



**STEVE GOODMAN**  
Philadelphia Folk Festivals  
Schwenksville, PA

**August 28, 1971**  
Introduction  
City Of New Orleans  
Christian Soldier  
Donald & Lydia  
Mind Your Own Business

**August 25, 1973**  
Goody Goody  
Big Iron

**August 29, 1976**  
Jesse's Jig (fades in)  
Spoon River  
City Of New Orleans  
Credits  
Mama Don't Allow It  
Band Introductions  
Irene Goodnight

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# Steve Goodman

at The Philadelphia  
Folk Festivals

*August 28, 1971*

*August 25, 1973*

*August 29, 1976*



Outdoor summer festivals have been a cherished tradition in the folk-music community for decades, and the one held on the last weekend of August every year since 1962 on a farm a few miles northwest of Philadelphia is one of the nation's oldest and most prestigious. Steve Goodman will always rank as one of Philly's best-loved performers, and the three performances in this package provide a glimpse as to why.

The four-song set from 1971 marked Goodman's first billed appearance at the festival, and it reflects a confidence he had gained from having recorded his first LP with Kris Kristofferson earlier in the month in Nashville. It also is an early peek at Steve's willingness to live on the musical edge, as he laces his between-song talk with offhand profanity and takes the stage with an unrehearsed trio of guitarists who will figure in his future recordings: Steve Burgh, Jack McGann and David Bromberg. While the group bounds through "City of New Orleans" Steve casually throws in lyrical changes: "shootin' craps," "nine's my point," "the bag that holds the Tequila" and, most startling and biting, "I'm your bastard son" (to replace "I'm your native son" in the final verse). After singing the brazen "Christian Soldier," which Kristofferson had just covered on his own "Silver Tongued Devil" album, Steve has the audacity to pointedly speak the word "masturbation" while introducing John Prine's poignant paean to love from a distance, "Donald and Lydia." As if to answer whatever shock he'd just instigated, Steve closes the set with the Hank Williams admonition, "Mind Your Own Business."

The two songs from 1973 are harmless fun, but most notable is Steve's sharply unenthusiastic rap about being the evening's host. "Uh, I'm supposed to emcee this? Stand up here and tell you all the stuff you already know about people that you paid good money to come and hear? I'm probably not going to be real good at that." The comments are ironic, given Goodman's penchant for collaboration with other musicians and promo-

tion of their work, often to the detriment of his own. Fortunately, Steve retains his sense of humor in the one band introduction included here: He notes that the group Breakfast Special is scheduled to play three days hence in New York, "and if you're not there, I guess you'll have to listen to them here."

The real highlight of this package, the last five songs from Steve's festival-closing concert in 1976, are appropriately saved for the end, and they fade in nicely, as if listeners are arriving for the best part. Half of the evening's earlier performers are already on stage with Goodman, and as the set progresses, another 10 musicians join in. The in-progress "Jessie's Jig," taken at a jaunty tempo, begins with David Amram's delightfully jazzy French horn, continues with Ken Bloom's Klezmer-style clarinet and ends with Winnie Winston's flowing steel guitar, all backed by the bouncy bongos of Ray Mantilla.

But this is only the beginning. Instrumental solos and Steve's cheer sweep through the touching "Spoon River" and a relaxed "City of New Orleans" (the latter aided by Saul Broudy's harmony vocals) and reach their zenith in a raucous "Mama Don't Allow It." The nine-minute romp starts out recklessly fast, but there's no way such a rag-tag assemblage can maintain such a frenetic pace, so it settles into a chugging, churning rhythm that sounds like the world's biggest kitchen Mixmaster, clocking in at an astounding 27 stanzas. It has the feel of an unleashed, "hang on for the ride" party in which the participants know they can do no wrong. Goodman even realizes at the end of the song and after the applause that he hadn't given faux-trumpeter Bob Gurland a solo break, so Steve has him do one, unaccompanied, on the spot, and the audience eats it up.

There is nothing more that can follow than an exhausted, satisfying "Goodnight Irene." A good night, indeed.