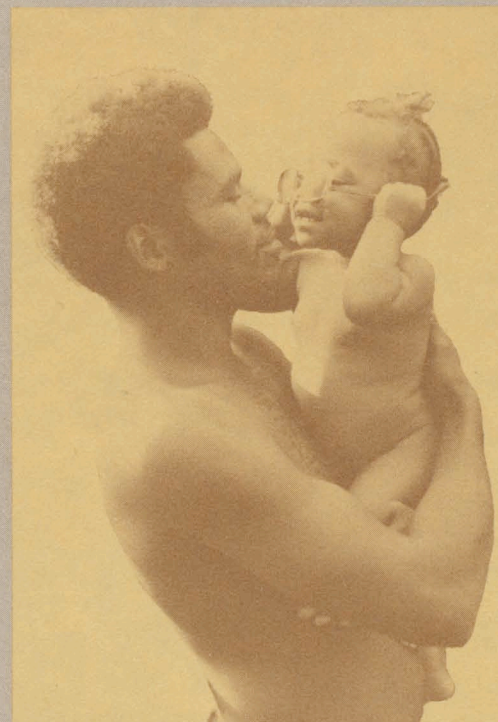
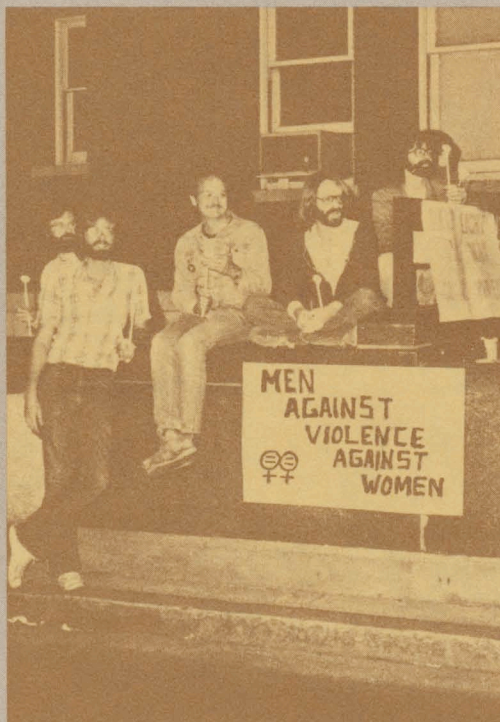


WALLS TO ROSES



Songs of Changing Men

M
1630.18
W215
W215
1978

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37587

SIDE 1

Gay Spirit
Brothers
Walls To Roses
The Matador
The Flowers, The Weeds

SIDE 2

Are You Karen Silkwood?
For My Men Friends
The Sensitive Little Boy
Tears Falls From The Sky
When Will The Ignorance End?

*Recorded by: Karen T. Kane
Jeff Bradley*

*at Wave Form Studios, Watertown, MA
Intermedia Studios, Boston
Studio 44, Wayland, MA*

ON August 14, 15, 16 and 23, 1978

*Mixed by: Karen T. Kane
David Greenberg
Jeff Langley
Willie Sordill*

*Produced by: Willie Sordill
Robbie Rosenberg
Karen T. Kane
and the songwriters*

Album jacket and booklet design conceived by: Robbie Rosenberg, Michael Hussin, and Ted Clausen

Written material conceived, edited and compiled by: Eric Gordon, and Robbie Rosenberg

Official Tallier: Jonny Golden

*Front Cover Photographs: Ken Rabb, Ellen Shub, Cabylah
Booklet and Back Cover Photographs: Ellen Shub*

Special Assistance with musical arrangements: Marcia Taylor and Cercie Miller

Project conception and coordination: Willie Sordill



WALLS TO ROSES

Songs of Changing Men

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37587

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FTS 37587

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WALLS TO ROSES

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MUSIC LP

"Walls to Roses" is the conception of a seventeen-member collective of men. We came together from across the nation, combining our energies with those of six New England—area women for the specific purpose of creating a record which supports the struggle against sexism in its broadest sense and strives for a more positive vision of masculinity.

As males, we have come to see how women suffer the oppression of sexism. We recognize that just by being men we have benefited from the deeply entrenched male supremacy of our society, and that heterosexual men similarly have an advantage over gay men and lesbians. At the same time, we know how the narrow role limitations patriarchy imposes on us keep all of us from realizing our humanity more fully.

We must properly credit the women's and gay liberation movements for leading us to examine the meaning of masculinity in our culture. For almost a decade now, men sympathetic with these struggles have gained inspiration and insight from listening to the brilliant music our sisters have created. Somewhere along the line a few of us who felt moved in a musical direction began to write songs reflecting our own experiences.

The Third National Gathering on Men and Masculinity in Des Moines, Iowa in March 1977 provided an opportunity for Geof Morgan and Willie Sordill to share songs of this nature. The enthusiastic response proved that men were hungering for music expressing a more positive vision of what it could mean to be a man. Within the next few months Willie contacted other men known to be writing such songs for the purpose of creating a record. In January 1978, Moe Asch of Folkways Records, having auditioned some sample material agreed to put out this album by relatively unknown musicians.

Most of us had never met before we began work at 9 a.m. on a steamy Saturday, August 12 in a Cambridge living room. We had come from as far away as Minneapolis, Denver, Portland (Oregon) and San Francisco, from as close as around the corner. After our all too brief initial introductions, we started the process of selecting the ten songs for the album out of the sixty that men had sent in from around the country. We looked for songs showing the variety of our experiences as men, and for an exciting mix of musical and lyrical styles. We tried to include songs that reflect some of our other concerns, too. For as a collective, we are unified in our commitment to replace a society which values white, male heterosexual prerogatives with one which is truly egalitarian with regard not only to sex and sexual orientation, but to race, ethnic background, age, creed and class.

In choosing the best songs and arrangements we would, we had to overcome the inevitable individual feelings of hurt and rejection in the higher interest of the final collective result. That accounts for the more frequent appearance of some names than others on the album. Perhaps here is a good place to say that not every kind of participation can get mentioned in

the credits, and that all of us gave freely of ourselves in every way possible, with comments, car rides, meal preparation, housing and other necessary back-up work. We are equally proud of our accomplishment.

One issue we debated was the question of participation on the album by women—how much and in what capacities? Not all men who claim to be re-examining their masculinity actually do much to better the lives of women. Frankly, we are skeptical of a men's movement that amounts to little more than the traditional male bonding and that leaves behind the responsibility of building a new society. We felt that one small way we could concretely express our politics was to hire women as our supporting musicians, technical engineer and photographer, and to pay and give due credit for this work.

Our selection of material deals with many of the issues we wanted to cover. Already, however, we are aware of certain omissions. We include songs about being a son, a brother and a friend, but none about being a father. There is no song on the album that directly discusses an ongoing male/female relationship. Because these ten songs do not focus more strongly on men's oppression of women, we are no longer happy with our working title for ourselves, "Men Against Sexism". Our intention was to include such songs, but we felt that those submitted were not strong enough.

We feel strongly committed to listening to and supporting the expression of Third World struggles worldwide, and feel a responsibility to help deflate the popular media image of the men's and gay movements as exclusively white, middle-class phenomena that as such have little to do with the lives of ordinary working folk. We feel that it is a shortcoming of the album that our efforts to achieve greater participation by Black, Spanish-speaking and other Third World people were not fruitful.

Furthermore, the album does not make entirely clear the connections most of us assume between male dominance and the nature of the world-wide capitalist, imperialist and militarist systems. How to achieve that in musically satisfying ways remains a problem. Some of us came to the project with vocal and instrumental talents, as well as with classical music background that could not be conveniently integrated into the songs. Finally, the three days of studio time we could afford often did not permit rolling a fourth or fifth "take"—the one that might have sounded absolutely perfect to the artists. None of this is an apology. It only shows how many more songs need to be written. If this album stimulates other songwriters and more material, we all stand to gain.

"Walls to Roses" forced all of us to juggle several questions at once. What is a man? What is music? What is collective work? What are we saying about our past and about our future? What is our voice? We are a diverse group, and each of our individual contributions has significantly changed the nature of this project from its original conception. Though we will continue to

change in the years ahead, this album stands as a partial statement of our collective view of the world at this time.

Though we are not all of one political mind, all of us believe in the power of human beings to change and grow, and in the transforming power of music. None of us who worked on this record will ever be quite the same. We have tapped resources within ourselves that men have traditionally left untouched. We hope that our belief in the positive joys of being a man will be communicated through our work. It is our further hope that our efforts are a real contribution to the important struggles women and men are waging for freedom everywhere.

We would truly enjoy hearing your responses to our work. If we can be of some help, or if you would like to contact any of us for possible engagements, please feel free to write us.

c/o Willie Sordill
20 Highland Ave. #3
Cambridge, MA 02139

SIDE 1

GAY SPIRIT

Narrow definitions of "gayness" block awareness in gay people of the deeper, more all-pervasive spiritual source that is at the essence of gayness. This, of course, serves the interests of the patriarchal system. The gay spirit springs from a place of balance and a passion for equality like the world has never known—yet!

1.

A G D
When we were born they tried to cover our eyes
A G D
Then they tried to tell us what to see
A G D
We are discovering that did not work
A G D
For we were born to be free

Chorus

- Gsus² D
There's a gay spirit singing in our hearts
Em A³us⁴ A
leading us through these troubled times
Gsus² D
There's a gay spirit moving round this land
Em A³us⁴ A G D
Calling us to a time of open love

2. When we were born they tried to put us in a cage
And tell our bodies what to feel
We have chosen to feel all the truth
That our bodies do reveal
3. We are no strangers to all the pain
that comes with fighting for our love
We are the outlaws in this lovesick land
Whose crime has only been to care.
4. You run and tell that ol' patriarch
we're no longer blind to his ways
You run and tell him we've stolen all the keys
To the prison he has made

5. Sometimes it gets too hard to feel all the joy
In the face of all the pain we see
But there's a healing place within our hearts
It's coming alive in you and me

Written by Charlie Murphy
Charlie Murphy: acoustic guitar, lead vocal
Ginny Bales: electric bass, supporting vocal
Michael Hussin: conga
David Greenberg: electric guitar
Ray Makeever: flute
Cercie Miller: alto sax
Chris Tanner, Marcia Taylor, Eric Gordon: supporting vocals

BROTHERS

I and others like me had been impatiently waiting for some man to make the kind of music that would speak to me the way women's music had been speaking to women. We finally realized that we had to begin to make it happen ourselves. And so, in 1976, my first song, "Brothers," was born.

(Introduction)

- Em
I heard another story today
C7
to add to the martyr list
Cm7
another suicide casualty
Gm
another gentle soul to be missed
Em
His name was Jeff
C7
only twenty-three
Cm7
all he wanted was to be touched by a man
Gm
oh so gently
Em
But we made him afraid of the pain
C7
and so he chose to die
Cm7 Gm
when he needed us where were you my friends and where was I
where was I?

(chorus)

- Cmaj7 Em7
Brothers can I share with you
Am7 G7
all of your crying
Cm7 Em7
Brothers can I share with you
Am7 Fmaj7 Am7 Fmaj7
all of your joy all of your joy
Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
It has not been easy to come out of the darkness
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
Let's not let our lives grow dim

Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
we are steadily growing with the rising of the tide
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
Let's not let our joy hide inside

(chorus)

Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
Brothers come with me down to the pool of change
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
and see the reflections of things to come
Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
reach out our hands to the images of tenderness
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
and softly touch our future

(chorus - Hermanos dejenme compartir con sigo todo su llanto

Hermanos dejenme compartir con sigo todo su
felicidad)

Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
There are many others of our sisters and brothers
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
that the darkness continues to hide
Dm7 Am7 Dm7 Am7
so we must continue changing with the phases of the moon
G7 Fmaj7 Am7
until we all control our own lives our own lives

(chorus)

Written by Chris Tanner

Chris Tanner: piano, lead vocal, supporting vocal
Charlie Murphy, Kenny Arkin: supporting vocals

WALLS TO ROSES

"I painfully recall all too many regretful incidents in my life. Oftentimes I've felt my nobler and more gentle instincts being overpowered by some rather crude, insensitive and very foreign voice which seemed to intervene and act for me. I suspect that "Foreign voice" was a creature of my conditioning. "Walls to Roses" is both a diary of my self-imposed therapy to strengthen my more gentle voice and a celebration of how the results have changed my life.

SIDE 1

C7 F/c Csus4 C
Father I can't see how you saw me an athlete,

Gm7/c C
I sweated each season for you.

C7 F/c Csus4 C
It seemed like these fingers did better with singers

Gm7/c C
But I needed a smile from you.

C7 F/c Csus4 C
The day of the series I played pretty dreary

Gm7/c C
But I broke my left elbow for you

C7 F/c Csus4 C
I know I disgraced you, I just couldn't face you

Gm7/c C
And I cried all night in my room.

Dm7 G C
Well I gotta tell you that I'm glad it's over
Bb/F F Dm G
I've waited so long just to be your friend
C F/c Csus4 C
I hope you've erased all your thoughts about baseball
Gm7/c C
I'm feeling so good about you.

Chorus:

Dm G C
Golly gee Moses
Eb/Bb Bb Dm G
Walls are tumbling to the ground
Dm G C
I can see roses
Eb/Bb Bb C
Springing up all around

Amy, I've wanted to tell you I'm haunted
By the night that I made it with you
You were a freshman when I popped the question
I remember the pain you went through
Some of the fellas were angry and jealous
That you went out with me and not them
They'd sit and kid me I hadn't it in me
And I gave into fear in the end.
Well I gotta tell you that I'm glad it's over
I've waited so long just to be your friend
I hope you'll excuse all the times I abused you
I'm feeling so good about you.

(Chorus)

Faggots and fairies, Tom, Dick, and Harry
Sugar with spice wasn't nice
When I met Bobby girls were my hobby
Playing with lovers and lies
Musical summer, you were the drummer
We played a lot of songs that June
And as we grew tighter the choices grew wider
But I couldn't quite cut that tune.
Well I gotta tell you that I'm glad it's over
I've waited so long just to be your friend
And now I'm expressing what you tried confessing
I'm feeling so good about you.

(Chorus)

Written by Jeff Langley

Kenny Arkin: piano, lead vocal
George Fulgeniti-Shakar: upright bass
Michael Hussin: conga, percussion
Willie Sordill: electric guitar
Charlie Murphy: harmony vocal

THE MATADOR

Gm Gm/F Gm/Eb Cm
The matador enters the ring, the hot desert sun is pouring down
Gm Gm/F Gm/Eb
Approaching the life he will take, he holds out his cape, he
Cm
stands tall and proud

His passes are daring, the time it is nearing, his eyes hold the
 breath of the crowd
 The thrust, the legs crumble, he throws up his hand, the shouts
 and the roses come down

Chorus:

Hail the matador, he's our champion
 He alone stands in the light
 Hail the matador, hail the champion
 He's our hero tonight

The front line is quiet, in a trench and alone, he waits and
 watches the sky
 The snap of a twig and he's back in the war, where he sweats
 and prays that he won't die
 He fixes his bayonet and watches the shadow, that's soon to feel
 his cold reply
 He jumps and it's over, and one won't grow older, in silence
 he stares at the sky.

(Chorus)

The baby is crying, the dinner is burning, he yells he wants
 another beer
 She opens the oven but she can save nothing, she cries, just a
 minute dear
 But that's not the answer tonight he can take from her, I'm
 the boss is that clear
 He pushes, she falls too hard against the wall, but the
 crowd just stands up and cheers.

(Chorus)

Written by Geof Morgan
 Charlie Murphy: acoustic guitar, vocal
 George Fulgeniti-Shakar: upright bass
 Michael Hussin: clave, maracas, hi-hat
 Marcia Deihl: violin
 Tom Aalfs: harmonica
 Ray Makeever: flute
 *Sue Smith: cello

*The name of the cellist is being withheld on her request. A miscommunication between her and the collective failed to make it clear that the album was to speak in support of women, gay people and men seeking to change their traditional roles. We were informed by her after the recording process had begun that she feels supportive of women's issues but not of gay liberation and thus does not want to be named on the album. We regret that this happened and hope that this record brings us a lot closer to a world free of all oppression.

Karen Silkwood worked at the Kerr-McGee plutonium plant in Oklahoma, where she was active in the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union and was collecting evidence of serious health and safety violations at the plant. In late 1974 she discovered that she had been heavily contaminated by plutonium, a nuclear fuel and deadly carcinogen, under suspicious circumstances. On November 13, Silkwood was driving to a meeting with an OCAW official and a newspaper reporter when her car went off the road and she was killed. Her folder of

documents disappeared. Considerable evidence suggests that Silkwood's death was not an accident.

Silkwood's parents have filed suit to bring out the truth about Kerr-McGee operations and the events leading up to Karen Silkwood's death. To help support this and other educational efforts concerning the Silkwood case, please send contributions and information requests to:

Karen Silkwood Fund Box 651 Hyattsville, Maryland 20782

ARE YOU KAREN SILKWOOD?

Are you Karen Silkwood?
 The news is bad—
 Your body's on fire,
 The worst that we've had.
 Might have been the canister,
 Probably the gloves.
 Better not get too near
 To the ones that you love.

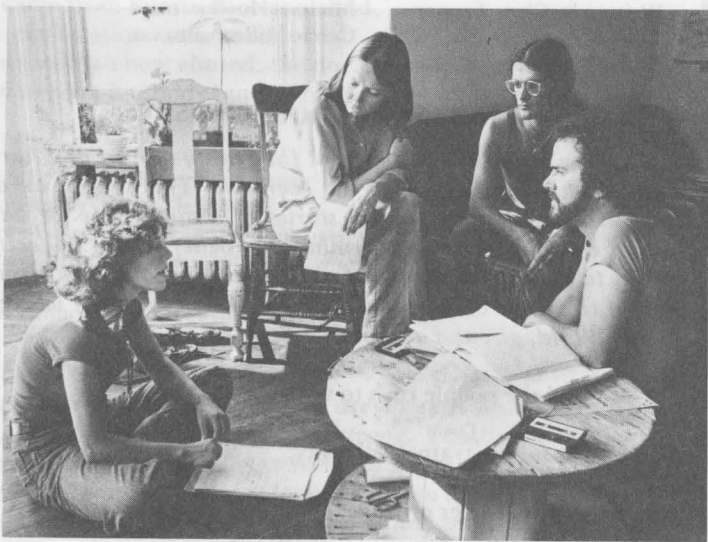
Are you Karen Silkwood?
 We've heard about you.
 Talkin' to the outside—Dumb thing to do.
 People lose confidence,
 We might close down.
 Little girl, the stakes are high—
 We don't fool around.

Are you Karen Silkwood?
 Come on back to bed.
 This thing's too big for us;
 It's gone to your head.
 You've got your mission,
 I've got my doubts.
 I never asked for this—
 Babe, I think I want out.

Are you Karen Silkwood?
 I'll be on the next flight.
 I think we've got 'em nailed this time—
 Are you sure you're all right?
 The union's behind you
 Right down the line.
 I'll be there at the restaurant
 With the man from the Times.

Are you Karen Silkwood?
 Christ there's nothin' but blood.
 Better get the ambulance,
 But it won't do no good.
 They're sayin' she had some notes in the car,
 But they're nowhere around.
 Jeez the place is crawlin' with press—
 But she don't make a sound.

Written by Fred Small
 Fred Small: acoustic guitar, vocal
 Ginny Bales: electric bass
 Cercie Miller: alto sax
 Willie Sordill: electric guitar



Cercie, Ginny, Michael, Chris
The Band for "Sensitive Little Boy"

FOR MY MEN FRIENDS

Much too late in life I began to notice that though many of the closest, most significant relationships in my life have been with people of the same sex, it was an understood function of these friendships that opportunities to spend time with girls or women were given uncontested priority over previous commitments to spend time with male friends. This song is a celebration for those people with whom I shared so much growing and loving which often went unrecognized.

Though some of you I'll never see again

The memory of your closeness is enough

For when I think of what we've shared as boys and men

I know we've shared a special kind of love

And I know whatever I may do

A part of you comes with me, too

I know the things I've shared with you

Can't be replaced, just added to

And for each one of you wherever you may be

I want to thank you for the love you gave to me.

As little boys our common bond began—
Growing together from the start
Was it playing with toy trucks there in the sand
That I first felt your impression on my heart
Exploring fields of fantasy
Of wars and heroes, strong and free
Conquering the city park
Playing baseball after dark
And all kinds of things we didn't understand
About the early training of a man

Chorus:

They say that opposites attract
And hearts are just like magnets that

Justify priority

To some (romantic) fantasy

But likeness bears a bond that lasts

Our commonness a knot tied fast

Let's celebrate the love we've shared these years

And failed to name

Chorus

I remember so well that summer day
We worked together at a camp
The sun beat down, the heat was there to stay
And she and I were sitting in the sand
You came up softly behind me
Kissed her quick, and then kissed me
You showed your feelings honestly
And said, who cares if others see
You knew our love was real you weren't ashamed
I learned a lot about myself that day

A solitary boat drifts on a lake—
It's surface just as smooth and still as glass
Two riders in the boat sit face to face
With fishing poles held loosely in their hands
They catch no fish but they don't care
That isn't really why they're there
The talk is warm, the beer is cold
The feelings strong as the lake is old
And when the conversation comes to natural rest
The easy silence speaks their friendship best

Chorus

Written by Willie Sordill

Willie Sordill: acoustic guitar, lead vocal

Marcia Taylor: classical guitar

Kenny Arkin: piano, harmony vocal

Sue Smith: Cello



Marcia, Kenny, Chris

THE SENSITIVE LITTLE BOY

To many gay folks, Gay Liberation means, "We look, dress and act just like everybody else so we should have the same rights as everybody else." In reality, the dykes who refuse to fit the sexist image of a woman and the sissy faggots who replace suits and jeans with scarves and dresses are the ones who are daily harassed, beat-up and killed. It's for these sisters and brothers, for those of us who are different and bear the brunt of this violence, that we wage the struggle for Gay Liberation.

Chorus

^{AM} I'm the latent homosexual I'm the closeted queen
^G
^{AM} I'm the sensitive little boy that the bullies treat so mean
^G
^{AM} I'm the faggot I'm the fairy I wear skirts instead of jeans
^G
^F and in my left ear I wear an earring
^{AM}

(Last chorus add: in my left ear and in my right ear
^F and in my nose I wear an earring...)
^{AM}
^G

1:
^{AM} In first grade it was alright for the boys to play with girls
^G
^{AM} but by the third grade football was how we got our thrills
^G
^{AM} when they would throw the ball to me I always missed
^G
^F I never could explain that it simply hurt my wrist
^{AM}

(chorus)

2:
 High school was the dating years but I never had much luck
 I had a girlfriend here and there but I never wanted to . . .
 At lunch all the guys would sit and talk about who got who
 in bed
 I would sit and eat my lunch while singing in my head

3:
 I went away to college no more mom and no more dad
 finding out who I was was the only task I had
 One night this guy made a pass at me after we had a lot
 to drink
 He said "Do ya wanna come to my place" I had to stop
 and think
 Do I risk my parents finding out that their little boy is a queer
 and so I hesitated then said "Hell Yes!" and drank
 another beer . . . cause I'm the (chorus)



. . . a moment in one of our marathon meetings.

Written by Chris Tanner Michael Hussin: traps
 Chris Tanner: piano, vocal Cercie Miller: alto sax
 Ginny Bales: electric bass

TEARS FALL FROM THE SKY

It's often very hard to confront the reality of hurt and hardship which surrounds all of us, everyday. This song is an attempt to portray the painful stories of some people we have known or read of while affirming our belief in our collective ability to build a world free of oppression. It is also an affirmation of the basic connections between the struggles of women, Third World, gay and all working people.

^{Dmin} ^{Gmin7/D} ^{Asus4/+A}
 8 A.M. and the people rush to work,
^{Dmin} ^{Dmin7+4} ^{Asus4 A}
 The buses and the trains pull away,
^{Bb} ^F ^{Gmin} ^A
 No one stops to linger or finds some time to think,
^{Dmin} ^{Dmin7+4} ^{Gmin7/D} ^A
 It's just another city, another day.

^{Dmin} ^{Dmin/C} ^{Bb}
 The drama of a life in isolation;

^{Gmin} ^{Amin} ^{Dmin}
 Each feels as if the pain is theirs alone.

^{Dmin} ^{Dmin/C} ^{Bbmaj7} ^{Bb}
 Fighting for survival and money seems so scarce,

^{Gmin} ^{Asus4 A}
 Thankful if there's any love at home.

Chorus:

^{Dmin} ^{Dmin/C}
 Sweet sister, dear brother,

^{Bb} ^{Amin} ^{Dmin}
 Tears fall from the sky;

^{Bb} ^F ^{second time only}
 The pain of this world

^{Asus4/E} ^A (the wind echoes the cry)
 Can make the earth cry.

^{Bb} ^F
 But together we can change things

^{Bb} ^C ^F
 Fierce fighters all will be (The world is made anew)

^{Eb} ^{Bb}
 The future's there calling to you and me. (The sun is rising,
 calling to me and you)

^{Dmin} ^{G/D} ^{Emin A}
 She's strong and there's a sister by her side

^{Bb} ^F ^{Asus4/E} ^A
 Somehow they make ends meet from day to day

^{Bb} ^F ^{Gmin7} ^{A7}
 Worn out but not worn down, their woman's love a constant pride

^{Dmin} ^{G/D} ^{Emin7 A}
 Soon they're out of sight and on their way.

At night he works a job, slowly dying
 He sleeps the day away restlessly
 The woman he once loved bears the brunt of his rage
 How long can she stay silent and not see?

chorus

Everyone pretends they cannot see him
 He's old and drunk and frightens all who see
 A wonder he's still here, but he doesn't have much choice,
 Only death will set his spirit free

She came from Puerto Rico as a child,
 U.S. exploitation takes its toll
 Grown woman now abused, the doctor's only feel contempt
 They sterilize her body but not her soul.

Chorus

Words by Robbie Rosenberg; music by Kenny Arkin
 Kenny Arkin: piano, lead vocal
 George Fulgeniti-Shakar: upright bass
 Michael Hussin: traps
 Ray Makeever: flute
 Chris Tanner, Marcia Taylor: supporting vocals

WHEN WILL THE IGNORANCE END

Human rights in this country are in serious danger. The waves of repression are coming on strong. The Bakke decision, failure to adopt the ERA, the recall of gay rights and the continued attack on people of color and women are not isolated incidents and they cannot be defeated by any single issue organization or coalition. "...we've got to win together..."

C
 Lover of mine, sweet lover of mine

Bb
 I love you more with every single passing day

C
 Lover of mine, sweet lover of mine

Bb
 We choose to love each other only openly gay

Chorus:

F Bb C
 When will the ignorance end

F Bb C
 When will humankind learn to be friends

Bb
 We lost a battle in Miami

C Bb A
 And that ain't all, No that ain't all

Bb
 You know we even lost some human rights (yes we did now)

C Bb A
 In old St. Paul, and that ain't all, no that ain't all

Bb C Bb A
 You know we even lost that same old fight in Wichita

And that ain't all, no that ain't all

C
 We lost in Eugene

Chorus

Bb F Bb F
 A loss for one of the minorities is a loss for everyone

Bb F
 Take Bakke, Gay Rights, even E.R.A.

Bb C
 Come on these battles must be won

We got to win together

For things to be better

Chorus

Written by Blackberri
 Blackberri: acoustic guitar, lead vocal, supporting vocal
 Ginny Bales: electric bass, supporting vocal
 Michael Hussin: percussion, supporting vocal
 David Greenberg: electric guitar

Kenny Arkin: electric piano, supporting vocal
 Cercie Miller: alto sax, supporting vocal
 Marcia Taylor, Jonny Golden, Chris Tanner, Robbie Rosenberg,
 Ray Makeever, Eric Gordon, Tom Aalfs, Fred Small, Charlie Murphy,
 Willie Sordill: supporting vocals



Ray, Kenny, Robbie, David

THE FLOWERS, THE WEEDS

The symbols "flowers" (female) and "weeds" (male) are used because they represent our taught sex roles. The song is about a young, gay male growing up in Amerikka; one person's story.

Once in a town like yours like mine,
 some people worked some thieved.
 They lived, they loved, they laughed and they lied
 for the things that they all believed.

And this is the story of one.
 When the people in the town discovered he was different
 Oh so different yeah.
 tried tried to make him feel guilty for
 Having his fun.
 they said you ought to be ashamed of yourself now
 shouldn't you son.

And just because the boy ignores the flowers
 and pays attention to the weeds
 the people in the town replied
 He's very strange indeed.
 He's not a flower,
 He is a weed.

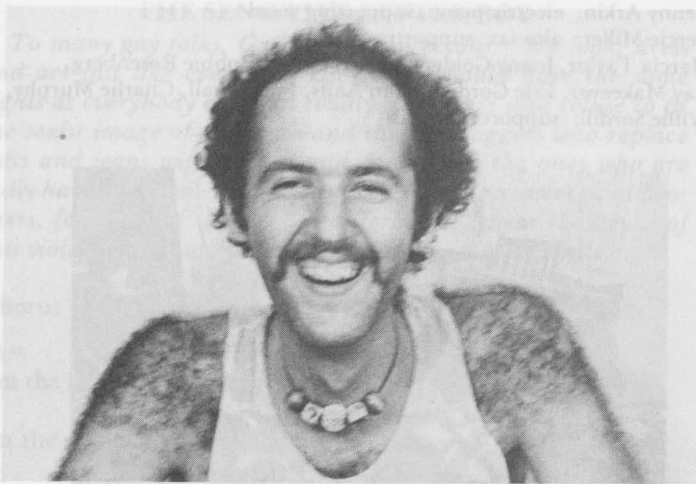
But he's not like
 the kind we breed.
 It is his kind
 We do not need.
 And so he must leave.
 Oh leave!
 And so he must leave.

soon the word, the word got
 All over town, yeah
 And just about everybody there was
 Putting the poor boy down
 But there was one who
 Spoke out from the crowd
 Because she was quite wise
 Because she was quite proud
 she prided herself in her humanity
 she made them all
 Question their own sanity.
 And she said,
 Oh why don't you give alittle
 Don't you know
 He's got to live alittle
 so let go
 Why don't you, why don't you
 Give alittle.

And just because the boy ignores the flowers
 And pays attention to the weeds
 He is not very strange at all.
 He has a gift indeed.
 Sometimes the flowers,

And sometimes the weeds
 discover that
 We've different needs.
 so we must all
 Our souls be freed.
 so don't accuse,
 Don't you refuse
 Another human.
 No, don't you abuse,
 don't you misuse
 Another human.
 No, don't you refuse
 Don't you abuse
 Another, another
 Human

Written by Blackberri
 Blackberri: acoustic guitar, bracelet, vocal
 Marcia Taylor: classical guitar
 George Fulgeniti-Shakar: upright bass
 Michael Hussin: traps
 Tom Aalfs: violin
 Ray Makeever: flute
 Cercie Miller: alto sax
 Sue Smith: Cello



Kenny Arkin

Marcia Taylor

Marcia is a classical trained feminist guitarist, singer and songwriter. Currently living in Cambridge, MA, Marcia makes her living teaching guitar and performing solo, with other women musicians, and with "Strong Wind" and "The Marcia Taylor Trio." Marcia is widely respected in the area for her swing style snappy, good humored political music, putting into practice her belief that music with popular appeal can also be music imbued with the power to inspire change.



George Fulginiti-Shakar

Kenny Arkin

Kenny Arkin is a gay man, nurse, musician and participant in The Men's Childcare Collective and Lesbian and Gay Parents Project in the Boston area. A member of the "Fruit of the Moon" theatre group, Kenny has performed in Boston's Gay Pride Week ceremonies as well as on college campuses and coffeehouses. In addition, Kenny lends his tenor voice to classical choral works in local productions.

George Fulginiti-Shakar

At 31, I look back and see that much of my life focuses on music: classical piano, popular keyboard instruments, jazz bass, conducting and singing; and recently I've been dancing. It feels both exciting and calming to return to that space where there's trust and attention shared between performers and active listeners. My teaching and learning vent my eager curiosity.

As I look ahead I see more emphasis on finding ways to make the world what I've always wanted it to be—through the feminist and men's movements and this recording. Too heavy? Nope—I've got a vibrant sense of humor!

Charlie King

Charlie has a long history of working for fundamental social change through non-violent means. A community member of the Center for Non-Violent Action in Voluntown, Conn., Charlie has been active in numerous peace conversion campaigns, The United Farmworkers Boycott, and the campaign to halt construction of the twin nuclear reactors at Seabrook, N.H. among other things. Charlie has a solo album out on his own label called "Old Lies and New Dreams" and will be recording a second one soon.



Left to Right: Marcia, Robbie

Karen T. Kane

Karen T. Kane has had to prove that she is twice as skilled as any man working as a sound technician. Beginning as a secretary in a recording studio and working her way up to studio manager and then technician, Karen currently works free-lance both in Boston area studios and on the road doing live sound production. Karen's expertise has helped create the successful sound of six albums to date, including Joanna Cazden's album, "Hatching", and Lilith's new hot seller, "Boston Ride."

Eric Gordon

"1945. The final months of World War II. My Dad Victor is in Europe fighting the Nazis. I am born in New Haven, Connecticut, to Naomi. The promise of life and of liberation exist to be fulfilled. I grow up a rebel in the grand tradition, and become known for my ability to find people and experience to learn from, my independence, principle, and style. I cultivate myself, yearning to join the whole human family. I have devoted much time to political organizing, and in recent years to the gay movement. I have worked as secretary, warehouseman, tour leader, room clerk, teacher, journalist and radio broadcaster. On the day we began recording this album I received a doctorate in history."



Left to Right: Karen Kane, Jeff Bradley

Geof Morgan

I make a living as a songwriter in Nashville, Tenn. Two years ago I was invited to share some of my songs about men's issues at STate College, Pa. for the 2nd National Men's Conference on Men and Masculinity. The encouragement and support has made me feel more strongly that it is important to more widely share music on these issues and encourage others to also."

Though one of the songs on this record was written by Geof, a contractual constraint prohibited him from participating in the recording process. He will be recording his own solo album during the next year.



Willie Sordill

Willie Sordill

"I once said half-seriously to a friend, 'I don't need to be famous; I just want to change the world in some, well, monumental way.' I guess it's still true, and wow, do we ever have a lot of work to do! I hope this album will serve as a tiny piece of that work. I hope that women, gay folks and men seeking to trade in our male privilege for some more useful tools will feel supported by this album. Mostly, I hope this album will give all of us who worked on it a few challenges about the way we look at things and encourage our further growth, while at the same time capturing some of the spirit of that to pass on to other folks and invite them to come along with us."



Michael Hussin

Michael Hussin

Michael Hussin is a practitioner of Traditional Chinese Acupuncture and a musician living in Cambridge. He considers both his acupuncture and his political cultural work through the medium of music to be needed forms of healing in these troubled times. He has been performing for over two years with Marcia Taylor and other musicians, primarily at political gatherings. Michael played all the percussion tracks on this album.

Jonny Golden

Living in the Boston area for the past three years, Jonny spent a good part of that time teaching children. He has studied painting and has been a member of creative movement and dance groups. Jonny organized and led several Men's Sharing Evenings and is now developing his skills as a singer-songwriter.



Fred Small

Fred Small

"I was born in 1952 in Plainfield, New Jersey, into a white, upper-middle-class family. I am a lawyer-activist in environmental issues and a writer-performer of topical songs on environment, labor, sexism, racism, economic oppression, and Pringles Potato Chips. I sing in support of popular movements at rallies, teach-ins, benefits, and union meetings, as well as play for money when I can. Pete Seeger once said: Some songs mainly help people forget their troubles. Other songs help people understand their troubles. Some few songs inspire people to do something about their troubles." I sing a few of the first, more of the second, and am always striving for the third."



Chris Tanner

Chris Tanner

"Hearing the music of Sweet Honey in the Rock, Naomi Littlebear, Kate Campeau and Holly Near I've learned just how powerful a tool music can be. As a political, gay working man I am trying to write music that will speak to other men about changing ourselves and society. I hope this album brings us all closer to the kind of world women, Third World and gay people have been fighting for." Chris works full time with the Family Circus Theater Collective in Portland, Oregon and will be producing a solo album during the next year.



Left to Right: Johnny, Chris, Chrle M., Robbie, Kenny

Tom Aalf

"I became involved in a thriving folk music culture as a teenager in New Bedford, Mass.—singing, playing guitar, harmonica and mandolin. A lot of my growth at that time was affected by the women's movement. Recently I have begun to play the violin and am trying to keep my music close to what is most important to me: people."

Ellen Shub

Ellen Shub is a Boston-based news and editorial freelance photographer who has been documenting people's movement struggles since 1973; particularly those involving feminism, health care, prisons and environment issues. She also produces the Liberation Movement Photo Calendar.



Left to Right: Charlie King, Ray

Ginny Bales

David Greenberg

"Since I believe that everything is political, in one sense or another, I describe myself as a socialist musician; if music did not occupy the position of importance which it does in my life I would be a musical socialist. In any case, my commitment to political action and music are fused to the point where I can't imagine doing one without the other. This is good."



Left to Right: Karen Kane, Robbie, Chris, Marcia T., Willie

Marcia Deihl

Marcia Deihl is a feminist musician from Cambridge, Mass. She plays fiddle, mandolin and recorder with The New Harmony Sisterhood Band, a women's political string band and is also a member of the Bunker Mountain Fiddlers and street musician. She has recorded "And Ain't I a Woman" with New Harmony, on Paredon Records and is co-editor of a women's songbook called "All Our Lives" from Diana Press.

Christopher Hershey

Gained extensive vocal training as late-night dishwasher in Northern Italian restaurant, then 4 years ago joined a satirical performing collective, Family Circus Theater. Has been putting words to tunes and calling them songs for about as long. "The machete sings in the cane-field, the scissors sing in the seamstress' hands, the bullet sings in the air... and I want to be with them, cleaving a new path through the distinctions which divide us: color, money, sexuality, sexual privilege."

Christopher was unable to attend the portion of our gathering which included the selection of songs due to previous commitments. As none of his songs were chosen, the collective decided not to go further into debt to pay his transportation expenses, and he was thus unable to participate in the recording process.



Marcia Deihl in one of our "numerous" rehearsal spaces!

Cercie Miller

Robbie Rosenberg

"I'm a poet, songwriter, political activist and scientist currently residing in Cambridge, MA. My commitment to feminist/gay struggles and belief in the healing and revolutionary potential of music, verse, and all art led me to working on this album."



Ray Makeever

Joanna Cazden

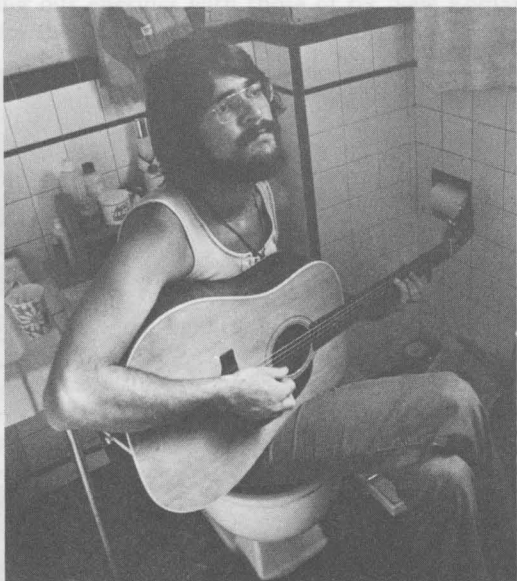
Joanna has released two original albums on her label Sister Sun, *Hatching* and *The Greatest Illusion*. The former was produced and performed by Boston-area women and is distributed by Olivia Records. Joanna performs widely at coffeehouses and progressive events around the country.

Jeff Langley

Jeff Langley is best known for his work as accompanist and co-songwriter with Holly Near, with whom he performed on three albums by Redwood Records. Originally from Ukiah, California, Jeff has been living in New York where he studies composition at Julliard and has written a musical destined for Broadway with Timmy Near. Jeff's schedule did not allow him to participate in the recording process, though one of his songs is heard on the album and he contributed to the mixing of several songs.

Cercie Miller

Cercie Miller is a feminist and jazz saxophone player. She plays around Cambridge in all-women's jazz bands. "Working on this album has been a rewarding experience giving me a chance to combine jazz and progressive political music."



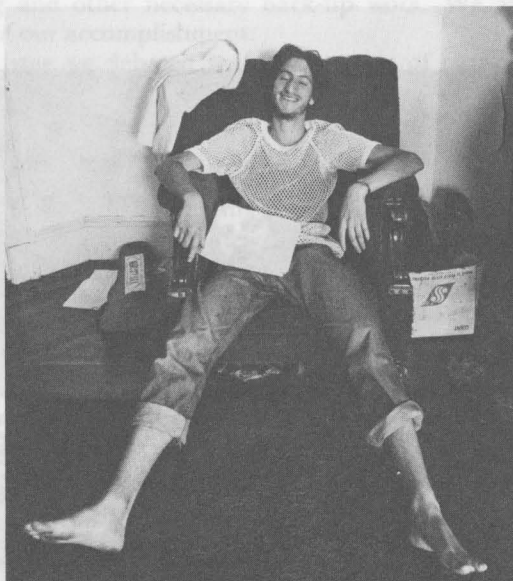
Charlie Murphy

Jeff Bradley

Jeff Bradley is a recording technician, amateur electrical engineer, college student and rock musician. After working for 4½ years as a cook to gain a credit rating which would allow him to borrow a sizeable amount of money, Jeff and his two business partners spent another 3½ years developing Wave Form Studios in Watertown, Mass. to its present state. All of the recording and mixing on this album with the exception of the recording of the piano tracks and their accompanying vocals were recorded at Wave Form.

Ginny Bales

Ginny Bales is a singer-songwriter who plays piano, guitar and electric bass. She has performed solo and for two years as part of a trio of women called "Night Angels." She also played bass on Joanna Cazden's album, *Hatching*. She grew up in East Tennessee and now lives in Branford, Ct. She is planning to record an album of her own music this winter.



Robbie Rosenberg

Charlie Murphy

Charlie Murphy, a faggot singer/songwriter/cultural worker, is currently alive and well and living in West Philly. Born and raised in Baltimore, he encountered his spiritual/musical birthing in the Blue Ridge Mts. of Southwest Virginia, the oldest mountains in the world.

Ray Makeever

Ray Makeever is a self-employed performing artist and creator of several one-person shows, including, "Growing Up Male," "O Son: A Story of Compassion," "Out of the Earth, I Sing," and "Love and Sex and Other Songs." He is the father of a wonderful daughter, Anya.



Blackberri



David Greenberg



Left to Right: Ray, George, Tom, Eric

Blackberri

Blackberri is a black, gay singer-songwriter-guitarist who lives, loves, struggles and performs in San Francisco. He has roots in blues and gospel, but plays many styles. His music reaches a wide range of people of all ages, races and sexual preferences. He and his band will be recording their own album later this year.

Special thanks to *Charlie King*
Christopher Hershey
Geof Morgan
Joanna Cazden
Joe Martin

whose voices and instruments are not heard on this album, but whose spirit is deeply felt.

Members of the Walls to Roses Music Collective:

Tom Aalfs, Kenny Arkin, Blackberri, George Fulginiti-Shakar, Jonny Golden, Eric Gordon, Christopher Hershey, Michael Hussin, Charlie King, Jef Langley, Ray Makeever, Geof Morgan, Charlie Murphy, Robbie Rosenberg, Fred Small, Willie Sordill, Chris Tanner.

We would also like to thank the following people whose support, monetary and otherwise made this album possible: *Moe Asch, Claudia Beanefeld, Max Beck, Sandy Berlin, Mike Biernbaum, Boston Men's Center, Calylah, Angela, Cheryl and Dianne, Joanna Cazden, Taffy Comer, Brian Cummings, Demian, Morgan de Tarr, Pat Ducharme, Faggots and Nutrition, Wanda Fischer, Sara Freedman, Doug Friedman, Gay Community News, Michael Glover, Hubert C. Kennedy, Jim Koplín, Sally Koplín, James Lanz, Bernie Lougee, Joe Martin, Men's Childcare Collective, Tom Mosmiller, Keith Olstad, Red Book, Eric Roffes, Peter and Melanie Rosalsky, Ed Schoenfeld, Craig Schweinhart, Mike Selby, Michael and Ella Marie Sordill, Mike Sordill (Jr.), Pat Sordill, Janet Staub, Ellen Stone, Edie Sylvester, Shelly Tompkins, Karen Welling, ...and all of the folks who ordered the record before it existed, came to our benefit concerts and gave us their spiritual support.*



The Whole Bunch

LITHO IN U.S.A. 