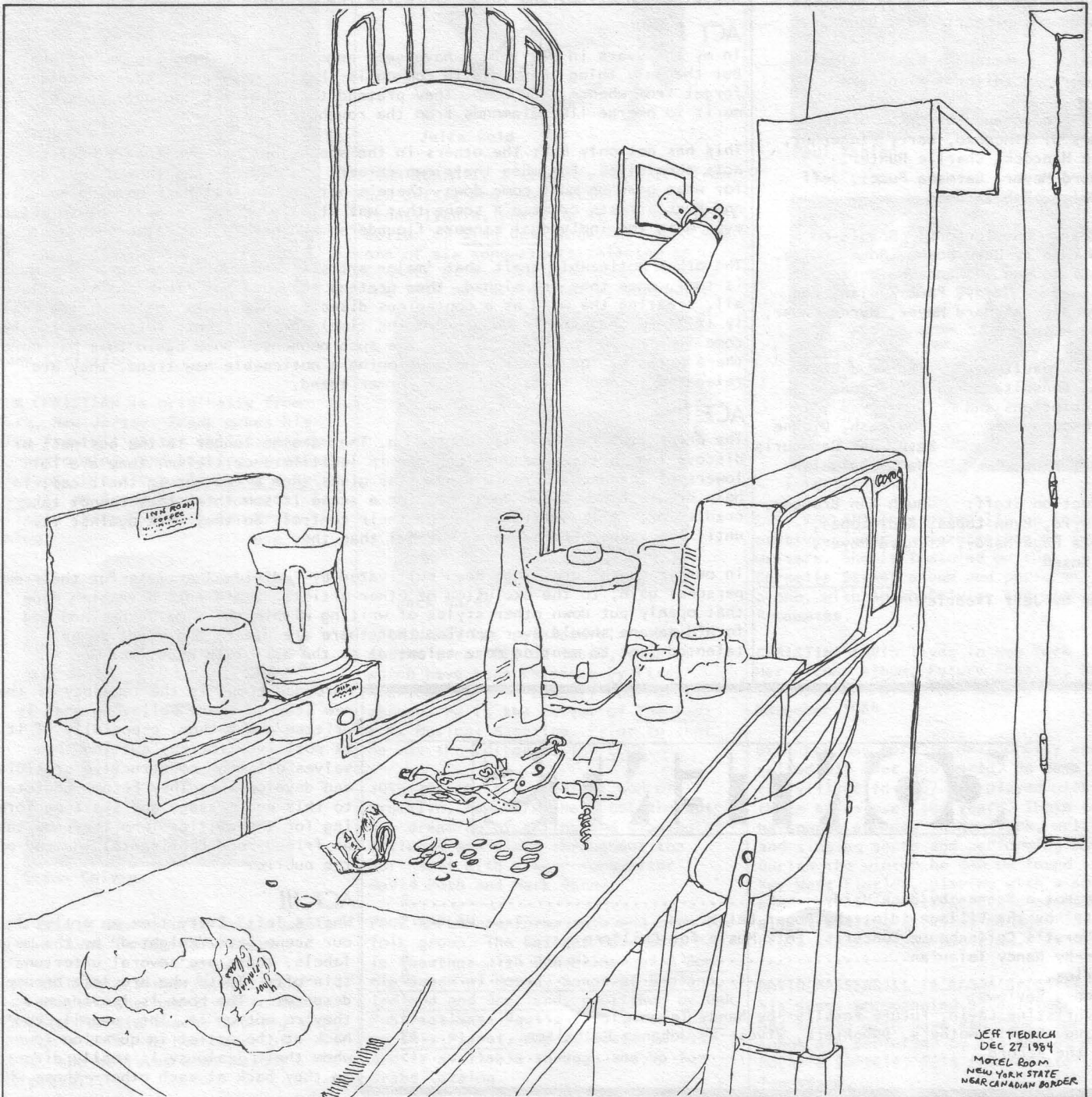


# FAST FOLK

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

JANUARY 1985

VOL. 2, NO. 1



JEFF TIEDRICH  
DEC 27 1984  
MOTEL ROOM  
NEW YORK STATE  
NEAR CANADIAN BORDER

**FAST FOLK**

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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

178 W. HOUSTON STREET SUITE 9 NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014  
[212] 989-7088

ISSN 8755-9137

Editor: Jack Hardy  
Associate Editor: Nancy Talanian  
Recording Engineer: Mark Dann

Graphics Director: Nancy Talanian  
Photography Editor: Alan Beck

Art & Photography Contributors:  
Dennis Di Vincenzo, Barry Fingerhut,  
Chuck Hancock, Charlie Hunter,  
Richard Meyer, Germana Pucci, Jeff  
Tiedrich, Bob Zaidman

Literary Contributors: Bonnie Jo  
Blankinship, Gary Boehm, Roger Deitz,  
Jean Freedman, Johanna Halbeisen,  
Angela Page Hardy, Paul Kaplan, Rod  
MacDonald, Richard Meyer, Byrne Power,  
Brian Rose

Media Consultant: Sherwood Ross  
Legal Consultant: Ray Korona  
Subscriptions and  
Correspondence: Tom Nash, Dianne  
Nash, Pat Cambouris  
Advertising: Nancy Talanian

Production Staff: Ruth Ann Brauser,  
Jay Byrd, Lynn Lopes, Rudy Lopes,  
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Jay Rosen

Cover by Jeff Tiedrich

**WHY NOT A SCENE?**

*a tragedy in three acts*

There ought to be something to fall back on, like a knife or a career, for Maggie Roche.

Before I moved to New York I can remember being impressed with the Chicago folk scene. It was always referred to as a 'scene.' One of the anecdotes that made the rounds at that time was how Steve Goodman, having just been discovered by Kris Kristofferson, had dragged Kris around to hear others in his scene, most notably John Prine. And this before the ink was dry on his own contract.

**ACT I**

In my ten years in New York I have seen numerous acts signed to major labels. But the only thing they have in common is that, once signed, they immediately forget from whence they came. They pretend that they are the only acts of merit to emerge like diamonds from the rough.

This has not only hurt the others in the scene, but has eventually hurt the acts themselves. For when their own careers are fading--and they always do, for what goes up must come down--there's nothing to fall back on. The New Wave and Punk artists created a scene that was still good for reams of newsprint even when the individual careers floundered. We have not created such a scene.

The other noticeable trait that 'major artists' from our scene have in common is that, once they are signed, they pretend they are not 'folk musicians' at all, treating the word as a contagious disease. They claim that they are really (fill in whatever is popular at the time) and that their influences really come from early rock and roll or some such nonsense. Once again this has hurt these artists, for rather than developing a noticeable new trend, they are relegated to poor imitations of a former trend.

**ACT II**

The press itself cannot be counted on. They are no longer in the business of discovering artists or even engaged in legitimate criticism. They are followers of trends. To create a new star gives them a feather in their cap. To help create a new scene does not, for a scene is something they cannot take credit for; it is something out of their control. So they work against it, until the scene becomes more powerful than they are.

In our scene the press has been cultivated by individual artists for their own personal gain, to the exclusion of other artists. Statements have been made that openly put down other styles of writing within the same scene. And God forbid anyone should ever mention that there are others who might be as talented (not to mention more talented) as the artist in question.

More dangerous is the tendency of the new star to start believing what is written about them, especially if it is positive, thereby cutting themselves off from constructive criticism and development. They become addicted to this ego massage and start performing for the critics (who they now take as friends and confidants) instead of the public.

**ACT III**

What's left? Every time an artist in our scene gets "knighted" by the major labels, there are several unfortunate spin-offs. Those who are left become desperate. The boat is leaving and they're not on it. They usually can't hack at the artist in question toward whom their jealousy is really directed. So they hack at each other--those who

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can least afford it--meanwhile kissing the ass of the star (waiting to stab them in the back).

At the point when everyone could benefit from working together, they waste their time and energy self-destructing. They jump at any little opportunity to promote themselves and put down others. At times the frustration even culminates in violence itself. The hypocrisy is appalling from singers who sing of nonviolence.

So where do we go from here? How do we make something positive out of this tragedy? The Fast Folk project has now produced its twenty-ninth issue. Even if many choose to consider this insignificant, others such as the Library of Congress do not. Many who reap the most benefits from this project put the least amount of work into it. They

smugly look down at the drones who buzz around the cooperative hive as though they are the stupid ones. But those who do work gain a sense of community that is far more valuable in their development as human beings and artists, while those who do not remain lonely and aloof, ignoring life itself, complacent in their ignorance.

Eventually we will build our scene in spite of its numerous short-sighted components. Eventually the song will be respected as an art form and not as a commercial vehicle. And hopefully the artists themselves will realize that there is more to life than being a star. Some will fall back on a career, some on a knife, and some on a scene that has been many years in the making.

Jack Hardy

## Marsha Necheles



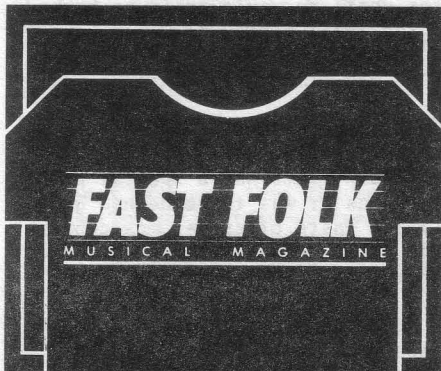
Nancy Talanian

Marsha Necheles, founder and editor of *Folkscene* magazine from 1973 to 1982, died Saturday, December 29, 1984. She was 34.

Marsha helped *The Coop* and *Fast Folk* in many ways over the past few years. She wrote three excellent, well-researched articles: "Canadian Folk Festivals '83" (*Coop*, July/Aug. '83), "A Special Quartet of Canadian Musicians" (*Fast Folk*, Jan. '84), and "Dick Gaughan: A Different Kind of Folksinger" (*Fast Folk*, April '84). She offered us advice and helpful information, drawing upon her ten years of experience with her own magazine. Most importantly, she offered encouragement and enthusiasm for what *Fast Folk* was doing, which was especially appreciated during those periods when things weren't going as well as we might have wished.

We are grateful for all the knowledge, advice, and enthusiasm Marsha shared with us. In addition to her many friends in the folk music community, Marsha leaves her parents. Letters of condolence may be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Necheles, 2671 Kelton, Los Angeles, California 90064.

Nancy Talanian



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## PETRIKOV THE VILLAGE IDIOT

by Roger Deitz

Men reject their prophets and slay them, but they love their martyrs and honor those whom they have slain.

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Had Russ Peters's grandparents not emigrated from Russia following the "bloody Sunday" on which Czar Nicholas II answered a petition presented by a defenseless St. Petersburg crowd of workers by having his troops fire an RSVP with live ammunition, Russ would today be a Russian peasant.

Had a customs agent at Ellis Island cared at all about the ragged couple standing before him, he would not have changed their name from Petrikov to Peters, as he had altered for the sake of brevity the names of thousands of other couples streaming past his desk. Russ's grandfather was too timid to ask to keep his real name. He was just happy that nobody was shooting at him. Besides, he liked his new Americanized name--Razumikhin Ivanovitch Peters had a real 'Yankee Doodle' ring to it.

The United States in the form of Brooklyn turned out to be the promised land, and grandfather had learned a valuable lesson: never go calling on the Czar at the winter palace when you do not have an invitation, at least not when you're in a group of more than a thousand unarmed peasants. And always remember--the Czar gets angry when you visit and don't bring a gift!

Russ was thinking about his name as he descended the staircase from his fifth floor, cold water walk-up (and down) Greenwich Village apartment. He was thinking that if he couldn't find the means to pay his accumulated bills, he would have to change it. A street musician doesn't make much money, but that has little to do with the amount of money one needs to spend in order to live, and Russ to date had spent much more than he had.

As he had done so often before, Russ was tiptoeing past his landlady's door because he was a couple of weeks past due on his rent payment, and Mrs. Luger was anything but charitable about matters such as these. Mrs. Luger could be a real bitch. Rumor had it that she once locked a pregnant woman out of her flat at Christmas time because a foul-up at the welfare office had delayed the woman's support check.

Russ himself had one day returned home to find his stereo gone, and a note in its place informing him that his "radio could be redeemed by paying last month's rent. Love, Mrs. Luger."

She did, however, have her good points. It was her practice to keep a delinquent renter's mail until settle-up time, and how could Russ be expected to pay bills he hadn't yet seen?

As he passed Mrs. Luger's door, Russ heard a voice call out from the other world, "Mr. Peters, are you planning on listening to any radio programs this evening?" His heart skipped a beat, and he clutched tightly the guitar case he was carrying in his right hand.

There was something supernatural about a woman who could see through doors. He had half a mind to return upstairs and rewire his stereo system so that it would zap any would-be tamperer with enough voltage to light up Newark, New Jersey. But some cities and landladies are better left unlit, and Russ would have to clean up the mess afterwards. Besides, it would be just his luck to forget what he had done, and after a particularly hard day, return home to absentmindedly listen to a few last tunes. No, let her have the damn stereo. After that rally Russ had played at, the one for abolishing capital punishment, it would be embarrassing to have to explain why he chose to fry his landlady. He walked out of the building quickly.

Russ's burden was lighter since he pawned his mandolin, a Gibson that dated from about the time the Petrikovs first saw the Statue of Liberty. Russ hated to part with it, but he needed the bread, and he would be the first to admit that he wasn't a very good mandolin player anyway. It's funny how a person can rationalize giving up even a most prized possession. At least with a pawn ticket in his pocket, there was some chance of seeing the instrument again.

The mandolin was not an integral part of his act. It was more a symbol to him; although he never learned to play hot licks on it, he respected its workmanship, its tone, and its history. He knew the entire history of its performing career, who had owned it and so on. He liked to play it in the privacy of his own room. He just liked to hold it while he thought about things. Time and time

again the old Gibson would be pawned to bail him out of financial jams, and time and time again Russ would come up with the money to redeem the instrument. Russ never worried when he occasionally had to part with his friend. He knew that the motivation to get it back was so strong that he would be certain to come up with the money one way or another.

And each time, this extra push was just what was needed to make him work a little bit harder, write a somewhat better song, or get a few extra gigs.

This time money was going to be a problem. Russ had just finished playing the major folk clubs in the New York area...it took all of a few days to complete that circuit. If he had to go play out of town, it was going to cost him money to make money--money he didn't have for travel and other expenses. Since it would be a couple of months until he would again be booked into the local clubs, he would have to rely on his ability as a street musician to get him through this crisis.

So he headed for his favorite spot to play: under the arch in Washington Square Park. This was a special place for him, as it was there he had gotten his first taste of street music back in the early seventies when he first moved to Greenwich Village.

Russ at the time played the guitar somewhat, but performed only at friends' parties and so on. Unlike others, he had not come to the Village to be an artist or a performer. He had come to escape Brooklyn, his parents, and his childhood. Eventually he enrolled at New York University, then took some courses at The New School. But it was under that arch where he was inspired. That's where he fell in love with making and playing folk music. It was there he went daily to watch "Matthew and Peter" perform.

Matthew Weiner and Peter Darmi formed a guitar/flute duet that worked the Bitter End, Folk City, and the Village Gaslight, yet it was under the arch in Washington Square where they truly excelled. They owned that turf and they worked it daily, rain or shine, to the delight of a community of adoring fans. They were wonderful. Matthew's songs were tuneful, rich in meaning and feeling; Peter's flute runs were lively and inventive. Russ was hooked, visited daily, and eventually took their spot as the years went by.



One of Matthew's songs, "Smiles," told about being a street musician, about playing for people who wanted him to play for a dime, people who would stay for hours with smiles on their faces, tapping their feet to the music. The chorus went: "It was hot and weary, but smiles kept me playing for hours." This song affected Russ like some mind controlling drug. He played it a few times a day.

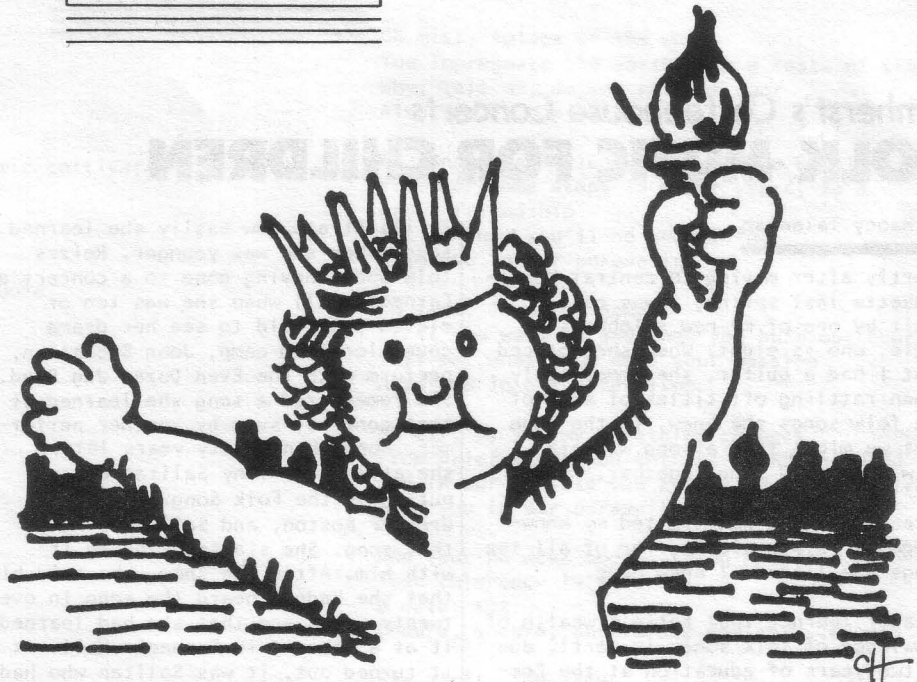
Maybe because it was Christmas week or because Russ was particularly on that day, he found himself cleaning up in the money department. His open guitar case was collecting silver and green at an extraordinary rate. By the end of the day he counted out over sixty dollars and decided to pack up and head for home to warm his hands and listen to his stereo, if it was still there. He walked along home, but paused to watch a most curious sight.

A cab had stalled in the center of MacDougal Street, backing traffic up for blocks as steam wafted out from under its hood. The driver, obviously unable to start the vehicle, was venting his anger by kicking and pounding his taxi again and again. He was screaming at it in some foreign tongue, in a language reserved for dead cabs by New York City cab drivers. If the cab was listening, it never responded, except perhaps to blow a little extra greenish-yellow vapor in its tormenter's direction.

The cabbie was in the act of tearing off a windshield wiper when Russ, tired of the show, turned to leave. New Yorkers, you understand, have seen it all. They are jaded and rarely stop to watch such things. Why, it was probably the third cab Russ had seen so abused on that block that week. Russ wasn't really paying attention; his mind was on his stereo, or rather the empty space where his stereo was not. He was thinking how nice it would be to sit in front of the stereo that was not there, and play along with the mandolin he did not have in his hands.

Suddenly, Russ realized that he was not moving forward. He was blocked by another person. He found himself in a short line that was quickly growing longer behind him. It was odd. He had no idea what the people were waiting for, but he was damned if he was going to give up his place in line until he found out what was going on.

The lady in front of him was most agitated. "I hope I get a blue-eyed boy," she squealed. People in back of him were pushing each other. Two men at the



front of the line were almost to blows because one accused the other of cutting ahead.

As he inched on into the store, Russ ascertained that the line led to a gift shop, wherein the owner had just received a shipment of twenty Cabbage Patch Dolls. In accordance with an old New York tradition called "scalping," the dolls were now being dispensed at twice their suggested list price. But if the wild eyes of the crowd and the Law of Supply and Demand have any relationship whatsoever, the shopkeeper was underestimating the market.

Russ had a choice to make here; he had no use for a Cabbage Patch Doll, and he had worked the entire day for the sixty dollars it would take to buy the doll. He couldn't think. Yellow boxes were flying around the store. One lady held two boxes in her arms. She was unable to make up her mind as to which of the two dolls to buy. She was about to have a nervous breakdown.

Russ was influenced by the frenzy of the crowd. People, locked outside of the shop because they were not of the first twenty on line, were starting a minor riot. "It must be fate," Russ thought. "Why else did I happen by the shop at just the right moment? Why else did I just happen to have sixty dollars with me, exactly enough to buy the doll?" Once a Russian peasant, always a Russian peasant.

Russ looked down at the counter and saw a little green-eyed orange-haired girl doll peering out at him from behind the cellophane window of her cardboard orphanage. The adoption papers beside her noted her name to

be Olivia Connie. Her green baby-doll dress accented her mournful green eyes. Her arms seemed to reach out to him, to daddy, in a plea for him to take her away from this madness.

Before he knew it, Russ had exchanged his hard earned, carefully counted mass of bills and change for Olivia. The shopkeeper gaped at Russ as he recounted the ungainly pile of money dumped next to the cash register. The shopkeeper was by now speaking in a tongue akin to that of the cab driver. The next few minutes were a blur, as Russ Peters headed home.

Stunned, he approached the steps of his apartment building. One shaking hand held his guitar. The other was clutching the yellow box. He was beginning to feel a little sick about what he had just done. It was dawning on him that he still had the rent to pay and a mandolin to redeem. At that precise moment a long, black limousine screeched to a halt at the curb beside him. Down went the darkly-tinted electric powered rear passenger window. Out leaned an obviously well-heeled woman.

"Is that a Cabbage Patch Doll you have there? I'll give you seventy-five dollars for it. I'll give you a hundred dollars... I'll give you anything you want!" The rich woman reached out for the box. It was amazing that she could lift her hand at all. Russ had never seen so much gold and so many diamonds adorning a hand and a wrist.

(Continued on page 14.)

## Amherst's Coffeehouse Concerts **FOLK MUSIC FOR CHILDREN**

by Nancy Talanian

Shortly after moving to central Massachusetts last spring, I was paid a visit by one of my new neighbors--Katie, who is eight. When she noticed that I had a guitar, she immediately began rattling off titles of some of the folk songs she knew, in the hope that we might find a song we both knew and could sing together.

I realized then how limited my knowledge of folk music is, for of all the songs she listed, I knew none.

I later learned that Katie's wealth of knowledge of folk songs is partly due to two years of education at the Common School in Amherst, where she had been a student of Jacqueline Reizes, and a year of attendance at a family-oriented folk music concert series, Coffeehouse Concerts, conceived and run by Ms. Reizes and sponsored by her school.

Performers who are selected for this series are not known as performers of 'children's music,' yet all have been well received by both the children and the adults in the audience. Reizes selects these performers out of her firm belief that children (aged about seven through twelve) are interested in real issues, real events, real people, and real songs about them, and that they can learn songs quickly. Having attended two of this year's concerts--those of Sally Rogers and Susan Boyer Haley--and having seen the children pay attention to the songs and join in on the choruses, I know that she is right.

Reizes's interest in folk music began when she was about the same age as the children who come to her concerts. Between the ages of eight and twelve, she attended Apple Hill Camp in New Hampshire. Her recollection of that time is of the campers sitting under trees or in a giant dining room singing. She still remembers many songs she learned at that camp--some songs about the Ku Klux Klan, Ewan MacColl songs, and her favorite song from that period, "Spring Hill Mine Disaster." That she is able to remember these songs but cannot learn a song from a magazine causes her to maintain the belief that the only way to learn a song is by hearing it.

To illustrate how easily she learned songs when she was younger, Reizes told about having gone to a concert at Carnegie Hall when she was ten or eleven years old to see her drama counselor from camp, John Sebastian, perform with the Even Dozen Jug Band. She remembered a song she learned at that concert, sung by another performer. More than twenty years later, she attended a Tony Salitan concert put on by the Folk Song Society of Greater Boston, and Salitan sang that song. She started singing it with him. After the show, she told him that she hadn't heard the song in over twenty years and that she had learned it at a concert in Carnegie Hall. As it turned out, it was Salitan who had sung the song at Carnegie Hall, having just collected it in Jamaica.

"That to me is classic," says Reizes. "When you learn songs when you're really little, you may not even appear to be learning them, but it makes a real impression. None of the songs that I remember are children's songs. I have a particular taste for non-children's children's songs."

So, while there are many people who do concerts who are 'children's entertainers,' Reizes is not interested in hiring them. Many of the people she does ask to hire for her series say, "But I don't really do kids' concerts." She answers, "That's why I'm calling you." She believes that "if it's a good song, it's a good song for everybody."

By selecting performers of 'real' songs, Reizes achieves the added benefit of presenting concerts that families can attend together, but "that don't leave the parents yawning and the kids scratching their heads."

In producing the Coffeehouse Concerts, Reizes has not only her own childhood experiences to draw upon, but her experience as an elementary teacher at the Common School. It seems that her belief that children should be taught about real things and that they have a tendency to be underestimated are shared by the faculty at her school.

"One of the things we always talk about is respect for children, and I don't think that it's respectful of children to give them 'pablum.' In our work with them, we set really

high standards, and we expect them to be invested in what they're doing. We don't do a lot of rote work. In my classroom, we really value investment in work and having a finished product that reflects some kind of serious inclination.

"We don't give them basal readers. We give them real books and real literature as soon as they're able to read. We study one theme for many months--sometimes four or five. We look at the artwork and music and dance and, during instruction times, we use the literature and history from the period or culture that we happen to be studying. For example, in my first and second grade class we just finished studying the Middle Ages, and we read Beowulf.

"The kids, I think, get really excited about what they're doing, and they 'own it.' It's not some distant thing that they're removed from. They have a feeling of personal ownership of that material.

"One of the goals I think is getting them to ask good questions and to be responsible for their time and for how they learn things. If you do set high standards, it's not being pushy; it's trusting that kids understand and can respond to things. It's not making all their choices for them.

"Kids love real things. They love learning about real things. They want to know about Jesse James, and about people who get hung for murders, and what happened to the slaves, and the underground railroad. And they love all the songs we sing on these subjects. Jesse James is much more interesting than Dick and Jane."

It seems that one doesn't have to be very old to enjoy hearing stories through song. Reizes says that her two-and-a-half-year-old son, Toby, knows a lot of songs and loves them. "When Michael Cooney performed in the series a few months ago, he stayed with us. A few weeks later we put on one of his records, and Toby asked, 'What's Michael singing about?'"

In putting together her concert series, Reizes has given considerable thought not only to the content but also to the atmosphere of the concerts. In an attempt to make the concerts a real



event that both children and adults would enjoy, she attempts to duplicate a coffeehouse setting in the parish hall where the concerts take place. Seating consists of both rows of chairs, and chairs at tables that are covered with tablecloths and candles. Elegant homemade desserts, coffee, teas, and cider are sold both before the concerts and during intermission. This, says Reizes, gives everyone an opportunity to hang out and gives the children something to do other than running around and stepping on the musicians' instruments. It also seems to give children a chance to learn appropriate concert behavior gradually.

Many parents of the Common School students show their appreciation for the series by coming to help set up chairs, staying afterward to clean up, or baking or serving the desserts that are served at the concerts. For Susan Boyer Haley's concert, near Halloween, some of the students had carved jack-o-lanterns which lit the tables. All these efforts contribute a pleasant community atmosphere to the concerts.

The efforts many audience members contribute to make the concerts enjoyable are not lost on the performers. Many have also been impressed by how well the audiences listen to their songs and introductions, and sing with them whenever they're invited to join in on the choruses.

Of course, much of the audience's responsiveness is due to the fact that the concerts are always interesting and often educational. The first performer this year, Sally Rogers, was someone I had been interested in hearing for a long time. And while she did mention a few times how great the kids were, the songs she chose did not seem to vary significantly from those she might have selected if she were singing primarily for adults.

Rogers sang a wide variety of songs: some traditional, some contemporary, written by herself or other songwriters. She alternated songs that she sang alone with others that had choruses she taught the audience. I had heard about how well she plays dulcimer, and was not disappointed. She also accompanied herself on guitar and banjo.

The second performer, Susan Boyer Haley, was a pleasant surprise. Most interesting was her folk music background. She grew up in Alabama, within a family that often played and



sang traditional folk songs that had been passed along to them from previous generations, both in this country and in their native countries in Europe. She introduced songs taught to her by grandparents and parents, and played a dulcimer that her father had made for her. She also played guitar and a cornstalk fiddle and shoestring bow, which she had made herself and which she told the audience how to make. She had brought with her a few limberjacks which she showed the children how to play to accompany one of her songs. It was both enjoyable and educational for me as well as the children to hear a performer who had learned most of her material in the true folk tradition.

The last concert featured Michael Cooney who, I'm sure, played several traditional instruments and sang songs on many subjects. The afternoon of his concert, Cooney presented a lecture on singing with children, the essence of which was; "Don't give them what they want. Give them what they need." He explained why he feels children need to hear ballads on murder, sex, and other topics considered 'adult.'

The effects of the Coffeehouse Concerts on the children who have attended them are, unfortunately, impossible to measure. According to Reizes, the parents who bring their children to the series tend to be the same ones who read stories to their children.

And the children in her classes are taught many songs in class, and they read a lot of mythology, folklore, and fairy tales in school.

But certainly the children are getting exposure to folk music, the mainstay of which is ballads. These songs by definition would seem to appeal to children, being stories set to music that are interesting enough to have been kept in circulation for sometimes hundreds of years. Many of the children may be learning songs that they will still enjoy singing many years from now, and may pass on to others. At the very least, I am certain that the children and adults who attend the Coffeehouse Concerts enjoy them and look forward to them, which should be enough of an achievement for entertainment.

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# SIDE LYRICS ONE

## DOWN IN THE MILLTOWN

When my shift is over  
And I'm headed home  
I don't listen to the radio  
I like to be alone (repeat)

I've had my fill of people  
And all that factory noise  
I listen to the engine  
It's a sound that I enjoy (repeat)

I drive on past the drive-in  
On past the movie lights  
Past the fenced-in fantasies  
That slip into the night  
I slip into the night

Chorus:  
Down in the milltown  
The milltown so low  
Hang your head over  
Feel the wind blow

I wonder what's for dinner  
If she'll be waiting there  
She has to wake up early  
She has to do her hair (repeat)

And if I need a cold one  
There's a tavern up the street  
The company of loners  
Is still company to me  
They're company to me

And if my dreams treat me badly  
And I cry out at night  
Shake me to my senses  
And I will be alright  
I will be alright (Chorus twice)

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## A MARRIED MAN

I got married and settled down  
I use a smaller brush now to paint the town  
I still drink my whiskey I just water it down  
No more showing up in night court  
One day late and two dollars short  
I still play the dogs but just for sport

Chorus:  
A married man, a married man  
Some women think they can turn a bum into a saint  
Well look out mama, now here I come  
You've got the same old bum with a new coat of paint

I'm in love this time I swear it's true  
I meant both words when I said "I do"  
And I liked it when she said it too  
I ain't no sow's ear, I ain't no silk purse  
I spend my days at home writing idiot verse  
Still my wife knows she could have done much worse  
(Chorus)

There's two names printed on the checks  
There's Bud in the 'fridge instead of Beck's  
And I ain't seen any side effects  
I got married and settled down  
I use a smaller brush to paint the town  
I still drink my whiskey I just water it down  
I water it down

© 1984 by Bill Morrissey & Cormac McCarthy

## BLUE HOTEL

The bellhop he won't jump to do the chores  
The elevator man's getting drunk between the floors  
At the blue hotel, at the blue hotel  
I'll wear a boutonniere so you can recognize me dear  
When you meet me at the blue hotel

The upstairs maid's got somethin' goin' on the side  
The house dick he's been known to take a bribe  
At the blue hotel, at the blue hotel  
If I talk like Cagney I hope the cops don't bag me  
When you meet me at the blue hotel

When you step down and dine in our luxurious lounge  
You'll get the finest meal that the house can scrounge  
The chef is deaf, hear the waitress yell  
In the kitchen of the blue hotel  
The house band plays an anonymous bop  
They play savoy and the bunny hop  
Busboy's in the back room, dancin' with a mop  
In the basement of the blue hotel

Ring that bell if you want to call the clerk  
Knock on the desk if the bell don't work  
At the blue hotel, at the blue hotel  
Bring along your aunt, meet me by the potted plant  
In the lobby of the blue hotel

I see Slippery Sylvester and his sinister moll  
They are hanging out in the shadows that lurk  
in the hall  
And the eyeballs are moving in a portrait on the wall  
And the foyer of the you know where

© 1978 by Bert Lee



SUMMER WEDDINGS

Everyone I know is getting married this summer  
Living together just isn't enough, I guess  
Blushing 30-year-old brides  
Register their china patterns  
And go shopping for that long white dress

Maybe she's becoming aware of her own mortality  
The thought of having children doesn't seem so wrong  
Maybe he's grown tired of looking for that perfect woman  
When the perfect woman's been there all along

I've seen them walking down the aisle  
The groom nervous, the bride all smiles  
Both feel a little foolish  
After all these years  
They think they know each other well  
But looking in their eyes  
No one can tell  
They're trying hard to cover up  
Those age-old fears

And I've stood there with the single women  
When the bride throws the bouquet  
Never really wanting it  
I reach out anyway  
Like I've been reaching, I've been searching  
For something I can hold  
Still young enough to think there's lots of time  
Before I am too old for all of this

And I've danced with the best man  
And all the relatives  
The music sounds so tinny as I glide across the room  
Oh, it feels strange to dance at weddings  
Of those who swore they'd never marry  
Those off now on their honeymoon

Everyone I know is getting married next summer  
Living together isn't enough, I guess  
Blushing 30-year-old brides  
Register their silver  
And go shopping for that long white dress

by Christine Lavin  
© 1981 Blendingwell Music, Inc.  
c/o Publishers' Licensing Corporation  
94 Grand Avenue, Englewood, NJ 07631

I HAD AN OLD COAT (THE RECYCLING SONG)

I had an old coat and the coat got torn  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
I had an old coat and the coat got torn  
So I cut it down and a jacket was born  
And I sing every day of my life

In a couple of years those threads got thin  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
In a couple of years those threads got thin  
So I called it a shirt and I tucked it in  
And I sing every day of my life

Then the arms wore out in the east and west  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
Then the arms wore out in the east and west  
So I pulled them off and I had a vest  
And I sing every day of my life

Then the vest got stained with cherry pie  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
Then the vest got stained with cherry pie  
So I cut and sewed 'til I had a tie  
And I sing every day of my life

But soon that tie was looking lean  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
But soon that tie was looking lean  
But it made a fat patch for my old blue jeans  
And I sing every day of my life

And when that patch was next to nuttin'  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
And when that patch was next to nuttin'  
I rolled it up into a button  
And I sing every day of my life

And when that button was almost gone  
What'll I do (what'll I do)  
(repeat)  
And when that button was almost gone  
With what was left I made this song  
Which I sing every day of my life

by Paul Kaplan  
© 1985 Paul Kaplan Music (ASCAP)

AL CORMIER

today Al Cormier is going to die  
he has lain on his death bed for many a night  
breaking the heart of Carolyn his child  
but the winds of his life, they are no longer wild

he was only a windsman, he worked with his hands  
yet he's known as an honest and helpful man  
his wealth that he gathered was many strong friends  
who passed by his grave when he came to his end

there was old "Joe the roofer," a penniless bum  
who squandered his life on whiskey and on rum  
but whenever he was down and his pocket was a-hurting  
he would run to Al Cormier and Al Cormier would give  
him work

there was Glista the judge who came covered with robes  
so deep and distinguished and so very cold  
but he was only one of the thousands who did cry  
and his tears they fell harder than his gavel that night

you talk of the kingdom and the powerful pen  
of men who would like to be followed by men  
but to the working man these dreams are just far away games  
for they have neither the time nor the money to play

i watched young Carolyn down on her knees  
as her father was dying of a dreadful disease  
and i thought of the wealth spent on wars and on hate  
but death, it is only the living man's fate

by Jack Hardy  
© 1985 John S. Hardy Music Co. ASCAP

# SIDE YR (S) TWO

## WAKE UP

Wake up my sweet dreamer  
Wake up my one true love  
Wake up my green-eyed beauty  
Wake up my turtle dove

Sometimes I'm wild and happy  
Sometimes I'm sad and blue  
Wake up you huckleberry  
So I can start kissing you

Wake up you baby fingers  
Wake up you itchy toes  
Wake up you belly button  
Wake up you runny nose

Chorus:  
I'm for you  
You're for me  
And we live  
As we please  
Like those fish that fly  
Say hello, goodbye  
And never mind the weather

Wake up you sleepy weepy  
Wake up you crusty eyes  
Wake up you rosy bottom  
Wake up you marshmallow thighs

High up in the mountains  
Boy is hiding in a cave  
Needs a girl to keep him company  
In the darkness they are brave

Wake up you honey bosom  
Wake up you butter lips  
Wake up you cherry belly  
Wake up you pumpkin hips (Chorus)

Wake up you sleeping beauty  
Wake up you butterfly  
Wake up you hot tamale  
Wake up you custard pie

Sometimes I'm good for nothing  
Sometimes I'm good for less  
I was good in Barcelona  
So I came back penniless

Wake up you ripe tomato  
Wake up you sugar plum  
Wake up you apple strudel  
Wake up you hot buttered rum

Chorus:  
I'm for you  
You're for me  
And we live  
As we please  
Like that flying fish  
You make a wish  
I'll wake you up tomorrow

by David Massengill  
© 1980 David Massengill Music

## GARY'S BLUES

There's not a sound in this unhopeful room  
Just lost children left like unpaid bills  
So this is love's leaving left so soon  
And it seems that daddy can't sit still  
Tell me pretty baby what went wrong  
Is your fear of poverty so grand  
Why did you hesitate and prolong  
Was it all part of some plan

We pawned all our souvenirs  
Makes your leaving so unclear  
I must learn to lead my life without you  
It's a lick and a promise  
You're just some Doubting Thomas  
I sit with these 10Us

I can't hide with my whiskey anymore  
You're misgiving the worst thing I'll regret  
But as I sit I'll have just one more pour  
And smoke another cigarette

© 1985 by Frank Christian

## RISING MOON

Rainy nights in March, making you amazed  
Singing songs of angel flights, and silver traveling days  
Making all my life sound like a lark  
Trying to sing my heart out  
Trying to make a start now won't you

Chorus:  
Hang a rising moon on this sinking heart of mine  
And lead my willful sadness to its rest  
And roll me o'er an ocean  
Where the days ride deep below me  
And something that was mine will be mine again

Sitting here beside you, till it's far too late to leave  
Pretending nothing's on my mind, and nothing's up my sleeve  
But feeling I could very nearly touch you  
Should I take you without warning  
Stay until the morning comes, oh (Chorus)

Talking's not so easy, and singing's just not fair  
It puts you in a woman's soul, to wonder how you got there  
So I guess I'll just take all the time I need  
I'll kiss you when I know you  
Find a way to show you you can (Chorus)

© 1985 by Hugh Blumenfeld

## OUT OF THIS WORLD

It's almost time now  
It's almost over  
Sooner than later  
I'll be dead and gone  
Out of this world

And I guess that I'll miss  
Some of the good times  
But it'll be fine for me  
To be moving on  
Out of this world

Chorus:  
Out of this world  
And into another  
A kinder world  
A world that's better  
Out of this world

Out of my mind  
And out of my body  
Nothing will hurt me  
I'll be so happy  
Out of this world

And you all will miss me  
Then you'll forget me  
But that won't upset me  
'Cause nothing will get to me  
Out of this world (Chorus)

(Repeat first verse)

by Loudon Wainwright III  
© 1984 Snowden Music



IL VOLO DEL CORVO

O umidita', ristoro d'ambiente  
Impregni la terra col gusto del flusso  
Perche', dimmi, marcisci l'uscio  
A nostro svantaggio anche tu

O terra, amica che c'accompagni  
Da sotto casa ad altri anni, all'amicizia coltivata  
Gia' sappiamo che ci sarai ingrata  
A nostro svantaggio anche tu

O fuoco, amante sei tu del giuoco  
Dapprima ci scaldi eppoi ci bruci il cuore  
A chi serve, dimmi, il tuo ardore  
A nostro svantaggio anche tu

O aria, per te il mio respiro varia  
Dai brevi sospiri al vento c'affidi  
E sei stanca nei nostri tramonti  
A nostro svantaggio anche tu

E tu, corpo debole, materia viva  
La tua durata e' vita  
Una data stabilita prima  
Duri, duri, duri e un di'...basta

Voli, voli, or voli, voli  
Sopra il fiume, or siedti su di un ramo  
Il sole sulle piume  
Respiri piano, piano...

Voli, or voli, voli

© 1984 by Germana Pucci

ISN'T IT GOOD/JOSH IS IN LOVE WITH A DANCER

Josh:  
Josh is in love with a dancer  
What is the boy going to do  
Stand up and count, he's got one left foot  
Come down to dance, he's got two  
She's tall and she's slender and graceful  
She moves through the smoke and the noise  
He waits in the wings and he watches all night  
While she dances with all of the boys

She moves like the wind and she moves like the sea  
He's afraid that she'll leave him behind  
Beached like a whale when the tide runs out  
Blown like the dream in his mind

David:  
Turn on the lights, open the windows  
Water the plants and get the mail  
We are home from a long vacation  
Isn't it good to be home

Pull out the shampoo, soap and toothbrushes  
Put on a record and toss me a beer  
I'll go and see if the toilet still flushes  
...Dear

Isn't it good to come home when you've traveled  
Putting your feet on a friendly old floor  
Saying hello to the furniture sweetly  
Putting your key in the door...

J: Josh is in love with a dancer  
A candle in love with a flame  
He's starting to melt, he's afraid he'll  
get burned  
And he's not even sure of her name

Translation:  
FLIGHT OF THE HAWK

Oh mist, solace of the woods  
You impregnate the earth with a taste of tide  
Why, tell me, do you rot our door  
Also you in our unraveling

Oh land, dear friend, we are side by side  
From our home steps to other years, to a  
grown friendship  
Yet we know you'll be ungrateful  
Also you in our unraveling

Oh fire, lover of games  
First you warm us and then you burn our hearts  
Tell me, what good does your passion  
Also you in our unraveling

Oh air, by you my breathing changes  
From brief sighs you entrust me to the wind  
And in our sunsets you are tired, always tired  
Also you in our unraveling

And you, oh weak body, living matter  
Your tolerance is life  
A date, set  
Endure, endure, endure and one day...enough

Fly aloft, fly, fly  
Over a river and alight on a branch  
The sun upon your wings  
Breathing slowly, slowly...

Fly aloft, fly

© 1984 by Germana Pucci  
Translation by Jill Burkee

He would like to go over and ask her  
If there's room in her world for rest  
And maybe what is she doing the rest of  
her life  
But he can't even ask her to dance

She moves like the wind and she moves like  
the sea  
He's afraid that she'll leave him behind  
Beached like a whale when the tide runs out  
Blown like the dream in his mind

D: How do you like that, we have some new roaches  
Putting away all the food we left out  
And I hear the Yankees have fired their coaches  
Isn't it good to be home

Put all the clothes in a pile for the laundry  
Pull out the stamps and pay the bills,  
Ask Raphael to fix the shower  
Oh I really hope that he will

J: Go on take her out on the floor  
What did you come here for  
But to be loose and free in the night  
Maybe you're not Fred Astaire  
Baby, what does she care  
Maybe Josh by himself is all right  
Oh Josh, by yourself you're all right  
You're not listening

D: Gotta find out what my friends have been doing  
Josh is in love with a dancer, I hear,  
Barbara is working, vacation for Susan,  
Oh, it really seems like years since we've  
been home

(Continued on next page.)

There goes the phone,  
It's Mr. Luger, saying he's sorry and raising my rent  
I never blame him, his wife is behind it  
She thinks our money is sent from heaven

We don't care, we've had a vacation,  
Slept in our tent, counted the stars  
Rested our weary minds from this city,  
Strengthened our hearts

J: She moved like the wind and she moved like the sea  
She moved off and left him behind  
Beached like a whale when the tide runs out  
Blown like the dream in his mind

Both:  
Beached like a whale when the tide runs out  
Blown like the dream in his mind

Turn on the lights, open the windows  
Water the plants and get the mail  
We are home from a long vacation  
Isn't it good to be home  
                                  to be home  
                                  to be home

"Isn't It Good" by David Roth © 1982  
Roth Records ASCAP

"Josh Is in Love with a Dancer" © 1982  
by Josh Joffen

TEMPORARY SONG

I'm a temporary worker with a temporary job  
And my temporary income isn't much  
But I'm happy for the moment in a temporary way  
And for temporary reasons  
That's enough.

I've got temporary colleagues and a temporary desk  
And temporary duties to fulfill.  
My superior she greets me with a temporary smile  
'Cause I only have a temporary skill.

Break:  
There's nothing wrong with nine to five,  
It's just a way to stay alive.

I'm a temporary worker with a temporary job  
And my temporary money's always spent.  
But I'm happy for the moment in a temporary way  
'Cause my temporary income  
Pays my  
Temporary  
Rent.

© 1984 by Julie Gold



Angela Page Hardy

The recording session at SpeakEasy. (L to R) Jay Rosen, J. Barrett Wolf, Josh Joffen, Gladys Bragg, Paul Kaplan, David Roth, Diane Chodkowski, Mark Dann, Hugh Blumenfeld



# RECORD REVIEWS

by Nancy Talanian and Johanna Halbeisen

## Christine Lavin, *Future Fossils*

Christine Lavin is best known as a composer and performer of humorous songs. I agree that many of her songs are extremely funny. But her second album, *Future Fossils*, on Palindrome Records, shows Lavin to be equally adept at handling sensitive material.

This doesn't surprise me. I was once told by a theatre director that it is much easier to make an audience cry than to make them laugh. Lavin's ability to write humorous songs and to deliver them in such a way as to make audiences roar shows her unusual understanding of human nature. An examination of all her songs--humorous and serious--shows what makes them so good: their humanness. It is this humanness--sometimes accompanied by a touch of sadness, sometimes a touch of humor, sometimes both--that allows us to identify with them. Having identified with a character in one of Lavin's funny songs, we can in essence laugh at ourselves, a much more meaningful sort of humor than the empty-headed antics of a stand-up comic.

A look at the album's songs also shows their composer's ability to chart new territory. For on this album, Lavin effectively handles subjects that other songwriters have either overlooked or chose to avoid.

Many *Fast Folk* readers are familiar with "Don't Ever Call Your Sweetheart By His Name," which Lavin recorded for the premiere issue of this magazine. This song suggests a variety of pet names--the clichés along with some unique new ones--to call your many sweethearts, with the following reasoning:

Some people think this is dishonest  
Some people think this isn't right  
But have you ever said, "I love you,  
Thomas,"  
When Thomas was the boy you were in  
love with last night?

Lavin, in dedicating the album, follows her own wise counsel: "This record is dedicated to you, sweetheart."

"Damaged Goods" consists of well-drawn portraits of a man and a woman who have been hurt by a multitude of failed at-

tempts at long-lasting romance, and the cumulative after-effects:

She thinks of herself as damaged goods  
So far no one's ever treated her as gently as she wished they would  
And she don't hold her head up quite so high  
And she finds herself longing for the innocence of times gone by

In "Cold Pizza for Breakfast," (CooP, April 1983), Lavin humorously defends her rather wacky approach to nutrition. She compares her health after breakfasting on numerous leftover pizzas, warm cokes, and cold spaghetti to the health of Herman Tarnower, who may have followed his own healthy Scarsdale Diet to the letter until his untimely demise:

Herman was healthy, but Herman is dead  
And pizza surely didn't do him in

"Rockaway is a rare piece of self-analysis set to a simple, beautiful melody. The song's setting is the closing up of a beach house in autumn, after the summer people have left. As the season follows its natural cycle, the trees losing their leaves, the singer asks, "But these walls inside me, will they never tumble down?"

"Rituals" is a brave departure from the modern love song in the "Let's Spend the Night Together" vein. This song looks backward to the courtship rituals followed in the singer's parents' and grandparents' times, and at the haste with which the stages of modern romances progress and end. It concludes that "there's something to be said for...old fashioned romance" of the flowers-and-good-night-kisses-at-the-door variety.

"The Bag Ladies' Ball," a poem, shows the writer's compassion, as well as her sense of humor. For non-New Yorkers, a bag lady is a street person who seems to carry all she owns in shopping bags. Often the shopping bags seem primarily filled with other shopping bags. It is a sad sight, but one which most New Yorkers seem to get used to and henceforward ignore.

Not Lavin, however. In the poem, she describes an annual gala affair for

the forgotten women of the street that she would throw if she were rich. It would take place at the Plaza, one of New York City's most luxurious hotels, located in the most elegant spot in the city. In her poem, Lavin skillfully mixes humor and sadness in proportions that seem to mirror life itself: the humor of imagining poor old street women dining, dancing, and chatting in elegant surroundings, and retiring to elegant private suites where they receive room service in the morning, compares with the harsh reality of their return from this opulence "to the life they're so used to...till next year's bag ladies' ball."

"Regretting What I Said..." (*Fast Folk*, April '84; *The CooP*, June '82) is a song for anyone who's ever lost their temper. All of us, I'm sure, can identify with the singer's venting of anger at her boyfriend by wishing on him every disaster that could possibly befall him on his vacation trip.

Having let loose her wishes for some extremely imaginative demises seems to have been therapeutic to the singer, and may prove likewise for the rest of us. For in the song, though she is still angry, Lavin is able to take back all the cruel things she said:

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

"Sweet Irene the Disco Queen" is a charming, modern Cinderella story. Buddy Brown has everything wrong with him, but develops a crush on Irene, who won't look twice at a man who can't dance. Thanks to Buddy's visit to a dance studio for extensive lessons, the song (based on a true story!) has a happy ending:

Now sweet Irene the disco queen  
She's got herself quite a man  
He ain't much to look at  
He's cross-eyed and fat  
But, oh, that boy can dance dance  
dance

The song's story, overdubbed vocals, and bubble-gum fifties rock-and-roll beat will make anyone with two left feet feel like dancing.

"Ramblin' Waltz" is an insightful inside look at the loneliness of a traveling musician's life that we aren't likely to notice when we see the musician in all his glory on stage:

With guitar in your hand and the light in your eyes  
You come on so strong you appear to be wise  
When it's all over you've nothing to do  
But sit in some barroom and down quite a few

"The Dakota" poignantly reflects upon the murder of John Lennon in Lavin's neighborhood. The event still touches all of us who grew up listening to the Beatles, and often makes me wonder why we aren't equally outraged over all senseless deaths--murders, wars, and starvation. I'm sure Lennon would approve of this sentiment and this song.

With Future Fossils, Lavin shows the marks of a first-rate songwriter and performer--imagination and a firm grasp of how to reach an audience. With these gifts, Christine Lavin is sure to be captivating audiences for many years to come. And if, thousands of years from now, the fossilized remains of this album are unearthed by archaeologists, I'm sure they will find that the sentiments communicated in its songs will still hold true.

-NT

### Judy Small, *Mothers, Daughters, Wives*

We in the United States don't hear many songwriters from other English-speaking countries, especially feminist or topical ones, and we are much the poorer for it. However, Redwood Records has done a bit to fill the gap by bringing us the songs of Australia's Judy Small on her album, Mothers, Daughters, Wives, both feminist and topical.

I first heard about Judy Small when Frankie Armstrong began performing her song, "Mothers, Daughters, Wives." Then Priscilla Herdman raved to me about Judy. I was not disappointed when I finally heard this album.

Judy sings in a wide range of styles and topics and seems at home in them all. She has two hard-driving a cappella songs, "Bridget Evans" (for the women of Greenham Common), done in duet with Holly Near, and a cutting and funny "Song for the Roly-Poly People" for that oppressed majority:

They tell us we're unhealthy while they get wealthy  
"Weight Watchers" is owned by Heinz  
And I tell you people this is one roly-poly lady  
Who's been reading between the lines

Judy has a knack for portraying people in song. Mothers, Daughters, Wives has five such songs altogether. Besides Bridget, we also meet Beatrice Bush, "The White Bay Paper Seller," who has been selling newspapers to passing motorists on White Bay corner in Sydney for as long as Judy can remember. Three more portraits Judy has written in the powerful first-person voice--the older person who has become too senile to live with the family, "Much Too Much Trouble," the wife of a sheep farmer, "From the Lambing to the Wool," and a bag lady in the bluesy "Just Another Crazy on the Street."

In "Speaking Hands, Hearing Eyes," Judy is learning sign language so she can talk with some friends who are deaf.

I know we can't do it all my way  
But if I meet you half way  
There's no telling what good friends you and I could be

I'm not so sure deaf people would like their lives described as "silent and invisible," even though Judy is saying that deaf are silent and invisible to most hearing people. The line is unfortunately ambiguous. But that's only a small hitch in this compassionate song on a topic few songwriters have addressed.

"Mothers, Daughters, Wives," the title cut, says Judy, "was written for my mother and all those other mothers of her generation who have seen three generations of their menfolk go off to war."

The first time it was fathers  
The last time it was sons  
And in between your husbands marched away to drums and guns  
And you never thought to question  
You just went on with your lives  
'Cause all they taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives.

A round of applause goes to Redwood for bringing Judy Small to us in the states. May other record companies follow their lead and bring us more such gems from our English-speaking neighbors.

-JH

A snotty looking little girl, the woman's daughter, started to whine a snotty little girl whine. "Shut up, you already have three," the mother shouted. "This one's for me!" Snotty little girl whine filled the air. Its volume increased.

Russ, still dazed, held the doll tighter and retreated up the five flights of stairs, past his landlady's door, and on into his apartment. He slammed the door to his room behind him as if to keep out the madness that might have followed him up the steps. Panting, he laid down his guitar case beside a chair and placed Olivia Connie Peters, still in her box, on the coffee table where his stereo used to sit. He looked at her as he settled back into his chair. She looked at him. He serenaded her with the mandolin he did not have.

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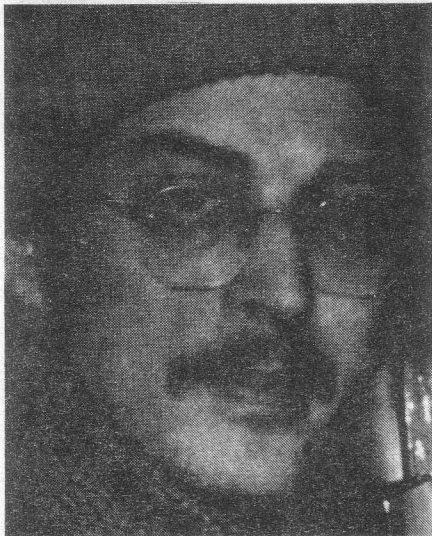
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# ON THE RECORD

HUGH BLUMENFELD is 26, working his way to a dissertation in poetics and the unemployment line. Also to marriage and New England. Any order.



Frank Christian

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



Shawn Colvin

SHAWN COLVIN was born in South Dakota and now lives in New York City.

JULIE GOLD is a singer/songwriter/piano player. She has lived in New York City for six years, seeking a musician's life. In her heart of hearts, she believes that melody will prevail.

Bob Zaidman



Julie Gold

JOHN GORKA is a singer/songwriter from New Jersey who now lives in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he is the assistant editor of Sing Out! magazine. John was one of six songwriters selected as winners of the New Folk competition at the 1984 Kerrville, Texas, festival.

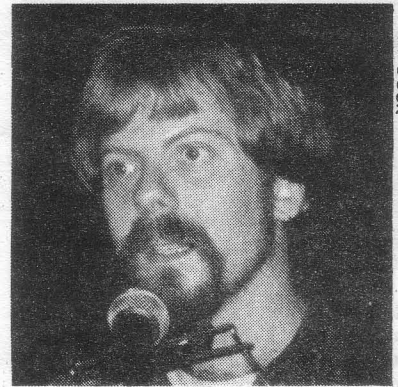


Jack Hardy

JACK HARDY has released six albums on the Great Divide label, some of which have been reissued by First American in this country and Pastels abroad. He is the editor of The Fast Folk Musical Magazine. Prior to that he was the editor of The Coop.

JOSH JOFFEN is a prodigal son of Brooklyn, New York. He spent the autumn dreaming of skiing and playing at colleges and clubs throughout the Northeast with singer-songwriter David Roth and Mark Dann.

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



Alan Beck

Paul Kaplan



Alan Beck

Lucy Kaplanski

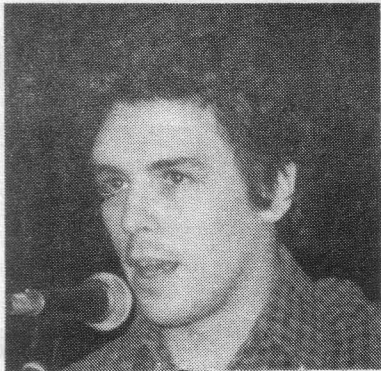
LUCY KAPLANSKI is primarily an interpretive singer, concentrating on local writers. She is featured on the Cornellia Street album and performs alone, with Shawn Colvin, and with the Roommates.

CHRISTINE LAVIN lives in New York City. Her second album, Future Fossils, was released on Palindrome Records in November 1984.

BERT LEE was born in Mexico City and raised all over the world. He came to the village in 1967 and played with three bands over the years. These days he spends summers in New York, writing and singing songs and performing magic. During the winter he can be found in Key West Florida, playing with a swing band called the Striders and occasionally traveling as stage manager for a professional stage magician.

DAVID MASSENGILL is known primarily for his songs accompanied by dulcimer. He has toured with Dave Van Ronk, and his songs are performed by The Roches and Rosalie Sorrels. He's from Bristol, Tennessee.





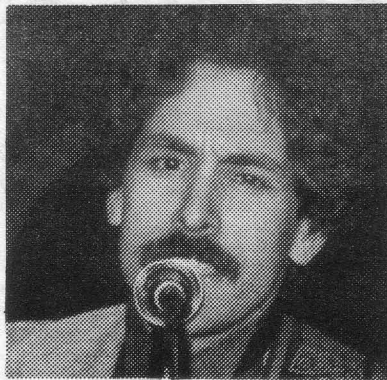
Alan Beck

David Massengill

BILL MORRISSEY is from New England, where he still lives. He performs mostly around New England and occasionally comes to New York City.

GERMANA PUCCI was born in Italy to a family of singers and farmers who lead singing in the fields and are hired to sing the Maggio (peasant's opera) after the harvest. Germana

moved to New York City in 1977. She loves to cook.



Alan Beck

David Roth

DAVID ROTH gains inspiration from Dan Fogelberg, Paul Winter, Tony Bird, David Buskin, Robin Batteau, and Bruce Cockburn. In the musical off-season he works as an audio engineer at the United Nations and ABC-TV.



Deborah Liv Johnson

DEBORAH LIV JOHNSON (whose song appeared on the December 1984 issue of Fast Folk) was born to missionary parents in Tanga, Tanzania, East Africa, and grew up in Ridgecrest, California. She sings at numerous clubs, colleges, and coffeehouses. Recently, she established her own production label, Mahogany Music, in San Diego, California.

## SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

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| <p>1. Down in the Milltown (John Gorka)<br/>John Gorka/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal<br/>Shawn Colvin/Vocal<br/>Frank Christian/Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass</p> <p>2. Blue Hotel (Bert Lee)<br/>Bert Lee/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Frank Christian/Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass<br/>Chorus: Gladys Bragg, Lillie Palmer,<br/>Becky Blackheart, Diane Chodkowski,<br/>John Gorka, Hugh Blumenfeld, John<br/>Kruth, Christine Lavin</p> <p>3. A Married Man (Bill Morrissey &amp; Cormac McCarthy)<br/>Bill Morrissey/Vocal &amp; Guitar</p> <p>4. Summer Weddings (Christine Lavin)<br/>Christine Lavin/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass</p> <p>5. I Had an Old Coat (The Recycling Song)<br/>(Paul Kaplan)<br/>Paul Kaplan/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Chorus: John Kruth, Tom Intondi, Christine<br/>Lavin, David Roth, Gladys Bragg, Hugh<br/>Blumenfeld, Diane Chodkowski, Lillie Palmer,<br/>Siena Kaplan<br/>Mark Dann/Bass</p> <p>6. Al Cormier (Jack Hardy)<br/>Jack Hardy/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass<br/>Frank Christian/Guitar</p> | <p>1. Wake Up (David Massengill)<br/>David Massengill/Vocal &amp; Dulcimer<br/>Mark Dann/Bass<br/>Jack Hardy/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Chorus: Gladys Bragg, Tom Intondi, John Gorka,<br/>Josh Joffen, Diane Chodkowski</p> <p>2. Gary's Blues (Frank Christian)<br/>Frank Christian/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass</p> <p>3. Out of This World (Loudon Wainwright III)<br/>Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal<br/>Shawn Colvin/Vocal &amp; Guitar</p> <p>4. Rising Moon (Hugh Blumenfeld)<br/>Hugh Blumenfeld/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Diane Chodkowski/Vocals<br/>Peter Lewy/Cello<br/>Mark Dann/Guitar</p> <p>5. Il Volo Del Corvo (Germana Pucci)<br/>Germana Pucci/Vocal &amp; Guitar</p> <p>6. Isn't It Good/Josh Is in Love with<br/>a Dancer (David Roth/Josh Joffen)<br/>Josh Joffen/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>David Roth/Vocal &amp; Guitar<br/>Mark Dann/Bass &amp; Vocal</p> <p>7. Temporary Song (Julie Gold)<br/>Julie Gold/Vocal &amp; Piano</p> |
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All songs on this issue were recorded in one afternoon at SpeakEasy in New York City. Jay Rosen, Recording Engineer.

For the next issue, Fast Folk will return to its usual format of studio recordings.