

FAST FOLK

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

MAY 1984

VOL. 1, NO. 5



a modern bardic tradition

CORNELIA STREET

Even if you are one in a million, there are eight more of you in New York. A few years back, nine of us met once a week to play music for fun at the English Pub in Greenwich Village. In this low-pressure format we slowly gravitated toward the concept of bringing in a new song each week to try it out on our collective sensibilities.

Under the guise of friendly competition it became almost a sin not to have a new song. Many of us who were used to writing only a few songs a year were amazed at our own output. This self-imposed deadline plus the encouragement of friends really worked. Of course, many of those songs never saw the light of night again, but a surprising number did.

After we had worn out our welcome at the English Pub (soon to become a major Blimpy base on the Village's road to gentrification), we moved. Carolyn Mas, who had been working as a waitress at a small cafe on Cornelia Street, talked to the management, and there we met, the next week, at The Cornelia Street Cafe. Six years later we are still meeting there.

Now, don't get me wrong; it hasn't been a smooth road. The Cafe has always had to be careful never to let art get in the way of commerce. We have been juggled from night to night, from before the evening to after the evening. Then they added a dinner hour, then a bar. Soon, rumor has it, we will move to the basement (or move somewhere else). But the important thing is that we have met, every week for over six years.

After the first couple of years another milestone was passed. An album of songs was issued on Stash Records (Stash #301) under the parentage of the Cafe. For all its shortcomings, this was still an excellent album and the world's first taste of this new scene. The shortcomings were not in the songs but in the fact that there weren't enough of them. There should have been a series of these albums; there should have been more artists represented on the first one instead of some people doing two songs; and the producers spent twice as much on the cover as they did on the recording. The album misleadingly seemed to be a "best of" instead of the tip of the iceberg that it was. (Many of these concepts went into the formation of the Fast Folk series.)

Over the years the format at Cornelia Street has stayed pretty much the same. Everyone plays their song in turn and then breaks up in informal discussion groups. Periodically there are moves to open a more formal session of criticism, but this is always voted down. What can one say after hearing a song for the first time? "I like it" or "I think it needs work." To develop any serious constructive criticism one has to be completely familiar with the ongoing work, to place the new song in the context of this work.

Cornelia Street has offered a chance to let this happen, informally, in hours of discussion after the songs have been played. I remember long hours of Suzanne Vega defending her "simple and direct" style of writing; of Brian Rose defending his "photographic" style of writing, that the "picture makes its own statement." I remember arguments over whether allusion to ancient myth was a valid writing tool in an illiterate, visual society, or whether political writing should be topical, rhetorical, metaphorical, or done at all.

Songs would be rewritten, crafted, attacked, defended, tabled, dusted off, or ignored. There was no discrimination as regards race, creed, national origin, or talent. It was an honor for someone to ask to see one's lyric sheet; if no one asked, one sort of got the message that the song at least needed work.

Periodically we would get into challenging each other to write on a given subject. Richard Meyer's song, "The January Cold," on this issue, was written in response to a challenge to write something on the Teapot Dome Scandal (which seemed about the most obscure event anyone could think of). But the song itself surprised many of us by its depth of understanding and description.

At another session we were challenged to write a love song without any of the usual 'June, moon, spoon' lyrics, and someone added that it had to have the

word 'elevator' in it. The next week there were several different 'elevator' songs, but when I concluded singing mine, several people said, "But that didn't have the word 'elevator' in it." At which point it gave me no end of pleasure to point out that the song is an acrostic, and if one reads downwards, the first letter of each line spells elevator in all three verses. (This song is also included on this album.)

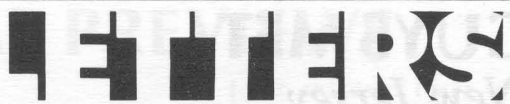
Cornelia Street has also become a magnet for kindred spirits. Alex Miller, whose song, "To The Shore!", appears on this album, joined us recently.

An artist cannot create in a vacuum. I am not just referring to a vacuum of influences, but also to one of response. Beyond the response of the audience, the artist needs criticism. Here at Fast Folk, we are inundated with tapes sent in from all over the country. A lot of them are not bad: the person can sing, can play the guitar. But most of the songs are derivative of pop forms heard on the radio and records. These people may be the best in their town or area, but they have no one to push them further. Within their circles they get only a positive audience response and nothing else. I am not saying that everyone should jump on a bus and come to New York, but I am saying that it is the artist's responsibility to seek criticism from other artists.

The ancient bards would meet at least once a year for sessions of lyrical and musical gymnastics, to compare notes, to commiserate, to keep the traditions alive, especially the tradition of creativity. These were not folk festivals in the modern sense. They were not public. It's not that the audience was excluded; it's just that there are times when artists should sequester themselves for their own private enjoyment and improvement.

Many artists are afraid to let their hair down in front of other artists. The dwindling market for folk music has made the competition for employment very ruthless. But the competition for creativity can be held on a different plane. At Cornelia Street

(To page 3, column 3)



Dear Mr. Hardy,

While I was in New York City for a few weeks last February and March I read an article concerning your philosophy on folk music and Fast Folk magazine in the Daily News and wanted to offer my support for the opinions expressed.

For too long concepts pertaining to folk music have tended to "compartmentalize" the art out of existence: it must cater to this, it must cater to that; it must have its roots in this, it must have its roots in that; it must sell. There are those of us out here, both players and listeners,

who are sick and tired of the lack of creative vision these precepts portend--I am glad you are doing something about it.

There is an audience for simple, intelligent melody-writing without all the "trappings" deemed "necessary" by no-mind record producers; there is an audience for simple, intelligent lyric-writing without resorting to the trite tracks propounded by the "powers that be." The essence of music's viability lies in its appeal to an explanation of all our senses to ourselves, not just a catering to the self-pleasures of monotonal entertainment.

I believe, as you do, that we are on the verge of a folk music explosion in this country: the groundwork has been laid by those tireless performers and workers on the local level, where music still retains its warmth and humanness; by the over-commercialization and rape of musical concepts perpetuated by the recording industry, which continues to wonder why people seem to turn off to their pre-packaged "products;" and by conditions inherent in the world in which we live that cry out to be explained, exposed--Yes! The songs are already there, waiting to be translated!

Best of luck on your endeavor. I hope to send you a song or two of my own in the future.

Sincerely,

Steve Osthus
Minneapolis, MN

(Continued from page 2)

we have done this by not letting it become a "performance," by not having microphones, by not letting people play the first time they show up, by insisting that the work played be new, by creating an environment where people are not afraid to fail: to fall on their faces on the road to improvement. This could and should happen anywhere.

Jack Hardy

Dear Mr. Hardy,

Once a year we honor the several hundred wonderful people who are volunteers at Bellevue Hospital with an Awards Ceremony and a party. Volunteers do a great deal to make life a bit easier for people who are patients here, and we value the enormous contribution that they make.

As part of this year's celebration we were entertained by Christine Lavin who sang some of her charming, original songs. She also brought along a tape of selections from The Fast Folk Musical Magazine, which was played prior to the awards ceremony and later during the party.

I would like to thank Jay Rosen, who edited the tape, and the other musicians whose songs we heard. These selections were beautiful, helped create a warm, friendly atmosphere, and were appreciated by all who attended this gathering.

We thank you so much for adding to the day's events and helping to make it so successful.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Joan A. Dumont
Director of Volunteer
Services
Bellevue Hospital
Center, New York, NY

FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE, INC.
A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION

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THE DAY A COUPLE OF GUYS MET

on Main Street in West Orange, New Jersey

by Roger Deitz

Nothing in the world
can take the place of persistence.
Talent will not;
nothing is more common than
unsuccessful men with talent.
Genius will not;
unrewarded genius is almost a
proverb.
Education alone will not;
the world is full of educated
derelicts.
Persistence and determination
alone are omnipotent.

- E. Joseph Cossman

The year was nineteen hundred and seventeen. It was late spring; a Saturday. Thomas Alva Edison's heavy-duty inventing days were behind him. He had given the world the incandescent lamp, the kinetoscope, and the phonograph. These were laurels upon which the seventy-year-old wizard now rested.

It is true that he still worked around the clock at his West Orange laboratory, sometimes for seventy-two hours without sleep, side-by-side with the

members of the famous "insomnia squad," but his efforts seemed misdirected of late as he toiled on projects such as the production of rubber from the goldenrod plant, and his disastrous attempt to mine iron ore in the wilds of Ogdensburg, New Jersey. The latter depleted his entire fortune; the former, his time.

Setbacks such as these left Edison less likely to take chances. He was truculent, set in his ways to the point of being a caricature of himself; of what he was in his younger days; of what he was to the public. He argued with his sons Charles and Theodore about most business matters. The excitement of being a carefree investigator was gone; now, Edison was a corporate executive, a captain of industry. It was an uncomfortable role for him, but gross annual sales amounted to \$27,000,000 a year, and his "family business" employed 3,600 workers at his Valley Road laboratory-factory complex alone.

It seemed as if most of his time was taken up with legal matters; judgments, suits, decisions, restraining orders. Hundreds of companies and individuals

were suing Edison, and in turn he was after as many others for patent infringement and the like. There was a sales force to maintain, jobbers and middlemen to deal with, and products to manufacture.

Edison was the consummate recording executive. He had input into all aspects of the process that brought records and phonographs to the public. The fact that Edison was for the most part deaf, and had no taste whatsoever, made him in many respects the fore-runner of today's record executives. Who was going to tell Edison that his records were just flat-out bad? Not anyone who wanted to keep working for the old man at The National Phonograph Company.

Let's not be too hard on Edison. The phonograph was his favorite invention. When he invented it in 1877, he was a young man. From that moment, he was dismayed at the popularity of the phonograph as an entertainment device. "I do not want the phonograph sold for amusement purposes," he remarked. "It is not a toy. I want it sold for business purposes only."

But it was not a dictation machine the public wanted; the public wanted music. They wanted the "incredible talking machine." Edison was astute enough to exploit this desire. He set about making phonographs ranging in price from \$20 to \$800. He found himself manufacturing records and developing wax compounds to improve the sound of these cylinders.

Now, having the first, and the final say on all aspects of supplying a hungry public with music made Edison the most powerful recording executive to date. The trouble was, however, that it would have been difficult to find anyone less suited for choosing performers. Being a talent scout taxed to the limit some of Edison's least creative, and baser qualities. As a result, the pedestrian tastes of a very unartistic man became the standard of good entertainment for hundreds of thousands of listeners for nearly four decades.

The man who himself had made the first recording (Mary had a little lamb...) did little to raise the standard of this young art form above the level of Mother Goose. It was said that Edison



Edison at his Orange, New Jersey, laboratory June 16, 1888.

Courtesy of Edison National Historic Site

had the best records and the worst talent. This was true. When he learned that other record companies sought to promote the art of grand opera, or had hired serious artists to play symphonic works or jazz, Edison stood in disbelief.

The contents of Edison's records were designed to appeal to the extensive "cracker-barrel" public in this country. Edison's customer as a rule was treated to sentimental "heart" songs, waltzes and marches, and "negro melodies."

As time went on, and there was pressure to hire quality, Edison did so grudgingly. There are recordings by Eubie Blake, Vernon Delhart, and Marie Rappold listed in the Edison catalog, but these are exceptions to the rule. Edison didn't want talent, because talent cost money. Edison was very cheap. Writing a check to Eubie Blake for \$150 was not an easy matter. Record companies had to compete for artists, and that drove the price of quality up a bit. It was the motion picture industry that first realized that, by putting artists under contract, costs could be kept down. A recording artist was free to perform for any label, at any time, at any price. That made the better artists rich, but rarely did this happen to an Edison performer.

Oddly enough, the star system for the record industry began with opera, or "canned opera" as it was called. It began with Edison's strongest competition: Victor and Columbia. The \$2.00 Red Seal Victor record might have been a little dear by turn-of-the-century standards, but it carried the voice of Caruso, and the record didn't sound too bad. So, Edison himself was forced to go out and hire himself some opera stars, and he paid a great deal of money to Antonio Scotti and Marie Rappold for their services.

Finally, and this really went against the grain, money had to be spent on advertising. Victor, Columbia, and Brunswick regularly placed lavish two-page ads for their latest records in popular magazines. Edison countered this by placing small, cheaper, one column ads listing titles of his releases. The mogul had a lot to learn about courting the public.

Things get a tad historically hazy here, so I ask you to trust me on what follows: Edison rarely left his lab, but all of this music stuff had changed him. Many of Edison's secrets had been stolen by industrial spys. He had recently had his formula for low-noise

Amberol wax stolen by a rival company. "Everyone steals in commerce and industry," he reflected. "I've stolen a lot myself, but I know how to steal. They don't--that's the matter with them." That is why, on this day, when Edison received a telegram reading: "HAVE SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE STOP MEET YOU MAIN STREET TOWN HALL 4:00 P.M. SATURDAY STOP" Edison just had to bite. The note was intriguing. He was certain that some spy had a secret to sell.

At half past three Edison grabbed his hat and headed towards the center of town. As he approached the rendezvous, he noticed a young man, a Jewish looking young man, no more than eighteen years of age. He was standing in front of the municipal building. He was most sinister looking. The young man had a high sloping forehead and a prominent underslung jaw. Under his arm he held a package done up in brown wrapping paper. "What could be in that package?" Edison thought. "How much is this guy going to want for it?"

"Hello, Mister Edison," said the stranger as he headed for the familiar figure of the great inventor. "It is a great pleasure to meet you!" Edison allowed his hand to be shaken, but wasted no time in saying, "What's on your mind, young man? I'm very busy you know."

"I do indeed know, sir. My name is Gershvin, George Gershvin. Well, Gershwin; I've just changed it. I'm a pianist and a composer. I work at Jerome H. Remick and Company in New York as a song plugger. I've just written this song and I thought you might put it on one of your records."

Edison scowled. It was a world-class scowl from a most austere professional scowler. It was a look that would have frozen a lesser young man into perennial silence. There was nothing Edison wanted from Tin Pan Alley.

If George couldn't read this in Mr. Edison's face, he was at least perceptive enough to realize that he had

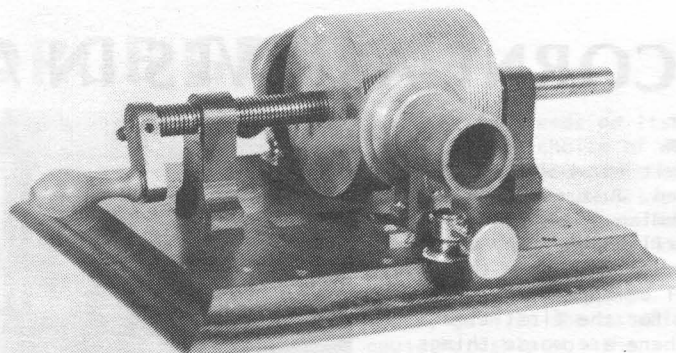
better talk fast if he was to have his say: "It's a song being published by Harry Von Tilzer Music." He neglected to mention that Remick's had refused to publish it. "I wrote it with Murray Roth. It's real good."

If Edison hadn't been so shocked, he would have left the young upstart in mid-plea. "I'm real good, Mr. Edison. I come out to East Orange every Saturday to cut piano rolls for The Standard Music Company. I started with the Perfection label. Now I only work on the Universal label." It was not wise to mention piano rolls; piano rolls were competition to records. Edison's wife Mina had been trying to get Edison to go into the piano roll business. His stomach churned, but he had great admiration for pluck so he asked, "What's the name of your song, kid?"

George smiled. Perhaps he was getting through. "It's titled 'When You Want 'Em, You Can't Get 'Em; When You Got 'Em, You Don't Want 'Em.' Even Edison had enough taste to realize that a song with that title couldn't be much better than the title. There was silence. Gershwin pressed the package into Edison's hand. "What's this?" asked the inventor. "It's a piano roll demo of my song," responded the young composer. Edison nodded, took the package, and turned away. "Don't call me, I'll call you," were Edison's parting words.

Needless to say, George never got that call. The piano roll was deposited in a trash bin long before Edison reached his laboratory. It may have been the only good criticism Edison ever made, but then again, he never listened; they never do. George went on to fame and fortune, probably without Edison ever realizing that the kid made good. George's sister Frankie later married Leopold Godowsky Jr., the inventor of the Kodachrome process. For some unexplained reason, George was never very comfortable around him.

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Edison National Historic Site

MALICORNE ARRIVES IN AMERICA

by Byrne Power

Okay, I'll admit it. I was wrong. I was misinformed. Just as I was lamenting the demise of Malicorne (see *Fast Folk*, April 1984), they up and resurrected on me. Not only that, but the group will be appearing in the United States for the first time ever. Well, there are worse things to be wrong about.

Malicorne's North American tour begins in Winnipeg July 6 and ends in Los Angeles August 3, with a New York show on July 21 in between. Sell off your Bruce Springsteen tickets. Auction off your Michael Jackson tickets. This is the show to see.

If I sound enthusiastic, forgive me. But it's your loss if you miss them. This may be your only chance.

I had a chance to interview Gabriel Yacoub, the leader of the group. Dan Ar Bras, guitarist extraordinaire and opening act for the Malicorne shows, was also on hand. Gabriel spoke with a congenial French accent, which would be good to keep in mind while reading the following interview.

BP: Do you come by your folk roots naturally? Did you grow up playing music, or was it something you picked up at school or through records?

GY: For me it was only intellectual. You know, the folk movement died in the cities, as in most places. I was raised in Paris. There's no folk music there.

BP: What about the cabarets?

GY: Yes, but that's very different. That's a type of song which is not connected with folk songs. It's something special.

BP: Then you were mainly interested in folk music through the folk revival?

GY: Yes

BP: How did that come? Through Dylan?

GY: That's it exactly. It was everywhere through Europe. The main thing was Bob Dylan and American folk music. Actually I started to be interested in singer-songwriters, American singer-songwriters: Dylan, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs.



Malicorne. L to R: Michel Le Cam, Marie Yacoub, Frank Gliksman, Gabriel Yacoub, Gerard Lavigne, Jean-Marc Alexandre.

BP: In the mid-sixties.

GY: Yes. I was quite young...in college. After that my interest was in early country music. By those days folk music in France was totally sleeping. There were a few things--but not interesting. We have something special in France we call 'Grupe Folklorique.' There are a few that are very good, but in those days they were stupid. So the example they could give us of French folk music was very bad. So we, all of us, preferred to sing American songs, tried to imitate the records. And then we went through the Irish and English because their revival had already started.

BP: They were ahead of France.

GY: Of course.

BP: So people like Martin Carthy influenced you?

GY: Yes. In the early days there was a strong political ideal behind it. And it was nearly fifteen years before France that it happened.

BP: When did you discover you were French?

GY: After that I got to play with Alan Stivell. He made me a bit ashamed not to sing my own songs...my own culture. But there was nearly nothing. There were only a few things started.

BP: Was there anything on record?

GY: There were a few things. But honestly they were not very good. There are people like Gilbert, an old man, a pop singer. He used to sing the old songs, but in a very silly way. That was terrible. There was the English example and the American example. We were all saying we would love to do this. We would love to find a way to sing our songs in a similar way.

BP: So Alan Stivell was the man who got the ball rolling.

GY: Yes, I think he started the whole thing.

BP: Was he mostly influenced by the Irish?

GY: No. Dan (Ar Bras)'s been working with him more than I.

DAR: He (Stivell) knew a lot of things that nobody knew at that time. He knew already what he was going to do.

BP: Was he directly connected to the Celtic traditions in Brittany?

DAB: He was the first one to be connected with traditional Breton music. He knew the music of Pete Seeger and people like that. He knew already what was Celtic in the American music like Bob Dylan. They had a Celtic influence somewhere. He was one of the first ones to know that.

BP: Did you grow up playing instruments at home?

DAB: I was playing rock and roll. And the Rolling Stones; the Beatles, and Donovan. When I met Stivell I realized I was already playing Celtic music sometimes. Because some of the rock that I was playing was already influenced by it. It's difficult to explain...It's a bit abstract.

BP: Well, it's the long way around.

DAB: It's the long way around. But Stivell was well aware.

BP: Do you know if he grew up playing traditional music?

GY: Not in a folk musician family. They were an intellectual family aware of all the Celtic things. His father actually invented the idea of Panceltism (the idea that all Celtic cultures are related--BP). He pushed Alan a bit when he was young. He learned the harp when he was nine years old.

BP: It was both cultural and political?

GY: Yes, well, more philosophical than political.

BP: Did you set about to unearth old folk songs and remake them?

GY: When I started to look for French folk songs I looked in books. There are many many old books. You know, the fact that I worked with Stivell on those arrangements, and the influences of the British bands, made me have--I loved this music very

much--but I didn't have much respect. I didn't want to create such an atmosphere as singing the songs the way people used to sing them in the previous century. I just did what I felt like doing. There was already a mixture of a lot of things: trying to play French folk songs with American three-finger picking, which was totally a scandal to ethnomusicologists.

BP: Purists.

GY: Yes

BP: You borrow a lot of church imagery for your music, in your harmonies and musical modes. You live in a Catholic country. I don't. The music sounds Catholic, but it also sounds French.

GY: Yes, but the influence is much more musical than religious.

BP: I don't take it as religious.

GY: It's much more influenced by Gregorian chants and medieval music. And of course, it's very similar to church music. But it's just because we used everything. For the harmonies we used any kind of techniques from all over the world.

BP: There's a lot of eclecticism in your work, but the beauty of it to me is that it always is French. It's not a product of mass market strategies. To me folk music isn't just acoustic music but it's the music of a unique culture.

GY: We both have the same position

about that.

BP: The subject matter of your songs is often dark, brooding, witchcraft, werewolves, legends, that sort of thing. You could do light dance songs but you don't.

BP: It's a matter of interest. I like dance music okay. We tried hard...It's not easy to find traces of witchcraft, for example, in songs. We looked for them for a long time because we knew they existed. But we couldn't find the words. This is why I write songs now. There were things I wanted to talk about that I could not find addressed in the songs.

BP: I've always been entranced by the song entitled "La Blanche Biche." Where did you find that?

GY: It's quite well known actually. There were many, many versions. This one was from Quebec. Most of the time you can find nicer versions in Quebec because they kept the traditions much more precise. In France folk music went on evolving. Which doesn't mean going like this (inclines hand upward). But more (inclines his hand downward). All the ancient modes disappeared almost. In Quebec they kept the old way of singing. There is a collection of folk songs in Quebec, in a university. People there were so kind. We could spend two days, all day, and they played us tapes and showed us older books. In France, in Paris, they have an incredible collection at the museum of traditional arts. Everything, the books about traditional songs, is secret. You can't see them. Nobody can. That's top secret. I heard a story about Alan Lomax, who came to Paris. He said, "I would like to go and have a look and talk to the people." They didn't want to let him in, you know. (Laughter all around.)

BP: Have you ever gone to Louisiana?

GY: No, never. I would love to.

BP: Let's see. What else do I need to ask?

GY: And my favorite color is blue?

BP: I'll make sure that get's down in the interview. (Laughter.)

Malicorne's North American Tour

- July 6-8: Winnipeg Folk Festival, Winnipeg, Manitoba
- July 13-15: Vancouver Folk Festival, Vancouver, British Columbia
- July 19: Le Spectrum, Montreal, Quebec
- July 20: Paine Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- July 21: Hunter College Auditorium, New York, New York
- July 23: Wilmington, Delaware
- July 24: Adam's 21, Washington, D.C.
- July 25: LeHigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
- July 26: Museum of History & Industry, Seattle, Washington
- July 27: Eugene, Oregon
- July 28: Davis, California
- July 29: The Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, California
- July 31: The Olympic Village, Santa Barbara, California
- August 2: Maraga Hall, Santa Cruz, California
- August 3: McCabe's, Los Angeles, California

SIDE BY SIDE

TO THE SHORE!

On a cliff there was a castle
Overlooked the jagged misty shore
Therein a man did live
Cold bones so strong, young eyes so soft and warm

Casts his boat toward open water
Long before the sun catches the stars
And spends long rainy days
Collecting nets and singing lonely bars

Refrain:

The sea is my child
The sand is my grave
The rain is my goddess
It's here that I'll stay

One fall night he tied his boat
And walked along the firm wet sand for miles
His mind was lost in moonlight
Arriving home from heart to mouth he smiled

By the hearth a woman waited
Large and peaceful welcomed him "goodnight"
Her figure silhouetted
Fire burning gently by her side

Refrain:

The moon is my pillow
The waves are my song
My heart is the woman
Oh, love, flicker be gone

June was born a seawind child
Plump and sandy clear deep-water eyes
To the ocean
In the morning stillness took the man the child

Held at sea by summer storms
The swells washed wicked 'cross the wooden bow
The man protects his child
Holds it close aware to every sound

Morning's gray reveals the whiteness
Bone-cold infant cradled to his breast
From a horizon distant
Cries of seagulls echo through his head

Refrain:

The sea is my daughter
The sand is her grave
The rain is my mother
To her I behave

When the woman saw the child
Turned and walked away eyes to the ground
Behind the castle
It was buried winds' cold hiss the only sound

The man approached the cliff in silence
Cast himself into the black unknown
His arms to wings
Did fly though bones remained to mingle with the stone

Refrain:

The wind is my highway
The sea is my store
I'll fly here forever
And cry to the shore

© 1984 by Alex Miller

PANDORA

You finally figured it would work out with him
You were bound for where you wanted to go
Then I come on the scene and before you can stop
You're playing Juliet to my Romeo
And you're so surprised to come to realize
He maybe isn't who you really want
Because there's something that moves you when
you look in my eyes
It feels like anything but nonchalant

Chorus:

And I hope you never regret that you turned the key
And raised up the lid, made it easy for me
There must have been something you wanted to see,
Pandora

But something's got me bent out of shape from within
Got me feeling like a rubber band
Stretched tight and thin when you're off with him
Loose and easy when you're close at hand
And you say you love me, that I'm doing fine
I'm not making too many mistakes
But that to tear yourself free is going to take
some time
I'll try and give you just as much as it takes (Chorus)

I don't believe I'm being fooled
I spent my time in school
Now I'm bringing it home to you
This is a matter of the heart
I'm going to let my heart rule

I can see you in the sun on a beach somewhere
On a ramble through the brambles and briars
With delight in your eyes and the snow in your hair
And making love by a crackling fire
I can see you in joy and see you in tears
And in anger and what lies in between
And I intend to see you through all of these years
'Cause I love you and you know what that means
(Chorus twice)

There must have been someone you wanted to be,
Pandora

© 1982 by Josh Joffen

THE JANUARY COLD

The year was 1921 Woodrow Wilson was not well--
He was beaten by the aftermath of the war to end all wars.
And handsome Warren Harding stood in the January cold
And swore to restore America's God-given heart and soul.

Harding was an average man whose friends played him for a fool
They abused the nation and the man to keep their pockets full
Our consecrated president with a child by an affair
Assured me and the country with a wife whose name was clar.

How the flappers danced
How the movies flashed
How the strength of business boomed before the market crashed--
And how the modern world was born
In the aftermath of war
While the ballyhoo went on and on before the market hit the floor.

Late peace was made with Germany and we marched and celebrated
For Lindbergh's flight and Prohibition we toasted and we hated
Our government in Washington by, of, and for the people
Isolated and disarmed the country that seemed to have saved the world.

I worked the naval oil reserves in Wyoming's Teapot Dome
When the Secretary of the Interior sold the navy down the road
From the oil fields to Canada where corporate deals were made
For secret loans and gifts before the Congress learned the game.

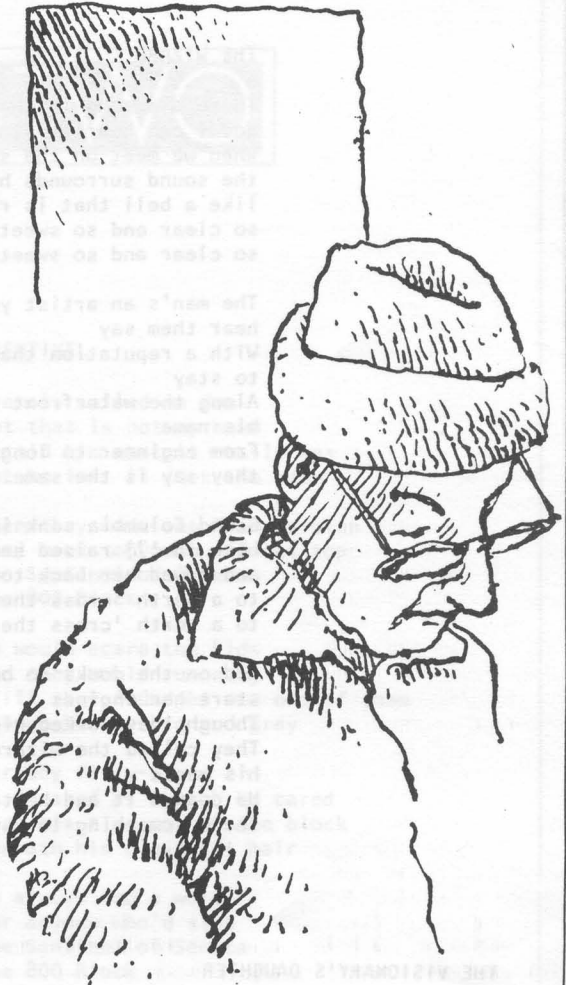
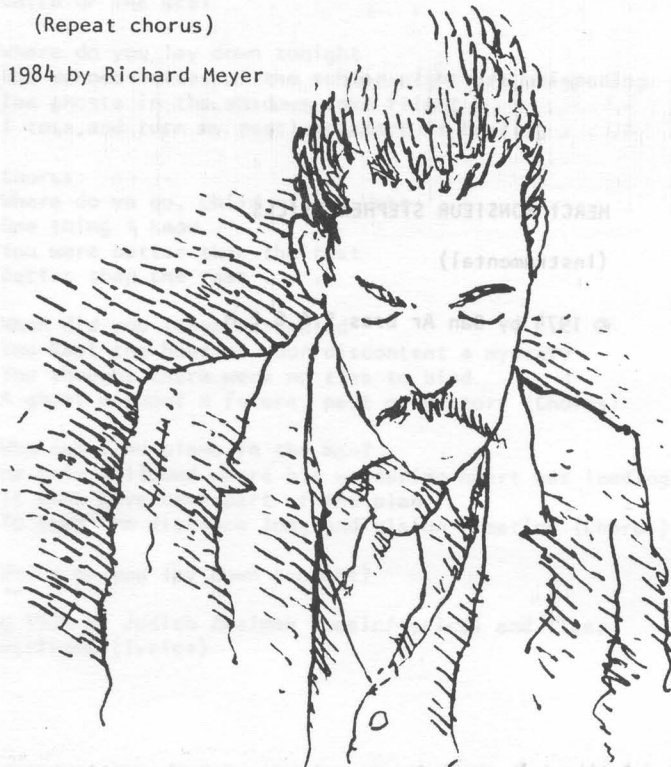
(Repeat chorus)

So how did free America take to the selling of its oil
And the butchering of offices by appointed criminals?
They called the senate committee's scandal mongers malicious and unclean
Bolsheviks and partisans with truths the country did not need.

The Harding I remember our hail-fellow-well-met
Confused by native faith in friends and naive unworldliness
Died poisoned in Alaska as the scandals came to fame
Some said it was his wife's revenge or mercy for his name.

(Repeat chorus)

© 1984 by Richard Meyer



NO FRIENDS TO ME

I can see 'em when they hear your story
And I can quote 'em now word for word
How you're gonna be bound for glory
I got what I deserve
With a look that could chill a cobra
They're a reservoir of sympathy

Refrain:

But your friends, they're no friends to me
I said your friends, they're no friends to me

You can tell 'em 'bout your life, I'll gamble
And they'll listen with sweet concern
You can tell 'em how my life's a shambles
What I gave, now returned
In the end it's up to us now
That's the way it ought to be

Refrain:

'Cause your friends, they're no friends to me
Your friends, they're no friends to me

Bridge:

You can't believe it that there's nothing up my sleeve
Right behind my back they'll tell you what you need

(Repeat first verse and second refrain)

© 1983 by Jimmy Bruno

THE WIZARD

There's a song in that man
and I can hear it singing
When we meet on the street
the sound surrounds him
like a bell that is ringing
so clear and so sweet
so clear and so sweet.

The man's an artist you can
hear them say
With a reputation that's here
to stay
Along the waterfront they know
his name
From engineer to longshore what
they say is the same.

Grand Colombia sank in Yokohama
back in '73 raised her up
and towed her back to homeport
to a berth 'cross the sea
to a berth 'cross the sea.

And on the docks no one could
start her engines
Though they worked night and day
They called the wizard in to do
his magic
He coaxed it and he teased 'till
she'd something to say.

THE VISIONARY'S DAUGHTER

Like a visionary's daughter
She did just like she oughta
She was betrayed by the phases of the moon
When her tears splashed on the ground
She fluttered her arms around
But still wallowed in the pale light of her room

Some years ago they say
She was young and cast away
By a man who used a bottle for a tune
With his ragged lonely lies
He'd stroke her shaky thighs
And he said his only home was in the womb

Like a fallen angel's son
He pays for all he's done
But he's got this hollow feeling in his eyes
When he first saw her on the street
He almost felt complete
Till she showered him with memories and crimes

There are places one can go
Where broken rivers flow
Where the fairest birds still haven't sung in tune
But I'll be on my way
Far from the blackest way
And I'm hoping for a letter from you soon

© 1983 by Doug Birch

Refrain:

He's a wizard, he's a genius
And his work is his play
By the glare of the arc in the
heat and the spark
he finds his own way.
Better leave him alone and the
job will be done in the best
possible way.
He's a wizard, he's a genius
He's got something to say.

Designed a submarine to sell to
the government
Big money deal from the start.
Built it in Brooklyn
And received the patent
And it still sits in the yards.
It's still down in the yards.

He was no businessman, that wasn't
his style
And the deal fell through though
he was offered a pile.
But when the torch is burning the
man is a master
And everybody knows him as his
days slip by faster.

Gut on the bay Joe does his fishin'
Waits for a tug on the line
Blues and flounder he cooks in his
kitchen
As he passes his time
As he passes his time.

(Repeat 2nd verse and refrain.)

© 1984 by Tom McGhee

MERCI MONSIEUR STEPHEN STILLS

(Instrumental)

© 1974 by Dan Ar Bras S.A.C.E.M.

SIDE YR C TWO

ELEVATOR

everyone knew that something had cracked
lately they even wrote songs
everyone knew of something she lacked
very few asked what was wrong
almost to a T their lips were all sealed
totally immersed in their game
only using the muse she revealed
refusing to mention it by name

elfin ears sifting what to keep
long wispy curls hiding spikes
eyes that are always falling asleep
venus de miloing dislikes
all her collections of lyrics with names
tore holes in her confidence game
occasionally brightening her day just the same
refusing to mention it by name

endless numbers lit up as she passed
lifting her spirits like a jet
everyone said she would never be last
valentines stuffed in her net
all of us knew she collected us all
temporary insanity or blissfully sane
only i knew it to be her downfall
refusing to mention it by name

by Jack Hardy © 1984 John S. Hardy Music

CHILD OF THE WEST

Where do you lay down tonight
The echoed voices of the summer night are whispering
The ghosts in the shadows take flight
I toss and turn my restless heart is beating . . .

Chorus:

Where do ya go, Child of the West
One thing I know
You were better than the rest
Better than the rest . . .

When did you leave us behind
You kept the hour of your discontent a mystery
You thought there were no ties to bind
A ghost without a future, past or history (Chorus)

Who can find blame in the man?
He only followed where his wandering heart was leading
It must have been part of the plan
To keep the distance long and vision fleeting (Chorus)

Where do you lay down tonight?

© 1984 by Judith Zweiman (music/lyrics) and Tiger Williams (lyrics)

THE SENTINEL

A Francis called me Joe
But that is not my name
I told him what it really was
But he lost it just the same

B When they made the Francis plan
They took too much off the top
The Sentinel of Seneca
The 800 Block

C He would scare the kids
And they would run away
'Till they found he was one of them
Though he was big and gray

A Already fifty-five
He dressed as though he cared
Wore his time out on the block
Beneath his close-cut hair

B He always had a word
For anyone who'd stop
The Sentinel of Seneca
The 800 Block

C He'd say you can't park there
And strangers they would go
They would do just what he said
Because they didn't know

A Francis lived alone
And that's the way he died
I wonder if they'll need a guard
On the other side

B Some people roam the world
To make some kind of change
The parking up on Seneca
Will never be the same

C They say he got a job
On some other hill
And if you don't miss him
I know the neighbors will

(Repeat A and B parts of first verse.)

© 1984 by John Gorka

ANNA PERENNA

Janvier arrive et caracole
Il est monté sur un cheval blanc
C'est le premier, le rêve mort
(C'est le premier, le rêve mort)

Février danse et il réchauffe
Son corps noué dans ses cheveux gris
Mais attention, ça s'ra pas long

st arrivé le mois des brumes
Mars est déjà sur ses talons
Quatre soleils, autant de pluies

Le mois d'Avril vient les prendre
Souvenir d'un Vendredi Blanc*
Qui reviendra tous les ans

Jeunes enfants sous un chêne
On les a tous habillé de blanc
Le mois de Mai n'oublie jamais

Saint Jean à la porte des hommes
Le mois de juin se chauffe les reins
Il est entré pour toute une année

Juillet a sonné les trompettes
Pour un été, un épi de blé
Et un hiver à oublier

Il est armé d'une faucille,
C'est le mois d'Août, le mois le plus doux
La terre craque sous ses pieds

Septembre est monté sur un lièvre
Il est grand temps d'avoir du souci
Pour le raison et l'eau-de-vie

Balayé par les vents d'Octobre
Un orme s'est laissé coucher
Il avait vécu tant d'années

Les Morts se réveillent en Novembre
Les amours ont bien leur saison
Enferme toi dans ta maison

Et puis Décembre qui avance
Le serpent s'est mordu la queue
Blanc et noir comme au début

*Fête rituelle dans le Berry

© 1984 by Gabriel Yacoub S.A.C.E.M.

ANNA PERENNA (Translation)

January arrives and prances about
Mounted on a white horse
He is the first one, the dead dream
(He is the first one, the dead dream)

February dances and warms up
His knotted body in his grey hair,
But beware, it won't last very long

The foggy month has arrived,
And March is already on its heels
Four suns, and as much rain

The month of April overtakes them,
Remembrance of a White Friday*
Which will come back year after year

Young children under an oak tree,
They are dressed in white
The month of May never forgets

Saint John knocks on doors,
The month of June wallows in warmth
He has come in for a whole year

July has blown the trumpets
For a summer, an ear of wheat,
And a winter to forget

Armed with a sickle,
The month of August has arrived
The earth cracks under his feet

September climbed on a hare,
It is time to start worrying
About the grapes and the fire water

Dusted by the October winds,
An elm tree lays there,
It had lived for so many years...

The dead awaken in November,
Love has its own season
Lock yourself in your house

And then December comes in,
The snake bit its own tail
White and black just like at the beginning

*White Friday: Ritual feast in the Berry
region.

Lyrics translated by Dan Behrman

(MAYBE YOU'D BE HAPPY IN) GUATEMALA

Pour yourself some whiskey from that bottle by your bedside
And we'll sit down on the floor like you always used to ask me
'Cause tonight I won't compete with you or offer down resistance
I just want to help you rise up from this quagmire

Maybe you'd be happy in Guatemala

You were once on the winning side when good and bad were black and white
And us and them were day and night and all could tell the difference
But the rose of truth has turned to gray and revolution fades away
Into that funny song called human nature
Where's that fine intelligence, don't tell me that it's all been spent
On questions even wise men cannot answer in ten lifetimes
And I don't mean to trivialize the devils plucking at your eyes
But something says you've too much time for thinking

Maybe you'd be happy in Guatemala

Last night I was sitting by my window on the fourth floor
Looking past the open curtains to the living rooms across the street
And I saw a man in a turquoise undershirt, he had a woman's feather boa
Wrapped around his pretty shoulders
And he posed in the mirror like a rock star on the stage and I just had
to laugh and then I thought about you

Maybe it'd be better to be shot at in the morning when you go down to the
river
Looking for a drink of water 'cause you'd know that on the other end
Of that goddamn rifle there would be a flesh and blood enemy

Maybe you'd be happy in Guatemala

© 1984 by Robin Russell

SHINY NEW HORN

In high school he discovered it.
In his hands the metal felt warm.
His fingers lightly pressed the valves.
He caressed his shiny new horn.

He raised the trumpet to his mouth,
Took a breath and licked his lips.
Eyes closed tight, the mouthpiece pressed,
Like a lover's passionate kiss.

Chorus:
And that mellow sound filled the room,
Dancing lightly in the air.
The man with the metal in his hand,
Played without a care.
And the melody surrounded him,
As each new note was born.
And the music was part of the man,
With the shiny new horn.

He knew all the old-time tunes,
From the Dorsey and Glenn Miller bands.
He played a lot in his younger years,
The man with the metal in his hands.

And love came along, he took a wife,
While he was young and free.
He played at night to amuse himself,
And started a family. (Chorus)

Break:
He took a job as a machinist,
Working with metal in his hands.
He played his trumpet only once in a while,
Keeping up with life's demands.

It was all day long by the stamping machine,
Grinding out auto parts.
But the music it made just wasn't the same,
As the music he heard in his heart.

With six mouths to feed he worked overtime,
Seven days a week started to show.
Asthma took his breath away,
His teeth were next to go.

He couldn't play that horn any more,
All worn out from work and beer.
He kept it polished and oiled the valves,
When he held it he could hear. (Chorus)

© 1984 by Alan Beck

JEAN REDPATH

by Sarah Larson

Jean Redpath goes nowhere without her instrument, one she keeps tuned to crystalline purity. Her voice of remarkable quality and flexibility surrounds her audiences with the warmth and tradition of Scotland like a down comforter. Her 23 years as a performer are proof of its supreme adequacy.

On Friday, April 13, she brought good fortune to the sold-out house of the Folk Project's Minstrel Show Coffee-house in Basking Ridge, New Jersey. Arriving from an eleven-day tour of 1300 miles, ten concerts, and three radio shows, she was fresh and enthusiastic. She had just received word that her album, Haydn's Scottish Songs, with harpsichord and other instrumental accompaniment, had been released, and she was eager to meet yet another audience.

The American fixation on instruments continues to puzzle her, however. The reaction of, "Oh, you sing. How nice! What's your instrument?" can almost be expected. "I play the guitar just for visual impact," she said. She regaled the audience with tales of reactions to her performances: "You have a lovely voice, dear. Did you ever think of doing something with it?" or "She sings a cappella, without music," are frequently heard.

Her concert is a live amoeba, taking shape in the lively interchange between performer and audience as one inspires the other with a vitality seldom felt.

"Sing!" she bellowed until all voices joined in the refrains of ballads and songs of Scotland, and only the refrains, so as not to miss a note of Redpath's magic. "Be easy and free when you're drinkin' with me" had a Norman Luboff quality, she claimed. The heavy bass line she found fascinating, as audiences in Scotland usually sing in unison as opposed to the harmonizing of American audiences.

The effect of the audience on the performer was impressive as she commented, "My mind is working so fast, I don't know what will come out." She was surprised that songs that seldom surface, the "ones I sing only on the hillside," were being given voice.

She jokes about her accent and being heard and understood, but never about being Scot. She points out that she

doesn't sing these songs and in this manner from "severe deprivation" but because she knows she has a choice and prefers them.

After putting down the "Tartan Treasures" and the myth of Scotland being embodied in kilt, pipe, and heather, she delivered the genuine goods of traditional ballads, laments, bawdy mouth music, Gaelic songs, dance tunes--the memorable and the unsingable. Her program always includes many of the 323 songs collected and contributed by Robert Burns, some written with no respect for the limitations of the human voice. Whether all the words are understood or not, each is moving and speaks in unique rhythms, cadency, and polyphony that are somehow universal and cathartic.



Sarah Larson

"Scots are a funny lot," she suggests. "32 parts of stainless steel with a core of solid marshmallow and no tear ducts." It is their music that belies their deep emotion, although it is often understated.

She sang of war, a frequent theme in ballads, when war meant traveling with the amenities and sometimes one's wife, when there was "a friendly way of killing off the enemy." After a traditional one, she sang one of the few contemporary songs of the evening --a song by Ian Sinclair:

Come laddies come
Hear the cannons roar...
For king and country we will fight
We're off to war.

Her performance makes a strong statement, although she shrugs off all profundity. Music is as vital as life itself and should be as natural as breathing. She deplores what schools are doing to singing and finds the cyclical renaissance of folk music interesting. Although she is intensely interested in photography as a hobby, she would never dream of using her slides and music together. The song says it all and offers enough to tantalize the imaginations of the listeners without a visual symbol.

As she sang the "Pipers of Skye" lament, one could hear the echo from the highlands in the stillness of "No more, no more, no more forever/In war or peace/Shall return to me." The night sounds from the surrounding swampland accompanied her as she sang into a profound hush.

With "Eileen Arron," the same mesmerizing effect was repeated. "Truth is a fixed star."

In an encore all voices filled the night with "Amazing Grace." We had been transported to Scotland, where, if Redpath will forgive the allusion, we smelled the heather.

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THE SONGS OF GEORGE GERDES

by Grant Orenstein

Who is George Gerdes? He is a talented New York City songwriter, singer, guitarist who is not yet widely known.

Gerdes is a native of Port Washington, Long Island. He started playing the guitar at age seven and writing songs at about the same time. He says that his first inspiration was Gene Autry. Then, when Elvis Presley first began to be broadcast, Gerdes empathized with him, his energy, his acting crazy. One can see the connection in Gerdes' shows.

A G.G. show is a lot of fun. Having been trained in theatre (B.F.A. from Carnegie Tech), Gerdes uses dramatic techniques to enhance his music. He involves outside characters, sometimes a narrator, and always very good impressions of Elvis, Brando, and Walter Brennan, to name a few. A G.G. show is a high quality performance, as well as an evening of good music. The songs of George Gerdes are relevant, and they raise many questions. This article concentrates on some of the themes that strike me as most important.

Did you ever get the feeling that
your life is a trip
That the whole universe is a
Mobius strip?
That's analogous to the fact
That it all comes back to the same
thing.

This verse, from "Analogy Reel," is
ethereal. It's a paradox. It's absurd.
How can it be the same if it's dif-
ferent?

Did you ever get the feeling that
good was bad
And that I was duped or that you
were had?

I'd say yes, I've felt that before,
but why? Why is it that when you are
doing something really good like
going out of your way to help someone
else, you sometimes feel like a suck-
er? Or why is it that when you're
doing something you know you should
not, you always find a reason for
doing that bad thing? It's a question
of motivations and values. Our values
are not fixed, that's the problem.
In this song, it becomes apparent
that there are no absolutes.

Black is white, only someone in
the dark put out the light.

Life could be a garbage can if one
can see it that way; it all depends
on one's point of view. It's all
relative and "it all comes back to
the same thing." Good, bad, black,
white have one common source. You
may think you're good, but follow
along the Mobius strip: top or bottom
makes no difference. You'll soon be
on the other side.

The duality of life is brought up over
and over in Gerdes' songs. "Piece of
Strange" begins:

I ain't home with my own
I ain't home when I roam
I ain't even at home when I'm at
home
Well, well, well, well
I guess I'm estranged.

The song goes on to say how the char-
acter isn't home in other places too.
This is a modern problem. He is ali-
enated, but he's not even sure about
that. So of course he looks for a
solution. What will overcome this
alienation? According to the song:

All of the problems we couldn't
solve
Will suddenly slip into shape
All on account of some strange.

Some strange? What's that? An answer
can be found later in the song.

All of the things that you know
You just up and let go of
And then you'll be ripe for a
change.

Again an apparent contradiction.
Maybe that's why it's called strange.
You've got to let go of yourself in
order to gain yourself. You have to
take a risk, make yourself grow. You
must change from within.

The theme of giving up to get is
brought to a point in "Possession Is."
This chantlike song says:

Possession is nine-tenths of the law
Possession is nine-tenths of the law
If you find your paradise
Don't speculate or subdivide
Lest you find your very face against
a wall.

And in verse two:

Possession is the greatest tragedy
Its obsession is its own reality.

So obsession feeds on itself. On one
level Gerdes' choice of words makes
for an obvious comparison to real
estate. In New York City, where space
is like gold, the speculators and
subdividers are making fortunes. Mean-
while they are aggravating the wide-
spread housing shortage. They possess
space, gain in the material sense, and
cause hardship to others. On a spiri-
tual level the song equates love and
freedom:

If you love something enough you
set it free.

And:

If you love it even more it sets
you free.

Again there is the idea that if you
let go, you will gain in the end.
Whether you deal in love or real
estate, the lesson is the same. Once
you own something, you feel you can
control it, keep it, destroy it if you
want to. The message in this song is
not to manipulate the things you hold
dear in order to possess them. Yet
possession is a fact of life.



George Gerdes

In his stage shows Gerdes uses a nar-
rator to introduce "The Policeman Is
My Friend" (CooP, September '82). The
narrator says, "The eternal triangle
spreading itself into a trapezoid as
the 20th Century libido spreads it-
self thin." This song is about inter-
personal relationships:

Gerry Hinson

I love you and I love your sister too
I love your sister's sister and your
sister's girlfriend too
Now tell me true, do you think that
I'm confused
Or just an affectionate fellow?

That strikes me funny. It's ironical.
Imagine some guy who is the friend of
everyone, loves everyone. All love,
how ideal. Yet he is confused. Maybe
he isn't human.

I have a girlfriend whom I do not do
She has a boyfriend who does not do
that too
He has a boyfriend who does him and
her too
But I can't say who is the sucker.

What's going on here? The suggestion
is sexual, but instead of people lov-
ing each other it's stimulation they
seek, not love. Another modern crisis.
The boyfriend's boyfriend gets them
all off, yet who really gets anything?
These characters are, like many of us
today, reacting to nervous impulses
rather than real feeling. They lack
love. They lack identity, and it
hurts. The feeling that comes through
in this song is pain due to lack of
meaning of life. In the search for
something to bind the world together,
the character wonders:

How can I relate to you all that I've
been thinking?

A communications problem, another of
our modern problems. He concludes:

This gravity will surely make us old
As I await further instruction.

Further instruction, that's what will
lead us out of this mess. And what is
that instruction? The old kindergart-
en reminder: "The policeman is my
friend." Wouldn't it be nice to have
a policeman to guide you through the
maze of human relationships? If you're
lost, just look for the policeman and
he will show you the way home. Right?

The communications problem gets deep-
er in "Patrons Only." In this song
about the senseless killing of Richard
Aden by Jack Abbott in New York's Lower
East Side, one sees a total lack of
communication. The song is based on
misunderstood questions.

Who was that witch I saw you with
last night?
That was no witch, that was my wife.
What was that piece I saw you with
last night?
That was no piece, that was my knife.

On and on the questions go, and the
answers resound: No, not this but
that.

Well what was that worry wart I seen
in your eyes?
That was no wart, that's my disguise.

The questions are a device to show how
communications can be blurred, until
we get to:

What you want to know shall be
revealed
If you go read the writing on the
wall of yon restroom.

Usually restrooms in New York eateries
are for patrons only, which is the
song's title. The confrontation bet-
ween Aden and Abbott started when
Abbott asked to use the restroom of
Binibon restaurant, where Aden was
working. Aden said it was for employ-
ees only. Abbott still wants to go.
Aden says:

You want to step outside?

meaning that he could use the side-
walk as a restroom, a common sight
in New York's Lower East Side. Abbott
says:

You want to step outside?

the same question, implying the more
common meaning of a fight. A misap-
prehension of words ends in tragedy.
In the song, Gerdes doesn't give the
facts directly. He depends on the
audience either knowing the story or
knowing the title of Abbott's prison
novel, *In the Belly of the Beast*,
which is a repeated line in the song.
In this way he clues us in on what the
song is about without saying it
directly. It is a clever piece of
writing.

George Gerdes is a writer who deals
with the world and people of today.
He shows our dilemmas, our lack of
fixed values, and lack of understand-
ing, and he is worth listening to. ■

"ONE LITTLE ISSUE OF SING OUT!

*is worth more to this humanly race than
any thousand tons of other dreamy, dopey
junk dished out from the trees & forests
along every Broadway in this world."*

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FESTIVAL PREVIEWS

by Nancy Talanian

Here, in order of their occurrence, are some of the festivals that will take place this spring and summer.

NORTHWEST FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL, Seattle, Washington, May 25-28

This year marks the thirteenth anniversary of this festival, which attracted 100,000 people last year. The festival will be held at the Seattle Center, a 70-acre urban park, which was the site of the Seattle World's Fair.

Festival activities will take place continuously on five outdoor stages, in a 3,000-seat opera house, a 900-seat playhouse, and twelve other major facilities. Some of the special events will be traditional American music and dance, including bluegrass, cajun, folk, blues, gospel, string band, country and western, old-time fiddling, ballads, and more. Other activities include ethnic music and dance from more than 25 countries, square and folk dancing, dance and music workshops, an Irish stage, a children's stage, a film festival, a Washington State Championship Chili Cookoff, and a crafts exhibit featuring over 150 craftspeople. Folk and blues music will be performed nightly in the Alki Coffeehouse.

For accommodations, there are several hotels and motels nearby, some within walking distance. There will be 30 ethnic food booths and 40 concessions in the Center House Building.

The entire program is free.

MIDDLETOWN FOLK FESTIVAL, Middletown, New Jersey, June 8-9

This is the seventeenth year that the Middletown Township Department of Parks and Recreation has sponsored this festival, which attracted 1,500 people last year to its site, Bodman Park in Middletown.

Events planned include concerts Friday, June 8, beginning at 8 p.m., and Saturday, June 9, from 12:30 to 4:30 p.m. and from 7:30 p.m. to whenever. Workshops will be held Saturday from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Performers will include Robin and Linda Williams, Dan Smith, Rock Creek, Fiddle Puppet Cloggers, Lou Killen, and many more.

For children there will be crafts, songs, stages, and square dancing.

Service clubs will handle food concessions. Concert tickets will be \$4.25 for evening shows, \$2.50 for afternoon show. Children's tickets will cost \$.50.



WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL, Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 5-8

This is Winnipeg's eleventh annual festival, held at Birds Hill Provincial Park, 19 miles northeast of Winnipeg on Highway 59.

Events will include concerts each evening of the festival, Thursday through Sunday, and workshops Friday through Sunday from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. The festival is mainly outdoors, with some of the workshop stages set up inside tents.

The stages include four thematic stages: Music of the World, Blues/Jazz, Special Events, and Women's Music; four workshop stages, featuring an eclectic collection of folk musicians from around the world; and a point stage: an instructional area where artists and audience can explore the basics of making music. In addition, there will be a Kids Village offering musical and hands-on programs for the young and young at heart; Handmade Village, a juried demonstration and sale of more than 40 unique and exciting crafts gathered from every corner of North America; and International Food Village.

There is a campground located $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the festival site, in Provincial

Park; family camping is by reservation only. The full program is \$35 in advance; \$38 at the gate. Day passes at the gate (including evening concert) are \$15 Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Tickets to the Thursday evening concert are \$6. All prices are quoted in Canadian funds. Camping in the park is administered by Birds Hill Provincial Park; family camping reservations are handled by the festival office.

For advance tickets and family camping reservations, contact:

Winnipeg Centennial Folk Festival
8 - 222 Osborne Street South
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 1Z3
Canada

OAK GROVE MUSIC FESTIVAL, Verona, Virginia, August 10-12

This is the sixth year that the intimate Oak Grove Music Festival will be held in Verona, near Staunton, Virginia. Sponsored by Theater Wagon, the festival attracts about 230 people a year.

This year's program will include concerts Friday and Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, featuring Robin and Linda Williams, Gamble Rogers, Cloud Valley, Traçy's Family Band, Roy Bookbinder, and Daniel Womack. Six workshops are planned for Saturday afternoon, August 11.

For accommodations, there are motels nearby in Verona and an Econo Lodge three miles from the festival site. A weekend pass, good for all festival events, is \$15. For reservations, contact:

W.T. Francisco
Rt. 1, Box 192
Staunton, Virginia 24401
Telephone (703) 885-3008

EDMONTON FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL
Edmonton, Alberta, August 10-12

Activities at this festival, which attracted 15,500 last year, will include mainstage Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, workshops Saturday and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., a crafts area, and a food fair. The festival site is Gallagher Park, in the heart of the city of Edmonton, Alberta, which offers little shade, so come prepared for sun during the day and mosquitoes at night. Food and washrooms are available;

(Continued on the next page)

bus service to the festival site is good.

There are several campsites on the city outskirts, and several hotels and motels in the vicinity of the park. Arrangements for accommodations must be made by the attendees. Tickets for the full program are \$25 until July 16, \$30 from July 16 until August 9, and \$35 at the gate. Prices are quoted in Canadian funds.

A performer list was unavailable at press time. A booklet providing this and other information, and tickets, are available by writing:

Edmonton Folk Music Festival
P.O. Box 4130
Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T2
Canada
Telephone: (403) 465-1405

OWEN SOUND SUMMERFOLK FESTIVAL,
Owen Sound, Ontario, August 17-19

The ninth Owen Sound Summerfolk Festival will be held at Kelso Beach Park in Owen Sound and will feature evening concerts Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and workshops all day Saturday and Sunday.

Performing will be Murray McLauchlin, Eklectricity, Gamble Rogers, Odetta, Eritage, Joan McIsaac, Tony Bird, Valdy, Bouttine Souriante, Heather Bishop, Margaret Christle, Cathy Fink, and many more. Other scheduled activities will be a children's area, 45 craftspersons, and a number of craft demonstrations. Last year, Owen Sound attracted 5,000 people per day to the festival.

Limited camping is available across from the site. Campsites may be reserved at Rocksprings Campground, for which shuttle service both to and from the festival will be available. A variety of food will be available on the festival site.

Tickets for the full program are \$25 in advance, \$30 at the gate. Single day tickets are \$10 for Friday night, \$15 for Saturday or Sunday. Prices quoted are in Canadian funds.

For reservations, advance tickets, or information about nearby hotels and motels, contact:

Georgian Bay Folk Society
P.O. Box 521
Owen Sound, Ontario N4K 5R1
Canada
Telephone (519) 371-2995

the interpreter

RON SOODALTER

by Debbie Bowers

There is something special about a good interpreter, someone who takes another artist's original material and makes it his own. Such an interpreter is Ron Soodalter.

He is not famous and does not display any desire to be so. He plays no original material; only a sampling of traditional ballads, Irish and English folk songs, Spanish flamenco, and some American pop standards. Each Friday evening he plays for the diners at La Cantina in Westchester County, New York.

In a recent performance, Soodalter opened with "Blue Sky" and ran through a first set that included "Sixteen Tons," "Reason To Believe," "If I Were a Carpenter," and "Scarborough Fair." Mr. Soodalter shifts easily between older songs and more recent ones, the most recent that evening being Townes Van Zandt's "Pancho and Lefty" (c 1972). At one point he completely reversed the mood of the evening by

adding a medley of sailor songs full of rum, crashing waves, and salty wenches.

I have read elsewhere that Mr. Soodalter studied with the great classical guitarist, Carlos Montoya. And one of the most pleasant surprises during the evening was the Spanish flamenco numbers. His fingers flew across the strings, making for a very impressive sight.

But it was his folk songs that the crowd enjoyed the most. His easy, friendly manner allowed the audience to share a piece of every song. This, coupled with a wide variety of good music, made Friday evening with Mr. Soodalter pleasurable.

An Announcement

*A daughter,
Siena Rose Kleinholz Kaplan,
was born to
Lisa Kleinholz and Paul Kaplan
on Friday, June 8, 1984.*

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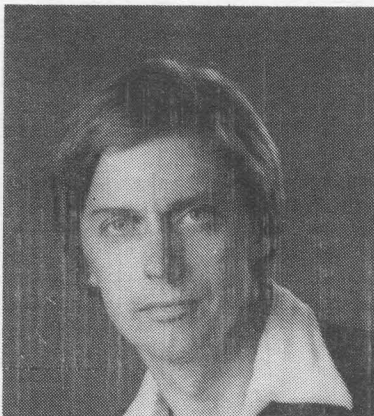
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ON THE RECORD

DAN AR BRAS's very unique acoustic and electric guitar sound has been featured on many Alan Stivell and Malicorne albums. He also played with Fairport Convention for over a year while working on his solo career. He has released four albums in France. The latest, Acoustic, will be licensed in the U.S. soon. Ar Bras is represented in this country and in Canada by Dan Behrman, Immigrant Music Inc., (201) 762-7580. This is his first visit to the U.S. as a solo performer. He is from Quimper, Brittany.

ALAN BECK was part of the early sixties folk music action in Greenwich Village. He drifted away down south for awhile and has returned to the New York scene. Alan performs traditional ballads as well as his own compositions.



Eddie Tapp

Alan Beck

SHAWN COLVIN was born in South Dakota. Her father introduced her to guitar. She has been playing professionally since 1974, and lived in Canada, Illinois, and Texas before moving to New York City.

JOHN GORKA is an intense white guy from New Jersey. He currently lives in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he is the Assistant Editor of Sing Out! magazine.



John Gorka

JACK HARDY has released six albums on the Great Divide label, some of which have been reissued by First American in this country and Pastel's abroad. His latest album is called The Cauldron. He is the editor of The Fast Folk Musical Magazine.



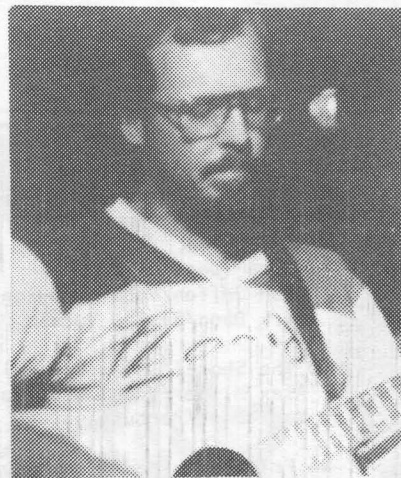
Jack Hardy

JOSH JOFFEN, an accomplished solo artist, also performs with partner David Roth, and as a member of the trio, Late for Dinner. Josh is currently residing in Brooklyn, watching his poison ivy flourish and his social life dwindle.

TOM MCGHEE'S song is dedicated to Joe Stenger of Brooklyn, inventor and mechanic. "A guy once told me, 'Joe can do anything, but he does it so slow.' He does it right, too." Tom McGhee lives in Brooklyn and drives a truck.



Josh Joffen



Nancy Talanian

Tom McGhee



Bob Zaidman

Richard Meyer

(Continued on the next page)

RICHARD MEYER is a songwriter, painter, and designer for the theatre. He lives in New York. For bookings, call (212) 927-1831.

ALEX MILLER, 22, was born in Los Angeles and came to New York by way of Kalispell, Montana, and Washington, D.C. His favorite songwriters are Arthur Lee, Tom Rush, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, and Van Morrison.

ROBIN RUSSELL, the daughter of a traveling salesman, and a native Nashvillian, began singing Bob Dylan songs with her father at the age of six and wrote her own first song at eleven. She has sung in classical choirs, bluegrass bands, and rock and

roll fiascos. Some of her most cherished pre-New York memories include performing as a back-up singer for an Elvis imitator and being told by Tina Turner that it is not ladylike to smoke cigarettes on stage during a Memphis performance with a local band. Now a dedicated New Yorker, Robin has performed her own material at colleges and coffeehouses throughout the Northeast.

GABRIEL YACOB, formerly known as Alan Stivell's "first lieutenant," went on to create the French group Malicorne, which quickly gained prominence on the European and Canadian folk-rock scenes. Malicorne released 11 albums before

it disbanded in 1981. They are now regrouped and in the midst of their first North American tour. Gabriel is from Paris. His father is Lebanese; hence the name Yacoub. This is his third visit to the U.S. He and Malicorne are managed in North America by Dan Behrman, Immigrant Music Inc., (201) 762-7580.

JUDITH ZWEIMAN, 30, has been or is a singer, songwriter, guitarist, bass player, vegetarian, astrologer, artist, dancer, and generally silly person. She was born, raised, and reluctantly educated on Long Island. Currently residing with several cats in an outer borough of New York City, she performs regularly with a myriad of groups of all sizes, styles, shapes, and colors.

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. Pandora (Josh Joffen)
Josh Joffen/Vocal & Guitars
Mark Dann/Bass & Vocals

2. To The Shore! (Alex Miller)
Alex Miller/Vocal & Guitars
Mark Dann/Percussion

*3. No Friends To Me (Jimmy Bruno)
Shawn Colvin/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

4. The January Cold (Richard Meyer)
Richard Meyer/Vocals & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Keyboard Bass
Jack Hardy/Vocal

5. The Wizard (Tom McGhee)
Tom McGhee/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass Drum & 12-String Guitar

6. The Visionary's Daughter (Doug Birch)
Doug Birch/Vocal & Dulcimer

7. Merci Monsieur Stephen Stills (Dan Ar Bras)
Dan Ar Bras/Guitar

1. Elevator (Jack Hardy)
Jack Hardy/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass

2. Child of the West (Judith Zweiman and Tiger Williams)
Judith Zweiman/Vocals & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

3. The Sentinel (John Gorka)
John Gorka/Vocal & Guitar

4. Anna Perenna (Gabriel Yacoub)
Gabriel Yacoub/Vocal & Guitar
Dan Ar Bras/Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

5. (Maybe You'd Be Happy In) Guatemala (Robin Russell)
Robin Russell/Vocals & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & 12-String Electric Guitar

6. Shiny New Horn (Alan Beck)
Alan Beck/Vocal & 12-String Guitar
Mark Dann/Drums & Bass
William Schaeffer/Trumpet
Richard Meyer/Rockwell 3/8" Variable Speed Drill

*Recorded live at SpeakEasy in New York City by Jay Rosen