

Madfolk News

CANCELLED CHARLIE KING/PRINCE MYSHKIN'S CD RELEASE CONCERT

Boy, did we hate to cancel our March 19 concert in Madison! It's such a great place to play: former home base for The Prince Myshkins; Andy's home town; city where we're most likely to run into our idols, Peter & Lou Berryman. I've been playing Madison for decades, from the Barrymore Theater to the Cardinal Bar to the Wil-Mar Center to Mike Tutens basement - always a wonderful crowd, always a singalong audience. So, we'll be back!

We have quite a stack of our wonderful new recording (For The Record) to sell or barter - Madison was to be the premier CD release venue. We have a 3 week tour to re-construct. In the early days of the pandemic we set aside the last 2 weeks in October and the first week in November to re-book. We'll see if that was overly optimistic. But it's a just matter of time before we team up with Madfolk for a grand night of music Stay tuned.

Cheers,
Charlie
<http://charlieking.org/>

On the Air



Simply Folk on Wisconsin Public Radio w/ Dan Robinson, Host

Sun 5:00-8:00pm

Concerts recorded in Wisconsin, music and dance of people the world over. For playlists, calendars, station listings, and more, visit www.wpr.org/simplyfolk



WORT 89.9 FM community radio

- Weekdays 9:00am - noon - "On the Horizon" w/ Ford Blackwell, Paul Novak, Gloria Hays & Helena White
- Mon - Global Revolutions (folk from the world over) w/ Dan Talmo & Martin Alvarado
- Tue - Another Green World w/ Katie & Tessa
- Wed - Back to the Country (country music on a theme) w/ Bill Malone
- Thur - Diaspora (folk and international) w/ Terry O'
- Fri - Mud Acres (bluegrass and acoustic) w/ Chris Powers



WVMO The Voice of Monona - Promoting the best in Good Music - Roots Music - Americana Music

Plus Community Members Hosted Shows

Streaming Live and on your mobile device through tunein radio

During these times where we can't go out to listen to music, many musicians are putting concerts every week thru the web.

We at Madfolk are trying to post some of them on our Face Book page each week. So if you part of the Social Media world of Face Book, please "like" the page for Madison Folk Music Society and keep watch here for some great music. Looking forward to the future where we can all gather in public for music again.



Hello Again

Since there are no upcoming concerts to cover, Whither Zither has been asked to reappear for an episode. Nice to be back!

My music partner Lou and I have received many inquiries asking if we have written a songs about the Coronavirus. Actually, we did write a couple, but there have been SO MANY better virus songs than ours (gone viral, ironically) that we've set ours aside. It's a thrill to see such a flourishing of online creativity. I wouldn't be surprised if there were thousands of Covid-19 songs on YouTube as I write this mid-April.

Neal Diamond has done a PSA for CBS which is a take-off on **Sweet Caroline**:

*Hands. Washing hands.
Reaching out. Don't touch me.
I won't touch you. Sweet Caroline...*

A song that many have sent me is the strident **Stay the Fuck at Home**, lyrics by Chris Franklin and music by Bob E. Kelly. There's **The 12 Days of Quarantine** by Jeanine and David Ridenour.

Adam Sandler has a Covid-19 song on YouTube. Bobby Burns has a punkish rapish song with lines like "I can't even lick a public handrail anymore." There's **I Miss American Life**, a take-off by Melanie Wilson on **American Pie**, And **Fifty Ways to Catch Corona** by Zack David.

One I really like was created by the Kochi City Police in the state of Kerala, India. I think the language is Malayalam. Called the **Kerala Police Viral Song / Covid-19 Battle / Awareness Song**, with a great video starring the Kochi City Police.

You can search for all these on YouTube. Just search for "covid song" and you get all sorts of similar hits.

There are wacky covid songs, warning songs, laments, uplifting "This too shall pass" songs, you name it. Songs for kids, for geezers, for teens, for everybody. Most of them, I would say, are what you might call "Reminder Songs," like Shirley Serban's video parody of **Do Re Mi**:

*Do not fear, but please stay here
Stay at home now everyone
We must wash and clean things well
Cars, no long trips just for fun
Don't let Covid virus spread
Isolate yourself at home
See your friends online instead
That's the healthy way to go oh oh oh*

Which made me wonder how many Reminder Songs exist that DON'T deal with Covid-19. I think there are many.

The first one that came to mind is **Santa Claus is Coming to Town**, by John Frederick Coots and Haven Gillespie. I suppose this could also be classified as a "Warning Song:"

*You better watch out
You better not cry
You better not pout
I'm telling you why
Santa Claus is coming to town*

Same with **Teddy Bears' Picnic** by Jimmy Kennedy and John W. Bratton:

*If you go down in the woods today
You'd better go in disguise!*

A pleading Reminder Song is **Button Up Your Overcoat (You Belong To Me)** by Ray Henderson (1896-1970), an amazing songwriter who also wrote **Bye Bye Blackbird, Has Anybody Seen My Gal?, I'm Sittin' On Top of the World, Life is Just a Bowl of Cherris, Animal Crackers In My Soup**, and many other standards:

*Button up your overcoat
When the wind is free
Take good care of yourself
You belong to me
Eat an apple every day
Get to bed by three...*

Henderson also wrote the Reminder Song **Never Swat a Fly** that I first heard sung by the Kweskin Jug Band years ago:

*Never swat a fly
He may love another fly
He may sit with her and sigh
The way I do with you*

There are blues Reminder Songs like **Richland Woman**, which is actually more of an Ultimatum Song:

Hurry home sweet papa

*And don't you take your time
You know you wait too long
Your mama will be gone*

Lots of folk songs are Reminder Songs, though this one is more a Warning Song:

*Come all ye fair and tender ladies
Be careful how you court young men
They're like a star on a summer's morning
They'll first appear and then they're gone*

Speaking of old songs, I was curious about songs (or verses) written about the terrible Spanish Flu of a hundred years ago, so I looked up some newspapers issued during the worst of it in the autumn of 1918. This is from the Waukesha Freeman of October 31, 1918, no author listed:

*Oh Spanish Flu,
I'm not for you,
Although you may be something new,
For me the old style sneeze and cough,
To such as them my hat I doff.
But you, you hoochy Spanish bug,
You land too heavy neath the lug;
You may be up to date, and new,
But, Spanish Flu, I'm not for you.*

From another state, **Everything's "Flu" Now!**, which appeared in the Bourbon News of Paris, KY, on October 22, 1918:

*Got a little measly cold?
Spanish Flu.
Do your bones feel stiff and sore?
Spanish Flu.
Is it energy you lack?
Have you stepped upon a tack
Got a crick in your back?
Spanish Flu.
If your throat feels kinder raw*

*Spanish Flu
If you have a swollen jaw
Spanish Flu
If your tooth is kinder achin'
If an illness you are fakin'
If your knees are a-shakin'
Spanish Flu...*

I'll close with not a lyric but a letter to the editor of the Baraboo Weekly News from November 7 of 1918:

I am still here and better than I was last spring. If the grip or "flu" does not get me, I may be here some longer, so please send the paper as usual. -- Mrs. C.M. Ferris, Rutledge Home, Chippewa Falls, WI.

An open letter to the folk community from a newly-deemed non-essential folk-singer

As I write this, it is the early days of Spring in west Michigan. It's the time when folks are typically shaking off their winter hibernation, rejoining nature, face-timing with sunshine and gathering together with friends & neighbors and planning travel to distant family. What snow cover there is - like tonight's - is beautiful but fleeting. For many, Easter eggs would soon be scattering lawns at the end of Lent.

But in this Spring season everything is different. Everything. It is suddenly the time of quarantine, self-isolation, lockdown and shut-in. Easter is cancelled. Resurrection is postponed.

For my friends & family, fans and all others who may now stumble upon this page, or un-earth it in the future while combing archives, my true wish is that you are all healthy, and your loved ones are safe and well. That may sound like a corny platitude, but I don't mean it so. (My sense of irony waxes and wanes these days.) What I want to express here today are my sincere thoughts on where we are - and where I am - in this very strange time of global pandemic.

My first response is extreme frustration. As a performing musician these past 49 years - and a folk singer at that - I can recall those many times of sudden crisis when I took to the stage for no pay, alone or with many other musicians, to benefit an urgent cause for relief. At a moment's notice, we would raise money for the hurt and homeless, victims of disaster or disease, orphans of war, or the beleaguered first responders. I am talking about local benefit concerts. Sometimes we raised more consciousness than coin, but it was always about the community coming together. Music heals. Togetherness heals. The laying on of hands heals. That belief is in my bones.

But like most Americans - and many more around the world - this Sunday evening, I am securely "sheltered in place" behind closed doors, yet oddly at-sea with my situation. My intellect can understand the authority's need to restrict my daily interactions, the lockdown on my human contact. But on a

deeper level, I just can't grok it. ("Grok" being a hipster term coined by sci-fi writer Robert Heinlein in his legendary 1961 novel, "Stranger in a Strange Land.") To grok is to fully and deeply connect on all levels: with another person, a thing or an idea, feeling, or emotion. Science fiction is morphing into science fact like never before. Each new day reminds me of yet another old Twilight Zone episode.)

I get the idea of "together apart." I get the argument to "flatten the curve." The plan is to avert an acute crisis by turning it into a manageable chronic condition - draw the illnesses out over time. But I just can't comprehend the actuality of it all, and what it will be like when and if we open our doors and meet again - and finally exchange our stockpiled cooties. I can't fathom it! ("Fathom," as you might recall, is traditionally the measure of an average man's spread arms, fingertip to fingertip. It rounds out to six feet. Which is the distance apart we are now to keep. And is the distance under the ground we are trying to avoid. Hey, there's my sense of irony again!)

What's a poor boy to do? For now, I'm just following instructions, staying put, visiting the grocery store intermittently in hopes of discovering a freshly re-stocked shelf of necessities before the zombie-shoppers can pick it clean again. I play music and sing every day here at home, as does my wife. Keeping in musical shape, rehearsing for unbooked gigs far in the un-certain future, while all the up-coming gigs get cancelled. Playing music keeps me sane. Singing the very old songs is a big help, too. I might not sing them all that well, but it's the singing takes me home.

Someday, hopefully sooner rather than later, the politicians in charge will move some financial relief to the folks newly unemployed because of this imposed self-internment. The talk is going around that they just might even toss a bone to gig-economy musicians like me this time. I'm not holding my breath. We have never been included in the unemployment tax & benefit scheme before, no matter what the disaster.

Truth is, nobody has it easy these days. I'd say we're all in the same boat, but we're not, really. We are each in our own little boat. Some are much smaller and leakier than others. A fleet of individual Noah's arks adrift on a rising tide. And it just keeps raining. But if you should happen to find yourself floating at an even keel sometime soon and would like to a little something to help out your favorite out-of-work musicians, the best way to do that is to buy some of their recordings. Either mail-order some CDs or buy a download or two. The streaming of our songs would be no help. A million streams won't equal the proceeds of one CD sale, which itself doesn't amount to all that much - the going price of a pack of jumbo toilet paper.

You say you already own all the CDs your favorite musician has made? Well, then, bless your heart, and thanks! Maybe consider buying one as a gift for an old friend, now shut-in? Think of it as a few shillings tossed into the virtual guitar case of a lonesome busker on the virtual street corner.

As for my part, I intend in these next few weeks to get my laptop's seeing-eye fired up and record some songs here in my home office to throw up on my YouTube channel - for free, without ads. The new simpler URL for my YouTube channel is <https://www.youtube.com/c/joelmabusmusic> and while there you can subscribe to my channel with a click - again, for free. By subscribing you will be automatically notified every time I post a new song, averaging once a week or so.

With that, I'll sign off for today. Not much more to be said: Hang in there. Keep a stiff upper lip. God bless us everyone. There's no place like home. And, as Pete Seeger would always end his letters, "Take it easy, but take it!"

Joel Mabus
March 22, 2020
<http://www.joelmabus.com>



Review by Kiki Schueler

At a time when most of us aren't leaving our homes save for an occasional anxiety-ridden trip to the grocery store, leaving the country is the furthest thing from our minds. Which makes M Ward's Migration Stories a welcome diversion, and it's even more fantasy fueled than his records usually are. The stories that informed Ward's tenth release evolved from tales of travel from TV and newspapers, from family and friends. He's taken those images and half-remembered stories and woven them into a surreal collection of songs, where very little actually speaks to exodus. The result he describes as "11 largely instrumental ballads - a sci-fi fast forward to a more silent night many generations from here to a maybe-era where movement is free again." And while that doesn't make much sense to me, it may explain a little bit of what goes on in Ward's head.

Positioned to close out each side of the vinyl, two of the songs here are actually instrumentals, track five "Stevens' Snow Man" and album closer "Rio Drone." That fact initially escaped me, despite having listened to the record many times before sitting down to write this. The former pauses several times, as though the words are just about to start, while the latter feels like a coda to the track before it. That song,

"Torch," with its repeated line "heart beats in rhythm to its own," timpani arrhythmia, and what may be a ghost (or an angel?) offering a journey of the soul, is one of the deeper moments. That journey links back to opening track "Migration Stories." Murky and subdued, lyrics like "sailing on past space and time, that's how I'll get back to you," hint at otherworldly voyages. "Heaven's Nail and Hammer" answers the question of what lies beyond. Forget a harp and halo, "You get a hard hat, silver hammer and steel toe boots," and use those issued tools to nail holes in the sky. There's something in Ward's voice, and the angelic chorus behind it, that makes it sound like something to look forward to.

The oater classic "Along the Santa Fe Trail," written for the 1940 movie Santa Fe Trail, may seem an unlikely choice of a cover, but Ward makes it his own. And in doing so uncovers a different song. His version is ethereal, and surprisingly up tempo, doing away with the traditional clip clop rhythm. Never fear, he saved it for his own composition, "Coyote Mary's Traveling Show." With its last roundup rhythm and empty saddles guitar, it wouldn't have sounded out of place on a Sons of the Pioneers release. Even by M Ward standards, Stories is a mellow record, which is why "Unreal City" almost sounds like an outtake from a previous effort. It still doesn't quite break a sweat, but it might be the only track to get your toes tapping. There's even a brief guitar solo(!). Even though the first exists in the aftermath of a bombing and the second is referring to the chambers of the heart, "Real Silence" and "Chamber Music" are as peaceful and dreamlike as their titles

would suggest.

And like a good dream, Migration Stories leaves you with a lingering pleasant feeling, even if you can't quite remember the details.

Mad Folk News is published monthly by the Madison Folk Music Society, a non-profit, volunteer-led society dedicated to fostering folk music in the Madison area. Contact us at madfolk@charter.net. Learn about concerts, membership, scholarships, and volunteer opportunities at www.madfolk.org. www.facebook.com/pages/Madison-Folk-Music-Society/34497984835

Madison Folk Music Society Board

- DarleneBuhler.....President,Concerts, Advertising
225-0710~ darlene@blettner.com
- PegMichel.....Treasurer
831-1876 ~ pegm@chorus.net
- Tracy ComerMembership & Web Site
729-4498 ~ tracy@tracycomer.com
- NorbertWodke.....Secretary
849-3510 ~ nfwodke@chorus.net
- DedeGoldberg.....Newsletter distribution
246-4332 ~ speedydd99@yahoo.com
- Neil Morris.....Newsletter editor
358-5855 ~ madfolk@wiscomfort.com
- Meg Skinner..... Scholarships
238-6950 ~ meggskinner@gmail.com
- Ron Dennis
(608)228-5472 ~ rondenpho@aol.com

If you are on Facebook, please consider (if you have not already) "friending" or is it "liking" this page. Then when you are on this page you can invite others to "like" this page.

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Madison-Folk-Music-Society/34497984835>

My Highway Home

© 2020 Joe Jencks, Turtle Bear Music

'Til A Tear Becomes A Rose: A Tribute to John Prine

*Jehoshaphat, was a radical cat
Fell off the roof today
Well they say he fell but I could tell
He did himself away
Well his eyes weren't bright
Like they were the night
We played checkers on the train
God bless his soul, he was a tootsie-roll
But he's a dead cat just the same*

This first stanza of poetry from John Prine's song, *Living In The Future* has always felt like it summed up something of his writing for me. Rooted in Beat Poetry and the indelible rhythm of the words, deeply connected to the great philosophers of global history, and still asking existential questions, Prine's whimsical, seemingly absurdist poetry can at times feel intentionally obtuse. And yet, the more you listen, the more you hear. And the music is so squarely rooted in Roots, Rockabilly, Americana, Folk, and older Appalachian songs. The combination of influences and original style that came to define John Prine is deceptively complex for a man who tried to convince the world of how simple he was. And for many of us, his music was and remains part of the treasured soundtrack of our lives.

I was 13 years old the first time I played at an open mic in Rockford, IL. I played a song I had learned off of an Arlo Guthrie album, *I've Just Seen A Face* (which I later found out had been written by The Beatles) and I played John Prine's *Spanish Pipedream* (*Blow Up Your TV*). I learned that one from my older brother John. He was a huge John Prine fan. And *Blow Up Your TV*, was one of the songs I grew up hearing regularly along with *Paradise* (*Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County...*) and *Illegal Smile*.

I am absolutely sure I was not quite getting the nuances of either of the songs I was singing that night. But I knew there was depth in each, and that both songs spoke to me far more deeply than most of the stuff the radio was trying to peddle to teenagers in 1985. *Blow Up Your TV* really did invite me to consider the very nature of commercialism, consumerism, materialism, and the ways in which I was growing up in an era that was dismiss-

ing the genuine experiences of living a full life on your own terms, for the fabricated and curated experiences that mass media was trying to sell us. They have gotten very good at peddling those images and ideas in the interim, and John Prine, well he just kept getting better at pointing out the solemnity and the folly of it all.

I remember the first time I saw Prine in concert. It was a co-bill with Arlo Guthrie at the Coronado Theater, in Rockford, IL. I was enthralled. I could not have been older than 14. And it was one of those moments when my life's calling was grabbing my hand, and running full tilt toward the future. I knew I wanted to do that for a living. I knew I wanted to be a part of that world, the world of people who sing and write and travel, and who don't always do what their told, and who get away with it. Sometimes. I did not want to grow up to work at a factory or a business. I wanted to get on that tour bus, and see the world. The circus had come to town, and I wanted to join up and be one of the "Carnies" who helped make the magic happen! I wanted to make music, and do it well.

I hung on every word. Arlo told great stories and sang *The Ballad of Reuben Clamzo*. It remains the one and only Clam Shanty I know. What a story teller. I would go on to become friends with Pete Seeger, Utah Phillips, Holly Near, and many other musicians who all had a profound influence on my work, and whom I got to see as a younger, aspiring artist. I even met Arlo on a few occasions at festivals we were both playing, later in my career.

But I never got to talk with John Prine. I just shook his hand briefly at the music table, when I was 14. I was not even prepared with a Sharpie to get him to sign the album I bought. But I remember that handshake. He looked me squarely in the eye, shook my hand firmly, and paused just long enough for me to really make eye contact. I said, "Thanks for the concert!" He winked at me and was on to the next person. But he took the time, even a moment, to actually connect with a kid who was filled with dreams and illusions, hopes and determination. And that one moment of validation was all that I needed.

I saw John a couple more times in

concert, and his recordings were regular companions in my car for years. On long road-trips as my career progressed, I would bring John along for the ride. When my head was full of too much news, too many worries, too many thoughts to unscramble, I would put on Prine's *Great Days* anthology in particular, and sing along with every song. Each one illuminating some different aspect of the human experience. Each song giving us one more way to turn the object we were looking at and see it through his eyes, and from a different perspective.

*There's a hole in Daddy's arm where
all the money goes
And Jesus Christ, died for nothing I
suppose*

Sam Stone is a song I did not come to fully appreciate until I started volunteering to write songs with military veterans, eight years ago. It was only then that the struggles of addiction in the Veteran's community became more personal for me, along with the challenges of reintegration after deployment. And I am sad to say that Prine tapped into the universal with that particular song, in a tragic and beautiful way. I did not know *Sam Stone* when I was 15. But I do now. And it's Sheila Stone too, in an era of greater integration. That song still speaks to a lot of Column continued on next page

*Joe Jencks is 20-year veteran of the international Folk scene, an award winning songwriter and vocalist, and a contributing writer to numerous publications. His column **My Highway Home** is a recent addition to the Mad-Folk newsletter. For more information please visit: www.joejencks.com.*

*Joe Jencks continues to host a monthly radio show called **My Highway Home** on the new Folk Music network – **Folk Music Notebook**. This show features interviews with people Joe meets in his extensive travels along with music by many artists from the big tent that is Folk Music. Tune in on the first Monday of the month at 9:00 PM ET / 6:00 PM PT. And rebroadcast on the following Sundays at 1:00 PM ET / 10:00 AM PT. Several past episodes are archived through **Folk Music Notebook** including shows about the Kerrville Folk Festival, Old Songs Festival, The Great Labor Arts Exchange, Ireland, and an interview with Sonny Ochs.*

*Listen in online via:
www.folkmusicnotebook.com*

people who are struggling.

All of John's songs somehow remain relevant. Even when they were minted for a specific time. The songs reach across the years and into our hearts because while Prine tried to pass himself off as an "Awe shucks..." kind of guy, he was in fact a creative genius. John Prine was also a humanitarian of the first order, filled with empathy and compassion. And in the space that resided between his mind and creativity and heart, existed a forge wherein timeless ideas poured molten-hot, flowing into the molds of human suffering and triumph.

John never made any bones about his own struggles, personal challenges, shortcomings and many failures. He wrote about them, told stories about them, and used art to transform suffering into wisdom. I have no doubt that somewhere in the world, there are people who feel like John failed them in some way, and for whom forgiveness of his ever-present humanity was or remains difficult. And I have no doubt that there was genuine sadness and contrition in his own heart, for the times when he was not able to be the man he wanted to be in this world.

But on balance, for anyone he may have wronged, he did so much right and decent and good in his life. And he inspired countless people to play music, to own the emotions present in his songs as if they had penned it themselves. John Prine was simply one of the finest songwriters I ever heard with my own two ears. And I know a lot of songwriters. He was honest in his art. Uncomfortably so. His song about the murders at Lake Marie in Illinois (an event that happened in my childhood and was in the news for weeks) talked about the fact that in black and white pictures, blood looks like shadows.

Not unlike Leonard Cohen, Prine was in touch with his "shadow side," as Carl Jung described it. And as Joseph Campbell defines the hero's journey in his book "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," Prine was on a heroic journey throughout his whole life. From poverty to postman to poet to internationally acclaimed troubadour, his life was a heroic journey in the most archetypal sense. Campbell says that the hero must be transformed by the experience of being in the world and on the journey, and bring sacred and mystical knowledge of what lies beyond the veil of the known world, back to

his people. Campbell also notes in his observations of the heroic themes that unite global mythology, that the hero is always and forever changed by what has been learned and experienced. And that in this apotheosis, the hero is never again fully a part of the world in the same way. The hero cannot return to life as it was.

John Prine was one who allowed himself to be changed by the world. He did not cling with self-righteousness to preconceived notions of who he himself was. In fact, he stalwartly accepted change, loss of control, at times his own frailty, and kept making music. He was a man and a poet, on a journey of exploration and transformation, ever willing to make light of his own mistakes and shortcomings. And there is magic in the way he made us all feel a little better about ourselves as he did it. He gave us all permission to be just a little more human, a little more gentle with each other, and with our own inescapable imperfections.

In his song *The Great Compromise*, John Prine wrote about a relationship that went south. He wrote about being a young man, and driving his sweetie to the drive-in movies. While he's off to get concessions, she hops in the car of another fellow.

*I used to sleep at the foot of Old Glory
And awake by the dawns early light
But much to my surprise when I
opened my eyes
I was a victim of the great compromise*

*Well you know I could have beat up
that fellow
But it was her that had hopped into
his car
Many times I'd fought to protect her
But this time she was goin' too far
Now some folks they call me a coward
'Cause I left her at the drive-in that
night
But I'd druther have names thrown at
me
Than to fight for a thing that ain't right*

As a teenager, John's lyrics taught me in one fell swoop that we should choose our battles wisely. And that what some people define as power, as proper manhood, maybe isn't. Maybe throwing a punch isn't the way you preserve your dignity. Maybe sometimes walking away with a clean conscience is worth more in the end than what people think of you. You only see

them sometimes. You have to live with yourself. That's true as a nation too. And the allegorical nature of this song as an anti-war statement didn't really hit me until I was 19, and a freshman in college, and the US sent more young people off to war again, this time into the Persian Gulf.

Prine's song titles alone, are narratives: *Come Back To Us* Barbara Lewis Hare Krishna Beauregard. *Yes I Guess They Ought To Name A Drink After You*. *Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore*. *He Was In Heaven Before He Died*. *Sabu Visits The Twin Cities Alone*. *That's The Way That The World Goes 'Round*. *The Speed of The Sound of Loneliness*. *Let's Talk Dirty In Hawaiian*. *Jesus, The Missing Years*.

Hello In There, *Souvenirs*, and *Angel From Montgomery* remain among my favorite of John's more thoughtful songs, but who can pick? The only thing harder than coming up with a list of my favorite John Prine songs, would be to compile a list of the John Prine songs I hate.

Ummm... Right. None.

Maybe I will write a book but for now, I just want to acknowledge that one of the most nuanced, most complex, most substantive writers and humans in the world of music, has left us. And we all feel the loss in our own ways. And the fact that his death comes in the midst of (and as a result of) Covid-19, prevents us from gathering in towns and cities, clubs, bars, coffee houses, and concert halls across the world to honor John, by singing his songs in person. But he left us with an amazing legacy. And I know we will keep singing his songs until we ourselves are destined for other shores.

*Please don't bury me, down in the
cold, cold ground
I'd rather that they cut me up and pass
me all around
Throw my brain in a hurricane, the
blind can have my eyes
The deaf can have both of my ears if
they don't mind the size*

Thank you, John. You were a friend to a whole lot more people than you knew. May Paradise await you, like it was before Peabody hauled it away.

"WHEN IS MY RENEWAL DUE?"

(Hint: It is NOT the date on the mailing label!)

The date shown on the mailing label is NOT your membership expiration date! There has been some confusion lately, and we apologize for that. The date is just the date the labels were printed, as new cost-saving postal procedures do not allow us to include expiration dates there anymore. When it is time to renew, we will send you a personal notice by mail or email. At that point you will be able to either mail a check or renew online at www.madfolk.org. If you have questions about your membership in the meantime, send email to info@madfolk.org. Thanks for your membership and support of Mad Folk!

Way #1 – online

Visit www.madfolk.org and click on "Join MFMS"

Way #2 – unplugged

Complete, clip, and mail this form

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Madison-Folk-Music-Society/34497984835>

Madison Folk Music Society
P.O. Box 665, Madison, WI 53701
Address Service Requested

.....
.....
Renew your membership today at
www.madfolk.org

Nonprofit Org
U.S. Postage
PAID
Madison, WI
Permit No. 2278

Madison Folk Music Society

join renew

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Choose membership category:

Senior / Student \$10 _____

Regular \$12 _____

Family \$15 _____

Friend \$25 _____

Contributing \$50 _____

Life \$500 _____

Scholarship fund donation (optional) \$ _____

Total \$ _____

GOING GREEN - Send my newsletters electronically by email

Send your check, payable to MFMS to: Mad Folk c/o

Tracy Comer, P.O. Box 930446 Verona, WI 53593-0446