

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 305

# Teton Tea Party

with

# Charlie Brown



*Arnold*



BROADSIDE RECORD BR 305

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# Teton Tea Party

with

# Charlie Brown

Produced by Andrew S. Kent

Side A

WILLOW TREE  
MOUNTAIN RAILWAY  
HIRAM HUBBARD  
DOWN IN THE VALLEY  
BALLAD OF EARL DURAND (J. Langon-C. Brown)

Side B

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN  
I ONCE LOVED A LASS  
THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN  
HANDSOME MOLLY  
39 MILES FROM THE OHIO LINE  
WEB OF BIRDSONG (R. Coltman)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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# Teton Tea Party

with  
**Charlie  
Brown**

Recorded in New York City, April, 1966

Produced by/ANDREW S. KENT  
Asst. Editor/GREGORY CARR  
Jacket by/MICHAEL ARNDT  
Photo by/WALTER BREDEL (from The  
East Village Other)  
Musical Instruments/FRETTED  
INSTRUMENTS  
Recording Equipment/F & B CECO

WITH: Gene Tambor, Pat Winston, Sherry Noyes, Bob Fernbach, Matt Umanov, and Harmonica Slim.

## Side-1

### 1. WILLOW TREE

Charlie Brown/vocal & accordion  
Gene Tambor/5-string banjo  
Pat Winston/12-string guitar  
Bob Fernbach/autoharp

### 2. MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

Charlie Brown/vocal & autoharp  
Gene Tambor/vocal & guitar  
Pat Winston/banjo & vocal  
Sherry Noyes/accordion

### 3. HIRAM HUBBARD

Charlie Brown/vocal & dulcimer



Photo by Walter Breidel

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### 4. DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Gene Tambor/vocal & lead guitar  
Pat Winston/vocal  
Matt Umanov/2nd guitar  
Charlie Brown/yodel & musical saw  
Harmonica Slim/harmonica

### 5. BALLAD OF EARL DURAND

Charlie Brown/vocal & autoharp

## Side-2

### 1. WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

Charlie Brown/vocal & autoharp  
Pat Winston/vocal & guitar  
Gene Tambor/12-string guitar  
Harmonica Slim/harmonica  
Sherry Noyes/accordion



2. I ONCE LOVED A LASS

Charlie Brown/vocal & 12-string guitar

3. THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

Charlie Brown/vocal & autoharp  
Gene Tambor/harmonica  
Pat Winston/vocal & 12-string guitar

4. HANDSOME MOLLY

Charlie Brown/vocal & autoharp  
Gene Tambor/vocal & banjo  
Pat Winston/vocal & 12-string guitar

5. 39 MILES FROM THE OHIO LINE

Charlie Brown/vocal & banjo

6. WEB OF BIRDSONG

Charlie Brown/vocal & 12-string guitar



"Considering the sort of year it's been at the University of California, it wouldn't even surprise campus police if some morning they should see a tepee standing along side the cyclotron. Yesterday morning, for example, they did."

The above passage, appearing in an August, 1965 edition of The San Francisco Chronicle, is typical of the news copy that results from the presence of Charlie Brown, mystic, poet, folk-singer, baker of bread, builder of tepees, and prophet of The New Age of Consciousness. His unusual appearance has interested journalists in nearly every city where he has paused long enough to attract the attention of the local newspapers. Charlie's recurring problem, however, is that he also attracts the attention of the local police, the local residents, and, on one occasion, the United States Army. It seems that people just don't appreciate caped and bearded mystics coming around setting up tepees. They doubtlessly feel it's un-American.

Charlie Brown, born Charles Edward Artman, is the twenty-seven year old son of a Methodist minister in northern Iowa. Despite a somewhat sheltered childhood, he began to see from a very early age that he had been born into a world of confusion, hypocrisy, sickness, and hate. He knew well the teachings of Christ, and he saw how these teachings were perverted into a Sunday morning ritual that left people free to do otherwise the rest of the week. He spent a year at college, but left after finding that only a few

students were really dedicated and that the rest sought only the social importance that a degree would bring. Charlie could not understand the Society around him, and he was having a rough time fitting in. So, in quest of the answers sought by most young intellectuals, Charles Artman left home.

As he rambled the country, Charlie discovered that he was not alone in his thinking. He became friendly with some mountain climbers in the Tetons of Wyoming, and, all at once, began to see things a little more clearly. He tried the school thing again and attended the University of California at Berkeley, where, after a year and a half, he quit "so he could study." Having traded the classroom of school for the Classroom of Life, he has been studying ever since.

Understanding his fellow man was not Charlie's only interest. He believed that this understanding would result from the understanding of one's own self, and from the understanding of the whys and hows of Existence. Not content with contemporary Christianity or, as Charlie refers to it, "Churchianity," he began to experiment with Eastern thought, the occult sciences, Scientology, Subud, and other more abstract theories and practices. Drawing a little from each of these and examining them, often with the help of certain chemical catalysts, Charlie began assembling a jig-saw puzzle that was to be a revelation of the past, an explanation of the present, and a plan for the future. Charlie Brown was entering a New Age of Consciousness.

Charlie began to become aware of past lifetimes, of a long-time affiliation with a Great White Brotherhood, of having been an American Indian during several past lifetimes, the last one ending by his freezing to death as a wino in the streets of St. Louis. When asked why he came back as a Caucasian, Charlie explains, "When you lose a game you always take the other side . . . . and what better way is there to beat the game after dying as a wino Indian than by coming back as the son of a minister?"

Despite his white skin, Charlie has adopted an identity with the Indian, who he believes to be on a higher spiritual level than the white man. He chooses to live in a "tipi"—He says that this is the correct spelling of the Indian word, rather than the white man's "tepee"—whenever possible, conducts Indian ceremonies, makes his own clothes, and bakes a form of whole wheat bread on which he has been able to subsist for great periods of time. His "Indian ceremonies" have succeeded in getting him arrested for possession of peyote, with the court refusing to recognize him either as an Indian or member of The Native American Church. But the tipi has proven to be the nucleus of most of his problems. Expressing a belief that no man has the right to own parts of the earth, Charlie sets up his tipi when and where he chooses. His nylon home has blossomed on a college campus, a military base, in people's back



yards, and on a hilltop overlooking San Francisco. Most people didn't feel as he did, though, and so the tipi never stayed in one place too long. His opposition's tactics ranged from subtle hinting to outright eviction. Charlie found himself with a home, but no place to put it.

After erecting his tipi on one of the highest hilltops in Redwood Canyon, he posted a notice on the bulletin board of the canyon's general store, saying that Charlie Brown, folksinger and poet, was in the tipi on top of the hill. A member of the Canyon Community Club removed the notice. Known as friendly people, the Canyon residents admitted to being "suspicious of young men bearing tepees." Charlie was harassed by the local fire company and by the police. The residents objected to Charlie's and his visitors' use of their private road. "It costs us a lot to keep it up, and we don't like strangers wearing it out," they said. One night a storm blew the tipi down, soaked Charlie's belongings, and scattered his papers about the hillside. The residents then complained that he was violating the litter law.

Charlie admits that the tipi is more than just a home. He uses it, and the accompanying publicity, as a means of enlightening the world to the coming of The New Age of Consciousness. He believes that Mankind is on the threshold of a new era of understanding. "Men are remembering past lifetimes and becoming aware of their brotherhood and the meaning of the past," he says. "Within the next twenty years, everyone will have been affected." He explains that the civil rights demonstrations and free speech movements, the rioting, the psychedelic revolution, the obsession of much of today's youth with the occult sciences and abstract religions, are all manifestations of the New Age. He says that Man is finally coming out of the darkness in which he has been kept by the "Slave Makers" for so long. He predicts the eventual destruction of The Establishment as more and more people arrive at this higher state of awareness, or, become "hip."

His efforts at enlightening society, and the manner in which he goes about doing it, have brought forth reactions ranging from accolade to condemnation. He has been labeled a "publicity-seeking, intellectual exhibitionist" by his critics, and "a strange, mystic transient with unpopular ideas" by the more objective ones. His "unpopular" ideas are, basically, "love, respect, and consideration for others."

Charlie practices what he preaches. This fact is evident in his singing, an experience he enjoys sharing with the many who frequent the "Teton Tea Parties" he has held wherever he has paused long enough to tune his autoharp. In recording this album at the last TTP to be held in his Lower East Side apartment, he expressed the hope that the singing might "bring a little sunshine into those dingy apartments where the real sunshine seldom gets through at all."

Charlie's musical versatility is adequately re-

presented on this album. Although he chooses the autoharp as his primary instrument, he is quite at home on the accordion as demonstrated in "Willow Tree." Drawing his material from a wide variety of styles and ethnic origins, he adapts convincingly to "I Once Loved a Lass" and to "Hiram Hubbard" in which he also plays dulcimer. "Down in the Valley" features both his yodeling and musical saw. He plays the saw either by striking it—In one case he used the rubber-tipped leg of a microphone stand—or by drawing a bow across the edge. He demonstrates a somewhat crude, but, nevertheless, disciplined 5-string banjo technique in "39 Miles from the Ohio Line," which was written by a couple of his friends as they were hitchhiking across the country.

When Jack Langon and Charlie met in the Tetons a few years back, Jack told of the legend of Earl Durand. Charlie felt that a song should be written, and agreed to write the tune if Jack would pen the words. "The Ballad of Earl Durand" was the result. It has apparently been altered somewhat by Charlie, as the narration seems to change somewhat every time he sings it. The version presented here is a fantastic and seemingly paradoxical tale with a basically realistic message. Some people feel that Earl is a projected image of Charlie, retaliating as Charlie never would. Since the recording of this album, a "mountain man," the object of a massive search throughout the Pennsylvania countryside by police and the National Guard, was shot down under similar conditions after kidnapping a hostage. The fatal bullet was at first believed to have been fired by a teen-aged boy. Coincidence? Possibly. And yet Earl's story is not as fantastic as it appears, for parallels may be drawn from the stories of Earl Durands throughout history.

"Web of Birdsong," in which Charlie plays the 12-string guitar, is attributed to an extremely competent, though practically unknown, singer and composer named Robert Coltman. It is believed the song was originally inspired by the first few lines of a poem. So far as we know, the first and only recording of this song appears on this record. It has been published only by Bill Briggs (the founder of the Teton Tea Party) in his book, Crud and Corruption, and recently The Coffee House Song Book (Oak Publications, 1966) printed a version which, though slightly inaccurate as to lyrics, features the only published notation. Both Coltman and Briggs are given as sources for much of the material in the latter publication. "Web of Birdsong" was chosen to conclude this album for the simple reason that, of all the material recorded, nothing was found to be suitable enough to follow so beautiful a song.

Charlie Brown enjoys bugging The Establishment, although he does this without malice, and the hostility he encounters is more the ultimate result of his activities than it is their primary purpose. As The San Francisco Chronicle pointed



out, "He just moves his tipi about from place to place and lives happily until some Establishment-arian arrives to eject him." He expects to be ultimately evicted and is usually prepared for a showdown when it comes, although each time he is hassled he ritualistically runs from bureaucrat to bureaucrat protesting his right to remain. And yet, even when he has broken no law, trespassed on no man's property, he still encounters opposition. Charlie sums it up thusly:

"People on some level of consciousness look at me and see that they can, in a sense, make it before me... that their faults, their grief is not hidden from me, and they see that I am living in a way that is truly one of love and brotherhood and helping other people when they're not after things for their own selfish end. So of course they have to complain.

"I've seen clearly that it almost invariably happens that when you, after a series of lifetimes, reach a state of high understanding and purity of spirit, in a sense your vibrations are too high for this world, and this is disturbing to those of lower vibration, so they have to put you out of the way. This is why they had to crucify Christ, and this is why I expect, as has happened to Kennedy and to many others, that I'll probably be shot in the back. That's probably how I'll go out of this lifetime."

Paranoia? Perhaps. But there is, nevertheless, a great deal of truth in Charlie's words. Charlie, in his outlandish way, is attempting to awaken mankind to its faults as did another "trouble-maker" nearly 2,000 years before.

Although Charlie often departs as suddenly and as mysteriously as he arrives, his presence seldom, if ever, goes unnoticed. At this writing, he has erected his tip deep in the mountain wilderness north of Lander, Wyoming. There being no local residents to complain, Charlie has been informed by the Forest Service that he should prepare to depart at his earliest convenience. It is ironic that Charlie can not even escape from the very civilization that has rejected him for trying to change it.

In confronting this civilization, however, Charlie has managed to acquire thousands of friends throughout the country. Even his adversaries, while not particularly anxious for a return visit, speak of him with a sort of familiar warmth. Perhaps his message might be getting through after all.

It is not known just how many lives have been changed by Charlie's coming, or even if any were at all. He hasn't been able to walk on water, and yet, he performs a sort of magic, exhibits a fantastic luck, that is nothing short of miraculous. The fact that this album came to be recorded is testimony to this luck, magic, good karma, call it what you will, for the entire project went off

without a single hitch despite the fact that the session was arranged and equipment procured on extremely short notice, in some cases at the last minute. It is Charlie's magic that has permitted him to experience defeat without failure, that has enabled him to lose on one hand and gain twice as much on the other, that has allowed him to live comfortably in poverty, granted him serenity in the midst of chaos, and offered him solitude without loneliness. Some have shared in his magic, others have experienced it without being aware of it. Regardless of the reactions to the good effects he has wrought, it seems an understatement to say that, of the thousands of people who have experienced his presence, nobody will ever forget Charlie Brown.

### THE BALLAD OF EARL DURAND

Just a simple mountain lad hunting meat for Maw  
and Dad  
He would go out in the mountains in depression  
days so sad.  
With a bow and arrow straight he'd put meat upon  
the grate  
Of the fireplace in the cabin where he learned to  
love, not hate.

Earl Durand, Earl Durand,  
Born too late a mountain man;  
He was shot down in The Tetons  
By the Law's bloodthirsty band.

Boundin' lightly crag to crag, Earl Durand would  
hunt the stag;  
Elk and moose meat, too, he brought just to fill  
his hungry bag.  
Skinned 'em out and used the hides to keep warm  
his young insides  
With the buckskin clothes he wore on his lonely  
mountain rides.

### (CHORUS)

Then one day with meat so raw, Earl was cap-  
tured by The Law,  
Hauled away to Cody Jail, bedded down on a cot  
of straw.  
Then he fled into the hills, leavin' behind the  
cities' ills;  
When the lawmen came to get him, Earl, those  
greedy hunters, drills.

### (CHORUS)

(Spoken): Six-foot-two, 250 pounds, he was a  
crack shot. Throw a marble into the air, and  
he'd shatter it into a million fragments every  
time. He went to high school for a while, but he  
didn't dig that scene very much. So he took off  
into the mountains, let his hair and beard grow



out, made his clothes out of buckskin, lived off the land, hunted his meat with rifle or bow and arrow. But the folks back in town didn't dig his scene very much, so they hauled him in for huntin' elk out of season, found him guilty, and sentenced him to six months in the county jail there in Lander, Wyoming. Now from his cell window, he could see the mountains he loved, the Wind Rivers. But then one day the DA came to see him and started talkin' about some rich rancher's cattle that had been shot, about pinnin' the whole thing on him. Well, Earl, he asked the DA what it would mean if he were found guilty of that too, and the DA said, "Well, you'll have to spend two years in the State Pen at Rawlins." Now he wouldn't be able to see his mountains, the Wind Rivers, from there, and two years is an awful long time. So one morning when the guard brought him his breakfast, he konked him over the head with a milk bottle, and when he came to, forced him to drive him to his folks' place. He sent him back to town with a message that he just wanted to live free, didn't want to kill no one, but if they came after him, he'd shoot to kill. Well, the sheriff and his deputy came out after him, and he shot them both and took off into the hills.

In the wilderness he lay, changin' lair from day to day.

Come to town to get some shells, see his folks, and get away.

(CHORUS)

When Park County got too hot, Earl decided to change his spot,  
Rambled down through Yellowstone, to The Tetons,  
at a trot.

Then the sheriff swore so hard, he called out the National Guard,  
And with howitzers and mortars, they played down their last hole card.

(CHORUS)

(Spoken): That's right, folks, howitzers and mortars and the National Guard, after one lone man sittin' up there on a ridge. They sent two men up after him, hollarin', "Earl, you know we've got you. Why don't you give yourself up?" Well, from about a thousand yards, he picked them both off with two shots. He'd slip through their lines at night, go out and get himself some food, and slip back before dawn to play their games with them. Well, pretty soon he knew that was over when he ran out of ammunition, so he cut his hair and shaved his beard with his knife he had with him, and came down to the lines and said to the man there: "Say, have they got that Earl Durand fellow yet?" The guy said, "Nope," and Earl said, "Well I'm about out of ammunition." And the guy said, "Well, I'm about out too." So,

Earl, he said, "How's about drivin' us both to town so we can get some more?" So the guy did. Now Earl, he had some money in the bank, and he went in there to get it. The townfolk heard he was inside, and they surrounded the bank. Now Earl, he came out with the bank teller in front of him at gunpoint. Some trigger-happy sixteen-year-old kid shot him from the crowd, and by reflex action, he shot and killed the teller, and then he turned the gun on his own self and killed himself. Some-one later asked the kid how he felt about killin' that notorious outlaw feller, Earl Durand, and the kid said, "Sick."

But Earl was free as air, and down from his mountain lair,

He'd slip through their lines at night, and at dawn he'd not be there.

'Till at last with food all gone, and his stomach pinched and drawn,

He faced them in the twilight, and their bullets cut him down.

(CHORUS)

Earl just wanted to live free, just the same as you and me,

But the game laws said, "Oh no!" So this free soul had to go.

And his flight was called a crime, although in an earlier time,

He'd have been a mountain man instead of shot down in his prime.

(CHORUS):

Earl Durand, Earl Durand,  
Born too late a mountain man,  
Called the Tarzan of The Tetons,  
Killed by Civilization's hand.

### 39 MILES FROM THE OHIO LINE

I'm thirty-nine miles from the Ohio line,  
I hope to make it soon.

The bitches were on my trail all day

I hide in the ebb of the moon.

God said, love your brothers,

Oh, Lord, what could I do?

I'm twenty-nine miles from the Ohio line,

My ankles are festered and sore.

A short man's step was all I could take

Because of the chains that I wore.

God said, love your brothers,

Oh, Lord, what could I do?



I'm nineteen more miles from the Ohio line,  
Freedom awaits me there.  
I'll see my wife and my kinfolk  
And sit in my rocking chair.  
God said, love your brothers,  
Oh, Lord, what could I do?

I'm nine more miles from the Ohio line,  
I can see the Akron Creek.  
My brother's flintlock is aimed at my back,  
I'm a-staggerin' and pretty damn weak.  
God said, love your brothers,  
Oh, Lord, what could I do?

I made it to the Ohio line,  
But the bullet crossed the line.  
I forgive him, Lord, it's up to you,  
He'll cross that Judgment line.  
God said, love your brothers,  
Oh, Lord, what could I do?

### WEB OF BIRDSONG

If you will weave me a web of birdsong  
From the thrush or the linnet  
Then you shall have my heart and hand  
And all the love that's in it.  
If you will weave me a scallop shell  
Purple as violets in May,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.

If you will make me a green grass basket  
To carry a heart's love in  
They you shall have my heart and hand  
To lock with a silver pin.  
If you will make me a cloak of kisses  
For cover on a rainy day,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.

If you will build me a bonny bonny boat  
To sail on the waters so wide  
Then we shall sail the seas of love  
And you shall ride inside.  
If you will build me a house of moonbeams  
That lasts into the day,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.

If you will love me more than fully  
And longer than forever  
Then we two shall married be  
By a knot that none can sever.  
If you will love me in the night  
And love me in the day,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.

If you will bear me the child of our dreams  
And raise him to be a man  
Then I shall love you more than fully  
And much more than I can.  
If you will bear me a cobweb child  
That lives into the day,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.

If you will weave me a web of birdsong  
From the thrush or the linnet  
Then you shall have my heart and hand  
And all the love that's in it.  
If you will weave me a scallop shell  
Purple as violets in May,  
I'll belong to you and only you  
And never go away.