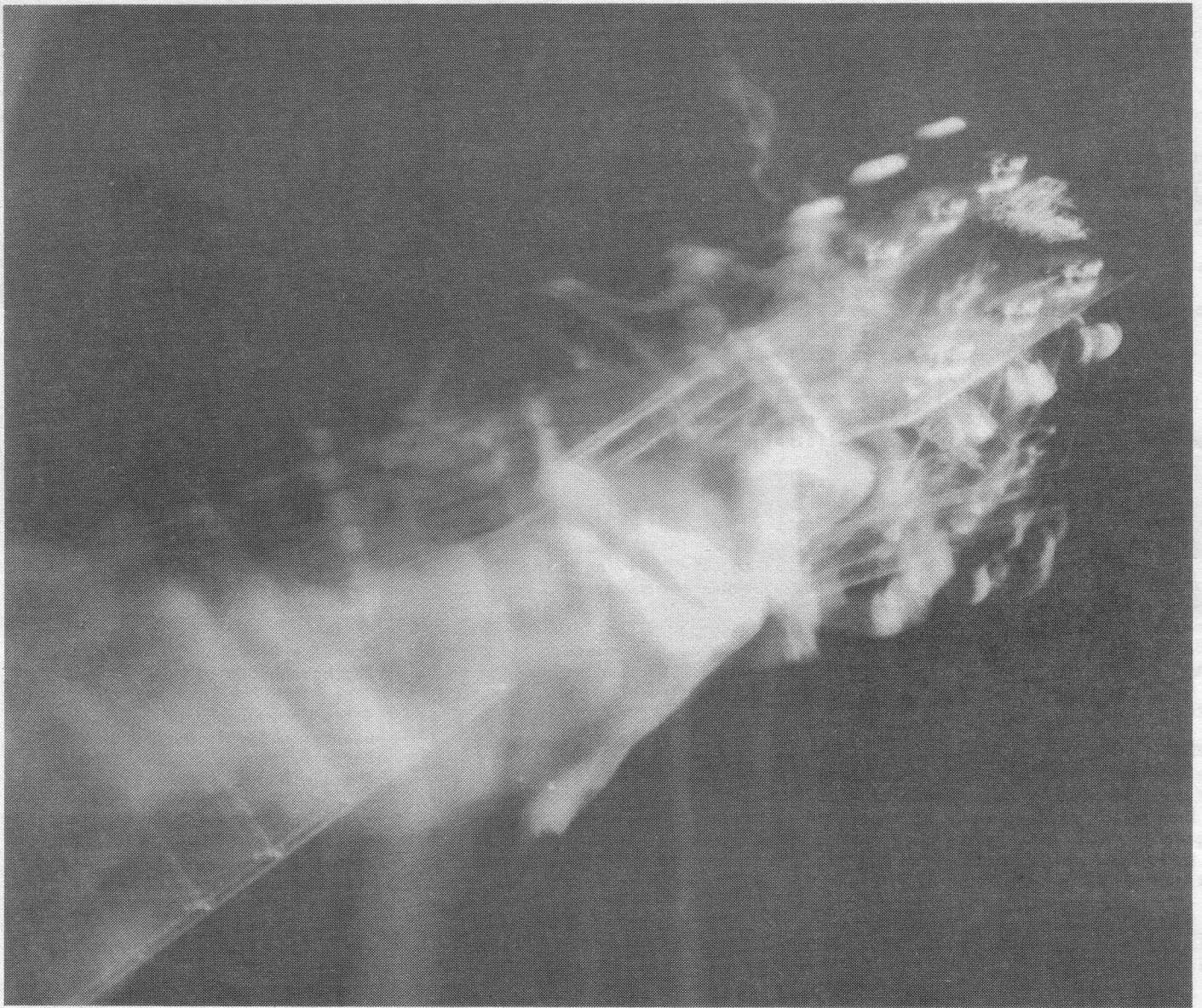


FAST FOLK

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

VOL. 2, NO. 5

MAY 1985



LIVE AT ARLINGTON TOWN HALL

BOSTON JOURNAL

March 3-9

Sunday

Whenever I stop in the Boston area I always stop first at the home of Stephen Baird. Stephen knows the ins and outs of the scene at large in that area and, because of his wide ranging travel experience, can put it in the proper perspective. Because he performs as a streetsinger, he does not represent the usual competitive threat to the singer/songwriters and, hence, can float freely between the various cliques that always make up a larger scene.

Stephen is also an organizer. He is pragmatic and hard working, which means he follows through on his ideas. For example, he fought, and won, a case through the court system to legalize street singing. His most recent project was to reorganize the Nameless Coffeehouse, which was in danger of falling apart after having lasted over 20 years. He restructured the organization, helped get it funding, and trained someone to take his place.

When I arrived Stephen was playing with his new computer: organizing mailing lists, information on college gigs, fundraising, graphics, the whole works. I admire his ability to mix the ancient art of attracting a crowd on the street corner with modern technology.

We sat down to a long discussion on the Boston-Cambridge scene. He doesn't freak out when I tell him that we are invading with 15 New York-based musicians for a concert in Arlington, and while we are here we also want to record as many of the area musicians as we can in one day. Stephen doesn't see any rivalry between the New York and Boston scenes; he considers it one scene.

I think the Boston scene is so fragmented because Boston does not have a center for this music at present. Small groups tend to become insular when they are not subjected to the agony and ecstasy of listening to each other.

In New York, SpeakEasy serves the purpose of a center. Not that it is any great showcase, or that the music is more than 50 percent tolerable, but it is a place to rub elbows with others. Just to know that you are not alone in the quest for the "noncommercial" song, or that you are not alone in the quest to make that compatible with a desire to be recognized and to earn a living doing it, is an important step in forging a group identity. Because the creative part of songwriting is so solitary, songwriters need a place to collectively blow off steam. Boston began to have such a place in the Idler, but when that club prematurely folded, there was nothing to replace it. Passim is a great place to play, but it is not a hang-out; there is no alcohol and no space. The Nameless Coffeehouse is a church-sponsored free-for-all that serves a definite purpose, but not that of forging a group identity.

Monday

I wake up the next morning to hear one of my songs on the radio (a bit of ego-gratification that I had not experienced before). In Boston and Cambridge one can hear a lot of folk music on the radio: WERS in the morning, WUMB in the afternoon, WATD in the evening, with many other stations joining in. Much of the programming is still done by college students, so there are problems of continuity from year to year, and even from hour to hour.

The Boston Globe that morning had an article on the New York scene. I had been hoping that this article would help promote our concert, but the well-meaning article merely focuses on the personalities. It would have been a good article for *People* magazine if these people were already stars, but they are not. Even the ones who have worked their way up in the pecking order of the folk music community and those who have signed contracts with major labels are still unknown to the world at large.

Our concert is part of the FolkTree concert series, of which ours is the only concert being promoted without a single "big name" talent. I have always been a firm believer in promoting the concert and letting the music speak for itself. If someone likes the music, then they might want to know what furniture is in

the musician's apartment or whom they love, but not before. Journalists seem to want to perpetuate the myths and rituals of the "great folk scare of the '60's," the stars who slept on the "threadbare couches," to the point where they see these "threadbare couches" where they are not. (I enjoyed reading about the "threadbare couch" in my Houston Street office, which in reality is a modern captain's bed with a futon mattress.) It is far harder to write about the songs and about that which is truly different and exciting about a new scene.

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Tuesday

Richard Meyer and I meet with Harry Lipson (the concert promoter) at the Arlington Town Hall. All the FolkTree concerts are held at Arlington Town Hall. It is time to literally get folk music out of the dark ages.

Richard Meyer, as well as being an excellent songwriter, is also an expert lighting technician. What passes for lighting in the Arlington Town Hall is a row of 'footlights'--regular light bulbs that pop out of the front of the stage. These lights may have been good for silouetting the Rockettes in the '20s or lighting individual folksingers singing murder ballads in the '60s (as these lights make everyone on stage look dead). But they are not adequate for reaching today's media-saturated public.

"It is impossible to do anything," Harry tells us, quoting janitors, custodians, town electricians, and other

bureaucrats. I learned to translate this statement while on tour in Italy. It means we are: (a) frightened, (b) lazy, (c) incompetent, (d) all of the above. Richard goes to work, and after several diplomatic meetings we have lights: two stands of Lekos and a follow spot.

Later I have dinner at Harry's house. While listening to Dick Pleasant's show on WATD, we discuss the problems of getting people to folk concerts. Harry is still pessimistic about our concert's prospects. I argue that the only problem is too much 'preaching to the converted,' advertising only to the same limited folk audience; that there is a much larger audience of intelligent people out there that has not yet been tapped. Harry talks about all the positive comments he received about our Fast Folk poster--that it didn't look like the usual 'folkie' poster.



Angela Hardy

Lorraine Lee in The Nameless 'studio'.

Wednesday

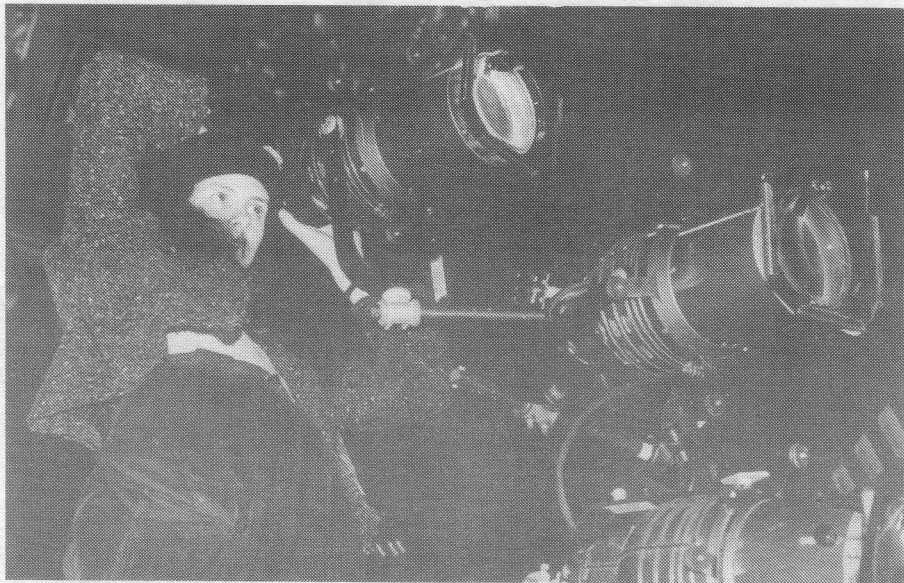
I start the morning at WERS playing Fast Folk cuts and promoting the concert. (Richard Meyer does the same show on Thursday, and David Massengill on Friday.) In the afternoon I go to WUMB and do the same. Sweeney shows up at the station with several different flyers he has printed to put on car windshields.

Thursday

The Boston Herald runs a great piece on the concert. Everyone says that nobody reads The Boston Herald. Somebody must, because several people tell me about the article.

That afternoon we set up shop in the basement office of the Nameless Coffee-house to record the Boston/Cambridge/Marblehead scene, using the upstairs to socialize. In the course of the day we recorded 18 different performers, starting with Bob Franke at 3 p.m. and ending with Lorraine Lee at 10:30 p.m. Earlycomers such as Bob Holmes and Geoff Bartley hang out all day. A surprise guest was Julie Snow who many of the area performers were unaware lived in the area.

We already realized that the hardest thing would be to decide what goes on the "Boston" area issue and what will be held for the June issue. Eric Kilburn was a great help, as was Dennis Pearne, assisting our engineer Jay Rosen with technical chores. Several performers remarked that it



Jason Threlfall

Stage Manager Beverly Barck focuses lights for the show.

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was the most fun they had had in a long time.

Many of these musicians I met for the first time, after taking suggestions from Stephen Baird, Jeff McLaughlin, Doug Waterman, Judy Molner, Kari Estrin, Eric Kilburn, and Bob and Raeanne Donlin. Others I have known for a long time. (Fast Folk has recorded more than 20 people from that area in the past.) Later that night Sweeney is spotted leafletting the Cambridge area.



Carol Goodman

Angela Hardy



(l to r) Jack Hardy, Dennis Pearne, Chuck Hall, Eric Kilburn.

Angela Hardy



Jeanie Stahl and Guy Van Duser warm up before recording at The Nameless.

Angela Hardy



Julie Snow (center) records with (l to r) Judy Molner, Gail Rundlett, Bob Holmes (hidden), Geoff Bartley, and Doug Waterman at The Nameless Coffeehouse.

Angela Hardy



Bob Holmes, Geoff Bartley, and others hang out upstairs at The Nameless.

Angela Hardy



Angela Hardy

Dennis Pearne works on overdubs at Doug Waterman and Judy Molner's.

Friday

We set up shop at Doug Waterman and Judy Molner's house in Roxbury to do overdubs. Dennis Pearne patiently adds bass and guitar to several tracks. Jay Rosen becomes the first member of the Folk Police to earn a 'purple heart' for being wounded in the line of duty by falling through a glass table. (Chuck Hall's musical introduction loses two bars in the same accident.)

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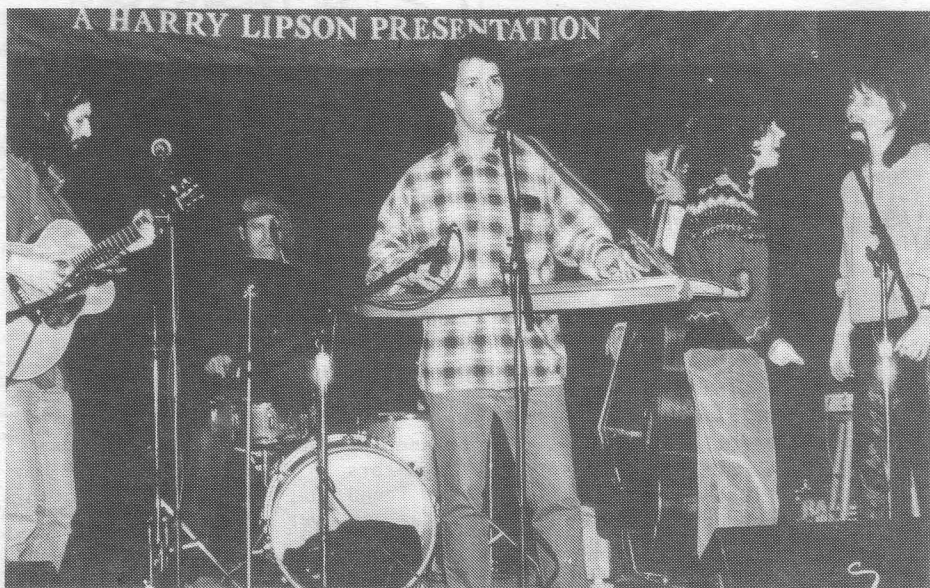
Saturday

The day of the concert brings several miracles. The first is that our entire crew shows up on time for the sound check: twelve performers, four back-up musicians, a stage manager, a crew of six-and-a-half to sell record-magazines, T-shirts, and posters. Sweeney shows up with two thousand Fast Folk pens to hand out with the programs. Brad Paul is excellent on the sound board.

The first show in the 550-seat hall is almost sold out. Both shows go without a hitch, and receive encores (and great reviews in Monday's Globe and Herald).

The after-show party is at the home of Jeff McLaughlin (a writer for The Boston Globe). Geoff Bartley brings Passim's owners, Bob and Raeanne Donlin, after his gig at their club. Other concert promoters Kari Estrin and Lenny Rothenberg are there. Many of the area musicians we recorded are there. Dan Gewertz from the Boston Herald is there, as are numerous other journalists. The party becomes a massive celebration, not just of our concert, but of the folk scene in general. Sweeney shows up with a case of Guinness--a good place to end this journal.

Jack Hardy



Jason Threlfall

(l to r) Mark Dann, Howie Wyeth, David Massengill, Jeff Hardy, Lucy Kaplanski, Shawn Colvin at Arlington Town Hall Concert sound check.



Jason Threlfall

(l to r) Richard Meyer, Mark Dann, Jack Hardy, Howie Wyeth, John Gorka, Jeff Hardy (behind bass), Shawn Colvin, Lucy Kaplanski at sound check.

THE FOLKSINGERS' HALL OF FAME

by Roger Deitz

Not many people are aware of this, but folk music has its own hall of fame. In keeping with the traditions and modesty so closely akin to our calling, this is a little known organization that fairly rewards the noteworthy and ignores the superficial trappings of celebrity. Now, this is folk music, and as would be expected, no decent folk artist would ever have anything to do with such obviously self-serving foolishness. That's why the roster of members is, well, just a tad lean.

Not only is the organization not well known, but so also are the inductees obscure. As a matter of fact, one of the criteria for acceptance into The Folksingers Hall of Fame is true anonymity, which is appropriate if you know anything about the life of the typical folksinger. The following list appears in print for the first time, so don't be surprised if you haven't heard the names before. I guarantee you...there will be something familiar about all of them.

Donny Doom

Donny was a rising star of folk music in the sixties concomitant with the development of jet airline passenger service. All of his songs were downers, and sitting through an entire performance of his songs caused a mass depression so widespread that Donny was the recipient of The American Psychiatric Council's Man of the Year award in 1963.

Donny was heavily influenced by an airline trip he had taken to visit an aunt in Cleveland during which he was served his first airline meal-- powdered eggs and weiners. The weiners were all right, but the eggs could have been tighter, and turned out to be a bit spoiled. After eating, Donny imagined that he had seen Lloyd Bridges enter the cockpit, and he knew it was just a matter of time until the plane's landing gear would freeze in the up position, and his trip would be the subject of an "Airport" movie.

In performance, Donny's entire show of original material was devoted to songs about airplane crashes. After the Carnegie Hall show, United Airlines stock dropped twelve points on the New York Stock Exchange, and trading was suspended. No one is quite sure what happened to Donny. One suggested theory



is that, prior to taking an Allegheny flight late in 1965, Donny argued with a clerk about the safety of sending his guitar through baggage handling and cargo. The clerk agreed to affix a "FRAGILE--SPECIAL HANDLING" label to it, perhaps to make it a better target. Being a bit skeptical, Donny decided to ride along with his guitar to see just what it is that happens to guitars in airline transit. He may have found out, but neither he nor his guitar was ever seen again.

Cassie Trasion

Cassie was very much ahead of her time as she was one of the earliest proponents of equality in folk music. From all of the recordings of her that I have listened to, she reached that goal by being every bit as bad as her male counterparts in the Hall of Fame. Her sets usually began with a few tunes about being screwed by men, both figuratively and literally, and ended with her belting about the male stage hands.

Her reputation for being hostile probably didn't help her get many bookings. Her reputation for singing off key and only knowing two guitar chords wasn't a plus either. Her untimely death during a workshop entitled "The Guitar as a Lethal Weapon" led to the institution of new safety standards relating to electrically amplified guitars, high voltage outlets on stage, and the training of male stage hands in their operation.

Lance Kaypey

Lance was one of the first folk performers to protest the Viet Nam War in song. It is unfortunate for Lance that he waited until being drafted by the army to start performing these protest songs. Billed first as "The Singing Seargent," then as "The Singing Corporal," and finally as "The Singing Private," Lance delighted his audiences with his rather candid assessments of the humorous nature of army life. He packed many PX's and officers clubs in this country and overseas. Last year *Stars and Stripes* called him the most gifted performer in the Fort Dix stockade. When not doing laundry or making license plates, Lance likes to get mail and exercise in the yard. He says he is working on some stuff about the Pentagon and the MX missile system.

The Reamers

Originally out-of-work itinerant Irish cabbage pickers, they made the jump to being out-of-work itinerant musicians easily enough. Their songs about the cabbage blight, cabbage picking, and armed resistance to the cole slaw barrons made them extremely popular with a rather select group of Irish vegetarian folkies and did much to popularize the New England boiled dinner-dance party. They introduced the public to the almost long-forgotten "Cabbage Dance" and played backup at these cabbage dances until a gas explosion of unknown origin brought an untimely end to their careers.

Roman deRhodes

The undisputed grand old man of folk music, Roman first came to national attention during the depression singing tunes about the great Canadian Goose Bowl (all the American geese had flown north to avoid the dust bowl, and caused a great deal of nasty mess on statues and streets north of the border). He performed his trilogy of songs about the goose bowl--called "Le Grande Honk"--on the radio at KRAS in Vancouver for "The Monarch Finance Company Comedy Hour," but soon left the show after his boss repossessed his car. At this point Roman started riding the rails in an effort to see the country...and keep the Monarch people from repossessing a large amount of cash that he had advanced himself from the box office of the theater from which his weekly program had been broadcast.

Roman met a lot of people on his travels and would often share little pieces of Canadian folk wisdom with them. Often he would say that "you could tell more about a cow by riding in a cattle car than you can by eating a hamburger at a drive in!" It was sayings such as these that got him committed to a Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, rest home in the late '40s. But after his release on a technicality (one of the doctors who committed him was not a doctor at all, but an insurance salesman from Moose Jaw) he went back to riding the rails, and strumming his tunes for railroad regulator men who to this day wait for him at railroad yards and shoot at him for old times' sake.

Louden Strident

Louden played a number of stringed instruments (guitar, banjo, hammered dulcimer), all just slightly out of tune. Most of his time on stage was spent in a vain effort of tuning and retuning the strings of these instruments, leading the audience to believe that the resulting sitar-like sound was the performance itself. Loudon caught on and became a cult figure in the late sixties, until after playing at a New York City event billed as "The Great American Smoke Out," Loudon, on his way back to his Coney Island apartment, made the unfortunate mistake of trying to tune the suspension wires of the Brooklyn Bridge. It was a slow and painful death, although a rather interesting sound.

Most of the tuning jokes in the repertoire of the modern folksinger are attributed to Loudon, including the

ever popular "Close enough for folk," which also happens to be his epitaph.

Rich Relevant

Rich is an exception to the rule of the poor starving folksinger. He has always had more money than he has known what to do with. He also has always had more guitars than he has known what to do with--one. He would delight in bragging he could command a concert fee of ten thousand dollars. He had a lot of time to brag, because he was rarely booked at that ridiculous rate.

A student of history, Rich knew more songs about poverty and hunger than any other artist, and he sang these songs often because it made him feel superior. Always a spiffy dresser, Rich played wearing an ascot and three-piece pinstripe suit and was often called upon to sing at bank openings and Republican Party mixers. He is the founder of the famous Institute for Feline Fur Ball Research and hosts their yearly nationwide telethon.

Harrison Spieler

Emcee of a popular weekly radio broadcast from Butte, Montana, that featured folk artists who happened to be passing through town. The show, entitled "A Sheep Herder's Companion," was a big hit with the many Great Plains shepherds who didn't have a great deal to do on Saturday nights. Although a bit off the beaten folk circuit, Harrison attracted the best acts of the day by lying to them about the size of his audience.

Harrison is best remembered for his charming long narrative stories about life in Butte, and the colorful inhabitants of his region, but most of all, he is remembered for his charming stories about sheep, which were the subject of his weekly stories. The program was taken off the air in the fifties during a rather nasty personal trial during which Harrison was accused by The House Un-American Activities Commission of using the airwaves to instill Communist ideals and of hoarding wool during the Korean Conflict. Senator Joe McCarthy called Spieler the most dangerous man in Butte.

The Inspid Sisters

Using three-part harmonies sung in a range audible only to some humans and most members of the canine family, the three sisters--true to their flower

child convictions--sang about love, truth, and beauty. Those three words appeared regularly in each line of every one of their songs. A reporter for one major folk magazine said of one of their performances: "It made me want to go out and beat up a bunny." The Inspid Sisters are the only group ever to be named by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of The American Dental Association as likely to promote tooth decay.

The famous confrontation of The Inspid Sisters and a few members of a rather nasty motorcycle gang typified the influence their music had on people. After hearing the Inspid Sisters perform at a free music festival, the gang members gave up their evil ways and pointless existences, and went on to join the Peace Corps--eventually teaching the natives of Honduras how to soup up Harleys. Unfortunately, this was not before they chained the sisters to their motorcycles and dragged them about the fairgrounds for a few days.

Banjo Billy Banter

A familiar face at folk festivals for decades, Banjo Billy knew thousands of old banjo tunes and could be called upon at any time to perform them in authentic "old-timey" style. The only drawback was that, no matter which song he played, it sounded exactly like "Cripple Creek." Billy claimed to have taught Earl Scruggs how to pick. He also claimed to be a time lord from the planet Pluto. I would be more apt to believe the latter than the former.

Banjo playing notwithstanding, most people remember Banjo Billy for his homespun humorous stories that he would inject into his performances. They were a welcome relief from his banjo playing, and gave his audience the opportunity to visit the rest rooms and purchase refreshments.

Well, there you have it. A list of members permanently enshrined in The Folk Hall of Fame. It's the time of year for nominations to be made, so if you happen to have a none-too-famous name to place into nomination (the rules allow for only one nomination per person), please send their name and a short biography to me in care of this magazine. A list of inductees will be chosen and will appear, along with the name of their sponsor, in a future issue of Fast Folk.

©1985 by Roger Deitz

SIDE YR C SONE

RAGMAN!

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 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!

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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SPOTLIGHT

I like the way you play your songs
I like the way you sing
You look so good in colored lights
And the brilliant spotlight ring.
And up there your eyes are fiery
And hotter by degree
But weary and confused
When no one else can see.
So you need to feel the fire
When you fear it starts to go
To feel the heat of all those lights
Long after the show.
And you need it so much now
You don't even know
If all the world's a stage to you
Then where else can you go?

Chorus:

You could come away with me tonight
I can make it all alright
You don't need a spotlight
You just need a home.

I want to drive away with you
Far from New York streets
And hit on a highway
Where sky and road still meet.
And the sky out there is bright
And the moon's about to rise
It's all there waiting
If you'd look into my eyes.
'Cause here in the city
There isn't much to see
And here in this apartment
You can hardly breathe.
And the only lights you see tonight
Are on the ceiling moving slow
Flashing signs and headlights
In an eery neon glow. (Chorus twice)

© 1983 by Lucy Kaplanski

PRINCE CHARLES

I never really knew him, but I was hoping that we might meet
I knew I'd find him very witty. I hoped he'd find me sweet
but somebody beat me to him, ruined all my plans
some little conniving wench went and stole my man

Oh Charles, Prince Charles.
can you hear my heart break
can you hear me telling you
marrying her is a big mistake
Oh Charles, Prince Charles
when you proposed she was just 19
don't you think that's a little young to be making her
England's future queen?

Yes I know she's pretty. Yes I know she's rich
but I read in the National Enquirer Lady Diana is a...
which I was very shocked to read, but hey, it must be true
'cause there hasn't been anything on TV about her wanting to sue

Woah-woah Charles, Prince Charles
you are making a bad mistake
in the bosoms of girls all over the world
hearts keep going break, break, break
Oh Charles, Prince Charles
she's not even 23 years old yet
and think of all the eligible women in the world
that you still haven't met

Oh, maybe you got panicky
thinking you were losing your looks
confidentially, Chuck, you got no looks to lose
or maybe you're the kind of cad
who likes to drive us women mad
knowing now we all have the
"I'm never gonna get to be
the future queen of England" blues

Charles, Prince Charles
do you have a last name?
I was going to ask you that on our first date
forget it, things have changed
Oh Charles, Prince Charles
any girl looks good when she's 19
but think about her 30 years from now
when she's an old and ugly queen
take a look at your mother, boy,
and you'll know what I mean

by Christine Lavin
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SMALL BLUE THING

Today I am
a small blue thing
Like a marble
or an eye

With my knees against my mouth
I am perfectly round
I am watching you

I am cold against your skin
You are perfectly reflected
I am lost inside your pocket
I am lost against your fingers

I am falling down the stairs
I am skipping on the sidewalk
I am thrown against the sky
I am raining down in pieces
I am scattering like light
Scattering like light
Scattering like light

Today I am
a small blue thing
Made of china
made of glass

I am cool and smooth and curious
I never blink
I am turning in your hand
Turning in your hand

small blue thing

by Suzanne Vega
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SIGHTSEER

Who's that man in the Foster Grants
Hawaiian shirt and seersucker pants?
He's got souvenirs and picture postcards
In bermuda shorts his Vesuvius blows hard
He's seen the Liberty Bell
He's seen the gates of Hell
He's seen Napoleon's heart in a box
He's seen Watusi dance
He's seen a place in France
He's seen the door where opportunity knocks

Chorus:
Sightseer--he's a sightseer
Sightseer--he's a sightseer
Sightseer--he's a sight--he's a sightseer

He'll never forget the Paris sewers
That's where he lost a pair of binoculars
He's been to London Bridge in Arizona
And he ate a Big Mac in Barcelona
He's seen the Taj Mahal
He's seen the Wailing Wall
He's seen Jesus Christ in the drooling wards
He's seen the world revolve
But he doesn't get involved
For sightseeing is its own reward (Chorus)

The place to be is the Riviera
For curvy birds and avis rara
He's sunburned on his arms and neck
And he pays for sex with traveler's checks
He's seen hillbillies clog
He's seen Pavlov's dog
He's seen the Pope screw a lightbulb in the woods
He's seen the Seven Wonders
He's seen the Thinker ponder
He's seen the spot where Custer stood (Chorus)

Got a zoom lens on his Japanese camera
Twenty mountain-tops' worth of panorama
In forty-one tongues he can say hello
And he still remembers the Alamo
He's seen the hands of time
Commit most every crime
In the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates
He's seen a mute say "please"
He's seen up the magician's sleeve
He's seen the birthplace of Edgar Cayce (Chorus)

© 1985 by David Massengill

MAY DAY

it's not like pan to play his flute
for those who dance for fun
the fire flickers through poison roots
where chance is the run

it's not like elves to hide their gold
where fortune seekers dive
though pirate lore and island shore
yield only ransomed lives

chorus:
there's may day and may wine
and may i please come home
but the briar grows before the rose
and neither grows alone
we'll dance tonight 'til we faint in the light
of the dawn's sweet song of spring
'round the may pole like a day stole
like our feet are borne of wings

it's not like sirens to sing their songs
for sailors with cautious ears
they lure no coward right or wrong
and trade not death for fear

it's not like kings to yield their wines
for hundreds of years of war
though drop by drop the ancient vine
paints blood on every door

it's not like the girls to give consent
to men of ragged prose
though poets sing of nursery rhymes
their cradles are filled with hope

it's not like me to give my heart
in these drowsy daffodil days
though dreams they douse the timid spark
where sleep presents its plays

it's not like saints to tell the tales
of nights on windswept moors
where death defies the dreams of fate
to close the cellar door

it's not like shepherds to lay them down
when wolves are on the prowl
though songs they scare the waking town
an ill wind has no howl

by John S. Hardy © 1978 John S. Hardy
Music Co. ASCAP

SIDE LYRICS TWO

I DON'T KNOW WHY

I don't know why the sky is so blue
And I don't know why I'm so in love with you
But if there were no music then I would not get through.
I don't know why I know these things but I do.

I don't know why but somewhere a dream's come true
And I don't know where there'll be a place for you
Every time you look that way I would lay down my life for you.
I don't know why I know these things but I do.

I don't know why but some will make you cry
And I don't know how but I will get you right
They're not trying to cause you pain,
They're just afraid of loving you.
I don't know why I know these things but I do

I don't know why the trees grow so tall
I don't know why I don't know anything at all
But if there were no music then I would not get through.
I don't know why I know these things but I do.
I don't know why I know these things but I do.

© 1983 by Shawn Colvin

ROCK BREAKS SCISSORS

Refrain:
Rock breaks scissors, paper covers rock
All of the children playing down on the block
They know you ain't got nothing if you don't have a dime
And it's rock breaks scissors every time.

Sounds of the street are coming in through the window
While she is ironing she's watching TV
Calling the answers out to questions on game shows
Dreaming of places that she'll never see. (Refrain)

Well things were different when she was younger
Riding to Coney to have a good time
Of all the boys she knew well, he was the one
Who shared his dreams and put his heart on the line.
(Refrain)

When he was working the future looked bright
And there was cash in their pockets and love in the night
He started drinking when the first one was born
And there were four more coming, it didn't take long.
(Refrain)

He lost his job on a summer's day
He took their savings and he pissed them away
Silence between them and the kids were wide-eyed
She threw him out when she got tired of the ride.
(Refrain)

© 1983 by Tom McGhee

CRAZY HORSE

He looks up at the mountain in the stillness of the morning
And framed there by the treetops and the sky
The image of an Indian riding on a warhorse
Begins to form within the Dreamer's eye

Chorus:

Crazy Horse, I want to see you riding high upon the mountain
Looking to the sunrise, pointing out to the horizon
If a time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last
You will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man

When the Sacred Lands were trampled, when the treaties were all torn up
He led his people's fight against the tide
Till the Sioux were finally broken, then betrayed unto the White Man
He was fighting for his freedom when he died

Now a sculptor from the cities has come west to carve a statue
A memorial to that warrior of fame
And the people down in Custer, they don't like to be reminded
Of the way it was before the White Man came. (Chorus)

A man carves a man out of a mountain
And the mountain draws a mountain from the man
Day by day, clay working clay, you understand
He understands

Thirty years are but a moment when they're set against a mountain
But it's different when they're measured by a man
Though he's happy with his bargain, he's feeling just like Moses
'Cause he knows he'll never reach his Promised Land

Chorus:

Crazy Horse, I want to see you riding high upon the mountain
I have poured my life into you, you'll be here when I'm forgotten
If a time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last
You will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man

© 1981 by Josh Joffen

SONG OF MY BROTHERS

There's no home in this world anymore for a gentleman
An inmate in a tuxedo
Strolling with indifferent partners beneath the chandeliers
Lookin' for someone to bleed to
But I would be your gentleman
If you'd only let this ragged heart please you
There would be laughter
There would be shame
There would be laughter
In a gentleman again

Chorus:

Come riding riding riding
Come runnin' for your life
Come take this song of my brothers
Come take this healing knife

There's no home in this world anymore for a saint
With a salesman to franchise his sandals
Healin' the faithful and hearing all their complaints
In the theatres of Los Angeles
To stand in the garden and ask for nothing
There is nothing they would ever call more dangerous
There will be robes and gowns
There will be saints
There will be magic clowns
Dressed for the masquerade (Chorus)

My brothers are the shattered bones of volcanoes
With a waistcoat a bow and arrow
A pioneer blazin' a trail in the hills of Cumberland
Ridin' logs on the river Ohio
But I seek another highway where they
Learn to heal the wings of a wounded sparrow
Come stand before this fire
Glowin' on your skin
Come take these searchin' eyes
Someplace they've never been (Chorus)

by Rod MacDonald © 1981, 1985 Blue Flute Music, ASCAP

THE VIKING RAG

Some bright morning you might look out on the ocean
And see a ship a-sailing on the sea,
And this lovely scene inspires you with a notion
Of how peaceful and quiet things can be.
But suddenly you feel a pang of worry,
And now you've got a headful of suspense.
And you start to run about in a flurry
With a feeling something dreadful may commence,
As it dawns on you that very ship you scrutinize
Is full of rough and ready rootin-tootin guys...

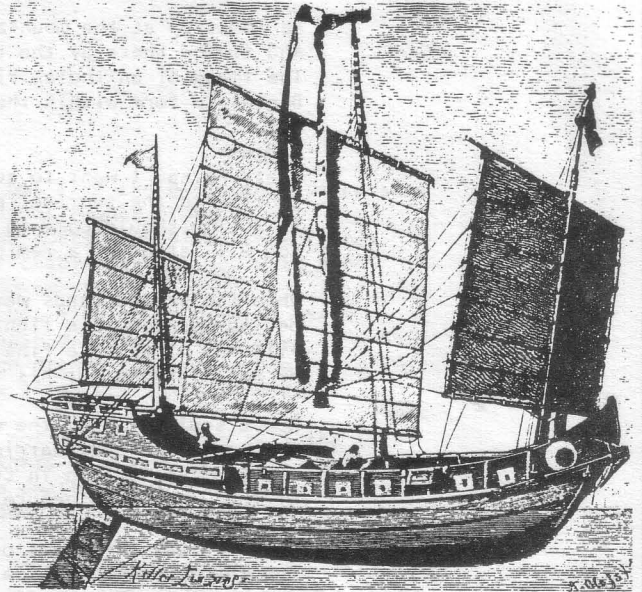
Oh, the Vikings are coming to town
So maybe you shouldn't hang around
'Cause when they get here, they'll drink all your beer
And probably molest your livestock

They're unkind, and you don't want 'em moving in next door
'Cause you'll find--you got a lot more trouble than you did before
There'll be Danes like rain, Swedes like weeds
Legions of Norwegians in a big-ass boat
And if you slander the Icelanders it's kippers to kroner that
they'll come and cut your throat

Oh, the Vikings are coming today
So maybe you should try to get away
'Cause when they get to work they'll go berserk
And make a nasty splash in your gene pool

Bluetooth, Ingvar, Torkel, Sven
"Ve carry off de vimmen and ve murder all de men"
Baldar, Bloodaxe, Forkbeard, Knut
"Ve come and take your property and punch you in de snoot."
Oh the bloodthirsty pagans have arrived
You'll be lucky if you make it out alive
'Cause when they attack they'll burn it 'til its black
They'll ruin and wrack,
And they'll hack 'n sack (nej tak for igge ting)

© 1985 by Erik Frandsen



DOWNTOWN TONIGHT

Dodging the blues
But the blues were gainin' fast
Riding the news
Knowing news just doesn't last
Heaven come seven
With the rollin' of the bones
But winning never feels like going home

He's thick at the bottom
Thin at the top
Like a bottle shaken
With a cork that wouldn't pop
Pretending and descending
To the land of woe
Life's not what you think, it's what you know

Chorus:
So take it downtown tonight
And when nobody's lookin'
You can slip it out of sight
Since you're devil bound it's hell downtown tonight

It's beard, bone and gristle
The rest is mostly mule
He's running from the whistles
He's running as a rule
Pretending and descending
To the land of woe
When you give your hand to fate, she don't let go
(Chorus)

Dodging the blues
But the blues were gainin' fast
Riding the news
Knowing news just doesn't last
Pretending and descending
To the land of woe
Life's not what you think, it's what you know
And when you give your hand to fate, she don't let go

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RECORD REVIEWS

SUZANNE VEGA



CRACKING
FREEZE TAG
MARLENE ON
THE WALL
SMALL BLUE
THING
STRAIGHT
LINES

UNDERTOW
SOME JOURNEY
THE QUEEN AND THE SOLDIER
KNIGHT MOVES
NEIGHBORHOOD GIRLS

A&M Records SP6-5072

by Bill McCaulley

Suzanne Vega is a record of great beauty that comes out of the singer/songwriter category to challenge what acoustic guitar-based albums must sound like.

Vega and her accompanists have begun to redefine, using new wave and classical sensibilities, the genre of Folk without either style suffering from the marriage. Preconceived notions of what makes popular folk music or softened rock are left behind.

In its boldness this album recalls Joni Mitchell's Hejira, which took steps away from the standard sound of previous folk/rock records, resulting in a work that was windy in its rhythmic structure and dense in sound.

Vega's record has a quality all its own, using orchestral touches, straight rock, and electronics. The arrangements will be familiar to listeners of Fast Folk, though the additional instrumentation adds new depths and colors to many of the songs.

The success of this record is due in part to the delicate but distinctive programming of C.P. Roth's synthesizer, which recalls the sound of a xylophone and a string section, and also adds many new sounds to what is essentially folk-derived, if sophisticated, contemporary songwriting. The songs each rest on their own base, which is rich and lovely, and no attempt has been made to homogenize each song under the weight of one style. A clear style emerges, however, from the crisp arranging.

"Cracking"--a delicate jewel of a song--opens the album. The sound is distant and clear at once, and has a cathedral-like resonance to it, punctuated by electric guitar lines that are sharp and restrained.

"Cracking" sets the tone for most of Suzanne Vega in that it defines the musical vocabulary that runs through the whole of it. The quizzical psychology of the song comes through in a vocal that floats in and out of the music track. Throughout this record, the acoustic guitar played by Vega is

a strong underpinning, recorded so that it too has a bell-like sound that is fresh, but in no way disguising the fact that it is an acoustic guitar.

"Freeze Tag" runs like a skipping stone over a cool musical framework. As with all the songs on Suzanne Vega, the lyrics are reflected in the arrangement. The childlike sing-song vocal style picks up the circular lyric scan, and they are held together by an icy synthesizer sound.

What emerges in this collection of songs is a personality in isolation, describing, trying to get out. "Marlene on the Wall" is the one that gets most to the point on this idea. The unspeaking and all-seeing Marlene watches while the singer projects back and forth on a picture of Marlene her own internal struggle. The song is given a muted rock treatment, and the fun of it is the lyrical interplay between the singer and Marlene and the singer's amusement at her predicament. While the track starts out rather soft, it gets more and more edgy as the singer does more "fighting to be free."

The gem of this record is "Small Blue Thing." The lyric and the music are wedded together with beautiful precision. Low frequencies generated by the synthesizer provide a solid dramatic bass without heaviness, and the sparkling high notes add to the liturgical flavor in this very introspective song. The synthesizer picks up the rain, sky, and skipping images in the lyric, and adds glassy sounds like wood block and a Japanese Koto.

This track has a transparency to it that lingers for a long time. It seems that the synthesizer is programmed for high and low frequencies, leaving a window for Vega's voice to float out of. But while there is a great deal going on in "Small Blue Thing," it is not cluttered. There is a crystalline edge to this very soft song that is distant and makes the strongest claim for a new territory in what is called today's folk music. The guitar work is clear, and fingersnap-like notes punctuate small silences and lyrical transitions. This is a very strong song.

"Straight Lines" turns from introspection to the wider world. The arranging gets harder here, and the songs begin to encompass more than one singer.

In "Straight Lines," we watch another woman change herself, while in "Marlene" we are hearing Vega find her own footing. She is working from the outside where all the previous songs were internal ones. The girl in this song is cutting her hair: she doesn't need her flag of beauty anymore. But in the end the music goes back and forth from hard to soft, and the feeling is that turning off lovers and cutting hair won't change much. The end of this song is unresolved, like the subject of the song. This is the end of side one.

"Undertow" brings the second side out of silence with a sharp guitar attack that is distinctly Vega's. Punctuated and staccato chords lead into a softly rolling lyric and build throughout the course of the song. Electric guitars and drums are added, and the song ends in rolling crescendos--gnawing, as sharp lyrics are folded in and out of the song. This is a rock song, and more forward than the others in a tough way.

"Some Journey," which was produced by Windham Hill's Steven Miller, seems suspended in time. The voice is carried forward by the percussiveness of the guitar strumming and train images in the lyric are picked up in the very

legatto synthesizer lines colored by glittery flourishes. Each verse takes on a slightly different tone, and the whole piece builds dramatically. The song is about questions from the past, and in the end the past is left behind with a wildly free violin line by Darol Anger. The song fades away like the memory of an old friend into the distance.

"The Queen and the Soldier" and "Knight Moves" are the two songs that seem clouded by additional instruments. In "The Queen and the Soldier," the song is essentially acoustic, with harpsichord-like sounds and 12-string guitar lines that are strong and effective by the end, but that sound pedestrian at the beginning. They simply accompany and do not orchestrate like so many of the previous arrangements. There is not as much interplay with the lyrics, and while the song is great, the sound is not as original as some of the others.

"Knight Moves" is the one song on the album that would have benefitted mightily had it remained a solo performance. The purely acoustic sections of it are very, very strong, while the fluttery synthesizer lines distract from a very precise guitar arrangement. Harpsichord sounds take away from the knife-like directness of the lyric of this

song. The vocal is clear and sharp, and would sound so much stronger were it unencumbered.

Suzanne Vega's first album closes on a great rocking note of a song called "Neighborhood Girls." It comes out of the indistinct territory of "Knight Moves" with strong drums and clean guitar lines. Vega's voice is right up front, more so than on other songs, and her diction is crisp so that when she spits out some of the lines, like "eyes of ice," they ring out. Nowhere on this record does Suzanne try to belt like a rocker. Even where her singing is hard, it is her clearness of voice and diction that carries strength. The strength of the lyrics cuts through, and the underpinning arrangements do what they set out to.

This album sets up new definitions for what singer/songwriter albums can sound like. It is a deliberately produced record that breaks up preconceptions and does not try to disguise itself as one kind of pop record while being another. Suzanne Vega defines its own territory. Vega has made a clean, modern sounding album using modern instrumentation with some very classical sensibilities. Her remarkably innovative first album will sound fresh and strong for a very long time. ■

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FESTIVAL PREVIEW

by Nancy Talanian

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

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL, Kerrville, Texas, May 23-27, May 31-June 1

Kerrville is a very ambitious festival, whose program features evening concerts, songwriters school/guitar school (May 28, 29, 30), New Folk concerts (June 2), and a Folk Mass.

The nine evening concerts will feature David Amram, Guy Clark, Bob Gibson, Steve Gillette, John Gorka, Carolyn Hester, Anne Hills, Lyle Lovett, Gary P. Nunn, Tom Paxton, Peter Paul & Mary, Peter Rowan, Riders in the Sky, Gamble Rogers, Artie & Happy Traum, Townes Van Zandt, Jerry Jeff Walker, Nanci Griffith, Josh White Jr., and many others.

Advance discount tickets are available by mail order: \$60 (11 days), \$50 (8 days), \$21 (3 days); single tickets: \$6 Thursday, \$7 Friday, \$10 Saturday and Sunday, \$7 Monday. Children under 12 free with adults holding advance tickets.

Accommodations include campsites for 3000, and 18 motels in Kerrville (send for Kerrville Accommodations and Dining Guide). The festival site--outdoor theatre, Quiet Valley Ranch (9 miles south of Kerrville on highway 16)--will have concessions offering Texas barbecue and a full menu, including vegetarian and health foods.

This year will mark the fourteenth anniversary of the Kerrville Folk Festival, which opened its gates to 20,000 last year.

For tickets or information, send a self-addressed envelope with payment to Folk Fest, P.O. Box 1466, Kerrville, Texas 78029.

NORTHWIND FOLK FESTIVAL, Toronto Islands, Toronto, Canada, June 21-23

This is the second year of operation for this festival, which was attended by 6,000 in its first year. Its program will include concerts each evening, and miniconcerts in the afternoons, children's programming and play area, covered cafe-crafts area, and outdoor stages, all on a beautiful lake-front site.

Performers this year will include Christine Lavin, Suzanne Vega, David Massengill, the Washington Squares, Four the Moment, the Limelighters, K.D. Lang, Brent Titcombe, Judy Small, Eclectricity, Sabia, and Heather Bishop.

Food concessions will include Mexican, Indian, salads, sandwiches, and health foods.

Advance tickets for the weekend are \$32; at the gate, they will be \$40 (Canadian dollars). Single day tickets are \$12 for Friday, June 21; \$15 for June 22 and 23. Children under 12 will be admitted free.

For tickets, write Northwind Arts, 24 Ryerson Ave., Suite 301, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 2P3.

SISTERFIRE, Takoma Park, Maryland, June 22&23

This year's festival program will include concerts from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., and round robins from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Performers will include Diane Lindsay and Sue Fink, Casselberry & Dupree, Ronnie Gilbert, Sara Gonzales, Ferron, Edwina Tyler, and Sweet Honey in the Rock.

A list of campsites and other accommodations (including dormitories) is available. A variety of food vendors will be on hand in Marketplace. The festival will also have Childspace.

Advance tickets are \$24 for the weekend or \$16 for a single day.

Write to: Roadwork, Inc., 1475 Harvard Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 10009.

IRISH TRADITIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Staten Island, New York, June 22

The 4th annual festival will feature afternoon and evening concerts; daytime workshops in Irish traditional instruments, singing styles, and dance styles; classes in tin-whistle playing, and in ceili, set, and step-dancing.

Performers will include musicians, singers, and dancers from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Ireland: Robbie O'Connell, James Keane, Paddy Reynolds, Maureen Glynn, Bill Ochs, Jerry O'Sullivan, John Fitzpatrick, Fr. Charlie Coen, Jack Coen, Martin Mulvihill, Mike Rafferty, and many others.

For children, there will be a special area and program of dance, new games, and singing.

Food, drink, and traditional Irish baked goods will be available at the site: Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 914 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island.

Full program is \$7.50 at the gate, \$5 in advance. Children under 12 free with an adult.

For tickets or information, call or write Becky Miller at the Irish Arts Center (An Claidheamh Soluis), 553 West 51st Street, New York, NY 10019; (212) 757-3191 or 757-3318.

OLD SONGS FESTIVAL OF TRADITIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE, Altamont, New York, June 28-30

This, the fourth annual festival, will include three concerts, several mini-concerts, regional traditions, musical traditions, participatory dancing, Learn How area, crafts, food, children's activities, puppetry, and Morris dancing.

Performers will include Art Theime, Jimmy Scott, Michael Cooney, Ken Perlman, Cathy Fink, Faith Petric, Sally Rogers and Howard Bursen, and many other singers, dancers, and musicians.

There will be food vendors at the festival--Altamont Fairgrounds. A limited number of on-site camping spots are available with festival ticket purchased in advance by mail. Attendees may also reserve sites at other nearby campgrounds, or rooms at nearby motels (write for list).

Advance all-festival tickets are \$23 for adults, \$19 for children 13 to 19. Advance tickets without camping are \$16 (\$22 at gate). Send request with self-addressed stamped envelope to: Old Songs, Inc., P.O. Box 197, Guilderland, NY 12084. Deadline for advance tickets at discount is June 15; deadline for ticket with camping is June 1.

WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, July 11-14

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

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

There will be special emphasis on the following themes: Music of the World, Blues/Jazz, Special Events, and Women's Music; four workshop stages, featuring an eclectic collection of folk musicians from around the world; and a point stage: an instructional area where artists and audience can explore the basics of making music. In addition there will be a KIDS VILLAGE offering musical and hands-on programs for the young and young at heart; HANDMADE VILLAGE, a juried demonstration and sale of more than 40 unique crafts gathered from every corner of North America; and INTERNATIONAL FOOD VILLAGE.

There is a campground located ¼ mile from the festival site. Family camping is by reservation only. The full program is \$40 in advance; \$43 at gate. Day passes are \$16 Friday, Saturday, Sunday; \$8 Thursday evening. All prices in Canadian dollars. Camping in the park is administered by Birds Hill Provincial Park; family camping reservations are handled by the festival office.

For advance tickets and family camping reservations, contact Winnipeg Folk Festival, 8-222 Osborne Street South, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 1Z3, Canada; (204) 453-2985.

MARIPOSA FOLK FESTIVAL, Barrie, Ontario, Canada, July 26-28

The 25th Mariposa Folk Festival will take place at Molson Park, about 40 minutes north of Toronto. It will feature concerts, afternoon workshops, and after-concert dance, pub-sing, campfire singaround, and cabaret.

The festival's 50 acts will include Norman Blake, Ian and Sylvia Tyson, Blind John Davis, Fiddle Puppets, and many Canadian and Quebec traditional musicians, dancers, and craftspeople. Special children's activities are also being scheduled.

There will be on-site camping and food concessions. Reservations may also be made with nearby hotels.

All-weekend tickets are \$35 with camping; \$27.50. Single-day tickets are \$10 Friday; \$12.50 Saturday and Sunday. These prices are for advance

tickets; tickets will be available at the gate for a higher price.

Call or write Mariposa Folk Foundation, 525 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ontario M5A 3W4 Canada; (416) 363-4009.

IRISH FEST, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 16-18

Last year's festival, at a lakefront site on the Milwaukee Summerfest Grounds, hosted nearly 63,000.

This year's concerts will feature Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy, the Dublin City Ramblers, Green Fields of America, Kinvara, Schooner Fare, Clairseach, Dermot O'Brien, Stockton's Wing, Blarney, Joe Feeney, Mary McGonigle, and The Irish Brigade.

Other activities will include clan reunions, rugby, gaelic football, bake-off contest, pipe smoking contest, parades, theater, children's area, ceili dancing, and more.

Tickets are \$5 at the gate or \$4 in advance (free if you dress like a leprechaun!). Children 7 to 12, and seniors are \$2 at the gate only. Children 6 and under will be admitted free. Group tours and hotel-motel packages are available.

For tickets, send self-addressed stamped envelope with proper amount (check or money order) to Irish Fest Tickets, Box 599, Milwaukee, WI 53201

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Spanish folk mag

Our bilingual readers may be interested to know that Asociación de Músicos Tradicionales (Spain's Association of Traditional Musicians) has just begun publishing a magazine covering the folk music of Spain and Portugal. The Association also has a new radio program, and is interested in broadcasting the works and news of groups from Europe and the United States.

The address is:

Asociación de Músicos Tradicionales
P.O. Box 116
Ponferrada, León
Spain

A one-year subscription is 1,000 pesetas (approximately U.S. \$5), and can be paid for by International Money Order (IMO) or by check.

ON THE RECORD

All photos on these pages were taken by Jason Threlfall at the Arlington Town Hall Concert sound check/rehearsal.

THE SINGERS

SHAWN COLVIN was born in South Dakota. Her father introduced her to guitar. She's been playing professionally since 1974, living in Canada, Illinois, and Texas prior to settling in New York City.

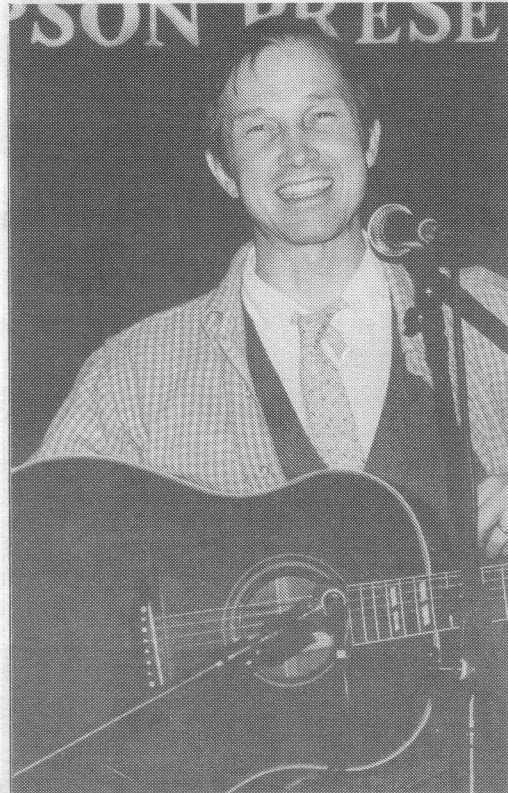
ERIK FRANSDEN lives in New York City, and plays guitar and acts. He is a co-composer of Song of Singapore, a musical comedy. He played the leading role in the road production of Pump Boys and Dinettes.

JOHN GORKA, raised in Colonia, New Jersey, now lives in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he works for Sing Out! magazine. He was a New Folk Award winner in the 1984 Kerrville Folk Festival in Kerrville, Texas.

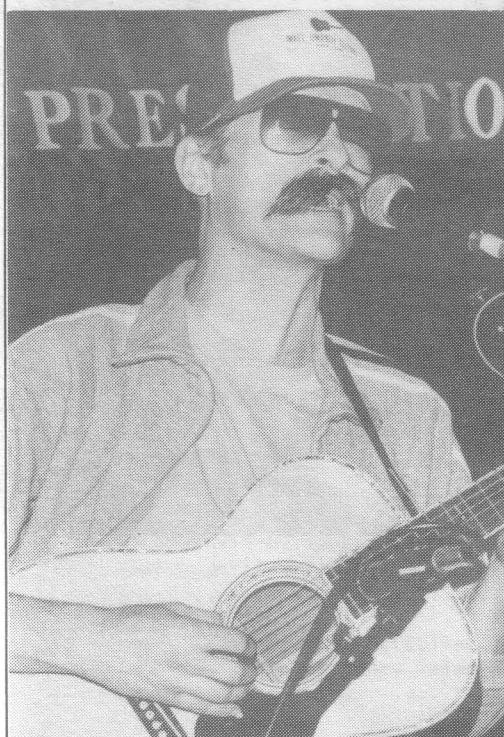
JACK HARDY has released six albums on the Great Divide label, the most recent of which is The Cauldron. Some of his earlier albums have been reissued by First American in this country and Pastels abroad. He is the editor of The Fast Folk Musical Magazine.



Shawn Colvin



Jack Hardy, cohost



Erik Frandsen



John Gorka



Lucy Kaplanski



Christine Lavin, cohost

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

CHRISTINE LAVIN, one of nine children, moved to New York City in 1976, after living in Geneva, New York; Miami, Florida; and Saratoga Springs, New York. Her latest album, Future Fossils, is on Palindrome Records and is available through Rounder Distribution.

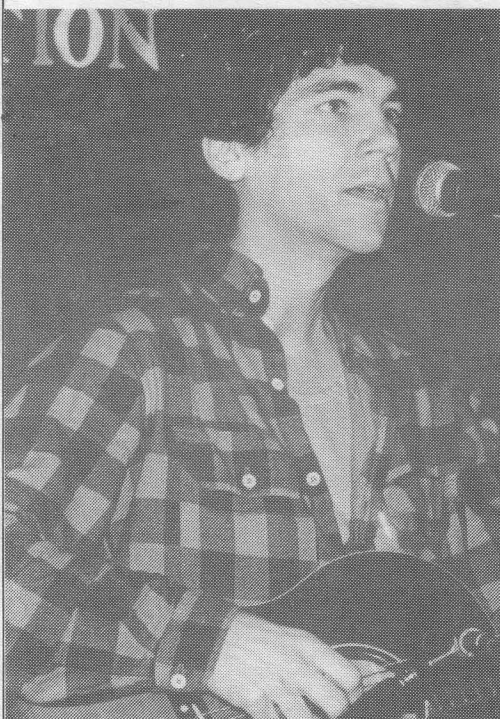
ROD MACDONALD is a folksinger/songwriter from Connecticut. Rod lives in Greenwich Village and tours in the South, Midwest, and New England. His first album, No Commercial Traffic, is available through the Up for Grabs catalog. He is currently working on a second album.

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, Rosalie Sorrels, and Charlie King. He's from Bristol, Tennessee.

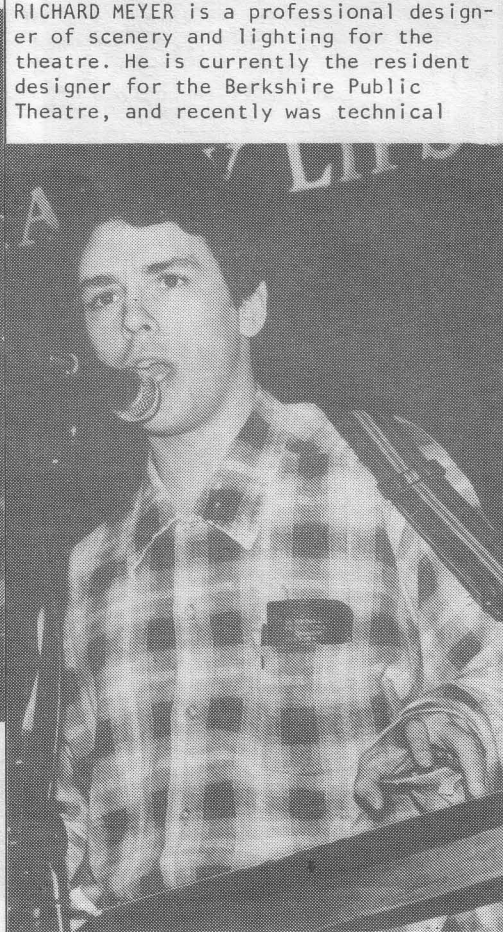


Richard Meyer

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



Rod MacDonald



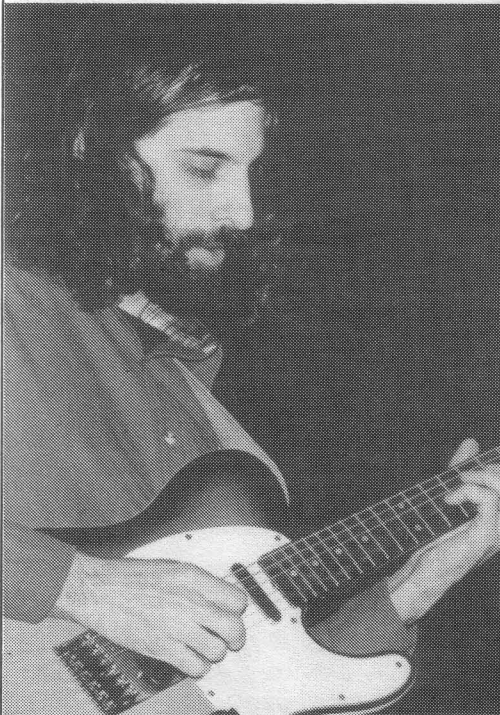
David Massengill



Suzanne Vega

director for the Mabou Mines production of *Through the Leaves*. Richard is working on his first album, which will be ready soon.

SUZANNE VEGA, 25, is a songwriter who has been performing professionally since 1981. Her first album, *Suzanne Vega*, has just been released on A&M Records. She is from New York City.



Mark Dann

THE BAND

MARK DANN is much in demand within the Greenwich Village folk circle, as a back-up musician, engineer, and guitar maker/repairer. He has been the recording engineer for *The Fast Folk Musical Magazine* since its inception, and *The Coop* before it, and has engineered many albums on private labels. He has played acoustic and electric guitar and bass with Frank Christian, George Gerdes, Rod MacDonald, Jack Hardy, Christine Lavin, Cliff Eberhardt, and many others. He lives in Brooklyn.

JEFF HARDY has played acoustic bass with his brother Jack Hardy and many other New York City musician/songwriters. He is currently a chef at a New York City restaurant.

HOWIE WYETH generally makes his living as a session drummer. He has worked with many name performers, from Bob Dylan to Jack Hardy. He is also an accomplished 'stride style' piano player.



Jeff Hardy



Howie Wyeth

concert posters

Limited edition of autographed posters announcing the 1985 Bottom Line and Arlington Town Hall Fast Folk Concerts. (Only 50 Arlington and 100 Bottom Line posters in existence.)

Each poster is numbered and signed by all the performers in the show:

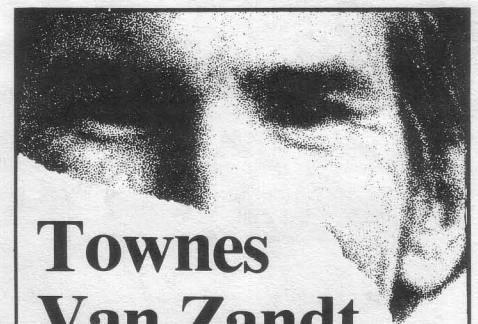
Frank Christian	Christine Lavin
Shawn Colvin	Rod MacDonald
Erik Frandsen	David Massengill
John Gorka	Richard Meyer
Jack Hardy	Germana Pucci
Lucy Kaplanski	Suzanne Vega

and The Band:
Mark Dann
Jeff Hardy
Howie Wyeth

The posters feature a photograph by the award-winning photographer and sculptor, Giancarlo Biagi.

Posters are \$11 postpaid within the U.S.; \$13 postpaid outside the U.S.

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine
178 West Houston St., Suite 9
New York, New York 10014



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The Townes Van Zandt Fan Club
Charlie Hunter
P.O. Box 725
Turners Falls, MA 01376

Write us for information.

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. Spotlight (Lucy Kaplanski)
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal & Guitar
Shawn Colvin/Vocal
2. Ragman! (David Indian)
Jack Hardy/Vocal & Guitar
Richard Meyer/Vocal
John Gorka/Vocal
3. Prince Charles (Christine Lavin)
Christine Lavin/Vocal & Guitar
4. Sightseer (David Massengill)
David Massengill/Vocal & Dulcimer
Lucy Kaplanski & Shawn Colvin/Harmony Vocals
5. Small Blue Thing (Suzanne Vega)
*Suzanne Vega/Vocal & Guitar
6. May Day (Jack Hardy)
Verses: Jack Hardy, Rod MacDonald, Richard Meyer, John Gorka, Shawn Colvin, David Massengill, Lucy Kaplanski
Chorus: Christine Lavin, Germana Pucci, Frank Christian,*Suzanne Vega
Jack Hardy/Guitar
Chuck Hancock/Flute

THE BAND

Mark Dann: Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar
Jeff Hardy: Bass
Howie Wyeth: Drums

Recorded live at Arlington Town Hall, Arlington, Massachusetts, on March 9, 1985,
as part of the FolkTree Concert Series.

Brad Paul--Sound Engineer
Jay Rosen--Recording Engineer

*Exclusive artist appears courtesy of A&M Records

1. Crazy Horse (Josh Joffen)
John Gorka/Vocal & Guitar
Harmony Vocals: Richard Meyer, Jack Hardy,
Lucy Kaplanski, Shawn Colvin
2. I Don't Know Why (Shawn Colvin)
Shawn Colvin/Vocal & Guitar
Lucy Kaplanski & John Gorka/Harmony Vocals
3. Rock Breaks Scissors (Tom McGhee)
Richard Meyer/Vocal & Guitar
Harmony Vocals: Jack Hardy, John Gorka, Lucy
Kaplanski, Shawn Colvin
Jack Hardy/Guitar
4. Viking Rag (Erik Frandsen)
Erik Frandsen/Vocal & Guitar
5. Downtown Tonight (John Gorka)
John Gorka/Vocal & Guitar
Harmony Vocals: Richard Meyer, Jack Hardy,
Lucy Kaplanski, Shawn Colvin
Jack Hardy/Guitar
6. Song of My Brothers (Rod MacDonald)
Rod MacDonald/Vocal, Guitar & Harmonica
Lucy Kaplanski/Harmony Vocal
Chorus: Jack Hardy, Christine Lavin, Richard Meyer, John Gorka, Shawn Colvin, Lucy Kaplanski, David Massengill, Germana Pucci, Erik Frandsen, Frank Christian,*Suzanne Vega, Chuck Hancock
Chuck Hancock/Flute