On Sunday evening after five days and nights of concerts, boot syramples and workshops, the closing concert was presented. The first half of the concert was not dominated by any general theme, and consequently, it was quite varied. The opening was provided by Doc Watson, who gave a very powerful performance which might be classified as country bluesgrass. Doc then introduced his son, who was followed by Sam Hinton. Sam Hinton did a number of songs with which he obviously had fun in sharing with the audience. He asked the audience to do a song by humming one note and whistling another (try it in a large group and see for yourself what fun it is)! Then Janis Joplin came out and delivered one of the finest performances of the concert, sometimes accompanying herself on the mandolin and singing a cappella at other times. "Morning's Come and Mariah's Gone" was a song with personal meaning to her home in Kentucky. "Black Waters" was a song with personal meaning to Janis Joplin, and as such it had a very personal impact. Among the other performers were Junior Wells - Buddy Guy's Blues Band, who gave such an exciting performance that one of the Newport officials had to appear after they finished their encore to quiet down the audience. The concert could continue. Also high on the list of really fine performances was Jannis Jann, who gave an unusually good performance literally slicked with anti-Johnson comments, unique remarks and cynical, almost bitter dedications. "Cry for Jars" was dedicated to psychologists and guidance counselors who had told Janis, among other things, that her gig was a phallic symbol. Of course, Pete Seeger's introduction, all the sorest spoken or sung were the words of Woody Guthrie. If a person could not understand this, so to purify them and to prevent a small riot which was in the offing he did an Alice Cooper version of the "Motorcycle Song." He told us that he had written this song as he was falling from a mountain while cycling down a road playing his guitar, "with mountains on one side and nothing on the other side". After he finished the song, he "realized that it wasn't the last song I'd ever written, but I didn't have time to change it." And so the Newport Folk Festival closed on a note which was typical of the whole festival - informal, free and extremely successful.

If you have not been to the Newport Folk Festival, go - this year. Don't put it off any longer. Even if you don't enjoy the music (which hardly seems possible in light of such variety), you will enjoy everything else the concerts and workshops have to offer. Newport is one of the most unbellevable outdoor scenes in the East. It offers more variety then I've ever seen in any one place at any one time. The people are friendly and solid, they are open and quiet, they are young and they are old, they are affluent and broke, they are proud and anti-war, they are straight and straight. It's the only place where I've seen a pick up by eight on ten people sitting in a circle with a blanket draped over them and then arrest someone for giving beer to a minor. If there are few who have not heard of George C. Wallace, the record is poor. In a crisis, it takes courage to be a leader... courage to speak out... to point the way... to say, "Fellow Man!" In a crisis, it takes action to survive... the kind of decisive action that comes from a man of sound instinct, as well as intelligence. If America is to survive this crisis... if the youth of America are to inherit a sane and even promising world, we must have courageous, instructive leadership. The kind of leadership that only George C. Wallace--of all Presidential candidates--has to offer. That's why young Americans who really think Wallace.