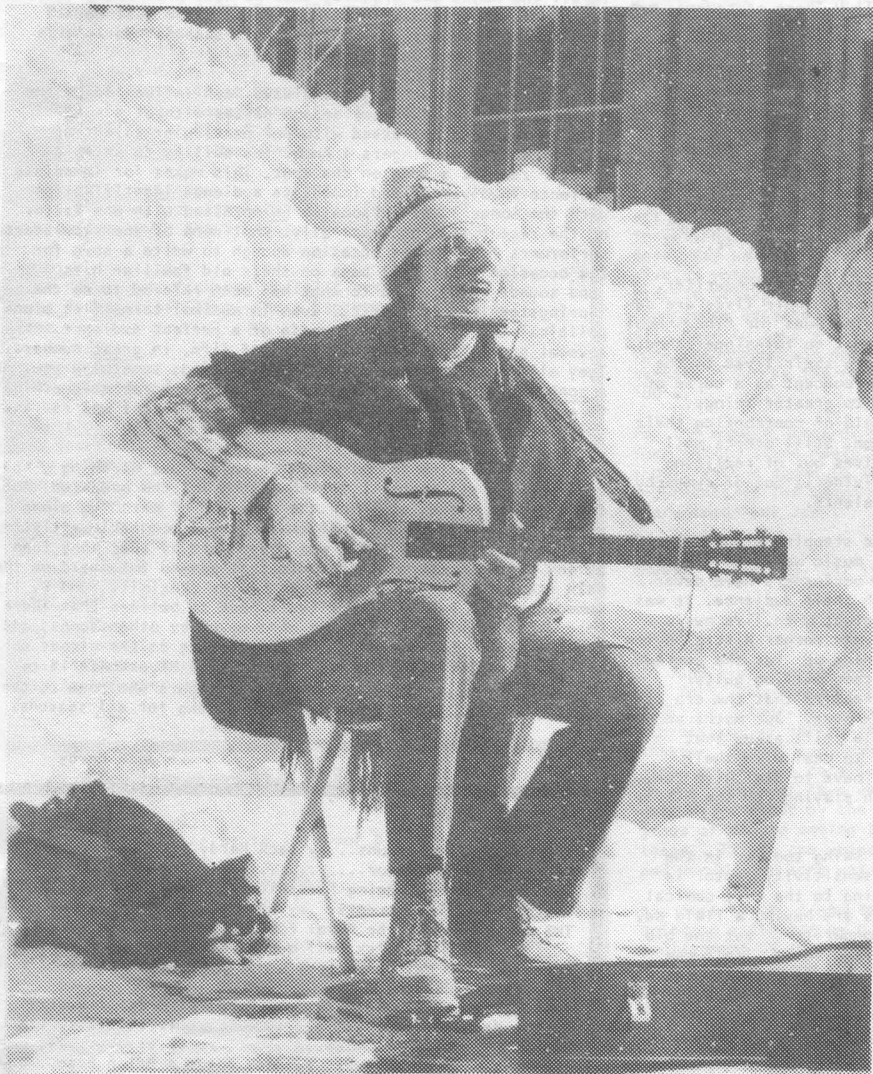


the **COOP**

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

July '82

Vol. 1, #6



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Bob Franke, from Salem Mass., plays some hot licks in a cold situation, reminding us that yes, there is streetsinging and yes, there is winter. Perfect for our July cover.

A Song for All Seasons

While trying to explain the "at cost" nature of our magazine to a radio personality (who expects to get everything for free), she came out with the following tirade: "You damn folksingers think you're so important, that evryone is just dying to hear you. All it is is entertainment, and you're just a small part of the entertainment spectrum." While talking with a Wall Street broker, he said: "You guys have to realize that down there (Wall Street) you're just an entertainment, a diversion, if they think of you at all." These statements are quite true; and we have to address ourselves to them.

Perhaps there is no experience that reminds us of these facts as much as singing on the street corner. One has to draw attention to oneself in a busy fast-paced world that is busy passing us by. One has to entertain the passerby, and will be paid according to how well he or she has made them laugh or pulled on their heartstrings. Stephen Baird (a streetsinger noted, not only for his talents, but also his crusade to legalize the craft nationwide,) says that "Streetsinging is the only honest form of entertainment, where the audience hears what it will hear Before it has to pay for it."

The street is no place for the sensitive singersongwriter. The passerby don't want to be depressed. Their lives are depressing enough as it is. Call it "Paying Dues" or "The School of Hard Knocks" it is an experience that no folksinger should be without. Whereas some singers devote their lives to the craft of streetsinging, others view the concept as a curse of economic necessity, a stepping stone to greater things. Others are deathly afraid of it, afraid of confronting their audience (or lack of audience) head-on. Still others wail away on streetcorners fooling themselves out of realizing that the spare change they are receiving is out of sympathy and not from appreciation of their talents.

Streetsinging is not just an economic stepping stone but also a creative one. In a stage oriented music world of lights and microphones and recordings, many performers have never learned how to establish contact with their audience. It was possible to get away without this contact when live music was still a novelty. But now with every corner Bistro having live music, and sixty performers signing up for the average village "hoot" and an estimated sixteen million guitar players in this country, we have to realize that the era of the introverted narcissism on stage is over. But myths and false impressions die hard, and people still argue that they are "artists" and shouldn't have to deal with their audience, that their audience should have to deal with them. This is fine if they are content with playing for the mirror in their bathroom.

The danger is that the pendulum will swing too far in the opposite direction. The loss of the sensitivity factor is already upon us. Audiences are flocking to the more comical extroverted performers and the cynics are having a field day tearing apart the sensitive singer-songwriter. But the old adage of "Different stokes for different folks" isn't the whole picture. "Differentstrokes for the same folks" can also be true. The same person that wants to hear an uplifting happy song on the streetcorner may want to hear a more sensitive song (that he or she can identify with) when he or she gets home. The same thing goes for record collections, nowhere is it written that "thou shalt only have one type of music in thy record collection". When people are taken out of the mass psychology of the crowd situation (streetcorner, club, concert hall or party) the sensitivity factor goes up immediately. Who knows what people listen to behind closed doors. We have to help folk music fans come out of the closet.

Our country has been put together as a coalition of minorities and so is our country's music. Folk music may be "Minority music" but it is an important minority. When the "lowest common denominator" philosophy of the major record companies makes them "unhappy" with a record that sells 100,000 copies it is time for us to find other ways of reaching people. We must be able to reach out to people directly. Reach out to them in all the nooks and crannies that we have previously ignored. Reach out in performance, in venue, in song. We must have a song for all seasons, or songs for all seasons. Variety is the code word here.

As a songwriter my writing has always been influenced by the seasons. I feel sad if any season passes without a song. I have always been impressed with one particular talent of some of the streetsingers I know: the ability to write a song, or rewrite a song on the spot. This makes for immediate audience involvement and immediate audience identification with the song. I was personally unimpressed with one factor of the recent anti-nuclear rally: that none of the superstars performers rose to the occasion enough to write a song for the occasion. They fell back on their old familiar hits and sounds, which added to what has been referred to as the "Springsteening" of America. Even in musical terms (let alone political terms) this was a waste of a perfect audience: several generations from all walks of life, in great numbers. They all wanted to feel a part of something; something new. A song would have been perfect. Something memorable. Something to go home humming instead of buying a T-shirt. I was sad that this "season" had passed without a song.

Or did it? A fellow folksinger, with whom I was marching, had been working all night to finish a song for the occasion: not for the main stage, only for the occasion of marching along with everyone else. Not that the song was memorable artistically or politically, but I was moved more by that song than by any of the commercial rhetoric that passed for music on the main stage that day. I was moved by its proximity, and by its immediacy, and by its sincerity. I have to believe that there were other people that day who were moved by other songs, and other singers who were marching or standing on the street corners singing for the marchers, singers who never made it to the main stage, or even to the rally, singers who rose to the occasion with a song of peace. Truly a song for all seasons.

- Jack Hardy

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the Coop

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Letters to the Editor

Editor:

When music isn't a pretext, when people choose as common ground a way of making music which is above all a manifestation of life, then initiatives like the Speakeasy co-op become not only a landmark for American songwriters but also for those, like me, who thought of the Village now as a museum of waxworks. Tracing your roots, we arrive at the magnificent decade of the American songwriters. The operation in action is an experience capable of pushing folk music (will it still be called that?) beyond a mere musical level.

I must thank you for having given an authentic imprint of art to the so-called "urban folk" with your records, not forgetting, however, Suzanne Vega, David Massengill, Brian Rose, Ray Lambiase, Frank Mazzetti, Ilene Weiss... who give us moments of live emotive tension and clear and precise messages. Continue in this positive and exciting experience because the time will come when the mass media will have to take an interest in you, not just as a New York phenomenon and not even as the "gathering of glory seekers," but as the rock of the new folk scene of the '80's.

For the moment, regards to all, I hope soon to be in New York and to share magic evenings with you...however, should anyone come to Italy...call me! There are opportunities for concerts, and food and board are guaranteed--ask Jack!

Adelmo Quadrio
Novara, Italy, May 28, 1982

Editor:

On June 4-6, I attended a weekend gathering in Pine Bush, New York, sponsored by Songs for Freedom and Struggle (SFS), a network of arts-oriented people who share and express social and political ideas through music, poetry, theater, dance, art, conversation, and action. I had hoped to write a detailed report for The Coop as witness to the events of this gathering, but I found myself somewhat overwhelmed by the energy and spirit of this diverse group of people coming together to create a forum for ideas. Though the weekend heard many different voices and words, the song was basically the same.

Six days later, I was among 700,000 peaceful people, bringing attention by our presence for the immediate abolishment of the nuclear mentality/reality that has infected the minds and actions of our leaders. Again, I was astonished at the power we can create together, the intangible energy that is our link to one another.

Now it's Monday, and I've just attended an angry meeting of the Musicians' Cooperative at the Speakeasy. How disagreeable when the hairs on your neck stand up, your back arches, your eyes sharpen and your mind races in the presence of different opinions. It's easy to feel cynical these days, to feel like a helpless individual in a climate of conflict.

How joyous to have that burden lifted from your shoulders and shared by your brothers and sisters. How confusing it is to sort, select, and assimilate a universe of information in a changing world. How exhilarating to walk the streets with a feeling that the second-largest

city on our planet is a united, energized, and focused community, even if only for a day. How wondrous to assemble for the sake of ideas.

It's no coincidence that we are recording history through our art, often without even knowing it, nor that we are making history when so many can acknowledge and challenge circumstances that defy all humanity. And still no coincidence, I believe, that it rained at both the SFS gathering and the day after 700,000 people held hands--not only good for the reservoirs, but a shower from the heavens to cleanse, renew, refresh and restore us all.

As founder Charlie King said in describing the efforts of SFS in its initial year, "It's the olive jar theory of the universe--hard to get the first one out, but after that, it's a lot easier..." Any cooperative venture brings a lot of slippery issues, ideas, and people together, too. That's OK. We've just got to remember we're in the same jar.

David Roth
New York City, June 14, 1982

TO THE EDITOR:

JUNE 12, 1982

8 0'clock Saturday morning phone call...."Are you up?"....
"Now I am."....Only three hours sleep...clothes on, teeth
brushed....down the steps...morning smells of the Lower
East Side cut the air....Over to Fourth street...meet Gary
and Brian...Important Day! Hop a bus to the river of us
Gold concrete seems warmer...Storefront windows mirror the
thousands upon thousands upon thousands....No tears....
Just fear. Walk...walk....walk from the U.N. to Central Park
Is this a carnival?....No way....no cars to block the flow
the smiles are few....the faces meet....TRUTH...Enter the
park the stage for so much past....Lennon Vigil...remember
....REMEMBER....REMEMBER....Pins in our side....apathy
pass by...words that cry to the world Venders...Venders...
Venders... greedy hands that take from either side....
They'll be selling T-shirts saying..."I survived the bomb,"
as the radiation is burning our skin off layer by layer by
layer. Find our spot on the great lawn...better atmosphere
...800,000 strong...speakers speak...Rock stars rock... but
they don't matter, it's not what matters....We are all that
matters....Today the sun is soothing as we wander away from
our meeting place in the park...this day a spark in our
hearts....

The city changes if only for this day but the message is
clear on our wall:

Nuclear cloud if you fall
You've seen it once
You've seen it all

- Jeff Gold



Loren Moss

The Importance of Being Firstest

By David Massengill

In street singing, as in war, it is wise to follow the strategy of General Nathan Bedford Forrest and "get there firstest with the mostest." OK, where is "there?" There is not the front steps of Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

Here's the scene: Three greenhorn types are confronted by a wild-eyed Irish policeman, "Get out of here!!!" Someone in the crowd says, "But it's nice--it's not hurting anyone." The policeman's eyes bulge to about the size of ping pong balls and he says, "You've got to be kidding! Soliciting for profit in front of Saint Patrick's Cathedral! You've GOT to be kidding!" One of the greenhorns instinctively panics, puts on a pair of chicken wings and flees the coop (no relation) to sing again another day, while the brave but foolhardy greenhorns who remain to engage the policeman in rational conversation are taken downtown and are never seen again.

So, "there" is where the police won't harass you. Good luck there.

That prostitutes take most of the heat from police is cold comfort to the street singer. There are cities in France where the prostitutes have formed unions. Correspondingly, the street singers in those cities are treated with respect. I would suggest our support for a like development stateside. We're all in this together.

Let's say our prospective street singer has gotten there firstest, and another street act moves in on his turf. Without the mostest he must yield to the stronger act. All's fair in love, war, and street singing. The casual street act must understand that the professional street act is an animal of the "territorial imperative" school of hard knocks.

The mostest can be talent, or it can be a gimmick. It's best to have both. Without talent one may have to jump off the Empire State Building to get the public's attention, thus making encores doubtful.

Always remember that people are not shy about stepping on your hat. Nor are they shy about telling you that General Nathan Bedford Forrest was on the losing side.

"Five minutes, Christians!"



Takin' It to the Streets

by Ruth Ann Brauser



"Ubi" A. Ferguson, one of the mainstays of streetsinging. In Ubi's words:
"The sound of music is a spirtuai force that can move mountains and cause the heavens to give up Her divine treasures."

One of the sure signs of warmer weather in New York City, Paris, San Francisco and other urban nests of creativity, is the appearance of street singers. Walking through midtown during lurch hour, one can hear all types of music from Dixieland to Rock to Classical ensembles, with some rather ambitious in number of members and instrumentation. However, more often than not, there will be a single musician playing and/or singing from the heart with the hopes of attracting a crowd and its monetary support.

I spoke with a number of local musicians in an attempt to discover why (or why not) people sing on the streets - their motivations, feelings and experiences. The responses were as varied as the musicians themselves but at the heart of it lies a love of music as an expression of self.

I first spoke with Doug Waterman who told me that street-singing was the reason he came to New York. "I played in New York once before and for two hours of playing I made 25c. So naturally, when I needed a livelihood, street-singing came to mind." Seriously though, Doug does well with singing outdoors and enjoys it very much. He has also noted that his experience with street-singing had an effect on his style, his material and also changed his personality. He claims he is much more outgoing now than he used to be.

Although Ansel Matthews does not believe that his voice and his music is appropriate for singing on the street he says: "It's good if you're hungry. The competition is high but there are a lot of listeners out there."

Frank Christian also feels that his intricate blues and jazz ballads would not be appropriate for street-singing. He said that in order to do it properly, he'd have to break his fingers. Christian is not adverse to the idea of street-singing, however, and doesn't necessarily believe that there is only one acceptable way of doing things. "Someday, I'd love to get one of those little amps and just sit and play Renaissance music."

One of the lesser mentioned, but certainly potent reasons for avoiding singing on the street is a fear of perverts. It's unfortunate that this is the case, but the danger does exist. Nancy Heller has stated that she has even been approached by people asking if she would like to make some extra money by providing her sexual favors. Cops and bums were also listed among her less favorite people to run into. Still, street-singing for Nancy does have its rewards. "Singing for children is the most gratifying." She sings old and new folk tunes for them and they just love it. It is not only entertainment though; Nancy Heller feels she is helping to carry on a tradition. "If we don't share this music with the children, then no one will." This is very important in these days where everything is automated and computerized. Preserving the aural tradition is a way of handing down not only one's heritage, but also that special element of humanity.

Singing for children can also be quite lucrative. Nancy claims that the mothers of these children can be very generous. She has received tips of up to \$2.00 from mothers whose children are made happy by Nancy's enthusiastic strumming.

Sherwood Ross, who specializes in humorous and political satire, has experimented a few times with street-singing. "I find it very refreshing to play in a place where I'm unknown," he says. "It avoids humiliation." As a corollary to the old adage that "A businessman is defined as a man from out of town with an attache case," it could be said that a troubadour is defined as a bum from out of town with a guitar. Ross played once in Ghiardelli Square in San Francisco, filling in for a street singer there while he took a break. When the singer returned, he asked some passersby what they would like Sherwood to play. "Play something Irish," they said. "I proceeded to play 'Moonshiner,'" he recounts, "and they listened for awhile but then moved on. The singer called out after them 'wasn't that worth a quarter?' They shook their heads 'No' and walked away.

"I have since played a few times locally. It worked very well in New York City when I played my own material and I really enjoyed it." Even though Sherwood Ross has only played occasionally on the street, he has not been immune to the harrassment of the local law enforcers. "Once when I played in the city, I was warned by the police to move on," he began. "When I refused, they sent a street-sweeping truck to run me off the street!" - I almost believed him.

Bob McGrath certainly doesn't have a problem with lack of material that's suitable for the street. Bob has just the right type of frenetic energy that can capture a crowd's attention and leave them smiling. Bob loves the street audiences because they are there because they want to be.

The ones who stay are always appreciative and often generous. He has found the Christmas holidays to be the most lucrative time to play. Last year, playing at Penn Station, he averaged \$70.00 an hour. "I generally wasn't hassled (by the police) then because I think everyone was in the holiday spirit. I thought I'd found a gold mine, but the next time I went back, I was nearly arrested. The transit police took all my identification and said if I was ever seen there again, I'd be brought in. Even if I was let out on bail, my guitar would be held as evidence until after the trial. It wasn't worth it."

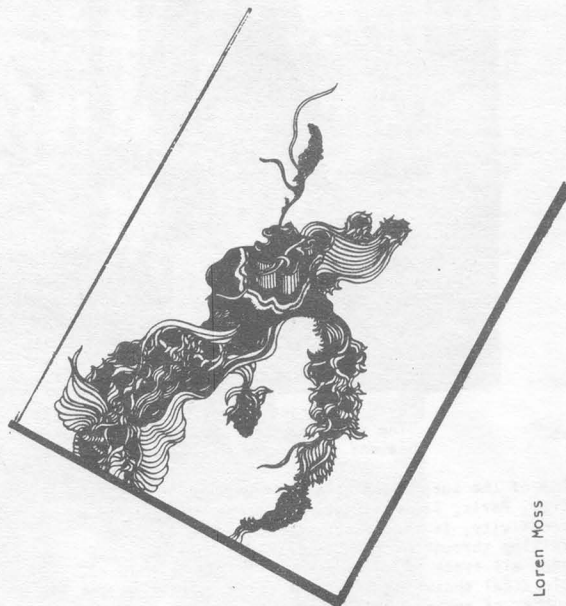
There are varied reasons why people turn to street-singing and Bob McGrath has done it for most of those reasons. "I have done it because I was flat broke and needed the money but now mostly I sing because I love it. What can I say? - I'm a ham! I find that street-singing is great for the ego; my only objection is that it ruins your voice. But then again, some people say they like my voice better when it's hoarse than when it's clear." Bob adds that street-singing is good exposure. "You never know who you'll run into. I've even met some record company people because they heard me on the street. It's also very good advertisement for future gigs."

Some people sing for political reasons and I asked Bob McGrath if he ever did. Although not really a political singer, Bob says he's been active in anti-nuclear programs. He participated in the June 12th Disarmament Rally appearing with the "Art For Life" faction. He sang in the streets as opposed to a specifically programmed presentation. It was his intention to entertain the people who were just standing around and watching the parade, as well as inform them of the rally. "It was a wonderful experience. There were hundreds of people around and they all sang along. There were lots of children there too, and they were just terrific!" He has a song "Nuclear Reactions" which is particularly appropriate at such functions. It begins:

Oh, our sons and our daughters
and our food and our waters
and our wives and our lives are in danger.
And our fathers and our mothers
and our sisters and our brothers
and so are all the others we care for.
And the children of our children
and the list will just keep buildin'
for as long as the wrong isn't righted.

CHORUS:

So come all you anti-nukes
Put up a sign and put up your dukes
Put up a fight for what you know is right
And unite, unite!



Loren Moss

The song ends with the poignant chant:

Unite, Unite!
Unite in the wind and the waters and our sun.
Be safe in the wind and the waters and our sun.
Rejoice in the wind and the waters and our sun.
Unite! Unite!*

"I've opened for John Hall at the Pastime Club in Amityville and also for Andy Breckman and Don McLean in a show for the SHAD Alliance (Sound Hudson Against Atomic Development). I have a song about child abuse called 'It's 10:00, Do You Know Where Your Children Are?' which is political in a different way."

Bob's street technique is carried over to his indoor performances. He has boundless energy and is very good at getting an audience to sing along.

Another person I have seen really get an audience going is Steve Witt. His song "Mul'ato Woman" is a sure bet to have the entire room singing and clapping to it's reggae rhythm. But Steve's attitude toward street-singing is more one of survival than of fun. Steve, who is originally from Chicago, has been singing in streets all around the world for 8 years and says that "money is the name of the game."

His first open-air performance was in Aspen, Colorado and his head was filled with romantic ideas. "My romantic period lasted 4 months," says Steve. He proceeded to travel through the Southern United States making two to three dollars a day and sleeping in Salvation Armies. He came to New York with 2 songs he could play well and after three or four days decided he was not "artistically ready" for the big apple. He got a job as a baker in Boston and played with an Irish fellow from South Boston who taught him a lot.

Steve Witt has sung in India, Istanbul, Ireland, Bangkok, the Phillipines, Tel Aviv, Israel and Munich, Germany. In Germany, he found the public was partial to Rock and Roll, but otherwise he plays a combination of original and popular tunes. Language was never a barrier - "Spirit! That's what counts!"

* Words and Music by Bob McGrath
Copyright prior to 1982

Back in New York again, Steve has no mistaken notions about the glories of street-singing and feels that people who do it occasionally just for fun don't understand it's true significance. "Street-singing is really about staying up all night in coffee-shops and being broke. There's no glory in it." He feels that the true inheritors of folk music are the poor people on the street. "The real folk music is on the streets. Songs from the street have a lot of passion - and you've got to hear some things you don't want to hear." Steve has found black people to be the nicest. "It's hard for a WASP to feel oppressed, but street musicians feel it and they appreciate that."

The person who has had the greatest influence on Steve Witt since coming to New York is an old, black gentleman named Ubi Ferguson who Steve considers to be the "father of folk music in the Village." Ubi Ferguson has shown him the ropes and the two have played together at the Triumph Coffeehouse in Harlem. "He has a lot to teach me. You can't always measure greatness by money."

The following is a short essay Witt has written about Ubi Ferguson that does a lot to capture the spirit of the street-singer:

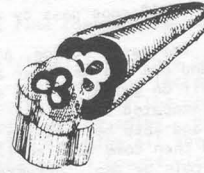
OUT FROM THE COLD

The summer in New York City brings out all kinds of street people - from jugglers, comics, ventriloquists, portrait artists, and musicians to people selling flowers, bird whistles, earrings and glowing necklaces. The winter, however, brings out a different type of street person. A harder, crustier type, who just to keep warm has a glowing spirit. They are few and far between, these year-around street people, but I've been fortunate to know a few. One such person is the infamous, minstrelman, Ubi Ferguson.

Ubi is a dark skinned black man, slight of frame, with wisdom lines drawn up and down his face. He'd been married, had a few kids and left it all. "Ain't nothing I can do for them without money," he used to tell me. During the sixties, he was a hippie - sharing everything he owned; but he left that, too. "Ain't no use being poor and sharing nothing," he'd say.

Finally, one day in Washington Square Park, somebody showed him a few chords on guitar and ever since he's been a street musician.

Ubi can play. And nobody can turn a dollar on the street the way Ubi can. I've seen women empty their pocketbooks into his case and men slipping him tens. "The streets of New York are paved with gold," he used to tell me.



Loten Moss

Ubi has played Downtown, from the Staten Island Ferry to Harlem - for the businessmen of Wall Street to the Times Square tourists.

On bitter cold, winter nights when money is low, Ubi nurses coffee and something for his sweet-tooth at all-night cafes. "You can never beat the devil," Ubi used to tell me. "You can only put it to sleep. I seen people from all over the world come to the Village - all with dreams that they were going to make it and I seen them pack up and go back home again as broken people."

"Now you take the average worker person after a long week at work. They need to free themselves and the only way they know how is to be loose with their money. That's why the eagle flies on Friday."

"Money isn't anything, it's everything. People are either into money or power. I'd much rather deal with somebody into money because it's so materialistic - much more cut and dry than power. A lot of people who are so-called mentally ill are just poor. If you gave a mentally ill person in Bellevue enough money, you would see how sane they would become."

Ubi is a wealth of ideas and opinions. He somehow makes the streets come alive with his music. Ubi is good for a laugh, too.

Steve Witt has found Fridays the best money days because people have usually just been paid and are in a good mood. He frequents the Uptown Rushes between 5:00 and 7:00 p.m. on Thursdays through Saturdays. Steve gets much more out of street-singing than just its cash value, however. "I get a lot of gratification out of singing. It's an emotional and a spiritual outlet, and it's also good practice. The idea is to keep learning and to keep growing."

Steve finds the winters are better for him. "There's less competition and my spirit is stronger. Maybe I just prefer the cold." As mentioned before, Steve has traveled all over the world. Will he stay in New York? "I'm going to stay just for the fight of it."

The best way for me to have gained insight into the subject of this article would have been for me to conduct the most original research of all and sung on the street myself. However, I didn't feel quite ready enough for that, so I did the next best thing. On June 9th, I accompanied Lynn Haney to one of her favorite spots on 48th Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue. She stood beneath an abandoned theatre marquee with her black dog, Becky, at her feet and sang her heart out. It was a beautiful day and there were a lot of friendly people

around. It was a Wednesday, and people were just letting out of the theatres at 5:00 - an excellent time to play.

Lynn feels that this is a "good spot." "The police are really cracking down between 43rd and 50th Streets along 7th Avenue and Broadway. They especially go after electric guitars. I have some friends who were threatened that their instruments would be confiscated. But here, I've seen 9 or 10 cops pass by and just smile."

Lynn starts to sing. She has a strong, powerful voice that isn't strained and one can hear her a block away. She accompanies herself on guitar, which she plays very well, with bright, syncopated strumming. Finger picks help the sound carry and keep her playing very clean. People would pass and then come back to listen awhile and then throw her a coin or two. Drivers stuck in traffic would roll down their windows to listen. Some people will throw money as they're passing by even if she's between songs and they haven't heard anything. For an hour or an hour and a half of street-singing, Lynn will average at least \$12.00. Once, in Brooklyn Heights, she made as much as \$65.00. She likes playing there because there is more of a "staying audience" than in the city.

In between songs, I asked Lynn some questions:

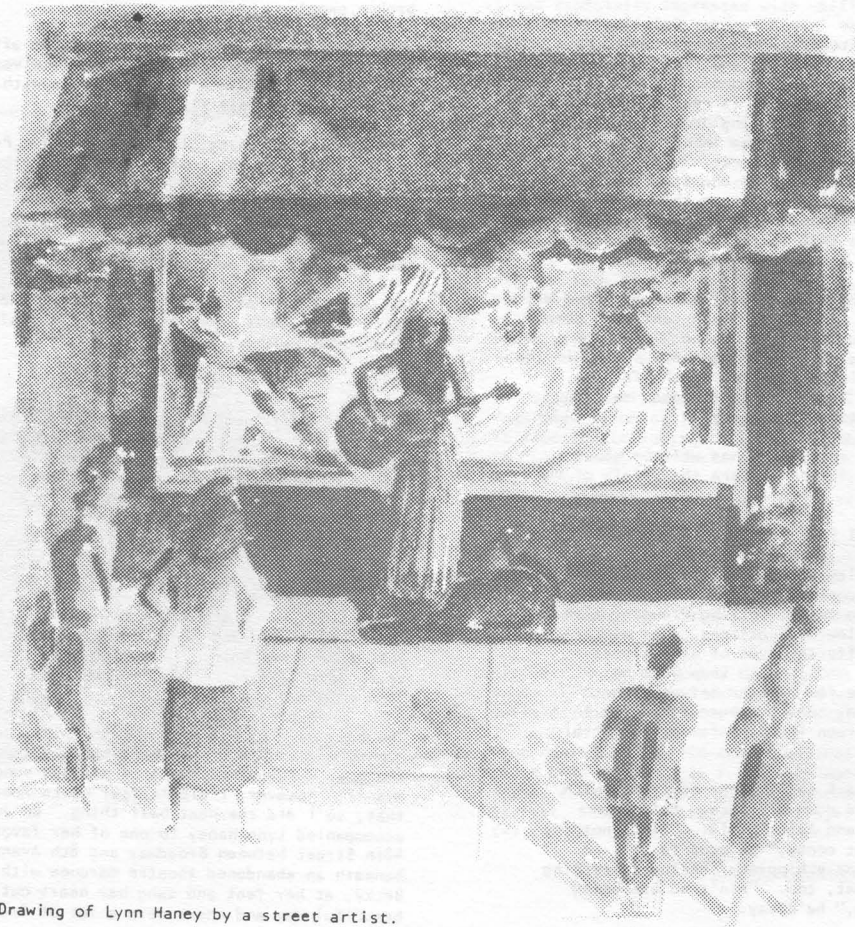
R.A.: What is your motivation for singing on the street?

LYNN: There are three reasons, really. Of course, there is financial need. There is more psychological need, though. Especially after working all day, it reminds me who I am: it reminds me I'm a performer. Then, it is also excellent for strengthening my voice and for performance skills. I will sometimes raise the key of a song when I'm on the street and work on it to increase my range. If it works, I'll do it that way indoors. It's good for technique and also for communicating with people.

R.A.: You once told me you much prefer to play outdoors than in a club? Why?

LYNN: For the freedom of it. I do this and that. I'm not strictly folk, I vascillate. I'm not sure where I belong but on the street, I can be anything I want. It's more of a challenge. There are fewer restrictions. That part of it might be self-imposed but I can work that out on the street.

In a club, you don't get a chance to stop between each song and say hello to someone. It's much more personal this way and you get to meet some very interesting people. Singing on the street enables you to work more with people and be more creative. Your time is your own and you're reaching so many different people. I meet a lot of musicians that way, too.



R.A.: I notice you look for good places to play acoustically - recessed doorways, overhangs. Have you ever considered using amplification in a more open space where the acoustics weren't that great, or would you think of that as cheating?

LYNN: I may do that later on. If you're doing it full time, you almost need it. It's good for the portability - you can sing anywhere. My roommate has a bass and she and I are considering buying an amp and working together on the street. It would be good practice for clubs. I'd also be able to do softer songs if I had an amp.

R.A.: Have you ever tailored your writing to street-singing or would that be a secondary influence?

LYNN: No. That would be secondary. I might have a few songs that I would want to write for the street but it doesn't influence my general style or what I have to say.

Lynn sings "Street-Singers," a personal favorite of mine that sums up a lot of what she believes and experiences:

Streetsinger, I got my own kind of style
Yes, I'm a streetsinger
and you can pass me by, or stay awhile
give me a coin or just give me a smile
I get by, I get by.

And sometimes, just to survive
I sing in some noisy old bars
Yeah, I guess I'd sing anywhere
But my heart sings 'neath the stars *

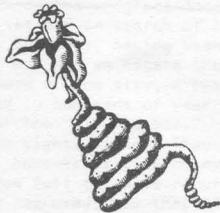
R.A.: Was that one written for the street or did it just come out of your experiences?

LYNN: Both.

R.A.: Where are your favorite places to play?

LYNN: Here (48th Street), Brooklyn Heights, and by the bank at Sheridan Square in the Village. One time when I was playing there, a driver of a hansom cab stopped to listen. He got down from the carriage and gave me some money and then everybody around started giving me money, too. Fulton Street is also wonderful. Once, when I was playing down there, I met this man who seemed to be just a construction worker. Well, maybe I inspired him or something, but he started telling me all kinds of tales. He had the true spirit of a Nordic sailor. You never know what can be inside of someone. Now that kind of thing would never come out in a club! I hear the Upper West Side is also very nice but I haven't played there yet.

*Excepted from "Street-Singers" copyright by Lynn Haney.



Loren Moss

R.A.: Is there anyplace you especially don't like?

LYNN: Wall Street is miserable. The people are so tight there.

R.A.: Where was the first place you ever played on the street?

LYNN: In Germany, in Munich. I was broke and depressed.

R.A.: Did you find that the language barrier was a problem?

LYNN: No. It's just incredible how you can use music to communicate. There was one incident there where a man spilled his purse all over the ground. People started to help him pick up the coins. He motioned to my case, and they started throwing all the money to me. I can still taste the meal I bought with that money.

Lynn sings a wonderful song of hers, "Hold Me Together, I Believe I'm Gonna Fall Apart." A couple stays to listen and then tosses in a dollar. "A lot of people think of it as begging but it's not," says Lynn. "People envy you. Part of them wishes they could do that instead of being stuck in an office."

I look in her guitar case. There are mostly dollar bills and quarters ("great for the laundry!"). The take for one hour of singing and talking to some nice people is \$12.00 and some change. I start thinking. . .



Chuck Hancock

I spoke to an official of the 1st Police precinct in New York City and asked if there were any laws on the books against street singing. "No," he said, "All such laws were struck from the books in 1971 as unconstitutional." "What about for money?" I asked. He told me that was considered soliciting or begging alms and was quite a different matter. He also said the use of amplifiers was considered illegal. I asked what the penalty was if one was caught. "Practically nothing." However, he also said the fine for using a sound device could go as high as \$500.

The Adventures of the

By Hollywood Dick Doll and Doll Baby

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, a highly inbred royal family was living on a tiny isle somewhere in the Tropic of Caniveaux. (An esoteric latitude found only through the use of a divining rod.) One day the King rose from his throne, flushed it, and made a royal proclamation: "The Royal Treasury has been depleted," he cried, "It is time for you children to go out and seek our fortune."

The royal offspring--Vous Du Caniveaux, Clown Prince; the glamorous twin princesses, Tu and Doux; and finally... Monsieur Le Prince-Fou looked at each other wonderingly.

"But your Highness, we don't DO anything; you know our only royal occupation is to amuse ourselves with musical feats of daring."

"Aha!" said the King, "He who lives by the guitar, starves by the guitar--but so be it. We shall perform, and I, King Gens the Vague, shall lead you."

And so they set off that very day. Into a pea-sized boat they piled their royal possessions: costumes, instruments, make-up and the royal hounds.

"But for where shall we set our course?" cried Vous from the helm.

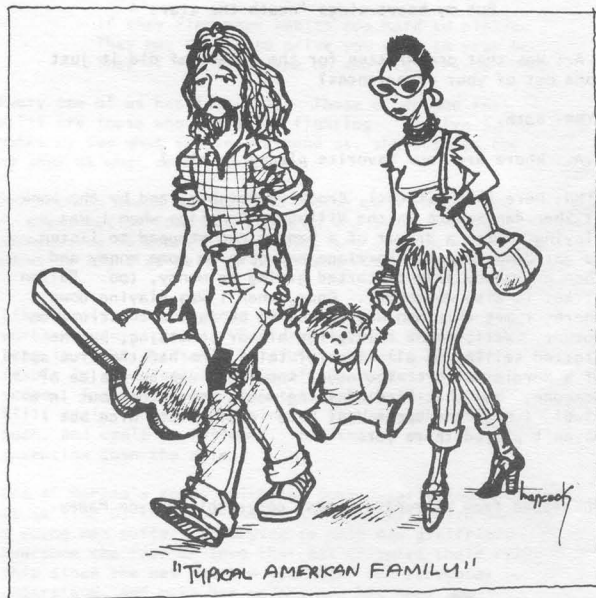
"For France!" cried the Queen, "from whence your father, Gens, set sail many years ago to make me his wife and the mother of your children."

"Well put, ma cherie," crooned the King, and they cast off the bow-lines.

After journeying for a year and a day, the boat touched ground on the French Riviera, where (they had been told by the King) the streets were paved with golden ten-franc pieces. It was in the city of Cannes, at the time of the world-renowned film festival, that they made their debut. They were certain that they would be plucked from the gutter by a rich movie mogul, and be set on the road to fame and fortune.

In great spirits therefore, despite the heat, the royal family set up on the grand esplanade, from where they had the advantage of being both unavoidably in the path of the Rich, and overlooking the glorious beach of Cannes, the main attraction of which being the glorious breasts of Cannes having never seen any but those available "entre famille," the whole family was enthralled. The Rich, however, appeared far from enthralled; certainly they stopped and watched the foreigners besport themselves, but the artists soon divined that the Rich in Cannes had undoubtedly reached that coveted position because of their reluctance to be parted from their sous. It was evident after two days of this that there was no money to be had in this resort for a wandering street band. So after enjoying the splendors of the Riviera for a few days (camping unmolested in a deserted cove), they journeyed north to Aix-en-Provence, a medieval university town in the Rhone valley. At last, students! Who loved the show and shoed their enthusiasm by scattering their parents' money with great abandon. There was a small square with cafes on both sides, which was perfect for performing, and the cafe owners didn't blink an eye when the princesses passed the hat amongst the outdoor tables.

Greatly encouraged, the family continued on to Avignon, a walled city with a well-established artistic community. There they found a large square complete with an ancient clock which chimed on the hour, and cafes opening onto it. The square was big enough to accommodate several acts, depending on the volume of the performances, it was legal to perform there, and, in fact, encouraged because of the draw to the cafes of the tourists. The francs did come in, and the square was a mad array of flute players, peddlers, magicians and acrobats. As the day drew to a close, the royal family discovered that the gypsies traditionally drove outside the walls of the city at night to camp under the bridge next to the river. (Yes, sous le pont d'Avignon, you French students.)



Chuck Hancock

Family Caniveaux

Their road led, as all roads do, to Paris, the City of Love. The discovered that street performing thrives at the Centre Pompidou, a refurbished square in the Premiere Quartier, near the Forum des Halles. The Centre Pompidou (know as Beaubourg) houses diverse acts which stretch from the Rui Sebastopol and lead into a large square which slopes down toward the entrance to the Centre. The acts range from frenzied fire-eaters to mimes, hand-organists, and acrobats. The Royal Family found that it was wise to arrive early to claim a spot on the weekends, and hold onto it. Once a spot was left unguarded it became fair game. The other performers were erratic as far as cooperation went, and the family learned to avoid any conflict with the fire-eaters, whose breathing of noxious fumes had long gone to their heads. However, Paris was very conducive to the life of a wandering mendicant; and the Caniveaux's stayed for several months. During this time they also discovered a natural amphitheater in the Forum des Halles, a square at the bottom of a three-tired, open-air modern space, at the center of the brand new shopping mall in the heart of Paris, close to the Centre Pompidou. It was such an obviously perfect spot that the Forum administration had organized the performers on a schedule; one had to wake up at the crack of dawn once a week to go down and sign up for a good spot. It was well worth it however, for "Les Halles" can hold several hundred people in a semi-balconied situation and has magnificent acoustics, no traffic, few drunks.

Another quartier which was used by performers was in the student quarter, on the Rue St. Andre des Arts, and at the Place St. Michel. There is a bar called "Le Mazet" on St. Andre des Arts which is a gathering place for street performers, as the beer is cheap and the bar is happy to exchange paper money for change. The flics (cops) were generally cooperative if one played in the legal spots, but could be very erratic and it is wise to be able to speak French. The Royal Family had several run-ins with them, but managed to incur no real trouble, though at one point when the King demanded official identification of undercover police, they offered to break his clarinet over his head. They obviously did not realize they were dealing with royalty. The Caniveaux's were a loud and raucous act, however, and they noticed that most of their compatriots seemed to get away with humming and strumming in various parts of town. This included the Metro (subway) which had some excellent spots also, though technically one should have a permit.

To continue in this travelogue vein (for to relate all the adventures which befell our heroes would take several volumes and is perhaps not an apt digression, though certainly no transgression), ah yes, on with the journey. At length the Royal Family realized that they had lost all track of the original location of the Isle Du Caniveaux. So they set off in search of it in the north. Their first stop was Brussels, having been invited to stay with a countess who had an estate there. They performed in the main square of the city, a beautiful medieval sanctuary, unchanged in hundreds of years, and close to the famous statue of the "pissing boy." It is worth going to Brussels for these sights alone. They were well received by the natives, however Belgian money is so worthless that no matter how full the hats returned, the royal coffers were not much improved. So they travelled on to Amsterdam, the City of Sin. It is a city as close to a well-ordered anarchy as any the family had encountered. It had many undreamed-of features:

1. Almost everyone understands and is fluent in English.
2. There are many young people and tourists, and street performing is legal (during the summer months).
3. In bad weather, there is a shopping mall in the town of Utrecht, near Amsterdam, where performing is legal and lucrative in all weather and seasons.
4. Last but not least--hash, pot, and magic mushrooms are legal and sold over-the-counter at hash bars. The "Melk-Veg" or "Milky-Way" is the best place for this as well as many other activities, being a multi-lingual, multi-media center.

Amsterdam was kind to the Caniveaux's and they were shown Dam Square and Leidseplein, the latter was more frequently used by musicians, being quieter yet still central to the city's night life. It was a good spot except for the ferocious Bird Men of Amsterdam, who sold lethal plastic birds, and would fly them into any crowd which gathered, risking blinding or mutilating small children. The Royal Family had a running battle with these men of sub-human intellect, as with some of the uniquely burnt-out characters who would occasionally add their own panache to the show. However, none of these disturbances were insurmountable, and the Royal Family found themselves beloved by tourists and Amsterdammers alike. This led to paid performances in the Milky Way, at Vondel Park (remember Golden Gate, '67?) and on pirate television stations. They were also the group which came in first at the annual Street Performers Contest; of course, the rest is history. Amsterdam was friendly, cheap, and beautiful, latticed with canals. And, it is well to remember, was once the home of Vincent Van Gogh, after all.

And here, dear readers, we must leave you, with visions of windmills dancing in your heads. For further adventures of the Royal Famille Du Caniveaux, please contact the Hollywood Dick Doll Revue. Toujours l'amours.



Chuck Hancock

Arvella Gray: Half a Century

by Jas Obrecht

Not all of the great guitar-related stories are about players whose instruments, hands, and hearts melted together to create fabulous solos or new styles; nor are they restricted to tales of inventors whose genius helped usher in new musical eras. There are others for whom the guitar has been more than a passport to fame or fortune. For some, it is as basic an instrument of survival as the mountain man's long rifle or the cowboy's Colt .45. Take Arvella Gray. On a summer's night in 1930, blinded by the shotgun blast that took both of his eyes and two fingers of his left hand, he leapt off a bridge into a river in hopes of drowning both himself and his agony. Two years later, at age 26, he escaped from the institution for the blind where he was told he would have to spend the rest of his life, caught a train, and found his way to Chicago. Rather than beg, he decided to become a professional. He learned slide guitar in open tuning and started singing on the corner of Madison and Halsted. Nearly half a century later he plays the same corner, one of the last - and perhaps the ultimate street-corner bluesmen.

The songs of Arvella are straightforward and simple. Most of them are work songs he joined in on as he made his way across America early in his life as a gandy dancer (or railroad laborer), plantation hand, gambler, and construction worker; or spirituals he was forced to learn after being arrested several times (to some Depression-era ears, the blues were not considered fit songs for public performance). Most of his music is southern black art right out of the '20's and '30's, played with his own unique lyric stamp and characteristic sound: a thumping bass and tearing treble-string slide played beneath a stentorian and often-lilting voice. Ten years ago - at an age when most men look forward to retirement - Arvella began adding country and western songs to his repertoire and learned to play guitar left-handed as well as right-handed.

Inside the 73-year-old street-corner musician with the faraway, mystical look in the white of what once were eyes, there burns a strong spirit of survival, independence, and self-respect. "In short," Arvella says, "I just is proud of my life 'cause I come through it with my skin on, and if I had it to live over, I'd live it all over again. I woudn't change nothin' 'cause I grewed into this."

Gray was born in the rural community of Sealy, Texas, on January 28, 1906. Until age 11, he lived with his mother. "We was very poor by bein' black and down there in the South at the time," he remembers. "We was livin' in what you call a one-room shack on this farm. My papa was a porter on the railroad, and he just come in once in a while - long enough to make a baby. I'll put it like that. He didn't hang around when he got up to five kids. My baby sister was sold to some people when she was two, and she was raised up in Phoenix, Arizona. My papa was gone, and that left my mamma there to try to take care of the kids and everything. I've never been to school in my life, so I don't know how to read or write or spell anything." By the time he was six, Arvella was already experienced with picking cotton, gathering firewood, caring for the farm's chickens, and helping his mother wash clothes. The only songs he remembers hearing as a child were church hymns: "My mama kept me away from those people what went to those roadhouses, you know, parties on Saturday night - chitlin' struts, or whatever they called them things. They only had mouth organs and Jew's harps and homemade guitars. They made their own drums out of tin tubs."

In 1917 Arvella's mother died, and he turned to his father for support. Now re-married and with two daughters to care for, his father sent him to work in the cotton fields: "They was whoopin' the hell out of us and making us get up in the morning to go get cotton. They looked like they was tryin' to cut us in two, so I and another boy by the name of Mac ran off." The boys went to work on a plantation in Rodgers, Texas, in 1918. From there Gray worked his way to the Dollar Boyd plantation on the Big Brazos River. After a flash flood in the spring of 1919, he was approached by two men in the cover of night who offered to drive him to west Texas and a better-paying job. When they arrived, Arvella, then 13, was auctioned off. "The farmers what needed hired help started bidding on us," he explains. "And it don't care whether you had buddies or not when the man say, 'I want this one, I want that one. I'll take five of the niggers.'" Then when it got down to the puny ones and sickly looking ones, they got less - the puny ones got sold for \$12. so I was in that bunch." With the promise of earning every seventh bale of cotton he picked, Arvella stayed in Ballinger, Texas, for the next season. At the end of the harvest his boss told him that he would be given his money when he was old enough to get married. "I got a quarter out of the deal," Gray says. "I was so hurt because I didn't get no money after the man had been promising me everything. Then a carnival came along and I ran off with that."

Gray located his father in Hugo, Oklahoma, in 1921 and went back to work with him. He cleared stumps and cultivated farmland until 1923, when the Ringling Brothers circus came to Hugo. With this circus he saw Chicago for the first time: "Due to the fact of being a kid, they didn't want me to go with them. I sneaked up under the canvas wagon where they had the lions at, but I was up under the back wheel under the coupling. So then I got to the next town and just went to work. I was a roughneck, and it was several weeks before we got to Chicago in July 1923." Arvella went to work for an Italian restaurant owner soon after his arrival, but he was forced to quit when three white waitresses started flirting with him. He then labored in a cement factory for 20¢ an hour. In his spare time he hung around pool halls and gambling joints.

Arvella hoboed his way to Detroit in the mid-'20's where he met Willie Mae, a woman he credits as being the person who taught him street survival: "When I got there I was raggedy and hungry, and I met a beautiful lady - she was 35 years old and I was 19 or 20 then. She liked me and started - how you say - puttin' my boots on or helpin' me, teachin' me things. She found out I was just out of the country. See, the white people all looked the same to me, whether they was in the South or Detroit. And she said, 'Your people taught you for survival in the South, but now life's different here in Detroit.' She fed me and got me in good shape to hobo some more. She was a prostitute and a dope addict, but she was like a mother to me. That was the nearest I had to somebody like a mother." Willie Mae taught Arvella to deal cocaine and heroin, although he found he was unable to use the drugs himself after his nose hemorrhaged during his first experience with cocaine.

In the winter of 1926 Arvella headed south to Florida and found employment as a stevedore. On his way back to Detroit six months later, he was picked up for vagrancy and sentenced to a chain gang in Hamlet, North Carolina. "We slept in cages, like animals," he says. "We was trimmin' hills down for roads. Now, them long-term guys had a ball and chain around their leg. But us hoboes, we didn't have no ball and chains, but we slept in the same wagon. Two weeks before Christmas come they let all of us with good time walk."

of Street - Corner Blues

During the next few years Arvella worked as a gandy dancer, laying tracks for the L&N, Wabash, and other railroads. When the stock market crashed in 1929, he was back in Detroit working as a porter in a bank. After losing all of his money in a crap game, he asked his boss for a loan. When the man refused, Arvella recounts, "I just said 'I'm takin' me some money.' I had a gun in my pocket. Now, if my life depended on it today, I couldn't tell where the gun come from. That's a part that's blanked out of my mind. I did discover I had \$6,000." He quickly lost the money, he says, to some big-time, dice-switching gamblers on 18th and Vine in Kansas City, Missouri.

With the police hot on his trail, Arvella caught a freight to Oklahoma City. He lined up a job with the Santa Fe railroad and was sent to Chillicothe, Illinois, to lay tracks. There he saved a local prostitute, 23-year-old Ardella Morris, from arrest by claiming she was his wife, and they were soon sharing a house in nearby Peoria. While Arvella was away on his job, another



JIM ONEAL

railroad employee, Lamar Kilgore, began coming over to visit Ardella. "So I goes to Lamar and I tells him to stay away from there," Gray says. "That's where the argument starts. So I grabbed him right there in his collar, and Ardella stepped in between us. Anyway, he told me, 'I'm not going to fight you, but I'll shoot you.' I just took it with a grain of salt."

Gray returned home on the night of September 13, 1930, and discovered that the lock on his door had been changed. While waiting for Ardella to open it, he lit a cigarette: "I ain't heard no gunshot or nothin', but I felt like a puff of wind. Next thing I knows, why I was bleedin', I felt for my hand, it was numb. Two of my fingers was shot off, and then my eyes was shot off. He shot me with a shotgun, and I was just bleedin' like a damn fountain. That's when I walked over to the police station. I told one of them to carry me down to the river, which was just a half-block off. When I got down there, I say 'I want to wash some of this blood off.' I jumped in, and man, I thought it was deeper than it was. It was only about two foot deep. It was my intention to kill myself when I discovered how bad I was shot up."

Arvella spent the next few months in a hospital. After the doctors were sure he'd survive, he testified at Lamar Kilgore's trial. Kilgore was convicted and served 10 years of a 14-year sentence at the state penitentiary in Joliet, Illinois. Asked what he'd do if he met Kilgore again, Arvella responds: "I wouldn't do nothin'. I'd just talk to him, but I wouldn't have no ill feeling, because it's one of them things. What's goin' to happen in life, the way I got it figured out, is goin' to happen. I was too dumb as a young fella to back off when the odds was against me."

After the trial, Gray was asked if he had any relatives he could live with. Since he was still being sought for the bank robbery, he answered that he had none. "They sent me to Bardonia - it's a combination old folks home and crazy house," he recalls. "They told me that I could stay there the rest of my life. And I was 24 years old. That's when I had to try and think." Finally, he wrote his aunt in Oklahoma, asking her if she would sign him out. The aunt responded that since she was already taking care of five children, she'd be unable to care for a blind man. This inspired Arvella to escape on his own: "By bein' the type of person I was before I lost my sight - I'd been all over and up and down and all through them things - I just didn't see no way for me to stop and give up and just sit down and fold my arms. So I got in good with a supervisor, and I got him to carry me into Peoria in his car."

Once in Peoria, Arvella used a hoe handle to tap his way to Ardella's house. Frightened by his appearance, she refused to let him near her. The next day he went back to his old work site, where his crew collected \$125 for him. After visiting some relatives in Oklahoma, Gray then caught a train and returned to Chicago to learn how to support himself. The first place he turned was a church: "I goes to a church for six weeks, and them people in the church just treated me like something - they'd say, 'Well, he ought to be in some institution. He ought to have people leadin' him. He shouldn't be out there by hisself when he's blind,' and yackety-yack."

So then I left there and stumbled in a gamblin' joint. When I stumbled in the joint, the first thing, the guy called me a blind this, that, and the other - you know, cussin' me. Then the rest of them said, 'Come on, you

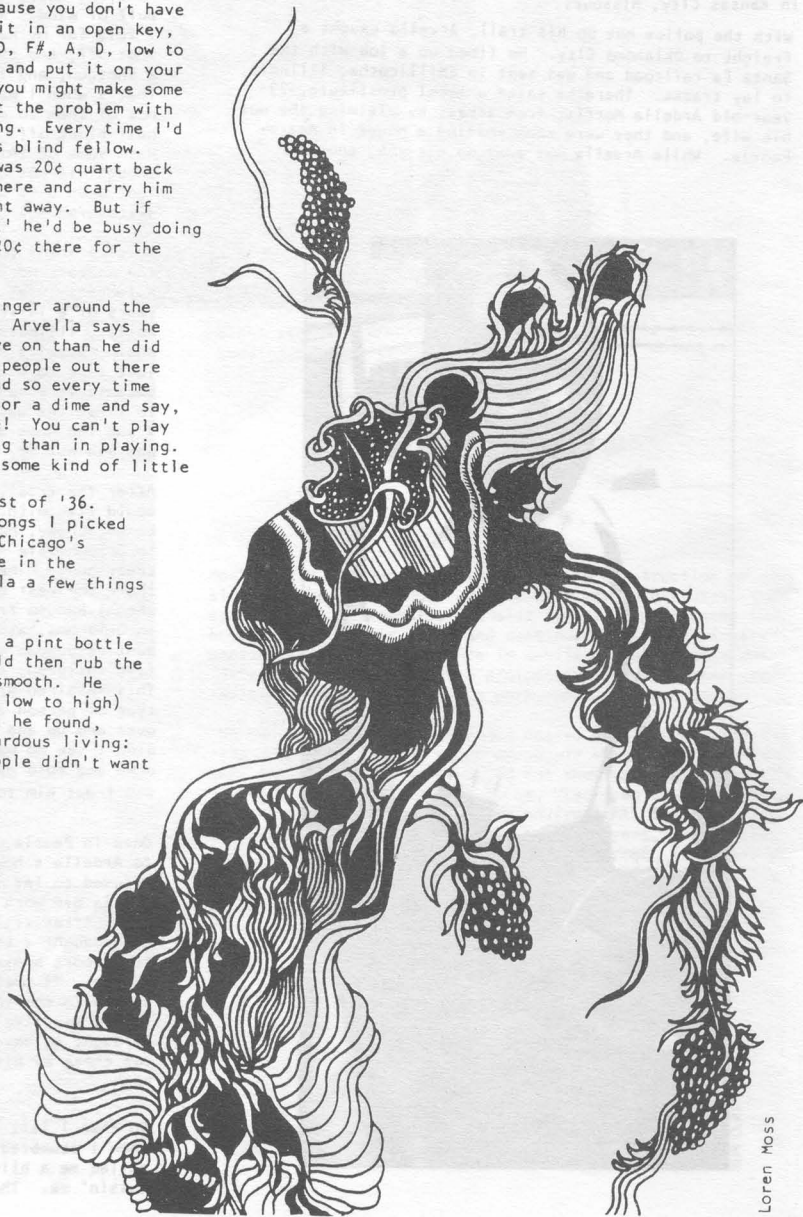
think you're goin' to come in here and get sympathy, but you just one of us.' Then they put their arms around me and asked me if I wanted something to eat and everything. Then that's where I started comin' back. If they hadn't picked me up, I'd have been in an institution now, but they did. It was in this gamblin' joint where my mind turned around - you know, got off the blind thing - and I was back in business. By 1932 I got my first guitar." All that he remembers about this instrument is that it was a wooden guitar with a round sound-hole.

For his first instruction, Arvella turned to another blind man: "Due to the fact that I only had a whole thumb and my little finger and my ring finger on my left hand, that was a problem. So when I got the guitar I found a blind guy and he told me, 'Well, you can't play it because you don't have the fingers to chord it. But I'll tune it in an open key, what they call a Vastapol tuning (D, A, D, F#, A, D, low to high).' Then he said, 'Get a bottleneck and put it on your finger and slide it up and down there - you might make some noise.' So then I starts doin' that, but the problem with me was I couldn't even tune the darn thing. Every time I'd knock it out of tune, I'd go back to this blind fellow. Then he started a racket with me. Beer was 20¢ quart back in them days, and every time I'd go in there and carry him a quart of beer, he'd tune my guitar right away. But if I'd go in there and say: 'Tune my guitar,' he'd be busy doing anything but tuning. He took all of my 20¢ there for the next six months, buying his beer."

During his first few years as a street singer around the famous open-air market on Maxwell Street, Arvella says he earned more money by taking bribes to move on than he did by playing: "There was some other blind people out there could play guitar on the street, too. And so every time they stopped me, they'd give me a nickel or a dime and say, 'Here's a quarter - go on with that noise! You can't play no guitar.' So I got more money by moving than in playing. That was 1932, and when I started making some kind of little

tunes, it was the last of '35 and the first of '36. I was tryin' to sing the blues and work songs I picked up." Memphis Minnie Douglas, who became Chicago's best-known blues singer after moving there in the early '30's, took the time to teach Arvella a few things on the guitar.

To make a slide back then, Gray would buy a pint bottle of liquor and break the neck off. He would then rub the jagged edges on concrete until they were smooth. He began using an open-E (E, B, E, G#, B, E, low to high) tuning for most of his songs. Oftentimes, he found, playing the blues made for a somewhat hazardous living: "Due to the Depression and everything, people didn't want



to hear that kind of stuff around there. And so that's the reason I got put in jail - got put in jail so many times. Then the policeman told me that the reason they had to put me in jail was because these people were kickin' on me for singin' the blues. So then I went to try to play church songs. I did learn how to play 'When The Saints Go Marchin' In' pretty good. I'd play that all day after I got accustomed to it. Then in '60 when I got on television, they asked me, 'Listen, can't you change and sing some kind of blues or something or other instead of just singin' them religious songs?' And that kind of confused me."

In 1939 Arvella bought a steel-body National resonophonic guitar, which is still his main instrument, although he has five other acoustic guitars. He remembers paying \$75 for it. During the '40s, he occasionally performed with Moody Jones, a guitarist who was also known as Texas Slim. Several years later, Moody reminisced about his days with Gray, whom he knew as Blind Dixon: "Me and him used to get on the street at Maxwell and Halsted, walk up to 12th Street, just playin' and walkin'. Turn around, come down the other side, and we'd have \$40 to \$50 apiece when we got back." Johnny Williams, a Louisiana-born blues guitarist who migrated to Chicago in the late '30s and lost a finger in an accident in 1945, was inspired to take up the guitar again after meeting Gray. "He played like that with only three fingers," Williams later said, "So I said, 'Now if this guy can play like that, I can, too!' I went back and started all over again and eventually got to where by that finger bein' gone it didn't bother me." Undoubtedly, seeing Arvella play after overcoming his handicaps has inspired countless other players.

Gray recorded his first sides on July 11, 1960. Accompanying himself on guitar, he sang "Corrine, Corrina," "Have Mercy Mr. Percy," and "John Henry" for the Heritage label. Afterwards he was invited to play at the University of Chicago Folkfest and other college gigs around the area. In 1965 he formed the now-defunct Gray label, producing sides including "Freedom Riders," "Freedom Bus," "You Are My Dear," "Deborah," and "The Walking Blues." His album, The Singing Drifter (Birch - Box 92, Wilmette, IL, 60091),

was recorded on September 22, 1972. Mixed in with soulful versions of classics like "When The Saints Go Marchin' In," "Stand By Me," and a stunning seven-minute version of "John Henry," are two Gray originals, "The Gandy Dancer" and "Arvella's Work Song." Since the early '60s, he has also appeared in several films, notably, The Songmakers, and the 1970 British production, Blues Like Showers of Rain, which he narrated.

After he began getting a lot of local publicity, Arvella - at age 64 - decided to increase his repertoire by learning to play the guitar left-handed as well as right-handed. He explains: "Now here's the latest news about my playin'. I use a metal slide, about three inches long, and I play reverse. I done changed the strings on my guitar so I play left-handed. So now I do the slide right-handed, and I do the natural tuning left-handed, you know - where you chord with your fingers and everything. 'Cause with the slide, I was just limited to a few songs that I could work out. Now by playin' left-handed, I can do a few more songs, but I can't play the slide very good with the left hand. I got a good arrangement of music with my left hand, but I haven't got the blues as good as I want. I want to get the blues as good as B.B. King - that's what I'm workin' on. I can play the blues, and they give me applause at the places I play, but it's not up to my standards. Now I got two guitars when I go out, one left-handed and one right-handed."

Today Arvella still goes out to play the corners of Maxwell and Halsted, Grand and State, 91st and Commercial, and 63rd and Halsted, often appearing with his sister, Granny Littrice-bey, who also plays guitar. He likes to rotate corners, and goes out in all seasons. "If I'm on the street," he says, "I stick most to religious songs unless I'm on Maxwell Street. I got about ten songs that I usually use on Maxwell - 'John Henry,' 'Key To The Highway,' 'The Walking Blues.' And then I do some of them country and western songs like 'Wabash Cannonball' and 'Your Cheatin' Heart' - I can play them fairly good. But they still would be a little bit twisted 'cause of the way I sing 'em and play 'em. Like my 'John Henry,' for instance - I don't sing it like other people do. I have most of them words twisted around, gave some of them their own interpretation. My tunes don't come out like other fellas' tunes. It's just been since the '60s that I have grown up in my mind where I can tell people to go jump in a lake if they don't like it."

Arvella usually picks with his fingers, and just within the last year, he says, he's learned to use a thumbpick. He plays in the winter until the temperature drops below 20°, using gloves with holes cut in them to accommodate his fingerpicks. Although he cites this age of high inflation as a good time to be a street-corner bluesman, years of being outside have taken their toll: "I was born and raised in the country and did all this railroad work, so I'm used to outside weather - I love that. But say in the last four or five years now, I got everything anybody else can imagine. I got bad heart; I got gout; I got arthritis; I did have high blood pressure, but I got rid of that; ulcers and everything - I got

everything to brag about! Any person got something, I can brag I got it too."

Lately Arvella has been going to San Francisco every January to play the city's Mission district. He also frequently appears at colleges in the Midwest. When he's home in Chicago, where he lives alone in a four-room apartment, he spends time teaching his young granddaughter, Camille Anderson, to play guitar. "I could get a woman," he adds, "but I don't want to take care of a woman just to say I got a woman. At my age - 73 - I don't need none of that kind of tie-up. Just ain't nobody got their travelin' shoes like I have - I like to go. I travel to Detroit a couple of times a year, Indianapolis, Louisiana - different places, you know, 'cause I love to travel."

With a wisdom gathered over 50 years as a street singer and a youth as wild and action-packed as a novelist's imagination, Arvella gives simple advice to those wishing to follow in his profession: "You just got to have a lot of publicity, 'cause otherwise the police will put you in jail. Just don't give up."



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An Archive of Folk Culture

By Randy B. Hecht

In 1928, while the rich were celebrating their difference from you and me, the Music Division of the Library of Congress assembled nearly 1,000 cylinder and disc recordings celebrating the the American "folk" and their music. The collection, which has since grown to include musical and non-musical recordings of folk throughout the world, is as comprehensive as you are likely to find anywhere. Now a part of the American Folklife Center, the Archive of Folk Culture contains over 35,000 recordings.

Although the emphasis is still on American music, twenty percent of the Archive's recordings are part of the international collection, and oral histories and cattle calls have been added to the listings in the catalog. The definition of "American" folk music has changed, too; another twenty percent of the stock is devoted to non-English music made in America (eight pages of one catalog list records of American Indian Music recorded as early as 1910).

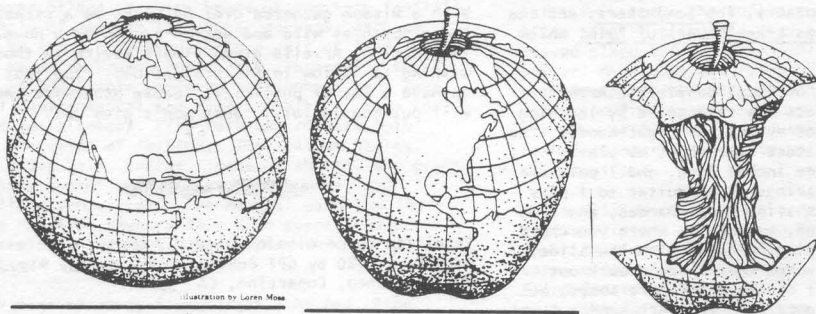
The Archive's folk recordings cater to every conceivable taste. Listings in the catalog include Anglo-American ballads, chanties, lyric songs, dance tunes and spirituals; Afro-American spirituals, work songs, ballads, blues and game songs; French and Spanish songs and dance music, sacred harp singing and, of course, "Cowboy Songs, Ballads, and Cattle Calls from Texas."

For those with more specialized tastes, there are "Songs of the Mormons" and "Songs and Ballads of American History and of the Assassination of Presidents," a compilation that includes two songs performed by Judge Learned W. Hand. Thirty "Versions and Variants of 'Barbara Allen'"--edited by Charles Seeger and including a track by Aunt Molly Jackson--comprise another volume, and a two-record set tries to scratch the surface of the Child ballads.

Originally the ward of such unlikely sponsors as the Carnegies, Mellons, and Rockefellers, the Archive continues to receive support from these and other private sources; however, Congressional appropriations have bolstered funding since 1938. In addition to the folk recordings it continues to collect, the Archive is a marvelous source for researchers, who can contact it for otherwise unavailable or obscure manuscript photocopies, referrals and general materials and information. The Archive also sponsors internships for students of folklore and ethnomusicology.

For all the excitement and immediacy of contemporary "urban folk," the scope of the Library of Congress recordings is humbling. The 15-volume Bicentennial issue of *Folk Music in America* alone includes performances by Sleepy John Estes, Bill Monroe, the Carter Family, Uncle Dave Macon, and The Fruit-Jar Drinkers, Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys, Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, Roy Acuff and, last but certainly not least, Seven Foot Dilly and His Dill Pickles. (Stick them in your next Trivia Quiz!)

The impact of it all is somewhat overwhelming, but how fantastic that these recordings have been "preserved for posterity" (and anyone else who's interested)! These recordings undoubtedly represent the greatest slice of "American heritage" that exists in a single package. Inquiries should be directed to the Archive of Folk Culture, American Folklife Center, The Library of Congress, Thomas Jefferson Building, Room G-152, Washington, D.C. 20540. Tell them Dilly sent you.



Loren Moss

On the Record

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.

STEPHEN BAIRD - Don't blink or you'll find him on another street corner. Don't wink or... Hey, enough of that! He is an advocate for street performing. He's been singing his songs, or any that catch his fancy, from Boston (his home town) to...

MARILYN J., 22 years old, comes to New York from Columbus, Ohio. On the way, she's been a three-time college drop-out, rock singer, country singer, professional model, and a factory worker. "I haven't regretted any experiences (so far); everything provides an opportunity to understand people."

MARTHA WILCOX is a singer. Although people in various musical fields type her as jazz, pop, or folk, she feels that her style is not limited in this way. She began to sing in what she calls the 'Shirley Temple Era' and has been going strong ever since. She comes to New York from Atlanta, Georgia, where she performed on the club circuit for many years. During this time she sang with most of the major bands and combos there. Since coming to New York, she has continued to develop as a singer, working the many clubs here.

The **HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL REVUE** was conceived in Paris and born in Amsterdam in the Year of the Dragon. In the following centuries, it proceeded to change the face of folk music. Today, Hollywood, enriched by the fabulous Assettes, Doll Baby and Carrington, asks the question, "What is folk music, anyway?"

LYNN HANEY began singing in her hometown of Cleaveland, OH., which can be easily left or returned to via Route 80. Other places where she has sung, not accessible by Greyhound, include Israel, Germany and Holland. In New York, Lynn performs in a variety of clubs, street corners, and shows at Theatre For The New City. Other recordings are "Rebirth" a religious album for World Library Productions, one original EP; and a second one to be produced later this year.

FRANK (FRANCIS X) ROSSINI

Frances (Francis X) Rossini was born, raised, and died in New York City; and resurrected by John Coltrane in Boston. He served as a teacher in Roxbury and the South Bronx, before escaping to Oregon, where he lives with Ann, Chris, Marg, Tim, Maia, Achille, Gina, Mojo, Sardini, Louie, Murphina, Baby, Littlebird, Gus, Bigshot, and sundry flora and fauna, and mostly Lynn.

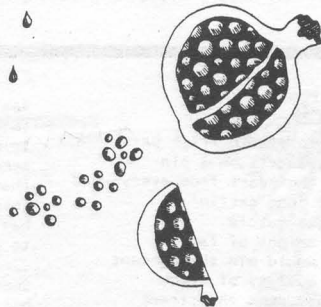
RAE MONROE came to New York and now lives among other people. She has been known to work professionally in music since the age of 16; and has a 3½ octave range on occasion, although she remains a contralto most days. Rae loves New York and is very enthusiastic about the energy of the renewed Greenwich Village "what is loosely defined as folk music" community. "Thank you all for being here" she says.

BRIAN ROSE came to New York in 1978 from Williamsburg, Virginia. He is a professional photographer having graduated from Cooper Union, and has exhibited in the United States and Europe. He is 27 years old.

Vincent T. Vok came to New York three years ago from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania where he'd been writing songs since high school. He has recently recorded an album which will soon be released on R.S.M. records.

JEFF GOLD, a native New Yorker, is an ageless singer/songwriter/guitarist who is known for his love of a good argument. Jeff's hobbies include listening to music, watching Woody Allen movies, and experimenting with brain size.

JOSH WHITE JR. has been performing for 22 years. He has five albums to his credit. Currently, he is working on a one man show about his father; which should be in production by this Fall.



75

July's Song Lyrics side one

THE GREAT STORM IS OVER

The thunder and lightning gave voice to the night,
The little lame child cried aloud in her fright
"Hush, little baby, a story I'll tell
Of a love that has vanquished the powers of hell..."

CHORUS:

Alleluia, the great storm is over,
Lift up your wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over,
Lift up your wings and fly!

Sweetness in the air, and justice on the wind,
Laughter in the house where the mourners had been
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,
The standards of death taken down by surprise...

Chorus

Release for the captives, an end to the wars,
New streams in the desert, new hope for the poor
The little lame children will dance as they sing,
And play with the bears and the lions in spring...

Chorus

Hush, little baby, let go of your fear,
The Lord loves his own, and your mother is here,"
The child fell asleep as the lantern did burn
The mother sang on til her bridegroom's return...

Chorus

c 1982 Robert J. Franke, Telephone Pole Music (BMI)

BREAKING GLASS

I was doomed to live in New York City
On a block where accidental babies
Went out with the trash;
We shared a two-room apartment, tiny and cold;
To the tune of a love, by Winter, growing old;
And the sound of an angry young woman
Breaking Glass.

I recall our lives were never empty,
There were tears enough for the third who entered
And beckoned your past;
The hours you kept were deceitful and it had to show;
The passion of time she burned, I couldn't control;
I was trapped in my raging fury
And Breaking Glass.

Chorus

Oh, there's no telling how the coming of love will find us;
There's no guessing in what way,
It's going to set us free;
There's no doubting that the anger of love can break us;
When our actions don't even come close;
To the people we want to be most,
And our dreams don't work out as the glories
They'd promised to be.

Without excuses I left the table
Well, I ran like hell while I was still able,
I started anew;
I've lost some weight and I'm strong and happy now;
I got over the fiery anger though I don't know how...
The songs we know, they don't drive me crazy
I stopped the drinking and being lazy,
It's over at last,

The painful, sheer, rejection has all gone past,
The tunes of deceit and loneliness fading fast,
Gone are the days of anger and
Breaking Glass

© 1982 by M. J. Barck

HIGH TIMES

we used to sit in Irish bars
counting angels on a pin
we tore the heart from every word
kept out from gettin' in
we'd argue muscle
and the height of fame
and who would win the pennant
and the quality of drink
at the bar down the street
and the size of breasts
on the new tenant
we'd talk celt to the jukebox
drop dimes in our eyes
dance with shadows in the corner
measure sorrows
in glasses of beer
bought in rounds
by the drunkest of the mourners

taxi spittin' diamonds
to junkies on a nod
Irish barmen telling jokes
rememberin' the old sod
that city planted parking meters
inside my brain
had me stuffin' my ears with dimes
to shut out the rain

Chorus:
but now I sing about
high times
melt into stone
i talk in tongues
to a mountain stream
get way down to the bone yea
way down to the bone

my songs pushed heartache
on to the neon stage
my words passed for silence
in a silent rage
i did not know the sun could rise
like a hawk behind the moon
i hadn't heard a river sing
of anything but doom

repeat chorus

i thought i'd miss the dancin' streets
and the ladies sellin' skin
and the shivers bought with paper gold
in the carnivals of sin
for a while i dreamed of buses and subways
high above the ground
and i talked about the crazies
and all the losst i found

by Tom Intondi Frank Rossini
Copyright 1977 City Dancer Music

side one

Roll With The Wind

The muffled feet shuffle in the street
It's a funeral dirge that I have played
The buttoned coats the zippered notes
I loved and lost and was blown away

But I will roll with the wind, roll with the wind,
It's a lonely soul that rolls with the wind

The vacant walks the desperate talks
It's a heroes hand that I have played
The shriek of brakes the double takes
I faced the truth and was blown away

But I will roll with the wind, roll with the wind,
It's a lonely soul that rolls with the wind

The carving knives the starving lives
It's a cruel game that I have played
the coattails the jealous jails
I grew up fast and was blown away

But I will roll with the wind, roll with the wind,
It's a lonely soul that rolls with the wind

The just man the hard land
It's an old tune that I have played
The blood ties the tired eyes
I cut my roots and was blown away

But I will roll with the wind, roll with the wind
It's a lonely soul that rolls with the wind

The naked skin the camera lense
It's a straight mans part that I have played
The whispered words the wings of birds
I breathed the air and was blown away

But I will roll with the wind, roll with the wind
It's a lonely soul that rolls with the wind.

by Brian Rose
copyright © 1982

ROUTE 80

Rolling down Route 80
On a greyhound bound for home
Listening to the stories of the people
that it holds:

Nancy's going back to Sausalito
She lives out on the Bay inside a boat
She doesn't own a telephone or TV
But she's got enough to keep herself afloat
And she keeps on rollin', rollin' down the line

Lucy, she's on leave from the Navy,
Joined up after gettin' her degree
And she blames it all upon the economy
Ain't much for a black girl back there in Milwaukee
So she keeps on rollin'
Keeps on rollin'
Rollin' down the line

And that loudmouth in the backseat's showing
off what he don't know
Makin' fun of truckers that we pass along the road
Barb puts down her paperback and tells him,
"Hey, Shut Up!"
"My old man don't talk much, but he sure can drive
a truck."
And he keeps on rollin', keeps on rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin' down the line

Johnny's been discharged from the Army
He's a sad and bitter boy - no place to go
His Ma she still lives in the State Hospital
And Pa's just a stranger he don't know
Johnny keep on rollin'
Keep on rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin' down the line

And me, I just keep looking out that window
I see things so much clearer from afar
I see the way so many of us move along
Going so many places
To find out where we are
And we just keep rollin'
Keep on rollin'
We gotta keep rollin'
Keep on rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin', down the line

Lynn Haney
© 1982

SINNER

With teeth and nails I devoured the lamb
To prove to you I was a man
A sacrifice upon the dishes
The meat was tender like your kisses
Soft and warm and unforgiving
It lay dead while I sat living
It was killed to be my dinner
I am the man, I am the sinner

With tools and weapons I ruined the land
And scraped the dirt from my hands
I killed the children and kept the riches
I built my house upon the ditches
Among the graves of those still living
I took their names and left them nothing
I shed their blood that holy winter
I am the man, I am the sinner

With smiles and lies I took your love
To show myself to be above
The hate that I myself had grown
In the trees when I was alone
With no one but a harmless snake
And a woman I knew and later forsaked
I do this still to be a winner
I am the man, I am the sinner

With whips and nails I watched him die
While I myself felt crucified
A sacrifice above the heavens
His body sank while his spirit blended
With the glory that I desire
But cannot find in the fire
On the planet that grows dimmer
I am the man, I am the sinner

Copyright 1982 Vincent T. Vok



side two

Delia's Gone

Delia cursed poor Toolie
Cursed him such a wicked curse
If she hadn't been shot at
Well she would have cursed him worse
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Well they sent for the doctor
He came all dressed in white
Done everything the doctor could do
But he said Delia's gone
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Then they sent for the mother
She came all dressed in black
She cried all day, and she cried all night
She couldn't bring Delia back
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

On a monday Toolie was arrested
Tuesday he was tried
A jury box found him guilty
And the verdict was to die
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

He said jailer, oh Jailer
How can I sleep
All around my bed at night
I can hear little Delia's feet
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Traditional
Arr. by Josh White Jr.

JOANNE LITTLE

Her mother told her, "Joanne Little, naked you were born
Likely that's the way you die
Heartless men will use you
You'll do anything
They'll all forget once you're inside"

Chorus

And the prison walls
They're deep and cold
When I was young they took my years
The prison walls
They're black and old
Oh please don't send me back in there

One night in jail for robbery
The guard came into her cell
All alone to have his fun
One hour until daylight
She sent that man to Hell
Across the prison yard she run

Chorus

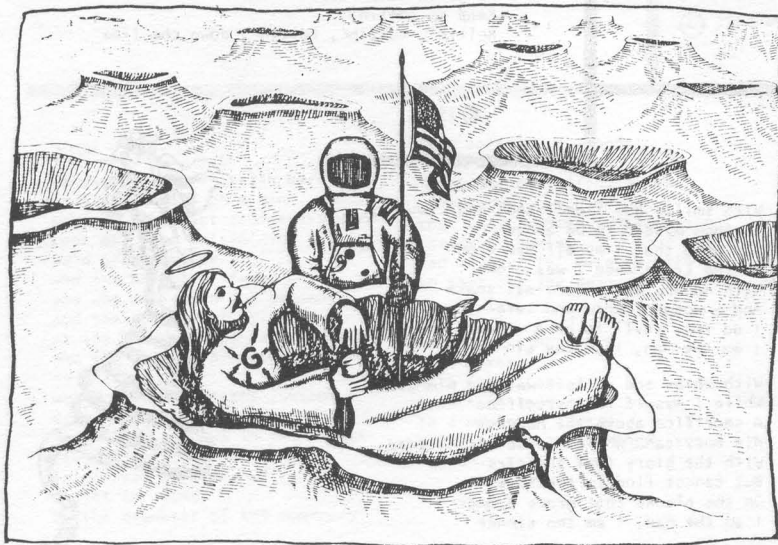
The judge he said, "No murder here"
The lawyer said it too
How the northern women cried
They said "Just give us one more year"
They could not understand
Why Joanne couldn't give one more night

Chorus

Homeless, wet and hungry
They caught her in New York
All she said when they were through
"Oh, it's one jail for another
What do you get for all the years
I give to you"

Chorus

by Bob Holmes
© 1982 November Records



I DON'T WANT LOVE

Some folks say when you fall in love,
You lose your appetite.
So if Love makes you feel that way,
Listen to what I say.

Chorus

If Love makes you give up steak and potatoes,
Rice, corn, chitlin's, and tomatoes,
If Love makes you give up all those things
Then I don't want Love.

If Love makes you give up ham and greens,
Pork chops, chicken, and lima beans
If Love makes you give up all those things
Then I don't want Love

I am here to say to you
I love my bread and my meat
So take a look at me and you can plainly see
I'm a girl who loves to eat FOOD

Chorus

by Joe Caroli and Howard McGee
© 1982 by Martha Wilcox

side two

THE BOTTOM LINE

She's tired of trying to make it on her own
And she cannot ask her mom and dad for a loan
Me, I'm pretty broke myself
She says "Yeah, in fact why don't you just go somewhere else?"

Chorus:

You got to believe (uh-huh)
You got to understand (oh yeah)
She's not a bad girl you know
It's just that she wants a guy with dough

She knows money brings security
And she thinks she'll kind of like the regularity
In the big city your taste can expand
Sure gets hard to keep up that monetary demand

Chorus:

Don't Let Me Walk Away

Some play at love as if the game
Was all there was to keep the pain;
Of frailty and human doubt away
From what their live's about.

Some run from love, deny their hearts
Afraid that what they've found will part
From their caress before it's done
They live alone under the Sun -
Don't let me walk away.

I am free I have a choice
I choose to live, I choose your voice;
Your eye's caress, your silent care
Don't let me leave to disappear.

So many search to find a friend
But when the y do, they just pretend;
afraid to keep love when it's real
Denying what they truly feel,
Don't let me walk away

Bridge:

We travel through space and time
We call it life and say it's fine
If we never meet again
Passing through so many hearts with ease
Let's put an end to this forgery and love and laugh,
And get ourselves free.

What we've been given is so rare
Many try and fail to care
To see beyond, to get behind
Around the newsidside of the mind.

To gentleness and passions strength
To tenderness without restraint;
These earnest hearts that beat as one
Don't let me leave, we've just begun
Don't let me walk away
Don't let me walk away
Don't let me walk away.

Copyright 1982 Rae Monroe

You got to believe (you've got to believe)
You got to understand (you got to understand)
She's not a bad girl you know
It's just that she wants a guy with dough

A guy with dough
A guy with dough for a taxi ride
Dough for Kentucky Fried
A guy with dough
A guy with dough
A guy with dough to go see a play
Dough to pay his own way
A guy with dough
I'm talking about dough
You know, dough
A guy with dough

Hollywood Dick Doll
© 1982 M. Poupée Publishing (BMI)

THE CITY BLUES

The peep show eyes
They blink and they glide
Over bare breast slides
The suspecting wives
Still take the ride
They got the city blues
The city blues
They don't know it
That's why they do

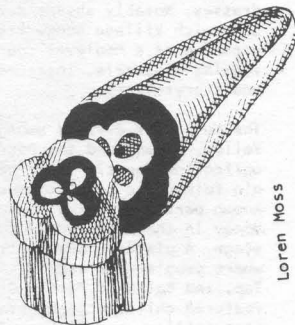
Empty pockets parade
Down the lost arcade
The alley ways
Are they beds
Or are they graves?
And the city blues
The city blues
You can hear them
From the roof

And the children still wait
For the great escape
Thru truth's false gate
And they ask
"Is it love or is it fate?"
And the city blues
You got the city blues
So you better put on
Your country shoes

c 1982 Jeff Gold

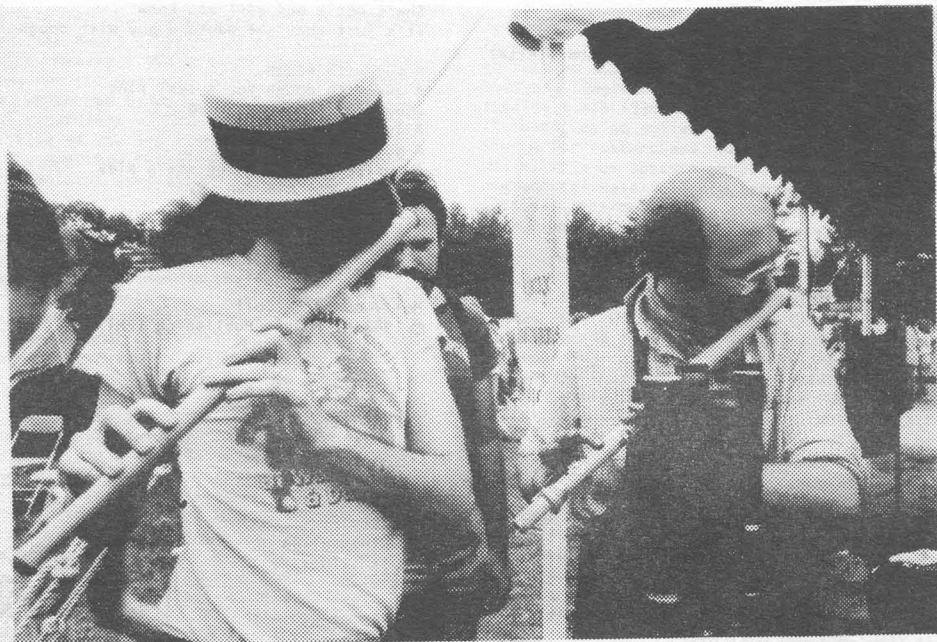


Loren Moss



Loren Moss

The Hudson River Revival



Brian Rose

There were many different kinds of instrument makers at the festival. Here a flute maker plays a tune while a prospective buyer attempts to play along.

By Gary Boehm and Brian Rose

The walk from the Croton train station to The Great Hudson River Revival was a bit further than purported in the New York Times, over bridge, betwixt heaps of sanitary landfill smelling faintly of garbage ("garbage, garbage, garbage...") the path led by the Big Hole out onto a spit of land in the Hudson River known as Croton Point Park. Throughout the weekend some 20,000 people wandered and lounged over several acres of environmental and crafts exhibits, food concessions, and music stages. City folk and country folk mingled in a profusion of fashions. The sixties styles predominated; long hair, beards, jeans, T-shirts, and granny dresses. Notably absent were pot smokers, punks, and Greenwich Village songwriters. The Revival gave the impression of a Medieval country fair with puppet shows, roaming minstrels, instrument makers, blacksmiths, dancers, and storytellers.

The music was divided among five stages, the Red, Blue, Yellow, Green, and the Recycle Stage (near the aluminum collection depot), offering a variety of American and ethnic folk music to suit every taste and interest. Well-known performers like Tom Paxton, Emmylou Harris, Sweet Honey in the Rock and Cris Williamson performed on the Red stage. A platform was erected in front of the Green Stage where people were taught various dances such as Morris, Tap, and Balkan & Pontic Greek Dance. The Recycle Stage featured children's entertainment with puppet shows, mime, storytelling, and fishes. The other stages featured a variety of performances ranging from jazz to a string quartet to an open mike.

On Saturday, Cris Williamson presented her form of feminist folk rock. The audience was familiar with her work, often singing along and very appreciative. Williamson played piano and was accompanied by Tret Fure on electric guitar. Her songs are rather bland and unimaginative, but they are performed with an honest enthusiasm that deflects attention from their shortcomings. Her audience beams in the glow of her music, and seems not at all bothered by her constant references to mother earth and other pop spiritualisms.

While Williamson was on the Red Stage, Lares Tresjan, the famous street singer was on the Recycle Stage, singing South American folk songs and Spanish Civil War songs. Lares often plays on the streets of New York City and in Grand Central Station. In an interview after her performance, she told of having been released from jail a few days earlier. All told, she has been arrested over twenty times for singing in the streets. The arrests never lead to convictions. She is often handcuffed, pushed around, and confined to a cell for hours or days, but inevitably the charges are dismissed because the courts do not want to rule on the constitutionality of street singing. If she is lucky enough to avoid arrest, she may suffer other abuses, such as being the target of water balloons and raw eggs in Greenwich Village.

Buffalo: The Environmental Cycle



Brian Rose

Lares Tresjan is a street singer currently fighting the courts in Buffalo for our freedom of speech rights. Here she is shown digging up the many articles and court orders that document her struggles.

Three Upstate Yorkers, Two Canadiens Errant, and One Yankee, folk singers from the North country swapped songs and "lies" on the Yellow Stage before a low-key audience. The songs were solid ballads about farms, mountains, rivers, the seasons, and the Civil War, and were performed with great skill and vigor. The two Canadians, singing in french, did songs passed down through their families, and often the whole group joined in with harmonies on the choruses.

The Open Mike on Saturday, hosted by Judy Gorman Jacobs, gave performers time for one song each, usually political in nature. The songs ranged from the tacky ("I will not raise my child to shoot your child") to the well-crafted. Ansel Matthews sang one of his best love ballads, "Like the Seasons" and Mike Agranoff (see the April Coop) led the crowd in a sing-a-long.

There were several tables and tents providing environmental information. There was one tent, complete with typewriters, where one could get help writing a letter of concern about environmental issues to the appropriate agency or official. Another table had representatives from the river's real community; newts and beetles. There was even a microscope to view them and literature available to learn about them. One fellow had a bathroom water saving kit exhibit featuring a toilet and showerheads. One showerhead, he said and demonstrated, saved 6 gallons of water a minute. Not only that, it also rinsed more thoroughly by breaking the water...

3 Upstate Yorkers, 2 Canadiens Errant, and 1 Yankee take turns singing traditional folk songs (some in French) and telling stories.



Brian Rose



Brian Rose

Eight year-old Brooklynite, Clarence Ferrari, displayed his budding virtuosity to an impressed group of onlookers.



Brian Rose Brian Rose Brian Rose

Most of the craftwork displayed was the construction of musical instruments. There were ceramic and wood flutes, guitars, violins, dulcimers, and slit drums. In most cases they brought along their tools and continued making the instruments all day, stopping once in awhile to demonstrate an instrument or to jam with a prospective buyer. Other crafts exhibited were candles, iron work, wood cuts, and toys.

The Hudson River Revival seemed not so much a music festival as a picnic by a large group of people sharing similar values. The activities were varied but they all had a homemade quality. The message seemed to be, "Let's do it ourselves,"; from making music to saving the environment. Off the beaten trail small groups of fiddlers, banjo players, guitarists, and jew's harp pluckers formed and re-formed. Teenagers wearing official purple T-shirts worked diligently hauling and sorting trash for recycling. Overhead a formation of geese made its way north. From off in the woods the sounds of merriment wafted making a cacophony of sounds; voices, banjos, shouts, geese, and guitars all lifted in an atonal celebration.



One of many musical molecules that formed on the fringes of the festival.

Folklore: The Minstrel Cycle

by Bill Ponsot

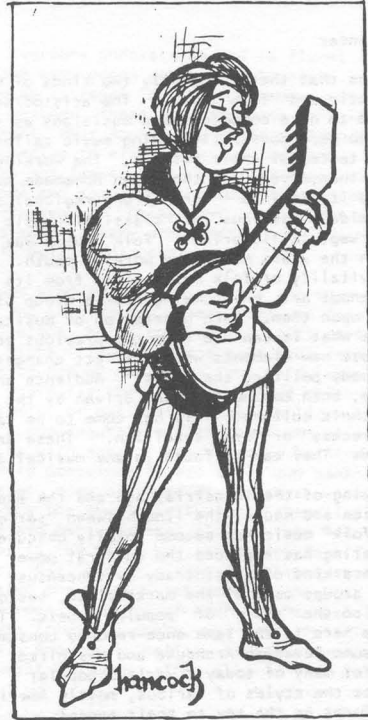
The street singer is no stranger to anyone living in an urban community these days. The familiar sight of a performer on the corner, guitar in hand, singing standards and original compositions has been with us for some time. Although there are some exceptions, the vast majority of these performers are singing folk music. Their heritage as street singers is a long and proud one, with forebears in every culture that has existed since Homer. It is a sad sign of our times that such an individual is often held in low regard by society in general; and viewed with a mixture of scorn, awe, admiration, and apathy by the passer-by in particular. It has not always been so, as such singers held positions of honor, sometimes royal appointments and titles.

For our purposes, it will be adequate to begin with the bard as one of the earliest historically recorded singers. Undoubtedly, his existence precedes the 6th century; but is from that point that Welsh lore makes mention of him. As a member of the Welsh tribes, it was the bard's duty to raise the battle cry in war, sing of the tribe's exploits in peace, celebrate the gods in song, and chronicle the tribe's history. By the 10th century, these tribes came to be united under Prince Howel Dda. He considered the bard an extremely important member of the tribal community and so created a position for him which included a rank, wages for his work, and the establishment of laws outlining his duties and privileges.

There were positions of seniority and lesser ranks designated by colors. The higher one's rank, the more colors one was allowed to wear - hence the origin of plaid, later used to identify clans. Some one hundred years later (c1066), the Normans invaded Britain and Wales, introducing among other things, a new name for the bard: the minstrel. At the same time, across the English Channel in southern France, Provencale literature was beginning to develop.

The "Trouvere," or Troubadour, was the poet/singer who wrote and performed his work in the courts of Provence, Spain, and Italy. His writing was poetic rather than historical in nature for the most part; but, like the bard, he was well treated. He was always welcome at court and rewarded, sometimes very handsomely, for his talents. Arnaut Daniel was one of the most famous troubadours; credited with inventing the *sestina* and considered the most gifted troubadour of the court of Richard the Lionhearted and greatly admired by Dante and Petrarch.

By the 12th century there was a German counterpart to the troubadour; the "minnesinger" (from the German *minne* - "love"); strictly speaking, a singer of love songs, but his art embraced the broad realm of lyrical poetry, including religious and political songs. Usually the minnesinger was a knight who entertained at his regional court. The classical composer Richard Wagner used several minnesinger's lives and writings as foundations for his operas. "Tannhauser" was named after one, and the central character in the opera is based on his life. Minnesinger *Wolfen Von Eschenbach's* epic poem "Parzival" inspired both "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin," and his character also appeared in "Tannhauser." As the 14th century rolled around, the German feudal system was deteriorating and the minnesinger's existence with it. He was to be replaced by the "meistersinger," a common performer entertaining the people.



The role of the minstrel remained much the same for several centuries thereafter. In 19th century America, at the height of slavery and its subsequent abolishment, the minstrel show was a common form of entertainment in the South. These performers adapted the role set by their European predecessors, but with a little twist: white performers in blackface (usually a charcoal mixture covering them from the neck up), mimicking the slave work force. After the Emancipation, blacks themselves found it a lucrative living; though that only meant they were more likely to eat than not. Travelling-show circuits were developed and operated by promoters from major cities, and often referred to as the "tent circuit" since the show was offered just outside of towns in portable tents.

By the 1880's, these shows were being called vaudeville, a bastardization of the French "Vau de Vire," which had come to signify songs of the Valley of Vire. By the turn of this century, the vaudeville circuit was firmly established, syndicated, and moving into popular song routines, away from its comedic folk-blues beginnings. Some forty years later, theaters which had served the vaudeville circuit were being transformed into movie houses; the tent circuit was re-establishing itself with artists like Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith.

With the advent of recording early this century, "everyman's" access to music became a profound influence on future performers. As radio enveloped the country, thousands of would-be performers were inspired, and this has become an ongoing cycle. The result has been an increasing number of knowledgeable, sometimes talented, ambitious performers crowding the street corners just to have an audience.



Process vs. Style

by Peter Spencer

It used to be that there were only two kinds of music, "serious" music and "folk" music. The aristocracy could afford to hire composers and musicians as salaried retainers who were constantly making music tailored to the refined tastes of their patrons. The working classes entertained themselves with their own homemade music which formed itself into a very strong regional and ethnic types worldwide. "Serious" or "classical" music was notated and kept in libraries. "Folk" music was handed down through the years mostly by word of mouth. The tremendous vitality of folk music comes from its status as an indigenous art, one coming from a group of people, not imposed upon them. Each generation of musical caretakers keeps what it can use from the previous generation and adds those new elements which reflect changes in the group, the body politic, the "folk." Audience and musician are one, both coming from and driven by the same regional, ethnic culture. This has come to be called the "folk process" or "oral tradition." These are not made-up terms. They can be found in any musical dictionary.

With the coming of the Industrial age and the explosion of information and media, the line between "serious" music and "folk" music has become totally obscured. Modern marketing has replaced the cultural power of royalty with a kind of aristocracy by consensus. Large demographic groups control the marketplace, bestowing their favor on the "stars" of "popular" music. The relationship here is the same once-removed consumerism as that of some Bavarian Archduke and his hired virtuosi. Yet many of today's various popular musicians use the styles of various, mostly American, folk music forms as the key to their appeal.

Where does that leave us? This cooperative seems to be dedicated to preserving "folk" music in the old sense of the term, before it was swamped in the marketplace and made meaningless. Yet we are writing songs and securing copyrights just like everybody else. We are then required to define ourselves and "folk music" in terms that the uninitiated will understand in 1982. In his article in COOP #5, Brian Rose says, "This traditional or perennial style can be described both in form and content." Later he refers to "the traditional form that can be felt and identified as folk." The problem with "perennial style" or "traditional form" is that they are constantly referred to in the singular. I agree that the world is shrinking but, Rev. Moon notwithstanding, all citizens of the world are not yet of one regional or ethnic group. In the days of the strict classical/folk dichotomy there were regional folk music styles without number, worldwide. Each was distinct, had heroes and apprentices, had a history.

Brian Rose, when speaking of music "felt and identified as folk" seems to refer to that moment of self-discovery when one hears music from one's own tribe or region. This leads one to surmise that we are here in this cooperative to rebuild the folk music of our respective regional and ethnic groups, our sphere of inquiry strictly limited by our genetic heritage. This is clearly impossible, for a number of reasons.

The communications revolution in this century has wrought far-reaching changes in our society. Regionalism in the old sense has all but disappeared, and young folk artists can choose their influences from comprehensive archives rather than accepting a music whole from a regional hierarchy. For example, in the '30s and '40s a small group of leftist idealogues, centered in the urban northeast, concluded that folk music could be an effective tool for organization and propaganda. The music they made for these purposes mixed the Anglo-American ballad and broadside tradition with tunes and styles from white country music. According to the arguments of Brian Rose, the urban audience for this music, many of them immigrants or the children of immigrants, would not have accepted it as folk music because they couldn't "identify" it as part of their indigenous tribal heritage. Yet this has become the folk music of the labor movement, and audiences who would be lost on an Oklahoma farm will cheerfully sing "This Land is Your Land" and consider it a part of their culture.

In defining folk music in 1982, we are hamstrung in these matters of style. The changing face of society, the rise of mass culture, the commercial use of certain folk music styles to secure audience identification, all these render discussions of a single Capital-F folk music style meaningless. Does that mean that folk music can't exist in 1982? We, of course, are bound to say that it can. But if we ignore the vast heritage of the world's regional music and concentrate instead on recreating one particular style, with no real knowledge of how styles come to be in the first place, we are edging closer and closer to the fantasy world of the "folksy" Art Song. A knee-jerk dismissal of a given type of regional or ethnic music on purely stylistic grounds runs directly counter to the way folk music traditions are passed on.

As an example of the way folk music traditions are passed on, and kept current, let us look at the story of Roy Byrd, also known as Professor Longhair. Longhair came from New Orleans, long a hotbed of regional American music. Jelly Roll Morton "invented" jazz there in the early years of the twentieth century, and Louis Armstrong perfected it some twenty years later. New Orleans' music has always been strongly rooted in the community; and in New Orleans the community, and by extension the music, is incredibly diverse. There are Cajun French, white hillbillies, country blacks, Caribbean blacks, Mexican-Spanish, American Indians, and half-castes of every description. Roy Byrd heard the music of all

these musical peoples while playing piano in honky-tonks and barrelhouses in the '30s. He took his strongly rooted Black American music style and, in a series of revolutionary records made in the '40s and '50s, added the carnival polyrhythms of Latin American music and the harmonic sophistication of European quadrilles and marches. He took the strong piano traditions of James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, Little Brother Montgomery, and many others, and altered them according to his own vision of music and the audience. After his death in 1978, his music was carried on by modern New Orleans rhythm-and-blues groups like the Meters, the Neville Brothers, and the Wild Tchoupitoulas.

Those whose criteria for "folk" music are strictly stylistic would not call Professor Longhair a folk musician. But he is an important link in a strong tradition. Granted, his music was made on piano, drums, and saxophone. Granted, he had a certain limited commercial success with his records. But the argument that commercial success disqualifies work from being folk music is elitist. Further, the argument that a form is incorrect stylistically—because it is played on the wrong instruments to the wrong people—is racist. Even the most ethnocentric of us must admit that the indigenous music of any one tribe is as valid a folk art as that of any other, no matter what the style. Professor Longhair's music was true "people's culture." It arose directly out of a specific community and journeyed, with that community, to a new place. The combination of diverse elements in the music mirrors and serves as a metaphor for the combination of entire cultures—the "melting pot" if you will. Well-educated urban guitarist/singers can do the same work, with the proper understanding of the folk process.

The New York Folk Festival

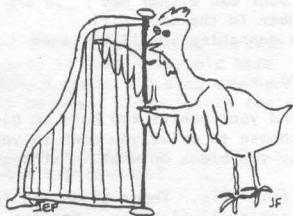
by Bill Ponsot

Next month, from August 6 through 15, The Second Annual New York Folk Festival will be presented at different venues and parks throughout the city. Jeff Trackman, one of the organizers, told us "the by-word is to be as diverse as possible and inclusive as possible. We try not to get into any rigid categorization of what is and what is not folk music, so we have included jazz and blues." There is no firm programming as yet, with a couple of big grants still pending, but Mr. Trackman felt sure that many of the featured performers from last year's effort would be appearing again.

There are two major differences between last year and now. For one thing, the entire festival is to be a benefit for the "Impact On Hunger Group", a public-awareness organization geared toward raising public consciousness and increasing the public's involvement with all the other world-hunger groups. The other thing is that the festival's promoters are changing their corporate name and stated purpose. They will now be known as "Folk Works, A Public Interest Production Group."

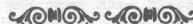
"What we're trying to do," continues Mr. Trackman, "is to be a completely non-profit organization, working year-round, devoted exclusively to, on one hand, good music, and on the other, doing fundraisers and benefits for other non-profit groups. Because, if you're a small political or educational organization, you won't know how to stage a benefit for yourself. We'll provide professional-level services for the kind of show major promoters wouldn't touch since they must be concerned with the bottom line in order to survive. They can't afford the time to develop benefit performances, so that's what we're doing."

The festival, so far, will be using the facilities at Folk City, Town Hall, The Village Gate, and will include a show in Times Square and a children's show in Prospect Park. The overall diversity of the festival depends on which grants come through, but, regardless, they are predicting a good time for all. Last year's audience was an enthusiastic one, though small at some shows. With that experience under their belts, Folk Works claims it can only get better. They are seeking volunteers, musicians, artists, and fundraisers, so if you are interested, you can contact Jeff Trackman at Impact's office: 91 First Pl., Brooklyn, NY/ 750-9893



Plucking the harp
"Chicken revenge"

Loren Moss



New Faces/Up and Coming

by Rosemary Kirstein

Last month I mentioned in passing how the May 23rd Up & Coming impressed me. The evening felt like a real event, and the most interesting thing was that all the elements that contributed to that feeling were in the hands of the musicians themselves. Flyers were distributed beforehand, very clever and eye-catching ones. A lyric booklet was provided, very useful, as a couple of the evening's performers specialized in complex lyrics. They even provided the audience with a special treat by singing backup on some of each other's songs.

Most impressive of all was the performers' own excitement and involvement. A lot of lip-service has been paid lately to the idea of musicians "supporting" each other, but the definition of this has always been vague to me. That evening was the perfect example of what the term can mean.

Marilyn J., Thom Morlan, Mary Reynolds, and Frank Mazzetti seemed genuinely to like each other's music, and they seemed genuinely interested in helping each other present that music to its best advantage. This focus of effort gave the audience the impression that they were witnessing something important.

FRANK MAZZETTI has always displayed this sort of interest and enthusiasm. Although I've seen him around town for several years, this was my first opportunity to hear him present an entire set of his music. Mazzetti's style is laid-back and comfortable. His songs, whether they are love songs or satires, have a positive feeling to them, a sense of maturity without cynicism, of perspective with no loss of idealism.

Instrumentally, Mazzetti's approach tends to be basic. Occasionally this detracts, as in his interpretation of "Folsom Prison Blues." But even when he makes an obvious mistake, the great warmth in his music renders the fluff simply irrelevant. Mazzetti's not performing in the sense of showing off; he's communicating. Music is how he does it.

A good example of the strength of communication he's capable of is the song, "Where is the Love?" In it, he makes us experience the sorrow of a love that has faded away (without reason). His images are poignant and carefully chosen. In the first verse, as he's throwing out the possessions that remind him of his old lover, "There goes the guitar I bought on your twenty-sixth birthday/ There go the glazed pots where potted plants never would grow/ There go the pictures of Paris and Parkville, Missoura/ But where is the love that we felt all those young years ago?"

The accompaniment to this perfectly underscores the bleakness of the emotions; a few well-chosen notes carefully paralleling the melody. And he is not being basic here. This is simple in execution only, not in conception.

Mazzetti's second set demonstrated his effect on his audience. He was sitting in the audience, drinking some wine and enjoying the act, when the time came for him to get back onstage. He didn't bother. He simply picked up his guitar, leaned back from the table, and began singing. He caught us up in his spirit. We sang, too. We wondered along with him, who the "they" was behind the old sayings that "they say," and declared enthusiastically that "if they're gonna catch a friend of the old 'Mazzett, they're gonna need a stronger net."

Like Mazzetti's, MARILYN J.'s melodies lean toward country and western, and her accompaniments are also basic (in fact, more so), but less by choice than necessity. She seems a very young songwriter, fledgling one might say. Her stock of chords is not yet large, but over this handful of chords she has constructed some truly astonishing lyrics.

Her view of life is the opposite of Mazzetti's. All is darkness. She is "doomed to live in New York City/ On a block where accidental babies/ Went out with the trash," In this song, "Breaking Glass," she piles image upon image, madness upon anger, upon frustration, and yet seems to keep fighting for some unseen, undetermined goal. Perhaps that fight is her very definition of life.

Her view is not one I completely agree with, but there is a lot of truth in it. In "Basement Years," she says:

You can challenge or you can obey
You're on your own either way
Just remember in the end, girl
There's no guarantee you'll be saved

and later in the song. . .

If they find your habits too hard to please
They may choose to drive you down to your knees
They'll lay the blame on what is strange in you

Every one of us has felt this. Those of us who feel it still are those who are still fighting. Marilyn J. not only makes us see what she sees around us, she cuts to the bone to show us what we are made of.

THOM MORLAN seems to see some of the same things that Marilyn J. does, but he does not stand in the midst of them. His perspective is therefore broader, and I think truer. He shows us light as well as dark, and even humor on occasion.

Like Marilyn J., he packs his lyrics. Sometimes this works very well, as in "Gallery 14." As full as this song is, each phrase is carefully chosen. The end result is a perfect portrait of the madness of that scene. Sometimes, however, this can result in overkill, as in "Burning Churning." The song churns too much, and can't be followed. But that's more the exception than the rule.

One of Morlan's songs which has particularly impressed me is "The Darkness of the Park." It deals with the pain a young man suffers in trying to help his girlfriend overcome the fear of love that has crippled their relationship since she was raped a year ago. He struggles to understand, and make her understand his need:

The streets are so quiet tonight
I'll hold your hand, don't be afraid
The coast is clear

And later he says:

I can't get you to remember far back enough
To when we'd walk through the park
Kissing and saying 'I love you
I love you, too

28 This is the first time I've heard of this issue being treated from the other side. Morlan shows a great deal of sensitivity and perceptivity.

But Morlan has more than just good lyrics; the songs are musically interesting, with strong melodies driven by his trademark high-energy rhythms. He has good stage presence and interpretive ability and puts on a fine show.

But the performer I enjoyed most that evening was MARY REYNOLDS.

Reynolds is the very personification of utter professionalism. Her repertoire embraces the entire field of modern popular music, from "folkie" favorites like Joni Mitchell through country and western, all the way to Broadway and jazz.

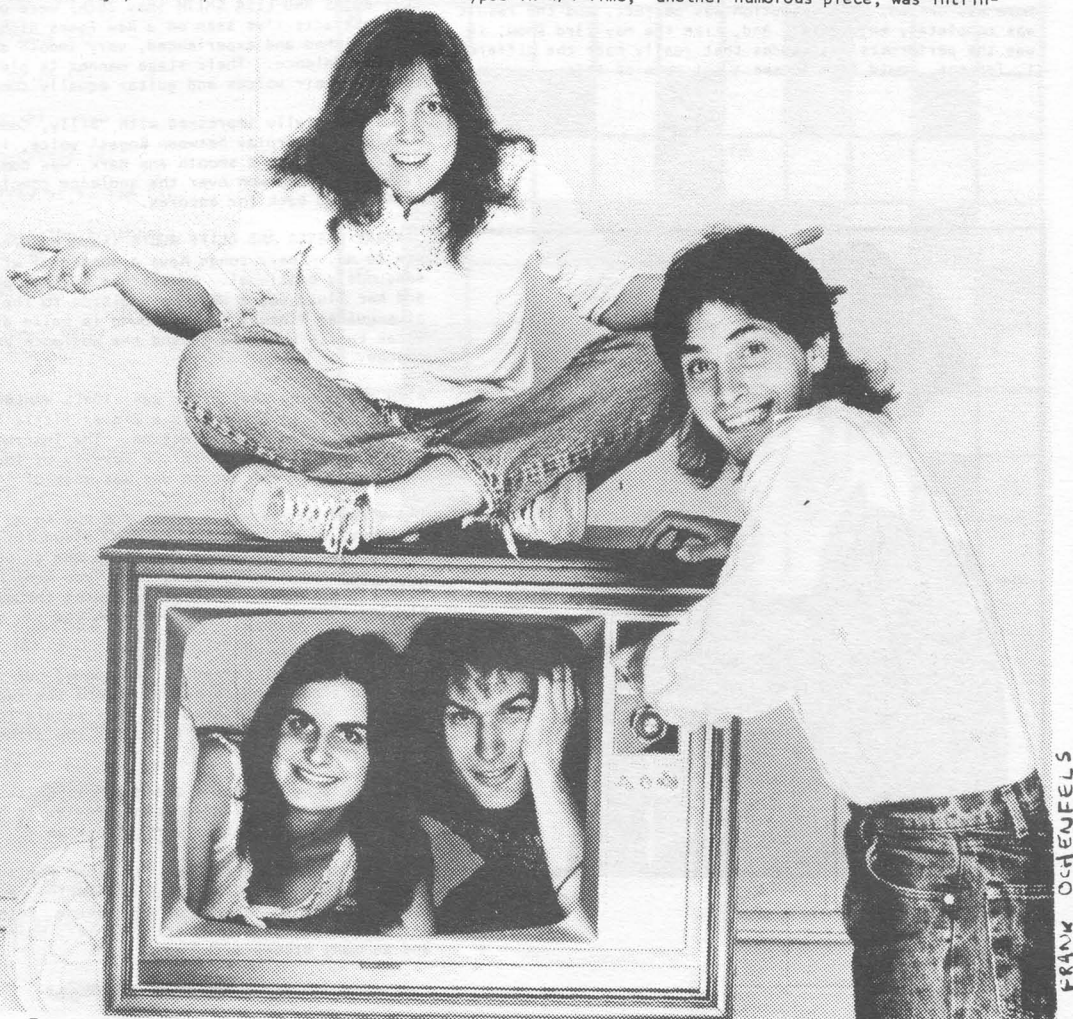
For example, on one of her evenings she did Duke Ellington's "Do Nothing 'Till You Hear From Me," complete with scat singing. Now, I've never liked scat singing, it's always seemed overly cute and artificial to me. But Reynolds showed me that scat singing just gives the human voice the opportunity that other instruments take for granted: the chance to improvise. I guess I just never hear it done right before. She has the unique ability to communicate the love she has for music to her audience, and make them feel it themselves, even in the face of former prejudices. Yes, she has even caused me to enjoy country and western.

Reynolds is aided by a voice which is not only beautiful but perfectly adaptable and remarkable expressive. She can soar through Eldridge's "The Sound of Your Strings,"

and growl when needed in a jazz number. Her guitar is the perfect match for her voice. Her arrangements are deceptive; she executes them so smoothly that they seem simpler than they are. There is little flashiness, but much musical sophistication (jazz influence here).

Reynolds was backed up that evening by DOUG WATERMAN, with whom she also shared the bill on May 9th. Waterman has been benefitting greatly from his association with Reynolds. His overall musicianship (not at all lacking to begin with) seems suddenly to have taken a giant step forward, and in a direction that seems to show her influence.

I showed up late on May 9th (trapped in Mother's Day traffic), and so only managed to catch the last three songs of Waterman's solo set, and I'm afraid those three songs were not entirely representative of his style. "Judy, the Catholic Bellydancer" has the sort of quirky humor that only Waterman's boyish ingeniousness could carry off. "Apocalypse in 4/4 Time," another humorous piece, was intrin-



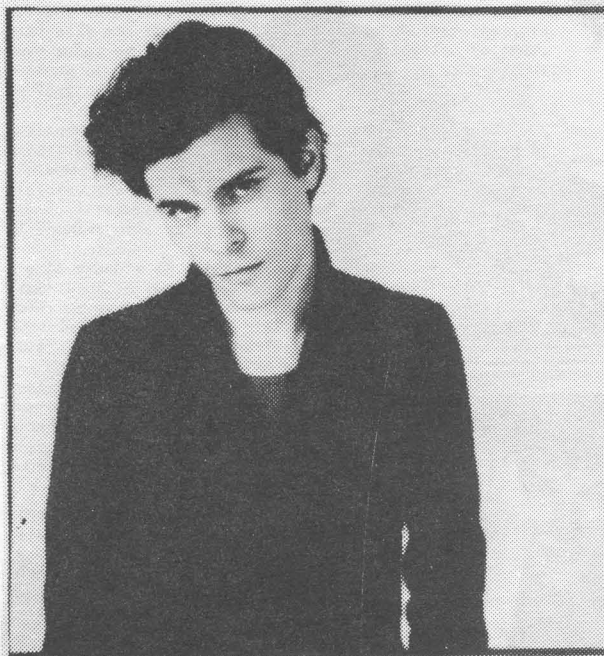
Top: Mary Reynolds, bottom, L to R : Marilyn J., Frank mezzetti, Tom Morlan

sically stronger, and depended less on delivery. Where were you the day the world was supposed to end? According to Waterman, next time the planets align, "it's gonna be 'surf's up' in a really big way. . ."

"Terms and Conditions" is a better example of what he is best at. Waterman has adopted from pop music the idea that memorable melodies and catchy lyrics are important, without accepting the extra baggage of pop's superficiality. The song deals with a married woman's attempt at seduction, and the reasons behind it, and has a compelling eeriness to the mood that augments the story.

Waterman and Reynolds joined forces with SUSAN BREWSTER for an entire set. Although execution varied, the attempt was inspiring. It was such a nice change to hear more than one voice at a time.

The set started off very strongly with Malcom Brook's "Round Town Jimmy." After a night of soloists, the sudden three-part harmony was startling and exciting. Another song that went over well was "Under the Boardwalk." On both of these numbers the arrangements were basically simple, but nothing more was needed. The execution was perfect, and the result was completely enjoyable. And, like the May 23rd show, it was the performers' attitudes that really made the difference. I, for one, would love to see a lot more of this.



Eric Wood

Photo: Hank Young

On May 9th and June 13th, the "strictly acoustic" Speak Easy was invaded by electric instruments and suffered not at all, in fact undeniably benefitted. ERIC WOOD AND THE REASONS are a compelling, exciting act. Wood's stage manner is polished without being studied. His songs crackle with energy, and he seems to give himself completely to that energy, yet is always in control of the total effect. The world as he presents it is dark and full of wild winds, but Wood doesn't fight them - he throws himself into them and rides.

A good encapsulation of his style can be found in "River Ride." "The river ride is deep and wide, it's suicide or swim/ What's waiting on the other side depends on where you've been. . ." The music rose and fell in waves, Wood's delivery varied from hissing whispers to wails as dictated by the emotions of the song. The lead guitarist and bassist followed, sometimes clattering, sometimes shuffling, using the textures of their instruments as Wood used his voice. The result was hypnotic, as fascinating as danger.

SUZY BOGAS AND LISA SMITH (May 26th) were one of the slickest acts I've seen on a New Faces night. They are accomplished and experienced, very smooth and responsive to the audience. Their stage manner is pleasant and breezy, their voices and guitar equally competent.

I was especially impressed with "Billy, Come Home, Now," where the interplay between Bogas' voice, lovely and clear, and Smith's smooth and dark, was complex and flawless. They won over the audience completely, and were called back for encores.

JANUARY LASTER AND CLIFF RUBIN (same evening) were also new to me. Their songs have a wonderful wild romanticism, sensuously emotional. Laster has a rich, passionate voice, and her flute was a welcome addition to the standard voice-plus-guitar lineup. Their sound is quite different from Speak Easy's usual fare, and the audience and I enjoyed the change.

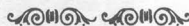
Also performing that night was LIONEL WAHLBERGER. Wahlberger's instrument is a clever little Casio keyboard with a built-in rhythm section. The instrument is surprisingly versatile, but once the novelty of the sound wore off, it seemed that not enough use was made of its potentials.

I'm afraid Wahlberger's songs are not to my taste. He has what used to be called a "cosmic" viewpoint, where mankind is expected to subjugate itself to the universe at large. In "Lightning," he declares that "you are/ Lightning spiralling through you/ Water flowing through you/ Wind blowing through you/ And you think you own everything coming through!"

Well, yes, he has correctly catalogued our component parts, but even a chair has a nature beyond the fact that it is made of wood. Wahlberger seems to want people to be everything except people, and rails at us for the arrogance of possessing identity.

His "hit" song, "Drawing the Map," is quite amusing, however. In it, he uses a childish point of view to show us how foolish politics can seem. It's very effective.

Once again, I'm afraid that deadlines won't permit me to include some of the acts I saw this month. So in the next issue, expect to hear about Rae Monroe, Peter Demuth, Maggie Garrett, Susan Brewster, Ari Eisinger, Hollywood Dick Doll, and as many others as I can fit in.



Cryptic Puzzle by Fresno Slim

Some anagrams, some puns, others not.

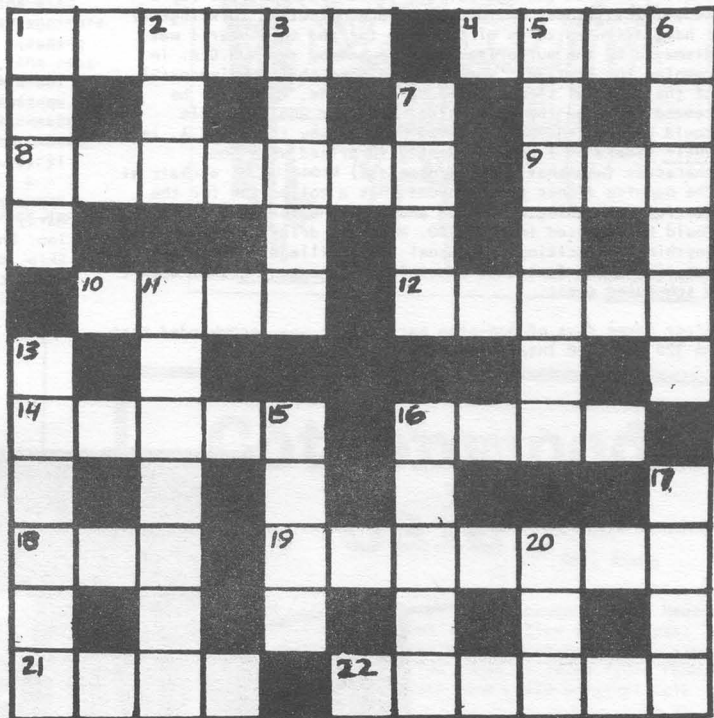
Cryptic puzzle by Fresno Slim

ACROSS

1. (with 8A) See Terraplane Bluesman re. non-short job. (6,7)
4. Takes risk and makes irate (4)
9. Correlative for Ron (3)
10. Lady Jane or Zane (4)
12. Item dusted by 1A (5)
14. C.C. or Easy (5)
16. Doodle's conveyance (4)
18. Axe for Godfrey or T. Tim (3)
19. Mel rode to singing brothers of the '30's (7)
21. Lee's another (4)
22. Some try to beat this, Others have one (6)

DOWN

1. Potentate is slightly open, strangely (4)
2. Humbug leader (3)
3. Met's slugger is out of practice (5)
5. Asian city showed film of Sellers, Secombe, or Milligan? (7)
6. Small item, sometimes jumbo. It's dead in song by 1A. (6)
7. Shun a certain revolver; s nose (4)
11. Singing brakeman's dog errs. (7)
13. Use oar oddly to get excited. (6)
15. Foxy fellow (4)
16. Pretty girl of folksong fame. (5)
17. Abound at reverse athletic event. (4)
20. Tot becomes a giant slugger. (3)



Rm. 320

If a festival isn't a festival, make it one. The theory of constructive anarchy has always intrigued me. It initiates many of the "good" ideas that are later coopted into the commercial mainstream. One such idea was the college coffee house festival started by a couple of interested parties five years ago in Oneonta (among them, Angela Page, Jeri Golstein Izzy Rheinish). This festival was set up quickly as an alternative to, though embraced by, and just as quickly co-opted by the N.E.C. (now the N.A.C.A.). But it still happens every year. Numerous college coffee houses send numerous representatives to hear numerous acts (predominately folksingers) I have attended three of these so far and this year I was dismayed by the authoritarian tone set by the N.A.C.A. in running the festival. Where in the past the coordinator(S) of the festival seemed to be on our side, this time he seemed to be on the their side. (another whole article could be written and inserted here on why the N.A.C.A. is their side). So I was pleasantly surprised when some character (who shall remain nameless) stood up on a chair at the opening dinner and announced that a collection for the beerfund was being taken up and that the portable bar would be situated in room 320. Not that drinking beer is anything so exciting or unusual for a village folksinger, but it was the fact that something was happening that wasn't a scheduled event.

After three days of non-stop partying it was recommended that Rm 320 be moved intact to the Smithsonian.

The festival itself is set up for the colleges to book their coffee house programs for the coming year. Everyone conspicuously plays down the natural competitiveness of it, but it is there. (Hearing one female performer introduce another as a "budding young talent" from New York, etc.) This year the other musicians were less openly hostile to the New York contingent than last year. But lets face it, the New York contingent sticks out and stands out. First of all it is a contingent. The sense of community shines. Even people that are not normally associated with each other in New York stick together (fish out ofwater flock together or something like that)

The N.A.C.A. seems to try to keep this festival a secret. My application for the festival arrived two days before. Even after applying one has to be chosen by lottery. But as someone said, that is the only way to get good musicians there. If it was left to the N.A.C.A. ...

Representing New York were Rod MacDonald, Suzanne Vega, Jack Hardy, Jamboree, David Roche, Skip Barthold and Frank Christian. Under the "where there's a will there's a way" dept, Skip Barthold had gotten his application in too late so he was not chosen. But he went anyway., as Speak Easy's representative (its a co-op isn't it?) and then ended up filling in for some one who didn't show. More creative anarchy.



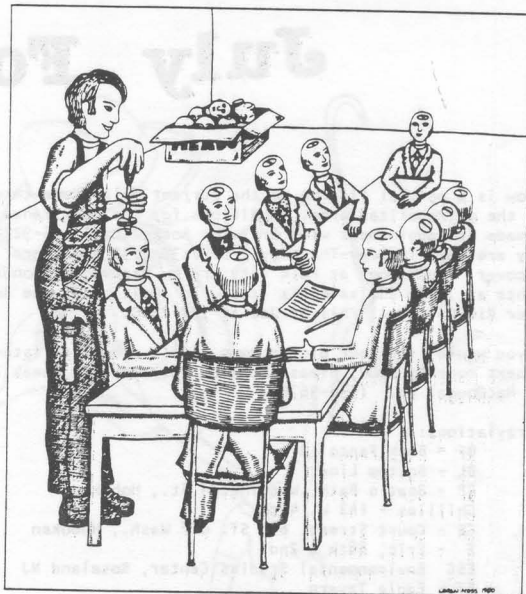
Chuck Feiner

A view of Rm. 320 as recreated in the Smithsonian Wax Museum. The wax figure is a good likeness of Jeff (Moose) Hardy.

The festival is set up as a series of "showcases" where performers do 20 min. sets and then "round robins" where these performers and other not so lucky performers sit around and trade off songs. This year they tried (to no avail) to keep people in their appointed "round robins". Meanwhile some people were busy appointing or should I say ordaining Frank Christian as the Right Reverend Round Robin, (which still has to be explained to me) The true Round Robins and the crux of the festival were the late night jam sessions in the Dorm in the vicinity of Rm 320. The first night it was all "Lowest common denominator" jamming, but by the third night I had wished I had a tape recorder as musicians now had a feel for each other and were making some great music.

I suppose some people even get jobs out of this festival (many of which aren't worth playing). The colleges have to learn to be more creative in their booking. If I see one more show and tell performer (one song on the dulcimer, one song on the piano, one on the instrument of your choice, the rest on guitar) I willand they wonder why no one attends their coffee houses. It takes work to book a good program. This festival just seems to reinforce laziness on the part of the colleges. Better yet, the musicians can take the initiative, and more of them can crash the festival next year, drink more beer, in Rm 320, and make it even more of a festival.

-- Jack Hardy



Loren Moss



Chuck Hancock

Cottonwood Cafe

Gary Boehm

The Cottonwood Cafe is owned by Stan Tankusky, Terry Newton and Jerry Jackson and has been in operation for the past year and a half. It is located at 415 Bleeker Street, almost at Hudson Street. There are two rooms, a large front room, where food is served, and a back room where original folk music is the main course.

The musical end of things is under the auspices of Jerry, a singer/songwriter himself. He describes his music as lyrically oriented and located somewhere in the Folk/Pop Nebulae. His desire is to locate singer/songwriters who write good lyrics and to give them "an opportunity to play and develop an audience". To do this Jerry generally gives a performer one night a week for several months. Sometime in the fall he would like to start an open mike on Sundays or Mondays.

Each night (every night except Sunday) the show begins between 10:30 and 11:00 until there is no longer an audience. Jerry usually plays a short set, "to keep my chops up" while the scheduled performer takes a break.

While there is no cover charge, nor a minimum, the performers are paid an unspecified amount "comparable to what other Village Folk clubs are paying". Anyone wishing to play at the Cottonwood should get a cassette to Jerry with 3 or 4 original songs. The quality of the tape is not important, nor must the performance be polished. The lyric is the message.

July Folk Listings

Below is a partial listing of the current folk scene throughout the metropolitan area. Auditions for the Back Fence may be made by appointment with Ernie or Rocky (call 475-9221.) They are held Tuesday-Thursday from 7:30-8:30 and there is no cover. Auditions at Folk City are by drawing on Monday nights at 7:00, admission is free. To audition at the Red River Rib Co., call Phil or Joe at 777-2540.

If you would like your gig or your club's schedule listed in next month's COOP, please contact Jai Moore at Speak Easy 107 MacDougal st. (598-9670).

Abbreviations:

BF - Back Fence
 BL - Bottom Line
 BP - Beat'n Path, Washington St., Hoboken
 Chillies - 142 W. 44th
 CS - Court Street, 6th ST. off Wash., Hoboken
 E - Eric, 88th & 2nd
 ESC Environmental Studies Center, Roseland NJ
 ET - Eagle Tavern
 FC - Folk City
 JP - J.P.'s, 76th & 1st
 K - Kenny's
 MC - Mudd Club
 OEC Other End Cafe
 OEM Other End Main
 RRR Red River Rib Co.

- July 1 NIGHT SPRITE - DIANA JAMES (OEM)
 DEE ARCHER (K)
 ELLIOT OSBORNE (OE Cafe)
 GENT & WEISS (BF)
 JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 DOUG WATERMAN (B'P)
 EILEEN WEISS (B'P)
- July 2 ROGER BARTLET (K)
 SMITHEREENS (OE Cafe)
 EVEN MONEY (BF)
 RICK & 3B'S (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 EMILY RAMLER (OEM)
 ROOMFUL OF BLUES/BIG SKY MUD FLAP w/J. Roderick-BL
- July 3 TRAINDRIVER (BF)
 JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 JAMBOREE - Lincoln Center
 AZTEC TWO STEP (OEM)
 FIDDLE FEVER (ET)
 ROOMFUL ETC. (see July 2 - BL)
- July 4 CLIFF EBERHARDT (OE Cafe)
 EVEN MONEY (BF)
 BRAD DONOVAN (BF)
 JAMBOREE - Lincoln Center
- July 5 SHAWN CALVIN (OEC)
 BOB HORAN (BF)
 LYNN HANEY (BF)
 OPEN STAGE (B'P)
 TIM WEISBERG (BL)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 IRISH SEISUN (ET)
 AUDITION NITE (FC)

- July 6 BOB HORAN (BF)
 SUSAN PIPER (BF)
 CLIFF EBERHARDT (K)
 ART BLAKEY & JAZZ MESSENGERS (BL)
 ELVIN JONES & JAZZ MACHINE (BL)
 GOING STRAIGHT (OEM)
 TERESA CAKE (OEM)
 MIDNIGHT JAM (FC)

- July 7 DAVID MASSENGILL (OEC)
 EVEN MONEY (BF)
 FRANKLIN MICARRE/LAURA DEAN (BL)
 MARK HOULIFF (OEM)
 JERSEY BOUNCE (OEM)
 TRAD. ENG/SCOT/IRISH (ET)

- July 8 ELLIOT OSBORNE (OEC)
 FRESH AIRE (BF)
 JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 GEORGE & O'BRIEN (B'P)
 ETTA JAMES / LILI ANEL (OEM)

- July 9 EVEN MONEY (BF)
 RICK & 3 B'S (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 PETER ROWAN (FC)
 BETTY CARTER TRIO (BL)
 RICHIE COLE & ALTO MADNESS (BL)
 BILL CHINOCK (OEM)

- July 10 FLOOR MODELS (K)
 CANE BREAKE RATTLERS (ET)
 MAJOR CANTAY (ET)
 BILL CHINOCK (OEM)
 SPEEDO (BF)
 FRESH AIRE (BF)
 JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 SONG PROJECT (FC)
 BETTY CARTER TRIO/RICHIE COLE & ALTO MADNESS (BL)

- July 11 HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL (FC)
 last gig in ny (aft)
 CLIFF EBERHARDT (OEC)
 EVEN MONEY/BRAD DONOVAN (BF)
 REVALONS / PRAGONS (BL)
 BILL CHINOCK (OEM)
 JOSH JOFFEN (CS)

- July 12 SHAWN CALVIN (OEC)
 BOB HORAN / LYNN HANEY (BF)
 COMEDY NITE (B'P)
 STEFAN GRAPELLI (BL)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 IRISH SEISUN (ET)
 AUDITION NITE (FC)

- July 13 GREEN & WINK / BOB HORAN (BF)
 MIDNITE JAM (FC)

- July 14 DAVID MASSENGILL (OEC)
 EVEN MONEY / FRANKLIN (BF)

July 15 ELLIOT OSBORNE (OEC)
 FRESH AIRE / JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 DOUG WATERMAN / FRANK MAZZETTI / MARILYN J. (B'P)
 NEIL GETZ & THE MUMBOS / SANDY ROSE BAND (OEM)
 DAVID MASSENGILL / ROSALIE SORRELLS (MC)

July 16 EVEN MONEY / RICK & 3 B'S (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 CHUBBY CHECKER / BLOTTO (BL)
 ARLEN ROTH (OEM)
 SONG PROJECT (ESC)
 NEON VALLEY BOYS (ET)

July 17 FRESH AIRE / SPEEDO / JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 BEVER BROWN (BL)
 STRANGERS (former H. Chapin Band) (OEM)

July 18 CLIFF EBERHARDT (OEC)
 EVEN MONEY / SHERI BECKER (BF)
 PETER WARD (FC-aft)
 JAMBOREE Cafe Figaro 2-5 PM
 Canterbury Ales - Huntington
 FLOOR MODELS (J.P.)
 JEFF GOLD TRIO (FC)

July 19 SHAWN CALVIN (OE)
 BOB HORAN / HINSCHLAG & SOBERG (BF)
 COMEDY NITE (B'P)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 AUDITION NITE (FC)

July 20 BOB HORAN / TOM RUSSELL (BF)
 GARY US BONDS (BL)
 GROVER KEMBLE / ZAZUZAZ (OEM)
 MIDNITE JAM (FC)

July 21 DAVID MASSENGILL (OE)
 EVEN MONEY / FRANKLIN (BF)
 BEN SILVER & ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN - Chillies
 GARY US BONDS (BL)

July 22 ELLIOT OSBORNE (OE)
 FRESH AIRE / JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 GEORGE & O'BRIEN (B'P)
 GARY US BONDS (BL)
 MARTHA WILCOX (E)

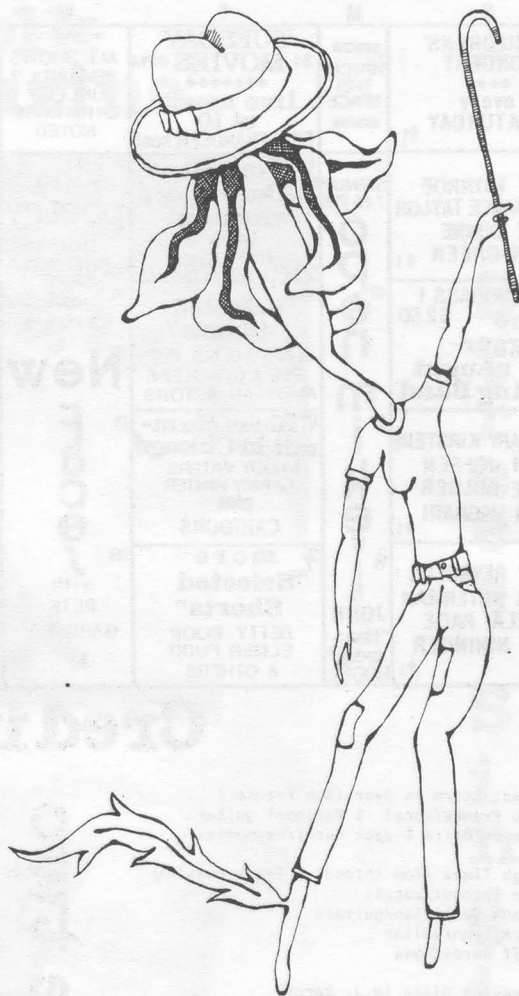
July 23 EVEN MONEY / GENT & WEISS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 GARY US BONDS (BL)
 BEN & KING (OEM)

July 24 SPEEDO / JAMES TREGAS / FRESH AIRE (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 GARY US BONDS (BL)
 BEN E KING (OEM)
 TONY TRISHKA & SKYLINE (ET)

July 25 CLIFF EBERHARDT (OEC)
 EVEN MONEY / BRAD DONOVAN (BF)

July 26 SHAWN CALVIN (OEC)
 BOB HORAN / LYNN HANEY (BF)
 COMEDY NITE (B'P)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 AUDITION NITE (FC)

July 27 BOB HORAN / TOM RUSSELL (BF)
 MIDNITE JAM (FC)



Loren Moss

July 28 DAVID MASSENGILL (OE)
 EVEN MONEY / FRANKLIN (BF)

July 29 ELLIOT OSBORNE (OEC)
 FRESH AIRE / JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)
 DOUG WATERMAN (B'P)
 ROOMFUL OF BLUES (OEM)

July 30 SPEEDO / GENT & WEISS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)

July 31 SPEEDO / FRESH AIRE / JAMES TREGAS (BF)
 ZORKIE (RRR)

SPEAKEASY 107 Macdougall NYC 212 598-9670

(knock twice & tell them "Achmed" sent you--it's in the back room)

JULY 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
CHILDRENS' CONCERT ♦♦♦♦ every SATURDAY 1pm \$1	WATCH THIS SPACE	TUESDAY MOVIES 8PM ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ live music at 10 ERIK FRANSDEN, host	ALL SHOWS 9PM UNTIL ? UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED	1 DOLLAR NIGHT with PAUL KAPLAN	2 PETER TORK The HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL REVUE	
4 RAE MONROE CONSTANCE TAYLOR JOE DUNNE JOHN GREEN \$1	poppenmike with JOHN "Heart-break" HODEL	5 SIGNUP 7:15 PM 6 "Plan Nine in Outer Space" w/Bela Lugosi, Vampira THE WORST SCHEM FILM EVER MADE	7 \$1 7-9 PM poetry with SHELDON BIBER	8 Jon Berger and the Original Longtoe Band \$2.50	9 BILL MORRISSEY GEORGE & O'BRIEN JAMBOREE \$4	
11 BLUEGRASS! The Jugger-naught String Band \$2.50		13 "Selected Shorts" DAFFY, BUGS, POP-EYE & OTHER FINE AMERICAN ACTORS	14 New Faces 9 PM to ?	15 DOLLAR NIGHT with PAUL KAPLAN	16 Artie Traum MARC BLACK \$4	
18 ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN JOSH JOFFEN DAVE BOLGER BOB McGRATH \$1		20 Blues Summit in Chicago MUDDY WATERS JOHNNY WINTER plus CARTOONS	21	22 Bob Dylan Imitators Contest! SWELL PRIZES Judges: MIKE PORCO CYNTHIA GOODING GEOFFREY STOKES \$1 DAVID BLUE	23 The SONG PROJECT LUI COLLINS \$4	
25 MARY REYNOLDS DOUG WATERMAN ANGELA PAGE ANNIE NININGER \$1		27 more "Selected Shorts" BETTY BOOP ELMER FUDD & OTHERS	28 with PETE GARDNER \$1	29 DOLLAR NIGHT with PAUL KAPLAN	30 PETER SPENCER CHRISTINE LAVIN \$4	

Credits

side one

- Great Storm Is Over (Bob Franke.)
Bob Franke/vocal & National guitar
Steven Baird & Jack Hardy/harmonies
- High Times (Tom Intondi & Frank Rossini)
Tom Intondi/vocals
Frank Christian/guitars
Mark Dann/guitar
Jeff Hardy/bass
- Breaking Glass (M.J. Barck)
Marilyn J./vocal and guitar
Mark Dann/bass & guitars
- Roll With The Wind (Brian Rose)
Brian Rose/vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass
Frank Christian/guitar
Jack Hardy & Ben Silver/harmonies
- Route 80 (Lynn Haney)
Lynn Haney/vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass
- Sinner (Vincent T. Vok)
Vincent T. Vok/vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass & guitars

side two

- Delia's Gone (Traditional)
Josh White Jr./vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass
- I Don't Want Love (The Food Song)
(Joe Carrol & Howard McGee)
Martha Wilcox/vocal
Frank Christian/guitar
Jack Hardy, Ben Silver, Gary Boehm, Brian Rose,
Jeff Hardy/fingerboppers
- Joanne Little (Bob Holmes)
Steven Baird/vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass
- The Bottom Line (Dick Doll)
Dick Doll/vocal & guitar
Doll Baby/vocal
Carrington/vocal
Mark Dann/bass
- Don't Let Me Walk Away (Rae Monroe)
Rae Monroe/vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass
- The City Blues (Jeff Gold)
Jeff Gold-vocal & guitar
Mark Dann/bass