

## CHAPIN'S FOLK MUSIC HAS INNOCENT MOOD

Harry Chapin can be secure about his following. In a rain-storm, the Wollman Rink was packed with devotees of the New York-based folkie when he appeared Wednesday night in the open-air Schaefer Music Festival—"Call it a picnic gone awry," said Mr. Chapin.

It's easy to see his popularity. He pushes all the correct folk buttons and comes out with well-scrubbed, nonthreatening music. And just to cover all bases, he can come on sentimental, whether about bringing up kids or scoring some philosophical point with a song-story about a singing dry cleaner that should be purchased by the Disney studio.

Mr. Chapin may make oblique references to Watergate or the generation gap, a band member might criticize former Governor Rockefeller, but the over-all Chapin ambiance is of more innocent folk-music days. He hammers away at the rough edges and is certainly not harmful to your health.

Michael Masters, in Mr. Chapin's back-up group, plays cello, and well. He is worthy of note because he contributes to Mr. Chapin's sound in an unusual way, and how many rock-folk cellists are there, anyway?

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