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THE JOURNAL OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF GREATER WASHINGTON VOLUME I NUMBER 3

SUMMER 1970

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June 20	Hollerin' Contest, Spivey's Corner, Sampson County, North Carolina
June 26-27	Middletown Folk Festival, Bodman Park, Middletown, New Jersey
June 26-27	Schaefferstown Folklife Festival, Schaefferstown, Pennsylvania
June 27-July 5	Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Kutztown, Pennsylvania
July 1-5	Festival of American Folklife, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.
July 3-5	Berryville Bluegrass Festival, Watermelon Park, Berryville, Virginia
July 4	Oldtime Fiddlers Convention, Memorial Park, Elkin, North Carolina
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July 4-5	Folk Music Camp, Sweets Mill, Auberry, California
July 11	Giles County Fiddlers Convention, Ragsdale Field, Narrows, Virginia
July 11	Mountain Music Contest, Marlinton, West Virginia
July 11-12	Highland Games, Grandfather Mountain, Linville, North Carolina
July 13-17	Craftsmen's Fair of the Southern Highlands, Asheville, North Carolina
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July 18	Old Fashioned Fiddlers Convention, Friendsville, Maryland
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July 24-26	Mariposa Folk Festival, Toronto Centre Island Park, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
July 29-31	Wild Pony Roundup, Chincoteague, Virginia
July 31-Aug 2	Appalachian South Folk Festival, Pipestem, West Virginia
Aug 1	Old Fiddlers Picnic, Lenape, Pennsylvania
Aug 1-2	National Championship Country Music Contest, Warrenton, Virginia
Aug 6-8	Old Fiddlers Convention, Galax, Virginia
Aug 6-8	Canadian National Fiddling Contest, Shelburne, Ontario, Canada
Aug 6-9	Fox Hollow (Beers Family) Festival, Petersburg, New York
Aug 7-9	Ann Arbor Blues Festival, Ann Arbor, Michigan
Aug 22-23	Bluegrass Festival, Walkersville, Maryland
Aug 23-30	Pinewoods Camp Folk Music Week, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts
Aug 25-30	Pennsylvania Dutch Days, Hershey, Pennsylvania
Aug 28-30	Philadelphia Folk Festival, Old Pool Farm, Upper Salford, Schwenksville, Pa.
Aug 30	Highland Games, Ligonier, Pennsylvania
Sept 4-7	Endless Mountains Folk Festival, Old Mill Village, New Milford, Pennsylvania
Sept 7	Fiddlers Picnic, Sunset Park, West Grove, Pennsylvania
Oct 2-3	Folk Festival, Springs, Pennsylvania
Oct 2-3	East Tennessee State Folk Festival, Johnson City, Tennessee
Oct 3	Fredericksburg Dog Mart, Fredericksburg, Virginia
Oct 3	Tennessee Valley Oldtime Fiddlers Convention, Athens, Alabama
Oct 10	Maryland State Fiddlers Convention, Oakland, Maryland
Oct 20-24	Craftsmen's Fair of the Southern Highlands, Gatlinburg, Tennessee

(Note: If you plan to attend any of the above, it is advisable to contact the producer of the event or the local Chamber of Commerce for confirmation of dates and additional information. Also, watch for announcement of dates for the Society's Getaway which usually is held in September.)

THE MATTER OF THE GARLIC OF SPAIN

By Elizabeth Goodwyn

The significant thing about the garlic of Spain is that there isn't any. Or, almost not any. No one in America believes this.

It's easy to explain why my husband and I expected to eat garlic, onion, black pepper, red peppers, chile. We were from Texas and equated Spanish with Mexican. We knew better in theory, but subconsciously we expected the hot, bright, seering taste we had learned to love even as we flinched from it.

Only once did we find garlic in Spain. One time I ordered eels and, rather to my horror, was served perhaps a hundred little baby (or embryonic?) wormlets in a bowl of hot olive oil heavily flavored with garlic. I suppose something had to be done to flavor them, for of themselves they had no taste at all. Aside from this instance we longed in vain for the acrid flare of garlic, at once repellant and desirable, and the sweetly bitter crunch of onions. The Spanish salad is merely a few lettuce leaves and a few slices of an inferior tomato. To this you may add at the table, if you like, olive oil and vinegar and, perhaps, salt. The little double cruets always stood on the white tablecloth, and sometimes there was a salt shaker, but almost never a pepper shaker. The food of Spain is bland, heavy, oily and unseasoned. Americans, as I have said, don't believe this.

How we missed our good stateside salads, with lettuce and tomato and cold wet cucumbers, and sharp radish, and green crisp Bell peppers, and finely minced onions, and parsley, and perhaps bits of ham and chicken, and cheese curls, and crumpled bacon, offered with a choice of about four dressings, and all salted and peppered deliciously! I have heard that Europeans say of America that it is a land of a hundred religions and one sauce. Spain is the land of a hundred sauces and one salad.

The entire subject of food seasonings is cloaked in mystery. We know that garlic was eaten in ancient Egypt (it was part of the food ration of the pyramid builders) and by Greek and Roman soldiers and peasants. Well-bred Romans did not care for it. It was not known then in northern Europe, where the diet was simple and healthful and the seasonings were salt and honey.

By the middle ages, this had changed. Northern Europeans ate garlic, which they could grow, and hungered for spice, which they had to import. Garlic is of course a vegetable, not a spice, but it is used as a spice, and like spices it contains an irritating substance wherein, apparently, lies its charm.

The story is that Europeans needed spices because they had no refrigeration for their meat in their uncomfortable medieval castles. I remember puzzling over this in my eighth grade history class. In the small town where I lived, ice was delivered on Saturdays only. Yet we used no spices on meat except pepper, and that was used very sparingly. Yet the desire for spices, and the attempt to reach the markets of Asia, influenced world history, and, of course, had a lot to do with the discovery of America. Once the trade routes to the Orient were safely opened, Europe lost interest. I venture to say that the passion for spices had little to do with the lack of refrigeration. It became a fashion, and then after a while it ceased to be a fashion. The trade in spices dwindled until in the early twentieth century the average housewife in this country required only cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, cream of tarter, cloves and pepper. None of these were considered absolute necessities, and pepper and cloves probably less so than the others. Garlic was unknown, in rural areas, at least, and onions were nearly always served boiled.

According to my encyclopedia, garlic was grown in England before 1548. Actually, it was grown before that. In the Doomsday Book there were recorded several people with the surname of Garlickmonger, and this name, in a shortened form, has persisted. My husband's grandmother was born Lecy Ann Sophia Garlick on Padre Island, Texas. She probably never ate garlic in her life, although she undoubtedly smelled it. It

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2. What A Man
3. Up And At 'Em
4. Hallelujah!
5. When Erastus Plays His Old Kazoo
6. Blue River

Side 2

1. Clementine (from New Orleans)
2. 'Cause I Fell Low Down
3. Everything is Hotsy-Totsy Now
4. Glad Rag Doll
5. Song Of The Blues
6. Broken Idol

OH DADDY! ETHEL WATERS - 1921-1924

BLP - 12022

Side 1

1. Oh Daddy!
2. Down Home Blues
3. One-Man Nan
4. There'll Be Some Changes Made
5. At The New Jump Steady Ball
6. Oh, Joe, Play That Trombone
7. Memphis Man

Side 2

1. Midnight Blues
2. That Da Da Strain
3. Georgie Blues
4. You Can't Do What My Last Man Did
5. Ethel Sings 'Em
6. Sweet Man
7. Craving Blues

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Vol. 2

BLP - 12023

Side 1

1. Blake's Worried Blues
2. Tampa Bound
3. Southern Rag
4. He's In The Jailhouse Now
5. Search Warrant Blues
6. Sweet Papa Low Down

Side 2

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2. Poker Woman Blues
3. Police Dog Blues

4. Diddle Wa Diddle
5. Depression Gone From Me Blues
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6. Mississippi Sawyer
7. Sugar Babe

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2. Oh Mary Don't You Weep
3. Whatsit
4. Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy
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would have been to her the natural odor of Mexicans, and she may or may not have reasoned that the odor had any connection with an article of their diet.

Garlic must have been a popular condiment in 1056 if people made a livelihood of selling it alone, (unless they, by nature of their employment, were singled out for a sort of pariah existence? This is an interesting speculation, but unlikely). Perhaps they sold an assortment of garden stuff but became known as garlickmongers when garlic was first introduced, and was news.

By Shakespeare's time the interesting little bulb had fallen into disfavor. It was extremely lower-class. "He would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic," the Bard has a character say in Measure for Measure.¹ The references in Spanish literature at this time were exactly of this type. Don Quixote has been told on one occasion that a peasant woman on a donkey is Dulcinea, but he becomes dubious when he hears her because he detects garlic on her breath. He also taunts Sancho as "Don Clown, gorged with garlic." These were fighting words. When Sancho is made governor of an island, Don Quixote advises him not to eat garlic or onions, "lest the stench of your breath betray your humble birth."²

In the next three centuries, I personally think, garlic in England almost disappeared. My authority for this is an old cook book, The Cook's Oracle, published in 1823 in Boston as a reprint from an older book published in London. Garlic is mentioned three times in this book, twice with reference to foreign cooking. One recipe is called, "The Spaniard's Garlick Gravy." There is a note following it: "Observation: This, it is said, was the secret of the Old Spaniard, who kept the House called by that name on Hampstead Heath. Those who love Garlick will find it an extremely rich relish."³ It was, indeed, four cloves of garlic to two pounds of meat. The second is a recipe for boiled ham and begins, "These Experiments have arisen from my aversion to Cold Meat, and my preference of what are termed French Dishes."⁴ This treatment calls for one clove of garlic to seven pounds of ham, so perhaps the French then were more moderate than the Spaniards with their condiments. The third recipe is apparently purely English, and much milder yet. Chop two ounces of garlic into a quart of vinegar. Then the cook must be careful to use only a few drops of the vinegar to a pint of gravy. The inference, in the first two examples at least, is of something new creeping into the English diet.

English and American diet for another hundred years was rich and delicious but rather monotonous; not nearly as monotonous as is sometimes thought: since the publication of the White House Cook Book in 1875 we have lost such delicacies as tapioca soup, stewed terrapin with cream, stewed frogs, snow birds stuffed with oysters, veal cheese, walnut catsup, blueberry pickles, spiced grapes, fried cucumbers, oyster omelet, vinegar biscuits, potato crust for meat pies, orange float, transparent pudding, grilled almonds, mead, koumiss and spruce beer. Meals depended heavily on large cuts of meat, mashed potatoes and gravy, and unlimited desserts, made with lavish use of butter, milk and cream. If friends were going to drop by in the afternoon, it was better to make two different kinds of cake than just one. Pies, puddings and cookies were always around but the test of a good cook was her cake.

It was the Germans who first introduced the use of the sour taste, and the possibility of serving cold dishes -- potato salad, for example. Then, later, in the

¹Act 3, Scene 2.

²Cervantes, Don Quijote, Trans. by Walter Starkie, New York: Signet Books, Macmillan, 1957, pp. 595, 784, 828.

³The Cook's Oracle, Boston: Munroe & Francis, 1823, p. 255.

⁴Ibid., p. 280.

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A TRIBUTE TO SKIP JAMES, VOLUME ONE

BLUES SERIES BLP - 12016
First time on LP 37 Minutes

Side 1

1. Worried Blues - tk. 1
2. Special Rider Blues - tk. 1
3. Drunken Spree - tk. 1
4. I Don't Want a Woman to Sit Up All Night Long - tk. 1

Side 2

1. Cypress Grove Blues
2. Catfish - tk. 1
3. Motherless and Fatherless - tk. 1
4. Illinois Blues - tk. 2
5. All Night Long - tk. 3

WHEN I LAY MY BURDEN DOWN

Fred McDowell & Furry Lewis

BLUES SERIES BLP - 12017
First time on LP

Side 1

1. If You See My Baby
2. John Henry
3. Louise
4. 61 Highway
5. Big Fat Mama
6. When I Lay My Burden Down
7. Dankin' Farm

Side 2

1. Casey Jones (Ramblin' Mind)
2. Harry Furry Blues
3. Every Day in the Week
4. Grieve My Mind
5. Beale Street Blues
6. When I Lay My Burden Down

NEW FOLK AND GOSPEL SINGER: IT'S THE CLEAR WATER Tom Winslow

BLUES SERIES BLP - 12018

Side 2

1. Hey Look Yonder
(It's the Clearwater; Winslow)
2. When I Get to Glory I'm Gonna Sing, Sing, Sing
3. Let Us Sing Together
4. The Preacher and the Slave
(Sweet Bye and Bye)
5. Fayette County (Sis Cunningham)
6. Hide Me in the Bosom

Side 2

1. My Dirty Stream (Seeger) BMI
2. If You Love Your Uncle Sam
Bring Them Home (Seeger) BMI
3. God's Gonna Cut You Down
4. My God is Real
5. Death Comes Creeping
6. There's a Bright Side Somewhere
7. One, Two, Three

BUDDY MOSS -- REDISCOVERY

BLUES SERIES BLP - 12019
37 Minutes

Side 1

1. I'm Sitting On Top Of The World
2. Kansas City
3. It Was In The Weary Hour Night
4. Chesterfield
5. I've Got To Keep To The Highway
6. Come On Around To My House
7. Step It Up And Go

Side 2

1. Everyday Seems Like Sunday
2. I God A Woman, Don't Do Me No Good
3. Betty And Dupree
4. Every Day, Every Day

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Side 1

1. Charleston
2. Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue
3. Crazy Words, Crazy Tune
4. Collegiate
5. Miss Annabelle Lee
6. Clap Hands Here Comes Charlie

Side 2

1. Manhattan
2. When the Moon Shines in Coral Gables
3. Stockholm Stomp
4. State And Madison
5. Keep Smiling At Trouble
6. Sweet Man

NEW RELEASES

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Southwest, people began to develop a strange liking for the burning, impossible, outlandish Mexican dishes. French cookery hit the middle-class home in the East early, but not until around World War II did it come to the West and South. Then, suddenly, there was a whole class of young people, not teen-agers but young marrieds, who were eating and talking the same way, and trying to project the same image. They took enormous care with their salads, mixed their own dressing instead of buying it, and always added a tiny bit of garlic. Red wine, a small, cheap red wine, was the thing, and French bread, and the ultimate sophistication, we thought: cheese for dessert. If people ate this kind of food, and had modern blonde furniture, you could be sure of their politics, and even know what records they would play and what books they would read.

Spain is still behind. (Or ahead? Who knows? Was the Old Spaniard of Hampstead Heath a medieval anachronism or avant-garde?) The last item to have been introduced into the Spanish diet seems to have been ice cream. The uninspired ice cream of our childhood. And garlic and onions are a thing of the past, to be regarded with horror, no doubt, as we regard the tobacco-chewing of a century ago. How could they?!!

It has been suggested to me that while I never saw these vegetables in the restaurants of Spain, they may still be eaten by the Spanish peasants. However, I doubt this. We often picked up hitchhikers, who were usually peasants. Of course, male peasants. They invariably sat on the edge of the back seat, leaning forward past me to speak to my husband at the wheel, and I always noticed the sour smell of wine on their breath, but never garlic. As a matter of fact, they eat few vegetables at all except beans. Bread, olive oil, fish stew, wine and a little fresh fruit are their staples. How to account for their beautiful white even teeth? No calcium tablets, no cod liver oil drops, no vitamin pills, and: no steel braces.

In Madrid today fish is sold from trays of ice, but the butcher shops, which do not handle fish, have no more refrigeration than did the castles of the dark ages. The theory so often plugged by historians, of a connection between lack of preservation and refrigeration, and the taste for spices, is out, as far as I am concerned. Why do people want things? Who can tell?

The strangest thing in the history of garlic, which today is so closely identified with Mexican food, is that it is not native to Mexico; it was introduced by Europeans. As primitive people are very reluctant to make changes in their diet patterns, it seems strange that they adopted this food so enthusiastically.

Perhaps they were familiar with some similar form of the lily family, for they did develop a great fondness for this vegetable, and for onions. These were introduced by the Spaniards to the West Indies and spread to Mexico in time for Cortes to eat them there.

The Indians of Peru and the United States took them up at once and liked them better than any other plants imported by the white man. Schoolteachers in Texas are still working to get Mexican children to eat carrots and drink milk. The native Mexicans did have a great variety of extremely hot peppers, which they have never abandoned.

In Mexico garlic is boiled and the water drunk to cure colds. One American woman I knew, in Texas, swore by this and made her children drink it. This was before the use of antihistamines, and apparently it worked. No one else that I knew went this far but there was a theory that eating Mexican food was good for a cold. People could be seen treading their way into Mexican restaurants, sneezing heavily. It would be interesting to know if garlic was used this way in Europe. If so, it could prove the intensity of the desire to be genteel, if men would rather have head colds than employ this cheap home remedy.

There is also a theory that a hot climate can be endured more easily if you eat hotly spiced food and avoid iced drinks. The opposite theory also exists. If the first is true, and it may be -- hot food stimulates perspiration, which is cooling -- it would explain why Mexicans eat hot, angry, garlicky foods but not why Cubans do not. The mind of man is very complex, and those who hold the deterministic view of history find little agreement with real facts.

The Early Recording Career of Ernest V. "Pop" Stoneman: A Bio-Discography. JEMF Special Series, No. 1. Los Angeles: The John Edwards Memorial Foundation, Inc. at the Folklore & Mythology Center, University of California, 1968. Foreword by Norman Cohen, Eugene W. Earle and Hraham Wickham. 20 pp. Illustrations. Paperbound, \$1.00 (60¢ to Friends of the JEMF)

This publication, the first of the special reprints published by the John Edwards Memorial Foundation, will acquaint the reader with Ernest V. Stoneman, pioneer recording artist and long-time resident of the Washington area. Stoneman was a native of Grayson County, Virginia, an area quite important in the era of early country music recordings and famous for its annual fiddlers' convention held at Galax. The subject himself was initially responsible for attracting many of the early country artists of this vicinity into the recording field. Stoneman's musical inclinations carried him to many recording studios and, during his early career, he and his groups recorded approximately 250 sides for numerous companies.

The booklet is divided into two sections: (1) a short biography of Stoneman, chronologically highlighting his recording years, and (2) a discography of his recordings from 1924 to 1934.

The biography was prepared from a tape interview with Stoneman made by Eugene Earle in 1964. It provides the reader with many interesting anecdotes pertaining to Stoneman's recording career. Unfortunately, this interview appears to be the only source document used in preparing the biography, making it more autobiographical than biographical. If interviews of Stoneman's many associates had been used in conjunction with this biography, a more complete and objective story could have been provided. As an example, Stoneman is quoted (p. 5) as stating that Kahle Brewer during the February 1927 recording session with Gennett was quite uncooperative and would not sit in on the session. A look at the discography reveals that the pieces recorded on February 10, 1927, at the Gennett studio did contain a violin. In fact, two of the pieces recorded were fiddle tunes. Aural evidence supports the fact that Brewer is playing these tunes (Kahle Brewer specialist Richard Nevins identifies these pieces as by Brewer). An interview with Kahle Brewer would have very likely cleared up this inconsistency.

The discography, like the biography, is arranged chronologically and is complete with the exception of some unissued items recorded for Okeh. Dates and places of recording are furnished for each session, and personnel, when known, are given for the recording session. Composer credits are given when they are shown on the label of the disc. Conspicuously absent are the instrumentation credits for each session, the majority of which could have been ascertained from the label credits or aural listening when they were missing from the matrix lists that were available. The discography provides the following information for each item: matrix and take number, title of song, name of group, labels and release numbers. When pseudonyms are used on a label they are shown after the label credit.

Guthrie T. Meade, Jr.
National Archives

ALSO RECEIVED:

Man and Temple in Ancient Jewish Myth and Ritual. By Raphael Patai. Second Enlarged Edition with a New Introduction and Postscript. New York: KTAV Publishing House, Inc., 1968. First published 1947. xiv, 247 pp. \$5.95.

The Hebrew Goddess. By Raphael Patai. New York: KTAV Publishing House, Inc., 1968. 349 pp., Bibliography, Photographs. \$8.95.

A Comprehensive Approach to Bluegrass and Folk Style 5-String Banjo. By Reuben Meadows. Seffner, Fla.: The Bluegrass Bookshelf, 1966. 27, 13 pp. Tablatures. Paperbound, \$3.98. Last available address: 726 S. W. 14th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33135.

Foods, ideas, dances, songs, whole languages, may remain submerged for centuries, even millennia, and then reemerge, strong and healthy. The present trend seems to be to take our fashions from beneath: from the lower classes; not from above. In accordance with this trend, perhaps our grandchildren will someday serve at dinner, as the very latest and most prestigious things, hot dogs with mustard, cole slaw, hot buttered popcorn and popsicles.

FOLK BELIEFS IN A MODERN SPANISH-AMERICAN NOVEL

by Mary K. Patterson

First published in 1940, The Invention of Morel (translated by Ruth L. C. Simms and reissued in English in Austin in 1964), by Adolfo Bioy Casares of Uruguay, deals with a compound camera which reproduces not only the visual image but also all other aspects of a subject.

This extraordinary contrivance is discovered on a small island by a political fugitive from Caracas. He has been told that the island is a no-man's-land, but on it he finds three buildings:

1. a museum with a collection of books in one room and in the cellar a projection room
2. a chapel
3. a swimming pool.

The island is subject to unusually high tides and extremes of heat and cold. It produces abundant tropical vegetation and insects.

The fugitive soon realizes that he is not alone on the island. He encounters a young woman, Faustine, who completely ignores him and by so doing makes him fall madly in love with her. He also meets others. Of these he is at first suspicious, fearing that they have been sent by the police to spy on him. But when he accidentally comes face to face with them, they fail to recognize his presence.

Suddenly, he realizes that they do not see him because they are mere projections into space. The original persons were brought to the island by a scientist, Dr. Morel, and filmed during a week of pleasure, so that their every movement during this week, projected from the machine, might be repeated through eternity. Dr. Morel did not know, however, that after the pictures were taken the bodies of his friends would die because their souls would escape into the images. In order to join his love, the fugitive allows himself to be photographed by Morel's invention, which continues to function after Morel's departure.

Jorge Luis Borges praises his friend Adolfo Bioy Casares for this fantastic tale. To Borges, the story is highly original. Artistically, it is, but the idea of creating life on film is not, and the suggestion that entire personalities can be captured by a camera is rooted in some of the most primitive of folk beliefs. Paramount among these is formism, the belief that invisible containers envelop visible objects and give them shape.¹

To the formist, all visible things and creatures have invisible molds or forms holding them together. Many believe that these molds, which they identify with images, are the seat of life itself. Dr. Morel, in Casares' novel, is one of these.

¹Frank Goodwyn, "Water and Sand, the Anatomy of a Folk Belief," Supplement of the Newsletter of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, Vol. V, No. 6 (February 1969), pp. 1-4.

Traditional American Crafts. By Betsy B. Creekmore. New York: Hearthside Press, Inc., 1968. 191 pp. Index, Selected Bibliography, Illustrations, Photographs, Plates. \$10.00.

A large number of craft books are on the market today, the effect (and possibly also the cause, to some extent) of widespread contemporary interest in handmade products. The majority of the available books can be classified as either history and description or step-by-step instructions on how to do it yourself. Most craft books also cover only one area, such as needlework or interior designs.

Traditional American Crafts is an ambitious blend of history and how-to. Miss Creekmore describes virtually all of the home-oriented crafts in this country, from the Mayflower through the nineteenth century. For good measure, she tells how to use modern equipment and supplies in place of unavailable or antique materials.

I found the presentation interesting to read and particularly well illustrated. Dozens of obscure crafts such as painting on velvet, filigree quillwork and potichomania (a form of decoupage) were included, as well as the more familiar techniques of quilting, toleware painting, crewelwork, etc.

The work does present one big disappointment, a rather serious one, I felt. The jacket promises the purchaser instructions on an impressive list of unusual crafts. I believe the main appeal of the publisher is to the craftsman, rather than to the Early American History buff. Unfortunately the actual contents are quite skimpy on construction details. Most of the paragraphs of instruction are of use only for a reader to better visualize the general technique, or to stimulate the occasional craftsman who requires only the basic idea. The lone area to be covered in depth is the preservation of flowers, possibly the author's favorite, but scarcely one worthy of so heavy an emphasis in a book of this scope.

In summary, Traditional American Crafts is a lovely book that a variety of readers could appreciate for general information, but not as a reference on complete craft techniques.

Ann Mitchell
Glen Echo, Md.

America's Folk Art. Treasures of American Folk Arts and Crafts in Distinguished Museums and Collections. General Editor, Robert L. Polley. Introduction by James A. H. Conrad. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, in association with Country Beautiful Foundation, Inc., Waukesha, Wisconsin, 1968. 192 pp. List of Museums and Collections, Illustrations, Photographs. \$12.95.

In our oftentimes over-mechanical existence many are turning to the old crafts and folk arts for an added dimension of simplicity in the things we surround ourselves with. If we can create some of these things ourselves, so much the better, but if not, we can collect, or simpler yet, read about and look at them.

In America's Folk Art, we can get a good look at some of these beautiful, simple things of our recent past. In some 250 photographs we can see things that were created to be pleasant to look at as well as useful in everyday life.

The book includes chapters on Needlework, Woodworking, Toys, Furniture, Cast Iron Pieces and Folk Painting, to name a few. The text is concise and reads easily. The reproductions are clear and of good size and format. This book would be helpful to those interested in arts and crafts, those interested in collecting or history, or just fireside-lovers of simple things. (I use the term "simple" only to contrast it with today's mechanization; I would hate to have to figure out how some of these "simple things" were done.) Many of the pieces illustrated can be seen at not too distant museums, the closest being the Smithsonian Institution. For those interested in learning even more, the book contains an appendix listing where the arts and crafts can be seen (places, months, days, times, etc.).

Virginia Dildine
Accokeek, Md.

He says to his friends on the island:

With my machine a person or an animal or a thing is like the station that broadcasts the concert you hear on the radio. If you turn the dial for the olfactory waves, you will smell the jasmine perfume on Madeleine's throat, without seeing her. By turning the dial of the tactile waves, you will be able to stroke her soft, invisible hair and learn, like the blind, to know things by your hands. But if you turn all the dials at once, Madeleine will be reproduced completely, and she will appear exactly as she is; you must not forget that I am speaking of images extracted from mirrors, with the sounds, tactile sensations, flavors, odors, temperatures, all synchronized perfectly. An observer will not realize that they are images. And if our images were to appear now, you yourselves would not believe me. Instead, you would find it easier to think that I had engaged a group of actors, improbable doubles for each of you! (pp. 61-62)

Morel mentions twice in the preceding quote that his machine does much the same as a mirror. He is falling into formism when he asserts that the images can be extracted from the mirrors. The image is not the person or object but a mere reflection and therefore cannot be extracted as if it were made of real substance.

Another important folk belief in the novel is spiritism. When the film is projected into space, the soul itself is thought to be reproduced in the projection: "When all the senses are synchronized, the soul emerges. That was to be expected. When Madeleine existed for the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch, Madeleine herself was actually there." (p. 63)

Of course, the images are immortal only as long as the projector functions. The fugitive, following a kindred assumption, decides, however, to immortalize them independently of the projector, by describing them in his diary: the novel.

Another folk belief in the novel is the mechanistic philosophy of the universe. One result of mechanicism is the idea of eternal recurrence. If the universe is mechanical, it will eventually complete all its possible combinations and must go through them again. This is the kind of eternal life to which the fugitive aspires. In observing the figures on the island, he remarks:

A rotating eternity may seem atrocious to an observer, but it is quite acceptable to those who dwell there. Free from bad news and disease, they live forever as if each thing were happening for the first time; they have no memory of anything that happened before. (p. 75)

As soon as the fugitive allows himself to be photographed by the incredible camera, he begins to disintegrate because his soul is being transposed into the image. In his final paragraphs he expresses all four of the beliefs that pervade the novel: formism, mechanicism, fluidism and spiritism:

My soul has not yet passed to the image; if it had, I would have died. I (perhaps) would no longer see Faustine, and would be with her in a vision that no one can ever destroy.

To the person who reads this diary and then invents a machine that can assemble disjoined presences, I make this request: Find Faustine and me; let me enter the heaven of her consciousness. It will be an act of piety. (p. 89)

The fugitive is thinking formistically and spiritistically when he implies that the image and the soul are identical. The soul is thought of as the molding form, holding the human body together. When it leaves the body, the body disintegrates and dies. Mechanicism is evident again in the fugitive's desire for another machine that can "assemble disjoined presences." Fluidism facilitates the idea of a person's soul flowing like a fluid from his body into a photograph. Spiritism gives hope that the fugitive can join Faustine in "the heaven of her consciousness."

Old-Time Mountain Banjo. By Art Rosenbaum. An Instruction Method for Playing the Old-Time Five-String Mountain Banjo Based on the Styles of Traditional Banjo-Players. New York: Oak Publication, 1968. 88 pp. Illustrations by Art Rosenbaum. Discography, Music, Tablature. Paperbound, \$2.95.

Don't be frightened off by the forbidding photograph on the cover, as this is a fine introductory book which should ease your way into the mysteries of various traditional banjo styles. Art Rosenbaum is uncommonly good at playing this music himself, and in this book he has communicated much of what he knows in a clear and pleasantly informal way.

Over thirty tunes, as played by performers ranging from Wade Ward to Snuffy Jenkins, are set down in a tablature which is not too hard to follow, especially if the reader takes Rosenbaum's frequently repeated advice to listen to good traditional performances first. As he points out, this music is normally learned by ear and example, not with the aid of written music. To this end, he has appended an excellent discography which should be taken seriously by anyone who attempts to use this method. Even if you don't succeed in learning to play the banjo as well as Art Rosenbaum, you'll have the pleasure of listening to a lot of well chosen old time music while making the attempt.

Scott Odell
Smithsonian Institution

The Hammered Dulcimer. [By] H[oward W.] Mitchell. 2nd Edition. [Glen Echo, Md.], July 1969. ii, 41 pp. Illustrations, Music. Paperbound, \$1.25. Available from the author, 6027 Ridge Drive, Washington, D. C. 20016.

Howie Mitchell's booklet on the hammered dulcimer is less a cookbook for potential instrument makers than an autobiographical journey through Howie's own interest in the instrument and some of the people who play it. However, for those primarily interested in duplicating Howie's efforts, there is sufficient description of several different ways of building hammered dulcimers to permit one to do so. The potential dulcimer builder will need energy, tools, some basic knowledge of the scale, and such terms as "hitch-pin" and "tuning-pin blocks." Howie mentions different woods, thicknesses, etc. so that one can use the booklet as a "how to do it" source.

Those worried about their ability to make a good-sounding instrument can take solace in Howie's feeling that practice doesn't necessarily improve the end product; it just results in a different shape or sound. Apparently it's impossible to make a hammered dulcimer without some redeeming musical feature, unless, of course, it collapses.

For me the most enjoyable aspects of the booklet are Howie's way of developing original ideas through music and musical instruments. For example, he comes up with a way of transcribing hammered dulcimer music, a way to use the hammered dulcimer as its own carrying case, and — I ask you, where else will you find out how to determine how high a pitch any string can be tuned to before it will break? For those who, like myself, don't make our own instruments, the booklet is worth reading if only with the hope that some of Howie's ingenuity will rub off.

In sum, The Hammered Dulcimer is personal enough to get a feeling for Howie as a creative musician and specific enough to help instrument builders try their hands at building this exciting instrument. It's a delightful follow-up to his Folk Legacy booklet and record on the Appalachian dulcimer, and perhaps we can look forward to a similar combination in a third edition of this work.

Ed Trickett
Yale University

GLEANINGS FROM HERE AND THERE

Collected and recollected by the editor

I was recently in Baltimore, giving my lecture on FOLK BALLADRY AND FOLKLORISTIC VERSE to the Lancers Boys Club, and they taught me a parody:

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of old Smoky
All covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table
And dropped on the floor
And the next time I saw it
It had rolled out the door.
It rolled through the garden
And under a bush
And the last time I saw it
It had turned into mush.

More folk similes have been contributed by Helen Jordan, Helen Avery, Maxine Hart, Evelyn Dobbins and Elizabeth Goodwyn:

black as pitch
as the inside of your hat

blue as the sky

bright as a button

crazy as a cricket
as a daisy

dark as pitch

drunk as a lord

dull as dishwater

fast as a bat out of hell

fit as a fiddle

free as the wind

full as a tick

good as gold

hungry as a bear

loose as a goose

mild as milk

old as Christmas

pink as a baby's bottom

quick as a bunny
as a fox

quiet as a grave

red as blood

sharp as a tack

sick as a horse

slippery as an eel

soft as a baby's bottom
as silk

sound as a dollar
as a roach

straight as a pin

sweet as honey

tight as a drum
as a tick

The Adventures of John Bear Concluded

The first two issues of this journal featured installments of one of many long tales of enchantment which I heard as a boy among the Spanish-speaking cowboys of south Texas. The story began with John Bear, a boy born of a union between a human woman and a bear, starting out to carve out his fortune with a five-hundred-pound sword and a bit of coin. He overcame and enslaved three giants, named Fourteen, Fifteen and Sixteen, and they accompanied him on his travels.

They were molested in their camp by a dwarf who came out of the woods and upset their food and put out their fire. John tried to kill this mysterious little pest but succeeded only in cutting off his ear.

4. "White Pioneers and Black," Musical Quarterly, Vol. 18, January 1932, pp. 60-75, a slight discussion of white and black folk music in America.

In summary, one can only thank Niles for his work and ignore the racist comments. After all, some of the best work is done for the wrong reasons.

Chuck Perdue
Woodville, Va. and
University of Pennsylvania

Talking Drums of Africa. By J. F. Carrington. New York: Negro Universities Press, 1969. Originally published 1949. 96 pp. Bibliography, Index, Signs and Symbols, Graphs, Illustrations, Map, Music, Photographs. \$7.00.

One of Carrington's greatest merits is that he dealt with a topic rarely discussed at the time he wrote his book: the meaning and techniques of African drumming. However, J. H. Nketia's far superior, more interesting, scholarly and in-depth study of Drumming in Akan Communities of Ghana (1963) has appeared since then.

Talking Drums of Africa really deals with the "talking drums" (the slit drums and the skin drums) of the Lokele people in the Stanleyville area of the then Belgian Congo, now Congo-Kinshasa. At the end of his book, he also discusses other interesting means of signaling among the Lokele, such as "shouting-at-a-distance," whistles and horns, and the Arab-imported (probably from Madagascar) sese or luth, all of which use tonal differentiations correlated with those used in the spoken language to project their messages. Attempts at comparing the Lokele with a few other regions in Africa and, for some incomprehensible reason, the South Sea Islands, are fleetingly made, thus, perhaps justifying the generalized title, while hardly evincing a scholarly comparative method.

Though Carrington's approach cannot be compared to Nketia's sociological analysis of drumming among the Akan, the former nevertheless touches on the social and religious functions of drumming among the Lokele and brings out reasons causing social change and consequently affecting the significance of drumming in village and town alike.

Padding appears in this already slim book. For instance, one fails to understand the necessity for the sketchy introduction to the classification of African languages as a means of understanding "the key to the 'secret' of the drum language" (p. 11). It is only at the end of the chapter that Carrington deals with the essential concept of tones in African languages and their relationship to drumming tones. Yet this is presented after making a lengthy and incorrect comparison between tones in African languages and stress in English words and syllables, the latter affecting the emotional meaning, contrary to affecting the entire contextual meaning in African languages.

One cannot deny Carrington's attempts toward objectivity and his obvious appreciation of this fast disappearing African art. However, his missionary and colonial background inescapably colors his approach, and his examples and discussions are frequently tinged with proselytizing and in a few cases with the cocky feeling of superiority typical of colonial rulers (pp. 30, 50, 56, 68, 70, 81, etc.). It is therefore slightly ironic to read his concluding remarks expressing concern for "the art of Africa in its various forms, many of which seem to be disappearing as white influence increases its scope and power in the country." (p. 85).

Due to the growing interest in all that is Africa, and due to the scarcity of material available, the reprinting of Carrington's book is useful and interesting if one keeps in mind the qualifications mentioned above.

Mona Fikry
Howard University

The dwarf yelped and disappeared into the woods while his severed ear dropped to the earth near the campfire. John picked up the ear and put it in his pocket.

The drops of blood from the dwarf's wounded head led John and his companions to a huge, deep hole in the ground. First the three gigantic slaves were sent down, one at a time, hanging on a long rope, into the hole to explore, but they all got scared and returned to the surface of the earth. Finally, leaving the three giants with the upper end of the rope to pull him out, John went down and explored the vast cavities leading horizontally from the bottom of the hole.

He found three beautiful girls down there, kept prisoners by vicious beasts. After killing the beasts, he had the giants pull the girls with the rope out of the hole. He then tied a cage, which had held the youngest girl, to the end of the rope.

The giants began pulling up this cage, thinking they were pulling up their master John. When they had it about halfway to the top, they deliberately let go the rope, pretending that it was accidental and thinking that they had thus dropped their master to his death.

Although he had foiled their treacherous intentions, John then found himself alone in the bottom of the hole with no visible way out.

As the little patch of sky high above him turned from light blue to dark blue, then to black, he grew hungry. As night came on, the darkness of the dungeon turned to a more solid black than ever before he had beheld. He could not see his hand before his face. There was no chance of his finding any food down there, especially in this utter darkness. And he had no food with him. He dared not move, for fear of bumping into something that had better not be bumped into.

Gnawed by hunger as he was, his hand felt around in his pocket and encountered the ear that he had sliced from the head of the dwarf. It did not strike him as very appetizing, but since there was nothing else to eat and his hunger was becoming practically unbearable, he took it out and bit into it.

"Ouch!" came a cry out of the darkness. "Stop doing that! It hurts! Stop biting my ear like that!"

Suddenly, in a patch of clear light whose brightness almost blinded John, the dwarf appeared before him, declaring: "I am your slave, John Bear, as long as you have possession of my ear, for I will do anything you want to prevent your biting it. I can't stand the pain. What would you have me do for you?"

"Bring me food," said John. "I am terribly hungry."

In an opening and closing of the eyes, there stood a table in a patch of light before him, set with plates and cups of silver and laden with every delicious delicacy known to humankind: cakes, pastries, fruits of every genus and flavor, wines, meats, candies, breads, vegetables of all kinds -- everything.

When he had eaten his fill, John took the dwarf's ear from his pocket and bit into it gently.

"Ouch!" came the dwarf's voice again out of the darkness. "Stop doing that, I tell you. What service can I render you to keep those teeth out of my ear?"

"Transport me," said John, "to the top of the earth."

It was no sooner said than done. In an opening and closing of the eyes, John was again free in the fresh air on the surface of the earth.

For many miles over the world he roamed until the dawn of a new day revealed a man standing on a knoll blowing wind from his mouth. First he would blow a puff into the west, then he would turn and blow into the north, then into the east, then into the south, around and around. The power of his puffs was phenomenal. When he blew into the west, the western trees bent away from him under the weight of his breath. When he blew into the north, where there were fewer trees and more open prairies, the tall prairie grass rolled in billowy waves before the wind he created. When he blew into the east, where the earth rolled with highlands and lowlands, whole hills were lowered by the force of his blasts, and creeks and gullies were filled with loose sand carried by the gales he had created. When he blew into the south, where there were neither trees nor prairies nor hills nor creeks nor gullies, much of the earth

black community and one black culture.

Thomas Rose
Federal City College

Singing Soldiers. /By/ John Jacob Niles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927. Re-issued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. New Introduction by Leslie Shepard. x, 171 pp. Illustrations, Music. \$6.00.

This book is a compilation of songs, anecdotes and character sketches which John Jacob Niles jotted down in his "musical diary" while he was an Army Air Force pilot in World War I, primarily during 1918 and 1919. In the front of the book is a list of 29 songs, two of which are from white soldiers and the remaining 27 from the Negro troops. There are six more songs which are not listed. Whether this is because Niles did not obtain their music or because they are not deemed important is not clear. Five of these are from Negroes.

Throughout the book are scattered occasional bits of data which may be of interest to folklorists: a proverb here and there, a folk belief, a bit of insight into Negro life and thought, and examples of "folk dialect" — Did you ever wonder why Negro speech is so often printed in some semblance of dialect while white speech is not? Do Brooklynites speak the same dialect as South Carolinians?

I find myself in the somewhat ambivalent position of wanting to praise Niles for gathering and publishing hard-to-get data and, at the same time, damn him for his motivations and racist attitudes. Keep in mind, gentle reader, that racists come in a variety of types and colors, from the racist plantation owner who could brutalize his slaves worse than his mules to the neo-racist of the Moynihan type who considers blacks to be deviant middle-class whites. Niles collects Negro music because he "is a southerner and, therefore, understands the Negro to a degree." There is a "naive originality found in nearly all of the artistic expressions of the colored race." In speaking of Dog Star, a Negro soldier, he says, "the blood of forgotten races of black savages surged in his veins.... He had reverted back to the tribesmen in the upper Nile Valley he fought as a savage."

Niles' book can be read usefully, perhaps, in the light of the treatment accorded to Negro soldiers during the War. The interested reader might look up Emmett J. Scott, The American Negro in the World War (Washington, 1919) and Arthur W. Little, From Harlem to the Rhine, The Story of New York's Colored Volunteers (New York, 1936). White Americans were so incensed at the egalitarian treatment of Negro soldiers by the French that pressure was exerted which resulted in the preparation by Monsieur Albert Sarraut of a confidential circular prescribing the "proper" treatment of blacks by the French. Negro officers should not be treated on the same footing with white officers; meals should not be taken in common; hand shaking and/or other social contacts should be avoided when off duty; familiarity between black men and white women should be discouraged; etc. Many Negroes found their war service consisted of wielding picks and shovels, driving mules, chauffeuring white officers, and acting as stevedores. These facts are substantiated by Niles' work.

Niles has written several articles dealing with black music:

1. "Singing Soldiers," Scribner's Magazine, Vol. 80, December 1926, pp. 662-670. Material in this article is included in the book under consideration here.
2. "More Singing Soldiers," Scribner's Magazine, Vol 81, January 1927, pp. 90-95, also included in Niles' book.
3. "Shout, Coon, Shout," Musical Quarterly, Vol. 16, October 1930, pp. 516-530. This strange little article discusses the vocal technique of "coon-shouting" — voice-breaks, slides, and high, rasping wails. Niles says that coon-shouting is the same all over the world, no matter what material the shouter employs. He says, "I shall never forget the first time I heard a Chinaman coon-shouting his way through an ancient Oriental classic." For a more intelligible discussion of the distribution of certain singing styles, see Alan Lomax, Folk Song Style and Culture, Washington, D. C.: AAAS, Pub. No. 88, 1968.

was aroused to darken the sun, and the sky was filled with whirlwinds.

For a while, John watched in wonder, then he asked, "What are you doing there, friend?"

"I?" asked the man between a couple of puffs into the south and west. "Oh, I am just providing a few hours of prosperity to all the land around."

"Do you mean to tell me, friend of mine, that you provide prosperity by blowing from your mouth?"

"Certainly," replied this marvelous man.

"But how?"

"The wind from my mouth causes windmills to turn far away in the west and the north and the east and the south. Their turning grinds corn and wheat and lifts water into cisterns for livestock and people to drink." The man gave a few more puffs, with cautious pauses between them, then proceeded with his explanations: "I must always strive to control myself, because if I blow too hard, my winds will push down all the people's houses and uproot all the crops from their fields and otherwise destroy their cities and towns and farms and carry their haystacks into the sky. But if I blow gently, they regard it a great favor and reward me generously."

"Well," responded John, full of admiration. "Who are you?"

"I," said the man on the knoll, "am Soplín Soplón, son of a mighty blower, and if my father was good, I am a little better."

"How much would you charge to come and roam the world with me?"

"Oh, fifty cents a month and food."

"Good. You are hired."

So the two went away to roam the world together.

One day they came upon a man lying across the road with his ear to the ground. They started to address him, but he signaled them to silence. After much suspense, he rose and explained:

"I was listening to a chess game between an old man and his grandson fifty miles to the southwest. The grandson won."

John repeated, to make sure that he had heard aright: "You were listening to a chess game?"

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Easily. I can identify the pieces by their weight, and I ascertain their weight by the pressure with which they rub against the board when moved. The bishops are heavier than the pawns, but the knights are heavier than the bishops and the rooks are heavier than the knights. The king is heavier than any of them, but the queen is even heavier than he."

"How do you know the colors of the different pieces?"

"By the way they are handled. I knew the old man had the white pieces because he moved first, and these always traveled with a feeble, trembling motion, full of uncertainties. The grandson moved with more vigor, smoothness and assurance. But the old man, with all his age and indecision, was shrewd at times. It was a thrilling game. I am happy to have heard it."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Oyín Oyón, son of a mighty hearer, and if my father was good, I am a little better."

"How much would you charge to come and roam the world with me and my friend here?"

"Oh, fifty cents a month and food."

"Good. You are hired."

So the three went away to roam the world together.

One morning they awoke and saw to their amazement a great mountain towering in the east, blotting out the sunrise. Their amazement came from their memory of the previous day, when all had been low hills and rolling plains in that direction. Now this mountain had appeared overnight, and looking more carefully, the three friends noted

Echoes of African Folk Songs of the Americas. Second Revised Edition. By Beatrice Landeck. Instrumental Arrangements by Milton Kaye. English Version of Foreign Lyrics by Margaret Marks. Drawings by Alexander Dobkin. New York: David McKay Company, Inc., 1969. viii, 184 pp. Index, Partial Listing of Books Consulted, Records. \$6.95.

The study of Afro-American music history and development has provided a tremendous flood of reprints and new studies. Historians, music educators and other scholars have assembled information to reveal clearly that "black music" is indeed a unique cultural hybrid: not merely a musical merger of European harmonies and African rhythms, but something greater, including other elements of major importance.

To provide the necessary data surrounding these findings, many writers have gone into infinite detail, describing the origin of the musical form and folklore of the Afro-American, while others only lifted the lid of this Pandora's box. Although the latter may appear weak in comparison to more extensive works, they can and do serve a meaningful purpose, especially if as short histories or songbooks they establish proper focus on the subject.

Echoes of Africa, by Beatrice Landeck, distinguished music educator and most recently on the faculty of Mills College of Education, is a significant songbook, for it surveys the folksongs of both Africa and the Americas. It is the second revised edition of Miss Landeck's material, in which she traces the influence of African music and its migration through the Americas -- South, Central and North.

The text of Echoes of Africa explains in simple comprehensive terms the principles and techniques of Afro-American song forms, with unique drawings by Alexander Dobkin. For example, one selection from Southern Rhodesia titled "Guess What I've Got!" illustrates a simple four-note pattern which is a riff in jazz terms.

The collection covers folksongs from Africa to the shores of the Caribbean, including Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela and Panama. It outlines the major ingredients of the resultant hybrid and shows them developing into the roots of jazz, the Negro spiritual and shout, the work song and the blues.

Any teacher or student initiating a study of the history of Afro-American music will find Echoes of Africa a valuable reference source.

Ernest F. Dyson
Federal City College

Positively Black. [By] Roger D. Abrahams. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970. xl, 177 pp. Bibliography, Notes on the Texts, Index. Clothbound, \$5.95; paperbound, \$2.95.

Abrahams is best when discussing preachers, deacons, women and young black men. It is the last group which convinced him that life for blacks is a series of power struggles within the black community, that if you don't violate or coerce someone else they will get you first, that exploitation among one's brothers and sisters is the rule rather than the exception. Of course, exploitation and manipulation are characteristically American.

His attacks on social science in general and Daniel Patrick Moynihan in particular are nonspecific and blunt. Just as Abrahams should understand that no one person can speak for the Negro, he must not be so naive as to think Moynihan speaks for social science. When Abrahams writes as a folklorist, when he introduces stories, lore and verse primarily collected from black men under thirty, he is fantastic, but when he brings social science to bear on these themes, the book drifts and bounces to and fro.

Abrahams wrote Positively Black to break down white stereotypes of Negro culture. This particular study grew out of his experiences living in a ghetto and more recently being disturbed by riots and violence. His purpose was "...to cast some light on the cultural experience and expressions of blacks in America, and ... point out some relationships between these cultural expressions and the riots." Emphasis is on analysis of expressive rather than institutional culture with a focus on how blacks see themselves and the larger white society. Although Abrahams writes that America is a "culturally heterogeneous country," he also tends to perpetrate the myth that there is one

that it was moving slowly toward them. When it came closer, they saw to their vast surprise that there was a man beneath it.

"Hello, friend," said John. "What are you doing underneath that mountain?"

"Oh," said the man, very casually, shrugging his shoulders so as to cause earthquakes over the mountain. "I rose early this morning to go out and hunt wood, and I came upon this little hill with these forests growing over it, so I decided that it would be easier and quicker to bring the whole hill home." As he spoke, he gestured freely and seemed as unconcerned as if he were carrying no load at all.

"Little hill!" exclaimed John. "How a little hill? To me that seems a huge mountain."

"To you and others, it may seem huge, but to me it is only a little hill. On my shoulders it sits lightly as a sack of feathers."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Carguín Cargón, son of a mighty carrier, and if my father was good, I am a little better."

"How much would you charge to come and roam the world with me and my two friends here?"

"Oh, fifty cents a month and food."

"Good. You are hired."

So the four went away to roam the world together.

Late one night, they came to a hill brilliantly illuminated with multitudes of fires, making a tremendous heat, brightening all the sky above and warming all the world around. Over every fire were several beebes roasting, skinned and spitted on great beams. A man was seated there, using a large tree branch for a fork, giving turns to the meat. Every now and then he would take a whole cow from one of the beams and eat her with one bite, giving her only a few chews and a swallow, gobbling down all except the bones, which he would spit out as a normal man spits out the seeds of a berry or grape.

John asked: "What are you doing there, friend?"

"Oh," said the man, "I am just fixing myself a little lunch here. Just a little repast."

"But man of God!" exclaimed John. "Do you plan to eat all this meat?"

"Of course," replied this mysterious man. "Just a little snack."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Comín Comión, son of a mighty eater, and if my father was good, I am a little better."

"How much would you charge to come and roam the world with me and my three friends here?"

"Oh, fifty cents a month and food."

"Good. You are hired."

So the five went away to roam the world together.

One morning Oyín Oyón, son of a mighty hearer, put his ear to the earth and told his four fellow travelers that preparations for a grand triple wedding were in progress at a royal city far away.

"Tomorrow," he said, "three gallant and gigantic men are going to marry three princesses whom they have disenchanted."

"Those men are gigantic but not gallant," said John. "They are my slaves, and they did not save those princesses from enchantment. They gained their reputations by treachery, and they must be exposed. We must go there at once. How far is it?"

"Two days' travel at least," replied Oyín Oyón, son of a mighty hearer.

"Lead us toward it," said John. "By walking fast, we may be able to get there before the marriage is pronounced."

But of this there was not much chance. All day and all night John and his four friends walked as fast as they could, yet dawn found them still many miles from their intended destination.

This squadron, leaping out from ambush, easily captured John and his men while they were walking without care, depending on Soplín Soplón to protect them. All were caught. The soldiers slipped out and grabbed Soplín Soplón from his rear while he was walking backwards, unable to hear anything because of the noise made by his wind. They gagged him so that he could no longer blow, tying a wide band of cloth over his mouth.

They stripped the ships of gold and silver from the back of Carguín Cargón. They also tied his hands behind him, and they did the same with John and all the others of John's troop, taking them back to the royal city as prisoners and throwing them into a dungeon cell.

In the dungeon, John was reminded of the dark gloom that had surrounded him in that deeper, darker pit of enchantment where he had found and rescued the king's daughters. He also remembered the dwarf's ear, which he still carried in his pocket. Without any more hesitation, he took it out and bit it gently.

"Owe!" came a voice out of the darkness, and the dwarf appeared in a little patch of light, saying: "What can I do, my master, to keep your teeth out of my ear?"

"Set me on the throne of this kingdom, and crown me king," said John. "And put the old king, who does not know how to keep promises, here in prison in my place."

It was no sooner said than done. In the time it takes to open and close the eyes, John was on the throne, dressed in royal robes, with the crown on his head and the scepter in his hand.

His first kingly deed was to marry the youngest princess. Next, he freed his four friends from jail and put them in charge of the army. He also released his three giant slaves and gave them the job of washing floors, where they could not commit treachery.

The two elder princesses fell in love with Soplín Soplón and Carguín Cargón and married them without delay, being much impressed by their unusual talents. Comín Comión married one of the cooks, and Oyín Oyón, because of his high position as intelligence expert, won a highly intelligent bride.

The old king was released from prison, with the understanding that he would not try to foment revolutions, and a close guard was kept on him to help him keep this particular promise. John ruled the land wisely and well for many years and left on the throne behind him a long line of stalwart sons, all of them strong, all of them brave, all of them wise.

BOOK REVIEWS

I Drove Mules on the C and O Canal. By Geo. W. "Hooper" Wolfe. Dover, Delaware: Woodwind Studio, 1969. xiii, 171 pp. Photographs. With a Supplement to the First Edition, 15 pp. \$7.50. Available from the author, P. O. Box 108, Williamsport, Md. 21795.)

An advance blurb for this book announces: "You imagine you hear the plodding mules, along with the weird night noises that were part of canal life. The book is historic, and tells of the drab existence of life on the C & O Canal.... The author has seemingly not colored them (stories) with his own personality; they are colorful enough as it is. An advance synopsis tells of "Russ and Joe Sandbower, who co-captained the boat their father left them because of his death — they had one or more fist fights daily...." And the book lives up to the promise — for it is history written not by the trained historian but by one of the many of us who are its least participants.

One would wish perhaps that the author's eye and ear had been more discriminating, for the text, which is very lean, frequently falls into gossip of local families and their travails. But the quality of the photographs, though somewhat uneven, would warrant the price of the book. There are scenes of breached boats and mule-towed barges on still waters.

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So John said to Soplín Soplón, son of a mighty blower, "Blow!"

Soplín Soplón placed himself in the middle of the road and began blowing toward the city. The consequent storm swept through the royal streets with such velocity and violence that the cooks, cooking the royal viands, could not hear one another's voices. The wind was so high that all the city's doors and windows had to be closed and locked against it, and those without locks had to be latched. Pandemonium ruled outside, where branches from broken trees went tumbling and bouncing down the streets, and leaves and bits of trash flew by like butterflies in hurrying swarms. Nobody could walk, much less put on a matrimonial parade, in such a hurricane. In view of this unforeseen emergency, the wedding was postponed by a royal decree.

John Bear and his companions approached slowly, with Soplín Soplón blowing all the while. As soon as they were within the city gates, the blowing was stopped and the people were permitted to resume their festivities. In the midst of the rejoicing, however, the youngest of the brides saw John.

"Look!" she whispered to her sisters, "There is the man who saved us in the dungeon! The very man who overcame our enchanted guardians."

"It can't be," said the eldest sister. "That man fell to his death at the bottom of the hole."

The second princess added, speaking to the youngest, "You are imagining things. He was dashed to the bits on the cavern floor."

"There he is, just the same," said the youngest princess. "He is the man who in truth deserves the reward for liberating us."

Overhearing them, the king ordered John Bear to come before him and give testimony.

John testified: "These three giants are my treacherous slaves. In saying that they saved these three girls from enchantment they lie. To prove it, ask them what kind of beasts they overcame to liberate the prisoners in the hole."

The three giants tried to guess but could not. Fourteen said a dragon, Fifteen said an ogre and Sixteen said a unicorn. The girls truthfully testified that this was wrong, and the true liberator was proclaimed.

Everybody rejoiced at this discovery except the three giants and the two elder princesses, who feared that they would be left without husbands.

"Then you," said the king to John, "should have your choice among my daughters. It is an offer that I issued many years ago, and the word of a king may never be retracted."

"I choose the youngest," said John without hesitation.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"John Bear."

"What a strange surname!" exclaimed the king.

"It is appropriate," said John, "because my father was a bear."

"A bear!" gasped the king. "Do you mean to tell me, young man, that you are half beast?"

"I am," said John. "From my father the bear I inherited great strength and valor. Otherwise, I would not have been able to vanquish the bull and the lion and the boar that held your daughters in their underground bondage."

The king protested, "I should have been warned of this before! I can't give my daughter to a man who is half beast. Perhaps you would rather have some other reward. I can give a great banquet for you and your companions, and you will be richly fed and venerated."

"I would rather have your youngest daughter, in pursuance of your promise," said John. "But you are king, and my men and I will be grateful for the banquet, provided you have your servants bring us all that we can eat."

"So let it be done," ordered the king.

With much pomp and splendor, therefore, a vast table was laid before John and his

companions, loaded with food of many fine varieties, but Comín Comión, son of a mighty eater, gulped it all down in a moment and called for more. More was brought, and he made it vanish in the twinkling of an eye. So voracious was his appetite that a long line of serving girls soon stood winding all the way down the principle streets of the city, passing victuals as fast as they could from hand to hand. Wagons, trucks and railroad trains, loaded beyond their proper capacity with farm produce and groceries, converged on the royal city, speeding in from all the far corners of the kingdom, striving in vain to keep the supply in step with Comín Comión's demands. Soon the table was discarded and food was simply heaped in the streets, but Comín Comión merely stood and opened his mouth and drew in his breath and all the streets were cleaned.

At last, when the land was all impoverished, Comín Comión said, "Don't trouble yourselves too much about me. With this little snack I am content for the moment," and he patted his stomach with satisfaction. Then he added: "I would like a little sip of water now, to finish it."

So they led him to a lake which was about ten thousand feet deep and as many long. He stooped down and swigged it up in a moment, leaving the hole empty.

"There," he said. "It was a nice little swallow."

A few logs got caught in his teeth, but he pulled them out and tossed them away, saying, "My, what trash this water has!"

Now the people of the kingdom, left with neither food to eat nor water to drink, came clamoring to the king, saying, "We must get rid of these men! They are consuming all our substance! It is a banditry!"

So the king called John Bear before him and said, "Please take your four companions and your three slaves and go away. And to show that I am grateful for the salvation of my daughters, I'll give you all the gold and silver that you can carry with you."

"Very well," said John. "Where is the gold and silver?"

The king led John and his men to a harbor, for the city was on a seacoast, and showed him a whole fleet of ships laden with gold and silver.

"Thank you," said John. "We will take them all. Goodby."

The king could not believe his eyes when he saw Carguín Cargón, son of a mighty carrier, wade out into the harbor and load all the gold and silver ships, one above the other, on his back.

Thus enriched and provisioned, John led his seven helpers out of the city, leaving it destitute of all things vital for life.

Again the people came complaining to the king, saying: "We have nothing left whereby to live. Call out the army and send it after those bandits to recover at least some of the gold and silver."

So the king ordered his guards to sound the military bugle, and an army of soldiers numbering hundreds of thousands marched up the road, to the music of drums and trumpets, after John and his seven helpers.

Oyín Oyón, son of a mighty hearer, put his ear to the ground and announced: "We are being followed."

So John commanded: "Soplín Soplón, son of a mighty blower, we have followers. Turn around and give them a little wind."

Soplín Soplón, son of a mighty blower, turned around and, walking backwards, let out a few puffs from his big lungs.

Back into the city the army was blown. Soldiers went rolling, sprawling and tumbling by the hundreds of thousands against the houses and into the trees. The destruction was lamentable to see.

But this king was a clever manager. Seeing how it was the wind from Soplín Soplón's mouth that overcame his forces, he sent a special secret squadron around in the woods to hide in the bushes and waylay John's troop.