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Looking Back and Around

By Richard Meyer

This is the sixth anniversary issue. *The Coop* was founded by Jack Hardy, Brian Rose and others in February 1982 and released on such short notice (since no one believed it would happen) that it didn't even have a title on the label. It was recorded on a home tape recorder at 7 1/2 i.p.s. in about seventeen hours of performance, mixing and editing time. The sessions, which took place in Mark Dann's attic in Brooklyn, reflected the simplicity and immediacy of a group of musicians working in a literate style at that time.

The first *Coop* featured Ed McCurdy, Frank Christian, Brian Rose, David Massengill, Suzanne Vega, Paul Kaplan, Dave Van Ronk, and others performing what have come to be their signature songs. Suzanne's example of the potential that literate music can reach in an increasingly impatient and less literate world is reassuring. It does no disservice to her to say that there are many other songs and performers whose material holds the same potential.

This is a two record set and we have endeavored to catch up years later with those who recorded for the first *Coop* album first as well as some other mainstays of the village community. By all rights this should have been a three to four record set; and in an informal way the companion pieces to

this record are just that. The "Live At the Hoot" showcases those who have recently come to town, and The 1987 Fast Folk Revue captures a good deal of the collective spirit and life of the scene live.

The scene has grown in many ways. The fact that this album will have taken a year to produce, was recorded in a variety of formats from cassette tapes to 24-track recordings, used five studios and is late for its own anniversary is telling.

The Coop was born close on the heels of the founding of the SpeakEasy in Sept '81. Formed as a cooperative, that club was run for five years primarily by and for the musicians who played and lived there, or hung out in the Village and needed a stage when others were not readily available. It was a successful operation for them, giving mainstage time to acts that needed developing and others that were seasoned but not considered marketable. It's not clear whether a few generations of recent folk revivals have made it any better. There are big folk festivals, but it is hard to be convinced that the community level folk scene is more widespread beyond the organized communities like Boston or Minneapolis. The SpeakEasy (properly called The Musician's Cooperative at the SpeakEasy) functioned well, drew fair to fabulous audiences received little significant press and was constantly overshadowed by Folk City whose name meant so much in the historical geography of the Village. But in fact,

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Folk City had given over its mantle of nurturing the scene to The SpeakEasy shortly after the cooperative was formed. The club was booked by musicians (Eric Frandsen, Rod MacDonald, myself, Tom Intondi and Frank Christian, and lately, in its non-coop incarnation, Frank Tedesso and Richard Julian), and was cleaned and MC'd on a volunteer basis by the membership - all in a rather informal way. The reality of the Cooperative was that many ideas generated by the body of the Co-op fell to the responsibility of whoever was the current management.

The CooP began as a committee at the SpeakEasy, This is why *the CooP* serial numbers are SE-102 etc. The first *CooP* record I bought was \$2.00 and was sold out of a plywood box in the lobby of the club; it featured 'Crazy Horse,' and 'American Jerusalem.' It had been recorded about three weeks prior to its release. *the CooP* grew, gained more subscribers, pressings increased from 400-600 to 1,000 albums, record jackets with shrink wrap were added so record stores would accept *CooPs* as 'product' and the price went up to \$4.00: still remarkable for a 12" LP.

Making records involves substantial amounts of money. This aspect of *the CooP* forced it to outgrow its status as a club committee. A desire to get funding (which is still sorely needed), become tax exempt (which was achieved, so please take the hint), and function more autonomously led to the formation of a legal entity, the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine, Inc.* (the name apocryphally credited to Dave Van Ronk. Massengill wanted to call it *Blast*, which was the name of Ezra Pound's magazine. Jack Hardy came up with 'musical magazine') This all-volunteer organization was still a product of a scene in which most of the major performers and workers were living, performing and working in the neighborhood. Jack Hardy's apartment became virtually an open forum and editing room; occasionally an extension of the Cornelia Street songwriter's exchange and at the least a great place to have pasta prepared by the Editor 'n' Chef, Germana Pucci.

The SpeakEasy and the studio, then in

Brooklyn, were easily accessible for recording. Jack Hardy often oversaw the early sessions and kept them simple and *Fast* to maintain the clarity of the material. By recording for *Fast Folk* and *the CooP*, many people learned the rudiments of studio technique, improved their musicianship, realized they could make their own records and went ahead and did that. The contributions of Mark Dann went far beyond simply recording the songs. He would often record as many as five cuts in the course of a few hours, play bass or guitar and add other touches all the while running the equipment. His musicianship has raised the level of those he recorded and performed with. The engineers who worked on later *CooPs* and *Fast Folks* (Jay Rosen, Bill Kollar and David Seitz) inherited a tradition of quick recording and added their own expertise to the songs they cut.

Groups formed, outgrew themselves, and songs that had been casual standards around the club became 'legitimized' by their air play and existence on vinyl.

The purpose of the project according to Jack Hardy was to create the myth of a contemporary scene in the Village with a club, recordings and press and then live up to the myth. This wasn't hard because the writers were here with the right ammunition. The best songs on this series of 54 records testifies to this.

Another purpose was to show in concrete terms that there really was no myth - that a lot had happened since Bob Dylan (went electric) and though we may have inherited the tradition of the contemporary singer/songwriter from him, this was not a scene about recreating him. In fact those who are most derivative of Dylan rarely do much business. The editorial desk encouraged ambitious songwriting and stood behind that encouragement with microphones and meters, perhaps subtly guiding the writers toward their better material.

The scene grew, new writers moved to

NY and came to the clubs. In term of this magazine (and we are not so short sighted as to take credit for the steps of each individual's development) air-play created wider audiences for greater numbers of singers and writers who had not traveled widely before. Boston especially was, and remains, receptive to the work of New York writers. By many connections and the wonders of press, the magazine has gained subscribers in Italy, Germany, Japan and across the US. Still, very few copies of each issue were pressed; occasionally 1,500 - but more often 800 to 1,000 copies.

In light of this the impact of a project such as ours is staggering. One copy of our 400 early pressings could be played on, say, Bill Munger's syndicated radio show and be heard virtually nationwide. While this is an everyday occurrence for major records, it is almost unheard of for independant artists without a record label, or a record which is not really even a record 'company.'

This brief overview should mention that, in addition to our studio albums, we have recorded 3 albums in Boston, various live records from The SpeakEasy and the Bottom Line, produced an 18-member touring show for five years, printed a songbook and all the magazines that accompany the records. Our plans for the future are to record alternate issues in New York and continue to explore the rest of the world as we have Boston, Lena's, the Pioneer Valley, and as we are in projects under way in Toronto, Los Angeles, Texas, and Australia.

While we are being overwhelmed by this, it is well to remember that our number of subscribers is still small due to our anonymity (since we have no money for publicity beyond the limited numbers of records themselves) and the difficulty of explaining quickly over the air just what a project like ours is and how to obtain the records. (write P.O. Box 938 - Village Station, New York, New York 10014 and send \$65 for ten issues)

The scene has grown. Many - it is fair to say most - of the working writers in the Village are no longer there most of

the time. They are on the road, in clubs, at festivals, on the radio, in the studio, doing occasional commercials, on tours in Europe, and in sessions making their next records. All of this is great, encouraged, and savored. In terms of this magazine, it means that it is less easy to be intimate, to record off the cuff, to find the singer you want to have free on a few hours' notice or even to get studio time. Occasionally, there are feelings that the scene has outgrown the Magazine and it gets short shrift when, in fact, its potential is all the greater, considering the power developed by the artists who helped build it. People grow up and get busy, they have families and move away. It becomes expensive to be a volunteer. Growing pains.

It has taken a year to put this issue together because the Magazine and its artists have been successful.

Rod MacDonald remarked that another folk revival based in the Village is unlikely because it is now too expensive for new, starving writers to settle there. The Village of ten years ago has given way to gentrification - now legendary in the East Village and quieter but as pricey on the West Side. The SpeakEasy still operates, but no longer as a cooperative. The musicians who fueled it are, as I said before, on the road reaping the benefits of its existence and their own guts. It remains to be seen if a new generation of writers as strong will appear soon.

Fast Folk has no intention of abandoning the great writers who have done well for us, and by us, but it is clear that "times are a-changin'," as Joe Biden has said. Events such as the Kerrville New Folk competitions and the avalanche of independent albums prove that there is a lot of music being made out there, and much of it is good and in keeping with the ideas of literate folk songwriting that *Fast Folk* champions. In addition to recordings made locally in New York we are actively looking for other communities of writers and the means in those communities (recording studios, back up musicians etc.) to create *Fast Folk* albums that document more than the scene in ten square blocks of Greenwich Village.

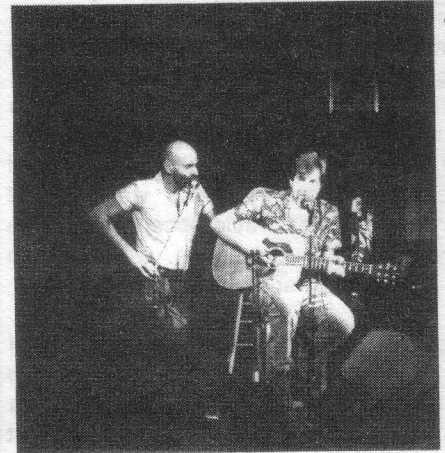
In order to do this *Fast Folk* needs to grow as its artists have. We need to go professional and begin to pay the staff that produces the magazine, makes the artistic decisions, and pay the artists for their contributions. It is astounding and generous that so many people have contributed so fundamentally to *Fast Folk* for free for so long.

We are beginning to apply for grants. In order to be approved for such grants we have to show other forms of income. This can take the form of receipts from our *Fast Folk* Revue shows and record sales. We also need serious donations of dollars and/or real equipment to continue. It is common sense, right, and obvious that as people get older they need to earn livings. The magazine, its staff, and its contributing artists need to do this to continue doing what we believe is culturally and historically important work. The life of many *Coop* and *Fast Folk* songs has proved this. There are songs that will outlive their writers and become part of the greater tradition. Some of these are single songs by writers who would have not a prayer of a chance of being recorded by a label, great or small. *Fast Folk* serves these writers almost more importantly than the better known ones because the fate of their work is more fragile, and in the commercial world considered more dispensable.

Fast Folk has subsisted on its income, remaining in the black for five years. We have worked to raise the quality of the recordings, the pressings, the magazine and the graphics to the point where we have to raise money to support our professional standards. We ask that you who subscribe continue to do so, spread the word to anyone who may be interested among potential subscriber/friends and the press who can reach beyond your circles. We need money, donated to this not-for-profit organization by individuals, corporations and civic arts councils. We need you to be our boosters. Write to us, to them, and assist.

We advertise ten issues a year and we want to maintain this. The fact is that our production schedule has slowed. This is simply due to the costs of our artistic business. It takes longer to pay for our better produced products when they are more expensive and the staff is a volunteer one.

From the once and future staff of the *Coop/Fast Folk Musical Magazine*; we hope you enjoy this album. Happy anniversary.



Shel Silverstein and Dave Van Ronk at SPEAKEASY

by Gerry Hinson

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THE STORY OF A FAST AND FIRM AFFECTION

(And a dollop of deductive digressions)

By Daniel Gewertz

My affection for the *Fast Folk* crowd was immediate. Perhaps it was somehow connected to geography: I spent the first 18 years of my life in New York City. (Though there are some who can't quite count Queens as being New York.)

But the comparison isn't a seamless one. I have been living, writing broadcasting in Boston for almost two decades now, and the majority of the *Fast Folkies* aren't native New Yorkers at all, but people whose journey has, in geographic terms at least, taken the opposite path as mine. While I fled from New York's hugeness, they were drawn to it.

Whether it is due to geography or some more mysterious bond, there is something about the New York folk scene that feels familiar to me. Perhaps it's a cosmopolitan nature, an unpretentious big city intelligence.

I wrote in a Boston Herald review of a *Fast Folk* Revue show at Arlington Town Hall in 1985 that the *Fast Folk* artists neither deny nor parade about their roots. The same might be said of the influence of New York City on their work. It is there, but underneath: there in an intrinsic way.

As a teenager in New York, Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs and Pat Sky were heroes of mine. Baez, Collins, Fariña, Joni Mitchell and Sylvia Tyson were figures of womanly splendor and dignity. There was little that was rural or historical about my view of this second generation 'folk' music. It seemed as contemporary as the British and Californian rock and roll I also ingested in those heady years. I get the sense that many of the *Fast Folkies* have had a similar view of folk music. It is a highly urban, modern view of what is essentially a rural and traditional form. I am an urban person, and I want to hear songs that address my present world. *Fast folk* is MY music in a way that, no matter how appreciated, ancient Scottish ballads can never be. Some *Fast Folk* songs might be called Pop, but it is a pop of a very different sort than we have become accustomed to; a pop adorned with acoustic instruments, a pop that came to be in a grassroots manner that may not be part of any true oral tradition, but whose distance from that monster known as the music industry makes it a new type of 'people's music' altogether. Is it folk music at all? Who cares?

It seems to me that life is too short and

the world is too complicated to waste time with academic questions like this ancient doozy of an 'issue'. True, folk music as a musical term in America is hopelessly muddled, amorphous and misleading. My assumption, though, is that the use of words folk music for modern contemporary singer/songwriter material doesn't really harm the fate of the traditional 'real' folk music. Any music that works with words and melody in a vaguely similar way to the old balladry and wants to call itself folk music should have the inalienable right to call itself folk music. God knows, nobody's using the term to make a buck!

Likewise, the issue of 'selling out' seems too bullshit to spend much energy on either. Since there are no firm definitions of what folk music is, there should be no absolute rules about what constitutes selling out. That is not to say that the whole notion of selling out is superfluous. Of course it isn't: we're living in America, don't forget. When an artist thinks of the marketplace more than his or her own imagination, it is pretty obvious to any aesthetically enlightened individual.

So, the only rule that makes any sense is: if the music is good, it isn't selling out. If it's good, and somehow, by some fortunate occurrence, fits into the marketplace perfectly, so much the better for both the artists and the artform. If, by some strange trick of fate, the next Barry Manilow happens to spring forth from the *Fast Folk* organization, if he or she happens to use the artistic lessons learned at pure-hearted songwriting workshops for corrupt ends, i.e. producing exactly the right sort of slick drivel, that when combined with the right connections, aggressiveness, self-determination and luck, results in a hit record of dubious merit; a song that further diminishes our national consciousness instead of enriching it... well, even that won't really hurt *Fast Folk* either, will it, so why bitch about that unlikely occurrence in the first place?

Thinking about making it big, about stardom, about magical concepts like residuals and percentage points, about lifestyles of the rich, famous and former folkie, these are thoughts that seem endemic to living in New York City, that mecca of 'making it'. Boston folkies dream of someday making a near middle-class living from their musical love-affair. New York folkies still tend to dream about Bob Dylan-level legendary status, a dream only

furthered by the spectacular success of Suzanne Vega.

Such aspirations are understandable. Life in New York is expensive and pressured, and there is a fabled allure in thinking that fame and fortune will catapult one into a totally other New York City, a New York of wonderful, seductive power and pleasure, a place where everybody knows your name, and you know everybody whose names are already known. This fantasized realm of the famous in New York is like an enclave of love, security and power that lives inside the large, frightening, cold anonymous realm that is the physical city itself. It must be like a little country village in a way, a place where everybody knows you, and you know everybody who counts.

It is quite odd, though, that New York folkies should still foster these hopes of stardom, or the vestiges of hopes, while choosing to work in a field of music that seems about as distant from the American success-system as any field of art there is. The term folk music may be amorphous, but it does firmly imply a distance from or even disinterest in the commercial pop music industry. The industry is the 'power structure's' music. Folk, be it traditional or contemporary, is the people's, the folk's.

This concept grows very muddy when one stops to consider that this so-called power-structure controls the media; the media controls the people's lives, and therefore, 'pop' music is heard by 'the people' in a way that folk music will never be. Tiffany becomes real folk music in a sense, and Pete Seeger is relegated to the role of elitist troubadour for esoteric tastes.

Yet...the very existence of folk music as a term is a political reaction to a capitalistic scheme that takes the power and much of the aesthetic value away from consumers of art and entertainment even as it pretends to celebrate the people's power of 'choice.' By its nature, any sort of folk music should be a reaction to that 'power structure'. This isn't any Marxist tract; it is simply the thoughts of someone who loves music and movies, and who has witnessed the wholesale destruction of those entire art-forms over the past 20 years by a capitalistic system that regards the force of art as its natural enemy. It is a system that creates lower and lower common denominators of taste in order to control those tastes more easily. Art and the market-place needn't be enemies. Peaceful, respectful co-existence is quite

possible in a healthy, sane capitalistic society. But since present day America is not an example of such a society, the virtues of a musical scene dedicated to quality and art and community become critically important.

And yet, strangely enough, I have come to the conclusion that the New York tendency to dream of stardom, while a bit misguided is actually a healthy thing. It may be one of the forces that makes the New York scene so burgeoning with talent and vision. Daydreams of gorgeous futures often stop an artist from making the tough, sweaty strides necessary to further their art in real terms. But having a dream of success can also give one the energy and courage to pursue a career, to work one's way out of the depths, to keep going, to further one's craft, one's vision. To enlarge oneself.

There are only two kinds of writers, really. Those who are clever enough to invent what is wise and profitable to invent, and those who end up writing only what's inside them to write; what they know how to write, what can be cajoled, squeezed, demanded and seduced out of us. In a way, it is fortunate that we don't have that much of a choice, because thinking about artistic quality and financial success in America today is an increasingly complicated and confusing thing.

It is like a giant riddle. What is bad is so often rewarded. What is good is so often ignored. If this were the best of all possible worlds, the best art would be the most popular. Is the equation actually reversed in our present world? Is the worst really the most popular and the best the least? Even in this odd and twisted day and age that is not precisely true...yet it is too close to truth for any comfort.

I would not call myself an elitist. I do not like music because it is obscure, nor feel superior to a song because it's on the Top 10. Although I do appreciate the *Fast Folk* organization because it is an alternative to the music industry, a more direct path between artist and audiences, I do not respond to individual *Fast Folk* songs because they are little known or cheaply recorded. I respond to a song that says something worth saying, and says it well; that speaks from an individual voice, but can be understood by many.

Obscurity itself is no virtue. A great distance from the corrupting influence of commerciality doesn't insure great, or even honest art. Contemporary folk music has its share of saccharine sentiments, knee-jerk idealism and patented 'heartfelt' cliches. Writing and singing in poverty does not guarantee art, just as success is no certain prescription for drive.

Everything comes down to personal taste, no matter what one's presumptions of

judgement are. For my taste, *Fast Folk* is on the right track: there have been so many songs on the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* that strike me as first class art. Just as importantly, the atmosphere of growth and learning created by the organization is rare indeed.

The virtues of *Fast Folk* are so obvious they hardly need to be stated again. But since few of us ever get enough praise, let me complete this treatise with a few compliments.

The value of community is immeasurable. No matter how solitary we are or how intransigently we arrange our lives, no matter how little we believe, how few organizations we join, what we're all after in this life, I believe, is a sense of community. Great art can be created in awful loneliness, true, and art 'scenes' often make for more mutual drinking than mutual dreaming, more pretensions than visions. Support, friendship and talk nurture art just like it nurtures people.

In a time when jotting down the first words to pop into one's head is considered songwriting, an organization that respects, and teaches the art of writing is invaluable. Folk music doesn't have to sound pretty, but it should tell it's tales well. The respect for the song itself as the essential component of the music is right-on. (to use a phrase that shows my age...)

Of course, the recording of all those hundreds of songs, many of which might never have seen the light of vinyl otherwise is a wondrous feat. That such a mammoth, energetic, difficult project could survive without grants and big bucks is truly amazing. It's sad that some large, government sponsored organization didn't think of it I suppose, but that's America for you: squandering it's natural resources, never honoring it's cultural heritage until its gone, and they can put it in a museum. *Fast Folk* is a living museum, and that is a high compliment. Long may it live.

Daniel Gwertz lives in Boston and writes frequently on the arts for the *Boston Herald*.



The Use of Memory and the Bardic Tradition

by Jack Hardy

According to an old bardic tract, *The Book of the Hergst*, the three things a poet needs are "myth, poetic power, and a store of ancient verse." The longer I write songs, the more I realize this to be true, though it has taken me years to understand what the bards meant by these three terms, and to understand the implied missing ingredient: memory. The need for the modern day bard to educate himself, the responsibilities of the bard, and the vision of the bard are all wrapped up in these three concepts. First, let me set some of my terms. When I speak of poetry I speak of song. Poetry was never meant to be wedded to the printed page; it was meant to be sung, it was meant to be heard, and it was meant to be committed to memory. Second, when I speak of modern day bards I speak of only a handful who are part of an ancient tradition (some not even aware of it). I do not talk of the vast majority of songwriters whose creativity is prisoner to the almighty profit motive. And third, I am speaking of but a potential that we all have as songwriters, one that at one time was passed down by tradition but must now be painstakingly pieced together by trial and error (mostly the latter). For this reason I cannot even defend my theories with my own writing, as the margin of error is great and the poetic truth is but an occasional diamond in the rough.

To begin, we must not only reeducate ourselves but also establish a whole new foundation for our education. To reestablish truth we must begin by realizing the three basic lies on which our education has been founded: 1. That civilization began with the Greeks and Romans; 2. that we are the greatest civilization that has ever existed; and 3. that intelligence and higher education began with literacy. The Romans were the Nazis of their era, exterminating many civilizations far more sophisticated than their own, civilizations, however, that were not built on military might or on architectural

monstrosities for the control of people's freedoms. Unfortunately the only record we have of these civilizations is seen through the eyes of the Romans, which is like reading General Westmoreland's account of the Vietnamese, (hardly a reliable portrait).

Our civilization, built on Rome's foundation, is an extension of the "reptilian" part of the brain, the smallest, most primitive part of the brain. This part of the brain, extended to the enth degree, can produce the World Trade Towers and the hydrogen bomb. It is definitely *more*, but not necessarily *better*. As with the playground bully, physical prowess is not necessarily a show of intelligence. If we believe in Darwinian theory, there must have been a point in time, when a civilization made more use of the middle brain and the huge (purpose unknown to us) new brain, for if not, why would we have developed them in the first place. In evolution, animals do not develop traits that they *might* use in the future.

The term illiterate has come to mean ignorant in our society, so for the purpose of this essay I will refer to these earlier societies as non-literate. The ancient bards spent twenty-one years learning their art, committing their society's entire store of history, poetry, law, genealogy, medicine and mythology to memory. Indeed, they looked down on writing as a form of weakness. And all of this under a master-poet. These were not ignorant people. Some of the bards went on to be druids, but not all. Every druid, however, was a bard. Consider as a concept that a society's leaders must first be poets. Think of our concept of leadership based on public relations and money. Think again.

Let us look for a moment at the process of memorization. This is something that has all but disappeared in our society, with our dependence on, the written word, recordings, and now computers. When it comes to memorizing poetry, at best we were forced to memorize a token poem in fourth grade ("a host of golden daffodils") and spent a wasted evening away from television to scour our parents' token poetry anthology for the shortest possible poem to commit to memory.

Later in high school or at university we were taught to criticize poetry, to dissect it, to learn terminology such as rhyme scheme, alliteration, assonance, consonance, internal rhyme, without ever learning to use these. These poetic tools existed long before they had names and should be learned by committing numerous examples to memory, so that the use of them comes naturally and is not forced. And worst of all, we are taught to use the library for our "store of ancient verse." This is probably good enough for the casual listener of poetry, but not at all good enough for the creator of said poetry. Our library should be our brain. In a metaphor that our society might understand, a computer can only

draw from what information has been programmed into it. The creative process is much the same. When we tap into that creative trance the martyrs call "the muse," we can only draw from what imagery and history and symbols we have stored in our memory. Poetry itself is a language and we only learn language by memorization and repetition. A child memorizes multiplication tables in school, but uses these all through life for everyday mathematical thought, with hardly a memory of the agonizing hours spent at their memorization.

So what is it that the modern bard should commit to memory? Let us return to the *Red Book of Hergst* and "myth, poetic power, and a store of ancient verse." We must commit myth to memory. Not just Edith Hamilton myths we were fed as cute children's stories in English class, but all mythology from all cultures and from our own society. The more one studies comparative mythology the more similarities emerge and the true archetypal characters and stories are locked in our computer (One only has to look at the number of Kennedy icons around to realize that the myth of the sacrificial king is alive and well in our society). It is myth that is the key to the subconscious emotion and must affect the subconscious emotion of the listener.

We must commit "poetic power" to memory. And where do we acquire this poetic power? From studying nature and studying history. By nature I do not mean looking at National Geographic specials on television, I mean *living* with it, understanding its cycles, its powers, its force, its rhythms, its dark side, and its language, the source of all metaphoric power. By history I do not mean the chronicles of battles fought that make up the record of our decadent, reptilian, materialistic society, but rather the living history that is culture. This is learned through travel and immersion in culture and language that is foreign to our own. And here I must make a distinction between the *tourist* who stays at hotels, bed and breakfasts, or youth hostels (with Berlitz language and an instamatic) and the time-honored *traveler* who is accepted as a guest and acts like one. It is the difference between total immersion and vicarious voyeurism, the difference between watching life on television and living life to the fullest, where each moment has such an intense clarity there is no need for the camera or the affected journal to remember it: only the memory. Poetic power comes from love. Not romantic infatuation but a deeper love based on commitment, based on giving as well as taking, based on responsibility, based on teaching as well as learning. Once again, a total immersion. In poetry there is no

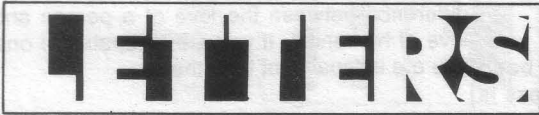
difference between the love of a person and love of humanity. If you are incapable of one you are incapable of the other.

And last, we must commit a store of ancient verse to memory. Too many of today's songwriters pick up a guitar one day and two days later write their first song, with no concept of what a song is. But just as dangerous to creativity is the "traditional" singer who thinks a folk song is only a folk song if it is a hundred years old (and documented by two Harvard professors), forgetting that at some point in time someone actually wrote these songs, and learning these songs only to sing them. The ancient bards learned the entire "traditional" repertoire for only one purpose: to prepare them to create more. By committing songs to memory we prepare our computer to print out new songs. This should be an ongoing process, not just a novice occupation we leave behind upon graduating into a writer. The songs we learned as children do not prepare us to write as an adult. We should never leave behind our "formative" years. And all these songs must be committed to memory. It is not enough just to listen to a song, or worse, to read a poem. It is only by committing songs to memory that we can absorb what the writer is doing emotionally, exercise our "middle" brain and prepare to make use of our "new" brain. Memory is the key to creativity.

Jason Threlfall



Jack Hardy in Boston



Dear *FAST FOLK*,

When *MIXED BAG* premiered back on December 26th, 1982, I knew that new music would be a big part of the formula for the show, but I wasn't quite sure how. Almost immediately after that first program I received a package of records and a lengthy letter from a young woman named Suzanne Vega telling me about the *SpeakEasy Cooperative* and *the Coop* records. This was the missing piece of the puzzle! Those albums were a revelation. They confirmed my deep feelings that the acoustic music scene in New York was not only alive and well, but thriving.

Over five years later, *The Fast Folk Musical Magazine* continues to be a tremendous resource and a valuable barometer of the vitality and relevance of this powerful form of expression.

Congratulations on this milestone issue; I can hardly wait to hear the music!

Pete Fornatelle
Mixed Bag
WNEW-FM, New York
3/8/88/

Dear *FAST FOLK*,

The Folk and Bluegrass Show was the second most successful program on WUNH in raising listener contributions during our annual fund raising marathon last year. Many of the artists who have recorded on your albums are favorites of listeners and have no other available recordings. The *Fast Folk* compilations are personal favorites of mine for their consistently well produced and wonderful music.

Thank you for your support.

Sincerely

Nancy Voorhis, Folk Music Director
alias: Holly Wood, Folk DJ
WUNH, Durham, New Hampshire

Dear *FAST FOLK*,

The Fast Folk Musical Magazine has become an invaluable tool on "The Coffeehouse" on WERS in Boston. Much of the staff consists of students who may be unfamiliar with the artists that make up the current folk music scene. *Fast Folk* often provides the first introduction to these artists for our radio hosts.

Many artists who are attempting to voice their thoughts and music gain exposure through the efforts of the folks at *Fast Folk*. Jack Hardy, Richard Meyer, Christine Lavin and the staff, volunteers and contributors to the musical magazine deserve high praise for sharing the talents of those artists who might not otherwise find an outlet for their music.

Fast Folk albums have been the springboards for many of the talented people who are now enjoying popularity in our area.

Continued success for the future in documenting the talents and the songs of folk musicians.

Sincerely,

Robert B. Haigh
Coffeehouse Coordinator
WERS, Boston, MA
2/21/88

Dear *FAST FOLK*,

I am honored by your request to contribute to your anniversary issue. *Fast Folk* has meant a lot to me and so this is a real pleasure.

My first exposure to *FAST FOLK* was during a visit to New York several years ago when I met some of the magazine's featured songwriters. My friend Elaine Silver was playing with John Kruth at an open mike at the *SpeakEasy* and she invited me to join them. As I walked in, Hugh Blumenfeld, Peter Lewy and Diane Chodkowski were onstage and I was absolutely enthralled. What a perfect introduction to the spirit of *Fast Folk*! Here were these people doing songs straight from the heart-- honest, intelligent, moving songs like I had not heard in years. After listening to several other acts, I found the

feeling only reinforced. I was also struck by the general attitude of the performers. There was none of the smug aloofness I expected from writers of this calibre - just friendly, supportive fellow travelers who seemed to take their work seriously and themselves

lightly. By the time Elaine, John and I took the stage, I felt perfectly at home and among friends. During the course of the evening I learned about *Fast Folk* and ended up playing guitar on a track with Elaine Silver and John for the Nov '84 issue.

Later, Elaine sent me a copy of the album and I was quite impressed. The overall quality of performers and material was exceptional, there was a wide variety of performers represented, and the sound quality was first rate (Mark Dann and Jay Rosen are geniuses). I not only subscribed but eventually contributed a couple tunes of my own over the years.

Fast Folk is truly a national treasure. Its subscribers are treated every issue to some of the best acoustic music in America today-- all done in the spirit of sincerity and taste I first encountered that night at the *SpeakEasy* years ago.

Congratulations on your anniversary, dear folks! And thank you.

With more love and admiration
than I can say,

Pierce Pettis
Marion, Ohio
3/9/88

Dear *FAST FOLK*,

Fast Folk has had so many songs on its albums that aren't available anywhere else. For a collector like me and for the New Song Library, this has been invaluable. NSL wants to get current topical music to people who can use it in their work and also get the current songwriters of topical songs better known. FF gives us not only songs of good quality that can be played on the radio, but also allows listeners (and NSL users) to be able to buy the songs they like.

One fantasy is to have FF recording locations in the midwest and on the west coast so you aren't limited to musicians that come to NYC. How about a huge bus that

tours the country for a year with NSL and FF collecting together all over the U.S. and Canada?

Thank you so much for *Fast Folk!* I hope to see your tenth, twentieth and thirtieth anniversary.

Johanna Halbeisen
Executive Director
New Song Library
Northampton, MA
2/24/88

One more Note: NSL is an archive of contemporary songwriters, documenting songwriting today as well as collecting songs of your history. FF itself is an important part of the history-in-the-making, as well as giving NSL songs by songwriters we may not have otherwise heard.

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 MAGAZINE AND LP IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION:

P.O. Box 938 Village Station
New York, New York 10014

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 using a laser printer. If you can help us get hold of one of our own, it would make our lives much easier, and your issues cleaner and more timely. **FAST FOLK** is staffed by volunteers. Donations are tax deductible to the fullest extent of the law.

The River

by Eric Anderson

Somewhere on the big river is the heart of sung music. The inner pump is the songwriter catching the flow from the mystery of its source. No matter what the song, the beat or style of it, someone had to sit down and strum it, chord it on a keyboard, or simply hum it while walking along.

Writers who record their stuff for the *Fast Folk Magazine* have a love affair with words. Down to the naked song. They write for the sake of it. Most have chosen this solitary path on purpose. They didn't want musical category to determine their style. They preferred the stream that carried the bard, the French Chansonnier, the balladeer, wading the pools of collected memory and stories of life that could be distilled in song. Simple, pure and direct.

When people look back to see what happened, this story will be told in three ways. The first will illuminate the beat, the map of the dance floor, and could include Little Richard and Chuck Berry. The second will illuminate the words, the maps of our eyes and hearts and myths, the songs of Hank Williams and Woody Guthrie. And most importantly, the third, the map of the soul, the songs of Muddy Waters and Robert Johnson and the deep blues. And like the currents in a river, they will be joined by the waters that came before and the waters that came after.

For a writer, be it as an observer of life, a documenter of the inner horizons, or as a voice of the heart, the song and life are one. Songs will show us our times. They are the documents of ourselves.

And that's the bones of it.

23 April, 1988 New York

The **FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE** is published regularly by subscription.

Each issue contains a 12" Stereo LP featuring new songs by well known and emerging songwriters. A 20 page printed magazine is included with articles about contemporary songwriters and their work.

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THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE, INC.

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Elliott Murphy Information Society



We publish a bi-monthly newsletter to keep you informed of Elliott's touring and recording plans. Plus we offer hard to get Elliott Murphy items; records, teeshirts, posters, songbooks, etc. For more information or membership, please write **THE ELLIOTT MURPHY INFORMATION SOCIETY** P.O. Box 209, Ludlow, VT. 05149, U.S.A.

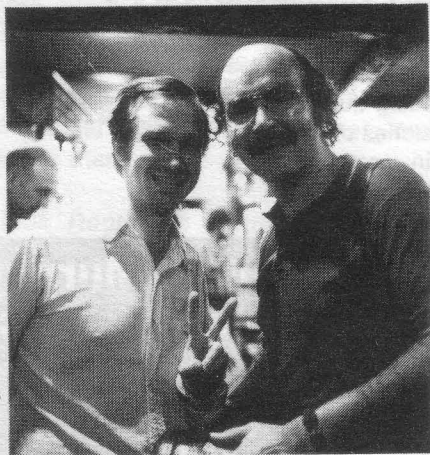
Giancarlo Biagi



Frank Christian, Mark Dann
and Steve Forbert
at the Bottom Line 1985



Suzanne Vega
Recording at Mark Dann's in 1982



Gerry Hinson

Jack Hardy and Tom Paxton

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THE MARKETING OF FOLK

BY ROGER DEITZ

I have always found it puzzling that whereas during most of the year, autumn through spring, I endeavor to coax and cajole an audience into my folk club, summer heralds the beginning of the successful festival season, where week after week, hundreds of thousands of people are attracted to outdoor stages throughout North America. Whatever it is that changes the seasonal habit of the folk population is unknown to me. Where all these people are during the rest of the year is a mystery, except to say that they obviously like folk music, and must be there all winter, awaiting the change of seasons, and just the right call to live music.

If only a fraction of these enthusiasts took to the coffeehouses a fraction of the time during the regular season, a larger number of folk performers and club owners would be driving late model cars, and would be a little more certain of where their next meal is coming from. What is happening, I suspect, is that the festivals as such are much more marketable, or that their marketing is more successful, raised to an art-form. Their bigness makes them an easier sell, and perhaps that makes problems for the smaller coffeehouses. To help insure and attract a large number of paying patrons, the festivals have been relying more and more on the big stars to get the folks to buy tickets.

Judy Collins, John Denver, or Arlo Guthrie are great acts, great draws but hard acts to follow once an audience gets used to being attracted by such names alone. Folks get used to the hot offerings of the festivals, and are less attracted by the lesser-known, just-as-goods. I could book Judy for my coffeehouse, but I'd have to charge \$120 a ticket and hope that 100 people still showed

up. Of course then I'd have to flee the country to avoid the litigation for the \$12,000 I owed. But, I book the journeyman (journeyperson ?) folk performers, and this requires a certain amount of faith on the part of the audience, even at a most modest monetary requirement.

I also don't have room in my coffeehouse budget for slick advertising flyers, large magazine ads, radio spots, glossy programs. the best I can do is run a ditto off and tack it up on the church bulletin board. Then I hope that word of mouth is successful, and I pray that the visiting artist has a large number of family members residing in the area. If the festivals primarily marketed the music and the performers, not just their bigness, the good would carry over to the smaller venues. Don't get me wrong, big is often good, and sometimes big can be better, (where else can one take in the big acts), but when it is the bigness alone that sells, something gets lost in the shuffle. T-shirts, key-rings, and official festival compact discs are all well and good, but as the old hymn implies - the simple gifts are delightful too. I just wish I could find the right marketing angle for them.

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. + \$1.00 postage to: Rescan Associate Inc., 401 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, 07040.

SPEAKEASY 1st Anniversary
September 1983



SIDE BY R S ONE

THREE TOUCHING AND TELLING MUSICAL EXPRESSIONS

Number One in America

In Nineteen hundred and sixty-three
In my hometown, Bristol Tennessee
I was sitting on my mother's knee
Watching "Amos 'n' Andy" on TV

Amos was Santa Claus on Christmas Eve
A little girl was tugging at his sleeve
Saying, "Can I have a doll my own color please?"
He Said, "Honey, you can make believe..."

Just then came a call on the telephone
It was the mayor, he asked if my daddy was home
This was for his ears alone
Mom and me listened on the second phone

Mayor said, "The freedom Riders are on their way
And they'll be here by Christmas day
Our laws they vow to disobey
'Cause our school is as white as the milky way

Well, now we're really in a fix
We can't let 'em show us up like country hicks
But once the races mix
It's good-bye Jim Crow politics

First it's fourty acres and a mule
Then they want to swim in our swimming pool
Pretty soon they'll be wanting to go to school
Where we were taught the golden rule

Imagine them telling us how to live
Imagine them telling us how to live

Chorus:
We're number one in America
Number one in America
Beat the drum for Uncle Sam
Overcome in Birmingham
Dynamite in a Baptist church
Four teenaged girls lost in the lurch
Fire hoses and the billy clubs
Police dogs and the racist thugs
Nightriders and the lynching mobs
Lawmen say they're only doing their jobs
To stay number one in America.

Ax-handles vs. the right to vote
All white jury, that's all she wrote
Back of the bus, don't rock the boat
Separate but equal by the throat

That was twenty-odd years ago
Where's the change in the status quo?
The freedom land is lying low
It's shackled down on rotten row

The black skinned man still gets the snub
When he applies to the country club
But he still gets hired to trim the shrubs
Get down on the floor and scub

There's a businessman out on his yacht
He's a rain or sunshine patriot
He says it's all a commie plot

To be Number One in America...
Chorus-

The Ku Klux Klan is still around
With a permit to march in my home town
But only on Virginia's ground
The Tennesse side turned them down

The sheriff stood there with his deputies
Ostensibly to keep the peace
But he made us this guarantee
"By God, They'll not march into Tennessee!"

The network cameras were triple tiered
We laughed and cried, we hooted and jeered
But mostly we stood there unfeared
'Til the Ku Klux Klan dissappeared

In some far off distant dawn
When black is president and not a pawn
Will they burn crosses on the white house lawn
And talk of all the days bygone

Imagine them telling us how to live
Imagine them telling us how to live

We're number one in America...
Chorus

Last Christmas Eve at the K-Mart store
A white family there, they was dirt poor
Father said, "Kids, pick one toy - no more
Even though we can ill afford..."

I watched his son choose a basketball
The oldest girl a creole shawl
The littlest girl chose a black skinned doll
And she held it to her chest in awe

I watched to see how they'd react
Since they were white and the doll was black
But the mom and dad were matter-of-fact
They checked to see if the doll was cracked

So may you make a rebel stand
Where black and white go hand in hand
Until they reach the freedom land
Where the lion lies down with the lamb

Chorus
O Number one in America
Number one in America
Beat the drum for Uncle Sam
Overcome in Birmingham
Dynamite in a Baptist church
Four teenaged girls lost in the lurch
Firehoses and the billy clubs
Police dogs and the racist thugs
Turn back the clock to Little Rock

Bought and sold on the auction block
Nightriders and the lynching mobs
Lawmen say they're only doing their job
To stay number one in America

We shall overcome someday

1)
Oh, the loins of Louisa loom large in my mind
I have searched the world over very well to find
I have found many girls equally kind
But they all lacked the loins of Louisa

Louisa, Louisa, her beauty's complete
From the top of her head to the soles of her feet
And especially where loins and the rest of her meet
There's none to compete with Louisa

2)
On the way from Manhattan to Montauk
On the Long Island Railroad one day
I needed to go to the bathroom
And I asked the conductor the way

He said there was only one bathroom
Way back at the end of the train
But when I had finally found it
I found that my trip was in vain

For the bathroom was filthy and flooded
And it smelled like stables of Hell
So I called on my bladder to hold it
And I must say it held it quite well

Until we arrived at old Montauk
And I found a clean bathroom at last
So all ended well for my bladder
And the whole episodes in the past

But if ever I happen, the president
Of the Long Island railroad to meet
And I can summon my water
I shall bloody well piss on his feet

3)
If you analyze the excrement of
Moslem, Christian, Jew
The differences are Minor
The differences are few
And when you get to basics
This fact I now submit
Though divided by religions
we are united in our shit
All men
All men
All men
All men

© 1988 By Ed McCurdy

Words and Music By David Massengill
© 1987 David Massengill

The Marching Dream

I have dreamed that many men
Have marched across this field
I have wished that I could take each one
And hold him against the flame in my heart

I had a dream that my face was old
And all the children came to see
First they laughed and then they ran
And I slammed the door behind them

And as the tears began to rise you climbed the stairs
You came into my arms where I was waiting there
Now I have dreamed of all men's arms
But this time it was you
I drew the curtains and it was dark
And it was strange and it was new

I have wished that I could hear each secret told
By lovers in the battle with each shade of red and gold
I have wished that I could take each man and hold him to the flame
And read the secret writing there and know each one by name

I have dreamed that many men
Have marched across this field
I have wished that I could pour my life into each one
Listening, listening, listening

Words and Music © 1984 By Suzanne Vega

GODZILLA

From the ice floes of the arctic to the shores of fair Japan
Theres and actor I admire and I'm not his only fan
I've seen his every picture upon the silver screen
You'd know him if you saw him
He's rather large and green

Godzilla, Godzilla to me your still a star
You're bigger than Brando
You're more bizzarre than Barbara Steisand
Critics berate you
Subways downright hate you
But we all know how talented you are

Godzilla, Godzilla your gifts are heaven sent
And leveling Asia sure does pay the rent
Someday maybe Dinah Shore will co-star with a dinosaur
And then by-god, Godzilla you can give those pithy snobs what for

I know you're bitter and dour and it galls
Akira Kurosawa won't return your calls
But I've seen your MacBeth
I've seen your Willy Loman
And you make Dustin Hoffman look like Frosty the Snowman

So, Godzi..... Baby
Your star is on the rise
Just like Rodan and Mothra
And all the other guys
The message from Hollywood is clear
Prehistoric's comin' back this year
Leapin' lizards
Prehistoric's comin back this year

Words and music © 1987 by Michael Garin

I Need You

I was shipwrecked in the forest until you came along
All the world was talking backwards until I heard your song
Until I heard your song

Chorus
I need you like a foot needs a shoe
My soul is all worn through and through

I would climb the highest mountain or swim the widest sea
I would even stay right here if you'd stay right here with me
If you'd stay right here with me

Chorus
We are naked when we come here and naked when we go
In between we need protection from the wind and rain and snow
From the wind and rain and snow

Chorus 2x

Words and Music by Paul Kaplan and Lisa Klienzholz
© 1983 by Paul Kaplan Music (ASCAP)

THREE FLIGHTS UP

Well, we returned to that five room flat
Now it was empty and this the last time
There were blinkin' pictures of how we'd sit and chat
Some of them were shattered others scattered on my mind
It was always three flights up
Cathedral bells kept time

In the winter, chattering cold
While the building shook like ragweed in the wind
Stories from the heat pipes, we were told
Now they only leave me with a half enchanted grin
It was always three flights up
Cathedral bells kept time

Bicycles squeeze down alleyways into view
And towels warmed on oven doors to not freeze
It was the only thing to do

I wonder if we took to the fair warning
I can see it in the flowers dying on the window sill
I know we have to be out by tomorrow morning
But am I going against my will
Cathedral bells kept time

Words and Music © 1987 By Frank Christian

SIDE LYRICS TWO

BEFORE YOU SING

before you sing, before you strum you silken strings
uncloud your mind, take yourself out of time
remember me as a child unviolated and wild
laid out upon your bed: the wine but not the bread
your thirst among my fears, your verse for only my ears
but you had magic, you had might
you had everything in sight
and everything i gave to you
and still you do not know me

before you sing, before you strum you silver strings
put down your cup which drowns the sounds of us
one hallowed night defiled, i conceived your child
the life that you disown, the wife you tried to own
at the crossroads of will the child you had me kill
but you had causes, you had hope
you always had enough rope
and as you mother, i gave birth to you
and still you do not know me

before you sing, before you strum your muted strings
put down your cross, consider what it has cost
my mask it mirrors yours, the task you must endure
laid out upon your bed, to cup your weary head
you have poisoned well the songs you sell
you've created hell upon earth
and the gleemen laugh with their ghoulish glee
and still you do not know me

p & © 1987 John S. Hardy Music (ASCAP)

note: This song is from a forthcoming play by Giancarlo Biagi and Jack Hardy with songs by Jack Hardy. In this song the lead character, a singer, is being attacked by the muse in the form of the three phases of the moon goddess. The muse is explaining why she has forsaken the singer; he has not confronted love, he has not confronted the family, and he has not confronted his own mortality. The muse is wearing masks, the singer is wearing a guitar.

PROBLEM CHILD

She's not as nice as she looks
Doesn't have the heart of an angel
Just looks like one
On the wrong day she'll be so cruel and unkind
Complicated mind
On the right day she may keep her date
These are the days when memories are made

Problem child, running wild
Stay home pout, won't go out
Up all night, the party life
She's been a problem child
Ever since she could walk

SOMEBODY TO DO THAT FOR

POINT 'EM OUT
THE FIREWORKS
GIVE 'EM
A RED CARPET TOUR
FIND WHERE
SOME SECRET NIGHTSPOT LURKS
I FOUND
SOMEONE TO DO THAT FOR

STAND BACK
AND RECIEVE THE RAYS
WATCH ME GLOW
AS OUT THEY POUR
WARM UP THE WORLD
THAT MEETS MY GAZE
I FOUND SOMEONE
TO DO THAT FOR

somebody to do that for
somebody to do that for
somebody to do that for
somebody

MILES OR CROWDS
AWAY FROM ME
OR WITH ME
NAKED ON THE FLOOR
I'M STRONGER NOW
FOR ALL
YOU SEE I FOUND
SOMEONE TO DO THAT FOR

chorus

WHEN YOUR READY
THINGS WILL COME
I BELIEVE THAT
MORE AND MORE
YES, I'LL GO BY
THAT RULE OF THUMB
I FOUND SOMEONE TO DO THAT FOR

chorus

Words and Music © 1985 by Ilene Weiss

It's such a lot of trouble
Always trying to be cool
Nice boys can play that game
But they don't like to
She's cleaning up her act
But not all the way
There's still a lot of room for play

CHORUS

Ever since she could talk, move, cry in her chair
Scream, dream, color in her hair
Open her arms to a man
Capture him there in her hands
Wink, think, make him believe,
Now she's ready to leave
Misunderstand
She's staying as long as she can

CHORUS

Words and Music © 1987 by Steve Jensen and Doug Petty

LOSERS

I blew my wad playing seven card stud
I was playing for money, they was playing for blood
On the way back home the big winner got mugged
Now he's just another loser like me
Losers, losers- I got took for my whosis
The chump got crowned now he's goin to be bound
And he's just another loser like me

See that kid in the back of the bar
Pickin' up a storm on a Martin guitar
That poor fool thinks he's gonna be a star
He's just another loser like me
Losers, losers - some are raggers some are bluesers
Makin' disco sounds in a Hojo lounge
With a bunch of other losers like me

Love has busted up this cat for sure
He's crying like a baby at his baby's door
That poor fool don't know what he's crying for
He's just another loser like me
Losers, losers - can't say "no" to cruisers
When she says "when?", he'll be back again
And he's just another loser like me

There's a hobo up in heaven on the golden street
He'll panhandle every angel that he'll meet
he'd hock his harp for some sneaky pete
He's just another loser like me
Losers, Losers - some are dopers some are boozers
All the Muscatel is down in Hell
And he's just another loser like me

When God appeared to saint John Wayne
He told him " Duke, I'm a comin' again"
"Life is just a wagon train
And I'm glad you're not a loser like me"
Losers, losers - ten gallon bruisers
From Gengis Kahn to the fuller brush man
They're just a bunch of losers like me

Words and Music © 1987 By Dave Van Ronk

Down the Highway

When Bill gets the blues you hear his noisy mind
louder than his boots dragging behind
at the steering wheel when the day is done
trying to find himself out there on the run

I wake up at night soaking wet my gown
listen to that drip, what a pounding sound
will he make it back? When he's gone I pray to the saints
down the country-side sunrises all the same

With a cigarette on his bottom lip
and the rifle rack right above the seat
threw his hat aside and drove away
in a smokey cloud down the highway

E mi sveglio sai, ogni notte ormani
nel timore che gli succedan guai
mi domando se e quando tornera'
e fa l'alba senza novita'

With the dope he smokes could he be thrown in jail
caught him twice before with friends out on bail
shape 'em while they're young, said my sister Clare
swear across my heart, I'm the one who cares

I wake up at night(etc.)

I admit it's true in my early teens
went around the world with my thumb in my jeans
till I was with child on my way back home
where I spend my days once again alone

I wake up at night (etc.)

Mi domando se e quando tornera'
e fa l'alba senza novita'

© 1987 By Germana Pucci

The World Turned Upside Down

The gardener is dreaming of a world vast and wild
Where he lives in the open with his wife and his child
But the garden is tending the great cathedral close
The boxwood, the ivy, the hybrid rose

Chorus: Such are the gardener's dreams
In a night of light and sound
To hold to the old truths
In a world turned upside down

The gates of the garden are high and overgrown
Where the gardener is talking to himself all alone
The city surrounds him with windows filled with eyes
He says, " who are these people who must live so high?"

Chorus

The gardener is digging for the elements of earth
The secrets of nature and the mystery of birth
While sirens wall around him, the traffic honks and squeals
Voices peel the hours in a cacophany of deals

Chorus

The gardener is yearning for the mountains and the streams
Where the stars are bright and scattered in the universe of dreams
But the gardener is bitter for he does not have the means
To leave behind the city with it's scirms and painted screens.

Words and music © By Brian Rose 1987

SIDE BY RIBS THREE

THE HEART OF THE WORKINGMAN

You know what a jackhammer does to you nerves
If you hold on a little too tight?
How 'bout a ten year marriage and a three year split
You're sleepin' alone every night?
Or wakin' up loaded in a back road ditch
With your mouth full of gravel and sand?
We'll friend let me take you just a little bit deeper
Into the heart of the working man

You know how long it takes to clean these hands
From ten hours of dirt and grease?
You know the looks you get from the barroom girls
Like you'll dirty up their pretty white sheets?
They used to preach a lot of love back in Sunday school
But I'm angry at my fellow man
So, friend let me take you just a little bit farther
Into the heart of the working man

I busted my back working late in the dark
I busted two ribs and they busted my heart
Love and hate are fighting hand in hand
Deep in the heart of this workin' man
Deep in the heart of this workin' man

I got a jacket from a friend of mine
His name is Gary MacTell
On the back it says - "I know I'm goin' to heaven
'Cause I spent my time in Hell."
Well, that about says it all, old buddy
Repeat that whenever you can
Then carve it on my headstone
That's everything that I know
'Bout the heart of the workin' man

Words and Music By Tom Russell
© 1987 End Of THE TRAIL MUSIC (CAPAC)

NOW THAT THE RAIN HAS GONE

There's a pause in the traffic
The first rays of the sun
Blazing the window, its the day
And I sit in this room three thousand miles from home
Watching the light reflect on the clay

Time to turn the flame around
Time to burn the white shroud
Time to look beyond the grave
Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone away

Once I was a slave worker
A fact in the machine
By night I dreamed I went to play
Now I walk past that window
Everyday I know my dream
Comes closer, till it comes to stay

Time to line the edge to stars
Time to travel by the arts
Time to say we'll meet again another day
Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone away

SHOTGUN DOWN THE AVALANCHE

I'm riding shotgun down the avalanche
Tumbling and falling down the avalanche
So be quiet tonight
Though stars shine brightly
On this mountain of new fallen snow
I will raise up my voice into the void
You have left me nowhere to go

I love you so much and its so bizarre
A mystery that goes on and on and on
This is the best thing and the very most hard
We don't get along
And after countless appeals we keep spinning our wheels
On this mountain of new fallen snow
So I let go the catch
We are over the edge
You have left me nowhere to go

I'm riding shotgun down the avalanche

Sometimes you make me lose my will to live
And I just become a beacon for your soul
But the past is stronger than my will to forgive
Forgive you or myself - I don't know
And I'm riding shotgun down the avalanche
Tumbling and falling down the avalanche
So be quiet tonight and be sure to step lightly
On this mountain of new fallen snow
But I will raise up my voice into the void
You have left me nowhere to go

And I'm riding shotgun down the avalanche

Words and Music © 1987 by Shawn Colvin and John Levanthal

Once I was a master
Had a vision in my eyes
No one's freedom mattered in the balance way
If you'd come as a flower
I'd have made you bloom each time
In a garden where you'd never own a space
Time to treat you like a babe
Time to dig for you no grave
Time to let your blossoms fall where they may

Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone
Now that the rain has gone away

Words and Music By Rod MacDonald
© 1987 Blue Flute Music (ASCAP)

RESTLESS YOUTH IN CHINATOWN

I fell in love with a waitress
Working in a family bar
Days after nights
In the yellow car
Playing on the pinball
Laying my money down
Like every restless youth in Chinatown

There's girls in the country
Girls in town
There's the girl on the corner flagin' me down
She makes little movies
This time she's gonna drown
Oh, I better lose this restless youth in Chinatown

I want my whole life to live over
I want my old dreams to dream again
No less than a saint to be my lover
No less than the strangers at the well
To tell me if she's been
Where we've been
She's waiting on a driver
But she smiles when she turns around
I spend my restless youth in Chinatown

I want her to serve me
Bring me what's mine
Take all my money
Dress up so fine
She's waiting on a driver
But she smiles when she turns around
Oh, I want to have that restless youth in Chinatown
I want to spend my restless youth in Chinatown
I want to lose my restless youth in Chinatown

Words and Music by Peter Spencer
© 1986 Webebahd Music

REMODELING THE PENTAGON

Come all ye citizen
Gather round
Don't you miss out on the fun
The destruction workers
Have just broken ground
They're remodeling the Pentagon

That's right
All hail to the military state
Keep communism on the run
And to keep up with the high cost of peace
They're remodeling the sextagon

Well the generals have to keep up their four tank garage
Payments on a washing machine-gun
And to keep up with the high cost of peace
They're remodeling the septagon

Well on wall Street I hear they are now taking bids
For buying off your congressman
And to keep up with the high cost of peace
They're remodeling the octagon

Well they built another side to the nonagon
They have plans to keep adding on
Well soon it will be the grandest of Halls
By then we will all be gone
Blown to hell
By then we will all be gone

Words and Music ©1987 by Michelle Shocked

Heart on the Run

i drove route 66 fueled on wine and prayer
i rode the rails at night, drank away my cares
i joined the circus, stuck fire in my mouth
i chased the holy light, took my trouble south

the road's like dreamin'
it's worth its weight in gold
baby, i'm a dreamer
and my soul will not be sold
feet on the highway
head bowed to the sun
home's where the heart is
and my heart is on the run
home's where the heart is
and my heart is on the run

i've seen the ancient mariner stalked by the beast
the ancient warrior seeking visions in the east
lonesome travelers and prodigals left home
strangers in a strange land whose love has turned to stone

Chorus

so i'll take the road not taken or the path that leads to hell
walk the goodnight lovin' trail or climb the hill where jesus fell
and heaven's just a stairway away
i can go anywhere when there's nowhere left to stay

Chorus

Words and Music by Tom Intondi and Frank Rossini
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SIDE LYRICS FOUR

The Hills of Tuscany

The room is lying empty and your heart is filled with weeds
The city of your father is cold, from your wasted deeds
Charlotte rubs the flower, that she lost between her legs
Her children all are grown now
And she's too proud to beg
Your lover's seeking power
And your brother's seeking gold
Your son seeks his uniqueness
To prove he can break the mold
You have worked the factories
And you have tilled the fields
You have lived your fantasies to find out which are real

Chorus
He's dreaming of the Spanish plains, the hills of Tuscany
Sleeping in the olive groves, sunny Italy

The windmills now are frozen only wounded by the wind
The wise men write about the place
where only fools rush in
There are mountains made of marble
Across the dark red sea
Where masters carved a perfect god
That couldn't set them free
And yonder in the distance
Exist the lives that can't be proved
Oh, with eyes made for seeing everything
But with mouths that cannot move
Close by the smiles of treachery
The Lovers and their seed
They look so sick and beautiful
But they say what they need

Chorus

See the mother and the child
They are wading in a stream
He's pointing to the flowers
And she's pointing to her wings
When she was a virgin
Once she even tried
To jump off of a mountain
When she knew she could not fly
The troops are on vacation
Now they've headed for the sea
With their passports and their credit cards
Their orders and their guns
In the Colliseum the bull is breathing fire
The matador keeps watching
And the stakes keep getting higher

Chorus
Chorus

Words and Music © 1986 By Eric Andersen

UNEASY NIGHTS

In the troubled countries where the military breeds
Flags are burning in the noisy breeze
The crowd breaks open as the cameras roll
For skins and shadows and a hail of stones

Votive candles burn to nothing behind pulled down shades
The curfew cuts and falls down like a sabre blade
In the streets a hollow isolating siren moans
As the spirit of the country hits the worn down walls

Uneasy trees blow in uneasy winds
History repeats itself in shivers and spins
Uneasy nights, in uneasy rooms
Uneasy love for uneasy truths

In the city of phantoms that's solid in the press
Mothers search for children through the ghostliness
Whispers are the only things that whisperers dare
Where handcuffs make the sign of an offered prayer

One man will talk to another but not trust his eyes
The trigger full of mercy tells the truth from lies
They walk through living rooted trees in the park
That cannot hear and cannot know their hearts

CHORUS

In my bed love untangles and we talk out loud
By the light of a candle that's for romance now
Through the open window all sorts of breezes blow
And we laugh as if our birthrights could not easily go

CHORUS

© 1986 by Richard Meyer - Laughing/Scared Music (ASCAP)

Brothers

My brother is a dark-eyed gentle man
We see each other when we can
For dinner or some music
But there's always been this tension
Neither mentions it and then
The conversation dies down
And I think sometimes it's just as well
We live in different towns

Chorus:
Some say we're like day and night
The Southern Cross and the Northern Lights
He's half a world away from me
Still he's half the world to me
And doesn't even know it

When we were young we fought till our mom cried
Forgave each other when she died
And swore we'd try to close the gap
And though we both are loyal
And enjoy each other's triumphs
We don't understand them well
And each other's friends are ciphers
And each other's heaven hell

Chorus

I recently got married high up on a hill
My brother spoke as brothers will
About growing up behind me
And when the vows were over
He broke down on my shoulder
I was not prepared
And I held him as he crossed the distance
I had never dared

Chorus

Words and Music by Hugh Blumenfeld
© 1987 Lark & Wild Thyme Music (BMI)

Realities

The reality of you
cannot compete
With the dreams you have of her
And the love you've given me
Is not as sweet
as the feelings that she stirs
And so you turn away
And say you're sorry
But you must pursue this dream
This improbable dream
Though things have not been bad
You can't say you've had
quite as good a time
As it first seemed.

The reality of me
Is not what you write love songs about
You'd rather be longing from afar
You're not as comfortable with love
As you are without
And she's a thousand miles gone
And that's fine
'Cause you're fond of the shimmer
That distance lends to these things
And tonight when you sleep
You'll keep dreaming of the love
And the happiness
You're so sure she'll bring.
The reality of me
Is probably much like the reality of her
And by the time you find this out
Let's just hope I've recovered from the hurt
'Cause if I get a call
That you're all by yourself
And you're longing for the love that we once knew
Oh, what would I do
With the reality of you.

© 1987 Christine Lavin

I'm Gonna Buy A New Outfit

I'm mad at you- so I'll tell you what I'm gonna do
I'll leave you home - and I'll spend my afternoon alone
On line in the Junior's department - on line in the Junior's department

Chorus:
I'm gonna buy a new outfit - you're gonna see a new me
I'm gonna buy a new outfit -
I'm gonna deck myself out - it'll look just fine
You're gonna see red, drop dead, turn your head
and wish you were mine.

There's a special place - one can mingle with the human race
(In the Junior's Department)
I'll play my ace and forget I ever saw your face
On line in the Junior's Department - on line in the Junior's Department

Chorus-

Bridge: Plastic will buy anything at all
Just put it on your charge plate - Don't wait!
Put it on your charge plate - Don't wait!
Put it on your charge plate - or your mother's!

Chorus -

© 1981, 1987 Judith Zweiman

THE HAWKS' SONG

Sun-streaked sky over mountains
The rivers are ribbons of light
We raise our heads to the cooling air
Shake the stiffness from our wings before flight

Then launched from our cliffside aeries
We ride the invisible streams
Up over mesas and down into canyons
A challenge to all in our screams

Since the rivers first cut the canyons
Since the first coyote's call
We have hunted and nested and hatched our young
It is we who are the rulers of all

We saw the first men come to the mesas
They were builders and planters of corn
For years beyond number they flourished there
Their old ones died and their young ones were born

We saw them driven to live on the cliffside
Diminished by drought and by war
Their strong ones left and their weak ones died
And the land it was ours once more

CHORUS

Now the twilight wind whispers through treetops
Empty doorways and ruins of stone
The first stars appear and the shadows climb high
And the desolation is swallowed and gone

And the new men return in the daylight
to run their hands over ancient walls
But they leave the ghosts and the canyons to us
As the darkness begins to fall.

CHORUS

© 1986 by Josh Joffen (BMI)

RECORD REVIEWS

VICTORY MUSIC Showcases Seattle area musicians on its two volume sampler

By Steve Key

Tuesday nights at the Antique Sandwich Company in Tacoma, Washington offer more than the usual array of sprout filled sandwiches on whole grain bread, Henry Weinhard's beer and bottomless cups of coffee. A parade of folk musicians provide a buffet of home made songs, many of them edible and some quite tasty.

These long-running Open Mike nights are sponsored by Victory Music, a 17 year-old music cooperative that does everything musicians wish cooperatives would do. Aside from the hoot here and in Seattle, Victory sponsors concerts, kids programs, old-time dances, music business seminars. They get gigs for musicians through their own referral system. There's also a weekly radio broadcast of the Tacoma Open Mike.

Victory also publishes 6,000 copies of its monthly newsletter, the Victory Music Review, a treasure of information for the fan and player alike. A recent 24 page issue managed to fit 28 record and tape reviews, a four page calendar, (listing an average of two dozen concerts and events per day) columns on folk, blues, jazz, dance, children's music, Irish, women's music, songwriting tips, and news about local radio shows.

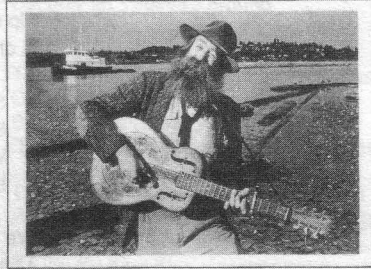
If that weren't enough, Victory Music has recently released two sampler albums spotlighting more than two dozen acts. The performers represent the wide spectrum of musical styles covered in the Review. Some are well known touring performers, such as Jim Page, Tracey Moore, Heidi Muller and Baby Gramps. But most are representative of the hoot night players at the Antique: day job bound, occasional performers who nonetheless come up with consistently good (and sometimes great) songs.

Victory Music Revue Volume 1 leads off with "The Young, Upwardly Mobile Professional Blues" by K.W. Todd, a jazzy bluesy tune that would fit easily next to Frank Christian or Bert Lee on a *Fast Folk* record. "Richard's Children," by the duo of Kendra Shank and Barry Hunn, follows with a song straight from the Joni Mitchell *Blue* period. Truckdriver Johnny Nestor adds a keyboard laden ballad, "Janey"; a yearning, unrequited love story with

Victory Music Revue

NORTHWEST SONGWRITERS & MUSICIANS • VOL. 1

Baby Gramps • Kendra & Barry • Tracey Moore • Klaus Lenzian • Neal Woodall • Johnny Nestor
K.W. Todd • Terry Lane • T.R. Stewart • Susan Smith • Pedar Herom • Marjorie Millner



a melody taking it into pop-country territory.

Side One continues with lightning-fingered guitarist Klaus Lenzian, whose "City Slickin' Picken'" is a solo instrumental of the New Age persuasion. Law student Terry Lane sounds like a 60's folkie in the Peter, Paul and Mary style with his original, "Rainy Day" (Should it surprise anyone that a record from the Seattle area would contain numerous references to rain, mud and clouds?). Singer Susan Corey also displays her 60's influences, but more like Jefferson Airplane, in her duo Ebb 'n Flo's "Baby of the Morn."

Restaurant worker Pedar W. Herom opens side two with one of the cleverest lyrics of the collection, "Now Accepting Applications," which he introduces as a tale of 'the romantic job market.' Twelve-string guitarist Tracey Moore, who recently moved to the Boston area, offers a reflective jig, seeming contradiction but an original instrumental idea. Neal Woodall heads into Gordon Lightfoot-style mid 70's acoustic-rock with "There She Stands," with a rhythm section and layered harmonies.

In contrast, lawyer Marjorie Millner's "Tomorrow It Won't Even Matter" is a solo piano-vocal ballad (with a touch of synth covering the string swells late in the track). T.R. Stewart's "Skagit Rain" paints the landscape of small-town Washington 'where the evergreens sway in the ocean breeze.' It's a smooth country ballad augmented by Heidi Muller's duet harmony and Mike Nelson's slide guitar (Nelson, a counselor by day, sits in on a couple of other tracks, much as he does on Open Mike nights at the Antique).

Popeye-voiced Baby Gramps closes with his quirky original, "The Old Man of the Sea". Recorded at the annual Folklife Festival held

Victory Music Revue

NORTHWEST SONGWRITERS & MUSICIANS • VOL. 2

Ferryboat Musicians • Jim Page • T.R. Ritchie • Heidi Muller • Bill Davie • Hal Brooks
Paul Smith • Threshold • David Roberts • William Carlos • Rod Koon • Philip Morgan • Derick Thomas



in Seattle Center) in the shadow of the Space Needle), the song sputters along on Gramps' National guitar, which he plays in a sort of drunken banjo style. Unique, to say the least.

Husband-wife duo George Ramsey and Kat Eggleston, who perform on Puget Sound as the Ferryboat Musicians, apply old-timey instrumentation to a modern sounding original. "China" is carried along on the hammered dulcimer and soprano recorder (again with a touch of synth by David Lange, whose studio snared nine of the Victory Players).

Jazz piano in the Keith Jarrett style is contributed by Derick Thomas on his solo original "Namahia (Prayer to the Moon)." The solo singer-songwriter-guitarist is represented in turns by Rod Koon and T.R. Ritchie.

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However, the singer-songwriter-guitarist showing the most innovative style is Jim Page, who closes the side with "Strange Love." On his 1986 Flying Fish album, *Visions In My View*, Page backed his topical contemporary folk tunes with stellar celtic musicians Micheal O'Domhnaill and Billy Oskay. That influence continues here, as Page's story of 'an emotional band-aid' is propelled by the bodhran, the drum used frequently in traditional Irish bands.

Side Two of *Volume 2* returns the listener to the jazz-swing-tune-with-a-clever-lyric category, as teacher Hal Brooks lists lots of things that may cause you to worry but don't worry him; hence, "Ain't Gonna Worry." A flamenco guitar original instrumental by Ebb 'n Flo's William Carlos takes us into a celtic-flavored original by Philip Morgan, "The Morning Dove". Heidi Muller brings us back to downtown Seattle with her story "Jesse's Carol", focusing on a homeless person against the backdrop of the holiday shopping season.

"Touch the Clouds" seems a natural topic for David Roberts, who, the credits explain, "spent a year working on acid rain in Sweden." That dreamy ballad sets up the closing song of the collection, a brass-synth experimental number called "Zeno's Breakfast," by Paul Ely Smith.

Victory Music, particularly head honcho Chris Lunn, have documented their diverse music community well. To continue the rain theme, this collection is only a drop in the proverbial bucket, but it's a drop worth savoring.

To discover this music by Seattle area artists, Write Victory at P.O. Box 7515, Bonney Lake, WA 98390. Or call (206) 863 - 6617. Newsletter subscriptions are \$15 per year. The album sets are \$10 (same price for a 90 minute cassette version), plus \$1 shipping.



Willie Ninger, Nikki Matheson
and Jay Rosen
at the Bottom Line 1986



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To order, be on our mailing list, or just to find out what Eric is doing next, write to Wind & Sand Records, 50 W. 34th St., Suite 11C5-FF, New York, NY 10001. For record orders, please enclose check or money order for \$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling for each l.p. or cassette. Eric's European CBS album, *Midnight Son*, is also available in extremely limited quantities, lp or cassette. N.Y. residents add 8.25% sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for shipment.

Square Roots: More Pi in the Sky?

by Hugh Blumenfeld

Fast Folk may no longer be the only periodical publication to offer full-length folk LPs on a regular basis. We welcome the company, especially since *Square Roots - a Folk Roots* publication - is also dedicated to finding and recording unusual, high quality folk and acoustic music.

Folk Roots is a glossy, full color, commercial magazine published in England and dedicated to roots music internationally. It is unlike any folk music publication in the U.S. in terms of production and circulation, becoming a familiar sight here since it was started three years ago. Its writers are sharp, the articles informative, the scope eclectic. That Britain's folk scene can support such a journal testifies to the health of folk music there.

Occasionally, *Folk Roots* has inserted those square, floppy plastic-sheet records between its pages, introducing new artists to their readers with that extra shot of audio-immediacy that stirs things up. Almost two years ago, *Fast Folk* staffer Michelle Shocked appeared on one of these. The BBC spun this raw Texas recording and the Brits fell in love with it - and with Michelle. The publicity made it possible for the pressing of an LP and the booking of an impressive national tour there. She now lives in a houseboat on the Thames instead of squatting in the East Village and filing subscriptions on Houston Street. Another American artist discovered in Britain.

Now *Folk Roots* has gone and recorded its first LP anthology featuring 14 artists from the pages of their magazine, and threatens to press more. It seemed appropriate to review this debut effort in this anniversary issue.

Square Roots is subtitled "an unlikely selection." This turns out to be an understatement. The eclecticism demonstrated on the disc is not just a matter of getting this cut from Senegal, this one from Bulgaria, this style from the U.S., or this one from the English countryside. The improbable mix of Fairport Convention and reggae, of pan-Balkan and African rhythms happens *within* songs. Something very strange is going on in England - strange and fantastic. And the tenuous coherence of this recording gives it a slightly unreal quality.

The opening songs of each side stake out the territory right off. "Liberty Hall," performed by the Oyster Band, is the Fairport Convention-reggae fusion - a supernatural tale using melodion, guitar, violin and a wicked back beat. "Nail That Stoit" by Tiger Moth is a traditional instrumental on melodion with a madcap electric guitar, slide guitar, and rock drums overdrive.

Besides "Liberty Hall," three other selections are notable for their lyrics, and all are performed a cappella: Billy Bragg's duet with Robert Handley of "Hold the Fort" is a spirited rendition of this 19th century agricultural union hymn, though the metaphoric linking of Labor, War, and God has always made me suspicious. Sting's powerful "Children's Crusade" about "virgins with guns" and the waste of young lives during World War I is powerfully sung by Swann's Arcade, with a lot of unisons and the feeling of reedy pipes in the bass. "Bird In A Cage" is performed solo by June Tabor, whose haunting and quick voice convincingly tells the tale of a false love that leaves a fifteen year-old girl with nothing but an infant to care for.

Much of the album is more familiar. There is a choral arrangement of an English country song by the popular Copper Family, a medley of highlands-sounding tunes for Northumbrian pipes and harmonica (ok, the instrumentation is weird - the

effect is not especially so), an African instrumental for kora and 21-string lute with intermittent chanting, and two solo acoustic American tunes: "Oh That Nagging Wife of Mine" done by Brendan Croker and Otis Redding's classic "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay" done by Ted Hawkins, which help give the record its scope, but don't call special attention to themselves. All of these cuts are enjoyable and the performances are superior.

"Bluebird (Judy G.)" doesn't come up to the quality of the rest of the album. It's a pretty predictable sad-story ballad about Judy Garland and uses Oz for sentiment. Another song that is a tribute to the editor's commitment to a range of cultural styles is the modal Bulgarian tune "Nedelyo, Nedelyo." Performed by Nadka Karadjova, it also appears on her album *A Lambkin Has Commenced Bleating*, and I can't think of a better way to describe the quality of this unique voice.

My favorite cuts on the album are two of the most bizarre pieces, which end side two. "Speed the Traktor" is a wild instrumental that opens at a North African bazaar, moves to the whine of the Balkans, and then drives through a tune that sounds like "Whiskey for Breakfast" with a distinctively African beat. The instrumentation of this medley by 3 Mustaphas 3 is raucous and weird, and the transitions are ungraceful. What a blast. The last cut is titled "Rowing Song, Part I" and was recorded at dawn on the Casamance River in Senegal by Alpha Dialo, Mama Dialo and Papy Sissokho. It begins with faint rowing sounds - wood on wood, water being pushed - and low voices in alternation like crickets. There is a gradual fade in of rhythmic grunting and random bumping boat noises, all of which create a rich counterpoint that grows louder. Finally the steady banging of a coxswain comes in. The grunting and the catch of breaths is the compelling force. Suddenly the short grunts switch to a rhythmic monotone African chant, and soon the piece fades

out as it faded in, a piece of found poetry.

Square Roots is a one-man production by editor Ian Anderson, and the liner notes reveal a maniacal energy at work. The African and Middle Eastern influences that are being absorbed into the English traditional material are perhaps signs of a post-imperial culture. The fascist movements that are afoot in England and France to rid these countries of immigrants and refugees from the colonies they once raped is countered with spirit in the grafted-roots art presented here.

FAST FOLK would like to thank Peter Brown for his years of help and energy as our office manager. He has moved to the San Francisco area. His contributions on all aspects of FAST FOLK's management and production was invaluable.

FAST FOLK is looking for an advertising director. We need someone who will solicit ads worldwide, and coordinate the graphics and accounting for the ads. Pay will be a percentage of the ad revenue. Contact Ray Lewis C/o Fast Folk P.O. Box 938 Village Station, NYC/NY- 10014. One does not need to live in New York to handle this job.

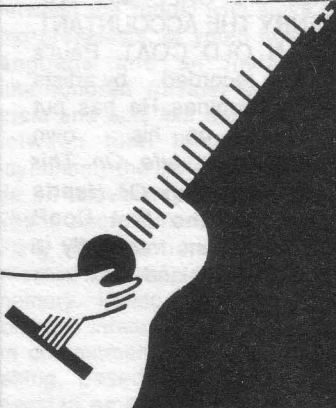


Finale Newport Folk Festival 1985

Christine Lavin, Bill Morrissey, Jim Rooney,
Ramblin Jack Elliott, David Massengill,
Judy Collins, Arlo Guthrie, Tom Paxton,
Mimi Farina
Festival Organizer Bob Jones,



Eric Andersen



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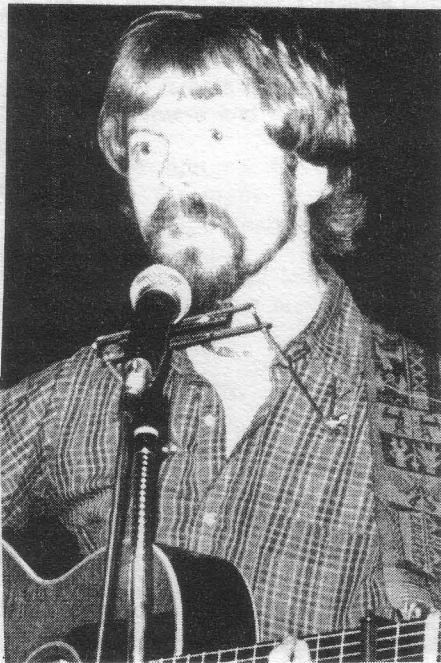
ON THE RECORD

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.)

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 was recently represented by a one man show of images of the Iron Curtain at the International Center of Photography

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

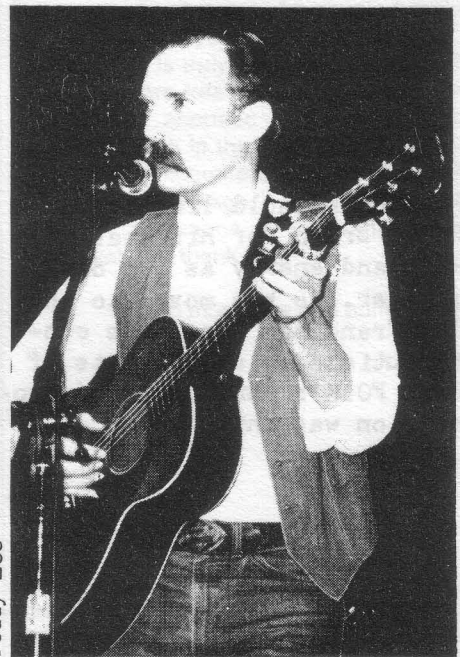
two albums, *NO COMMERCIAL TRAFFIC* and *WHITE BUFFALO* (also released in Germany as *ALBUM 2 FOR SALE*), in addition to his recordings for the FAST FOLK and the Cornelia Street Album. Rod has been instrumental in the survival of the SpeakEasy and he sponsored the First Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival.



Alan Beck

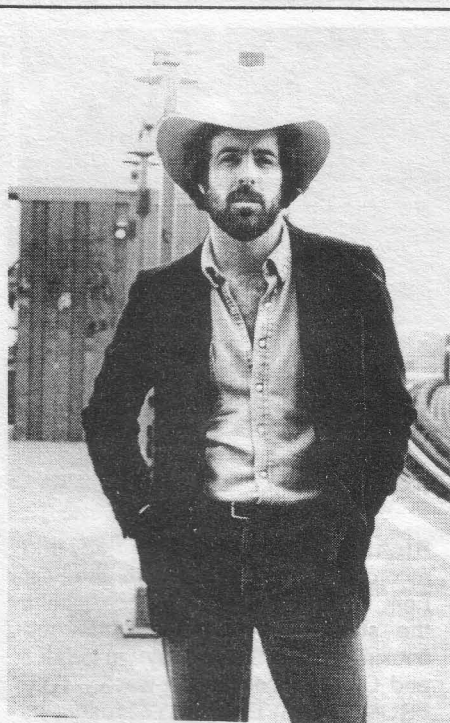
Paul Kaplan lives in New York with his wife and two daughters. His best known songs are *CALL ME THE WHALE*, *HENRY THE ACCOUNTANT*, and *I HAD AN OLD COAT*. Paul's songs have been recorded by artists in at least six countries. He has put out two albums on his own Hummingbird Label: *Life On This Planet* (1982) and *King Of Hearts* (1985). He edited the first *Coop* Songbook and performs frequently in the New York, New England area.

Suzanne Vega has moved from performances at the Speakeasy to slightly larger halls such as The Royal Albert Hall and Carnegie Hall. She has lately toured the world and received three Grammy nominations for her song *LUKA* and her recordings (two albums) on A&M Records. Suzanne has a strong background in theatre and dance. She is from New York.



Teddy Lee

Erick Frandsen was a member of the Broadway cast of *Pump Boys and Dinettes*. He has accompanied Bob Dylan, Harry Belafonte, Steve Goodman, the Muppets and a host of others; and is a co-author of the new musical *Song Of Singapore*. He is a graduate of San Francisco State College. He was once employed as a wheelman for the notorious Danny 'extreme unction' Shea. He lives in Manhattan. He needs work. He's in the phone book.



Tom Russell recorded two critically acclaimed albums in the 1970's as part of the folk duo Hardin & Russell. His first solo album, *Heart On A Sleeve*, (1984) was praised in People magazine and hailed in every major country music publication. He has had songs recorded by Ian Tyson, Nanci Griffith and Bill Staines and has currently co-written songs with Nanci Griffith and Ian Tyson two of which appear on His new Sugar Hill album *Cowboyography*. The Tom Russell Band's new album *Road to Bayamon* has been released on Mega Records in Europe and Rounder in the US.

Shawn Colvin won a New York Music Award this year for Best New Vocalist and toured with Suzanne Vega last winter in Europe. She is currently looking for the means to make her own record. Shawn is from South Dakota and is well known to club audiences across the country. She has appeared on the NPR 'Good Evening' radio show and is one of the more sought after back up vocalists in the New York area.

Peter Spencer lives in New York with his wife and son. His LP *Paradise Loft* is available on Original Regular Records, 350 East 30th Street, NYC/NY 10016

Ed McCurdy was born in 1919 in Willow Hill, PA. He began singing in 1938 and has worked in Vaudeville, Burlesque, night clubs, radio and television in the U.S. and Canada. He has recorded over 25 albums of folk songs, erotic songs, sacred songs and childrens songs and stories. Ed is currently living in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Teddy Lee



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. David has opened the Newport Folk Festival and closed the 25th Anniversary concert for Folk City.

Hugh Blumenfeld is a doctoral candidate in poetry. He lives in Connecticut and tours often to clubs and festivals around the country. He was a finalist in the 1987 New Folk Competition at the Kerrville Folk Festival and has recieved wonderful reviews for his first album *The Strong In Spirit* on Grace Avenue Records. Hugh has been recording for *Fast Folk* since 1983.

Michelle Shocked grew up a Morman army brat, which is kind of a double negative if you stop to think about it (which she has). When she was sixteen, her step daddy retired and they moved to East Texas where Leadbelly did a lot of his Hell-raising and where everybody was kinfolk to everybody else and where black was black and white was white and lets keep it that way-- Needless to say Michelle lit out of there first chance she got and she's been traveling 'round playing music ever since; kicking around Manhattan being consolation to a dream, which is to gad about the world on a sailboat. Some of her songs have been inspired by her activities with the squatter's movements in the Lower east side. In 1986 Michelle casually recorded a buch of her songs for Pete Lawrence at the Kerville Folk Festival. This tape; subsequently broadcast on British radio became quite popular, was issued on Cooking Vinyl and went to number one in the independant charts. She has been touring the world lately- just cut her second album, this time for Polygram and she is living in London on a houseboat.

Christine Lavin has released 4 albums on Rounder Records, the most recent one being *Its A Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind*. She just returned from a tour of Austrlia and the highlight was appearing on the Austrlian Today Show singing the Airconditioner Song with the "Willard Scott" of that country in front of the weather map. Christine is well known to club and festival audiences across the country for her charming and wiity songs and style.

Eric Andersen has been a mainstay of the folk scene since the early 1960's . While his THIRSTY BOOTS and VIOLETS OF DAWN are early classics Eric has continued to make consistently engaging records and write great songs. His *Blue River*, *'Bout Changes and Things*, *Be True to You*, *Tin Can Alley*, and more recent albums show him to be a major artist. Eric tours the United States and Europe regularly



Teddy Lee

Tom Intondi was once referred to by the Village Voice as "a seminarian gone splendidly wrong". His album *House Of Water* established Tom as one of the leading voices in Greenwich Village. Tom has toured nationally and internationally with the Song Project, on his own and with Dave Van Ronk. Tom has held the Sword of Damocles position as booking coordinator for the SpeakEasy and was instrumental in putting together the *Live At The Hoot Fast Folk* album.

David Seitz owns and operates Synergy Sound in Great Neck, Long Island. His recording patients have included (soon to be Dr.) Hugh Blumenfeld, the Canadian Group Catchpenny, and many others. David applied his boardside manner to the recording of our *Season's Greetings* album and *Live at the Hoot* albums. While none of his work can be called sterile David is proud of his state of the art Analog recording instruments and leaves no scars when making incisions on multitrack tape. When artistes are in the fever of recording he has been known to make sleeping space available to them until they recover sufficiently. He prescribes a mean electronic tuner and occasional practice, his perfectionism indicates adherence to the tapeocratic oath. As soon as he completes his impending residency we will be calling him Dr. Seitz.



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 Kerville Folk Festival's 1987 and 1988 New Folk Competition. Ask him about it sometime.

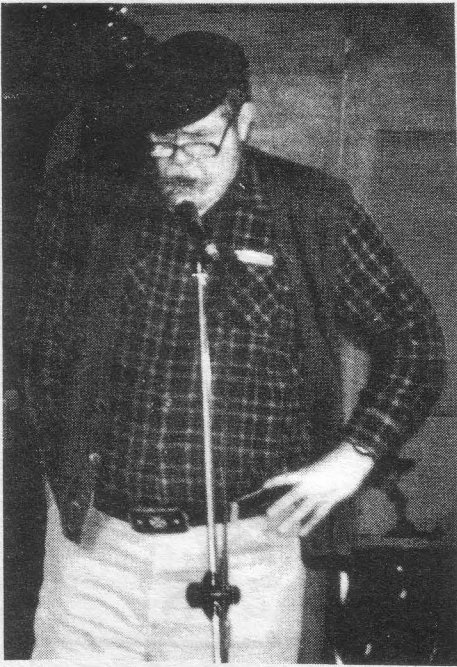
Mark Dann, guitar, has been the recording engineer for the majority of CooP and *FAST FOLK* recordings over the years. He has built his studio over the years and recorded albums for Rod MacDonald, Jack Hardy, Richard Meyer, Hugh Blumenfeld and Ron Renninger. He is an accomplished guitar repairman and 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. He is often called Dr. Dann for his studio magic.



Barbara Krintz

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)

Judith Zweiman, 33, is pleased to make her 5th appearance on *Fast Folk* sans capo and employing a diatonic major scale. Best known for the song *HEART ON ICE* (FF 301 & 306/7) she is currently working on her first album and performing with her band; Zweiman, Bergman, McColl. She is particularly fond of cats, vegetables, glittery things and dresses with pockets.



Dave Van Ronk has achieved legendary stature in the folk community where he has worked for the last thirty years. His style includes jazz and swing but it is his sensitivity and exuberance for blues that have made him such an influence on so many singers and guitarists. He performs at festivals all over the world and is represented on many records stretching for the length of his career. Dave is a wonderful supporter of the local scene a respected guitar teacher and fine songwriter.

Steve Jensen is a singe/songwriter who has been active in the New York metropolitan area for about seven years. He was active in the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchnge during the last year of its existance, and has appeared on four previous *Fast Folk* albums. For the past two years he has been performing in various bands on Long Island.

Doug Petty is currently a fresman at Eastman School of Music. He grew up on Long Island where his musical interests were diverse. An outstanding jazz pianist and composer, he contributes considerably to the many musical projects in which he is involved. His twin brother Dan, and excellent guitar player and a freshman at Berklee school of Music plays on this recording of Problem Child as well. Steve Jensen Barthold appeared on the earlier *Fast Folk* records as Skip Barthold.



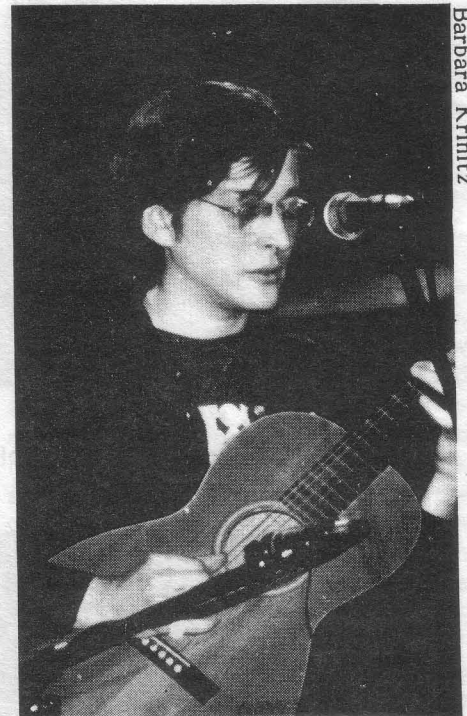
Ilene Weiss writes songs which are performed by her and by other singers, too. The first song she ever formally constructed emerged at the age of eight years as a response to a songwriting assignment handed down by her guitar teacher, Linda LaBove. It was entitled The Ballad of Uncle Joe and reflected the influence of such folk classics as Follow the Drinkin' Gourd and Donna Donna. It was about a rabbit who was depressed because the woodchoppers were destroying the forest, his home. But, in 1977 Ilene wrote the first songs of her adult years. It was entitled Fun With A Man and emerged in about half an hour one afternoon when Ilene was sick at home and listening to a Talking Heads album. Looking back, Ilene Weiss's commitment today to well-written, emotionally evocative songs is not suprising. Her first love was American Musical Theatre, and Lerner and Lowe has a shot at her psyche a few years before Mann and Weil, Lennon and McCartney, or Holland/Dozier. Holland. Her songs have been recorded and/or performed by Anne Hills, Deidre McCalla, Robin Flower, Marcy Marxer, Cathy Fink and others. Ilene Weiss's first LP is currently in production. Ilene is financing it. She won the money on Superpassword, her favorite game show.

The Roches have been recording for over ten years and are well known for their witty, thoughtful songwriting and precise vocal harmonies. They have toured throughout the world and are represented on record by their fine albums for Warner Bros. This song was a featured in the 1987 *Fast Folk* Revue at the Bottom Line.



Giancarlo Biagi

Germana Pucci came to New York from Tuscanny, 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.



Barbara Krinitz

Frank Christian performs regularly as a featured artist and sideman in major clubs and concert halls both in the U.S. and Europee. 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.



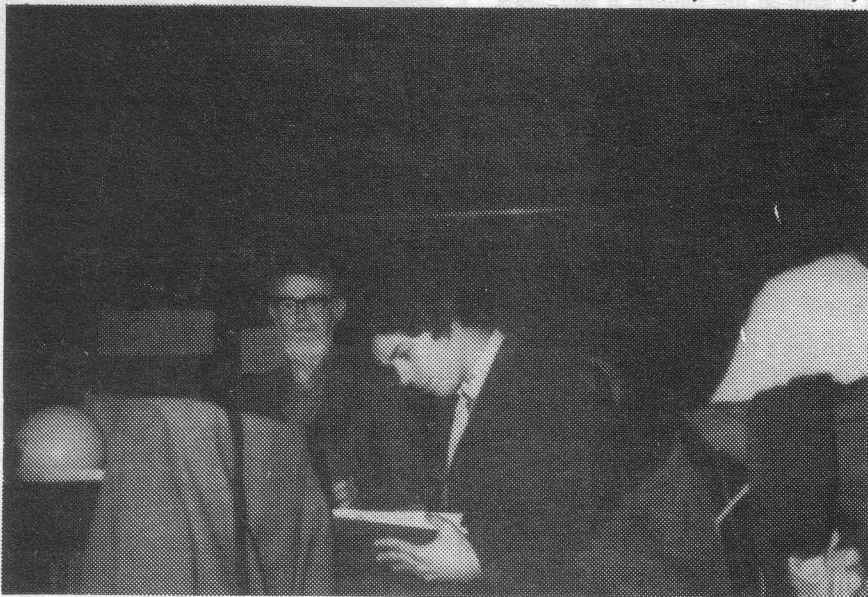
Winners of The First
Bob Dylan Imitator's Contest 1982



Barbara Krinitz

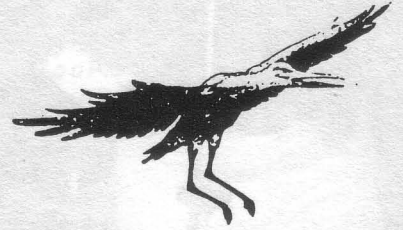
Croton Festival (405)
6/86 Dave Seitz at FF table

David Massengill &
Ed McCurdy at Folk City



Nancy Talanian

Bill Kollar, 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, AN EVENING IN GREEWICH VILLAGE* 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*.



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SIDE ONE

-1-
NUMBER ONE IN AMERICA
(DAVID MASSENGILL)

©1987 BOWSER WOWSER MUSIC
DAVID MASSENGILL/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-2-
THE MARCHING DREAM
(SUZANNE VEGA)

SUZANNE VEGA/GUITAR & VOCAL
RECORDED BY STEVE ADDABBO
EXCLUSIVE ARTIST COURTESY OF A & M RECORDS

-3-
I NEED YOU
(PAUL KAPLAN/LISA KLEINHOLTZ)
PAUL KAPLAN/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-
GODZILLA
(MICHAEL GARIN)
ERIK FRANSDEN/GUITAR & VOCAL

-5-
3 TOUCHING AND TELLING MUSICAL EXPRESSIONS

1) A LOVE SONG
2) A TRAVEL TALE
3) LINES ON BROTHERHOOD
BY THE BARD OF HALIFAX
ED McCURDY/GUITAR & VOCAL
RECORDED IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
BY ED McCURDY

-6-
THREE FLIGHTS UP
(FRANK CHRISTIAN)
FRANK CHRISTIAN/GUITAR & VOCAL
RECORDED LIVE AT SPEAK EASY, JANUARY 26TH 1987
BY DAVID SEITZ AND MARK DANN

SIDE TWO

-1-
BEFORE YOU SING
(JACK HARDY)
©1987 JOHN S. HARDY MUSIC (ASCAP)

MAGGIE ROCHE/VIRGIN VOCAL
SUZZY ROCHE/MOTHER VOCAL
TERRE ROCHE/CRONE VOCAL
JACK HARDY/GUITAR
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
JANICE KOLLAR/SYNTHESIZERS
RECORDED AT LONDON BY NIGHT STUDIOS
BY BILL KOLLAR

-2-
SOMEBODY TO DO THAT FOR
(ILENE WEISS)
©1987 ILENE WEISS

ILENE WEISS/GUITAR & VOCALS

-3-
THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN
(BRIAN ROSE)

©1987 BY BRIAN ROSE
BRIAN ROSE/GUITAR & VOCAL

-4-
PROBLEM CHILD
(STEVE JENSEN/DOUG PETTY)
STEVE JENSEN/GUITAR & VOCAL
DOUG PETTY/LEAD GUITAR
DAN PETTY/KEYBOARDS
MARK DANN/BASS & DRUMS

-5-
LOSERS
(DAVE VAN RONK)
DAVE VAN RONK/GUITAR & VOCAL
RECORDED LIVE AT SPEAK EASY
BY PETE WARD

-6-
DOWN THE HIGHWAY
(GERMANA PUCCI)
GERMANA PUCCI/GUITAR & VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
JEFF HARDY/ACOUSTIC BASS

SIDE THREE

-1-

THE HEART OF THE WORKING MAN
(TOM RUSSELL)

THE TOM RUSSELL BAND:
TOM RUSSELL/GUITAR & VOCAL
ANDREW HARDIN/HARMONY VOCAL & LEAD GUITAR
BILLY TROIANI/BASS
"FATS" KAPLAN/ACCORDIAN
CHARLES CALDAROLA/DRUMS & HARMONY VOCAL
RECORDED BY CRAIG RANDALL AT SRS

-2-

NOW THAT THE RAIN HAS GONE
(ROD MacDONALD)

©1987 BLUE FLUTE MUSIC (ASCAP)
ROD MacDONALD/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARGO HENNEBACH/KEYBOARDS
MARK DANN/BASS

-3-

SHOTGUN DOWN THE AVALANCHE
(SHAWN COLVIN/JOHN LEVANTHAL)

SHAWN COLVIN/GUITAR & VOCALS
LILLIE PALMER/VOCAL
JOHN LEVENTHAL/MANDOLIN
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-

RESTLESS YOUTH IN CHINATOWN
(PETER SPENCER)

PETER SPENCER/ELECTRIC & ACOUSTIC GUITARS
& VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS & DRUMS

-5-

REMODELING THE PENTAGON
(MICHELLE SHOCKED)

MICHELLE SHOCKED/GUITAR & VOCAL
RECORDED AT SYNERGY SOUND BY DAVID SEITZ

-6-

HEART ON THE RUN
(TOM INTONDI/FRANK ROSSINI)
©1987 CITY DANCER MUSIC

TOM INTONDI/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS & GUITAR

SIDE FOUR

-1-

HILLS OF TUSCANY
(ERIC ANDERSEN)

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ERIC ANDERSEN/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-2-

UNEASY NIGHTS
(RICHARD MEYER)

©1987 LAUGHING/SCARED MUSIC (ASCAP)
RICHARD MEYER/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS & DRUM MACHINE
AKIVA WHARTON/PERCUSSION

-3-

BROTHERS
(HUGH BLUMENFELD)

©1987 HUGH BLUMENFELD (BMI)
HUGH BLUMENFELD/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-4-

REALITIES
(CHRISTINE LAVIN)

©1987 CHRISTINE LAVIN
CHRISTINE LAVIN/GUITAR & VOCAL

-5-

THE HAWK'S SONG
(JOSH JOFFEN)

©1987 JOSH JOFFEN

JOSH JOFFEN/GUITAR & VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

-6-

I'M GONNA BUY A NEW OUTFIT
(JUDITH ZWEIMAN)

©1981,1987 JUDITH ZWEIMAN

JUDITH ZWEIMAN AND THE GYRLS ON THE BUSSE:
JUDITH ZWEIMAN/GUITAR VOCALS & BASS
MARK McCOLL/DRUMS
GYRLS ON THE BUSSE: RUTH ANN BRAUSER,
DIANNE CHODKOWSKI, CHRISTINE LAVIN, RAUN McKINNON
MALE AUTHORITY FIGURE: DAVID MASSENGILL