

Folklore Society

of Greater Washington

II

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Linda Brennan, Ed.

First FSGW Event Devoted to "Home Folk"

A "Home Folk Concert" marks the first event of the FSGW season on Friday, September 24th, at Pierce Hall. The concert, which begins at 8:30 p.m., is one in a series of four proposed concerts featuring local talent to be presented by the Society during the year. The performers featured at this concert are:

• Don Leace, well known folk entertainer to Washington audiences, started his singing career in New York, where he was a member of the New York Folk Singers Guild. He has since toured throughout the country, and at present is a student at Howard University. Don, who has recorded for Franc Records, also has a forthcoming release on Gateway. He can be seen frequently at the Cellar Door in Georgetown.

• Hazel Dickens and Alice Foster, who have been playing semi-professionally now for about two years, are unique in that they are probably the only female duo playing bluegrass music. Hazel lives in Baltimore and has been playing bluegrass music for her own entertainment for about ten years. She alternates between the guitar and base. Alice, who has been living in Washington for a number of years, plays guitar, banjo, and mandolin. Both are close friends of Mike Seeger and the New Lost City Ramblers--probably a major influence in getting the girls started along professional lines. They now have a record on Verve Folkways entitled "Who's That Knocking?"

• John Jackson, whose repertoire is drawn mainly from early recordings of Blind Lemon Jefferson, John Hurt, Blind Blake, and Jimmie Rodgers, took part in the Society's January program on blues and gospel music and participated in a blues workshop at the FSGW Pick-nic. He has recorded his first release which is due out later this month on Arhoolie (#1025)

Pierce Hall is located at 15th and Harvard Streets, N. W., and there's plenty of parking one block east of 15th Street on Fuller Street in a lighted private lot. We ask a donation of \$1.00 for members and \$1.50 for non-members.

Society Present Film Program in October

A rare program of films on folk music will be shown on Friday, October 8th at Pierce Hall, with a membership meeting starting at 8:00 p.m. and program beginning at 8:30 p.m. Admission is free to members; for non-members, a donation of \$1.00 is asked (applicable to membership dues within 30 days.) The films to be shown are:

RHYTHM OF AFRICA--depicts the culture of the Chad in French Equatorial Africa, and shows various types of transportation, villages and markets, various forms of adornment, farming, fishing, weaving, and metal working. Native music is used throughout.

THE BLUES--a documentary film of the music and some of the environment of several of the most important surviving blues singers living in the cities and on the farms of the American South. Included are J. D. Short, Pink Anderson, Furry Lewis, Baby Tate, Memphis Willie B., Gus Cannon, and Sleepy John Estes.

TO HEAR YOUR BANJO PLAY--story and dialog by Alan Lomax. Narration by Alan Lomax and Pete Seeger. Various facets of American folk music are illustrated by Pete Seeger, Mrs. Texas Gladden, Horton Barker, Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. Also included is a square dance performed by Margot Mayo's American Square Dance Group.

THE ROOTS OF HILLBILLY MUSIC--part of a series of 13 films entitled "Lyrics and Legends" which present aspects of American folk music and folklore. This particular film presents considerable historical background and numerous examples of hillbilly music. The film includes performances by Clarence Tom Ashley and band, Mother Maybelle Carter, Mose Ranger, and the Walker Family.

The Society plans monthly folk-sings on the last Saturday of every month, with the first sing scheduled for October 30th at Union Methodist Episcopal Church (814-20th St., N.W.)--more details to come next month.

Pick-nic Report

Threatening weather hardly dampened the fine spirit of the Society's first Pick-nic held July 3rd at Ft. Ward in Alexandria. The non-festival drew well over 200 souls, plus a TV reporter with camera. The program was broken up half way through the Children's Concert by a thunderstorm; most of the group re-assembled at the Perdue's home in Fairfax--soggy, but undaunted, for some song swapping.

The success of the Pick-nic was mainly attributable to the hard work by the Planning Committee and by the workshop and program chairmen, with generous help from several energetic members. Special thanks are due to Lane Herrmann, Pick-nic Chairman, and to the performers who appeared (or would have appeared), without pay and proved there is no dearth of talent or enthusiasm among the Society's members and friends.

FSGW Taping Policy

The Archives of the FSGW consists of the tape recordings of about five Society events. FSGW members can listen to some of these tapes, or arrange to have copies made, under the supervision (and at the convenience) of the Archivist, Bob Silverman. For copies, members must supply their own tape or reimbursement for same. Arrangements for listening or copying can be made through Bob at 927-3442. FSGW events are taped by the Society only after permission is obtained from participants. For this reason the Society cannot permit the operation of any but authorized tape recorders at its events.

FSGW MEMBERS PARTICIPATE

IN FOLK FEST AT FORT MEADE

A group of Society members are presenting a concert at Ft. Meade on September 18th at 8:30 p.m. on the patio of Service Club No. 1 -- all proceeds will go to the Society. It's open to the public; and members appearing in the Folk Fest are: Nan and Chuck Perdue, Helen and Sol Schneyer, Mike Rivers, Dave Essic, Andy Wallace, and Dick Drego.

Directions to Ft. Meade: go out Baltimore-Washington Parkway to the Laurel-Ft. Meade turn-off, which connects with Md. 198. Turn right on 198 and proceed until Zimborski Ave. and turn right. (Service Club No. 1 is on Zimborski Ave. -- about a block off of Md. 198).

IF YOU:

- are interested in helping produce posters or other promotional material,
- can help distribute publicity posters (particularly to college campuses)
- have ideas and suggestions for expansion of coverage and distribution of publicity materials..

CALL Publicity Chairman John Dildine at 283-2218.

---your dues at work---

Now that we have a post office box (#19174), please be sure to address mail to the Society correctly.

Notice to "old" (i. e. charter) Members:

Your memberships expire next month, so why not get the jump on Membership Chairman Jon Eberhart and send in your renewals now.

Discounts to Members

The following stores in the area are offering discounts for musical instruments and related items--on cash purchases mostly--be sure to present your membership card.

The Guitar Shop, 1816 M St., N. W. -- 10% to 20%, depending on item.

Jordan Pianos, Inc., corner 13th & G Sts., N. W. -- discount depends on item. Offered on credit purchases also. See Mr. Robert L. Casey, Manager, Musical Instrument Dept.

Learmont Record and Book Shop: 3131 M St., N.W. -- 10% on books and records.

Kitt Music Co., Inc., 1330 S St., N. W. -- 10% on most items of folk interest.

Dale Music Co., 8240 Ga. Ave., Silver Spring, Md. -- approximately 10% on folk instruments and books (except bound textbooks). See Mr. Buschek.

Campbell Music Co., Inc., 1108 G St., N. W. -- approximately 20% depending on item.

Discount Record Shop, 1540 Conn. Ave., N. W. -- discount offered in addition to standard discount.

TO JOIN the Society, fill out the form below. Checks should be made out to:

Folklore Society of Greater Wash.
P. O. Box 19174, 20th St. Station
Washington, D. C. 20036

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Circle one: family \$7.50 single \$5.00
mailing list only

"I didn't see you at the party Saturday night." The previous ones were quite interesting in some respects. Let's assemble a few of them, and see what happens. You meet a long-time friend on Thursday, and are invited to a small gathering of old friends on Saturday night, for the purpose of swapping some songs and general musical information, as well as relaxing from the week's work.

You go, and arrive early. As you walk in, you see your host (or hostess) and half a dozen invited guests that you don't know a thing about, with whom you're expected to kill time until the rest of the crowd arrives. Their names fly at you too fast to register on your tired mind, names you've never heard before, to associate with faces you'll probably never see again, and you're off to a flying start on another dead night. You park the instruments you brought with you, and find a familiar face--on a bottle. Several snorts and a few arrivals later, conversation starts to flow. A few songs are tossed out, to open an area of folksong for exploration. Some of the strange faces begin to get defrosted, although the "Let's go look at the beatnik freaks" clique still sits stiffly in a tightly clustered knot comparing notes, or a few stray part-time beatniks gawk at the squares, neither group conceding that they have anything in common with the other.

Enter Bedlam Buttinsky, the one-person show, going at full blast. At an auditorium, you may put some distance between you and this avalanche of sound. In a beer hall, you may lift the noise level to a more constant roar by dropping a quarter in a juke box, furnishing them with a not-too-gentle hint. In a private home, though, your ears can suffer on, if you stay in the same room. Unless you feel like engaging in a shouting duel, quit--this human wind tunnel blows all night long. You escape earache by going to another room. Drifting through the doors behind you come the echoes of highly polished, badly butchered versions of old songs, nauseating and senseless in their present form, along with several interpretations and imitations of how Miss Funkybottom sings a man's song on her latest record. (Delusions of gender seem to be contagious, in this case.) You forget about music, and strike up a conversation with another of the old bunch that was foolish enough to come. Eventually, some song appropriate to the subject under discussion comes to mind, and you pick up an instrument again.

By now, a crowd of uninvited people has arrived, similar to some Biblical plague of locusts, and no one seems to know how they got wind of the gathering. Unless you have guarded your beer or booze, if any, it's gone. In the meanwhile, the usual half dozen have been bumming cigarettes from you, if you're a smoker--they have never yet supplied themselves with enough for the night. Well, look at that! There went Bangalong Stringbuster with his brand-new zillion-dollar guitar, going to the loudest noise like a bug to a flame! This should give Bedlam some competition! If you can't pick it good, Bangalong, pick it loud.

Some dumb kook drifts in looking for you, says you're not you, and floats out on a pot cloud. Good riddance. A small group of nondescript listeners has been milling around, coming and going, at times interrupting with irrelevant and unnecessary questions and comments. Despite this, the talk starts getting interesting. Enter Bedlam Buttinsky, reinforced by Comatose Cacophony. They're run short on butts and feel the need for the weed, old pal, old chum, old buddy. "Thanks" (Maybe). The din begins again. Neighbors complain, and the police end the party. What's that you said? A party this next weekend at whose place? Excuse me--my ears have been giving me some trouble lately. Whose place was that? I can't hear you--Bedlam Buttinsky just walked in. "I didn't see you at the party Saturday night." I wonder why... Maybe that was one of the nights I was trying to get some writing done, and stayed home.