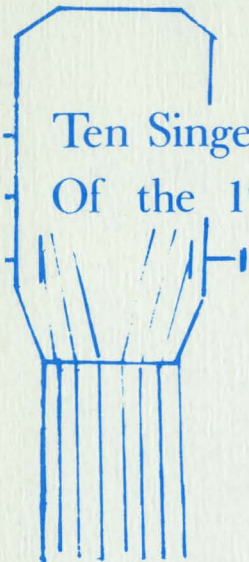


Ten Singer-Songwriters
Of the 1980's



COORDINATING PRODUCER:
MARC WINOKUR

SIDE I

- 1. LIBERTY
...Steve Strauss
- 2. BAG LADY
...Pat Wynne
- 3. THE WELL ADJUSTED MAN
...Marc Winokur
- 4. LOVE LOGIC
...Julie Sullivan
- 5. TRAINSONG
...John Fizer

SIDE II

- 1. THE BALLAD OF MEXICAN JOE
...Cris Plata
- 2. LIVIN' ALONE
...Keith Nichols
- 3. I NEVER HAD A LOVE LIKE THIS BEFORE
...Mary Jean Batten
- 4. HOW BLUE CAN YOU GET
...Allen Schwartz
- 5. HIROSHIMA
...Jim Wachtendonk

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INNER GROOVE MUSIC (BMI)

Cover Design...Alex Pietersen

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An  INFINITY FLOWER PRODUCTION
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5565

ORIGINAL

FOLK

ORIGINAL FOLK — Ten Singer-Songwriters of the 1980's

FOLKWAYS FD 5565

ORIGINAL FOLK



ORIGINAL FOLK

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SONGS PERFORMED BY THE WRITERS

ORIGINAL FOLK

- CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SONGS PERFORMED BY THE WRITERS -

Coordinating Producer: MARC WINOKUR

SIDE I

1. LIBERTY

... music & lyrics by Steve Strauss

*My goodness golly gee, I've got my liberty
So one more time, of me I say,
Seems just like yesterday, she chose to come my way,
But something seems to screw up everything,*

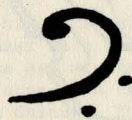
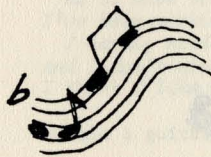
*I don't really blame her,
Well I wasn't always there,
Now you never can be, 'cause she's given you the air,
So I'm back, out on the street,
Shake the dust, flat off my feet,
One more time I got my liberty.*

*I ain't really worried,
There's a girl for every guy,
Just hope this guy gets lucky,
'fore he's got too old to try.*

*Sometimes one can't be pleasin',
Well, for once you've got a reason
Like new shoes it takes time to get used to,
Your liberty
One more time, it takes time to get used to,
One more time, I got my liberty*

Vocals, guitar, acoustic bass: Steve Strauss
Harmonica: Paul Green
Drums: Bill Maguiness

Steve Strauss can be readily found backing up acoustic combos at hootenannies and clubs in the Bay Area of Northern California. He seems to appear out of nowhere with his stand-up fiddle and has become a master of the hornless horn and "Kazoo blue" sound. His versatility as a musician is only suggested in this recording and he is no less a songwriter. Steve is currently playing with singing cowboy groups in and around the Bay Area.



2. BAG LADY

... music & lyrics by Pat Wynne

*If I had a million dollars
Then, I could be happy.
If my pants were lined with mink,
Then I think, I could be happy.*

*But I can't buy a room
And I feel, yes, I feel,
That there's no light at the end of the
tunnel.*

CHORUS: (Spoken)
*If life is a joke,
Why isn't everyone laughing?*

*If I were rich and made big deals,
Then, I would be happy.
With the power I could steal, a gourmet meal,
Then, I'd be happy.*

*But I can't buy a meal,
And I feel, yes, I feel,
There is no light at the end of the
tunnel.*

CHORUS: (Spoken)
*If life is a joke
Why aren't you all laughing?*

*The bigwigs like to drop their bombs, a little napalm,
It makes them happy.
Take their jets and fly away, to San Tropez,
And then they're happy.*

*But I can't buy a ride,
And I feel etc.*

CHORUS: (Just sinister laughter)

*If I had a red Rolls Royce,
Then I could be happy.
If I had Michael Jackson's voice,
Then I could be happy.*

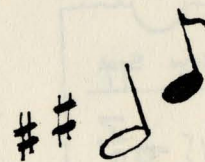
*But I don't have that choice,
And I feel etc.*

CHORUS: (Spoken)
*Maybe there are more intelligent species out in the universe.
Maybe they're watching all this
Maybe they're laughing.*

Piano & vocals: Pat Wynne
Congas: Owen Davis
Bass: Brooke Shoenfield

Pat Wynne is a political performer and composer. Her original songs address issues which touch our lives, our work, and our world. They embody the spirit of gospel, the rhythm of rock and roll, or perhaps the haunting lilt of the ballad. Pat is committed to changing the world through music. By using her talents both as vocalist and accomplished pianist, she moves her audience from belly laughs to tears...and back again.

A member of the Freedom Song Network, Pat is a voice teacher by profession with a B.A. in music and an M.A. in counseling. She is currently working on a labor video as music/cultural consultant and performer. In her non-musical moments, Pat is an active organizer in the Radical Therapy movement. She is founder and administrator of the Mobilization Support Network, which offers support services to social change organizations.



3. THE WELL ADJUSTED MAN

... music & lyrics by Marc Winokur

He's got a job pays 90 grand,
A ten room house on a lot of land,
He's got 3 kids and a beautiful wife,
A tennis court it's a lovely life
He wears fashion designer jeans,
Runs around in limousines,
A well adjusted, healthy, happy man.

No, he don't need no whore for hire,
His woman is his sole desire,
His kids obey, they never fight,
Loves his neighbors, black and white,
He'll eat out 3 times a week,
Italian, Chinese, even Greek,
A well adjusted, healthy, happy man.

CHORUS:

Seven come eleven, they tell me
God is good
You might make it to heaven,
But you better knock on wood.

He likes T.V. comedy,
Got a subscription to the symphony
And he'll play ball with the company team,
A spokesman for the American Dream,
For the government, he has but praise,
The economy's just in a phase,
A well adjusted, healthy, happy man.

When things don't seem to go his way,
Well, he'll stand up and have his say,
And if he's worried 'bout the bomb,
He'll recite from the seventh psalm,
And the only way he'll give it up
Is if he runs out of his luck,
A well adjusted, healthy, happy man.

CHORUS.....

Vocals, guitar, harmonica: Marc Winokur
Keyboards: Howie Wyeth
Bass: Mark Dann

Marc Winokur is the quintessential heretic. Although he has refined the rough edges of his expression, he remains a modern malcontent. "The process," he claims, "in a free society goes beyond making a living. It is often embedded in one's struggle to resolve the contradictions inherent in being dissatisfied, critical, and rebellious, while accepting and coming to terms with one's liberty and material needs." It's a fine line he's walked with his knapsack and guitar for over 15 years, writing, performing, and "crashing" on an array of couches and makeshift situations. He's worked jobs ranging from public school teaching to door-to-door fundraising for environmental sanity. He is the producer of this album.

4. LOVE LOGIC

... music & lyrics by Julie Sullivan

Hearts can go wanderlust,
But logic is long,
It tells me there is reward
For being alone.
I sang for the dancer,
To dance with the queen,
I tried to do better
Than what I had seen.

I struggle with passion,
But my heart rules my brain,
It tells me there's no reward
For trying to abstain.
My rationale rambles,
We wipe the slate clean,
And try to do better,
Than what we have been.

Well I got my reasons,
For staying in sight,
But I'll venture outwards,
If you're so inclined,
Some days are brighter,
Some eyes are blue,
Blue as the ocean,
I hope they are true.

I struggle with passion,
But my heart rules my brain,
It tells me there's no reward,
For trying to abstain.
This day is brighter,
Your eyes are blue,
Blue as the clearest sky,
I know they are true.

Vocals & guitar: Julie Sullivan
Violin: Tony Marcus
Keyboards: Ben Shemeul
Bass: Joseph Marc

Julie Sullivan is an artist caught between color and sound, mind and emotion. In an attempt to blend these concepts and express her more passionate propensity, Love Logic came to be. She occasionally performs with the "Kitchenettes", the band behind the Brownies' at the Freight and Salvage coffeehouse and cabaret in Berkeley, California.

5. TRAINSONG

... music & lyrics by John Fizer

From memories of trains
As I watch them go bust.
Now how can I ride
On that Powhatan Arrow, home again?

CHORUS:

And it's good-bye to trains,
That rumbled and wailed,
They're way out of usefulness and time,
The Norfolk and Western, the Southern,
and Virginia Line.

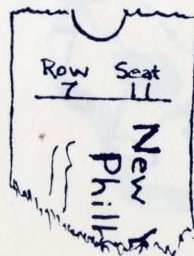
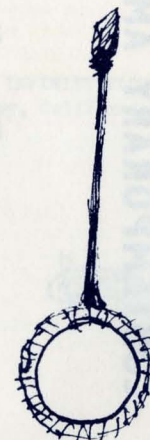
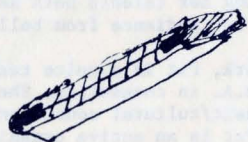
The Warm Morning Stove,
The cold morning floor,
The train whistle don't blow
Out my back door no more;
So I might as well go,
Out to California, alone again.

And it's good-bye cold mornings,
That greeted my feet,
With linoleum icing-glass chimes,
So long, Virginia, I'll be seeing you,
By and by.

CHORUS...(repeat)

Vocal & guitar: John Fizer

John Fizer is probably as authentic an American contemporary folk singer as you can find. Playing the "hoots" and gigging from Virginia to New England - out across Texas and the plains to California; his feeling for the last great steam trains of the 40's and 50's are captured here in his nostalgic and personal reminiscence of their glory. His memories of crossing the Roanoke River Trestle and, as a kid, waiting by the tracks for the passenger trains to chug by, in all their majesty, are part of an American folk experience that can only be recreated here in the 1980's. Those fortunate enough to have caught a fleeting glimpse of these classics in motion will agree with Mr. Fizer when he claims "few machines built by man, resonate with the human heart like the trains of this bygone era."



1. THE BALLAD OF MEXICAN JOE
... music & lyrics by Cris Plata

A horse on the run, in the sky sits a sun,
And in the west the moon is settin'
The law and order followed me across the border,
They were sent here to fetch me,
So they could stretch me
On a ten foot road.

CHORUS:

I'm Mexican Joe, ridin' high and hidin' low,
I've run out of places
That I can call my own
I know somewhere there's a bullet with my name,
So I'm sleeping with my 6-gun,
I don't want to die alone,
I'm sleeping with my 6-gun
Only friend I've ever known.

Well I ride with Pancho Villa
Until the bitter end,
And when his life is over,
That's where mine, it begins,
I've luck n' out of money,
But mostly out of need,
I saddled up my stallion,
Rode away upon that steed.

Headed north across the border,
Just to see what I could find,
But trouble found me first
And led me to this life of crime
Stealing anything that I could get,
And some that I could not,
I could feel the hangman's noose,
Waiting for the final knot.

CHORUS...

Well I ride a silver stallion
The color of the moon,
He's swifter than the wicked winds
That blow on desert dunes
And the notches on my gun
Were carved by death herself,
Well she lent a helping hand,
But the rest I did myself.

A horse on the run, in the sky sits a sun,
And in the west the moon is setting.
The law and order followed me across the border,
They were sent here to fetch me,
So they could stretch me
On a ten foot road

CHORUS...

Ol' Mexican Joe, where will you go?

Vocals & guitar: Cris Plata

The great love story of the Mexican and his horse has been well documented in his music. The corridos (ballads) he has written always describe very poetically his mounted steed.

I remember as a child hearing all the stories and songs about horses (they were one of my father's favorite type of corrido). Songs like El Prieto Azabache, El Caballo Ensilado, El Siete Leguas and El Caballo Prieto are imprinted in my memory.

Corridos of bandits, Pancho Villa, Zapata, and men who rode and fought along side or against them for the independence of Mexico, were always very much in evidence in our home.

The tale of how we came to have the name Plata is based on my grandfather's life story. My grandfather rode with Francisco Villa and after the revolution lost his vision of right and wrong (like many men do after a war). He just concentrated on survival. He became an outlaw, stealing horses and silver. He came to be known as "El Bandido de Plata", the silver bandit. Thus we came to have the name Plata.

In the tradition of the Mexican Corridos, I have written this song for my grandfather.

Cris Plata is a Mexican-American, born and raised in south Texas.

2. LIVIN' ALONE
... music & lyrics by Keith Nichols

I was just passin' by
so I thought I'd stop in.
I figured you'd be working here tonight.
I'll take a cup of that coffee
and a sweet peacan roll,
Your hair looks so different in this light.
I've been meaning to call you
but you know how it goes
And I really haven't had too much time.
I've been working all along,
I hardly notice that you're gone.
And I don't mind tellin' you,
I think I like this livin' alone.

I've been doin' lots of walkin'
just the way we used to do,
but the air's a little colder than before.
So I walk a little faster
and I cover more ground,
you know we used to walk so awful damn slow.
And it's so quiet outside
that I get lost in my stride
and I start thinkin' out loud
Another block, another mile,
another day and gone.
And I don't mind tellin' you,
I think I like this livin' alone.

It don't matter if I make it into bed no more,
Sleepin' on the couch is just the same
Cause there ain't nobody there now
in the middle of the night
wakin' up scared and callin' my name
No more fightin' for covers,
no disturbing each other
No more lyin' there and talkin' til dawn
And this bed's been getting bigger
every night that you've been gone
And I don't mind tellin' you,
I think I like this livin' alone.

I'll take my check if you please,
I've got to get out of here
and I know you've got some cleanin' up to do
I'll be meeting some friends
down at the local shot and beer
I don't suppose you'd like to come along too?
Well maybe some other day when you can get away
We'll have to go and get us a Ball
I've been working all along,
I hardly notice that you're gone
And I don't mind tellin' you,
I think I like this livin' alone.

Vocals & guitar: Keith Nichols

Keith Nichols is a songwriter whose subtle cordings and homespun lyrics blend together with crystal melodies to tickle our daily lives with both humor and compassion.

Keith began his performing career in the mid 60's as a drummer in a high school sock-hop band. Since then he has studied guitar and song-smithing, and has sung with the Grant Park Symphony Chorus in Chicago. This diverse background, and his love for a good story, have provided him with songs that are imaginative to the young and old.

Keith has been performing in the Chicago area clubs and coffeehouses for the last year. His concerts can be like a trip to the amusement park to watch some straight-shooter knock down all of the kewpie dolls on one thin dime. Or, standing in front of the fun house mirrors to see ourselves stretched in many different ways.

He's Folk..He's Jazz. He's just plain Fun.



3. I NEVER HAD A LOVE LIKE THIS BEFORE
... music & lyrics by Mary Jean Batten

I never had a love like this before.
I never gave my heart to someone like you..
I never knew just what exactly I was lookin' for
but when you came along I knew.

I never had a love like this before.
I never knew the feeling lasted so long.
I didn't realize that everyday
could make it more,
and time could make it ever so strong.

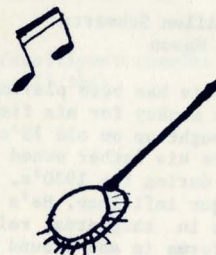
and when you touch me
I still feel that same warm glow
That I did so long ago, that summer we met.
and when you hold me
can't imagine lettin' go
'cause you're the one I never wanna let
out of my life
no, I never had a love like
no, I never had a love like
I never had a love like this before..

Vocals: Mary Jean Batten
Bass: John Massetti
Lead Guitar: John Putman
Keyboards: Tom Kuhn
Drums: Robert Bond

Mary Jean began writing music as a teenager, when she learned to play the guitar. At college she performed at local clubs and the college coffee-house, both solo and with other groups and musicians. She received a B.A. in special education, with a concentration in music.

She then moved to N.Y.C., where she studied 3 years of voice, and 1 year at a songwriter's workshop. She has been playing with her own band at various Manhattan clubs for the past 5 years.

She also works as a teacher of emotionally handicapped children, where she has been able to use music as a creative outlet and therapeutic tool.



4. HOW BLUE CAN YOU GET

... music & lyrics by Allen Schwartz

How blue can you get?

Hey, I wouldn't answer that on a bet
Sometimes I wish these blues would let me alone,
Doggone if my friends, know what to do,
They might have, a trick or two
But when it comes to being blue,
Don't wait for a call on the phone
Hey, the ace that you had in the hole is gone,
Go and ask for a job they'll be puttin' you on
How blue? How blue can you get?
Hey there's no blues like not knowin',
Where it's comin' from tomorrow,
There's no blues like findin' out that
Your brand new sorrow is just the same
Ol' story, pain and no glory

Hey sorry is exactly what I mean,
You've got to dress blues in an olive drab green
And if you're stoned out of luck,

You get it ultramarine.

How blue can you get? When you got
Your own personal national debt,
You might be headin' for the bottom,
But you ain't seen it yet,
How blue? How blue can you get?
Hey, there's the blues in the sky,
And there's blue in Frank Sinatra's eyes
And there's a cobalt blue that'll make you glow
I don't know 'bout the deep blue sea,
Sure can tell you 'bout the blues in me.
There're the blues of a bird, longing to be free,
True blue is what I'm talking about
Hey, it's blues you can't live with,
And can't live without,
I don't care if I never find out
How blue? How blue can you get?
Go and ask me a question
'Bout my baby blues, but baby there's one question,
How blue can you get?
They got that red for courage,
White for loyalty
I know they save those blues for me,
How blue? How blue can you get?
Hey, it's the white house, it's for you,
And they're calling collect,
They want to know,
How blue? How blue can you get?

Vocals & guitar: Allen Schwartz

Percussion: Eddie Mason

Allen Schwartz has been playing and performing since trading in a monkey for his first guitar at age 16. He was brought up on old 78's, collected from a record store his father owned for a while in Greenwich Village during the 1930's. He attributes Leadbelly as a major influence. He's worked in various capacities in shipyards, railroads, libraries, and currently performs in and around the Chicago area. His focus as a performer is "peoples' struggles" for democracy and a better life.

Backing him up is an imaginative percussionist, Eddie Mason, also a Chicago area musician.

5. HIROSHIMA

... music & lyrics by Jim Wachtendonk

CHORUS:

Hiroshima, I can feel you in the wind,
Hiroshima, that a nation zeroed in

It's a loading of an A-bomb
On a bomber winged fast,
It's a quiet Japanese morning
Just moments before the blast
It's a city soon from rising,
To a fire-ball surprise
You'd have only to see their faces,
The pain was burned in their eyes.

CHORUS

It's a country who's deciding
Who's to live and who's to die,
And tons of fire-power climbing,
The ground up to the sky
And we keep on risking madness,
It might come as no surprise
To the northwest, Nagasaki lies

CHORUS

Vocals, guitar, & beads: Jim Wachtendonk

Jim Wachtendonk is an American voice with a message from an all too silent generation. Whether he is writing about the world through the eyes of a Vietnam vet, a husband, or a poet, his songwriting cuts clean and deep into the heart of the American Dream, and reminds us of the struggles and hopes of our people.

The song Hiroshima came out of Hiroshima Day 1982, and was written for a commemorating concert in the Quad-Cities of Iowa. He draws his imagery for this haunting recording from conversations with his father who was a bombadeer during World War II.

All songs published by INNER GROOVE MUSIC
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This album was recorded in several different studios, in 2-16 track formats. It was re-mastered at O.R.A. Studios in N.Y.C., Emile Zoghby, engineer.

PRODUCER'S NOTES

Although preparation for this album actually began in the fall of 1979, it did not really get into gear until early 1985. From February through November I lived in a dozen different spaces from California to Wisconsin; Illinois, New Jersey, and New York. Actually, I would have liked to travel more extensively and produced songs from other Parts of the country as well. Certainly, the Northwest, New England, and the Rocky Mountains have their share of "Original Folk". But resources are, indeed, limited.

In one town, just a few months ago, someone casually suggested what "fun" I must be having, travelling around the country collecting songs...not quite. Granted, putting an album like this together can be an interesting exciting experience. But just a few words on the problematic parameters.

The most frustrating aspect of the entire project had to be the time gaps, where I could do nothing...but wait. Being actively involved in discussions with the writers, studio work, even 13-hour marathon post production sessions were no problem. But because of people's varying schedules and availability, I found myself pursuing a "holding pattern" in each of the towns in which I worked. Not being able to commit myself to anything (or anyone) while not being able to move on until the songs were signed, sealed, and delivered.

It also became clear that a hearty hand-shake and a verbal "resolve" to get something together does not necessarily mean anything. In the most frustrating circumstances, discussions could go on for weeks before it became obvious that they were to no avail.

These difficulties, the problems in receiving mail, phone calls, and various related logistical dilemmas involved essentially in transit, have made this production likely to be a once in a lifetime adventure.

In any case, I would like to offer my own thanks and congratulations to the writers and other folk who have taken the risk to help this project be realized. Hopefully it will bring a refreshing breath of air to the music world.

MARC WINOKUR (November 1985)

ORIGINAL FOLK is an INFINITY FLOWER PRODUCTION
(P.O. Box 5812 Berkeley, California 94705)

COVER DESIGN by Alex Pietersen

Alex Pietersen, a native of Holland, now living and working in the United States, has discovered a method by which he can create startling color images with a 3-dimensional appearance. Alex creates his images with no equipment other than a 35mm camera and a color slide film in one exposure. All of his work is hand printed. Even the most advanced computers have been unable to duplicate Alex's unique results.

SUPPLEMENTARY DESIGN by Betty Winkler

