



PENNHURST CENTER

George A. Kopchick, Jr.
Superintendent

SPRING CITY, PENNSYLVANIA 19475 • TELEPHONE (215) 948-3500

May 14, 1980


Claudia Schmidt
830 35th Avenue
Seattle, Washington 98122

Dear Claudia,

As promised, here are some copies of the Data Base issue featuring "Fuzzy". Again, I must thank you for being so generous. I really enjoyed meeting you at the Cherry Tree Club. The obvious joy you feel in performing and sharing your songs with an audience shines through and makes your performance that much more satisfying. In an age dominated by disaffected artists who seem, at best, to merely tolerate their audiences, your empathy with and relationship to your audience is a pleasure to see and be a part of.

I hope you will be bringing your gifted talent back East before long, or at least releasing another album soon. I look forward to hearing you again. Thank you once more for "Fuzzy" and for your performance.

Sincerely,


J. Gregory Pirmann
Special Assistant to the Superintendent

JGP/sjm



PENNHURST CENTER

J.G.P.

George A. Kopchick, Jr.
Superintendent

SPRING CITY, PENNSYLVANIA 19475 • TELEPHONE (215) 948-3500

April 1, 1980

Claudia Schmidt
c/o Flying Fish Records
1304 West Schubert
Chicago, Illinois 60614

Dear Ms. Schmidt,

I own a (well-worn) copy of your Flying Fish album. It has given me many hours of enjoyment. One song has touched a particularly personal chord. I am referring to "Fuzzy". Pennhurst Center is a state-operated facility offering residential and habilitative services to nearly 1000 retarded persons. Your poignant song about Fuzzy captures both the joy and the sorrow that one feels when working with retarded persons.

This leads me to the reason for this letter, besides my wanting to tell you how much I enjoy your singing. One of my roles here is as editor of a bi-weekly employe information newsletter, known as Data Base. I would like your permission to reproduce the lyrics to "Fuzzy" in that newsletter. It is not often one finds a song (or any statement) that connects so closely to our work. I think all of the 1500 people working here could appreciate the feelings you bring out in "Fuzzy" and perhaps, gain a little more sensitivity to the individual humanity of each of our clients.

I hope you (and your publisher, Flying Fish Music) will give me permission to reproduce "Fuzzy". If you are willing to do this, I would also appreciate it if you would forward a lyric sheet, so that I would be sure to get all the words straight. I look forward to hearing from you. And again, thank you for creating "Fuzzy" and for sharing your talent with us.

Sincerely,

J. Gregory Pirmann

J. Gregory Pirmann
Special Assistant to the Superintendent

JGP/sjm

MEMO

DATE 4-8-80

TIME/HEURE _____

TO/A Dear Mr. Pormann,

I was delighted with your interest and request for "Jugger." Go right ahead. I checked with Flying Fish and nobody minds a bit - just be sure to credit it and that will be fine.

I don't know where Spring City is, but I'll mention a couple of Pennsylvania engagements of mine coming up: Hodes Daniel in Bethlehem on May 2nd, and the Crested Tree in Philadelphia on May 11th. I hope one of those is in proximity to you.

Go well, and best of luck with your work.

My best,

Candia Schmidt

FROM/DE _____

Fuzzy


Fuzzy grinned like his facebones was stuck that way - all day
and into the night - I bet he slept that way - he lived in our town
and small towns can be hard on someone who just can't help but feel big

All of us kids loved Fuzzy - we'd dance around him all day long
and sing, "FUZZY WUZZY WAS A BALD HENNED BABY!" we were rotten to him
but we didn't mean a thing - and he'd laugh just like he was one of us.
Man, he was neat, but I guess there was something wrong with him - it didn't really matter

Cause he told us stories, they came out his eyes
And taught us a song - we sang along:
"You are magic, full of magic things, magic dances in the one who sings..."

We hung around him just because our moms and dads said
"Leave that man alone!" and he had a dead spider collection he'd let us see
if we'd come to his home - and man, it was worth every licking we got to sneak off
and be his friend - we had bets and they ain't settled yet if he was real or just pretend

He told us stories, they came out his eyes
Taught us a song, we sang along:
"You are magic, full of magic sounds, stick your tongue out, and let it roll around..."

I always thought I'd like to be crazy if I could be happy 
all the time - but I've met a lot of crazies now, and some of them laugh
but most of them cry - Fuzzy just got old before he grew up - no growing pains
to forget - but when you don't get things in the proper order - some folks get upset.