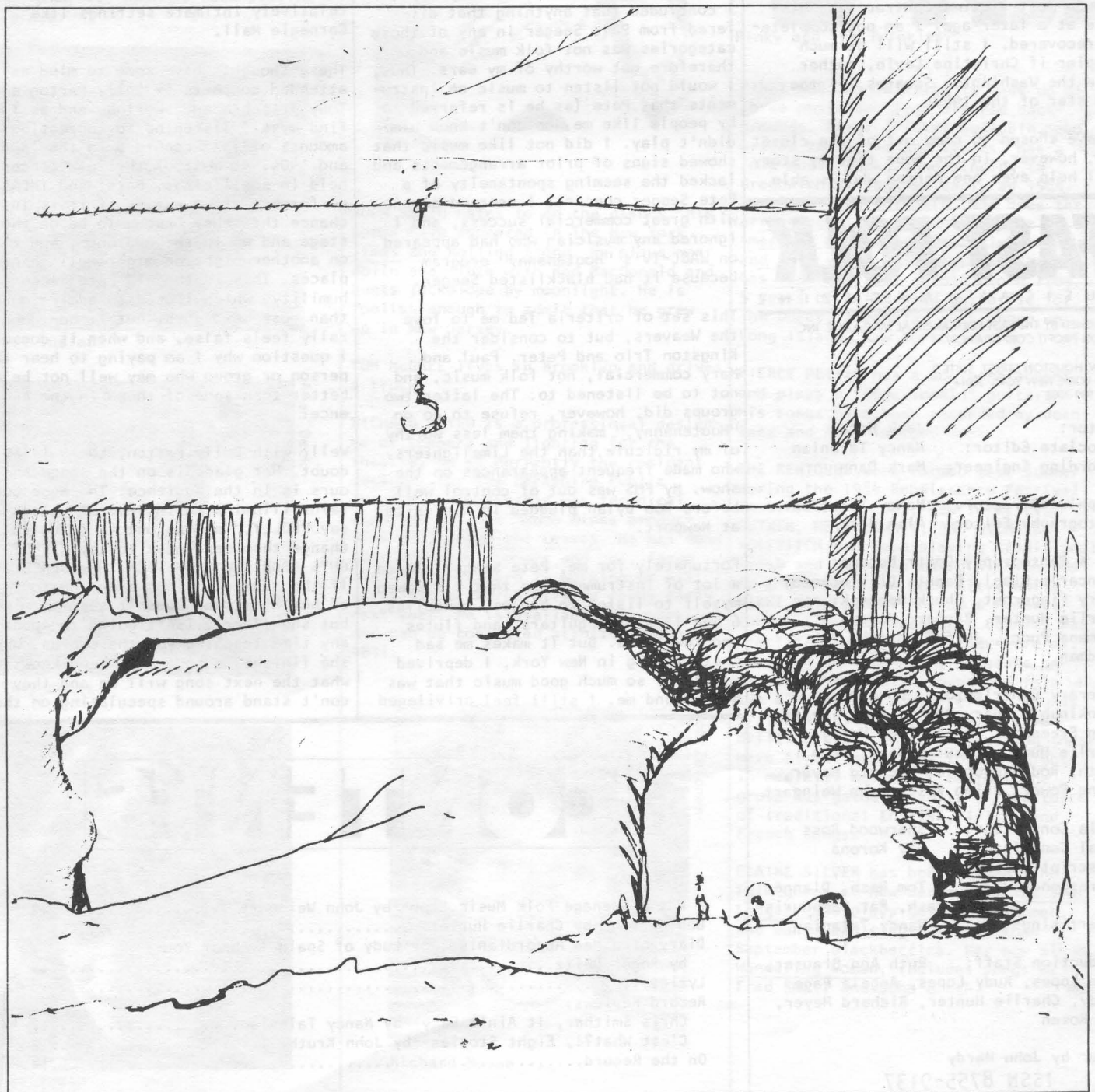


FAST FOLK

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

NOVEMBER 1984

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I WAS A TEENAGE FOLK MUSIC SNOB

by John Weingart

I am a reformed folk music snob. I say "reformed" because, like alcoholism, Folk Music Snobbism, or FMS, is a disease with no known cure. I have been able to gradually overcome most of the self-depriving symptoms I began to suffer when I was nine years old, though most victims contract the disease at a later age. I am not completely recovered. I still will be much happier if Christine Lavin, rather than the Washington Squares, is the new star of the 1980s.

I have chosen to come out of the closet now, however, in the hope that my story will help even one person who is able

to listen only to unaccompanied English ballads, or perhaps bluegrass recorded between 1946 and 1959.

I was introduced to folk music by the concerts and records of Pete Seeger. I liked his music, his style, his humility, and his politics, and, like a surprising number of other people, I concluded that anything that differed from Pete Seeger in any of those categories was not folk music and therefore not worthy of my ears. Thus, I would not listen to music on instruments that Pete (as he is referred to by people like me who don't know him) didn't play. I did not like music that showed signs of prior arrangements and lacked the seeming spontaneity of a Pete Seeger concert. I scorned anyone with great commercial success, and I ignored any musician who had appeared on WABC-TV's "Hootenanny" program because it had blacklisted Seeger.

This set of criteria led me to love the Weavers, but to consider the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul and Mary commercial, not folk music, and not to be listened to. The latter two groups did, however, refuse to go on "Hootenanny," making them less worthy of my ridicule than the Limelighters, who made frequent appearances on the show. My FMS was out of control well before Bob Dylan plugged in his guitar at Newport.

Fortunately for me, Pete Seeger played a lot of instruments so that I allowed myself to listen to banjos, mandolins, 6 and 12 string guitars, and flutes and recorders. But it makes me sad that, living in New York, I deprived myself of so much good music that was all around me. I still feel privileged

to have attended concerts by Mississippi John Hurt, Sam and Kirk McGee, and the Young Tradition. But, were it not for my affliction, I could have heard the Lovin' Spoonful in 1963, David Bromberg play electric guitar behind a blues band in 1966 (I didn't go in the Nite Owl Cafe that night when I saw the amplifiers), and Bob Dylan at relatively intimate settings like Carnegie Hall.

These thoughts have come to mind as I attended concerts by Dolly Parton and Tony Trischka and Skyline, and as I find myself listening to increasing amounts of jazz recorded in the '30s and '40s. At most of the folk concerts held in small clubs, bars, and YMCAs, performers often act as if it is just chance that they happen to be on the stage and we in the audience, and that on another night we might well change places. This is the old Pete Seeger humility, which I used to admire more than most next guys, but it now generally feels false, and when it doesn't I question why I am paying to hear this person or group who may well not be any better than some of those in the audience.

Well, with Dolly Parton, there is no doubt. Her place is on the stage and ours is in the audience. The huge curtains illuminated in several colors say "DOLLY," and no one is going to change them next week to say "THREE GUYS FROM NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY." If the audience sings along on some of her hits, she doesn't seem to mind, but she clearly isn't going to spend any time teaching you the chorus. When she finishes a song, the band knows what the next song will be and they don't stand around speculating on the

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CONTENTS

I Was a Teenage Folk Music Snob--by John Weingart.....	2
Bob Martin--by Charlie Hunter.....	4
Diary of a Mad Accordionist, or Lady of Spain I Abhor You-- by Roger Deitz.....	7
Lyrics.....	8
Record Reviews:	
Chris Smither, It Ain't Easy--by Nancy Talanian.....	12
C'est What?!, Eight Stories--by John Kruth.....	12
On the Record.....	14

best key. It's not a Pete Seeger concert, but I love it, and I know that I could not have had that enjoyment, much less admitted that I did, when my snobbism was at its worst.

With the jazz of Fats Waller, Fletcher Henderson, and Jack Teagarden, and the western swing of Bob Wills and a host of other groups now available on re-issued 78s, I am finding music that again is both wonderful and different from Pete Seeger. The singing is consciously stylized so that there would be a gap from the singer's speaking to his or her singing, unlike Seeger and many folksingers who provide a natural flow from a spoken introduction to the first words of a song.

The bands play arrangements that they have probably played almost identically many times before, but when they're real good, it makes me smile just as magical moments at folk jam sessions do. And learning to appreciate the carefully planned interplay of instruments has allowed me to have great pleasure from Tony Trischka and Skyline, despite the fact that they fit neatly into no category. Listening to them, I am like an early fan of Bill Monroe or Benny Goodman. The band is exploring new territory consciously, as opposed to the more subtle changes permitted over time by the "folk process."

I realize that in describing my own former snobbism I may have set up a straw man. Some people, I know, liked each Bob Dylan album as it was released, and were able to listen to Ewan MacColl or Alameda Riddle one night and the Blues Project the next. What I am trying to say is that they are lucky and have something worth striving for--musical taste that is open to expansion.

Most sufferers of FMS tend to approach new music by asking if it is "folk music" or if it is "traditional" or if it fits into some other category by which they define their preferences, and are prepared to dismiss it if the answer is no. To conquer most of my ailments, I have adopted a more positive test.

First, I listen to music I have never heard before. If I like it, that's all I need to know, although at that point I often want to learn more about it.

Second, if I don't like it at first, I ask myself why I am hearing it. Is it being sung by someone I like? Was it written by someone who has written other songs I liked? Have some of the musicians impressed me in the past?



Since I like Tom Paxton, Bill Staines, and the late Stan Rogers, and they each think that some of their songs sound better with drums and electric guitar, who am I to dismiss them without even listening to them?

When I noticed that some of my favorite bluegrass musicians were devoting much of their time to music that sounded more like jazz than bluegrass, I eventually concluded that they might lead me to appreciate music I thought I didn't like. On the other hand, this need not be carried to extremes. My admiration for the early work of Bob Dylan and New York City's Mayor Ed Koch has not led me to pay them much attention in the 1980s.

Music that is new is also worth a second listen if it comes recommended by a friend, reviewer, or record company whose taste you have agreed with in the past, or even if it is played on a radio show that often plays other things you like.

Finally, if after listening again, you still don't like something, forget it. There is plenty of other good music around.

Overcoming FMS is expensive, frustrating, and time consuming. I buy more records and am attracted to more concerts, often at times and places I can't attend. I learn of more wonderful musicians whose performances I must miss because they've been dead for years. But the rewards are great. I hear new music that is almost as exciting as the first time I heard the Greenbriar Boys or Phil Ochs. I learn more about how whatever I call folk music is related to other types of music. Perhaps best of all, I am even learning to avoid reacting to each new wave of pop music as if the younger generation has no taste and is leading the world to hell on a sled.

With your help, we can beat FMS in our lifetime.

Note: John Weingart is the 36-year-old host of "Music You Can't Hear on the Radio," which is broadcast on WPRB, 103.3-FM in New Jersey.

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BOB MARTIN

by Charlie Hunter

Bob Martin looks lived in, like a comfortable pair of work shoes. His voice sounds lived in too, like the voice of somebody who might fix your washing machine. It's a voice that can sing just fine, although you get the feeling that it wasn't designed for that purpose. But once you've listened to his music, you won't notice that. For with Bob Martin's music, it is not the production of the songs you notice (although his two albums are unfailingly well done). It is the sheer care and excellence of the songs themselves and of the lyrics within.

Until you hear the songs, though, you might be a bit put off by the aggressive acommerciality of his record covers. In 1972, Bob Martin's first album, *Midwest Farm Disaster*, sported a photo of him sitting on the back of an enormous pig, to which had been tied a skeleton. James Thurber once wrote of a cousin Zenas, who died of the disease that killed the chestnut trees after the civil war. On the cover of *Midwest Farm Disaster*, Martin looks like he's suffering from the same disaster that had befallen the farms. The skeleton is grinning, the pig looks blase, but Martin looks terrible. The songs, though, are great, and today, twelve years later, they've lost none of their stark power and immediacy.

"My father-in-law took the cover photo of my second record," says Martin of 1982's *Last Chance Rider*. "I love it. It's like a textbook example of how not to take a photograph."

Well, yes. This time, Martin at least looks ambulatory, but that's about it. Pictured with him are an abandoned pickup truck and a pony, which he is patting. Both Martin and the pony appear to be squinting into blazing sunlight. The pony looks like it would rather be just about anywhere else, and upon closer inspection Martin's grip seems to be less of a pat than a half-nelson, designed to keep the pony in place while the picture is being snapped.

But put either of these albums on your turntable, sit back, and listen. You will hear one of the best narrative songwriters in America. You'll meet a cast of characters that includes a midget wrestler and her promoter/lover, a horse named Rasputin T. Van Jones, a

blind woman street singer, a dying railroad bum, an Appalachian worker who migrated to Cleveland to try to strike it rich, and countless assorted winos, losers, drifters, dreamers, farmhands, cons, ex-cons, halfbreeds--in short, America.



There's a sad, old joke in which everything around the narrator is either dead or dying, and, in truth, he doesn't feel so hot himself. His characters possess a vitality, a hope, a humanness that is extraordinary, given the rather desultory surroundings in which they find themselves. Martin has an incredibly deft touch with the small detail that illuminates, the turn of phrase that causes a character to leap into sharp focus like a stereopticon view of a photograph from the book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. Like this verse from "Hotel St. James," the song about the death of the railroad bum:

Down from the boarded-up ballroom,
Through the shaky backstairs hall,
Word came down someone found the old
man failin'.
A buck and a half, an old photograph
All yellowed and cracked like a dream
Of a young war bride, and him beside
her, smiling.

Whenever I write a song," says Martin, "I have a feeling that a definite sociological chemistry is somehow set up.

I slip back into this mental landscape of images. And when I perform it it's always the same; I find myself back in there. With "Hotel St. James," I always fall back to this hotel that was on Beacon Hill when I was in college in Boston, the Beacon Chambers. It was a ratty place, where there were all these old men who would come there to spend their last years. At its worst, it was like a death house; the people would come there to die.

"Now some of the images in that song come from a whole bunch of places--I don't think there was a ballroom in that particular hotel, for example. But the way I write, I'm like a pack rat. I'll see something and carry it around with me, like baggage, until I find a context to use it."

A pack rat perhaps, but certainly a discerning and tasteful one. On his two records, you'll be hard-pressed to find an image that does not fit, a word in excess or out of place.

"Mill Town" proves a good example. In this story of a working-class kid coming of age in a factory town, Martin paints his backdrop with wonderful economy:

Father died in the war of '42.
And where the two roads form the city
square
Right down there they nailed a sign
With a paper wreath and a star around
his name,
But just the same they were good
times.

The listener, through those sparse details and the conversational familiarity with which the narrator addresses him, is brought immediately into the picture. What kind of town is being talked about, the loss of the father causing the family's poverty, the narrator's attitude of stoic perseverance, all are illustrated clearly in five lines.

Martin is obviously enamored of writing, and seems profoundly disinterested in the machinations of the music industry. Signed initially to RCA in 1972, in the midst of the singer/songwriter boom, Martin had the enormous presence of mind to demand flat money up front. After a year and a half on the road promoting *Midwest Farm Disaster*, Martin, his wife, and his family took the money he'd gotten for

signing and bought a farm in West Virginia.

"We had no running water, no electricity. I was farming the land, doing things like bringing the hay in with the team of ponies, the whole back-to-the-land thing. It was fun, it's a wonderful way of life, but after several years of it, I wanted to do something else again."

That something else included recording Last Chance Rider in the early '80's for the excellent, though somewhat obscure, June Appal label in Whitesburg, Kentucky.

"I got a call from Si Kahn, who'd heard Midwest Farm Disaster and liked it, and he told me I should consider doing something with June Appal. I eventually went over there, and laid down these ground rules by which I'd be willing to record again, and everyone there just went 'fine, fine'," recalls Martin with a grin.

Martin produced Last Chance Rider himself, employing a number of West Virginia and Kentucky musicians. It's a remarkably polished-sounding record, with a full folk-cum-country-rock feel to it. Martin, however, seems slightly dissatisfied with it, espousing an attitude in keeping with much of today's modern folk movement, from Springsteen's Nebraska to many of the songs heard on Fast Folk.

"I'd like my next record to be much more simple. I think shedding some of the devices and gimmicks can get to the heart of things quicker. On Last Chance Rider I got very concerned with the songs sounding right, and I think I lost some of the meaning of the songs because of that concern.

"The most important thing in my music are the words. When I put out Last Chance Rider I had to fight to get the lyrics printed on the back cover; the people at the record company wanted a biography. I wanted it so that someone picking up the album, even if they didn't buy it, would come away with an idea of what it was about."

Martin, the son of a house painter, was a business major in college. But his first love has always been writing. He first started writing at the age of ten or so and finished his first song before he was in his teens, although he says he "didn't get serious about songwriting until I was 24 or 25." Although his recorded output has been slim, he has written upwards of 200 songs.

At present, he is biding his time about recording again, devoting most of his creative energies to a novel about two teenage boys spending a summer living under a boardwalk on Salisbury Beach in Massachusetts. "I'm real pleased with how it's going," reports Martin. "Some of it is drawn from experiences that I've had, but a lot is from things other people have told me."

That seems to be true of much of Martin's writing. While the majority of his songs are concerned with the ways of life of society's fringe characters, Martin himself appears a pretty normal, well-balanced guy. Which is surprising, given the fact that the narrators of his songs are usually just barely hanging on:

If the old folks could just see me now
Drunk and dirty, stumbling around
Taking anything that I thought somehow
Could take my mind back home.
...Sing a lullaby. Baby, won't you
sing an Appalachian lullaby.

"That song is about the migration that occurred among the mountain people when the big factories and mills were opening up in the northern industrial cities. The young people were all flocking north, thinking they could make a lot of money. But they had a hard time; they were ostracized by the northern workers, were cheated everywhere, and a lot of them never made it back home.

"I've done my share of traveling," says Martin. "I read Jack Kerouac in high school and thought to myself 'yeah, I want to do that,' and I traveled around the country for a while. I met a lot of interesting people that way, but by the time I started to put out records, I was married and had a family. And they've always been my first priority. I've got responsibilities as a provider that I feel very strongly about."

So Martin contents his fascination with the scruffier edges of the American dream through a process of building and shaping bits of memories, scraps of conversation, forming a story that may never have happened exactly the way it is presented, but nonetheless has the ring of absolute truth and conviction.

"I was visiting a friend of mine in Maine a few years ago, and we were spending the afternoon walking along the railroad tracks. We came across a group of three or four Passamaquoddy



Indians, lying next to the tracks. They were drunk, but they were having a very interesting philosophical discussion about the passing of their way of life. They were talking about how they wanted to travel, to hunt, about how that had been taken away from them."

Martin took the idea of the conversation, transplanted the scene to the West, pared it down to two lines ("Drinking by the roadside while our hearts were for the road/Half breed to the wind and the rolling sky"), using it in his song "Half Breed."

The idea of capturing images and impressions of either unappreciated and/or disappearing ways of life permeates Martin's songwriting. Starting in the mid-1970's it became his real-life crusade as well. The Mountain Heritage Project, a program for bringing traditional mountain musicians and craftspeople into the high schools in his area of West Virginia was created by Martin in 1975.

"It was amazing to me that these kids were from such a rich cultural area, and they had no idea about the old traditions. We were trying to change that.

"The program is still going strong," he remarks with evident pride. "They now have their own building, the quilting and crafts programs are doing very well, and they still have musicians coming in. I'm delighted to have done something that will live on."

Although now returned to his home town of Lowell, Massachusetts, Martin and his family have retained their ties with the Appalachian region. They still have their farm, which is currently being leased out. Martin is playing out a little, although his dislike of the music business results in an almost total unwillingness to engage in self-promotion.

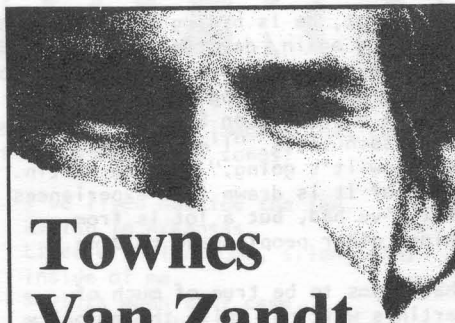
At a recent show at The Nameless Coffeehouse in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Martin was scheduled last. Countless cups of coffee and herbal tea had thinned the crowd out to about two dozen diehard folkies and two winos. It was an okay blend of people, the folkies avoiding the winos, and the winos asleep. During "Hotel St. James," one of the winos got up, knocked over a chair, and stumbled out, muttering. It was funny, in a black-humored way, and also very sad. But I think it made Bob Martin feel at home. These were the kind of people he writes about, the kind of people who fascinate him, and they were there. Not to see him or any other performer, but just because it was warm, warmer than the Cambridge streets.

He understood. —

albums

Bob Martin's *Last Chance Rider* LP is available from June Appal Recordings, Whitesburg, KY 41858 (catalog #JA043).

An Announcement:
A son,
Malcolm Yates Hardy,
was born to
Jack and Angela Page Hardy
on November 18, 1984.



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DIARY OF A MAD ACCORDIANIST

or Lady of Spain I abhor you

by Roger Deitz

So there I am... I am standing on a stage for the first time in my life. I am ten years old and learning things about my bodily functions that a ten-year-old cannot fully comprehend. My knees are weak and rubbery. My hands are shaking. My entire body is wet because I am sweating from each and every pore. My clothing is soaked, and I know an unpleasant new sensation: I know fear. I am one great big trembling sweat gland. Again and again I ask myself, "What am I doing here? What am I doing here?"

What I am doing is standing in front of two hundred strangers at a music school recital. I am wearing my McDonald plaid sports jacket (soon to be retired because the cleaners were unable to get the aroma of show business out of it), I am sporting a strange little x-shaped tie with a snap fastener clasped so tightly that I am almost unable to breathe, and I am trussed up in an oversized, red pearlite, piano-accordion. It is very heavy for a weak-kneed ten-year-old.

I may be only a decade old, but I am wise enough to know that I am flirting with disaster here. I know that somewhere out in the audience my parents are awaiting the debut of a new accordion sensation, but I can't see them because I am being blinded by a spotlight. Thank god. At least I can't see the two hundred other people who are out there. But I can hear them. They are speaking in a strange tongue; they are speaking Polish. To this day, I start to sweat profusely when I hear Slavic languages spoken.

Some blond girl named Sandra Kaminski just exited the stage to the thunder-

ous applause of a most appreciative crowd. She played a dazzling rendition of "Lady of Spain." Her fingers flew about the keyboard. She must have played all one hundred and twenty bass buttons. For her grand finale, she executed flawlessly one of the great showboat accordion tricks--a perfect bellows-shake, a hot-dog move exacted by playing while pumping the bellows in and out with lightning rapidity.

I'm dead. As she brushes past me, she gives me an I'd-like-to-see-you-follow-that look that puts me in my place. In the only course open to me for revenge, I sweat all over her blue chiffon gown. She says something to me in Polish. It does not sound like "Good luck!" She had sized me up earlier during warm-up, and was not impressed by my two-note chords.

No time to bother about that now. My name is just being announced by Edward Flinta, my accordion teacher. "Roger Deitz will now (throw up all over the stage and) play a selection he has been worked on (for the last five months). It is called "Bluea Skies," written by Mr. Irven Berlin (who I hope doesn't sue us for what Roger is about to do to his song). Roger is a bright student, and this is his first recital (so please don't embarrass him too much, as I'd like the five-dollar-a-lesson gravy train to continue a while longer). Let's have a nice hand for Roger Deitz."

It was a nice hand, much nicer than the one I got when I left the stage. I don't remember playing much at all. I think I am good at repressing such things. But I have a vague recollection of not being sure of the first note, of whether the song started with an "E" or a "G" natural. After making

the incorrect original choice, it hardly mattered what I played from then on. Some of the notes had to be right. It sounded somewhat like Debussy being played on a circus colliope. Now that I look back, I too was exploring unusual harmonic relationships and dissonances. I just hadn't planned on doing so.

How I came to find myself on that stage, why I became an accordionist--it still isn't entirely clear to me. I do remember that fateful day my father entered my room and informed me that he had an accordion in the trunk of his car, and that I was going to start taking lessons soon. I think someone owed him money, and offered the instrument in lieu of payment. He was very excited, and so was I. After all, to a ten-year-old any gift is worth making a fuss over, but this one seemed too good to be true.

When I opened the case, a brown, musty leatherette box, I was treated to a surprise. I didn't know what it was, but it was mine. And it looked so enticing: all that chrome, all those buttons and keys, all that gleaming red plastic. It kind of had the appearance of the front end of a 1952 Packard, and let me tell you, a lot of guys fell for that one.

Not only did it look neat, but it made noise as well. Lots of noise. I was delighted. It so frightened the cat that, for the duration, she never came anywhere near my accordion, my room in which the instrument resided, or me for that matter. I guess, to the cat, it must have sounded a bit like a feline death rattle, all nine souls shuffling off their mortal coils. It must have given the cat pause to hear me tracking her down, just for the expressed purpose of playing her a little tune. "Here kitty, here Muffin; Roger has a new song to play you." E-E-E-Y-O-W-W-W! Muffin didn't stick around long enough to find out if I ever got any better. Somebody told me that they saw Muffin hot-footing it along the northbound lane of the Garden State Parkway. She never came back.

My father had high hopes for me as he sought to encourage my musical studies. He was concerned about my

(continued on page 13)



Flinta School of Music Senior Accordion Band, 1954

SIDE BY RICHSONE

FIRE ON THE HILL

The sun comes up in the morning over canyons made of steel.
Some of us choose to climb the walls, the others walk the wheel.
We try to bring a world of blind injustice down to kneel.
But I have slipped and found somebody's hand beneath my heel.

I turn to say "I'm sorry." There are bruises on his face.
I lend a helping, healing hand and hope to hide the trace.
But everybody's running from some distant dark disgrace.
And every eye looks through me as if through empty space.

So many desperate faces I have to run and hide.
There's no way I can tell them there is no one on their side.
Looking for the courage I stumble on my pride.
Realize the answer will forever be denied.

When you talk compassion with the leaders of the land
It doesn't win elections so it's not quite what they planned.
They are actors playing in a film that should be banned.
Where does that leave you and me? It leaves us holding sand.

The dying red of sunset throws a fire on the hill.
Reminds me of the fire we knew in the days of stronger will.
To know we were alive then is to know a tear will spill,
Just to see the faces on the children trying still.

Oh Lord, I hope they're trying still.

by Dave Edwards, © 1984 Thunderhead Music ASCAP

DAY AFTER DAY

I'm older, yes I'm older
Soon I will be old enough
I've lived my life day after day.
But I can still feel the tears fall
Still see the years fold
I still love you day after day.

But I'm tired, and I wonder
If this is what the work is for
A half-hearted kiss that won't stay--
But I can still feel the love
That once kept us as young
As the lovers we feel like today--

Break: And if you follow my heart
where it goes
You would surely see you have a place there
I know I could go where the gold was
And still long for home

It's cold now with the fire out
Hot tea jogs the memories
The pictures remain and they say
Weren't we young through the gay days
That the wind's blown away
I could still love you day after day

© 1984 by Richard Meyer

MARIA THERE WILL BE TIME

Jesús he was a quiet man
Far away from his native land
With his wife Maria and their little son
In the midst of the new
To the old they still clung
Drove a bread truck in the early light
Started working in the dark of the night.
Left Maria to the warmth of their bed
Left her to dream of the words he had said

Refrain: He said Maria there will be time
Just as long as you will be mine
We will leave this trouble behind
And we will sail on down the line
Ah we will sail on down the line
Oh we will sail

On a dresser where she could see
A tiny picture of St. Anthony
And she made her requests with prayers
for them all
When he didn't answer
Turned his face to the wall
Maria woke from a dream one night
Half asleep as she turned on the light
And she thought of the number
That had come with the dream
And she looked to the picture to see what
it could mean (Refrain)

She had some money
It was hidden away
She kept it safe for a rainy day
Took it down to the corner store
Played that number and she prayed for a score
Jesús came through the door the next night
The house was dark
But for a single light
And the picture of Anthony
Was facing the wall
Maria cried when she told
Him it all (Refrain)

© 1984 by Tom McGhee

SHARE THE FAILURE

it happens so often
i just can't ignore
all of the omens
and the wolf outside my door

there's a constant conflict
between my life and your dreams
your knight in shining armor
has rusted at the seams

we must share the failure
i know both of us have tried
no excuse can mask the truth
so drop your foolish pride

you could be a jester
with your riddles so wise
and i the finest archer
competing for a prize

but if i split the target
i know it would be in vain
for we could live forever
and never love again

up in the attic
below winter snow
there lies a memory
black as a flock of crows

somewhere within us
there's a jail we can't escape
the bars on all the windows
can't save us from our fate

by John Kruth © 1984 zuni tunes

LA CHANSON DES LIVRÉES

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai un beau foulard à vous présenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer

Reply:
Mon père est en chagrin, ma mère en grande tristesse
Et moi je suis fille de trop grand merci
Pour ouvrez ma porte à cette heure ici

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai un beau mouchoir à vous présenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer (Reply)

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai des beau souliers à vous présenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer (Reply)

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai un beau mari à vous présenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer

Reply:
Mon père est en chagrin, ma mère en grande tristesse
Et moi je suis fille de bien grand merci
Mais j'ouvrirai ma porte pour ce beau mari

Traditional

SCULPTING STONES

When a hardness of heart
needs a changeness of mind
oh let the potters wheel
spin out its rhyme

Lend a hand to the water
lend a hand to the clay
and take note the work
of the first six days

When your castles of sand
are all down to the grind
there are cliffs and there are caverns
that the glaciers left behind

There are stones that were etched
in a far off hidden cave
they told us what to plant
and they told us what to save

If you should lose your sight
sculpting stones in your eyes
your hands must hold the light
sculpting stones till you die

© 1984 by Billy Jones

Translation:
THE LIVERY SONG

Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have a beautiful scarf to give you
Open the door for me and let me in.

Reply:
My father is grieving, my mother is very sad
And me, I am a girl full of gratitude
So open my door at seven o'clock.

Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have a beautiful handkerchief to give you
Open the door for me and let me in (Reply)

Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have beautiful shoes to give you
Open the door for me and let me in (Reply)

Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have a handsome husband to give you
Open the door for me and let me in.

Reply:
My father is grieving, my mother is very sad
And me, I am a girl full of gratitude
But I will open my door for a handsome husband.

Traditional, translation by Nancy Talanian

SIDE LYRICS TWO

MAMA'S CHILD

I'm gonna tell your mama
I'm gonna tell your mama
I'm gonna tell her what you've been doin' now.

She's gonna find out everything you know she doesn't like
And you know she'll believe me so you better run and hide
And it doesn't matter what you say anymore.

She's gonna be surprised, the tears fill her eyes
Oh, it's gonna make her cry
You're not taking very good care of her child.

Oh, I'm gonna tell your mama--na-na, na-na-na, na-na
I'm gonna tell your mama
Now I'm gonna tell her what you've become
And boy, is she gonna be furious.

Do you remember that look in her eye
When she looks at you she can see inside
And she can tell what you've been doin' is wrong.

You can see her now--Oh yes you can
You can see her face and see her frown
You can feel the weight of her heart sinking down.

Oh, I'm gonna tell your mama--na-na, na-na-na, na-na
I'm gonna tell your mama
I'm gonna tell her what you've become
Didn't she warn you when you were young
Now it's too late to undo the things you've done
Boy, is she gonna be furious.

© 1983 by Peter (Pinky) Gollobin

SAILING TO THE NEW WORLD

And the sun makes no difference at all
We work all night without it
And Con Ed gives us heat and cool air pretty well
And inspiration filters down the heavy skyway
losing all its prophecy

And the moon has no mysteries at all
We declare our love by streetlight
One night rooms and drugstores work out pretty well
And the full moon fills the hospitals and precinct
houses or so the modern legends go

Chorus: Sailing to the new world
Sailing to the new world
Sailing to the new world
By the light of a friendly voice
Through the heavens in the bodies of the
thousand millions here

And the stars are not visible at all
The North Star points to Boston
But it's easier to follow signs to 95
And the universe is hid away like all our fears
but we don't need to look for that (Chorus)

© 1983 by Hugh Blumenfeld

RAGMAN!

concerning the destruction by firebomb
in the pre-dawn hours of July 28, 1983,
of the Klanwatch Project headquarters
of the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC),
Montgomery, Alabama.

got me a letter from Alabam'
had another sighting of the old Ragman
he torched some lawyers' offices
one day before the dawn

they'd been prosecuting the Ku Klux Klan
but some gasoline and a crafty hand
burned down their files and evidence
to ashes

it was a Ragman taking his time
twist his tongue on the raggedy rhyme
Ragman dancing on the wind
to the beat of the times

Ragman laughing at the scene of the crime
driving his cart and drinking his wine
searching for something to plunder
off the ravaged vine

Ragman! Ragman!

Ragman he been around before
was a wallpaper hanger in '24
and in '37, he and your Uncle Joe
was very good friends

Ragman he made it out alive
surfaced in Nurenberg in '45
picked his teeth while the cameras turned Ragman!

Ragman turned the Jews to snow
froze the roses in the archipelago
and he lords it over some boardroom today
he's a very big C.E.O.

Ragman! Ragman!
Ragman's keeping the black man down
from a one-flight walk-up in Capetown
try to poison the soul of a people
who still know how to sing

changed his name to Mu'ammarr
won't be done til he's left a scar
across the heart of Africa
where the lakes of Paradise once lay

Ragman! takes his time
twist his tongue on the raggedy rhyme
Ragman! dancing on the wind
to the beat of the times

Ragman! laughing at the scene of the
crime
driving his cart and drinking his wine
searching for something to plunder
off the ravaged vine

Ragman! Ragman!

a note about "Ragman!"

The Southern Poverty Law Center is a 13-year-old legal rights organization based in Montgomery, Alabama. Following the destruction of their office building, in which no one was injured, they have undertaken the construction of a new headquarters building on a site one block away from where the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. began the Montgomery Bus Boycott (and two blocks from the Alabama State Capitol, where George Wallace swore to uphold segregation forever). The new and more secure building will be finished early in 1985.

The SPLC does vital, pro-democratic work. They depend on private (tax-deductible) contributions to finance their legal efforts against various Klan groups around the country, as well as to pay for the cost of their new center.

All contributions and messages of support (equally important!) should be addressed to:

Mr. Morris Dees
SPLC-Klanwatch Project
1001 South Hull Street
Montgomery, Alabama 36195

-DI

the Ragman he never settle down
drags his bones from town to town
beats his horses to death
with the burden of the way

travel at night on the backroads best
cast his shadow on the baby's breath
rents himself a farm
in the valley of the shadow

the Ragman he never steal your soul
give all his agents full control
kick back in his boredom
see how low it can go

keeping himself to a low profile
a hunter in the dark and all the while
everybody's running, but I'm telling you
love is his nemesis's name

Ragman! Ragman!

well, I got me a letter from Alabam'
had another sighting of the old Ragman
he torched some lawyer's offices
one day before the dawn

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THE FOUR SEASONS (The Promises of Spring)

Spring, it drives you mad
It's so damp, and it's so dreary
Flowers burst into bloom
Work so hard it makes you weary
Still the spring brings the promise
That love will rise again
And the world's not such a bad place
After all

Summer brings its awful heat
Makes you sweat, makes you dirty
The darkest night can be so hot
Makes the world seem so blurry
Still the summer is the promise
Of spring at once fulfilled
And the world's not such a bad place
After all

Autumn has its creeping chill
That gnarls your hands and cools your bones
The steady drip of falling rain
Will never leave you alone
Still the autumn brings the harvest
Of the work done in the spring
And the world's not such a bad place
After all

In wintertime it's cold outside
Skeletal trees fill your heart with sorrow
Night-time rarely ever ends
And there's scarcely hope of a dawn tomorrow
Still the winter lets you rest
'Til spring comes 'round again
And the promises of spring always come true

© 1984 by Jackson Braider

ROCKING CHAIR

Buy yourself a rocking chair,
the kind with swirls engraved
and plant yourself upon the throne,
lean back, now close your eyes.

The journey will begin with you,
a tiny babe asleep.
The man beneath your cradled head
is singing very soft.

Now you're eight and all grown up,
you want to rock alone.
But when night falls, you think again
and snuggle next to your mom.

Your jeans grow short, your hair grows long,
the age alone draws near.
But still you rock in solitude
and sing your dad's old song.

We wonder why the older folks
must always sit and rock.
Perhaps we'll know and understand
if we look back and remember.

Buy yourself a rocking chair,
the kind with swirls engraved
and plant yourself upon the throne,
lean back, oh lean back,
now close your eyes again.

© 1983 by Deborah Liv Johnson

A LIGHT MELODY

I was born one bright morn, and proceeded to float to the ceiling.
My doctor was alarmed but also rather charmed, a floating baby
seemed appealing.
My parents were amused for awhile, to have a flying baby,
But then they put soles of lead on my shoes, 'cause the neighbors
all said that it seemed crazy.

Chorus:

But I don't know why I even bother
Wearing suits of heavy mail,
'Cause every time I get my feet back on the ground,
Gravity always seems to fail.

I used to take off my shoes, and float up to the sky,
But my parents kept a string around my waist, so I would not
go up too high.
The other kids they didn't like me, they called me Peter Pan.
They wanted me to teach them all how to fly, but I couldn't
make them understand. (Chorus)

When I grew up I fell in love, with a girl so soft and shy.
I didn't let her know I was as light as air, you know she
always made me high.
One night she said she loved me, that made my heart feel light,
So I floated right out through the sun-roof, and I haven't seen
her since that night. (Chorus)

I don't go in the sky anymore, I keep my feet down on the ground,
'Cause last time I went flying overhead, duck hunters tried to
shoot me down.
I've finally concluded that all my friends were right,
And God would have given me wings if S/He'd really wanted me to fly.
(Chorus)

© 1984 by Charles D. Herold

erratum

The October 1984 "Women in Song"
issue of Fast Folk, page 11, failed
to mention that the song "Stranded"
is by Shawn Colvin, copyright 1984.

RECORD REVIEWS

Chris Smither, *It Ain't Easy*

by Nancy Talanian

I could sing a song that comes
straight from the heart of me.
- C. Smither, "Rosalie"

Chris Smither's third release, *It Ain't Easy* (Adelphi Records), once again shows the artist to be a masterful blender of beautiful guitar arrangements and honest vocals that seem to spring "straight from the heart." Perhaps unwittingly, the album also shows how effective and versatile an acoustic guitar and a solo voice can be, for these simple instruments are all you will hear on it. Yet I doubt that anyone will call it underproduced.

The album shows Smither's best singing to date. His singing on his earlier albums was extremely expressive for his age when they were recorded--early to mid-20's. But with added experience and maturity has come more subtlety. His guitar playing on the album shows why Smither has been called a 'musician's musician.'

"Footloose," Smither's first song on the album, is made up entirely of poetic, graphic imagery:

I've lost my shoes, but I don't feel
like walking.
If you find them and they fit they're
yours for free.
I've lost my voice from talking.
It had no more to say, it just walked
away.

Randy Newman's "Guilty," like "Footloose," deals movingly with the subject of failure. But where "Footloose" succeeds by permitting infinite freedom of interpretation, "Guilty" allows none. There is no mistaking the meaning of the song's final lines: "I just can't stand myself/And it takes a whole lot of medicine, darling/For me to pretend that I'm somebody else."

Smither performs this and all songs without artifice, as though he's been there and doesn't need to prove it. There is no "overacting" in his singing; rather, his points are aided by small gestures--a line ending almost in a sigh, a delay in the delivery of a statement that is painful to make. The effect is natural and believable.

"Rosalie" further demonstrates the

brilliant use of imagery that characterizes Smither's songs:

I've lived outside the law,
Killed in Arkansas,
Lived with lonesome, silent sins
inside of me.
Saviors when they came,
But now they're leaving by another
name.
They're just fallen friends, and
there's not one left to lie to me.

"One Plus One" is the third and, unfortunately, the last song on the album written by Smither. This simple, humorous song about being sad contrasts with "Sittin' on Top of the World," which Smither describes as "a wonderfully sad song about being happy." Emotions can't always be separated and aren't subject to rules of logic. Smither laughs about being sad and shows how one can be miserable when one has every reason to be happy. In the latter song, Smither sets off the song's outwardly happy lyrics with wonderfully melancholy treble slides that would make the addition of the traditional melancholy instrument--the violin--redundant if not intrusive.

Through clever, lively guitar arrangements, both of the album's Chuck Berry songs take us for rides. "Maybelline" goes from park to 110 mph, giving us the feeling of racing down a country road in pursuit of the singer's unfaithful girlfriend. "No Money Down" lets us compare the rides of the singer's "broken down, ragged Ford" with that of a powerful Cadillac convertible loaded with options. Smither adds percussion on these and other songs that call for it sometimes by damping bass strings, sometimes by tapping his feet.

The arrangement of "Green Rocky Road" on this album is undoubtedly the prettiest I've heard, conjuring up bitter-sweet memories of childhood. "John Hurt Medley" consists of an excellent selection of verses from four songs, showing Hurt to have been a writer of simple and eloquent lyrics as well as a blues guitar innovator.

It Ain't Easy reestablishes Smither as a musician who says more with one voice and a well-worn acoustic guitar than most of today's musicians accomplish with dozens of instruments, voices, and special effects. What Smither says about John Hurt applies equally well to himself: Chris Smither is "the embodiment of 'less is more'."

C'est What?!, *Eight Stories*

by John Kruth

*C'est What?!'*s second album, on Palo Alto Records, features compositions by drummer Chip White and vibraphonist Jeff Berman as well as numbers by guitarists John Wunsch and Matt Balitsaris. White's "19th Street" bops along at a nice clip. The band grooves, driven by Dave Dunnaway's bass and Chip's rim shots and splashing cymbals.

This music is a great soundtrack for whatever you're doing. It fills the room with rhythm and color. The album has a wide variety of textures and sounds, ranging from the dancing guitar duets of Wunsch (classical six-string) and Balitsaris (acoustic twelve) to the quintet's astral jamming on "On A Promise."

Stylistically, *Eight Stories* encompasses bouncy island and salsa rhythms, atmospheric meanderings, and occasional echoes of Appalachian mountain music. Comparisons to artists such as Ralph Towner, John Abercrombie, and Gary Burton (who record for the ECM label) are inevitable, but that's fine company to be in. The album's closing cut, "I Will," penned by John Wunsch, is a beautiful example of the group's lyricism and dynamic. Give this album a listen. It's sure to capture your imagination.



THE SOUTHERN RAG
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(continued from page 7)

future. He said that if I could just master this instrument, I would always be able to "pick up a few bucks." Learn to play the accordian," he would say, "and you will always be an accordianist." That little piece of wisdom was true, but there was a time that I wanted to stop being an accordianist, and that kind of thing never leaves you. No matter what other instrument came into my life--banjo, guitar, fiddle--I never quite forgot my musical roots. Believe me, I tried.

The joy of ownership of a squeeze box soon faded. You see, along with the shiny toy came something called "music lessons" and daily hour-long practice sessions. This was hell. It cut into my free time and ruined my social life. I didn't mind picking out tunes that I figured out myself, but having to repeat the same lesson over and over, day after day, was a good deal too much for this fidgety lad.

Poor Edward Flinta. Five dollars an hour wasn't enough remuneration for him to have to listen to the same mistakes each week. Every Tuesday after I got back from school, he would pull up in front of the house, park his little Nash Metropolitan, and start reluctantly toward my front door, making his way slowly along the flagstone path. He didn't really look forward to these lessons any more than I did. Usually by Monday night I realized that I wasn't prepared. I worried about being unprepared all day Tuesday. My stomach would hurt. Somehow old Ed managed to get us through lesson after lesson, but I am sure that he didn't feel the same sense of reward that he felt from teaching Sandra Kaminski.

After a while I did start to catch on. I got good enough to receive an invitation to play in Edward Flinta's All-Star Accordion Orchestra. This was a big step for me, this was the big time. The orchestra had performed on local television. Sandra had been in the group for a couple of years. Perhaps now she would take me seriously.

Now, before we go any further, I want you to think a bit about the concept of a seventy-five member, all-accordion orchestra. I want you to try to imagine the dulcet sounds of Mozart, Brahms, and Beethoven transcribed for the accordion, reproduced by teenaged virtuosos. It is a sound you must try to imagine, one you will probably never hear, because I think gatherings of more than four accordians are now outlawed in most of the mainland states.



Flinta School of Music Senior Accordion Band, 1958

I was proud to play second bassoon. I was so chosen partly because bassoon was one of the few stops I had on my instrument (like medals on a general's chest, with stops, the more different instrument sounds your accordian can reproduce, the higher your rank), and also because the bassoon parts were not particularly complicated. We continued to make music together until one day, while doing an all-orchestra bellows-shake, we set up a harmonic that reportedly cracked the foundation of the building in which we practiced. We disbanded when asked to vacate our practice site.

This was a shame. I was rather enjoying the sessions because Sandra and I were getting to be good friends. She was starting to look different to me; I couldn't quite tell why.

Well, I went on to do weddings and bar mitzvahs. My father had been right. I could pick up a couple of bucks any time I wanted. All I had to do was play a few ethnic tunes and the crowd went wild. Usually the celebrants were so juiced up that they would have loved anything. After a few years of watching middle-aged ladies dressed in gold lame gowns wink at me, I had the confidence I needed. I forgot that what I was wearing around my neck was a 120 bass albatross, and I became "Mr. Entertainment." I would actually look forward to donning my tuxedo and setting out for a gig.

I was actually getting encouragement from seemingly unlikely sources. I noticed that the much maligned accordion was making its way into rock music. You probably never noticed, but I did. Shirley Evens played accordion on the Beatles' Magical Mystery Tour album. The Beach Boys used accordion in "That Same Song," "Palisades Park," and "Blueberry Hill." And even Bob Dylan used accordion on his Desire album, for the "Joey" cut, on which

the great Dominic Cortese plays. On the Rolling Stones album Flowers you can hear accordian on "Back Street Girl."

Then there's Billy Joel, Neil Diamond, Elton John, yes, even Bruce Springsteen. They have all used accordian on their albums. Springsteen used it on "Fourth of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)." I have a Nitty Gritty Dirt Band album with accordian on it. Jimmy Ibbotson laid down an accordian track for "Mr. Bojangles." I could go on forever: The Band, Judy Collins, Steve Goodman ("The Dutchman"), Jethro Tull, and even Ry Cooder. And think of it, Barry Manilow started on accordian. Hard to believe, isn't it?

I just knew that I was going to be an accordian star. That is, until they day I played that Polish wedding. I'm playing these great schmaltzy five-note chords while my drummer and guitarist round out the sound of mediocre dinner music, and I look up from the keyboard to find Sandy Kaminski. She is looking at me the way she looked at me years ago, at the recital, when she finished her number and left the stage. I start to sweat. I tell her she looks great. I ask her what she's doing at the wedding, and she informs me that she's the Maid of Honor. I ask her if she still plays the accordian, and she tells me no. She makes a gesture in the direction of her bust, and I get the general idea. Another great accordian career cut short by an overabundance of the right hormones. Sandy has a very fine figure, but she'll never do a bellows-shake again.

I make some small talk. I don't like the way Sandy is looking at me. She's smiling, and I know that it's not because she likes my playing. She could still, I'm sure, play rings around me. Then it happened--the roof fell in. Sandy asks me if I take requests, and I

answer in the affirmative. "Play 'Blue Skies'," she snaps as she winks and turns away. My knees turn weak and rubbery, my hands start to shake, I notice that people are speaking Polish. I can't remember what note the song starts on. Once again I play Debussy's rendition: "Ciel Bleu, Opus #1." Muffin put her up to it. Help!

The cleaners were never able to remove the aroma of show business from my tuxedo. Days later I still wonder if Sandy just didn't like me, or if she was jealous because I didn't have breasts. I think about how cruel I had been to Muffin. I'm so sorry. I wonder if Barry Manilow ever played "Blue Skies" at an accordion recital. I wonder if Barry Manilow sweats when he sees an accordion or when he hears Polish spoken. I wonder why it is that pawn shops don't take used accordions in trade.

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The following song was recorded on the October 1984 issue of *Fast Folk*. The lyrics were unavailable at the time that magazine was published. They are provided below.

THE TWO MAGICIANS

Oh, she looked out of the window
As white as any milk
And he looked in at the window
As black as any silk

Chorus:

Hello, hello, hello, hello
you coal blacksmith
You have done me no harm
You never shall take my maidenhead
That I have kept so long
I'd rather die a maid
Ah, but then she said:
And be buried all in my grave
Than to have such a nasty, husky, dusky,
musty, fussy coal blacksmith
A maiden I will die

Then she became a duck
A duck all on a stream
Then he became a waterdog
And fetched her back again

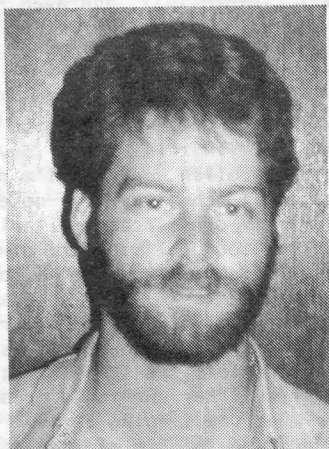
Then she became a fly
A fly all in the air
And he became a spider
And fetched her to his lair

Then she became a rose
A rose all in the wood
And he became a bumblebee
And kissed her where she stood

Then she became a star
A star all in the night
And he became a thundercloud
And muffled her out of sight

(English ballad collected by Cecil Sharpe; verses arranged by Wild Rose.)

ON THE RECORD



Alan Beck

Hugh Blumenfeld

HUGH BLUMENFELD is 26, working his way to a dissertation in poetics and the unemployment line. Also to marriage and New England. Any order. He mentioned thanks to Darryl Cherney, who mid-wifed his song, "Sailing to the New World."

JACKSON BRAIDER, 30, is the son of a writer and a cook. By training a folklorist and by inclination a write, Jackson got involved with folk music because he couldn't afford an amp. Currently, he's on the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New

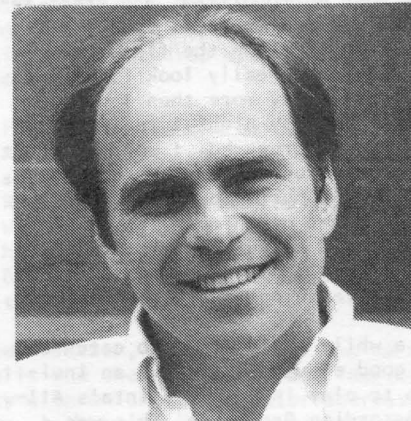
York, teaching narrative studies, and is in the midst of a nonmusicological biography on Bach with the harpsichordist Anthony Newman.



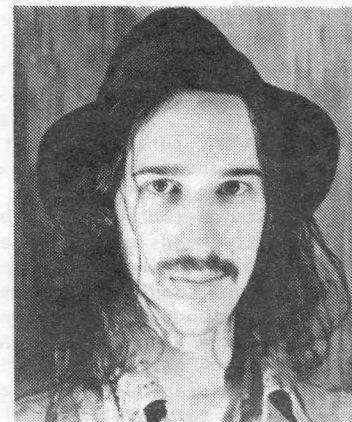
Jackson Braider

DAVE EDWARDS was born and raised in Los Angeles, yet has managed a comfortable transplanting in New York City. His original songs span the country as well as the spectrum of American song styles. He has two albums on RCA: Partners on the Road and Fire Divine.

C. D. HEROLD sometimes performs under the pseudonym "Mr. Death, Rebel Without Applause," and resides in the East Village. He is a starving artist, so please send food.



Dave Edwards



Cheryl Guttman

C. D. Herold

DAVID INDIAN is a native New Yorker and a songwriter who's been playing the open mikes for about two years.

BILL JONES is a resident of Edgewater, New Jersey. He has a B.A. degree in social relations from Ramapo College of New Jersey. Bill's grandfather was a New York City cab driver who was given a guitar by his friend Burl Ives. When Grandpa Jones died, Bill inherited the guitar at 10 years old. He taught himself to play it, and has been playing ever since.



David Indian

Alan Schweitzer

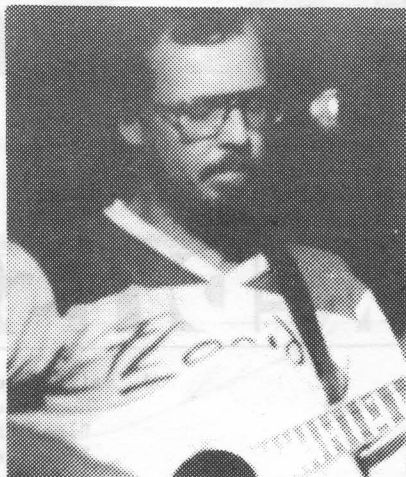


Billy Jones

Alan Beck



John Kruth



Tom McGhee

Nancy Talanian

JOHN KRUTH hates to do the dishes. His poems have appeared in The New York Times and Rolling Stone. He plays mandolin and flute with Rod MacDonald and hunts jackalope by moonlight. He is foolish enough to admit that he grew up in New Jersey.

TOM MCGHEE lives in Brooklyn and drives a truck.

RICHARD MEYER is a professional designer of scenery and lighting for the theatre. He is currently the resident designer for the Berkshire Public Theatre, and recently was technical director for the Mabou Mines production of Through the Leaves. He has done lots of shows indoors and out, large and small. Richard is working on his first album, which will be ready early next year. He is available for bookings and can be contacted at: (212) 927-1831.



Richard Meyer

Bob Zaidman



Pinky and the Twinkies

PINKY AND THE TWINKIES is made up of three musicians from diverse backgrounds. Peter (Pinky) Gollobin, who writes the music and lyrics, has a folk music background singing in Greenwich Village as early as 1964. Laurie Brooks Gollobin, who does the arranging, is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and is a voice teacher. Alan Stern has rock and roll in his blood from 5 years of being lead guitarist for The Dukes, a popular rock group on Long Island, New York.

PIERCE PETTIS has a southern accent and plays a funny lookin' guitar. His songs have been recorded by Joan Baez and Alex Taylor.

THE RENTONES were formed last summer during the 1984 Renaissance Festival in Sterling Forest, New York. LISA GUTKIN, NEIL CONATY, AND MICHAEL KOBETITCH had been playing traditional Irish and American music with Becuma in and around New York City, while NIKKI MATHESON of Rhythm & Romance (which also includes NEIL CONATY) was practicing her French. They were all carrying on like merry peasants on street corners all around the fair when the elegant and oh-so-refined sounds of SUSAN REIT's harp playing came drifting over, thereby elevating these mere street musicians to new heights in medieval musical creation. The group has gathered quite a repertoire of traditional English, Irish, and French songs.

ELAINE SILVER has been called "The Folk Queen of New Jersey" by The Star Ledger. She plays guitar, dulcimer, and banjo and sings sweeter than September blackberries. Her new album, Wandering Woman, includes songs by Fred Small and John Kruth.

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. Fire on the Hill (Dave Edwards)
Dave Edwards/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Keyboard

2. Share the Failure (John Kruth)
Elaine Silver/Vocal & Guitar
John Kruth/Flute
Pierce Pettis/Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

3. Maria There Will Be Time (Tom McGhee)
Tom McGhee/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass, 12-String Guitar, Drums

4. Day After Day (Richard Meyer)
Richard Meyer/Vocal & Piano
Mark Dann/Synthesizer

5. La Chanson des Livrées (French Traditional)
Rentones:
Nikki Matheson/Vocal & Guitar
Lisa Gutkin/Fiddle & Vocal
Susan Reit/Harp
Michael Kobetitch/Mandolin
Neil Conaty/Bass

6. Sculpting Stones (Billy Jones)
Billy Jones/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

1. Sailing to the New World (Hugh Blumenfeld)
Hugh Blumenfeld/Vocal & Guitar
Diane Chodkowski/Vocal
Peter Lewy/Cello
Mark Dann/Guitar & Bass

2. Mama's Child (Peter 'Pinky' Gollobin)
Pinky & the Twinkies:
Peter (Pinky) Gollobin/Vocal & Guitar
Laurie Brooks Gollobin/Vocal
Alan Stern/Vocal & Lead Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

3. Ragman! (David Indian)
David Indian/Vocal & Guitar
Neil Salant/Electric Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass

4. Rocking Chair (Deborah Liv Johnson)
Deborah Liv Johnson/Vocal & Guitar

5. The Four Seasons (Jackson Braider)
Jackson Braider/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass, Keyboard & Drums

6. A Light Melody (C.D. Herold)
C.D. Herold/Vocal & Guitar

number 10

