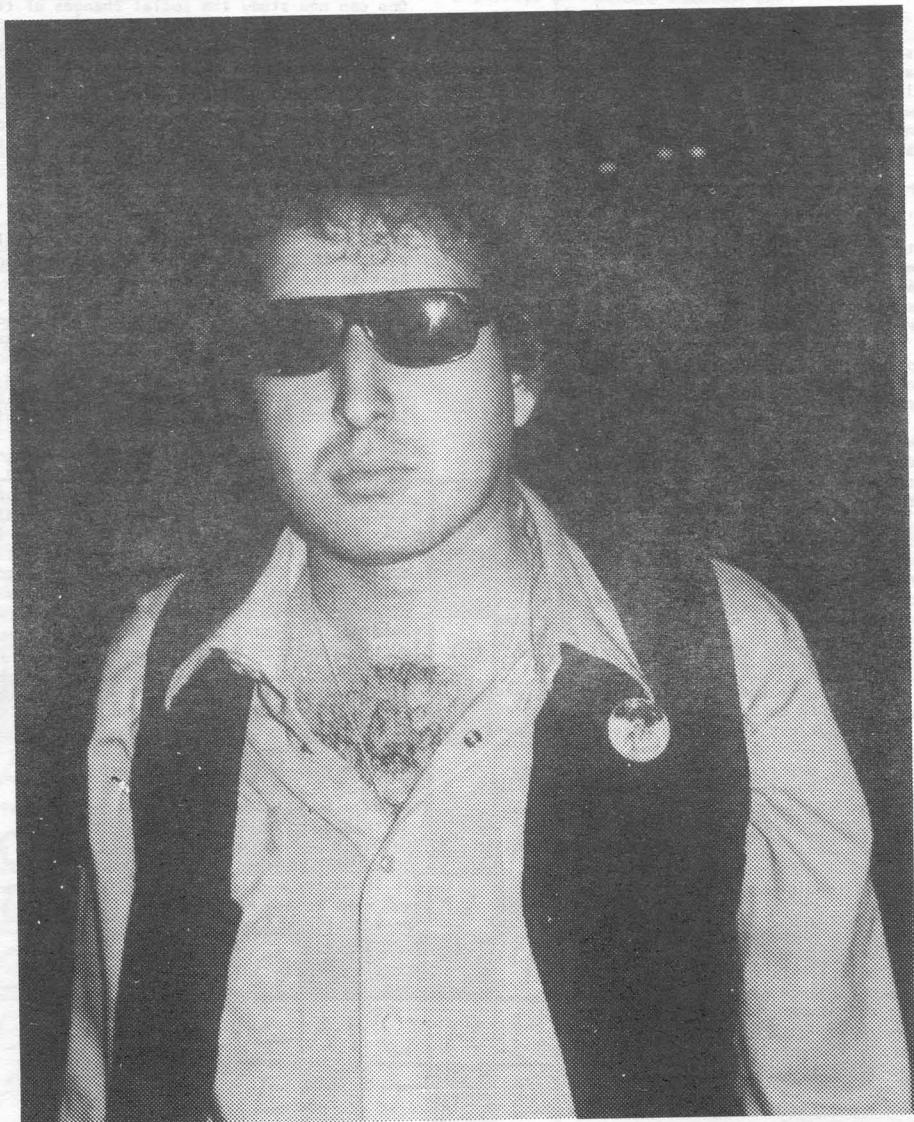


August '82

Vol. 1., #7

the
COOP
The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine



Brian Rose

Bob Dylan #12 or Channel #6
(Richard Channel winner of the Bob Dylan look-alike contest)

Battles of Recognition

I leave him to fight his battles of recognition,
He's so in love with himself he's got no competition.

A lot of people think that Bob Dylan just blew into town, was discovered immediately, and the rest was history. And currently these people believe that they can blow into town, and if they can get discovered, they too can make history. They took at it as a problem of recognition. Herein lies the basic misconception concerning New York: that it is the place to be discovered. In reality New York is a schooling system, a proving ground, indeed perhaps the toughest schooling system in the world. In reality, Bob Dylan arrived in town with a lot of misconceptions and misplaced talent but with one great advantage: he had his eyes and ears open. He sopped up influences quickly (and there were many around). The influences that he brought with him quickly became only one facet of his growing talent and his growing awareness of the power of music. One can now sit and play armchair talent scout and trace which of Dylan's songs reflect Spanish influences (perhaps Cynthia Gooding) or Irish influences (perhaps Tommy Makem and the Clancy brothers), but this is not the point.

The point is that even after his initial recognition, he kept absorbing new influences, pirating them, and regurgitating them a step ahead of his audience (or the other musicians). This was and is New York. Nowhere else are you going to be confronted with so much in so little time. Too many folksingers spend too much time and energy trying to get recognized for what they are doing and too little time and energy working on what they are doing (that for which they want to be recognized).

So what would make over forty folksingers turn themselves into the laughing stocks of a midsummer's evening by imitating Bob Dylan? The answer is as manifold as the phases of a developing career. For some it was putting on a halloween mask and living out one's fantasies under the guise of having fun. For others it was an obsessive tribute to a musical mentor. For others it was a ritualistic shaking-off of excess baggage that had been carried around like an albatross. The vast silent majority of folk musicians did not take part in this ritual, many, perhaps, because it cut too close to the bone. Personally, I could see myself in all of them.

Dylan has been a powerful creative force in songwriting and any serious songwriter would be a fool not to be influenced by him. But, as one singer put it, "We have spent ten years trying not to sound like him." Dylan had the benefit of meeting his mentor (Woody Guthrie), being blessed by him, and even had the benefit of being confronted by his very mortality: a visible case of "passing the torch." It is harder to accept the torch when it is neither offered nor accessible. We have to steal it in absentia and watch while our mentor tries on still other masks in what becomes an absurd display of self-indulgence.

There are many artists who are absorbed by their first major influence. They become disciples at best or mere clones at worst. The trick is to absorb the influence and move on to another source before the influence absorbs you. How is this done? By studying the context, historical, social, and artistic, in which this influential figure lived. Too many of us "challenge the future with a profound lack of history." If one applies this theory to Dylan, one realizes that he comes out of a folk tradition of wandering dustbowl figures, delta blues,

talking blues, etc., already homogenized for him by Woody Guthrie and pasteurized for him by Ramblin' Jack Elliot. Add a dash of pop-culture ambition, and a liberal salting of literature (Steinbeck, Rimbaud, the Bible as literature), and it is easy to trace his history.

One can now study the social changes of the sixties and how its changes affected Dylan, and can thereby follow his development as a phenomenon. One can study his artistic development and can see how he introduced ideas, both lyrically and musically, that had not been used before in folk or rock music. But I still maintain that when the smoke clears, Dylan will only be known as someone who opened some of the artistic doors and will not be the definitive artist in the artistic-song movement. (In some circles this statement is still heresy.)

So where does this leave us? People were not joking when they hyped numerous "new" Bob Dylans to the point where it became a curse to the likes of Prine, Springsteen, Forbert, and Nile. Back to the drawing board: We have to be able to stand on our own accomplishments. We have to absorb as many new influences as we can find, study them, and place them within our framework. There are many avenues that have not yet been explored; others that have not yet been exhausted. Irish music did not begin or end with the Clancy brothers. West Indian music did not begin or end with Harry Belafonte, just as Bob Dylan does not begin or end with Bob Dylan.

One has to recognize how shallow is recognition: when the press whose attention was once so coveted turns against us. The press is interested in selling newspapers and filling space. The fact that your real name is Zimmerman and that your middle-class parents are sitting in the second row makes a much better story than the artistic development of your lyrics. The record company that recorded you by accident is now pushing for you to change the very nature of what is unique about you (they are interested in selling records, not you). The "friends" who toasted you are now cutting you with the forks and knives of jealousy because you have outshined them and reminded them of their own failure. Even your parents, who you tried so hard to convince that you were doing something of merit (while squandering your education), are happier to hear the old familiar songs. And the audience that you took so long to develop only wants to hear your hits. Such is recognition.

We have to transcend this need for recognition. We can only do this by simply recognizing each other, helping each other to develop, listening to each other, and sharing with each other what new influences we have found. Above all we have to be honest with ourselves as to why we want to be recognized, and when we are recognized we have to be able to place it in perspective and move on.

- Jack Hardy

Letters to the Editor

The Fourth of July in Venice

By Brian Rose

The pigeons are fat and happy on the Piazza San Marco from the corn fed them by the American tourists flooding this city of canals, museums, architecture, and above all, imagination. In New York, pigeons are only slightly higher in status than rats, but in Venice... in Venice we imagine that they are seagulls, or doves of peace filling the air with fluttering movement and sound. No one seems to notice the rapaciousness with which they devour the little bags of corn sold by photogenic old ladies working in cahoots with sleazy Polaroid snap-shooters ready to seize the moment for a price.

the COOP The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

Published monthly by the musician's cooperative at
Speak Easy, 107 MacDougal Street, New York, NY 10012
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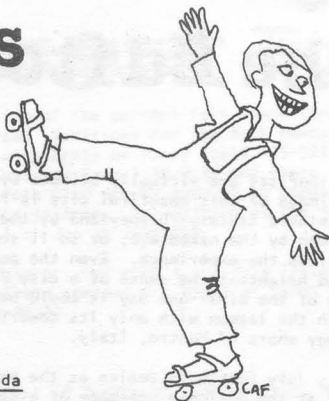
The tourists are virtually blinded by imagination--a truthful image of this beautiful city is replaced with a kind of marketable fantasy--Disneyland by the sea. The city cannot be seen by the naked eye, or so it seems--only the camera verifies the experience. Even the possibility of ruin by flood heightens the sense of a city floating on the outer edge of the mind--one day it could be gone, vanished beneath the lagoon with only its towers poking up off the smoggy shore of Mestre, Italy.

It is July fourth in Venice as the mobs of tourists click away at the delicate presence of history like the pigeons pecking at their corn. I am here almost by accident--a weekend off from work in Germany--a mad dash over the Alps into the dusty summer of Italy. I slip into the ruckus of San Marco with my cameras blazing, picking off tourist after tourist as they stuff the pigeons or crane their necks at the Campanile, the inspiration for such New York landmarks as the Metropolitan Life Insurance building and the water tower at Jones Beach. It is impossible to be a proudly discreet American in the presence of this mob of my countrymen. American tourists are obnoxious enough stateside, but nevertheless laughable. Here they are unforgiveably vulgar for there is little respect paid to protocol as guests in another land. Back home I know that the beaches are crowded and the interstates jammed with holiday traffic, but little did I know that the hordes would overrun Venice as well.

Darkness brings relief to the Piazza San Marco. The mobs have dissipated--it is clear that the day visitors are the real despoilers of peace. The rest of us have settled down in cafes and restaurants, while couples stroll the empty corridors of the city, footsteps echoing, cats prowling, and gondolas creeping like dragons through the canals. Out on the lagoon, the boats fill up with the last of the daily migrants heading for their hotels in Mestre. An American choral group boards the next boat, singing hymns. As they disappear into the darkness, the strains of "This Land Is Your Land" drift gently over the lagoon--"from California to the New York Island..."



Letters



Six Days on the Road

by Rod MacDonald

June 18, Tampa, Florida

It starts at the Peanut Gallery, where the opening act, Liz Hollister and John Mann, belt out "Old Queen" by David Roche, a song Liz learned when she used to sing with John Macandoe at Folk City and Kenny's Castaways in New York. We end the night by jamming through "I Don't Believe You Don't Want to Dance," then on Saturday buy oysters (for \$6 you get a couple hundred in a half-bushel sack), wash them with a garden hose, then shuck them with a screwdriver. I love oysters, and they're \$3.50 a half dozen in New York City. I'm in heaven. After the show we all go to an after-hours jazz club and the band is smooth and a very pretty woman is sitting glumly with two older folks. Perhaps motivated by the two dozen oysters I've eaten, I walk over and say, "Excuse me, would you like to dance?" "Nope," she says. Well, as Jack Hardy once told me, it just goes to show you, you have to live through your songs twice.

June 27

After Tampa comes three nights at Applejack's in Jacksonville, singing for a crowd made up mostly by my friends, including Zeke and Mandy, who are 3½ and 5 and listen to the Cornelia Street album a lot. Zeke, in fact, walks around with a plastic harmonica stuffed inside a rack I forgot to take with me last time I was there. There is a big American flag behind the stage, so I wear my army shirt and sing patriotic songs like "Hard Times" and "People of the World:"

People of the world watch out
Here come the big machine
Got a big speech comin', save 'em from
commies
Say the president on TV
And out in the jungle the Cubans and
Russians
Say it's time the people were free
One thing sure is you're in the middle
And it's just nowhere to be

But today is Sunday at my family's house in south Florida, cooling down after seeing all the relatives, "E.T.," "Star Trek II," and too much television. So I play a cassette for my mother and father. The male likes anything with a happy feet beat. The female sez, "I like that 'True Love' one," which on the cassette has too many technical problems for me--bad mix, wrong chords, etc.--and she adds, "I can't help it, I always like the love songs." I borrow a car and drive to the beach and sit by the ocean till well after midnight, staring at Antares, the bright red star of Scorpio. Thinking of "E.T.," I wonder: If you sent something here, would we welcome it? Try to kill it? Even notice? Do they wear designer jeans on Antares? On the car radio a script-writer from "Star Trek" is fielding questions. A woman asks, "Do you think cats could have come here as aliens? They seem so weird."

June 29, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

There is a main stage arena that seats 20,000; three beer sponsored stages that hold a couple of thousand each; and wedged right beside Lake Michigan, a folk stage that seats 200 people, where I'm singing to a huddled crowd in the cold wind and 55-degree air from 6 to 9 PM. You get all this for one price of \$5 at Summerfest: two weeks of beer, crafts, and multi-stage music on Milwaukee's waterfront. The beer is 50 cents a 12-ounce cup and Paul Revere and the Raiders--in full colonial drag--are so loud on the nearby stage they drown me out completely. But they take a long break and the folk crowd fills up, clapping, drinking, dancing a bit in the aisles, keeping warm, getting happy. Later I check out the headliner: Johnny Mathis, who ends with a version of "I Will Survive" that has him taking off his white suit coat, throwing it over his shoulder, waving, saying, "Thank you, I love you all," and sashaying to the wings, then coming back with the coat on, throwing kisses, receiving flowers, dancing around, singing another chorus. He does this maneuver five times as the band chugs along behind him, never missing a beat. Stage craft.

Michael Murphey does a beautiful version of "Boy from the Country" on the medium beer stage:

Boy from the country
Left his home when he was young
Boy from the country
He loves the sun.

"Man, it's cold up here," he grins, donning a flannel shirt. "You should come here in January," a man yells back. I swallow my eighth cup of coffee and vibrate to the parking lot without even bending my knees.

July 4, Bailey's Harbor, Wisconsin

One thing I like about America
Is that you're always free to leave
It doesn't mean I want to
But the feeling's nice indeed

One thing I like about America
Is that a man can speak his peace
It doesn't mean someone will hear you
But you'll get your say at least

One thing I like about America
A woman's hand can't be decreed
'Cause when I think about loving
I want a woman who wants me

One thing I like about America
Is you can say you will not kill
And the militar must respect you
Though you won't get the G.I. Bill



July 6

The total eclipse leaves a rust-colored globe fading in and out over lake Michigan, and for an hour the moon disappears, takes a coffee break right smack in the middle of its big monthly shine, like a queen bee who heads for the powder room just when all the drones think she's sooo beautiful. The lake, the trees, the stars, the fireflies, and the humans all take the opportunity to perform, and several of us are dancing and singing on top of the picnic table while the fireflies blip along the coast. George--who's also, like me, here to sing at the Frontier Saloon--tells me he's sung all over the U.S. and Canada without ever working anywhere steady. He knows the backroads of New Mexico, he knows the pizzerias of West Third Street, and he sings the hits--"Still Crazy after All These Years," "The Shape I'm In" for the tourists. Now George is a funny guy and makes me laugh all the time, but during the eclipse he gets serious. We decide that everyone can make a wish while the moon is gone and the beautiful full moon will have to honor it when it returns.

What would you wish for, George?

Maybe if you say, it won't come true.

Yeah, I suppose you're right.

But you know, I bet it's OK to tell one wish. You know, get into it.

You know, George, I bet it is OK.

So I guess I wish the music would work out so I could sing some of my own songs and have people want to hear them.

And I wish there'd be someone who'd want to be my woman, just want to love, who'd make me want to stay in one place and get this together. Ah, shit, those are just dreams, I guess. What would you wish for, Rod?

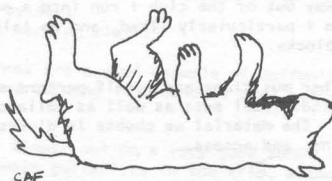
(Well, I was standing on a rock, knowing that everyone's minds at this moment are tuned to the same frequency, buzzing away, and I might say I wish everyone would give each other more love and slack. But this is no time to be vague.)

George, I wish that all your dreams come true.

July 18, Madison, Wisconsin

POEM WRITTEN ON DOCK OF SHEET OF GLASS LAKE, ON A WINDLESS NIGHT WHEN NO ONE, NOT EVEN BIRDS OR TRAFFIC, DARES TO MAKE A SOUND

blessed are the fish
for they eat mosquitos



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Any Night of the Week

by Rae Monroe

It's Friday night: I wander to the latest restaurant hangout. Inside there is music. Imported from Somewhere, playing very loud. My friends are drinking and shouting back and forth to be heard. I wave and disappear.

It is Saturday. I go to the proverbial cafe, where the espresso is exceptional and there is no music. My friends are discussing Baudelaire and economics. I wander to a table and listen for a moment. Then, I disappear.

There are no acoustic music clubs in this city. There are only two Traditional Folk clubs left from the before time. The one vegetarian restaurant that allows for soft music hires "names." There is no place to perform or to see other writers or collaborate or learn in; no place that allows for a workshop; no supportive environment of any kind. This is not New York. It could be many other cities.

It is many other cities.

So I disappear. To New York City. To Greenwich Village. And here I found other people.

It is Monday night. I have a choice. I can go sign up at Folk City, after the Co-op meeting and signing up at Speak Easy, for the Monday night open mike; then head over to the Songwriters Exchange at the Cornelia Street Cafe. For one hour or so I am faced with the privilege of eharng other writers' material. Privilege I say not in jest. I hear works in progress, rewritten, or newly completed. Input. Then, for the remainder of the night, I can stay and discuss writing, maybe even an Irish poet or two, or perhaps mythology, or even the song I am stuck in the middle of completing. Or I can go and sit at the bar at a number of places that have this night set aside for everyone from anywhere. A wealth of material goes through the Village every Monday night. Input. Inspiration. Fun. Communication. Social community. I stay up and play both clubs with the rest of the musicians here. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: Speak Easy is available (I specify this club because it is specific. Dedicated to what is loosely defined as Folk Music.) I have heard brilliant performers on a late Tuesday night. I have heard New Faces on Wednesday, where the fact of the revival is truly evident in all the new talent around here. I would not have been able to hear these people anywhere else. Why? Because there isn't access to this style of music anywhere else. Thursday night I hear yet again more people. More material. I sit and discuss someone else's song, and ask to learn it so I can perform it.

Friday and Saturday I am sitting at the bar listening to a group that showcases the great variety of writing done in the area. The performance is great, professional; the music is wonderful. I buy a record of yer another musician who has recently released his first album. I compliment two people on their music, which I had access to because of the Co-op's CoOp Musical Magazine, which I grab every month for a mere two bucks. On the way out of the club I run into a person who wrote an article I particularly liked, and we talk about it for three blocks.

On Sunday, three other musicians and myself perform at Speak Easy. We do individual sets as well as collaboration on about ten songs. The material we choose is diverse and fun. Input, learning, and access.

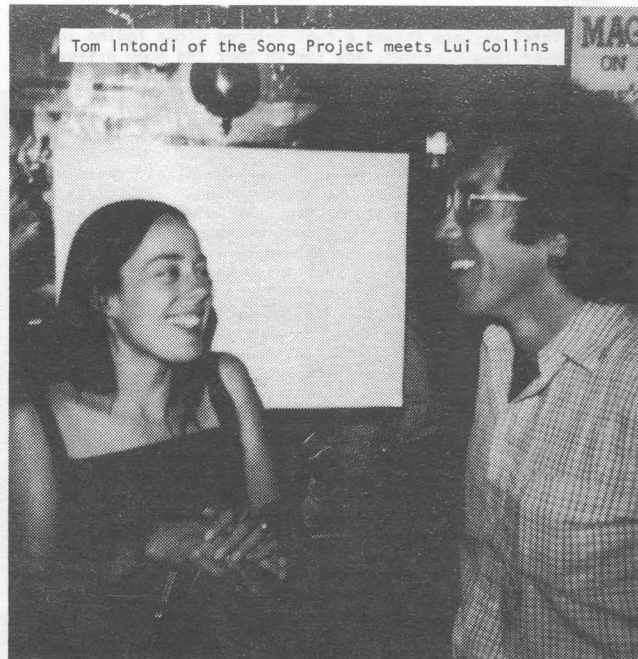
I do not disappear.

Where else is there what we have here? Over the last eleven months a musicians started to arrive, did arrive and were here already. Fortunately, instead of being a passing occurrence (many musicians live here, pass through or leave) there was a club open for the people. Run by musicians, for the perpetuation of a style of music that is thriving in many places but has no--or very little--opportunity to share itself among peers or accessibility to the public.

We have a record that comes out monthly with a magazine featuring a dozen different songwriters. We have a club where we can meet and hear one another. The Co-op can be a catalyst for so many other musical endeavors: workshops, radio shows, tours of the Speak Easy New York Minstrels (like a festival, only mobile; who knows?) Here is this wonderful golden prime time opportunity. Every day available, affordable and manifest.

Personally, I have always felt the idea of performing is something worth working for. And also that the access to perform, to get up on stage in front of fellow musicians and folks in general, is a privilege and a responsibility.

A privilege for so many reasons: The history of the stage itself, the sacredness of the Muse, if you will, and the idea that people really enjoy hearing you sing or play music, particularly your own.



A responsibility because if you state, "I am a professional," then you'd best be faithful to the title. For me, being a musician, a writer, and a singer means I have to try and perfect my art and self to the peak of my potentials and talents.

This means being open to growth, and input from peers whom I respect. It also means trying to give whomever is listening the best performance possible, so there are many years involved, and much work.

Being a good anything takes dedication, discipline, and work.

Here is the Speak Easy Co-op; here are some of the best writers I have ever come across. Here is the special gem of The CoOp, The Fast Folk Musical Magazine, acclaimed in foreign countries and written of nationally, as well. Here we are with all this wealth, and people still walk around as though we're destitute! We are sitting in the middle of a cornucopia of music and musicians. We have the great fortune of being here. All of us together in our varying degrees of ability and professionalism --how exciting!

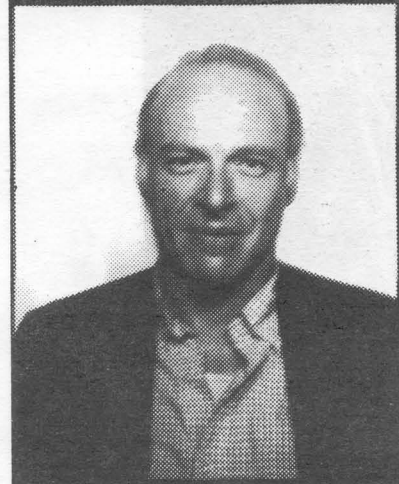
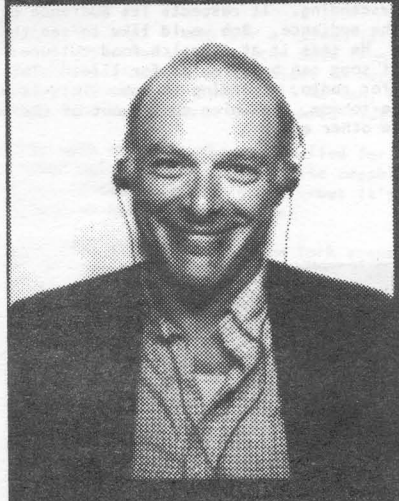
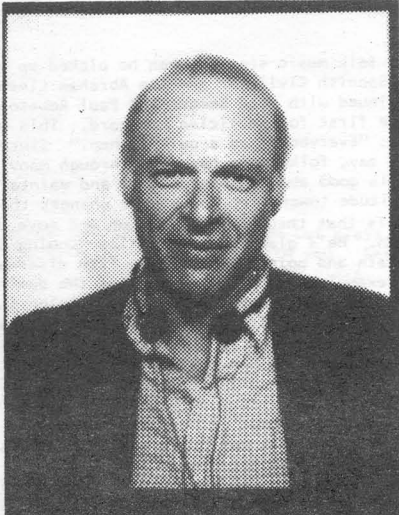
It takes all of us to keep this magic alive. These things called community and music scenes are very precious and fragile entities. I have seen three such communities dissipate. I have always been rewarded with experience, friendship, and a growing knowledge of my craft while participating in such communities, but not to the extent to which I find myself at this Co-op in the Village. This is a gold mine. However, you have to work a mine for it to yield. It is worth the effort and the time to do so.

Sometimes I want to get up at the Monday meeting for the cooperative and shout with enthusiasm about how lucky we are to have this Co-op and the Speak Easy, and The CoOp. We are blessed with an environment and musical variety that is non-existent anywhere else you may roam. This has not been done before. Hey, guys--it is our privilege to participate. It is our responsibility to contribute and perpetuate. This is the time for all good men to sit up and take off the glasses of apathy and complacency and see exactly what we've got.

Any night of the week.

Folk Music on the Radio

By Frank Mazzetti



Bob Fass/Self Portrait

WBAI

Many folk singers of the sixties and seventies were given their first radio exposure in New York by WBAI-FM. Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles" first caught the attention of the music industry when he and David Bromberg sang it on Bob Fass's all-night program. The Coop's own Jack Hardy has expressed gratitude for the exposure he received on 'BAI. I spoke with two personalities at the station: Ed Haber and Lynn Samuels.

Ed's regularly scheduled program is on every Saturday from 9:30 to 11 AM. It is specifically a folk music show that features a "fair amount" of contemporary artists, live music (frequently, at least half of the shows) and taped concerts. He says, "I try to cover as much ground as possible." Ed also has two monthly shows: "Nobody's Wedding" and "Citizen Kafka." The latter, which is on at 9:00 PM, on the next to the last Monday of the month, features musicians playing instruments other than those for which they are known and is characterized by Ed as "very odd stuff."

Ed started in radio in the Boston area and has worked at WBAI for six years. His sets are sometimes based on new releases, or he may take similar and/or contrasting musical ideas and string them together. In other words, he tries many different combinations. Sometimes he'll talk about the artists. Often, he'll note the musical personnel playing on a particular cut. Ed tries to give listings of the various folk happenings around town.

As with other radio personalities, I discussed folk music's accessibility and its potential with Ed, who didn't know if folk music could make it on commercial radio and cited the fragmentation of the music as his reason for doubting. Figuring that there are approximately ten different folk scenes (Irish, bluegrass, singer-songwriter, Balkan, old-timey, etc.) to choose from, Ed feels that this splintering makes it hard to get enough people to listen to a program that would mix them all. He feels that WBAI is one of the few stations trying to play all kinds of music and programs. Therefore, it couldn't concentrate too heavily on folk music, but he would like to see more on other stations.

Ed's audience reaction is mixed. He would like more reaction from his listeners. He used to get more response before he started taping the shows. Keep those calls coming.

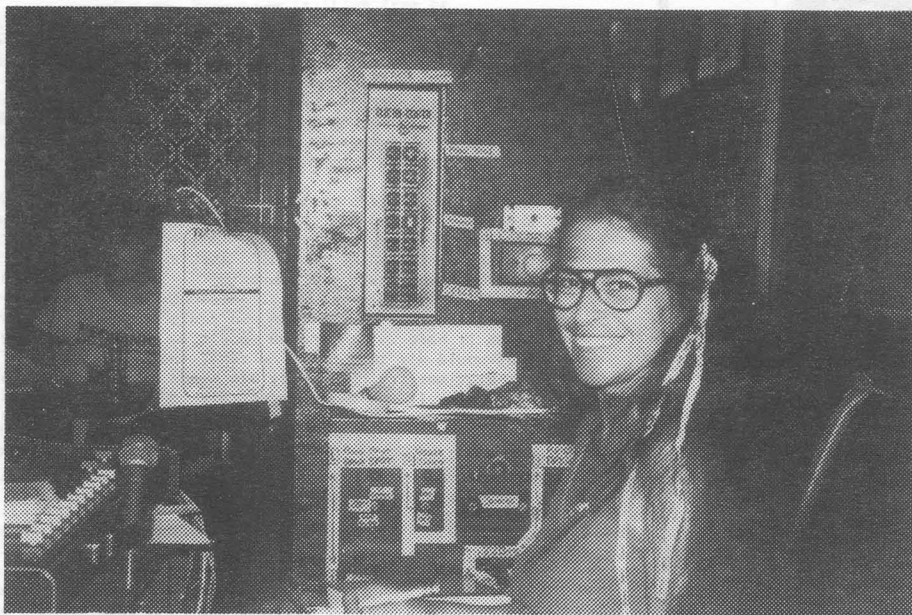
Bob Fass has just returned to WBAI and his show is on the air every Wednesday from midnight to 2:30 AM. Bob is doing this new show with Cathy Revland. They also have a show on WFMU, which is on the air from four to eight, Sunday afternoons.

Bob's old show on 'BAI was on for five hours each night. Other than that quantitative difference we can expect the same type of programming from Bob and Cathy. The old show included guest appearances by people like Paul Krassner and Vin Scelsa (who was influenced by Bob Fass's show), outlaws Tim Leary and Hurricane Carter, bluesmen Gary Davis, John Lee Hooker and Skip James, sitar great Ravi Shankar, guitar great Les Paul, rock 'n' rollers Chuck Berry, Frank Zappa, Roger McGuinn and the Lovin' Spoonful. Along with these people is a pretty impressive list of folk musicians, almost a Who's Who: Bob Gibson, The Pennywhistlers, Arlo Guthrie (Bob's show was the first media vehicle for "Alice's Restaurant"), Richie Havens, Phil Ochs, Joni Mitchell, Tom Rush, Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Jim and Jean, Happy Traum, Paul Siebel and many others.

How could a show like that ever go off the air? It happened when the Pacifica Board of Directors tried to exert more control over the direction of 'Bai's programs. Many 'BAI people formed a union to fight for better working conditions (censorship and community control were the major issues). The Board of Directors demanded a signed apology from eighteen people before they would be allowed to return to the air. Three refused. Bob was one of them. Though it was a struggle, Bob is back.

I asked Bob to relate some memorable times. He said Country Joe MacDonald was always interesting because he was always angry about something. He also remembers a time when John Herald and Bob Dylan used imitative voices and improvised little scenes. That was back in '64. The show started in '61 and went on till 1977 and was a starting point for many new artists who came to town.

Bob's interest in folk music started when he picked up a record about the Spanish Civil War and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. It continued with Pete Seeger and Paul Robeson. Josh White was the first folk musician he heard. This was in the early 50's: "Everybody had a guitar then." Since then, needless to say, folk music has gone through many changes. Bob feels good about those changes and maintains an optimistic attitude toward the inevitable changes that occur. His view is that they shake things up and move them in a new direction. He's glad to see politics "Coming out of the closet" again and points to the June 12th disarmament march as an example of that. We spoke of the dominance of traditional music in the seventies. Bob's opinion is that traditional playing requires technical excellence and that one must have leisure time to achieve this expertise, but other forms of expression are just as valid: "Artie Traum once told me that reshingling his roof was rough on his hands, but he felt more like a working man playing his guitar, and he felt better about it." He felt that the most attractive aspect of folk music was the human contact. To elaborate: "Orchestral concert music was written and performed for the king's courts. It could only be assembled by those with a lot of money, for those in full dress." Folk music is not condescending. It respects its audience because it is a part of the audience. Bob would like to see the audience broaden. He sees it as a health food culture: "The right kind of song can be a recipe for life." This makes it perfect for radio, according to Bob. This is because radio is one-to-one, the voice coming out of the box and the ear at the other end.



Brian Rose

Lyn Samuels of WBAI - Behind the soundboard at Folk City

Advice to folk musicians:

Learn all the technical stuff so that it's like dialling a phone number, then forget it--so it comes out improvisational.

Request to audiences:

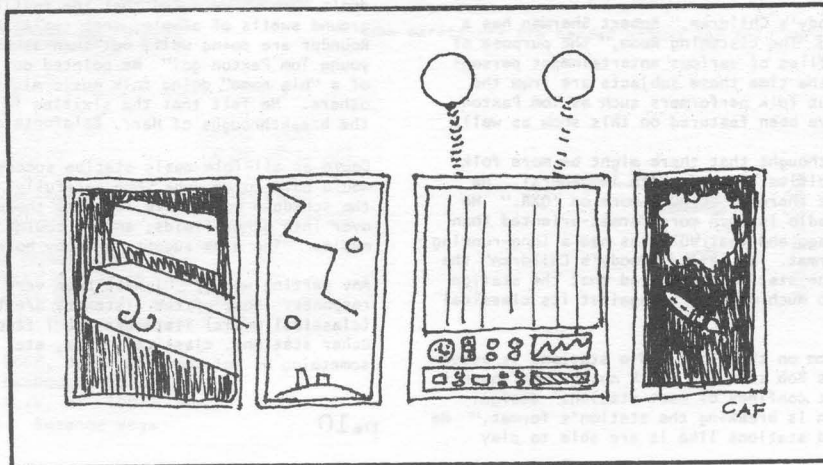
Send money (not to 'BAI, to BOB).

Lynn Samuels is not a devotee of folk music. She's into rock, but 'gets flack for playing rock.' Therefore, she tends to play folk "so as not to offend the listeners." The folk Lynn plays is mostly contemporary.

As most Monday night Village "hooters" know, Lynn is behind the sound board at Gerde's Folk City every hoot night. This gives her a chance to hear a lot more new and established acts than most of her radio counterparts. Though she claims that her Folk City job has no connection to her radio show (she goes further by saying it has "very little relation to music"), Lynn is open and free in her opinion of that scene: she feels she's been hearing "less and less good material." Part of this, she thinks, is tied to a greater resentment on the part of newcomers to listen to the ones on stage. She said, "It would be better if people had a better idea of what they're suited for." Her view of the folk scene in general is that it is too arrogant: "Basically, I think people who think they're better than others because they don't have a record contract have too much arrogance," and added that, "Folk musicians tend to take pride in not playing to mass audiences."

Lynn feels that WBAI has the same type of arrogance, but respects the station because it allows material such as The Coop to be played. She started at WBAI when a boy-friend said to her that she ought to listen to the station. Shortly after that they broke up. She listened, then did volunteer work during the marathon phone-in fund raising ordeals. She then did some announcing and now has her own show which is on every Friday night or Saturday morning, depending on your point of view, from 12:30 to 5 AM.

Both Ed and Lynn play The Coop. Both need money. Both would be willing to work for commercial radio, especially Lynn: "My greatest aspiration is to work for a commercial station that will pay. I would go to work for ABC and sell Preparation H if they'd have me. Ed would rather work as an engineer in commercial radio."



WQXR



Bob Sherman of WQXR

Robert Sherman has been running a program entitled, "Woody's Children" since 1969 on WQXR which is the radio station of The New York Times. From 1956 until 1973 Bob Sherman also hosted a program called "Folk Music of the World." During the years when both programs were on the air, there was a clear demarcation between the types of folk music each featured: "Woody's Children" focused on contemporary music and "Folk Music of the World" was programmed with traditional music from the USA and other regions of the world. Once the latter program was dropped, Bob occasionally mixed traditional music into "Woody's Children." He estimates an 80/20 percent split with contemporary folk receiving the most play.

In addition to "Woody's Children," Robert Sherman has a morning show called "The Listening Room," the purpose of which is to do profiles of various entertainment personalities. Most of the time these subjects are from the classical field, but folk performers such as Tom Paxton and Pete Seeger have been featured on this show as well.

I asked Bob if he thought that there might be more folk music on WQXR, specifically, and radio in general. He said, "I doubt that there'll be much more on 'QXR.'" He pointed out that radio is much more format-oriented than it was some years ago and that WQXR has had a long-running classical music format. He called "Woody's Children" the "odd man out" on the station. He noted that the station was not going to do much more to go against its classical audience.

Folk music's problem on the other radio stations is essentially the same, as Bob sees it. Folk music just doesn't fit into the strict confines of most stations' design: "Playing Tom Paxton is breaking the station's format." He added that WBAI and stations like it are able to play

folk, thanks to a looser programming structure. "Most people want to push a button and expect to hear a certain type of music." He felt that only folk stars like Judy Collins and Gordon Lightfoot who cross over into pop are able to break through on those stations. He felt that in some ways this was good for folk music, giving it a more sustaining quality, while in other ways it was bad, making it harder to get through to an audience.

"Twenty years ago the Hootenanny TV show, the Kingston Trio, and all that, fit a popular image, so it was all over the place." I asked Bob if he felt folk music could gain greater accessibility. His all-too-honest answer: "I don't know." He noted that the festivals are experiencing ground swells of people, that small record companies like Rounder are doing well, but then asked, "Where does the young Tom Paxton go?" He pointed out that the emergence of a "big name" doing folk music might open the door for others. He felt that the sixties folk boom was due to the breakthroughs of Harry Belafonte and The Weavers.

Could an all-folk music station succeed? Bob felt it would have to be done very carefully. A large share of the schedule would have to go to those artists who cross over into other fields, and it couldn't be called folk music: "The name suggest a cubby hole; it puts people off.

Any parting words? "I have been very gratified by listener response. Most of the listeners are the regular 'QXR (classical music) listeners and I find that gratifying. Other stations, classical, jazz, etc. might be missing something by not featuring it."

Oscar Brand of WNYC

Oscar Brand is a man who wears many hats. He is a New School faculty member, a performer, an author, a film producer, and a Broadway show composer. He is also a radio personality on WNYC-FM (93.9). He has been doing a program every week since 1945 which gives him the longevity record as a radio show host. The show itself is second only to the "Grand Ol' Opry" (not available in New York City--Why?). I asked Oscar how it all came about. "Herman Newman, who's dead now, asked if I would do a Christmas program. At that time he had Huddie Ledbetter and Richard Dyer Bennett (shows)."

Originally, the program had a specific form. There was a small group of musicians: Pete Seeger on banjo, Jean Ritchie on dulcimer, and others. Often, Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee would do guest spots. These days the show is not at all predictable. Each week brings something new. He sees his role as one of a platform for other performers: "I'm not pushing myself on the program." When he performs, he mixes his own songs with those by a wide variety of people, but the radio show is to promote other talents. A half-hour program, Oscar will often tape live performances and present them with commentary. He doesn't like to lock himself into any defined areas. Folk singing?

"It's the expression of people's feelings." Along with jazz, blues, disco and rock, Oscar sees folk as part of popular music and remembers playing rock before it was called that. "It was called race music then." He featured people like Memphis Minnie, Tampa Red and young Chuck Berry. "It was considered vulgar and low down."

Stardom and folk music? "A pop singer is an act; a folk singer is a revelation of himself. The further one moves away from the self, the closer he moves toward pop." Also, "the audience must know where a performer is at to be a star. They construct a picture based on his (the performers's) own needs." And those who change? "You can carry them with you, but only up to a point. Dave Van Ronk could have been a star, but he wants to sing his songs and not be pushed around."

I asked Oscar what were the prospects of greater accessibility for folk music on the radio, and I was surprised that he felt that there were enough programs on to satisfy people ("Prairie Home Companion," "Bobby Sherman," "Dave Sear," and his own show) and that despite the misconceptions, there weren't any more programs even when folk music was in its heyday.

Oscar's show is broadcast every Saturday night at 9 PM.



OSCAR BRAND

Photo: George Pickow

WPRB

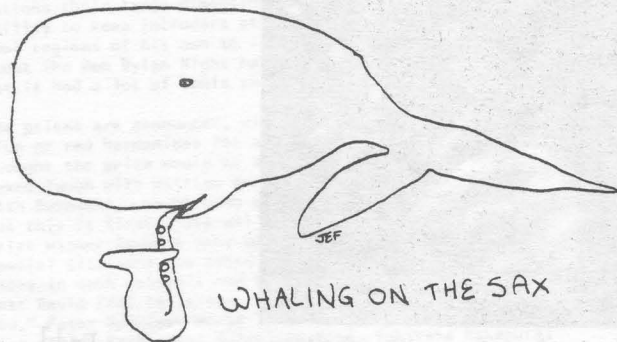
John Weingart

Last spring I played on John Weingart's "Music You Can't Hear on the Radio" which is on WPRB-FM (103.3) in Princeton, New Jersey. Why that title? John feels that to call it folk music sets up certain expectations in people's minds, and he wants more flexibility to play jazz, for instance, if the topic of the song connects with a bluegrass or western-swing piece he may have played. John likes to play groups of songs connected by themes, such as railroads, Kansas, current events, etc. Princeton has a folk-music society known as the Princeton Folk Music society. You weren't expect the Kneeslapping and Footstomping Society out of Princeton, were you? Now and then, members of the Society will pressure John to play only Irish or only bluegrass, and he maintains that people only want to hear what's familiar to them, whether top 40 or folk. (See the piece on Mike Zito for more on this theory.)

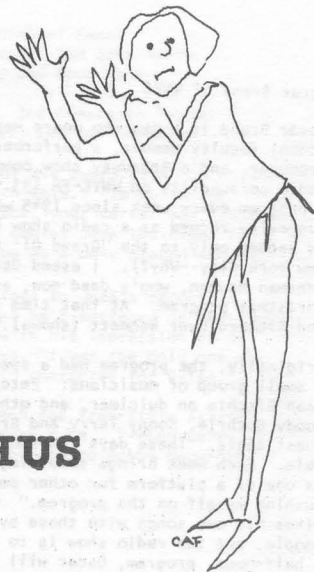
John points to WBAI as the inspiration for the work he does. He says he started listening to 'BAI because they played Pete Seeger, and he kept on listening when people like Steve Post, Larry Josephson, and Bob Fass played other folk artists. He'd also listen to WJRZ which played folk music but was run in the same manner as a high-powered rock station. John does not, however, follow either of these types of presentations. Nor does he care for the academic approach: "Bill Monroe is the father of bluegrass, etc." He'd rather let the music speak for itself.

John feels that folk music is moving in a good direction, though not necessarily for the musicians. This means roughly that, while thousands of records are coming out, there aren't enough work opportunities for the musicians. He feels that the main barrier to greater accessibility is that "most art is really aiming at people under 25 and younger." People older than that only go out on festive occasions like birthdays and anniversaries. This helps form the foundation of our youth-dominated culture. He also feels that there should be more Town-Hall size (approximately 1,100 seats) concert halls.

Although WPRB is a college station, it is a commercial station. The personnel are not paid, but the ads keep the station running. John's program features live music. John looks for serious musicians, mostly from the New Jersey area, mostly unrecorded. He leans a bit toward contemporary music. His preferences start with political material, then string bands, then western swing, then bluegrass, but he likes to mix up different kinds of music.



p.12



WHUS

Susan Hanson

WHUS-FM (91.7) is affiliated with the University of Connecticut. In February of 1979, the station announced that it was starting a training program for those interested in radio. Susan Hanson signed up and started in the news department. It was not long before she was asked to do the folk show (the station offers a wide variety of programs from classical to new wave) and she accepted.

The program is on from 7 to 11 PM on Sunday. Susan, whose daily work is that of sewing teacher at a vocational high school, plays a wide mix of folk music. She attests to a very loose definition of folk and estimates that the ratio of playing time between contemporary singer-songwriters and traditional music is 65/35. Of the songwriters Susan will play the material from their repertoires that she considers folk. For example, she'll play early Judy Collins or Joni Mitchell and avoid the later works. This is done out of a sense of program continuity rather than personal taste (Susan likes Joni Mitchell's new material). The traditional music tends to be cross-cultural, mostly English language. The program does have some live music by visiting artists. Also, concerts are taped and interviews with performers are spliced between the concert numbers.

Another type of program Susan might present is picking a theme, often political, and mixing up music and readings from journals. For example, she might play Tom Paxton's "Let the Sun Shine," then read an article such as one about the Reagan administration's being sued for not using money appropriated for solar energy, then play "Solar Carol" by Bright Morning Star, followed by an article on a shut-down of 25 nuclear plants, then "Take the Children and Run" by Don Lange.

Susan gets good response. Her audience contributed more money than any other in a recent fund raiser for the station.

After graduating from the Fashion Institute of Technology in 1967, Susan worked in the Seventh Avenue garment district for ten years before teaching the trade. She enjoys her program and would love to do more radio, but the job market is tight, starting salaries are low, and she considers most commercial radio to be limiting. It's "not using all of what I have."

WVBR

Phil Shapiro

Phil Shapiro is a radio personality on WVBR, which is the number-one radio station in Ithaca, New York. The program has been on the air for fifteen years, from 1967 through the present. Most of the programs (between thirty and forty a year) are presented live from the Commons Coffeehouse in Ithaca.

As followers of folk should know, "Bound for Glory" is the song title Woody Guthrie chose for the title of his autobiography, and Phil uses this as his show's title. I asked if that meant the show was songwriter oriented. It is not. Those songwriters who do perform on "Bound for Glory" are ones with a folk background, as opposed to a soft-rock background.

Phil is not into the New York folk scene, which he labelled "folk-punk" and described as "high-energy, hostile-message" music, but he nonetheless expressed interest in the goings on at Speak Easy and The Coop.

Phil feels that the magic of folk music is one of sharing between performer and audience as opposed to the performer "handing the audience a packaged show." Obviously, sharing would include clapping, singing along, etc. Though mainstream rock, in Phil's opinion, has been less satisfying to its audience in recent years, and "all sorts of other music are perking along the edges," folk music "will probably never be mass music." Why? It "demands more attention (to the words) than other music. It demands a certain amount of participation. Most see music as a presence (something that's passively there while they're going about the day's business), folk demands a certain amount of involvement."



NECKING

Join The Coop

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

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

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

Donate your talents.

WERS

Brad Paul

Brad Paul is the program director for WERS-FM (88.9), which is run by students from Emerson College in Boston. The station is run on a block format which means that clumps of time are turned over to special interests. The station is on the air from 6 AM to 2 AM. Brad has his own show called "The Coffeehouse" which is on the air from 6 to 11 AM. On Sunday afternoons Brad has another show, "Live at Passim's," which runs from 3 to 5 PM. Passim's is one of two folk clubs in Cambridge; the Idler is the other.

"The Coffeehouse" show plays a wide spectrum of folk music: blues, acoustic, traditional, contemporary, and, on an average of three per week, live music segments. These live segments feature musicians, local and out-of-town, who play the Idler or Passim's later in the evening. "WERS," says Brad, "is the only station (in the Boston area) programming that much folk music." The show has a strong following and a growing listenership (initially, the show aired from 6 to 8, then another hour was added and finally it was increased to five hours). The show also sponsors acoustic music festivals--the last one sold out despite a transit strike. The show has a strong following, and new listeners often write that they are surprised to find a station that plays folk music.

Brad feels that the folk music audience potential in the Boston area is great. He sees the scene as being in a "coming together" phase, but added that for performers to make a living off their music, they must increase the number of opportunities for live performances. He sees The Coop in New York as a pioneer in that effort, and he said that there is a lot of activity in the Midwest, particularly through the influence of the "Prairie Home Companion" radio show on National Public Radio. There have been efforts to form music co-ops in the Boston area in hopes of finding a place to hold concerts, print a resource guide for the area (instrument repair, clubs, listings, etc.), and to put out a "Coop-type" quarterly publication.

I asked Brad what he looks for when he selects music for his program. His list includes "quality songwriting," "good musicianship" and the "quality of recording."

WPKN

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Mike Zito

Mike Zito may be heard every Thursday from 2 to 6 PM on WPKN-FM (89.5). His show has been on the air for eight years. The radio personality he claims to have been most influenced by is Vin Scelsa, who Mike praised for taking chances. Scelsa, it seems, would play people like Dave Van Ronk or Debbie McClatchy in between all the other WNEW material.

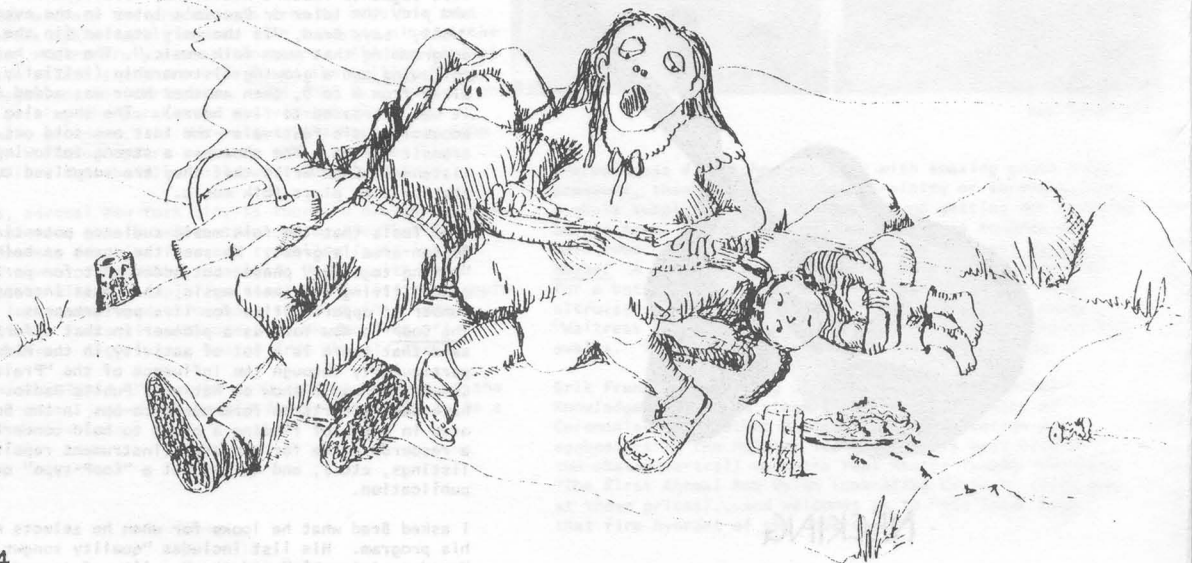
Mike feels that the problem with most radio stations is that they are run by small businessmen who by nature are out to turn a quick buck. "They go for the immediate bucks: the drivel sells quicker and better." He sees money as folk music's biggest barrier, a "catch-22" situation: "Commercial stations won't play it because it's not popular...it's not popular because commercial stations won't play it." He does feel, however, that all of this could turn around, that enough people will get bored with the "formula stuff," that people are getting into things that are not mainstream.

Mike's philosophy is to "play what I want. I can't deal with classifications of music." As far as influencing other DJ's and the general public at large, Mike looks back on his own musical evolution when ruminating on the difficulties: "I used to be into Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Then I got into bluegrass. Then Irish music. Then folk. (The problem occurs when) there's a lack of exposure, the musical ear doesn't accept it." Mike sees two elements necessary for acceptance: an open mind, and continuous exposure to the music.

I was intrigued by Mike's almost poetic descriptions of everything he does. He's a juggler. A real juggler. "We use a lot of fire. I'm into molecular manipulation. We do an act called the 'Dance of Life,' a move into a new age." But back to radio: "There's always the alluring possibility to go mainstream, to go away from the heart." But he rejects commercial radio. He finds an inner need fulfilled by his audience and by playing the music he does. "If it wasn't for radio, I wouldn't have met seventy to eighty percent of the people I'm friendly with today."

Mike became familiar with The CoOp after the Village Voice ran an article on Speak Easy. He went down to MacDougal Street to check it out. He picked up the March and April issues and has played them on the air. The songs he gets the most requests for are "I'm Talkin' to You" (sung by Shawn Colvin in the April issue), Sammy Walker's "Young Love" (sung by Tom Intondi), and "Honorable Men" (written and sung by Rod MacDonald). "Young Love" and "Honorable Men" are in the March issue. He couldn't believe it was sold for only \$2. Furthermore, he adds, "I was blown away by the production, by some of the songs, etc.... I hope you can keep going."

There is another program on WPKN which is run by Ann Camp. This program veers toward the traditional (a lot of British Isles and Irish music) but also takes in folk music of the sixties and what has followed.



The Song Project

by Randy B. Hecht and Bill Ponsot

Not all the crowds at Speak Easy last month came in search of Bob Dylan. During the last weekend in July, when The Song Project made its most recent appearance, many people were obliged to listen from the bar for lack of room amid the packed tables below. The show was worth seeing from any distance.

The Song Project has undergone many personnel changes since its debut in 1978, but it has always maintained the impressive quality of its work. The group has, in its various stages, included co-founder and current member Tom Intondi, Jack Hardy, Nancy Lee Baxter, Carolyn Mas, Jeff Hardy, Frank Christian and Gerry Devine; current members also include Lucy Kaplanski, Martha P. Hogan, Mark Dann and Bill Bachmann.

The current members have been able to forge a strong group identity without sacrificing the appeal of their solo acts; the group owes its popularity in part to the following each member has established. More important, however, is that they're so damned good at what they do.

What they do--with an enviable level of energy and enthusiasm --is provide a showcase for the work of the best songwriters

in Greenwich Village. Their talents as performers are coupled with a rare talent for listening: some of those "best songwriters" might not have gained recognition without the initial interest of The Song Project.

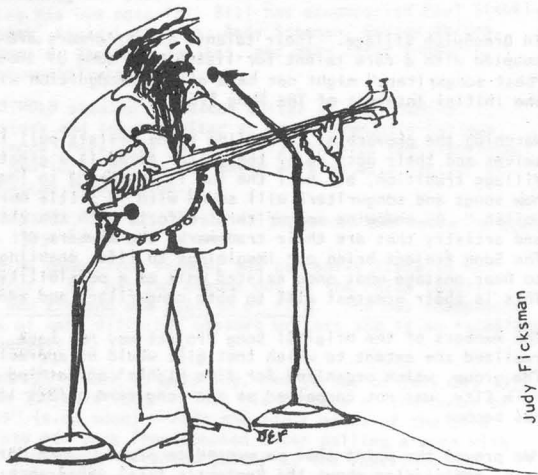
Watching the proverbial Struggling Young Artists pull themselves and their acts up by the guitar strap is a great Village tradition, but half the fun is in trying to imagine how songs and songwriters will sound with "a little more polish." By endowing songwriters' efforts with the skill and artistry that are their trademark, the members of The Song Project bring our imaginings to life, enabling us to hear onstage what once existed only as a possibility. This is their greatest gift to both songwriters and audience.

The members of the original Song Project may not have realized the extent to which that gift would be appreciated. The group, which organized for five nights' performing at Folk City, was not conceived as the long-term effort it has become.

"We proved the point that we wanted to prove," Jack Hardy said, reminiscing about the Project's first appearance,



The Song Project: L to R Tom Intondi, Martha P. Hogan, Lucy Kaplanski, Bill Bachmann, Mark Dann



Judy Ficksman

"that if there were such a group, it would be an instant success if you had the right material." Watching The Song Project, it's difficult to imagine what material could be "wrong" in their hands, but the group deserves as much credit for choice of material as for presentation. "We were doing material by these people before they were famous, like the Roche sisters, Willie Nile and Steve Forbert," Hardy notes.

Add to those now-familiar names a long list of less-recognizable, obscure or totally unknown songwriters whose work spans the full range of what is collectively known as "folk music" and the full impact and importance of The Song Project becomes apparent.

Group members are always looking for new songwriters and new material to feature, though the search is less frantic now: that they've built up their repertoire. Songs are added by consensus and are ready for performance after anywhere from one to a half-dozen rehearsals, depending upon the complexity of the material. The Project rehearses twice each week.

"Usually one person in the group is 'fronting' the song...the other people try out different things in terms of vocal arrangements. But the role of fronting a song always changes... everyone is getting a chance to do all those things," Tom Intondi said, adding that instrumental duties are divided in the same manner.

The Song Project has presented the work of about 50 different artists--including work by its members--but they suffer no "identity crisis" while assembling this montage of topics and styles. After performing songs often enough, Intondi said, "they feel like ours."

"If they're all good songs, the cohesiveness comes...you try to build the show around the idea of good songs," he added.

In a sense, the songs and songwriters are the stars of their shows. The Song Project is always generous with its recognition of the people who have provided their material, so that the audience will have an easy reference point for other performers they might want to get to know. This is a reflection on the confidence of the group's members in their own abilities and the best indication of The Song Project's purpose.

That purpose, and the precision and beauty with which it is carried out onstage, have earned many favorable reviews. The Boston Globe, which reviewed their May concert at Boston's Idler's Back Room, noted that "over an evening, the Project touches base with a string of complex emotions, amplifying and enriching them. This is often the intent of music, but what gives The Song Project's renditions extra power, and even a sense of understated majesty, are the soaring harmony vocals of up to five parts."

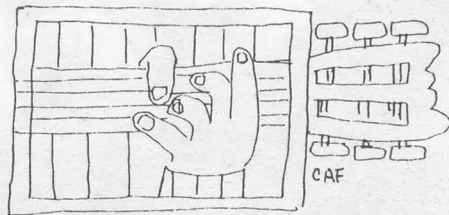
Those five parts have very different geographic and artistic roots, each worth notice in their own right:

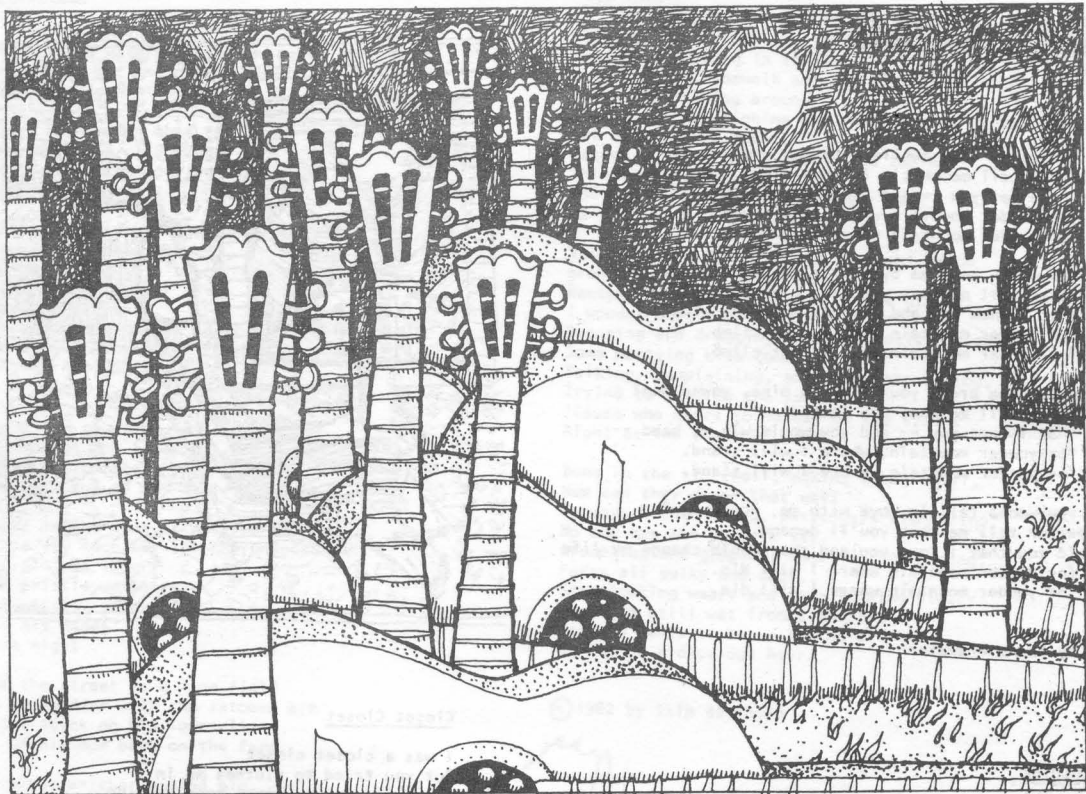
- Bill Bachmann, from Buffalo, got his musical baptism as a four-year-old ukelele player. In the 27 years since then, he has also studied piano and guitar and devoted some time to mandolin, fiddle, saxophone, bass and drums, but has abandoned the ukelele.

Primarily a self-taught musician, Bachmann also accumulated about 40 college credits in music history and theory. The major influences on his work have been "every jazz pianist, every jazz guitarist, every jazz horn player, and every acoustic guitar player" as well as his father and every other musician and singer he's ever seen or heard, by his own conservative estimate. The newest member of The Song Project, Bachmann is especially pleased with the group's vocal abilities and with its selection of material.

- Lucy Kaplanski, who arrived in New York City three years ago, gained well-deserved attention both as a solo performer and as a partner in Simon and Kaplanski; she appears in the latter capacity on the Cornelia Street Songwriters Exchange album. A fixture of the Greenwich Village folk scene, she has appeared at many local clubs and has opened for Jesse Winchester and Eric Andersen.

Kaplanski's talent as a vocalist is complemented by her abilities as a guitarist and performer. Her interpretive abilities provide a model that many more experienced artists would do well to study.





Loren Moss

● In addition to her musical contributions, Martha P. Hogan may be noted as The Song Project's chief onstage wisecracker. She is equally competent in both capacities and clearly relishes her ability to tease her audience--which, for its part, clearly thrives on the teasing. Her wink-wink nudge-nudge ebullience between songs does not, however, hamper her ability to perform on a wide emotional and musical scale.

The Chicago native, who also spent several years in New Mexico, was trained in respiratory therapy but fortunately recognized her musical and vocal talents. Her songwriting is another of her assets; her life in the west produced many experiences worthy of musical commemoration, which she accomplishes deftly and with powerful imagery.

● Tom Intondi, who formerly worked in the publishing field and as a school teacher, began playing the guitar in 1965 and has been writing and performing for ten years. His interest in music was first ignited by his father, a classical cello player, and later by Elvis Presley and Tim Buckley. Brooklyn-born and co-founder of the original Song Project, Intondi has used these diverse influences to great advantage.

Intondi is especially pleased with the evolution of The Song Project's status as "a full-fledged group as opposed to a concept." In addition to his skillful interpretation of other writers' music, he continues to enjoy writing his own songs and working with other people, most notably Frank Rossini, whose Oregon address has not impeded their continued collaboration.

●The final member of The Song Project, Mark Dann, is really The Compleat Musician: a graduate of the Manhattan School of Music, he builds and repairs instruments, plays bass and provides harmonies for the group, and is the recording engineer behind the CoOp albums and several other albums released independently by Greenwich Village songwriters.

Like many others who bear the title of folk singer, Dann has a musical background that refuses to be confined to any boundaries, real or imagined, that exist in the definition of folk music. He has toured and recorded with The Belmonts, George Gerdes, and Robert Ross, among others, adding yet another dimension to the cumulative musical experience of The Song Project.

When the five are on stage together, that experience becomes the basis for some of the best performing to be found in the Village. The *New York Post* critic Ira Mayer wrote that "the harmonies sound as though they never do anything but sing." David Browne, writing in *New York University's Courier*, also applauded their harmonies, which, he said, "make you wonder why they're not recording." And Stephen Holden, in a comprehensive assessment of their talents, wrote in the *New York Times* that "if anyone needs proof that folk music is alive, it is only necessary to look at the Song Project...radiant musical intelligence...with their perfect four- and five-part harmonies embellishing an incisive interpretive approach to generally excellent material. Seldom has the expression 'fresh blood' been more vividly personified."

side one

YONDER MOUNTAIN

Now do you wanna talk awhile with me, young man?
You'd better tell me what's in your mind.
I see I have met you -- and I would tag along,
If not for yonder mountain where I am bound.
If not for yonder mountain where I am bound.

Now do you wanna keep me by your side, young man?
You'd better tell me what you have planned.
I feel that I know you and I would make you mine,
If not for yonder mountain that I must climb.
If not for yonder mountain that I must climb.

Now do you wanna press your lips to mine, young man?
You'd better tell me what you intend.
I find that I want you -- and you would win my hand --
If not for yonder mountain, where I will stand.
If not for yonder mountain, where I will stand.

Now do you wanna fall in love with me, young man?
You'd better tell me what you'll demand.
I've told you that I love you and that would change my life
If not for yonder mountain where I will die.
If not for yonder mountain where I will die.

©1982 by Susan Brewster

THE ENFOLDING

Deep in this softly moonlit night we awoke to find
Our love's sweet expression unfolding of its own accord
A touch in gentle sleepiness, a fingertip and a pressing lip
The kindness of our bodies speaking softly in the dark.

Our love began so tentative, a smiling eye, a voice softspoken
Touching in a way our lives had never quite been met
A quiet grave acceptance of a truth within each other
The meeting of two people, man and woman, for all time.

So in the night our love unfolds, your body is akin to mine
Another half once left behind in generations long ago
To finally come together in a silent true immersion
The natural culmination of a love we can't define .

And this loving is a drawing close, a tuning in and opening
Until one perfect moment -- but how can it be expressed?
A receiving, an enfolding, as I cradle you within my loins
Within my heart, within my soul, you are my own true love.

Deep in this softly moonlit night we awoke to find
Our love's sweet expression unfolding of its own accord
A touch in gentle sleepiness, a fingertip and a pressing lip
The kindness of our bodies speaking softly in the dark.

by Lui Collins

©1982 Molly Gamblin Music (BMI)



Carol Ficksman

Closet Closet

I was a closet closet
But you tried to clothes me in
My shirts and my pants been hanging
 round this bar too long
My hinges were gettin rusty
My adidas were indeed a dittle dusty
A case of closet closet, too much
 corner on the cobweb blues

For years I skirted the his shoes
But I ain't blouse-ay no more
I been cabinet all to my shelf
But it's your vase I adore, I love your vanity
It's true I'm floored when we're in sink
And the chest above the drawers
Has me thinking of yours, on all fours

Mattress said he'd knock on wood
And if I hat to be a cap it sweater to be a hood
And couch she lied, sofa - so good
And my true collars were showing
I had to sleeveless dying room
Turn the table, put some desko music on,
Baby dust my broom

I was a closet closet
But my set didn't suit your suite
I've had too many threads on my life
 not to cut my ties
All this material had cotton to me
I had to get my rear out of this roomy
Yes a closet closet, but now I eat just
 what I choose

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Open All Night

smoke blue breath in the window
harsh light and watery eyes
burnt out butt out and out of sight
the deal goes down at moonrise

newspaper blows down this tunnel of love
tumbleweed in the city light
pissing neon in the pouring rain
open all night

skin green splitting in the back room
still praying to god above
dim names left back in the diner
all for a thimbleful of love

there's news of a murder up at fourteenth and
the waitress shivers with fright
as two cops tell a fish story
open all night

she wipes the counter
and she sweeps the floor
she makes the coffee
and she asks you do you want some more

she looks in the eyes of a desperate man
she can't say much but she can understand
another aimless loner
another brittle voice
another ghostly goner
head in his hands
open all night

outside the street is a mine field
to the ex-soldier with the tatoed arm
cigarette stuck on his lower lip
thinks of his mom back on the farm

thick thighs snicker behind him
she says boy you don't have to fight
come on home with me baby
I'm open all night

Copyright 1982 Brian Rose

One Kind Word

It's another season of tears
And that's not hidden by your words or your eyes
What's the thought that's brought you back here
Please be free soon, I know you can try.

If you feel so lonely sometime
That you wake up crying in the night
Whisper something you want whispered to you.
A thought or two
Ah, one kind word might do.

There was a time the sea ran high
And sailors flew from coast to coast
But now we look, the sea's run dry
And we wander, aching and lost.

Copyright 1982 Peter Thomson

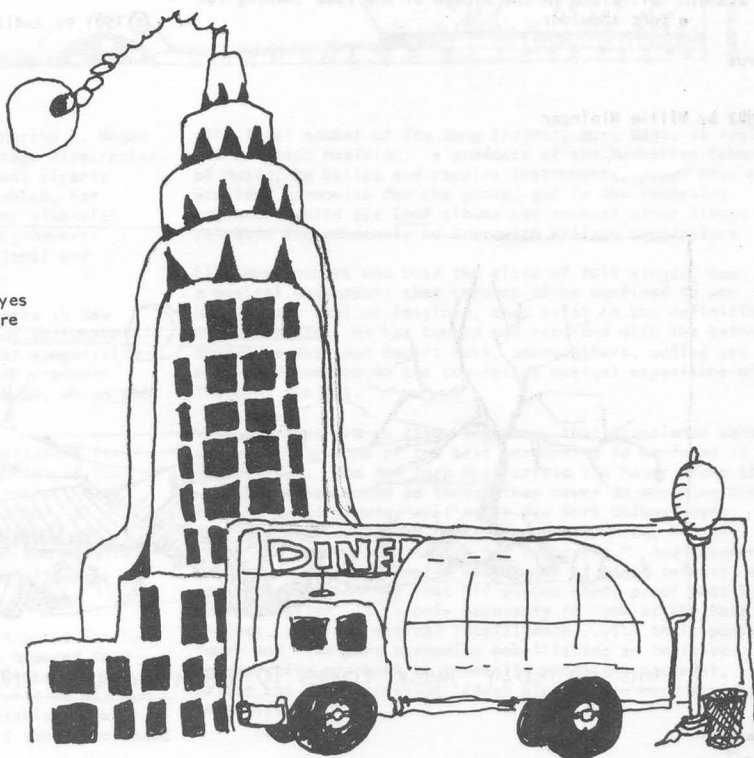
FIVE THIRTY

Garbage truck rumbling, revving and crumbling,
Herald of morning in town.
Cans hit the sidewalk and men with their rough talkin'
Bully the evening around.
Stretching and sighing and feeling like dying,
Not even nearly awake,
Eating a bagel and juice on the table,
Thinking up cause for delay.
And who wants to be up on their feet
At that hour of the day.

Street lights aglow on the pavement below
gradually fading from sight.
Newspapers bound in a pile on the ground;
I wonder what happened last night.
Drooping and dragging, with eyeballs a-sagging,
Some partying kids come along
Talking, complaining, and superstar-naming,
Trying to swallow the yawns.
'Cause who wants to be out on the street
Right at the crack of dawn.

Bums in the stairwell, making a big smell,
How can they go on that way?
Subways a-thundering, passengers blundering,
No one has too much to say.
Grumbling and groping, mumbling and moping,
Faces all sulky and dour.
Some looking weary and some looking bleary;
Some are still wet from a shower.
And who wants to be up in the city
At such a ridiculous hour.

©1982 by Skip Barthold



side two

YIPPYIO

Well I'm over thirty now and I feel at least that
If I knew the reason why you could bet your life I'd be the
first to release that
After all these years I still feel it
If I knew there was a key to unlock the mystery I swear that
I would steal it

Chorus:

Still you hear me singing 'Yippyio Yippyai'
Running down the road with my two feet winging away
No matter how your luck is going, you gotta keep your juices
flowing
When your head starts ringing you gotta start singing anyway.

Well, I've been in love and I've been in pain
'Cause I always kept watching for the sun when I was standing
in the rain
Held on too long; let go too fast
I've felt the sting of reaching for the ring when I didn't
have a chance

Chorus

Now you say that I'm grown but how do you know that
I've been sneakin' round the bend, hidin' from the wind and
I know that I show that
It's the middle of the night and I've never felt colder
I'm standin' all alone in the middle of the road looking for
a soft shoulder

Chorus

© 1982 by Willie Nininger

AIN'T GOING DOWN NO MORE

I felt so empty and so all alone
Thought I was with somebody; I was on my own
I couldn't bring myself to move, I saw the drama unfold
I am one but with the sky outside so clear and cold

Chorus:

I ain't going down no more
It's enough that I've been there
I'm staying in the clouds up high
You've got to rise to meet me in the air

On the desert of death valley I fell just like the rain
You were too dry to deny me and I cooled the empty plain
You stung me and you stored me I know you are the cactus
You don't really need me but you'll take me for the practice

Chorus

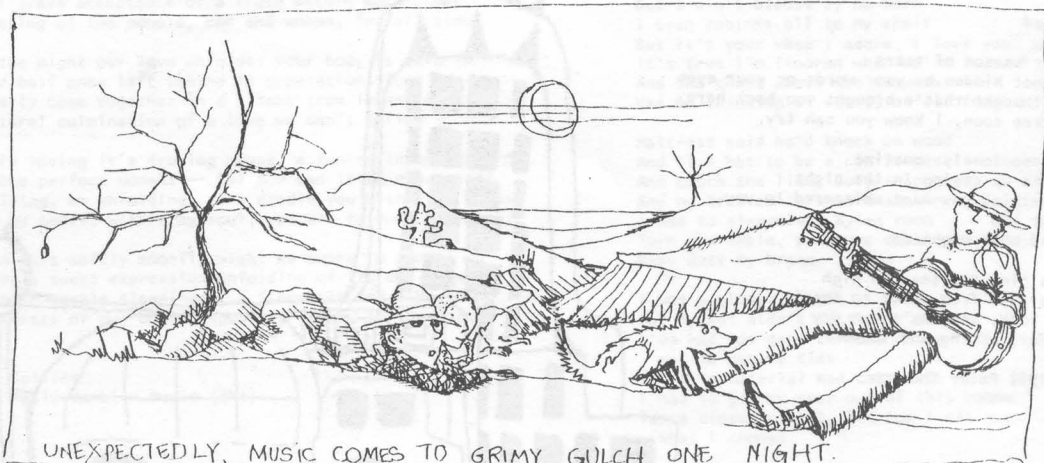
I chose this way for it looked to be the best
It's hard to be strong when you're at your lonliest
I knew long ago but then I just forgot
I am what I am and not what I am not

Chorus

Beneath the scorching sun upon the sifting sands
My map is made of puzzle pieces from outstretched hands
I fit them in as best I can and watch my way unfold
I am one but with the sky outside so clear and cold

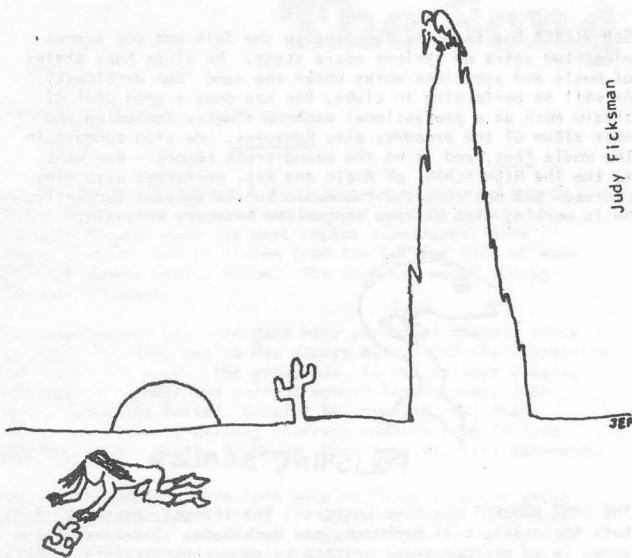
Chorus

© 1981 by Judith E. Ficksman



UNEXPECTEDLY, MUSIC COMES TO GRIMY GULCH ONE NIGHT.

Carol Ficksman



Judy Ficksman

JUST BY OFFERING ME YOUR LOVE

Just by offering me your love
You are stirring up old ideals
When past and present collide,
I'm afraid I can't hide how that feels.

Just by offering me your love
And accepting me as I am
The desire to leave
Gives to nurturing the seed of your plan.

Chorus:

There's always things to tell me
There's always things to show
But you don't have to sell me
No more.

Just by offering me your love
You have rescued a damaged heart
And it's amazing to me
What I couldn't see from the start.

Chorus

Just by offering me your love
I can only do what I must
And it's finally clear
That in you here I'm placing my trust.

©1982 by Ilene Weiss

I WANT TO RIDE IN DADDY'S PADDY WAGON

My daddy is the sheriff of our county;
I understand his life is duty-bound.
I only wish that I could be his bounty,
And stay where he will keep me safe and sound.
But when I feel rejected and neglected,
I try to think of ways to win his love.
I love my daddy dearly;
I want to have him near me,
So this is what I'm always dreaming of:

Chorus:

I want to ride in Daddy's paddy wagon,
I want to spend the night in Daddy's jail,
Hang out with all the bums and drunks he'll drag in,
Have fun till Mama comes to pay my bail.

I've tried to learn the lessons Daddy taught me;
I know them all in theory quite well.
But I can't keep myself from bein' naughty
And kickin' up a storm and raisin' hell.
It won't be long till Daddy realizes
I'm going to need some stronger discipline.
It's not enough to spank me
If he really wants to yank me
Out of the evil gaping jaws of sin.
That's why

Chorus

Now Daddy's scared I'll get myself in trouble,
And I feel I'm going to head that way for sure,
Unless he comes to get me on the double
And puts me where I'll trouble him no more.
He'll have to act real fast to save my virtue
So I don't fall and slip between the sheets.
If he wants to keep me lust-free
He's going to have to bust me --
It's the only way he'll keep me off the streets.
Oh, yeah,

Chorus

DRAWING A MAP

Europeans have a map...

U.S.A. has a map, a map of all the world
I can see a country in the center of the world
Any one will do. You can see it, too,
Or I can draw a map of the world for you.

U.S.A.'s map is very strange.
U.S.A., of course, is in the middle.
Russia's on the right.
Russia's on the left.
We cut Russia in half.
Greenland is three times the size of Australia.
That is rather strange,
Because Australia's really three times the size of Greenland.
And there is no South Pole!

Russians have a map...

Argentina has a map, a map of all the world
I can see a country in the center of the world
Any one will do. You can see it, too,
Or I can draw a map of the world for you.

Argentina's map is very strange.
Argentina, of course, is in the middle.
The South Pole's underneath.
It's very cold down there.
To the right is South Africa, where everybody has a British
accent.
To the left is Australia, where everybody has a British accent.
And all around the edge is China! China! That's right,
China!

©1982 by Lionel Wolberger

©1982 by Constance Taylor

On the Record

BILL BACHMANN began his musical career with the ukelele at the age of five. Now playing a variety of instruments, Bill's interests range from folk, bluegrass, and rock to Greek, Middle-Eastern, and jazz. In addition to composing and performing his own material, Bill has accompanied Paul Siebel, Kenny Kosek, Paula Lockheart, Andy Statman, George Gerdes, Rod MacDonald, The Song Project, and many other songwriters and instrumentalists.

SKIP BARTHOLD studied classical guitar at the Peabody Conservatory and taught guitar at Essex Community College, in Baltimore, Maryland. He recently moved to the City from upstate New York, and is currently working as a janitor at the Manhattan Squash Club.

SUSAN BREWSTER, 27, was raised in Wisconsin and moved to New York in 1979.

LUI COLLINS comes from Vermont and currently lives in Connecticut. She has two albums out on the Philo label: Made in New England and Baptism of Fire. She has championed the work of many different obscure writers and is an excellent writer herself.

BOB DYLAN #26 - born in Quisling, New Jersey on July 22, 1952, and again 30 years later - "has his fingers on the pulse of our times" (s.m. moon) - rode the idiot winds of the path trains into New York from Hoboken after palling around with tiny tom trueblood - studied guitar at the Institute for Psychopathic Nursing and Embalming, at the feet of that great Chinese blues player, pepe lu - "I have dedicated my life to the bi-tonal implications of the pentatonic scale."

CAROL FICKSMAN is an artist and one of the co-designers of the Speak Easy T-Shirt, along with her sister Judith and Loren Moss.

JUDITH FICKSMAN is a writer and winner of the Best Original Song Award in the Bob Dylan Sound-Alike Contest.



Judy Ficksman

LUCY KAPLANSKI, 22, is primarily an interpretive singer, concentrating on local writers, both in her solo career and as a member of The Song Project. She arrived in New York three years ago from her native Chicago. A featured singer on the Cornelia Street Songwriters Exchange album, she also is a member of the singing group The Roommates.

ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN is a science fiction writer whose work includes reviewing "new faces" for The Coop. One of her short stories was recently published in Isaac Asimov's science fiction magazine.

ANNIE & WILLIE NININGER have performed on Hee Haw (nationally syndicated). Willie wrote "I'm Proud to be a Moose" for Captain Kangaroo, and performs a busy schedule of college dates and folk and country music clubs. Annie and Willie wrote the music for NBC's After School Special, "Career Day at the Kelly School," based on the "Miss Peach" comic strip.

MARY REYNOLDS was brought up in Norman, Oklahoma. She began her performing career in 1976, just after a year of VISTA service and while she was still studying voice at the University of Oklahoma. She moved to New York in 1981, where she has achieved a typing speed of 30 words per minute.

BEN SILVER has recently returned to the folk and pop scenes after two years of serious opera study. He sings many styles of music and sometimes works under the name 'Ben Werblowsky.' As well as performing in clubs, Ben has done a good deal of studio work as a professional back-up singer, including the cast album of the Broadway play Runaways. He also appears in the movie Fame, and is on the sound-track record. Ben went to the The High School of Music and Art, performed with many choruses and has received two music scholarships. Currently, he is working with Village songwriter Rosemary Kirstein.



POLISHING SCALES

THE SONG PROJECT has five members: Tom Intondi, Martha P. Hogan, Lucy Kaplanski, Bill Bachmann, and Mark Dann. The idea of the group is to perform songs written by songwriter-artists associated with the Greenwich Village music scene. The group's repertoire includes over 40 songs by some of the best songwriters in town. Stephen Holden, of The New York Times, has written: "If anyone needs proof that folk music is alive, it is only necessary to look at The Song Project...radiant musical intelligence...seldom has the expression 'fresh blood' been more vividly personified."

CONSTANCE TAYLOR grew up as a cellist, dancer, actress, writer, artist and singer, and still does some of those things. She has supported herself intermittently as a secretary ("Never again!") and as a regular singer on the Staten Island Ferry. She performed as a wandering minstrel at the First Arizona Renaissance Faire ("The most wonderful job I ever had"), played bass with a country band, and has acted in theatre and films. She loves all kinds of music, songwriting, roller skating, traveling, good food and good lovin'.

PETER THOMSON, artist, thinker, ardent student of the Russian language, came to New York City in April of 1981. He died here a year later. His friends miss him.

DOUG WATERMAN, 26, came to New York City 1 year, 11 months, and 2 days ago. 3...4...

ILENE WEISS grew up in Philadelphia and lived in Providence and Chicago before moving to Manhattan just over a year ago. She is 26, and studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, the Second City in Chicago, and ran Kneecap Natural Foods in Providence, Rhode Island.

LIONEL WOLBERGER composes and performs. He performed with Better Music Thru Science in Ithaca, N.Y. for the duration of his studies at Cornell University. He then began playing solo in N.Y.C., appearing at Speak Easy, CBGB, and Queens College. In the summertime he directs musicals for children.



**Will the Real Bob Dylan
Please Stand Up?
OR
Do You Want I Should Use
Your Real Name, Kid?
OR
If You Think YOU'VE
Got Dylan's...
OR
Shoot-Out at the B.D. Corral**

By David Massengill

I didn't mean Smokey Robinson, I meant Arthur Rimbaud. I don't know how I could've gotten Smokey Robinson mixed up with Arthur Rimbaud. (Heh-heh.) But I did.

--Dylan, Rolling Stone
Nov. 29, 1969

I saw nothing. I saw white moons and black moons following them.

--Rimbaud

Thomas Merton was an eccentric modern monk of the Christian contemplative variety who coined the phrase "called to solitude." On a mission to China in the '60s to hobnob with his Buddhist confreres, he died of a live-wire touch.

And then the most amazing thing happened. All the alligators in a 20-mile radius, hordes of alligators, came swarming out of the creeks onto dry land, as of one mind. No one could explain it. They called it a sure sign of a saint.

Here we are at the Bob Dylan look-alike sound-alike contest on Thursday night, July 22, 1982 at the Speak Easy on McDougal, correspondent at large, and there are all these-- crustaceans...mollusks...alligators milling about! Big lizardous invaders, creatures of the hot swamp night, riding in on a mud slide to storm the limited-access event. Hundreds of alligators--with clothes on, obviously not their own...with sunglasses, and wighats on their heads. All that basic black is blinding...Subterranean hordes in stovepipe trousers, scurfy boptops, stiletto boots, wearing airs of inscrutability and guitars, squirring for the chance to make fools of themselves and honor their favorite Visionary by poking fun at their own rabid devotion.

Dylan lives. He's got at least half of his nine lives to go, that hep cat. We'll give him alligator sainthood anyway, and hope he survives it as well as his self-preservation instinct would indicate: as easily as he's survived years of grappling with live wires and tightropes and a reputation that precedes, succeeds, concedes, supersedes him.

One Daily Newser asks: "Will the real Bob Dylan show up?" To which Jack Hardy answers: "He better not, he'll see what he started."

What he started at the Speak Easy tonight is a stampede.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it is also the most ridiculous. Dylan is an adept at the Put-On. And here tonight, in his honor, the line is drawn at 64 contestants who'll put on the outfit, the face, the voice, the attitude of the guy who writes all those songs. Now, the art of parody is a many-splendored sting. It can be naive, sincere, camp, funny, or brave. Tonight it is all of that, and ridiculous.

The celebrity judges are: Geoffrey Stokes of the Village Voice, Larry Sloman filling in for David Blue, Cynthia Gooding, singer extraordinaire, and Mike Porco, past-owner of Folk City and a legend in his own time. These people will prove to be instrumental in guiding the evening deep into the intrepid heart of hilarity. Forget the old saw about the sobriety of a judge. They're not having any.

Right off the bat Sloman seeks the privileged abuses of his exalted office: "We want drugs! Votes in exchange for drugs!"

I'm offered the post of official timekeeper, he whose task it is to signal when each act's allotted 5 minutes is up. There is a large air horn with a mighty and noxious sound for this purpose. I turn it down, smart move. He's just a pawn of the judges, who use their Machiavellian and hallucinogenic powers of discretion to clock the minutes. The fouling is flagrant, thank God.

I'd rather witness the proceedings from my baseline seat at the press table--aptly named: like everyone else at the Speak Easy, we're truly pressed in there. All the biggies of the 4th estate are there--the Post, the Rolling Stone... People magazine, for chrissakes. CBS, NBC have snipers on Tadders getting the parakeet's eye-view of the affair: "Cameraman, get down," is the reiterative battle-cry from the floor. Photographers squat on their haunches like Zulu warriors and the film rolls with the punchlines.

Ravenous, adrenal New York City is there in droves. Three hundred patrons get in before they put up the "Lot Full" sign. Doormen describe fear and trembling in having to confront a mob of snarling, messianic Dylans with Zorro blackglasses wielding rapier guitars. As it is, the people who get in are deployed throughout the club in a human briar patch. Folks sit with one buttock dangling off shared chairs. A girl gets ousted from the air shaft.

Pandemonium reigns. "There he is!" shrieks someone at the table. --Nope, just a reasonable facsimile. It's to be a night of double-take.



Bob Dylan #26

The waitress dispatches her duty with amazing grace under pressure, thanks to biofeedback training or secondals, one. A whole subplot-ritual develops around getting her launched on her treks out of the logjammed bar area towards the main room: the perpetuate drama of The Waitress Walks!-- Maybe! A thriller in 3-D. People maiming and elbowing for a better view of the distant stage break out into altruistic sweats when the call goes through the ranks: "Waitress coming!"--They careen sideways, the casualty list swells. Thank you Moses: and the seas part, kinda.

Erik Frandsen, the king of Pith, master of Carnival Knowledge, takes the stage in his role of Master of Ceremonies like Father Damien bringing salvation and eggbeaters to the Molokai lepers. In his best hittin'-the-chataqua-trail voice--a real Hector Tuxedo--he opens "The First Annual Bob Dylan Look-Alike Contest" (last ever at these prices)...and welcomes us to "the Speak Easy: that fire hydrant of the underdog."

The categories are announced: Folk-Protest, Amphetamine-Rock, Post-Motorcycle-Accident-Voice-Change, Born-Again, and Free-Style. As the show cranks with Contestant #1, I overhear a groan from the judges' corner: "Oh God, I hope they don't all do 'Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands.'"

As a matter of fact, they didn't. It's the most startling development of the evening: out of 51 acts who stayed, to give 250-odd spectators who--more amazing--also stayed the duration, the craziest five hours of spectral vagabondage and persona-piracy ever; no one did the same song. Well, one song got a repeat, "North Country Fair," but that was it. Every category as well as 11 Dylan albums were well-represented. How well? That's another story...Ain't nothin' like the real thing, baby.

After five hours of Dylan imitators you get the blind staggers, the brain bananers, the whisker washers, and the fantods. Your mind wanders to the imagined spectacle of a Dolly Parton Night, or a Joni Mitchell Night, or a Milton Berle Night...

But forgive me, I'm wandering. (Forgive us our press passes.) That obnoxious buzzer every few minutes won't let me get far. Frank Christian, who's asked that I pseudonymize him if he wins anything, evokes a huge roar of gratitude from the audience for his flawless rendition of "Talking World War III Blues." Way to go, Zambo--as he will heretofore be misnomered.

A strange entry in Amphetamine-Rock is our first female entry, who performs in mime. A particularly frantic display, in which she stalks the stage in a fury, lights and throws away cigarette after unsmoked cigarette, reads silently and rips up disgustedly the Wall St. Journal, and brings out the toilet paper with which she then "rolls" (circa 1962) the stage. This puts me in mind of the 1974 Dylan concert in Charlotte, N.C., when my girlfriend--avid fan--forced on Bill Graham a paper bag package to take back to Dylan pre-show...A package which contained a pack of camels and a snickers candy bar. "He'll understand," she said in earnest. Does anyone else?

Jack Hardy, performing "Stuck Inside of Mobile" with a back-up band, does such a good job he gets one point deducted for blatant professionalism.

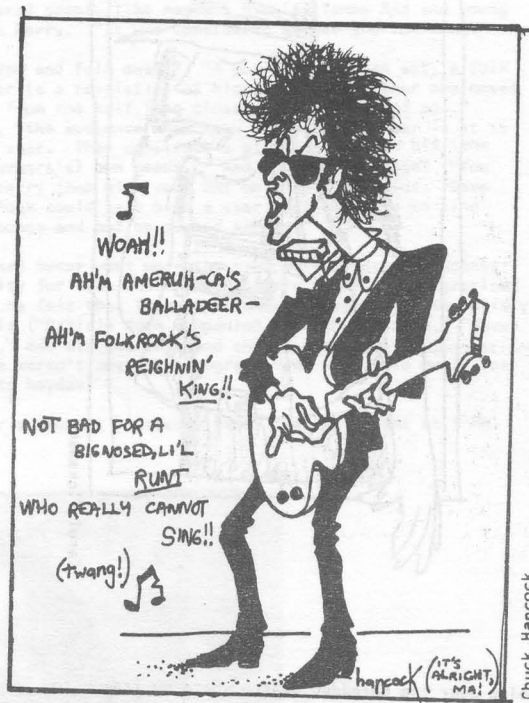
In the Voice-Change category, a fellow bears an uncanny resemblance to Dylan, with the black suit, the forest of black hair, the same nose. But he's carrying Elvis's Last Days-poundage, kind of a Tiny Tim-Bob Dylan.

"You're a Big Girl Now" from Blood On the Tracks is mimicked absolutely to a T.

One fella, his head and arm in bandages, performs a schizophrenic "North Country Fair" in which he takes the part of both Dylan and Johnny Cash.

Contestant #34 dares to start up with the same song (which would make it third time around for Bob and Johnny) and I gulp out, "Wodehouse, get the tomaters!" But he's headed off at the pass by the honk.

George Gerdes, who's been stationed outa sight downstairs trying to recruit groupies from the females on their way to the bathroom, using Dylan's voice--and fright wig, and sunglasses, and rubber Groucho nose...gives an hilarious rendition of the cornball "I Believe For Every Drop of Rain That Falls..." Like his appearance and gestures and nasality, the song has been surgically altered by George to best ape Dylan, stealing lyrics piecemeal.



Chuck Hancock

During the Born-Again portion, the raucous squawk-gun ("Is there a parrot in the house?") runs out of steam and refuses to perform a minute more. We deaf-drunks heave a sigh of relief. The judges decide it's an act of God and allow the act to continue.

The Free-Style segment sees a guy who looks exactly like Steve Martin perform a medley of Dylan hits from "Like A Rolling Stone" to "Knockin' On Heaven's Door." Get this fella a commercial endorsing products they can't get Steve to endorse, quick. Get him a Steve Martin Look-Alike Contest.



"B"



Carol Ficksman.

In going over the shredded quarto where my fragmented impressions are logged, I find time and again these ink blots which read: "Aggh!" and "Nooo" and "putrid" and "CRINGE" and "rotten" and "shriek" and "very strange phrasing" to describe the less illustrious acts. I particularly like the hieroglyphic "Wretched Capt. Ahab." But that's not what I remember of the occasion. Instead it was five hours of life imitating art, of putting up with ourselves with jolly good humor. The nay-sayers stayed away.

And if what we Dylan fans like about him is his utter aplomb, his cerebral bric-a-brac, his restoring to small actions their large dimensions, his tenebrous dignity and ability to keep intruders at the rim while he chooses cool regions of his own to inhabit--well, what we liked about the Bob Dylan Night had very little of those things. But it had a lot of comic relief.

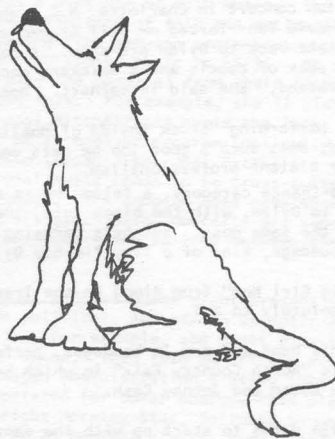
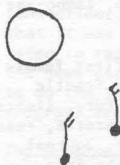
The prizes are announced, with giant flat picks and baby blue or red harmonicas for all concerned. And here I thought the prize would be a phone call to Dylan or a naked lunch with William Burroughs, or a day at the races with Bukowski...maybe even a pack of camels and a snickers. But this is first class all the way; all the way to Grand Prize winner Zambo's baby gold-plated harmonica. Five special citations are added to awards for best performances in each category and best look-alike, as follows: Best David Peel Imitation, Bob McGrath; Best Dylan "Thank You," Peter Spencer; Worst (and Best) Johnny Cash Imitation, Arlen Roth; Most Dylanlike Nose, Yukitaka Nakamura; and Best Original Dylan Song, Judy Ficksman.

The other winners are:
 Folk-Protest 1st Zambo, 2nd Michael Sweet
 Amphetamine-Rock 1st Tom Intondi, 2nd Jack Hardy
 Voice-Change 1st Steve Jones, 2nd Doug Gans
 Born-Again Arvin Leitman
 Free-Style 1st George Gerdes, 2nd Constance Taylor
 Look-Alike 1st Richard Channel, 2nd Ken Coughlin

Jack Hardy receives the news of his award with "Oh no, my musical career is finished with this." To which our caustic emcee replies, "No, Jack, your career was finished long before this." Erik then denies Jack the right to make an acceptance speech since he'd only placed second.

Tom Intondi, who wins first place to Jack's second in Amphetamine-Rock, confides that he'd softened up the judges not with his Dylan song, but with his impression of Ed Sullivan. "You know," he muses, "I was the only one who took off my glasses to get into character for Dylan."

George Gerdes' acceptance speech for Free-Style starts: "Thank you you you very very much much..."--Lou Gehrig-type doublespeak. He credits his success to Bobby Neuwirth, Sam Peckinpah, and Allah.



Baying in New Jersey

Judy Ficksman



A host of Bob Dylans

When Zambo stands up to receive the Award Ultimate, Best Over-All, the evening's wind-up is imminent. The sentimental and orchestral implications of that mob of prize-winners arrayed like a graduating class behind him, gets to him and he proposes that they burst into song. A real Miss America finale. He confers with the fellow awardees. No one can decide on a song. Damn, that Bob Dylan wrote a lot of songs...The feeble strains of "Blowing in the Wind" begin as a wisecrack from the audience calls: "Sing it solo! Sing it so low we can't hear!"

I have it on good authority that Dylan's own office sent a film crew incognito to make a trim 35-minute feature film for Dylan's own viewing titled "Battle of the Bobs." It should be at least as interesting to him as five hours of Renaldo and Clara was to us.

Everyone's beginning to todder home. Some are still here, running in place. Journalistic instinct aflame, I decide to barnstorm the judges for their reactions.

Stokes: "Professional--not genius. Amazed at how few repeats. A good time."

Sloman: "Height of surrealism, good vibes. Loose but full of vitality. Showed respect for Dylan."

Gooding: "Transient--bad--marvelous--unique. Mr. Zambo the overwhelming first choice."

Porco (who gave Dylan his first gig in N.Y.): "The people should go after their own creation--only one Bob Dylan. We still communicate--I tried to get Bobby to disguise himself and see if the judges would know...But I missed him on the phone by one minute."

The caretakers are handed brooms and told to get to work.

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[Handwritten signature]
 "Bb"
 JEF

Judy Ficksman

News Briefs — Brief Reviews

Hey Rube! Northeast Rendezvous

By Lui Collins

The place was Caffe Lena, Saratoga Springs, June 29 to July 1; the event, a Northeast Rendezvous of Hey Rube! The purpose of our gathering--well, we weren't quite sure, though each of us did come with expectations.

Hey Rube!, headquartered in Minneapolis, is "the association for the advancement of the traditional performing artist," a group of performers--not necessarily musicians, nor performers of "traditional" music--and others involved in different aspects of the folk community. The association began with triple purpose of providing group insurance rates for performers, establishing lines of communication, and sharing information on work prospects. In the two years of its existence, all this has been accomplished--there is a Hey Rube! group health plan, a newsletter which is distributed to members, and a very extensive gig list.

Information on the Northeast Rendezvous had been fairly sketchy, and many members didn't realize it was definitely on. The ten of us who did show up weren't really sure what was to happen. So one of the first things we did was to state our individual expectations. There was a surprising, or maybe not so surprising, similarity in our statements: we had come to find out what Hey Rube! was really about, to combat our feelings of isolation from other performers, to share ideas, experiences, and music. And to discuss how to increase interest in the traditional performing arts and so assure their future.

We then structured our time together to fill these needs. We talked about ways to better our business management, given the reality that almost all of us need to handle our own bookings, promotion, etc. We talked about encouraging "house concerts," to enlarge the work possibilities in any area and to draw into the folk community people who would not otherwise be reached. We drew up a detailed list of considerations, to be published in pamphlet form and made available as a guideline to anyone who might be interested in hosting a house concert. We discussed the possibility of establishing a Northeast Hey Rube! center to help with the overload of work at our entirely volunteer-staffed national office. We talked about the need to recognize the importance of the contribution of our non-performing members, the concert promoters, coffeehouse hosts, and other folks who make a performer's living possible. And in the evenings we played music.

We left with plans in the works for a 1983 Northeast Rendezvous, to be better publicized and hopefully to involve a larger proportion of the region's membership. And we left with much relief from our feelings of isolation after three days of intimate sharing, on professional, emotional, and musical levels, with new friends.



PHILO RECORDS:
Made in New England - PH 1081
Baptism of Fire - PH 1077

LUI COLLINS

Molly Gasblyn Music
Box 513
Gosden, CT 06036
(203) 491-3091

Lui Collins

By Angela Page

Friday July 23. What could possibly follow the hectic success of the Bob Dylan imitators madness? The great thing about Speak Easy is that it maintains its quality of excellence unswayed by fads, attendance, money or public relations. This policy was exemplified Friday and Saturday, July 23 and 24 with the booking of the Song Project and Lui Collins.

As Lui took the stage, the night manager whispered, "I love the feeling of this evening already." As she began her first song, several Co-op members at the bar stepped to the top of the stairs, and then, into the main room. "She's terrific!" someone said. Then picking up her album from the bin, "I've got to meet her."

And that's just what happens when Lui plays. You meet her. You sing with her. She talks with you. She creates a feeling of unity in the space where she plays.

Lui is an accomplished musician with the gift of putting down on paper what she hears as she hears it for the first time. Three years ago as I sang her a song a capella, she jotted away with notes and staves commenting how the melody went from 3/4 to 6/8 and back to 3/4. (I don't know--I just sing the tune.) Then she sang it back exactly. (I'm always floored by that.)

Listening to The Coop album cut of "On the Road to Fairfax County," she has mimicked David Massengill's dulcimer sound as best a guitar could.

Indeed, Lui has what I consider a talent for zeroing in on a good song. She has gathered the best from songwriters here and there, almost a song project in herself. Stan Rogers, Julie Snow, Bill Lauf, Gail Nelson, Horace Williams, Jack Hardy, and Paul Lauzan are covered--just to name a few.

Her guitar work molds to the mood called for in each song. She is never ostentatious though quite capable of being so. Best of she dances--with her guitar--but it's all part of the song and we hardly even notice.

For a sometimes all too snobby New York scene, it's a pleasure and an inspiration for us to hear such excellence from outside the city. Lui keeps a mailing list and has two albums available on Philo records. You can reach her at:



Jeff Gold

Jeff Gold at Folk City

Jeff Gold performed at Folk City on Saturday, July 10. This was the first time I'd seen him play in three years. I remember him as a mellow, laid-back performer, and after his having spent 9 months in California, I expected pablum. Not so, to my surprise. There was a new and exciting energy to his presentation, an aggressiveness to his delivery.

Part of the punch came from the superbly subtle and sympathetic bass playing of Mark Dann. Mark Mugrage supported the songs not only instrumentally, with his expressive guitar lines, but also with his clear-eyed harmonies.

"City Blues," a relatively new song by Jeff, was far superior in its live performance that night to the more subdued version on the July issue of the COOP. This was due in large part to Jeffrey's searing harmonica solos.

Jeffrey has a relaxed, easy-going between-song patter that reflects his nice-guy personality. One small complaint: He does not always announce titles of his songs, and I missed some.

All in all, this was an interesting, stimulating show. Catch him the next time around!

Frank Mazzetti



I am gathering copyrighted material to be included in a radio show on CFR0, Vancouver, B.C. Anyone wishing to submit a cassette tape of decent quality please contact Jai at Speak Easy Friday to Tuesday before August 21.

Classic Rush in New Hampshire

By Larry McClain

There's more than a touch of salt-and-pepper in Tom Rush's hair these days, but his music still has what Truman Capote calls "echo." While other songwriters try to make their lyrics do the bouncing and boomeranging, Rush uses words carefully and ruefully. And whether he's singing about cataclysmic floods or divorces or the serenity of Merrimack County, New Hampshire, the themes have echo.

Rush headlined an outdoor show on July 17 at Gunstock Ski Resort in Gilford, New Hampshire, just up the road apiece from Lake Winnepesaukee and about a half hour's drive from where Hank Fonda and Katharine Hepburn "sucked face" in On Golden Pond. Backed by a New York City foursome (piano, drums/vibes, sax/flute, and bass), Tom quickly established a nice groove and affable (though never arch) audience rapport. Makes you wonder why he's not being yanked onto coliseum stages all over the country. Now that Cat Stevens is a practicing Muslim living in Brazil, of all places, and James Taylor looks gaunt and tired, Tom Rush is hands-down the most energetic of his contemporaries. (I'd much rather buy Rush's next LP, whenever that's available, than to wait for James Taylor's Dad Loves his Toupee or Cat's Mosque Rat Love.)

In his Gunstock set, Rush didn't reach back all the way to "The Circle Game," but he did play some early '70's material from the Elektra and Columbia days: "No Regrets," Merrimack County, Eric Kaz's "Mother Earth," and "(Lost my) Drivin' Wheel." His between-song Shtick was droll rather than inane, as is often the case with performers reaching to please. Example: "The state motto of New Hampshire is 'Live free or die.' These dudes don't believe in cuttin' you a lotta slack. Take your pick..."

New Faces/Up and Coming

By Rosemary Kirstein

Last month The Coop featured articles about street singing, and one article included an interview with Bob McGrath who performed on the June 6 and July 18 Up and Coming. Bob McGrath's music is street bred; not just in its execution--high-volume, high-energy--but in its composition, its turns of phrase, its entire approach. Out on the street, competing with street noise, other musicians and the entire city of New York, McGrath's music is perfect. It's attention-grabbing. You can't help but stop and listen. It takes you forcibly by the lapels and shouts witticisms in your ear, and just when it's got you laughing and stomping your feet, it turns around and strikes you with an important idea. On the street, McGrath's approach is exactly what's needed. Indoors matters are quite different.

McGrath makes extensive use of repetition. Outside, this is necessary. The audience is wandering, and people will be joining and leaving the audience in mid-song. Repetition ensures that the message gets across. However, a nightclub audience is sitting there for the whole song, for the whole set (hopefully). A certain amount of repetition helps establish symmetry in a song, but if the audience keeps hearing the same lines over and over they simply get bored. The club audience is accustomed to more substance per unit of music.

Even though Rush is a confirmed Manhattanophobe--which sort of telegraphs how he feels about sooty old Los Angeles--I kept thinking that, had it not been for a missed single here or a David Lindley there, Tom Rush might have stood shoulder to shoulder with Jackson Browne all through the late '70's into Anno Domini 1982. Still, you get the feeling that the man knew what he wanted all along. He didn't need those gunny sacks full of cocaine, or Miss Carly's love, or his own house of worship in Rio de Janeiro. Tom's been through some pretty nasty winters up here, and I reckon he can stage a comeback any old time he pleases. New Englanders are like that.

Sing Out! Update

by Bonnie Blankinship

The latest news from Sing Out! is that, although they lack the funds to publish their usual magazine, they are putting out a monthly newsletter that will come out for the next four or five months until a decision can be made about how to proceed in the future.

The purpose of the newsletter is to involve all their subscribers in making this decision. Some questions under debate are: How often should the magazine come out? Should they accept ads? Should they cover music other than folk? If so, what kinds?

Everyone interested in seeing Sing Out! continue publication is strongly encouraged to send in their suggestions.

Blatant turns of phrase are another street technique that doesn't translate to the stage. Passers-by are not going to catch the subtleties. To get your message across, you should say it flat out. But on stage, this comes across as heavy handedness. The same goes for sound effects and single entendres (listen to McGrath's "I'm An Animal"). McGrath's guitar playing perfectly supports his street style. It is loud, and the rhythm is strong and constant. Again, just right for outdoors, but for indoor performances song after song, it's overkill.

However, there are some songs in which he demonstrates a more artistic approach. "The Apocalypse Is Now" is full of macabre imager, and his strong rhythm and throat-tearing singing contribute to the terror of the song. "The apocalypse is now/Have you seen the sacrificial knife?/First they come and take your life..." This is one of his best songs, but even here he does resort to streetisms at the end.

Audience response to McGrath varies. On a couple nights I saw him, the crowd diminished considerably while he was on stage. On the July 18 Up and Coming, however, they were much more interested. They sang along and raised their glasses when asked during "What a Life We Lead." "Gutter-mouth" and "I Wanna Be a Bum" (a particular favorite of mine) also went over well. But there was still a tendency for people to wince and draw back a bit.

Bob McGrath is a good performer, and I feel very uncomfortable giving an essentially negative review of someone I know is a good performer. McGrath demonstrates that what may be perfect in one context can be unsuitable in another.

One of the reasons the audience was in such a good mood on July 18 was the act that performed just before McGrath. The billing on the calendar read Josh Joffen, but Joffen brought along his partners Ruth Ann Brauser and Judith Zweiman. Collectively they are known as Late for Dinner. I've been a fan of Joffen's songs for a long time. I have good reason to be. As a listener, I have always had strong ideas about what I like and don't like in music and what I think is or isn't good (even before I started writing these reviews). What I like is music written with intelligence, depth and clarity. I like lyrics that make use of the subtleties of expression of which the English language is capable, melodies that do more than just keep the beat. I like songwriters with a sense of perspective, who can see beyond their noses to reach for the wider themes, without losing the ability to precisely focus on the immediate.

Shall I continue? Joffen's music rarely lets me down. Consider "Crazy Horse," written about the sculptor who is carving a statue of the Indian hero out of the top of an entire mountain, using dynamite and bulldozers. The task is so immense that it will extend past the artist's lifetime.

The words read deceptively simple, without the driving spirit of the music behind them:

Crazy Horse, I want to see you
Riding high upon the mountain,
Looking to the sunrise,
Pointing out to the horizon.
If a time should come to pass
That our kind is gone at last
You will stand as a reminder
Of the spirit of a man.

Joffen doesn't state whether the spirit symbolized by the statue is Crazy Horse's or the Sculptor's. By not stating, he tells us that he means both.

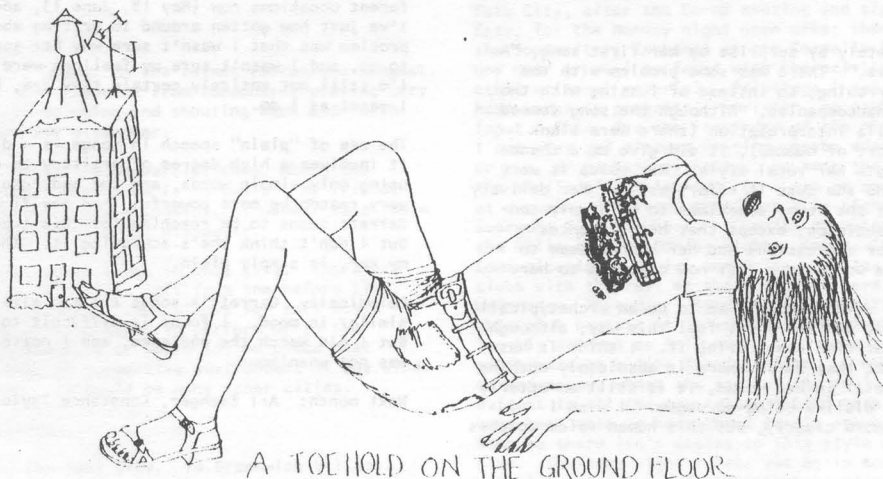
The man carves a man from the mountain
The mountain draws a mountain from the man.
Day by day,
Clay working clay...

These lines are a good example of Joffen's way of taking a phrase and turning it around to draw every iota of meaning from it.

Late for Dinner put on a very good show. Joffen and Brauser are the main guitarists in the trio, although on a couple of songs Zweiman set aside her bass and added in some guitar. Vocally they blend well, and Brauser especially has a good sense of harmony that permits freedom of line without losing track of the overall sound. Although they featured Joffen's songs that night, Brauser stepped forward for a few of her own compositions. I especially like "A Way with Words" and the bluesy "Baby, Don't Pass Me By." The only major problem with Late for Dinner's segment of the evening was one that was outside of their control, and it's a measure of their ability that despite this problem, they had the audience completely in their hands.

The problem was the quality of the sound reproduction. The sound at the Speakeasy does vary sometimes, and the sound system is adequate, but not really good. But what Late for Dinner had to put up with was simply inexcusable, and it was not the system, it was the person behind the controls who was the cause.

I found it hard to believe the soundman was listening at all. The instrumental balance was way off, and reverb, treble and bass seemed to have been set at random. The soundman had a habit of tapping his foot in time to the music against the side of the stand holding the soundboard, causing the reverb springs to send Star Wars-like effects out to a very perplexed audience. When a Co-op member (no, it wasn't me) pointed this out to him, he showed little interest.



A TOE HOLD ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Judy Ficksman

As a result, when Brauser played "Baby, Don't Pass Me By," the audience was completely unaware of the complex, difficult arrangement. I could see what she was playing, and it looked fascinating, but the volume was low on her guitar and I just couldn't hear it. In another song it looked like she was playing an excellent lead line. Good women lead guitarists are still rare, and I would like to have heard it. No chance.

Like Joffen, Susan Brewster (July 6) is another performer who delivers everything I look for in a songwriter. In addition, she is completely different from anyone else you've ever heard. I think that she may well become one of the important songwriters of our time.

Brewster's viewpoint is analytical. One might expect the result to be rather dry and over intellectual, but that's not the case. Instead, her songs are sharply intelligent. In "Existence of Convenience" she quotes package labels at us to demonstrate how our ideas of what is important in life have gone off center. "It's easy! It's instant! It's results in hours... existence of convenience gives us little time.../It's done away with hardship but it has not simplified." In "Animal to Man," a man has difficulty accepting civilization: "And remnants of his nature become his enemy/And the future of the kingdom is at his mercy." I don't always agree with Brewster's opinions, but she expresses them with the sort of clarity I like to see. Her point of view is unique. She shows us things we do not expect and makes us question life. This carries through to her musical approach as well. Her melodies are liable to go off at unexpected angles. Her rhythms are brittle, syncopated in surprising places. Her harmonic vocabulary is not the sort one usually hears from guitarists. Too many guitarists fall into standard harmonic structures, but Brewster's instrumental perspective is wider than other guitarists.

In times to come, Brewster may well influence the direction of popular music. Don't miss an opportunity to see her. This could become history.

Rae Monroe (June 16 and July 4) is one of those people who I've seen around for a long time but never had the opportunity to hear. I had no idea that she was as wonderful a singer as she is.

She took me completely by surprise by her first song, "A Sunday Kind of Love." There was some problem with the guitar she was borrowing, so instead of fussing with the guitar she sang unaccompanied. Although the song seemed unsuited to acapella interpretation (there were blank spots where she sort of hummed), it did give me a chance to really appreciate her vocal style. Her voice is very warm and clean, and she uses it effortlessly. Her delivery is so natural that she seems sometimes to be simply conversing with the audience, except that her sentences have melodies. Her expressions and her manner seem to suggest that these words have just now occurred to her.

Somehow, Monroe's voice seems to me to be an archetypically human one. I'm not certain why I feel this way, although I've spent a lot of time considering it. I think it has to do with the fact that while there is absolutely nothing studied or artificial in her sound, it is still an utterly perfect sound. I dislike being so vague. I wish I could express it more clearly, but this human voice touches me deeply.



Rae Monroe

The songs she chooses and the songs she writes have this same feeling to them. In "Don't Let Me Walk Away," (see last month's album) she says, "I am free, I have a choice/ I choose to live, I choose your voice." Choice is a purely human phenomenon. And in her version of Dylan's "Tomorrow Is a Long Time" she saves the chorus until the very end, when she sings it just once, making the structure more like something a person would say than like a formal song. It becomes an eloquent and sincere statement. For the last three months I've been saying that my next review would include Maggie Garrett. I've seen her on three different occasions now (May 18, June 13, and June 30), but I've just now gotten around to writing about her. The problem was that I wasn't sure why her songs don't appeal to me, and I wasn't sure my feelings were justifiable. I'm still not entirely certain they are, but I do know why I react as I do.

The use of "plain" speech in songs is a difficult art. It involves a high degree of artistry to express subtleties using only simple words, and the end result can for that very reason be more powerful than any flower poetry. Garrett seems to be reaching for this type of expression, but I don't think she's achieving it. The result, to my ear, is simply plain.

Melodically, Garrett's songs are too similar, and too similar in mood. I found it difficult to stay interested. But I did watch the audience, and I noticed that the feeling was not unanimous.

Next month: Ari Esenger, Constance Taylor and more.

Peter Spencer—«Paradise Loft» A Record Review

By Andy Polon

Peter Spencer's *Paradise Loft* is a really good album; one that belongs on the record shelf of every artist struggling to synthesize the diverse cultural influences available to so many of us today.

Today's musicians and artists have extraordinary reservoirs of influences to choose from: records of every musical style in history within easy reach, the weight (i.e. benefit) of formal education for all, and media input from the airwaves to the poster on the block. In cultural mecca's such as New York, the added live input--from performances to institutions--can put almost insurmountable pressures on the artist who is turned on by all these sources. How can one deal with all this and still have a clear musical identity?

Peter Spencer has created a strong and magnetic musical personality out of several sources: the jazz tradition from ragtime to be-bop, the 1960's English acoustic folk movement, the North American old-timey and traditional folk currents (as well as contemporary singer-songwriter folk), and southern blues. These are all unified by his fine vocal style of honest, clear singing. Instead of struggling to sound different on different cuts, Peter's voice helps the different styles blend into his personal sound. Underneath his singing is a wonderful guitar style, rooted in accurate study of the blues tradition and blues-based jazz. Peter has great chops and he uses them to support his music.

My favoritesong, "Where Do You Go," shows much of this. The only cut here to use multi-tracking of Peter's guitar playing, it opens with a hot guitar chorus in the key of "D" which would make Mississippi John Hurt and Bo Carter proud. When the singing starts, the song takes off in a new direction and really swings! The tasteful background vocals by Daisann McLain and Barbara Marsh keep the momentum building just at the right time; the lyrics stress a restless wanderer's dilemma that surfaces in several of his other compositions.

"Stones in My Passway" is a faithful and clean rendition of Robert Johnson's fifty-year-old delta blues classic, in open "G" tuning. It's good to hear the words sung clearly, instead of the over-slurring that urban interpreters often confuse with real feeling. Peter's "Streets of Montreal" is a rhythmic love song that opens with an arresting a cappella chorus. Then the guitar in the key of "D" slips in, and the song sustains a gently but bouncy mood. The guitar accompaniment in the folk rock James Taylor/Byrds vein should be listened to by all songwriter/singers who only strum away under ballads.

"Wolverines" in "C" is a cautionary tale concerning those charming but excitable little devils who seem to be everywhere lately. This droll tale of mayhem should deter others from going out drinking with them, but alas, it probably won't.

"Goodbye Porkpie Hat" is based on Mahavishnu John McLaughlin's beautiful guitar rendition of the Charles Mingus ballad. It is a homage to the swing saxophonist Lester "Pres" Young, one of the most influential stylists in jazz and a major inspirer of Charlie Parker--the composer of "Billie's Bounce." Both tunes feature great guitar and under-mixed but fine bass playing by one Sprocket J. Royer (!). "Porkpie" is a 6/8 ballad with striking jazz harmonies and near dissonances. After the song is sung once, Peter shifts into an up-tempo "D" modal guitar solo reflecting his English acoustic influences, blending them



with a few atonal guitar licks. Then the song re-asserts itself. "Billy's Bounce" is played in "E" (instead of the usual flat keys of "F" or "B" flat) and this concession to the open-string approach helps Peter's guitar solo, which is bluesy in the English sense (instead of be-boppy as the tune is usually played). The lyrics by Eddie Jefferson are written to Parker's solo, and Peter sings these as well. While he will never put Joni Mitchell (i.e. "Twisted") out of business, this cut swings.

"Seattle Hunch" is a super guitar instrumental, reflecting the cross-pollination of Village/Speakeasy guitarists Christian and Van Ronk. The piece begins with a beautiful classical-styled Baroque prelude a la Frank Christian, then launches into a raggy section with traces of the classical remaining, and finally spins into more traditional ragtime--Jelly Roll Morton, I believe. Spencer's ragtime style is more fluid than the rock-solid rhythm of a Dave Van Ronk (who started it all with his pioneering guitar transcription of Morton's "St. Louis Trickle") but it works just the same. This guy can play.

"Same Old Man" is a well-known old-timey tune with featured fiddle playing by Kenny Kosek and an unusual middle section that flirts with atonalism. "Restless Youth in Chinatown" is a song that moves well with guitar and bass, with its imagery of frustration and life slipping by. Its primary guitar part is a recreation of the English Bert Jansch's guitar work in a song from the "Lucky 13" album (which also featured the famous guitar piece "Angie").

"St. Louis Blues" is an inspired musical joke--W.C. Handy on slide guitar! Well played. "Single Plowed Furrow" is a poignant ballad that looks at wandering versus what's left behind:

Secret music that was yours to lend
Secret music like a river that was in my ears
Were your songs from the rocks and shores
Lizards and men in their way guard the secret well
It breaks the surface when the current rolls

A sad ballad, like many of Peter's own compositions. Let us hope that enough people hear and absorb this record to cheer him up.

August 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:

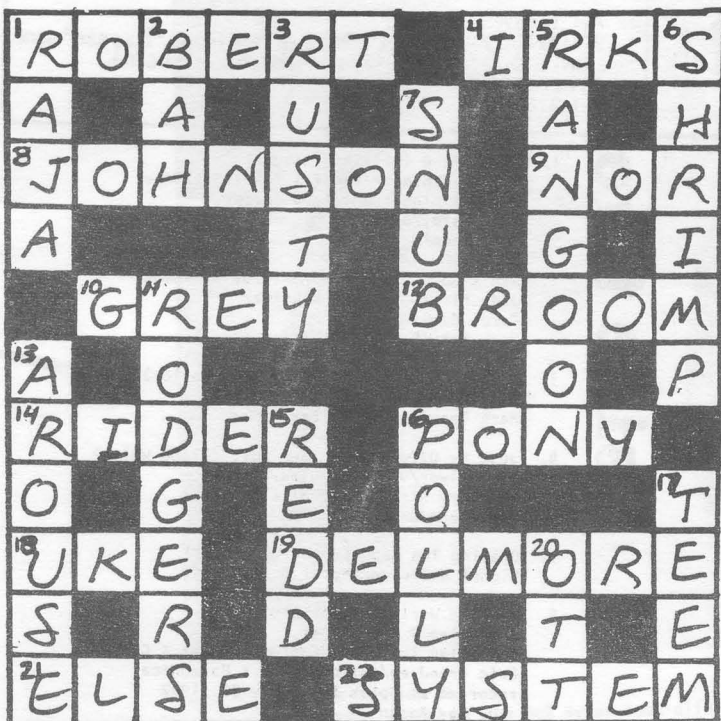
DC - The Dirt Club - 10 Orange St., Bloomfield, NJ
 FC - Folk City
 OEM - Other End Main (Cabaret)
 OEC - Other End Cafe
 B'P - Beat 'N' Path - Washington St., Hoboken, NJ
 BF - Back Fence
 RRP - Red River Pub
 K - Kenny's Castaways
 E - Eric - 88th & 2nd
 CC - Cottonwood Cafe
 ET - Eagle Tavern
 BL - Bottom Line
 CS - Cornelia Street Cafe
 GOODTIMES - Baldwin, L.I.
 GATES - New Canaan, CT

- August 1 WENDY & MIKE / SHERRI BECKER (BF)
 S SPOT (K)
 DOLLAR NIGHT (FC)
 TOM RUSSELL (OEC)
 FILTHY RICH & FRIENDS (E)
 ROCK WILK / LAZY HOLLY (OEM)
 HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL REVIEW / WAR (My Father's Place)
- August 2 HOOT (FC)
 HOOT (Speak Easy)
 SHOWCASE & MIDNIGHT JAM (K)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 BOB HORAN / LYNN HANEY (BF)
 SHAWN COLVIN (OEC)
- August 3 MIDNIGHT BLUES JAM (FC)
 GUY & PIPP / GILLETTE / BILL FERNS "JUMP" (K)
 BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)
 THE WILL / 11 PM ROCK JAM
 CLIFF EBERHARDT (OEC)
 JONATHAN - featuring SAM JOHNSON (E)
 LOST IN THE SHUFFLE / INSIGHT (OEM)
- August 4 WENDY & MIKE / FRANKLIN (BF)
 STEVIE STERN BAND (K)
 DAVE EMMETT & DREAM STREET / HOT DUCK SAUCE (FC)
 JUDY BARNETT w/ THE DON MINASI TRIO (E)
 JERSEY BOUNCE / NONNIE AND THE ONNIES (OEM)
- August 5 ZORKI (RRP)
 BRIDGET ST. JOHN / YALE WEST (K)
 FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS (BF)
 ERIC BOGLE WITH JOHN MUNROE (FC)
 ANNE LOUISE WHITE (E)
 RICHARD HELL AND VOIDOIDS (BL)
 ELLIOT MURPHY AND BAND / THE STARTERS (OEM)
- August 6 ZORKI (RRP)
 VIDEO / CROSSFIRE (K)
 GENT L. WEISS / RICK & THE 3-B's /
 WENDY & MIKE (BF)
 DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GOODTIMES)
 ALAIN DANIEL BAND (E)
 MCCOY TYNER / PHYLLIS HYMAN (BL)
 CHRIS KRUSE / ERNIE MANNIX (OEM)

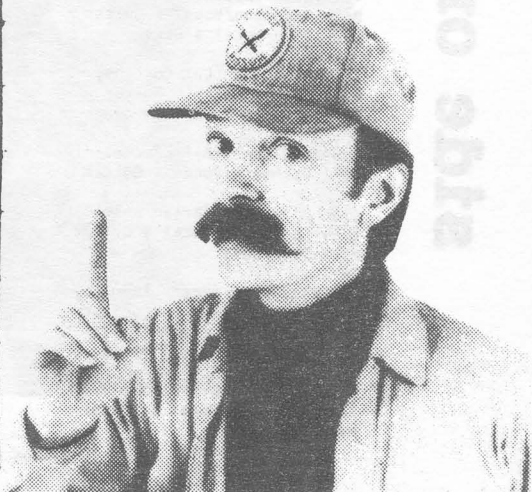
- August 7 ODETTA / FRANK CHRISTIAN (FC)
 ZORKI (RRP)
 DEE ARCHER BAND / DIAMOND DUPREE (K)
 FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS / SPEDO (BF)
 DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GOODTIMES)
 THE VANESSA VICKER'S TRIO & FRIENDS (E)
 RICHARD HELL & VOIDOIDS (BL)
 PEGGIE BLUE & BLUE PEARL / DAN DILLON (OEM)
 LATE FOR DINNER - Free Concert 12:00 Noon
 Plaza of the AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK
 31-02 Steinway St. Long Island City
- August 8 COMPTON MADDIX BAND (K)
 WENDY & MIKE / BRAD DONOVAN (BF)
 B. WILLIE SMITH / THE DOCTORS (BL)
 STEVE YOUNG / MARC BLACK (FC)
- August 9 HOOT (FC)
 HOOT (Speak Easy)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 THE THOM MORLAN EXPERIMENT 10:15 pm (K)
 BOB HORAN / SHERRI BECKER (BF)
 MAXINE SULLIVAN / DICK WELLSTOOD (FC)
- August 10 MIDNIGHT BLUES JAM (FC)
 BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)
 THE SPEED BOYS (K)
 SANDY ROSE / THE IMMIGRANTS (BL)
 RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOT / MEMBERS OF THE
 SONG PROJECT (FC)
- August 11 WENDY & MIKE / FRANKLIN (BF)
 JACK OF DIAMONDS (K)
 DAVE VALENIN (BL)
 DENNY MROUSE / FUNCTIONARIES (OEM)
 ROSALIE SORRELS / PAUL SEIBEL (FC)
- August 12 ZORKI (RRP)
 JOSIE KUHN (K)
 FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS (BF)
 THE LOVERS (OEM)
 DAVE VALENTIN (BL)
 PETER STAMPFEL / PETER TORK (FC)
- August 13 BERMUDA TRIANGLE / ANDY BRECKMAN (FC)
 ZORKI (RRP)
 BUDDY RICH BIG BAND / BOB SHAW (BL)
 THE THOM MORLAN EXPERIMENT (DC)
 ROBERT BARTLETT / N.Y.C. (K)
 GENT L. WEISS / WENDY & MIKE / SPEEDO (BF)
 DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GATES)
 BO DIDDLY / JOEY MISERABLE & THE WORMS (OEM)
- August 14 ZORKI (RRP)
 HAPPY & ARTIE TRAUM / ROD MacDONALD (FC)
 BUDDY RICH BIG BAND / BOB SHAW (BL)
 GREG TROOPER (K)
 FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS / TRAIN DRIVER (BF)
 DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GATES)
 BO DIDDLY / JOEY MISERABLE & THE WORMS (OEM)
- August 15 GREAT JONES (K)
 WENDY & MIKE / SHERRI B. (BF)
 THE 10th ANNUAL N.Y.C. BLUEGRASS BAND CONTEST (FC)
- August 16 HOOT (FC)
 HOOT (Speak Easy)
 SHOWCASE (OEM)
 BOBBY RIGO / LYNN HANEY (BF)
- August 17 THE ACTORS' INSTITUTE presents "DIRECT HIT:
 A NIGHT OF SINGER/SONGWRITERS (OEM)
 BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)
 An Evening With DE DANANN (BL)

- August 18 WENDY & MIKE / FRANKLIN (BF)
AL KOOPER (BL)
- August 19 LILI ANEL (OEM)
AL KOOPER (BL)
ZORKI (RRP)
HARDBEATS (K)
FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS (BF)
- August 20 FREDDI HUBBARD (OEM)
ZORKI (RRP)
STARTERS (K)
GENT L. WEISS / RICK & THE 3-B's /
WENDY & MIKE (BF)
TAJ MAHAL / 14 KARAT SOUL (BL)
JOHN KOERNER / GEORGE GRITZBACK (FC)
- August 21 FREDDI HUBBARD (OEM)
ZORKI (RRP)
FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS / TRAIN DRIVER (BF)
DAVE VAN RONK / DAVID MASSENGILL (FC)
- August 22 THE THOM MORLAN EXPERIMENT (CBGB's) - 9:00 pm
DIANE SCANLON / BETT SUSSMAN & FRIENDS (K)
WENDY & MIKE / BRAD DONOVAN (BF)
- August 23 HOOT (FC)
HOOT (Speak Easy)
SHOWCASE (K)
SHOWCASE (OEM)
JEREMY YEATS / BOB HORAN (BF)
- August 24 GUY AND PIPP / GILLETTE (K)
BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)
- August 25 B. WILLIE SMITH / RENEE BERNARD GROUP (OEM)
WENDY & MIKE / FRANKLIN (BF)
STAN ROGERS AND REEL UNION (FC)
- August 26 NITESPRITE / THE URGENTS (OEM)
ZORKI (RRP)
DELORES KEENE (FC)
- August 27 DAN HICKS & THE HOTLICKS (OEM)
ZORKI (RRP)
BERNIE SHANAHAN (K)
GENT L. WEISS / RICK & THE 3-B's /
WENDY AND MIKE (BF)
DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GATES)
DRIFTERS / MARVELLETTES (BL)
JOHN McEUVEN (FC)
- August 28 DAN HICKS & THE HOTLICKS (OEM)
ZORKI (RRP)
BERNIE SHANAHAN (K)
FRESH AIR / JAMES TRAGAS / TRAIN DRIVER (BF)
DOUG WATERMAN / MARY REYNOLDS (GATES)
DOC AND EARL WATSON (BL)
ELLEN McILWAINE GANG (FC)
- August 29 BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)
- August 30 CHICO HAMILTON featuring CATHLEEN ADAIR (OEM)
HOOT (FC)
HOOT (Speak Easy)
SHOWCASE (K)
SHOWCASE (OEM)
BOB HORAN / LYNN HANEY (BF)
- August 31 CHICO HAMILTON featuring CATHLEEN ADAIR (OEM)
J.C. ROBBINS (K)
BOB HORAN / FRANKLIN (BF)

***Don't forget to check the Speak Easy Calendar on the back page!!!



Cryptic Puzzle Answer



SPEAKEASY 107 Macdougall NYC 598-9070

(air conditioned)

AUG. '82

S	M	W	T	F	S
1 Brian Rose Annie Nininger THOM MORLAN	2 SIGNUP 7:15 PM open with JOHN "Heart- break" HODEL	3 8PM TUESDAY MOVIES \$1 Selected Shorts & Features 17 TOM INTONDI 24 hosts live music a t 31 10 pm	4 \$1 P O E T R Y 7-9 PM N E W F A C E S with Ben Silver 9 PM to ?	5 DOLLAR NIGHT 12 DAVID MASSENGILL and friends \$1	6 NY SUGGEST PRESENTS ERIK "The Professuh" FRANDSEN vs. JACK "El Sensitivo" HARDY \$4 13 Ed McCurdy Suzanne Vega \$4 20 SUSAN OSBORN Cliff Eberhardt \$4 27 George Gerdes AND HIS ALL-MALE VEGETARIAN ORCHESTRA STANLEY ULMAN \$4
8 BLACK CROW CHANCE BROWN PAMELA COOK	9	10	11	12	13
15 SKIP BARTHOLD GEORGE & O'BRIEN NICK VENTRY	16	17	18	19 DOLLAR NIGHT	20
22 PETE GARDNER ANSEL MATTHEWS DAVIS & STEIN	23	24	25	26 all the way from Fresno! THE BLUESTEIN FAMILY \$3	27
29 FRANK MAZZETTI MARILYN J. CAROLYN MCCOMBS	30	31	ALL SHOWS 9PM UNTIL ? UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED (knock twice & tell them "Hassan" sent you--it's in the back room)		

side one

- Yonder Mountain (Susan Brewster)
The Song Project:
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal & Guitar
Martha P. Hogan/Vocal
Tom Intondi/Vocal
Bill Bachmann/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Vocal & Bass
- The Enfolding (Lui Collins)
Lui Collins/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bowed Basses
- Closet Closet (Bill Bachmann)
Bill Bachmann/Vocal & Guitar
- Open All Night (Brian Rose)
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- One Kind Word (Peter Thomson)
Doug Waterman/Vocal & Guitar
Mary Reynolds/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
- Five-thirty (Skip Barthold)
Skip Barthold/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

side two

- Yippie-I-O (Willie Nininger)
Willie Nininger/Vocal & Twelve Strings
Annie Nininger/Vocals & Guitar
Jeff Hardy/Bass
Mark Dann/Mandolin
- Ain't Goin Down No More (Judy Ficksman)
Judy Ficksman/Vocal & Guitar
Carol Ficksman/Vocal
Mark Dann/Bass, Guitar & Mandolin
- Daddy's Paddy Wagon (Constance Taylor)
Constance Taylor/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
- Just By Offering Me Your Love (Ilene Weiss)
Ben Silver/Vocal & Guitar
Rosemary Kirstein/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- Drawing The Map (Lionel Wolberger)
Lionel Wolberger/Vocal & Keyboards
- Talking World War III Blues
Bob Dylan # 26 (Winner,
Bob Dylan Imitators Contest)/Vocal & Guitar
Eric Frandsen/Introduction & Harmonica
recorded at Speak Easy July 22, 1982
by Jay Rosen



Smithsonian Folkways

It is the policy of Smithsonian Folkways to consider graphics and texts from our collections as historical artifacts and therefore to reproduce album jacket covers, notes and booklets as originally published. However, over the years new scholarship generates additional knowledge and sometimes corrections to the original publications are called for. We publish such items as errata.

ERRATA

PAGE	FOR	READ
206	FFSE107	Eric Frandsen

The credits on the final page of the liner notes contain a misspelling of Erik Frandsen's name. He is incorrectly listed as "Eric Frandsen."