

# the **COOP**

## The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

Sept. '82

Vol. 1, #8



A silhouette of ARLO GUTHRIE. Guthrie is interviewed at length in this issue of the CoOp, first of a two-part series.

# Speakeasy's First Year

by Brian Rose

This month marks the first anniversary of the musicians' cooperative that has provided the music for Speakeasy, a former disco on MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village. A dream for many years, this musician-run nightclub became a reality when Angela Page negotiated an arrangement with the club owners last August. The music has not stopped since.

Like any organization, Speakeasy has its detractors; there are those who find it easier to criticize than to support. From my perspective, however, the existence of this club is a remarkable phenomenon. It is an attempt by musicians to present their music in their own setting without the traditional support of record companies and club owners. Even though this venture is relatively modest in scale, it represents a boldly positive step into the real world on the part of the musicians.

The musicians have changed their relationship with a music industry that may not want all the folksingers in the Village (not commercially viable) by going to the market directly. Neither the club nor the Coop will survive without the support of an audience that will pay for it. Consequently, the Village musicians have, in a sense, joined the industry by creating the two most basic elements of the music business: a place for live performance and the regular release of new recordings.

The musicians' cooperative has in its first year weathered many a philosophical storm, and a lack of organization has exacerbated problems that would ordinarily be of little importance. For instance, my suggestion that the Village musicians have joined the industry is vigorously disputed by those who view our role as that of eternal renegades. And from the other side of the coin, an attempt at organization in the form of a highly political constitution was abandoned when it became apparent that such a ponderous document was not needed. Likewise, a long-simmering unrest among the rank and file was cooled when a simple structure for the development of new artists was instigated. But what should have been settled in a week took months to reconcile.

Clearly, though, it has been a year of great achievement for this young organization. After riding out the doldrums of winter, the cooperative regrouped and charged forward. The effort has been rewarded by unending accolades in the press. The New York Times, the Village Voice, Stereo Review and many others have praised the cooperative for its imagination and perseverance. Following the "Times" article in February, Speakeasy was filled each weekend for nearly two months. Even when attendance waned, the cooperative pulled new tricks out of its bag like the Bob Dylan Imitators Contest. Concealed as a bit of fun for a normally slow night of the week, the contest attracted the national press and hundreds of people. Our family fun took on undreamed of proportions--leading one to conclude that our family has grown wonderously larger in the past year.

Those of us who have played parts in the creation of this experiment in cooperation share both pride and frustration. At one moment we seem joined by the cement of idealism and friendship, while at another we are appalled by the gobs of chewing gum and Scotch tape holding our ship together. And no one has come to the rescue. The artists are still running the show without the support system of critics, administrators and boosters that abound in just about every other art form. The music presented at Speakeasy is still

raw and undistilled, and the operation of the club approaches without ever achieving true professionalism.

Nevertheless, there is cause for celebration in the survival and flourishing of our folk club. Scores of performers have taken the stage at Speakeasy, from Ed McCurdy and Dave Van Ronk to the newest kid in town. Over eighty people have been recorded for the Coop and our opinions, ideas and complaints have been debated in print. Speakeasy is no longer known for falafels and exotic fish. It is the home of folk music in New York City. May our second year be as exciting and fulfilling as our first.

So where do we go from here? At Speakeasy, the musicians through trial and tribulation have learned the advantages of working together. Even the most ambitious performers are finding that their own careers benefit from their association with other musicians. Now it is time for even the most ambitious of clubs to learn the value of group endeavors. For example, the New York Folk Festival could be a more exciting and substantial event if the entire folk community were involved. Likewise, the economic strength of the clubs is directly tied to the well being of the music they present. Speakeasy, Folk City, Kenny's Castaways, the Other End, the Bottom Line and the various bars and coffee houses featuring folk music should pull together to promote the folk scene as a whole, thereby benefitting the artists, the music, and themselves.

It is time for the folk community to outlive its nostalgia and realize that we are part of the Twentieth Century, the music industry, and the mainstream of society. We must direct our energies outward.

## Join The Coop

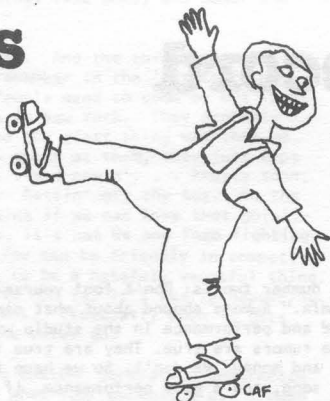
If you have an idea for an article pertaining to folk music, write it, and then submit it to The Coop.

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.

# Letters



Carol Ficksman

To the Editor:

The Coop's professional presentation has grown remarkably in seven issues. In the midst of that growth, however, something disturbing has developed. It is in the nature of some of the criticism recently presented. In his statement of purpose Jack Hardy (Feb. issue) spoke of the need for criticism though "we might be accused of vanity in the first degree." While that need seems to be addressed in recent articles about The Song Project and David Massengill and in a forthcoming article on Village women songwriters, a different criticism has lately been in evidence.

## the Coop The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

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For example, while it was great to see something about Tom Rush in print, it's shame that it had to be at the expense of Cat Stevens and James Taylor. By the way, what do the former's religious beliefs or the latter's bald spots have to do with their songs? It's a pity more words were not given to Tom's performance and less to put-downs: "He didn't need those gunny sacks full of cocaine, or Miss Carly's love...." Miss Carly's love? I wasn't reading The Enquirer, was I?

More disturbing than putting down those who've made it is the treatment of those who are just starting out. I am referring to Rosemary Kirstein's reviews of New Faces/Up and Coming nights at Speakeasy. I enjoy Rosemary's writing skills. Those of us who write for The Coop can learn a lot by reading her work. What she is doing with that skill, however, is disturbing. Many of the performers criticized by Rosemary will have to work hard not to allow her statements to affect their natural development: their pursuit of what they want to say, the manner in which they wish to say it.

In looking for the best in what artists do, Rosemary's assessments of Skip Barthold, Susan Brewster, Josh Joffen, Frank Mazzetti, Thom Morlan and Mary Reynolds were as interesting to read as the less favorable handling of others. Many of the people receiving less favorable mention have as much to offer as those listed above. Rosemary's statement of purpose disclaimed the expression "if you can't say something good about someone, say nothing at all." Fine. That cliché probably would get us nowhere. But, does rejecting that perspective mean anything goes?

Rosemary claims objectivity but rails at Marc Berger for his vocal presentation (how can she be so sure that Marc's expressiveness is staged?). What does it mean to say that The New England Express' harmonies are "locked up," that they need to "cut loose" somewhat? How is it that Lionel Wolberger did not make enough use of his Casio's potentials--after expressing initial surprise at its versatility?

Rosemary also promised to be encouraging. I don't question her sincerity, but if I'd never heard them for myself, I'd have walked away from her reviews thinking that Bob McGrath should stay on the street, Maggie Garrett should buy a The-saurus, Marilyn J. should learn high-powered guitar chords and hot licks, Lionel Wolberger should immerse himself in Ayn Rand's objectivist philosophy (the virtues of selfishness), Doug Waterman should kiss Mary Reynolds' feet every time they play on stage together, Angela Page should take a course in method acting (and Marc Berger should not). Were I one of these people, I'd find little to be encouraged about. I deliberately picked these examples because I vigorously disagree

Over and over, Rosemary also stresses that these are only her opinions. But in print they can be damaging: the audiences will be looking for these characterizations which will then be exaggerated, the performers may drastically change what they do (perhaps in a counterproductive way). Let's not forget we're dealing with developing artists (some of whom had stepped on stage for the first time less than a year ago). We could view development horizontally as well as vertically.

I sense that Rosemary has been working hard in trying to turn in interesting and honest reviews, but I think that that end can be achieved from a number of directions. Perhaps a diagonal view.... As for the Classic Rush piece, I hope the Coop will avoid such cheap shots in the future.

--Frank Mazzetti

# How to Make a Record

by Jack Hardy

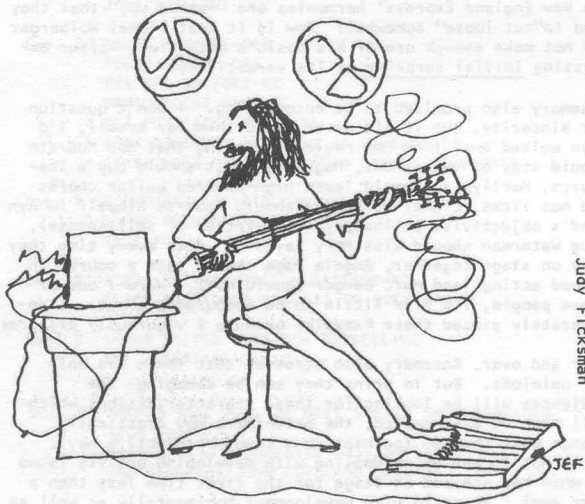
Since we began this musical magazine project last February, many people have asked me how we can produce albums as inexpensively as we do, as quickly as we do, and how it is done at all. Many still view the process of recording as something mystical, complicated, expensive, and out of their reach. Actually, it is a series of rather mundane matters tied to simple economics. Since altruism is not always alive and well and living in the mainstream, most people are asking about the process as regards their doing their own recording. This is fine as I feel that the future of recording, especially in the case of folk music, is in self-produced albums.

Rule number one is: Don't fool yourself. Don't record a record that you can't get rid of. Unless you are a working musician and can sell records at your concerts and club dates, the only other reason for making a record is vanity. The era is gone when having an album out meant anything as far as getting booked into places or getting reviews. Airplay is limited to college stations and distribution is limited to mail order. But there is still validity to a record that sells a thousand copies.

Rule number two is: Don't fool yourself. You can't "fix it in the mix." Rumors abound about what can be done to enhance sound and performance in the studio with modern technology. These rumors are true. They are true if you have unlimited time and money. We don't. So we have to stick to basics: a good song, and a good performance. If you don't have enough good songs, record someone else's. Choose songs that will sound good when recorded. Too many people make the mistake of recording songs that go over well in performance but do not hold up after repeated listening on a record. Have the song well rehearsed when you go into the studio. The studio, even if it is someone's attic, is not the place to work out arrangements. If you don't play with other musicians, don't record with them. So many folk records are ruined by adding things that don't belong. It is easy to get carried away in the studio. Think simplicity. To record without drums can save much on studio costs, and just because a French horn sounds nice, and your cousin happens to play one, doesn't mean that it belongs on your record.

Making a record: You take your finished tape (which is hopefully a finished master at 15 ips  $\frac{1}{2}$  track stereo) to the mastering lab. A record can be cut from any tape. The early Coop albums went in at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  ips  $\frac{1}{2}$  track stereo and no noise reduction (basically a home tape). The better the tape, the better the record, but a good record can be cut from a cassette. Everything must be in the order that you want it and it must be timed perfectly as to the starting time (in running time) of the songs and the spiral time (usually four seconds before the start time). About the same time you take the master tape in you should take your label copy to the printer. Look at a label of a commercial record and copy it for style and layout. About this time you should also take in the camera-ready copy of your cover art to the printer. Everything has to arrive at the pressing plant before they press records and many a record has been held up because of the covers or labels.

From then on, everything is taken care of. The mastering lab ships the master to the place that makes the stampers. This place then forwards the stampers when they are done to the pressing plant. The printers ship everything to the pressing plant. The records are pressed and delivered to your doorstep. How long does this take? If everything goes right, about two weeks. A week to print labels and jackets and a week to press records. The Coop has gotten it down to about a week but we aren't dealing with printing jackets. What does all this cost? The mastering is roughly \$200 (slightly more if the sides are longer than twenty-four minutes). The stampers are roughly \$200. The labels are roughly \$50 (plus \$20 if you want a plate made for a logo). Pressing a thousand records is \$620 (62¢ each, slightly more in lesser quantities). Jackets can vary a lot in cost but a simple black-and-white cover should cost about \$500 for a thousand (color costs considerably more). Or, as we do with the Coop, a plain white cover costs under \$200 per thousand.



Judy Flicksman



-Jack Hardy

Dominick Romeo of Frankford/Wayne who cuts the masters for the Coop albums.

So, about \$1500 is what it will cost to make your record plus whatever it costs to record your tape. It is a buyer's market on studio time these days and a good-quality home tape or live tape can be just as good. The Coop albums have until recently been recorded on a Teac four-track. We now have an eight-track but we have also used cassettes of live performances.

So rule number three is: Don't fool yourself. Don't fool yourself out of doing a record. It is simple and not as much

money as one might think. If you can't afford to beg, borrow or steal the money, get together with some friends and do an album together, splitting the cost. The market has already been flooded with records so a few more won't hurt. Even if you just do it for reasons of vanity you will learn a nice lesson when you have to look at a thousand records sitting under your kitchen table.

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The following is a list of the people we deal with on the Coop albums. Prices can vary as well as quality if you shop around. These are the ones we use:

**Mastering:**  
Frankford/Wayne  
1697 Broadway  
New York, NY 10019  
(212) 582-5473  
Contact Norvelle Miller

**Stamper:**  
Audio Matrix  
915 Westchester Ave.  
Bronx, NY 10459  
(212) 589-3500  
Contact Bob Stillman

**Labels:**  
MacMurray Press  
230 W. 17th St.  
New York, NY 10011  
(212) 924-1530  
Contact Bob

**Pressing:**  
Donora Manufacturing  
658 Blue Point Rd.  
Holtsville, NY 11742  
(212) 895-1955  
Contact Sue

**Jackets:**  
Modern Album  
Gilpin Ave.  
Cardinal Industrial Pk.  
Hauppauge, NY 11787  
(212) 291-7600  
Contact Vicki Barnes

# The Coop Interview:

## Arlo Guthrie

by Susan Brewster

A: What is this for?

C: The Coop. The Musicians' Cooperative is a group of people -- songwriters, musicians, interpreters and just interested people -- who've gotten together for a common purpose, hopefully, and that is to further our consciousness and our music. We are trying to help ourselves grow and wish to present that to other people and hopefully reach larger audiences, as it is almost impossible to achieve that as an individual in this time with the industry the way it is and the economy the way it is. I question whether we are given much of a choice in the music we hear on the radio, now. I feel very fortunate that I grew up hearing people like yourself -- which is why I am here. I was lucky enough to catch the tail end of a very important movement which took place in the 60's. I wish that those values were present today and I feel that musicians play an important role although, as of yet, unclearly defined. We're learning to work together, which is why we call it a "co-op." The "co-op" idea presents us with a great challenge, as artists have always been notorious for individuality.

A: Well, strangely enough, there are a number of things you touched on here that we could talk about. But I had a great idea, once, and that is every year major record companies get all the executives together and they go and discuss real important things down in Mexico and Hawaii, and they hang out there for two weeks going over all the things that are important to them. About two years ago I told them, I said, "Look, you guys are all meeting and you're getting together and stuff like that but you're not getting anywhere. The record industry is going downhill, 'cause you're doing the exact opposite of what you ought to be doing. What you oughta be doing is sending all the artists to Hawaii and Mexico and get them all together 'cause we never get to see each other." All of the great musical advances that have been made throughout history have been made at times and in places where different kinds of musicians all got together. That's why ragtime happened in New Orleans. On one day, one specific night the world changed musically. The same thing happened in Liverpool and the same thing happened in New York in the end of the thirties. The places are still there. The moments when people get together from different backgrounds and suddenly decide it's fun playing together -- when something is born -- those kinds of things you can't make happen. (But I thought it would be a good idea to at least present people with the opportunity to do it.) And strangely enough, it's going to happen anyhow. But this isn't something you can plan in advance...

C: No, a movement is not something you can plan in advance. But I think it's something I think you can recognize being part of. You can recognize the signs of the times.

A: I'm just trying to point out, that when you say it's hard for musicians to get together and you don't know if a co-op type of thing works. That's the only time (when people get together) that anything works and it becomes so exciting that it transcends the individual art and then everybody takes his own little part in it and then goes on from there. It's that moment, when things do get together. . . those moments give birth to the type of musical styles that rock the world. The history of music is Who met Who, Where, When.

C: Do you think it might have to do with particular groups of people?

A: Not any particular kind of people, no. I think it's just chance. The same thing could be said for country music, the Grand Ole Opry, or even classical music. There are times in the world where a number of people have just been around each other. The same thing is true in the world of poetry, or in any art.

C: Then there seem to be periods of stagnation or decline...

A: Well, it goes through periods of time when it's just not called for -- and we're in one of those periods -- or we have been... (I don't want to say this) because tomorrow it could change -- but I think we've seen a good ten years of times when that's really not happening that we know of. It could be happening in other parts of the world but it's really not happening here right now.

C: What factors would you attribute to it not happening or to it happening?

A: I think we have to attribute that to seasons. Trees just don't grow all year round and anybody who expects them to just because they're pretty is a fool. (They need to come and go, and so do cycles in the culture.)

C: When I saw you at the Bottom Line, you talked about "Celery Consciousness". . . (laugh)

A: In my own way, yeah. After my fashion. (laugh)

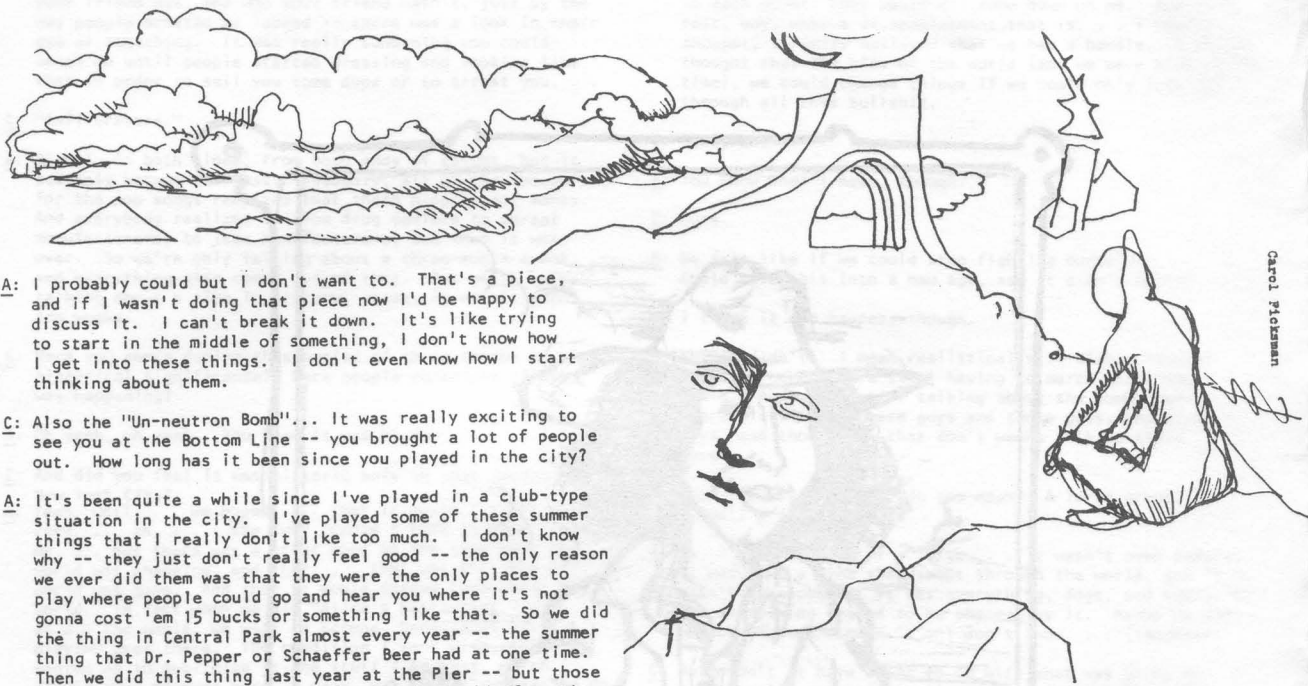
C: It sounded like an interesting idea and I was wondering if you could explain a little bit of what it means.

# Ram-Ram-Bamblin' Jack



ARLO

harpock



Carol Plakeman

A: I probably could but I don't want to. That's a piece, and if I wasn't doing that piece now I'd be happy to discuss it. I can't break it down. It's like trying to start in the middle of something, I don't know how I get into these things. I don't even know how I start thinking about them.

C: Also the "Un-neutron Bomb"... It was really exciting to see you at the Bottom Line -- you brought a lot of people out. How long has it been since you played in the city?

A: It's been quite a while since I've played in a club-type situation in the city. I've played some of these summer things that I really don't like too much. I don't know why -- they just don't really feel good -- the only reason we ever did them was that they were the only places to play where people could go and hear you where it's not gonna cost 'em 15 bucks or something like that. So we did the thing in Central Park almost every year -- the summer thing that Dr. Pepper or Schaeffer Beer had at one time. Then we did this thing last year at the Pier -- but those are the only times we've been in the city aside from the few times we've done Carnegie with Pete Seeger. So, yeah, it's been a real long time. It's been over 10 years that I've played in the city -- just myself -- in a club -- way over 10 years.

C: You said at the Bottom Line that you used to play in Washington Square Park -- sing under the arch -- was that in 1961?

A: Yeah, that was around the end of the 50's. See, the end of the 50's was a time when there was an anti-... (it wasn't an anti-war movement, 'cause we weren't involved in a war so much) there was an anti-bomb movement. It was "Ban the Bomb." We had all started to get scared about all these nuclear weapons so there was a large movement that actually occurred which made us kind of ready to deal with the Cuban missiles and all that crisis. So I remember as a kid -- and I was just 11, 12, 13 years old -- marching down 5th Avenue, marching in Washington, D.C., with Pete Seeger up there playing the banjo -- I just went along. I brought my guitar. In those days everybody brought a guitar or something. We all sat around and sang -- by ourselves.

C: This was at the marches, the rallies?

A: Yeah, and it wasn't just people on stage. It was people out in the crowd. People'd talk on stage and get heavy duty and politicians were there and nobody was listening to them -- it was just the idea of getting together or sing songs and having a good time. Once in awhile when a singer would get up there, who knew what they were doing, it was great. It wasn't like today when everybody tries to be serious. I remember in those days that was what was going on in Washington Square. Every Sunday (and I hear it's still going on to some extent), there were all kinds of music. You could hear any kind of music. Kids would come from way uptown and be just singing a cappella Doo-Wop stuff. I'd come in from Brooklyn, my Dad was even down there. Ramblin' Jack

Eliot... all kinds of people were just gathered around -- just out there on the nice days, and singin', goin' and drinkin', comin' back and singin'. Absolutely everybody, Doc Watson, even Bill Monroe, when he'd come to town. We'd get him to come down and play in the streets, these were highly professional people, as well as kids, just everybody. Anytime you wanted to play with anybody you'd just walk over, get out your guitar and start playing. By the time I was thirteen, I'd played with Bill Monroe -- you could go to another town and say that and people would say, "Boy, he must be good!" (laughter) But I'd played with all kinds of people who were well known. Of course, they didn't know it, but there I was playing with them, anyhow, and it was wonderful.

C: You mean, they didn't know you?

A: There was a bunch of people just standing around and I was just another kid with a guitar. You know.

C: Where had you come from when you came to the city?

A: Brooklyn. I was born in Coney Island, and I lived there for awhile, then I moved to another place in Brooklyn. Eventually, the family moved out to Queens.

C: Besides playing in the park, did you start playing in clubs?

A: Yeah. 1961, the first time I was ever on a stage that I remember. Cisco Houston was playing down at Gerdes Folk City when it was in a different place. He asked me to come down and he asked me to come up on stage and sing some songs. I remember it real well. I remember my knees was playin' a whole different tune. (laugh)

C: Did you sing with him?

A: No, I just sang some songs by myself.



C: From that point on did you get jobs?

A: Well, I got a little more used to it and a little more used to it. I used to go down there and mostly with friends of my dad, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Ramblin' Jack Eliot especially I used to go traipsing around with, he was a little more my age than most of my dad's other friends. And eventually there were people I just wanted to be around who I really loved, like Mississippi John Hurt. I started meeting people my own age who were also interested in hanging around these same people, like John Sebastian. It was wonderful!

C: So what you had was people working together naturally without an organization to make them work together. It almost seems like we need that now.

A: Well, the time was ripe. It was just the season for it. I've sat around and watched 20 years of music go by from when I was first aware of it -- and I don't mean as a kid. I mean as somebody who is trying to see what's going on and it takes you by surprise, that kind of thing. That was the major part of my life in terms of how excited I was. It was right then. All of the rest was not as exciting, the end of the 60's, including the making of Alice's Restaurant as a record, being at Newport, even Woodstock; these things did not compare at all to what it was like in the early 60's, Downtown in New York, where the excitement was just in the air. You could just walk down the street and feel it. It must have been something like what New Orleans was like 100 years ago at the turn of the century. You gotta remember, in those days, ragtime was more controversial than rock and roll ever was.

C: I didn't know that.

A: Oh, yeah. People were absolutely assured that if white girls heard ragtime, that they would go out and start dancing, and they'd turn black, start eating watermelon, and stuff like that.

C: I think that's how you know when something is good -- when people are afraid of it. (laughs)

A: Yeah, it was banned in Boston, there were people throwing records, burning them. It was a big controversial thing. Of course, the truth is that they were right! It was dangerous! And it always is! That's the one great thing about it. I mean, kids are smart -- they know what's dangerous -- that's why nobody likes (New Wave) punkers. They think it's dangerous. But it sure beats watching TV if you're a kid.

C: Some things are actually destructive, though, don't you think?

A: Life is destructive. (The longer you live, the more self-destruct you got.) There's no way to (deal around) it. I remember in the 60's there was a big controversy about "What's a folk song?"

C: (laughter) There still is.

A: It's almost like somebody is looking 200 years in the future and making a judgement on the value of something. It's almost impossible. But I've decided that all music is folk music and there's no such thing as a song that's not a folk song. There are good folk songs, and there are songs that aren't so good. We've done songs like "Connection" on the albums, we've done some rock and roll. I remember people saying to me, "What do you do that for? Don't you know that's rock and roll, that's not folk songs." I said, "Why is that?" They say, "Oh, you know, 'cause people don't have to listen to the words, they don't have to pay attention and stuff. They just dance and go wild." I said, "Well, tell me the deep significance of 'Old Joe Clark'?" That usually quiets them down in a hurry. Some songs are meant to go crazy and be danced to. Some songs are meant to be listened to. It's not that one's folk music and somethin' else is somethin' else. They're all folk music, and there's different parts of 'em. There's love songs and there's songs to get up and dance to. In that sense, disco's our modern square dance music, that's all. You don't think about it, you just get out there and dance. The more you don't think about it, the better it is. And that's what it oughta be. So I'm not afraid of New Wave this, or disco. I don't care how mechanical it is, or how unmechanical. If its performing its function within the culture, and it remains (then it's valid.)

C: There is a different function for different kinds of music.

A: Sure. You don't have to nail it down to a thin line with brass tacks, either. I mean, there are obviously songs that are in the gray areas, songs that people sing in bars. If you want to listen to 'em, they probably got somethin' for you, and if you don't want to listen to 'em, they make great background music. There are songs that you can't play unless everybody's listening, they don't make any sense. There are songs that you play for washin' dishes to, or for drivin' in your car to. The unfortunate thing is that the society as a whole doesn't recognize the values of all these different kinds of traditional music. These are all traditional. They all come out of a long tradition of things. Nothin' was invented yesterday by the record industry to get your money. That's not true. And so we don't hear songs to listen to on the radio so much. We don't hear the variety of things that there are, and that's

Carol Fickman



Carol Ficksman



the shame of it. But that doesn't stop 'em from happenin'. Everybody's still writin' 'em. But it's not that what's on the radio is not valid, it's just too bad that people don't know that that's not the only thing. Because people come out of these different traditions, and they transcend them as individual artists. And that's what you have to look for. There are people who play disco music, or (New Wave Punkers) who one of these days are gonna transcend that art. Out of the whole style there may be only one who transcends the art itself, and brings it into a new life in his own personal way. And that's what we should be looking for, not debating whether it's folk music or this kind of music.

C: That's true. When you say "transcend the art," what do you mean?

A: That the artist becomes more important than the music.

C: And that's what happened a lot during the 60's, it seems.

A: It didn't happen too much. I mean, it happened somewhat. There were a hell of a lot more singers than songwriters, who couldn't do that, and who became just either collectors, or entertainers. Not everybody is as talented as the next guy. Everybody's different to some degree. And the amount of, I guess, control, or "inspirational potential," I don't know, whatever you want to call it, changes with everybody. Some people are never gonna command the attention of 20,000 people on a big stage, but who are just

perfect for playin' in a little bar somewhere. And there are people playing for 20,000 people who can't do that. We have to recognize that one's not more valuable than the other. We need 'em all, and so what kills me is to see people striving, pushing themselves to get to a certain point of cultural identity, but it's meaningless. It's not more important to play for more people.

C: No. But I think that unfortunately, the nature of the business, if one ever hopes to make a living as an artist, forces one to accept that there are goals to be achieved.

A: Well, there's a big difference between bein' an artist and a businessman. And if you want to be a businessman, I would say, don't be into playing music. 'Cause it ain't a good business.

C: Would you say vice-versa is true?

A: No, I would say that anybody that wants to be a singer, that what you have to worry about is singin'. But you can't usually do two things at once. (I remember) I went to college for a brief period, and my mom said it was a real good idea, because at that time it looks as though I was wantin' to be a singer, and she said it was a real good idea to learn how to do something else. But everybody that I've seen in this world that knows how to do somethin' else is doin' somethin' else. I say, if you want to be a singer, don't learn how to do anything else.

C: No choice.

A: No choice. Don't leave yourself any choice. And that's what's wrong, is that people try and do both things. They want to be a singer, but they're afraid to do it, so they learn to do somethin' else.

C: As long as you're afraid, that will always hold you back.

A: You'll never... you'll always... I don't want to say "never," 'cause that's never true, either, but for the most part, everybody I know who knows how to do anything else is doing that, and singin' for himself, you know, or not singin' at all. If you're happy singin' for yourself, and you want to do something else, that's great, too. But don't learn how to be a doctor in case your singin' don't work out, 'cause you'll end up bein' a doctor for sure.

C: You mentioned Pete Seeger earlier. Do you see people frequently that you knew when you were younger? Are there friends you've had through your life up to this point?

A: There are a lot of friends I have who are singers, but (ya) don't get to see 'em too much 'cause either they're working or I'm working. Bein' a singer is one thing, but actually bein' a working singer is a whole different thing. When you gotta travel everyday from town to town, you don't usually get to see your friends.

C: So you're travelling a lot.

A: Yeah.

C: Where have you been recently?

A: Oh, geeze, I've been everywhere. Well, so far this year we've been to Louisiana, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida. And we've been all around New England.

C: Do you play for a lot of different sized audiences?

A: Um-hum. I'd say my audience is kind of a mixed audience. I'd say about half of 'em are my own age, or within five or six years of me. I'm about 35. But about a quarter of 'em is people who are goin' out who are between, say, 18 and 25.

C: So it's possible that they aren't familiar with your work before-hand?

A: There are a lot of people who come to the show who are not familiar with my stuff at all. Or who are familiar with one thing.

C: That's a good thing, though.

A: I think it's wonderful. It's wonderful if they go away sayin': "Boy, I never heard you before, but that was REAL-LY NEAT." I love that.

C: Are you doing a lot of new material?

A: Um-hum.

C: We'd like to see the show tonight, actually. What time does it start?

A: Probably somewhere around 10:00.

C: Did you do two shows last night?

A: One show, two sets. We sang about 3½ hours last night.

C: Are you solo?

A: No. I've got my band, Shenandoah.

C: Do you consider yourself a political writer?

A: When people ask me "Do you write political songs?" what they usually mean is "Do you write for any particular political point of view?" And so I usually say "No, I don't write political songs." I write songs that have political impact, but they're not coming from a particular political ideology. 'Cause I want to be able to change my mind tomorrow about stuff. I don't want to belong to a group thought process. I want to remain free to disseminate things in my own way. (And I think that that will be more valuable to other people if I do that.) (Conversation interrupted as tape is turned over - ed.) . . . to write a particular kind of song that comes from a specific place - I think Phil Ochs was that kind of writer, who, although he wrote very personally also. . . I think one of the things he had so much difficulty with was the ability to see things afresh everyday.

Some people get caught in this trap of trying to hit people over the head with songs. And I guess some songs can do that, but it's not usually. . . I mean, Beethoven can hit you over the head. Rod Stewart can hit you over the head. But the Kingston Trio is never gonna hit anybody over the head. The kind of songs that I like singin' are the kind of songs that come at you sideways. They sneak up on ya. The ideas sneak into ya. They're not

coming from a point of view that's unchangeable. I have mixed political thoughts. I think it's good to have a real liberal arts program. I mean, I don't come from any one particular point of view.

And so I end up, or I have ended up these days, writing just songs that kind of morally suit me. Of course I'm morally opposed to nuclear power, 'cause I'm opposed to power that kills people so people can have extra toasters. Now, if people are talkin' about it, it becomes political. But I didn't write it because I wanted to be involved in politics. I'll be happy to sing it for anybody that's politically interested, but I write songs because of moral concern, I think. I don't like that word, because people call themselves moral majorities and stuff, and I don't want to confuse myself with them.

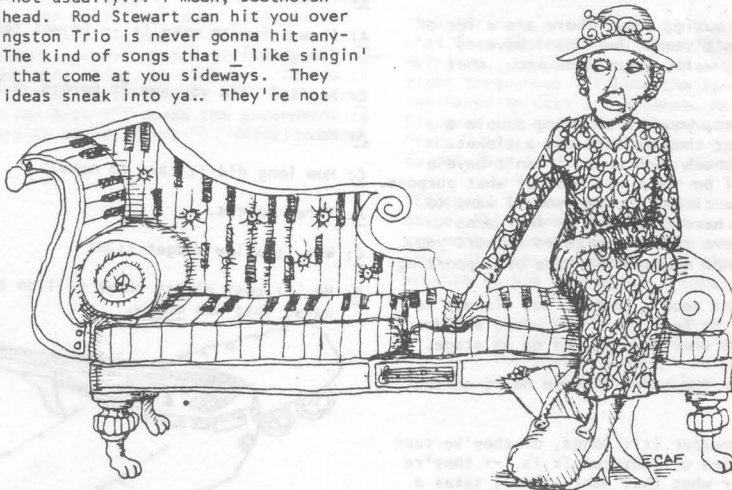
C: What do you mean my "moral concern?" Isn't that something that changes as you change?

A: Yeah, that's what I'm saying. I want to be free to change. The relationships between ideas and people change. The older you get, the more individual your life becomes in some sense, because you begin to separate your experience from everybody else's. And at the same time, you discover that your experience is not all that different from anybody else's. So you go through this kind of dual program the longer you live. (. . . Yeah, it does. It changes things. It changes your attitudes about things.)

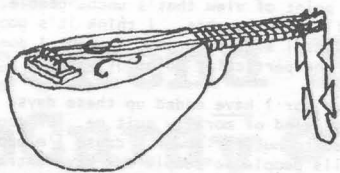
C: Sometimes I feel, though, that it's necessary to take a point of view.

A: Well, taking a stand. . . I mean, I take stands on things, and that's a point of view - but it's not because it's necessarily a popular point of view, or not necessarily because it's an unpopular one. It's not necessarily because it's in the newspapers that day, on TV that day, or on everybody's mind that day.

I'll write songs about anything. I wrote a song called "Me and My Goose." It's got nothing to do with politics at all. It's just for kids. I've written songs that attacked Mr. Nixon directly. He didn't address himself to the questions I had as an individual (not as a Democrat or Republican, but just as a person who's using his mind), so that I could resolve anything in my mind, and I thought that was morally wrong. He should have addressed himself to people who were thinking, not just people who were writing down what he had to say.



Carol Pickman



JEF

C: Sometimes I worry, though, because I feel like you that remaining free to change your mind, experiencing life from all different points of view, and sharing that with the world, is important. But if the President did that we might be in alot of trouble.

A: Well, let's put it this way, that is what the President's already done. I mean, he got elected and was opposed to the draft. Now, he's going for the draft. He got elected, said he was going to balance the budget; now he's not going to balance the budget. (The military was gonna do this. . . the people were gonna do that. . . He was never gonna end that, now he's cut that. . .) I don't know anybody who changes their mind more than somebody who gets elected to government office. I don't think they have a mind in the first place. (I think a lot of these people just have a kind of general. . .) If they have a talent at all it's in disseminating the attitudes of people. And so they go (into office) realizing that their talent lies in the ability to funnel all of these ideas into power for themselves. That's why they're in politics. They're not in politics because they have an attitude they're going to present to the country, and stick with it. They're in politics because they have a unique talent at rearranging the power structure so that they end up with a lot of it.

C: I think almost anything can become political. . .

A: The same thing's true with singers for the most part.

C: I think that's unfortunate because it can take an artist away from his or her true intentions.

A: But that's our fault, too, because we don't recognize the art in politics, either. We take it so seriously all the time, it's like life and death -- and it rarely is. I think that Ronald Reagan -- aside from his other assets or his other problems -- is a wonderful political artist. That doesn't mean that I agree with what he's talking about, but I have to admire the talent that he's brought to the office.

That's the way it is with music, too. There are a lot of (people whose music) I can't stand, but who I have to admire as artists and say, well, geeze, you know, what they're doin' is great.

C: But when you have a concert, you are allowing people a choice as to whether or not they want to buy a ticket. Whereas when I get my paycheck each week, I don't have a choice how much taxes will be taken out and for what purpose. In other words, if I buy a ticket to hear you, I want to hear you and get what you have to offer, or feel some exchange take place. I have made a choice to support you, for instance, but that's not necessarily true of supporting the government.

A: I don't know. I think most people that go buy tickets to most artists go demanding to hear what they want, and do not allow the artist to do what he wants to do on stage.

C: You mean they want to hear the songs they've heard on the radio, the hits.

A: Well, whatever it is -- whether it's songs, or they've seen pictures, or telling stories or whatever it is, -- they're paying their money to hear what they want, and it takes a long time to train an audience so that you can do what you want, and that they're paying to see whatever you want to

do. You can get up there and stand there and don't do nothing. (Piece of conversation inaudible.) If you do that enough, you see, then you'll probably lose your audience. But politics works the same way. You've gotta remember how two presidents have been forced from office in the last twenty years, because they weren't playing the popular song at the time. And the same thing happens in music.

C: Does that annoy you?

A: It doesn't annoy me 'cause most of the time I can get around it. As long as the new stuff is as good or better than the stuff that people came to wanna hear, I can get away with doin' it.

C: So you almost have to train people to have an open mind.

A: You have to train yourself to constantly get better. Because if you just relax and do your old stuff and people come and hear it over and over again, your audience is gonna get smaller and smaller.

C: Couldn't it also happen the other way around?

A: If you constantly did new stuff?

C: Yeah.

A: I tend to think it probably would take a lot longer to lose an audience doing newer and newer stuff. I have an obligation to do some old stuff, and I don't mind doing it. There are songs that makes us think of things, and that's wonderful. But if I couldn't do new material, I wouldn't be singing.

C: At the Bottom Line I heard you do "Alice's Restaurant." The film was being shown in Greenwich Village about one month after your concert, so I went to see it again. It had been about ten years since the last time. I was amazed at how differently I was affected now, in this day and age. The interaction between characters reminds me of our co-op in some ways. . . everyone playing a different role, working together, helping each other out, to establish their own place in the world. I remember that "spirit" affected the lives of many people at the time. . . But I don't feel it touches us so much anymore. I know I'm not being very specific but. . .

A: I don't think you could be more specific than that. . . 'cuase if you could. . . other people could understand you -- and if they could understand you, they'd be doin' that.

C: It must have been fun to make that film.

A: It was fun to make it -- it was terrible to watch it. (laughter)

C: Really? Did you see it before it was edited?

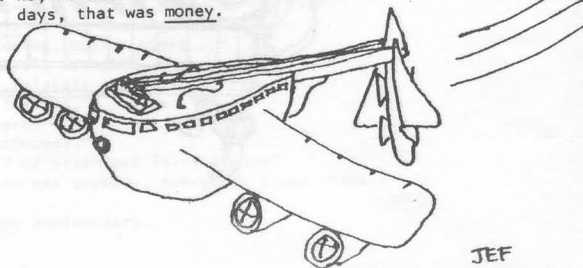
A: No.

C: How long did it take to make?

A: Three months.

C: Was it a low budget film?

A: No, it cost almost three million bucks, and in those days, that was money.



JEF



C: Did you write the song before the film?

A: Oh yeah. I wrote the song in '66; the film was made in '69.

C: So the film was made around the song.

A: Yeah. . . so far as I know it was the first film made around a song. The parts of the film that were in the song are the parts of the film I liked. The parts of the film that weren't in the song became embellished by the writers and lost their gut truth. . . to me. . . because in a movie you wanna establish all these relationships. In the song there weren't any relationships to establish, so it was a lot easier to do the song, obviously, from an artistic point of view. When they did the film. . . well, how does this person relate to that one, and so you had to make it up because the normal relationship of people is just sitting around, "Hi, how ya doin'?" Well, that doesn't make for a great film, so you have to put in all these attractions (and otherkindastuff) that wasn't true at all and kind of changed the character -- changed me into somebody I wasn't, but it was O.K. because it was somebody I coulda been. Because at that point, I felt like somebody had taken my life and made me into a general life and not an individual one.

C: It's interesting to hear that because I'm sure that a lot of people would think that was you. It's also interesting because you kept your name in the film, making it harder to disassociate you from that role. In what ways wasn't that character "you?"

A: In ways of my relationship to other people in the film. The relationships that people had in the movie were not real, they were created. Now, all these people were really there (or not there), but in the film you got the idea there's 30 people all livin' in just one building there or something like that. That just wasn't true. There were about 4 or 5 people and the rest were livin' around the whole area, and we'd get together weekends or something like that, but in the film it makes it seem as if

there's a herd of people all trampling on each other constantly. It made it seem like a commune of sorts and in those days media was very concerned with communes. We didn't have a commune or anything like that. Everybody (ya know) owned his own stuff and if there was sharing of stuff going on, it was because people wanted to share it, not 'cause there was the ideology.

C: I felt that from the film, though, because there was love there, sharing was a natural extension of that feeling.

A: Well, taken within the context of the times. . . I thought it was a fairly decent approach by somebody who was not having them same feelings. The movie industry and the executives and the money men and the director and all that, although they were very nice people (and stuff like that), they weren't feeling what we were feeling and that was their attempt to show other people what we were feeling because at that time none of us had the technique, the artistic ability or the money to present our own case.

C: So they did a good thing.

A: You know what I'm saying, though.

C: Yeah, I know what you're saying.

A: Well, we ended up doin' it anyhow. . . I mean Woodstock was that. Woodstock was presenting our own case. I mean, that's how I think of it, and so the movie took a secondary seat to that, as it should.

C: Did everyone involved in Woodstock expect that it would have such tremendous impact on the world?

A: No, I remember really deciding two days before whether we should go or not, because you gotta remember in those days again, everytime a group of over 50 people got together there was a riot. People were gettin' hit over the head, and gettin' cut and bleedin' and stabbed and shot and (all that stuff), and we don't remember that now. . . I mean,



it's actually gone. Kent State and all that is just -- phshew! -- in America. . . I mean, it just doesn't seem like it could happen here.

C: To some people it does. . . there are still people around. . .

A: Oh, for those who remember. It's the same thing with the depression (ya know) for those who lived through it. (-- oh, y'know) They know about it, but for other people it's just like something -- just like an old movie or something -- it's in black and white.

C: Well, a lot of people became. . . normal.

A: But in those days to have a large gathering of people was a very dangerous thing, because there's gonna be trouble. And I said to my friend who I was gonna go play with, I said, "Well, I don't know if I wanna go (y'know) there might be as many as 100,000 people." And he said, "Well, if there's 100,000 people we won't go, okay?" So we got there (chuckle) and the roads gettin' there was filled with people! Looked like there was gonna be 100,000 people and it turned out that the night before or the day before, or before they even opened the gates (there were) 20,000 that just were sitting there. No one knows how they got in or anything, they were just already there. And the night before they opened the gates there were 80,000 people there. No one knows how they got there. I mean they just appeared out of nowhere. So by the time they opened the gates they collected maybe (you know, I don't know) two, three thousand tickets, 10,000 tickets. By the time the first songs were being sung there was well over three-four hundred thousand people (you know) and no one really knows how many people were there (I mean), anywhere between 500,000 and a million people. I was up. . . I saw the pictures when the Pope went to Poland and there was more than a million people there. There were more people at Woodstock.

C: Than what you saw in the picture?

A: I mean, if you can just look and see how big an area does it take a million people to occupy, there were more people at Woodstock. It was certainly the largest gathering of any group of people anywhere in the world up 'til then. And to have it go off without anybody getting knocked off or something like that, without a riot, or without the police, without this, and without that. In that sense that we were talking about before, no one had to say anything else after that. That was the final word. You don't have to have. . . oh. . . you don't have to all live in little houses and all dress the same. You don't have to have the police defend you against your friends, and your buddies. You don't have to have an education. You don't have to have all these things that people'd been sayin', "You're gonna need these things, 'cause otherwise you're gonna just get in trouble." And all these things weren't there, and people still survived somehow. And it was a great moment in history for us -- I don't know how it is for anybody else. . . but for us it was like. . . I mean. . . we made our point. And Alice's Restaurant didn't make that point but in some way it should have, but I realize now that it couldn't have. Somebody who didn't understand it couldn't make. . . only history could do something like that.

C: A gathering of that proportion speaks for itself.

A: Well. . . it was passed on the same understanding, and I didn't get the same values being reflected in both events. That's what I mean, and I think they should have been. The things we were addressing ourselves to, the kind of life we were living was not really addressed in "Alice's Restaurant." It was addressed in the song part, but only in my usual way which is kind of from the side, it was never a major thing. The feelings that we went through, that I went through in those times was unrelatable. And I'm sure it's the same thing for. . .

# Folksinging: High-Stress Job

CREDIBILITY RATING LOWEST IN YEARS

By Gary Boehm

A recent study has shown that being a folk musician in today's music scene is more stressful than being an air controller. Hank Manicotti, close observer of the scene, has remarked that "folk musicians are like old strings. They need to be tightened more and more to keep up with the fierce pitch of musical life, and they can snap at any time."

The study, conducted by Dr. Ann E. Chord of the New York Institute of Psychosomatic Musicians, concludes that such factors as having to remember lyrics to as many as one hundred songs and being asked to recall them in front of large groups of noisy people, often while intoxicated, contributes to the stress. Chord sees the use of the song list taped to the back of the guitar as an indication of the pressure that the performer is under.

Other factors contributing to stress include: the need to find one's own gigs (employed air controllers know where their next meals are coming from), keeping abreast of the issues (it's not always apparent what the liberal stand is on an issue), peer acceptance (folk singing is not in vogue these days; some youths [punks] look down on folkies as "hyper-sensitive" and "sentimental wimpoids.").

While some musicians seek solace in the bottle, Dr. Chord sees a positive sign in the growth of the musicians self-help and encounter groups. "Such things as songwriting clinics and musicians' cooperatives are a tribal expression of the musicians' need for support and job security." A noted member of Dr. Chord's staff added, "It is an expression of the desire for the 'Permanent Folk Festival,' a long-recognized ideal of the community." A rival theory, put forth by Dr. Strummond Pik, explains the current growth of such groups as a preparation for the long-awaited Second Coming of the folk world, the fabled Folk Revival.

Many folk singers respond to the economic and social pressures of contemporary society by holding "day jobs" or having second careers. While folkies of old scorned the establishment life styles, many of today's singers are anti-anti-establishment. "Who wants to be a dead beat (no pun)?" asks Maya Nose, fashion photographer/songwriter. When asked if she didn't see a contradiction in her careers, Maya responded, "No."

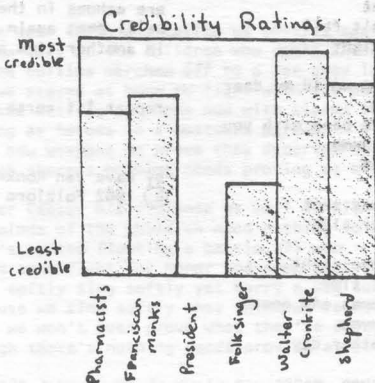
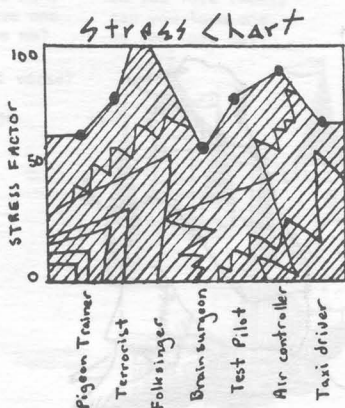
Jobs such as dishwasher, secretary, and lawyer are not uncommon in this eclectic group. "After all," commented one folksinger who wished to remain anonymous, "folk singers are like athletes: They give the best years of their lives and if they haven't made it by the time they're thirty-five... well, one can't keep up the grueling pace of writing songs and playing them forever. We've got to cover all the bases."

However, many songwriters find it difficult to find a career that is harmonious with the life of a musician. Says folksinger/potato farmer Jake Handy, "I've never made any money growing potatoes, but then I've never made any being a folk singer either. And you can't sing a potato." Many folk singers are more ambitious and for them the question they must ask of themselves is: "Can someone hold two demanding jobs, such as a musician and a brain surgeon, and be successful at both?" Indeed, can the folk singer perform at Folk City until 2 AM and still cut the mustard in the operating room at 7 that same morning? Many find that their patients suffer.

While the second careers of many folk singers eventually become the first, for those remaining primarily musicians the "other life" brings an unexpected problem. A recent Coop/CBS poll shows that the credibility of folk singers is dropping quickly. In the late sixties and early seventies, the folk singer was second in credibility only to Walter Cronkite. Since that time their position has eroded (see credibility chart). One folk fan, Peter Plebe, explained it this way, "I find it hard to believe a folk singer who sings songs like 'This Land is Your Land' when I know that by day they are real-estate brokers."

The everyday pressures of folk singing is compounded by anxieties about the future. What happens to folk singers after forty? Where do they go? Some hang up their guitars and go into fish business; others become stock brokers. But what happens to those who refuse to quit? Folk singers have no job security, no medical insurance, and often no skills. To date there is not a single retirement home for the aged folk singer.

It has been said that old folk singers never die, they just fade out.



# side one

## I SHOT JACK LA LANE

I'll take the blame but I'm not ashamed  
People, I would do it all over again  
Because I put an end to the pain  
When I shot Jack La Lane

I went down to S.M. Roze and I bought myself some wheels  
But before I left I punched holes in the gastanks of  
several of their automobiles  
Moments later, smoke and flames were all that could be  
seen  
Thanks to that old Cigarette-in-the-matchbook trick  
from "Stalag 17"

I was driving around Brooklyn in my brand new car, and  
what do you think I seen  
I seen Bill Fugayzee shtuppin' Mrs. Potemkin  
In the backseat of a rented limousine  
I forced that car off the B.Q.E. (another problem solved)  
They fell into the Gowanus Canal, where they drowned  
and then dissolved

"Don't shoot - I'm only an actor!" were the last words  
Crazy Eddy said  
My specially-rewired home electrical appliance spped  
Joe Lombardy the Inflation Fighter dead  
I took Frank Perdoe to Chinatown for a cyanide Peking  
Duck  
I ran Beefsteak Charley through my La Machine - now  
they call him Boneless Chuck

Barney Miller and Kojak can't prove what they know well:  
That my nitroglycerine "Fudgy the Whale" was the end of  
Tom Carvell  
That I was the one put the cobra into Bruce Jehner's  
warmup jacket  
That I gave Gloria Vanderbuildt a hormone shot - now  
she talks like Buddy Hackett

© 1982 by Erik Frandsen

## ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE

When first I met you years ago  
in another time and place  
a thought came to my mind  
I'd never seen a kinder face  
or warmer laugh and gentler smile  
or eyes so full of light  
I'd be a fool if I didn't fall  
in love with you that night

We've tramped around the world my dear  
our fortune was to roam  
but each place that I've been with you  
that place has been my home  
if now I wander on alone  
with no place to abide  
I'll be content for I was sent  
those wanderings at your side

Love that blossoms in the night  
can't stand the test of time  
it ebbs and flows it comes and goes  
no reason reach nor rhyme  
as each day becomes another day  
each year another year  
I'd trade a year in heaven  
for a day with you my dear

The miles flow on and I am gone  
to a wild and empty land  
where time's like an empty room  
and space an empty hand  
and the things we said and the jokes we made  
are echoes in the waste  
we'll meet again when hills are green  
in another time and place

repeat 1st verse

by Dave Van Ronk  
© 1982 Folklore Music ASCAP

## WOMAN OF A CALM HEART

Oh to be a woman of a calm heart  
who knows no fear in her desire  
who can venture near a raging fire  
taking the burns of another fire in stride

Oh to know how closely she can venture  
before the wrong words can escape  
before the truth can hide  
talking off the top of your head again  
well just see how far you can get again  
when the last thing that you want tonight  
is to lie alone in your bed again

Oh to be a woman of resilience  
who can take the punches and the swings  
and still have arms for warmer things  
able to put a quick retort aside

Oh to move as easily as she through life  
who is joyful in her triumph  
and is patient when denied  
justify the rules of the race again  
you think you've got an open shut case again  
but the first thing that you're going to find  
is your dreams blowing up in your face again

Oh to be a woman of forgiveness  
where the times that count are the times that be  
and she faces each one separately  
holding a grudge is the last thing on her mind

Oh to feel as free as she of burden  
who has sorted out what's worthy kept  
and can leave the rest behind  
doing good's whatever you say it is  
you've got to tell the people the way it is  
but what good is that if your feeling's going to change  
change along with what day it is

Oh to be a woman of a calm heart

By Ilene Weiss  
c 1982

Carol Flicksman





## KNIGHT MOVES

Watch while the queen  
in one false move  
turns herself into a pawn  
Sleepy and shaken  
and watching while the blurry night  
Turns into a very clear dawn

Do you love any	Do you love any
do you love none	do you love none
do you love many	do you love twenty
can you love one	can you love one
do you love me?	do you love me?

One false move  
and a secret prophecy  
well, if you hold it against her  
first hold it up and see  
that it's one side stone  
One side fire  
Standing alone  
among all men's desire  
(they want to know)

Do you love any	Do you love any
do you love none	do you love none
do you love many	do you love twenty
can you love one	can you love one
do you love me?	do you love me?

And if you wonder  
What I am doing  
As I am heading for the sink  
I am spitting out all the bitterness  
Along with half of my last drink  
I am thinking of your woman  
Who is crying in the hall  
It's like drinking gasoline to quench a thirst  
Until there's no one there left at all

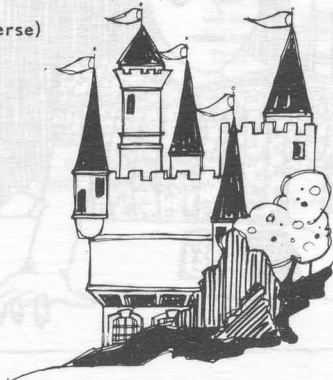
Do you love any	Do you love any
do you love none	do you love none
do you love many	do you love twenty
can you love one	can you love one
do you love me?	do you love me?

"walk on her blind side"  
was the answer to the joke  
It's said there isn't a political bone in her body  
Well, she would rather be a riddle  
But she keeps challenging the future  
With a profound lack of history

Do you love any	Do you love any
do you love none	do you love none
do you love many	do you love twenty
can you love one	can you love one
do you love me?	do you love me?

(repeat 1st verse)

Suzanne Vega  
c 1982



# Sept. Song Lyrics

## DIG FOR THE GOLD

I was only a boy  
in old Canton town  
when I first heard the stories  
that were going around  
uncle made his fortune  
and he wore a gold ring  
if you asked him about it  
he gladly would sing

chorus:  
dig for the gold  
dig for the gold  
I'll be a rich man in China  
before I grow old

well I boarded a ship  
it was only of wood  
the bedding was lousy  
and the food was no good  
six companies met us  
on Frisco's long pier  
of three hundred started  
only two hundred here

well I walked to the hills  
my fortune to find  
of hardship and want  
well I paid it no mind  
but the jumpers were waiting  
they wished us all dead  
they took all our claims  
and put lumps on our head

well I headed for hangtown  
the largest of camps  
there was gambling and murder  
by the light of their lamps  
of the money I had  
it was gone in a wink  
for I spent it on women  
and foul whiskey drink

Brandy Gulch was my next stop  
and who should I meet  
but a crazy old miner  
they called one-eyed Pete  
I picked up a six gun  
and put down the spade  
by robbin' and killing  
our fortune was made

Vigilantes they caught us  
at a place called Pig Hill  
Old Pete with a hang noose  
the miners did kill  
they banged me and beat me  
'til they thought I was dead  
but I lived 'til the morning  
and I ran off instead

well I ran to the place  
where we laid all our loot  
I bought me some new clothes  
and a pair of new boots  
took a trip back to China  
on the next swelling tide  
when they asked me about it  
I turned and I lied

by "Charlie" Chin  
© 1982 Lop Chong Music BMI

## THE CHILDREN

The swings were rusted 'cept the places worn smooth  
by the hands of the children with nowhere to move  
in the dry dusty playground in the midwestern heat  
where the snakeweeds lie taunting and all's gone to seed  
it was there I first ran as a coward runs back  
from a bully named Butch and his muscles of fat  
and he proved he was strong and I proved I was fast  
though there's nothing needs proving at all

There were those who called us cowards again  
to the ears of the children who don't understand  
as the bullies marched off to a far away land  
and we stayed at home to fight with our pens  
and the bullies are home now with stares that could bleed  
posing as heroes in a postcard parade  
with new weapons to prove they deserved what they got  
though there's nothing needs proving at all

Render Caesar his violence as well as his coin  
the minds of the children need nothing to join  
time's wasted fighting a battle all won  
where some fight for honor and some just for fun  
sing softly sing softly yet carry a big song  
because we sing softly they think we're not strong  
that we won't ever prove what they're doing is wrong  
though there's nothing needs proving at all

c 1982 John S. Hardy Music Co. ASCAP

# side two

## THE POLICEMAN IS MY FRIEND

I love you and I love your sister too  
I love your sister's sister and your sister's  
girlfriend too  
Now tell me true do you think that I'm confused  
Or just an affectionate fellow  
Doo wah doo

I have a boyfriend with whom I go out drinking  
Sometimes he calls up at six o'clock in the morning  
He loves this one but this one lives with that one  
That one wears black and is in mourning  
Doo wah doo

What are we to do for him  
He wears black and is in mourning  
Some people say we've hit the final stage  
This generation will see no other  
But in the arch of every rainbow sign  
We tend to show our truest color

I have a girlfriend whom I do not do  
She has a boyfriend who does not do that too  
He has a boyfriend who does him and her too  
But I can't say who is the sucker  
Doo wah doo

How can I relate to you  
All that I've been thinking  
My whole wheat toast is getting awfully cold  
The whole West Coast is still eruptin'  
This gravity will surely make us old  
As I await further instruction

But I love you and I love my sister too  
I love my sister's sister and all four of my nephews  
I have no nieces nor no brothers it is true  
But the Policeman is my friend  
Doo wah doo  
Yes the Policeman is my friend

## WHERE IS THE LOVE?

There goes the guitar I bought on your twenty-sixth  
birthday  
There go the glazed pots where potted plants would  
never grow  
There go the pictures of Paris and Parkville, Missouri  
But where is the love that we felt all those young  
years ago?

I still remember the laughter the day we were married  
We lived in a shack but gave it our kind of glow  
The hard times we went through bring memories into  
sharp focus  
But where is the love that we felt all those young  
years ago?

Can love that ran hot  
Run so damn cold?  
Is it as simple  
As love has grown old?

We'll meet on occasions of circumstance and ceremony  
We'll talk about past times and crazy ones that we both  
know  
We'll talk of our work and we'll mention how we're both  
doing  
But where is the love that we felt all those young  
years ago?

© 1982 by Frank Mazzetti

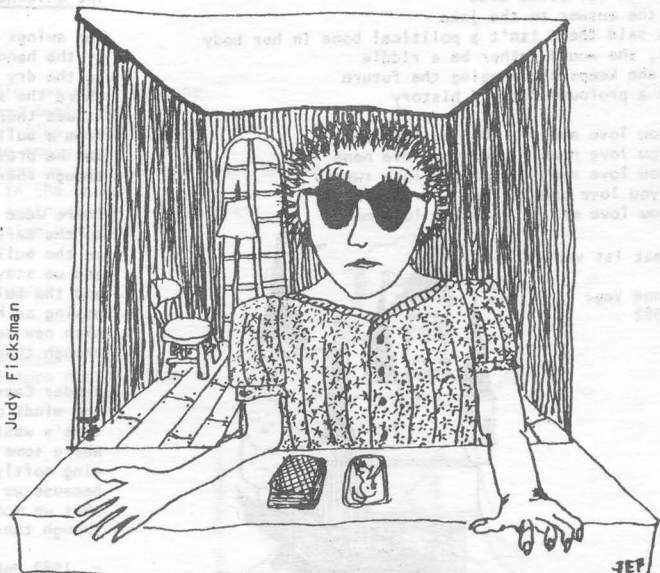
© 1982 by George Gerdes

## A SONG OF LIBERATION FROM EL SALVADOR

Nicaragua vencio  
El Salvador vencera  
Sera libre  
Sera sera libre  
Con el apoyo de todo el pueblo

Nicaragua has triumphed (been victorious)  
El Salvador will be victorious  
Will be free  
Will be, will be free  
With the support of all of the people

(Author Unknown)



Judy Ficksman

### THE CHAMPION AT KEEPING 'EM ROLLING

I am an old-timer, I travel the roads  
I sit in me wagon and lumber me low  
Me hotel's a jungle, my cab's me abode  
And I'm well known to Blondie and Mary  
My liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea  
And the Ohio Code my first A-B-C  
And I cut my teeth on an old AEC  
I'm a champion at keeping 'em rolling

I sat in me wagon and broiled in the sun  
I've been snowed up in shop on the Manchester run  
And crawled through the fog with me twenty-two ton  
Of fish that kept stinking like blazes  
From London to Glasgow to the Newcastle keys  
Liverpool, Leeds, and Bristol city  
The pavannes on the road give the thumb sign to me  
'Cause I'm champion at keeping 'em rolling

You may sing of your sailors and soldiers so bold  
But many and many a hero's untold  
Who sits by a wheel 'neath the heat and the cold  
Day after day without sleeping  
So watch out for cops, slow down at the bends  
Check all your gauges and watch your big ends  
And zig with your lights when you pass an old friend  
If you're champion at keeping 'em rolling

© by Ewan MacColl



Carol Ficksman

### LIKE THE SEASONS

I am  
Like the seasons  
Like a fresh Spring day  
That has finally made its way  
Through the snow  
To let you know  
Life has just begun

I am  
Like the seasons  
Like a blazing Summer's day  
That can penetrate the shade  
Of your love  
To warm you up  
Till you've had enough

### Chorus

I am freer than the wind  
Strong as the lion  
Meek as the lamb  
And you know I'm not denying  
I've been hiding  
But you can find me  
For the fool will never know me  
The fool shall never hold me

I am  
Like the seasons  
Like a cool Autumn's day  
Whose leaves have blown away  
And left me bare  
But you don't care  
If I'm standing alone

So I am  
Like the seasons  
Like a cruel Winter's day  
I will drive you far away  
Till you know  
Just how cold  
I can sometimes be

### Chorus

For I am  
Like the seasons  
Like a fresh Spring day  
That has finally made its way  
Through the snow  
To let you know  
Life has just begun

### Chorus

c 1982 by Ansel Matthews

### A SAILOR'S PRAYER

Though my sails be torn and tattered  
And the mast be turned about  
Let the night wind chill me to my very soul  
Though the spray might sting my eyes  
And the stars no light provide  
Give me just another morning light to hold

### Chorus

I will not lie me down  
This rain a-ragin'  
I will not lie me down  
In such a storm  
And if this night be unblest  
I shall not take my rest  
Until I reach another shore

Though the only water left  
Is but salt to wound my thirst  
I will drink the rain that pours so steady down  
And though night's blindness be my gift  
And there be thieves upon my drift  
I will praise this fog that shelters me along

### Chorus

Though my mates be drained and weary  
And believe our hopes are lost  
There's no need for their bones on that blackened bottom  
And though Death waits just off the bow  
They shall not answer to him now  
He shall stand to face the morning without them

### Chorus

by Rod MacDonald  
© 1982 Blue Flute Music (ASCAP)

side two

# Stan Rogers -



# Folk City Aug. 25

by Tom Intondi

Watch the fields behind the plow  
Turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground.

In the middle of Stan Rogers's first set at Folk City, he remarks glibly, "I used to sit and watch farmers work for hours!" "Just like a lazy folksinger," his brother-fiddler-guitarist-friend Garnett replies. Then, turning toward the chuckling audience, Garnett asks: "Living in Manhattan as you do, do you actually know where food comes from?" More laughs follow, even though my New York buddy Frank is a little miffed that these "hayseeds" from Canada look upon us as so many provincial "cosmos." Still, the song begins, and we are again transported north of the border, the same continent, yes, the same land, yes, but a whole different ballgame, Frank, about which most of us know very little.

Canada is Stan-Rogers territory. His songs take us from Nova Scotia to the Northwest Passage, all in the space of an hour-long set of good music. After the beautiful opening love song "Forty-five Years from Now" ("Marital fidelity is alive and well up there, Frank.") the historical travelogue begins. The next song sounds like a sea chanty, but--wait a minute--these are not old Ontarian sailors singing, these are workers on some assembly line! "Oh, boys, can't you coat it?" I wonder. "We're haulin' out the data on the Xerox line," they chant! Ah, so we're starting with Canada-present, the good old multinational corporation influence! At least, in Stan's song, the workers have a great sense of humor. Next is "Another Season's Promise" (quoted above) in which the pretty melody and feeling for the land that the song evokes is tempered by the very practical observation that even if the harvest is good, it will only help cover the farmer's loans and mortgage. ("... just like some people I know who release record albums," says Frank.) The worker doesn't lose all the time, however, as is apparent in "Lazy Winter Afternoon," a whimsical tribute to Stan's father whom he describes as "just another working Joe" who simply loves every moment of his retirement. Then, we plow on to Alberta, Stan's "third world," in which the invasion of the oil companies and the effects of oil money on the native quality of life are satirized in "The Idiot." (Not so much different from Houston," I thought, though I didn't tell Frank.) "So much for Canadian politics," says Stan, and he takes us back to the Great Lakes region for Mother Nature in all her beauty and splendor--and overwhelmingly dangerous power: "White Squall," a new song which, he explains, is one of a series of songs he's writing as the result of a grant from the Canadian Council on the Arts ("I guess the government recognizes good songwriters up there, Frank!"), describes the

imminent natural dangers of that region....

watch the deadly waters  
don't take the lakes for granted  
they'll whirl off one more youngster in the gale.

This is a very powerful song on the theme of mutilation and death. ("I don't think this ever happened in the South Bronx, Frank!") We go west across Canada with "Northwest Passage," a stirring a capella tribute to the people who cracked the mountain passage to "find the land of Franklin," and the set concludes with a rousing song of the sea:

Rise again, rise again  
Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of then  
Those who loved her best and were with her to the end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again,

"Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of then." That's what Stan Rogers is all about....and Garnett Rogers...and Jim Morrison, who played bass and sang harmony and kept the music tight throughout. ("I like the band," said Frank.) He preserves the Canadian past and present. He is in touch with his people. His eyes are wide open. Yes, he would rather "watch" than "farm." After all, isn't that what a folksinger is supposed to do? (Are we going to discuss that again?" asked Frank.)

"Encore!" the audience clamors as Stan & Co. return to the stage. There are requests for more Stan Rogers songs. There are many in this audience who know them by heart. "No," Stan says, "let me pick one." Most fittingly, he chooses a song written by his friend Bob Franke:

It's so easy to think of times gone by  
So hard to think of times to come  
The grace to accept every moment as a gift  
Is a gift that is given to some....

# Weekend Flashback: McCurdy & Vega Return

by Gerry Hinson

On the weekend of August 13 and 14, Speakeasy was graced by the return of two great performers of contrasting vintage: The venerable Ed McCurdy, who was a popular early host of Speakeasy's Open Mike nights before he moved to Nova Scotia after his last performances here on February 26 and 27; and the haunting young talent, Suzanne Vega, whose reputation and army of devotees have steadily grown.

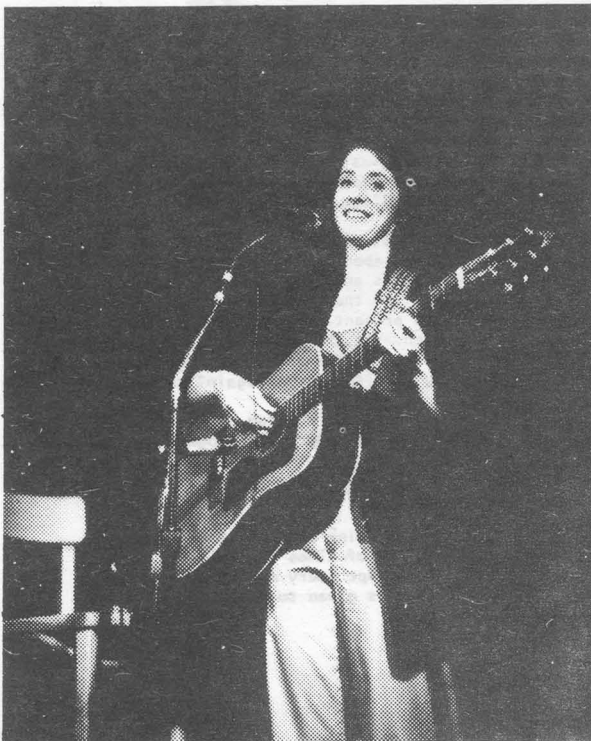
Mr. McCurdy was accompanied by one of his sons on guitar, another on supporting vocals, and by David Massengill during the encore, as, in a sense, the torch of the folk tradition has been gladly received by a new generation of performers. His material ranged from traditional balladry to ribaldry. While he often joked about how the aging process diminishes certain pleasurable activities, it certainly hasn't seemed to diminish his wit or enthusiasm onstage, and his audience enjoyed the performance as much as he did.

Suzanne's performance cast a different aura altogether; alternately wry, intensely lyrical, journalistic, and tender, her performance was spellbinding as usual, despite a worsening respiratory ailment which left her voice 'cracking' a bit on Saturday.

In a month full of weekend performers of outstanding reputations, the talent and professionalism of these two performers were especially memorable.



Gerry Hinson



Gerry Hinson

## How Time Flies

by Rae Monroe

The Musician's Cooperative will be well on its way the weekend of September 10th, 1982. This is our first anniversary.

How time flies when you're working hard, accomplishing something and having fun!

"They said it would be finished by Tuesday...."  
"Has the meeting started yet?"  
"Everybody was singing along, it was beautiful."  
"Out of the way! Waitress coming through!"  
"Is there a meeting?"  
"Oh, as long as you're sitting at the bar, would you mind..."  
"We want the fish! Bring on the fish!"  
"This is the meeting?!"  
"Evening, music lovers..."  
"Where's Joseph?"  
"...Falafels and folk music?"  
"I love it."  
"Where?"  
"MacDougal."  
"Off of Sixth and Third Avenue?"  
"Just ask anybody, everybody knows where it is."

Happy anniversary.

# Frank Christian Hits The Bottom Line

Bonnie Jo Blankinship

That Frank Christian has come into his own as a performer was delightfully evident at the Bottom Line Saturday, August 28, where he appeared as the opening act for Doc Watson. Accompanied by Mark Dann on bass, Christian put together a show which was varied in style and mood, but in total effect was all of a piece.

As a guitar player and singer, Frank Christian has always been top-notch. Saturday night he demonstrated how markedly he has grown as a performer. For this he was rewarded with an attentive, appreciative audience.

Christian's complex musical sensibility embraces many genres including jazz, blues, and ragtime. He has a warm, supple voice and a way of phrasing the lyrics, which conveys their meaning clearly, full of shading and nuance. This holds true whether he is singing a traditional English ballad or sophisticated jazz.

At the Bottom Line he was both relaxed and energized, direct, intimate, and witty. He is very good at creating a distinct atmosphere with each song, slipping into it easily and smoothly. Since his songs were well-chosen and ordered, for the most part, he was able to move gracefully from one to the next.

Early in the set he introduced a song with an offhand account of a visit to a friend's flower shop in Newark, N.J., told with his particular brand of humor which tends to catch you off-guard, and then launched into his "Unemployment Rag," the very funny tale of woe of the job-seeker who is not a CPA and feels skeptical of schemes promising five grand a week for stuffing envelopes. When this received a rousing round of applause, he said, "Well, it's always nice to be among the ranks of the unemployed....Now we'll see how many of the unemployed are also divorced or separated," and eased into a slow, slinky "Making Whoopy." His knowing looks and Groucho Marx-style rolling eye balls contrasted humorously with his velvety crooning, and as the narrative unfolded, the audience's delight mounted. Then the mood shifted unexpectedly and dramatically with the haunting "Champions at Keeping 'Em Rolling," an English ballad of a truckdriver's loneliness, pride, and will to survive, ending with a stunning classical guitar piece. It was a moving moment and a split second elapsed before the audience responded warmly.

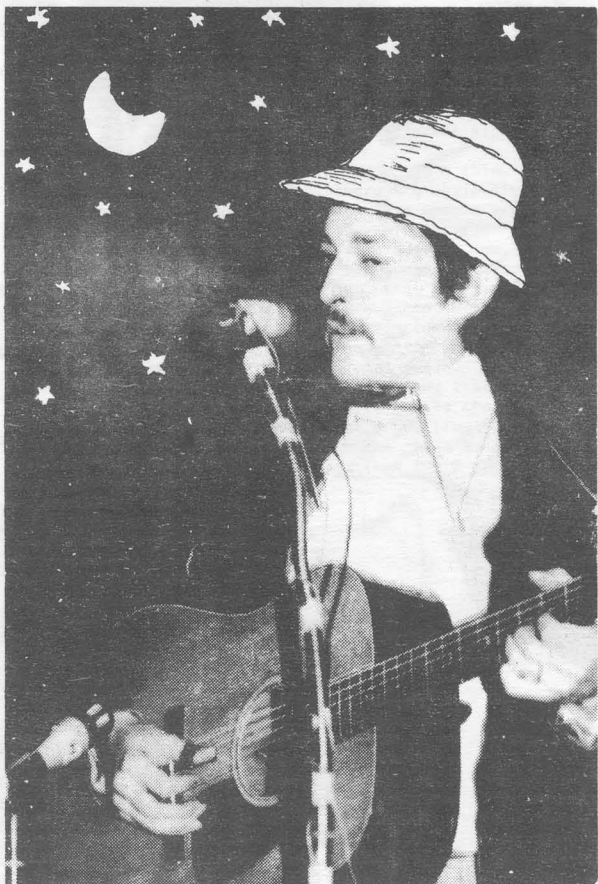
Frank Christian brings all his talents to bear on the interpretation of each song. His virtuosic guitar playing is so smooth, and always so much in service to the song, that like his humor it takes you by surprise. It is remarkable without ever being show-offish.

I can't go any farther without mentioning the also-remarkable Mark Dann, whose bass playing was one of the highlights of the show. Showing great sensitivity to the material, he played with that almost physical response to the music that is always just right but never predictable. Dann is the rare bass player who is versatile and accomplished enough to be able to play intricate contrapuntal melodies but who can also provide the basic bottom when that's what is called for.

Particularly intriguing are Frank Christian's own compositions, such as "Where Were You Last Night?" and "Rhythm Avant-Garde," since they are so unusual in style, reflecting diverse influences without being derivative. Christian paints interior landscapes with evocative images ("drips from a faucet, like a nervous heart," or "windows scratched with veils of rain") eliciting an intense visual and emotional response in the listener.

These are much more interesting than his versions of old blues songs, such as the one by Willie McTell he did at the Bottom Line, which, though spirited and well done, are more limited in scope than Christian's own brand of blues.

It has been said that a great dancer appears to create the music, rather than dancing to it. What Frank Christian does, or is approaching, is analogous to that: that is, the words, melody, instrumental accompaniment, and performance all fuse to create a satisfying, whole experience for the listener.







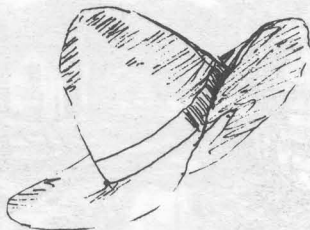
# Ram-Ram-Ramblin' Jack

Richard Chanel

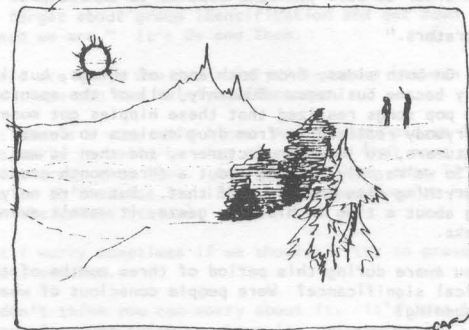
You hear those single notes plucked out so evenly, stopping at those odd and familiar places that are the undeniable signature of talkin' blues. With this, Ramblin' Jack Elliott begins his set and as he sings about megaton bombs and a sea populated, not with life forms but with tin, something very essential about folk music emerges. Nostalgia has no place here. The songs live, breathe, and speak. The man who is singing them is as young as when they were first sung, with a wisdom deepened by each singing. Jack lifts his wide brimmed hat off his head as he ends the talkin' blues number, then sets it back down, all done with that same sense of punctuation, that off-beat rhythm, that holds you through his songs and his storytelling.

The first Jack Elliott album that I ever owned was a Prestige/Folklore release entitled "Jack Elliott Sings the Songs of Woody Guthrie." One of the early critical statements made about Jack was that he "sounds more like Woody than Woody does himself." After hearing Jack at Folk City and having listened to this album for years, I realize his greatest contribution has not been as an imitator but as one who took an existing form and honed it into a smoother, finer, musical expression. This was not done with the slick "popism" prevalent in the early sixties folk revival but with professionalism, integrity of style, and a lot of sweat.

An introduction to a Jack Elliott song is like a surreal travelogue. Somehow, on his way to singing "Diamond Joe", we got to hear about a rainy rodeo in Brussels, about a cowboy named Daryl and his beautiful wife Isabelle, about meeting the same cowboy in Tokyo, about being introduced to someone who was billed as the "Japanese Bob Dylan, about seven people flying from Japan just to hear Dylan in Los Angeles, and a half dozen other things. In between renditions of "San Francisco Bay Blues," "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," and "Pretty Boy Floyd," we were treated to anecdotes about a rowdy evening when Jack was the opening act for Jerry Jeff Walker and nearly didn't get off the stage alive, we got to hear about his idea for an airline exclusively for guitars, we were treated to a musical testimony from Bob Neuwirth, a testimony which Jack would later return in kind when I spoke with him. Each song took on the definitive stamp of Jack Elliott. The quick driving guitar and the crazy kazoo of Jesse Fuller, the poignant, almost painful, half spoken voice of a young Bob Dylan, the understated and biting voice of Woody Guthrie all gave way to yodels, syncopated phrases, and wonderfully controlled guitar playing.



Carol Ficksman



Carol Ficksman

In between sets we talked-well he talked-and I listened. I asked Jack about his back since he'd been walking around somewhat bent over. He told me he had thrown out his back rigging a sail, which is one of his most loved pursuits. Jack had just arrived in New York from Calgary, Alberta, an area conducive to another one of his loves, the world of horses, ranches, and rodeos.

Jack has come a long way from Linden Boulevard in Brooklyn where he spent his childhood and the Ramblin' Jack has not always taken a smooth road. As Jack sipped tonic water he told me how his friend Bob Neuwirth had been central in helping him to overcome his battle with alcohol. Jack Elliott loves to talk about his friends and his list of friends reads like a Who's Who of folk music. The anecdotes are endless. He talked about the time he drove Buffy Sainte Marie on the back of his motorcycle to her parents in rural Massachusetts in a fog so thick he couldn't see ten feet ahead. He has no idea how they ever got there but, "Get me another pea soup fog and I'll be able to find it." There are some things Jack doesn't remember. I asked him about the song "Guabi, Guabi" and he said he hadn't sung it in years and couldn't remember the words anymore. The funny thing is it's probably one of the few songs in which no one in the audience can distinguish the real lyrics from the merely approximate.

Jack began his second set with "All My Trials." David Blue was seated across from me and was singing softly, almost to himself. Seated to my right was a young woman who is studying acting. She had never heard Jack Elliott before and I think she was expecting to see something equivalent to an "old-timers" baseball game. But it was clear from her smile that Ramblin' Jack's music had just won over a new friend. She and I got into a discussion about the importance of knowing where your artistic roots are. "Yes," I thought, "there are a lot of folk singers who don't know any folk songs, lots of actors who only know show business."

Meanwhile, on stage, Jack launched into a couple of more tales, and then sang Bob Dylan's "I Threw it All Away." Jerry Jeff Walker came in. David Blue got up to sing and Jerry Jeff took the stage; decorum gave way to the spirit of the music. I had gotten up and was standing near the bar. I looked at Jack Elliott on stage, then I glanced over at the table where I'd been sitting. The woman was still smiling.

There was a time in New York for about three months, that's all, when the world changed and all of a sudden you could look down the street and you could tell who your friend was, and who your friend wasn't, just by the way people dressed or looked -- there was a look in their eye or something. It was really something you could count on until people started dressing and looking like that in order to sell you some dope or to arrest you. . .

C: "Infiltrators."

A: Right! On both sides, from both ends of things, but it suddenly became business. Suddenly, all of the sponsors for the pop songs realized that these hippies got money. And everybody realized it from drug dealers to cereal manufacturers, to jean manufacturers, and then it was over. So we're only talking about a three-month event, and everything else comes out of that. But we're only talking about a time in history, geeze, it wasn't even ten weeks.

C: Were you aware during this period of three months of the historical significance? Were people conscious of what was happening?

A: Oh yeah, oh yeah. You knew it was historic.

C: And did you feel it was historic only in that location, New York City?

A: Yeah, well. . . we hoped. . . that it would. . . we were very. . . ah. . . I say "we" 'cause I know it wasn't just me. . . but there was a great hope at the time that the world was changing, and that. . . that was that the old world was gone. And that it would spread throughout the world. In fact when we did "Alice's Restaurant," when we did the movie, we went to Europe, because it was playing over there. The condition I went with, they wanted me to publicize it and stuff like that, which I didn't even do over here, I mean, you know I refused to do any of that junk, and they said, "Well, we want you to go publicize it in Europe because people don't understand about the draft and you know." I said, "I'll tell you what, I'll go under the following conditions: that every city we go on, instead of having press conferences (and stuff like that) we'll have a little party, and all the press can come, and we could invite whoever we want." They said, "Sure. (Who does Arlo know in Belgium? You know?)" So, my ole lady and myself, when we got over there, we would just walk down the street, and anybody that looked like they needed to go to a party (laughter) we would invite them, and we figured this all would be our way (y'know) of talking to the people we wanted to talk to, because all of a sudden it was like, we know where there's a free party (ya know), and it's all on them. So. . . (laughter, all). . . let's go! And what happened was that people became real suspicious over there, they weren't ready for that, they weren't feeling the same things we were feeling here, they were still twenty years behind, and they came over there and said, "How come you're over here involved in (promoting) a film, 'cause it was made in Hollywood," because we've spent over a million dollars on it (and stuff like that). Why were we promoting capitalistic imperialism (and all that stuff)? I said, "Look, I'm just here cause there's a party down the road, ya know, and we can all get together, so we can go over there and talk about it if you want, but let's go. . . let's do something together (ya know). I'm not here promoting anything, (I'm just) I wanna find out what's going on. 'Cause we got something happening in the States, and we feel like it's going around the world." We also discovered that Europe had really been divided into so many different political camps, not like here in the States. The anti-war movement here was totally apolitical in the sense that it didn't come from any one particular ideology. It was made up of totally different groups of people who came as individuals and not as groups. And over there. . . and over here, even if you weren't a group, you had friends in other groups. But over there the groups were the Che

guys, and the Mao guys and these guys and those guys, and none of them would speak to each other, and we'd get them all at these parties and although none of them would talk to each other, they would all come down on me. And I felt, boy, what a disappointment that is. . . I really thought, I really believed that we had a handle. I really thought that the kids of the world (and we were kids at the time), we could change things if we could only just get through all this bullshit.

C: But you did.

A: You know what I mean, though.

C: Sure.

A: We felt like if we could stop fighting ourselves, we could move this into a new age, and it didn't happen.

C: I think it did happen, though.

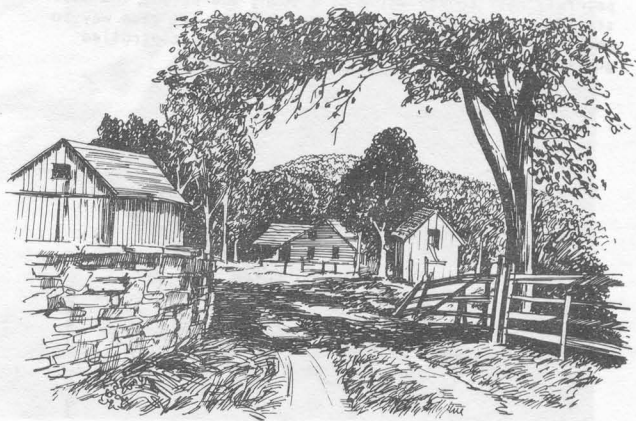
A: No, it didn't. I mean realistically it didn't happen, because, here we are still having to march about the draft. And we're still talking about the bombs and there's still all these guys and those guys, and those guys, and those guys that don't wanna talk to these guys.

C: When you say "we," who do you mean? A large group? A small group?

A: No, I was thinking of a large. . . It wasn't even people, it was like a wind that swept through the world, and it wasn't just people; it was everything, dogs, and business, and everything seemed to be changed by it. Maybe we all had chromosome damage. . . I don't know. . . (laughter)

C: But didn't it have a lot to do with what was going on economically and politically at the time, too? I mean, there was a lot more money then. It was possible to live and do all those things.

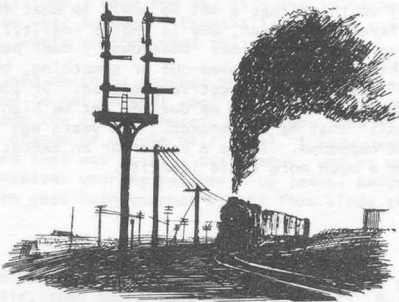
A: I don't think it had to do so much with that, because, see, I'm in the unique position of knowing that this very same feeling was prevalent in the 30's during the depression, except that it came under the guise of a more political struggle. And I know that my dad and Pete Seeger, and all those people had the exact same feeling, but their hope was that a kind of "union world" was happening, where everything was gonna be fair, and people were all gonna be workin'. . . ya know what I mean. It was that same feeling though, it was the same emotion at work, but with a little different (intellect), but it was the same feeling.



C: How weird that those things happen and don't happen. I mean, it's just basically a union world, and yet it's so far from the justice and kind of brotherhood that that generation hoped for.

A: Well, that's one of the things that woke me up, when I saw their dreams. . . not disappear. . . but I saw their hopes for the left especially become more and more political, become out of touch with the guys who were actually doin' the work. . . when the party became disassociated from the members. My father said a great thing, once, he was asked if he belonged to the Communist party and he said, I think more in truth than in jest, that he had never been to a Communist party.

C: (laughter)



A: I think that's unfortunately what happens. And thank God that what happened in the 60's never turned into a party. I see people trying to resurrect it now as a party, and I'm totally opposed to that. The one reason we were so successful and really made any changes at all is because there was no one to attack. There was no ideology to come down on, there was no propaganda that could work, there were no leaders to lock up. . . it just happened. Because all the people were there.

C: But didn't it have a lot to do with people feeling united against the war in Vietnam?

A: Um-hmm. But not because of a party politic or ideology or a religious dogma or anything like that. It was just that it was simple right and wrong and for whatever reason it was right and wrong, that's the way it was, and that's the one thing that made it possible for us to actually accomplish all this stuff. I mean, the government spent millions and millions of dollars looking into why are all these weirdos getting together? It must be funding from the Russians. It must be funding from corporate enterprises bent on taking over the whole world and monopolizing the world. They didn't care if it was left or right, they were looking for "where was this money coming from?" These people couldn't possibly be doing it out of a sense of right and wrong. I mean, they didn't believe that, they still don't. I heard Ronald Reagan the other day saying that all those marches going on in Western Europe are paid for by the Russians (and playing into their hands). . . He still believes it. He bought the lie. He thinks all those people were just doin' that 'cause they're getting paid (or somebody's sending out money). important as the mass of people, which is why it makes it so easy to sell stuff to us. (Because you don't have to. . .) It's not competition between groups. It's a hell of a lot harder to sell TVs in Africa (Ya know). I don't mean because of the economic situation (but) because once one group of people has it, well, then other people don't want it. Stuff like that.

C: Don't you think by nature there has always been a tendency for people to seek out like people and band together in groups? Groups still do exist in this country. . .

A: Oh, yeah. And when we're not threatened as a nation, we can get even into smaller and smaller groups, and get into block parties and stuff like that, I mean, that's fine. But as soon as we get in trouble around here, we gotta remember that the thing that gets us out of it usually, or has in the past, has been the ability to forget about group identification and get down to "Here we are." It's Us and Them.

C: There are those who see mainly likenesses between people, and those who see mainly differences.

A: But that's a very thin line. And in most places in the world it would be wise to remember that most people can't cross that line. And just thinking that it's easier to traverse it, it's only because you're here (in the United States).

C: But I worry sometimes if we shouldn't try to preserve that, somehow. . .

A: I don't think you can worry about it. It's just knowing about it, just thinking about it, and seeing it. And just people opening their eyes and saying, like. . . "Oh, yeah, maybe that's how we got through that one." There's our own history there, and of course it's all biased when I tell it. (Laughs) We do have a history of that, and I think that's probably the most important aspect of American history. That's why we couldn't ever be beat anywhere, and that's why we lost, I think, in Viet Nam. Because all of a sudden we couldn't transcend that. We were still in groups then.

C: The problem is, though, we've (as Americans) done so many things wrong, too - i.e., taking the land away from the Indians. . . That bothers me, the aggressiveness that we have scares me. . .

I have no doubt that people are sending money in from here and there to do all kinds of things but there's nobody doin' it because of that. You know, nobody's buying dog food anymore because of the color on the can, you know, people ain't got the money to get sucked into that and those days are gone. The one great thing is that there was no one to attack. I love that. I've been out of this country a lot and that's the one great thing that we have goin' here, is that whenever we want to do somethin', we just do it. We don't need leaders to do it. We have never needed them: witness who's been the Presidents. (laughter) I mean, I'm not just talkin' about weirdos, I'm talking about America, everybody -- the far right, and the far left and everybody -- this country has survived without leaders for years. (laughter) It's not just crazy people, you know, it's not just us. (laughter) It's all of us. And we gotta realize that. We don't need to get involved, and organized, and send out mailers, and do all of those things, so much as we gotta be there.

C: Quick, let's disband the co-op. (laughter)

A: No, I'm not sayin' we don't need it, but we don't need it as much as the realization that all you have to do is be there. One of the things that disturbed me was that in the old days, in the demonstrations, people just came. They didn't come as groups, they just came. Whenever something was happenin', they would be there as an individual. When I went up to Seabrook for one of the later demonstrations, it was all groups. You know, "Lesbian Plumbers from Albany Against Nuclear Power." (laughter) I mean, who the fuck cares? You know, what happened was, people started coming to these things to become legitimate in their own individual lives. People began using these things that we're all concerned about in order to enhance their own life. They weren't bringing their life to it so much as they were taking life from it. I was very disappointed when that started happening.

And I don't care. If anybody wants to belong to any group, and do what they want, I think that's fine. It would be a shame to forget that, with those kinds of groups, all you have to do is lock up the leader and you're through. You know, if you want to be a little follower and stuff like that, you're going to be in trouble. The best thing to do would just be to probably be yourself, and not worry about all that, or join all kinds of groups, do it that way, and not worry about it. But soon as you have groups that separate you from other groups, and other people and stuff like that. . . And that's what happens in Europe so much, that's the way they do things over there, and in Asia, too. This is the one place where tribes are not as

A: Well, even when you say "We took the land from the Indians," (pause) you're still thinking in the White Man's words. 'Cause the Indians didn't own the land, so we couldn't take it away from them. The Indians always thought of themselves as, and they still do, or traditional Indians anyway, they think of themselves as being guardians of the land, and in that sense, they still are. That can't be taken away. And when we become (pause) as conscious of our own guardianship as they were and are, that won't be a problem.

C: Except there are so many more of us. . . I feel I know a lot of people who are very conscious, I think, but there are so many of us, that just by virtue of our sheer numbers we cannot fully respect the earth. Like we're trampling...

A: But you're still seeing the world in the egocentric way of... You look around and say "There's so many of us." But actually, if you took everybody in the world and lined 'em up, we would be the ones being trampled. Our culture, in pure numbers, is nothing compared to what's really out there in the real world. One of these days. . . I think... There's a Hopi prophecy, says that (an old one. . . 100 years old. . .) One day, sons and daughters of the White Man would start wearing their hair long, and wear beads and stuff like Indians. And from that generation on, White Men would be friends with the Indians. . . kin, brothers, in that they would recognize this guardianship responsibility, kinship. And we've seen that happen. That already went down. Now it's growing, and now people are saving. . . snails. In our own crazy way, we do these things. Ya know, but we are doin' it. People are concerned about cleanin' up rivers and streams. They don't want beer cans everywhere. That's happening.

C: It's good to listen to you talk, because you have so much hope.

A: It's not hope, though. I mean, I see it. It's something you see. The world is cleaner than it was 15 years ago.

C: It's true, but I've been in the City (N.Y.) awhile now, and that has a tendency to make one lose sight of what's going on outside.

A: Well, it's a big fight, you know, you gotta fight these big corporate people and government people that don't want to spend money doin' that stuff. But if every person was conscious of that. . . That's all you gotta be. I mean, it's not all you gotta be, but it starts there. And to know that one of these days we're gonna assume real responsibility for what's goin' on here. It's the same as it was in the '60s in the sense that we thought that we were always the minority. It was always us little guys and them big guys. . . until Woodstock happened, and all of a sudden we realized, "Yeah, wait a minute. . . There's more of Us than Them." And whenever there was more of Us than Them, we did fine. And we're still working on that, 'cause a lot of Us became Them. And now what has to happen is the ones that are coming up have gotta decide whether they're gonna be Us or Them.

So I address myself to those things, you know, if I can, and to that constituency, telling them. . . heh. . . "I don't care if you work for GE or something like that. You can wear a business suit and you can work for IBM and you can still be one of Us." Daniel Ellsberg proved that. You know what I'm sayin'.

C: Yeah. Sometimes I also see, though, where there's a place for Us and Them. I mean there's a place for everybody in the world.

A: Yeah, but unfortunately, there is Us and Them. I mean, as I see it -- I see things black and white -- and one of these days it won't be. But I would be a fool to think that's not so now. So what makes the difference? I mean, why is that a reality?

C: I see a crossing line. Downtown, I meet people out at night who are New-Waved-out or something, but during the day have an executive position. Or some guy at Speak Easy will take me out and get me high, and then 'admit' that he's a banker. Ten years ago that wouldn't have happened. To be a banker or an executive would've been a much more rigid identity.



A: Well, we are beginning to infiltrate now into the realm of the business world, and what we're gonna see is gonna be very interesting. Now we're gonna find out, for sure, whether or not an Us can look like Them, and still be Us. That's what we have to find out.

C: Also if an Us can gain things like money and power and still think like Us.

A: That's right. That's right. And the thing is, real difference. (Pause) I remember in the '60s there was, like, tourist feeling. People used to come by bus loads to see the strange people in New York. They probably still do. (Laughter) And the great thing was that we didn't hate 'em and throw rocks at them, they just kept comin' . . . and comin' . . . and comin' . . . Pretty soon, some of 'em were stayin'. Gettin' off the bus. So the world's changed, and I think if we can keep that goin', that friendly. . . I mean, it's not Us and Them fighting. You can eye somebody. . . You can be friendly in competition. . . it doesn't have to be a hateful, vengeful thing. I think the attitude I have now is, it's really happening. We're gonna see what happens. Especially when it gets into politics, where do the votes go?

C: It also gets into watching another generation underneath you come up and to not do what your parents did. I mean . . . not become the establishment. When you look at somebody with orange or purple hair, well, I know people who would think that was totally outrageous, who at one time were themselves wearing patched blue jeans, beads, sandals. Which gets into another Us and Them kinda thing, too.

A: Except that I remember the stuff I used to wear. . . (Snickers) when we were gettin' crazy. I mean, these guys with orange hair, they don't look that different. But I remember wearing long, flowing, purple, gold-edged robes. (Laughter)

C: On the street? (Still laughter)

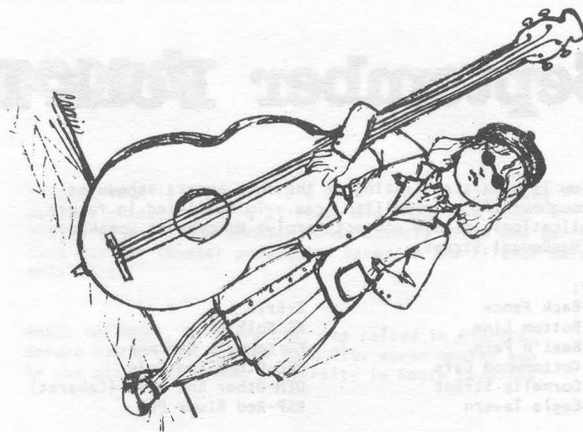
A: Yeah! I had shows and stuff like that. I mean we were cra-zy.

C: Did a lot of people dress like that?

A: Yeah! People just forget. Just because it wasn't on the news or something, because it didn't ever become part of us. But we did crazy stuff.



Carol Fickman



C: Well, it was identifying yourself by your dress.

A: We were gonna be free - that was it. Yeah, we were gonna be free. Because the Us and Them thing is only. . . if it's still what it was then. . . it was that Them always thought that there was only one way to do stuff, and that was the American Way. The American Way meant certain things. It meant that you dress nice, and you were gonna wear your skirts that high (indicates a modest knee-length), and your hair didn't come down over your ears, and you never wore a beard, or (at most a little) a moustache, and all those things. Remember -- you probably don't remember, but -- there were people who. . . X years ago, you couldn't go to school with blue jeans on in this country.

C: Girls couldn't wear pants. . .

A: People don't know that! Kids today just can't imagine what that was like. . . you couldn't go to school with hair comin' down over your ears if you were a guy. They would throw you out of school. There were court cases goin' . . . battles goin' on. So we've been sayin': "You can do things any way you want." That's what makes Us Us. As long as what you're doin' is not so offensive to everybody else that you're really becoming a pain in the ass. (Ya know) Them says there's only one way to do it; this is the way to do it, and we're right and that's the whole shootin' match. That's Them and Us. And luckily, more and more kids are being absorbed into the Us philosophy, without even knowing it. 'Cause they're wearin' blue jeans, and they're thinking about this and that. . . they're dealin' with stuff.

C: But again, that was because of you - you were role models.

A: But it's interesting to see that that's actually goin' on. I got three kids at school, they don't have any problems. I mean I don't believe it, 'cause both my wife and I are so dumb! We had such a hard time. I'm sure that ability in school is not genetic, anyway. (I've discovered that.) But they're havin' a great time. I can't believe it. I had such a bad time. I hated it. But they love it. They're still - they're free from what the world was like in the early '60s. They know they can do stuff their own way.

Don't forget to watch for next month's issue and the conclusion of our exclusive interview with Arlo Guthrie in which he discusses more about his children and the educational system, self-interest and motivation, the power of communication, drugs and insects. - ed.

# September Folk Listings

Below is a partial listing of the folk events scheduled throughout the metropolitan area. To be listed in future publications, please contact Carolyn McCombs at Speakeasy on MacDougal Street.

Key:

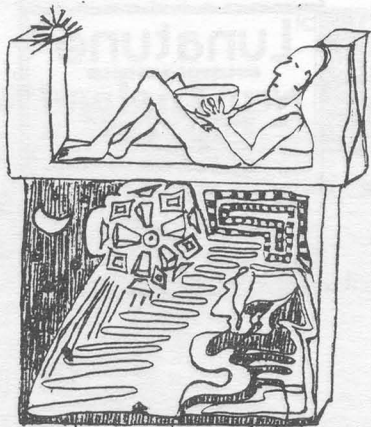
BF-Back Fence	E-Eric
BL-Bottom Line	FC-Folk City
BP-Beat'n Path	KC-Kenny's Castaways
CC-Cottonwood Cafe	OEC-Other End Cafe
CS-Cornelia Street	OEM-Other End Main (Cabaret)
ET-Eagle Tavern	RRP-Red River Pub

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| <p>Sep. 1 CHICO HAMILTON/KATHLEEN ADAIR-OEM<br/>JOHN HAMMOND-FC<br/>TONY CONNIFF-KC<br/>STEVE HOPKINS-OEC</p> <p>Sep. 2 HENNY YOUNGMAN-OEM<br/>SERRA PICA BAND-KC<br/>BOB MOSKOWITZ-OEC</p> <p>Sep. 3 DAN HICKS-OEM<br/>MARIA MULDAUR-FC<br/>NEWCOMERS/NATIONALS-KC<br/>JORMA KAUKONEN-BL<br/>JUDY DUNLEAVY-OEC</p> <p>Sep. 4 DAN HICKS-OEM<br/>MARIA MULDAUR-FC<br/>MIKE CORBIN-KC<br/>JORMA KAUKONEN-BL<br/>SKYLINE with TONY TRISCHKA-ET<br/>JUDY DUNLEAVY-OEC</p> <p>Sep. 5 DENNY MOROUSE-OEM<br/>PEGGY ATWOOD-OEC<br/>THE NYC DOCTORS-KC<br/>DAVID ROCHE BAND-FC<br/>PSI FORCE/THE NOTES-BL<br/>FOLK CONCERT-"The Best of Centerfold, at Centerfold, 263 West 86th Street, 866-4454</p> <p>Sep. 6 SHOWCASE/MID-NITE JAM-KC<br/>SHAWN COLVIN-OEC<br/>HOOT-FC</p> <p>Sep. 7 ROBIN BATTEAU/BILL MORRISSEY-KC<br/>CLIFF EBERHARDT BAND/11:00 ROCK JAM-FC</p> <p>Sep. 8 SHAWN COLVIN BAND/TOM RUSSELL-KC<br/>THE ULSTAFARIANS-FC</p> <p>Sep. 9 ARCHIE BELL AND THE BELL SYSTEM SHOW BAND-OEM<br/>RICK DANKO-FC<br/>BRIDGET ST. JOHN/DAVID MASSENGILL-KC<br/>THE BLASTERS/JOHN COPELAND BAND-BL</p> | <p>Sep. 10 SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE MCGHEE-OEM<br/>AZTEC TWO-STEP-FC<br/>THE ROUSERS/IMMIGRANTS-KC<br/>MONTEITH AND RAND/ANDRE DESHIELDS-BL</p> <p>Sep. 11 SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE MCGHEE-OEM<br/>JUDY GORMAN JACOBS/SERIOUS BUSINESS-FC<br/>LI'L RED/MICHAEL FRACASSO-KC</p> <p>Sep. 12 SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE MCGHEE-OEM<br/>ELAYNE BOOSLER/CHRIS RUSH/MONTEITH AND RAND-BL<br/>SOUVENIR with DIANE SCANLON/SIGHS FIVE-KC</p> <p>Sep. 13 SHOWCASE/MID-NITE JAM-KC<br/>HOOT-FC</p> <p>Sep. 14 GUY AND PIPP GILLETTE/BILL FERN'S "JUMP"-KC<br/>11:00 ROCK JAM-FC</p> <p>Sep. 15 PETER GALLWAY/STREET LEVEL-KC<br/>THE LOUNGE LIZARDS-BL</p> <p>Sep. 16 TRINA AND MICHAEL O'DOMHNAILL-FC<br/>PETER GALLWAY/TERESA CAKE-KC</p> <p>Sep. 17 WHITE ANIMALS/SHEPPAS-KC<br/>JON LUCIEN-BL</p> <p>Sep. 18 ERIC ANDERSEN-FC<br/>WHITE ANIMALS/FLOOR MODELS-KC</p> <p>Sep. 19 CALIFORNIA T-BONES AND GOOD DAZZ-KC</p> <p>Sep. 20 HOOT-FC<br/>SHOWCASE/MID-NITE JAM-KC</p> <p>Sep. 21 KNUCKLEHEAD SMITH BAND-KC<br/>THE NIGHTHAWKS/THE UPTOWN HORN BAND-BL</p> <p>Sep. 23 JOHN STEWART/BUSKIN AND BATTEAU-BL</p> <p>Sep. 24 DENNY MOROUSE-OE<br/>CAROLYN HESTER-FC<br/>ERIC DICKENS AND THE RELIEF BAND/FICTION-KC</p> <p>Sep. 25 DANNY O'KEEFE-FC<br/>ERIC DICKENS AND THE RELIEF BAND/TERRY MANN-KC</p> <p>Sep. 26 ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS-FC<br/>J. C. ROBBINS BAND/THE GOODS-KC</p> <p>Sep. 27 HOOT-FC<br/>SHOWCASE/MID-NITE JAM-KC</p> <p>Sep. 28 ROBIN BATTEAU-KC</p> <p>Sep. 29 AN EVENING WITH RICHARD THOMPSON-FC</p> |
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# On the Record

ERIK FRANSDEN is a musician and freelance opportunist from New York. He says: "I wanted to write a graphic American Murder Ballad with characters and a plot and everything, but got carried away with bloodlust."

THE BELLES OF HOBOKEN - (Marcie Boyd, Susan Lewis, Janet Stecher) - discovered each other in New York in the winter of 1982. At that time, Marcie was writing women's and political songs, Susan was pursuing a career in dance, and Janet was sending people to foreign countries through international educational exchange programs. Their repertoire of songs combines their joy in making music with their political and international concerns, and reflects a desire to communicate as widely as possible.



Judy Ficksman

ROD MACDONALD, 34, is a folksinger/songwriter from Connecticut. He lives in Greenwich Village, where he works in several local clubs, both with and without a band. Rod also tours extensively in the South, Midwest, and New England.

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

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

SUZANNE VEGA is from New York City. She is a Barnard College graduate and is 23 years old. She has been active in dance and theater, and recently wrote and performed in a musical theater production based on the life of Carson McCullers.

ANSEL MATTHEWS, 23 years old, was raised in Florida, before his arrival in New York City seven months ago, he was attending Furman University in South Carolina.

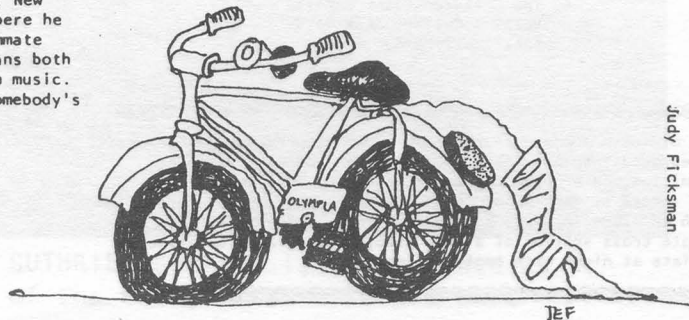
DAVE VAN RONK has been a major figure in folk music since its resurgence in the early 60's. Over 15 albums of his have been released, and he goes on several national tours each year. He is originally from Brooklyn.

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

Actor, songwriter, poet, pitcher, GEORGE GERDES is Greenwich Village's Noel Coward/Antonin Artaud of the '80s. His perennial stabs at the starry dynamo of the machinery of night have left egg on the faces of many fat bellies with big cigars.

FRANK MAZZETTI is not a great fan of "Bio's in general. He lives in New York City, writes songs, and does something else for a living.

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



Judy Ficksman

# SPEAK EASY 107 MacDougal nyc

(598-9670)

<p>SEPTEMBER '82</p> <p>all shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted</p>		<p>poetry</p> <p>7-9pm</p> <p>new faces</p> <p>9pm to ?</p>	<p>DAVID MASSENGILL &amp; FRIENDS \$1</p>	<p>Celebrate Labor Day with <b>ROD MacDONALD</b> &amp; <b>Carolyn McCombs</b> \$4</p>	
<p>LATE FOR DINNER \$2</p> <p><b>RAE MONROE</b></p>	<p>OPEN</p>		<p>MOVIES! at 8pm</p> <p>at ten</p> <p>LIVE MUSIC with Tom Intondi</p>	<p>SONGWRITERS IN CONCERT \$1</p> <p>THE BEST OF THE SUNDAY SERIES</p>	<p>1st anniversary PARTY FRIDAY - \$5</p> <p><b>TOM PAXTON</b> SAT. <b>DAVE VAN RONK</b></p> <p>GUEST ARTISTS BOTH NIGHTS. ADVANCE TICKETS SUGGESTED.</p>
<p>BLACK CROW</p> <p>the FAMELA COOK BAND \$3</p>	<p>MIKE</p>		<p>Celtic Music</p> <p><b>BILL OCHS</b> plus THE FUSILIER CEILI BAND you pay piper \$3</p>	<p>Hot picking!!!</p> <p><b>KEN PERLMAN</b> meets <b>PETER SPENCER</b> \$3</p>	<p><b>SOLDIERS' FANCY</b> \$4</p> <p><b>JOHN ROBERTS</b></p>
<p>Mary Reynolds</p> <p>Doug Waterman</p> <p>Angela Page \$1</p>	<p>with</p>		<p>more movies &amp; music</p>	<p>Bluegrass!</p> <p>THE METROPOLITAN OPRY Returns! a mere 3 bucks</p>	<p><b>Lunatune</b></p> <p><b>New England Express</b> \$4</p>
<p><b>Eric Wood</b></p> <p><b>Marcie Boyd</b></p> <p><b>Barbara Marsh</b> \$1</p>	<p>John hodel</p>			<p><b>DOLLAR NIGHT</b> with <b>David Massengill</b></p>	<p>October -</p> <p><b>Tom Ghent</b></p> <p><b>David Blue</b></p> <p>and many others</p>

## Credits

side one

1. I Shot Jack LaLane (Erik Frandsen)  
Vocal & Guitar: Erik Frandsen
2. Woman of A Calm Heart (Ilene Weiss)  
Vocal & Guitar: Ilene Weiss  
Bass: Mark Dann
3. Another Time and Place (Dave Van Ronk)  
Vocal & Guitar: Dave Van Ronk
4. Night Moves (Suzanne Vega)  
Vocal & Guitar: Suzanne Vega
5. Dig For The Gold ("Charlie Chin")  
Vocal: "Charlie"Chin
6. The Children (Jack Hardy)  
Vocal & Guitar: Jack Hardy  
Bass: Jeff Hardy

side two

1. Where Is The Love (Frank Mazzetti)  
Vocal & Guitar: Frank Mazzetti
2. The Policeman Is My Friend (George Gerdes)  
Vocal & Guitar: George Gerdes  
Bass & Harmony: Mark Dann  
Guitar & Harmony: Bill Bachmann
3. Nicaragua Vençio (a song of liberation from El Salvador)  
Vocal: Janet Stecher  
Vocal: Marcie Boyd  
Vocal: Susan Lewis
4. Like the Seasons (Ansel Matthews)  
Vocal & Guitar: Ansel Matthews
5. Champion at Keepin' em Rollin' (Ewan McCall)/  
Alman (Robert Johnson)  
Vocal & Guitar: Frank Christian  
Bass: Mark Dann
6. Sailor's Prayer (Rod MacDonald)  
Vocal: Rod MacDonald

All of these songs were recorded live at Speakeasy on various dates by Jay Rosen, head of musicians' cooperative sound committee, on a dolbyized cassette. They were reprocessed for record by Mark Dann. None of these songs were recorded with an album in mind, but we feel they represent an accurate cross section of a folk club, from gala celebration to late at night with empty tables. -ed.