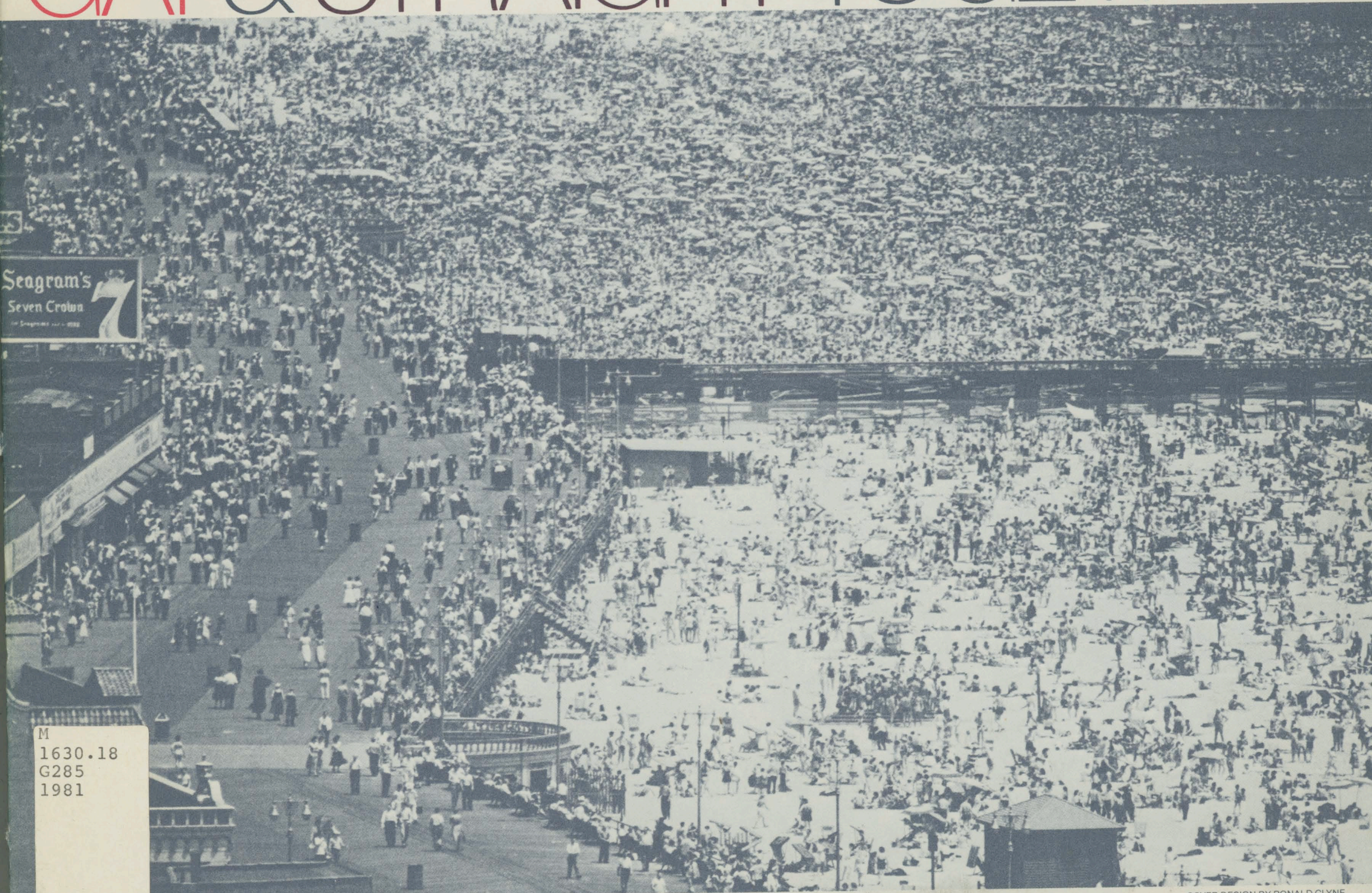


PRODUCED BY GINNI CLEMMENS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8580

# GAY & STRAIGHT TOGETHER



M  
1630.18  
G285  
1981

PHOTO BY ANDREAS FEININGER

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

MUSIC LP

**SIDE 1**

*Song for His 'n' Hers* by Jeffrey Jones

Jeffrey Jones, vocal and guitar

Larry Siegal, piano

*Pancake Blues* by Kitty Barber

Kitty Barber, vocal and guitar

*Love Somebody* by Malvina Reynolds

Ginni Clemmens, vocal and guitar

*Piney Creek Woman* by Nancy Schimmel

Nancy Schimmel, lead vocal

Giovanni Balteri, fiddle

Kathy Glaser, lead guitar and harmonica

Sandy Boucher, rhythm guitar

Ann Hershey, bass

Jill Lessing, drum

Kathy Glaser, Sandy Boucher, Ann Hershey, Jill Lessing,

Back-up vocals

*Penguin Walk Rag* by Lori Noelle

Lori Noelle, piano

*Wierd* by Diana Straight-as-an-Arrow

Wacker Drive:

Vivian Davis & John Salewski, vocals

Skip Harstirn, piano and vocal

**SIDE 2**

*How Nice* by Kristin Lems

Kristin Lems, vocal and piano

Tim Vear, bass

*Surprise* by Paula Walowitz

Paula Walowitz, vocal and guitar

Toni Armstrong, bass

*Lezzie Queer* by Judith Carsello

Judith Carsello, vocal and guitar

*If You Got Gayness* by Charlie Murphy

Charlie Murphy, vocal and guitar

*Carry It On* by Gill Turner

Dev Singh, vocal

*Lately I See* by Trisha Alexander

Trisha Alexander, vocal and guitar

*Dirty Old Woman* by Merle Markland

Merle Markland, vocal

*Old Woman* by Michelle Brody

Miss Saffman's Ladies Choir

Phyllis Saffman, director

Live recording-Richard Warren, courtesy of WFMT, Chicago

"Old Woman"-Victor Sanders, Ranger Records, Chicago

"Piney Creek Woman"-John Altman Recording, San Francisco

"If You Got Gayness"-Sound Studios, Chicago Producer: Ginni Clemmens

Art Direction: Bill Gamber and Ken Withers

Special Thanks:

Marge Summit (M.C.) WFMT-FM

The gang at His 'n' Hers

Carol Ann Kyrias

Richard Warren

© 1980 by Open Door Records

© © 1980 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.

43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

# GAY & STRAIGHT TOGETHER

PRODUCED BY GINNI CLEMMENS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8580

M  
1630.18  
6285  
1981

MUSIC LP

# GAY AND STRAIGHT TOGETHER

Produced by Ginni Clemmens

## SONG FOR HIS 'N' HERS

by Jeffrey C. Jones

I walked into the bar like it was poison;  
Afraid of the evils I might find.  
Well, imagine my surprise  
when I looked into people's eyes  
And didn't see one single soul  
that was outta their minds.

CHORUS:

*When you've nothin' to hide, you got nothin' to lose;  
You can be anything or do anything you choose.  
But don't let society give you the blues;  
When you've nothin' to hide, you got nothin' to lose.*

Not unlike every song, to this one there's a story,  
And looking past your fears, it's plain to see.  
Why by our shells are we defined,  
when inside we're all just minds?  
So let the you in you  
let the me in me just be!!

CHORUS

Jeffrey C. Jones, vocals & guitar  
Larry Siegal, piano

## THE PANCAKE BLUES

by Kitty Barber

Well, I went out last week and cut my hair to the bone,  
Suddenly you don't call me on the phone.  
Well, that's okay, I've got a real good book,  
Think I'll stay home and eat what I cook.

Yes, I wear a leather jacket one night.  
And later on, you're gettin' all uptight.  
Why don't you just go out and find someone else.  
I'm doin' fine right here admiring myself.

When I make up a batch of pancakes  
And they don't come out all round and flat and  
straight;  
I eat 'em anyway, because I don't believe in waste.  
Take my word, it makes no difference in the taste.

Yes, I am just what I appear to be.  
I'm not trying to be a man, I'm much too busy bein'  
me.

I am who I am and look how I look;  
And baby, I eat what I cook.

Just last night, I tried to fry myself an egg,  
But the yoke got broke and it got scrambled anyway.  
It looked a little funny, but why throw it away?  
It tasted a whole lot like a puffy soufflé!

So tell me, do you think that this is bad?  
Then how come it matters to you how I am clad?  
If you don't like the cover, do you throw away the  
book;  
Don't you open it up and take a second look?

Oh no, I'm not tryin' to be a male.  
If the package ain't too pretty, it's because I'm not for  
sale.

I am who I am and look how I look;  
And baby, I eat what I cook —  
Oh yes, I do —  
Baby, I eat what I cook!

Kitty Barber, vocals & guitar

## IF YOU GOT GAYNESS

by Charlie Murphy

They may try to cure you,  
Try to steal your truth away.  
But I expect any damn fool knows  
Good love is here to stay.  
No it ain't that easy,  
This old world ain't made that way.  
When you're setting free the love  
That brings a brighter day.

CHORUS:

*And if you got gayness,  
Just don't let it die inside you.  
And if you got gayness,  
Bring it out and you will grow.*

No wonder why they fear us,  
Try to chain our love with law;  
If everyone in this land shared love,  
This rotten system would surely fall.  
So if you're feeling crazy,  
Just like you don't belong;  
Liberate your gayness  
Brothers and sisters are here  
To help you along.

CHORUS

This struggle ain't for nothing.  
All our work is not in vain.  
There's plenty of joy in the freedom from  
Those worn-out domination roles they play.  
Now I know better than anyone else  
What feels right to me.  
For me there ain't no loving like  
Sweet gay loving;  
How it sets my spirit free.

CHORUS

That we can love as equals,  
That's what's really got them scared.  
The bonds are built up on power  
That they don't know how to share.  
God won't save all of the children  
From the family plan.  
So we're liberating gayness  
All across this land.

CHORUS

Charlie Murphy, vocals & guitar

## THANK YOU ANITA

by Charlie King

I am the gay one afraid of the straight one;  
I kept out of sight and I thought I'd get by.  
But you and your cause, it pushed me from the closet  
Now I lift up my head and I sing to the sky.

I am the straight one, afraid of the gay one;  
I thought they'd *make me one* if I offered my hand.  
But since your fiasco, we're marching to Friseo;  
200,000 strong and we're walking as friends.

You thought you'd divide us, but instead you unite us.  
The lesson you taught us, we knew all along.  
We all end up better by standing together.  
As brothers and sisters we're singing this song.

Thank you Anita, you couldn't been sweeter.  
The people that feed ya won't need ya for long.  
Me, I'm just hanging loose, boycotting orange juice.  
As long as your on the loose, we're singing this song.

Chorus:

*Thank you Anita, you couldn't have been sweeter  
You brought us together like never before  
Thanks to your mission, your new found profession  
It's now your obsession, not mine anymore.*

Ginni Clemmens, vocals & guitar

## CARRY IT ON

by Gil Turner

There's a man by my side walking.  
There is a voice within me talking.  
There's a word that needs a saying:

CHORUS:

*Carry it on.  
Carry it on.  
Carry it on.  
Carry it on.*

They will tell their lying stories.  
Send their dogs to bite our bodies.  
They will lock us in the prison.

CHORUS

All their dogs will lie there rotten.  
All their lies will be forgotten.  
All their prison walls, they will crumble.

CHORUS

If you can't go on any longer,  
Take the hands of your sisters and brothers;  
Every victory—God bring another.

CHORUS

There's a man by my side walking.  
There is a voice within me talking.  
There's a word that needs a saying:

CHORUS

Dev Singh, vocals

## YOU SURE ARE WEIRD

by Diana Straight-as-an-arrow

CHORUS:

*You have charisma, but you sure are weird.  
You have charisma, but you sure are weird.  
You have, you have, yes you do,  
But you're weird, weird, weird, weird, weird.*

You're house is run-down camp medieval;  
The shutter's loose and bangs in the wind.  
The creaking floors suggest something evil,  
I wonder why I ever came in.  
But then again, I look in your eyes.  
I think I'll have to be exorcized!

CHORUS

Your manner is so formal but charming,  
You're right out of the Thirties, it seems.  
Your smile can be so downright disarming  
But your eyes have the spookiest gleam.  
But then again, there's always your arms  
How could you ever lead me to harm?

CHORUS

Like wind in the leaves, there are whispers  
That your ex-lovers meet evil times.  
And when you take your work to the dungeon  
I must say I get chills down my spine.  
But then again, there's your sweet caress  
How could it ever turn to a hex?

CHORUS

Wacker Drive (Skip Harstirn, vocals & piano; Vivian  
Davis, vocals; John Salewski, vocals)

## LATELY I SEE

by Tricia Alexander

Lately I see, I'm a long time travelin'  
Learning each day that I've been on the road.  
Fascinates me how my life's unravelin';  
How like a river it flows,  
How like the way that a flower unfolds.

Never been sure where the road is goin';  
Always been sure when I'm on the right track.  
Fascinates me, the way I'm growin'.  
What lies ahead gets a little clearer  
Every time that I look back.

Tricia Alexander, vocals & guitar

## HOW NICE

by Kristim Lens

How nice! A tender untried feeling  
Is growing in his heart when he sees his lover's  
glances.  
How nice! She finds him quite appealing  
But holds herself apart, still prefers not to take  
chances!

He finds her name in poetry, she finds him on TV.  
They cast themselves as famous lovers back through  
history.  
But if both of them were women or if both of them  
were men,  
Who would be their famous lovers then?

How nice! They're starting to go steady.  
He calls her every day, and they're going out together.  
How nice! Their parents think they're ready,  
It will happen anyway—you can't hold them back  
forever.

He's proud of her intelligence, she's proud of his  
physique.  
They're proud to be in public, at the prom they're  
cheek to cheek.  
But if both of them were women or if both of them  
were men,  
Where could they dance together then?

How nice! They're feeling so romantic,  
They're kissing on the street, they see no one but each  
other.  
How nice! No reason to get frantic—  
It's really pure and sweet—they look like sister and  
brother.

They stand in lines for movies and they hold each  
other tight;  
Go out with other couples hand in hand under the  
lights.  
But if both of them were women or if both of them  
were men,  
Where could they show affection then?

How nice! They're going to be married.  
They're parents were so worried that there wouldn't  
be a wedding.  
How nice! Traditions have been carried.  
Now the family's in a flurry—oh, it's such a happy  
ending!

With rings and vows and showers they will certify their  
love,  
With presents from the relatives and blessings from  
above.  
But if both of them were women or if both of them  
were men.  
Who would congratulate them then?

Kristen Lens, vocals & piano  
Tim Vear, bass guitar

## SURPRISE

by Paula Walowitz

Are you married? Well, no.  
Then your single? S'poze so;  
At least that's what it's called, I understand.  
Oh, I'll bet (wink, wink) that you're  
living with your boyfriend,  
Well, I've got an open mind.  
Well, no, in fact my room-mate is  
a very good woman-friend of mine.

CHORUS No. 1:

*Surprise, I'm a lesbian!  
And goodness here I am again;  
Dodging all the questions while staying on my toes.  
Explaining why there is no man in my life.  
I'm a loner I suppose.*

When actually I'm loving my life  
With the person of my dreams.  
And tho I should keep it under my hat,  
There are times when I wanna scream:

CHORUS No. 1

I'm looking forward to the day  
When I can say, "Surprise, I'm gay!"  
And the people at work will smile and say,  
"That's nice... where are we going to lunch today?"

CHORUS No. 2:

*Surprise, I'm a lesbian!  
Being only as I am.  
Being as I've chosen to be:  
A woman-loving woman standing up against the  
lies,  
And sharing her delightful surprise.*

I'm looking forward to the day  
When I can say, "Surprise, I'm gay!"  
And the people at work will smile and say,  
"That's great! Let's go out and celebrate!"

CHORUS No. 2

Paula Walowitz, vocals & guitar  
Toni Armstrong, bass guitar

## LEZZIE QUEER

by Judith A. Carsello

When it comes to athletics, you know how Americans  
are,  
If an athlete's really great, she can become a star  
And be the idol of all, famous and rich and  
Here's how it could happen, with just a minor switch.

It was 1984, at the Olympic races,  
Some American woman just won nine first places  
And they asked her, "How'd you do it girl?", she says  
"I'll tell you alright,

You know, I worked really hard, and besides, I'm a  
dyke!"

Well, their jaws just hang, they don't know what to  
say,  
"Gets up in front of the world and tells'm she's gay?"  
On satellite T.V., she said it all right  
But she's the champ so people just may accept this  
dyke.

So she goes back home, and reluctantly but definitely,  
they begin to cheer  
Seems kinda novel when your hero's a queer  
And those adolescent girls and boys, they forgot their  
drugs and beer  
'Cause suddenly, it's the status thing, to be a Lezzie  
Queer!

CHORUS No. 1:

*Lezzie Queer, Lezzie Queer,  
Now everybody wants to be a Lezzie Queer.  
From preschool children to Grandma dear,  
Everybody wants to be a Lezzie Queer!*

Well, business catches on, promoting a "Tomboy"  
line of toys  
They got Lesbian bicycles, for girls and for boys  
And even T.V. has seen the light,  
They got the cartoon adventures of "Ultra Dyke"!

Barbie and Midge, they'd forget about Ken  
But they'd ask him out to play every now and then  
Scripts would be different for Shirley and Laverne,  
But Lenny and Squiggy and Papa would learn

CHORUS No. 2:

*Lezzie Queer, Lezzie Queer  
No longer does that name invoke hate and fear  
You can say it with respect now and give yourself a  
cheer,  
Everybody wants to be a Lezzie Queer.*

Maybe it could, it could happen this way  
Folks'd be embarrassed for *not* being gay  
And a whole new age of Lezzie Queers would get  
under way

And when we think about it, all we can say is

CHORUS No: 1

Judith A. Carsello, vocals & guitar

## PINEY CREEK WOMAN

by Nancy Scimmel

Build me a house on Piney Creek Road,  
'Cause it would sound so good in a song.  
'Bout how I left old Piney Creek  
And went West and wild and wrong.  
Tell how I moved to the city  
And started living in sin  
With a woman out there with real short hair  
And a big old country grin.

When I saw her in a Frisco disco,  
I didn't mean to flirt.  
But she looked just like a Piney Creek woman,  
In her boots and jeans and shirt.  
So I went up and started talking  
'Bout my home on Piney Creek;  
And before I knew what hit me,  
We were dancing cheek to cheek.

Well, I was raised in a Christian home  
And I didn't know what to say  
So I didn't say nothing till later  
And by then she'd asked me to stay.  
We've been together for a couple of years  
And it seems like we've always been.  
And I'm glad I found a city woman  
'Cause I'm not tame enough for city men.

I wouldn't look strange back in Piney Creek  
'Cause the changes are all inside;  
I've got the same old grin, determined chin  
And independent stride.  
To the jeans and shirt, I've added  
Just a labrys and a pack;  
But I've given up steak for tofu,  
And I know I can't go back.

## DIRTY OLD WOMAN

by Merle Markland

I meet all you people and I think you're great.  
Now what do you think of me. I don't know,  
But I'm here to put the record straight.  
You may think I'm just a sweet old lady  
Here to spread good will.  
But you're all wrong.  
I'm a dirty old woman  
Looking for a thrill.

Now the good book says I'm a dirty old woman  
And I may not get to heaven.  
But I had to tell my story  
And I couldn't make it plainer  
So what the heck if I don't get there  
I don't care, because I never did like  
being around strangers.

Now my memory goes back to the good old days  
When I was young, carefree and gay.  
Oh what I'd give to meet someone around my age  
Who's convinced that she's not thru  
But lonesome too.  
So come on baby, come out of that closet.  
And give me a call  
It's better than being alone, crying.  
And if we don't score who cares,  
We had a lot of fun trying.

Merle Markland, Vocals

## OLD WOMAN

by Michelle Brody

I wanna live to be an old woman, old woman, old  
woman.

I wanna live to be an old woman,  
Laughin' at the sunset, gum a piece of chicken.  
I wanna live to be an old woman, sittin' on the porch.  
I wanna live to be a deep sea diver,  
A parachute jumper and an old woman  
Shawl on my shoulder, gum a piece of chicken,  
Diggin' in the yard.

I wanna live to be a radish grower,  
A baseball thrower and an old woman  
I wanna live to be an old woman  
Diggin' in the yard.

I wanna live to be an old woman,  
Shawl around my shoulder, gum a piece of chicken  
Sittin' on the porch and laughin' at the sunset  
Diggin' my new home.

I wanna live to be an old woman, old woman, old  
woman  
I wanna live to be an old woman sittin' on the porch.

Miss Saffmans Ladies Choir, Vocals

LITHO IN U.S.A.

