

APRIL '83

Vol. 2, #3

# the COOP

## The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

### HUMOR IN SONGS



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## Cruel April

by Bill Neely

April is the cruelest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land...

--T.S. Eliot, "The Wasteland"

He speaks the truth. The good intentions of ~~the Coop~~ editors notwithstanding, there is nothing funny about April.

April Fool's Day is just an excuse for maladjusted cheapshot artists to have some sociopathic fun, usually at my expense. Setting aside a special day of the year for these people is irresponsible--here in New York, anyway, they have pretty much pre-empted the whole calendar. I try to stay in bed on April Fool's Day.

April has always been a good month for some things--like natural disasters. The 1906 San Francisco earthquake was a typical April gala; the Titanic came to grief on an April iceberg. And closer to home, how many of us still bear scars from the April, 1980 N.Y.C. transit strike?

At least the military enjoys April; apparently 'tis the season for hostilities to break out. The American Revolutionary War, the War Between the States and the Spanish-American War all kicked off in April. Woodrow Wilson pulled us into World War I in April, 1917, and I suspect that FDR was waiting around for April, 1942 when the Japanese jumped the gun in December. Such is infamy. Such is April.

The church calendar is no comfort either--the Roman Catholic liturgy for Good Friday used to make me a nervous wreck when I was a kid. Easter Sunday is programmed to bring you out of it, but it never worked for me; hard-boiled egg and chocolate bunny are no match for gall and vinegar. And I never got over a nun's suggestion that perhaps Abraham Lincoln came to grief because he was attending the theatre on Good Friday. I stay home that day and listen to Gregorian Chants.

The Jewish Passover, which generally falls in April, is another case in point--a festive event at first glance, but what about this Angel of

Death business? Many of my closest friends and associates are first-born males (myself included), and we have always felt that this part of the story was a little hard on the Egyptians, so soon after all those frogs and locusts. But that's April for you.

Far and away, the cruelest day of the cruelest month is April 15, the IRS filing deadline. This perennial low point falls at a time when you're still trying to crawl out from under the winter's utility bills, so it is doubly unkind. At least when you can't pay your gas bill or electric bill or phone bill, they simply terminate the relationship and shut you off. But when you can't pay your Government bill, it has exactly the opposite effect; that's when they start pouring on the Government and showering you with attention. It could be why they're in the red, but it's no good talking sense to the IRS.

I will grudgingly admit that there are a few items in the plus column for April--warmer weather and an occasional lilac out of the dead land--but more often than not, April showers bring flash floods. Cranking out a humorous issue in the midst of all this seasonal adversity is a worth undertaking, and I salute the editors of the Coop for trying to cheer us up when we most need it. I just feel bad that I can't contribute.

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# Marjorie Guthrie: A Remembrance

By Randy B. Hecht

One of my friends has said he fell in love with Marjorie Guthrie at first sight. I don't doubt it; from our first correspondence until our last phone call, she had me completely charmed.

As I sift through her letters now, I am reminded of how many people benefitted from her constant interest, concern and support, and of how fortunate I was to be among those people.

Marjorie was a gifted dancer who worked for many years with Martha Graham, but the aspiring young artists who flocked to her New York office were most often folksingers hoping to someday fill a small corner of her husband's shoes. That was how we met: at 17, compelled to send my song lyrics to anyone for whom I could locate an address, I mailed my latest effort to her in hopes of a quick fix of encouragement--enough, at least, to last until I found another ear to bend.

Her reply was intoxicating. "let me say how much I do like your song...and I shall send a copy to Arlo." She wasn't kidding; I got a note about the song from him, too. It's amazing that she made the time to give similar support to many other despite the whirlwind schedule she kept--or, perhaps more aptly, that kept her--but Marjorie made a career of being amazing.

Enclosed with that first letter "some reading." Information about the Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease, which she founded after the hereditary disorder killed Woody, spilled out of an envelope a half-inch thick. Hooked even before I'd finished the letter, I joined Marjorie's small army of volunteers.

Marjorie's letters, typed between meetings, speeches, conferences and more meetings, arrived oddly dated ("Saturday...think its the 25th!!! Know it's March 1978"),

wildly punctuated, stuffed with news of her latest projects, and always signed, "Love and Peace!" Nothing seemed to escape her attention, and she managed to get involved in more than the rules of times generally allow.

Sometimes her concerns overlapped, as they did in 1981 when her support for PATCO strikers prevented her from attending her own annual board meeting.

Dear Randy:

Yes, you are right...I am still running around, in fact, am supposed to be in Phoenix for the Annual CCHD Board Meeting...but...I didn't feel like crossing the picket lines at the airport! I just cannot accept the way things have been done (Mr. Reagan) and feel that while I have mixed feelings about the union...I surely don't like this unnecessary toughness! So...here I am!

CCHD was her baby, but it was hardly an only child. Marjorie contributed her energy and intelligence to passage of the Orphan Drug law, to the establishment of a neuralgic wing at the Helen Hayes Hospital in Haverstraw, New York, to the creation of the World Federation of Neurology's Research Commission on Huntington's Chorea, to a half dozen commissions and committees on neurologic, communicative and genetic diseases and to the Woody Guthrie Foundation.

She kept files of all Woody's work in a tiny office crammed with posters, awards, memorabilia and photos of her children and grandchildren. Those files were available to anyone--from wide-eyed college students to Woody's equally wide-eyed biographer, Joe Klein--who wanted to know more about Woody. They also gave her ample material for the collections of prose and songs she assembled for publication.

The allure of that material was magnified by Marjorie's willingness to serve as "tour guide" and by her gift for mothering, which was displayed generously to both casual visitors and old friends. One of my fondest memories of her is among the most recent, and occurred when I visited her enroute to a job interview in full dress-for-success regalia. Marjorie, who remembered me in my denim-clad high school days, seemed taken aback, and asked, "How old are you now, Randy?"

I answered, laughing because I thought myself long past the point of being told how big I'd gotten. Perhaps I was wrong, because her delighted reply was, "Well! You're all grown up now! You know that, don't you?"

I'd suspected it for a while, but it was nice to get her confirmation.

It wasn't easy for us to find the time to schedule an interview for the Coop, but we finally settled on Labor Day. She didn't plan to take the day off--I'm not certain Marjorie knew how to take a day off--but the office would be empty and the interruptions minimal. That Sunday, however, Marjorie called to say we'd have to postpone our meeting, because she had a terrible stomach flu.

Soon after, I learned that the "flu" was cancer. It had gotten very bad before making its presence known. Surgery, chemotherapy and even a short remission--which she seized as an opportunity to do last-minute legwork on the Orphan Drug bill--followed, but the disease was discovered too late for miracles.

So the Coop is printing a very different article than originally planned, one I hate to have to write. And now, when anyone recalls meeting Marjorie and falling love at first sight, I think they could hardly have done anything else.

# How To Write Songs

By Richard Meyer

All over the world and here in "American Jerusalem" people are listening to the Coop. They are hearing about the Coop, and probably wondering how the strong in spirit, here in Greenwich Village, write these brand new songs. I am here to tell you. I'm relatively new around here; I stopped in on my way to "Fairfax County" to audition, and I have discovered how the children of Woody write songs. Yes, now you too can write original songs, no matter if you live in an "Old Factory Town" or out over the line.

First, you need the right clothes. A lot of wasted love is spent on futile songwriting, when it would be much better spent on the right wardrobe. Look at your favorite stars. The ones who are the most successful have the most interesting clothes. Take David Massengill for example; his shirt tails are very often flying in the wind. It took me a long time to understand where David comes from; he's from a "Small Town on the River" in Tennessee. He knows that folk music comes partly from man overcoming the encroaching boundaries of society, which his shirt tails represent.

Another who has discovered the secret of clothing is Jack Hardy. He has a

red jacket that symbolizes a blood-red moon and red-blooded Americana as well as the red menace. Hardy writes a song a week, and he's always got that jacket on when he plays a new song, so I must be right--right?

A lot of others around here who are "Champions at Keepin' 'em Rolling" in the aisles all have their secret attire. You have to pick something, it could be a scarf, it could be a stuffed camel, it could be running shoes if you happen to write disco. Simply think and do what will inspire you. The collective unconscious plays a big role here, and the vibes of cloth have religious connotations that, like the seasons, affect spirits when the "Moon Is In Shadow" or in light. Try second hand shops for things that give you this fiery feeling that will make you write songs people will love for years to come.

"Sure," you are saying, "clothes; I can get some great shirts but that won't make me a musical prodigy." Of course you are partly right and you have to know what to wear when--but then I can't recall the last time I saw a naked folksinger.

You're worried about the words? People hum tunes, they don't remember words; but if you must know the secret of the lyric--OK, twist my arm and I'll tell you. A year ago I was going through A.J. Weberman's cousin's trash in Beverly Hills, and found some notes that gave me the answer to creating great pop folk lyrics.

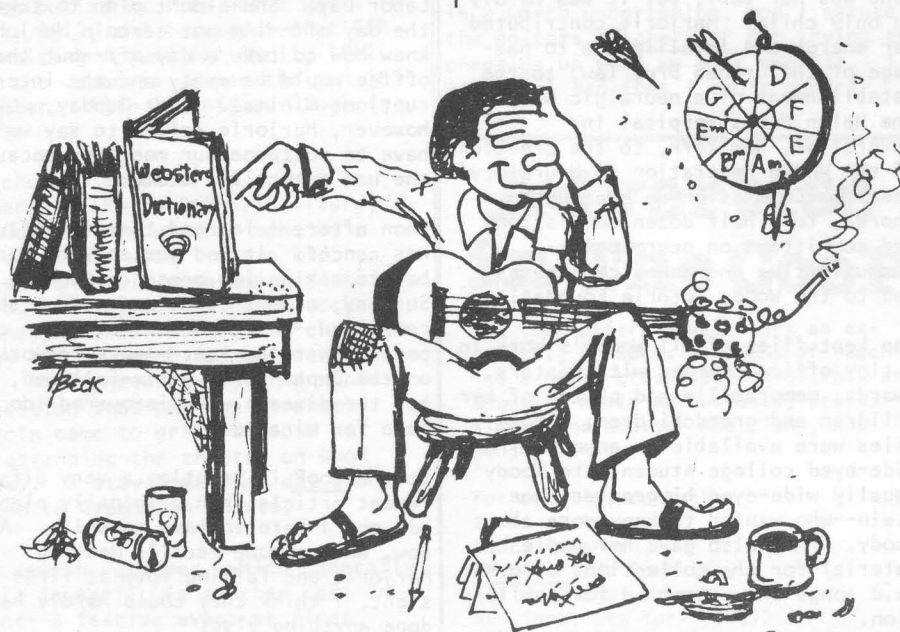
As you know, A.J. has had it all figured out for years. You can write about the "Wild Willow" or "Honorable Men"--the system is the same. You can write about "Young Love" or "The Great American Dream," and it's still the same; get the picture? There is one system--use two dictionaries. It works like this: take two Webster's or Funk and Wagnall's, or whatever, and open them wherever you like. Some of the more sophisticated here in the Village substitute a thesaurus for the second dictionary, but you can work up to that.

OK, now clear a space on a table and get some paper, and you are ready for a songwriting "Jamboree." Open the books to any page. I like to start with the first letter of my landlord's name. He's always sleeping on the "Tenement Stairs" or singing the Texas blues, and I get some kind of vicarious inspiration from him.

Well, you wonder how we folksingers pick a subject; it is, as you guessed, tied into the lyric. Here's how you start. Look in one of your dictionaries--pick a word--"Greenland" for example. Now look in the second dictionary and pick another word--"fisheries." The next step is to put them together in a coherent fashion. "What," you ask yourself or your roommate, "do those words have in common." White Buffalo? Choo Choo? Wolverine? No, it's "whale," of course, and there is the title for a great song.

The subject is implied, and all that's left to do is buy a copy of *Moby Dick*, and cross out all the words in Melville's classic that don't fit in your song. It's really that simple.

Bob Dylan used this technique, but he was light years ahead of all of us, and he had a lot more dictionaries. He could write lines like "Motorcycle black madonna two wheeled gypsy queen, and her silver-studded phantom caused the grey-flannel dwarf to scream" with nary a stop along Highway 80, or wherever it was.





You can impress poetry teachers by using only one letter of the alphabet. "Alphabet" starts with the letter A, so does the word "alliteration," which means using lots of words with the same sound for a real authentic poetic feel. This is a great technique to impress girls who like sensitive poetic types. They think that if you can think of an artistic way to use just one letter then it will be no problem getting you to write them love letters. It's like drawing a map to your door.

You might have trouble, once you have all the words, figuring out what to say with them. You need a story? Steal it! Sure, all the greats have--Shakespeare stole from obscure Italian playwrights, and Romeo and Juliet made a pretty decent play for its time. Then along came an enterprising songwriter, and we in the Twentieth Century got "Just Like Romeo and Juliet," the pop song that tells the whole story in less than three minutes, and you can even understand it. Great melody too, but we'll get to that part later.

Without writing your song for you, let's say you get the word "Calypso." Don't write a song about Jacques Cousteau--because John has beaten you to it (he uses all my methods). Take "Calypso," and then pick another word, let's say "knight." The association I get is a chess game--the story could be about a Calypso Gypsy winning a game as his "Knight Moves" to capture a "Soldier and the Queen." This wins him the Russian and American chess championship while lighting is "Cracking" above him. You might even get a "Revolution Merit Badge" for coming up with a political song, which is the bottom line in folk music. "Yippio," you are on your way.

You don't even have to play guitar to be a folksinger. We have people who get up on the Speakeasy stage and sing all alone. People snicker, but these are our friends so we let them act strange. Perhaps the time has come for this funny idea. If you play guitar, all the better, and if it's an expensive guitar, that's better yet. Those guitars from Rock Springs, Wyoming just don't have the same chords on them as the Pennsylvania flat-tops. It's almost the antithesis of the folk song, but those damn shiny guitars seem to say "buy me" as hot-fingered salesmen say "you'll be able to play a lot like me." You have to know how to hold it, and you can learn a lot by watching Glen Campbell or Neil Diamond. They hold their guitars real well.

Now, buy yourself a 4,285 chord dictionary, and learn three or four of them, and you'll be ready to write a melody. Pick some chords that don't have the same names, and play them over and over. Take the words you've made up using my techniques, and sing any notes you want until you find some that don't force your friends to run away yelling "sinner!" This takes some practice because first you have to know how to sing, and I'm not going to tell you how to do that until next year. (You might just get famous before me, and then where would I be?)

Try lots of tricks. Sing the melody of your favorite song against the chords you picked, and change it until it fits. Put your words to a famous folk melody and hope no one notices. These methods have all been tried, and some have produced hits, believe you me. Go to Miami and listen to the bar bands play a famous song so badly that no one recognizes it, learn it real that way, then use your words and copy-

right it as your own. The fire of creativity will more than likely inspire you to be able to write with only one of the assisting mechanisms I've described, or "My Name" ain't "Joe." When all else fails, I simply write out some words in the worst penmanship I can, and show them to my songwriter friends for their opinion; whatever they say becomes my lyrics--a great method.

When you present your songs make sure you tell people the right title, or you'll have tough luck. Your audiences will be confused and will sit there like "Still Life." I really believe that these rules can help you write like a Rod MacDonald, Suzanne Vega or Enamel the Camel (sometimes known as Dixon). Here in "Jive Town" it's rough competition and you might have to learn to improvise the "Unemployment Rag." Persevere and you won't be among the "Nameless One(s)." There are a lot of great words in dictionaries, and some dictionaries have words others don't. There are lots of chords and stories to steal, so get writing and be happy. You can sing the blues, but there's no reason to cry about it.



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# Expose Yourself! How to Get Publicity

By Sherwood Ross

Here's how to get publicity for yourself or your band. Think of dealing with the media (press, radio, TV, wire services, magazines) in their terms. They are also asking, essentially, what's happening, who's involved, where will it be, etc.

You could even send out a news release that looks like this:

Contact: Tom Intondi, (phone)  
THE SONG PROJECT  
(address)

## FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

**WHO:** Tom Intondi and his group, "The Song Project."  
**WHAT:** Will give a concert, their first in Toledo.  
**WHERE:** Toledo Amphitheatre, 40th Street and Briggs Avenue.  
**WHEN:** At 8pm March 30, 1983, and 11pm (second show).  
**WHY:** To bring the latest and finest new folk songs to the Toledo area, etc.  
**BIO:** Tom Intondi is a veteran folk musician. He has been performing in public for the past seven of his years. His first album, "City Dancer," achieved critical acclaim when it was published in his album, "HOUSE OF SAND" has just been published. Scoop Magazine has termed Intondi "one of the great new performers on the folk music circuit" and The New York Post has called him "etc..."

Intondi will arrive in Toledo on March 29 and will be staying at the Luxury Manor Hotel (or the home of a friend, Jeff Jones, phone number). He will be available for interviews, and reviewers are welcome to attend his performance. He will play a number of his new songs, including "Name of Song" which would make a very good "closer" for a TV news show. Intondi would like to talk about what is happening on the folk music scene in America today.

- 30 -

(The number thirty is newspaper jargon for end of a story. The # sign may also be used.)

This release should go to radio stations, newspapers, TV assignment desks," and wire services (AP and UPI) in Toledo. The release should be read to, and discussed with, the owner of the club in which your group is appearing. It's likely they will be happy to know that you plan to support your gig with some stamps and a news release. The release should be mailed out at least two weeks in advance. The club owner may give you the names of music reviewers on the dailies, or TV and radio feature people to whom the release should go.

Where do you send a release? With newspapers, try the music editor, feature editor, or just the city editor. TV and radio stations have an assignment editor or news editor. TV stations usually have an entertainment editor, if the station is a big one.

In big cities, AP and UPI--wire services--supply news to many radio and TV stations and dailies. But you've got to have a good story to get on the wires. Some cities have entertainment magazines, such as the Unicorn Times (in Washington), or papers that deal heavily in entertainment, such as the Village Voice (in New York). These should be contacted. There are also weeklies in many cities that give good coverage. If you have

## SAMPLE PRESS RELEASE

### SHERWOOD ROSS ASSOCIATES MEDIA CONSULTANTS

**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

**WHO** Folk singer John Hammond will make his first appearance at the all-folk music night club, The Speakeasy, on March 31 in a benefit performance for the club, located at 107 MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village. Appearing with Hammond will be Frank Christian, a New York-based folk musician and the New England Express. The Speakeasy is the country's only full-time folk music club, scheduling folk music 365 nights a year. It is run by a cooperative of area musicians who put out a monthly album and a magazine.

**WHAT** Other highlights of the March calendar include Tom Intondi on March 4th and 5th; the Jim Scott Band, of the Paul Winter Consort, on the 11th and 12th; the Savannah Shieks and Lucy Kaplanski on the 18th and 19th; and David Massengill on the 25th and 26th. April 1st will mark the appearance of Joey Miserable and the Worms and the Belles of Hoboken.

**WHERE**

**WHEN**

**ADDRESS**

**WHAT'S UNIQUE ABOUT VS.**

Other March dates include:  
6th---Joanne Davis and Judy Meisslmen; 7th, Rod MacDonald and Doug Waterman; 8th, Suni Paz and Nina Silver; 9th, Pete Gardner; 10th, Michael Soloway; 11th Jim Scott Band; 13th, Jack Hardy; 14th Rod MacDonald and Doug Waterman; 15th, Rita Falbel and Steve Stanne; 16th, Richard Meyer and Nick Ventry and Bob McGrath; 17th Jamboree and Angela Page; 20th, Electricity; 21st, Doug Waterman and Rod MacDonald; 22, John Bell and Corinne Goodman; 23, Kazi Kisaichi and Tom Guderian and Eric Donolo; 24th "Late For Dinner" with Josh Joplin; 27th Susan Brewster and Doug Waterman; 28th, Rod MacDonald; 29th, "Serious Business" and Luci Murphy; 30th, Pete Ward, Susan Vosburgh, and Vinnie Dean.

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pictures, send them with your release and be sure to put your name and the names of your band members on the back of each photo with "left to right: Tom Intondi, Joe Smith, etc."

There are directories containing the names of newspapers and TV stations. I recommend Gebbi All-In-One Directory, P.O. Box 1000, New Paltz, NY 12561. The TV stations that you

want to reach are the VHF stations, such as Channel 2 (WCBS) in New York, and so forth. Most UHF stations don't have news operations.

If you have some special angle to your performance, such as your band entering town on elephant or camel-back, or a Bob Dylan look-alike contest, put that in your news release. Keep your eyes open for an

unusual angle. You can also add clips of any reviews to your news release--the better to lure reporters to cover your gig. Good luck.

###

Sherwood Ross is a veteran newspaper and radio reporter, and is Media Consultant for the Coop.

## David Amram: Approx. 800 Words

by Randy B. Hecht

David Amram says he tries to "write music that will be interesting to listen to many times." By that--or virtually any other--standard, the man is an overachiever.

His pure physical stamina alone borders on the fearsome: a quick glance at his itinerary could fell the faint-hearted. This month, his schedule includes the Saratoga Latin Jazz Festival, appearances with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Montreal and Calvary Symphonies and a stop at the Jewish Community Center in Tenafly, New Jersey. New Yorkers can find him at the Jazzmania Latin Jazz Festival (April 22-23), the Bottom Line (April 26, in a program of Handel, Vivaldi and Bach called "Go For Baroque"), and, on May 1, the Latin Jazz Celebration at the Museum of the City of New York.

Amram's current focus on Latin Jazz coincides with the release this month of his new album, "David Amram and Friends: Latin Jazz Celebration," on Elektra. In the past, however, the composer/conductor/performer has also devoted attention to the music of Kenya, Pakistan, Egypt and the West Indies and to original compositions inspired by the music of the Lakota Santee Sioux and the birds of Montparnasse, France--among others. In addition to the piano, guitar and French horn, Amram has learned to play dozens of folk instruments from around the world. The influence of international folk music, and the "connecting threads" he has found in that music, have given his career much of its flavor.

The diversity of his interests is exceeded only by the amount of talent he has to devote to them. "What we're doing," he said in a recent interview, "is not fusion. We're not trying to put everything in a Great American Mixmaster and open up a Burger King of folk music all sounding the same. It's more like

taking a journey of folk music around the world."

That journey began, he said, at the 1974 Mariposa Folk Festival. "I worked with Charlie Chin and we had some amazing times," he said. "We got invited to the Mariposa Festival. Each room in the motel would have a different kind of music. Charlie and I stayed up for the whole three days, and by the end of the festival, it was kind of like we'd taken a trip around the world."

The experience, he said, "made me see that if you could find a connecting thread you could go from one piece to another." Amram emphasized that the process of finding that thread may require years of study of a single piece of music, and that his goal is to determine what each piece "naturally leads into."

What it has led into is exceptionally good music. Amram's last three albums (all on Flying Fish, contrary to his frequent onstage references to "Souvlaki Records") serve as a musical travelog that it, at the very least, interesting to listen to many times. Far from sounding like the product of a "Great American Mixmaster," the albums manage to demonstrate the similarities between, say, the music of Guatemala and Kenya; at the same time, however, the differences remain intact.

The latest of these highly addictive Amram albums includes two pieces

that appear on his "havana/New York" album: "In Memory of Chano Pozo" and "Brazilian Memories." Would that everyone could share their memories with the style Amram displays on these cuts! Other highlights include "New York Charanga" and a very good "Take the 'A' Train," but there's really nothing on the album that isn't very good. Amram seems intent upon disproving Lincoln's theory about pleasing all of the people all the time.

Prominent among his many gifts are the intelligence and openness that enable him to regard all music with something close to religious fervor. The trouble with most contemporary music, he said, is its lack of openness: "In the European tradition, as passed on to these shores, most folkloric music in general...is considered to be almost nonexistent. Since that's eliminating about eighty percent of the world's population--and, ironically, many of the sources of European music itself--I try to rectify the situation."

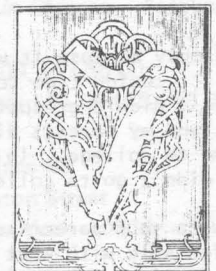
Because "one of my compositions told me that after you expire you have an unlimited amount of time to sleep," Amram pursues his work at a break-neck speed that might exhaust musicians half his age. "I figure as long as I'm alive what I'm doing is so much fun I just thank God I've been lucky enough to hang in there and pursue it."

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# Snails Among The Roses

Last month, Peter Spencer, David Massengill, Cynthia Gooding and Erik Frandsen got together to discuss their various experiences as folksingers and songwriters. They talk about guitar playing, New York, David Bromberg, Dylan and political songs.

Peter Spencer is a noted folk-singer and scholar. David Massengill is New York's bawdy and irreverent song-poet. Cynthia Gooding, a singer of multi-ethnic songs, is an important link in the folk tradition. Erik Frandsen is a singer, guitarist, actor par excellence, and a long-time resident of MacDougal Street in the Village.

Peter Spencer: Let's start by having the three of you say when you first came to New York City, what drew you here, and what you found when you got here.

Cynthia Gooding: I first came to New York in 1946 after living in Mexico City for two years. The first year I was here, I worked in a radio station for a man named Freddy Robbins who had a jazz program called "Robbins' Nest." Then I spent a great deal of time trying to meet Josh White, very hard to do, because I admired his singing enormously. I admired the way he sang in nightclubs and the way he handled an audience and the way he handled himself and the microphone and the drama of the way he entered with his guitar high above his head. I wanted lessons because I'd heard the record he made with Libby Holman, she sang and he played, an old 78 album, and I thought if she could do it maybe I could do it. So I wanted to learn how to sing songs and play the guitar from him.

PS: Had you gone to Mexico City to learn music?

CG: Simply because it was a place to go. I couldn't go to college because I didn't graduate from high school and my parents didn't want to send me to college. In those days girls didn't go to college anyway.

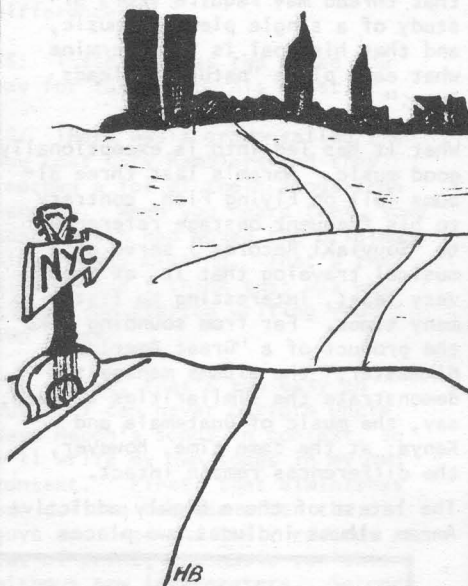
PS: Were your parents distressed or uncomfortable with what you had started doing with music? How did they react?

CG: At this time I hadn't started doing it yet. I sang a few songs in Mexico and then when I came back to Rochester, Minnesota, I sang a few songs to them in Spanish and they loved it.

PS: So you went to New York.

CG: I finally got Josh, after a great many efforts, to listen to me and he said all right, he would teach me. The way he taught was he called you up when he felt like it and he came over. You were supposed to sound as much like him as possible--you were supposed to play the guitar like him, phrase like him and everything. I didn't mind--it was a good discipline.

I had this friend, Jean Franklin, who was a hat check girl in this nightclub in the Village, and she got me an audition and I was hired. It was called the Soho then; it's at the corner of Bleecker and Grove. So, I finally had a job.



PS: Now, Erik, it wasn't quite such a trek for you to come here, you lived in Tarrytown.

Erik Frandsen: I started playing twenty years ago, coming down to check out the music even before I started playing.

PS: Did you start playing because there were people in Washington Square playing?

EF: No, I started playing because Bromberg was playing and I'd always liked stringed instruments and there was somebody around who could teach me. I didn't play much in New York--I mean, I did a few little things but not much. I was going to school in Pennsylvania, at Lafayette, in 1964 and would come in occasionally and hang out with that bunch. I saw John Hurt, Skip James, Doc Watson. Then in '66 I went to California. There was a whole scene out there. I could play the "Dallas Rag" so when I went to San Francisco, which was a much smaller scene--if you could play "Freight Train" you were a hot player back then--I was this hot New York player. So I started hanging out with guys like Steve Mann and Jorma picking up things from them.

PS: So you came back in '69.

EF: Just about this time of year, beginning of February. My weekly gig at the "Lion's Share" in Sausalito--worked there every Friday for like a year and a half as the house opener. I opened for some great people. The club burned down so, what the hell, back to New York.

PS: So it wasn't that anything really drew you back.

EF: Well, boredom with the West Coast. A little goes a long way.

PS: What did you find when you got back?

EF: I came to town and looked up old Bromberg. We'd been back and forth, he'd been out to California. Stayed at Bromberg's for about a year, asked him if he wanted a roommate and he said no, and so I moved in (laughter). David had been playing off and on with Pat Sky and working pretty steadily with Jerry Jeff, so Pat was looking around for a guitar player. His previous guitar player was a junkie and Pat fired him, so David said, "Well, I know this guitar player from California and he plays some banjo, so check him out." Pat and I met and I was on the road for two and a half years, though not steadily.

PS: Didn't he spend a lot of time with John Hurt?



EF: I wasn't involved with John through Pat.

PS: Did he talk about John Hurt?

EF: Well, he was Hurt's producer and an outrageous redneck and poet and like that and he loved John a lot. Pat was producing a lot of records in those days, and making them himself--for Vanguard.

PS: I thought he was on Verve.

EF: Verve/Foreskin, yes, after Vanguard. He was with Vanguard when he did John Hurt.

PS: I always thought Patrick Sky was an unlikely figure to be a '60s urban folksinger.

EF: No, he was a most likely figure. He was a genuine Southerner with a literary turn of mind.

PS: As far as literary Southerners are concerned, let's hear from David Massengill.

David Massengill: I came here when New York went bankrupt. It's a funny time to come to New York, but I decided it was as good as any time. I'd just finished going to school at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. I couldn't go to school any more, and I took a couple of jobs for a few months so I'd have money when I came to New York. It was so comfortable there, a sweet life, and as they used to say in those days--mellow. It was neat and it was awfully comfortable but I thought it was too damn comfortable for me. So I decided to come to New York because I figured that's where writers would be. People tried to convince me not to go. They thought I was nuts to go. I came here and I didn't really have any experience singing at all.

PS: What had you done?

DM: I'd written about five songs. Every semester I'd take a writing course, poetry writing, play writing, anything to keep my hand in. I was going to be writing anyway. I figured I might as well get credit for it. So my last semester I came upon Woody Guthrie's prose writings and started collecting his records and got tremendously excited.

PS: Prose writings first?

DM: Yes.

PS: You know, that's more common than people think. Woody Guthrie's prose is what seems to make the strongest first impression.

DM: I knew his songs, too, and I knew Bob Dylan's songs, but I wasn't inspired to write songs until I read Bound for Glory. I'd been doing all this writing and I played dulcimer for a while, but that was barnyard stuff. It had never occurred to me to write songs. I'd been writing poems, thirty-page poems no one could understand.

The first thing I did when I got to New York was to write two twenty-minute songs and not play anywhere. I was too ill-at-ease about the way my voice sounded to play anywhere. Finally, the first place I actually played was the Mills Tavern. I played a song and a half and another performer who was playing there came up halfway through my second song and said, "I'm sorry, the boss--he doesn't like it." Then I went into Folk City to the hoot there, and I didn't play, I just wanted to see what the talent was like. The first person I saw blew away the crowd, blew away me. I said, "Oh man, it's too good for me. This guy can sing, can do everything." Then the next guy was horrible and I said, "Well, I guess I can do it, it takes all types." It was four months before my libs stopped shaking--one at a time.

PS: Who was the first person that encouraged you?

DM: Jack Hardy I remember being at the hoots and he played with his brother. I'd been doing it for three--four months when Jack approached me one night and said, "Who was that ripe tomato you were sitting with?" and that was, of course, Lize Tribble, my partner. I didn't know who this guy was. I didn't recognize him because when I'd seen him a Folk City he'd had a long moustache. He invited me to open a gig for him at Folk City, and when he described to me what he did it sounded just like this guy Jack Hardy. I was very wary. Finally it dawned on him--he said, "I used to have a moustache."

PS: Of course, by that time the longest a gig in a folk music club lasted was a week or two. And by now all you get are one-nighters or at best, weekends. But in the '40s you could really settle into a room and play there a long time.

CG: Oh yes. I worked at the same club (the Soho) for ten months, and it was completely different from the way it is now. Josh used to play over at Cafe Society Downtown on Sheridan Square, and he used to work for say four--six weeks at a time. It was great because you'd go back to see the same person several nights, or people would talk about you and other people would come to see you. Particularly if you were a new singer like me it was great. It was a lesbian club, and the straight people who were coming to hear me meant more to her, the owner, than the regulars.

I suppose there have always been people who thought I was a lesbian because I'm so tall. I can't think of any other reason. I don't know if people thought I was a lesbian when I was singing at that club or not, but I didn't really care. I think that one of the ways I've always dealt with whether people understood me or not was not to pay any attention to whether they did or they didn't.



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PS: It seems like it's a common occupational hazard in folk music today, being misunderstood. Sometimes it gets pretty intense. Erik, I always had the feeling that David Bromberg retired from performing because he couldn't handle his audience's misconceptions.

EF: He did make those records with Jerry Garcia. So his fans became more and more the Deadheads and it became less and less fun for him to go out and play for those morons.

PS: I've heard harrowing accounts of solo gigs of his that were just trampled, ruined by these adolescents who would come in all loaded on all sorts of drugs.

EF: Quaaludes and beer. He'd play three or four bluegrass numbers and they'd go ape. Then he'd bend a string and they'd say, "Stop playing that nigger shit," and throw beer bottles at him.

I think David finally got tired of being unable to play the music that he wanted to play, and having to cater to that crowd which will kill

you if you don't give them what they want. He'd always loved violins and learned how to play them. Now he's out building them--having the time of his life, and going out and doing the occasional solo act. The moron element has kind of fallen away from him, so he can play to a more receptive audience now that he's laid low for a few years.

PS: I was wondering if the very rarity of his appearances might just bring out more of the berserko element.

EF: Poor Loudon. Two years ago Loudon Wainwright went up at the Bottom Line and they didn't know who Loudon was, and he got virtually cheered off the stage because there was one of the lines in his songs about how he was listening to the Grateful Dead. They heard the "buzz" word and went apeshit and stopped the show; just a Pavlovian, kneejerk reaction to the words "Grateful Dead." Loudon stopped and walked off. The thing about that is it has nothing to do with music.

PS: It's a kind of joinerism.

EF: Yeah. Well, from having worked with Jorma a couple of times...

PS: I was just going to bring that up. Jorma deals with it differently. He seems to just coast with it.

EF: Well, Jorma ignores them and just practices, just sits onstage. Once I saw a guy at ringside start yelling, "Jorma, I love you," and crawling across the stage on his belly to kiss his feet. The guy's date got up onstage with him and started hitting him with her purse, yelling, "I've never been so embarrassed in my life, I'm never going out with you again!" (laughter) Jorma just ignored them and practiced.

PS: But I've seen Bromberg ignore them and practice, too. But Jorma, unlike David, hasn't changed his tour schedule looking for better venues.

EF: Jorma has a very workmanlike attitude towards it. He's just there to play his music and collect

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his money. They're gonna like it no matter what he does. It's great fun to play with Jorma because it's just country blues-fingerpick, play slide. I've never used my right name when I've played with him. A couple of his fans damn near chased me down MacDougal Street because his stardust had rubbed off on me, and they wanted some for themselves.

PS: What part do you think psychedelic drugs have played in this behavior?

EF: A lot of people have taken huge amounts of drugs, not just psychedelics, and become stupid (laughs). And, of course, Jorma is tattooed. He likes tattoos. People think that he is an extremely weird guy because of that--living on the edge constantly. Jorma's not living on the edge. He has a degree in diplomatic history from Georgetown University. He speaks several languages.

PS: He seemed like a regular fellow.

EF: Perfectly straightforward guy, quite normal by most standards except that he's tattooed ridiculously; but he's miles removed from the mental and emotional states of his fans. He has an identity (laughter). It's the same thing that contributed to all the energy in the room when Dylan walked in. People are going to "get" something from him. It's not him, it's them.

PS: They're manufacturing it.

EF: In Dylan's case, a whole generation thought he was speaking directly to them, and in a sense he was.

PS: That's a common thing with media stars. Dolly Parton is being threatened by a guy who claims they were married in a previous life. Combine that with the metaphysical element in Dylan's songwriting and you have a potent brew. Do you think Dylan ever regretted working that side of the street?

EF: I have no idea.

PS: I guess he wouldn't talk on that level to anybody.

EF: Well, not to me.

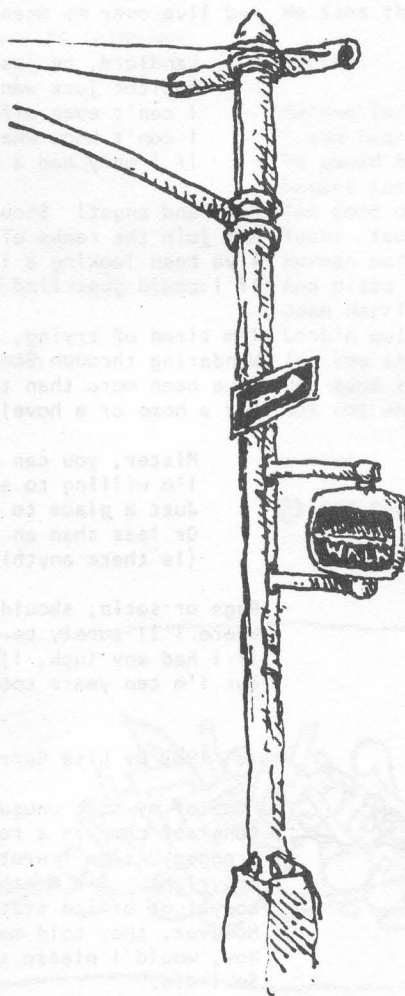
PS: Let's not get too deeply into people's experiences with Dylan just yet, but did watching Dylan or Bromberg or Jorma getting chased around by this kind of bad energy change the way you looked at your own work?

EF: No. It's an occupational hazard.

PS: I wonder, if the Musicians' Co-op takes off the way the leadership says it will, whether there's anything we can do to prevent it from happening. I mean, we've had our share of energy vampires already. What if someone in the Co-op attains some kind of international celebrity. How can we protect ourselves?

EF: (pause) Lay low, go to work, do your job, go home (laughs). How're they going to get to you if you're not there? I certainly hope I will never be afraid to walk down MacDougal Street. I can always yell, "Help!"

PS: I guess, Cynthia, that the folksingers of the '40s weren't troubled by these kinds of audience identification problems. People didn't extrapolate little hidden messages from the music you were doing and make religious dogma out of them.



CG: Besides that, I sang in foreign languages most of the time. I sang some songs in English--some American, some British, and the songs Josh had taught me, but I also sang a lot of Mexican songs and a few French songs. The kind of people who came to the Soho were uptown friends of mine. I suppose they thought of it as slumming, I don't know, although I mad \$100 a week so it wasn't all slum.

I think the sort of people who did it were bohemians in the making. They would go to hear Richard Dyer-Bennet at the Vanguard and then go and see Josh and the other people at the Cafe Society Downtown. I guess those were about the only places where you could hear this sort of thing. Names fail me at the moment. There were a couple of other singers around.

PS: Susan Reed?

CG: Yes, she was at the Cafe Society Downtown, too. She got a big write-up in Life Magazine because she sang without her shoes on. She sat on a high stool without her shoes on and sang these songs. Life Magazine thought that was marvelous. I was furious because I figured that if I had just thought of taking my shoes off, I would have gotten into Life, too. I'm sure there was more to it than that (laughter).

PS: Did you go from the Soho to another club?

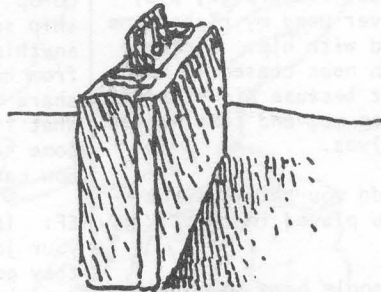
CG: No, then I got married and my husband didn't want me to sing in nightclubs because he didn't approve of it. While I was married to him, I sang in Women's clubs lunches and afternoons. I'd sing and they'd pay me and then I'd come home because I had to take care of the baby at night. I was just happy still to be singing; and in the meantime, I began to make records.

PS: That was the beginning of your concert career, the popularity of those Turkish and Spanish and English records for Elektra and Riverside.

CG: In the '50s I met all of the other singers who were coming up. We just knew each other because there weren't very many of us. We did joint concerts at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall, but the first one I can remember was the Cherry Theatre over on Commerce Street. Jean Ritchie and I did a concert together where I think the Clancy's were half of it and Jean and I were the other half. We were both pregnant at the time--equally pregnant. That was fun.

# ALYRICIS

## side 1



### BILLIONS OF BRAIN CELLS AGO

Billions of brain cells  
Billions of brain cells ago  
They're dead and gone, alas, alack  
The victims of a sneak attack  
Oh, how I wish I had them back  
The things I used to know  
Billions of brain cells ago

There's so much I've forgotten  
La la la la la la la  
My lights are dim, my lobes are lame  
I know I'll never think the same  
But at least they didn't die in vain  
The things I used to know  
Billions of brain cells ago

Hic, haec, hoc  
This brain is such a joke  
Fee, fie, fo, fum  
I wasn't always this dumb

Billions of brain cells  
Billions of brain cells ago  
It truly is a scary sight  
To see your brain cells burning bright  
But ah, they give such lovely light  
The things I used to know  
Billions of brain cells ago

Trillions and zillions  
And quadraquintillions  
Times billions of brain cells ago.

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### RAGS OR SATIN

Rags or satin, should I stay in Manhattan  
Where the landlords fatten and the poor grow more lean?  
I could save a token if I move to Hoboken  
Or relocate upstate and find some air that is clean.

Cross the Brooklyn Bridge, try the Heights or Bay Ridge  
Where brownstone buyers are speculating.  
For a change of scenes I could move out to Queens  
And live over my means just renovating.

Landlord, he just wants to raise my rent  
Realtor just wants her seventeen percent.  
I can't even afford a tenement.  
I don't know where my money got spent.  
If I only had a tent! (But all I've got is...)

Pain and angst! Should I move to the Bronx  
And join the ranks of Sweat Equity?  
I've been looking a lot, and I would sublet or squat  
If I could just find a spot without a fixture fee.

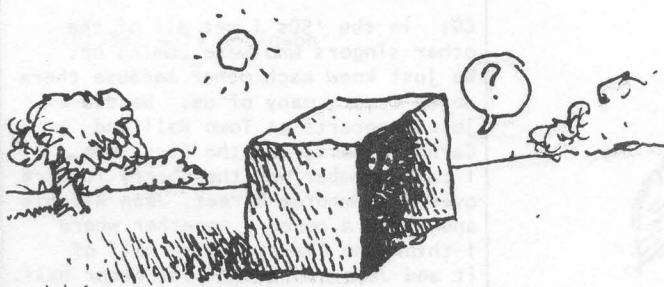
I'm tired of trying, and I'm getting quite violent  
Wandering through Staten Island for a place to sleep.  
I've been more than thorough checking out the five boroughs  
For a home or a hovel with a rent that's cheap.

Mister, you can keep your parquet floor.  
I'm willing to settle for windows and a door.  
Just a place to hang my hat, I don't need more  
Or less than an address and a lease that's secure  
(Is there anything secure?)

Rags or satin, should I stay in Manhattan  
Where I'll surely be flattened when inflation takes its toll?  
If I had any luck, I'd be saving my bucks  
But I'm ten years too late to get on rent control.

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"One of my more unusual interactions with the Library of Congress came as a result of this song. In 1979 during a "raggedy" time I wrote this song and registered it for copyright. Six months later I received a letter from the copyright office stating that my check had bounced. However, they told me, they had registered the song anyway. Now, would I please send another check to cover the fee. So I did."





# ANOTHER RAINY THURSDAY

Oh another rainy Thursday  
There's nothing on the tube  
And oh the kids are fighting  
Another dry martini  
And I sit down with the news.  
oh my, the wife is out with the girls again  
Bowling and chewing the fat  
Someone take me away to another day  
When I wore a younger hat  
Cause when we were in college  
We dressed in ragged jeans  
And we kept the campus jumping  
And the middle class predicament  
Was just an awful dream  
And not for me

We'd raise our voice and the battle cry  
"We want it and we want it now"  
So get out of the way we're coming through  
And we'll save this world somehow  
And we'll save this world somehow  
But now I'm in computers  
Oh what fun  
We push the little buttons  
And we watch the suckers run  
And if this building had some windows  
Perhaps we'd see the sun  
Every now and then  
But it's not quite as bad as what you're thinking  
Causw I'm raking in the dough  
And there's a nice bunch of guys

I'm working with some guys  
Called Larry, Curly and Moe  
But we used to be so wild  
We'd even lived in tents  
And the older generations  
How could they be so dense  
But now I'm over thirty and Republicans makes sense  
Oh my, Oh my  
It's the mortgage, the taxes  
The insurance men gotten me on the run  
Like the werewolf of London  
I'm howling at the moon  
Cause what have I begun?  
And I got up to my room  
Oh my, Oh my, Oh my

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# COLD PIZZA FOR BREAKFAST

Some people eat grapefruit for breakfast  
Some people eat oatmeal  
There are those who are sure  
Granola is a very good deal  
But not me--I don't go for that stuff  
When it comes to nourishment I get more than enough  
Nothing satisfies my taste  
Like sitting down to a great big plate of

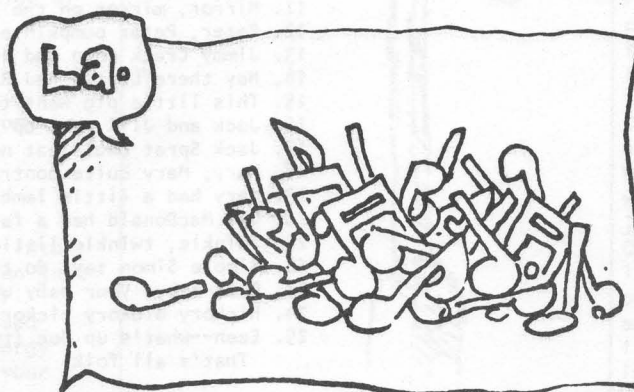
chorus:  
Cold pizza for breakfast  
Warm cake to wash it down  
Maybe a couple of pepperoni  
Makes this meal well-rounded  
I want cold pizza for breakfast  
In a pinch cold spaghetti'll do  
There's nothing in the world  
That I like better  
Than eating cold pizza with you

My man takes me out in the evening  
He treats me so nice  
We go to the movies, we go dancing  
We go for more than a slice  
Yes we order a pie, eat what we can  
We take the rest home, that's part of the plan  
And in the morning when the sun rises  
He sees that crazy look in my eye

chorus:  
Herman Tarnower would never approve  
I can hear him spinning in his grave  
He could be alive eating pizza right now  
Except for when it came to dating women  
The good doctor did not know how to behave  
Yech! Yech! Yech!  
Herman was healthy but Herman is dead  
And pizza surely didn't do him in  
Jean Harris is behind bars  
Lookin quite sad and thin  
(do you see-what I'm gettin at?  
you tend to kill when you're skinny  
but not when you're fat)

chorus

©1983 Christine Lavin



WITHOUT YOU I'D HAVE NEVER KNOWN

Take my hand, my friend  
I have been waiting patiently  
The day will soon be through

Trains and planes and rockets  
They've all gone shooting by  
Now I'm just glad to see you

chorus:

But I cried a long time, I cried a long time  
Just before the moment you appeared  
I was sad as a snail, I was filled with fear  
But now the evening, But now the evenin  
Shines upon you as I say, Although  
I had thought once or twice that we are not alone  
Without you I'd have never known

In a night of longing  
Or in a day of dreaming  
My thoughts have wandered over

Sad terrains of wanting  
And empty fields of needing  
Till these became my lover

I cried a long time  
I had a lonely time  
But that's the way our lives must sometimes go  
I tried to hide it  
You said, "Don't shy away from it."  
You said you'd been there often enough to know

And then you told me how  
You had been reaching out  
An empty handed soldier

When no one could hear you  
At least that's how it seemed to you  
A cry without an answer

And all together, And all together  
Everyone is riding on this train  
On the track of love but still the track of pain  
As now the evening. As now the evening  
Shines upon you and I say, Although  
I had thought once or twice that we are not alone  
Without you I'd have never known

Ooh, and tonight we've built a home

And furnished it with kindness  
And put that pain behind us  
Like it was never known

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WHATEVER YOU SAY (NURSERY RHYME)

Chorus: Sure, sure--what are we waiting for  
Sure, sure--Don't keep us waiting, cause  
We love, to hear you sing a song  
Singer: Listen all of you to what I've got to say  
Chorus: Sure, sure go right ahead  
Singer: Clap your hands if you feel OK  
Chorus: Yes we do, whatever you say  
Singer: Then stomp your feet, but not too loud  
Swing around like a merry-go-round,  
Swing out--whap pi-tu-da, pitau-tau-pi-du  
Strike out-- Whap pi-tu-da, pitau-tau-pi-du  
Watch out--Whap pi-tu-da, pitau-tau-pi-du  
Singer: Here comes happiness Chorus: That's okay  
Chorus: We feel it, we like it, it's here to stay  
Singer: Repeat after me, whatever I say

1. Eni-mini-mine-mo
2. Hey didle, didle the cat and the fiddle
3. Humpty dumpty sat on the wall
4. Little Mrs. Muffet sat on her tuffet
5. Little Bo-peep lost her sheep
6. Little Boy Blue come blow your horn
7. Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
8. Yankee Doodle went to town
9. London Bridge is falling down
10. Sticks and stones could break my bones
11. Mirror, mirror on the wall
12. Peter, Peter pumpkin eater
13. Jimmy Crack Corn and I don't care
14. Hey there Little Red Riding Hood
15. This little pig went to the market
16. Jack and Jill went up the hill
17. Jack Sprat could eat no fat
18. Mary, Mary quite contrary
19. Mary had a little lamb
20. Old MacDonald had a farm
21. Twinkle, twinkle little star
22. Simple Simon says do this
23. Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixon melody
24. Hickory dickory hickory dock
25. Eeoh--what's up doc (twice)  
That's all folks

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# WILLY RICHES

## side 2

### FRESHMAN

Fifteen years old, first day of school  
New clothes, hair combed, stumble into homeroom  
With braces on my teeth and loafers on my feet  
I was the adolescent parody of social insecurity

Acting so affected got dejected at the dances  
Drinking soda in the corners while the older ones took chances  
With the debutantes and bon vivants from influential families  
I was unsung, unstrung and ill a ease

Freshman; what a terrible year  
Tension, manic depression, delusion, fear...

On the junior varsity football team  
I was serving my time to fill that high school dream  
With a mouth guard in my mouth, white socks on my feet  
So many pads I could barely breathe  
During the National Anthem Oh say could I see  
Everybody on the field was bigger than me

But I'd been conditioned, I took my position  
Saw that fullback coming like a black steam engine  
Like I'd been taught I stuck my shoulder in his buckle  
Like he'd been brought up he smashed my face with his knuckle  
I came to, asking what was the trouble  
As they took me from the field with a stretcher and a shovel

Freshman; injustice everywhere  
Never question suppression, stay away from longhairs  
Oo, wa wa, oo

Fifteen years old oh my God  
I had three years to go as the new kid on the block  
My band was breaking up, my face was breaking out  
I was smashed against the school walls, reeling through the dance halls  
I said: "My guidance counselor, can you help me out?  
I'm so confused I can barely stand up"  
She said, "William, pain is an integral part of your knowledge  
By the way, have you decided where you're going to apply to college?"

Freshman; I screamed "I can't take it anymore. Some one  
Let me out of here I, wanna be a sophomore."  
Feshman year was long and cruel  
Freshman year was the boot camp of high school

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### POST ORIFICE

chorus:

I wanna make it in the post orifice  
Nothing else will do,  
I wanna make it in the post orifice  
I wanna make it with you

She came up and whispered in my ear,  
Darlin', I hope you understand what  
this means,  
I want to amke this perfectly clear,  
Don't forget the vaseline

chorus

I drove up to the drive-in window,  
And order some potato chips and beer,  
The waitress told me where to go  
She said, park in the rear

chorus

It really could be so exciting  
How exciting?  
Tres exciting  
That's why it's you that I'm inviting  
Who's inviting?  
I'm inviting  
So come on now, there'll be no  
fighting  
No more fighting  
Well perhaps a little biting  
How exciting  
A little biting

chorus

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JOHNNY MACAROON AND THE APRIL FOOL BRIGADE

Twas April Fools' we blokes planned a hoax for the folks  
Who enjoy a bit of joke strictly from Lilliput  
All we neede was a goon or a loon we did swoon  
When came Johnny Macaroon the village idiot

So we told a little lie asked him why don't he try  
Some of our Spanish fly for the horn it gives  
Johnny swallowed the above like a dove so in love  
What he thought would help him shove was a chocolate laxative

To a house of ill repute we did scoot for some poot  
Told Johnny that his root would be king for a day  
Then Johnny asked a girl for the whirl of her pearl  
Guaranteed her hair would curl--if these gentlemen would pay

Well we grumbled quite a lot for the spot it was hot  
But liking it or not we said yes if we could watch  
No sooner said than done Johnny's fun was begun  
As he yumm'd her honeybun with a firebrand crotch

Then Johnny shot a moon the buffoon played a tune  
The burstling of balloons from his buttocks was fired  
The flurry of his farts were an art they did part  
With such grace and heart his timing was inspired



HERPES IS FOREVER

I've had yellow stains in my underdrawers  
and pain when I urinate and chancre sores.  
I've had second stage syph, and trouble gettin  
stiff; I've had N.S.U. and testicles of blue.  
And I've had the crabs and hemorrhoids too, but  
I'm overjoyed to say this to you.

**Chorus:**

I've never had herpes, hip hip hooray  
I've never had herpes, oh happy day  
I've never had herpes, I hope I never do  
Cause herpes is forever,  
They never leave you

Now they've got penicillin if you've got V.D.,  
and if you can't get an erection they've got therapy.  
And if your scrotum's like a balloon that won't deflate,  
you can always get a doctor to massage your prostate.  
And there's ointments for your piles and cream for  
your crabs, but they're still searchin for a cure for  
herpes in the labs. But who cares? Cause...

Chorus

He played some melodies farting free as can be  
"The Flight of the Bumblebee" and Gershwin's "Summertime"  
There was nothing to compare to the air we did bear  
When he began to tear "Reveille" in double time

We nearly died of gas from his ass he did pass  
But saved his best for last--we were all shit-faced  
Thank heavens for the end of the lend of his wind  
Though nothing could amend the damage to our taste

But our sigh of relief it was brief as a thief  
For soon it turned to grief when Johnny lit a match  
The eruption did begin peeled the skin off our chins  
If there ever was a sin--Johnny wasn't even scratched

We began to curse and swear tear our hair in despair  
And to finish the affair called Macaroon a ham  
And that we must insist he desist of his blist  
Or with collective fists we'd put a cork to his dam

But we forgot the whore she did roar an encore  
That she'd never felt before a volcano erupt  
And let there be no doubt we ran out in a rout  
For we heard our Johnny shout he was just warming up

You should have seen our feet hit the street in retreat  
Our hearts skipped a beat when a bus backfired  
We were victims of a sting we did bring in the spring  
And we couldn't find a thing in our joke to be admired

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David Massengill Music

Now I had my penis caught in the zipper of my pants,  
and then it got infected so I had to have it lanced, and  
then they had to sew it but first they had to grow it so  
I wouldn't pop the stitches when I made romance. But time  
heals all wounds so now it's okay, but time can't heal the  
herpes so I'm glad to say...

**Chorus**

So don't kiss your uncles and don't kiss your aunts and if  
you're not with the one you love, keep it in your pants.  
'Cause herpes is forever, so you better behave or else  
you still might have herpes when you're buried in your grave.  
Two, three, four, everybody sing...

**Chorus**

I've never had herpes, and I hope I never will, cause if I  
ever had herpes, I'd have herpes still.

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# GOIN DOWN AT OLD LONG BEACH

Oh send me back to college  
Let me study carnal knowledge  
I'm going back to that Long Beach U.  
Sign me up, Professor Barry  
In your course for making merry  
I know I'll study harder under you...

I want to earn my credentials  
Where learning's stripped to its essentials  
And homework can be oh so gay  
I know my heart will be beating  
When your psych class takes up cheating  
I'm gonna love a prof who'll say...

chors:

Don't bring me an apple, Eve  
I'll just pluck a peach  
'Cause my sweet tooth  
Craves the naked truth  
When I teach at Long Beach

Oh send me back to college Let me study carnal knowledge  
I'm gonna follow Dr. Barry's course outline  
And if I flunk the work on morals  
I'll have to retake all my orals  
But the math's easy, just add six and nine...

(The anser is 18 and over)

No silly pany raids for me  
We've gone back to A-B-C  
Study hard, you're sure to get ahead  
Last night's homework was divine  
I'm glad I got it in on time  
I don't mind the cramming late in bed...

I was pulling an 'A' in napping  
Knew the sound of one tongue lapping  
When Barry resigned hurriedly on day  
Now if coeds give its gratis  
Since he gave up his pro status  
But I'll still sing his praises anyway...

Chorus

No, don't be hard on Barry  
He was only making merry  
Down at old Long Beach....

Seriously folks, California State  
Long Beach is a great school...  
And there's plenty of student parking...

Barry would greet you with a howdy  
You could graduate cum laude  
Down at old Long Beach...

Oh, Barry...I'm coming...Barry...Barry...Barry!  
Oh, Barry, I've matriculated!

## IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MORNINGS

It was one of those mornings  
A cockroach woke up  
Thinking he was Kafka  
A man who believed the Earth was flat  
Fell into the Grand Canyon  
Two women riding on a crosstown bus  
Got off at Poughkeepsie  
A schizophrenic caught himself cheating at cards  
And refused to talk to himself  
A woman with three breasts  
Gave birth to quadruplets  
A night watchman who had spent a third of his life dreaming  
about freedom  
Developed insomnia  
A struggling artist became a landlord  
In order to devote more time to his art  
A poet who claimed she was doing research on the bodies of men  
Lost it all when her freezer defrosted  
A Midwestern governor imposed Stop-and-Frisk laws  
At all nudist camps  
A bisexual schizophrenic  
Said he didn't need anybody  
A woman cursed with the power of total recall  
Remembered everything at once  
A man who believed the Earth was round  
Fell into the Grand Canyon  
A cockroach woke up  
It was one of those mornings

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\*The story of the California State University (Long Beach) psychology professor who allegedly assigned extramarital sex and gay sex for homework made national headlines last year. The professor was accused of, among other things, having too much of that "personal touch" for some students. Sherwood Ross turned the story of Professor Barry's psychology of sex class into a song. At press time, Professor Barry was suing the University.



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continued from page 11

PS: Had people started bringing in the Bill Monroes or the Lightning Hopkinses or other regional musicians?

CG: That was a different bunch of people. I thought of them as the real folk singers. Well, Jean is sort of part of the real--I guess she is the real tradition. These are songs from her family.

PS: But she was living in New York playing for Urban folks just like the rest of you.

CG: And some of the clancys' songs they had learned in Ireland but they were living here. Tom was an actor.

This particular scene that I was part of was mostly people who learned their songs from people's records or from books--second generation city folksingers.

PS: I had an article in the CoOp a few months ago called "Folk Music and the Regional Imperative" about half of which they lost and never got published. (Ed. note: lost?) It talked about new traditional groups from Scotland and other Gaelic/Celtic communities and how the region you live in shapes the folk process in your work. I thought that New York had its own regional ethic in folk music made here, and that because it is such a communications center, this ethic was built around research and scholarship rather than the intuitive fashion people learned folk music elsewhere.

CG: It wasn't just intuitive, it was actual. Somebody who knew a song would teach Jean and somebody who knew a song would teach, I suppose, Bill Monroe a song. They learned directly from the tradition and were traditional. That's the differentiation between traditional singers like those and folksingers like me, and I don't know what name I've got for you young people.



PS: When I was a kid playing Robert Johnson records over and over to learn the songs, I couldn't really see any difference between that and finding Robert Johnson himself and learning from him.

CG: I can see a lot of difference.

PS: Well, he was dead so in a sense I was learning it from his ghost. But as far as the dynamic of the oral tradition is concerned--the way he would have learned his music orally--all the elements seem to be there, my interest, my access to it, my willingness to work it out.

CG: The thing is, if you had learned that song in the traditional way in the first place he would have sung it to you once one way and a second time another way. He would have taught you if he had been willing to teach you--a lot of people don't want to teach their songs. He would have taught you a lot more than just that one song. The trouble with learning from records is you just learn that one song in that one way of playing. You would learn about music if you learned from him. All you learn from the record is the song. I see a great deal of difference.

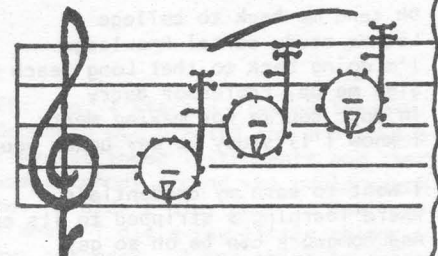
PS: I see that as the price you pay for talking to his ghost.

CG: There was a group called the New Lost City Ramblers and they learned a lot of their songs from records. When you heard them, some spark which had moved the original singers was missing. That's the dilemma and I think that was why all of you started writing your own songs.

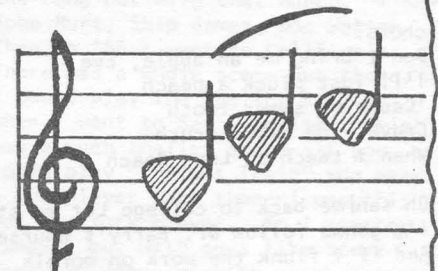
PS: To me, that's too easy an out. "I can never perform Uncle Dave Macon's songs in context, so I'll write my own songs in my own context." First, that diminishes our culture because after the old guys are dead and their records are out of print, the music vanishes without new interpreters. Second, there arises this great temptation then to pay no attention to American roots music, and the songs you end up writing lose most of their validity.

CG: The songs that I sang I learned from books. Very few of them I learned from what you would call "informants." Some Mexican songs and French songs I learned from Mexican or French singers, and I felt when I was

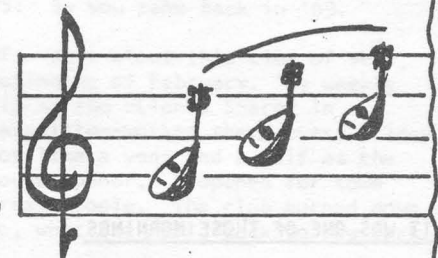
## FOLK NOTES



### BANJO TABLATURE



### FLATPICKER'S TABLATURE



### MANDOLIN TABLATURE

*Per*

reading them from books that I was doing what you say you're doing. At that time you could go to the library at Forty-second Street to the music room and I lived right near it. I'd go and choose the songs, bring them home, and make a guitar setting. I'd either use the text they had or make a jury text.

PS: Erik, you learned a lot from records, didn't you?

EF: Oh yeah. Well all the old blues guys, especially Lightning Hopkins and Robert Johnson--Blind Willie Johnson, Blind Willie McTell--that crowd.

PS: Do you think the use of records as source material defines urban folk music?



EF: Aaaah, it's just a bunch of notes. Two points--first, it's served to get the music out there to a lot more people. It has created a national style and virtually eliminated regional styles.

PS: Well, some people choose to play bluegrass--some people choose to play jazz.

EF: I mean within the same music. East Coast blues, Texas blues, Mississippi blues--in 1920 they were all separate and distinct styles, not anymore. Fiddle styles especially--I mean they're gone. My other point is that it's not all that new. Robert Johnson got most of his stuff off records. He learned from Leroy Carr and Lonnie Johnson. Kokomo Arnold got that yodel thing from Jimmie Rodgers.

PS: You can hear it in Robert Johnson's music. That was one of his great contributions, this idea of synthesis, and we're forced to toll with it because there's so much input we can't ignore it.

EF: The original styles were many times centered around one dynamic player and people came around and listened and decided they wanted to play like that.

#### For Those Kind

magician  
musician  
folk myth maker  
play on  
ginghams and gowns  
denims and gowns  
play on  
winged messenger  
under the stars  
play on  
child of rosewood and bronze  
play on  
in vows of poverty  
in vows of chastity  
play on  
O clown of sound  
play on  
play a paisley pattern  
play a checkerboard  
high as the highest Latin  
O Lord  
play on  
play your saintly charms  
play them on  
play on

- Vincent Dean  
Hopedale, Massachusetts

PS: Like Skip James in Bentonia.

EF: If there were no records, of course, Steve Mann wouldn't have played the way he did. But, assuming he thought it up almost all by himself there would still be a dozen guitar players out in California who played just like Steve.

DM: According to Ezra Pound there's two acceptable ways to steal something: one is to do it in such a flawless manner that no one will ever know that you did steal it; and the other way is to do it in such a way that everyone would know or someone of knowledge would know that you stole it and it wouldn't matter. That's two perfectly legitimate ways to steal. I don't think any kind of a writer should worry about it.

PS: If you have broad enough sources, you can do all sorts of things and people will acknowledge without blaming you. You can even rescue deserving people from obscurity, which is great for the ego.

DM: Well, George Harrison lost that lawsuit.

PS: Now that's different.

DM: I'm not aware of the original song.

PS: The original was a million seller. It was not as if George Harrison made a "field recording" of "He's So Fine," took it home, and rearranged it.

DM: What about stealing licks?

PS: Well, you can't copyright a lick. Instrumental music in the folk idiom is, if not entirely improvised, at least based on improvisation. That's a legal problem the jazz community has been wrangling over for years. How do you copyright improvised performances? Cynthia, have you seen these problems in the folk music you did? I mean, do you think that publishing and copyrighting change songs so much that they can't be folk music anymore? Is the folk process synonymous with the public domain?

CG: In 1960, I organized the first effort to decide what to do about this with Erik Darling and some people. We saw people copyrighting the old songs which seemed such a ridiculous thing to do.

PS: Elizabeth Cotten was robbed of a lot of money. Leadbelly was robbed of a lot of money. The guy who did it was a communist, claimed to have a great empathy with the working class (laughter).

CG: The only solution I ever found was never to copyright any of the songs I recorded, but then, I didn't copyright the arrangements, either. So the people who used my songs, Joan Baez mostly, took my arrangements and...

PS: never gave you a cent for finding and arranging the songs in the first place.

CG: Never said where she got them and never paid me anything until I sued her and then she didn't pay very much. I sued her and for \$500 she got the copyright to "Mary Hamilton, the Queen of Hearts," and another song of mine. After I paid the lawyer his \$200, I was left with \$300. But at the time I needed money very badly.

Around 1968 I wrote to her and I wrote to the guy at Vanguard asking them if they would pay me something at least. I hadn't known about it. Somebody pointed out to me that she had used my arrangements--I hadn't been listening to her records. I got a very insulting letter back from the guy at Vanguard and I never heard from her at all.

PS: I'm sure she was off fighting the good fight somewhere.

CG: I'm sure a lawyer told her, "Don't do it to her because then you'll have to do it to everyone." I'm also sure she didn't realize how little money I had.

PS: She probably couldn't conceive of it. To her, coming up you must have been a towering figure.

CG: She came to a nightclub I was singing at. After I divorced my husband I started singing in nightclubs again. She was probably fifteen, came down all by herself to this club, and I remember her because she wanted some advice. My advice was to never sing in a nightclub--where they serve drinks they'll ask to hear "Melancholy Baby" (laughter).

That was the only time I saw her, really. She impressed me even then. She really had a kind of glow about her--an attraction that was quite remarkable. So I don't want to say nasty things about her.

PS: I'll edit this.

CG: Be sure to put in that part where I know if she'd known how poor I was she wouldn't have done it. Because I think that would be a better way to get at her than calling her names (laughter).

PS: I'd like to ask some technical questions about people's various areas of expertise. David, let's start with you. What do you look for in a song?

DM: As a listener what I look for is something to kick me in the butt, that I laugh at or cry at--something that I wouldn't be able to do myself. Randy Newman has a style, getting away with these words, that I don't have the ability to get away with. He's the only one that can do that and I get a big charge out of it.

PS: You expect people to have their own voice.

DM: Definitely, their own sense of what they do best, their own vision of things.

PS: If someone came to you, feeling stuck in one phase of their development, wanting out, not knowing how, what would you tell them?

DM: I'd ask, "What have you been writing about?" I don't know how I'd advise them.

PS: Would you advise them, say, to take a break, not write for a while?

DM: That's not what I'd normally say. I'd say write every day. I think if you're a writer, you write.

PS: You're known as a frenzied reviser of your songs. Do you ever stop perfecting things?

DM: No. Yes, I do stop. I say no, but then I think of a song I wouldn't revise. Yeats worked on his epitaph for three months, four months, before he died. And on the day he died, he worked six hours on it, kept revising, finally said this is it--I'm satisfied. An hour later he died. Yeats would revise poems twenty years later. There's a lot of debate over whether they were better the old way or the new way. Yeats was very jealous of songwriters. He thought it was the ideal art, combining lyrics with music.

I don't write about myself exclusively. I live a simple life. The style I have is to use someone else's point of view.

PS: Your songs have narrators. That's what I love about Randy Newman. He uses narrators to make horrid statements. The narrator is the butt of all the jokes. People who get upset don't understand this. He's directing the scorn of the song back on the song itself. It's a wonderful, humane device.

DM: It's genius. It also scares me. If you do it right it'll scare the hell out of you. I was doing it for a while before I realized I was doing it. When you start out, you're just writing. Once you get your first gig, you better figure out what you do well. I would like to make a living at this. It's a little difficult right now. Everybody has to have their vision. That's the important thing.

PS: So, Eri,. When people ask me about fingerpicking guitar, I usually say to start with, Mississippi John Hurt. For blues and slide guitar, It's Muddy Waters and the work of Robert Johnson. Anything you'd like to add?

EF: Well as far as finger picking is concerned, I tell people to learn to keep time with their thumb. Thumb replaces foot--that's the basic law of fingerpicking. Merle Travis is another good example. Merle's a little more complicated with his left hand.

PS: Any other source material you think folks should know about?

EF: Anything you like. When people want to learn country blues, I say Robert or Blind Willie or Muddy Waters, especially because Muddy's just so minimal and so great. He

gets the most out of the fewest notes.

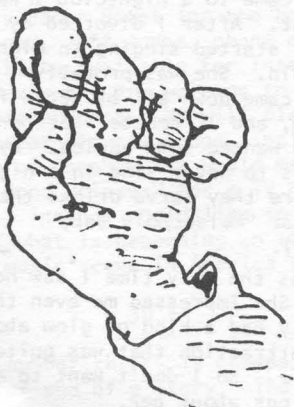
PS: Could you talk a little more about accompanying other singers?

EF: Well, I had never really accompanied anyone before Pat Sky, and so I learned accompaniment from Pat and Bromberg. You fill the holes. You don't play all the time. You think about your phrasing and you match your phrasing with the holes in the vocal phrasing. End of the line guitar lick; you don't keep the guitar lick going more than a beat past the beginning of the next line, so you don't take away from each other. Pat was living over in this building at 190 Waverly, and Elmer Gordon, piano player, something of a lunatic who's dropped out of sight, was offering Patrick some musical advice at the time. Elmer said, "What's the purpose of the accompanist?" and I said, "Well, to fill the holes." He said, "No, that's the function--what's the purpose?" And I said, "Okay Elmer--you got me, what's the purpose?" He said, "To make the star look good. Your reward is you get to bask in the reflected glory." (laughter) And he's absolutely right, of course.

PS: So we've done guitar playing and songwriting. Let's do singing. Cynthia, what did you learn about singing in your career and what do you look for in a singer today?

CG: First part--I did a lot of swimming because I want a lot of breath. In Chicago, I took lessons in breath control. The teacher had me lie down and put a book on my diaphragm and make it move up and down so I would get enough air so I could support a tone--a very nice idea. If you've got enough breath and your shoulders are easy and if the breath is coming out of the diaphragm, then you can phrase whatever way you want. Not that I did phrase whatever way I wanted because I had a lot of ideas about how you ought to phrase which had to do with the way I thought was the way to sing folk music. For a long time, I thought that you should stop your breath on the end of the line. But that gets very boring, so really, sometimes, you've got to go over the line, go through as many lines as you can to keep the architecture of the song interesting.

I look for interesting phrasing. For instance, one of the greatest records anybody has ever made is Dave Van Ronk's version of "Clouds."





There is this man who basically doesn't have a great deal of voice, but by God, he's a musician and you listen to his phrasing. Sometimes, he crosses a line, sometimes he carries it over, but all of it is to make me care.

When he's singing at his best, he conveys a lot of feeling, and when I was singing at my best, I conveyed a lot of feeling, too. I think you get control of your breathing so that you can convey feeling. So you never have to say, "Oh, I have to breathe here." Also, there's this whole school: "If they don't want to make the effort to understand me, then they don't deserve to listen to me." I really don't think that's right. Your words should be understandable.

Otis Spann is a great singer. He's someone nobody pays any attention to. I can't stand it. People talk about Muddy Waters, and they don't about Otis Spann. For instance, him singing "Going Down Slow," a song about TB, and he had TB. It's unbelievable because of the feeling of it--no histrionics--just some sense that the entire person, Otis Spann, was concentrated in the line.

PS: He was also one of the great blues pianists, too. Are there any female singers you really like?

CG: Well, Ida Cox. Ida Cox singing "Death Letter Blues."

PS: One of the classic blues singers of the '20s, like Ma Rainey or Bessie Smith.

CG: She was in that period. But I thought she was a great singer and she doesn't get the attention she ought to get. Bessie Smith was beautiful and she had a horrible death. Ida Cox was always more athletic looking and she was just a very good singer. She just died recently, and she got religious right before she died.

PS: Let's get back to the gossip here. I want to know all about Bob Dylan.

CG: I had this radio program on WBAI and so I interviewed a lot of people. There was an engineer who would go down to Folk City and he would make tapes of the singers, and then I'd select songs from the tapes and play them on my program. It put Folk City on the map.

There were some people who I thought were going to make it and didn't. It's interesting how much luck there is involved. Perseverance helps, but there's an awful lot that has to do

with luck. Excepting, I think, Dylan. But he was one of those forces that just goes on.

PS: Could you feel that when you first met him--when he was just a kid?

CG: I first met him at the University of Minnesota when I did a concert there. There was a party for me afterwards--you know, there always is a party afterwards.

PS: He was a student.

CG: Everybody there was singing these long British ballads for me. Whew! That's something they don't really have to do for you after you've given a concert. I'm sure they thought they were doing me a favor, but they really weren't. I noticed this guy there with this cap on his head out in the hall. He sang me a couple of Elvis Presley songs, and I was absolutely charmed. Everybody thought I was disgusting to be charmed by Bob Dylan, as he was already calling himself. They all thought he was crazy.

PS: They would have thought that what he was doing wasn't folk music.

CG: It was more his desire than anything else that made it happen, and enjoying it--because the others were so damned sober. You knew you had to listen to twelve verses, or maybe twenty-four, and they didn't seem to enjoy it. He was bouncing around singing this fine music. I didn't think of it as folk music, I just thought, "By God, here's someone with a sense of humor, at last."

PS: Did he look you up when he came to New York?

CG: I don't think he looked me up, no. There were two other Minneapolis boys--Dave Ray and John Koerner--they were fun. I had already known Koerner--met him in Rochester, in 1958.

PS: Was he playing his seven-string guitar then?

CG: I can't remember. I loved his songs.

PS: Dylan got a lot from Koerner. People don't know that. I was crazy about the Koerner, Ray and Glover records when I was in high school.

CG: Don't forget--Koerner had fun, too--that's important. But Dylan was at Folk City as everybody knows,

so I played him on my radio show. I'd get wonderful, irate letters from people: "Who is this person who has the gall to name himself after one of the great poets. He can't sing, he can't play guitar. Give us more Odetta." So I played more of Dylan, of course. Then I played some Elvis and people really got furious over that.

PS: Blasphemy. Now, Erik, you knew him when he'd been rich and famous for a while.

EF: I met him when Bromberg was playing with him. We had sat around. He knew me as a friend of Bromberg's. And then what happened? I guess it was Mike Porco's birthday party in 1975, and I did a set over a Folk City, and he was there and we had a chat (grimace) afterwards, and he said (voice rising for sarcastic emphasis), "Oh yeah, I like the way you play slide guitar blah, blah, blah, blah come to the session; and we did the song about Catfish Hunter that never made it to the record."

PS: He works pretty fast I hear.

EF: It was unusual. (pause) The energy around him was very strange.

PS: In what way?

EF: Not so much with him as the people around him. Unstable people became completely unglued around him. Phil Ochs was...going nuts at the time, and he was...weh, unmanageable. It was such a big thing to have him hanging out in the neighborhood. I mean, he walked into the Wrong End one night and there were six people there, and within five minutes of walking in there with his entourage, the place was packed as word went up and down the block that Dylan was in the Other End. So there were two hundred rubbernecks with all that attention focused on one person. You could feel it. You could cut it with a knife.

PS: How did he deal with it?

EF: He largely ignored it. Nice enough guy. Actually, I'd met him before. We did a session with Steve Goodman a couple of years before that, and I played the Jew's harp on it and he played piano, and afterwards, he gave me a lift downtown.

PS: Tell us more about the way he works in the studio.

EF: He sits down and plays, and you catch up. He'll record each song three or four different times with

different arrangements--different keys. He'll hear something that he's liked and that'll be the set arrangement, and you'll go back and do it that way the next session, or something works out well, and that's the one you use. If you can afford it, that's the way to do it.

We didn't talk very much about anything except old movies and slide guitar. We sat around the Kettle and had a couple of drinks from time to time. He turned up on the block once and the Kettle had closed down and turned the light off and I knocked on the door. "Dylan's outside and we want to come in and have a drink." And they reopened and he came in and spent several hundred dollars (laughter), so they appreciated that. He can hold his liquor pretty well.

PS: He can put up with the pressure.

EF: I don't think he has that much pressure from what's going on around him. He exerts pressure.

PS: I guess I was thinking more of that atmosphere you could cut with a knife in the Other End.

EF: People running up to him and trying to rip his energy off...

PS: Did you see a lot of that?

EF: Yes, there is a lot of that. He's patient. Billy Cross was on the road with him for years, and Billy says he's absolutely fearless--will go anywhere and talk to anyone. At least he did in Europe and Asia when they were going around the world.

PS: You get the feeling New York might be different.

EF: There was always a big lad around who didn't say anything. It's time for my job, excuse me. (on the phone) "Hello, it's Erik. I suppose the obscenely healthy Tom Chapin is there. (pause) Thank you."

PS: That's your job?

EF: What can I say? The theatre is my life (laughter). (Ed. note: Erik Franksen is understudy to Tom Chapin in "Pump Boys and Dinettes," currently playing at the Princess Theatre on Broadway.)

PS: Before we all go home, Erik, would you mention some of the thoughts about political singers we talked about the other night?

EF: Most political performers would say that they're trying to bring people together, when in fact, many of them are drawing a line and daring you to step over it. "You people who agree with me can stick around and the rest of you, I don't give a shit." I don't like being preached to.

PS: I like someone voicing a shared concern, especially if it's done with humor.

EF: Yes, but there's nothing that turns me off more than being told where it's at. There's a certain, I think, arrogance on the part of some people who are just going to go up and tell you where it's at in no

uncertain terms. There's that element of preaching to the converted that makes me very uncomfortable. I think most political singers are going to be lost with a non-aligned audience, and non-aligned audiences are the ones that I want.

Topical songs--just the title has connotations of being very much like a newspaper--comments on what happened last week. You're not going to be able to sing that song next month. If you have to say, "Hey, remember when...", the song's too old. The test of those songs is if they hold up a year or two or ten later.

PS: Of Dylan's so-called protest songs, the great ones we remember aren't about partisan issues but about the human condition and matters of the spirit.

EF: I'd go along with that. The audience should know about--but don't necessarily have to be told it's about a specific thing. There is a set of circumstances and these circumstances are going to be repeated every little while or they've never gone away and you can take these circumstances and come up with a song that will be old news next week or you can come up with something that's gonna stay news. Ezra Pound says great literature is news that stays news.

PS: Good line.

EF: I think we should leave it on that.

PS: Thank you everybody.

thanks Peter

## The McGarrigles at Carnegie Hall

By Judy Ficksman

Rushing up the stairs to the balcony, I looked around at the young, wholesome-looking audience sitting in the plush red seats of elegant Carnegie Hall. The occasion was a Friday night concert with Kate and Anna McGarrigle. For those of you who are as partial to sister acts as I am, this one is among the best; and if you've never seen them I highly recommend that you make plans to.

Special guest Leo Kottke was already on stage with his twelve-string guitar, spinning melodies with ease and finesse. His artful guitar playing kept the audience spell-

bound. At home on stage, Kottke punctuated his playing with down-home anecdotes. His one encore left the audience unsated.

After what seemed a long while the McGarrigles appeared on stage with six-member band. Unlike their show at the Bottom Line last year, there was no surprise visit by a traditionally clad bagpiper. In fact, the tone of this evening's performance was much more formal than the casual atmosphere they created at the more intimate club.

The performance was not totally successful. Diehard fans were not too

disappointed with the performance, but at fault was the sound system which was not well-balanced or clear enough to bring out the lyrics--except, ironically, on some of the French numbers. I suspect that for many of us, a greater portion of English numbers would have been more satisfying.

Nonetheless, in any language, the McGarrigles are talented writers and unique performers. Their voices blend in a distinctive melodic harmony that is simple yet compelling. They draw on many folk sources, often employing an accordion which lends a dancehall flavor to their music.



# on the record

SHELDON BIBER, poet, comedian storyteller, social and political satirist, low-budget Renaissance man... is looking forward to the forthcoming Off-Broadway production of his one-man show, Laugh Your Heart Out, sometime before the millenium.

LISA GARRISON is a singer who divides her time between New York and New Jersey, and who is still looking for an apartment.

SHERWOOD ROSS has done much to improve the nation's political climate. He worked as a speechwriter for Mayor Daley, who died of a heart attack; for Whitney M. Young, Jr., who drowned swimming off the coast of Africa; for Senator George McGovern, who was defeated at the polls; and for James Meredith, who was shot down in Mississippi. Before that he worked for the Chicago Daily News, which subsequently folded. Ross denies that there is any connection between his picking up a guitar four years ago, and the recent decline in sales of the instrument, but he is unable to prove it.



THE HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL REVUE was conceived in Paris and born in Amsterdam in the Year of the Dragon. In the following centuries, it proceeded to change the face of folk music. Today, Hollywood, enriched by the fabulous Assettes, Doll Baby and Carrington, asks the question, "What is folk music, anyway?"

ANNIE & WILLIE NININGER have performed on Hee Haw. Willie wrote "I'm Proud to be a Moose" for Captain Kangaroo, and performs a busy schedule of college dates and folk and country music clubs. Annie and Willie wrote the music for NBC's After School Special, "Career Day at the Kelly School," based on the "Miss Peach" comic strip.

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

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

BOB MCGRATH claims he has never had any of those things mentioned in his song--except for hemorrhoids. He has written over 250 songs, and he plays gigs all over Manhattan and Queens.

CHRISTINE LAVIN has been in New York for six years, has recorded one LP (Christine Lavin Absolutely Live, Lifesong Records) and one EP (Husbands and Wives, Palindrome Records, just released in March). Dave Van Ronk is her idol and one day she hopes to be able to sing like him.

GARY ROBINSON is a graduate of Bard College and earns his daily bread as an independent computer consultant. Depending on what parts of his character are being considered, his average mental age is 27, which happens to be the same as his physical age.

DIXON (ENAMEL THE CAMEL) hails from Cabo Roho, Puerto Rico and presently resides in New York City. He made his debut at Folk City in 1976 performing his unique compositions. He is currently performing at Catch A Rising Star in New York.

THE BELLES OF HOBOKEN are Marcie Boyd, Susan Lewis and Janet Stecher. Primarily an a cappella trio, they have been singing together in the New York area since 1981. They sing originals, standards, comedy, traditional folk songs, love songs and songs that reflect their international, feminist and political concerns.

LEFT FIELD is Elizabeth Emmert, Thom Weaver, Bill Neely and Gordon Swift. Weaver and Neely started working together in Wester Pennsylvania in 1972; they began singing with Emmert in New York in the mid-Seventies. Left Field was born during the 1981 baseball strike, and Swift joined the team about a year later.



**SPEAKEASY APRIL**  
 107 Macdougall NYC 10012  
 598-9670  
 WEDNESDAYS: POETRY 7-9  
 ALL SHOWS 9:00 P.M. UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED

**THE Belles of Hoboken 2**  
 Joe & Miserable Worms

**SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL**

<b>S</b> Joanne Davis Pete Gardner 3 Sheldon Biber <b>S.M.F.</b> <b>DANNY KALB</b> <b>BOB ZAIMAN</b> 10 <b>THE THUNDERBIRD SISTERS</b> PEGGY ATWOOD 17 ROLAND MOUSAA <b>Ilene Weiss</b> Martha? 24 Hogan <b>M A Y</b> 1 <b>FIM GLOVER</b> <b>Marilyn J.</b>	<b>open</b> <b>MIKE</b> ON MONDAYS WITH <b>ERIK ANDSEN</b> SIGN UP AT 7:30 PM	<b>MUSIC &amp; COMEDY</b> <b>RICHARD HEISLER</b> <b>TULI KUPFERBERG</b> <b>BONNIE BURNS</b> Scott Alarik K. Bloom & 12 L. Mazzacane <b>CAROLYN McCOMBS</b> Andrea Goodzeit 19 JEAN ALLEN David Roth Josh Joffen 26 <b>BEN SILVER</b> 3 Cliff Rubin January Laster 8:30 & 10:30	<b>GUIARFEST!</b> <b>MIKE SOLOWAY</b> <b>PETER SPENCER</b> <b>CURT LIPPE</b> 6 JANE MILLER <b>ERIC BIBB</b> <b>MARC BERGER</b> <b>KEITH HEMMERLING</b> <b>MICHAEL BOIN</b> <b>GREG ALEXANDER</b> <b>JOHN HODEL</b> <b>KIRK KELLY</b> <b>NANCY HELLER</b> <b>STEVE WITT</b> 27 <b>NEW</b> 4 <b>Faces</b>	<b>ERIC WOOD &amp; THE Reasons</b> <b>FRED SMALL</b> 7 <b>SHUSHA</b> <b>COLIN LINDEN</b> 14 <b>HOLLYWOOD DICK DOLL</b> <b>CONNIE TAYLOR</b> <b>MIKE JERLING</b> <b>BOB WARREN</b> 21 <b>28</b> <b>JACK</b> <b>LINDA WATERFALL</b> <b>LEFT FIELD HOLLY TANNEN</b> 5	<b>ROD MACDONALD</b> <b>NANCIE BATLEY</b> <b>THE FICKSMANS</b> 8 <b>Robin &amp; Linda Williams</b> <b>KEN PERLMAN</b> 9 <b>TONY BIRD</b> <b>THE Gallant Poachers</b> 15 <b>SUZANNE VEGA</b> 22 <b>Geoff Bertley</b> <b>Ray Lambiase</b> 23 <b>29</b> <b>HARDY</b> <b>SKIP BARTHOLD</b> <b>RICHARD MEYER</b> <b>6</b> <b>SOLDIERS FANCY</b> <b>BILL OCHS</b> 7
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## credits

### side one

- \* 1. Billions of Brain Cells Ago (W.D. Neely)  
 Left Field:  
 Elizabeth Emmert/Vocal  
 Thom Weaver/Vocal  
 Bill Neely/Vocal & Guitar  
 Gordon Swift/Fiddle
- 2. Rags or Satin (Lisa Garrison)  
 Belles of Hoboken:  
 Janet Stecher/Vocal  
 Marcy Boyd/Vocal  
 Susan Lewis/Vocal
- 3. Another Rainy Thursday (Richard C. Nardin)  
 Richard Nardin/Vocal & Guitar
- 4. Cold Pizza for Breakfast (Christine Lavin)  
 Christine Lavin/Vocal & Guitar  
 Mark Dann/Bass
- 5. Without You I'd Have Never Known (Gary Robinson)  
 Gary Robinson/Vocal, Guitars & Keyboard  
 Mark Dann/Bass & Keyboard
- \* 6. Nursery Rhyme (Dixon)  
 Dixon/Vocal & Guitar

\* Recorded "live" at SpeakEasy in New York by Jay Rosen.

### side two

- ! \* 1. Johnny Macaroon (David Massengill)  
 David Massengill/Vocal
- 2. Freshmen (Willie Nininger)  
 Willie Nininger/Vocal & Guitar  
 Annie Nininger/Vocal & Guitar  
 Jack Hardy/Mandolin  
 Mark Dann/Tenor Guitar  
 Jeff Hardy/Bass
- ! 3. Goin' Down at Old Long Beach (Sherwood Ross)  
 Sherwood Ross/Vocal & Guitar  
 Mark Dann/Bass
- ! \* 4. Post Orifice (Dick Doll)  
 Dick Doll/Vocal & Guitar  
 Doll Baby/Vocal  
 Carrington/Vocal
- \* 5. It Was One of Those Mornings (Sheldon Biber)  
 Sheldon Biber/Vocal
- ! \* 6. Herpes (Bob McGrath)  
 Bob McGrath/Vocal & Guitar  
 Grant Orenstein/Guitar  
 Matt Kendricks/Bass

! These songs may not be suitable for airplay.