

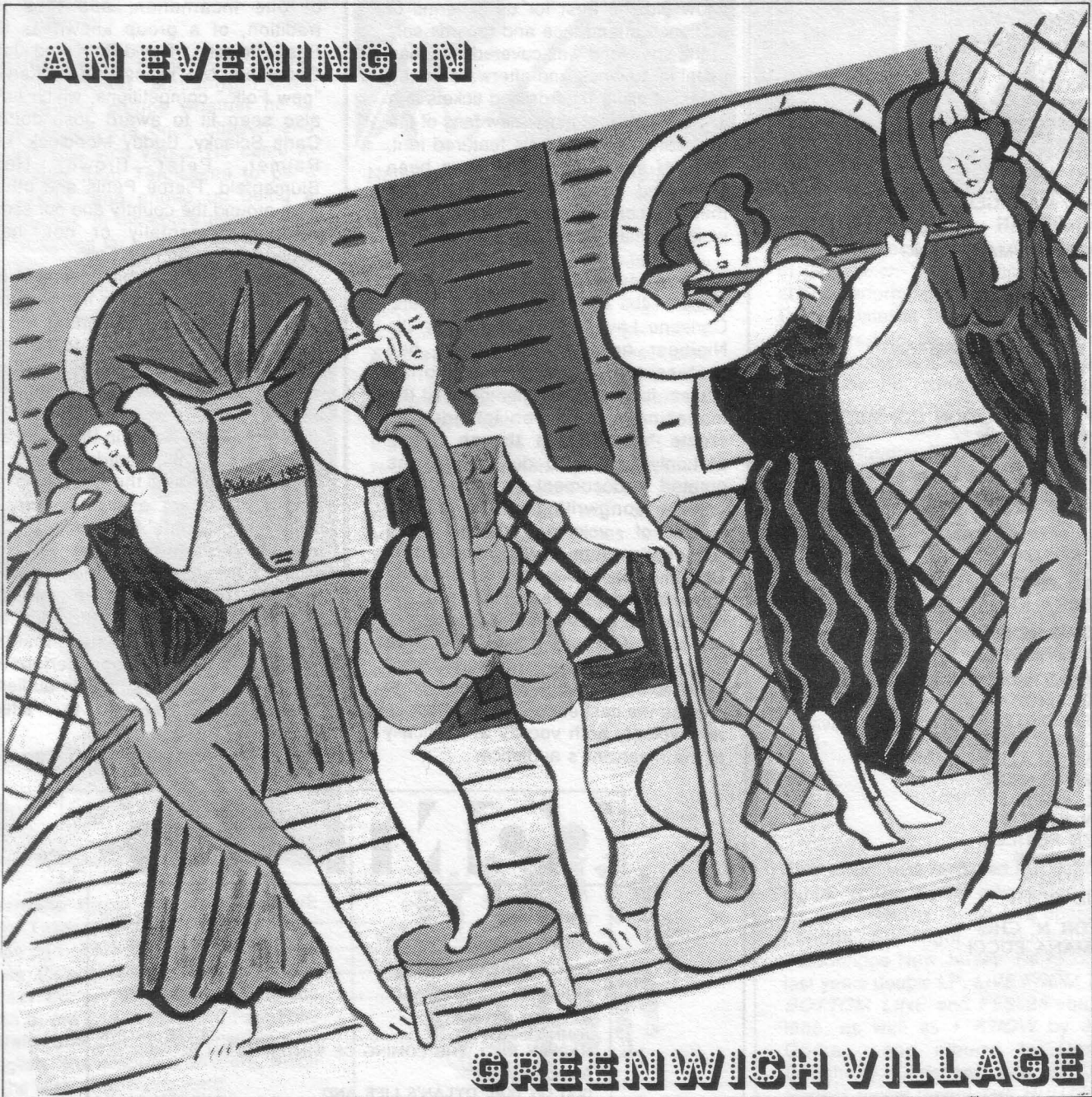
FAST FOLK

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

1988

Volume 4 No. 4

AN EVENING IN



GREENWICH VILLAGE

FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

By Richard Meyer

These live shows are becoming a tradition. This is great in a music form that so often rails and points fingers of accusation or approval on points of tradition. This record is drawn from shows at the fourth annual revue at the Bottom Line in New York (Feb 28th 1987). What is interesting is that this show did the best for us in terms of audience attendance and records sold at the show and was covered less than usual in advance and afterward by the press. Selling records and tickets is a good indicator of either new fans of the magazine, or the artists featured in it, and of subscribers who have been interested enough by the issues in their subscriptions to seek out other work the magazine has recorded.

Other interesting factors in last year's show were the absence of some of the better known performers. Christine Lavin, Shawn Colvin, Willie Nininger and Suzanne Vega had professional commitments other places. It is well to remember that the magazine was never intended to create "stars" even though it has certainly helped to do that. It was created to document as much of the current songwriting scene as it's budget of volunteer labor and subscription support can handle. It is also important to remember that the show is neither the beginning or the pinnacle of a career. In 1984, the cast of the show featured artists who were known locally and a few who were not as visible. The revue has continued to change the cast each year to introduce new voices, both vocally and lyrically to the magazine's audience.

It is a sign of an artist's strength to come into and grow out of a scene, a show, and their own songs. By including Ilene Weiss this year we (editorially) look back to the first magazine, the CooP, in 1982. By uniting Tom Intondi, Frank Christian and Lucy Kaplanski we are reminded of one incarnation, and thus the tradition, of a group known as the Song Project. David Roth and John Gorka are two winners of the Kerville "new Folk" competitions, which have also seen fit to award Josh Joffen, Carla Sciacky, Buddy Mondlock, Lilly Palmer, Peter Brown, Hugh Blumenfeld, Pierce Pettis and others from around the country and our scene who, coincidentally or not, have appeared first on Fast Folk.

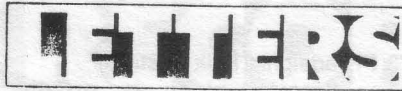
The show is a microcosm of our extended scene and the individuals in it. This is why it is important for the artists in the revue to extend themselves to perform material which is not their own. The audience it seems, comes to see those singers they may have heard in the clubs and on the Fast Folk records; but as the cast changes and the ones who are dubbed stars of one magnitude or another 'graduate' the audience still comes. Our advertising is clear enough that we do not mislead ticket buyers. It can only be that the audience comes to see the show and support our idea of new material presented well by good performers; which proves the lie that an audience will only buy tickets to attend

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	RICHARD MEYER
PHOTO QUIZ	
PHOTO SPREAD.....	
THE AUQ	ROGER DEITZ
RECORD REVIEWS:	
JOHN GORKA	PETER BROWN
HARVEY REID: THE COMING OF WINTER..	HUGH BLUMENFELD
BOOK REVIEW:	
BOB ON BOB: DYLAN'S LIFE AND TIMES ACCORDING TO SHELTON.....	SHELTON SOYKA
LYRICS	BIOS

performances of that which they already know.

The Fast Folk Revue has also been a training ground. In it's first year performers basically came on and did a piece of their "act". Now, however, the show is a tightly rehearsed production combining performers who may rarely play together otherwise. The work that this requires strengthens everyone's musicianship and allows the best aspects of one's performer nature to come through. The Revue has also toured each year outside of New York; often to Boston, but also to Prospect Park in Brooklyn, the Cherry Tree in Philadelphia, the Great Hudson River Revival, the June Days Festival and The Iron Horse in Northampton. In this way the strength of the revue as a concept introduces new performers to promoters who might otherwise not feel them legitimate enough on their own. It also introduces songs and singers to an audience who might be drawn to a show initially by a name but end up going home with a new perspective on the contemporary population of songwriters and the potential of their work.



Dear Fast Folk,

As reported in the media, a new radio station went on the air in July of 1987 only to be illegally forced off the air by the F.C.C. and their transportations means, the Coast Guard. Radio New York International (R.N.I. - 1620; AM and 103.1 FM) will be back on the air as soon as possible, so vows Chief Engineer, Alan Weiner. This is not news, but what is new is one of R.N.I.'s weekly shows that hasn't (as of this writing) yet gotten out over the ar. That's my show, "The Other Side of R.N.I."

R.N.I. was built on the belief of freedom, truth and love (sounds like the 60's, but thats the idea). New York Radio has gotten bogged down and we leagal (outside the three mile limit) pirate hope to change that soon. Being mostly a rock station, my show was just as it's title said--The Other Side -- the acoustic music from the beginning of recordings up to the newest folk styles of the day. What I try to do is expose more people to the music I love.

Rock has it's roots in folk music, this we all know - the early blues greats like Robert Johnson, Fury Lewis, Rev. Gary Davis and Muddy Waters can still be heard echoing in rock today. Acoustic rock-a-billy, country and even ragtime have shapped today's music, but by turning into the radio in New York you wouldn't know it.

With the exceptions of WFDU's Music America, WNEW's Mixed Bag and K-Rock's Idiot's Delight (both on Sunday, pitted against each other!) These artists of the past and many new ones do not get air play. Small indy labels are recording great new acoustic music that gets little to no New York air play.

I've taken part in alternative radio (land based pirate and legal), since the mid-60's. Some say that being a folkie, I'm stuck in the 60's; but, I say "no" to them. Acts like Devonsquare, Whippersnapper, Hugh Blumenfeld, Aztec Two-Step, Tetes No Ires, and many others are keeping the music alive and growing.

The Other Side of R.N.I. will feature as many different sides of our music as possible. For Folk music isn't one-sided, and we aren't either. I'll let you know as soon as the good Radioship Sarah and R.N.I are back on the air.

"Take it Easy... But take it." Someone said that. Lots of people never heard his voice too!

Lawrence Alan Frumkies

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THE ACQ

By Roger Deitz

Being a folk music audience (or in rare cases if you will, use the singular - *audient* - if a rather esoteric program has drawn but you alone) carries with it a particularly great responsibility, one which must not be taken lightly; even in this less than lucrative genre. The future of folk music, and coffeehouses, if not perhaps that of Western Civilization, (in that apparent order of importance) rests squarely with those few enlightened souls who frequent these haunts in search of the wail of the Northumbrian small pipes, the plaintive drone of the dulcimer, and the woeful cry of David Bromberg's blues rap. Those who know, know that acting in a responsible, socially acceptable manner can add to the enjoyment of such an outing. Your Audience Courtesy Quotient (ACQ) is so important.

A not yet enlightened music concert audience feels it's job is done merely by showing up and paying admission. Certainly, this is admirable. The coffeehouse can pay the rent and the artist, when remunerated at the end of the evening, gets a false sense of something akin to being in show business. Everyone is happy. But just as there is more to circumnavigating the globe than sitting in a rowboat and waiting for the tide to ebb, there is more to being a good folk audience than simply paying your way, and sitting in your seat waiting for the show to start.

First, there is the proper Folk Audience Posture or FAP. Feet both flat on the floor, shoulders square to the stage, head erect in an attentive manner. Don't slouch, talk or snore loudly. This disturbs others and keeps you from being receptive to the program at hand. It also sends scores of weak-egoed performers slinking into the night to ask the rhetorical questions, "Am I good? Do I stink? How am I ever going to pay for my new Martin D-35?" With both eyes and ears open you might now notice new and exciting things about any given performer. *He* writes songs in an interesting Central American Myan Indian tempo, or *she* uses a unique 'frailing' technique gleaned from Uncle Dave Macon, or *he* is playing a rare 1915 Vega Tubaphone banjo stolen from the trunk of *your* car at the

1973 Philadelphia Folk Festival.

Singing along is greatly encouraged, particularly if the artist couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. By singing loudly on the refrains, at least you, and you neighbors, don't have to listen. Singing *different* songs, however is not recommended. This is considered 'bad form' by the Third International Folk Music Congress held in Geneva in 1954, which clearly states in it's bylaws that such behavior "leads to a kind of anarchy and otherwise is not in the spirit of unity associated with the artform, and is artificially detrimental to the folk process, which is screwed up enough already". Playing solitaire, doing needlepoint, or working on your own origami class homework during a performance is also frowned upon. Besides, it could lead to death if any of these faux-pas are absent-mindedly practiced at a less gentle venue, such as an Iron Maiden concert.

Tipping the artist is not necessary, although fifteen percent of the ticket price is a good guide for a particularly enjoyable show. Over tipping only spoils the artist. Feedback (of the non-acoustic variety) is important. Positive reinforcement lets the artist think you care, whether you do or not. Carrying an artist's guitar case to his or her motel room is often also appreciated, but carrying the artist to the motel room is not necessary.

In conclusion, remember that good artists might come and go, but an audience is stuck with having to return to the same coffeehouse, sit with the same people, and act accordingly. Remember, your neighbours are watching you, taking stock of your ACQ. Its quite a burden.

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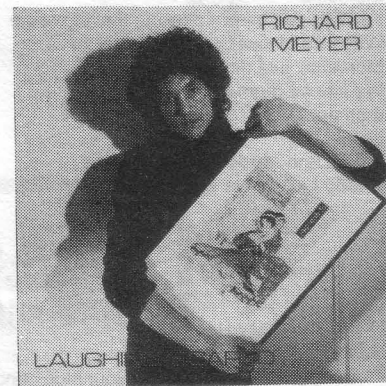
**THE FOLK MUSIC
 CHRONICLES**



A collection of articles, essays, and short stories

by ROGER DEITZ

The eighteen stories in this collection originally appeared in the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* between 1984 and 1985. All would, therefore, seem to be about folk music, at least on the surface. But there is more to them than that. Available by sending \$5.95 + \$1.00 postage to: Rescan Associates Inc., 401 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, NJ 07040.



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MOMENTS

Moments

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

Moments

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

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

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

Words and music by Pierce Pettis
 © 1985 Let's Have Lunch Music

From My Hands

Don't rebuke me with your blue pencil words
 It's not some rumor that I have overheard
 Or a passing bell at midnight delivering commands
 I can wash you from my hands
 You can watch me where I stand
 Wash you from my hands

Is there a broken reed hidden beneath this veil
 An irritating anger sets my heart to wail
 Keep it clean and keep it tidy
 Keep it spic and span
 I can wash you from my hands
 You can watch me where I stand
 Wash you from my hands

Be cruel to be kind, it's mercy's second chance
 or a rose watered glance

Between pillows of a private box
 That love cannot sustain
 I can wash you from my hands
 You can watch me where I stand
 Wash you from my hands

Repeat first Verse

Words and Music by Frank Christian
 ©1987 Frank Christian Music

I Saw a Stranger With Your Hair

I saw a stranger with your hair
 Tried to make her give it back
 So I could send it off to you
 Maybe Federal Express
 Cause I know you'd miss it

I saw another with your eyes
 The flash just turned my head
 I went to try them on for size
 But they looked the other way
 And wouldn't listen

Chorus

But you're never hard to find in a crowd
 The people around you smiling out loud
 Thier feet don't touch the ground
 Their feet don't touch the ground
 No their feet don't touch the ground

I heard a stranger with you voice
 It took me by suprise
 Again I found it wasn't you
 Just an angel in disguise
 in for a visit

By the way how is my heart
 I haven't seen it since you left
 I'm almost sure it followed you
 Could you sometime send it back
 I'll buy the ticket

Chorus

I saw a stranger with your hair
 I saw another with you eyes
 I heard an angel with your voice
 By the way how is my heart
 By the way how is my heart

Words and Music by John Gorka
 © 1984 & 1987 Blues Paiace Music

Let Me Take My Time

You follow lovers with your eyes
 accross the streets and in the stations
 Then you look around at me
 You want to know my destination
 It isn't hard to read your mind
 Will you forgive my hesitation

And every wall must sometimes fall away
 And every dessert blooms when life is kind
 Frozen winter yeild their rain
 Frozen hearts must do the same
 If you love me
 You'll let me take my time
 Let me take my time

Now you and I are veterans
 With bitter campaigns to our credit
 Where love's so hard to come by
 And so hard to lose
 You know that life, We've led it
 But still we search for something more
 Some reason not to give up and forget it

CHORUS

Bridge: You can't argue with a river
 It won't hear a word you say
 You try reason but it won't hear
 what you're thinking
 Try to close your fist upon it
 Then you feel it slip away
 But if you cup your hands
 It'll be there for the drinkin'

So let us join hand carefully
 And swear to look out for each other
 We are old but we are young
 There's time to learn and worlds to rediscover
 And if it's wrong we'll go our separate ways
 And if its right then we'll be lovers

CHORUS

Words and Music © 1987 By Josh Joffen

Don't Should on Me

Late last night before repose my sweet heart called to me
"Darling, you should hurry
You should come to bed I'm cold
You shouldn't keep your baby waiting
You should be cooperating
You should learn to do the things you are told"
Something in her tone of voice
was something less than kind
This person telling me the things
I should or shouldn't do
A bell went off inside my head
I ran right up side that bed
I said "baby you should learn a thing or two-
Like you should squeeze the toothpaste from the end, not from the top
You should pay attention to those prices when we shop
I think you should know better than
To tell me things that I should do
Don't should on me and I won't should on you"

"And while we're on the subject
There are certain other things my dear,
You should be aware of
I should think you shouldn't show
Little things I'm sure of
But ones you should take care of
Like the way you think and everything you know
You should watch the things you eat
I think you're eating too much meat
I think that you should change the clothes you wear
(Clothes you wear)

You should change your TV channels
Those polyester sheets to flannels
You should change the way you do your hair
I only want whats best for you
Why ever won't you listen
I should know by now what you should put your emphasis in
We should both know better than
To tell each other what to do
Don't should on me and I won't should on you."

So nowadays we're less demanding
No hard feelings understanding
best regards sincerely yours, it's true
And when we start to say " you should"
We stop because it's understood
Don't should on me and I won't should on you
Well I guess it's only human nature
Homasapien nomenclature
Minding everybody elses business but your own
With " you should this and you should that"
You know what I've been getting at
Sometimes we should leave well enough alone
This song is almost over
I'm amazed that we got through it
I know it was a shouldy job
But someone had to do it
We should all know better than
To tell each other what to do
Don't should on me and I won't should on you
Don't should on me and I won't should on you

Words and Music by David Roth
© 1986 Roth Records

SIDE LYRICS ONE

OLD FACTORY TOWN

and as I was sleeping the rain fell down
washing the streets of this old factory town
i dreamed of the watch man making his rounds
as the rain fell on this old factory town

and when I awoke my wife was gone
down to the kitchen at the break of dawn
i could hear her humming our favourite song
down to the kitchen at the Break of dawn

and I kissed her waiving frame at the door
rustling kids to tend to the chores
and last night she whispered "Lets have one or two more"
rustling kids, to tend to the chores.

i punched in at seven at j.t. mctell
iron and brass, hotter than hell
where I cast the clappers of church steeple bells
iron and brass at j.t. mctell

the whistle at four to the bar for a round
quenching the thirst of this old factory town
the lights come up as the sun goes down
over the bars of this old factory town

as I was sleeping down the rain fell
strike in the streets and scatter pell mell
i dream of the clamor, of all the church bells
cast in iron and brass at j.t. mctell
the bells
the bells

Words and music © 1982 by Brian Rose

La Chanson des livres

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai un beau foulard a vous presenter
Ouvrez moi la port et laissez moi entrer

Reply:

Mon pere est en chagrin, na mere en grande tristesse
Et moi je suis fille de trop grand merci
Pour ouvrez ma porte a cette heure ici

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai un beau mouchoir a vous presenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer (Repy)

Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte Nanette ma jolie
J'ai des beau souliers a vous presenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer (Reply)

Ouvrez, ouvrez la port Nanette ma jolie
j'ai in beau mari a vour presenter
Ouvrez moi la porte et laissez moi entrer

(Reply)

Mon pere est en chagrin, ma mere en grande tristesse
Et moi je suis fille de bien grand merci
Mais j'ouvrirai ma porte pour ce beau mari

Traditional

Translation

The Livery Song

Open, open the door my pretty Nanette
I have a beautiful scarf to give you
Open the door for me and let me in.

(Reply)

My father is grieving, my mother is very sad
And me, I am a girl full of gratitude
So open my door at seven o'clock
Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have a beautiful handkerchief to give you
Open the door for me and let me in (Reply)

Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have beautiful shoes to give to you
Open the door for me and let me in
Open, open the door, my pretty Nanette
I have a handsome husband to give you
Open the door and let me in.

Reply:

My father is grieving, my mother is very sad
And me, I am a girl full of gratitude
But I will open my door for a handsome husband

Traditional, Translation by Nancy Talanian

Nikki would like to Thank Gabriel Yacoub and Malcorne
for introducing her to this song, from the Berry section of France.

Chocolates and Shame

Primo went off to war
To the frontline in Africa
Where fighting meant no more
Than life for many a soul

Like any soldier he would pray
Whenever someone passed away
Could hardly wait to get back home
Where Lina waited all alone

Lina was very cold
Starving more than before
Had Primo been around
She'd have laid the blame upon him

One day a foreign soldier came
To bring her chocolates and shame
To leave her with a dark child
Who's forty-one years old now

I grew up on a farm
Known as Lina's only son
And sure enough I must confess
I wasn't seen like all the rest

Primo got back alive
He was bcl'd when she was frightened
There were many unhappy scars
On his face and in our hearts
I saw him stumble in the night
Mumbling words never defined
Awaiting answers never found
Until nobody came around

And any time I look behind
After a few glasses of wine
I try to change my fate in vain
Left here with chocolates and shame

Words and Music © 1985 By Germana Pucci

SIDE LYRIC TWO

Water

People will talk
friends will be schocked
say "How in the world do you do?"
women will walk
up to you and squawk
saw"baby want to try something new"

How you gonna take it
What are you gonna do
When it happens just like you been expecting it to
How you gonna take it
What are you gonna do
Ain't it gonna change your life

You can't carry that load yourself
You got to stop on the road for water

That woman you love
she been waiting on you
you gonna come around like she knows you can do
theres bums on the corner with their outstretched hands
you'll take 'em all to diner just because you can

the feds will do audits
you're phone will be tapped
non-fiction writer will go through your trash
gurus will quote you
waiters rip off you lines
they'll name a turnpike rest stop after you when you die

Words and Music by Rod MacDonald
© 1985 Blue Flute Music (ASCAP)

On the Avenue

Somenight, I'll be bathing in moonlight
Under flickering lamplight
On the avenue

I'll live like a country squire
Do whatever I desire
I feel compelled to do

Chorus: But I know I can fill that role so fast
I know what I say will someday come to pass

I'll be sweet cream
I'll be living my daydream
While I'm dancing on moonbeams
On the avenue

Lately, I'm surrounded by leeches
I ain't complaining but Jesus
What did I do

Cheap beer
I been living on cheap beer
And the occasional Musketeer
On the avenue

Chorus: But I know the way it is can never last
I know what I say will someday come to pass

And It'll be good times
I'll be smiling while the moonshines
On my collections of valentines
On the avenue
On the avenue

Words and Music © 1985 by Jimmy Bruno

Diamonds in the Rough

As a little girl I came down to the water
With a little stone in my hand
It would shimmer and sing
And we knew everything
As a little girl I came down

In a little while I got steeped in authority
Heaven only knows what went wrong
But there's nothing so cruel
as to bury that jewel
And it was mine all along
I'm gonna find out

Chorus: You're shinning, I can see you
You're smiling, that enough
I'm holding on to you
Like a diamond in the rough
Like a diamond in the rough

Every now and then I can feel
That I'm getting somewhere
so deep

I was angry back then
And you know I still am
I have lost too much sleep
I'm gonna find it

Snakes in the grass, better step on the gas
Snakes in the grass, better step on the gas
Snakes in the grass, better step on the gas

In my dream I go down to the water
With a little girl in my arms
We shimmer and sing
And we know everything
In my dreams I go down
I go down

You're shining, I can see you
You're shining, that's enough
I'm holding on to you
Like a diamond in the rough
Like a diamond in the rough 2X

Snakes in the grass better step on the gas

Words and Music © 1986 by Shawn Colvin and John Leventhal

Contrary Mary

She, drunker than me
And shaking my tree-
I fell and she yawned
I let go of my kite
It was love at blind sight
She said "what took you so long?"
Her sphinx runneth over
The riddle, she asks with a smile
"Forgive me, I'm wicked, I'm warm,
I'm free for a while"

There, caught in her snare
And slicing a pear
She said "do you dare"
She lifted her dress
And as I said "yes"
Up popped a soothsayer
"beware, beware or you'll end like that man
Who played the bassoon
He succumbed to her charms, with his last breath
He uttered "bazoom"

She said "don't listen to him
I knew him when he looked just like you"
And I swallowed her lie
I said not to cry
She said, "I never have to"
There was nothing to stop us
Except for the ghost of her spouse
She took off her clothes
I pretended to be doctor Faust

Somehow raising my plow
She said "not now
Can't we just be friends?"
Then, shedding her skin
I met her twin
She said, "don't come again"
But leave your wheelbarrow
just in case a piece of the sky
Falls into my lap
I want something to remember you by

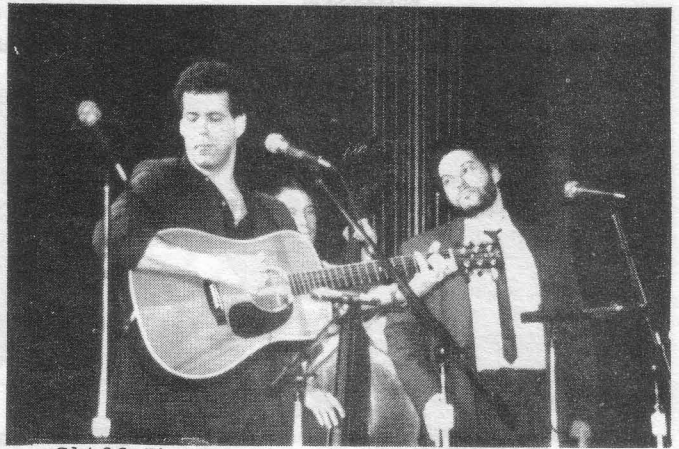
Soon, I left her room
And licking my wounds
I got drunk at the bar
And when it got dark
I drew stars for her heart
but they were too far
And when I awoke on my pillow
Was her billet doux
"Je ne suis plus pas contraire de toi
Je t'aime, que pease tu"

Words and Music by David Massengill
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Teddy Lee

Roger Deitz: Our M.C.



Teddy Lee

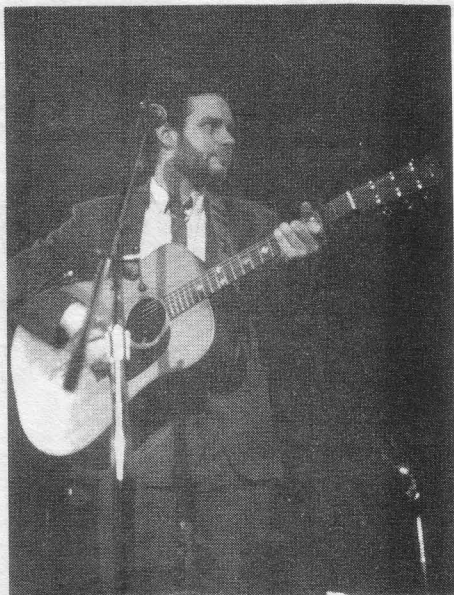
Cliff Eberhardt and John Gorka

**THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE REVUE
ON STAGE**



Barbara Krinitz

Nikki Matheson



Barbara Krinitz

John Gorka



Teddy Lee

Mark Dann and David Massengill



INTERMISSION

- ON THE AVENUE (Jimmy Bruno)Cliff Eberhardt w/ Rod, John & the Band
- OLD FACTORY TOWN (Brian Rose)..... Lucy Kaplanski w/ David Roth & the Band
-March '82-*
- BIOLOGICAL TIMEBOMB (Christine Lavin).....Ilene Weiss
-Nov 85.*
- CABFARE & PERFUME (David Ray).....Nikki Matheson w/ Frank & Band
-Jan '86-*
- CAR & DRIVER (Bill Morressey).....Bill Morressey
- NUMBER ONE IN AMERICA (David Massengil).....David w/ the Band
(stay tuned)
- CHOCOLATES AND SHAME (Germana Pucci).....Germana w/ Rod,Nikki, Richard, Frank, Jeff & Howie
-Nov '85-*
- LET ME TAKE MY TIME (Josh Joffen).....Richard w/David Roth, Jeff & Howie
- BEFORE YOU SING; Pas De Deux (Jack Hardy)..... Maggie, Terri, & Suzy Roche
(stay tuned) vocals w/Jack Hardy ;Guitar , Lisa & the Band
- DADDY SAID (Nanci Griffith).....John Gorka w/Lucy, Nikki & the Band
- ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE (Dave Van Ronk).....Frank Christian, w/ Tom Intondi, Lucy Kaplanski
-Song Project in Italy-Folkstudio Records(Italy)
- WATER (Rod Mac Donald).....Rod MacDonald w/Ensemble
-Rod's Album "White Buffalo"
- FROM A DISTANCE (Julie Gold)The Ensemble

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This was a busy year for the Revue, we also did a show for the CELEBRATE BROOKLYN festival in Prospect Park. Christine Lavin was with us and, Josh Joffen joined the cast for his song CRAZY HORSE and MOMENTS, and Lillie Palmer played her song CANVAS which will appear on an upcoming issue and Shawn Colvin replaced Lucy Kaplanski. We'd like to thank all the performers and support coordinators for the work that made these shows possible. Ed.

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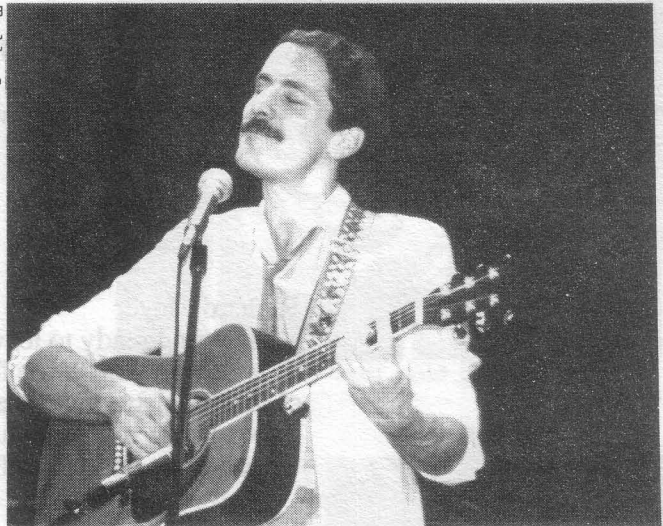
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Teddy Lee



Lucy Kaplanski, Richard Meyer, Rod MacDonald and Lisa Gutkin

Barbara Krinitz



The Roche Sisters

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Frank Chrisitan

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Choose the correct answer:

- 1) Roger Silverberg and Peter Brown
- a) are preparing to sell FAST FOLK records and T-shirts.
 - b) are getting ready to recruit new FAST FOLK fans and sell new subscriptions
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- 2) Richard Meyer
- a) is getting ready to leave the building, and enjoy the rain
 - b) is posing with some food and beverage.
 - c) is demonstrating the exact size and shape of the piece of cheese that goes in the moustrap as part of his elaborate burglar alarm system, soon to be on loan to Peter Brown.(both recently robbed)

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- a) are relaxing after a great show
 - b) are thinking about the Boston Monsoon of April '87
 - c) are listening to recent Neil Diamond records.



- 4) Cliff Eberhardt and Lillie Palmer
- a) are hamming it up for the photographer, thinking how glad they are that the show was indoors
 - b) are congratulating each other on a show well done
 - c) are discussing Gary Hart and Jimmy Swaggart



- 5) David Roth and promoter, of the Boston show, Bob Donlin discuss
- a) the latest GQ fashions and the rain
 - b) the song Your Smile is like a Melody and the rain
 - c) the rain
 - d) the artistic success of the show in spite of the rain



Lisa Gutkin

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FAST FOLK REVUE IN PROSPECT PARK

BOB ON BOB: DYLAN'S LIFE AND TIMES ACCORDING TO SHELTON

By David Soyka

The train back to New Jersey from the second Bob Dylan/Tom Petty concert at Madison Square Garden was full of teenagers whose conception of the sixties must be similar to my generation's view of the thirties: a time our parents talked about that holds little relevance (a term used with a vehemence in the sixties to denounce anything that was not contemporary, from morality to education to fashion) to what's happening today.

I was not surprised to see a much younger crowd than when Dylan had last toured the area in 1981. Presumably they came primarily to see Petty. I imagine they saw Dylan as some has-been artifact (much as I used to think of Presley) who once had a hit with "like A Rolling Stone", the one song they're likely to have heard on commercial rock radio.

A girl of seventeen or so, decked out in a brand new tour T-shirt, slumped in her orange and brown Conrail seat. Over in the next aisle, a boy of the same age saw an opportunity to strike up a conversation. "What'd you think of the concert," he asked her. "Tom Petty was really good," she replied, "but Dylan sucked.

One of the overriding impressions left after reading Robert Shelton's recent Dylan biography, *No Direction Home*, is how often his concert work was poorly received. And how, just as often, in retrospect this criticism turned out to be wrong. From even before he went electric to the 'born again' sermonizing of the late seventies, the author portrays Dylan's problem as being too far ahead of his listeners.

"Critics who held that Newport '65 had been the wrong way to introduce the new (electric) music were wrong," Shelton writes. "At Forest Hills, the sound was right, the programming

was intelligent, the presentation persuasive. The problem lay with the audience."

The vitriol that various phases of Dylan's artistic growth generated is somewhat amazing. It is particularly ironic, given the critical camp today that contends Dylan has produced little of significance since the sixties, to read reviews of the period that trash this now revered body of work.

A good portion of *No Direction Home* recounts Dylan's critical reception. Shelton makes the point that much of the negative criticism was colored by a larger political and social agenda unrelated to the merits of the music itself. Shelton aptly and cleverly summarizes the songwriter's refusal to be beholden to any particular movement in the chapter title, "not a Puppet Laureate."

The author traces Dylan's musical transitions from traditional folk to protest to folk-rock and poet-songs to country to Christian fundamentalism. At each step of the way, Dylan becomes Judas (the infamous heckler's cry from the bootlegged 1966 Royal Albert Hall concert), because he chose to follow his own muse rather than give a fickle popular audience more of the same. In a 1968 *SING OUT!* interview, Dylan says, "There was one thing I did which wasn't a good idea for me. I tried to write another *Mr. Tambourine Man*. It's the only song I tried to write 'another one.' But after enough going at it, it just began bothering me, so I dropped it. I don't do that any more."

Though Shelton seeks to balance both the positive and negative commentaries, he is clearly on Dylan's side, though he doesn't shy from pointing out his own misgivings about certain performances and songs. Some might even accuse the author of being Dylan's apologist. Shelton, whose 1961 New York Times review is credited as the first critical discovery of Dylan's talents, does not hide his personal and professional relationship with the songwriter. However, this doesn't stop the author from describing incidents which place Dylan in less than a favorable light.

The early Dylan felt compelled to create personal fables about a Guthrie-like drifter's existence when in fact, he was a product of a middle-class upbringing. His

relationships with prominent figures in the early Greenwich Village folk scene come across as opportunistic, though that may be a case of someone leaving behind those that can't keep up. An example of Dylan's shabby treatment of his contemporaries is Phil Ochs. According to Shelton, Dylan once made Ochs crawl out of his limousine with the taunt, "you're not a folk singer, you're just a journalist." Asked why he put up with the abuse, Ochs says, "After all, man, if Dylan tells you something, you gotta listen."

Part of this behavior might be attributed to youthful insecurity and immaturity. Couple that with the ego-bending experience of being elevated to counterculture Messiah at the tender age of 25, a role Dylan tried unsuccessfully to disown. Although Shelton only alludes to it, another ingredient might have been alcohol and drugs.

Shelton lets Dylan talk for himself at length about midway through the book. The songwriter's remarks are drawn from an interview conducted on Dylan's private jet en route between concert stops in march 1966. Dylan sets the ground rules: "You can't ask me about how I sleep. You can't ask me about how I make it, and you cannot ask me what I think I am doing here."

Dylan is on drugs of some sort, probably amphetamines, even though Shelton doesn't make a point of saying so directly. He lets the words and action of his subject speak for themselves. "It takes a lot of medicine to keep up the pace," Dylan says of his hectic touring schedule. The reader gets a portrait of a slit-eyed Dylan spitting out his feelings about critics, audiences, his music, fame and fortune. This goes on throughout the night while members of the Band try to get some much needed sleep. After the plane reaches its destination, Dylan gets a weary Robbie Robertson to practice at their motel room as soon as they arrive. "I assumed that tomorrow would be a long sleep in," Shelton writes. Dylan said: "lets go out to Central City tomorrow morning."

This is a portrait of a man clearly on the edge, and the price of the book is worth it for this passage alone. Were it not for the famous motorcycle accident (It was widely reported that Dylan

nearly lost his life. It seems more likely that his mishap saved his life), This could have been where the biography ended.

Many 'Dylanologists' contend that Dylan's creativity and relevance did effectively end after the accident. Shelton, though perhaps unintentionally, provides support for this view.

For some reason, Shelton drops cut by cut reviews of the albums after *John Wesley Harding*, except for *Blood on the Tracks*. Though these later recordings are discussed in detail from a thematic point, and songs which aren't generally highly thought of are defended, this inconsistency tends, however inadvertently to reinforce those who argue that Dylan's songwriting has waned over the years.

Shelton covers ground up to 1985, though he is most clearly focused on the Dylan of the Sixties. The last two chapters, starting with Dylan's 'born again' period, in particular seem tacked on. Perhaps Shelton didn't have the access he previously enjoyed.

Of course, the most interesting period of Dylan's is the Sixties, regardless of the value of his subsequent work (much of which, in my opinion is substantial and stand up equally to the earlier songs). In discussing the music business' penchant for announcing a 'new Bob Dylan' (the most famous being Bruce Springsteen) every few years or so, Shelton makes an important point in quoting Steve Turner in *New Musical Express* that "Dylan filled the psychological need of a generation. Where there isn't a psychological need, there'll be no B.D. or, indeed, no new B.D."

If Dylan were starting out today, no one would get particularly upset if he switched from an acoustic guitar to an electric one. Dylan pioneered the form. Nor would his existential lyrics and social commentary attract much widespread attention. Because there is no emerging counterculture in need of a spokesman.

The times, they have changed, and probably not the way the Sixties movement thought it would. In 1987, Dylan might get criticised for a weak lyric, but not for failing to save the world.

I'm interested to know why Shelton waited until now to put this book out, since much of this information could

easily have been published ten years ago. I also wonder if he plans to update it as Dylan's career continues to develop. The book concludes with a short discussion of *Biograph*.

One major shortcoming of *No Direction Home* is the deferential distance Shelton keeps from his subject's personal life. In discussing Dylan's divorce, for example, Shelton asks the reader; "must I record it for posterity. Do you really want to know the personal details....?"

A more objective reporter might have delved deeper into Dylan's relationships. His wife, Sara, in particular remains a shadowy figure throughout the book. Nor will you find any 'dirt', except for oblique references about first girlfriend Suze Rotolo, Joan Baez, and manager Albert Grossman. And I, for one, am a little curious about Dylan's children. His oldest son is in his twenties now. Has he followed his father's footsteps into music, or become an investment banker.

Admittedly, there is a fine line between sensationalism and justified exploration into an artist's personal background. Dylan has been scrutinized to the point where his garbage has been sifted for telling details. One can understand Shelton's respect for the man's privacy.

Dylan hasn't helped things with his characteristic cat-and-mouse games with the reporters. Shelton hints that Dylan's mysterious and cantankerous public persona stemmed from unfavorable press treatment. A 1963 *Newsweek* piece debunked some of the young folksinger's tall tales, and also accused Dylan of stealing *Blowin' In The Wind*; a story long discredited. From this point, "Dylan turned from an accessible subject into a cagey game player...saying....things he often didn't believe," Shelton maintains.

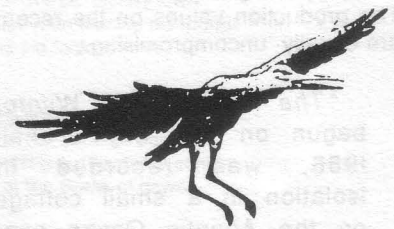
Even Shelton, despite his longstanding association with the singer, still can't put his finger on the Dylan enigma. He admits that knowing Dylan is a process of discovering and interpreting the revealed mysteries of genius. Toward this end, Shelton's book is a helpful guide.

Shelton assumes that most of his

readers are already familiar with major events in Dylan's life. He makes casual references to up-coming events and album sometimes without explanation. He develops several sub-themes that don't of necessity follow a strict chronological order. There are also some minor editing errors, such as missing footnotes that are annoying.

It's a shame that the seventeen year old who thought Dylan sucked wouldn't be interested in this book. Dylan has always maintained that he writes for people who have had experiences similar to his. That *It's Alright Ma* and *Masters of War*, or even *Every Grain of Sand* fail to make an impression on the MTV generation is sad, if not disturbing.

For anyone who is still moved by Dylan's words and music, *No Direction Home* is recommended reading. Go back and play the records in sequence as you read the book. I guarantee you'll hear things you never noticed when you were just seventeen and a poet was beginning to sing in the wind.



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RECORD REVIEWS

HARVEY REID: The coming of Winter

By Hugh Blumenfeld

The coming of Winter is not an album, it is a work, an extended suite or maybe a folk opera whose subject is a season that is already a mere ghost of itself. It is almost ninety minutes long and shifts eloquently between traditional melodies and songs written by Reid which stay close to the earth. Reid, a national guitar champion, displays flawless musicianship throughout and a high level of feeling. Like Canada's Don Ross and Preston Reed at his best, and unlike a lot of New Age Music, you never get the sense that the music is mechanical or that the virtuosity is gratuitously displayed. The production values on the record are equally uncompromising.

"*The coming of Winter* begun on first day of Fall 1986, was recorded in isolation in a small cottage on the Atlantic Ocean near Bath, Maine....It is intended to musically and emotionally reflect the arrival of the winter season, and the need of winter music listeners."

The best song on the album is the haunting "Twilight," which follows the happy opening traditional duet on guitar and violin. Reid has a genius for the imagery of limbo - whether it's the twilight of the year, the twilight of the day, the twilight of life of a man or a city. Here it is all of these things together, twilightness itself. The success of this song really launches the meditations of "the coming of Winter" and lingers throughout. He takes his images of the eerie and the weird right to the boundary of the supernatural, but not beyond it:

I live so deep in shadows,
The lights have all grown dim
Fear and dark suspicion
Shroud the world I'm in
Like bats among the birds
In an October sky
Ever by twilight,
By twilight they fly

Only the next verse, which tries to introduce a plot of sorts, seems weakened by sentimentality and stretching of the imagery:

Now I feel the cold again
The leaves are dry and brown
Our final glance is written
on the frost on the ground
Between the dancing daylight
and midnight's broken cry
By twilight, by twilight,
lost love will fly

But the rest of the song picks up the scent again, tracing that indescribable waning of life in which everything seems a little unreal.

The orange sun is blazine,
the streets are shining silver
Through the black electric sky
it flickers through my window glass
I don't mind the darkness,
put the moon back in the sky

Like sailors in a storm,
the lovers hug the darkness
They watch the moon rise
high above the cotton clouds

Beneath the rose of sunset,
The twilight comes
and then it goes

The twilight of "The Grey Man" doesn't linger, but falls fast, unnoticed. A man suddenly catches himself in the middle of a mundane life by the ringing of an alarm clock, a look in a medicine cabinet mirror. He imagines "those better people he'd surely be now/ If he'd done what he wanted" and hears the chattering of inner voices - "Worse than nothing, they said nothing that mattered/ Why was he listening?" The fable is maybe not

too easy, especially with the "telltale heart" that belies his attempts at tranquility, but the broader strokes of the chorus help this song remain more than the story of "a mid-life crisis."

Grey man walking through
black and white
It's painless, it's pointless,
it's innocent life
Hiding from darkness,
sheltered from light
He's a grey man
He's a grey man

"Old Portsmouth Town" is another masterpiece, where the images are haunting and exact. So many overtly political songs try to eulogize the old economy of the workingman's town with no luck, while this song effortlessly makes its pointed observations: "the dollar in your pocket comes from far away."

The old houses crowd close
together still
as if trying to keep warm
And the winds that blow through
old Portsmouth Town
Still rattle the sails
of the boats in the storm

And the millwheels turn
and the woodfires burn
And the tides change twice a day
right on time
And I hear the bell

in the church steeple chime
Three, and twice three again makes
nine.

Perhaps there's a little too much romanticizing of the old backbreaking labor and good old boy alcoholism in some lines, a little too much anti-technological nostalgia, but they manage not to come off heavy handed in the music. In all these songs, Reid's rich voice plays the lines expertly, slowly, phrasing them so that they just barely hang together like smoke of heavy clouds.

The gospel song "Guide Me", inspired by the singing of Daniel

Womack, is full of traditional gospel motifs: blindness, stumbling feet, soothe this tired brow, and a help me be strong. It's pretty but pretty generic gospel. The Reid touch is present though, in the chorus where trouble "only lives in the dark side of my mind." This introspective psychologizing runs through his work, and sticks out a little here. But what's at stake really is that Reid's tone poem demands a song of hope here, of innocent spirituality in the darkening world.

Side one ends with an autoharp/violin duet, written and recorded during a rainstorm. It feels a little like a reprise of "Twilight" and again makes you appreciate the artistry that hold this work together. Side two, as meticulously planned and performed; is not as riveting as side one. It begins with "The Minstrel's Dream," a guitar solo of 22 minutes; though it remains lyrical. Through the much of the piece you feel the horizontal extension of a melody, but not much sense of rising drama or significance.

"Restless Man" introduces some humor into side two, a bluesy song about wandering. Reid makes the Dobro hum loud like a cocky vagabond, but "Lord of the Dance" lies a little flat, and the moody instrumental "Hunter's Moon" doesn't add anything new to the suite as it draws to close. Reid finishes with a 'hymn and a prayer' on the autoharp, "Gathering the Harvest." Reid's instincts are right again - the hymn is the right gesture for a closing.

It's time to give thanks,
to bow our heads down
The beggar for his bread,
the king for his crown
The weary for shelter
from the night and the storm
The fool for his wisdom,
the rose for it's thorn

There's an ongoing struggle in *The Coming of Winter* between a haunting pessimism and an exhalted innocence. Usually the struggle is divided between Reid's composing and the steady rock of traditional pieces. Reid's attempts to reconcile these elements of the season may not be wholly successful, but the work a whole stands apart from the ordinary conceptions and collections of songs being turned out by many recording artists. Maybe Harvey Reid is a little to solemn sometimes, but *The coming of*

Winter as a whole is a work of epic proportions and uncommon beauty.

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JOHN GORKA: I KNOW

By Peter Brown

When John Gorka's, *I Know*, came out last fall I kept mine spinning on the turntable so long that it now resembles a black tortilla. The long-awaited debut LP is the vinyl testament to the singing and songwriting talent his fans have long known. Backed by an excellent cast of musicians, many familiar to FAST FOLK subscribers, the record is ably and painstakingly produced by William Kollar at London By Night

Productions. There are a few surprises too: a cameo vocal appearance by Steve Gillette, "liar notes" courtesy of Dave Van Ronk, and the premiere appearance of Christine Lavin on triangle.

All the familiar songs are represented here: The title cut, *I Know: Downtown Tonight; Blues Palace; Branching Out*, et al. Coming out on the Red House label (which also releases records of artists such as Greg Brown, and Claudia Schmidt, *I Know* should launch John into the national spotlight.

Many of the songs presented here demonstrate Gorka's wonderful tendency toward word play and humor. Unlike a comic, to whom humor is an end, John uses humor as a means to convey other emotions. Thus the song *I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair*, begins:

I saw a stranger with your Hair
Tried to make her give it back

Most songwriters about to write a tune about a lost love, would not begin it with a joke. Most comics wouldn't start their joke with the punch line; the effect is classic. The humor draws you in and makes you all the more vulnerable to the pathos of the song. *Out of My Mind*, (you're out of my mind) uses a similar technique. *I Know, Like My Watch*, and *B.B. King was Wrong* also make use of a lyric twist in the first line.

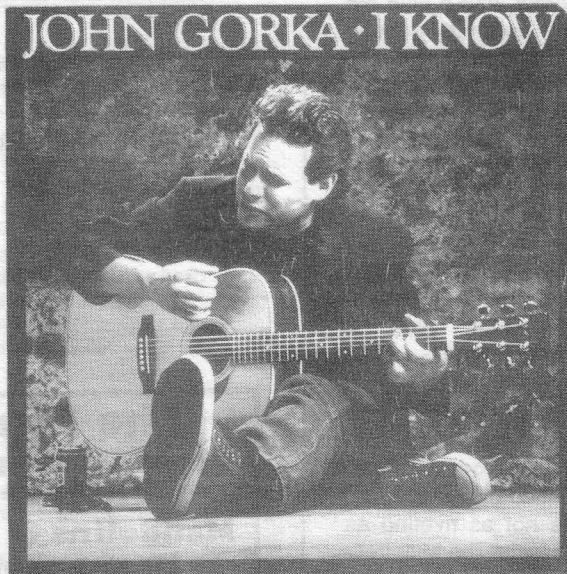
The songs are generally as singable as ever. From the rocking *Downtown Tonight* to the beautiful ballad *Love is our Cross to Bear* to *Down in the Milltown*, the record ending tale of blue collar angst, *I Know* grows on you with repeated listening. The structures of the songs

are varied and interesting. Sometimes they're written in verse chorus style, sometimes with a bridge, sometimes in AAA style. The structure is particularly effective in *I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair* where the verse trails off at the end, emphasizing the haunting lyric. The Break in *I Know* is particularly effective in part because it only comes around once. The otherwise upbeat *B.B. King Was Wrong* ("the thrill it isn't gone") however has a chorus that seems to come around once to often. The song seems to tire from that minor drone. *Winter Cows* too, is only a partial success for me in that it seems to ramble rather aimlessly. Despite this it has some very funny verses.

My favorite is this:

Some (cows) dream of India
Where their cousins are stars
But they don't like the heat
So they stay where they are

John is not in imminent danger of winning awards for guitar playing. Nevertheless, the simplicity of his chords and voicings belie an enviable rhythmic certainty that ground his songs. For this reason, I have always like listening to John accompany himself, and never felt his songs wanting for additional arrangement. On *I Know*, however, the arrangements of Bill and Janice Kollar tend to highlight aspects of the songs that would not come out as well in solo arrangements. This enlarges the



dimensions of the songs. Their tendency is to understate. I particularly like the subtle use of Emulator on *Love is Our Cross To Bear*, and the behind the beat style in *Out Of My Mind*. Unfortunately, this does not hold true enough for the vocal arrangements, which at times are distracting. The lead vocals sound more soulful when there is less to compete with. Generally, John could well be in danger of winning awards for singing, and it usually comes through well on the album. His burly baritone seems to come from a body that should be much older and a face that should have a beard.

Great songwriting, and earnest singing have long been a hallmark of John's live shows. Much of that spirit is captured here on *I Know* surrounded by excellent production. Missing is the off-kiltered, semi-crazed look, the slightly bent posture that reminds me of someone about to tell the teacher he forgot his homework. Missing is the demeanor of a man who is an absentee in his own mind, while his songs prove that he is absolutely there. Missing is the way this combines with the music to make the intensity and hilarity of John's live shows. No album could capture that so completely. If you get the chance, see John Gorka live. In the meantime get *I Know*, I know you will play the grooves off of it.

ON THE RECORD

Mark Dann, guitar, has been the recording engineer for the majority of CooP and FAST FOLK recordings over the years. He has built his studio over the years and recorded albums for Rod MacDonald, Jack Hardy, Richard Meyer, Hugh Blumenfeld and Ron Renninger. He is an accomplished guitar repairman and is the sought after accompanist on the village scene. Mark attended the Manes College of Music and has played bass, guitar and sometimes drums for countless performers, touring in Europe and the U.S. At age 19 he toured with Dion and the Belmonts as their bass player. He has never had a beer.



Jack Hardy has been a central figure in Greenwich Village since arriving in 1978. He is one of the founders of The CooP (lately the FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE), the SpeakEasy Musician's Cooperative and the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange. Jack has released seven albums on various labels in the U.S. and Europe the most recent one being *The Hunter*. Jack tours regularly in the U.S. and internationally. He has been called the "Leader of the contemporary folk scene" by the New York Times. (For booking and album information write: Great Divide Records; 178 West Houston Street, #9 New York, New York 10014.)

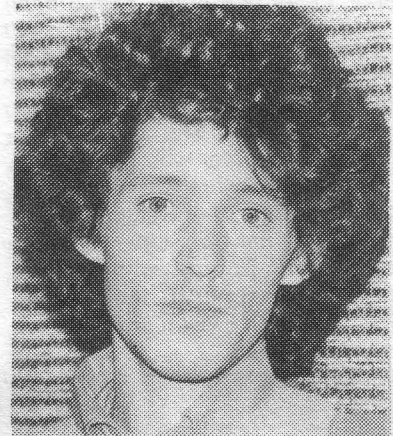
Born and bred in Brooklyn, New York, **Josh Joffen** grew up within sight of Ebbets Field. The Dodgers had already moved to LA and the Giants to S.F. and the Mets were only a gleam in Mrs. Payson's eye. Josh became and remains a Yankees fan. "THE HAWK'S SONG" is the eleventh of his songs on FAST FOLK, and this version of it helped make Josh a winner in the Kerrville Folk Festival's 1987 New Folk Competition. Ask him about it sometime.



John Gorka has called himself an intense white guy from New Jersey for years in his bios. He was assistant editor of Sing Out! Magazine and has recorded often for FAST FOLK since 1983. John won the New Folk Competition at the Kerrville Folk Festival in 1985 and has recently released a widely praised album (*I KNOW*) on Red House records. He tours regularly look for him in your town.

Brian Rose is from Virginia and moved to New York in the late 70's. He recorded first on the Cornelia Street Album and appeared also on the first CooP album. Brian has recorded regularly for Fast Folk and his songs *OLD FACTORY TOWN* and *OPEN ALL NIGHT* have been featured in the FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE REVIEW. Brian is a professional photographer specializing in architecture. He has exhibited in Europe and is currently represented by a one man show of images of the Iron Curtain at the International Center of Photography.

Jeff Hardy, bass, has been a valued stand-up bass player in the village for many years. He recorded on Jack Hardy's albums and has been a member of the house band for the FAST FOLK revue each year. Jeff has perfect pitch, great timing, a wonderful sense of humor, a loyal Mets fan and is a professional chef.



Richard Meyer has written and recorded numerous pieces for the Fast Folk Musical Magazine since joining the staff in 1983. He Coordinated booking for the SpeakEasy in 1984-85 and Co-produced live bi-weekly LIVE FROM THE SPEAKEASY broadcasts for a year on WBAI-FM. Richard has performed around the Northeast, Los Angeles and Northern Italy. Sing Out! Magazine has published his song *THE JANUARY COLD*. He has contributed music to numerous stage productions and fills out a double-life with work as designer-in-residence at East Coast Arts (New Rochelle) and the Berkshire Public Theatre. He recently designed scenery and lights for *OLD BUSINESS* at the New York Shakespeare Festival. Richard served as Technical Director for the Mabou Mine's Obie award winning productions of *THROUGH THE LEAVES* in New York, Montreal and Jerusalem. He is currently editor of FAST FOLK. His first album *LAUGHING/SCARED* has just been released. (For booking call C/o (914) 632 1978)

Barbara Krinitz

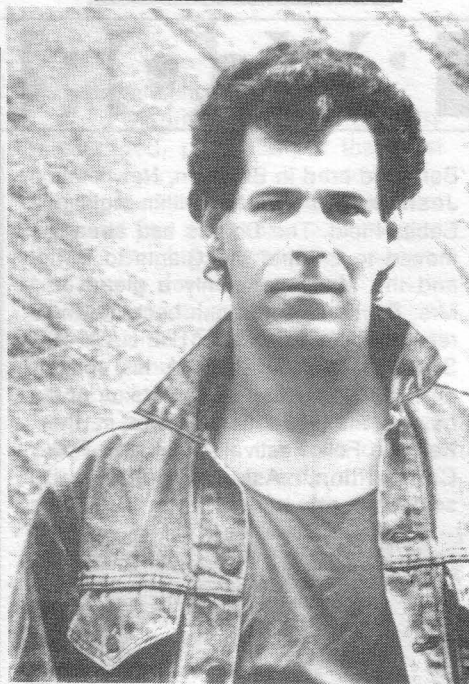


Originally from Toronto **Nikki Matheson** has been living and working as a musician in New York for the past ten years. She is a versatile performer and writer who has fronted the jazz based Rythm n'Romance, the traditional group the Rentones, and performed on her own. Lately she has been touring Europe with Gabriel Yaccoub to support the album, *ELEMENTARY LEVEL OF FAITH*, on which she appears.

Teddy Lee



Frank Christian performs regularly as a featured artist and sideman in major clubs and concert halls both in the U.S. and Europe. Acclaimed as a guitar virtuoso and outstanding songwriter, Mr. Christian has appeared with Odetta and Nanci Griffith. Most recently, he can be heard on albums by Suzanne Vega, Matry Jones, the Smithereens, Christine Lavin, and John Gorka. He is presently working on a film score.



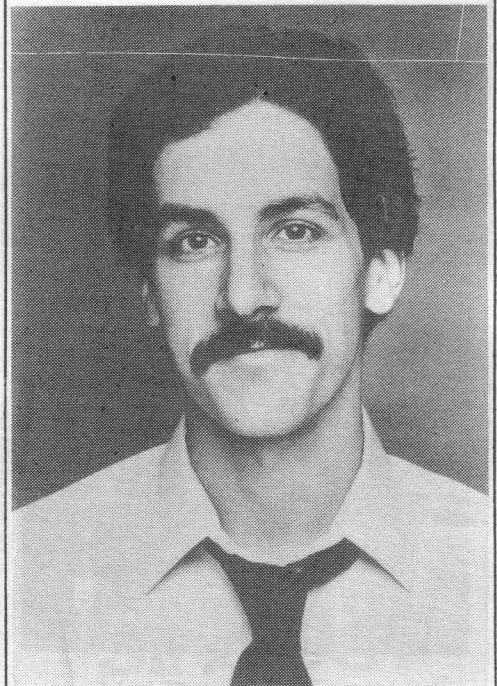
Cliff Eberhardt is from Berwyn, Pennsylvania. He tours constantly throughout the U.S. and Canada. He has written many songs covered by other performers. He also sings T.V. ads. He is always busy and never satisfied.

Lisa Gutkin can be seen frequently in and around New York City playing with country, bluegrass and Irish bands as well as doing quite a bit of session work. She performs regularly with the Ren-tones, Deborah Snow, the Jumbo String Band, Il Giulare di Piazza, and has toured "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." She is now trying her hand at French and doing quite well, no?

Columnist/Humorist and M.C. for this years review. **Roger Deitz** has appeared previously on the FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE and written extensively for the Magazine which resulted in a recently published book, *The Folk Music Chronicles*. He is a regular contributor to FRETTS MAGAZINE and has appeared at many clubs and festivals around the country. Ask him what he thinks of sheep.

Howie Wyeth, Drums, has played with just about everyone. He is well known for his flexibility and attention to detail in his playing and having been the drummer in Bob Dylan's *ROLLING THUNDER REVUE*, but he has also supported; among many others, Link Wray, Don Mclean, Roger McGuinn, and Roibert Gordon. He is also a great pianist in the Fats Waller/James P. Johnson tradition.

Pierce Pettis lives in Marion, Ohio with his wife and child. He tours the club circuit and has released one highly acclaimed album "*MOMENTS*" on the Small World record label. The song; Moments, in addition to appearing on the March 1986 issue of FAST FOLK, has also been recorded by Dion.



Native Chicagoan **David Roth** turned to songwriting upon moving to New York City in 1980. He was a New Folk Award Winner at the Kerrville Folk Festival (Texas) in 1986, was selected to open the festival in 1987, and looks for the release of his debut solo album "*RISING IN LOVE*" in early summer of 1988. Other of his songs appear on Anne Hills' Flying Fish album "*WOMAN OF A CALM HEART*", in psychiatrist Dr. Gerald Jampolsky's book "*MY FIGHT WITH GOD*" (Bantam Books) and in the "*RISE UP STORM*" songbook from Sing Out! Magazine.

Nancy Talarian



Each day when he gets up in the afternoon, **David Massengill** does one hundred sit-ups whether he is drunk or not. He once chased and bobcat, and vice versa. He came to New York from Tennessee to be a songwriter, and ended up being a dishwasher. In his spare time he has written songs for such bigshots as the Roches, David Bromberg and Joan Baez. His dream is to one day quit dishwashing and be a bigshot.

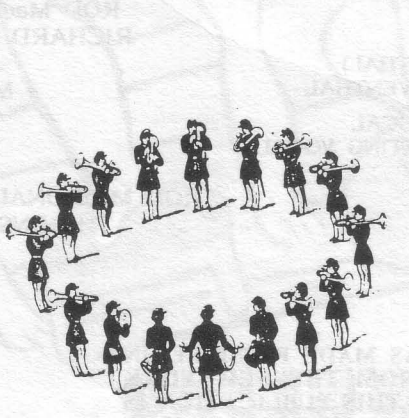


Germana Pucci came to New York from Tuscany, Italy in 1975 and has been part of the folk music scene ever since, through the days of the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange to the birth of the SpeakEasy and Fast Folk. Lately she has begun writing in English. She wishes to do more, which is the wish of all humankind.

Alan Beck



Native Chicagoan **Lucy Kaplanski** moved to New York in 1980 and has been one of the most sought after vocalists on the scene since, performing in clubs and concert halls all over the northeast U.S. and Europe. Lucy was first heard on the 1980 *Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange* album and has recorded her songs and distinctive interpretations of other writers work for The Coop and FAST FOLK. As a member of The Song Project she recorded an album while on tour in Italy. Lucy has appeared on the *Pretty in Pink* soundtrack with Suzanne Vega. The New York Times said of her; "If we were living in a healthy time for the record business, it would be easy to predict stardom for her." Lately she has made good on her threats to quit performing and continue her studies in Psychology and is now working toward her doctorate.



Barbara Kintz



Rod MacDonald is from central Connecticut and has lived and worked in Greenwich Village since the mid-1970's performing consistently at Folk City and later at The Speakeasy. He is considered to be one of the finest singer/songwriters working today and many of his tune have become contemporary classics. *AMERICAN JERUSALEM* has been recorded by Garnet Rogers. Rod tours constantly and has performed all over this country and much of Europe. He has released two albums, *NO COMMERCIAL TRAFFIC* and *WHITE BUFFALO* (also released in Germany as *ALBUM 2 FOR SALE*), in addition to his recordings for the FAST FOLK and the Cornelia Street Album. Rod has been instrumental in the survival of the SpeakEasy and he sponsored the First Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival.

This album was recorded live direct to digital by **Bill Kollar** who along with his wife **Janice**, owns and operates London By Night Productions in Woodbridge New Jersey. He recorded last years double LP, *LIVE FROM THE BOTTOM LINE* and FF302/February 1986, as well as *I KNOW* by John Gorka, and albums by Dennis Dougherty, Christine Lavin and Jack Hardy's recent record *THE HUNTER*.

SIDE ONE

-1-

MOMENTS
(PIERCE PETTIS)

1984 LET'S-HAVE-LUNCH MUSIC (ASCAP)

DAVID ROTH/GUITAR & VOCAL
RICHARD MEYER/VOCAL
NIKKI MATHESON/VOCAL
THE BAND

-2-

STRANGER WITH YOUR HAIR
(JOHN GORKA)

1984 JOHN GORKA

JOHN GORKA/GUITAR & VOCAL
LUCY KAPLANSKI/SUPPORTING VOCAL
NIKKI MATHESON/SUPPORTING VOCAL
THE BAND

-3-

SHOULD ON YOU
(DAVID ROTH)

1986 DAVID ROTH (ASCAP)

DAVID ROTH/GUITAR & VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
JEFF HARDY/BASS
HOWIE WYETH/DRUMS

-4-

FROM MY HANDS
(FRANK CHRISTIAN)

1987 FRANK CHRISTIAN

FRANK CHRISTIAN/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC GUITAR

-5-

LET ME TAKE MY TIME
(JOSH JOFFEN)

1982 JOSH JOFFEN BMI

RICHARD MEYER/GUITAR & VOCAL
DAVID ROTH/HIGH STRING GUITAR &
SUPPORTING VOCAL
THE BAND

-6-

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH
(SHAWN COLVIN & JOHN LEVENTHAL)
1986 SHAWN COLVIN & JOHN LEVENTHAL

LUCY KAPLANSKI/GUITAR & VOCAL
NIKKI MATHESON/MANDOLIN & SUPPORTING VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
THE BAND

SIDE TWO

-1-

ON THE AVENUE
(JIMMY BRUNO)

1979 JIMMY BRUNO MUSIC

CLIFF EBERHARDT/GUITAR & VOCAL
JOHN GORKA/SUPPORTING VOCAL
THE BAND

-2-

OLD FACTORY TOWN
(BRIAN ROSE)

1982 BRIAN ROSE

LUCY KAPLANSKI/GUITAR & VOCAL
DAVID ROTH/BANJO
THE BAND

-3-

LA CHANSON DE LIVRESS
(TRADITIONAL)

NIKKI MATHESON/GUITAR & VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN & SUPPORTING VOCAL
THE BAND

-4-

CONTRARY MARY
(DAVID MASSENGILL)

1980 BOWSER WOWSER MUSIC

DAVID MASSENGILL/DULCIMER & VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
THE BAND

-5-

CHOCOLATES AND SHAME
(GERMANA PUCCI)

1985 GERMANA PUCCI

GERMANA PUCCI/GUITAR & VOCAL
FRANK CHRISTIAN/ELECTRIC GUITAR
LISA GUTKIN VIOLIN
ROD MacDONALD,NIKKI MATHESON,&
RICHARD MEYER/SUPPORTING VOCALS
JEFF HARDY/BASS
MARK DANN/GUITAR

-6-

WATER

ROD MacDONALD/GUITAR, HARMONICA & VOCAL
THE ENSEMBLE/SUPPORTING VOCAL
THE BAND

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