

# FAST FOLK

M U S I C A L M A G A Z I N E

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**LIVE AT THE BOTTOM LINE**

**FAST FOLK**  
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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Special Thanks to Allan Pepper and  
Stanley Snadowsky of The Bottom Line  
for making the Fast Folk Concert and  
this live recording possible.

Cover photographs by Brian Rose

**LETTERS**

Good Spring to You!

First off, let me tell you all how much I enjoy your "magazine"--both the original Coop and the new Fast Folk Musical Magazine. No issue I have has as yet failed to produce several songs that I find wonderful listening. I wish you continued success with the magazine.

Dennis Lucyniak  
Reading, Massachusetts

Dear Fast Folkers,

Hi! Contrary to popular belief, I'm lonely. Very lonely, cause I'm a 15-year-old folkie, and you don't find many of those around. Many people don't understand what I mean when I say "I'm into folk music." I'm really into it. It's the most major thing in my life right now. I'm probably the only kid who's 15 and in love with Arlo Guthrie.

Anyway, the whole thing came to a head when I got sick of everything and took

off for New York last Thursday. I didn't make it. I got caught in a rest stop in Delaware and my parents came and got me (bummer). I was really brought down by that. But now I figure, what would I have done in New York anyway? I doubt if they'd let a 15-year-old into Folk City or SpeakEasy. Crazy me and my guitar out on the highway...

The whole point of this is to have you print this letter, and if anyone is in the same position as me (a teenage folkie who's really into the music and a little bored themselves) to drop me a line. I need to know you're out there! I love writing letters, cause at least it takes up time. Although I love Arlo, I'm also into just about everybody in the folk field from Trapezoid to John Hurt to Steve Goodman. I really would love to hear from anyone.

Thanks heaps, gang!

Jenny Drummy  
6002 Merryvale Ct.  
Springfield, VA 22152

**FAST FOLK AT THE BOTTOM LINE**

The songs on this issue were culled from a live recording of the first Fast Folk (Coop) concert at New York City's prestigious Bottom Line, which took place Saturday night, January 28. Performing that evening was a cross section of the more than 150 artists who have recorded songs for Fast Folk and The Coop. The line-up included some songwriters and some song interpreters; some old hands and some relative newcomers; some who performed serious songs and some who provided comic relief.

But the show had no headliners. None of the performers have record contracts or are widely known. Allan Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky, the owners of The Bottom Line, were taking a chance on an unknown quantity. If the show was to succeed, it would prove that there is a market for "fast folk" that is not being tapped by the music industry.

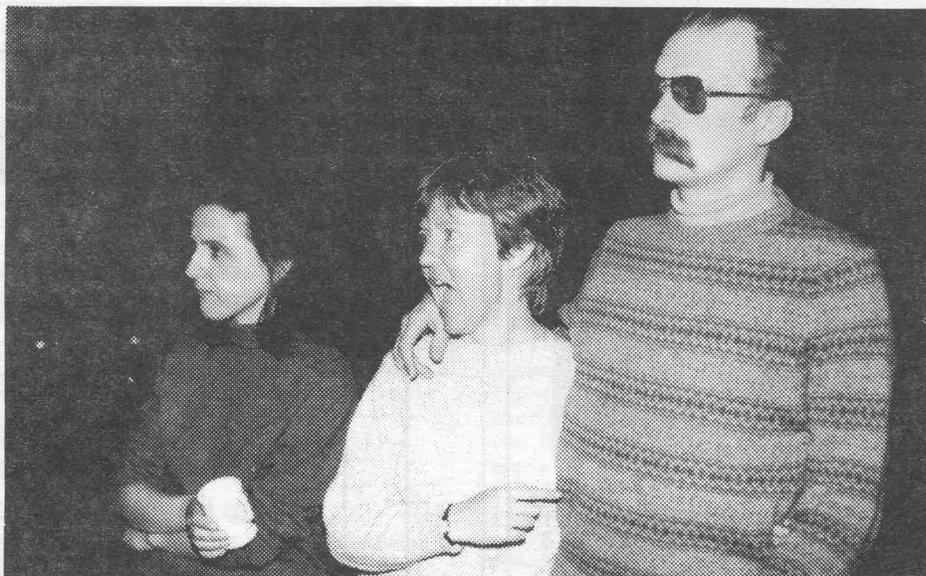
I am pleased to report that the show was a hit. By 3 p.m. on the day of the show, the first show was sold out. Many would-be ticket holders opted to line up at show time for standing room tickets; others bought tickets for the midnight show. Consequently, the 400-seat concert room at The Bottom Line was filled with enthusiastic folk fans for two shows. The crowd's enthusiasm even extended to their filling in cards asking Fast Folk to inform them of its future events: approximately one-third of the audience members filled out cards and returned them, many with subscription requests.

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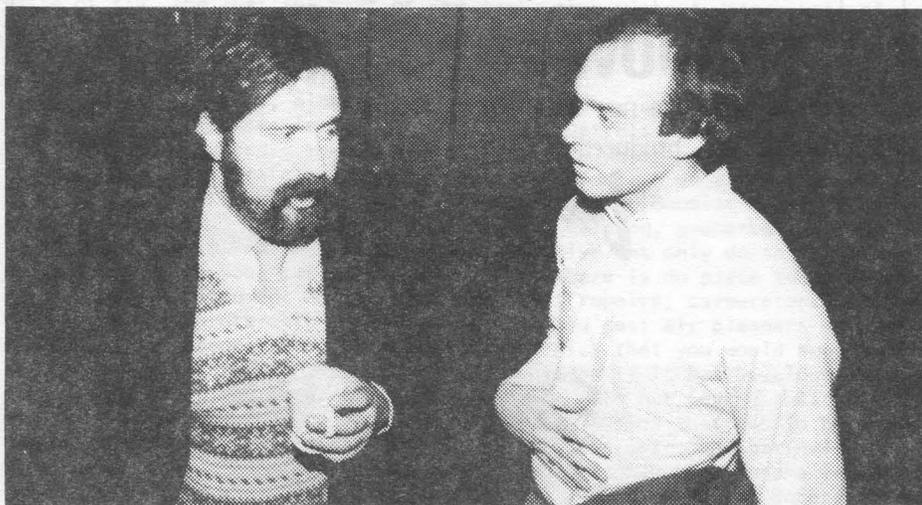
For all of the performers the evening was a triumph. Most had been performing for five years or more and had rarely, if ever, played before such a large and enthusiastic audience. If they had, it was as an opening act for a headliner, not as the main event. Some were visibly moved. One singer/songwriter who has been performing professionally for nearly ten years claimed that the concert was the greatest night of his life.

For the staff of Fast Folk, the evening exceeded our predictions, proving that there is a large, enthusiastic audience for what we are producing. As a result of the success at The Bottom Line, a similar show was presented at The Cherry Tree in Philadelphia. Fast Folk will put on a show Saturday evening, June 2, at the June Days Festival at the Eagle Rock Reservation in West Orange, New Jersey. Another show is being planned for late summer



Brian Rose

Germana Pucci, cohost Christine Lavin, and Erik Frandsen share a light moment at rehearsal.



Brian Rose

Recording engineer Jay Rosen talks with friend Roy Champagne.



Brian Rose

The full cast performs David Massengill's "The Great American Dream."

in the Boston/Cambridge area. And a return to The Bottom Line is on the agenda. Each of these shows will feature a different group of performers and a different selection of songs. We hope that these shows, like Fast Folk and The CoOp, will enable good songwriters and singers whose talents have not been exploited by the music industry to reach new audiences that are ripe for "fast folk."

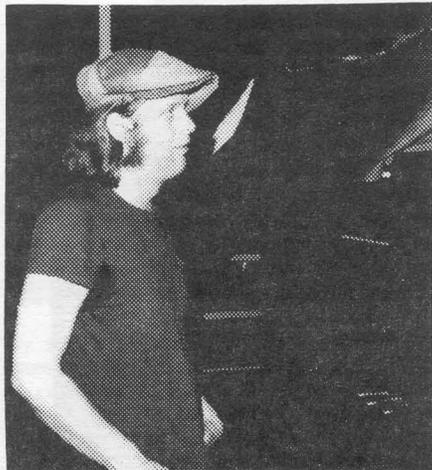
- Nancy Talanian



Alan Beck

Cohost Jack Hardy

More photos on next page.



Brian Rose

Drummer Howie Wyeth on break



Alan Beck

Suzanne Vega



Brian Rose

Bassist Jeff Hardy at work

# Ferron

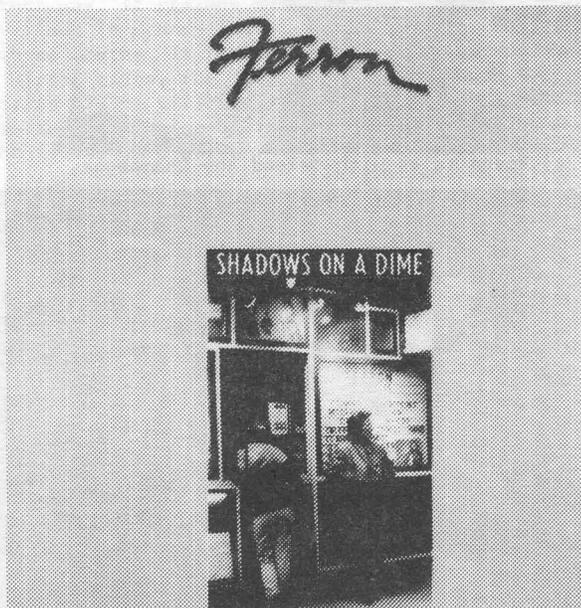
Once in a while there emerges a poet whose vision and ability to record life as we perceive it is startlingly on target. When this poetry is set to music, a certain magic takes place which transforms the vision into a universal language. Ferron is such a poet.

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## IT'S NOT THE SPEED, IT'S THE PACE

by Richard Meyer

Performers can control an audience, even a loud club audience, by being direct, perhaps even confrontational. They have to believe in what they are doing. The audience has to believe in the performer so they can project on to him or her what they want. If a performer is trying to be cool or funny or angry, that person has to find in himself something real in the thing he is singing that will show in performance.

So Truth is a large chunk of getting the message across. Audiences know instinctively when a performer is insincere and a parody of the style he is trying to pull off. It can even be embarrassing for an audience to sit through a performance by someone who is oblivious to his own lack of understanding of his material. We go to live performances to be entertained, and look for entertainment as stimulation for our minds as well as our emotions. If a singer does not understand the politics or emotional basis of the song he is singing, then it falls flat.

The great performers are those who can invest some joy in their material. They have to take risks in order to do it. They take vocal risks, songwriting risks, and their own emotional risks. The stage is not a safe place, and the way to be in control there seems to be by being completely open and allowing the audience to see the human strengths as well as the weaknesses that come up in the performer through his chosen material.

The performers we admire the most are generally the ones who have taken great risks, putting their pride and beliefs on the line. If a performer is apologetic in his stance but tries to sing about violence, it will not come across. Power should not, however, be confused with volume, and speed should not be confused with pace. There is greatness in the space between words and great power in understatement, but it has to be communicated with strength even when it is tender.

I think it is the performer's responsibility to know what he is singing about. If it is political, he has to know the basis and the repercussions of what he is singing about. If it is anger, he better know what real anger from the soul is all about.

I've been wondering lately what it is that makes for a good to great performance, and what it is that separates real performers from those who just sing and play guitar. On this the occasion of the Fast Folk Bottom Line show I thought I would range around the subject for a while and see what came up.



The first thing that strikes me is purely technical, and that is that all too often performers pay little or no attention to the technical conditions under which they perform. As a great deal of the music which falls into the folk or new acoustic category is lyrically based, it is very important that the audience hear what a performer is saying. This sounds overstated and bluntly obvious but it bears repeating since one can go to many an acoustic music spot and barely hear the performer because of that person's inattention to the sound system that is meant to reinforce his performance.

Delicate guitar work is wasted if the performer doesn't point the microphone into his guitar, and lyrics, no matter how well constructed, will sound like garbled nonsense if large parts of them are lost due to bad mike technique. Audiences can be very forgiving and will certainly respond better to something they can hear over something they have to strain to understand. Emotion is great to carry a performance, but lots of expended effort directed away from the amplifying equipment does not do any good. Even if one's style lends itself to vocal slurs or exaggeration, it can be carried off better when the audience can hear the exaggeration.

The Broadway scenic designer Joe Melziener often said that you can't

hear an actor if you can't see him. The same applies to the words being sung by people in our circles. The lighting on the stages of small clubs is often inadequate and sometimes bleeds from the stage to the audience, but if a performer can grasp a couple of basic concepts about stage lighting, he can make more impact.

The big concept that is involved here is to stand or sit where it is light and not where it is dark or only vaguely bright. The fact that a microphone stand is set in one place does not preclude the possibility of moving it a foot or two in the direction of the light, which is intended for the performer's face in the first place.

The second big concept is learning how to tell when one is lit and when one is not. There are two ways to tell: one is to look into the stage light and find its brightest point, called the hot spot, and stay there. You can also learn to feel the warmth of the light on your face as the light is more properly focused. If you are a traveling performer, it might be a good idea to carry a simple crescent wrench for adjusting lights. Lights can be aimed badly across the stage as well as up and down. One of the basic truths about theatrical lighting is that the audience can be directed to look where you, the performer, want simply by using the light. People look at the brightest thing onstage, and if the lights are badly aimed and the brightest thing onstage is the stool with a capo and set list on it, then that is what the audience will be drawn to. It does not mean they won't see the performance; it means that they have to expend more effort doing that and so pay less attention.

If you as the performer have a choice of light colors, it is good to know a few things about them also. Blue is the hardest color for the human eye to see, and watching an act that is bathed in predominantly blue light will also tend to exhaust an audience's attention. The best simple combination, when choices are available, is to mix very light blue, pink, and clear light to give an impression of white light that is really much more than that. Stay away from heavy

ambers and purples. If you can feel a clear light in your face, colored or not, then the audience will be seeing you clearly.

The performing arts have grown out of a need in the human race to communicate. The singer, the actor, the artist, and the person in the audience all need the feeling of connection. Audiences can find it when they see something in the performer's eyes and then turn to see it in the other aud-

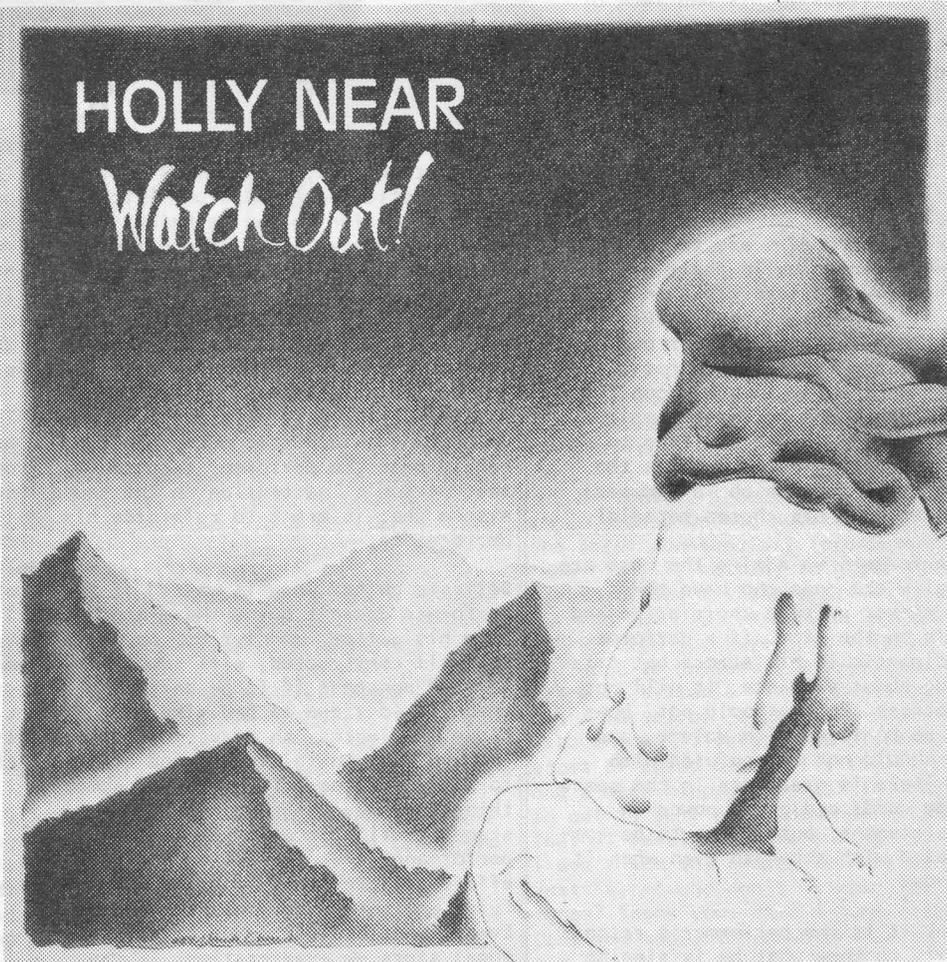
ience members' faces. We project our needs collectively on performers and don't want to be let down. We hope that they will be able to get through the song and say out loud on the stage things that we in the audience feel but might be too inhibited to say or have never been able to articulate. The performer has to take advantage of this without pandering and give the audience something genuine that they can mix with their own thoughts and feelings.

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## GUITAR CRAFTSMEN

### part 1: Miguel Luciano and Mark Dann

by Adelle-Marie Stan

They're the invisible men and women of the music business--more invisible even than roadies and sound technicians. Their work rarely leads them to concert halls or recording studios; instead they toil, usually alone, in rooms filled with strange machinery and peculiar-looking hand tools. They are all craftsmen, and the best of them are artists. These are the people who make and repair guitars.

#### Miguel Luciano

Miguel Luciano's studio is just off the Avenue of the Americas on 17th Street in New York City, down past a strip of Oriental wholesale stores. When you first step out of the elevator, you feel like you're in the wrong place, because you walk directly into a stained glass shop. But behind that is Luciano's shop--a large, spare room with a workbench nestled into one corner. On the other side of the room is a glass-doored case filled with guitars in various stages of creation and repair, all neatly lined up.

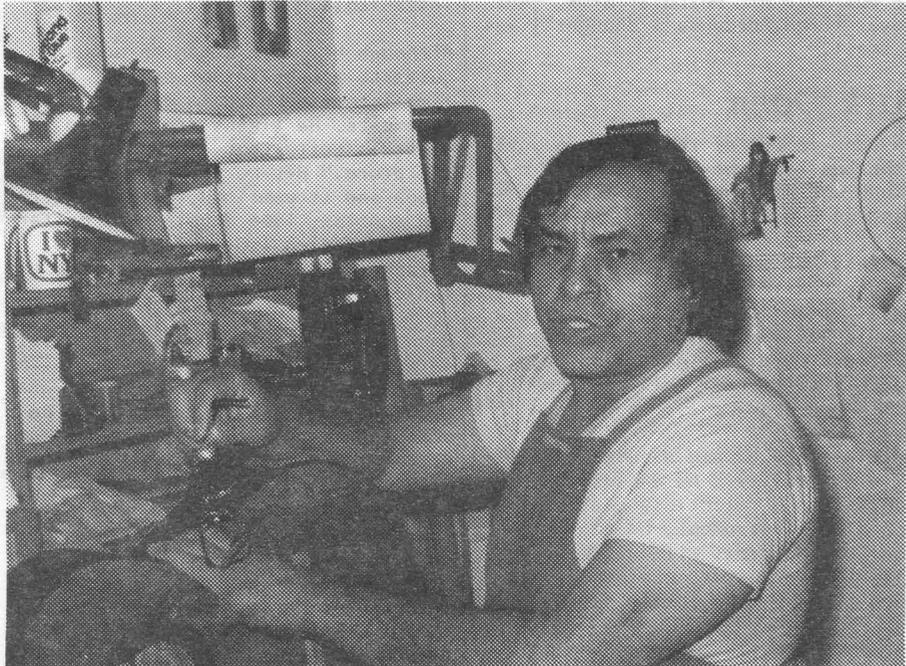
Luciano enjoys a reputation in New York as a master craftsman. A Luciano guitar sells for around \$3,000; virtually every part of the instrument, save the machine heads, is hand-crafted by the man himself.

He learned to make instruments when he was a boy in Puerto Rico; his brothers taught him how to make guitars and Latin instruments, like the cuatro. A guitarist himself, he's played a variety of styles, but his first love is his native music.

He's worked for both Guild and Goya as a guitar builder, but he's built everything from furniture to cellos to make a living. He's a small, sturdy man with a handsome brown face and straight, blue-black hair.

"These young guys, I don't see how they make a living in the business," he says.

If the money's so bad, why does he stay in the business? "It's like the marriage," he explains. "After awhile, you've invested too much into it. You don't leave just because there are a



Alan Beck

Miguel Luciano at work in his Chelsea studio

few things you don't like about your wife."

But Luciano admits that he doesn't do much to exploit his talent; he doesn't advertise and he doesn't hang out in clubs or concert halls. Why not?

"I just want to stay simple and have a quiet life," he replies.

Sometimes he does think about performing, and feels that he might try playing out. But, then again, he might just pack in his New York life and move back home to Puerto Rico. "I could be at the beach right now," he sighs as we talk on a chilly March evening.

We walk over to the glass-fronted cabinet. He shows me an almost-finished classical guitar with a red and blonde wood inlay around the sound hole. It is beautiful.

He has harsh words for the way some musicians treat their guitars.

"They keep going from guitar to guitar," he says. "Ninety-five percent of them still are ignorant and blame everything on you (the guitar-maker)

or the instrument." He believes a guitarist should stick to one guitar and learn that instrument inside and out. He says that you can have a hundred different women, but in the end, you'll derive more satisfaction from building a relationship with just one.

Luciano displays little respect for many well-schooled contemporary musicians. "It takes more than studying," he asserts. "A lot of these people lack soul when it comes to playing. Some of the guys of 35, 45 years, they never become what they think they are."

Still, part of him wants to go to college and study music, despite the fact that he's nearing fifty.

"Want to see my latest guitar? he asks. He points to a stained glass guitar hanging over his work table. "The guy who works in the shop up front, he and I are exchanging lessons," he tells me. He goes on to show me the guitar that the stained glass artist is making. "He's doing a good job," Luciano comments.

I asked him if he ever has doubts about his career choice; does he ever

wonder what it would be like to do something entirely different for a living?

"I always wanted to be a baseball player," he says wistfully. I couldn't help but note his muscular arms. "But I never tried, because I thought I was too small."

## Mark Dann

Mark Dann is one of those "young guys" in the business who is in awe of Luciano and his ability to make his living as a guitar-maker.

When he's not working on instruments in his Brooklyn home/workshop/studio, Dann is often found at SpeakEasy in Greenwich Village, backing up many performers on either guitar or bass. He also records *Fast Folk's* albums in his at-home studio.

Dann claims he became a guitar expert "out of necessity." As a classical guitarist on a relentless quest for the perfect instrument, he nearly drove Luciano crazy with his weekly visits to the master, constantly having changes made on his guitars.

He learned his craft by reading books and "visiting the Martin Company (in Nazareth, Pennsylvania) 30 or 40 times --each time noticing five or ten things I hadn't noticed before."

Beginning with repair work, he gradually worked up to crafting and designing his own instruments. "After you've done enough repairs," he explains, "you really have built a guitar, just on many different instruments."

Although his work began on acoustic guitars, a substantial part of his time is now devoted to electric instruments. He likens crafting an electric guitar body to "chiseling a sculpture." His work ranges from the sleek and streamlined to the bizarre and complex, like double-neck guitars. "If you design (something) really strange," he suggests, "it's kind of fun executing it."

Dann speaks of his work with a quiet intensity, his thin face draped with long, dark hair. I asked him if, when crafting a single instrument, he becomes obsessed with that one project until it's finished.

"I'm always obsessed," he replies.

He went on to tell me of how he once built a bass in a night, working through the early morning hours. "I went to sleep, then woke up and played it."

In between recording albums, playing out, and making instruments, Dann has found time to volunteer to his alma

mater, Brooklyn Friends School, teaching guitar-building to high school students.

Although he has done quite a bit of traveling, he still lives in the same Brooklyn neighborhood he's known all his life.

Considering his background as a classical musician, I was intrigued by Dann's commitment to folk music, which is regarded by academics as comparatively simple. He saw no incongruity at all.

But, I asked, if he had to choose just one genre of music that he could play, and was compelled to stick to, what would it be?

"Bach," he says, smiling.

What of those critics who discount baroque as sort of the "pop music" of a bygone era?

They just say that "because everybody likes baroque," says Dann. "A lot of the stuff that came out of the classical period is just three-chord songs with a bunch of silly arpeggios thrown in."

Dann seems determined to carve his own path.

(Part 2, to appear in a future issue, will cover guitar craftsmen Manny Salvador and Bob McNally.)



Alan Beck

Mark Dann builds an electric guitar

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# THE MAGIC OF CLAUDIA SCHMIDT

by Sarah Larson

Electrifying joy fills the room with the stage presence of Claudia Schmidt, who is at once charismatic musician, philosopher, imp. Her purple socks and fuchsia shoes testify that her feet are planted in childhood; not in its childishness but in the genuine wonderment, awe, and childlike glee for life.

Her opening "Young at Heart" and songs like "Fuzzy" are examples of this special quality that is so appealing to her audiences. "Fuzzy," accompanied on the dulcimer, tells of a man the children are forbidden to go near; a man who told "stories that came out his eyes;" a man who is magic.

Likewise her instrument, the pianolin, which was made in the '40's in Michigan and sold door to door, is bowed and plucked at the time. The pluck speaks of her whimsy, and the bowed strings ring with melancholy, making it a perfect image of the musician herself and her unique combination of the two dichotomies.

Excitement sparks when word of her appearance spreads, and Folk Project founder Mike Agranoff prophesies that soon there will be a Carnegie Hall appearance in her future. Northern New Jersey folk music fans feel a close attachment to Claudia since her early '80's performance at the Folk Project Coffeehouse in Basking Ridge, New Jersey, and her subsequent east coast popularity. In a sold out concert April 6 in Basking Ridge, she spoke of that mutual feeling: "I feel we have been through a lot together."

Her keen wit and spontaneous whimsy gave spice to the concert. When a note was presented to her after the first set, she read, "You screwed up a note in the second song and must do the whole set over," giggled, then added in simulated Japanese, "Toyota, you must move."

A unique blend of philosophy and humor marked her performance of "Terminal Hors d'Oeuvre." She observed that we are living at the zenith of half truths. Two half truths make one lie. In the grips of "fear of ambivalence" she sang an unabashed lust song, which asks "Which of the many hungers might be stayed at such a divine picnic?"

Much of her wise whimsy comes from observations usually made in the winter of one's years. She relates that a 73



Sarah Larson

Claudia Schmidt

year old friend remarked, "I may be sorry for a lot but I don't regret a thing." On the amazing maturation process she notices that she is "hanging around with older people now." She tells of growing older and letting all inhibitions slide: "To wear purple with a red hat that doesn't match or suit me, to pick flowers in other people's gardens," to be free to be a child again.

She is timely in her references to Black History Month, National Women's History Week, to James Watt, and the passing of Marvin Gaye. After noting that Black History Week became Black History Month, she reported that Dick Gregory pointed out that it was February they were given--the

shortest month. She sang "Grandma's Hands" (Withers) and "Harriet Tubman" (Walter Robinson), about Tubman's underground railroad: "Come on up, I got a lifeline. Come on up to this train of mine." James Watt was commemorated with "If I Only Had a Brain."

Pete Seeger's "Old Devil Time" was a highlight of the evening as all joined in, dedicating the song to Ruth D. Nelson, last year's Mother of the Year and this year a felon arrested for a nuclear freeze demonstration in Seattle. Claudia has recently completed a documentary on Ruth.

Also unique about Claudia's performance is her recitation of beautiful poetry whose visual images entertain and mystify, all of which, whether sung or recited, is delivered with a beautiful, rich voice of striking warmth and depth and astounding versatility, sprinkled throughout with infectious laughter.

When asked about the inspiration for her work, characteristically she bent down to look under the rug and with impish glee answered, "Everywhere."

Like "Fuzzy," Claudia Schmidt is magic.

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# SIDE BYRIGSONE

## MONTCHANIN

We can ride on a hurricane, sail on sunlit water,  
Take the road of the renegade, or stay inside the border  
And with a little time  
We can hook up to something so fine  
There's gold in the mountains and stars in our eyes.

### Chorus:

Oh Montchanin where the tall grass bends  
Rockin' in the motion of that gypsy wind  
Lights on the water and the latch on the door  
Sayin' "What'd you ever leave here for?"

Flowers dryin' out in the sun, an outpost left unguarded  
A thousand things I haven't done, and time that I got started  
I should have already gone  
This life I'm leading isn't my own  
I'll cry for the love of the ones left behind (Chorus)

Oh, runaway angel  
Standing in that dusty ring of light  
Did you ever hear anything so clear  
As the song that's pounding in our ears tonight (Chorus)

"What'd you ever leave here for?"  
"What'd you ever leave here for?"

by Gerry Devine © 1982

## OPEN ALL NIGHT

smoke blue breath in the window  
harsh light and watery eyes  
burnt out butt out and out of sight  
the deal goes down at moonrise

newspaper blows down this tunnel of love  
tumbleweed in the city light  
pissing neon in the pouring rain  
open all night

skin green splitting in the back room  
still praying to god, above  
dim names left back in the diner  
all for a thimbleful of love

there's news of a murder up at fourteenth and  
the waitress shivers with fright  
as two cops tell a fish story  
open all night

she wipes the counter  
and she sweeps the floor  
she makes the coffee  
and she asks you do you want some more

## UNEMPLOYMENT RAG

Woke up this morning, poured my coffee in its cup  
Stared at the paper, jobless and fed up and fed up  
I turned to the section entitled "Classified Ads"  
And I scrutinized those pages to see what they had  
When I couldn't find a thing, it made me so damn mad  
At times like these I wish I never learned how to read  
Secretaries, underwriters and bookkeepers they're o.k.  
And if I had the experience they could use a C.P.A.  
Go get some lending and credit experience, be an analyst  
in a bank  
Without it don't apply, they told me so point blank.

I'm not the most fashionable, but I'm not always a slob  
But how can I get experience when I can't get a job  
I can wipe cars at the car-wash for a day's pay  
Or "sell" encyclopedias in my Chevrolet  
But I was always taught there must be a better way  
A victim of over-educated times  
Interviews just wasted my energy and gas  
I always thought I was part of the working class  
So I joined the Musician's Union to be secure in my home  
But when I paid my rent, I couldn't pay my student loan.

Well, all they had could do nothing for me  
So I can wait to hit the lottery or claim bankruptcy  
Or send for this brochure, "How To Clear Debts Without  
Dough"  
It only costs \$12.50 and the man says "It'll make your  
money grow!"  
I guess this man he certainly should know  
'Cause presently he lives in a chateau  
And he likes to drink the finest bottles of Bordeaux  
But can I be "status quo"?

by Frank Christian © 1982 Witches' House Music ASCAP.

she looks in the eyes of a desperate man  
she can't say much but she can understand  
another aimless loner  
another brittle voice  
another ghostly goner  
head in his hands  
open all night

outside the street is a mine field  
to the ex-soldier with the tattooed arm  
cigarette stuck on his lower lip  
thinks of his mom back on the farm

thick thighs snicker behind him  
she says boy you don't have to fight  
come on home with me baby  
i'm open all night

by Brian Rose © 1982

INCIDENT AT EBENEZER CREEK

the creek lies swollen before us  
the bridge is a slippery span  
the guard with the springfield rifle  
is barring our freedom plan  
for days we have followed the wagons  
with all we own on our backs  
the long blue winding dragon  
with fire and death in its track

but the pontoon bridge is gone. . .

for us these bummers meant freedom  
the promise made good at last  
that four-score-seven-year promise  
why then do they turn us back  
they have warned us not to follow  
too close behind the guns  
that the fighting up front is heavy  
when it hasn't even begun

but the pontoon bridge is gone. . .

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone. . .

some soldiers disobey orders  
to help build rafts of logs  
but they sink as oft as float  
and time is running out  
the rumours of wheeler's cavalry  
to ship us back to the farm  
or shoot us here right where we stand  
helpless and unarmed

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone. . .

some say the avenging angel  
has turned upon his own  
that all this talk of freedom  
is just sherman's marching song  
some are pleading jesus  
asking what have they done wrong

running up and down the river bank  
flailing their arms in song

the camp lies now in embers  
newspapers all been read  
talk of a change in washington  
of a dream shot through the head  
some say ebenezer  
is a cursed name for a creek  
some say jefferson davis  
is a blessed name to speak

but the pontoon bridge is gone  
and sherman's troops have gone  
and freedom now has gone. . .

by Jack Hardy © 1982 John S. Hardy  
Music ASCAP

REGRETTING WHAT I SAID WHEN YOU CALLED ME AT 11:00 ON A  
FRIDAY MORNING TO TELL ME THAT AT 1:00 FRIDAY AFTERNOON  
YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE YOUR OFFICE, GO DOWNSTAIRS,  
HAIL A CAB, GO OUT TO THE AIRPORT TO CATCH A PLANE TO  
GO SKIING IN THE ALPS FOR TWO WEEKS, NOT THAT I WANTED  
TO GO WITH YOU, I WASN'T ABLE TO LEAVE TOWN, AND I  
COULDN'T REALLY EXPECT YOU TO PAY MY WAY (AND I'M NOT  
SUCH A HOT SKIER), BUT AFTER GOING OUT WITH YOU FOR  
THREE YEARS I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES (subtitled A MUSICAL  
APOLOGY)

I didn't mean it when I said I hope the cable  
in the elevator snaps when you step on board  
and I was joking when I said I hope you crack your head  
and get mangled by the downstairs revolving doors  
and I was kidding when I said I hope the #103 bus  
hits and makes a pancake out of you  
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...  
but isn't it amazing what a woman in love will do

And I really don't want to see your taxi on the 59th  
Street Bridge  
flip over and crash through the rail  
and I'd feel bad if at the airport you were mistaken  
for a local sex offender  
arrested, beaten up and thrown in jail  
and I really don't want to see you getting radiation  
poisoning from the metal detector  
that all passengers on foreign and domestic flights  
must walk through  
I'm sorry...forgive me...  
for all the mean things I said to you

You thought I didn't have a temper  
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha surprise  
but I really don't want to see you  
dismembered by the marijuana sniffing dogs  
when a simple little nipping would suffice

And I'm sorry that I said I hope  
the plane explodes in mid-air  
as it carries you away from me  
and I'm sorry that I said  
I hope you break both legs  
on the mountain while you ski  
and I'm sorry for all the nasty things  
I said about your mother  
even though we both know they're true  
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...  
I'm swallowing my pride  
I'd feel so guilty if you died  
oh I'm sorry  
but I'm still mad at you

by Christine Lavin © 1982

AMERICAN JERUSALEM

New York City rain  
I don't know if it's makin' me dirtier or clean  
went for the subway but there was no train  
and the tunnel was crumbling for repairs again  
and the sign said welcome to American  
Jerusalem

I been around  
you could spend forever looking for a friend in this town  
all you get to do is lay your dollar down  
till you're stumbling drunk up the stairs again  
and a sign says welcome to American  
Jerusalem

in the temples of American Jerusalem  
they buy an ounce of South African gold  
they don't care who was bought or sold  
or who died to mine it  
in the temples of American Jerusalem  
they buy an ounce of Marseilles white  
somewhere on a street with no light  
somebody dies tryin' it

and somewhere in a crowd  
lookin' the kind of way that makes you turn around  
will be somebody who knows what it's about  
and she's goin' to take the ribbons from her hair again  
and welcome you to American  
Jerusalem

in the alleys of American Jerusalem  
the homeless lie down at the dawn  
the pretty people wonder what they're on  
and how they afford it  
in the ashes of American Jerusalem  
the prophets live their deaths out on the corner  
the pretty people say there should have been a warning  
but nobody heard it

then shadows lick the sun  
the streets are paved with footsteps on the run  
somebody must've got double 'cause I got none  
I forgot to collect my share again  
so go west to breathe the cleansing air again  
go Niagara for your honeymoon again  
go on the road if you're goin' to sing your tune again  
go to sea to learn to be a man again  
till you come on home to American  
Jerusalem

by Rod MacDonald © 1978/1983/1984 Blue Flute Music ASCAP

# SIDE YR ICSTWO

## HOWARD HUGHES' BLUGHES

Say if I had a lot of money  
Just like Howard Hughes  
I would have me any woman  
That I might choose  
I would even buy Chicago  
So I could have the blues  
If I had a lot of money  
Just like Howard Hughes

If I were loaded like old Howard  
I'd do just as I please  
I'd need me a truck  
To carry all my noblesse oblige  
I'd always tip that good old boy  
That shines my shoes  
If I had a lot of money  
Just like Howard Hughes

Just give me those  
Franklins, Grants and Jacksons  
I'd put them to good use

'Cause I got just what it takes  
To be a rich recluse  
I'd get invited to the White House  
And I'd flat out refuse  
If I had a lot of money  
Just like Howard Hughes

Oh that midnight flight to Mexico  
Howard finally ran out of luck  
They took him to the graveyard  
In a big Brink's armoured truck  
That Infernal Revenue Service  
They won't forgive him  
'Cause when old Howard went  
He took it with him

And left me here  
With those mean old Howard Hughes  
Blughes

by Erik Frandsen © 1982 Esteemed  
Clams Music

## KNIGHT MOVES

Watch while the queen  
in one false move  
turns herself into a pawn  
Sleepy and shaken  
and watching while the blurry night  
turns into a very clear dawn

### Chorus:

Do you love any	Do you love any
do you love none	do you love none
do you love many	do you love twenty
can you love one	can you love one
do you love me?	do you love me?

One false move  
and a secret prophecy  
well, if you hold it against her  
first hold it up and see  
that it's one side stone  
One side fire  
Standing alone  
among all men's desire  
(they want to know) (Chorus)

And if you wonder  
what I am doing  
as I am heading for the sink  
I am spitting out all the bitterness  
along with half of my last drink  
I am thinking of your woman  
who is crying in the hall  
It's like drinking gasoline to quench a thirst  
until there's no one there left at all (Chorus)

"Walk on her blind side"  
was the answer to the joke  
It's said there isn't a political bone in her body  
Well, she would rather be a riddle  
But she keeps challenging the future  
with a profound lack of history

by Suzanne Vega © 1982

## CALL ME THE WHALE

(tune: "The Greenland Whale Fisheries")

Call me the whale for that's what I am  
And that's what I aim to be  
You may call yourselves the kings of the land  
But I am the king of the sea, brave boys  
Yes I am the king of the sea

You came after me in your matchstick boats  
With your harpoons poised for the kill  
When I looked you in the eye I never saw you cry  
But I know that I gave you a chill, brave boys  
I know that I gave you a chill

But I didn't ever mean you any harm, brave boys  
When I sent you to the bottom with my tail  
I only meant to show you that you should have  
been at home  
Instead of on the ocean chasing whales, brave boys  
Instead of on the ocean chasing whales

But you never got the message so more and more you came  
Till I ran out of places to hide  
When your boats got so big that I could not bring you down  
Then I knew you had turned the tide, brave boys  
I knew you had turned the tide

Now you hunt me down in your factory ships  
And you never even touch me with your hands  
In the morning I am playing with my babies in the waves  
In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans, brave boys  
In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans

You've gotten so efficient with your implements of death  
That by now I'm barely alive  
But if you treat each other the way you've treated me  
I think I'm going to survive, brave boys  
Yes, I think I'm going to survive

by Paul Kaplan © 1982 Paul Kaplan Music ASCAP

DIAVOLI IN AVIDO AMORE

Sono qui su questa sedia  
che da ore aspetto te  
fuori il vento soffia forte  
spero ti conduca a me  
ma la tempesta l'ho nella testa  
crea un immenso vuoto  
che divide te da me

Ritornello:

Ma la luna la luna dov'e' eh?  
da tre giorni non fa che piovere  
e nessuno si cura di te  
nonche' diavoli in avido amore

La tua gloria l'hai acquistata  
dagl'eroi del caffè'  
un bicchiere e una partita  
e non c'e' due senza tre  
il muso duro ti fa da scudo  
ma son quelle quattro mura  
che dividon te da me (Ritornello)

Come l'uva sulla vite  
t'innalzavi verso il ciel  
maturasti nella luce  
cosi' dolce ti vorrei  
ma come il vino tu stai'vecchiando  
nel cantone di quel fondo  
dove il sole piu' non c'e' (Ritornello)

by Germana Pucci © 1983

Translation:  
DEVILS IN AVID LUST

Here again seated on this chair  
in a timeless waiting  
out there the ghostly wind is whistling  
my hope is it will carry you to me  
but the storm is in my soul  
creating this immense emptiness  
between you and me

Chorus:

And tonight where, where is the moon, huh?  
for three days I've seen rain  
and no one is loving you  
but devils in avid lust

From the heroes of the bar  
you've gained your glory  
a drink or two and a game  
and always one for the road  
a shield is your hard brow  
but those four walls  
are what's dividing you from me (Chorus)

As grapes on the vine  
you rose to the sky  
ripened by the sun  
so sweet I would want you  
but as old wine you're aging  
in the corner of that cellar  
where a ray never enters (Chorus)

by Germana Pucci © 1983

THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM

Excuse me sir...I am a foreigner  
I left the white sands of Zanzibar  
Where is this place you call free lunch bar?  
I am hungry and have overstayed my visa  
I'll work your farm your factory your pizzeria  
Is TV more beautiful than the Mona Lisa?  
Someday my sons will fight for the eagle  
My daughters will never be ashamed of me  
It is my dream...to be a citizen  
It's the Great American Dream  
It's the Great American Dream  
It's the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir...I am a prostitute  
Just pretend that I'm a Playboy bunny  
For a Franklin I will tongue your tummy  
My body is a battlefield and a flower  
Four score and seven tricks by the hour  
O the many men--one might have been my father  
Gonna make my getaway in a zeppelin  
Take a bubble bath in the fountain of youth  
It is my dream...to be a girl again  
In the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir...I am a carpenter  
Once I built a treehouse for Rockefeller  
Tho' now I've been laid off since December  
Someday I'll build a castle all my own  
In the den the best laz-e-boy throne  
In every room a different color phone  
These torn hands are skilled as spiders  
I hear there's work in Kansas building coffins  
It is my dream...to be cremated  
With the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir...I am a writer  
Tho' the critics are jealous of my genius  
They say I'm writing with my penis  
Perhaps you've read my work in True Confessions  
It pays the rent and fuels my obsessions  
On the sly I give elocution lessons  
Someday I'll write the Great American Novel  
To be required reading in the Ivy League  
It is my dream...to die infamous  
As the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir...I am an Indian  
O the white man is as greedy as fire  
His heart is wrapped around with barbed wire  
My father died of whiskey and religion  
But ghosts are cheap on the reservation  
In the summer we're a tourist attraction  
It is wrong to squeeze the earth like a snake  
A deceit to give a stone to the hungry one  
It is my dream...to skin a Pilgrim  
And the Great American Dream

Excuse me sir...I am Everyman  
I'm the good thief of Jekyll and Hyde  
I'm the social climber on a mountain of pride  
I'm the deaf the dumb and the debonaire  
I'm the mouse the monk and the millionaire  
I'm the Great White Hope riding an old grey mare  
I'm the sad-eyed girl as young as the earth  
I'm the mother who died giving birth  
To the Great American Dream

I love freedom  
I hope freedom loves me

by David Massengill © 1980 Bowser Wowser Music

WASTED LOVE

Well you've finally reached a conclusion  
Through some lines you heard in a song  
You've been saying what's causing confusion  
I can see that you're getting it wrong  
Your lovers, they'll always forget you  
When the day takes the night from the sky  
There's always another beginning  
And maybe a better surprise

Chorus:

Wasted love was making you lonely  
Wasted love was making you small  
When it gets down to counting the heartaches  
No love gets wasted at all (Repeat)

You've got your guns at the ready  
Don't go shooting me down  
Your hands are shaking, not steady  
Are you slowly coming around?  
Don't jump into the fire  
You'll only get stung by the flames  
Now give up that silly old crying  
You'll only lose at these games (Chorus)

Repeat first verse

by Paul Josés © 1982

# DICK GAUGHAN

## a different kind of folk singer

by Marsha Necheles

Dick Gaughan, Scottish musician extraordinaire, is a rare breed in the field of folk music. In his illustrious past, he left a successful folk group (Boys of the Lough) and a successful folk/rock band (Five Hand Reel) and explored a solo career recording primarily traditional songs in four solo albums, while limiting his live appearances for years due to a fear of flying. (The fear is still acute, but he flies when the tour is warranted.)

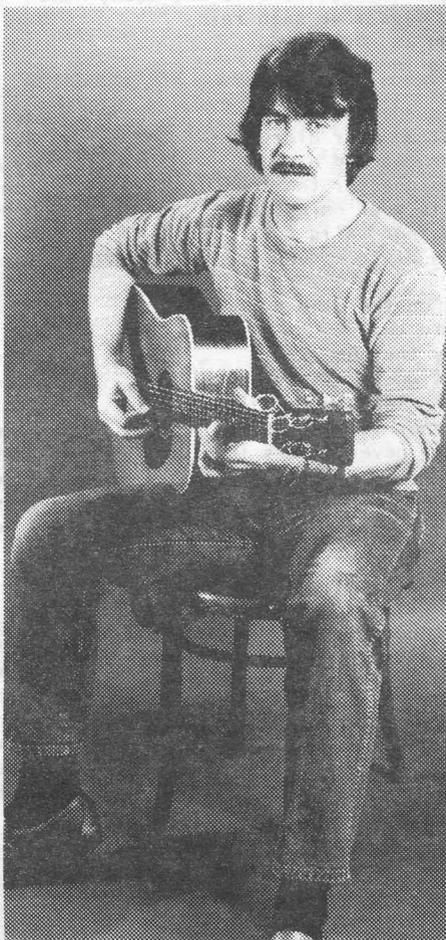
Currently, he still plays guitar in a technically flawless style, illustrated in a solo instrumental album, and still sings in a Scottish dialect with more passion, warmth, and vibrancy than most of his contemporaries. Dick Gaughan is a man of integrity and commitment, his life-long interest in politics no better expressed than on his latest recording, *A Different Kind of Love Song* (Folk Freak FF 4000.4013). This album is clearly a different kind of Gaughan album.

Gaughan, in an interview with England's *Southern Rag* magazine months before the record's release, told why he thinks the album may be hated:

"There is not one traditional song on the record. All the songs are modern political songs. There's a diversity of musical styles used which to anybody who scrutinizes it closely makes sense, and the songs are all inter-related. Stylistically, it bears very little resemblance to anything I've ever done, so it has to be judged in its context... there are bits of rock 'n' roll...there are unpopular questions on the record."<sup>14</sup>

Gaughan is a well-respected musician in the traditional field; therefore, his transition into contemporary songs (a transition that really started with his previous recording, *Handful of Earth*) might shock the folk purist. Some of the folk purists were also shocked with his rock-oriented work with Five Hand Reel and were very happy when Gaughan left the band, although he left the band for personal and not musical reasons. Gaughan's love of traditional music is still alive, but he obviously feels that a change in performance material is crucial to his development:

"Am I a singer of political rather than traditional songs? I can't differenti-



Dick Gaughan

ate between those two things, coming from my background. Traditional song has always had as a large part what nowadays we would call political song. I cannot come to terms with the contradiction of the folk world where it's perfectly acceptable to sing about a miner's strike of the 1880's but unacceptable to sing about miner's strikes of the 1980's. You can sing Irish rebel songs from 1916, but not form any conclusions about what's going on today."<sup>15</sup>

The title song of the album, written by Gaughan, clarifies his position. He writes that in order to make the most people happy and help those in trouble, he must write songs that force the listener to deal with reality and love songs of a different kind.

Two other originals are also included. "Think Again" begins with the question,

"Do you think the Russians want war?" and goes on to explore the idea that most of our propaganda is based on the concept of the Soviet Union's intentions to control the world. "By the People," which concerns the United States and its own internal propaganda, is interesting, but the heavy rock arrangement here makes it a tedious excursion and virtually unlistenable. This is the only instance where the arrangement unfortunately obliterates the song's intent.

Most successful are "Song of Choice" by Peggy Seeger, Ewan MacColl's "The Father's Song," "As I Walked on the Road" by Jim Brown, and Leon Rosselson's "Stand Up for Judas."

Rosselson is a major political songwriter from Britain, and his songs are always brilliant, disturbing, and controversial; "Stand Up for Judas" is no exception to the Rosselson rule. Gaughan sings with assertiveness and strength, prefacing the lyrics on the lyric sheet with the words, "The only way to accept or reject any ideology is to subject it to critical scrutiny." The song may disturb some, but it is unforgettable and fascinating.

"As I Walked on the Road" is a truly beautiful song about the growing fear and horror of the nuclear arms stockpile. After describing the magic of a spring morning and the Scottish countryside, the narrator sees the "caverns grim of concrete grey" before him:

I felt so sad just standing there  
In a place I once loved well  
Now used, without permission asked  
To house the very teeth of hell  
But all those folk who strive for  
peace  
My heart went out to all of them  
Their struggle's on, it mustn't  
cease.

"As I Walked on the Road" is a 'modern' folk song, one that clearly illustrates Gaughan's love for the successful blend of style and content. Gaughan describes his feelings about folk music:

"There has been a basic misunderstanding attached to folk music, that folk music is the music of peasant communities, peasant communities came to an end with the industrial revolution, therefore folk music came to an end except where peasant communities sur-

Ian A. Anderson

vived. All the evidence of urban working class folk music contradicts that, and yet people still treat it as dead, like collecting antique furniture to be preserved in its original form."\*

The album ends with the unlikely pop/country hit by Joe South, "Games People Play." As in all his music, Gaughan is able to transform the song into one of his own through his vibrant vocal styling. "So look around you, tell me what you see/What is happening to you and me?" sings Gaughan. In reality, this is exactly what A Different Kind of Love Song is all about.

Throughout the album, Dick Gaughan shares his commitment and belief in mankind through powerful songs. In essence he is also proving that the genre of material--be it folk, pop, rock, or country--is of no importance, nor is the idea that a traditional song has more value than a contemporary song. The only thing that is essential is that he, as a musician, communicate his deeply felt convictions, fears, and visions. Gaughan explains,

"A folk singer, whatever that is, is not only a musician but an artist as well and has to be constantly aware of it, cannot divorce himself from the past. A folk singer is the bridge between the past and the present, has to be that bridge because that's what folk music in fact is. It's the collective culture, the collective view of the large section of society that lives at the bottom. This probably sounds very pompous in print, but I think that any musician carries a responsibility when they stand in front of an audience."\*

Dick Gaughan carries his responsibility --as a musician and as a human being--very seriously indeed.

\*Quotes from Dick Gaughan originally appeared in The Southern Rag and are reprinted here with permission. Copyright © 1983 The Southern Rag. All rights reserved.

Our special thanks to Ian A. Anderson, editor of The Southern Rag, 2 Eastdale, East Street, Farnham, Surrey, England, GU9 7TB.

## discography

- 1972 No More Forever (Leader/Trailer LER 2072)
- 1972 Boys of the Lough (Leader/Trailer LER 2086 or Shanachie (U.S.) 79002)
- 1975 Bonnie Pit Laddie with High Level Ranters and Harry Boardman (Topic)
- 1976 Five Hand Reel (Rubber RUB 019)
- 1977 Kist o' Gold (Leader/Trailer LER 2103)
- 1977 Coppers and Brass (Topic 12TS315)
- 1977 For A' That with Five Hand Reel (RCA PL25150)
- 1978 Gaughan (Topic 12TS384)
- 1978 Earl of Moray with Five Hand Reel (RCA PL25150)
- 1978 Songs of Ewan MacColl with Dave Burland and Tony Capstick (Rubber RUB 027)
- 1980 Handful of Earth (Advent Records)
- 1983 Parallel Lines with Andy Irvine (Folk Freak FF 4000.4007)
- 1984 A Different Kind of Love Song (Folk Freak FF 4000.4013)

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## Gaughan ill

Dick Gaughan is currently very ill. A specific diagnosis has not been made, but he has been bedridden since the beginning of the year and is unable to speak or sing. He critically needs financial assistance at this time and would appreciate a few words of encouragement from those interested in writing. It is hoped that those who have been touched by Dick's music will be concerned enough to give back a little of what he has given us. Correspondence and contributions can be sent to:

Dick Gaughan c/o Nancy Iverson  
P.O. Box 772  
El Cerrito, California 94530

Please make checks payable to 'Nancy Iverson for Dick Gaughan Fund.'

# ON DANCING ELEPHANTS

and other forms of artistic criticism

by Roger Deitz

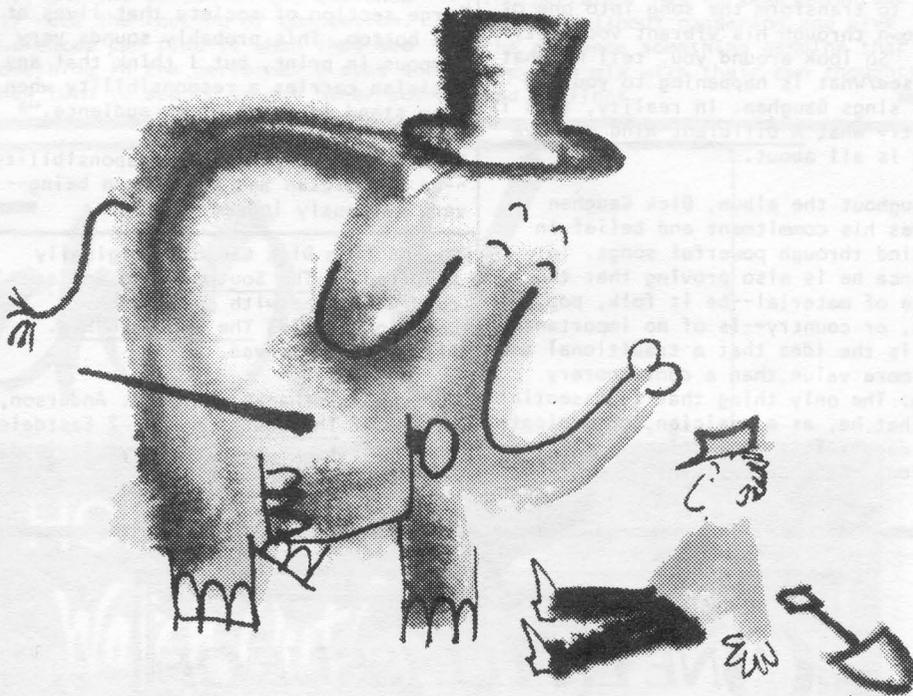
A not-there-yet performer can't be too choosy about the places he or she plays. There are the suburban shopping malls where the blue-haired ladies sit and knit and beam because you look like their sons or daughters or both who went to Johns Hopkins University Medical School, and who now have a practice in internal medicine at Larchmont, New York. You could have gone to Johns Hopkins University Medical School and had a practice in internal medicine in Larchmont, New York, but you didn't want to deprive the blue-haired ladies of the world of a chance to knit to real music.

There is the library concert series where you play to a packed chair; where nobody shows up because of inclement weather, or because some guy named Chuck forgot to list your gig in the local paper. Of course, in a moment of enlightened shrewdness, you turned down a generous flat fee for a percentage of the gate.

There is the Memorial Day picnic you play where the main attractions are the beer, the hot dogs, the two-headed cow, and Eb Lundgrubber's brand-new Nissan deluxe 4x4 longbed, king cab pick-up truck with twin gun-racks and a 120-watt, four-speaker stereo that overtakes the pitifully underpowered sound system on stage through which you are unsuccessfully attempting to be heard. The dulcet tones of Tammy Wynette enshroud the fairgrounds.

There are countless other embarrassments: the church group mystery bus tour booking that took you to Governors Island (they claimed it was in error that you were left behind afterwards when the bus disembarked on the ferry back to Manhattan without you); the newspaper hot-shot who, upon hearing the title of one of your songs, writes a scathing review of your work, saying that your songwriting is "provincial"; the tone-deaf moron sitting in the second row who sings along off-key all evening, and then stops by after the show to shake your hand and inform you that your voice is "almost real good, but it has an elusively annoying quality to it," one he can't quite identify.

How about the time you played in a downpour as your vintage herringbone



Dennis Di Vincenzo

Martin D-28 filled with water and warped before your very eyes? You fought a losing battle to stay in tune as your strings oxidized to a bright reddish-orange color. Trying to stay in tune is always hopeless anyway. After a few hours in a cold automobile, the shock of finding itself on stage under hot spotlights is usually sufficient inducement for a banjo to play a game of sonic hide-and-seek throughout the entire audible spectrum.

Then there's the heckler whose great capacity for booze is dwarfed only by his enormous capacity for wit. "Where's the beef?" he shouts, as he weaves from side to side. He repeatedly asks the waitress for a Michelob Light, because it's dark in the club and he can't see his Michelob.

Most of all, you love the driving; the joys of the open road. You learn that in a democracy, roads connect any two places, whether they are worth going to or not. Every few years, perhaps with the taking of the U.S. Census, all dots on the map should be evaluated to see if they are worthy of being con-

nected to the rest of the country by way of a road. Towns should have their roads summarily taken away if found undeserving.

In particular, I am thinking about those places on the outskirts of which the local constabulary (pronounced 'sher'ff') is waiting to greet you, parked behind a shade tree, which hides him and the "15 mph--SPEED CHECKED BY RADAR" sign you have just whizzed past. "Welcome to Hooterville, boy." He savors each syllable like a Parisian savors a morsel of 'truffles in sausage with chicken livers.' The distinctive aroma of cheap beer fills the air. "You one a them hippie-dippies? In a hurry to get to some peace demonstration? That'll be sixty dollars fine, bu;, and I don't see any reason to wake up the Justice, so why don't we make that cash money? Thank you. Have a nice day!" Gee, you know, their necks really are red.

As you travel along, you find that there are roads everywhere: roads across, under, and alongside of rivers; roads up the sides of mountains; roads

snaking through valleys and stretched tautly over deserts; roads you pay to stay on, and roads you pay to exit; toll-free roads, busy roads, lonely roads; roads of asphalt, concrete, cobble, and dirt. All of these thoroughfares offer the tantalizing promise that there is something better about to be discovered ahead, merely because you have chanced to point your vehicle in that direction. You spend so much time on the road that you begin to believe that the road is where you belong, and the towns you stop in are unnatural breaks in your daily driving routine.

You find that the only conversational interaction you have is with gasoline station attendants and waitresses. No wonder newspaper people term your writing "provincial." And what about the food? On the road, the food is awful...but uniformly so. How can it be that no matter where you go in the U.S. of A., the diner hamburgers are consistently bad: underdone with the vague taste of tin, and just the hint of raw beef mixed with texturized soy protein burger enhancer? This delicacy is always accented with the distinctive flavor of flat, syrupy, diner cola, our national drink if there is one. All of this slop is undoubtedly the Greeks' revenge for our maintaining an air base in Turkey.

Lately, you have taken to sitting at a table overlooking your car, this to guard against instrument heisters. You have found this preferable to the abuse you take from patrons when you carry in your instruments. Diner customers love to be entertained for free, and they are always daring you to play. They turn hostile when you refuse to do your entire repertoire for them. You sit and eat as they sneer at you for being so stuck up.

Finally, when the meal is over, you invariably tip too much if you tip at all. Whether a gratuity is a gift to ensure promptness or a bribe to ensure against reprisals, it's not too hard to figure out what fifteen percent of bad service, an underdone burger, and a flat cola is. You chuckle as you realize how much money you have saved by leaving autographed pictures of Richard Nixon on diner tables all across America.

There is no time to linger over a fine meal--it's back on the road as night falls. You mathematically account for the difference in mileage between the place you've been, the place you are, and the place you've yet to go. As you begin to grow weary, you notice things that you otherwise might have ignored.

For instance, you notice that this road is lined with brightly lit motel signs proclaiming the Holiday Inn, Ramada Inn, Quality Inn, Best Western Motor Inn, and Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. Each sign reminds you of how tired you are, but on your budget, you can't afford to sleep in such places. But, as luck would have it, your rest area is up ahead...how nice of them to have named it "Rest Area" so as to avoid any confusion. The accommodations are Spartan but reasonable. Thunk-thunk, thunk-thunk. You try to block out the sound of your dashboard clock as you curl up on the front seat of your car. You're too up to sleep, and the clock isn't helping. Such a lot of noise for a clock that loses in excess of five minutes of time a day.

Well, at least you can rest your eyes. After all of that driving, you have terminal eye strain, your eyes feel about three times their normal size. You take some aspirin; as usual you take them without water. Lots of aspirin is standard fare for the road-running musician.

Spare parts are important also. Why can't Detroit make a car that doesn't start to whimp out after 200,000 miles? Life becomes a vocational education course in automobile repair. You learn about balding, prone-to-be-flat tires that give out only during rainstorms when there is no place to pull over to effect repairs; carburetors clogged with bad gas; air cleaners so choked with dirt that you would swear your car sounds as if it has developed asthma; brakes worn out beyond their linings; a transmission that has to be coaxed into third gear; bad batteries and ball joints; broken hoses and a leaky radiator; and, your senior honors research project, a tail pipe and muffler held together with bailing wire and old orange juice cans.

Lastly, there is that constant buzzing you feel in your hands resulting from having had them wrapped around the steering wheel for days at a time. Sometimes the sensation lasts for weeks, but you don't mind so much because it adds a nice tremolo effect to your playing technique. Do you really need all of this? Hands that hum like an electric razor? The payment checks that come back stamped "insufficient funds?" The agent who couldn't get you booked at a police station if you robbed a bank with Patty Hearst (but who is so greedy he wants ten percent of the birthday check your aunt sent you)?

Maybe you don't deserve better...maybe you're not talented at all. Reason and

logic dictate that you would be better off working the hardware counter at Sears: selling weed-eaters and collecting a regular paycheck, discussing the relative merits of open-end versus box wrenches. "Will that be cash or charge? You don't have a Sears charge card? May I take this opportunity to open an account for you?" Thank heavens you have never been ruled by reason and logic.

You see, just as you are about to pack it all in, there is that night you fill the concert hall where the audience is hanging on to every word of your newly composed song, and smiling in all the right places, singing along on the chorus--making beautiful new harmonies you have never heard before. The crowd applauds long and hard, their twenty-second hand seems an almost embarrassing eternity. There is someone who stops by afterwards to say that your song touched her. She knows what you were trying to say. She asks you why she has never heard of you before, and wants to know where you will be playing next. Her eyes get a bit misty as she tells you that your songwriting is so sensitive. She wants to know if you need a place to stay for the night. You are never going to sell another weed-eater.

So the next mornint it's on to Sweet Home, Oregon; Maple Grove, Minnesota; Paradise Valley, Arizona; Muscle Shoals, Alabama; Rolling Meadows, Illinois; Caribou, Maine; Bayonet Point, Florida; Newark, New Jersey; Newark, New York; Newark, Ohio; Newark, Delaware; Springfield in Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, and Oregon; Delaware County and Montgomery County in Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, Vermont, Florida, and Michigan.

By the way, did you hear the one about the guy whose job it was to muck out the animal cages at the circus? One day he slipped on some of his work, and he was trampled by Sunshine the Sensational Tap Dancing Elephant, who took his faux pas as a cue to go into her act. She did her dance routine faultlessly, breaking most of the mucker's major bones and a few minor ones as well. When he regained consciousness in a hospital six weeks later, he was asked by his doctor if he was ready to find a new, safer line of work. To this inquiry he replied, "What...and give up show business?" It seems that one man's shovel is another man's guitar.

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# RECORD REVIEWS

## discovering the French **MALICORNE**

by Byrne Power

Perhaps it seems a little too much (nine albums) and too late (the group broke up a few years back) to attempt a review of the music of Malicorne. Maybe it's too obscure. I mean, how many of you have actually heard of Malicorne? How many of you own even one of their valuable records? How many of you could find one of their records in a store? Scant few, I dare say. Let's face it, Francophobia is a common disease in the English speaking universe. Most of us, thinking that the pinnacles of Celtic folk revival have already been reached by the likes of Richard Thompson, Planxty, Silly Wizard, or June Tabor, no longer bother to explore the lesser-known currents of the style.

Well, folks, you'd better get out your shovels and start digging 'cause we've got gold here. It's going to mean some tough searching to scare up a few copies, but it's well worth it. Now, obviously I can't give you a blow-by-blow description of every record in Malicorne's catalogue, and I think that kind of criticism would do more harm than good. Instead, let me break down the group's career into three phases.

The first three albums, on Hexagone, are the most purely French folk. The instrumentals have a flavor that crosses the joy and vitality of Celtic jigs and reels with the simplicity and seriousness of renaissance music. That and a modern intensity make for a wildly beautiful combination. The early records expose the soul of the group. While employing the odd electric bass line, their sound in these albums is very traditional and very French. There is another element that begins to come to the fore, however, and it is this element that leads us into the mature middle period of Malicorne. It's the way they put over their ballads. As "Marion les Roses," a song on their second album, demonstrates, there's a droning in the harmonies, a deeply resonating tone that begins to move the song out of

the realm of folk dances into the realm of legends and mystery.

The middle period, which for me is the most satisfying, lasts from the fourth album, called Malicorne, through the second-to-last album about the journey of Abelard Rousseau. (This period does not include the album Quintessence, which is a premature collection of the earlier albums or a boxed set of the first three.) This period's style combines the traditional with the contemporary, but not in a way that any English or American performers have ever vaguely considered before. For the French, it seemed that adding electronic instruments was not a matter of beefing up the sound with pounding rhythms, but of reorchestrating the history and the drama of the music. The fourth LP, Malicorne (identified by its blue cover with two dragons in the constellations), is the masterpiece of the group, with Adelard Rousseau coming right behind. The fourth album is imbued with church mysticism, tales of witchcraft, nursery rhymes, and above all, bells. You can hardly pull apart the voices from the bells from the synthesizers.

There is something in this album that is deeply French; it is hard to describe it any other way. It reminds me of a mountain village in France that I stayed in for three months. It feels like the naked winter trees, the late autumn grass, tales of the village folk, and of course the ringing of the bells across the fields on Sunday morning.

Much of the reason for the depth of the music on this and the other middle period albums is the dark texture of the vocal harmonies led by Gabriel Yacoub. Yacoub's voice, while low and reedy, is melodic enough on its own to sustain interest without aid. But with the vocal support of the rest of the band, the voices together become the focal point of the group's work. The voice of Marie Yacoub (Gabriel's wife), while less predominant than Gabriel's, is in no way less important. A certain childlike quality in her voice perfectly illuminates many of the songs she sings.

Rarely do the British or the Americans come close to the vocal work of Malicorne in terms of harmonies and mood. I recommend all of these middle

## discography

The albums of Malicorne, in order of their release, are:

Malicorne, Hexagone 883002

Malicorne, Hexagone 883004

Almanach, Hexagone 883007

Malicorne, Hexagone 883015

Quintessence, Hexagone 883018

En Public, Elektra 52270

Le Bestiaire, Elektra 52271

L'Extraordinaire Tour de France d'Adelard Rousseau, Elektra 52272

Balancoire en Feu, Elektra 52280

period albums heartily. Even the live record, En Public, is several cuts above the average live disk.

Finally, about Balancoire en Feu, Malicorne's last record, it is good but it is a step toward the integration of New Wave sounds with French sounds. It is not an altogether successful move. Malicorne could have continued to experiment in its middle period for much longer. I feel that this last move indicates the tensions in the group which eventually led to its breakup. Still, this last record is good and is filled with those same harmonies which made the other records so good.

Malicorne sadly is no more. Personal affairs being what they can be, the group split after the ninth record. There is rumor of a reunion. Let's hope so. Meanwhile, all of their records are well worth hunting for.

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40-11 24th Street  
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In New York City:

J&R Music World  
23 Park Row  
New York, New York 10038

# ON THE RECORD

FRANK CHRISTIAN is originally from Newark, New Jersey. Frank makes his living from his guitar skills: teaching, performing, and backing up other musicians. His album, Somebody's Got to Do It, on Great Divide Records, is available through the Up for Grabs Catalog.

GERRY DEVINE is from Delaware, where he sang and played in rock bands. He was a member of the Song Project but is now writing and performing with the Floor Models.

ERIK FRANSDEN lives in New York City, and plays guitar and acts. He needs work. He's in the phone book.

JACK HARDY has released six albums on the Great Divide label, the most recent of which is The Cauldron. Some of his earlier albums have been reissued by First American in this country and Pastels abroad. He was the editor of The Coop for two years, and is now the editor of The Fast Folk Musical Magazine.

TOM INTONDI has been performing for the past nine years. He is featured on the Cornelia Street album and has two albums of his own, the more recent

## *The Coop and The Coop Songbook*

*The Fast Folk Musical Magazine* has acquired the stock of back issues of *The Coop* and *The Coop Songbook*, which contains music and lyrics to most of the songs recorded on *The Coop* between February and November 1982.

Prices for each issue and for the Songbooks are \$8 in the U.S. and \$10 outside the U.S., postpaid. A catalog listing *Coops* in stock and the songs recorded on each issue is available upon request with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

To order back issues or songbooks, enclose a check or money order\* made payable to The Fast Folk Musical Magazine, and send it with your order to:

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\*Outside the U.S. paying by check, please have payment converted to U.S. dollars, payable on a U.S. bank.

of which, House of Water, is available through the Up for Grabs Catalog. He was a member of the Song Project.

PAUL JOSES is an Irishman who lives in West Berlin where he writes songs and performs in pubs.

PAUL KAPLAN performs solo and with the folk group, The Gallant Poachers. He is coauthor with Dan Milner of A Bonnie Bunch of Roses, Songs of England, Ireland and Scotland, published by Oak Publications. Paul's solo album, Life on This Planet, was released in 1982 and is available through the Up for Grabs Catalog.

LUCY KAPLANSKI is primarily an interpretive singer, concentrating on local writers. She is featured on the Cornelia Street album and performs alone and with the Roommates.

CHRISTINE LAVIN has been in New York for six years, has recorded an LP and an EP, and is working on a second album to be released in 1984. Dave Van Ronk is her idol, and one day she hopes to be able to sing like him.

CAROLYN MCCOMBS began singing professionally in Off-Broadway rock musicals, touring with Jesus Christ Superstar. She has travelled extensively in Europe, appearing on TV and radio and has recorded with 'Witchcraft.' She has a single on the Hansa label.

## THE SOUTHERN RAG

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ROD MACDONALD, 35, is a folksinger/songwriter from Connecticut. Rod lives in Greenwich Village and tours in the South, Midwest, and New England. He has an album, No Commercial Traffic, which is available through the Up for Grabs Catalog.

GERMANA PUCCI was born in Italy to a family of singers and farmers, who lead singing in the fields and are hired to sing the Maggio (peasant's opera) after the harvest. Germana moved to New York City in 1977. She loves to cook.

BRIAN ROSE is a 29-year-old New York City songwriter and photographer. He was one of the founders of The Coop magazine and the musician's cooperative at SpeakEasy in Greenwich Village.

SUZANNE VEGA is from New York City. She is a Barnard College graduate and is 24. She has been active in dance and theatre, writing and staging a production on Carson McCullers.

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## MAY 1984 CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOLK MUSIC NIGHTLY

TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY	
TUESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY SHOWS START AT 9:00 PM AND 11:30 PM SUNDAY/HOVS START AT 8:30 PM AND 11:00 PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED									
1 MAYDAY FESTIVAL \$3.00 BENEFIT FOR THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE		2 ERIC BIBB \$3.00 ROBIN RUSSELL		3 IKEN PERLMAN \$4.00 DAKOTA DAVE KULL SEAN BLACKBURN		4 ROSALIE SORRELS \$5.00 Richard North		5 GEORGE GERDES \$5.00 SHAWN COLVIN	
6 NANCE GRIFFITH \$3.00 "3 REASONS" FEATURING JON STEIN		8 MARK GALEN MCCABE \$3.00 ANNIE ROLLAND		9 FRANK CHRISTIAN \$3.00 JANIS BIATELA MATTHEW BODENHEIM		10 LARRY SEGAL \$3.00 STUDY ZWEIMAN		11 LORELEI \$5.00 BEN SILVERS	
7 EVERY MONDAY NIGHT \$3.00 IT'S YOUR TURN TO ENTERTAIN US!		15 1 DOLLAR NIGHT \$1.00 HOST ROD MACDONALD		16 RHYTHM AND ROMANCE \$3.00 JEE MARINO		17 THE CREW OF THE CLEARWATER \$4.00 15th ANNIVERSARY!		18 DANNY KALB \$5.00 THE ROCKATONICS	
13 THE THUNDERBIRD SISTERS \$4.00 TRIBAL VOICE		21 OPEN MIKE \$3.00 EMCEE: SUSAN		22 ROB ROY BAND \$3.00 JOEY GEORGE		23 BREAKTHROUGH OF NEW WOMEN ARTISTS \$4.00 EMCEE: SUSAN FIRING SUZANNE VEGA FRISKEY RYWOOD		19 JAY UNGAR \$5.00 LYN HARDY WITH MADLY WAGON BOB MILES, BOB ZALDMAN	
20 JOANNE DAVIS \$3.00 LYDIA DAVIS		28 FIRING \$3.00 SIGN UP AT 7:30 MUSIC STARTS AT 8:00		29 SIGMUND SNOPECK \$3.00 TOM WACHONAS		24 LATE FOR DINNER \$3.00 CURT LIPPE		25 JACK HARDY \$5.00 DAVE WALTERS	
27 JACK HARDY \$5.00 RICHARD MEYERS		EVERY MONDAY: THE SPEAKEASY COLLECTIVE MEETS AT 6:30 PM		30 UNDERGROUND NIGHT \$3.00 WITH MICHAEL AMERICA		26 JACK HARDY \$5.00 DAVE WALTERS		31 JUNE HIGHLIGHTS: \$4.00 DAVID MASSENGILL GREGG BROWN	
NOTE: THESE SHOWS ARE NOT RELATED		OLD TUBBY AND BLUEGRASS JAM - 11:30 AM TO 7:00 PM SUNDAY		POETRY READINGS - WEDNESDAYS 7:00 PM		19 10 4 PM - 7 PM WEDNESDAY		JUNE 1 - SOLDIERS FANCY/SAUL BROUDY JUNE 2 - EX-SEAMAN'S INSTITUTE JUNE 17 - BILL STAINES JUNE 22-23 - CHRISTINE LAVIN JUNE 29/30 - ERIK FRANDSEN/ALIAS	

# SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

- Montchanin (Gerry Devine)  
Tom Intondi/Vocal & Guitar  
Jack Hardy & Lucy Kaplanski/Vocals  
Rod MacDonald/Cow Bell
- Open All Night (Brian Rose)  
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal & Guitar
- Unemployment Rag (Frank Christian)  
Frank Christian/Vocal & Guitar
- Incident at Ebenezer Creek (Jack Hardy)  
Jack Hardy/Vocal & Guitar
- Regretting What I Said... (Christine Lavin)  
Christine Lavin/Vocal & Guitar
- American Jerusalem (Rod MacDonald)  
Rod MacDonald/Vocal & Guitar

### The Band:

Mark Dann/Guitar, 12-String & Vocal (on "Montchanin") & Electric Bass (on "Unemployment Rag")  
Jeff Hardy/Acoustic Bass  
Howie Wyeth/Drums

Sound engineer at  
The Bottom Line/Steve Satkowski  
Recording engineer/Jay Rosen

- Howard Hughes Blughes (Erik Frandsen)  
Erik Frandsen/Vocal & Guitar
- Knight Moves (Suzanne Vega)  
Suzanne Vega/Vocal & Guitar
- Call Me The Whale (Paul Kaplan)  
Paul Kaplan/Vocal & Guitar  
Jack Hardy & Tom Intondi/Vocals
- Diavoli in Avido Amore (Germana Pucci)  
Germana Pucci/Vocal & Guitar
- Wasted Love (Paul Joses)  
Carolyn McCombs/Vocal & Guitar
- The Great American Dream (David Massengill)  
Vocals:  
Foreigner/Tom Intondi  
Prostitute/Lucy Kaplanski  
Carpenter/Jack Hardy  
Writer/David Massengill  
Indian/Rod MacDonald  
Chorus/All, plus Frank Christian, Erik Frandsen, Paul Kaplan, Christine Lavin, Carolyn McCombs, Germana Pucci, Suzanne Vega  
David Massengill/Dulcimer