

FAST FOLK

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Songs From The Pioneer Valley, Massachusetts



FAST FOLK
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EDITORIAL:

By Richard Meyer

This album is a great departure from past *Fast Folk* albums and marks the beginning of what we hope will be a series of albums representing songwriting communities to which we at the magazine do not have direct access. Usually, we record artists who come to the studios in New York or perform at the SpeakEasy. For this issue, we have invited writers and performers from the Pioneer Valley Songwriter's Collective to produce an album representative of the local scene under the aegis of *Fast Folk*. As usual, there were many more songs submitted than there was room for on the record. As with all the *Fast Folk* albums, this is a slice of what is happening now - and not even of all that is happening now - in central Massachusetts. What is important and what is clear is that there is a community of fine musicians who have organized themselves and can represent and write in a wide variety of styles. The songs here are suprisingly urban and have a high degree of political and social ambition.

We at *Fast Folk* thank Johnathan Stevens for his work coordinating all the musicians and technicians who contributed to this record, as well as rounding up the lyrics and bios which appear here. We hope you, our subscribers, enjoy this look at a part of another strong regional songwriting community.



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(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.)

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Pioneer Songwriter's Collective

by Jonathan Stevens

The Collective is a fledgling organization with small membership and big ideas. Its six members came together after almost a year of various individuals having random ideas, discussion with others, doing outreach, getting frustrated and finally finding a few others who are at something of the same level in music and have similar goals. This album project with *Fast Folk* has actually been a great catalyst in the local music community, a tool for organizing and networking, and it also became one of the collective's first projects.

In soliciting tapes for this album through word of mouth, newspaper and radio ads, and aggressive phone calling, a wealth of local songwriters were discovered. In addition to getting their tapes, we decided to use the model of New York City's SpeakEasy club and to create a forum specifically focused on local songwriters. Janet Feld, one of the Collective members, approached local cafe owners with a proposal to produce music shows on their premises: they get customers, we get Main Street performance space. She found a willing pizza joint called Paddington's and since May there have been two concerts a month there (on the first and third Tuesdays). Each evening is split for two separate acts and donations are enthusiastically requested. It has been a great success, giving local artists more exposure and performing experience, not to mention a lot of production and promotion experience for the Collective.

The Collective's method of dealing with projects has so far been to let one person take the initiative, direction and act as coordinator while allowing others to assist critique or work on something else. The structure is loose enough now that we don't tend to check with each other before making decisions. This may change when more projects emerge, but I think a general policy of member autonomy is crucial. We meet once a month.

Two other Collective members, David and Jim, have just put together an 8-track studio in their house which they plan to share with other members at low prices. This flows from the Collective's general purpose of sharing each other's resources and skills.

The other part of the Collective of course, is the artistic and emotional support that all of us, especially struggling musicians, need a lot of. We share works in progress, discuss hassles in dealing with club owners, or simply problems in the creative process. This aspect of the group cannot be understated.

The potential for such an organization is, I believe, immense-- depending entirely on the amount of energy put into it. Our next step, again borrowing an idea from the NYC scene, is to develop a "revue" show that features all our members, playing original material and backing each other up. The advantage of such a model for artistic exposure is very great. Hand in hand with this idea is the more complex one of collective management work for our individual acts. Unable to hire professional agents, and knowing all too well the pitfalls of self-promotion, we realized that collective management must be the solution. Sharing an office, phone and answering machine, post office box, gig lists, files, all the necessary rubber stamps and stationary,

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maybe even a tape dubber and some sound equipment--can you imagine how much easier it would make all our lives? There are some useful models to follow in this case also, including the Hey Rube Musician's Union based in Chicago and Victory Music's Referral Service in Washington State. Hopefully, we can start to make this happen sometime soon.

I share these facts and possibilities in order to spread and hopefully germinate a few ideas. I firmly believe that putting energy into alternative music networks these days is as crucial as writing new music. And the sky's the limit. If the collective grows in number and strength (we've cautiously decided to keep it small during the incubation period) it could file for non-profit status, go after some grants, produce its own records and concerts, organize other musicians, teach classes, publish a newsletter-- absolutely anything. So if you're nearby, join us. If you're far away, start your own. Our address: Box 631, Northampton, MA 01061.

Jacques Attali, *Noise:
The Political
Economy of Music,*

University of Minnesota
Press (Minneapolis: 1985). Translated by
Brian Massumi.

by Jonathan Stevens

Attali subtitles his book "The Political Economy of Music," which, combined with the author's background as a professor of economic theory and an advisor to former French President Mitterrand, may warn the reader that this is a dry piece of Marxist analysis. Though Attali's historical analysis of music is thoroughly economic, his honest critiques of Marxism and his downright libertarian, utopian and anti-economistic conclusions are surprising and welcome. His points of reference are always wholly human and his vision is painted with imagination and colors that flow straight from the struggles of May 1968. In describing an evolution and anatomy of power through its tools in everyday life, which Attali has done with *Time*,¹ *Medicine*² and, in this case, music, power becomes demystified, its ghost can be seen, its end envisioned. *Noise* should be read by musicians, who are largely unaware of their historic role. It will serve as an inspiration, as a philosophical foundation for politically conscious artists, and as an encouragement to develop counter-institutions in the world of music, which I see as one of Attali's working solutions to the "state" of noise we are now in. Others should read *Noise* because we are all affected by music: we are all its listeners, its consumers. We all hum its tunes, mouth its lyrics. We all suppress the composer within us, and Attali describes how this keeps us caught in repetition, keeps us jailed.

"This music is not innocent, writes *le professeur*. At every stage, the musician - whether as shaman, minstrel or star - has had his or her relation to power. In the midst of a ritual, in the royal court, or on the radio, the beat is there, revelling against or legitimizing rule, often both at the same time. Music makes people forget, it makes them believe. It gives the people voice in

song, and it also silences them. Perhaps because he is not himself a musician (as of yet, anyway), Attali tends to focus on the historical aspects of the music/power relation rather than spell out a theory of the inherent power of music. He seems to suggest, though, that the subconscious, vibrational energy of music, combined with the idolatry of melodically-framed lyrics, makes music (and song, in particular) an immensely mysterious symbolic force which can maintain a confusing, sometimes schizophrenic and (dare I say) dialectical relation to power. It is, Attali insists, a two-way street. Power not only manipulates music, it sometimes calls the tunes. The tools for making music are so wide-spread and organic, the process so liberating, and the source meaning of music itself so existential, that musicians and their works are perennially rebelling against authority. Attali goes one step further in saying that music not only mirrors society as any art does (the spectacle of an orchestra paralleling the "theatre" of representative parliament, say) but is by its very nature prophetic; that being such a sensitive, responsive and partially subconscious art form, music can sense the social earthquakes - economic, political or otherwise - long before the rest of us can. Attali insists that the music of the 18th century describes the politics of the 19th. This prophecy is no oracle, though, but rather a warning; the present noise is the future danger.



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There are four stages in the historical development of music according to Attali. The first is sacrifice where "music appears in myth as an affirmation that society is possible." Music is imbedded in ritual. In the second stage, music moves into the market place: "the artist was born at the same time his work went on sale." This is an era of representation, when the musical structure of harmony comes to dominate as it epitomizes the bourgeois, mercantile notion of order and false utopia. Music escaped the dominance of harmony into the realm of repetition, only to find itself in a horrifying echo chamber. This is where we are now, in an age when "performance becomes the showcase for the phonograph record., a support for the promotion of repetition." The marriage of music and technology has created a "monologue of power". "Without the loudspeaker," said Hitler, "we would never have conquered Germany." The commoditization of music has mirrored and even preceded the commoditization of all of our senses, needs, expressions and relations.

Yet, throughout this development, musicians, whether as wandering minstrels or as composers collecting royalties, have remained strangely aloof from their patrons, on the fringes of society and the dominant economy, paralleling the marginal nature of their music. Attali describes (at times with frustrating thoroughness), the historical attempts to integrate musicians into the mainstream economy. The divergent images of the starving artist and the wealthy star attest to the quirky economic nature of musicians. Within this anomaly lies the revolutionary potential of music.

Looking to the future, Attali describes the fourth age of music, that of composition. Believing that "there exists in each person the potential for musical creation," he envisions a point where each person can, and indeed must become his or her own composer. It is here that music turns to face power itself and, with the vibrational force of a billion composers, destroys it. "Composition leads to a staggering conception of history, a history that is open, unstable..." Composition is thus a concept not only of musical creation but of daily creation in each and every part of our lives. The freedom to sing is the freedom to speak, to create and re-create all social relations, to banish all old codes, musical and otherwise. If we all become musicians, then no one is a slave and no one a master.

In the beginning, noise was chaos, to be counteracted by the creation of music which symbolized society and order. Yet even then the music interacted with noise - the crackings and howlings of nature - it

listened to it, learned from it, called to it. Now we are inundated by the monologue of power, Muzak, the top 40, the rhythms of the machine age. There is now a kind of noise that represents rebellion, a crack in the oppressive order that was once harmony. Noise is the listening to oneself, nature's grumbling in your backyard, and then composing from there. We have come full circle; noise is now a friend, a companion of true music.

On a more pragmatic and less theoretical level, Attali discusses the concept of establishing counter-institutions of music to act as a kind of midwife for new forms and new ways of relating to music. As an example, he uses The Jazz Composer's Guild and the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), and in particular the work of Archie Schepp. Though a failure, Attali praises the experiment and underlines its obvious ties to the experimental, spontaneous nature of the Free Jazz Movement and the music it created. Though he warns that that "the self-management of the repetitive is still repetitive," he implies that hand in hand with creative composition, creative counter-institutions must be developed and resistance to the culture industry must be solidified.

Though originally published in France in 1977, *Noise* gives us the tools to discuss a few important musical technologies and phenomena that have emerged since then. MTV (which extends the monologue of power to a visual dimension) is a good case in point. It blinds us as well as deafens us with superficial splendor. It is the same old music adapting to a new technology, colonizing new senses, uniting with other symbols of power. Whatever "political" verses or creative images that may slip in are pounded to death by the beat of drum machines or dissipated by the time the V.J. comes back on.

On "AID" benefit concerts: the libertarian thesis of uniting festival and politics is trashed to a skeletal mimicry when largely



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burned out performers repeat bad versions of dated material to convince middle-class Americans that spending money on vicarious pleasure can indeed be a political act. With few exceptions, the content of this "committed" music has nothing to do with the supposed aim of the benefit. So no one thinks it strange for Linda Ronstadt to sing "It's In His Kiss" at a rally right after a woman speaker delivers a scathing feminist analysis of the patriarchal roots of the arms race. These concerts tend to reinforce tragically failed strategies of dealing with hunger and torture and other global problems while creating the illusion of a politically-based music.

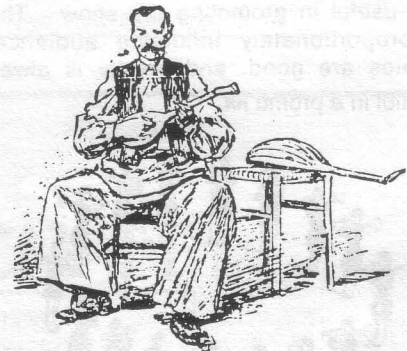
The new technology of the "Walkman" has also proliferated greatly since Attali's book. The physical dimensions of the "monologue of power" have simply become less subtle. The Muzak speaker is no longer hidden in the ceiling. It is between your ear and the mouth of the person standing next to you. There's no need for the state to eavesdrop in such a society: you have got nothing to say, and your neighbor could not hear you even if you did.

Because we have not yet reached the stage of composition, Attali is not yet a musician and herein lies a problem in his analysis of the repetitive stage. He does not credit enough the positive, creative aspects of the recording process. It is so wholly different a thing from performing that it must be examined more on its own terms. There are threads of composition in recording - it is very much like sound sculpture - though the process, in the end, may still be discarded as a consumerist-oriented detour.

Attali also seems to understate the need for community in the state of composition. The theory seems to err in being libertarian to an extreme. Yes, the first impulse in composition can still be pleasure, but pleasure in itself can and must turn outward, and transform into communication. Music must be the creation of community as well as self.

Music is the "heartbeat of a heartless world," to paraphrase Max. It is promise and communication. It is sirens singing and a cop siren wailing, lullabies and national anthems, inspirations and excuses. It is as Attali states, "a battle field." It is rock and roll, the ultimate rebel music turned Voice of America, a melody trying to transcend the alienation of modern life with the very sounds of alienation itself: the sharp, inorganic, metallic screeches of electric guitar, bass and drums that make us all feel so "connected." Music can be a diversion or a challenge. "Born to Lose or Born to Win," said Woody Guthrie. It can be redemptive or the chorus of our own damnation. Attali pleads: Transform the world into an art form and life into a shifting pleasure. Will a sacrifice be necessary? Hurry up with it - while we are still within ear-shot - because the world, by repeating itself, is dissolving into noise and violence.

Johnathan Stevens



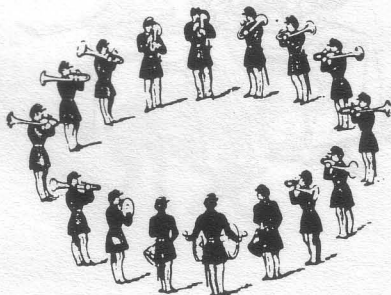
A View From The Bridge: Advice From A Club Owner

by Jonathan Stevens

Jordi Herold is owner of The Iron Horse in Northampton, Massachusetts, and for the past seven and a half years has been producing both up-and-coming and national acts seven nights a week in his small coffeehouse. The Iron Horse has a great reputation as a *listening* room, where attention is paid to the music played and to the words being sung. The owner's contribution to this atmosphere, in decor, lighting, sound and staff training, reflect his attitude: "It says here in the fine print that my life should be about music, not about sitting behind a desk." We recently discussed the booking process; his perspective on it from 'the other side,' and any advice he might give follows:

My process for booking is basically the same as other clubs. I advise people to *call* before sending any material, to find out the contact person's name, the timing of the process, to see if it's the kind of club you want to play in. Then send a promotional kit. I look for a certain professional attitude with these things. I get over 300 demo tapes a year and listen to most of them on fast forward. What you hear in the first chord is usually what the whole song is. Include three or four songs, a contrast is good, and, to tell you the truth, sometimes I would rather have a gig tape or rehearsal than a studio tape to get the true feel of a performer. I'm psychologically affected by applause on a demo--not your friends in a studio, but a heartfelt audience response.

Performers looking for a booking are selling themselves as an act, and I need to turn around and sell them to a potential audience. They need to meet me half-way in this process. Reviews and press clippings don't necessarily impress me, but are useful in promoting the show. They disproportionately influence audiences. Photos are good, and brevity is always useful in a promo *kit*.

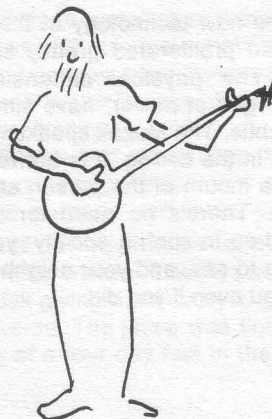


An album rather than a tape is not always more influential to me. A major label does mean that a company is pushing them and a self-produced album tells me that this person takes themselves seriously. But I'm still idealistic enough to want to listen as carefully to an un-labelled scotch demo tape as to a record.

Performers need to prove how or why an audience will show. A club has \$100+ of overhead a night. It's different than a church hall run on volunteer labor. An act should mention their networks, their local following. Anything you can mention that the club owners can use to get an audience is useful.

Almost half the acts booked here do not have agents. Agents can use a certain leverage at times, and are less 'attitudy'--they have less ego involved. Performers can occasionally charm you into a booking, but agents won't take it personally when you say "no". Performers should ease off sometimes and view the relationship as a long-range thing. It's my club, my bookings. Don't try and get the owner on the defensive.

There's two things I can think of to make the owner/performer relationship more cooperative, less antagonistic. The first is simple *communication*, just talking, making it a human dialogue. Just some small talk and contact with the staff before a show goes a long way to making the performer feel more at home and making us more at ease. The second is a consciousness of the *give-and-take* aspect of the relationship. The performer should be aware of how much the club has taken in for the evening, knowing that the club needs to do well in order for the artist to keep working.



There's been a syndrome with local performers that the energy of the first show is often great, but the challenge has been to sustain and build a following. In the past five years, it's seemed much harder for local groups to keep a following. It's not the artist as much as the community, I think. Northampton is more of an entertainment center for national acts now. My strategy has been to 'pile' people, that is to split sets between local performers on 'locals' nights.

The *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* is an ambitious project. An all-encompassing democratic project that joins performers of great reputation with total unknowns. I'm impressed by the willingness to share the limelight. I see it as a documentation of the scene, and, at best, calling attention to unrecognized talent. Culturally, it's important and I think major labels are beginning to watch. It focuses on scenes for scouts to check out. During the 50's and 60's, Decca and Vanguard and others were signing people all the time, but that's not happening now. *Fast Folk* fills somewhat of a vacuum. I believe that anything that provides a support for performers is good and helps the clubs. It provides the performers with more concentrated energy for writing and playing.



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Giving Credit

by Christine Lavin

This past year I attended a number of folk festivals, and noticed something which, as a songwriter, irked me. There are some wonderful folk performers who are not known for their own songs but are primarily interpreters of others' works. Now, good interpreters are worth their weight in gold, or even gold records (take Judy Collins' version of "Both Sides Now," which launched Joni Mitchell's career). But many times, in performance, I witnessed performers sing someone else's song without giving the writer credit. In festival situations with large crowds where there might be first-time listeners, some audience members might just think that the performer doing the song is the person who wrote it.

Since I would hope that this is not the performers' intent but just an oversight, I won't name names, but in January at the Lisner Auditorium in Washington, D.C. in front of over a thousand people, I heard a performer sing Peter & Lou Berryman's "When Did We Have Sauerkraut," get a wildly enthusiastic reception, and not mention the authors. That same song was performed at the Berklee Center in Boston in front of 1,600 people by someone else and again no mention was made of the Berrymans. At the Vancouver Folk Festival I heard it once more by someone else who failed to mention the authors' names. I bet there are a lot of people out there who would want to see the Berrymans in concert, but don't know they wrote that song, simply because the above performers, for whatever reasons, didn't take the time to give credit to the song's authors. So, if you are a performer, doing a Berryman song - or any song other than your own - think: Folksong writers, as a group, are probably on the lowest end of the earning scale in the music industry. By simply mentioning authors' names on stage you make it that much easier for them to get a gig in that same club where you are singing their song. Name recognition will boost their record sales. You will be helping them to earn a better living. And they just might write you some more great songs in return.

On a somewhat related topic, something else I noticed at festivals is the seeming lack of interest shown by some performers in what else is happening on stage besides their own performances. One glaring example is the 1985 Newport Folk Festival where Judy Collins sang Steve Goodman's "City of New Orleans" less than an hour after Arlo Guthrie (who had a hit record with it)

sang his version. The audience was rather an immigrant's struggle to make it in this cool in its response to Ms. Collins' version, country. It was a new song, and one that he thought she sang it very well. How she sang with conviction, and to this day he didn't know or wasn't told (by her manager probably doesn't know why it was received or someone who knew her planned set) that with so little enthusiasm by the crowd. If Mr. he had done it already was a definite Massengill's songs hadn't been so fresh in oversight. Folk festivals foster a feeling of their minds, they might have liked his more, comradere, togetherness on stage - Judy but his song paled in comparison. He would Collins' set was on the Vegas side of folk as have known not to perform it if he had heard it was, and since she was the last performer Mr. Massengill's set, but he was backstage of the day, many took the repeat of "City of New Orleans" as their cue to pack up the picnic basket and head to the car.

At a folk concert in the Kennedy Center this summer, David Massengill opened the show with a set that included two of his strongest songs - "The Great American Dream" and "#1 in America" - powerful songs dealing with the struggle to make it in this country: in the former, just struggling to survive, in the latter, becoming #1 through the oppression of others. Both songs are lengthy and filled with striking poetic images, showing off Mr. Massengill's writing at its very best. The very next performer sang a song in the middle of his set about

relaxing in a lounge with the stage speaker turned off while David was onstage. Now some performers might find it impossible to listen to whomever is on immediately before them, but again, this is an instance where a manager, or a side musician, or a friend, could do the listening for them. An individual's set is important, but in a festival it is part of a whole, and the more aware performers are of what has transpired before they take the stage, the better they can plan their sets and the better understanding they will have of the audience's mood. And, without doubt, the more fun they will have. And isn't that the bottom line?

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Keeping my hands upon the wheel.
Strapping on my coat and tie
To let you know I'm a serious guy
While I'm keeping inside the things I feel.

I look into the young ones' eyes,
Let them help me realize
I'm forgetting what the world is for.
How can I ever want more
When we've got

The beauty of the children shining everywhere.

The yellow turns to grey.
The magic fades away,
Weaker with every year we age.
We explain the things we see.
We keep reality locked
Like a bird inside a cage.

Look into the young ones' eyes.
Let them brighten up your skies.
Let them tell you what you're living for.
How can you ever want more
When we've got

The beauty of the children shining everywhere.

They say what's on their minds.
They draw outside the lines.
They know a thousand ways to spend the day.
Can you remember what you knew
When you were only two?
Can the child in you come out to play?

Look into the young ones' eyes.
Let them brighten up your skies.
Let them tell you what arms are for.
How can you ever want more
When we've got

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NOW I'M A CONTRA

I started out lonely and small, didn't have no future at all
looked like life was gonna be hard,
then I started workin' for the National Guard....

CHORUS

(Shoot 'em an' shut up) Now I'm a Contra,
(Yea, just shoot 'em an' shut up) I do what I wanta'
(Yea, little babies) Yea, to women an' children
(Let me at 'em) let me at 'em, I'll kill them.

In Nicaragua, for forty-five years, I paralyzed the people with fear,
the families I tortured and robbed,
'til the revolution put me out of a job....

CHORUS

Now I got me a new employer, big on power an' paranoia,
He's tryin' to stop the spread of Communism
Wherever it is or wherever it isn't....

CHORUS

© 1986 R. Iacovelli

NIÑOS DEL SALVADOR

Dime si sentiste la mirada de amos
de los niños de el Salvador
ilends de esperanza, de cariño y valor
dando el pecho a la razon

Dime si hace falta que te diga
en que puedes ayudan,
cuando mas apoyo necesitan
todos esos niños defendiendo su tierra.

Dime si hace falta que te diga
Wantas vidas les consto
Wantas esperanzas ya perdidas
que arnque a golpes
El amor recobro-

© 1987 Jose Pache Cruz

CHILDREN OF EL SALVADOR

Tell me if you catch the lovely look
of the children of El Salvador
Full of hope, affection and courage
giving their hearts to the truth

Tell me if you need me to explain
on which side to fight?
How can we betray
all of these children defending
their land?

Tell me if you need me
to explain how many lives it costs?
How many hopes have been lost
or mistreated
Yet, they are full of love.

SUNGLASSES IN THE SHADE

Come join me in this mountain pageantry
In the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade.

High in the Smokies on a dark cloudy day
Newlyweds boasting, in the shade, in the shade
I hear a lady, she's mildly complaining
Her glasses are tinted, she wishes it weren't raining
The mountains look different, wishes she weren't wearing
In the shade, in the shade, wearing her sunglasses in the shade

Black glasses like cheating, a mirror repeating, repeating
In the shade

You come up the mountain just as I'm coming down
It's cool, dark and cloudy, you're wearing a frown
You're wearing sunglasses, the rain starts to come down
A drop on your eyeglass, we speak as we pass
I said, where are you going? Your sadness is showing
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade

Black glasses like cheating, a mirror repeating, repeating
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade

We fight in close quarters in our automobile
enclosed by our anger, sunglasses at the wheel
We hide behind sunglasses, it's like madness
I can't see your sadness, I have you to thank
For the answers I find trying to fill in the blanks
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade.

God grant me the serenity
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade

Newlyweds wake at the inn on the mountain
It's eggs over easy but tension is mounting
I felt so shy, my eyes telling I cried
A new bride in sunglasses sits at my side
Her eyes are shaded, shadowed and shaded
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade

Come join me in this mountain pageantry
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade

In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade
Black glasses like cheating, a mirror repeating, repeating
In the shade, in the shade, wearing sunglasses in the shade.

© 1987 Jill Turner

THE RIVER SWIFT

I'll never stop loving you
And I couldn't even if you asked me to
Do you remember on the popping moon
How the sun shone down on the crystal pool
How the ships came sailing in
How the birds began to sing
All heaven's glory
Dazzled the eye
How the River Swift keeps rolling
Far from these prisons' scarlet walls

They said it was a sailing ship
But it sailed on the line of the dead and the quick
Mama mama won't you come here quick
There's a light shining down 'bout to make me sick
How the river shone like fire
How the light flashed in the tower
All heaven's glory
Dazzled the eye
How the River Swift keeps rolling
Far from these prisons' scarlet walls

They said a voice began to speak
And the words were in a line
They said a singing sound came down
And the words were all in rhyme
And they said that it spoke of love
And they said that it spoke of love
When there's peace on earth
When there's truth on earth

You've heard it on your tv screen
How the light came down and that crazy scene
100 million years ago
When Mary and Joseph went to Mexico
How the people fell at their feet
How their words were oh so sweet
There was nothing real
It was all done with mirrors
How the River Swift keeps rolling
Far from these prisons' scarlet walls
How the River Swift keeps rolling
Far from these prisons' scarlet walls

© 1987 Joel Zoss

DOWN BESIDE ME

Down in the valley, we're dancing a time-ridden song
Riding the crest of a tune that we can't hide for long
The rhythm's so constant
It comes and it goes like the sun

But oh, I can see
The lines on our faces ring clear to me
Alone we bear numbing cry, whispered fear

Painting old faces that dive from the setting sun
Claiming the tides of sorrows past as our own
They roll from the hilltops
The tumbling dust settles down

And all earth, sun, and sea creatures die
To branch the ancient tree
Our roots tied with time
Tired hands search for rhyme

Down beside me
There's warmth to find here
You're all that's human
Come ride the storm clear
With me

Let's open our eyes to the freedom that lies just beyond
The gifts we each bear are the answers to each other's songs
Give out your true callings as free as our births brought us home

And now is time
To break down the walls that keep our world from rhyme
Although your eyes show fear
I am constant right here

Down beside me
There's warmth to find here
You're all that's human
Come guide the storm clear
With me

© 1987 W. Strauss



I HAD A DREAM

I had a dream this morning
Weaving through my sleep
It came to me without warning
Cause there you were with me
Your chestnut hair caressed my pillow
As you were sleeping safe and warm
I had a dream this morning
That you loved me once more

And I could swear I heard you laughing
We smiled the day away
But as the sun was slowly sinking
I turned to you to say
Now I know what I've been missing
And I hope you're here to stay
And I could swear I heard you laughing
As I watched you fade away

Do you ever think about me
Do I cross your mind
And are you lonely there without me
Or are you doing fine
Are your nights still cold and lonely
You keeping warm with someone else
Do you ever think about me
When you're by yourself

Then the sun came through my window
It made me open up my eyes
Lord I had a dream this morning
It made me cry

© 1986 Jim Henry

SIDE BY SIDE TWO

CREATION LAND

I wrote a poem
about a tree
and how it felt
to be so free
they put the words
in a book on a shelf
now I gots to pay
just to read myself

CHORUS:

Off of the wall
and into the street
out of your head
and into your feet
Out of your pocket
and into your hand
dance your way
to the Creation Land

I painted a picture
of the morning sky
and of the clouds
that float so high
in a museum
it now stands
the air around it
a guard commands

CHORUS

I sang a song
for your feet to dance
but they pressed it on vinyl
before you had a chance
Put your coin in the jukebox
put your earphones on
got to tune out the world
just to hear this song.

CHORUS

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Jonathan Stevens

FALLING IN LOVE

Lying at night in the feeling
That I don't know
What I thought it would be

Watching the trembling eyes
Of a woman who
Thought she was falling in love

Falling in love, falling in love
Falling in love, ain't what it used to be.

Wanting the love in the morning
And I'm walking
Around on hands and knees

Hunger for something inviting
Terrified
That you'll get up and leave

Get up and leave, Get up and leave
Get up and hide.

And I want to go back
To where it feels so good
And I'm shaking so bad
That I wonder if I should
Be here with you, here with you
Here with you

Turning the way that I'm looking
Into your eyes
Calling after me

Hoping for something so light
All aboard
And I'm walking away

Lying at night in the feeling
That I don't know
What I thought it would be

Watching the trembling eyes
Of a woman who
Thought she was falling in love

Falling in love, falling in love
Falling in love, ain't what it used to be.

© 1987 Janet Feld

THE WALL

Wall in Washington
Let the Wall cry.
Etched in granite,
Let the Wall cry.
Every name,
Let the Wall cry.
Died in Vietnam.

Pointed finger,
Let the Wall cry.
That was my brother,
Let the Wall cry.
That was my sister,
Let the Wall cry.
Died in Vietnam.

Some came back,
Let the Wall cry.
But didn't survive,
Let the Wall cry.
Spirits broken,
Let the Wall cry.
Broken in Vietnam.

All were young,
Let the Wall cry.
So much hope,
Let the Wall cry.
Genius lost,
Let the Wall cry.
Lost in Vietnam.

End all walls,
Let the Wall cry.
No more names,
Let the Wall cry.
In all lands,
Let the Wall cry.
No more, no more.

Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
Its monumental pain.
Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
They did not die in vain

© 1985 Topshelf Songs
Dan Kantak and Al Libera

L'HISTOIRE EST DANS LA VIE
(Les Saisons Perdues)

Refrain:
L'Histoire est dans la vie
La vie est dans le vent
Les aïeux soupirent
De voir les enfants
Dans leur cages d'argent

De la terre au metier
De l'étable au chantier
On a quitté les sons familiers
Les sons de toutes les années

Les saisons perdues dans les moulins
Les reins bruïles dans les sapins
On a perdu le son des matins
Ils se sont tous éteint.

Entre l'histoire et l'espoir
Entre le jour et le soir
On y entend les sons devenus blanc
et noir
Tous les sons de nos memoires.

Les exiles du monde entier
Des Bayou et des Grand Pré
De St. Denis, territoire occupé
Parcourent les pays étrangers.

A la bouche du Mississippi
L'histoire lache son dernier cri
Venu des entrailles du pays
La vie s'envole dans la nuit
Mais une flamme jaillit, écoutez
Par les Vents d'Antant affolée
Le silence des esprits
Des aïeux troublés
Chante mon coeur, ma voix liberée.

© 1987
Words by Yvon Labbe
Music by Josée Vachon

HISTORY IS IN LIFE ITSELF
(The Lost Seasons)

Refrain:
History is in life itself
Life is in the wind
Ancestors sigh to see the children
Wrapped up in their money cages.

From the land to the loom
From the stable to the forest
We left familiar sounds
Sounds from all the years.

Seasons lost in the mills,
Bucks burned out in the woods,
We lost the morning sounds
They have all deadened.

Between history and hope
Between day and night
We hear sounds that have turned black
and white
Sound from our memories.

Exiles from the world
From the Bayous and the Grand Prix
From St. Denis, occupied land,
They travel through foreign lands.

At the mouth of the Mississippi
History unleashes its last cry
It came from the guts of the land
And life flies off in the night,
But a flame flickers, listen
From the winds of time,
The silence of the spirits and
troubled ancestors,
Let my heart sing and my voice be
free.

EVEN ANGELS FALL

Heaven's young bride
Has been poisoned by pride
Like an innocent slain in it's youth

Once the chosen, the blessed
Once the time-honored guest
Once the champion of all that is truth

But the bridegroom is exiled in grief
And returns in the night as a thief
Removing her shawl
In spite of it all
Even angels fall...

The land is diseased
While her power is pleased
Her idols delighting the Age

Over land, sea, and air
She traffics her wares
And pulls shut the doors of the cage

Her lovers rise out of her bed
And bow to the crown on her head
Prostrated they crawl
In spite of it all
Even angels fall...

Through the ruins of conscience
And talks she walks
While Nero's mad violin weeps

The multitudes roar
Like waves pounding the shore
A darkness hangs over the deeps

Her messengers tremble in fear
And announce that the end must be near
But she's deaf to the call
In spite of it all
Even angels fall...

The moon leaps over the hills
And spills
Soft light silhouetting her form

As the night breezes blow
And the sky fills with snow
Trumpet blasts herald the storm

Her majesty looks down and grins
Now thoroughly drunk on her sins
She's rebuilding the wall
In spite of it all
Even angels fall...

© 1986 C. Hovey

RECORD REVIEWS

It's the mid Eighties, the waning years of the most trying century in the history of the west. In the most technologically advanced nation in the world, in the dark mechanical canyons of the new metropolis, you can find a man singing his songs off the beaten path to small audiences in small rooms. In the midst of unprecedented advances in knowledge, and the boom of a great cosmopolitan culture, he prefers to keep things simple and among friends. He believes things are going to have to change. Soon.

Things are not so rosy right now. The country is still trying to recover from an expensive and unsuccessful war halfway around the world; the debt is high, morale is low. The world's greatest military power thwarted by guerrilla tactics, a flow of arms and aid from rival superpowers, and divisive public opinion at home. And now, the socialist movement threatens in its own back yard, and there is a storm of controversy over covert attempts to put down a people's revolution. National Security? The country's leader has no aptitude for facts or policy. He grows senile in office.

New technologies threaten jobs, and a rash of workers' strikes and violent demonstrations breaks out. An inspired wave of originality in the arts at the beginning of the century has long since fizzled out. The great works of the teens and '20s have become the models for insipid imitation for decades. Prizes proliferate for conformity and mediocrity, but our singer does not pander to the public or the critics - none of this over-refined, over-produced stuff that anyone can make. He prefers to be political, to write sweet melodies, fierce melodies, celebrating the joys of innocence and childhood or telling its suffering, without sentimentality and without cynicism.

The time? The 1780s. England under George III. The American Revolution finished, the French Revolution threatening across the channel. The Luddites smashing looms, Dryden, Swift and Pope dead, Grubb Street and the Royal Academy thriving. Why - sound familiar? Our sweet singer: William Blake. His immortal songs: Songs of Innocence and of Experience.



GREG BROWN
Songs of Innocence and of Experience
RedHouse Records

Greg Brown's recording of Blake's most popular poems (which Blake originally sang before engraving and illustrating them in a few dozen hand-painted books) appears to be a very timely album. It is also a beautiful one, and a much needed one.


There is a history of trying to record Blake's songs, but none of the efforts so far has been as successful or as encompassing as Brown's. None, at least, have remained so true to the spirit of the originals. After all, "Introduction," the first poem in the printed collection and the opening selection on the album, ends with

And I picked a hollow reed
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Ev'ry child may joy to hear.

In the past, composers have tried to turn Blake's poems into art songs. Benjamin Britten's settings of "The Sick Rose" and "Ah! Sunflower" are particularly haunting, especially as sung by counter-tenor Peter Pears. Allen Ginsberg has done some inspired chanting of a number of Blake's songs, but with his ragged voice, who would really want to listen to them for pleasure? In fact, the songs seem mostly to tempt mystical renderings. As far as I know, only the Fugs, of all groups, have done versions of a few Blake songs that ring true in their simplicity. Now, if only I could find those recordings...

Greg Brown has devoted an entire album to Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, devoting a side to each, sixteen songs total. The solution Brown has used in rendering them is a combination of old world folk melodies and idioms native to American folk - rags, blues, and boogie. Greg Brown's stomping grounds. The instrumentation is simple - almost entirely voice and guitar backed by a strong string bass, fiddle and mandolin. Occasionally a wistful panpipe in "Infant Joy" or a harsh overblown harmonica in "The Tyger." Here are Blake's songs the way he might have sung them - joyful, fierce, simple, with the voice of a bear which can be either tender or scary. I have to think that Brown's two daughters are responsible in no small part for the inspiration that went into this album. I imagine daddy trying them out on the kids, fashioning them for their delight. And their education.

The selection of songs includes many classics - poems which should be an inseparable part of our everyday language, as passages of Shakespeare are. "Introduction," "The Chimney Sweeper," "Night," "The Lamb," "The Tyger," "The Poison Tree," "Ah! Sunflower," and "London" are all here. The only major poems that seem to be missing are "The Sick Rose" and the narrative series about the little boy and girl, lost and found. Each song on the album is treated as a unique work, given a setting that brings it to life. "The Lamb" has an Eastern-European feel, perhaps Greek pastoral, with the mandolin scored in a way that recalls the balalaika or the bazouki. "The Ecchoing Green," is a playful boogie-woogie number about children sporting on the green, which slows to a halt as it contemplates the children growing up. "London" becomes a swelling hymn with an organ-like sound:



*I got nothing I wouldn't lose to keep
on singin' the blues...*

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Little Joe Blue

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does
flow

And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear
In every voice, in every ban
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage
hearse.

It always seems to be easier to set the
Songs of Experience to music. They are
more complex, more fiery, more ironic.
They can be made to sound grand,
mysterious, powerful. But the real test of an
artist setting Blake's songs to music is to
understand a song like "London" with all its
dark reverberation in the context of, say,
"Infant Joy."

I have no name
I am but two days old
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name
Sweet joy befall thee

Pretty joy
Sweet joy but two days old
Sweet joy I call thee
Thou dost smile
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee

These must be the simplest lyrics ever
written by a major poet, and they are the
real challenge to the composer. But Greg
Brown pulls it off with elan. Its lilting
quickness and Brown's papa bear voice
remind me of his song which begins "I'm a
man who's rich in daughters," in which he
quotes his youngest daughter saying "Wah,
wah, wah, wah, wah, wah." I don't
know of another performer who could get
away with this album - it takes someone with
a genius that won't be hidden under a hat.



someone unafraid to take over even Blake
for personal use and interpretation. Along
with "The Chimney-Sweeper," "Infant Joy" is
one of my favorites on the album.

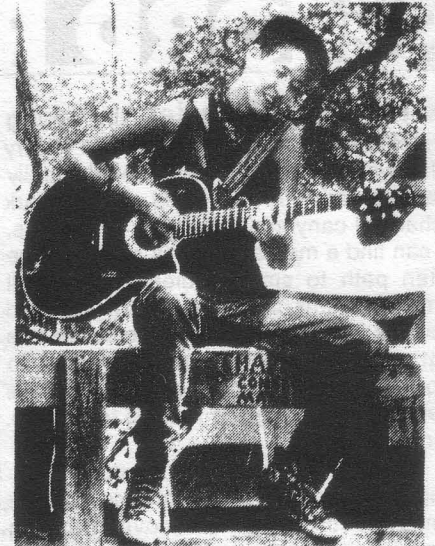
My only criticism of Brown's setting of Blake
is that sometimes the words feel crammed
into his rhythms, or get rushed and run
together. A line like "The mind-forged
manacles I hear" ends up "the MIND forged
MANacles i HEAR." And the second half
of verses in "Night" get speeded up to
double time, even when the vision reaches
toward the sublime, as in the famous lines
about the predators falling on the sheep:

But if they rush dreadful
The angels most heedful
Receive each mild spirit
New worlds to inherit.

It becomes a quick mouthful, and the
meaning is easy to miss.

If you are captivated by Blake and his vision,
as more and more people are these days,
this album is a must. It is a great way to
memorize the poetry that has haunted you
for so long, and gives it a temporal body that
will stay not only in your head but will dance
in every fiber of you. It is also a vehicle that
will introduce Blake to thousands who have
not found his poetry yet. And this is equally
welcome, and perhaps more needed. It is
also a fine record to have around for
children. In a world of Care Bears and
Transformers, these songs are a remedy
that treat children as beings with spirits, who
have deep desires, deep fears, and many
questions. Brown's record makes Blake's
clear simple eloquence accessible to
everyone. Both its seriousness and its fun
are inspired, as only Greg Brown can be
inspired. I wonder if he, or anyone, will ever
be able to tackle Blake's longer poems, and
bring them a dramatic life outside the
obscure pages of the artist's visionary
illustrations.

by Hugh Blumenfeld



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
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The Texas Campfire Tapes showcases
twelve of Michelle's own songs
accompanied only by acoustic guitar, the
incessant chirping 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
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MANUEL SALVADOR

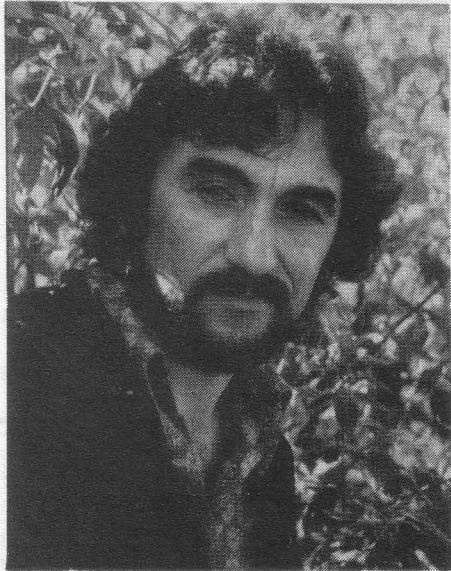
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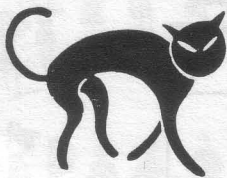
ON THE RECORD



JOSÉ PACHE CRUZ, a Puerto Rican vocalist, guitarist and composer performs music in the tradition of Puerto Rican and Latin American Nueva Cancion, music that features lyrics of social struggle and rhythms, instruments and musical styles of Puerto Rico and other Latin American countries.

A former member of *Haciendo Punto En Otro Son*, Pache moved to the US from Puerto Rico in 1983. Since then, he has performed Latin American Nueva Cancion in festivals, coffeehouses and colleges throughout the Northeast.

Pache's recent projects include the formation of the group, *Caribombo*, and the coordination of, and participation in, *A Traves de las Rejas*, a collective album of works by Puerto Rican Nueva Cancion artists.



JILL TURNER is a Northampton, MA based singer/songwriter. She is working out of her home studio and recording and performance projects. She teaches a songwriting program for students called *Set Your Own Chickens Free* with support from the Mass. Council for the Arts. "Sunglasses In The Shade" is a song about eloping to North Carolina. She would like to thank Edwina Askew and Kendall Kardt for assistance and support.

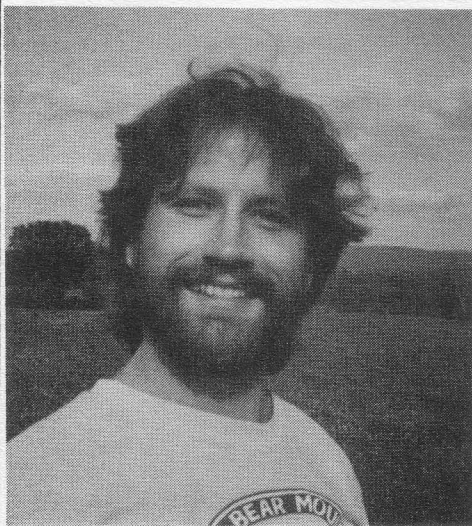
WALTER STRAUSS has finally become a college student, living in Montague, Massachusetts. He is presently trying to find ways to help adolescents navigate their way into adulthood through intensive wilderness programs. Walter's musical endeavors include creating and performing folk music, as well as instrumental pieces for guitar and various other instruments. He has performed in the Philadelphia area and in the Pioneer Valley.

"Down Beside Me" was written in one of those ever recurring cycles that go from realizing the burdens and lacks of life to holding fast to inspiration and pulling forward for what we are. It always seems the more you risk giving the more you get living, and vice-versa. The piece was finished on the last leg of a four day fast in the Mojave desert.



JANET FELD and her guitar are currently celebrating their thirteenth anniversary. They are contemplating a second honeymoon trip to either Paris or to Akron, Ohio for the bowling tournament. They are presently living in Northampton, MA and keep the magic alive with frequent excursions to the music store and romantic, mellow evenings, sans espresso, at the Iron Horse.





DAVID HOLMES is a native of Massachusetts, living on a beautiful lake in the hills surrounding the Pioneer Valley. He's been a performing artist for ten years but has recently gone full time as a musician and has become very active in the local music scene. He is a singer, songwriter, an engineer, a producer, and a founding member of the Pioneer Valley Songwriter's Collective. David's music is marked by strong vocals, layered harmonies, and a positive message. Look for him playing solo, in a trio with Jim Henry and Janet Feld, in the band Another Language, and in the New Folk Concerts at this year's Kerrville Folk Festival.



CHRIS HOVEY "It is hard to remember just where and when it all began...like what was before...who I am and where I came from is as mysterious to me as to yourself...a guitar and a beggar's bowl for as long as I can remember...a permanent cast of temporary characters.. and Her, always and always, Her..."

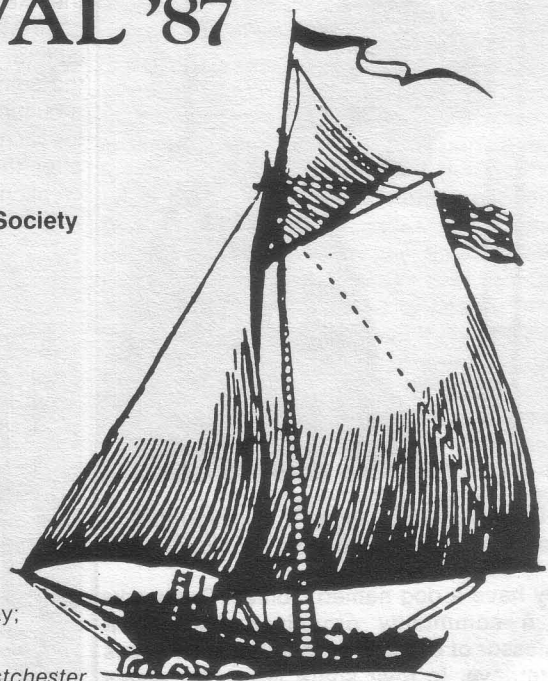
JOEL ZOSS was born in Easton, Pennsylvania on February 19, 1944. After graduating from the University of Chicago in 1966, he traveled and lived in Europe and North Africa. His first work was published in England and New York in the late sixties. When he returned to the United States in the early seventies his songs attracted attention, were recorded by Bonnie Raitt and others, and Joel began performing extensively, recording an album of his songs for Arista Records in 1975. Occasional pieces of prose continued to be published, including excerpts from his first novel *Chronicle*, which was published in its entirety as an original pocket book by Simon & Shuster in 1980. In 1981 Joel was named a Fellow of Creative Writing by the National Endowment for the Arts, and received a grant toward a new novel, *Elabuqat The Dreamer*, now nearing completion. Recent nonfiction publications include books on furniture and Vietnam. Also active in music as a producer and arranger, Joel is currently combining his prose career with the recording of new songs at Loudville Studio in Easthampton, MA. He is currently under contract to MacMillan Publishing Company for a book about Baseball. Joel's best songs, "Too Long At The Fair" and "I Gave My Love A Candle," were originally recorded by Bonnie Raitt for Warner Bros. Records.

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Utah Phillips
Bonnie Raitt
Jane Sapp
Solomon's Seal
Edwina Lee Tyler &
A Piece of the World
Josh White, Jr.
Cathy Winter

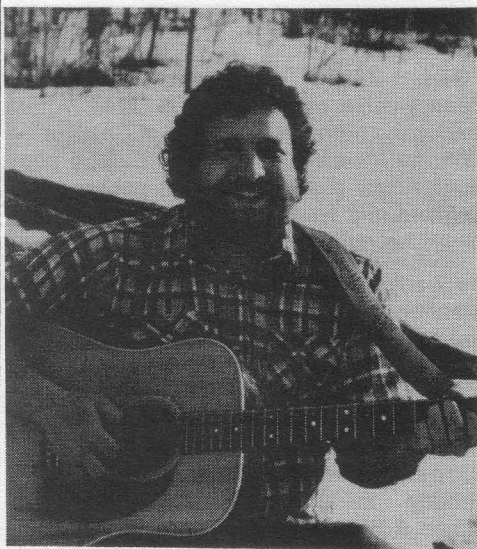


Tickets: In Advance: \$10.50/day, \$18/weekend; Over 60 or disabled-\$6.00/day;
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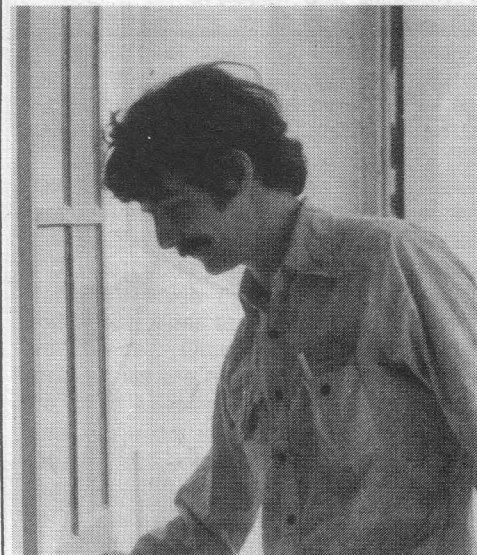
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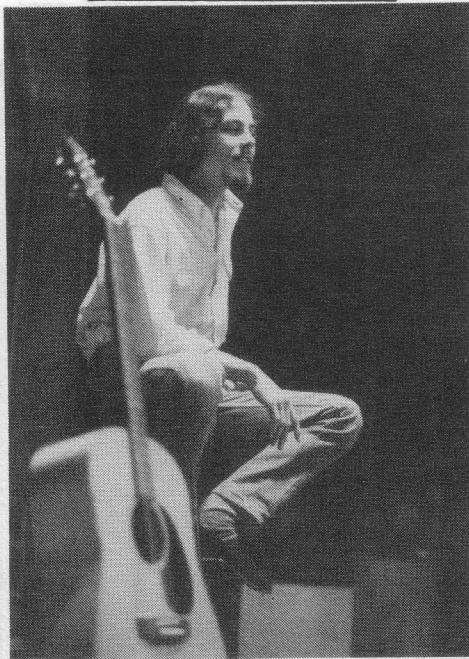


BRUCE PRATT is an engaging and energetic singer/songwriter from Connecticut whose richly timbered baritone and wry sense of humor have made him a favorite throughout the east. Bruce's varied repertoire includes contemporary and traditional folk, country and blues songs, but it is his evocative and lyrical songwriting that stands out most of all. Bruce has three albums; *The Great Teenage Coquille St. Jacques Massacre*, *Raton Sunset*, and the recently released *Waiting On Indian Summer*. He can be reached at Wild Card Entertainment, 13 Old South Street, Northampton, MA 01060. (413) 586 2474.



DOC IACOVELLI lives in Northampton, Mass. He is married to Nola Reinhardt, and

they have a dog named Gomez. Doc works as a community organizer, Nola is a professor of economics, and Gomez refuses to retrieve. In their spare time, Doc writes songs, and Nola jogs with Gomez (who refuses to budge on the retrieving issue).



JOHNATHAN STEVENS: "Creation Land" is the title cut of my first album, which is soon to be released on Flying Fish Records. A white man's intellectual reggae song, it was greatly inspired by New Grass Revival's arrangements of island tunes and a weighty tome of essays on Modernism and contemporary culture.

I was a jewish-presbyterian kid in Montreal, speaking French at school and English at home, till took I off for college in the states. I studied anthropology to the point where it imploded: I wanted to be a cultural worker, not simply and observer. In the summer of 1985 I toured Nicaragua with a cultural brigade from Boston through Arts for Nicaragua. I immediatly became hooked after that glimpse of the closest place to creation land we may ever see.



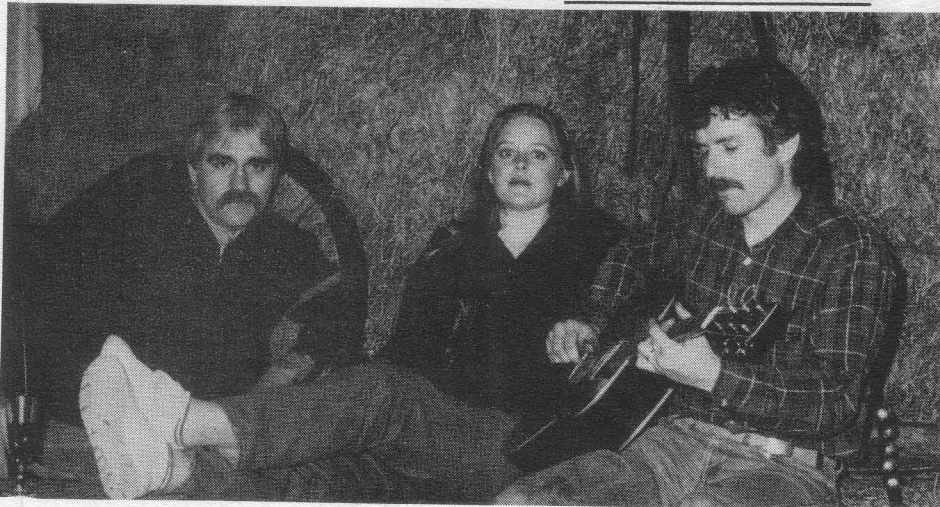
Since 1980, **JOSÉE VACHON** has been singing throughout the Northeast to various audiences. Her voice and presence have become more and more familiar to the French-speaking population at festivals, schools, coffeehouses and in concerts around New England. Her songs reveal life in Quebec, Acadia and the Franco-American world, and she brings to the stage a warm and enchanting voice that delights her audience.

Born in Lac Megantic, Quebec on July 12, 1960, her family moved to Maine when she was seven. Her new home brought to her life, among other things, a new culture - Franco-American - a deep nostalgia for her old country and traditions. At sixteen she taught herself guitar and piano.

Her love of French-Canadian music was greatly appreciated in Maine, where over half the population is French speaking. With growing support from her public she recorded her first album in 1983.

Her compositions tell us about her life her feelings and the experience of French Americans in this country. She has been performing in schools for all age levels, has given musical workshops to language educators, and represented the Franco-Americans at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. She is presently hosting a weekly Franco-American magazine show on local cable TV in Manchester, New Hampshire called *Bonjour*. She can be contacted at (413) 323 6109.

"L'Histoire est dans la vie" was written as a national epic for the French in the U.S. The lyrics were written by **YVON LABBE** who is the Director of the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine at Orono, and Editor of *Le FAROG Forum*, a bi-lingual monthly publication. He can be contacted at (207) 581 3764.



DAN KANTAK is a Poet/Lyricist. He is currently finishing his degree in English at Connecticut State University. He has performed his poetry in concerts and given readings in colleges, high schools, and grammar schools. For the past ten years he has worked for the Department of Mental Retardation for the State of Connecticut as a direct care worker. In 1984 Dan came to Al and gave him some lyrics. Since then they have compiled a portfolio of over fifty songs and look forward to the creation of many more. "The object of our songwriting is to say something meaningful, to express the positive and to entertain with quality musicianship".

AL LIBERA is a singer songwriter. For the past nine years he has been performing in the musical duo, Sleepy Maggie. Sleepy Maggie's idiom is progressive folk. Together with Virginia Johnson, they have traveled throughout New England sharing their music in cabarets, concert halls and festivals.

**A FOOT FORWARD
AN EAR BACK**

FOLK ROOTS

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

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On Saturday, September 26th, the **BOTTOM LINE** presents a one night folk festival featuring four of contemporary folk's finest: **ARCHIE FISCHER** from Scotland, **PATTY LARKIN** from Boston, **CHRISTINE LAVIN** from New York and **GARNET ROGERS** from Canada. Two shows: 7:30 PM & 10:30 PM. Tickets are \$12.50 - Available through the mail by writing to **THE BOTTOM LINE**, 15 West 4th Street, New York, New York 10012. Please add .50 c per order. No personal checks- money orders only. Call the box office(212) 228 7880 for more information.

Announcing a new LP:

C/Ive Pig:

A Sense of the Size of the World

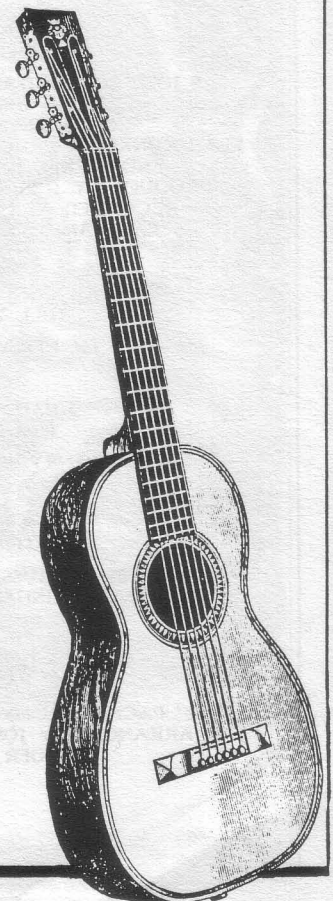
What Pig sounds like (some expert opinions):

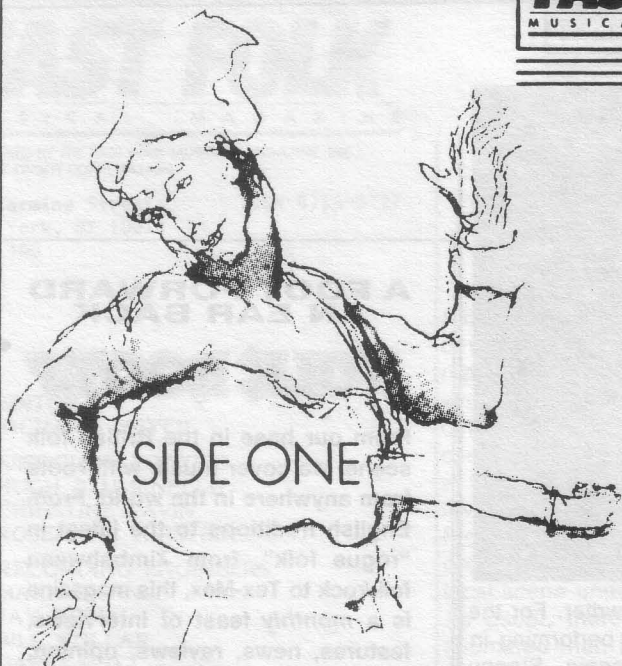
- Mr. Pig sounds like **Dr. Robert** of the **Blow Monkeys** interpreting the songs of **John Otway** -- *New Musical Express (London)*
- ...a sonic mating of **T. Rex** and the **Violent Femmes** -- *Boston Rock*
- ...perhaps a significant answer to **Elvis Costello** -- *Fortnightly College Radio Report*
- ... reminiscent of latter-day **Bowie** crossed with the **3 Mustaphas** -- *Folk Roots (UK)*
- ... **Zappa**-like -- *Jukebox (Sweden)*
- ...**XTC** comparisons are nearly thrust down one's throat -- *Bang!*
- ... remind(s) me of **Syd Barret** or a non-electronic **Legendary Pink Dots** -- *OP*

The best way to find out what Pig sounds like is to buy this record.

"For the insane *a capella* track alone it is worth ordering" -- *B. Hoskyns, New Musical Express*

Look for it in your record store or write:
Hopewell Records, P.O. Box 104, Hopewell, NJ 08525





SIDE ONE

-1-
BEAUTY OF THE CHILDREN
(DAVID HOLMES)

DAVID HOLMES/VOCALS & INSTRUMENTS
RECORDED AT SHUTESBURY STUDIO,
SHUTESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

-2-
NOW I'M A CONTRA
(DOC IACOVELLI)

TOM McLUNG/PIANO
DOC IACOVELLI/VOCALS & INSTRUMENTS

-3-
THE RIVER SWIFT
(JOEL ZOSS)

JOEL ZOSS/GUITARS & LEAD VOCALS
DAVID WERTMAN/BASS
KEITH LEVERALT/DRUMS
LEAH KUNKEL & BRUCE SEIFRIED/YAMAHA DX7
ENGINEERED BY BRUCE SEIFRIED
PRODUCE BY JOEL ZOSS & LEAH KUNKEL
RECORDED AT LOUDVILLE STUDIO,
EASTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

-4-
SUNGLASSES IN THE SHADE
(JILL TURNER)

JILL TURNER/VOCAL & GUITAR

-5-
I HAD A DREAM
(JIM HENRY)

JIM HENRY/VOCAL & GUITAR

-6-
DOWN BESIDE ME
(WALTER STRAUSS)

WALTER STRAUSS/VOCAL & GUITARS
ANDY REINHARDT/HARMONY

-7-
NINOS DEL SALVADOR
(JOSE' PACHE' CRUZ)

JOSE' PACHE' CRUZ/VOCALS & INSTRUMENTS
ARRANGED BY JOSE' PACHE' CRUZ &
ROGER JUAREZ

SIDE TWO

-1-
CREATIONLAND
(JONATHAN STEVENS)

JONATHAN STEVENS/GUITAR & VOCAL
LAURA ANDERSON/PERCUSSION
JIM HENRY/BASS & MANDOLIN
DAVID HOLMES/KEYBOARDS
ENGINEERED BY DAVID HOLMES

-2-
THE WALL
(DAN KANTAK & AL LIBERA)

AL LIBERA/VOCAL & GUITAR
VIRGINIA JOHNSON & ROBERT STANLEY/BACKUP VOCALS
ENGINEERED BY ROBERT STANLEY

-3-
FALLING IN LOVE
(JANET FELD)

JANET FELD/GUITAR & VOCAL
DAVID HOLMES/2ND GUITAR AND BACKUP VOCAL
JIM HENRY/BASS AND BACKUP VOCAL

-4-
EVEN ANGELS FALL
(CHRIS HOVEY)

CHRIS HOVEY/12 STRING GUITAR & VOCALS
DAVID HOLMES/KEYBOARDS
JIM HENRY/BASS
ENGINEERED BY DAVID HOLMES & JIM HENRY
RECORDED AT SHUTESBURY STUDIO,
SHUTESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

-5-
THE ARCHAEOLOGIST'S LAMENT
(BRUCE PRATT & OZONE PETE WILLETT)
PETE WILLETT/12 STRING GUITAR & SOUND EFFECTS
BRUCE PRATT/VOCALS
ENGINEERED BY JEFF SAX
RECORDED AT THE TAPEWORKS,
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

-6-
L'HISTOIRE EST DANS LA VIE
(YVON LABBE'/WORDS & JOSE'E VACHON/MUSIC)

JOSE'E VACHON/VOCALS
BOB GANS/KEYBOARDS
DENNIS BREAU/GUITAR & TAMBOURINE
BILLY BELSKIS/BASS
PRODUCTION: EDWARD BOUCHER,
EAB RECORDINGS, LEWISTON, MAINE
ARRANGED BY DENNIS BREAU