

# folk and other songs

Steve Camacho

**Special**  
HIGH FIDELITY  
MONOPHONIC  
**Edition**

**COOK**

RECORDS

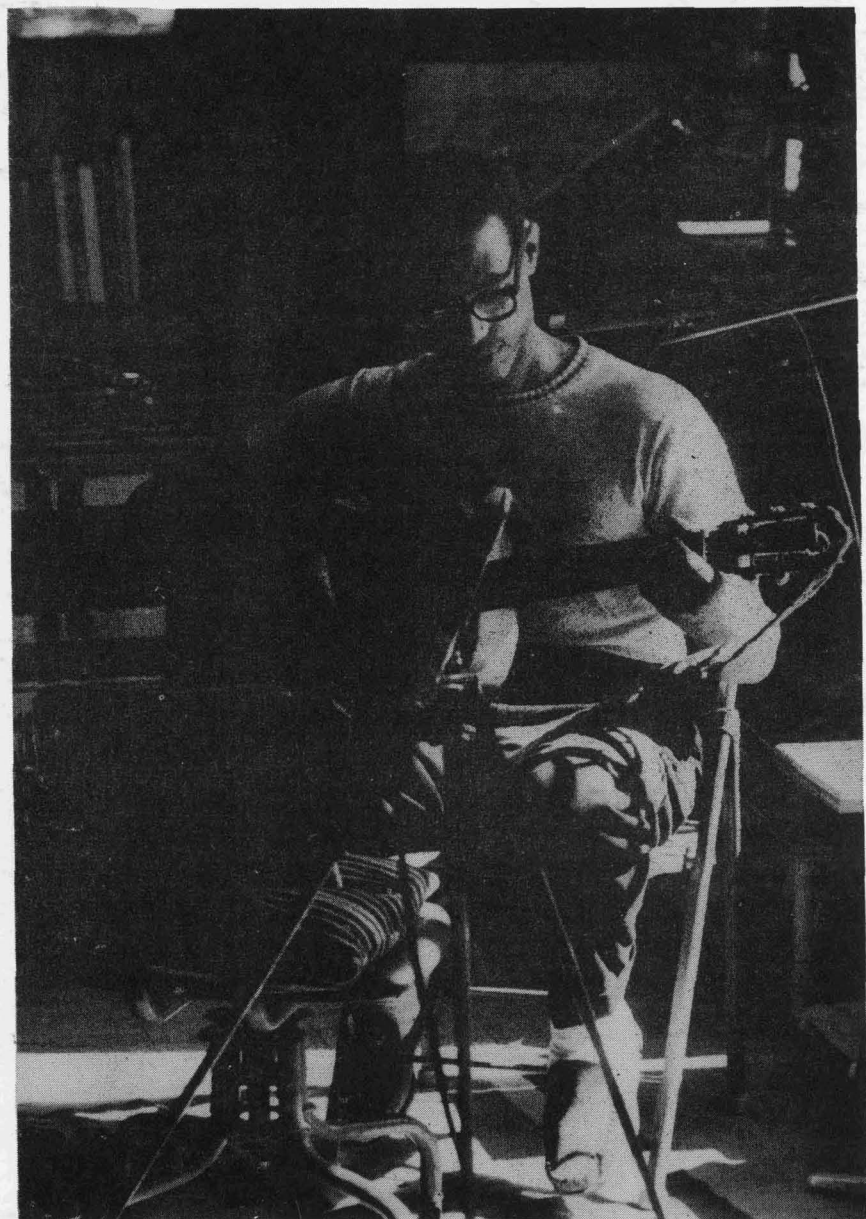
SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES

A unique quality of folk singing comes out of this migrant man Steve Camacho, who with his guitar gives us in this album: *Marching to Fenario; Best Two Presidents; Lord What a Time; Scandalize My Name; This Train; Five Times Five; Devilish Mary; Gallows Pole; Butcher Boy; Mumblin' Word*, and other songs.



## Folk and Camacho

Steve Camacho is that rare occurrence, an itinerant New Yorker. His folks live in the Bronx, and from a very early age, Steve launched subway crusades to the Village. From there he branched out. He may or may not have been a 'beat', but if he was, the bonds of aphillysophy burst easily on contact with countryside. Camacho is well traveled. His songs get close to the roots. With his unerring eye for the folk, Sam Eskin discovered him, and as Sam says, Steve has that certain *quality*.



### Side A:

Marching to Fenario  
Best Two Presidents  
Lord What a Time  
Scandalize My Name  
Santa Ano  
This Train  
Five Times Five

### Side B:

Hard Times  
Mumblin' Word  
Devilish Mary  
The Fox  
Gallows Pole  
Butcher Boy  
Turtle Dove  
If I'd a-Known

### Camacho (from Mira Flores, Baja California):

It's a gas to come to a place where there is no anesthetized plumbing or lights. M.F. and N.Y.C. are opposites. I'd like to stay and marry one sun-kissed girl but I'm not the type . . . 215 pages, with a notebook for "Stoned Thoughts with Wings", it's a zen of the mind, and it stinks. As for 'way out' guys, they are just novelties that never stop being weighed in. Sabe? They sit in the shade and eat sugar cane too, but they usually get another chance. I prefer being itinerant to phony. I'm going to California so I can work and get some money so I can travel to Spain for at least five years maybe siempre and do something really morbid like Interpretations of the Death of a Cow. What dials do you turn to get promoted? Paper dials engraved with pics of Grover, nothing less, amigo. Forget it, I can't get over the novelty of having a Meixcan family live with me [*he's* living with *them*]. I'm going to climb 8,000 ft. up La Laguna and whale me a 160 lb. mountain cat — and a skunk (delicioso, man!) Down in San Jose they are building the Hilton Puerto Chileno for rich Texans, rich Americans and rich Mexicans, in that order. I miss N.Y. in the Xmastime. Everybody emptying checkbooks, cops making Xmas rounds, hustlers on 14th St. selling their wares while Klein sells the squares — the Village called Greenwich that now has none of it — Patchen Place where they throw poetry at people like cats on the fence, — and hit them, too! I could whale on but I've gone too far out to stay in the middle. A cool Yule and a swingin' New year to you all. It's only the adults that believe libel anyway, the kids love me, I know that. The tea and the empanadas here are terrific. Wassail!

' . . the 'way-outs' never stop being weighed in!'