

If your heart is the heart of the  
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Every involving aspect of it.

# Melody Maker

Thursdays



Johnny Jones Presents

**TOM PAXTON**

# TOM PAXTON will select his programme from the following:-

Clarissa Jones  
The Things I Notice Now  
Jennifer's Rabbit  
I Give You The Morning  
The Marvellous Toy  
Leaving London  
Angie  
All Night Long  
Bayonet Rap  
Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues  
Jimmy Newman  
Outward Bound  
Morning Again  
Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm  
Bound  
My Lady's A Wild Flying Dove  
Now That I've Taken My Life  
About The Children  
Ballad of Spiro Agnew

Mr. Blue  
Wish I Had A Troubadour  
Ev'ry Time (When We Are Gone)  
Cindy's Crying Hooker  
Ramblin' Boy  
The Last Thing On My Mind  
I Had To Shoot That Rabbit  
Icarus  
Little Lost Child  
General Custer  
She's Far Away  
Prayin' For Snow  
Louise  
A Sailor's Life  
How Come The Sun  
Peace Will Come  
You Came Through Colours  
Out Behind The Gypsy's  
The Hostage  
Retrospective

You Should Have Seen Me Throw  
The Ball  
Jesus Christ S.R.O.  
California  
I Lost My Heart On A 747  
Dance In The Shadows  
What A Friend You Are  
Hobo In My Mind  
When We Were Good  
Who's Been Passing Dreams Around  
When Annie Took Me Home  
Katy  
Fred  
Wasn't That A Party?  
Faces and Places  
When You Shook Your Long Hair  
Down  
Silent Night  
When Princes Meet.





## PAXTON SUPREME

### The work of a craftsman

TOM PAXTON is a singer-songwriter who stands head and shoulders above so many others in his own area of contemporary music, which for the want of a better title, could be called "The Third Stream", between folk and pop.

As a song writer he is a skilled and accomplished creator, having served his apprenticeship in the folk coffee bars and clubs of America which produced talents like Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs and Judy Collins.

Paxton's roots are in folk music but his songs today are more polished and subtle, with a fine sense of controlled drama, anger tempered with a sardonic twist, and perceptive in their dealings with the human conditions and relationships.

Neither does he lack humour and the power to be witty in song, not the easiest type of composition.

"NEW SONGS FOR OLD FRIENDS" (Reprise K44237) is Paxton's most recent release and as a collection of songs that show off the all-round writer that he is, it could not be better.

They represent all the areas in which Paxton has chosen to work "Hobo In My Mind", "Faces and Places" and "When Princes Met", show him at his reflective best, while on "Silent Night" his adept use for getting inside a situation, again the recurring anti-war theme, and coming up with something unexpected is well illustrated.

His songs of love and human relationship, again something with which he seems to be endlessly pre-occupied, are



compassionate and always down to earth.

Three are included on this album — "When Annie Took Me Home", perhaps the best, "When We Were Good", and "When You Shook Your Long Hair Down" — all are further instances of the great maturity in his dealing with this particular theme without being over-sentimental or sloppy.

Again, in "Who's Been Passing Dreams Around", the simplicity with which he looks at the way that fate can play mean tricks is the essence of his technique.

All these songs are the more serious side of his work here. "Katy", an unaccompanied and slightly Irish sounding song about his daughter, is humorous observation, and on "Fred", a song about a dog as seen by his constant companion, a flea, Tom gets help from his two daughters, Katy and Jennifer. Observation and its translation into song is the keynote of "Wasn't That A Party?"

Any budding songwriter should study the work of Tom Paxton. This album, and his others, show a brilliant and diverse talent at work.

EVENING HERALD — 2 MAY 1973

### Brilliant Tom lets his family get in on the act!

I will put my head right on the chopping block and say that without doubt, or fear of contradiction, there is no one in the rather crowded singer/songwriter field to compare with Tom Paxton excepting, of course, Bob Dylan.

And if you take a listen to Tom's new album on the Reprise label, "New Songs for Old Friends", you will get an idea of



what I mean. It was recorded live before an invited audience at the Marquee Club in London, and the old Paxton magic has seldom sounded better.

The two high spots of the record are "Katy", when Tom sings a delightful little song without any backing, and "Fred" the tale of an old dog. On this one he is joined by his two little daughters Jennifer and Katy, who supply the very catchy chorus.

Other fine numbers are "Hobo in My Mind", "Wasn't That a Party" and the beautiful "Who's Been Passing Dreams Around." Giving a helping hand on some of the tracks are Ralph McTell, Tony Visconti and Dave Willis. All told, it's a very good production.

EVENING CITIZEN — 30 MAY 1973

### Oh great enchantment

#### TOM PAXTON

New Songs For Old Friends (Reprise K44237). Oh great enchantment. Paxton's thick brown gravy voice, irresistible humour, and folksy sing-along style are caught here in their best setting — an English concert. This set recorded at London's Marquee captures that spontaneous feel and delivers a new set of those wistful songs that make you feel warm and good inside. Here's a matured songsmith singing about dreams, schemes, love and life, and just for good measure there's Ralph McTell, and daughter's Katy and Jennifer (remember Jennifer's rabbit?). Songs that are bound to make you laugh and may even make you cry.

RECORD MIRROR — 12 MAY 1973



## Paxton merited his sold-out notices

A HAPPY Carlton management were able to hang the "Sold Out" notice for their first late-night show which featured American singer-songwriter Tom Paxton in a solo two-hour show.

Paxton is one of the outstanding artists in the contemporary "folk" field and has been for nearly ten years now.

As a songwriter he is a genuine craftsman, able to compose in a variety of ways from simple, unaccompanied children's songs like "Jennifer's Rabbit" and "Kate's Song" through humorous compositions like "Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues" and songs of unrequited love on a Jumbo jet, to serious and pointed songs like "Cindy's Crying", which is concerned with heroin addiction and "Jimmy Newman", one of the best songs ever written with Vietnam as a background.

Where, for instance, Bob Dylan is complex and often abstract in his imagery, Paxton is simple and direct.

His prolific output has included a number of well-established songs in the general contemporary "folk" repertoire, among them "Ramblin' Boy", "Last Thing On My Mind", "The Marvellous Toy", "Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound", all of which he sang last night.

Each song sounds as though it has been honed to perfection before it is performed in public. The drama is controlled, the anger in the protest often subtle, sardonic but never overplayed.

His humorous songs are clever without being contrived, his songs of human relationships and personal experiences are compassionate and perceptive, and with-

out an overloading of self-pity.

Tom Paxton matches his songwriting with a stage manner that allows the songs to supercede the singer. He just stands and sings, no histrionics, no self-indulgence, linking the songs briefly and often wittily.

He's one artist I'm never tired of watching and listening to. His performance last night is yet one more to add to an already justly acknowledged string of well-deserved successes.

EVENING HERALD - 12 APRIL 1973

## Old friends with a few new songs

New Songs for Old Friends, by Tom Paxton.

No doubt I've said it before in these columns (and I make no apologies for saying it again): Tom Paxton is one of the finest entertainers currently recording.

Not only does he write literate and often very sensitive lyrics, not only does he write melodies that are truly memorable, but he also puts the whole of his very likeable personality into whatever he does - both in the concert hall and on microgroove.

The result is that he has not so much fans as a host of very close friends. Anyone who has ever been to one of Tom's (thankfully) frequent British concerts will have experienced the sensation of listening not to a star but to a favourite uncle.

This side of his remarkable talent is much to the fore on this new Reprise LP - in many respects it resembles the kind of tape that the family used to get together and record on a Sunday afternoon round the old Grundig.

The intimate atmosphere has been captured by recording a performance before an invited audience at London's Marquee Club; the backing musicians are a collection of Tom's (and our) buddies - Mary and Tony Visconti, Ralph McTell, Danny Thompson; and on one track Tom is joined by his young daughters.

Highspots are too numerous to mention in detail on this, Paxton's best album for a couple of years. But listen out specially for When We Were Good and When You Let Your Long Hair Down.

TELEGRAPH & ARGUS - 3 MAY 1973

## Tom Paxton, the eternal folk hero

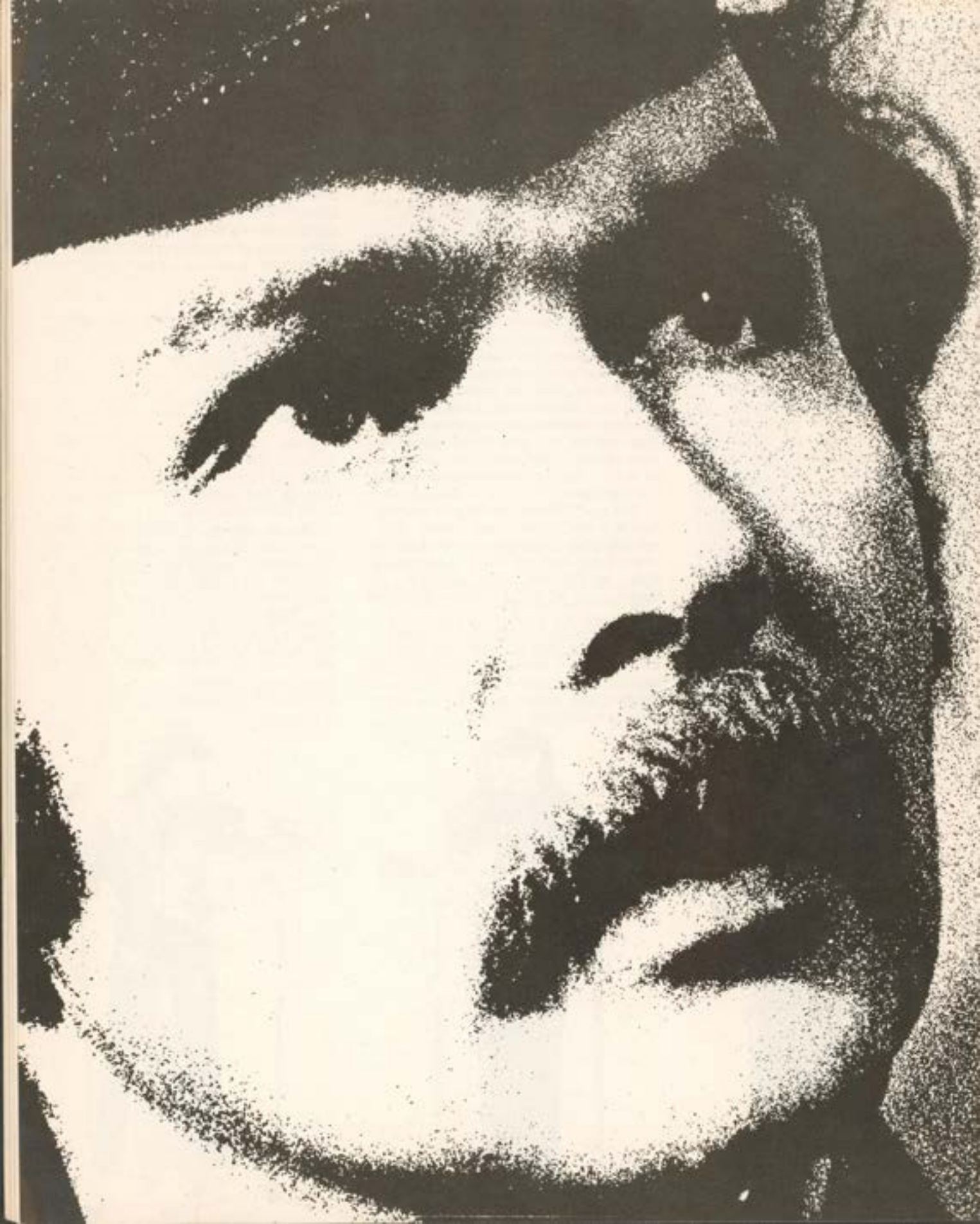
TOM PAXTON, the eternal folk hero (who, unlike Dylan, has refused to sell-out to the rock medium) has some of Britain's finest talent helping him on his new Reprise album "New Songs for old friends".

Tony Visconti (of T-Rex fame) produced the live session at the Marquee Club, and people like Mary Hopkin, Peter Sarstedt and Ralph McTell help with vocals and instruments.

But as always it is the songs that count with Paxton and they range from the beautiful wandering minstrel song "Hobo in my mind", through the adult love anthem "When we were good" to the children's song "Fred", which is about a flea on an old dog's back, and he's helped by his two little daughters. My favourite is the wryly amusing "Wasn't that a party?"

PETERBOROUGH EVENING TELEGRAPH  
18 MAY 1973





I like to think that if I'd been in New York instead of Boston, I would have known Tom Paxton way back then. But I wasn't so, I'm sorry to say, I missed him in his days of lugging the git and the songs from the Village Gate to the Cafe Wha? to the Fat Black Pussycat and the other bars, bistros and coffee-houses; anyplace, in fact, where a proprietor would give him a stool and people would lend an ear. In a few places, he recalls, he'd even get some money, sometimes as much as ten dollars! "Clear, though, man," he laughs, "it was all mine, you know?" At the time, it dizzied him, the very idea of getting paid, even so leanly and seldom, for doing what he wanted to do, had to do, was put here to do.

I said "dizzied". That's meant to be an insight to the lad's heart for you, and helps explain why even now Tom gets perplexed by all the calls and letters from kids niggling to get hipped to the *trick*: who'll give me my start, hey, that's all I need! Early on, Tom tried to tell them: pick a place, any place, go in and sing your songs, that's all; you've got a tongue in your head, and if one joint doesn't want, maybe the next one will, there's a jillion places and seven nights in a week. But, like a song that wasn't going down, he came to scratch those good words after awhile. Bemused, he now just wishes them luck.

I did know of Tom Paxton all along, though. Not in the way you knew of Peggy Lee or Vic Damone (*Vic Damone?*) but in the way you knew of Dylan Thomas, Seeger, Behan, Brubeck. In fact, I still feel I got gypped: Tom, of course, is the world's oldest child and I'm even older than he, so by the time the American campuses caught on to Folk under again someplace else, where he wasn't. Ah, but here's the good part, coming up now. (And in case he comes on before we finish this, watch the *eyes*: they're what snare and nail you first, lucky victims, no matter where you're sitting. *Ziinnng!*)

The good part is where Tom and I do know each other, a good part of the earth, one of the last: little East Hampton hee, a calendar-picture town way out on the limb

of Long Island, New York. Old? Historic? Loved? Our lighthouse on Montauk Point was built under George Washington; it's Ritz-size diamondish lens still shows holes shot in it by a German sub; and when *they* decided to tear her down, we crammed the parking lot for several midnights, all our headlights blazing. They saw the light and left her alone. On all sides of us but one, it's water, water everywhere, and usually plenty to drink of everything. Summers and weekends, we let the nerve-wracked City wealthies come out to share the bays and beaches, gussy up their manses and lawns and cough up the taxes that keep us alive the rest of the year. But they are not why we are here, and not what gig-wracked Tom comes here for each year. He runs here, as a long distance traveller to a well, for the *place*.

Tom, Midge, Jennifer and Kate Paxton have a house on *Egypt Close*. Mine is on *Pantigo Road*. Catching the magic in those names? I hope the musicians are tuning up along in here; listen: Toilsome Lane, Hither Middle and Further, Dunemere, Highway Behind the Lots, Georgica, Abraham's Path, Hog Creek Road, Accabonac, Sagaponac, Napeague, Montauk. The innercore natives, the hearties who rake the clams and scallops and seinfish the ocean a *Bonackers*. They don't shuck clams, they "opnum", and chowder ain't chowder less the claims're got from Napeague Bay and noplac else. Fresh Pond is really Bellyache Swamp. The best spot to watch the sun go down is from the tip of Louse Point, and don't ask; there was once a Louse family, I think. They put something in the air, those names.

Jean Stafford Liebling writes near Louse, a comorant's line-drive from Willem and Elaine DeKoonig's studio, talk about names. Even Better Known, to Tom and me anyhow, are Rattray! Dohanos! and Durham! Internationally obscure newspaper editor, film producer and painter, respectively, if not respectfully. Ev, Pete and Bill. And wives, and kids, and others, intrepid all. Ev's ancestors, it's said, found Plymouth Rock too crowded and moved down here with the Indians. Whatever, Ev knows where it's at, and that's where we go. Him scout,

Pete maitre d', Bill, Tom and the rest of us willing coolies for the digging of the sand trench, the gathering of the driftwood and kelp, the layering of the stones and seaweeds, clams, corn, lobsters, potatoes, and the dawn-to-dusk fire tending. Then. We. Eat. And eat. And drink the wine and laugh the laughs and talk the talk, and Tom . . . sings for us. Even when he just gabs or tells the Oklahoma (crude) jokes, the man *sings* to us, I want you to know — I want him to see that here, too, in case he doesn't know it.

The guy once said he wished he had a troubador, remember? "Ringing stately rhythms of the ancient balladry, he would sing for you until you smile. "Well, Tom certainly graces us with a troubador of our own, and I only wish he gets *his* balladry from the lot of us jabbering and bungling and babbling around. The man surely deserves it. I mean, in an age of kaleidoscopic eyeballs and surlygrim James Gang Unwanted Posters, this Okie puts his mate and mites on *his* album cover! On and around a loveseat. Attention must be paid. Because he *hates* right, too, you understand? He loathes what ought to be loathed and lets the bastards know it, making us smile, clap our hands, beat our feet.

(I've been trying to work in the ancient lady — or at least the bluesnow *head* of one — who roars around town all day in second gear, always second gear, never first, never third, your teeth moss over! But I can't, so let her go. Tom's seen her, though.)

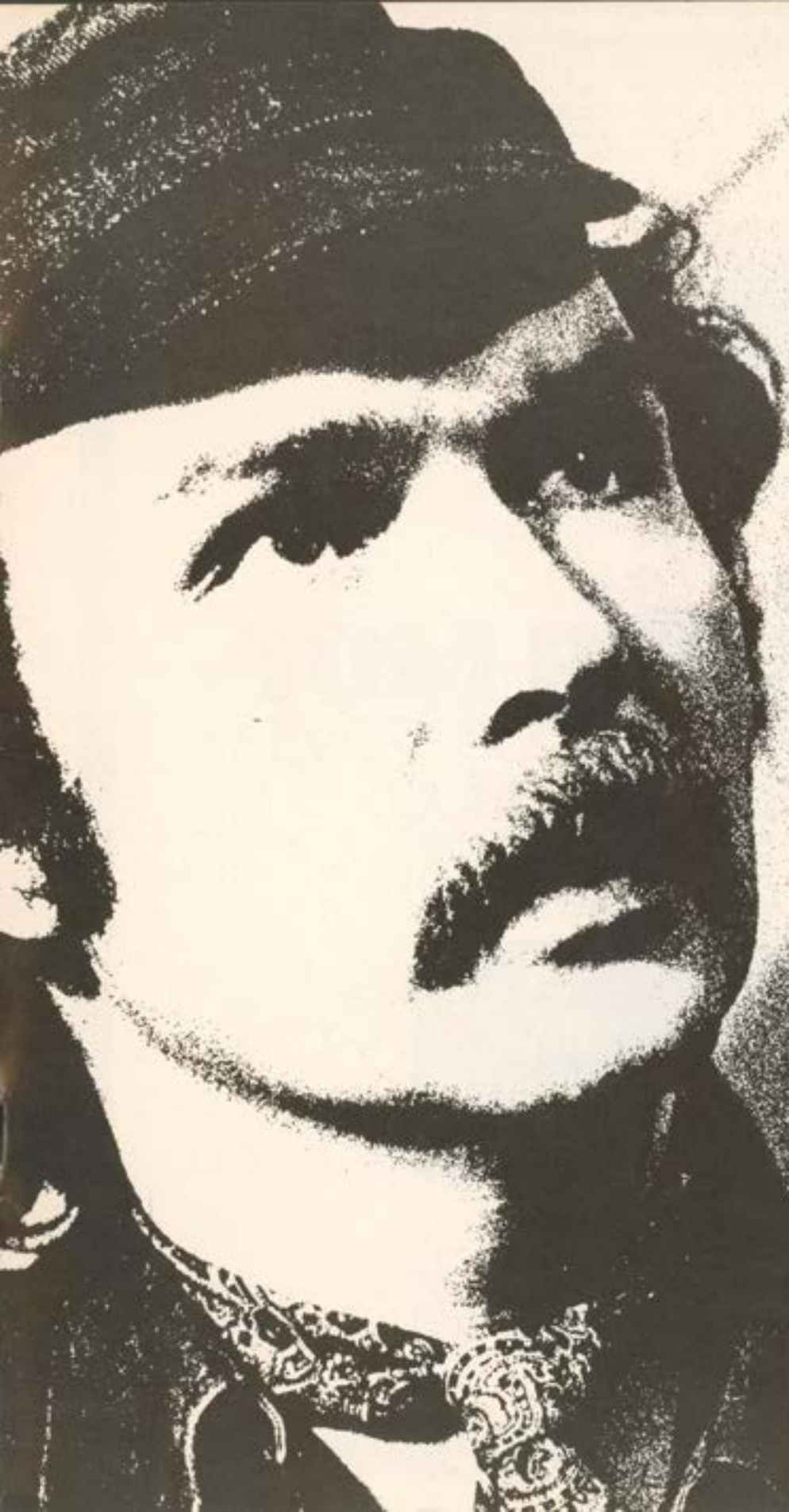
More names, then: browse Tom's album jackets some time and you'll find Max Pollikoff. He's one of us, if not the leader of the pack, the World's Greatest Living short Violinist, a ribald gnome who exhales notes when he talks a sampler sent to prove there's a Heaven and give us a taste of the kind of spirits we'll wine and dine with there. Max plays his violin for hours with his eyes closed, but at dinner keeps checking the *list* Florence always pencils out for him, "Wait! Wait! Don't say it yet, I gotta check the zucchini!"

They put something in the air, these names.

(Continued)







In *Peace Will Come* you'll read, "Music of 'You Should Have Seen Me Throw That Ball' by Gary McFarland (Dear Friend . . . Later . . .)". Inside that parenthesis is a wet, forlorn hilltop on a bitter day, inside and out, in the Springs part of our place. Trees were bare bones and it wouldn't quit sleeping and while Tom was far from his well the rest of us huddled shivering and bent around the awful lowering into the frosted ground of another music man, and somebody tried, they hit at a cymbal or something, but we all wished, among other things, for our troubadour that day, I'll tell you and him, here; we felt God damned that day. As if we had enough to spare one! Treasure the ones we have, right?

**A**rgh. Just a reminder, that's all, that the darkside turns upon us just as regularly regularly if you ask me: yes, we merry it up at Ev's, Pete's, Bill's and the rest. And Tom whips me at eightball, sometimes at my own table, and I cannonball beerily into into his pool and all . . . but not enough, nowhere near enough. Life is such an intrusive creature, isn't it? Just bless, push, milk and relish the stolen interludes, I guess. Like our Annual Artists-Writers All-Star Softball Game. Tom's centre-field usually, I'm left or second. We *always* win. Because artists are sissies. (Ev put a picture of Pete in paper — striking out. Whiff!)

**O**h, about that pool: we kidded Tom: "Hey, Troub! How you gonna give them hell when your pool's 90 degrees?" And he gives us the popeyes and the grin and the snuff and keeps on scribbling something that turned out to be a little powder-puff called "The Hostage". That's how. I said it was a well, didn't I, well, well?

**S**o, maybe now you know a little better the troubador you're there to see and hear. We who are not there envy you.

**L**isten. He puts something in the air, that Tom.

(Give it to them, Tom. Sing and make them smile).

Ed Hannibal

Mr. Hannibal's first novel, *Chocolate Days, Popsicle Weeks*, was published in Great Britain by Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd. Simon & Schuster will publish his new one, *Dancing Man*, in New York this October.

## Dave Willis

I have accompanied Tom Paxton for the last three years. I was originally trained at the Guildhall School of Music and later won a scholarship to study in America. I have played in all the leading

British Orchestras and have also played extensively as a jazz musician. In the last few years I have accompanied many folk artists on radio and television and have backed on record and concert platform artists such as Niel Diamond, The Rolling Stones, New World and Donovan.



## Ian Hunt

I started my career as a solo ragtime guitarist playing folk clubs. I then formed a duo called HUNT & TURNER which lasted a couple of years, during which time we played

most of the folk clubs in the country, recorded an album and toured Belgium. We also did several radio and television programmes. Over the last four years I have played session guitar on about a dozen L.P.s.



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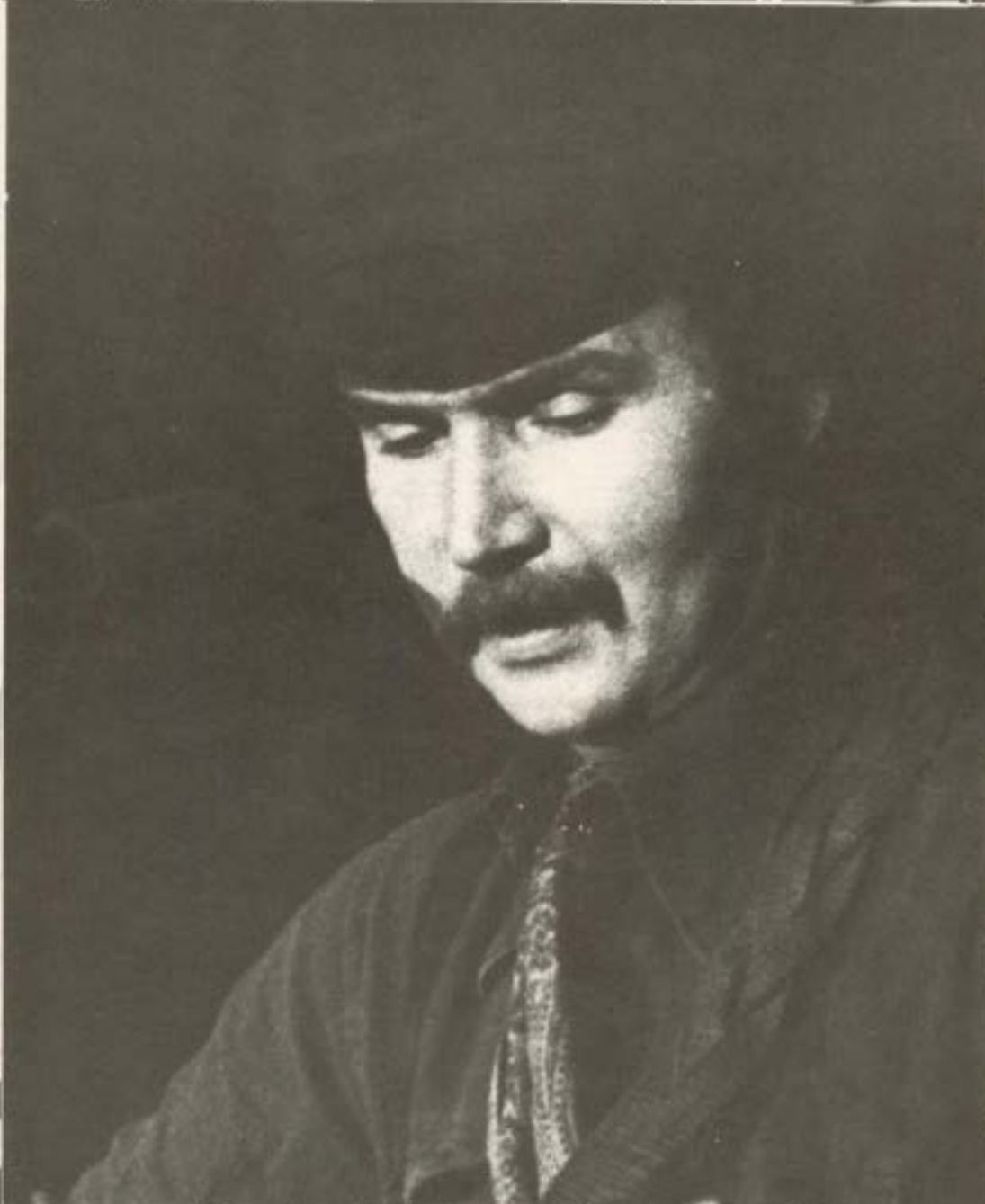


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# THEATREGRAPHICS

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2. All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction whether permanent or temporary.
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