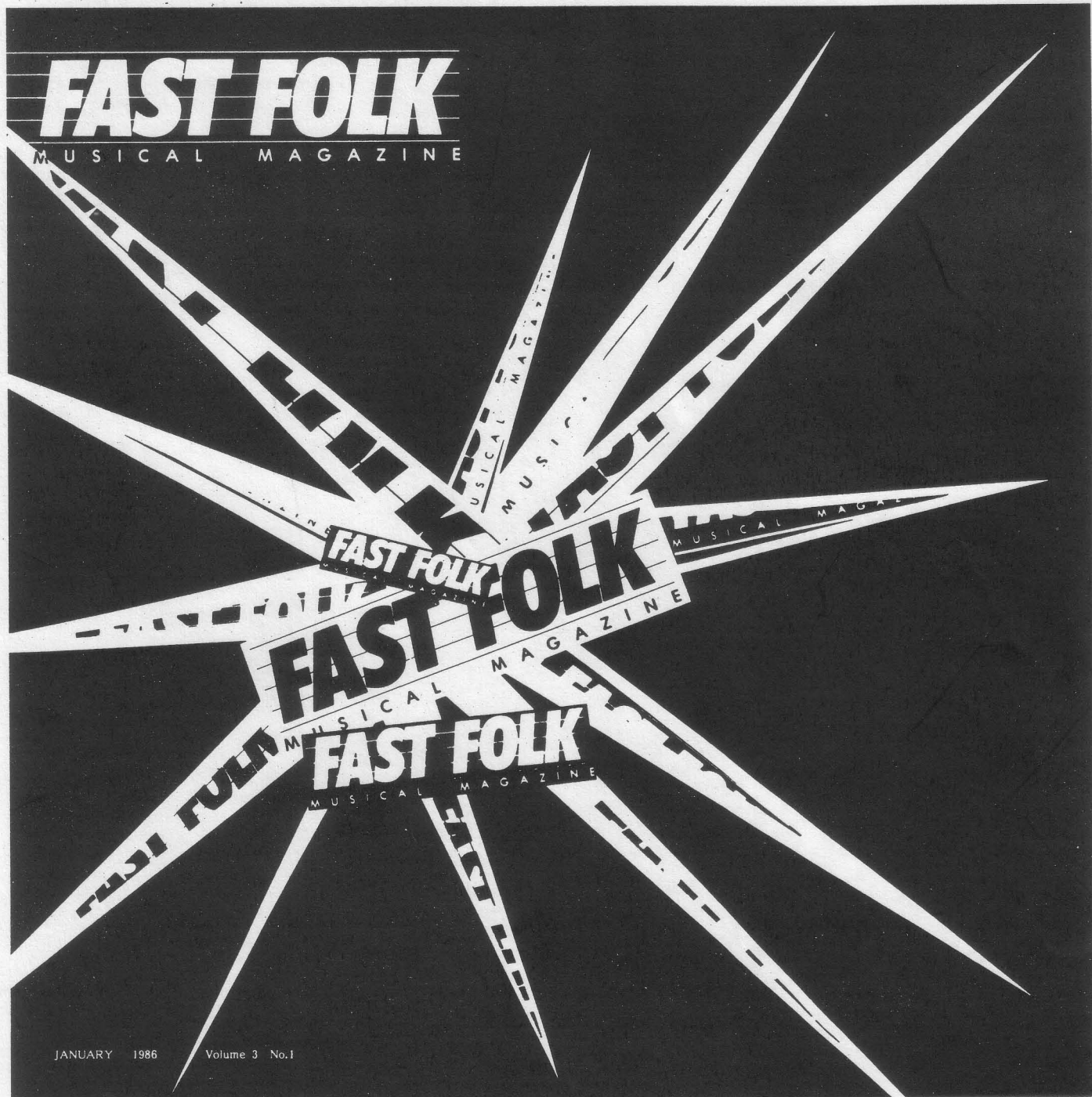


# FAST FOLK

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

JANUARY 1986

Volume 3 No. 1



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# FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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

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

ISSN 8755-9137

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## TOWARDS A NEW BEGINNING

### Epitaph on an Unfortunate Artist

He found a formula for drawing comic rabbits:  
This formula for drawing comic rabbits paid,  
So in the end he could not change the tragic habits  
This formula for drawing comic rabbits made.

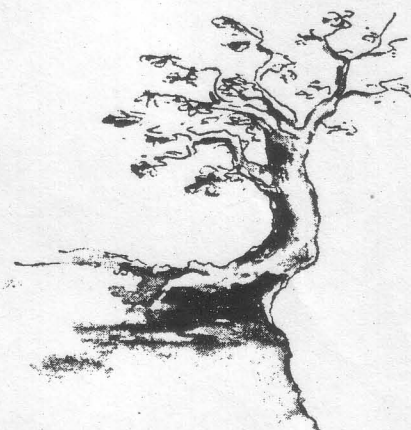
-Robert Graves

Let us discuss for a moment motivation. A songwriter who recently moved east from the west coast stopped by the other day to ask my opinion on a new song of his. He was dismayed when I told him I had none. Surely it was a good song in the commercial tradition of hook, line and sinker, a style which he had swallowed out on the west coast and was now regurgitating. He told me that he and some other songwriter had been meeting on Saturdays to have some "industry" person come and criticize their work. What's wrong with this picture?

Here we have someone who is trying to please an industry that is run by accountants and lawyers, an industry whose only objective is to make a profit, an industry that has not recorded folk music for many years unless they go out of their way to label it anything but folk music. Chagrined at my lack of enthusiasm he plowed ahead into a song he labeled "non-commercial" (as if anything but sales figures can bestow that label). It was worse. At least his "commercial" song had some structure to it. This song was far too personal to relate to anyone but himself.

By far his best song was one that he thought no one would understand, probably because he didn't). It was a song where he had accidentally tapped into that stream of subconsciousness the martyrs call the muse. No, it probably won't make the hit parade, or be recorded by anybody famous but it may warm some hearts in a living room somewhere. And what's wrong with that? In this era of bland homogenized culture, folk music is one of the few spices left. Not every form of music needs to be performed in football stadiums to drunken and stoned-out crowds.

But we are such prisoners of the pop culture we helped to create. Our myths and legends have been built out of the fame and fortune and escapades of those musical personalities. Not much different than



Jill Burkee

The staff of Fast Folk would like to thank Nancy Talanian for all her years of service to the organization.

## ERADIUM

The article in this issue by John Kruth is an interview with David Massengill not Richie Havens.

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the war heroes idolized by earlier generations, with rock videos featuring violence and heroic posturing in the face of pyrotechnics, complete with uniforms. But as the war hero is depersonalized from the realities of war, so have our song heroes been depersonalized from the realities of songwriting. They have become dependent upon a public that can be and is controlled by the industry; a public that is told what to like; a public that is given only a small selection of music from which to choose. Playing by the rules of the industry, a songwriter can sell many "units" and fool himself into thinking that he is a good songwriter, for in our culture good is measured in dollars. Nothing could be further from the truth. What is good has become harder to ascertain as we have created a public that is no longer in touch with nor trusts its own emotional response.

The writers themselves are no longer in touch with their subconscious. They attribute their "strokes of genius" to the muse. They do not understand this muse, yet they feel safer in naming it, as if by naming it, it is classified and controlled. Yet it cannot be controlled; not if it is to be tapped at will.

We are a society that fears the subconscious. A society that puts down the mystical experience. Unless it can be packaged and sold, what good is it? Unless it can be dissected and labeled under clinical conditions, how can it exist? Yet it does exist. And how it exists! A miracle in itself that it has survived the onslaught of modern technology as well as modern religious conservatism. We have a generation that was bitten by it during the sixties through experiments with drugs, lifestyles, religions, and "back to nature" awareness. We have been bitten by it and we have bitten. Once we have tasted of this apple we are never the same. We have forged a generation of poets and a song-literate public.

But now this generation is being forced, in society's vernacular "to grow up," to "get a job" to "fit in" to the materialistic bourgeois world. Drugs are no longer experimental and mind expanding: they are recreational and "designer." "Natural" is one of the biggest words in advertising. The eastern religions have been warped into the same monied operations as their western counterparts.

Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday is a national holiday and is on a Monday. Yet we somehow don't fit in. We are trying to fit a square peg into a round hole. Hence my acquaintance who is desperately trying to write a song that means something to him and still thinks he has to mold it to be saleable to "the industry."

Songwriters hang out late in bars and drop names of poets they have never read, for how could they read them and still have written the songs they write: the "rumplestiltsken" factor, as if to name something is to acquire its power. "Oh, I know all about that." Poets become idolized, iconized without ever having been read. The image becomes sacred without the content. Rimbaud is more idolized for the degenerate lifestyle he led and the early age at which he wrote than for his poems; and how many have read more than "A Season in Hell," and that in translation.

We have developed the cult of biography where writers are more influenced by the biography of other writers than by the writing. Hence, we still have hoards of young songwriters lining up for the hoot at Folk City trying to relive the biography of Bob Dylan. The natural pitfall of this being that the poets who led television-serial lives become more popular than those who led more sedentary lives (Emerson or Dickinson). Great works get passed over

just because the writer didn't jump out a window or run away with his best friend's wife. We have developed the cult of the late night movie where the actors become more influential than the parts they are acting (James Dean or Marlene Deitrich).

We must free ourselves from this ridiculous yoke. We must re-educate ourselves in the language of beauty and the imagery of nature. We must free our inspiration from the dependency on the artificial insemination of drugs and alcohol and learn to trust our own inner strength. For what can be more fulfilling than to know you have written a good song, regardless of whether it is marketed, regardless of whether it gets out of the living room filled with friends; a song that strikes that inner chord, that harmony of the whole being in tune with the earth.

Sounds trite and gushy. Not so. What I am talking about here is power. Perhaps the greatest power mankind has ever known. The ability to tap the subconscious and affect the subconscious of others. But we as writers are greatly out of touch. How many writers are aware of the passing of the winter solstice, or its effect upon us. Locked in our urban chambers we toss about the moon as we would the dot of an i, but we cannot tell what phase it is nor what that means. Our natural imagery gushes like mountain streams or soars like eagles in

continued on page 3



Barker © 76

an endless simile of cliches, yet we cannot tell the difference between chamomile and yarrow, or spruce and fir, and think that a hemlock tree is something that Socrates drank. Worse still we have abandoned nature itself, the sacred trust of the bards, to cabort with the moneylenders toolmakers and rhetoricians the martyrs call the world. We have abandoned natural imagery for urban imagery.

So here we have writers writing about that which they know best: the city. Their literate background is a gestalt of late night movies. Their

imagery is all man-made. Detachment is supreme: fleeting glimpses of poses; a video kaleidoscope of urban images: the cathedral, the avenue, the cafe, the park, the lights, the drama, the crowds.

But this is what we know argues the poet. This is all our audience knows. Not true. Our vast untapped subconscious knows much more. It knows millions of years of programming of natural imagery keyed to the seasonal changes and life cycles. The five thousand year fall into urbanization is a mere drop in the bucket compared to this. That large portion of our

brain that we do not use might be brought back into use.

Here we have the true power of myth and symbolism. This does not imply belaboring the myths in academic self-importance but rather layering a song so that it appeals on many levels, drawing from this wealth of powerful images. Only if we can re-educate ourselves in this true language of poetry will we begin to free ourselves from the ridiculous yoke of trying to fit a round peg into a square hole.

-Jack Hardy

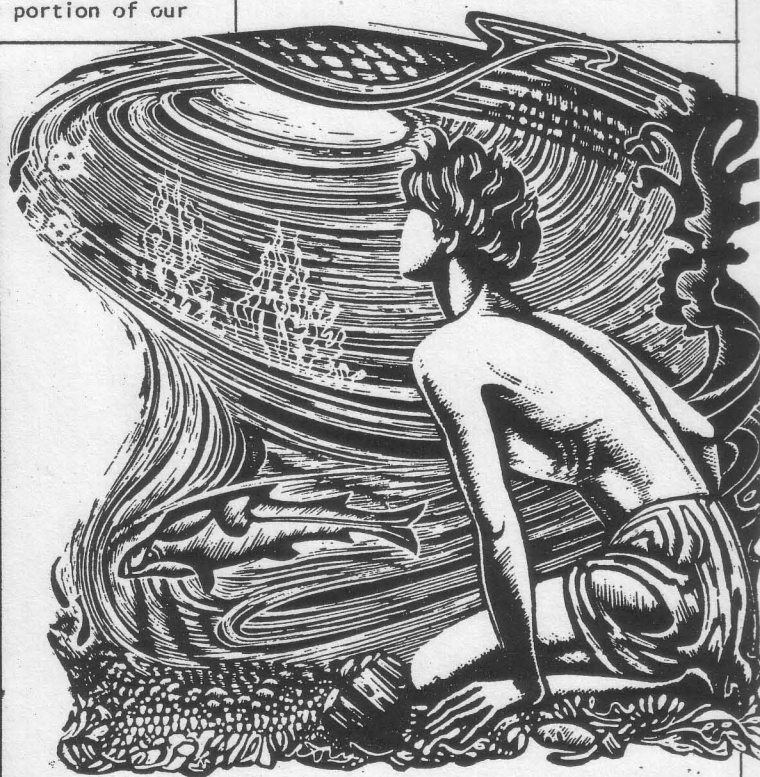
## A FOOT FORWARD AN EAR BACK

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*Little Joe Blue*



# NO GARDEN PARTY

by Roger Deitz

It was 1972 and Ricky Nelson was headlining one of a number of shows promoted at Madison Square Garden by Richard Nader. Richard was bringing back the golden sound of 1950's rock-n-roll by building concerts around stars and groups that had fallen from fame when the British invaded these shores and drove scores of top-of-the-chart American rockers to the unemployment line. A number of older groups, such as Dion and the Belmonts were resurrected and put on display as if relics of a bygone civilization. The Garden was made to resemble The Museum of Rock History as group after group performed their greatest hits, and fans got their poodle skirts and letter-sweaters out of mothballs for this special occasion, a combination high school field trip/reunion to visit their romanticized past.

Ricky was greeted by his fans as warmly as he had been in his heyday when he was cranking out hit after hit. The beginning of the program was *deja-vu*. He sounded as if time had stood still, as if fifteen intervening years had never happened. He did "Travelin' Man" and "I'm Walkin'" to the delight of the enthusiastic crowd. Twenty thousand people went wild. Then he made a miscalculation that stunned the rock-n-roll singer and almost thwarted his comeback.

Thinking he had honored enough the auditory ghosts of the past, Ricky shifted into another gear, and started to perform new material. Amid all of the booing and jeering, it was hard to tell how good the new material was. It was new. The crowd didn't want new. They wanted their idol pressed between the pages of their high school yearbook, and they were determined not to let him escape...alive.

Every kick is a boost as they say, and this most traumatic of experiences was transformed later that year into his most sizable hit in a decade -- "Garden Party." His new philosophy of life was that you can't please everyone, you have to please yourself. The trouble is, if you don't please enough people, you don't get to play the Garden much again.

Ricky Nelson had been experimenting with a number of musical styles. He

was attempting to grow. He had even tried Country and Western. But his Stone Canyon Band was bringing him back to rock. The problem he had was that there were always a number of fans who remembered, and demanded, the old stuff. They were vocal. Any new direction of sound or style met with resistance. It's funny how quickly a cheering fan can turn on an idol of affection. Ricky had created a monster in the fifties. A monster called "success" made in his own image of the time. Like some Frankenstein, his former reputation sought to destroy its master. Show business is a bitch.

Was there anything different about him besides his sizable talent and desire to stay on top in the music business? Was he truly the model American lad we baby-boomers looked in on each week on "The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet"? One of television's longest-running family situation comedies, the show portrayed the lives and times of a middle-class family as the boys, David and Ricky, grew up -- eventually to marriage and manhood. What was unique about the show was that mom, dad, and the boys were the same family unit off-camera as well as on, and this factor easily made many a viewer confuse reality with script. I can only wonder what it did to the perception of the participating members of the family unit in question.

I can see Ozzie mistakenly punishing Ricky for something the boy did on last week's TV show, or Harriet asking David to take out the garbage in the middle of a scene where dad is cautioning the lads about the evils of hiding "Thorny" Thornberry's garden gnome. Even the stage set was modeled after the Nelson's real Hollywood home. Perhaps we were each week looking in at last week's real-life Nelson stuff. Perhaps Perry Mason was also real, so was Guestward Ho! and Donna Reed. What about December Bride and Death Valley Days? And My Three Sons, Dick Van Dyke, Hazel, and McHale's Navy? Could The Real McCoys by the real McCoys? Could Mr. Ed really talk? Could My Mother The Car really talk? Could Ed Sullivan really talk?

If these programs are a true picture of what we as Americans think life is or ought to be, then what a disappointment it must be when our kids don't lead a rock group, or our car doesn't talk. What a downer it must be for a

child raised in the reflected light of the cathode ray tube to discover that life is not a laugh a minute. How does one cope when confronted with a teenage drug abuser...Beaver and Wally would never have touched drugs. "Why can't you kids be more like Ward and June Cleaver's kids?"

What a shock that The Farmer's Daughter, Inger Stevens, and Buffy, Anissa Jones of Family Affair, and Wally Cox, the shy Mr. Robinson Peepers of Jefferson High School who seemed so happy and well-adjusted to life on television, should be tragically unable to cope with real life. What was it about the talking horse that sent actor Alan Young into the ministry. "Ah, Wilbur!" Life may copy art, but it doesn't necessarily copy situation comedy. Perhaps this leads to depression in the general population.

In a good sit-com, everything that goes wrong is righted within the thirty-minute time-frame. And of course, this is all done to the delight of the studio audience, if not the roar of the laugh-track. When the subjects of abuse, or rape, or poverty, or bigotry are dealt with on the tube, the instant outcome is a happy ending that carries one into the station break. The George Jefferson's wisecrack punctuates a half-hour sentence of hilarity, and we're ready for another slice of life.

But, as many of us have found, life's not like that. When we suffer, it's often on more chronic terms. Our problems don't have such simple solutions. To the real Archie Bunker, life is not a laugh a minute when he is robbed at gun-point in his Queens cab by a fourteen-year-old school drop-out. The real Korean War was not a light romp through nurses' beds, and no M.A.S.H. Army doctor ever thumbed his nose at Army regulations without finishing his tour of duty in the stockade. The real Wilbur Post talks to his horse and is committed to the funny-farm by his wife who is having an affair with Wilbur's best friend. The real Wally Cox, Inger Stevens, and Anissa Jones can't cope without the laugh-track. They opt to tune out.

Any child who spends six hours a day or so in front of a TV set has to grow up with a slightly warped view of life. Any child who grew up working on television, however, pro-

bably has a heightened awareness of the gap that exists between fantasy and reality. Actors and musical performers know reality. They know unemployment, and the fickleness of acceptance and rejection. They know hard work. They know being on the road. They know rushing to gigs. They know waiting for phone calls that never come. They know frustration.

It's the fans who don't know reality. It's the fans who want the names of today's stars written on placecards at the Grammy Awards Dinner, and yesterday's stars written on the pages of a high school autograph book. It's the fans who at the turn of a dial can make or break a career. Or break a heart. Today is not yesterday, or last week, or 1957. A career may sometimes last a season in the Nielson Ratings, or a couple of weeks on the Billboard charts. And sometimes the worst career move you can make today is to have been a success yesterday.

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## MUSE

As the Fast Folk Musical Magazine moves into its fifth year, the goals of the project as a whole get redefined. One idea that emerges most clearly is for us to become a serious journal of songwriting for the layman as well as for the practicing writer. The idea is not to dip into Tin Pan Alley for commercial rules; that is more the focus of SONGWRITER magazine. Rather, we want to examine material on its emotional and intellectual basis; to respond to reader queries about the birth of songs or song traditions, to discuss various opinions of the music that is written today. In order to do this we will examine Tin Pan Alley and our own cafes and recordings. The recorded part of Fast Folk will keep looking for whatever new material comes our way and the magazine will seek to address the material itself. We welcome any questions, comments, technical or philosophical musings on any Fast Folk cut, artist, or the whole genre of music as you see it. There are no limits. This will not be another "Letters to the Editor" column. It is a column about songs.

Quite independently of restating our goals, we received a letter from Bob and Helen Withers, late of Greenwich Village, who now reside in Colorado Springs. Helen wrote, "My impetus for writing is that I spent a good deal of time at work today humming the tune 'Byker Hill' off of the September 1985 Fast Folk. After humming this for a while and trying to remember the words, the idea of the letter appeared, along with the question 'what is the origin of this song? Is it a nonsense song or do its words hold meaning for the person whose background is more experienced than mine?...The tune, 'Byker Hill' is often played on our local college radio station KRCC."

Heather Wood of Crossover (they sang the song at the 25th anniversary concert for the Caffé Lena from which the September '85 album was drawn) tells me that the song dates from the 1830's in the early days of the industrial revolution. "Byker Hill" is about life around the Collieries of Newcastle on Tyne; collieries being the coal processing plants and the mines that supply them. Byker Hill and Walker Shore are two of the collieries and the song is a workman's song. Some of the references are local archaic ones: 'if I had another pennyl would have another Gill' refers to the 1/8 or 1/16th pint measurement for a drink. The people who worked the mines were called Geordies and the Charletons mentioned in the song were a well known family who wrote and sang at the time. 'Elsie Marley' is a popular tune and 'going down to the dirt' refers to the mining itself. Martin Carthy sings this song to a different tune and it is on one of the Young Tradition albums on Vanguard. If anyone else has information about this song, where it came from or what it led to, please write.

People react to art on all levels. Part of its appeal is the way effective art inspires love, anger, new art and rational or biased criticism. We want to address all of it. Send pictures, epithets, or a sense of wonder, and tangle with what makes songs so powerful.

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## FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE REVUE

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# HALLOWED E'EN AT CARNEGIE HALL

By Peggy Atwood

It was something new and different to be doing on Halloween, sitting in Carnegie Hall and watching the Mixed Bag Benefit Concert for a film conceived by Richie Havens, entitled "A Matter of Struggle". Although the title of the film seemed to bear witness to the half-full house, (even with such stellar attractions as Pete Seeger, Odetta and Richie Havens), those who did not attend lost out. The show may not have been as tight as we media-fed masses are used to, but it was a most poignant and rewarding experience.

The Fourth Wall Repertory Company Band opened the show, with an original song "Not In The Mood," basically a pop-rock, politically correct tune, handling a hot subject like nuclear disarmament with flirtatious lyrics.

Master rapper Melle Mel then strutted his stuff to the spicy backup of the Fourth Wall, and got the audience moving. He was followed by Afrika Bambaataa (also backed up by the Fourth Wall). They assembled on-stage and chanted "Peace, Unity, Love;" what was lacking in a well-conceived or rehearsed stage act was made up for by the enthusiastic audience participation, as they stood up and sang along.

Larry Harlowe's energetic presentation of Latino/Jazz tunes, performed with an equally intense back-up band finally got things rolling, with humor and showmanship that had heretofore been somewhat lacking.

It was disappointing that Gil Scott-Heron could not attend in person, but the video clip he sent in his place more than compensated for his absence. The first song, "Save The Children" was a one line, two (maybe three) chord, quiet, very tender and simple love song to the kids. His second song, "We Don't Need No Rerun" was the most appealing performance of a rap tune this white girl has heard; more than just thym and rhyme, it played with social and vocal nuances, combined to skillfully create a wild picture of life as we know it in the 20th Century. No fanfare, just great music; living proof here that if you're great, you don't have to show off.

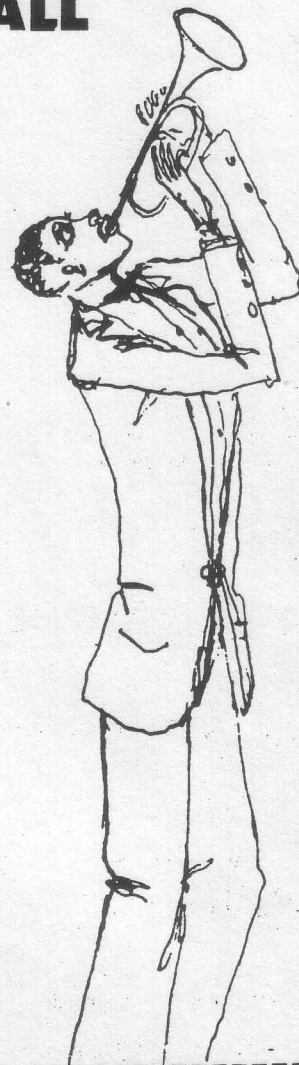
The Washington Squares were introduced by Meg Griffin, who, being a little nervous, read an introduction that they had written for her. It said,

appropriately enough, "...this is the first time they have played a place you can only get into by practicing." They opened with "We Don't Want No Millions, Mister," followed by "New Generation," a song which says, "...It's time for understanding, caring and trust," which these days are noble sentiments indeed. They did three more songs, and concluded their neo-bohemian cameo with the contemporary definitive rendition of "Greenback Dollar".

Odetta has only to step out on stage to receive thunderous applause; her presence alone can fill the hall. The show ignited, and she fed the hungry fire; the audience so far had gotten only tidbits. Unfortunately, that's all they got here, too, as Odetta only did two songs. But she has a way of satisfying some wandering musical hunger, and she didn't let anyone down.

There's something about an honest unpretentious performer that is the lifeblood of what makes an act great to watch. Pete Seeger is such a man, and the cornerstone of stability in such a wildly fluctuating business. This man's energy, curiosity, and constant creative drive has been an inspiration for many people. He was the only act of the evening that got, and took, an encore; he actually sang "If I Had A Hammer" to a delirious audience response, of course.

As Richie Havens closed out the show, with wonderful accompaniment by Paul Williams, and special guest, Megan Klein, the evening came into focus: Hallowed E'en, the night before All Saints Day; a time when people pay homage to greater spirit beings who have blessed and had some influence on their observation of life as a sacred act. What more appropriate way to reconsider the meaning of this ancient holiday, than to listen to a few people who have in their lifetimes managed to change, for the better, the world around them? Their accomplishments are made all the more meaningful by the fact that maintaining spiritual integrity in the face of such social adversity in the twentieth century has indeed become "A Matter of Struggle".



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STOP

Sweat and work  
You think you're a jerk  
Think that's all you're going to do  
'Cause someone else is making the rules

Well, we got a weapon  
It's our only one  
Use it against the big boys  
Got 'em on the run

Stop all the factories  
Stop all the trains  
Stop what you're doin'  
Until the whole damn thing gets rearranged

Hey brother you're not alone  
You can't fight it on your own  
If we all decide to fight  
We could get it done, make 'em feel our might

We gotta be united  
We gotta be strong  
They're gonna try and scare us  
But we all gotta hold on

Chorus

The hour's getting late  
And every trick they pull  
Gets us closer to destruction  
So we can't play the fool

Well we got a weapon  
It's our only one  
Use it against the big boys  
Got 'em on the run

Chorus

Words by Dan Kavulish  
Music by Joe Hudson  
© 1985 Parallel Films

**FAST FOLK**  
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

## SIDE YR R S ONE

DARCY FARROW

Where the walker runs down into the Carson Valley Plain  
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name  
The daughter of old Dundee and fair was she  
And the sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

Her voice was sweet as the sugar candy  
Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down  
Her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights  
That shine in the night out of Yerrington Town

She was courted by young Vandermeer  
And quite handsome was he I am to hear  
He brought her silver rings and lacy things  
And she promised to wed before the snows came that year

But her pony did stumble and she did fall  
Her dyin' touched on the heart of us all  
Young Vandy in his pain put a bullet to his brain  
And we buried them together as the snows began to fall

They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through  
They sing of her beauty in Virginia City too  
At dusty sundown to her name they drink a round  
And to young Vandy whose love was true

by Tom Campbell and Steve Gillette  
© 1964 Sparrow Music (ASCAP)

JE RESTERAI ICI (I Will Stay Here)

Chorus: I will stay here  
I will not leave  
Even if in my heart I know  
It's always better elsewhere  
But I will stay  
For the color of the sky  
On these windy days  
That never end

You can go off to war  
Against whatever  
And follow the beat  
Of the military march  
Tell me whatever you want  
I will not listen to you  
I have other dreams to pursue  
Than this one

I smile while I listen  
To these false bits of news  
Which come and go  
Like an ocean  
Like fake money  
That travels from pocket to pocket  
Leaving me neither richer  
Nor more shrewd than before

At the other end of this world  
You can burn away your life  
You can let go your loves  
And your friends  
And make your name known  
All the way to Jerusalem  
One never ages  
Next to those one loves

© 1986 Gabriel Yacoub  
Translated by Nikki Matheson

JE RESTERAI ICI

Chorus: Je resterai ici  
Je ne partirai pas  
Même si je sais par coeur  
Qu'il fait toujours meilleur ailleurs  
Mais je resterai là  
Pour la couleur du ciel  
De ces jours de grand vent  
Qui n'en finissent pas

Tu peux partir en guerre  
Contre n'importe quoi  
Et suivre la musique  
Qui marche au pas  
Dis-moi ce que tu veux  
Moi je ne t'écoute pas  
J'ai d'autres rêves à faire  
Que celui-là

J'écoute en souriant  
Ces fausses nouvelles  
Qui vont et qui s'en viennent  
Comme un océan  
Comme la fausse monnaie  
Qui passe de poche en poche  
Me laissant ni plus riche  
Ni plus malin qu'avant

A l'autre bout du monde  
Tu vas brûler ta vie  
Tu défaits tes amours  
Et tes amis  
Et on connaît ton nom  
Jusqu'à Jérusalem  
On ne vieillit jamais  
Près de ceux qu'on aime

© 1986 Gabriel Yacoub



I KNOW

I know where the cops hang out  
When I come home late at night  
So then, I know when  
To cruise or take it light  
I know I know

And I know when the radio's wrong  
And when the weather man is jive  
I've seen the news  
Still it's good to be alive  
I know I know

Bridge: I know that the churchbells ring  
On the Sundays in this town  
And I know enough to come indoors  
When the rain is pouring down

And I know if I had my way  
I would never end this ride  
These hills will do  
If you need a place to hide  
I know I know  
I know I know...

© 1986 John Gorka

On a Winter's Night

On a winter's night  
Sometime when we're all alone  
We'll sing every song we know  
Then turn off all the lights  
What will we do when the music ends?  
What will we see when the lights go out?  
How can you feel when a friendship bends inside out?

We're far away  
Lost in dreams  
High above any clouds we see  
But who knows when the storms will come?  
Who knows when the winds will rise?  
Who knows what those snows will blow in our eyes?  
Who knows who'll be the first to go...

On their way  
Alone with a frozen tear  
In search of a better year  
Or just a warmer night?

Who knows when the clouds will part?  
Who knows when the sun will rise?  
Who knows what those winds will blow in our eyes?

So, just for now  
We'll stay by the radio  
We'll sing every song we know  
Then turn off all the lights

Wrap the blanket warmly  
Shut the window tight  
Put your arms around me  
For all we know  
It may snow tonight.

by Willie Nininger © 1985 Proud to be a Moose Music

HEART ON ICE

While I sit in the all-night diner  
you return to your easy chair  
you awake to your work and your woman  
and I'll dream that it's me lying there

You can look in my eyes but you'll never know  
there's an ache inside that I never show  
a defensive device  
meant to keep my heart on ice

Chorus: I keep my heart on ice  
I chill my holy soul  
I shield my fragile eggshell love  
from attack during the groundswell

I'll act the part so well  
I'll play my finest role  
but the Furies take their toll  
and the price  
is to keep my heart on ice

While I sat in the all-night diner  
you leaned back in your nightclub seat  
I went out with two friends and a stranger  
with a laugh and a pang of defeat

But I looked in your eyes as I turned to go  
was there something there that you couldn't show  
a defensive device  
meant to keep your heart on ice

Chorus: You keep your heart on ice...

While I sat at the all-night diner  
I was thinking of you at the bar  
and the smiles and the jests and the whispers  
as I watched once again from afar

But I looked in your eyes and I never knew  
did I read you wrong, did I misconstrue  
the defensive device  
I will keep my heart on ice

Chorus: I'll keep my heart on ice...

© 1986 Judith Zweiman

## SIDE YR C&S TWO

man with a hired face

what if there were a man  
and he learned to stand  
in front of a camera  
til he'd made it an art  
and for most of your life  
when you sat home at night  
there he was on the screen  
in a sympathetic part

and one day it was realized whenever he spoke  
be it moral disapproval or makin' a joke  
the people believed every word was just so  
and they took him into their hearts

he was the man with the hired face  
gets his picture all over the place  
he's got an answer to every disgrace  
'cause he knows how to read his lines

what if he stood for election  
and surprised everyone  
and soon all the people had  
placed him in charge  
and he went on the screen  
once again to campaign  
for moral crusades  
and nuclear arms  
but the people were comfortable with him in their homes  
they'd been tired of thinkin' for themselves for so long  
it didn't matter if the things he said were right or wrong  
he says them with such charm

(chorus)

oh there were some who objected  
and it had to be made perfectly clear  
to know what's going on is not expected  
what's expected in a leader  
what the people hold dear is

eatin' your chittlins with a  
seven-year old  
and lookin' real good  
up there on your horse  
and bein' photographed with the  
leaders of the world  
and knowin' which fork to use  
with which course  
i know what your saying, this is just a bad dream  
the people would never stand for such an oily scheme  
anyway the real powers out of sight, behind the scenes  
it's just a necessary thing to have, a new kind of mr. clean  
to talk of god and hate the russians and keep the money green  
is that what you're saying, ain't that exactly what you mean?

which brings us back around to the source

of the man with the hired face

© 1984, 1986 by Rod Macdonald  
Blue flute Music - ASCAP

### SKELETON

I got a skeleton in my closet  
I lock him up with a skeleton key  
If something go bump, well I know what cause it  
It's that bony apparition who lives there secretly

Sometimes I let him out in the middle of the day  
He rattles about but he don't get in the way  
He's a rhythm section when he walks  
Sounds like Morse Code when he talks  
Writes on blackboards without chalk  
He's a calcified anomaly

I let him get the door for me late one Halloween  
He asked the little monsters in  
You should'a heard 'em scream  
He's a hollow-headed Holy Ghost  
Lives on pumpkin pie and toast  
This bony-breasted boy's the most fun  
Any skeleton could be

Though he's usually pretty stable he's a modular man  
And on one can fall to pieces like a skeleton can  
He's a vertebrated old galute  
Got metatarsals in his boots  
Plays his shinbone like a flute  
He's more entertaining than T.V.

(Repeat first verse)

© 1985 Buddy Mondlock

### CABFARE AND PERFUME

Downtown in the dark  
in a room that rings with laughter  
cabfare and perfume  
making sure of her hereafter  
watches quietly  
as the tables turn she lingers  
counting silently  
as the nights slip through her fingers

Chorus: If the girls all stick around  
we can share the ride uptown  
wonderin' how much good tequila  
to consume  
but she never has enough  
cabfare and perfume

She's a Texas girl  
from a broken home she wandered  
flying coast to coast  
as good fortune dawned upon her  
still her aim is high  
though her goals are non-specific  
anyway she tries  
and in blue she looks terrific

Chorus: If the boyfriend's not around...

© 1986 David Ray



CHILLER THEATRE

It's not that you mean more to me than you should  
There's lots I should be doing -- if I could  
It's just you're usually home by now  
So I think you must be dead  
You're lying in an alley with a bullet in your head

CHILLER THEATRE -- Why don't you call? Vincent Price is at the door  
CHILLER THEATRE -- When will you call? Quoth the raven "Nevermore"  
Where the hell are you? Where the hell are you?

I'm sure there's nothing wrong at all -- it's just me  
The train was late -- sure, that explains it, probably  
It's just you're usually home by now  
So I think you must be dead  
And stuffed in someone's trashcan, without your head

CHILLER THEATRE -- Why don't you call? Vincent Price is at the door  
CHILLER THEATRE -- When will you call? Quoth the raven "Nevermore"

So I'm not really worried -- you know me  
I could even live without you -- easily  
It's just you're usually home by now  
So I think you must be dead  
You will be soon if I find out you've been in someone's bed

CHILLER THEATRE -- Why don't you call? Vincent Price is at the door  
CHILLER THEATRE -- When will you call? Quoth the raven "Nevermore"  
Where the hell are you? Where the hell are you?  
Can't you find a phone? You better be alone.

© 1986 by Deborah Griffin Bly

BAFFIN BAY

You have felt the cold a hundred times  
seeking you across the open land,  
and held your breath against the wind  
that finds the place you stand.  
And how the light around you fills the air --  
the summer sun that lingers through the night,  
the day's slow sweep on the edges of the world,  
sensed along the edges of your sight.

And so you turn;  
to the angle of the sun,  
to the tilting of the sky,  
to the moon's last quarter, gone,  
to the winds that lie under your hands,  
under your hands --  
The air as clean as ice on Baffin Bay.

And so you seek the silence in your room  
and draw the shutters in against the snow.  
You hide your heart within these walls,  
and swear it's better so.  
But how the dark inside you fills your eyes.  
You try to hold the emptiness behind,  
and still your hands, restless at your sides,  
reaching for a wind they cannot find.

And so you turn;  
from the moonlight on the floor,  
from the bottle on the shelf,  
from the locked and bolted door,  
and you tell yourself there's nothing outside --  
nothing outside --  
Nothing between here and Baffin Bay.

Epiphany Dream

It was the time of the change  
When the angels came down  
And built a place to receive us  
At the edge of the sea  
I was frightened, and I was joyful  
And then I took my turn inside  
When they gave me their blessing,  
I believed -- and there was

Water flowing from my hands  
Like a water wheel  
Water flowing from my hands  
It felt so real  
Water flowing from my hands --  
And it could heal, heal, heal

Well I was totally changed  
From my head to my heels  
I surrendered up my fear  
My ego stepped down, and I was  
Helping the sick and the aged  
To take their turns inside  
When I found someone injured,  
I believed -- and there was

Water flowing from my hands ...

It was the time of the change  
When the angels came down  
It was a time of great rejoicing  
A new hope filled the air  
And every man and woman came  
To take their turns inside  
When I awoke from my dream ...  
I almost believed -- that there was

Water flowing from my hands ...

© 1985 by Alan AtKisson

All the gifts of shelter you refused,  
knowing there was something further on.  
And by that hope, you marked your road,  
so clear and yet so long.  
But how the stars above you never change.  
You lose the sense of distance left to go.  
You know at last: you'll never make it home --  
And it's still the same road.

And so you turn;  
at the next warm light,  
at the next bright door.  
You stay for just a night,  
for just one more, and just for one more --  
Always one more.  
Then you call it home, but you dream of Baffin Bay.

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# MYTHOLOGIES

By Hugh Blumenfeld

Among Village songwriters there's always a lot of talk about myth and mythmaking. Jack Hardy is the chief exponent of the bardic view of folk-songs. For him, there is an underlying order to the universe, connecting life cycles, history cycles, and the deepest parts of the human psyche, an order understood and transmitted to the educated few by early Celtic bards in symbolic myths and riddles that make no pretense of entertaining everyone else. And so Hardy's own songs are full of the moon myths and fertility cycles of an earlier age, and are strewn with emblematic plants, animals and fetishes, which, though admittedly evocative in and of themselves (for Hardy is a fine poet and craftsman of verse), have highly specific associations that Hardy is at great pains to elucidate for those who will listen. The air of mystery in many of his songs derives only partly from symbols, and partly from the esoteric way in which he manipulates them. On stage, I have heard him introduce songs (like "The Cauldron") with lengthy exposition on Celtic mythology. And while he sometimes apologizes for being pedantic, a listener can tell how important it is for Hardy that his audience understands at least the scope and difficulty of his project.

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine reflects this view of the use of mythology in songs in its editorial policy. Moon & June love songs are out, but moon and forest mysteries are in. Many is the evening I've spun these disks while relaxing with Robert Graves' The White Goddess. And though we have talked a number of times about a need for a larger proportion of upbeat, uplifting songs on the albums, the fact is that symbolism in poetry has never gone well with an air of levity.

Jack Hardy has been an important force in folk music. His best songs are masterful -- not a word that comes up a lot in these circles. His melodies are among the most beautiful to be heard; songs like "Dublin Farewell" and "Gretna Green" will last, sung by many,

Jack Hardy has been an important force in folk music. His best songs are masterful -- not a word that comes up a lot in these circles. His melodies are among the most beautiful to be heard; songs like "Dublin Farewell"

and "Gretna Green" will last, sung by many, many voices. Hardy is also perhaps the only editor of any kind that the folk scene really has. Whatever his standards are -- and his ideas about melody and discipline are invaluable -- he holds himself to them as well as others. And he takes time to explain them, debate them, make people think. On the other hand, his role as a shaper of what other musicians are writing sometimes seems to amount to censorship, and Hardy both fuels and ridicules the contention by dubbing his group The Folk Police.

But as far as Celtic mythology goes, whatever imaginative power it has given him, it is less important in the actual songs he produces. As long as it stays a part of his much broader Celtic, Anglo-Irish roots, his songs will be emanations of a rich deeply-affected sensibility instead of a narrow intellectual one.

All this is really a sort of introduction to a distinction I've been thinking about, largely in response to Jack Hardy's ideas -- the distinction between using mythology and creating it. The myths Jack Hardy uses are probably fated to remain obscure, an idiosyncrasy in his work. But the myth he creates is something else. From his songs there evolves a persona of potentially mythic proportions; the present-day bard searching for his roots in the past. Struggling with the history and tradition that claim him and yearning for mysteries that it hides. He lives in two worlds and constantly tries to reconcile them through his art. He is a fiery intellectual whose knowledge was not simply gleaned from books, disdaining and disdained by the universities, uninstitutionalized. The myths Hardy uses and the one myth he is making are closely related, but it's the latter and his gradual refinement of it that will be the basis for our continuing appreciation of his music.

Looking at performers by examining the mythic personas they create with their work shows up some interesting comparisons. I was thinking for instance of the fame that Cliff Eberhardt has failed to achieve over the years. In a conversation with a friend, I compared his music to Bruce Springsteen's -- especially Springsteen's early work. Eberhardt has a similar driving force and intensity in the rhythms he uses

and in the way he pushes in performance. Both are also storytellers; each creates a small world in their songs, taken together. Springsteen recreates the Jersey shore around Asbury Park in encyclopedic detail. Whole towns come to life. They come populated by characters portrayed by economical strokes, and streets with every store, house, school and hangout, every parked and moving car and motorcycle. Springsteen turns autobiography into legend, increasing the scale of everything he touches on. He has singlehandedly rebuilt those Jersey shore towns in our imaginations, and probably their foundations as well. He has cleaned up New Jersey more than the EPA has or is likely to. At the center of this larger than life myth of teenage life, Springsteen has created a persona from himself -- a young rocker, a wild boy who runs with the boys, drives beat-up cars too fast, makes the local girls, and -- here's the key -- is self-conscious enough to put it all in perspective, making it suggestive as a universally revealing pattern. When you look at Cliff Eberhardt's songs, you can see a similar enterprise taking shape. They are filled with factories, river towns, lonely drifters in cars and trucks across a land that gets reduced to its accumulated miles, people hurtling into marriage or into the bottle. The central persona that Eberhardt creates becomes mythic through the constant struggle he has between this stark, harsh landscape of his roots and his urge to escape in a love that goes beyond the limited social fabric of the small town or in the more encompassing world of the city. He is half insider, half outsider: An emotional outlaw.

Unlike Springsteen, Eberhardt keeps the specifics of his geography obscure, as if he were intent on reducing the entire continent to a single nameless town. His song "Drive" begins

Trade you Illinois for Oklahoma  
I'll take Augusta you take Takoma  
there ain't nothing but nothing  
moving in between  
and there ain't no jazz on the radio  
from Denver Colorado to Kokomo  
you can tie your wheel to the door  
and sleep in between.

and his songs cover the whole territory indiscriminately. "Take Me Back", where a lover woos back a woman in her "little town", opens "north of mid-



night, south of Detroit" and "Mississippi", gives the same kind of vague coordinates for reference: "My best friend married my best girlfriend, moved to Cairo and he opened a bar." Where the friend moved from is not said, but from the familiarity of Cairo in the line, we can assume a proximity to Illinois -- in spirit if not in place.

His world becomes more tangible through single images scattered through dozens of songs. In "White Lightning," one of his finest portrayals of life becoming stagnant and constricting, with the pull of home and the pull of the road ever-present, the title and refrain is an example of the subtle way he uses a sense of the mythic place to produce the lyric effect. "White lightning, Heat lightning," contrasts intoxicating effects of home-made liquor and the impotence of the lightning that is caused merely by the dulling heat of the day. The home-made liquor gives the sense of place; though vague, it rules out the cities and the coasts, and that seems to be enough for Eberhardt to work with. In other lines, place come through in more detail:

How many nights did you stand on  
the front porch,  
Staring at the sky above you?  
How many times did you swallow  
that whiskey,  
Just to feel the heat moving through  
you...

Some enter your life, and they leave  
in a night,  
But in this town they stay forever.  
It's not a question of love, it's  
just a matter of time  
Before you spend your lives together  
But not me, I've got this

White lightning, heat lightning,  
I feel older than anyone else that  
I know...

In "Assembly Line" he writes: "In a town like this, you've got to be strong," and of his coworkers at the plant there, "If they only knew how I am with you/ They would tease me and say I was soft." And this kind of setting is enough to create the sense of the place and its contingencies. This lack of specificity is one difference between Eberhardt and Springsteen. Another is the ambivalent relation to the mythic persona and the mythologized midwest where his roots seem to be. He is always either trapped in it or escaping from it, trying to reconcile his affections and his resentment. In the end, though these elements are present in Eberhardt's work, neither

the creation of mythic persona or place are as important in his music as the subtlety of emotion in his stories. Within certain limits, setting and characters are variable; it's the lyrics of the heart that's constant -- the defining of the inner man. The mythology never quite materializes, and Eberhardt doesn't seem to be trying to harness its potential power -- not like Springsteen did in naming an album Asbury Park, and his group The E Street Band.

Even so, these images of place and job and telescoped lives have a power. In any case, part of Eberhardt's failure to get the kind of reputation his work deserves is a matter of circumstances outside the songs themselves. While Springsteen is a New Jersey rocker singing about New Jersey rockers and the home where they are heroes, Cliff is in New York, singing about a midwest in which his hero is no hero at all. If Springsteen is singing the Iliad to the Greeks, Eberhardt is singing the Odyssey to the Trojan remnant. His work has more psychological depth, but he'd probably do better if he were concocting the Aeneid instead. When he has performed with old friends like Shawn Colvin and Jimmy Bruno, who seem to share much of the world he uses to tell his stories, that world does stake out a temporary place in the club. And as the folk scene is becoming more national, Cliff Eberhardt is starting to come into his own.

Suzanne Vega is another songwriter whose work and success becomes interesting when seen in terms of the myth she makes. She began with enthusiastic folk audiences in New York and Boston, and since her record release and national touring, she's reached other large cities nationally, reaching pop and rock oriented audiences now with her augmented production. Her mythic persona is the city woman, sophisticated thinker, cold or distant out of cynicism and sometimes fear, sometimes frail, sometimes sadistic, a "friend to the undertow" and a "small blue thing." Her world is New York City, but the specificity of location is not insisted on. Her songs are full of cafes and sidewalks, parks and sparse trees, apartment interiors and psychological interiors, classic films, anonymous conversations, straight lines. Like Springsteen, she is creating a popular myth, knows it and exploits it with consistency. She capitalizes on the mystery of her heroine, her intelligence and her unintelligibility to men, the strangeness of her loves in the hard spaces of the city, her open eroticism. Her commitment to that larg-

er-than-life persona, or perhaps obsession with it, gives her work a unity that's at least easier to trace than that of Eberhardt's work. And the fact that she embraces her habitat, even in a fatalistic way, and that she performs there as well, gives her myth of the intellectual city-bred woman the same kind of power that Springsteen's Jersey rocker has.

Myths can be used successfully by a writer--whether it's nature myths like the ones Jack Hardy promotes for their Jungian appeal, Greek myths like Suzanne Vega uses in "Calypso," or others. But whatever the tools, the poet must use images to explore a part of the human condition; and the best poets achieve a unified vision that becomes a new myth.



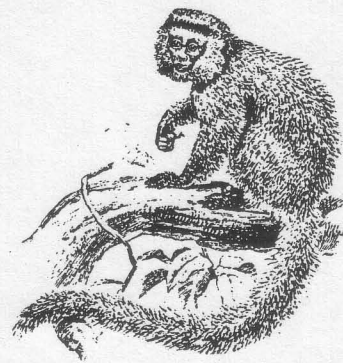
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## LIVE RADIO FROM THE SPEAKEASY

Radio these days is pretty well dominated by prerecorded music and talk shows. Finding folk music on radio can be difficult; newer folk music on radio is even more limited within those shows that do air. Times are a-changing as shows like Bill Mungar's Mixed Bag become more widely syndicated and programs like the Flea Market in Chicago expose more new artists. New York City also boasts a radio show where you can hear what is going on in the folk scene, live on the air, and up-to-the minute.

The Speakeasy Musician's Cooperative at 107 MacDougal Street offers a program of live acoustic music every second Wednesday. It is called Live from the Speakeasy, and the broadcast is carried live on WBAI-FM 99.5. This show really captures the spirit of the Speakeasy and the scene that has been growing there for the last five years by featuring the best local acts who have earned wider recognition, faces who have just arrived on the scene, and regulars on the national circuit.

The show is hosted regularly by Christine Lavin, Steve Stapenhorst and Willie Niningger. Each one brings his or her own style to the air and develops a rapport with performers that carries over on the air. The first broadcast was in April, 1985 and featured Suzanne Vega, Richard Meyer, Eric Frandsen and Bert Lee. At that point, the show was broadcast monthly, but enthusiasm in the club and from the radio audience led to the bi-weekly format that is now going strong. The list of performers is becoming a Who's Who of the current folk scene and includes Frank Christian, Jack Hardy, Tom Chapin, Cliff Eberhardt, Shawn Colvin and Lucy Kaplansky, John Gorka, Christine Lavin, Raun McKinnon, Palmer and Bragg, Elmer Hawkes, Greg Brown, David Massengil, Nanci Griffith, Germana Pucci, and many, many others.

The show's format leads off with one song by the headline performer who later closes the show with a 30-minute set. Throughout the show, there are appearances by various artists who make the NY folk scene so vibrant. Performers who are invited often play brand-new material, and the show is programmed to mix styles, keep the show moving, and keep stereotypes of folk music to a minimum.

The show has some special features,

too. There is the "I dare you to write a song about..." category where listeners challenge writers on the scene, there is Christine Lavin's segment when she responds to those delicate romantic questions all New York needs to ask. Occasionally there are guest MC's; Sonny Ochs took over one night and featured some of her favorite performers live on the air. The Speakeasy features the show on its monthly calendar, and encourages people to come down to see it as well as hear it. From the live-in-the-club point of view, you can see the show's producer Beverly Bark cueing the acts and keeping a careful eye on the clock (very important when you are live on the air). The technical end of Live from the Speakeasy is handled by Jay Rosen for the Speakeasy and Dan Finton for WBAI. WBAI's producer for the show is Richard Barr.

Future plans for the show include more audience involvement, with ticket giveaways and audience challenges to per-

formers to break down the barriers between artists and audience. Other plans being explored are national satellite broadcast networks and increased funding to make the show a considerable force in the new folk music scene. Just think: people in Peoria could hear Christine Lavin kill a cockroach on the air, listen to Willie Niningger pry secrets out of an audience that they wouldn't tell their best friends, and at the same time hear some of the best new songs in America within days of their being written. Tune into Live from the Speakeasy every other Wednesday from 8:00 to 10:00 on WBAI in New York. The next few shows are on January 29th, February 12th and 7 and every other week after that. you are in the neighborhood, why you come by? You are in for a treat.

By Bill McCaully

## "ONE LITTLE ISSUE OF SING OUT!

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# DAVID MASSENGILL

By John Kruth

It's October 30th, (Ezra Pound's birthday, Mischief Night), a grey Wednesday afternoon and I'm on my way over to the Lower East Side to interview David Massengill, the spinner of such contemporary folk yarns as "The Great American Dream" and "On The Road To Fairfax County". Massengill's songs are like miniature screenplays, bursting with vibrant character descriptions, unexpected plot twists and a command of language usually reserved for great literature. His influences are easy to spot. The ghosts of Woody Guthrie and Mark Twain dance to David's dulcimer while Jack London and Dick Farina share a drink and a joke in the dark corner of a Greenwich Village fela-fel dive. Intrigued by his poetic tales of the American South, guffawing at his raucous drinking songs (such as the hilarious "Johnny Macaroon") and touched by his surprisingly gentle love songs, Massengill's audience continues to grow. According to a recent article in the Boston Herald, David's estimated time of arrival is any minute now. He's broken free of the holding pattern which traps so many musicians, is ready to land a record contract (Flying Fish and Rounder have supposedly made offers) and tour the country with his dulcimer and poetry. But Massengill hasn't taken to wearing his sunglasses in the shower. He hasn't given up his dish washing gig either even though people like Joan Baez, David Bromberg and The Roches have been performing and recording his songs for the last few years. He still dwells in a small cluttered apartment in "Alphabet Town". Outside his door some street urchin was hawking hot pocketbooks.

John Kruth: How's the neighborhood these days?

David Massengill: It's a lot better than it used to be. Believe it or not! This is the main place where they used to shoot up. It was like lookin' down on an ant farm. There would maybe be a hundred people below my window. They would stand in line on the sidewalk to buy the stuff.

Twenty, thirty guys at a time. They were real quick and orderly. Then Koch came down here in his bullet-proof limo and saw how bad it was, so he sent some cops down.

J.K.: A veritable wealth of inspiration.

D.M.: Yeah!

J.K.: But you were lucky enough to get



Nancy Talianian

out of town this summer and play some folk festivals.

D.M.: Yeah, let's see, there was Toronto, Winnipeg, New York, but the best one was Newport. There was a lot of electricity in the air. I played a thirty minute set and it went great. I was hopin' they'd put me any place but first but I ended up breakin' the ice on the second night. Ramblin' Jack Elliot, who I admire a lot opened on Saturday. They hadn't even heard from him until the day before the show. He came in an old battered car from Wyoming. I was a little disappointed when I found out I had to go on first but then I started pumpin' myself up an focusing on what I had to do. By the time they called me, I ran on to the stage. I was ready to go. My brother rode all the way from Tennessee on his motorcycle to be there.

J.K.: The lyrics to your songs are very important and quite often it seems like you write a dozen verses to a tune. That's a lot to remember!

D.M.: I didn't stumble over a single syllable. I've been takin' care of myself. Every day I wake up and do a hundred sit-ups whether I'm drunk or not. Over the last two years I've become a lot more ambitious. In the past I'd wear a T-shirt and drink during my first set. I'd get real sloppy in the second set. I was a lackadaisical folk singer who thought "Who cares?" I've come to care in the last few years and

I'm hopin' it'll pay off. I mean, I wear a white suit. When you wear a white, you're sayin' somethin' you're gonna put on a show, attract some attention. For a big show, I'll cut drinkin' for a couple of weeks and start focusin' a lot of energy. Then I put on the suit which is actually a white sport coat and my dish washer pants, but from a distance you can't tell. It's a psychological thing for me, like a prize fighter putting on his favorite gloves. The suit is like a ritual, besides, it's comfortable to wear.

J.K.: How was the turn out at Newport this year?

D.M.: Well, it was the first time they held the festival in fifteen years. The traffic was incredible. It was a capacity crowd of 7,500. It took about two hours to get to the stage from the hotel.

J.K.: After playing small clubs like Speak Easy and Folk City, where crowds range from five to one hundred and fifty, how did it feel playing for all those people?

D.M.: It's easy! You just get out there and do your thing. I was ready to do it. For some reason I wasn't nervous. It's a funny thing, you think "What's this gonna do to me?" "What's it gonna be like playin in front of thousands of people instead of a few dozen?"

J.K.: Your main instrument is the dulcimer, which provides a buoyant support

your voice and doesn't crowd your intricate lyrics. It's also a highly melodic instrument. Do you think you come up with different melodies than if you were just a guitar player?

D.M.: I get a lot of melodies just walkin' down the street. I can literally walk down the street in New York and make up a thousand little melodies hummin' to myself. Some of 'em might be stolen but there'll be a lot of original ones too. I get 'em from all different places. It's just the way the human brain works.

There was this Bette Davis movie where she was she was a hillbilly girl and this melody kept goin' through the movie and they kept singin' this song and I said, "Gee, that's nice, think I'll grab it." But you gotta make it your own, so I came up with an alternating melody.

J.K.: Ah the folk process!

D.M.: Hey, I definitely believe in it. It makes things a lot easier! (laughs) But you've heard these melodies all of your life and you're bound to incorporate them somehow.

J.K.: Did you originally pick up the dulcimer as a reaction to the millions of guitarists everywhere?

D.M.: No, my mother bought it for seventy five dollars at a crafts fair and said, "Whoever learns how to play it can have it." We all ignored it for years and years. Things were goin' bad for me in college, I was gonna be a philosopher. I took eight courses and just when I had enough to major, I realized I was not philosopher material at all! Thank god my teacher made me realize I had no skills whatsoever, so I didn't have to waste my life. They gave the guy a big award. So I went home and pulled the dulcimer out from under the bed and said, "It's mine now!" The first song I learned was Dylan's "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands". I played Beethoven also. I knew a lot of classical melodies because I played the french horn and took about five years of piano lessons as a kid.

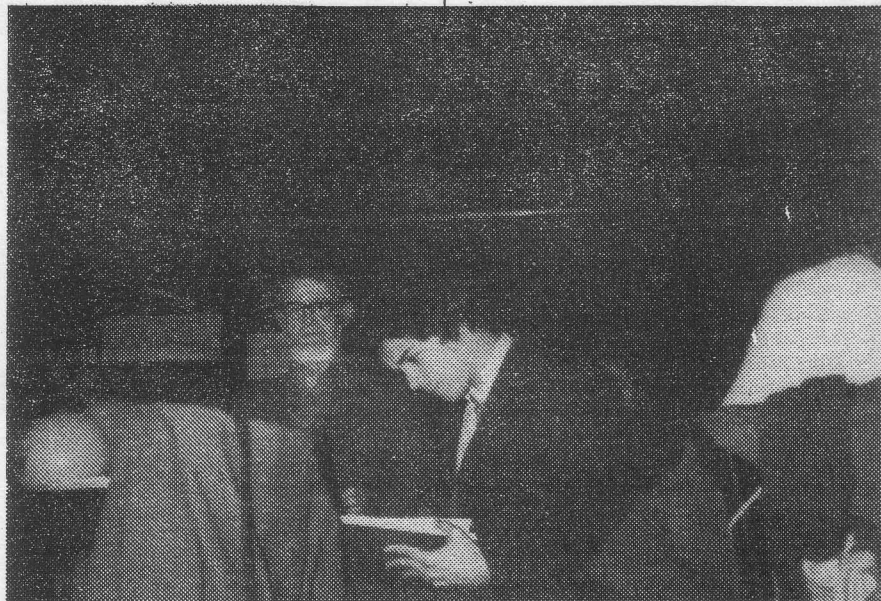
The dulcimer is a very simple instrument and everybody plays it their own way. I have an Edsel Martin. He's from North Carolina, a true mountaineer who only makes 'em when he needs the money. The trademark of his dulcimers are the heads, which are usually women singing, some sort of bird or a hound dog, which is what I want to get. As far as the guitar is concerned, I was touring with Dave Van Ronk, I was his opening act and his driver. This was before I did my sit-ups, Dave doesn't like people to exercise in the same room he's in. (laughs) Anyway, he made me an offer that I could not refuse, which was free guitar lessons. After six lessons he said, "Congratulations, you are now a bad guitar player, go away!" (laughs) So he got me on my feet and now I bring it out every now

and again so I don't have to play the dulcimer for the whole forty minute set.

J.K.: Other than Woody Guthrie, who has been a significant influence on you as a singer-songwriter?

D.M.: Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Randy Newman, Tom Waits... Bob Dylan was

always a big influence but not for the impetus to go out and do it myself. Nobody can copy Dylan. He's completely unique and there's only enough room for one. He's just out of this world, one of those gifts from god. When I heard Woody Guthrie, I loved his songs and thought, "Now, I can do that!" I



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read "Bound for Glory" and said, "This is what I want to do!" I bought all the records and loved them 'cause his voice was so rough. I remember I wrote a couple of songs real quick. They were both about twenty verses long and I went over to a friend's and sang 'em to him and asked him, "Is my voice horrible?" He said, "No Dave, your voice isn't horrible!" (laughs) That's all I wanted to know. Woody didn't have a pretty voice but he gave me the inspiration to do it myself. Growin' up, I liked Jerry Lee Lewis over Elvis. You just couldn't beat that rollickin' piano. Believe it or not, I liked the way Elvis dressed! (laughs)... those bullshit shirts that only he could wear. My friend Tommy Crawford and I bought some back in junior high school. We wore 'em the next day and everybody just laughed.

J.K.: The South is really important as a setting for a lot of your songs. What was growing up in Bristol Tennessee like?

D.M.: I'll tell you about the time I chased a bobcat. I was with some old friends in the Appalachian Mountains, actually we were in the foothills that surround the mountains that we call "The Knobs". One day I was up there with these guys, as a kid we played Confederates, pirates and vikings up there and all of a sudden on our path, comin' straight at us was a bobcat. I don't know what got into me but I gave this loud scream, a rebel yell and took off after the bobcat. My friends wisely stayed behind. We got to this sharp bend, the bobcat went around it and then it struck me... this horrible image of this animal sittin' there waiting for me. Then I thought, "What am I gonna do with this bobcat once I catch it?" I looked around the corner and there it was ready to pounce. MY friends saw me go 'round the corner and then come back a whole lot faster. My legs were goin' one way while my body was goin' the other! It was quite a funny sight for them. They never got over it and have given me a lot of ribbing ever since. So back in Bristol, Tennessee, I've become known as "The boy who chased the bobcat." So when I get down home and see my friends and they ask me what livin' in New York is like, I tell 'em, "Well, I finally caught up with the bobcat!"



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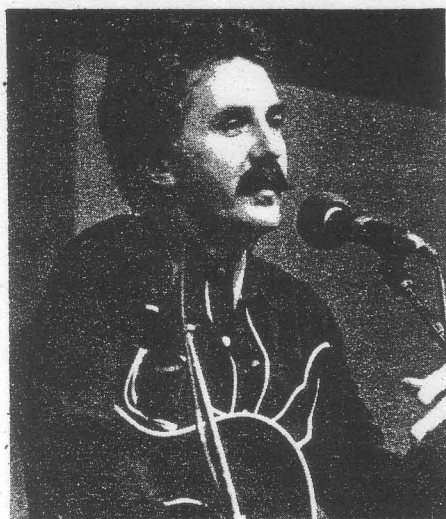
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# ON THE RECORD



ALAN ATKISSON studied philosophy, counselled Malaysian heroin addicts, and lived with schizophrenic teenagers in the Mendocino redwoods before wandering into New York City and being urged to stay by a prophetic fortune cookie. No kidding. He performs with the rock band Local Colour, in addition to playing "fast folk." Both sides of his personality can be contacted at (718) 768-0341



STEVE GILLETTE'S songs and performances have inspired glowing reviews from the critics and fierce loyalty from his fans. He has performed in concert on over one hundred college campuses, performed and served on the staff of the Kerrville Folk Festival, and other major folk festivals. In addition, he has taught numerous workshops and seminars on songwriting and guitar theory, has written for films, and has been active in humanitarian causes. Steve also publishes a monthly journal of songwriter's information and resources, which you may obtain by writing him at PO Box 5646, Balboa Island, Ca, 92662



JOHN GORKA is an intense white guy from New Jersey who currently lives in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he is the Assistant Editor of *Sing Out!* magazine. John wishes to spread the word that *Sing Out!* has been picked as the official folk song magazine of the 1984 Summer Olympic Games.



John Kruth

Singer/songwriter RICHIE HAVENS was a leading figure of the protest movement in the 60's, and maintains his activism into the 80's. He appears in the new feature documentary, *A Matter of Struggle*, a film which centers around the problems surrounding the U.S.'s large military budget. He has also served as the producer for a new film about Jimi Hendrix, and is curator and co-founder of the Northwind Undersea Institute Museum in City Island, New York, a facility for underprivileged and handicapped children. His new album, *Common Ground*, is only one of several releases from his independent label, Connexion Records.



ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN, pictured here with her former group, "Last Chance Gas and Eats (she is second from right), was raised in rural Connecticut, where she haunted some of the same sections of the state Jack Hardy did, except many years later, of course. She fled to New York City in 1980, where she became part of the community of musicians centered around Cornelia Street Cafe, and later the Speakeasy. She has been playing guitar for nearly twenty years. She currently dwells just across the river in Jersey City (where the rents are cheaper). She spends entirely too much time writing computer programs, and not enough writing songs and science-fiction.

LEFT FIELD is ELIZABETH EMMERT, THOM WEAVER, BILL NEELY, and GORDON SWIFT. Weaver and Neely started working together in western Pennsylvania in 1972; they began singing with Emmert in New York in the mid-seventies. Left Field was born during the 1981 baseball strike, and Swift joined the team about a year later.



Brian Rose

ROD MACDONALD is a folksinger/songwriter from Connecticut. Rod lives in Greenwich Village and tours in the South, Midwest and New England. He has two albums: *No Commercial Traffic*, which is available through the Up for Grabs catalog, and his latest, *For Sale*, currently available only in Germany.





BUDDY MONDLOCK lives in Chicago and appears regularly at many clubs and campuses in the area. He has been featured on WBEZ's nationally syndicated show, *The Flea Market*, and was picked as one of the "Best of Open Stage" at the Earl of Old Town by some of Chicago's pop music critics. His material includes ballads, bluegrass, and a few old standards.

DAVID RAY lives in New York City, and works as a cab driver. He's tall, lean and mustashed, and plays guitar like nobody's business. He can be heard at sundry Monday night open mikes.



GABRIEL YACOB, who lives in Paris, was the founder and leader of Malicorne, a French folk/rock group which over a period of ten years released nine albums, two of which received Frances Gold Album awards. Gabriel's solo album, entitled *Trad. Arr.*, has just been released here in the U.S. by Green Linnet Records. (For information, call Immigrant Music, 201-429-2273)



Not only has WILLIE NININGER sung the national anthem for the Mets in Shea Stadium, he's done so a total of four times. He's also been seen on "Hee Haw," wrote "I'm Proud to be a Moose" and other songs for Captain Kangaroo, and has 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.

JUDITH ZWEIMAN, 32, is a singer, songwriter, guitarist, bass player, vegetarian, astrologer, and generally silly person. She was born, raised and reluctantly educated in Long Island. Currently residing with several cats in an outer borough of New York City, she performs regularly with myriad groups of all sizes, styles, shapes, and colors

Dear Readers,

Recently production of the Fast Folk Magazine returned to New York City. With this change in location and staff we are soliciting articles, interviews, record reviews, graphic art--etc. from writers and artist (people) within our readership.

For those interested in submitting art work a photostat or veloxed copy would be helpful. For articles a typed copy (not the original) with any photos you would wish to accompany your work.

These should be sent to :

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If you wish to have your work returned please send self-addressed stamped envelope.

No subject is too esoteric for this crowd-- all will be considered

Thank-you for supporting folk music and the Fast Folk.

Sincerely,

Beverly Bark  
Production Coordinator



## SIDE ONE

-1-  
STOP

(WORDS BY DAN KAVULISH, MUSIC BY JOE HUDSON)  
© PARALLEL FILMS 1985

RICHE HAVENS/VOCALS  
JOE HUDSON/BASS AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR,  
DRUM MACHINE PROGRAMMING  
JOHN AMATO/ELECTRIC GUITAR  
MEAGAN KLEIN/VOCALS

-2-

DARCY FARROW

(TOM CAMPBELL & STEVE GILLETTE)  
©1984 SPARROW MUSIC (ASCAP)  
STEVE GILLETTE/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-3-

JE RESTERAI ICI  
(GABRIEL YACOB)

GABRIEL YACOB/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
NIKKI MATHESON/VOCAL  
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-

I KNOW  
(JOHN GORKA)

JOHN GORKA/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
MARK DANN/BASS AND SYNTHESIZER

-5-

HEART ON ICE  
(JUDITH ZWEIMAN)

JUDITH ZWEIMAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
TOM DUVALL/ELECTRIC GUITAR AND BASS  
MARK McCAULL/PERCUSSION  
MARK DANN/SYNTHESIZER

-6-

ON A WINTER'S NIGHT  
(WILLIE NININGER)

©1985 PROUD TO BE A MOOSE MUSIC  
WILLIE NININGER/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
MARK DANN/MIRAGE STRING BASS

## SIDE TWO

-1-

THE MAN WITH THE HIRED FACE  
(ROD MACDONALD)

© 1984, 1986 ROD MACDONALD BLUE FLUTE MUSIC (ASCAP)

ROD MACDONALD/GUITAR AND VOCALS  
JOHN KRUTH/MANDOLIN  
MARK DANN/BASS  
NIKKI MATHESON/VOCAL

-2-

SKELETON  
(BUDDY MONDLOCK)

BUDDY MONDLOCK/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
MARK DANN/STRING BASS, PERCUSSION,  
SOUND EFFECTS

-3-

CAB FARE AND PERFUME  
(DAVID RAY)

DAVID RAY/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC GUITAR AND BASS

-4-

CHILLER THEATRE  
(DEBORAH GRIFFIN BAY)

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LEFT FEILD;  
ELIZABETH EMMERT/VOCALS  
DEBORAH GRIFFIN BAY/VOCALS AND KEYBOARD  
BILL BLY/VOCALS  
BILL NEELY/VOCALS  
MARK DANN/BASS

-5-

BAFFIN BAY  
(ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN)

ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN/GUITAR AND VOCAL  
JUDITH ZWEIMAN/VOCAL

-6-

EPIPHANY DREAM  
(ALAN ATKISSON)

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ALAN ATKISSON/VOCAL AND GUITAR  
CHRIS ALLINGER/BASS AND HARMONY VOCALS  
CHRIS JOANNOU/GUITAR AND HARMONY VOCALS  
JUDY ZWEIMAN/HARMONY VOCALS  
BONNIE BURNS/FLUTE AND HARMONY VOCALS