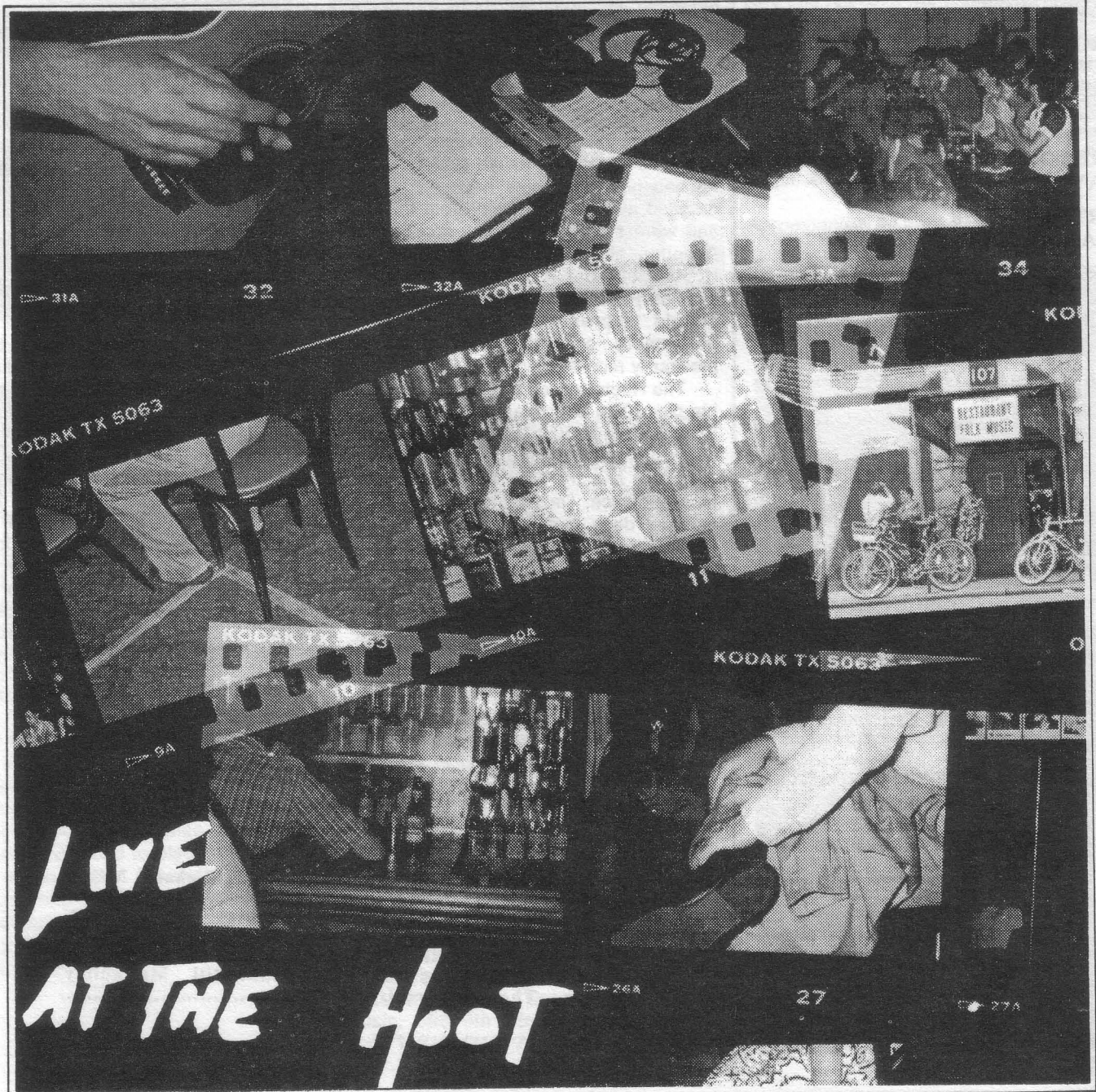


FAST FOLK

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

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FAST FOLK

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

EDITORIAL: On Being Ignored By Richard Meyer

By Richard Meyer

Over the last five years we have planned a lot of records and recorded hundreds of songs in our studios and in the SpeakEasy during gigs by people whose material we have already heard. Usually when a writer records for FAST FOLK they are asked to put down a particular tune, not just to record anything they like. In the case of this album the recording equipment set up by engineers Mark Dann and David Seitz was there to record as much of a typical Monday night Hoot as possible. In a community like the one in the Village there are many regulars at the Hoots and some new faces. Tom Intondi, who booked the club for 1986-7, casually asked some players he had heard to come and record; we dragged a few others away from the bar and were surprised by some first timers. Although club regulars often play the Hoots (and did during this recording session,) we decided that this record should represent recently arrived performers or those who had not previously recorded for FAST FOLK.

The Hoots are, as Mitch Fitzco says in his piece, "the equivalent of a work day." They can be maddeningly funny, farcical, frustrating, enlightening, a great place to hang out and try out new material and new audience. I'm writing now from the editorial desk, but I owe a debt to the Monday night Hoots. In 1983 I began to hang out in the Village after some years away; the Hoot was a place to go to get some stage time and hear what was happening on the street and in the clubs. For months in the '82/83 winter I drew number sixty-five, fifty-seven, and worse.

THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1982 TO DOCUMENT THE WORK OF CONTEMPORARY SINGERS AND 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 COMBINATION LP AND MAGAZINE IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION;

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

(This issue was composed on a Macintosh computer and a laser printer. If you can help us get hold of one of our own, it would help make our lives much easier, and your issues cleaner and more timely. FAST FOLK is staffed by volunteers. Donations to FAST FOLK are tax deductible under section 501(c)3 of the internal revenue code.)

Often I didn't play, since I had to be up early for a day job, but after a while I stood in line and drew number sixty-five and traded it with another hooter who wanted to play late; I got number five. So I played, to a good response, the same two songs I had played (and bombed with) around the corner. The evening's Hootmeister David Massengill told me about the Coop (now Fast Folk) magazine and Rod MacDonald, who booked the club then. I met these guys hanging out, and began to work around the cooperative and on this project. The community and personal contacts developed at the Hoot made me interested enough in the

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songwriting community to discover things like the Cornelia Street writer's exchange and the fact that the Hoot itself was run by the cooperative of musicians at the Speakeasy.

What the Hoot offers a performer that is extraordinary is the opportunity to be ignored. What, you may well ask, is so good about that?

Any artist needs a chance to develop, and performing artists cannot develop the public side of their art in a mirror. They can develop an introverted sense of image, but one which has no real life and one which is based solely on internal responses.

Playing before a live audience is a risk-taking proposition for any performer, and while the stakes may not be as high as playing Carnegie Hall, at each step in a performer's development there is the possibility of failure, rejection and yes, even success. A live audience can feel an artist's showmanship and integrity. Living people, even those stuck behind their drinks and cigarettes, will be able to feel an honest performance even if they don't respond with hype and fame-mongering adulation.

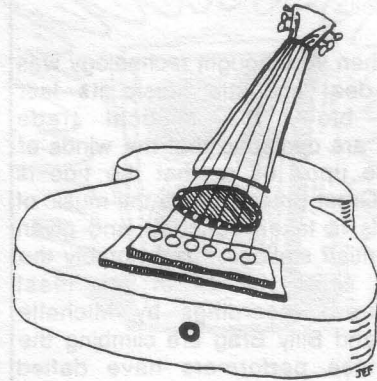
Writing songs in a vacuum may be cathartic and feel 'artistic', but songs, like plays, need performances to give them their life; and to truly receive that life they must be performed in earnest among strangers. Songs tried out on friends are often given good receptions no matter what the real merits of the song may be. An audience of strangers will be a more accurate indicator of the strength of a piece.

Playing only in front of those who will give support through thick and thin, may not really help a writer face weak material. Friendly support will boost confidence and give a person the moral fortitude to get onstage in the first place, but friends are rarely as honest, open minded, and tough as an audience of strangers. Performing a song that is new or untried in public can be a shattering experience. What may have felt seamless and coherent for so long, may really fall apart on stage.

An audience may not get one's references and the story in a song which is very clear inside the singer's head may seem hopelessly obscure to anyone not familiar with the details of that performer's life.

If a performer, on stage, loses heart and get shattered inside because their song isn't doing to strangers what was intended, then the anonymity of a Hoot can be a blessing. Failure can be a great teacher and there will always be another Hoot next week to come back to for

another try. A writer can use the audience as a mirror (and that writer will know when a song has bombed even if the audience claps). Being ignored allows a performer to develop alone, and to get used to the idea of failure, to struggle with a persona as it grows. Arenas like the Hoot are also great to find comradery among other writers, good or bad, who are facing the same business obstacles. It is also a great place for others to become familiar enough with one's development as a writer and performer to be able to offer solid criticism based on shared artistic grounds.



A FOOT FORWARD AN EAR BACK

FOLK ROOTS

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

A 12-issue supply to the U.S.A. costs £15.00 surface or £26.20 by air. £ Sterling cheques/ I.M.O.s* payable to Southern Rag Ltd, P.O. Box 73, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 7UN, England

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**THIS ALBUM
RECORDED LIVE ON
THE FAMILY VCR**

By David Seitz

Just when you thought technology was about to deal acoustic music its last merciless blow, the musical trade magazines are declaring that the winds of change are upon us or that the tide is turning. In Great Britain, where the music of small labels is taken seriously and given airplay (British stations, most notably the BBC are lable blind, or at least sight-impaired) recordings by Michelle Schocked and Billy Brag are climbing the charts. These performers have defied technology; they refuse to couch their messages in wall-of-sound productions. Their performances are raw, imperfect and honest. They constantly expose their quirks and flaws to an audience steeped in pastuerized homogenized recordings.

Unfortunately, most programming directors of commercial radio stations in the U.S. are unwilling to air recordings marketed by independant labels. Commercial stations fear reduced listenership, and so, reduced income from advertisers, if they air material that is even remotely experimental. This amounts to passive censorship. Still, popular programs such as New York's "Idiot's Delight" on K-Rock, " Mixed Bag" on WNEW-FM and a host of syndicated and college radio shows may be the vanguards of change. It may be true that Sunday morning is the dead time in the minds of program directors. However, many of these programs are helping older artists like Donovan to be reunited with their stateside audiences, and new artists like Christine Lavin or Rod MacDonald to create theirs.

At this point, technology itself seems to be playing into the hands of a new sound. Inexpensive, portable, professional quality studios and recorders have contributed to a proliferation of private and independant labels. But the latest innovation - used in recording this issue of FAST FOLK - is the beginning of a new age. The stereo digital processor is a small device that makes it possible to record an individual performer or small ensemble with high fidelity, ease, and most importantly, at a reasonable cost.

About eight years ago, the professional division of the Sony Corporation developed a digital recording system priced at a mere \$50,000. This system included digital editing capabilities, which allowed digital tapes to be edited appropriately for mastering onto a disc. Of course, only a few high-brow studios (the kind that don't record folk music) could afford them. Then, Sony's

consumer division took up the digital recording concept and much of the R & D for the professional recorder to create a compact processor which sounds nearly as good as the expensive system at a fraction of the cost. (Approximately \$1,000).

What Sony developed for the consumer is known as the F1 format digital processor. A digital processor converts sonic information into a series of numbers: 42,000 numbers for each second of recorded music. These numbers are stored on the video portion of a standard half-inch VHS or Beta videocassette. Tape hiss, which is rather substantial on analog recordings, is virtually non-existent because only numbers are being stored, and actual sounds are not being reproduced.

A digital processor is an exceptionnal tool for live recording. With quality microphones, a quiet recording console, and a reliable VCR, the smaller than a breadloaf digital processor creates a precision recording without hiss which can be reproduced indefinitely with no loss of informaton. The only problem with the F1 format is that it cannot be edited - you cannot remove or add applause, delete unwanted cuts or song introductions, etc. However, one can still edit F1 material using one of the two techniques described below.:

Option #1: Expensive

What to do: Transfer F1 format tape to a professional digital tape format at one of the high-brow recording studios that has one. If you are organized - have planned the editing points in advance, know which songs require equalization or sound level

changes, etc. - this can be accomplished for less than \$1,000 in studio time.

Advantages:1) this technique allows all sonic information to be kept in the digital domain, keeping the recording virtually free from tape noise. 2) The record can be advertised as a digital recording, which may boost sales.

Disadvantages: 1) high cost. 2) Some recording engineers (myself included) believe that digital recordings sound more harsh than analog ones. This is caused by inaccuracies inherent in the analog digital conversion. The smooth continuous changes of pitch, tone and volume are approximated by a large number of infinitesimal discreet steps. 3) The

mastering lab must be equipped with a compatible tape format; a tape recorded on a Mitsubishi digital recorder cannot be mastered using a Sony playback system, etc.

Option #2: Inexpensive

What to do: Find a recording studio with a high fidelity two-track stereo recorder capable of operating at 30 inches per second. Route the digital signal through the studio's console to make required EQ and level changes, add reverb, etc. and then transfer it to the analog two-track tape. This stereo analog can then be spliced to taste using a razor blade.

Advantage: 1) low cost; editing is done with a razor blade, not the \$50,000 digital processing system at the high brow studio. The studio need not be digitally equipped at all, if you are bringing the F1 processor and a VCR. 2) One generation of analog tape tempers some of the harshness associated with digital recordings.

Disadvantages: 1) A generation of analog tape introduces some tape hiss into the final product, though mixing to an analog master at 30 inches per second minimizes this. 2) one can no longer advertise the product as a digital recording.

For this album we used the second option and spent some time simulating the live concert atmosphere, splicing applause and matching ambient room noise between songs. It is quicker and easier to fade during applause and leave blank space between cuts but a lot of the live concert feeling is lost that way.

As with any direct to two track recording, stereo digital recording has disadvantages if more than two instruments are being recorded. (a vocal is considered an instrument). The relative volume of parts recorded on the same track cannot be changed in the final mix. For instance, if I were to record a duo with the guitar and male vocal on one track and the bass and female vocal on the other, I would be in a bind if upon editing and mixing the tape, I thought the guitar was to loud relative to the male voice. I could however, raise the female voice in relation to the male vocal, though this would raise the bass as well. By adjusting equalization settings in the low

frequencies the level of the bass could be raised or lowered without affecting the female vocal in the upper register. Another way to record the above ensemble would be to put both voices on one track and both instruments on the other, making it easier to adjust the overall voice-instrument balance. However, the stereo effect of placing vocals left and right would be lost by this track assignment.

The bottom line is that you can't "fix it in the mix" - you essentially perform a live mix with stereo digital recording. If our duo performer steps back from the microphone, the engineer must compensate by raising the level of the mic, otherwise the vocal will be drowned out at that point by the instrument, and there is little way to raise it later.

Digital recording is also more critical than analog recording in some respects. A peak in level on an analog recording produces only mild distortion, while the same peak in a digital system may result in severe distortion. Therefore "peaky" instruments (vocals, for example) should be run at

conservative levels and with a limiter compressor when possible. Ideally, you would be able to record a live performance from a sound proof room, using a pair of accurate studio monitors instead of headphones, which reproduce bass badly. Barring that, you'd want to be far from the stage, using the heavy (and uncomfortable) cup type headphones, so that you'd only be mixing what is actually coming through the system, without any acoustic leakage. You'd also want to be familiar with the musicians that you were recording and event he set list, in order to predict what kind of adjustments would be required and when. Lastly, it is good to have two recording engineers present; believe me, there is a lot to do and it all has to be done quickly. Decision-making is instantaneous, and the quality of the recording rests on the adequacy of these decisions.

In actuality the recording conditions for this album did not meet all the specifications outlined above. The SpeakEasy is still a smokey folk club, it has no sound proof control room and we worked close to the performers (using standard headphones). Even under these normal conditions, with new performers every two songs, we were able to get a mix that is generally good, with sharpness and fidelity.

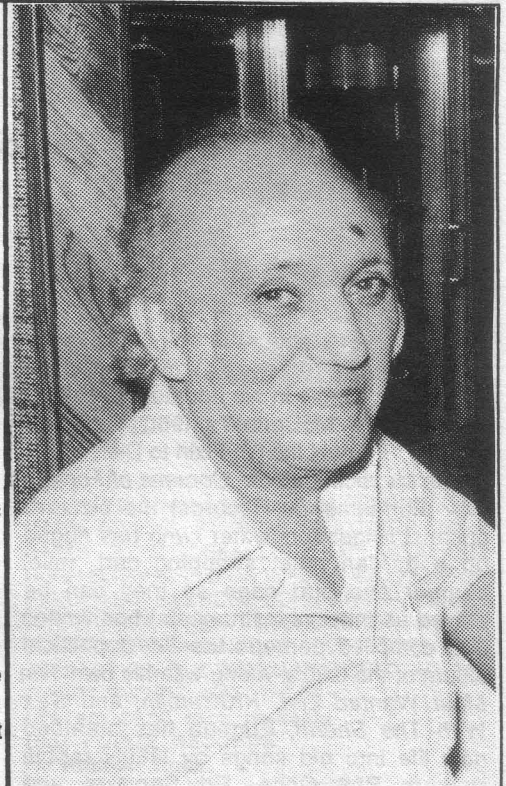
Stereo digital recording, then is of extremely high fidelity and low cost, but is not easy to do well. It is very difficult to arrive at an instantaneous mix during a live performance. However, a modification of

stereo digital recording technique offers more versatility. It is possible to make 4-track recordings on standard Hi-fi VCRs (which run about \$700 these days). On standard VCRs, the audio tracks are useless for high fidelity recordings, but the Hi-fi VCRs can make quality analog recordings on these tracks. Many of these machines - The NEC used in this project, for example - offer Dolby noise reduction. Now each instrument in a duo can have its own track and you can worry about the details of the mix later - as is done in professional studios. The vocals, which are mixed higher and have more dynamic range, can be assigned to the digital tracks, which offer higher fidelity and introduce no tape hiss. The instruments which are generally mixed lower, can be recorded on the analog tracks, and although tape hiss is introduced, it remains at an acceptable level. While sacrificing some fidelity, this modification is reasonable because it eliminates the problem of mixing live.

It is my hope that performers will make use of consumer digital audio technology to make live albums and demo tapes. It has never been within the power of so many to make crisp professional quality recordings of live acoustic music, with all of its honesty and vulnerability. If you have questions regarding these recording techniques, please write to me care of Fast Folk or at Synergy Sound.

David Seltz is a recording engineer/producer/singer/songwriter. He owns and operates Synergy Sound in Great Neck, NY.

THE SPEAKEASY was founded as a folk club in September 1982 and run as a cooperative until the summer of 1987. It serves New York City as the only club featuring original acoustic music seven nights a week and has been fundamental to the growth and nurturing of the New York songwriter's scene. SpeakEasy's importance has increased since the closing of Folk City in 1986; whose role of stimulating the folk scene it had taken over. Fast Folk (then called The Coop) began as one of the many committees which ran SpeakEasy and while it eventually outgrew the committee format and established itself independently, Fast Folk has consistently relied on the Hoots, regular shows and the general community for its support, musical stimulation and as a venue to record many of the artists who have appeared all too rarely in New York City.



Meet Joseph Zbeda, owner of the SpeakEasy who has seen the club through six years, many waitresses, and almost as many press announcements for the new folk revival. Joseph was born in Iraq grew up in Tel Aviv, Israel and through work as a film producer in Israel has traveled the world and lived in throughout Europe. He speaks Hebrew, English, French and Arabic.

The Speakeasy is famous as the birthplace of the now infamous Bob Dylan Imitator's Contest ("He not busy being Bob is busy trying"), served as the broadcast location for WBAI's Live From The SpeakEasy radio series in 1984-6, has hosted the New York Folk Festival numerous political and humanitarian benefits and many other events. The club's existence, many of its major performers and the many recordings from there were not mentioned or listed on the map of the village in the recently published "history" of the village and the folk scene; in spite of this The SpeakEasy has been an anchor for the songwriter's community and its value cannot be underestimated. We would like to thank Joseph for persevering with us and the rest of the folk community in building a body of work that will stand.

Eugene Chadbourne's Serious Weirdness

By John Kruth

"Don't worry about the bomb 'cause we built it wrong," Eugene Chadbourne sings in a goofy warble in his updated version of Country Joe McDonald's 1960's anti-war anthem "I Feel Like I'm Fixin to Die".

On his recent album *Corpses of Foreign War* (Fundamental Records) the bizarre guitarist/singer/songwriter (who has rigged up a garden rake, shopping cart, toilet plunger and bird cage so they can be played as musical instruments) has written and compiled perhaps the finest political album of the 1980's. Along with his own *Ten Most Wanted List*, *KKKremlin*, and *Sex With The Sheriff*, Eugene has breathed new life into old songs by 1960's rabble rousers Phil Ochs, Ed Sanders and Country Joe. He also performs some unusual interpretations of compositions by jazzmen Charles Mingus and Pharoah Saunders. They used to play that record in the streets during riots," he said refering to Pharoah Saunder's *The Creator Has a Master Plan*.

Chadbourne's band for the *Corpses* album includes bassist/ multi-instrumentalist Brian Richie and drummer Vincent DeLorenzo of the Violent Femmes (a Milwaukee based trio internationally known for their eclectic approach and radical attitude). Also recruited was Femmes side man Peter Balesrieri who contributes some blistering atonal sax work. Together they create a dadaist jugband, fusing elements of folk, punk, ragtime, and improvisational jazz into a swirling cacaphony that reflects the political and moral mayhem of which Chadbourne sings.

"There are always people writing protest songs. There's always been protest material bubbling to the surface in country/ western as well as with jazz and blues, though there's not as much attention paid as with someone like Bob Dylan," Eugene pointed out.

"Protest material exists all the time. Actually I call it 'social material.' Social material could be anything - anti-war songs, songs about censorship or drugs. I consider Weird Al Yankovic's "Like A Surgeon" (a musical spoof of Madonna's platinum seller "Like A Virgin")to be a

brilliant satire of the A.M.A. and the entire medical community. To me, that was protest!" Eugene stated. "There's a lot of it going on. Mad Magazine has gotten very political again. In the last four or five years they've really been going after Reagan, Weinberger and Helms like crazy. There is a lot of criticism of the government."

"There's a pretty lively underground scene in America today," Eugene continued enthusiastically. "The entire hard core (post punk) scene couldn't get more political. The lyrics are political, combined with really loud and fast music and the appearance (of fans and musicians) is as objectionable to society as possible. I really like that!"

Chadbourne has developed a devoted following in the U.S. and in Europe. His rollicking rendition of "Der Fuhrer's Face" (originally written by Oliver Wallace of Walt Disney studios for a Donald Duck cartoon and later popularized during World War II by Spike Jones) has recently been getting a lot of air play in Holland, Switzerland and Germany. Once again Eugene has updated the lyrics to include the misadventures of Casper Weinberger and George Shultz.

"A political song should create some kind of relief. It should really make you laugh or cry or have some kind of emotional effect," Eugene emphasized. "When it's just some kind of political diatribe it loses me."

Chadbourne scours his home town paper, the Greensboro Daily News (North Carolina), for inspiration to write songs like the tongue in cheek "Sex With The Sheriff," which Eugene recalls with a laugh. "There's nearly one every day! I take clippings and turn them into songs. You could write a song about Reagan just about every day. But at this point why give him the publicity." Chadbourne is constantly prodded by friends and fans to compose topical ditties. "Right now," he lamented, "everyone I meet expects me to write a song about Jim Bakker."

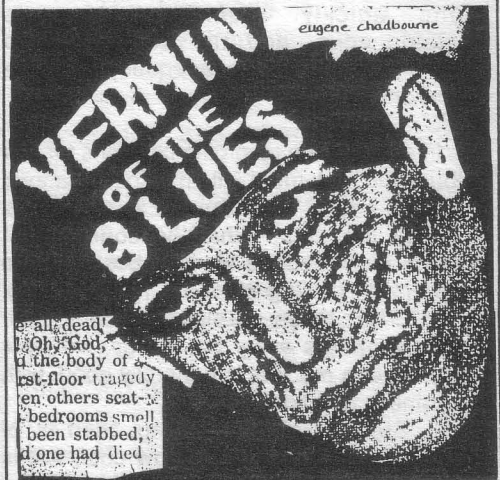
"None of the names have been changed 'cause no one is innocent," Chadbourne says in "Ten Most Wanted List." "It was just one of those things," he reflected. "My wife and I were lying in bed

and she said you oughta write a song about the ten most wanted list at the post office, except use all the worst people in history." Eugene's list includes JFK who Americans thought was "Some kind of saint", LBJ, Nixon,, and " our new number one criminal", Ronald Reagan.

Although Chadbourne points his finger in accusation, he is rarely heavy handed in doing so. His versatile voice is capable of expressing myriad emotions. Within any given verse he may sound weary, disgusted or downright silly, singing like a nurdy kiddie TV show host or doing ridiculous impersonations of Vice President Geoge Bush. True to the folk process, Eugene continues adding new verses to the song when he feels inspired. "I just keep writing them," he said. " Now there's a verse about Hiroshima."

Chadbourne has sucessfully avoided the mainstream thus far. Although he is recognized by journalists and fans alike as one of the finest improvisational guitarists in contemporary music, he is simply too wild and wooly to be pasteurized and packaged for consumption by the MTV generation.

"I've got lots of strikes against me," he says proudly. "I do left wing political material and I'm not sexy." Eugene, married and a father of two, has gone out of his way to desecrate the image of the decadent leather-clad hip shaking rock star. Performing solo or with his now defunct group, Shockabilly, Chadbourne has been known to don all the clothes in his suitcase before gracing the stage. By the end of the first song he'll be drenched in sweat. Then slowly, over the course of the night, he'll peel off five or six perspiration soaked shirts, one at a time. "It's a lot of fun," he said of his anti-



showbiz gag.

Eugene may have a problem with people not taking him too seriously. He has a strange knack for mixing musical styles. Elements of free-form jazz suddenly disrupt country/ western numbers while incongruous rambles are thrown into a hardcore rave-up cover of the Buthole Surfer's "The Shah Sleeps In Lee Harvey's Grave."

"Music that's too serious is boring," Chadbourne asserts. He is shamelessly playful when pillaging popular songs by Willie Nelson, the Bee Gees or Errol Garner.

"When people get up and play experimental music that's really weird and don't give a shit if the audience likes it or not, it's a statement in itself," Eugene declared. One critic said of his work: "I know it's not unlistenable because I listened to it."

Chadbourne forgoes the precious approach that most musicians take when recording an album. "I really don't have a choice!" he exclaimed, Eugene has recorded over thirty albums to date for more than a dozen record labels. He has also recorded and compiled some forty-five cassette tapes of his music which he sells at concerts and at alternative record shops.

Many of Chadbourne's records and tapes were recorded at home on a cheap boom box. Once in a while he manages to record in a modern sixteen or twenty-four track studio." It's not the way you're supposed to record albums," Eugene said of his unorthodox methods. "I like to record some of it really well and some of it weird," he added with a chuckle. "All the classic blues records were the worst recordings ever heard. Nobody ever said that Robert Johnson or Blind Lemon Jefferson sucked because of shitty recordings! The decisions you are forced to make when you are out of money are really creative. It usually comes out better than the guys who have three weeks to record one vocal." Chadbourne says he was inspired to record and release his own records by low budget film makers who, although they lack funds to shoot commercially viable pictures, create fine work nonetheless. "They make these incredible movies, he said. "Then years later when they have unlimited budgets, they make terrible stuff."

Chadbourne's uncompromising philosophy and low tech approach are refreshingly non-corporate in this Yuppie age. He refuses to play the game by the radio and record industry's rules. An obsessively creative man, Eugene continues to record and perform at a hectic pace.



"I like playing music," he said. "It means a lot to me but I try not to blow it out of proportion. I get up and entertain people, make them feel a little better, get them talking. Sometimes someone will come up and say 'I heard your record and it changed my life' I know what they mean by that. Phil Ochs did the same for me."

At the same time Chadbourne doesn't have any illusions of grandeur. "It's hard to do something that will really change things. You hear people arguing politics, reeling facts back and forth, trying to dominate each other. The political situation in the world is incredibly complex. I don't know what I would change if I had the power," he mused.

"I'm part of this society. My contribution is to make music that shows the way I feel, that I'm not really willing to go along with everything." Indeed Eugene is not willing to simply accept the status quo without challenging those in power. A draft dodger during the Viet Nam War, he chose to live in exile, in Calgary, Alberta, where he worked as a music critic for a daily newspaper until he was granted amnesty under the Carter administration.

"We blow up a hundred nations so our middle class will feel safe on their vacations," Chadbourne sings on "AmeriKKKa Stands Tall," which appeared in its Lybian version on last year's EP titled 198666(Ralph Records). "The only state they won't rename is Georgia," is a sentiment from "KKKremlin," a bouncy ragtime number about a future merging of America and Russia.

"There are some people who are really turned off by politics," Eugene confessed. "I like to draw them in by playing other stuff, get them listening and then suddenly they're hearing it. I think it's just too easy for people to dismiss the album as a

bunch of political shit," he said, referring to *Corpses of Foreign War*, his only all political record.

Chadbourne has a way of rattling people's cages. Recently White House Spokesman Larry Speakes attended a Chadbourne concert in Oxford, Mississippi. When offended by the subversive lyrics and wild music, Speakes sent in the local police to disrupt the show by checking everyone's identification.

With his wacky political satire and frenzied guitar playing, Eugene Chadbourne continues to push the political song to the forefront of people's consciousness in a way Woody Guthrie, Tom Lehrer and Bob Dylan never imagined possible.

By John Kruth
Reprinted from *The Progressive*

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THE HAPPY HOOTER

By Mitchell Fitzko

So you want to play at the Monday Night Open Mike at the SpeakEasy (the Musician's Cooperative). You've always had dreams of being the next Dylan, the next Springsteen, the next Jack Hardy. These Hoots, as we call them, is where to start. I'm sure Springsteen himself would tell you that the road to a sellout series at the Meadowlands begins on MacDougal Street.

You have to overcome several obstacles to play the Hoots. You have to have two songs ready. You must accept the possibility of humiliation, or even apathy, which is worse. And you must be willing to miss Newhart.

Accepting the challenge, you arrive at the club before the 7:30 sign-up. You stand in line and pick a number at random. It is number sixty-four. You seek out someone who looks like he's been here before, and you ask him what time you're likely to go on...." Thursday," he says. Of course he's joking. You'll be called by 4AM. 5AM at the latest.

Your first reaction might be to give up your musical dreams. You might whisper to yourself, "To Hell with this. I'm going home and get some sleep." Maybe you'll try your luck again next week. But you're already in the Village, and you paid for transportation. And you dragged your guitar. You're allowed two songs, so perhaps you brought down two guitars to showcase your versatility. You have your Martin 00018 for your Phil Ochs inspired folk tune, and your Fender Stratocaster for your ambitious Sex Pistols Medley. To have to bring these two babies back home without even opening their cases is a crime worse than murder, and almost as bad as plagiarism.

You might as well make the best of it and wait for your number. Sure, you'll have to call in sick to work for a day or two, but you'll be well rested for moonlighting. Now is the time to turn your attention to finding ways to make the evening more enjoyable, to make the time pass quickly and pleasurably; or at least with as little torture as possible.

Perhaps you can kill time by going to a movie, removing yourself from the Hoot atmosphere. This Hootmosphere, as it is known, can be very tense, particularly if it's your first time and you are without friends. Greenwich Village offers many movie theatres, including artsy ones such as the Bleeker Street Cinema and the Film Forum. You'll have no choice but to take your guitar with you, dragging this gargantuan instrument several blocks. In

addition, most guitars take up a theatre seat, so you'll have to be prepared to pay for a ticket. And if it wants popcorn or Bon Bons this can be as expensive as a Friday



night on the town with your girlfriend. And not nearly as fun.

Likewise, going to a local restaurant for dinner can be frustrating. Most proprietors understandably, do not like having their aisles and booths taken up by guitars. They don't particularly like guitarists, either. One day, perhaps, when George Bush is in the White House, you might see a NO HOOTERS SERVED sign along MacDougal Street.

So you find yourself spending the evening at the SpeakEasy, waiting for your number. What can you do to pass the equivalent of a workday in this dark, smokey, hot club?

You can get drunk. This is always a good idea. You support the club with your purchases. The consumed liquids will ease your throat, so you will sing better when your number comes up. And believe me, the alcohol will help you through the evening. (Just a reminder: remember to tip your waitress. She has a drug habit to support.)

While you're sitting through the Hoot, rather than curse your fate (Damn number sixty-four), you can engage in an honored American tradition. You can rationalize. You will quickly have several reasons why, it is better to go on later. For Example:

1. There will be fewer folks to hide from in case you bomb.
- 2 Your audience will be so tired, they won't notice your mistakes.
3. Since professional musicians tend to keep late hours, there's always a chance that Whitney Houston, Bruce Springsteen,

or Bob Dylan will drop by from a recording session long after midnight.

I don't know about you, but I'd rather perform for one Whitney Houston than a roomful of tortured folksingers from Flushing or Bayonne, New Jersey. (I must admit that I have yet to notice Whitney pop by the Hoots, but I did once see a guy who claimed to play cello on a few Montovani records. One day Montovani himself might drop by.)

Another thing you can do is heckle the performers. It keeps you involved in the evening's activities, and is good clean fun for everybody. It can really brighten up the Hootmosphere. In an article that appeared in the Lithuanian Journal of Politics, Psychoanalysis and Potatoes (1982), Dr. Flacken J. Hugobush detailed the benefits of heckling under Hootlike conditions. It gives a sense of relief from too many mediocre singers. It makes the heckler feel good, being able, in the specialized lingo of psychoanalysis, to "rank the shit out of a performer" from the safety of a distant table in a dark room. The good doctor does not neglect to mention how the victim of the heckle can benefit. It toughens his skin for real gigs, and prepares him for rejection at the hands and feet of record company executives. He may not appreciate it now, but he'll thank you when he gets a job in a real field like computer programming, gynecology or organized crime.

You can get druñk(it is still a good idea).

You can suck up to the MC. Tell him he's doing a great job, and that you loved his gig two months ago. Ask him to put you on his mailing list. Buy him a drink, a set of strings, a car or a house. Maybe he'll change your number. Since Hootmeisters, as they are loathe to be called, are known to be vain, this approach might work. If it doesn't, threaten to stuff a microphone in his ear. Flex your muscles, if you have any. If you don't, try revealing a butter knife, preferably one without butter. This approach may not work either as Hootmeisters are known to have an underdeveloped sense of self-preservation.

To kill some time, you can take a nap. the music peculiar to the Hoots, known as Hoosic to the cognoscenti, often enhances your ability to sleep. Some Hooters, particularly those influenced by Joni Mitchell, are more effective than Sominex, Valium or Goethe.

You can get drunk You can get drunker. You can flirt.... Women Hooters,

never known as Wooters, are notoriously easy to pick up, particularly if they have been following the advice about getting drunk. (Even I almost picked up a girl at the Hoot a few years ago. I would have succeeded, but we both threw up in each other's sound holes, spoiling the moment.)

Finally, you can pay attention to each Hooter, noting each's strengths and weaknesses. You can open yourself up to interesting concepts, clever phrases, and unusual riffs. You can learn something from each Hooter. However, this since this may add unwanted depth and variety to your songs, it is not recommended.

Happy Hooting!

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CORRECTION: On the January Issue FF-401 we incorrectly credited the back up vocalist on Geoff Bartley's song "Everything to Love". The part was performed by Phyllis Capanna. Phyllis is from Boston and plays with the group Wheatstone Bridge.

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BRIGHT LIGHTS

Joe drove east across the Hudson
Hotel Chelsea's where he stays
Makes his money as a tour guide on weekends
Auditions in the day
On Thursday he'll run down to the newsstand
To buy up both the trades
Faithfully he'll circle
All the leads that come his way
He sees his lovely Linda
Who works at Saks down at the Main
Together they just scrape out a living
But do you know why they remain..?
It's the lure of the BRIGHT LIGHTS (2X)

Wendy made her way up here from the Southland
Her mom 'n daddy foot the bill
Thinkin' Wendy has the talent for "...big time.."
They're certain that she will
But with the prospect of her failure
The pressure so severe
The parents haven't heard from their Wendy
In six or seven years
Now you can find her if you're lookin'
She'll be hookin' on 53rd and 3rd
If perchance you asked
"What's caused you to stay right here..?"
She'd say, "It's the lure of the BRIGHT LIGHTS..." (2X)

Lately I ain't livin' no life o' Riley
I drive my Checker six to four
If the tips are holdin' good through the week
Then I'll buy the drinks/pay the rent babe 'n maybe more
But in the evenings you'll be liable to find me
At any Bleeker St. cafe
Tradin' gag lines with some comic from Jersey
Wastin' time before I play
The go-fer calls the numbers
"Is there a 57 please...?"
I struggle my way out through the curtains
But somethin' there is holdin' me
I'm caught in the lure of the BRIGHT LIGHTS (4X)

Music & Lyric by David Ray
©1986 David Ray/THAI MUSIC (BMI)

YARDS

I'm sick and tired of being tangled up in your cardboard box
like some old yo-yo
yo, sweetheart
Where will you find me in five years
riding the same train wearing the same dumb boots
sweetheart, sweetheart
well, I drove past the graveyard, the shipyard, the stockyard
and the sun split my fave through the window
of the F-train like some crazy ride on Dumbo's backyards
and junkyards and prison yards and life yards
how can we be homeless,
sweetheart?

Season of joy and seasons of suicide
I could change the world if I just changed my mind
sweetheart, sweetheart
yeah, I've got a token in my pocket
I could ride or I could give it away
sweetheart, sweetheart
well there's a man who eats chestnuts
from this tree in our courtyard
and once I saw this yard in the dessert
with just a tree and a rooster
the first thaw in March down the Bowery
all the hydrants are strewn with overcoats
like rats which, in an instant seem uglier
than the vast ocean in life's yard
How can we be homeless,
Sweetheart?
O my homeless sweetheart
my homeless sweetheart

Words and music ©1986 by Suzie Ungar

PUSH AND PULL

I like to go to the ocean
when I'm feeling a little too tall
Looking out over the horizon
I can feel like no one at all.

That idea can be comforting
when you think about what life demands
don't imagine what's on the other side
Cause you've got both of your feet
stuck down in the snad

And it hits me like high tide....
a slow relentless abttle
I watched the water slide
through my hands.
Love's battle, love's battle
push and pull, push and pull
me in.

We cannot cross this expanse together
and we can't cross alone
I don't want to hear your voice chilling me
Like ocean winds chill my bones

And the moon controls the shoreline
Like my heart controls my head
I pushed and pulled our love apart
Thinking about what you said.

You said "it hit me like high tide...
a slow relentless battle.
I watched the water slide
through my hands."

I let you slide through my hands,
slide through my hands,
slide through my hands, push and pull.

I let you slide through my hands,
slide through my hands,
slide through my hands,
push and pull.

(repeat)

Words and Music ©1987 Jolynn Daniel

SIDE BY RY RY ONE

DON'T SHOOT THE BUTLER

The butler he got captured by a foreign operation
On his way to but a cabbage, he must face interrogation
But all he knows is the figures with no idea how it all fits
And every time he answers, he gets hit

You don't shoot the butler, don't alienate his kids
He is just a bureaucrat, didn't mean to do anything he did
You don't shoot the butler, don't make a widow of his wife
Here is not the sinister, don't take his life, life, life....

They dragged him down the alley and they threw him in a cage
They left him with a book and they watched him studying every page
They treated him politely, and they made him feel ashamed
And they left him there alone to try and understand their game

Don't shoot the butler, he ain't done dog-nothing to you
At best he's just a messenger, a subject of the news
Don't shoot the butler, don't put a bullet through his head
He don't mean nothing to you either way, alive or dead, dead, dead....

They fed him cockroach soup, they laughed and slapped him on the back
And they threw him in the car and said brother you ain't never coming back
The butler he tried to tell 'em, he told 'em just about everything he ever knew
But nobody took him seriously- he just couldn't get through

You don't shoot the butler, he don't represent no harm
His mind is filled with fairy tales, another round of false alarms
You don't shoot the butler, you don't pass him secret notes
He ain't got no power, and only half your hopes, hopes, hopes.....

The butler started crying like a child so confused
And they realized with cynical surprise this one they could not use
They shot him with indifference and threw his body in a Beirut street
They went back to recite a prayer and catch a little sleep

And so you shot the butler, why'd you really go and gun him down
He might have been living between the walls of an enemy town
But you did not have to shoot him he knew nothing of your cause
He was just a citizen trying to obey the laws, laws, laws.....

©1986&1987 by Guy Jonathan Grove

IN THE LEFT WING

Christopher and I stopped by to see Vincent today
When he opened his door we could see that he was not well
As we talked with our friend a while, you know that Chris became humble
And all that could be heard was the rumble
Of the Lord calling someone home
It was a sad and lonesome sound calling him home
Christopher is blatant with his actions
He may think he is the second coming of the Lord
For the sake of argument you know that he will take the opposite side
Like a Chinook salmon on a high tide

He moves against the wind
with the force of a cyclone into the wind
And I sang oh why do I feel this way
I've got everything in this world that a man could ask for

We stopped for a drink in a place on 8th avenue
we had just enough money to pay the bill
And when I asked him if he was the coming of the Lord
You know he threw back and he cursed
That Jesus had gotten there first and you know that
He really could have been
If it weren't for that one thing

But that's the way that life goes in the left wing

Words and Music © 1987 by Richard Julian

MARY LEE

The preacher says choose one, it's Heaven or Hell
He says to take one you leave one behind.
But my choices blew off like black dust from a coal truck
When I went down in that Mary Lee mine.

CHORUS:

Ol' Mary Lee's darker than nighttime in Hell
But she's Heaven when payday comes 'round
She's God's sweetest angel
When the drag lines are haulin'
But she's a bitch when ol' Mary shuts down

My daughter said "Daddy, lets drive down to Bessie"
She heard even the jail had closed down
And the whole downtown Dora was locked up and boarded
And the graveyard is all that's left now

CHORUS

Last year they told us, there's enough coal to hold us
We could dig on for ten thousand years
But there's miners at Gorgas been laid off so long
They can spit and their sputum runs clear

CHORUS

Words and Music by Eddy Lawrence
©1986 Snowplow Music (BMI)

GROWING CLOSER TO YOU

When I met you I was six-foot seven
and you were four-foot two
Now both of us are five-feet five
and I'm growing closer to you

When I met you I could only speak German
And you could only speak Hebrew
Now both of us are talking Yiddish
And I'm growing closer to you
You used to suck on a lemon
While I'd eat a strawberry tart
Now both of us are eating sweet and sour shrimp
And no one can tell us apart

We used to be none of your friends liked me
and all of my friends hated you
Now none of our friends like either of us
'Cause I'm growing closer to you

We used to fight argue and bit
And when we'd still disagree
And you throw something at me and you miss,
well then you move a little closer to me

Well, girls used to bring up my yellow streak
And you always used to feel blue
Now everyone is green with envy
'Cause I'm growing closer to you
Everyone is so envious
'Cause you're growing closer to me too

Words and Music ©1986 by Charles Herold

VAUDEVILLE

Vaudeville, vaudeville
We'll kill the sorrow, oh yes we will
Just come in off the window sill
Come back, come back, come back
to vaudeville

Well, hello Charlie, hello Charie
It's raining here just like a symphony
My bed is home fast asleep
And my money's left without me
Well, I I hear our kind died out long ago
with Halley's comet; Larry, Curley and Moe
But we shall return like the winter snow
nobody knows when though
Till then it's just this

Vaudeville, vaudeville
We'll kill the sorrow- yes we will
It's coming off the window sill
Come back, come back to vaudeville

So where's this last chance you always said she'd leave you
You turn up empty handed, even the doorman won't see you
He just hands you a note, says read it while you're walking
You can't hardly tell who wrote it but you can hear her voice talking
Saying give up the ghost, tomorrow's no safe haven
You're going to crash along for years
And wind up locked in some strange room
Raving about the stars blinking like heartbeats
And forever whispering like a woman in the summer heat
And don't let go of me, don't let go of me, don't let go of me
Don't you befooled, it's only

Vaudeville, vaudeville
we'll kill the sorrow yes we will
You got to come in off the window, man
Come in of the window
Come in off the window sill
Come back, come back, come back
To vaudeville

Well across the moon geese are flying now
Across the same stars our grandfathers wished upon
And the wish they made- they made for for you
and the sorrow they braved - you can brave it too
The autumn winds are gathering
In the belly of the blazing moon
As she gives up her light, seeding the night
with all that might yet come true
And the morning rises like another chance
and the daylight like a road at your feet
And you go bustling out into the world
Like somebody with promises to keep
But promise me, promise me

Vaudeville, vaudeville
We'll kill the sorrow, I promise we will
You've got to come in off the window sill
Come back, come back, come back
Come back, come back, come back
Come on back, come on back, come on back
To vaudeville
Come back to vaudeville
..... be right here waiting

Words and Music © 1986 by Frank Tedesso

THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE

There's gonna be some changes
Made around here
Dollar is a bad boss
Dyin' is a bad fear

I'd rather wake to the sound
Of a rooster crowin' out his soul
Than to an electric scream
Tellin' me " You gotta get rollin', gotta get rollin',
gotta get rollin', gotta get rollin'"
Sit all day indoors makin' paper
Markin' time - there's gotta be something better

There's gonna be some changes
Made around here
I wasn't made for deadlines
I'm sick of all the headlines

The war to end all wars
Didn't even slow 'em down
With all of our wonder drugs
New diseases are gaining ground
Stamp out one, another springs up to take its place
It's enough to make you wonder why you're runnin' in the human race

There's gonna be some changes
Made around here
Millions of commuters
Feeding the computers

I'd rather slave for myself
Than loaf for somebody else
Even if the money's good
I'll take my freedom; you can keep your wealth
Too many machines make bodies wither away
You win a free game, but lose the strength to play

There's gonna be some changes
Made around here
Dollar is a bad boss
Dyin' is a bad fear
(Repeat)
(Repeat)

Words and Music © 1986
by Peter Pasco

THE SOLITARY BIRD

CHORUS:

I'll teach my child to be just like the solitary bird,
who trusts the still voice of her heart
and not the spoken word.

Who gives her heart to everyone without demanding pay;
and in the darkest thunderstorms
she flies the Sunlit Way

1. I'll give my child some feathers bright
so her heart can fly away
and drop the fear that binds it here,
demanding that she stay.

2. The first bright feather that I give is courage,
so her heart can see how to leave the chattering flock
and love her own company.

3. The next bright feather that I give
is deep and quiet humility,
so love won't be consumed with pride,
but will shine forth and set her free.

CHORUS

4. The third bright feather that I give
will carry her from land to ocean
where she can blend with sky and sea,
borne on the wings of her devotion.

5. The last bright feather that I give
I pluck from my own living heart;
I give my love to you, my child,
so we live alone, but not apart.

6. Before I fly I want to say:
Do not despair in darkest day;
do not look back, do not dismay,
I'll fly with you the Sunlit Way

CHORUS

Words: Red Hawk, Music: Deborah Snow
© 1987 Bois d'arc Music

SONG FOR RACHEL SHARANSKY

Pharoah, lean out of your window sill
Can you see the dust of Chernobyl
Nine plagues will turn your rivers ill
If you oppress the house of Israel

Pharoah, let my people go
Pharoah, let my people go

I cast my rod upon the iron floor
I raise my voice where others have been before
I set the serpent hissing and you hear him roar
Your hear will harden up and crack the Kremlin door

Pharoah, let my people go
Pharoah, let my people go
That they may serve me in the wilderness

Insane Anglo warlord on the loose
Pistol packed and ready to be used
You will have to fight with him to win a truce
Meantime, Pharoah, here is something you can do

Pharoah, let my people go
Pharoah, let my people go

Natan is living in Jerusalem
Stronger than all the torture you devised for him
Avital has learned to be his wife again
Set free the half million who would follow them

Pharoah, let my people go
Pharoah, let my people go
That they may serve Me in the wilderness

Words and Music © 1986 & 1987 David Indian Music

CHILDREN IN ANY GARDEN

Let's play a game now
I'll be a cop
and you'll be a robber
I'll put you in jail
But you'll be out soon

You be a prince
And I'll be a princess
And you want to save me
But there's a dragon and your fear

I'll be a soldier
And you be my buddy
You're hit, you're hit bad see
And I'll carry you in my arms

For miles, you play the doctor
And I'll play the lawyer
I'll sue you for malpractice
And we'll wind up in bed together

I'll be mommy
and you be daddy
And we won't have babies
Because we couldn't be that cruel

Words and Music © 1986 by Geoffrey Welchman

PROBLEMS LIVING "THE ARTIST'S LIFE"

By James Gelfand, M.A.

Ranier Maria Rilke's great line, "I am too alone and not alone enough in this world" accurately describes the frustration that many artists often experience in this society.

As a psycholotherapist who specializes in treating artists of all kinds, I consistently hear from my clients that their work isolates them from the mundane rythms of everyday life, which they view with a combination of envy and scorn. Part of this tension stems from the fact that they must present their product to the world, and it is impossible for them not to take their audience's reaction personally.

In working with creative people, I have found that the recurring problems are isolation, compromise, and self-promotion. Because of their unique roles as both observer and participant in the world, artists often have difficulty fitting in with the majority of society who have chosen to define themselves by other's expectations.

No wonder so many artists have an "attitude problem." By taking the admirable stand of independance, they often become isolated and are quite vulnerable to public opinion. By attempting to free themselves from outside judgements, they become even more dependant on them.

Carl Jung was writing about people like this when he identified what he called the "Puer" archetype. The Puer is the divine child who never learned how to take things one step at a time, they are full of magic but are not dependable; they want to fly and refuse to walk. The puer's energy is crucial to artistic expression, but it needs to be grounded or else they will burn out; like Icarus.

To deal with this stress, creative people often consider themselves behind or ahead of their time, "above or beneath" the world, resulting in a level of disengagement with outside forces which makes their artistic statements less credible. Without

feedback, compulsive self investigation frequently follows.

Another way that creative people deal with their anxiety is by diminishing their expectations, and in some cases, becoming comfortable with defeat. By expecting the worst, the artists attempt to protect themselves from the continual scrutiny they are subjected to.

Unfortunately, when someone anticipates victimization, the worst scenario usually occurs and they are left in an unempowered situation with no energy left to create.

It is at this point that a person has to realize that they must change their life. This usually involves making compromises and no longer indulging in often justifiable complaints about the world's insensitivity.

Often a change in self-preservation is necessary. If an artist has been disappointed many times, it is quite possible that they project this by excessive earnestness or flippancy when approaching someone they regard as an authority figure. Perhaps they simply feel self-conscious and have difficulty being straightforward. Creative people are as much creatures of habit as anyone else and will repeat self-destructive patterns so deny responsibility for their own lives.

In Learning to monitor the message they deliver to their audience, artists must treat their relationship to the world with as much creativity as commitment to their craft.

James Gelfand, M.A. (718) 638 0339 is a psychotherapist in private practice who specialises in treating creative people. He is also a singer/songwriter who has released two books of poetry and a record album, METHOD ACTING.

BYE-BYE

It's somethin' in the way people listen
And only hear the things they want to hear
They'll look you right there in the eyes
And act like they don't recognize your fear
Like this friend of mine, we'll call him a character
Come watch everybody laugh at all his jokes
Admission there is very low,
if you don't let on that you know
He's just a ghost
So you say

Bye-bye, you'll be back tomorrow morning
By and by, but when you left without a warning
You lied, tell me how's he gonna save himself
When everybody says
Bye-bye

Every man can try and be an island
Surround himself with water and sand
But he can't stop the sun and the rain
Ain't easy to explain or understand
Like this friend of mine, we'll call him a loner
'Cause he never seems to need nobody's help
But maybe come some lonely night,
when he ain't feeling right
Where's he go
When there's no one else
'Cause you've said

Bye-bye, you'll be back tomorrow morning
By and by, but when you left without a warning
You lied, tell me how's he gonna save himself
When everybody says
Bye-bye

If everybody had someone to lean on
Someone who would always be true
Someone to share your lonely times
Someone who was always kind to you
Like this friend of mine, we'll call him courageous
'Cause his life ain't easy, and I've got the proof
While his many lovers run away
Go to live and lie another day
You can bet he tells the truth
When he says

Bye-bye, I'll be back tomorrow morning
By and by, and if I leave without a warning
Don't you cry, I'll be here to help you survive it
When everybody says bye-bye

Words and music © 1986
by Tom Dickie

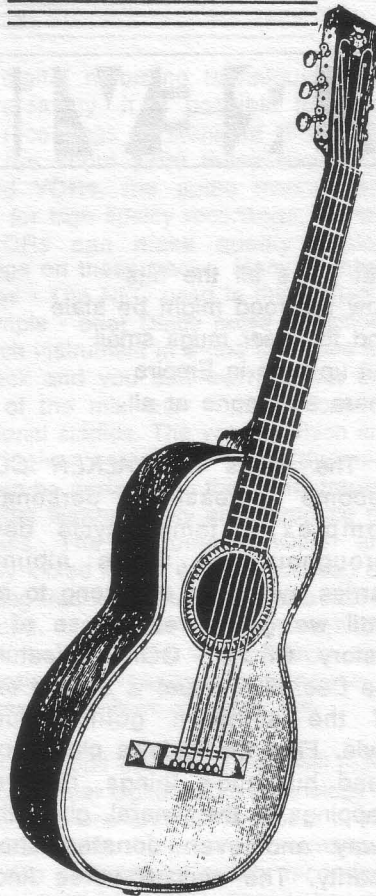
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A Sense of the Size of the World

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

RECORD REVIEWS

WALKER COUNTY EDDY LAWRENCE

By Bill McCaulley

Eddy Lawrence moved from rural Alabama to New York City and released his first solo album called *WALKER COUNTY*. It is a fine record that takes the bluegrass style and adds sardonic lyrics to produce material that might best be called southern gothic bluegrass.

The album is a survey of the lives and times of Walker County. Eddy Lawrence has written songs of the coal mines, the financially disenfranchised farmers, the lonely widow, and the unemployed worker. He takes all these on with a bright attitude and clever lyrics that are quite literate. The opening song *SAY IT IN SOUTHERN* is an uptempo defense of the southern accent in a multi-lingual town like New York:

¿Hable Español?
Parlez vous francais?
The toreador says "Por favor"
The gendarme "Sil vous plait"
Well, I have no objections
To phrases such as these
But if you ask me questions
I'm gonna ask you please ...
Could you say it in southern?

The singer doesn't always understand New Yorkese and the New Yorkers don't get the southern dialect. *SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE LINE* is a song for drinkers in a dry county. It conjures up the image of the small town bar and a high life on the night out.

You know Cecil's boy Weldon
And Chester A. Downs
They bought a little joint
called the Half Pint Lounge
With beer on tap, and a bar-b-que pit
And a three piece band

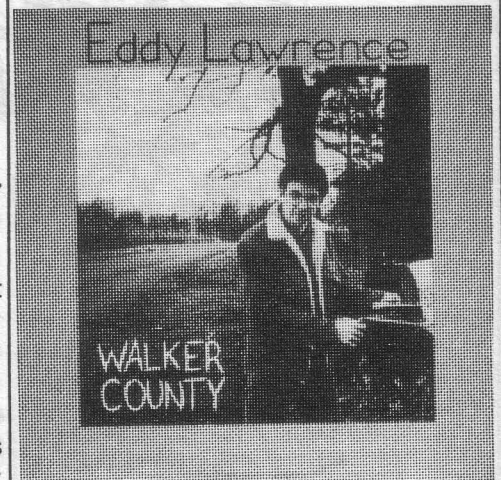
that plays all the hits
Now the food might be stale
And the beer mugs small
But up here in Empire
There ain't none at all..

The songs on *WALKER COUNTY* become increasingly personal and complex. A family cycle develops throughout the whole album that carries over from one song to another until we get a real sense of family history. *CECIL'S GONE* (featured on the Dec. 1986 issue) is a good example of the southern gothic bluegrass style. First the widows cleans out her dead husband's things, removes the trappings of the funeral, gives the dog away and even donates shoes to charity. The second verse finds the rest of the family coming from far parts of the state to pick apart the rest of the widow's estate to decorate their homes. In the third verse a well meaning son moves his mother out of her own hand built home and into a trailer with a color TV. She burns it down. The chorus has the late husband dead and gone to heaven; here on Earth the family is left to squabble.

MAMA'S ON THE BUS is similar except that the broken family is coming together. The father warns the kids to be good - he's locking up the booze,

mama's dried out and is coming home. We are not really sure if mama is fine and we are not sure that daddy is staying home once mama gets there. It's an uptempo song with some real twists in it.

We learn from Eddy Lawrence that Walker County has been built up and that the romance of the barren farm and fields is disappearing. In *BANK HEAD HIGHWAY* he writes:



Now I hate to get so damn romantic
But sometimes
it just gets so damn hard
Watchin' red dirt road fields
Turn to blacktop street yards
And Ila just sold twenty acres
They'll grade fifty new lots off,
they say
Her old hard scrabble field
Finally turned a big yield
It's gonna sprout decks and driveways
In a matter of days.

The title song is a history of Walker County from the first deed in 1865 to the present. We see the land taken from nothing and worked by individuals, and then generations later being taken over by conglomerates that consolidate the it, but give enough jobs so that people can afford big trucks and a "better life". *WALKER COUNTY* is an album of personal and community loss. In *MARY LEE*, the failure of a local town is something to go see and wonder over; in *I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR WORK* the singer is after money, not a career.

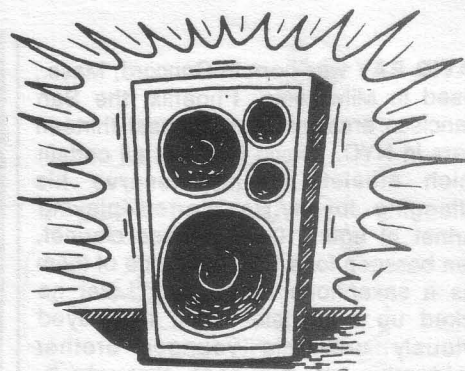
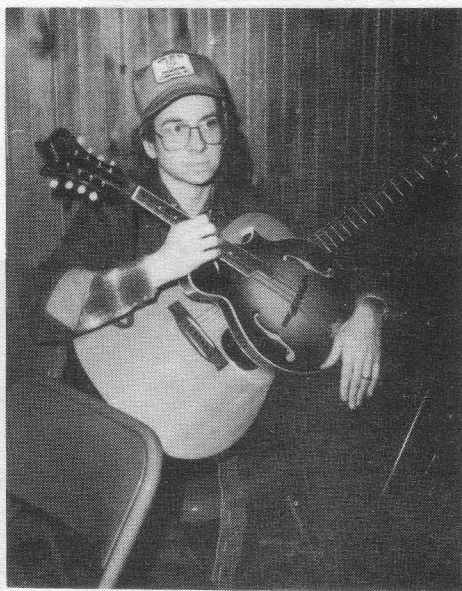
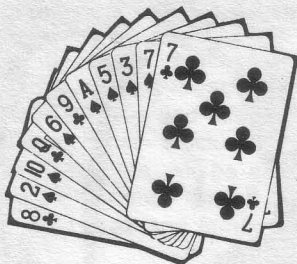
This album was recorded by Eddy at home on a Porta Studio and it sounds great. The arrangements and playing

are first rate, rhythmic and witty. His vocals are upfront and distinctly southern. I'd recommend it to anyone who wants an album of songs that are simultaneously fun and serious. The songs deepen with familiarity and lead one to think about the implications of living in a community changing in the ways Walker County is said to have changed.

Copies of this record can be ordered directly from:

SNOWFLOW RECORDS

166 Norfolk St. #4A
New York, New York 10002



ON THE RECORD

Death and Taxes consists of C.D. Herold (Death) on guitar & vocal) and Cheryl Guttman (Taxes) on flute. C.D. is a freelance classical guitarist employed primarily in the subway. Cheryl is a graduate of the High School of the Performing Arts and Hunter College; she is a social worker. Strangers frequently stop them on the street and tell them what a cute couple they are.

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The songs in this issue were recorded by **David Seitz** and **Mark Dann** live at the Musician's Cooperative at the SpeakEasy, 107 MacDougal Street, on January 26 and April 13th 1987 using a Nakamichi DMP-100 Digital Processor donated by Jeffrey Pulver. Post production at Synergy Sound, Great Neck, NY. Mixed by David Seitz on Axiom AX-5 reference monitors.

DAVID RAY was born in Concord, Mass., raised in Milwaukee, Phoenix, the San Francisco area, and for the past thirteen years in NYC. David is not at all certain which atheletic teams deserve his unflagging loyalty. He started playing clarinet at age 10, later bass clarinet, even bassoon for a time, but none of them was a saxophone so he quit. Later he picked up a ukelele which he played furiously until his younger brother accidentally put his foot through it. Transcending this tragedy, our hero soon discovered that large ukeleles are called guitars. David attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art for two years and graduated in 1975. After an illness cut short his acting career and sent him to California to recover he managed to meet Bobby ("I Think I'm Goin' Out of My Head") Weinstein while cab driving. David subsequently signed with BMI as a "Bonus Baby." At present he tends bar, writes wonderful songs and makes a mean margarita. He would trade all his best recipes for one top 40 hit on the billboard charts.

JO LYNN DANIEL arrived in New York City six months ago from Iowa City, Iowa, where she had been performing her folk/rock originals in various cafes around the college town. Since arriving in New York, she has been an everpresent presence at SpeakEasy's open mike, benefits and showcases. Her songs, with soothing melodies and often uplifting lyrics, have been improving with every performance.

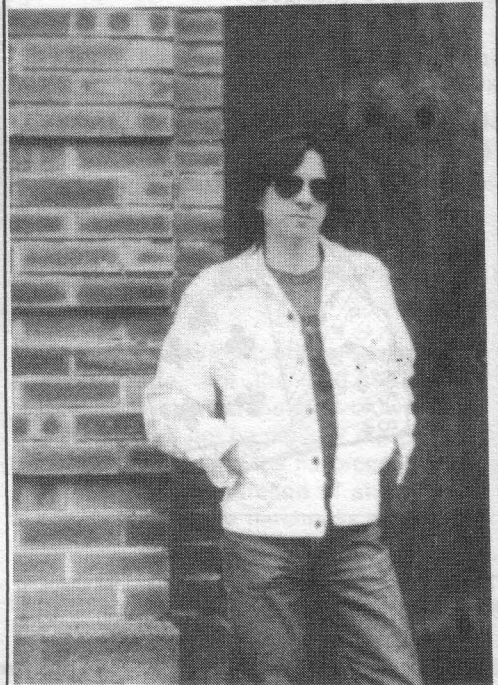


Born and raised in Tallahassee, Fla; **Peter Pasco** has been in N.Y.C. (actually, Jersey City) nearly ten years. His roots include classical, folk, rock 'n' roll, bluegrass and country. He plays guitar, 5 string banjo, harmonica, piano, recorder and other instruments. He has written and copyrighted nearly 100 songs, a novel, a dozen or so short stories, hundreds of poems and countless journals and formless palaver, Peter would like to save the world with a great song, or just move you to tears. He works as a plantman, the title of his most recent song.

Frank Tedesso spends most of his time alone in a small room with the English language trying to express human feelings. He is from Chicago and moved to New York about a year ago



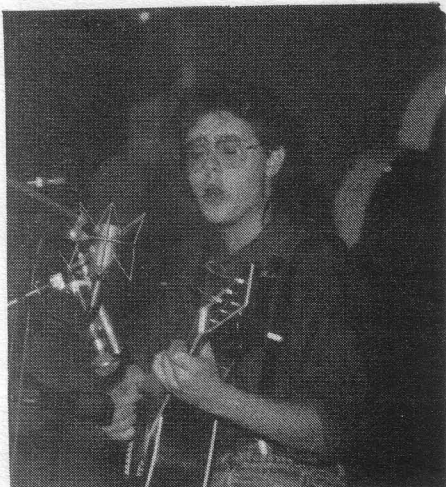
Jonathan Grove was born in 1959 in Minneapolis and studied political science at the University of Minnesota. He began writing music at the age of 15. **DON'T SHOOT THE BUTLER** was written at the height of the Iran hostage crisis in dedication to the U.S. hostages. He moved to New York in 1987 to be a rock star.



EDDY LAWRENCE is an Alabama born and bred songwriter/musician who has lived in New York City since 1982. His musical background runs the gamut from studying classical violin as a child to playing guitar in country and bluegrass bands around the southeast to being a member of the critically acclaimed Lower East Side roots rock and roll band L.E.S.R. His first solo album, **WALKER COUNTY**, was released last year on his own label, Snowplow Records. The album recieved significant airplay on college and public radio stations around the U.S. and gathered rave reviews from American, Canadian and European critics. Tennessee native Jeffery Glenn has been Eddy's musical cohort for the past five years as well as being one of the more sought after bass players on the Downtown New York scene. The two of them are currently in the studio brewing up a second album of Lawrence's songs called *Up The Road*.

PHOTOS BY GERRY HINSON

RICHARD JULIAN is 19 year old singer/songwriter who has lived in New York for a year. Richard moved to Las Vegas from Wilmington, Delaware immediately after high school and played keyboards for the Pete L'angelle Band through out the wester U.S. After nine months he settled in New York to play his own material and market his music. Richard plays solo in the village and also with the Richard Jullian Band throughout Manhattan.



GEOFFREY WELCHMAN started attending the hoot just three months ago. He has over 300 original songs to choose from. His first SpeakEasy gig was opening for John Hammond Jr. in January and he hopes to build a massive cult following by Nov. '87. OK?



TOM DICKIE was born in Providence, R.I. in 1952... Played in bands all during high school before moving to Boston in 1972 to study arranging and composition at Berklee College of Music... Became road manager and soundman for critically acclaimed Boston band Orchestra Luna.... Formed the band Susan in 1975, and after being included on the LP *Live At The Rat*, relocated to NYC in early 1977... With Susan recorded the album *Falling In Love Again* for RCA Records in 1979 ... Did major tours with Graham Parker and the Rumour, and Hall and Oates... Formed Tom Dickie and the Desires in 1980 and released two albums on Mercury Records, *Competition* (1981) and *The Eleventh Hour* (1982)... With the Desires, tours followed with Cheap Trick, Hall & Oates, and the Stray Cats... Since 1984 Tom has performed solo on the east coast and is currently recording and producing a soon to be released EP, *The Sun, The Moon, And The Seasons*.

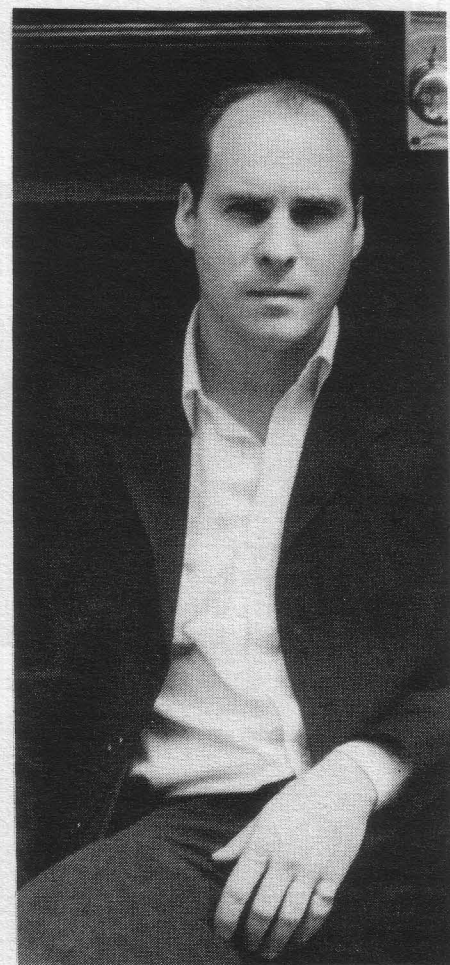
*Accompanied by frank scarlato**

DEBORAH SNOW writes: "I was born in Little Rock, Arkansas and lived there all my life until moving to NYC with my husband in 1984. I'm 27 years old and started singing solo and with a bluegrass band in Arkansas in 1979. I'm a performing member of the Arkansas Bluegrass Association and of "Rackensack" which is the Arkansas folklore society. I received enough encouragement to make singing my life's work. I'm only just beginning this work, to find my way. I hope other people will enjoy listening to the results.

RED HAWK, who often refers to himself as the "Unknown Poet" is becoming better known all the time. He is one of the finest living poets. His first volume of poetry, *Journey of the Medicine Man*, was published in Arkansas. Because of the volume of Arkansas sales, B. Dalton Booksellers decided to place the book in their stores in San Francisco and New York City. Now the book is completely sold out, miraculous for a book of poetry. "The Solitary Bird" is our second songwriting collaboration.



David Indian is a Greenwich Village songwriter who plays 6-string acoustic and electric bass guitar and loves to sing. He is privately producing demo tapes with the help of friends. Contact David Indian Music, 598 6th Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11215. (718) 768 6513.



SIDE ONE

-1-

BRIGHT LIGHTS
(DAVID RAY)

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DAVID RAY/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-2-

YARDS
(SUZIE UNGER)

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-3-

DON'T SHOOT THE BUTLER
(GUY JOHNATHAN)

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-4-

PUSH AND PULL
(JO LYN DANIELS)

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-5-

MARY LEE
(EDDY LAWRENCE)

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EDDY LAWRENCE/GUITAR & VOCAL
JEFFREY GLENN/GUITAR & VOCAL

-6-

GROWING CLOSER TO YOU
(CHARLES D. HEROLD)

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DEATH & TAXES:
C.D. HEROLD/GUITAR & VOCAL
CHERYL GUTTMAN/FLUTE

-7-

IN THE LEFT WING
(RICHARD JULLIAN)

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RICHARD JULLIAN/GUITAR & VOCAL

SIDE TWO

-1-

VAUDEVILLE
(FRANK TEDESSO)

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-2-

THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE
(PETER PASCO)

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-3-

THE SOLITARY BIRD
(WORDS: RED HAWK, MUSIC: DEBORAH SNOW)

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DEBORAH SNOW/GUITAR & VOCAL
LARRY COHEN/BASS
JOHN LEVENTHAL/ELECTRIC GUITAR

-4-

SONG FOR RACHEL SCHERANSKI
(DAVID INDIAN)

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-5-

CHILDREN IN ANY GARDEN
(GEOFFREY WELCHMAN)

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-6-

BYE BYE
(TOM DICKIE)

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FRANK SCARLATO/LEAD GUITAR