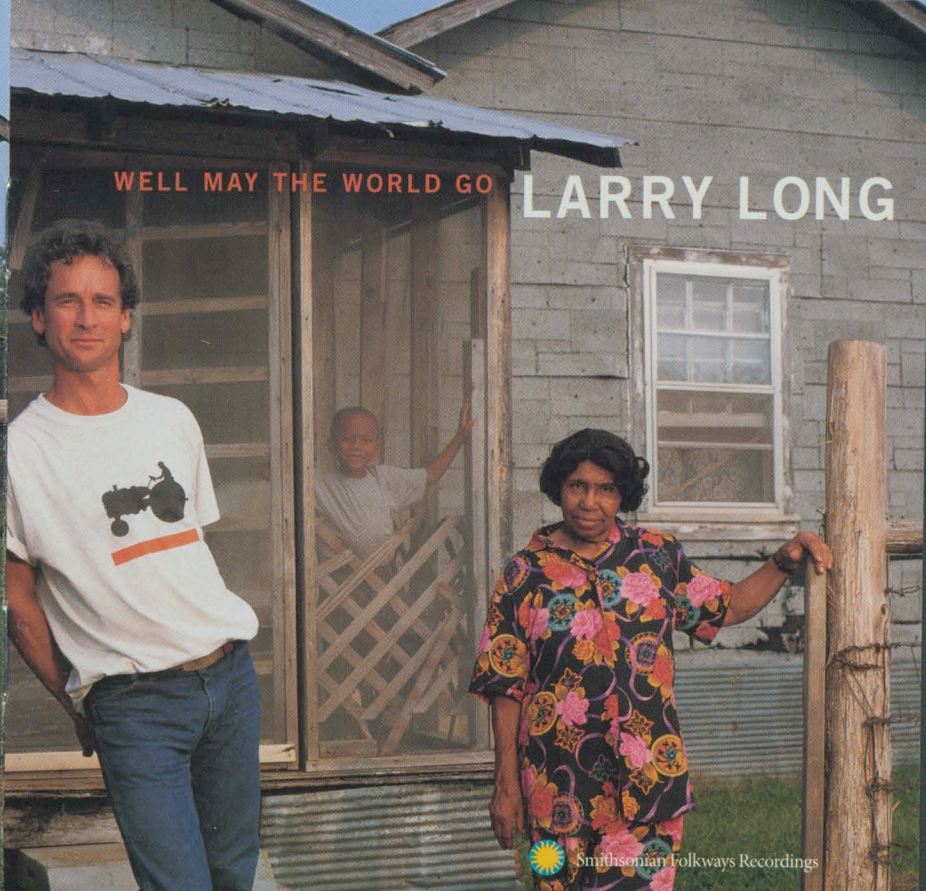




Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

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WELL MAY THE WORLD GO

LARRY LONG



Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

LARRY LONG

WELL MAY THE WORLD GO SONGS OF WORK, LOVE, COMMUNITY, AND HOPE

Telling the stories of hard-working people in a way that highlights the courage, deep personal experiences, and heroism found in their lives is a tradition for which Woody Guthrie is famous and which Larry Long continues in this new release. Eclectic and richly orchestrated, *Well May the World Go* reflects the complexity of the human experience in the world today. Annotation includes interviews and song lyrics, 36-page booklet, 55 minutes.

1. Chicky, Chicky Boom 5:06 2. No Jobs in Texas 4:26 3. Down with the Ku Klux Klan 3:42
4. Somalia 6:09 5. Sugar 5:54 6. All the Way to Paradise 5:27 7. Brazil 4:27 8. Ramona 4:27
9. Muscovite Feel Alright 2:49 10. Some Things Are Not for Sale 3:52 11. Well May the World
Go 6:24 12. Sweet Lura Rose 2:17



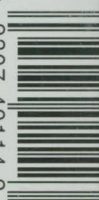
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SPW CD 40114



LARRY LONG WELL MAY THE WORLD GO: SONGS OF WORK, LOVE, COMMUNITY, AND HOPE

1. Chicky, Chicky Boom 5:06

2. No Jobs in Texas* 4:26

3. Down with the Ku Klux Klan 3:42

4. Somalia* 6:09

5. Sugar* 5:54

6. All the Way to Paradise* 5:27

7. Brazil 4:27

8. Ramona 4:27

9. Muscovite Feel Alright 2:49

10. Some Things Are Not for Sale* 3:52
(Words and music by Larry Long/Larry Long Publishing, BMI);
Healing Song (Copyright Lac Courte Oreilles Ojibwe Community)

11. Well May the World Go 6:24
(Words by Pete Seeger/Stormking Music, BMI; arr. by Larry
Long/Larry Long Publishing, BMI)

12. Sweet Lura Rose 2:17

(All songs under copyright by Larry Long/Larry Long Publishing, BMI, except where noted.)

* Royalties from songs written by Larry Long with school children through the Community Celebration of Place: Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song are shared with the schools.

CURATOR'S INTRODUCTION ANTHONY SEEGER

For twenty-five years Larry Long has been traveling around the United States and visiting some distant countries, meeting people, listening to their stories, and writing songs about them that depict their hard lives in a way that presents them as vibrant, active individuals rather than faceless members of a class or some ethnic group. Like Woody Guthrie before him, he celebrates the specificity of individual lives and actions. An activist troubadour, he and his guitar have accompanied farmers' movements, demonstrations, and community action activities. He has produced six previous CDs (see discography) and several tapes and videos.

This recording is an innovation for socially activist music making in general. Long says, "I have come to the realization that we can't talk about social issues without taking into account people's spiritual lives as well." Whether it be the power of the vision quest of Melvin Jones, an Anishinabe Indian living on the shore of Red Lake near the Canadian border (track 10), the importance of Christian faith in the life of Leaner "Sugar" Bell Johnson, an Alabama sharecropper (track 5), the support of Islamic prayers for a refugee from the violence in Somalia (track 4), the spiritual excitement of free thought and expression in Moscow in the era of glasnost (track 9), the deep bond between a father and his daughter (track 12), or even the spiritual side of love between two people (track 8), these songs celebrate the courage of individuals who overcame tremendous difficulties to make meaningful lives for themselves, their families, and communities in the late 20th century.

Larry is introducing something new in his music as well. Songs about the struggles of the dispossessed have for over a half-century been associated with a single voice and a guitar or banjo. In *Well May the World Go*, recorded in an era of multi-track recordings and carefully produced sounds, Larry's music is as complex and rich as the lives he describes. He does this by collaborating with musicians from many cultural and musical backgrounds, mixing language and sounds that draw on the traditions of those he sings about, but with stylistic inno-

vations of his own. The sounds here are not impersonal samples from other recordings: they are studio collaborations among artists created to communicate the complex interrelatedness of human experience in the world today.

Moses Asch, the founder of Folkways Records, wanted to record artists who had something important to say, and he abhorred the use of more than one or two microphones and mono recording. He issued many singer/songwriters on his label who had a lot to say, among them Woody Guthrie, Malvina Reynolds, Phil Ochs, Peggy Seeger, and Pete Seeger. Today, artists may use multi-track mixes, but the test is still whether they have something to say. Larry Long does.

INTRODUCTION LARRY LONG

"Travel is fatal to prejudice." –Mark Twain

From the time I could walk, I worked at my grandfather's fish market on the east side of Des Moines, Iowa. My granddad was deeply religious. As a child I stood on street corners and outside jail cells listening to my grandfather preach to whoever would listen.

Granddad had to quit school in the sixth grade to work in the coal mines of Missouri. His family were working-class Republicans, and, although he was generally anti-union, when it came to the coal miner Granddad was very pro-union. And so am I.

My father was from a poor working family. He became a Hills Brothers Coffee salesman and a good one at that. He was transferred to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where we moved into a predominantly Jewish suburb. We moved from baptisms to bar mitzvahs and moved from fundamentalism to music, art, and the theater.

My father had a great love for the Jewish people he worked with, and they had a great love for him. After my father passed away at age 37 from a heart attack, the neighborhood grocers set

up a scholarship fund for my two sisters and me. It wasn't enough to put us through college, but it was enough for me to buy a handmade guitar that I'm still playing. If it wasn't for family, friends, faith, and Social Security, my mother might not have made it through those hard times. Thank God for all four.

My mother moved from being a housewife to entering the work force, where women weren't being paid equal wages for their labor. It wasn't long before she changed from Republican to Democrat.

I remember the day John F. Kennedy was shot, the day after my twelfth birthday. My father died a month later, that Christmas. I remember seeing Martin Luther King give his "I Have a Dream" speech. Soon after his death, my eight-year-old cousin was raped and murdered in her own bed. The Vietnam War was raging.

That's when I picked up the guitar. Music brought me comfort and still does. I wrote my first song when I was thirteen, and I haven't stopped.

In the 1970s I hitch-hiked, hopped freights, and circled the western United States with Fiddlin' Pete Watercott. We traveled in a pick-up truck with a plywood topper that we called "The Lone Prairie Schooner" and "Red Caboose." Although we were both conscientious objectors to war, it was often the Veterans of Foreign Wars who took us in. A Korean War veteran, hard-rock miner, and steward of the union, Al Olsen, gave me a 1961 Corvair that I drove from California to Minnesota in order to record a song I wrote for farmers fighting a high-voltage power line. It was with a delegation of family farmers that I traveled from Minnesota to Washington, D.C., in a one-hundred-mile-long tractorcade demonstrating for fair prices. Through this movement to save the family farm I met Pete Seeger, who inspired me to help start a campaign to clean up the Mississippi River in the 1980s. It was through my river work that I got invited to perform along the banks of the Amazon and Tiete rivers of Brazil

and on a peace cruise down the Volga River in the former Soviet Union. After discovering how much the world loved Woody Guthrie, I returned to bring his disowned spirit back to Okemah, Oklahoma, for a first hometown tribute. In working on this tribute with local citizens and schools across the state, I discovered the joy of teaching. And it was through teaching that I was hired to bring elders into the classroom throughout rural Alabama to develop an intergenerational process called "Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song." (For a full description of this project, see the *Elder's Wisdom, Children's Song Guidebook*, published by *Sing Out!*, 1999, and the Smithsonian Folkways CD SFW 45050.)

Throughout the years, the intent of my work has remained the same: to give thanks to those who work hard and give back to their communities, and to move people to action. The songs I have selected for *Well May the World Go* honor the life stories of people who have made a difference to those around them. Many songs grew out of interviews, some of which I excerpt below; others grew out of my own emotions and experiences. Many of them were written in collaboration with children in community schools—most of them in the first person, because I believe reconciliation is born of active understanding, an understanding that is created when the experience of others becomes part of one's own heart. May these stories and songs help move us toward a more just and loving world.

The Talmud says, "The mere act of teaching means that one wishes the world well."

—Tom Thibodeau, Franciscan Catholic Worker

ABOUT THE MUSICIANS

The emotions I have experienced meeting people of many backgrounds on my travels or reading about them have inspired my writing of these songs. However, the musical communication of their stories could only be achieved with the help of many musician friends who joined me on this project. They come from a variety of cultural and musical backgrounds, and I list them below in alphabetical order, with gratitude.

Marc Anderson has studied Ghanaian drumming for thirteen years, North Indian *tabla* drumming for six years, Haitian drumming with John Amira, and frame drumming with Glen Valez. Among the many artists he has recorded with are: Robert Fripp, Peter Ostroushko, Steve Tibbetts, Ben Sidran, Greg Brown, and David Sylvian. Marc toured throughout North America and Europe and performed with dozens of great musicians, including Max Roach, Taj Mahal, Ruth Mackenzie, Dean Magraw, The Minnesota Orchestra, Anthony Cox, and Don Cherry. He has two new band projects, *Speaking in Tongues* and *Swallow the Earth*, and is working on an improvisational orchestra.

Anne M. Dunn is an Anishinabe (Ojibwe) grandmother and storyteller who lives in Wilkinson township on the Leech Lake Reservation. She is the author of *When Beaver Was Very Great, Stories to Live By* (Midwest Traditions, 1996), *Grandmother's Gift, Stories from the Anishinabe* (Holy Cow Press, 1997), and *Winter Thunder, Retold Tales* (Holy Cow Press, 2000).

Esther Godinez was born in San Francisco and moved to Europe in 1980, where she became an established performer in Amsterdam, Holland, and Madrid, Spain. She toured through South America and Europe, performing jazz, salsa, pop, rock, flamenco, and Brazilian music. She has recorded on twenty albums, toured with the artist formerly known as Prince, and performs with her own band in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Annie Humphrey is an Anishinabe singer-songwriter who resides on the Leech Lake Indian

Reservation with her two children, Justice and Geezis. She is also a founding member of The Whispering Tree, a project designed to support and encourage Native American arts. Her recent CD releases are *Whispering Tree* and *The Heron Smiled*, published by the Makoché Recording Company.

Siama Matuzungidi was born in Zaire in 1954. His music is a mixture of traditional music from his village of Mbetani in Zaire and *soukous* music. He plays lead guitar and composes and sings in Lingala, Kikongo, Swahili, French, and English. Siama also does solo recording of original music under the name Siama Systems.

John Morrow sings traditional Anishinabe songs in a contemporary style. Twenty-one years of age, from the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation of northern Wisconsin, John is from the Wildcat Clan. He performs both nationally and internationally.

Chue Moua came to the United States in 1991 and was immediately exposed to music, which is one of the things he loves about the U.S. Chue learned to play the *qeej*, a Hmong bamboo instrument, at the age of 14. He also plays guitar and keyboard for Unison, a Twin Cities Hmong band.

Haully Chongsher Moua was born in Laos and at age eleven was drafted into the CIA secret forces during the Vietnam War. He served as a spotter pilot, flight controller, and commander. Haully has lived in Minnesota since the early 1980s and has been working with the United States government to help Hmong men obtain U.S. citizenship and veterans benefits.

See Elisa Moua was born in a refugee camp in Nongkhai, Thailand, shortly after the end of the Vietnam War. Raised in Minnesota with her family, See has worked to educate the surrounding community about the role the Hmong people played in the Vietnam War and about their struggles in its aftermath. She helped found the Jane Addams School for Democratic Education, and she is currently employed by the Minnesota Department of Human Services.

The Northfield Youth Choir is a community choir program now in its 13th year and is directed by Cora Scholz. Nearly 200 young singers from Northfield and surrounding communities perform in seven different choirs. The program provides a quality music opportunity for singers from K through 12. Singers for the CD were selected from the concert choir.

Peter Ostroushko, a performer of extraordinary talents, effortlessly moves among musical genres, bringing them together in the exquisite tones of his instruments and compositions. Ostroushko's first recording session was at the age of twenty-one, on Bob Dylan's legendary *Blood on the Tracks*, and he has gone on to play on over a hundred recordings—both as sideman and star. He has performed with Willie Nelson, Emmylou Harris, Taj Mahal, Jethro Burns, and Chet Atkins. His body of work includes jigs, reels, hoedowns, swing, and acoustic jazz—all of it uniquely awash in American, Celtic, and Ukranian overtones.

Donna Peña was born in St. Paul, in a neighborhood known as "The West Side Barrio." She performs an eclectic blend of Latin American folk music, American folk music, and original material. She has nine recordings on the G.I.A. record label and performs both nationally and internationally.

Jeanne Arland Peterson started playing piano at the age of three and grew up singing in a band with her brother, who played sax. She has played with such notables as Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Diahann Carroll, and Helen O'Connell. She has toured the former Soviet Union with "Women Who Cook" concerts, played with Henry Mancini, and recorded with her daughter Patty. Jeanne was inducted into the Minnesota Music Hall of Fame in 1992 and in 1997 received the Arts Midwest Jazz Masters Award.

Ricky Peterson is best known for his now 13 year association with saxophone legend David Sanborn and for having written with and played keyboards for the artist formerly known as Prince on and off since the artist's early days. His career associations, both live and in the

studio, include a diversity of pop and jazz: Bonnie Raitt, Anita Baker, Mavis Staples, Joe Sample, Sergio Mendes, Morris Day, Phil Upchurch, Fine Young Cannibals, Steve Miller Band, Go-Gos, Paula Abdul, Boz Scaggs, The Jets, Janet Jackson, Rhythm Syndicate, Chaka Khan, Robben Ford, Howard Hewett, Larry Graham, and Windham Hill label mates Tuck and Patti.

Billy Peterson, bass player, arranger, and producer, has toured with Steve Miller for 12 years and performed with Clark Terry, Ed Shaughnessy, Howard Roberts, Eddie Harris, Les Paul, Ben Sidran, and Dave Liebman. He has also performed on CDs with Leo Kottke and Bob Dylan.

Bo Ramsey was a prime mover in the Midwest's Mother Blues Band in the 1970s. He has released eight solo recordings and been producer of and collaborator with Greg Brown. Bo has toured the U.S., Europe, Australia, and New Zealand and played with Greg Brown, Dave Zollo, and Dave Moore.

Signature is an *a capella* five-member vocal ensemble that covers the wide spectrum of modern vocal traditions, including jazz, soul, rhythm and blues, as well as spirituals, gospel, and chants. Their flavor is a lively and vibrant blend of harmonies and styles. The group has performed internationally as well as in both theatrical and commercial productions. Geoff Jones, director and baritone; Gregg Sears, bass; Kenny Britt, tenor; Michelle Caldwell, alto; Chreese Williams, soprano.

Fiddlin' Pete Watercott makes his home in Bishop, California, located high on the east side of the Sierra near the Nevada border. As a long-time member of the Eastern Sierra Symphony Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra, and the Minaret Quartet, Pete currently plays many musical styles, from classical to folk, rock to jazz. Employed as food service coordinator for the area senior nutrition program, Pete often combines his culinary and musical skills to benefit non-profit organizations and to bring the Bishop community together.



Larry Long and "Sugar" Leaner Bell Johnson, in one of the many special moments Larry has shared with people throughout the world.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

1. Chicky, Chicky Boom

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; DEBBIE DUNCAN, VOCALS, BRACELET; MARC ANDERSON, KAYAMBA, CAJON, KICK DRUM; BO RAMSEY, ELECTRIC GUITAR; RICKY PETERSON, ORGAN; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

"My name is Milton Douglas. You all call me Papa Chic. I was born in 1900. I'm 95 years old. I was born in Macon, Mississippi, on the farm. I used to work: bale hay, milk cows, and that was on the farm. After baling hay, I'd work for a dollar and one dime a day.

"On Sunday mornings, mama and pap would take us to church. There was singing and praying before we'd get there. And then we'd get there around on the altar, us kids would. They ain't like the kids here today...now man wants to get in front. But put God in front, because God is the head of our lives.

"My cousin came from Mississippi and was telling me how much you could make in the mines here. He said, 'Man, you can make three dollars a shift.' So I picked in the

mines, and I pushed cars. We had these little punching machines then, they didn't have no electric machines like they got now.

"The white folks would be the boss. You'd do all the work and they'd sit back and tell you what to do. They wouldn't do nothing. They'd tell you what to do. Yes, sir, in the mines.

"I worked on a railroad where I was getting a dollar and a dime a day. Yeah, just working on the railroad for a dollar and a dime a day. Worked twelve hours a day. You didn't have no holidays. Wasn't no union then."

CHORUS: Chicky-Chicky-Boom-Chicky-Boom-Chicky-Boom-Boom Chicky-Chicky-Chicky-Chicky/Chicky-Chicky-Boom (2x)

On Sunday morning/Rode in the wagon/Kerosene lantern/Hanging on the side/Walk behind the wagon/Just to come a-running/To get ahead/Got to learn to walk behind//Chorus

I worked in the mines/Before the union/Was organized/All I got paid/A dollar and a dime/12 hours wages/The harder I worked/The more the boss man made//Chorus

I had to go to school/Over in the bottoms/Just for fun/The "Do-Right Cafe"/We would jump rope/To "Skip To The Lou, My Darling"/Go around the sun-shine/Each and every day//Chorus

Get pine knots/ To start a fire/Tapping with his third leg/Down on the floor/Singing and praying/It would be better/Everybody listen/A whole lot more //Chorus

Get back track/Grease in the bucket/Corn bread and white meat/Each and every day/Times are so much better/When I come along/That's about all/ This old man has to say//Chorus

**"Chicky, Chicky Boom" was written through a partnership with the PACERS Small School Cooperative, University of Alabama, and Community Celebration of Place.*

2. No Jobs in Texas

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; DONNA PEÑA, HARMONY VOCALS; MARC ANDERSON, CABASSA, CAJON; BO RAMSEY, LAP GUITAR; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

According to the workers I have talked to, the experience of many Hispanics in the United

States has been a hard one. Many migrant laborers earn only meager wages, while the recruiters are well paid for each worker they bring in. Many migrant workers still experience discrimination and exploitation. Yet their lives are also filled with hope and ambition, as revealed in this excerpt from my conversation with Anna Bell Rodríguez:

"My name is Anna Bell Rodríguez. I'm sixteen years old. My family decided to come here [up north] 'cause there's no jobs in Texas.

"Last year when we left Texas for here we were eight cars long. Our food ran out and some White ladies gave us sandwiches and Cokes. We ate them until our stomachs were full, and were happy. One of my uncles lived here and came here before. We got a temporary job at a corn plant. We take out the corn that isn't good, [that's] all rotten and has worms.

"A lot of people work here. There's a trailer court where people stay. Twenty trailers. All Spanish-speaking community. I get two hundred and twelve dollars a month. Take

away Social Security, one hundred and ninety-six dollars. Out of that I only get fifty dollars, the rest my Mom keeps for the family to put in the bank. We use the money to build a new house in Texas. Our house has holes, and all the paint is splattered off.

"It takes more money down there to build a house. If we don't finish it, we will come back here to work to make more money."

No jobs in Texas/Up north I must go/Away from my family/In the barrio/To work in the factories/To work in the fields/Where the black earth keeps turning/Paying the bills

CHORUS: *La noche alumbrada* (The night filled with star light)/*Llena de cantos* (Filled with songs)/The strings of my guitar/Sing until dawn

This love I am feeling/As wide as the sea/That blows like the prairie/Winds into me/The same as my Father/Grandmother, Grand-dad/The same as the geese/We return to this land//Chorus

Six dollars an hour/Is what we get paid/My Dad works by night/My Mother by day/From spring into summer/ From summer to fall/Then head back to Texas/When the snow falls//Chorus

Some will go to college/Some will marry young/To travel the highway/Beneath the hot sun/To work in your factories/To work in your fields/Where the black earth keeps turning/Paying the bills//Chorus

3. Down with the Ku Klux Klan

LARRY LONG, VOCALS AND 12-STRING GUITAR; MARC ANDERSON, DUMBIEK; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

Just before noon on Saturday, November 3, 1979, a nine-car caravan of Klansmen and Nazis worked its way through the narrow streets of the Black district of Greensboro, North Carolina, where an anti-Klan rally was forming in front of a housing project. "Death, death, death to the Klan," shouted protesters from the Communist Workers Party, while some pounded the Klansmen's cars with sticks and clubs.

TV cameras filmed while several Klansmen climbed out of the cars, took out rifles and shotguns, and, with cigarettes dangling from their lips, opened fire on the crowd of men, women, and children. Within eighty-eight seconds, four anti-Klan demonstrators were dead,

another lay dying, and nine were wounded.

Law enforcement officers, who knew in advance that a caravan of armed racists was passing through, arrived after the shooting and arrested the gunmen. The Klan and Nazi defendants were later found not guilty of all charges and acquitted by an all-White jury, who said the defendants acted in "self-defense."

Bill and Lindy Seltzer, a Jewish couple in Springfield, Illinois, got tired of the Klan rallies in their hometown and found a way to turn a lemon into lemonade. They started "Project Lemonade" during a 1994 Klan rally, and it is now used in dozens of communities as a way to raise money for tolerance causes. While the Klan prepared a rally, the Seltzers obtained pledges of money from contributors for each minute the Klan rally would last. Thus the longer the rally lasted, the more money they would raise. With the spread of Project Lemonade, the Seltzers estimated that their pledges were raising up to \$8000 per minute of a Klan rally. The money is donated to community organizations who counter hate groups through education

and actively promoting tolerance.

These citizens have learned one of the most important lessons of Greensboro: fighting hate with more hate simply does not work. And when we forget this lesson, we lose our humanity and become like the enemy or evil we are trying to stop. (Recommended reading: *Teaching Tolerance Magazine*, and *Ten Ways To Fight Hatred*, *Intelligence Report*, projects of the Southern Poverty Law Center <www.splcenter.org>)

People marched in/North Carolina (3x)/Against the Ku Klux Klan (3x)/Loaded with guns/And loaded with rifles (3x)/Came the Ku Klux Klan (3x)/Then I heard them/Bullets a-blazing (3x)/From the Ku Klux Klan (3x)

Five people dead/In North Carolina (3x)/Down with the Ku Klux Klan (5x)/People marched in North Carolina (3x)/Against the Ku Klux Klan (3x)

4. Somalia

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 12-STRING GUITAR; SIAMA MATUZUNGIDI, VOCALS; MARC ANDERSON, KAYAMBA, TRIANGLE, DJEMBE, MBIRA; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS; RICKY PETERSON, ORGAN

"My name is Mohammed Hassan. I was born in Somalia on August 17, 1940, in a small village on the coast of the Red Sea—a fishing port. I left that area of my country when I was five years old.

"I came from a loving mother and a loving father. My father was a merchant, and he owned a ship called a dhow. This ship used to make voyages to take livestock from Somalia and cattle, sheep, goats, and food-stuff and rice from Yemen. My mother was a lady of the Sultan. Her grandfather was noble blood. I was their only child.

"When I was growing up my father wanted me to be a religious man or captain of the ship. I became a police officer.

"When the British left Somalia, it became a democratic country. Our leader was assassinated in 1969. The new leader became friends with the Soviet Union. War broke out between Somalia and Ethiopia. The Soviets sided with them. The new leader then became friends with the United States. He then got ousted in an uprising.

"The warlords came after. I fled with my wife and my five kids. We had nothing. We ended up in Kenya at a refugee camp, with no bathing, no toilets, no hospitals, a lot of police brutality, and over 500,000 people.

"I now work in crime prevention and safety. I help Somalian refugees with the legal system in Minneapolis."

I was born in Somalia/In a small village/Not far from the Red Sea/In a town called Lasqoray// Somalia, Somalia (2x)

My father was a strong man/He wanted me to be a sea captain/Or a sheikh for the faithful/To be a leader of Islam//Somalia, Somalia (2x)

From a young boy to a father/From the British to the Cold War/To the families now fleeing/The bloodshed of the warlords//Somalia, Somalia (2x)

In a car from Mogadishu/With my family I fled/To a refugee camp in Kenya/With no place to lay my head//Somalia, Somalia (2x)

Djibouti, Canada, New Zealand/England, Holland, and Finland/To this land of Minnesota/From the tropics to the tundra//Somalia, Somalia (2x)

Five pillars of Islam/Five prayers I do daily/Facing
east towards Mecca/Each day I just keep praying//
For Somalia, Somalia (2x)

5. Sugar

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; DEBBIE
DUNCAN, VOCALS; MARC ANDERSON, PLASTIC MILK
JUG, KICK DRUM; BO RAMSEY, LAP GUITAR; RICKY
PETERSON, ORGAN; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

*"I was born June the 7th, 1917, in Hale
County. People call me Sugar. I lived in a
wood house. I started school when I was ten
years old down here at Sunshine. It was a
Black school. There weren't no White. There
wasn't but two teachers. One was teaching
the little class, and the other was teaching
the high class.*

*"My parents worked in the field, chopped
cotton, and when it was time to plant corn,
I dropped corn. And when it come up, I
chopped it. That's what me and my mama
done. My daddy plowed it. It was a White
man...[who] owned that place. When the
crop's made, you sell and get half of what
you made. That's what it meant.*

*"I had five sisters and no brothers at all.
I was the fourth. Honey was the fifth. When
I was a little girl, my older sisters whopped
me. They were just that way.*

*"I had a job in Greensboro. I worked at the
chicken house. I was a gizzard wrapper.
What year did I marry? 1935 to Norville
Johnson. A lot of girls liked him. I just went
on and talked to him. [It was] a long time
before I really loved him. Praise the Lord—
it's a long time before you love.*

*"Well you see, if the Lord done put His hand
on you, you can't be still when He touches
you. You didn't know that did you? You can't
be still if you get happy. Everybody in there
knows it. That's right, you feel it!"*

People call me Sugar/Because I am so sweet/Grew
up on a dirt road/Never knew concrete/My daddy
was a farmer/Never owned the land/But he had
one mule/Under his command/Every day you'd see
him/Working in the field/When the Lord puts his
hands on you/You just can't stand still

When I was a young girl/Cotton I would chop/
Working with my mother/And my father who share-

cropped/Daddy owned the seed/That's the way it
went/The landlord, he took half/It was hard but we
done it/Every day in the kitchen/Cooking up a
meal/When the Lord puts his hands on you/You
just can't stand still

Five sisters in the family/No brothers at all/
I was the fourth child born/When I was small/
Don't know what I didn't do/My older sister
snapped the whip/Good God, I was scared/When
she went to get that switch/I had my first baby/
Working in the field/When the Lord puts his hands
on you/You just can't stand still

When I met my husband/Had nothing to ride/We
couldn't do nothing/'Cept go walking side by side/
It took a long time/Before we fell in love/If you
ain't got religion/You better get you some/I recall
the moment/When I found God's will/When the Lord
puts his hands on you/You just can't stand still

Brought me up from a baby/To where I am now/
Don't care who knows it/But I'm freedom bound/
Sometimes I get lonely/Sometimes I get sad/But
don't let the Devil fool you/When you get mad/It
says in the Bible/Thou shall not kill/When the Lord
puts his hands on you/You just can't stand still

*"Sugar" was written through a partnership
with the PACERS Small School Cooperative,
University of Alabama, and Community Cele-
bration of Place.

6. All the Way to Paradise

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; SEE MOUA,
SPOKEN WORD; HAULY MOUA, NCAS; CHUE MOUA,
QEEJ; MARC ANDERSON, TRAP SET; BO RAMSEY,
LAP GUITAR; RICKY PETERSON, RHODES PIANO;
BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

*"We are a tribal group of people that
played an important but often forgotten role
in American history. We are a fiercely inde-
pendent culture dating back to 2000 B.C.
From our ancient homelands in China, the
Hmong migrated southward into the moun-
tainous regions of Laos, Thailand, and Viet-
nam. And from there, they have migrated to
many other parts of the world.*

*"The Hmong lived peacefully in the lush
valleys and majestic mountains of Southeast
Asia until the Vietnam War broke out. The
Hmong were recruited to be America's foot
soldiers to fight against the Communists in*

the Vietnam War. They risked all to defend their homelands and to rescue downed American pilots.

"Largely abandoned by the United States when it withdrew in 1975, the Hmong have been subjected to a campaign of genocide by the governments of Laos and Vietnam, including the use of chemical-biological toxins. Thousands of Hmong had no choice but to leave their homeland and flee for their lives. Others still live in refugee camps in Thailand, scattered and torn away from their loved ones and awaiting forced repatriation to Laos—where they face further retribution and terror." –See Moua

Here is an excerpt from the story told by Mr. Yang Chang that inspired this song:

(Transliteration of Mr. Chang's story by See and You Moua)

"Peb nyob hauv ib lub zos muaj ntshe li pebcaug mus txog li plaubcaug tsev neeg. Peb shib hlub thiab shib pab sawv daws ntawd. Nyob hauv lub zos ntawd, muaj mi kab mi noog, muaj paj, muaj ntoo, muaj

nyom ntsuab xiab, muaj roob siab siab. Cov pub thawj (Cambodians) thiab cos nyab laj liab pib tuaj tua peb lawm.

"Cov pojniam nyob hauv zos, ua teb, tu vaj tu tsev, hos cov txiv neej mus tua rog lawm. Thawm lawv tuaj txog peb lub zos, peb thiaj tau khiav tawm. Cov pojniam thaib cov menyum tau mus ua ntej. Cov txiv neej mam los ua qab. Lawv shawv daws muab xyob muab ntoo khis ntawm lawv nrab quam. Lawv mam li ua luam dej mus txog thaibteb. Cov men."

(English translation of Mr. Yang Chang's narration by See Moua)

"We lived in a village with thirty to forty families. We helped each other in the village. There was a lot of foliage around the village. Mountains three to four miles up. The Red Cambodians and Red Vietnamese came to take our land. The women stayed in the village to farm and work in the house, while the men fought. I lost my leg in the war.

"When they took our land we had to flee.

The women and children had to go first, and the men left afterwards. They swam over the river to the refugee camp with bamboo sticks. The little children would have a triangle made out of bamboo, and they would be placed in there and be tied on to the bigger kids who know how to swim. It is different in the United States, no farms here. In Laos we had to do a lot of work to get food and shelter. Here we have to do a lot of work to have money and homes to live in."

I lost my leg/In the jungle/Had to get carried/back to the village/My wife she was scared/When she saw me coming

CHORUS: I thought for sure I'd die (Kuv xav tias kuv yuav tuag lis laus)

I was way to scared to cry (kuv ntshai daws kuv quaj tsis taus thiab)

But I made it (Tab tsis kuv ua tau lawm)

I made it (Ua tau lawm)/All the way to paradise (Kuv mus txog kiag kev ywj pheej)

Lived in a valley/Up in the mountains/So many children/Couldn't even count them/Before the

enemy/Came a-charging//Chorus

Ran to the river/To cross over/With my children/On my shoulder/In rafts made of bamboo/To the shores of Thailand//Chorus

Food and shelter/Doctors and water/Children crying/"Where is my father?"/Down the West Side of St.Paul/You can see me coming//Chorus

7. Brazil

LARRY LONG, ENGLISH VOCALS, GUITAR; ESTHER GODINEZ, PORTUGUESE VOCALS; MARC ANDERSON, TEMPLE BLOCKS, CYMBALS, LOW DRUM, BELLS; BILLY PETERSON, ELECTRIC BASS, PIANO

I wrote this love song while on a twelve-city tour through Brazil. When I traveled around the country, I became enchanted by its land and people. Each verse was inspired by a different region of the country.

Your eyes are filled with laughter/Your feet are like a drum/In times of danger/You sing a song of love/Brazil

Your body moves in rhythm/You wear your gift with ease/How can I refuse you?/How could I ever leave?/Brazil

Standing in the shadows/I hear the angels call/
Your hair flows like petals/Over a waterfall/Brazil

As dark as sunlight/Standing in the rain/Without
a cloud in the sky/I'm calling out your name/Brazil

Your children are hungry/There's wealth at your
door/The more that we ask of you/The more you
give us more/Brazil

8. Ramona

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; MARC
ANDERSON, *DARBUKA*, CLAVES, *ZILS*, TAMBOURINE,
BELLS; PETER OSTROUSHKO, VIOLIN, MANDOLIN;
BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS

A thousand years ago, several tribes of
peoples migrated from northern India and
dispersed throughout Europe. The settled
people called them by the name "Gypsies,"
from the belief at one time that they had
come from Egypt. They have endured cen-
turies of persecution, and today, with as
many as 23 million Rom worldwide, they are
one of the largest ethnic groups without their
own homeland.

"Ramona" grew out of a dream I had one

night after I had been reading *Gypsy Fires
in America: A Narrative of Life Among the
Romanies of the United States* by Irving
Henry Brown. When I awoke I still heard vio-
lins playing around me. I couldn't shake the
melody out of my head, so I sat down to
write the song, and it practically wrote itself.

Ramona, your hair shines like gold/Like copper
your skin in the moonlight/Ramona, your heart is
so deep/The language you speak with your body/
While the fiddles play/And our people sing

Songs for Ramona/Passions of grief/How can I
sleep?/When I'm thinking tonight/Of you, my love.

Ramona, your love filled with grace/The earth and
the stars and the moon shine/Down on you lighter
than air/A halo of light surrounds you/While the
spirits sing/And the forest rings

To the rhythm of Ramona/A fire swells/How could I
not/Want to be your lover?

Ramona, they say our people are bad/They've
driven us out like cattle/Cursed us for the life we
lead/And tried to keep us divided/But the anvil
still rings/And our people still sing/Songs for
Ramona/While my thoughts are with you/And the

path that lies/Tomorrow so soon before us

Ramona, your love a picture of sound/A ballet of
movement in shadows/At night round the fire in
your floral gown/How could I not want to love you?

9. Muscovite Feel All Right

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR; JEANNE
PETERSON, PIANO; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS;
MARC ANDERSON, PERCUSSION

When Gorbachev opened up what was then
the Soviet Union through *perestroika* and
glasnost in the 1980s, poets and singers
began to emerge on the streets of Arbat, a
historic district of Moscow dating back to
1493. On every corner of Arbat there were
painters, singers, poets, jesters, people with
kids, people without kids, kids with kids,
walking and running free in an expression of
freedom I'd not known before nor since.

I was invited to sing with Kris Kristofferson in
Moscow. We stayed at Hotel Rossia in Moscow
—one block from Red Square, the changing
of the guards, the iridescent moon, and a few
miles from Arbat Street. We soon discovered
that some quarters of Moscow were pro-*pere-*

stroika and some quarters were not.

Our first performance was in an auditorium
filled with 5,000 people. In the front row
were a line of police officers, who stood up
when Kris's band was ready to play, then
canceled the rest of the show. The reason,
we were told, was because on that side of
town they didn't want to have American
singers. The problem, for us, was there was
no way to get out of the auditorium. One of
Kris's people had a screwdriver, and he
ended up unscrewing the window out of the
back door so we could get out of there and
into the bus. While in the bus I told Kris
about Arbat Street and suggested we should
go there to do some street singing. Kris and
his band agreed, but when we got to Arbat
Street there were no people. It was shut
down. We didn't pay it any mind, though. We
just went running out of the bus and down
the street with our guitars and mandolins
and voices. Pretty soon hundreds of people
came out from everywhere to join us on
Arbat Street.

Our Russian translator, Sasha, began to

chant "We are *glasnost*. We are *perestroika*."

Soon the police arrived and told us that we had to break it up, but nobody listened. Everyone kept singing and chanting. The next thing we knew, three police officers had grabbed Sasha. I ran over to Sasha and grabbed his arm. Kris came over and locked his arm around the other side of Sasha. We were then engulfed by the crowd. They pushed us out the other side of Arbat Street, while blocking off the police. We all jumped into a cab and headed to Hotel Rossia.

Sasha was very scared, because the authorities had taken his identification card. Kris and I met with KGB agents in the bathroom of the hotel and told them that we wouldn't leave the country until we were assured that Sasha would get his identification card back and nothing would happen to him. By 2:00 a.m. Sasha had his identification card back.

One year later I was singing along the banks of the Mississippi River at a Soviet-American peace walk that was crossing the United States and, sure enough, there was Sasha. Then I knew it had turned out O.K. As for

the former Soviet Union, I certainly hope things improve for them.

On the street/Beneath a church/With a paper and easel/Paint on the brush/He's in no rush/He's got a right to be there/To paint what he sees/To paint what he feels/To paint whatever he's thinking

The cops look the same/Everywhere you go/They all like to wear/Such tight-fitting clothes/The military men/They could all be twins/Don't matter in what country/You're living

Money in the jar/Playing guitar/Singing a song he's written/To the people in the crowd/Who've gathered round/On a Friday night just to listen/To what he sees/To what he feels/To what he's thinking

Something strange/Is going on/There's been a change/In the weather at the Kremlin/Moscow nights/Are not the same/As they were in the days of Stalin

Dixieland, rock and roll/Dancin' like a fish at the disco/Coffee cake, I've been staying up late/In a flat that reminds me of San Francisco/Muscovite, feel alright/Tonight I feel like singin'/Muscovite, feel alright (2x)

10. Some Things Are Not for Sale

LARRY LONG, VOCALS, 6-STRING GUITAR, 12-STRING GUITAR; ANNIE HUMPHREY, JINGLE-DRESS DANCER; BILLY PETERSON, UPRIGHT BASS; JOHN MORROW, HAND-DRUM, VOCALS

The Red Lake band of the Anishinabeg Nation (Ojibwe) owns a parcel of land larger than Rhode Island. The main reservation surrounds all of Lower Red Lake and three-fifths of Upper Red Lake, which are linked by a narrow strait. In 1889 they reluctantly ceded vast tracts of land to the United States, but the leaders of the Red Lake band took a courageous stand that had great social and political consequences. Rather than allocate the remaining land to individuals—as the United States government wanted—the leaders insisted it be held in trust. Today those leaders are revered for their foresight. While Anishinabeg-owned property on nearby reservations has been drastically reduced, Red Lake's land remains essentially intact.

My name is Melvin Jones/From the Red Lake Reservation/From the Bear Clan/Of the Anishinabe Nation/The only tongue I knew/Was the tongue I

heard spoken/By the elders of my clan/Beside the great fresh-water ocean

CHORUS: They taught me well/Some things are not for sale

On the first night/The brushes started cracking/When a white horse with wings/On the second night went passing/An old man appeared/On the third night of my vision/On the fourth night/A woman spoke and I listened//Chorus

Standing on the shore/The little people of the water/Danced upon the rocks/Of my great-grandmother and father/The more you give away/The more you are given/The more you trust in God/The more that you keep living//Chorus

Healing Song

JOHN MORROW, HAND-DRUM, VOCAL

If someone is sick or a family is having trouble, this song is sung to honor and help them. It is often performed on a traditional Anishinabe big drum for jingle dress dancers.

Anishinabe Grandmother

"When an Anishinabe grandmother storyteller looks upon the northern lights, she

sees the dancing ancestors who have gone to the other side. The old ones have said that these lights not only dance but make the same sound as the jingle dress. The first jingle dress was made by an elder man who saw it in a vision. He presented that dress to a young unwed Ojibwe woman. They say the dress was given to us for our healing. One can only imagine the kind of gentle power present at a pow-wow where many women are dancing in jingle dresses, as they pray for the healing of our peoples. Some have said that as the women weave their way around the circle, they bring reconciliation as well.” —Anne Dunn (Anishinabe)

11. Well May the World Go

(FIELD RECORDING OF PETE SEEGER INTERVIEW BY LARRY LONG) PETE SEEGER, SPOKEN WORD, BANJO; LARRY LONG, VOCALS, GUITAR; PETE WATERCOTT, VIOLIN; PETER OSTROUSHKO, MANDOLIN; MARC ANDERSON, SHAKER, *PETIA*, PLASTIC MILK JUG; BO RAMSEY, SLIDE GUITAR; BILLY PETERSON, ACOUSTIC BASS; DEBBIE DUNCAN, VOCALS; SIGNATURE, VOCALS; NORTHFIELD CHILDREN'S CHOIR, VOCALS

In the mid 1970s I sang for farmers fighting the construction of a high-voltage power line in central Minnesota. It was a populist movement that brought together rural and urban people concerned about the environment, the family farmer, and the collusion between big, privately owned utilities with the rural electric cooperatives. It was through fighting this high-voltage power line with song that I met Pete Seeger. And it was quite by accident.

The farmers fighting that high-voltage power line began reaching out to other farmers in order to build a larger rural coalition. It was in this spirit that a farmer named Virgil Fuchs and I took a trip to Appleton, where the first American Agriculture Movement strike office in Minnesota was established.

When we arrived at the strike office, it was crowded with sugar beet farmers with their feed caps on. Virgil talked to them about how the big utilities had lied to the farmers in his county in order to get an easement to build their high-voltage power line. He then asked me to sing a couple of songs. When I

got done singing, this man everyone called “The Governor” said, “Larry, you remind me of Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger.” The man’s name was Elmer Benson. When Elmer was governor of Minnesota and the lumberjacks were on strike, Elmer called the National Guard out on the *company!* The lumberjacks won the strike.

Elmer told me many stories of when Pete and Woody came to the Midwest singing for the farmers and workers in need, and he called Pete and told him about my work. The next thing I knew I was on an American Agriculture Movement tractorcade heading east to Washington, D.C. It was a slow trip that was started by a lonesome farmer from the Fargo/Moorhead area in a non-enclosed cab in the middle of winter.

By the time we reached Washington, D.C., we were 100 miles long, single file, pulling into our nation’s capital.

I stayed in Washington, D.C., for three months with those farmers that year. While I was there, Pete Seeger called the national strike office and asked for me. Pete told me

about his singing in Washington, D.C., with dairy farmers in the 1930s.

I visited Pete and his wife Toshi at their home in upstate New York. What I remember most from that visit was going along the shores of the Hudson with Pete. While talking, Pete began to reach down and pick up cigarette butts along the shore. Soon I began doing the same—all the while talking. Then we were walking between fishermen fishing and throwing their cigarette butts and aluminum cans into paper bags. Next thing we know those same fishermen have stopped fishing, and they’re picking up their own cigarette butts and cans, and within a very short period of time that little section of the Hudson River was cleaned up.

That moment redirected my life for the next ten years. After I returned to Minnesota, I helped start a movement called the Mississippi River Revival, whose main functions were to pick up both visible and invisible trash along and in the river and to celebrate the diverse culture of people along her banks.

Once you meet Pete, you end up doing a

whole lot more work for other people than you imagined yourself ever doing. Pete just has that way with people. He makes you feel like you can change the world, and before you know it that's exactly what you've done.

But when you try to give Pete credit for that inspiration, he often replies, "You know I saw this cartoon of a tired woman with babies in her arms, cleaning the kitchen. When the telephone rings, she replies, 'No my husband isn't home. He's off trying to save the world.'"

"Pete Seeger born May 3rd, 1919, and it is now October 24th, I think, 1996, and we are sitting at the table in 526 Texas Street, San Francisco, Larry Long and me.

"My father said the truth is a rabbit in a bramble patch, and all you can do is circle around it and point and say it's somewhere in there. You can't put your hand on it and touch it, you can't put your hand on that furry, quivering body. All you can do is say it's somewhere in there.

"I have to tell you right now I was greatly

influenced by my father. I was five years old, and he gave me a dime, and he said, 'Go next door and buy something that costs a nickel.' But when I was at the store, I met a neighbor boy. He said, 'Pete, you got a nickel left over. Why don't we buy a piece of candy? We'll share it.' I said, 'Well, I was supposed to bring it back.' (He said) 'Oh, tell him it costs ten cents.' Well, at age five I didn't know any better. We bought the candy and shared it. And when I got back, I said it cost ten cents. My father got down on his knees in front of me and held both my hands. He said, 'Peter, you know it didn't cost ten cents. Don't you know you never have to lie to us? Never. We love you.' [I said] 'I bought a piece of candy.' He says, 'You could have bought the candy. That would have been alright. But you never have to lie to us.' And it was the most important lesson I guess I ever got in my life."

Well may the skiers turn/The swimmers churn/The lovers burn/Peace may the generals learn/When I'm far away

Chorus: Well may the world go/The world go

(2x)/Well may the world go/When I'm far away

"A draftee in the days of the Vietnam War wrote me how he was at bayonet practice, and the sergeant hollers, 'What is the spirit of the bayonet?' And we were all supposed to shout back, 'To kill! To kill!' And the sergeant now shouts, 'What does that make you?' We were all supposed to shout, 'A killer, a killer.' And I said, 'What a thing to do to take ordinary decent young men and make them shout that.'"

Well may the fiddle sound/The banjo play/The old hoe-down/Dancers swinging round and round/When I'm far away//Chorus

"Try and do a good job with the people you know near you. It's nice to travel. But—and I suppose while you're young it's the best time to travel. You can learn by traveling. The world can be your university, as Maxim Gorky once said. But in the long run, find this part of the world that you really like that you can stick to. It might be the same town you were raised in, but it might be another place. It might be a valley, it might be a desert, it might be a swamp, but find some area that

you really like enough, so you're going to stick there the rest of your life."

Fresh may the breezes blow/Clear may the streams flow/Blue above, green below/When I'm far away//Chorus

I think the world's going to be saved by people who fight for their homes. This is the lesson of the American Revolution. That's what beat King George. It was all the farmers shootin' out from behind the stone walls.

Well may the skiers turn/The swimmers churn/The lovers burn/Peace may the generals learn/When I'm far away//Chorus

"Everywhere I go I tell this: When I meet somebody who says there's really no hope—you know, things are going to get from worse to worse, and this is the last century of the human race, I tell them: 'Did you expect to see our great Watergate president leave office the way he did?' They say, 'No, I guess I didn't. I say, 'Did you expect the Pentagon to have to leave Vietnam the way it did?' They say, 'No, I didn't. I say, 'Did you expect to see the Berlin Wall come down so

peacefully, the way it did?' They say, 'No, I really didn't expect that.' Then I say, 'Did you expect to see Mandela head of South Africa?' They say, 'Oh no, no I really didn't expect that, I thought he'd rot in jail forever, the rest of his life.' 'Well,' I say, 'If you couldn't predict those things, don't be confident that you can predict there's no hope.'"

Well may the fiddle sound/The banjo play/The old
hoe-down/Dancers swinging 'round an 'round/
When I'm far away//Chorus

Fresh may the breezes blow/Clear may the streams
flow/Blue above, green below/When I'm far away
/Chorus

*The melody to "Well May the World Go" is from the traditional song "Weel May the Keel Row," New Castle-On-Tyne.

12. Sweet Lura Rose

LARRY LONG, GUITAR AND VOCALS

This is a song for my daughter, Lura Rose. She was named after a wonderful woman named Lura Haigh, who organized the first all-women's bowling league in Des Moines,

Iowa. Lura Haigh couldn't have children. She met my father while he peddled newspapers on street corners as a kid. They developed a very special relationship, and when my sisters and I grew up we knew her as Aunt Lura. My daughter, Lura, carries her wonderful spirit with her, and she truly is the rose of my life.

You are the morning/Bird at my window/You are
the sparrow/My Lura Rose

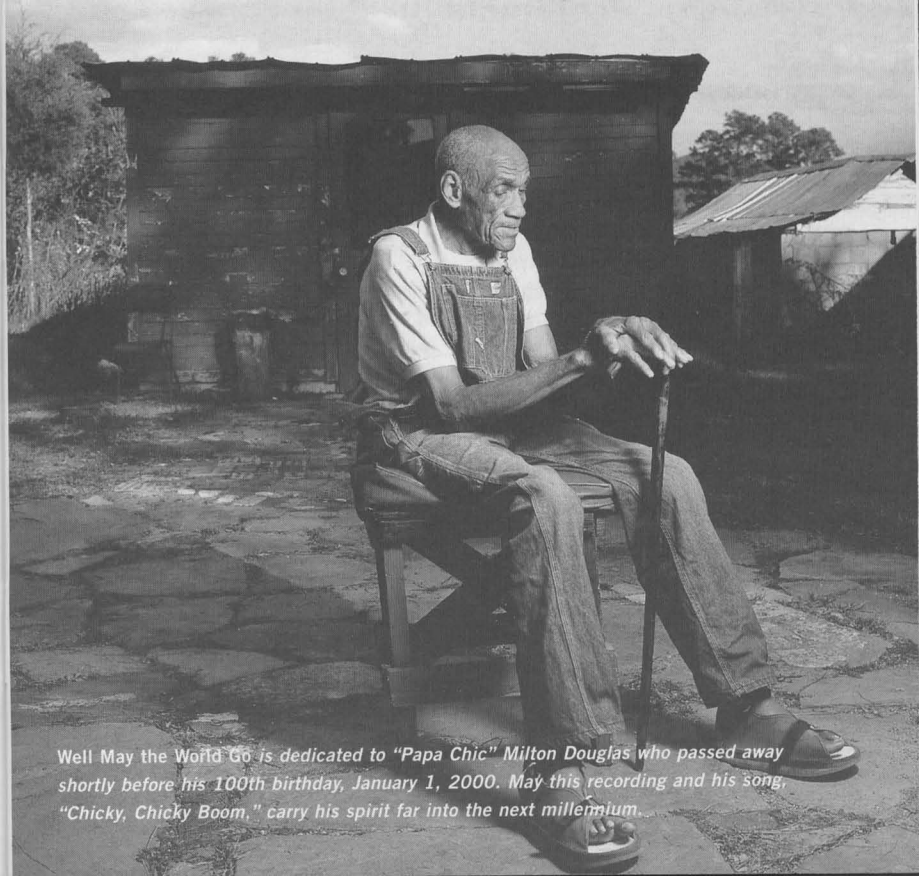
Straight from the heavens/Down to the tree-tops/
Into my heartbeat/Sweet Lura Rose

You are the morning/Sun at my window/Dancing
at day break/My Lura Rose

Colors of sunlight/Spin to the rhythm/Of laughter
that tickles/Sweet Lura Rose

You are the morning/Song at my window/Filled
with surprises/My Lura Rose

Out of my night dreams/Into your daydreams/
Plucking my heart strings/Sweet Lura Rose



Well May the World Go is dedicated to "Papa Chic" Milton Douglas who passed away shortly before his 100th birthday, January 1, 2000. May this recording and his song, "Chicky, Chicky Boom," carry his spirit far into the next millennium.

LARRY LONG DISCOGRAPHY

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BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song Guidebook, by Larry Long and Jim Fanning. Published by *Sing Out!* magazine in partnership with PACERS Small Schools Cooperative and Community Celebration of Place.

Alabama Songbook, by Larry Long. Published by *Sing Out!* magazine. Featuring 70 songs written by Larry with school communities from throughout rural Alabama, photographs by Andrew Goetz, and life stories from elders who inspired the songs.

Community Celebration of Place: Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song cassettes and CDs. Individual community audio recording highlights of culminating celebrations in workshops featuring "Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song" from different locations in the United States.

Community Celebration of Place: Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song Videos, produced by David McDonald, DVD Productions.

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Andrew Goetz is a professional photographer whose work has appeared in *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *Sports Illustrated*. Since 1983, Goetz has documented the work of the Program for Rural Services and Research at the University of Alabama and photographed rural Alabamians who serve as resources to PRSR. As a consultant and a PRSR staff member, he has conducted photography workshops for students, teachers, and others throughout rural Alabama and advised the set-up, use, and maintenance of school-based community darkrooms.

Special thanks: I want to thank all the organizations who have supported me over the years and the people who have inspired my songs—you know who you are.

ABOUT SMITHSONIAN FOLKWAYS

Folkways Records was founded by Moses Asch in 1948 to document music, spoken word, instruction, and sounds from around the world. In the ensuing decades, New York City-based Folkways became one of the largest independent record labels in the world, reaching a total of nearly 2,200 albums that were always kept in print.

The Smithsonian Institution acquired Folkways from the Moses Asch estate in 1987 to ensure that the sounds and genius of the artists would be preserved for future generations. All Folkways recordings are available on high-quality audio cassettes or by special order on CD. Each recording is packed in a special box along with the original LP liner notes.

Smithsonian Folkways Recordings was formed to continue the Folkways tradition of releasing significant recordings with high-quality documentation. It produces new titles, reissues of historic recordings from Folkways and other record labels, and in collaboration with other companies also produces instructional videotapes and recordings to accompany published books and other educational projects.

The Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Paredon, Monitor, Fast Folk, and Dyer-Bennet record labels are administered by the Smithsonian Insti-

tution's Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage. They are one of the means through which the Center supports the work of traditional artists and expresses its commitment to cultural diversity, education, and increased understanding.

You can find Smithsonian Folkways Recordings at your local record store. Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Paredon, Fast Folk, Monitor, and Dyer-Bennet recordings are all available through:

Smithsonian Folkways Mail Order
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 7300,
Washington, DC 20560-0953
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fax (202) 287-7299
orders only 1 (800) 410-9815

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For further information about all the labels distributed through the Center, please consult our Internet site (www.si.edu/folkways), which includes information about recent releases, our catalogue, and a database of the approximately 35,000 tracks from the more than 2,300 available recordings (click on database search).

Or request a printed catalogue by writing to the address above, use our catalogue request phone, (202) 287-3262, or e-mail folkways@aol.com