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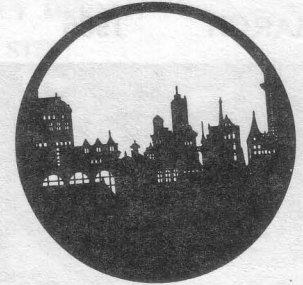
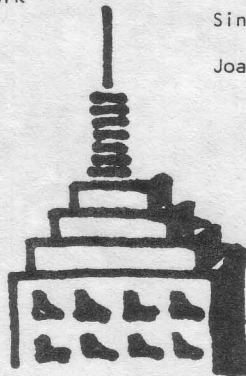
Dear Mr. Hardy:

Hi - I am the wife of an announcer at WUMB. I was fortunate enough to be able to watch you and the rest of the "Fast Folk" Magazine group tape your "Circles In the Streams" show last Friday. I was amazed at the variety of talent in one room.

Then, I was even luckier to attend your 6:00 show Saturday at the Somerville Theater. I must admit I am still numb. The talent displayed was incredible, awesome...I am at a loss to grasp the exact and correct word to fit my feelings while watching that show. I wanted to thank you all for such an effort. I am sure alot of thought went into that performance. Keep up the superb work --

Sincerely,

Joan Brown



The Fast Folk Musical Magazine is a not for profit Corporation and donations to us are tax deductible.

We are unabashedly soliciting donations for such items as a computer capable of laying out the magazine, and a laser printer to accompany it. We feel that this item alone could increase our productivity substantially. We are looking for a better cassette machine to review tapes on, a turntable, office supplies for the production of the magazine, An accountant, an advertising director, a fund raising person, more songs from our listeners, your opinions as we continue to grow,

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CONFESSIONS of a FORMER MEDICAL STUDENT

By Roger Deitz

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
Robert Frost

Back in my dim and distant past, before I was a mediocre banjo player, I was a mediocre medical student. This is the dark side of an otherwise brightish and upbeat life. I am usually at my happiest at those times when I have forgotten all about stethoscopes and cadavers, at those times when I am involved in some project more literary or musical in nature. But when I look back at those days when I was a serious student of science, and I think about the incredible amount of work it took for me to get to and remain in medical school, and I recall my experience there, I get the creeps.

With only a little prompting, I again begin to feel the cold, clammy gross anatomy lab chill that I remember feeling at three in the morning while studying in Gray's Anatomy the important anatomical relationships of the anterior and posterior triangles of the neck (themselves divided into numerous anatomical compartments), the sinister (and dexterus) digastric muscle, and the exact locations of each and every nerve, artery, vein, and ramification thereof. "Although not within the triangle as bounded above, the following structures can be approached surgically through the triangle by displacing: the Sternocleidomastoideus laterally: the lower part of the common carotid artery in the carotid sheath with the internal jugular vein and vagus nerve, the ansa hypoglossi, the sympathetic trunk, the recurrent nerve, and the esophagus." Gray's is weak on plot and

character development, but it makes a great doorstop, a fine exercise weight, and when carried under the right arm, it impresses the hell out of first year nursing students.

"The floor of the deepest part of the triangle is formed by the Thyrohyoideus, Hyoglossus, and the Constrictores pharyngis medius and inferior. In

the triangle, especially if it is enlarged by displacing the Sternocleidomastoideus backward, is the upper part of the common carotid artery which bifurcates at the level of the upper border of the thyroid cartilage into the internal and external carotids. The internal carotid is here posterior and somewhat lateral to the external and has no branches. The branches of the external carotid at the triangle are the superior thyroid, the lingual, the facial, the occipital, and the ascending pharyngeal. Enclosed in the facial membrane with the arteries...blah, blah, blah...the tributaries of the jugular vein...blah, blah, blah...hypoglossal nerve...snore, snore, snore. All of this is, of course, printed on glossy paper stock so as to introduce that extra touch of nastiness into the studying process.

It took hours upon hours of study to commit this dribble to memory so that I could spew it back verbatim on any given examination. Perhaps if the material hadn't been so abstract and I was doing some doctoring, I could have learned it a little easier. I thought I was pretty good at the game because I was in fact able to memorize an enormous amount of material, and I did fairly well on tests. My lab partner "Biff" however, mocked my endless hours of study. A product of the best schools and a fine Boston upbringing, Biff had been blessed with the ability to look at pages of print once and etch them solidly into his mind with only a cursory reading -- often while watching television, drinking a beer, or waiting for a ski lift.

For my part, I would still be sweating in the middle of the night, reciting the most remote anatomical descriptions. I still feel the eyestrain resulting from countless hours of studying endless passages of small print. I still remember the fear of being humiliated by professors; "Mr. Diets, it looks like you went over that dissection with a lawnmower.

For my part, I would still be sweating in the middle of the night, reciting the most remote anatomical descriptions. I still feel the eyestrain resulting from countless hours of studying endless passages of small print. I still remember the fear of being humiliated by professor: "Mr. Diets, it looks like you went over that dissection with a lawnmower. What are you

doing, dissecting--or butchering? Class!, gather 'round, Mr. Diets is about to describe for us all in great detail the actions, origins, and insertions of all of the muscles in the hand." Well, I did attract attention. I was rather sloppy at my work, and I can understand why the professors would notice my work. I have rather dim eyesight, and I had a penchant for severing the odd artery, vein, or lymphatic duct in my zeal to create the master dissection and still make it to lunch on time, this a definite no-no in the world of surgeons-in-training. Biff took over a good deal of the dissection duties. He was skillful, knew what he was doing, and had lunch sent in.

I think all of this depressing stuff is what drove me to purchase my first banjo. It was hanging on the wall of a little music shop on Central Avenue in Albany. Along with a few other guitars and banjos, there was the instrument of my dreams; a Baldwin Ode long-neck, open-back, five-string banjo. It had a multi-laminated neck that felt as if it had been carved just for my hands. It sported a rim cast of aluminum that imparted a wonderful "plunkie" sound to the music played on it. As beautiful as the instrument was, I



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just didn't have the bread for it, and I was afraid I would have to settle for the imported Japanese banjo hanging next to the Ode. Although the price tag of the Ode seems very reasonable by today's standards, to a poor medical student back then, it was an enormous amount of money.

If only I could have that Ode banjo, I knew that life as young Dr. Kildare could be made more tolerable. If only I could afford that banjo. If only I had time to play the banjo instead of wasting time on learning pneumonics-learning devices that help recall otherwise unlearnable material wherein the first letter of each word stands for the first letter of some other word, usually the series of which stands for a group of related, but obscure facts, for example; "On Old Olympus Towering Tops A Finn And German Vault And Hop." The number and names of the cranial nerves can be recalled from this little gem (I know another leud version for the cranial nerves, but I never used it anyway) and from the phrase we infer the following: Olfactory, Optic, Oculomotor, Trochlear, Trigeminal, Abducens, Facial, Acoustic, Glossopharyngeal, Vagus, Accessory, and Hypoglossal. What would my life be like now if I didn't know this stuff? I can only hazard a guess.

I still recall that helpless feeling of learning vast amounts of material and still not knowing anything. It settles in my gut as if I had an exam tomorrow at eight o'clock sharp another at one, and I had not yet begun to study. I remember those lengthy exams, and the sickening aroma of hospital corridors; I recall the smiles of predatory nursing students, and the zombie-like expression of my over worked colleagues. I remember the snottiness of the "My premedical education was better than yours" attitude of my classmates, and the ever popular, "I got into Harvard (or fill in the blank) but I came here because they have a great family practice program." Right.

I recall the cut-throat tactics practiced by certain fellow students in their never ending quest to record the highest grade score on any given exam. It was not uncommon for reference books, microscope slides, or laboratory models to disappear way-layed by over-achieving students just prior to an examination. On the other hand, it was not uncommon for these same students to pass out during an exam from fear, or over-work, or drug related circumstances. If we had all been issued banjos instead of microscopes, I know we would have been much better off.

I am not a good enough writer to convey exactly what that time was like, or to

equate the time spent in medical school with any other thing I have ever known. I can only ask you to imagine a self-imposed prison sentence of four years duration where you, the inmate, were required to learn the sum total of all the medical knowledge known to man, with time off to get screaming drunk allowed only after realizing that all of the medical knowledge known to man is impossible to learn anyway, and that someone will probably die because you were unable to perform the superhuman feat of digesting all of the minute facts, figures, graphs and garbage that is heaped upon the medical student as part of the vital curriculum, and then is finally forgotten by the practicing physician on the sixteenth tee of the local exclusive country club in favor of learning how to execute a flawless three iron approach shot to a very narrow green, and still get enough backspin on the ball to have it remain close to the pin.

On any given Wednesday, there are more Mercedes Benz cars parked in any given country club parking lot than could be found surrounding the Office of the German High Command during World War II. On a stroll across the links, one can hear the pastoral sound of beeping paging devices being ignored as they sound from all corners of the golf course. The Nazi medical corps loves gadgets, golf and fine automobiles. The only thing that could get them to answer their pagers would be news of an impending congressional vote on socialized medicine. My dreams of medicine, and Wednesdays on the golf links, are in the past.

For some time, it was my belief that if I ignored my past, it would go away. But that's not true... the past is always there; like a bell tied to a cat's tail by a nasty brat child, your past follows you around through life and rings every now and again to remind you of what you were, or what you might have become. Every time I hear an automatic beeper-pager, I am reminded of my past.. and I breathe one grate sigh of relief.

Carrying the past around with you is less like wearing a great scarlet letter on the outside of your chest, and rather more like having one emblazoned on the inside of your eyelids - so as to face inwardly and falsh its message, not to others about you, but deep into your soul. Although it takes inner strength to do so, there is wisdom in looking back, and art can take its form from the remembrance and the realization of the otherwise forgotten and repressed bad memory. I believe a bad memory ceases to be a burden when at some future date something constructive or positive is

gained from the experience, whatever the result.

I wouldn't be writing this now except for the belief that something I am often told is true; that writing and song writing comes from a reflection of one's own personal experiences, and that therefore something good could come out of any experience you have. One need only break down the barriers you have built up around the things you choose not to remember, and reflect a bit to realize that your experiences serve as a wealth of unique reference source material.

I remember 1971, my first year of medical school. By Thanksgiving break it had already snowed twenty-six inches in Albany. A regular cold wind blew out of the North every minute of every day, and a kind of bleakness set in the sky in September that would remain until late spring. This was an appropriate setting for a medical school, Mayor Corning had a municipal philosophy about snow removal that saved the Albany taxpayers a

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great deal of money, even if it put a number of them into the Albany Medical Center emergency room..." the Good Lord put the snow there, the Good Lord can just take it away!" was his answer to weekly snow (non) removal inquiries. I was always knee-deep in snow.

This break weekend I had chosed to stay at Albany Medical College over the few days off because to go home for the holidays would waste precious study time I was joined by a number of students who felt similarly inclined, or who probably were afraid that those staying were going to get the jump on them study wise. The big bad memory begins over this weekend.

I was curled up one evening with my neurology book in some remote corner of the empty library reading about some remote part of the brain, dreaming about banjos, when I ran Biff. He was out of breath and very excited. Biff was out of control for the first time in his life. It seems there had been a commuter plane crash, lots of casualties were somming into the emergency room. Because the holiday staffing was minimal, any medical student about was being pressed into service. Biff was manic because here was a chance to throw theory aside and "do some real doctoring" as he put it. As we rushed to the emergency room, Biff looked eager to get to it. I wondered how I would take to "real doctoring" under these circumstances. We were met at the E.R. by other medical students, doctors, and nurses. It was a madhouse, but we were given instructions, a wide latitude, and we became doctors.

I did just about everything imaginable that night, performing at a level of competence beyond the rudimentary lessons I was studying. I was truly playing doctor, doing things that had to be done by me owing to the nature of the moment. Even so, sometime during that evening my career objectives had changed.

About half an hour into the evening, Biff stopped by. He was carrying an envelope, and he was obviously in a hurry to get back to Doctor Playtime 101. He had a purpose. "we're starting a pool," he informed me, "for ten bucks you're in. Most of the students have kicked in already. The winner of the pot will be the student, who, from ten o'clock on, puts in the greatest number of stitches.

Whereas up until then I had been doing fine pain-in-the-gut wise amid the blood and gore, I now felt a little queasy. Medical students do have, and I agree, need to have a sort of irreverence for their work, but this was sick...I was in for ten. We were all on our honor to keep an honest tabulation. With my eyesight, my work tended not to be the prettiest, but it was the most prolific. As I worked, I thought about the pool, and about the Ode banjo, and I worked

away with deliberate speed. I would like to think that I did not over do things in an effort to win the money; but win I did.

At the end of the evening, Biff handed me my prize, an envelope filled with cash. There was enough money in the envelope to buy a Baldwin Ode banjo. Biff congratulated me. The other students congratulated me. I have never felt so creepy again since. From then on, I never felt comfortable with medicine again. I ran off the next day to buy my banjo. I never wanted to see or have anything to do with doctoring again. I'd play the banjo for the rest of my life. But when I got to the music store, I just couldn't buy that banjo with the money I'd made in that way. If God wanted us all to be happy, he wouldn't have given any of us a conscience. Later that day I gave the money away to the student run, Hudson Street Free Clinic, where I worked as a volunteer once a week (well I kept my original ten bucks which I took back to get me through the next week). It didn't ease my restless soul.

For a few years after I left medical school, I played a cheap Japanese banjo. I represses the bad memories of those days, and I tried to forget what had happened - until just the other day some guy was playing this long neck Baldwin Ode banjo and before I could turn away, he pressed it into my hands! It all came back to me; the smell of the hospital corridors, the names of the muscles, the memory of one night in the emergency room of Albany Medical Center Hospital... and a recollection of a road not taken... yes, I should have bought that Ode banjo.
c 1986 Roger Deitz

IN PROFILE: DAVID MALLETT

by Bonita E. Taylor

More than just another singer/song-writer, David Mallett is a poet. With realistic insight into everyday life, he uses potent imagery and often breath-takingly beautiful music to weave story songs, paint gentle mood pictures and speak of love in very basic terms.

Suspended in music filled with grace, movement, and expression of its own, we are introduced to Mallett's world of "subtle wonders" filled with "... moving water, ...open faces, singing voices, honest hands, ... early mornings, midnight music,

... watercolors, visions of the sleepy eye, ... and men who speak their dreams aloud" ("Vital Signs").

His is a gentle world, a simpler world with the values of faith, kindness, and love that we like to refer to as old-fashioned. And, if he presents a somewhat chauvinistic picture of life and love -

"Milly, there's a dance in town
Put your broom & dustpan down
And I'll go out & fetch
The old grey mare"
("Milly, There's A Dance
In Town")

he can almost be forgiven for relieving us (if only briefly) from the hard edges of today and transporting us to what we view wistfully as a less complicated world; (even though we know it probably never existed).

Yet, for all of its Norman Rockwellian charm, his world is not sentimental or utopian, free of the problems that come with everyday life.

It doesn't ignore heartache:

"Here inside these open doors and windows
After I have watched your spirit fly
I'm living by myself again in between the dreams
And then I am caught between a whisper and a cry
Caught between a secret & a lie"
("Open Doors And Windows")

Or loneliness:

"It's a long night for a stranger
And I read my way to morning
On the bed that I have borrowed
From the kindness of a friend"
("Oranges and Roses")

Or other trying experiences that confront us. Posthumously, his father inspired -

"My father's house ...
... had warm & quiet places
Comfort to a wayward son
And always wrapped its arms around me
When the busy day was done.
But now the days have left me empty
And the sadness settles in
Oh, I'd give the world to sleep now
In my father's house once again".
("My Father's House")

Mallett's songs are not complex; his imagery is plain, and it reaches our emotions directly.

"We look for love between the tears"
("I'm Alright Now")

Continued- pg 13

SIDE LYRIC SONE



SHE'S NOT YOU

I don't want to lose my new found love
so many things do fall through
but I don't pretend she's the friend I'm used to
still I blame myself for every cruel and careless thing I do
she can't help it, if she's not you

She wants nothing more than pleasing me
yet I know she can't help but see
she's a girl any man would be proud just to be true to
and I don't know why she keeps on forgiving me
for the pain I put her through
she can't help it if she's not you

She can't hold me like you held me
she can't make me feel the same
though she's not the one I dream about
she's not the one to blame

And it's not what she deserves from me
for the love she brings is true
she can't help it if she's not you
no, it's not what she deserves from me
for the love she brings is true
she can't help it, if she's not you

by Steve Gillette
c 1975 Bandana Music, ASCAP

Straight From The Heart

On the streets of Manhattan
sky blind with light
the people dance the dragon dance
dance away the night
In the city of the angels
children dance in the halls
their mamas chant the rosary
to spirits on the wall

CHORUS: Straight from the heart
just like a fire
it holds a spark
it glows in the dark
a flame of water
and blood
flame of the earth
and love
straight from the heart

On Arizona mesas
on fields of sandstone
the people dance the seasons
stars and the sun
on pacific island
ocean of the wind
the people dance the story
of how this world begins

CHORUS

Oh, the love of the good life
even when it's bad
pulsing the heart
even when it's sad
a dance of joy
rooted in the land
the spirit that moves us all
through this world without end

CHORUS

c 1984 Tom Intondi and Frank Rossini

the blind man

oh the blind man
on the street corner ain't really blind
he's just an old fool
hoping somebody will treat him kind
he's saving up his nickels
for a bottle of wine
and telling crazy stories
that gotta gotta gotta be lies

he's got a seeing-eye beagle
and a pair of dark glasses
he plays a plastic accordion
as all the people pass by
sometimes he sells pencils
or carries a sign
he says "help me out brother
won't ya slip slip slip me a dime"

sitting in an arm chair
smoking that stuff
it never blows his cover
and nobody ever calls his bluff
he says "thank you" to your shadow
and laughs behind your back
then contemplates the tip sheet
and takes a tac tac taxi to the track

lyrics by John Kruth
Music by Glenn Wolff
c 1979 zuni tunes

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

Down to the sea in ships goes a young boy
who dreams of being a sailor
down to the shore at break of day
to go down in ships with his joy

Sun's rising, harvest is waiting
he dreams of being a sailor
down to the shore at break of day
sure it's no life for a farmer's boy

Such a small boy to have such a fine dream
he sees a ship in the harbor
'When I am grown I shall own it,
good my ship and there I shall live''

New harvest turns bright in the sun
gold like waves in the harbor
'My ship it will be the Dardis
and my harvest be what the sea gives,

And I'll grow long on the sea,
and I'll grow brown in the sun,
and I'll die when my time on Earth is done''

c 1986 Adrienne Jones

Mezcal

En los montes de Durango
Por las calles de Huachaca
La caza en Iguala
Pues al norte de Cuernavaca
La encuentre en Taxco.
Pues la nuevo de perdi
Pero anoche la abrazo
En la sombra del suneno
En las alas del Mezcal

On the blood red tiles
Of that room in the mountains
My heart wildly sang
As her petticoasts fell
Struck down by her beauty
And the moon on her dark skin
I prayed not to dream then
Though I dream often now

Deep down in the bottle
El gusano is waiting (the owrm is waiting)
To teach us his knowledge
Of women and love
With worm, salt and lime
I will taste of his wisdom
I will drink to her memory
Drink the golden mezcal

In the hills of Durango
Through the streets of Huachaca
I chased her to Iguela
Then north to Cuernavaca
I found her in Taxco
But I lost her somehow
Now each night I embrace her
In the shadow of a dream
On the wings of Mezcal

Words and music c 1985 End of the Trail Music (CAPAC)
by Tom Russell Administered by Bug Music

One Night In Greece With An American

In all the years I've Known my good
friend Victor Ridley, never have I seen
a drop of alchol pass his lips. And when
I asked him the reasons for his abstinence
his reply was so good I later incorporated
it into my children's story the adventures
of Benjiman Beat, and turned it into this song...

One night in Greece with an american
with no stars and the moon
and some friends on the beach

a fire to cook fish
a guitar full of sand
so many bottles of drink
we drunk, each one of us
we raised toasts to our mothers
we raised toasts to each other
we praised God on high
we praised everything in sight
while the night loomed larger
the sea grew louder
and the fire went out and
we were left high and dry
I took the hand of the girl from
New York City

so we could leave the beach to be alone
we climbed some rock and found a path
stumbled on until we found a level
patch of grass- she was beautiful
she was raven haired
she was tall but she could hardly stand at all
she was beautiful, she was raven haired
she was tall but she could hardly stand at all....

One night in Greece with an american
who said while I'm in Greece I don't give a damn
with no starsin the moon and the sea far below
She flung her hands round my neck and scrambled up my back
I whirled her round and round eyes open
eyes shut it made no difference
We shouted at the top of our voices
dizzy I'm so Dizzy then
We came apart fell back reeling on our ass
and I banged my head, that was me out cold
I woke up in the morning a hundred years old
I was stiff I was aching
either dying or dead, if I'd moved to the
left I would have been dead
I was inches from death from a hundred foot drop
looking up at me were the meanest rocks
and the girl was gone
I went down to the beach
She was there
There was no worry
She was fast asleep yeah.....

One night in Greece and I am telling you Benjiman
I swore I'd never drink an alcoholic drink again
sure I like a smoke
but...
Thats not the same

c by Clive Pig

SIDE BY ROSTWO

LIVING IN AMERICA

Here's to the fields and streams
Here's to the hopes and dreams of America
Here's to the city streets
Pumping the pulse and beat to America
Here's to the farms, the towns,
the sights, the sound
Here's to the ups and downs of America
Here's to the tried and true
The red, the white and the blue
of America

Here's to the silver screen
Ah oh the music scene in America
Here's to the arts and crafts
People who make us laugh in America
Here's to the song the dance
The true romance in America
Here's to the people, too,
Whose dreams have all come true
in America

Here's to the working man
Doing the best he can in America
Here's to the families
Living like refugees in America
Here's to the very young
The very old
Invariably left in the cold in America
Here's to the precious few
caring about them, too,
in America

Here's to the so-called kooks
Known as the anti-nukes in America
Here's to the peaceful souls
Working for gun control in America
Here's to the blood, the sweat,
the tears, the fears,
Here's to the volunteers of America
Here's to all of you
doing what you can do
in America

Living in America...

c 1986 Blind Date Music
Words & Music: Rex Fowler
Additional Music: Billy Mernit

If I Were The Man

They all sat around in a circle
they were laughing and all telling lies
and then the tall one he bumped in the door
he said, "Boys I've got nothing to hide"
And the King and the Queen stood together
the ace he would not be to blame
and the cards were all laid on the table
and luck be more than the game

CHORUS: And if the stars didn't shine on the water
and the sun it wouldn't burn on the sand
and if I were the man she wanted
I would not be the man that I am

And I have seen my share of long nights
and I've told my share of lies
and I have run into the doors
when I saw the look in your eyes
but if the night, it didn't lie in the darkness
then the daylight would be hard to find
and if the truth didn't turn to a weakness
I would never have spoken my mind

CHORUS

So if you're going out to California
then don't linger in New Mexico
and if you think of the one there behind you
You might not feel so alone

CHORUS

c Lyle Lovett

Cry, Cry, Cry (Me A River)

There's a woman on the corner
She is carrying the weight
Of a child a man has left her
'cause his love just couldn't wait
There's a tree on ninety-first street
leaves like tears that streak her cheek
Falling lightly on the door stoop
Love is gone and talk is cheap

Chorus:

Cry, Cry, Cry me a river,
Cry, Cry, Cry me a stream
Cry, Cry, Cry me a shower
To wash me from this dirty dream.

The man in black said keep the baby
From the grips that Hell employs
So she did what the good book told her
let them talk away her choice

She thought the child would make her happy
Dress it up just like a doll
But all it does is cry like she does
All she turns to is the wall

Chorus-

So she saunters toward the mirror
Brings her face up to the glass
Eyes like buoys in salt water
Will this aching ever pass?

She says " God I've got to leave the city
Where my fresh milk has gone sour
But I'm trapped Ain't it a pity
Pulled all the petals off my flower."

c Susan Firing

The Little Package

In a little wooden cabin up in Arkansas
the November moon was rising high
I tried to write a letter to my ma and pa
but the pen I was using went dry
so I searched around the cabin
for another pen or pencil 'til
I hardly could believe my eyes
I found a little package with a note that read
pull the string for an amusing surprise

So I took the little package out into the yard
the moon had slipped behind the clouds
when I gave that cord a pull the world turned inside-out
and the trees and the sky laughed out loud
and out came a little lizard with a matching coat and tail
and his eyes as shiny as new dimes
he said, "I came all the way to tell about the way things are
you better make me plenty of time"

So we sat ourselves right down around the big warm stove
we pass the glass of water around
He told me of infinity, America, divinity
and all the good books he'd found
then I showed him my kaleidoscope
we sang some songs and talked of hope
we watched the colored rings in the sky
and we waited on the porch until the sun came up
without even the sound of a sigh

Well it wasn't long before that lizard had to go
but he left me with a tiny blue seed
he said, "Plant this and take care of this and watch it grow
and you'll soon have more than you need"
So I put it in a planter and I waited 'til the blossoms
opened up in front of my eyes
and from every single flower grew a package that read
"Pull This String For An Amazing Surprise"

Well that could have been the end but there was one thing more
as soon as the word of those seeds spread around
now there's gardens full of packages with strings to pull
and lizards lounging all over town
and a man came up to tell me how I could have made a million
with the greatest invention since time
and I laughed and said, "My number has been disconnected
and I gladly refunded his dime"

c 1986 Brian Cutean

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

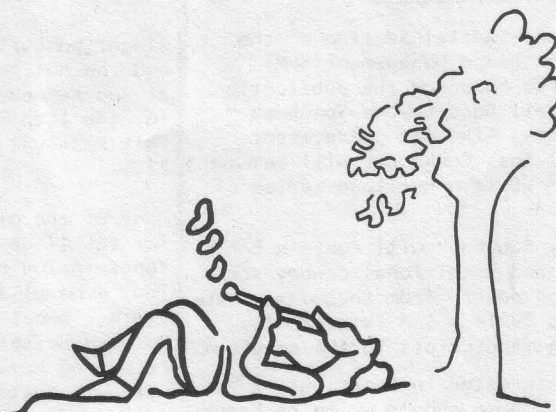
Got the right to do nothing
Lay back Jack - even fall
Any time I might choose
And there ought to be a law

By all means- to an end come
Quick as I care to crawl
Have no future ambitions
And there ought to be a law

Time to shape up your ship out
When just trying to make ends meet
Has got you down and feeling guilty
For just having a mouth to feed

Why survive? - If I can't come
Easier than carrying a cross
Pour the wine, let me die young
There ought to be a law

c 1986 Romany music BMI



Moments

Moments
People only live for people only die for
Moments
When it's all over what we wouldn't give for
Moments
Living in sin like nine bowling pins
You knock them all down and cash them all in for
Moments, just moments
We live for moments, just moments

Moments
For all the time you're out there, you're only in for
Moments
They vanish into thin air everybody wants more
Moments
Like a snowflake dancing on the tip of your tongue
By the time you feel it there it's already gone
Moments, just moments
We live for moments, just moments

We live for the madness and the glory
Everything seems so transitory
Everywhere you look it's the same story
Nothing seems to last except for moments

The clock keeps on ticking, the world keeps on turning
Moments
Have you ever looked back to see the bridges your burning
Moments
Leading you blindly chasing that big score
When it's all over what was it all for
Moments, just moments
We live for moments
Moments

Pierce Pettis
Lets Have Lunch Music
c 198

TRAIL BOSS COWBOY SONGBOOK

The National Capital Section of the Society for Range Management (SRM) is please to announce the publication of the "Trail Boss Cowboy Songbook." The Songbook, like its predecessor the "trail Boss Cookbook" will be a part of the SRM Western Heritage series of publications.

The Cowboy Songbook will contain contemporary and traditional cowboy songs, ballads and poetry from the United States, Canada and Mexico. SRM is presently soliciting manuscripts to the songbook.

Any one interested in Contributing his/her song or poem should write to Frank Khattat of the National Capital Section at the following address:

Frank H. Khattat
Bureau of Indian Affairs
1951 Constitution Ave, N.W.
Washington, DC 20245

There will be no limit to the number of entries submitted. Deadlines for receipt of entries is August 30 1986. Publication of the "Trail Boss Songbook" is slated for late fall, 1986.

The SRM first project, the "Trail Boss Cookbook" was published in 1984 and reprinted in 1985. Approximately 10,000 copies were sold in a few months after publication. A third printing of this book is planned for 1987.



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Singer songwriters from all over Texas and the nation will be gathering again at Rod Kennedy's Quiet Valley Ranch for the 15th anniversary Kerrville Folk Festival beginning Thursday, May 22.

Many of the old favorites will be back for the 11-day celebration of original songs including Peter Yarrow (of Peter Paul & Mary), Jerry Jeff Walker, Guy Clark, Townes Van Zandt, Allen Damron, Carolyn Hester, and Nanci Griffith returning home from a triumphant Carnegie Hall debut.

Other performers this year include Gary P. Nunn, Riders in the Sky, Marcia Ball (all three of these on opening night!), Ray Wylie Hubbard, Odetta, Shake Russell, Steven Fromholz, Bob Gibson, David Amram and Bobby Bridger plus more than 40 others (and 40 emerging songwriters in the New Folk Concerts).

Coming to the festival for the first time this year are last year's top New Folk Winner Darden Smith of Austin plus New Hampshire's Tom Rush, Nashville's Richard Dobson and Pat Alger, New York's Frank Christain and Eric Andersen, Shaw Phillips and Katy Moffatt of Ft. Worth, and Angela Strehli and her blues band from Austin.

Since camping at the ranch is free with a three-day ticket, thousands enjoy camping out and singing around the campfires. In fact, many of the fans come for five, eight and eleven days and make an annual vacation out of the festival.

Seventy crafts booths, good food and beverages, workshops, Folk Mass Celebrations, a children's festival starring Peter Alsop and other performers, and many other special events highlight the festival. Eight of the evenings between May 22 and June 1 close with six-hour concerts beginning at 6 p.m.

For ticket, camping, and performer schedule, call (512) 257-3600 after 10 a.m. or write: Folk Fest, P.O. Box 1466, Kerrville, Texas 78029.



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Now in its sixth year, the Old Songs Festival has become known for its relaxed atmosphere, diversity of musical traditions and its emphasis on families sharing the joy of live music.

If you would like more information, please write to:

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IN PERFORMANCE: JOSH JOFFEN HUGH BLUMENFELD

By Bonita E. Taylor

On stage, Josh Joffen captivated the audience with unabashed charm, a friendly and highly energetic performance and a proclivity towards making spontaneous puns. The audience, alternating between laughing and groaning, was attentive.

Joffen (who writes his own songs) sang about modern life with its struggles for love, survival, success, and meaning. Although off-stage he claimed to be focusing on urban life (what he calls "C and E" for City and Eastern), his themes were valid for anyone in any region.

His baritone voice, complemented by 6-string guitar, enhanced the always intelligent and engaging, often compassionate and intense, and sometimes amusing themes upon which his songs were based. He used his knowledge of a variety of musical styles (traditional and urban folk, pop, jazz and bluegrass) to match rhythms to thoughts in an effort to best communicate his message - and he was always on the mark.

His compositions, when not backed by exciting and driving rhythms ("Chain

of Love" and "Love In A Thin Disguise"), were often wistful and sedate ("Song of Time"). His repertoire included humorous social commentary ("Video Arcade" and "Monkey See, Monkey Do"), historical/political statements ("Crazy Horse"), autobiographical reflections ("In A Dream"), and lost-love sentiments ("Miami" and "Josh Is In Love With A Dancer"). In fact, one of Joffen's recurring themes revolved around lost love and it is easy to believe that he is speaking from personal knowledge when he comments that when we are old and grey, we will be sorrier for the things we didn't do than the things we did do.

Other reviewers have commented that Joffen is reminiscent of James Taylor; one reviewer recently mentioned young John Denver. I don't remember vividly Mr. Taylor's early days, but I do recall Mr. Denver's Greenwich Village days. Joffen doesn't actually sound like either of these performers (or others that he has been likened to); but he does share with them an undecipherable something extra that made them stand apart from the others on the circuit. So, I believe that the references to Denver, Taylor,

Sebastian, et al are valid because they acknowledge in Joffen the presence of an undefinable significant other factor that has been seen before only in artists who have later achieved great success.

(Joffen's album, "JOSH JOFFEN / DAVID ROTH" may be purchased from Six Of One Half A Dozen Of The Other Productions, POB 20685, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10129).

With striking candor and a touch of naivete, singer/songwriter Hugh Blumenfeld etched his thoughts upon an audience already captivated by the sheer beauty of the melodies underlying his compositions.

Composing songs that cut straight to the heart, he effectively combines language and music to gracefully, yet powerfully further the theme of a song. His smooth evocative ballads ("Brothers"), gentle love melodies ("Rising Moon"), sometimes humorous ("Holy Moses"), sometimes serious ("Ballad of Billy Evans") political tunes, and inspirational anthem-like songs - with singable choruses - ("Get The Word") demonstrate insight

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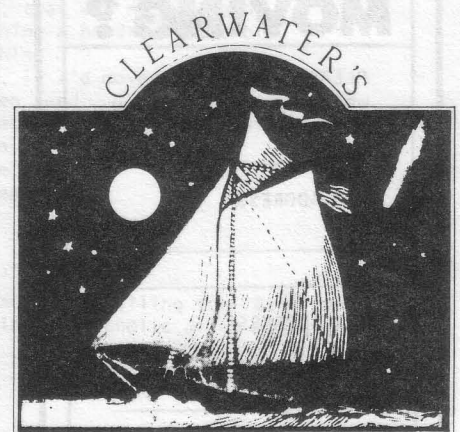
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IN PERFORMANCE: HUGH BLUMENFELD

into human interaction. Imbued with a sense of wonder and a sense of optimism, his outlook is not blind with a Pollyanna's faith, but one that looks to a future with promise.

Blumenfeld's lyrical high tenor voice conveyed the poetry and the haunting melodies directly and was complemented by the beautiful voice of Diane Chodkowski. He displayed a spontaneous and disarming sense of humor that showed off a whimsical and exuberant side.

His intelligence and wit, however, were sometimes shared not with the audience but with the other musicians on stage. This had the effect of raising a screen between the stage and the audience who would have liked to have been able to smile along with the musicians. It is a testament to his skill in communicating that he was able to overcome some of the effect of this distraction which could otherwise have created a serious barrier to his developing a friendly rapport with the audience.



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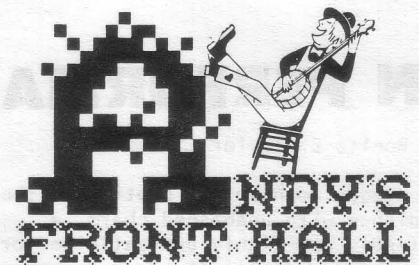
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THE VINYL LORDS ARE SLEEPING

By Stuart Kaybak

On a recent trip to Los Angeles I had the inspiration to attend a weekly membership meeting of the National Academy of Songwriters. Formerly known as S.R.S. (Songwriter's Resources and Services) the Academy is dedicated to helping songwriters on every level in the craft of songwriting, copyrighting, publishing, legal services pertaining to contracts, and in 1986 will operate the American Song Festival. One other service this well respected national organization provides for its membership is a weekly songwriter's workshop in which an accredited song publisher or record producer is invited to listen to songs submitted by attending N.A.S. members. The critic d'jour for the the workshop I attended was Doug Thile of Fireside Music. and during the workshop I asked him his thought on the acoustic music scene. " I am an old folkie myself and personally would love to see a resurgence of of folk music . I am aware of a number of new places which sponsor folk and acoustic music on the East coast and its great to see the folk club circuit come back." Says Mr. Theile.

However, Mr. Theile doesn't hold out too much hope for folk music to enjoy the notoriety it did in the late 50's and early 60's. " The decision makers and powers that be in the big music industry are primarily lawyers and accountants. They believe the general public will not buy a song a person actually has to take the time to listen to in order to enjoy, and good folk music with its emphasis on meaningful lyrics regrettably falls victim to that line of thinking." In other words, the bottom line is the bottom line. To make matters worse, amny A&R people won't even look at a submitted tape unless it is fully dressed in a 16 or 24 track studio production. So for at least the foreseeable future and with only a smattering of merciful exceptions, MacDonald's for the mind will be with us. Isn't it terribly ironic for an industry so fearful of censorship to in effect, actually be practicing it?



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RECORD REVIEWS

by Peter Spencer

Columbia Records, perhaps in an attempt to get him to stop cluttering up their new-release list with LPs as lame as Empire Burlesque, has released a five-record boxed retrospective of Bob Dylan's music entitled Biograph. It offers the well-known hits, a wide sampling of work from every stage of his recording career, and many rare recordings, B-sides, live versions, private stock from various sources.

When The Speakeasy, Greenwich Village's local folk music club sponsored a "Bob Dylan Imitators' Contest" the event lasted eight hours and among the 65 entrants, not a single song was repeated, with plenty of drunks left at the end of the evening yelling for favorites they had not yet heard. With an artist this prolific, a skim through the songbook such as Biograph is bound to leave out scores of great songs. But the aim of Biograph seems less to accurately represent Dylan's work from its beginning to the present as to force a re-acknowledgement by contemporary rock-music buyers of Dylan's place in the pantheon of Rock 'n' Roll and his ability to make thoroughly effective music by today's standards.

A confirmed Dylan fanatic would say that any retrospective, however haphazard, could prove the point, but Biograph succeeds on its own terms as well. The songs are carefully sequenced, not so much chronologically as by mood, the records have been re-mastered using the most modern digital equipment -- a great boon to those whose early Dylan LPs date from the year of release, and, perhaps most important, the previously unissued material is nearly all first-rate, the kind of overlooked gems that Dylan watchers have had to listen to on technically inferior bootleg LPs, if at all.

It is immensely gratifying for an out-of-synch sixties person to hear songs like Tombstone Blues kicking ass and taking names among the suit-of-the-month-club that currently passes for Rock music. In fact, Mtv has been showing the famous flashcard scene from the 1965 Dylan movie Don't Look Back, where, while the soundtrack blares Subterranean Homesick Blues, Dylan stands in front of a lower Manhattan cul-de-sac languidly flipping through a pile of flashcards, each bearing one or two words of the

lyric while Allen Ginsberg and Bob Neuwirth wander around the background. It is currently the most interesting piece featured by the music network.

Biograph also shows how Dylan's work has changed over the years. His early Rock songs from the middle 1960s innovate not only with lyrics but metrically as well. Tombstone Blues, for instance, features triplets that appear to stand alone but are, in fact, interior rhymes to an incredibly long line that invariably rhymes with the incredibly long line that follows. Metrical innovation such as this is rarely found in Dylan's work after his 1974 release, Planet Waves.

This is roughly the same period in which Dylan's songs can be seen to break away from any overall sense of context, relying more exclusively on his genius as a phrasemaker and singer, and less on an overall vision of what the song is supposed to be "about." Biograph features a concert performance of Visions of Johanna, a 1965 work that is one of Dylan's longest and most intricate songs. Throughout the incredibly ornate imagery the song returns to the idea that current circumstances, including a girl named Louise, cannot make the narrator lose the unsettling memory of Johanna. The more contemporary songs in Biograph have far fewer repeating motifs, to the extent that a given song can be said to be about no more than the mood evoked by given phrases.

This approach works splendidly, given Dylan's ability with line, but it does occasionally result in a mixed metaphor. In Senor, Dylan sings "How long are we gonna be riding/How long must I keep staring at the door." And in Heart of Mine, another song from the late '70s, he sings "You can play with fire/But you'll get the bill."

Yet this approach pays off at times in heightened intensity, as in one of Biograph's finest cuts, an obscure B-side called The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar, a screaming rocker from the sessions that produced Heart of Mine. In it, Dylan sings he's "been treated like a farm animal on a wild goose chase," a gorgeous piece of accidental surrealism that exemplifies what the late Lowell George.

leader of the great unknown '70s group Little Feat, called "the cracked mosaic effect."

Biograph is a fine look back for aging hippies, and a sure-fire gift idea for the teenager who likes REM, Dire Straits, U2, or other bands playing today's best Rock.

* * *

Another boxed retrospective comes from Hannibal Records, a look at the tragically short career of the English folksinger and songwriter Sandy Denny. This set, entitled Who Knows Where the Time Goes? after her best-known song, is not as comprehensive as Biograph. It concentrates less on the records with Fairport Convention which made Miss Denny's reputation in the United States, and more on the period from 1970 up to her untimely death in 1978, as she was trying to find her identity as a solo artist or with Fotheringay, the group she organized with her husband, Trevor Lucas.

Despite the unevenness of the set as a whole, Who Knows Where the Time Goes? has moments of real glory, reaffirming Sandy Denny's position as the finest female folksinger of her generation. She sings Bruton Town with tremendous fire and spirit and Gypsy Davey is remade in a brooding post-Fairport arrangement by Fotheringay. In a more modern vein, Richard Thompson's For Shame of Doing Wrong is given the kind of mordant reading against chiming guitars that today's Thompson fans will immediately recognize, and several of Miss Denny's original songs make appealing early-seventies pop music in the style of Carole King, but with vastly superior singing. Sandy Denny was not a great lyricist, but her voice adds warmth and humanity to every song on the album.

Who Knows Where the Time Goes? is a valuable addition to any record collection, well worth the small effort it takes to edit the best parts onto cassette. This four-record boxed set is available at many record stores or through the mail from Carthage Records, Inc., Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553.

Reflex Records is pleased to announce the May release of Aztec Two-Step's long awaited sixth album, "Living In America".

The album consists of all original material which the acoustic-oriented duo, consisting of Rex Fowler and Neal Shulman, describe as "Folk & Roll".

Aztec Two-Step have previously recorded three albums for RCA Records, and their critically acclaimed 1972 debut album still remains active in the Elektra Records catalogue.

Songs on the new album range from musical tributes to John Lennon and Elvis Presley ("Johnny's An Angel", "Velvet Elvis"), to a tongue-in-cheek declaration of affection for MTV's Martha Quinn ("I'm In Love With The Girl On MTV") to topical songs of contemporary America and nuclear proliferation ("Living In America", "Rabbit In The Moon").

Accompanying the release of the album is the group's first music video. Set to the title track, it consists of film clips from the 1920's to 1970's interspersed with performance footage of the group. The video was directed, compiled and edited by Pierce Rafferty, who directed the film "The Atomic Cafe".

In conjunction with the release of the album and video, Aztec Two-Step will launch its 1986 "Peace, Love And Buy This Record Tour". The group will appear in concert at selected showcase venues and take part extensively in print, radio and television interviews. The tour begins in the northeast and coincides with the release of the record.

The album, video and tour are all part of the on-going celebration of the group's fifteenth anniversary.

For further information, contact:
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he says, He never loses sight of the trials inherent in living; but, along the way, he suggests that within us are the resources necessary to lessen the impact that life's distressing influences have upon us.

So, he tells us that -

"Nothing real good ever comes real easy

A FOOT FORWARD AN EAR BACK

FOLK ROOTS

From our base in the British folk scene, the successor to *Southern Rag* covers music with roots from anywhere in the world. From English traditions to the latest in "rogue folk", from Tex-Mex to Zimbabwean folk/rock, this magazine is now a *monthly feast of features, news, reviews, opinion, adverts and much more.*

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And going alone is the
hard way to go
And love and affection need
some direction"
("I've Been Around")

and he also reassures us that -
"Good times are bound to come
again"
(Good Times)

And, in spite of his firm belief that
"Here between the tough times
and the tender
It all comes down to you & me"
(Red, Red Rose)

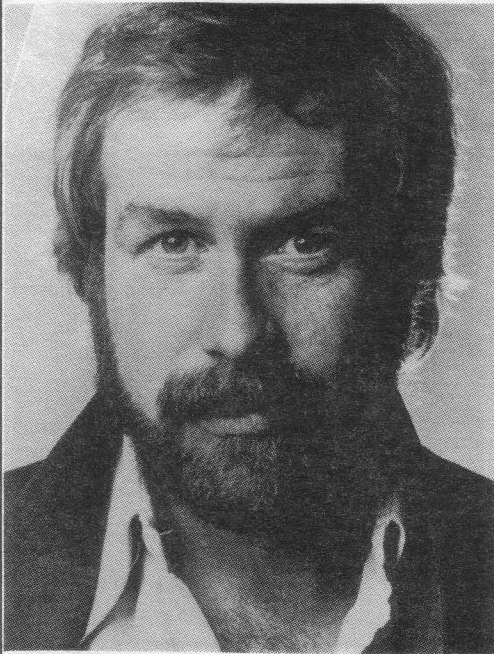
he doesn't permit Phil Brown, his alcoholic painter, bereft of human com-

panionship though he was, to wallow in loneliness. Brown understood that the quality of his life was in his own hands:

"... He was never much for roses
And sooner painted thorns
Cause he found a keener beauty
there
That no one else could see"
("Phil Brown")

Within Mallett's framework of reality, he is an incorrigible romantic:

"You may see my heart of darkness
And we may stumble now and again
But underneath this heart of
darkness
There's a heart that's loving you



David Mallett

Right 'til the end
("Red, Red Rose")
and an eternal optimist:

"I like this life with you
With all its ups and downs
What else but true love
Could join a princess to a clown"
(These Times")

Glimmering with promise, his lyrics pulsate with life. It is not surprising, therefore, that his most famous song tells us, metaphorically and in profound simplicity, that -

"Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake & a hoe
And a piece of fertile ground"
(The Garden Song")

Undoubtedly, part of his appeal lies in his ability to use words to "paint" his thoughts with clarity and depth. He creates a strong visual sense of place for us; we listen to gentle mood poems and we "see" impressionistic paintings:

"Wood smoke from the campfire
Drifting slowly to the sky
The shimmer of a school of
white perch
The spark of fireflies"
(Midnight On The Water")

Mallett, himself, has an old-fashioned air about him. Although he concertizes in shirtsleeves, he arrives at a club adorned in tie and jacket. Intent upon performing energetically, he removes both prior to mounting the stage. With a strong voice, he presents his material with precision and authority whether generating an intensely driven musical beat ("Thanks To Mother Mercy"), sparking the infectiously joyous atmosphere of a dance ("Ballad Of The Saint Anne's Reel"), or creating the soft aura of soothingly tender beauty ("April").

Assisting him oftentimes is Chris Neville on keyboards. Neville enhances Mallett's own musical accompaniment with the precise degree of eloquence necessary to intensify the effect of a lyric.

The one comment lodged against Mallett in performance is that he sometimes projects an image of aloofness. On closer look, he is a shy man who cares about presenting as perfect a show as possible. An audience that enjoys the intimacy of a small folk room because it brings them closer to their favorite artist, would be sensitive to a performer who, in their perception, was not concentrating on them. The irony here is that he is concentrating - perhaps too intensely - upon them and the quality of their evening's entertainment. It is a perception that he appears to be aware of and, if recent concerts serve as a good example, one that he is successfully dispelling.

Mallett's talent allows him to adeptly choose and arrange words to stir and inspire our imaginations. Proficient in the use of meaning, sound and rhythm, he catches and holds us in a total experience. This skill, more than anything else, marks him as a poet in the more traditional sense of the word.

We leave his concerts, ultimately, feeling empowered, refreshed, and hopeful.

(Mallett's recent record, "VITAL SIGNS" is available from:

Flying Fish Records
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ON THE RECORD



Aztec Two-Step burst upon the scene with triumphant debut album in 1972, which eloquently spoke of human experience at a time when many Americans were awakening to new ideas and perceptions of life, both internal and external. Highly acclaimed by the critical world and the listening public, they have continued a successful songwriting, recording and performing career; and the songs, old and new remain vital and time less years later. Their twin guitar sound with its shimmering intricate texture, and their vocal harmonies are landmarks in the development of modern acoustic music. They are Rex Fowler and Neal Shulman, and they take their name from a line in Lawrence Ferlinghetti poem, A Coney Island of the Mind.

IDLE RUMORS (Adrienne, Margo, and Paul) met through a newspaper ad. Their accomplishments include composing music for the Voyager Spacecraft, and making obscene phone calls to Canada. The trio is currently working on a musical version of In Cold Blood. Paul has worked in a cafeteria for several years.

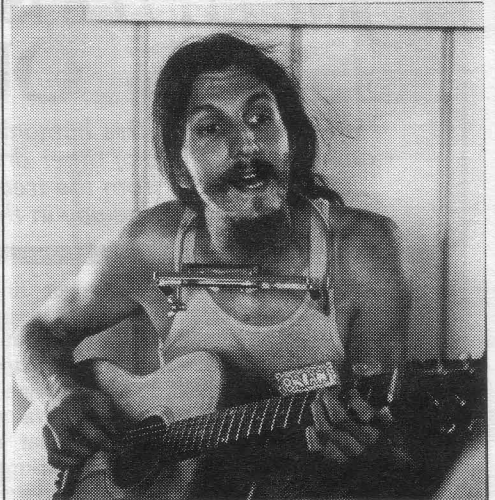
Clive Pig is from London and is a member of the Rogue Folk movement. He recorded this song after a brief appearance at the SpeakEasy. Any one who has information about him or the Rogue Folk movement is encouraged to write Fast Folk.



A native New Yorker, Tom Intondi has been playing music professionally for 15 years as a solo performer, as the founding and continuing member of the critically acclaimed group, The Song Project, and with the Tom Intondi Band. He has played many clubs and concert halls in New York, including Town Hall, The Bottom Line, The Village Gate, The Other End, Folk City, The Speakeasy, as well as many venues throughout the U.S. He was featured on the album "Cornelia Street: The Songwriters' Exchange", which he helped start in 1978. He has been a catalyst for new music in Greenwich Village since 1975. His album "House of Water" reflects his 20-year collaboration with poet and longtime friend Frank Rossini.



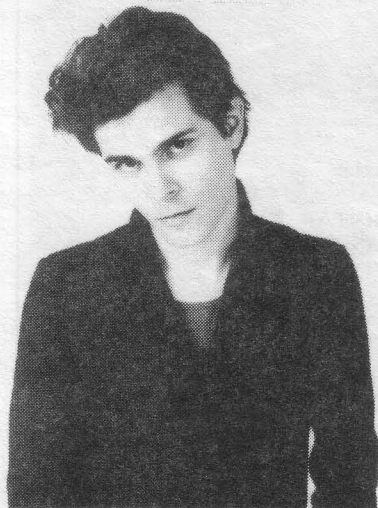
Elaine Silver is a songwriter/performer from Stanhope, New Jersey. She regularly appears at festivals, concerts and colleges and is busy thinking up ideas for her next recording project. She is available for bookings and can be reached through Silver Stream Music (201) 398 7444.



Brian Cutean has lived in Austin, Texas since 1976 with a calico cat named Pah-oot. He has been known to eat too many cookies and lately he has taken to traveling to faraway cities to perform, as he calls it. "Plinka, Plinka music to squirt your ears by." He claims to be from mirth and is to be considered armed with guitar and laughter and extremely contagious. A long awaited full length album is in the works and, needless to say, there is no stopping him now.



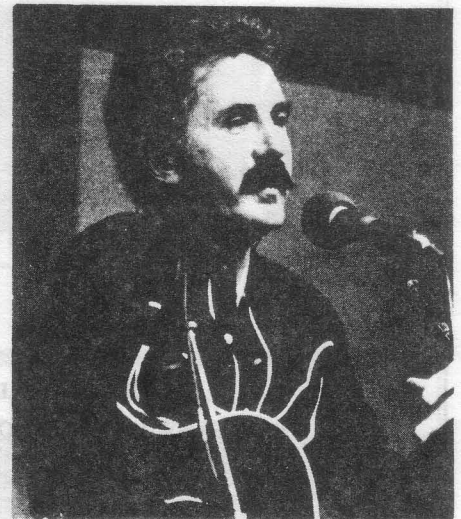
Susan Firing was born 4th in a family of 5 in Buffalo, New York. She has studied audio engineering and music at SUNY, Fredonia and traveled around the US as an engineer but discovered herself on the wrong side of the studio glass. She travelled around the US again but this time with a six piece female show band named "Garbo." Susan relocated in NY in 1983 and has performed extensively by herself and with her six piece band the Firing Squad on the club circuit. She has appeared on the American Cancer Telethon, Cable Network and most recently on the Joe Franklin Show. NPR is playing her music as well as a number of area radio stations. She is currently working on her music for an upcoming feature film starring oscar nominee William Hickey and is studying film editing with director Fred Fuster. Her song, Bluesman, was recorded on FF Sept 1984.



ERIC WOOD was raised in Cleveland, Ohio, until he was 14 years old. He spent the next ten years in as many cities before arriving in New York in 1976. Performing began to take on greater importance for him there after he had spent four years in Nashville, Tennessee, publishing and recording houses concentrating mostly on songwriting.



Award winning singer/songwriter TOM RUSSELL recorded two critically acclaimed albums in the late 70s as half of the recording team of Hardin and Russell. Ring of Bone was placed among the top ten albums of 1976 by New York's Good Times magazine and the follow up album, Wax Museum was hailed by Texas' Rumors magazine as "arguably the most important pop album of 1978." Tom's recent single Gallo de Cielo was voted single of the month by Scandinavian music press and also recorded by Ian Tyson. Tom's new album, Heart on a Sleeve was released in 1984.



STEVE GILLETTE's songs and performances have inspired glowing reviews from the critics and loyalty from his fans. He has performed in concert on over one hundred college campuses; served on the staff of the Kerrville Folk Festival and others. In addition, he has taught numerous workshops and on songwriting and guitar theory, written for films and has been active in humanitarian causes. Steve also publishes a monthly journal of songwriter's information and resources which can be obtained by writing him at PO BOX 5646 Balboa Island, CA 92662



FOLKANO is Hugh Blumenfeld, Josh Joffen, Richard Meyer and Judith Zweiman. They began performing together at Speak-Easy last September. They continue to work on their solo careers and get together whenever they need a harmony fix. Hugh Blumenfeld is now ABD on a PHD at NYU. He is currently living in NYC off the BQE with his MRS, ESQ. He is contemplating moving to CT where he could get a job with his MA from UC; life would be about 1/3 less complicated.

JOSH JOFFEN is a prodigal son of Brooklyn, New York. He spent the winter dreaming of skiing, and playing at colleges and clubs throughout the Northeast. He has released his first album.

RICHARD MEYER is a professional designer of lighting and scenery for the theatre. He has worked most recently with the Berkshire Public Theatre as the resident designer and the Mabou Mine on their production of Through The Leaves. He is also a performer in the Fast Folk Revue and has just finished his first album.

JUDITH ZWEIMAN is a singer/songwriter/Aquarian very often found playing bass or guitar with not a few of the other singer songwriters in the New York area. Her song Heart on Ice was featured in this year's Fast Folk revue.

SIDE ONE

-1-
MEZCAL
(TOM RUSSELL)

TOM RUSSELL/LEAD VOCAL AND
ACOUSTIC GUITAR
ANDREW HARDIN/HARMONY VOCAL AND
LEAD GUITAR
"FATS" KAPLAN/ACCORDIAN
BILLY TROIANI/BASS
RICHARD CRANE/DRUMS AND
HARMONY VOCALS

-2-
SHE'S NOT YOU
(STEVE GILLETTE)

STEVE GILLETTE/GUITAR AND VOCALS

-3-
STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART
(TOM INTONDI/FRANK ROSSINI)

TOM INTONDI/VOCAL AND GUITAR
FRANK CHRISTIAN/ELECTRIC GUITAR
HOWIE WYETH/DRUMS
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-
THE BLIND MAN
(JOHN KRUTH)

ELAINE SILVER/BANJO AND VOCAL
JOHN KRUTH/MANDOLIN AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-5-
DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS
(ADRIENNE JONES)

IDLE RUMORS:
ADRIENNE JONES/GUITAR AND VOCALS
MARGO HENNEBACH/VOCALS
PAUL KOVIT/GUITAR AND VOCALS

-6-
ONE NIGHT IN GREECE
WITH AN AMERICAN TOURIST
(CLIVE PIG)

CLIVE PIG/VOCAL

SIDE TWO

-1-
LIVING IN AMERICA
(REX FOWLER/BILLY MERNIT)

AZTEC TWO STEP:
NEAL SHULMAN/VOCAL AND GUITAR
REX FOWLER/VOCAL AND GUITAR
FRED HOLMAN/BASS

-2-
CRY ME A RIVER
(SUSAN FIRING)

SUSAN FIRING/ACOUSTIC GUITAR AND VOCALS
MARK DANN/BASS AND DRUMS

-3-
IF I WERE THE MAN
(LYLE LOVETT)

LYLE LOVETT/VOCAL AND GUITAR
ANDREW HARDIN/LEAD GUITAR AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-
THE LITTLE PACKAGE
(BRIAN CUTEAN)

BRIAN CUTEAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-5-
MOMENTS
(PIERCE PETTIS)

FOLKANO:
JOSH JOFFEN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
HUGH BLUMENFELD/GUITAR AND VOCAL
JUDITH ZWEIMAN/BASS AND VOCALS
RICHARD MEYER/VOCALS

-6-
THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW
(ERIC WOOD)

ERIC WOOD/VOCALS AND ELECTRIC GUITAR
TOM BLACKBURN/GUITAR
LINDSEY HORNER/UPRIGHT BASS