

THE ARTS



Old Folks made rafters ring until midnight

THEATRE
 Evelyn
 Levison

IT WAS Old Folks at Home in Johannesburg last Sunday.

Des and Dawn Lindberg played host to some of their one-time companions from the Grass Roots Set. Soiree Society rafters rang for more than three hours.

Our folksingers have trekked far since those first festivals. The veterans of those amateurish, yet vital, affairs have gained assurance. They have broadened their repertoire, and gone are the days when everyone seemed hooked on the same few songs.

They have also extended their linking patter, which is not such a good idea.

David Marks comes off best in this department. His dialogue needs pruning, but he did have some pertinent things to say, such as his amusing remarks about his "Censored Ballad of Jannje Kruger."

Those who expected another "Master Jack" from this talented composer waited in vain, however. Dave seems to have turned his back on the commercial charts in favour of political comment.

In contrast to the

self-effacing, almost apologetic approach of the other performers, Colin Shamley has the impact of a five-ton truck.

He has a dominant personality backed by a virile voice. His guitar playing is expert; he makes every song a theatrical experience. But he is a shocking offender with his introductory chit-chat, and needs much guidance here.

Brian Bebbington said less and emerged the most likeable folkstar on the bill. He had more sense of humour than the others, partly because a larger area

of his face was visible. His songs, especially the Hebrew and Scottish, have an authentic ethnic flavour; his banjo solos contributed pace and brightness.

Against these seasoned Old Guards, rookie John Oakley-Smith was outstanding only for his bare feet and the length of his hair.

Not surprisingly, the second half bettered the first. Folk-singing is not an early evening art. It flourishes best towards midnight, and it was almost that when the last chord sounded.

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Much pleasure from Pact's



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David Marks comes off best in this department. His dialogue needs pruning, but he did have some pertinent things to say, such as his amusing remarks about his "Censorship Ballad of Jamie Kruger."

Those who expected another Master Jack from the old folk festival composer waited in vain. Dave seems to have turned his back on the commercial charts in favour of political comment. In contrast to the

self-effacing, almost apologetic approach of the other performers, Colin Shanley has the impact of a five-ton truck.

He has a dominant personality backed by a virile voice. His guitar playing is expert; he makes every song a theatrical experience. But he is a shocking offender with his introductory cilt-cha, and makes much guidance necessary.

Benjamin's performance was less and emerged the most likeable folksinger on the bill. He had more sense of humour than the others, partly because a larger area

of his face was visible. His songs, especially the Hebrew and Spanish, have an authentic ethnic flavour, his banjo solos contributed pace and brightness.

Against these seasoned Old Guards, rookie John O'akley-Smith was outstanding only for his bare feet and the length of his hair.

Not surprisingly, the second half beltered the first. Folksinging is not an evening art. It flourishes towards midnight, and it was toward that when the last chord sounded.

Which place was from Dante?