting on events of this type. With all the current interest in folk music, it seems a shame that the type of program offered to the faithful has been limited to performances - which at best present folksongs uprooted from their cultural context, and at worst present them divorced wholly from any folk idiom. Both the organizers of the Hofstra program and the Folksingers Guild deserve a loud commendation for helping the public (and the folkniks) to realize that learning something about folk music's background can be not only interesting but also enjoyable.

Hofstra's program was divided into two parts: a morning forum on folk music with Alan Lomax, Frank Warner, Jean Ritchie and Billy Faier; and an afternoon concert involving the same four people. The concert was an exceptionally pleasant one, due largely to the masterful M.C. job turned in by Frank Warner, and all the participants gave relaxed, more than competent performances. The forum, too, was pleasant, but was continually being hung up on that ol' debbil time. The projected program was to have covered just about every topic possible in folk music from religious influence on secular song through Bluegrass and Rock and Roll, and while perhaps half of the planned topics did get mentioned, none were covered to any noticeable degree. Any one of the four panelists could undoubtedly have held forth interestingly and lucidly for the full hour and a half on any one of the listed topics, and I feel that some extensive pruning of subject matter would have been profitable for all concerned. (A large portion of the audience could also have done some worth while holding forth...just about every prominent folklorist and folksinger



Greenhaus (2)

in this part of the country seemed to be there.) All in all, I was left with the feeling that I was very glad I had come, but wouldn't it have been nice if there had been more time...

The series of talks sponsored by the Folksingers Guild have approached this educational (or is that a dirty word?) idea in a somewhat different way. Each of a series of six evenings is devoted to a different aspect of folk music, represented in each case by someone closely involved with the field. Ellen Stekert opened the series with a fairly general discussion of folk music and its background; Tony Schwartz used his tape recorder to point out his ideas on folklore collecting in New York; Marshall Stearns gave an outline of the development of jazz, using records to illustrate; Ephraim Segerman brought down a veritable museum-full of old instruments to demonstrate Elizabethan music; and Jean Ritchie used tapes, dulcimer, and guitar in her comparisons between folksongs of America and the British Isles. The last in the series, scheduled for June 5th (at the Old Chelsea School, 13 West 17th St., 8:30 pm, 75¢) will feature Margot Mayo, discussing folklore collecting in the Southern Appalachians.

Although it seems to this biased observer that this format is considerably more effective than the more general forum, somehow sufficient time is continually making its absence felt at these programs, too. Jean Ritchie's talk, for instance, was charming, informative and witty, and her musical examples were fascinating, both on tape and when performed by Jean herself, but time would not permit her to complete the entire planned program, so that a discussion of folksongs of the British Isles omitted any consideration of material collected in England itself.

I imagine that the only solution to this time problem is to have more events of this type, with each event attempting a less ambitious scope of material. As may be readily seen by the enthusiastic audiences, there is a real interest in learning about the background of folk music. I can only hope that next year will present an opportunity to hear more of these types of events. Anyhow, thanks to Hofstra and the the Folksingers Guild for making these programs possible.

--Dick Greenhaus

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Tom Barton hereby apologises to Archie Green for his recent practical joke concerning a "folk song" entitled Lexington Line, and hereby craves forgiveness for his sins.

advt



# folksongs of wash sq

During the past few months an avid group of folkmusic scholars (Winnie Winston, Aaron Rennert and DD) have been out field-collecting folksongs in the rich and relatively uncollected hotbed of American folk culture, Washington Square. It is our privilege to bring you here, for the first time in print, some of the choicest items from their collections. We would like to ask that, if you can supply additional material in this field, you please do so. Send your contributions c/o this magazine. We hope in the future to bring you more of these exciting examples of American folk art. We note with much regret that some of these songs are known in fragmentary form only, and we hope that some of Gardyloo's scholarly readers will be able to supply us with further texts, and perhaps variants of these.

## TOM PALEY

Hang down your head, Tom Paley,  
Hang down your head and cry,  
Hang down your head, Tom Paley,  
Your banjo's tuned too high.

Hand me down my banjo,  
I'll tune it on my knee.  
This time tomorrow evening,  
I'll have it tuned in G.

Tune up them strings, Tom Paley,  
Tune 'em up day and night.  
The audience's gettin' restless,  
But your banjo don't sound just right.

## TIMES ARE GETTING HARD

Times are getting hard, boys,  
Money's getting scarce.  
If Tom don't finish tuning soon,  
I'm gonna leave this place.

## TAKE THIS BANJO

Take this banjo, carry it to Paley (three times)  
Tell him it's in tune, Lawd, tell him it's in tune.



Folksongs (2)

TUNE ON, PALEY

(var. Roll On Buddy)

Tune on, Paley, don't you tune so slow,  
How can we play, when you're tuned too low?

I looked at Tom, Tom looked at me,  
He said, "Buddy, give me a G."

I said, "Tom Paley, are your pegs geared?  
If they are, why ' you tune so weird?"

BABE, IT AIN'T NO LIE

There is a fellow in this town,  
Keeps tuning his banjo for me.  
I wish to the Lord that fellow would stop,  
Keeps tuning his banjo for me.

Oh Babe it ain't no lie (three times)  
And it looks like tuning's getting hard.

var: RING TAILED TOM

I know a guy named Tom,  
When he steps out,  
All the banjo pickers in the neighborhood,  
They begin to shout:  
Here comes the fingerpick'd Tom,  
He's the best around the town,  
And when his banjo's out of tune,  
He turns those pegs around.

CAN THE BANJO SKIN BE BROKEN

(var: Can The Circle Be  
Unbroken)

Can that banjo skin be broken,  
By and by, Lord, by and by,  
Oh, it cannot, 'cause it's plastic,  
That is why, Lord, that is why.

WHY-O

Why does Tom Paley tune?  
Why-O, Why-O, Why?  
Because Tom Paley like to tune,  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

THE GOOD OLD REBEL

I am a good old Rebel, That is what I am.  
And for this \_\_\_\_\_ tuning, I do not give a damn:  
I'm glad I learned from Silverman, and never learned this rot,  
'Cause I got Grover Geared Pegs, instead of what you got.



Folksongs (3)

FRIDAY NIGHT AT AYH

The longest tuning I ever heard,  
Was over a half hour long,  
At AYH on a Friday night,  
Tom Paley was still going strong.

It was late that Friday night,  
Trying to get two guitars in tune.  
One was mastered by Thomas Paley,  
And the other by Jonathan Cohen.

John pleaded for the audience not to leave,  
And the noise it did abound,  
The entire mess, for posterity's sake,  
Was recorded by Photo-Sound.

(of scholarly interest is the fact that this song has been traced to an actual incident, which occurred on 26 Dec 1953 just a short distance from Washington Square.)

--Dobson Droptumber

NEWS NOTE: Two new Obscure Records, edited by Mike Seeger...  
THE CARPET RAG by Lyndon Johnson, and CODE OF THE MOUNTAINS  
by Wayne Morse (10 minutes of silence).

COUNTRY FIDDLER

advt

# SQUARE DANCE BAND

A V A I L A B L E   F O R   E N G A G E M E N T S

Joe & Willie Lockeritz  
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# New York Notes

Like Many concert producers before them, The Folksingers Guild has apparently decided to try to outflank folk music by attacking it at several extremes simultaneously. They succeeded on May 23rd in proving that the extremes available under the general heading "folk music" are pretty extreme. They presented a concert featuring Will Holt, Jaime and Roger Lass, and Eric Weissberg.

The program opened with Eric Weissberg whipping off an un-accompanied Scruggs solo over the PA system. The PA seemed to be against him from the start, rumbling and squealing at intervals during his solos. Eric is noted as an instrumentalist and has been recorded as such several times. But his singing voice is not sufficiently developed for solo concert work. And the use of bone-bare Scruggs without accompaniment leaves one somewhat dissatisfied.

Eric was followed by Jaime and Roger Lass. Jaime is one of the outstanding young urban folksingers who performs in the traditional idiom. She comes closer to capturing the specific qualities of the traditional singer without sounding affected than almost any other urban folksinger I've heard. Her presentation of white material is somewhat like that of Texas Gladden, and her voice is rich, beautiful and well-controlled. While she is known for blues as well, on this program she did primarily white Southern Mountain music. Roger Lass is a highly accomplished instrumentalist who has only recently begun to sing. On concerts he acts primarily as an accompanist for his wife (who is herself a good instrumentalist). His solo songs were adequately done, and particularly well-chosen, but his control of his voice is not yet consistent enough for concert performance. The sections of the concert featuring the Lassses showed thoughtful programming and their comments on their material were interesting and entertaining, although a little self-conscious.

The second half of the concert was a solo performance by Will Holt. Mr Holt is one of a class of singers for whom I've never heard an adequate generic term. He is one of the many people described by the awkward phrase "not a folk singer, but a singer of folk songs". To be more specific, he sings and accompanies himself on guitar; he has a trained voice and does folk material, but not in the "folk idiom"; and he does a great deal of non-folk material. The lumping together of Will Holt, Jaime and Roger Lass, and Eric Weissberg under the title of "folk singers" demonstrates the in-



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adequacy of the term "folk singer", with its current usages, as a descriptive phrase, and also demonstrates a few of the extremes of approaches to the singing of folk songs. In the sub-group of urban traditional-style folksingers, Jaime and Roger Lass are excellent and relatively polished performers. Will Holt is a professional entertainer who approaches his material in a theatrical rather than traditional manner. On this concert he performed such folk songs as My Darling Clementine (dramatized humorously), Greensleeves, Pretty Polly (a striking, non-traditional arrangement), and A Hole In The Bucket (dramatized humorously). But the heart of his program was the singing of songs written by Kurt Weill. This is certainly the material that Mr Holt loves, and he performs it with great feeling and effectiveness. (Also outstanding was the satiric piece Charlie on the MTA.) He is not, nor does he claim to be, a "folk singer". He is an excellent singer, guitarist, performer and entertainer, whose approach to folk songs pleases his audience muchly and undoubtedly irritates the purists muchly.

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Gardylloo's special agent, Winnie Winston sends the following report on the May 23rd concert by Odetta at Hunter College Auditorium.

I must admit that I have been avoiding Odetta concerts since I saw her one year ago at the Swarthmore Folk Festival, mainly because I didn't want to ruin my first impression of her. When I saw her for the first time I was impressed as I never have been. So when I wandered into the Hunter College Auditorium I doubted that she could make that same impression on me. I was wrong.

Odetta is one of the best performers (if not THE best) in the Folk music world. She is both a fine artist and instrumentalist. Her program consisted mainly of the same songs I have heard her do in the past -- both in person and on record. Her material, in general, was all old, hackneyed stuff, i.e., Joshua Fought The Battle of Jerico, Children Go Where I Sent Thee, Santa Anno, etc. However, when Odetta sings these songs they seem to come to life as if I had never heard them before. Her Foggy Dew was one of the most interesting songs I have ever heard. Come All Ye Fair And Tender Ladies was terrific. I might mention that if anybody else ever sang it the way Odetta did I would accuse them of butchering folk music and would personally jump on stage and smash his guitar over his head. Odetta, somehow, gets away with her treatment of both this and Lass From The Low Country. Man, it's great!

After four encores, the program ended, and I felt most satisfied that I had attended. For anyone who has never seen Odetta, I would advise them to catch one of her concerts as soon as possible -- they are really missing a great treat

--Winnie Winston



SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER: Lost, strayed or otherwise misplaced, one notepad containing a quantity of witty, intellectual, erudite and occasionally unprintable social notes for this column, so if you gave me a news note or social note for this issue and it isn't here just drop it to me on a post card, and in the next issue we'll run a column of stale news...as if you didn't know already, DON LARKIN's show is back on the air, from 10 to 12 PM weekdays -- station call and KC among the missing notes, so if you don't know, ask your friends...DAVE VAN RONK is expected back in NY in June...ARNIE FELDMAN was seen (and heard) at AYH recently...DICK GREENHAUS was seen playing fiddle in Wash Sq...KIKI GREENHAUS was seen standing on her head singing Fly Away Little Bird, but not in Wash Sq...TOM PALEY is expected in NY in June...ALAN LOMAX was seen wandering around Wash Sq admiring the folksingers...ARTIE TRAUM was seen at Wash Sq playing his guitar and a toy saxophone (at the same time?)...The Folksingers Guild recently held its first impeachment proceedings which were greatly confused by the inability of some members to grasp the definition of "impeachment" made by the chair at the opening of the proceedings (and by Dick Greenhaus at five minute intervals during the proceedings) and by the insistence of the member being impeached on stating his defense before any charges were made...what famous (non-Wash Sq) Bluegrass banj-picker hates to be called a "Scruggs" picker?...JAIME and ROGER LASS have an assortment of black half-Siamese kittens (your choice of sexes) available to anyone who can give one or more of them good homes...HAPPY TRAUM, BOB BRILL and DICK ROSMINI were seen at the Odetta Concert on the 23rd..."Oh, you mean Mike's brother"...WILL HOLT claims to be preparing a thesis entitled "Rot and Evil in American Folk Culture"...PAUL SCHOENWETTER has removed his beard... ROY

BERKELEY has requested profuse apologies so

PROFUSE APOLOGIES  
TO  
ROY BERKELEY

for failing to credit him with this line in the last issue of Gardyloo: "How can anybody write a symphony in F?" "He capo-ed up from E."...SYLVIA claims that MAX caught a bat and also captured an eagle...BILLY FAIRER has some really great material lined up for future issues of CARAVAN...Rumored for this Autumn, an album of RUFUS CRISP and also possibly a concert by BUELL KAZEE...ROGER SPRUNG appeared recently with MARVIN RAINWATER and HANK SNOW...watch for several exciting discs from FOLKWAYS RECORDS...joy, joy, joy...

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## Coming Events

### JUNE

- 5th (Fri) MARGOT MAYO - a symposium on Collecting in the Southern Appalachians -- 8:30 PM at The Old Chelsea School, 13 W 17th Street, NYC. Admission 75¢. For information call OR 5-4177
- 6th (Sat) DORIS STONE, BARRY KORNFELD and DONALD LEACE - a folk music concert -- 8:30 PM at Carnegie Chapter Hall, 154 W 57th St. Admission \$1.50, available at the FOLKLORE CENTER, 110 MacDougal St., NY 12. Phone GR 7-5987
- 12th (Fri) LESTER FLATT & EARL SCRUGGS with THE WILBURN BROTHERS -- 8:45 PM at Sunnyside Gardens, Queens Blvd., at 45th St., Sunnyside, Queens. (The same show will be at Newburgh, New York Armory on Sat., June 13th.)
- 13th (Sat) THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS (John Cohen, Tom Paley and Mike Seeger) -- a program of folk music - Ballads, Blues, Break-downs - sacred songs, ditties, old timey string band music - tuning - and an incredible array of musical (and otherwise) instruments -- (Have you heard Tom Paley tune a kazoo?) -- 8:40 PM in the Mills College Theater, 66 Fifth Avenue, NY. Admission \$1.65, tax inc. Tickets available from The Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal St., or by mail from Producers Co-op, 13 West 17th St. (make checks payable to Y. Brenner) For information call OR 5-4177.
- 19th (Fri) CYNTHIA GOODING, BILLY FAIRER, DICK ROSMINI, DAVE VAN RONK, ELLEN ADLER and ROBIN CHRISTENSEN -- a folk music concert -- 8:30 PM at Mills College Theater, 66 Fifth Avenue, NY. For information call OR 5-4177.

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We will be pleased to list coming events in the folk music field in and around New York City, in this department, at no charge. We request that such information be sent in writing to the editor of this magazine by the 20th of the month preceeding the event. News received after this deadline will be published if time and space permit, but we make no guarantees. Note: send information in writing. If you phone or stop us in Wash Sq to give us concert announcements, we won't guarantee to get them into the magazine.

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