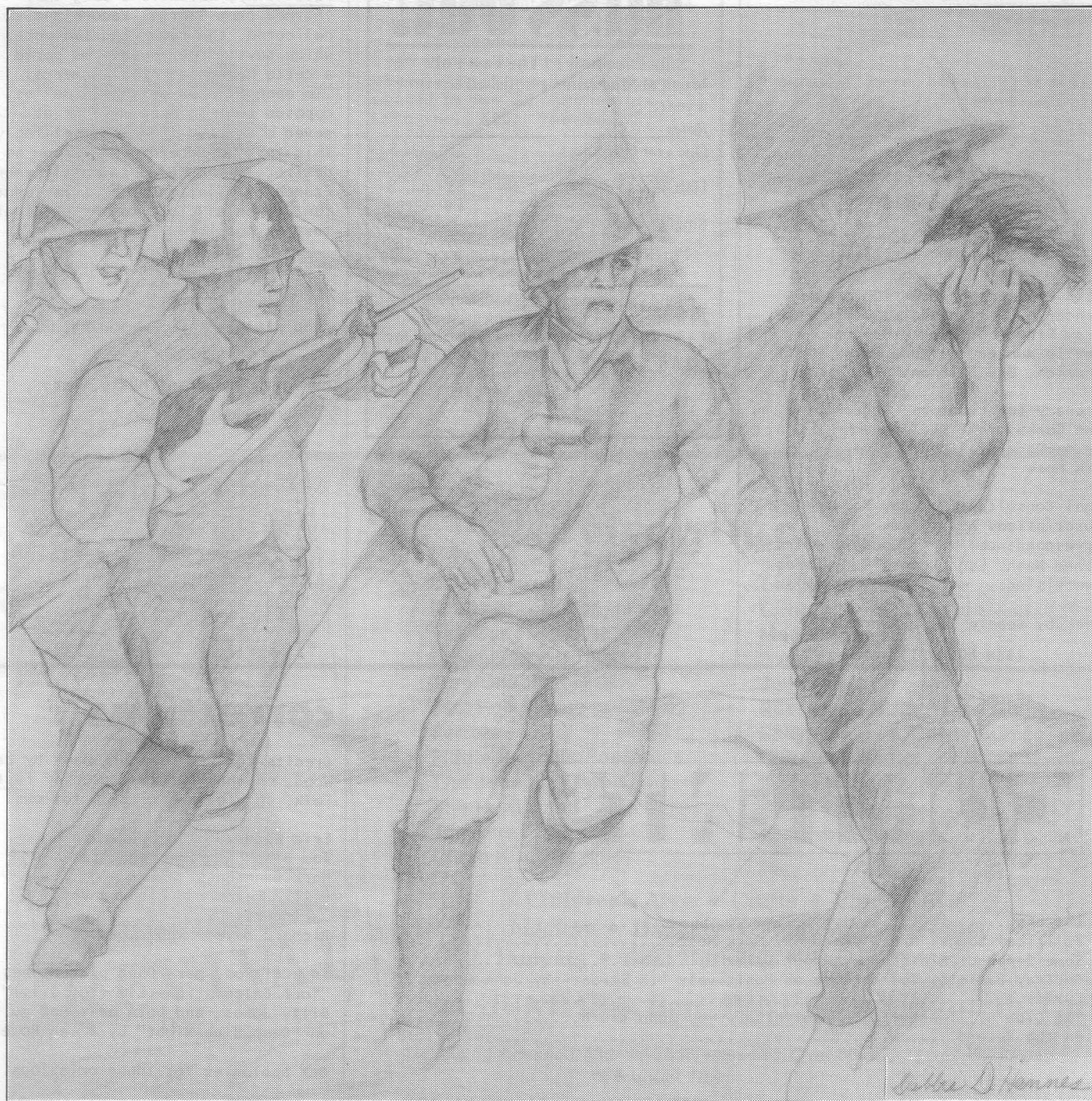


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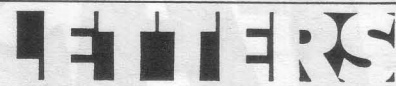
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Dear Nancy,

On the piece that Nikki Matheson and the Rentones did, "Le Chant des Livrees" (November 1984 issue of *Fast Folk*), which is a song they learned from Gabriel Yacoub and Malicorne, the recurring sentence, which says: "Pour ouvrir ma porte a cette heure ici" really means: "To open my door at this time" as opposed to: "So open my door at seven o'clock." I am just telling you this for the record, and if you so desire, I'll be glad to do all your French translations, as it is important to be as close to the original text as possible.

Great article on Chris Smither by the way!

Keep pluggin'

Dan Behrman
Manager, Immigrant Music, Inc.

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corrections

Credits for "Endless Highway" by Eric Wood, on the February issue of *Fast Folk*, should have read as follows:

Eric Wood/Vocal & Guitar
Tom Blackburn/Second Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
Lillie Palmer/Background Vocal & Fingersnaps
Richard Meyer/Fingersnaps

In addition, Mark Dann played bass on "Your Calculations Lie (for J.T.)" by Billy Jones, and both bass and guitar on "Deep Blue Night" by Brian Rose

Our apologies for these omissions.

a new breed **POLITICAL SONGS**

by Mark Moss

If you close your eyes, stop your ears
Hold your tongue, how can you know?
For seeds you cannot see may not be there--
Seeds you cannot hear may never grow.

- Peggy Seeger,
"Song of Choice"

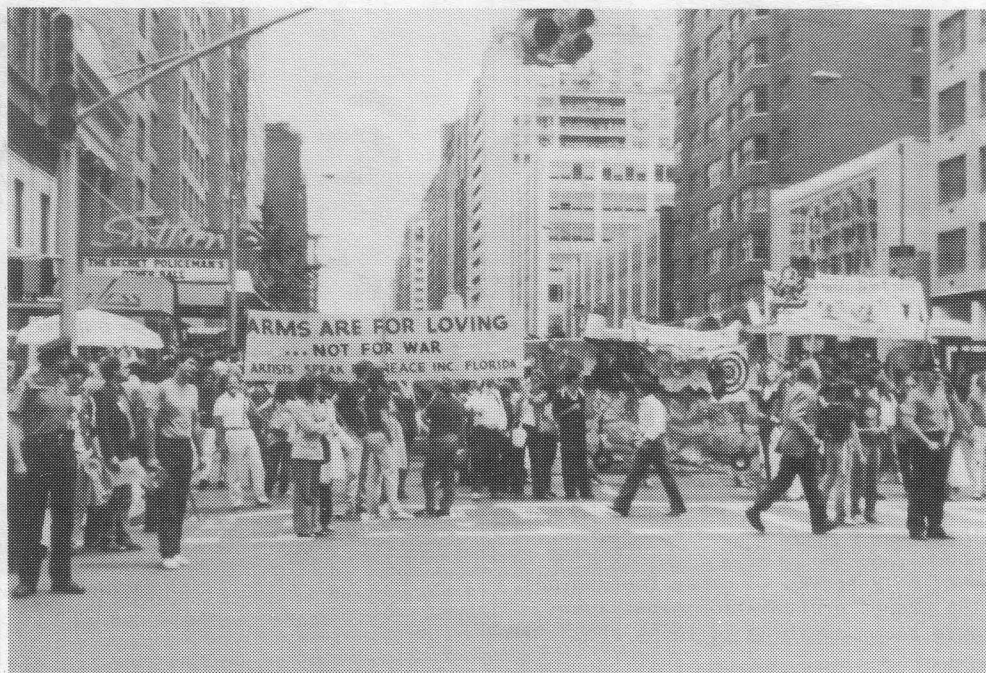
I'm sometimes amused when people discuss political music. There really is no such thing as a nonpolitical statement; even a performer who sings only children's songs makes political statements with the sexual, racial, and historical role models he or she presents.

From the broadside ballads of hundreds of years ago to the powerful "Nuevo Cancion" movement of South and Central America today, the political song has been the "newspaper" of the disenfranchised, telling the "other" side of history.

There is probably no correct answer to what constitutes a political song (or even a good political song). A more fruitful discussion would be to examine the context of presentation--how and when and by whom the songs are or aren't used.

In an interview with Scottish singer Dick Gaughan last year, I asked him if he thought a political song could really change anything. To paraphrase his answer, he said that the songs themselves couldn't, but that they could pose questions and create the unity and spirit needed by the people who could carry out those changes. That, still, is a pretty tall order. I've spent a lot of time trying to define the effect of political song, but I think that Dick's concept comes closer to the truth than many.

At the outset, it's a given that there are many different schools of thought as to what makes an effective political song. The effectiveness of the political song has as much to do with the audience to whom the songs are sung as anything else, so I like to define them in that way. By far it's easier to write/perform political songs for the "already committed."



Who could dispute the power of these songs though?

I certainly can't deny the uplifting feeling that the best in this genre can give a rally, or a march, or a political fundraiser. Those classics, from "We Shall Overcome," the reworking of Charles Tindley's spiritual standard for the early civil rights movement, to Holly Near's "We Are Gentle, Angry People," perform that duty with strength and power. Still, I won't accept the idea that this type of song has no responsibility or purpose beyond that--even the best of this genre rely on "sloganistic" choruses and many on adolescent acceptance of facts without proof.

Getting back to Gaughan's idea, the unity and strength that he speaks of are essential, but without the power of "question," we can never hope to instill those feelings in others.

There's no question that, in a room of friends, the singer can get away with decrying nuclear power plants by saying that they explode, or painting simplistic "black and white" pictures of any area of violence or oppression; but in a room of strangers? What are our goals for these songs? Do we sing

them merely to pat ourselves on the back, or is it essential that we are able to pass on our understanding and beliefs to others?

I've seen Pete Seeger do some remarkable things with music. Long a champion of causes, he has never ceased decrying injustices and wrongs in the world. But unlike scores of other politically oriented singers, he has found a way of speaking and sharing these ideas with literally thousands of the uninitiated--people who never gave much thought to politics, social change, etc. I believe the reason he is able to lead an audience in singing "Cristo Yo Nacio," the Nicaraguan "new song" that speaks of one family's hope for freedom in their country, is because he presents it juxtaposed with songs that speak of our own freedoms.

The group Bright Morning Star performs in a similar way. It is truly inspiring to see them perform for a local church group with a more-conservative-than-usual audience in attendance, and amidst the presentation of songs by Bill Staines and Jacques Brel, capture that same audience with Charlie King's "Acceptable Risks" or Charlie Murphy's "Gay Spirit."

There are other ways to succeed in sharing ideas. Humor, for one, is a powerful tool. In a discussion with Peter Alsop, social change musician and songwriter from California, he had this to say: "I'll do an evening concert where I'll touch on a range of subjects, from single parenting to nuclear power to homosexuality to aging--you name it. By the end of the evening, though no one song gave the answer, you have a sense of how all of these things are tied together, and feel a bit more empowered to deal with it....I think there are a lot of songs that are written that are incredibly moving. If you sit through an entire evening of that, it's really hard on you. If I can approach an issue with some humor, then people are going to be able to take a whole evening of my songs and get something more out of it than they would otherwise."

I have walked away from some political concerts feeling like I have just sat through a double screening of *Apocalypse Now*. For the uninitiated, that only serves to close their minds. The proper presentation might just give them something to think about. ■

Mark Moss is the editor of *Sing Out!* magazine. ■



political music sources

Broadside magazine, P.O. Box 1464, New York, New York 10023. (See article in *Fast Folk*, February 1984.) Topical songs and articles. \$20 for a one-year subscription (published monthly).

Sing Out! magazine, Box 1071, Easton, Pennsylvania 18042. Political songs and articles, along with other traditional and modern folk music. \$11 for a one-year subscription (published quarterly).

People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle, 158 Cliff Street, Norwich, Connecticut 06360. (See article in *Fast Folk*, March 1984.) Group sponsors two People's Music Network Weekends each year--one is a winter urban gathering; the other is a spring country gathering. Annual membership is \$5.

New Song Library, P.O. Box 295, Northampton, Massachusetts 01061. (See article in *Fast Folk*, October 1984.) The library contains records, tapes, magazines and songbooks of political music. Several membership plans are offered, including basic individual membership (\$5 per year) and group membership (\$25 per year). Members have free access to the library for browsing, research, and phone inquiries. ■

SOME SENSE OF HISTORY

by Roger Deitz

History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the trail of the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes, and kindle with pale gleams the passion of former days.

- Winston Churchill

There can be few experiences more traumatic in the course of everyday life than that of a bad haircut. A bad haircut is one of those frivolously horrible experiences that from a clinical standpoint seem so important at the time and so inconsequential long afterwards.

Upon looking in the mirror one feels pain and humiliation; there is the sense of the "Oh my God" about it all, but there is no blood, no ambulance siren, no police officers with clipboards at the scene taking note of the exact angle at which the shears perpetrated the crime. One does not have to clean the wound, pay the hospital bills, or bury the dead, but one is left helpless to do anything to quickly correct the situation--except perhaps to take to wearing a hat indoors and out.

Nature must take its course. As new hair is laid down at the rate of about one-hundredth of an inch each day, some amount of acclimation takes place, and to the extent one gets used to the way one looks as one begins to look the way one used to look, life does go on.

I had such an experience a few months ago as I suffered humiliation at the hands of a demon barber whom we will call Sweeney for the sake of protecting Tony's reputation. I should have known better; it was really my own fault.

On very short notice, I found myself with a consulting assignment and rather long hair. By the next morning I had to catch an airplane to visit an oil company in Texas, and I knew that my appearance would only get me a return ticket by noon the same day. I had to get a haircut in order to thrust myself into that corporate pinstripe world that I frequent all too infrequently..

In the rush of packing and preparing a seminar, I planned to get a "trim" at the airport. I thought it would save time. After all, all I needed was

a trim. Anyone could do that...I'll just tell the barber what I want and watch him closely. Now, I have made the same mistake in the past; again, I knew better. Somehow I slipped up and, rather than take the time to go to my regular barber, I forgot what danger there might be in my folly and eagerly lept onto a witch-hazel-scented spider's web.

Tony, er Sweeney was smiling when I entered the shop. He nodded and bade me good morning. I told myself that I was in control. As I explained in detail exactly what I did and did not want done, Sweeney nodded and smiled and assured me that he understood exactly what I wanted, and that I would be very happy with the result.

As large hanks of hair fell about me, as snippers erratically changed the topography of my cranial landscape, as electric shears mowed the hair on that landscape to dimensions similar to that of the height of the grass on the eighteenth green at The Augusta National Golf Course, I knew that it was too late, and that I had made a big mistake. I was aware of what I looked like even though I hadn't put my glasses back on yet.

Sweeney's running narrative didn't help to calm me: He was a senior citizen. He filled in on Mondays for his nephew, the regular barber. He had been retired for over ten years. He wanted to know if I knew anything about Parkinson's disease.

Sweeney was having problems as he repeatedly turned his attention from the right side of my head to the left side of my head and back in a vain attempt to even out what was already a frighteningly short punk haircut. When he finally said that he was sure that I would like this haircut style better than the one that I wanted, I knew that what I was about to see in the mirror was not going to please me.

When I did put on my glasses and peer into the mirror, I was angry. I looked like a Marine Corps accountant. At any rate, I tipped the old guy. It wasn't his fault, it was mine. I knew better, and yet I had let this happen. As I walked up the airplane ramp I felt the unfamiliar sensation of cold air on the back of my neck. A chill ran down my spine.

I was helpless. Suddenly I remembered all of the bad haircuts I had ever had.

Why wasn't I more careful? I spent the next few months avoiding mirrors. Now that my hair has grown back, I am calm and happy, and I have forgotten that empty feeling that I felt in my gut when I was shocked at the sight of the stranger in the mirror. In a year or so, I'll probably make the same damn mistake.

Of course this is no great moral dilemma. It's just a bad haircut. But as something so traumatic can be so easily forgotten, so then other more important events also might similarly slip into a misty sea of murky memory. How does a current event become "history"? Why do we lose touch with these events so easily? And why do so many of us treat history with a kind of benign ambivalence otherwise reserved for fiction, when often we have experienced those very historical events ourselves?

A few prods might only slightly jog your memory (and please be assured, this is not a sample of The National College Sophomore Smoke-In Relevancy Test). Remember the day Bobby Kennedy was shot? Remember the McCarthy hearings? Remember the bombing of Cambodia? These are not particularly remote events. Although most all of us have lived through them and been touched by them, my guess is that if you remember these events at all, you remember them in the form of newsreel-like recollections.

The great majority of us would probably stir with the same detached emotional response if asked to remember the Battle of Hastings, the San Francisco Earthquake, or the Spanish Inquisition; all rather nasty events, but all yesterday's bad haircuts. Even major events we have lived through, events that have had a significant impact on our own lives, can be of as little concern as age-old historical events or less important than today's actual bad haircut.

It is true that we do tend to forget. Whether we do so by choice or by physiologic design, I am not certain. Perhaps there is a neuronal safety valve somewhere in our brains designed to help us blow off emotional steam, a system of biofeedback checks and balances that dumps our worries down some cerebral chute once they reach a critical level, thereby shielding us from all of the nightmares we have lived and might otherwise be compelled to relive forever in our dreams. After

all, how would one ever be able to enjoy a picnic or a walk in the park if one had to continuously carry around on one's shoulders the combined weight of all of mankind's age-old burdens?

Might it be that commitment and conscience take the form of a thin layer of dust that temporarily litters our brains and, for the good of order, must be periodically swept from our relevancy memory banks? I for one certainly wouldn't want to be accused of having a dusty brain.

But this is nevertheless pretty important dust. As George Santayana wrote in *The Life of Reason*, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." I would add that those who are not touched by the past are themselves prisoners of a fool's paradise, and those who cease to care about the things that for them once held meaning are in self-exile.

Those who do not learn from the past are the most unpardonable of all...by ignoring the blood, sweat, and tears of the myriad whose misfortune it was to go first, whose burden it was to make the initial mistakes, or to suffer the consequences of those primary errors, they are damning themselves to a major instant replay. Our progenitors have left their experiences as a legacy, a simple historical message: remember, think, and care, they tell us, and where there are messages, there is ideally the need for a messenger, some method of conveying truth.

Toward this end a folk song can act as a messenger. A memory refresher and a prompter of conscience. The best folk songs are those that help us to remember, that make us feel close to those things with which we might otherwise have lost touch.

Notice I used the word "feel," as it is not enough only to think. A good folk song touches the heart as well as the mind. A good folk song written today should not only stir our feelings now, but serve to record and remind us later about those feelings. There are plenty of these songs being written today, and it will be in the countless reprises that the full power of these songs becomes realized.

If time has not been kind to many of yesterday's folk songs, perhaps it is because we have failed to appreciate the full value of these pieces. It may be that by having categorized them as quaint or traditional or old-fashioned



we have filed them away with the other historical bits that we have told ourselves were too dusty to litter our brains.

For many, the best folk song is that which provides the greatest entertainment value; the hottest licks, or the cleverest lyrics. And I would agree that these elements contribute to make folk music wonderful, but there should be more there, and if you are overlooking this fact, you may be missing the most wonderful and powerful component of the piece: its ability to make you remember, think, and care.

Bad haircuts don't go away just because you chose not to look in the mirror. I wish I had paid a little more attention to a folk song about Samson and Delilah. I might have been a little more wary of Sweeney the grim reaper. To anyone who would argue that experience is not the best teacher, I would give them the address of one particular barber shop...and caution them that not only is experience the best teacher, but someone else's experience is a better teacher still.

What is the worth of all this? The only guide to a man is his conscience; the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to walk through life without this shield, because we are so often socked by the failure of our hopes and the upsetting of our calculations; but with this shield, however

the fates may play, we march always in the ranks of honor.

- Continuation of the quote by Churchill, delivered in a tribute to Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons on November 12, 1940.

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coffeehouse on Positively 4th Street **GODFREY DANIELS**

by John Gorka

If you arrive late on a winter's night to a show at Godfrey Daniels Coffeehouse, and you don't have a reservation, you can often gauge your chances of getting a good seat even before you walk in the door. The windows steam up on a good night. There really are no bad seats in the place, though: All of them are within twenty feet of the stage in a room that seats about one hundred people.

The windows in the front have been steaming up for nine winters now, since Godfrey's first opened its doors on March 19, 1976, as an alternative to the musical bar scene in Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley. Located on "Positively Fourth Street" on the Southside of Bethlehem, Godfrey's is an alternative for performers and audiences alike, because it is one of those all too rare places scattered around the country: It is a listening room.

Nine years is a long time for a folk club to stay in business, and the two people responsible for much of Godfrey's success are co-owners Dave Fry and Cindy Dinsmore. Dave is a very witty full-time performer and music teacher who recently began working with a Bethlehem-based theatre group, the Touchstone Mime Troupe. He is "the head janitor" and does most of the booking.

Cindy, who is a skilled weaver and excellent natural foods cook, is in charge of performer hospitality. She lives in the apartment above GD's, and works as a chef at So Eat Already, a natural foods restaurant a half-block away. Cindy's cooking alone keeps more than a few performers coming back, but there's plenty of fare for the customers as well. Her "Big Apple Pie" is famous for miles around, and a warm tray of her brownies has been known to stop traffic on the Southside.

The performing area, which Dave refers to as "the Elegant Brown Room," is not large, but it is warm and rich in atmosphere. The lower halves of the walls have been paneled with old barn wood, and the upper sections are decorated with the posters and schedules of past performances from the beginning of the club's history, along with



Owners Dave Fry and Cindy Dinsmore

a montage of pictures of performers who have played the club over the years. There is one wall of unusual instruments from around the world, as well as musical greeting cards from down the block. There are tables, and chairs of all sorts and old church pews to sit on. There are plants and funky old radios on the floor near the stage, and weird and highly imaginative ceramic pieces by local artist Barbara Kozero on top of the upright piano and in various other places around the club. Since the room's main purpose is as a performing area, and since it has stayed in one location for so long, Dave and Cindy have been able to add a thousand small touches to the place so that they have, in effect, preserved some of the magic that performers and audiences have shared there. The graffiti in the bathrooms, encouraged by the management, is a cut above average, and is now in its third edition.

There is no alcohol served at Godfrey's, but you can bring your own beer or wine, and there are cups and ice and bottle openers available at

the counter in the front room where the tea and cider and hyper-caloric desserts are served.

There is no smoking, although there is a "smoking lounge" in the back yard.

There are hard-to-find folk and acoustic music LPs for sale in L.A. Williams's record bins on one end of the counter, guitar strings and *Sing Out!* magazines on the wall near the records.

Jade the dog and Shadow the cat, two of Godfrey's four-legged regulars, are frequent visitors to the front room, where Shadow usually ends up on top of the pinball machine (currently Charlie's Angels) while Jade ends up eating Shadow's food.

Above the pinball machine, on the left as you come in the door, are the coming attractions, photographs, albums and posters of performers who will be playing there in the coming weeks, all artfully arranged and calligraphed by Fry's magic markers. The line-up is remarkable: Jesse Winchester, The Persuasions, Claudia Schmidt, Joe &

Antoinette McKenna, Greg Brown, Odetta, Gamble Rogers, Garnet Rogers, The New Grass Revival, and many others, all in a two-month period.

In the early days Godfrey's strategic location (two hours west of New York City and ninety minutes north of Philadelphia) enabled them to book performers who were on their way from one place to the other. But over the years it has become a regular stop on many major folk performers' tours, to the delight of Godfrey's audiences and staff.

However, there's also some fool's gold up there on the wall on the bill for April 1: Van Halen, Sgt. Barry Sadler, The Chicago Knockers Mud Wrestling Team, a matinee by Bob Dylan, and a special lecture by L.M. Boyd, not to mention the entire Mummer's Day Parade. Johnny Mathis and the Grateful Dead have been scheduled in past years, but have failed to appear.

Godfrey's nine years have not all been easy. The club has been basically a breakeven operation with a small, all-volunteer staff, from the start. There are still nights when only a handful of people show up. Radio airplay for folk-oriented recording artists is a problem in the area, although WHY? and WXPB in Philadelphia are both very supportive.

In late November of '83, Godfrey's owners faced their most serious challenge to date, when the landlord of the building that houses the coffee-house received an offer from an ice cream chain to buy the property. He then called Dave Fry and offered the building to Godfrey's first, but Fry would have to come up with a downpayment of \$15,000 by the end of the year. With no money in the bank, Dave, Cindy, and a host of Godfrey's friends quickly mobilized a campaign to raise the necessary funds, contacted the three main newspapers in the Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton area, and sent out a special notice to the several thousand people on the GD schedule mailing list.

The local press and the mailings got the word out, and the community response was overwhelming. In less than thirty days the entire downpayment was raised, mostly from donations of \$25 or less, and the crisis was averted. In addition, enough money came in to fix the leaky room and begin construction of teaching studios in the basement. Fry called it "the miracle on 4th Street," and there was much cause for celebration. Since then

Godfrey's has gained non-profit, tax-exempt status with the IRS and the Post Office, and has begun a membership drive to raise money to keep the wolf from the door permanently.

Godfrey's, in addition to presenting some of the best folk and acoustic performers from this country and abroad, is also very much a part of the Lehigh Valley arts community. There are featured and open poetry readings, songwriters workshops, open mikes, local independent radio broadcasters' meetings, children's shows, and theatre productions, notably Chris Simmons's "Evening At A British Music Hall," all scheduled regularly. There is usually some kind of musical show on Thursday through Sunday nights, and occasionally earlier in the week if someone who is especially popular (like Claudia Schmidt or the Red Clay Ramblers) is coming through town. The various workshops, poetry readings, and meetings are usually held in the early part of the week.

Fall and spring are the two seasons of the year when business is best. When

the weather gets too hot or too cold, people tend to stay home or go somewhere else, but there is hope for the new season. Godfrey's will be nine years old on March 19; it will be a time for celebrating the end of another winter and the beginning of another year of music. A sure sign that spring has come to Godfrey Daniels is when Dave puts the park benches out on the sidewalk in front of the club, where some of the older gents from the neighborhood soon gather in the mornings to smoke their cigars, argue in loud voices, and spit occasionally. It almost sounds like music.

Note: Godfrey Daniels is a euphemism, coined by W.C. Fields, for a commonly used expletive. Scott Alarik donated an autograph and a picture of Fields that hangs on the wall behind the counter in GD's front room.

To receive the GD schedule, send \$2 to: Godfrey Daniels, 7 East 4th Street, Bethlehem, PA 18015. Please include your name, address, and, if possible, your phone number. Reservations can be made by calling (215) 867-2390.

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SIDE BY SIDE SONGS

ROSES FROM THE WRONG MAN

She opened the door
surprised to see a delivery man
holding a beautiful vase of roses
in his hands
"For me?" she said
he nodded his head
she took the flowers in
and read the note

Chorus:

Roses from the wrong man
poetry written in the wrong hand
she waits for one, hears from another
who tells her how much he loves her
with roses
from the wrong man

She places the vase
in the middle of her living room
the air is scented
with the delicate sweet perfume
she takes a deep breath
closes her eyes
shakes her head slowly and sighs (Chorus)

Bridge:

How long can she hold out
for someone who might never come around
and how many times will this other man try
when she keeps turning him down

She's not getting any younger
but she don't want to settle for less
oh, how could such a pretty bunch of flowers
trigger such deep unhappiness

Ever since she was eleven or twelve
it was her dream
to receive the kind of flowers
carried by the homecoming queen
well sometimes dreams
can come true
in ways you don't expect them to
sometimes dreams
can come true
in ways you don't want them to
roses
from the wrong man

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FREE HARBOR

I have come here to sing for the harbor
that binds my native city to the sea
and to join my voice to the voices of her people
who say, 'Keep this harbor nuclear free!'

I have come here singing for the harbor
nuclear free harbor

all of my lifetime we've been fighting with the Russians
this test of wills that seems to have no end
and now in this hour of a breakdown in discussions
want to put the 'Iowa' off Staten Island

I have come here singing for the harbor
the haven of the refugee and the home of my forefathers
whose native beauty has been numbed by the cavalcade procession
of the white man and his gun and his strange obsessions

I have come here singing for the harbor
nuclear free harbor

I say 'No!' to the local politicians
want to pass it off as jobs to the working man
and I say 'Wake up!' all you admirals in Washington
the whole damn thing is getting out of hand

I have come here singing for the harbor
and to urge you all to organize among your friends and neighbors
the saving of democracy demands heroic labors
and if not her own people, well then, who shall be her saviors

I have come here singing for the harbor
nuclear free harbor

oh, I have come here singing for the harbor
for the millions living by her banks and for her uplands farmers
for the children coming up now in the poorer quarters
for summer lovers come to plumb the mysteries of her waters

I have come here singing for the harbor
nuclear free harbor

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INTO THE SUN

He moved his bed into the sun
So he could watch the seasons
Tossed a marble into the air
Told himself he didn't care
Swept up the dust
Brushed off his hands
Into the corner goes the music stand
Into the drawer down from the shelf
Comes the picture of himself
When she
Was in love with him

Threw out some letters from friends long gone
And a fragment of a song
Barely remembers even the tune
One year together if she'd only stayed till June
Turn to the notebook
Look at that page
Those are the words he
Wanted to say
Oh well
He'll never mail them to her

Into the closet with all the old shoes
How could she leave him so confused
Life was so simple
Until that day
That other guy just
Took her away

(Into the sun the corner into the drawer
No one's gonna hurt me anymore
Into the drawer the corner into the sun
There'll never be another one
There'll never be another one
Another one...)

by Lillie Palmer © 1985 Palmer & Bragg Music

THE X-PRESIDENTS' WALTZ

Oh the President came to my neighborhood
He came with a hammer and saw
He wore a white tee-shirt with the sleeves rolled up
And he spoke with a southern drawl

Once he was President
Now he's a saint
Once he was President
But now he ain't

The President came to my country club
To play in a charity game
But you had to watch out when he teed off
He was known to cripple and maim

But when he was President
His wife was a drunk
Now he's ex-President
She's given up junk

Oh the President came to my library
To autograph his latest book
With his 4-o'clock shadow and sweat on his lip
He assured us he's still not a crook

Once he was President
But he got caught
Now he's ex-President
It's his own fault

(Yodelling)

Oh for the days of Camelot
The President sure had a ball
From Nikita Krushchev to Marilyn Monroe
By God, he screwed them all

Once he was President
But he got shot
Once he was President
But now he's not

Now was the time for all good men
And women to go out and vote
Let's get rid of the fascist pig
While the ship of state still floats

Send him to Hollywood
Give him a test
Once he was President
You know the rest

(Fade out yodelling)

by David Massengill © 1985 Bowser
Wowser Music

ELLE A DES CHEVEUX D'OR

Elle a des cheveux d'or
Que je caresse quand elle dort,
Et des yeux si clairs
Qu'ils laissent passer la lumière
Par derrière
Il y a deux fleurs ouvertes
De chaque cotés de sa tête,
Son front est si grand
Couleur de la fleur des pommes
Au Printemps...

Je te vêtirai de caresses voilées
Pour te déshabiller juste après,
Tu sais bien qu'tout l'temps
Ou je n'suis pas là,
C'est du temps gaché pour moi,
Tu sais bien que quand tu me touches
Ca me fait trembler...

Ses mains sont des ailes,
Légères comme une arantelle,
Et sur ses deux pieds,
Elle sait danser comme
Les elfes, les fées...

Puis elle est si pale
Que son ventre est comme un pétale,
Qui a oublié
Sur ses deux seins
Une goutte de rosée...

Je te vêtirais de caresses voilées...

J'ai vu son regard,
Voilé comme un brouillard,
Ses lèvres s'ouvrir
Pour laisser couler des merveilles
Sans rien dire...

Elle a des cheveux d'or
Que je caresse quand elle dort,
Et des yeux si clairs
Qu'ils laissent passer la lumière
Par derrière...

Je te vêtirais de caresses voilées...

by Gabriel Yacoub © 1983 S.A.C.E.M.

Translation:
SHE HAS GOLDEN HAIR

She has golden hair
Which I caress while she sleeps,
Her eyes are so clear
That they let light come
Through the rear.
There are two open flowers
On either side of her head,
Her forehead is so wide,
It has the color of the apple blossom
In Springtime...

I shall clothe you with veiled caresses
To undress you again right after,
You know that whenever I'm not around,
It is wasted time for me,
You know that whenever you touch me,
You make me shiver...

Her hands are wings
As light as spiders,
And she can dance on her feet
Like elves and fairies do...

FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

CALL ME PLEASE, MELISSA/THE REAL WORLD

Call me please, Melissa
Once you've seen one Mardi Gras
You've seen them all...
Married women, afraid of cats--
(A better man than us, perhaps.)
A woman in the airport,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Talked about her son in the war.
I wasn't listening.
She talked to someone who read
Sports Illustrated
And who wasn't listening either.
She said he went out of surgery
And into emergency--
This was Viet Nam--
And she'd never been on a plane before
We would run for president
If we were only older.
Maybe we'd look thirty-five
If I stood on your shoulders.
But if we can't run the country,
Can't we at least govern our own passion
Which sounds like feminism
But it's unrequited love....
I watch the red light on the stereo
As "It might as well be spring"
Plays over and over for no reason.
Who makes the waves
And who drowns in them--
Who makes the waves
And who drowns in them?
Call me please, Melissa--
I couldn't sleep the night we talked
About the war
If I did enough theatre
And made as many jokes,
The threat would go away
And we wouldn't have to go into politics....
Who makes the waves
And who drowns in them--
Who makes the waves
And who drowns in them?
Call me back, Melissa--
Once you've seen one Mardi Gras
You've seen them all.

© 1985 by Susan Vosburgh

She is so pale
That her skin looks like a petal
Which has forgotten a drop of dew
Between her two breasts...

I shall clothe you with veiled caresses...

I saw her gaze
Veiled like a fog,
Her lips open
To let marvels come through
Without having to say anything...

She has golden hair
Which I caress while she sleeps,
Her eyes are so clear
That they let light come
Through the rear...

I shall clothe you with veiled caresses...

by Gabriel Yacoub © 1983 S.A.C.E.M.
Translation by Dan Behrman

SIDE YR C TWO

MY BANANA

Oh, my banana
Make me want fuss and cuss and fight
Make me want to pick my teeth with a knife
Everywhere I go, I just don't know
It's not my banana

Oh, my banana
Make me feel like a salty sardine
Got me on my knees, a-hollerin' please
Singin' everywhere I go, I just don't know
It's not my banana

Saturday night we get out of our heads
Saturday night she jumps on the bed
Saturday night she says
It's not my banana

Oh, my banana
You got me rockin' and a-rollin' all night
You got me singin' to the morning light.
Singin' everywhere I go, I just don't know
It's not my banana

by Frenchy Burrito and Doug Miles
© 1984 by Bitter Lettuce Music

SUSAN'S VALENTINE (AS LONG AS YOUR LOVE'S THERE)

In the recklessness of anxious moments
When tenderness is betrayed
With piercing and vacant words
And putting on a needless display
Or acting crude
If stumbling I lose my balance
And arguments don't make the point
We've always had this chance
And you always had a choice

Chorus I:
And there'll be times
When I don't understand
When I seem all cold and calloused
Like I never gave a care or damn
But if I
If I don't have a prayer
Then I can take what this life will deal me
For as long as your love's there

BOW AND ARROW

My name is Mark, my vision's a dark silver lining
My mother's a tree, she cries out to me, with her whining
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

Houses for rent, came and they went with the summer
Students for sale, backwater jail, what a bummer
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

The powers that be came here to see our condition
What I do with a girl's no concern to the world's cold inspection
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

He built me this bed, he screwed on my head in the morning
He gave up the fight, now I have the right to ignore him
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

Father came South and swallowed a mouthful of sea salt
Easy and free, don't look at me like it's my fault
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

Father is gone, now I carry on the religion
Birds overhead sing of the dead with their squealing
My father's my foe, he gave me this bow and arrow

© 1984 by Andrew Calhoun

And every minute we're together
We'll spend them like our last
For the glue that binds our souls
Is strong and holding fast

Chorus II:
Though there'll be times
When I won't understand
When I'll seem all cold and calloused
Like I never gave a care or damn
But if I
If I don't have a prayer
Then I can take what this life will deal me
And I won't let this fool's world kill me
For the touch of your hand can heal me
As long as your love's there

© 1985 by Joe Virgo

UNCHAIN THIS HEART

You gave me something I needed so bad;
It felt like the first love I ever had.
Now I'm trapped in the freedom I had loving you,
And I want more than ever to see this one through...

Chorus:

If I could ever unchain this heart,
Love could come all the way in.
And if I could ever unchain this heart,
I'd never be lonely again.

I'm drawn to the fire, but each time I turn,
Keeping my distance so I don't get burned.
Now I'm caught between loving, and leaving again;
I'm not scared of losing, just afraid to win...
(Chorus)

Bridge:

You gave me shelter when my life was bare,
You took me in, taught me to care...

Words by Peggy Atwood & Rob Ward; Music by Peggy Atwood, Rob Ward & Ron Rutherford © 1982

SONG TO ANNE FRANK (THE ANNEX BLUES)

Behind a bookshelf,
Anne wrote, hoped, and prayed
That everything would come out alright someday
Now the sun shines on the annex
And young folks sit and write,
Journals by the waterway.
And in France

First chorus:

Thousands hit the beaches,
Bodies laying all around
French, German, American, English
And no one's been shot down.
There's peace on the beach in Cannes.

In many European cities
You can tell where the bombs fell,
By where the new buildings stand.
Now the sun shines on the continent
Except where the hateful hope to rise again.

(Repeat first chorus and first verse)

Second chorus:

Thousands hit the beaches,
Many hand in hand
French, German, American, English
They're all sleeping in the sand
French, German, American, English,
Together in peace, on the beach,
In Cannes.

© 1985 by Roger Manning

MARIA

Chorus:

Maria, dancing through the night.
Rainbows singing through her hair across the morning light.
Maria do you care for me.
Maria say a prayer for me.
Maria kiss my eyes and everything will be alright.

High in the Sisciou I will ride, ride, ride.
I will court Maria sword and pistol by my side.
Up in the pine and cedar
I will surely meet her
I will do all I can do to make Marie my bride. (Chorus)

Sadly, sadly, sadly I will bid Marie bye bye.
I will hold her close and wipe a teardrop from her eye.
Maria, what else can I do?
I will leave my smile to you
And when I think of sweet Marie I'll close my eyes and sigh.

© 1985 by Peter Wilson

twenty-fifth anniversary **THE CLUB 47**

by John Kruth

Tom Rush really knows how to throw a party. For three nights last December, Tom and a bunch of his friends, including Joan Baez, Richie Havens, Maria Muldaur, Peter Rowan, and a dozen others, transformed Boston's Symphony Hall into a folk club.

The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Club 47. The club originated in the early sixties as a little jazz club at 47 Mt. Auburn Street in Cambridge. Soon it moved to Harvard Square (47 Palmer Street), where it became the center for a community of folksingers, artists, beatniks, and other social misfits. Eric von Schmidt and Jim Rooney immortalized the club and its illustrious performers in a wonderful but hard-to-find book called *Baby Let Me Follow You Down*, published by Anchor Press-Doubleday in 1979.

The show began each night (December 27 through 29) with Rush performing Joni Mitchell's "Circle Game" and thanking everyone for coming. The atmosphere was one of jubilation. Everybody was glad to be there, old-timers and young whippersnappers alike.

Without further ado Tom introduced

Boston's favorite comedic folkie, Bill Morrissey, who nervously took the stage muttering, "I need a cigarette, I need a whiskey!" under his breath. He was great, cracking up the crowd with his woody quips and tales of small-town New England in his "aw shucks," slightly hungover style.

Another wise decision on Tom Rush's part was to mix some of today's best singer-songwriters with yesteryear's finest. The show flowed smoothly from one act to the next. Spider John Koerner took the stage, backed by a scruffy crew of musicians playing banjo and fiddle, with the notorious Mr. Bones keeping the beat for a mad ramble of rags, blues, and bad jokes.

They were followed by an outrageous set by the Kveskin Jug Band (sans Mr. Kveskin), featuring Richard Greene on fiddle; Maria Muldaur on kazoo and sultry vocals; Geoff Muldaur on washboard, mandolin, guitar, and vocals; Fritz Richmond on washtub bass and jug; banjo ace Bill Keith; and Mitch Greenhill on guitar. The Jug Band delighted the audience with their great picking and singing and their wild antics.

The centerpiece of their set came when Geoff inhaled helium for a side-split-

ting rendition of "Sweet Sue." And anyone who thinks for a minute that Maria Muldaur peaked ten years ago with "Midnight at the Oasis" would've had some pretty fast enlightenment after hearing her sing "Garden of Joy." Her slinky voice and dancing were in top form.

Eric von Schmidt, the granddaddy of them all, took the stage with his old funky Gibson and a gold-toothed grin. Joining him were Jim Rooney (guitar and vocals), Mitch Greenhill (guitar), Richard Greene (fiddle), and yours truly (mandolin and banjo), with vocal support from his daughter Caitlin and girlfriend Shari Robinson for a rollicking set of his own songs and mad inventions. Most notable were Eric's "The Alamo," which sounded as if it were written the day after the battle, and the bouncy Tex-Mex "Sweet Margarita." The review in *The Boston Globe* on the following day likened the white-bearded painter-songwriter to Jerry Garcia. It was one of Eric's first appearances in some time. He works mainly as an illustrator and canvas painter these days, and has done several album covers for Philo and Flying Fish recording artists.

David Buskin (piano, guitar, and vocals) and Robin Batteau (violin, mandolin, and guitar) performed for all three nights of the reunion. Backed by a crack rhythm section, they played a tight set that included Batteau's classic opus, "Boy with the Violin," and a tune that must be heard to be



The Jug Band at sound check (l to r): Mitch Greenhill, Guitar; Eric von Schmidt, harmonica; Maria Muldaur, tambourine; Geoff Muldaur, mandolin; Richard Greene, fiddle. Not pictured is Fritz Richmond, washtub bass and jug.

© 1985 by John Kruth

believed called "Death in Venice." Full of cheap Italian mandolin licks and painful puns, this song is enough to "drive a Venetian blind!"

Buskin and Batteau remained on stage to back Tom Rush for a forty-five minute set, which included a soulful rendition of Eric von Schmidt's gospel blues "Blow Whistle Blow," which featured some real fine soloing by alto sax man Josh Schneider. Also included in Rush's set were versions of "San Francisco Bay Blues" and Woody Guthrie's "Car Car," along with his own "Beam Me Up," a humorous tale of a poverty-stricken *Star Trek* fiend begging for a way out of his troubles.

There is nothing fancy about Tom Rush. His show is a potpourri of easy grbovin' country, folk, and blues tunes played and sung in a simple and direct style. Though his music is enjoyable, Rush's real contribution is his ability to discover talented singer/songwriters and to educate the public about them, either by performing their material or by showcasing their talent in a concert which he has organized. Remember that he was performing songs by James Taylor, Joni Mitchell, and Jackson Browne long before anyone knew who they were. Tom continued this tradition by offering the Symphony Hall stage, with a sold-out audience, to contemporaries such as Claudia Schmidt, Bill Staines, Bill Morrissey, and Mike Cross, who are all deserving of wider recognition.

The first night (Thursday) ended with a rocked out version of Eric von Schmidt's "Wasn't That a Mighty Storm?" with the entire house up on its feet clapping and singing along. For an encore, Rush and company sang a heartfelt rendition of the Steve Goodman classic, "City of New Orleans."

But the party didn't end there. Within a half hour after the show, most of the pickers and singers ended up at von Schmidt's room at the Copley Plaza Hotel (another one of Rush's little touches) for a boozy hoot that lasted until the early hours of the morning.

The second night (Friday) began very much like the first. Once again Symphony Hall was sold out, and the people in the orchestra section sat at little tables, cabaret style, drinking beer and eating sandwiches as the house lights went down. After Tom opened the show, he introduced Jackie Washington Landron, a flamboyant performer from the old days at Club 47, who played a high-spirited set of

swinging bossa nova numbers and blues, kicking the night off with a bang.

Robert L. Jones (organizer of this summer's proposed return of the Newport Folk Festival) sang a solemn "Pastures of Plenty" and was followed by Mike Cross, who sparked the crowd with a dazzling 12-string guitar ramble and his lightning-fast fiddle. His backwoods philosophy, snake oil salesman routine, and tales of moonshine and mountain in-breeding had everybody in stitches.



The Charles River Valley Boys (l to r): Everett Lilly Jr., bass; John Cooke, guitar; Joe Val, mandolin; Richard Greene, fiddle; Bob Siggins, banjo. Behind Siggins is James Field, guitar.

Next came the Charles River Valley Boys, perhaps Boston's first bluegrass band, which included Joe Val, Bob Siggins, John Cooke, Everett Lilly, Ethan Signer, and James Field. They came together from all parts of the country to play for two nights of the reunion. They performed toe-tapping, hand-clapping renditions of the Beatles' "I've Just Seen a Face," and "Way Downtown," full of harmony and bluegrass breaks. They were joined by Richard Greene, who contributed his unique brand of spiraling fiddle playing to their steady chugging rhythm. Greene, who had a bad cold, was perhaps the hardest working musician, joining nearly everyone who played over the three nights.

Again Buskin and Batteau played a set of their tongue-in-cheek sketches of middle-class life with lots of two-part harmony and wisecracks. Again Tom Rush joined them, this time with his "Late Night Radio" and a tough

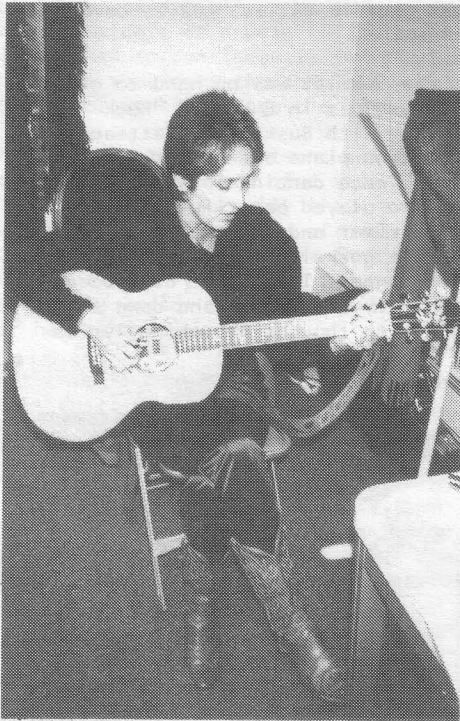
Texas shuffle called "Ladies Love Outlaws."

Claudia Schmidt was on hand to growl a funky blues in E called "Rock That Sucker," with Buskin and Batteau in support on piano and guitar, that had the audience dancing in their chairs. She also played beautiful ballads on the dulcimer and wailed a superb a cappella gospel number called "Love Is the Strongest Thing I've Ever Seen," tastefully sliding up and down the scale with thought-provoking lyrics

like "Love can't be analyzed" and "What's it gonna be, the black couch or the bed?" At times her singing was very jazzy, jumping outside the realm of melody into pure emotion, and then she would bring it right back with tight control. She thrilled the audience with her powerful voice and infectious smile.

The second half of the show featured an outstanding performance by Richie Havens. Strumming his guitar in his highly rhythmicized, one-of-a-kind style, Havens sang a medley of Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey" and Dylan's "Just Like a Woman," which warmed the hearts of everyone. Caressing the crowd with his smokey baritone, Richie sang Dino Valenti's "What Ya Gonna Do About Me," chanting the line, "No Taxation Without Representation," over and over, which had a powerful impact in Symphony Hall, just a few blocks from the site of the Boston Tea Party. Havens was given a standing ovation,

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Joan Baez warms up backstage

but couldn't oblige with an encore due to the tight scheduling of the show.

Instead the crowd was treated to an unexpected appearance by Joan Baez, who sent the flashbulbs popping from all directions. She looked stately in her red cowgirl boots and necktie. Joan sang an original tune called "Children of the Eighties," full of names and places of the past and troubles that face today's kids who take "reds, blues and yellows" with their brain turning to jello." (Dylan was right, her poetry is lousy, but the ideals and hopes that she conveys are just as important today as when she first arrived on the scene in the early sixties.)

I suppose she couldn't help herself when she broke into an overblown rendition of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Her voice echoed off the crystal chandeliers and the marble statues that stared down from above. The crowd of course ate it up and responded with wild cheers and applause.

The second night ended once again with Tom Rush leading everyone in Eric von Schmidt's "Wasn't That a Mighty Storm?" The lyric answers the question about the Galveston Flood as well as the Club 47 reunion at Symphony Hall with a resounding "blew all the people away," which everyone had been.

The festivities after the show that night were rather low key. Everyone needed a little rest after last night's party and the two shows. After all, there was one more night ahead. I sat around the lobby of the Copley Plaza with Byron Lord Linardos (manager of the Club 47) and Spider John Koerner, listening to their colorful tales, while women in fur coats and men in black tie sneered disdainfully in our direction as they strolled to the piano bar for a nightcap.

On the third day of the reunion, there was an afternoon matinee benefit for the starving people of Ethiopia. The show began at 3 p.m. and featured Tom Chapin, Claudia Schmidt, Geoff Muldaur, and others performing children's songs.

The third night featured performances by Bill Staines, New England's yodeling cowpoke; Jonathan Edwards' good-time blues tunes, with some fine harmonica wailing; and Mimi Fariña, who stirred up some emotions when she sang a beautiful a cappella version of her late husband's "Quiet Joys of Brotherhood." Joined by Maria Muldaur on harmony vocals, the two of them stood together in a single blue spotlight singing, while everyone listened and remembered the great, crazy spirit of Richard Fariña, singer/songwriter, novelist, dulcimer strummer, and notorious wild man, who died in a motorcycle accident in April of 1966. Mimi was then joined by her sister, Joan Baez, and the two of them picked guitars and sang an

English folk ballad with a typically gruesome plot.

Other high points of the night included a set by Bill Keith and Jim Rooney. Rooney, looking out at the capacity crowd, quipped, "We always wanted a bigger club!" Joined by Richard Greene and Fritz Richmond thumping the wash-tub bass, Bill picked some fine banjo while Rooney sang "Salty Dog" in a high-spirited, good-buddy baritone. Keith strummed an autoharp on the traditional folk ballad, "One Morning in May," while people swayed in their seats. Peter Rowan joined the group, picking dark textural chords on his mandola while Bill Keith led the band in a grassy version of Duke Ellington's "Caravan." Once again Richard Greene's careening fiddle drew applause as Symphony Hall was temporarily transformed into a desert tent.

Next Peter Rowan took center stage and sang a set that included his classic "Midnight Moonlight" and a haunting "Land of the Navajo," with Maria Muldaur on harmony vocals. Rowan sent chills down the spines of the audience members with his piercing Indian cries, which echoed eerily off the walls of Symphony Hall. His performance nearly stole the show that night, and left the audience astonished.

The evening continued with Joan Baez and John Cooke leading an a cappella rendition of "Amazing Grace." The performers on stage and members of the audience swayed arm in arm like they



© 1985 by John Kruth

Jim Rooney and Eric von Schmidt rehearsing Eric's "The Alamo."



© 1985 by John Kruth

(l to r) Jim Rooney, guitar; Peter Rowan, Mandola; Bill Keith, banjo; and Richard Greene, fiddle. Larry Atamanuik, percussion, is behind Rowan. Not pictured is Bob Siggins, pedal steel guitar.

were all singing around a campfire.

Once again Tom Rush took the stage and played "Wasn't That a Mighty Storm?" and "City of New Orleans." As Jim Rooney put it, "It was really a big family reunion. Everyone was in a wonderful mood. There were lots of ex-wives, ex-husbands, and ex-lovers around as well as current wives, lovers, and children, and it became immediately clear that we were all truly happy to be together again. Whatever we started 25 years ago is still very alive and meaningful to a lot of people. It was a wonderful feeling."

That night the party continued until dawn. Eric von Schmidt, with an ample supply of Bacardi Dark Rum, hosted a marvelous singalong in his room until the house detectives came knocking on the door at around five in the morning. Everyone was having a magnificent time. There was Joan Baez in her flannel nightie and red cowgirl boots and Peter Rowan and Eric von Schmidt singing "Johnny Too Bad." I thought the room was going to explode, it was so full of life.

Special kudos go to promoter Fenton Hollander and the sound crew, who did a magnificent job. It was a hell of a time.

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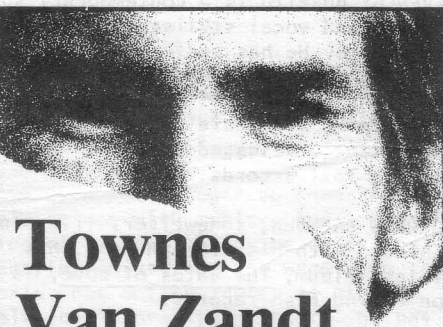
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ON THE RECORD



Peggy Atwood

Thom Wolke

PEGGY ATWOOD took up classical guitar at twelve, branching off into the contemporary folk scene, adding some country-rock flavoring as well. She has performed in musicals, and at clubs and festivals from Canada to Florida, New York to San Francisco.

FRENCHY BURRITO is a contemporary songwriter and vocal stylist in the folk, pop genre. He has performed in his home town of Chicago as well as New York and Los Angeles, and is currently performing and residing in Pittsburgh. He recently released a 45 on his own label, Taxi Records.

ANDREW CALHOUN, songwriter, lives in Chicago with his wife and son. His latest album, The Gates of Love, is on Flying Fish records.



Andrew Calhoun

DAVID INDIAN is a native New Yorker and a songwriter who's been playing the open mikes in New York City for about two years.



David Indian

Alan Schweitzer

CHRISTINE LAVIN, one of nine children, moved to New York City in 1976, after living in Geneva, New York; Miami, Florida; and Saratoga Springs, New York. Her latest album, Future Fossils, is on Palindrome Records and is available through Rounder Distribution.



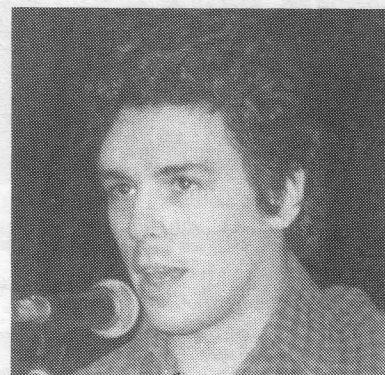
Christine Lavin



Roger Manning

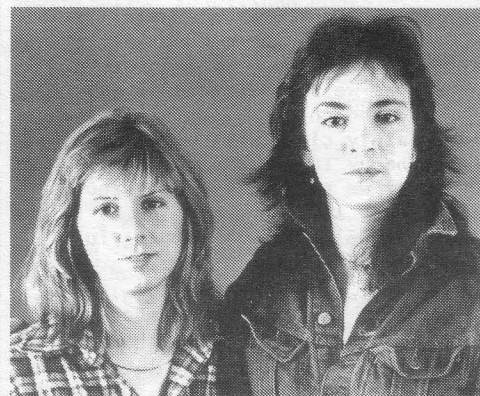
ROGER MANNING comes from Springville in western New York state. After killing five years in New Haven, Connecticut, he moved to Manhattan in 1982 to work in radio. He is the inventor of folkgrass music, and singer of rhythmic Eurosongs and folk songs. His photo was taken at a machine in the train station in Cannes, France.

DAVID MASSENGILL is known primarily for his songs accompanied by dulcimer. He has toured with Dave Van Ronk, and his songs are performed by The Roches and Rosalie Sorrels. He's from Bristol, Tennessee.



David Massengill

Alan Beck



Lillie Palmer and Gladys Bragg

LILLIE PALMER and GLADYS BRAGG met in the spring of 1983 and began to write songs one year later. They could have become Mrs. Nathaniel Pease Harrison III of Darien, Connecticut, and Mrs. John Hosford Sutcliff-Morgan of Upper Saddle River, New Jersey. Instead they live in the East Village of New York City.

JOE VIRGO is an up-and-coming Brooklyn-born songwriter who considers his style to be "folk-pop."

SUSAN VOSBURGH, a director, playwright, and free-lance artist, is currently living in New York and trying to get on the David Letterman Show. Although she is a recent graduate of Sarah Lawrence College, this song is as political as she gets.



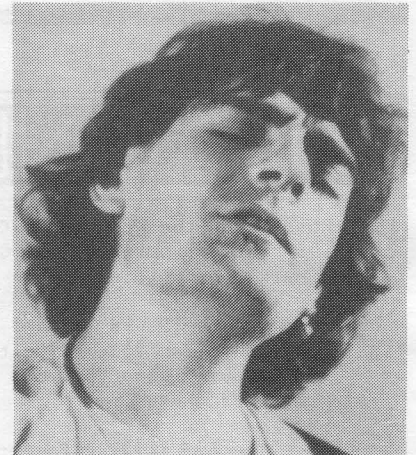
Susan Vosburgh

PETER WILSON is alive and well in the Mother Lode, singing and dancing and recording a new album (his second) due out this summer on Bennett House Records. Peter's phone number is (916) 273-7738.

GABRIEL YACOB comes from Paris, France. He is the leader of the award-winning French folk-rock group Malicorne, and used to be Alan Stivell's "first lieutenant." Gabriel is currently touring the U.S. for the fourth time. His solo album, *Trad. Arr.*, is scheduled for release on Green Linnet Records in March '85. Gabriel Yacoub and Malicorne are managed by Dan Behrman/Immigrant Music Inc., (201) 762-7580.

DOUG BERCH (whose song, "The Visionary's Daughter," is on the May '84 issue of *Fast Folk*) is originally from Brooklyn and now lives in Boulder, Colorado. Doug took first place in the 1983 Winfield,

Kansas, National Championships on both mountain dulcimer and hammered dulcimer. He has a solo record on Kicking Mule Records, *English and Scottish Dances, Songs and Airs for Dulcimer*. Doug currently tours four to six months a year with Bonnie Carol.



Gabriel Yacoub

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Jugglers From Mars
Djimo Kouyate

Tommy Makem
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12 & under-free.

FOR INFORMATION: 914/454-7951 Co-sponsored by the County of Westchester

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. Roses from the Wrong Man (Christine Lavin)
Christine Lavin/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass

2. Free Harbor (David Indian)
David Indian/Vocal & Guitar
Elizabeth Stone/Vocal
Mark Dann/Bass

3. Into the Sun (Lillie Palmer)
Palmer & Bragg:
Lillie Palmer/Vocal & Guitar
Gladys Bragg/Vocal
Mark Dann/Electric Guitar & Synthesizers

*4. The X-Presidents' Waltz (David Massengill)
David Massengill/Vocal & Guitar

5. Elle a des Cheveux d'Or (Gabriel Yacoub)
Gabriel Yacoub/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass

6. Call Me Please, Melissa/The Real World
(Susan Vosburgh)
Susan Vosburgh/Vocal & Guitar

1. My Banana (Frenchy Burrito & Doug Miles)
Frenchy Burrito/Vocal & Acoustic Guitar
Doug Miles/Acoustic Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass, Drums & Electric Guitar

**2. Bow and Arrow (Andrew Calhoun)
Andrew Calhoun/Vocal & Guitar

3. Susan's Valentine (As Long As Your Love's There)
(Joe Virgo)
Joe Virgo/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Synthesizers

4. Unchain This Heart (Atwood/Ward/Rutherford)
Peggy Atwood/Vocal & Guitar
Bill Bachmann/Lead Guitar
Josie Kuhn/Background Vocal

5. Song to Anne Frank (The Annex Blues)
(Roger Manning)
Roger Manning/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

6. Maria (Peter Wilson)
Peter Wilson/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

*Recorded on a Sunday afternoon at SpeakEasy in New York City;
Jay Rosen, recording engineer.

**Recorded live at SpeakEasy; Mark Dann, recording engineer.

