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EDITORIAL

by Richard Meyer

For a long time we have thought of *Fast Folk* as a documentary project, implying that there will be music history here worth reviewing. This is still the case. The New Song Library in Northampton and the Library of Congress both have collections of *CooP* and *Fast Folk* issues for research and discovery. More important, however, is that people are working day to day as writers and singers and their new work appears on *Fast Folk* and supports articulate songwriting as an ongoing movement.

As the generation who grew out of the baby boom, we are at a point where we seem to be taking stock of our politics and culture in a way that lends itself to ideas like "Greatest Hits of the '60's and '70's" and reviews in every medium on the turbulence and impact of the last twenty years. There is some cause for a review of this sort. The danger of collected works and impact studies is that they create the impression that a chapter has closed, that what was vibrant is no longer immediate. Everyday events show us constantly that while great work may have been done over the years - socially, politically, and artistically - there is still much to do. Racial, economic and ethical problems are as imposing as ever and must still be addressed. As issues go in and out of fashion, the people living them through their individual circumstances still require assistance and relief.

As artists working in a form that is too often associated with the Halcyon '60s, stuck in a mass stereotype even in the wave of acoustic music's resurgence, it is important to remind ourselves that we are alive now and writing now, and that our work is

changing our society. In this, our fifth anniversary year, we are proud to have introduced many new writers to the radio and record audience that has grown up around *Fast Folk*. Each person who wrote songs had to face the empty page and fill it with what needed to be said. These writers are not recording twenty year old songs; they are often recording one-month or six-month old songs. The social concerns that are addressed are those of today, tempered by sensibilities developed over the last years.

I am reminded of the effects that small presses and movements have had on our culture. Stieglitz's *Camera Work* influenced a generation of photographers. Small theatres such as the Provincetown Playhouse introduced Eugene O'Neill. And clubs the size of *SpeakEasy* and *Folk City* have introduced a number of world class artists to the public. *Fast Folk* still presses precious few records compared to almost any other label; but the audience we reach is disproportionately large. Each work of art takes on a life of its own once it is set free.

Each writer works alone in front of the empty page, and it is well to recall how many artists have received no quarter in their time. The concept of acceptance is perverted today into fabulous wealth without enough healthy criticism.

We are writing for the present; for club audiences next week and for the creative satisfaction. That our work might last is every artist's hope, but at the moment of creation what is more important is that the artist feels there is a living audience to speak to, to elicit response from, and that there are common issues to draw together in human ways. As you listen to this record and to those that follow, remember that this is a series dedicated to presenting a generation of writers as they do their work, who thrive on your response, by letter and in live performance.

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People's Music Network: Songs for Freedom and Struggle

by Hugh Blumenfeld

The People's Music Network is dedicated to changing the world through music. The semi-annual conference helps musicians and organizers to share new songs and trade secrets. Musicians and coffeehouse booking agents can get together and plan gigs, benefits and rallies. Musicians and fans can browse through records, tapes and songbooks, most of which are independently produced. There are also people selling t-shirts, bumper stickers, buttons, chapbooks of poetry, and political tracts. A couple of tables are reserved for flyers announcing concert series, demonstrations, peace groups, environmental groups, album releases, and more. PMN is a clearinghouse for people who make their living by entertaining and informing at political gatherings.

If you are a professional folk musician and count on making some part of your living playing political songs for audiences of activists, then People's Music Network conferences are part of your job description. It's like the Modern Language Association conventions for university professors, or the sports medicine conferences held yearly for doctors at places like Honolulu or ski resorts outside of Salt Lake City, Utah. All conferences have panels and workshops, a separate hall where merchants present their newest lines of merchandise, and the annual business meeting. But most people go to these conferences to hobnob. Meet old or distant friends, make contact with new ones, get a gig, interview for a job, get in at the planning stages of a new group or panel for next year... Now it's all called networking, the chance to build up the net worth of "what you know" by adding enough "who you know" so that you can acquire "professional standing." As far as conferences go, the PMN is an extraordinary gathering of extraordinary people. Let's just remember what it is though - it's business pure and simple.

At this February's conference at the University of Hartford, I found myself in the middle of an entirely integrated temporary community. An intimate, anarchistic community that generated a level of trust, cooperation, friendship, and even kinship, that could have powered a small city if someone could ever figure out how to tap

into it. Registration was informal and enforced only by an honor code. Meal tickets were included in the registration package, but they were never collected at the end of the cafeteria line. A job sign-up list was posted, but not fretted over too much. It was taped up in a prominent place with a poster requesting everyone to sign up for two hours worth of work per day. Somehow there were cooks, food servers, people bussing tables, people selling merchandise, people giving info, people giving daycare - even people with green armbands giving hugs.

Except for the institutionalization of hugs - which is as rampant in activist circles as refined sugar is in the rest of the population - the atmosphere at Hartford was inspiring. A fresh start, a new world. In a land of regulations, enforcement, standardization, and computer evaluation, this meeting was a minor revolution. A lot of people talk about abolishing hierarchical systems, but this community seemed really to do it. Nobody pulled rank, and nobody was fussed over either. A number of fine and famous musicians plunked themselves down at tables to eat a simple meal, sat around in circles at workshops, roamed around to clear their heads, and were generally unmolested. Nobody seemed to be in charge of the whole affair either - there was nobody running around checking up on everything with the unmistakable air of being host or head honcho. For Saturday night's marathon open-mike concert, there were 110 people signed up for 85 slots. Among the 25 people who received apologies for being squeezed out were Fred Small, Rosalie Sorrells, and a few other popular and professional voices. But somehow their absence from the stage that night made as much of a statement as their songs usually do. A poignant sacrifice not only for the collective but by the collective.

The panels at PMN were dedicated to subjects like "Songwriting," "How to Promote Yourself," "Getting Political Songs on the Radio," and other trade concerns. Some devolved into round robin song exchanges, which is what everyone secretly desired. As at most conferences, the panels and workshops were the only scheduled daytime events and on the first day of the conference there were only three one-and-a-half hour sessions. Designated panels and workshops seemed especially foreign to the atmosphere at PMN - basically they offer an imposed structure for some people to function in and for others to rebel

against. I wonder what would happen if spaces were simply made available for happenings to occur in, without time restraints and shaky distinctions between subject matter to be treated.

At lunch I sat in on the formation of a new group - a network of performers and writers of children's songs. Children's music has become more and more recognized as a serious brand of folk art, and mostly for the right reasons. Children's songs must be simple, direct, dramatic, and unpretentious. And short. And yet the best ones continue to work their spell on adults. But I am uncomfortable about the trend to politicize children's music, making it moralizing and educational fluff, unfit for thoughtful consumption. And yet this seemed to be the approach admired by the new committee. They were looking for songs that destroy traditional sex roles, songs that either do not portray violence or inveigh against it, songs that portray racial harmony, show kindness to animals, that depict children telling their parents not to smoke or drink (though always stopping short of having them turn their parents in). This kind of moral agenda is okay among people associating voluntarily, until it is used as a criterion for evaluating the worth of people or of art. Then it leads to nothing but propaganda, and we've seen these tactics used wherever fascism threatens or flourishes. Whether you are part of the Moral Majority or this new Moral Minority, it's the Moral part that's repugnant. Besides, there's no magic in it. My favorite children's song is still "The Cat Came Back" - innumerable verses of blasting, crushing, and grinding up a cat who refuses to be done with. So report me to the ASPCA.

In fact, my biggest problem with the PMN conference was that I did not hear a single song that was not political and overtly moralizing. At PMN, the emotions were dead to stimuli like romance, travel, home, friendship, hard luck, personal tragedy, or simple beauty. The only stimulus that seemed capable of precipitating any deep emotion was the theme of social justice. The people in the songs were little more than counters for political issues. The narrative of each song was either a two-dimensional fiction or a fantasy of an abstract paradise. The most sentimental propaganda brought tears to the eyes of many. This seems to me to be the worst kind of impoverishment.

When I think about the People's Music

Network, I think about the word "People" in the name. It implies "The People," with a capital "P" - that great liberal concept. But PMN is not made up of "The People," nor does it represent "The People," or speak to them. PMN is made up of good people, honest people, talented people, people who together create a marvel - a living community. But they are not "The People." And their music is not for "The People" either, but for people like themselves. Surely the majority of women, the majority of Blacks, the majority of Hispanics, the majority of underpaid or unemployed workers, the majority of Latin Americans, the majority of handicapped, even the majority of gays and lesbians are not politicized - they do not experience their lives via the abstraction of their political status. They experience their lives directly - through specific pleasures, specific pains, experiences of the self that are divorced from their categorization as female, Black, etc. by such predominantly white, well-educated, economically mobile groups as PMN. This is exactly the kind of categorization that most people are trying to escape.

And this brings me to one of the more interesting aspects of the conference. Posted on the cafeteria wall was an article in The Nation blasting Si Kahn and others for being presumptuous enough to speak for those they considered down-trodden. The author of the article seemed to be writing off an entire genre of political protest songs, and a popular genre too, these days. Outrage and moral indignation begin to describe most of the responses I saw as I stood by and tried to read what was so horrifying and insulting. The author derided songs where the songwriter speaks from the experience of one of the downtrodden. Si Kahn describing the feelings of a woman exposed to sexual harassment at the office proved to be a particularly noxious example. This writer wanted to know where Si Kahn got off assuming the burden of this kind of harassment for women, as if they could not manage it themselves. The author found it condescending, not to mention unconvincing. PMN folks on the other hand could not believe that the author was condemning an entire genre of songs, especially one upon which "the movement" heavily depends.

Well, there are half-truths flying around here. The fact is that the songs the author of the *Nation* article was objecting to are objectionable, but not for the reasons given. It is presumptuous to speak for a group of people you consider oppressed if you feign their voice instead of using your own. But it is not necessarily condescending to speak

as one of these people. The artist has always enjoyed this freedom, and the artist's key to the world of experience outside his or her own is empathy - the ability to imagine the experience of another human being. Not the social constraints on that person, which can be documented or can be constructed from some political orientation, but that person's particular, individual experience. And not empathy with classes of human beings, but with one human being or a group of human beings that is present or made present to the imagination. Generic experience is not experience at all.

The writer of the *Nation* article was wrong in the sense that it is possible for a writer to write from a viewpoint other than his or her own. The poets have that possibility open to them, have the privilege of giving free rein to the imagination. But the responsibility entailed in that freedom is the honesty to enter another's experience, another's world. Good intentions are not enough - in that, the writer was correct. Good intentions can lead to condescending paternalism (and maternalism) as often as they lead to real progress. A look at philanthropy in Victorian England - toward the homeless, toward Africans and Indians, toward children - shows some sobering parallels to efforts in our own times.

The indignation at PMN was partly understandable. One of their own was being attacked, and social protest songs were trashed en masse. But there seemed to be some willful misunderstanding of the author's real complaint. No one, for instance, mentioned the lines of Kahn's which were quoted in the article, or defended them as being good lyrics. That would have been impossible. Mostly the defensiveness came from a fear that a favorite mode of contemporary protest was being exposed. In fact, these songs that speak out for groups of the oppressed are rather easy to write, and get a great sentimental response. If you are writing about Nicaragua or El Salvador, you pick a Spanish name, say Rosalita or Juan. You have their spouse tortured, a child or two taken away. Make it the middle of the night. Make it a shack in a shanty town. Use a newspaper to glean details about a recent raid or bombing and for the spelling of a town that's been in the news lately and which has a nice ring to it. Write a line in Spanish, if you have even a sprinkling of words in that language. Say that Rosalita or Juan is very scared but very courageous

and hopes very much for a better life.

Listen, I know. I've also written songs like this. They stink. The process stinks. The characters in them have no personalities of their own, no uniqueness. How could they - the song is not about the characters but about "Nicaragua" or "El Salvador" or "Women's Rights" or "Child Abuse" or "American Indians" or... The Juans and Marias and their ilk get to have no thoughts apart from their political identity, nothing that couldn't be fabricated from general notions. These songs do not tell a person's story, but they pretend to. They *exploit* people.

One of the best songs I heard that day was at the open mike; it was called "In My Name." A man sits on his porch meditating on a rural scene that is spread out before him - a valley, trees, a clear sky going to twilight. He is blessed to be here. But he thinks about his name, given to him so many years ago in joy and hope, and the fact that even as he sits quietly, at peace with the world, it is being dragged through the mud and tarnished by the deeds his country does "in my name." The verses ring true. They hold the meditations, the images, the thoughts in motion. But then the chorus begins: "In my name people are being killed/In my name children are crying..." These abstractions seem stale in their valorization of sentimental guilt. They are not worthy of the writer who can convey the minute details of particular moments of being alive.

The woman who followed this writer looked out at the audience and said proudly, "It's great to see so many lesbians out there!" There was scattered applause and cheers, and a general nodding of heads. I left shortly afterward.



Fast Folk Notes

by Christine Lavin

Lucy Kaplanski continues to rack up album credits: she does beautiful background vocals on **Jim Dawson's** new album, **Nanci Griffith's**, **Suzanne Vega's**...

Robin Batteau (one-half of Buskin & Batteau, the guy with the beer bottle on the cover of Dec. '85) writes and sings the new Chevrolet ad campaign "The Heartbeat of America." **David Buskin** writes and sings "This is a Burger King Town." Between jingles they are hard at work nights in the studio recording a new album. In his free time Buskin runs in marathons. In his free time Batteau produces records.

Julie Gold (Jan. '85, Nov. '85) has a song on Nanci Griffith's new MCA album...**Willie Ninninger** sang the National Anthem again at Shea this year, accompanied by his sister Annie and his Dad (who played the Canadian National Anthem on violin - a first for Shea). The Mets lost - but it wasn't Willie's fault.

David Massengill performed last summer at the Kennedy Center, debuting his new song "#1 in America" to an enthusiastic crowd of folk devotees. The song will appear in our 5th Anniversary series which starts next month.

John Gorka is putting the finishing touches on his debut album, which will appear on Red House Records. He's been recording over the past few months at the London By Night Studios in Woodbridge, NJ. **Bill Kollar** is producing/engineering. Appearing on this record with John are **Frank Christian**, **Mark Dann**, **Howie Wyeth**, **Steve Gillette**, **Robin Batteau**, **Shawn Colvin**, **Janice Kollar**, and **Christine Lavin**. **Steve Gillette** has recently completed an album in the same studio.

Aztec Two Step's new LP "Living in America" is finished and available for \$8.95 from Reflex Records, Box 2686, Danbury, CT 06813.

David Roth will open the Kerrville Folk Festival in Kerrville, Texas this year after being a winner in last year's New Folk songwriting competition.



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Libby Reid Signs Book Deal

by Christine Lavin

One of the most gratifying aspects of being part of *Fast Folk* (as either contributor or subscriber) is watching talented artists develop their work in front of this small, select audience, then move on to widespread recognition. A prime example is Suzanne Vega, who recorded eight songs over three years before signing and enjoying great success with A & M Records.

Now we are happy to note that cartoonist Libby Reid (cover art Oct. '84, Nov. '85) has signed a book deal with Viking Press (publication date April '88), and *Fast Folk* actually played a role in the chain of events that led to the signing. More about that later.

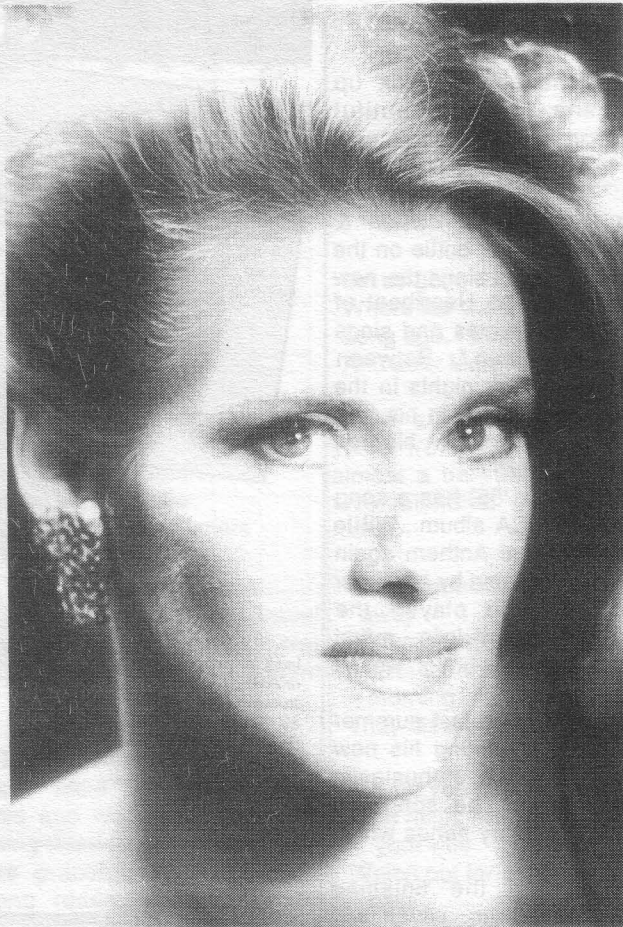
After graduating from Virginia Commonwealth University with a BFA in 1974, Libby started a five-year trek. She gravitated to Madison, Wisconsin, Philadelphia, and then Miami, working as a model, bartender, radio announcer, and jewelry designer. In 1979 Libby finally moved to NYC to pursue a career in art. "I knew I had to live here for what I wanted to do," she says. "When you move to NYC you have to get serious or get out."

From '79 to '84 she worked as a freelance graphic artist and in 1984 she started drawing - the cover of the October '84 *Fast Folk* was one of her first jobs (although an unpaid one). For her first venture she drew a series of 12 "cartoon essays," as she calls them, vignettes treating subjects and situations that are often painful and unpleasant with her own brand of quirky and illuminating humor. In November '85 she had them printed up as postcards, then made the rounds of card, stationery, and gift stores herself, showing the cards to the owners, writing up orders, and making deliveries the same day. The cards sold well immediately and within six months she had sales reps in New York and California doing the legwork for her. Approached by several card companies who would like to take over her line of cards, Libby has decided to hold on to this end of the business herself while she is working on the book for Viking. Which brings us back to the *Fast Folk* connection.

In December 1985, Adelle-Marie Stan called me while doing research on an article about women in folk music for the April '86 issue of *Ms. Magazine*. When we met for the interview I brought along the two *Fast Folk Women's Issues* as further examples of women writing and performing

contemporary folk music. Ms Stan admired the covers of both issues, and as soon as I got home I called Libby and gave her Ms. Stan's address. Libby sent her samples of her work, and Ms. Stan assigned her a full-page color cartoon essay that subsequently ran in the May '86 issue of *Ms.* This cartoon essay was spotted by the literary agency 2M Communications, which called *Ms.* to track Libby down. They met with her and in October '86 negotiated on her behalf as both Dell and Viking expressed interest in publishing her work. Viking outbid Dell, and now Libby is hard at work on her first book - a 96-page trade paperback whose title she's asked us not to print until the book is out. We can tell you that this hilarious title finally puts beauty and global problems in their proper perspective, as the book tackles topics as diverse as Barbie worship, cellulite, evolution, PMS, hunger, and celibacy.

We at *Fast Folk* congratulate Libby, applaud her determination, encourage her, and now take even better care of *Fast Folk* album covers, and paycloser attention to the printed magazine inside.



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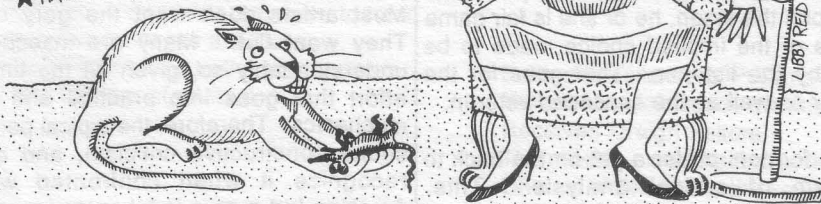
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Enough About Me - What Do You *Think* About Me?

by Roger Deitz

A few months ago I found myself in a New York City club auditioning a singer/songwriter who wanted a gig at the coffeehouse I book. As is often the case, I made a special effort to see the artist in concert. Whereas records and demo tapes give me some indication of a performer's ability to entertain, booking solely from them is dangerous. Only the live audition, sans recording tricks (equalization, multi-tracks, added applause) can truly indicate what a performer might be like in front of my club's audience.

Although the performer in question had been around for over ten years, I had never heard him. My luck ran out this night. I don't recall ever having been subjected to such off-key singing. It was a special kind of bad, I suspect the kind that doesn't have to be as bad as it is. This upsets me more than the other kind - the kind you can't do anything about. How is it that someone could make the rounds of clubs for a decade, yet not know his singing was so embarrassingly bad, and more importantly, that his singing could be much better with some work?

The answer was supplied by a friend of the performer, who happened to be the emcee that evening. She confessed that the artist always sounded like that, but that he was such a nice guy that none of his fellow performers or friends had the heart to tell him the bad news. Some friends! If nothing else, at least I would have been spared a trip into New York to tell him what I thought of him.

Now it is not my way to offer criticism unless it has been asked for by the performer (I don't like to hit anyone with a ton of bricks unless they are prepared for my opinion). I am a performer myself, and I know what it feels like. However, I believe that more damage is done to an artist who is not criticized than can be done to one who is.

Criticism as a concept has unfairly come to have an unfavorable connotation. But criticism as an artform relating to the performance media, the art of analyzing and evaluating a musical performance based on knowledge and propriety, is of great value to the performer. It is hardly punishment, and should not therefore be thought of in a

negative sense. If a performer cares at all about improving, he or she should seek criticism as an essential means to advancement.

A critical analysis of the merits and demerits of a performance by an informed or concerned observer is a fair and logical extension of what an audience does anyway: the difference being that when an audience applauds, remains silent, or heads for the exits, it is usually based only on a general impression of the act. When a critical analysis of a performance is made by a professional or concerned observer, the reasons for gut-level reactions can often be discerned. To an open-minded artist, good criticism can be used in a constructive manner to improve the overall quality of the performance.

Criticism comes with the territory. It is unrealistic on the one hand to choose to perform, yet on the other hand to not expect to be held accountable for one's sins. After all, the audience is doing the artist a favor by being there, not the other way around. By the rules of the game, the performer gets a chance to strut and the audience gets a chance to respond. Every time a performer walks upon the stage, he or she is fair game because of the implied choice made to be judged by the listener. That goes for the beginner as well as the seasoned veteran.

Most performers prefer a pat on the back to any form of critical analysis. This, particularly at the end of a hard-worked evening of singing and playing the heart out to a tough club or concert hall audience. It eases the pain. Applause and laughter during the performance is welcome, if the applause is loud and long, and the laughter is in response to one's humorous patter, not one's vocal technique. Monetary remuneration after the show has concluded can also be a positive incentive - although this is not often the case in folk music. In the real world where it is not easy to stand up in front of people and entertain them, where fear of the spotlight is often the rule even among accomplished artists, kind words are sought, not criticism, because anything else might bruise a frail ego.

What a performer usually wants to be told is, "You're great!" And truthfully, this is what drives most musicians and

singer/songwriters onward if not upward in their careers. Onward to the next and subsequent gigs, to gig and gig again. Perhaps as the opening act, or as main act in the same small clubs, year after year, presenting the same set, hoping that persistence will lead the way to the big time. Most performers either get used to this routine, or finally give up and go into the family's kitchen floor-covering business.

What performers *should* look and listen for is not the sycophantic "You're great!" but the more valuable, "You could be better, and here is what you might do to become better." Rarely is this input sought, or heeded. Many performers insulate themselves from criticism as a means of protecting themselves. In addition, self-analysis is dangerous stuff unless one has the insight to know what is helpful input and what is not. Not everyone has the ability to weed out the irrelevant comments and take note of what applies. It helps if one's feet are firmly planted on the ground, and if one has a fair degree of objectivity.

Generally if a performer asks, "How was I tonight?" that really translates into "How *good* was I tonight - I was real good, right?" Most artists don't want the gory details. They want fluff. Many are insecure and understandably so, given all the time and effort that goes into practice and career mechanics. Therefore, the typical performer shuns constructive criticism, and doesn't recognize it when confronted with it. Anything but a rave is taken personally, not professionally.

Even if the performer is secure enough to accept criticism, the point of it often misses the mark. One reason is that there is a misconception about the nature of standards that can be applied in judging a performance. Most people think that performances come in only two varieties - the "bad" and the "good" - as if there were no middle ground, only extremes. Usually, artists are able to categorize an effort only in these all-or-none terms.

This is just not the case. There is so much middle ground between a bad performance and a good one, so many kinds of bad, so many kinds of good, and so many ways to be mediocre. Only by realizing this and turning one's attention to all of these factors,

can one hope to substantially improve an act. To this end, an impartial observer can be of great help to an open-minded artist.

All of the performers I know can be placed on a level somewhere between the upper and lower limits of good and bad. Each comes to rest at one level or another based upon the absence or development of certain skills. Among these skills are instrumental technique, singing ability, songwriting ability, personality, sense of humor, and ability to select interesting material. To be a successful performer one might have a great deal of talent in any one area, or a mixture of talent for this and that. There are no hard and fast rules for what works.

An artist at one step can always find some way to advance to the next small step by addressing some issue, improving even one small aspect of performance. Perhaps by adding some patter, telling a story, dropping or adding a song in the repertoire, learning a new instrumental run, or even dressing differently, that artist can become a better entertainer.

And that's the point of performing: not merely to get up on stage and sing a few tunes, not just to exhibit one skill or another (only present self-written songs, or play a great rendition of a Sousa march on the guitar, or sing nicely) - the point of performing is to *entertain an audience*. That is what show biz is all about, and it is possible to be a good entertainer even when not blessed with particular virtuoso skills. Make no mistake about it, each step taken with each skill sharpened should make one a better entertainer. Therefore, the overall target of criticism should be to assess the strength of a performance, identify the odd weaknesses, and make the most out of what's there.

A critic (and a critical performer) should ask, "Why is this act good? Why is it not so good? How then could it be better?" A successful artist does well not to ignore these questions, and should do everything possible to make each upcoming performance better than the last, always working on improving, always looking for things to improve.

As for me, every time I watch a performer, I look with a critical eye, just as I do when I assess my own performance. I look for the odd secret that will make the next small step up the performer's staircase possible. They are just small steps, and there is such a long way to go, but even so, it's amazing how many other performers have been passed on the way up so far.



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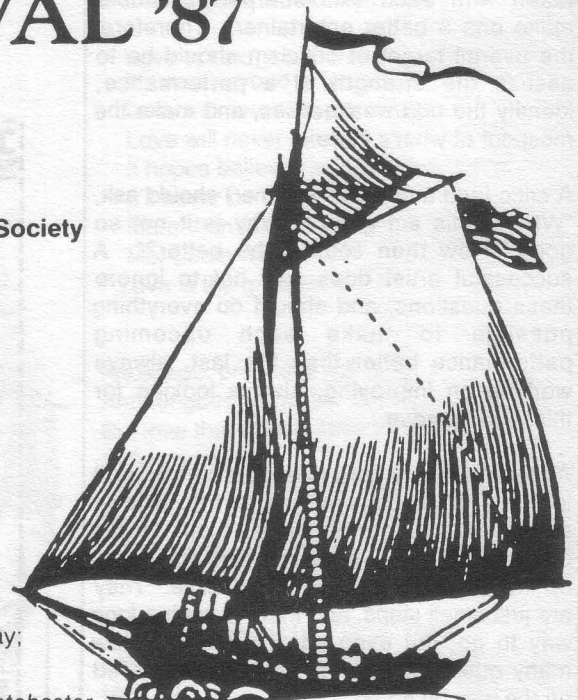
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SIDE LYRICSONE

EVERYTHING TO LOVE

1) Center slowly down, stand and listen
hear the river singing in your ear!
beating like a heart, like a bird in flight
on earth there is nothing to fear

Chorus: And the spirit moves from hand to hand
a fiddle across the land
joining into God's own band
Everything to love must yield

2) wind across these hills, summer in my soul
friends and laughter filling up this hall
let us kind and honest and constant be
for these are the measure of us all

Chorus: And the spirit moves from hand to hand
a fiddle across the field
I wanna play a stratocaster in God's own band
Everything to love must yield
Everything to love must yield!

c 1984 by Geoff Bartley
All Rights reserved

This performance is dedicated to Brad and Beth Paul

ADAM AND EVE ON A RAFT

1) Let's go swimming, baby without any clothes
We'll go before sunrise so nobody knows
Day will be breaking over the trees
Let me lie here by your side

Chorus:
Standing still,
Still it's a ride
Two fried eggs and a watercraft
Adam and Eve on a raft

2) Any newspapers without any news
No television to watch the Mets lose
I'd rather just watch your skin turning brown

Chorus:

Bridge: Speaking of baseball
Did you know
A subway series has been planned
Right before the trumpets blow
I'd rather just watch your skin turning brown

3) We moved to ground zero
A few years ago
To wait for the fate of the worst that we know
And when the Three Stooges finish at last

Chorus:
Let me lie here by your side
Standing still,
Still it's a ride
In the hands of laughter that we've already laughed
Adam and Eve on a raft

c 1983 Weebahd Enterprises Publishing
Words and music by Peter Spencer
(ASCAP)

SAY, SAY

I've got to find a way
To let you know
The day you make me feel
I can't let go
It looks like heaven
it feels like heaven
To me
It looks like heaven
It feels like heaven
to me

I look the other way
What I see
Another day to go

I don't know
It looks like heaven
It feels like heaven
To me

Chorus: Say, Say
Show me yesterday
Give me tomorrow
I feel the wind blow
Whispers inside me (repeat)

Could be the autumn wind
I don't know
Could be the time I spent
By your side
It looks like heaven
It feels like heaven
To me
It looks like heaven
It feels like heaven
To me

Chorus

c 1986 Words and music by Pierre Millery

EVERMORE

The hour it is late yet I cannot rest
Like a broken wing my thoughts flop and flutter
Disengaged, disenchanted
Yet I raise my voice up in song

Oh look where a bond has delivered us
To some distant shore far from home, far from harmony
Evermore, ever searching
Yet I raise my voice up in song

I look o'er the chasm before me
It is foggy filled with life's fearsome and darkening
Long I stand, long I shudder
Yet I raise my voice up in song

Oh where is a place for this fragile heart
I bruise easily, I weep in shadow
Tears of Woe, tears of tenderness
But still I raise my voice up in song

Oh look where a bond has delivered us
To some distant shore far from home, far from harmony
Evermore, ever searching
But still I raise my voice up in song

I am weaving a tapestry for us
It's a tree of life, behold it beckoning
Colors bold, colors bonny
And still I raise my voice up in song

We are building a home in the wilderness
Like some coursing stream our love flows onward
Evermore, ever strong
And still I raise my voice up in song

© 1986 Words and Music by Carla Sciaky



ST. PAUL'S SONG
(1 Corinthians 13)

If I spoke in tongues of men
And spoke in tongues of angels
If I could not speak with love
I'd just be cymbals clanging
Everyone would hold their ears
They wouldn't know how to take it
And not a soul would want to hear
A racket so outrageous.

If I spoke in Prophecy
The fate of men and nations
If I knew the mysteries
And the secrets of creation
And had all the faith I need
Enough for mountains moving
Without love to carry me
Oh, what good would it do me.

Love is kind, it suffers long
It's never proud of jealous
Love will never do you wrong
Love will never fail us
It hopes believes and bares all things
It'll never be defeated
More than faith
More than hope
Love is the greatest

Knowledge, prophecy will fade
And tongues will all fall silent
But love that lives is here to stay
Solid and defiant
Though it's hard to see these things
As through a dark glass straining
When we're standing face to face
The truth won't need explaining

Words and Music by Pierce Pettis
© 1984- Lets-Have-Lunch Music
(ASCAP)

DIAMONDS OF ANGER

The boy rolls the hoop past the barricade
Pushing it fast with a stick that he made from a coat hanger
The hoop is the wheel of a rusted junkyard bicycle
The girl on the corner plays the guitar
It's a petrol can with strings of wire
She sings a song from the tribal days
But the words are new-- she sings "amandla."

Blond surfers on white sandy beaches
wait for the perfect wave
The sky has no clouds at sunset they go home
The sign says no dogs or natives allowed.
Nervous white boys in combat gear
Speed through the township in armored trucks
People scatter but the soldiers run them down
Kick them until the blood runs from their mouth

Chorus: Crossroads

We are diamonds of anger , we are brilliant gold
Every blow makes us stronger, the chain cannot hold
We are rocks against tear gas, we are songs against guns
We are life against terror, we have already won.

The old woman waits for the broken down bus
To take her from this shantytown of tin and paper
No toilet no running water.
The street is already hot
She rides to the white homes of Johannesburg
To mop the kitchen tile polish the silver
Wipe the babies she must leave by nightfall.

Sixteen on trial for plotting revolution
Charged with singing songs of freedom
Or being present when these songs were sung
Or writing pamphlets or speaking at meetings
Botha tells the whites what they want to hear
The only votes he needs are theirs
Crazed with their backs to the sea
Drunk with the fear of retribution.

Bridge: Black babies white babies still reach out for each other
Fingers stretching from passing prams
Eyes amazed and smiling through doors and broken windows
Straining to touch

Behind the silence of Pollsmoor Prison
Nelson Mandela reads the international press
Receives foreign visitors
The chief in exile, the lion at bay
Give up violence say the key jangling jackals
He answers let those who shoot my people
Beat with whips, torture with electrodes
Let these renounce violence and I will walk free.

Teenagers born since he was imprisoned
Hear the voice though they have never seen him
Feel the tremors of righteous fury
A vision burning a tidal wave coming
New Leaders born in the school yards and churches
Forged in the mines singing at funerals
Turning to block the blow as it's falling
Siezing the whip and standing rejoicing

Chorus

Words and music by Fred Small
c 1987 Pine Barrens music

SIDE BYRNE TWO

THE FEW AND THE PROUD

Who are these people
Where did they come from
How did they get to the end
Get away from all the trouble
Away from unemployment lines
Escape from the streets
Filled with dangerous pain
Go find a place where it's safe
You won't be poor with a paycheck
Plenty of time
To straighten out your life
And start over
Something to live for
Something to be strong for
Something to live for
Something to be strong

And the papers ate it up
And they called it Bloody Sunday
Bloody bloody bloody
Bloody Sunday
Something for the pages
Of the history books
We really need something big
(For the books)
All the king's horses
And all the king's men
Can't put those soldiers
Back together again

c 1986 by Barb Schloff

TANYA'S WICKED BODY

Lies against the sand
Honey colored tan on every side
The subject of much study
Causing heads to turn
One man's heart is burning inside

Now Jacques, he was a determined young man
Plans a rendezvous amidst the waves
Believing very hard in the magic of his charms
On the beach in St. Tropez

Tanya's wicked body
Makes his mouth go dry
She takes a towel to dry from his hand
But Tanya's only hobby
Is way up in the sky
She's here to maximize her tan

But he's got a big yacht in the trunk of his car
He can blow it up and go sailing on the bay
She tells him without talking to kindly blow away
Off the beach in St. Tropez
On the beach in St. Tropez

c 1987 Peter Brown

18th STREET

- 1) Sometimes I sit and think where I have been
Wonderin' where I would go again
Old friends will ask me why,
I tell them I can't say
Sometimes I just can't smile for days
- 2) The sky has turned to blue, clouds have gone away
The cat and I agree it's a lovely day
Sooted birds are singing songs,
The sun's heat warms the day
Workmen moving old friends things away
- 3) She kneels upon the floor
Reading words upon the page
Senses deep inside me say
" A fool will gain his wit as comes his age"
She talks about her loves before me, a sugar daddy line
I wonder what she'll say of me in time

c 1981 Words and music by John Merino
Streetwise Publishing

THE UNKNOWN

You lay on Lincoln's bier
The unknown one
Ten years of forensics
can't say which mother's son
Is carried to the cassion behind the six greys
In the rain to Arlington on Memorial Day

You were someone's son
And perhaps a brother too
Maybe somewhere in this land
There walks a young one looks like you
Walking with his mother
And walking in your way
To the cemetery in the rain on Memorial Day

Chorus:

Now the railsplitter's words
will echo throughout the land
And boy scouts and girl scouts
Fifes and drums and marching bands
But twenty-five hundred have still not come home
The only one shall be called the unknown

For sixty-nine hours in that rotunda alone
Mourners passing by through the halls of polished stone
Is your name in Maya's granite
Where the sunlight will play
When the rains are all gone
This Memorial Day

Chorus

We have laid you to rest
Our Vietnam son
Saluted you with medal and flag and twenty-one guns
But we can't give you back the life the war stole away
But perhaps at last some peace this Memorial day

Chorus

c 1984 Words and music by Bruce Pratt

THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

There were three drunken maidens
Come from the isle of wight
They drunk from monday mornin'
Nor stopped 'till Saturday night
When Saturday did come, me boys,
They wouldn't then go out
And these three drunken maidens
They pushed the jug about

Then up jumps bouncin' Sally,
Her cheeks as red as blooms
Move up me jolly sisters,
and give young Sally some room
For I'll be your equal,
Before then we go out
And these four drunken maidens
They pushed the jug about.

There's woodcock and pheasant,
There's partridge and hare,
There's all sorts of dainties,
No scarcity was there.
There's fourty quads of beer, me boys,
They barely drunk them out
And these four drunken maidens
They pushed the jug about.

Then up comes the landlord,
He's askin' for his pay
It's a fourty pound bill, me boys,
These girls supposed to pay.
Thats a ten pound a-piece, me boys,
but still they wouldn't go out,
And these four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

So where are your feathered hats?,
Your mantles rich and fine?
They've all been swallowed up,
In tankards of good wine.
And where are your maiden heads,
You maidens brisk and gay?
we've left them in the ale-house,
We drank them clean away.

Traditional: Arrangement by Gail Rundlett

SONG FOR JAMIE

I am just fourteen years old
But you wouldn't know by my face
With heavy mascara and tight blue jeans
And a low cut blouse of lace
I walk the streets for customers
Take them up to Vito's pad
Playing mother to a motherless son
And daughter to a dad
A daughterless dad

I come from a town out west
Where they traded coal for meat and bread
But a year ago they closed down the mine
no demand for black gold, so they said
My father drank his savings away
I'd run when he drew near
From morning to night he'd hit the bars
And hit us when he couldn't buy beer
Never had enough beer

So I hitched out east to St. Paul
Where they don't trade bread for coal
And Vito gave me something to eat
In an even trade for my soul
And sometimes I think that Vito
Reminds me of my Dad
He loves his money like Dad loved beer
And he beats us when times are bad
Times are always bad

I am now fifteen years old
But you wouldn't know by my face
With heavy mascara and tight blue jeans
And a low-cut blouse of lace
Sometimes I see sad images
Of my sister and my mother
And how I left them with hopeful eyes
To trade one bad dream for another
Another bad dream

© 1985 David Seitz

RECORD REVIEWS

Mike Smith/*Michael Smith*

Michael Smith (FF 404)
Flying Fish Records
1304 West Schubert
Chicago, IL 60614

Mike Smith is one of the better song-writers of the Western World. This opinion has long been shared by fans of the artist who have had the good sense to record and/or perform his works. (The late Steve Goodman recorded several of Smith's songs; his version of "The Dutchman" in particular has become a classic.)

As a recording artist, however, Smith has yet to gain wide acceptance. His album with Barbara Barrow, *Mickey and Babs Get Hot*, was released on a Columbia subsidiary and quickly slipped into obscurity, despite some fine material including "The Dutchman," and "The Ballad of Dan Moody." Mike Smith has become a sort of cult figure, heard from but not heard outside his stomping grounds in the Midwest.

Well, if he's ever been away, Mike Smith is back now. *Michael Smith* is loaded with great songs. The album includes three songs Goodman covered, including a new incarnation of "The Dutchman," and five others, some of which are stunning, all of which display his talent to excellent advantage.

The album opens with an exceptional song, "Panther in Michigan," about the hunt for a mysterious, elusive prey. The story unfolds in clear, everyday language:

"When a farmer in Manchester called me,
I was there in minutes
Following a trail of feathers through the
high grass when he screamed
Thirty-four years in law enforcement, I've
never been so scared
I could see where he was going
By the way the grass was moving"

A symbol of the uneasy truce between man and nature in the twentieth century, the panther evokes fear and fascination in its human foe.

"Now people who know panthers say
that they are lazy hunters

And will take a prey that's wounded
over one that's healthy
And he might mistake some child
playing in a sandbox
For some kind of wounded critter
Down along the Raisin River

"Test drivers saw the panther at
the Chrysler proving grounds
It was during hunting season,
he was out there on the track
And he knew if he went in there
that he'd be safe from the hunters
He's an uncanny animal"

A great imagination and deceptively casual lyrics are hallmarks of Smith's style. Not given to introspection, the man is a great tale-spinner.

If you loved Steve Goodman's version of "The Dutchman," Mike Smith's rendition with its melodic and lyric differences will take some getting used to. More laid back, though just as graceful, in its creator's hands the song resembles a piece by Jacques Brel. If you've never heard "The Dutchman, you are in for a treat. This is one of the great songs:

When Amsterdam is golden in the morning
Margaret brings him breakfast
She believes him
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the
snow
He's mad as he can be
But Margaret only sees that sometimes
Sometimes she sees her unborn children
in his eyes

Smith portrays an elderly couple, alone in the world. Their situation is poignant, but the Dutchman and Margaret are not pathetic characters (unlike, for example, John Prine's couple in "Hello in There). Old, somewhat senile, the Dutchman finds salvation in Margaret's love. And, Smith implies, hers is in his love for her.

He sees her for a moment, calls her name
She makes the bed up humming some old
love song
She learned it when the tune was very new
He hums a line or two, they hum together
in the night

The Dutchman falls asleep, and Margaret
blows the candle out.

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me

There are more gems where those two
came from. "Demon Lover" is offhand,
almost a bar-room story about a long-lost
love rekindled with an eerie twist and a
moral:

The neighbors say that as they pulled
away
His face began to change
And in the middle of that bright suburban
morning
They disappeared in flames

Maybe you have a demon lover
Who might have been your husband or
your wife
Watch out for people who belong in your
past
Don't let them back in your life

"Last Day of Pompeii" is a delight. Smith
swings on rhythm guitar in this jazz tune
about 20-20 hindsight:

"And now that I'm a goner
All that lava rushing round the corner
Oh wow, I ain't complaining
only thinking out loud
You know my life would be different
My love would be different
If I knew then what I know now"

Smith's delivery gives the song a feeling of
spontaneity that adds to its appeal.

"Vampire" is another stand-out song.
Smith has found an element in the vampire
mythos that's been overlooked in the
general preoccupation with vampires as
images of the evil side of sex and seduction.

Your life's too short, and love is gone too
soon
Come with me, fly the dark side of the
moon
Life's not life if you must lose it

Death's not death if you refuse it
Who can blame you if you choose the
Vampire
Forever young...

Mike Smith is a solid rhythm guitar player with a fine sense of music. He's an expressive singer; although his voice is limited, it carries emotion well.

His back-up musicians: bass, violin, and second guitar, often with back-up vocals, show themselves to be both talented and flexible, producing some fine arrangements in a number of different tempos and moods. The ensemble cooks on "Last Day of Pompeii" and creates a dark but glowing setting for "Vampire." In "Panther in Michigan," they maintain both a driving momentum and a dreamlike air; "Demon Lover" and "The Dutchman" are equally memorable.

On the other hand, "Ballad of Dan Moody" goes nowhere after getting off to a promising start. This is a real disappointment, since this is nonetheless the best recorded version of this song. (In Steve Goodman's version, *somebody* went in and trashed Smith's lyrics - a real shame). "Spoon River" also displays some musical weaknesses, including an overlong instrumental section that adds nothing to the song.

Nor are the production and packaging of the album problem-free. On the production side, there's distortion on the high frequencies of Smith's vocals; this comes across as sibilance, and it's sometimes annoying. The thing I like *least*, though, is the packaging.

Flying Fish is not a major label, and it has a policy of keeping production costs low. Which is not necessarily bad, if the money is well-spent. In this case, the money must have gone into production, because the inner sleeve is one of those cheap plastic envelopes that, true, won't scratch the record, but also will not protect it from much and is a pain to handle. The worst thing, however, is the absence of a lyric sheet.

Now lyric sheets are neither costly to produce nor expensive to insert when records are being pressed. Considering that most of the people who buy this album will be people who appreciate Mike Smith's ability as a songwriter, I have to think that it would have made sense to encourage these people by making the songs as accessible as possible.

But even with its flaws, *Michael Smith* is a

wonderful album by a guy who is a better songwriter than almost everybody. I urge you to buy this album and to look out for a chance to see him live. Presumably, Flying Fish wouldn't release an album if the artist weren't willing to tour to support it. So maybe, just maybe, we can look forward to seeing this man on stage without having to travel to the Second City.

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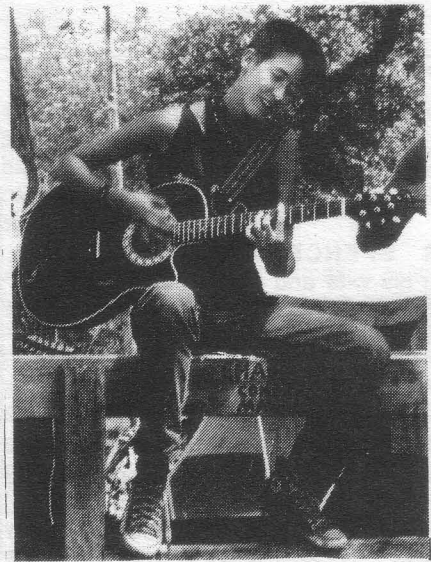
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MICHELLE-SHOCKED

RECORDING BUDGET—a set of batteries

SETTING—the dying embers of a campfire at Kerrville Folk Festival, June 1, 1986

RESULT—one of the most unusual and intriguing discs made this year

The Texas Campfire Tapes showcases twelve of Michelle's own songs accompanied only by acoustic guitar, the incessant rumble of crickets and the occasional rumble of a truck going down a nearby track.

Born in Gilmer, East Texas and currently squatting in Manhattan Michelle is something of a hobo—when she's not travelling around the States she finds time to play the odd gig around the folk club circuit in New York, although her current ambition is to sail from NY to Florida in her recently acquired dinghy.

Andy Kershaw from Whistle Test is a recent convert to the work of **Michelle-Shocked** and the response from the 'session' he broadcast recently on Radio One has prompted the release of this LP—one of the most amazing 'field recordings' ever made. Don't miss it!

THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES is released on Nov 10—Catalogue No. is **COOK 002**

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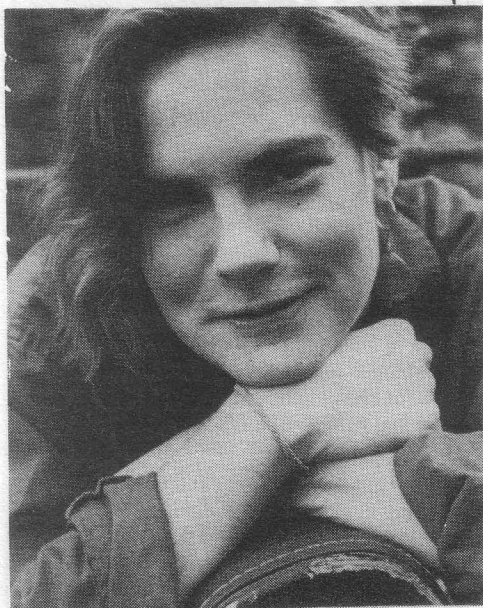
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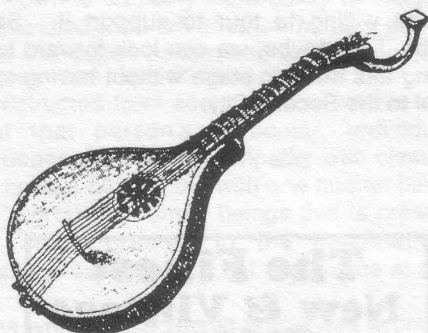
ON THE RECORD

PETER SPENCER lives in New York City with his wife and son. His LP, *Paradise Loft*, is available from Original Regular Records, 350 East 30th Street, New York, NY 10016.

PETER BROWN hails from New York City where he can often be found enjoying rides on the new number six trains. His song, "To the Future" was featured on the December *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. He was recently chosen to appear at the Kerrville Folk Festival in Texas.



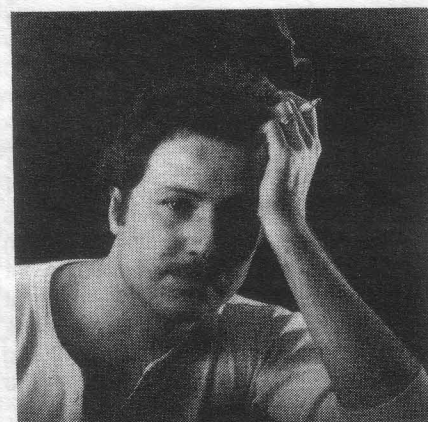
BARB SCHLOFF is a 26 year old singer/songwriter who is from Detroit, but presently is docked on the seashore of Newport, Rhode Island, where she hopes that musically her ship will come in. Barb has performed in the past year with Etta James, Richie Havens, David Massengill, Bill Staines and Suzanne Vega. Check out her live performance when her dingy rows through your neighborhood.



BRUCE PRATT is an engaging and energetic singer songwriter from Connecticut whose richly timbred baritone and wry sense of humor have made him a favorite throughout the Northeast. Bruce has three albums: *RATON SUNSET*, *THE GREAT TEENAGE COQUILLE ST. JACQUES MAS-SACRE* and *WAITING ON INDIAN SUMMER*.



PIERRE MILLERY is a professional athlete whose volleyball team tours in the tri state area. In his travels, he has met and made friends with a number of musicians, who heard his music and were impressed enough to encourage him to perform for the public. He ventured out to the open stage at the *SpeakEasy* and the now defunct *Folk City*, and both clubs decided to book him. Pierre continues to write and perform his songs.

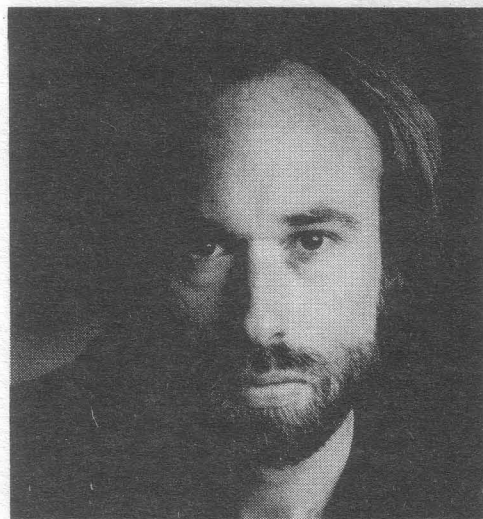


JOHN MERINO has been performing at colleges and coffeehouses for 20 years. In 1982 he began working with Eric Anderson on his first album. For seven years he was the founder and manager of Hartford Connecticut's *Cellar Door Coffeehouse*. His radio shows on WWUH and Connecticut Public Radio earned John the title of "Connecticut's Premiere Acoustic Music Impresario" from the *Hartford Advocate*. He has recently relocated to the banks of Lake Ontario in Lewiston, NY.

PIERCE PETTIS lives in Marion, Ohio and has release a highly acclaimed album; *MOMENTS*. Pierce's performance of his "Grandmother's Song" was featured on the December 1985 *FAST FOLK*. The Song "Moments" is also the opening number of the 1987 edition of the *FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE REVUE*.



CARLA SCIAKY lives in Denver, Colorado where she is still searching for a real niche. She is a versatile player of guitar, violin, Bulgarian fiddle, and plucked psaltery, which makes her hard to label. She tours six months of the year and has released two records: *To Meet You* and *In Between* on her independent label, Propinquity Records.



Distinctive guitarwork and soulful singing are **GEOFF BARTLEY's** trademarks. Bluesy harmonic breaks and evocative narrative poetry add a special touch to his live performances. His two albums, *Blues Beneath the Surface* and *Interstates* are available from Rounder distributors or directly from the artist at #3 Salem Street, Cambridge, MA 02139 for \$8.50 postpaid.

DAVID SEITZ is a singer/songwriter who first heard the calling of the muse in Philadelphia and followed her back to New York where he has been part of the Greenwich Village mayhem for the past four years. Once on the RCA production staff, Dave now owns *Synergy Sound*, and has engineered recordings by such luminaries as Pete Seeger, Peter Paul & Mary, John McCutcheon and Fred Small.

DEBBIE RICH plays dulcimer and guitar, and integrates topical, traditional, and contemporary songs with an emphasis on women's music into her performances. She has appeared on the Philadelphia Folk Festival, the Nassau Community College Folk Festival, and at various clubs museums and schools. Rich's first recording, *Friends*, released with Dave Sear, is now in its second pressing.



GAIL RUNDLETT is fast becoming one of the Boston Area's favorite performers, and is considered to be one of New England's finest new artists. She is now taking her music on the road and has recently released her first recording on cassette entitled; *JUST IN TIME*. It is available from Heartwood Records. She is helped out on this debut by Rick and Lorraine Lee, Larry Ungar and Rick Cyge.

FRED SMALL is an attorney turned topical folksinger in the tradition of Woody Guthrie, Malvina Reynolds, and Tom Paxton. He tours nationally, appearing at coffeehouses, folk festivals, benefit concerts, colleges and conferences. He has performed at the Vancouver, Winnipeg and Philadelphia Folk Festivals, and the Great Hudson River Revival. Fred has two albums on the Rounder label, *No Limit* (1985) and *The Heart of the Appaloosa* (1983). His debut album *Love's Gonna Carry Us* (1981), is on the Aquifier label. Fred's Song, "The Heart of the Appaloosa," was elected to the All Time Bluegrass hit parade by WAMU Radio in Washington DC. In February 1986 Yellow Moon Press published a book of Fred's songs, *Breaking From the Line*.



THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1982 TO DOCUMENT THE WORK OF CONTEMPORARY SINGER/SONGWRITERS. FAST FOLK IS A **NOT-FOR-PROFIT** CORPORATION WHICH PUBLISHES TEN ISSUES PER YEAR FEATURING THE WORK OF SONGWRITERS FROM ACROSS THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE. THE MAGAZINE IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION :

33 Carmine Street, Box 100
New York, New York 10014

\$50/10 issues, \$30/5 issues (domestic)
\$70/10 issues, \$40/5 issues (foreign,
except Canada. U.S. Currency only)

SUBMISSIONS OF MUSICAL AND/OR LITERARY MATERIAL ARE WELCOME (PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.S.E). WE ALSO WELCOME YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(This issue was written on MacIntosh computers using a laser printer. If you can help us get a hold of a word processing system, you can help make our lives much easier, and your issues cleaner and timelier.)

SIDE ONE

-1-
EVERYTHING TO LOVE
(GEOFF BARTLEY)

GEOFF BARTLEY/GUITAR AND VOCAL
NAN DONALD/VOCAL

-2-
EVERMORE
(CARLA SCIAKY)
1985 CARLA SCIAKY

© CARLA SCIAKY/CONCERTINA AND VOCAL

-3-
ADAM+EVE ON ARAFT
(PETER SPENCER)

PETER SPENCER/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-4-
ST. PAUL'S SONG
(PIERCE PETTIS)

PIERCE PETTIS/GUITAR AND VOCAL
DIANE CHODKOWSKI/VOCAL
JOSH JOFFEN/VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

ENGINEERED BY MARK DANN AND DOUG SMITH

-5-
DIAMONDS OF ANGER
(FRED SMALL)

FRED SMALL/GUITAR AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-6-
SAY, SAY
(PIERRE MILLERY)

PIERRE MILLERY/GUITAR AND VOCAL

SIDE TWO

-1-
THE FEW AND THE PROUD
(BARB SCHLOFF)

BARB SCHLOFF/GUITAR AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-2-
TANIA'S WICKED BODY
(PETER BROWN)

PETER BROWN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
DAVID BAHSSIN/BASS
STEVE NEWMAN/KEYBOARDS

-3-
THE UNKNOWN
(BRUCE PRATT)

BRUCE PRATT/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-4-
THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS
(TRADITIONAL)

GAIL RUNDLETT/DULCIMER AND VOCAL

-5-
18th ST.
(JOHN MERINO)

JOHN MERINO/GUITAR, HARMONICA, AND VOCAL

-6-
SONG FOR JAMIE
(DAVID SEITZ)
©1987 DAVID SEITZ

DEBBIE RICH/VOCAL
DAVE SEITZ/GUITAR
MARK DANN/GUITAR AND BASS
PETER LEWY/CELLO
CHUCK HANCOCK/FLUTE