

the **COOP**

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine



CYNTHIA GOODING in 1945 performing on radio station XEW
in Mexico City.

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The Folk Revival

By Brian Rose

Thursday night the fifth of March I slipped out of Speakeasy to the newsstand at MacDougal and West Third in time to meet the New York Times delivery truck. I purchased ten papers and returned to the club bearing the tidings, "once again", "revival", "Village folk scene". The believers and non-believers huddled about the headline. Leslie Berman of the Village Voice, prowling and mingling among the Inner folkdom at the bar was heard to mutter, "shit". The Voice, scooped and chagrined, began to engineer that most difficult and unseemly task of unscoping the Times with something roughly like this: contrary to hype you may have read elsewhere, it's not a revival. It's an underground continuum subject to periodic eruptions of relevance of interest to very few people.

The weekend was jammed. Folk City split its seams for Dave Van Ronk, Roger McGuinn with acoustic 12-string sold out the Bottom Line, and Speakeasy featuring Frank Christian and Suzanne Vega was forced to turn away multitudes. In what Erik Frandsen called the first folk overflow in 15 years; several Speakeasy regulars crossed MacDougal Street to the less frenetic confines of the Kettle of Fish for beer and conversation.

Very often these days the conversation turns around the subject of folk music; its persistence and its ebb and flow. Why is there a resurgence of interest now? Is it the mood of the country brushing the antennae of New York, or is it simply the result of a more energetic folk scene in the Village? I would rather leave the speculation to others for the time being. If the resurgence takes hold we will enjoy/suffer more than enough help in doing so.

Here at The CoOp we feel that folk music can find a wider audience of both committed and casual listeners, but it will require the linking of arms of many disparate groups of performers and writers. This magazine specifically, must depend on the participation of those with different and sometimes conflicting tastes in music, and most importantly, the magazine must address itself to the millions of concerned people who have always kept music at the center of their lives.

Now that the record industry has grown monolithic and faint of heart, the musicians and listeners must turn toward each other more directly and if necessary, form their own bonds of communication. I believe that through such alliances the music will emerge, be cultivated and spread without the "starmaking machinery behind the popular song." This is a role that I hope The CoOp can fill.

Nevertheless, the myth of the lone singer-songwriter who rises to fame and fortune out of the soft focus streets of Greenwich Village dies hard. On Monday nights the sidewalks around Folk City, Speakeasy and the Cornelia Street Cafe fill with guitar cases. The kids keep coming in from New Jersey and Kentucky and Florida and Illinois with dreams, delusions and a battered copy of Dylan's biography tucked inside a pocket. Even through the dormant years of the seventies they came steadily, running from mom and dad, believing that a few angry words spit over the chords of an out of tune guitar merit the attention of an audience. The other side of the coin is the young songwriter grooming for success before the rudiments of singing, playing and

writing are learned, straining to mold melody and words into a potential hit song and exploiting the barest themes of love and need for success. Yet out of this foggy morass of ambition emerge individuals with clear eyes, trenchant songs and a love for singing and performing.

All too often the grand tradition of folk song is scarcely known to the young newcomers, and the rest of us may not be so knowledgeable either. We have all been carried away by that wonderful and exasperating American hybrid called rock and roll. But still the folk song, redolent of hickory smoke or the dank corridors of cities persists and endures. It is the sound of slaves working the fields, of workers rising up to form unions, of mothers rocking their children to sleep of people praying together, of lovers proffering their hearts; it is as Woody Guthrie said, "eye, ear, nose and throat music."

Today we are more and more likely to find ourselves sitting at computer terminals or word processors rather than working in factories, though millions still do. But the future will not be so pristine and sterile as we might imagine. The machines will break down, edges will be rough, garbage and pollution will confound us, and the problems of poverty and inequality will undoubtedly stand in harsh contrast to the shining monuments of civilization. The folk song expressing our emotions and political beliefs will continue to thread its way through this future society whether transmitted around the globe instantly in digital code or more slowly by simply singing to each other. I doubt that the vibrations of a spruce sound board or the wavering of a bare voice will ever cease to move and delight us.

The CoOp in a very limited way is seeking to locate the thread of folk music in our time. To many people it is a lost form that rarely touches their lives. We hope to bring it back to those who are looking for music to care about, sing along with, and pass on to their children. The Village scene is our base but we would be naive and presumptuous to think that here we can find more than an interesting chapter of the story. The best of this scene are strong original writers. One may have to look elsewhere for the best of different worlds, and The CoOp should also be looking -- beyond the Hudson river or across the Atlantic for inspiration and support.



Ramblings from N.J.

By Mike Agranoff

I stopped in at Speak Easy last week. I had heard some good things about the place, so I decided to brave the Apple once more, visit my folks (and have a decent meal for a change), and see for myself. I was impressed with the physical setup, the attitude which promotes the music for its own sake, rather than as an animate juke box serving as background to one's other social activities, and with the outlook of the people in charge. I would have been more impressed if there were a few more people there, but what do you want for a Thursday night? What impressed me most of all, though, was The Coop magazine. I found it remarkably full of meaty, literary articles, quite unlike the newsy gossip stuff usually found in folk society newsletters. And a record, too. Nice.

Reading it, I am reminded of that famous illustration from the New Yorker magazine showing the typical New Yorker's view of the world, depicting Broadway, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Avenues, the Hudson River, and rapidly fading off into the distance with New Jersey, Chicago, LA and Japan. There is a folk world west of the Hudson too, that touches the New York folk scene only lightly, and likewise, what goes for folk in Fun City is rarely seen by the rest of the world. The following capsule summary of Agranoff's Theory of the Insularity of the New York Folk Scene is somewhat exaggerated, grossly overgeneralized, and in large part true.

It all starts with the recording industry's preponderance in NYC. If you want to get recorded you come to LA, Nashville or New York. And thousands do. Come to New York that is. There is a surplus, a glut, a plethora of amazingly talented

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musicians and writers in the City, spending much of their time driving cabs and typing memos (Editor's note: untrue -- folk singers can't type), and the rest of their time applying their talent as best they can. And following the natural laws of supply, demand, and avarice, there are many establishments all too willing to take advantage of this talent for little or no compensation. (We shall name no names) If you want to get paid for playing in New York, you gotta develop a following...bring your own crowd. Until you can do that, you can do the talent nights and showcases, and four in the morning open mikes till you're blue in the lungs. Which means you are doing this on a fairly regular basis. Which means you have to live in the City. No way can someone living in Secaucus or East Lansing, Michigan and play in the City often enough to develop his own following there. Now that you've made that big commitment and moved the City, you suddenly discover it's prohibitively expensive to own a car in the City. Which means you don't ever get out of the City. And voila! Instant isolation.

And as in Darwin's Galapagos lizards, isolation breeds separate evolutionary paths in folk music. The New York path is that of the literary songwriter (thank you, Brian Rose for the coining of the perfect phrase), due no doubt, to the environmental influence of the New York music industry. 90% of the February "Coop" and 100% of the accompanying record were devoted to contemporarily written music. (Yes, Virginia, someone did write "Last Night I Had The Stranges Dream". It did not spring full grown from the brow of American tradition.) It may surprise many New York folkies that there exists a large faction who will not consider it "folk" unless it was written prior to _____ (fill in your own date; any date from 1965 back), or unless its author is unknown. Or unless it came from Appalachia. Or Europe. Or Woody Guthrie. (I feel that any of these definitions are too restrictive, and the true essence of folk music has more to do with the attitude in which it's presented, rather than its origins, but to get into that would take several issues of this magazine or many hours into the night and the question would still be unresolved.)

My point is that, viewed from the outside, the traditional aspect of the folk music panoply is somewhat underrepresented in the NY folk scene. It ought to be brought to attention that there's more to traditional music than dull school assembly programs and old geezers sawing on fiddles and spitting tobacco. There are people today play old music with verve, gusto, and incredible vitality; and there are others who are doing strange things to it with oddball chordings and rhythms, unexpected instrumentation, and the like. There are people who sing chanties without making it seem like an academic exercise. There are blues players who've studied under the old masters and are going beyond them. It's all happening out there across the river, and with the exception of the Eagle Tavern and a few little wonderful places like the Good Coffehouse in Brooklyn, it never seems to make it through the Holland Tunnel.

Folk Songs Are on Their Way In

Excerpted from *Born To Win* by Woody Guthrie
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The Macmillan Company, New York

I've heard several pretty smart thinkers tell me that folk songs are on their way out. That folk music as we hear it and know it is on its way out the old gate of history. That a folk song, to be called a folk song, must wear a snatch of hair and whiskers older than an oily leather skin drum.

They say that folk music and folk songs can't be clocked and timed, cut nor polished, whetted, whittled, nor ground down to fit into your highly artistic concerts and onto the grooves of our three-minute records for our nickel machines, radios, movies, dances, and keep up the sparks of natural and native fires which burn in the blood of all good folk songs and folk stories set to folk tunes.

I say that folk music and folk songs, folk ballads, are just now getting up onto their feet, like Joe Louis after a couple of sad knockdowns. Every other kind of an art that you can mention has been peeled about the jaw and eyes, mainly because you can't fill out any kind of a civil service paper and find a green government check in your mailbox for making up and playing folk music and folk songs. You've got to go to work down at a factory and spend two thirds of your time doing a job you hate in order to have enough money to go on with your folk songs and your folk music. You can toot your flute in a military band and get GI pay for it, you can slide your rod in a whoopyjive herd and get GI pay for that. But there's not any GI kale that you can lay a finger on to make up folk songs and folk music.

The best of marching I saw in my eight months in the army was to the folk words of a folky chant that went:

Ain't no use in writin' home
Some joker got your gal an' gone
Hey, boy, ya' got left, right?
Ho, boy, ya' got right.

Monkey an' a jay bird settin' onna fence
Hey, boy, ya' got left.
Playin' 'em a chune onna monkey wrench
Ho, boy, ya' got right.

Ho, boy, Y' got left, right?
Ho, boy, Y' got left?
Ho, boy, Y' got left, right?
Hey, man, Y' got left.

I went through four army camps in my short spell of it. Started at Fort Dix, N.J., on to Sheppard's Field, Texas, back up to Scott's Field, St. Louis, Illinois (with the boys) (an' a-gittin' my IQ's, interviews, movies, an' shots, my nickel beer, popcorn, an' back alley trots). I got a diploma to say that I was a teletype operator, and my last field was out there twenty some odd miles right in north of Las Vegas, Lost Wages, Nevada. I saw from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand men in every field, and not all of them could whistle the melody strain of any

one classical piece, nor all sing the right words to any one popular jukebox number. I believe to my soul that every man in every camp could add on seven vulgar verses to the old marching yell, "Hey, Boy, Y' Got Left."

About sixteen years back down my road I started making up little songs, true stories, wild tales, long and short hauls about things I saw happen to the oil people, cattle people, wheat folks, on the upper north plains of high Texas, where the wind and the dust was born. I got onto a Pampa, Texas, radio station of six or eight watts, every morning, and I sung and played by myself and with other musicians around at outdoor platforms of parking lot beer joints. My dad and myself made up crazy songs just for the fun of it. "Flapper Fanny's Last Ride," "Barbary Ellen's Likker Pot," "Windy River Blues," "Dust Pneumonia," "Talkin' Dustbowl Blues," and all kinds of tall tales with the names of our kin-folks stuck in. If I didn't like my uncle that week, I'd make up a song where he would get shot, hung, or swung up, and drowned. If you made me like you, I'd sing your name into a song where you struck out down the road feelin' sorta funny an' found a big pocketbook chucked full of money. I'd do these same things with the names of people well known around town and keep the airail waves posted with the latest gossip, news, and blues of the day. I kept this up for thirty minutes a day on Los Angeles radio station KFVD, telling and singing tall and windy tales with a labor movement slant, oh, for two years. I got more than twenty thousand handwritten letters from folks from Canada down to Tia Juana, desert rat prospectors, seamen on the Pacific boatdecks, snowy skiers, Reno divorcees, as well as all of the trade union local halls up and down the westerly coastline. This was really where the first little lights dawned on me of what a folk poem, a folk tale, a folk ballad, a folk tune, really was. And my own original songs now have been on not just the three big radio dragnets, but I've been on most of their big and little programs in my flesh and on my fifteen albums of commercial records, both by the box and by the bulk.

No. I've not got rich. I've made up scaddles and oodles of songs, ballads, about fires, floods, droughts, stab-bings, rapings, killings, robberings, fist fights, gaming gamblers, riverboat rustlers, outlaws, inlaws, bad men, bad gals, wrecks of trains, cars, planes, ships, terrible accidents, political rally songs of protest, trade union songs, ballads to tell you how racial hate's got another good man and gone, sugar loaf jumps to tell you how pretty you dive and swim, to tell you how I love you, hate you, need you, and can't stand you. I mix up old tunes, I wheel them and I deal them, and I shuffle them out across my barking board, I use half of two tunes, one third of three tunes, one tenth of ten tunes. I always save back my notes and words left over and pound them out to poke fun at the democrats and the republicans and these Wall Street ramblers.

My wife, Marjorie Mazia Guthrie, is now a dancer and a teacher of the modern dance around Martha Graham's studio, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the YMHA, and other scattered places. We made up twelve songs for the Disc Company of America (Moe Asch), called "Songs to Grow On" and "Work Songs to Grow On." We've already clipped and saved lots of reviews calling our kids' songs the best of the lot

in the kids' record shops. We've put on several kids' parties with Marjorie herding the kids to the whangs of my mouth organ and guitar. Folks tell us everywhere we whirl and yell that they've never seen so many kids of all ages have so much fun before now. As long as I can slap my hands against my britches' legs and holler out how pretty Marjorie looks when she's dancing, folk songs are on their way in, not out. As long as we've got wrecks, disasters, cyclones, hurricanes, explosions, lynchings, trade union troubles, high prices and low pay, as long as we've got cops in uniform battling with union pickets on strike, folk songs and folk ballads are on their way in.

As long as a woman and a man walk off somewhere and fall in love with each other, talk, sing, hum, whistle, and dance around one another, folk songs will be on their way in. I thump my woodblock here and hum to myself, and I yell out this chorus ten jillion times, that, just as long as the folks are on their way in, the folk song will be on its way in.

- Woody Guthrie

Koerner and Van Ronk

By Peter Spencer

Success in the sixties folk music boom held an element of risk for those who enjoyed it. Audiences gave a kind of emotional carte blanche to their favorites. The stars of the time could do no wrong in the eyes of their followers and the willing acolytes asked only one thing of the priests and bishops of this music that was like a religion to its devotees; the audience would give them all the power they wished as long as they did not change. Early in their careers performers were smothered with so much acceptance and admiration that it took a strong and lucky person to continue developing in the face of these pressures. Two of the lucky ones, Dave Van Ronk and "Spider" John Koerner, performed at Folk City on Sunday, March 7.

In the sixties, John Koerner was known as a blues singer. He wasn't really a blues singer in the sense that Dave Ray and Tony Glover, his partners at the time, were blues singers. But his original songs had a vitality and syncopation that evoked ragtime guitarists like Blind Boy Fuller, and his approach to traditional material like "Duncan and Brady" and "John Hardy" brought vast quantities of dizzy good humor to old musical warhorses in the same way Rev. Gary Davis could transform stolid old hymns into rollicking appreciations of life.

I saw Koerner perform several times in Minneapolis in the mid-seventies and it was pretty hard for a dyed-in-the-wool Koerner, Ray, and Glover fanatic like me to enjoy. He wasn't doing "Whomp Bom". He wasn't doing "My Baby Has Nice Legs". He was doing "I've Been Working On The Railroad" and "Sweet Betsy From Pike". I didn't get it. All the steam was missing: it seemed so deliberately retrograde, so much the last resting place of the once great. Worst of all, no one was listening.

It's obvious now that Koerner knew what he was doing all along. In his first New York appearance in many years he gave us an evening of wonderfully eccentric American folk music. It was the same material I had agonized over in '78: one or two originals, the rest public domain, but it got to me this time. Whether that means that some changes in musical direction take a few years to gel or that audiences take a few years to catch up, this time the whole event was right.

I had noticed before the way his 12-string guitar could sound like a small accordion when played through a ratty little amp. This time, playing through the PA system at Folk City the

guitar sounded the same. In fact, the whole band -- old-time fiddle, bones, 12-string and harmonica seemed to be playing a kind of rural dance music people in northern farm communities have been enjoying for generations. I used to hear it on the radio back home in Erie, Pennsylvania when various immigrant societies sponsored dance hours.

My one regret was that there weren't more rack-style harmonica players in the audience that night. Koerner's harmonica was the real solo voice of the group, playing short interesting melodies, beautifully demonstrating that the instrument can be played one note at a time, and one can organize these notes into melodies, creating music rather than barnyard impressions.

Dave Van Ronk made his mark in the beginning as a singer. His fine guitar playing was always a part of the show (listen to Bad Dream Blues on the Elektra Blues Project), but whenever someone told me about Dave Van Ronk or I read an article in a newspaper he was always described as a blues singer. Over the years Van Ronk has become a sought after guitar teacher and he has developed a formidable body of work that challenges and entertains audiences, players, and students alike. At Folk City he gave definitive readings of his best work.

Instrumentals like "Antelope Rag" and "The Pearls" and songs like "The Garden State Stomp" were delivered with style and verve to an appreciative packed house. I hope there were many Co-op guitar players in the audience. Those are the pieces to learn if you want to get your chops up. Believe it or not, there's more to this business than just leaving your past behind you, hitching to New York, and declaring yourself the next great genius of American music.

The only way it ever really works is when you go completely nuts over somebody's work, learn all of it you can, then spend a couple of years forgetting it, until you're ready to go completely nuts over somebody else. After about ten years and three of four admiration/rejection cycles, you start making music that makes sense. This is called "the folk process". Remember that term. Folk music is not a style, it's a process. Burn that in the back of your guitar with a soldering iron and then politely ask Dave Van Ronk to teach you "Antelope Rag".

The Weavers:



The original Weavers: Pete Seeger, Fred Hellerman, Ronnie Gilbert and Lee Hays.

Wasn't That a Group

By Gary Boehm

"We wanted a name that wouldn't mean anything. A name that would come to mean what we were", Fred Hellerman, guitarist and singer of The Weavers, said recently in an interview. In 1948 The Weavers, Fred, Lee Hays, Pete Seeger and Ronnie Gilbert set out to create a name and a sound. In 1981 they made a film "Wasn't That a Time" which documents that journey.

The title of the film is also the name of a terrific anti-war song by Lee Hays. The film does not, as the name might suggest, attempt to recall the twisted period of our national past from which the group sprang. Rather, it illuminates the personalities of the group members and recreates the phenomenon of The Weavers.

The Weavers were a spirited, serious folk quartet with roots reaching far back into the American musical heritage and hopes stretching further into the future than party politics can reach. They were not the "Puff the Magic Dragon" folk group with simplistic vision I had once vaguely thought, but they were optimistic, often witty, and sometimes mournful conveyors of the world scene. Their songs helped make issues and problems such as workers rights, the bollweevils, strikers, and even socialism accessible to the American people.

The real wit of the group seems to have been Lee Hays, the bass vocalist and writer of the movie. Irreverent and mordant, Hays' narration and stage talk were indicative of a fruitful and reflective life. He introduced himself by saying, "I'm Lee Hays...more or less." Hays had had both legs amputated because of diabetes.

Pete Seeger and Lee Hays first played together before World War II, long before The Weavers came into being. "Pete's whole mission in life seems to be that music should have a homemade quality to it. It should not belong to court musicians or an elite." Fred Hellerman recently commented. Perhaps it is the image of Pete playing the banjo, his face turned upward, always smiling, and sometimes singing songs about frogs and other animals that gave me the mistaken impression that he was a jolly Mr. Rogers type.

Lee Hays came from Arkansas where he had such musical influences as Negro spirituals, hymns, and Blind Emma Dusenberry, a singer and songwriter. By age fifteen he was, like millions of others, on his own hitching around the country and working with such groups as migrant farm workers and labor organizers. He later came to New York and joined with Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and other like Pete Hawes and Millard Lampbell to form The Almanac Singers.

The Almanacs came of age during a period of American history more tumultuous than the sixties: the Depression with its dustbowl, food lines, labor movements, and an impending World War. As the civil rights and anti-war movements of the sixties gave rise to a folk revival so too did this period inspire song and social protest.

The Almanacs were individually dedicated to the various causes about which they sang. Their audiences consisted almost totally of labor groups, migrant workers, and political gatherings. In this way they were the progenitors of The Weavers.

The Almanac Singers were disbanded by the war, with Woody in the Merchant Marines, Pete in the Army and Lee waging a personal battle at home against tuberculosis. After the war they returned to New York and helped to form an organization of singer dedicated to left-wing causes called the Peoples Song Organization.

It was about this time that Fred Hellerman came onto the scene. A native of Brooklyn, Fred would sit around all night playing guitars, and swapping songs and lyrics with other musicians, including Burl Ives, Richard Dyer Bennet, Leadbelly, Tom Glaser, Sonnie Terry, Brownie McGee, Pete and Woody.

The musicians learned from each other by imitation. "The highest tribute you could ever pay to anybody was to sing one of their songs", Fred recalls. It was a time when songs didn't really belong to anyone. Hellerman, somewhat regretfully, attributes to The Weavers the beginning of a new attitude toward songs that led to copyrighting and song ownership.

Out of the Peoples Song Organization The Weavers were born. One of the reasons that they came together was a desire to practice and improve in a way that the Almanac Singers, because of their frequent changes in personnel, never could. Ronnie Gilbert completed the group, contributing a strong distinctive and wide ranging voice.

Ronnie comes across in the film as a dedicated and vivacious individual. In the film, Holly Near remarks that Ronnie was the first female vocalist she had ever seen to just throw back her head and sing out. Of course, by that time singers like Bessie Smith and Big Momma Thornton had long been blowing the rafter off.

Perhaps one of the most memorable scenes in the film was one in which Ronnie and Holly, apparently spontaneously, sing Holly's song, "Hay Una Mujer". After they stopped singing, they sat and looked at one another for a few moments in silence, smiled and then broke into laughter. One was made to think of the women of the world united in their concern for each other. (This cannot be said of the jingoistic Near song, "Something About The Women", which is on the concert album.)

The inclusion of the song "Hay Una Mujer", a song about the disappearance of a Chilean woman exemplifies the breadth of the Weavers human and political concern. The film's and the group's power derives from the continuity and clarity of their individual commitments. Their faith provides the film with a strong emotional backbone that enables it to avoid sentimentalism.

Back in the 1950's The Weavers were booked in the Village Vanguard for their now historic six month engagement. It was unheard of for a folk group to play in a nightclub and it was even considered "selling out" by some of their friends and foes alike.

At some time during those six months they picked up Harold Leventhal as a manager, who has been like a fifth member through the years. These events marked a turning point for The Weavers. They recorded two songs for Decca, the Israeli "Tzena Tzena" and Leadbelly's "Goodnight Irene". Both of which quickly moved to the top of the charts.

Continued on the next page.

There were obvious compromises that the group had to make. While some critics claimed that they were altering their material to play in clubs, both Harold Leventhal and Fred Hellerman deny that they changed any of their songs. Less significantly the group began wearing identical suits on their television appearances and in the later years they would wear tuxedos in some of the larger concert halls (it's been said that Pete would wear different colored socks with his tuxedo as a sort of protest).

The Weaver's repertoire consisted of traditional, spiritual cum political, pro-labor and international folk songs. They sang and recorded songs like "Darling Corey", Lee's and Pete's "If I Had a Hammer", Pete's "Where Have All the Flowers Gone", the Almanacs' "Talking Union Song", the Zulu "Wimoweh", and the great Hays' song "Wasn't That a Time".

The weavers had a purpose of song. And that purpose was not to make money but a purpose of tradition and liberation. Missing from their material are songs about their personal problems.

The Weavers learned some new material for their 1980 Carnegie Hall reunion. One song was "Tomorrow Lies In The Cradle" by Fred Hellerman. It is different from the other Weavers songs I have heard because it's very personal. Fred said in the interview that there was some doubt about whether they should perform it, even about whether it was a "Weavers song". They decided to go ahead with it because it was a song that told a little bit about what they had been doing since the group had broken up.

In the past there wasn't much dispute about which songs they would perform. Their lives were intertwined and there was a unanimity of purpose. They have since gone in divergent ways, which is reflected in the new songs added to the repertoire.

The Weavers songs differed from the songs of the late sixties and early seventies in other ways. The Weavers sang about oppression and change in the workplace. They sang about changing the system. By the late sixties the Beatles were singing about changes within the individual: "You say you want a revolution, well you know you better change you mind instead."

Even though the Beatles were of a working class background they never would have sung at a labor meeting (nor would they have been invited). But by then labor unions were part of the establishment. There were plenty of singers who sang in support of the anti-war movement by more and more the subjects of the songs seemed to have become personal.

Back in the early fifties strange things were happening in this country. There was a strong and ugly backwash of anti-communism. People were being jailed for their political affiliations and even for what they were saying. By this time the Hollywood Ten had already been arrested.

The Weavers performances were always picketed and at least one concert in Chicago was stink-bombed. Leaving a Paul Robeson concert, the performers were stoned and it is suspected that state troopers were involved.

Then, in 1952, The Weavers were blacklisted. They had signed a contract to play at the Ohio State Fair for a large sum of money and then weren't allowed to perform. Soon clubs were afraid to back them. Those that continued to give them work began receiving threats until finally The Weavers were unable to work. They disbanded.

The Weavers went separate ways. Ronnie went to California with her husband and child. Lee went off to write. Pete continued to sing anywhere that he could. Fred took the opportunity to learn things about music he had never known: how to write, to arrange, and produce.

In 1955 Pete and Lee were called before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee (HUAC). (Upon which sat the arch-enemy of the American Left nursing his political fortunes -- Richard M. Nixon) Pete was handcuffed and briefly arrested.

Those were hard years for The Weavers and their casuses. Lee Hays remarked in the film, "If it wasn't for the honor, I'd just as soon not have been blacklisted." The wounds inflicted upon their personal lives and beliefs go much deeper as is shown by Lee's comments in an interview in the September/October 1981 "Sing Out!". "Those madmen had a way of dying and I've and I've noticed they have horrible deaths, those blacklisters. They all die of cancer, cancer of the jawbone, and all kinds of satisfactory endings. There's a few more obituaries I'm waiting for."

In 1955 Harold Leventhal, who to his credit never considered abandoning The Weavers even though he was so advised, arranged a reunion for them. Town Hall wouldn't have them but Carnegie Hall would. It was a huge success, selling out. However none of the large recording companies would touch the concert tapes.

The Weavers decided to try again. The only places they were able to find work were in concert halls. The clubs still wouldn't hire them. The irony is that they had always wanted to play concerts and were never able to before. Television, radio, and major recording studios remained off limits.

Because of new obligations that grew out of the year that The Weavers were not together, the group could no longer be their full time commitment. They played mostly on Friday and Saturday nights and then went back to their personal careers during the week.

In 1957 Pete left to pursue his own career. The Weavers added Eric Darling and continued to do concerts. Darling was with them for a couple of years and then quit. After him Frank Hamilton and then Bernie Crouse played banjo for The Weavers. In 1963 The Weavers broke up for the last time.

The Weavers contributed much to American popular culture. They made the political song and the traditional folk song commercially viable thus enabling them to reach greater audiences. In this way they helped to change drastically the content of popular song.

Many groups followed in The Weavers footsteps, including The Kingston Trio, Peter, Paul and Mary, The Highwaymen and the Limelighters. Popular singers like Sinatra and Bing Crosby were doing their songs. Later, and even closer to the Weavers in their political commitment came Bob Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Holly Near, Joan Baez and Judy Collins.

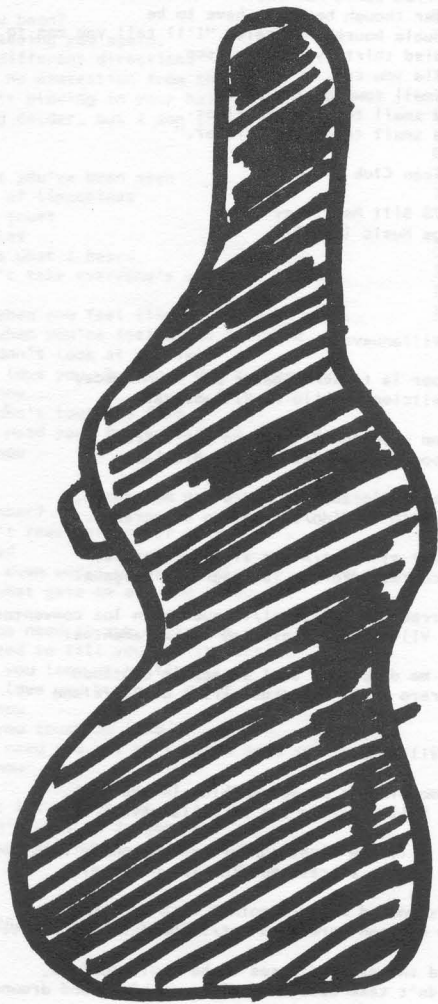
The Weavers never appeared together on television after 1952. In the mid-sixties, Pete Seeger performed a controversial song, "Knee Deep in the Big Muddy", an attack on Johnson and the Vietnam War, which contributed to the demise of that show.

Since then the Weavers have pursued their separate interests with characteristic zeal. Pete continues to be involved in many projects most notably, The Clearwater Project. Fred

continued on the next page.

has been devoted to his family and to the music business. Ronnie has been working in theater and with women's issues. Lee committed himself to writing and gardening.

When The Weavers reunited for the 1980 Carnegie Hall concert it was the original group. While Lee's voice was shaky at times, their harmonies maintained the rich texture they always had. The death of Lee Hays in August 1981 makes this the final Weavers reunion. How fortunate that the film was made to preserve and to bring to another generation The Weavers.



On the Record

RAY LAMBIASE sees himself as a product of an early attraction to the poetry and social texture of folk music, and the rock oriented Long Island environment he came of age in. He works there now as a member of the growing community of rock bands specializing in original material, as well as traveling to perform acoustically at colleges and coffeehouses.

BILL MORRISSEY lives in Newmarket, New Hampshire. He performs mostly around New England and occasionally comes to New York.

CYNTHIS GOODING first sang in public on radio station XEW, Mexico City, when she was twenty. Two years later, she came to New York and got a job in a Village club. In 1950, Elektra asked her to record. She made records of Turkish, Spanish, Mexican, Italian and English folk songs for them and for other companies -- ten LP's in all, and all out of print. She also continued to sing in clubs, colleges, women's clubs, radio, concerts, and TV. In 1962 she quit singing and went to live in Spain. This is the first public recording she has made since 1962.

JOSH JOFFEN, 29, was born in Brooklyn and now lives in Queens. He began to write songs while at college in Chicago, and has performed at coffeehouses, clubs, and colleges throughout New York. Josh tends to reply, "City and Easter", when asked what kind of music he plays.

NANCY LEE BAXTER is a composer/singer from Buffalo. She came to New York City in 1973 to continue her theatrical career which began with a principal role in an Equity production of "The Me Nobody Knows". She sang with Tom Paxton on his "Heroes" album, ate Grapenuts with Oscar Brand on national television, and has co-written with Anthony Giordine (of "Little Anthony and the Imperials"). She is currently working to add "dancer" to her eclectic list of performing credits.

ELLIOT SIMON, 27, was born in New York City. He spent three years working with Lucy Kaplanski in Chicago as an acoustic duo. They came to New York together in July, 1978. His first performance in Greenwich Village was at Folk City, with Lucy, as opening act for Jack Hardy. Since then he divides his time between solo work and performances with his rock band.

MICHAEL FRACASSO the son of Italian immigrants, was born and raised in Mingo Junction, Ohio. He began playing guitar and writing songs at an early age, and had since performed original material as a solo artist in clubs throughout Ohio and the Pacific Northwest. In 1978 he moved to New York City where he further developed his unique songwriting style, which effectively blends the "innocence" of his Midwestern upbringing, with sensuality of a contemporary urban lifestyle.

SHAWN COLVIN born in South Dakota, was introduced to folk music and the guitar by her father. She began playing professionally in 1974 and since then has lived in Illinois, Canada, Texas and California. Jimmy Bruno, the author of "I'm Talkin To You", resides in San Francisco where he has his own band.

DAVID MASSENGILL is known primarily for his songs accompanied by dulcimer, although he has recently taken up guitar. He has toured the country twice with Dave Van Ronk and his songs are performed by such artists as the Roches and Rosalie Sorrels. David is from Bristol, Tennessee.

April's Song Lyrics side one

When I Build My Home

Where the earth is green and the sky is clear,
With willing hands and my love near,
So I won't have to live my life alone --
I'm gonna build my home...
Build my own sweet home.

I'll cast my seed at the river's edge
And set a light on the window ledge
For those of us the lonesome highways roam,
When I build my home,
When I build my own sweet home.

I'll have children grow where their eyes can see
The light of peace, where dreams can breathe,
To fill with love the houses of their own,
When I build my home,
When I build my own sweet home.

Let the sun shine down and raise a golden grain
Tall and strong to the wind and rain
That tumbles walls and fences made of stone --
When I build my home,
When I build my own sweet home.

Copyright 1980 Ray Lambiase

Small Town On The River

They used to come to town from the naval base
looking for a stiff drink and a pretty face
hang around the whorehouses all night long
Some were drifters and some were bums
some just waited for the war to come
out behind the factory with a bottle and a factory girl
In that small town on the river
just a small town on the river

That December war broke out, many a woman lost her man
some wrote from overseas, some didn't
and their women didn't understand
And the whores left for the harbor towns where the business
was still good
and the factory girls put in double shifts
worked as much time as they could
in that small town on the river
just a small town on the river

Well, some men came home aces and some were carried home
all of them were heroes,
no man was left alone
Some took jobs, some went to school, some found they'd
fathered kids
most men tried but could not forget
and some wound up on the skids
in that small town on the river
just a small town on the river

Thirty years later the town remains the same
one mill burnt down another one was built
the paychecks now come from a different name
And at the Eagles and the Legion halls no one seems to age

with the same jokes told and the TV on
the paper open to the sports page
in the small town on the river
just a small town on the river

And I was talking with the bartender last night at the P.A.C.
a navy man from World War Two
smart dresser though he don't have to be
And over a double bourbon he said, "I'll tell you man to man,
this town died thirty years ago, son,
get out while you can.
It's just a small town on the river
nothing but a small town on the river
nothing but a small town on the river."

*Polish American Club

Copyright 1978 Bill Morrissey
Crippled Image Music (ASCAP)

El Hijo De Villanueva

Un domingo por la tarde/Al pasar por la Alameda,
Mataron a Feliciano/Elhijo de Villanueva.

No lo mataron peleando/Ni tampoco por detras,
Lo mataron por valiente/El hijo de Nicolas.

Sus hermanos le lloraban/Su madre con mas razon,
De ver a su hijo tendido/Traspasado el corazon.

Fueron a traer al Padre/A ver si se confesaba,
No se pudo confesar/Porque la sangre le ahogaba.

!Que se cierran las iglesias!/!Y que abren los conventos!
!El hijo de Villanueva/No alcanzo ni sacramentos!

Ya con esto me despido/Y aqui se acaban cautaudo
Con mi sombrero en la mano/Los versos de Feliciano

The Son Of Villanueva

One Sunday morning/As he was walking in the Park,
They killed Feliciano/The son of Villanueva.

They didn't kill him fighting/Nor treacherously from behind,
They killed him as a brave man/The son of Nicolas.

His brothers mourned him/His mother with more reason,
For she saw her son stretched out/Stabbed in the heart.

They fetched the priest/To see if he could confess,
But he couldn't take absolution/Because his blood drowned him.

Close the churches!/Open the convents!
The son of Villanueva/Didn't even receive the sacraments!

Now I say goodbye/With my hat in my hand
And here is the end/Of the song about Feliciano.

Traditional

side one

Gayle

Please don't let it be her
Not now I'm lost for words
Just let her walk away

Hi Gayle

How have you been?
It's funny seeing you again.
We sail in different directions
No, there's no protection from the wind.
But I like it blowing in your hair
It's getting colder, but I don't care

Oh Gayle

I heard that you've been seen
In the back of limousines
Now is this true?
Ah, tall tales
Still that's what I heard
But you can't take everyone's word can you?

Not when you feel like you've been used
Not when you're feeling so confused
And don't look at me like
00 I love you, but no I don't love you
Not now
And don't touch me like
00 I need you, but no I don't need you
Not now

Gayle

Do you remember?
No, you won't remember, never mind.
But we failed
And what is even worse we never tried
And that's what gets me all the time.

But no need to rub it in the dirt
No need to tell you how it hurts
When you look at me like
00 I love you but no I don't love you
Not now
And you touch me like
00 I need you but no I don't need you
Not now

Please don't let her go yet
Not now I don't want to forget
Don't let her walk away

Bye Gayle

Copyright 1981, Michael Fracasso

I'm Talkin' To You

I was high and mighty
For quite a long time
Doin what comes natural
Just to try to unwind
Then I took the tumble
Promises were mumbled
The next thing that I know
I wake up in this jungle
I feel my heart is pumping
To the beat of the band
Certain things can happen
That I'll never understand
Everyone is glaring
The saxophone is blaring
I hope you understand
I just can't keep from staring

Chorus:

I'm talin to you
I'm talking to you
I'm talking to you...

I walk around town
With this dime store smile
Try to find a little comfort
Try to show a little style
Men try to fake me
Others try to take me
Till I'm never really sure
Who is gonna break me
I'm sitting in this bar
And I'm almost broke
Chokin on emotion
And the cigarette smoke
As long as you can play it
The band is gonna play it
I hope you understand
But I feel I gotta say it

Chorus

Copyright Jimmy Bruno

Wild Willow

What do you bring me, my pretty young stranger
Who laughs like the daisy, who smiles like the rose?
In my one hand is peace, in my other hand danger
For no gift is simple, the Wild Willow knows.

Where is this peril, my pretty young stranger
Who would not bruise the flesh of the wild blooming rose?
There's a spell to reveal you, to wound you or heal you
And Love is its name, as the Wild Willow knows.

But my kingdoms send tribute of gold and of silver
Of spices and incense as sweet as the rose.
There are gifts born of fear, there are gifts given freely
And which taste the sweeter, the Wild Willow knows.

Ah, but Time has betrayed me, my pretty young stranger
It has chilled my desire, it has withered my rose.
But Love is the fire, and Life is the fountain
Drink deep of the waters the Wild Willow knows.

And when will you leave me, my pretty young stranger?
When I drown in your river, when I bleed from your rose?
Till the last sparrow falls, till the last thrush is silent
That long will I love you, the Wild Willow knows.

Well then, let us marry, my pretty young stranger
Our emblem will be lion white and red rose.
And we'll walk through the fields in the light of the sunset
And we'll share in the peace that the Wild Willow knows.

Copyright 1982 Josh Joffen

April's Song Lyrics side two

Still Life

I did not disturb
his nights without words
I left him still
against my will
his hand held a plea
I know it's my pride
that keeps me outside
his quiet flights
he says he's sad tonight
I'm sadder than he

Acting out my charade
our love was delayed
for a moment
love is a moment
that leaves me afraid
when our lives are exchanged
or seem rearranged for another
a distant lover never is real
never is real

I did not disturb
his nights without words
I left him still
against my will
his hand held a plea
I know it's my pride
that keeps me outside
his quiet flights
he's flying low tonight
a still life in me

Copyright 1974 Nancy Lee Baxter

The Time Has Come

The time has come once again
When we measure out our time in cigarettes
And the smoke it fills our minds
Like clouds that block the sun

And out along the jungle river
The mists of morning cling to her sides
Like hungry mouths till the sun
Gently lifts them to the sky

The time has come once again
When the world is too much within us
And the force of our own footsteps
Echoes loudly within our minds

The time has come once again
When the leaves have fallen from the trees
And our tears have frozen over
In our eyes so not to fall

And out along the frozen river
The memory of love sits and waits
For lovers as they skate
Away from sorrow into the past

Please don't look back
You can hear the song with your ears
Please don't turn around
Learn to believe what can't be seen

The time has come once again
When the words tear away from our tongues
Like children as they grow
Into the world and stand alone

And out along the flowing river
The water washes clean and so cold
And the wind blows in our faces
As we turn toward the stars.

Copyright 1977 Elliot Simon

Gallery 14

Line by line drawing in a frame
Watch the portrait take form
See yourself strung-out marionette
Can you see any trace of the pretty, young woman
That was there just a few years before
Halls of grime, halls of crime
Lead to a place with no room for regret
House of needles knows no pains
Floating, beaming, scream dreaming, carefree seeming
Gallery 14

Boredom builds in Babylon, freedom's just a short ride
Long sleeves hide the tracks, radio belts out a summer song
Station wagon's full, children packed inside
Wait a while, stay and play, Mommy won't be long
Look in my hands, see what I've brought
Come on baby try some fun
You're strong enough never to be caught
That's for some other someone
Getting hooked is for the unclean
We're only on a visit to Gallery 14

Silver spoons and candles, such a ritual
Self-portraits hung on the wall
Voices yell to needle-held figures
But the puppets don't hear them call
Glaze packets popping in a vain
Heads sink into soothing comatose
But before they reach into oblivion
The doctor says they can all use another dose
Everything becomes a dream
Inside the walls and minds of Gallery 14

Whatever you do, don't look straight ahead

Sometimes I feel a weakness
I don't know where to turn
Sometimes I feel an emptiness
I try; I can't discern
Sometimes I look in the mirror
I don't know who I am
Sometimes I look at the puppets
Had I can't pretend to understand
Don't let there be a set of strings
To pull me into that scene
Gallery 14

Copyright 1982
Words by Thom Morlan/Steven Miller
Music by Thom Morlan

side two

The Great American Dream

Excuse me sir... I am a foreigner
I left the white sands of Zanzibar
Where is this place you call free lunch bar?
I am hungry and have overstayed my visa
I'll work your farm your factory your pizzeria
Is TV more beautiful than the Mona Lisa
Someday my sons will fight for the eagle
My daughters will never be ashamed of me
It is my dream... to be a citizen
It's the Great American Dream
It's the Great American Dream
It's the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir... I am a prostitute
Just pretend that I'm a Playboy bunny
For a Franklin I will tongue your tummy
My body is a battlefield and a flower
Four score and seven tricks by the hour
O the many men--one might have been my father
Gonna make my getaway in a zeppelin
Take a bubble bath in the fountain of youth
It is my dream... to be a girl again
In the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir... I am a writer
Tho' the critics are jealous of my genius
They say I'm writing with my penis
Perhaps you've read my work in True Confessions
It pays the rent and fuels my obsessions
On the sly I give elocution lessons
Someday I'll write the Great American Novel
To be required reading in the Ivy League
It is my dream... to die infamous
As the Great American Dream

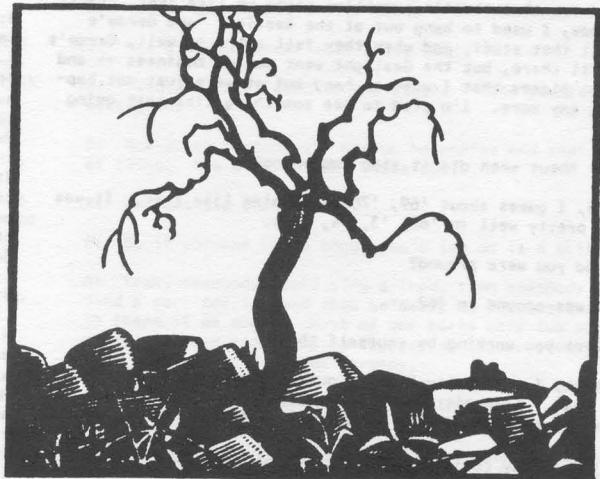
Excuse me sir... I am a carpenter
Once I built a treehouse for Rockefeller
Tho' now I've been laid off since December
Someday I'll build a castle all my own
In the den the best laz-e-boy throne
In every room a different color phone
These torn hands are skilled as spiders
I hear there's work in Kansas building coffins
It is my dream... to be cremated
With the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir... I am an Indian
O the white man is as greedy as fire
His heart is wrapped around with barbed wire
My father died of whiskey and religion
But ghosts are cheap on the reservation
In the summer we're a tourist attraction
It is wrong to squeeze the earth like a snake
A deceit to give a stone to the hungry one
It is my dream... to skin a Pilgrim
And the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir... I am Everyman
I'm the good thief of Jekyll and Hyde
I'm the social climber on a mountain of pride
I'm the deaf the dumb and the debonaire
I'm the mouse the monk and the millionaire
I'm the Great White Hope riding an old grey mare
I'm the sad-eyed girl as young as the earth
I'm the mother who died giving birth
To the Great American Dream

I love freedom
I hope freedom loves me

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Bowser Wowser Music



The Coop Interview:

Roger McGuinn

Doug Waterman and Brian Rose interviewed Roger McGuinn recently between performances at The Bottom Line and My Father's Place on Long Island. McGuinn, known of course for his leadership of The Byrds, has performed and recorded throughout the seventies into the eighties.

Brian: We're putting out a record and magazine. We're doing this every month.

Roger: Yeah, I read that in the paper. I couldn't believe it. Sounds like an enormous undertaking.

B: I can't believe it either.

R: How can you afford to do that? Is it subsidized by something?

B: Not at the moment. Our break-even point is about 600 magazines.

R: How's it going? I mean, are you breaking even or not?

B: We may do it this month. We've got a lot more press now than we had when we first started out, and we've been trying to get a club going, and trying to get this magazine going, and all this takes time to germinate and come into being. But I think we've got the talent, the energy and we've got a lot of people...

R: It sounds great to me. I was really glad to read about it and see that there's something going on like that. Cause you know, I used to hang out at the Gaslight and Gerde's and all that stuff, and when they fell apart -- well, Gerde's is still there, but the Gaslight went out of business -- and all the places that I used to hang out at were just not happening any more. I'm glad to see something like that going on.

Doug: About when did it stop happening?

R: Oh, I guess about '69, '70, something like that. It was going pretty well in '62, '63, '64, '65...

D: And you were around?

R: I was around in '62.

B: Were you working by yourself then?

R: Yeah, I was mostly hanging out at hootenannies and stuff like that. I wasn't really gainfully employed in any of those places. I'd sit in at the Gaslight.

D: I'm really curious to know what the scene was like back then.

R: Well, OK, I can't remember who it was at Gerde's, the master of ceremonies. But Ed McCurdy was around and Ramblin' Jack Elliot was around. Dylan was around, he appeared at the hootenannies there...

B: Ed McCurdy. (holds his picture on the February Coop)

R: Yeah, hasn't changed a bit. And I remember Doc Watson would come in, hang out, sing a few songs. Mostly a lot of kids. I was one of them, trying to get in front of people and stuff.

B: I heard that your show went great last night at The Bottom Line. How does it feel to be playing by yourself?

R: Well, it's a lot of fun, I'm really getting off on it. It's real easy to get around and I love the sound of it. And you know, the audiences seem to like it.

D: That's for sure. Did you always use the 12-string? As long as I've heard you, I've heard the 12-string.

R: I started on a 6-string. My first guitar was a Harmony. The action was real high, it was a 6-string with F-holes in it. I got a Kay 0-hole 6-string. Then I got an electric guitar and started messing around with that, another Kay. And then I heard Pete Seeger play the 12-string and I got real excited about that sound so I went out and found an old -- I think it was an old Harmony. But it was better than their regular stock plywood ones. This one was really nice. And I've been into 12-string ever since then and that was around 1958.

D: It seems like it's a trademark, that sound.

R: Yeah, the electric 12-string. Well, I played Rickenbacker with the Byrds, Rickenbacker electric twelve.

B: But even hearing it come over the radio today, it sounded so distinctive even though... (Roger played on WNEW earlier in the day)

R: Even though it was an acoustic guitar?

B: Even though you were playing by yourself. I was just amazed.

D: And the same thing at the Bottom Line last night. It's a certain sound that you recognize right away. Did you consciously think about that, say, when the Byrds went in? Where you looking for a distinctive sound?

R: No, I was just playing what I heard on the radio. I was trying to emulate the English groups -- the Beatles, Peter and Gordon, Chad and Jeremy and all that sort of Liverpool or what ever it was going for that. And then we accidentally developed our own thing. It evolved.

B: When did you start writing your own songs?

R: Well actually I started writing back in the 60's, early 60's. Like when I was living here, I used to have a roommate named Mike Settle. He was a folk singer, I don't know what's happened to him lately, but he was real active back then. He did a song called "Settle Down" and it was real popular for a while. And he got me interested in writing and I started writing at that point. I guess it was about 20 years ago.

B: How about your writing now, do you do it regularly?

R: Yeah, I don't sit down every day and write like some people do, but I get inspired and pursue it, finish it out.

D: What drew you to New York in the first place, just the scene going? How did you support yourself?

R: Well, first of all, I love New York. I'd lived here before, my parents had moved around, I was born in Chicago, then I lived in Florida, then in Tarrytown and the Bronx

so I really liked the area. Then when I was in Chicago, the folk scene there wasn't as good as the folk scene here. I always wanted to come to the Village, that was where it was all happening, and I'd hear people who'd just come from there, and wow, you know, I wanted to be like a real folk singer, I got myself a black turtleneck and some shades. I wanted to be a beatnik and stuff.

D: Did you ever sing in the street?

R: No, not in the street. I did sing in coffeehouses. As for supporting myself, well, I was working with other groups. The first gig I had was with the Limelighters as a backup. Got paid for a while, then they went off their separate ways, and I worked for the Chad Mitchell Trio. I was a backup for them. I really didn't like what I was doing, I just did it for the money. I didn't like the music. So I'd go off and sing on my own after work, you know, if I was off early. Then I went to work for Bobby Darin for a while, and then The Byrds happened. All the time I had other stuff going on. That's how I supported myself.

B: How did you put your material together, the songs, from the early Byrds I mean, you had people like Pete Seeger and Bob Dylan and others. Were they just people you knew at the time?

R: Well, they were songs that I was familiar with.

B: That you had been singing yourself?

R: Yeah, a lot of them.

B: In the magazine there've been a number of things written about "how do you define folk music" -- no one really knows how to define it. Some people say, well, it's music that has to do with songs.

R: I have my own feelings about it. I think that rock and roll is folk music, an indigenous American musical form -- and if you look at it a hundred years from now it'll be folk music -- so why isn't it already? But then I guess, where do you draw the line? But classical music, although it's based on folk music is more developed; I mean, it's not just the folk tune, they took it and they did themes on it, you know, they do sections and all that stuff. And jazz isn't folk music even though it is sort of a folk form. So I don't know, it gets very vague, but then again you have to make these delineations. I'm not a real purist about folk music, obviously.

B: Well, I guess The Byrds were one of the first groups to be called "folk-rock."

R: Yeah, and were just from a folk music background, I mean we weren't pure folk music. The pure folk people ... although Dylan was considered pure and he went into a rock and roll thing.

D: The Byrds were also one of the first psychedelic bands, is that right?

R: I guess so, Yeah...with "Eight Miles High" and stuff like that.

D: Was it apparent to you guys how much drugs were part of the image?

R: Well, drugs were a big part of our lives at the time. We'd all taken acid, and we were all getting high on anything we could get our hands on. And so it came out in our appearance. We didn't really write songs about it, although people thought we did. Like people were always interpreting things like "Puff the Magic Dragon", like Peter, Paul and

Mary, that wasn't anything to do with anything I don't think. And "Mr. Tambourine Man" wasn't an acid song.

D: It wasn't? I'd always heard that it was a drug song.

R: Well, what I heard -- Al Aronowitz is a writer in town here -- he works now in Washington, D.C. -- and Dylan was over at his house when he wrote "Mr. Tambourine Man", and he was on acid when he wrote it, but I don't think it's about acid, I think it's about the Universe. I always interpreted it as a whole kind of a cosmic song, not a psychedelic song. I mean it doesn't advocate the use of acid or anything, it was just sort of an early perception on Dylan's part about what was going on, what he thought of the Universe. And "Eight Miles High" was about an airplane ride.

D: Oh really?

R: Yeah, we were talking about the altitude of the plane.

D: The pilot came on and said, "We are now eight miles high?"

R: No, it wasn't as simple as that. We knew that planes flew about six miles high, but six miles high didn't scan right, so we changed it. You know, it's about a ride to England, and what happened. Our first tour in 1965 was kind of a musical and artistic disaster. We were wiped out from having toured for a month in the United States, and we went directly to England, and we weren't, I have to say, a very good performing band anyway. The Byrds were sort of amateurish. Couldn't keep the guitars in tune, couldn't sing in tune under pressure, couldn't remember a lot of things; it was not a disciplined band, and we didn't ever rehearse, and we got in front of heavy pressure and really broke down, just cracked up and stuff, and it was really awkward and embarrassing.

D: How did you become such a big band?

R: 'Cause we were good in the studio -- the records were good.

B: How about harmonies? Backup harmonies and that sort of thing. How did you work those out?

R: We just did them by ear.

D: So if someone had a song, you'd jam on it a while?

R: Yeah, somebody would sing a lead, then somebody would find a part for it, and then we'd try to fit another part in there if we could. Most of our parts were two parts. We'd get three people doing two parts, two people on the lead or two people on the harmony.

D: Sort of the same process for instruments?

R: Instruments -- we'd just play one rhythm guitar and one lead guitar playing rhythm between leads, and bass and drums. That was it.

D: Pretty bare bones in the arrangement department.

R: Yeah, it was real simple compared to a lot of the stuff going on today.

D: I keep hearing about how hugely different the music business is now than it was twenty years ago -- that it's harder to break into -- that it's more rigidly controlled, is that true?

R: Well first of all, money's tighter than it was twenty

years ago. There was quite a bit of money around in the early 60's, and so people weren't as scared of losing it, you know, and so they were more willing to take chances and sign different things. And also, there wasn't that much competition. There were only a handful of bands in the whole world, you could count them on two hands just about. I mean, real big bands. Now you take a computer to figure them all out.

B: Where do you see your recording career right now?

R: Well, I'm kind of on hold right now. I'm between contracts, you know. But, I'm very optimistic about getting one and getting hit records and all that stuff. It's going straight up. It's just a matter of time.

B: You definitely seem to be on the upswing, and not the other way around.

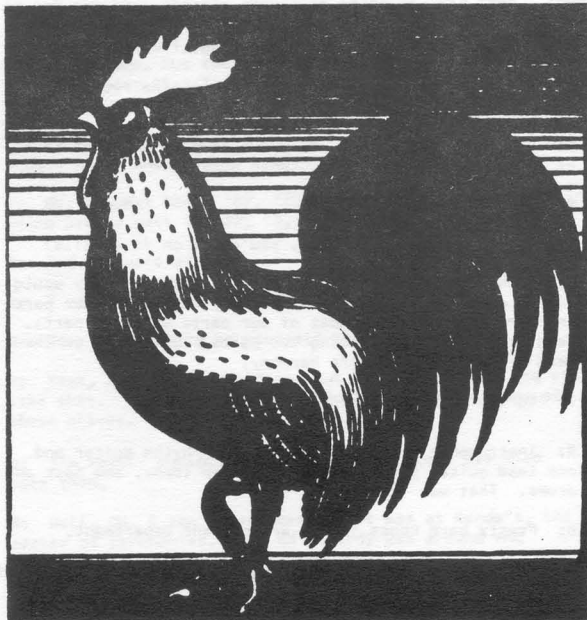
R: Yeah, it feels good to me. I think this was a good move to go acoustic, too.

B: I tell you, when I heard the songs cut through the crowd of people in the restaurant today, I was really thrilled by it, I have to say.

R: That's great. Well, you're into that kind of stuff yourself.

B: Yeah, but just to see that people would hear it, you know, just sitting around eating — it was a restaurant.

R: Yeah it cut through the clinks of the forks and plates and all that stuff. That's neat to hear — I'm glad to hear that.



Life on This Planet.

By Bob Norman

The new breed of folksinger is at once more modest and more accomplished. Unlike the children of the sixties, no one who came of musical age in the seventies -- no one in his or her right mind, that is -- saw folk music as the easy road to stardom. Folk music became again, as it had been for those of previous generations, a labor of love and patience.

This long, difficult decade gave the American folk revival a chance to overcome some of its immaturities. The old battles between traditionalists and modernists became less relevant. It became clear that traditional music was not frozen in the past, but rather an endless wellspring of new discovery and creativity. And that modern songwriting was more than a search for a place on the charts: for songs that survive without the backing of the mass media can't help but demonstrate their viability in the folk tradition. The gap between political and nonpolitical musicians lessened as student radicals began to discover relevance in the culture of the past, as long haul grassroots organizing and long haul grassroots music found their common level.

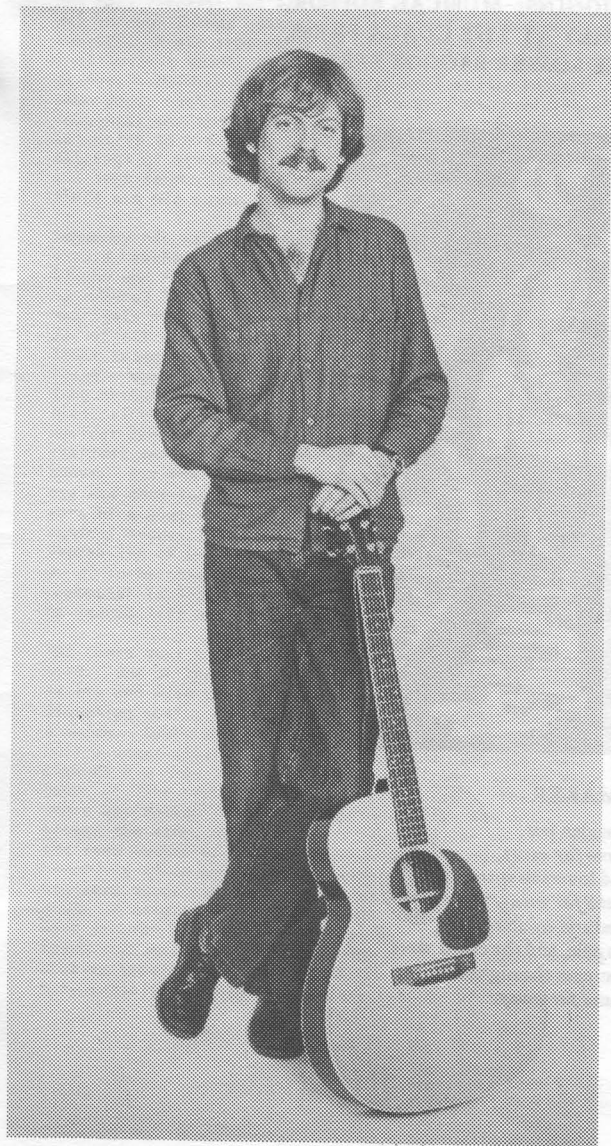
Paul Kaplan, who's been performing in the New York area for over ten years now, radiates much of this easy, integrated eclecticism. His first album, *Life On This Planet*, is marked most by impeccable musicianship, clarity of form, and sincerity of expression. Paul wrote all but one of the tunes, yet their musical values reflect years of immersion in traditional folk styles, particularly those of the British Isles. The instrumental parts, for example, show the influence of guitarists like Paul Brady who've developed advanced contemporary guitar styles to accompany ancient Irish fiddle tunes. But Paul (Kaplan) also borrows from blues, pop music (the Beatles?), the classical tradition. And a few years ago he picked up a cuatro -- the bright-ringing, five double-stringed Puerto Rican guitar -- tuned it open, and created a distinctive sound, somewhere between mandolin and dulcimer, that will resonate in your ears long after you've laid this album down.

That sound opens the title track, "Life On This Planet", which like the closing tune "Round Again", is more incantation than song, reaffirming the essential optimism that underlies all of Paul's songs, even the most poignant:

There's life on this planet
I know we can see it
I know we can live it every day
- "Life On This Planet" -

A flower has fallen
And a flower will bloom
I'll be round again
I'll be round again
- "Round Again" -

Paul Kaplan



A deceptive clarity characterizes Paul's high, focused singing, the brisk simplicity of his arrangements, the apparent ingenuousness of his lyrics. Each listening reveals more intricacies of musical style, poetry, and meaning. The songs deal with very basic things, and very elegantly:

Out of the earth we sprang, I know
Into the earth we'll go
But till our voices break
Harmony hides our fear
Under the love we make
We shall stay here

- "We shall Stay Here" -

Paul has an ability to describe very painful personal situations without melodrama -- in "Trouble With Mama", for example, a simple fingerpicking tune about a broken home, or in "She Came From Mississippi", a complicated song about jealousy and independence.

And there's more. Several songs of gentle social protest, two of them rewrites of older songs: "Call Me The Whale" is "Greenland Whale Fisheries" from the whale's point of view; "Henry the Accountant" updates John Henry's epic struggle against modern technology -- in this case, the enemy is a pocket calculator; hang on for the exciting conclusion. "Traffic Jam In The Zocalo" burlesques American tourists in Mexico, includes some nice Latin licks and some crafty lines:

Camping cars from California
And taxicabs from town
And tourist buses filled with us
All tried to run me down

There's also one of those endlessly mysterious, affecting traditional ballads: "Polly Vaughn", wrapped in her apron, is unwiptyingly shot by her lover, who mistakes her for a swan -- one of the album's finest vocal and instrumental performances.

Paul has help from Robin Greenstein on guitar, banjo, percussion, and strong harmony vocals, from Robb Lanter and Andy Polon on guitars, from Jordan Kaplan on piano, Claude Demers on percussion, Billy McComiskey on button accordion, and Mark Dann on bass. Their contributions are tasteful, the sound full, yet not dense.

This is a great record. Oh, at times there's some sameness in the vocals and a lazy line or two, but what I like best about it is the absence of a single cynical note. In this day and age that's quite something

Bob Norman is a singer and songwriter who has performed at Speakeasy. He was the editor of Sing Out! magazine for many years.

NO. 7 (NEW SERIES) JULY 1935.

A BROADSIDE

EDITORS: W. B. YEATS AND F. R. HIGGINS; MUSICAL EDITOR,
ARTHUR DUFF. PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE CUALA PRESS,
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THREE LOWER BAGGOT STREET,
DUBLIN.



A BALLAD MAKER

Once I loved a maiden fair,
Over the hills and far away,
Lands she had and lovers to spare,
Over the hills and far away.
And I was stooped and troubled sore,
And my face was pale, and the coat I wore
Was thin as my supper the night before.
Over the hills and far away.

300 copies only.

Music and Poetry

(William Butler Yeats/Dorothy Wellesley)

We fix a quarrel upon the concert platform. We must win if poetry is to get back its public.

Poetry, apart from some topical accident, has never had many readers; but all through the East to-day, and all through Europe yesterday, it has and has had many hearers. Music that wants of us nothing but images that suggest sound, cannot be our music; and bad poetry, as Mozart pointed out does that as well as, or better than good; such music can but dislocate, wherever there is syntax and elaborate rhythm. The poet, his ear attentive to his own art, hears with derision most settings of his work, or, if the work be not his own but some famous masterpiece, with blind rage. And yet there are old songs that melt him into tears.

Somebody has said that the poet who writes for a composer should "eschew all attempts to write poetry"; yet did not Sappho and Pindar attempt it, and even a folk song begins somewhere? It seems that seventeenth century makers of madrigals started the trouble with musical constructions out of all relation to poetic rhythm and sense. Then Glück tried to summon music back to both by a revival of Greek tragedy. Then Purcell in certain operas; Dryden's King Arthur was written for such treatment; left the poetical rhythm and sense to the actors, pushing on his musical constructions here and there like the gilded chariots and chairs in some stage scene invented by Indigo Jones. But the balance was not found. The art of Wagner, claimed once for the final art, suggests to the eyes and ears of a poet almost admirable plots, situations full of musical suggestion; but not less clearly to his mind an impression of wet sound and words dry and dead as a besom. W. J. Turner has suggested that Mozart is comparatively unpopular in Italy, because where his language is known he cannot lift his dead and dry words.

Yet there must be some right balance between sound and word. One of the two poets who sign these words heard lately and with great excitement some popular Czechoslovakian music, drums and big wind; an heroic dance or a march. Every now and then some sentence was spoken half a dozen times. He did not know the language, but through his imagination passed a line from a German War poem: — "The trooper lies under his horse". The sentence was spoken vehemently and naturally; was not always the same, but was always repeated, or so it seemed, the same number of times. Then during the Mass the word "Amen" is taken up and played with like a ball; and it has been suggested that the secret Jewish name of God was a way of carolling the four vowels that constitute the word Jehovah when written in Hebrew. The same poet has based a dramatic form upon the Noh drama of Japan, contemplative emotion left to singers who can satisfy the poet's ear, exposition of plot to actors, climax of the whole to

dancers; in one play at the beginning and end a scenic dance. Tradition has shown that music and the dance, unlike music and the words, can elaborate themselves, dance into its utmost, music into all but its utmost subtlety, and yet keep their union. He does not say that he has succeeded, but that his experiment should be repeated.

Even the most modern musician must recognise that there is an ancient art of song, no more superseded than the art of Giotto; that in this ancient art the words first catch the attention, stand as it were in the foreground; whereas in his own art, conceived in the seventeenth century and not yet fully born, music must first catch the attention, stand as it were in the foreground, and that it cannot be fully born until he, no corpse carrier, can make word and sound altogether alive.

The art of the concert platform is a parvenu, it is upon trial, it should be convicted, and the majority of men are upon our side. There is an old poet in Malabar whose most famous poem laments his deafness; he sings, as we understand singing, to a whole people. Tagore sings to men he "keeps near him for the purpose"; then come the minstrels, and then to these other minstrels. The broadcasts sent out from Delhi, in the vernacular tongues of India, are almost altogether sung or spoken poetry; and everywhere throughout the East, competent authority assures us, the harlots sing as we would have them sing.

The concert platform has wronged the poets by masticating their well-made words and turning them into spittle; wronged and insulted, by example and the arrogant criticism it encourages, all that still consider song a natural expression of life, singing because in love, or miserable, or happy, or because their heads are empty. Aristotle bids us think like wise men but express ourselves like the common people, but what if genius and a great vested interest thrive upon the degradation of the mother tongue?

We can do little, but we can sing, or persuade our friends to sing, traditional songs, or songs by new poets set in the traditional way. There should be no accompaniment,* because where words are the object an accompaniment can but distract attention, and because the musician who claims to translate the emotion of the poet into another vehicle is a liar. Sustaining notes there have been and may be again; a pause, dramatic or between verses, may admit flute or string, clapping hands, cracking fingers or whistling mouth. We reject all professional singers because no mouth trained to the modern scale can articulate poetry. We must be content with butchers and bakers and those few persons who sing from delight in words.

*Above all no accompaniment on a keyed instrument, because by that the public ear is nailed to the mathematician's desk. Bach's diatonic scale rose with the dome of St. Paul's, after the Great Fire, and satisfied the same need.

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The Cuala Press
Dublin, Ireland
MCMXXXVII

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APRIL '82 ALL SHOWS 9 PM UNTIL ? UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED				1 musical magazine night \$1	2 ^{new} the CENTRAL PARK SHEIKS \$4 CLIFF EBERHARDT	3
4 the SMOKETOWN DINER BOYS	5 O P E N <small>stringbands every saturday \$2.50</small>	6 D O L L A R	7 MUSIC & POETRY <small>sheldon biber, m.c. 8pm</small> \$1	8 DOLLAR NIGHT "GUEST HOST" is an oxymoron	9 ERIK FRANSEN \$4 ILENE WEISS	10
11 LAZY ACES	12 N	13 L A R	14 NEW FACES \$1 Doug Waterman, m.c.	15 andy polon AND FRIENDS \$1	16 PETER STAMPFEL! \$4 Andy Wahlberg	17
18 the PUDDLE JUMPERS!	19 M I K E with	20 N I G H T	21 POETRY & MUSIC <small>w/sheldon biber</small> \$1 8pm	22 DOLLAR NIGHT with PAUL KAPLAN	23 ROD MacDONALD \$4 JOEY & JUDY GEORGE O'BRIEN	24
25 RICHARD SHULBERG & the TEEMING SHORE STRING BAND	26 h ilene weiss	27 D A V E VAN RONK m.c.	28 NEW FACES with Pete Gardener \$1	29 George Gerdes and friends <small>Softball benefit 3 bucks</small>	30 willie & annie NININGER \$4 Michael Fracasso	1

Side One

- When I Build My Home Sweet Home -- Ray Lambiase
(Ray Lambiase)

Vocal & Guitar: Ray Lambiase
2nd Guitar: Jack Gakis
Bass: Mark Dann

- Small Town On The River -- Bill Morrissey
(Bill Morrissey)

Vocal & Guitar: Bill Morrissey
Pedal Bass: Mark Dann

- El Hijo De Villanueva -- Cynthia Gooding
(Traditional)

Vocal & Guitar: Cynthia Gooding
Guitar & Quinto: Peter Spencer
Acoustic Bass: Mark Dann

- Gayle -- Michael Fracasso
(Michael Fracasso)

Vocal & Guitar: Michael Fracasso
Accordian & Harmony: Elliot Simon
Bass & Harmony: Mark Dann

- I'm Talking To You -- Shawn Colvin
(Jimmy Bruno)

Vocal & Guitar: Shawn Colvin
Bass & 2nd Guitar: Mark Dann

- Wild Willow -- Josh Joffen
(Josh Joffen)

Vocal & Guitar: Josh Joffen
8-String Bass & 12-String Guitar: Mark Dann

Side Two

- Still Life -- Nancy Lee Baxter
(Nancy Lee Baxter & Bill Pezzimenti)

Vocal & Guitar: Nancy Lee Baxter
8-String Bass & 2nd Guitar: Mark Dann

- The Time Has Come -- Elliot Simon
(Elliot Simon)

Vocal & Guitar: Elliot Simon
Bass: Greg Simon
Pedal Bass: Mark Dann

- Gallery 14 -- Thom Morlan
(Thom Morlan & Steven Miller)

Vocal & Guitar: Thom Morlan
8-String Bass & 12-String Guitar: Mark Dann

- The Great American Dream -- David Massengill
(David Massengill)

Vocals:

Foreigner: Tom Intondi
Prostitute: Nancy Lee Baxter
Carpenter: Jack Hardy
Writer: David Massengill
Indian: Angela Page
Chorus: All Plus Thom Morlan

Dulcimer: David Massengill
Bass: Mark Dann
Guitar: Jack Hardy