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SPECIAL THANKS to Christine Lavin and
Richard Meyer for their invaluable
assistance in choosing the songs for
this issue.

COVER PHOTO by Thom Wolke © 1985

The talent spills from SpeakEasy's
stage as the club celebrated its 4th
Anniversary with a special concert.
Held at the MacDougal Street club,
there were many regulars performing
as well as a few special and surprise
guests. Those in the photo are (L to
R, top to bottom): Tom Chapin, Peggy
Atwood, Tom Paxton, Rod MacDonald,
Richard Meyer, David Roth, Hugh
Blumenfeld, Susan Firing, Anne Hills,
Beverly Bark, Lucy Kaplanski, Nikki
Matheson, Robin Batteau, Mark Dann,
Christine Lavin, John Kruth, John
Gorka.

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Dennis Di Vincenzo

CHRISTINE LAVIN

by Jean Freedman

I have been trying for weeks without success to categorize Christine Lavin. She is absolutely no help. She hems and haws and changes the subject and isn't much interested in the problem. Like any artist who defies categories, she knows that it is not she who is at fault, but the categories that are not broad enough to include her. Finally she suggests "contemporary urban folksinger," a label designed to cover a multitude of sins. It's reasonably accurate, but I don't think it says enough about Christine Lavin.

So who is she? A folksinger who sings not one traditional song, a commentator on contemporary urban life who is virtually apolitical, a humorist who writes serious songs, a singer known for her songwriting ability, a songwriter famous for her showmanship. Perhaps now you can see my problem.

Certainly Lavin's background is not typical of folksingers. She was born in 1952 in Peekskill, New York, to a large family that lived at a military school. She learned to play the guitar at 13 by watching public television and playing along. She started writing songs at this age as well.

In college (the State University of New York at Brockport) she changed majors seven times, finally ending up with English. ("I can speak it.")

Lavin next worked in a string bean factory, travelled, and in 1976 ended up in Saratoga Springs working as a waitress, baker, and part-time singer at the Caffe Lena. She was singing there one Saturday night when Dave Van Ronk heard her and suggested she come to New York and be his student.

So Lavin moved to New York, studied guitar with Van Ronk, and began playing in New York clubs like the Other End (formerly the Bitter End, and now the Bitter End again). She worked at a series of day jobs, ranging from temp work to being an associate editor at Grey Advertising, until June of 1984, when she became able to support herself as a full-time musician.

From the beginning, Lavin was classed as a folk type, though she isn't much like other folk musicians. She doesn't sing traditional songs, nor does she sing about traditional folk concerns--war, injustice, workers' rights, and



Tom Wolke © 1985

so on. She doesn't write singalongs, and she isn't political.

Why then is she a folksinger? Possibly because she doesn't have a band (she performs alone with her guitar), her melodies are simple and unsentimental, and her voice is untrained.

Lavin gives several reasons of her own, including "I like group things," a typical Lavinism, a tiny truth that no one else would notice but one that she makes important. And that, I think, is the core of her association with folk music: she writes about the real concerns of ordinary people. Like the anonymous writers of traditional songs, she writes about the specific problems of her time and place, of the small things that can make huge differences.

She has chosen an uncannily clever name for her latest album, Future Fossils. Two hundred years from now her songs will be collected as traditional, if people can only forget her name. (On the inside of Future Fossils she has written "Maybe a billion years from now, some scientist will unearth this record, play it and discover what life was really like back in the 1980s. Then again, maybe not.")

Lavin is known best for her humorous songs, like "Don't Ever Call Your Sweetheart By His Name" (Fast Folk, January '84), a shrewd bit of advice for women with multiple boyfriends. But unlike many humorists of the 1980s, Lavin can laugh at herself without losing her self-respect. After all, nobody's perfect. Nor does she insult or denigrate others in the course of her humor. Christine Lavin delights in life's absurdities, and she shows us that no one is immune to them. When we laugh at a Christine Lavin song, we are usually not laughing at other people but at the ridiculous in ourselves.

Yet Lavin doesn't like being type-cast as a humorist. Small wonder when she can write pieces like "Damaged Goods," a beautiful, touching song about the loss of youthful innocence and hope. But Lavin is an unfailing optimist, and this particular song troubles her. After she sings the last chorus (which says, "I think of myself as damaged goods"), she always tells the audience, "I don't feel that way anymore." In this way, a song of hopelessness becomes a message of hope: you can feel absolutely lousy and recover. And go on.

"Damaged Goods" is a very personal song to Christine; but then, most of her songs are. At her concerts, we can almost forget we are watching a professional singer. We seem to be sitting in a living room and listening to someone tell us about some things that have happened to her. She is a marvelous storyteller, and she can make the dullest incident seem funny or sad according to her choice.

But what is most striking is the extreme honesty of her manner and the fact that she can share so much of her life with her audience and not be maudlin or embarrassing. Lavin, like a good housewife, is extremely clever at using what she has: she will take a small, real incident--possibly one that was unpleasant or even painful and that most of us would try to forget--and turn it into a song worth remembering.

Likewise, her songs are tailored to her voice, which is clear and sweet but not particularly strong or versatile. "I could tell you of many people who can sing better than I can," she says, "who can play better guitar, who can write better songs, but I know I have something to offer. And I know the audiences like it and want to hear it.

That is an understatement; Lavin is unquestionably one of the most popular of the current crop of folk musicians in the Northeast. She has recently signed with Philo (a division

of Rounder Records) and has two albums in the planning stage, her concert schedule is booked up for the next eight months, and her albums are selling like Manhattan condominiums. She has received rave reviews in Variety and The New York Times, among other periodicals. She has successfully transformed from struggling artist into working musician, and to many she seems just this side of stardom.

So what's in the future for Christine Lavin? (She's just in her early 30s, so she has a lot of future to go.) Well, you could look at her as a flash-in-the-pan entertainer who has written a lot of catchy tunes about trivial things and whose music will probably go the way of the hula hoop. Or you can see her as one of that company of poets that includes Shakespeare, Housman, and Rupert Brooke, who create art out of the details of ordinary life.

Either way, it won't matter a damn to Lavin. She's too busy writing songs, touring, making albums, boosting Fast Folk, and managing her career. When I asked her about her future plans, she looked around her tiny West Side studio apartment, cluttered at the moment with the spoils of a recent tour--clothes that needed to be washed, newspaper articles, tapes and records galore. And, as usual, Christine Lavin focused on the details of the here-and-now. "I'm going to clean my apartment," she said, "and wash my dishes."



Christine Lavin at home

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IT ALL STARTED WHEN FAST FOLK FOUND ITSELF WITH A HIT SINGLE. AS RADIO STATIONS DESPERATELY ATTEMPTED TO LOCATE COPIES OF THE POLITICALLY CORRECT WHALING SONG WORD SPREAD ABOUT THIS STRANGE PUBLICATION. SINCE RADIO STATIONS WERE FORCED TO PURCHASE SUBSCRIPTIONS BEFORE GETTING A COPY (SAMPLE LYRIC: "WE SHOOT EM W/ CAMERAS, MATES, WE NEVER SPEAR EM! WE PLAY 'EM PAUL WINTER IF WE GO NEAR 'EM") THEY SOON FOUND THEMSELVES OVERWHELMED WITH FOLK TUNES JUST A-BEGGING TO BE PLAYED, THUS USHERING IN THE

FOLK BOOM OF '86!

WARNER BROS. LEAD THE WAY BY ANNOUNCING IT'S NEW SUBSIDIARY LABEL: **EVEN FASTER FOLK** (A PERIODICAL PERIODICAL) AND TOUTS IT AS A RADICALLY NEW PRODUCT

EACH ISSUE WILL FEATURE TEN NEW SONGS AND ARRIVE EIGHT MONTHS LATE



JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP'S APPEARANCE AT THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL BECOMES THE EVENT OF THE YEAR, AS HE IS LOUDLY BOOED AND ACCUSED OF "GOING ACOUSTIC" WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO PLAY "TUMBLIN' DOWN" SOLO.



BALDING ATREND THAT STARTED IN 1985 WITH PHIL COLLINS, STING, MARK KNOPFLER AND BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (WHY ELSE WOULD HE WEAR A HEADBAND ALL THE TIME?) REACHES FULL FRUITION WHEN PETER PAUL AND MARY SIMULTANEOUSLY MAKE THE COVERS OF **INTERVIEW SPIN** AND **VOGUE** (MARY CONFESSES, "I'VE BEEN WEARING A WIG FOR YEARS.") **WHAM** IMMEDIATELY SHAVE THEIR HEADS, ISSUE A PRESS RELEASE ("IT'S WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO," SAY THE BOYS) AND PUT OUT AN ACOUSTIC SINGLE "WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GOALX-GEAUX" -- BACKED BY QUEEN IDA. IT IS A SMASH.



CHRISTINE LAVIN REPLACES MARTHA QUINN ON MTV!

OLD FOLKIES, THEIR EYES DULLED & MINDS CLOUDED BY TIME, CARROT CAKE AND TOO MUCH HERBAL TEA, REMINISE ABOUT THE OLD DAYS, OFTEN INACCURATELY.



THE CITY STREETS PULSATE WITH THE NEW URBAN BEAT (TWO JIGS A REEL & A HORNYPIPE) BUT THE NUMBER ONE SONG OF 1986 IS **SUZANNE VEGAS** BY NOW CLASSIC **RAP** NUMBER.



BOB DYLAN CONTINUES TO BE THE MOST COVERED FOLK PERFORMER IN HISTORY AS HE MARKETS HIS SONGS TO VARIOUS CORPORATIONS FOR COMMERCIALS. BY YEAR'S END HE HAS VIRTUALLY REDEFINED TV JINGLES, ALTHOUGH PERIODICALLY "NEW DYLAN'S" APPEAR TO THREATEN TO TOPPLE HIS REIGN-- WHO CAN FORGET ERIC ANDERSEN'S "THIRSTY BOOTS" COMMERCIAL FOR TIMBERLAND WATERPROOFING COMPOUND?

WUAGKA
WUAGKA
WUAGKA
I'M A
I LIKE A
I WISSEN TO PARTY!!
I BEEN CEREBRAL SINGE & JACK HARDY!!
I FEEL LIKE A MARBLE LORD KNOWS
AND STUDY ZEN!!

AS THE YEAR WORE ON AND FOLK MUSIC ATTAINED PRIMACY IN THE MUSIC WORLD HOWEVER, THE BLOOM SEEMED TO BE OFF THE ROSE. SOME SAID FOLK LOST ITS INNOCENCE WHEN STEVE RUBELL TOOK OVER THE SPEAKEASY (THE PRICE OF FELLAFEL WENT UP, UP, UP), OTHERS SAID IT HAPPENED WHEN JACK HARDY ALLOWED FAST FOLK TO BE SNATCHED UP BY CBS AND SCORED HIS FIRST HIT SINGLE, AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE LITERAL TRANSCRIPTION OF AN OLD IRISH FOLK TALE, THE WRECK OF THE ALEHOUSE. STILL OTHERS SAID THE END BEGAN WHEN DAVID MASSENGILL FINALLY QUIT HIS JOB & PUT OUT A RECORD... IN ANY CASE, A NEW SOUND HAD STARTED TO BE HEARD... MOSTLY FROM THE FIELD RECORDINGS OF JOHN ANTHRAX... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY...

NEXT MONTH: THE HEAVY METAL REVIVAL OF 87!
WHEN

Hunter

A PRIMER FOR MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

by Roger Deitz

Hey, it's along the hard road,
It's a long, hard road,
It's a long, hard road,
Before we'll be free.

Richard Havens and
Louis Goussett, from
"Handsome Johnney"

It's early morning nighttime and I find myself riding through Newark, New Jersey, on the 77 line bus. I am wondering why it is that I find myself riding through Newark, New Jersey, on the 77 line bus. Why am I not in Los Angeles or Austin or Butte? What am I doing here, and why do I continue to live in this area?

I have just been to a benefit concert for a new film directed by Joan Harvey entitled A Matter of Struggle. In the film Richie Havens* and two young children, Meagan and Toni, travel about

*Ed Note: One of the songs Richie Havens sings in the film, A Matter of Struggle, will appear on the January 1986 issue of Fast Folk. A second song from the film will appear on a subsequent issue.

the United States talking to people about the critical issues facing folks today. People from all walks of life are questioned as to their concerns about America by the three travelers, and it is evident from the answers that, contrary to the poop found in prevailing White House press releases, all is not rosy in these United States. In the film people voice their concerns over domestic hardships, the U.S. build-up of nuclear weapons, foreign interventions, and the growth of the Ku Klux Klan and neo-Nazi groups.

It has been some time since Richie Havens sang at Woodstock, and since the Vietnam War was over, and since affirmative action was instituted. Most of us thought the big, bad stuff had been taken care of. But the film shows that the civil rights, peace, and anti-nuclear movements are still active and still important enough to be under attack from the powers that be.

The film makes it clear that a relationship exists between U.S. domestic and international policies, and shows that an increasing number of Americans are uniting in what can only be termed

a new protest movement--this time one that seeks not only to save ourselves, but to save the world as well.

If there is a new protest movement about, why doesn't it "feel" like the sixties? It seems that no one bothered to tell the newspapers, the television stations, or most of the contemporary folksingers about it. Does the protest movement have bad press relations?

In his New York Times review of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration of Folk City, Stephen Holden noted that there was a noticeable difference between the older sixties-generation and newer contemporary groups of folksingers who were that night performing side by side. He sensed that the group from the sixties was into causes while the newer breed was more into an examination of more personal issues.

Now, I haven't taken Mr. Holden's words as gospel ever since he wrote that he liked Gamble Rogers as a monologist, but found that Gamble was far less interesting when playing the guitar. I'd pay to listen to Gamble tune a guitar, let alone to hear him play one. His guitar playing is innovative, almost exquisite, and every bit as inspired as his stories. However, I must agree that one doesn't hear an overwhelming amount of protest songs performed in folk clubs these days.

On a clear evening such as tonight, the lights of the city of Newark shine with a stark, almost supernatural brightness, and the luminescence seems to imply that there is more to Newark at night than meets the eye. There is not. Except for those few creatures of the night who are sequestered in local bars, or taking classes at the universities, or huddled at home, Newark is nocturnally a dead city.

At night and on the weekends Newark is, by and large, a city of poor people, a city whose distant past is brighter than its near future. Newark is a fun-house mirror reflection of New York City, its big brother neighbor to the east. Newark is a city whose night lights suggest the glamour of New York yet delivers all of the warmth and reality found on a movie studio back lot. Oh, Newark has colleges, hospitals, a morning newspaper, an airport, a train station and a bus station, a museum with some dinosaur bones and a few fossils, but somewhere along the way, Newark has lost her spirit, her heart, and her soul.



© 1985 Parallel Films, 314 West 91st St., New York, NY

(L to R) Toni (8), singer Richie Havens, and Meagan (10) meet an 18-year-old Salvadoran refugee for the first time, during filming of A Matter of Struggle.

I think I heard Newark's death-rattle in 1967. For five days in July of that year, black citizens rioted. Twenty-six people were killed, over fifteen hundred were injured, and over a thousand were arrested. These people had realized that Newark was not a pleasant place in which to live, and they were trying to tell this to the rest of us. In case the message was lost on any of us, and as if to prove that Newark was not to hold even a dubious record, a week later, rioting, looting, and burning in the black ghetto of Detroit left forty dead, two thousand injured, and five thousand homeless. It only took four thousand, seven hundred federal paratroopers and eight thousand National Guardsmen to convince the crowd to go home, such as it was.

About that time, almost half a million U.S. troops were in South Vietnam, and the United States was bombing North Vietnam. The war that crept up on the American public was in full force as protests mounted and divided a troubled nation further. I of course was aware of the war, but when I registered for the draft that year my interest heightened further.

The following year, I got to participate in the great national television game show--the draft lottery. A TV set was placed in the University Student Center, and my fellow students and I watched with more than a passing interest as birthdates were drawn and assigned corresponding numbers designating the order in which my contemporaries and I would or perhaps would not get drafted. I became rather involved in current events for the first time in my life.

The National Draft Lottery was a big event. I think the Nielsen ratings were stronger early on in the evening than they were near the end of the show. My friend Chuck bit the dust early in the evening's festivities. He went back to his dorm room and reportedly threw up all over his art midterm. Originally, he had intended the piece, a papier mache likeness of Jane Fonda as Barbarella, to double as a centerpiece for his fraternity rush party. After being biologically altered, and handed in anyway, the work won Chuck an A-minus and the art instructor's accolades for Chuck's appreciation of the Larry Rivers influence in bringing reality to art. I'm sure Chuck told all of his buddies in Vietnam about the A-minus.

Every few moments a new birthdate would be selected, and another pained



Richie Havens and Meagan sing together in the studio as Toni watches, in the new feature documentary, A Matter of Struggle.

cry would be heard. I drew one of those wait-and-see borderline numbers. All kidding aside, I was very scared that night. Before that night, a life crisis was a close college basketball game, or a pop-quiz on a reading assignment, or misplacing my tickets to a Grateful Dead concert. Heck, my skin was just starting to clear up. I didn't like guns, or uniforms, or being told to march and kill people. I think I looked at a map of Canada that night.

New Jersey buses have the distinction of protecting the outside environment by venting all of their exhaust fumes to the inside of the bus. I think it's a state law. Most Jersey bus riders adapt to this, their livers taking over some of the functions of their lungs, and their blood cells doubling in size. There are even reports of a colony of carbon monoxide-breathing commuters living in Long Branch, New Jersey.

As I ride, I remember taking the bus to hear Phil Ochs singing sometime in the late sixties. That was about the time that Dr. Martin Luther King and James Meredith spoke at my college. Dr. King told the convocation that although racial integration had come a long way, America still had a long road ahead of it in its search for

racial equality. He called for President Johnson to admit that the Vietnam War was a mistake. James Meredith attacked "white supremacy" and "tokenism" and told the gathered students (all white except for two blacks, both basketball players) that it was our role to make the non-white an integral part of society.

This period was a time of protest, struggle, and awareness. And I never felt so much a part of it then as I do looking back now. Gloria Steinem and NOW. Politics popped up in the strangest places. Walt Kelly's Pogo was pulling me to the left, Al Capp's "L'il Abner" strip attempted to pull me to the right... (I was an avid reader of four-frame political discourses). Philip Roth had somehow been watching me grow up and was telling everyone else what a pervert I had been. Then there was Dustin Hoffman as Ben in the opening moments of The Graduate speaking to his father, "I guess I'm just worried about my future... I want it to be... different."

Plastics; Simon and Garfunkle; Mrs. Robinson; the Selective Service; I-A; General Hershey; Flower Power; Jerry Garcia; Haight-Ashbury; the USS Pueblo; the Tet offensive; Martin Luther King Jr.; Memphis; James Earl Ray; Robert F.

Kennedy; Los Angeles; Sirhan Bishara Sirhan; the Democratic Convention; riots; Mayor Daly; "Sock it to me!"; the four-party peace talks; Vietnamization; the DMZ; Berkeley; teargas; Charles Manson; Sharon Tate; the family; Edward Kennedy; Chappaquiddick Island; Mary Jo Kopechne; Apollo 11; the moon; Neil Armstrong; Max Yasgur's Farm; Woodstock (Bethel); half a million people; Richie Havens; "freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom!"; anti-Vietnam War demonstrations; the Amazing Mets; 250,000 march in Washington; Mylai; William L. Calley Jr.; Joseph Yablonski; the United Mine Workers; Tony Boyle; guilty; the "Chicago 7" trial; innocent; Earth Day; Cambodia; Kent State University; Ohio National Guardsmen; guilty; Charles Manson; guilty; Laos; William L. Calley Jr.; guilty; the Pentagon papers; the First Amendment; George Wallace; Arthur Bremer; the Watergate break-in; the four-party Vietnam peace pacts, the military draft ended; Haldeman and Ehrlichman; resignations; John Dean; cover-ups; John Sirica; tapes; Archibald Cox; Spiro Agnew; resignation; nolo contendere; Eliot Richardson; resignation; Leon Jaworski; special prosecutor; impeachment hearings; Richard Nixon; resignation; unconditional pardon; Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell; guilty, guilty, guilty; U.S.A.; guilty.

I still was going to college, thanks to the fact that the selective service managed to reach to only within a few numbers of my draft number before filling its quota. I was busy benefiting mankind through my honors research project entitled, "The Effect of LSD on the *Rana pipiens* Embryo." For my dedicated research project I was fortunate enough to be the last "scientist" to officially receive a grant to use the controversial drug in research (Department of Health, Education, and Welfare #IND-5236), and I was the last researcher to receive a generous quantity of LSD (LSD tartrate, Sandoz Batch #69002, known in scientific circles as "magic mushroom juice") for scientific research.

I kept scrupulous records, and let me tell you, not a drop of the magic mushroom was wasted. I don't know about the frogs, but my own research had a profound effect on me and the way in which I looked at life about me. To this day, I still occasionally have flashbacks while riding on New Jersey buses, during which time I

imagine that the passengers are frogs, and the sky is yellow and mauve—which in Jersey requires little imagination, as this color sky is seen often, usually over the refineries near the turnpike.

The bus trip this yellow and mauve evening began, as it always does, at New York's Port Authority bus terminal. The new terminal is a vast improvement over the old one. It's clean and warm and relatively safe. Because of this, by about midnight the waiting stations become filled with scores of the city's homeless: bag ladies, drinkers, and derelicts who are not upwardly mobile because, well, things never did work out, and who are no longer downwardly mobile because it just isn't possible to get any further down.

They come to this clean, warm, safe bus station as it is possible to sack out for a few hours in the comfortable seats. These people are the great unwanted. They are the citizens of the city with the greatest need, yet they are the ones who ask the least of the city. They file in to the station a few at a time during the course of the evening until the entire place is transformed into a shelter for the homeless. There is socialization, great discussions on universal philosophical issues, singing, snoring, staring, babbling, rummaging through the trash bins for newspapers, pan-handling, and a relatively good time had by all.

Then, most nights at around midnight, a very bizarre scene takes place. It rocks the foundation of this ephemeral community. I have witnessed it often because the last bus out of the city leaves at half-past twelve. I think the police call their operation a "sweep." A sweep is a maneuver designed to clear out unwanted guests from the station and to make certain that no one makes use of the Port Authority bus station as overnight digs.

It is accomplished with a minimum of manpower and just a modicum of dog-power. The sweep is heralded with the faint, distant echo of a barking dog. Some of the regulars begin to stir and head for the exits at that point. The rest are roused, one by one, by The Lone Officer and Fido, his faithful canine companion, and encouraged to vacate the premises. (I've often thought of playing a tape recording of Rossini's "William Tell Overture" to see if it truly could make the scene more Clockwork Orange.)

Fido, expertly trained for this sort of seek-and-destroy mission, sneaks up on his quarry silent-like, and then gleefully lets out with a loud, blood-curdling series of barks and yelps. Can you imagine what it's like to awaken to the sound, and the sight of a German shepherd leashed but growling at your feet? I'll hand it to the cops; they don't look like they're enjoying their job. Fido on the other hand is having a ball.

This all reminds me in some small way of the treatment accorded Coxey's Army, a band of jobless men who marched on Washington following the Panic of 1893 to petition Congress to do something about unemployment. They were dispersed and arrested for walking on the Capitol lawn. It also reminds me of MacArthur's troop action and eviction of the Bonus Marchers from Washington, D.C., in 1932. They were a group of 20,000 mostly unemployed veterans who camped by government buildings seeking an immediate payment of their World War I bonus. Congress failed to pay them, so they continued to camp, and with President Hoover's blessing, Douglas MacArthur had their camps set on fire and drove the veterans from the city. Come to think of it, it also reminds me of a Washington march I participated in, one that helped encourage a curtailment of the bombing of Cambodia.

Things might seem to change, but they don't really change the way you think they do. When some problems are dealt with, others take their place. One must always be on one's guard. If you're comfortable now, watch out. There are always dangers, more dangers now than before because many of us feel isolated or insulated from them. There will always be a need for an Ida Tarbell, an Upton Sinclair, a Mother Jones, a Susan B. Anthony, a Woody Guthrie, a Ralph Nader, a Father Daniel Berrigan, or a Richie Havens. I think Richie understands this: The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Newark has changed, nothing else has changed.

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SIDE LYRICS ONE

THE DEATH OF STEVEN BIKO

Steven Biko lay in shackles
On a urine-sodden mattress
In the solitary section
He was made to lie there naked

Given nothing he could wash with
Exercise was not permitted
Steven Biko lay in shackles
Compliments of Colonel Goosen
Aaa-aah Africa

Port Elizabeth the prison
South Africa the nation
Steven Biko lay in shackles
Though his hands and feet were swollen

In the close interrogation
He was beaten like the others
He was put back in his shackles
Compliments of Colonel Goosen
Aaa-aah Africa
Aaa-aah Africa

He was sick and he was dying
Prison doctors came to see him
When the cops spoke to the doctors
They said nothing much was wrong here

Just a short stay in the infirmary
And it's back down to the shackles
On a urine-sodden mattress
Compliments of Colonel Goosen
Aaa-aah Africa
Aaa-aah Africa

When they found him in a coma
When the man was clearly dying
He was naked but they stowed him
In the back of a Land Rover

Though a hospital was nearby
It was no part of a prison
So they took him to Pretoria
750 miles
Aaa-aah Africa
Aaa-aah Africa

There was no one on the journey
Who could help the man survive it
And the medical equipment
Was just one bottle of water
Aaa-aah Africa
Aaa-aah Africa

Steven Biko in Pretoria
Was laid down upon a mattress
On the stone floor of a prison
And he died his lonely death there

Now the country was South Africa
The victim Steven Biko
The victim all South Africa
The victim all South Africa
At the death of Steven Biko
Aaa-aah Africa
Aaa-aah Africa

by Tom Paxton © 1985 Accabonac
Music ASCAP

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG

My grandmother wrote poetry
That she rarely let other people read
And the words were sweet, though they never did meet
With critical acclaim
But the ones who read it often said
This ought to be published, this ought to be read
But she would not agree
And they said it was a shame

That the world could continue to turn
Unaware and unconcerned
And never even know it
That she was poet
A poet in her own time

From the time she was a gangly girl
Her books took her off to another world
Of Ivanhoe, Henry David Thoreau, and Edgar Allen Poe
But in Mississippi people don't generally read
They just look at pictures in magazines
So it's not a surprise that she kept to herself
And spent her time alone

And she did pretty well in school
She went to teacher's college, too
But the teachers didn't know it
That she was a poet
A poet in her own time

Well, she met and she married a railroad man
She didn't do so much writing then
But his work made him travel about
"Southern Serves the South"
And the great depression swept on in
Like a cold, unexpected northern wind
He forgot to come home one day
And she was left with three kids to raise

And there was nothing else a woman could do
Except to draw her paycheck
Teaching school
And the pupils didn't know it
But teacher was a poet
A poet in her own time

Now my grandmother lies in a crumpled bed
And at night she hears voices in her head
And the family worries in the whispering dark
If she's got her religion right
It's a hardening of the arteries
It's a softening of the mind
And I mean to go and see her, but I cannot ever
Seem to find the time

And at the nurses' station at night
They work crossword puzzles by the switchboard light
And the nurses don't know it
But grandma was a poet
A poet in her own time

Yeah the nurses don't know it
But grandma is a poet
A poet in her own time

by Pierce Pettis © 1984 Lets-Have-Lunch Music ASCAP

WHEN DID WE HAVE SAUERKRAUT?

Come on in and have a chair
Today's the day I clean the fridge
We can talk while it's defrosting
Pardon all the mess
How ya been? I just got back
From Elgin, Illinois, myself
For me the charm of travelling
Is fading, I confess
Could you grab the pot of water
On the stove so I can stick it
In the freezer? This is so archaic
Don't you think?
This one last ice cube tray
Won't come unstuck
It's kind of welded to some broccoli
I think it's broccoli
Why's this broccoli pink?

How about the onion dip?
You think it's any good
Or should we toss it to the dog
It looks o.k., but I don't know
By the way, I stopped off at the
Belvedere Oasis
Which is such a pretty name
For such an ugly place to go
They sell you little sandwiches
About the size of oreos
And charge you three and a quarter
But I bought one anyhow
Look at this, it's sauerkraut
Now when did we have sauerkraut?
Whatever this stuff was
It sure is sauerkraut by now

Coming back I heard a show about
Oppenheimer -- Openheimer? -- what's his name?
And how they made the bomb to prove a point
They didn't even know if it would
Start a chain reaction
That would move into the atmosphere
And vaporize the joint
Could you dump this ice out
In the bathtub
Can you dig it?
Here, we're dumping out the ice
To make some room to make some more
How'd you like a chicken
That came over with Columbus
Well I've got one here
Don't mention it, dear
That's what friends are for

Remember back in grammar school
They used to have those drills
Where they would make you crawl beneath your desk
For when the bomb would come
The hell with those evacuation routes
And all those shelters
I just bought myself a desk
You know I'm really not that dumb
These carrots were a little more
Excited when I bought 'em
Lord, and here's a slice of bread
Looks like a twenty dollar bill
Here's a thing of Tupperware
That's full of marijuana
If this shit improves with age
It's probably good enough to kill

Don't you ever wonder what became
Of all the activists like us
Who tried to make a little noise about the war
They must have got absorbed
Into the general flow of balderdash
And no one seems to pay them much attention anymore
Someday if I get it all together in my life
I may go out and buy a frost-free model
This one's got to go
Why would anybody keep a yam as long as I do?
'Cause I thought it'd come in handy
And you never really know.

Lyrics by Peter Berryman; Music by Lou
Berryman, © 1984 by Peter & Lou Berryman

COMING APART AT THE SEAMS*

Ah, Henry, you sure bought
That whole James Dean thing
Right down to the end
Drinkin' beers, bangin' gears
On the outside lookin' in
Such a desperate time
On the small town stage
With no prize coming
For the coming of age
So you burn with a passion
And you burn with a rage
Till the fire done pulled you in

And me, I was just a green-eyed kid
You were two years older than me
But as I look back on those days in the dust
You were what we all wanted to be
You were quick with a smile
Quick with a wheel
Cool with the women
And you made us feel
Like we were all gonna rise
In a flash of steel
In some teenage fantasy

Chorus:
So look out you hometown heroes
And look out you homecoming queens
There's a bad kid coming to the party tonight
And he's coming apart at the seams

Now your old man still stares
At the street sometimes
With a lost look in his eyes
Your sad mama wakes
In the heat of the night
And she thinks about her baby and cries
Now the midnight crew is all settled down
It's been 18 years
But it's the same old town
And the sun comes up
And the rain comes down
On that hillside where you lie

by David Mallett © 1985 David Mallett Music/
Marty Stewart Music ASCAP

*This song has just been recorded by Nashville
artist Marty Stuart under the title "Hometown
Heroes" and will be released on his CBS album
this spring.

WALTZING AROUND IN THE NUDE

Edna was 80 years old last July
She's old and gray now and so am I
Through all of our married life, all of our days
We've started each morning in the very same way

Waltzing around in the nude
The neighbors complain that it's crude
But Edna and I think we've been misconstrued
It's not lewd
Waltzing around in the nude

The phonograph stands on the living room floor
Next to the sofa, across from the door
We hum with the tunes and we sway with the beat
With love in our hearts and so light on our feet

We go waltzing around in the nude
Our kids think we're missing a screw or two
But our kids are the fools, the young tight-assed prudes
They're not used to waltzing around in the nude

Now time was we'd float like a leaf on the breeze
Pleasing each other to please ourselves
Still we're two dancing fools, Edna and me
Though these days I'm unsteady and stiff in my knees

We're still waltzing around in the nude
And I don't know a happier mood
With what joy I'm imbued
What wonders these old eyes have viewed
Waltzing around in the nude

But when the coffee is hot and when the sunshine is bright
Sometimes a waltz feels too airy and light
Those are the moments when Edna delights
In changing the record to something just right

And we do the polka in the nude
We love those accordions, do
We open a few of the root beers we brew
And Edna and I do the polka in the nude

We go spinning round and round
Till Edna gets dizzy and falls down
And then she points and giggles
'Cause she thinks that I'm cute
While I'm doing the polka in my birthday suit

So do the polka in the nude
It worked great for us
It'll work great for you
Keep your hearts young and keep your love true
Like Edna and me do the polka in the nude

© 1985 by Dick McCormack

OUR CHILDREN

My brother says to me there is no hope in this world
Why bring children in this world of sorrow?
This globe of bombs and war
Is no place for a child
This deadly race brings promise of a grim tomorrow

Chorus:

But in our children lies the wisdom of the years
And our children reflect our loves and hopes and fears
And we leave nothing on this planet when we're gone
But our children

Too many children grow up in a home where there's no love
Precious products of a moment's careless pleasure
And parents who were battered children
Strike out in their turn
Destroying love and maiming this life's greatest treasure
(Chorus)

Children who are wanted and children who are loved
Can learn to love and cherish life and one another
And though tomorrow may seem grim with the predicaments we're in
The light of hope still glimmers on when there are children
(Chorus)

For we are children
We seek the wisdom of the years
We are children
And we have loves and hopes and fears
We leave nothing on this planet
But what we've done
For all children

by Sally Rogers © 1985 Thrushwood Music BMI



SIDE BY ROSTWO

SPEED TRAP BOOGIE

It's a nice little town
Clean little town
Nice little clean little happy little
Friendly biggest-hearted little town
For miles around
But you're speeding
Speeding
Pull it over, roll down the window
And lay your money down

We got a new swimming pool
We got a new town hall
A new old folks' home and bowling alley
You didn't see none of that at all
You were speeding
Speeding
Pull it over, roll down the window
And lay your money down

I know it's 3 o'clock in the morn
I know that you been driving through corn,
corn, corn, corn
Your eyes are red, you look unhappy
Here is my advice
Check into our motel
Get up and have some breakfast
Folks here are real nice

Your left tail-light's out
But I'll let that pass
I see your license expired yesterday
And by the way you're nearly out of gas
And you're speeding
Speeding
When you're done dancing this
Speed trap boogie
Lay your money down
Just lay it down

CALGARY

There's a faint silver hint of the morning
Where the mountains meet the western sky
And I know from the glow of the dawning sun
There's more to all of this than meets the eye

Once I was a drifter, now I'm a dreamer
And it's here that my dreams were meant to be
So here for a while I miss my dear Prince Edward Isle
For a chance on the plains of Calgary

Chorus:
So tell all the folks in Alberton
I started coming home and then
In Calgary I found a friend
And took her for my own

And though it isn't right for me
To win the land and lose the sea
I found a home in Calgary
My home away from home

Unit One to Unit Two
Earl? Yeah, this is Dale
How many'd you get tonight, buddy?
Six? I got 13, man
Yeah, we'll settle up later
Over and out

This is a nice little town
Such a clean little town
Such a nice little clean little
happy little
Friendly biggest-hearted
little town
For miles around
But you're speeding
Speeding
28 in a 25 zone
Lay your money down
16 in a 15 zone
Lay your money down
6 in a 5 zone
lay...

You're moving
That's a stop sign, buddy
You're speeding

by Greg Brown © 1984
Brown Street Music

THAT'S WHAT THE WALTZ IS FOR

I know you're confused
I can see in your eyes
You're helpless yourself
As you tell me half-lies
If we lived in childhood
We might run away
But children don't feel this way

Chorus:
Don't run away, dear
Don't hide what you feel
Hold me a few measures more
We dance but a moment
But the moment is real
That's what the waltz is for

The danger and the promise
Rush on through the night
And living in fantasy
Doesn't seem right
Our settled lives call us
To go separate ways
But for now how the music plays
(Chorus)

by Bob Franke © 1982
Telephone Pole Music BM!

There are times when I'm almost believing
When another weary day is at an end
And a song rolls along on the evening air
I can almost swear I taste your salty wind

As I crawl off to sleep with the memory
Of your green fields in this heart of mine
A dream can go free among the fields of Calgary
Till it finds its way home to the Maritime (Chorus)

If they should ask how I'm doin'
I'm doin' fine
If they should ask how I happened to stay
If they should ask, say the chance of a lifetime
Stole my heart away (Chorus)

by Steve Romanoff © 1985 Outergreen Music

UNREQUITED

It was so attractive
A permanent distraction
Do I only want what I can't have
I would call her sometimes
Always at the wrong times
Was that look she gave
Just a passing glance

Chorus:
I don't know what to do
Is what everybody telling me true
Don't get too excited
It's just unrequited
She is not in love with you

I would live in daydreams
I can't focus on what I see
Am I really walking all alone
Is this building into something
Was what we shared nothing
Or is she scared to let me know (Chorus)

I would take my chances
But it's safer not to gamble
This love can leave you tired and poor
It gets so confusing
I think she gave me something
And all I want is a little more (Chorus)

by Cliff Eberhardt © 1985
Aixoise Music Co. ASCAP

WHILE YOU SLEEP

In the morning when you lie
With the covers pulled up tight
Or as the sun is setting
And you're tucking in for night
It's at these quiet moments
With my worries to myself
I wonder where your heart is
And if you're doing well

Chorus:
And while you sleep
While you sleep
Lend me your love while you sleep
You don't need it then
I'll give it back again
Lend me your love while you sleep

Like a child when he is changing
How he hates his family ties
And he needs the understanding
Of the ones that he denies
I watch you when you're dreaming
In the light before the day
And look for your affection
When you cannot turn away (Chorus)

And when you're in another city
If you're off and on your own
And the distance fades the faces
Of your friends and of your home
You may need someone beside you
Just to chase the ghosts away
To lie there by your side
Till the morning breaks the day
(Chorus)

by Anne Hills © 1982
Robert Josiah Music BMI

TAKE ME TO THE MOON

Take me to the moon
The moon
Mainland of weightless
Feel no pain
I ask for nothing
Nothing
But's too much all the same

Hold me around you
Round you
Gather me close
And let me cry
I give you no way now
Way now
Of ever knowing why

Show me a river
River
That wanders through mountains
Weaves through seas
I'll show you an ocean
Ocean
Sings equal strong and free

What is the cause of reason
For all of this violence
All this pain
You say it's born in us
No
I say we're taught the game

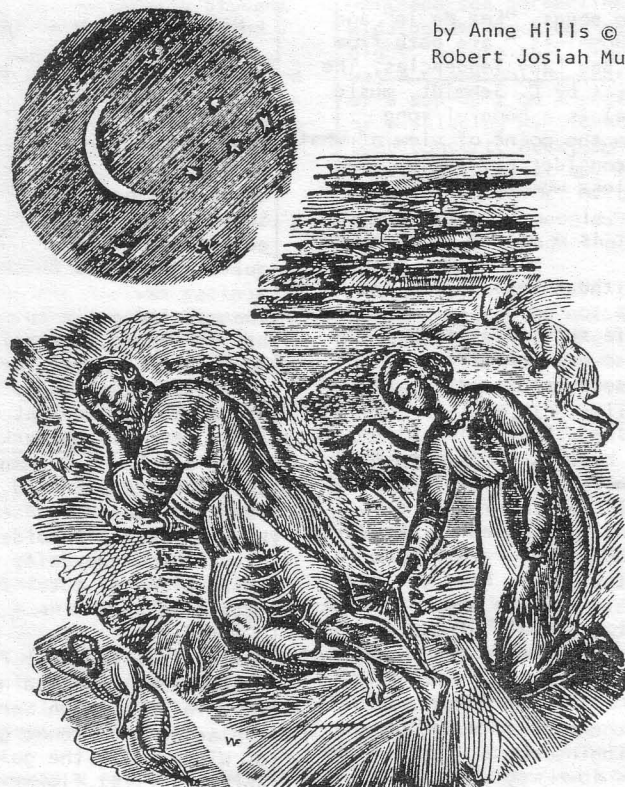
Take me to the land
The land
Where riddles are forest
And answers trees
That damage to freedom
Freedom
Is this constant aim to please

Maybe we'll go now
Go now
Hold on together
Be one soul
But always there's one thing
Something
That leaves me quite alone

Take me to the moon
The moon
Mainland of weightless
Feel no pain
I ask for nothing
Nothing
But it's too much all...

Take me to the moon
The moon
I'm landing on the moon

by Cindy Kallet © 1983
Folk-Legacy Records Inc.
Sharon, CT 06069



RECORD REVIEWS

by Nancy Talanian

I considered writing a joint review and titling it "In and Out of the Dark With and Without You." After all, there are several similarities between the recent releases of Claudia Schmidt and Greg Brown besides their titles. Both are fourth albums by two very fine, expressive singer/songwriters from the Midwest who have toured extensively in recent years. But to do these albums justice requires separate discussions of how these artists manage to get their emotions and messages (often one and the same on these albums) across to us in song.

Claudia Schmidt, Out of the Dark

For those of you who have yet to witness a performance by Claudia Schmidt, I must say that this woman's love for song exceeds that of most performers I have heard. Her knowledge of what a song can do, and what she can do with a song, is impressive for one so young. (Schmidt is in her early 30s.)

Claudia Schmidt's latest album on Flying Fish, *Out of the Dark*, shows that the artist clearly knows her way around a song--any kind of song. When she improvises, she manages to give the impression of being totally free and wild; yet every note is right on target, and contributes to her desired effect.

Out of the Dark includes elements of all Schmidt's previous Flying Fish albums--folk, blues, instrumentals, and poetry--along with something new: two songs she wrote (one in collaboration with pianist Dan Dance) for a musical.

The higher concentration of blues on this album calls for, and receives, the embellishment of more musicians and instruments than any of Schmidt's previous albums. All told, nine musicians, including Schmidt herself, play fifteen different instruments. But with Schmidt's versatile voice and command of each song, the additions of from one to five musicians (plus a group of back-up vocalists and finger snappers on one song) are never obtrusive.

I was pleased to find so many blues songs on *Out of the Dark*. Schmidt's rendition of "Since I Fell for You" on her first album was so impressive that I wondered why her next two albums contained no blues at all. She makes up for this lack with her current album.

The album opens with Schmidt's own "Happy Hearts," which compares the varied outlooks of others on life and love to her own:

Some people can't love from a long distance
Some can't love from across the room

The song, a 16-bar blues reminiscent of Richard Farina's "Hard Loving Loser," receives acoustic back-up from Schmidt's 12-string, Doug Lofstrom's upright bass, and Reuben Alvarez's percussion. The refrain varies with each verse; the commands, "let your hearts dance," "let your hearts fly," "set your heart free," "let your hearts sing," seem to sum up Schmidt's philosophy.

The next two songs, "Let Me In" and "Hip to be Homeless," are both from the musical *Bag Lady Tendencies*. The former (lyrics by C. Schmidt, music by Dan Dance) is a hopeful song written from the point of view of what many would consider a hopeless person--a homeless woman.

All I want is a chance to show what I can do
To do all the things that I was brought up to
Live a life that moves toward the sky, not toward the ground
Won't someone let me in

The latter song, by Schmidt alone, is a satirical account of life on the street, embellished by truly hip backup, complete with finger snaps. Had Jonathan Swift lived in the United States in the 1980s, rather than in Ireland in the 1720s, he might have written something like this in place of "A Modest Proposal." The song shows, objectively, the pluses and minuses of living on the street.

We're in the papers, we're on the TV,
they're singing about us regularly
Some of us love it, some of us cry,
some of us laugh, some of us die

The fourth cut on side one, titled "Birdwings I & II," is an instrumental (Claudia Schmidt on Deluxe Pianolin; David Chickering, cello; Marc Perlish, soprano and alto flutes) followed by one of Schmidt's own poems. (Schmidt often intersperses her songs with poetry in live performances.)

"Skylark," by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer, is one of the album's well chosen 'blues standards.' The song's themes of music, heart, and flight all come up elsewhere in this album, especially in Schmidt's own "Happy Hearts," and seem to be characteristic of Schmidt herself.

Side one closes with one of my favorite songs on the album, "Can't Be Cool" by Claudia Schmidt. Others of you who 'can't be cool when it comes to love' should enjoy Schmidt's humorous recounting of what happens to her when she encounters true love.

"Gather You In," the first cut on side two, shows Schmidt's gift for poetry and mystery:

Night enters now, speaking in a voice
soft as scars
"I will gather you in...once more"

The song's music embellishes the mystery of the lyrics, making use of unusual intervals, such as the series of descending fourths in the refrain. Schmidt's only accompaniment on this gentle song are her own 12-string guitar and David Chickering's cello.

The remaining six cuts on side two are all different, yet all are variations on the same theme: having one's eyes opened, most often by love. (This presumably is to what the album's title, *Out of the Dark*, refers. The first of these six songs is the album's second blues standard, "Beginning to See the Light," by James-Ellington-Hodges-George. Schmidt's rendition gives the wonderfully conflicting impressions of total freedom and total control.

Next is "Fanfare for Forsythia," an instrumental applauding that moment of revelation when Spring bursts forth, replacing the brown, gray, and white of Winter with the gold and green of Spring's first flower.

This song is followed by Tom Waits's "San Diego Serenade," a beautiful song that uses many of the same words as "Beginning to See the Light," but with a slower tempo and a more sober effect:

Never saw your heart till someone
tried to steal it away
Never saw your tears till they rolled
down your face

Another of Schmidt's songs, "We Hold Back," follows, warning us of what can happen when we hold back our love:

Speak your heart, waiting turns to
grieving
Sing your part, now is all that
you have

"Love Is the Strongest Thing" ends the album with a reaffirmation of Schmidt's faith in the strength and ability of love:

Love is the strongest thing I have
ever seen
It can tear tall buildings down with
a mighty sweep
It can build them up again while the
children sleep

Sadly, Schmidt has declared a two-year moratorium on touring small clubs in the United States, so it may be a while before many of us see her. While you are waiting, and while Schmidt is presumably creating new songs and poems, listen to Out of the Dark; the wait for her next appearance may not seem quite so long.

Greg Brown, In the Dark with You

In the Dark with You, on Red House Records, is in my opinion Greg Brown's finest album to date. It contains songs on some of the same themes as those on Claudia Schmidt's Out of the Dark (including the ever-popular 'love'). Like Schmidt, Brown manages to express himself well through music. But where Schmidt does this through artistry, including occasional vocal acrobatics, Brown's music always carries a sort of artless, refreshing simplicity that calls to mind Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath.

Now, I don't know Greg Brown personally, and I don't pretend to know how he goes about writing songs. I have heard that he claims to write songs while walking from the stage to the bar in a nightclub, or while driving. Whether he writes an entire song at those times, or gets an idea and

polishes the songs later, isn't important. What is, however, is that most of his songs maintain the freshness and purity of an emotion and a tune that might pop into your head while you are doing something mundane.

"Good Morning Coffee" (first cut on side two) is an example. Melitta and Chemex fans may have trouble recognizing the song's familiar beat as 'percolator' rhythm.

I will bring you your
good morning coffee
will you smile?
If not now then have a sip or two
and maybe in a while.

Here's a song that sounds like it may have started with Brown humming or whistling in the kitchen as he was preparing some coffee. Some everyday thoughts evolved into simple words, and a simple little ditty emerged. Brown's gift, as illustrated by this and other songs on his album, is his ability to use simple, everyday occurrences to show one person's feelings for another. Whether or not that 'little ditty' required weeks of work to create and polish, it sounds for all the world to have come straight from the heart.

Brown's use of everyday events renders his songs a universality that is absent in the work of other songwriters. Too many attempt to gain their audiences' attention with unusual or one-of-a-kind occurrences or emotions that render their songs interesting only upon the first listen.

As you might hope, Brown's simple songs receive simple accompaniment. He and five other musicians play a total of eight instruments on In the Dark with You.

Side one begins with "Who Woulda Think It," a 'Big Chill' sort of song that pays homage to the way many of us used to live and live now, without playing favorites. Where we used to be happy with fast food, for example, now "We want something from the cookbook/ That new one with the great graphics... Who woulda think it?"

Next are six varied love songs, beginning with the album's title song, which is short and very sweet. But where Schmidt talked about love as being an eye-opener, Brown asks only to be in the dark with the woman he loves. ("Where ignorance is bliss, tis folly to be wise.")

Every year what you hear
goes from worse to worse
Some say the whole world
suffers beneath a curse.
I know less all the time
Kiss me before I prove that's true
and just let me be in the dark
with you.

"Help Me Make It Through This Funky Day" expresses, in Brown's typically eloquent simplicity, having a bad day: "It's been Tuesday all week/and it's Tuesday again" and asks his lover for help.

"I Slept All Night by My Lover" again illustrates Brown's gift for finding and using simple gestures, easily communicated, to demonstrate one person's (his own) feelings for another (his lover).

I touch her brow and she ceases
shaking.
Why should I sleep
with such a lovely watch to keep.

Side one closes with "Where Do the Wild Geese Go," which effectively uses the flight of wild geese as a romantic image.

Where does your wild heart go
Does it travel all night
with the wild geese
Is that why it's beating so?

"Good Morning Coffee" (the percolator song) starts the second side, followed by "All the Money's Gone." Having and not having money might be considered the second theme of In the Dark with You. The importance of money to our society is examined in three songs: "All the Money's Gone," "Just a Bum," and to a certain extent "Who Woulda Think It." "All the Money's Gone" shows how aware we always seem to be of whether or not we have money. It also shows how the 'crisis' of not having money seems to pop up at unimportant times, for example, when we want to show how much we love someone by showering him or her with impressive and unnecessary gifts.

In "Just a Bum," Brown continues to observe the power money holds over us; how no one seems to be able to feel important without it, and therefore lives in fear of losing it.

The song begins as the singer tells us that he saw a man who was outfitted "like a star," but who seemed convinced that, without his trappings of wealth, he would be "just a bum." Stripped of

his money, clothes, car, and tan, "you can see him/standing on the corner/ with a nine-day beard and/the bright red eyes." Brown reminds us that this scenario has stricken many. (Of a man living on the street, Brown says, "He will tell you it wasn't always this way.") Many of us therefore work out of fear that the same misfortune could befall us. ("We're at pink slips mercy in a paper universe.")

"Who Do You Think You're Fooling" ends the album on a dark note, with the singer's hopes for independence, immortality, and world peace and tolerance being struck down with the refrain, "Who do you think you're fooling."

In the Dark with You shows Greg Brown to be an artist who can speak volumes with the simplest ideas, emotions, and images. His songs, therefore, are universal, and should appeal to a lot of people for a long time to come.



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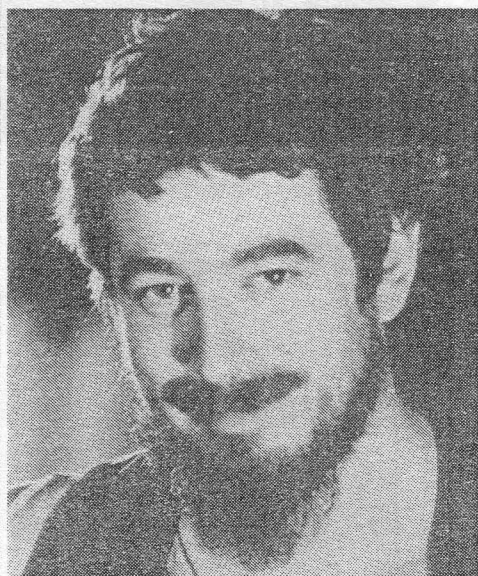
ON THE RECORD



Lou and Peter Berryman

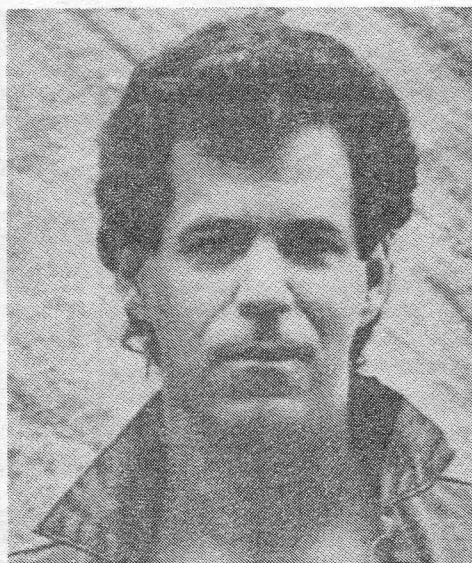


Bob Franke



Greg Brown

PETER & LOU BERRYMAN have toured extensively in the upper Midwest since 1977. They have performed live on National Public Radio, including "A Prairie Home Companion" and "A Flea Market." They have recorded three albums and have published an illustrated, annotated songbook: The Berryman Berryman Songbook. They live in Madison, Wisconsin.



Cliff Eberhardt

GREG BROWN grew up in southern Iowa and currently lives in Missouri. His musical roots sink deep in the southern and rural traditions of country, blues, and gospel, which he sang and played as a boy in family jam sessions at his grandparents' farm. This early, rich experience has been an important influence on what has evolved today as his style as a singer and his approach to songwriting. Greg's fourth album, In the Dark with You, was recently released on Red House Records.

BOB FRANKE's songs have been sung by numerous fine folksingers such as Utah Phillips, Stan Rogers, and Claudia Schmidt. He lives in Salem, MA.



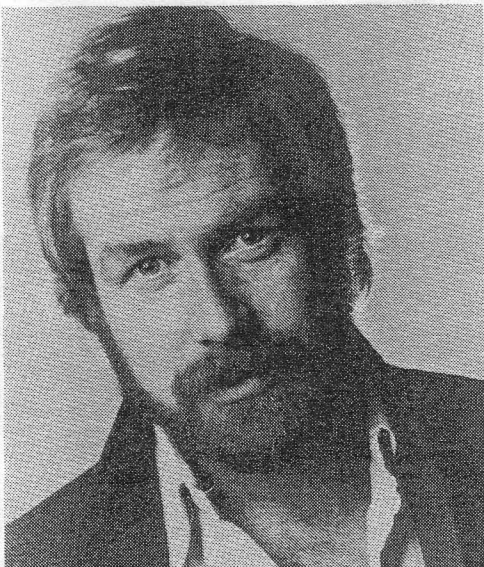
Anne Hills

ANNE HILLS is known for both her solo work and for her collaborations with other performers. For example, she is a member of the trio, "The Best of Friends," which includes Tom Paxton and Bob Gibson. Her album, on Hogeve Records, is called The Panic Is On.



Allison Shaw

Cindy Kallet



David Mallett

CINDY KALLET sings a combination of original, contemporary, and traditional folk music in concert. Guitar instrumentals, sea shanties, and other assorted songs also find their way into performances. Cindy has recorded two albums on the Folk-Legacy label: Working on Wings to Fly and Cindy Kallet 2.

DAVID MALLET has been writing and singing songs since the age of 10. He has four albums to his credit. He has played all over the country, though he prefers to stay in the Northeast.



Dick McCormack



Pierce Pettis

DICK McCORMACK performs a broad, eclectic repertoire of folk music as well as his own serious and satiric pieces. He has recorded four albums, has appeared on television, and has performed regularly on Public Radio's "Panther Program" as an actor, singer, and scriptwriter. He has his own weekly radio show, "Dick McCormack's Verandah."



Jacquelyn Abraham, Sharon, Vt.

Sally Rogers

TOM PAXTON has been an important part of the American folk music scene since the early 1960s, when he first began appearing at The Gaslight in New York City. He has recorded several albums since then, and continues to perform throughout the United States. Paxton is a prolific songwriter who is best known for his satirical songs.

PIERCE PETTIS is a singer, instrumentalist, writer, and gatherer of songs who lives in North Carolina. He has performed throughout the East Coast and in England and France. His first album, Moments, is on Small World Records.

SALLY ROGERS is a singer/songwriter/musician who lives in Connecticut. She performs a variety of her own songs, along with some traditional folk songs and songs written by her contemporaries. She plays guitar and dulcimer. She has recorded several albums on Thrushwood Records.

SIDE ONE CREDITS SIDE TWO

1. The Death of Steven Biko (Tom Paxton)
Tom Paxton/Vocal & Guitar
Anne Hills/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
(Recorded at SpeakEasy 4th Anniversary,
Sept. 18, 1985, by Jay Rosen)
2. Grandmother's Song (Pierce Pettis)
Pierce Pettis/Vocal & Guitar
(Recorded at Central Park Bandshell,
4th Annual Free Concert, Sept. 22, 1985,
by Jay Rosen)
3. When Did We Have Sauerkraut? (Peter and
Lou Berryman)
Peter Berryman/Guitar
Lou Berryman/Vocal & Accordion
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Oct. 17, 1985,
by Richard Meyer)
4. Coming Apart at the Seams (David Mallett)
David Mallett/Vocal & Guitar
Chris Neville/Piano, Yamaha DX-7
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Oct. 20, 1985,
by Mark Dann)
5. Waltzing Around in the Nude (Dick McCormack)
Dick McCormack/Vocal & Guitar
(Recorded at SpeakEasy May 16, 1985,
by Jay Rosen)
6. Our Children (Sally Rogers)
Sally Rogers/Vocal & Guitar
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Sept. 8, 1985,
by Jay Rosen)
1. Speed Trap Boogie (Greg Brown)
Greg Brown/Vocal & Guitar
(Recorded at SpeakEasy April 11, 1985,
by Jay Rosen)
2. That's What the Waltz Is For (Bob Franke)
Bob Franke/Vocal & Guitar
John Miller/Bass
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Oct. 20, 1985,
by Mark Dann)
3. Calgary (Steve Romanoff)
Schooner Fare:
Steve Romanoff/Vocal & 6-String Guitar
Chuck Romanoff/Lead Vocal & 12-String Guitar
Tom Rowe/Vocal & Bass
(Recorded at SpeakEasy May 3, 1985, by
Jay Rosen)
4. Unrequited (Cliff Eberhardt)
Cliff Eberhardt/Vocal & Guitar
Mark Dann/Bass
Seth Farbar/Yamaha DX-7
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Nov. 8, 1985, by
Mark Dann)
5. While You Sleep (Anne Hills)
Anne Hills/Vocal & Guitar
Lucy Kaplanski/Vocal
Ilene Weiss/Vocal
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Sept. 18, 1985,
by Jay Rosen)
6. Take Me To the Moon (Cindy Kallet)
Cindy Kallet/Vocal & Guitar
(Recorded at SpeakEasy Sept. 29, 1985,
by Mark Dann)