

#8
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the
COOP

**The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine**



November '82

Women in Song

Letters to the Editor

Editors:

I read about your magazine and record in both Stereo Review and Frets....It's great to hear about the folk music resurgence in NY. Unfortunately the one and only folk place in Detroit folded about three years back--no replacements in sight yet...

Good luck,

Tom Lamb
Detroit

Editors:

I am a singer-songwriter who is constantly told he's "too folky." I consider this a high praise in the eighties. Please pass along the word to Rod MacDonald, Cliff Eberhardt, and the rest of the Cornelia Streeters that their names and tunes are being heard down here! My partner and I cover them with great pleasure.

Bob Ray
Pontotoc, MS

P.S. J. Hardy is right about songs being better with less production.

The Coop Songbook Coming soon—



The Coop Songbook will be available December 1. The book contains music, lyrics, and lead sheets for over 100 original songs that are on The Coop February through November issues. The paperback book also contains many beautiful ink drawings and would make a great gift for a musician.

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Orders received by December 1 will be shipped via air mail to arrive in time for Christmas.

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(212) 989-7088 or (212) 260-5029

Editor: Jack Hardy

Associate Editor: Brian Rose

Assistant Editor: Gary Boehm

Recording Engineer: Mark Dann

Sales Manager: John Cisco

Art Direction: Carol Ficksman, Judy Ficksman, Loren Moss

Graphics Contributions: Chuck Hancock, Jeff Tiedrich

Editorial Assistance: Bonnie Jo Blankinship, Bill Ponsot,
Nancy Talanian

Contributing Editors: Randy B. Hecht, Gerry Hinson, Nancy
Horshatter, Tom Intondi, Josh Joffen, Rosemary Kirstein,
Rod MacDonald, Carolyn McCombs, David Massengill, Frank
Mazzetti, Angela Page, Janie Spencer, Peter Spencer, Nancy
Talanian

Production Staff: Ruth Ann Brauser, Erik Frandsen, Paul
Kaplan, Thom Morlan, Doug Waterman

Media Consultant: Sherwood Ross

Legal Consultant: Ray Korona

Correspondence: Bonnie Jo Blankinship

The Women's Network for Music



by Gary Boehm

The Coop has brought you many things that can not be found elsewhere. It was The Coop that first placed the Jefferson Airplane at the apex of Western Civilization. It was The Coop that introduced the "New Traditional Music and the Regional Imperative." And only The Coop has offered to give the entire history of folk music from the cavemen's and cavewomen's first grunts through the latest grunts on the current pop scene. Alas, The Coop is not the first to offer an alternative recording outlet. We may be "the other people," but there are other "other people" and they've been around for a long time.

There has never been much room on the major labels for singers and songwriters who appeal to a narrow audience. When money is the main concern it makes no sense to invest in someone who is going to sell fifty or sixty thousand records. This was especially true in the early seventies when there was a large number of big bands that could sell hundreds of thousands of records each time out. It would have been especially difficult for women singing about feminist issues at a time when feminism was not yet mainstream and the music industry was even more dominated by men and men's sensibilities than it is now.

Out of a need to get their own songs published and from a desire to instigate a change in the industry three different groups of women created three separate independent recording labels in California in the early seventies. They all have one thing in common: they were created by women, are run by women, and record women. They are Redwood, Olivia, and Plaides. These labels are dedicated to recording women with a positive outlook—women with a message of some kind: political, social, or feminist.

Redwood Records was begun by Holly Near with the recording of her first album, *Hang in There*, in 1973. It has grown steadily from a kitchen operation handled by her parents to a successful business that has sold over 250,000 albums. Since 1980, Holly has shared ownership with Jo-Lynne Worley and Jeanie Shoemaker. Redwood has afforded Near the freedom to sing about whatever issues are of concern to her—a luxury usually reserved for only the very successful or the very unsuccessful. Over the years she has developed a large audience of predominantly feminist and gay women. On her last two albums, Near and her associates seem to be making an effort to reach a larger audience. Near was quoted in a 1981 article in *BAM* as saying that she would attempt to "do an album that was more palatable to airplay and to a general population, and still maintain some of the ideas. Her latest album, *Speed of Light*, has sold over 20,000 copies in its first month; their strategy appears to be working. Redwood has expanded to include recording artists Sweet Honey and the Rock and Woody Simmons on their label.

Olivia Records celebrated its first decade of success at Folk City on November 7. Olivia was formed cooperative by a group of women including musicians Cris Williamson and Meg Christian, and businesswomen Judy Dugaey and Jinny Benson. Appealing to a similar audience as Holly Near's, Williamson's

latest album, *Blue Rider*, has also sold well in the first month since its release, and she and Meg Christian have sold out an upcoming Carnegie Hall concert.

Plaides, formed at about the same time as Redwood and Olivia, is basically Margie Adams's label. Other small women's labels that have emerged in the last few years include Galaxy, which operates out of Boston and records Robin Flower, Kathy Rose, and Betsy Wonder; Sea Friends, which is based in Cincinnati; and the late Malvina Reynolds's label, Pacific Cascade.

The fact that these labels are not only surviving but thriving at a time when the rest of the record industry is slumping can only partially be explained by the fragmentation of the record buying market. While other small labels struggle and remain small, the women's labels are growing with the aid of a women's music distribution network. It began as a loosely-knit collection of thirty to forty independent distributors and has evolved into a group of about fifteen well-organized yet still independent divisions.

Three years ago Virginia Giordano established Manhattan Muse, which distributes the women's labels in New York City and state. The Muse has branched out to distribute other independent labels including some male recording artists so that they now carry over seventy different titles.

The network would not be complete without some organized way of promoting all of these titles. Manhattan Muse is doing just that by way of its recent expansion into producing stage shows under the name Women on Stage. A recent Holly Near performance, that they produced, very nearly sold out a Monday and Tuesday night at Town Hall, and it is Women on Stage that is producing the Williamson/Christian Carnegie Hall concert.

The existence of these women's labels may not make it any easier for female songwriters to get recorded today than it was ten years ago. Persuading one of these women's labels to pick you up may be no easier than getting a contract with a major label except that perhaps the smaller the company the larger the chances are of getting your tapes heard. Virginia Giordano, of Manhattan Muse, suggests that women who have positive perspectives with some degree of "consciousness" write to the various labels explaining what they are doing. Perhaps that label will have just put out a particular kind of album and will be looking for what you have to offer. Getting recorded will, no doubt, still come down to luck and talent. However, the very existence and success of such an extensive network of distribution gives women who produce their own albums an opportunity to get them distributed nationally.

The continued growth and success of this entire project, from the recording of Holly Near's first album to her recent all-women performed and produced show at Town Hall, is remarkable. All of the women involved deserve credit for challenging the recording industry, by showing us that independents can flourish, like ivy on a building, in and around the recording empire.

Maggie Roche in Depth

"One says all o' my agony is in my mind."

The creative impulse has always been somewhere in that borderland between conscious and subconscious thought. it plays back and forth between the mundane and the spiritual: that which the average can grasp and say "that is me" and that of which they stand back in awe; the moon fleeting in and out of clouds taunting you, saying these are your words but you can't write them this way. Maggie Roche is a master of this manipulation. The pun, the play on words, used by most for humor or satire, is used by Maggie for economy of style:

First of all for love of thee
And secanol deranged²

A humorous line, a sharp point on a double edged-sword somewhere between the conscious "love of thee" and the subconscious deranged. Once again:

There ought to be something to fall back on
Like a knife or a career³

The tension of there being no "in between," that both forces are at work and are at odds. These are all masks. Masks for emphasis, masks for disguise, masks to shield the vulnerability.

Soloing in my travelling wedding band⁴

The wedding band that is used to dissuade propositions; part of a band, though soloing in it. Once again the voice is:

A puzzle, shacking up with the clues⁵

and the voice is in utter isolation:

I am the only tree and everybody leaves⁶

All this is the voice of desperation, the desperation of resignation. Woman as victim, not only as one who has played and lost but one who has played and lost in a game of luck where one has no effect on the outcome.

Running into luck south of the border⁷
Try looking up luck in the back of a pickup truck⁸

Or in terms of the economic metaphor:

I invest my soul in company
I bet the big exchange⁹

There I was meeting up with the man
For the payoff¹⁰

But it is not all negative. It is saying you do the best you can but sometimes there are forces outside of your power. From her first album:

Good men want a virgin
So don't give yourself too soon
'Cept in an emergency
Like underneath the moon¹¹

You must recognize these forces, allow them full reign and learn from them so they no longer have power over you. From her latest album:



Make no mistake when mystiquing a make¹²

One can agonize over this line for a long time, trying to understand it. It is no longer the "out of the mouth of babes" syndrome, but rather something along the lines of the garbled voice of the mad person that somehow makes sense. What does it mean to "mystique a make"? To deify one's lover and then walk on the blind side? But the voice is saying "make no mistake." Telling us to put our feet back on the ground. Not to get carried away. She does this by juxtaposing the metaphysical term "mystique" with the base term "a make." Tearing off the mask. The woman who is no longer content to be:

Limping around in the moonlight¹³

She does this as well in "One Season":

Set down your key and trumpet
Go have a dream and hump it!¹⁴

The base term "hump it" comes as a surprise in the course of what is expected in a "feminine position." But Maggie has been breaking out of this mold for a while. Whether it is the implied humor of "The Married Men":

All of that time in hell to spend
For kissing the married men!¹⁵

or the conscious rebellion against advice in "Hammond Song":

Why don't you face the fact
You old upstart
We fall apart!¹⁶

Maggie is trying to break the mold, pleading to:

Cut the heat out of me!¹⁷

trying to find a common ground somewhere between Joni Mitchell's frivolous "Chelsea Morning" and Leonard Cohen's devastating "Chelsea Hotel."

The moon's power is waning. We have the beginnings of self-assurance:

Losing you
Choosing to!¹⁸

From one of her most recent songs, the latter is a far cry from her imploring beginnings:

He won't hear you
But see what you can do!¹⁹

It has not been easy for a woman writer to develop her art or her craft in a male dominated business, or to still take the voice of the civilian in spite of the more militaristic feminist view. First, there are few models for young women songwriters and for this reason many end up sounding like Joni Mitchell or Joan Armatrading.

Maggie has steered away from the obvious. Studying the male writers such as Paul Simon, to learn the craft, but the art comes from elsewhere--from the subconscious. She has also studied far less obvious sources, as far-fetched as "village character" Michael Mann (a master of the double talk bordering on insanity) and hours in the library studying the economy of Chinese poetry.

Her craft has been honed in a conscious way, but is this at the expense of the art? Where the craft has gained the economy of powerful impact, the volume of writing has decreased; just when the pump is working perfectly, the well goes dry?

There is a fear of giving up the control that has been fought for so hard, blaming the very moonlight that was once considered the power.

Honk all the moon out the ocean!²⁰

It is like someone who has guzzled the sacraments to attain a mystical nirvana only to find out that he or she is bound by the same earthly laws as everyone else and find themselves doing penance with a wicked hangover from drinking too much church wine. It is this religious metaphor in life and writing that gives the key to understand though not the direction to take.

I am the poison and I am from
Illegal lightweight luxury
You are the law and the long hard road
Grave inevitable destiny!²¹

This tension must be resolved in any writer: when to control, when to release. Maggie Roche has been one of the true pioneers in songwriting. Acting out this drama within and outside the bonds of her writing. Experimenting, chronicling her experience: to act the parts of Robert Graves's triple moon goddess in a modern suburban and urban setting and to write about it. (The moon is mentioned in seven of her recorded songs.) She is still learning and experimenting even though many are learning from her.

by Jack Hardy



DISCOGRAPHY

- A. Seductive Reasoning
CBS Records KC33232, 1975
- B. The Roches
Warner Bros. Records Inc. BSK3298, 1979
- C. Nurds
Warner Bros. Records Inc. BSK3475, 1980
- D. Keep On Doing
Warner Bros. Records Inc. 23725-1, 1982
- E. The Coop Fast Folk Musical Magazine
November 1982

FOOTNOTES

Song	Record	Song	Record
1. Married Men	B	12. Loosing True	D
2. Down the Dream	A	13. Damned Old Dog	B
3. Ibid		14. One Season	C
4. Married Men	B	15. Married Men	B
5. Underneath the Moon	A	16. Hammond Song	B
6. One Season	C	17. Damned Old Dog	B
7. Jill of All Trades	A	18. Loosing True	D
8. Burden of Proof	A	19. Apostrophe to the Wind E	
9. Down the Dream	A	20. Quitting Time	B
10. Scorpion Lament	D	21. Boat People	c
11. Underneath the Moon	A		

Suzanne Vega

Three Songs

By Brian Rose

There are few young songwriters whose work is developed enough to stand much close analysis. Suzanne Vega, a twenty-three year old New Yorker, is a notable exception. Several of her songs have been included in past issues of The Coop: "Calypso," "Cracking," "Gypsy," and "Knight Moves."

"Knight Moves" is one song of a trilogy that is essentially concerned with the battle of the sexes and a quest for individual revelation. The first song of the trilogy, "Marching Dream," sets the mythic stage on which all three songs take place. "I have dreamed that many men have marched across this field." In this song, Vega seeks to project the mundane failures of personal relationships onto a screen of epic and noble proportions. "I have wished that I could hear each secret told by lovers in the battle with each shade of red and gold." She dreams of "all men's arms," and wishes to read "the secret writing there" in hopes of finding an answer to some unnamed burden of self. The wistful desire expressed in the song is amplified by a lovely melody that almost seems to float on air. The song closes with the word "listening" repeated several times, but silence and loneliness is the implied response.

The centerpiece of the trilogy is "The Queen and the Soldier," a sweeping landscape of a song in which the soldier presents himself before the young queen "for whom we all kill." The scene between the two characters is drawn with klieg light clarity--a knock on the door, the soldier states his intention to quit the battle, and she slowly lets him inside. The sexual implications are obvious as she leads him down the "long narrow hall" into her room with red tapestries. The soldier seeks an explanation for the battle raging outside. He attempts to crack the queen's royal veneer. In a moment of weakness, she almost succumbs to his forthrightness, but out of fear and shame, she turns him away to be killed. The queen, an austere figure of poignant suffering, will not or cannot reveal the source of her suffering. We are left with nothing more than an opaque reference to a "secret burning bthread."

The narrative moves briskly, carried on the waves of a waltz melody of exquisite beauty. Vega's singing conveys child-like innocence and world weariness simultaneously. She accompanies herself on the guitar with simple arpeggios that abruptly give way to a rhythmic plucking of the chords in the last verse. "Out in the distance her order was heard." The staccato picking quickens the dramatic tempo as the soldier is killed.

The cruelty of the queen's act is made all the more horrifying by her unyielding resistance to her own conscience and the offers of sympathy, even love, from the soldier. As he is killed and she goes on "strangling in the solitude she preferred," the song fades out quickly, leaving the listener with unreconcilable feelings of sorrow and anger.

It is clear that "The Queen and the Soldier" is a self-referential song despite its broadly stroked cartoon mythology. Vega is or allows herself to become the queen. It is difficult to ascertain to what extent she is indicting herself--the mythic nature of the song allows for the revelation of forbidden emotions that bore to the heart of relations between men and women. Ultimately, the triumph of the song is the queen's refusal to bend, regardless of the horror of the situation. Vega does not let the queen fall into the arms of the gallant soldier, but neither is the queen allowed to find unjust freedom in her rejection of him. "The battle continued on...."

In "Knight Moves," the queen "in one false move turns herself into a pawn." Is she falling in love? It isn't clear. "One side stone one side fire standing alone among all men's desire." The rapid strumming at the end of "The Queen and the Soldier" is repeated throughout "Knight Moves," but the baroque ballad style is replaced with a syncopated "modern" melody. After each verse, the chorus asks the queen, "Do you love any, can you love one." By the end of the song, the constant accusations of the chorus become ridicule. "Walk on her blind side was the answer to the joke." In the first and last verses the "blurry night turns into a very clear dawn," but no image of an epiphany is revealed, and the song ends with the harping questions of the chorus.

Although these three songs were not written specifically as a trilogy, they form a discreet unit within Vega's repertoire. As a single statement, this trilogy is best described as a cycle of three songs, for there is no true resolution offered thematically or musically. Since its completion last year, she has written one song in particular that breaks new ground, "Tom's Diner," an a cappella piece of whimsy and sagacity.

There's a woman
On the outside
Looking inside
Does she see me?
No, she does not really see me
'Cause she sees her own reflection.

For the time being, Suzanne Vega "would rather be a riddle."

The Queen and the Soldier

The soldier came knocking upon the queen's door
He said, "I am not fighting for you any more,"
The queen knew she'd seen his face someplace before
And slowly she let him inside.

"I've watched your palace up here on the hill
I've wondered who is the woman for whom we all kill
But I am leaving tomorrow, and you can do what you will
Only first I am asking you why."

Down the long narrow hall he was led
Into her room with her tapestries red
And she never once took the crown from her head
She asked him there to sit down.

He said, "I see you now, and you are so very young
But I've seen more battles lost than I have battles won
And I've got an intuition, says it's all for your fun
And now will you tell me why?"

The young queen, she fixed him with an arrogant eye
She said, "You won't understand, you may as well not try."
But her face was a child's, and he thought she would cry
But she closed herself up like a fan.

She said, "I've swallowed a secret burning thread
It cuts me inside and often I've bled"
He laid his hand then on the top of her head
And bowed her down to the ground.

"Tell me, how hungry are you? How weak you must feel
As you live here alone, and are never revealed
But I won't march again on your battlefield,"
And he took her to the window to see.

The sun, it was gold, though the sky was gray
And she wanted more than she ever could say
But she knew how it frightened her, and she turned away
And would not look at his face again.

He said, "I want to live as an honest man
To get all I deserve, and to give all I can
And to love a young woman whom I don't understand,
Your highness, your ways are very strange."

But her crown, it had fallen, and she thought she would break
She stood there, ashamed of the way her heart ached
She took him to the doorstep, and she asked him to wait,
She would only be a moment inside.

Out in the distance, her order was heard
The soldier was killed, still waiting for her word
While the queen kept on strangling in the solitude she
preferred
The battle
Continued on. . .

c 1981 by Suzanne Vega



Frank Ockenfels

Amsterdam: October 1982

Josh Joffen

Europe in October is mostly gray, and Amsterdam is no exception. Nonetheless, I grin as I walk from the train station out into the city, and again as I catch my first glimpses of canals through the windows as the tram rattles on through the city toward the area where my pension is situated. I've never seen anything like this. This place has only been a name to me, a name and half-imagined images, and now it's real.

Amsterdam's name derives from the installation of locks on the Amstel River ("Amstel-Dam") in the (I think) fifteenth century. The city reflects Holland's brief but glorious "summer," when she was the dominant economic and military force on the high seas, an age of some significance for New Yorkers as well.

Amsterdam and the Twentieth Century have an uneasy marriage; they're trying, I think, to make the best of things. Not surprisingly, the greatest strains are economic. (The day I leave, there are riots when police try to evict squatters who have been impelled, due to phenomenally high rents, to take up residence in buildings which are currently, due to phenomenally high rents, untenanted.) Almost every canal has strings of houseboats along its sides. Half of them are unregistered, and tend to be without electricity, gas, or running water.

The streets were not designed for automobiles hundreds of years ago, not in size, and not in surface. The Amsterdammers drive anyway, although I'm not sure how they manage to do it safely. Away from the canals, in more recently developed parts of the city, it's a different story, of course.

One evening, in search of a restaurant serving rijsttafel, which is overrated, and domestic Heinekens, which are amazingly good, I wind up in the red-light district. (By accident. Honest.) Yes, Virginia, there is a red-light district in Amsterdam. Sex seems to be big business, or maybe a lot of small businesses, here. (Because it's such a big port?) Shops selling paraphernalia ("body shops?") are to be found on every street; nothing surreptitious about them at all. And, of course, there are those other window displays, the working girls, who sit in the windows reading magazines and waiting for interested clientele.

Not to sound too much like a tourist brochure, but when you're walking along the canals at night, the Twentieth Century disappears. There are not very many streetlamps; they light the cobblestones and, somewhat, the fronts of the old houses, which are mostly narrow and high, and well

maintained; many of them still have hoists under the roof to bring bulky or heavy articles to the upper floors. Reflected by the waters, quiet at night, what light there is plays on the moored houseboats. If only someone would dump all the parked cars into the canals, or the North Sea. My pension, Het White Huis, is on Marnixstraat, a few blocks from Leidseplein. The Leidseplein area seems like the place the sixties went to to die. Here is the Melk Veg (Milky Way) with its amazing "Markt," where the grass is greener, and one's hash is easily settled. Holland's liberal marijuana laws have been responsible for a lot of scruffy kids descending on Amsterdam like so many fatigue-jacketed locusts; a development not viewed with any particular favor by Amsterdammers. This area is Washington Square Park without the park; Greenwich Village without the "Green." It comes complete with street singers croaking dismal John Denver tunes, guitar cases open and a few coins scattered around inside.

Punk and New Wave are big here, although not as big, thankfully, as in Germany. But big enough. I passed some band's ad which claimed that their lyrics reflect the dehumanization and meaninglessness of civilization, or life, or something equally small in scope.

I was giving up hope of finding folk music in Amsterdam. So the discovery of the genuine article in the middle of the "Withering Sixties meets the Existential Eighties" youth/tourist scene was like finding an oasis in a desert.

Expatriate Englishman Michael Collins, American Sharon Counts, and an Australian named Keith (sorry, but I missed the last name) have begun a folk musician's collective, which had its seed in an anthology album called "N Kleintje Folk," which was cut in April 1982.

To quote Michael Collins, the aims of the Amsterdam Folk Collective are: "To promote folk and folk-related music in Amsterdam and the rest of Holland and to create a means of welcoming, supporting, and sustaining musicians involved in folk/acoustic/folk-related music....Visiting musicians are welcome."

The collective now contains about twenty musicians. Some concentrate on more traditional modes of folk music; some write their own material. For most of the musicians, folk music is not the only, or even principal, means of support. Because they are otherwise employed, or Netherlanders, they have some sort of legal status, and can rely upon some State-provided assistance if necessary. The Netherlands provides extensive social relief services, including, I'm told, health care and housing, if you qualify.

For about 25 percent of the musicians this is not the case at all. These musicians have no legal standing in Holland. They not only cannot look to State benefits in emergencies, they can be deported if they get into trouble with the police.

If I understand Michael correctly, one of the aims of the collective is to attain recognized (by the government) status as a kind of institution. This could confer some sort of legality on those associated with the institution, the vulnerable extranationals, for example.

This is what they have to contend with: few places to perform, and a limited, albeit appreciative audience. According to Michael, central Amsterdam has lost much of its young-adult population to the suburbs, where there are scattered clubs at which to play (the key word here is "scattered").

Amsterdam is a city of about 100,000 citizens. There is no club at which folk music can be heard throughout the week. Those who would survive, whether they hold down "straight" jobs or not, have to hustle. And travel outside of Amsterdam to find places to play.

I've been to the Folk Fairport on a Sunday night. It's a hoot night of a fairly high caliber. I also was at the Schutter Zolder. Voetboogstraat, which seems about two blocks long, was hard to find, although its general area can be located pretty easily. But it's worth it. I heard an Englishman named Paul Stephenson who is a fine singer and songwriter, and a much more than fine finger-picking guitar player. And there's all that great beer.

If you're planning to visit Amsterdam (a hell of an idea), you can contact:

Michael Collins
Dieteraertztstraat 74 III (meaning 3rd floor)
1073 SR Amsterdam, Holland

or

Sharon Counts
Vechtstraat 36 III
Amsterdam

Michael's phone number is (020) 72 04 76. Sharon's is (020) 72 48 42.

You can also go to the following clubs, on the following weekdays:

Folk Fairport
Prinsengracht 282
Sunday nights, at around 10 p.m. (22:00 hours)

The Schutter Zolder (2nd floor up for live music)
Voetboogstraat
Any Thursday evening

As a last resort, Michael says, try:

Cafe Cor-rupt
Ceintuurbaan 9
Any night of the week, and ask for Sharon, Keith, or Michael-the-teacher.



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Beyond Entertainment

by Angela Page

Recently, I was sent a Holly Near album to review. I had seen her sing in a church in Ohio seven years ago. I had been wandering outside when I was drawn by a powerful voice, accompanied by a man on piano, singing without the aid of a microphone. There were none of the usual hints of ego gratification to their performance. The audience was united and the gathering was positive and exciting, though I was unable to pin point exactly why. She recounted a tale of her first important audition, at which she arrived ready to sing and tap dance and do all the flashy things you must do at an audition. Instead she was sat down and questioned on her political awareness. She was surprised, but she got the job. Since then, Holly has pursued her musical talents -- and she has those -- but she goes beyond entertainment. I remember she was asked why she had turned from political songs of Vietnam to singing love songs for women. She smiled and answered that she thought she was singing love songs for Vietnam and it was her women's songs that were political.

October 19th at Town Hall I attended my second live Holly Near concert. This time she played with a full band: piano, bass, drums, sax and deaf interpretation. The performance was inspiring -- not just because they were all women moving a mass audience, though that was inspiring, but there was that same feeling of excitement there had been that night in Ohio -- the feeling of being on the edge of something wonderful, yet unknown, that is just out of reach.

I am impressed with Holly Near. Her newest album Speed of Light, is as powerful as her other albums. Holly's voice is so adaptable that she is convincing in any mood. Speed of Light takes more chances with production, however, moving into more of a rock sound, especially "Dancing Bird," arranged by Evie Sands. But it is her messages that are the important focus. She sings of fears: loss of love, of war, of loneliness; and of joys: the power of unification, the rejoicing in special people, accomplishments and occasions. Rhyming is never forced. Words are used because they are the exact words needed:

We've got to find a way to keep the U.S.A.
Out of places where it doesn't belong

The message is foremost:

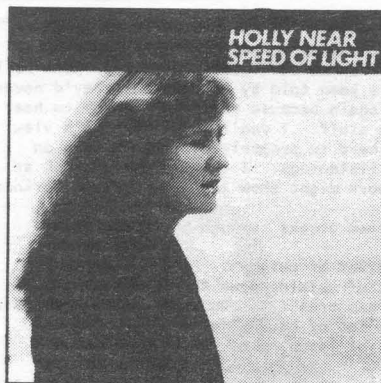
and it doesn't belong in El Salvador

or:

Take all your atomic poison power away

The rhythm and the tune fall with the meaning and the mood; always a well-crafted blend of lyric and appropriate melody and effects. The result is both an emotional and intellectual experience satisfying the complete person-- the sign of a good writer, a good song and a good performer.

During the intermission at Town Hall, Holly came out to read the flyers of all the groups that were gathering in the lobby and outside. Being forced, herself, to begin an independent record label (and we all know that route) she realizes where the real workers and believers show up and how they try to be heard despite difficulties, even though they may be knowledgeable and hold important views.



I was reminded again of that time in Ohio when she asked members of the audience to gather on the lawn the following afternoon to discuss the state of our world, our campus, and our lives. Here, seven years later, with a much larger crowd, she has the same concerns and sincerity. Unlike the singer playing aloof games, striving for superstardom, Holly came off stage and walked to the lobby where she remained talking and shaking hands, satisfying a mutual desire for communication. The common interests in vital issues broke down the distinction between performer and audience in the unity of concerned people.

This is the real strength of Holly Near; her ability to arouse us with words, yet convey that words themselves are not enough. The best thanks we could give is to follow her example and to work for something that we believe in.

Weavers Film Returns

"Wasn't That a Time," a documentary film about the Weavers will be shown at the Bleecker Cinema, in the Agee Room, November 24-30. Don't miss this movie!

—Marilyn J—

by Frank Mazzetti

Sometimes a dream goes rotten
When it's locked in a shell for too long....

There are those, some even her own friends, who say that Marilyn J's is a depressing voice. An early CoOp review of one of her performances concluded that in her work "all is darkness." She's been told by people that they'd never go see her perform again because they didn't want to hear all that depressing stuff. I don't agree with this view of her work. It's hard to properly evaluate a song on the basis of a few listenings. I think a closer look at some of Marilyn's work might show that not "all is darkness."

Sometimes a dream breaks through and tears your
soul free
But it takes a lot of pain
It takes a lot of walking down the hard road
Sometimes a dream breaks through so you can try again
But it takes a lot of hard life
It takes a lot of learning how to play the game.

No question about it: she's an existentialist through and through. However, if such distinctions should be made, I think her outlook is closer to Camus in The Plague as opposed to, say, Dostoevsky in Notes From Underground. By this I mean that, unlike Dostoevsky's characters, whose only hope is to accept love, neither love alone--nor any other form of human behavior alone as an absolute--will save Marilyn's characters. Her characters, like those of Camus, may achieve a level of satisfaction by accepting the meaningless struggle that life imposes. Stephanie, in the lines quoted above, cannot reconcile the differences between her dream and reality. The dream might work for Stephanie, but not if she insists on its being on her own terms ("It takes a lot of pain/it takes a lot of walking down the hard road.") Because reality does not directly coincide with the dream, Stephanie becomes afraid and withdrawn.

You're not the same girl
You're not the same girl that you used to be
You used to be the wild one
You weren't so afraid to be free....

The dream may be used as a form of escapism ("Sometimes a dream consoles you/and surrounds you till you think it's almost real.") The dream, on the other hand, might activate one, perhaps with messianic zeal: "Sometimes a dream will carry you to glory." But, even then, "it takes a lot of pain." The dream could get the downtrodden moving: "Sometimes a dream will lift you from the back streets/Teach you to be holy/Teach you to be humble/Teach you to be sane...." Dreams are only dreams, but Marilyn holds out the possibility that dreams have a nonabsolute guiding effect: only if we accept the "pain;" only if we are willing to "walk down the hard road."

This may seem like a roundabout way of saying "there ain't no easy way," but there's more involved. If you don't "walk down the hard road," if you don't accept the struggle imposed by reality, you will feel alienated and victimized:

...you won't be the strange girl
No longer the victim of society
Though they once called you an outcast
You are the one there to be free
Oh, be free.



There's a new situation comedy and, to advertise it, the network came out with this: "They are love children from the sixties trying to raise children of their own." Then there is this interchange between father and son:

SON: (walking over to and pointing to the stereo) Who is this guy? He sounds like he's in pain.

FATHER: He's supposed to be in pain; he's a folk singer. (canned laughter)

I don't know if NBC is capitalizing on mass perception or if they would like to narrow folk music down to that cartoon level. I do know that great writers in all forms of music and art have always been driven, though perhaps not exclusively, by pain. Marilyn J writes from pain and I see no reason to apologize for it, except maybe if you want a copy job at NBC.

This might be a good time to write about the music side of the songs. Though folk is a big part of her music, Marilyn relies heavily on rock and country as well. Her music is stylistically flexible. I do "Stephanie's Song" in a cajun style. Thom Morlan rearranged "Breaking Glass," and he and I do it in a kinda kinda new wave. Doug Waterman and Mary Reynolds do a great country crossover-to-pop version of "The Same Old Story." Though much may be said for all of these interpretations, I still prefer Marilyn's own renditions: quiet voice, simple guitar accompaniment. Her melodies are so compelling that sometimes these other versions seem to clutter the songs a bit.

She has an innate sense of musical variation. This is true within a section as well as in movement from one section to another. She rarely uses more than two distinct sections, but at times she slightly alters one or two measures from one A section to another. This achieves variation without the distractions some (those lacking effective transition) third sections cause. She does not tune to standard pitch. Her voice is comfortable I know not where.

While on the subject of her voice, hers is one of the prettiest around. It would be a cinch for her to fall into the "pure tone" bag--kid, you could make a bundle down in Nashville. She won't fall into that trap; she knows that songs are like people. Some are soft and gentle, some loud and raucous. Some pet you. Some rape you. Some are melancholy. Some are bitter. They all need different voices.

One of them comes on to you like sweet seduction. It's called "When Wyoming Calls Me Baby." Seduction is only part of it. The rest is pure sex. When she sings this song, we feel the heat. Not the way the Rolling Stones, whose posters litter her bedroom walls, make you get up and shake that thing; sensuality prevails in "Wyoming." The perspective is female, but the elements are universal. It takes awhile for a man to get into this one. It hit me about the fourth time around. Initially, it was the one Marilyn J song I didn't care for; now it's one of my favorites.

When Wyoming calls me baby
Well I let my hair down low
And I sail in my heart
In the sea of his arms
And I rock and I roll all night long

Far from being the only songwriter to use rock 'n' roll as a metaphor for sex, she, along with Kris Kristofferson, is one of the few who apply it without beating you over the head with it.

The characters, Wyoming and the female narrator, are seen in purely sexual terms. They are, therefore, as much a part of nature as the natural element references that abound in this song. Part of what Marilyn is saying is that when sexual urges mount, we human animals must satisfy those urges and, in doing so, lose consideration for all else. The man and woman are presented in traditional sex roles (more to the point, the presentation is primal). The woman sits at home. She's the one with the cave, the bed, the blanket, and all that is stationary. She's the receiver of that which enters the cave, the bed, the blanket, and her. She remains when he goes away. And he, Wyoming, being man, must go: he's always in motion. He pushes, prods, hunts, captures, goes away, comes back. Wyoming is the Noble Savage. Erect. He doesn't take shit from anybody. He and she are opposites.

Wyoming's a hunter and he hunts me through the winter
And the snow will tell him everywhere I go
And I know he's behind me
And the night will help him find me
But I hide myself and dream of letting go

The woman, the hunted, resists but only because she can't stand the pain of the encounter ending.

When Wyoming sighs, the wind blows
And my bones feel as timeless as the sea

Like the wind, Wyoming, true to his nature and not to the woman, blows in and out of her life: "But Wyoming's a hunter and as reckless as the river/And is bound to the land a-runnin' free." It may seem like a paradox to say "bound" and "free" within a few breaths. However, Wyoming is part of nature; therefore he's tied to it. But, when it comes to a human relationship, he is free and unattached. For her part, she is free and unattached. For her part, she can't stand the coming and going, the momentary fulfillment, but she too is tied to nature and is powerless to stop it. She must stay behind as he moves freely, like the wind.

...and he roams and he wanders
He comes back and I surrender
Every time that mountain finds his way to me.

This song may offend some feminists. The idea that such differences have their basis in natural sexuality itself is counter to the view that women are socialized into submissiveness and that, in turn, males are taught to be aggressive.

The song ends with the mysterious lines: "He'll be calling to me with a love that's as true as it seems." Is Marilyn being sarcastic, or is she saying that because Wyoming is true to his own nature, his love is true love?

If there is a quintessential Marilyn J song, for me, it has to be "One Thing Leads To Another." It has it all: harsh realities masked to the society-at-large, vivid imagery, clever use of phrasing, sparse musical backdrop that builds and drives, layers piled on layers.

In this song too, male dominance is a strong factor, though not as forceful as in "Wyoming." The teenager becomes a drug addict as a result of circumstances beyond her control. It starts with her mother's frigidity, moves through the father's loneliness and eventual relationship with the daughter, the unwillingness of the mother to accept the daughter's admission, the bitter, confused reaction to all of it in the form of great escape (the spoon and needle ritual).

Though the daughter has been clearly abused, brutalized, and ultimately rejected by her father and mother, Marilyn manages compassion for the parents anyway ("overhating the ones who always kept you safe and warm").

There's a lot more I could say about this song, but it's on the album* included with this magazine, and I'd rather not prejudice your own thoughts with mine.

*"Breaking Glass" appears on the July Coop.





Weller's Whiskey

Ever since I can remember
I have feared this day might come
Felt my restless yearning spirit
Cry out longing for a home

Saw the headlights light the highway
Out on the road ahead of me
Forty-nine more miles to Tulsa
In a recurring dream

Chorus:
Spill my blood on a ballroom dance-floor
Lost my heart on a one night stand
Washed my soul in weller's whiskey
On the highway with the band

Jesus told me this would happen
He said "Surely you will seek just what you find"
Round those burning midnight campfires
This is the dream I had in mind

Now our hoping will be over
Before the bad blood hits my brain
When I step down from the spotlight
Will I see your face again

Chorus (twice)

Lost my soul in weller's whiskey
Lord, someday I'll understand

© 1979 by Mary Reynolds

Apostrophe to the Wind

Write the bars upon a daisy
Sing the tune and tell him my name
He won't hear you maybe
But see what you can do
See what you can do

As you strum through trees and they hum
Maybe you could whisper my thoughts
He won't hear you maybe
But see what you can do
See what you can do

Maybe you could give the moon
And stars my love to shine it on him
He won't feel you maybe
But see what you can do
See what you can do

© 1982 by Margaret A. Roche

Terrarium

Grandma used to spend her days in the garden
I'd hear her each morning at nine
The slow, slow, slow steady hoeing
"I'll work 'til the day that I die"
she said "I'll work 'til the day that I die"
But it grew colder, my father told her
"You better do your digging inside"
So he built her a shelf and she, by herself,
Glassed in the remains of her pride

Grandma grew a terrarium (four times)

Grandma doesn't live with us anymore
I miss her old steps on the stairs
The slow, slow, slow steps draggin'
In waltz time taken to dirge
She says "one more step,
You can do it, you can do it"
With an orthopedic black-tongued drawl
As she inches her way to her room in the gloom
Of a half-life light in the hall
Her breathing screams its rage in her ears
She's callin' and callin' but nobody hears
Her heartbeat rhythm that echoes and falls
With the crash of the glass as it shatters
She clutches the bloodstained walls

Grandma broke her terrarium (four times)

Grandma doesn't live her life like a human
She sits in a highchair, stares with tears
The slow, slow, slow drips dropping
She takes her meal through a tube, it's a snake
That chews its way into her skin
Strangling her arms so long and drawn out and thin

We pretend she can taste
We pretend she can hear
We pretend she can walk and grin
We pretend she says something when she talks
In moans and sighs and mumbled cries

I wonder if she feels at Christmas-time
With canes, crosses and charity seals
On her gift was a card that said "get well quick"
She's close to being dead to be sick
We tore off the wrapping and opened it

Grandma got a terrarium (three times)
Grandma, look, a terrarium

She's enslaved by state in a nursing home
It's better to be dead than to be living alone
A yellowing fern is sitting there still
It's leaning halfway off of the window sill
It casts dark shadows on her mirrored wall
The only proof that the sunlight had shone

Into Grandma's terrarium (twice)
Grandma's in a terrarium (twice)

When the dead aren't dead, we can't bury them (four times)

Grandma's in a terrarium (four times)

© 1976 by Nancy Lee Baxter



The Endless Mile

Here came a wanderer
A woman with no name
She said I've only one question
Am I crazy or sane
To look for love more binding than
The moon's pull on me
So I can stop all this wandering
And set my poor soul free

Now this may not make sense to you
She said and then she cried
There's no darker prison
Than the endless mile
To fly
Though your wings are tired
Run
Though your heart is crying
Somebody hold me close by the fire
There's no darker prison than the endless mile
There's no darker prison than the endless mile

Love has touched me many times
I've never lived alone
But like a stranger in a dream
I could not hold on
Slip away like a sunny day when
The clouds are rolling in
Then run like hell from the hurricane
Seek shelter within

To fly
Though my wings are tired
Run
Though my heart is crying
Somebody hold me close by the fire
There's no darker prison than the endless mile
There's no darker prison than the endless mile

© 1982 by J. Snow

Musical Prodigy

Why I put up with what you dish out, I don't know
'Cause you sure don't put out very much
I'm a woman who merely once love you so dearly
That I yearned for your least little touch

You're a musical prodigy, shining star
But I see what an emotional midget you are
Yet there's two special times when you knock me dead
When you're playin' the piano and when we're in bed

It was two years ago when I first heard you play
And I knew that you had to be mine
Left my family and friends and I moved to New York
When I thought things would work out just fine

But the musical prodigy stayed a child
I know I should leave you but it's driving me wild
'Cause although you're a rookie at real honesty
You're an expert at two kinds of sweet harmony

I've decided it's best if I packed up and left
And perhaps I'll find somebody new
But with or without a new love in my life
I'll be much better off without you

So musical prodigy, play right on
And someday when the radio's playing your song
I'll remember the time when you once moved me so
In the bedroom and at the pi-a-no

© 1981 by Marcie Boyd

All You Can Do

You poured your dreams out
The hours go slowly
You punch in the only
Remembrance
Of what you held high
And relinquished
Will fade in the daylight
You work
And collect your pay.

Chorus:
All you can do
See the harvest through
What you reap
Is never the price you have paid
All you can do
See the season out
And the leaf will die
And the fruit will drop

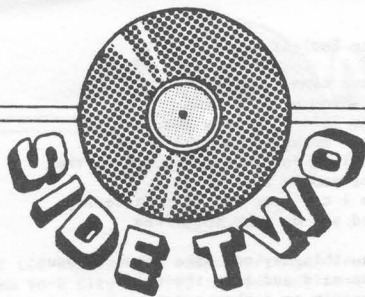
You poured your heart out
To one who recalls
All the love
You have called
She refused, you confuse
Every moment
Of moonlight with magic
No true light
It's tragic
No stars in her eyes

Chorus

No one can promise
You'll die when you're sleeping
Not cry
When you're keeping
Yourself
Fine and free
There's no reason
To search for
Another way out
Only hope
You can shout
When you leave

Chorus

© 1981 by Martha P. Hogan



When You Leave Amsterdam

When you leave Amsterdam, please wake me
And I'll walk you down to the station,
Maybe we'll have the time to take it slow,
And have our last hours to relax in,

We'll buy some cheese at the market
And have it with oranges and bread
Sit by the canal and eat in silence
Why talk when there's nothing to be said?

When you leave Amsterdam, don't fake it
You know I'll know that's not your style
Don't you worry 'bout me, I'll make it
I took you as a woman, won't leave you as a child

Amsterdam is a city for sailors
Those red-light ladies keep them satisfied
Here I am with the man I've always wanted
Now I'm letting him go without even knowing why,

When you leave Amsterdam, I'll kiss you
And watch your love slip right out of my hands
And when I wake up alone, I'll miss you,
But I promised you I'd try to understand
When you leave Amsterdam

© 1978 by Robin Greenstein

After eleven years underground, Bernardine Dohrn turned herself in to the authorities in 1980, and was ultimately given a 90-day suspended sentence and three years' probation for her participation in the "days of rage" demonstrations of 1968 in Chicago. During the next two years she worked with her husband, Billy Ayres, at a day care center in Manhattan and tended to the upbringing of her two sons, now age two and five.

In May of 1982 Bernardine Dohrn was subpoenaed by the grand jury investigating the Brinks case. Explaining that her political convictions precluded her from cooperating with the grand jury (e.g., naming names, providing handwriting samples) she was held in contempt of court and incarcerated at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in lower Manhattan where she remains to this day.

Bernardine Dohrn has now been in prison for over five months. She has been charged with no crime. Her release date is November 1983 at which time she may be resubpoenaed.

This Fire

This heart of mine seems to be
able to find
So many ways to get me
into a bind
So when you see me
come a-knockin' at your door
Please don't pretend that you have
never seen this before

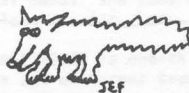
Chorus:
This fire
Burns so hot on me
This desire
Never lets me free
So many people
Live in harmony
What will it take
For me to see

You are my brother
I've seen your life
Seen you move to the country
settle down and take a wife
You have seen me stumble
Oh, you have seen me fall
But somehow in the midst of it
I have loved you all

Chorus

So in your sorrow
and in your joy
Try to find a little happiness
from every girl and boy
Out there on the dance floor
take a turn for me
Out there in the big bad world
teach me to be free

© 1982 Bonnie Bluhm



The Ballad of Bernardine Dohrn

It's a long time since anyone's seen you
Come forward and give your full name
You can leave here whenever you choose to
If you play by the rules of the game
And just when you think you see daylight at last
Like skeletons sprung from the graves of the past
There's just a few questions the court wants to ask
Bernardine
'Bout the shootout in Rockland and Kathy Boudin

And you ask them just what country is this
And they ask if you've changed your mind yet
So you wait like some unfinished business
From a time they're all tryin' to forget
And another day tolls in the cold winterlight
The judge hurries home to his children and wife
But somebody's gonna miss mommy tonight
Bernardine
On account of those questions 'bout the Brinks and Boudin

Would you sing for the investigation
If they took you away from your man
Would you bow to the lords of the nation
If they told you the key's in your hand
Would you sit in the shadows and stare at the night
Face hate and mistrust on your left and your right
Would you give up your freedom and family like
Bernardine
Or would you choose to betray all the things you believe

© 1982 by Marc Berger

Level Ground

You say you're tired of my questions
You make conditions to be met
Well, my questions all have reasons
But no answers yet

You say there's nothing to investigate
We just fill each other's needs
But I have a need to understand
The thoughts behind the deeds

How long will I try to find your reasons
How long will I face your answers down
How long will I question you
Until we find our level ground, my love
Until we find our level ground

I have given you my victories
I have made your battles mine
I willingly have entered a universe
Of your design

But when I feel the crush of circumstance
And I find no comfort here
I have offered you my passion
and my tears

How long will I tally your betrayals
How long will I doubt the things I've found
How long must you justify
Until I find your level ground, my love
Until I find some level ground

I think I hear a call of distances
But I find I can't reply
I've forgotten how to step outside the circle
Of the sky

I am a captured candleflame
I am waiting without will
I am a process turned into an object
I am standing still

How long will I cast about in shadows
How long can I stand without a sound
How long
Until I find my level ground

©1982 by R. R. Kirstein

Tell Him

If you see my boy
Lost out in the woods
Would you tell him
I'll be home soon
If he cries
Hold him for as long as you can
If he laughs, you can laugh too
Oh I told him
I didn't know about love
he said come close to the fire
Oh I swear
I never knew a thing about love
Now I'll never put out this fire
If you see me
On my way to town
You might notice
I am crying would
You look at these things
That I carry 'round
Just look at this stuff that I'm buying

Now if I was smart
I'd be with my boy
Where it's clear and fresh and lovely
I traded it all
for a painted toy
'Cause I didn't believe he loved me
If you see my boy who's
Lost out in the woods
Would you tell him
I'll be home soon
If he cries
Hold him for as long as you can
If he laughs, you can laugh too
Oh I told you
I didn't know about love
You said come close to the fire
Oh I swear
You'll never know a thing about love
Till you can put out this fire
Till you can put out this fire

©1982 by K. Bloom

One Thing Leads to Another

You're the victim of the circumstance of daddy's life
His years of living side by side to a frigid wife
Their beds were separated by their separate lives
If it weren't for you, well your mom would still be lily white

You're the victim of the damage that the years can do
Two lonely people dying slowly while you grew
Your dad was always added into something new
And on the night you turned fourteen
He helped you step out of your jeans
Oh did you ever dream that daddy had his eye on you

And he made you swear you'd never tell a soul
And every Thursday night he'd make you rock-n-roll
He'd mortify you with your deceptions
But call you a lover in between the sheets
And then he'd beat you sometimes and tell you where you could go

You confided to your mother one afternoon
But she accused you of lying and sent you to your room
Where you wrote five hundred times
"To my mother I must not lie"
And then you blew her clean from your mind with a tiny spoon

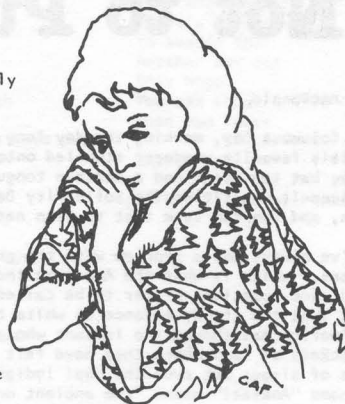
Chorus:

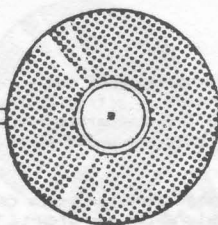
One thing leads to another
Before you've grown you've become the lover
Of your only father underneath the covers
In competition with your lonely mother
You seek salvation from the Lord above you
But you let it die

You're the victim of a heart that's been abused and torn
Over hating the ones who had always kept you safe and warm
While you blame yourself they're wondering where they went wrong
And you'll find the answer one day
That will wipe all your sins away
But for right now you'll slide that needle in your arm

Chorus

©1982 by Marilyn J. Barck





IN THE RECORD

NANCY LEE BAXTER is a composer/singer from Buffalo. She came to New York City in 1973 to continue theatre in an Equity production of The Me Nobody Knows. She sang with Tom Paxton on his Heroes album. She is currently working at dance performance.

BELLES OF HOBOKEN is Marcie Boyd, Susan Lewis, and Janet Stecher. They discovered each other in the winter of 1982. Marcie was writing women's and political songs, Susan was pursuing dance and Janet was running international exchanges. Their repertoire combines their joy of making music with political concerns.

MARC BERGER lives in Brooklyn. He performs in the Greenwich Village area. His song "The Last One" has been performed by Richie Havens.

KATH BLOOM lives in New Haven, Connecticut. She performs with Loren Mazzacane. They are currently working on their second album.

BONNIE BLUHM first performed in Greenwich Village in 1962. More recently she works out of New Mexico, writing, singing, and keeping music in perspective with her life.

MARCIE BOYD (See BELLES OF HOBOKEN)

ROBIN GREENSTEIN is a New York City songwriter/performer who has played all over the country as well as in Europe, where she lived for a time. "When You Leave Amsterdam" is a true story and won a prize in the 1977 American Song Festival.

JACK HARDY first came to Greenwich Village in 1974. He has five albums out on Great Divide Records, as well as Pastels, in Germany. He is the current editor of The Coop, The Fast Musical Magazine.

MARTH P. HOGAN, 25, moved to New York from New Mexico in 1980. She has performed in Chicago, California, Oregon, and New Mexico. She is a member of the Song Project of New York and is on the Cornelia Street album.

MARILYN J is 22 and comes to New York from Columbus, Ohio. She has been a three-time college dropout, rock singer, professional model, and factory worker, saying "all experiences provide opportunities to understand people."

ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN spent five years singing cover tunes in small bars in Connecticut and Massachusetts. She came to Greenwich Village in 1979, looking for an environment more sympathetic to original music. She now dwells in Jersey City, where she writes songs, science fiction, and computer programs.

ANGELA PAGE has spent the past eight years running or beginning coffeehouses from churches, cafeterias, and libraries. She is currently head deep in the N.Y. musicians' co-op she helped found in 1981.

MARY REYNOLDS was brought up in Norman, Oklahoma, where she studied voice. After a year of VISTA service she organized several bands. She came to New York in 1981, and returns to Oklahoma a lot.

MARGARET ROCHE is one-third of The Roches, who have three albums out on Warner Bros. She also did an earlier album on Columbia with her sister Terre.

BEN SILVER studied opera and has done studio work including singing on the cast album for Runaways and appearing in the movie Fame.

DOUG WATERMAN, 26, was raised in Wisconsin and came to New York by way of Chicago, Virginia, and Germany. Doug lives in the Bronx with his friend Nancy and his cat, Carvin.

I Come to Bury Custer, Not to Pummel Him Forever

by Rod MacDonald

It was Columbus Day, marking the day long ago when Queen Isabella's favorite wanderer stumbled onto the pages of history; but the event had a certain tongue-in-cheek feeling, since it was titled The Solidarity Day with Indigenous Peoples, and you can take that to mean natives.

Now, I've always had a problem with the phrase "Native Americans," which is what the American Indian people of the red race sometimes prefer to be called. There is no denying that the steady advance of white Europeans across North America has shoved the Indians who preceded them onto pockets of land where they have felt perpetually in a state of siege; but even the Hopi Indians of Arizona, whose name "Anasazi" means "the ancient ones" in Navajo, don't claim to be natives. Their legends speak of coming to these shores by boat, after a great flood, a la Noah. It's

possible no one at all lived in North America for millions of years before the red races came from Asia and the white from Europe and the black from Africa and so on.

On the other hand, the Indians entered a virgin land and made it an essential premise of their beliefs that mankind should live in harmony with the elements, a belief the "Christian" whites have mostly ignored. And so for the past few years, American Indians have moved to the forefront on many "earth" issues--nuclear weapons, nuclear testing, strip mining, flooding tribal burial grounds for hydroelectric dams--the list goes on and on. And because, for most of the history of the United States, the land has been mined, stripped, hunted until almost no buffalo were left, and finally test-bombed, they look at the white race across a deep chasm that will take some time to cross.

This spiritual love for the earth, embodied in native rituals and philosophy, is something I feel a deep kinship with. Perhaps this is what's led me to such places as the Hopi reservation, where an 18-year-old Navajo man picked my guitar and me up hitchhiking last summer.

"Let me sing you a song," he said. I did, thinking, here's my chance to hear a Navajo folk song.

He sang "Who'll Stop the Rain," by Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Now here I was again, at The Solidarity Day with Indigenous Peoples, hoping to hear something wonderful, thinking, yes, the Official American Treatment of its subject peoples has been nothing Christ would have wanted to be a part of; and who among us wouldn't wish to get out from under the nuclear nightmare? Still, after a while the legitimate anger of the event bogged down, sagged under the weight of its own rhetoric, until three or four singers in a row stood in front of the mostly white audience, telling it why the Indians hate the whites.

Or do they?

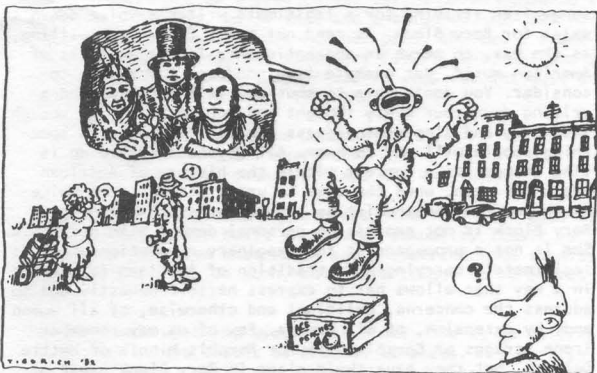
It's a question I had to ask: can you be "in solidarity" with people who profess to hate you for being born a different color?

But give us the music! Roland Mousaa sang "This Land Shall Be Indian." Serious Bizness recited the by-now-standard litany: The Oppressed. The Struggle. Racism. Sexism. Ismism. Columbus. Reaganomics. All the buzz words, capitalized, what the hey, it's Solidarity Day. Even Floyd Westerman (last seen at the Battery Park MUSE rally) sang one leave-me-alone song about missionaries, one leave-me-alone song about anthropologists, one that said "There's a fork in the road for us," and finished with "Custer Died for Your Sins." It wasn't until the Thunderbird Sisters lay down the rhetoric and picked up the muse:

We are the children of our ancestors
Born in the seventh generation
We are the ones our parents fought for
So we could build a new nation

We have lived a lifetime in these years

that I felt stirred to any solid feelings, any wavelength I could hold onto. Two standing ovations followed their performance, a testimony to the fact that great music need not compromise on politics.



Then Pete Seeger (who did the only "authentic"--as in handed down from generations ago--Indian folk song, a Seneca canoeing chant) pulled it all together by announcing, "Songs will cross boundaries that politics cannot. Maybe a camera or paintbrush can do it. Something has to do it. Something has to cross these boundaries."

Seeger then taught the audience "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," all five parts, merely by introducing it as a song "from a country where 4 million Europeans run the government and 20 million need papers to go around.... The song says the lion is sleeping, because the last king killed by the English was Chaka the Lion." None of the song is in English; nor is "Guantanamo," which closed the set after a poem from Victor Jara, the Chilean poet who was martyred when the army overthrew Salvador Allende:

We are five thousand
Here in this little part of the city
Ten thousand hands that could seed the field;
The military carry out their plans with precision
Slaughter is their heroism
O god,
Was it for this you created the world?

For an encore, the whole cast sang a new Floyd Westerman song, which is also in Spanish. It is beautiful, though I have no idea what it means.

Maybe there is nothing to be said, no real statement is needed. Maybe the only real function of these events is to get a few people together to feel bad: feel bad on behalf of the starved, the oppressed, repressed, disjointed, out of sync, or otherwise disgruntled; feel bad for the ancestors and the descendants; feel bad for the workers and the slaves and the bosses and the ones who can't, won't, or shouldn't work. And feel good feeling bad; don't let feeling bad keep you from feeling good. And then, by gum, maybe you'll go out and do something about all this bad stuff, this racism, sexism, factionism, fusionism, anachronism, and futurism.

Or maybe nobody cares any more.

Or maybe it takes basic gut feelings, the kind that made "Blowin' in the Wind" (which says nothing specific about governmental-style civil rights) a classic statement on respect and dignity between humans. What is clear is that the da-da-da-da-da-da-da diatribes against whites, Reagan, the army, the theys (always the theys, those theys are at it again) are not enough, not if people are really going to give a shit. It's better to sing in Spanish.

Bring us together, the child said to Nixon on his way to the inaugural ball.

* * *

It was my good fortune to spend some time with Pete Seeger and the staff of Sing Out the following day. Seeger is looking forward to passing on the magazine he has midwived and edited for so long. Right now it is down to monthly four-page bulletins. Two more bulletins are planned; then, after some fundraising, a large issue in the spring.

There is a real interest in The Coop's work. Sing Out currently prints sheet music and lyrics but does not include the recorded music; scheduled for spring is "The Great American Dream" (available on the April Coop), and, as Mark Moss (Box 1071, Easton, PA 18042) told me, Sing Out is interested in hearing and reading all the songs it can handle.

Politically speaking, Sing Out may go through some changes if Seeger steps down. "We are," says Moss, "to the left of Lenin. But Pete would never be a good Bolshevik. We are concerned with human beings." The magazine may even relax a bit; the songs may not have to hew the socialist-labor-communist-

workers'-alliance solutions any more, just be great songs. It might open up Sing Out to a whole new audience.

We walked through the east Village, this remarkable mountain of a man and I, and wondered out loud.

"Pete," I said, "don't you think the movement leans too heavily on you for these things, raising money, benefits? Shouldn't there be others they can turn to?"

No answer.

"What about all these negative songs? Is it solidarity to keep reciting the case against the white race? Isn't the real cause to get all kinds of people to work together?"

The bright blue eyes squinted.

Three blocks later we were saying goodbye. The next Sing Out had gone to press. Pete Seeger would drive back home, back up along the Hudson River where he has lived for most of his adult life; home to a once and future time.

"You see that pawnshop? I bought my first banjo there," he pointed. "Forty-two years ago.

"Now, I think you're right, Rod. There's a need to push on. It has to be...with a...caution. That's it. With a caution. But you know how, don't you?"

I nodded, mesmerized by those eyes.

"Well, I've got to go. See you next time." Seeger slid his car into traffic, oblivious to the taxis crouched hungrily at the red light, sharpening their claws for another night of work in New York City.

Rory Block: High-Heeled Blues

by Peter Spencer

Mamie Smith made the first blues record, Crazy Blues, in 1924 and for several years thereafter, blues singing was entirely a woman's idiom. Singers like Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, and Clara Smith made records in New York or Chicago and toured the country, often in great luxury, singing in theatres and tent shows to wide acclaim. It was several years before popular records by Papa Charlie Jackson and Blind Lemon Jefferson established a male presence, based on a more primitive "country" sounding folk blues, far removed from the sophistication and glamour of the great female blues shouters. Yet over the years from Charlie Patton to Robert Johnson to Muddy Waters to Son Seals and Otis Rush, the image of the macho, guitar-playing, hard-travelling bluesman has come to dominate most peoples' perception of the blues, and today's female blues singers, especially those of a folk music orientation, have a considerable row to hoe in the face of this public misconception, a misconception made even greater by the limp-wristed antics of a generation of English rock bands.

Rory Block surmounts this obstacle with ease; she even adds a terrific subversive twist. Much of her material is taken from classic male blues singers like Robert Johnson, played in nearly exact transcription with just a few gender changes in the lyrics. Thus, Skip James's "Devil Got My Woman," whose first line reads, "I'd rather be the Devil than be that woman's man," becomes "Devil Got My Man," which starts, "I'd rather be the Devil than woman to that man." Block brings a supreme sense of rootedness to all her interpretations, which indicates a lifetime of patient study and a thorough understanding of American music styles in general. Her technique is impressive, but more impressive is her obvious desire that musical values take precedence over technical ones. So when she plays instrumental ragtime one hears the melodies and counterpoint without being forced to admire her willingness to practice.

The most recent Rory Block album is High Heeled Blues on Rounder Records of Somerville, Massachusetts. John Sebastian produced the album and added some harmonica playing. High Heeled Blues is an interesting and rewarding record from both sides of the studio glass. The musical values I have already described are evident in great store, probably more so than on any of her other albums. The production values bear scrutiny in their own right. Sebastian has artfully combined the natural sustain from Block's guitar with selective multitracking and occasional input from more traditional folk music instruments like the hammered dulcimer and the harmonium; his harp playing always fits and always adds. Like Robert Fripp producing the Roches, Sebastian is



Gerry Hinson

able to make the sparest settings resonate and expand into modern-sounding constructions that retain the original integrity of the instruments.

An unexpected pleasure in High Heeled Blues is the quality of the original songwriting. The three self-penned songs are intelligent, expressive, completely idiomatic, but perfectly literate pieces of American folk music. The dilemma of the songwriter striving for a legitimate writer's voice doesn't exist for Rory Block. It need not exist for anyone willing, as she was, to serve an apprenticeship in the archives of American music. Her example is a good one for anyone to consider. You don't have to shut yourself away somewhere writing down your every thought and hoping that with enough intensity and single-mindedness you can come up with something people will pay to hear. All anyone needs to do is find themselves a context within the history of American music and then, when the urge to write strikes, the voice is there; the songs exist as songs, rather than therapy. Rory Block is not exorcising personal demons with her music. She is not a propagandist for imaginary revolutions. She is legitimately carrying on a tradition of American folk music in a way that allows her to express herself honestly and to address the concerns, political and otherwise, of all women and, by extension, of all humans. Few of us may remember Irene Scruggs or Geechie Wiley or Memphis Minnie or Mattie Delaney, but they have their place in Rory Block--just as Rory Block will take her place, along with some others, in the work of someone else later on.

Cris Williamson

by Nancy Hershatter

Cris Williamson is one of the dynamic forces in women's music today. Since she helped found Olivia Records in 1973, she has become a singer, songwriter and performer so popular that the only tickets left for her upcoming concert at Carnegie Hall (with Meg Christian) are selling for a hundred dollars each.

Cris grew up in the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado, and moved to California about ten years ago. There she banded together with a small group of women, including Meg Christian and Margie Adam, who were committed to the goal of creating an all-women's record company which would provide a forum for women musicians on several levels: first, the provision of jobs in the music business under nonoppressive conditions; second, a voice for women in the production and distribution of their music; and third, a raising of consciousness concerning women's issues. Olivia Records' first album has continued to grow ever since. In recent years, Cris Williamson has become Olivia's best-selling artist.

Cris's musical style is unique and refresing and difficult to categorize. She employs elements of rock, particularly in some of her work with June Millington on electric bass. Listen to her album *Stranger in Paradise* (1980) and you will be struck by the contrast between the more electric songs like "Twisted Love" and the purely acoustic pieces. Cris is clearly a versatile musician.

Cris's strongest instrument is the piano, and she accompanies herself with arrangements that convey moods with precision, both on her records and in live performance. One excellent example is "Native Dancer" from *Stranger in Paradise*. In concert, Cris will sometimes leave this song for late in the program, when the audience has ridden through moments of high exhilaration with Cris and the band, "Native Dancer" is a slow, haunting piece about imprisonment and isolation. Cris sits at the piano, a lone spotlight on her hands and the keys. She begins:

Just a situation, with four walls and a floor
She stared at the ceiling, she longed for the door

She is joined by Jackie Robbins on cello. The sounds of piano and cello blend with Cris's low voice. She continues:

Icefall isolation, she's on her way back home
and so far, she's holding her own.

Cris is indeed holding her own as a trailblazer in women's music. With *Blue Rider*, just released last month, Cris displays a fresh burst of creative energy. All but one of the songs are her own; they include a



IRENE YOUNG

moving piece about the night John Lennon was murdered (Someone always gets it on the Night Patrol...) and a tribute to Judy Collins and her musical and personal influence on Cris in her younger days. One of the lighter pieces is a wisful look at the myths of childhood, aptly entitled "Peter Pan." It goes like this:

Growing up, getting born
I never say that Mama didn't warn me
No one ever said it would be easy...

There are, as always, the softer love songs, such as Vicki Randles's "What Good Does It Do Me Now." In the song "Heart to Heart" Cris uses a technique she has used once before, in her 1976 song "Hurts Like the Devil." In both cases, the lyrics are about the pain of separation, but the musical setting is an upbeat, electrical arrangement. The contrast of lyrics and music creates a tension that commands the listener's attention.

Backup musical arrangements on this album contain some new twists. For example, Cris is backed by the Bay Area Women's String Ensemble on several songs. And, they manage to pull it off without sounding schmaltzy.

Supporting vocals are arranged so that they do support, but do not dominate the space. Cris's voice is the centerpiece in each song. *Blue Rider* is obviously the product of some long and careful work; it is also a celebration of music and life that carries the listener along. Cris has gone beyond something which is both larger and more specific than that. I recommend her music wholeheartedly.

Three Women from New Faces

by Rosemary Kirstein

This month, instead of my usual review, I'm focusing on three particular New Faces women, in honor of the Women's Music issue of the *Coop*. Each of these women is unique, and between them they cover a wide range of viewpoints, approaches, and styles.

As far as individuality is concerned, CONSTANCE TAYLOR carries hers like a banner. From her provocative appearance through the thirties and forties swing flavor of her music to her unusual vocal range, nothing about her is standard. She confesses that she once had a youthful ambition to be a "female Dylan," but came to realize that there is no niche or category into which she can place herself.

Onstage Constance projects an odd combination indeed. There is an air of sexuality underlying her mannerisms, choice of dress, and some of her songs, and the obvious thing to expect would be steamy, sultry torch songs. But Constance tosses out amusing, cheerful little tunes with catchy melodies and lots of rhymes. This is from "You Should Be Cryin'":

Cry, cry, a minor cloudburst is all I ask,
It's such a task
To catch you off your guard.
How hard you must be tryin'
Just to keep from cryin'.
Cry, cry, your nose is runnin',
Your face is red,
I've heard it said
You're headed for the gutter,
But you're hesitatin',
So start precipitatin'.

All this delivered in a voice whose timbre starts out almost country and western in the lower registers, which alters as it climbs into a somewhat cartoonish sound when it reaches the wild uppermost notes. It takes a little getting used to, but can become an acquired taste; the effect is decidedly weird but somehow apt as Constance bounces her voice through her melodies. I suspect that there is no middle ground in reactions to her sound. I've come to like it. (You can check out your own reactions at her upcoming performance at Speak-Easy on December 15.)



Constance Taylor

In writing her songs Constance considers melody of prime importance, and it shows; her songs are bright and hummable. The slower songs are reminiscent of country and western, and the livelier ones seem to have swing or honkytonk influences behind them, but Constance denies any conscious attempts at

style in the songs she has been singing up to now. So far she has simply been writing as comes naturally. This can cause problems, since Constance's range is large enough that what is natural for her is often unsingable for other performers. Since she is interested in having others sing her compositions, she is trying to learn to write more simply on occasion, and to write in other styles and forms.

At present she is attempting forays into spirituals, blues, and rock. Rock is getting most of her attention, and her ambition is to be a member of a rock band. She had wished to find an already existing band she could join, but when that seemed unlikely, Constance went ahead and tried to form her own band. Unfortunately, conflicts of personalities and attitudes caused the band to dissolve before it reached the stage, but Constance feels it was a fine learning experience.

CAROLYN MCCOMBS is having no such problems with her band. With the addition of John Cisco (bass), Mark Dannenhirsch (lead guitar), and Lee Baron (percussion), McCombs feels she can be much freer in her vocal interpretations, and is glad not to be so concerned about splitting her focus between voice and guitar. She has been having rather more success lately than most New Faces graduates, but McCombs denies that this is due to superior ability. (You can judge for yourself; catch her this month on the 27th at 22 Below, 155 E.22nd Street.)

I have yet to hear Carolyn's new band, other than the occasional two- or three-song walk-on, but I've caught her solo act several times since I first reviewed her. Onstage Carolyn possesses a calm elegance that carries much warmth, and I'm still enchanted by her voice. The songs she performs are of a more recognizable style than Constance's, but it's still difficult to put a single name on the form. Carolyn does not consider herself a folksinger--she feels that the general public tends to use the term derisively--but there are definitely elements of folk in the songs she writes and those she chooses, although perhaps the pop elements are stronger.

In choosing songs to perform, Carolyn looks for things she can identify with directly, songs she can re-interpret according to her own experience. The result is music the listener can relate to easily, carried across by a strong, specific emotion. The songs she writes show these same virtues. From "Crazy":

Let's try and get it straight this time,
Put all our cards on the table.
You say that our love must be steady and sure,
You're making it very unstable...

First you say yes, then you say no,
Then it's a definite maybe.
Maybe you'll stay, maybe you'll go--
Maybe you're driving me crazy...

Carolyn's songs are positive; not that she never sings of sorrow, but there seems to be no desolation in her, no bleakness or desperation.

At present she isn't doing much writing. The problem, as it is with so many of us, is the need to make a living while performing. Day jobs tend to distract us and claim critical

amounts of our energy. In Carolyn's case this is compounded by her college classes.

After six years abroad, Carolyn returned to the United States looking for a lifestyle more stable than the troubador existence she had been leading in Germany. Having reached age thirty, she has found herself subject to the usual thirties re-examination. Part of her wants the stability she's working towards, yet the other part is tempted to return to her previous freedom. And beneath it all, music is still the most important aspect of her life. As an interim plan, she's decided to finish her degree in the fashion field, postponing any permanent choices until then. But full-time work, full-time college, and full-time music are a lot too many full-times to fit into one life.

For the moment, Carolyn is not writing any songs, but she still feels she's learning and growing, and that the co-op/SpeakEasy environment is helping her in this. Besides observing the other performers, she is actively seeking out their songs. Bob McGrath and Joey George are just two co-op members whose material you may soon hear Carolyn perform.

ANGELA PAGE understands very well the problems presented by spreading one's energies. Not only does she work full-time as a librarian, but as the founding member of the co-op and its most energetic participant, she has an immense number of duties and responsibilities. Her time is even more pressured than Carolyn's, so much so that she has had very little opportunity to perform in the establishment she helped create. In fact, many co-op members remain unaware that she is and always has been a folk musician. Although music is not her career goal, she is now trying to re-order her life to include the performing she has missed.

The first time I saw Angela perform, she was just beginning to return to performing after a long absence. Since then she has recovered all the confidence and stage presence she had developed during her years of performing in the college and even high school coffeehouses she set up everywhere she lived. Her guitar playing is not flashy, but in the songs



Angela Page

Jack Hardy



she sings, such flash would be superfluous. Her playing and her singing are strong and steady, a solid foundation for the music.

And it is the music that is important. Angela considers herself a one-(wo)man song project. Every time an act came to perform at a coffeehouse she ran, she would get the musicians to teach her a song. The result of this is that her repertoire is large and varied in source and content. Her criterion for choosing a song is its dramatic possibilities. A song must have a strong communicable emotion to interest her, and it must be widely applicable. Angela feels that too many performers sing only their own music, and create music that is so specific that there is no way for the listeners to relate it to themselves. "Ego" songs, songs that recount too precisely the actual events in the singer's life, tend to lock the listeners out, reduce them to observers. Angela believes that songs should include.

This attitude helps determine her stage manner. Angela does not make the mistake so many make of recounting the entire life's history of the song she is about to sing. In fact, she rarely mentions the composer's name. This aids in the pacing of her sets, and permits the audience to become more directly involved with the performance as an experience to participate in, rather than a collection of objects to analyze. And, as always, her sense of drama helps her order her sets and deliver her songs well. She has a way of looking the audience in the eye that projects a sense of challenge that fascinates.

I think that Angela and performers like her are very important in the field of folk music. She serves as that vital link in folk process, the link between the past and the future. It is through such people that the music of previous generations has been passed to us, and because of her, our music will continue to the next era of folk musicians.

As a female musician today, being on the organizational side of the establishments you perform can have one advantage: Angela has never had to contend with gender-related prejudice in music. She recognizes that such problems do exist, but she has never had direct experience of it.

Carolyn has had varied experiences in this. As the leader of her band, she has had no authority conflicts this time, but when she was working in Germany it was a different story. The men were in charge, and she found she had little to say about musical arrangements, even when the band was "The Carolyn McCombs Band."

As far as getting work is concerned, she's found her gender works to her advantage, with one very notable exception--SpeakEasy itself.

On every level of booking, from New Faces to weekends, booking has been controlled by men. (Very briefly a woman was in charge of New Faces, but it didn't last long, by her own choice, I think.) Carolyn feels that the standards the men have been using to choose acts to book have been quite different when applied to women. It seems to her that a woman does have to be twice as good to gain equal recognition. She can't tell if it's a conscious exclusion or simply a habit of thought, but she thinks exclusion does occur. She also sees a parallel behavior of the more established performers toward newcomers of equal ability--again, not necessarily intentionally.

Constance, however, shrugs off such considerations. Her philosophy is that each person "creates his or her own reality," both in the metaphysical and the psychological

senses. She believes that as long as she keeps working and improving, when she's good enough the opportunities will present themselves; that any obstacles that exist are ultimately of her own creation, and it's her responsibility to remove them.

I suspect there is no one unifying thread between these three artists, other than that they are artists, just as there is no unifying aspect shared by women other than the fact that they are female. Each is completely individual and represents only herself. These performers cannot be called typical of women musicians. I chose each of them more because of their differences than their similarities. They are simply a cross-section, each unique and to be taken on her own terms.

Walk of Fire

by Gerry Hinson

During nature's seasonal fashion show known as autumn, hiking through the forest and countryside becomes a popular form of recreation. One such trip to Vermont inspired Bill Lauf, Jr. to write a song, "Vermont Is Afire in the Autumn," about the "neon, electric foliage in that region." Folk musicians I've known sometimes add another dimension to such activity; they seize the opportunity to have a musical picnic as well, bringing their instruments which need only human (instead of electronic) power to function away from civilization. When Horace Williams, Jr., a Vermont native, heard Bill's song and contacted him for permission to perform it, these two artists decided to extend this idea beyond previous imaginings: they would hike throughout Vermont, playing the song for communities along the way. Thus was born the first Fire Walk, in 1980, covering 225 miles between the borders of Canada and Massachusetts in fourteen days. Subsequent years have seen the length of this journey extended. In 1981 they walked 390 miles in twenty-six days, from Quebec through four New England states to Connecticut, where Bill lives; this year, covering 425 miles in twenty-six days, they began at the Mt. Royal summit in Montreal, trekked along the western side of New England, then steered into New York through Westchester County to close the tour in New York City, with the climactic concert on October 20 at SpeakEasy.

Such an unusual and ambitious odyssey has several dimensions, the most distinct of which involves the musicians' encounters with both the public and themselves. Bill generously shared his reflections upon these experiences with *The Coop*. For the many small towns through which they travelled, he recalled that "this was a treat; many of these communities don't have a formal folk music vehicle, and they found it outrageous fun to have live music happen there. It's much more exceptional to them, as opposed to city dwellers who often choose their residence because of the availability of diverse musical and cultural events." For an event like this to lure an audience and have an impact, people must know about it in the first place. A good foundation of publicity was laid this year, when they were interviewed by both National Public Radio (on the show "All Things Considered") and the *New York Times*; a growing network of supporters was spawned from people whom they encountered on their journeys. Nonetheless, attendance was variable. "While our supporters are loyal and worked hard, they couldn't accomplish everything themselves in terms of promotion; it's very hard sometimes to draw people away from an accustomed routine of TV as their entertainment." But people did come to the scheduled concerts, and, "If there was any audience at all, large or small, the show did go on!"

While there were many formal shows "to help make our living and pay our expenses, they were not our only activities. Although this functioned like a concert tour, the tour itself operated on many levels." As tours go, it was rather strenuous: sixty shows in twenty-six days. Asked how one prepares for such an undertaking, Bill revealed that "You can't. It hadn't been done before. We found out that it could be done simply by doing it; that became our training. Each year we've improved both the pacing and the logistics of the walk." While he liked my analogy between the walk and a country outing, he added, "It lasted all day; we walked sixteen miles daily!" Since Bill and Horace wanted closer interaction with the tour communities than simply that of tourists strolling through, events were arranged to serve various local needs. Reserving auditoriums, schools, and cafeterias for single daytime events, they performed for hospitals, nursing homes, and children, and staged benefits for charitable and artistic organizations. Nonetheless, they achieved closer cultural and personal encounters than possible simply from the vantage point of the stage. "Our tour route was thoroughly cross-cultural; we encountered a range of societies from very rich to very poor." Along the way, they met and formed friendships with thousands of people, several of whom hosted them as guests; many impromptu "house concerts" were added to the tour. Asked if any of them joined the walk, Bill recalled, "Some people accompanied us for short segments of the way; we came to realize that it's a luxury to have thirty free days for such an enterprise. However, the real champion of the travelling companions was Mark Lulham, who played flute with us. His is an amazing story in itself."



Trained in jazz saxophone, bilingual, and an active member of a Canadian folklore society, he had contracted arthritis years earlier in a fall from a tree, which limited his mobility. However, he joined them at the start of the walk in his native Montreal (they had decided not to confine the walk within political boundaries; nature does not recognize them, and therein I discern a political statement) and accompanied them along the entire journey; meanwhile, his arthritis gradually disappeared. Bill and Horace experienced physical benefits as well: "It conditioned us like preparation for a marathon, but we were breathing clean country air instead." Frequent unamplified performing improved their vocal techniques: "We had to concentrate on breathing properly to learn to project our voices without strain; we were able to perform up to five shows in a day, and once we sang to 550 people without a PA system!"

On October 20, the trio arrived in Manhattan. There was a dinner party for them at Jack Hardy and Angela Page's early in the evening. Meanwhile, the house "welcoming committee" of Rosemary Kirstein, John Cisco, and I decorated SpeakEasy for the occasion: a path of leaf tracings was laid on the carpet leading to the stage, and real autumn leaves were hung from a "finish line" spanning the stage overhead. A good-sized audience greeted them enthusiastically both upon arrival and following the concert, which featured folk humor, ballads, and tender lyrics like "Going Down to Innisfree" and "Vermont Is Afire in the Autumn." Bill related that they "immensely enjoyed the fuss you all made over us; we feel that special events like this can renew enthusiasm in folk audiences. The folk scene needs good new ideas, like our journey--and your magazine." He added that they may be contributing to a Coop album in the near future. "The tour's finish was a magical event!"

Having had time to reflect upon this experience, Bill and I talked on November 5 about what impact this odyssey was having upon the general direction of the lives of those involved; he gave insight into the joy and pain of the musician's vocation. "Horace and I, away from the distractions of our normal environments, rediscovered that we love doing what we do, and we recommitted ourselves to writing and playing music. This was a rite-of-passage of sorts for all of us who were involved. But the performer's life strains personal relationships; only companions who are understanding and have faith in you remain and support you, enabling you to repeat performance tours. As in earlier times, musicians need patrons to endure. Still, the friendships and contacts we made have lasted, and grown."

This event left a lasting impression upon me as well, but it no longer seems like an entirely new event. Instead, it reminds me of one ancient function of musical social gatherings: to mark special events and cycles of time and nature, as do all rituals. Nature's changing features in autumn comprise one very special such event; the Fire Walk serves to commemorate it in many communities. Henceforth, I shall eagerly look forward to the return of autumn--and of Bill and Horace, following the fire of its foliage.

For further information about Bill and Horace, write to:

Iargalon Records, USA
P.O. Box 473
Bristol, Vermont 05443

David Blue

by Jayne Spencer

David Blue is a gruff-faced folk-singer. David Blue is a gentle poet. He is a new husband. He is a "certified folk legend" (his own words one day in jest). David Blue is an actor.

I saw him standing around Strasberg's Actor's Studio one afternoon; about to attend a session. Pale blue eyes and a smile and a toothpick between his lips. He had come to New York originally to be an actor and "fell into the folk movement of the early sixties", as he put it.

"Things were exciting back then," he says, "always something going on: energy. Movement. Positive. There's a great deal of talent now---but with the record industry the way it is..."

"And what is talent?" from me.

"A spark. A vibrant soul. I can tell when someone possesses it."

"And do you think everyone is born with it---and they either use it, discard it, or never know it's there?"

Blue smiles in that flippant way and shrugs his shoulders. But you know he is not flippant. He knows more than he tells. And you have to like him; if only for his spirit.



Gerry Hinson

"I just got back from L.A.," he continues, "My first week back I get robbed, my good friend dies, and I have to move. Something, huh?!" he chuckles, his face lit with absurdity, "I don't understand it, I tell you, I never will."

He then talks of his roles---a stage show playing Leonard Cohen, narrating "Renaldo and Clara", a milkman in Neil Young's "Human Highway".

"I'm an actor," he says again. He is somehow humble, even though he is trying not to be, as he speaks of his accomplishments.

He plays "SpeakEasy" the following week. He wants to sing. He walks on stage wearing a pair of sunglasses (in jest) and makes jokes about his new role on a soap opera. He plays a villain. Then, he warms into a varied set of poetic songs, funny songs, careless songs. His voice still strong and gruff. He plays in earnest. He receives an encore.

At the end of his set, he takes his bow like a stage actor. David Blue is right on course. ■

Billy Joel Talks Shop

by Nancy Talanian

On Monday, October 11, Billy Joel participated in a workshop sponsored by the Guitar Study Center, which is now part of The New School. The workshop, held in The New School Auditorium on West 12th Street, was attended by a few hundred students of the study center and their guests. The center sponsors a few such workshops a year. Previous guest speakers have included Paul Simon and James Taylor. The workshop was filmed by MTV, a cable station that is planning to include excerpts of it in a documentary on Billy Joel.

Billy answered questions from the audience on the topics of songwriting, arranging, recording, and performing; related some humorous anecdotes; and sang a few of his songs. During the two-hour workshop, Billy gave some advice that may be helpful to other musicians, singers, and songwriters, and told some humorous stories about the trials and tribulations of being a "rock star." Here are some excerpts.

On Getting a Record Contract

Billy claims that all the record companies turned him down when he first went around with tapes. He thought they were all deaf. Now, he claims, it's worse because of the economy. Even if they hear something, they're not going to take a chance. They can't afford to be wrong because a lot of people might lose their jobs if a record fails. Also, he explains, the "postwar baby boom" put more record buyers in the market around the time when the Beatles were popular. Now that those people (himself included) are in their thirties, they aren't buying as many records. There are fewer kids now, he claims.

Billy gave a few pointers for getting recorded. "If you have songs that you want people to hear, get an evaluation from people you know whose ears you trust, who you think are good. Which is the best one of all the songs? Number one: tape it. Put it on a cassette. Don't go in thinking, 'I'll play it on the guitar. I'll look so great. I'll do my hair...' Forget it! Put it--the best one--up front. Make sure you get a general consensus, because people you care about, people whose opinions you respect, will tell you. Make sure you put that one up front. Also, most of these people's attention span is about five seconds. So in the first five seconds, try to do what you think is the hook of that song. Maybe you'll think somehow 'I'm tearing the heart out, I'm ripping off my left arm if I move this piece here.' Do it. It's the only way they're going to hear it."

On Promotion

Billy claims that "In the music business, you have to deal with promotion, how they're going to promote you, how they're going to market and package and advertise and sell and hype." He feels that all musicians must keep in mind that the music business is a business. He related how sales people come up to him and say, "We've moved a lot of units today, Bill." That's great, how's the record going? "Love your new product." "But, he says, you can't be put off. They'll go for the hard sell, and they'll use sales lingo. But even though you don't understand all that they're doing, you have to be involved, even in the advertising, just to make sure that they don't put across your album--something you've worked long and hard on--in a way that you didn't intend for it to be portrayed. You have to tell them, 'That's not really what I had in mind.' And if they pick a single, get involved with how it's edited, what they cut out to get the song down to three minutes."

On Songwriting

Billy was asked whether he writes the melody or the lyrics first. He answered that he always writes the music first, probably because he's always been inspired by melody. As a youngster listening to songs on the radio, he never knew what the words were, except for the hook. For him melody sets a feeling or a mood. But before writing anything, he's got to have a title, even a temporary one. He jokingly told the audience that "Honesty" started off as "Sodomy."

On Giving Up a Piece of the Publishing

Billy was asked what he thinks about giving up a piece of the publishing to have a famous person do your song. He thinks it's a terribly unfair practice. He says, "It ain't right, but sometimes if it's going to kick your career off because a famous person did your song...it might be the sensible thing to do."

On Pressure

Billy was asked to compare the pressure he is under now to the pressure he was under when he first started out. He explained that pressure is relative. The pressure he finds himself under now is usually writer's block, when he needs to write some songs to complete an album and can't think of anything to write about. It was during such a bout that he wrote a song called "Pressure" at his secretary's suggestion.

"When I was starting out and trying to get things going, the pressure was, 'You don't get things going, they're going to throw you out of this apartment and you're going to get hungry.' So I think that's pretty intense pressure."

But despite the pressure, Billy said that he never doubted that he would be able to make a living from songwriting. Some people he knew, however, had their doubts. For example, in the early years, when he worked day jobs and played in holes at night, a cousin of his used to come backstage, eat all the cold cuts, drink all the free beer, and ask Billy, "So, when are you going to get a real job?" Billy says that a few years ago his cousin asked him for \$50,000. Billy answered, "Call when I get a real job, and we'll talk about it."

On Hearing his Songs on the Radio

When asked how he feels when he hears one of his songs on the radio, he smiled and answered, "It doesn't suck." He compares songwriting to the painful process of giving birth and his songs to his kids. When he hears one of those songs on the radio, he is proud of his "kid graduating from elementary school. It's really a great feeling, except when it's speeded up and there's a skip in it."

On the Lack of Privacy

Someone asked Billy how he feels about his lack of privacy. Once in a while, he answered, he goes through a period of just wanting to be a regular person. He says he's still not used to being famous and thinks it's funny when people point and whisper, "That's him! That's him!"

Billy described what usually happens when he tries to do something as ordinary as going to Yankee Stadium to watch a ball game. One of the worst parts of it for him is "having the kids all line up in front for autographs while all the die-hard Yankee fans behind me yell, 'Will you get the hell out of here?'"

He went through a period when he pretended he wasn't Billy Joel, wore a disguise, and pretended he couldn't speak English when people recognized him. But the kids shamed him by singing "Honesty." Now he just considers the inconvenience something that he has to deal with for the privilege of having his music heard.

On Keeping Performances Fresh

Billy was asked, "When you're doing the same set, same songs, gig after gig, night after night, how do you keep them alive?"

Billy answered that "there are some songs that after a while start to wear thin. We try not to tour more than six to eight weeks at a stretch." After that, he explained, he and his band get burned out and homesick and don't want to see each other anymore. "Usually we try to work out a set that we all agree on, that we like." Also, he says, the applause "helps you get up for it." He also tries to put a lot of twists and turns into the music rather than just simple repeats in order to keep his mind focused on the song. For example, he'll throw a C-sharp into a song, knowing that he's "not really familiar with C-sharp." Billy humorously demonstrated how during a performance he'll concentrate on remembering when he's supposed to play that C-sharp and then he'll blow it. To cover up, he has to screw up in the same place in the next verse so the audience will think he's "doing variations."

Liner Notes

A Short Story By

John Azrak

The record spins. Billy Wire straps on the headphones and lays down the needle. He sits, slumped by the stereo, worn album cover face down on his lap. He reaches over and pulls down the shade on the picture window that overlooks the bay.

* * *

Lindsay folds the white-ribbed chaise lounge that is stretched out on the porch. A southerly breeze lifts her frizzed hair. The bay is calm and Lindsay looks out at her son Harper who is floating comfortably on an orange raft. Harper wanted the bay. Billy, the ocean. Billy thought that Harper would grow out of his fear of the ocean. Lindsay let Harper, who was seven at the time, believe that he had won out. But Lindsay chose the old, cedar-shingled, three-story bay home because she wanted Billy to know that she was still cautious. That it was a fickle business. That in a year's time, with a flop, they could go back to having nothing. Billy said that blowing the money on an oceanside house was irrelevant. If they wound up with nothing, that was fine. He said that he loved Lindsay too much to be cautious.

* * *

Lindsay sings. Billy's insides tremble. A liquid voice, in streams, pours into him as if he is squeezing the foam earmuffs. The woman he loves floods his veins.

They are in the park. Patches of snow cover the ground. Bony tree tops wave in the wind. There is music from a parade. The sounds of marching, beating drums, and spangled feet. The park is a sea of green. Hats, ties, scarves, carnations, a drunk college kid's dyed hair. Billy is bundled up on a bench strumming Irish folk songs. His fingers are near frozen. Lindsay stops, flanked by sisters, smiles, and sits next to him. Billy blows hard into his cupped hand. She

offers him green beer from a paper bag. He takes the beer and gives her the guitar. They laugh. She sings Joni Mitchell. He sings back-up harmonies with her sisters. Their breath clouds mingle in the air. "You sang back-up, my love. Back-up, my love. Back-up . . ."

* * *

Lindsay picks up the lounge chair and brings it over to the Fiat in the driveway. She takes her keys out of the straw beach bag and puts the chair and bag in the trunk. She walks from the tar drive onto the pebbled beach that after three summers still bothers her tender feet. She makes her way cautiously down to the shoreline, picks up a handful of stones, and skims the best in the direction of her son. Harper's head pops up as if it were the last bounce of the stone. "I'm going," she calls out to him. "Don't swim beyond the buoys. And wash your suit out later."

Harper drops his head back onto the raft. He follows the moving blue space between the clouds. He wishes he were in it

* * *

Billy lights a joint. He inhales rapidly. Ashes tumble onto the cover. One bounces off his photo; another, the drummer's; one runs down the liner notes, written by the producer, Saul Andrews. In the tradition of Joan and Judy and Joni. A fresh female voice for the eighties. But not young. No. Thirty-two. Married to journeyman folk singer, Billy Wire. Together they worked the clubs. Together they struggled. Together they learned and paid. . .

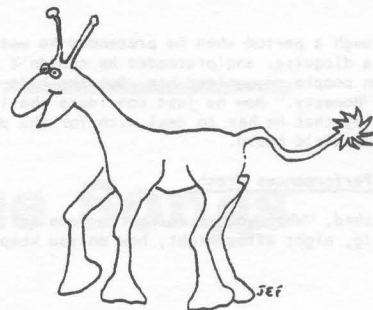
Sisters. Lindsay is the youngest. There were always sisters in her mirror. There was Molly's blue eyes and crooked smile. There was Sue's brown hair and small freckled nose. She was quick to marry. Molly was on the lam.

Three parts Molly
Three parts Sue
It was hand-me-down sisters
And who are you.

Billy smiles. Drags hard on the middle of the joint. He holds onto the smoke as the sisters' voices fade, Lindsay's the last to go.

Lindsay feels the dull ache of her failure. Her son is lost to her as she supposes she deserves. She will win him back someday, she consoles herself. But she cannot, as she has done in her songs, tie the loose ends of her life together into a neat chorus. It frightens her. She walks up to the house and from the front steps yells in to Billy that she is leaving. She knows he cannot hear her. She is not sure if it is better that way.

Billy sees again the tall boy with rubbery legs and arms just starting to pop muscles. Streaky blond hair sweeps across his forehead, rests on the line of his eyebrows in a collapsed wave. Surfer. Jock. GATORS and 22 are printed on his sleeveless T-shirt. He stands on a surfboard. Lindsay reaches for a Mike Love falsetto. Billy laughs. The band rollicks, a salty parody of surfer music. Waves roll and crash. Lindsay joins the boy on the board. The wind, speed, salt spray in her eyes, on her lips, give her a rush as they tuck into a curl, glass on the inside, covered from view. Lindsay reaches higher. Misses.



But the wail is a good joke. She lays down for the boy. He rushes in like the tide. Cymbals roll. Break. Lindsay falls into the pounding surf. She is laughing. "Let's go surfin' now. Everybody's surfin' now. . ."

Billy winces. He is back in the park where Lindsay's smile melts the cold. Long brown hair down to the small of her back, a face as clear as the surf she had learned to ride, and a high school dream shattered by a blond-haired boy. She's a senior and wants out. She writes. She sings. Billy tells her he is in love with her voice. They leave the sisters and go home together. Billy falls in love on the way. He wants to know everything about her. Wants to know if he has a chance. He writes poetry. Sings folk songs. Smokes dope. Will sing for good money someday, he assures her. She laughs and then cries for the last time about the boy.

Lindsay tires of the music on the car stereo. When she listens to the songs, she hears only the business that surrounds them. In the town of Southampton she stops to buy a bottle of wine. Two teenage girls squeal when they spot her getting out of the car. She flashes a smile and ducks into the store. She doesn't feel like dealing with the girls and hopes they leave while she stalls picking out the wine. But the girls wait and pound her with questions as she rushes into the car. They want to know if it's true that she's breaking up with Billy Wire.

Lindsay pulls away from the girls. In her anger, she nearly drags the girl who is clutching the door handle with her. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she repeats, but the girl on her knees can't hear her. Like Billy, she wouldn't let go. Won't let go.

And now he's dragged out that goddamn album, Lindsay sighs.

It's just Billy and Lindsay and the song they wrote in the basement of Gerdes Folk City. Lindsay's nervous and there's an hour before he's going to introduce her. An hour before the career begins that will take them to places he might never have gotten to on his own. But that doesn't trouble Billy. He will play in her band, have her introduce him, for he knows that love makes him as happy for her as he would be for himself. They write to kill the time.

Two guitars and a harmonica. Billy blows Dylanesque. Blecker Street Blues. They live in an apartment over the Kettle of Fish. There are two rooms with a brick wall view. "Darling, darling, I love you." There is a bathtub in the kitchen. There is a shower stall at the end of the hall. "Darling, darling, I love you." There is plaster on the floor. There is a picture of sisters hanging on the door. There are the ghosts of losers and a refrigerator painted blue. "Darling, darling, I love you." There are friends who crash and stay the night. There are books by Kerouac and TV black and white.



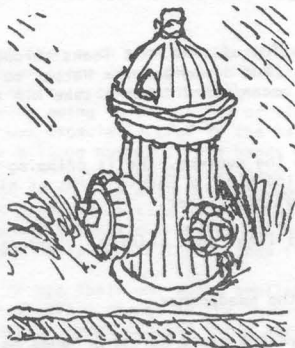
They will sing their way out of there. They will sing their way clear.

I gave you my guitar
I gave you green beer
Darling, darling. . .

"Darling, darling, I love you," Billy whispers.

* * *

The road to the beach winds and Lindsay turns over in her mind what pains her most. It has become a daily confession. The years she stole from Billy. The early years. Stole his support, his enthusiasm, his perseverance. Stole, finally, his love. At twenty-two, Billy was a man. He had been on his own for six years, learning his craft, learning to believe in himself. He didn't crumple for want of a family and felt only sympathy for his parents' troubles. Any strands of self-pity were well-disguised in his early songs and absent in the later ones. He knew how to love, and loved. Lindsay loved that and moved in with him. Billy grew stronger and she admired him. Billy grew more sure of himself and she envied him. Billy was there and she needed him. Wasn't that love? Hadn't Billy become everything to her as she was to him?



No, Lindsay thinks. Need plays tricks. Love doesn't. Need, even as it waned, had made her cautious. Hadn't she chosen the house on the bay to temper his feelings for her? To create room for her own? Wasn't she saying love me from a distance, don't expose me, and I'll continue to rely on you, continue to believe in the stuff of my records? And hadn't Billy's love made a mockery of her efforts?

Lindsay pushes the accelerator to the floor. She grasps the wheel tightly. Billy, she fears, will never come to grips with what his love for her already knows.

* * *

Lindsay alone. Side one winds down with a tribute to Joni from the Blue album. It's Billy's suggestion, but the song is a surprise. Billy's not allowed in the studio. It's a gift, Lindsay says.

Lindsay's choice is his choice. Like a child, he is unashamedly delighted.

Billy sings. His raspy voice and throaty coughing harshen the irony. He is the singer in the park. He is the walker in the rain. He is the dancer in the dark who has kept away her blues.

* * *

Billy gets up to flip over the record. His legs are shaky but he is determined. He blows the needle clean, guides it past the instrumental, and returns to his chair.

He is between the lines of her song. She weaves warm verses for him to enter. Like the Red Sea parting for Moses, the verses open at his request. And close when he takes his leave

The song embarrasses Lindsay. Billy encourages her to include it on the album. She won't until Billy and the drummer come up with a rock arrangement to muffle the ballad. Hide me, she says. Billy teases her in the heat of their lovemaking that she writes dirty songs. Dirty metaphors. And that makes him a lucky man.

Billy's pulse rises. He will never lose the feel of her. Even now, after the cold summer they've spent in separate beds, he quakes as if he were inside her.

There is no disguising the ballad.

You rest there when you get weary
Between the lines of my song
A room so deep
You drift in sleep
And dream a sing-along

* * *

In the private beach lot, Lindsay takes the sticker Saul gave her out of the glove compartment and places it on the dash. She is grateful for the few minutes she'll have alone before he arrives.

On the beach she unfolds the lounge chair onto the slight incline that dips down to meet the water's edge. The waves break close to the shore and splash up onto her legs. She hasn't eaten and the sun is strong. She opens the wine and takes a long gulp. Then she chugs the wine like beer and her head begins to swoon. But there is no escaping Billy. Should she run from him? Is that childish and selfish? Had Billy become her parent? Lindsay sighs. Am I going to act as I did with them? Her eyes sting. She puts on her sunglasses. Why won't he listen to reason? Why can't we part friends? I am still so fond of him. I will always need him. There will be times when we will make love and times we will get together to share new music. We might even perform again. He could become like me. With a little time away, with new interests, new loves. . .

Lindsay bows her head and pours the rest of the wine into the sand. She pushes up her sunglasses and wipes her eyes. My dear, dear Billy, how could I insult you so?

"I see you've started the party without me," Saul Andrews says, standing over the lounge chair.

"Christ. Don't scare me like that, will 'ya," Lindsay says.

"Sorry. Hung up again, are you?" he says.

"That's my business," she says.

"Sure. Sure," he says. "Your music is my only business. I understand."

Saul spreads a towel at the foot of Lindsay's chair and leans on his side as he faces the ocean. Lindsay studies his tanned, muscular back. It is smooth and unblemished except for the freckles across his shoulders and tapers without wrinkle into his bathing suit. Saul, at age forty, works out daily. He works in his ocean house in a room lined with mirrors. Lindsay likes the feel of Saul's back. She will, shortly, get out of her chair and join Saul on his towel. She will kneel over him and massage his back. She will lie on her back to rest and let Saul caress her. Saul makes no pretense that anyone is more important than he. He will produce her records, sleep with her, and give her the keys to his house if she leaves Billy. Saul knows how to provide for people in need and says he has gotten many of his artists through troubled times. He will do the same for Lindsay because he knows Billy's type, he says. And they never let go because they can't.



The record skips. Billy kicks the floor angrily and the needle moves. A meadowlark wakes on an east-facing hill. The sun burns dew; the night's had its fill. Lindsay tells the children that trees don't weep when their leaves kiss ground. She tells them that the grass doesn't cry when it turns to brown.

Billy's song. Together they dig through a stack of worn sheet music and a box of old tapes piled atop two unpublished albums. I'm doing a dissertation, Lindsay teases. You're full of bird imagery. You're up to your ears in meadowlarks and sparrows. Billy laughs. I'm Icarus ascending. Yes, Lindsay says, I'll definitely work that in. And chooses her favorite, "Tell the Children." I have the chance, she says. Your time will come.

Billy is less certain. Less ambitious, for sure. If he can sing for her, with her, for his own children, he is fine. If she is willing to sing his songs, resurrect his past, he is lucky.

Tell the children, the sun still shines
Tell the children, the moon is kind
Tell them the sky is painted blue
Tell 'em the wind holds tomorrow
Tell 'em the wind. . .

Billy shakes his head.

* * *

Lindsay rolls over onto her back. Saul's lean, bearded face hovers over hers. It blocks the sun. She turns her head away. He kisses her neck. "One more turn and you can bury your head in the sand," he says.

"No cliches, thank you," she says.

Saul traces the zigzag stripe that runs up the side of Lindsay's blue bathing suit. Her head begins to throb from the sun and the wine. "Rub my temples," she says.

"Yes, boss," Saul says.

The tiny circular rhythms of Saul's fingers relax her. She wonders about this man for whom she has no feeling. How awful that he is right about Billy, she thinks, as the face of her husband, locked between headphones and the echoes of their past, seizes her. How sad that he knows what I need and that I am now willing to bargain for the emptiness he offers.

Lindsay grabs a fistful of sand. It leaks through her fingers. She turns to Saul. "But I won't force Harper to come with me. He still fears the ocean. And I won't take him from Billy."

* * *

Harper wanders into the sunroom. He is dripping wet and he drags his towel behind him. A puddle forms at his feet as he stands in front of his father.

Lindsay sees Dylan's light come shining. "Any day now. Any day now."

Harper reaches for the headphones.

"No, son," Billy says and grabs Harper's hands harder than he wants to. "I'm sorry. I'm almost through."

"What are you listening to?" Harper says slowly, exaggerating the words so his father can read them.

"Your mother," Billy says. A man sees his reflection high above a wall.

"I want to listen to her too," Harper says.

"Please, Harper. A few more minutes. Then we'll talk. Okay?" Billy says softly.

Harper falls back into the wicker chair across from Billy's and wraps himself in the towel. There is a man shouting loudly. He is crying out that he's been framed.

Billy looks at Harper. His heart aches. "Why don't you go \ change, son. When you come down, I'll be finished," he says.

Reluctantly, Harper gets out of the chair. "Are you listening to the song about me?" he asks.

"Next," Billy smiles. "You know the best was saved for last."

"Good. Then it will be over," he says and dashes out of the room.

Billy stares at the wet footprints on the floor. Then it will be over, he repeats to himself. Then he will put the record into its jacket and slide it into the orange crate for the last time. Then he will talk to his son and wait for Lindsay to return before he leaves.



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
BL-The Bottom Line

- November 3 Dollar Night-FC
Tom Russel Band, Hi Lonesome-K
Nite Sprite, Becky Curtis-OEM
Moogy Klingman-OEC
- 4 California-FC
Rosalie Sorrels, Jane Zoss, Hoyle Osborne-K
Mrozinski-OEM
Eve Moon-OEC
Peggy Atwood-The Lone Star Cafe
- 5 Teresa Trull-FC
Video, Terri Smith-K
Otis Rush, Stuffy Shmitt-OEM
Birdland-OEC
- 6 Danny Kalb Band-FC
Video, Cosmotones-K
The Strangers-OEM
Birdland-OEC
Rod MacDonald- People's Voice
Carrie-220 Below
- 7 A Creation of Women's Music (Olivia Records
Presents...)-FC
Will Rambeaux, The Singles-K
Jazz Jam, Thunk-OEM
Rande Harris-OEC
- 8 Hoot-FC
Tom Ghent-OEC
- 9 Michael Fracasso Band, Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Diamond Dupree, Pseudos-K
Comedy Night, Host: David Heenan-OEM
Peggy Atwood-OEC
- 10 Martin Carthy and the Watsons-FC
Screamin' Honkers, Judd Friedman Band-K
Privates-OEM
Steve Hopkins-OEC
- 11 Erin Dickens and The Relief Band-K
Stanley Turrentine-OEM
- 12 The Rousers, The Leapers-K
Stanley Turrentine-OEM

- 13 The Floor Models-FC
Stanley Turrentine-OEM
- 14 A Jazz Jam-OEM
- 15 Hoot-FC
Nicolette Larson-BL
- 16 11 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Comedy Night with Host: David Sheenan-OEM
- 17 Music for Dozens-FC
Bonnie Koloc, Diane Ponzio-OEM
- 18 Music for Dozens-FC
Bonnie Koloc, Jerome Olds & Tom Gross-OEM
- 19 Music for Dozens-FC
Stuff-OEM
The Roches-Carnegie Hall
- 20 Deuce-FC
- 21 Edwin Lee Tyler & A Piece of the World-FC
A Jazz Jam-OEM
- 22 Hoot-FC
- 23 11 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Comedy Night with David Sheenan-OEM
- 24 Don McLean-Carnegie Hall
- 25
- 26 Laughing Hands-FC
Dr. John-OEM
- 27 Dr. John-OEM
Steve Forbert-My Father's Place
- 28 A Jazz Jam-OEM
- 29 Hoot-FC
- 30 11 PM Rock Jam with Bill Ferns-FC
Comedy Night with David Sheenan-OEM

SPEAKEASY

107 Macdougall

NYC 598-9670

ALL SHOWS
9PM UNTIL ?
UNLESS
OTHERWISE
NOTED

	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	OPEN	ELECTION NIGHT BOGIE. Peter Jarovsky \$3 Paul Kaplan	POETRY 7-9. Pete Ward Nancy Heller CAROL JUDY FICKS/MAN	\$1 DOLLAR NIGHT WITH DAVID GRASSENHILL	ERIK FRANDSEN Bob Holmes \$4	
7	pete gardner CAROLYN McCOMBS David Roth	9 Dollar Night with Tom Intondi \$	10 POETRY 7-9. JOSH JOFFEN carrie Kath Bloom and Loren Mazzacane	11 <i>The Balkanizers</i> \$3 8PM	12 The Thunderbird Sisters \$4 Thom Morlan Maddlin	13
14	FRANK MAZZETI Jon & Lydia Marcie Boyd	15 SIGN- UP 7:00pm	16 VIDEO BENEFIT!! \$5 PER SHOW SURPRISE SCREENING & RARELY-SEEN BOB DYLAN FILM, PLUS: Premiere of "Battle of the Bots", BOB DYLAN IMITATORS' CONTEST MOVIE 8 & 10:30 P.M.	18 \$1 DOLLAR NIGHT WITH DAVID GRASSENHILL	19 THE SAVANNAH SHIEKS Pamela Cook \$4	20
21	ANSEL MATTHEWS carrie	22 MIKE	23 Dollar Night with Tom Intondi \$1	24 POETRY 7-9. Tony Trischka and Skyline \$5	25 Papa John Kolstad Maggie Garrett \$3	26 A FESTIVAL of 27 ASIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC \$4 WITH "CHARLIE" CHIN
28	Jeff Gold RAE MONROE Vincent T. Yok	30	NOVEMBER 1982 COMING IN DECEMBER: Suzanne Vega, DANNY KLEB, Rosalie Sorrels THE COOP SONGBOOK			

side one

- Weller's Whiskey (Mary Reynolds)
Mary Reynolds/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass
Janet Stecher/Vocal
- Apostrophe to the Wind (Margaret A. Roche)
Jack Hardy/Vocal, Guitar & Tin Whistles
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
- Terrarium (Nancy Lee Baxter)
Nancy Lee Baxter/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- The Endless Mile (Julie Snow)
Doug Waterman/Vocal & Guitar
Angela Page/Vocal
Mark Dann/Bass
- Musical Prodigy (Marcy Boyd)
The Belles of Hoboken
Janet Stecher/Vocal
Marcy Boyd/Vocal
Susan Lewis/Vocal
- All You Can Do (Martha P. Hogan)
Martha P. Hogan/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & 12 String

side two

- When You Leave Amsterdam (Robin Greenstein)
Robin Greenstein/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- The Ballad of Bernardine Dorhn (Marc Berger)
Marc Berger/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
- This Fire (Bonnie Bluhm)
Bonnie Bluhm/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitars
- Level Ground (Rosemary Kirstein)
Ben Silver/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Guitar
- One Thing Leads to Another (Marilyn J. Barck)
Marilyn J./Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
Stephan Evans/Vocal
- Tell Him (Kath Bloom)
Kath Bloom/Vocal & Guitar
Loren Mazzacane/Guitar