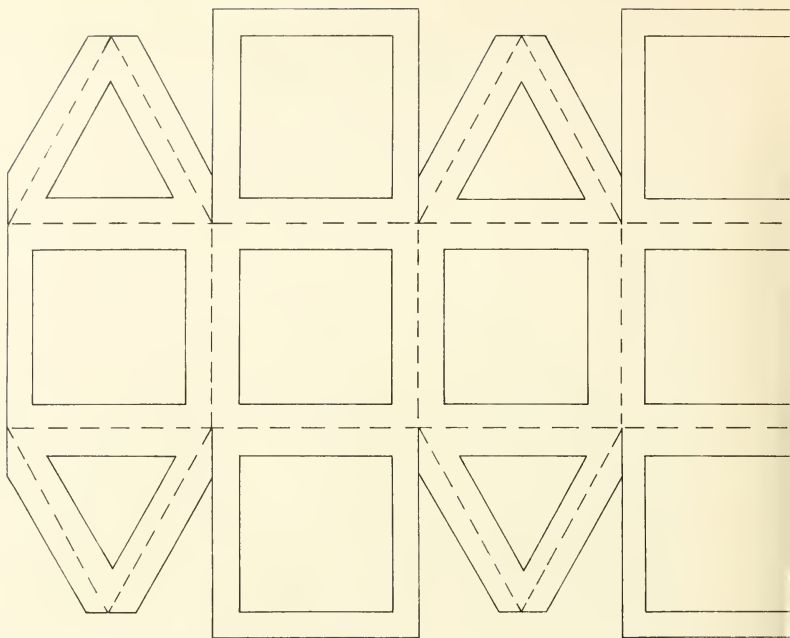


1971
**FESTIVAL
OF
AMERICAN
FOLKLIFE**
JULY 1-5



Division
Of
Performing Arts
The
Smithsonian Institution



ABOUT THE COVER

The wycinianki (Polish traditional papercut) on the cover was purchased in the Shenango valley of western Pennsylvania at the Hickory Township International Folk Festival in March, 1971. Mary Lou Jazwinski, the 17-year-old artist, claims three Polish-born grandparents who immigrated to the United States in the first decade of this century. Her maternal grandparents, a dressmaker and a shoemaker, carried on the trades they had learned in their native Warsaw. Her paternal grandfather worked in a steel mill after his arrival from Bialystok.

Mary Lou is steeped in Polish culture. She has been a member of the Krakowiaki dance group in her community since she was twelve, sings Polish folk songs, learned the traditional art of pysanki (intricate Easter egg decoration) from her mother, and recently learned papercutting techniques from a local folk craftsman.



FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE



"Folk" is as much a process as it is a body of material—musical, verbal, or three dimensional. What distinguishes folk from other cultural forms are style and the method by which traditions are passed from person to person. Leontyne Price and Aretha Franklin may sing the same spiritual, but one sings in bel canto style learned from vocal coaches while the other belts out the piece as she learned it from her father, a singing preacher. The difference in style is immediately apparent. Both are rooted in time-honored traditions, but one depends on the printed page and the other, on oral transmission alone.

The "folk process" preserves the negative as well as the positive. The same system that has been responsible for the retention of vernacular architectural traditions, epic ballads, and complex craft technologies has also carefully protected racist biases, deadly medicinal formulae, and wild superstitions and legends. All that is folk cannot and should not be presented at festivals, though it may be well worth studying and understanding in the context of the culture that nurtures it.

The Festival of American Folklife, since its initiation in 1967, has sought to present varied folk traditions representing a broad spectrum of our nation's cultural groups. It is our hope and belief that the festival will deepen and advance public appreciation of the richness and viability of American grass-roots creativity. Our first effort in 1967 was an overview of crafts, dance, and musical traditions. Since then, the event has grown considerably in size and in scope, with new and different cultural traditions presented each year.

This year, the festival features the state of Ohio, Pacific Northwest Coast Indians and Alaskan Eskimos, and the American working man as a part of organized labor.

We were fortunate to have the state of Ohio fund more extensive fieldwork than we have been able to undertake in the past. The rich bounty from which we drew the state presentation supports our belief that all areas of the nation, no matter how urbanized or industrialized, contain a wealth of folk culture.

Indian presentations, under the direction of Clydia Nahwooksy, center on the lumber and fishing cultures of Pacific Northwest tribes and on Eskimos from Alaska.

Through a joint presentation with the AFL-CIO, we are able to focus on working America. Five participating unions—Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, the American Federation of Musicians, Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union of America, Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada, and the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers—will depict their trades and display their skills in concerts and at daily demonstrations.

We welcome you to the festival and invite your comments and suggestions on this year's celebration.

Ralph Rinzler
Festival Director

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FOLKLIFE

AN INTERVIEW
WITH
S. DILLON RIPLEY
SECRETARY
OF THE
SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION

AND THE

SMITH- CONDUCTED
BY

SONIAN

INSTI- JAMES R. MORRIS
AND
RALPH RINZLER

TUTION

JRM

Numerous Smithsonian activities are aimed at bringing people to the museums and museums to the people. The *Smithsonian Magazine* and the Smithsonian Associates programs are two. How do you view the relationship of festivals to the museums?

SDR

A museum should be an open experience. People should be flowing in and out of the buildings, experiencing a sense of connection between their own lives and the history of their culture. And so, when they come into the Smithsonian museums, rather than feeling that they have walked through some invisible barrier into the past, they should enter without any sense of a barrier, carrying the present with them and realizing that the past is alive, that the past is a part of them, and that the past has messages for them.

These messages are that people are individuals, that they make things, that they sing and dance and play creatively, that they don't simply sit as passive spectators of a life that's going on through television or through another medium. The messages should say, rather, that they, themselves, can participate. They are individuals; they have one life; they should enjoy themselves; and they can educate themselves as they do so. So it seems to me, and always has, that a museum can be a constant revivifying force. It's not usually realized as such by people. It is, rather, generally assumed that you have to walk into a museum as a kind of experience, through some invisible barrier, and, once you are in there, you look at things that are all surely dead.

There is, of course, a fascination to cultures and life forms that no longer exist. Children are fascinated by sarcophagi in which they might be able to glimpse a mummy. They are fascinated by dinosaurs, deliciously reassured as they hold their mother's hand that the dinosaurs are dead. Old fears can be laid away just by seeing stuffed cave bears.

But there is much more to a museum than that. It is one of the few resources for people that reminds them not only of the history of which they are inextricably a part, but also that that history is alive and breathing. Things are being made and done all the time that are similar, perhaps even identical, to what they see in an exhibit. The instruments, the craft objects, and folk objects are not quaint examples of the past, of people who are all dead, of people who made things while we simply buy things. They are, rather, examples of the eternal creativeness of people which, essentially, keeps people alive, gives them interest and excitement.

I have been fascinated thinking about the fact that this year the folk festival will feature the sovereign state of Ohio. We are going to be honored and graced on the middle of the Mall by that state. It's a tremendous revelation to realize that Ohio, that great big central state, has so much that is so vital to the central theme which I have been trying to describe as the ideal role of the museum.

So, we can take a state like Ohio and profit by the combination of ethnic cultures that exist there—well, alive, and kicking—by the things that are made there, by the music and, furthermore, by the food. Think of apple butter. It just makes your mouth water. And the baking of Moravian love feast buns. What could be more exciting than to crunch into a crispy love feast bun? And think of the extraordinary variety of bands and music—the Blue Grass band, the Ukrainian bandurra bands, the mountain string bands, the blues.

All of this is a revelation surely, not only for us, but for Ohioans themselves. So I think it's this kind of discovery of our own nation that the festival can foster. I think you have been extraordinarily adroit in pinning the festival to an individual state, because this brings out new revelations about the continuum of our folk culture, which is a constant surprise and a delight to everybody.

I am fascinated too by the contact that this gives us with the American Indians and the pleasure they seem to derive from their contact with us. I think the festival is one of the most important things that we can do to remind all of

us of our nation's Indian heritage and to show how much we welcome their presence on the Mall. This to me means a great deal.

RR

Something just occurred to me. Charles Seeger, who came to Washington last fall, looked at the Capitol, waved his hand, and said "pure folklore". Well, you know, it's really true, when you get down to it, that so much of our lives are filled with folklore. The college campus is riddled with folklore. Every student has stories about all sorts of common things that happen. Every professor has a whole body of folklore. I'm wondering if, in coming in to the position of Secretary of the Smithsonian, you became acquainted with the body of lore about that position and about your predecessors in it?

SDR

Of course, it has always fascinated me and is one of the reasons why I was lured into coming. By all odds, the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian is one of the most fascinating of jobs. Aside from the enormous weight and psychic importance of the Capitol and the White House, certainly the old Smithsonian Building is one of the most symbolic in Washington. This strange tessellated castle with its battlements flung out against the monolithic Greco-Roman buildings. These great government buildings all seem to be lying down. They are not very tall and they occupy immense areas of space. They're all rather somnolent and very much the same. They look like a pride of lions, all sort of sleeping in the sun.

But the Smithsonian is an energetic upthrusting of little turrets and battlements, and it speaks of something else. With a little delicate and fanciful thrust, it bespeaks variety.

In our kind of life, in a bureaucratic setting, such variety is difficult to achieve. I often think of the little flag flying from the highest tower, and flaunting this little banner for Academe in the middle of this vast crushing bureaucracy. My words are perhaps a little fulsome, but in any case the building to me has great symbolic meaning.

Now, this part of the building is where the first secretary, Joseph Henry, who is more identified with the origin of the Smithsonian than anyone else, lived for thirty-two years, I believe. The building's cornerstone was laid in 1846, so perhaps he lived here for twenty-eight years, because it did take a while to get this part of the building completed. He died in 1878. He lived here until his death, and, not only he, but his wife and children. There was a boy who died fairly early, and I don't think ever came here, but there were two devoted daughters. The older daughter, Mary Henry, wrote a good deal about her father and mother and about what life was like in the "Castle".

In those days, there was a slave pen out in back. Henry was very upset about this and constantly railed about it. Then there were noisome canals, especially Tiber Creek which went along Constitution Avenue, and the desecration of the Mall by railroads, with their great yards down on Fourth Street. He felt that the Smithsonian had been set in a kind of abandoned wilderness, with symbols of decay and horror all about. He complained of the noxious affluvia that floated up in the canals and of the debased humans nearby. All of these things he was very upset about.

Yet the garden in the Smithsonian Park that he designed with the help of Andrew Jackson Downing was a very pleasant place to walk. We have a Civil War picture showing people knee-deep in daisies, with tree plantings of a deliciously random sort rather than the present ordered symmetry.

There are all sorts of folklore about people who came here and things that happened, including the string quartet concerts that were given in the evening by the Henry girls; the lectures, which were on everything from politics to snakes; and Abraham Lincoln, with his interest in signalling and in experiments and observations of an astronomical sort. There is a legend that Lincoln came sometimes when he was in agony about the war and sat in the Tower and talked

about the stars. I don't know if it is true or not. But certainly Henry and Lincoln were well acquainted. Lincoln was much interested in Henry's experiments, we know that.

Professor Henry must have been an important and symbolic figure in his time. Here he was, in the middle of the Mall, *the* professor in the Capital. He must have been quite an object of veneration as he grew older.

You know, he developed a sort of a horror about art because of the fire in 1865 in January, which gutted the east end of the building. The fire was due to a faulty flue. Henry himself rescued a number of paintings and carried them out. They were mostly the paintings of John McStanley, the painter of Indians. He was so horrified by the fact that this fireproof building had had a fire in it that he asked the Corcoran Gallery, which was starting then, to store all the Smithsonian's art works, because he was simply afraid that they would be otherwise burned.

Henry was an extremely gifted man. He had wide cultural interests and had traveled in Europe to study architecture and art. He was interested in the fate of people who lived in cities. He was worried about their morals and about their health. He was really interested in everything. And around him, I think, more folklore has developed than around anybody else connected with the Smithsonian.

RR

You hit upon one thing, Mr. Ripley, which seems to be a key to your interest in the festival, and that is variety. The festival itself is bent on stressing the fact that American culture is varied. It's not a homogeneous or a melting-pot culture at all. I wonder if you had that thought in mind in instituting the festival.

SDR

Well, I did very strongly in this sense: that I feel that variety is one of the great strengths of a museum. The museum emphasizes the variety of any setting, whether it is local, regional, national, or, indeed, supranational. The diversity of men is one of the great Circes in our life. It's a fact that constantly reinforces itself. All attempts to homogenize people sooner or later break down.

One of the failures of sociology today is to assume, first of all, that there is no such thing as a valid history and, secondly, that the human stuff is identical. There are people who have inherited diseases. There are people who have inherited skills. It is not counterproductive or undemocratic to say that people are different. There is one incredible fallacy in so much of our philosophy, which is that somehow or other we have to imply that everyone is exactly the same. I think Lincoln spoke about this fact that everyone is entitled to the best of opportunities, and the sadness of inequality lay in the deprivation of opportunities for those people who could take advantage of them. But the fact remains that, if you take twenty people from any segment of life, of any sort, mix them, up and give them exactly equal opportunities, the result will be totally different in every single case. And that is one of the virtues of people.

No one will ever be able to put down people as people. No system, no demagogue, no dictator, no communist, no fascist, no tedious theoretical professor will ever be able to arrive at a formula that will make all people look and act like peas out of a pod.

So to celebrate this diversity which is innate and implicit in every aspect of human culture, I think there is nothing better than reminding people of it through the vitality and example of the Folklife Festival.



JAMI'S R. MORRIS has been director of the Division of Performing Arts since its establishment in 1966. He has had broad experience in the performing arts, as a director, producer, and performer.

RALPH RINZLER has been director of the festival since its inception in 1967. Prior to coming to the Smithsonian Institution, he directed field programs for the Newport Folk Foundation. He is both a collector and a singer of folk songs.

BAGEL-MAKING IN OHIO

RALPH RINZLER

"You don't have to be Jewish" appears in bold type beneath a smiling, non-Jewish face—that of an Irish cop, an oriental, or a black. The poster, a favorite of New York subway riders, advertises Jewish rye bread while asserting a basic truth about our multicultural eating habits. Americans, of all backgrounds, prepare and consume a varied mélange of dishes, snacks, and sweets that encompass the myriad of traditions brought by settlers, recently arrived and long established.

The fact is, the preparation of food is frequently the most persistent of cultural traits, lasting among the descendants of immigrants long after language, song, dance, religious and secular rituals have been eradicated or thoroughly diluted.

Although many traditional foods are homemade, others are prepared for a community by professional cooks and bakers. Just as folk communities have had their blacksmiths, basket-makers, bards, and profession-

al musicians to play for weddings and feast days, medicine shows, and juke joints, they also have their culinary specialists. The techniques involved in the preparation of food, like those of craftsmen and instrumentalists, are passed on from one generation to another by word of mouth and simple imitation. In the case of a professional, an apprenticeship may be involved.

John Marx, grandson of a Jewish tailor who immigrated from Germany in the early part of this century, was brought up, as was his father, in the Catholic faith. Like his father, John was apprenticed as a baker in a large plant in Cincinnati. There he learned his craft. After a few years, he took a job as "bouncer" at *New Dilly's*, a club in Cincinnati's artists' quarter, Mt. Adams. He left *New Dilly's* to become head baker, store manager, and partner of the newly formed corporation *Hot Bagels, Inc.*

John is the only baker in the shop

over twenty; his assistants are high school students to whom he teaches the skills of a bagel maker and baker. The shop is family supported; John's sister is at the sales counter five days a week and his father comes in frequently to lend a hand.

One of John's partners, Eddie Kaye, a former stand-up comedian, attributes the marked success of the endeavor to John's sharp wit and personality. The shop produces some thirty-two racks of bagels a week, with seventy-two dozen per rack, all hand rolled.

In the mainstream of the tradition of working America, John Marx is a skilled craftsman whose training depended on the processes by which all folklore has lived—imitation and word of mouth. A second generation baker, and at least a third generation craftsman, he is one of the thousands of Americans, born in the forties, who have turned their backs on desks and white collars to work instead with their hands.



John Marx and weekend sales assistant, Carolyn Becker.

Like many producers of special foods for ethnic groups, *Hot Bagels, Inc.* prepares its product at the sales shop, which is located in a typical urban shopping center.





Customers buy by the dozens and begin eating the hot bagels before they are out of the door.

2



An appropriate portion is sliced away and

5



ends overlapped, and

8



Production begins with a mechanical dough mixer into which the simple ingredients—malt, high gluten flour, balancer, salt, and Ardex—(a commercial additive)—are poured.

3



rolled into a thick cylinder,

6



placed on the tray ready for storage in the refrigerator.

9



which is quickly flipped into a hoop,

7



Dough is removed in huge billows and placed on the work table in preparation for rolling.

4



After 15 minutes of refrigeration, an entire tray is slipped into a vat of boiling water.

10



After two minutes, the bagels are scooped out with a wire net and

11



A peel (huge wooden paddle) is used to remove the steaming hot bagels from the oven and carry them to the baskets from which they are sold.

13



John's brother, Mike, head stock clerk at a local supermarket, often sits down to a hand of cards.

15



cooled in a steel tray, ready for placement on the canvas-covered wood slabs where flavors (poppy seeds, onion, garlic, etc.) are added before baking.

12



Daily recreation at the Jewish Community Center Health Club follows work at the shop for John and 15-year-old Dave Fye, who has been an apprentice since he was 13.

14



John frequently returns to *New Dilly's* to see old friends like Liberian-born, old-time blues-singer, "Popeye" Maupin (right).

16

THE HERRNHUT STAR

RALPH RINZLER
AND RICHARD PRENTKE



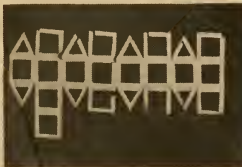
MADE BY ATTACHING 26 CONE-SHAPED
POINTS TO A CENTRAL BALL

The star as a symbol of Christmas originated with the star of Bethlehem in early Christian celebrations. The Herrnhut star, which was first made in about 1850 in the evening handicraft classes of the Moravian Boys School in Niesky, Germany, caught the fancy of the local Moravian church as a Christmas decoration. The star became known as the "Advent star" because it was the first decoration hung in the church on the first Sunday in Advent.

An alumnus of the Moravian Boys School, Pieter Verbeek, began producing the stars commercially in Herrnhut, Germany—thus the name "Herrnhut Star." The village of Herrnhut, the first Moravian settlement, was established in Saxony in 1732 by Moravians granted asylum by Count Nicholas Zinsendorf from persecution by Catholics in Bohemia and Moravia. Harry Verbeek, Pieter's son, founded the Herrnhut Star Factory. Originally the chief outlet for the stars was the Moravian community in Europe. In time, however, the Moravian star gained popularity as a Christmas decoration in homes as well as churches and among non-Moravians as well as Moravians. (The commercial German assembly kit for the stars can be ordered from the Moravian Book Shop, 428 So. Main St., Bethlehem, Pa. 18019. It costs \$3.50.)



Moravian stars have been made in Gnadenhutton, Ohio, for at least 65 years. Miss Elma Zimmerman, whose



construction technique is shown in the accompanying photographs, was taught to make the stars by one of the ministers of her church over fifty years ago. Construction time at first was long, and, as a result, the stars were given as gifts only to very best friends. However, Miss Zimmerman has, over a period of years, perfected the construction procedure so that a star can be put together in just a few hours. Miss Zimmerman and a group of her friends annually gather at the Zimmerman home a few weeks before Christmas and young and old work evening after evening learning the fine points of Herrnhut star making in preparation for the holiday. They have made hundreds of stars, including exceptionally large stars for use in churches in the area.

- (1) Trace the outline of the central section or ball from the inside cover of this program and transfer the pattern to a stiff piece of cardboard (2 or 4 ply oak-tag is fine).
- (2) Cut out the pattern from the cardboard with a scissors. The interiors of each square or triangle base can be removed most easily by cutting through one edge of the square or triangle, then cutting out the inside, and then taping the resulting frame closed. (See photo #1) Separately cut out an additional square base of the same size for use later to complete the ball.

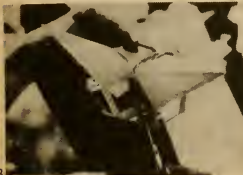
(3) Use a knife or razor blade and ruler to make a surface cut (no more than half-way through the thickness) along the dotted lines; then fold along these lines. Join the far left (B) and right (A) ends of the ball with tape to form a circle, then fold in and tape closed (along each joint) the bottom half of the ball. (See photo # 2)



(4) Trace the outlines of the three-sided and four-sided "points" and transfer the patterns to typewriter-weight paper. Eighteen four-sided and eight three-sided points must be made.

(5) After cutting out the points, fold each of the dotted lines against a ruler edge so that the creases are straight; then spread a thin film of white glue on the "X'd" flaps and press them together to shape the cone point.

(6) After the seams are securely fastened, take one of the four-sided points, fold *out* the "O" flaps, and spread a thin layer of white glue on all four flaps. Spread a thin layer of white glue on the outside surface of the square base in the center of the



bottom of the ball. Set the point in place and, to secure a good bond, press the flaps down and run your fingers along the edge of the flap from the inside and outside of the ball simultaneously. Trim away any parts of flaps overhanging an adjoining base. (See photo #3)

(7) Similarly attach a three-sided point (with all flaps folded out) to one of the triangular bases in the next row of the bottom.

(8) Continue adding three and four-sided points to the bottom of the ball. Those flaps which adjoin a previously installed point should be folded *in* rather than *out* so that no flaps can be seen along the completed seam between each pair of points. (See photo 4)

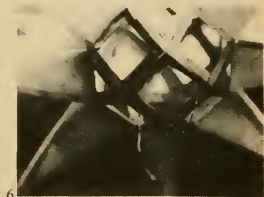


(9) Individually attach the eight four-sided points that go around the center of the ball.

(10) Fold in and tape closed (along each joint) the top half of the ball. Attach with tape the additional square base made in step (2) at the center of the top of the ball (see photo # 5). Tie one end of a thin wire around any corner of this additional square base and the adjoining triangular base. Tie the other end around the opposite corner of the additional square base and its adjoining triangular base. (See photo # 6)



(11) Attach the points in the next row in the same manner as the other points. Finally, glue on the top-most point (all the flaps folded inward).



(12) A 7-watt Christmas-tree-sized bulb is sometimes placed in the center of the star by cutting the tip from the top-most point and running the electrical wire through. The electrical wire is attached to and supported by the wire from which the star hangs.

RICHARD PRENTKE is labor coordinator for this year's festival. A graduate of Princeton, Prentke will attend Harvard Law School this fall.

TOGETHER WITH A RIDDLE
A LIE
A JOB DESCRIPTION
THE DEFINITION
OF A
LOCAL NAME
AND SUCH MISCELLANY
AS ILLUMINATES
OHIO'S REGIONAL CHARACTER

MACK McCORMICK

GLIMPSES OF OHIO FOLKLIFE

The Festival of American Folklife has no strict operative definition. The best statement of its character is the festival itself. A sign at one of the first festivals suggests what I mean. It read: "Folklife is what the people do."

Each year, the gathering of the Festival—the practical organization behind it and the search for participants—begins early. It is based on the deeply held conviction that folklife, with all its concomitant lore and art and skills and other riches passed from one person to another, is found inevitably and invariably in every community of people. One need not sail to an exotic island nor venture into far hills to find this ritual sense of life. It exists at the corner grocery store.

Consider, as examples, some random glimpses of the state of Ohio, glimpses in which any casual passer-by sees not only the fabric of tradition but also the tension and interchange that occurs as one tradition, one kind of ritual, one way of life, touches another:

- Steubenville, Ohio: in a window above Kuntz's Kosher Food Mart hangs a Christmas wreath
- Superior Avenue, in Cleveland: a neon restaurant sign advertises Hungarian & Soul Food
- A factory suburb in Cincinnati: one of the finest bluegrass bands thrives in an easy-going neighborhood tavern called the Minute Man Inn
- Blocks from the state capitol in Columbus: a unique black jazz band plays every Friday and Saturday evening at the Elks Franklin Lodge No. 203, not jazz for tourists but music for the people of the community
- Holmes County, Ohio: a horse drawn buggy carrying an Amish family shudders sideways as an eastbound truck roars past

Take the case of the buggy and the truck. There is not just a matter of new ways shoving aside old ways, but, rather, of coexistence. The Amish family have their traditions: plain, buttonless, dark clothes; thick beards on married men; a fierce striving to go about life without mechanization.

And in his fashion, too, the truck driver in his eastbound rig has traditions. At coffee stops, he'll trade stories with other drivers, stories that grow out of the work. The drivers talk about accidents, near-accidents, and bad equipment. They add to the legend of the driver who

jackknifed his rig to avoid hitting a small dog in the road. They tell about the driver who lost his brakes and died on a steep grade in the Ohio hills but managed to slow his truck enough so that his helper could leap to safety. The drivers' lives, too, are bound in ritual.

"First thing you do, you got to blow up the salamander. Now you probably don't know what the salamander is, but that's the residue in a blast furnace, the steel at the bottom that cools and hardens when the furnace is shut down. That salamander might be ten feet thick and it's got to be dynamited out before you can go in there and rebuild that furnace."

So it is in all people's lives. Food, speech, memories, day-to-day activities—all give a group its character, its points of identity. Folklife is a suburban baby shower as well as an Amish barn raising. The festival sign said it best: "Folklife is what the people do."

There are 150 participants at the festival from the state of Ohio. Who are these people? And why were they and not others included? Examples are better than any general answer to that question.

The two men pictured playing dulcimers, a father and son, were invited. The older man makes and plays his own dulcimers. He plays banjo in a fine frailing style and sings a treasury of songs that are in the heart of the American country music tradition. He was invited because the newspaper editor at Quaker City, Ohio, mentioned him to us and because, in turn, a string of friendly neighbors directed us to his isolated house on RD #4 outside Carrollton, Ohio.

PONY KEG: a term peculiar to Ohio and some neighboring states; used as a generic name for a type of store selling cigarettes, beer, grocery items, and so forth.

Another man was invited because someone began leafing through the Yellow Pages one night in Cleveland and started to wonder about the artists who do gold leaf lettering. This wondering led us to the man whose gold leaf work is seen on banks, cigar stores, and lawyers' offices all over Cleveland's business district. You might have seen this artist at work there, surrounded by a crowd of watchers, his

brush flicking up to his hair to pick up a charge of static electricity which, in turn, picks up the delicate sheet of hammered gold and carries it to the surface of a plate glass window.

The dulcimer player is from a rural area; the other, from the center of a big city. We do not maintain that either is typical, but, rather, that each is important. The same applies to the baker whose specialty is bagels and to the family who comes to make cheese. To the Moravians with their sacred "love feast" ceremony and to the venerable craftsmen who design and construct stained glass windows. To the lady who makes buckeye-head dolls and to the gunsmith. Each is important and together they make a statement about the variety of life in one of the fifty states.

Even though our field work in Ohio spanned seven months time, we do not imagine our results to be definitive. Our choices were necessarily influenced by a field worker's intuition causing him to drive down a certain street to ask the right question at the right time, which led him to a particular person's door. Yet, while admitting this element of chance, we have to note that one Friday night in Norwood, Ohio, one of our people, feeling a bit self-satisfied for having discovered a neighborhood tavern full of rich, living music, looked up from his table to see another field worker walk in the door. Both had arrived at the tavern for the same reason, but by wholly different routes.

Question: What is high in the middle and round on the ends?

Answer: O-hi-o.

In a sense, it is the function of the Festival of American Folklife to show the American people to themselves. In this, it both succeeds and fails. Over the months of traveling in Ohio, through all the looking and selecting of people to invite to Washington for five hot days in July, we are constantly aware of that which is omitted.

Many things cannot be brought to the Mall in Washington. Some elements of life cannot make the journey without suffering damage or significant change. There are,




for example, several important kinds of traditional music and song that are not meant to be taken as a performance. The commonplace lullaby that you might hear from a front



porch rocking chair is one; a child's skiprope rhyme is another. Only rarely do such things come in a form that can be carried to Washington and put before an audience.

Each year the festival takes on a bit more. Each year it becomes a broader representation of what people do and involves more of the special folklife of large communities of people. At this year's event, for example, there are several important industrial craftsmen from glass factories in the Ohio River valley. There is a man who cuts glass in traditional patterns with such names as the Fan, Hobb's Star, and Strawberry Diamond. There's also a mold maker—a man who chisels these or similar patterns into the heavy steel molds from which pressed glass is made.

The gathering of each year's festival is an incremental process: one event or development suggests in turn something further to incorporate, the results of one field trip amplify or expand upon the possibilities suggested by the earlier visits to Ohio.

Yet we concede the possibility that we could do it all over again and come up with 150 different people from the state of Ohio, equally as appropriate as the 150 Ohioans who are taking part in the festival. Not only do we concede the possibility, we delight in it. America is too vast a place to let any one flow become the mainstream. The human community is infinitely varied in its possibilities and prospects. The 150 at the festival comprise those whom, we thought, as a group, could suggest and represent the 10.5 million people who could not be present but whose ways and traditions make up Ohio folklife. 

MAC MCCORMICK, a folklorist and writer, has taped and edited numerous record albums. He is currently director of A Festival of American Folklife, the extension of the Smithsonian's presentation, a summer-long festival being held in the American Pavilion on the Expo '67 site in Montreal, Canada.

GEORGE MITCHELL

**ROBERT
JUNIOR
LOCKWOOD
AND
THE
BLUES**

DOWN HOME

UNCHANGING

OLD FASHIONED

These are some of the words that come to the minds of many people when they think of folk music. But human beings are creative animals, and they have a tendency to change things of value handed down to them by their forefathers to fit their own way of life. This has certainly been the case with that type of folk music called blues. Two powerful social forces—migration to the cities and advancing technology—changed blues as they changed the way of life of the people who sang and played blues.

Blues were born in the relative quiet and solitude of the fields and shacks of black sharecroppers in the rural South. At the end of a day's toil, a man might get out his old acoustic guitar or harmonica and make music, accompanied only by the crickets and katydid.

But new farm machinery reduced the need for the hand laborer, and hundreds of thousands of black people were forced to move to northern cities, where the way of life was different. The cities were crowded and loud, and music played and sung

by one man no longer fit the needs of either musicians or listeners. But the emotions expressed in the old blues were still there, so the natural move was to basically retain the music of the South but to add more and louder instruments. So when the electric guitar was introduced, bluesmen adopted it immediately.

Another important technological influence on the blues, the phonograph record, made it possible for musicians of one region to incorporate into their own music the styles of musicians from other regions. Beginning in the 1920's, hundreds of country bluesmen who previously had been heard only by their friends were brought into the homes of thousands via the record player. American blacks have never looked upon blues as a quaint folk music; until the late fifties, blues was simply the popular music of the day for them. But during the last decade, the popularity of blues among a black audience has steadily declined, and today it is difficult to find a black night club featuring a blues band. The major devotees of blues today

are young middle-class whites, who have psychedelized this music of the shacks of the South and the ghettoes of the North.

The life of Robert Junior Lockwood, of Cleveland, Ohio, reflects all of these trends in blues.

Lockwood was born in 1916 on a farm near Marvelle, Arkansas, where he lived until he was about seven. He then moved to St. Louis to live with his mother, but they soon returned South, and Lockwood spent most of the first half of his life in Helena, Arkansas.

"I quit school in the seventh grade and started to work and never went back," recalls Lockwood. "My mother was working as a cook and wasn't getting paid nothing, and a man could get paid ten or fifteen dollars a week. So I just stopped her from working. When I first quit school, I was chopping and picking cotton, but most of the time I was carrying water, and I got paid a dollar a day. Then I started carrying water in a levee camp, but I didn't have to do that kind of work long because I started playing guitar when I was thirteen and by the time I was seventeen or eighteen I was playing professional. At that time, all the musicians was playing house parties and things like that, just them and their guitar, just playing by themselves. They would play you about a dollar and half a night; start playing around 9 or 10 o'clock and play till day."

Lockwood learned to play guitar from the legendary Mississippi bluesman Robert Johnson, whom Lockwood claims as his stepfather since Johnson lived with his mother for about six years. "I was thirteen years old when Robert Johnson got with my mother. He was about eighteen and she was twenty-eight. They met in Helena. He was just there playing. See, back in that time, dudes like Robert and Blind Lemon Jefferson, they didn't have no booking agent like the fellows have now. And they didn't have any help; you know, they just played the guitar by themselves and played on the streets, and they made a pretty decent buck

"Well, Robert was the best thing that could have ever happened to me because I had always wanted to play.

Just as fast as he put the guitar down, I picked it up. And he saw I was really interested in playing, so he finally taught me. And I learned real fast. In about two weeks, I was playing two or three songs. And Robert left and went down in Texas and stayed six or eight months and when he came back I was playing all the songs on the records we had by him. And that dude played some curious guitar.



"At that time, I sounded so much like him that sometimes people got confused as to who was Robert Johnson. Once I went to Clarksdale with Robert, and he was playing on one end of this bridge and I was playing on the other and people was just going to and from across that bridge; they were real confused.

"And then after Robert got killed ... I just wouldn't accept the fact that he was dead, you know. Anyway, it was after Robert had died, and I went to Elaine, Arkansas, and I played that Saturday down there on the streets. And I came home to Helena that Sunday, and somebody told me, 'You know, I seen Robert Johnson down to Elaine.' So I went back to Elaine trying to find him, and it finally come to me that it was me they had seen down there.

"When I first learned to play, I was playing by myself. And there was no such thing as an electric guitar. We had acoustic guitars then

and the people had to be real quiet. I don't think I would like to play like that again. You know, a lot of people have asked me about playing by myself. Uh-uh, I don't think so. I just got used to playing with bands and trios, and I just wouldn't feel-comfortable playing by myself. That's what they call folk song, right? I feel like that's for dudes when it's just about over; that's just for somebody who's just about washed up, who's just about given up, who ain't never going to try to progress no more. You know, when I was a kid, it was exciting to play music, period. But, I mean, as the years pass, man, things change."

Things were really beginning to change in 1940 when Lockwood visited Chicago to cut two records of his own. And, from 1941 until 1943, he played guitar over the radio in Helena with one of the first famous bluesmen to form a band, the second Sonny Boy Williamson. After having his own program for a year, he moved to West Memphis and met B. B. King, with whom he played for about a year. In 1945, he moved to Chicago and for the next twenty-six years played guitar with such well-known bluesmen as Sonny Boy, Little Walter, and Otis Spann.

He moved to Cleveland in 1960. The demand for blues was no longer so great, and during the last ten years Lockwood has played only sporadically. But recently he has appeared in a couple of blues festivals and recorded an album for Delmark Records.

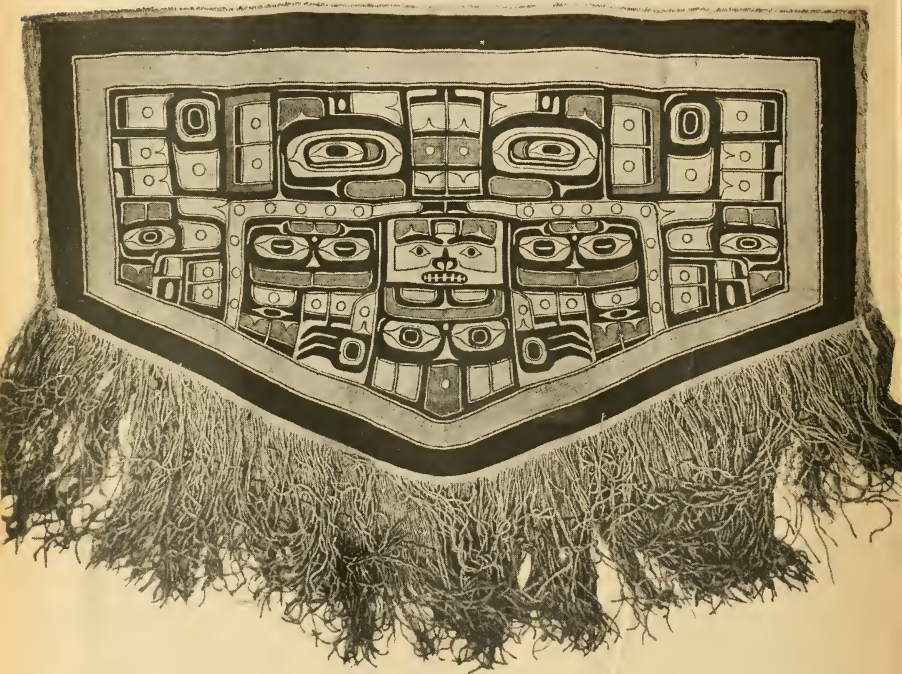
In Cleveland, he holds a job during the day and on weekends plays and sings with a young white blues band in which the electric instruments are turned all the way up.

"Things sure do change," Robert reflected.

GEORGE MITCHELL is the author-photographer of *BLOW MY BLUES AWAY*, a book on black country blues from the Mississippi delta. Formerly an award-winning writer for the *Columbus News*, Columbus, Georgia, he is presently writing a book on black teenagers of the rural South. 10M/12.

TRADITIONAL CRAFTS AND ART

WILLIAM C. STURTEVANT



In most of aboriginal North America before the arrival of Europeans, the most important outside cultural influences came from the centers of Indian civilization in central and southern Mexico: North America was culturally peripheral to these centers in very much the

same way as northern and western Europe was for millenia culturally peripheral to the centers of civilization in Greece, Rome, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. But, by the time Europeans arrived on the Northwest Coast, there had developed in that region a radically different and original way of

life, most readily recognized by its unique and powerful art, a way of life which owed almost nothing to southern influences. This distinct and vigorous cultural type was shared by many hundreds of Indian villages (representing about twenty-five different languages) spread along a narrow strip

of the Pacific Coast from about Trinidad Bay in northern California to Yakutat Bay in Alaska.

The climate of this Northwest coastal strip is wet and mild—winters are warmer in Juneau than they are in Washington, D.C.—because of a warm current just off the coast and high mountains

mild climate.

The Northwest Coast cultures placed great emphasis on the decoration of objects. The urge seemed almost irresistible to carve, incise, and paint everyday tools, weapons, and utensils. A fishhook, a spoon, an adze, a canoe paddle, a bowl, a box, a canoe—all usually were beautifully shaped, carefully formed, and heavily decorated with stylized natural forms. There were also a great many types of objects of ritual and symbolic importance on which even more artistic effort was expended. Northwest Coast societies were extremely rank conscious, with social rank acquired, validated, emphasized, and preserved in "potlaches," elaborate ceremonies involving the ostentatious display, destruction, or gift of quantities of valuable objects. Totem poles were erected as memorials to the dead and as displays of the heraldic crests of the living. Much of the religious ritual was heavily theatrical, with complex masks, puppets, and other stage equipment. All these religious or ceremonial objects were vehicles for visual art.

The area in which elaboration of Northwest Coast art reached its highest form stretched from Vancouver Island to Yakutat Bay, among the Nootka, Kwakiutl, Bella Coola, Bellabella, Tsimshian, Haida, and Tlingit tribes. Among these people developed one of the truly great art styles of the world—a powerful, distinct, easily recognizable, carefully planned and



A copper (37" high), with a representation of a hawk (the upper face is the head and the lower face is the body) painted in black, red, and green. Coppers were exceedingly valuable objects, not intrinsically but much as is modern paper money of high denominations. Each was backed by many blankets and other valuables given in potlaches. Tlingit, collected at Sitka before 1876. (Catalog number 20,778, in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)



The side of a box (11½" long), carved of argillite. The main figure represents a bear. Haida, collected in 1883 at Skidegate. (Catalog number 88,998 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

controlled organization of forms and lines.

It makes little sense to distinguish sculpture from painting in this style, for the few colors (mainly black, a rich red, and a bluish green) were used for the same purposes in composing designs as were incising and shallow relief carving, and painting usually occurred together with shaping. There is also no basic difference in designs between media, with the exception of basketry. Chilkat blankets, huge totem poles, small horn spoon handles, wooden bowls and boxes of all sizes, jewelry of silver and occasionally of gold (obtained from Euroamericans), argillite carvings—all appear in the same style, a style characterized by stylized natural forms. Even differences of scale seem of no importance; the modeling, incising, and painting are handled in the same way regardless of an object's size.

The peak of artistic production was reached only 75 to 100 years ago on the Northwest Coast, partly under the stimulus of metal tools and the heavy demand of Euroamerican collectors. Some good work is still being done today. In recent years, the best pieces of Northwest Coast work have begun to receive the appreciation and study they deserve and to be classed among the world's fine art. Art historians and anthropologists are beginning to recognize the products of some great individual artists among the

numerous and widely scattered collections in museums. Because the peak of production was relatively recent, some of these works—even though all are of course unsigned—can be attributed to known artists, such as the Haida Charles Edenshaw or the Kwakiutl Willie Sewid.

The Smithsonian Institution has a fine collection of Northwest Coast Indian art, some of it permanently exhibited in the Natural History Museum. Four superb totem poles stand near the elephant inside the Mall entrance, while several exhibit cases display other objects at the north end of the Hall of Native Peoples of the Americas on the first floor. 🌸

DR. WILLIAM C. STURTEVANT is supervisor and curator of the Division of North American Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution. He is the general editor of the forthcoming encyclopaedic *Handbook of North American Indians*.



Painted house front (38 feet long), probably decorated by a Tsimshian artist. Collected in 1875 at Port Simpson, British Columbia. (Catalog number 410,732 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)



A Soul-catcher (8¾" long) of bone, carved to represent a double-headed dragon. It was worn suspended from the neck of a shaman, who used it to retrieve the lost souls of his patients. Tsimshian, collected at Port Simpson before 1872. (Catalog number 10,983 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)



A dance hat, of carved and painted wood, with sheet metal applied on the lips and the eyes of the figure of a bear. Haida, collected in 1883 at Skidegate. (Catalog number 89,037 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)



A rattle (13¾" long), of carved and painted wood. The underlying form representing a raven. Haida, collected in 1883 at Skidegate. (Catalog number 89,078 in the collections of the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

ment of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution.)

AN INTERVIEW **DON**
LELOOSKA
SMITH

BY CLYDIA NAHWOOKSY



Transformation mask made of cedar in the Bellacoola style. The mask represents Kwat-e-wala, a man who had special powers because he embodied the spirit of the loon. The mask, as it opens and closes, depicts the loon becoming the man, and the man being transformed into the loon. Photo by U.S. Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

Lelooska (Whittling Boy) is the name given to Don Smith by the Nez Perce tribe. Now living in Ariel, Washington, Don is a Cherokee who was adopted by the Kwakiutl people. With his mother, brother and sister, he is encouraging the development of

all forms of traditional Northwest Coast art. Next door to the Smith home, there is a Kwakiutl ceremonial lodge where the family performs songs, dances and stories for young school children. The following interview by Clydia Nahwoosky reflects that life.



C: Don, how did your interest in carving begin?

D: My grandfather was the major influence, I think, in my whole life, at least in the Indian part of my life. He was Cherokee and an extraordinary man in many, many ways.

When I was small, he began to teach me all the things he felt that I should know in order to be a complete person. He felt that I had to have the best of both societies, Indian society and white society, to be complete. He had no tribal prejudices. He had great respect for many, many different tribes and different peoples. He taught me the rudiments you might say, the first things that I was in touch with—Indian things—and then as time passed, I got more and more involved, and he encouraged my interests and helped me. It was from these roots that my interests grew.

My grandfather ran away as a small boy, went with a herd of cattle down the old Chisholm trail, returned home, and ran away again to join the cavalry. They cut his hair and he served in the last of the Apache campaigns. He thoroughly respected and admired the Apache people, deplored the way the white people—the military—had treated them. He was in and out of the Army all his life.

I remember that as a little boy he took me to a Jewish synagogue and Buddhist temple and was very reverent about both. He explained to me that different people had different names for God, that this was all good, that any religion was

good as long as the people were sincere and lived up to the teachings of it. We went to Shaker meetings, Indian sun dances, and things like that, and he pointed out that among different tribes there were different religions and beliefs and that this was good also. It was not so much the “brand” name of the religion as how well you lived up to its teachings.

C: Don, the effect your grandfather had on your life is now reaching many people through your involvement in Northwest Coast Indian arts. I've heard you referred to as a living legend. Such comments indicate an appreciation for your concern in continuing what is Northwest Coast culture. What are some of the teachings which you are doing and how did they begin?

D: I guess the roots of my interest in the Northwest Coast arts have to go back to my grandfather. Cherokee people whittle. He whittled and taught me to whittle. He made hominy spoons and little figures and masks. I found myself here in the Northwest as a very small child. Looking around me there were the remnants of a culture that had produced probably the greatest whittlers ever known to history, people who didn't whittle sticks, but whole logs, whose carvings were simply colossal in size. They were magnificent things. A marvelous art style. There was something mysterious about the masks. They always looked at you as though they had something behind them, a secret or a story.

For many years, I was involved in what I guess you would call the tourist trade. I produced small carvings, as many people do, which were sold to dealers who resold them. As time went on, my skills developed and my knowledge increased. I became more and more discontented with grinding out souvenirs, trying to compete with manufacturers in Hong Kong and Japan, most of the time feeling sort of unappreciated in what I did.

Finally, about seven years ago, the opportunity presented itself to make a clean break with souvenir art and to try something that I had always wanted to do. That was to see if a person could make a living producing things of the old quality. It was a shaky, scary thing, but a lot of friends encouraged me. About the same time, the Indian Arts and Crafts Board sent a representative out here to the Northwest. He encouraged me. So I tried it. I probably committed some considerable atrocities in learning, but I guess any artist does.

When we moved up here, I set to work to try and learn to produce things that were of the quality of the old carvers and to use the old inspirations, the old myths and legends and stories, as the background. Not simply to reproduce or copy things from museums, but to try and synthesize the art style so that I could do new pieces with old inspiration that would be as valid as the old pieces as far as being objects of art. And from there it has been kind of a long trail.

C: Don, I understand that you have had supporters in the Northwest Coast tribes who very much appreciate your interest in continuing Northwest Coast art. Could you tell me about some of these people and the kinds of support they've given you?

D: Well, from the beginning, I've always felt that the best way to learn things Indian is from our old people, who really are our archives, our libraries, our memories, who are invaluable. A person can read lots and lots of books written by anthropologists, but it is always a good idea to crosscheck what you learn with the memories of older people. I've been very fortunate in knowing a great number of really wonderful old people, among them the last full chief of the Columbia River people, Tommy Thompson, Kuni, and his wonderful wife, Flora, who from the time I was pretty young, probably about thirteen years old, really cooperated in teaching me everything that they could about their old ways, their old arts, and their old crafts.

Among people from the heart of our Northwest Coast area who have helped me, Jim Sewid is probably the most important. Jim is a great hereditary chief, a man of high rank and great importance in the old system. He served for many, many years as elected chief councillor of the Kwakwaka'wakw people. I always felt like just a bit of an intruder into Northwest Coast traditions until I became acquainted with Jim. I felt a little guilty, for I am a person whose blood is of an entire-

ly different tribal culture. Yet here I was practicing the arts and learning and studying the culture of another tribe.

Jim really was the person who sort of legitimized the whole thing. From the first time I met him, he was thoroughly delighted with what we were doing, and a great source of encouragement. Finally, at a potlatch in the old way, he presented me with a very fine Kwakiutl name and granted permission for us to use all of the songs and dances and stories of his particular lineage of the Kwakiutl people. This is the greatest thing that a Kwakiutl can do, because these traditions and privileges handed down from one generation to the next are validated by the expenditure of tremendous amounts of property and wealth in potlatching. It was the highest honor Jim could have paid me.

C: So you were adopted by the Kwakiutl people.

D: Yes, he gave me the name of Gekkun which means "chief of chiefs." It was the name of his grandfather, who was a high-ranking and important chief. He presented my younger sister with the name Tlakwastali-lunga which means "precious as copper," and then granted his permission for all of his songs and dances to be used.

C: I see that your mother is also an artist. How has she influenced your work?

D: Mom's been a tremendous influence. She's a craftswoman. She produced for the tourist trade, just as I did, for many, many years. In fact, she was producing

long before I really grew old enough to do much. Mom makes portrait dolls of Indian people—people of the Plains, but mostly people of the Northwest Coast. She's also a very skillful sewer of buckskin and a good beader. All types of Indian craft work interest her. She does ink drawings on cloth, which are really wonderful. They have an almost photographic quality.

C: Those are the ones I've seen. They're beautiful.

work, mostly in the Northwest Coast style. She's my apprentice, just as my younger brother is.

C: Smitty, your younger brother, is a carver as well?

D: Yes, he's probably my chief apprentice. Smitty is tremendously strong. He has very powerful hands and arms, which are a big help in producing a large carving, and a lot of natural art ability. Smitty is also a very fine dancer. If Smitty can stand on the shoulders of the research I started, I see

your family is doing to change the misconceptions the public has of the American Indian, and in particular, of the Northwest tribes.

D: Our programs are an extension of our practices of Northwest Coast art, because the Northwest Coast artist was a total artist. He might be a storyteller, a carver and painter, and sort of an unofficial historian. He had to know all of the traditions. He might be a song composer, a maker of



A dance rattle carved and painted by Lelooska based on a type once used in the religious ceremony, Klukwala. The figure on the bird's back is reported to be the mythic trickster and hero Xwetu. The fish-like figure represents octopus suckers. Photo by U.S. Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

D: Mom is a very gifted woman, and I think probably if she hadn't devoted so much time and effort to her family, she would have been a well-known artist. But Mother is a deeply Indian person, and, among Indian people, the mother devotes herself to her family. She doesn't promote herself; she encourages her family.

C: Tell me about the kind of work your sister is doing. I know that she does some beautiful silver jewelry. What other kinds of work is she involved in?

D: Patty carves in wood, antler, and ivory. She's recently taken up doing silver

no reason why, when he is an old man, he won't be one of the finest practitioners of Northwest Coast art that ever lived.

C: When you say "Northwest Coast" art, are you also speaking of the performing arts? I attended a performance that was given for school children to help them learn and appreciate the history and culture of Northwest Coast tribes. I think that some of them were learning for the first time that the feathered Indian they see on their home television set is not the Indian person who lives next door to them. Tell me about the kind of work

songs, a choreographer of dances at the potlatch presentations. He was totally involved in the whole artistic part of Northwest Coast art. So, our dancing helps us to better understand Northwest Coast art. And the dancing is an extension. It isn't enough to simply carve a mask; to thoroughly understand it, you have to use it.

Our programs are aimed primarily at young people because I find, if you are going to fight prejudice at any level, it is probably easier to start with youngsters who really, until they reach a certain age, are very free of prejudice. This is

something youngsters learn. They don't know about color when they are born. Prejudice comes later. We hope to try to get rid of some of the misconceptions, as you said. Most of all, we want to get across to youngsters that Indians are people, that they are human beings, that they live in a different manner. In the old days they had to; they lived in a different world.

We want youngsters to come to appreciate the Indian's culture, to realize the richness of it, to realize the contribution the Indian has made to the fabric of our country. Many expressions in everyday use have Indian roots. Many of the foods we eat are contributions of the Indian. Even our form of government was copied, in some measure, from the famous League of the Iroquois. So many contributions!

We try to get this across to young people who come here. We want them to feel a certain pride in the accomplishment of the Indians and to appreciate it. The thing we ultimately hope to accomplish is that perhaps by appreciating the Indian, when he encounters the Indian in everyday life as a job seeker or as a neighbor or as someone he is doing business with in his social life, he will recognize that the Indian is not a curiosity. He is a person. He has a marvelous background, a rich heritage, and is a person well worthy of respect.

I personally don't believe in taking up signs and going out and demonstrating. This is sort of my own way of trying to get the Indians'

message across. We do it through the cooperation we have with the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. I think last year we had upwards of 11,000-12,000 youngsters through the place here. We like to think that we reached at least a part of the youngsters with the message that Indians are people, that they do have a rich culture that really can be shared by the non-Indian, at least as an appreciator.

C: You know, Don, I think that the way you have of sharing the Indian culture is really the Indian way of doing things.

D: Pride and dignity are essential to the Indians, I feel. They are the only things that have enabled the Indian people to survive suffering, to do things with dignity, to endure, but most of all to have a pride in what they are and what their people are and were. Jim Sewid, my adopted relative, sometimes says in a very sad and touching way that his

Lelooska roughs out and begins to carve a mask in his home workshop. His masks and totem poles are in private and public collections in the United States and abroad. Photo by U.S. Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board.



people have lost their pride.

Pride is, I feel, at the very core of the Indian personality. He has to feel his worth. The tribes that have been able to keep some measure of their ancient pride seem to be the people that have done the best in our modern society. I think it's important to try to restore pride to the younger people who have lost it or were born without it, or haven't been able to find it in the crushing poverty and the drab surroundings that reservation life sometimes gives them.

And I think the arts and crafts, the tales, the stories, the whole beauty of the culture is the best tool we have for doing this, because this is the Indian at his best in his art and in his rich culture. His mythology, his music, his dance. This is the way we can reach these young people. Unfortunately, the young person on a reservation gets to see only the sad remnants of his rich culture. Perhaps, as in some villages up north, everything really fine of the old culture has been carried away and lost to him. I think we have to find a means to acquaint these young people with the very best that their culture has to offer. Through this, perhaps a little spark of pride will spring up and give them what they need to survive in modern society.

A CHEROKEE from Cherokee County, Oklahoma, Clydia Tro-linder Nahwooksy, has worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Indian Health Service. She has been with the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Performing Arts since 1969 and is now director of the Institution's Indian Awareness Program.

CONTEMPORARY LEGEND

DANIEL R. BARNES

Most of us, if asked to describe just what it is that the study of folklore involves, would probably end up talking about the preservation of relics and traditions of a bygone era as exemplified in something like the recording of old-timey songs and stories collected from the mountain folk of Appalachia. Although such a description does, it is true, go a long way toward defining the domain of the folklorist, it is apt to have the unfortunate result of blinding us to a whole body of bonafide folklore which is reflected almost daily in our urban, industrialized, mass-media-oriented society.

As a matter of fact, one of the most prominent types of folklore currently in active circulation and one which has much to reveal about contemporary urban life is the modern legend. The term "legend," as used by the professional folklorist, differs somewhat in meaning from the popularly accepted sense. It is, in Richard M. Dorson's words, "a traditional narrative regarded as true by its teller and by many members of the society in which it circulates. . . ." The modern legend, as Patrick B. Mullen has recently pointed out, shares a number of striking resemblances with rumor, and like rumor, it frequently reveals more of our fears and anxieties than we would perhaps like to think.

Consider, for example, the belief current among many that President John F. Kennedy is alive, though a helpless invalid, and living in heavily guarded seclusion on the island of Scorpis. Strikingly similar in many ways to earlier recorded legends about Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and more recently, Amelia Earhart, the "JFK is alive" legend gains popular support from several conditions and circumstances: the Warren Commission's failure to dispel widespread doubts surround-

ing the assassination; the necessity for a "closed casket," which inevitably leads many to speculate that it could have been empty; and, most important, the American people's difficulty in understanding why Mrs. Kennedy subsequently married Aristotle Onassis. In short, the legend offers "plausible" explanations for otherwise inexplicable actions or conditions.

If some legends maintain that a famous dead man is actually living, there are others—just as firmly believed in—which hold that famous living persons are actually dead. Recent interest in the whereabouts of millionaire Howard Hughes has led many to conclude that he has either died of natural causes, and for business reasons his death has been kept secret, or (the more popular view) that he has been murdered by one or more of his associates in an attempt to gain control of his empire while taking advantage of his widely publicized mania for privacy.

Similarly, the supposed death of singer Paul McCartney, of Beatles fame, has provoked, among other things, symbolic readings of record album photos: the license plate number of a Volkswagen displayed on the cover of the Beatles album *Abbey Road*—"281F"—is widely interpreted as meaning "Paul would be 28 years old, if he were alive," and a photograph of McCartney wearing an arm patch with the letters "OPD" on his left sleeve, included in the album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, is said to constitute proof to the initiated that he has been "Officially Pronounced Dead." Some avid fans-turned-mourners have steadfastly maintained that playing a certain Beatles recording backwards (or at a slower speed) will result in John Lennon's admission that he "buried Paul;" others point out that recent recordings have been analyzed by modern electronic methods that have proved beyond a doubt that McCartney has been replaced by a double whose voice pattern, though similar to the dead Beatle's is definitely not the same.

There are numerous contemporary legends which have to do, not with famous people, but with the

everyday, ordinary man on the street—or the girl next door. They are told virtually throughout the country, and in the course of transmission they frequently pick up characteristics intended to identify them with a specific locale and often a particular person. The reasons for this are not difficult to fathom: since these legends make their appeal in large part to our propensity for fear and anxiety, the closer to home they hit, the more frightening and the more plausible they become.

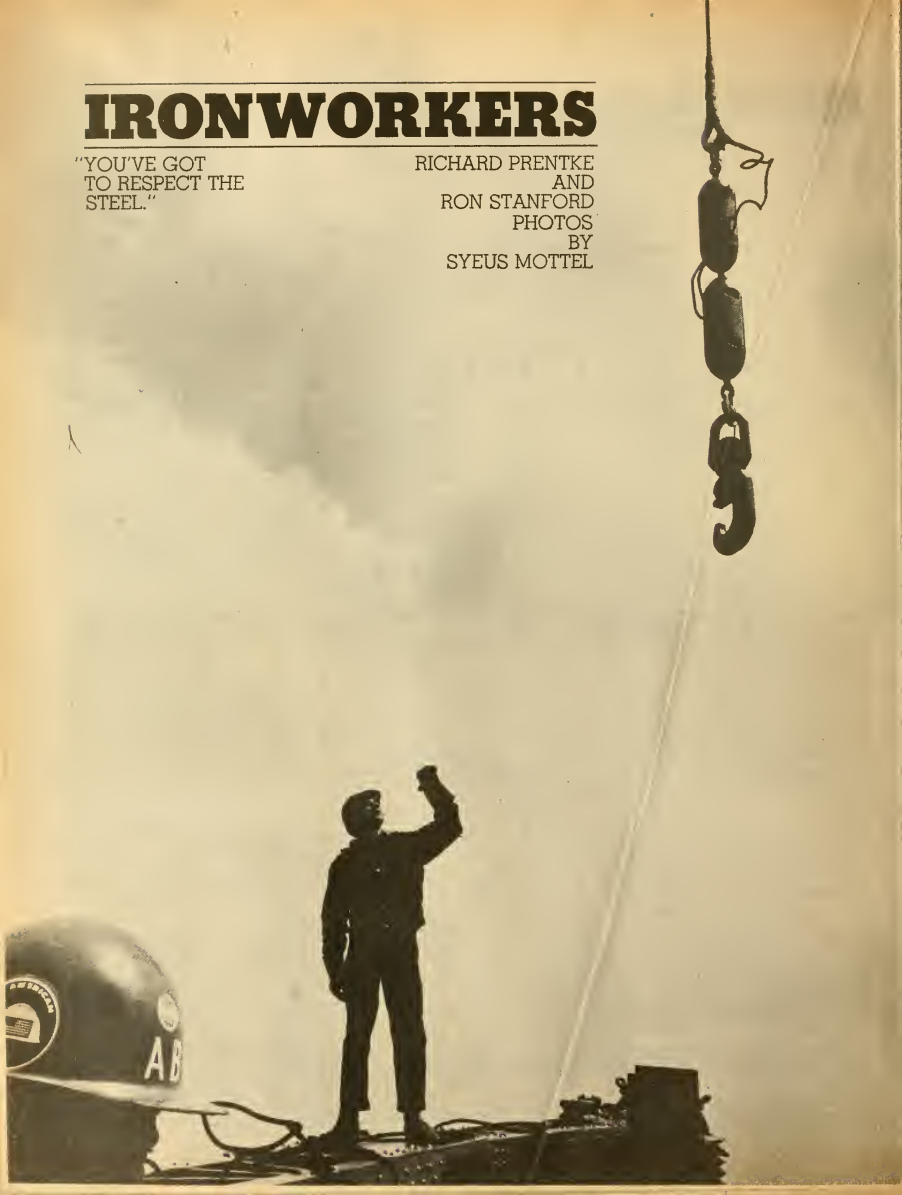
Finally, there are numerous other legends that attach themselves to particular firms and places of business. The "Department Store Snake," which recounts the experience of a woman bitten by a snake while shopping for a rug (sometimes a sweater or a blanket), has been reported in Texas, New York, Ohio, and Washington, D.C., among other places. The legend nearly always identifies a specific store: in Buffalo, New York, for example, the story is set in Two Guys Furniture Store; in Columbus, Ohio, it's Gold Circle, a major discount house. One suspects that, unlike the legend of the \$500 recipe for "Red Velvet Cake," which has for several years been associated exclusively with New York City's Waldorf Astoria Hotel, this legend will continue to be told of various department stores and discount houses throughout the country.

All of these examples indicate that the contemporary legend is of continuing interest to the folklorist and the student of popular culture alike. It is also of value to anyone interested in what goes into the making of that curious mixture of wisdom and folly that defines human nature. It reflects our dreams as well as our worst nightmares, our hopes as well as our deepest anxieties. But more than this, the widespread presence of such contemporary legends as these testifies to the richness, diversity, and ubiquity of traditional beliefs in our daily lives. They serve as constant reminders to us that folklore is far from dead: it is everywhere around us.

IRONWORKERS

"YOU'VE GOT
TO RESPECT THE
STEEL."

RICHARD PRENTKE
AND
RON STANFORD
PHOTOS
BY
SYEUS MOTTEL



Barney Harvey learned about structural ironworking from his father's close friend, Tom Clarkson. Both Tom's father and grandfather were ironworkers. Now, Barney's younger brother, Tommy, is an ironworker and three of Barney's sons think they want to be ironworkers. In Barney's family the romance of ironworking has been passed from generation to generation.

This transmission of knowledge from father to son, brother to brother, friend to friend could very well be taking place in an isolated community in the mountains of North Carolina. But in this case it is not. Tom Clarkson, Barney Harvey, and his brother Tommy all work in the middle of Manhattan. And the traditions and skills they are passing on deal with the art of erecting steel beams fifty to one hundred stories above the sidewalks of New York.

Those who enter the ironworking trade become part of a large but close community. Barney Harvey, the assistant superintendent or "walking boss," on the New York Telephone Building job in New York, claims that he could go to any construction job in the city and know most of the iron workers. Similarly, a "boomer," an iron worker

who travels about looking for construction booms, will be known by previous acquaintance or by reputation by ironworkers in all parts of the country. A colorful folklore has grown up within this community.

The stories, symbols, jokes, words, above all, the skills of the ironworkers comprise their folklore. One real mark of an ironworker, for example, is his vocabulary: a "pusher" is a foreman; to "drag up" is to quit; a "banjo block" is a device through which cable travels on its way from the engine to the derrick at the top of a structure under construction. Another aspect of tradition is the reverence many ironworkers hold for men who erected the early bridges and skyscrapers—a sense of history acquired not through books, but by talking to old-timers or to those who knew the old-timers. One ironworker beautifully expressed his respect for the history of his craft: "In the old days, the derricks were made of wood, the men were made of iron."

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers, the living traditions of its members are one of the trade's great strengths.



At a small restaurant near the worksite, Barney Harvey (right) stops for a quick breakfast. With him are two fellow ironworkers, Joe Downey and his son Paul Downey, a first-year apprentice. Barney recalls: "As an apprentice, I started out on a wrecking crew, taking care of the gas and air bottles, getting coffee. That was in 1954. Then I went up on the Nyack Bridge as an apprentice carrying nuts and bolts."

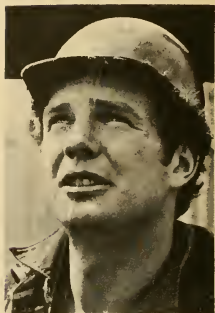


Barney's first stop of the day is the American Bridge Company "shanty", the trailer office on the site. Here he discusses the day's plans with Jim Nanninga, the company engineer.



Beams that have been erected on previous days must still be set. First, the beam is "plumbed up" by two men with a hoist. In the next two pictures two "bolter ups" fasten the beam securely with bolts. Although bolts

have replaced rivets, Barney remembers when "four-man riveting gangs used to travel all around the country on jobs. Today some guys still travel around together bolting-up as a team". Barney supervises the final welding of a beam



"There's always nicknames for different workers: Three-quarters, Icebox, Chewin' Tobacco George, Five Pockets, Mr. Clean, Jeff Chandler, High Pockets, Alabama, Wooden Shoes, Mikey-Play-the-Piano, Shopping Bag Joe, and some I shouldn't mention."



W.M. Scheffler of the American Bridge Company questions Barney on the progress of the building. Jack Barrett, the superintendent looks on.



Steel is lifted topside directly from the delivery truck by a guy derrick. The "street gang" on the truck attaches the load hook to about 6 tons of steel, and it is lifted.



Through lunch—a hero sandwich—Barney stays in the shanty and talks shop: "There's a lot of stuff that still has to come down."



Barney describes what must be done next to his brother Tommy, who works as a signalman.



Barney shouts an order as the men prepare to lower a crane to the ground. "You have to keep your eyes open—you have to know where you are."



Barney peers over the edge of the building. The ironworkers shrug off the danger of the height and narrowness of the beams upon which they walk. Barney says: "You can walk along a curb without falling over. Well, you could move that curb up twenty floors, and it would be the same, right?"



Tommy Harvey signals the derrick operator to hoist up the crane. In the background, Barney lays a shoulder to the crane with the others.



Once aloft, the crane is guided by the crew. One old-timer notes: "It's safer up here than on the ground because everybody looks out for each other."



Barney is constantly in motion, from one side of the building to the other and from floor to floor, as he follows each job his men are doing. According to one of the men, he has earned the nickname "Beep-beep, the road runner, because he never stops".



The strain of the day is evident in Barney's face as he slumps to a rest at 4:30. He waits around to lock up the shanty and is the last to leave. Talking about the history of his craft, he states: "The ironworkers back about thirty or more years ago had it a lot rougher. They made the good conditions that we have today".



Sometimes, on their way home from work, Barney and his construction friends stop in a tavern across the street from the construction site for a beer. They talk shop and "set as much steel in the bar as on the job". It is a well-deserved relaxation after a hard day.



Barney rides the railroad to Long Island, then drives home from the station. He bought his attractive home in Mineola three years ago to accommodate his family of six children.



Barney's hobby is his family. He is interested in his children, and they respect him. Here, he plays lacrosse with his oldest sons, Michael (left), 16, and Pete, 14. Both say that ironworking may be in their futures.



Barney and his wife, Peggy, relax with their three youngest children, Thomas (left), another aspiring ironworker, Margaret, and Patrick. Missing is Joseph, 13. Peggy understands that Barney "has to do something out of the ordinary, more dangerous," but she rarely thinks about the danger involved anymore.



On Friday nights, the Harveys usually have dinner in a favorite Mineola restaurant. This evening, they have unexpectedly run into some old friends, the Julianos. Peggy jokes: "The night before we got married was his first union meeting. I wasn't sure if he'd show up for the wedding."



Barney leads a full, satisfying life. His job has led him from bridges to subways, from New York to Portugal. His philosophy: "You've got to respect the steel."





Ron Stanford graduated with a history major from Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa in June, 1971. He earned his final semester's credit working on the staff of AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center assigned to the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Performing Arts. He recently contributed a biographical article for an anthology of Doc Watson's songs.

LABORLORE

ARCHIE GREEN

From what experiences are labor traditions wrought? A robust picket line chant; a tool chest lid lined with faded dues slips; a secret hand clasp in a dim entry way; an echo of John Lewis' or Eugene Debs' oratory; a visit to a weathered stone marker at Homestead or Ludlow—all are part of the language, belief, and customs that comprise *laborlore*—the special folklore of American workers within trade unions.

At times laborlore reaches out as a force to touch persons far removed from unionism. When the Massachusetts Institute of Technology named Jerome B. Wiesner to its presidency on March 5, 1971, Wiesner, in a *New York Times* interview, attributed his "keen social awareness" to his childhood in Dearborn, Michigan. As a child, Wiesner would "run downtown after school to watch the pitched battles between automobile union men and Ford goon squads." Wiesner never became a unionist, but the image of the Dearborn beatings was etched on his mind. A part of labor folklore? Perhaps.

It is the ability to retain tension and emotion in memory linked to the need to project feelings into dramatic, musical, or linguistic form that turns everyday experience into folklore. Obviously, brutality at a plant gate is not folklore. But a mournful ballad or wry jest about the happening may enter tradition to be passed on among union men for generations.

Perhaps the best way to identify laborlore is to mention specific examples. There are well-known labor songs written and sung by such performers as Joe Glazer, Sarah Gunning, Utah Phillips, and Pete Seeger. Less well-known than the songs are short anecdotal tales told to reinforce philosophical positions and

build solidarity in times of stress. One such tale follows, a tale I heard from John Neuhaus, a San Francisco machinist and "double header" unionist (John held dual membership in the International Association of Machinists, AFL-CIO, and in the Industrial Workers of the World, "Wobblies"). It is called "The Striker's Wife."

The iron ore miners were on strike up in Minnesota. It was a long hard strike but the men held out pretty good. A lot of them were Finns; Finns believe in solidarity. One day a striker's wife was about out of money. She went to the butcher shop to try to buy some cheap cut of meat that might last the family for a week. She saw a calf's head in the case and figured it would make lots of soup. So she asked the butcher, "How much?"

He said, "One dollar."

That was too much so she started to leave. But just as she got to the door, she asked "Is this a union ship; is your meat union?"

He was surprised but replied, "Sure, I'm a member of the union (Amalgamated Meat Cutters and

Butcher Workmen of North America). I cut my meat by union rule—see my shop card in the window."

The lady said, "Well, I don't want any union meat. Don't you have a scab calf's head?"

The butcher was stumped but he was smart. So he said, "Just a minute, Ma'am," and he took the calf's head into the room back of the shop. Pretty soon the lady heard a lot of clatter. The butcher came out of the room and handed her the wrapped package. He said, "That'll be seventy-five cents, ma'am."

She was very pleased at the saving, paid up and started for the door. But she was curious, so she asked, "Isn't this scab calf's head the same as the union head you tried to sell me for a dollar?"

The butcher said, "Yes, ma'am, it is. I just knocked out two bits worth of brains!"

A tale such as the one above can be told anywhere workers gather, and laborlore abounds with such stories. Ritual, however, is often confined to particular places and partic-



ular times. From my experience as a young shipwright in San Francisco on the eve of World War II, I recall, for example, the practice of the tool auction:

Shipwrights, marine joiners, boatbuilders, caulkers, and dry-dockers organized one of San Francisco's earliest trade unions, for they were there to dismantle ships for needed lumber and metal parts during the Gold Rush. When I joined Local 1149, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, it was filled with immigrant mechanics from every ship-building center in the world: the Clyde, Belfast, Malta, Hamburg, Hong Kong. In the mid-thirties, our local was involved with the long-shoremen and other maritime crafts in two waterfront strikes. Although the local was divided between radicals and conservatives, it was united on the need to preserve craft custom, to maintain solidarity, and to honor the dead. The tool auction was a unifying part of union tradition.

When an old-timer died, his tool chest was carried to the union hall. Chests were big and heavy, frequently ornate, and usually filled with handmade tools, including, perhaps, rosewood planes. (They were made of wood so that they would float if dropped overboard.) At the conclusion of the meeting, the union president would begin to auction the tools one by one and to gather a purse for the departed member's family. The chief function of the auction appeared to be to provide an unsophisticated form of social security, but there were other functions, as well. The local was small and the mechanics worked closely. When one of them purchased a dead colleague's tools, he kept some of his friend's skill alive. He also kept the tools out of skid-row pawnshops and, hence, out of the hands of strangers.

As is the case of much folklore, the tool auction ritual employed elements of sympathetic magic far older than unionism itself.

For lack of space, these two examples of tale and ritual must represent in this booklet the many




kinds of literary genres and behavior patterns that constitute the large body of American laborlore. It grows with every day, but it still serves a fundamental purpose to the union men. It serves to bind people together and to give individuals a sense of dignity on the job and within their movement.

In the *Wall Street Journal* on March 4, 1971, Tom West, a member of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers, described what it is like to be a top connector working three hundred feet above the Chicago Loop. (A connector bolts together the derrick-lifted structural steel units of a skyscraper under construction.) He also inadvertently revealed how much laborlore has become a part of his life.

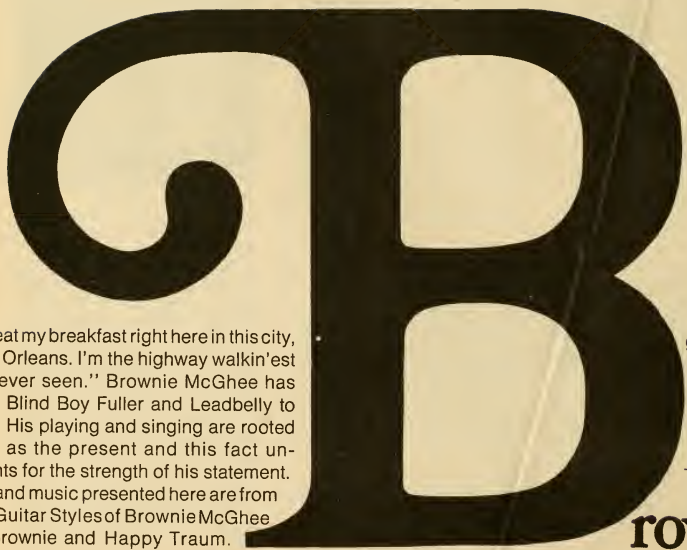
In the article, West explained that incompetent ironworkers, or "Joe McGee's" as they are known, are recognizable by their mangled fingers and toes. Good workers are known by their stance aloft. Along with craft skills, Tom West had learned during his breaking-in period the essence of a journeyman's style—that it isn't enough just to walk the steel. To be fully esteemed by one's fellows, one must walk high steel with a "clump," hands and feet swinging normally, not rigid, and always ready



to work.

In part, a worker like Tom West clumps along because he can "cut the mustard" on the job; in part, he holds his head high because of a card in his wallet, a button on his cap, and an awareness—however dim—that he is in a movement, bigger and older than himself. When he expresses this awareness in traditional form, when he engages in "union talk," he forges a link in the chain of laborlore and contributes, as well, a tiny chip to the variegated mosaic of American tradition. 

DR. ARCHIE GREEN, assistant professor at the University of Illinois, is senior educational specialist at the AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center. His book, *Only a Miner: Studies in Recorded Coal Songs*, will be published this fall.



"I'll eat my breakfast right here in this city, New Orleans. I'm the highway walkin'est has ever seen." Brownie McGhee has from Blind Boy Fuller and Leadbelly to now. His playing and singing are rooted past as the present and this fact un- counts for the strength of his statement. phy and music presented here are from the Guitar Styles of Brownie McGhee by Brownie and Happy Traum.

get my dinner in man the world walked his way the here and as much in the doubtedly ac- The autobiogra-


rownie



MUDDY WATERS

BROWNIE MCGHEE

JESSE FULLER

I was born in a little place in Tennessee called Knoxville, which used to be the capital, once upon a time years ago. Then it was moved to Nashville. I was born on the corner of Spring and Poplar in a place that was called the Old Ark, an old church. It was standing until a few years ago, and then they destroyed it. This place overlooked the Southern Railroad. Then my father migrated from there to Kingsport. He helped to build a city there. During the time I was born, he said the blues was born with me. I was the first boy that was born after three attempts (two sisters older than me) and I was born on November the 30th at five o'clock in the morning, 1915. As far as I can understand I was pretty much worshipped because I was the first son. I heard my father and mother say that my first brother, George Curtis, died, so automatically they were driving hard, and I was the next boy. 

McGhee



David Gahr

We migrated to this little town where I got my education by hard struggle, and that's where my father and mother separated in 1922. My song, *Born With The Blues* is true. I'm from a broken home. I don't know if my mother and father had been together what would have been the outcome.

During the time I was coming up, you understand, they figured that a boy child didn't need an education, he was going to earn his living by manual labor. But my two sisters were given music. During this period of time I had a brother that was born, Granville H. McGhee—known after he got grown as Sticks McGhee in professional life—who has passed on now. We never had any musical training, but my father give my sisters a piano and imported a man for fifty miles to give them lessons. They never learned, so he gave me and my brother the piano, figured we'd tear it up and get it out of the house, but we learned to pick out notes on it. So the piano was my first love, although I was exposed to the guitar at the same time.

I really started by playing a Prince Albert tobacco can with rubber bands on it. I would strike those strings and beat it with the back of my hand while my father would play

his guitar. This was when I was a little kid, maybe six or seven years old. That's as far back as I can remember.

My father always figured I had some rhythm. He thought maybe I'd be a drummer. So, I fooled around with tobacco cans, things like that. He bought me one of these little-old stripey-backed toy ukeleles—I remember that as if it was yesterday. It would never stay in tune, and I couldn't keep as much rhythm on it as I could on the 'bacco can, so I lost interest in it. Then he bought the piano, and I started picking up on that, and about the same time I was poking around with the guitar. I still play a little piano.

Later, we left this little town, Kingsport, and went further down south in Tennessee, out in the country, about eight miles from any store. There was nothing out there but guitars and banjos, a few french harps (harmonicas), jews harps, and so on, and I started strumming the guitar. I had some cousins there who played pretty good hillbilly music. We were in that part of the country where they played a lot of that "country music", as we called it.

This feller came out of North Carolina in one of my last years in high school. I never will forget him.

He was a big feller with very bad feet—called him T.T. Carter. He was a very good guitar blues player. I had a little shack then, so all the travelling musicians and guitar players, well, everybody would send them to me. I was very impressed with this guy, even though T.T. Carter was never known, and after he left I just fell in love with the guitar all of a sudden.

When I was a boy I was stricken with polio—what they called at that time infantile paralysis. What little money my father had saved, why he spent it all trying to rid me of that infantile paralysis, which was never successful. So, today I'm a man with a short leg, but I had crutches and a cane until I was 18 or 19 years old. Then I met up with a fabulous lady out of Texas, Mrs. Fulbright. She was the nurse at the Negro schools at the time, and she figured I could be helped and get rid of the crutches and cane, which she did. She met a German doctor at the time of Roosevelt's administration when the March of Dimes was started (he was a victim of polio too), and she said, "Brownie, I think I can help you. Would you like to walk without crutches or a cane?" I said, "Yes, I would love that." So, my case was taken, and this German doctor operated on me around '35 or '36, and today instead of having my foot five inches from the ground it's an inch and a quarter. No crutch and no cane, pretty good. But anyway I never quit, and that's when I really fell in love with the guitar, when I felt I could carry it with me. One word the doctor said to me, and it's followed me down. Last time I went to see him he said, "Now throw those crutches away and go out in the world and seek your fortune." I picked up the guitar and I haven't quit walking yet. That was over thirty years ago.

I went on the road for six years, hitch hiking, playing and singing. I played on the highways, the byways, road houses, dens, churches, anyplace. I'd join a church just to get to play if they needed a guitar. I enjoyed it so much. Mostly I was just living, I wanted to see the world I never had seen. I made the attempt,

With
the greatest
in all the world,
Brownie
McGhee



BROWNIE MCGHEE

but my crutches and cane always kept me deprived of a lot of things. I never liked to stay still, so when he said seek my fortune I just left home, started walking and playing. Anybody wanted to hear music, I'd stay and play for them. I made a living six years that way. I depended on my guitar more so than anything else.

I was on a hitch-hiking trip in '37 or '38, scouting about from Tennessee to North Carolina, South Carolina, and West Virginia, when I ran into a harmonica player name of Jordan Webb in Winston-Salem. He told me I sounded like Blind Boy Fuller. He was a good harmonica player—a Tennessee boy, too, out of Memphis. At the time I met him he was 45, much older than I was. He said, "I'd like to start playing my harmonica again. Do you want to travel?" I said, "I'm a travellin' man!" So, he quit his job with R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, and we started out from Winston-Salem, wandered down to Greensboro, and got into Burlington.

Then I met Blind Boy Fuller and Sonny Terry, and we became friendly. Blind Boy told me, "Man, you can sing, but you can't play the guitar." It wasn't very encouraging to a young upstart like me when I found out he had records and everybody was trying to play like him. I never had the impression that I played like him or sounded like him. Everybody thought so, but I had never heard any of his records 'til I met him. Where I was from, Blind Lemon and Lonnie Johnson and Tampa Red was the big sellers. Blind Boy Fuller hadn't caught on, and his records just didn't get into Tennessee that easy.

Years before, before I had left Tennessee, I had a washboard band—four guitars and two washboards. The washboard players are still living: Leroy Dallas and Washboard George. Washboard George was a good melody man, played on his cymbals and things like that, and Leroy Dallas was a good rhythm player and a good blues singer, now living in Brooklyn. Having trouble with his eyes now, but he still plays a little. Left the washboard and went to guitar. I had the opportunity of recording with him when I was in

New York with a record company of mine and he made about six or seven sides. I had a fellow playing called Leslie Riddle. We used to play together; he played mandolin guitar, and piano, and I played piano and guitar. The first theater I ever worked was the Gym Theater in Kingsport, Tenn. Him and me did that song, *What's The Reason That I'm Not Pleasin' You*, (and we won the ten bucks) and *Roll Out The Barrel, We'll Have A Barrel of Fun*. He wouldn't leave home with me. We started out together, but he turned around and come back. So that got me on the adventure of continuing on.

I was doing the street playing and everything after records went down (they were using shellac for the army), so I went down to Columbia to get a release. Columbia said, "You're not under contract to us, you're under contract to J.B. Long. We buy our artists from him. We don't have anything to do with you." Mayo Williams at Decca was interested in recording me, but he wouldn't do it until I got a release. When he found out I was hooked to Long, that killed the Decca session. He said, "I had trouble with Blind Boy Fuller, and I don't want more trouble with this guy." So then I found out how much I was making per session. I was making almost seven hundred, and getting only a hundred and twenty five out of it. So I wrote to J.B. Long and he set me free. Then I couldn't get a job with Victor, Decca, so on, so I started playing out on the street with Sonny. I was picked up by a West Indian fellow to be my manager, and he introduced me to Savoy Records. From Savoy I was introduced to quite a few record shops around. Then I started a label of my own, me and another fellow. Later I was bought out by some racketeers. This was in 1942, '43. So, I was playing the streets again. I'd get down to 59th Street, down around to the "Crossroads of the World", when they didn't run me off. I had to keep walking to play, so I thought it was better to play in my own neighborhood.

Then Savoy Records started selling. I still wasn't under contract; I

just had a gentleman's agreement. Then Petrillo banned recordings in '48, and during that time I had a hit record—*My Fault*. Sold across country for six months.

It was number one from New Orleans to California in the rhythm and blues field. Mostly a Negro market at that time, but I was across Cashbox. When you get New Orleans, Chicago, New York, and California, that's a hit record. The first order in Chicago was ten thousand. So from then I started to boom, and my name got back in circulation, but some of the people in the south didn't realize I was still alive. So I began to get some fan mail from down south, "Brownie, make some more blues with washboard." I had *started out* with harmonica and washboard.

When I came to New York I had met everybody—Pete Seeger, Josh White, Lee Hays, Betty Sanders, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly. To tell you the truth I lived with these people, 'til I moved from them to Leadbelly's house. He lived in a place on 6th Avenue and 8th Street, in a big old loft. I lived with Lead two years, me and Sonny. Lead said, "I'll take you guys in. I get enough to eat over here. Come on over and eat some soul food." So we lived with Lead and Martha and I met all the people in the folk field, Burl Ives, Sis Cunningham, people like that. We joined up with Woody and called us the *Woody Guthrie Singers*. Sonny, myself, and Woody. At that time Moe Asch was putting out night sessions, everybody got ten bucks, play anything you wanted to play. That was Disc Records. Then we did some for Stinson . . . there's a lot of sides we did with Lead that was never released, and I think Stinson still has them.

Then I opened up a school in '48 called *The Home of the Blues* in New York on 125th Street, went in partnership with a fellow and I did pretty good for a couple of years. Then I bought them all out and called it *B.M. Studio*. Moved to the east side, 125th and Madison, where I got married.

After Sonny joined *Finians Rainbow* I formed a trio called *Three B's*. We worked for six dollars a night in Harlem, wasn't too bad. Then I

fill-in * 3 3 3

Stranger Blues

by Walter B. Brownie "Brownie" McGhee

Intro

I'm a stran-ger here just blowed in your town

(fill-in) *I'm a stran-ger here*

just blowed in your town (fill-in) just be-

cause I'm a stran-ger w-ny - bod-y wants to dog me round (substant-use intro)

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* A fill-in is a short instrumental break used to "fill in" the holes between vocal phrases or as Brownie puts it, "fills are like an answer to my singing, like I'm talking to myself." Here's one of Brownie's favorite fills which can be used in *Stranger Blues* at the places marked (fill-in).



migrated to Jersey and formed a band called *Brownie McGhee and His Mighty House Rockers*. Had wash-board, guitar, and piano in the *Three B's*, then I added a drummer, a bass and a saxophone for the *Mighty House Rockers*. I was playing electric guitar then. During this time I cut some records—sold pretty good—Big Bill's *I Feel So Good* and *Brownie's Blues*. Did a hell of a lot of things with the *Mighty Rockers*. The people that knew I used to do it said, "Hey, why don't you play *John Henry* no more?" We had a certain amount of white following in Jersey and, my band being built around me, they could play anything that I led. So I did *John Henry*, *Midnight Special*, and all those things, but when I got my audience I'd sing nothing but my songs. I could adjust to a band just as quick as I could do anything. I never was a lone cat. I could meet a drummer, piano player, saxophone player, and we could fall in line, and I had some of the best.

Now Leadbelly had something to sell, he had a goldmine, but people didn't realize it until after his death. Some of the Negroes felt that he was in a bag. They didn't realize it, but Lead kept a culture alive. What we were doing in the blues field, I stuck with it. The change changed, but I didn't change. This is the thing that made it for real, and I never changed. I been doing the same thing for thirty years. You got to get better. If you get worse, man, shame on you. The content that goes into the form has to be real.

I remember I was trying to sell Savoy some of the same stuff that B.B. King come out with later. They said, "We don't want that, Brownie, we want country blues." As soon as B.B. King come out with a song called *Three O'Clock in the Morning*: "Brownie, can you play that?" I said "No, I can't play that! I come here trying to sell you that, wailing on the high notes, you said you don't want that stuff. Too modern. I can do that but why do I want to do it behind somebody?" He just wanted me to capitalize on somebody else's popularity. Wanted to get in on the market. I said, "Listen. Don't you have no ideas of your own?"

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Offices of the Smithsonian
and to the many
volunteers without whose assistance,
both prior to and during the event,
the Festival of American Folklife
would have been
an impossibility.

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John Ascherl	stained glass cutter	General Custer Nicholas	dulcimer maker
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Anastasia Bolettenny	pysanki maker	George Pappas	Greek pastries
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Mara Bosilkoff	pysanki maker	Lena Pollack	buckeye doll maker
Mr. and Mrs. Milorad Butrich	Serbian cookery	Henry W. Raber	Amish buggy maker
Manuel Dinarhos	Greek cookery	Thomas Rauch	carnivl bore
Theocharis Dinarhos	Greek cookery	Paul Richards	maple sugar candy maker
Mr. and Mrs. Stojan Djokovich	Serbian cookery	Harry Rife	gunsmith
Sophia Galilei	Italian cookery	John Rokas	Greek pastries
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Irene Kowal	pysanki maker	Mrs. Sofie Tsambounieras	Greek cookery
Grace Martina	Italian break maker	Ernest G. Urban	cobbler
John Marx	bagel maker	Joyce Waker	butter maker
Alice McCaffrey	crocheted rugs	George Weber	wood carver
Mr. Roman Miller	Amish bread maker	The John Heckewelder	Candle makers
Virgil Miller	cider maker	Memorial Church Congregation	Love feast bun bakers
Oto Moore	basket maker		Herrnhut Star Makers

PERFORMERS

CHILDREN'S GAME GROUP

Pam Carter
Yvonne Davis
Lisa Feaster
Lorraine Fields
Lam Hairston
Robbie Lee Harris
Lynn Johns
Charlene Fay Morgan
Dorothy Moye
Steve White

CORRIDOS SINGERS

Jesse Gonzales
Armando Sosa

MAURICE GIBSON, guitarist

Pianist and singer

GREEK MUSICIANS

Mary Kanzios
Tom Kouliofis
George Pappas
John Rokas

GREEK SINGERS AND DANCERS

Manuel Dinarhos
Theocharis Dinarhos
Kostas Hapsis
Manuel Kostandino
Mike Tsambounieras
Minas Tsambounieras
Mrs. Sofie Tsambounieras

BUD GRIMES, Blues and boogie woogie pianist

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Mr. and Mrs. Milorad Butrich
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Ollie Bohannon
Ray Bowman, electric piano
Tony Chisolm
Lonnie Edwards, guitar
Steve Kimbro, drums
Beverly Shores
Brad Smith, bass
Dale Thompson
Gwen Wright
Linda Wright
Norma Wright

STRING BAND

Sam Cox, banjo
John Lozier, harp
Eugene McFarland, fiddle
Mrs. Eugene McFarland, piano
Forest Pick, fiddle
James Wheeler, guitar

EARL TAYLOR AND THE STONEY

MOUNTAIN BOYS
Earl Taylor, mandolin
Tim Spradlin, banjo
Gerald Evans, fiddle

UKKRAINIAN CHUTSL MUSIC

Mr. Gregory Kowal, Brass
The John Heckewelder Memorial Church Congregation, Brass Choir
Congregational Singing

ROBERT JUNIOR LOCKWOOD, blues band

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Mary Nicoloff
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George Botoman
George Leabu
Dan Shofar
Ioan Stanculas
Milan Trifu

MICHAEL SCANLON, elbow piper

2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND

ROBERT OSBORNE,
Banjo picker and singer

SERBIAN DANCERS

Mr. and Mrs. Stojan Djokovich
Nada Djokovich

IRISH BAND

Thomas Byrne
Al O'Leary
Thomas Scott

ITALIAN BOCCIE PLAYERS

Joseph Battista
Angelo Christopher
James DiUnunzio
Sam Puliafco
Camelio Rossi
Tony Rossi
Nick Santucci

UNION WORKERS

Continuous Craft Demonstrations 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Special Craft Demonstrations

Sheep Shearing on the hour
11:00 a.m. thru 4:00 p.m.

Glass Bottle Blowing on the half hour
11:30 a.m. thru 4:30 p.m.

Erection of Steel Skeleton Structure 11:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m., and
4:00 p.m.

CRAFTSMEN

AMALGAMATED MEAT CUTTERS AND BUTCHER WORKMEN OF NORTH AMERICA

Hilton E. Hanna, Chairman of Exhibit

Max Cullen	Chicago, Illinois
William Mosca, Sr.	Baltimore, Maryland
Lavor Taylor	Ephraim, Utah
William P. Eaton	Washington, D.C.
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Albert K. Herling,

Adolph Grossman, Chairmen of Exhibit

Murray Miller New York, N.Y. Workshop & Baker

Henry Eickenauer	New York, N.Y.	Bread baker
Salvatore Guglielmo	New York, N.Y.	Bread baker
Milton Summers	Bayonne, N.J.	Cake decorator
Lewis Cooperman	New York, N.Y.	Baker
Ernest Schenkman	New York, N.Y.	Baker
Alfred Clayburn	New York, N.Y.	Baker
Joe Frundt	New York, N.Y.	Baker

GLASS BOTTLE BLOWERS ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Alex Smith, Chairman of Exhibit

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John Lee Peck	Houston, Texas
Elijio Frijos	Los Angeles, California
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UNION WORKERS' WORKSHOPS AND DAYTIME CONCERTS

Archie Green, Discussion Leader

DISCUSSANTS

Max Cullen
Adolf Grossman
Hilton Hanna
Val Hamer
Murray Miller

Teatro Chicano de Austin,
Austin, Texas

Connie Acosta
Marie Acosta
Juan Chavida
Jo Fuentes
Rumel Fuentes
Sylvia Herrera
Anita Loredo
Bob Perkins
Yolanda Perkins
Manuel Quiroz
Paul Velez

PERFORMERS

Jim Garland
Joe Glazer
Sarah Gunning
Utah Phillips
Florence Reece

The American Federation of Musicians, in cooperation with the Music Performance Trust Funds, is funding the performers on evening concerts July 1 thru 3.

PERFORMERS

Ardoin Family
Areyto Folk Dance Company
Balfa Family & Nathan Abshire
Norman Blake
Roy Buchannan
Vassar Clements
Libba Cotten
Hazel Dickens
Jesse Fullet
John Hartford

Ernest Hodges
Bessie Jones & the Georgia
Sea Island Singers

Bill Keith
Limbo Dancer
Professor Longhair
Moccumbe Dancers
Lily Mae Ledford Pennington
U. Utah Phillips
Earl, Gary & Randy Struggs
Johnny Shines
Houston Stackhouse
Steel Band
Floyd Westerman
Bill Williams

Louisiana
Puerto Rico
Louisiana
Tennessee
Arkansas
Tennessee
Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.
San Francisco
California

Georgia
Georgia

New York
Virgin Islands
New Orleans, La.
Virgin Islands
Kentucky
Utah
Tennessee
Alabama
Tennessee
Virgin Islands
South Dakota
Kentucky

Cajun Musicians
Folk Dance Troupe
Cajun Musicians
Country Musician
Rock & Roll Guitar
Fiddle
Old Time Banjo
Country Singer & Composer
Ragtime
Contemporary Country
Composer
Old Time Banjo & Fiddle
Shouts, Jubilees, Ring
Games & Worksongs
Country Musician
Caribbean Dancer
Rhythm & Blues
Stilt Dancers
Old Time Banjo
Song Writer & Raconteur
Country Musicians
Blues Band
Blues
Caribbean Musicians
Sioux Country Singer
Country Blues

AREYTO FOLKLIFE COMPANY OF PUERTO RICO

Artistic Director: Irene Jimenez de McLean

Dancers:
Blanca Rosa Cordova
Emilio Agrait
Ester Ayala
Tito Ayala
Elba Cantellops
Petra Cepeda
Roberto Cepeda
Marcos Garcia
Jose S. Hernandez
Anna Dolores Jimenez
Belmari Bauer Jimenez
Luis E. Jimenez
Jose Morales
Rafael Morales
Rosario Pacheco
Edna Pesquera
Leslie Margarita Rivera
Eduardo Sloan

Singers:
Rafael Cepeda
Marta Cuadrado

Musicians:
Carlos Cepeda
Jesus Cepeda
Jaime Pena
Pilar Quiles
Juan Santana
Herminio Serrano

Technical Director:
Antonio Frontera

Coordinator:
Vance H. McLean

Musical Director:
Dr. Francisco Lopez Cruz

INDIAN PARTICIPANTS

Lorraine After Buffalo
Beatrice Black
Mary Cagy
Sam Cagy
Benny Charley
Amelia Colwash
Sammy Colwash
Lucy Covington
Barbara Farmer
Loren J. Farmer
Sanders Heath
Alex Johnson
Esther Johnson
James Macy

Lena McGee
Antoine Miller
Hazel Miller
Suzanne Morgan

Susan Moses

Josephine Payne
June Poitras
Ada Sooksoit

Helen Thomas

Gary Waid

Washington (Yakima) Beadwork
Washington (Quinault) Basket Maker
Washington (Lummi) Carving, Beadwork
Washington (Lummi) Singer
Washington (Quinault) Canoe Carver
Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork
Oregon (Warm Springs) Singer, Featherwork
Washington (Colville) Basket weaver
Oregon (Klamath) Dancer
Oregon (Klamath) Announcer
Oregon (Warm Springs) Dancer, Singer
Oregon (Umatilla) Drummer, Singer
Oregon (Umatilla) Weaver, Baby Board Maker
Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, Feather-
work, Dancer
Washington (Makah) Basket-weaver
Washington (Yakima) Featherwork, beadwork
Washington (Yakima) Drums, Dancer, Beadwork
Washington (Colville) Tanning, buckskin,
Basket work, beadwork, dyes
Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, hide-tanning,
Cornhusk work
Oregon (Wyam) loomwork, beadwork
Oregon (Klamath) Beadwork
Oregon (Warm Springs) Beadwork, Hide tanning,
& Smoking, Loomwork
Washington (Colville) Tanning, buckskin, Drums,
Featherwork
Alaska (Tlingit)

ALL Crafts and cooking demonstrations, daily 11:00-5:00

Booce: demonstration games daily, 11:00 and 3:30
participation games daily, 1:30 and 3:00

Children's games and songs, Ohio Haystack Area 11:00-12:00 and 3:00-4:00

	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30
THURSDAY JULY 1	OHIO	PARADE: Mus. Hist. & Tech. to Ohio	Jr. Lockwood Concert	STRING BAND CONCERT		GREEK DANCE & SONG TEACH-IN	CORRIDOS	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST
	INDIANS	WEAVING WITH STRAW AND WOOD WORKSHOP				ESKIMO DANCES		ALASKA
	LABOR		CONCERT	THE WOBBLIES WITH UTAH PHILLIPS		LEARNING A CRAFT: APPRENTICESHIP		TEATRO CHI
	MAIN STAGE	GUITAR WORKSHOP		PIANO WORKSHOP		CAJUN WORKSHOP		COUNTY
FRIDAY JULY 2	OHIO	SERBIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN		SOUL DESIGNATORS	CHILDREN'S GAMES	2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	CORRIDOS	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST
	INDIANS	LEGENDS: INDIANS AND ESKIMO WORKSHOP				TLINGIT & HAIDA DANCES		CHILDREN
	LABOR	SONGS OF HARD TIMES New Lost City Ramblers		UNION SONGS		FOLKLORE OF IRONWORKERS		TEATRO CHI
	MAIN STAGE	CARIBBEAN MUSIC AND DANCE		REVEREND GARY DAVIS		***** COUNTRY MUSIC *****		
SATURDAY JULY 3	OHIO	ROMANIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN		IRISH BAND	DULCIMERS	2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL	MORAVIAN LOVEFEAST
	INDIANS	INDIAN AND ESKIMO CARVINGS WORKSHOP				ESKIMO OLYMPICS		***** HANDGAM
	LABOR	SCRUGGS FAMILY AND MIKE SEEGER		FIDDLE WORKSHOP		GLASS BOTTLE BLOWERS		TEATRO CHI
	MAIN STAGE	CARIBBEAN DANCE AND MUSIC		BANJO WORKSHOP		CAJUN CONCERT		*****
SUNDAY JULY 4	OHIO			MACEDONIAN DANCE & SONG TEACH-IN		EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH MUSIC	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST
	INDIANS					INTERTRIBAL SACRED MUSIC WORKSHOP		CHILDREN
	LABOR					MEAT CUTTERS AND BUTCHERS		TEATRO CHI
	MAIN STAGE	***** SACRED		MUSIC *****		BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT		OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND
MONDAY JULY 5	OHIO	DANCE AND MUSIC FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BALKANS		CORRIDOS	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH BAND	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST
	INDIANS	HUMOR WORKSHOP				MEDICINE SONGS		ESKIMO
	LABOR			UTAH PHILLIPS - KENNETH GOLDSTEIN		BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY WORKERS		TEATRO CHI
	MAIN STAGE	CONCERT: MUSIC FOR CHILDREN WITH MIKE COONEY		BANJO WORKSHOP		JESSE FULLER CONCERT		MUSIC FROM TH

3:00 3:30 4:00 4:30 5:00 5:30 6:00 6:30 7:00

HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL	IRISH BAND	DULCIMER MUSIC	DANCE	JOIN IN				
INDIAN	GAMES	PANEL	ALASKA LAND CLAIMS					
E AUSTIN	THE HARLAN COAL	COUNTY STRIKE	CONCERT		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS	PUERTO RICAN SONG & DANCE	
CONCERT	FIDDLE	WORKSHOP	JOHN HARTFORD CONCERT					
EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH BAND	BLUES PIANO WORKSHOP	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND	SERBIAN DANCE JOIN-IN				
PROGRAM	PANEL	ON	TERMINATION					
E AUSTIN	SONGS AS ORGANIZING	AN TOOL	SONGS OF INDUSTRIALIZATION New Lost City Ramblers		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS	PROFESSOR LONGHAIR	JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT
*****		ROOTS OF	ROCK	WORKSHOP	*****			
FOLKLORE ON	THE CAMPUS	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	ROMANIAN DANCE JOIN-IN					
*****		PANEL: INDIAN ORGANIZATION Political, tribal and social action						
E AUSTIN	NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS UTAH PHILLIPS CONCERT		CONCERT		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	LIBBA COTTEN	JOHNNY SHINES	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND
BLUES	WORKSHOP	*****		*****				
BLUES AND SOUL	CORRIDOS	MACEDONIAN DANCE JOIN-IN						
PROGRAM	PANEL	ON	TREATY RIGHTS					
E AUSTIN	SONGS OF THE		COAL MINES		JESSE FULLER	CONCERT	HOEDOWN	
PROFESSOR LONGHAIR CONCERT	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT						
BLUES & SOUL GOSPEL	DANCE JOIN IN							
GAMES	INDIAN STUDIES PROGRAMS							
E AUSTIN	JIM GARLAND SARAH GUNNING	CONCERT			2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	PROFESSOR LONGHAIR	DANCE	
TERRANEAN & BALKANS	BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT	JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT						

Booze: demonstration games daily, 11:00 and 3:30
participation games daily, 1:30 and 3:00

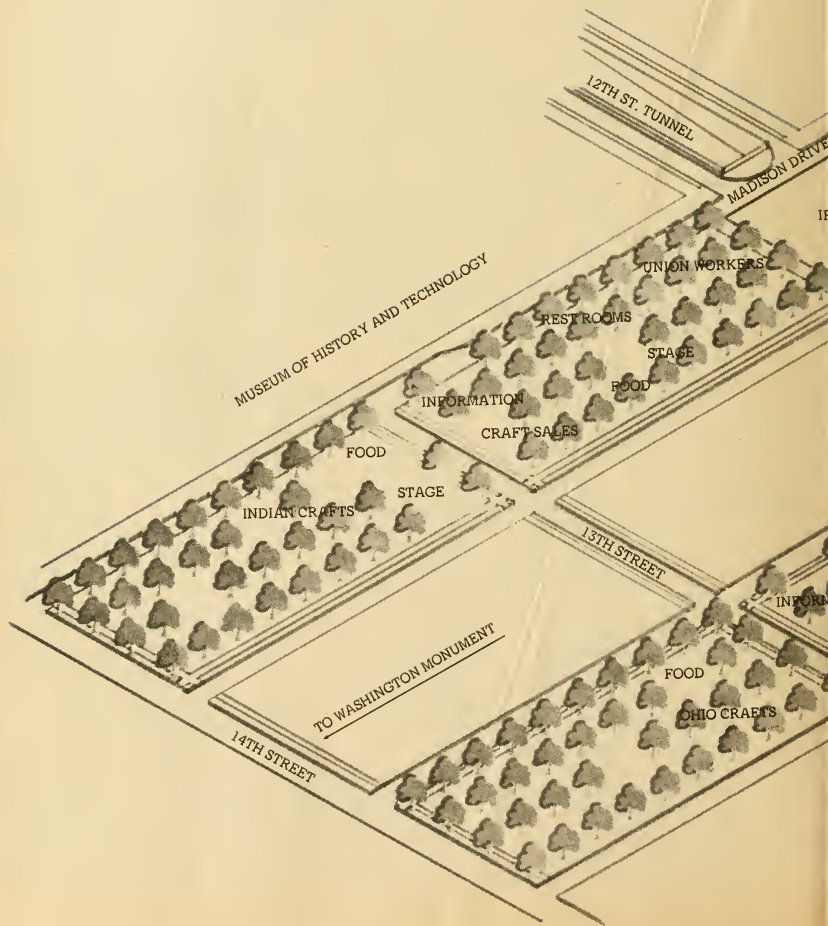
Children's games and songs, Ohio Haystack Area 11:00-12:00 and 3:00-4:00

	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30
THURSDAY JULY 1	OHIO	PARADE: Mus. Hist. & Tech. to Ohio	Jr. Lockwood Concert	STRING BAND CONCERT	GREEK DANCE & SONG TEACH-IN	CORRIDOS	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST	
	INDIANS	WEAVING WITH STRAW AND WOOD WORKSHOP			ESKIMO DANCES		ALASKA	
	LABOR	CONCERT		THE WOBBLIES WITH UTAH PHILLIPS	LEARNING A CRAFT: APPRENTICESHIP		TEATRO CHICANO	
	MAIN STAGE	GUITAR WORKSHOP		PIANO WORKSHOP	CAJUN	WORKSHOP	COUNTRY	
FRIDAY JULY 2	OHIO	SERBIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN	SOUL DESIGNATORS	CHILDREN'S GAMES	2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	CORRIDOS	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST	
	INDIANS	LEGENDS: INDIANS AND ESKIMO WORKSHOP			TLINGIT & HAIDA DANCES		CHILDREN'S	
	LABOR	SONGS OF HARD TIMES New Lost City Ramblers		UNION SONGS	FOLKLORE OF IRONWORKERS		TEATRO CHICANO	
	MAIN STAGE	CARIBBEAN MUSIC AND DANCE		REVEREND GARY DAVIS	***** COUNTRY MUSIC *****			
SATURDAY JULY 3	OHIO	ROMANIAN DANCE AND SONG TEACH-IN	IRISH BAND	DULCIMERS	2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL	MORAVIAN LOVEFEAST	
	INDIANS	INDIAN AND ESKIMO CARVINGS WORKSHOP			ESKIMO OLYMPICS		**** HANDGAMES	
	LABOR	SCRUGGS FAMILY AND MIKE SEEGER		FIDDLE WORKSHOP	GLASS BOTTLE BLOWERS		TEATRO CHICANO	
	MAIN STAGE	CARIBBEAN DANCE AND MUSIC		BANJO WORKSHOP	CAJUN	CONCERT	*****	
SUNDAY JULY 4	OHIO			MACEDONIAN DANCE & SONG TEACH-IN	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH MUSIC	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST	
	INDIANS				INTERTRIBAL SACRED MUSIC WORKSHOP		CHILDREN'S	
	LABOR				MEAT CUTTERS AND BUTCHERS		TEATRO CHICANO	
	MAIN STAGE	***** SACRED		MUSIC *****	BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT		OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND	
MONDAY JULY 5	OHIO	DANCE AND MUSIC FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BALKANS		CORRIDOS	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH BAND	MORAVIAN LOVE FEAST
	INDIANS	HUMOR WORKSHOP			MEDICINE SONGS		ESKIMO	
	LABOR			UTAH PHILLIPS - KENNETH GOLDSTEIN	BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY WORKERS		TEATRO CHICANO	
	MAIN STAGE	CONCERT: MUSIC FOR CHILDREN WITH MIKE COONEY		BANJO WORKSHOP	JESSE FULLER CONCERT		MUSIC FROM THE	

Films about the life styles of native peoples daily 1:00 and 2:00 P.M. at
Museum of Natural History Auditorium

Jazz Parade, daily from Ohio Area to Labor Area, 5:00 P.M.

	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00
THURSDAY JULY 1	HARVEST BAPTIST CHURCH GOSPEL	IRISH BAND	DULCIMER MUSIC	DANCE	JOIN IN				
	INDIAN	GAMES	PANEL	ALASKA LAND CLAIMS					
	DE AUSTIN	THE HARLAN COAL	COUNTY STRIKE	CONCERT		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS	PUERTO RICAN SONG & DANCE	
	CONCERT	FIDDLE WORKSHOP		JOHN HARTFORD CONCERT					
FRIDAY JULY 2	EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	IRISH BAND	BLUES PIANO WORKSHOP	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND	SERBIAN DANCE JOIN-IN				
	PROGRAM	PANEL		ON TERMINATION					
	DE AUSTIN	SONGS AS ORGANIZING	AN TOOL	SONGS OF INDUSTRIALIZATION New Lost City Ramblers		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS	PROFESSOR LONGHAIR	JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT
	*****		ROOTS OF ROCK WORKSHOP		*****				
SATURDAY JULY 3	FOLKLORE ON THE CAMPUS		EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS	ROMANIAN DANCE JOIN-IN					
	*****		PANEL: INDIAN ORGANIZATION Political, tribal and social action						
	DE AUSTIN	NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS UTAH PHILLIPS CONCERT		CONCERT		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	LIBBA COTTEN	JOHNNY SHINES	OHIO VALLEY STRING BAND
	BLUES	WORKSHOP	*****		*****				
SUNDAY JULY 4	BLUES AND SOUL		CORRIDOS	MACEDONIAN DANCE JOIN-IN					
	PROGRAM	PANEL		ON TREATY RIGHTS					
	DE AUSTIN	SONGS OF THE		COAL MINES		JESSE FULLER CONCERT	HOEDOWN		
	PROFESSOR LONGHAIR CONCERT		EARL TAYLOR & THE STONEY MTN. BOYS		JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT				
MONDAY JULY 5	BLUES & SOUL GOSPEL		DANCE JOIN IN						
	GAMES	INDIAN STUDIES PROGRAMS							
	DE AUSTIN	JIM GARLAND SARAH GUNNING		CONCERT		2ND REGIMENT MARCHING BAND	PROFESSOR LONGHAIR	DANCE	
	MEDITERRANEAN & BALKANS	BILL WILLIAMS CONCERT		JOHNNY SHINES CONCERT					



12TH ST. TUNNEL

MADISON DRIVE

MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND TECHNOLOGY

UNION WORKERS

REST ROOMS

STAGE

FOOD

INFORMATION

CRAFT SALES

FOOD

STAGE

INDIAN CRAFTS

13TH STREET

TO WASHINGTON MONUMENT

14TH STREET

FOOD

OHIO CRAFTS

INFORMATION

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

MAIN STAGE

PARTICIPANTS SERVICE AREA

ORATION

FIRST AID

TO CAPITOL BUILDING

ING

WASHINGTON DRIVE

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

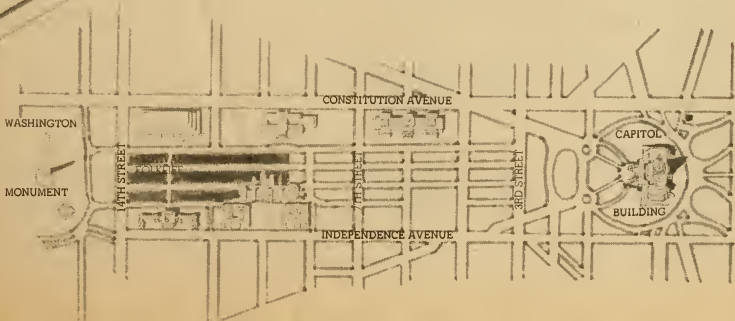
ADAMS DRIVE

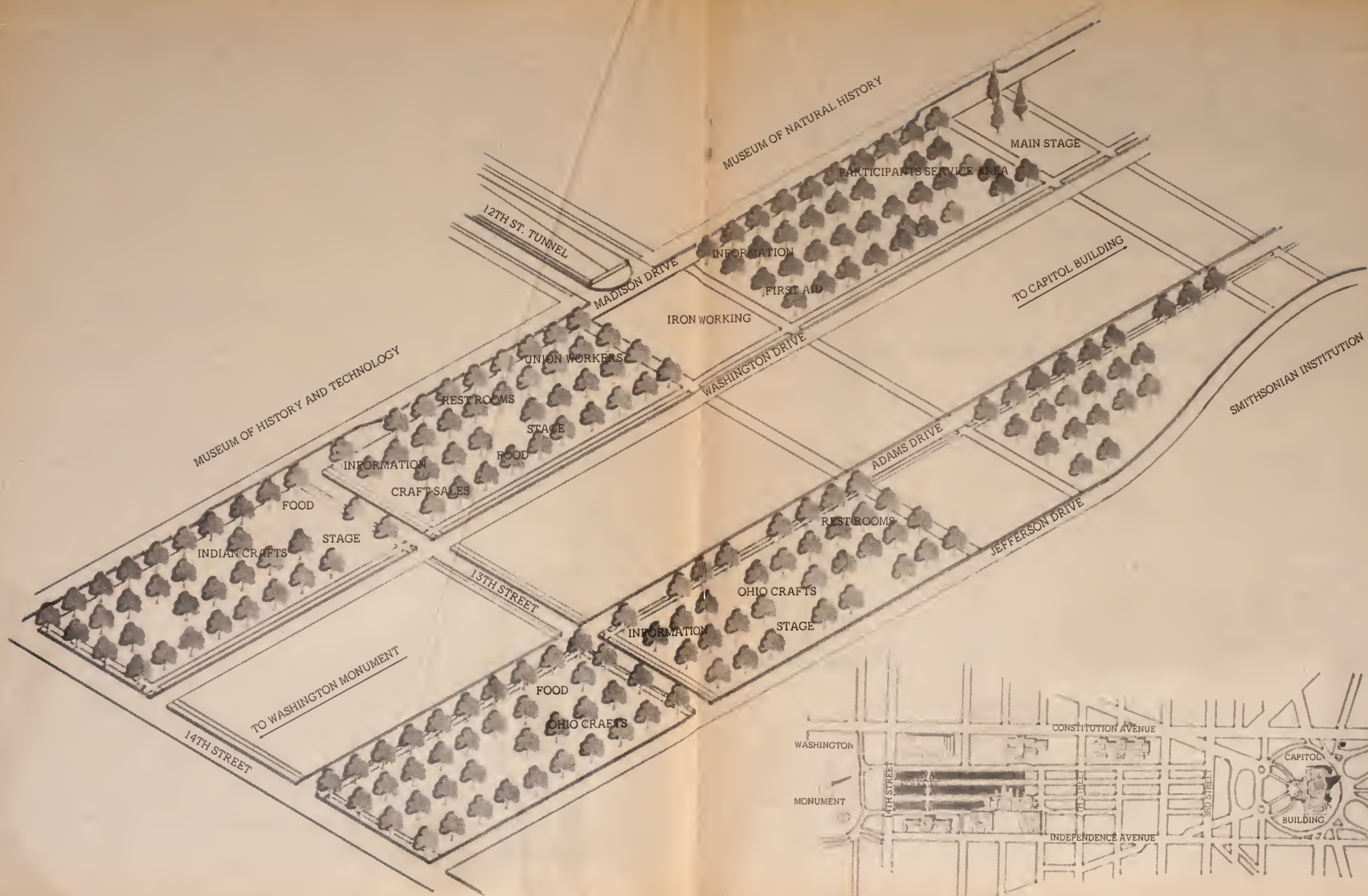
RESTROOMS

JEFFERSON DRIVE

OHIO CRAFTS

STAGE





MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND TECHNOLOGY

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

12TH ST. TUNNEL

MADISON DRIVE

TO CAPITOL BUILDING

IRON WORKING

WASHINGTON DRIVE

UNION WORKERS

REST ROOMS

STAGE

FOOD

INFORMATION

CRAFT SALES

FOOD

INDIAN CRAFTS

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13TH STREET

ADAMS DRIVE

REST ROOMS

OHIO CRAFTS

STAGE

INFORMATION

FOOD

OHIO CRAFTS

JEFFERSON DRIVE

14TH STREET

TO WASHINGTON MONUMENT



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

EVENING PROGRAMS 7:30 PM

Indian Pow Wows will be held in the Indian Area at 13th Street opposite the Museum of History and Technology nightly except July 4th when a Pow Wow will be held on the Monument Grounds.

Concerts will take place on the main stage located on the Mall in front of the Museum of Natural History. In case of rain, the concert will be rescheduled for the following afternoon at 1:00 P.M.

ROOTS OF ROCK THURSDAY, JULY 1

HOST:

James Rooney

PERFORMERS:

The Ardoin Family
Roy Buchanan
Rev. Gary Davis
The Soul Designators
Bessie Jones and the
Georgia Sea Island Singers
Robert Junior Lockwood
Professor Longhair
Johnny Shines
Houston Stackhouse

OHIO EVENING CONCERT SUNDAY, JULY 4

HOSTS:

Art Walker
Socrates Sakelakis

Corridos Singers
Jesse Gonzales
Armando Sosa

Sam Cox & the Ohio Valley

String Band
Maurice Gibson
Bud Grimes
Greek Musicians, Singers & Dancers
Chet Hines
Harvest Baptist Church
Young People's Choir
Irish Band led by Al O'Leary
Robert Junior Lockwood
Moravian Brass Choir
Arthur, Raymond and
General Custer Nicholas
Macedonian Musicians & Dancers
Romanian Dancers
Pete & Lilly Steele
Soul Designators
Earl Taylor &
the Stoney Mountain Boys
2nd Regiment Marching Band

NEW MUSIC IN THE NEW WORLD

Africa, England, France and Spain

FRIDAY, JULY 2

HOSTS:

Roger Abrahams
John Hartford
Mike Seeger

THE FIVE STRING BANJO

Norman Blake
Sam Bowles
Vassar Clements
Libba Cotton
Jesse Fuller
Ernest Hodges
Robert Osborne
Lily Mae Ledford Pennington
Earl, Gary and Randy Scruggs
Bill Williams

FROM AFRICA, FRANCE AND SPAIN

Ardoin Family
Areyto Folk Dance Company
of Puerto Rico
Balfa Freres
and Nathan Abshire
Limbo Dancer
Mocojumba Dance
Steel Band

FESTIVAL SPEAKERS AND CONSULTANTS

Roger Abrahams
Daniel Barnes
Mike Cooney
Hazel Dickens
Josh Dunson
Kenneth S. Goldstein
Archie Green
Richard Hulan
Martin Koenig
George Mitchell
Patrick Mullen
Hoyle Osborne
Ethel Raim
Alice Foster Seeger
Bob Siggins
Frances Utley
Arthur Walker

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY, JULY 3

SQUARE DANCE

INTRODUCTION
TO THE EVENING:
Archie Green

HOSTS:

Jim Garland
U. Utah Phillips
Teatro Chicano de Austin
Hazel Dickens
Jesse Fuller
Jesse Gonzales
Sarah Gunning
Bessie Jones and the
Georgia Sea Island Singers
Florence Reece
Armando Sosa
Floyd Westerman
Bill Williams
New Lost City Ramblers

DANCE

Robert Junior Lockwood
Soul Designators

Participants in the evening programs are under the sponsorship of The American Federation of Musicians and The Music Performance Trust Funds.

THE GUITAR OWNERS BIBLE

(The Truth About Guitars and Other Lies)

Matt Umanov

In this article, I will pass along some of the more significant things I have learned over the years about what to do and what not to do with, for, and about fretted instruments. Most of you are into guitars, so I will use guitars as examples throughout.

It is more important than most people think to be careful with a guitar. This doesn't mean babying your instrument and tucking it in every night, but there are a few sensible rules that should be religiously followed, viz:

1. Avoid extreme temperature changes

No one says that you can't take your guitar into bright sunlight or play it in the cellar, but don't try to rectify its condition by immediately exposing it to an extreme opposite. I once built a guitar for a friend who didn't think twice about leaning it against the air conditioner over night. This was right after it sat on the back seat of his car all

day, sans case, in mid-July. I couldn't begin to tell you about the tears that were shed the following day.

2. Get a hard-shell case

How expensive you say, and what a pain to lug it around. Annoyance though they may be, they're really worth it if you have any intentions of taking a good instrument out of the house. Good hard cases are usually made of pressed plywood and lined with some sort of soft material. There are also the newer jet-age fiber-glass cases which will take an incredible beating. The cardboard-type cases are O.K. for a short time, but water destroys them and the handles always fall off. Heavily padded soft cases are preferred by many for their portability, but I'm a bit leery of a flexible type of case.

Note A. The first thing to do after you've bought a new hard-shell case is to make sure that it's not locked. Then throw away the

key. I guarantee that the first time you lock the case you will immediately lose the key. Besides, it's just as easy for someone to steal a locked case with a guitar in it as it is to steal a guitar without a case.

Note B. It pays to be paranoid about flying in an airplane with an instrument. New F.A.A. regulation prohibit carrying instruments on board, and it all goes down the same hatch as baggage (HA!). Here hard cases are a must. And be sure to loosen the strings completely.

Note C. Although I personally have not found it necessary, some people like to keep de-humidifiers in their guitar cases. This keeps the air in the case at a fairly constant moisture level. A few guitar companies manufacture these but a small, damp sponge or a piece of apple will do just as well.

3. Home-Brew Repairs

Here is where the feathers really begin to fly. Many

self-taught musicians have a hazily-formed opinion that if they learn to play by themselves, they can also do simple but adequate minor repair work themselves. For the most part, this just ain't so. Guitars are a lot more delicate than you could ever imagine. Wood is composed of tubular fibers with pointed ends and these fibers range from 1/8"-1/2" in length for hardwoods (rosewood, mahogany) to 1"-3" in length in soft woods (spruce, the most common wood for guitar faces). When a break in the grain structure occurs for any reason, the wood must be perfectly lined up before it can be glued together. This requires more patience than most people have. In case of a sudden catastrophe loosen the strings completely and speak to a competent repair man. The worst thing you can do is to run out and buy lots of epoxy glue and/or Scotch cellophane tape and go to town on your guitar. Epoxy is pretty permanent stuff, the only known solvent being LSD, which will dissolve anything. If the wood isn't perfectly aligned when the glue dries, you're in trouble. Cellophane tape, another scourge of guitar repairmen everywhere, is al-

most as bad. The gum on it is detrimental to many finishes, and it leaves a sticky deposit which is difficult to remove after the tape has been peeled off. If tape is a must for a temporary repair, use masking tape (Scotch Brand is best). It is easily peeled off, although if left on for more than a few days it will also leave a sticky deposit. Likewise, watch out for those small slivers of wood that come loose from the instrument. Every last one is important.

There are some of you who will insist on doing your own repair work anyway. There is not room or reason here for me to give a lengthy dissertation on the various facets of fretted instrument repair. I can, however, make a few suggestions. Make repairs using a good quality *water-soluble* glue (Elmer's is too weak.) and don't clamp anything too tightly. Supplies are available from H.L. Wild, 510 East 11th Street, New York 10009.

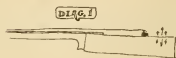
Think out each step carefully, work slowly, and be prepared to re-do it when it doesn't come out quite right the first two or three times. Finishing (lacquer, etc.) information and supplies are available from Behlen Brothers, 10 Christopher Street, New York 10014.

4. String Action.

There is more controversy about string action amongst people who know nothing than there is about anything else. Here are some facts.

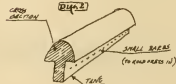
A. The lowest possible action on an acoustic instrument is *not* necessarily the

best one. Some people have the erroneous notion that if an electric guitar can have a near-zero action, so can an acoustic one. The difference lies in the nature of the bodies. On most electric guitars, vibration of the top is an insignificant, if not undesirable factor as the electronic circuitry does all of the work. An acoustic guitar, however, relies on the resonating power of the box for its sound. In general, the top will move up and down like so:



That means the strings will move up and down accordingly, and if the action is too low, the strings will hit successive frets as they vibrate. When a string is pressed down at any fret, it must be able to clear the top of the next fret, with added room for its own vibration. In order to get a good, clean sound at each fret, it is better to have the action a bit high rather than a bit low.

B. The second factor determining string height is the shape of the frets. Virtually all modern guitars use the "T" type of frets.



They are hammered into slots cut into the fingerboard and are held in place by small barbs on the tang of the fret. On good guitars each fret is shaped and filed by hand, preferably to a thin, high profile.



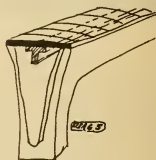
Low, flat frets generally produce a muddy sound. If the frets on your guitar are worn flat from use (or a kitchen-table fret job) it is advisable to have the whole neck re-fretted. Replacing just a few will not always suffice as the new ones will have to be filed down somewhat to meet the height of the remaining old ones.

C. All this brings us to the very debatable topic of neck straighteners, adjustable truss rods and the resetting of necks. There is the great fallacy that adjustable truss rods are groovy because all you have to do is crank down the rod and presto—down goes the action. What a laugh! Adjustable truss rods have only one function and that is to keep the neck straight from the nut to that point where the neck joins the body. It works by exerting longitudinal pressure along the length of the neck, and is placed in such a way that when the hex nut is tightened, the neck itself is bent back from the middle.



Tightening the truss rod past the point of straightness therefore, *can* lower the action, but only at the expense of having a warped neck, which will invariably result in horrendous buzzing around the 7th or 9th fret. In theory, the truss rod principle works well, but in practice, a neck will usually twist a little rather than

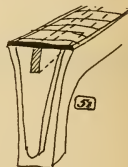
bend evenly, because no neck has exactly the same grain structure on both the bass and treble sides. The Martin Company avoids this problem by never using adjustable truss rods. They select their wood carefully so that an adjustable rod isn't necessary and supplement this with a non-adjustable T-bar embedded in the neck where you can't see it or fool with it (diagram #5).



In recent years, Martin has changed from a T-bar to a hollow square bar (diagram #5A), Martins with 12-fret



necks have a strip of ebony instead of steel, because the neck is shorter and needs less added support (diagram 5B).

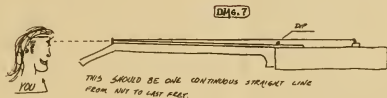


Out of all the Martin guitars I have played or worked on, only a very few had necks warped badly enough to warrant major surgery, and most of these were made during World War II, when steel was at a premium, and

guitar manufacturers had to do without. A precautionary word to those of you who own guitars with adjustable truss rods and want to fool with them—don't. They are by no means unbreakable, and it is better to let someone who knows what he's doing take care of the adjustments. A broken truss rod is a very involved (read: expensive) item to replace.

Now that the neck of your guitar is reasonably straight and the frets are cool, you may still have a problem with a too-high action. You can follow one of two plans of attack. If the saddle rises more than 3/32" above the top of the bridge, it can be filed down. It must be filed *evenly* and polished, as opposed to digging six notches into it. A notched saddle will dampen string vibrations. The height of the saddle, however, will affect the volume and the stiffness of the strings. By stiffness, I mean the amount of "give" a string has when it is played with a pick or your fingers. High saddles produce a loud sound and a stiff action. If you use a flat pick and/or play heavily high saddles are for you. And, conversely, low saddles for a looser string action. Bear this in mind when having your guitar worked on. Plan #2 is to have the neck reset. This involves changing the angle that the neck makes with the body

their necks reset after a number of years (although I have a theory). It's just a fact of life that has to be accepted, but rest assured that once it's done it will probably never need it again. If the action is high, you can tell if the neck needs re-setting by looking along one edge of the fingerboard. A noticeable dip where the neck joins the body will indicate that a reset is in order.



P.S. Don't even think of attempting to fix this one yourself, unless you are prepared for almost certain disaster. It's more than tricky.

5. Strings

A. Steel strings

The three types of steel strings are as follows:

1. **BRONZE WOUND ON STEEL CORE.** These have the warmest sound, and are the most widely used. The 1st & 2nd

strings is the Folklore Center-Fretted Instruments brand or Darco Black Label. They are identical to and made by the same manufacturer as many of the higher-priced brands. The only difference is in the package and the price. (An unsolicited plug: Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10014.

2. **MONEL - STEEL STRINGS.** These have a sharper sound and tend to go dead rather quickly, but sound really nice once they're dead. And they last a long time. Excellent on Gibson guitars. Some good brands: Folklore Center Fretted Instruments, Gibson, Black Diamond.

3. **FLAT - WOUND STRINGS.** These were designed for electric guitars, where smooth, silent, and fancy sliding is a must. They produce a rather dampened sound on acoustic guitar and are recommended only as a last resort.

All three types of steel strings, except one, come in four gauges—extra light, light, medium and heavy. (The exception is monel which I haven't yet seen in extra-light.) A good rule to follow is that the lighter the gauge the more tone and less volume. Light gauge bronze strings have been found to be more than adequate for all large guitars, but mediums are O.K.,

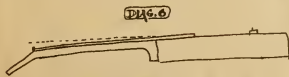
if you really like to pound away. Heavies are reserved for arch-top guitars and those few idiots who insist on being the loudest guitar player on the block. They often get their just desserts though, when their instruments begin to buckle and warp.

B. Compound Strings

Compound strings, sometimes referred to as silk and steel, have the four lowest strings made of a fibrous synthetic core wound with some sort of metal alloy. They are almost always of extra-light gauge, and sound wonderful on small guitars intended for use with regular steel or bronze strings. Sometimes, they can be put on guitars intended for use with nylon strings only, but it is not generally recommended, as the extra tension might neatly (or not so neatly) remove the bridge from the face of the guitar. There may also be a tendency for the face to buckle upwards behind the bridge. There is a variant on silk and steel strings, that bring silk and bronze, which, as the name implies, is wrapped with bronze instead of steel. They have a warmer sound than silk and steel, and I like them very much. Brands:—Folklore Center-Fretted Instruments; Goya.

C. Nylon Strings

There are a few purists,



THIS NECK HAS BEEN SET BACK A FEW DEGREES. DOTTED LINE SHOWS ORIGINAL POSITION.

No one has yet been able to figure out why some steel-string guitars need to have

strings are plain steel and unwound. The best bargain in bronze-wound

I'm sure, who insist that the original gut strings are still the best, but since the ready supply of cat and sheep gut seems to have run out, we will concern ourselves with the more recently developed nylon strings only. Even here the subject is open to much conjecture. The most common brands have the three bass strings wound (metal on nylon) and the three treble strings unwound (plain nylon). More recently they are available in a violent array of psychedelic colors, but there doesn't seem to be much difference between brands as far as quality goes. For the average guitar player they are all O.K. There are, however, a few brands which are definitely a few notches above the rest, notably *Concertiste*, *Savarez*, and *Augustine*. Savarez strings have the advantage of being available in regular tension (red package) and high tension (yellow package). You can also get wound first, second and third strings in this brand.

SOME MORE THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR GUITAR

BRACES. A lot has been said about the bracing pattern of Martin guitars, and all of it is true. Here is the basic story. Martin guitars have always been noted for their fullness of tone and durability, both due in no small part, to the way in which the braces under the top are laid out. At the

close of World War II, the Martin people found it no longer feasible to make the top braces quite as thin and light as they had been doing for over a hundred years. This was due to the fact that the Martin instruments were becoming increasingly popular, being taken overseas, and in general being mishandled by the newly-blossomed, mostly uninformed guitar-buying public. The lifetime guarantee being at stake they decided to beef up the braces a bit. This is one reason that the pre-war Martins usually have a more full-bodied sound. The solution for the discriminating owner of any post-war Martin is to have the top braces shaved down to pre-war specifications. This can be done by any guitar repairman who is well-versed in the discipline of Martin guitar construction. Cutting down the braces can make an amazing difference in the openness and richness of the sound. It must be noted however, that if you are the original owner of the instrument and the braces are cut, Martin will void the guarantee as to defective materials.

INSURANCE. The best advice here is to get lots of it, especially if you live in New York City and/or do much travelling by air. You can usually get a separate "floater policy" for your instrument, which covers it for loss due to fire or theft wherever you take it.

CLEANING YOUR GUITAR. Although it's not necessary to keep your guitar spotless, a good cleaning once in a while will keep the finish in good condition, and the guitar well protected. The best cleaners and polishes I have found are:

1. Michael Gurian's guitar polish and cleaner. Available in fine guitar shops.

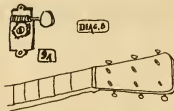
2. Meguiars Mirror Glaze, #MGH 10. This is available in better guitar and motorcycle shops and is sold as a polish for plastics.

Avoid those small bottles of Goya and Gibson polishes. They are a rip-off. Also don't use heavy waxes, oils and furniture polishes.

One last thing to avoid like the plague is a "fingerboard lubricant" called *Tone Finger Ease*. It is supposed to make sliding up and down the neck easier, and maybe even make you an instant Joe Maphis. What they fail to mention on the side of the spray can is that this stuff, if accidentally sprayed on the back of the neck, will cause *some* finishes to peel, crack, bubble, and split. This could be the burn of the decade. Don't chance it.

TUNING MACHINES.

Most steel-string guitars, being of the 14-fret neck variety, have individual tuning machines coming straight up through the peg-head (diags. 8 & 9A).



There has recently been produced by Schaller of Germany, a set of super G, sealed, single unit machine. They are the best tuning machines I have seen. Of all the American companies manufacturing this type of machine today, the best by far is Grover. They make four straight-through types, starting with *Sta-tite*, their cheapest. These are surprisingly good for exposed

gear machines, and cost about \$9.00 a set. The next is *Slimline*, similar to *Sta-tite*, but with covered gears. The best are *Rotomatics*, though they are both heavy and expensive (\$27.50 a set). The gears are sealed and packed in grease, and the 12-1 gear ratio is accurate for fine tuning. The most expensive Grover machines, the name of which I forget, are awful. They are big, ugly, heavy, expensive, and don't work very well, due to excessive play in the gears.

The selection of machines for slotted-head steel-string guitars is a bit limited. Grover *Slimlines* come in this side-mounting variety, and that's about it for quality individual machines. Waverly and Kluson make sets of 2 strips with 3 machines on each (diag. 9).

DIA. 9



Some people have altered *Rotomatics* for use on slotted-head instruments, but the machining process is tedious at best. Sometimes an old set of individual side-mounting machines can be found, usually Grover, and they are almost always good. Also O.K. are some pre-war Waverly and 19th Century Jerome strip machines.

BRIDGE PINS AND END PINS. The most common problem with bridge pins is trying to get out those pesky ones that insist on sticking in the bridge. Before resorting to pipe wrenches, pickaxes, and hydraulic bridge-pin pullers,

try these methods:—

1. Loosen all the strings and try pushing the pins out from underneath by reaching through the sound hole. If the pin is starting to make a sizable puncture in the end of your finger, use a coin or some other hard, flat object as a go-between.

2. Pliers are OK when carefully used. They may leave some marks on the pin, though. Pull straight up

without twisting, as the groove on most pins will catch on the string and the pin may break off in the bridge. End pins are a must if you are going to use a strap. If your guitar has none, the easiest kind to put in is the screw type.

DIAG 10



The tapered ones require a tapered hole. When putting in an extra pin where the neck joins the body, be sure not to screw it into the heel of the neck itself, as it might split the heel. The neck is mounted in a large block of wood (inside the body), and so it is best to put the pin *next* to the heel, about 1/2" away.



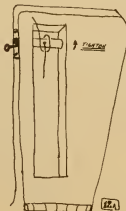
DIAG. 11

There really is a Best Way to attach strings to the tuning machines. Here it is.

DIAG. 12



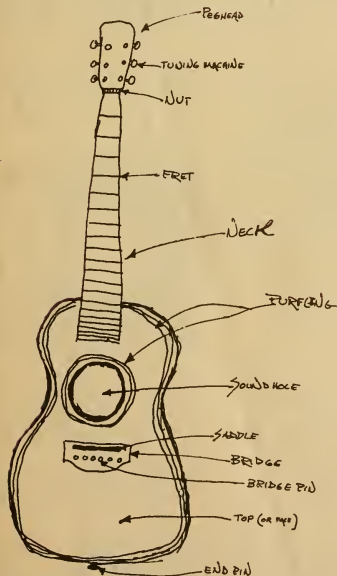
Having the string go around the post only once or twice is very good. Having the string go around the post forty six times is very bad, mostly because it's messy and hard to remove comes the time to change strings.



And here is how to attach nylon strings at the bridge:—



I will gladly answer any sensible questions at my shop at 35 Bedford St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014, (212) 675-2157 Noon—7 P.M., Tues.—Sat. Stamped self-addressed envelopes are nice.



VARIOUS PARTS OF SORT OF A STEEL STRING GUITAR.

*CLASSIC GUITAR IS SIMILAR EXCEPT FOR SLOTTED PEGHEAD (DIAG. 12), AND BRIDGE (DIAG. 13), THERE ARE MANY OTHER VERY BASIC DIFFERENCES, BUT THESE ARE THE MOST APPARENT EXTERNALLY.

The walls of Matt Umanov's Guitar Shop are bedecked with the handsomest 5 and 6 stringed jewels you'll ever want to see. Guitars, banjos and mandolins of rare vintage and brand spankin' new. But nestled amongst these treasures is a warning to one and all; "Will all those who want their action as low as possible without buzzing please leave immediately." You'd have to know Matt to appreciate how much that sign expresses his hard-headed approach to the tricky business of guitar repairing. But fear naught. When you place your ailing love into Matt's hands you can be sure he'll deliver a diagnosis with all the assurance of the Surgeon-General. And once your heavy heart has been lightened, you can turn your attention to the aforementioned treasures or just sit down and dig the fine pickin' and strummin' that's usually goin' on at Matt's place. And if that doesn't cheer you then Susie Umanov will tell you about a worse case than yours. And if that doesn't work you can always pet Ivan the cat. He understands.

19 BOOKS OF WORDS MUSIC PHOTOS

James Taylor lives in Martha's Vineyard when he isn't on tour and singing Fire and Rain. He built his house with his own hands. His book contains 23 of his songs, an autobiography, guitar section and all, and some of the most sensitive photos of James and his world that you could ever hope to see. \$4.95



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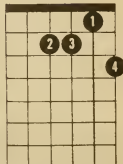


AND PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW —



Play Guitar is an instruction book for the child who knows a little guitar but needs some guidance to get into making rock music. It has sections on rhythm guitar, lead guitar, and a variety of solos in standard and standard notation. But it also deals with the history and the theory of rock music, and for this reason it's a good book for anyone seriously interested in the music of our times. \$2.95.

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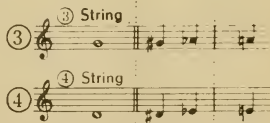
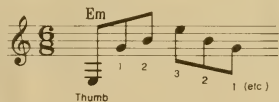


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19 BOOKS OF WORDS MUSIC PHOTOS AND PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW

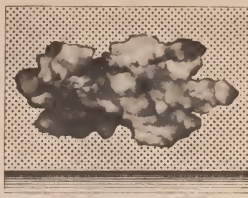
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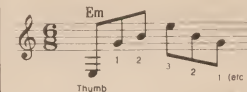


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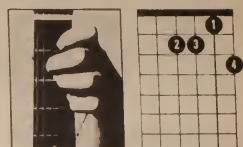
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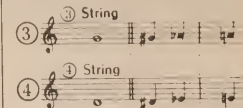
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Child with mask

Doc

HELLO THE WORLD

By David Gahr

At the end, half mad,
Hosen
was found
scribbling in the air

I must have shouted while sliding down the womb into a family of four brothers and sisters and my Ma and Pa on Galena Street, Galena Street, heart of Milwaukee's 6th Ward, Galena Street whose sights and sounds have rarely left me. Morning and kids scrambling, playing, running in the dirty streets and cluttered alleys, mothers pregnant with child and some pregnant with the scrapes of hard living, dragging their youngest with them while carrying bundles of food or clothing back to their small flats; afternoon and

junk peddlers with horses and wagons working their way down the street calling out their coming; black folks and white ones lounging in front of the structures or dumps called homes, talking and talking and talking, while the kids just out from school, play baseball, kick-the-stick, or any game which didn't cost money out in the streets, vying with the cars for the right of way; dusk and sweaty, tired men coming home to burning soup and fresh rye bread; and the streets unburden quietly with the dark.





Janis Joplin



Young girl

The world depression hit Galena Street hard. Men were without work for years at a time. Everyone was on the county. Hopelessness was in the air, but it was a feeling lessened by the commonality of it all. But the young rarely suffer the penetrating damage felt by the old and I found myself enthralled by total days of competitive games held in community social centers and playgrounds, those vestiges of Milwaukee's socialist past. And the Lapham Park library where at eleven and twelve I discovered a myriad of fairy tales, 15 or so books on the Blackfoot Indians, and oddly enough, the works of Dostoevsky.

I could understand the familial clashes in *The Brothers Karamazov*, for weren't there family fights, humiliations, epileptics and poverty on my street? Later, later I would understand the immense political and ideate interplay and the marvelous inlets of humor in Fyodor D. But not then, for I was engulfed by the emotional upheavals of his people.

Time passed, a few schools attended and many libraries rummaged. Then one Sunday night World War II arrived with a surrealistic shock. When I came of war age, my old man urged me to avenge our European family, so I went. Scared and not too willing, but I loved my father and understood he was right.

I remember the frozen nights and feet in France, Belgium and Luxembourg; the blazing towns, the phosphorus-burnt soldiers from a sudden attack of screaming mimis, the fearsome whine of 88's flat overhead; a stone hut full of dead soldiers piled like a cord of wood with arms and legs akimbo (all I recognize) and identified with were the uniforms—mine; weeks on the Siegfried Line, amazed by the Fourth of July fire-



Jersey swamp

works stunning the dark pillboxed valleys, fireworks of fear and death, Canadian aviators splattered against a hill, Germans in the forest with half their heads ripped out by M-1 bullets; a reduction in wanting to feel, a weariness the foot soldier knows of walking all day, fighting to take a town and then standing guard all night, full of Moselle wine and fright; peeing in the Rhine River while crossing—a boy's gesture of contempt for a Nazi-stained world; liberating a factory full of Jewish-Hungarian girls overcome with emotion that American soldiers had arrived (the Galahads of their time) to give them love and all kinds of German marks from a bank broken into just nights before.

Oh, those were other times! No shame to be a soldier then. Until Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The return to the States, two or three universities where I skirted the determined courses of study to plunge into Theodore Dreiser, the extraordinary Proust, Ezra Pound, Sean O'Casey and Shakespeare and Shaw and a hundred others. Those were the days, a book a night and the hell with my eyes or exams—all but Proust. Couldn't rush Proust.

I flushed the GI Bill for every day and degree I could, but fell shy of money and found myself broke in New York, so on to the world of time clocks.

Moses Asch found me working 12 hours a day at Sam Goody's record store photographing everyone and everything around, blending into the streets in all kinds of weather—whenever Sam, yes, he exists—let me escape. Asch, that splendid, cantankerous guru of our time, spun me loose time

and time again to photograph Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie McGhee and the great Sonny Terry, the Seegers—all of them, every last blessed one of them, the deeply missed Indian cowboy poet, Peter La Farge, and on and on, surely over a hundred Folkways covers: and all for a few bowls of rice, but oh the training Moe gave, the flaws he pounced on, the flecks of artiness he demolished in me, the constant strengthening of my natural bent.

I saw whatever man or woman touches, makes or mars is important; whatever he does awake or asleep must be documented. To this day the most exquisite natural panorama can hardly move my eye to a lens. But every face, I mean every face, has drama for me. How a person reacts to a camera is crucial and should be photographed.

I found communication between photographer and the photographed is emotional and rarely verbal, although I often ask a probing question to elicit a moment of thought in a person's eye. What an individual selects to surround himself with or hangs on his walls is revealing: the dichotomies can be devastating and/or enlightening.

Moe then turned me on to *Sing Out! Magazine* which couldn't afford a bowl of rice, but it was worth it to meet and secure the friendship of the fine singer, Ethel Raim, the beautifully talented Southerner, Jean Hammons, the cool cheroot-smoking intellectual, Paul Nelson and the finest writer and thinker in all of Chelsea, Julius Lester. Not to forget Israel Young who contains within him the courage of Don Quixote and the peasant sagacity of Sancho Panza. What plea-



Hands of
Big Joe Williams

sure we took blasting the granite surface of the editor, Irwin Silber.

I discovered a young and beautiful woman, Ruth, some years ago and on the first night of our meeting, I tried reading to her from Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*. Laughing, she threw me out, for she had a room of her own and didn't want to share it with a nut. Long after I loved her, she came to love me and we have continued to confirm the alliance with Carla, a poetic 7, and Seth, a great 11.

Ezra Pound, in his eloquent Canto LXXXI, I think said it all:

"What thou lovest well remains
the rest is dross
What thou lov'st well shall not
be reft from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true
heritage

.....
To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open

To have gathered from the
air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the
unconquered flame
This is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not
done
all in the diffidence that fattered.

*The CANTOS OF EZRA
POUND, Ezra Pound, A NEW
DIRECTIONS BOOK, 1948.

David Gahr has been photographing since 1959. His works are in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and he is considered without peer in photographing the contemporary music scene. He recently received the newspaper guild's Page One award for the best magazine photography of the year for his *Time Magazine* series on Powder Ridge. His newest book, in collaboration with Julius Lester, and dealing with music and people will be published by Dial Press in the spring of 1972.

Oak Publications



Guitar Instruction Traditional and Contemporary

Until relatively recently, folk music circulated among the people by the simple process of being sung and being heard. Songs passed from person to person, from generation to generation, or from friend to friend. By today's standards, this is not a very efficient means of communicating.

Today, the circle of those who care about folk music has grown to the point where such hand-to-hand methods are no longer adequate. It's not just a question of teaching the youngsters all the songs that great-grandma sang, or of riding to the next holler to consult with friends and relations about an alternative tune. Because there are more folk musicians today than there were citizens in the entire nation a few generations ago, folk music has to be communicated through avenues better suited to our times.

There have been shoestring local and regional publications, mimeographed song sheets and, of course, Sing Out!—the national magazine of the folk music movement. By these means the folk process has been helped along by dedicated people. And, of increasing importance in the world of folk music, there has been Oak Publications.

The Oak library of folk music includes over 100 books, by more than 90 writers. Just as folk music deals with the total human condition, Oak covers the whole range of folk music from children's songs to contemporary satire, from easy-to-follow instruction books for many folk instruments to substantial ethnomusicological studies.

Through the wide variety of Oak Publications, you can explore a wide new world of folk music—more than you could have hoped to learn in a lifetime of listening. You will find definitive editions of traditional songs, the latest works by today's young maverick songwriters, songs from distant places and almost-forgotten times. Whatever your taste may be, you will find much to interest, delight, and surprise you in the folk music books offered by Oak.

The Art of the Folk-Blues Guitar/ Jerry Silverman

The first instruction manual on folk-blues guitar method. Presents the styles of Josh White, Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy, and others. Tablature, Blues Arpeggio, Instrumental Breaks, Walking Bass and Boogie Woogie, Blues Strums plus many songs complete with words, music, chords and tablature. (both MelTab and Gitab)
\$2.95/Illustrated

Beginning The Folk Guitar/ Jerry Silverman

A simplified detailed course in the first stages of playing the folk guitar, covering basic keys, runs, arpeggios, barre, use of capo, minor keys, etc. Illustrated with a chord chart and over 50 song examples in tablature and standard music notation.
\$2.95/Illustrated

The Country Blues Guitar/*Stefan Grossman*
An instruction method and repertoire book based on the playing styles of foremost country blues guitarists. Includes guitar music, tablature,

numerous photographs for chord positions, lyrics to songs, biographical background on Mississippi John Hurt, Furry Lewis, Frank Stokes and Charley Jordan, many others.
\$3.95/Illustrated

Delta Blues Guitar/*Stefan Grossman*

The Mississippi Delta is considered by many folklorists and musicians to be the richest source of the American blues heritage. Includes 27 selections in tablature and standard music notation, transcribed from actual performances by Son House, Skip James, Bukka White, Fred McDowell and many others. With over 100 hand-position photographs.
\$3.95/Illustrated

The Flat-Picker's Guitar Guide/ Jerry Silverman

An instruction manual. A comprehensive analysis of the many different flat-picking techniques and styles. Includes over 40 songs in tablature and standard music notation arranged specifically for flat-picking and illustrated with "how to" drawings and diagrams.
\$2.95/Illustrated

The Folksinger's Guide to the Classical Guitar/*Harvey Vinson*

A method book for folk and rock guitarists who want to play classical guitar. Contains basic principles and techniques utilizing compositions by Aguado, Bach, Caracci, Carulli, Giuliani, Sor, Tarrega, and others. You do not have to read music in order to use this book.
\$2.95/Illustrated

**Finger-Picking Styles For Guitar/
Happy Traum**
Documents and teaches the individual styles of the major influences in American guitar picking, including note-for-note transcriptions in tablature and standard music notation.
\$2.95/Illustrated

**A Folsinger's Guide to the 12-String
Guitar as Played by Leadbelly/
Julius Lester and Pete Seeger**
The first instruction manual ever published for this increasingly popular instrument. Detailed instructions, folk song examples, tablature and standard music notation.
\$2.95/Illustrated

**The Folsinger's Guitar Guide/
Jerry Silverman**
Based on the Pete Seeger Recording Music includes melody line and guitar accompaniment prepared on scales and in tablature. Includes sections on tuning, chord diagrams and chords, strums, transposing, use of barre and capo, etc. Plus over 30 songs complete with words, music, chords and tablature.
\$2.95/Illustrated

**Masters of Instrumental Blues Guitar/
Donald Garwood**
A guide to the guitar styles of Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Etta Baker, Mance Lipscomb, John Fahey, and others, based on actual transcriptions from their playing, notated in standard musical form and tablature, with chord diagrams.
\$2.95

**Guitar Styles of Brownie McGhee/
Brownie McGhee and Happy Traum**
In this book, McGhee has essentialized the experience of a lifetime of playing and singing to provide an analysis of both the technique for playing the blues and the life attitude which has gone into the making of the music. Notated in standard musical form and tablature, with chord diagrams.
\$2.95/Illustrated

Teach Yourself Guitar/Harry A. Taussig
Provides the beginning guitar student the necessary background of instruction and experience required for the detailed study of traditional American guitar styles. Complete with standard music notation, tablature, lyrics, chord diagrams and hand positions.
\$2.95/Illustrated

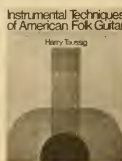
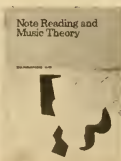
**The Folsinger's Guitar Guide, Vol. 2/
Jerry Silverman**
The sequel to the country's number one folk guitar instruction book. For the intermediate and advanced guitar picker. Instruction and selection of songs. Music notation and guitar tablature with chord diagrams.
\$2.95/Illustrated

**Note-Reading and Music Theory for
Folk Guitarists/Jerry Silverman**
An instruction manual that teaches the "stuff" of music to the folk guitarist in terms of folk songs instead of the traditional scales and abstract exercises.
\$2.95

**Ragtime Blues Guitarists/
Stefan Grossman**
An instruction guide in playing traditional ragtime guitar. With transcriptions in tablature and standard music notation based on the playing of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Reverend Gary Davis, Big Bill Broonzy, Blind Boy Fuller, Blind Blake, Sam McGee, William Moore and Blind Willie McTell. Includes numerous chord-position photographs.
\$3.95/Illustrated

**Instrumental Techniques of American
Folk Guitar/Harry A. Taussig**
This book is concerned with the use of the guitar in the "traditional" manner for instrumental solos and instrumental breaks based on the styles of the Carter Family, Etta Baker, Elizabeth Cotton, Mississippi John Hurt, Chet Atkins, Merle Travis, Rev. Gary Davis and many others. Includes standard notation, tablature and chord diagrams.
\$2.95

**Traditional and Contemporary Finger-
Picking Styles/Happy Traum**
Finger-picking is one of the most fulfilling and rewarding of guitar-playing styles—for both musician and listener. Happy Traum has now created a collection of widely varying finger-picking pieces transcribed from the playing of some of the outstanding folk guitarists of our time.
\$2.95/Illustrated





BLUES



home-cookin six string style

PETER GREENWOOD

Maybe he's selling pretzels from a pushcart now. Or maybe he's just gone. But years ago on warm summer city nights, he was easy to find in the endless crowd that shuffled along Sixth Avenue in the Village. Grizzled old white hair with a toothless grin and a cardboard box filled with bamboo flutes slung over his shoulder.

"Hey, nice flutes, twenty-five cents—go ahead, try." Nothing but a high, squeaky screech. Hmm, did he sell me a bum flute?

"Here", flashes grizzled, "like this." He plays and out flows a curly melody all honey in dulcet low tones. And with an old man twinkle of the eye, he tapped the flute and said,

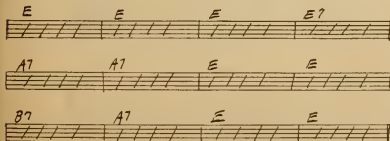
"There's more in here than ever comes out."

And that's how it is with the blues. There's more, so much more than you realize in those twelve little bars of music. A lifetime, an infinity, always travlin' on the same big ball but never twice over the same road. I like it that way.

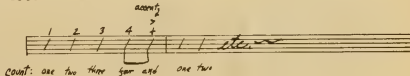
The first thing you should know about the blues is its form. Blues, like the people who play 'em, come in all shapes and sizes: 8, 12 and 16 bars to name a few. But when we say *blues* we usually mean the 12 bar variety. Now add 4 different chords to these 12 bars, stir lightly, heat up and you've got it—the blues *form*, home cooked! In the key of E it looks like this



Blues Form



The diagonal slashes in each bar represent beats—four to the bar. If this is your first time through, start by tapping your foot slowly. Strum downward with the fleshy part of your thumb on each tap and throw in a little upstroke (still using only the thumb) after the fourth beat of each measure. Accent that upstroke. The upstroke coincides with the upbeat of your foot



Do it again, this time playing the upstroke after *every* beat. Let the side of your thumb slide smoothly over the strings



IT'S ALL IN THE PINKY

We can add interest by throwing in a moving voice. Watch closely folks, it's all done with the pinky finger! Strum down and up on the E chord, then put your little finger on the second string, second fret and strum down-up again. Slide el pinky to the third fret (staying on the second string, of course), strum down-up, then slide pinky back to the second fret and strum down-up. This is what it looks like in diagram form



It should be a familiar sound. You can use it wherever an E or E7 chord appears instead of just strummin' a plain ol' E chord for four beats. You can do the same number on an A7 chord like so

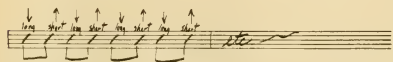


Groovy you say, what do I do on the B7 chord? Nothing, I say, that's part of the *second* lesson. Well, all right, if you can handle the bar, go ahead



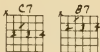
Play a 12 bar chorus using these moving voices and then feel good 'cause you're really getting into it.

Incidentally, you can make your down and upstroke strum swing more by letting the downstroke ring longer than the upstroke—long, short, long, short (or *tum ta tum ta*, etc.)



"LET'S TURN AROUND AND DO IT AGAIN."

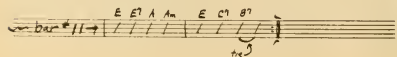
The turnaround turns you, and everyone within 50 feet around. It's a chord progression that happens in the last bar or last two bars and takes us back to the beginning. When you get to the last bar (#12), instead of playing an E chord, play this C7 chord for two beats, then slide it down one fret and that'll give you a B7 for the other two beats



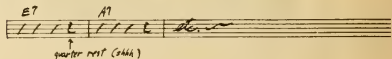
Let's intensify this turnaround by strumming the chord *three* times per beat instead of two. Use your index finger (i). By the way, three notes to the beat are called triplets (*tum ta ta*, *tum ta ta* and like that)



But most turnarounds involve bar #11 as well as #12. Try this



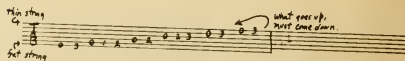
That one sounds good just as written (one downstroke per beat), especially if you've been using down and upstrokes up to this point. The curved line joining the third and fourth beats of bar #12 is called a *tie* and it tells you *not* to play on the fourth beat. In fact you can use this idea of leaving some beats unplayed in other places as well. The squiggle on the fourth beat of the following example is a quarter rest telling you there should be *no* sound on the fourth beat. After playing the third beat cut off the sound by muffling all six strings with the outside edge of your right hand



It's good to leave a few *holes* here and there as it gives a nice spacy quality which is *filled-in* by the listeners own rhythmic urge.

"MAKIN' THE BLUES BLUE"

Well, we've been nibblin' at the appetizers long enough, now let's get down to the main course—the blues scale. The blues scale is where the melody comes from and until you can play melody, you're only halfway there. The melody is what makes the blues *blue*! Here's the blues scale for the key of E



The bottom line of TAB represents the low string (#6); the line above it the fifth string, etc. And the numbers tell you which fret is used. For example, the first note is played open on the sixth string; the second note is also on the sixth string but at the third fret and so on. Use your *first* finger for notes on the *first* fret, *second* finger for notes on the *second* fret, etc. You'll begin to get a feel for melody by just playing the scale (with the thumb) as written but making the first note long, second note short, next note long, next one short, etc., just like we did with the chords (the *tum ta tum ta* thing). Run up and down this scale until it begins to get into your bones. CAUTION: continual use may lead to addiction.

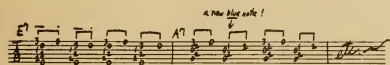
"HEADIN' HOME"

Now let's put it all together by combining melody and accompaniment. The easiest kind of accompaniment is a repeated bass note on an open string. Let's try that much by itself. Get a real lazy tempo going by just hittin' the bass string (#6 or E) nice and easy with your thumb—1, 2, 3, 4 as indicated here



Now try the treble part (high strings) by itself. Use both index (i) and middle (m) fingers alternately and play each pair of notes long-short, long-short as before. Next try doing the fingers and thumb together and remember, easy does it! Now play a whole 12 bar chorus in this style. If you're not sure where the changes from E to A7 and so on occur, go back to the beginning of the article where the form is written out and follow it as you play. For the accompaniment play an open E (stg. #6) wherever E or E7 chords are indicated; an open A (stg. #5) wherever A7 chords appear; a B (stg. #5), second fret) wherever B7 chords appear. Use the notes of the blues scale for the melody and just do the kind of thing we did in the previous example. Don't worry—there are no *wrong* notes, just some that sound better than others, that's all. Experiment.

Once you've got that all together, we can add some guts to it by sticking the whole chord (E, A or B7) between the bass and treble notes. Hit three or four of the lower strings with the thumb instead of one and brush two or three treble strings with the index or middle finger at the same time. It's like the pinching motion of a lobster's claw. Don't forget: long-short, long-short (—, —.)



Now just let yourself go. Finger an E chord and start whackin' and slappin' it with your thumb and fingers (just wiggle 'em randomly) and let the fingers of your left hand come off the notes they're holding down and then back onto them (including the pinky for an E7). Do that for four beats and then do the same bit on an A7 chord for four, and then back to E and so forth. All you gotta do with the left hand fingers is "pick 'em up and put 'em down" meanwhile telling the right hand fingers to "wiggle baby, wiggle!"

"LIFE IS THE VARIETY OF SPICE"

You can play a chorus or two using the same style throughout but 19 of them will have everybody walkin' off or noddin' out. Variety can be had by changing chord phrases with single string melody phrases.



"OUT CHORUS"

When you're playing with others you may get lost somewhere between bar one and bar twelve. But you won't if you know the blues vocal form. The verses are nearly always three separate lines each four bars long with the first line repeated. If you keep a verse going in your head when you're doing an

instrumental break, you'll get to bar #12 with everyone else. I'll let Memphis Willie B. say it for me:

"Goodbye baby, ain't got no more to say,
Goodbye baby, ain't got no more to say,
Say I'll see you on 61 highway some dark and rainy day."



Peter + Ma
Rochaway Beach
Aug. 1941

PETER GREENWOOD

My father gave me my first music lesson when I was fours old. I stood beside him at the kitchen sink as he was washing the dishes and taught me how to whistle. Six years later, my mother packed my lunch and sent me off to school to meet a music teacher, a trumpet, Tchaikovsky, and John Phillip Sousa.

Somewhere along the line I traded my horn for a guitar and when I was nineteen I heard Andrés Segovia. It must have been an apocalyptic moment because I spent the next ten years studying classical guitar. But not exclusively, for I ventured into jazz, blues and flamenco as well. My interest in teaching and composition has recently led me into the realm of music editor and author. My first book, *Music of the Masters* (an anthology of keyboard music transcribed for classical guitar) will soon be published by AmSCO Music Publishing Company.

And tomorrow? I may be out choppin' wood or just sitting around plunkin' the blues. Or standing at the kitchen sink, whistling.



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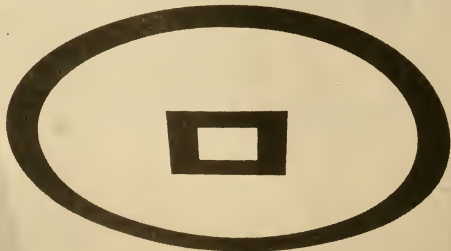
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YURTS



WILLIAM COPERTHWAITE



The yurt has its origins in the folk wisdom of the ancient nomads of inner Asia. There, the prototype has withstood the fierce cold, the violent winds and the intense heat of the steppes for thousands of years. The traditional yurt, made of light poles and covered with thick felt, was a portable structure which the nomads carried with them in their search for

suitable grazing for their herds. It is out of a profound respect for the technical genius of these people that the name yurt was chosen for our contemporary structure.

The nomadic yurt builders appear to be the first people to have used the principle of the tension-band in the support of a dwelling. This advance allowed the roof, or roof-wall, of a

structure to be raised above the ground without the use of internal posts or trusswork. This solved a basic architectural problem of eliminating the negative space, space formed by the walls of most tent structures as they meet the ground. The challenge was to have neither negative space, posts nor trusswork blocking the interior of the dwelling. These ancient

peoples made an ingenious discovery that, at once, gave to their tent a positive wall angle, a clear inner space, a circular structure to fend off strong winds while permitting less heat loss per unit of volume than other shapes... and, still allowed the dwelling to remain portable. The invention was a simple band—made of the hair of yak, camel or goat or wool of the sheep—in the form of several ropes sewn side by side, used to encircle the building at the eaves and take the outward thrust of the roof.

The wall has used the tension-band principle for many purposes, chiefly in the construction of lightweight containers (buckets, boxes, barrels and baskets), tubs, tankards and silos and—at times—for large masonry domes as in the Levant and ancient Rome. However, only the Central Asian nomad appears to have applied the principle to domestic structures.

My experiments with circular structures stem from an early fascination with the economy of surface-to-area ratio that they offer. This interest served no consciously practical purpose until 1962 when I was teaching at the Meeting School in Rindge, New Hampshire. There, a group of four students were excited about math but had taken all of the courses offered so we agreed to work together exploring the geometry of roof structures. During this time I saw an article in the National Geographic Magazine (March 1962) with pictures of Mongolian yurts. Our immediate response, upon seeing the skeletons of the structures, was that the roof could be changed in a significant way to make a new—and for some purposes, improved—roof. We cut poles in the woods and erected the new roof.

In the spring of 1964, the first complete example of the new yurt design was built at the John Woolman School in Grass Valley, California. It differed from the Mongolian yurt by having a wall that sloped outward at the top and a roof structure that eliminated the heavy, wooden, central ring of the traditional dwelling. This

sloped wall gave increased rigidity and strength to the structure, a back rest in the interior and a feeling of greater spaciousness. The dwelling was covered with translucent material allowing the skeleton to be patterned against the sky. A madrone tree shaded the yurt and the shadows of the leaves playing on the roof gave it the appearance of a Japanese painting.

The response of students and others who came in contact with the structure was exciting. More than half the student body volunteered to help build it. The pleasure shown by those who took part made me realize that this was an approach to learning that had great potential.

At this point the yurt was a spacious tent with a complex skeleton of new design. It had not yet solved the problem of providing a simple, inexpensive, permanent dwelling. These problems, without solution, accompanied me on my travels for about a year. Then one day while hiking in Sweden, it occurred to me that—to make a solid walled structure on the yurt plan—it was only necessary to increase the width of each wall and roof member until it overlapped its neighbor. Thus we had a structure that united skin and skeleton. This meant that the interior and exterior wall was erected as one eliminating the skeleton and the perishable tent skin of the past. By cutting the roof boards diagonally, little waste was incurred in making tapered elements.

Upon returning from Sweden we built one of these structures (with a sod roof), in the spring of 1966 in Plaistow, New Hampshire. It is a pleasant dwelling and solved a number of technical problems nicely. However, it was still not simple enough for unskilled people to construct. The problem of simplifying the yurt was taking a lot of time, when suddenly, the next step became clear.

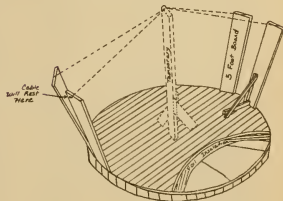
The new yurt design would be based on another geometric concept. Instead of having an hyperbolic-paraboloid curve in its walls, as did all other yurts up until this time, the structure would be conic. It would

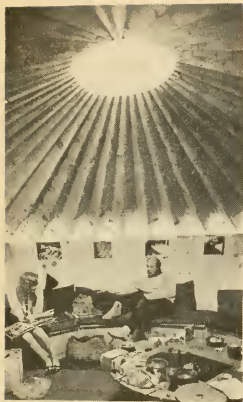
appear as an immense water bucket with its members tongue and grooved together. The roof would be the same in principle, but a much flatter cone.

The concept proved sound when we built the first conical yurt in College, Alaska at the home of Niilo Koponen, in the spring of 1967. It was a delightful structure both to build and to live in. It came closer to the ideal of uniting skin and skeleton from straight wooden members than any structure known to me. It proved easy to erect and three people put up the walls and roof in seven hours. Although I was pleased with the new structure in many ways, I felt that cutting the tongue and groove on the tapered boards still required too much skill for the average person.

I continued to analyse the yurt design until, one day, it occurred to me that there was no need to tongue and groove the boards nor to taper the wall members. I had been limiting my thinking of the structural terms of liquid containers that needed to be forced together with bands to keep them from leaking. But there was no liquid pressure in the yurt. Its outward thrust and stability came from the roof. The walls could be untapered boards, overlapped for ease of nailing, and lapped more at the bottom than at the top to produce the sloping wall.

The complicated tongue and grooved, tapered boards of the roof were eliminated by the folded roof that is to be seen on the yurts in the photos that accompany this article. The roof requires power equipment in its construction only for the ripping of the boards. They are then nailed at





Mark Silber

right angles to one another. This makes both a simpler roof structure and an immensely stronger one as well. A by-product of this design is the ring of triangular windows fitted under the eaves. Although sufficient light comes in through the central skylight, the quality of light entering through the peripheral windows adds greatly to the attractiveness of the structure.

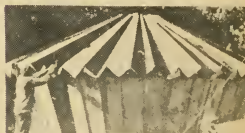
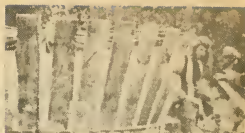
The first yurt of this design was built at the home of Randolph Brown in Westwood, Massachusetts in the fall of 1968. Shortly after this came the opportunity to build the first Harvard yurt which was basically the same structure with some changes in proportion. Used as a study and seminar room in 1968-69, it received more attention than any of the contemporary yurts up until that time, partially due to its location on the Harvard Graduate School of Education campus. The structure's attractiveness, uniqueness and simplicity drew

people to it. It was this yurt that prompted the Study Travel-Community people to build their own school.

SPATIAL QUALITY

The quality of space in the yurt is quite different from that which I have experienced in any other structure. Viewed from the outside the yurt is unimposing. With its low profile, sod covered roof and wall of weathered pine, it blends easily into the natural landscape. The curved form gives as little resistance to the eye as to the wind, adding to the impression of its smallness . . . the yurt seems almost a play house. From outside the possibility of standing erect within is questionable. It is a distinct surprise, upon entering the yurt, to find adequate head room throughout. The illusion is intended. The structure blends with the natural environment and is less dominating, more human in scale . . . yet spacious within. The goal is to promote a feeling of being at home and in harmony with nature.

The space inside a yurt seems much larger than it is. This is due, in part, to the structure being circular with an outward sloping wall which tends to carry the eye with it as it expands. In similar fashion, the roof lines expand radially and meet the wall at a ring of light which helps to carry the eye even further and gives a feeling of still greater spaciousness. The central skylight spreads the illumination evenly throughout and soft light from the peripheral windows adds variety. All of the structural elements described are functionally important and either make the yurt a stronger structure, less expensive or simpler to build. The esthetic qualities of the building are by-products of these elements.



Perhaps the yurts most satisfying quality is the effect it has had upon the majority of people who have visited it. They are moved to talk not only about the beauty of the enclosed space but also about the space as an environment for group interaction. Visitors, trying to formulate the difference between this space and others they have known, often become conscious of spatial quality for the first time. At a time when visual pollution is so great, it is of extreme importance to develop sensitivity to environmental quality. The yurt seems to aid in this development.

The spatial quality of the contemporary yurt is conducive to discussion. As a seminar room, the structure has the advantage of bringing people into a face to face relationship easily. There is no need to arrange chairs in a circle as in a rectangular room . . . no need to ask people not to sit behind one-another. The curved bench echoes the wall, set at a comfortable angle for the back, and places people within pleasant conversation distance. It promotes group process since there is no one place more prominent than the others.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STRUCTURE

Educationally this building is significant because its design provides people with the opportunity to build something large and important for

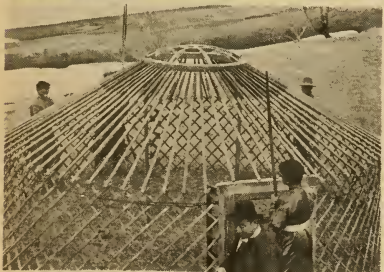


which they previously have had neither the opportunity nor the experience. The concept of simple structural beauty as a part of the environment is an important one. It gives great satisfaction to participants to find that they can make useful structures that are esthetically pleasing as well.

The design of this contemporary yurt is the result of ten years' effort to develop techniques that make it possible for children and unskilled adults to participate in a major way in the creation of their own shelter. Taking part in the ordering of an environment means having a better chance of understanding and appreciating that envi-

ronment. The construction of a yurt allows a person to see the total erection of a building in two or three days' time—(so quickly as to seem like time lapse photography). To see the same thing happen with a normal building in our society takes months and is beyond the attention span of many.

Jorgen Buech



A
LETTER
TO
THE
READER

October 1, 1970
Bucks Harbor, Maine 04618

An Eskimo museum is being created and unbeknownst to most of you, the money you invested in a Yurt plan was helping to make this project possible.

The museum is a collection of artifacts and films from Eskimo life across the Arctic. It will travel to the Eskimo villages of Alaska with the intention of creating greater knowledge and respect among the Eskimo people for their cultural heritage. This will be a small, mobile museum going from village to village by plane, snowmobile and dog sled.

For the last three years I have been assembling this collection and preparing to take it into the field. This fall it will come about under the sponsorship of the University of Alaska, the Alaska State Museum, the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the newly formed Yurt Foundation.

The Yurt design and the publication of the plan have been so enthusiastically received that two new organizations have been formed.

(1) **YURT DESIGNS INC., BOX 183, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.** This is a business organization concerned with the production of yurts and the providing of consultant help for those requesting it.

(2) **THE YURT FOUNDATION, BUCKS HARBOR, MAINE.** A private non-profit corporation has been set up so that money coming to me from the sale of yurts or yurt plans can be more fully used for educational purposes. The chief concern of the Yurt Foundation will be the collecting of

folk knowledge from around the world and the combining of this with contributions from modern knowledge for the purpose of creating a life style which will be simpler and in more intimate contact with the natural world while promoting intellectual and creative fulfillment.

THE FIRST PROJECT

It is a fitting beginning that the first project sponsored by the Yurt Foundation is one concerned with the building of greater respect for their heritage among the Eskimo people. It is out of great respect for the Eskimo culture, their way of life, their folk wisdom and out of gratitude for what I have learned from them that I go north with this collection.



To anyone wishing more information on the Eskimo museum or the Yurt Foundation, it will be sent.

\$4,000 have been promised in gifts to date for the museum conditional upon the raising of the additional \$10,000 needed to complete the project. Would you like to share further in sponsoring the museum? Do you know of others who would? If you can help financially, checks should be made payable to the Yurt Foundation and sent to me at Bucks Harbor, Maine.

A new issue of the yurt plan is out as of August. It has a green sod roof (complete with goat) and more information to ease construction.

It makes me very happy to be able to offer the opportunity for you to be of use to the Eskimo people.

BILL COPERTHWAITE

Yurts of this design have had a wide appeal and, in addition to their use in schools at the present time, they are in service as summer homes on the coast of Maine and Cape Cod; as a mountain shelter, a home, a research station, and as student housing in Alaska; as a home in British Columbia; and as a retreat in a Hawaiian mental hospital. As this is written, a yurt is being built as an experiment in low cost housing with the aid of students from the Study-Travel-Community School. It's a good project for these students since it is initially attractive and exciting to them while, at the same time, it demands cooperation, creativity and disciplined action.

The cost of materials for a yurt is roughly \$450 and the construction plan may be obtained by sending \$3 plus \$0.50 for postage to:

William S. Coperthwaite
Bucks Harbor
Maine 04618



Bill Coperthwaite believes we can gain a new perspective on our culture by investigating other cultures, not merely as sociological observers, but as participants in an ongoing process. The development of the ancient Mongolian Ger into the modern Yurt represents such an active participation in the synthesis of folk wisdom and contemporary technique. Bill's involvement with the Eskimos represents a concern for the situation of these people as well as an interest in what there is for us to learn from a culture which has maintained an intimate bond with the natural world.

Revenue from the sale of Yurt plans is put toward the Eskimo Museum project which is explained more fully in Bill's letter.

Oak Publications



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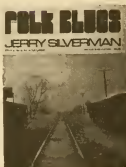
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THE DULCIMER AND THE LADY

JEAN RITCHIE

Jean Ritchie was born and raised in Viper, Kentucky, in the Cumberland Mountains. She is the youngest in a family of fourteen children born to Balis and Abigail Ritchie, who were, like most other folks in the region, of Scottish-Irish-English descent. According to local history, James Ritchie with five of his brothers sailed from England in 1768, and a few years thereafter, James pioneered with his family into the Appalachian wilderness, and died somewhere near what is now the Carrs Fork of Troublesome Creek in Kentucky. His family stopped there, becoming one of the first few families to settle in that section.

There are still many people who say the old songs are the best, and when Jean was growing up and singing with the family on the front



porch of an evening, it wasn't the new, so-called "hillbilly" songs or the catchy tin-pan alley tunes that were the favorites. It was songs like "Barbry Ellen," "Sourwood Mountain," "Lord Randal."

There were newer ones, news accounts of local events hangings, elections, ground-hog hunts, murders, feuds all meaningful, each one a living part of the growth of a people, and the dulcimer learned and played these stories, too.

Jean sings in a light, clear, untrained voice, and her songs are presented with simplicity and directness. Her Kentucky dulcimer accompaniments are free-flowing and tasteful, pointing up the ethereal beauty of the mountain tune. This short but interesting excerpt is from her publication, *The Dulcimer Book*.

As long as I can remember, and as long as my father could remember, and as long as his father could remember, there have been dulcimers, or "dulcimores", made and played in our Kentucky mountains.

In Viper, where we lived, the dulcimer maker was Uncle Will Singleton, whose old-fashioned white frame house set just over the river from the post office, at the other end of the swinging bridge. Uncle Will had a large kindly face framed by a shock of silky white hair, and a tremendous mustache. He always dressed neatly even at home, with suspenders, the mark of a gentleman.

At the annual Hall reunion (he was kin to the Halls) he was a familiar figure, dressed in black for the occasion, sitting on the speaker's platform with his dulcimer on his

lap, playing and patting the floor with his foot in his dignified way for the entertainment of the company. There would be two or three hundred people assembled, each family with its good-smelling dinner basket, on the wood plank benches around the hillside. Oaks rustled and bees buzzed, babies cried gently, old ladies fanned, the dulcimer droned and remembered.

HOW TO TUNE UP BALIS RITCHIE'S METHOD

According to Dad, "You tune her like this: Bin-bin-BOM." He'd sing the "bin-bins" up fairly high and come down hard on the "BOM," five tones lower. If you ask the singing-school master, he will tell you that this is so-so-do. Translated to the

musical staff, it reads, G-G-C, G above middle C for the first and second strings, and middle C for the third, or bass string. Now, it may not be G-G-C, for the instrument is usually tuned to suit the singing range of the player, but anyway that is the relationship of the strings.

We always tune up by ear, to the key we want, but you may want to be guided by the piano, at least until you get used to the sound of it.

SINGING WITH THE DULCIMER

In all the years I listened to Dad Ritchie play, I very rarely heard him sing to his own music. I knew he would be singing somewhere *inside*, for he would not stop on "Merry Golden Tree," or "Sweet By and By," until he had played all the

verses. Uncle Will Singleton and his grandchildren, on the other hand, did often sing to dulcimer accompaniment. They sang and played in unison always, their voices rising and falling with the pitch of the instrument.

HOW TO HOLD THE NOTER



Have your dulcimer in the major key tuning-G-G-C or the equivalent notes. In your left hand is the noter, usually a finger-length of bamboo (cut from the little end of a fishing pole, or from a garden "staker"). Cradle the noter along the fingers and hold it so that the thumb may press from above, and the side of the finger may glide along the side of the fingerboard to keep the end of the noter from touching the middle string. That's because melody changes are all made on one string; the other two are always drones. Press the noter down upon the melody string, the one nearest your body. You get the clearest tone when

you press the note immediately to the left of the fret.

Now, strum with the thumb of your right hand, away from the body. Perhaps at first, just to get the sound and the feel of the scale, begin at the third fret and play up the scale, moving from left to right and plucking each note with the right-hand thumb on the first string only. Then play back down the scale again, moving the noter to the left. Try to keep both hands relaxed. Firm but not rigid pressure is best for the left hand. The middle finger of the right hand may be used now and then for steadying the instrument, while the thumb is being used for strumming.

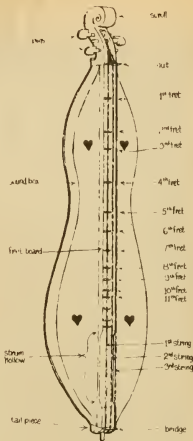
PLAYING THE SCALE

Next, try going up and down the scale again, only this time let the thumb sweep across all three of the strings. This provides the melody string with a constant harmonizing chord which gives the delightful and characteristic drone, or "bagpipes" sound.

PICKING OUT A TUNE

I believe that the very first tune I ever picked out was, "Go Tell Aunt Rhodie," and I suspect that this has been the learning piece for almost everybody. There must be a good reason for it, and so I will start you off on, "Aunt Rhodie."

Strum all three strings at the same time, in the rhythm of the song:



Note: All Music in the major key is set down in the key of C. However, your dulcimer should be tuned to the key which most suits your voice, and this may *not* be the key of C. For this reason, I give also the fret numbers of the melody string changes. Since the dulcimer may be played on only in the key to which it is tuned at the time, you will be all right, so long as you begin at the right fret! ♥

GO TELL AUNT RHODIE (1)

time dulcimer

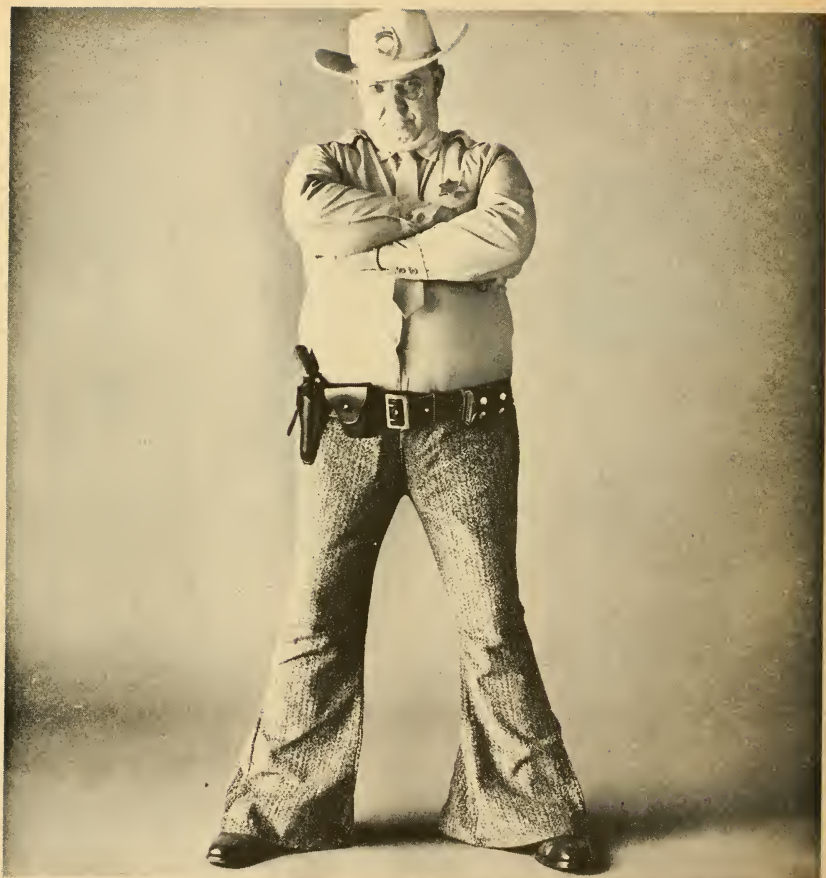
FRET NUMBERS

5 5 4 3 3 4 4 6 5 4 3

Go tell Aunt Rho - die, Go tell Aunt Rho - die,

7 7 6 5 3 3 4 3 4 5 3

Go tell Aunt Rho - die, Her old gray goose is dead.



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Blues, Jazz and Ragtime

Over the past decade, Americans belatedly began to value and appreciate the blues tradition. Long neglected by the music business and ignored by the general public, the blues, in its great days, was consigned to a kind of musical ghetto of obscure "race" recordings and tiny clubs where few white people ever ventured. When the market for race records fell off, bluesmen of monumental stature sank into obscurity. The old shellac 78's began to gather dust in junk stores and attics.

But during the sixties, there was a general reawakening to the blues and the universal feelings this music evokes. A generation raised on Fats Domino and the R&B of the fifties dug into the blues of the twenties and thirties, and serious young folklorists went South to "rediscover" long-forgotten bluesmen like Mississippi John Hurt, Son House, and Bukka White.

Those aging, titanic father-figures, their faces furrowed by time but their fingers and voices as knowing and nimble as ever, enjoyed a blazing sunset rejuvenation of their careers, as college and coffeehouse audiences flocked to hear them play and sing the blues—the real, uncompromising thing.

And almost at the same time, the pop music charts were invaded by the rambunctious grandchild of the blues—soul music.

For blues lovers, Oak has a special series of books on the blues and related topics, such as

Blues and ragtime. The story of the blues is told from the inside by men like Big Bill Broonzy and Petry Bradford who lived it all their lives. And the why's and wherefores of the blues as seen by insightful authorities like Sam Charters and Paul Oliver. (And for those who really want to get into the blues and find their own personal vision, we suggest you refer to the section on Instruction Guides, which includes several valuable books on blues guitar.)

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Editor: Moses Asch

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Preface: Ben Botkin**

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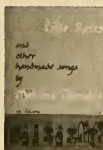
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DOC



In August 1970 Doc Watson spoke with Ron Stanford in Deep-Gap, North Carolina. Some of the material to appear in "The Music of Doc Watson" appears here.

"To me, *A-Rovin' On A Winter's Night* is just about one of the prettiest old-time love songs that you could hope to find anywhere. I'll never forget

the night when Ralph Rinzler and I went down to Dolly and Len Greer's house. Outside you could hear the sound of those little frogs that you hear in the spring around the edge of a stream or a swampy area, and in the distance you could hear an occasional whippoorwill. It was in this setting that Dolly sang *A-Rovin' On A Winter's Night*."

Moderately

A E A

1. A - rov - in' On A Win-ter's Night,

And a-drink - in' good old wine;

Think-in' a - bout that pret-ty lit - tle girl,

That broke this heart of mine.

E7 D A

D A

E7 A

Let me think about music for a minute. My first introduction to music came from my memory of being held in my mother's arms very comfortably. I remember the feeling was very warm and the sound was like that of *The Lone Pilgrim* being harmonized by the congregation. From my very early childhood on, I can remember my mother singing. She'd sing around the house while churning butter, or while patching some of dad's overalls that he'd worn the life out of. My dad didn't play around the house too much. He was a pretty serious fellow and devoted most of his evenings to trying to see that we got enough of the word of God so that we knew the Golden Rule and the way to live morally decent lives, and that we knew some of the songs so that we could sing along when he took us to church. Both of my parents worked very hard to keep us from starving; there were eleven of us in the family, and it was right during the depression.

I used to play with everything that had a musical sound around the house. I must have been a real pest to my mother. Every Christmas, just as far back as I can remember, Santa Claus slipped a harmonica in the big old stocking that I'd get to hang up on the mantle piece. That was my first introduction to a musical instrument. I could play tunes on the harmonica pretty well, even before I could note a single tune on the banjo.

My brother Arnold played the banjo at home, and every once in a while my father would pick a few tunes. One day Dad told me, "You know, I believe you could learn to play a banjo, son. I've a good mind to make you one." That was along in the winter when he said that, and the next summer he came in with some pieces for a five-string. He made a round maple hoop, managed to find some tension hooks, and made it so that the head part looked a little like a *no'the'n* banjo, or one that was built in a factory.

I started playing the guitar a little when my first cousin left his guitar at our house for a while; also, I had learned a few chords from an old boy at school who played the guitar. I was messing with my cousin's guitar

one morning before Dad went to work, and he turned around to me after he had finished his breakfast and said, "Now, son, if you learn to play just one little tune on that by the time I get back, we'll go to town Saturday and buy you a guitar." Well, I knew I had him right there, because I knew almost enough already to play a song, and I knew that I could be singing along with my playing by the time he got back. The first song I learned on the guitar was *When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland* by the Carter Family. My dad was just as good as his word; we went to town and found me a little guitar. It was one of those ten dollar guitars—a pretty good little thing to learn on, but as hard to fret as a barbed wire fence. A few years later, when I was sixteen or seventeen, I earned enough money from cutting down some dead chestnut extract timber (used for tanning leather) to order a guitar from Sears and Roebuck.

While I learned a lot of music from my family and the people who lived near us, I also learned a great deal of music from records. Dad worked a week at the sawmill and bought a little wind-up graphophone and fifty or sixty records from my uncle, who had decided to buy a bigger one. There was everything from Jimmie Rodgers to the Carter Family, Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers, and John Hurt. When I started to play the guitar I listened especially to records of these people and others including, of course, the Delmore Brothers, and later on, Merle Travis. I knew hardly any of the recording stars personally. I did know Clarence Ashley and Garley Foster though. I never had the pleasure of meeting Jimmie Rodgers, and I'm sorry to say that I never met Uncle Dave Macon. I loved his records with all the fun and foolishness he did in his singing. I've met Maybelle and Sarah Carter since I've grown up, but back then I didn't know them. When you hear the music of a lot of those people, though, not just one or two songs but a variety of things, you realize when you meet them that you already know them through their music.

About the time I was eighteen,



the name "Doc" happened. I was doing a remote control radio show from a furniture store in Lenoire, North Carolina. The young man I worked with played the guitar and sang some, and his name was Paul Greer; they called him Paul, which was nice and short over the radio. The announcer came to me before we were on the air and said, "Your name's Arthel." He pronounced it kind of slow and said, "That's too long. What's a good short name for the radio? Let's think up a good name right here." There was a young lady there—she must have been fourteen or fifteen—and she yelled out, "Call him 'Doc' ". I never found out who she was; she was just back in the audience in the furniture store. The name "Doc" has come in very handy to me as a professional because it's easy to remember.

I play the guitar because I love it better than any other instrument that I could ever hope to learn how to play. When I play a song, be it on the guitar or banjo, I live that song, whether it is a happy song or a sad song. Music, as a whole, expresses many things to me—everything from beautiful scenery to the tragedies and joys of life. If I feel good, I play music to expend energy. Sometimes, too, if I'm under tension, and I've got a guitar and a good song on my mind, first thing I know, I'm relaxed again. Whether I'm playing just for myself or for an enthusiastic audience, I can get the same emotions I had when I found that Dad had seen to it that Santa Claus brought exactly what I wanted for Christmas. A true entertainer, I think, doesn't ever lose that feeling.



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TONY GLOVER ABOUT 2000 WORDS



Increasing numbers of people are turning their backs on cities that have grown unlivable, and on society with its increasing complexity, plastic technology and dehumanization—and doing just that, moving to farms and communes. And where they go, music goes too—but many have found that 100,000 watts don't seem quite right in the middle of a cornfield . . . so more and more are swinging back to acoustic music. "These people did this study and found that music by groups like Led Zeppelin actually stunted growth of plants," one guitar player said. "Plants have good sense—maybe they're trying to tell us something."

Questions of musical taste aside, it's a fact that noise pollution is a growing factor in city-psychosis and music that echoes chaos contributes more of the same. So people are finding roots again, meaningful values in both life and music styles. And music that one person can make, all by himself, without electri-

city, seems to be one answer in the search for organic unity.

Blues is a little different story. The first of the recorded "country" bluesmen were travellers, who wandered the south singing in camps and at Saturday night dances—to them records were mostly a way to earn a lot of money (relatively speak-

ing of course) in a short time. Later as the blues moved to the industrial North the music became an escape for the audience ("Sing me back home" isn't just a lyric) and a real livelihood for the musicians. Tho many still worked in bars and got incredibly little bread, records were a way of expanding their audience. And now of course, for many musicians of all types, records may be one of the prime considerations, with tours done more as an afterthought—or to promote the release of a new album.

Even more than country or mountain folk music, blues audiences have gone thru a major upheaval in the past twenty years. In the 50's, the Chicago-styled blues of men like Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf were mostly scorned by younger blacks, who with a growing sense of identity, didn't want any association with what they called "slave music". But in the 70's, black people are more aware of the richness and

Play Harmonica Through a Hose



beauty of their musical heritage, and people like B.B. King are regular performers in black concerts and TV shows. The music has remained mostly the same, the audience has grown towards it—appreciating the strength, skill and beauty of it with pride instead of prejudice.

At the same time, in the late 50's, many young white people were looking around for deeper values. They turned their backs on the teen-age schlock which rock and roll had become as big business took it over, and found folk-blues of men like Sonny Terry and Leadbelly, or the Chicago styled R&B of groups like Muddy Waters. Some of those who got into folk-blues and delta blues tried to learn to play it, and recreate a dying form. As the audience grew so did the interest, and many of the older bluesmen were found to be still alive and performing, and in time they began to tour the festival and coffee house circuit regularly. People like Skip James, Son House, Mississippi John Hurt and Big Joe Williams all found an enthusiastic young audience who appreciated the value of what they could do. There have always been mutterings about ex-

Position of Harmonica When Placing in Mouth



ploitation and rip-offs, but most of these bluesmen fared far better on the folk circuit than they ever had before. And several, like Skip James and Reverend Robert Wilkins who had their songs recorded by successful rock groups (Cream and the Rolling Stones, respectively) got fairly substantial royalties.



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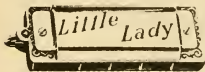
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Dell's 50th Anniversary 1921-1971

Of course many white groups have appropriated songs and styles of bluesmen as their own and never given credit or money to the people they copped from—but hustlers come in all sizes, costumes, and hair styles. Don't matter how hip you look there is still theft. (Specifically, and one example only, Led Zeppelin stole "Bring It On Home", from Sonny Boy Williamson.)



Just as crooks come in all sizes and colors, so does the blues itself. A while back James Baldwin and Margaret Mead did a book together called "A Rap on Race". Talking about it, Baldwin pointed out that as young people began to get into freedom riding, voter registration and anti-war demonstrations they began to find out what it was like to be "niggers" too. And now from a group of merely political activists, the scorn of the American power structure has turned to anybody young with long hair who isn't too interested in accepting their version of reality. You don't have to be black to get thrown out of restaurants, beaten by mobs (and/or police) and even killed.

"Blues is a feeling" . . . oh yeah, and now a whole lot of people are hip to what it's like to have the blues. A lonesome feeling sure, but with a toughness in the music, a shared understanding that's implicit there. But not defeat, no, never—because singing the blues is surmounting the hassles—if you can sing about it, you're on top of it.

Nope, blues ain't dead—but most of the men who made it best are—and their kind of blues will pass when they do. But like folk styles, blues styles are also being assimilated. And tho' the old styles won't exist (except on record) blues will exist in a new framework, in styles dictated by the needs and feelings of those who play them.

Speaking of books and records, there's a few new ones and some older ones worth checking into if you're into blues, country and folk. (If you're not, why the hell are you reading this?)

BLUES RECORDS 1943-66 by Mike Leadbitter & Neil Slaven (Oak Publications \$15) is a massive discographical work. It lists practically every blues record made in those years with session dates and personnel listings. It's great if you want to find out who sang vocal chorus on Bo Diddley's "Diddley Daddy". (It was the Moonglows. Bo's real name is Ellas McDaniel and he was born in McComb, Mississippi, December 30, 1928 . . . and Jerome Green played maracas.) The book is full of stuff like that.

COUNTRY MUSIC: WHITE MAN'S BLUES by John Grissim (Paperback Library \$1.25) is a survey of modern country music done by a former sports editor of Rolling Stone (don't hold it against him) in a breezy style that makes it fun to read. He profiles and backgrounds people like Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Buck Owens, Merle Haggard, Kris Kristofferson, Jerry Lee Lewis . . . and gives an insight into the Nashville studio scene as well. There's even a section on country groups—informative and interesting too. If like me, you used to dig blues and hate country music, this is a good place to get into an important part of the American music scene.

HOW TO PLAY WHILE DANCING



BOSSMEN: BILL MONROE & MUDDY WATERS by James Rooney (Dial Press \$5.95). This is a double biography of two men who have in common the fact that they're both fathers of a style of music: Monroe, Bluegrass, and Waters, Chicago Blues. Both came from the rural south, both grew to success in the North, and both have sustained their popularity on the folk circuits without changing their performing musical styles. There are extensive quotes from interviews with both men and their friends, and lots of pictures. Interesting and worth reading.

HOW TO PLAY UNDER A GLASS



And then there are several books by English blues historian Paul Oliver. You might start with *The Meaning Of The Blues* (Collier Books \$.95). This book is a sociological and contextual study of blues lyrics and meanings, others are conversations with bluesmen. Also check out the various books by Sam Charters published by Oak Publications. (Try *The Bluesmen* first—it's a study of delta and other blues singers.)

Of course there are many other books on blues worth reading, these are just a few of the standouts.

As far as records go, the blues tradition has been pretty well documented on both commercial and re-issue recordings. Since people in some parts of the country have trouble finding certain labels at their local head shop, here's a list of some of the main blues labels.

CHIESS RECORDS

1301 Avenue of the Americas

THE FOLK SONG MAGAZINE SING OUT!



For twenty years, *Sing Out! Magazine* has been the voice of the folk music movement in America. Ten years ago the magazine was a little smaller, and, with a little work, it could fit in your back pocket. If you were planning to pick guitar and needed some songs to play, maybe that's where you had it. If you weren't big enough to hold a guitar ten years ago, you ought to pick up a copy now, because *Sing Out!* is still the only major folk music magazine in the country, and there are new songs, new people, new articles, new columns, and a very old tradition contained in its pages.

Sing Out! has been through a few

different sizes and a few different editors over the years, but some things remain constant. Pete Seeger's "Johnny Appleseed, Jr." column is still in every issue. There are always more songs—songs from the deep mountain springs of American traditional music, good songs from around the world, and new songs by young singers and writers. Years ago *Sing Out!* printed new songs by Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, and Tom Paxton—now you'll find songs by Robbie Robertson, Paul Siebel, and James Taylor.

Today's popular music reflects more and more the deeply personal work of young singer-songwriters, a tradition that was fostered in the pages of *Sing Out!* It's amazing how much of American popular music is built on the solid foundations of folk music; and *Sing Out!* draws the connection through articles on country mountain music, delta blues, bluegrass, country & western, rhythm & blues, gospel, and country

rock.

But most of all the editors make the magazine of service to its readers: there are songs to sing, "Teach-In's" that offer instruction for every conceivable kind of folk instrument (the latest issue is a special "Teach-In" issue), listings and reviews of new books and records, and schedules of folk music activity around the country. Readers swap songs, stories, and information in the "General Deliv'ery" column edited by Michael Cooney. *Sing Out!* tries to reflect the incredible amount of folk music activity happening on a local level these days.

Sing Out! is owned and operated as a cooperative by its editorial board, its supporters and contributors. The magazine exists through the devotion of its writers and its readers; and almost all articles, columns, songs, photos, and artwork are contributed gratis. *Sing Out!* publishes bi-monthly at 33 W. 60th St., N.Y.C.

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The backs of conventional guitars are usually made of two-piece wood with internal reinforcing and bracing glued to it. These braces act as a baffle that trap certain high frequency sound waves. Low frequency sound waves travel in larger patterns, but then they "hang-up" in the bracing. This interruption of sound waves results in uneven response and poor projection.

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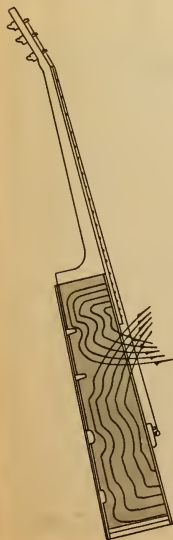
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Many fine Chicago styled albums by people like Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf and Sonny Boy Williamson. Also had a "Vintage Series" with several albums featuring old and un-released singles by people like Albert King, Otis Rush, Elmore James, etc. Avoid the psychedelized Wolf & Muddy albums.

BLUES CLASSICS

Box 9195

Berkeley, Calif. 94719

25c brings a catalogue of their many re-issues of old blues and folk on ARHOLIE label as well. People like both Sonny Boy Williamson, Mance Lipscomb, Lightning Hopkins, Lowell Fulson, etc.

TESTAMENT RECORDS

577 Levering Avenue

Los Angeles, California 90024

Testament does re-issue records like Muddy Waters 1941 Library of Congress sides cut in Mississippi as well as new albums by people like Johnny Shines and J.B. Hutto.

DELMARK RECORDS

Seven West Grand

Chicago, Ill. 60610

They have a folk and blues as well as jazz catalogue—blues people like Big Joe Williams, Junior Wells, Carey Bell, Sleepy John Estes, Magic Sam, etc.

There are also many re-issue labels which have done collections by various delta bluesmen, gospel singers, jug bands, etc. Try *Origin of Jazz Library*, 38 Remsen Street (1E), Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Let's see, what else? *Vanguard* label has a few blues worth noting, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, and the Chicago Blues sets. *Columbia* has Robert Johnson on two lp's (which comprises his entire recorded legacy)—these are absolute *musts* for any blues fan—and re-issues by Leadbelly, Lightning Hopkins, Bukka White, etc. *Atlantic* label concentrates more on soul and jazz, but they do have a few blues albums in their files. The way things are almost any company may have one or two albums in their catalogue worth hearing, your best

HOW TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL TONE



Study the illustration to the left carefully. Place a glass tumbler over the right end of the Harmonica and against the cheek. By moving the glass in a very slow shaking movement the tone is enhanced to a great degree.

bet is to check out record shops periodically. And don't always judge 'em by the cover. (Remember what Bo Diddley said.)

Since I wrote that book about Blues harp playing I've been getting a lot of letters—I try to answer most of them when I can . . . but I can't always, so I'm gonna use this opportunity to cover a few things that seem to come up fairly often.

Breaking harps in: the only way I know of to really get the low key ones broken in right is to just start out blowing easy, and bending notes gently. Gradually increase volume and force over a period of time. (If you play like ten minutes a day, a week oughta be safe to start playing with more energy.) But all that varies with the harp and the individual. Rule of thumb is just be cool at first, until it loosens up.

Single notes: this seems to be a lot of people's biggest problem. I don't know why, since most people seem to be able to handle infinitely tiny roaches okay—it's much the same principle. It's just something you have to work at—if you really want to play it's worth however long it takes—which might even be measured in years. Everything worth having costs you something in some way—it's up to you to decide wheth-

er the time and effort you put in are worth what you can get out of it.

There seem to be more and more harp players everywhere; in blues bands, in rock bands, playing country, playing folk, playing commercials. One of the draggiest tendencies is for people to get hung up in riffs and phrases and using these stock lines over and over again, whether they fit the song or not. It's okay as a starting point, but no matter how great your technique may be, if you're only running riffs, you're not really *making* music, you're just reproducing it. It's a necessary beginning—but work to get beyond it.

Favorite harp player: still Sonny Boy Williamson II (Rice Miller). In fact as time goes by, I like him more and more. Nobody yet has ever managed to combine his technique, vocal style and songwriting ability all in one body. Maybe somewhere somebody's working on it but I won't believe it till I hear it.

And the last questions are about Koerner Ray & Glover. Where are they, what's happening, etc? Well we played our last gig with all three of us together in Minneapolis a couple of years back, as a warm-up act for The Who—it was weird, but a groove. Since then Koerner has been working mostly solo, around the East and Midwest. Along with a few other people he put together an hour long film called "The Secret of Sleep"—which he stars in. Look for it in your town—but you'll have to look hard—

PLAY UP AND DOWN



it's being distributed by hand. And right about now (as I write this) he should be settling down with his wife

and kid in Denmark, her native country—where John plans to stay for several months.

Dave Ray is currently in Minneapolis, working solo in bars around the area, and putting together a record label, to record his own and friends music with as little financial hassle as possible, and the best in artistic and other feelings.

Me, I had an "underground" radio show in Minneapolis for a year and a quarter, all night long, six nights a week. It was interesting, but got to be a bit weird, especially never seeing the sunlight, so when I went to New York on vacation last summer, I never seemed to get back. Since then I've been mostly writing articles and interviews for various magazines—mostly about music. Might cut an album one of these days, if it makes sense to do it and the music is right.

A last note: there's a cat in the midwest who is putting together an album of old KR&G live concerts, recorded in the midwest in 1964 or

so. The quality of the tapes I've heard isn't the greatest, but the music has an enthusiasm and spirit that we never could reach in a studio. (Especially me—I'm not satisfied with more than two of the tracks I recorded.) He's planning to put these out in a limited edition sometime soon—so for you diehards who want more, the best may be yet to come—



David Gahr

it's my favorite KR&G album—hope you get a chance to hear it.

This seems to be the end, so I'll just stop.

Rock on!



TONY GLOVER is a musician turned writer; from 1963-66 he recorded and gigged with Dave Ray and John Koerner as part of Koerner Ray & Glover. Gigs included Philadelphia and Newport Folk Festivals as well as various folk clubs and concerts hither and yon. The group has 5 albums on Elektra; Dave Ray has a solo one as well and one with his one-time band *Bamboo*. Koerner recorded a beautiful but almost un-noticed album with Willie Murphy called "Running, Jumping, Standing Still". Since the group drifted apart, Glover has been a radio announcer, and now makes a non-living writing about music for publications ranging from *Senior Scholastic* to *Rolling Stone*. He plays occasional jam sessions but mostly makes music just for his own enjoyment.

Mr. Glover now resides with his pet manta ray in a tree in Central Park, and can often be seen howling at the moon. For awhile he was the leader of a pack of itinerant amoebas, but has recently become a semi-vegetarian, specializing in Rorschach tests. He still hasn't found nirvana, tho' he once passed thru Urbana, Illinois. When queried, all he would say was "That ain't quite what I meant, babe."

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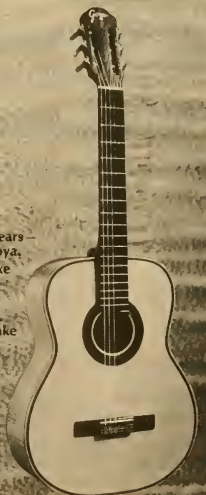
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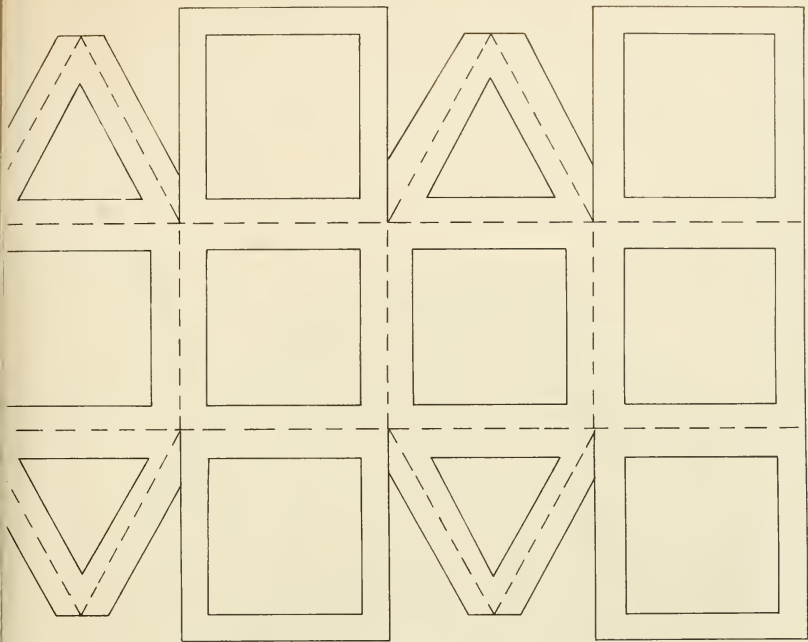
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32 GRAMERCY PARK SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

HAPPY TRAUM,
BOX 694, WOODSTOCK, N.Y., 12498

THE QUOTE ON THE BACK COVER IS FROM
MOUNTAIN WOLF WOMAN, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A WINNEBAGO INDIAN,
ANN ARBOR PAPERBACKS (AA109).



THE HERRNHUT STAR

The Herrnhut star is made by attaching 26 cone-shaped points to a central ball. The pattern shown above is the basis of the design. To learn how to make the Herrnhut star see the article by Ralph Rinzler and Richard Prentke. 🌸

