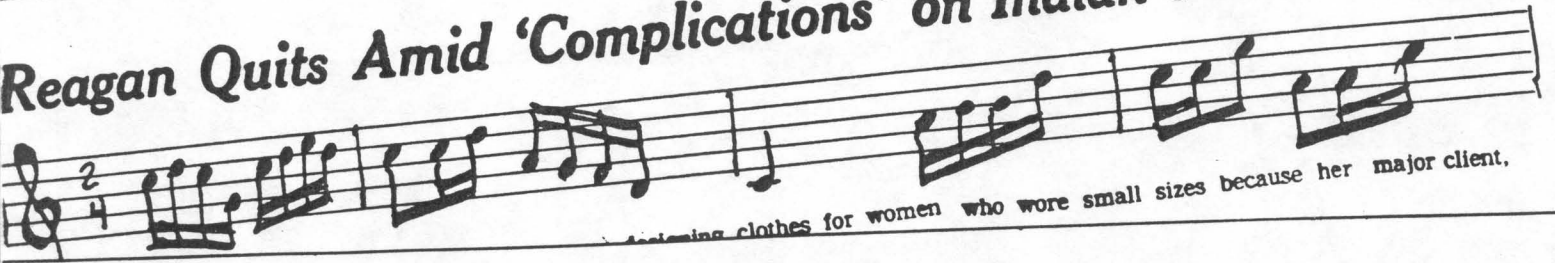


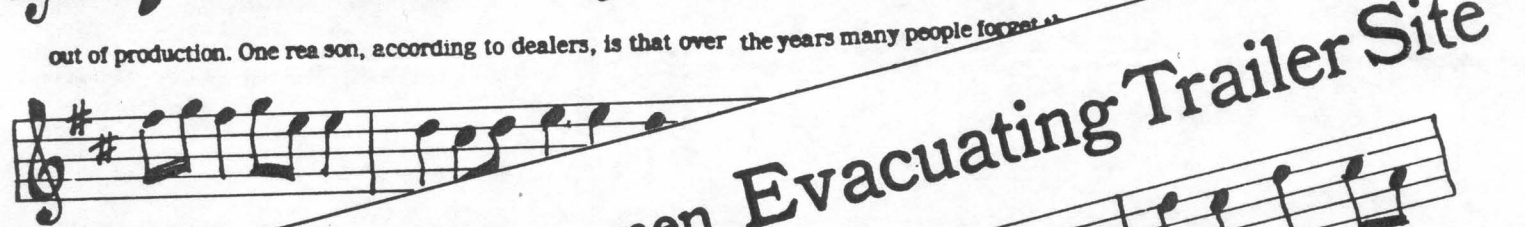
The Fast Folk Musical Magazine

The Political Song

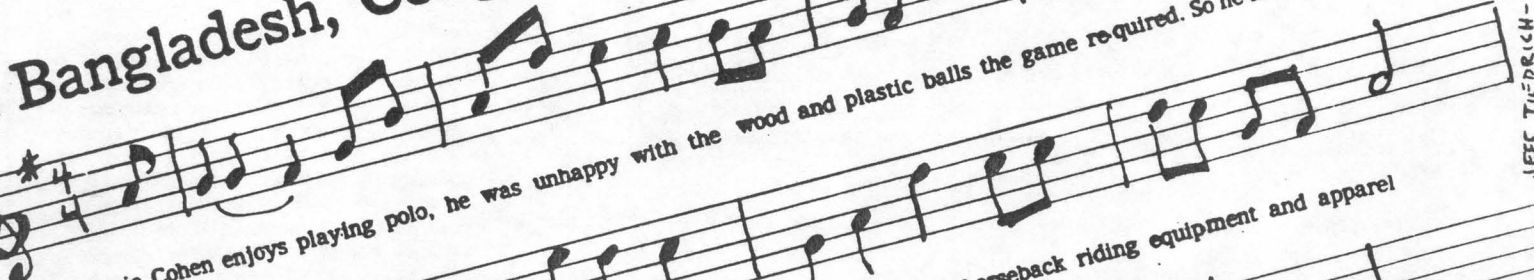
Reagan Quits Amid 'Complications' on Indian Jews



Soviet Group Paying 13 in Congress for Nuclear Accident



In Bangladesh, Congressmen Evacuating Trailer Site



The Spark

It would seem that a politically oriented group of songs would be very easy to put together for *The Coop*. For many years folk music and politics have been all but synonymous. In a recent Op-Ed article in *The New York Times*, Russell Baker jokes about the peace demonstrator gap between Russia and the United States and, in one hilarious paragraph, offers to ship them over 700,000 folksingers. Indeed, this is the public image of folk music.

The truth is that folk music has become very complacent in this predominantly fat country, almost reactionary at times. It has become part of the music industry and considers itself entertainment. Many singers and songwriters do not have a single political song in their repertoire or even anything vaguely hinting at social commentary. The few holdouts who consider themselves political songwriters are content to traverse the country stopping at their own network of "safe" clubs and coffeehouses. A real union meeting would eat them alive.

Most political songwriting these days is mere posturing, alleviating middle class guilt or rationalizing failure in the more competitive mainstream, or worse yet, living out fantasies of a bygone Guthrie/Dylan era.

In the past few months, as our "political song" issue has approached, I have been inundated with tapes (my kingdom for a good song). These were all supposedly political songs. They break down into two main categories: gushy attempted anthems, and attempted satire or talking blues. The focus of most of these is far too vague (large), and the point of view is too ignorantly simplistic. Just to say that one is against something doesn't make a convincing argument, just as saying that a song is a singalong does not make it a singalong. There is nothing more grating than an embarrassed audience being prodded into singing some mundane song for which they have no feeling.

So what is a political song? I won't hide behind the easy phrase: "I don't know, but I know one when I hear one." I think that the strongest political tool (not currently in use) is education. Since ancient Greek times it has been said that a democracy can only exist with an educated public. The dark forces have learned too well the converse of this adage--that to keep people in the dark is to keep them in their place. It is further complicated in our country, by the smoke cloud of statistics concerning "higher" education, but anyone who has ever attended a college fraternity party knows that not all that goes on within the ivy tower is educational. Indeed in the framework of the current trend towards career-oriented education, the amount of true education has gone down proportionately.

How does this relate to folk music? If one looks at true education as a spark that kindles awareness, one can see the importance of folk music in this darkening era. I don't like to believe in the cyclical nature of music trends, for each era is differ-

ent, but we can learn from past experiences. Ironically, perhaps the very environment that one would assume would be conducive to both education and folk music, the late sixties/early seventies era of rampant liberal-artism is exactly what killed it. By the time the college coffeehouse had a budget of \$10,000 a year, the motives had to change with it.

The first concert I played at my university was an affair attended by about a hundred people for the benefit of some left-wing organization. Being only a freshman, I was happy just to have been invited to play (there were about ten performers) and was caught up in the excitement when the concert was picketed by a right-wing campus group with far larger numbers. I think I was the only one that night who didn't sing anything even vaguely political, but I felt political. The spark was there. I might add that this concert was in the school year '65/'66, long after the "folk revival" had supposedly started. It took that long to hit all but the vanguard of colleges. No one handed us a budget either; it was all a very homespun affair.

So what does this mean in terms of political folk songs? A song is political if it educates, if it causes awareness. We are already in trouble here, as most of today's singers are not yet educated themselves, let alone in a position to educate anyone else. Most of today's singers come from a middle class background where mommy and daddy bought them a guitar (because they wouldn't take piano lessons) and after college come busting into Greenwich Village or some other folk mecca to "make it big." For some, it is a rather rude awakening; others never awaken.

The folksinger must first educate him- or herself: not just to the great store of knowledge kept from us in the school system, but also to the world around us. Travel is imperative. Not just a hippy-style tour of western Europe, but also to third-world

countries. To be aware of true poverty and hunger is never to forget it. To attempt to forge communication between cultures is a noble and endless task. Most modern-day folksingers have nothing to say. I am not saying that they should not be writing. They should always be writing: in the form of exercise, working on their craft and learning to enshrine the red pencil. But they should at the same time be working on their substance, their message, and that means educating themselves.

One should never look at performing or writing as an end in itself. Too many people do, however. A song needs a listener as well as a singer. One of the best by-products of performing is travel. A guitar is still a good meal ticket, and if it is not, then Darwin has spoken. Songs are communication. If they do not communicate, then one should learn (or write) others. It does little good to hit the powers that be over the head with a song, especially when they have neither ears to hear nor the intelligence to comprehend what they've heard. It does far more good to try to reach the people who put them in office. I admire someone far better who can get a conversation started with a song at a Holiday Inn lounge than someone who can bring down the house at the People's Voice Cafe.

Most of the political folk music and politics of the sixties were a reaction to events and personalities out of our realm of control. They were always one step ahead of us. I feel that the direction folk music must now take is a more active leadership position, offering people alternatives to the rat race, materialistic society: not just a vent for their anger--the difference between protest and vision.

Those who believe in cycles hesitate to notice that all cycles end with the next war. The stakes are a lot higher than they've ever been. There is a lot of cannon fodder around. One sees it at the stadiums in their drunken partisanship, one sees it on the street corners shouting racial epithets. ROTC is back on college campuses. College coffeehouses cease to exist. And still folksingers seem complacent in their smug elitism, content to pound out songs that "voices never share." There is no such thing as a political song, only political singers. It is up to us to instill the spark. But before we can do that, we must instill it in ourselves.

- Jack Hardy

**the
COOP**
The Fast Folk
Musical Magazine

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Sis Cunningham Talks of the Red Dust Players

Edited and transcribed
by Paul Kaplan

(Agnes "Sis" Cunningham was a member of the Almanac Singers with Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger in 1941-42. In 1962, she and her husband, Gordon Friesen, started Broadside, the topical song magazine. Broadside, which has published continually (if erratically) since then, first brought to national attention such songwriters as Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Janis Ian, and Steve Forbert. In the 1930's, Sis had been active as a union organizer in her native Oklahoma. This reminiscence of those days was delivered at the People's Music Weekend in New York on January 29, 1983.)

Lately I've heard from several sources that there is considerable interest in what happened in Oklahoma during the late '30's on the political scene. I had been an organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmer's Union (STFU) for quite some time. But in Oklahoma the STFU was on the wane, and many of the locals had been discontinued, which was very unfortunate. We were a group of politically oriented people who lived in Oklahoma City, and we decided that perhaps there was something that we could do to revive an interest in the STFU through skits and songs. These would be very closely related to the activities of the STFU, which had been in existence since the early '30's, primarily in Missouri and Arkansas, and all through the Mississippi Delta, where cotton growing was concentrated. But there were also a lot



Sis singing at a benefit for Oil Workers in Oklahoma in 1940, DX strike sticker on her accordion.

of cotton plantations in the southern part of Oklahoma. That was also part of the Cotton Belt.

And so we got together and formed a group, there were about nine of us, and of course on the trips this would vary, sometimes there were only seven or eight. But whoever went along, we did the best that we could, and a lot of the material that we put on was sort of ad libbed anyway, and we adjusted ourselves to whatever players we had available for each booking.

Our director was a young woman who would go out ahead of time into the areas where the locals had been active, and she would arrange to have leaflets printed. But primarily we were advertised just by word of mouth. We prepared skits and songs, and about once or twice a week, usually on the weekend, we'd get a couple of old cars and we'd go out to the location of these former locals which had sort of died out, and we'd perform our skits and songs on the back porches of shacks, if the porch was strong enough to hold us up. Our lighting consisted of the lights of whatever cars were there, our two cars, mostly, and once in a while there would be another old flivver there, and we would shine these up onto the porch, and we would perform our skits and sing our songs. At the end of the performance we had a square dance.

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The people were very interested in what we were doing, because there was almost no form of entertainment at all for them. Once in a while a Toby show would come through the area, and I don't think I ever talked to anyone (we usually talked after the performances) who had seen a movie. The tenant farmer was in a really bad fix. So the skits were based around their problems. Most of these songs were written to old tunes, because we were trying to get the people to sing with us, which is very, very important, I think, in any kind of protest singing.

But there's another thing I did want to say about the Red Dust Players group. We didn't just concentrate on the STFU. We also sang for the oil workers. This also involved our whole acting troupe. We usually had to travel a little farther to where the Oil Workers' Union was really beginning to organize. I think that we helped them get started. They were involved then in a strike, which lasted for thirteen months. The strike was lost, but the oil workers did get a start, and from then on they proceeded to grow, even though this strike, at the DX oil refinery in West Tulsa, was lost.

There's a song on my album (Folkways Records FH 5319) called "An Oil Derrick Out by West Tulsa." (Ed. Note: This song is included in the accompanying album.) I had a nine-to-five job in Oklahoma City (you know you had to have some way to eat), and I wrote this song on my lunch hour, and the next day I sang it at our meeting in West Tulsa. The next evening we sang it in a big old abandoned opera house theater, which was tumbling down, but it was about the only place we could get. But we did have a man there who fixed us up some lighting, so we did have that. "An Oil Derrick Out by West Tulsa" received such response that I would have to wait between each verse and chorus for the people to stop hollering and yelling, because it was so close to them, they were so involved in their problems, it was very, very difficult to carry on under the circumstances. So the song was quite moving for those people.

The demise of the Red Dust Players came about when one night we came home from a booking and the home of our director had been ransacked. Everything was in complete disarray, all the furniture was thrown onto the floor. Our director was a very

young woman, pregnant, and we all decided that she should not risk jail. It was obvious that this was a police raid, because nothing was taken except papers and books. I had strong indications that they were looking for me, and the other members of the Red Dust Players also had strong indications that the vigilantes and the local police were out on the hunt for all of us, because they had connected us up with the political movement there, which in their fascist minds was something that had to be squashed and killed. That was the end of our activities.

We did this without any kind of funding whatsoever. We just contributed what we had. Most of us had some sort of a little job where we earned from twelve to fifteen cents an hour, or something like that, and we financed ourselves for the Southern Tenant Farmer's Union part of the activities. The oil workers did contribute a little bit to our activities on their behalf, but outside of that we had no funding, because the STFU had no means whereby to get funds. We couldn't take up collections at such gatherings as this. I guess that's understandable.

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Mercedes Sosa: An American Voice

by Bob Norman

To listen to Mercedes Sosa is to hear also the voices of the silenced. Today she embodies a movement that has provided passionate accompaniment to thirty years of rapid, often violent social change--the "Nueva Cancion," the new song in Latin America. Sosa sings the words and music of many who have died, been killed, banned, jailed, or driven into exile: Pablo Neruda, Cesar Vallejo, Violeta Parra, Victor Jara, and many more.

A concert by Mercedes Sosa cannot be taken lightly. She is stocky and beautiful, and two red condors do battle on her coal-black poncho. She doesn't talk much, but her wide, expressive face and her elegant dances command absolute attention. Her unforgettable voice garners cheers and flowers from native Argentinians and astonished North Americans alike.

On April 10th Mercedes Sosa began her first tour of the United States in eight years. She comes at a time when the turbulent reality of Latin America has finally pushed its way into our front pages. She spent four of those years in self-imposed exile in Europe. Early last year she returned to her Argentina, to an impassioned welcome that filled the largest concert hall in Buenos Aires for thirteen nights running.

Her wide appeal is the product of the long road she has traveled from an

impoverished youth in the rural northern province of Tucumán. Today Mercedes Sosa is a sophisticated performer, capable of recording complex cantatas and filling the Olympic Theatre in Paris. But she has sacrificed none of the authenticity and power of her native folklore.

Sosa grew up in a region of mountains, valleys, and plains, agriculturally rich, but marked by great extremes of wealth and poverty. As a child she learned the wailing music sung at the carnivals of migrant Indian laborers. To pay her way through high school she taught dancing, and at 15 she made her first appearance on local radio.

From Tucumán the road led to Mendoza, and eventually to Buenos Aires. As a folksinger in the most citified and Europeanized of Latin nations, she fought a long uphill battle for recognition of her art. She discovered the work of two seminal composers who combined songs of social protest with traditional folklore: Argentina's Atahualpa Yupanqui and Chile's Violeta Parra. Parra's poignant "Gracias a la Vida" ("Thanks to Life") is still the centerpiece of every Sosa concert. She also began to sing the songs of a new generation of musicians, such as Victor Jara of Chile, Daniel Viglietti of Uruguay, Tejada Gomez and Cesar Isella of Argentina.

By 1973 she had recorded 16 albums, sung on every television channel in

Argentina, toured Latin America, Europe, the U.S., and the U.S.S.R. But that year, the southern cone of the Americas darkened. A military coup in Chile brought the deaths of Víctor Jara and Pablo Neruda and sent all the folksingers who had supported the Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende into exile. By 1976 the generals had taken Argentina, and the long nights of disappearances had begun.

In a posthumous letter to her father, Ernesto, who died in 1972, Sosa recalls those years. "Papa, you left us before the days of nightmare became an eternity. Before we started living with fear. People learn how to live with fear, until, suddenly, they don't fear any more...because there are things that go beyond fear."

"We are learning that things are not resolved by dictatorships, that they are resolved by democracy....We are learning that to have a democracy does not mean to have peace. That peace is hard work, it is something we have to fight for every day. That the manufacturers of death do not rest."

Mercedes Sosa has returned to America with hope for the future. She performs with a trio that includes Omar Espinoza on guitar and charango (a tiny Andean guitar made from the shell of an armadillo), Domingo Cura on Caribbean conga and the native bombo (a big drum played with a felt hammer and drumstick), and José Luis Castaneira de Dios on electric bass.

Sosa's repertoire has become increasingly continental. She includes, for example, a samba by Chico Buarque de Holanda of Brazil, and the surrealist poetry of Cuban balladeer Silvio Rodríguez's "Sueño con Serpientes" ("Dream with Serpents"). But she seems happiest when she hunkers down with the bombo under her arm to sing the wild bagualas and chacareras and the elegant, dramatic zambas of the Argentinian countryside. She finishes thunderously and with a grin.

Sosa's tour began in New York with a concert sponsored by the Latin American Workshop and dedicated to the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo. Afterwards she took part with Pete Seeger in the opening of the Workshop's new Violeta Parra-Woody Guthrie auditorium, a symbol of the Workshop's desire to build bridges with North American artists, folksingers included. Their spring program includes square dances and concerts by Jewish, Irish, and Balkan bands. The Latin American Workshop, or Taller (tieryare) Latinoamericano, is at 19 W. 21st Street in New York City (212-255-7155).



Mei Rosenthal

Mercedes Sosa and Pete Seeger shaking hands at People's Music Weekend.

Bob Miller: Social Protest Songs of the Great Depression

by Joe Lauro

Think back. Which recording by a folk-singer can you identify as the earliest example of a socially conscious protest song? Some may remember the first recordings by the young Phil Ochs. Bob Dylan's first album may also come to mind. The elder statesmen may recall various records by the Weavers, or even the Almanac Singers' 1940's recording of "Eleven Cent Cotton." It is no news that a good portion of folk music is lyrically immersed in issues of social protest, but a few may be surprised to learn that this tradition was going strong and selling records in the late 1920's and early 1930's.

Now, ask the forementioned question to your grandparents, especially if they happened to live in the rural towns or farmlands of this country in the 1920's and '30's. The names Memphis Bob, Uncle Bud and his Plowboys, Barney Barnet, Floyd Carter, Bob Sherman, Miller's Bullfrog Patters, Trebor Rellim, or even Bob Miller may roll off their aged lips.

If you are extremely lucky, they may lead you to their basement where, in a dank, dark corner sits an ancient wind-up victrola filled with 78 RPM records. Incredibly, Memphis Bob, Uncle Bud, Trebor Rellim, and the others are all pseudonyms disguising the true identity of a pioneer social-protest song-artist, the "Main Street Music" singer, Bob Miller.

As you further explore the faded labels and brittle shellac of Granny's old records, a few of the song titles may strike more than a minor pang of curiosity in your folk song consciousness. "Farm Relief Song," "Ohio Prison Tragedy," "Bank Failures," "1930 Draught," "Eleven Cent Cotton," or "Dry Voters, Wet Drinkers," all written and performed by Miller between 1928 and 1932, are examples of Depression era woes expressed through the medium of the protest song.

At a time (1928-35) when most American popular music chose to sugarcoat or completely ignore the grave economic turmoil that had engulfed most of the country, Miller's songs presented topics that seemed to come directly from the editorial page of small town newspapers. More significantly, his songs' points of view, socialist in nature, expressed the grievances and

frustrations of America's disillusioned rural working class. Many of Miller's protest songs were addressed to the country's troubled farmers who felt abused and abandoned by the Hoover and early Roosevelt administrations.

Those fellows in your office
Send literature and fuss.
If they had to follow a plow all day
They'd holler just like us.

'Cause literature ain't what we need.
That's one expense to stop.
The thing the farmer really needs
Is a market for our crops.

(From "Farmers' Letter to the President," recorded in 1929.)

We fatten up our hogs, take 'em
into town.
All we get is six cents a pound.
Very next day we buy it right back
At forty cents a pound in a
paper sack.

(From "Eleven Cent Cotton," recorded in 1929.)

Although most historians will pinpoint the birth of the 1930's Depres-

sion as that late October afternoon in 1929 when the stock market tipped and fell crashing to the ground, massive economic depression existed for the farmers of rural America years before the country's wealthy lost their stocks and bonds on Wall Street. Only when the economic famine struck and devastated that tiny percentage of mostly well-to-do Americans who owned stocks and bonds was "the Great Depression" officially ushered in.

The words to many of Miller's songs (some of which were written before the '29 crash), particularly "Farm Relief Song," "Farmer's Letter to the President," "Those Good Old Times Are Coming Back Again," and "Bank Failures," vividly expressed the turmoil that existed in rural America years before Wall Street layed its infamous egg. Miller's songs often cynically criticized the American government for its failure to protect and aid the working man.

If banks ain't safe for people,
Why then allow them to run?
Big iron vaults can't open themselves,
folks.
Something's gotta be done.



Bob Miller at piano with three unidentified musicians, circa 1883.

Our hard-earned money's gone bye-bye
Gone in that big bank crash.
We're in a mess, a terrible mess,
Can't get credit and we don't have
cash.

If you play in water, you're bound
to get wet.
What's the use of working if you
stay in debt?
We've gotta break our backs and con-
tinue paying tax.
Good people, we're a bloot upset.

(From "Bank Failures," 1930.)

"Farm Relief Song," recorded by Vernon Dalhart and Miller himself in mid-1929, was a profound unity song, complete with political name-calling, which asks the government to provide financial relief for the country's impoverished farmers. Each verse states a relevant farm-related problem followed by the repeated last line tag:

Well it looks to me, we can all
agree.
What we need for the people is
farm relief.

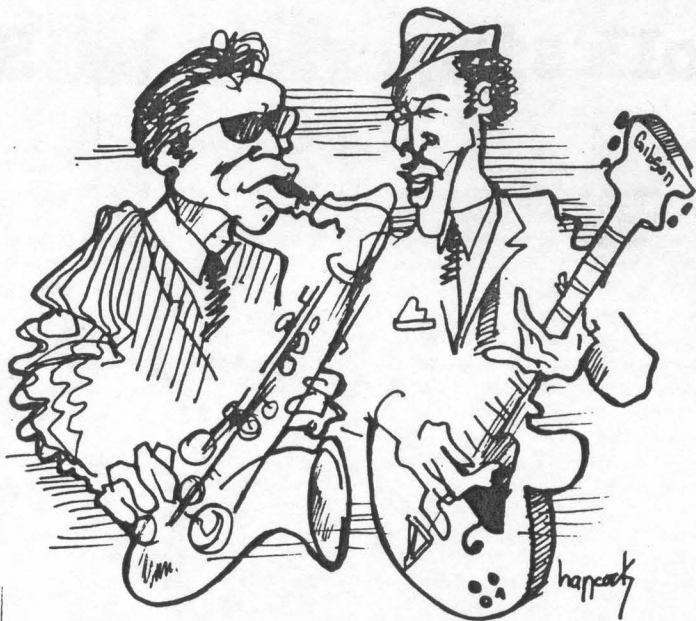
Although the song's melody is repetitive, each verse blatantly reveals true-to-life problems. The song's simple melody is of the sort that remains in your head after the record has ended.

Rents too high, markets too low
We ask for credit, they all say "no"
Got good people and they all know
well
What the poor old farmer makes he
can't sell
Now don't you think that we should
all agree
What we need for the people is
farm relief.

The little bee sucks the blossoms
clean
While the big bee gets all the honey
it seems
Little man makes all the cotton and
corn
While the big man goes around
tootin' his horn
So it looks to me, we should all
agree
What we need for the people is farm
relief.

In his song, "The Rich Man and the Poor Man" (1932), Miller criticizes a government that caters to the wealthy while continually persecuting the poor.

The rich man steals a million
From the bank that he controls
While the poor man steals a loaf of
bread
Or a penny's worth of rolls.



They take them to the court house
One is laughing, one's in tears.
The rich man gets an apology
The poor man gets ten years.

With "Page Mr. Volstead" and "Dry Voters, Wet Drinkers," Miller directs his protests at the "self-appointed pious" who were politically responsible for the prohibition laws, which denied liquor to the entire country.

Miller labeled his music "Main Street Music." "Main Street Music" was simple, conscientious, and directed at the common man. Often a simple traditional folk melody was used as the basis for Miller's wordy, descriptive laments. The lyrics of songs such as "Ohio Prison Tragedy," "Death of Floyd Collins," and "Captain Dan's Last Trip" presented detailed descriptions of current news events.

Miller's greatest success during this period came from a song style known as the "tragic event" song. Detailed descriptions of current tragedies were presented to the rural public via these phonograph records. During those pre-television and early radio days, phonograph records and newspapers provided the only means of relaying news stories to the largely uneducated and poor rural populations. Besides serving as a source of musical entertainment, Miller's songs were valuable relayers of current events. Subsequently, many of his records sold extremely well. Miller's recording, "Death of Floyd Collins," which retold the tragic events of a miner's last hours in a caved-in mine, sold 1,800,000 copies. This was a more than healthy sale considering the recording was released during the height of the Depression.

Besides his protest and tragic event songs, Miller penned songs that were destined to become American folklore classics. "John Dillinger," "The Death of Dutch Shultz," and the famous "Pretty Boy Floyd" were written by Miller while the events were actually unfolding.

Unlike Woody Guthrie's version of "Pretty Boy Floyd," in which the outlaw is presented as a noble Robin Hood character who supplied food for starving Okies, Miller's "Pretty Boy Floyd" was a ruthless, murdering outcast. Although Miller romanticized many of the criminal incidents in Floyd's life, a moralistic "crime doesn't pay" final verse finishes up the song.

The "Pretty Boy," "Dillinger," and "Shultz" songs are journalistic narratives that romantically trace the beginnings and violent ends of these notorious gangsters. Miller kept an active file of newspaper clippings, which traced the careers of well-known outlaws and politicians. The information from these clippings provided the basis for the verses of Miller's biographical ditties.

Often he completed a song before his famous subject had died, and recorded it in various versions, each with a differing last verse. When the gangster finally was captured or killed, the version with the more accurate final verse was released to the public. In a 1939 article, Miller commented:

For the past 12 years I have made a study of front page people when

(continued on page 16)

Folksingers to be Sent to Moscow

by Brian Rose

Russell Baker, New York Times columnist, unveiled on April 6, the latest peace proposal offered by the United States to the Soviet Union--a complicated plan balancing the number of peace demonstrators allowed in each of the two countries. Neither side wanting to look like a peacemonger, the so-called "fifty-fifty option" was agreed upon--each country would be allowed but 50 million demonstrators.

The United States, however, was accused of dirty dealing because of a clause buried in the 2,430 page document requiring the Soviets to "include 750,000 folk singers in their cadres." The U.S. would limit their's to 237. The Russians were angered, but President Reagan prevented a crisis by revealing classified satellite pictures "showing that the United States had another 749,763 folk singers performing on domestic radio day and night." The Soviets then claimed a shortage of folksingers, to which the U.S. countered with an offer to, in Russell Baker's words, "ship Moscow 725,000 folk singers in excellent voice and itching to sing for peace."

We in the folk music press are outraged by this global chess playing--moving folksingers around the world as if they were wind-up mechanical monkeys strumming banjos and clash-

ing cymbals. The problem, quite aside from constitutional considerations, is that the Reagan administration does not know how to count folksingers. They lump all kinds of different wind-up monkeys into their figure of 749,763 folksingers. What the administration imagines is Red Square brimming with flannel-shirted blue-jeaned banjo players all singing "Blowin' in the Wind" and "We Shall Overcome" in unison. What folly. First of all, they've got their instruments mixed up. There are around 6 million guitars in the U.S., while the banjo is nearly extinct. Only Pete Seeger and Steve Martin still play the banjo and both of them are--well--eccentric individuals.

Clearly, the administration is out of touch with what is going on out among the folk. Witness James Watt, Secretary of the Interior, objecting to the Beach Boys performing on the Mall on the Fourth of July. He wanted Wayne Newton and military bands (which, by the way, get more federal money than the entire National Endowment for the Arts). This time, however, he shot his foot instead of an endangered species. It turns out that the Beach Boys had donated some fancy dune buggies to George Bush back when he was running for the Republican nomination. In fact, it seems now that the administration leaders are all fans of the Beach Boys, whose vision of America still includes "beach bunnies" (bikini-wearing girls who frequent beaches but do not engage in surfing or swimming) and "wahines" (bikini-wearing girls who frequent beaches and do engage in surfing). And these people think they can count folksingers?

Here we've been arguing in the Coop for over a year about what folk music is, what constitutes a true folksinger, and what makes a good political or protest song--without reaching any consensus--and the administration on the basis of bogus CIA satellite photos determines that there are 749,763 folksingers operating in the U.S. And on top of that, even though they've never figured out how to evacuate Manhattan in case of a nuclear accident up at Indian Point, they plan to round up three quarters of a million people vaguely classified as folksingers and ship them in C5A's to Moscow.

Well, if they want them, they can come get them. We've got folksingers crawling all over the place--but there's no guarantee they'll sing

about peace. We've got street singers with caustic ditties about venereal disease, judges with ten-minute songs about coat-hanger abortions, and court jesters singing about bugging and incest. Come right on down and round them up. Not only has the Coop recorded over a hundred folksingers in the last year, we've got enough rejected cassette tapes to rebuild the Berlin Wall. Perhaps the administration would like to offer the Soviets our cassette boxes in exchange for a few surplus scientists.

It is time for Washington to give up this jack-ass scheme to send folksingers to Moscow. If the experts can't figure out how to count them--who can? Some people think that even rock and roll is folk music. Should we therefore send the Beach Boys to Moscow along with Black Flag and a cage full of slam dancers? Do we send Johnny Cash and Dolly Parton? Marvin Gaye and Donna Summers? How about Rod McKuen and Oscar Brand? How about we trade Rod McKuen and Oscar Brand for 125 tone-deaf balalaika players from the Urals. There really is no way one can equate American folksingers with their counterparts in Russia, and besides, eventually the Reagan administration will catch on to what we've known for a long time, that folksingers will go anywhere and sing anything for a record deal. The sooner this madness is put to rest, the sooner we can get down to the real issue of peace. ■



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Concert for Hunger

by Gary Boehm

Hunger. It was 7:30; I hadn't eaten since noon and I was hungry. I might even have said, "I'm starving." A cold was catching hold of me and I began having doubts about rushing out in the rain to cover this concert.

"Concert for Hunger." Maybe the name should have been "Concert for the Hungry." This was not a benefit for the people of Bangladesh, Somalia, or the slums of Sao Paolo. It was for the hungry in New York. We see them every day: the bums, the derelicts, and the crazies--those 36,000 homeless men and women who confound our consciences as we rush past trying to ignore them. We never see them: the malnourished, the school children with a hunger in their gut that dwarfs their desire to learn. Hundreds of people turned out at St. Bartholomew's to help the cause and hear the Hudson River Sloop Singers, Tom Paxton and Tom Chapin.

The Sloop Singers were formed by Pete Seeger as part of his campaign to revive the Hudson River. Although they number about one hundred, only about half that many were present at the concert. Different members stepped forward to sing a song while the rest of the group harmonized on the choruses or accompanied each other on mandolin, harmonica, washboard, harp, and guitars. By the end of the show they projected an image of harmony, singing with their arms around each other and swaying like a field of wheat in the wind.

Next up was Paxton, a social commentator of great breadth and wit. He takes his audiences by the hand and confides in us his observations of a society gone awry. He sang his little gem of a song, "Little Bitty Gun" (February '83 Coop), which is about Nancy Reagan's admission that she keeps a little gun next to her bed and...

Though it's really very cute
How you hold the thing to shoot
Is too much for my little bitty
head.

He also sang his disturbing song about a future time when nature is only a vague memory, "Who's Garden Was This?" In another song, Paxton introduces his answer to the neutron bomb--a bomb that destroys all of the greed, deceit, pollution and hunger in the world. And his per-

formance this evening would not have been complete without his singing "Feed the Children."

During the intermission refreshments were to be served in the gym. It had been about ten hours since I had last eaten and visions of brownies and cream cheese were dancing in my head. I ran into a friend who was also in the last throes of middle class starvation (read: mild discomfort). Only wine and coke were being served. I went back to my seat and rued the fact that there were no pizza parlors within five blocks of this Park Avenue worship palace.

Following the intermission we were entertained by nine-year-old Clarence Ferrari singing in a high sweet voice and playing a mean fiddle. He performed a number of songs including Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd" and he recited, in an admirably dramatic way, "Fiddler of Dooney" by W.B. Yeats. Look out for Clarence.

Next came more of the Sloopsters followed by Tom Chapin. He rushed to the concert after performing in the Broadway musical Pump Boys and Dinettes and brought along friend Scott Ainsley to sing along. They sang "Jubilation," a wonderful song written by the late Harry Chapin. And then remembering why we were all there Chapin said, "We've been going through some crazies...and how do we stop it? By things like this. By getting involved in things (applause). And after all, that's what this country is all about. It was set up as a reaction against leaders. It's for people like you and me--the educated, enlightened and propertied middle class (laughter)... and the minute we sit back it's like letting the forces of darkness take over." And then he sang "All My Life's a Circle."

After the concert I headed back to the Village where I was able to find my slice of the pizza pie and so quiet the growling dog in my kennel. But while we were raising a little money to enable the good people at St. Bart's to continue the Wednesday and Sunday morning breakfasts there were some in this city of extremes who were out eating fifty dollar meals.

Maybe Reagan is right that there are some national problems that are

better dealt with at the community level. But they need more money than folk concerts can raise and more nourishment than two breakfasts a week provide. Perhaps we should put a special tax on foods served in posh restaurants, or maybe we should all stop wasting so much food, or maybe we should stop letting it rot in government warehouses, or maybe we need a government less concerned for the welfare of their cronies and more concerned for those too hungry to think much about anything else. Maybe the forces of darkness are already upon us.

The Coop staff
congratulates
Ruth Ann and David Brauser
on the birth of their daughter,
Rachel Eve Brauser,
on March 4, 1983.



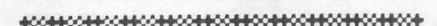
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The Coop Interview

Greg Flakus, Voice of America

by Bill Neely

Highly sensitive information--including profiles of some of our most respected local songwriters--has been turning up in the ministries of foreign governments around the world. Fearing that this breach in security could severely damage our operatives in the field by revealing their identities and the nature of their work, an effort has been made to determine the source of these leaks. Greg Flakus, a reporter from the Voice of America, has been seen spending a lot of time at SpeakEasy lately; since Mr. Flakus is a member of the working press, we thought it prudent to question him carefully. In doing so we were able to unveil his central role in this series of disclosures--following is a partial transcript of the interrogation.

Q: How did you initially make contact with the musicians' cooperative at SpeakEasy?

Greg Flakus: Personally, I've always been interested in folk music and I've always enjoyed personal expression in songs, so I was naturally drawn to come to SpeakEasy as an individual. Professionally, I think it's an interesting story--that you have this cooperative of folk musicians--and I thought it would be something of interest to foreign listeners. The Voice of America is a radio network that broadcasts all over the world, in English and in forty other languages, and so the people overseas who are curious about what's going on in the United States are interested in this kind of feature focusing on the folksingers in Greenwich Village and at SpeakEasy.

I've been doing a series of radio interviews with songwriters and I've talked to some professional songwriters, but I thought SpeakEasy would be the perfect place to find other songwriters--people who are writing from a sense of personal expression or personal commitment, not necessarily to sell their work to some big record company. And most of the people I met there seemed to be very cordial--people who were very talented and had something to say.

Q: Who are some of the people you've talked to?

GF: I've interviewed Suzanne Vega, Frank Christian, David Massengill, Maggie Roche, Jack Hardy, Rod Mac-

Donald, Tom Intondi, Brian Rose, and some guy from Left Field whose name escapes me.

The typical interview runs about six minutes; it opens with a song by the person we're going to be talking to. Then during the course of the interview we run other songs to illustrate what he or she is trying to say so the listener can get an idea what this person is like.

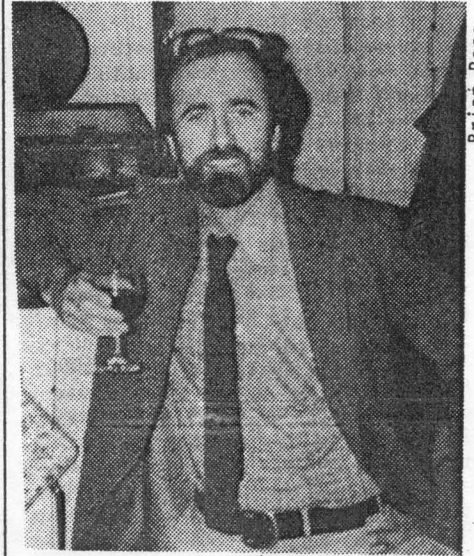
Q: How do you get this information out of the country?

GF: These interviews are part of a show called "The Breakfast Show" which airs in the morning in East Asia--then there's another play that goes to South Asia, another one to the Middle East, and then another one to Europe. It's broadcast Saturday night from Washington so it's heard Sunday morning in the rest of the world, since it's broadcast over the International Dateline.

If you have a short-wave radio you can pick it up on a Saturday night--I've picked it up here in New York with just a simple little short wave set. They air the same program at different times because of the different time zones it's going to. It starts around 6:00 p.m. local time and runs until about 2:00 a.m. Late at night is probably the best time to hear it.

Q: Our operation here at SpeakEasy seems to be a fairly well-kept secret--but suppose, for argument's sake, that we wanted to attract media attention. What would be the best way to go about it?

GF: A lot of the criticism the media gets is valid in the sense that we wait until there's some big event before we go and do a story. But if you don't do that, then something will come out of the blue, and people wonder: "Well, what is this? What's this all about?" and they may not read beyond the first paragraph of the story, or they may not listen beyond the first sentence or two that they hear on the radio. So public relations people, when they are working on getting media attention, stage what they call "media events"--which have also been called "pseudo-events"--and a lot of times they work. They will get the media there with these events--they'll stage something that is clever or interesting that will attract media attention.



Brian Rose

Greg Flakus

An event like "The Battle of the Bobs" that you did last summer is a very good way of getting media attention, especially if there's something that the people in the wire services' rooms can relate to. Reporters at radio and TV stations all over the country get the wire, and that's how that particular event caught on. I think UPI ran that--maybe the guy who was sitting at the desk that day was an old Bob Dylan fan and he saw that event being advertised and said: "This is clever and interesting," and he wrote up a little item and sent it out on the UPI wire.

Of course, the problem that you have--I might give you one little caveat--is that oftentimes the media will come there specifically for that particular event, and they may not give much information in their stories about what you are in general--and that can be frustrating. But that's just something you have to live with. You're going to be drawing people there to hear what you have--and some of those people are going to tell other people what they saw and heard there.

Q: Did that particular media event have anything to do with bringing you to SpeakEasy?

GF: I had stopped into SpeakEasy a while back--and I don't know who was playing, but there wasn't much of a crowd, and I wasn't very impressed so I left. I actually didn't go to "The Battle of the Bobs"--I found

out about it after it had happened by reading about it in the Village Voice. And I thought it sounded interesting--it seemed like a whole thing was going on down there that I wasn't aware of. So when I got the chance to go down again I discovered what was really going on there, and I talked to people who gave me information about the co-op.

I bought a Coop--the November 1982 issue--and I remember the first cut I listened to was Mary Reynolds's "Weller's Whiskey," and I was blown away. I thought, "My God, I only paid two dollars for this album and this sounds really good." I'd been told that they recorded these things in somebody's attic in Brooklyn and press them in the cheapest way possible, so I wasn't expecting anything that great. I was just expecting to hear some songs that were amateurishly recorded. But I was very impressed with the whole concept, and I was also impressed by the people I had met, so that drew me to come back.

Since then, I've been back to Speak-Easy often, and I've enjoyed myself every time I've come to hear people perform. Since it's a small room,

it has a sort of intimate environment and that's conducive to listening to this kind of music and hearing the words, and getting the feel and personality of the performer. I really think it's a good thing--I hope it continues because it gives a lot of people a chance to get up and show what they have, and to play the music they're writing for an appreciative audience--because the people who are coming there are coming for that reason.

Q: Now, your interviews with songwriters have been heard around the world. So, in the final analysis, what benefit is there in making this information available to foreign listeners?

GF: I think that if there's any message that the United States has as a culture, it's that freedom of expression should be there and people should be able to tune in or tune out, whatever they want to. There are people in the world who are very interested and very open to all kinds of ideas and forms of expression, and I think we should provide that information for them. From a personal standpoint, I think the more communication that takes place, the better.



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AMERICA

I sing a song to you my motherland America
in hope that I may leave your shore one day
and may I leave behind the bitterness and love
of a native son who could not stay

when he saw the gray of
greed corroding
the monument of the immigrants dream
where it said of America--
this is the land of the free
here come a dream of America

I made love to the daughter of
your ferryboat captain America
paid my passage here in the fall
sailed me himself into New York harbor
where the mighty lighted towers
seemed to move upon the face of the waters

and the winds of Freedom blow
about the outstretched
sword of the sentinel by the sea
just like in Amerika
but then you're not so free
not so free in America

I have ridden down your underground railroads America
talked it over with the phantom of Jay St.-Boro Hall
borne along on the tide of your wasted weary millions we
agreed we could read the writing on the walls

it said loud and fast rules
dog eat dog it's
strictly catch as catch can
catacombs in America

o lovely girl! Why do you laugh when I call you America?
it sure sounds like a woman's name to me
Sweet manifestation of the goddess Columbia
Hermanita, te advjerto asi

que no se puede vivir sin amar
no, not in America
you cannot make it that way
no, not in America
I don't care what your horoscope say

to my brothers who remain behind in America
I say may God shed his grace on thee
and ennoble your hearts to inherit the patrimony
of the Prince of the woodlands
and the purple mountain majestics

from the sweet and gentle Hudson
to the high Colorado
you've had to have come out of this land
if you want to be free
and still live in America--

thine alabaster cities gleam
reflecting tears shed
over broken dreams, America

c 1983 by David Indian



POTTER'S FIELD

Thirty days has September
Thirty days in the sun
April June and November
All those days on the run
But you've got to stop somewhere
'Fore you're betrayed by the wheel
Take my love by the hand
For a walk down to potter's field

Thirty pieces of silver
From a long ago scheme
That's the price you kill for
Fulfilling Jeremy's dream
But it's all blood money
Familiar friend at your meal
But the flowers still bloom
Every spring down at potter's field

Thirty years in youth's doorway
For philosopher kings
Thirty more that you work for
Tombs retirement brings
But you can't take it with you
Every day that life steals
Time in the end
Puts us all down in potter's field

c 1978 John S. Hardy Music, ASCAP

FREE MEN

Some men build their lives on comfort and wealth
Fruit from the labors of somebody else
Blindfolding justice to serve their own ends
Breaking the laws they can't bend

Chorus:
We are free men in prisons of stone
Our keepers live locked in their fear
They will see when their lives disappear
That they are our prisoners and we are free men

Both hands broken, he lay on the ground
His voice filling prisons with hope the world 'round
And then, only after his singing was stilled
Would they know how his songs could never be killed

Men and women of vision and peace
Killed without questions, their killers released
But their dreams and purpose have always survived
To prove where the greater strength lies

c 1982 by Ray Lambiase, ASCAP

AN OIL DERRICK OUT BY WEST TULSA

Oh an oil derrick out by West Tulsa
Lives in my memory
It reminds me of Judge Denton
He spent all his time inventin'
How to cheat every man he did see.

Now the Judge was a crafty old chisler
With an anti-union policy
Well the Union didn't like it
So they up and called a strike at
The Mid-Continent Refinery.

Now the Judge started herding the scabs in
His finks and his gangsters were there
He started shelling out the cash
To rats and thugs and all such trash
And the Tulsa Tribune got its share.

Chorus:

Say goodbye, say goodbye
Say goodbye to the Judge and his gang
When the workers started chasin'
The Judge he started racin'
'Cause he knew if they caught him
he would hang.

So they chased him right out to the oil field
And he shouted as he climbed up the rig
"If you hang me I will haunt you!"
They said, "Sorry to disappoint you,
But we'll bury you face down and let you dig."

So the strikers climbed up on the crow's nest
And they captured that crafty old bird
Then they took a rope and strung him
By the neck and then they hung him
And now no more scabs does he herd.

Chorus:

Say goodbye, say goodbye
We've come to the end of our lyric
All those anti-union ginks
Had better watch their step, by jinks,
Or they too will hang from the derrick.

c 1976 by Sis Cunningham

Tune: "The Old Apple Tree in the Orchard"



NOTHING

There was an old woman
And nothing she had
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad
She had nothing to eat
She had nothing to wear
She had nothing to lose
She had nothing to fear
She'd nothing to give
And nothing to leave
And when she died
There was no one to grieve

There was an old man
And he had naught
And the robbers came
For to rob his vault
They chased him up
To the chimney top
And so he jumped
Until he stopped
And as I'm told
By men of sense
He never has
Been living since

There was a bomb
And the bomb was big
When the bomb went bang
There were graves to dig
Bones of the poor
Bones of the rich
When the bomb went bang
It didn't matter which
There was no one to rob
All your worldly wealth
If you want anymore
You may sing it yourself

If I were an old woman
And you were an old man
Would you whisper love
Would you kiss my hand
Or would you chase me up
To the chimney top
But before I jumped
Would you holler, "Stop!"
Or would you wait
Until it's too late
Would you rub in salt
Would you say, "Checkmate."

c 1983 by David Massengill,
David Massengill Music

I'M A FRIEND OF THE FOETUS

Refrain:

Oh, I'm a friend of the foetus,
A friend of incomparable worth,
Yes, I'm a friend of the foetus,
Right up to the moment of birth.

I am no friend to the fathers and mothers
And I am no friend to the sisters and brothers,
And I am no friend to the weak and distressed,
And I am no friend to the poor and oppressed,

Repeat Refrain

Once it's a baby, I will not go near it,
I will not feed it and I will not rear it,
And when it is crying I won't even hear it,
For I have no room in my heart for a human,

Repeat Refrain

I will not care for it, I won't be there for it,
I will not weep for it, I won't lose sleep for it,
I'll back away from it, I won't go gray from it,
I won't even pray for it, and I won't pay for it,

Refrain:

But I'm a friend of the foetus,
A friend of incomparable worth,
Yes, I'm a friend of the foetus,
Right up to the moment of birth,
When it needs friends (wail),
Right up to the moment of birth.

c 1982 by Carole Rose Livingston

LyricalCis

side 2

CHAIN OF LOVE

Wind so cold that it burns like fire
Driving down the north country
Headlights chasing the broken lines
Light the way for my heart and me

Chorus:

All it takes is a chain of love
Stronger than any chain ever seen
All we need is a chain of love
Longer than all the miles in between

Full moon shines in a starry sky
Trees are black against the snow
Lights in distant houses gleaming
Tell of stories I'll never know

Chorus

Will I make it back in time
Through the world and all that lies
To hear the laughter and taste the wine
And look into those bright blue eyes

Chorus

c 1982 by Josh Joffen
Words by Josh Joffen and Paul Kaplan
Music by Josh Joffen

WE SHALL STAY HERE

This was an empty space until our love appeared
Now that we found our place, found our place
We shall stay here

If we can sing in tune even the stars may hear
Sounds from a tiny room, tiny room
We shall stay here

Out of the earth we sprang I know
Into the earth we'll go

But 'till our voices break harmony hides our fear
Under the love we make, love we make
We shall stay here

c 1974 by Paul Kaplan, Paul Kaplan Music, ASCAP

LA ROSITA DE BROADWAY

Chorus:

Ah, la Rosita de Broadway
Ah, la Rosita de Broadway
La Rosita de Broadway

And it's caldo gallego with white beans
Some sausage and pigs knuckle too
In the midst of the day, in this warm summer rain
La Rosita, we all come to you

Chorus

The Dominicanos come in here to argue
And the Cubans for Capitan cigars
And the warm sharp tongue of the waitress
And the sound of the Spanish guitar

Chorus

Out in the rain the wars continue
And the lines are drawn clear and fine like knives
Ah, but here there is peace for half an hour at least
Such a fragile flower of Broadway

Chorus

c 1978 by Bob Norman

(La Rosita de Broadway is a restaurant at Broadway and 108th Street in New York City. Caldo gallego is good soup. You don't have to be Spanish, or even Spanish-speaking, to sing the chorus.)

LONG BLACK WALL

A Green Beret came to talk to us
Gave a slide show in the gym
Told about the Communists and the Punji sticks
I thought I'd like to be like him
A Long Black Wall, and nothing is undone
A Long Black Wall, sleeping in the sun

Chicago summer 1968
some high school kids out on a lark
Waved to the cameras on the evening news
And got teargassed in Lincoln Park
A Long Black Wall, and nothing is the same
A Long Black Wall, shining in the rain

Everyone in college was against the war
We had long hair and Nixon stunk
Draft number high, draft number low
Stayed out all night and got real drunk

The Vets came back on the GI Bill
In their field jackets and jeans
Drank black coffee and smoked cigarettes
And never spoke of what they'd seen
A Long Black Wall, and nothing left to say
A Long Black Wall, so many miles away

The man on TV said ten years had gone
Today a monument was raised
And when they spoke each name one at a time
The roll of dead took four whole days
A Long Black Wall, and nothing is the same
A Long Black Wall, over fifty thousand names
A Long Black Wall, and nothing is undone
A Long Black Wall, sleeping in the sun...

c 1982 by Michael Jerling

I WAS NIXON'S PLUMBER, OR HOW I CLEANED
THE WHITE HOUSE TOILETS AND SAVED AMERICA

I was a humble plumber
My friends just call me Jake
I reamed the White House toilets
With my plunger and my snake
By luck I learned some awful truths
As I performed my chores
Now I'm rich and famous
Since I published my memoirs

Chorus:

Read I Was Nixon's Plumber
Just \$15.95
How I unstopped his toilet bowl
And what I found inside
It's the in-depth book on Watergate
The truth they could not hide
Read I Was Nixon's Plumber
Just \$15.95

One day Nixon called me in
Phew! What a mess and stink
His toilet bowl was backing up
To say nothing of his sink
I need an expert plumber
You must unclog the drain
If I don't flush these papers
There'll be all hell to explain

While he brooded in his office
I quickly fished them out
My eyeballs began to pop
I bottled up my shout
I stuffed those papers in my bag
I took them home to toast
When I dried out the contents
I knew I had to call The Post

Chorus

On the day he bust into the john
I knew the jig was up
He saw I wasn't flushing
And I had exposed his toilet's coverup
He cried, "You, my plumber!
You read every word I wrote."
"Ha ha!" I jeered
"Just as you feared
Jake's the real Deep Throat!"

Before he could call his guard in
I held high my plumber's snake
I wagged it before his eyes
Now you'll do everything by Jake
I turned his mind into a blank
When you wake, I said, you'll quit
And that's how I saved America
That's the whole damn truth, no shit!

c 1983 by Sherwood Ross

NINETEEN MILES FROM SHOREHAM TOWN

I'm nineteen miles from Shoreham town,
A place you all know well
They're building a reactor there,
Their wisdom yet to tell.
Some say it will reduce the cost
We pay for foreign fuel
But if you do believe that line,
Then you're the bigger fool.

It's not until you think on it
The reason's plain to see,
I'm sure it will reduce the cost
Of electricity.

I know the day is not far off
I'll light my home for free
Because if there is an accident
The light will come from me.

They say that if there is a need
We can evacuate.
To think in an emergency
Such men decide my fate.
They think one can just drive away
If things start to get hot.
And the route they've picked is the L.I.E.
The world's largest parking lot.

But if there is an accident,
You needn't go so far.
Those isotopes will get to you
Before you get to your car.
The plan might seem quite silly, but
The reason's even worse.
They're giving me the privilege
Of driving my own hearse.

Now I'm not a religious man
But believe me when I say,
We'll have to look to heaven
To keep Lilco at bay.
We'll get free power from the sun
It shines 'most every day.
And when the sun stops burning,
Well, we're all screwed anyway

Repeat verse one

Lyrics c 1983 Kirk Kelly
Music Traditional

Lyrics to side one are continued on the next page.

EVERYTHING POSSIBLE

We have cleared off the table, the leftovers saved
Washed the dishes and put them away
I have told you a story and tucked you in tight
At the end of your knockabout day
As the moon sets its sails to carry you to sleep
Over the midnight sea
I will sing you a song no one sang to me
May it keep you good company.

Chorus:

You can be anybody you want to be
You can love whomever you will
You can travel any country where your heart leads
And know I will love you still
You can live by yourself, you can gather friends around
You can choose one special one
And the only measure of your words and your deeds
Will be the love you leave behind when you're done.

There are girls who grow up strong and bold
There are boys quiet and kind
Some race on ahead, some follow behind
Some go in their own way and time
Some women love women, some men love men
Some raise children, some never do
You can dream all the day never reaching the end
Of everything possible for you.

Bridge:

Don't be rattled by names, by taunts, by games
But seek out spirits true
If you give your friends the best part of yourself
They will give the same back to you.

Chorus

c 1983 by Fred Small, Pine Barrens Music, BMI

(continued from page 7)

During the late 1920's and early 1930's, Miller received \$25 a side for the recordings he made. He never worked exclusively for one company but freelanced prolifically for most every existing label. Today, his freelancing and necessity to use pseudonyms on the various labels he worked for make it difficult to actually trace his entire recording output. On the Melotone label he may appear as "Floyd Carter," while on Van Dyke he may be disguised as "Dick Baker," "Joe Adams," or "Smith and James." At this point a complete discography of Miller's work has not been attempted. Such a work would surely require years of research and hundreds of pages of recording listings.

It is surprising to me how someone like Miller, who remained active well into the 1950's, managed to escape the McCarthy blacklist. Many of his early works were progressively socialist, supporting the working classes when the American government seemed to have forgotten them. Ironically, the Weavers, who recorded a few of Miller's early songs, did not escape McCarthy's blacklisting wrath.

A reissue album presenting original

recordings of Miller performing his protest songs is currently in the works but in need of an ambitious producer. If anyone is interested in learning more about this historic songwriter/performer, please write to me in care of The Coop. Five more articles would not even begin to scratch the surface of this important pioneer artist's career.

(Special thanks to Jim Hadfield and Frank Mare for generously sharing their knowledge and recordings.)

I think they are big enough inasmuch that they are read about in towns and cities in the United States, and when I feel that they are good copy. I keep clippings of their exploits. When I come to a definite conclusion as to the probable end of these people I write my song and file it away or have it recorded.

Miller wrote and performed politician Huey "King Pin" Long's musical epitaph two years before Long was actually assassinated. The song was accurate in every detail. Long himself was familiar with the song, and it was released on record a few days after he was murdered.

Bob Miller was born in Memphis on September 20, 1895. A professional pianist at age 10, he graduated from two music conservatories, led a dance band, and was one of the first performers to be broadcast on Memphis's first radio station (1922). Miller left Memphis and permanently relocated to New York City in 1928 where he began his own music publishing company in 1933.

By 1939 Miller had sold some 65,000,000 records and 7,000 songs, including "21 Years," "Seven Years with the Wrong Woman," and "A Star Spangled Banner Waves Somewhere." As a performer and composer of what was stereotypically labeled "hillbilly" music, Miller became a very wealthy man. His wealth and success, however, did not affect his strong attitudes on how he wanted his music performed. The "common touch," or simple vocals with "novelty" accompaniment (fiddle, banjo, harmonica, guitar) was Miller's strict recording format.

During World War II, when a full orchestra was incorporated on a recording of his enormously popular "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," Miller proceeded to sue ASCAP for improper musical representation of one of his songs.

record review

C'est What?!: Kyting

by John Kruth

Kyting, the first album of *C'est What ?!*, on Lissenclose Records, is different, delicate, exciting, textural, ambient, and melodic. What separates *C'est What ?!* from the rest of the predominantly white New Age chamber-jazz groups spawned by Manfred Eicher's ECM label in the early '70's is that much of their music has roots in the folk styles of the American South. Examples of this "new Appalachian jazz" can be found on side one's "Homefolks" and on side two's "Maggie's Movie."

This unusual combination of styles came into being for a number of reasons. Matt Balitsaris grew up in Tennessee, where he absorbed a variety of styles ranging from bluegrass to fusion. He later attended college in North Carolina, where he met his teacher and future collaborator, John Wunsch. John was well versed in the fingerpicking styles of Elizabeth Cotton and Merle Travis. These common folk techniques became the ground for their musical partnership.

Matt pursued an interest in jazz, while John studied classical guitar. Mixing these elements, they broadened their vocabulary and created a new sound. John's disciplined chops and elastic Spanish rhythms provide an excellent balance to Matt's careening leads.

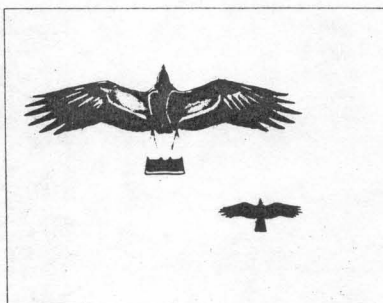
Not to be ignored is Jeff Berman, whose lyrical vibraphone bops and splashes mercurial solos and luminous melodies throughout the album. Dave Dunnaway, who has played with Paul Bley and Michael Urbaniak, contributes some fast and clean bass solos that are brimming with spirit. On stage he is an exhilarating performer. Ralph Robinson, who plays drums and percussion on side two, made an important contribution to the growth and stylistic development of *C'est What ?!* but has been replaced by the more dynamic Chip White. Chip, formerly with Jaki Byard

and John Abercrombie, appears on the upbeat "Lifeline" and the ambient "Eleuthera."

I find "Eleuthera" somewhat misleading as the album's opening cut. At times its ephemeral quality gives way to pointless meandering, standing in dark contrast to the rest of the record in its apparent lack of focus. Compositionally, I favor the tightness of "Lifeline," the bouncy bossa-bopper that closes side one. This number and "Another Day," both credited to Matt, include the album's finest solos. Once again, Jeff Berman and Dave Dunnaway shine. John Wunsch's "Gentle Flight" is an excellent example of how the two guitarists, who have been playing together for over three years, interact. John sets up a delicate, melodic vamp, while Matt streaks across it, jangling and hammering his 12-string, coloring the song with a variety of blues, country, and Indian riffs.

No album can clearly represent what a band is capable of doing on stage. There are certain elements lacking on Kyting that one has come to expect at a *C'est What ?!* performance. Most obvious in this case is Matt Balitsaris' electric guitar work. His rapid-fire leads and wild stacatto patterns were unfortunately put on the back burner for this recording. On their next album, I hope that we'll be treated to a taste of their electric side and perhaps a composition by Jeff or one of the other band members. Overall, Kyting is a marvelous first effort by a group of exceptional musicians. It even has a nice cover.

C'EST WHAT?! KYTING



Kyting is available through Jem Records, 3619 Kennedy Road, South Plainfield, NJ 07080 (201-753-6100) or through Lissenclose Music, 209 East 10th Street, New York, NY 10003.

Central Park Concert

The musicians' cooperative of Speak-Easy in New York City will hold its second semi-annual Central Park Folk Concert on May 7 from 1 to 4 p.m. at the 72nd Street bandshell.

The following performers are tentatively scheduled: Jack Hardy, Tom Intondi, Suzanne Vega, Paul Kaplan, Frank Christian, The Belles of Hoboken, John Guth and Lydia Davis, David Massengill, Peter Spencer, Carolyn McCombs, Left Field, Late for Dinner, the Ficksmans, Carrie, Doug Waterman, Ben Silver and Rosemary Kirstein, Jamboree, and Jay Byrd. This diverse roster was consciously chosen to reflect the range of modern folk creativity from lyrical tenderness to innovative social and political humor. As a simple social statement, the concert will express solidarity with the Rock Against Racism concert to be held in Central Park the next day.



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It's All in the Wrist

by Rod MacDonald

One of the great fascinations of life in New York City is what people do to earn their keep. There may be an occasional urban farmer who grows his own tomatoes (usually he'll make the evening news if it works), but for the most part the city requires its inhabitants to deal with each other if they are going to survive.

Now there are persons whose keep comes at the expense of someone else; let's say purse snatchers, home looters, muggers, who knows who else might fall into this category? Even drug dealers or bank robbers might sometimes be working for the common good, however. You might even ask someone in rural Missouri who was the greater man, Jesse James or John D. Rockefeller, and the answer might go against the grain of professed morality that thieves who steal from bankers are wrong. Do presidents of chemical companies work for the public interest in unloading billions of tons of toxic chemicals on the human race each year in order to manufacture whatever they make?

But my favorites in the city's financial structure are people who carve out their own niche without ripping anyone else in the process. There's a man in the Village who walks around with a bright green Macaw on his shoulder; he charges people \$3 to have their picture taken with the bird (he brings the camera himself).

Another friend once told me how, faced with being on 89th and Broadway with 10 cents to his name, he panhandled his way downtown, very politely asking people if they could spare anything so he could eat. By the time he reached the Village he had about \$100, and lived for a couple of weeks on these donations, the largest one being a fiver.

"People were very nice," he told me. "And if they didn't want to be bothered I just kept walking, heading downtown."

Now the chances are good that he also provided a service to those people: the opportunity to be generous, no strings attached. There is something in the human spirit that feeds on acts of selflessness; we all need them or the spirit goes hungry. But there's a catch: it won't work if there's any other motive involved. The act has to be completely open-ended with

no thought of a return. Giving five dollars to a hungry panhandler is just such an act: one hands over the money and walks away, asking nothing more than a polite "thank you very, very much" and a chance to do something not required by law, custom, tradition, or expectations.

This may all seem trite, but in reality it's not as easy to give something away as it might seem. You can't do it and then brag about it; if you claim it as a tax deduction you're reaping a financial benefit yourself; if the panhandler is obviously drunk you're doing him no favor at all; and if you even think "I'd better do this 'cause it's good for my karma" you're in bigger trouble than when you started. Nope, it has to be spontaneous and from the heart, and I guess my friend's timing must have been good, because people could give him something without any guilt or self-righteousness and move on.

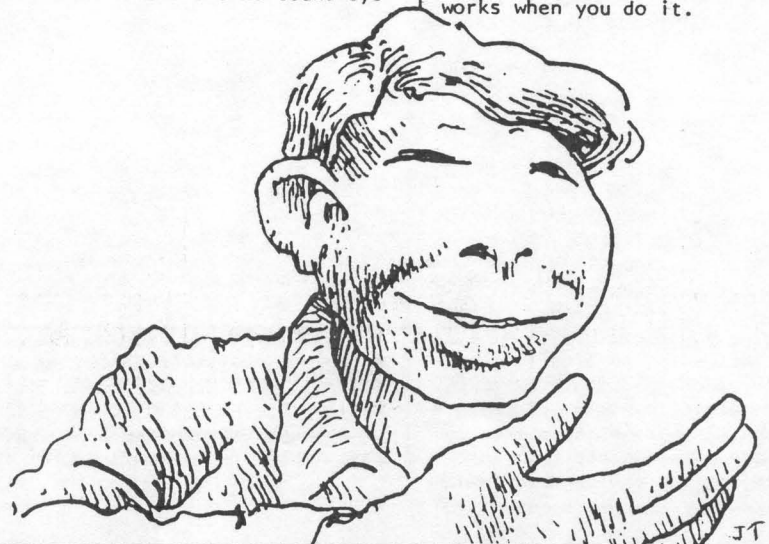
Similarly, it's not always easy to be generous with your dreams and aspirations. Even if other people understand them (and the more fascinating your dreams are, the more likely people are to react by thinking you're strange), there's still the problem of making your own keep, too; and if your jones takes a lot of time and makes no money you'll end up being a drain on your friends.

You can end up starting a music club so lots of people can sing the music they feel and create, only to have ASCAP come in and insist you pay all their songwriters that you went to this club to escape from. You can be asked to sing at a benefit and accept, only to find out there's no sound sys-

tem and the people can't even hear you. You can sing on the street, only to have the police hassle you because you didn't purchase a license from the city to make music on the sidewalks (government, after all, is a cash and carry business). You may believe music should be free and open-hearted, but you'll have to find the space in which you can retain that attitude and still provide for survival.

The idea of the give-away is as old as its counterpart, accepting with grace. Indian tribes leave a portion of their corn for the elements, while pregnant women make blankets for the older, arthritic folks in their villages. Little children leave food for Santa and his elves (and the parents eat it while wiring up the electric train). The SpeakEasy had a "Customer Appreciation Night"--no cover charge--in December. Lovers throw coins in the fountain. Bogart gives up Bergman. The rich endow libraries. Oil companies sponsor PBS shows about the environment. Fishermen throw the first tuna back, that the sea will provide.

There may well be limits to this concept. It might not be for the best for the U.S. government to give the bomb to El Salvador. It's kind of like giving a fiver to the drunk. A better gift might be to say, "The U.S. gives the human race one less warhead to worry over, for today we have disarmed one that was ready to go." Some munitions maker somewhere would give up a little business; some military strategist would give up one of the tools in his arsenal. But I have no doubt that their lives, not to mention everyone else's, would be improved somehow in the process. That's the magic of generosity: it only works when you do it.



1983 Folk Festivals

by Nancy Talanian

The following are brief descriptions of the activities planned for a few North American festivals to be held this spring and summer. In a few cases, information on performers was unavailable at press time and will be provided in the June issue of The Coop.

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, New Orleans, Louisiana, April 29, 30; May 1, 7, 8.

This festival features ten stages of simultaneous music for a total of over 300 performances. Styles of music to be heard include traditional and contemporary jazz, rhythm and blues, Gospel, Afro-Caribbean, Cajun, blues, ragtime, folk, Latin, country and western, bluegrass, and more. Outdoor activities will be held at the Fair Grounds Race Track. Evening concerts take place on the Riverboat President and at the Theatre of Performing Arts, Prout's Club Alhambra, and Contemporary Arts Center.

The festival also includes one of the most ambitious craft fairs in the country, and a variety of the food of Louisiana Creole, Afro-Caribbean, French Cajun, Italian, and Soul. This is the fourteenth festival; 250,000 people attended last year.

Tickets for evening concerts range from \$9.50 to \$15.00 per show. Daytime festival tickets are \$4.50 for adults, \$1.50 for children, and \$5.00 for a parent and child. The host hotel for the festival is the International Hotel at 300 Canal Street. There are no camping facilities.

For reservations and information, call or write:

New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival
P.O. Box 2530
New Orleans, LA 70176
(504) 522-4786

NORTHWEST FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL, Seattle, Washington, May 27-31.

This year marks the twelfth anniversary of this festival, which last year attracted 100,000 people. The festival will be held at the Seattle Center, a 70-acre urban park which was the site of the Seattle Worlds Fair.

Festival activities will take place continuously on five outdoor stages, in a 3,000-seat opera house, a 900-

seat playhouse, and twelve other major facilities. Some of the special events will be traditional American music and dance, including bluegrass, cajun, folk, blues, gospel, string band, country and western, old-time fiddling, ballads, and more. Other activities include ethnic music and dance from more than 25 countries, and a crafts exhibit featuring over 150 craftspersons. Folk and blues music will be performed nightly in the Alki Coffeehouse.

For accommodations, there are no campsites, but several motels and hotels are nearby, some within walking distance. At the festival site there will be 25 ethnic food booths outside and 30 food concessions in Center House.

The entire program is free.

MIDDLETOWN FOLK FESTIVAL, Middletown, New Jersey, June 10-11.

This festival will be held in Bodman Park and will feature concerts Friday, June 10, from 7:30 p.m. and Saturday, June 11, from 11:00 a.m. to midnight; workshops Saturday from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.; children's crafts and stages, over 40 craft displays, and square dancing. Performers will include Mick Maloney and E. O'Donnell, George and Vaughan Ward, Dan Smith, Mary Faith Rhoads and John Pearse, The Boarding Party, Purly Gates and David Levine, Mill Creek Cloggers, Navesina Valley String Dusters, Adaya Hanis, Tom Gibney, and Murray Callahan. This will be the sixteenth Middletown Folk Festival; last year's attracted 2,000 people.

Available accommodations include camping 10 miles away in Cheesequake State Park, and several nearby motels. There will be some food concessions at the field; it's a good

idea to bring a picnic lunch.

Tickets can be purchased at the gate. Evening concert tickets are \$4.25; daytime events are \$2.50. There is a \$1.00 discount for senior citizens; tickets for children under 12 are \$.50.

THE WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL, Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 7 through 10.

This year marks the festival's tenth anniversary, which was attended by 40,000 people last year. It will be held at Birds Hill Provincial Park, 19 miles northeast of Winnipeg on Highway 59, and will feature 13 concert acts each night from 7 p.m. to midnight; workshops on ten stages, which change hourly, from 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.; dance program; kids village; and crafts area. Names of performers will be published in the June issue of The Coop.

Accommodations include campsites located 1/2 mile from the festival site, and hotels and motels in Winnipeg. There will be an International Food Village on the site (no alcohol is permitted).

Advance tickets for the entire festival are \$35 (Canadian dollars); purchased at the gate, they are \$38. Tickets for evening concerts only are \$5 for Thursday, July 7; \$13 for Friday, July 8; and \$15 each evening for Saturday and Sunday, July 9 and 10.

For tickets and further information, contact:

Winnipeg Folk Festival
8-222 Osborne Street South
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 1Z3
Canada
(204) 453-2985

(Continued on the next page.)

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VANCOUVER FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, Vancouver, B.C., July 15-17.

This festival, in its sixth year, attracted 21,000 people last year. The festival will be held at Jericho Beach Park, Vancouver. Activities will include three evening concerts and workshops on five stages. Names of performers will be included in the next issue of The Coop.

Accommodations include a nearby hostel. There will be 16 food concessions, with the emphasis on international cuisine. Weekend tickets covering all concerts and workshops are expected to be \$35 until June 18; \$50 June 19 through July 14; \$50 at the gate. Separate tickets for concerts will be \$15 for Friday, July 15; \$22 for Saturday and Sunday, July 16 and 17.

For advance tickets and information, contact:

Vancouver Folk Music Festival Society
3271 Main Street
Vancouver, B.C. V5V 3M6
Canada
(604) 879-2931

OAK GROVE MUSIC FESTIVAL, Staunton, Virginia, August 5-7.

This festival is five years old, and is limited to 230 people. Activities consist of evening concerts Friday and Saturday, August 5 and 6, and an afternoon concert Sunday, August 7. The concerts will feature Robin and Linda Williams, Mike Seeger, Hot Mud Family, Bill Staines, and Fiddle Puppets. There will also be six workshops on Saturday. Accommodations for festival attendees are available at Econo Lodge, three miles away. A weekend pass, covering all concerts and workshops, is \$15.

For reservations and information, call or write:

W. T. Francisco
Theater Wagon
Rt. 1, Box 192
Staunton, VA 24401
(703) 885-3008

SUMMERFOLK, Owen Sound, Ontario, August 12-14.

This festival has been in operation for 8 years, and was attended by 6,000 people last year. This year's activities at Owen Sound's Kelso Beach will include evening concerts each night of the festival (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday), and continuous workshops Saturday and Sunday. Names of performers will be printed in the June issue of The Coop.

For accommodations, there is "Rock-springs" camp, which takes reservations, and several motels and hotels. There will be food concessions on the festival site.

Summerfolk expects a sellout this year, so advance ticket purchases are advised. Advance tickets for the whole weekend are \$24; at the gate they will be \$30. Single day tickets are \$15.

For reservations and information, contact:

Shirley Price
Georgian Bay Folk Society
P.O. Box 521
Owen Sound, Ontario N4K 5R1
Canada
(519) 371-2995

PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 26-28.

Information will be presented in the June issue of The Coop. The festival is sponsored by:

Philadelphia Folk Song Society
7113 Emlen Street
Philadelphia, PA 19119
(215) 247-1300

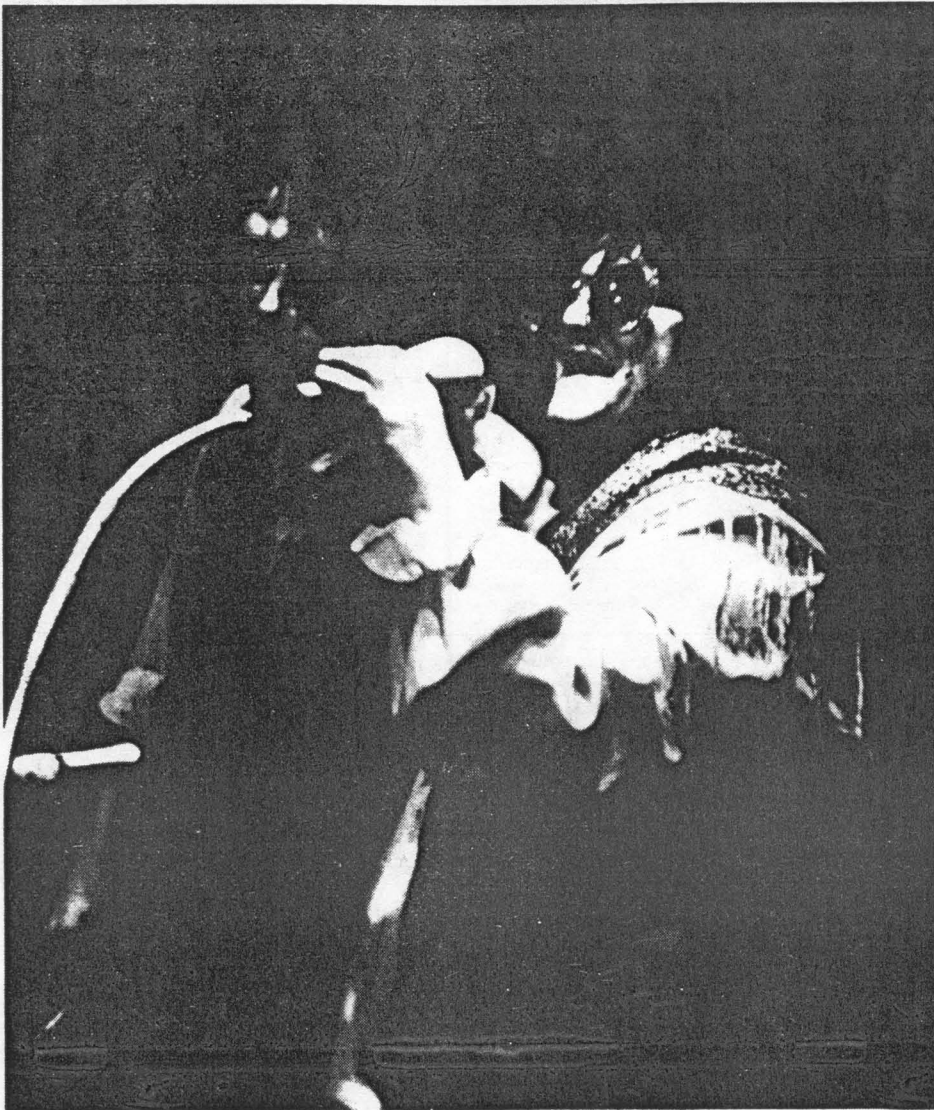
Humanitarian Gesture

The plight of the homeless piano is indeed a tragic one. Driven by harsh economic realities, well-meaning piano owners have been forced to turn their instruments loose in the streets, in ever-increasing numbers. Already in some New York neighborhoods, surly packs of wild pianos have terrorized residents.

In response to an urgent request from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos (ASPCP) and the American Society for the Adoption of Pianos (ASAP), the musicians' cooperative has agreed to provide a warm and loving home here at Speak-Easy. If you know of a piano desperately in need of shelter, please call Marcie Boyd at (212) 362-4673 (ASAP). We'll arrange resettlement.



Ramblin' Rosie Returns



Gerry Hinson

Ramblin' Rosie with David Massengill.

by Papa Razzi

31 January 1983--Following David Massengill around is like being at a street carnival: you don't have to wait long for something unusual to happen. In our last episode, he and some friends were seen performing an opera-length folk song, an experience not likely to be duplicated by any sane performer. The attendant notoriety motivated the 'brain trust' (admittedly a risky label) of the musicians' cooperative to 'shanghai' him into hosting SpeakEasy's Monday night open mike shows for the month of January. Since David keeps rather strange international company, occasionally he would unleash a few exotics upon the innocent public. On his last night as host of these house parties, the inevitable happened:

his guest upstaged him. Ramblin' Rosie, the effervescent former hostess of the Monday night hoots at both Folk City and The Dugout, was given the stage to greet old fans and friends. As those of us with ancient Village memories and advancing years recall, Rosie hosted some VERY different festivities during the 1970's. David had her recently released single, called "It's a Crusher," played in celebration. Unforgettable as ever, she imparted a few pearls of wisdom to us afterwards--at the bar, of course.

Coop: So, how are you?

Rosie: Great; nice to be back here. As you just heard, I've been working on my record; I've heard so much music that I had to do it myself!

C: We once thought of you as the Perle Mesta of the folk scene; get any flashbacks returning to an open mike?

R: Oh, it was fun having David play my music; I hosted him when he first came around here. All of your regulars were just babes when I was doing this.

C: Do you, as a former MC, have any advice for our club?

R: Yeah, a mouthful! It's a good scene you have here, but not enough fun on stage; everyone's so SERIOUS about themselves, except David, who can't be a one-man show all night. When I ran things, we partied all night, and encouraged the wonderful odd ducks to perform. THAT was ENTERTAINMENT! And we stayed all night and had lots of laughs. Hey, honey, I loved a party!

C: You seem to be in great spirits right now. Any greetings for our readers?

R: Sure; I've got some principles to live by: Remember, dead moths never grow wings. We always have to have life for the arts and imagination. And here's another: Just because you're walking on the bridge doesn't mean you have to forget it's the foundation that is holding you up.

C: True, even if the view is great from the bridge. Thanks for the advice, Rosie. Will we be seeing you again soon?

R: You bet! And honey, that's a promise!

Songbook !

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

To order, send a check or money order for \$8 (ppd.) per copy to:

The Coop c/o SpeakEasy
107 MacDougal Street
New York, NY 10012

Thoughts on Folk Music: First Verse

by Hugh Blumenfeld

Folk music doesn't necessarily have anything to do with the country--forests; rivers; sun, moon, and stars. And you don't have to sing it with a southern accent. It's probably easier to concentrate on folk--the people--in a country setting, though. Fewer distractions, a steadier rhythm to the place. A more comfortable, developed symbolism. An organic, quiet place that a person with an acoustic instrument can lull to sleep or sing wide awake. The city, fast, loud, and arrhythmic, doesn't fit into any known stanza form and outshouts the most confident, inspired, and in-love singers.

But Urban & Eastern, as Josh Joffen (a New York-based singer-songwriter) puts it, doesn't completely describe what we need from a contemporary, true-to-region folk music. We could raise a new symbolism like skyscrapers and feed it on cigarettes and black coffee. But I'd like to draw the form of folk music along different lines.

At the soul of folk music is the main concern of all people everywhere: economy. Economy of form, economy of message, economy of presentation. Economy often means simple, but never simplistic. My domestic economics are simple (though not easy); Reagan's "economics" are simplistic (though complex). Folk music covers a broad spectrum of styles, but the tendency in all of them is to accomplish the most in a song with the least means. In the end you have a song that anyone can afford.

Afford? What I mean is that a medium that aspires to be popular (i.e., democratic) will produce songs that can be universally comprehended lyrically and musically and that can get (and do get) universal participation. Folk music is for people to sing. And keep singing. Sing whether or not we sing well or can play an instrument or have good memories or have classical training. Economy of form and presentation means that the potential artist (anyone at all) can reproduce the song with ease, preferably solo voce or with simple acoustic accompaniment.

This demands familiar language, though not familiar ideas, sentiments, or images. It means a singable melody, brevity and/or repetition, and playability. Folk can include jazz

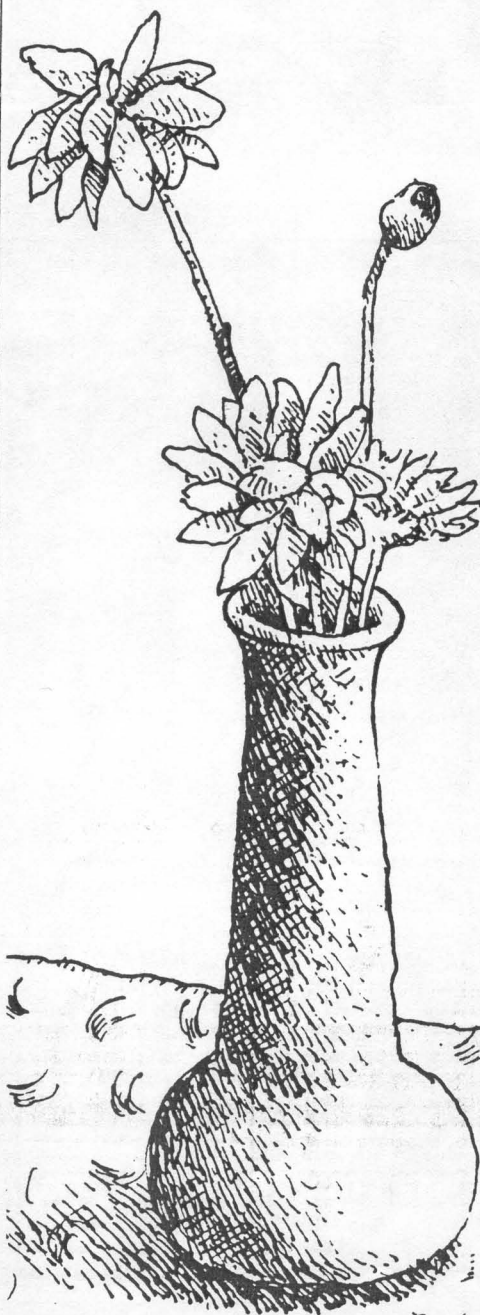
or rock, but as soon as a song passes the technical ability of the ordinary performer or loses its effect without a few hundred watts, it begins to point more in these other directions.

Poetry that works hard at being poetry, coloratura melodies, and harmony and accompaniment can be part of the folk musician's repertoire but are not at the soul of his or her music. I don't think this leaves us with jingles and propaganda; it leaves us with crystalization, a oneness of words and music that becomes almost transparent and contains no trace of the complexities of musical or lyrical knowledge that went into the undertaking. Like a late Picasso sketch that is simple, showing the eye of a master but showing no trace of modernism or cubism (or any other ism), even though these styles may have been necessary for the simpler vision to occur.

New folk songs are the pulse of a people, a culture. You listen to a lot of them and you hear the words, the rhythms, the concerns that are part of people's lives now. You write a lot of folk songs in the hope that a very few of them will distill out these words, these rhythms, the messages of a collective psyche, and crystalize them in their purest form.

The result is music that seems to be as universal as myths, even across widely disparate cultures and languages. A song doesn't become a folk song because it has become traditional; it becomes traditional because it was a folk song from the moment it was born. It doesn't lose its creator because it's too old for anyone to remember; the creator relinquishes control over it because more people have heard it sung by someone other than the creator. (The economics of pop music is to make the effect depend more and more on the original artist--this means less singing, more listening, and more records, concerts, and even T-shirts necessary to sustain it.)

The old folk songs let us hear the pulse of another day, even when the old blood is all gone and replaced. The sound itself, the sound of living, is not so different. That is exactly why we keep it around--it reminds us of this continuity. The new work is what keeps us alive now. The new blood. We write not just for the sake of writing or trying to make something different, but to listen to the sound of living in our own ears, now. What survives will be what we think we heard.



on the record

AGNES "SIS" CUNNINGHAM was a member of the Almanac Singers in 1941-42 with Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger. In 1962, she and her husband Gordon Friesen started Broadside, the topical song magazine. Broadside, which has published continually (if erratically) since then, first brought to national attention such songwriters as Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Janis Ian, and Steve Forbert. In the 1930's, Sis was a founding member of the Red Dust Players, with whom she performed "An Old Derrick Out by West Tulsa." (See article in this issue.)

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

DAVID INDIAN, a native New Yorker in his early 30's, stumbled upon the Village folk scene about a year ago, and is still amazed at the music he finds being made her. He has been writing songs for quite a little while now, and once upon a time played electric bass guitar for the Bronx's Golden Fermata. He is a Brooklyn Indian.

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

JOSH JOFFEN, 29, was born in Brooklyn and now lives in Queens. When asked what kind of music he plays he replied "City and Eastern."

PAUL KAPLAN grew up in Philadelphia and Chicago. He recently released a new album, and has appeared on Folkways records and produced three Phil Ochs songs for them. He teaches guitar. His song, "Call Me the Whale," has been recorded by Debby McClatchy.

KIRK KELLY, 22 years old, grew up in St. James, Long Island, and attended Stony Brook. He has done nothing interesting his entire life but is looking for a fiddle player.

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

LATE FOR DINNER is JOSH JOFFEN, RUTH ANN BRAUSER, and JUDITH ZWEIMAN. They all live in Queens, and they all write songs. Ruth Ann plays acoustic guitar and piano. Josh plays acoustic

guitar and electric bass. Judy plays acoustic guitar and electric guitar and bass. Guess which one of them is a vegetarian. Guess what the other two eat instead.

Firmly rooted in the working class, CAROLE ROSE LIVINGSTON is a: teacher of English and women's studies at Brooklyn College, ballad scholar, lifelong folksinger, songwriter, human rights activist--feminist, pacifist (member of the War Resisters League), antiracist, antinuke, etc. Her other songs include "Apartheid No, Liberation Yes," "I Am a Working Woman," "The Ballad of Bobby Sands," "The Free Parade," "Sun Power, Wind Power," and "Power to the People."

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

BOB NORMAN is from New London, Connecticut, and has lived half his life in New York City. From 1970 to 1977 he was editor of Sing Out! magazine. His songs have appeared in Sing Out!, Broadside, and The People's Songletter. He's very pleased that Pete Seeger has been singing one in recent concerts.

SHERWOOD ROSS recently received a \$92,500 grant from the American Scientific Music Association to be used to further his guitar instruction, under the supervision of a committee of Greenwich Village folksingers endeavoring to teach him to fingerpick. Ross also has applied to the Board of Governors of the World Bank for a \$1.7-billion loan for the same purpose, on grounds that his music qualifies as an undeveloped country. After hearing him perform, the Board upped his grant to \$1.94 billion, on grounds that the lesser sum was insufficient. Ross says he took up fingerpicking in elementary school but his first grade teacher insisted he bring a hanky.

FRESNO SLIM, who occasionally sings the lead in Pimp Boys and Dingbats, is a noted modal freak. Last seen in a pizza parlor in Brooklyn, he still needs work but can no longer afford a phone.

FRED SMALL gave up his environmental law practice to write and perform topical songs in support of movements for peace, safe energy, and social justice. The Boston-based songwriter has recorded an album, Love's Gonna Carry Us, a 45-RPM, "Walk on the Supply Side"/"Dig a Hole in the Ground," and a second LP slated for release this summer.

JAYNE SPENCER came to New York a couple of years ago from Dallas, Texas. She studies at the Actor's Studio, has performed in Off-Broadway theatre, writes songs, and sings. JON STEIN has been singing around the country as a solo act for ten years. He's performed on radio and TV. He heard Jayne Spencer at Cornelia Street Cafe's songwriters meet, fell in love with her voice, and voila! As a duo, SPENCER AND STEIN hve been singing around the New York area. In addition to their own act, they sing with the Hudson River Sloop Singers.

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



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The Coop offers advertisers an excellent, inexpensive means of reaching a broad cross section of folk and acoustic music enthusiasts, professional and amateur musicians, and songwriters.

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MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1 JIM \$3 GLOVER <i>Marilyn T.</i>	OOOO PPPP EEEE NNNN	3 BEN 8:30 SILVER \$3 <i>Cliff Rubin</i> <i>January & Ester</i>	WEDNESDAYS POETRY 7 TO 9 P.M.	4 Melody \$2 Daniela ALAN BECK <i>SUSAN PEPER</i>	5 LEFT FIELD \$3 HOLLY TANNEN	6 SOLDIERS FANCY BILL OCHS
8 JOHN GUTH Lydia \$3 Davis	MMMM IIII KKKK EEEE ON MONDAYS WITH	10 THE ROOMMATES <i>gary \$3</i> <i>Maixner</i>	11 BOB \$2 EIKE Carrie ROGER MANNING	12 HUGH BLUMENFELD BRIAN ROSE \$3	13 ERIK FRANDSEN TOM INTONDI MARTHA P. HOGAN	14 ERIC FRANDSEN TOM INTONDI MARTHA P. HOGAN
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29 DOUG \$3 WATERMAN KATHY DEVINE Judy Molner <i>Melody Daniela</i>	SIGN UP: 7:30 P.M.	31 Lisa Garrison \$2.50 GRANT ORENSTEIN	1 ENAMEL THE CAMEL	2 NEW SONGS NIGHT	ALL SHOWS 9:00 P.M. UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED	EVERYONE INVITED

Free FOLK FESTIVAL IN Central park SATURDAY MAY 7th 1-4PM AT THE 72nd STREET BANDSHELL WITH TOM INTONDI PAUL KAPLAN SUZANNE VEGA FRANK CHRISTIAN CARRIE RITA SPENCER CAROLYN McCOMBS JACK HARDY JANE BARRIE BELLES OF HOBOKEN DAVID MASSENGILL BEN SILVER ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN LEFT FIELD LOTS FOR BINNER THE FICKENBARS LYBIA DAVIS JAY BYRD DOUG WATERMAN

side one

credits

side two

- America (David Indian)
David Indian/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- Potter's Field (Jack Hardy)
Fresno Slim/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- An Oil Derrick Out By West Tulsa (Sis Cunningham)
Sis Cunningham/Vocal & Piano Accordion
Paul Kaplan/Guitar & Shouting
Ben Siebert/Shouting
- Free Man (Ray Lambiase)
Doug Waterman/Vocal & Guitar
Janet Stecher/Vocal
Marcie Boyd/Vocal
- I'm a Friend of the Foetus (Carole Rose Livingston)
Carole Rose Livingston/Vocal
Mark Dann/ Five Guitars & Bass
- Nothing (David Massengill)
David Massengill/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass

- Chain of Love (Josh Joffen & Paul Kaplan)
Late for Dinner:
Josh Joffen/Vocal
Ruth Ann Brauser/Vocal
Judith Zweiman/Vocal
- La Rosita de Broadway (Bob Norman)
Bob Norman/Vocal & Guitar
Laura Liben/Vocal & Dumbek & Percussion
Jose Luis Pascual/Vocal & Lead Guitar & Percussion
Paul Kaplan/ Vocal & Cuatro & Percussion
Jayne Spencer/Vocal
Jon Stein/Vocal
Mark Dann/Bass
- I Was Nixon's Plumber (Sherwood Ross)
(or How I Cleaned the White House Toilets and Saved America)
Sherwood Ross/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/ Bass and Toilets
- Long Black Wall (Michael Jerling)
Michael Jerling/Vocal & Guitar
Bob Warren/Guitar
Teresina Huxtable/Casio Keyboard
- Everything Possible (Fred Small)
Fred Small/Vocal & Guitar
- Nineteen Miles from Shoreham Town (Kirk Kelly)
Kirk Kelly/Vocal & Guitar
- We Shall Stay Here (Paul Kaplan)
Jon Stein/Vocal & Guitar
Jayne Spencer/Vocal
Mark Dann/Keyboards & Guitar