

ing Beatles cut to tiny white shoes, Marty was resplendent in his trademark outfit—a white tuxedo set off by a blue carnation boutonniere. When we first spotted Senator Markowitz, he was standing surrounded by a crush of friends and well-wishers, and fidgeting as his white bow tie was fussed with by an aide. Then Marty was out in the teeth of the crowd, basking in a follow spot, microphone in hand. "Welcome, welcome, welcome!" he crowed, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet. The audience pushed on into the park—an assemblage of Brooklynites bearing lawn furniture of every kind. Marty greeted them all. It was his party.

"Please!" he cried, full of concern. "If you brought a blanket, feel free to lie on the field. But if you brought a chair you must stay on the cover." A tarpaulin had been dropped from one thirty-yard line to the other, and to one side of it was a mammoth stage. The cover area was already well occupied, the median age of the occupants being the severe sixties and their sex predominantly female.

"I beg you," Marty Markowitz adjured the crowd. "If you're down here on the field, you mustn't smoke. No smoking, please! This field is artificial turf, and if you drop a cigarette, God forbid, the whole place burns." He added, emphatically, "Besides, it's bad for you."

The sun was setting. Midwood Field was a vision in synthetic green, a swollen plastic schoolyard that had swallowed a he-man length of treelined residential block. Now a courtly Marty Markowitz could be seen escorting two grandmotherly Everly fans from the entrance gate to their places; one clung to each arm, giggling. Senator Markowitz beamed like a schoolboy.

7:38 P.M. A smattering of squeals. Two stretch limos, gleaming, silver-gray, come gliding slowly across the field. Onstage, Marty Markowitz stands beneath the light towers, thanking sponsors: "... and Con Edison and Merrill Lynch and Colgate-Palmolive and Jerry from the phone company—come on up here, Jerry, and say a few words to the people—and Wendy's and Toyota and Bloomingdale's, of course, and Manischewitz wines and Bristol-Myers..." Was Alan Freed ever this grateful?

The field tarp is now packed. Around it mothers in housedresses and teens in T-shirts press against police



"Yes, I saw 'Snow White,' but I'm not ready to talk about it yet."

barricades. If Ebbs Field stood today, this would be the crowd filling it.

"A special thank-you to another sponsor." Senator Markowitz has assumed a pious tone. "It's a wonderful drink and they're a wonderful bunch, so let's all say a great big thank-you to our friends at Sundance Natural Juice Sprinklers. It's really delicious and— Did I say *Sprinklers!* DID I SAY SPRINKLERS?" Marty collapses into Jerry Lewis-like contortions. "*Sparklers!* I meant *Sparklers!* Sundance Natural Juice *Sparklers!*"

Just past eight o'clock, Phil and Don Everly ("Phil and Ron" in the Midwood Field Concert Series program book, *Bandshell*) hit the Midwood Field stage, trim and sleek, even though girdled by matching vested tuxes and black acoustic guitars. Their brotherly harmonies ring out across Avenue K. How little they've lost vocally! Can it really be thirty years? "This is our first time back here since the Fox," Don Everly muses early in the proceedings. The audience moans in empathy.

The music lasts well over two hours, a pulsing litany of Everly love songs, old and new. ("We're diehard romantics," Phil has explained simply, at the outset.) In years to come, we will remember it all this way:

"Claudette": Marty standing

triumphantly at the soundboard, bewitched, sighing deeply.

"Crying in the Rain": Marty finally taking his seat, down on the tarp.

"Bye Bye Love": Marty leaping up to dance in the aisle, bidding everyone join him in manic handclaps.

"All I Have to Do Is Dream": Marty drifting out across the field toward the far end zone, embracing friends, shaking hands, squeezing babies.

"Why Worry": Marty returning to shoo loitering members of the N.Y.P.D. away from the stage, where they're obstructing the view.

"Cathy's Clown": Marty boogying fiercely with three white-haired fans.

"Wake Up, Little Susie": Marty bouncing uncontrollably in his seat, higher and higher.

"Lucille": Marty jumping to his feet again.

"Let It Be Me": A delirious Marty, arms spread wide, soulfully conducting his Everlys from the soundboard.

"Be-Bop-a-Lula": The keening voice of Marty Markowitz rising insistently over the rock and roll, saying, "Thanks for coming, everybody. Aren't they the greatest? The Everly Brothers! Next week, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with Tito Puente. I love you all, and we all love Brooklyn. Good night."

### Everly Brothers

IN an age of heavy-metal youth rallies, Brooklyn still remembers when a rock concert was truly a renege affair. In Brooklyn, "rock concert" will always mean the Brooklyn Fox, the Brooklyn Paramount, and the sweet innocence of newborn rock-and-roll rebellion. In Brooklyn, there is no MTV.

For these and other reasons, on a recent Thursday in July, when the Everly Brothers came back to Brooklyn, we went, too. They came on a sultry, cloudless night to a clamorous Flatbush street corner. We waited for them—waited with a crowd of neighbors and friends for this miracle wrought by a state senator named Marty Markowitz. For nine summers now, Marty Markowitz has played impresario to Brooklyn residents, bringing the stars and demi-stars of American music to Midwood High School's back-yard-artificial-turf football park, at the corner of Avenue K and Seventeenth Street in Flatbush.

We went looking for Marty Markowitz. He was not hard to find. Five feet and a few inches tall, from gray-