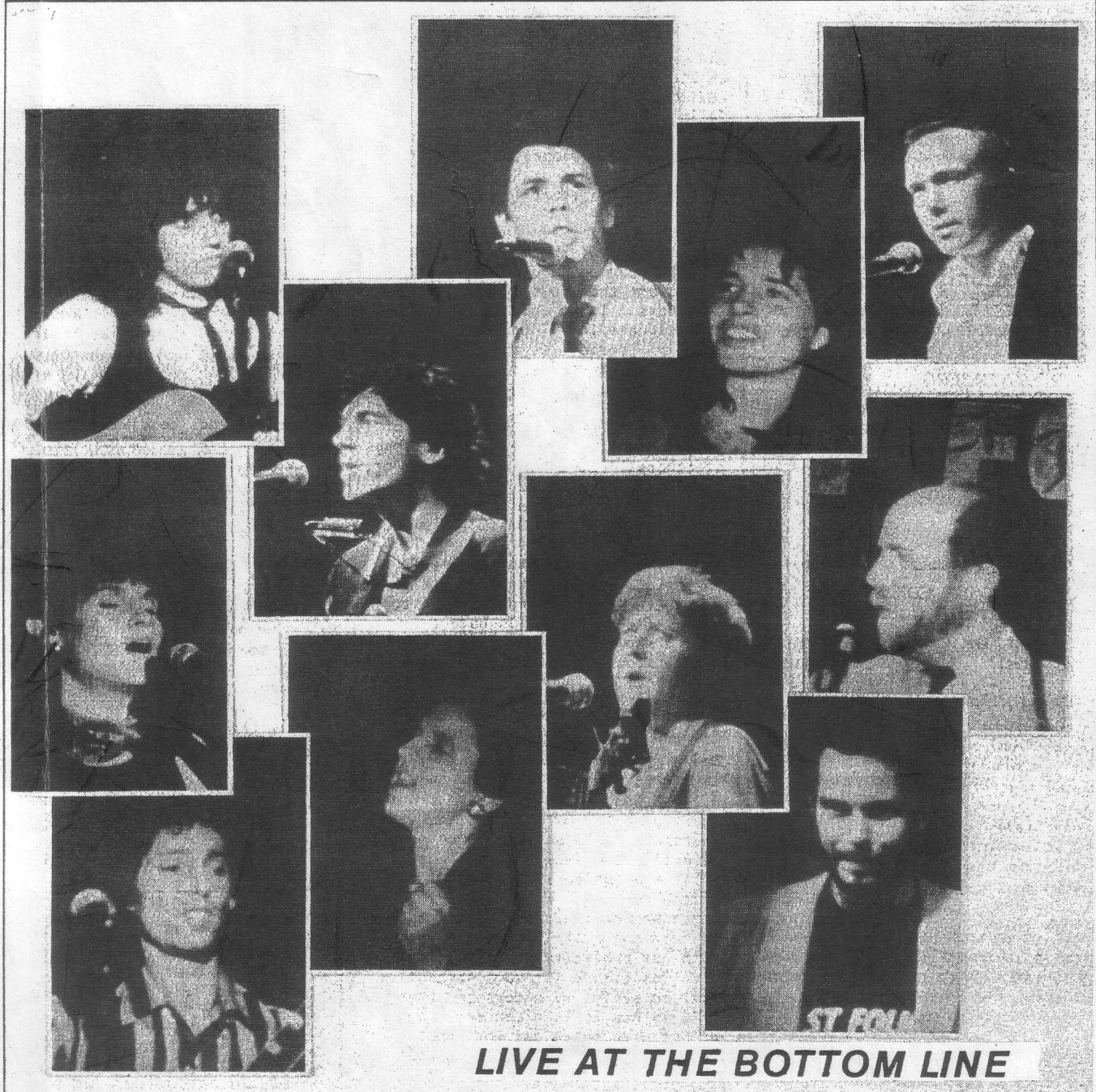


# FAST FOLK

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

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1986

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**LIVE AT THE BOTTOM LINE**

# FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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**FAST FOLK**  
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

## EDITORIAL: Shows and Scenes

Last month we issued a pair of albums documenting a songwriter's scene in Boston. We balanced it for style and politics across the records to illustrate diversity in the music there. In this issue of Fast Folk we are giving you most of the concert presented by members of the village scene at The Bottom Line in New York. Our purpose in these concerts was to bring a live show to a live audience to try out the material collected by Fast Folk on stage. It is before a live audience that material stands or falls in a medium such as ours. It is also an opportunity for musicians who often play alone to get together in combinations that are unusual for them and a treat for the audience.

We used some of the musicians who form the core of the village scene to perform their own songs and those of others. It is easy and trendy to designate individuals and geographic borders as the limits of a "scene." Our show strives to break those conventions by casting the show in such a way as to include performers who have strong material of their own and can interpret the songs of others. Fast Folk has looked for, and recorded material from outside the borders of Greenwich Village and the show reflected this. It is also composed to show that the material in the "folk scene" has stylistic variations from uptempo rock to thoughtful ballads and romance, to jazz influences. It is hard to cast a show for these purposes, from a population of writers and performers as large as the one surrounding the Village without making omissions due to time and cast size.

One of the purposes of Fast Folk is to let people listen to songs without judging them much on the basis of hype and personalities. Therefore we intentionally do not advertise the show as a collection of stars. While some of the members of the revue are well known it is not a prerequisite. We have had a philosophical battle with our publicity people who push with insistence for some sort of star to sell. We understand that this is how it is often done, and do not wish to do our work that way. Fast Folk's reputation has been built on artists who were

not known. It is our hope that people will approach the show with the same open mind that they use to listen to the records which continue to include many unknowns.

It is also a goal in the Fast Folk Revue to explore the repertoire of The Coop and Fast Folk as well as introduce new material to show continuing growth. The Revue is not a show that is cast and hired like a company; it is a labor of love for the singers and the band supported by many, many musicians and members of the folk community. We have to manage the increasingly busy schedules of fifteen people in order to organize rehearsals and transportation for shows. We need to arrange publicity and materials to let people know what we are all about. We need to maintain a profile as a magazine that will support the members of the Revue who are not well known and still do no disservice to the people who have had more exposure and continue to publicize the magazine as an entity.

Publicity tends to divide people into categories of failure and success and better or worse when what we aim to do is provide a platform for unknown songs that will challenge an open audience.

Defining a scene without categories is a double damning process of using audiences' preconceptions to tell them what they are getting while stretching those conceptions. A scene is a term that the public perceives. The dozen people who make up the Fast Folk Revue are a dozen very individual people with some common goals. It is safe to say that each person in the Revue and many others in the scene approach their songwriting craft as individuals and in the end present it uniquely, and this brings power to the group as a whole. If each of us were consciously working to imitate one another or some historical model there would be little point to what we do. The intent of the serious writers in the Village scene and the ones we have run into in other places is to write the best material they can to expand for themselves the lyrical and musical frame-

work of contemporary songs as they hear them. What does happen in a show like the Fast Folk Revue is that we get to throw all these people together and see how one style plays against another and test ourselves. Art is not a contest, but a testing of ideas. Commerciality is a test of marketing strategy regardless of the art.

We decided to make this issue of Fast Folk a double record to illustrate the show on all the levels. Artists who perform alone and perform mainly their own material can often be good interpreters of other material. We wanted to present some of these interpretations to the Fast Folk listeners and still not eliminate the material of the writers themselves. Fast Folk may provide the unique opportunity to hear performances that may not come about under any other conditions. Although we work as individuals we come together to play music.

Richard Meyer

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## YOU SAID IT: Results of Our Questionnaire

by Peter Brown

Several months ago we sent out a questionnaire to find out more precisely who it is that reads and listens to Fast Folk. More than a hundred responses came in, many with comments and criticisms we are still examining. Thanks to all who took the time and effort to respond. We now have a better idea who you are, and thus, what we are.

The survey turned up some predictable responses, but also some surprises. Here's what we learned: 65% of the Fast Folk subscribers are between the ages of 26 to 35. This was predictable enough, this being a generation that grew up when folk was hip. We are disappointed, however, that only 1% of our subscribers are under 20. Income tended to vary a great deal, though our readership seems largely middle class. Fast Folkies tend to buy a lot of records. 50% buy more than one record a month on average. 10% buy more than 50 records a year.

Though the tabulation of responses shows that our readers are predominantly male, there also are many couples and households that subscribe; so this is a hard statistic to gauge accurately. The responses split about 50/50 between those who play musical instruments and those who don't. There are a lot of apologetic beginners who didn't know how to respond to this question.

You were more likely to have first heard about Fast Folk on the radio than by any other source. But word of mouth also figured highly in our marketing. More than 50% of respondents read the magazine from cover to cover. 45% skim through it. Of course, we would like to regard the magazine as being as important as the record, and would like more people to read the magazine seriously.

The most curious response we received was regarding the promptness of delivery. 25% hadn't noticed any problem here. With perennial understaffing, and minimal financing we are forever hard-pressed to get an issue out on time.

The happiest response we got was that the overwhelming majority of subscribers will definitely renew their subscriptions. We are glad to know that you find Fast Folk worth subscribing to and supporting. We hope to continue to bring you some of the best and the brightest in new folk writing for years to come.

Below are some of the comments you made:

"Fast Folk has opened me--and the station--to a new and vast world of music. As a folk DJ I rely heavily on the copies of Fast Folk that we have for each show. Please do keep the music coming to us."

"The album production quality is perceptibly in need of improvement. 1st thing to do is to change your grade of shrink wrap; All the records are warped. I would like to help if I can. Call if you're interested."

"Why don't you people come out to Chicago and do a show or two at Holsteins or at the Old Town School of Folk Music?"

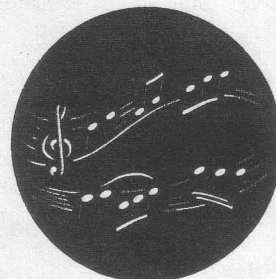
"I enjoy them when I get them."

"You guys are doing a wonderful job! It's the only place that records artists with real potential, but who are unable to get a record contract. Some records are better than others but I always get something out of them.... I'd say people like Bob Franke, Bill Morrissey, Christine Lavin have you to thank for spreading their greatness."

"a damn good org."

"I enjoy Fast Folk Musical Magazine. Again you sent me 2 copies of November so I am enclosing a check for \$10 and I am donating it to the Morris County Library in NJ. Thanks."

"I like the layout and I enjoy reading the stories by Roger."



## RECORD MARKETING

by  
David Seitz

In my last article, I discussed the concept of audience targeting and demonstrated its use with both wide-band (pertaining to popular music) and narrow-band (referring to less popular musical genres) marketing techniques. Now it's time to explore specific strategies that folk, or new acoustic, musicians can use to reach their potential listenership.

Since I am a big fan of analogies, similes and other methods for comparing two dissimilar processes, I'll reach into my handy-dandy bag of literary devices, rip open the envelope and discover the following trope: developing an audience is like building a house. There are three different ways in which to accomplish both tasks. You can "cash in" on a pre-existent audience through the death of a cherished performer: "Crystal Ship" has built a financially lucrative business by recreating the music of "The Doors." This group stepped into a prefabricated house: an audience yearning for the taste of the magic Jim Morrison and company had once provided. A lucrative story, but rather uninteresting.

If you wish to build your own house, you can either build it from scratch, or start with a pre-existing shell or foundation. As it pertains to folk music, the pre-existent foundation refers to a population sub-group identifiable by a characteristic other than their support for a particular artist. (I know that this statement is quite a mouthful, but since it's the crux of my argument, I would appreciate your spending some time with it). For example, the gay and lesbian network, as it has been called, has lent considerable support to Ferron, an extremely talented lesbian singer/songwriter. This network has its own publications, bookstores and media time (on such radio stations as WBAI, NY and WXPX, Philadelphia). Another example is that of Mark Levy, a California-based singer who commands support from anti-nuclear groups; his record label, incidentally, is Nu-Clear Records. Many of these organizations, such as the People's Music Network, are composed of local organizations nationally interconnected. By writing

and/or performing songs that will interest the members of such an organization, it is possible to tap into a vast support system.

This approach has two major drawbacks. First you must constantly (or at least consistently) support this targeted group to maintain their interest in your work. If you are known as a writer of labor songs, your audience will not take kindly to an album composed of love songs. Of course, if this occurs, you can try to derive support from the love-lorn devotees of "Dear Abby" and "Ann Landers," but that's getting off the subject.

The audience-building approach that takes more work, but allows the performer more artistic freedom, is to slowly amass a group of supporters through the use of mailing lists (obtained at performances), concert advertisements (if you and/or the concert promoters can afford it) and word-of-mouth publicity. In this way, you develop an audience that will come to hear you because you are a good songwriter, instrumentalist or have other endearing qualities, not because your songs address a particular cause. This is not to say that a performer who is not politically aligned cannot get substantial support from established organizations; songwriter havens such as Fast Folk, Sing Out!, and Broadsides magazines as well as such radio stations as WBAI, WNYC, WFUV, WUSB, WFDU and music societies such as the Long Island Traditional Music Association and the Huntington Folksong Society can spearhead support for your work.

Building your own audience gives you more freedom than fitting into a prefabricated songster mold, but this freedom is not unlimited. Certainly, Bob Dylan discovered that when he first took an electric guitar on stage. The deafening boos were from his loyal fans who were willing to accept the fact that "the times, they are a-changin'," as long as Dylan kept playing the same way he always had. But since Dylan did not attach himself to specific organizations, he developed a core of supporters who acknowledged his creative genius and didn't care which musical style or vector he used to communicate.

Let's assume that you have chosen a way in which to build your audience (from the three ways mentioned above) and you succeed. Soon, fifty people come to your concerts instead of five and they are not all your relatives. That's when I get a phone call from you saying something like, "I saw that you produced so and so's record and I think it's time to make a disc."

In my next article, I will explore the reasons -- both financial and artistic -- for making a record and discuss problems that might be encountered during this process. There are also some alternatives to pressing a disc (like making cassettes instead), that might be enlightening.

By the way, this article was inspired by conversations I had with several Canadian performers at the Mariposa Folk Festival, held in July, just outside of Toronto. If you have a suggestion for a future article, or a comment/criticism on this or previous articles, please write to me c/o Fast Folk.

David Seitz is a singer/songwriter/producer/recording engineer who owns and operates Synergy Sound Studios, Great Neck, NY.

cont. from page 3

"It won't cost you much to make better tapes. Good grief a portable digital PCM rig costs less than a grand these days. Also maybe you should have a premium subscription price for higher quality pressings."

"I must say I like Biological Time Bomb - that's different - we need more different. There are probably a lot of talented singers and songwriters who appear at Speakeasy and other places who don't get asked if they are interested in recording their material on F.F. but who should be. Also I note that straight instrumentals are decidedly excluded. Why should this be? I don't mean "jams," but tasteful duet and trio work of acoustic instruments. Look at what Windham Hill has done with A Winter's Solstice. A gorgeous album - very low key and (for Windham Hill anyway) unpretentiously pretty. How about instrumental work juxtaposed between the (not always terribly inspired) lyricism?

I want you to know I support you. I commend you for the obvious labor you put into this project and for the high quality (quiet) recording work. I wish you had a much greater audience."

"sorry if I ruined your graphs!"  
-our youngest subscriber, age 14

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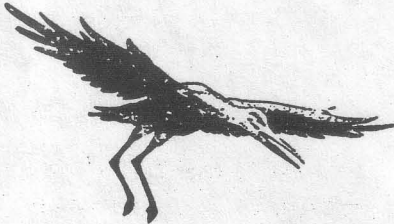
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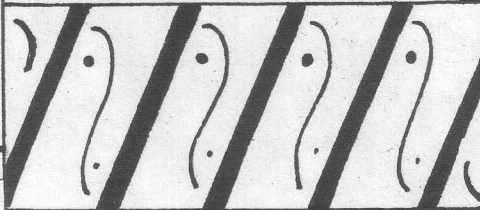
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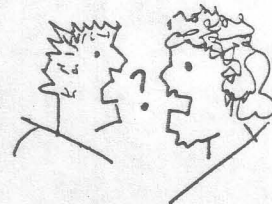
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## TRADUCI: A Guide to International Phrases

by  
Germanna Pucci, Nikki Matheson, Dan Behrman, Tom Duvall, Lillie Palmer, and Richard Meyer.

A good number of singers from the New York scene have traveled to Europe lately and I had the opportunity to visit Italy last June. What I discovered was that musically the language barrier was barely evident, but even with some rudimentary knowledge of language, the idioms surrounding sounds checks and travel accommodations were obscure. Upon my return I discussed the problem with other musicians who had traveled and worked abroad and heard the same story over and over with many variations, and more than a few tragic episodes. This guide is intended to help anyone traveling to discuss the hardware of their music in another country. We invite our foreign language readers to expand this phrase guide and correct any idiomatic problems.

### TRANSLATION:

Q: Where can I plug my amplifier in?

French: Ou puis-je brancher mon ampli?

Spanish: ¿Adonde puedo enchutar amplificador?

Italian: Dov'e' la presa per l'amplificatore  
German: Wo ist die Steckdose?

Q: Do you have any spare cables?

F: Avez vous des raccords en plus? (As tu des raccords en plus?)

S: ¿Tienes algunos cables? (cables is pronounced Cob-lays)

I: Avete dei cavi elettrici in piu'?

G: Gibt es extra Leine?

Q: Where is the nearest music store? How late are they open?

F: Ou se trouve le magazin de musique le plus proche? A quelle heure ferme t'il?

S: ¿Adonde queda la tienda de musica cercana, a que hora cierran?

I: Dov'e' il negozio di musica piu' vicino?

G: Gibt es einem Musikgeschaeft in der Naeh.

Q: We need (?) Channels for our sound system.

F: Nous avons besoin de \_\_\_ canaux pour notre sono.

S: Nosotros necesitamos (use your fingers) canales para el sistema de sonido, por favor.

I: Ci servirebbero Canali per il nostro sistema sonoro.

G: Wir brauchen(drei/vier/fuenf/sechs/sieben/acht)Lautsprecheranlagebaende

Q: Are there any more Microphone stands?

F: Il y a t'il d'autres pieds de micro?

S: ¿Hay algunos postes de enganchar el microfono?

I: Ci sono altre aste per i microfoni?

G: Gibt es andere Mikrofonstaende?

Q: Where are we staying tonight?

F: Ou restons nous ce soir?

S: ¿A donde nos vamos a quedar esta noche?

I: Dove alloggeremo stanotte?

G: Wo werden wir heutiger Nacht bleiben/schlafen?

Q: How do we turn on the lights?

F: Comment allume t'on la lumiere?

S: ¿Como se enciende la luz?

I: Come accendiamo le luci?

G: Wie macht man die Lichter an?

Q: I hear feedback in the monitors - How is the sound in the house?

F: J'entends du larsen dans les retours - Comment est le son dans la salle?

S: ¿Como se escucha el sonido en la casa?

I: Sento un riberbero (feedback) nei (monitors) - Come'e' il suono a distanza?

G: Ich hoere Rueckkopplung.

Q: Can I have more guitar in the mix...

F: Puis-je avoir plus de guitare dans le mix?

S: ¿Dale mas volumen a la guitarra?

I: Potrei avere piu' chitarra nel missaggio?

G: Bitte, meine Gitarre soll lauter sein. (literally: please, my guitar should be louder)

Q: The (bass, guitar, etc.) is too loud - please turn it down.

F: La basse (le violon, la guitare etc...) est trop forte, baissez (baisse) la.

S: El (guitarra) esta muy alto -

I: Il (basso, chitarra, violino, ecc.) e' troppo forte, abbassalo, per favore.

G: (Die Gitarre) (Der Bass) (Die Geige) (Die Floete) (Das Saxaphon) ist zu laut; kannst du (sie) (er) (sie) (sie) (es) leise stellen, bitte?

Q: I can't hear myself at all!

F: Je ne peux pas m'entendre.

S: No me oigo!

I: Non riesco a sentirmi per niente.

G: Ich kann meine Stimme gar nicht hoeren.

My guitar sounds boomy, tinny...

F: Ma guitare est trop dans les basses, trop dans les aigus.

S: La guitarra se oye mal.

I: Mi par che la chitarra abbia troppi Bassi, Acuti

G: Meine Gitarre klingelt schrill/schlamig.

Q: Do you have a capo? A guitar strap? soldering iron? electrical tape?

F: Avez vous (as tu) un capo? Une bandouliere pour ma guitare? Un fer à souder? Du scotch electrique?

S: ¿Tienes capo? ¿Tienes corra de guitarra? Soldadura? Tape (electrico)?

I: Ce l'avresti un capotasto una cinghia per la chitarra? Ferro per saldatura? nastro Isolante?

G: Hast du (ein Gitarreriemen) (ein Loetkolben) (ein Abdeckband)

Q: When do we get paid?  
 F: Quand pouvons nous être payé?  
 S: ¿Cuándo nos van a pagar?  
 I: Quando verremo pagati?  
 G: Wann werden wir bezahlt sein?

Q: Please turn the whole thing down.  
 F: Baissez la sono d'un cran s'il vous plait (s'il te plait)  
 S: Por favor, no me oigo. (Use thumbs down motion, works every time!)  
 I: Per favore abbassa tutto.  
 G: Alles muss rueher sein.

Q: Is this show being recorded? Can I have a copy?  
 F: Est ce que ce spectacle va être enregistré? Puis avoir une copie?  
 S: ¿Esta Grabando este show - Pueden darme una copia?  
 I: Registrerete questo spettacolo? posso averne una copia?  
 G: Wird jemand das Konzert auf Tonband aufnehmen?  
Can I have a copy?  
 G: Kannst du eine Kopie fuer mich machen?  
How does it sound in the hall?  
 G: Wie hoert es im Raum?

Q: How long should I play? How many sets? When do we start?  
 F: Je joue pendant combien de temps? Jè fais combien de sets? Quand commençons nous?  
 S: Quanto tiempo debo tocar - cuantas veces - Cuando?  
 I: Per quanto tempo dovro' suonare? in quante puntate? quando cominciamo?  
 G: Wie lange soll ich spiele? Wann fangen wir an?

Q: Where is the bathroom?  
 F: Ou sont les toilettes?  
 S: Adonde està el baño?  
 I: Dov'e' la stanza da bagno?  
 G: Wo ist die Toilette?

Can I have a key in case I get locked in?  
 G: Darf ich einem Schluessel haben, falls ich darin einschliessen bin?  
 Q: Do you know anyone who can fix this?  
 F: Connaissez vous (connais tu) quelqu'un qui peut réparer ceci?  
 S: Conocen a alguien que pueden arreglar esto?  
 I: Conosci nessuno che possa aggiustare questo?  
 G: Kennest du jemandem, der dieses Ding reparieren kann?  
 Q: Where do we go and get drunk?  
 F: Ou est ce qu'on peut aller se saouïler la gueule?  
 S: (You don't have to ask)

A beer, please.

G: Ein Bier, bitte.  
Another beer, please.  
 G: Noch ein Bier, bitte.  
I have to throw up.  
 G: Ich musskotzen.

Announcement:  
 We at Fast Folk would like to offer our apologies to Roger -and to you, his faithful readers- for the myriad mistakes we made in printing his last piece in March '86. Roger has offered a prize: a copy of his new book, The Folk Music Chronicles to the reader who can find the most errors in the piece as it is printed. Hugh Blumenfeld as associate editor of the magazine will act as sole judge for this contest. All entries must be received here at Fast Folk by December 31, 1986 and should be clearly marked c/o "Deitz's Revenge Contest."

THE FIRST GREAT MIDWEST LABOR SONG EXCHANGE

We have a late bulletin announcing The First Great Midwest Labor Song Exchange, sponsored by the Labor Heritage Foundation and the Chicago Labor Education Program Institute of Labor & Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois, November 14-16, 1985. This special conference will bring together union members, artists and folksingers to look at song, story and drama in the everyday activities of the labor movement.

An important part of the program will be a song swap, where participants will share a song, reading or experience at a Saturday night public program. The emphasis of the conference is the teaching and sharing of songs useful for labor solidarity, organizing and picketing, as well as ethnic labor songs of the Midwest and union songs and poetry from South Africa.

If you're interested in this year's conference or in the sponsoring groups, write: Stanley Rosen, Chicago Labor Education program, University of Illinois, 815 W. Van Buren St., #214, PO Box 4348, Chicago, IL, 60680.



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# IN PERFORMANCE



## Jane Siberry at the Bottom Line

By Clara Sala

Canadian singer/songwriter Jane Siberry entered college as a music major, graduated with a degree in microbiology, and then immediately returned to her first love of music. Her debut album *Jane Siberry* was released in 1981 on Duke Street Records. Those that followed, *No Borders Here* and *The Speckless Sky* are on the Open Air/Windham Hill label. (For more background, see the November 1985 *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*.)

How do I start to describe the confection of music, performance and delight that was the Jane Siberry concert? This Canadian singer is building up a devoted following here in the States with her wonderfully expressive voice, her modern sound and often bizarre lyrics. Her sense of humor and use of abstract images is at times reminiscent of Laurie Anderson, and her complex lyricism of Joni Mitchell, but what makes Jane Siberry unique is the warm emotionalism she infuses into her landscape of sound and voice.

This was the key to the concert—warmth, and that quirky sense of humor that made the evening intimate and special.

The show began in darkness, gradually lifting amid drifting smoke to see two female singers dressed in oversized white t-shirts murmuring into cordless mikes; then singing, then the band struck an aural wash of sound that filled the stage and floated out over the audience. In the midst of this, Ms. Siberry tiptoed out, a sly/shy smile on her face, her reddish hair short and falling over one eye as if hiding her face, and she started to sing, blending her voice into the two other singers; as the band went into "One More Color." The evening had just started. "One More Color" segued into "Vladimir Vladimirov" and "Seven Steps to the Wall," all from her recent release "The Speckless Sky."

Then came "Dancing Class" from her previous album "No Borders Here." "Dancing Class" was a wonderfully sung evocation of the singer's admiration for the beautiful German dancer in her class, and her struggle to emulate her and be "perfect." The song is made more poignant by

the pause in which Siberry puts on a glittery tutu and poses on the stage, the visual humor preventing the song from being depressing. She can make fun of herself, adding a light-heartedness, yet ironic tone to the song, which she did throughout the show. Siberry's capacity to blend humor and seriousness to get her point across was the substance of the show. By this time there was no doubt that this show was something special. The warmth flooded over the audience with the colored lights, Siberry thanking us for coming in her quiet, delicate yet deliberate voice, and the crowd responding with shouts of "We love you Jane!" As the evening went on, Jane became more confident, her impish smile and hesitant grace winning over this viewer entirely.

A word must be said here for the band, who were excellent, tight, and having fun, smiling and joking while not missing a beat or emotion. Praise must also be given to the two backup singers, who were much more than that, providing a whole show in themselves: dancing, singing with seemingly inexhaustible energy, playing with giant cut-out hammer and saw on "Mein Bitte," accenting the songs with gestures and animated faces, yet never taking away from Siberry herself.

In "Extra Executives" Siberry told a strange tale of carrots and grouper fish, and then switched without a blink into "The Empty City", in which the hearty chorus of "hope you have your camera" turns into an anguished cry for "Mom" and a despairing scream. This lady touches all bases.

Her first encore saw Jane come out by herself and an acoustic guitar. She sat down on a raised tier and slowly plucked the opening notes to "Taxi", the ballad that closes "The Speckless Sky." She mourned the loss of her lover in a delicate, high voice that broke and burst, strong and deep on the heart-wrenching lines:

Love is a strange thing  
it depends what one gives  
and sometimes to give means  
give someone away.

She closed her eyes and rocked back, singing some of her most beautiful lyrics:

I move with your breathing  
I breathe with your beauty  
your sweet heaviness...  
did you call me?"

Just perfect. This song demonstrated her wide range, her ability to write moving, personal lyrics, and the passion she puts into performance.

The show closed with rousing, mad-cap versions of "Map of the World (Part II)," and "Symmetry," everyone on stage dancing with abandon. The show left me dazzled and exhilarated, my mind whirling with colors and images, with a sense of total satisfaction.

Siberry's music is the voice of people seeking to make sense of an often frightening, cold modern world. Her warmth comes out shining live, adding that special extra ingredient that makes a show magic. If you can't see her buy her records, but see her! She goes beyond the definition of pop music, gives that extra that devotes her audience to her. Hats off to Jane!

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# RECORD REVIEWS

## Jim McCandless/Faultline

by  
Josh Joffen

Faultline (ST-1001)  
St. Christopher Publishing Co.  
2235 N. Southport  
Chicago, IL 60614

In Chicago, as in New York, folk-singer/songwriters tend to fall into one of two groups: not-so-grizzled veterans, and lean and hungry newcomers. Established artists have included Steve Goodman, John Prine, Mike Smith, Jim Post, Bonnie Koloc, and Bob Gibson. Up-and-comers include Frank Tedesso, Andrew Calhoun, Keith Nichols, and James McCandless.

McCandless recently released his debut album, Faultline, on the St. Christopher label. The album jacket is a bit off-putting, but don't be put off; this is an interesting record, with good guitar work and good writing.

Jim Candless knows his way around a finger-picked guitar. "Reindeer/Schwartz" is a nice ragtime piece, and "When The President Came To Town" will have a familiar ring to it for anyone whose (childhood?) diet included Merrie Melodie cartoons.

As a writer, McCandless is anything but self-absorbed. The songs in Faultline are filled with character and event sketches (in fact, on the five-song first side, the word "I" appears only once). McCandless doesn't moralize, he doesn't preach; he just holds up a mirror.

The title cut "Faultline" is a fine song about technological arrogance.

Remember Titanic! Long and tall big enough to blot out the moonlight  
Knifing through the North Atlantic with the keenest edge ever honed on an ocean liner  
'til it came in touch with a keener edge - sharpened by Fate! Unforeseen!  
Iceberg!

the passengers were singin' and laughin' sailing through the water on the "safest ship in the world"

It was the farthest point technology had reached in all history - Unsinkable!  
When you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time.

The song draws sharp parallels between the Titanic and Hindenberg disasters and the Diablo Canyon nuclear reactor:

It's the farthest point technology has reached in all history -  
When you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time.

The song is particularly well-produced, with some fine, moody bass from Erwin Yasukawa, and congas and tree-bells from Lee Diaz, to frame McCandless' guitar and vocals.

"Kareem and Me" is another winner, a song to console those of us who seem to be growing slightly taller than their hair:

Kareem and me - goin' bald together  
It stings a little less when I think of it in that regard  
So hair, farewell, up to heaven  
I'm in good company, Abdul-Jabbar

Abdul-Jabbar is the Hank Aaron of basketball, Gordie Howe, Muhammed Ali and Walter Payton rolled into one star  
And if there's anyone in sports who's earned the right to go completely hairless  
It's the big guy in the middle, Abdul-Jabbar

(Note: in all the photos of McCandless that I've seen, he

seems to have a pretty full head of hair, but you never know...)

The album closes with "I Am An Eagle," a simple and graceful love song, with a few deftly drawn images.

I am an eagle, noble and proud  
I pierce dangerous thunderclouds  
Nothing can stop me making it through  
Straight to you.

Nothing can stop me,  
golden on the wing to you

McCandless' normally rough-hewn approach is surprisingly gentle here, thanks in large part to Brian Anderson's piano and background vocals.

Not every song on Faultline is equally effective. There are three or four songs that don't, I think, live up to their potential.

However, in every single song on this album, McCandless has written things that stay with you; images or lines that stop you cold. In addition to the lines quoted above, some of my favorites are:

"Cars were stuck like stamps,  
Up and down the entrance ramps"

"Froth like a fountain all over;  
Life is one fine waste of time"

"You'll prob'ly swallow  
Quaaludes from a mason jar,  
Wake up dead in a red sports car"

"Streamers in the wind,  
Tracers in the willow wind and  
upturned faces, Greening in  
the summertime..."

I'm not going to tell you what songs these are from; get hold of the album and find them yourself.

## "What Comes First, the Music or the Lyrics?" Interview with Sammy Cahn

by Roger Deitz

That question, when put to other songwriters and writing teams, has over the years been answered in many different ways. But when asked of Sammy Cahn, one of the profession's most successful and respected lyricists, the response is basic, logical, and soundly pragmatic. His answer? - "The phone call." No artsy-fartsy metaphysical smoke-screen here. Somebody will pay for it, and that's motivation enough to put a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter.

Sure, Sammy writes because he loves to write, and he's ever so good at it. But more than that, he writes because it's his business to do so. He is end-point determined, and the end-point is not only the finished song, the end point is also the pay check. It just happens that more often than not, the song is a masterpiece. This could be a major reason Sammy is one of the top ASCAP residual receivers, and many suffering songwriters I know - the ones who scorn commercialism to write for art's sake - receive checks for a whopping \$1.43 each year from that royalty distribution organization.

Sammy is not a physically imposing man. From my side of his desk he is barely visible as he sits partially obscured by his electric typewriter. He enjoys his wealth, his Fifth Avenue office, but he doesn't flaunt his success ostentatiously. He is well dressed, not over-dressed. His wife Tita sees to that. To look at this man, you might think him a tailor, or a salesman. Actually, he looks a good deal like my uncle Bernie on my father's side. Bernie sells plastics. Sammy sells songs. Like a tailor, or salesman, Sammy knows his business and loves to talk shop.

When Cahn speaks, all eyes and ears are on him. He is on center stage. His enthusiasm for his work is of such magnitude as to command his company's full attention. This is true whether he is enjoying a pas-trami sandwich at his friend Leo Steiner's Carnegie Deli, or speaking on the dais at a Songwriter's Hall of Fame awards dinner. Sammy is the president of that prestigious organization.

I have seen Sammy Cahn talk shop in a room full of other songwriters, in a room surrounded by the likes of Allan Jay Lerner, Stephen Sondheim,

Marvin Hamlisch, Willie Nelson, Charles Strouse, Mitchell Parish, Gerald Marks, Neil Sedaka, Hal David, Bob Dylan, George David Weiss, Henry Mancini, Neil Diamond, Jerry Herman, Alan and Marilyn Bergman, Richard Adler, Bobby Weinstein, Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller, Cy Coleman, Eubie Blake, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Burton Lane, Jimmy Webb and so many talented others. No slouches these. Yet, their eyes were usually focused on Sammy.

Throughout his working life, Sammy Cahn has always taken center stage, not because he is popular music's greatest lyricist. No, even Sammy would admit that others have been greater. He is the most playful, the most joyful, obviously the most thrilled at what he does for a living. The others know this, and love him for it. Sammy is delighted to be in the company of greatness. That which he does puts him in the company of others, into the show business family that he loves. He is always surrounded by greatness. The greatest? He suggests his title of "most dependable" is more appropriate. He can write a good lyric quicker than any other songwriter, and he has done so on many occasions.

He has a reputation for the speedy completion of a lyric, even when he has the smallest whiff of information about, for example, a movie plot with which to work. When the producers of Three Coins in the Fountain asked Sammy and Jule Styne if they could write a song for the film even though there was no script, no book, Sammy said he could write a song, Eh, if he knew what the picture was about. All the producer could tell Sammy was that three girls go to Rome, throw coins in the fountain, and hope to find love. With that the producer left the two songwriters.

"I wrote the first verse in a matter of minutes, and Styne produced a melody for it twenty minutes later which we agreed was the right kind of sound for a picture such as had been described to us in 25 words or less. That meant we were 75% through because the theme repeated three times. But Styne pleaded for a bridge, and after much deliberation, I came up with 'which one will the fountain bless, which one will the fountain bless?'

"Styne couldn't believe it. 'The same line twice? That stinks.' he said as he pounded out the same melodic line twice on the piano." Sammy agreed. Finally the tune was changed to what most people know now as:

(Eb, Eb, D, C, Bb, C, Bb  
Eb, Eb, F, Eb, Db, Cb, Bb)

Three Coins in the Fountain won Sammy the first of his four academy awards (That list includes High Hopes, Call Me Irresponsible, and All the Way. He was also awarded the only Emmy ever granted for a song, Love and Marriage).

Songwriter Buddy De Silva once noted that Sammy's great success stemmed not from his being the most talented of songwriters, but from his being the most disciplined, and the promptest of all his contemporaries. Sammy notes that many times he has gotten jobs over men with far superior talents who were undependable.

Although he is a noted figure in popular, not folk music, Sammy is no stranger to the folk process. He originally wrote High Hopes for Frank Sinatra to sing in the film, A Hole in the Head. With a rewrite, the song became Senator John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign song. The song is credited with perhaps tipping the balance in favor of the young democratic hopeful in that very close election. Sammy also transposed My Kind of Town into My Kind of Guy for Robert F. Kennedy. Even his first super hit was a rewrite of the Yiddish song Bei Mir Bist Du Schon that was introduced to the English speaking world through the singing of the Andrews Sisters.

Cahn is an incurable folk-processor. At the drop of a hat, sorry...at the ring of a telephone, Sammy can be called upon to write special lyrics to his familiar songs to spotlight fundraisers, or birthday, business, and political honorees. Sammy delights in the rapid conversion of his own tunes for these special occasions. I think he enjoys this more than anything else he does. Imagine, a famous songwriter having the good nature to continually rewrite his or her own masterpieces. How many others would be so secure?

Not only does he doodle constantly with words. He is always listening to music. "When I hear a beautiful piece of music it mesmerizes me.

The first time I heard Ray Charles sing Georgia, I was in my car and had to pull to the side of the road for fear of just drifting away. I love the sound of words to music." He continues, "And that's the difference between a lyric and a poem...singability! A poem is read by the eye, transferred to the mind, and then to the emotions. A song lyric is sung to the ear, transferred to the mind, and then the emotions. Shakespeare was one of the great word geniuses of all time, but he was a bad lyric writer. Just try to put his stuff to music." Sammy suggests that his habit of always working words to a melody should become the practice of an aspiring lyricist. "On any given day, any lyric writer in the world can write with the best composers the world has ever known. Take a familiar Richard Rodgers song like The Most Beautiful Girl in the World, or a song by Lennon and McCartney. Put your own lyrics to any melody you like. If you are an aspiring composer, do the opposite. Using the lyrics of Willie Nelson, Ira Gershwin, or even Sammy Cahn, write a new melody. It's fun, and there is no better exercise in the world for becoming a songwriter, because you automatically are writing with the best in the business, the best who ever were! Also, I try to write the song as impeccably as I can. I never get sloppy. Rhymes should be clean. Singular with singular, plural with plural."

One of Sammy's biggest beefs about latter-day songwriters is their lack of respect for (or knowledge of) earlier writers' songtitles, which of course - unlike the songs themselves - are not subject to copyright protection. "When Stephen Schwartz wrote Day by Day for Godspell, wasn't he aware that Axel Stordahl, Paul Weston and I had written a song in 1945 with that title? Our song was a hit three times - with Dorsey, Sinatra and later the Lettermen. When the Beatles wrote Yesterday, didn't they know that Jerome Kern did it first? Two songs with the same title diminish a title, not to mention the trouble of straightening things out once the royalty checks start going to the wrong addresses."

One response did surprise me. I asked Cahn what he thought about the singer/songwriter type that so much characterized today's songsmith. I expected he would respond negatively, perhaps saying that a singer should sing, and a songwriter should write songs. Much the opposite was the reply.

"It's a good thing Frank Sinatra wasn't a singer/songwriter at the time I came around. No one ever would have heard



of Sammy Cahn." As it turns out, Sammy understands the need to perform and harbors a disappointment that he never became a performer. "One of my greatest frustrations was that the period of vaudeville passed me by. If I had been born in 1900 instead of 1913 I would have been George Burns. My sense of vaudeville is very strong, and it comes through in anything I write. My songs usually have what is called a vaudeville finish.

Sammy studied the violin as a lad and left home to play in touring bands in the Catskills, at dance joints in Manhattan, and for Brooklyn weddings and Bar Mitzvahs. He loved being a musician and couldn't believe that people would get paid for having so much fun, for doing what they loved to do. He plays the piano, but only in the key of F ("The guy who taught me, his teeth should fall out"). He realized a lifetime dream when in 1973 at the age of 60, he performed a one man review of his lifetime of songs called Words and Music at Broadway's Golden Theater. The critical acclaim he received indicated that he was one hell of a performer - on center stage, as usual.

The only thing Cahn sees as unfortunate in the case of the singer/songwriter type is that it's hard to edit yourself when you write alone. At least with a songwriting team you get valuable input as the writing process

progresses. "Sometimes you need to be told that what you are doing stinks," he notes.

Sammy sums it all up thusly; "If writing songs is what you want to do, then apply yourself and do it. I love to write. I'll write for the opening of a market if need be. A young college student once interrupted me at a lecture I was giving to ask me what was wrong with him wanting to be a successful architect. I replied, "Nothing at all, but no one will ever walk down the street humming your building!"

Unlike some of the more fashionable buildings built on Fifth Avenue in the last few years, the sterile office building housing Sammy's office for example, Sammy Cahn has built something more lasting, something beautiful. He has constructed a catalog of works that will endure long after this and other buildings have been torn down. As far as that age old question is concerned, the phone continues to ring as we speak. People are calling him with requests for movie, play, and special dinner lyrics. I have only been with Sammy for an hour. I'll have to get the phone company to check my phone. It's been silent lately. Perhaps it's out of order. Perhaps not.

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## The Politics of Art

by Hugh Blumenfeld

A dumb title, but I'm stuck with it. The cover credits go to the printer in Babylon ten days before the magazine goes to press in TriBeCa, and they needed a title. Picked something as broad as possible. I'm not even sure I want to say anything about politics this month. I'm tired of abstractions and there's no beer in the fridge and the sink only runs hot water unless you go scrounging for the pliers and haggle with the stripped faucet bolt.

There's three dead plants hanging in the window by the layout table. Pretty scary to think that out of the five windows in this place, I only seem to be conscious of one--the one with sunlight and bars. Two of them you can't even see anymore.

The floor of the office is painted a flat dark green. I'm staring at it. To make more space for people to move around, the two captain's beds have been stacked one on top of the other and look more like a long cozy bureau. Boxes of records have been stacked 2 deep and 2 across and 3 high to make an improvised counter. On top of it are empty record boxes for filing manuscripts, typed copy, photos, ads and art for the magazine in progress and future issues thru January. On top of the kitchen table are three empty record boxes for filing subscription correspondence and below it are three more empties for filing completed subscription correspondence until it's filed. Scattered around the office floor are more empty record boxes pretending to be circular files. They fill slowly. One entire wall is taken up by mounted record covers from past issues (very inspirational) framed by very raw built in bookshelves. Also an eclectic library of unsolicited records and tapes, books people have left or found.



The bathtub (in the kitchen of course) has a steel cover, and on top of it is the silverware bin, the rack for drying dishes, and the staff mailboxes. Each mail slot is a miniature archive, filled not only with incoming letters and messages, but old things we're still getting to, notes to ourselves, staplers, the doorknob to the bedroom: the kinds of things you'd keep on your desk if you had one. You can tell the kitchen from the "living room" because the linoleum ends and the painted green wooden floor starts, with its patches of sheet metal nailed over the places that have rotted through. You can tell the bedroom because it's the one space in the apartment that you can't fit a bed. Instead, it houses a magician's wardrobe, the official Fast Folk record library, the official Fast Folk file cabinets, the official Fast Folk posters, tax returns, and songbooks.

Lillie's typing again. And Tom Waits is singing (if you can call it that) with his own demon genius, telling stories...

and the doughnuts have names that sound like prostitutes and the moon's teethmarks are on the sky, thrown over all this and the broken umbrellas like dead birds and the steam comes out of the grill like the whole goddam town is ready to blow...

On the fifth time through my file of scraps of paper and odds and ends for this article, I finally examine the two-page document folded in quarters with the barely legible handwritten notes to some incomprehensible lecture scribbled on the outside. Near the staples in the corner you can make out "'Olive-jar theory of the Universe: hard to get the first one but after that it's a lot easier.'" It turns out to be a photocopied guide "On the Use and Misuse of Political Music and Musicians: Words to Event Organizers from performing Artists" put out by Songs for Freedom and Struggle. It's intelligent and shows that these people print more than just good t-shirts. In the Introduction they write, "There has never been a revolution that was not in part a cultural revolution." They go on to give a useful analysis of The Role of Performing Artists/Political Musicians in Social/Political Change:

"In political events, music has the power to raise the levels of spirit, involvement and consciousness - not to mention money. The message that artists project may vary widely according to the roles they perceive for themselves. Some performers, for example, may write topical songs that educate far beyond the circles of committed activists. Others may see their work as "inspiring the troops," while there are some who may perform instrumental music, dance, mime or some other art form with no explicit political content. Nevertheless, what is expressed is the freedom, beauty and vitality that is the objective of progressive politics."

The section is helpful because it keeps what gets communicated to audiences in terms of content separate from the overall effect on audiences that characterizes what is politically progressive. It also distinguishes between the roles of teaching/preaching to the unconverted and inspiring the already converted. Certainly both kinds of roles exist and are necessary. It is equally certain when you see it put this way that neither approach is at a disadvantage in fulfilling the ultimate goals of art. This goes a long way toward answering the perennially perplexing question: Why are political folk songs --which are so often identified with what's at the heart of folk music itself--so often so awful?

If you force yourself to admit that "inspiring the troops" is a legitimate goal--not just politically or pragmatically but artistically--then it's more likely that this most problematic genre will become more understandable. The first thing I noticed by looking more sympathetically at some of the songs that have made me cringe in the past is that they try to cross boundaries. Not content to inspire compatriots, they try to point out lessons at the same time. Unfortunately, to the uninitiated, this sounds like preaching to the converted. Even more unfortunate I think, is that to many of the initiated it sounds so true that it must be good and even convincing. This makes the folk movement seem naive, and makes many potential joiners too embarrassed to join the ranks. The prototype for this kind of overstepping of boundaries goes something like this:

Millions of people are starving  
While billions are being spent on  
bombs and guns  
People are out of work and living on  
the streets  
And Reaganomics stinks  
While toxic wastes are ruining our  
water supplies  
And the whales grow scarcer every  
day along with other species  
But we'll all die in a nuclear  
winter

**Chorus:**

We can make the world a better  
place  
We'll hold hands and hug each other  
and eat macrobiotically  
We'll fight for peace together  
you and me

You get the idea. You've heard this one, you say? Well, it's easy to get confused. What's happening is that the first half is describing problems that the "We" of the chorus already know about. And there's no insight into the problems, or personal immediacy in the first part that could possibly make a we out of someone who hasn't looked at these problems much. One reason these songs tend to sound the same is that they really have no coherent strategy.

So here's a principle to start with: if you're going to inspire the troops, stick with the troops and stick with inspiring them. What inspires? It's an open question, really. But inspiration takes more than political rhetoric. It has a lot to do with beauty and vitality. A lot to do with human empathy and imagination. This takes songs that engage our feelings with stories (pure stories--don't adulterate them with comments goddam it) or engage our minds with symbols (not transparent allegories) or engage our sense of humor with wit and unexpected twists of language. A beautiful example of a story song that exceeds any expectations is Killkelly (on this record). No intrusion, just narrative. City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman is another political song, suggesting the fall of the American railroad and a certain pace of life by sheer story. Holly Near made an observation about the inspirational strength of the Black spirituals represented by several songs on the HARP album. Black slaves could not sing about their own freedom and so they transformed church hymns into the gospel songs that told the Exodus story and Jesus' story with a

personal quality that is unmistakable but impossible to pinpoint. Near is impressed with the songs as a monument to a people's hope and as a neat survival trick, but the transference of the Bible stories is an element of all art. These songs allow not only survival but the act of recognition. It's the act of recognition that has power in art, the realization that the world is full of correspondences, mysterious connections. Knowledge of or belief in the essential unity of people and of people with the living world is different from experiencing that unity. Here. Now. Holly Near's admiration for the art of these spiritual songs is not reflected as much lately in her own writing, at least not in this respect. Her songs tend to be transparent. Without the need to invent stories or adopt stories and make them myths, she doesn't do it. Without the need to disguise her ideals, she gives up the possibility of letting us discover them.

If you are going to inspire the troops, you can speak familiarly to an audience. The singer and the listener are really a "we." You can ask them to sing along, and if the song is single minded in its strategy, they will. If you are teaching/preaching to the unconverted, you have to give up this kind of familiarity as surely as you had to give up preaching to inspire. Here you need another kind of familiarity. The assumed familiarity that happens between people who think, regardless of their current beliefs. It's a familiarity not necessarily of warmth but of respect. The strategy focuses on informing. Sometimes this means the basics--information. On another level it means recognition not of the fact but of a new way of seeing its significance. While the first is often done with story, the second is done with humor or symbol. The information that the listeners get must be transformed powerfully, recast in the mind. Again, the aspect of immediate experience is key. The message, heard a hundred times, has to penetrate to a deeper level or the song is wasted breath. Bob Dylan's music and Tom Lehrer's or Tom Paxton's are examples of the symbolic and the humorous modes. Although you challenge a listener's beliefs you assume their intelligence.

Progressive politics: freedom, beauty and vitality. The ultimate

political act is to let or force your audience to feel the world pregnant with meaning around them. Without this experiential element in music, it is truly naive. In our everyday vision of the world the Good the Beautiful and the True are That-Which-Can-Be-Measured, That-Which-Can-Be-Predicted. In our everyday way of acting toward each other and the world, it makes sense to make money, it makes sense to look out for yourself. It's nice to believe in progressive ideals but the purpose of art is to make you feel it through an act--an original act of perception. It's the artist's job to do that for his or her listeners, not to toe or tout a party line.

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**SIDE LYRICSONE**

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A FRIEND CALLED ME ONE NIGHT IN FEAR  
TOLD ME HE HADN'T FELT SO OLD IN YEARS  
SAID HIS HEART - HAD BROKEN WIDE  
HE SAID THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PLACE TO HIDE

SPOKE TO ANOTHER FRIEND ABOUT TO WED  
SHE SAID HOW CAN I STAY IN JUST ONE BED?  
FOLLOW YOUR HEART AND FOLLOW IT TRUE  
AND HOPE YOUR NEW LOVE DOES THE SAME FOR YOU

CHORUS:

NO GUARANTEES ABOUT LOVE  
NO GUARANTEES  
NO GUARANTEES ABOUT LOVE  
NO GUARANTEES  
OH THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL  
THAT NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU FALL  
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES ABOUT LOVE AT ALL

MY LOVER TOLD ME NOT TO CALL  
SHE SAID HER HEART HAD NOT TURNED COLD  
BUT SHE SAID AFTER ALL THESE YEARS  
THAT LONELINESS WAS NOT AMONG HER FEARS

CHORUS

I FOUND A LOVE THAT DID NOT CARE  
I CHASED HER HERE AND EVERYWHERE  
THEN ONE DAY I WOKE UP STUNNED  
SHE SAID IT'S YOU THAT I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED

CHORUS

c 1983 RICHARD MEYER

Knowing What I Know Now

Out on the road and a refugee  
Thinking about it and I cry out loud  
I wouldn't ask you to comfort me  
Knowing what I know now

We had a love and it went all wrong  
I had a dream and you let me down  
But I wouldn't ask you to take that on  
Knowing what I know now

Would I ask a seeing man to go blind  
Would I ask a sane man to lose his mind  
Would I expect you to come back somehow  
Knowing what I know now

As much as you are in my heart  
As much as I want you around  
I wouldn't ask you to play that part  
Knowing what I know now

c 1985 by Shawn Colvin and John Leventhal

MY NAME JOE

Joe threw another tantrum  
He could not be understood  
He cries like baby Samson  
His English is not good

Joe's boss of the kitchen  
But on the outside he knows  
Low man on the totem pole  
Is wearing give-away clothes

Joe he fights the good fight  
He wears a white uniform  
The waiters are all artistes  
Out chasing unicorns

Joe works fourteen hours  
After ten he starts to booze  
He gets very sentimental  
He sings the Buddha blues

Chorus:

My name Joe  
My name Joe  
There is a king in Thailand  
And he plays the jazz drum  
He has a fine and healthy son  
O no, I'm not the one  
My name Joe

On the wall by the time-clock  
Joe is beaming from a photograph  
Someone drew across his face  
The waiters began to laugh

Joe picked up a hatchet  
And he tenderized the wall  
When he got through with it  
Time clock wasn't punching anymore

The waiters ran for cover  
The maitre d' began to lisp  
The drunkard in the corner  
Said his lettuce was not crisp

The owner called immigration  
Said, "Here's someone you should know  
He's an illegal alien  
And I think his name is Joe"

Chorus:

Came the man from immigration  
Said, "I've got a job to do.  
Easy questions, easy answers  
Just point me to the kitchen crew"

He asked the black man from Harlem  
He asked Cisco from Mexico  
He asked the white trash from Tennessee  
They all said "my name Joe"  
(My name Joe, my name Joe, my name Joe)

Immigration man he sputtered  
The kitchen crew they roared  
And while they were arguing  
Joe slipped out the back door

Down the beach Joe tries to listen  
To the heartbeat of a whale  
How it echoes his own heartbeat  
and the distance he has sailed:

Chorus

c 1982 by David Massengill  
David Massengill Music

KILKELLY

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 60, my dear and loving son John,  
Your good friend the schoolmaster Pat MacNamara's  
So good as to write these words down.  
Your brothers have all gone to find work in England,  
The house is so empty and sad.  
The crop of potatoes is sorely infected,  
a third to a half of them bad.  
And your sister Bridget and Patrick O'Donnell  
are going to be married in June.  
Your mother says not to work on the railroad  
and be sure to come on home soon.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 70, dear and loving son John.  
Hello to your missus and to your four children,  
may they grow healthy and strong.  
Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble,  
I guess that he never will learn  
Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak of  
and now there's nothing to burn.  
And Bridget is happy you named a child for her,  
you know she's got six of her own.  
You say you found work, but you won't say what kind  
oh when will you be coming home?

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 80, dear Michael and John,  
my sons.  
I'm sorry to give you the very sad news that your  
dear old mother passed on.  
We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly,  
your brothers and Bridget were there.  
You don't have to worry, she died very quickly,  
remember her in your prayers.  
And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning,  
with money he's sure to buy land.  
For the crop has been poor and the people are selling  
at any price that they can.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 90, my dear and loving son John,  
I guess that I must be close on to eighty  
it's thirty years since you're gone.  
Because of all of the money you sent me I'm still living  
out on my own.  
Michael has built himself a fine house and Bridget's  
daughters are grown.  
Thank you for sending your family picture  
they're lovely young women and men  
You say that you might even come for a visit  
what joy to see you again.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 92, my dear brother John  
I'm sorry I didn't write sooner to tell you that  
Father passed on.  
He was livin' with Bridget, she says he was cheerful  
and healthy right down to the end.  
Ah, you should have seen him playing with the grandchildren  
of Pat MacNamara, your friend.  
And we buried him alongside of Mother down at the Kilkelly  
churchyard.  
He was a strong and feisty old man considerin' his life  
was so hard.  
And it's funny the way he kept talkin' about you,  
he called out for you at the end.  
Oh why don't you think about coming to visit  
We'd love to see you again.

c1981 by Peter Jones

RAILROAD BILL

Railroad Bill was a hard-living man  
He used to take his women two at a time  
Everyone agreed he was the baddest engineer  
That had ever driven down the Santa Fe line

His name was known from the folks back home  
To the tipee-top of Telegraph Hill  
And all the little boys when they were sneakin' cigarettes  
They used to dream about the Railroad Bill

Oh one day Bill was walkin' along  
And he saw a kitten stuck in a tree  
When he saw what was the matter he ran to get a ladder  
To set that kittycat free

And Bill said, "No, ain't gonna do it  
Ain't gonna climb up no tree  
This is a stupid stupid song and no folksinger's  
Gonna make a fool out of me"

I said one day Bill was walkin' along  
And he saw a kitten stuck in a tree  
When he saw what was the matter he ran to get a ladder  
To set that kittycat free

And Bill said, "No, ain't gonna do it  
Ain't gonna do what you said  
This is a stupid stupid song  
And as far as I'm concerned  
That cat can stay there till it's dead"

I said, "Wait a minute Bill  
You can't argue with me  
For God's sake I just made you up  
I got the pen in my hand  
I want you up in that tree  
I want that cat unstuck"

Bill said, "No, I hate cats  
Ain't gonna climb for no cat  
He said, "Why don't you have me save  
Some beautiful girl  
Who'd been tied down on a railroad track"

I said, "Maybe there'll be room in the eighth  
or ninth verse  
But right now I want you up in that tree  
I'm the writer goddamn, I got the pen in my hand  
And you're supposed to listen to me"

He said, "Why should I listen to you?  
You should be listenin' to me instead"  
He said, "I'm a railroad man and if I was real  
I would separate your face from your head"

"You ungrateful brute," I cried  
"You pushed me too far  
I gotta show you I can do as I please"  
So an earthquake came and it shook the whole terrain  
And it brought Railroad Bill to his knees

And then a tidal wave broke and everything got soaked  
And Bill was almost completely washed away  
Then a big green monster from the planet Neptune  
Landed and bit Railroad Bill on the leg

I got the pen in my hand, I can do what I want  
I'm a bright new young talent on the rise  
So get your ass up that tree or I swear you ain't  
Gonna get out of my folk song alive

RAILROAD BILL continued

He said, "You don't scare me  
You might be funny but you don't scare me  
And if you don't leave me alone  
I'm gonna tell everybody  
Where you stole this melody!"

But before he could speak his tongue fell out  
And he could not make a sound  
Suddenly he jumped on top of me  
And he grabbed me by my neck  
And he pulled me to the ground

And he hit me in the stomach  
And he hit me in the face real hard  
And I think he almost broke my nose  
But just then a lightning bolt  
came out of nowhere  
Hit him right between the eyes  
And killed him instantly

The cat came down from the tree  
Had a bowl of warm milk,  
went to sleep for the night  
Railroad Bill is survived  
By a wife and three small children

Dear God, I love to write

c 1984 by Andy Breckman

\*\* A recording of Andy singing  
Railroad Bill can be heard  
on Fast Folk Vol 1 #10,  
December '84

RAILROAD BILL  
by  
David Roth

There are many different ways for a good song to grab the immediate attention of an audience - a great melody, a catchy chorus, a refreshing chord progression, a thought-provoking lyric or story line, a strong live performance are among them. What Andy Breckman has done with Railroad Bill leans much more to the latter two than the former three, and he has delivered a truly hilarious piece, as proven by its effectiveness in the hands of other artists as well as himself.

Though the song begins innocuously enough, we hear Railroad Bill talking back to songwriter Breckman in the fourth (of 17) verses, refusing to follow Breckman's mundane plotline. The rest of the tune describes the writer struggling with his main character's mutiny and ultimately proves that his pen is indeed mightier than the legendary engineer's sword. Clever, huh?

Unfortunately, there won't be any Grammys for musical originality (the song has three chords), melody (there hardly needs to be one), and you won't go home with anything resembling a chorus going round and round in your head. What you will remember is that you laughed out loud, not once, but all along on this rollicking train ride. And just try to describe why you're still giggling to your uninitiated friends.

This is just one of a handful of scintillating offbeat songs by comedy writer Breckman, whose own crude guitar style and deadpan delivery only add to the effect. Here's hoping he'll continue to get his artistic license renewed!

RAILROAD BILL

© by Andy Breckman

1. Rail - road Bill was a hard lu - in' man, used to  
2. etc.

take his wo - men two at a time

Every - one a - greed he was the bad - dest en - gi - neer had ever

driven down the Santa Fe Trail 2. His





The Fast Folk Revue on stage at the Somerville, Theatre in Boston: March 1986  
Clockwise: Robin Batteau, David Massengill, Shawn Colvin, John Gorka, Rod MacDonald & Lucy Kaplanski (at WUMB-FM), Richard Meyer.



BONADEA

Bonadea, donna di mare  
Domini un lembo della mia sponda  
Tracci le orme tue sulle mie  
Dormi sul cuore di questa mia ombra

Bonadea

Nel letto caldo del tuo pensiero  
C'e' un altro fuoco, un altro credo  
Sul seno nudo del tuo mistero  
Scivola piano un nuovo velo

Bonadea

La vanita' e' una menzogna  
La verita', una carogna  
C'e' fra di noi un'altra donna  
Dimmi chi e'?  
- E' la tua donna! -

Bonadea, la mia donna?!

Bonadea, donna beata  
Debole al gusto e non al cielo  
Tratti le donne come tuo padre  
Domì le bestie che mandi al macello

Bonadea

M'hai dato a bere false promesse  
Col tuo talento di donna borghese  
Non piangere ora sul latte verso  
Tanto lo sai che me la pagherai

Bonadea

La verita' e' una menzogna  
La verita', una carogna  
C'e' fra di noi un'altra donna  
Dimmi chi e'?  
- E' la tua donna! -

Bonadea, la mia donna?!

Bonadea, questa fede all'altare ci  
lega  
Bonadea, il peccato ci dividera'  
Noi facciamo l'amore, facciamo la  
guerra  
Soffrirai della tua infedelta'

Maladea, il tuo gesto e' una  
bestemmia  
Soffrirai della tua infamita'

c 1985 Germana Pucci

BONADEA

Bonadea, seaborne woman  
Commander of my shore  
Footsteps following, yours upon mine  
You sleep on the heart of my shadow

Bonadea

In the warm chamber of your thoughts  
Burns another flame, my love  
A crisp veil slowly slips  
across the bared bosom of your mystery

Bonadea

Vanity is a lie  
Truth, dead and gone  
Between us is another woman  
Tell me, who?  
- It's your woman

Bonadea, my woman?!

Bonadea, blissful woman  
Weakened by pleasure and not by heaven  
You treat women like your father  
You tame the beasts you send to slaughter

Bonadea

You had me swallow false promises  
With your wicked ways of power  
Don't cry for milk now spilled over  
You'll pay for it before I'm sober

Bonadea

Vanity is a lie  
Truth dead and gone  
Between us is another woman  
Tell me, who?  
- It's your woman

Bonadea, my woman?!

Bonadea, faith bound us to the altar  
Sin will break us apart  
We make war the way we love  
You shall suffer for your betrayal

Maladea, your gesture is a curse  
You shall suffer for your infamy

c 1985 Germana Pucci  
Translation: Sam Heath

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 weatherman is jive  
I've seen the news  
Still it's good to be alive  
I know I know

Bridge:

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

And I know if you left me here  
I would be a poorer man  
This world with you  
Is a place I understand  
I know I know

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

c 1986 John Gorka

(\*Author's note: Bonadea is literally "good goddess"; the Roman Goddess identified with the Greek Goddess Demeter. With Faunus, (identified with Pan) she brought fruitfulness to fields and animals and was a fortune teller. Women celebrated her in a secret cult ceremony, which was forbidden to men and degenerated into an orgy. Wine, forbidden to women at that time, was served in a caraffe labelled "milk" and animals were sacrificed. Maladea is "evil goddess.")

**SIDE LYRICS TWO**

I'M PROUD TO BE A MOOSE

All the animals laugh at me  
And ask me what I'd rather be  
I patiently explain: I want to stay the same

CHORUS:

I'm proud to be a moose  
There's nothing else I'd rather be  
Take a look at me and you will see  
I'm as happy as an animal can be

I'd rather be a moose than a duck or a dog  
An eagle, seagull or poliwoog  
A bird can fly but I don't mind  
'Cause nobody else has got ears like mine

CHORUS

I've never had a wish to be a fish  
If I tried to be a cow...wouldn't know how  
And if you tried to make me be a goose  
It wouldn't be no use 'cause I'd rather be a moose

CHORUS

I've never had a care to be a hare  
Lion, tiger, penguin or a bear  
I have no whim to swim upstream like a salmon  
'Cause can't you tell by now  
That I'm happy as I am?

And I'm proud to be a moose  
A moose is what I will always be  
The reason is you see, I'm as happy as an animal can be  
I'm proud to be a moose  
I'm proud to be a moose

- Willie Nininger  
c Every Little Tune, Inc., ASCAP

VACATION

Vacation

No gas, closed station  
Small world, large nation  
Don't forget your ID

A is for another chance to get away so you can  
B yourself again  
C is for the crime in the city and the scenes on the  
D train remember when?  
E is for eenie, meenie, miny mo in  
F for to choose one place  
G there go the grey skies I'll leave behind and the  
H asses

Vacation---- Don't forget your AC

I is for the eyeglasses I left behind with a  
J and that jug of marseilles  
K is for the credit card that keeps cops cool when you  
catch a flat tire near LA  
M marks the man who mustn't deliver mail just  
N case the burglars know by now  
O is for the windows that I left wide open  
P could I ever and how

Vacation---- Don't forget your CB

Q is for the cute new poncho just in case it  
R rains a week or two  
\$ is for the cash from your stash for the  
T ravelers cheques, 'what will you do'  
U topia you will be expecting -- yuck, yuck  
V is for the bad vibes visitors get when you want  
to rent a room to

The Tinker's Coin

come all ye lads and lasses near  
a story i will tell to you  
about a cold damp night like this  
when shelter i was seeking  
a traveler passing through

the barkeep said to guard my coin  
to stay away from this tinker  
but that just brought me near to him  
for naught had i worth taking  
a traveler passing through

he bought me a glass of darkened stout  
to thank me for my company  
and he dropped a penny in the glass  
for the luck that it would bring to me  
a traveler passing through

The poor have but their pennies left  
the king his saxon shilling  
the king would never part with his  
though i part with mine most willing  
to a traveler passing through

chorus:  
this coin's been haunted by the sidhe \*  
it shall bring you joy or bring you grief  
depending on the works you do  
what once was mine now belongs to you  
to a traveler passing through

we passed the night most forcefully  
i sang my songs and his to me  
and we talked of life's brief song to sing  
of visions we'd forsaken  
as travelers passing through

and the barkeep said it's time with scorn  
your man here will be your undoing  
they will lock you up as sure as you are born.  
if they hear the song you are singing  
a traveler passing through

they can lock me up as best they can  
but songs can never know those chains  
the song is sacred as the wind  
we are just the harp that's singing  
a traveler passing through

repeat chorus:

and later in a highland pub  
with friends around me singing  
i chanced to look into my glass  
at another penny shining  
a traveler passing through

\* the sidhe (pronounced shee)  
is the Irish fairy world

c 1982 by John S. Hardy

Vacation---- Don't forget your TV

W wins the wish for warmer weather when we want it in  
X change for the thunder in the trees  
Y is for why in the world are we waiting in this  
twaiffic, when we could be in bed catching all those  
Z's.

c 1980 by Bill Bachman  
Originally arranged by the Song Project

**SIDE LYRICS THREE**

**BAYONNE**

I called you up yesterday on the telephone  
but you didn't answer  
no you didn't answer  
you were not there  
I called you up yesterday on the telephone  
and guess who answered  
and I said, "Is Emillio there?"

She said, "This is the Jones' residence  
I'm telling you now  
you've got the wrong number  
you've got the wrong number  
there's no Emillio here"  
and then she slammed down the phone  
God, I'm living all alone  
I'm gonna go under  
so I demolished a 6-pack of beer

Chorus: I want a  
two car garage with a home in Bayonne  
two car garage with a home in Bayonne  
two car garage with a home in Bayonne  
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!  
I want a  
two car garage with a home in Bayonne  
two car garage with a home in Bayonne  
so I don't have to think anymore

I crushed the can in my hand  
gonna try it once again  
gonna dial that number  
his blessed number  
got up the nerve  
oh God, someone's on the line  
it's busy all the time  
I bet she saw us  
communicating in the open air (Chorus)

And then I try it once again  
everybody knows we're friends  
he said she hates me  
I know she hates me  
she say that I'm a jerk  
but what the hell does it mean to me  
it doesn't cause me misery  
she's so wimpy  
I could crush her like a crouton if  
I cared

I'd buy an ax from Cheap Jack's  
and chop her into bits  
and feed her to pirhana  
and feed her to pirhana  
and they'd get sick  
and then I'd grab her by the hair  
and twirl her in the air  
and puncture her body  
with those golf shoes that I bought at  
the church fair (Chorus)

c 1984 Palmer & Bragg

**WHO SHOULD KNOW**

We say farewell, you board the train  
I glimpse your face, as true as flame  
The girl I knew, our youngest years  
I look to see reflections there  
By this song I pledge to thee  
Who should know better than me

The rain will pass, evoke your voice  
And I walk alone by my own choice  
This esplanade where lovers walk  
To taste new wine and truly talk  
By this song I pledge to thee  
Who should know better than me

And if your arms where I did lie  
Should hold again, should find new eyes.  
In them reveal the worth of you  
Sweet levity, the core of you  
By this song I pledge to thee  
Who should know better than me

And when we pass in autumn streets  
The densest sky, the swiftest stream  
I find repose within your gaze  
Delight with you, yes, in old love play  
By this song I pledge to thee  
Who should know better than me

The wind begins, and this song is done  
And lovers dream in sweet restraint  
But I find repose within your gaze  
Delight with you, yes, in love play  
No sweeter joy, I think it's true  
Who should know better than you  
Who should know better than you

c 1979 Geoff Bartley

**CALYPSO**

My name is Calypso  
And I have lived alone  
I live on an island  
And I waken to the dawn  
A long time ago  
I watched him struggle with the sea  
I knew that he was drowning  
And I brought him in to me  
Now today  
Come morning's light  
He sails away after one last night  
I let him go

My name is Calypso  
My garden overflows  
Thick and wild and hidden  
Is the sweetness there that grows  
My hair it blows long  
As I sing into the wind  
I tell of nights where I could  
Taste the salt of his skin  
Salt of the waves  
And of tears  
Though he pulled away  
I kept him here for years  
Now I let him go

My name is Calypso  
I have let him go  
In the dawn he sails away  
To be gone forever more  
And the waves will take him in again  
But he'll know their ways now  
I will stand upon the shore  
With a clean heart  
And my song in the wind  
The sand will sting my feet  
And the sky will burn  
It's a lonely time ahead  
I do not ask him to return  
I let him go

c Suzanne Vega

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 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 at the all-night diner  
you leaned back in your night club 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...

c 1986 Judith Zweiman

HENRY THE ACCOUNTANT.  
(tune: "John Henry")

Henry was an accountant  
He worked with a pencil in his hand  
If you had something you needed  
figured out  
Then Henry the accountant was your  
man, lord, lord  
Henry the accountant was your man  
I said Henry the accountant was your  
man, lord, lord  
Henry the accountant was your man.

When Henry was a little baby  
Sittin' on his daddy's knee  
He picked up a crayon and a little  
piece of paper  
He said, "Two plus one equals three."

Now, the man who bought the first  
calculator,  
He thought he was mighty fine  
He walked up to Henry with a sneer  
on his lip  
He said, "Your job is gonna be mine."

So Henry stood up and drew his  
weapon  
He said, "A man isn't anything but a  
man  
We'll have ourselves a race,  
and I'll put you in your place  
Or I'll die with my pencil in my  
hand."

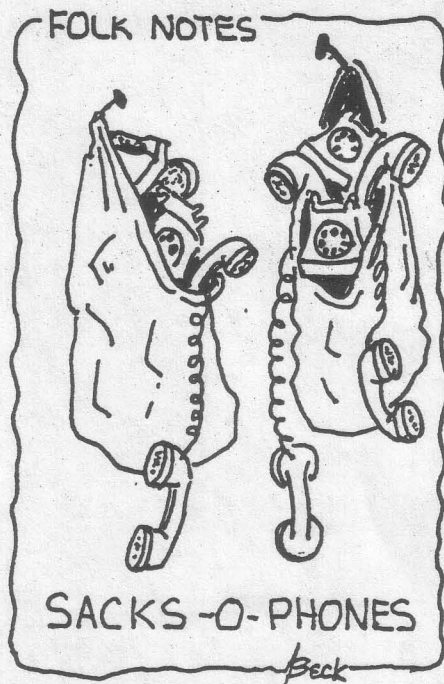
So each man grabbed a fifty pound  
leger  
And Henry went to work with all his  
might  
Though his hand was getting cramped  
and his shirt was getting damp  
Still he swore that he would not give  
up the fight

After three long hours in battle  
The man with the machine moved out  
ahead  
He had Henry beat till on the final  
sheet  
Suddenly his batteries went dead

So Henry beat that calculator  
Now his powers could never be denied  
But the terrible strain  
had been too much for his brain  
So he laid down his glasses and he  
died

So they buried Henry in the graveyard  
With his trusty pencil and his pad  
And when their checks don't clear  
they always shed a tear  
For the last human being who could  
add

c 1980 Paul Kaplan



**SIDE LYRICS FOUR**

**NIGHTBIRDS**

What a sun up this morning  
We've been walking 'round all night  
Seems like there's still a bit of moonlight in your eyes.

Morning birds circle 'round us  
Comin for their early rendez-vous  
Though this nightbird needs resting  
I like flying 'round with you.

Oh listen to the trucks rumble over the manhole covers  
Makin' time up the avenue  
Still we turn 'round and catch a little downtown view.

So now let's catch us a little slumber  
Sleep till the afternoon  
'Cause there's nothing like the slumber  
With the one who can hold on to you.

c 1986 by Nikki Matheson

**MARIA THERE WILL BE TIME**

Jesus he was a quiet man  
Far away from his native land  
With his wife Maria and their little son  
In the midst of the new  
To the old they still clung  
Drove a bread truck in the early light  
Started work in the dark of the night  
Left Maria to the warmth of their bed  
Left her to dream of the words he had said

Refrain: He said Maria there will be time  
Just as long as you will be mine  
We will leave this trouble behind  
And we will sail on down the line  
Oh we will sail

On a dresser where she could see  
A tiny picture of St. Anthony  
And she made her request with prayers  
for them all  
When he didn't answer  
Turned his face to the wall  
Maria woke from a dream one night  
Half asleep as she turned on the light  
And she thought of the number  
That had come with the dream  
And she looked to the picture to see what  
it could mean (Refrain)

She had some money  
It was hidden away  
She kept it safe for a rainy day  
Took it down to the corner store  
Played that number and she prayed for a score  
Jesus came through the door the next night  
The house was dark  
But for a single light  
And the picture of Anthony  
Was facing the wall  
Maria cried when she told  
Him it all (Refrain)

c 1984 Tom McGhee



**GOOD NIGHT**

Sleepless nights don't bother me at all  
And if the dawn comes I won't worry  
Something deep inside keeps me awake  
I wish that you could be here right beside me

And I recall when I was very young  
And I could not fall asleep  
My father sang me songs to make me tired  
But memories don't come so easily

Chorus: So goodnight, wherever you are sleeping  
And I hope that if you dream you dream of me  
Goodnight, goodnight, wherever you are sleeping  
And I hope that if you dream, you dream of me

But now I lie awake and it's no fun  
Cause I'm tossing and turning  
And I'd call you if it weren't so very late  
But telephones won't bring you close to me

And I recall the nights we stayed up late  
Wide awake but still dreaming  
There was nothing on this earth that could make me tired  
But memories don't come so easily

Chorus.

c 1986, 1974 by Cliff Eberhardt



**STOP THE WAR**

The general said you're young,  
I guess you don't understand  
We gotta have these things  
in case it gets out of hand  
I say what if they are like you,  
always got to be on top  
isn't there somewhere to end it,  
isn't there somewhere to stop?  
What if everyone thought like you  
the general said to me  
oh what a vulnerable country we would be.  
What if everyone thought like you,  
the general said to me  
I say there would be some peace  
there just might be some peace.

The broker said you're young.  
I guess you don't comprehend  
these people all walking around  
got to have some money to spend  
How can there be any money  
if we don't sell the things we can build?  
I say why don't you build something else  
to use without having to kill?  
What if everyone thought like you  
the broker said to me  
oh what a poor nation we would be  
What if everyone thought like you?  
the broker said to me  
I say there would be some peace  
there just might be some peace.

Stop the war  
Stop the War  
Stop the war within yourself  
And you won't need to fight with someone else.  
(repeat)

The newsman said you're young  
I guess you don't see the light  
it ain't what goes on during the day  
it's what goes out to the people at night  
the people they like a good show,  
how can you deny them their due?  
I say what does that say about us  
what does that say about you?  
What if everyone thought like you  
the newsman said to me  
Oh what a boring world this would be  
What if everyone thought like you  
the newsman said to me  
I say there would be some peace  
there just might be some peace

Chorus

c 1982/1986 Rod MacDonald

**THE GREAT STORM IS OVER**

The thunder and lightning gave voice to the night,  
The little lame child cried aloud in her fright  
"Hush. little baby, a story I'll tell  
Of a love that has vanquished the powers of hell..."

CHORUS:

Alleluia, the great storm is over,  
Lift up your wings and fly!  
Alleluia, the great storm is over,  
Lift up your wings and fly!

Sweetness in the air, and justice on the wind,  
Laughter in the house where the mourners had been  
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,  
The standards of death taken down by surprise...

Chorus

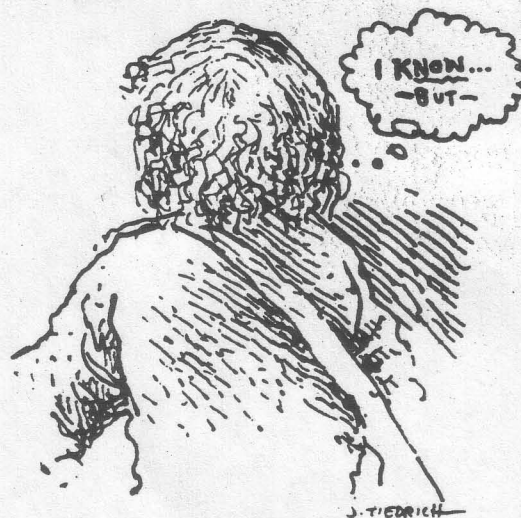
Release for the captives, an end to the wars,  
New streams in the desert, new hope for the poor  
The little lame children will dance as they sing,  
And play with the bears and the lions in spring...

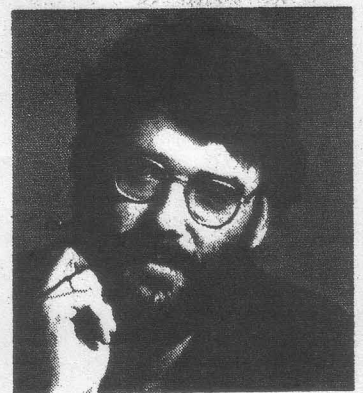
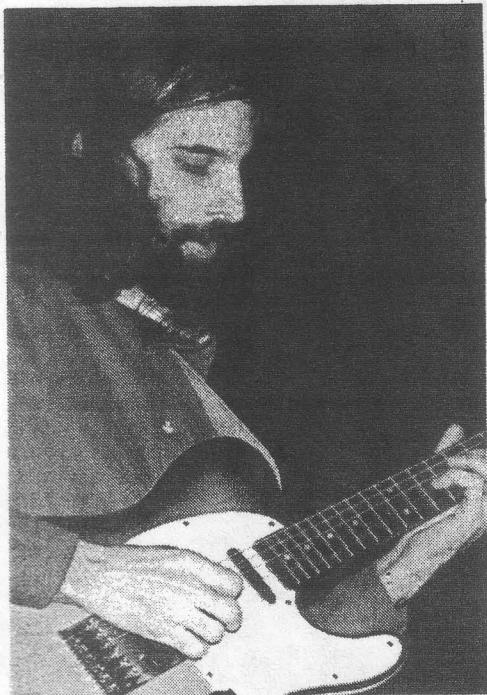
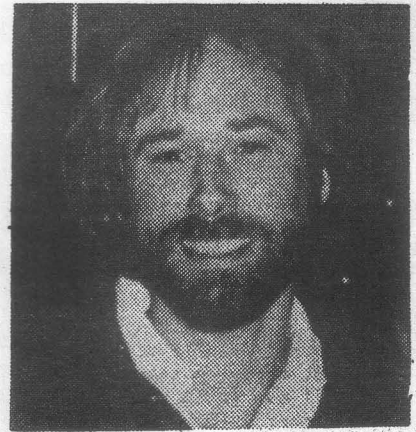
Chorus

"Hush, little baby, let go of your fear,  
The Lord loves his own, and mother is here,"  
The child fell asleep as the lantern did burn  
The mother sang on til her bridegroom's return...

Chorus

c 1982 Robert J. Franke, Telephone Pole Music (BMI)





Pictured clockwise from top left to center: Jeff Hardy, Judith Zweiman, Jack Hardy, Geoff Bartley, Andy Breckman, Palmer & Bragg, Mark Dann, Willie Ninger, and John Gorka.



This album is drawn from two shows held May 10th 1986 at The Bottom Line. The entire show ran as follows:

**PART ONE**

SONG TITLE	AUTHOR	(FAST FOLK ISSUE)	PERFORMERS
<u>NO GUARANTEE</u>	Richard Meyer		Richard Meyer w/ Lucy, Rod, John & The Band
<u>KNOWING WHAT I KNOW NOW</u>	Shawn Colvin John Leventhal	November '85*	Shawn Colvin w/ Lucy & The Band
<u>BALLAD OF A BALLGAME</u>	Christine Lavin	June '85*	Christine Lavin
<u>MY NAME JOE</u>	David Massengill	March '83*	David Massengill w/ Shawn, Lucy, Willie & The Band
<u>KILKELLY</u>	Peter Jones Steve Jones	September '83#	Nikki Matheson w/ Richard, Jack, Robin Mark & Jeff
<u>RAILROAD BILL</u>	Andy Breckman	December '84*	Rod MacDonald
<u>BONADEA</u>	Germana Pucci		Germana Pucci w/ Nikki, Shawn, Rod, John, Richard, & The Band
<u>I KNOW</u>	John Gorka	January '86*	John Gorka w/ Shawn, Lucy, Rod, & The Band
<u>I'M PROUD TO BE A MOOSE</u>	Willie Niningner		Willie Niningner w/ The Band
<u>THE DOLLMAKER'S SECRET</u>	Chuck Hall	April '85*	Jack Hardy w/ Nikki, Mark, & Jeff
<u>VACATION</u>	Bill Bachman	OCTOBER '82*	The Ensemble & The Band
----- INTERMISSION -----			
<b>PART TWO</b>			
<u>TINKER'S COIN</u>	Jack Hardy		Jack Hardy w/ Nikki, Rod, Richard, Robin, & The Band
<u>BAYONNE</u>	Palmer & Bragg	October '84#	Christine Lavin w/ Nikki, Germana, & The Band
<u>CALYPSO</u>	Suzanne Vega	March '82#	Lucy Kaplanski w/ Shawn, Robin, & The Band
<u>WHO SHOULD KNOW</u>	Geoff Bartley	June '83#	John Gorka w/ Shawn, Lucy, & The Band
<u>COCKROACHES ON PARADE</u>	Harry Waller		Willie Niningner w/ Jeff
<u>HEART ON ICE</u>	Judith Zweiman	January '86*	Shawn & Lucy w/ Robin, & The Band
<u>HENRY THE ACCOUNTANT</u>	Paul Kaplan		David Massengill w/ The Band
<u>NIGHTBIRDS</u>	Nikki Matheson		Nikki Matheson w/ Rod, & The Band
<u>MARIA THERE WILL BE TIME</u>	Tom McGhee	November '84*	Richard Meyer w/ Lucy, Rod, John, & The Band
<u>GOODNIGHT</u>	Cliff Eberhardt		Shawn, Lucy, & Nikki w/ The Band
<u>STOP THE WAR</u>	Rod MacDonald		Rod MacDonald w/ The Ensemble & The Band
<u>THE GREAT STORM IS OVER</u>	Bob Franke	July '82*	The Ensemble & The Band

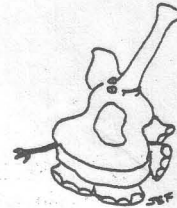
\* On sale with many other back issues  
# Sorry, sold out!

**DISCOGRAPHY**

**on the record**

BILL BACHMANN began his musical career with the ukelele at the age of five. He now plays a variety of instruments and has accompanied numerous songwriters and instrumentalists. His interests range from folk to bluegrass, rock, Middle-Eastern, Greek, and jazz. Bill was one of the original members of The Song Project, which played a major role in putting the folk back into music in New York during the '70s.

Songs on Fast Folk & Coop  
Aug 82 Closet Closet  
Oct 82 Vacation (Performed by  
Feb 84 Kandyman The Song Project)



Distinctive guitar work and soulful singing are GEOFF BARTLEY'S trademarks. Blues harmonica breaks and evocative narrative poetry add a special touch to his live performances. His first album, Blues Beneath the Surface, was recently released and is available

Songs on Fast Folk  
Jun 83 Who Should Know  
Apr 85 When the Bow is Pulled  
May 86 Evergreen  
Album: Blues Beneath the Surface

Flying Crow Records  
3 Salem Street  
Cambridge, Ma 02139

ANDY BRECKMAN performed quite a bit around New York City in the mid-70's, then stumbled into writing for television. He is currently working for Saturday Night Live.

FF110 Dec 84 Railroad Bill

The Fast Folk Show's special guest ROBIN BATTEAU has eight albums (five for Columbia, three for Single Wing) two ex-wives, one lousy overpriced apartment in the Village with a view of the goddamn alley, and no overwhelming debts. The violin he plays on this album is one he got when he was 13. He usually performs with the great David Buskin.

Originally from South Dakota, SHAWN COLVIN came to New York five years ago. She performs in clubs around the Northeast U.S., has appeared in the Broadway show "Pump Boys & Dinettes," and has performed in and served as musical director for the Sam Shepard play, "A Lie of the Mind." She is planning to record an album soon.

- Apr 82 I'm Talking To You (Jimmy Bruno)
- Feb 84 I Don't Know Why
- May 84 No Friend To Me (Jimmy Bruno)
- Oct 84 Stranded
- Jan 85 Out of This World (Loundon Wainwright III)
- May 85 I Don't Know Why (Live)
- Nov 85 Knowing What I Known Now (co-written w/ John Leventhal)

Cliff Eberhardt, originally from the Philadelphia area, has been performing in the New York vicinity for many years. He can be heard on the Cornelia St. Cafe and various Fast Folk albums. Cliff can be seen every Friday and Saturday at the Cotton Wood Cafe on Bleeker St.

- Dec 84 Nickel & Dime
- Dec 85 Unrequited - (live)

Drive; Summers in New Jersey- The Cornelia St. Cafe  
Stash Records- 1980

BOB FRANKE's album, One Evening in Chicago, lost out to Bob Dylan's Infidels in the 1983 Boston Globe reader's poll. At the moment, he lives in Salem Massachusetts with his wife and child, and runs a coffeehouse in Marblehead.

- Songs on Fast Folk & Coop
- Jul 82 The Great Storm is Over
  - Apr 85 For Real
  - Dec 85 That's What the Waltz is For
- Albums: Love Can't Be Bitter All The Time / Fretless  
One Evening in Chicago / Great Divide  
For Real / Flying Fish

JOHN GORKA is a songwriter from Colonia, New Jersey, now living in Easton, Pa., the home of Crayola Crayons and Larry Holmes. He has written songs for many singers ranging from Madonna to Frank Sinatra, although they do not know it yet. He is currently recording his first album.

- Jun 83 Downtown Tonight
- Sep 83 Geza's Wailing Ways
- Jan 84 I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair
- Mar 84 Land Of The Bottom Line
- May 84 The Sentinel
- Dec 84 Out of My Mind
- Jan 85 Down In The Mill Town
- May 85 Downtown Tonight (Live) Crazy Horse (Josh Joffen)
- Jan 86 I Know Ragman (David Indian)

CHUCK HALL studied classical guitar and applied music at Keene state College in Keene, New Hampshire, and fingerstyle guitar with Vic Hyman. His songs reflect the variety of jobs he has held, and the characters he has known. Chuck's album "One Night in a Cheap Hotel" is due to be released in January. For more information write: PO Box 3087 Beverly, Mass 01915

- Songs on Fast Folk
- Apr 85 The Dollmaker's Secret
  - Apr 86 Love Comes to a Simple Heart
  - One Night in a Cheap Hotel /

JACK HARDY has been a central figure in the New York folk scene since his first appearances at Folk City in 1973. In addition to recording six albums of his songs on the Great Divide label and a recent release in Germany called "The Hunter," Jack has been instrumental in creating the Songwriters Exchange, The Musicians' Cooperative at the Speakeasy, and, most recently, the Fast Folk Musical Magazine. He currently resides in upstate New York with his wife Angela, son Malcolm, and new daughter Morgan.

- Mar 82 Goodnight Loving Trail (Bruce Phillips)
- May 82 Incident at Ebenezer Creek (sung By Matt Jones)
- May 82 This Land Is Your Land (Woody Guthrie)
- Sep 82 The Children
- Nov 82 Apostrophe To The Wind (Margaret Roche)
- Feb 83 Porto Limon
- Mar 83 Pretty Peggy-o (Trad.)
- May 83 Potters Field (sung by Eric Frandsen)
- Jun 83 Dublin Farewell
- Sep 83 Woman of the Road (sung by Lucy Kaplanski)
- Jan 84 Ottomanelli sung in Italian by Germana Pucci)
- Feb 84 The Blanket

Apr 84 Incident at Ebenezer Creek (Live)  
 May 84 Elevator  
 Jan 85 Al Cormier  
 May 85 May Day (Live) Ragman (David Indian)  
 Oct 85 No Future

Jack Hardy / Great Divide 1970  
Mirror of My Madness / Great Divide 1976  
The Nameless One / Great Divide 1978  
Landmark / Great Divide 1982  
White Shoes / Great Divide 1982  
The Cauldron / Great Divide 1984  
The Hunter / Entente (Germany) 1986  
 Single: Wheelbarrow Johnny/Tree of Rhyme / Great Divide

Peter Jones is from the Washington D.C. area where he and his brother Steve have recorded an album together. They are best known for the song "Kilkelly" although it is rumored they have written others.

Songs On Fast Folk  
 Sep 83 Kilkelly (Performed by Burns & Rosen)  
 Album; Steve and Peter Jones /  
 6607 Marywood Road  
 Bethesda, Md. 20817

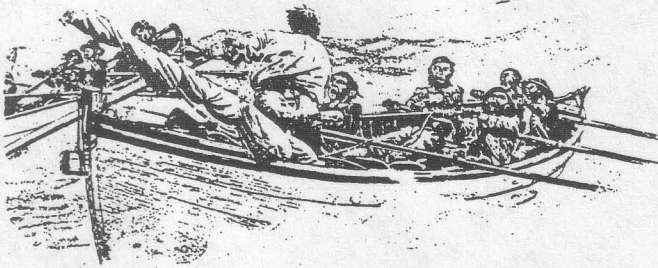
PAUL KAPLAN performs solo and with the folk group, The Gallant Poachers. He is coauthor with Dan Milner of A Bonnie Bunch of Roses, Songs of England, Ireland and Scotland, published by Oak Publications. Paul's solo album, Life on This Planet, was released in 1982 and is available through the Up for Grabs Catalog.

Songs on Fast Folk  
 Feb 82 The King of Hearts  
 May 82 Call Me the Whale (performed by Geoff Kaufman)  
 Dec 82 I Will Keep You Warm  
 May 83 Chain of Love (co-written w/ Josh Joffen performed by Josh Joffen)  
 May 83 We Shall Stay Here (performed by Jon Stein)  
 Jul 83 The Lambs on the Green Hills (trad)  
 Sep 83 Just Another War (performed by Lydia Davis)  
 Apr 84 Call Me The Whale (Live)  
 Jan 85 I Had an Old Coat (The Recycling Song)

Life on This Planet / Hummingbird Records  
 212 W. 85th St.  
 NYC 10024

King of Hearts / Hummingbird Records

other recordings:  
 I've Been Told on The Time Will Come and Other Songs  
 from Broadside Magazine / Folkways #5306  
Vietnam on Broadside #7 / Folkways #5316



Originally from Chicago, LUCY KAPLANSKI, moved to New York eight years ago and has sung in clubs and concert halls all over the Northeast U.S. and Europe. She has appeared on several albums, including the "Pretty in Pink" soundtrack with Suzanne Vega. The New York Times said of her, "If we were living in a healthy time for the record business, it would be easy to predict stardom for her." Lucy is pursuing a career in psychology, but continues to sing for fun.

Mar 82 Calypso (Suzanne Vega)  
 Aug 82 Open All Night (Brian Rose)  
 Dec 82 Texas Blues (Bill Morrissey)  
 Mar 83 Spotlight  
 Sep 83 Woman of the Road (Jack Hardy)  
 Apr 84 Open All Night (Live)  
 Jan 85 Out of This World (Loudon Wainwright)  
 May 85 Spotlight  
 Nov 85 Somebody's Home

Moonsong- TheCornelia St. Cafe / Stash Records 1980  
The Song Project in Italy / Folk Studio Records 1985

CHRISTINE LAVIN has just released her second album, "Beau Woes and Other Problems of Modern Life," on Philo Records, distributed by Rounder. Her co-producer for this work was Robin Batteau (see his bio, this issue). Her first album, "Future Fossils" was issued on compact disk earlier this year, a first for New York folk.

Jun 82 Regretting What I Said  
 Apr 83 Cold Pizza for Breakfast  
 Jan 84 Don't Ever Call Your Sweetheart By His Name  
 Apr 84 Regretting What I Said (Live)  
 Oct 84 Subway Cowboy  
 Jan 85 Summer Weddings  
 Mar 85 Roses From the Wrong Man  
 May 85 Prince Charles  
 Jun 85 Ballad of a Ballgame  
 Nov 85 Biological Timebomb

Absolutely Live / Life-Song Records 1981  
Husbands & Wives / Palindrome Records 1983  
Future Fossils / Palindrome and Philo 1984  
Beau Woes and other Problems of Modern Life 1986

Singles: The Dakota  
Black Tie Affair  
Isn't it just like Empty-V ( the Atavistics)  
Summer Song/Camping

ROD MACDONALD has been singing and writing songs in New York since the mid-1970s, while touring extensively in the U.S., Canada, and Europe. He has recorded two albums of his own songs, several of which have

been recorded by other artists. Rod has contributed nine songs and numerous articles to the Fast Folk Musical Magazine.

- Mar 82 Honorable Men
- May 82 White Buffalo (sung by Judy Dunleavy)
- Sep 82 Sailor's Prayer
- Dec 82 American Jerusalem
- Feb 84 Every Living Thing
- Apr 84 American Jerusalem (Live)
- Jun 84 I Like You Fine (Co-written w/ N. Matheson performed by Rhythm & Romance)

- Dec 84 If We'd Never
- May 85 Song of My Brother
- Jan 86 The Man with the Hired Face
- No Commercial Traffic / Cinemagic 1984
- Album 2: For Sale / Autogram Records 1985
- Song of My Brother; Coming of the snow-The Cornelia St Cafe / Stash Records - 1980

Born in Toronto, **NIKKI MATHESON** can be heard as lead vocalist with the acoustic jazz swing group "Rhythm and Romance," and is a member of the Irish and French traditional group, "The Ren-tones." Earlier this year she toured Canada with French singer Gabriel Yacoub and Scottish fiddler John Cunningham.

- Jun 84 I Like You Fine (MacDonald & Matheson) sung by Rhythm & Romance
- Oct 84 Run From Danger (sung by Rythm & Romance)
- Nov 84 La Chanson des Livrees ( Trad) sung by The Rentones

Each day, when he wakes up in the afternoon, **DAVID MASSENGILL** does one hundred situps whether he's drunk or not. He once chased a bobcat, and vice versa. In his spare time he has written songs for such bigshots as The Roches, David Bromberg, and Joan Baez. His dream is to one day quit his dishwashing job and be a bigshot.

- Feb 82 Fairfax County
- Apr 82 The Great American Dream
- Jun 82 The Eunuch's Lament
- Oct 82 Down Derry Down
- Dec 82 Beggerman's Pearl (Co-written w/ Elize Tribble)
- Mar 83 My Name Joe (sung By George Gerdes)
- Apr 83 Johnny Macaroon
- May 83 Nothing
- Apr 84 The Great American Dream (Live)
- Jan 85 Wake up
- Mar 85 The X-Presidents' Waltz
- May 85 Sightseer

Contrary Mary; David Massengill's theory of De-evolution-The Cornelia St. Cafe/ Stash Records 1980

Richard Meyer performs regularly along the East Coast. His song the January Cold was recently published in Sing Out! Magazine. He is also a professional in the theatre who recently took the Mabou Mines production of Through the Leaves to Jerusalem and designed the lights for a series of new plays by Shel Silverstien.

- Feb 83 Jive Town
- Mar 83 No Reason to Cry
- Jun 83 Laughing/Scared
- Sep 83 Music Like the Wind
- Mar 84 All My Ex-girlfriends
- May 84 January Cold
- Nov 84 Day After Day
- Feb 85 Who Needs Times Square?
- May 85 Rock Break Scissors (Tom McGhee) Ragman (David Indian)
- Oct 85 Cares To the Wind
- Mar 86 Moments (Pierce pettis) performed by Folkano

**TOM MCGHEE** lives in Brooklyn and drives a truck.

- Songs on Fast Folk & Coop
- Mar 83 Clancy
- Sep 83 Rock Breaks Scissors
- Jan 84 Indiana
- May 84 The Wizard
- Nov 84 Maria There Will be Time
- May 85 Rock Breaks Scissors (performed by The FF Revue)
- Feb 86 Salvation for Hire

**WILLIE NININGER**, a Native New Yorker, has written songs for the Captain Kangaroo Show, an NBC After School Special based on the Miss Peach comic strip, and most recently, This Week in Baseball. He has appeared on "Hee-Haw" with his sister Ann, and performs frequently with his entire family.

- Aug 82 Yippie-I-oh
- Apr 83 Freshman
- Jun 85 Star Spangled Banner (Francis Scott Key)
- Jan 86 On A Winter's Night

**LILLIE PALMER** and **GLADYS BRAGG** met in the spring of 1983 and began to write songs one year later. They could have become Mrs. Nathaniel Pease III of Darien, Connecticut, and Mrs. John Hosford Sutcliff-Morgan of Upper Saddle River, New Jersey. Instead they live in the East Village of New York City. Lillie was a finalist in last year's Kerrville Folk Festival New Song contest, and Gladys has been singing, a lot, with musicians like John Kruth and Christine Lavin.

Songs on Fast Folk

Oct 84 Bayonne  
Dec 84 By Then  
Mar 85 Into the Sun  
Nov 85 Local Color (Written by Lillie Palmer)

GERMANA PUCCI: "This is Germana talking about Germana. No point in saying how good I am, because you'll be hearing me... Generally, I am very happy. I wish to do more, but that is a wish of humankind."

Mar 82 Memoria (co-written w/ Giancarlo Biagi)  
Dec 82 L'impiegato  
Sep 83 Diavoli in Avido Amore  
Jan 84 Ottomanelli (Jack Hardy) Translated By G. Pucci  
Apr 84 Diavoli in Avido Amore (Live)  
Sep 84 A Veglia (co-written w/ Giancarlo Biagi)  
Oct 84 Farfelle Multicolori  
Jan 85 Il Volo Del Corvo  
Nov 85 Chocolate & Shame

SUZANNE VEGA, 26, has been writing and performing her music professionally since 1981. Her first record was of "Cracking" on The Coop of February 1982, our first issue. It's been a steady climb ever since. Vega recorded her first album on A & M Records last year and has been touring the U.S. and abroad since then with great success. Live recordings have been released abroad, but American audiences will have to wait for her second studio effort, expected next spring.

Songs On Fast Folk & Coop  
Feb 82 Cracking  
Mar 82 Calyspo (performed by Lucy Kaplanski)  
Jun 82 Gypsy  
Sep 82 Knight Moves  
Feb 83 The Queen and The Soldier  
Jun 83 Some Journey  
Jan 84 Tom's Diner  
Apr 84 Knight Moves (Live)  
May 85 Small Blue Thing (Live)  
Suzanne Vega / A & M Records

JUDITH ZWEIMAN, singer/songwriter/guitarist/bassist is one of the more versatile talents in New York, contributing in many ways to the work of many musicians. Her motley musical past has included the groups Folkano, Whitewing, Late for Dinner, Ell's Kitchen Original Jazz, and unions with other Fast Folk performers such as Deb Kayman, Marcie Boyd, and Pete Gardner.

Songs on Fast Folk  
May 84 Child of the West (co-written w/ Tiger Williams)  
Oct 84 Louisa  
Oct 85 Chemical Workers' Song (Ron Angel, Performed w/ Deb Kayman)  
Nov 85 Follow Me Down  
Jan 86 Heart on Ice

THE BAND:

Brooklyn-born MARK DANN (on guitar) has engineered more than 25 issues of Fast Folk. In his spare time he builds, repairs and plays bass and guitars. He has never had a beer.

JEFF HARDY (on stand-up bass) is also a professional chef. He has served as bassist for the Fast Folk shows three years in a row, and has managed to keep his sense of humor.

Drummer HOWIE WYETH has recorded with (among others) Robert Gordon, Don McLean, Roger McGuinn, Link Wray and is an alumnus of Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue. What most people don't know is that Howie is in exceptional piano player, specializing in the music of Thomas "Fats" Waller, James P. Johnson, and Willy "the Lion" Smith.

THE CREW

The indispensable BEVERLY BARK (stage manager) currently serves as production coordinator for the Fast Folk, which duty she performs with singular down-to-earth sensibility, a very necessary quality when dealing with the rest of us "el sensitivo" singer-songwriters. She comes into the office at least three days a week, despite impending Motherhood.

Recording engineer BILL KOLLAR owns and runs London by Night Productions in Woodbridge, NJ. He most recently produced the Jan '86 issue of Fast Folk, ably assisted by his lovely and talented wife, Janice.

Recording Engineer JAY ROSEN has produced almost all the live cuts that have appeared on Fast Folk. When not chasing down musicians with his microphone, you can find him working hard at J&R Music (the downtown branch).



# CREDITS

## SIDE 1

-1-  
NO GUARANTEE  
(RICHARD MEYER)  
© 1983 RICHARD MEYER

RICHARD MEYER/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
VOCALS:  
JOHN GORKA, LUCY KAPLANSKI, ROD MacDONALD  
"THE BAND"

-2-  
KNOWING WHAT I KNOW NOW  
(SHAWN COLVIN & JOHN LEVENTHAL)  
© 1985 BY SHAWN COLVIN & JOHN LEVENTHAL  
SHAWN COLVIN/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
LUCY KAPLANSKI/VOCAL  
"THE BAND"

-3-  
MY NAME JOE  
(DAVID MASSENGILL)  
© 1982 BY DAVID MASSENGILL,  
DAVID MASSENGILL MUSIC  
DAVID MASSENGILL/DULCIMER AND LEAD VOCAL  
WILLIE NININGER/ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
VOCALS:  
SHAWN COLVIN AND LUCY KAPLANSKI  
"THE BAND"

-4-  
KILKELLY  
(PETER AND STEVE JONES)  
© 1981 BY PETER JONES  
NIKKI MATHESON/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
JACK HARDY/MANDOLIN  
ROBIN BATTEAU/VIOLIN  
RICHARD MEYER/VOCAL  
MARK DANN/ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
JEFF HARDY/STRING BASS

-5-  
RAILROAD BILL  
(ANDY BRECKMAN)  
© 1984 BY ANDY BRECKMAN  
ROD MacDONALD/GUITAR AND VOCAL

## SIDE 2

-1-  
BONADEA  
(GERMANA PUCCI)  
© 1985 BY GERMANA PUCCI

GERMANA PUCCI/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
NIKKI MATHESON/BONADEA VOCAL  
VOCALS:  
JOHN GORKA, ROD MacDONALD, RICHARD MEYER,  
AND SHAWN COLVIN  
"THE BAND"

-2-  
I KNOW  
(JOHN GORKA)  
© 1986 BY JOHN GORKA  
JOHN GORKA/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
ROD MacDONALD/HARMONICA  
VOCALS:  
SHAWN COLVIN AND LUCY KAPLANSKI  
"THE BAND"

-3-  
I'M PROUD TO BE A MOOSE  
(WILLIE NININGER)  
© 1979 EVERY LITTLE TUNE, INC. (ASCAP)  
WILLIE NININGER/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL  
"THE BAND"

-4-  
TINKER'S COIN  
(JACK HARDY)  
© 1982 BY JOHN S. HARDY MUSIC CO. (ASCAP)  
JACK HARDY/GUITAR, PENNY WHISTLE,  
AND LEAD VOCAL  
NIKKI MATHESON/PENNY WHISTLE AND VOCAL  
VOCALS:  
ROD MacDONALD AND RICHARD MEYER  
ROBIN BATTEAU/VIOLIN  
"THE BAND"

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VACATION  
(BILL BACHMAN)  
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VOCALS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE):  
LUCY KAPLANSKI, CHRISTINE LAVIN, WILLIE NININGER  
SHAWN COLVIN, JACK HARDY, RICHARD MEYER,  
NIKKI MATHESON, DAVID MASSENGILL, JOHN GORKA,  
GERMANA PUCCI, ROD MacDONALD, AND ROBIN BATTEAU  
WILLIE NININGER/ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
"THE BAND"

"THE BAND": MARK DANN/ELECTRIC GUITAR, JEFF HARDY/STRING BASS, HOWIE WYETH/DRUMS

"THE ENSEMBLE": SHAWN COLVIN, JOHN GORKA, JACK HARDY, LUCY KAPLANSKI, CHRISTINE LAVIN,  
ROD MacDONALD, DAVID MASSENGILL, NIKKI MATHESON, RICHARD MEYER,  
WILLIE NININGER, GERMANA PUCCI