

the
COOP
The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine

1ST

Anniversary!

Vol. 2 #1



February

the
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The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine

March '82



These youngsters, some covered as well as former members of The Song Project show each other, outside before the Bear Mountain Festival last summer.

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April '82



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May '82



The Political Song Revisited

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June '82



First known photograph of Mr. Trad P.D. Anon, noted author of so many songs. Another coup for "The Coop" by ace staff photographer David Roth.

Traditional Music Revisited

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July '82



Bob Franke, from Salem Mass plays some hot licks in a cold wind but his reminding us that yes, there is street singing and it's better in winter. Perfect for our July cover.

Street Singing

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August '82



Bob Franke, 40, of Salem, Mass. is interviewed at length in this issue of the Coop, first of a two-part series.

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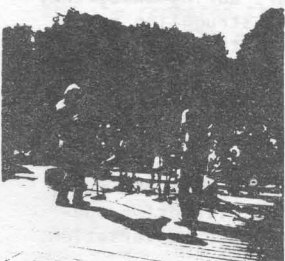
Sept. '82



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

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Oct. '82



Bill Barthold and Jack Demmer, one of the musicals' organizers, at the Free Folk Festival on Oct. 2 in Central Park.

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Vol. 1, #10



November '82

Women in Song

the
COOP
The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine

Vol. 1, #11



Dec. '82/Jan. '83

February
'83

Bring on Year Number Two!

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Our immediate plans as far as themes are concerned are: March--Story Songs, April--Humor Songs, May--Political Songs, and June--Love Songs.

So we are asking our subscribers to keep in touch. We look at this "musical magazine" as a two-way street and thoroughly enjoy the feedback, suggestions, songs, and articles we receive daily in the mail. Keep those cards and letters coming (not to mention those tapes and checks). And lastly, we would like to thank all our subscribers who have supported us financially, the journalists and disk jockeys who have brought us to the attention of a growing audience, and the songwriters and music makers and nameless souls who put it all together.

-The Editors

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Judy Molner, Bob Withers, Helen Withers

Letters

To the Editors:

I am certainly enjoying my subscription and commend you on your unique idea and hard work. One of the reasons I look forward to your magazine and record each month is that apparently folk singers aren't allowed to perform in Utica. There are occasional acoustic music evenings in local pubs accompanied by Matt's Mug Nite. Apparently what happens is that you buy a mug of Matt's beer, brewed locally, then get three refills for a dollar. During this, they sacrifice a young, struggling performer armed only with a guitar and a microphone.

There are also three local colleges that feature "coffeehouses" but the local ordinances against folk music apply to them also so that the music has to be served up with drink specials and loud, drunken conversation.

Drew Allen
Utica, New York

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Drew Allen
Utica, New York

James Clarence Mangan:

The Myth of the Song Poet

by Jack Hardy.

There is an ancient Irish myth of a Leanhaun Shee, a member of the fairy world who haunts the bardic poets. In the words of Yeats:

The Leanhaun Shee (fairy mistress) seeks the love of men. If they refuse she is their slave. If they consent, they are hers and can only escape by finding one to take their place. Her lovers waste away, for she lives on their life. Most of the Gaelic poets down to quite recent times have had a Leanhaun Shee, for she gives inspiration to her slaves. She is the Gaelic muse.

At the point that Yeats wrote this, he was involved in his "tragic" love affair with Maude Gonne and was probably looking for a way to understand and mythologize this power she held over him. About the same time, Yeats wrote an essay entitled "Clarence Mangan's Love Affair." If we cast Yeats in the role of the poet who transcends the lure of the Leanhaun Shee, we have to cast James Clarence Mangan in the other role.

It has been said that "it has been Mangan's fate to be often discovered." Yeats "discovered" him in 1887. Joyce "discovered" him in 1902. I "discovered" him in 1977. Indeed, there is something fascinating about this romantic and tragic figure that is heightened by his obscurity. In the sense that myths are the personification or archetype of some human characteristic or trait, Mangan is the definitive song poet. Yeats's essay, like so many others on the subject of Mangan, begins with a brief recapitulation of the poet's life that reads like a litany of sorrows.

James Mangan was born on May 1, 1803 the year Robert Emmet was hanged. Or, in terms of the myth, he was born in the "liberties" in Dublin, at No. 3 Fishamble Street, in the house of Usher on the day of the ancient druidic festival of Bealtaine.

He studied under a local Catholic priest until, at age fifteen, he was sent to work as a scrivener, and worked from five in the morning until nine at night for ten years. The money he made went to support his destitute family. Here the mythic overtones increase: The diamond in the rough, the pearl in the oyster, or genius out of squalor.

A fragment of autobiography, written later in life, talks about frequent illness, which was perhaps psychosomatic, but which may also have caused his turning to opium and then alco-



Mangan's birthplace.

hol. His study of literature began at an early age. He was infatuated with the poetry of Byron, the excesses of Coleridge, and the hideous dress of Maturin. He studied the occult. He read Swedenborg, though he returned later to the Catholic fold.

He quit or lost his subsequent jobs at the ordinance survey office and at Trinity College library, and tried to subsist on his meager earnings from publishing poetry and prose in the various Dublin journals. Several of his patrons went to great lengths to extend to him credit of trust and money, most of which was squandered.

He died June 20, 1849, in Meath Hospital, not far from where he was born, in the midst of a cholera epidemic during the potato famine. There were only five (some say three) mourners at his funeral. To add insult to injury, his final, feverish writings were burned by the nurses out of fear of another reprimand over hospital cleanliness. Even his gravestone bears the wrong death date.

As you can see, the mythmaker has plenty to work with, for the mythmaker fills in the gaps, and of these there are many. Mangan had few friends. He was aloof and secretive. And perhaps he himself affected or believed the myth, with his affected, eccentric dress of baggy pants, a cape, a witch's hat, and hair so unkempt that many thought it to be a wig.

Also, what few anecdotes survive are thoroughly entertaining. For in-

stance, one day when Mangan's friend, Father Mehan, had fetched the poet out of the gutter, he brought him in front of a mirror, thinking that his own image would frighten him to his senses. Mangan took one look in the mirror and turned to him and said, "That's nothing compared to the state of the inner man." The inner man was one of Mangan's favorite themes; that "lampless" or "nameless" area of the human soul. He had to put his faith in the nonmaterial as all of Ireland had to, having been raped of all her material for centuries upon centuries. His faith was in his craft.

And what of this "love affair" of which so many have written? Mitchell, his first biographer, says:

He was on terms of visiting in a house where were three sisters; one of them a beautiful, spirituelle, and a coquette. The old story was here once more re-enacted in due order. Paradise opened before him: the imaginative and passionate soul of a devoted boy bended in homage before an enchantress...then with cold surprise... (she) whistled him down the wind.

By the time the story was retold in *Appelton's Journal* (1880), it had been so embellished as to have become:



Mangan in his hideous dress haunted the book stalls as there were no free libraries at that time in Dublin.

A pair of bright eyes had attracted and ensnared him, and when he had the boldness to appear as a petitioner in the court of Cupid, the owner of the same bright eyes loftily rebuked his presumption.

O'Donoghue, still his most definitive biographer (1997), repeats the Mitchel story and adds:

He proceeds to tell how he foolishly introduced a friend, a life long friend, to the lady....He was jilted in favour of the 'friend.'

However, Charles Gavin Duffy, who was the "life long friend" in question, who was there at the time, writes that too much has been made of all this, that:

the poetic fancy is often and easily kindled and the indispensable heroine, if she does not present herself in his daily life, is borrowed from the region of vision or often from some casual and momentary encounter with an attractive face.

Duffy also goes on to say that it was a myth that Mangan was addicted to opium.

But most of the subsequent writers seem to want to perpetuate these stories as part of the myth of Mangan. Perhaps Mangan even set himself up to be betrayed, to live out his predestined part of the myth. Mangan himself said that "she listened (to him) as willingly, it seemed, as Desdemona to the Moor." Perhaps he was already lost in the myth even as the play was acted out. Carleton, one of Mangan's contemporaries, had published a folk tale called "The Lianhan Shee," which Mangan undoubtedly had read. His poetry subsequently did take a turn for the better, adding a personal depth even to his anthems.

Also as a part of the myth is a pre-occupation with the fate of genius: that the bard is somehow different and cursed. From Yeats's aforementioned essay:

The exceptional is ever persecuted. If you tie a red ribbon to the leg of a sea-gull the other gulls will pick it to death. In the soul of Clarence Mangan was tied the burning ribbon of genius.

And from a poem Mangan wrote at age sixteen:

O Genius! Genius! all thou dost endure,
First from thyself, and finally
from those
The earth-bound and the blind,
who cannot feel

That there be souls with purposes
as pure
And lofty as the mountain snows,
and zeal
All quenchless as the spirit whence
it flows.

Let us discuss for a moment the bardic tradition. The bards grew out of one of the castes of the druids. They were the keepers of the history, the keepers of the mysteries. To become a bard one would have to spend twenty years or more learning verse, for it was an oral tradition. As the druidic power subsided, the bards evolved into a special caste, eventually becoming the shanachie. They were the only citizens free to roam. They were not constrained by the laws of economics. They were the only ones free to criticize the king and his court without losing their heads. They had the freedom to follow the muse. But they also had something else: The leftover tradition of an elaborate craft, with great feats of memory, word play, meter, and rhyme schemes.

With the occupation of the Normans and subsequently the British, they also became the conscience of Ireland. Already being versed in the talents of outwitting tyranny, their satire became a political morale booster. When the British outlawed the Irish language, they were uniquely equipped to carry on the oral tradition.

Mangan brought this tradition back to life in several important ways. He translated the old bards from the

Irish at a time when Irish nationalism needed an identity. He showed that this uniquely Irish craft could be applied to the English language. And he lived the part of one of these bards, even in an urban setting. He, too, would not be tied to the laws of economics. He, too, criticized the government through his verse. He, too, became a master of his craft of rhyme, meter, and word play. At a time when poetry was increasingly being wedded to the printed page, he brought it back into the oral tradition. At a time when the British press controlled poetic criticism, he turned his back on that press by not seeking recognition or publishing in its circles.

The craft of the bard was an immediate craft: To write on a topical subject on demand with little chance for revision. It also had to be palatable and understandable to the masses on at least one level. Mangan's poetry was readily available to the masses, being printed in the magazines and penny journals of the day. His poetry has been hard to collect, both for this reason and because he published many of his works under countless pseudonyms. Even the "Clarence" in his name was his own concoction. But through all this, his liberal translations were not at all provincial, for he added his knowledge of the world poetry. He became the national poet of Ireland. His poems were memorized by school children and are still recited by firesides.



Jack Hardy and an unidentified grave digger visit Mangan's grave.

I might add that this bardic tradition is still very much alive in Ireland today. Whereas the country is still not rich enough to support a class of professional poet-musicians, the aforementioned will never starve nor will they lack a place to stay. (Nor, I might add, will they ever go thirsty.) One cannot call it living off the fat of the land, as there is not much fat on a potato, but I have traveled comfortably there for months with my songs, though only once can I remember earning actual money. And I remember sitting in a pub in Dublin called The Béal Bocht (the Poor Mouth) where the tinkers hang out and where they keep a pot of soup warm for anyone who comes in to sing.

It was this tradition that must have intrigued Yeats and Joyce. Perhaps it was only a rite of passage or a fanciful identification with Mangan, but in the early stages of their careers, he was all they hoped to be as poets. Transcending the elements of upbringing (Joyce patterned his family in Portrait of the Artist as much on Mangan's family as on his own), transcending economic necessity, transcending the criticism of the British press, transcending tragedy of love, and transcending even politics in a politically volatile time.

The effect of this tradition is far-reaching. Much has been written on Mangan's influence on Poe. They cite Mangan's poem that contains the refrain, "evermore," and another poem called "Lenore." Others argue the opposite. These are all irrelevant academic arguments. What is true is that Mangan's poetry crossed the Atlantic in great amounts, not in the fine literary parlors, but in the death boats of the potato famine on which it was carried in the hearts and memories of many a homesick expatriate, setting the stage for the "Danny Boy" school of poetry and song.

This influx of Irish music and poetry swept the lower haunts of this country in the years preceding the Civil War. James Ryder Randall, in writing his "Maryland, My Maryland," gives credit to Mangan's "Karoman, O Karoman." This subsequently became Whitman's "Oh Captain! My Captain!"

You see, all's fair in love, war, and bardic tradition, including plagiarism (as long as you can say it better). In this way Dr. Waller's "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!" becomes Yeats's "Tread softly because you tread on my dreams." (The original was in a footnote to a Dublin University Magazine article on Mangan, published in 1877, which must have been read by Yeats.) Likewise Mangan's reference

in his autobiography to his father as a "boa constrictor" shows up in Portrait of the Artist. But this is all part of the bardic tradition: sifting through the years of poetry, and re-writing that which is good. This also happens with "translations."

Most of what Mangan published, and the only volume published during his lifetime, were translations: translations from the German, Spanish, Italian, translations from the "oriental" languages. Translations were "all the rage" at that time, and for a young poet starting out it was far easier to get translations published than original poems. Mangan did not do so well translating the German masters such as Goethe and Schiller. (Perhaps he was intimidated by them.) Where he shone was in translating the "lesser" poets such as Rueckert, where he could use the original poem as a skeleton on which to build a far better poem. He did the same with his Irish translations, working from a literal translation done by someone else. In the "oriental" translations, it is hard to determine which are completely his own because many of the original poems are "not available." In some cases he is guilty of "reverse plagiarism," because he published his own poems, attributing them to a nonexistent German poet named "Selber," which is German for "himself." Even this reverse plagiarism is uniquely Irish in that Ireland has long exported her sons, soldiers, and commodities to the credit of all but herself.

Regardless of the source of his inspiration--whether it be a German poem or a Persian poem--the theme was almost always the same: Ireland; that her wild geese might return; that she

might be returned to the happier times so many "golden years ago." Many were in the form of the Gaelic "Aisling" or vision, a dream poem in which the poet's lover is the personification of Ireland. And here all our themes merge into one. As Robert Graves says in the White Goddess, there is only one true form of poetry, and that is homage to the moon goddess. But this homage can take place in different forms. In the fantastic dream world of the mad poet, the unrequited love, the nationalism, the religion, all become one. This is the power of Mangan's poems such as "My Dark Rosaleen."

The fact that much of his poetry is discounted in academic circles as "popular" poetry in the sense of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" or Noyes's "Highwayman" discounts the power of the metaphor to move the inner man and thereby move nations. James Kilroy, a Mangan enthusiast, says we should "find the method and the terms by which to analyze them." Kilroy also adds that "the very excesses of Mangan's poetry are perhaps the most authentically Irish."

Perhaps it is the addition of the personal themes to the "popular" poems that adds the power. One of my favorite poems by Yeats, "To a Shade," which has always been thought to be about Parnell, I feel is also about Mangan. Mangan had also just had a monument to his memory unveiled (in Stephen's Green) and Mangan also would have "given their children's children loftier thought" and would have "had enough sorrow before death."



The unveiling of the Mangan memorial was far better attended than his funeral.

There is much power in the bardic tradition that transcends rational analysis. To use the moon or a type of tree in a poem is to evoke thousands of years in the human subconscious when the moon's rhythm and the properties of various trees were far more a part of life than today's office routine. The ancient bards understood the power of symbols. The modern day poets mostly stumble upon them accidentally. And, long before there were words for alliteration, internal rhyme, musical echo, and meter, these effects were used because of the beauty of their sound. These sounds were wedded with music. Poetry was sung. In Mangan's Poets and Poetry of Munster, many of his translations from the Irish are accompanied by their original musical text. In this modern, audio-visual society many poets have printed themselves into irrelevance. Meanwhile, it is the modern day folksingers who have remarried poetry and music, thereby bringing poetry to a much larger audience.

Much of this tradition the public does not understand. Hence the myth. The public is at the same time in awe of it and afraid of it, sort of a love-hate relationship. Somehow the public still loves it when a Dylan Thomas drinks himself to death, or a

Phil Ochs hangs himself. The public revelled in the exploits of Rimbaud and Verlaine, the "poets Maudit." The poet as sufferer, the poet as alcoholic or drug addict, the poet as political prisoner or political leader. Bob Dylan's fame did not explode until he almost died in a motorcycle accident, and even then rumors abounded concerning his drug addiction. And people felt "betrayed" when he shunned political responsibility.

So it becomes almost a rite of passage for the young poet to indulge in excess, sleep in the gutter, and write sonnets to a Shakespearean "dark lady." In an increasingly middle-class world, the freedom of the bard becomes less reality and more myth. Even Yeats and Joyce, in their relative comfort, must have been intrigued with the myth that was Mangan. He was something they could never be. He had a popular appeal they could never have. Yet it is they, Yeats and Joyce, who made their mark on literature. It is they who lived long, productive lives, transcending the lure of the Leanhaun Shee, cultivating their muse rather than being cultivated by her, while James Clarence Mangan is forgotten.

From Mangan's poem, "The Nameless One," which Joyce loved to recite:

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.



Portrait of the artist after death by W.F. Burton.

Ed. note: This essay is from a lecture delivered to the James Joyce Society on February 1, 1983. Jack Hardy has done several songs based on the life and writings of Mangan, specifically "The Nameless One" from his album of the same name, "The Inner Man" from his Landmark album, and "The Béal Bocht," so far unrecorded.

(continued from page 3)

Elizabeth recalls how, singing and playing music with her brothers, each one would make up songs to call their own. The lonesome sound of a train that ran near her home inspired Elizabeth to write a song called "Freight Train" at age 11. "Freight Train" has become an American classic. It is among the first songs most aspiring folk musicians learn, and it has been recorded by many folk and country artists, including Peter, Paul and Mary, Pete Seeger, Chet Atkins, and most recently, Taj Mahal.

Like many black girls living in the rural south in the early years of the century, Elizabeth Cotten was married at 15, found work as a domestic, and, turning to the Baptist faith, put away her guitar and her blues. It was a half century before she returned to them.

She was working in a department store in Washington, D.C., in the early 1950s when she happened to reunite a lost Peggy Seeger with her mother. Elizabeth subsequently took a job in the home of Ruth Crawford Seeger and her husband, folk scholar Charles Seeger. It was the Seeger children, Mike and Peggy, who discovered "Libba's" musical gifts, and encouraged her to perform in concert. Thus Elizabeth Cotten embarked on a new career in her mid-sixties, accompany-



Brian Rose

Mike Seeger at Folk City:

Peace, peace
Sweet dove of peace
Let your white wings encircle our globe
Oh Lord how we pray
We hope every day
For the dawning of worldwide peace.

ing Mike Seeger and the New Lost City Ramblers to the coffee houses and folk festivals that blossomed around the country in the late fifties.

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Bob Gibson, Tom Paxton, Anne Hills —The Best of Friends



by Paul Kaplan

On January 11, 12, and 13 at Speak-Easy a new folk group called "Gibson, Paxton, and Hills--The Best of Friends" appeared on stage for the first time ever. This initial engagement has produced a lot of excitement and also a lot of curiosity.

The Best of Friends is Bob Gibson, Tom Paxton, and Ann Hills, all of whom have previously been active as folk music performers. The best known of the three, Tom Paxton, has had a thriving career both in North America and abroad for over twenty years. He is sometimes described as a poignant and witty topical songwriter, due to the popularity of

such songs as "What Did You Learn in School Today?" and "I'm Changing My Name to Chrysler." But he is equally adept at writing love songs and children's songs. His most popular song, "The Last Thing on My Mind," has been recorded by over 150 artists.

Bob Gibson, who started performing professionally in 1954, was one of the important figures in the American folk revival of the fifties and sixties. He was an early influence on Phil Ochs, with whom he wrote the classic antiwar song "One More Parade." In addition to his concertizing, Bob has been busy in recent years running songwriting workshops throughout the country. He also pro-

duced the last two Tom Paxton albums and recently released an album of his own called The Perfect High.

Ann Hills was employed variously as a truck driver, a ditch digger, and a chemist before she decided to do something hard and become a folksinger. She has recently been performing with her husband, Jan Burda, and they have put out an album on Chicago's Hogeys label entitled The Panic Is On. Singing with Paxton and Gibson, Ann is in the company of more famous friends, but it is her beautiful and versatile voice, at times stirringly powerful, at times quietly moving, that makes the group soar.

These three musicians have joined to-

gether as a trio in an attempt to use their aggregate recognition factors and, of course, their abundant talent, to focus audience and media attention on a kind of music that in previous times occupied a much larger place in our culture. According to Craig Hankenson, the group's manager, today's hard economic times are leading more and more people toward a new appreciation of softer music. So to test this theory, the group has scheduled a series of appearances in intimate clubs over the next three or four months. These are less concerts than part of a process of growth and experimentation. At the end of this period, the group will evaluate their own reactions and the response of the public. They will then decide whether or not to plunge in full time, with more extensive touring, production of an album, etc.

At SpeakEasy it was exciting to watch the interplay as Gibson, Paxton, and Hills performed together for the first time. Of the three, only Gibson has any trio experience, and that experience was gained over


twenty years ago. And the group doesn't pretend to have a slick, well-rehearsed act. So of course there are missed cues and wrong notes here and there. But the obvious joy the members of the group feel as they hear their own ensemble sound for practically the first time is highly infectious. Paxton and Hills have the kind of eyes that seem to flash beams of light into the audience, while Gibson does a continuous little dance in front of his microphones, always moving but always in control.

Of the thirteen or so songs that Best of Friends has worked up, Paxton songs such as "Whose Garden Was This?" and "Only a Game" (the Rubik's Cube song) form the core. But there are also songs by Gibson, such as the stunning Reconstruction song, "Let the Band Play Dixie" (written by Dave North), and by Hills, who contributes the lovely "While You Sleep." Then there are a few group efforts, such as the country music spoof, "Outlaw" ("If you're such an outlaw, how come you keep falling off your horse?"), written by Paxton

and Gibson, and "Last Love Song," with one verse by each of the singers.

The vocal arrangements sound natural and effective, and sometimes quite inspired. The instrumental arrangements, with Paxton and Hills on guitar and Gibson on banjo and 12-string guitar, are simple at best, but they work nonetheless. An added pleasure is the use of some very imaginative chord changes by Gibson in his songs, to chilling effect.

As Gibson, Paxton, and Hills--The Best of Friends move on to their next showcase performances, in Minneapolis, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Boston, and Washington, D.C., they will be assessing their three nights at SpeakEasy. Judging from the audience reaction, they must feel encouraged. And as they hone the rough edges from their act, they can expect future audiences to be no less enthusiastic. If there is to be a new revival of folk music in America, The Best of Friends will surely play a leading role.



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Topical Music and the Eighties

Woody Guthrie

by Peter Spencer

Someone gave me Joe Klein's Woody Guthrie, A Life for Christmas this year, and I raced through this balanced, impartial account of a man whose previous life stories have been the product of our American myth-making machinery. Klein's book follows Guthrie from his childhood in Oklahoma and early days as a Texas sign-painter and California radio personality to his later life as a New York writer and eccentric, wasting away with a disease that everybody at the time thought was simply the last stages of alcoholism. Woody Guthrie is one of the largest figures in the social and literary history of the Twentieth Century on this continent, and Klein gives him his due while, at the same time, refusing to fall into the common trap of outsized hero-worship.

Seeing Woody's career as a whole gave me the opportunity to trace my own involvement with folk music and to rediscover the process that brought me here, an interesting bit of self-archaeology, if I do say so myself. Klein speaks of the fifties as a time when the nation's interest in Woody's songs and folk music was growing in a mysterious way, seemingly without any encouragement at all. The Weavers had been blacklisted, most folk musicians in the national spotlight were lying low. Woody's health was rapidly deteriorating, his writings had never been widely disseminated, yet as the decade came to a close, more and more people were singing "This Land Is Your Land," more and more people were reading Bound for Glory. According to Klein, Woody couldn't figure out where these people were coming from, how they'd heard.

My own first recognition of the Guthrie legacy is back there somewhere, lost. I remember singing folk songs around campfires and in school, and later on I was a fan of professional folk entertainers like Tom Rush and Bob Dylan. Many of the sixties singers had no pretenses as to their origins. They were well-educated people living the urban life of the mind but using their performance of folk music to point their audience back in time to the "real" folk music traditions of America. Some were more overt than others in this respect, but it was considered a little like theft not to acknowledge the sources of your work. Even Woody did this to an extent. Once he settled in New York he made it plain that his purpose was to give his urban audiences a glimpse of the reality of life in the heartland.

This acknowledgement of sources by

the popular urban folk musicians of the day led me, like many other people, into the areas of research and collection. I could remember seeing Bill Monroe playing bluegrass on the Porter Waggoner TV show, and hearing records by Hank Williams and Earl Scruggs opened me to the folkloric content of Country/Western music. My teen-aged awe at Muddy Waters led me into the True Faith of the musical fanatic, collecting blues records. As the line from Charley Patton to Son House to Robert Johnson to Elmore James and Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf became apparent, the true nature of American folk music seemed to show itself to me in the ongoing story of the various regions and communities spawning it. Instead of thinking that virtuosity is imposed from above, I began to see how traditions merge or split, grow or become ingrown, as regional and ethnic groups produce new talent from within their own ranks. Doc Watson demonstrated the kind of overview a performer can have of this process in an age of mass communications. One can climb down from the mountains with a bag of songs from every tradition the radio can play and still be perfectly rooted in the folk process simply on the strength of one's personal vision.

This idea runs counter to the prevailing ethic of the Guthrie-Seeger-New York axis of the forties and fifties because it is so apolitical. Hank Williams's fans didn't care if his songs were politically correct, so long as the music touched them personally and remained in context. The "He's one of us" feeling overrode all other considerations in the honky-tonks and dancehalls where the real American folk music so often was played. Yet, in Pete Seeger's use of "folk music as an organizing tool" and Woody's desire that his work be the catalyst in the IWW's push for "one big union," the political content of songs could be ac-

ceptable one minute and in disgrace the next, depending on the current Moscow line. Before the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the Almanac Singers (Seeger, Guthrie, Alan Lomax, etc.) sang all the anti-fascist songs they could muster. After the pact, songs had to be quickly found praising the peacemakers Hitler and Stalin and attacking the warmonger, Roosevelt, who up until then had been the fair-haired boy of urban leftists everywhere. After Hitler invaded Russia it was back to "Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James." If the Almanac Singers ever sang about the Gulag Archipelago or the Weavers about Soviet tanks in the streets of Budapest, history has conveniently forgotten.

As I became more and more aware of the ongoing traditions of American folk music, this small group of leftist ideologues seemed less and less relevant to me. At the time that Bill Monroe was breeding the hybrid strain of bluegrass from the ancient roots of country dance music and Ray Charles was formulating the rhythm and blues music that would change the world, the topical singers were squabbling over doctrinal purity and recording embalmed versions of old-time music that had been left behind by the very people they claimed to speak for. The questions became larger and larger. When this small group of leftists came to the city, the better to exploit the national communications media, did they forfeit their claims to folkloric legitimacy? Did Woody Guthrie consider himself a folk musician above and beyond the political nature of the term, or did he deliberately abrogate his status in favor of propaganda? What is the future of issue-oriented political songwriting? The most memorable of Bob Dylan's so-called "protest" songs ("Blowin' in the Wind," "The Times They Are a-Changing," "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," "Masters of War," "With God on Our Side") speak of spiritual needs and problems rather than political ones. Did his appreciation, well-documented, of Little Richard, Hank Williams, and Robert Johnson give him the necessary breadth of vision to write these masterpieces? No one can claim that topical music "isn't folk music," but are topical singers handicapped without Dylan's well researched overview of American music styles?

Woody Guthrie, A Life raises more questions than it answers in this area, but it did provide a new context for me to view Woody's many contributions to American life. According to Joe Klein, Woody Guthrie was not so much a musical figure as



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Folk Wave Across the Ocean

by Germana Pucci

a literary figure in the vernacular tradition of Robert Burns or, in another light, William Faulkner or William Butler Yeats. For roughly the last half of his life, his serious, steady writing was all prose: the book *Bound for Glory*, the *Woody Sez* columns for the Communist papers *People's World* and *Daily Worker*, letters, and articles. Most of his income came from his prose. Politically, his writing had less to do with the "voice of the people" mantle so enthusiastically thrust on him by his Eastern friends than it had to do with the gadfly outrageousness of Shaw, Thomas Paine, Aldous Huxley. My personal preference for Earl Scruggs, Muddy Waters, Hank Williams, Robert Johnson, Doc Watson, Ray Charles is just that--a personal preference for the root of American music, not a new dialectic. If that dialectic is to continue, I may not help it along any, but I won't stand in its way.

Woody Guthrie's life ended tragically. He was ravaged by a terrifying, incurable mental illness and by the uncertainty of his children's future. As of this writing, two of Woody's nine children have developed Huntington's chorea. The last time Woody was able to manage a cross-country trip, in the early fifties, he found the trains empty of hobos and all the starving Okies of the thirties working in factories, living in suburbs, oblivious to socialism. He felt, with some justification, that the times had passed him by, and the story is often told of the weekend home from the hospital when he taught his son Arlo the last verses to "This Land Is Your Land," convinced that the song would be completely forgotten otherwise. In our struggle to define folk music in the eighties, *Woody Guthrie, A Life* can help us decide what to forget as well as what to remember.



Jeff Tiedrich

When I first came to America in 1975, leaving behind Tuscany, my family, and their land to their winemaking, I had my first hot dog and spent the night at Folk City. I had never seen such an environment before: small and dark yet tougher and cozier than any other public place I'd ever been in. There I felt an atmosphere of creativity and freedom.

Myself, I've always loved singing. In Italy, folk songs and folk singing died when the TV was born. My grandmother used to sing in squares or fields together with other singers, all farmers, who would entertain each other and their neighbors with a story-play called "Maggio" (a type of homemade opera), sung with their untrained voices that had a lot to teach. I started practicing my singing on clovered fields, using a daisy as a microphone, imitating the singers I'd seen with my family on the TV at our neighbors' (who lived a few fields away) every Saturday night.

Then my brother took up the guitar and sang. I used to love listening to him and his band rehearse on our front yard on Sunday afternoons. The quality of their sound went far, but not enough to overcome the tradition that kept them tied to just a Sunday afternoon rehearsal. I never had the courage to play an instrument, afraid of stopping on their same note, until I spent that night at Folk City, listening to Jack Hardy, Terre Roche, and Nancy Lee Baxter.

Now I have been returning to Italy to perform in the summertime. Jack Hardy has also been going there, and Italian magazines have been writing about him and *The Coop* magazine. Here are a few quotes taken from Adelmo Quadrio's article, published last spring:

The New Song of the American Author

Those who have maintained an interest and sharpness for things American can enjoy the spectacle of the new generation that is attempting to definitively arrange the present for a revival without all the coarse trickery that had characterized the preceding decade. Meanwhile, as in good novels, a new character from the New York folk scene who deserves consideration for all the profuse engagement in the season of the new American folk from the time of Dylan, is Jack Hardy.

Besides being the promoter of magic evenings at Folk City, Kenny's Castaways, and the Eagle Tavern, he indicates to the nouvelle vague of songwriting a quite simple moral: to find in poetry and in the vigor of one's own mind the meaning of music, denouncing at the same time the artistic dishonesty, the speculation of consumption, and the dearth of creativity that have gripped, by now, the recording industry. The first act is the management of a space for free performances to connect with those at Cornelia Street, with an aim to bring together those "right" persons that otherwise could get lost in the endless tide of aspirants for glory. At number 107 MacDougal, right in the center of the Village, a place called *SpeakEasy* has come to be managed by a cooperative of writers that today includes around twenty musicians. Their names? Alas, they don't mean much to us, but neither do they to most Americans. I realize that most of their names do sound mysterious but I have to mention them so that we may begin talking about them....

The Coop SpeakEasy/vol. 1 and *The Coop SpeakEasy*/vol. 2 (*Great Divide Records*) are two quite remarkable records veined with a vivid emotional tension, with messages barely whispered and presented to the listener with restraint. They are two records made with almost unbelievable love and care....

The outcome of those works are an important experience that may be able to push folk music beyond a purely musical level. Once the key to listening is understood, one may discover unexpected satisfactions.

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"A GREAT RECORD" - THE COOP

ALYRICIS

side 1

Porto Limón

o captain, my captain
o who is my captain
can it be that nobody's at the helm
can they dare call it reason
in the growing treason
when the king has somehow abdicated the realm

Chorus:

will they fall from the sky in the black of the night
will they crawl through the jungle at dawn
will they put in in the west at Puntarenas
or in the east at Porto Limón

i signed on in my youth
thinking there was but one truth
that this mission was sent for a merciful good
but when the port came in view
came a far darker hidden truth
that the cargo of business was understood

no they'll come through the banks
and the right-wing think-tanks
multinational only means the people they cry
for in the face of the reaper
you know the people work cheaper
keep a tight grip and squeeze all the freedom dry

o captain, my captain
o who is my captain
can it be that nobody here is my friend
for this history lesson
we will pay in aggression
that in business the means justify the ends

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Tenement Stairs

fifth street B and C
dead end democracy
winter has come
and blown it to bits

25 by 90
built 1880
six floors to walk up
on the lower east side

and time is winding
these tenement stairs
as the poor play musical chairs

midtown is booming
looming like soldiers
on the northern frontier
beyond con ed smoke stacks

the roof top is tended
by the boy with his pigeons
swooping in circles
their wings catch the sunlight

and time is winding
these tenement stairs
as the poor play musical chairs

Beggarmen's Pearl

Blindman tapping through a subway train
Aiming for toes with his walking cane
He don't see but he don't ever miss
Blindman give your pennies to the girl
Who dreams with her eyes wide open
Girl who's me

Black Swan flying over desert sands
She dips her wing finds a blindman's hand
Beggar in the well no one hears your plea
Black Swan rests beneath an olive tree
Wild eyed storm buries the beggar man
Old man who's me

In dreams I'm the lady up the pink stairwell
In the brownstone building with the golden bell
Drawings to my left of pen and ink
On brown paper oh-
Everywhere I go I take my pictures
Let's go home now

In dreams I'm the ghost of a castle faraway
Where the curly haired children all come to play
Drawbridge up drawbridge down
On Arabian horses we ride into town
Maypole flowers dance across a silver sky
Let's fly away

You said to leave the key in the latch
But you were the man with a train to catch
You took my money and you left me none
You took my dreams down the long lonesome tracks
But you can't take my reflection in the wishing well
O Blindman, who are you?
You are no gentleman

You said it's just a one night stand
You must be strong to live in a foreign land
Maybe Texas maybe Frisco Bay
Like an alley cat I'm bound to stray
Through my blind eyes you were a whirling pool
O Black Swan, who are you?
Don't fade away

© 1983 by David Massengill and Elize Tribble,
David Massengill Music

shoulder to shoulder
these stoic old buildings
raped and weatherbeaten
some stand abandoned

the windows are guarded
by gargoyles and cherubs
to remind the tenants
of victorian mansions

and time is winding
these tenement stairs
as the poor play musical chairs

they came with their families
with hope and with courage
to the shores of the new world
huddled in steerage

now they've come back again
with money to spend
to cut a new face
in the jewel of manhattan

and time is winding
these tenement stairs
as the poor play musical chairs

© 1983 by Brian Rose

Say It Ain't So, Sam

Dear Uncle Sam, is it true what they say
That the rich and the powerful are leading you astray
(They say you're)
Turning your back on the weak and the poor
Uncle Sam, don't you love us anymore

Say it ain't so, Sam
Say it ain't so
Don't stoop so low, Sam
Say it ain't so

(Uncle Sam replies:)

Dear Nephew and/or Niece:

Thank you for taking the time to contact me
to express your thoughts.

None of the positions I have outlined are undertaken
lightly and you may rest assured that I will continue
to exercise my responsibilities in a manner mindful
not only of my convictions but of the constitutional
imperatives of this office. Not to mention the
special interest groups who make it all possible.

Again, thank you for taking the time to express
your thoughts.

Your uncle,
Sam

Say it ain't so, Sam
Say it ain't so
Don't stoop so low, Sam
Say it ain't so

Dear Uncle Sam
We don't know what to think
Will you toss us a line or would you rather see
us sink?
We're hangin' on at the end of our rope
Uncle Sam, you're our one and only hope

Say it ain't so, Sam
Say it ain't so
Don't stoop so low, Sam
Say it ain't so.

© 1983 by W. D. Neely

Little Bitty Gun

I've got a little bitty gun on the table
Right by my little bitty bed
Though it's really very cute
How you hold the thing to shoot
Is too much for my little bitty head
I love my little bitty pistol
It's the pride of my little bitty room
And the gun shoots little bitty bullets
When the little bitty gun goes boom

How I love my husband
He takes care of me
He'll take care of all of you
Just you wait and see
When he has to go away
Nights are long and lack
If the bad man comes around
I'll shoot his lights out, Jack

Repeat first verse

The Queen and the Soldier

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

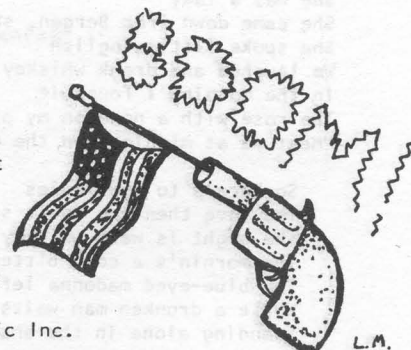
© 1981 by Suzanne Vega

Now we're in the White House
Won't we dance 'till dawn
Turning loose some welfare cheats
On the White House lawn
You bring your little pistol
I'll bring my pistol, too
We'll fire our pistols at their feet
They'll dance for me and you

Repeat first verse

When the little bitty gun goes boom!

© 1982 by Tom Paxton, Accabónac Music Inc.



ALYRICIS

side 2

Better Every Day

I love you girl with the long blonde hair
and there are no buts about it
The way that you look is wonderful
and I wanted to tell you 'bout it
I used to think that love was a thing
that was better left undone
But now that I've met you I'm not so sure
that I want to beat that drum

Chorus:

You make me feel so fine
You do it all the time
I want to change my mind
And where we'll be tomorrow, girl
I can't begin to say
Cause you look
Better every day

Come let's walk on the streets tonight
and let me hold your hand
I've got this feeling that you're going to see that
I'm your kind of man
I always wanted to kiss you, girl
but I never thought I should
Now I've decided that was a mistake
and I'd like to if I could

Chorus

It's been hard to watch you from a distance
Cause we both had other plans
But tonight I just want to be with you
and to make you mine
And to make you mine
If I can

© 1983 by S. Barthold and R. Coffey

St. Olav's Gate

Drinkin' black market vodka
In the back of the Scotsman's saloon
Then it's red meat and whiskey
Like a coyote drunk on the moon
Outside in Oslo the buskers all play the same tune
It's "Waltzin' Matilda"
While the bagpipes play "O Claire de Lune."

She was a lady
She came down from Bergen, she said
She spoke little English
We laughed and drank whiskey instead
In the morning I found it
The rose with a note on my plate
"Meet me at midnight on the corner of St. Olav's Gate."

So here's to the ladies
You love then you don't see again
The night is warm whiskey
The mornin's a cold bitter wind
The blue-eyed madonna left town
While a drunken man waits
Standing alone in the shadows of St. Olav's Gate."

© 1983 by Tom Russell, End of the Trail Music (Capac)

Jive Town

I Dim lights shine on the streetlight girls
In Jive Town.
Jazz bands play where you can blow off steam
In Jive Town.
Walkin' fast on the city streets,
Sidewalks snap, and the fingers cheat.
You beat the odds in the late night heat
Of Jive Town.

II The scared play tough, and the tough play rough
In Jive Town.
Nobody's lived who ever had enough
In Jive Town.
Human feeling comes and goes,
Their minds might open but the doors are closed.
There's a tunnel at the end of the light, you know,
In Jive Town

Bridge:

Jive Town, it's an alive town.
It's a pretty jewel if you ain't no fool.
Don't believe lies or the golden rule
And you'll be red hot when the others cool.

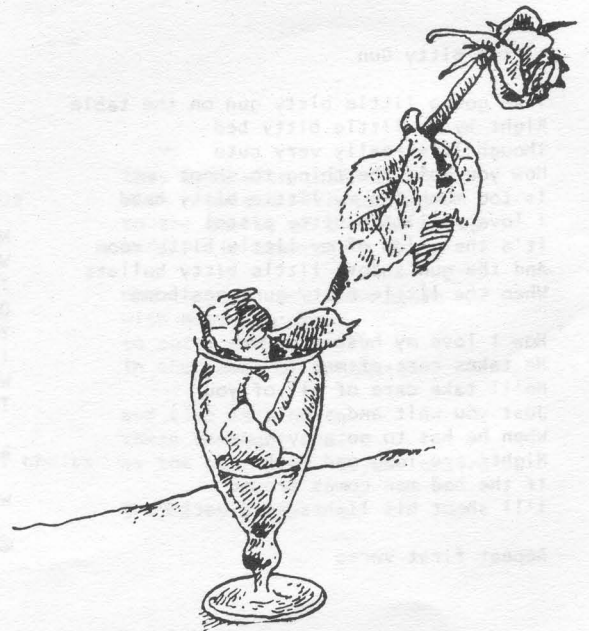
III I had fun on Heartbreak Street
In Jive Town.
She wanted love and she got it sweet
In Jive Town.
Long hot nights, short cold lies.
We didn't look back and we didn't play nice.
You get what you want if it's worth the price
In Jive Town.

Repeat bridge.

IV We split up on the two-way streets
Of Jive Town.
She went south and I heard the beat
In Jive Town.
Window shades hide the shadow games.
You can drop money but you don't drop names.
There's no love lost, and no guilt gained
In Jive Town.

Repeat first verse.

© 1982 by Richard Meyer



Careless Hearts

All along the city street the lights are on inside
Taverns where the old men meet and often dreams collide
Where laughing with the ladies young men try it all
Pictures taken long ago hang from mirrors on the wall

From their table in the corner she stared straight ahead
Listening in a distant way to every word he said
Sipping at one 43 while he had several beers
But as anyone with eyes could see, her glass caught the tears

Chorus:

Here's to when the lost and wounded find their way again
From the dark and lonely corners of the losing end
And here's to all the careless hearts who give more than they take
And to the day they meet someone who makes the same mistake

Cursing all the aches and pains and cloudy memories
He went on and on about the kids he never sees
But soon the fire left him like a candle less its flame
As he waded through his solitude whispering her name

Chorus

Stepping from behind the bar to sweep his littered floor
He asked across the empty room if I'd like something more
He stood there looking puzzled as I just smiled silently
And thought about the many things that were or would not be.

Chorus

© 1982 by Ray Lambiase

A Year Ago

Did you ever see a mess like this?
I gotta hand it to you baby.
You said, "I'll keep it quiet now give me a kiss."
A kiss is what it started with, it's ended like this.

A year ago I was happily wed.
And when I saw you I said 'maybe'.
I felt a chill and then I took to your bed,
Your bed is where it started, now I wish I was dead.

My husband found I was messin' with you.
He said, "Now listen to me Katie,
You must have thought that I was some kind of fool.
A fool is what you started with and ended with, too."

I really loved you, Joe, but now I don't know.
You ain't been kind to me of lately.
You treat me mean, you treat me dirty and low.
My life's begun to wither, and spin awful slow.

Did you ever see a mess like this.
I gotta hand it to you baby.
You said, "I'll keep it quiet now give me a kiss."
A kiss is what it started with, it's ended like this.

A year ago I was happily wed.
Now I wish that I was happily dead.
Both men have left me, I'm out of my head.
A kiss is where it started, I'll take a whiskey instead.

© 1983 by Janet Macklin



The Strong in Spirit

The Strong in Spirit all live numbered days
and know it. They know they will not mend.
But all their broken dreams
Go farther than the dreams they never tried.

The Strong in Spirit give the gift of wonder
and they wonder. A child has less to learn.
And all the things they show us
surprise us, and live on inside us.

The Strong in Spirit wear bright clothes of fire;
they dance, and burn. The light is worth the pain.
The light is worth the pain;
The pain stops when the flame dies out.

The Strong in Spirit sing their songs in darkness;
They sing, even in darkness.
They sing this song.
They sing this song.

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Folk Music on Broadway

Foxfire Glows in the Dark



by Gary Boehm

Foxfire is a play currently showing at the Barrymore Theatre on Broadway. It was written by Hume Cronyn and Susan Cooper and was inspired by Foxfire magazine. Both the magazine and the play are about the lives of the last generation of Appalachian Mountain people. I was drawn to the play by the promise of Appalachian folk music ("A play with songs"), and though I found the music disappointing, I enjoyed the play a great deal.

As the house lights dimmed on the fox-furred audience, the lights on stage rose. The set was veiled behind a scrim upon which large trees were silhouetted, and when it was backlit by a yellowish, dawn-like light, the mountain scenery appeared to be receding far into the foggy distance. A whippoorwill called out and the transformation was complete. Annie Nations (Jessica Tandy) and her husband, Hector (Hume Cronyn), are sitting on the porch of a rickety old cabin and talking about hogshead soup and their son Dillard.

Their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a pole cat of a real-estate broker, Prince Carpenter, to whom Trey Wilson gives just the right amount of unctuous charm. Hector disappears to the apple orchard (where the family cemetery is located) and Mr. Carpenter goes to work on Annie. When Annie's son, Dillard, arrives and begins to discuss his desire to have his mother come to live with him, the central dilemma of the play is defined.

Annie is faced with the choice of either selling her home to the hungry

developers and going to Florida, where she is needed to help Dillard raise his children, or staying on the land that she and Hector have worked for so many years, and on which Hector remains alive, if only in her mind. Making such a momentous decision provokes the recollection of the important events in her and Hector's life. Her private musings are cleverly worked out through conversations with her deceased husband, who often plays the part of her conscience.

Through the dramatization of such stories as the day Hector proposed (on his knee), and the birth of Dillard, and the telling of their struggles to make a living digging wells and picking corn, the lives and customs of the Appalachian people are revealed. Theirs was a self-sufficient culture rooted in great superstitions and strong beliefs. Hector often quotes from the Bible and, in one flashback, he tries to teach a doubting Dillard the methods and value of planting by the signs. In another instance, during the birth of Dillard, Hector places an ax under the delivery table to "cut the pain" and wants to boil water for tea to cure the baby of hives.

The characters are all extremely well portrayed. Especially convincing was the performance of Jessica Tandy who, as Annie Nations, seems to have been a hillbilly all her life. Keith Carradine's Dillard rang false only when he played guitar and sang.

Dillard Nations is a successful second-rate country singer on the state-fair circuit. He draws on his backwoods origins for his stage per-

sonality and song material, but at the same time he mocks them. His music is an unmemorably dull pastiche of the real thing--from his slick songs and band (Marc Horowitz, banjo; Ken Kosek, fiddle; and Roger Mason, bass) to his slack and warbly singing. While it is true that the character of Dillard is suitably defined by his performance, the songs are also presented as musical entertainment and as such they fall flat. I found myself craving foot-stompin' music with washboard, spoons, washtub bass, and banjos, or heartfelt ballads played on a dulcimer.

The character of Annie Nations is loosely based on Aunt Arie, a widow living alone in the Georgia Appalachians. An interview with Aunt Arie appears in the first edition of the Foxfire magazine. Foxfire has been published since 1967 by a group of high school students under the guidance of their English teacher, Eliot Wiggington. The magazines, edited and collected in seven volumes, originated as a means of involving students in the lives and ways of the old people living in the backwoods. They contain personal histories, folklore, tall tales, and all sorts of fascinating information such as how to build a log cabin and how to make a



Aunt Arie (reprinted from The Foxfire Book)

fiddle, home remedies, faith healing, and the art of moonshining.

Various scenes and anecdotes in the play were taken from the pages of these magazines. One particularly funny scene occurs when one of the students interviewing Aunt Arie was enlisted to help her remove the eyes from a hog's head she was preparing to cook. "If I's stout enough I could pull it out. I know yore hand's stouter'n mine. I never done 'at in my life. That knife's been to breakfast, I think. It's dull as a froe." In the play Annie has the realtor prying out the eyes while dressed in his bright yellow shirt, white shoes, and loud, checked pants. He's obviously disgusted but will do anything to win over the old lady.

Katherine Cortez combines innocence with wisdom in the character of Holly Burrell, who, several years earlier, as a high school student, interviewed the Nations, presumably for Foxfire. She apparently learned to respect the ways and customs of the people of the hills in a way that Dillard was blind to. Holly offers the only alternative to Annie, who is being uprooted by her desire to help her son.

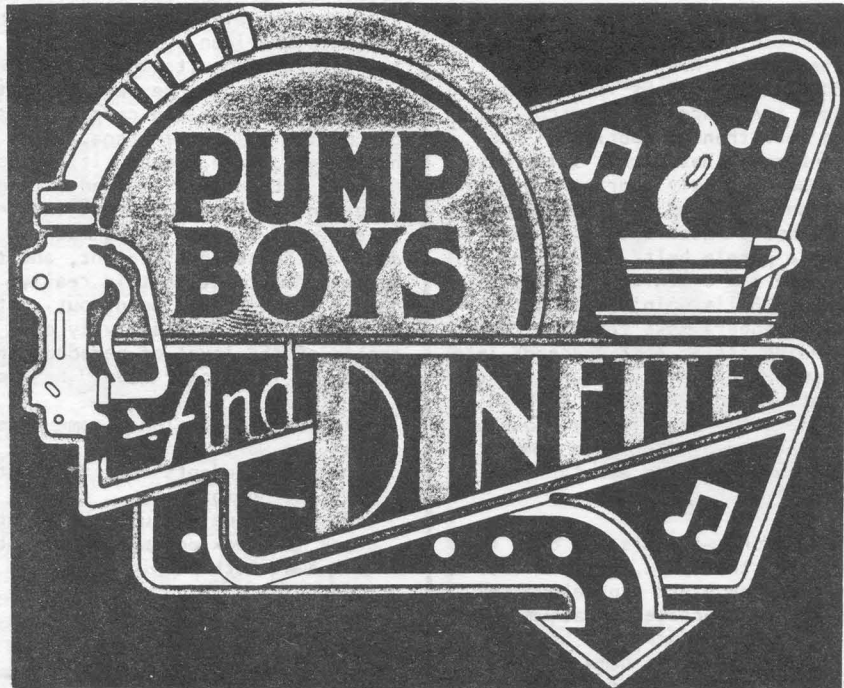
The play may not preserve the spirit of the magazines in its treatment of music, but it remains faithful to the goal of documenting the lives of one of the last generations of people truly bound to the land and free from our economic system. Foxfire looks squarely at the tragedy caused by the changes imposed by time and thoughtless, self-centered youth. No simplifications of the problems faced by old people are presented, and no easy solutions are offered. Rather, the play seems to say that there is always a choice and any choice always involves a loss. The loss for us is that of a colorful and unique culture; our gain is in the example of the lives they have led and in the stories they have to tell. Foxfire is one of them.

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by Brian Rose

The reviews have been good for "Pump Boys and Dinettes," the folk/rock/country musical now playing on Broadway at the Princess Theatre. Perhaps in this weak season, where attendance is low and prices are high, Pump Boys can be said to be "thoroughly engaging" (The New Yorker) or "a small triumph of ensemble playing" (The New York Times). I, however, was disappointed in just about every aspect of the play.

The problems are numerous. The setting, a filling station and diner somewhere in the South, is cliché. The songs, which comprise almost the entire play, are peppy but unmemorable. The cast, led by Tom Chapin and Cass Morgan, is generally stiff and colorless. Even the elaborately constructed stage set is a problem because it attracts more attention than the action taking place in front of it.

The creators of Pump Boys are trying to portray the basic good-natured quality of American rural folk, but in this instance, the lazy redneck grease monkeys and gum-popping counter girls seem more brainless than anything else. A little humor could have saved the day, but the play runs on empty all the way through. A little dancing could have infused some life into things, but, unfortunately, the choreography is minimal and the actors are barely up to the movement called for. Tom Chapin, bless his heart (he seems quite likable), has got to loosen up a little bit. Only

Cass Morgan, one of the original Off-Off-Broadway cast members, really attempts to spark things up. Her awkward prancing about expresses the repressed but bubbling sexuality of Rhetta Cupp, one of the two sisters who run the Double Cupp Diner.

Ultimately, Pump Boys comes down to its twenty songs. The best is "Fisherman's Prayer," an a cappella ballad about the trials and tribulations of fishing, sung like a traditional sea chanty. It is too bad that there aren't a few more moments of comparable musical wit; a handful of good, clever songs could have rescued the play. But most of the songs are mediocre parodies of their respective genres: folk, blues, rock, and country/western.

Even though Pump Boys is set in the present, nothing seems to have changed since the Fifties. The girls wear tight, short skirts, sing in squeaky voices, and beat on pots and pans, providing percussion for the boys who, of course, play the instruments. The whole look of the show is fashionably retro, just like the new store windows at Macy's. Feminists (men and women alike) beware! "Pump Boys and Dinettes" is an unregenerately sexist play.

It is unfortunate that "Pump Boys and Dinettes" is not more constructive theatre, because it is, nevertheless, something different on Broadway; folk music has generally not made it to the Great White Way. I am therefore the reluctant bearer of sad tidings: it hasn't made it yet.

Phil Ochs — A Remembrance

by Richard Chanel

It's New Paltz, New York, sometime around 1970. Phil Ochs is scheduled to begin his concert in the college gym in less than an hour. Phil has been informed that ticket sales have been embarrassingly poor, the gymnasium stands will be two-thirds empty. A few minutes later a bearded man, wearing a purple belt, is running toward the red brick dormitories yelling, "Phil's doin' it for free." Other messengers make their way down the winding street that descends into the town. Within a half hour a thousand have layed down their hashish pipes and their art history books and arrived at the gym. Despite rumors to the contrary, the war was far from over.

When Phil Ochs made his way onto the platform of the stage, the audience erupted in laughter. High above the stage on the concrete gymnasium wall hung an orange banner with blue letters spelling out the name of the schools' basketball team--"HAWKS." Phil was clearly amused. I don't think I'll ever forget the grin he shot back in the face of irony, as he lifted the neck of his guitar in the air, the way he would.

Phil Ochs was born six days before Christmas, 1940 in El Paso, Texas. He took his own life in April of 1976. The span of Phil's life as an artist and performer qualifies as both a tragedy and a triumph. He became a folk singer, a political activist, an organizer, a traveler, a poet. On the dark side, he became distraught when he could not write, he got caught in a web of self-destruction and developed a gruff, offensive alter ego, which he dubbed John Train. I saw 'John Train' stumbling down MacDougal Street one night, and I thought, 'That looks something like a bloated Phil Ochs.'

His life was composed of two threads. Perhaps to some he was 'classic' as a psychological specimen. But for those who remember him, for those who have heard his recordings, and for those who may discover his work in the future, Phil Ochs is special and dear.

What stands out most in my memories of Phil Ochs is the ability he had to use contradiction and irony in a most purposeful way. He appeared on the New York folk scene as a writer of clever, incisive topical songs. This stamped Phil for the remainder of his life. He was the protest singer's protest singer. He gathered a loyal audience from the ranks of those who needed his voice, his directness, and his wit to express the profound dis-

illusionment with the war in Vietnam and with American policy wherever it had strayed from its ideals. But Phil went much further, he ventured into untouched regions and carried protest beyond the political arena. Early in his career, in a song entitled "Love Me, I'm a Liberal," he used biting humor to make it clear that the well-intentioned liberal is as much an enemy as those on the right, and that it was commitment that is really needed. He began to point out that inhumanity and insensitivity are rooted at the level of personal encounters. In "Flower Lady," he wrote:

Soldiers disillusioned come home from the war.
Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more;
And they argue through the night,
black is black and white is white,
Walk away both knowing they are right.
Still nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

A song that brought Phil acclaim from a wider audience was "Outside a Small Circle of Friends." It was inspired by an incident in which a group of onlookers stood by passively as a woman was being stabbed to death. Phil spares no segment of society from this indictment of self-indulgence and callousness. He makes it clear that even many of the former "activists" would much rather get high than go out and demonstrate their outrage.

Phil Ochs discerned something that others are just beginning to realize; that there was a growing sickness, rugged individualism was starting to go mad, the country was moving rapidly to the right, and the forces of change were busy with infighting.

Then appeared Phil the organizer. Inspired by a suggestion of Allen Ginsberg's to use the media to its utmost, Phil organized a massive event and declared that "The War Is Over." Here was Phil Ochs at his best, being absurd perhaps, but making perfect sense. It was in fact the old line, "What if they had a war and nobody came?" Had more people believed, I think the war would really have ended that day. Maybe that was Phil at the pinnacle, laughing at the odds, fighting with a song.

He never gave up the struggle for justice in this world, he never limited his vision to his "small circle of friends." He travelled to Chile, he travelled to Africa, he went to see American miners who worked under inhuman conditions. When the government of Allende was overthrown in Chile, when Victor Jara's hands were

cut off in a public display, Phil was there.

At this point in his life he was grappling with private demons. The last time I had seen him in concert he said, "I can't write anymore." He was singing about a roller derby queen, and it was clear that the joy was gone.

Even the playful side of Phil always had a point to make. On an interview show with David Frost he appeared in his gold lamé suit, a la Elvis. He said he was going to sing Merle Haggard's song, "Okie from Muskogee." Then he said, "America, love it or leave it. I agree with that." So there was Phil taking a slogan of reaction and seeing it from a new perspective, one that said I care enough to put it right. So when the horror in Chile was revealed, Phil went tirelessly to work and organized a benefit in New York's Felt Forum. He got his friends to come, and the evening ended with Phil and Dave Van Ronk flanking Bob Dylan as they sang "Blowin' in the Wind."

Above all, it's the poetic Phil Ochs that I found most impressive, most touching, and most powerful. It was the song "Changes" that first sold me on Phil as a special talent. Though Phil's guitar playing was the butt of many a musician's joke (Dave Van Ronk said, "He played as if his hands were webbed."), Phil's voice had a sweet tenor quality reminiscent of Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent, and Roy Orbison. In "Changes" he created a lyrical melody and images of color and texture that pointed him out as a writer of the first order. In songs such as the tragically ironic "When I'm Gone," Phil took simple images and aimed straight for the heart.

All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone.
And the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone.
Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here:

I feel that Phil Ochs wrote two songs that fit into the realm of masterpiece. They are "Crucifixion" and "Pleasures of the Harbor." After Dylan opened the way for the full-length feature song ("Desolation Row," "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands"), a song like "Crucifixion" could take form. It is a haunting song both in its poetry and in its use of minor chords and, in its recorded version, a background of electronic music which serves as a disturbing, appropriate counterpoint. The song is about John Kennedy, about

Jesus, about the good dying young, about the fragility of innocence-- it is about Phil Ochs. "Pleasures of the Harbor" is a song that exists on many levels. At its simplest it is the story of sailors on leave, of prostitutes on shore, of brief encounters, which are at once tender and meaningful, as well as being empty and businesslike. But the song is also one that tells the tale of a voyage we all take. The journey for something to hold on to, for a moment's peace, for a moment's tenderness.

Oh! Soon your sailing will be over. Come and take your pleasures of the harbor.

The fact that we have memories should make us aware that we are bound together in an essential way. Phil Ochs ran out of choices, he ran out of dreams. But he isn't gone, I can close my eyes and there he is, lifting the neck of his guitar high into the air, the way he would.

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Folk Video?

by Joe Lauro

Unless you happen to live in a log cabin devoid of electricity, high atop a Colorado mountain, you are probably aware of, if not participating in, the most widespread entertainment phenomenon of the 1980's. Let's face it, folks, the age of pay TV is upc. us.

I'd like to think that all of the string band musicians, poets, and folksingers out there are much too busy learning fiddle tunes, writing prose, composing songs, and PERFORMING to have the time to waste watching the tube....Think again! There has always been a premium of places for performers of folk, or "minority music," to make a buck. Most of us, unfortunately, must spend days, even weeks, in between paying gigs not even able to consider the fabled RECORDING CONTRACT a realistic possibility. Since the creative process cannot occupy all of our time, unfortunately most of us can spare an idle hour (if not an idle buck) indulging in the land of pay TV.

With the recent widespread availability and public acceptance of pay TV, we are permitted a virtually limitless assortment of programs available on scores of cable stations. Besides the countless talk shows, endlessly rerun network situation comedies, and unduly resurrected Hollywood movies, cable offers us hours of nonstop musical "entertainment." If you ever need proof that folk music is indeed "minority music" or music with little "commercial potential," just tune to cable station MTV (24 hours of nonstop, high-gloss pop music videos mercilessly rammed down the bleary-eyed consumers' wide-open mouths) and try to find ANY similarity between your act and what you will encounter on the screen.

On the brighter side, one aspect of pay TV does present an interesting alternative to the ambitious folksinger. This beam of light on the fringe of the video void is called Public Access TV.

Although pay TV has caught on in a big way, there are two commodities much needed by the smaller, independent cable companies. They are interesting programming and money. Public Access channels J, C, and D in New York provide the opportunity for virtually anyone with an act to have their "program" broadcast weekly, free of charge, over the TV airwaves. The possibilities as a promotional outlet for folk music are incredible. Imagine tuning in Manhattan Cable's channel J and seeing a live George Gerdes show, or perhaps the Jack Hardy Variety Hour. As strange as it may seem, all of this is very possible.

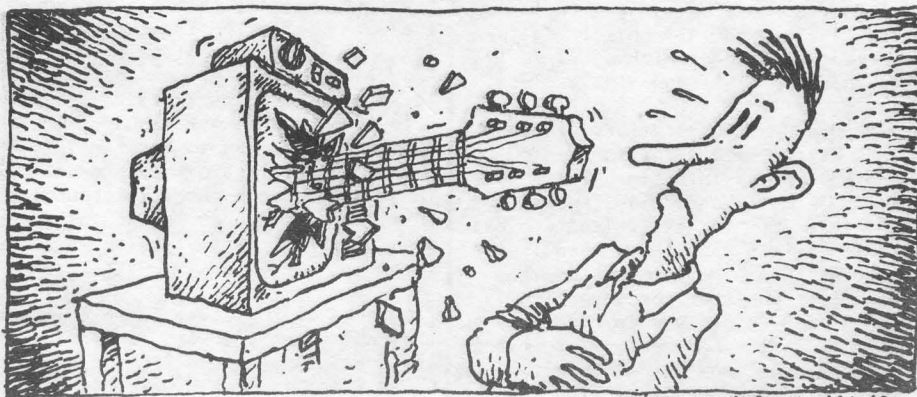
And now, kids, here's how....What you must do is write to Wanda Sanchez of Manhattan Cable and request a copy

of the rules and regulations which govern Public Access TV. These regulations will be mailed to you, and they will explain in detail the forms you must follow to have your show broadcast. You then will need a few hundred dollars to rent the technicians and facilities to produce your show. Along with the regulations, you will receive from Wanda a listing of the most inexpensive studios. There are at least twenty of these facilities in New York City, and you will be amazed how inexpensive the well-planned program will be to produce.

Public Access TV gives us the opportunity to get folk music on the air and into the homes of millions of culturally starved viewers. It's just up to us to do it.

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JEFF TIEBLICH · JAN '83

record review

Bob Franke: One Evening in Chicago



by Richard Meyer

Cambridge-area singer-songwriter Bob Franke has released an album on Great Divide Records preserving one of his 1982 concerts recorded at Holstein's in Chicago. The eleven songs show his abilities as a songwriter with depth and delicacy. This is an album that is eminently listenable; some songs in fact bear some very close attention for the ideas they address.

"Bob Franke's Dream Come True," the opening song, is a good one for this live album, setting the mood for the songs to come. He shows off his own foibles and is amused by the little games we play in the business we pursue. In Franke's case, the business is folk music and the setting is a party. We hear about contacts that might have helped a competitor friend (who is conveniently not mentioned), and how the singer is resigned to working small in the face of corporate exclusion. In the chorus, however, he takes off for the love of someone who at first glance is a beauty with a ringing voice, but who with time has shown other, less perfect qualities. Love conquers, and it is the whole person who is important in the end. All this is in the introductory song which at first listening is a light and simple piece.

"The Old Grey Bucket" takes another look at the same situation. It's another party. This time it's fun. There is music and drink, but after all that it's the girlfriend who has fallen asleep that the singer longs for. As this album progresses it becomes clear that communication is one of Bob Franke's deep concerns. If love is the end goal, it is clarity and intuition that allow people to hold onto love when they find it.

Mr. Franke introduces "A Vision Unblinded by Tears" by saying it is about "two people who love each other but have difficulty talking" because of their intellectual approach. But it seems that the song is written more from the perspective of one mind fighting itself, its own toss between thought and feeling. Parts of the lyric are delivered flat, intentionally giving the impression of cool assessment. These are the historical facts: she died in her car on the highway alone, she was a great photographer, and she worked alone. The lyric states "her research was in shadow," the shadow of her art, and her thoughts. The singer is also in shadow, he's angry at her for dying. He's saying over and over in the refrain that she never judged him, though the verses, the factual scenes, are very judgmental. This woman has died and left her friend/lover to work out the things he could never say to her.

"A Vision Unblinded by Tears" is a hard song to listen to; the story is not pretty and the delivery is harsh. This song simply doesn't read as two people talking, and in this writer's view it becomes a stronger song when taken from a single, subjective point of view. The man, like many, fell under the charms of a strong-willed and talented woman and resented her for it. He resents her photography lights and admits only grudgingly that he learned something from her. This is one of the hard points the song puts over. The woman is dead. There is no redress.

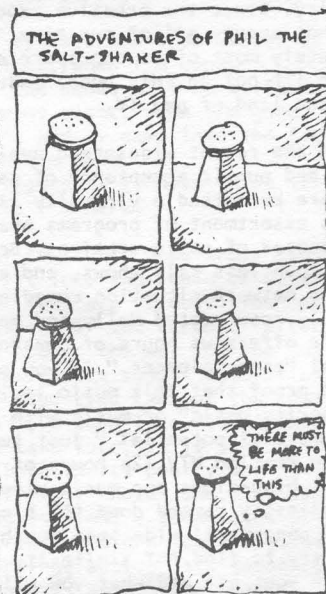
What makes this song work well is the story, and it is the clinical telling of it that makes the ideas cut so deep. The same historical, explanatory style does not serve so well in "My Favorite Women." It is a song that makes its points, that men and women are both victims of insecurity, but it comes across as a little patronizing. The problems of men and women loving and being separated are dealt with in only the most vague terms. The song could use some softening; it is due to the lack of metaphorical language and some specific grounding in circumstance that leaves this song's list of facts lacking in impact.

Two songs on the album do have images that carry them forward, enhancing the ideas they are selling. "The Great Storm Is Over," which is also featured on the June Coop album, is

described in the introduction as a Carter Family/Carl Jung song that has been drawn out of our collective unconscious. It does have that old time quality that, while lacking specific imagery, leaves the listener with a sense of time and place that comes from within. "The little lame children will dance as they sing, and play with the bears and the lions in the spring." Out of context lines like these mean very little, but placed in the context of a country gospel melody and given the Great Storm image of the chorus, this song's simple images become expansive, giving a thousand separate audiences their own opportunity for association. This song is lovely.

This reviewer's favorite moment on the album however is the last line of "That's What the Waltz Is For." The song is essentially a song of love that says don't run away, life is here, now. This song has our singer telling us he has learned the lesson of "A Vision Unblinded by Tears," and he is trying to find the moment in the grand dance of life. "We dance but a moment, but the moment is real --That's what the waltz is for." This is the moment in which we are living now. Catch it, he says. Stop the pendulum and realize where you are and what you've got. Savor it for a moment. This is what all the other moments have been leading up to.

There are more songs on this record that are equally engaging and enjoyable. The singing is uniformly good as are Mr. Franke's clean guitar arrangements. This is a solo album, and the songs come across with the intimacy of the concert it was drawn from.



Jeff Tiedrich

Judy Gorman Jacobs: Right Behind You in the Left-Hand Lane

by Ray Korona

Right Behind You in the Left-Hand Lane is the name of Judy Gorman-Jacobs's brand-new album on One Sky Music. It's also a part of the chorus from the Si Kahn song "Truck Drivin' Woman" that fires the album off the starting line. A few bars into the first song, you will probably have a feeling you're going to like this record. You'll probably be right.

Right Behind You tackles quite a few very important social and political issues. Yet the artistry of the material and the warmth of Judy's performance bring it light years away from the realm of those preachy, sloganistic tomes so widely scorned and detested. These songs are filled with humor and sensitivity and refreshing points of view. They are populated with real people enmeshed in the kinds of struggles that sooner or later affect all our lives.

The Ida B. Cox song, "One-Hour Mama," manages to ooze good-humored charm while it lends a powerful voice to a



woman's complaint that "no one minute papa ain't the kind of man for me." Randy Newman's "Political Science" rejects the dreadful, oft-repeated scenarios about the aftermath of nuclear war in favor of a new vision. In this one, we drop the big one but agree to save Australia and its kangaroos. Judy's own "I'm Heartsick and Tired of Calling up People and Asking if They'd Like to Hire a Singer" is as compelling a rendition of one's

personal struggles with the world at large as can be found anywhere.

I once read that Judy Collins made it a practice to perform her songs in front of audiences an enormous number of times before ever recording them. She hoped to have mastered every nuance by the time the studio "take" was made. Judy Gorman-Jacobs has been doing this collection of songs on tours, at rallies, in concerts, and in living rooms for quite a while, and it really shows. There is an ease of style here that comes out right along with the music.

Finally, this review would not be complete if I failed to pay tribute to the outstanding cast of musicians and vocalists who helped make the album happen. In short, if you get the feeling I liked this album, you're right!

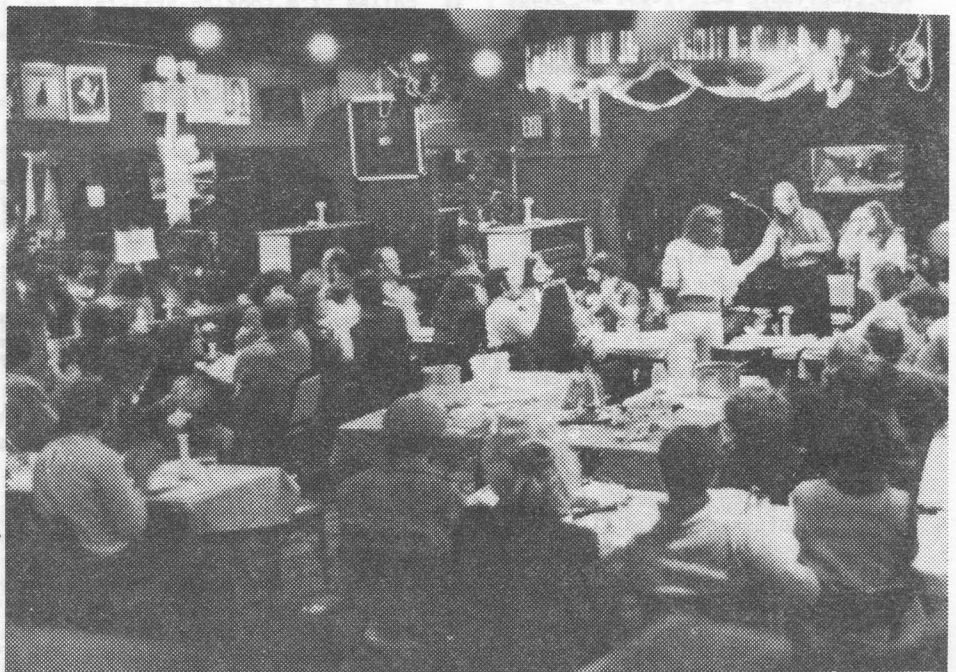
Awards Banquet at SpeakEasy

On January 4, SpeakEasy in Greenwich Village was the scene of an awards banquet honoring the members of the musicians' cooperative whose voluntary efforts had helped the club and The Coop survive for a year. It began at 8:00 p.m. with a full-course dinner supplied, appropriately, by members who had volunteered to cook dishes for the group. The nonchefs sprang for wine for the gathering.

Following the dinner, founding member Angela Page presented awards to members whom the musicians' cooperative had voted worthy of distinction. Page told what each was being honored for, read comments that had been written on the ballots about them by the nominators, and encouraged members to "roast" those being honored. Eighty certificates, done in calligraphy by Helen Withers, went to members who had distinguished themselves by working on The Coop, on various co-op committees, and at the club in various capacities (such as selling tickets, selling The Coop, running sound, and hosting performances); to Joseph Zbada (the club's owner); to cooks from the falafel restaurant in the front room of SpeakEasy; to the club's bartenders and waitresses; and to the fish whose tanks decorate the wall behind the stage.

Once all had been duly honored, the celebrants restored SpeakEasy to business as usual: the small tables that had been strung together to

form a buffet table and long banquet tables were separated and restored to their "music club" positions, and live music played.



Giencarlo Biagi

Libby Titus at Folk City

by Nancy Talanian

January 15 began disappointingly for me here in New York City. A snowstorm that had been forecast for the afternoon had failed to materialize. As a transplanted New Englander, I spend a large part of my winters here waiting in vain for a blizzard to temporarily transform the naughty Big Apple into an innocent little country town.

But the day was not lost, for I came across an ad that mentioned that Libby Titus, cowriter (with Eric Kaz) of the song "Love Has No Pride," would be performing at Folk City that evening. On the strength of that song alone, I went to hear her for the first time.

Before Titus came on, I was surprised to see none other than Dr. John sit down at the piano to help Gary Bristol, the bass player, tune up. These two were joined by Hugh McCracken on electric guitar and Richard Cruiks on drums (who, Titus informed us, was voted "best studio drummer"). With this quartet, I knew that if Titus could sing, it would most likely be icing on the cake. When she came on, she joked that we'd be hearing many songs she and the band knew well and some they didn't know at all, because the band had to watch the Jets that day. I assure you that any sacrifice that was made in the name of love for football was more than compensated for by the band's skill, experience, and professionalism.

And then there was Titus. On stage she seemed to enjoy herself and her audience, addressing us before each song as if we were friends (and indeed many of her friends were in the audience). But she was always in complete control. Though she's a recent discovery for me, Titus seemed to be no stranger to the stage. Her set was well arranged, with a balance of pretty love songs and upbeat songs that were mostly bluesy/jazzy numbers dating from around the thirties to the present.

And she could sing. She performed an assortment of hopeful and broken-hearted love songs quite movingly. These songs included "Fool That I Am," dedicated to and inspired by Paul Simon; the Todd Rundgren song, "A Dream Goes On Forever"; her well-known and often-recorded "Love Has No Pride," about which she noted, "It does have pride! I was wrong!"; and a complacent, no regrets song about breaking up called "It Happens Every Day," which will be on the next album to be put out by Carly Simon, who was in the audience.

I particularly liked Titus's performance of a song called "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," in which she begins by setting a typically pleasant springtime scene: "Spring is here, there's no mistaking/Robins singing songs from coast to coast," which contrasts with the rest of the song, about being alone and broken-hearted when it seems like everyone is, or should be, happy and in love.

I also liked her last song of the first set, which featured some beautiful and dramatic piano work by Dr. John, and the chorus:

We both believed my chance was gone
But ain't it strange how life goes on?
A storm can never rage forever
And darkness only lasts 'till dawn.

Interspersed with these love songs were a variety of "up" songs, most of which were written by others. These included a smoking rendition of the Fats Waller tune, "Sweet and Slow," featuring an excellent, long piano introduction by Dr. John. At one point in the set, Maria Muldaur stepped up to the stage and apparently asked Titus to perform a song that Muldaur herself had recorded in the early seventies—"Twisted," by Ross and Grey. Titus's voice showed remarkable agility on this song.

Other upbeat songs included "Let the Good Times Roll," on which Muldaur added harmony, and a humorous song called "I'm Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love," which Titus claims to sing to Dr. John every morning at 7:00 a.m. in the kitchen of their Chelsea home. (These musicians have been living and making great music

in my neighborhood! Where have I been?) This song was a winner in several categories--lyrics, music, singing, and piano.

But my favorite of these songs was "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Titus expressed regret that it hadn't snowed as expected, because the song might have been more fitting in a snowstorm. But no matter. She and Dr. John worked well together on this song, playing off each others' lines in a believable manner as they acted out a romance beginning to sizzle inside while a blizzard rages outside. Judging by the ovation, the rest of the audience enjoyed this as much as I did.

I wasn't able to stay for the second set, but the first set had provided a fine sampler of Ms. Titus's sensitive song lyrics, fine music, and vocal work that showed feeling for her material. I had overlooked her for too long and looked forward to hearing her again at another time.

As I left Folk City, the snow was just beginning to fall.



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on the record

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

HUGH BLUMENFELD left homes in Boston and Chicago and is now teaching writing and trying to be from New York City. Singing helps.



RICHARD COFFEY is a composer/arranger and a high school friend of Skip Barthold's. The two have been working on collaborations for about a year.

JACK HARDY has released five albums on the Great Divide label, some of which have been reissued by First American in this country and Pastels abroad. For the past year he has been the Editor of The Coop.

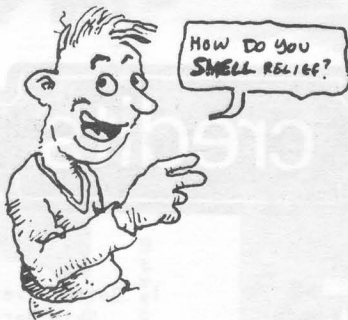


LEFT FIELD is Elizabeth Emmert (vocals), Thom Weaver (vocals), Bill Neely (vocals and guitar), and Gordon Swift (fiddle). Weaver and Neely started working together in western Pennsylvania in 1972; they began singing with Emmert in NYC in the mid-seventies. LEFT FIELD was born during the 1981 Baseball Strike, and Seift joined the team about a year later. By a remarkable coincidence, all four were born during the Truman Administration.

RAY LAMBIASE sees himself as blending the rock-oriented Long Island environment in which he lives with his early attractions to folk music.



DAVID MASSENGILL is known primarily for his songs accompanied by dulcimer. He has toured with Dave Van Ronk, and his songs are performed by The Roches and Rosalie Sorrels. He's from Bristol, Tennessee.



RICHARD MEYER pursues songwriting and painting as well as theatrical design and technical direction. He is a founding member of Shakespear & Co. of Lenox, Massachusetts, and is presently writing a book of philosophy for theatre technicians. Richard has performed his music in and around New England and Los Angeles where he spent the last three and a half years. He is back in New York now, and ready to dig in.



TOM PAXTON has been actively involved in folk music since the early sixties. For a new dimension in his career, see the story on page 8 of this issue.

BRIAN ROSE came to New York in 1978 from Williamsburg, Virginia. He is a professional photographer exhibiting in the United States and in Europe. He is 28 years old.



TOM RUSSELL recorded two albums in Texas--Ring of Bone and House of Wax, cowrote the theme song for the Slim Pickens movie Sweet Creek County War and the HBO film score for California Image. Recent single "Gallo de Cielo" on End of the Trail was also recorded by Ian Tyson. He has lived and performed in Canada, Texas, and California, and now lives in Brooklyn. Guitarist ANDREW HARDIN has recorded on A&M with The Dingoes, and has toured with blues legend Eddie Kirkland and the Harvey Brooks Band. St. Olav's Gate was written in Oslo, Norway.



ELIZE TRIBBLE has known trouble all her life. At age five, a tree fell on her. Her disappearing act was perfected several years later when she met David Massengill. Whenever she saw David, she would disappear. One day she disappeared to New York City, but shortly after, David arrived at her doorstep with a box of chocolates. He was sweet on her. "Are there any nuts?" she asked. "Nary a nut," he answered. Thus began their collaboration in life and work.

SUZANNE VEGA is from New York City. She is a Barnard College graduate and is 23. She has been active in dance and theatre, writing and staging a production on Carson McCullers.

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|--|--|---|---|
| 1 ANDY COHEN NANCY HELLER | 2 POETRY 7-9pm NICK VENTRY BILL DEMPSEY VINNIE DEAN | 3 John Guth Curt Lippo | 4 FIRST ANNIVERSARY 5 COO CELEBRATION!!! JACK HARDY, LUCY KAPLANSKI, ROD MACDONALD, PAUL KAPLAN, DAVID MASSENGILL, SUZANNE VEGA and many others |
| 6 JAZZ GREATS ON FILM 9:00pm 11:30pm SHEVE BY ISRAEL | 8 POETRY 7-9pm JUDY CAROL FICKSMAN RICHARD MEYER JOHN HODEL | 10 DAVID ROTH BOB ZAIDMAN | 11 PETER SPENCER THE Hollywood Disk Ball REVUE |
| 15 JOHN KRUTH & MATT BALISTARIS JEFF JONES | 16 POETRY 7-9pm ORENSTEIN KATH BLOOM LOREN MAZZACRANE JAY BYRD | 17 FOLK JAM WITH THE CATATONICS SIGN UP AT 9:00 P.M. | 18 new song quintet WITH MIKE GLICK Bobbie Mc Gee |
| 22 The Belles of Hoboken \$2.50 Robin Russell | 23 POETRY 7-9pm MARC BERGER DOUG WATERMAN GORDON SWIFT | 24 THE 9TH ST. stompers \$3.00 \$4. | 25 ERIK FRANDSEN Hilary Morgan |
| MARCH 1 chuck wymann dave potter | MARCH 2 POETRY 7-9pm NEW FACES Folk Music | MARCH 3 The Balkanizers 8:00pm \$3 | MARCH 4 TOM INTONDI LEFT FIELD |

credits

side one

1. Porto Limón (Jack Hardy)
Jack Hardy/Vocal & Guitar
Jeff Hardy/Vocal & String Bass
Mark Dann/Vocal & Guitar
2. Beggarmans Pearl (David Massengill & Elize Tribble)
David Massengill/Vocal & Dulcimer
Jeff Hardy/String Bass
Jack Hardy/Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Keyboard
3. Little Bitty Gun (Tom Paxton)
Tom Paxton/Vocal & Guitar
4. The Queen and the Soldier (Suzanne Vega)
Suzanne Vega/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
5. Say It Ain't So Sam (W. D. Neely)
Left Field:
Elizabeth Emmert/Vocal
Thom Weaver/Vocal
Bill Neely/Vocal & Guitar
Gordon Swift/Fiddle
6. Tenement Stairs (Brian Rose)
Brian Rose/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass, Guitar & Keyboard

side two

1. Better Every Day (S. Barthold & R. Coffey)
Skip Barthold/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Bass Pedals
2. St. Olav's Gate (Tom Russell)
Tom Russell/Vocal & Guitar
Andrew Hardin/Vocal & Lead Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
3. Jive Town (Richard Meyer)
Richard Meyer/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
4. Careless Hearts (Ray Lambiase)
Ray Lambiase/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass
5. A Year Ago (Janet Macklin)
Janet Macklin/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
6. The Strong in Spirit (Hugh Blumenfeld)
Hugh Blumenfeld/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass