

the
COOP

Vol. 1, #11

**The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine**



Dec. '82/ Jan. '83

n The Road

The Grass Is Always Greener Overseas

People are always impressed when told that someone is touring Europe. There is a perception, perhaps dating back to the golden age of opera, that Europe is the status nut to crack. There is much that is impressive about touring there, and much that is ironic--ironic in the sense that Europeans are equally impressed that we come from Greenwich Village. There are paradoxes as well. It is strange to find a more analytical interest in our lyrics where English is not spoken. But first, one must understand that most educated people in Europe speak several languages, and second, that Europe has a much longer history of the meaningful song lyric. There is also a long history of patronage of the arts that offers an alternative to the commercial world. I have never played a concert in the United States where the promoters lost money and were still happy about the concert.

Let's not fool ourselves now. We're not talking about a tour where we fly from city to city, get picked up in limousines, and stay at Hilton hotels. This was four of us traveling in an unheated VW bus with all our equipment, doing our own driving, selling our own records, staying in people's homes, and often sleeping on the floor. Such is the state of folk music these days. But on the brighter side, the bus was lent to us at no charge and showed up the first night with "Jack Hardy Tour" spray-painted on the side. The hospitality everywhere was great, with many excellent meals provided for us, and we were able to do seventeen concerts in three different countries--Germany, Switzerland, and Italy--in one month.

There is no established venue for folk performances as there is for classical or even rock, so the concert settings vary a great deal. In Switzerland, we played in everything from former wine cellars to hotel ballrooms; in Germany, pubs and folk clubs; and in Italy, small movie theaters. We were at the mercy of local sound systems where the equipment, generally, was better than the people running it.

There are at least two basic differences in the way artists are treated in the United States and in Europe. First, Europe has a long tradition of supporting artists. They see it as their responsibility, stemming from their deeply felt sense that "art is the signature of a civilization." In the States, artists are treated more as a commodity; as a piece of the commercial action.

Second, there is an economic difference between the two cultures. Because inflation is currently higher in Europe, people tend to spend their paychecks more quickly, buying both tangible items such as records and intangible items such as concerts. And they are serious collectors of records --they want the best and will pay for the best.

This penchant for collecting has its flaws, for it can easily be manipulated to the entrepreneurs' advantage. When one sees over twenty bootleg Bruce Springsteen albums in one store, some with full-color covers, claiming to be limited editions, one wonders who is doing what to whom? Some of these people are still worshipping at the shrines of Springsteen and Dylan. We must be aware of, and be careful

Jack Hardy



of, the nostalgia the new folk scene creates; careful that the interest is not just the nostalgia of those who want to relive the sixties, or of those who missed the sixties in the first place. And we must be aware of, and careful of, the collector mentality--those who collect records in the way that others collect coins.

In Bonn, I was interviewed for German radio on the subject of The Coop. The questions were to a great extent defensive. The concept of "it can't happen here" reversed. The interviewer recited a litany of reasons why they could never pull this kind of thing off in their folk scene. All the things he listed were similar to what we in New York have had to deal with, and what we still have to deal with: the competition, back-biting, and the energetic spinning of wheels. The difference, I explained, is one of self-confidence. We built confidence through mutual respect and support; without the cutting edge of negative criticism.

In Italy, another radio interviewer asked where we're going from here. This is the important question. Though we must still fight the battles against egotism and self-serving interests, our greatest battle should be against thinking too small; thinking that our only audience (for our magazine, our songs, our thoughts) is the small circle of friends around us. We must realize that we can and do reach a much larger audience.

So what can be made of all this--this new-found interest in the Greenwich Village folk scene? If we are indeed breaking through the iconography of pop culture, we must accept the responsibility that goes along with this leadership. There is something insular about the United States and something insular about folk music. This is compounded by the self-deprecating attitudes in folk scenes abroad. But they are listening to us; are we listening to them? They are translating us; are we translating them? They are setting up tours for us; are we setting up tours for them? How many people here listen to Fabrizio De Andrea from Italy, or Hannes Wader or Helmut Debus from Germany? I am not talking about returning favors; I am talking about what we are missing. The time will come when the tables are turned; when our self-confidence becomes smugness and their insecurity becomes self-confidence.

We have to branch out to learn more. There are great song-writers beyond the borders of the United States. That educated people everywhere speak English should not be cause for smugness on our part, but, rather, cause for alarm. We are missing so much; we are so one-dimensional.

- Jack Hardy

the COOP

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

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CONTENTS	
Letters to the Editor.....	4
No Royalties from This Record--by Free Lance.....	4
My First Time--by Brian Rose.....	5
A Night in Asian America--by Charlie Chin.....	6
Political Song Symposium--by Gary Boehm.....	8
San Francisco--by Steve Hastings.....	10
David Blue: 1941-1982--by Rod MacDonald.....	11
Battle of the Documents--by Peter Spencer.....	12
Coming in February: An All-New Coop.....	12
The Coop Interview: Pete Seeger--by Rod MacDonald.....	13
December-January Song Lyrics.....	16
On the Record.....	20
Record Reviews	
Tom Intondi: House of Water	
--by David Massengill.....	22
Bob Holmes: Hard Times in the Flood	
--by Tom Intondi.....	23
Serious Bizness: For Your Immediate Attention	
--by Carolyn Lee Boyd.....	24
The Thunderbird Sisters--by Gerry Hinson.....	25
Chris Smither--by Nancy Talanian.....	25
Lightfoot Survives the Wilderness--by Bill Ponsot.....	28
Folk Listings.....	30

Letters to the Editor

To The Editor:

A few weeks ago, on November 12 and 13, SpeakEasy hosted a group of very special people: The Thunderbird Sisters, Shinnecock Indian folksingers from Southampton, Long Island. Those present on the two nights witnessed a unique yet straightforward lyrical approach to current issues such as the arms buildup, strip-mining, and the treatment throughout history of the American Indians by the U.S. government. There were songs honoring the Indian woman, the earth and its inhabitants, and deceased Irish hunger-striker Bobby Sands, among others.

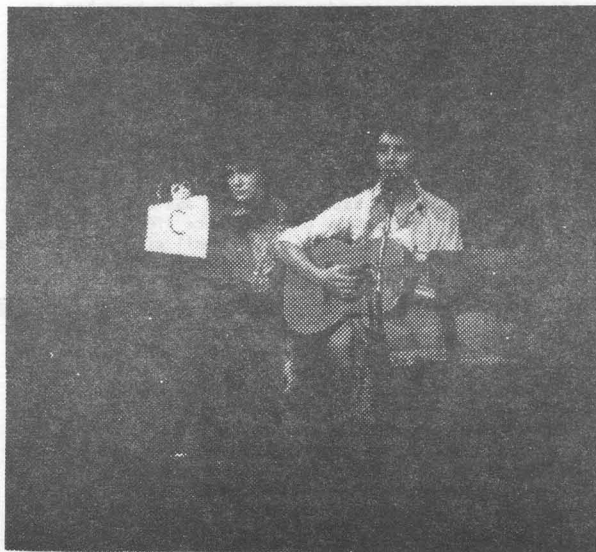
I was fortunate to be assisting at SpeakEasy both nights. I suspected some initial surprise in the audience, as many folks were hearing a style of presentation unfamiliar to them. As the shows progressed, however, I sensed overall good vibes. (Even the local nuts and rowdies, to the surprise and relief of many, decided to stay away from the club both nights!)

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Rod MacDonald and Randy Hecht for booking the Thunderbird Sisters, and thanks to everyone at the club those two nights for helping to make the "Sisters" and their entourage feel at home. Most of all, I'm deeply grateful to Margo, Tina and Becky Thunderbird for honoring all of us with their presence at SpeakEasy, and for sharing with us their songs and wisdom, thereby enlightening us.

As members of the co-op, we can be instrumental (?!) in bringing more of the "folk" element into folk music, and back into the folk scene. We can again make New York a focal point for songs dealing with important issues of concern to everyone everywhere. Love songs and songs about the Big City are well and good, but there's a lot more happening out there. It's high time we brought into the club more performers who will educate the public as well as entertain them. We've had a few who have done this, such as the Thunderbird Sisters, Tom Paxton, and a few others, but it's not enough. Yes, some of you, I know, are saying, "Oh, you mean that political stuff." Well, it's just this "political stuff" that has been and will be a key factor in keeping us all abreast of important decisions made by governments the world over that directly affect our everyday lives. It's "that political stuff" which has been and will be more and more the staff of the folk song--songs by and for all folks everywhere, like you and me. The notion of the political folk song is not a new one, but it still is to our club, the SpeakEasy. The club has lots of potential, and as co-op members and/or performers, we have a responsibility to bring in "new blood", i.e., those performers who will share with their audience something more than just the current trends in love songs. There's a hell of a lot more to sing about these days.

Lee Baron

No Royalties from This Record



Gerry Hinson

"Baby Ben," Lize Tribble, and David Massengill

by Free Lance

SpeakEasy, 28 October 1982--As a dazed Lize Tribble and "Baby Ben" toll for the final time (hopefully!), the controversial young troubador, David Massengill, drones his bleary way through the one-hundredth verse of "His Name Must Be Ben," a cute little number that has spawned serious disputes over seemingly minor issues such as character assassination and the boundaries of good taste. Having achieved his self-proclaimed goal of entering the Guinness Book of World Records with the world's longest folk song (what else?), he staggered offstage straightaway to a toilet to recover, setting another record in the bargain--the first "show" consisting entirely of one (1) song. However, he was subsequently arrested in there by the Folk Police, who threatened him with either "house arrest" in the Kettle of Fish across the street or permanent exile to Mills Tavern; whereupon the hapless entertainer announced that the song was forever after "Benned" from his repertoire. What price ambition!

Nonetheless, the phenomenon may now be out of Mr. Massengill's control; new rumors have surfaced about international figures of ill repute approaching him with foreign language verses, in exchange for unnamed favors (a new identity perhaps?). Thus, this ballad may have become "folk-processed" into a tale of the Universal Ben, thereby spreading the plague into previously unspoiled wilderness. Stay tuned for further scandals as they develop.

--Rioters News Agency

My First Time

By Brian Rose

A "hoot" was held every Monday night at the Grad Club of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Several weeks after reading about it in the newspaper, I gathered up my guitar and my nerve, and headed out for my first public performance. The emotional baggage I carried with me that night was far heavier than the sum of my belongings that I had U-Hauled up to this fascinating but frightening city. My girlfriend back in Virginia was beginning to wonder whether I was indeed a good catch, and my parents were something less than 100% supportive of my actions--after all, I had quit the architecture school of the University of Virginia for the uncertainties of art school and folk singing.

The doors of the Grad Club were not yet open and a crowd of people, some with guitar cases, milled about outside. I spoke to no one. Inside, seats were taken, food was served, names of performers were taken, and the master of ceremonies from the Baltimore Folk Music Society started the proceedings. As the show began, approximately fifty people wedged themselves into the music room; others disappeared to the echoey basement hallways to rehearse or jam with other musicians. The atmosphere was deliciously underground, a quality I have since found not only normal for folk music, but necessary. Some would argue economic necessity, but I firmly believe that there is some kind of moral aesthetic at work that leads folkies to seek out the dampest basements, smokiest backrooms and dingiest storefronts available.

My two songs were well-practiced: a Dylanesque love paean to my girlfriend, and an overly complex poetic work that pointed to my eventual emigration to New York. I was immensely proud of both of them. Several performers had gone on before me, none with original songs, which surprised me greatly; I thought everybody wanted to write songs. Not only that, I thought everybody wanted to hear original songs. A painfully boring "Barbara Allen" had won enthusiastic applause, and a rousing song about clam chowder had nearly brought down the house. Surely, my heart-felt personal ballads would do as well. Wrong. Shaking uncontrollably, the knee under my guitar wreaking havoc on my already hammy right hand, I limped through my two masterpieces. Though I deserved plenty of sympathy, on Queen for a Day, I would have come in last. I returned to my seat to a smattering of applause.

Had I been a normal person possessed with a reasonable view of things, my first performance should have been a crushing defeat--and that should have been the end of it. Ah, but no. The young songwriter emerging from the suburbs, talented or untalented, is a creature of almost neurotic tenacity, and comes with virtually no perspective of his stature in the proverbial "real world." Instead of slinking home to my apartment and banishing my guitar to the closet, I flung myself into feverish practicing. "I'll get them next week!"

In many respects, my persistence was fired by a sense of protest--the sixties had ended abruptly, and its demise had caught me short. I went to college expecting to man the barricades, but instead was greeted by the return of frat parties and panty raids. Architecture school was all too

quickly thrusting me into a career, while my girlfriend was waiting impatiently for me to come home and carry her over a threshold. In a state of near-panic, I called a halt to everything. If the idea of a twenty-year-old architecture student quitting school to take up a guitar sounds silly, believe me, I was in earnest.

So, the world was screwed up in 1975, and I had the ultimate secret weapon, a guitar and songs designed to cut to the bone. Shrugging off my first failure, I began to concoct a song that would be the ultimate statement on the Watergate scandal--a sweeping western--an allegory called "The Great Train Robbery." In it, the sheriff of a Utah town schemes to rob the Union & Pacific gold train, fooling everyone by hiring real gunslingers and by hiding the gold in Mexico. During the robbery, one of the bandits gets caught, spills the beans to the press, and in the end, the sheriff is run out of town. Get it? I labored over this opus for days, sketching every detail, covering every loose end. When my masterpiece was completed, it had seventeen verses with the chorus coming after every three, and twice at the end--so everybody could sing along.



The week after my inauspicious debut, I returned to the Grad Club with renewed anticipation. This time, "The Great Train Robbery" would close my two-song set, and I was confident of success. The evening started off well. The Grad Club was at the height of its popularity and the room was packed--about twenty musicians signed up to play, and the remaining thirty or forty were there for the show. "Barbara Allen" received its usual ovation, and as always, "Clam Chowder"

A Night in

by Charlie Chin

brought down the house. Two other songwriters performed that night, and both confirmed the local bias against the art of song. Actually, I liked one of them, Dan Hutsch, whose performances alternately bored and outraged the audience. The week before, he had shocked everyone by wearing a pair of his ex-girlfriend's underpants on his head while singing a tear-choked version of a song called "New Best Friend." I found the performance alarming, but brilliant. This time he played a beautiful piece about cats pirouetting under a moon that turns into a silver ball of yarn. The song bombed, and I considered him a comrade-in-arms for sure. The other writer, whose name I have happily forgotten, sang songs of such banality that words fail me. They were really bad. He was, perhaps still is, wherever he may be, one of those singers who has perfect pitch. In his case, perfectly flat, every note, every time, precisely off by a hair, with spectacular consistency. Listening to his voice regularly would surely induce insanity.

A few minutes before my turn on stage, I took my guitar back to one of the hallways with the fantastic acoustics. Spreading out "The Great Train Robbery" lyrics on the floor, I ran through the song one last time. With concentration I could remember the words. As I returned to the main room, I felt calm and in control of the situation. "This time I will get them."

Again, I began with my Dylanesque love paean called "Dead in the Winter," and only now can I appreciate the irony of the title. Without making an error or even cracking a note, I managed to bore an otherwise enthusiastic audience. And yet, even at that moment, dead in the winter, and dead in the water, I still believed that my ten-minute allegory. "The Great Train Robbery," on the Watergate scandal would repair what damage I had already done. I launched into it with vigor. For me, it was ten minutes of excitement, like walking on thin ice. I remembered all the words, never stumbling, as I charged through to the last verse and turned the corner into the final pair of choruses. I finally looked up at the audience with triumph, for now it was their turn to sing along. What I saw before me chills me to the marrow to this day. Total boredom. Hardly anyone was looking my way, much less eager to join in. The MC was chatting with one of his friends, clam chowder and Barbara Allen were smooching in the corner, a fat woman was stuffing herself with French fries, and someone near the door was greeting the violinist, still in tails, from the Baltimore Symphony who had dropped in to play a few fiddle tunes.

It is hard for me to explain why I kept at it after that night, and quite a few of the nights that followed. Since then, I've written a few genuinely good songs, and a lot more that are best forgotten--though none, thank God, are as long as "The Great Train Robbery." I still have a tape of it which is classified top secret, for my ears only.

So, the world is screwed up in 1983, and people are still writing songs, most of them bad. It's true. And folk singers are still meeting in basements and back rooms, and youngsters are taking longer to grow up, so it seems, and I'm beginning to sound like I'm writing my memoirs, at twenty-eight.

the great train robbery
it happened in the night
when the moon was shining bright
the great train robbery

Friday evening, November 26, the sign outside SpeakEasy read "Asian American Folk Music." It was to be the first of two nights when musicians and poets, some from as far away as Los Angeles and Hawaii, would perform. A crowd of people was standing in line waiting to get in, even though show time was an hour away. I took the opportunity to have a cigarette and gossip with some of those whose faces I knew. After ten minutes, I thought I better get inside and make sure everything was all right. Two steps into the restaurant section I heard the voice of a customer cutting through the smoke of the falafel stand. "Hey Joe, what are you serving tonight, Chinese food?" I shot a sharp glance at the grinning toad who seemed so pleased at his little joke, but it went unnoticed as his attention was focussed again on his plate of fried food. I chided myself for reacting to his silly remark, but it still stung. The remark was unavoidable as I'm sure he had never seen so many Asians together in one place outside of Chinatown. "Well, there's a lot more work to do," I thought as I gently pushed past the line and looked for Chris Iijima. He was at a table talking to someone's parents, not an unusual occurrence at one of our concerts where often whole families attend. He gave me a knowing look which signalled everything was fine. My head spun around to find other members of our group in the crowded room, and they responded with unspoken affirmatives which laid my nervousness to rest. I walked up to the bar and asked Leila, the house bartender, for a glass of white wine. In between sips I said hello to old friends as they filed in and searched for seats. Eddie Kochiyama and Addy Liu indicated with a finger sign, from their position at the door, that we were already sold out for the first show. Legan Wong, our business person, was wearing a quiet smile as he counted the receipts which reaffirmed their assessment. I sat back and lit up another cigarette, even though I knew I shouldn't so soon before going on, and thought back to 1968.



Gerry Hinson

Charlie Chin and Chris Iijima

Asian America

It was in Chicago at a national conference of a Japanese American organization called the Japanese American Citizens League that a group of young people startled the membership. They proposed that the conservative, low profile of the group which was founded before World War II to express the loyalty of American citizens of Japanese descent to the American government, was no longer in touch with the changing times. The shared experience of Chinese, Korean, and other Asian groups living in America demanded a wider perspective than just that of Japanese Americans. The Vietnam conflict had raised serious questions about the position of Asian Americans. Americans of Asian descent were especially affected by the slaughter of innocent civilians in Southeast Asia. In colleges across the country Asian American students were forming ideas heavily influenced by the activities of other Third World communities. At about the same time American immigration laws relaxed the quotas on the number of Chinese let into the country per year. The former quota of 105 per year, overnight, became an average of 10,000 per month for a brief period.

The Chinatowns in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York changed from small quiet communities of mostly single men to bustling centers of new arrivals, the larger portion of which were families. The pressing needs of these revived communities for housing, medical care, English language skills, and jobs brought back to the communities a wide range of Chinese American professionals, artists, and concerned individuals to help cope with the problems. I found myself among the American born Chinese who were volunteering their time and skill wherever it could be of some use.

In the winter of 1969, I was asked to play at an Asian American conference that was being held at Pace College in downtown Manhattan. There I met two other people who were also working in their communities and singing about their experiences. They were Nobuko Miyamoto and Chris Iijima. A collaboration was the natural result, and we soon found ourselves playing and singing at colleges, street demonstrations, cafes, and community centers. There have been many influences on the music, but the message over the last twelve years has not changed. That message is simply that we as Asians in this country share a past, a bond, and a future with all the people of the world who are struggling against imperialism, racism, and sexism. Time and interest have provided each one of the members with priorities in terms of the kind of work we are best suited for. Nobuko Miyamoto has gone back to Los Angeles, and centered most of her activities around the Third World communities there, while Chris Iijima and I have stayed in our native New York.

This concert was one of several to raise money for a newly formed independent record label, East West World Records. The record company will feature some of the Asian and Asian American artists who would not normally be recorded by a major label. The producer of this record label is an organization of Asian Americans living in New York and Los Angeles who have worked together for many years in other community projects.



Gerry Hinson

Long Bamboo George

My daydreaming was interrupted by a strong slap on the back and a vigorous handshake offered by another bartending friend with whom I had worked in Soho a few years back. His bright red hair was an eye-catcher in a room filled with so many "orientals" as he called them. "Is it o.k. for a white guy to come in tonight?" he joked. Strange, why do people always assume that if we are concerned with our culture, tradition, and identity, that we are automatically against someone else's. Perhaps it has to do with guilt or fear. I'm not really sure, but as soon as I find the time to worry about it, I'll give it some thought. I answered using the same jesting tone, "Sure, sure. Just tell them you're with me."

At that point, the sound person asked when we were going to start. I hurriedly conferred with some of the members of the folk music co-op, making a mental note to give them a plug while I was on stage and personally thank them after the show. Eddie Kochiyama shoved some flyers for upcoming Asian American events into my hand with a request that they be announced. Legan Wong assured me that all the floor staff would be taken care of in terms of gratuities. This is an issue with us because many of our people were and are in the restaurant business. As I checked the mikes one last time, people in the audience were already calling out the names of favorite pieces. There was friendly joking going on between different tables, the kind that comes from knowing each other for a long time. It's going to be a great show, I thought, as I stepped on stage.

Political Song Symposium

By Gary Boehm

On December 5, about seventy-five people were on hand to listen to a group of performers talk about their involvement with political music, and to participate in a discussion on the nature of the political song. The panel, assembled by the Peoples' Music Network, was a smorgasbord of the American Left: blacks, latinos, socialists, feminists, and Pete Seeger. Theresa Hill, the moderator, called this "the first in a series of workshops to highlight the history of peoples' music." (The friendly but overworked label "folk music," with its American hayseed connotations, was cast aside, I suspect, in favor of the more political and modern sounding "peoples' music.")

Robbie McCarly of the Sedition Ensemble (a political name if ever there was one) began the evening by singing "San Juan Hill." Apparently her grandfather was part of the 10th Cavalry, an all-black regiment, which charged up San Juan Hill first--clearing the way for Teddy's "Rough Riders" to storm the hill and lay claim to the historical laurels. It was a story/song, read like a poem, and it was effectively accompanied by April Green on an electric lap piano. McCarly makes her case for the unsung heroes and victims, which eventually includes us because she feels that we have been duped by the keepers of history. In doing this, however, she stumbles into the gulf of reverse romanticism. In the song, her grandfather practically boogies up San Juan Hill to "rap with the Indians." It is doubtful that any rapping took place during the slaughter on the top of San Juan Hill. If a function of the political song is to set the record straight, then the songwriter must be careful not to blur the truth by appealing to the prejudices and emotions of her sympathizers.

Bernardo Colombo, an Argentine singer-songwriter, spoke about the importance of songs in changing people's lives. While he feels that a "song is as important as a political speech," he is apprehensive of the labels "political" and "protest." By using such labels, he warns, the singer is isolated. The "political" or "protest" singer is easily dealt with in some Latin American countries--he or she is eradicated. Addressing the negative nature of many political songs, Colombo said, "The political songwriter has the duty to sing about what is beautiful and right in their cultures, and not just sing about massacres."



Nancy Talanian

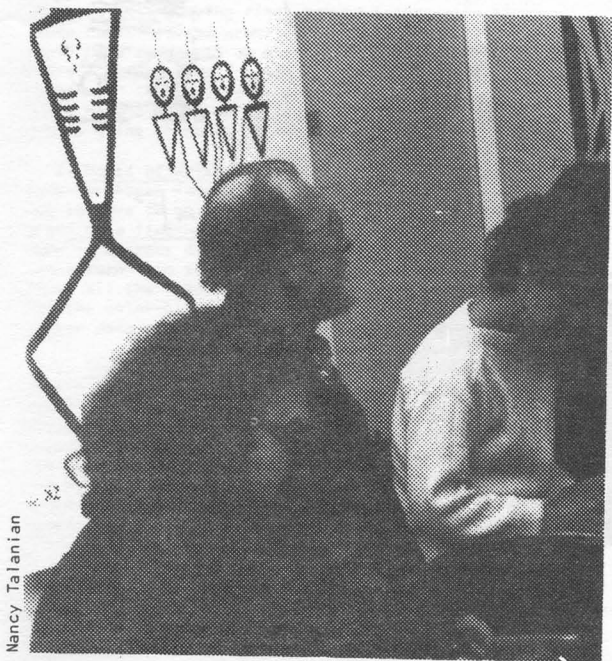
Robbie McCarly



Nancy Talanian

Judy Gorman Jacobs and April Green

"Could there be a more political song than 'Stand by Your Man'?" asks political songwriter Judy Gorman Jacobs. "All songs are political, whether the politics are conscious or unconscious." Overtly political or not, Jacobs finds that various songs have changed her life. She asked the audience for the names of the songs that had changed their lives. The responses varied from Beethoven's "Ninth," to "Stop in the Name of Love," to "I Don't Want to be an Engineer" by Jim Garland. Jacobs believes that singers are also important to political change. She points out that "singers are workers, and they are not more important, or less important, than other workers." To her, singers are instrumental to political movements because they "create energy, raise money, and change people."



Nancy Talianian

Bernardo Colombo, Pete Seeger, and Judy Gorman Jacobs

Serious Bizness feels that the peoples' music is being suppressed. Their aim, as expressed by Jaribu Hill, is to educate people--to raise their consciousness. Jaribu and Ngoma Hill performed two songs with so much gusto, that although they nearly raised the roof, my consciousness retreated. Theirs was the full frontal attack--damn the metaphors! Full speed ahead! They sang "How Many More?" (El Salvadors, Vietnams, Puerto Ricos, etc.) and a song about "Ray-gun from Hollywood with a six-gun in his hand." These are songs that can stir audiences in the heat of a political struggle, urging them to tear down the barricades, but on a somnolent Sunday night in a quiet American Indian Art Gallery, the singers' energy seemed almost hysterical.

And then came Seeger. Everpresent and effervescent, Pete strode to the mike with his hands in his pockets, and quietly began telling the history of his involvement with the political song. Seeger peppered his story with bits of songs, and we clung to every word, laughing and singing along with him. He spoke of the Pierre Decatur Club on Union Square (at which Aaron Copland sat in with the band), Aunt Molly Jackson, and his first meeting with Woody Guthrie (after which Guthrie told Someone, "This man Seeger is the youngest man I've ever met."). He talked about McCarthyism, the Weavers, and the problems of "so-called success" with all of its phoniness and compromises. Then, in a voice choked with emotion, Seeger brought his history and the evenings event into a sober focus, "I feel that we are at the threshold of a most important period of history, when this world is either going to be destroyed or it's going to get a new lease on life," and in a hushed voice, "this world is going to live or it's going to die within the lives of us and our children." Then he sang.

And so the evening went: songs were sung, and money was raised for the upcoming Peoples' Music Weekend. Questions were asked and issues were raised. What is a political Song? Who needs it? What are its origins? And just as there is a conscious and an unconscious political stand in all songs, there is one in the political song as well. Some seem to want to declare war on those who are perceived to suppress, and some want to romanticize the history of the strugglers. It's action and reaction, yin-yang, push-pull, and finally, the ol' in-out. But for all of that, the consensus seems to have been that expressions of love and truth are still the strongest forces for galvanizing the hearts and minds of people everywhere.

Peoples' Music Weekend

January 28, 29, 30

The Peoples' Music Network is sponsoring the 2nd Annual Peoples' Music Weekend. There will be three days of sharing music, information, and ideas.

Friday the 28th at 7:30 p.m. will be registration (\$15 per person to cover the space, child care, and mailing). There will be food and conversation, and people are asked to bring tapes or records they would like to hear. Saturday there will be workshops during the day covering such things as skills sharing, songwriting, and gig networking. Saturday night there will be a round robin. Sunday, from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., people will meet and share the workshop reports and plan for the future.

Registration Information: Taller Latino Americano
19 West 21st Street
7:30 p.m.

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20 Magnificent Views

and Street Map of

FROM *Steve Hastings*



TO *The Coop*

by Steve Hastings

San Francisco is a funny place. I know--I live and work in the City by the Bay, and I've lived in its shadows since my parents fled from New York in the mid-sixties to buy a tract home in sunny, suburban California.

Folk music, by *Coop* standards anyway, is hard to find around here. There is no Greenwich Village West. Perhaps there used to be. Hoyt Axton told me about it one time, about playing here in '59 when the Beats ran the Coexistence Bagel Shop in North Beach, and Hoyt would play at the Coffee Gallery on Upper Grant where Howard 'WKRP' Hesseman was the bartender. There was also playing for dinner and tips at the Spaghetti Factory, which is still around, but only as a comedy venue. The Coffee Gallery is now the Lost and Found, currently in its "lost" stage, one must assume.

An acoustic scene flourished during the singer-songwriter boom of the seventies, and many artists who got started here then maintain a large following still. But the clubs that gave them their start are gone. The central one, I'm told, was the Drinking Gourd on Union Street, which showcased then-unknowns Kate Wolf, Reilly & Maloney, Steve Seskin & Friends, and Tim Dawe. Those players could also be found around town at the Holy City Zoo, the Other Cafe in the Haight, the Family Pharmacy, and the Last Day Cafe. The Zoo and the Other are now comedy clubs, but they still give an occasional date to Kate Wolf and Reilly & Maloney, since they can still draw.

The Drinking Gourd alumni have kept their following into the eighties through their independent albums. Wolf and Reilly & Maloney have done about six each, Seskin five, and Dawe three. Reilly & Maloney now have an office in Seattle for their Freckle Records, and tell me they are selling into five figures nationwide. Other Bay Area inde-

pendents have done even better, particularly Will Ackerman's Windham Hill label, a collective of folk-classical instrumentalists based about 45 minutes south of the city, which has announced sales of up to 150,000 copies for a record by pianist George Winston. Holly Near has her own Redwood Records across the bridge over in Oakland, just down the street from Olivia Records, best known for Cris Williamson and Meg Christian.

But the decline in venues for live music has hurt the development of new music. One folk club has survived since the sixties in San Francisco unscarred: the Ghirardelli Square Cellar Wine Bar, or the Wine Cellar as it's known to the players. Seven nights a week of free music, usually solo folk players, but up to a trio on weekends. Since there is no cover, there is not much money for the performers, and the good ones tend to move on to where they can make a living. But the weekly open mikes and monthly songwriter showcases, both hosted by Tim Dawe, provide a forum for the best original writers in town, and that alone makes the club worthwhile.

There is also a San Francisco Folk Music Center, and it runs shows at the Plowshares Coffee House, located among the collective of nonprofit group headquarters at old Fort Mason. The location is a bit dreary, but the presentation of the music is professional. The styles usually lean toward traditional folk music--European and bluegrass mostly--but the Drinking Gourd folkies do a night or two there as well.

Everybody commutes now. The Bay Area as a whole provides plenty of venues, if you're willing to travel an hour north up to Sonoma, over the bridge to Berkeley and the East Bay, two hours east to Davis and Sacramento, or an hour and a half south to Santa Cruz. More musicians are reluctantly doing this to pay the rent, and from that amount of traveling, it's a short hop to considering national tours.

Most of the clubs in the outlying towns are rock or country beer halls, but there are exceptions. To the north in Marin and Sonoma there are many acoustic players. The open mikes at the Sweetwater in Mill Valley and the Sleeping Lady in Fairfax draw a lot of them out. A small coffeehouse in San Rafael called the Depot gets the same kind of players that the Ghirardelli does, and so does John Barleycorn's in Santa Rosa.

The rage in the East Bay is the so-called "new grass" acoustic music, the kind made popular by David Grisman. Violinist Darrol Anger, a former Grisman sideman, plays with various ensembles at the Freight & Salvage in Berkeley, the central new grass venue, and also at the Ashkenaz a few blocks up on San Pablo Avenue. Go to Oakland in search of the blues--musical and sociological; plenty of both are available.

The South Bay is not highly regarded, since it is fertile ground for Top 40 bands and lots of Foreigner-clone rock bands. To find original acoustic stuff, it's best to keep driving to Santa Cruz, a creative hamlet on the ocean. The Catalyst is the central venue, and on nights when the rock bands aren't around, folk acts play the greenhouse-like Garden Room of this spacious club. James Lee Stanley (who I noticed played the SpeakEasy in October) has been a fixture around town for years, as has Sean Seman, a Chicago player who plays a lot of Shel Silverstein tunes along with his own.

The coastal towns are hiding places for a lot of good talent, from the college town pubs of San Luis Obispo to the artist colony dinner houses of Mendocino.

You might say that we're all on the run out here, but I'm not so sure that's true. Sometimes there's a complacency, things get too comfortable with two cats in the yard, and you wonder why the talented players stay rooted in the dead-end lounges they've been playing for ten years. Seskin tells me he enjoys it if he only gets through to one person at the lounge, and maybe that's enough. Jimmy Bruno, a great songwriter whose tune, "I'm Talking to You," was on an early CooP issue, tells me that he's moving to New York City as soon as he can afford it.

Me, I'm a Brooklyn native, and my uncle tells me I've got a basement waiting for me in New Jersey anytime I want it. But it looks like I'll be around the Bay for a while yet. The word "potential" is what haunts me, and I keep hoping that San Francisco will once again live up to it. ■

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The CooP Songbook is out. This book contains music, chords, and lyrics for over 100 original songs that are on The CooP February through November issues. The comb-bound paperback book also contains many beautiful ink drawings and makes a great gift for a musician.

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David Blue: 1941-1982



by Rod MacDonald

David Blue was jogging around Washington Square Park on December 2 when he suffered a massive coronary. An ambulance team was unable to revive him. He was 41 years old.

Blue was born in Providence, Rhode Island, but seems always to have been a part of the Village. A veteran of the 1960s folk scene, he became good friends with Phil Ochs, Eric Andersen, and Bob Dylan, a friendship that culminated in a major role in the film "Renaldo and Clara" in 1976. In the late 1960s he wrote "Outlaw Man," a hit song for the Eagles, and recorded some albums of his own for Asylum. During the 1970s he grew interested in acting, and starred as Leonard Cohen in a production based on Cohen's writings. Later he appeared in the soap opera, "Texas."

After years living away from the Village, he returned this year and began singing in the clubs again, appearing at Folk City, The Other End, and SpeakEasy. He often spoke of the Village as his "roots," the place where he got his start and learned the basics. He could be gruff and cynical, and would often say "What bullshit!" to anything that seemed sentimental. But under the surface, there was a softer side.

Nor was he selfish about his own role in the Village: when Manhattan cable TV asked to do a lengthy interview with him, he had it refocused to include "what's going on today in the Village." The show includes music and interviews with Blue, Shawn Colvin, Cliff Eberhardt, Eric Andersen, Marc Eliot, author of "Death of a Rebel," and myself; it's due for broadcast this fall. David sings one song on the show:

Time has taken its toll
On the children of rock 'n' roll.

David and his wife, Nesya, had just moved into a loft in Manhattan recently. Anyone who wishes to write to the family should address it to 57 Prince Street, New York, NY 10012. But Nesya says he would have liked us to "pray for his soul and keep on doing what you know is right. That's what he'd want, that's the way he lived his life." ■

Battle of the Documents

by Peter Spencer

On November 16th and 17th a benefit screening was held at Speakeasy to raise money for video equipment for the musician's cooperative. A large audience saw Eat the Document, a documentary filmed in 1966 during Bob Dylan's tour of England with the Band; and Battle of the Bobs, a video short about our own Bob Dylan Imitators Contest. A not inconsiderable sum of money was raised and a good time was had by all, with many thanks to Joe Lauro, Battle of the Bobs' producer.

Eat the Document is an interesting glimpse of Dylan at the height of his fame. It relates in a number of areas to two other movies based on concert tours, D.A.Pennebaker's Don't Look Back and the self-produced Renaldo and Clara.

Eat the Document carries no credits, so its origins are unclear, but it seems that the film was shot by Pennebaker and then edited by Dylan, who never released the film commercially. Don't Look Back was also filmed during a tour of England, this one in 1965. It presents a very objective view of Dylan and his entourage, including Joan Baez, and shows the 23-year-old Dylan in a less than flattering light, bullying friends and fans while being callously manipulated by his manager, Albert Grossman. Dylan bought all rights to the film a few years after its release, and there have been no legal screenings in North America since 1972. Eat the Document focuses more on the music and surroundings of the tour and less on the business end and the personalities.

Shot in color, Eat the Document is better able to feature the English countryside, filmed mostly from moving trains, than its predecessor, whose scratchy black-and-white reduces most long shots to a blur. Color also helps the on-stage segments. With a huge American flag as a backdrop, wearing the wildest of sixties glad-rags, Dylan and the Band are obviously making the best rock and roll of the era. The standouts are I Don't Believe You with Dylan's wild, ritualistic dancing, and Ballad of a Thin Man, which resonates with unbelievable menace. Everyone from the Band is in the movie except Levon Helm, who stayed home, jealous that Dylan was doing all the singing. Garth Hudson looks like a real matinee idol without his beard. Like Renaldo and Clara, Eat the Document uses the sidemen as characters in obscure, absurdist moments while Dylan maintains an air of mystery, refusing to be shown in the objective light of Don't Look Back. Yet Eat the Document uses several of the devices of Don't Look Back, including all the interesting faces of the British fans. The 19th-century hotels and theatres of the tour provide a kind of timeless context for the music and the people making the music. Also, both movies use celebrity drop-ins with Eat the Document boasting cameos by Spencer Davis, Johnny Cash and John Lennon.

Battle of the Bobs is a cheerful, entertaining thirty-minute video starring Erik Frandsen as the master of ceremonies. It moves quickly from performer to performer and manages to make some sense out of a vastly confused evening. The editing did have its casualties, however. Poor Pete Ward was shown getting honked offstage for going overtime, when actually his performance was perfectly within the legal limit. "We just used him", said Joe Lauro, "because he had a nice dejected-looking walk."

I enjoyed Battle of the Bobs even more because it gave me a chance to see acts I had missed while I was at the front door, repelling drunken suburbanites. Bits that caught my eye the second time around included Tom Intondi's prize-winning version of Please Crawl Out of Your Window, and Constance Taylor's intriguing original song. Battle of the Bobs should become a staple of cable programming all over the world. Hear that, world?

The All New Coop

Next month, as The Coop goes into its second year of publication, you will notice many changes. The cover of the magazine will be reproduced on the record jacket, and the magazine will expand to an 8½ x 11, three-column format. And for the first time, The Coop will be accepting advertising.

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The Coop Interview: Pete Seeger

Talk and Beans: An Urban Campfire

by Rod MacDonald

It's an organizational meeting for the People's Music Weekend, a second-annual gathering of folks who love round-robin songfests. We head out to get some food. We turn a corner, and Pete Seeger picks up a seven-foot-long copper pipe, tops one end on the ground, and stands there like he's just recovered the staff he'd absent-mindedly left on the mountain.

"Hey, this is a great piece of pipe. Make a great curtain rod. Think I'll take it with me."

Pete, Roland Mousaa, and I reach the Well-Dressed Burrito Cafe, which agrees to stay open an extra hour for us. There are introductions all around, and I have brought a pen and pad, for this is a Coop interview. Pete leans the pipe against the wall, and we talk over beans and tortillas and coffee.

* * *

Rod: Was there ever a time when you realized you wanted to be a musician? What did you want to do when you were a kid?

Pete: I wanted to be a woodsman. I loved the woods. When I was seven I fell in love with the people of the woods, both along the Hudson where I was raised and in books like Rolf in the Woods about survival in the forest. When I got older I wanted to be a journalist. I never intended to be a musician. It was always something you did just for fun, like a hobby or something. I come from a family that's always discussing the relationship of art to life from all that.

Rod: But you are known as a political performer as much as an entertainer. You must think art has a relationship to life to speak so strongly through your music.

Pete: Sure. And I try to entertain people, too. But there's a tendency to be fooled, to think everyone's drawing the same conclusions as you, when in fact everyone hears it in his own way. Words are slippery things.

Rod: Do you have your own concise philosophy you believe in, philosophically speaking?

Pete: No, not really. A lot of my ideas are learned from other people.

Rod: Would you say you got into music because of getting into the radical movement?

Pete: No. It's hard to say.

Rod: Have you ever had any strong commercial ambitions?

Pete: Well, money is like air and water. You need enough to live, but it's a terrible thing to try and store it. Once you have enough, it's better to share it.

Rod: As a controversial figure, do you ever feel your political profile interfered with your ability to provide for yourself or your family?

Pete: No.

Rod: Not even when you were blacklisted from TV for all those years after being before the House Un-American Activities Committee, say? What year was that?

Pete: 1955. I consider that... a good education.

Rod: Lessons learned, you mean? Like what?

Pete: To mind your tongue. I was extraordinarily lucky. Because I was a musician, I had the kind of support the average person did not have. I had the support of my family, for example. Some people had their lives ruined, some committed suicide. All I did was get more people to listen to me. The Birchers would try and prevent me from singing, and all they'd do was sell more tickets. If a concert didn't sell out, my manager used to say, "We should've gotten the Birchers to attack you."

Rod: I saw your first appearance in all those years, when you sang "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy" on, what was it, Dick Cavett? What did that feel like?

Pete: Smothers Brothers. Oh, it felt grand, like a real victory.

Rod: Well, the war has come and gone. Do you agree with those people who say the lack of a major issue that unifies everybody has hurt the radical movement or even the folk music world?

Pete: People tend to stick together when they share a common point of view, it's true. Then you make some gains and forget you have much further to go, and split up. It's like a river. You get to a small island and think, "Oh, we're safe now," because you've hopped across a batch of small islands and you find one that will sustain you. But the thing is to get all the way across that river.

Rod: What does that mean in concrete terms? What does the river symbolize to you, then? What do you see on the far side of that river?

Pete: To have a world with jobs and justice for all is gonna take a lot of hard work and perseverance. And we may not make it. Some damn fool may press the button before we get there, but we've got a chance. This is the most exciting



period in history, I think: it has the most tremendous opportunities, and the most terrible risks.

Back in the late thirties I joined the Young Communist League. I was a communist from about the age of seven when I read about the American Indian way of life: no rich, no poor; life may be hard, but we are sharing what we have with each other. I still consider myself a communist in the deepest sense. I don't think the world will survive with some people being millionaires while others starve; but technology has made changing much more difficult. The socialist countries share land, money, a lot of things; but how do you share information? For that's what technology is about, information, and it presents the human race with a terrible contradiction. On the one hand, it gives people all the things they wanted. On the other hand, it will poison you to death.

It's like this old story. Once there was a tribe of people who lived in a beautiful valley and had everything they wanted. Then they found these delicious berries growing on the ledges above them, and one family went up there and ate the berries. Pretty soon the whole tribe was up there, and they devised a system of climbing the ledges by swinging on these vines that grew there, and when they exhausted the berries on a ledge, they moved up to the next and, each time, congratulated themselves on their higher standard of living.

Nine months later the children began to be born with no hands. They asked themselves, "Are the gods angry with us that they punish us so?" Then one child was born with hands, the son of a cripple woman who had never touched the vines. And they realized the vines carried a poison that made their children be born without hands. Then the food ran out and the people saw they had to return to their valley. But the only way back was by swinging on those same poison vines.

Today, you and I and every other human being know we have to get back to a simpler time. But the only way there is to use the technology--record machines, satellites, fancy stuff --and we have to use it right.

Rod: So you wouldn't say to reject the technology altogether?

Pete: Oh, no. Then a lot of people would starve. When Henry Hudson sailed into New York there were perhaps twenty thou-

sand people here, and it was enough to feed everyone on fish, game, berries, nuts. We do need agriculture.

But the next few decades will be very exciting--new technology, not for profit but for survival, growing food on rooftops maybe. The first machines, like large clocks, are always gross and cumbersome; now you wear one on your wrist.

One problem with technology is it wipes out the medium-range classes of things. A few individuals get very rich, the poor get by, but the middle people just seem to vanish. Nowadays a few baseball teams are seen on national TV, a few large orchestras are internationally known, but up and down the Hudson the little ball teams are being wiped out. It's like Alan Block, the sandal maker. A sandal maker can't compete with Thom McAn, not for volume or distribution. But if you want a good pair of sandals, he's the man to see.

Rod: Do you think that's true for musicians?

Pete: It's the same with music. If someone learns the craft, gets together with other people and pools resources, well, he may not get rich, but he'll have a good life, and he may even make a living. I hear so-and-so say "I never had a hit record. I'm a failure." That's such nonsense. Segovia never had a hit record, but what a musician he is!

I see people singing in Central Park all the time when I walk through, and it's wonderful. Now that was something we had to fight for. We used to get together, Woody Guthrie, myself, lots of others, in Washington Square, and the police came and arrested us. Made a terrible fool of the City Hall, and they had to let us sing because the people stood together on it. There will always be musicians, all through the streets and parks.

Rod: How do you see a singer in the sense of, oh, trying to reconcile his political beliefs and his career aspirations?

Pete: Get together and do it. I think the CoOp is a tremendous achievement, ten straight months of publishing. I'd like to congratulate everyone who's worked hard for that.

Rod: Getting back to the role of technology, do you think it also increases our individual loneliness? Everyone has his own module?

Pete: Very true. Once upon a time life was difficult, but you lived in small groups and supported each other. You met and made choices for everyone: Do we stay and fight? Do we grow our crops here or move on? It was full of love and support, I'm sure.

Rod: But you don't think we can go back to tribal units?

Pete: Oh, no. I call it T-G-A-L, which means "think globally, act locally." It's not easy, but every human being's gotta learn it.

Rod: I'd like to get away from the political realm for a bit, get more personal. How do you feel about yourself as a musician?

Pete: I get away with murder. I'm the sloppiest musician I know. I don't practice, and as I get more hoarse the audiences sing better and better.

Rod: You see it as a major part of your thinking, then, to get audiences to sing along?

Pete: Oh, yes. My stepmother told me long ago, she said,

"You know, Peter, the one thing you do better'n anybody is get the people to sing along with you. You ought to keep on doing that." And I guess I have.

You know, she was a remarkable woman, the daughter of a Methodist preacher in Florida. She went to Chicago and met Carl Sandburg, who was a socialist there. And then at his urging she wrote to a professor here in New York, about how she wanted to be a classical composer, and he wrote her a very snotty letter about how he couldn't bear the thought of a woman composer or some such thing. She got so mad she went right to New York to tell him off, and she became his student and the next thing they got married. My father was an impossible snob in some ways.

Rod: Now, my father retired when he was 62, from being a business executive. You're about that now, right?

Pete: Sixty-three.

Rod: Do you think you'll retire soon? I wouldn't expect so.

Pete: Oh, one of these days I'll have to slow down, but it's a lot of fun to get Sing Out going again. I've been a contributing editor for 30 years, but editor only since last June. And there are so many good new songs. I had settled into a comfortable old age and decided, "Well, I'll stick with these songs; I don't need to learn any more," and I got in a rut. But now Sing Out's got me learning a lot of new songs again.

Rod: Your own writing? Or are you learning them from other people?

Pete: I'm not a great songwriter--I'm lucky to write one a year. They come from all over. One's by Larry Penn, a Milwaukee truck driver, about a retarded person who knows he's retarded.

I'm proud of the songs we print in the Sing Out Bulletin. They're very different and remarkable. One's called "Hungry;" another's about a psychotic patient and the doctors lobotomize him just to keep him from causing trouble. Then there's "The Dancing Boilerman" by Charlie King, and a great, funny song about Reaganomics, and the oldest traditional song Sing Out has ever printed, a Seneca boat song.

Rod: Speaking of Reaganomics, do you think much about specific political issues? Do you think it matters who's president?

Pete: Well, I think Reagan's gonna bring us all together.

Rod: So you don't think events just flow along, despite who's president?

Pete: Oh, no.

Rod: Well, where is Sing Out going? How long has it been going, anyway?

Pete: We started as the People's Song Bulletin in 1946 with Lee Hays, Woody Guthrie, Alan Lomax, and some others. We came out once a month with a few songs. The second issue had an article on Leadbelly. We went bankrupt in 1949, closed the doors, and started again in 1950 as Sing Out. In 1982 we almost folded, but we've picked ourselves up. We have no paid staff now, like The Coop, and in the long run we need to have some, but we'll pay some bills now and come out with a big issue in the spring.

Rod: What about yourself? Are you working as a singer?

Pete: Every week, two, three, or four times sometimes.

Rod: Are most of those political occasions? Do you still do club dates?

Pete: Well, I sang at the Towne Crier for Phil (Ciganer)'s 10th anniversary recently. Most are benefits. Arlo Guthrie and I do about ten concerts a year, and the money from that makes it possible to sing for the Towne Crier's anniversary, the Solidarity Day, the People's Music Weekend, and the others the rest of the time.

Rod: Do you follow a physical regimen of any kind? Jogging, fasting, meditation?

Pete: I'm lucky to live in the country where there's always work to do, cutting wood or something.

Rod: What about on the road?

Pete: I try not to drink too much coffee or eat too much fried food. My father used to do yoga exercises. He lived to be ninety-two.

Rod: But you don't do that?

Pete: No.

Rod: Are you into night life at all?

Pete: Not really. I did live on MacDougal Street thirty-five years ago.

Rod: No kidding. What was that like?

Pete: My family got a house upstairs from the Provincetown Playhouse and we shared it. It was four floors for \$100 a month, including three flights, a basement, and a backyard. But I was never much into the Village night life, though I did sing at the Village Vanguard a few times.

Rod: Mike Porco once said you were the originator of the hootenanny, which is still going on at Folk City and other places like SpeakEasy.

Pete: The hootenanny--Woody Guthrie and I found that word in Seattle. We wanted a new word, and they, the members of the Washington Commonwealth Club, sort of a New Deal group, took a vote and chose "hootenanny" over "wingding," as a word for their monthly fundraising. It may be a French word; some French students told me they use it in France (I don't know how they spell it) for "wild party."

Anyway, Woody and I used it in 1941 for rent parties, then in 1946 for fund raising, then in the fifties it was used at Yale singalongs by John Cohen, then by Ed McCurdy for weekly get togethers at the Bitter End. Then Fred Weintraub of the Bitter End went and sold the name--very callously, I think--to ABC-TV, and that ruined it for a while. Up to then it had meant a democratic songfest; different people sing all kinds of songs! To ABC it meant a mindless bunch of well-dressed white kids. Theodore Bikel had to threaten to walk out once to get the Tarriers on, because they were a racially mixed group.

Rod: You know, I have a friend who was in a folk group in 1959 that broke up because Hootenanny blackballed you, and he wouldn't go on the show, and when the singer went on without the group, the group broke up. He never did get back to it.

Pete: I'm sorry to hear that.

Rod: Oh, I don't know; I think he'd say it's worked out better. He likes his life fine. You said you were a communist in the deepest sense; I remember your choice of words. How do you see that playing a part in your life now?

(continued on page 21)

CRAZY HORSE

He looks up at the mountain in the stillness of the morning
And framed there by the treetops and the sky
The image of an Indian riding on a warhorse
Begins to form within the Dreamer's eye

CHORUS:

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

When the Sacred Lands were trampled, when the treaties were
all torn up

He led his people's fight against the tide
Till the Sioux were finally broken, then betrayed unto the
White Man
He was fighting for his freedom when he died

Now a sculptor from the cities has come west to carve a
statue

A memorial to that warrior of fame
And the people down in Custer, they don't like to be
reminded
Of the way it was before the White Man came.

CHORUS

A man carves a man out of a mountain
And the mountain draws a mountain from the man
Day by day, clay working clay, you understand
He understands

Thirty years are but a moment when they're set against a
mountain
But it's different when they're measured by a man
Though he's happy with his bargain, he's feeling just like
Moses
'Cause he knows he'll never reach his Promised Land

Crazy Horse, I want to see you riding high upon the mountain
I have poured my life into you, you'll be here when I'm
forgotten

If a time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last
You will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man

© 1981 by Josh Joffen

Texas Blues

Never been so lonesome, never been so blue
It's midnight on the highway, I'm coming back for you

Stuck in Ozona Texas, out on Highway 10
I'm going to Arizona to win you back again

Last time I saw you your voice was cold as ice
And you spoke of some old lover like a lonesome paradise

Time like a sailor on his way back to the sea
It trips and stumbles, rarely passes gracefully

I'm standing on the highway and the only sight I see
Is just the cold and heartless moon shining down on me

Never been so lonesome, never been so blue
It's midnight on the highway, I'm coming back for you

Copyright 1982
Bill Morrissey

Here We Go Again

Countin' out the pennies I dropped in a mason jar
savin' for a rainy day
Countin' up the miles I put on this poor old car
wearin' out my getaway
I don't wanna count the nights that I've wasted
I don't wanna count the ways that I've tried

I can't name the constellations in the summer sky
they all look like dippers to me
I can't name the wildflowers by the highway side
the yellow ones make me sneeze
I don't wanna name the nights that I've wasted
I don't wanna name the look in your eyes but

Here we go again (one more time)
Driven on the wind (I don't mind)
Here we go again

Countin' out the pennies I dropped in a mason jar
savin' for a rainy day
Countin' up the nights I've leaned on this old guitar
poundin' out a three chord change
I don't wanna count the nights that I've wasted
I don't wanna count the ways that I've tried
I don't wanna count the nights that I've wasted
I don't wanna count the tears in your eyes but

Here we go again (one more time)
Driven on the wind (I don't mind)
Here we go again

Copyright 1982
Michael Jerling

I Will Keep You Warm

When the chill from Canada comes tearing south
Over empty fields up to your doorstep to kiss you on the
mouth

Chorus:
I will keep you warm
I'll keep the fire burning
Keep you dry in the storm
When winter is returning true to form,
I will keep you warm.

And you say you're insulated pretty tight;
But the flickering of your candle has revealed you
In a slightly different light.

Chorus

So I'll hold you tightly as the wind attacks;
And the power of my love will protect you
And fill up all the cracks.

Chorus

When the cold comes creeping down your chimney shaft
I'll build a fire of hickory to drive away
The unforgiving draft.

Chorus

My love will be like brandywine when you are cold
Let me take your cup and I will fill it
With as much as it can hold

Chorus

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Paul Kaplan Music, ASCAP

side one

L'impiegato

Son le cinque di sera
Passate da un quarto
Lui esce dall'ufficio
Stanco.
La cravatta e' rilasciata
E il vestito sgualcito
Sente il peso degli'altri
In vacanza

Rimasto solo negl'affari
Percorre i progetti
In questa fine settimana
E del giorno
E' a tiro il ferragosto
Ma sente soprattutto
Un gran bisogno
Di riposo

La valigetta nella mano
Lo segue a stento
Appiccicata di sudore
Distinto
E nell'altra vi e' un cono
Di gelato alla crema
Che lecca con aria
Da goloso

Fa' la coda all'ascensore
Per la casa che l'aspetta
La' dove la calma
E' immaginaria
Ma lo rimettono a sesto
Una doccia fredda
E due bocconi
Sul divano

S'aggiorna sui fatti
Con spiriti recenti
Che han la voce dei figli
E della consorte
Che gli stuzzicano il silenzio
Ma la foto di loro
Sulla scrivania li conferma
Al mare

Per una volta almeno
Sente il bisogno
Il bisogno di vivere
Decentemente
E scarabocchia se stesso
Daccanto alla moglie
Daccanto alla moglie
Che ride

Bisogno di riposo
Bisogno di vivere

c 1982 Germana Pucci

The Businessman

It's five o'clock in the evening
Past by a quarter
He leaves his office
Tired
His tie is released
And his suit wrinkled
He feels the weight of the others
On vacation

Left alone in the business
He runs through the projects
In this end of the week
And day
Near the middle of August
He has only a great need
For rest

A briefcase in his hand
Follows him with an effort
Sticky with a distinct
Sweat
The other one holds a cone
Of vanilla ice cream
That he licks with a greedy
Look

He waits in line at the elevator
For the home that awaits him
There where stillness
Is imaginary
But he's put back in order
By a cold shower
And a couple of bites
On the couch

He updates the facts
With recent spirits
That have the voice of his children
And of his wife
That are teasing the silence
But their photo on the desk
Confirms their presence
On the beach

For once at least
He feels the need
The need of living
Decently
And he scribbles himself
Off the side of his wife
From the side of his wife
Who's laughing

The need of rest
The need of living

American Jerusalem

New York City Rain
I don't know if it's makin' me dirtier or clean
went for the subway but there was no train
and the tunnel was crumbling for repairs again
and the sign said welcome to American
Jerusalem

I been around
you could spend forever looking for a friend in this town
all you get to do is lay your dollar down
till you're stumbling drunk up the stairs again
and sign says welcome to American
Jerusalem

in the temples of American Jerusalem
they buy an ounce of South African gold
they don't care who was bought or sold
or who died to mine it
in the temples of American Jerusalem
they buy an ounce of Marseilles white
somewhere on a street with no light
somebody dies tryin' it

and somewhere in a crowd
lookin' the kind of way that makes you turn around
will be somebody who knows what it's about
and she's goin' to take the ribbons from her hair again
and welcome you to American
Jerusalem

in the alleys of American Jerusalem
the homeless lie down at the dawn
the pretty people wonder what they're on
and how they afford it
in the ashes of American Jerusalem
the prophets live their deaths out on the corner
the pretty people say there should have been a warning
but nobody heard it

then shadows lick the sun
the streets are paved with footsteps on the run
somebody must've got double 'cause I got none
I forgot to collect my share again
so go west to breathe the cleansing air again
go Niagara for your honeymoon again
go on the road if you're goin' to sing your tune again
go to sea to learn to be a man again
till you come on home to American
Jerusalem

Copyright
Rod MacDonald

Time Is Only Make Believe

Why do you run
We can sit all day
Watch the sun
Burn the day away
Tonight is only
Tonight is only
Time to sleep
Time to sleep
Nights are lonely
Nights are lonely
But tomorrow we'll meet
Maybe tomorrow we'll meet

Chorus:
If time is only make believe
We can make believe it's time
Someday you'll look over your shoulder
And I'll be too far behind

Why do you run
When you look so blue
We can have some fun
If you have the time to
Tonight is only
Tonight is only
Another dream
Another dream
Nights are lonely
Nights are lonely
Won't you talk to me
Baby won't you talk to me

Chorus

Why do you run
We can sit all day
Have some fun
Won't you come out to play
Tonight is only
Tonight is only
A worried glance
Baby just a worried glance
Nights are lonely
Nights are lonely
Won't you take a chance
Won't you take a chance

Chorus

Copyright 1982
Stuart Andrews

Someone Like You

i haven't really tried
and you haven't really tried
i guess we've done
what we had to do
that fine day that you come home
all the hours we've been alone
they won't matter then
and i'll just be so glad
to be in life with you...

i don't really mind
waiting for you
i'm just glad i have
someone to wait for
i'm so glad i have
someone like you

i don't really mind
waiting for you
i'm just glad i have
someone to wait for
i'm so glad i have
someone like you

little children
and old people too
everywhere you look it's the same
they've got to have someone
when everything is done
someone they can turn to
you feel the need
deep inside
something that can't be denied
to know that someone's glad
someone's glad just to
be in life with you...

i don't really mind
waiting for you
i'm just glad i have
someone to wait for
i'm so glad i have
someone like you

i don't really mind
waiting for you
i'm just glad i have
someone to wait for
i'm so glad i have
someone like you

Copyright 1979
Bob Warren

Crazy

We're talking in circles
speaking in rhymes
Why don't you say what you mean
We're running around just to lose what you find
Back where you've already been

Chorus:

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

Running from questions
Laughing through tears
Hiding in yesterday's dream
Believing the world is though it appears
When it's not quite the way that it seems

Chorus

Well first you say yes, then you say no
Then it's a definite maybe
Well maybe you'll stay, maybe you'll go
Maybe you're driving me crazy!

Fighting your feelings
You're fooling with mine
And living on second hand schemes
I'm tired of putting my heart on the line
I'm just coming apart at the seams

Chorus

Copyright 1981
Carolyn McCombs

side two

High Sierra Range

Oh, you are a lucky one, I found you just like this
Halfway froze and broken, California on your lip
I am a mountain man, this mountain is my home
From just below the timber, where the wolf and puma roam
But you're three weeks late to the Truckee Pass
So with me you must remain
Cause no one tempts the frozen beast
On the High Sierra Range.

You're yet another plowboy, still wet behind the ear
With your dimebook dream of a diggin' strike, that's all
but disappeared
And the hard tack and whiskey now, will get us through the
snows
When El Capitan is thick with ice, likewise the Gold Half
Dome
There's plenty of time to break your back
And work your worthless claim
When the bitter root breaks through the thaw
On the High Sierra Range.

And the ghosts along Midwestern plains
Know you will not be denied
Oh, but what have you left behind
You fools of '49

Hand me down my accordian, I'll play one true and slow
It's the only thing I still have left since leaving old
St. Joe
I told my mother in parting, I'd make myself a name
A kiss for luck in starting, that we might meet again
And just like you I made my way
With the blessee and insane
Till my heart was stopped by the northern light
On the High Sierra Range.

Copyright 1982
Richard C. Nardin

Revolution Merit Badge

Come gather 'round people, and listen to me
I'll tell you a story of an armed robbery
It's an armed robbery, boys, the gunmen all say
They're fighting the system and that makes it okay

They killed three policemen who served us with pride
They preach liberation but three good men died
Three good men with families, three good men with sons
We paid them our money, they carried our guns

Now there is a woman who knows the whole crew
She knows where they're hiding, she knows what they'll do
But she wouldn't tell us, she wants her degree
To play "revolution" in the land of the free

Now people I ask you, do you think it's right?
To be the support of these cop-killers flight
Are these people heroes? Shall this be our cause?
You cannot free people by breaking their laws

Copyright 1982
Peter Spencer

TOUGH LUCK

Frankie was a working man, only thing he knew
Foreman on the fence gang, mud caked in his shoes
7:30, hurry off in his pick-up truck
Cigarettes on the dashboard, coffee in his cup
Then he hurt his back, he couldn't work again
Operations, Compensation, and Frankie's still in pain

CHORUS:
TOUGH LUCK, Mr. and Mrs. Grey
Blue collar, white collar, make the same mistake

Tough Luck, soon you have to pay
You holler, I holler, the dollar walks away

Sheila is a secretary, two kids clean her house
She's been selling Avon since she lost her spouse
He went back to the racetrack, a dream they could have shared
He was so in love with his Thunderbird
So they called in a referee to make the final break
Lawyer made it neat and clean, took his dirty take
Saying:

CHORUS

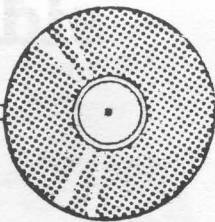
Billy bought a brand new car, put his number down
Moved into a house on the lofty side of town
Rec room, bar, ate caviar, had parties in the pool
Suburban ruse with nothin' to lose, Billy was looking cool
Borrowed money made him soft and he could not keep it up
A romance with his creditors, they never get enough

CHORUS

Helen's getting up in years, no one to call her own
She's looking through a window of tears since she lost her home
When you go to visit her its enough to bring you down
She thinks the Catholic Church is running her out of town
Every other Friday she collects a welfare check
She takes it out of her bank account when she pays her rent

© 1982 Gorgeous Music
Joey George

Notes on "Stompin' at the Coop":
Bassist Joe Lauro decided to compose an instrumental number to
commemorate the recording occasion. The loose, jazzy tune is
the Coop's first completely instrumental cut.



IN THE RECORD

RICHARD NARDIN is from Saratoga Springs, New York. He has been playing professionally since the mid-Seventies, and is currently working his first album which should be out early this year.

MICHAEL JERLING, originally from Illinois, moved to the East by way of California. He performs his songs at clubs and colleges around the country, and his album, On Top of Fool's Hill, is available from Moonlight Magic Records, Box 718, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.

BOB WARREN has been writing and singing songs since 1969. He performs his music at colleges and coffeehouses throughout the Northeast, both as a soloist and with a band. His first album is expected to be released this Spring.

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

GERMANA PUCCI, born in 1955 in Pietrasanta, Lucca, Italy to a family of farmers who were known in the area as singers. Her mother and grandmother led the singing in the fields and every year they were hired to sing the Maggio (peasant's opera) after the harvest. Her brother followed the tradition, alla "rock", forming a band and performing throughout Italy. Germana moved to the States in 1975, traveled in the West, and settled in New York City in 1977. She loves to cook.

JOEY GEORGE has been writing and recording his music and playing guitar for over ten years. He has worked all over the United States and Canada, with many different performers, including Ry Cooder, Al Stewart, David Bromberg, Robert Klein, and James Cotton. Joey has two LPs to his credit, and has provided the soundtrack for five PBS documentaries. Presently settled in Hoboken, N.J., he performs throughout the Metropolitan area with his band, as a solo, and as a duo with JUDY O'BRIEN. Judy is an actress as well as a singer, and is a member of the Image Studio Theatre.

LATE FOR DINNER is Josh Joffen, Judy Zweiman, and Ruth Ann Brauser. Josh and Ruth Ann have been featured, respectively, on the April and October '82 issues of The Coop. Judy plays acoustic and electric guitar and electric bass. She writes and sings, and does arranging and studio work. Late For Dinner has been cited by Clay Craigborn as producing the "tastiest original music since the Nutcracker Suite."

THE METROPOLITAN OPRY (TERRY KING on violin, DON KIELING on guitar, SNOOZER QUINN copping the guitar solo, and JOE LAURO on string bass) was formed in 1979 by former Wretched Refuse String Band guitarist Peter Langston. The Opry performs in clubs and colleges in the New York City area, with a very diversified repertoire, ranging from classic jazz through ragtime, Irish jigs, and rock 'n' roll to Bach fugues. This past summer, due to the band's erratic schedules, the Opry's most frequent stage was the streets of lower Manhattan.

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

PAUL KAPLAN grew up in Philadelphia and Chicago, and graduated from Hunter College with a degree in music theory. He has appeared on two Broadside albums on Folkways Records and has produced three Phil Ochs albums for the same label. He teaches guitar and his first solo album, "Life On This Planet", was released earlier this year. He is 33 years old.

CAROLYN MCCOMBS: Born in New York City in April, 1952, Carolyn began singing professionally in 1971 in an Off-Broadway rock-musical. In the next years, she performed in New York's cafes and clubs, as well as a six month national tour with a production of the rock-musical, "Jesus Christ Superstar."

ROD MacDONALD, 33, is a folk singer-songwriter from Connecticut. He lives in Greenwich Village, where he works in several local clubs, both with and without a band. Rod tours extensively in the South, Midwest and New England.

STUART ANDREWS, 28, came to New York four years ago by way of Washington, D.C. He has played the club circuit both as a solo and with others. He is currently concentrating on his songwriting career.

PETER SPENCER was born in 1951 in Erie, Pennsylvania. After touring North America for most of the Seventies, he settled in New York in 1979 and released Paradise Loft, his first LP on Original Regular Records.

BILL MORRISSEY lives in Newmarket, New Hampshire. He performs mostly around New England and occasionally comes to New York.

(continued from page 15)

Pete: I often wonder what poor old Karl Marx would say these days. My guess is he would have pretty strong condemnation of people who have differences and won't sit down and talk them over, like the Russians and the Chinese.

Roland: Aren't Capitalism and Communism like two greedy hands of the same monster?

Pete: Well, we're all greedy in a way. I'm greedy too. I've sung in the Soviet Union and in China, and some of my favorite socialist countries are the smaller ones like Cuba or Vietnam. We were in Vietnam in '72 while the war was on, walking around Hanoi, and I sang "Abiyoyo" on TV there, and a little boy came up to me on the street and started singing "Abiyoyo, Abiyoyo" and strumming an imaginary guitar. No one bothered us at all.

Rod: For a while, say, in the 1930's, a lot of artists were unified on the idea of Russia as a great revolutionary presence in the world. Is there any particular time when you think it went from a positive to a negative presence?

Pete: Well, some were just as unified against it. I look on the Soviet Union today as a combination of wonderful and terrible things. I've been there four times. Last time-- I'm a clean water nut--I went to Lake Baikal, the largest clean lake in the world, bigger than the Great Lakes. It's so clear you can see a hundred feet down. I got some jugs and brought the water home and had it tested, and it was so clear the laboratory said it was like distilled water.

Well, they put a paper mill right on it. A poet stood up and said "It'll never be the same," and a scientist stood up and said "He's right." Now, they hold scientists in almost religious esteem over there, but the commissars came out from Moscow and said "We need this plant." Then the doctor became a local hero and refused to be silenced. Finally, Kosygin came out and said "Why are you doing this?" and the doctor said "This mill is shortsighted. Future generations will never forgive you." So, Kosygin put the doctor in charge of the area. It was seen as a great victory. We haven't won too many great victories here, though the Hudson is getting clean enough to swim in. And it doesn't mean there aren't terrible things going on there as well.

Rod: Hungary being invaded caused a big shell shock, didn't it?

Pete: Yes. There's Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, just like there's El Salvador, Nicaragua, Vietnam.

Rod: Thomas Jefferson wrote that he hoped to be remembered for three things: the Declaration of Independence, the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, and the founding of the University of Virginia. Do you have a special feeling toward any of the things you've accomplished?

Pete: Oh, heavens no. I don't think that way. I'm a very lucky man to be alive in a wonderful time. The real time will come when we get beyond technology and into the humanology of things, I guess.

Rod: Well, what about the Clearwater or Sing Out?

Pete: Oh, we're very proud of Sing Out. The bulletins come out right on time. As for the Clearwater, my wife and I are two of the 4,000 members, and we volunteer for things. And we go to the Beacon Sloop Club potluck supper every month. I set foot on the Clearwater about once every three years.

* * *

The waitress is waiting to close as we start to gather our gear. Thanks, Inez and Orly, for your patience.

* * *

Rod: Well, tell me, what would you tell that eighteen-year-old with his guitar?

Pete: I'd say stay here a while, and after you've learned what you think you need, get the hell out and find that neck of the woods or that bend of the river that you'll call your home, and make it your life and focus on it.

Rod: Sort of like Siddhartha? Are you familiar with Siddhartha?

Pete: Hah. Maybe I'll end my life as a ferryman.

* * *

We get halfway to the avenue when Pete remembers he left his newfound pipe in the restaurant, drops his bags, and goes running back, arms flailing with schoolboy enthusiasm. Seconds later he comes back up the street, a big smile on his face; he smacks one end of it against the sidewalk, and it's even taller than he is.

"But you know," he says, "it won't fit in the cab. Could you take it to your place, Roland, and I'll get it from you at the meeting next month? Maybe you can use a curtain rod."

"Sure I'll take it home," says Roland.

We reach the taxi and it's time to part.

"So Pete," I say, "what did I forget to ask you?"

"Oh, a million things."

"Pick one."

"Oh, I can't do that. That's up to you."

We're barely halfway up the block before I start thinking of all the other questions. What about now? What can music accomplish now, in the 1980's? Is folk music the means for reaching the kind of consciousness you speak of, or is it just another form? Do you like rock and roll? Do you believe in God? How much time do you spend staring at the Hudson, weaving its mystery into the metaphor of your life?

We reach the bend of the river where Bleecker meets Sullivan, where the sons and daughters of the Dutch and English who fought over this island trade beads and hash pipes. Tourists canoe down the street in glistening steel limos while small tribes of traders line the shore with their wares, be it cappuccino or Hunan seafood (it's only a prawn in their game).

"That's Pete," says Roland, "He's the most incredible person alive, even more than Dylan. He's got that kind of strength. Well, you're doing a good thing, Rod. This is going to teach you a lot."

"Hey Roland," I say, "Take care of that pipe."

And he goes off with a big smile, cradling seven feet of copper tubing on his fingers like a huntsman holds his rifle, off into the wild woods along the banks of Bleecker Street.

Record Reviews

Tom Intondi: House of Water

by David Massengill

Tom Intondi is a host of no mean distinction. He has the unique grace to offer coffee and eggs at the end of an evening, and to have the match lighting the burner as he offers. How sincere can you get?

Enough cannot be said about Tom's place as the U Thant of the Village folk scene. It was his diplomatic talents (and the open-door policy of his MacDougal Street apartment) that kept war between the creative factions (one singer/songwriter = one faction) to a minimum, when rumor and talent begat another folk "movement." While the rest of us took perverse pride in barbaric displays of temper and excess, Tom kept track of the "rational approach"--just in case there should be a need for it someday. That burden fell naturally to him, I suppose, because of his early Jesuit training.

Geoffrey Stokes, music critic for the *Village Voice*, calls Tom "a seminarian gone splendidly wrong." Tom gives the subtle impression of hoarding secret powers of endurance that the rest of us can only guess at. And yet, he can perform a mad crab's scissors-kick for his guests, position prone on the kitchen floor. He can take dead aim with a glass at fifty paces. He can crack three ribs in a fall down an open manhole.

Tom's newly released LP, *House of Water*, on City Dancer Records, offers a texturally rich and philosophically ambitious odyssey through the psyche of modern life. It makes a case for the sanity of art. Six inspired sidemen and a discriminating production team put Tom's vocal energy in the right context of pop, calypso, jazz, rock, folk, you name it.

Now for some notes and quotes: (Quotation marks indicate Frank Rossini's lyrics.)

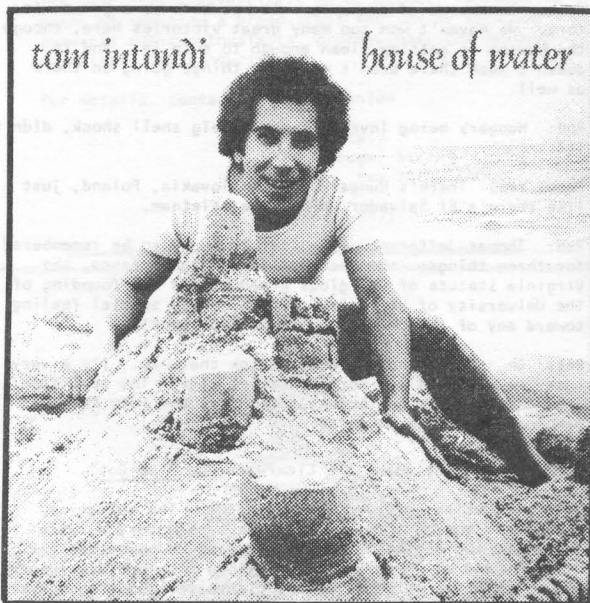
Side Yang

1. *Shoulder to the Wheel*--lets you know he's got a band that can jump--a sort of revolutionary work song for protestors--"holes in your back pockets" and "Johnny off to war" meet "feet on the ground" and "turn it all around"--Bernie Shanahan's piano gets raves.

2. *Who Comes Marchin' to Save You?*--with "birds scratching at your heart" one hopes the question is not rhetorical--down and out rocker--faces in a crowd--solid "soldiers in some Grand Hotel"--you think you've got troubles! better get yourself up and dusted off--in case of diapers, the cavalry ain't coming; phone home--"nobody but you" comes to terms with the age of no heroes.

3. *Twisting in the Wind*--a sweet, pretty song about the dirty business of love and betrayal--well placed after two rockers--"now I sit just like a monument" with "a not so great stone face" (no wonder she left him)--uncompromising language by Frank Rossini and John Erlichman--cello is lovely--the images have fangs and surprise you--"turn my voice to roses"--lonely are the resigned.

4. *High Times*--popcorn in the cranium--the Jackass, the Jabberwocky, and the Jailbait meet for some mumbo jumbo at the corner dive, and that's just the intro--the definitive bellwether song for hipsters--Bill Bachmann's electric guitar gives birth to everything from triplets to carnival riffs--age-old question: "how many eyes a baby would have if both its folks were Cyclops"--jazz in the breeze--"your words?": Martha P Hogan provides a nice, sassy echo and commentary-by-inflection (she purrs, she pouts, she nails him to the wall)--the band takes it to the roof--the drums cut, the sax is Not Lax--helluva song REPEAT helluva, helluva song--the fadeout goes back to the maniacs, Waiting for Kerouac.



For copies of *House of Water*, send \$6 per copy to City Dancer Records, 483 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11215.

Side Yin

1. Dance With Me--"yesterday the rain came down" charmingly illustrated by Frank Christian's guitar, what you call playing rings around Saturn--the slow dance number at the prom--nature putting on its glad rags: "the sand puts on a white dress" and "the sky wears a rainbow coat"--then the sea and sky "melt... together," the tide comes in, a crescendo builds--I don't need a train going through a tunnel to know what's going on here--it must be Love.

2. House of Water (title cut)--island tempo--mock-Caribbean language--"what is the price to pay not to have to go through all these things twice" a gem of a line--a healing song--"love will bring me home"--humorous dilemmas: "build a house of stone, stone turn into sand; build a house of water, water flood all the land"-- there's fire, there's ice, and for the color-blind there's a "rainbow wing"--electric guitar made me whistle in awe--dizmuzbeedaplace.

3. You Call Me Home--irresistable--a hit, top-40--Bernie Shanahan's rollicking piano and vocal harmony are 24k--lovers on a yo-yo: crying in the schoolyard "just like a child" resolves with "but now you're here"--a hook that won't quit-- "night can never be too long/ I'm lyin' next to you"--my, my, my, life sure is good--the type of song you can listen to over and over with undiminished pleasure--any number of pop stars could cover this song, but Tom sings it beautifully, like there's no one waiting in the wings: it's his song.

4. Take Me to the Water--a dreamy song--"rain on the window, moon in the sky, touch each other, close our eyes"--the piano modulation before the last chorus is a killer.

5. Then God Will Dance--about a nice world to come where "our hands will harm no one" and "God will dance in our hearts"--good mix--better watch your phonograph here because the guitars are smoking--"our voices will be thunder" made believable by drummer Dan Hickey--"a blue saxophone curled around green lovers"--a gentle philosophy--no evidence of atrophy--a proud capper.

Frank Rossini is a poet, who collaborates on lyrics with Tom from his half of the continental divide. He specializes in the kind of glittering detail and oddly juxtaposed images (like a key unlocking fog) that celebrate the complexity and illusiveness of the inner life. In Frank's lyric collages, things are always changing into something else (a lover's breath becomes something she can "wear"--and then further metamorphoses into a dress not of vapor but of water) ...and the effect can be unsettling. The chemistry of the soul is being activated, ionized.

Their singer serves as witness to the chaos and injustice of the modern world, but comes to terms with it by an aggressive reordering of his reactions, by a war of the will in a house of mirrors. He won't fall down. Instead, he finds a path through the maze. He offers hope.

I'm afraid I'm becoming incurably dense here. Disregard my poor efforts, but consider the following a just declaration of Tom Intondi's Holy Grail:

To endure bitterness, yes--but at the same time, out of pride, not to enlarge your bitterness but to reach the opposite extreme--to invoke joy and health as though they were the general law.

--Nikos Kazantzakis

Bob Holmes: Hard Times in the Flood

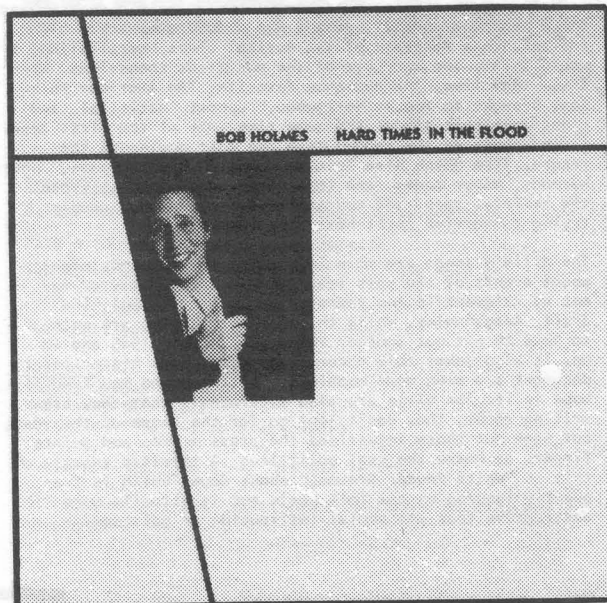
by Tom Intondi

Bob Holmes's second album is an interesting departure from his fine initial effort entitled Railroad. Whereas Railroad exhibits Bob as the proverbial lonesome hobo a la Guthrie or early Dylan, singing his own bluesy road songs with that extra bit of twang in his voice, Hard Times in the Flood is, both musically and lyrically, more sophisticated. Bob's blues form is still at the core of his music, but it's presented here with the support of a very fine, mostly acoustic band, featuring Bob Halperin's tasteful slide guitars and the tight rhythm section of Joshua Levin-Epstein on bass and Kathy Burkly on drums. The result is another very listenable recording of the best singer-songwriters currently working the New York-New England folk circuit.

The title song appropriately sets the context for the rest of the album:

hard night, rivers rose
can't see where the water goes
called up the last of my friends
but I could not get through
there's hard times in the flood
for me and you.

But Holmes's landscape, so adversely affected by the Reagan recession, still allows for lots of humor. The humor cuts through this bleak state of affairs in almost all of the cuts: in "Five and Ten Cent Blues," in "Junkman" ("my life



is yesterday's papers/but my love is always new"), in "No Rent Blues" ("got a woman like no other/who's the sole support of 16 brothers/sometimes I get lost in the shuffle/but I give thanks for what I get"), and in the album's finale, the Presleyish "Heart of Darkness Hotel" ("the desk clerk never checks if the name you give matches your face"). I would love to have heard Elvis try this tune!

Interspersed with these blues variations are three story songs or variations on the ballad form: "Houdini," a fine tribute to that mysterious disappearing act of the same name; "Marilyn," a bittersweet but somewhat humorous look at the movie star, whose tragic flaw, in Holmes's view, was the act of changing her name to Marilyn Monroe ("Marilyn may die, but Norma won't be blamed"); and, finally, the hilari-

ous "Ballad of Jack Kennedy," whose second verse, on first hearing, induced uncontrollable guffaws from this listener:

All the people loved him
 And all the women loved him too
 His mistresses looked like his wife
 But she said she never knew
 He would take them up the back stairs
 And never once forgot their names
 They would never talk about him
 'Til he was years down in his grave
 He was a sad man, poor Jack Kennedy.

Great stuff!

Serious Bizness: For Your Immediate Attention

by Carolyn Lee Boyd

You wouldn't know it from Ronald Reagan; you wouldn't know it from the mass media, but, sitting in my warm apartment with a cupboard full of food and a job, I am one of the lucky few. It's the dual duty of musicians like Ngoma and Jaribu Hill to show those in the ivory tower of American prosperity what's really happening on the streets and to inform and inspire those still struggling for survival to demand more. For *Your Immediate Attention* (Folkways, 1982) is a musically excellent, topically diverse and straight-to-the-point vehicle for doing just that.

Serious Bizness's musical style is simple: two voices and two folk guitars. Their two distinct tastes, one more given to rallying sing-along type songs about specific events, and the other more lyrical, poetic and almost classical, blend and balance a marriage of two musical sides, paralleling, I would think, the marriage of the musicians themselves. When I saw them live, the audience favorite, "An American Folk Song Brought to You by Hollywood," upbeat, satirical, and right-on-target all at the same time, was of the first type. I find those of the second type the most moving on the record, like "High Rise Tenement" and "Dusting Dreams," where harmony, minor modes, and long, drawn-out phrasing evoke the anxiety, pain, and courage of so many of the people trying to survive right next door.

The Hills's songs are more immediate than many musicians' about events of the past year and issues that may or may not be relevant in ten years--Tchula, Mississippi, the draft, Reaganomics. While this means that they are going to have to put out another record in 1983 or 1985 and so on, it also makes this record both a valuable historical document and even more meaningful to those who may find hope in it. The Hills are also literate in what they are writing about; they don't just go for the cause-of-the-year, but seek out those injustices the press misses and points fingers at where the real guilt lies. A terrific example of this is "White Powder Dreams," about dope, which is frequently ignored by the folk world but is actually more destructive than any social institution or political



Nancy Talanian

Serious Bizness: Ngoma and Jaribu Hill

force because it attacks from within and hits hardest at the most vulnerable and vigorous, the young.

In concert, Serious Bizness is charismatic, energetic, and entertaining, all of which comes across on this live record. They perform for many types of audiences all over the country; this record is only one part of the Hills's drive to make this a more fulfilling world for us all to live in.

The Thunderbird Sisters

by Gerry Hinson

The re-emergence of American folk music as a protest vehicle has been characterized by an ever-broadening range of both authorship and focus. Originating with white middle-class civil rights supporters in the early 1960s, this platform has grown to include black, female, Hispanic, and Asian voices, and to encompass anti-militarist, anti-sexist, and other progressive social and economic ideals. The last voices to share this stage have been those of Native Americans. While American Indians have been folk performers in early folk circles (Buffy Saint-Marie and Gordon Lightfoot come to mind), only recently have performers emerged whose public stance is consciously American Indian.

The Thunderbird Sisters--Becky, Tina, and Margo--are members of the Shinnecock Indian Tribe from Long Island and are energetic social activists. They work with such organizations as the American Indian Movement, the International Indian Treaty Council, and the Brooklyn Anti-Nuclear Group. On November 12 and 13, they performed at SpeakEasy, accompanied by Ben Hale on bass and "Rags" Murtagh on harmonica and flute. Many members of their tribe were in the audience. Having to adjust to the absence of a lead guitarist left them slightly unsettled during Friday's performance, but they nonetheless performed energetically, and behind Tina's steady rhythm guitar they gave an assertive, confident show on Saturday, with well-arranged folk harmonizing devoid of raggedness or eccentric mannerisms.

There was considerable diversity in the themes of the songs they performed. Traditional Native American values were reflected: "A People's Prayer" is about man's disrespect for nature; "We Are the Children (of Our Ancestors)" and "Child of My Heart" emphasize continuity between generations; American Indian history, both distant and recent past, is commemorated in "We Are the Children," which relates such AIM activities as the occupations of Wounded Knee and Akwesasne and the Trail of Broken Treaties march on Washington, D.C.; "Wounded Knee Hero" decries the destructive effects of alcohol upon young Indian men throughout history, as women increasingly became the tribal life-preservers; while the more optimistic "City of Refuge Farm" details the upstate rehabilitative farm with which they, and many others, were involved toward the building of a new education and living community (temporarily closed due to current lack of mortgage funds). As women, they have also reflected upon their own tribal roles; paying homage to generations of mothers before them, they sing,

How did she manage to look like a lady
Carrying the weight of the world in her hand?
Indian Woman, strength of her people,
Keeper of Fires, Protector of Land.

Continuing in this role, Tina dedicated "Child of My Heart" to the future of her own expected child.

Despite the amount of material focusing on their own people's concerns, these are no mere cultural separatists. Having linked themselves with other voices of protest at several large assemblies, they sang of broader social concerns as well, including moving versions of "Bobby Sands" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'" (Margo: as "the call to arms that it once was"), as well as their own song about Hiroshima, "Stop the Wars," "Put the Power in the Hands of the People" (against nuclear power: "The Sun Is the Source"), and the

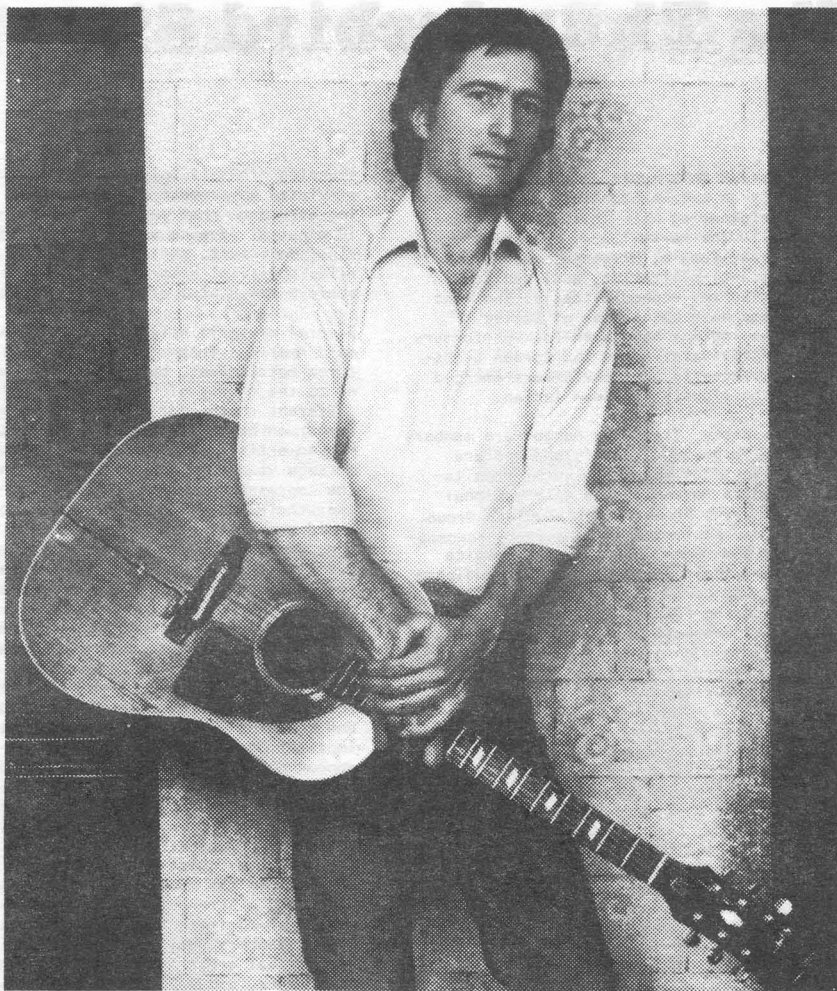
stunning "This Is Only a Test," a funny but bitterly ironic simulated government radio broadcast that gave the comforting assurance that we shall all definitely receive at least 10 minutes' advance warning of the missiles bringing the Final Holocaust, ending with a chilling "air raid" harmonica riff; political humor at its subversive best, which could achieve the status of a classic were it to receive airplay.

Several of their original songs feature the use of the standard American folk style of alternating lines of four and three metric feet, but with a nonconforming fifth line added to the chorus of "We Are the Children," and a completely different rhythm for "Wounded Knee Hero." Occasionally they border on being preachy, but, as with any politically committed artists, the legitimate question of the priorities of message vs. style can be debated. The reader shouldn't get the impression of an entire show of unrelieved grim moralizing: their senses of humor provide the needed levity. Besides the aforementioned irony of "This Is Only a Test," they derided their own attempts at romantic and Country material (Margo: "Every now and then I take a stab at Country music. I hope it doesn't stab back!").

Another intriguing trait is their singing of traditional tribal chants in some of the choruses and opening bars, but never in the narrative verses. This was revealed by Becky and Tina to be a reflection of traditional social gender roles at tribal gatherings, where women sing the choruses and men sing the leads; however, there are no patriarchal implications here, with these roles indicating distinct gender domains, not gender domination.

As an urbanized Native American, I have recently reflected upon the renewed interest in traditional Indian culture and wonder about its ultimate direction and purpose. Responding to my questioning of the value of their culture's survival in the modern world, the Thunderbird Sisters expressed a strong faith in their ability to insure the health of their children and increase the survival of tribal members. Still, a contradiction appears: if living in a tribal group in a traditional manner is of primary importance, of what use is it for them to present their beliefs to the "outside community?" Speaking for the band, Margo responded: "As public performers we can reach those who were previously unaware of our history and current issues, and we reach a broader audience through our singing in folk music style. Also, many people in these times are looking for values simply for survival, which our culture contains." We discussed examples, such as how opposition to nuclear power and uranium mining is rooted in a basic respect for the earth, which can prevent humanity from ultimately poisoning itself. "We share many concerns with the broad public; we have encountered oppression on our lands, and now others look for values to survive--and to fight the oppression which they encounter."

The ultimate significance of the Thunderbird Sisters is that their work reflects an awakened Native American people's encounter with, and contribution to, America's cultural melting pot. Their songs are in a modern folk style, but the content reflects their own heritage's values. They speak to all who would survive and enjoy the earth as given us by the Great Spirit; ultimately, their people's survival may insure everyone's.



Chris Smither

by Nancy Talanian

I cut short a long holiday weekend in Boston to hear Chris Smither, along with Dr. John, at The Other End Saturday night after Thanksgiving. Smither comes to New York only two or three times a year, so I didn't want to miss this opportunity to hear him.

Overall, what I enjoyed most about his performance that night was its variety and contrasts. His songs provided an emotional roller-coaster ride--from joyful, foot-stomping rock and roll to some real heartbreakers. His singing ranged from sly, sexy growls to gentle, sorrowful tones. In his guitar playing, he so adeptly kept separate bass, middle, and treble voices going that it was sometimes hard to believe they all came from one guitar.

When asked how he developed his own style of guitar playing, Smither explained that he began by listening to blues greats like Lightnin' Hopkins and Mississippi John Hurt. Somewhere along the line, he doesn't know just how, his own style evolved. His style works well with the songs he performs. His sad, slow songs are accompanied by mournful treble slides and haunting vibratos that sometimes harmonize with his own voice. The techniques he employs for his up-tempo songs are too sophisticated for me to break down and too numerous to catalog if I could. But I did notice that he sometimes used counterpoint, sometimes echoed a treble lick in the bass, and sometimes alternated bass and treble percussion with a silent guitar and a measure or two of foot-stomping for contrast.

All good musicians show talent and skill; great ones also show passion for their craft. And when Smither sits alone on stage coaxing beautiful sounds from his old Gibson Epiphone, what seems to set him apart from most guitarists is an extra measure of love for the guitar and his music.

Smither claims he's not disciplined enough to be a prolific songwriter. But the songs he has written are good--the kind that always generate an emotional response from the audience, from laughter to blues.

An up-tempo tune he performed, "Love You Like a Man," may be his best-known song. Bonnie Raitt adapted the song to a woman's point of view and recorded it on her album, Give It Up, which, Smither says, made him very happy. He said about writing it: "I think I believed in it at the time. I was real young. Nowadays I sort of do it as a nostalgia piece." He must have been referring to the song's display of boyish cockiness:

You know if you need someone who can,
Well I could be your lover man.
You better believe me when I tell you
I could love you like a man.

But the song also shows considerable sensitivity for its type:

You comin' home sad,
Layin' down to cry.
What you need is a man to hold you,
Not a fool to ask you why.

The fact that a woman chose to record this song and that it survived her tampering with the lyrics are evidence of the song's authenticity.

Another up-tempo song, "Mail Order Mystics," evoked laughter from the audience for the singer's hard-nosed refusal to listen to the troubles of an apparently distraught woman and his repeated plea for her to lighten up:

It ain't that I don't hear, I just don't listen no more,
'Cuz you can go ahead and shoot yourself and I don't
mind,
But all I want to talk about is lovin' and wine.

Interspersed with these "up" songs were a few bleak ones. Smither has written several excellent songs in this vein, but on the evening I heard him at The Other End, he seemed to have chosen his songs partly with Dr. John's share of the audience in mind and did fewer of his desolate songs than he might have otherwise. One of the few he performed was "I Feel the Same":

It seems so empty now you've closed the door.
Ain't it hard to believe you ever lived this way before.
All that nothing causes all that pain.
Please believe, I feel the same.

Smither calls this "an anti-'Don't Think Twice' song." He explains, "The essence of a 'Don't Think Twice' song is 'Goodbye, you bitch, it's been a drag.' I never managed to feel quite that sanguine about anything. In fact, I usually suffer for about six months--intense guilt--after I break up with somebody." It's doubtful that Smither's reaction to breaking up is all that different from the reactions of the writers of 'Don't Think Twice' songs. He's probably just more honest about his feelings, and this shows in his songs.

Smither also performed a few songs he's written about relationships that don't seem to be going too well but for which

there still seems to be some hope. In one particularly beautiful song, "Lonely Time," he's worried about losing someone he loves:

Well you tell me I could live without you.
Tell me let the good times roll.
Tell me I could live as half a man.
Lovin' you's what made me whole.

But in the last verse he retains hope of a reconciliation:

It don't take much for me to see you comin'.
You turn on that light, boy, you know I'll come
Runnin'.

Similarly, in a twelve-bar blues song called "If," Smither seems to be trying to keep a relationship from falling apart:

I would not mind being lonesome
If I had someone to call.
One and one makes two, child,
And the second one is you and that's all.

Smither admits that a lot of his songs are sad because he finds it easier to write songs when he's sad. When everything's going fine, he says, he doesn't feel like writing songs. I appreciate his ability to communicate sorrow through his songs, but I am grateful that he didn't wait until all hope was lost to sit down and write those last two songs.

Naturally, Smither's performances of his own songs are believable. But his renditions of the songs of others are equally authentic--never imitations. He brings something new to every song he performs that makes it his own. In "No Money Down" by Chuck Berry, Smither starts with a slow Lightnin' Hopkins-style first verse. Suddenly, in the second measure of the chorus, the song takes off as he switches to rock and roll, alternating bass and treble percussion with foot stomping. The change in rhythm corresponds to the song's plot in which the singer trades a "broken-down, ragged Ford" for a Cadillac "that's gonna just eat up the road." Either rhythm would work for the entire song, but by juxtaposing the two, Smither manages to take us for rides in both cars.

In "Sitting On Top of the World" by Walter Jacob and Lonnie Carter, he employs another interesting variation. Most singers perform this as a 'Don't Think Twice' song, but Smither's experience with break-ups leads him to a different interpretation. He sings this song slowly and sadly, accompanied by mournful slides on the guitar, implying through the contrast between the emotion in his voice and guitar accompaniment and the song's lyrics that he's either lying to keep from crying or being sarcastic when he sings:

And now she's gone, and I don't worry.
I'm just sitting on top of the world.

The end of a Chris Smither performance usually means a four- to five-month wait before he comes back. In his 16 years as a professional musician, Smither has recorded three albums to tide us over between live performances. But the first two are out of print, and used copies are hard to find. The album I have, his second, Don't It Drag On (Poppy), is excellent. His third promised to be at least as good, but it was unfortunately locked up in the sale of Poppy to United Artists and was never released. Consequently, I was pleased to learn from Smither that he plans to bring out a new album by spring.

Lightfoot Survives the Wilderness

by Bill Ponsot

1982 opened with the unheralded release of Gordon Lightfoot's sixteenth album in as many years. His music is very often passed over by the record consumer with the naive notion that it all sounds the same and puts the listener to sleep. I have heard these objections and more about Gordon Lightfoot for some twelve years, and it is true that his voice is among the most distinctive in the folk/rock business--a natural clear baritone strengthened by choir training as a boy, and twenty years of professional performance--rendering his songs unmistakably his. But the claim that his music all sounds the same is simply not true, as it varies stylistically from one album to the next.

His first album, *Lightfoot* (United Artists), was released in mid-1966, by which time Bob Dylan had already gone electric, and the folk revival was on the wane. Instrumentally it was a simple album, featuring two guitars and bass and front-lining eleven Lightfoot originals. Three of those became hit singles as Peter, Paul & Mary covered "Early Morning Rain" and "For Loving Me," and country singer Mary Robbins scored a number-one hit with "Ribbon of Darkness." It was an auspicious beginning for the former country/western variety TV-show host and was followed up with being voted Top Canadian Folksinger for 1966.

Gordon's writing has covered a broad range of topics over the years, but he favors several which he knows well: nature, particularly the Canadian wilderness, is explored with vivid descriptions in hundreds of songs. Very often analogies to nature are applied in his love songs:

A tall oak tree alone and crying
When the birds have flown, and the nest is bare
Now a woman, Lord, is like a young bird
And the tall oak tree is a young man's heart.

"The Way I Feel," 1966

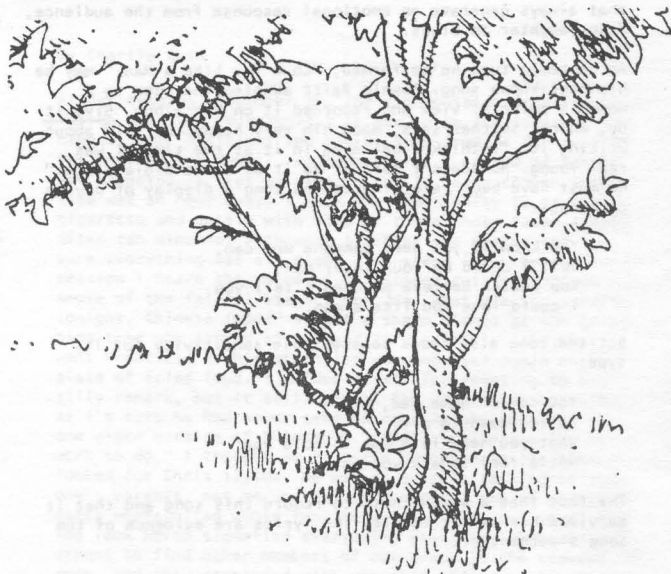
History is another of his passions, as witnessed by such selections as "The Canadian Railroad Trilogy" and "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald." Much of the time he concerns himself only with chronicling events in songs; sometimes, though, he editorializes for the sake of social commentary:

His father was a man who could never understand
the shame of the redman's face, so they lived in
the hills
And never came down, except to trade at the white
man's place.

Daddy didn't like what the white man said about the
dirty little boy at his side;
Daddy didn't like what the white man did, nor the deal
or the way that he lied.

There was blood on the floor of the government store
when the men took his daddy away.
Now the boy stood by as he came to his end; and he ran
like the wind from Cherokee Bend.

"Cherokee Bend," 1975

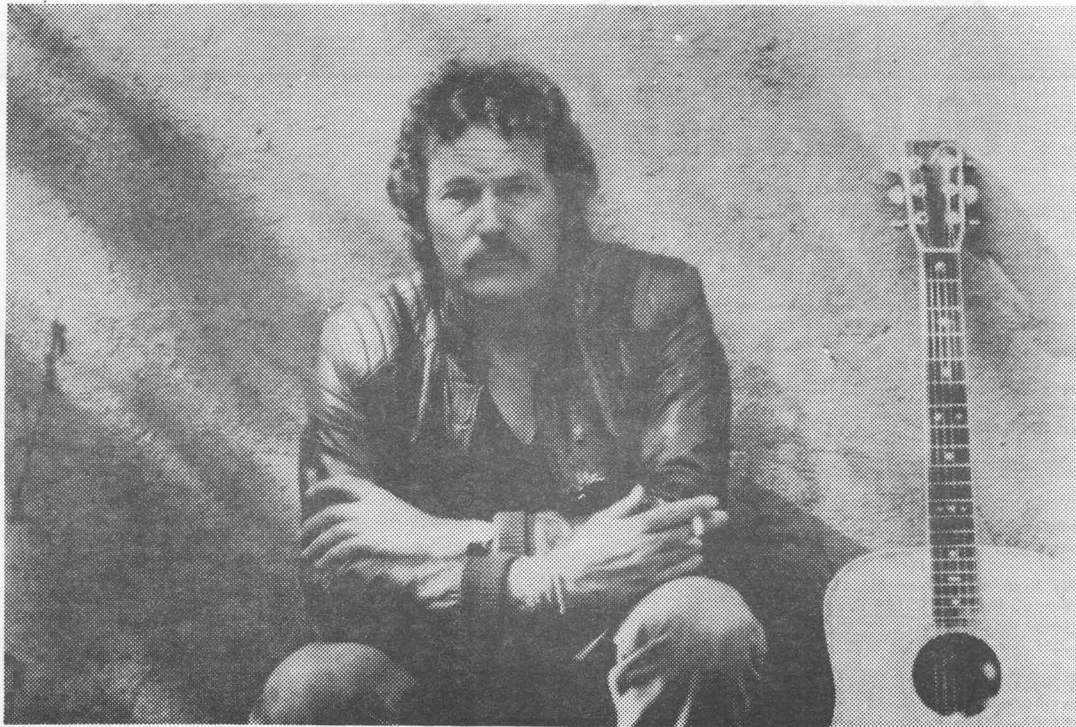


The upshot of the story is that the boy is given the choice of abiding by the white man's laws or suffering the consequences. He opts instead to remove himself from society. While applied here to the Indian, the song speaks more universally against all discrimination.

Many of his love songs are brightly colored pieces, laced with sentimentality and meaning, ranging in theme from the infamous one-night stand in a motel to candlelit romance to the secret rendez-vous. He doesn't tarry long with heart-break, but when he does tackle it, it's with unnerving accuracy that he describes its ravaged emotions.

On the lighter side, Lightfoot employs finger-snapping rhythms, particularly in the songs he wrote after he switched labels in 1970 from United Artists to Warner Brothers/Reprise. The backup band grew to include drums, keyboards, and greater use of electric guitars. "Me and Bobby McGee," "Approaching Lavender," "Old Dan's Records," "You Are What I Am," and "Alberta Bound" are just a few examples from the early years at Warner Brothers of happy-go-lucky classics. Very often plush string arrangements were thrown in, which, although effective, gave his songs a pop-music sound that did not always do his writing justice.

A high-water mark in his recording career came with the release of *Sundown* in 1973. This album contains a broad spectrum of songs with everything from pseudo-Latin arrangements to the closest he had ever come to rock and roll. It was a new sound for him, and attracted the attention of many who would otherwise have passed his records by. The sound was based on a strong electric rhythm section accompanied by a variety of percussion instruments, producing a richness in sound only hinted at in previous recordings.



Through the seventies Gordon Lightfoot's music grew in this direction. Albums, though, were less frequent. After Sundown, release dates were two years apart, with the exception of Summertime Dream (1976), released some fourteen months after Cold on the Shoulder, and containing what are probably the best and most powerfully picturesque epics of his career. "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald" tells the tragic tale of the sinking of the huge ore barge Edmund Fitzgerald during a savage winter storm on Lake Superior in November 1975. Sung chanty-style, the song drew a lot of attention and ultimately has become an anthem of mariners worldwide.

The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy
With a load of iron ore 26,000 tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early.

"The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," 1976

The song is based on the actual accounts of the event, with a little help from Indian legend which describes the nature

of Gitchee Gumee (Lake Superior) as being unforgiving when trespassed upon at that time of year.

Six years and three albums later, Lightfoot released Shadows (1982), a compilation similar in overall sound to Sundown. He goes back to sea with "Triangle," a short epic about the Bermuda Triangle, and reaches towards rock with "Blackberry Wine," filled in with various poses of verbal lovemaking.

All in all, Gordon Lightfoot has succeeded in providing well-rounded entertainment consistently throughout the years, attracting a following of mixed generations, and attaining great respect from fellow performers. Well over five hundred recordings of his songs have been made by others, in every style of music. He has been awarded sixteen Juno Awards (Canadian Grammy's) and has been nominated for Four American Grammy's.

At 44, his voice is very strong and showing no signs of age. He performs a moderate number of concerts in any given year, and spends a great deal of time exploring wilderness tracts not logged by him in previous years.



FOLK LISTINGS

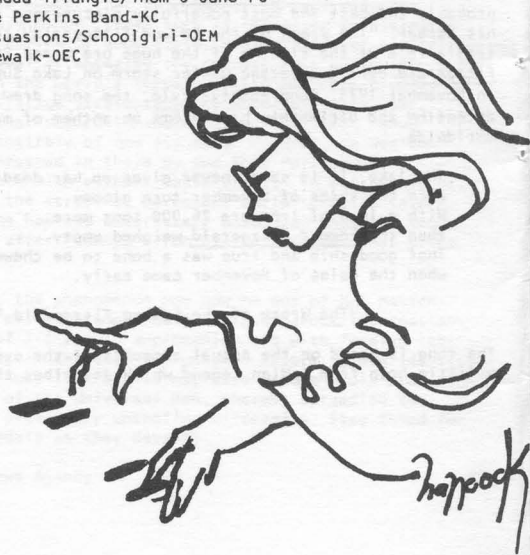
Below is a partial listing of the current folk scene throughout the New York metropolitan area. To be listed in future publications, please contact Grant Orenstein at SpeakEasy, 107 MacDougal Street, 228-1246.

Key:

BL - Bottom Line
FC - Folk City
KC - Kenny's Castaways
OEM- Other End Main Room
OEC- Other End Cafe

December

- 14 Cakewalk/Moberlys-KC
Kodak Harrison-OEC
- 15 Buddy Rich/Ron Darien-BL
Screamin' Honkers/Cliff Eberhardt-KC
Al Anderson/B. Willie Smith-OEM
Bridget St. John-OEC
- 16 Stan Rogers/David Massengill-FC
Great Tunes/The Winds-KC
Guy & Pip Gillette/Paul Geremia-OEM
Eve Moon-OEC
- 17 John Lucien/Tyzik-BL
Buzzy Linhart/Martha P. Hogan-FC
Urgence-KC
Otis Blackwell & Savannah-OEM
Cakewalk-OEC
- 18 John Lucien/Tyzik-BL
Buzzy Linhart/Andy Breckman-FC
Hardbeats-KC
Morziski/Lucille Gould-OEM
Cakewalk-OEC
Lydia Davis-Jon Stein/Paul Kaplan-22 Below
- 19 John Lucien/Tyzik-BL
Speedboys/Ghosttown Radio-KC
Rande Harris-OEC
- 20 Tom Rush/Carrolling Carollers-BL
D. Archer & Friends-OEC
- 21 Tom Rush/Carrolling Carollers-BL
Some Nerve-FC
Steve Hopkins-OEC
- 22 Roomful of Blues-BL
Smithereens/Razz-KC
Street Level/Elixir-OEM
Jim Glover-OEC
- 23 Cathy Rose Salit Band/Julie Homi-FC
Strangers/Singles-KC
Armed Cores/Stinger-OEM
Eve Moon-OEC
- 24 Eve Moon Group-OEM
Joey George-OEC
- 25 Andy Stalman Klezmer Orchestra-FC
The Limits-KC
Eve Moon Group-OEM
Joey George-OEC
- 26 Span Ko-KC
- 27 Peggy Atwood-OEC
- 28 Leslie West, Corky Lang, Miller Anderson, and
New Mountain-BL
Scanlon-Sussman Band/Paul Clements Band-KC
- 29 Tom Paxton/John Hammond-BL
Roger Barts/Natasha Turner-KC
Persuasions/Schoolgirl-OEM
Greg Trooper-OEC
- 30 Flo & Eddie/14 Karat Soul-BL
Ibis/Chacha-FC
Dave Perkins/Floor Models-KC
Persuasions/Schoolgirl-OEM
Eve Moon-OEC
- 31 Flo & Eddie/14 Karat Soul-BL
Bermuda Triangle/Thom & Jane-FC
Dave Perkins Band-KC
Persuasions/Schoolgiri-OEM
Cakewalk-OEC



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ALL SHOWS
9PM UNTIL ?
UNLESS
OTHERWISE
NOTED

December 1982



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
5 KAZI KISAICHI THE NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS 8:30pm	OPEN WITH BOB MACDONALD CHUCK MANGROCK	7 Dollar Night with Tom Intondi \$1	1 POETRY 7-9 pm JAN BIRD ROB WOODRIDGE & SPECIAL GUESTS FREE	2 LEFT FIELD at LIONEL WOHLBERGER \$2	3 SUZANNE VEGA Bill Morrissey	4
12 BEN SILVER MARILYN J. Paul Kaplan 8:30pm		14 ERIC WOOD New England Express	8 POETRY 7-9 pm 9:30pm <i>Electricity</i>	9 DOLLAR \$1 night with David MASSENGILL	10 DANNY KALB LATE FOR DINNER	11
19 DAVE BOLGER PETE GARDNER KATH BLOOM & LOREN MAZZACANE 8:30pm		21 Dollar Night with Tom Intondi \$1	15 POETRY 7-9 pm CONSTANCE TAYLOR CURT LIPPE MICHAEL BOIN	16 ANDY COHEN RAY \$3 L'AMBIASE	17 SONG BOOK \$1 Erik Franzen David Massey with Special Guests Admission \$2 Donation \$3 \$15	18 ROSALIE SORRELS Mick Greenhill
26 PALL CLEMENTS STEVE WITT Betsy Skuttis 8:30pm		28 Hilary Morgan \$3 CAROLYN McCOMBS DAWD	22 POETRY 7-9 pm TOM GUDERTAN Joey Miserable the Norms Germana Pucci	23 SOLDIERS FANCY 8:00pm	24 JOHN ROBERTS Bar Silver & Rosemary Kirstein STEVE WITT	25
31 PETER TORP JIM DAWSON NEW YEARS		29 POETRY 7-9 pm THE Hollywood Dick Bell KEVUE PETE WARD MICHAEL SOLDWAY	30 John Kruth Matt Balistaris Paul Kaplan	31 JACK HARDY HAPPY NEW YEAR! THE BELLES OF HOBBOKEN		

January

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|--|
| 1 | Flo & Eddie/14 Karat Soul-BL
Bill Ferns & The Jump-FC
Dave Perkins Band-KC
Persuasions/Joe Mason-OEM | 14 | Bernie Shanahan/Jump-KC
NY Samba Band/Abdul Zahir Batin-OEM |
| 4 | Mary Deaver and the Angels-KC | 15 | Libby Titus-FC
Bernie Shanahan/Last Tango-KC
Lydia Davis-Jon Stein/Dan Mozell-22 Below |
| 5 | Bill Ferns & The Jump/L-7 Band-KC
Leslie Chase and Chase Manhattan Band-OEM | 16 | Hilary Morgan-FC |
| 6 | McCoy Tyner-BL
Rhythm Method/John Glenn-KC | 19 | Beckie Curtis-KC
Pacific Orchestra-OEM |
| 7 | McCoy Tyner-BL
Elizabeth Cotten Birthday Celebration with Mike Seeger-FC
Tony Sarno/All American Band-KC
Pieces of Dreams/Jerome Olds & Tom Gross-OEM | 20 | C'est What-FC
Doo Wop/Blue Emotions/Johnny & Joe-KC |
| 8 | McCoy Tyner-BL
Livingston Taylor/Andy Breckman-FC
Dee Archer/Michen/Picasso-KC
Pieces of Dreams/Jerome Olds & Tom Gross-OEM
Carolyn McCombs/Chops-22 Below | 21 | Tom Intondi Band/Martha P. Hogan-FC
L'il Reed-KC
Dr. John Solo/Diane Ponzio-OEM |
| 9 | John Cale/Violent Fems-BL | 22 | Aztec Two-Step-FC
Radar-KC
Dr. John Solo/Diane Ponzio-OEM
Genevieve Stuart/Donna Brown-22 Below |
| 11 | Jud Friedman-KC | 25 | Dan Cazio/Honky Tonk Co.-KC |
| 12 | T.S. Monk-BL
Michael Simbrun-KC
George Theiss Band/Stingers-OEM | 27 | Doo Wop/Heptones/Heartaches-OEM |
| 13 | Hardbeats/Michael Kessler-KC
Richie Scarlet-OEM | 28 | Townes Van Zandt-FC
Newcomers/Birdland-KC
Otis Rush-OEM |
| | | 29 | Tannahill Weavers-FC
Little Buster & Soul Brothers-KC
Otis Rush-OEM
Beverly Mickins/Cathy Ladman-22 Below |