

FAST FOLK

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"The Star Spangled Banner" at Shea
Stadium)

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LETTERS

To the Editor:

My purpose in writing is twofold. First I would like to comment on the unnerving letter of J.C. Reimer in the February 1985 issue. There is a difference between constructive criticism/disagreement and this individual's arrogance and rigidity. This dampens the dialogue necessary between a magazine and its audience. I also do not enjoy all of the music on your albums. I do respect your conceptualization of a musical magazine, enjoy the talent of the NY/NJ artists portrayed, and am thankful for all of your hard work (for free) in communicating folk music to the public.

As a family therapist, I work on expanding family members' realities--introducing spontaneity and complexity into something perceived as predictable, hapless, and routine. Your musical magazine has expanded my musical complexity. I listen to all forms of music--from rock to jazz to bluegrass. But folk is where my heart lies. The sense of family in the folk music community in NY/NJ is wonderful. I saw the live Fast Folk Concert at the Bottom Line and drove down on impulse to catch Erik Frandsen and Bert Lee at SpeakEasy. My wife and I are looking forward to seeing Suzanne Vega this coming weekend.

David Massengill's review of Bill Morrissey's album (*Fast Folk*, February 1985) caused me to listen to his ren-

dition of "Married Man" again, and then again, and then again when I hadn't really noticed it the first time (must get the cotton out of my ears).

This brings me to my second purpose for writing. I heard Christine Lavin discuss on the WBAI show of the coming out of the May 1985 issue of *Fast Folk* and that I could buy it in a local record store. I realize you are all unpaid, but I have not gotten my March or April records. Can you stand to deprive a caring individual's voracious hunger for more music any longer?

Yours truly,

Dave Glaser
Teaneck, NJ

Dear Fast Folk,

Thanks for the wonderful albums!

Just to give you an idea of how much we liked them, here's a list (in no particular order) of who we've played since the albums arrived two weeks ago: Baby Gramps, Bill Bachmann, Shawn Colvin, Bill Morrissey, Cliff Eberhardt, John Gorka, Nanci Griffith, Christine Lavin, Paul Kaplan, Julie Gold, David Massengill, and Robin & Linda Williams. We've also played cuts from the new solo albums by Christine Lavin and Suzanne Vega.

I was just talking to Graham Chynoweth, another WEVO folk host, who featured your January '85 issue on his show last Saturday. He said that someone had called in during his show and asked how to subscribe to *Fast Folk*. He thinks your albums are the best things he's heard all year. "Can we get any more of them?" he asked me.

I wanted to let you know how much we love the records. I was at the March 9th concert in Arlington, Mass., so I'm really looking forward to hearing that album. (My *Fast Folk* pen hasn't run out of ink yet, but who's Sweeney?)

Thanks for all the great music!

Sincerely,

Jamie Hess
Folk Music Host
WEVO, Concord, NH

CONTENTS

Letters.....2
Streams of Consciousness--by Roger Deitz.....3
Willie Niningers: Star of Stage and Shea--by David Massengill.....6
Richard Meyer: Creating a Setting for the Songs--by Steve Key.....8
Earl Robinson--by Gerry Hinson.....9
Is There Folk Music in Ireland? A Journal--by Hugh Blumenfeld.....10
Lyrics.....12
Festival Previews--by Nancy Talanian.....17
Northwest Folk: A Personal Guide to Portland, Ore., and Seattle
--by Steve Key.....18
The Wizard Goes Public--by Rod MacDonald.....20
On the Record.....22

STREAMS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

by Roger Deitz

"A rather short paper on the true meaning of life by a banjo player who was too busy before last weekend to notice what rivers were all about."

Hyde Park, New York

It has always been my dream to live along the Hudson River, in that part of New York State situated somewhat below Albany and somewhat above New York City where this wide and majestic waterway flows in its own good time past relatively recently settled towns and rather more anciently unsettled geologically formed mountains. There, framed between stately river banks, flows one hell of a river.

I have spent many of the happiest hours I have known just sitting at some spot on one or the other of those banks watching the river flow by. Most of the time I have been practicing playing my banjo, for hours sometimes, or just reclining against a convenient tree while I watched the river ever so slowly pass by. While so engaged, I have often daydreamed about what it might be like to make my home on one of those banks along the river.

The truth is, I love the Hudson. It is a great disappointment to me that the financial realities of life in these inflationary, high interest times are such that I will probably never be able to afford to own a small home on that river from which I might watch and work and live and play. But I don't hold that against the river. It isn't its fault; it doesn't know from inflation and balance of trade deficits and flexible rate mortgages at legally set usury levels. The river doesn't understand that financial institutions and governments have better things to do than worry about people who like watching rivers. Bankers and politicians have other dreams, perhaps more grand and less poetic. A spiffy banjo tune is not collateral to a banker who has never spent an afternoon on a river bank.

The Hudson probably hasn't even noticed my plight, although I'm certain that it notices me and has been cheered by a lively tune or two. It does what it does whether I'm there or not, and it does what it does well...it's been at it a long time. Through times of boom and bust, it just continues to flow along patiently, ever so calmly making its way along a well worn path.

It beckons me to come along, but I'd rather not; I prefer to sit and watch. The best I can do is visit once in a while.

Outside of taking note of my visits, and the passing of the occasional barge and pleasure boat, all that the river has learned about humankind is that this particular species of beast has very little respect for rivers, and by-and-large people have relegated the river for use as a sewer and a chemical dump and a thermal cooling unit for an atomic power plant.

But we're not all to blame. I have always thought that there are two groups of people in this world: one group, the dumpers, lives upstream and has a rather good time of it all, and dumps their worries into the river of life so that the other group of people, the dumpees, those living downstream, have to deal with someone else's troubles. How convenient to just flush your troubles into a river and let them flow downstream to somebody else. How convenient if you don't live downstream.

It wasn't always so. People used to respect the river when they fished from it, or bathed in it, or traveled on it. This before commerce and industry discovered the river, before something called "Social Costs" began to float on down the river to us dumpees. Even as recently as the early part of the century, in the years before the New York Thruway was built, the Hudson served as a kind of highway. Then you could take a trip up to Albany from New York City aboard a ferry called "The Albany Night Boat." One just boarded the ship late in the afternoon with or without one's automobile, and sailed up river overnight. I would have liked to have been on the banks to watch that pass by. You'd think that after being so accommodating, a river deserved more than PCB's and dioxin and mercury. I never noticed! I thought the river was composed of water.

I guess the problem is that you just can't see this non-water stuff flowing by if you're sitting on a river bank playing a banjo, or passing in an automobile. And if you don't happen to be sitting too near a dye works, pharmaceutical company, or a factory that makes transformers, you are not likely to be riddled with a question posed to many of the Hudson's fish: when is a river not a river? Answer:

When it's a toilet. A lot of fish didn't get that one either.

That's been part of my problem. I don't believe I've thought much about where the river has been, or about where it's going. I've always been content to watch it pass in review, just take it all in. Usually I was engaged in some heavy-duty self-indulgent thinking about what I was doing, what I should be doing, what I shouldn't have done, or what I should have done. As far as my own life is concerned, nothing was ever resolved anyway, and in fifteen years of playing on the banks of that river, I don't think I even learned one new banjo chord. I know I let my river down.

Camden, Maine

Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't have traveled this far to play a half-hour set, but I have rationalized that this is a vacation. I need a vacation badly. The pressures and politics of booking a folk festival and a coffeehouse have been getting to me lately. Even the joys of folk music can be clouded by budgets, attendance figures, performers' egos, prejudices, demands, jealousy, power struggles, competition, rudeness and carelessness; all the things I sought to leave behind in the outside world when I first embraced folk music. I needed to temporarily escape from civilization and organized folk music as I know it. If there is any spot in this country that should be unspoiled by the taint of the Law of Supply and Demand, I thought, it must be Maine.

As usual, when fantasy and reality play a game of five card stud, reality has the deck stacked in its favor. Man's problems follow man wherever he goes.

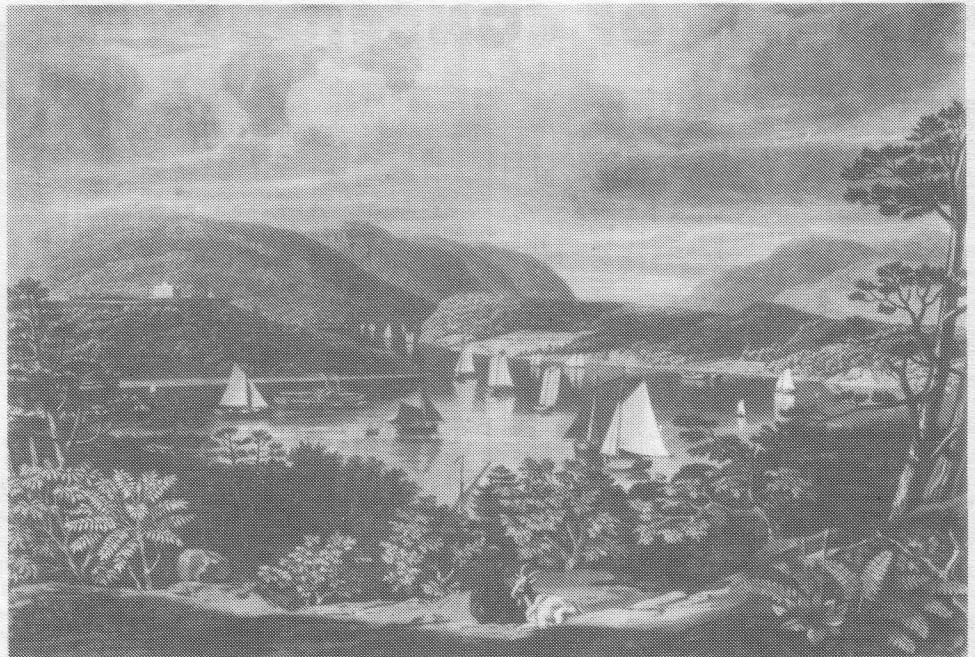
Maine is the poorest state in the union if ranked by per capita income. The few jobs here that are created by industry are highly prized. Otherwise, most work is seasonal, tied to winter skiing or summer vacationing, and each year the success of these industries is all rather subject to the weather. Too little snow or too much rain, and it's 'wait 'till next year.' Winter is bitter and long, stretching from late summer of one year to early summer of the next year, and summer isn't really summer at all, but spring with black flies and mosquitoes.

Because of the long, cold winters, heating bills are high. Food costs more because it has to be trucked up through New England, but lobsters are cheaper, at least by my local market's standards. Yet salaries for most jobs are quite a bit lower, and therefore Maine folks don't take much advantage of low seafood prices. My wife is from Maine, but she had never once tasted a lobster until after she moved to New Jersey. As cheap as a New Yorker might think a lobster is in a Portland restaurant, by Maine income standards these crustaceans are still too dear for many of the locals to partake of.

One would think that Maine, about as far away from New York City as one can get, would be the true outdoor paradise. All of those pine trees and lobster pods. All of those rocky harbors and sailing schooners. All of those L.L. Bean catalogs. All of those moose. All of those Marshall Dodge records of "Bert and I" fame. All of that homespun, "Ay-uh, you cahn't get theya from hee-a," holier-than-thou humor designed to reinforce Down East superiority over New Yorkers, which is, by the way, cultivated in the same tonnage as the potatoes dug in Aroostook County. Any New Yorker trapped in a Maine barroom conversation would think that this, and not 'taters, was the true cash crop of the state of Maine. But through it all, all the hope and the hype, there are still signs that folks in Maine had not themselves been particularly careful about their environment.

Stand with me on Route 4 in Livermore Falls and catch a whiff of the International Paper Mill. I dare you to ever again recall the image of rustic wholesomeness pictured on the cover of the L.L. Bean catalog without getting sick to your stomach. (Speaking of L.L. Bean, this famous outfitters store in Freeport has been remodeled, and it now has the distinct look of Bloomingdales in Short Hills, New Jersey.)

Next, pull your car out of one of the many Dexter or Bass shoe outlet parking lots. No matter what the time of day, or which town you're in, or what road you're on, you will find yourself in front of one of those overloaded logging trucks, racing down a country road, fully packed with timber, gaining momentum, brakes a-smoking, air horn sounding a "get-out-ta-my-way-or-you're-moose-bait." It's a good way to test the Schotchgard on the upholstery of the front seat of your car. I saw one truck burst into flames because



West Point from Phillipstown, an engraving by W. J. Bennett from his own painting, 1831; courtesy of The New-York Historical Society.

the brakes got so hot it caused the load to catch fire.

Speaking of moose, come on up for moose slaughtering season, those couple of weeks during the year when "out-ta-staters" (no matter where they're from, they're also called New Jerseyans) are encouraged to thin out the moose population, along with the contents of every package store in the state. Bag a few moose! Have a few six packs of brew. I understand that once you come face to face with a moose, you sober up right quick as your bones take on the tensile strength of local blueberry jam.

Moose ain't Bambi. Every year there are a few hunters who don't return from their hunting trip to their accounting firms. All that is ever found of these great white hunters is their Bean's gum-soled Maine Hunting Boots. Moose will eat everything else, but they hate those shoes. Remember, moose are big, and mean; and don't like being made into mooseburgers. Why do you think the locals encourage out-ta-staters to do the dirty work?

Oh, and next summer, don't fail to catch the Kennebunkport Dump Festival that honors one of the truly fine garbage dumps of this nation. The floats have a certain air about them, probably because they are made of materials found in the dump. If you've ever seen The Dump Queen crowned, then there should be no question in your

mind that Mainers too have their problems.

Yet there is a difference here. After realizing that there were problems, Down Easterners have done something about the environment. As an example, the Androscoggin River that flows past that mill in Jay next to Livermore Falls was for a time the most disgusting, green, sudsy, rather putrid slime. . . Now, due to the efforts of the good citizens of Maine, it is clean. The fish are coming back. The people of Maine are not too different from us, yet they are cleaning up their past mistakes. It is possible to make up for past thoughtlessness.

The Camden Harbor Inn's folk room--The Thirsty Whale--attracts many of the locals. Glenn Jenks, who is the house musician, suggested that I inquire as to playing. That's why I am opening for Scott Alarik. After my set, I am being treated to free drinks by many of the patrons. It is a barroom club tradition that is getting harder to live up to the better I get. I should have done a poorer job as I am drinking much too much bourbon. I still haven't learned how to say "no" to a free drink.

One of my most generous benefactors is a sea captain. He has just returned home for a six month vacation, after spending a year on the high seas. After that he will be off again for about a year. He will not let me sit

without a drink in front of me. He hasn't talked to anyone for a long time. He doesn't seem able not to talk. He says that when he arrived home, he found a year's worth of junk mail and catalogs waiting for him, but he will resist reading that stuff now --and will put it all in a trunk to take on the ship with him the next time he sails, because it gets rather boring out there on a steamer surrounded by the sea, and later, he will be longing for something, anything, to read.

He tells me his steamer is out of New Orleans, and that he has shipped all over the world. He recounts to me stories about the crazy things that he has done in each port, and he still buys me drinks, and all of his exploits sound pretty interesting to me. He doesn't watch things happen, he makes things happen.

I realize that there are two more kinds of people in the world. One kind, they sit on the river bank and watch the ships go by, and the other

kind sail those ships, as they themselves see the people sitting on the banks fade into the horizon. There are watchers and doers, in addition to the dumpees and dumpers. Some people are content to let garbage be thrown on them, others are content to throw garbage, some are content to watch the garbage float on by, others finally wake up, and do something about it.

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write to:

Friends of the Clearwater
Hudson River Sloop Clearwater Inc.
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Poughkeepsie, New York 12601

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The Fast Folk Musical Magazine
178 West Houston St., Suite 9
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star of stage and Shea

WILLIE NININGER

by David Massengill

The Warm-Up

On May 22, 1985, Willie Ninninger made his fourth appearance singing the national anthem at Shea Stadium in New York. We at Fast Folk felt this merited a special commemoration.

There is much to praise in Willie's nightclub act: his deft instrumental (guitar) handling of the William Tell Overture (especially delightful when Willie's father sits in on violin), his gorgeous harmonic singing when joined by brother Jim and sister Annie, his sure musicianship in mixing country favorites with his own well-crafted tunes (his "I'm Proud To Be a Moose" has been covered by everyone from Captain Kangaroo to the Mayor of Greenwich Village, Dave Van Ronk), and his plain gumption and versatility, which allow him to venture where most folkers fear to tread.

How many folk artists get to play Shea Stadium, not once but four times? Here was cause for celebration. A contingent of some thirty-five Fast Folk staff members, contributors, and friends headed out to Shea to help honor and cheer on Willie "the Pro" Ninninger.

Fast Folks Comment:

(These quotes were recorded and transcribed by Christine Lavin.)

"Great. He played to the camera very well."

- Thom Wolke

"I thought it had real spirit and very good time. I especially liked the way that he directed his facial attention toward various segments of the listening audience, so that everyone got to share in the warmth of his presentation. And also the vibrato on those top notes was really very much an insolent vibrato, not without some pretensions, but quite nice."

- Rod MacDonald

"It was heartfelt."

- Rosemary Kirstein

"Fantastic. Incredible. He got a standing ovation."

- Diane Chodkowski

"It was full of soul, especially when he hesitated and the whole crowd started cheering and singing along."

- Hugh Blumenfeld

"It was worth standing up for."

- Andrea Gaines

"My favorite part was when they introduced him as 'Fast Folk recording artist.' But I wish he'd kept his hat on: the sun reflecting off his bald spot nearly blinded me."

- Christine Lavin

Total Strangers Comment:

"Basically, I missed it because I came in late. But I heard from the crowd that it was fantastic."

Another total stranger sitting twenty rows back from the Fast Folk crowd (and having heard them chant WILL-IE, ad infinitum) yelled as Willie approached his adoring retinue: "Willie, why couldn't you get your friends better seats?"

Finally, on the subway home, the self-proclaimed President of the Habitual Drunkards Club commented, "It was one of the most inspirational songs that I have ever heard at a baseball game. But I never remember much of anything I hear at ball games." Two other charter members of the Habitual Drunkards Club were too drunk to comment, but seemed to enjoy being questioned. In light of their sterling dedication to the drunkard's craft, all three were made honorary members of Fast Folk.

Fast Folk Confidential

3:30 I arrive at Willie's apartment in Soho. He treats me to a Chinese take-out lunch (beef and broccoli). I shave with a ragged razor...get smart...gin and cranberry juice (a double). We load up the van and pick up Anne...her first baseball game...sing her "Drunkard's Errant Codpiece." ('What's a codpiece?' she asks.) Just then a friendly bum with no front teeth asks for change. Her name is Shir! A one-legged man in a wheelchair smokes a cigarette and laughs it up.

4:25 Williamsburg Bridge. Willie says the Mets are 3-0 when he sings the anthem...rush hour traffic...first radio report for rain tonight. Willie says he will sing in the rain. Radio

reports golf-ball-size hail in Maine. Willie changes channel to Howard Stern...we take a wrong turn as Stern tells guest Roxanne Pulitzer (the trumpet strumpet) that she has a nice pair of ripe tomatoes...she actually thanks him. We stop for directions and grape sodas (Anne's treat).

5:18 arrive at Shea...Willie sweet talks us into the parking lot: he can "anywhere he wants" (park, that is). We go through the fancy dancy Diamond Club entrance...blue jeans not welcome...we get in anyway by virtue of Willie's sweet sap. When the number one security guard takes a break we sneak onto the playing field! Batting practice is in full swing...can't believe I'm standing next to Carter, Hernandez, Foster, Mookie Wilson at the batting cage waiting their turn. The Padres' Garry Templeton banters with former teammate Hernandez, using the usual colorful expletives to set an example to the nation's youth...Carter creams one over centerfield and asks the television cameraman if he got that one. Hernandez sprays line drives...Foster hits one OUT of the park (left field) and decides that's enough. Foster's very jovial, talks in a falsetto while addressing the ball...Met bigwig Frank Cashen is in a light green sportcoat and burgundy tie. I recognize sportswriters Phil Pepe, Henry Hetcht, and Jerry (Big Nose) Azare...a Mets Flunkie spits tobacco...just when I'm thinking this is the best of all possible worlds a security guard with a walrus mustache asks us to _____. With some understandable reluctance we comply.

6:11 premo box seats: 3rd base side, with a nice view of the Mets dugout. Darryl Strawberry comes out, his right hand in a cast and wearing sandals (baseball beatniks unite!). The Padres come out for batting practice...Steve Garvey looks stiff but he poles one over right field fence...the sportswriters keep going from one player to another like bees collecting honey. I watch to see if Henry Hetcht talks to Graig (former Yankee) Nettles, who hates him....He doesn't.

6:24 Fuzzie the Fan-atic arrives wearing day-glo beard and a T-shirt, as the ushers (who all know him) recoil in mock horror...big shots start to arrive: Mafia haircuts, civil war sideburns, and last year's sunglasses. Willie is deciding baritone (or not to baritone) and debating whether to wear a Met shirt or the one he has on ('don't be a homer,' I tell him...Willie buys me a beer and sends me on a mission--get the cassette tape he left

on the dashboard...I run in record time (with beer in hand) so Willie can tape his performance.

7:08 the field crew (Anne says they look like retired farmers) smooths and hoses down the infield, then chalks the lines and batter's box...Willie asks Anne and me if we'd like to go down on the field with him when he sings the national anthem. Once more into the breach...

7:23 on the field, awaiting his cue... Willie forgets his Mets hat and runs off to retrieve it...I notice the ball-girl's gloves are Japanese (Zett)... security men are looking curiously my way, snarling into their walkie-talkies. The announcer is calling out players, their number and batting order ("...Batting 6th, number 16 Terry Kennedy...").

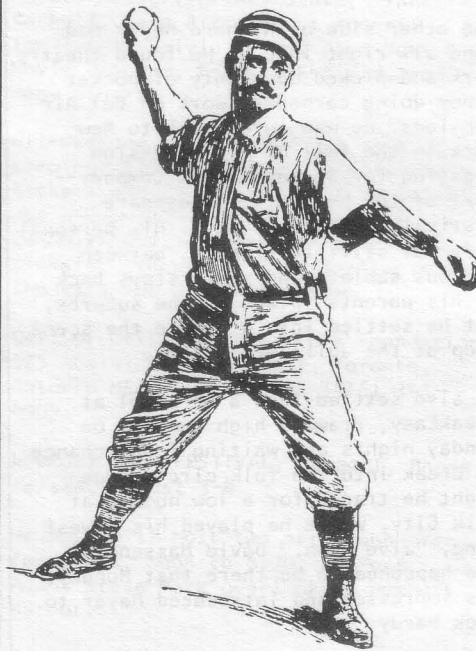
Willie still missing: I wonder what happens if they call his name and he's still not here...I'm getting very nervous...I begin to fantasize that I may have to pinch hit for Willie, but will I sing the "Star Spangled Banner" or my own, "The Drunkard's Errant Codpiece"? Hmmm. What a revolting development this is! I'm starting to sweat bullets...this cannot be happening...just when I'm thinking this is the worst of all possible worlds Willie returns with his Mets cap.

Two seconds later the announcer begins, "...Now singing the national anthem, Fast Folk recording artist Willie Nininger..." Willie strides calmly to the microphone, places his Mets hat over his heart, asks the 43,268 to sing along with him (what a folkie!), and begins...severe echo effect is unreal, literally a 4-second delay. Willie is nonplussed. (It's a good thing I'm not doing it, I think; the first echo I hear I'd have frozen in mid-air.) Nice baritone...Willie slows down in the middle and the whole Met bench turns in unison to face him: Willie milks it, waves to Jeff Hardy in the upper decks, and ends it to a thunderous applause (or was it the jet plane passing over?). In a word, incredible.

7:38 we return to our seats and the whole section gives Willie a hand...he presses the flesh, shaking hands with twenty or so strangers...they love him..."It's a privilege to shake your hand!" one gushes. Little do they know how close they came to utter disgust and shame (had I done my worst). Willie is relieved it's over. He buys me another beer while I fantasize about being tarred and feathered...just then

the announcer intones certain Rules of conduct: no overly abusive language, no drunken behavior, no illegal drug-taking, and no throwing of bottles onto the field; the penalty being ejection from the game...a double play ends the Padres' first two innings... Foster's first at-bat he slams a home run to right. Mets lead 1-0.

8:15 Willie spots Roger Angell (our favorite sportswriter) in the press box...it's Ivy League Ron Darling vs. the Padres' John Bircher Eric Show... Darling walks the lead-off hitter for the first three innings...a Nettles throwing error puts men on 2nd and 3rd. Mookie Wilson promptly triples in two runs. Hernandez sac-flies. Mets lead 4-0...Willie gets restless, and we visit the press box. Frank Cashen tells Willie he did a "good job" on the anthem...Willie beams.



8:50 Willie visits the upper deck... more people recognize him and shake his hand...we find the Fast Folk Eight in section 713. They pretend not to know Willie, feigning indifference (just like ballplayers do when a popular teammate does something heroic and they wait until the last possible moment to congratulate him)--until at last they break into a spirited scream of pleasure (Our Willie). Darling has a no-hitter for 4-2/3rds innings! 'Why is that exciting?' asks Anne...Keith 'Slow as Molasses' Hernandez steals 2nd in the 5th inning...

9:17 as the thirteenth jet plane flies over Shea, Terry Kennedy ties the game

4-4 with a right-field home run that is a cannon shot...bottom of 7th inning, Show walks Hernandez and Carter, two out, George Foster comes to the plate, Padres change pitchers...Wave goes (finally, after several false starts) three times round the stadium. Foster pops up. Ugh.

10:03 ninth inning, lots of fights in the stands...bruisers get a police escort from the stadium, how elegant can you get...extra innings...Terry Kennedy, with men on 1st and 3rd, delivers a single. Padres 5-4...bottom of 10th, one out, Carter singles. Foster vs. Goose Gossage (he's still got it)...strikes out swinging at a blazing fastball...Danny Heep flies out to deep center...you can't win 'em all. Willie is now 3-1 singing the anthem.

10:43 the exits are jammed...after much enthusiastic cussing and yelling we nearly make it out of the parking lot, until a group of cars recognize Willie as the singer of the anthem. Willie is snowed and lets them go on ahead of us.

11:30 we stop at Willie's favorite watering hole and Willie buys me a Jack Daniels...things are looking up. Willie decides to take a tour of the city on the way downtown to the Village...Jeubal Reade is outraged when he runs out of beer and Willie won't stop at a deli...we placate Jeubal with promises of boilermakers at the Kettle of Fish.

12:18 the worst twelve-minute parking job I have ever witnessed...Willie's happy. We walk on ahead to the Kettle, but Willie and Anne never show...something tells me the extra innings didn't end at Shea.

Addendum

Our national anthem was originally based upon an old British drinking song entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven," written by Ralph Tomlinson. It seems Anacreons were followers of Bacchus and liked to indulge in the grape. It just so happens that Francis Scott Key was a charter member of the Baltimore Chapter of the Anacreontics and thus was familiar with the tune, upon which he based "The Star Spangled Banner." It is quite likely that he was drunk when he wrote it.

(Continued on page 19.)

creating a setting for the songs

RICHARD MEYER

by Steve Key

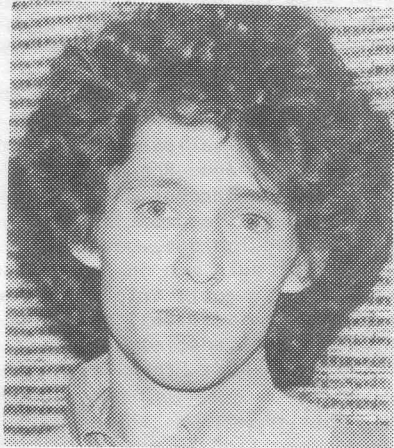
At first glance, the painting will seem to depict a scowling monster, but turned around the image will look like a laughing bird. "Laughing/Scared" is a painting by Richard Meyer, and it is also the title of one of his songs (recorded on the June '83 *Coop*). Both are portraits of duality, the kind of interchangeable roles taken on by Meyer himself, who has a life in the theatre as a set designer and a life in folk music as a singer/songwriter and performer.

Meyer, 32, is quickly building his reputation in the folk world. Eight of his songs have appeared on *Fast Folk* and *Coop* releases, from "Jive Town" in February '83 to "Who Needs Times Square" on the February '85 issue. From a shy New York City Hoot Night player almost three years ago, he has become a top player at New York's *SpeakEasy*, most recently opening shows for Suzanne Vega, and has played *Folk City*, *Passim* in Cambridge, and *Godfrey Daniels* in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

He had been writing poetry since seventh grade, but it wasn't until college--after he decided to pursue a degree in theatre design at University of Bridgeport--that Richard began putting words to music with his guitar. "I knew about a dozen guys there who considered themselves serious songwriters," Richard says. "They were probably my biggest influences."

Meyer played around the Northeast--including a *Godfrey Daniels* gig in 1975 opening for Erik Frandsen--then moved to the Los Angeles area in 1978 on the advice of a friend who said, "This is the place to be for a hit songwriter." But Meyer's demo tape (which included "Times Square") was dismissed by L.A. publishers and record companies as "too folk-oriented."

"They were looking for Barry Manilow kinds of songs," Meyer said. He took the rejection as a challenge and, in a practice studio with a piano provided by a contact at ABC Records, he tried to write the kind of commercial ballads the publishers would buy. A mistake, he later realized. "The things I was writing were getting worse and worse. In my last two years there, I wrote only one song ("Midnight Rain")."



Bob Zaidman

The other side of Richard Meyer had done all right in L.A. He found theatre work and picked up plenty of pocket money doing carpentry work on Bel Air mansions. He was lured back to New York in the fall of '82 to design lighting for Shakespeare & Company--part of the New York Shakespeare Festival in Prospect Park. His personal life was still in transit, between various subtleties and short stays back at his parents' place in the suburbs, but he settled into a job in the scene shop at the Juilliard School.

He also settled into a barstool at *SpeakEasy*, drawing high numbers on Monday nights and waiting for a chance to break into the folk circle. One night he traded for a low number at *Folk City*, where he played his newest song, "Jive Town." David Massengill, who happened to be there that Monday, was impressed and introduced Meyer to Jack Hardy.

Meyer tells his audience the inspiration for "Jive Town" came from an eccentric cook at a West Side cafe. "I ordered a hamburger and he threw it on the grill, you know how they throw it from halfway across the room. Then he reached up on top of the grill and came down with a saxophone and was playing while he was flipping burgers. That's when I knew I was really back in New York."

Formerly reserved as a performer, Meyer has worked to become more comfortable onstage. When he closes his eyes and throws back the head full of curly black hair, he strikes a Dylan pose, but the voice is a sweet tenor not

unlike Don McLean's. He tosses off the latter comparison by saying, "The only thing we have in common is we're both from New Rochelle." His personal tastes range from Gershwin and Cole Porter to Tom Waits and Paul Simon, an influence that turns up on "January Cold" (*Fast Folk*, May '84), a song Meyer handles with the same matter-of-fact historical tone as Simon's "Rene and Georgia Magritte."

Richard is halfway through work on an independent album project being recorded at Mark Dann's *Fast Folk Studios*, but no release date has been set. He does plan to devote more time to the music, even though his volunteer work at *SpeakEasy* and his life in the theatre seem to demand more of him as well.

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EARL ROBINSON

by Gerry Hinson

Andy Warhol achieved living legend status by giving us a deathless prophecy for the Television Age. ("In the future everybody will be famous for 15 minutes.") But he might have added that the cause of such celebrity tends to obscure all else about that person.

When Earl Robinson, author of a legendary song about an even more legendary labor hero, Joe Hill, performed at SpeakEasy in Greenwich Village on April 2, I had a rare opportunity to meet the man behind the image, in all three dimensions.

The Working Musician

Earl played piano exclusively, in the style of a composer of light stage musicals. Earl's voice, while genuinely his own, stylistically recalls that of Pete Seeger: huskier, but by turns capable of being lilting, then strongly exhortatory, then humorous; and at 75 years of age, still well-tuned.

As do many veterans, he introduces most of his songs with long recollections. But his very direct manner of speaking--as if the club were a small theatre of friends--held his listeners' attention during most of the program.

The most memorable songs were "Hurry Sundown," the title song of a popular movie (recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary); "Four Hugs a Day," a cute inspirational song (Mister Rogers would love it); an updated "Casey Jones" for modern activists in the workplace; and "Song for Americans," from a WPA-sponsored historical musical coauthored with Paul Robeson.

Earl's song, "Joe Hill," reminded us that the right to organize unions--or the right to life of such organizers--has not always been a safe assumption in this country. Labor leaders, in this age of government partiality toward capital formation, would do well to heed Joe Hill's last words: "Don't mourn. Organize!"

Father and Son

Earl's son Perry, a jazz musician who appears on the new album by Licorice Factory, accompanied Earl on several songs on the clarinet. I was able to spend some time with Earl and Perry after the show, in a Soho nightclub. There I was able to feel the differences in the personalities and

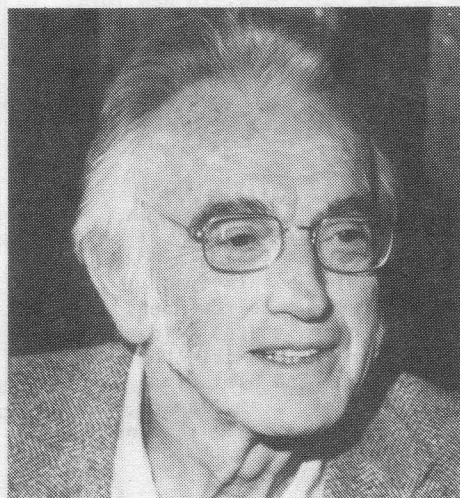
to note traits reflective of the energies of their respective formative eras.

Earl, like many union organizers in the period between the world wars, was generally convivial, but not garrulous, and was able to command the stage at appropriate moments. In responding to queries or commentary, he appeared quiet but thoughtful and straightforward, and, like many of his contemporaries, both passionate and lettered, contrary to the stolid image of the Depression-era laborer held by those who never saw Awake and Sing! or The Grapes of Wrath.

Perry, on the other hand, is a quintessential jazzman: by turns mystical and probing, putting this author through the experience of being interviewed--"What is essential for your existence?", "What is YOUR purpose in life?", "WHY?" (at which point Earl interjected, "My son likes to hassle people, keeps them off-balance. Don't let him bother you!")

Later, Perry ruminated on the real estate boom's gobble of New York's small cafes, shops, and neighborhoods that had made it a tourist magnet in the first place, Soho being one of the last such places.

Different styles, surely, but still linked at the core: both enjoyed the after-hours search for that conversation spot, and intimate meetings with old and new friends--as well as a boisterous rendition of "Be Kind to your Web-footed Friends" by some collegiate nightcrawlers at the nearest table. Always probing, or getting others to probe themselves, neither ever settled for the mainstream attitudes of their times, and



Jim Robinson

each one intends his work to be relevant to the current concerns of the given night's audience.

The Activist Citizen

Earl was born in 1910, and lived through many cycles: death threats for union organizing, followed by massive labor militance, the Depression, F.D.R. and the WPA recovery, Communist disillusionment following the Hitler-Stalin pact, post-war leftist factional in-fighting, the Blacklist, 1960's radicalism, and 1980's reaction. So I asked him, as I have asked many activist artists, how he reacts to history's inconsistencies and still maintains commitment.

Earl's secret: "I live in the present, right now. If you look at all those past disappointments too often, it's easy to get discouraged, or think you haven't done any good. So I usually don't! But in spite of myself I've done some reminiscing now and then, and gotten depressed sometimes.

"Back in Santa Barbara (his hometown), though, I have plenty to keep me busy, so thankfully there isn't much time for depression. There will always be new reasons to get involved!"

Earl mentioned a memorial for Walter Reuther in 1970 by students and clergy, when radicals and hardhats tentatively began to share an agenda. "That was something I was proud to do: build bridges. I sang 'Joe Hill,' which they knew and had sung at other rallies, with them, and soon afterwards labor speakers told the students: 'We were wrong, and you were right, about the Vietnam War. Our leaders have lost their way.' Not much later, the anti-war people made justice for workers part of their concerns, and both began to work together in the Democratic Party." Earl recorded an album of this event--titled Strange, Unusual Evening.

Like Pete Seeger, for whose energy and endurance we shared admiration, Earl Robinson will continue to live and build bridges in whatever is 'present time.' Perhaps this performer's credo is a couplet from his "Song for Americans":

I believe America is still young,
And her best song hasn't yet been sung!

The gift of Earl Robinson's pen and voice to compose at least part of that "best song" is enough for anyone--even Earl himself--to consider his life well spent.

a journal

IS THERE FOLK MUSIC IN IRELAND?

by Hugh Blumenfeld

Wednesday, April 3, Holyhead to Dublin ferry

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All the things that don't change
Come what may
But the good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back
this way

- Ian Tyson

On the way over to Ireland a woman walked into the ship's cabin, wearing a plain faded dusty sundress and a well-used backpack. Caroline Fitzgerald. A doctor. She had just finished three years working among the Blacks in South Africa. Her visa had run out and she was sure she'd never be allowed to return because of her political activities. She had many friends in South Africa she would never see again. Some were in jail; more were dead. She talked of the lively music scene in South Africa: people gathering at someone's house, often illegally, singing political songs or just drumming till all hours.

We asked about the folk music scene in Ireland. She said most of the new music being written was rock and roll, much of which was good, despite the commercial promotion. Recommended U2. But she told us there's good folk music in Counties Kerry, Clare, and Galway; the further west you go, the less it's infected with tourism.

She asked us a lot of questions about the American Indians. We didn't know many of the answers.

First night in Dublin we get directions to two local singing pubs from our host at the Bed and Breakfast. "Singing pub" is a broad term for a pub where music is performed, either by a regular band, a pick-up group, patrons when the mood strikes them, or all three. The Belvedere Hotel featured an authentic American Country Western band replete with electric twang and cowboy hats. (Lesson: be very distrustful of Irish translations of the deified American expression "folk music." Here it means tourist fare or the cowboy craze.)

Over the racket we get directions to O'Donoghue's, near Trinity College and St. Stephen's Green (equivalent to having Harvard next to the Boston Common). Not realizing that there's a downstairs where they play Irish music (there is), we go upstairs. In a small packed room, three young bards with three guitars take turns strumming a variety of '70's Americana, mostly Neil Young, and everybody in the entire place sings along. This is shoulder-to-shoulder, tables-filled-with-\$1-pints-of-Guinness-from-the-tap, hearty singing. Not the namby pamby stuff you get in New York where everybody's thinking 'performance.' I start to hear the real folk quality of some of those songs. "Four Strong Winds" will still be sung 100 years from now. You realize it when you hear 50-year-old men singing it to themselves out in the streets while they work or walk.

But still, it's somehow depressing to hear strong Irish voices singing about L.A. There's a certain bankruptcy in this rut of Neil Young, Eagles, and Paul Simon, only made more keen by how young the crowd is and how earnestly they sing. I ask Tommy to play something he wrote; he demurs saying his songs are "too sappy." Instead he plays "Needle and the Damage Done" and the next two are "Southern Man" and something else by the Eagles. A single Irish tune, a cynical attack on the bomb, peters out in the middle. No one remembers the words, though it must be relatively new.

11:00, last round. 11:30, pub closes. This is the rule here. In New York, the second set at SpeakEasy is just starting and the regulars are starting to drop in. An elfin 14-year-old boy with bright red hair shuttles empty glasses and wipes the tables down.

Thursday, April 4, Glendalough

In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every glove that's laid him down
Or cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving,"
But the fighter still remains.
Lie-la-lie...

- Paul Simon

Twenty-five miles south of Dublin, Wicklow County is the "Garden of Ireland." It's a good hour and a half's drive on the 10-foot-wide, rarely marked, can't-get-there-from-here country roads. They're wide enough for two cars to pass if you veer a little onto the grassy shoulder but not quite to the stone walls that pen in the sheep everywhere. We find a Bed and Breakfast at a small farm between Laragh and Roundwood and then drive two and a half miles down to the Royal ("Rile") Hotel, tucked into the tiny vale of Glendalough.

"Hi, I'm Pat. Pat plain and simple." I've brought my guitar in with me and Pat sees it, comes over and introduces himself. Can't play in the bar--it interrupts the snooker plays--so he takes us through to the lounge in the next room. "Hi, I'm Pat. Pat plain and simple," he introduces himself to Andrea. He's 21 and lean, a misfit of sorts and too friendly. He insists on buying a round.

I offer to buy the next, which offends him greatly. "I didn't offer to buy you a drink because I expected to get one back. We could as well have ordered ourselves two drinks apiece, couldn't we."

The polite thing to do in Ireland is not to offer to buy the next round but just to buy it, usually before your friend's drink is half gone. It comes up fast, and, not being briefed beforehand, I find myself on the receiving end of three rounds by last call. When Pat plays, I listen. When I play, Pat gets up and orders half pints. It's especially uncomfortable when I learn that my host, like 50 percent of young people around Dublin, is unemployed with little hope for work.

Musically, the results are similar to last night. I play a song of mine and Pat plays "Needle and the Damage Done" and "Four Strong Winds." I then get requests for "The Boxer"... Pat's brother, a forester (meaning deforester), and a friend come by and sing. Everybody in the lounge sings all the choruses when we get to "American Pie." After a while Pat seems to lose interest, grows somber. I feel suddenly out of his good graces and we leave him quarreling with the bartender instead of waiting to drive him home.

Friday, April 5, Killarney, County Kerry

There is one hour in the long day that pubs are closed in Ireland: Holy Hour, 2:30-3:30 p.m. There are two days in the long year that pubs are closed in Ireland: Christmas Day and Good Friday. We retire early.

Saturday, April 6

Some say the devil is dead
The devil is dead, the devil is dead
Some say the devil is dead
And buried in Killarney

More say he rose again
More say he rose again
More say he rose again
And joined the British Army

The Glen Eagle Hotel turns out to be the worst sort of tourist trap. It was recommended by a cool hitchhiking couple we picked up on our way west, and Tommy was even a musician. (He played the traditional Irish pipes and the tin whistle.) Posters show the performers in bright sequined shirts and vests, and inside the music is amplified and schmaltzy. With a \$4 cover at the door, the place eats up long lines of well dressed young people, with chartered buses still arriving. Almost everyone is Irish, and I guess that Killarney is like a Catskills or Poconos resort ten years ago or maybe like Fort Lauderdale during Spring Break (though less pagan).

So we head for Manny Dann's, the other place Tommy and Orla had suggested. The bouncer lets in everyone he knows and to everyone else the place is unfortunately too full just now. Finally Andrea says very evenly, "We're next." He considers and then waves us in with a conspiratorial finger to the lips. Inside is a huge club that holds about 300 drinkers, all of them singing at the top of their lungs to the old favorites played by the band. We shove through the standing crowd at the bar to the seats, which are arranged around long tables like mead benches. Whole tables of friends sing together, trying to outsing everyone else, but not shouting.

The band is a haggard, awkward crew. The whistle player is a red headed Woody Allen with a belly, the banjo player never moves a muscle in his face, and the leader stands behind one of the large speakers in the shadows. They take no responsibility for anything; they just play the songs people can sing. They play "Molly Malone," "No Nay Never," "The Gypsy



Rover," "We Had an Old Rooster," and "Deportee." These songs are older than we are, but the crowd roars. The band is forced to stop in the middle of "Some Say the Devil Is Dead" because people are not allowed to dance and stand on the tables at Manny Dann's.

During the break, groups of people break into drunken song spontaneously, and most of the room joins in. If only I could bring this crowd to New York. But I can't help thinking that the songs themselves have grown empty, and as the crowd gets drunker and drunker, it looks more unlikely that we'll fight through it to get to the bar for another round. In an hour and a half we've gone from exhilarated to exhausted.

Sunday, April 7, Dingle

After a miserably cold and wet day-hike over barbed wire sheep pasture fences and through the liquid green dung of the bohareens, we trudged down the long hill into Dingle town. We rubbed our eyes in front of a health food restaurant with a poster outside that read "FOLK MUSIC." We figured it would be a good place to ask about the local scene, which we heard was especially thriving in the remote vastnesses of the West. The wooden shelves were filled with herbs, teas, and grains, and the kitchen served up homemade leek and potato soup and spicy vegetables.

All around us I overheard the kind of earnest conversations you hear at folk festivals. At one table photographers were poring over portfolios; one had recently gotten meningitis and now saw snow everywhere. And next to us, there was the unmistakable jargon of folk music gigs. I interrupted what turned out to be serious booking negotiations, and so maybe got less of

a welcome than I might have. The guitarist asked where we were from, and when I said New York he asked, "Have you ever heard of the SpeakEasy?"

The Din O Noir hotel in Baille Ferriter is another resort center, and our folksy acquaintances told us there would be a promising "session" here tonight. Again the crowd is mostly Irish and largely local. Some people ask me to play, but I decide to wait a bit. Soon a group of four musicians sits down in a circle and begins to play traditional tunes, with the accordion players usually taking the lead and the whistle and pipe players following. The bar fills up fast, and then past full, while the circle of musicians grows every time I turn my back. Soon there are eight or nine, including a guitar, banjo, and more accordions. Even at 15 feet, the music is outdone by the volume of drinkers.

The smoking and drinking get so dense that it becomes radically uncomfortable in the bar, and we head out. But the guitarist sees my guitar and invites me to play along, so I squeeze into the circle and tune up. The accordions continue starting up songs together spontaneously, without words, and everyone else joins in. It's easy to follow the simple chords, but without being familiar with the tunes it's impossible to do more than provide rhythm. The guitarist has a beautiful baritone voice and twice he sings alone. But the bar is too loud, and this crowd does not sing along with his lyrical strains. So the accordions rule. To me, on two Guinnesses and unable to breathe, the tunes become indistinguishable, arbitrary, three-chord combinations that are difficult to hear. There is no sign of the

(Continued on page 19.)

SIDE LYRICS ONE

SOMEBODY STILL CARES

One heart left behind sat down and wrote me a letter
She was a lover who spent two good years with me
I expected her to say she'd found another love
And that this note would be the last she'd send to me
But for her words I was quite unprepared, when she said

Chorus:

Somebody still cares, somewhere far away
Somebody you know is thinking about you today
Somebody recalls the sweet lover you are
Somebody hopes those dreams take you far

Bridge:

So what was I to say?
I'd left that heart 3,000 miles away
And what was I to do?
I made my choices when I made my move

So I sat down to write some letter of reply
Just to let her know how much she'd meant to me
And that despite the miles I could see her anytime
In the pictures that I hold inside of me
And it feels good to know we keep sweet memories,
and that (Chorus)

Oh lover, don't despair, I tell you somebody still cares.

© 1985 by Steve Key

I THINK IT'S TIME

I think it's time that I settle down, yeah, slow down.
I think it's time that you came around, came around.
Realize that we've come a long way,
But we're both waitin' for the other to say,
Before we pack it up and cart it away,
I want to tell you I love you.

I think it's time that we stopped to see you and me.
We enjoy each other's company, plain to see.
We should rest and let the other people pass us by,
Why should we push it if there's no need to try,
'Cause when I take the time to look in your eyes,
I'm gonna tell ya I love you.

'Cause we fit together, like a bird and feathers;
They both need each other if they wish to fly.
And even under the darkest weather,
I still see the sun in your eye.

© 1985 Words by Tom Porzungolo; Music by Phil Salzinger

LAST TIME I LIVED IN THE COUNTRY

Last time I lived in the country
I grew marijuana this tall
As high as Akeem Abdul Olajuwon
When he goes up for the ball

Last time I lived in the country
"Hey man" was the language I spoke
Nixon was Nixon was Nixon
And a toke was a toke was a toke

One day they rode out to the country
In a shiny blue unmarked car
I'd waited too long for the harvest
Stayed out too late at a bar

I was sleeping when they knocked at my bedroom
And said, "Hoss, you're gon' take a fall
From as high as Kareem Abdul Jabbar
When he goes up for the ball

Chorus:

Last time I lived in the country
I was wild and crazy and broke
Nixon was Nixon was Nixon
And a toke was a toke was a toke

They put me in with all the hard cases
Check forgers and stereo thieves
Outside, the law boys were divvyng up
Nine pounds of smokeable leaves

My buddies rode down and got me
We smoked a joint on the way home
We swore we'd get even with those fuckin' pigs
But all we ever did was get stoned (Chorus)

The judge said a change of scenery
Might be the best thing for you
So I moved my ass up to the city
Singing the country blues

I made up songs for a living
Made me some new good friends
Finally made enough money
To move back to the country again

Got a nice little spot in the garden
Just right for some reefer to grow
But I don't want to go back to the city
So I ain't gon' do that no mo'

I just light up a big fat Havana
And pull on the lawnmower choke
Nixon is Nixon's still Nixon
And a good cigar is a smoke (Chorus)

by Jim Wann © 1985 Friendly Guy (ASCAP)

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
(First of four verses)

Lyrics by Francis Scott Key
Melody, Ralph Tomlinson

BALLAD OF A BALLGAME

Remember that song by Janis Ian
not getting chosen for the basketball team?
I would have written that line
if she hadn't done it first
'cause when you're 5'2"
OK, 5'1" and a half
and everybody else in the whole gym class
is 5'3" and even taller
it hurts

Truth is, I hadn't thought about that for years
'til a recent phone call rekindled all my fears
"a softball game," Robin said, "and you're invited"
"Softball, great! That's my game!
Why 'Softball' is practically my middle name
I'll be right over," I said, sounding excited

Even though I can't throw, I can't hit
I can't run, I admit
I can't catch, I can't pitch
in softball I haven't found my niche
but I don't let details get in my way
team sports, that's what I love to play
I got dressed, got my sneakers tied
made it to the park in time for choosing sides

Pick me, pick me, pick me, pick me, pick me
Glove? Well yes, I own one, but it's in the
repair shop...I can always borrow from the other team...
pick me, pick me, pick me, pick me, pick me...
This part goes on for quite a while because
20 people showed up to play, and as 10-person sides
were being chosen I looked down at the ground,
stared up at the sky, noticed that clouds were
rolling in, acted like it didn't bother me a bit that

Deja vu, I was the last one chosen
after the other team picked Jay Rosen
they put me in the field so far out and to the right
I was practically out of sight
still everybody said I was having a good day
I didn't make any errors
I didn't make any plays
You see, the ball never actually came out my way
and I figured the afternoon is going to end this way

ALL THE WOOD OF LEBANON

Build a box for a boy who's gone
cedar, cypress and olive
build a box for a boy who's coming home
all the wood of Lebanon

And build it long as a year of peace
cedar, cypress and olive
with shoulders wide as the war-torn streets
all the wood of Lebanon

And drape no flag across the top
cedar, cypress and olive
he needs no flag, no parting shots
all the wood of Lebanon

And set him deep as the blood in the land
cedar, cypress and olive
then we'll plant the tall trees again
in the desert sand
all the wood of Lebanon

(Repeat first verse)

© 1984 by Hugh Blumenfeld

Getting up to bat was even worse than this
I hit a little dribbler out to the mound,
the pitcher threw me out at first base
then the captain of the other team said,
"Hey, it's OK, she really doesn't know how to play
so we won't count her outs"
and I said "Wait a minute, I want you to count my outs
I want my outs to count!"
which made me instantly unpopular with my whole team
so I said, "You don't have to count my outs!
I was only kidding!"
but I wasn't

So I resumed my place in the field
watched the dandelions grow, blossom,
turn into puffs and blow away in the chilly wind,
watched the clouds make ugly formations
I questioned my worth as a human being
and my reason for living

When top of the seventh, two on, two out
a crack of that bat, a mighty clout
my whole team turned and cringed to see
that speeding ball heading toward me
I ran as fast as I could, I said a prayer
stuck out my glove...the ball landed in there!
no one could believe it on either team
they hooted and hollered, stomped and screamed
and even total strangers watching clapped and cheered
aware that God had just performed a miracle here
I was carried to the bench, handed a beer
then the clouds broke apart and the sun reappeared.

(I'm exaggerating on that point.
The sun didn't come out, but it felt like it did
in my heart. I wanted to live again.)

By the way, we lost that game 17-3
but I considered it a moral victory
so Janis Ian, wherever you might be
take heart, there's hope for you
'cause there's hope for me

© 1985 Christine Lavin

SIDE BY R C S TWO

EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Every night when the sun goes down
Every night when the sun goes down
Every night when the sun goes down
I hang my head and mournful cry.

I wish (to the) Lord my train would come
I wish (to the) Lord my train would come
I wish (to the) Lord my train would come
And take me back where I come from.

True love, don't weep, true love don't mourn
True love, don't weep, true love don't mourn
True love, don't weep or mourn for me
I'm goin' down to the marble town

I wish (to the) Lord my babe was born
and sittin' on his daddy's knee,
And me, poor girl, was dead and gone,
(the) green grass growin' over me

Traditional

HANGING ON THE EDGE

Day breaks
I reach out just to feel if you're still there
Or did you vanish in the air?
Heart aches
You're waking up those fears I locked inside
And do I take the dare?

Chorus:
I'm standing on the edge
Of that other world, in the morning's early light
I guess we're doing alright
And I'm hanging on the edge of falling in love
with you

Cold fright
Cracks apart and crashes to the ground
My suit of armor gone
Brave knight
Drops his shield and shivers to the bone
In a quiet prayer for dawn

There's power in the air, you know, you can feel it
hovering
There's a question in her eyes, can he love without
smothering?
There's whiskey in our veins, when we make love you
can feel it burn
There's power in the wheel of fortune, every time
the wheel turns

© 1984 by Dennis Pearne

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia has a minimum of scum
The people are so friendly there most of the time
There's ballparks, restaurants, historical sights
Hardly a trace of dirt, grease or grime

People come to visit from all around the world
A convenient little rest stop 'tween New York and D.C.
There are a couple sleazy spots, just one or two that's all
Near the all night bars and peep shows and the bell of liberty

Chorus:
Philadelphia
It really has a minimum of scum
They made it obsolete except on Locust Street
Philadelphia the place where I'm from

Ben Franklin, Betsy Ross and Edgar Allan Poe
Julius Erving, Mike Schmidt, Steve Carlton and me
We all chose Philly town as the place where we live
What's good for them is good enough for me

Christ Church is a place where I used to get high
I used to do nothing 'cept sit round there all day
And nobody cared, not the bums or the drunks
And the cops never carted me away

Philadelphia
Got honest politicians back there
They went from Frank Rizzo to the Green and the Goode
Got pooper scooper laws down on Rittenhouse Square

Well the Pope came into town on a golden autumn day
I still can hear his voice, feel the essence of its tone
The Pope was cool and so at ease right on the Parkway there
Where many times before he'd seen Sylvester Stallone

And you can keep New Orleans, Paris, London or Hong Kong
L.A., Rio, Nice or any sun-drenched area
I'm like that famous funny man who long ago did write
His tombstone reads I'd rather be in Philadelphia (Chorus)

© 1984 by Curt Lippe

WHOLE WORLD ROUND

Chorus:

Fiddle and a bow and a firelight glow
You can hear that lonesome sound
I'll leave behind my troublin' mind
And go this whole world round
And go this whole world round

I heard my neighbor's rooster crow
early in the day
I heard his ax beyond these woods
And now I'm bound away
And now I'm bound away (Chorus)

The red squirrel leaves when the grey squirrel comes
The eagle nests alone
One hundred miles from a wagon track
Is where I'll be on my own
Is where I'll be on my own (Chorus)

I've seen an old man whittlin' wood
I've seen the streets of town
I'll pack my goods for the Arkansas woods
And there I'll settle down
It's there I'll settle down (Chorus)

Traditional

GANDHI

I was sitting in the kitchen eating yogurt with a fork
because all the spoons were in the sink,
The yogurt lid was on the table, and all the cockroaches
thought it was a skating rink.
I saw a really big one.
I picked up a book, it screamed out, "Don't kill me!
'Cause I'm the reincarnation of Mahatma Gandhi."

I was surprised, no roach had ever spoken to me like this before.
I thought it might be a joke, but cockroaches aren't known for
their sense of humor.

"I thought you were a friend of God--and he would put you up high."
He said, "I thought so too, imagine my surprise."

I left some orange peels out so he would have something that he
could live upon.
Pretty soon they were covered with roaches, he'd invited all of
his friends to munch along.
My girlfriend screamed when she saw them: "Don't leave out food
it drives me crazy!"
I said, "I did it for the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi."

It's real nice in the funny farm.
I've got a great view.
And Napoleon has such charm--I'm helping him plan for Waterloo.

I saw the doctor, I said, "You can let me go. I am perfectly okay."
He said, "It's probably true, but I will never make any money thataway.
What seems to be the problem?" he said.
"My cockroach is Mahatma Gandhi."
He whispered, "My pet turtle is John F. Kennedy."

They let me go, because the doctor needed my room, that's what they
said.
Later I heard that his pet turtle had been shot twice in the head.
When I got back to my apartment the locks were changed.
And my girlfriend wouldn't give me the key.
But she gave me Mahatma Gandhi

© 1985 Charles D. Herold

LOVE'S ILLUSIONS

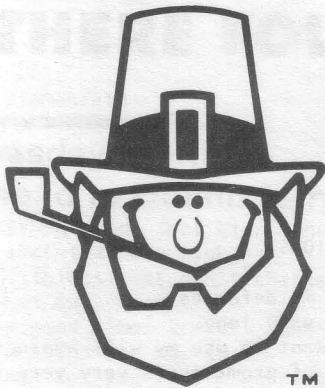
I don't want my defenses
at least not very long
And I don't want to use my will against you
But the lure of promises is very very strong
and the words I love you
I don't want to undermine
the strength that I can have
but I don't want to hold onto this loving
and I don't want the flattery
that tells me what to be
even when it sounds like
I love you
Love's illusions are gone
and I'm not a girl, I'm a woman
Love's illusions weren't wrong
but now I want the real thing.

I know there is no shortage
of what I have to give
but I need someone
who knows how to use it
to take me as I am now
illusions stripped away
and nothing left but the loving

So take me to your body
and take me to your heart
and take me to those places
you've been hiding
so I can really see you
and touch and glorify
so I can really love you

Love's illusions are gone
and I'm not a girl I'm a woman
Love's illusions weren't wrong
but now I want the real,
the real, the real thing!

© 1984 by Marianne Kreitlow



Irish fest™

1985

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Dermot O'Brien, Joe Feeney, Blarney, Battlefield Band, Barley Bree,
Noel Henry, Jimmy Kennedy, Irish Brigade, Mary McGonigle,
many, many more

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Box 599
Milwaukee, Wis. 53201
414-466-6640

FESTIVAL PREVIEWS

by Nancy Talanian

Here, in order of their occurrence, are some of the festivals that will take place this summer in North America. Asterisk (*) indicates that a more detailed description of festival activities is provided in the May 1985 issue of Fast Folk.

*WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, July 11-14
(Birds Hill Provincial Park, 19 miles northeast of Winnipeg on Highway 59)

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

BRANDYWINE MOUNTAIN MUSIC CONVENTION, Fair Hill, Maryland, July 12-14

This is Brandywine's twelfth year. Concerts will include performances by Bob Wills Original Texas Playboys, Junior Daugherty, The New Lost City Ramblers, Suzanne Edmondson, Ernest East, Dixie Hummingbirds, and the Whitstein Brothers.

The site of the convention will be Pleasant View Stables, Kirk Road off Rt. 273, Fair Hill. There is rough camping (free), and motels nearby in Newark, Delaware.

Tickets are available at the gate only: weekend--\$25, Friday--\$5, Saturday--\$12, and Sunday--\$11. For further information, contact Brandywine Friends of Old Time Music, Box 3504, Greenville, DE 19807; (302) 654-3930.

AUGUSTA HERITAGE ARTS WORKSHOP, Elkins, West Virginia, July 14-August 16

Davis & Elkins College Campus will offer over 80 workshops and twice-weekly concerts for the thirteenth year of its Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop.

Music workshops will include Scottish music, blues, bluegrass, old-time fiddle, and much more. A partial list of instructors includes Si Kahn, John McCutcheon, Dewey Balfa, John Jackson, Margaret MacArthur, Howard Levy, Eric Schoenberg, Alan Senauke, Pete Sutherland, and Trapezoid.

Tuition (including concerts) is \$135-\$150/week; \$15-\$25/evening sessions. Concerts for nonparticipants will be \$4 each. Accommodations, including campus housing and cafeteria food

service, is \$122/week. There are also campsites, motels, and restaurants nearby.

For reservations or further information, contact Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, Davis & Elkins College, Elkins, WV 26241; (304) 636-1903, ext. 209.

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

Performers at the 25th annual Mariposa Festival will include Bare Necessities, Norman Blake and the Rising Fawn String Ensemble, Capercaillie, Margøret Christl, Dalglish Larsen and Sutherland, Blind John Davis, Cathy Fink, Friends of Fiddlers Green, Murray McLaughlan, Marcel Messervier All-Stars, Yank Rachell, Rare Air, Garnet Rogers, Ian Tyson, Sylvia Tyson, Jane Voss & Hoyle Osborne, Frank Wakefield, and many others.

All-weekend tickets are \$35 with camping; \$25.50 without. Single-day tickets are \$10 Friday; \$12.50 Saturday and Sunday. These prices (in Canadian dollars) 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.

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, Newport, Rhode Island, August 3-4

Newport will host two afternoon performances, noon to 6:30, at Fort Adams State Park overlooking Newport Harbor.

Artists will include Joan Baez, Arlo Guthrie, Judy Collins, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Taj Mahal, Doc and Merle Watson, Buskin and Batteau, Peter Rowan, Tom Paxton, Dave Van Ronk, and many others.

Although the festival is not officially affiliated with the Newport Folk Foundation, past presentors of the Newport Folk Festival, the producers hope that this event will emulate the past tradition and spirit of earlier years.

Tickets are \$16.50 per day in advance, \$18.50 on the day of the concert. For tickets and full schedule, write Newport Folk Festival, P.O. Box 1221, Newport, Rhode Island 02840.

EDMONTON FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, August 9-11

Activities at this festival will include mainstage Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening concerts; workshops Saturday and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; a highly regarded Children's Stage; a crafts area, and a food fair. The festival site is Gallagher Park, in the heart of the city of Edmonton, Alberta, which offers little shade, so come prepared for sun during the day. Bus service to the festival site is good.

There are several campsites on the city outskirts, and several hotels and motels in the vicinity of the park. Arrangements for accommodations must be made by the attendees. Tickets for the full program are \$25 until July 14, \$30 from July 15 until August 9, and \$35 at the gate. Prices are quoted in Canadian funds.

A performer list will be available by the time you read this. A booklet providing this and other information, and tickets, are available by writing:

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

*IRISH FEST, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 16-18

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.

Tickets are \$5 at the gate or \$4 in advance. Children 7 to 12, and seniors are \$2 at gate only. For tickets, send self-addressed stamped envelope with proper amount (check or money order) to Irish Fest Tickets, Box 599, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

AUGUSTA FESTIVAL, Elkins, West Virginia, August 16-18

The tenth anniversary Augusta Festival will present concerts Friday and Saturday evening, workshops all day Saturday, and a gospel sing Sunday night. Other activities will include crafts, square dancing, and story telling.

Performers will include Si Kahn, Hazel Dickens, John McCutcheon, Dewey Balfa, Cathy Fink, Guy and Candie Carawan, Jane Sapp, Sparky Rucker, and more.

Concerts will be held in a 1200-seat auditorium; Saturday events along a two-block section of downtown Elkins; and Sunday events in Elkins city park.

Advance tickets for the weekend are \$15, and include both concerts and workshops.

For tickets, information, or a list of motels and campsites, contact Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, Davis & Elkins College, Elkins, WV 26241; (304) 636-1903, ext. 209. (Tickets may be purchased at the gate.)

PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL, Upper Salford, PA, August 23-25

The 24th annual Philly Festival will be held at the Old Poole Farm in Upper Salford, PA, near Schwenksville. There will be three main-stage evening concerts, three afternoon concerts, two days of workshops, dancing, camping, crafts, jamming, and special children's programs.

Performers will include Tom Paxton, Taj Mahal, John Hartford, Mike Cross, Queen Ida and the Bon Temps Zydeco Band, the Seldom Scene, Dave Van Ronk, Koko Taylor Blues Band, Reilly and Maloney, Happy and Artie Traum, Jim Post, Garnett Rogers, John Roberts and Tony Barrand, and Rory Block. A first this year will be a special Spotlight concert for new talent on Sunday afternoon.

Tickets range from \$11 for a single afternoon to \$51 for the three-day event including camping. Children under 12 are free. For tickets and information, write or call Philadelphia Folk Festival, 7113 Emlen Street, Philadelphia, PA 19119; (215) 242-0150.

An Announcement

A son,
Caleb Zia Spencer,
was born to
Peter and Leyla Spencer,
Saturday, May 11

a personal guide to Portland, Ore., and Seattle NORTHWEST FOLK

by Steve Key

The home of such folk musicians as John Fahey, Michael O'Domhnaill, and Reilly & Maloney, Windham Hill artist Scott Cossu, and rock acts like Heart and Quarterflash is a good place to hide. I hid there for about two years, shaking off the rain I had heard so much about and searching for the woody songwriters I was sure would be at every coffeehouse in town.

I was headed for Seattle in April 1983, but ended up living in Portland and visiting Seattle on rare occasions. Despite knowing that Seattle had a more active and organized folk scene, I opted for the cheap rents and uncrowded highways of Portland. Seattle offered Victory Music, a folk cooperative not unlike that at New York City's SpeakEasy. Its 14-year director, Chris Lunn, has directed his group's efforts toward publicizing the overall folk music scene with a monthly newsletter, Tuesday night hoots at Engine #9 Restaurant in Tacoma, and an informal, non-profit booking service for performers.

But Portland had its own charm and pockets of talent. Places to play were rare, and pay for original music was generally low. There were some, such as Gary Ogan (who recorded a 1972 album on Elektra with Bill Lamb and was a Leon Russell protege in the late '70s), hometown boys who could always get the \$60- or \$70-a-night gigs at the local bars.

Ogan's independently produced tunes were often heard on KINK-FM, a commercial station with a progressive folk-rock format that included the likes of Bruce Cockburn, Joan Armatrading, James Taylor, and Neil Young. Late at night, the format would shift to progressive jazz, from Windham Hill to Jeff Lorber, another Portland product. Maybe half a dozen unsigned local songwriters got their tunes in light rotation on KINK, and the less polished ones would find a slot at KB00, the listener-sponsored station with the format of a mid-60s Cal-Berkeley college radio show.

KB00 also sponsored concerts, including a world music festival to introduce international folk music (Ghanian drummer Obo Addy happened to live in town) to the populace by headlining Fahey, Mimi Farina, Ferron (of British Columbia, just up the road 250 miles),

Windham Hill's Darol Anger and Barbara Higbie, and Taj Mahal. There was also the annual Boo Ball, a big Halloween party at the downtown train station.

The genius behind the world music fest was Bill Bulick, the Don King of Portland folk music. Bulick, himself a Celtic folk musician in a group called Wild Geese, had a part interest in a music store, Artichoke Music, and ran concert promotions. He sponsored shows by Dave Van Ronk, Sonny Rollins, and Tony Trischka & Skyline. There was also a good blues promoter in town. But the only regular folk music venue was the East Avenue Tavern, which devoted Tuesdays to the open mike, Mondays to Irish Music, and Sundays to cloggers.

Sometimes I played the East Avenue hoots, but more often I was on the other side of the river, in a hippy-ish Mexican restaurant called Acapulco's Gold. The owner kept a small group of us fed, plus toss us a \$20 to add to the \$25 or \$30 we'd pick up in tips for a two-hour gig. When I left town in March 1985, there were three Golds, all willing to give some space to acoustic players.

Another one of the Gold players was Lew Jones, a high school bandmate of Quarterflash's Marv Ross, who varied between solo dinnerhouse gigs and playing in a rock outfit called The Grown Men. Lew had lots of his own records--three singles and an album--plus a cassette album of more recent tunes. But he kept going in circles, and finally realized that he had reached his own level of incompetence. Lew didn't really have the polish or the voice to carry him beyond the Portland taverns. I think he made it just by persistence and a touch of humility. One time we both showed up at the same Gold and realized that I had made the mistake, and had taken a bus in the rain to the wrong restaurant. But Lew said he had a car, and besides he was in the mood for driving, and he headed off to the other place so we both could have a gig that night.

Then there was a player named Davey McDonald, last seen hopping a Green Tortoise bus to New York City. I left soon after, partly because I didn't want to be like Lew and partly because I felt ready to taste a bit more of the city life. Portland, the small city on the river, was still a good place to hide.

(Continued from page 7.)

Oscar Brand offers a wealth of material about this subject in his book, Ballad Mongers. Unhappily, I was unable to secure the lyrics to the original. (I promise them next issue, along with Erik Frandsen's and David Bromberg's "My Wife Has Big ---," which uses the same tune; if I can get their permission), so I made up a version of my own. If you are not offended by this piece, you are sick, sick, sick.



THE DRUNKARD'S ERRANT CODPIECE

O say can you _ee	1. k
After drinking all night	2. m
When your _ipper is stuck	3. g
And your _ouse _eys are _issing	4. b
That's when panic begins	5. a
And your knees start to bend	6. z
And you move up and down	7. h
With a _hit-eating grin	8. f
And when you hear the blare	9. s
Of _artblossoms in air	10. d
Tis proof in the end	11. p
_iarrhea's set in	
O _hit _uck _iss _oddam _sshole	
Son of a _itch	
It's a _ell of a way	
To pass out in a _itch	

See if you can fill in the blanks with the appropriate letter. The correct answers will be published in the next issue of Fast Folk. (Hint: nos. 7-11 are used twice.)

(Continued from page 11.)

afternoon's "folk musicians," and so I pack up and we head back to our unmarked Bed and Breakfast at the new home of a young couple with two children. They have prospered with Ireland over the last ten years, but foresee lean times ahead.

Monday, April 8, Dublin

Ah dee doo ah dee doo dah day
Ah dee doo ah dee day dee
He whistled and he sang till the
green woods rang
And he won the heart of the lady.

Our last night in Ireland. It has rained on us every day of our trip, and our clothes never quite lose their dampness. This morning we drove out to Slea Head, where a mute guided us up a hill to see the prehistoric beehive stone huts, the rugged Basket Islands in the mist, and a fishing trawler split on the rocks. Then drove all the way back across the country to be here in Dublin, ugly and wretched with the smell of burning, low-grade coal.

We are disenchanted with the pub scene so far and are tempted to spend a quiet night in, but with so little time we decide to push ourselves. O'Donoghue's is so crowded downstairs that it is impossible to get past the door. A traditional Irish band is playing traditional music. I have always enjoyed the energy and joy of this instrumental music but--maybe out of ignorance--have never really grown to appreciate it. I have been looking for something else, I guess. Something corresponding to Dylan, Simon, Mitchell, Young, or to Vega, MacDonald, Massengill, and Morrissey.

I convince Andrea to check out the upstairs with me, promising that if we can't sit we'll leave. But the upstairs is quiet and virtually empty. In the back room a few couples are scattered around the half dozen tables, talking. I see wine and aperitifs along with draughts.

And then a man at the bar breaks into drunken song. Besides the vehemence of his singing, and its clarity, I'm surprised by the bittersweet love-lyric he's chosen. When he's done, there's sporadic applause, and he comes around to the back room and singles out Andrea and me to befriend. He's exceptionally handsome himself with exact politeness.

And then, while the smooth creamy Guinness is slowly being pulled, Colum starts another song. This time, in the middle, the woman at the next table joins in, quietly, turning from a conversation with her husband. I'm surprised, because she's older, maybe 40, and Colum is very drunk. But he can sing, and the next song he starts is joined by two more people. His sad songs strike a chord here.

The first woman's husband takes up a song--he's more reserved, a less rich voice, but still commanding. Colum buys a round for another young man who seems to be an acquaintance (also drunk) and I get a chance to buy him one.

The friend sings and then Colum turns to me. I wish I knew a sing-along, something everyone would know. Even in New York I know too few songs that people can sing with. Really sing, with gusto. For maybe the first time I sense what we lose at home in the attempt to write new songs, original songs. I sing Paul Kaplan's "Call Me the Whale," and everyone joins in for the refrains.

A woman sitting at a table with three friends is prevailed upon to sing three Irish ballads in a row because her voice is unpracticed and sweet, and the songs she chooses are of love and magic.

The feeling of strangers singing for and with each other, unaccompanied, of people simply loving song and giving it freely--this is what I've waited for since we arrived. Here. In a quiet bar. Among people, not musicians. And it is nothing like what I had been looking for.

BELGIAN FOLK

KRAS v.z.w. is a nonprofit organization in Belgium that promotes different kinds of music in Belgium and Holland. They are always looking for new artists and bands.

Folk and jazz artists and theatre groups are invited to inform KRAS of their activities for possible promotion in Belgium and Holland.

Please write:

KRAS v.z.w., c/o Jean Tant
D. Dehaenelaan 18a
B-8480 Veurne, Belgium

THE WIZARD GOES PUBLIC

by Rod MacDonald

Silly Wizard began its first New York concert in several years with the original quintet in a disarmingly low-key manner. Lead singer Andy Stewart named the medley tunes and concluded, "Good luck, Phil." Then Andy (banjo) and Johnny Cunningham (fiddle) twirled the band through a passage of duets while Martin Hadden (bass) and Gordon Jones (guitar and bodhran/hand drum) strummed the varying dance rhythms one might hear in a Scottish pub. At last Phil Cunningham stepped in with solo accordion, weaving through a melody once slowly and then at a pace that had the several hundred in the audience clapping and stomping. Finally the entire band came in on the beat and took that last reel home to a dead stop-chord that could only have been managed with disc brakes.

That was the first song. And the concert, produced at Manhattan CC's Triplex Theater by the Alternative Museum, got better from there.

Clearly Silly Wizard is back in form at the end of a 28-city American tour, bantering with each other (Andy: "John's quite an individual, really.;" John: "Thanks Andy, let's have lunch.") and gliding through a program of exquisite, sad ballads like "Eastern Winds" (Andy: "This is exactly the kind of song Celtic people sing when they're having a sensational time.") juxtaposed with hot fiddle tunes like "Spaceman Ruined My Gig" and "The Fox in the Microwave."

Every song is a minor symphony: Phil moves to his Yamaha DX 7 Digital Programmable Algorithm Synthesizer (Phil backstage: "I hate the accordion, been playin' it since the night before me fourth birthday. Like to blow it up. Drop it out of the plane. That's it! The plane!") for "I Am a Wandering Minstrel," playing the slow, muted trombone notes with the same stately reverence for the melody.

"Minstrel" is the saga of a young man (Andy: "In Scottish and Irish tunes the premise is always that the hero is broke.") who ventures to sea or to America to find fortune, so he can come back and marry his true love, a fabrication that's usually unraveled in the last verse. Throughout the evening there were various such endings, including "If I Was a Blackbird," where the hero returns just in time to see her sail away. Through the



sad song I feel the presence of love, as the singer yearns to be beside her again:

In the top sail I'd build my nest
And feather the riggin' with her
lily white breast.

Another ballad: Phil's piano seems to float away into the sky-blue backdrop as Andy sings "The Night They Wounded Old Ireland (And She's Bleeding To This Day)," without performance mannerisms, standing at the mike like a good lad, looking beauty in the eyes, simple and direct.

But let us not forget that Scottish music comes from a people who love to party. Tunes surface with such themes as the Priest of Dumkeld, hung by his congregation because he banned drink and music. John (on fiddle) and Phil (accordion) each do a long stint solo, pouring the notes (without sonic enhancement) into a mike, attacking the

melodies with fanatical accuracy and feeling. When Phil plays the wrong chord, the crowd laughs, so he plays it again, all at breakneck speed, then ends with a flourish that resounds through the hall. The crowd roars its appreciation as the band re-enters from the wings, bowing as if the cheers are for them.

Held together by Martin and Gordon's smooth rhythm guitars and bass, the ensemble grooved through the acoustic-funk "Queen of Argyle" and (Pardon my spelling, please!) "Donald of Mclisle o' Pre." "Donald," a minor-key boogie that Stewart sang sitting down, brought the audience jumping to its feet and demanding a last wee bit of song: "Golden, Golden." (Andy: "A Wee Song I Wrote for My Wife."), sung sweetly over the band, ending with a long sustained chord of fiddle and synthesizer.



What a concert! And delivered almost effortlessly, it seemed. I kept thinking about the relentless devotion shown to the melodies, with fiddle, accordion or keyboard, and banjo all staying right on it all the time at whatever speed; contrasting that devotion with the approach of other players each seeking "my style" ("It's my style, man, to play just behind the beat."); hearing the Cunninghams and Stewart blending into one continuous note that bobs along like a Scotsman on his bandy legs, or an American loose on the street, New York City all around.

* * *

Will Silly Wizard tour again?

Andy: "Yuh, I'd say it was worthwhile. Maybe if we make another studio album." Andy Stewart will be touring the American and Canadian festivals with Manus Lunny, and will be at the Alternative Museum.

Phil: "I hate touring. I prefer bein' at home." Home is the Isle of Skye, where Phil is developing some movie soundtracks.

Each of the musicians has been involved in other projects for the past two years; John Cunningham, for example, recently produced Lui Collins' third album for Green Linnet. Their own most recent studio work is *Kiss the Tears Away*, and there are two live albums also available through Green Linnet, a label rapidly establishing itself as a serious company

for British Isles music in America. But, like the Beatles, this is a group whose individual brilliance complements itself so well that they must be one of the world's premier musical groups, able to play their traditional instruments into microphones or to incorporate modern instruments with ease and superb taste. I hope they last a lifetime.

Elliott Murphy Information Society



We publish a bi-monthly newsletter to keep you informed of Elliott's touring and recording plans. Plus we offer hard to get Elliott Murphy items; records, teeshirts, posters, songbooks, etc. For more information or membership, please write THE ELLIOTT MURPHY INFORMATION SOCIETY P.O. Box 209, Ludlow, VT. 05149, U.S.A.

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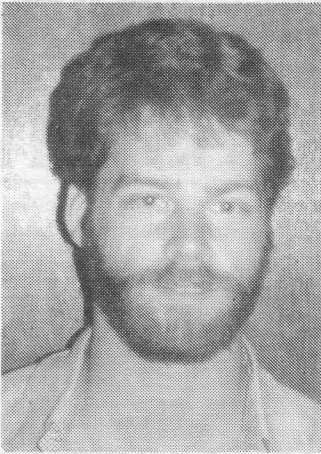
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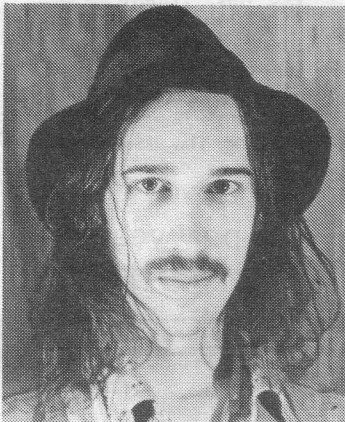


Alan Beck

Hugh Blumenfeld

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

C. D. HEROLD is is a street musician who sometimes performs under the pseudonym Mr. Death, Rebel Without Applause. He has recently joined with Cheryl Guttman, his official floutist therapist, photographer, and Woman Friday to form Death and Taxes (Inevitable Entertainment). Cheryl is a graduate of the School of Performing Arts and is presently studying psychology and writing short stories. Death and Taxes is available for parties, funerals, and furniture store openings, and can be reached at (212) 228-6883.



Cheryl Guttman

C. D. Herold

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843) was a lawyer and author of the U.S. national anthem. In September 1814, after the burning of the city of Washington by the British during the War of 1812, Key was sent to the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay to secure the release of his friend, William Beanes, who had been captured after the defeat of the U.S. forces at Bladensburg, MD. He was detained aboard ship during the shelling of Ft. McHenry, one of the forts that successfully defended Baltimore. During the night of the bombardment, September 13-14, Key's anxiety was at high pitch, and in the morning when he saw the American flag still flying over the fortress, he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." It was printed anonymously under the title "Defence of Fort M'Henry." Set to the tune of an English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," it soon became popular throughout the nation. But it was not until 1931 that Congress officially adopted it as the national anthem.

STEVE KEY was born in Brooklyn, but raised in the San Francisco Bay area. His first songs were written while he was a college student at San Jose State University. One song, "Music in the City," won second place in the San Francisco Song Contest in 1982, which led to performances at The Great American Music Hall and Moscone Center (the site of the last Democratic convention). Since March '85, Steve's been living in Elizabeth, NJ, where he also works as an assistant editor in a small publishing house.

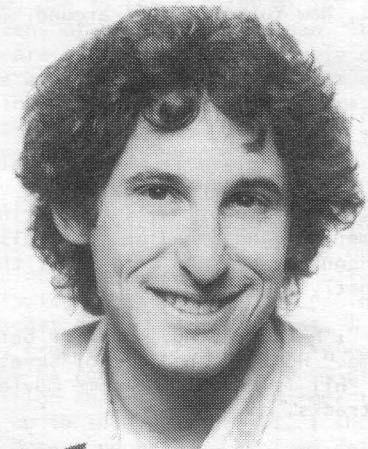
MARIENNE KREITLOW is a singer/songwriter who combines folk, rock, and jazz influences. She released her first album, Wrapped Around the Sun, in late 1984 on The Good Company Productions label, an artist-directed music production network from the Boston area. She has recently teamed up with Dennis Pearne, who plays lead guitar on her cut, "Love's Illusions."

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.



Christine Lavin

CURT LIPPE has been a performer since 1980. He has performed at clubs throughout the East. Curt is primarily a guitar instrumentalist, performing his own material and arrangements on six- and twelve-string guitars. He also sings a variety of songs, both original and arranged. Besides performing, Curt teaches guitar. His musical influences include Chopin, the Beatles, Leo Kottke, and anyone who puts everything they've got into their music. Curt resides in Philadelphia, PA, where he enjoys life in the ultra-slow lane.



Curt Lippe

WILLIE NININGER has performed on Hee Haw. Willie wrote "I'm Proud to Be a Moose" and other songs for Captain Kangaroo, and performs a busy schedule of college dates and folk and country music clubs. Willie and his sister Annie wrote the music for NBC's After

School Special, "Career Day at the Kelly School," based on the "Miss Peach" comic strip.

KENJE OGATA (*ken-gee oh-gah-tah*) is a folksinger and guitarist who performs traditional and contemporary folk tunes, along with an occasional '30s swing tune, gospel song, and blues song. She says singing is about people. Last year she won a Massachusetts Arts Lottery grant to put on a mini-series of concerts. She lives in Somerville, MA, and performs throughout the Northeast.

DENNIS PEARNE, founder of the Rising Tide Band, now plays in the Marianne Kreitlow/Dennis Pearne duo, based in the Boston area. Dennis plays guitar and bass in that group.

GAIL RUNDLETT is an Appalachian dulcimer player who sings traditional material and also draws songs from contemporary woman songwriters. She is known through the New England area as a performer who draws her audiences into her energetic sing-alongs.

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SECOND CHANCE is a trio of singer/songwriter/musicians (Michael Allinger, Mary Anne Christopher, and Ginny Connelly). Since they banded together in October 1984, they've performed in New York City, Boston, and Washington, D.C. They got together through St. Gregory's parish on the Upper West Side and found they enjoyed singing together and other people seemed to like it too.

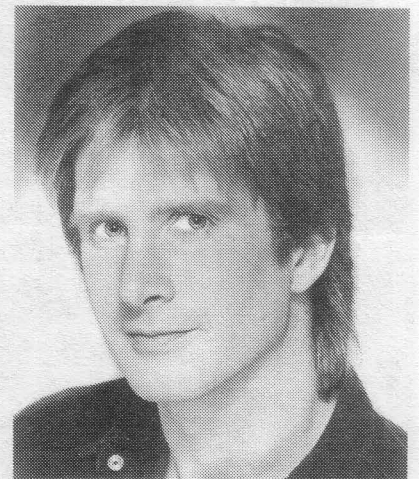
SHEPHERD'S PIE is Tom Porzungolo, Phil Salzinger, and Paul McKenzie. A group that likes to eat, it took its name from the famous British dish. Originally formed in 1981, this Brooklyn-born-and-bred band backs two-part harmony with a combination of rhythm and lead guitar. Their diverse range of styles reads like a menu: a pinch of this, and a dash of that helps Shepherd's Pie leave a good taste in your...ear.

JIM WANN was the chief songwriter and appeared in the original company of the Broadway musical, *Pump Boys and Dinettes*. His earlier musical, *Diamond Studs*, is set for a major revival this fall. Jim is preparing a concept album of new material and is interested in bookings as an artist.



John Cavanna

Second Chance: Michael Allinger, Mary Anne and Ginny Connelly



Jim Wann

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. Somebody Still Cares (Steve Key)
Steve Key/Vocal & Guitar
Bonnie Burns/Harmony Vocal & Flute
Mark Dann/Bass
2. I Think It's Time (Shepherd's Pie)
Shepherd's Pie/Vocals & Acoustic Lead Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass, Drums & Electric 12-String
Rhythm Guitar
3. All the Wood of Lebanon (Hugh Blumenfeld)
Second Chance:
Mary Anne Christopher/Vocal & Guitar
Mike Allinger/Vocal
Ginny Connelly/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
- !4. Last Time I Lived in the Country (Jim Wann)
Jim Wann/Vocal & Guitar
Don Brooks/Harmonica
- *5. The Star Spangled Banner (Francis Scott Key)
Willie Nininger/Vocal
6. Ballad of a Ballgame (Christine Lavin)
Christine Lavin/Vocal & Guitar
- **1. Every Night When the Sun Goes Down (Traditional)
Kenje Ogata/Vocal & Guitar
- **2. Hanging on the Edge (Dennis Pearne)
Dennis Pearne/Vocal & Guitar
Marianne Kreitlow/Harmony Vocal
- **3. Whole World Round (Traditional)
Gail Rundlett/Vocal & Dulcimer
- **4. Love's Illusions (Marianne Kreitlow)
Marianne Kreitlow/Vocal & Guitar
Dennis Pearne/Second Guitar
5. Philadelphia (Curt Lippe)
Curt Lippe/Vocal & Guitar
6. Gandhi (Charles D. Herold)
C.D. Herold/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass & Drums
Cheryl Guttman/Flute

!May not be suitable for airplay.

*Recorded live by Christine Lavin at Shea Stadium May 10, 1985 (Mets vs. Padres).

**Recorded by Jay Rosen in the basement of The Nameless Coffeehouse, Cambridge, MA, March 7, 1985.

All other songs recorded by Mark Dann at Fast Folk Studios, Brooklyn, NY.