

the  
**COOP**  
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Angela Page

Jack Hardy and Steve Forbert recording the original version of Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land" in The Coop's plush recording facilities (in Mark Dann's attic in Brooklyn). Pictured in the foreground is Jill Burkee playing the banjo. Not pictured is Mark Dann (in the next room) playing bass and running the tape recorder with his toes.

## The Political Song Revisited

# The Political Song: Metaphor vs. Rhetoric

No one ever changed anyone's mind by hitting them over the head. Changing minds is a long, slow process. When one day the light just clicks, it is the culmination of many small electric charges. To reorient an entire society it must be charged from many different sides. Songs have played a big part in changing attitudes; not just the message of the song, but the feeling of the song as well. The very singing of songs can be a catalyst: witness the million people gathered at Woodstock to hear songs. One cannot escape the politics involved with singing; like a person I knew who wanted to get away from it all and gave up a good job with IBM in Canada, sold everything, and took his wife and family and moved to the Falkland Islands. Life is life. It is the same everywhere: Politics in the office, politics in the street, politics involved in putting together a musical magazine (even if all we record is love songs).

We live in a society that must be drastically changed if we are going to survive; if we are not to lose a nuclear war (and there are only losers in that war) or if we are not to lose the ecological war. Joe Klein, in his biography of Woody Guthrie, quoted Irwin Silber as saying, "They're taking a revolutionary (Guthrie) and turning him into a conservationist." These days, being a conservationist is being a revolutionary. Songs can be a way of asserting or re-asserting one's position. A lot of issues from the sixties were co-opted into images; and the images were co-opted into money-making items. Even "long hair" helped turn the corner barber shop into the fifteen dollar hair stylist. And the angry young poet, Bob Dylan, eventually turned a nice profit for corporate CBS.

So where is political songwriting today? To be sure, there are still countless rhetorical singers trying to fill shoes that can never be filled again because of the changing times. Many of them sing their ideas over and over to the same audience, preaching to the converted. They still send tapes to Broadside and Folkways Records, and occasionally even something of worth evolves from that scene (someone like Sammy Walker). But the truth is, there is little room for left-wing rhetoric (worker-student alliance) in political songwriting in modern America. Most of our oppressed minorities are so invisible that it is hard to sing about them without sounding condescending. That does not mean, however, that they do not exist.

Other singers are trying to find new ways of battling the mainstream. What tools are they using? Humor is one of them: pointing out the absurdity in a situation. This is dangerous, as humor is also the language of cynics. When one sees bumper stickers saying "Nuke The Whales", one sees the danger in humor. History is another tool. In a society that gets its sense of history from television, it can be a striking blow to the mind to hear a song that conjures up images of another time/place that has relevance to a present situation. Or contrasting the old and the new: the re-writing of a traditional whaling song into an ecological piece from the point of view of the whale. We must also guard against this process in reverse. One cringes to hear Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" being used as a United Airlines commercial. It is time to reassert the ideas of the original version of that song. School kids are certainly not being taught the verse concerning private property.

Folk singers have to take a good, hard look at their situation. They're a dime a dozen these days, even good ones are a dime a dozen. If we all compete as part of the "star system", a few will surface, but the vast majority of even good singers will fall into the well of obscurity. But if we take a look at this predicament from a different vantage point, we see this: We are much the same as the bards of ancient Ireland. We are developing a "class" of society that is free to travel where and when it chooses, free because it is not tied to the economics of a nine-to-five job. A singer can always earn his/her next meal singing on the street corner (not my favorite stage, but it beats going hungry). Also like the ancient bards, this is an element of society that is free to speak its mind and even (to extend the metaphor) to criticize "the king".

There are more ways to reach people than over the radio and t.v. airwaves and the grooves of records. More ways than getting "booked" at a club; time-honored ways such as singing on the street corner and in the living-room. Some are yet to be invented by you (musical magazines?). It is always easier to entertain people than to move them, easier to gauge how they have been entertained than how they have been moved. People are moved individually. I have found it easier to move people in a living room than in a concert hall.

The concept of a "political song" is as varied as are political ideals. The "political song" in America does not have the partisan flavor that the political song in Europe has; rather, it tends to re-affirm the dream that was America in the beginning: The America that exists somewhere on paper (in the Constitution) and in the dreams of countless immigrants over the years. This song reinforces the concept of a society based on equality, on justice, on religious freedom, on personal freedom, on freedom in general. This song tends to point out where we have gone wrong, historically, and in the present tense, whether it be the massacre of minority Asian workers in the 1880's, the rude awakening of barely freed slaves in the 1860's, or the dirty tricks of the CIA and the export of jet fighters today. These songs become the social conscience of our society, and in this light we are developing a uniquely and truly American form of Folk Music.

Writing a song is in itself political; it's an affirmation of one's ideas. Concern for the re-establishment of family values can be a political statement (even viewed as a counter-revolutionary one by the counter-culture of the '60s). We are trying to show that political songwriting is alive and well and living in the 1980's. Our aim is not to represent every faction that writes songs. (Yes, we have no songs from the Martian Poly-Sexual Crater Diggers' union from Albany.) But this magazine is an ongoing concept, and we want to affirm our commitment to documenting the political thoughts of singers. If our tastes lie in any direction, it is that an ounce of metaphor is worth a pound of rhetoric.

Jack Hardy

# the Coop

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# Letters to the Editor

TO THE EDITOR:

Man has been called a "political animal," usually with derision. I don't believe that this is a negative aspect of mankind, but a necessary one. Since people don't have instincts, as other animals do, they guide their actions by ideas; either their own or the ideas of others, absorbed by upbringing or societal influences. These ideas, when taken together, constitute an individual's personal philosophy. That personal philosophy always exists, whether a person chooses to recognize it openly or not. When one applies this philosophy to the area of social interactions, what results is politics. Even the avowedly apolitical have an implicit politics, whether they act on it or not.

So naturally, each member of the Musician's Cooperative possesses his or her own view on any particular issue. The common ground between us is our music, but outside of that we come from every part of the country; every part of society; from widely differing lifestyles; viewpoints; and politics. One of the legacies of the Sixties is the idea that, "It's okay to be different." I think musicians have held onto this idea more strongly than other professionals have; we have remained just about as different as we can get.

When I heard that this issue of the Coop was going to be a "political issue," I became a bit concerned. I was worried that the Co-op would be encouraged to take a single, group stand on particular issues. Since we all have politics, we all must take stands on issues; but if the Co-op as a group takes such stands, we will have to end up excluding from the group any persons with opposing viewpoints. For example, in the interview with Arlo Guthrie, he stated that he thought it was a good idea to have "a real conservative economy." I think this is not what most Co-op members would say. Should we put ourselves in a position where we would have to exclude someone like Guthrie, someone of his artistry, musicianship and intelligence, because of his viewpoint?

Please let me stress: it is only a collective standpoint that I am concerned about. As individuals we must take stands, argue, write songs of protest, and take actions in accordance with our individual consciences. It is in our very nature as human beings.

There's no reason why we shouldn't use this magazine, just as we use our music, to give our ideas voice.

--ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN

Dear Friends,

I was cruising down Hollywood Blvd.; the place where stars fade in and out. "Hey baby, watcha doin'? Wanna have a good time?" Deep breathing. . . start driving fast. . . What to do? Go to the movies. See them in the perfect setting; the biggest screens. . . the best popcorn. . . real butter, special salt. . . stereo sound. . . see "One From The Heart". . . celluloid dream. . . good acting. . . too much Tom Waits. . . End. Back to Hollywood Blvd. Over to Sunset to the El Camino Cafe. . . Burritos. . . the best, the hottest sauce, the best tortillas and CHEAP!

Yeah, money's tight but walk thru Beverly Hills. . . They wipe rich in your face, inject it into your bloodstream. . . cover their bodies with it, cut their hair to show it and then point their noses to the sky. . . bye bye.

Back to the car, turn the radio on. . . The Go Go's got the beat. The hottest L.A. band - also Huey Lewis. . . Bob Seger. . . Sammy Hagar. . . The Doors and Ricky Lee. . . Who? Tom Verlaine? Not down here.

Over to the Troubadour. . . a cross between Folk City and C.B.G.B.'s. Yeah, Man. . . Folk Wave . . . The room was full, 200 strong. . . Tension! Tension! The soundman was stoned. . . No monitors . . . SHIT! Audience was good despite the crew of 60's burnouts who run the club. Better club. . . Macabes on Pico. . . guitar shop like Umanov's with a concert room in the back. Strictly acoustic; no alc ohol served. . . never with folk music. Lots of Quiche, and Tea, and honey for the tea; and carrot cake. . . Please, please give me a BEER!

Six o'clock. . . down to the beach in Santa Monica. . . Sunsets over the ocean. . . pink sky. . . Roller skates buzz by. Santa Ana winds carry the smog away and the Mountains are clear. . . only temporary.

Southern California. . . New York. . . New York . . . Southern California. . . Southern California. . . New York. . . Movies, music, theater, skateboards, surfboards, beaches, strips, walkups. . . no walkups . . . Cars, cars, cars. . . gas stations. . . parts stores. . . Used cars. . . New cars. . . big cars. . . BIGGER CARS. . . ALL CARS! New York and L.A. -- the same but completely different. Good-bye, Reggie Jackson. . . Hello, Reggie Jackson.

- Jeff Gold

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# 20 Questions: a folk quiz

By Peter Spencer

How much do you really know about folk music? Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, is your chance to respond to those who doubt your abilities. Here we have twenty questions. They are based upon the stuff of which future conundra will be made. There are no answers at the bottom of the page. You, dear readers, will know in your heart of hearts if you have the answer and if you don't have the answer you will go and look it up. Proceed:

1. Who is Bill Monroe? Why should you know?
2. Name the four members of "The Weavers".
3. Name three songs by Robert Johnson.
4. Who were Francis James Child and Cecil Sharp?
5. Name three artists who recorded for Sun Records in the 50's.
6. Name three artists who recorded for Chess Records in the 50's.
7. Name six Woody Guthrie songs.
8. Who was Bob Wills? Why should you know?
9. Who was Bix Biederbecke?
10. Who is Jack Hardy?
11. Who were the three principal influences on Bob Dylan's music?
12. Name ten Bob Dylan songs written before he went electric.
13. Who wrote "Streets of Laredo"?
14. Who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home"?
15. Who was Charlie Parker? Why should you know?
16. Name three Black bandleaders of the Swing era.
17. Name three White bandleaders of the Swing era.
18. Who were John and Alan Lomax?
19. Who was Joe Hill?
20. Name three Pete Seeger songs.

Score: 15-20, good; 10-15, still good; 7-10, pretty good; 3-7, sorta good; 0-3 strictly from Sonny and Cher.

Ed. Note: Don't worry if you don't do too well in this quiz; we didn't do too well ourselves. Who is Peter Spencer anyway?

# The Coop Interview: Fred Hellerman

On March 22, Gary Boehm and Brian Rose interviewed Fred Hellerman in his Connecticut home. Sitting in his private recording studio, they discussed Fred's musical past, The Weavers, and the music business. The ninety minute interview was assiduously transcribed and edited by Gary.

GARY: So, what are you doing these days?

FRED: Well, not really too much. Lately, I have been a little busy with the movie ("Wasn't That A Time") coming out; going around with it to screenings and answering a lot of questions. That's been kind of fun. It's been nice.

GARY: Are you recording at all?

FRED: No, but I really have to get back to it pretty soon. I really haven't been doing any writing or any recording for quite awhile: a combination of preoccupations and the periodic dry periods that people go through.

GARY: Your song, "Tomorrow Lies in the Cradle", is that a recent song?

FRED: No, it was written when my first kid was born. He's twelve now so -

GARY: That seems different in tone from a lot of other Weaver songs that I'm familiar with. It's more personal.

FRED: Well yeah, it's clearly more personal. There was even some question about whether it should be done at the concert. There was some discussion about whether that song was a "Weavers" song, whatever that might mean. But you know when the Weavers took their name we sought to choose a name that would mean absolutely nothing and that in time it would get to mean what we were.

BRIAN: It's the same with the Beatles, it doesn't mean anything.

FRED: Right. But I guess the same thing might be said about a "Weavers" song. There's so many different kinds of songs that we did that I guess after awhile a Weavers song got to mean a song that the Weavers did. Period. I think there was another thought we had about the concert, (the 1980 Carnegie Hall Reunion) and that was that here, we hadn't been together for all this time and we were all walking out there a little fatter, a little paunchier, and a little balder. I think a natural question was, "What have you been doing all this time?". So it became a valid thing for us to sing a certain kind of song that reflected our concerns. One of the things I've been doing during this time is raising some kids. In the same way that there were a couple of the songs that Ronnie did that I must admit I didn't particularly like at all.

GARY: Which songs? Would you care to say?

FRED: Well, there was one Holly Near song in particular that I really didn't like. There's another one we did, the one about Chile, which I really like.

GARY: Oh yeah, I really like that! I was hoping you weren't going to say that was the one you didn't like.

FRED: Oh no, no that was a marvelous song.

BRIAN: That was a particularly nice part of the movie, when the two of them sat down together.

FRED: But "Something About The Women", which was put on the album, is a song that I . . . well . . . I'll be respectful and say I don't really think too much of it. Ronnie was very fervent about it and, in a certain way, that was good enough. I mean, if it became a fair representation of her concerns -

BRIAN: Is that the way it worked, you know, years before? If one of you really felt fervently about a particular song did it get done, or was it easily vetoed by one person or others?

FRED: Well, I'm not sure that I could really draw any general rules about it, but I would say that probably did happen. I never really thought about it in that way before. Of course years ago it was a little bit different; time has a way of separating people and they go down different roads. It also has to do with a mutual respect we all have for each other and if something is important for someone we have to have a certain respect for it. But ultimately of course, the test of it is really in the work, and if the song really came out swell with some validity, even if we didn't like it at first, we got to like it because it . . .

GARY: It stood on its own.

FRED: Yeah, which ultimately it has to do.

GARY: You weren't a part of the Almanacs.

FRED: No. The Almanacs were a little before my time. I suppose one might break up that whole folk song revival period; certainly the demarcation line was World War II. The Almanacs were a pre- and during World War II event.

GARY: Was there much of an anti-war feeling during W.W. II?

FRED: Anti-war? No, not at all.

GARY: I mean because there was a certain amount of anti-government feeling prior to the war.

FRED: Well, prior to the war there was a lot of isolationist sentiment and the Almanac Singers were, as a matter of fact, taken to task years later because in the early days of the war they were singing songs like (sings):

Franklin D., Franklin D.,  
ain't gonna let you send me  
across the sea.

and

Franklin Roosevelt told the people what he felt,  
he damn near believed what he said,  
he said, "I hate war and so does Eleanor,  
but we won't be safe until everybody's dead."

(laughter) Then the character of the war changed after awhile and they became very much pro- the war. But, oh generally, I would say there was very little (opposition). I mean W.W. II, I think quite properly, had huge support.

BRIAN: When you had been performing for a number of years leading up to the blacklisting period, did you have any idea that it was going to occur?

FRED: You mean the blacklisting?

BRIAN: Yeah. Did that come suddenly? It's very difficult for me, and I guess Gary, to put ourselves back in the early fifties and to imagine what the mood of the country could have been. I mean, I can imagine that if that would happen now, there would be major national turmoil. Even though it could happen again.

FRED: Oh, not only could it happen, I would say that the chances are that it probably will happen.

BRIAN: I mean it happens in small ways.

FRED: No, it happens in very big ways and historically has happened in very big ways, and will happen again. After all, McCarthy wasn't the first time it happened. After W.W. I the same thing happened with the Palmer Raids. People like Sacco and Vanzetti were the sacrificial lambs to that. But even from the very earliest beginnings of the country with the Alien and Sedition Laws it was the same old crap, and it's the kind of thing that will happen periodically. Unfortunately and sad to say, I'm sure it will happen again. That doesn't mean one doesn't have to be on one's guard against it, doesn't have to fight it. It's an insidious thing; it doesn't happen one day with the headlines announcing it and saying henceforth, from this day - . No, it's a process. One talks of it as a certain craziness, which indeed it was, but there was a certain logic to it also. A certain logical extension of the cold war which started in Truman's day and, if you follow it step by step, made absolute sense that this is where it should end up. What I find kind of interesting is the tremendous interest that young people seem to have in that period. I think, we are far enough removed from it for it to be an historical oddity. Someone can safely ask questions about the Carpetbaggers. But the thing that I find interesting about it is the disbelief with which young people can look upon it. As you pointed out, it's hard to visualize, particularly to a young generation that has grown up in what has probably been a more permissive atmosphere than that of any other generation. I remember when Harold Levanthal and I got the word that Woody Guthrie was somewhere in New Jersey in some hospital. That was at the beginning of his long hospitalization. Harold and I went out there and we were trying to find out what was the matter and we were being a little solicitous and saying, "Do they treat you all right?" and, "Do you need any money?" He said, No, no I don't need any money for anything. I'm having a swell time, I love it here." I guess he detected a note of solicitousness. He said "Hey, hell, don't feel sorry for me. I got it great here. Everything here is fine. I mean, it's guys like you I feel sorry about, you're out there. I mean, this is the only free place left in the whole country. I can get up on a soap box here and say I'm a communist and everybody looks at me and thinks I'm crazy. But you, you try doing that and you're gonna get arrested and all kinds of things will happen to you." And he was right.

GARY: What was the connection between the Weavers and organized politics? Did any of you belong to parties? Did you toe a party line?

FRED: Well you know it's an interesting thing, someone else asked that recently. People think that the historical distance makes it ALL RIGHT (to ask) and I suppose in a certain way it does. But I find that I have such a distaste in my mouth and in my ears that I still find there's almost a Pavlovian response I have to it, like "How dare you ask that question?". You know?

GARY: Apart from actually being party members, did you sing at rallies?

FRED: Oh sure, we sang at all kinds of labor rallies and left-wing rallies and communist party rallies and we would have sung at any damn rally that anybody asked us to.

GARY: That's basically where you played for quite a few years.

FRED: Yeah, right. That's basically because they're the only ones that asked us. It would be silly to say that that's not where our sympathies lay, but the fact is, (we would) sing for anybody. I think the only qualification would have been that people not tell us what to sing. The fact is that an artist needs an audience; no one exists in a vacuum.

GARY: Did there begin to be incidents at concerts? Understand that there was a stink bomb thrown at a Chicago concert.

FRED: Oh God, that was standard. Well not the stink bombs, that never happened. But Christ, if we gave a concert and there weren't pickets outside, we'd figure there was something wrong.

BRIAN: It seems to me the greatest irony of it all is that the Weavers were quintessentially American and even patriotic in a sense. That they would be singled out in that way seems -

FRED: Well, yeah, but I think that this was in a way, characteristic of the times. The people who were the most concerned about the country, about civil rights, about the big social issues of the day were precisely the targets. The person who went about his business and never signed his name to a petition was left alone completely. So, right, it was the most active, the most concerned, the most -

GARY: But it's true that this kind of thing has been going on in this country all along. In "Gates of Heaven", Cimino tells about the bankers and large ranchers in Wyoming going after the small sharecroppers.

FRED: Sure.

GARY: So that's part of the American heritage too.

FRED: Yeah right. Exactly. There are many parts of the heritage. Lynching is part of that too. Unfortunately.

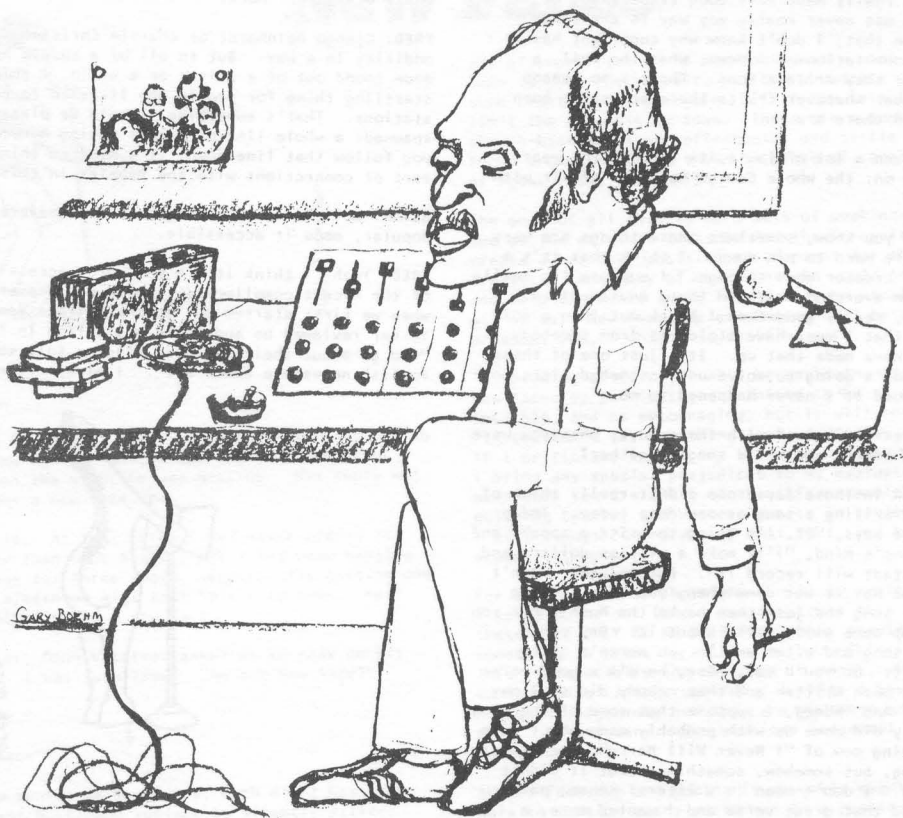
GARY: So then you (Weavers) broke up.

FRED: Well we broke up several times. Which time are you talking about?

GARY: I was referring to after you were blacklisted. Is that the first time you broke up?

FRED: Yeah, at the end of 1952. That was the end of the Decca/"Goodnight Irene" period. When we couldn't get night club bookings anymore and we were to the point where all jobs stopped, we broke up for three years. A lot of interesting things happened in that time for me. I look back in retrospect and it was an incredibly valuable time simply because I had nothing else to do. It was a time in which I sat down and first began to learn something about music. It's the time when I first began to learn about arranging, composing, and so on.

BRIAN: Had you been writing songs from the beginning?



Gary Boehm

FRED: No, not really. Not really, as a matter of fact, one of the reasons that I began writing songs then was because you could put a phony name on it.

GARY: If you just started learning about music during that time, how did you get started in the first place? Did you just learn a lot of traditional songs?

FRED: Yeah, I just learned a lot of traditional songs, I guess the way all the kids around Washington Square do it now. Essentially, the process was the same: you learn a chord or two, you copy everybody in sight, you keep your ears and eyes open, you say "Hey, what was that chord you just did?" and you know, you imitate everybody in sight.

GARY: That's a funny thing about the Village folk scene, right now, and that's that a lot of people who play in the clubs don't play other people's music. They play their own music.

FRED: Yeah, well, of course, that's a development of the era of the singer-songwriter and so on. But it went through several stages before that. I'm thinking of the days in the late forties when the only people we would have to sing for were each other. I think of the many, many nights we'd just sit around; Burl Ives, Richard Dyer Bennet, Leadbelly, Tom Glaser, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Pete, Woody, and I just singing for each other. This was in somebody's living room or something. Those were the days when the highest tribute that you could ever pay to anybody was to sing one of their songs, one of the songs they sang. A few years later, during the folk revival, I was at some concert. I'll never forget this. I remember being backstage. There were a lot of

people on the program. Everybody got up and sang some songs and somebody yelled backstage with great indignation, "He stole that song from me!". It was such a shock to hear that, it just wasn't in the lexicon. It just wasn't in the way that we thought of things. Right then and there I knew that something had changed.

GARY: Did you copyright your songs?

FRED: Oh, no. That was the silliest thing I ever heard of. Well, the whole copyright business started, I shouldn't say it started, with the Weavers. The way things worked in those days, and in some ways still does, is that somebody records something and the record company is prepared to pay 2¢ a side for it. Well, if we were to go in, as we did, and sing "Down In The Valley", of course they'd never heard of it before, and they'd say, "'Down In The Valley', who's the songwriter of that?". I'd say, "Oh no, that's a public domain thing." It ended up they'd say, "Oh gee, thank you very much", and they'd make the 2¢ per record that they had saved. Well folks started wondering why the hell they should be saving it. So we began saying it was our arrangement, or whatever. I'm afraid that really set off a pretty bad tone for things. It's not one of the things that I think we're really proud of. Someone really came up with a marvelous idea, and the idea was that we had gotten used to thinking of a song in the public domain as a song that belongs to nobody, rather than the positive concept of it belonging to everybody. So that, if someone wanted to record "Down In The Valley", rather than the record company not having to pay anybody, they should have to pay into some kind of public fund.

Which, you know, really made very good sense and I'm sorry that there was never really any way to press for that. Other than that, I don't know why copyright has taken on dirty connotations. I mean, what the hell, a person sits down, they write a song. There's no reason they shouldn't bear whatever fruits there are to be born of it. If indeed there are.

BRIAN: There's been a lot of law suits through the years, some still going on: the whole George Harrison affair with "My Sweet Lord."

FRED: Yeah well, you know, sometimes these things are very tricky and they're hard to pin down. I think that it's a sweat that every creator goes through. I suppose I'm really no different from everybody else in that, anytime I've written a really, really good tune I break out into a cold sweat and think that I must have stolen it from somebody, that I couldn't have made that up. It's just one of those things that nobody's going to solve until somebody lets up a yell. Knock wood it's never happened to me.

GARY: Did you ever sit around with those guys, when you were playing for each other, and write songs together?

FRED: No; somehow in those days, one didn't really think of sitting down and writing a song as one does today. Today one sits down and says, "OK, I'm going to write a song", and in the back of one's mind, "I'll make a million dollars and maybe Linda Ronstadt will record it". But no, that wasn't the thought. The way it was done then, you'd be singing some traditional song and just then maybe the Muse'd hit you and you'd make up some silly verse about it. Or, you'd begin to sing a song and after awhile you weren't quite satisfied with it. Or you'd say, "Gee, here's a good verse that should have been written and that nobody did so I may as well do it." And indeed, I suppose that some of the songs that I ultimately did come up with probably came about like that. I'm thinking now of "I Never Will Marry", for example. I loved that song, but somehow, something about it didn't make sense to me. I don't mean in a literal sense, particularly, but it had that great verse and I wanted more, a little more sense to it. So I just sat down and wrote some more verses and a little extra music to it. I used to sit and talk to Pete or Lee and say, "Who wrote such and such song of the Almanacs?" They'd say, "Well, I seem to remember, Millard wrote the first verse, I think Woody wrote two lines of the second verse, and I think some guy who wandered in wrote the third verse." That's the way it was done. So, sure, we'd sit around singing a song and swapping verses. When it came your turn, if you didn't have a verse to swap you just made one up.

GARY: What influence do you think the Weavers had on popular music, on folk music? I guess you popularized folk music, you made it commercial in a way.

FRED: I like to think we did something even more important than that. It's one of the things that I think Pete takes the most pride in, and that is, Pete's whole mission in life is that music should have a homemade quality to it. It should not belong to an elite, to court musicians as it were, but that everyone should be made to feel that they can make music. Who can decide what the reason for the Weavers or anyone's popularity is? One can only guess at certain kinds of things. God knows we were different. We were certainly different than anything else you were hearing on the radio: both in sound and content. But I also like to think that it's the first time that one turned on the radio and heard two obsolete instruments: the guitar and the banjo. A guitar was an instrument that belonged solely in the rhythm section of a big band.

GARY: They weren't using it as a lead instrument?

FRED: No, never. Unheard of as a lead instrument. Oh, except -

GARY: Django Reinhardt.

FRED: Django Reinhardt or Charlie Christian. But those were oddities in a way. But to all of a sudden hear such a homemade sound out of a guitar or a banjo, I think, was a very startling thing for people who listened to popular music stations. That's something I would be pleased to think we spawned: a whole line of people making homemade music. If you follow that line down, it's nice to think we have some sort of connections with the Beatles in this way.

BRIAN: Well, I was thinking that the Weavers made folk music popular, made it accessible.

FRED: Yeah, I think it's a key word, accessible. You know one of the nicest compliments I think the Weavers ever got, was when we first started out at the Village Vanguard. The New Yorker reviewed us and there was a line in it about the Weavers "who go about their business singing folk songs without any foolish nonsense about art". I always liked that description.



Loren Moss

BRIAN: What do you think about folk music through the sixties and the seventies, up to now? What has happened and what is your feeling about how it's been affected or changed?

FRED: In point of fact, I really have no way of answering, simply because I feel I've gotten so out of touch with the scene, as it were. Yet I hear some popular music and some of it's marvelous! Obviously, there are some good things going on but I think that there has been a certain kind of unfortunate parting of the ways between ethnics and the not-so-purists, and never the twain shall meet. I think that's unfortunate because I think they really should meet. I suppose it's always puzzled me that the Weavers weren't the object of more scorn than they were from some of the competing groups. Some people thought we weren't ethnic enough, which God knows is true. We never made any claims to be that. Yet to another, we were too folkie. I don't know. I really hate those kinds of things.

GARY: By ethnic do you mean traditional?

FRED: Yeah, purist or traditional. But that's something that's happened in England throughout the years, and I may be all wrong because I'm not even sure from whence I'm speaking, but I get an impression that some of that is happening, or has happened here. A lot of the folk festivals tend to be one or the other. Although, I think there's generally a lot more latitude here, a lot more acceptance of that sort of line crossing. Which I think is a much healthier thing.

BRIAN: Do you think the whole singer-songwriter emphasis today has been taken too far? Do you think it hurts music?



FRED: Well, there's much to be said for it and against it. I guess the only measure is: Is the singer and writer good? I think it inevitably leads to where a singer is doing an album and they have six good songs, but since it's a point of honor to have written all the songs on it, they fill it up with six rotten songs. Yes, I think that there have been many songs that would never have seen the light of day if that person weren't the singer, writer, composer, producer, and everything else. To me the greatest pleasure is to hear someone else sing a song of mine. It's no great trick for me to sing it, but for someone else to like it enough to do it - ahh, now we've got something! In a certain way, I think music has suffered. At the same time when something like that works, it's very, very marvelous. I mean, hell, can you imagine someone sitting down and trying to write a song for the Beatles? You know it just wouldn't work.

BRIAN: Well they did start out with Chuck Berry and -

FRED: Yeah sure, but that's not the Beatles we think of at their most flowering. But of course this is true in many fields. I mean you don't paint a picture by committee. But in movies for example, I think that some of the best things are done by writer-directors. It's certainly been a long tradition in Europe.

BRIAN: The music business now is big business, it's in fact, quite huge. The relationship of the musicians to business is a subject that we think about a lot because many of us are outside of the business.

FRED: Well, of course, the hub of the business, like so many businesses, keeps getting smaller and smaller. I mean it's the same way that our neighborhood grocery stores are disappearing, only to be replaced by big supermarkets which are then replaced by chains of supermarkets and so on. What's happened to the music business is that there were a great many small publishers at one time, to feed songs into the big stream, and they got to be fewer and fewer while the big ones got to be bigger and bigger. There too, we're talking about conglomerates already. Now you couple that with the kind of development that we were talking about earlier, where an artist is sitting around and writing his own songs, and the need for a publisher (becomes) obviated. It used to be that a publisher performed a very good and legitimate function. When a record producer, in those days usually a staff A&R man, had an artist coming up to record, he would call up a publisher and say "Look, I've got so-and-so recording, what have you got for them?". If the publisher was half decent, he didn't go through his files and take out every damn song he had lying around. He had a certain sense of that artist, a certain sense of that A&R man. He was able to perform a real function in being able to come up with a song for him, and not just throw fifty songs at him. I mean, as a publisher, that's something that I'd never do. If I didn't have anything, I'd just as soon say I don't have anything rather than give him some song that I knew wasn't right. The only thing the publisher had was a certain kind of credibility. Now, as I say, you have the singer-songwriter and the function of the publisher is gone. (Before, when) a song and a record came out, it became an obligation and a duty of the publisher to really exploit that song, to get out there and to promote it. Well now, out at the radio stations they get six hundred records a week and they decide which two records are going to make the airplay lists, then that play list goes out to three hundred automated stations which are never touched by human hands. It's a different ballgame. In that respect I could say that the music business, certainly as it was know ten, fifteen years ago, is obsolete. The functions are different. The problem for the writers becomes how to get the fruits of one's labor. That's a problem I don't know the answer to. Sitting and writing songs, particularly if you're not a performer, is a hard task, as is a publisher's. You know, I've often said that if someone (came to me) today with the greatest song I've ever heard, I wouldn't know what to do with it. Where

am I going to send it? To Bob Dylan? Am I going to send it to Elton John? Who am I going to send it to? It's a tough thing. I sat down not too long ago and wrote a bunch of country songs, some of which were pretty good. God, I hate to sound like one of those old geezers, "Oh, for the good ole days . . .", but it's true, a couple of years ago I could have sent them out. I can't even get anybody to listen to them anymore. I suppose I might even take it in some persecutorial way, except that, about a year ago or so, I had an occasion for discussing some kind of project with Yip Hapburg. He certainly wasn't in the folk field, but he was one of the absolute giants of songwriters. He was, as a songwriter, in a class with Gershwin. "Over The Rainbow", which he wrote, gets recorded every ten seconds or so. He said that in the last ten years, there's not a new song that he's been able to write that he's been able to get a record on. I have a feeling that this is changing or will change, because I think, as you intimated by your question, there's a certain saturation point of less than really good songs that the music world can absorb. After that people will say, "Hey, maybe it's more important that I record a good song than that I write it." I think, this is just a hypothesis of mine, that one of the reasons for the rise in the whole Nashville scene is because it took a lot longer for the country and western singer to fall prey to that kind of mishigass. For a long time, they were the only place that was open to outside songs, but they're falling prey to that now. As a result, they had a lot of marvelous songs coming out of that scene.

BRIAN: It's interesting the way I started. I'm probably typical of a lot of kids coming to the Village now. I picked up a guitar and I started to try to write songs. I didn't even learn how to play it. Once I had my two chords, I tried to write one.

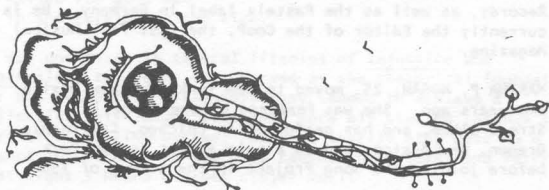
FRED: Well, that's not a bad thing, you know?

BRIAN: I'm not so sure it's bad but on the other hand, something's missing too. I've had to go back and do my homework. I suspect that was hardly ever the case before the singer-songwriter thing.

FRED: Well yeah, I'm sure that's true, but the fact is that that is what the scene is today. It had to come.

BRIAN: Particularly in New York.

FRED: It's unfortunate that that's what it's become. It's what's expected and it shouldn't be that way. If someone's a good singer, they should sing. If someone's a good writer, they should write. If, in one of those rare occasions, someone should be both, great. Unfortunately, the record companies fell into that trap. It used to be you'd hear somebody and get excited about them and you'd take them over to the record company and the first thing they'd say is: "Do they write their own material?". Record companies, too, are greedy. Number one, the writer-singer is the thing that people expected, but also there was an extra little element of greed: "Ahh, if they sing and write their own material that means we can get the publishing too." Certain things collapse under their own weight. I think that's what is happening, has begun to happen. I hope it's true.



# On the Record

"CHARLIE" CHIN has been playing and singing folk, rock, and jazz professionally since 1962. During the last twelve years he has been researching Asian music and has studied several Asian instruments.

FRANK CHRISTIAN, 29, originally hails from Newark, New Jersey, and is a familiar figure in the Village where he now lives. Frank makes his living with his consummate guitar skills: teaching, backing-up other musicians both on stage and in the studio, and performing his own music. He has recently released his first solo album, "Somebody's Got To Do It", on Great Divide records.

JUDY DUNLEAVY, 24, is a singer and songwriter who performs at clubs throughout Greenwich Village. She comes from Park Ridge, N.J. and has a day job taking care of plants in office buildings.

ALPH EDWARDS moved to New York City from Bayside, Texas in 1979. "We are the Krupps of the Third World and the Middle East. That makes me angry, and I hope it makes you angry, and that's what F-4 Phantom is about, but on the whole, I'd rather be remembered for my bossa-novas."



Judy Ficksman

Steve Forbert first came to the Village in 1975 from Miridian, Mississippi. He is presently working on his fourth album for Nempor Records, a division of CBS, and is best known for his hit "Romeo's Tune".

Graham Gardner begat PETE GARDNER, the second of five sons, some twenty years ago. Pete is of British heritage and has travelled cross-country and overseas. "There's really nothing else to say, except that I like cats and love England."

WOODY GUTHRIE was born in 1912. He died in 1967, of Huntington's chorea, 55 years old. Many of his songs have become classics, sung by millions. His song and prose writing have profoundly influenced many contemporary writers and musicians.

JACK HARDY first came to Greenwich Village in 1974. He has five albums out on Great Divide and First American Records, as well as the Pastels label in Germany. He is currently the Editor of the CoOp, the Fast Folk Musical Magazine.

MARTHA P. HOGAN, 25, moved to New York from New Mexico two years ago. She was featured on the Cornelia Street album, and has performed in Chicago, California, Oregon, New Mexico, and as a solo artist in New York before joining the Song Project in the summer of 1980.

TOM INTONDI has been performing in the Village and around the country for the last seven years. He released an independently-produced album, "City Dancer", in 1976. More recently, he was a featured performer on the "Cornelia Street: The Songwriters' Exchange" LP which was named Album of the Month by Stereo Review in December of 1980. Before the Song Project re-formed, he worked as a solo performer and with The Tom Intondi Band.

MATT JONES has been writing and singing songs of Justice and Peace for 22 years. He was a leader of the Nashville student sit-in movement in 1960, and is a former Director of the SNCC Freedom Singers. Matt is Music Director of the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church, and Coordinator of the Hobo Medium Coffeehouse. He has recorded for Paramount and Mercury Records. He is now "involved in musically documenting present freedom struggles."

PAUL KAPLAN grew up in Philadelphia and Chicago, and graduated from Hunter College with a degree in music theory. He has appeared on two Broadside albums on Folkways Records and has produced three Phil Ochs albums for the same label. He teaches guitar and his first solo album, "Life On This Planet", was released earlier this year. He is 33 years old.

GEOFF KAUFMAN is from Treadwell, New York in the Catskill Mountains and is Director of Delaware County Council on the Arts. Besides doing club dates throughout the Northeast, Geoff is a part-time shantyman at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut and sings regularly with the Sloop Singers for the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater.

ROD MacDONALD, 33, is a folk singer-songwriter from Connecticut. He lives in Greenwich Village, where he works in several local clubs, both with and without a band. Rod tours extensively in the South, Midwest and New England.

THOM MORLAN, 19, lives in New Jersey. He has been actively involved with folk music in Greenwich Village since early Autumn, 1981. Thom performed one of his own songs in the April issue of the CoOp. (Thom Morlan's biography was omitted from the April Issue. We recognize the disservice done to both the artist and reading audience, and apologize for the omission.)

SHERWOOD ROSS has done much to improve the nation's political climate. He worked as a speechwriter for Mayor Daley, who died of a heart attack; for Whitney M. Young Jr., who drowned swimming off the coast of Africa; for Senator George McGovern, who was defeated at the polls; and for James Meredith who was shot down in Mississippi. Before that he worked for the Chicago Daily News, which subsequently folded. Ross denies that there is any connection between his picking up a guitar four years ago and the recent decline in sales of the instrument, but he is unable to prove it.

# May's Song Lyrics

# side one

## I AM YOUR CHILD

Once I passed a mirror  
I looked hard to see  
How much of you  
Was reflected in me  
Proud of the features  
But fighting them, too  
To be more than a child  
Who looked just like you

### Refrain:

Sing for all mothers  
Who kept us from fear  
And grandmas and grandpas  
Who held us so near  
And sing for our fathers  
And memories deep  
Sing calling 'cross  
The dark shadows of sleep  
I am your child  
I am your child  
I am your child

When I was younger  
Your strength made me hide  
But you cradled me  
Whenever I cried  
All the mystery and promise  
A child could hold  
Were mine  
As you helped them unfold

### Refrain

I kept up the battle  
To stand up alone  
I ran away  
To learn how to come home  
But the child that I once was  
Still cries in the night  
And discovers surprise  
With delight

Tom Intondi and Katie Connolly  
© 1982 City Dancer Music

## UNEMPLOYMENT RAG

Woke up this morning, poured my coffee in its cup  
Stared at the paper, jobless and fed up  
I turned to the section entitled "Classified Ads"  
Scrutinized those pages to see what they had  
When I couldn't find a thing, it made me so damn mad  
At times like these I wish I never learned how to read  
Secretaries, underwriters, bookkeepers they're D.K.  
And if I had the experience they could use a C.P.A.  
With lending and credit experience, an analyst in  
a bank  
Without it don't apply, they told me so point blank

I'm not the most fashionable, but I'm not always a slob  
But how can I get experience when I can't get a job  
I can wipe cars at the car-wash for a days pay  
Or "sell" encyclopedias in my Chevrolet  
But I was always taught there must be a better way  
A victim of over-educated times  
Interviews just wasted my energy and gas  
I always thought that I was part of the working class  
So I joined the Musician's Union to be secure in my  
home  
But when I paid my rent, I couldn't pay my student  
loan.

Well, all they had could do nothing for me  
So I can wait to hit the lottery or claim bankruptcy  
Or send for this brochure "How To Clear Debts Without  
Dough"  
It only costs \$12.50 and the man says "It'll make  
your money grow!"  
I guess he certainly should know  
'Cause presently he lives in a chateau  
And he likes to drink the finest bottles of bordeaux  
But can I be "status quo"?

Frank Christian  
© 1982 Witches'House Music  
ASCAP

## ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING\*

My name is Jack Kelly the butcher's boy  
and a rambling man am I  
I've wandered far from home and land  
where'er the wild goose fly

### Chorus:

So wantonly, so needlessly, so cruelly did they  
They cast them out, with a curse and a shout,  
to die on the cold prairie

Wyoming has a dreadful place  
and Rock Springs is its name  
So many graves beneath the sky  
and no one takes the blame

### Chorus

It was in 1885  
such a pitiful sight to see  
When miners' guns became the law  
to kill the heathen Chinese

### Chorus

It is great sport to burn them out  
that was the miners' cry  
But I could not shoot another man  
just to see him fall and die

### Chorus

Come all you men of Christian faith  
and listen unto me  
No man can break the laws of God  
and still a Christian be

### Chorus

by Charlie Chin  
© 1981 Lop Chong Music  
BMI

\*Note: This song was written in 1981 about the Rock  
Spring Massacre, when all the Chinese were taken to  
the edge of town and killed. The tune is "Macpherson's  
Lament," a traditional Scottish tune.

# side one

## F - 4 PHANTOM

When I'm in my F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place you can go.  
When I'm in my F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place you can go.

You can dig yourself a tunnel  
like a maggot in the mud,  
But when I push this yellow button,  
it's bound to vaporize your blood.  
So don't miss church on Sunday,  
'cause come Monday,  
You can kiss your ass goodbye.

'Cause when I'm in my F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place you can go.  
When I'm in my F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place you can go.

You can douse out your headlights  
and jam it into park,  
But it won't make me no difference,  
I can see you in the dark.  
So kiss your love discreetly,  
then say sweetly,  
'I'm bound to miss your ass...goodbye."

Well, we'll send along some napalm,  
and ya'll whip up some sauce,  
And we'll just barbeque your enemies,  
It won't be no big loss.  
And if that don't rebuke 'em,  
you can nuke 'em, nuke 'em, nuke 'em.  
So if you own real estate  
strategic in nature,  
Then buddy, F-4 is the proper nomenclature.  
Just send along the black gold  
and send along some bread,  
And you'll receive a fighter-bomber  
that'll knock your neighbors dead.

'Cause when you're in your F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place they can go.  
When you're in your F-4 Phantom,  
there ain't no place they can go.

'Cause this is one old bloodhound  
no one can out-fox,  
You know he'll run you down and eat you  
'cause that's how he gets his rocks.  
So roll your baby in the clover,  
then bend over,  
And kiss your ass goodbye.

by Alph Edwards  
© Copyright 1981



Loren Moss

## INCIDENT AT EBENEZER CREEK\*

the creek lies swollen before us  
the bridge is a slippery span  
the guard with the Springfield rifle  
is barring our freedom plan  
for days we have followed the wagons  
with all we own on our backs  
the long blue winding dragon  
with fire and death in its track

but the pontoon bridge is gone. . .

for us these bummers meant freedom  
the promise made good at last  
that four-score-seven-year promise  
why then do they turn us back  
they have warned us not to follow  
too close behind the guns  
that the fighting up front is heavy  
when it hasn't even begun

but the pontoon bridge is gone. . .

some say the avenging angel  
has turned upon his own  
that all this talk of freedom  
is just sherman's marching song  
some are pleading Jesus  
asking what have they done wrong  
running up and down the river bank  
flailing their arms in song

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone. . .

## DO YOU NEED THIS HEART OF MINE

Long striped scarves when seen at a distance,  
with long overcoats often bear a resemblance,  
to your image now fading, and reappearing  
as I roam the streets wondering  
are you in some other arms tonight  
do you think of me at all as you go on in your flight

### Chorus:

Do you search to seek and find  
You need this heart of mine  
You need this heart of mine

I recall your winter smile  
through the winds we dodged  
and I've retraced almost all the routes we ever walked  
In barrooms and cafes where we lodged  
a haven from the cold where we could talk

### Chorus

I watched you as you slept, and I was seeing the  
hungry child  
When in that moment I saw someone in need,  
in a world so wild  
I tried to approach the words to feed,  
to see your hunger satisfied,  
but the fool that I am, could not give what you're  
needing of  
run and hide, but find your rest in love

### Chorus

by Peter S. Gardner  
copyright 1981

some soldiers disobey orders  
to help build rafts of logs  
but they sink as oft as float  
and time is running out  
and rumours of wheeler's cavalry  
to ship us back to the farm  
or shoot us here right where we stand  
helpless and unarmed

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone. . .

the camp lies now in embers  
newspapers all been read  
talk of a change in Washington  
of a dream shot through the head  
some say Ebenezer  
is a cursed name for a creek  
some say Jefferson Davis  
is a blessed name to speak

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone  
and freedom now has gone. . .

by Jack Hardy  
© 1982 John S. Hardy Music  
ASCAP

This song is based on a true incident during Sherman's march to the sea where one of his generals, Jefferson C. Davis ordered that his pontoon bridges be taken up abandoning a large group of recently freed slaves to General Wheeler's cavalry. The song is dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr.

## HOLY JERUSALEM

Holy Jerusalem  
Holy Jerusalem

The shadows of your history  
are rising from the grave.  
In the hands of David  
you thought you would stay?  
So many years. . .  
So many gods. . .  
He that rules the temples  
must also rule the sod  
of  
Holy Jerusalem,  
Holy Jerusalem.

A seed of your destiny  
was planted in the stone.  
But mountains never stopped you  
from harvesting your own  
flower of Israel,  
crushed under a cross,  
rose again to claim you  
for His name and His flock.  
Holy Jerusalem,  
Holy Jerusalem.

Darker ages followed you,  
was it a journey of the Light?  
Did Mohammed find you in the  
silence of the night?  
No man can say.  
The rocks will not speak.  
But the blood of believers  
has sealed the mystery  
of  
Holy Jerusalem,  
Holy Jerusalem.

Your days are kept in vigils,  
your nights are kept inside.  
The battle of your holy ghost  
has sentenced you to die.  
Rise up, oh Daughter.  
What do you fear?  
A God above all others  
or the coming of the years?  
Holy Jerusalem,  
Holy Jerusalem.  
No peace  
Jerusalem.

by Martha P. Hogan  
copyright 1980

## I SLICED PASTRAMI FOR THE CIA AND FOUND GOD

I ran a kosher deli  
Down old Virginia way  
Not far from the Pentagon  
And the CIA  
An Admiral got heartburn  
Two generals passed away  
That's when my country called on me  
To trick for the U.S.A.

Oh, I was whisked to Langley  
In a foreign service car  
Asked to go to Cuba  
Set up my deli bar  
"Irving, slice the same pastrami  
You fix here every day  
Let's hope Big Enchilada  
Is gonna come your way."

### Chorus:

Oh, I sliced pastrami for the CIA  
The CIA  
The CIA  
It was Fidel deedle deedle deedle dee all day  
Down old Havana way.

Armed with just a butcher knife  
And a roll of Cuban bills  
They flew me in a southeast line  
They dropped me in some hills  
I floated to Havana  
And I am proud to say  
I set up a little deli  
Hoping he'd drop in someday.

One day soon it happened  
In the afternoon lunch crowd  
This bearded man he entered  
So arrogant and proud  
"I hear you got pastrami  
That could give the devil fright  
Don't be chintzy with the mustard  
Let's see if they are right."

Now I knew he was a tough guy  
The Mafia missed its turn  
But where they failed with poison  
I'd nail him with heartburn  
They could not make his beard fall out  
So that he'd look less virile  
Boldly I sliced a double one  
I'd freeze his Cuban smile.

### Chorus

Well, Fidel took one bite from it  
His sunbrowned face turned white  
He began to choke and gasp  
But asked for another bite  
Just then the sky split open  
A voice cried loud and shrill:  
"Irving take back that pastrami  
I said Thou Shalt Not Kill!"

Fidel, he got angry  
But I was out of reach  
Miraculous this hand comes down  
I'm flown half price to Miami Beach  
Now I'm back at my old deli  
And somehow very proud  
I sliced pastrami for the CIA  
And that's how I found God!

### Chorus

# side two

## GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

In eighteen hundred and fifty-six  
On June the 13th day  
Our gallant ship her anchor weighed  
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys  
And for Greenland bore away

Our lookout on the crosstrees stood  
With a spyglass in his hand  
It's a whale, it's a whale  
It's a whalefish he cried  
And she blows at every span, brave boys  
And she blows at every span

Our captain stood on the quarterdeck  
And a grand old man was he  
Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit  
tackles fall  
And lower your boats to the sea, brave boys  
And lower your boats to the sea

We struck that whale and the line paid out  
Then he made a flounder with his tail  
And the boat capsized and four men were drowned  
And we never caught that whale, brave boys  
And we never caught that whale

The losing of those gallant men  
It grieved our captain full sore  
But the losing of that hundred-barrel whale  
It grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
It grieved him ten times more

Oh, Greenland is an awful place  
A place that's never green  
Where there's ice and snow and the  
whalefishes blow  
And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
And daylight's seldom seen

### Traditional

Words and music by  
Sherwood Ross © 1982

## CALL ME THE WHALE

tune: "The Greenland Whale Fisheries"

Call me the whale for that's what I am  
And that's what I aim to be  
You may call yourselves the kings of the land  
But I am the king of the sea, brave boys  
Yes I am the king of the sea

You came after me in your matchstick boats  
With your harpoons poised for the kill  
When I looked you in the eye I never saw you cry  
But I know that I gave you a chill, brave boys  
I know that I gave you a chill

But I didn't ever mean you any harm, brave boys  
When I sent you to the bottom with my tail  
I only meant to show you that you should have been  
at home  
Instead of on the ocean chasing whales, brave boys  
Instead of on the ocean chasing whales

But you never got the message so more and more  
you came  
Till I ran out of places to hide  
When your boats got so big that I could not bring  
you down  
Then I knew you had turned the tide, brave boys  
I knew you had turned the tide

Now you hunt me down in your factory ships  
And you never even touch me with your hands  
In the morning I am playing with my babies in the waves  
In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans, brave boys  
In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans

You've gotten so efficient with your implements of death  
That by now I'm barely alive  
But if you treat each other the way you've treated me  
I think I'm going to survive, brave boys  
Yes, I think I'm going to survive

by Paul Kaplan  
© 1982 Paul Kaplan Music  
ASCAP

## WHITE BUFFALO

They say you've got to lose before you can win  
They say you've got to choose before you can give in  
You have got to cut loose to get back again  
And it's a long way back home

They say you've got to crawl before you can stand  
They say you've got to fall before you can land  
You've got to lose it all to get what you've planned  
And it's a long way back home

### Chorus:

And it's a long way  
A long way home  
When you're standing on someplace that you've never known  
And I might see you  
Where the rivers flow  
But like me you're looking for White Buffalo

They say you've got to die before you can live  
They say you've got to cry before you can give  
You've got to say goodbye before you can come back in  
And it's a long way back home

They say you've got to seed what you're going to grow  
They say you've got to need what you're going to let go  
You have got to believe what you're going to know  
And it's a long way back home

### Chorus

So I say to you farewell for we will meet again  
In the hottest flames of hell I can only call you friend  
And when you hear that final bell do not ask whose round  
you're in  
Till you've found your way back home

### Chorus

## THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU & ME

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Island  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
And saw above me that endless skyway  
And saw below me the golden valley, I said:  
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me, a voice was sounding:  
This land was made for you and me

Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me  
A sign was painted said: Private Property  
But on the back side it didn't say nothing -  
This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling  
In wheat fields waving, and dust clouds rolling;  
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting;  
This land was made for you and me

One bright sunny morning in the shadow of the steeple  
By the Relief office I saw my people  
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering if  
This land was made for you and me

Woody Guthrie  
Feb. 23, 1940

Copyright, 1940, 1968  
The Richmond Organization

by Rod MacDonald  
© 1982 Blue Flute Music, ASCAP

God Blessed America  
This Land ~~Was~~ Made For You & Me

179  
iv

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From the California to the ~~Great~~ Island,  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters,  
God blessed America for me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
And saw above me that endless skyway,  
And saw below me the golden valley, I said:  
God blessed America for me.

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
And all around me, a voice was sounding:  
God blessed America for me.

Was a big high ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup> that tried to stop me  
A sign was painted said: Private Property.  
But on the back side it didn't say nothing -  
God blessed America for me.

When the sun came shining, then I was strolling  
In wheat fields waving, and dust clouds rolling;  
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting:  
God blessed America for me.

One bright sunny morning in the shadow of the staple  
By the Relief Office I saw my people -  
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering if  
God blessed America for me.

\*all you can write is  
what you see.

original copy  
of this

1944 ©  
11.4, 11.4, 11.4  
Feb. 23, 1940  
43rd St + 68 Ave,  
Manhattan House

# Getting Started

By Frank Mazzetti

This article is about the artists relatively new to the New York folk scene, who are without benefit of a personal manager or booking agent. It is about what they might expect as they go from club to club trying to get their "feet in the door." It will examine what the clubs' "talent scouts" are looking for and what the artists can expect from these "talents scouts." Before going any further, here is a rundown of the clubs, their procedures and the auditioners:

**Kenny's Castaways** -- Auditions for Kenny's are on Monday. Sign-up is shortly before six o'clock. One should get there early. Ten minute slots are assigned on a first-come first-served basis. If the talent scout likes what he sees, he'll give a twenty minute showcase. From there, one might receive a paying gig as an opening act. Andy (he refused to give his last name) is the current talent scout.

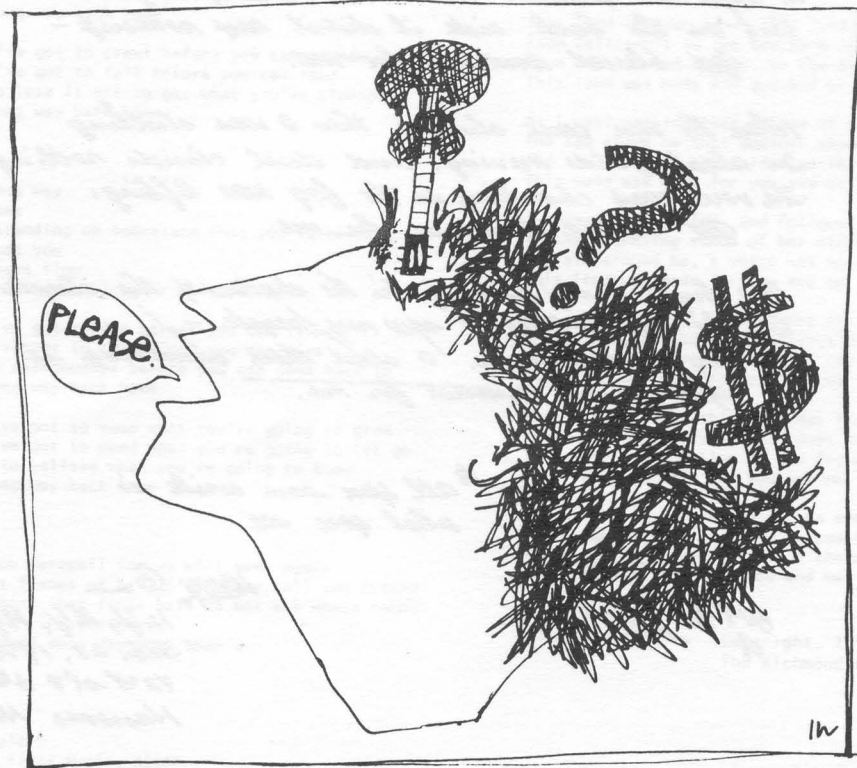
**The Other End** -- Auditions are also on Monday and they are run by Stefan Rudolph who has been running them for eight years. To get an audition at The Other End one must call or send a tape to the attention of Stefan. If he cannot be reached there, one should try to reach him at 736-3653, which is his number at High Rise Sound Inc. A successful audition at the Other End leads to a showcase either at the cafe room of the Other End or at Chillie's, a Midtown club. If the managers at these clubs react favorably, the artist may land a paying gig.

**Speak Easy** -- There are no formal auditions at Speak Easy though there are perhaps more chances for someone getting

started to get a performing slot during the week. Open mikes are on Mondays with sign-up at 7:15. Sign-up is conducted by Jay Rosen and the hoots are conducted on a rotating basis, currently by Ilene Weiss. Every Wednesday there are New Faces nights where the performers are selected from the Monday hoots. There is also a new Sunday evening dollar night that is booked out of the New Faces nights and the performers names appear in the monthly calendar. From there, there are opening and featured acts on week-ends as well as special events, and other weekly dollar nights.

**Folk City** -- The longest running hoot in town. The Monday night hoot is run as an audition by one of the owners Joe Hillesum. If Joe feels an act meets the club's needs, he will put the act on a Sunday afternoon program with five other performers. From there, Marilyn Lasch, one of the other owners screens the acts for one of three possible gigs: Dollar night, Best of the Monday Hoot or an opening act. Sign-up for the Monday hoot is 7:30 and is on a lottery basis.

The New York Times has heralded in an era of renewed interest in folk music. Judging by the many talented people I see playing folk music, I'd say that this is true. Audiences for the music have tripled in the last two months. But the opportunities for new talented performers are still pathetically few. Stefan acknowledged that "things are pretty tough still", referring to the competition as "fierce." Andy at Kenny's noted that they have very few solo acts and that those they do have are "extremely talented." Dee Archer, who had worked in Los Angeles said the opportunities in the Village were



Ilene Weiss



greater than in L.A. The phrase "quality will out" does not always hold true. Plenty of quality is buried and plenty of mediocrity gets "out." The frustrations are enormous and performers' psyches must be strong and healthy. Stefan's first advice to the newly arrived is "get a decent place to live and a part time job to support yourself." This may sound like simple common sense, but there are many who hit town with unreal expectations.

The relationship between the talent scout and performer is a peculiar one. I've found each side to have built-in stereotypes and attitudes. All of the auditioners, except Joe, make music as well, but the stereotypes may be based on personal taste and the attitudes may be defensive (especially with certain performers' personalities). It was obvious, for example, that Andy would be more inclined toward a rock-oriented act: "We do the rock and roll here. This club rocks out. This old boat starts swimmin' sometimes. Not a hard electric, acid rock band...nothing like that...good rock and roll here. Joe, at Folk City, is looking more for the serious songwriter. At the same time he wants someone 'out of the ordinary, qualitatively' (as opposed to a freak or camp act).

What about the attitudes? How do they deal with different personality types? How about the pushy performer? Stefan suggests that frustration is the root of the problem: "...they haven't been getting work or they need money or something and they get too pushy because of other factors not directly concerning the value of their music and the presentation." Joe offers: "a few people each night will ask why don't you book me? It's difficult because there's no stock response. Everyone's at a different stage of development." Robbie Wolliver, the third owner at Folk City, told me, in an interview for the March issue (see "Village Club Owners") that pushiness was the one device that "didn't work at all." How about the ass-kissing performer? Robbie remarks that "it's a weird thing... after awhile you know what they're after. I'll tell you, if it's very obvious, it turns me off. There are people who I like a lot who do that, but I find it hard to deal with that." Stefan feels that it will go over but only if the talent scout needs it and adds that it is a tough question to say whether an artist should compromise their pride if they feel it's required of them in a certain business situation." What about the passive person? Both Joe and Robbie agree that this is a problem too. The logic runs this way: if the artist comes off stage and does well but then fails to follow it up, they think well maybe that artist doesn't really care to play here at Folk City."

In different forms I posed the question, "what basic qualities was the auditioner looking for?" When I was looking for people for New Faces, I was looking for people with damn good songs, people who seemed serious about their work and themselves (which doesn't exclude a certain amount of humor, from black to bellybenders). Stefan also looks for the good song and considers songwriting to be a definite plus for a singer. He doesn't place much value, in the initial phase, on audience reaction (quite often it's rigged with friends and relatives anyway), but Joe and Andy do place importance on audience response. Andy feels "when you entertain, you (must) shine with an audience. You have to have a rapport going with the audience. People are coming out to feel good and you have to feel extremely good about what you're doing on stage. If you are in touch with yourself and if you generate that feeling, it makes it very entertaining. A lot of people are not doing it on that level...that's a very professional level, to entertain an audience. It's a very critical level too." Joe feels that if you can please a Monday night audience, it's a good indication that you'll be able to hold an audience on another night as well. The Other End usually has little or no audience during the auditions and Stefan admits that this may seem like a pressure situation but is "peanuts" next to what one can expect in the big-time, and adds

that that's what "marks the difference between the amateur and the professional." All of these men will offer advice if asked, none will volunteer it.

What can the performer expect from the club? Folk City will provide a good sound system, lighting, and a good stage. Joe is conscientious; he keeps lists from Monday night and Sunday afternoon, which is usually booked a few weeks ahead of time. He also tries to listen to all of the forty hooters for at least one minute. Andy says that Kenny's offers "taste." He also said that the beer was "real good" and the food was "real good" and that the performer "gets a real, honest chance." The Other End has excellent sound and lighting, but as mentioned the absence of an audience might be jarring.

As for the future of folk music, Stefan and Joe felt good about it. The former claiming that he'd like to see a folk revival and that he'd "start giving more exposure to (Folk Music)." Joe felt that "during the sixties, it (Folk City) was a major folk scene and it is possible for that to happen again."

In general, how do the auditioners feel about the ones being auditioned? Andy asserts that he would "never discourage somebody from doing something with music." Stefan concurs: "It's a very difficult thing to present your music in public. I respect the musician that can write and sing and play an instrument in front of an audience and say this is what I do and I'm proud of it." And from Joe: "Performers put themselves on the line by going on stage, and I try to make it as easy as possible...keep encouraging them."

Let's take a quick look at some of the people getting started and their particular approach to the situation. People "get started" in the folk scene at many different ages and levels of development.

Thom Morlan is eighteen and comes from New Jersey. His song "Gallery 14" (on the April CoOp album) was picked out by a Boston rock music reviewer as being "not a normal wimpy folk song." Thom believes in performing at a high energy level. He has found the Cornelia Street Songwriter's workshop to be a big help in developing his songwriting craft. For performing experience he has played at the Sunday afternoon concert series at Folk City and at the New Faces evenings at Speak Easy.

Pete Gardner (who's song "Do You Need This Heart of Mine" is on the current CoOp record) is twenty years old and also comes from New Jersey. He started playing "cover" songs at Kanots/Home of Vincent's Restaurant" in New Jersey and moved to New York so he could play his own tunes. He made the rounds to the hoots in the Village and has also found the Cornelia Street workshop helpful. He says it is the only place he can get "total honest criticism." He works closely with Ansel Matthews (who's song "The Greatest Part of Love" is on the February CoOp album) on their songwriting and also now plays guitar with Ansel.

Alph Edwards, 32, is a little bit older than most of the people "getting started." (His song F-4 Phantom appears on the current CoOp record). Alph first came to the Village in December, 1979 from Bayside, Texas where he had played bass for a "jazz-funk" group. He first came to New York to start as an actor and was pleasantly surprised to find he could play his own songs here. He remembers a bartender in Texas coming over in the middle of an original song and saying "play something recognizable." As well as the Village hoots, Alph has made the rounds uptown to places like Chillie's and the Grand Saloon. He works as a freelance carpenter to support his singing habit and plans to travel and sing in Europe this summer.

# Sammy Walker: Lost in the Shuffle

By Bill Ponsot

Many people feel that the art of writing topical songs disappeared with Bob Dylan's metamorphosis into the cult pop star that he is today. Worse than that, these same people refuse to acknowledge newcomers whose talents match or at least approach that of Dylan. These late arrivals deserve the public's consideration as much as Dylan deserved a chance twenty years ago.

Although it's true that Dylan has influenced scores of performers, he did not invent the folk song, nor is his the last word on the craft. A case in point is Sammy Walker, a soft-spoken native of Norcross, Georgia, who came to New York in 1974 in an attempt to break into the folk music scene. He had a head full of songs and so came to the most likely place to have them heard.

Sammy sent a tape of material to WBAI-FM where Phil Ochs chanced to hear it. His reaction was to declare that "Sammy Walker is the finest songwriter and singer I have come across in the last dozen years..." It doesn't take a mathematician to figure out that a dozen years before was 1962 when Bob Dylan was stunning the public with his first album. Ochs brought Sammy to Folkway Records where he then recorded his first album, produced by Phil Ochs.

SONG FOR PATTY (Broadside Ballads #8, Folkways Records BR 5310) was released in early 1975; Sammy was 22. Many critics immediately dismissed it as a Dylan rip-off and never gave it a second chance. In fact the really profound influence on Sammy's work has been Woody Guthrie, not Dylan. He grew up listening to country/western music, Hank Williams, Sr. and the Carter Family. Walker says that, "...I kinda discovered Woody by accident. Woody really had an influence on me; I never quite heard anything like him before. You know he was singing like just any other country and western guy but Woody was saying things. I never heard anyone singing about what he did, like unions and stuff like that. He had a big influence on my thinking as well as my style of music." Sammy acknowledges that Dylan was a major influence but no more so than Phil Ochs, Jack Elliot and Tom Paxton.

From the time that he happened across his first Woody Guthrie album when he was fifteen, Sammy's appetite for folk music became insatiable. He listened particularly to those songwriters who had gained prominence during the early sixties and learned a lot from all of them. Dave Marsh on the other hand seems to think otherwise. He writes in his Rolling

Stone Record Guide that "...in Walker's hand, Dylan's influence became a matter of studied mannerism, too crude for belief. Rather than extending the styles Dylan originated, Walker simply mimics Dylan's style, with its many limitations."

For better or worse, Sammy's voice does sound similar to Dylan's (on occasion), but only to the casual listener. It's disappointing to think that as seasoned an ear as Mr. Marsh would make such an evaluation. Unfortunate too, because the Record Guide undoubtedly influences a percentage of the record-buying public who might be dissuaded from exploring this dynamic talent. In reality, Sammy has developed his writing in a style that is all his own.

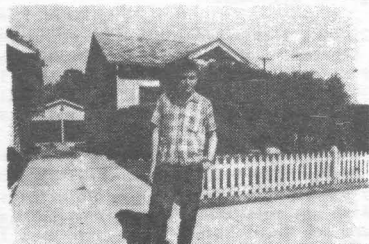
The topical song finds new blood on SONG FOR PATTY with such selections as the title song about Patty Hearst and the S.L.A. incident; "A Simple Hour Operation", a comment on abortion and some cruelly mindless treatments; and "The Ballad of Johnny Strozier", an expose of social injustice in a Southern jail. Also on the album is a tribute to Bob Dylan entitled "Ragamuffin Minstrel Boy." So what's the big deal about that, you may wonder; after all -- doesn't everyone and their grandmother have a tribute to Dylan somewhere up their sleeve? Maybe, but how many really stand out? It's succinct and to the point -- there's no overworked praise or strained adulation going on here. I believe it deserves a place alongside Phil Ochs' "Bound For Glory" and Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" as being a definitive tribute to its subject. Pat images or cliches aren't among Sammy's trademarks, either. That, I find refreshing!

Along with the ten original tunes found on SONG FOR PATTY, there are two songs performed with Phil Ochs: Woody Guthrie's "I Ain't Got No Home" (Sis Cunningham also joins in the vocals here) and a rousing version of Ochs' "Bound For Glory" closes the album.

Sammy's second album was simply titled SAMMY WALKER (Warner Bros. BS2961). It's a much lighter album in spirit than his first effort; but no less an example of Sammy's songwriting craft. Two songs are carry-overs from SONG FOR PATTY: "Catcher In The Rye", which rates among the most requested of Sammy at concerts and "Little New Jersey Town". Also on the album is "A Cold Pittsburgh Morning", another concert favorite.

"Legends", from his third collection, tops that list. It

## Sammy Walker



## SAMMY WALKER



## SONGS FROM WOODY'S PEN



was written for Phil Ochs shortly after his tragic death in 1976, and is a standout composition from that album.

SAMMY WALKER, aside from being different in its outlook, sounds completely different with a full back-up band including: additional guitars, bass, drums, dobro, fiddle, piano, organ and mandolin. This led to problems after it was finished because no one seemed to know what to make of it. "Warner Bros. just didn't know what to do with me. I would walk into Korvettes and find my record in the country/western section and then go into another store and find it in the rock section." Lack of promotion is often the reason for many fine recordings slipping past the public's ear. SAMMY WALKER and the follow-up, BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN SKYLINE (Warner Bros. BS 3080) lp were both victims of non-existent publicity. Their availability is subject to constant change since they were both deleted from the Warners catalogue and are now primarily obtainable in used record markets.

"BLUE RIDGE" is by far the most successful of his collections of original material. The writing is well rounded, more polished and certainly a very commercial product. That this record succeeded in being overlooked by both the record-buying public and radio Program Directors is regrettable. One of his strongest social commentaries can be found here in "Appalachian Coal Miner's Son", a bleak look at family life as it sometimes exists in mining communities.

As on the first album, Sammy offers two cover tunes on "BLUE RIDGE": an old Jimmy Rodgers song, "Waitin' For A Train" and Woody Guthrie's "Dust Storm Disaster", which was the first Guthrie tune Sammy heard fourteen years ago. There's an interesting combination of songs on this album that is less pronounced than on his previous releases. The folk style for which Sammy was primarily known takes on a pungent country flavor, particularly on the B-side.

Probably of all the artists who have attempted a crossover from one musical style to another, Sammy Walker would be among the more successful if his future was directed towards country music. At present he has no idea where he is headed with music. He works at a regular job and lives quite peaceably in upstate New York. Once in a while he gets an idea for a song or is invited to play at a local college, and more rarely he's booked into Folk City for a weekend show. He doesn't come into New York City often these days, so if you have the opportunity to see him, don't pass it up.

Unfortunately for Sammy, some of his experiences with the music industry have left bitter memories, making it difficult for him to respond to the urgings of family and friends to work up an album's worth of material. His last lp is already three years old, and that wasn't original material. SONGS FROM WOODY'S PEN, Woody Guthrie Songs, Sung by Sammy Walker (Folkways FTS 31064) represents a choice lot of Guthrie classics that are Sammy's favorites. It's a simple effort, with Sammy accompanying himself on guitar and harmonica on "The Grand Coulee Dam", "Deportee", "Vigilante Man", "Jackhammer John", "Pretty Boy Floyd" and six others.

Both his Folkways albums are in print and available. The label's distribution is not always the best, but either album is obtainable by writing directly to Folkways Records (43 West 61st St., NYC, NY 10023); or by placing an order at your local record dealer. In addition to the Folkways recordings there is one other recording that I am aware of, available from The Speak Easy on the March '82 issue of The COOP Magazine. Tom Intondi, a regular performer at the club and an active member in the Musicians' Cooperative covered a recently published Sammy Walker composition called "Young Love."

# Radio Eyes

By Rod MacDonald

It seems to me, that as the world gets more crowded, people are making more and more use of imaginary places. Visualizing scenes, then stepping into them and playing them out, is sort of an artistic extension of this theory. The potential space is endless, and if you can make someone on the other end of the radio see a scene in which he then feels involved, you are using the medium well.

I listened to a tape of WBAI's broadcast of Jane Brucker's and Tom Carrozza's (First Amendment) improvisational debut: listeners called in situations and got a scene:

Testacles to Fallopia: "I can turn this snake into a rod" a la Charlton Heston -- Gypsy Rose Lee to birdwatcher: "What's that hangin' around your neck? You been starin' at me through binoculars?" 1

It reminded me of the time I listened to Bogart doing "The Maltese Falcon" while I was driving from Chicago to New York. I could follow every scene except where he frisks Joel Caire, without ever seeing the movie, right down to the moment when Ward Bond says, "Huh." Jane and Tom's approach works in the same way, drawing on the Hollywood cartoon style we all know and love, and creating visuals with nothing to work with but dialogue:

Can I sit with you? All the other bears don't like me. That's because you're a purple bear, and all the other bears are brown. 1

Is there, then, a visual tradition that's expressly lyrical: words paint the mind's eye? Think of all those beautiful old ballads that evoke women in pinafore dresses and freckles, and men in bowlers and long coats, trilling...

I say pretty Nancy will you come with me  
I mean to go walkin' for borschtberries  
Out in the green meadow where axe murders wait  
But you don't have to worry, they think we're okay 2

Translated to modern English:

Say baby.  
Uh-huh.  
Why don't we go someplace and be...alone.  
Uh-huh. You think it's safe down there on those rocks?  
Lesse. It'll be low tide two more hours.  
Then what?  
We get wet.  
Well honey if you gonna wait two hours to get wet, I'm leavin' right now. 3

Maybe it's that Hollywood cliches have created a common mental space where we can make jokes. Another common visual motif is the political rally. I went to see Charlie King, April 17, at Folk City, expecting to see a lot of picket line images dancing before my eyes. At one point he sang:

Who will remember the one who threw the switch  
Killed two good men  
In the service of the rich. 4

It was one verse in several litanies of injustice and oppression, two words that served as the rhetorical foundation for his audience. Ultimately they seemed to achieve a collective self-image, like they were all staring through the bars after getting busted. Hearing Charlie King gave me a chance to catch up on the good causes these days, and later that night I heard a blues singer wail:

Oh I love the working class  
Lord Lord I do

Oh I love the working class  
 Lord Lord I do.  
 I can't sleep at night  
 I want to be a worker too. 5

I knew just what she meant. We need songs about the real people of our time, you know, oppressed carpenters and plumbers who get the shaft. Trouble is,

I'll tell you of a man named Liddy  
 Who went to jail for doing something shitty 6

seems hopelessly dated now, just a few years after its remarkable debut. This is a problem for specifically political songs, they date themselves. Charlie gets around that by conjuring up a political demonstration where the audience fills in the blank:

Look to the people for \_\_\_\_\_  
 When the hard times come around. 7

They shout back "Courage", "Humor", "Knowhow", "Struggle", "Gay Rights", "Music", and "Power", sharing these mantras. It was a fitting end to this undertaking, and since next week I'm playing at the Mortuary Tenants' Relief Association benefit, it was a good way to get prepared.

A third visual plane is reached with the language of romance, scenery evoked by love-talk, so often expressed in ancillary physical details:

Candlelight or moonlight, my love?  
 Oh, please, moonlight. (He rolls back the ceiling.)  
 Ocean waves or falling leaves?  
 Oh, please, something more...forceful. (He replaces the environments records. Puts on "I have a Dream" by Martin Luther King.)  
 Nectar or bouquet?  
 Oh, fragrance, yes. (Lights joint.)  
 Can I ask you something?  
 Oh? (tosses hair from side to side) Sure, okay.  
 Do you like the blues?  
 Huh?  
 The blues. Do you like the blues?  
 Gee. I saw a guy play blues once. He was okay. Kind of mean looking, though.  
 No, I mean did you like the music?  
 Oh, well, Ruth, my friend, was going through a crisis and I guess...I...didn't really...hear it...I guess...say what's this guy yelling about?  
 He had a dream.  
 Oh? Gee, I had a dream last night. I dreamed I was a snail. Kept trying to run but couldn't.  
 You sure you were dreaming?  
 What's that supposed to mean?  
 Just kidding.  
 Hey, you think I'm stupid or something? I'm not going to lie here with my clothes off and be insulted.  
 Hey, take it easy.  
 Haven't you got any Dan Fogelberg? 8

This shows how language paints the scene for us.

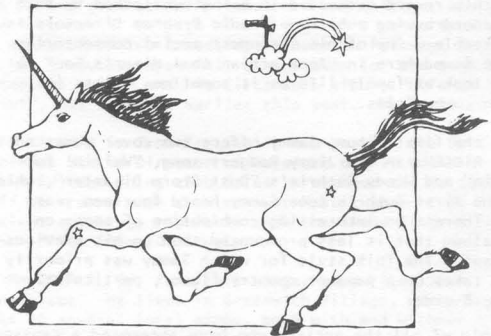
Evoking the scene is the first step toward communicating well. Whether in song, dialogue, or any other lyrical art. Usually this is done by mining commonly understood motifs: movie clichés, picket line folk songs and sleazo seductions. But they're just a portion of what's out there. Royal trappings, chess moves, dragging out the universal death wish, or freight train ridin' blues are others. War survival. Honky tonks. Jesus and the olive trees. Rudy and the Giant Rat Riders.

Once the participants and setting are clear -- two lovers at the bridge, a working class hero folkie, or whatever -- it is then possible, as the improv theater technique shows,

to take the entire scene to a different place and maybe even get a laugh doing it. Two people suddenly tell you they are actually bears. Not only that, one's purple. So I leave you with this somewhat surprising old ballad:

I wish I had a needle  
 Then I be doin' fine.  
 I wish I had a needle  
 Then I be doin' fine.  
 Get out of this haystack  
 Get back to that gal of mine. 9

1. WBAI Broadcast, Jane Brucker and Tom Carrozza.
2. Roy Fayerwhether, Squire of Duffelshire (Pubic Domain Music, ABUSE)
3. By Lightnin' Joe McPecker, unrecorded.
4. Charlie King live.
5. c. 1982 by Heather Westfield. Used by permission.
6. Hurtin' Schwartz, from "Songs My Parents Didn't Like", Wasted Effort Records, c/o Danbury State Prison, Danbury, CT.
7. Charlie King live.
8. From "When I Was a Roadie" c. 1981 Lydia Van Munchkin, used by permission.
9. Traditional.



Loren Moss

## Join The Coop

If you have an idea for an article pertaining to folk music, write it, and then submit it to The Coop.

If you know a song that is particularly hot, beautiful, haunting, poetic or otherwise calling out to be recorded, contact The Coop.

If you are an artist with sketches or doodles, bring them out of hiding and submit them to The Coop.

Donate your talents.

For articles or songs contact Jack Hardy or Brian Rose.  
 989-7088 260-5029

For drawings, cartoons and graphics, contact Steve Brant.

Special thanks this month to the blitzkrieg typing fingers of Larry McClain. Even though he's written articles for Penthouse, Personal Computing and National Lampoon, he's a Good Ol' Mensch.

# New Faces



Judy Ficksman

Rosemary Kirstein

When I heard two months ago that the Speak Easy was going to have a regular New Faces night, I approached Steve Brant about appearing on the night he was hosting. His reply was, "Sorry, you're not a new face."

I thought about it. At that point I had never played at Speak Easy (other than Hoot Night), but I had been hanging around the Village for three years, occasionally getting one of those Sunday afternoon gigs that Folk City runs. Fair enough, I thought; I'm not a new face.

About a week later, Doug Waterman asked me to play on his New Faces night. I was surprised. "Am I a new face?"

He replied, "Sure."

What is a "new face"?

In the first two months of New Faces, each night has been run by a different host, and subject to slightly differing definitions of the term. According to Pete Gardner (host of the upcoming April 28 show), a new face is a person who has never been featured at the Speak Easy and is relatively new to the Speak Easy/Co-op scene. The person has artistic potential, but has never had the opportunity to put together a unified performance, a "set." He or she has not been able to acquire the stage experience necessary to develop the potential into an actuality.

Doug Waterman had a broader interpretation. He included in his evening total newcomers to the scene, as well as people who have been around, but have never had the exposure he feels they deserve. Steve Brant took the strictest interpretation: he chose his performers from among the Hoot Night acts, selecting those who displayed qualities that commanded his attention -- people he had never heard in other situations.

In the future, all the New Faces nights will be under the guidance of Frank Mazzetti. Frank's definition of the concept lies between Steve's and Doug's, but with a further aspect: New Faces will be part of a series of features designed to aid the development of new artists. The first step is New Faces itself, which will feature performers new to the scene as well as those who have been around, but lack stage experience. This will take place every Wednesday night. The evening will be split with the usual Poetry Night; poetry taking the first half (seven to ten o'clock), New Faces the second.

The next level will be a new Sunday night program, tentatively called "Up and Coming." These evenings will give former New Faces and other intermediately-experienced acts an opportunity to fine-tune their performance. Frank had planned to have a

lot of repetition of Up and Coming acts, the better to enable them to hone their craft, but the abundance of new talent makes such repetition impossible. (If I may interject -- Speak Easy isn't the only gig in town. There are a number of small-time church-basement type coffeehouses and little clubs; the Getting Known crowd could use these in place of repeat performances at Speak Easy, I think.)

The goal of all this is more acts of weekend-feature quality. One of the original ideas behind the Co-op itself was to create a healthy, positive environment for the developing artist; a community of musicians who would help each other, and help the music scene itself to grow, to the benefit of all of us. New Faces/Up and Coming will be a part of that process, and, I think, an exciting part.

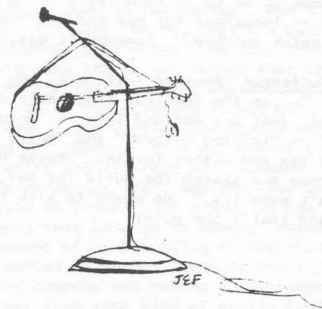
In upcoming articles, I will be reviewing the performers of New Faces/Up and Coming. I intend to be as objective as possible, and as encouraging, but it will not be a case of "if you can't say something good, don't say anything at all." If I criticize, I will try to do so constructively. If I bring any special prejudices to my evaluations, I will make sure you are aware of them (for example, I have trouble enjoying Country and Western music; in reviewing a C&W act, I will always remind you of that fact, and try to work around it, myself.

For the benefit of those who I will be reviewing, I would like to point out (and I cannot stress this enough) that these will **ONLY BE MY OPINIONS**. Many people assume that something in print is authoritative. This is not the case. This is especially not the case in music, which is so open to individual interpretation. I think I have good taste and good judgement, but they are my taste and my judgement. Tastes vary. Use your own judgement in evaluating my evaluations.

As New Faces/Up and Coming is a weekly event, I won't be able to mention every performer in a particular month; it's impossible to do in-depth analyses of fifty acts in the space of one article. Also, I certainly won't be able to attend each performance, though I'll try my best to do so. In general, I will write the most about those people about whom I have the most interesting things to say, positive or (constructively) negative.

If you disagree with me, let me know! Talk to me, write to the magazine, hurl invective from the audience while I'm onstage -- communicate!

Next week, Pete Gardner hosts New Faces; with David Roth, John Deyer, Frank Berger, Susan Piper, Barbara Marsh and Nick Ventry, plus a few special appearances. The following week includes Dave Bolger, Alph Edwards, and Nancy Heller. I'm looking forward to it.



Judy Ficksman

# Frank Christian: a record review

by David Massengill

Frank Christian has issued his first lp on Great Divide Records and it is a corker. He writes that brave line. He picks that hellzapoppin guitar. His voice is as smooth as a slide trombone. If there is a heaven, someday his sidemen will pluck its heartstrings. Here is the coolest cat. Call him Jazzbo. Call him Maestro. But don't call him collect, because he's heard it all before.

Many influences here. Mr. Christian has apparently been to the well and back one or three times. Somewhere along the way a little bird told him a secret. Along with the secret, he learned a good deal from such standards as "Brother Can You Spare a Dime" and "Making Whoopie" (not on the lp, but occasionally performed live). While he does not imitate those songs, he does capture their sense of timelessness in his own compositions. Little birds tell no lies: Frank Christian is an original. He's the genuine article alright alright. A class act.

Now for a few notes (mine) and quotes (his) from the record **SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT**

## SIDE I

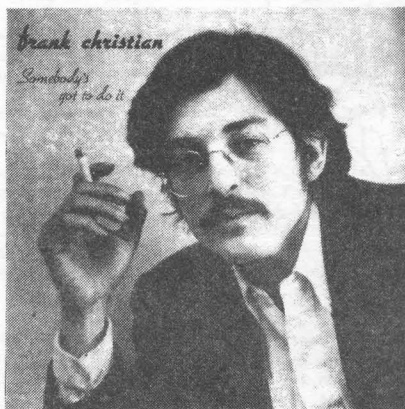
**Musician's Lament**--You sly dog, you. Wonderful, bright harmonica by Bill Ferns -- rollicking Mardi Gras for the first time tune. Pick-up bar -- He: "I'm not a bad guitar picker, let's go back to my room." She: "I don't play with musicians..." -- "cigarette box collection" -- She's not buying it, but the musician keeps "wishin'"

**Nancy Reynard**--Gorgeous melody, simply the most beautiful air. It floats. This song breaks my heart: an old story perfectly rendered. Shakespeare would be proud -- a waitress and a sailor (Katherine Quinn a perfect name). He "asks her to marry, but leaves in the morn" -- "snow to sea, sea to sand" -- barefoot she runs to the harbor to watch his ship disappear. A perfect song.

**All Night Long**--Picks up the beat -- full-bodied band, nice bass work by Jeff Hardy. Telephone call from girlfriend with some news she won't tell. If the muse be a woman, then so be it; she won't tell. Plays it out for all she's worth, but she's pretty cute. Tells him "she wants life-long love" -- No sir, "her love is not on loan." Sometimes women are like that.

**Drops From the Faucet**--The tempo is like the title. Waiting for girl to come to town -- he calls the train station: "Is it on time?" -- "peddlers with pots and pans", the "big shots", he sees them all on his way to the station. Harmonica comes up at ya -- slow jazzy -- "a hot trumpet in the night" -- impatient for her and New Year's Eve -- "but it was a quick goodbye." Somebody's getting jerked off here.

**Love Burlesque**--Another lost love. Up tempo for a down theme: "...as the seabirds sing their nocturne" -- Where'd she go? Just got mad and left -- "motorcycles and motel rooms" -- "injured husband" and "merry widow" -- He looks at the sea and wishes for her. Maybe he could go with the fishermen and search the world for her, but nope. He "doesn't even try." He ought to kick himself in the butt, yes, and that's the point.



## SIDE II

**Where Were You Last Night?**--Nice instrumental intro literally melts into the song with Jeff Berman on vibes. Delicious...cigarettes and coffee black on a rainy Tuesday morn." He gets righteously bitchy with another girlfriend -- J'accuse: "Will I ever forget the pain that you were a lie?" Her "elastic smile" and "you delighting in your harm." A nice lyric sense here -- not afraid of imagery. A special song, a classic.

**Song For Autumn**--A lively melody for a special depressing moment in time. As for the leaves, "soon there will be none." Lovely guitar picking here, nice and bold. The city "like a lost child" that "cries a splittin woe." Frank is in command.

**Big-time Bob**--The band gets cooking here. Great song, a panoply of Steinbeckian riffraff: Sammy the Bookie gets picked up by the cops. Place gets robbed -- no, just another dope bust. Big-time Bob "leans against a lamp-post, he does not admit defeat" because "Time going to cure our wounds." Josh the wino "does not like to drink by himself" and apologizes for the cheap stuff, but soon we'll "drink top shelf." A damn likeable song.

**Rondo**--An instrumental. Of course it's pretty. Variations on a theme -- Elizabethan jazz, lots of character. Frank displays his consummate guitar skills. A craftsman,

**Memphis Blade**--I love those Berman vibes -- in no hurry. "They say this life is going to give you a fair shake," but, natch, his woman done left him for some Memphis blade. "Waiting for that steamer down to Memphis to bring that woman back to me..." He picks up the pace; it cruises through. "I cannot and I will not let it be." Hey, let's go get her. Querer es poder.

Frank Christian is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who said, upon leading the mutiny on the Bounty, "Somebody's got to do it." And thus the title of this stunning debut lp. Humphrey Bogart would've loved these tunes. Add a few healthy belts of Scotch, another broken love affair, and he'd have said, "Move over, Sam. Play it again, Frank."

# Feds Fund Folk

By Randy B. Hecht

There are a few federal dollars left for truly needy folk-singers (is there another kind?) despite Reaganomics, and, according to the director of the National Endowment for the Arts Folk Art Program director, it's possible to get a slice of the pie without following Tom Paxton's advice and changing your name to Chrysler.

"We're not that cut back," Bess Hawes said in a recent Coop interview. "I'm on the phone all the time trying to get people to apply." Hawes, who has been in charge of the Folk Arts Program since 1978, is a folk musician in her own right. The daughter of John Lomax, she and Jackie Sharpe co-authored "The M.T.A. Song;" she was also one of two women in the Almanac Singers, whose members also included Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Sis Cunningham, Arthur Stern and Millard Lampell.

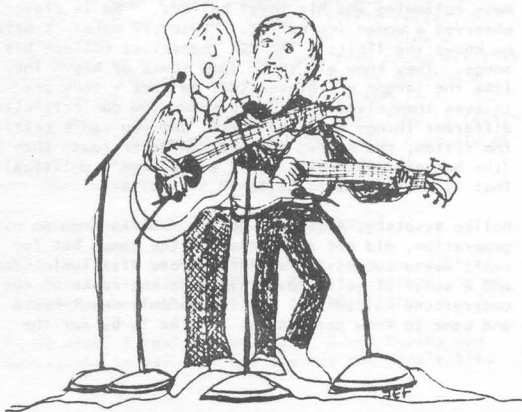
Too many people, according to Hawes, approach the federal funding process as an insurmountable obstacle course. They often make two incorrect assumptions -- that no money is available, and that a huge number of applicants obliterate any chance for success. Hawes acknowledges that "you have to pretty sophisticated to cope with this thing," and that it is much easier to obtain funding from state or local councils on the arts. However, the National Folk Arts Program should hardly be written off as a lost cause.

The National Endowment for the Arts' current guidelines, which will be updated in July, tell aspiring grantees that:

\*they "strongly recommend that first-time applicants present small, well thought out projects that aim to do one thing and do it well;"

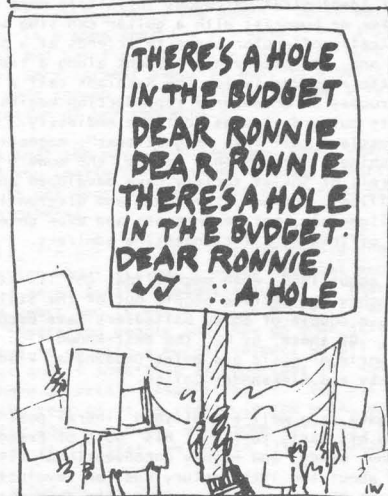
\*the majority of their funds go to non-profit, tax-exempt groups, although a limited amount of money is available to individuals. Groups that operate for profit may be represented by nonprofit groups with which they are closely associated.

\*the types of projects for which grants are awarded fall into six general categories -- "presentation of traditional arts and artists," "media preservation and presentation of traditional arts," "services to the field," "apprenticeships," "Heritage awards," and "inventive and imaginative proposals." These categories cover a broad range of projects and activities that are detailed in the guidelines. Copies of the booklet may be obtained from the National Endowment for the Arts, Folk Art Division, 2401 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506.



Judy Ficksman

POLITICAL SONGWRITING EXAMPLE #1  
CONTEMPORARY LYRIC/TRADITIONAL TUNE



Ilene Weiss

Bess Hawes will be very happy to hear from more applicants. "We've got a good show here," she said. "They should be interested in it. That's where their tax money goes." In any event, Hawes offers moral support to all folk artists. Speaking of The Coop and other projects throughout the country, she said, "My heart's with them."

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# Underground Songs in Russia

A medium with wide impact in the private world of the intelligentsia is music - the music of the underground balladiers. Circulating unpublished writing in Russia is as old as Pushkin who did it 150 years ago when the Czar and his censors blocked the publication of some of his poetry. The Russians call it "samizdat", literally, "self-publishing". The advent of the electronic age with its handy portable cassette recordings has revolutionized samizdat, and made the job of ideological watchdogs infinitely more complicated. A writer or humorist with a guitar can sing some amusing politically off-color songs to friends at a small party and, if someone has brought along a tape or cassette recorder (which the Russians call a magnitofon), the process of uncensored reproduction begins at once and its outward ripples continue endlessly. Wryly, the Russians call this "magnitizdat", magnetic self-publishing. Through that medium, the modern outlaw minstrels of Soviet society have developed an audience of millions, not only the young and disgruntled intelligentsia, but technocrats and even government and Party officials, all clandestine admirers.

Since about 1960, when magnitizdat got its start as Khrushchev was letting people out of the Stalinist camps, a couple of dozen balladiers have become known. Of these, by far the best-known figures of the underworld of music are Bulat Okudzhava, Vladimir Vysotsky and Aleksander Galich.

Okudzhava is a well-established liberal poet and writer now in his early forties. His "Gulp of Freedom" is a funny, bawdy, and highly unconventional historical novel about the 19th-century Russian revolutionaries known as the Decembrists, presenting them not as a band of fearless heroes in the stereotype of Soviet propaganda, but as a confused and beaten lot, however admirable their democratic impulses. His underground songs have a similar, lyrical mood of melancholy alienation. As a war veteran who was wounded, Okudzhava has many songs about the cruel and aimless brutality of war decidedly at odds with official panegyrics. "Don't believe in war, little boy," goes one, "it is sad, little boy, and as tight as boots. Your dashing steed can accomplish nothing, and you will wind up getting all the bullets." Several times, Okudzhava was called down by the ideologists for his "uncivic" ballads, but he continued to compose them until, in June 1972, he was expelled from the Communist Party for "anti-Party behavior and refusal to condemn the publication of some of his works abroad." Since then, he has been less active.

The most popular of the balladiers by far is Vysotsky, a jaunty, sandy-haired, nationally famous movie star and actor at Moscow's liberal Taganka Theater where I saw him perform several times. Vysotsky, who is married to French film star Marina Vlady, has become something of an idol to all young people. In his own youth, he did a stretch in the penal camps, got out during the Khrushchev period, and made his peace with the regime by playing movie roles calculated to inspire idealistic Soviet youth - mountain climbers, geologists, or patriots headed off to conquer Siberia. On television or at the Taganka, Vysotsky, now in his early forties, has gained status playing Hamlet, the lead role in Brecht's "Galileo" and Pechorin in Lermontov's classic, "Hero of Our Time."

Deftly, Vysotsky has plied an ambivalent course. His five officially released records include wholesome

Soviet tunes about alpinists, friendship, space heroes, and the war dead. Even his unofficial repertoire is sprinkled with humorous tunes mocking Bobby Fischer, the rough play of Canadian hockey pros, or Chairman Mao, all themes with a healthy dollop of patriotism that he can use at concerts and an army of young Soviet guitarists can play safely on the streets. The more private his audience, especially if it is a group of actors drinking into the wee hours after a show, the more risks he takes. One writer raved to me about a Vysotsky routine aping the clumsy, ungrammatical talk of a factory director, an act with calculated appeal for the Moscow intelligentsia who look down their noses at "our peasant bosses." Rarely does he go that far in song, however. One Vysotsky tune, playing on the "inequality of sounds" on the musical scale, pokes fun at the rank consciousness of Soviet officialdom. Another, "The Ballad of the Currency Store," mocks the cultural elite trooping off to special stores to buy carpets, fur coats and caviar with special certificates which ordinary rubles cannot buy. Yet another, named for a mythical "Seryozhka Fomin," lampoons officials who sat out World War II on the home front, awarding themselves the nation's highest decorations:

While I shed my blood for the country and for home,  
Something always burned me up inside:  
I was bleeding for Seryozhka Fomin.  
While he sat back and did not risk his hide.  
At last the war was over,  
The heavy burden from our shoulders passed,  
I met Seryozhka Fomin. Lo - Hero of the Soviet  
Union - on his breast.

Vysotsky has many tunes about the miseries of prison camp life, the fate of penal battalions in the war and one daring "song of the madhouse," telling of the trauma of a sane man put in a mental hospital where real lunatics menace him - "and if Gogol could be told about our life in grief, even Gogol would gaze on it, in utter disbelief." But Vysotsky, a slick performer with a knack for suggestive innuendo, leaves it unclear whether the prisoners have landed in the penal camps or the mental hospital for political crimes or something less subversive. And this takes the sting out of many of his songs.

Like Okudzhava, he has been publicly chastized, bawled out for "profiteering" in 1973 by giving 16 concerts in four days in the city of Novokuznetsk, when the legal limit is one a day, and barred from traveling to France to see or accompany his wife. But ever agile, he has always managed to bounce back, protected in part by his mass following and his loyal ballads. "He is clever," observed a woman journalist. "Vysotsky makes it because he knows the limits. The KGB themselves collect his songs. They know all those camp tunes of his. They like the jargon of thieves that he uses - they are thieves themselves. Vysotsky knows you can criticize different things here and there, but you can't criticize the system, the Party, and you can never touch them (the bosses) personally. His songs aren't political. That is what finished Galich."

Unlike Vysotsky, Aleksandr Galich, who is from an older generation, did not spend time in the camps but for 30 years was a successful writer, before disillusionment and a sense of guilt moved him into the ranks of the underground balladiers. He is the only one I heard and came to know personally. And he is by far the



most barbed in his satire, the most desolate in his view of Soviet society, and the most daring in theme. Born in 1918, he was trained as an actor in the Stanislavsky school and later became a successful dramatist. Ten of his plays and several screenplays, described by official Soviet publications as dealing with "the romance of the struggle and creative labor of Soviet youth," were performed before he fell out of favor, though a handful of his best scripts did not make it past the censor. The sharp edge of moral dissent in his underground ballads later earned him the nickname as "the Solzhenitsyn of Song."

According to Galich, Polyansky telephoned that very night to Pyotr Demichev, the Party's chief watchdog over cultural affairs and within ten days, on December 29th, Galich was expelled from the Writers' Union on the pretext that he was propagating Zionism, encouraging people to emigrate to Israel, and refusing to renounce the publication of his songs in the West. He lost his rights as a filmwriter, too. Some of his films were withdrawn and his credits were removed from others. "Not only am I untouchable but I am unmentionable," Galich later protested. He was left without work to live on a 60-ruble-a-month state disability pension granted on the grounds of his several heart attacks. In early 1974, finding the black-listing unbearable, Galich applied for a visa to visit a cousin in New York City but the government rejected his application "for ideological reasons." In an open letter to the International Committee on Human Rights, he protested that he had been deprived of all rights except "the right to resign myself to my complete lack of rights, to admit that at 54 my life is practically over, and to get my invalid's pension and shut up." But as a result of an international campaign over his case he was allowed to emigrate in mid-1974.

With a receding hairline and a prominent moustache, Galich looks like a stouter, taller, sadder Xavier Cugat. Hunched over his little guitar and singing in a light, unmusical bass, he can transform a smoke-filled apartment, jammed with sweating people, into a political cabaret. "First I have a housekeeping matter," he will begin. "If anybody telephones me, please ask them to call back in an hour or hour and a half." The obvious allusion to telling the KGB to wait while Galich sings his political songs gets a laugh. Then, deadpan and sardonic, he launches into "The Ballad of Clean Hands," mocking the political lot of the Soviet citizen as the obligation "to chew, to moo and to listen." While campfires burn in the Siberian labor camps and Soviet armored trains stand near Prague, Galich pictures Russians repeating their school grammar lessons: "I wash my hands, you wash your hands, he washes his hands..."

So minimal is Galich's guitar playing that it often comes across as a musical prop for a raconteur whose tales turn on masterful parody of the bureaucratic language of public life, historical allusions, and the argot of the underworld. To drive home an image, Galich will come up with grotesque combinations like casting Stalin as Herod in the story of the Nativity or forcing Johann Sebastian Bach, as the symbol of the creative individual, to endure the daily grind of Soviet life. He has sung movingly about anti-Semitism in Warsaw and trains leaving for Auschwitz, or prisoners off in the Stalinist camps. But where Galich was most daring and most different from the others was in singing not only about the oppressed little people of Soviet society but their high and mighty oppressors - challenging the contemporary generation of leaders.

In several tunes he suggested that the Stalinist mood is not dead and that hangmen are nostalgic for the old days. One eerie vocal fantasy, "Night Patrol", imagines a monument of Stalin and thousands of other statues coming back to life in the dark of night and stalking the sleeping city while drums roll. Another characteristic Galich lyric takes aim at successful

careerists who made their way to the top by silently riding with the tide:

Let others cry out from despair,  
From insult, from hunger and cold!  
In silence we know there's more profit,

Let others cry out from despair,  
From insult, from hunger and cold!  
In silence we know there's more profit,  
And the reason is - silence is gold.  
That's how you get to be wealthy,  
That's how you get to be first,  
That's how you get to be hangman!  
Just keep mum, keep mum, keep mum.

Galich has peopled his repertoire of more than 100 underground tunes with several stock Soviet characters. On the night that I heard him, people were calling for songs about Klem Petrovich Kolomytsev, "workshop foreman, holder of many decorations, and deputy of the city Soviet." In one ballad, Klem Petrovich goes to plead with higher officials for proper recognition of the outstanding performance of his factory in fulfilling all economic plans up to 1980, but they beg off saying it would be too embarrassing to make a public condemnation - the West would raise a fuss because the plant produces barbed wire! Another Klem Petrovich escapade that delights Russians is a lovely lampoon on the canned propaganda lectures everyone is called upon to make at various meetings. In the Galich rendition, Klem Petrovich is handed a prepared text, mistakenly prepared for a woman, but gamely delivers it unknowingly:

The Israeli militarists, I say,  
Are well known to the whole world.  
As a mother, I say, and as a woman:  
I demand they be brought to answer.

Astonished, Klem Petrovich checks the audience and the Party officials as he rolls on verse after verse of this feminist appeal, but he finds everyone too numbed from so many lectures to notice the mistake. Afterwards, the Party Secretary praises him: "You gave it to 'em good - like a worker."

Surprisingly, given his daring, Galich had one mass public concert - only one - in early 1968 at the House of Scientists in Novosibirsk's Academic City, then a haven of liberalism, where 2,500 people heard him sing for three hours or more. His songs in tribute to Pasternak, his political tunes about Stalinism and his adventures of Klem Petrovich were enthusiastically received, he told me. But later he said, he was summoned by the heads of the Writers' Union and forbidden to make more appearances. "Well, no one forbade me," he smiled. "You know their hypocritical way: 'We don't recommend it. You have a bad heart, dear boy. No need to strain yourself...'"

Galich's downfall came, however, in December 1971 at a private party where he was not even singing. According to Galich, Vysotsky was singing Galich's songs at the wedding party of a young actor, Ivan Dykhovichny, who had married Olga Polyansky, the blonde daughter of Dmitri Polyansky, a member of the Politburo. Polyansky, who has a very conservative reputation, was said to have chuckled at some of Vysotsky's own lighter tunes but to have been outraged at Galich's sharp satires. Surprisingly, Polyansky's son, a naval officer, tried to offer a defense by saying that these songs were not that unusual, that they were sung even by Navy officers. But that only enraged Polyansky more.

Reprinted from The Russians  
By Hedrick Smith  
Quadrangle Press, ©1976

# Rediscovering the Folk Revival

By Sherwood Ross

Millions of people in the United States and around the world have now heard or read about the new musical magazine known as The Coop. Although the New York Times headlines its satory "Village is Once Again Magnet for Folk Singers", and Record World asked "Is folk Music having a resurgence?", the fact is that folk music has been growing stronger, both nationally and in New York, for years. In its article on March 5, which had comparative hordes flocking to Village night spots, the Times wrote, "The new folk revival that folk music fans have been anticipating for the last few years seems finally to be here."

Actually, what is new is that The Coop now exists to give focus and direction to a movement that has been growing steadily over the years. All segments of the nation's entertainment industry, music included, have been expanding; but the media has chosen not to report on areas of the arts which do not pack the big auditoriums. To pretend that folk music is being "revived", or that it simply did not exist because the press isn't covering it, is to mislead the public. Take a look at some statistics: There are more than 16 million people in the United States who say they play the guitar regularly (a staggering 7% of the population!), and sales of new guitars in recent years has approached 2 million. If all the guitar players in America stood up and took a bow, their numbers would be equal to the populations of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Throw an egg out the window and you'll hit someone with a guitar case.

With this kind of expansion in progress -- and the propulsion goes back at least to the Beatles -- how can anyone allege that any segment of the music business, be it symphony orchestras, rock music, or folk singers, is in an eclipse? There is no factual basis for it. Anyone who would compare the number of folk albums sold in the 1930's with the number sold today, or the number of marching bands performing in schools across the country with the numbers back then, would get a clearer perspective on this formidable cultural development. The number of television shows, films, nightclubs and resaurants that call for performers has multiplied, in turn creating a new demand for performing artists. The mass production of inexpensive instruments, and the staggering number of radio stations across the country, approximately 10,000, have also played a major role.

So you see, folk music has been here, and growing, for years. The media has not kept up with it. This is not unusual; politics, wars, sports and disasters come first. Often the press has to be hit over the head with a good story to wake up. Fortunately, when I prepared a news release based on the first musical magazine in February, a few reporters opened their eyes. Apart from terming the movement a "revival" to cover their own omissions, the media did a credible job reporting. Those who listened to the album praised it highly. Excluding the Village Voice, which was scooped on its own turf by the Associated Press and the New York Times, the reporting was straightforward.

When the first Coop issue appeared, I prepared a 2-page release that I carried around (with albums) to the wire

services, major dailies, network television outlets and local TV stations. Jack Hardy sent the package to his contacts. Our first score was the Associated Press broadcast wire, which dispatches news stories to approximately 5,000 radio and TV stations around the country. Don Krief wrote a laudatory account of the Coop record. Calls came in from radio stations as far away as Nevada and Maine. Music directors wanted to know how to get copies. My guess is that about 1,000 of the nation's radio stations ran the AP copy, reaching at least several million people. The Daily News, a New York daily, carried a brief account on The Coop, but it was not until The New York Times ran its March 5th story that the Coop balloon went up. Hardy, who earlier launched the Cornelia Street Songwriters exchange, and is one of the forces behind the Coop, was extensively quoted. A few million people who read the New York Times on any given day got the Coop's message.

Not long after the Times article, ABC-TV carried an account of the folk music revival. The Coop was not mentioned, but Judy Collins was asked whether folk music was coming back. Without doing much probing on its own, ABC-TV tended to parrot the approach of the Times, an occurrence as common as a bishop quoting the Bible. Next, Britain's Melody Maker took up the "folk renaissance" cry. The British music magazine declared, after a favorable review, that "Hardy is certainly onto something." The April 10 issue of Record World -- notice how nearly all the coverage came after the Times article -- couldn't pass up the Coop, and used words like "excitement" to describe the event. That particular magazine took the trouble to interview Brian Rose about the importance of young performers "getting on vinyl", and to quote Frank Christian on the "sense of cooperation" that pervades the movement.

The magazine even took the time to explain how the Coop is organized. In Italy, the music publication "Il Mucchio Selvaggio" carried an account in their April issue. The Pinewoods Newsletter, a venerable folk music publication, has written up the premier album. The Courier, New York University's fortnightly student publication, praised the second album for a sound quality that "is surprisingly crisp", and for performances that range from "good" to "terrific." The March issue, said the Courier, does much to "counteract the current staleness of the recording industry..."

In Washington D.C., the monthly Unicorn Times has run a story, and CBS-TV network's Jerry Landay has been down to interview Hardy. He later phoned to say how impressed he was with the performances and the concept of the Coop. Landay is working up a script of the story for the network. On the airwaves, WBAL-FM here in New York gave Hardy, Rose and Van Ronk an hour of airtime for talk and music. In Cambridge, Mass., WERS has been more than friendly. Other "friendly" stations have talked up the Coop album in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C.

Much can be observed from the media coverage of the Coop. The Coop has given the press a new angle to cover the subject of folk music. The New York Times, Associated Press, Melody Maker, Record World, and radio reporters all heard the music and reported it favorably. The Village Voice stood alone in attempting to dredge up some derisive angle. The visibility given The Coop has helped Speak Easy, Folk City, and other Village clubs prosper, increasing attendance. The visibility in the Times and music publications is bound to strike a responsive chord in folk musicians around the country; in short, The Coop appears certain to be imitated.

MAY  
FOLK LISTINGS

Below is a partial listing of the current folk scene throughout the metropolitan area. To be listed in future publications, please contact Jay Moore at Speak Easy on McDougal Street.

- May 1 ELIZABETH COTTEN / MIKE SEEGER - Folk City
- May 2 BATTLEFIELD BAND - Folk City  
GUY DAVIS - Eagle Tavern (355 W. 14th St.)  
JAMBOREE - Cafe Le Figaro (5-8 pm)
- May 4 CLIFF EBERHARDT BAND - Folk City
- May 5 WOODY SIMMONS / LUNA TUNE - Folk City
- May 6 HOT RIZE - Folk City  
DOUG WATERMAN & MARY REYNOLDS - Beat 'N' Path  
(125 Washington Street, Hoboken, NJ 9-12 pm)
- May 7 JOSH WHITE JR. / OSCAR BRAND - Folk City
- May 8 AZTEC TWO-STEP - Folk City  
JAMBOREE - Cafe Le Figaro (5-8 pm)  
ROD MacDonald - Raoul's Courtroom (Nyack, NY)
- May 9 MIKE GLICK - Folk City  
ERIK FRANSDEN / ARI ESINGER - Eagle Tavern  
JAMBOREE - Cafe Le Figaro (5-8 pm)
- May 10 THOM MORLAN - Chilie's (142 W. 44th St.  
840-1766 11:00 pm \$3.00)
- May 11 CLIFF EBERHARDT BAND - Folk City
- May 12 DELORES KEANE / REEL UNION - Folk City
- May 13 JOHN HARTFORD / CLAUDIA SCHMIDT - Folk City  
DOUG WATERMAN & MARY REYNOLDS - Beat 'N' Path
- May 14 NORMAN BLAKE - Folk City  
GUY DAVIS - JMS 198 (Arverne, NY)  
RYO KAWASAKI - The Showplace (Dover, NJ)

- May 15 CALLE STRADA STRESSE - Centre for Environ-  
mental Studies (Roseland, NJ)  
RICK DANKO - Folk City  
GUY DAVIS - Hurdy Gurdy Coffeehouse  
(Fairlawn, NJ)  
METROPOLITAN OPRY - Barrow St. Fair  
(Greenwich Village - afternoon)
- May 16 DAVID ROTH - Centerfold Coffeehouse  
(Church St. Paul & St. Andrew W. 86th St.)
- May 18 METROPOLITAN OPRY - Eric's (1700 2nd Ave. at  
88th St. - \$4.00)
- May 19 SILLY WIZARD - Folk City
- May 20 ROBIN FLOWER BAND - Folk City  
DOUG WATERMAN & MARY REYNOLDS - Beat 'N' Path
- May 21 TOM CHAPIN - Folk City  
RYO KAWASAKI - Novis Planetarium (Toms River NJ)  
METROPOLITAN OPRY - Last Whiskey Bar (Bellemore,  
Long Island - \$1.00)
- May 22 TONY BIRD - Raoul's Courtroom  
RYO KAWASAKI - The Alamo (Nanuet, NJ)  
METROPOLITAN OPRY - Capulet's (Montague St.  
Brooklyn, NY \$2.50 minimum)  
ROBIN WILLIAMSON - Folk City
- May 23 RYO KAWASAKI - Bottoms Up (New Rochelle)  
METROPOLITAN OPRY - TOWN CRYER (\$4.00)
- May 26 HILARY MORGAN / BETSY LIPPETT - Folk City
- May 27 AN EVENING OF ASIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC WITH  
"CHARLIE" CHIN & CHRIS IJIUA - Folk City  
DOUG WATERMAN & MARY REYNOLDS - Beat 'N' Path
- May 28 RYO KAWASAKI - Ciancie Street (Paterson, NJ)
- May 29 RYO KAWASAKI - Ciancie Street (Paterson, NJ)

\*\*\*And don't forget to check the Speak Easy schedule on the last page!!



Gary Boehm



Carol Ficksman

# SPEAKEASY 107 Macdougall NYC 598-9670

## MAY 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
2 <b>Ilene Weiss</b> ANSEL MATTHEWS <b>Pete Gardner</b> SKIP BARTHOLD \$1	3 <b>O P E N</b>	4 <b>D O L L A R</b> <b>N I G H T</b> with DAVE VAN RONK & ANSEL MATTHEWS	5 \$1 <b>POETRY</b> with SHELDON BIBER 7 to 10pm (and then) 19 10pm-?	6 <b>Musical Magazine Night</b> \$1	7 <b>SUZANNE VEGA</b> <b>ANSEL MATTHEWS</b> the <b>Hollywood Dick Doll</b> Revue <b>BRIAN ROSE</b> \$4	8
9 <b>SUSAN BREWSTER</b> <b>Mary Reynolds</b> DOUG WATERMAN <b>Eric Wood</b> \$1	10 <b>M I K E</b>	11	12	13 <b>CULTURAL EXCHANGE NIGHT:</b> Patty Larkin \$2 Catherine David Bob Holmes Bob Franke Carol Goodman Paul Rishell <small>from Cambridge</small>	14 <b>the Metropolitan Opry</b> \$4 <b>LUCY KAPLANSKY</b>	15
16 <b>the savannah sheiks</b> \$3 meet <b>KEN BLOOM</b>	17 <b>E</b>	18	19	20 <b>D O L L A R</b> <b>N I G H T</b> Paul Kaplan, host	21 <b>HAPPY TRAUM</b> \$4 Shawn Colvin	22
23 <b>Marilyn J. FRANK MAZZETTI</b> <b>Mary Reynolds</b> THOM MORLAN \$1	24 With h	25	26 WITH THOM MORLAN \$1	27	28 <b>musical magazine benefit!</b> featuring: FRANK CHRISTIAN • JACK HARDY • DAVE VAN RONK ERIK FRANSEN • JIMMY HOFFA & a host of others \$4	29
30 <b>the Musical Mag Benefit Continues</b>	31 Ilene Weiss signup 7:15pm	All shows 9pm until ? unless otherwise noted		next month: <b>DAVID MASSENGILL</b> <b>JACK HARDY</b> and a brand new <b>Musical Magazine</b>		

## Credits

### Side One

1. I Am Your Child (Tom Intondi)  
Tom Intondi - Vocal/Guitar  
Frank Christian - Guitar  
Mark Dann - Bass/12-string Guitar
2. Unemployment Rag (Frank Christian)  
Frank Christian - Vocal/Guitar  
Mark Dann - Bass
3. Rock Springs Wyoming ("Charlie" Chin)  
"Charlie" Chin - Vocal
4. F-4 Phantom (Alph Edwards)  
Alph Edwards - Vocal/Guitar  
Mark Dann - 8-string Bass
5. Incident at Ebenezer Creek (Jack Hardy)  
Matt Jones - Vocal  
Ruth Ariston - Harmony  
Jack Hardy - Guitar  
Jill Burkee - Banjo  
Mark Dann - Bass
6. Do You Need This Heart of Mine (Pete Gardner)  
Pete Gardner - Vocal/Guitar  
Mark Dann - Bass

### Side Two

1. Holy Jerusalem (Martha P. Hogan)  
Martha P. Hogan - Vocal/Guitar  
Mark Dann - Bass
2. I Sliced Pastrami for the CIA and Found God (Sherwood Ross)  
Sherwood Ross - Vocal/Guitar/Percussion  
Mark Dann - Bass
3. Greenland Whale Fisheries/Call me the Whale (Traditional & Paul Kaplan)  
Geoff Kaufman - Vocal/Concertina
4. White Buffalo (Rod MacDonald)  
Judy Dunleavy - Vocal  
Mark Dann - Guitar/12-string Guitar/Bass
5. This Land is Your Land (Woody Guthrie)  
Steve Forbert & Jack Hardy - Vocal/Guitar  
Jill Burkee - Banjo  
Mark Dann - Bass

side one

side two