

the
COOP
The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine

Oct. '82

vol. 1 #9



Gerry Hinson

Skip Barthold and Mark Dann perform at the musicians' cooperative Free Folk Festival on Oct. 2 in Central Park.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

To Ben or not to Ben... "that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them."

--William Shakespeare
Hamlet

"As for you, little envious Prigs, snarling, bastard, puny Criticks, you'll soon have railed your last: Go hang yourselves."

--Francois Rabelais

"May the fleas of a thousand Camels infest your armpits."

--Arab curse

On the twenty-seventh anniversary of James Dean's death, I received this petition:

From: Member and Friends of the Cooperative

To: David Massengill

We are writing to express our objection to your repeated performances of your recent song "His Name Must Be Ben" on the stage at SpeakEasy, Folk City and Kenny's Castaways. While the song may have been written in fun, we feel that your repeated performances of it 1) contradicts the ideal of musicians supporting each other, which we all stand for here at SpeakEasy; and 2) is simply in poor taste. You have enough songs of excellent quality in your repertoire that you don't need to perform that one.

Sincerely yours,
XXXXXXXXXXXXX
(eleven signatures)

Quote--unquote.

What's the brouhaha all about? Brace yourself, pilgrims-- it's a campfire song. Collectively written by Bill Morrissey, Lize Tribble, myself and anon, its focus is the Universal Ben.

Here is a sampling.

A biblical verse:

As Noah watched the animals pass
He thought the donkey would be last
But after the donkey came an ass
...His name must be Ben

A little boy's verse:

Who's that standing on his head
Whose little face is turning red
Who hasn't heard a word I've said
...His name must be Ben

A drinking verse:

Who's that drinking bathtub gin
Who has gotten drunk again
Who's that pissing in the wind
...His name must be Ben

A grace-giving verse:

Praise the Lord and pass the gravy
Praise the Lord and pass the gravy
Who praised the Lord and passed out in the gravy
...His name must be Ben

A personal hygiene verse:

Who takes a shower, takes a half-hour
Who takes a shower, takes a half-hour
Who needs a shower every half-hour
...His name must be Ben

A comparative lit verse:

There's three men that I can name
Quasimodo and Ichabod Crane
And one more that's feeble in the brain
...His name must be Ben

A little girl's verse:

Who's that wearing her party dress
Who's that wearing her party dress
After the party, who's a mess
...Her name must be Ben

A statement-of-purpose verse:

So if you have a friend you want immortalized
And you also want him brought down to size
You can use this song, but don't change the name
...His name must be Ben

Shocking, isn't it?

Yes, Virginia, there really is a human Ben. I have no doubt the song may gall him slightly. Psychological damage? Hardly. I won't use Ben's concurrence as a defense, or the fact that he did not sign the petition. It speaks well of him, that's all. Quite bluntly, the song is beyond Ben. (No pun intended.)

I certainly have higher hopes for the Cooperative than the insular, simpering atmosphere the petition suggests. It's not up to the Cooperative to take care of you where your mother left off. You may recall what inbreeding did for all those Carolina hillbillies and European royalty: 1) hemophilia, and 2) noses that had no business being there.

I'd like to stick up for Bad Taste, especially if the alternative is provincial mealy-mouthism, or Pollyanna well-wishing, or those three monkeys doing their thing with hands over ears, eyes and mouth. A cat may look at a king, and this cat sees the petitioners as a bunch of nursemaids.

All of us started out being Bens, if we were worth anything at all. And sometimes the runts of the litter are more illustrative of what's missing in the milk than are the prize-winning hogs. I could change the name from Ben to Mortimer, but I like Ben.

Thanks to the petition, I was inspired to extend the song to 100 verses. Does this make me a bully? Or a bullfighter?

The question is moot. Savor these words of William Faulkner: "If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' is worth any number of old ladies." Aben, to that.

--David Massengill

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the COOP The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

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To the Editor:

It was an unfortunate coincidence that Frank Mazzetti's letter appeared in one of the two issues which don't carry a review of mine. I understand that there was some confusion because of this. People were wondering if his letter was the reason for the review's absence. Not at all. Much as I respect Frank's motives and intentions, I'm afraid that he and I disagree on so many subjects that the simple fact of his disapproval would not of itself cause me to give up the articles. I've just been out of town for a while, and haven't seen any shows to write about. Now I'm back.

Frank claims that many of the performers I covered will have a hard time keeping my opinions from stunting their growth. I find this very difficult to believe, but let's examine the possibility. Case in point: The New England Express.

Take a look at my review in the June issue: two paragraphs on the New England Express, mostly negative. Now look at the September issue, the back cover. On the calendar, where it says 24th and 25th--a weekend. Notice who's playing.

In the space of four months the New England Express graduated from New Faces to weekend bookings. And (in my opinion) they deserve it. They have (in my opinion) really polished their act, and (in my opinion) they now put on a bloody good performance. They've simply outgrown my review.

Whether or not you agree with my original evaluation of how they stood in June, the fact of the matter is that my review seems to have had no effect whatever on their growth. And it certainly had no effect on their audience, which conspicuously did not stay away in droves.

Yes, I realize that one example does not prove my point, but it does illustrate it. The principle I'm leading up to is this: the only way any review of mine will stunt the growth of an artist is if that artist considers my opinion more important than his or her own. I'm nowhere near conceited enough to believe that that's going to happen. The musicians I know are all admirably dedicated to their ideals.

Frank said that I claim objectivity. That's not quite true. What I claim is that I will always strive for objectivity, I will hold that as my goal and the focus of my efforts. It's a very difficult thing to do.

One case springs to mind where I failed miserably, and it was (believe it or not) in a positive review. I was so swept up with the possibilities, the potentialities, the exciting direction that the artist was heading in that I lost sight of where the level of performance was at present. I believe the things I said in that review, but by expressing them so vehemently, by ignoring the negatives, I created a false impression of where that artist is now.

It was a grave error. I won't do that again.

But that's exactly what Frank wants me to do. Furthermore, he wants me to do it intentionally, with malice (or at least misrepresentation) aforethought.

If I tell the readership that every performer at the SpeakEasy is at the peak of his or her powers, that he or she puts on a show that you just can't afford to miss, the readers will recognize that for what it is: hype. They won't believe a word of it, and the credibility of the truths that my be contained in that hype will be totally lost. And even if I just avoid saying anything negative, the effect is the same as saying that no negatives exist. It's still hype.

We can't afford hype. If people think we're distorting things, they may wonder if this growing folk music scene we're

talking about exists anywhere but in our imaginations.

Now, as to the rumors that I have quit writing reviews--these rumors are well-founded. I had in fact decided to do so. Then I changed my mind. Then I wavered, changed it back, wavered again....It's been a long process. The source of all this is the wave of hostility that followed in the wake of Frank's letter. Intellectually, I had expected it. It's supposed to come with the territory. Meeting it face-to-face is a whole other matter. It made a big impression on me.

But when I actually started investigating, it turned out that opinions were more varied than seemed at first sight. Reactions range from strongly encouraging to "Go thou sinner, and examine thy soul." I took that one to heart. I went and examined. Here's what I came up with.

My "sin" consists simply of this: I have assumed that the performers take themselves seriously, and that they want to be taken seriously. No hype. No playing favorites.

So my problem is that whether or not I write the reviews, I have to pay.

Example: A few days ago I was sitting in SpeakEasy chatting with a fellow musician who had also just returned from being out of town. I happen to think this fellow is one of the best performers on the scene (and I'm not just talking about New Faces people, here), and in the course of our conversation he asked if I had ever gotten around to reviewing him. In fact I have a pile of notes on his performances, but I had to say that, no, I hadn't and it looked like I wasn't going to, because I had quit doing reviews. Then I took the opportunity to tell him what I would have said, how good I thought his act was, and how much enjoyment his music's given me.

He seemed to appreciate it, but I was unsatisfied. I wanted to tell everyone; I wanted to spread the word.

When I described to him the difficulties I was having handling the reactions of some of the co-op members, he shook his head sympathetically. "Let the outsiders handle that," he said. "Let them review us."

They aren't. So I will.

ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN

To the Editor:

I read with interest Jack Hardy's article, "How to Make a Record," in September's Coop, since I have recently produced a record of my own. In general, I agree with what Jack has to say, but I would like to add some thoughts based on my own experience.

First, anyone who is even thinking of making an LP, EP, or 45 should first purchase a book entitled How to Make and Sell Your Own Record, by Diane Sward Rapaport. It is available from Quick Fox Publishers, 33 W. 60th Street, New York City 10023. Read this book. Then read it again. By then you will realize a little of what's involved, though you won't understand the process totally until you've gone through it at least once.

The major guiding force behind the making of a record is Murphy's Law. Therefore, do not make any unbreakable appointments with destiny based on a two-week production schedule. When your tape and cover art are ready for production, plan on waiting anywhere from two to six months before your record is a reality. You can spend this time at the gym, preparing

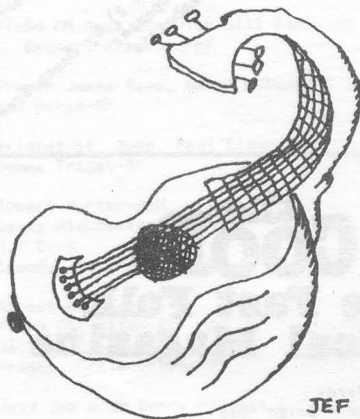
for the task of carrying forty fifteen-pound record boxes up the stairs. Oddly, the best exercise for this involves your head and the wall.

As regards the actual production, I strongly recommend purchasing a set of test pressings, which cost about \$25. Reference disks are generally a waste of money, but they can save time.

One note on the taping sessions: Pay your session people! They'll behave more professionally, and this will save you money in the end. And if they should play out of tune, out of rhythm and out of mind, it's a lot easier to mix them out if you've already paid them for their work.

Finally, try to talk to as many people as you can who have made their own records. Generally, we're more than willing to bitch and moan about all the difficulties we've had. On the other hand, we're delighted to send more business to the people who have done a great job for us.

PAUL KAPLAN



To the Editors:

I just don't understand it. I'm away for seven years ploughing the salt, salt sea, right? And I come back in this great disguise, dig, and I walk up to the fair young maid all in the garden and I say, "Fair maid will you marry me." And she says, "No, kind sir, for I am waiting for my Johnny who ploughs the raging main." So I say, "Well, what if he's in some battle slain, or drowned in the salt, salt sea?" And she says, "Then I nevermore will happy be" or words to that effect. Well, this is what I've been waiting to hear, so I tear off the disguise and I shout, "Aha, it is I, your true lover returned from the coast of Spain!" and like that.

So, does she fly to my arms and cry, "We nevermore will part-ed be"? Noooooo! She calls me a manipulating bastard and she says she saw through the disguise when I was still a half-mile down the road. Claims she knew it all the time. Then she tells me she was shackled up with the Butcher Boy for about two years and after that she started going around with the House Carpenter since his wife ran off. Then she informs me that lately she's been attending consciousness-raising sessions with Fair Eleanor, Barbara Allen, and the Four Marys, and has come to the conclusion that she really doesn't need me around at all and I should get off her property.

I just don't understand it.

JOHN RILEY
Claudy Banks, England

Anniversary Celebration

by Randy B. Hecht

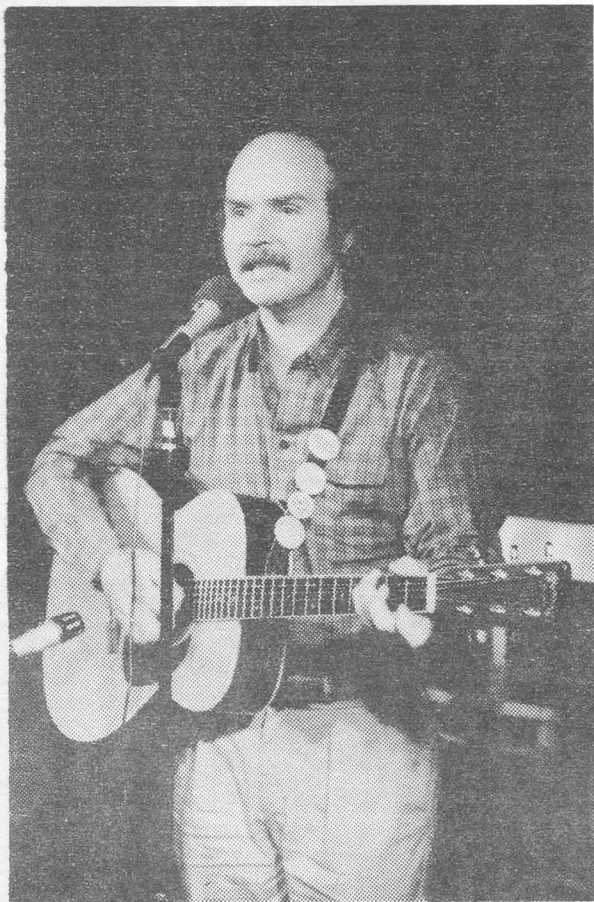
There's an old fable about a Wise King whose kingdom's only well is poisoned, thereby rendering insane all those who drink from it. Within hours the entire population is contaminated. The Wise King is spared, however, as he has a private water supply (or, perhaps, a cache of Perrier). His subjects, in their altered states, perceive their once-beloved King as the insane one and call for his execution; he is saved only because he decides to drink from the well and, restored to the new order of sanity, continues his benevolent reign. They live happily as fruitcakes ever after.

Welcome to Greenwich Village. There have been no calls for executions in the past year (okay, maybe a few; but this is neither the time nor the place for that) but more than a few people might well think that the members of the Musicians' Cooperative at SpeakEasy drink from a similar well. No group of sane people, after all, would have courted disaster as passionately as those who, a year ago, decided that a disco at the rear of a felafel joint could be transformed into a folk haven--or, much less, that such a miracle could be worked by a cooperative, of all silly things.

Yet one weekend a year later was spent celebrating said haven's first anniversary with shows headlined by such notable folk as Tom Paxton and Dave Van Ronk and an audience large enough to split the club at the seams. Maybe tap water isn't all it's cracked up to be.



Charlie Chin



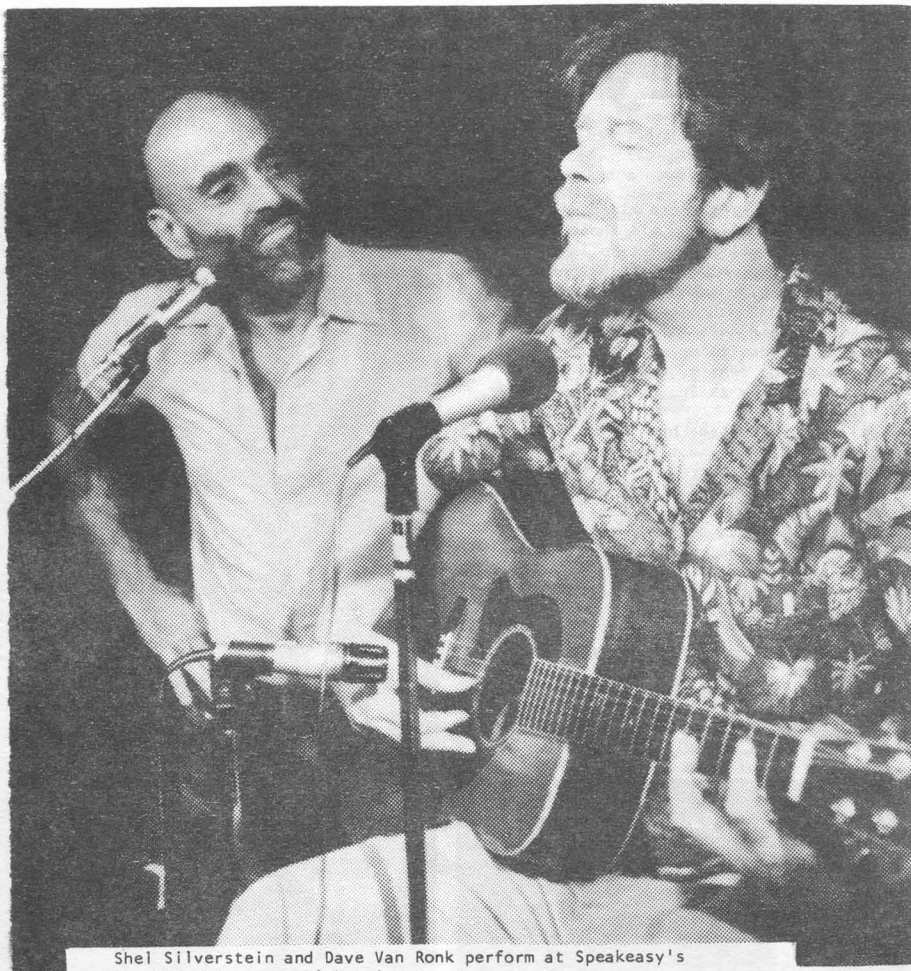
Brian Rose

Tom Paxton

People who'd been told the show would start "around nine or nine-thirty" began showing up an hour before that. By 8:15 there was a steady stream of people arriving to claim their reserved seats, and this time no one was looking for "Bob."

Zachary Weinberger, who arrived at 8:00 and left because he "had to" at 2:00, had only one complaint: "There are not enough folk clubs in New York." Weinberger, who had been to SpeakEasy four or five times before, added that he'd come to see the club's regulars as well as Tom Paxton.

He wasn't the only one. It was obvious throughout the evening that there is a folk audience "out there;" more to the point, they've been listening. Tom Intondi, Carolyn McCombs, David Massengill and Jack Hardy had everyone in the room enlisted on backup vocals without even trying, and the bar area, where most of their colleagues were gathered, issued three- and four-part harmonies that sounded damned well rehearsed.



Brian Rose

Shel Silverstein and Dave Van Ronk perform at Speakeasy's first anniversary celebration.

Intondi opened Friday's show with a splendid set that featured "America She Don't Dance Anymore," which MC Sheldon Biber had requested in his introduction, and "High Times," which appears in the July Coop and received an in-concert boast from Chuck Hancock, who could probably get his sax to sashay down Sixth Avenue on its own if he wanted to. Intondi, founding member of The Song Project, may be best-known for his interpretations of other writers' material, but no one at Friday's show could fail to note that he is also a gifted writer. Intondi's display of his enviable talents set the tone for an excellent show.

Next up was Carolyn McCombs, who had no trouble keeping pace. Accompanied by bassist John Cisco, McCombs performed a short set that included "Wasted Love," a song that makes perfect use of her strong, beautiful voice. (The song was recorded for June's Coop.)

Not to be outdone, Jack Hardy made use of both Cisco and Hancock in his set. Hancock's performance on "The Circus," which Hardy wrote with an exceptionally sharp pen "in case I was invited to sing at the inauguration," has become almost essential. The set also featured Hardy's "Incident at Ebenezer Creek," sung by Matt Jones in the June Coop and performed by the author on the latest of his four solo albums, White Shoes, and "The Children," which Hardy sings in September's issue of the magazine.

"Charlie" Chin's performance of "Dig for the Gold" (from September's Coop) allowed him to display his growing sense of assurance on stage. "Assurance," in fact, may be one of the month's greatest understatements. Chin was easily as entertaining between songs as he was during them. The irreverence in which he so clearly delights reached its zenith as he related the intimate details of a long-running philosophical debate he'd conducted with Dave Van Ronk. The central dilemma, Chin explained, revolves around Van Ronk's oft-repeated question: "Charlie, which is the best Chinese restaurant?"

Chin was followed by his "debate partner," who abandoned man's eternal search for truth and good eggrolls long enough to do a few songs. Van Ronk, accompanied by Shel Silverstein, played "Would You Like to Swing on a Star" and "Another Time and Place" (yet another cut from September's Coop).

Described by Sheldon Biber as "a man who writes some beautiful, beautiful songs...and some really disgusting ones," David Massengill is equipped to live up to both ends of the promise. That he possesses a capacity for breathtaking artistry is hardly debatable. But on this night Massengill was very nearly upstaged by his accompanist: the highlight of his set (and, arguably, of the entire show) was Lisi Tribble's outrageous reading on "Sightseer."



Her performance has permanently handicapped Massengill's ability to do the song solo. It is almost possible to hear the incessant popping of tourists' chewing gum as Tribble plays the Sightseer, her somewhat dazed eyes glued to plastic binoculars or camera and scanning the room constantly for fear that she'll miss seeing "the Pope screw a lightbulb in the woods."

Massengill is one of the few people who could have followed her act. He did so with "The Great American Dream," which he played in an abridged version. If Massengill is to be criticized, it is for this in-concert editing. The song is, by any conventional measure, too long for concert performance. But "The Great American Dream" is no conventional song. It's doubtful that any audience would find its attention lagging were the song done in its entirety. (A 10½-minute version of the song appears in April's *Coop*).

It was almost 11:30 by the time Massengill surrendered the stage to Tom Paxton, who was held up by another commitment (he has written a musical, *I Paid My Dues*, in which he currently appears; the show is at the No Smoking Playhouse on West 45th Street). But the audience, which had presumably paid for at least as much of Paxton as his "and friends," never grew mutinous. It was clear that many agreed with Sunny Bard, who sat with several friends until 2:00 a.m. and commented that "we've been in here many times, so it was appropriate that we be here for the anniversary." One of her companions, Marlene Siegel, added that they'd come to see "everybody."

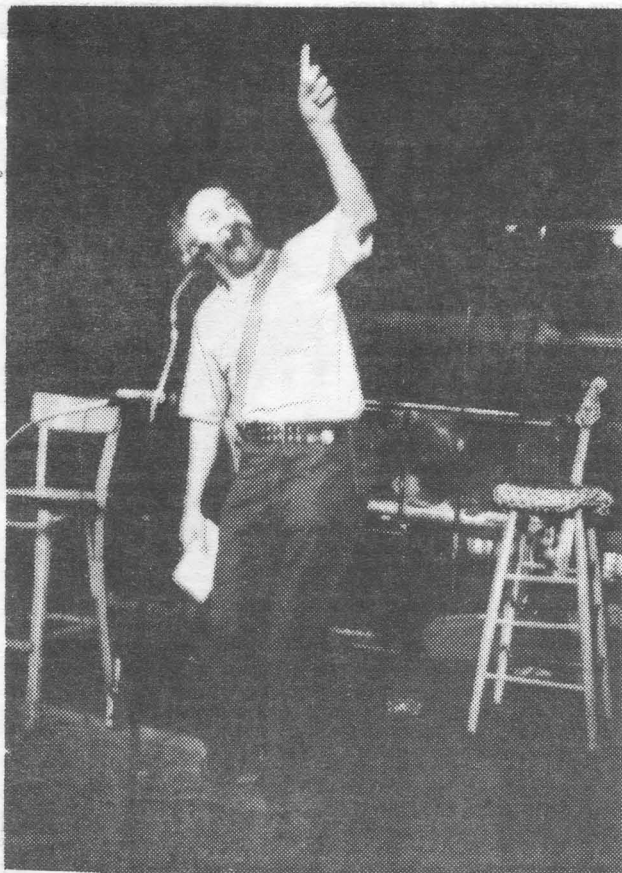
This is not to say, of course, that Paxton got less than a warm reception. The audience had been friendly throughout the night, and Paxton's appearance dissolved any remnants of restraint that had survived that long. It was a marriage made in heaven, with Paxton eager to please and the audience ready to be pleased. Neither disappointed the other.

Perhaps the most amazing aspect of Paxton's work is the amount of energy its creation must demand. The songs continue to spring from him constantly, easily, and with a display of humor that folk music is often accused of lacking. If other writers find it difficult to address such subjects as the death penalty, pollution, war, and malnutrition in senior citizens with humor, it may be because Paxton has a warehouse full of all the best lines locked up on a deserted island in the South Atlantic.

Someone ought to find that warehouse and unlock it. Not every subject can be approached with humor, nor can all the world's problems be felled by jokes. Paxton's ability to write serious, even mournful songs has been demonstrated throughout his career, but he has never locked himself into a pattern of songwriting that would exclude humor. One of the best examples of his facility for ridiculing a subject into submission is "Bring Back the Chair," on which the audience invariably joins in for an insanely lusty rendition of the chorus: "Bring back the chair/Zap someone there/Medium rare/Bring back the chair."

It didn't take much arm-twisting to get Paxton to parade his poetic pranks at *SpeakEasy*. There was the opening advice to budget-conscious consumers ("You Can Eat Dog Food!") and the song in which a bewildered Abscam-ee confesses "I Thought You Were an A-rab" ("You were Lawrence of the FBI" he realizes, too late). Paxton did his best to deadpan the material but had trouble eluding the devilish grin lurking about his face.

Gerry Hinson



Sheldon Biber expressing gratitude for the survival and flourishing of New York's only all-folk nightclub.



Joseph Zbada

The songs are particularly endearing because Paxton--who has heard them all more than a few times--seems as delighted by them as first-time listeners and diehard fans. The best illustration of the phenomenon is "Anita O.J.," which was released on the *Heroes* album and hasn't lost an ounce of popularity yet. With his face at its choirboy best, Paxton manages to surprise his audience anew each time he intones "One wonders, Dear Anita, if you'll ever get a-head" and again with his solemn assurance that "If you don't believe in fairies then they won't believe in you/With an orange clutched in either hand you know what you can do." The song's appeal can no longer be attributed solely to Anita Bryant's usefulness as the butt of endless jokes; countless others have moved into or passed through the spotlight under which she once squirmed. But Paxton is a great songwriter, and his topics do not lose their potency when they cease to be topical.

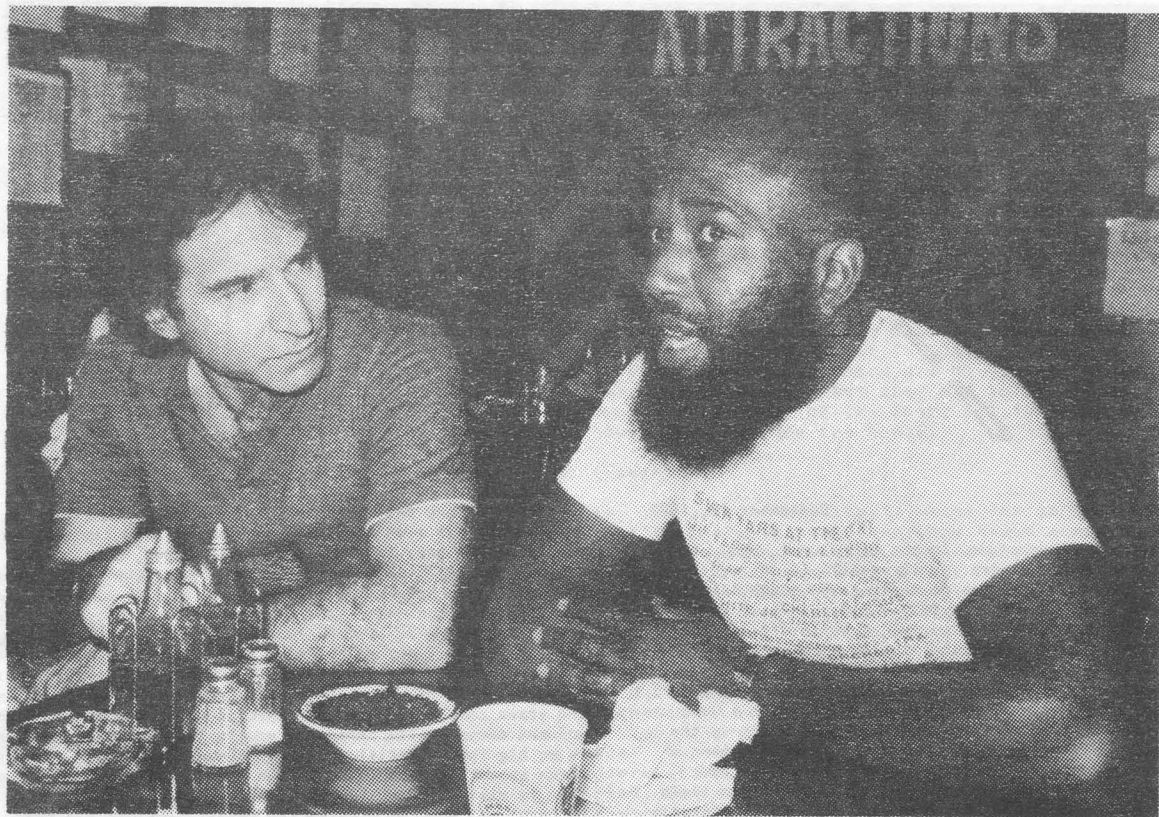
Paxton didn't devote the entire evening to laughter, though. The set also included the environmentalists' finest anthem, "Whose Garden Was This," which has, unfortunately, retained its topicality as well as its chilling beauty, and "Let the Sun Shine," probably the most lucid, intelligent analysis of energy policy ever set to foot-stomping music. If anyone doubted it before the show, it was clear by the end of the evening that Paxton is a wonder.

Josh White, Jr., didn't plan to stay very long that night, but he found himself onstage well past midnight and it looked for a while as though the audience wasn't going to let him leave. He has a deep, pleasant voice and confident delivery that enables him to cover a wide variety of material. The songs he chose for the anniversary concert, which marked his first performance at SpeakEasy, included his father's classic "One Meatball," Stephen Stills' "Change Partners," and "Lookin' for Trouble," the Steve Goodman song that has also been recorded by Bob Gibson and Hamilton Camp.

By far the most popular, however, was "The Dutchman." If the reaction to the song is any indication, the audience might have been happy to spend the entire evening singing the chorus under White's direction.



Jack Hardy and Tom Paxton



Brian Rose

Happy Traum and Josh White, Jr.

Like Paxton, White will soon appear in a play; this one, written by Peter Link, is a one-man show about his father. It will open in his hometown of Detroit and then tour nationally. On anniversary night, though, White gave the impression that he might never leave SpeakEasy.

Earlier in the evening White had proclaimed that "the singer needs a place, and this is it." He was clearly enthralled with SpeakEasy and The Coop, for which he once recorded ("Delia's Gone," July). "It goes without saying," he added, "that this is something that's needed."

By the time White finished his set things might logically have been expected to slow down. They did not. Coop fans who stayed for the rest of the show were treated to excellent performances by several SpeakEasy regulars, including Josh Jofen and Ruthann Brauser, Rae Monroe and, in a giddy finish, the team of Jack Hardy and David Massengill, who composed and performed a song on the spot in honor of the auspicious occasion. Only then were the last holdouts satisfied to stumble home, drunk and happy.

First-timer Deborah Munczek didn't last that long, but she did stay late enough to report "I love the ide of this place." Though she bought a ticket to see Paxton, she was "impressed" by the local talent and plans to return. Perhaps she, too, was affected by the fruits of that suspicious-looking well they dug behind the bar. On the other hand, Munczek may just have excellent taste in music.

Anyone care for a drink?



JEF



In The Road:

M.P.H.

September 13, 1982

Greetings from Albuquerque. It has been sunny, cool, hot, rainy, clear, and dry here. As it usually is in August-September. There's no place on God's green earth like New Mexico, at least not for me. So I decided to tell you all something about it, in case you might be interested. But first, I have to say one thing. Taking a bus will not give you hemerroids. Or exzema. Or even eyestrain. I must report that my bus trip was smooth, efficient, scenic, and even a little fun. Of course, I did stop in Chicago for a week (which you can do for no extra charge) so I broke up the continuous riding time. Still, it went by quicker than a Texan can say Amarillo. So, for all of you who gasped, "The Bus?", as if I had embarked on a covered wagon train through the Oregon trail, Get With It! It's a safe (statistically you're safer on a bus than anything else--even your own feet), cheap, convenient, and enjoyable alternative to the overpriced flying cattle cars they call airplanes. Enough said.

About New Mexico--it has six of the seven life zones present in North America. This may explain why there can be a strikingly bare red mesa, a lush green river valley, and a 10,000-foot mountain within 15 miles of each other. (Which pretty much sums up Albuquerque, the biggest city in the state and the place where, if you stay or come to or pass through New Mexico, you will probably be. It lies sort of smack dab in the middle of the state, with the high rockies to the north, the endless mesa and volcanic formations to the west, the farm and rangeland to the east, and a strange combination of all three to the south.) New Mexico is famous for a few things. Its superb chilli (the fruit, not the bowl of indigestion), its hot air balloon fiesta, and its world class balloonists--Abruzzo, Anderson, and Newman, who crossed the Atlantic in the Double Eagle II. It's also the home of Georgia O'Keefe, Paul Horgan, John Nichols, and Maggie Garrett. (Do you know who they are? You've probably seen at least one of them at the Speakeasy!). It's also well known among archeologists and anthropologists for its Pueblo Indian culture--still intact and operative despite numerous attempts to change them--and its fascinating ruins of ancient Pueblo cultures; namely Chaco Canyon to the northwest and the Gila Cliff Dwelling to the southwest. It has a nationally ranked symphony, a world famous opera (the Santa Fe Opera), a huge state fair (starts tomorrow!), and the largest underground cave in North America (Carlsbad Caverns). Now with all this going for it, how come you've never been here? Or maybe you thought it was part of Mexico?

The thing I love the most about New Mexico is that you don't have to hop all over the state to benefit from its environment. You can stay in a house in Albuquerque, down in the valley, and still see the moon rise up over the Sandia mountains. It is a bright, pale yellow disc and is so still and huge that you can understand why the ancients thought it was a god. And maybe it is, else why would you feel like taking off your clothes and going swimming in an icy mountain stream in the middle of the night? or doing the same in a friend's swimming pool? You can sit on your front porch swing and see the stars come out, when the guardian moon is past her time, and the cicadas will serenade you in the dark. The horizon is so big you can still see it, crimson and fading, an hour after sunset. You can wake in the morning and run while the mist is rising in the valley, before the sun really starts to burn, and you can breathe the desert blossoms and they will implant themselves in your lungs. You can run faster and farther and higher than you ever could before, and instead of feeling old and crabby and so mad at the world that you will trip the next poor soul who looks at you sideways, you can walk down the street and actually speak to those you encounter. Just a hello, of course, but a nice way to start the day. If you're lucky, you will know a few people, or find a few people, to share this with. Or maybe you're with someone already. Then it's time to experience the nightlife. Which is something else again.

The culinary delights of New Mexico are made for the sophisticated pauper. (Can you dig it? I knew that you could!) There is not a decent Mexican restaurant in Albuquerque where you have to spend more than four dollars for a plate of food that is nutritious, delicious, and hot enough to wipe the smug Szechuan smile off your face. This food is meat, soaked in red chile and onions, wrapped in a homemade flour tortilla and smothered in red chile sauce that has been smoldering all day (carne adovado). Or, maybe enchiladas stuffed with tender chicken and covered with sour cream and green chile. And, don't forget chile rellenos, which are green chiles stuffed with cheese and onions and dipped in an egg batter and fried to a golden shine. Are you getting the idea? Cheap eats, and lots of them. Most establishments have bottled beer for \$1, or at the most \$1.50. And many have a classical guitarist playing right next to you--or almost next to you. A few even have patios, so you can sit and watch the night begin before your hungry eyes. And what happens after all this? If you can walk out of a good Mexican restaurant and still feel like a little activity, there has recently been some new additions to the Albuquerque music scene. And I will mention one.

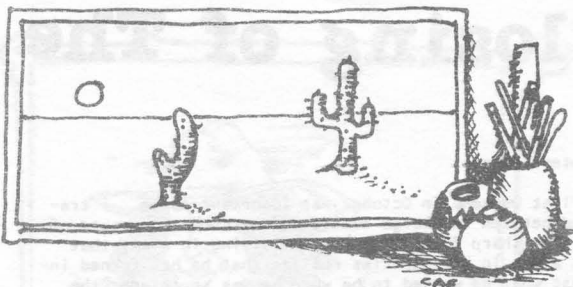
The newest bodega is called Posh Eddie's. It's located directly across from the University of New Mexico. You can go there and listen to live bands for nothing. Did I say nothing? Yes. No cover, no minimum, and cheap booze. I recently happened in one night and heard my favorite New Mexico band--The Bonnie Bluhm Band. More about Bonnie later. This weekend I saw a respectable blues band, with a very hep saxophone player who also plays keyboards and keeps things under control. Not control, if you know what I mean. Now, you may ask, where do these musicians come from? They really must not be that good if they stay in Albuquerque. How well I know those feelings. And, having been on both sides of the fence, maybe I can tell you a little....

First, a significant number are from New York. Or Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or Cleveland, or any one of a dozen cities back east. They came for reasons we all know; city burn-out, escape from the nest, a healthier climate, a boyfriend/girlfriend/uncle/friend of a friend was here. They stay because they like it. Why? Here you can make a living being a musician. You can play in a lounge as a single and make \$250/week for two weeks, and you can get that gig every two months. And if you get a few of those, you can compute a salary that is actually above what you need to live on. And if you're really together, you can play all over the state, in Santa Fe and Taos and Red River and some ski resorts and some honky-tonks in small towns and you can support yourself. And that is one good reason why musicians stay in Albuquerque. The community will support them. The community needs them. The community pays them.

Next question: Are the songwriters, singers, musicians any good? Aren't they worried about their careers? Don't they want to make it?

Well, good and great and mediocre are always a matter of personal taste. There are mediocre musicians here, just like there are in New York. (No one has a patent on the pedestrian.) There are good musicians here, too, who know how to swing a tune and make you move, just like in New York. And there are some great musicians here, too. And just to prove my point, you're going to meet one. Very soon. Her name is Bonnie Bluhm, and when she plays with her brother Terry (a lead guitarist with all the right notes in the right notes in the right places), and Carl--the bass and quiet ever-presence, backed by a good solid drummer who knows how to play without overwhelming everything else (who's name is Stuart), they are called the Bonnie Bluhm Band. And the idea is pretty much the same as the _____ Band that plays in the Village (fill in your own name). With one big exception. These people have been playing together for years.

And it shows. The spaces are filled with the right sound, the harmonies are there--with Bonnie sounding like the wild west wind and Terry sounding like a throaty cowboy--and the effect they have on their audiences is just like a dust storm. Posh Eddie's was packed the nights they were there, and the people enjoyed Bonnie's songs and Terry's songs more than all the Route 66's and Rhiannon's and Stand By Me's they played. Thereby hangs a lesson, methinks. Both of them, and a lot of

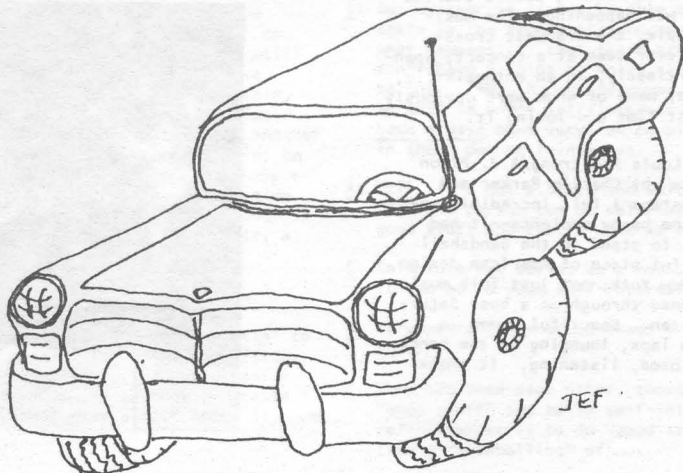


other New Mexico songwriters I've heard and enjoyed, are not striving for an artistic ideal that is removed from their lives. They are living as people everywhere live, getting married and having babies and losing loved ones and groaning and loving and touching life in a way that many New York songwriters, totally concerned with their careers, have forgotten about. And their audiences feel that. They know they are singing about them, about their lives and their friends' lives and the generally stubborn and magnificent impulse to keep going--to keep loving and fighting and reaching till you're in the grave. That life, undeniable life, comes through in song. In Bonnie's melodies, which I always hum and remember. And her words, which don't always sound like poetry, but mean something. To her. To me. And to her audiences. She is not the only New Mexico songwriter I would say that about. But she is my favorite. She'll be around in October, so maybe you'll hear what I mean.

Anyway, for all these reasons I love New Mexico. I think it's a good idea to get away. Now, isn't there a New Mexico near you? It probably needs you. Just remember, no matter what anyone tells you, Trailways gets you there cheaper...

Adios till the aspens turn,

Martha P. Hogan



The First Weekend in October

The Free Coop festival and The Closing of The Idler

By Peter Spencer

The first weekend in October was important to me. I travelled between two large events and watched two groups of people in sharp focus. It was satisfying in a way that makes a man in his thirties realize that he has turned in to just what he wanted to be when he was seventeen; the notion is a two-edged sword, but grasped eagerly nonetheless. The two events were folk music events of two folk music communities. I was to perform at the Co-op's free outdoor festival at the bandshell in Central Park Saturday afternoon, and then drive to Cambridge, Massachusetts to play at the farewell for the Idler, a popular, long-running folk club soon to be converted by new owners into a "sports bar" with a giant TV.

My friend Rick Turner agreed to drive us in his 1970 Chevy Nova, a car I remembered from the days in Atlanta, where, in our respective disguises as Zuke the Grandiloquent and his faithful stooge Blind Pete, we roamed in search of wild-eyed Southern girls where beauty walks the razor's edge. We were to leave the park as soon as I finished playing, drive to Cambridge, stay the night, and return with David Massengill and Lise Tribble the next day. I've played the Idler pretty consistently for five years or so, and I didn't want to miss this last celebration; so the Co-op festival assumed a secondary importance that went along with my doubts that it would come off at all.

Those doubts, and the sense of secondary importance, were completely exploded when I reached the park early Saturday afternoon. The weather was "more perfect" than anyone could have hoped for--bright sunshine, no clouds, no humidity. As time went by, a powerful sound system was set up, and at the signs of activity around the bandshell, people started to gather, waiting to see what was happening. The musicians played to hundreds of people, the broadest cross-section of humanity that I had ever seen at a concert, spanning age, class, and race, effortlessly, in an enthusiastic, considerate, energetic audience, many of whom were obviously hearing folk music for the first time and loving it.

I went on first and played my Louis Armstrong/A.J. Piron medley and then "Billy's Bounce" by Charlie Parker and Eddie Jefferson. Going out onstage I felt incredibly energized. The beautiful day, the happy audience--it had been a dream of mine for years to stand in the bandshell of Olmsted's park, this beautiful piece of American design, and play for the citizens of New York; not just folk music enthusiasts, but whoever happened through on a busy Saturday and decided to sit and listen. Beautiful women in running clothes paused between laps, lounging on the benches, unselfconsciously, eyes closed, listening. It shook me up.

Paul Kaplan followed me onstage, and after him, Joey George and Judy O'Brien, and then Carolyn McCombs. Everybody was at his or her best; they seemed to feel the same desire I had to glorify the day, the audience, the idea. Different performers introduced each other and talked to the crowd. Everyone seemed eager to explain what was going on from his or her own perspective, and the effect was a perfect demonstration of the shifting input and emphasis that makes this co-op work.

Rod MacDonald kept things going smoothly backstage; performer followed performer with unbelievable ease. Particular audience favorites were Frank Christian with "Making Whoopee," and Doub Waterman and Mary Reynolds, who were joined by Janet Stecher for splendid harmonies. Doub Waterman played a guitar solo on "I Fall to Pieces" that got right up in my face. I had to threaten him afterwards, just to reclaim my turf. A little old-fashioned trade protectionism can still come in handy in the modern world.

Needless to say, all thoughts of leaving before the end evaporated in the sun. With about twenty minutes left on the park permit, after a fine set from Ansel Mathews, Tom Intondi led a whole bunch of us back onstage. Wearing Chuck Hancock's fedora, scating and finger-popping, he had us all behind him, harmonizing. Paul Kaplan did "Life on This Planet" and we all played and sang along. Suzanne Vega did "Calypso" with Frank Christian and Jeo George weaving guitar figures. Doug and Mary pulled us through "Route 66" with our arms around each other. Finally it was Rod MacDonald's turn. His rocking set with Mark Dann, earlier, had galvanized the crowd, and fittingly, we closed the whole shebang with the best version of Rod's "The Sailor's Prayer" I've ever been part of. It was quite a moment.



Gerry Hinson



Janet Stecher

Jay Rosen from The Co-op assists Bobby from Sterling Audio

After some hurried goodbyes, Rick and I gathered our stuff and headed to West Seventy-fifth Street where the car was parked. We walked out at Seventy-second and WHAM! we were back in the city again, no longer walkers, just pedestrians. With Muddy Waters, Koko Taylor, Howlin' Wolf, and Big Mama Thornton on the radio, we headed north, a little out of our way, to see the leaves turning along the Hudson. We agreed that there is something special about the Hudson, a kind of power and timelessness. Rick and I have both lived near other rivers, but this one seems the most like a "home" river; it was easy to ignore the towers of Fort Lee and see it the way it had been that first time around. The leaves were starting to happen along the parkway, still two weeks from peaking. Some trees were brilliant, some were green, some were half and half, like stawberry-peppermint confections in a tall glass. The light went red towards sunset and the reds and oranges stood out as the radio started to splutter and weaken. Rick broke the silence.

"You know, I really don't like 'Wolverine.'"

"You're not the first. Van Ronk says he has a love/hate relationship with it. What don't you like?"

"I just don't hear anything in there. You have better lyrics and better guitar playing in other songs."

"What I like about the song is the rhythm. It's got that New Orleans half-time feel, the funeral thing. Some people really like it."

"It's just not as good as your other stuff."

"Well, maybe so. I don't play it as much as I used to. But people request it fairly often. They say it's the one that gets played on the radio in Boston."

"Just be careful you don't get stuck with it. It could end up being your 'Eve of Destruction' or 'If You're Going to San Francisco.'"

It was around ten o'clock when we got into Cambridge. There was a long line out the door of the Ilder and down Mt. Auburn Street. At the end of the line we found David and Lise. The line was so thick that we didn't feel we could just push through because we were performers, so I went over to a pay phone and called the club. It was obvious from the sound over the telephone that the place was a madhouse, and when owner Lenny Rothenberg came out and brought us in, we could

"That worries me a little, it could turn into an albatross around my neck, I suppose."

"Just be careful."

We turned east into Connecticut as darkness fell. The radio started to pick up an oldies show from a station in New Haven. The DJ would play five or six old records and then say what they were, so Rick and I, a couple of berserkoid record collectors, ran a continuous blindfold test on each other. Records we successfully identified included "Alley Oop" by the Hollywood Argyles (featuring Kim Fowley), "You Baby," the first hit record for the Turtles, "Boogaloo Down Broadway" by The Fantastic Johnny C, "Crying" by Roy Orbison (later covered by Don McLean), and the original "Tutti Frutti" by Little Richard on Specialty Records, one of the great independent record companies of the Fifties. Anyone finding 45's or 78's on Specialty (especially Guitar Slim), bring them to me--not Turner. Groups we couldn't identify had names like Sonny and the Sun-Glos, or the Bells. We got "Cherry Pie," a real classic, but we couldn't name the group. I thought it was the Sha-Weez and Rick thought it was the Orioles, and we went under a bridge right when the DJ said who they were. We shrieked in unison.

bardly squeeze through the back door. Bill Morrissey had the thankless job of running the show, and his first words to me were, "Have a drink, you're on in fifteen minutes, right after David." Then he turned to deal with another self-appointed genius for whom three songs were simply inadequate to showcase the breadth of his talent. As I watched Bill through the night, I marvelled at his patience and good humor. Constantly on top of a dozen emergencies at a time, trekking through the bumper-to-bumper crowd to introduce another act, adding names to his list, taking names off his list, I don't know anyone else who could have done it.

The scene was outrageous; people were squeezed into the place like toothpaste in a tube. The evening was a continual series of hasty introductions because you couldn't move without treading on someone. Massengill did "Sightseer" with Lise (we ended up humming it the rest of the week-end) then something I can't remember because I was in the bathroom tuning, and he finished with "The Great American Dream." He looked fragile under the lights as I waited

Gerry Hinson



to follow him onstage, boyish, looking unselfconsciously back into an audience that had come for it all tonight. This was the event to define their culture for them in the weeks ahead when there would be no place to drink beer and listen to folk music. After the weeks were over and there was another place to go, the folk music, there, was always going to be superimposed, in the imagination, over these exposed bricks, here. I thought about this while I was playing, trying to decide whether I should say something between songs about my times in this place or about which was which, the place or the people. The place was going, but the people seemed to still be around, so this was just a community saying goodbye to a landmark, and staying together afterwards. I decided not to say anything.

Gerry Hinson



Rick, meanwhile, had miraculously found a seat for himself. It was a shock to look up while playing and see him right in front of me--the winner in a game of musical chairs. I got offstage and started boozing it up. Kevin the bartender learned with alacrity how to build our friend, the Wolverine (two parts Cognac, one part Grand Marnier). There were speeches and presentations and old friends to visit with during a break in the music. A guy at the bar got all sentimental, went home and brought back a funny looking painting on bent masonite, and walked onstage with it and gave it to Lenny with much ceremony and public speaking. Lenny told me later that the guy had stolen it ten years ago. I got all sentimental myself and started remembering my old times there to anyone who would listen and several

Gerry Hinson



who wouldn't. Then I continued boozing it up. I went over, making the acquaintance of many people on the way, to the bulletin board. Instead of next month's calendar, it had a statement from Lenny, co-signed as usual by his dog, Shep. The statement read, in part:

I will write no obituary, no valedictory for the Idler; its name and place were ephemera in an enterprise that is ongoing because of the energy, interest, and caring that many people put into it.

As I came back into the back room, Geoff Bartley was going on. Geoff is an old friend of mine, an important part of the Cambridge scene for ten years. He only did one song, no chest-thumping over stage time, just a pretty song, especially written for this night, naming the people who had made the place what it was over the years. Usually list-songs like that don't work for me, but Geoff brought a kind of hard-won sincerity to us that made the difference. After he was done, the evening seemed to shift gears, take on meaning, the shadow of the last "last call" looming. Patty Larkin played. It was the first time I had really heard her and she knocked me out. It was time to go, but the room was still full. Paul Rishell played the last set of the evening.

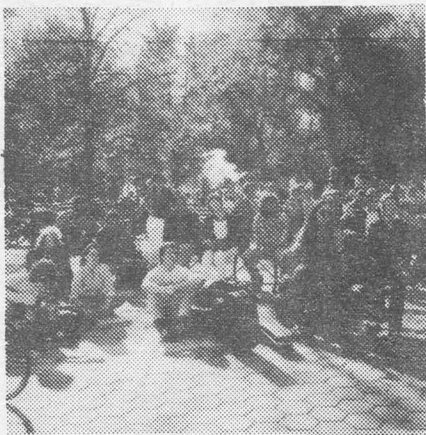
Years ago, while my marriage was breaking up, Paul interrupted a pounding, rocking set with his blues band at the Inman Square Bar to play a slow heartbreaker I had asked for to help me wash off the initials I had carved on my liver. It tore the room up. He's a master of the sudden glimpse behind the bluesman's mask, so his final set at the Idler was a sad one, the low songs for after-hours, and it tore the room up again. Suddenly that was all she wrote. The lights were on, people were embracing drunk-enly. I remember a single tear hanging off Lenny's mustache, refusing to fall. I wanted out. We were referring to ourselves in the past tense and that made me uncomfortable. I wanted tomorrow to come.

Gerry Hinson



Rick and I went back to the place where we were staying on Beacon Hill where our host showed us card tricks and pictures of himself disguised as a field of summer squash. We ate take-out from Buzzy's Fabulous Roast Beef, a sleazy kiosk with picnic tables next to the Charles Street jail. It was real culinary nostalgia for me, because Buzzy's Fabulous Roast Beef was the place I would go to way back in 1973 when I was finished playing at some Charles Street dive for eight dollars, tops, and one cup of espresso, no more. Our host Uncle Herbie showed us a chain letter he had gotten from Eric Andersen some weeks ago. Naturally it promised lots of money if only you would send money to the person at the top of the list. Eric Andersen's name was at

Gerry Hinson



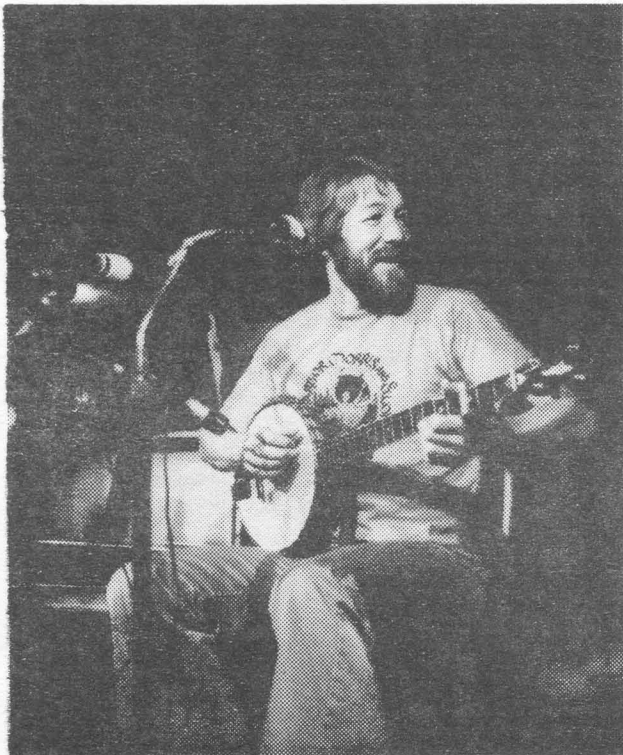
the bottom of the list, and directly above it was his manager's name. At the time that struck me as typical of the artist/manager relationship here in the fabulous eighties.

The next morning we met David, Lise, and a third traveler, Elijah Wald, at Buzzy's Fabulous Roast Beef. It was an awful temptation to giggle at the sight of a prison guard with a pump-action twenty gauge shotgun walking through the tiny parking lot of Buzzy's Fabulous Roast Beef waiting for hardened cons driven recklessly by the smells off the grill. When a motorist asked him for directions, he slung the shotgun off his shoulder and cradled it in his arms, finger near the trigger. Uncle Herbie mentioned that the Charles Street jail was built in 1835. The five of us piled into the Nova, said good bye to Uncle Herbie, and drove home, the Rolling Stones constantly on the radio, the sun warm on one's chest, talking of baseball, Pound, Hemingway, doughnuts, Lebanon, Gertrude Stein, B. Traven, bodybuilding, the war between the states, human frailty, dogs, Borges, Louis Armstrong, thumbtacks, Lorca, Norman Spinrad, track and field, and the uses of human hair. Driving through the Bronx we picked up an AM station from Brooklyn that played reggae music and the the Trinidadian rock called soka. When we said goodbye, David said to me, "Well, I guess the New York team held up its end of things." I agreed heartily.

For more photos of the free concert see page 35.

John Roberts & Soldier's Fancy

by Gerry Hinson



John Roberts

While America may have been the fountainhead of the age of revolution, the wellsprings of its culture arose overseas. This holds truest for our oldest traditional music which is rooted in the folkways of the African and British: the largest groups of early immigrants. This common history produced divergent evolutions, however. Distinctly American variants of traditional songs developed, serving thereafter as influences upon a later group of 'original' folksingers, who in turn inspired a new generation to innovate further until folk-rock and blues culminated in the revolutionary style of such artists as the Jefferson Airplane, and black music evolved into jazz as its most innovative expression. Quite a different development occurred in Britain: from the late 19th century through the mid-20th century, disinterest in- and antipathy toward--traditional material increased among young adults and performers. Martin Carthy, in *Sing Out* magazine, attributed this to the rote recital of such songs as an enforced school activity, until the cultural influence had come to reverse itself.

By the early 1960's, aspiring British rock musicians (e.g., John Lennon, John Mayall, Mick Jagger) were basing their earliest works on American black bluesmen and white rockabillys (Muddy Waters, Elvis Presley), while pub performers such as Louis Killen were performing American folk-blues tunes. Then, during the Vietnam War, British youth, like many others worldwide, became disenchanted with merely following American trends. Spearheaded by members of Fairport Convention (originally formed as "Britain's answer to the Jefferson Airplane"), Steeleye Span, Pentangle, and David Swarbrick,

a body of affiliated performers embarked upon a rediscovery and appreciation of the sheer beauty and musical power of their own land's traditional music and resurrected these tunes as powerful folk-rock performances. Eventually this style influenced the development of new original material by innovators like Richard and Linda Thompson, Bert Jansch, and John Renbourn. Meanwhile, a growing, devoted audience for these performers arose in America where, in a redirection of cultural inspiration, American interpreters of British and Irish folk music have appeared.

Gerry Hinson

In an autumn when many members of the British folk hierarchy were performing around town, SpeakEasy played host to a veteran folk performer from Wales, John Roberts, and a new band of British folk devotees from America, Soldier's Fancy, on September 17 and 18. John Roberts is no stranger to American audiences. He has toured extensively for years, both solo and with Tony Barrant, with whom he has produced three albums. Both men taught college-level psychology of art. While John now lives in Vermont in rural tranquility, of interest to the Musician's Cooperative at SpeakEasy is the fact that he belongs to an artists' cooperative in Minnesota at the 'Hey Rube' folk club, run by Bruce 'Utah' Phillips.

Speaking of his own background, which is Anglo-Welsh, Roberts mentioned that the Welsh were early converts to Methodism; their singing energy became channeled into hymns, and little of their own traditional material was transmitted, except for some old tunes which have been overlaid with simple, modern lyric poetry similar to Gaelic material.

John performed mainly Scottish, English, and American folk-songs on guitar, banjo, and concertina. His songs cover a variety of themes: military impressment (Scottish), marches (British), and war deaths (Irish: the moving "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye!"). But in a lighter vein, he did sing a rare traditional ballad with a happy ending, and, linking the cultural chain, celebrated a favorite activity of folksingers everywhere in "McIntyre" ("And we all got blue-blind paralytic DRUNK!") and joined Soldier's Fancy for a group rendition of "Three Drunken Maidens," capping an amusing evening.

Soldier's Fancy was not entirely new to SpeakEasy's stage. Marie Mularczyk, Hazel Pilcher, and Debbie Cerruti appeared here in March as a trio. Henceforth, they have grown into a group of "four attractive young ladies and three men," as Hazel described them, tongue-in-cheek. Paul Kovit, John Austin, Jane Przybysz, and Jerry Mastriano are the new recruits. The group assembled at the Pinewoods Folklore Society, whose newsletter editors include Marie and Hazel.

The group's members were enthusiasts of Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span, and Pentangle, and now draw their repertoire from the aforementioned overseas folk roots. The material which they choose has timeless impact, however, reflecting eternal human social foibles: disputed marriage terms ("I will not wash your socks./Then you'll be no wife of mine."), class gulfs ("The Bothy Ballads"), and labor woes (James Taylor's "The Millworker"), and the old supernatural drama, "The Two Corbies." They don't merely sing "preserved" ancient works, but bring fresh urgency to the material in their performances. Jane presents possibly the strongest example. Being a former actress, she appreciates the sweep of narrative power inherent in traditional ballads and revealed that she "approaches them as theatre." Her singing and stage presence on a few of these is compellingly dramatic. The band also displayed lovely solo and choral vocals, as well as instrumental virtuosity on several string and wind instruments.

Having seen both of these fine acts, as well as Richard Thompson at Folk City, I and many other American folklorists came away with a fresh appreciation for the roots of our own traditions and renewed enthusiasm for its performers. I believe that you're never too old for folk music, and folk music is never too old for you! And both of these acts are living prook of it.

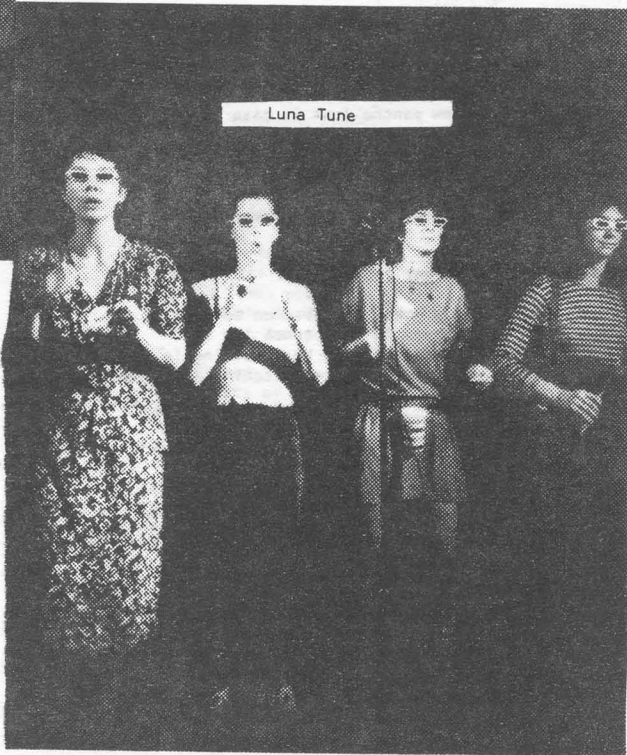


Soldier's Fancy

Gerry Hinson



Luna Tune



Gerry Hinson

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 107 MacDougal Street
 New York, NY 10012

SIDE ONE



Vacation

Vacation

No gas, closed station
Small world, large nation
Don't forget your ID

A is for another chance to get away so you can
B yourself again
C is for the crime in the city and the scenes on the
D train, remember when?
E is for eenie, meenie, miny mo in
F For to choose one place
G there go gray skies I'll leave behind and the
H assles

Vacation----Don't forget your AC

I is for the eyeglasses I left behind with a
J and that jug of marseilles
K is for the credit card that keeps cops cool when you
catch a flat tire near LA
M marks the man who mustn't deliver mail just
N case the burglars know by now
O is for the windows I left wide open
P could I ever and how

Vaction----Don't forget your CB

Q is for the cute new pancho just in case it
R rains a week or two
\$ is for the cash from your stash for the
T ravelers checks "What will you do"
U topia you will be expecting--yuck yuck
V is for the bad vibes visitors get when you want
to rent a room to

Vacation----Don't forget your TV

W wins the wish for warmer weather when we want it in
X change for the thunder in them trees
Y is for why in the world are we here waiting in this
twaiffic, when we could be in bed catching all those
Z's.

c 1980 Bill Bachmann

Spirits

Night like a river
Flows through my soul
Born to deliver
Me from the cold.

Day like an apple
Falls from my tree
Just like a sunrise
It calls to me.

Night like a stranger
Needs to be fed
Without the danger
I lose my head.

Day like a woman
I've never seen
She leaves behind her
All that is green.

Sun like an arrow
Shoots in my eye
The straight and narrow
Are born to die.

But still I linger
Along the shore
I use my finger
And call for more

c 1982 Tom Guderian

This song is a response to the following part of a poem--
"Song for Daughters"--by my mother, Nancy Stringfellow:

"No arms can hold you in a warm embrace
The place you want is not this place
You want the winds of time against your face
You want the wild rain falling
Outside, the cold stars shine
And you are theirs, not mine"

Mamma

Like some old gypsy woman
With her face turned toward the fire
I seek the truth in the eyes of these who hear
Truth lies in the eyes of a lover
Or of a fool or of a liar
And it trembles in the heart of a silent tear

Chorus:

Mamma, you got it right when you said
No one would ever hold me
And I'd be walking on the wind till the day I die
But nobody ever bought me, Mamma
Nobody ever sold me
And I'm gonna stand until I fall
Life is to live, death comes to us all
And my friend, the wind, is teaching me to fly
And I can fly, Mamma
I can fly

And the truth will always show you
More than just one face, my friend
And the faces will never stay the same
In the time it takes the earth to turn
Your very world might end
And you'd stand there naked and alone without your name

Chorus

The goldsmith showed me beauty
That comes from the heart of stone
She taught me how to hold my heart inside my eye
My mamma taught me
Not to be afraid to be alone
And I learned by myself that it cleans your soul to cry

c 1982 Rosalie Sorrels
Grimes Creek Music



Home is Where the Heart Is

Here's my situation
See if you can sympathize
I get all I want yet
I'm never satisfied
If you serve me steak
I'll start complaining 'bout the bone
Home is where the heart is
But as soon as you arrive it's
Time to go

Daisy-May was only
In my fantasy scene
When things got real lonely
I guess you know what I mean
But as soon as she walked up to me
For real I might have known
Home is where the heart is
But as soon as you arrive it's
Time to go

But if you buy me just one bottle of wine
I can stay happy--at least half of the time
This boy comes from Cleveland
You say--what's it matter where he's from?
I left there for Frisco
Yet ain't set a foot in that town
Seems I gotta keep my dreams somewhere
Reality won't ruin--because
Home is where the heart is
But as soon as you arrive it's
Time to go

c Eric Wood
Romany Music BMI



Beware This Gentle Maiden

Beware this gentle maiden
She'll approach with modest boldness
She's bringing you a gift of light
Of gold and silver beams

But do not grasp too tightly
It will shatter, lose it's brightness
And the pieces lose their way
Among your darkest dreams

Beware this gentle maiden
She'll beg of you to trust her
She would never want to hurt you
But that doesn't mean she won't

Her words may touch you deeply
But her heart is for another
You'll feel you should believe her
But it's better if you don't

And you'll wonder how you found her
And you'll wonder why you followed

So take her glowing present
But be careful with its power
Once you have received it
You'll be glad that you're a man

But beware this gentle maiden
For she can make you love her
And sometimes she will do so
Just to prove she can

And you'll wonder how you found her
And you'll wonder why you followed
And you'll wonder how you found her
And you'll wonder why you followed

c 1980 Ruth Ann Brauser

The Moon in Shadow

If you go to see the moon in shadow
There shall come a voice inside of you
Saying "Seek you out a place that's dark
The garden where the dead men walk"
I went out to see the moon in shadow

I went out I went out past the curfew
The agents of the law came after me
They said "We arrest you man"
Too late, just then the thing began
The edges of the moon were lost in shadow

They let me go but they would not set me free
For soon the dark had overtaken me
The moon was full, the moon was bright
The moon was swallowed by the night
And there is nothing left to me but shadow

When your own body seems to block the sun
Day and night shall be to you as one
I am tired, I am high
The things I've sought have made me cry
Can no one here help free me from the shadow

c 1982 Doug Waterman



SIDE TWO

This song was inspired by Mark Twain's Letters to the Earth, C.S. Lewis's The Screwtape Letters, and John Milton's Paradise Lost. According to Milton's poem, there were nine archangels, Lucifer being the most charismatic. Four archangels remained faithful to God, and four joined Lucifer in a power struggle for control of Heaven. They lost. Here, Lucifer and his cohorts have established a kingdom in Hell. Lucifer addresses the four archangels in Heaven, hoping to tempt one or more down derry down. Put yourself in the wings of an archangel and listen. The voice is the devil's.

Down Derry Down

Are you bored with the Lord
And his terrible swift sword
Is it for love or is it fear
That you're the Lord's cheerleader
Hallelujah rah rah rah
Hallelujah sis boom bah
La de da
Raphael Raphael
If you could see me in Hell
Fiddle' dee fiddle dum
By gee by gosh by golly by gum
Just tell God to stuff his apple tree
The Trinity was once a tarbaby
Soon you'll know Hell's hospitality
Maybe someday you'll get amnesty
God shed his grace on thee
And thee went down derry down

Do you hiss at heavenly bliss
Don't you miss my red hot kiss
Are you sick and tired of mellow
When you really want to be an evil fellow
Hell's the place to get your rocks off
There's even talk of a spin-off
In prime time
Gabriel Gabriel
If you could see me in Hell
I've got frost I've got fire
I eat millions sweet and sour
Like the man who was wrong from the start
Trying to rebuild Noah's ark
Went insane and started to bark
Was found to have fireflies in his heart
And they said it could not be done
Till they went down derry down

Do you scorn those twice born
Come to Hell and grow some horns
Are you blinded by the light
In your heart you know I'm right
Are you fed up and frustrated
Come to Hell get liberated
Come on down
Uriel Uriel
If you could see me in Hell
O how I preen how I prance
How I jivvy jam the devil's dance
Resembling the late Duke of Earl
His rod and his staff he did twirl

Tho his eyes were mother of pearl
He loved all the lost little girls
To kiss his cold clay lips
And then go down derry down

Do you puke on Saint Luke
'Cause he reminds you of Patty Duke
Are you bummed out with devout
Just once don't you want to shout:
"I am fed up with perfection
I can't get no satisfaction!"
Get down
Michael Michael
If you could see me in Hell
I've got the will I've got the power
To desecrate thy holy flower
The carpenter caught in a web
The fly presumed dead dead dead
For the lion-hearted must be fed
That's how Johnny Reb lost his head
It's finger lickin' good
When you go down derry down

You better say your prayers
Down the devil's stairs
O don't get scared
Down the devil's stairs
Just a medium rare
Down the devil's stairs
Down derry down

c 1980 David Massengill

The Chicken and Burger World Blues

Do do do do do do do
Miss, what's the special today?

Miss, are you sure this cream is okay?
Could you take my order first?
I've got no time to lose
It's the Chicken and Burger World blues

I'd like a steak teryaki medium well
Order of french fries
A glass of muscatel
A country chicken platter, legs and thighs
All white salad
Sauce on the side

Make an all-beef burger, burn it up
Mustard, mayo, relish, pickles, onions, ketchup
Eggs over easy, hot buttered grits,
A slice of whole wheat, and two links of sausage meat
It's the Chicken and Burger World blues

Miss, this meat is too well done
Miss, I asked for a toasted bun
Could you make a suggestion?
I don't know what to choose
It's the Chicken and Burger World blues

I'll take a turkey club with bacon crisp
On pumpernickel bread, a coke with a twist of lemon,

Tuna fish sandwich, make that to go
Throw some extra pickles on it,
Easy on the mayo

I wanna western omelet, whiskey down
That takes home fries and extra butter on the side

I want a cheeseburger special, medium rare
Two stacks of wheat cakes
Three packs of honey, honey

Gimme a well-done beefsteak, corn and peas
Lettuce, tomato, a scoop 'a cottage cheese

Oh miss, this table needs a wipe
Oh miss, there's something on this knife
What have we got from our heads to our shoes?
It's the Chicken and Burger World blues

c 1982

Lyrics by Mary Scent and Mary Lyon
Music by Lunatune

ARM SHE DEMANDED

We were walking down the street
Playing imaginati on games
She was queen and I was king
And we had servants at our feet
And anything we wanted
We only had to wish

Arm she demanded
And arm she recieved
Show your affection physically
Arm she demanded
And arm she recieved
I can walk no farther
Without your arm around me

We were playing Adam and Eve
Roasting at the resevoir
When a group of people came
And drove us to the other shore
We walked around the hills
Like wild children hunting food

Kiss she demanded
And kiss she recieved
Show your affection physically
Kiss she demanded
And kiss she recieved
I can walk no farther
Without your kissing me

She slammed the door and hurried in
 Threw her things in the front hall
 I've been betrayed she yelled
 A friend has stopped trusting me
 She thinks I'm trying to cheat her
 When I only go my way

Love she demanded
 And love she received
 Show your affection physically
 Love she demanded
 And love she received
 I can last no longer
 Without your loving me

© 1982 Skip Barfield

Love You Til The Cows Come Home

I've been trying my best
 Without much success
 To reach you on the telephone
 And if I get through
 And you wanted me to
 I'd love you til the cows come home

But it just keeps on ringing
 Each time I try
 Are you not at home or are you occupied?
 I'll continue to call every hour or so
 Wishing and hoping you'll pick up the phone

Cause I'm longing to hear
 Your voice in my ear
 Telling me you're all alone
 I won't make you wait
 I won't hesitate
 To love you till the cows come home

c Josie Kuhn 1982

The 27 Suicidal Blues

You've got some problems
 That's nothing new
 You think the whole world's after you
 It's probably true
 Can't find good wages
 The bills are due
 Your banker wants the car back too
 New Subaru
 Well I ain't no doctor
 But I can read your clues
 I've got the tonic just for you
 Here's what you do...

Chorus:
 Take all your clothes off
 Now, right away
 Burn all your money too
 We're goin' native
 'Cause there's nothin' much here left to lose
 Don't say I didn't warn ya
 'Bout the 27 suicidal blues

This world is crazy
 That's nothing new
 The whole damn place is like a zoo
 It's like a zoo
 Those front page crises
 Still make the news



But nowadays they make page two
 They're nothin' new
 Got no clean water
 And no clean air
 Sometimes it leads you to despair
 But don't despair...

Chorus

Then there's the A-bomb
 Almost forgot
 You forget the bomb you forgot a lot
 You forgot a lot
 'Cause a nuclear warhead
 Is trained on your door
 And if they miss there's still lots more
 There's still lots more
 Well I ain't no doctor
 But I can read your clues
 I've got the tonic just for you
 Here's what you do...

Chorus

c 1980 Rob Strachan

Think And Do

Think and do
 Think and do
 What do I think?
 I think out loud
 What do I do?
 I do without
 I do without
 I do without

Think and do
 Think and do
 What do I think?
 I think I think
 I think I do
 But then I doubt
 I doubt I know
 What I think about
 I think what I do
 Is think about you

Then I

Think about the girls at Bloomingdale's
 I think about the things they have for sale
 I think about the nights you brought me home
 And I think about myself, thinkin' all alone
 I do my little tricks till I get
 Sick of the spin
 But it was what you did
 That did me in, so I
 Think and do
 Think and do
 What do you think I would do for you?
 Do you think I would do what you want me to?
 Do you think you would do what I want you to?
 Would you do it for me?
 Like I'd do it for you?
 Do you think about me?
 I think about you
 And I think about things I'm supposed to do
 And I think I should think
 And I think I should do
 Whatever I can to forget about you
 Which I know I can do
 If I

Think and do
 Think and do
 But sometimes I think
 What I think I should do
 Is think of a way
 I could do what I want
 With somebody else
 That isn't you
 So I could think what I want
 To think about, too
 And do what I do
 So what I think comes true
 Yeah...

Think and do
 Think and do
 Think what I think
 And do what I do
 So I do what I know that I
 Want to do:
 Stop thinking of you
 Stop thinking of you
 Think of somebody new
 Think of somebody new

I think, I think, I think
 I do, I do, I do, I do
 I think that she's starting to
 Come into view
 I really do! I really do!
 And she's pretty cute
 And I like her, too!
 Now I know I can do what I
 Want to do:
 Stop thinking of
 Stop thinking of
 Stop thinking of...
 Who?

John Roberts & Soldier's Row

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Springsteen

By Brian Rose

As is to be expected with Springsteen, the automobile is the central symbol of the album. One of the best and simplest songs on Nebraska is "Used Cars," in which the singer vows, if only he can win the lottery, never to ride in a used car again. He dreams: "Now the neighbors come from near and far/ As we pull up in our brand new used car."

Both "State Trooper" and "Open All Night" are homages to Chuck Berry--specifically to Berry's song, "You Can't Catch Me." However, in Springsteen's blue-collar world, escape in a high-powered car on the New Jersey Turnpike isn't possible. The state trooper is on his tail and God help us all, disaster is imminent.

The album closes with the ironically upbeat "Reason to Believe," in which Springsteen wonders how people find the strength to keep on despite chronic misfortune: an old man pokes at his dead dog on the side of the road, an ever-faithful Mary Lou waits for her missing Johnny to come back, and a groom is stood-up at the wedding by his bride. Musically, the song is reminiscent of Paul Simon's "Slip Sliding Away," and it hints of gospel influences.

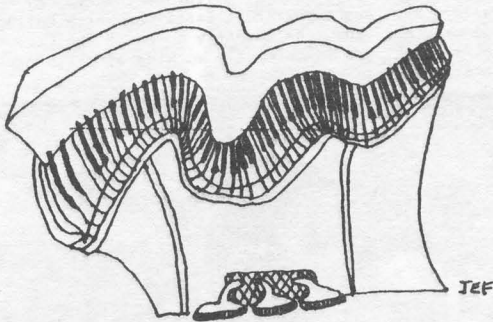
Throughout Nebraska, Springsteen eschews elaborate musical arrangements in favor of flat, no-nonsense melodies sung lazily over quiet guitar accompaniment. This country/folk simplicity reinforces the unsophisticated nature of Springsteen's composite character: a slack-jawed lost soul of the American heartland.

Perhaps the melodies cut too close to the bone--do they lack the necessary artistry to deserve a frame? There is a coolness to the reading of these songs. Springsteen, as he adopts the role of a working-class loser, maintains his emotional distance. In previous songs, like "Rosalita," on The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle, Springsteen freely enlivens his characters. Here he is forced to tacitly acknowledge the giant gulf between himself and the people he writes about. Still, he is on dangerous ground, as was Randy Newman in his album, Rednecks. Both writers flirt with condescension toward their subjects.

Nebraska will disappoint many Bruce Springsteen fans with its spare music and searing perspective on a part of America. As a political statement, this album flies in the face of prosperity-around-the-corner Reaganomics. The images are carefully but narrowly drawn, and nobody is having any fun. The cover and inside photo, in grainy black and white, framed in red, portray the barren prairie and the man who haunts it.

Nebraska represents a courageous, though flawed, effort by Springsteen. But whatever the problems with this album, it displays a level of integrity and veracity rare in current pop music. Nebraska is America gone sour for the working or non-working class. The result, on record and in reality, is disturbing.

From the first lines of the opening song, Nebraska is clearly not what we have come to expect from Bruce Springsteen. The populist sentiments of his previous albums, sometimes biting, sometimes exhilarating, have given way to a bleak landscape populated by the losers of blue-collar America. The E Street Band is nowhere to be found, and Springsteen is alone with a guitar, singing in the first person: "Well sir I guess there's just a meanness in this world."



Each song on Nebraska is a testimony of failure and of dashed hopes, where resignation easily explodes into violence. The different characters of the songs merge into one persona; a man trapped by class, ignorance, and false promises of American life. He murderously rampages through the West in the song "Nebraska," takes up with the mob in "Atlantic City," guns down a man after losing his job in "Johnny 99," flees from his policeman brother in "Highway Patrolman," and in "State Trooper," he aimlessly wanders the New Jersey Turnpike in the "wee wee hours":

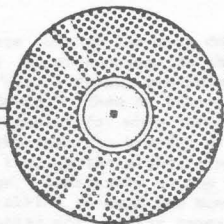
Radio's jammed up with talk show stations
It's just talk, talk, talk, till you lose your patience
Mister State Trooper please don't stop me

Hey, somebody out there, listen to my last prayer
Hi ho silver-o deliver me from nowhere

Despite the bitterness and violence, there is nonetheless pathos in the pleas of the protagonist. His voice is plaintive and subservient, and his diction is slurred. He addresses the authorities, and ultimately the listener of the album, with mister and sir.

There's a place out on the edge of town sir
Risn' above the factories and the fields
Now ever since I was a child I can remember
That mansion on the hill.

"Mansion on the Hill" illustrates the singer's relationship to the rich and powerful. Even though he is singing as an adult, his childhood image of the mansion on the edge of town, high above the factories and the fields, is still with him. The house is surrounded by steel gates, and in the summer, the lights shine and he hears music and laughter. As the cars rush home from the mill, a moon rises over the mansion; the singer's voice is wistful and without rancor. Later in the album the mansion of the rich is echoed by the house of the singer's father, shining "hard and bright." This house is equally inaccessible--his father has long gone and it is too late for a reunion or reparations.



N THE RECORD

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

POEZ began as a street poet in Harvard Square and Washington Square Park, and has since performed on television, radio and stage, in Paris, London, New York, Boston and San Francisco. He is currently living on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, writing, performing, and waiting for some money.



RUTH ANN BRAUSER, a native New Yorker, wrote her first song 12 years ago at the age of 16. She appeared in the cable television series Mixed Company: A Showcase for the Performing Arts. Ruth Ann is currently awaiting the birth of her first child in February.

A native of New Jersey, TOM GUDERIAN has been playing guitar for over ten years and writing songs for about eight years. He enjoys performing and listening to music and writing poetry.

JOSIE KUHN, local singer-songwriter came to New York five years ago from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Since then, she has played the clubs both solo and with her band. She has sung background vocals in recording sessions with Steve Forbert, Dan Daley, John Lincoln Wright, and on club dates, with Rick Danko of The Band.

LUNATUNE is Diane Michael, Mary Lyon, Mary Scent, and Karen Cutler and has been together for two and a half years composing and singing original material. Their live performances include staging and costumes, and they try to deal with the humorous side of contemporary issues.

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

THE NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS is ROB AND JOHN STRACHAN. They are originally from a small country town in Northern Connecticut but now live in Greenwich Village. They find themselves adjusting very well to city life and are well on their way to becoming utterly depraved.



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

ROSALIE SORRELS (see page 32)

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

ERIC WOOD ran away from his Cleveland home at 14 and began thumbing around the country. He wrote his first song at 19 and soon thereafter settled in Nashville where he formed The Reasons. He now lives in New York.

The Coop Interview: Arlo Guthrie (cont.)

by Susan Brewster

Thanks to Rosemary Kirstein and Doug Waterman, without whom this interview would only have occurred in my imagination. I wish to thank them for getting us to Connecticut and back in one piece and for assisting in extracting valuable information....Oh, and sharing their wine.

Also, the credits did not read correctly in the last issue. The "Brian" mentioned was not Brian Rose--not that I don't wish to thank Brian Rose--it's just that I don't wish not to thank the other "Brian." He knows who he is.

- SB

C: We were discussing your children and their experiences in school. You said that although you hated school, they seem to love it. Do you think they love it because of their teachers?

A: Their teachers, where they are, and because it's out in the country. . .

C: What ages are your kids?

A: Twelve, ten, five, three.

C: Boys and girls?

A: The twelve-year-old's a boy, the rest of 'em are girls. I mean, I'm not saying I don't have problems and trouble and all, and they're not a pain in the ass. They are. But at least it's different, it's a different thing, I think, when I went to school, I went to school in Brooklyn and in Queens, and I couldn't wait to get out of school to be with my friends. But where I live, out in the country, it's so far out there that they can't wait to go to school and be with their friends. There's a big difference there. Yeah.

C: But I'm sure schools have changed a lot in teaching methods. . .

A: They wouldn't let people like me in school! And now I see my kid (he looks like me, sorta), he's goin' to school, he's doin' the same dumb shit I did. They still love him. They're havin' a good time. Schools have changed. I know that in New York schools are terrible, there's just no question about it, and in most cities (they're having a real rough time). But it's just another indicator (ya know), there are a lot of changes goin' on and every time these administration guys take too long -- it doesn't work -- unfortunately. It takes a long time for people who've been through what we've been through to get into positions of power and not be changed by it, a lot of them are probably gonna be.

C: Sometimes if only one person isn't, it's worthwhile. . .

A: Well, that's what's gonna be interesting. I'm waitin' to see which one of us starts runnin' for political office. (pause) That's what I'm interested in. I wanna see -- can they turn out the vote? -- unlike anybody -- 'cause I know that most people just don't give a damn about it.



C: So, whoever it is may be able to generate enthusiasm again in the democratic process. . . somehow I think what happens is that there are very few people who don't have a point at which they (their ideals) can be corrupted. Money and power are something which can be used in one's self-interest -- and I think there have always been very few people who do not use it in their own self-interest.

A: Well, it's not a black and white situation (ya know), 'cause a person can be self-interested and still do some good stuff and that's what we're gonna have to look for.

C: Self-interest serves as a motivation -- to do anything -- it can be to your self-interest to do good stuff. . .

A: It usually is -- or at least I rationalize things like that.

C: They can feed each other, though, I mean, if to do "good stuff" can be in self-interest, and to act in self-interest is to do "good stuff," then it's almost like a "snowballing" effect.

A: FDR is one of those kind of people, I mean, besides being ideological, I think his personality was like that -- I think he got behind it -- He realized where he was in history -- it's that sense of knowing that something is historic that gives people the energy to climb out of their shells and just "run with the ball."

C: I wonder though, if it couldn't always be that way. If people cared enough. I bet it could. I bet every moment is historic, but depends on your consciousness. It's just a matter of being aware that it's historic, and then it is historic.

A: You gotta be careful though, because things. . . a tree can't think it's being historic in spring the same way it's historic in winter. You have to feel what the times are too -- I don't think it's just a matter of consciousness -- I think it's a matter of "consciousness meets the times."

C: I think there are times when it breaks the surface, when a lot of people share it, and there are times when people retreat.

A: (Beginning of new tape). . . when the time is ripe for things. In other words, there are a lot of revolutions goin' on all over. Some are needless in the sense that people aren't ready for 'em. But just because some guy's out there sayin', "Hey, it's time!" Guys have come up to me and said, "Come on, Arlo, man, we got guns and stuff! We're gonna get them! We're gonna get. . . it's time to go, man, it's time right now. . . We're gonna get our guns and we're gonna show 'em!" (Quietly) "Yeah, right, okay, . . . it's probably not right." (laughs) And it's not!

we're having right now is that people don't want to become involved in anything unless it's the "Big Thing," and what we don't want to do is train ourselves to . . . to be conscious. We only wanna be conscious when it's a "big deal," and unfortunately what happens is that the "big deals" are blowin' by, but we don't see 'em 'cause we're not conscious. And you can't do that. So if somebody really wants to do stuff in this world, the best thing to do is to try and be conscious about the little things, every day, and that will fine-tune you so that when something big happens -- you know it, 'cause you've been thinking like that all day. You know when it's spring -- you know when the sun was up this morning, what color it was and what it looked like. You know what kind of clouds there are right now, you know -- you're there! And I think if you take the time to do that, you begin to become awake. You crawl out of your sleep and then when stuff is happening, you're ready to deal with it. You don't have to wake up.

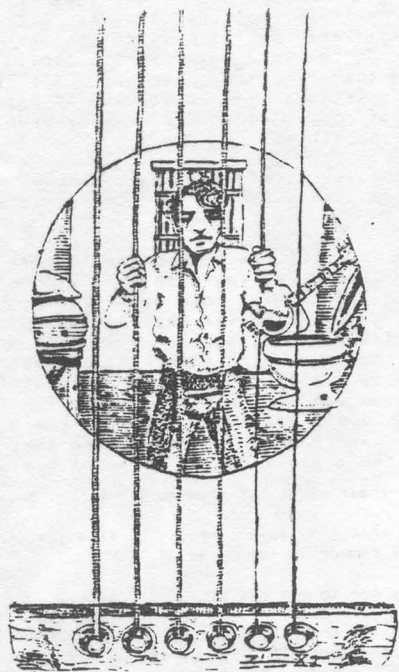
C: I think that's another thing that came out of the whole movement in the '60s, a lot of groups or methods of training an individual. . .

A: Yeah, that's right, and they're all really good in some ways. It's too bad that people made so much money from 'em. (laughter)

C: Some people have. But there are enough people who haven't.

A: But it's good. It's good to know that, and I think what people will discover is that it will be really valuable to them, regardless of anything happening. I learned so much in those times that's so valuable to me now, even in the littlest dumbest things. And it's stuff that we all did, and now I know that there are people who don't even know what I'm talking about. It's like I'm from outer space or something. For instance, we were dealing with communicating beyond language, by language, verbal English. . . We were talking about what communicating is all about. We were all into that (ya know), and one of the things we learned is that the intent of what you're saying usually gets said, no matter what you're saying, or how you're saying it, and that's a language all its own which is much more powerful, and much more long-lasting than what words say, or how your body moves and things like that. I mean, just 'cause there's somebody out there that's willin' to go (ya know) and change the world, doesn't mean that it's gonna happen, and I think there are a lot of times in history when I think things have changed (snaps finger) like that, without anybody really gettin' damaged too much, or the consequences are not so great because the time is just right. When somebody knows that time, -- and just does it -- has got his finger on it -- it can't be changed -- it happens. I think that Ghandi proves that (ya know). There was a time for change -- and you can do it without gettin' all crazy. But it's having that sense of history -- that consciousness -- that says, "Now is the time, and being right. 'Cause there are plenty of guys that have that feeling and the time's not right. (Laughs) So it just ends up being more confusing. You get another political faction (ya know), and you get more people involved and controversy and fighting and it doesn't make any sense.





C: But some types of change are violent, or at least "harder" than other kinds, like a snake shedding its skin or something. . .

A: But that's up to us (ya know). You can force things and if you force things at the wrong time it will just revert -- it won't be right anyway. It's just like cookin' or something. . . When it's done, it's done.

C: I think it goes back to what you were saying before, about everybody recognizing their role and trying as individuals to be as aware of each other and of the time as is possible.

A: It's forming a consensus, through the kind of thing we're doin' now and in other ways, and then you can usually feel those things. If enough people feel it after kickin' it around, and it's still there -- if it's persistent -- it won't go away -- then you know that the time is right. But if there's hesitation, and there's doubt and there's things like that -- usually it's not because people are afraid or unwilling to go along with something -- it's 'cause their intuition, their sense of timing, has got to be included and when enough people sort of share that consistent feeling about anything, whether it's business mergers or gettin' married or whatever it is, the most little personal things to the biggest thing. . . and usually (ya know), I was discussing this with somebody yesterday) is that people in this culture, the problem that which everybody else is into. I remember last year, I was sitting in my room, and we'd been fighting these wasps that live on the eaves of the house, and I've done everything to get rid of them, including all kinds of nasty chemicals and all kinds of shit, and they still wouldn't

go. So I suddenly remembered, I said, "What the fuck am I doing? I can deal with this!" And I saw a wasp was sittin' there, and I started talkin' to him, and I told him, I said, "Look," and I made it very clear; I spoke very loudly and firmly, so that the message was gettin' through, and I said, "Now, you guys gotta stay on the outside of the house, and I won't bother you, but if you start comin' inside, stingin' people and all that, I'm gonna come after you. 'Cause we gotta make some kinda arrangement here. We can't be gettin' in each other's way." So I see the wasp is actually listening 'cause he's going like this (makes listening gestures). I'm talking to him, I said, "You go tell the head one in there that that's what the arrangement's gonna be." So, I'm done talkin', the wasp crawls away, and I forget about it. About two weeks later I notice that there are no wasps around in the house (pause). But they had built a little house in the eave of the door, not inside the house, not outside the house.

C: (Laughter)

A: So, I figure, okay, that's wasps for ya -- I mean, that's something that everybody knows about wasps, but you would never have thought about it in terms like. . . that's something they would do. . . (ya know) you made an agreement with 'em, and they're not breaking it, but they're not sticking with it either. Everybody knows that that's a tendency of wasps, that's why nobody trusts 'em. But you never refine it to that reality. So I said, "Okay, you deal with it like that? Fine." I opened up both doors that I had and put wedges in 'em. Thought: fine, we'll see what happens now. So people would come in and out and the doors are open so they're not protected from the wind, and stuff like that. And it wasn't about a week later and they were gone, not just from there, but from the whole outside, inside, -- disappeared -- and this is without doin' anything. I didn't spray 'em, I didn't mash 'em, I didn't vacuum 'em, or whatever you people do. . .

C: That's a great story.



A: I talked to 'em. . . and that kind of communication -- there's no one that can tell me. . . that that's why they're gone. We talked about it and that's the kind of relationship most traditional Indians had with things and when you start having the same kind of relationship with plants and all living things, you start to wake up, 'cause suddenly you realize that you're just another living thing -- and there is boundless communication going on all the time between every living thing, and everything is living and what a TREMENDOUS FORCE THAT IS. When you start to realize that that kind of communication -- you can put on anybody -- on anything -- it's simply a matter of trusting -- of KNOWING that there is communication going on -- so it's simply a matter of what it's gonna be. I got involved in 'heavy duty' arguments with people of religious inclinations sayin' what a witness has to be -- sayin' "Oh this is a good witness," and "this is a bad witness." People are havin' problems with that. And it suddenly occurred to me that everybody is a witness, -- everybody's seen stuff, and everybody's relating what they've seen -- and how much they believe it -- how healthy they are -- That's what they're really witnessing -- what they've seen, and what they're at. And a person can read all kinds of books and repeat endlessly

passages from this or that (ya know) -- philosophy or religion -- that's not what they're communicating -- that's not what they're 'witnessing' . . . what they're 'witnessing' is who they are. That's what we were doin' in the '60s. That's the one thing that may have got a little lost in all this time -- is that kind of perception of reality. . . 'cause that really made a lot of changes possible.

C: I don't think it did get lost, though, because I believe that music is that type of communication too. . .

A: It does. . . but the kind of music that you're hearing is not dealing with this kind of relationship. It will come back slowly, ya know, as more people discover that you end up gettin' along with your dog better -- your plants'll grow in your house -- with that kind of reality. It's just those little things. I'm absolutely sure that the reason the world is screwed up is 'cause generals don't get along with their wives (pause). If they were happier at home, then they wouldn't be out there playin' with guns all day.

C: But then their wives let them do it to. . . so. . .

A: You know what I'm sayin', tho. . . It's just that -- it's that communication on a. . .

C: . . . on a one to one basis. . .

A: Yeah. That's where it's gotta be. . . it starts there. I've noticed that all my songs are now going in that direction. I say to myself, "Geeze, I don't wanna write about love. . . I'm a WRITER -- what am I writing all these love songs for?" 'Cause it suddenly occurred to me that that's the foundation -- that's where it happens. One to one. How you're dealin' with people.

C: Do you think that drugs play a role in that realization?

A: Um-hum.

C: . . . because drugs people do now are different.

A: They're not as powerful. . .

C: Also different drugs attract people now, like cocaine. . . spending a lot of money. . .

A: Yeah, that doesn't make sense to me. I mean I don't do hardly any drugs anymore (pauses) 'cause I don't know, I just don't like to. . . the times are different. . . I don't know what it is. But I remember gettin' totally crazed. I mean REALLY CRAZED. And doin' coke isn't fun. I don't understand it.

C: Well, there's not really a lot to learn from it. . . I think some drugs you can learn from. . .

A: But I didn't do drugs to learn anything. . . ya know (laughs) But I don't see. . . I mean coke isn't fun. . . I don't have fun, doin' coke. I could get into the ritual -- I could understand that. That's fun. Rituals are always fun, but look what it's done to religion. Geeze, if we do it with drugs, it could be worse. Drugs are much more popular than religion ya know. (Laughs)

C: But in some cultures, it is a ritual, taking drugs. . .

A: Drugs are just plants -- it's food, that's all. I hate it when people separate it and don't understand the relationship. Eatin' dog food'll do something to you and eatin' dope'll do something to you. . . and one's not any more



important than the other one. If you don't understand what either's doin' to ya, you're just responding like a mechanical machine. . . (sound of bus starting outside). . . And if you're responding in that way, you can't possibly learn anything.

C: I think that one "hits you over the head" more, too.

A: One's more subtle. One's much more subtle, that's all. It affects different parts of you, but unless you began to separate all those parts and take 'em each one for one and see how important it is to you, they do different things. Anybody that runs for five miles knows there are parts of him or her that are getting affected by what they eat. If you don't run, well, you're not gonna feel that, but that doesn't mean it's not affecting you. If someday you do wanna run down the street, you'll know about it. If someday you wanna space out and think about worlds and galaxies and stuff like that or get into the microcosm of things and celery stuff. . . you wanna see it? You can do it. There's plenty of drugs that will let you see it. But the point is, if you're just going to react to it and space out, you probably won't take that with you then, the next day, when you wanna do something with it. But if you learn the mechanics which is what I think most of these religious sort of rituals that go along with doing drugs are, just learning the mechanics of where you can go. . . what you can do. . . and in that sense - it's GREAT!

C: It is. But I think there are other ways to get to that place. . . once you've seen it. . . But some people continue to always use the drugs to have that awareness.

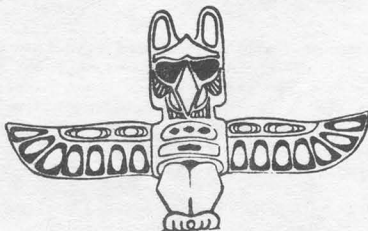
A: The thing I learned about drugs in my own life was that although I was glad I did them, I realized that it put me back about ten years worth of work, to get to those places I wanted to get to, that I saw, that I would probably have got to just on my own. . . and now it's put me back about ten years - and that's o.k. - I think I've got time to do it - so I'm really not worried - It's not like I won't get it done. But (thoughtful pause) I coulda got there a little sooner.

C: When you say "work," do you mean something specific?

A: Work on oneself - yeah - I mean having the ability to have control, and I don't mean "authoritarian kind of control," but an "harmonic control," over my own sense of reality. (in the sense of) How do I relate to everybody else? I don't relate on a power level. I don't wanna overcome other people - I don't wanna be subjected by other people. I wanna relate in a nice little harmony - in a little dance that I can do - and I like doin' that - I like doin' that physically - I like doin' that mentally - I like doin' that emotionally - I like doin' it religiously - I like just. . . I like - flowing - in my own little way.

C: There should be more people who feel that way. . .

A: Well, on that note, I've gotta catch the bus. (laughs) I don't believe I said that. (laughs.)



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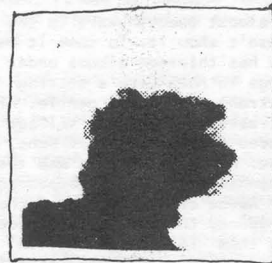
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TRIVIA IDENTIFICATION:
CAN YOU RECOGNISE THIS
SILHOUETTE?

(Hint: Look at last month's cover)

Carolyn Hester at Folk City

by Janie Spencer

Carolyn Hester seemed amazed to find herself, after an absence of nearly ten years, performing once again on the stage of Folk City Friday night. These thoughts were echoed again and again throughout the evening as she spoke of being a "displaced Texan" and of how New York had overwhelmed her. But all the while she seemed to glow with an inner knowledge that this was exactly where she was supposed to be, and what she was supposed to be doing.

Having gone to school in Austin, and having lived in Dallas a good portion of my life, I have heard Carolyn Hester's name often. I have heard it in connection with the Kerrville Folk Festival (an annual event which takes place not far from Austin), and I have also heard of her in connection with the late novelist/folksinger Richard Farina, who had been her husband and was a major figure in the folk revival of the early sixties. I have read of how she had come to New York to study acting, became a folksinger instead, was discovered by John Hammond and signed to Columbia, and of how a young Bob Dylan had accompanied her on her first album. She rose to national prominence with the folk movement at that time; but then performed less in the seventies (except occasionally at the Kerrville festival and at a small folk club she started in California).

I had not heard Hester's voice until Friday night at Folk City. It was a strong, fresh, almost peculiar voice that soared like a tiny yellow sun when singing her high, oddly beautiful rendition of Gershwin's "Summertime," and when singing her songs of love and spirituality was filled with an emotional freedom that comes with a perfect focus. A lot of her material was dated, some of it new and original, but what mattered most and what silenced the room was the voice.

Her opening act was Nanci Griffith, a young, strong-voiced singer-songwriter from Austin who had dedicated her first album to "Carson McCullers, Victor Jara, and Marilyn Monroe--Lonely Hunters All." She sang songs of Southern longing: longing to leave Texas for the big city, longing for the long, slow hours of her girlhood, disillusionment with what had become of her Texas friends. I felt, throughout the evening, as if I were on the back porch of a home in Austin looking out on the fields in the summertime.

Toward the end of the evening Hester called Tom Paxton onto the stage with her. Again she spoke of how it amazed her to be on the stage, performing with him, after all the years. They looked at each other as if confounded for a moment, then broke into a rendition of "Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound."

Eric Anderson Solo

by Pat Cambouris

Folk City was treated to a rare taste of Eric Andersen on September 18, as he performed two solo sets. For the last four years, he has worked with a three-piece backing band, and as of late, has added a keyboardist/soprano sax player to that trio. But on this night, only an acoustic guitar and piano shared the stage.

Andersen has weathered almost twenty years in the music business, but his face doesn't show it. To some it may be hard to fathom that this man has thirteen albums under his belt. He looks as if he belongs in Folk City's setting--like a young, bohemian poet, strong-willed yet gentle. His roots lie in the cafes and streets of Greenwich Village where at an early age he befriended folk greats Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton and Joan Baez. He admitted this was the first solo gig he'd done in Manhattan since his appearance with Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue six years ago. Perhaps recalling his beginnings, he opened the show with a succession of five early tunes, among them "Faithful," "Rollin' Home" and "Sheila," a song that, for some reason, has prompted at least two journalists to assume Andersen is victim to a heavy drug addiction. This is simply not true, and it becomes evident that the sensitive man before us is terribly concerned that this bad press will follow him unmercifully.

After the audience had settled in, hearing some of their favorites, laughing to the lyrics of "Hello Sun," ("Got a gal, what a gal/How she tries to keep me fit/I'm a little too thin/We make love/She can't find me in the bed"), Andersen hypnotized the crowd with the strangely beautiful "The Girls of Denmark," his fingers just grazing the piano keys as if to punctuate his emotions. He has the gift of instantly creating a mood for the audience to catch hold

of as he carries them away. As quickly as he painted the scene for that song, Andersen switched to a light and breezy chanson which he composed after being tantalized by ads for cruises in the travel section of *The New York Times*. He commented, "This next song is called 'Walking in My Sleep,' or, as I usually refer to it, 'Drooling on My Times.'" His wit spilled out amply throughout the set, showing a different side to this many-faceted performer. This may have surprised a number of fans who, not having seen him in several years, expected the dark, mysterious balladeer persona he often projected in the early part of his career.

Two highlights of the first show came in the form of ballads. "Baby I'm Lonesome" is a country-tinged, tender love song, written in the early seventies to be included on Andersen's ill-fated second LP with Columbia. The finished tapes were lost, and he did not record again until 1975 (*Be True to You* on the Arista label). "Time, Run Like a Freight Train," from that LP, was performed flawlessly and most effectively with just an acoustic guitar and that voice.

The first trio of songs in the late show were also from *Be True to You*, another ballad, "Moonchild Riversong," the jazzy "Can't Get You Out of My Life" and a laid-way-back rendition of "The Blues Keep Fallin' Like the Rain." Andersen finally gave in to one of the many requests he received during the night and sang a song he wrote for Phil Ochs, "Thirsty Boots," which was later covered by Judy Collins.

"Pick Up the Pieces" and "Jonah," two unrecorded uptempo tunes, and a guitar version of "The Girls of Denmark" followed, all pointing up Eric's improved guitar skill, probably due to his

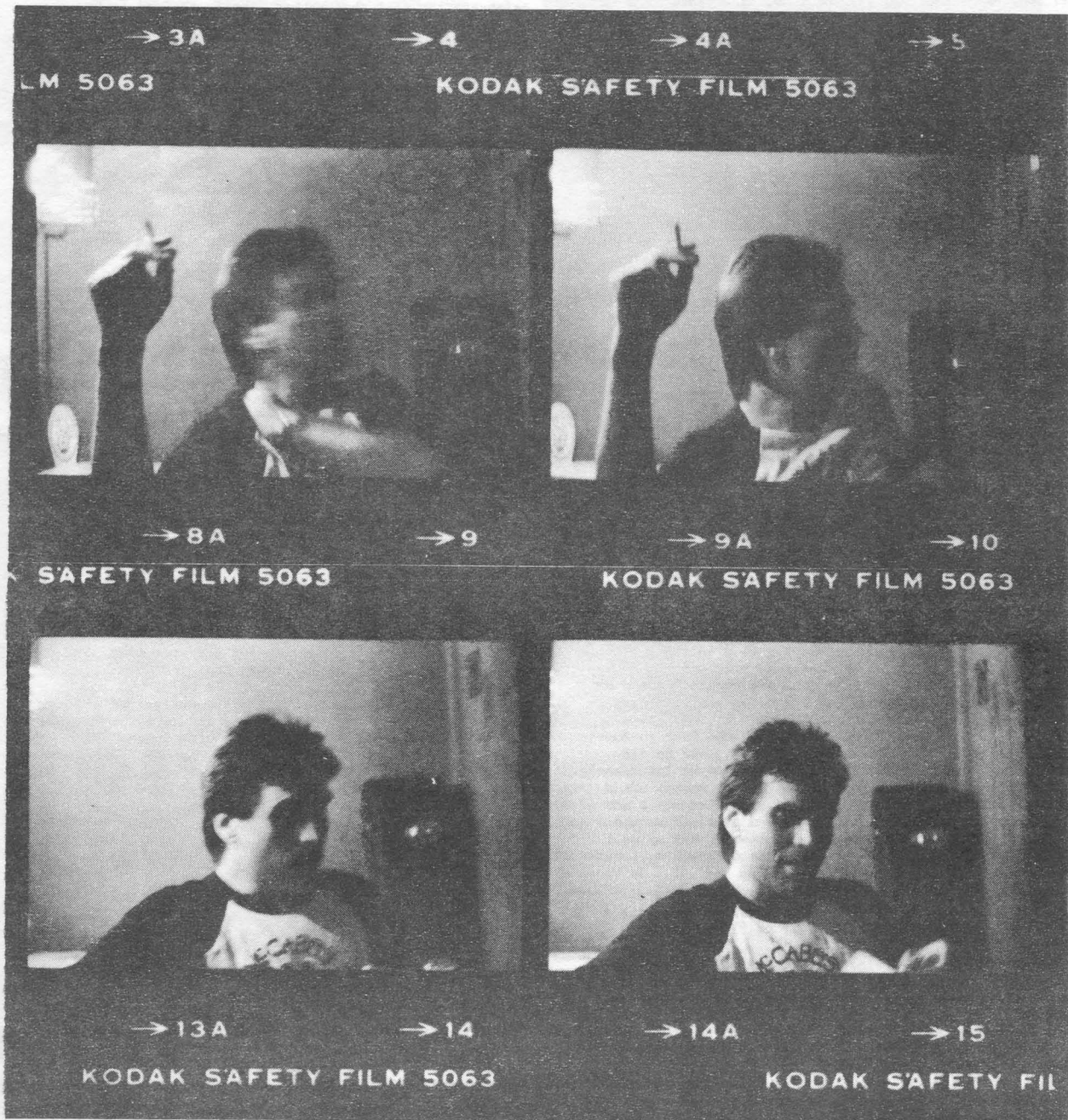


work with Michael Ross, Randy Ciarlante, Rob Leon and Larry Smith, the members of his band. He then obliged another request for "Is It Really Love At All," a song that received some airplay in the seventies. Tom Waits's "01' 55" (one of his more commercial offerings, having been covered by Andersen, The Eagles and others) came next, and the show concluded with Eric gliding through "Blue River," the title song of his 1972 Columbia album. This must be among Andersen's personal favorites. (I've seen him use it to close many shows.) The

chorus is almost prayerlike: "Blue River keep right on rollin'/All along the shoreline/Keep us safe from the deep and the dark/'Cause we don't want to stray too far.*

Eric's romantic style and delivery evokes a warm, familiar feeling in his audience. A male spectator was moved to remark during the last song, "Eric, you're alright!"

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Rosalie Sorrels

Rosalie Sorrells

There's a terrible mobility in this society. It's too easy to run away from things. I do that too. The ease with which you can shift your ground makes the ground fall away from under you all the time. The sense of being someplace goes faster every year.

She is a traveling folk singer.

I think of the town I grew up in--Boise, Idaho--of my family and how they got there, and my own sense of place. I love the feeling of the country that you find in writers like Thomas Wolfe.

My grandparents were an adventurous kind of people. My grandfather was a preacher, wanted to live with the Indians, so he became a missionary to the Crow and the Sioux. He went to Montana. He crossed the Bad Lands all by himself. 1900. He's sort of mysterious to me except through the stories that my grandmother and my mother and father told me about him.

My father was born in Montana. They lived in tents and lodges. My father was one of four sons. My grandmother was a real good photographer. My mother still has some of those photographs. There's pictures of their first trek, this great long trek, with pack horses all strung out across the hill. They all went out on horseback.

They went on river trips. They didn't meet any hostile Indians. Everything they had to do with them was religious. Just the business of living in that time and place was dangerous, having babies in the wilderness and all those things. The trip took seven or eight years.

My grandfather became the pastor of a church in Hailey, Idaho. He used to snowshoe from Hailey up to Ketchum and preach a sermon in the church there. They turned that church into a bar years later. I sang there. The Espresso House.

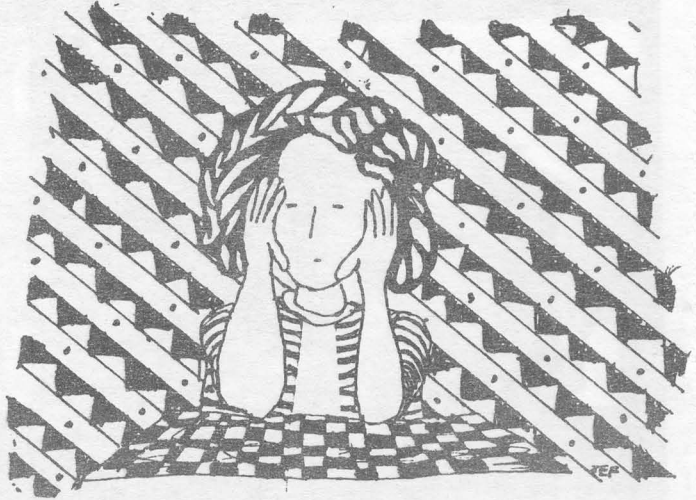
My mother's father was a wild-eyed adventurer. I think his wife was scared of him. (Laughs.) I didn't get along with her for a long time. She was real southern. She didn't like blacks and she didn't like Japanese people. She didn't like anybody she didn't know for a hundred years. (Laughs.) But I remember my grandfather better than anyone I ever met. He died when I was nine. He was in the Spanish-American War, he went to Alaska in the Gold Rush, and he did labor organizing up in Seattle. He talked to me incessantly. He taught me all the soliloquies from Hamlet when I was a little bitty girl. He'd say the words are like music and I will come to understand them. He used to swear at the horses in Shakespearean language. I remember him so well 'cause he always treated me like I could do anything. He

let me drive the hay wagon with a four-horse team when I was this tiny little girl. And didn't ever behave like I shouldn't be up in that tree where I was. (Laughs.)

I always thought of my father, until the day he died, as a young man. He was very handsome, had a little mustache and a light slender body. He was very alive, and I think of him with a lot of pleasure. He like words, too. He loved Balzac and Rabelais. He turned me on to those things. He liked to play games with words and loved to tell stories always.

After I got married, I took up folk singing as a hobby. I collected old songs. So I'm not thinking of myself as a

singer so much as someone who repeats old songs that they heard. I began to write, and I had this big repertoire of folk songs from Utah and Idaho that nobody else knew. I got invited to Newport in 1966. I'd never been east of Denver. When I drove into New York City at seven o'clock in the morning, it was like goin' to Mars. There was that skyline. I just flipped. I nearly had a heart attack, I was so excited. (Laughs.) We came into town--my brother was with me, and a couple of friends--it was eight o'clock in the morning. Never saw a place that was open at eight o'clock in the morning. We had a bottle of champagne to celebrate the fact that we had finally arrived in New York City, and we went to the top of the Empire State Building. (Laughs.) Everyone always told me I'd hate it in New York because it was cold and awful and mean. I just loved it, every second of it. And I still do. (Laughs.) I'm a city junkie. I'd like to find out what makes each place so particular.



Boise hardly exists for me any more. All the things I remember with pleasure have been torn down and been replaced by bullshit. They want to make a mall of it. Downtown Boise, all covered, is like a cattle chute for customers, my mother says. Al just for selling and consuming. I remember all those wonderful things that just aren't there any more. Boise is a corruption of "le bois." Trees. It used to be like a little cup of trees. A river runs right through the middle. You could hardly see more than two or three buildings. The statehouse and Hotel Boise. Just trees and this river. Oh, corridors of green. Trees so old and big that came together and made little corridors. It was against the law to shoot a squirrel, and the place was just all full of little brown squirrels. Old, old houses and a sense of community. None of that's there any more. They've cut down the trees, they tore down the old buildings. It's a real consumer town. What I remember with any pleasure is gone.

I was always a misfit, so I didn't have nice memories of, say, going to school. I didn't relate well to the kids 'cause I could read faster than they did. I was in third grade, and they had these reading tests, and I had very high scores. I didn't think I was that much smarter than anyone else. It's just that I read since I was a little bitty kid. You weren't supposed to be smart when you were a little girl in 1949 in Boise, Idaho. You weren't supposed to let anybody know you knew anything. (Laughs.)

One day I got out of school, there were four or five big girls out there, fifth and sixth graders. They dragged me into the alley and knocked me down and told me I had to

crawl home. They told me I shouldn't get such good scores any more. Like some kind of kid Mafia. (Laughs.) They're poking me with sticks. I lost my temper. I just became completely enraged, and I hurt a couple of 'em pretty bad. I hit one of 'em in the Adam's apple, and she had to stay out of school for a week. I kicked another in the groin, and she couldn't walk. And I ran home. I remember I threw up for about half an hour after I had gone into this terrible rage. I still think about it. I have not got used to the idea that somebody could do something like that to another person because that person was winning. Their sense was that I was winning. My sense was I wasn't competing.

I'm not trying to beat anybody out. I do what I do. It seems awful to me that anybody bases their whole life on winning. I always love that song where Malvina Reynolds says:

I don't mind wearing raggedy britches
Because them that succeeds are sons of bitches.
I don't mind failing in this world.

There's another line:

I'll stay down here with the raggedy crew
If gettin' up there means steppin' on you.

I never thought of myself as being really poor because we had a house. We didn't have any money at all. But I think of myself as privileged because we had so many books and a place to live. My brother is ten years younger than I am. I was the only kid for a long time. I didn't know how to make friends.

My husband's family was so different from mine, and he was so different from me. When I met him he was in rebellion against his middle-class WASP family. Their values seemed to rest in the possession of things.

His family was very rich. They always had plenty. They never suffered during the depression. The men in my family were disasters of the depression. They never learned how to make money and be successful. I always thought of my dad as a success because he was a wonderful man. When I was in high school and he was drinking a lot, it hung me up. But my memories of him are all delightful because he seemed so particular, like no one else.

When he died, I remember this asshole (laughs) --excuse me-- from the funeral home. My brother and I didn't want my mother to have to deal with it. First, he gives us a line about how cheap we are because we don't buy an expensive coffin. We were gonna have a cremation anyhow and take Dad's ashes up and put them at the cabin where he always lived. This guy: "What florist you want us to call?" I said: "We're gonna bring some pine boughs and dried weeds from the cabins." (Laughs.) He said: "Well, what organist do you want me to call?" "I'm gonna sing for my father." And he says: "Well, (clears throat), 'one of our services is to write the obituary. Tell me something about Walter.'" I said: "Well, we called him Walt." (Laughs.) I'm looking at him and I can't think of anything. He said: "What was his religion?" I said: "Well, he wasn't very religious." He says: "Hmmm. What did he do for a living?" I said: "He hadn't worked for a long time." He says: "He was retired?" I thought: Well, I'm not going to say anything. Then he says: "What fraternal organizations did he belong to?" I'm looking at him and I'm thinking: My father could walk for two blocks on his hands. He used to do that all the time, just walk along on his hands. People would come by and he would say good morning as though that were just the regular way to be walking along.

He used to jump over a card table from a standing jump every year on his birthday. I think he was fifty-six when he missed. (Laughs.) He had this piece of land. He built this beautiful house. He cut every tree. He made every brick. It looks like it grew out of the ground. And he went hunting all the time. He loved to walk through the

woods making up dirty limericks. He knew the name of every bird and every flower. He hated the AMA and the assholes like this guy I'm talking to. (Laughs.) So I didn't say any of that to him. I just said: "I can't think of anything to tell you about my father that you want to hear." (Laughs.) So he just wrote something and put it in the paper. How do you describe a man like that? He just wasn't like anybody else in the world.

Since 1966 I've been on my own. I've been so lucky in the friends that have come to me. People who've put me up across the country. I consider myself to be incredibly successful. I don't have any money, but I'm respected by those whose respect I crave. I'm given love by my audiences, and I make enough money to get along. I'd like it to be a little easier, but I do want my way.

I can't live with despair. I don't want to live with the notion that it's all downhill from here. I don't believe that. I don't have a sense of despair because I'm alive. When I'm dead, I don't expect to have a sense of anything. (Laughs.)

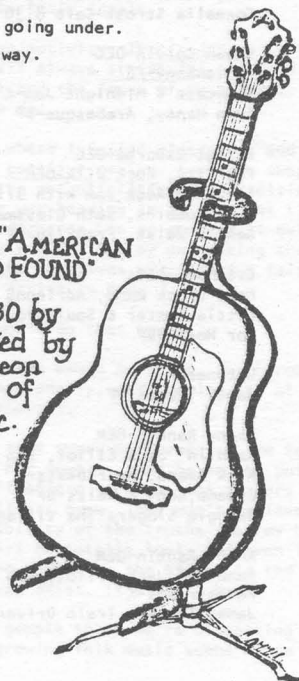
I look at my children and I could develop a sense of despair. My oldest son committed suicide. He went to some trouble to make me understand that that was not directed at me. But I can't figure out why I couldn't impart to him this sense of delight in being alive.

I look at a lot of these other children and I feel sorry for them. They get bored. I don't remember ever being bored. They're not curious. They practice alienation as if it was a thing to do. I think there's a giant conspiracy on the part of--who? ITT or them?--the rich, the powerful, the manipulators, to make us all the same. Make sure that we watch a lot of television. Make sure that we all have credit cards and cars and houses that are all kind of sleazy. We're so afraid we'll love 'em that we'll do anything they want us to do to keep those things. I think that sense of values that measures a person's worth by how much they have is perpetrated by those rich and powerful people. To me, the most valuable people are the ones who kick and scream and won't go there. Who insist on being mavericks. Who refuse to go in that direction.

I have no intention of going under.

I will play my drum my way.

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DREAMS: LOST AND FOUND"
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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:
 OEC-Other End Cafe
 OEM-Other End (main room)
 FC-Folk City
 K-Kenny's Castaways
 BF-Back Fence
 BL-Bottom Line

- | | | | |
|-------------|--|----|--|
| September 1 | Cakewalk-OEC
Esther Satterfield-OEM
Mary McCaslin & Jim Ringer-FC
Last Tango-K
Gent & Weiss, Wendy & Mike,
Train Driver-BF | 10 | Jazz Jam with Denny Moronse & Friends-OEM
Floor Models-FC
Cliff Eberhardt-K
Wendy & Mike-BF |
| 2 | Cakewalk-OEC
Esther Satterfield-OEM
Rosalie Sorrells, Terry Garthwaite, & Bobby
Louise Hawkins-FC
The Hardbeats-K
James Tragas, Train Driver-BF | 11 | Hootenanny-FC
Showcase & Midnight Jam-K
Lynn Haney, Arabesque-BF |
| 3 | Tom Russell-OEC
Jazz Jamm with Denny Moronse & Friends-OEM
Greg Trooper Band, Bleeding Art-FC
The Speedboys, Bill Fern's Jump-K
Wendy & Mike, Brad Donovan-BF
Susy Schneider (comic), Maggie Garrett (folk)
Cornelia Street Cafe 8:30 PM | 12 | 11:00 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
S. Becher, Franklin-BF |
| 4 | Shawn Colvin-OEC
Hootenanny-FC
Showcase & Midnight Jam-K
Lynn Haney, Arabesque-BF | 13 | Trevor James Band, Adams McDonnell Band-K
Bob Horan-BF |
| 5 | Elliot Osborne-OEC
Fat City, Rock Wilk-OEM
11:00 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
J.C. Robbins, Seth Glassman-K
Gent & Weiss, Franklin-BF | 14 | Bridget St. John, Paul Clements-K
James Tragas-BF |
| 6 | Eve Moon-OEC
Marc Black Band, Adrienne Garrett-FC
Little Buster & Soul Bros., Slickaphonics-K
Bor Horan-BF | 15 | Robert Hunter-OEM
Jesse Winchester-FC
N.Y.C.-K
Speedo, Gent & Weiss-BF |
| 7 | Uptones-K
James Tragas-BF | 16 | Robert Hunter-OEM
Frank Christian-FC
Jack of Diamonds-K
Tragas, Train Driver-BF |
| 8 | Kenny Rankin-OEM
Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Bob Neuwirth & Friends-FC
Rick Deans, Heartbeats-K
Speedo, Geny & Weiss-BF
Swingle Singers-The Village Gate through 10/15 | 17 | Jazz Jam with Denny Moronse & Friends-OEM
Wendy & Mike, Brad Donovan-BF |
| 9 | Kenny Rankin-OEM
Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Bob Neuwirth & Friends-FC
Pedestrians-K
James Tragas, Train Driver-BF | 18 | Hootenanny-FC
Showcase & Midnight Jam-K
Lynn Haney, Charles Gaby-BF
John Lee Hooker-BL
Holly Near-Town Hall |
| | | 19 | 11:00 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Silent Type, Bleeding Arts-K
Arabesque, Franklin-BF
John Lee Hooker-BL
Holly Near-Town Hall |
| | | 20 | Ferron-FC
Brother Jamp, Floor Models-K
Bob Horan-BF |
| | | 21 | Silly Wizard-FC
Dave Perkins-K
James Tragas-BF |
| | | 22 | Tony Trischka-FC
Mike Fracasso, Tony Sarno-K
Gent & Weiss, Wendy & Mike, Rick and the
3-B's-BF |
| | | 23 | Dave Perkins, Joey George-K
James Tragas, Train Driver-BF |

24 Jazz Jam with Denny Moronse & Friends-OEM
Jasmine-FC
Dave Perkins-K
Wendy & Mike-BF

25 Hootenanny-FC
Showcase & Midnight Jam-K
Lynn Haney-BF

26 11:00 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Rollo, Liberal Arts-K
S. Becher, Franklin-BF

27 Bob Horan-BF

28 Nancy Vogl-FC
Starters-K
James Tragas-BF

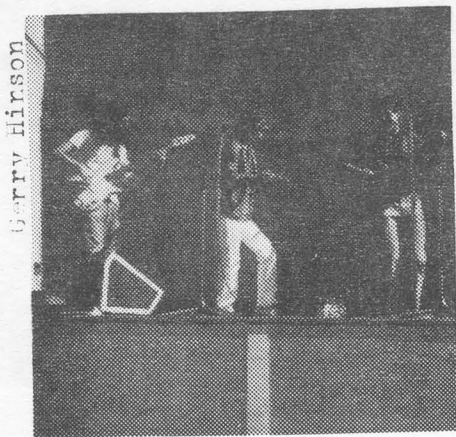
29 Allan Harris Band, Sockets-K
Speedo, Gent & Weiss-BF
Mamas & The Papas-BL

30 Allan Harris Band, Sockets-K
James Tragas, Train Driver-BF

31 Jazz Jam with Denny Moronse & Friends-OEM
The Smithereens & Street Level-K
Wendy & Mike-BF

PLUS: Peter, Paul and Mary in concert, Friday, October 8th
at 8:00 PM. HUB Entertainment Center (Calderone
Theatre), 145 North Franklin Avenue, Hempstead, L.I.
(516)481-4080

First Weekend in October
Central Park And The Closing of The Idler



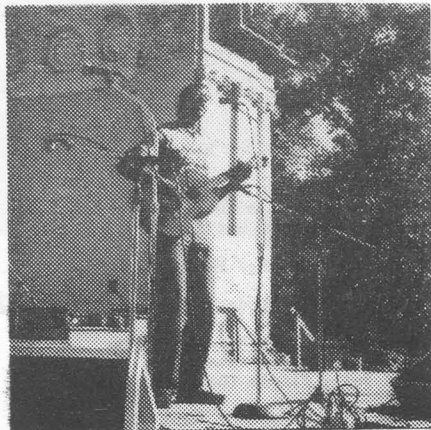
Gerry Hinson



Gerry Hinson



Gerry Hinson



Gerry Hinson

SPEAKEASY 107 Macdougall NYC 598-9670					F	S	2
S	M	T	W	Th	john guth Doug & Mary \$4		
3 BEN SILVER & ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN CONSTANCE TAYLOR BOB McGRATH \$1	4 SIGNUP 7:45 PM open mike	5 dollar night TOM INTONDI, host	6 \$1 Poetry 7-9 PM AND New Faces 10 PM - ?	7 KATH BLOOM & LOREN MAZZACANE Brian Rose \$1 DAVE BOLGER	8 david blue tom ghent \$4	9	
10 NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS \$1 marc berger Maggie Garrett	11	12	13	14 Blind Boneless Chicken \$3	15 rory block Ansel & Pete \$4	16	
17 GEORGE & O'BRIEN \$1 THOM MORLAN NICK VENTRY	18	19	20 Fire Walk Horace Williams Bill Lauf (POETRY AT 7)	21 George Gritzbach meets Andy Polon \$3	22 happy traum Eric Wood \$4	23	
24 MARILYN J. SKIP BARTHOLD LIONEL \$1 WOLBERGER	25	26	27 poetry AND new faces \$1	28 James Lee STANLEY \$3 Peter Spencer	29 david massengill \$4 Cormac McCarthy	30	
31 HALLOWEEN! your name here \$1	OCTOBER 1982 (knock twice & tell them "Khalid" sent you--it's in the back room)				ALL SHOWS 9PM UNTIL ? UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED		

Credits: Side One

1. Vacation (Bill Bachmann)

The song Projects:
Tom Intondi/Guitar & Vocals
Bill Bachmann/Guitar & Vocals
Martha P. Hogan/Vocals & Kazoo
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocals & Kazoo
Mark Dann/Bass & Vocals

2. Spirits (Tom Guderion)

Tom Guderion/Guitar & Vocals
Mark Dann/Bass

3. Mama (Rosalie Sorrels)

Rosalie Sorrels/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

4. Home Is Where The Heart Is (Eric Wood)

Eric Wood And The Reasons:
Eric Wood/Vocal & Guitar
Bob Windbiel/Lead Guitar
Doug Hyde/Bass
Marshall Rosenberg/ Percussion

5. Beware This Tender Maiden (Ruth Ann Brauser)

Ruth Ann Brauser/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
David Roth/Fiddle (Oops!)

6. The Moon In Shadow (Doug Waterman)

Doug Waterman/Vocal & Guitar

Credits: Side Two

1. Down Derry Down (David Massengill)

David Massengill/Vocal & Dulcimer
Jack Hardy/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Vocal Bass & Guitar

2. The Chicken & Burger World Blues
(Luna Tune)

Luna Tune:
Mary Scent/Vocals
Karen Cutler/Vocals
Dianne Michael/Vocals
Mary Lyon/Vocals

3. Arms She Demanded (Skip Barthold)

Skip Barthold/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

4. Love You 'till The Cows Come Home
(Josie Kuhn)

Josie Kuhn/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Vocal & Guitar

5. The 27 Suicidal Blues (Rob Strachan)

The New England Express:
Rob Strachan/Vocal & Guitar
John Strachan/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

6. Think and Do (Paul Mills)

Poez/Vocal