

FAST FOLK

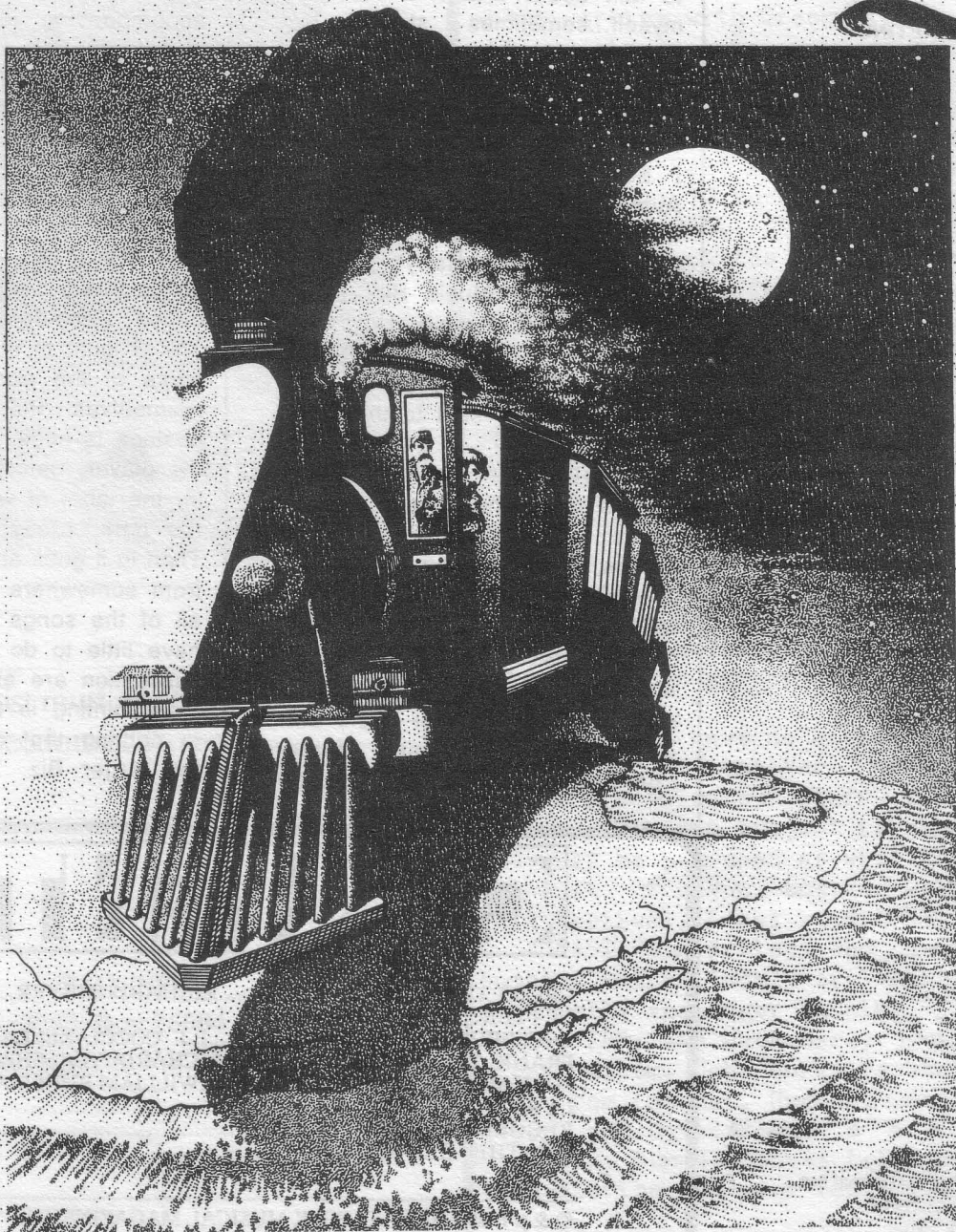
M U S I C A L M A G A Z I N E

Cross

1988

Volume 4 No. 7

Country



FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Dashboard: good, Back in the box: try again later, Back seat: no way. Once there was a tape that was so infuriating that I stopped and put it on the highway and ran it over! There are more and more TAPES and once in a while.....a great song from somewhere in America.

POOR ALIGNMENT; I can't think of a hit song that was not bravely done. They all acted in the name of their art. The majority of the songs we get are not bold enough for their own ideas or outrageous enough to make some musical fun for a few minutes. The political songs are uninformed, the romantic songs have no love at stake and the Rock 'n Roll songs are generally polite.

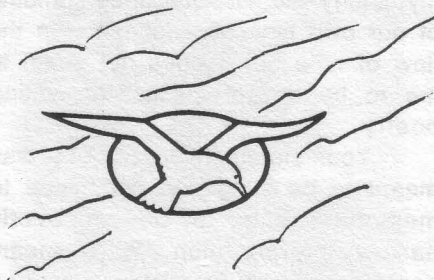
EDITING; I'm looking for songs that are thrilling and haunting, songs that are distinguished by their language, musical sweep and the world they create. Most songs we get lack conviction, and few evidence an awareness that songs should have any atmosphere or worldliness.

FRESH REEL: So keep those cards and letters coming, keep the songs coming, but fight for your songs; make them work for you and if they give you an easy answer send them back into your head until they feel right. My opinion is my opinion and I have no apologies for my biases. They are not biases of style but quality and faith.

TAILS OUT: Please send as many songs as you like, in any style you like. If the songs need explanation, it probably needs work. I appreciate the thought but photos, lots of press are unnecessary. Do please include a phone number (you'd be amazed), lyrics and don't worry about production. Its incredible how basic most of the best ones are. Stay in touch with the *Folks*, and don't forget to write.

.....Richard Meyer

Letters to the Editor are always welcome.



. ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇ . ∇

FAST FOLK IS DISTRIBUTED INTERNATIONALLY BY GREEN LINNET RECORDS.

THE FOLK MUSIC CHRONICLES



A collection of articles, essays, and short stories

by ROGER DEITZ

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

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

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:

THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE, INC.

P.O. BOX 938

VILLAGE STATION

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE IS PRODUCED WITH PUBLIC FUNDS PROVIDED BY THE NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS. **FAST FOLK** IS ALSO FUNDED BY INDIVIDUAL DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

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.

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.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEC. 21, 1988

Dear Jack,

Brian (Rose) has just sent me the most recent edition of the *Fast Folk*, it has stirred up many memories. The couple of years we worked together on it were exciting and hold a romantic appeal for me. I am only beginning to listen to the songs on this issue-- some are beautiful, others are interesting: as usual yours is both.

Ironically, it is not so much your song that has caused me to write but it is your article. "oh no," I thought when I read the first few sentences, "here goes Jack pontificating about ancient mythology again." Singing from the wellsprings of ancient mythology and creating new myths for the modern man, whose condition you so bemoan, seems an endeavor worthy of your talent but your prose writing often contains a bitterness that weakens your mission. You intend, no doubt, to be provocative in your writing and it has worked.

While many of the things you say about creativity and poetry seem to me to be true, they are not true because they were stated in an old bardic tract nor are they true to the exclusion of other more modern interpretations of creativity. You say that the three things a poet needs are "myth, poetic power, and a store of of ancient verse." These make sense but not only in the way in which you interpret them. Myth, you say, is important to study so that we may understand and "lock in our computers" the true archetypal characters and stories. It is also true that precisely because they are archetypal they are already present in our unconscious minds and in some ways premeditate the form that our thoughts and action take. Since there are "types" the contemporary observer of life can learn them by

observing those around him. No doubt an understanding of ancient mythology aids in our understanding of our own time and our place in the flow of time but it does not seem to me to be a prerequisite for writing poetry.

Your statement that poetry was meant to be sung and committed to memory seems to be an overly narrow interpretation. Who meant poetry to be sung? Why are their intentions any more significant than any others? Is ancient thought, by virtue of its being ancient, more true than modern thought? Are all things developed by the "reptilian" brain (where did you get that) bad? Must we turn back to another time to learn about ourselves? Obviously, depth of understanding can only be enhanced by a historical perspective and the adage, "He who knows only his own generation remains but a child," is true; but that is a far cry from saying that a modern day poet must follow the ancient tradition of the bards (not that it would hurt, mind you, I only take issue with the fact that you seem to think that there is only one way). It is also just plain mean to say that for the... "vast majority of songwriters..... creativity is prisoner to the almighty profit motive." Everyone struggles to survive and dreams of making a living doing what they love to do, and many dream of success but are they dreaming of financial success or meisanic success? Do they just want to write songs that reach other people or are they only struggling to write what they know how to write? Who can say? Your pen seems to drip with bitterness when you make such statements.

I couldn't agree with you more that too many people have an ethnocentric view of history. Certainly people can be wise and intelligent without being literate but does that mean that literacy is a bad thing? Haven't you learned about mythology through your own literacy? Yes, students would be

better served if they spent more time understanding the meaning of great poetry and thereby committed more of it to memory. But who learns anything only from memorization? To memorize the multiplication tables without a concurrent analysis of the situations in which they can be applied would be vacuous memories, facts analytical thinking (is this the reptilian part?) are all necessary components of thought and eventually creativity. You certainly employed all of them in the writing of your article. We learn best by utilizing all our faculties and yes, even all sources of information: experience, books, songs, conversation, observation, and even TV.

It would be nice to be able to travel the way that you do. To make friends around the world and to be their guests learning their culture, their customs, their languages, and to feel the rythms of their lives. I envy that priviledge of poets and artists. It's probably not for everyone, though, and that does not make them less of an artists.

"Memory is the key to creativity." How true. Memory not only of the history of the world and culture but of the sights, sounds and lives that we come into contact with every

SING OUT!

The Folk Song Magazine
Sharing Songs Since 1950

Sing Out! Magazine provides a uniquely diverse and entertaining selection of traditional and contemporary folk music.

Each issue is a collector's item including at least 20 songs with over 4 score pages, record and book reviews, instrument "teach-ins", feature articles, and in-depth interviews. PLUS regular columns by Pete Seeger, Bob Blackman, and Michael Cooney.

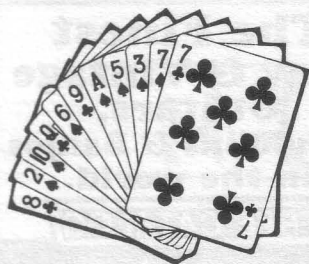
Rates Outside U.S.
\$18.00 (1 year) • \$31.00 (2 years) • \$44.00 (3 years)
U.S. Funds or IMO only, please!

Now 4 Times a Year

SING OUT!

The Folk Song Magazine

P.O. Box 5253, Bethlehem, PA 18015 - 5253



day. Jack, in writing this I find that I agree with much of what you say and even find that you have an alluring perspective on knowledge and creativity. I take issue with the exclusivity and elitism that seems to be the subtext of your article(s). You sometimes write with the fervor of one who has been Born Again and it clouds your message.

I hope you don't think it is presumptuous of me to write this. I also hope that you don't think that my opinion doesn't matter because I am not a poet. I write because your article was provocative and because I miss drinking beers with you and Brian and staying up late discussing how misguided everyone is.

Gary Boehm

Gary Boehm was a founding editor and regular contributor to The CoOp and FAST FOLK until he moved to Denver in 1984. Jack Hardy's reply will be in the next issue.

COFFEEHOUSES: A 300 YEAR HERITAGE

by P.J. Cocciarella

Coffeehouse. The word still brings back another time. Smoke-filled rooms, hours of debate, chess games until dawn, the taste of espresso, cappuccino, musicians singing of lost loves, unrighted wrongs...

Comradery was the underlying thread that bound us together. Secrets, illicit thoughts, touting our freedom and condemning society. It seems as if coffeehouses defined the whole era. But they go back a lot farther than the sixties. Maybe we weren't as revolutionary as we thought.

The word "coffeehouse", used to describe a public place that serves coffee among its refreshments and sometimes provides informal entertainment, goes back about 300 years. In 17th-18th century England, it referred to establishments where groups met for a particular purpose - for informal discussions or card games.

But the idea of the coffeehouse goes back much further than that. The ancient Greek *hetaireia* and the Roman *sodabitar* were "loose associations of like-minded companions." Among the Greeks, those organizations for the worship of deities not recognized by the state religion were the most important (the subversive element was there at the beginning), but commercial, athletic and social dining organizations, where members gathered to eat and exchange ideas, also existed.

In Rome, religious and commercial clubs resembled sects and trade guilds. Roman political clubs were like modern ones in aim and organization. These organizations were suppressed by Julius Caesar as dangerous to public order - same tune, different piper.

Cairo was the first city where coffeehouses known for coffee in particular thrived. In the late 1500's, they were established in Constantinople. From there the scene shifts west, with the rise of cosmopolitan Europe, to Italy, the French court of Louis XIV, and the first English coffeehouse at Oxford in 1650. When the Turks were routed at Vienna in 1683, they left behind them thousands of bags of coffee, which fell into the hands of the Viennese. The first coffeehouse in central Europe was founded one drip-filter later,



and Viennese coffeehouses have been first-rate ever since.

Across the continent, the trend was that coffeehouses became meeting places for artists and intellectuals. Vienna's were famous for this as were Rome's. The Cafe Greco was the meeting place for painters in the first half of the 19th century, and the Cafe Aragno was the premier gathering place of newspaper reporters until the Fascist era. At the start of the French Revolution in 1789, Paris had 900 coffeehouses - probably no coincidence. The first of them was established in the latter 1600's, and since 1750, they have played an important role in the political life of France. One famous coffeehouse of pre-revolutionary times was the Cafe de la Regence, a gathering place for chess players where Napoleon Bonaparte used to play. The table reserved for his exclusive use is still there.

In England, it didn't take long for coffeehouses to become popular (Cromwell's England quickly became as oppressive as the monarchy it had replaced.) Charles II found them too popular, and made several vain attempts to suppress them for "harboring treasonous characters" - by this time a familiar tune. But the informal commercial arrangements were hard to pin down. It was usual for a landlord to allot a special room for an organization's use. For this service the host charged nothing, but relied on the sale of food and drink for the profits.

Coffee, by the way, gained its popularity as a beverage in the coffeehouses of London, which became centers of political, social, and literary influence. The wits, philosophers and writers of the time warmed their hearts and loosened their tongues over steaming cups of the brew. The first London coffeehouse was founded in 1652, at St. Michael's Abbey in Cornhill. Dolly's Chop House in Queens Head Passage, Paternoster Row, first introduced serving maids in the usual stead of male waiters. For 150 years, it was a famous eating and gathering place. Among its patrons were Fielding, Defoe, Smollett, Swift, Richardson, Dryden, Gainsborough, Pope, and Handel. Dolly's was demolished in 1885. Jonathan's Coffee House in Change Abbey was a rendezvous for stock traders, long before

Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

IS ALIVE & WELL
AND LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY

SPECIAL ISSUES:

Third World
Environmental Songs
Native American Issues
Lee Hays Tribute
Phil Ochs Special
Songs of the U.K.
Songs for Peace in the
Middle East
Children's Songs
Keeping The Issues Alive

\$20 per year

Broadside

• P.O. Box 1464 • New York, NY 10023 •

the establishment of the stock exchange there. Lloyd's Coffeehouse in Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane was the cradle of today's Lloyd's of London. The Goose and Gridiron, near St. Paul's Cathedral, was, when it was known as The Mitre, the first "Musick House."

In the major cities of North America - New York, Philadelphia, and Boston - coffeehouses started to become popular about 1690. The Merchant's Coffeehouse, established in New York in 1737, is claimed to have been "the birthplace of the American Union." In Philadelphia, Henry Flower opened Ye Coffee House in 1700; the London Coffee House opened there two years later. A second London Coffeehouse was opened in 1754, owned by the printer of the *Pennsylvania Journal*, William Bradford. The City Tavern (1773) was another hub of activity in the city that soon brewed up the Declaration of Independence. In Massachusetts, Jonathan Betcher built Ye Crown Coffee House on the Boston Pier, or Long Wharf, in 1711. The Boston coffeehouses were meeting places for sea captains, merchants and others who went there to transact business and socialize with other leading citizens. Of these, the City Tavern, later known as the Merchant's Coffee House, was long considered the largest and best coffeehouse in America.

Coffeehouses declined in the last half of the 18th century. Their functions, increasingly formalized, were taken over by clubs, pubs and newspapers. By the 1960's, they had become primarily "music houses" and were no longer the exclusive domain of men. If you were growing up in the Northeast then, you could see the great performers of the folk revival "doing their thing" in rooms smaller than the average suburban family room. The New York coffeehouses have become legendary - The Figaro, The Borgia, The Tin Angel, The Bitter End, Cafe Wha?, The Gaslight, Gerde's Folk City, and many more - some famous, some, alas, forgotten.

A little bit north in Connecticut was Kathy Kinsolving's Fool's Mate, across from the Westport railroad station. Trains ran all night and had names like The New York, New Haven and Hartford, The New York Central, or Pennsylvania R.R. One of the best kept secrets of Bridgeport was the Rubayat Gallery and Coffeehouse run by Richie Blackwell, featuring chess, checkers, storytellers, poets and musicians. The Kiva Tea House Gallery,

started by Bill Zalkind and later revived by a loose association of its denizens, was a popular "pass the hat house," where patrons made donations of cash and other essentials of the era. The Carriage House* at the University of Bridgeport was one of the finest permanent coffeehouses on a college campus in the country at the time, and had a seven night-a-week schedule. It now lies dormant with an unpatched roof.

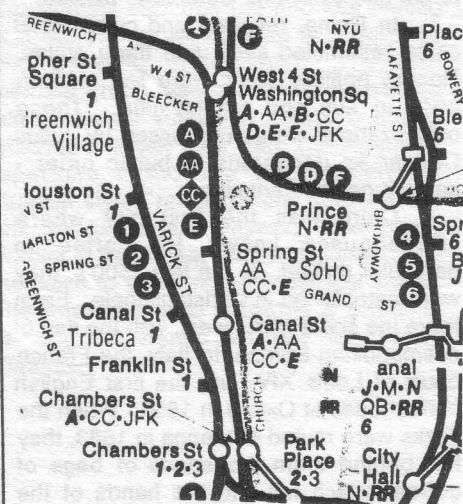
Coffeehouses are coming back for a lot of reasons, but you have to go back more than twenty years to get a full view of this phenomenon. The coffee bean is an integral part of the long history of empire and dissent, and has always made an invigorating brew of art and politics.

(P.J. Cocciarella is a member of the Bridgeport Eclectic Folk Music Consortium. This article is reprinted with permission from the first edition of B.E.F.M.C.'s monthly newsletter, "City Folk".) * FF editor Richard Meyer was The Carriage House's first performer and Co-founder in 1972 and booked the club for a year and a half.

MATT UMANOV GUITARS

NEW & USED • AMPLIFIERS • ACCESSORIES

273 Bleecker Street
New York, NY 10014
212-675-2157
Mon. thru Sat. 11 AM - 7 PM



The Finest New & Vintage Guitars, Mandolins & Banjos in the world.

FREE CATALOG

mandolin bros.

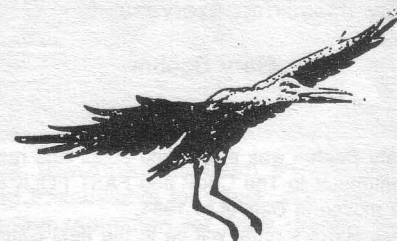
629 Forest Ave. • Staten Island, NY 10310
Telephone: (718) 981-3226

ALIGNED AUDIO INCORPORATED

Audio Replication Technology

151 22nd Street
Brooklyn, NY 11232
USA

☎ 718-788-6969
Fax 718-499-0421
Telex 4976015



MOVING ?

PLEASE let us know
where we can find you

NAME _____

OLD ADDRESS: _____

NEW ADDRESS: _____

**THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL
MAGAZINE, INC.**
A Not-For-Profit Corporation
P.O. Box 938
Village Station
New York, New York 10014
(212) 927-1831

don't forget the zip!

FRANK TEDESSO: A SPECIAL MUSIC

by Richard "Al" Schere

Frank Tedesso is a singer-songwriter, born and raised in Chicago, who ran away from home at thirty-four to come to New York. He is one of a group of very talented Chicago writers that include Jim McCandless, Brian Anderson, Al Day, Buddy Mondlock, and Sleepy Silver. Frank has been writing songs since he was seventeen and was totally identified as a songwriter until 1982, when he was encouraged to perform his own songs professionally. He began to play at the many Chicago "hoots" and soon found himself playing gigs at such places as Holstein's and the Earl of Old Town. Frank also played some at the Chicago Folk Festival.

Frank's music has been affected by his New York experience, but he still maintains some of the qualities that characterize the Chicago Folk Scene. One of these qualities is humor that makes you shudder with realization when you consider the seriousness contained within the joke:

"There's an old black woman
in a big red coat
Big enough for her
and her sister too
(I mean at the same time)
And she's squawkin' at the
seagulls in the park
Oh but they don't seem to mind
I guess when you've
got blue wings
You can be cool
about such things"

Frank on stage is an interesting experience. He lumbers onto the stage, a large, bearded man, most often alone with his guitar. There is a knowing twinkle in his eye, and his interaction with his audience usually produces a climate of instant warmth. He sings his songs with unique pronunciation that makes you attend to his words. Frank's words are masterful; he is a genuine poet:

"Dead bird on the sidewalk,
Jimbo put it in his pocket
His soul needed a companion
who knew his way about
the sky
Everybody say
'Such a strange little boy,
Keeping company with
dead things,'"



But when the stars whistled up
from out of their graves
Jimbo and that bird would sing
What could I add to that, what
could I add to that
The wires of a heart
trembling with music
What could I add to that..."

Frank Tedesso is very varied in his writing. At times, he writes a special kind of blues. It is not the usual kind of folk blues, a Dave Van Ronk blues. It is more of a spiritual blues:

"There's a madman
up in the attic
Stompin' the blues
in his chains
He sings my songs,
he wears my clothes
He answers to my name

And these flesh and bones
Flesh and bones
Is that the holy ghost
on the saxophone
Sometimes a man gets the
need to roam
Gotta roam from these
flesh and bones."

Frank believes his music has been influenced by many different sources. He cites popular music (Frank Sinatra, Johnny Burke), poets and writers (Dylan Thomas, John Steinbeck), and even rock and roll (Steely Dan, James Taylor) as influencing just as much as a Michael Smith. Many of Frank Tedesso's songs are full of images that are shaped, smashed, and refracted into his individual art form. However, all of Frank Tedesso's songs touch a common, human chord (often one of sorrow) that helps us all to identify with one another:

"Watch you gonna do
when the one you love
Blows away
like the clouds above
And all he leaves behind
is the blue in the baby's eyes
And the sunlight shining
like crazy in the kitchen."



FOLK MEETS THE MARKETPLACE: MASS APPEAL OR MINORITY OPINION?

by William J. Ruhlmann

Last year, I attended a panel discussion on Jazz and the Media at the annual JazzTimes Convention. The panel included representatives from TV, radio and print, public relations people and promoters. (There were musicians in attendance, too, but they were in the audience.) The talk centered on how to get jazz music out to a wider public. The TV people talked about how it needed to be more visual, the radio people talked about how it needed to be closer to pop music, and the print people talked about how musicians had to be better at explaining the music. The public relations people talked about prejudice and the musicians wanted to know what they should be doing to "make it." Over and over again, the talk seemed to be about how the music had to be changed in order to be more palatable to more people.

Finally, the moderator, George Wein, had his say. As the director of Festival Productions, which organizes jazz festivals all over the world (including the JVC Jazz Festival New York), Wein has probably had more to do with the exposure of jazz in the last 30 years than anyone else (not to mention his sponsorship of the Newport Folk Festival). Wein said he thought everybody else had it all wrong. He said he thought that jazz was a minority music and it always would be, that talking about changing it to fit existing taste was the wrong approach. He said the real task was to get good jazz to the people who do appreciate it and not to worry about the masses who don't.

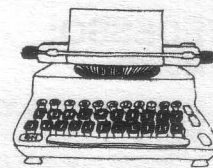
Needless to say, Wein's opinion was unpopular and, as was charged that day, idealistic. Sitting there, I found myself thinking not of jazz, but of my first love, folk music. I had heard many of the same arguments made by people involved in what I will dare to call the folk "industry": on the one hand, the feeling of its adherents that the reason why folk does not enjoy the mass following it did in the late fifties and early sixties has to do with some sort of media conspiracy, and on the other hand, the feeling of media and record company people that folk has to be changed in some fashion to conform to popular taste. Is there room, I wondered, for Wein's opinion on jazz to be applied to folk?

One argument to the contrary, which is unique to folk, is its presumed populism.

By definition (whatever definition of folk you like), folk is a music of the people, passed down from one generation to another. Jazz, by contrast, is implicitly elitist, a music made by musicians for musicians. But, as musicologists have been pointing out for most of this century, the "folk tradition" has largely been done in by mass communications. The task of the twentieth century for the Lomaxes of this world has been gathering the last vestiges of true folk music before it disappears - and helping that tradition to disappear even as they anthologize it.

In fact, then, the music we tend to call folk music, whether it's new songs presented by singer-songwriters or traditional songs presented in some version of their traditional style, is a genre, just as jazz is, that appeals to a particular audience. At various times in history, various genres have had long or short runs dominating the mass market. At the start of this century, vocal quartet music was America's predominant pop music. From 1935 to 1945, big band jazz music ruled. Since the mid-fifties, variations on rock 'n' roll have held sway - long enough that for most of us, pop music and rock 'n' roll are virtually synonymous. But it remains true that the best examples of pop music have almost always been diluted versions of the music of a particular genre. Benny Goodman ruled the big band era, not Duke Ellington. And it was the Kingston Trio, not Pete Seeger, that launched the late fifties folk boom in pop, though it would be valid to say that Seeger laid the groundwork. (Of course, Seeger had his own pop experience, when his group, the Weavers, delivered orchestrated versions of folk songs to the top of the charts in the early '50s.)

There are exceptions to this rule, naturally, but it remains true that a musical style as *style* usually appeals to a limited audience rather than the mass in general. On August 15, 1987, with Suzanne Vega's single, "Luka," near its peak on the *Billboard* Magazine Hot 100, her record label, A&M, took out a full-page ad that appeared opposite the chart. Its copy read as follows: "It doesn't happen often. But it's happening now. Suzanne Vega's music may not sound like the radio, but 'Luka' is top five and rising. *Solitude Standing* may not sound like other best-selling LP's, but it's near platinum in



the U.S., platinum in the U.K., and a smash around the world. Chemistry like this between artist and audience is rare, but artists like Suzanne Vega are rarer. Suzanne Vega, The future should sound this good." Now on one level, everything in this ad is true. "Luka" and *Solitude Standing* don't sound like most of what's on the radio or in the record racks, the album *is* selling well, and there aren't many pop artists who communicate to their audiences as deeply as Vega does. And the last statement is the most accurate: if in the future artists like Vega were given more of a chance, popular music might be improved immeasurably.

On another level, however, the ad copy spells out exactly what's wrong with the record companies' attitude toward folk and toward music in general. Anyone who's ever spent a few nights in Speakeasy or any of the many folk clubs around the country can tell you that the kind of chemistry the ad refers to is not rare at all. In fact, it's the common currency of folk music, and something very close to its reason for being. Songs may not be handed down from one generation to another anymore, but the modern equivalent of that in today's folk music is the communication between a singer-songwriter and his or her audience when the song being sung touches that audience, or makes them laugh, or just makes them think.

And with all due respect to Suzanne Vega, artists "like" her, at least in the sense A&M Records seems to mean, aren't rare, either. Not every guitar-toting folkie who gets up onstage comes close to her, of course, but the level of writing and performing quality to be found in the folk clubs is unusually high, much higher, for instance, than the average level to be found in rock clubs.

But in a way, these are not the "rarities" A&M intends. Rather, they are talking about how rare it is for an artist whose work demands an active listening audience to be successful in pop, a field that provides largely a passive listening audience. If they think that the millions who are hearing "Luka" on their car radios know or care what the song is about, I think they're mistaken. Unfortunately (but necessarily), the success of "Luka" has more to do with the way it sounds than what it has to say. I'd wager that in a

Yet, Wein's response is a valid one - from an artistic standpoint, if not a commercial one. And it's always seemed to me that that was what folk music was about, too. Its artistic success lies in its ability to speak to an audience that wants to hear it, not in finding a way, by hook or by crook, to blare out of radios, whether or not anyone's really listening. As I think the best artists (and fans) realize, the issue is the song, not the sell.

**THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL
MAGAZINE, INC.**
A Not-For-Profit Corporation
P.O. Box 938
Village Station
New York, New York 10014
(212) 927-1831

388 1ST STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11215

SIDE BY SIDE

EVERYTHING IS ALMOST GONE

Tell all of your friends goodbye
I will go halfway to meet you
Everyone has got to move
So don't hold back the way you used to

Chorus:

Everything is almost gone
Make each day a memory
Everything is always gone
Paint a picture here for me

Leave all of your stories home
When in Rome, do what they want to
Scream away each night alone
But laugh like hell if someone hears you

Chorus

Talk all night about the train
Pinpoint towns we all have been through
Ponder these things in your heart
'Cause no one sees things the way that you do

Chorus

Words and Music ©1988 by Cliff Eberhardt

I'M KEEPING THIS LIFE OF MINE

You can keep the ring I gave you
You can keep all the Valentines
You can keep the sweater
You can keep the love letters
But I'm keeping this life of mine

And you can take back the silence I gave you
When you struck me with anger and hate
And you can keep your amens
You can keep all our friends
But I'm keeping this life of mine
And I'll keep this shattered mirror
And gaze in it from time to time
To remind me of the terror
I'm leaving far behind

You can keep the ring you gave me
As a symbol of bondage and pain
And you can keep the loan
On this goddamn home
But I'm keeping this life of mine

I'm keeping this life of mine
I'm keeping this life of mine

Words and Music ©1988 by Kristina Olsen

ANGEL CHILD

Once did I love a man
His heart is with me now
Just cause I love him anyhow
He is an angel child

Man of the earth and vine
His feet are on the ground
Touching the softness all around
His is an angel sound

Look at the stars at night
He takes them home with him
Follows the night that comes to him
I see an angel now

I've waited so long
I see you coming
I miss you honey
Oh it's been so long

Has it been so long for you?
Has it been so long for you?

Once did I love a man
His heart is with me now
Just cause I love him anyhow
He is an angel child

Words and Music ©1988 by Liz De Haven

AUNT ANNA

Damn those answering machines
'Cause that's how I found out
That my Aunt Anna finally did
What we'd all talked about

When I heard the message
I guess it was no great surprise
But where one heart attack will do most people
For Anna it took five

Chorus:

She would kick up her heels on Michigan Avenue
And she would dance all night
And when any of us were doubting ourselves
She told us we were all right

Anna was my grandma's sister
Which made her a great aunt to me
Now I guess you usually get two grandmothers
But it felt like I had three

She could tell your horoscope
And she once read my palm
Something's coming up in September
She was hardly ever wrong

Chorus

She worked at the World's Fair in Chicago
And the merchandise mart too
Lots of men asked Anna out
And she even married two

The first was a little too fond of his mother
So that just didn't work out
The second one was an entrepreneur
And that one knew what love was about

They would kick up their heels on Michigan Avenue
And they would dance all night
And whenever he was doubting himself
She told him he was all right

She had lots of stories
'Cause she had been around
Anna knew life was way too wonderful
To live it sitting down

"You must take some chances," she said
That's what I would tell you
'Cause if you're too afraid of sorrow
Then you'll miss the happiness too

Chorus

I'm sure gonna miss her
Now that she's taken this ride
But I guess I'll also be carrying
My Aunt Anna here inside

I guess I'll also be carrying
My Aunt Anna here inside

Words and Music ©1988 by Buddy Mondlock

WHEN IT COME TO THE CRUNCH

Half of your time you spend a-running
The rest of your time you spend foolin'
If it don't mean a thing to you
Why are you bringing it here?

The load you knew you'd never shoulder
You've thrown away
You know it's a strange way of losing
But now you come to me
You get awfully raw
And I get easily bored

Chorus:

You met your match
'Cause suddenly your love is just a looking glass
And from the floor
You pick up all the pieces and go out the door
And though you run
You know it's only gonna be another one
Who will lay you down
And take your head and turn it inside out

Got several lovers who don't know you
And never will
Clever way to keep it simple
But time and time again
You keep knocking them down
And expect me to hold your hand

Chorus

Half of your time you've been running
So run away
The rest of your time you've been boozin'
But I'm asking you
If it don't mean a thing
Then why are you bringing it here

Chorus

Does your anger ever get you weary
Or don't you know
That nobody's life is so simple
Though yesterday's done
It's a ball and a chain
If you don't take a run at the riddle

Chorus

Got a whole pack of lovers
Gonna keep the cup full
Don't want to think too much
Gonna keep the cup full
If I knock a few down
Gonna keep the cup full
What's one more lover
Gonna keep the cup full

Words and Music ©1988 by Frank Klaasen

THE EARLE KING

Who rides through the night, so dark and wild
The father rides with his own fearful child
The boy he holds so close in his arms
He guards him safely, he keeps him warm

Why do you hide your face as in fear?
Father don't you see the Earle King is here
He calls to me with a crown and a shroud
No my son, that's nothing but a passing cloud

The Earle King bekons to the terrified boy
You must come with me
I'll give you jewels and wealth untold
You're walking road is a bright and shining gold

Father, father do you not hear?
The Earle King whispering low in my ear?
Hush now, rest ye, it's nothing my child
But the trees in the night wind playing their melody wild

The Earle King says, "Oh, come with me
And my own fair daughters will wait on thee
A heavenly vigil, oh your cradle they'll keep
tenderly sing and rock you to sleep"

Father, father see them there
The Earle King's daughters with bright shining hair
No, my son, there are no fair maids
Nothing but the willows that wave in the glade

Clutching the reins in his trembling hand
With pain and despair that he can't understand
All alone in the night with the stars overhead
Fearful and hopeless, the boy in his arms is dead

To the trees in the night wild, he cries aloud
Seeks out the face of death in every passing cloud
Down in the meadow where the boy's grave is laid
Nothing but the willows that wave in the glade

Nothing but the willows that wave in the glade

Adapted from Goerte-Words and Music by Steve Gillette
©1986



**CANADIAN
RIVER
MUSIC**

4106 TYLER STREET
AMARILLO, TEXAS 79110

Write for our free catalog of folk and singer-songwriter
music, hard to find albums from independent artists,
Texas to Canada. Dealer inquiries welcome.

ROW

Chorus:

Row, row, the wind is gonna blow
And we might get caught in the gale
Row, row, the motor won't go
And we aren't rigged up with a sail
Five miles or more
'till we get to the shore
Row, row

I don't know how I got out here
I don't remember a thing
It doesn't seem like a place I would go

I never travel these waters
When the waves are this high
But it's too late to worry, I know

Do you need to get off of this island?
Then come on into the boat and stay low

Chorus

I didn't bring a thing with me
Except these two pairs of oars
Where they came from well I couldn't say

They're not all that we need now
But if we're pulling together
We'll maybe get there before it is day
And I promise I'll try to stay with you
'Though the boat, may perhaps, get away

Chorus

Words and Music ©1988 by Laurie McCloud

SIDE BY R C TWO

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

The winds of November
The harvest is down
Call the people together
Come gather around
Some words I remember
Or maybe it's only the sound

Oh dutiful, rapacious lies
And abject slaves of gain
A people mounting travesties
In love and freedom's name

Chorus:

America, America
You shed disgrace on me
And crown thy hoods
And sell thy goods
From sea to shining sea

Oh cities full of hungry eyes
That see too well the years
They do not cry because their sadness
Lies too deep for tears

Chorus

Don't curse me for calling the dark clouds
Over your mountains
Don't curse me for calling the pestilence
Down on your plains

My only business is
To say what my country 'tis

I'm lucky, yes, but don't expect
Blind gratitude from me
I've been abroad, I've seen the price
Of my sweet liberty

Oh beautiful for spacious skies
And amber waves...

Words and Music ©1988 by Hugh Blumenfeld

CANVAS

Here in the deep
I don't talk much
I fall asleep in line
Waiting for some mystery
With other shadows of my kind

Here in the quick
I play with fire
I watch it burn 'till it goes out
Second thoughts I have inspired
Still the words will not come out

I should know better
I know I know
Cut my heart out on death row
Complexities I show to you...
The simple thing is hard to do

Here in the freeze
They don't sing of love
Except to squeeze a tear or two
From some poor soul who fell to earth
And remembered someone he once knew

Here in the thick
The cries for help
Surface all around
You must be lost
I tell myself
You must be lost before you're found

I should know better
I have disguised
All I fail to realize
And then you ask
What I think is true
Oh, the simple thing is hard to do

I should know better
I know I know
Cut my heart out on death row
I get so close
I see right through...
The simple thing is hard to do

Words and Music by Lillie Palmer
©1987 Maisery Music Inc.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT

In your throat a great big lump
Throw the switch and watch you jump
Then your heart will cease to pump
When the lights go out

They will tighten every bolt
Body jerking in revolt
Never feel that second jolt
When the lights go out
When the lights go out

Chorus:

When the lights go out
No retreat my friend
Take the heat
In the seat
When the lights go out

(Repeat)

In some states they give you gas
Die with dignity, die with class
In this state they fry your ass
When the lights go out

The priest gonna say that final prayer
Then they gonna lead you down the stairs
You'll forget your worldly cares
When the lights go out
When the lights go out

Chorus

They'll give you a final meal
The governor turned down your appeal
You'll never get that rat who squealed
When the lights go out

In your head the fear will shout
Filled with dread and filled with doubt
You'll find out what it's all about
When the lights go out
When the lights go out

Chorus

Not much story left to tell
Pacing in your lonely cell
Another soul gone straight to hell
When the lights go
When the lights go
When the lights go out

Words and Music ©1982
by Michael Ottenberg & Danny Starobin

THE AUCTIONEER

The waitress brings him coffee black
And she turns her head away
I know she doesn't dare to ask him
Where he'll work today
But the signs are up for all to see
And they come from miles around
To bid on someone's hopes and dreams
And hear his gavel pound

Chorus:

From Maine to California
He's doing well this year
All you children run and hide
Here comes the auctioneer

Ten dollars for a baby's bed
He drew and moved away
His father left the boy the farm
But he could not make it pay
And the letter from the banker
Said sorry, no more loans
We're selling eighty acres
With two barns and a home

Chorus

That combine looks familiar
Seems like just last spring
Sold it cheap to this man here
How much will it bring?

I know the reaper's coming
People it looks grim
All I see are dusty fields
Where a new crop should have been
Today he'll raise his gavel high
And sell this farmer's land
Something awful is happening here
I don't understand

Chorus

Words and Music ©1988 by Fred Kollar

DEAD AID

Millions watched their several gods swelter
On altars in London and Philadelphia
On a day that all the world would remember
And those that had plenty
Reached out to the hungry
And those with filled bellies
No longer felt guilty
And we are the world
But they are still hungry

Chorus:

You armchair philanthropists
Dining room diplomats
Can't you see it's not as easy as that
All of your money can't stop the world's evil
If you don't stop to find out what's causing the evil
Each day your good will kills hundreds of people

They even showed scenes on the Soviet TV
And they said that sometimes even we can be friendly
And they painted a picture of the world that was rosy
But they never matched one crumb
Of food that we sent
They sent only guns
To a now friendly government
And even took some of that food for payment

Chorus

Planes built to carry an army of fifty
Are now used to carry three hundred and fifty
To resettle in places unknown to their families
And many are only
To die where they're standing
From lack of air
Or the impact of landing
That's how they distribute
The food that we send them

Chorus

Two hundred million was spent on a party
Celebrating the downfall of Haili Silasi
While millions were starving in the same country
And the people grew weaker
Their rulers grew stronger
What's killing the people
Is more than the hunger
And we sent some food
To help stop the hunger

Words and Music ©1988 by Kirk Kelly

PONY GIRL

Moon slides in through the window
across her sleeping eyes
Wakes her in the middle of a dream
She is drawn to the window
without meaning to
Looks out on the meadow
all silver and blue

Something reminds her
seven candles on a cake
Something reminds her
of a secret wish she made
she better not tell
she better tell nobody

Of the mist and the moonlight
is the one who calls her silently
Grasses kiss her knees with dew
a lively wake she leaves behind
Resting on the verge
her fantasy unfolding
To transform and merge
her spirit with a pony

With the kindness in his eyes
he beckons to her
She answers with a leap
onto his fur
She lays her heart
against his velvet spine
Burying her arms
under his mane

New grown hooves on her feet
Feel the earth in perfect rhythm
As the wind rushing by sings a song

And the breeze on her face makes it real

And the tendrils of her hair
are entangled in his mane
'Till she is no more the rider
than the creature himself

Look into the way the light plays
in the glasses of wine
Nothing else to do
cocktail hour is always such a bore
She is lost willingly
in the scarlet reflections

Something reminds her
of the secret wish she made
she better not tell
she better tell nobody

Words and Music ©1988 by Barely Lace

RECORD REVIEWS

RICHARD THOMPSON: AMNESIA

by Peter Spencer

1988 has been a good year for folkstar-back-to-the-roots comeback LPs. Steve Forbert brought his career back from the dead with *Streets of This Town*, a fine record. And now Richard Thompson has released *Amnesia*, which is better than fine.

Since ending both musical partnership and marriage with his wife, Linda, Thompson's records have been plagued with inconsistency and a lack of direction. Although albums like *Across a Crowded Room* and *Hand of Kindness* have had real gems on them, they are undercut by over-busy arrangements, breakneck, MTV-oriented tempos, and Richard's seeming inability to decide if he's a rock star, a lounge act, or the next Captain Beefheart.

But a new label and a new team of musicians seems to have restored something, and *Amnesia* takes up where the last, great Richard and Linda Thompson LP, *Shoot Out the Lights*, leaves off. All the distinctive touches are here: traditional-sounding instruments like the button accordion side-by-side with electric guitar and drums, astringent guitar solos, songs built on extra-long phrases and clear, hollow-sounding melodies.

Thompson's songwriting has returned to the territory he has made his own - the lowest ebb of human emotions. It's not for nothing that his live greatest-hits retrospective on Carthage Records is called *Gloom and Doom from the Tomb*, because, while anyone can write sad songs, nobody writes 'em as grim as Richard Thompson.

If one may be allowed to infer the autobiographical content of *Amnesia*'s songs, it seems that Richard has finally allowed himself to relate directly to his still-powerful, if mixed, feelings about Linda and his growing bitterness towards the whole premise of relations between men and women. "You can't hide from the turning of the tide," he sings in the opening number, and this is immediately followed by a song whose main chorus is, "Don't sing me/Don't sing me/Don't sing me no more Gypsy love songs."

The other side of his feelings is expressed in songs like "I Still Dream," a patented Thompson ballad of the sort that has been missing on recent discs. In this song, the feeling seems to be one of regret, even yearning, with its chorus:

And I never was to know
That I'd come to miss you so
But time winds down
And I turned my back long ago
But I still dream
Oh darling I still dream

Amnesia also contains a fairly new element to Richard Thompson's songwriting - social comment. "Jerusalem on the Jukebox" takes on televised religion, all the more powerfully in light of Thompson's well-known and out-front spirituality. "Yankee, Go Home" tackles an obvious subject with subtlety and, if not restraint, then a total absence of cliché. And the last song on the record is "Pharaoh," which draws on Richard's wide knowledge of the music of Northern Africa and makes a chilling point:

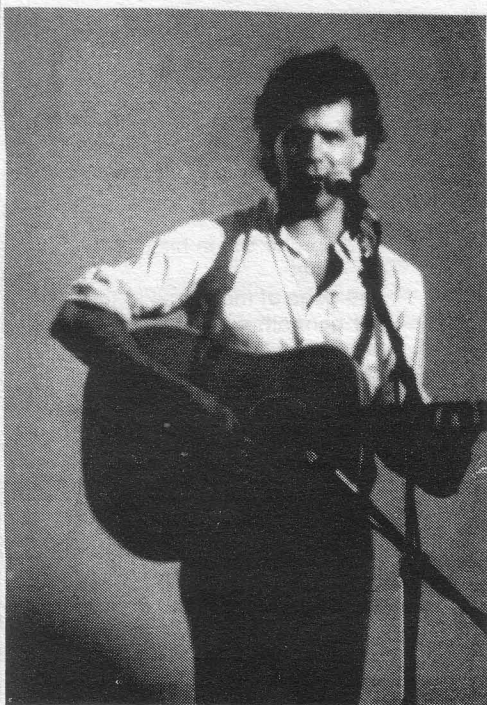
Pharaoh he sits in his tower of
steel
The dogs of money all at his heel
Far beneath we shoulder the
wheel
We're all working for the
Pharaoh

It is probably too much to expect a solo album from Richard Thompson to match the best Richard and Linda Thompson LPs. *Amnesia*, like all other Richard Thompson albums, cries out for Linda's magnificent voice and the eerie interplay records like *Pour Down Like Silver* and *I Want to See the Bright Lights Tonight* displayed. But this is a glad return from somebody once caught in the snares of pop-music hype. We can expect to see *Amnesia* on many lists of the best LP's of the year, including this reviewer's.



Photo: Hugh Brown

ON THE RECORD



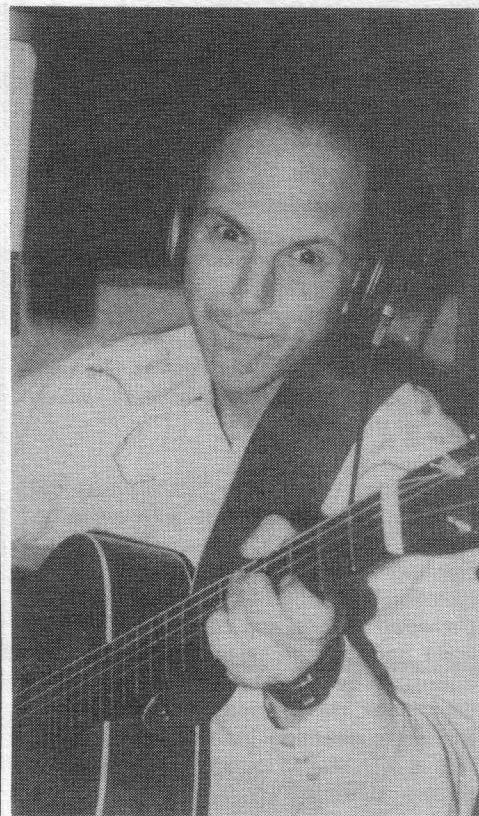
Cliff Eberhardt has been performing in New York and around the country at clubs and festivals for the last fifteen years. He is from Berwyn, Pennsylvania and is known for his driving performance energy and great songs. He is always working and never satisfied. Cliff recorded first on the Cornelia Street album and has appeared on numerous Fast Folk records. He has been touring lately with Melanie and is planning a tour of Japan.

Steve Gillette is known widely as the author of "She's Not You" and Darcey Farrow. He is also a great guitar player and prolific songwriter. His songs and performances have inspired glowing reviews from the critics and fierce loyalty from his fans. He has performed in concert on over one hundred college campuses and served on the staff of the Kerrville Folk Festival among others. Steve has taught numerous workshops and seminars on songwriting and guitar theory. He has been releasing albums since the mid 60's including the live direct to disc album "Alone-Direct". This is his third appearance of *Fast Folk*.



Liz DeHaven is a singer/songwriter and guitarist. Liz lives and performs in Philadelphia, and has performed in New York and Maine as well. She's performed on Philadelphia's University of Pennsylvania Station, WXPB 88.9FM, Gene Shay's show on WHYY-FM, and has opened for bands such as Uncle Bonsai, and Winkle & the Wanderers. Liz has been playing guitar for 15 years, writing for 10 years, and plans to someday make an album.

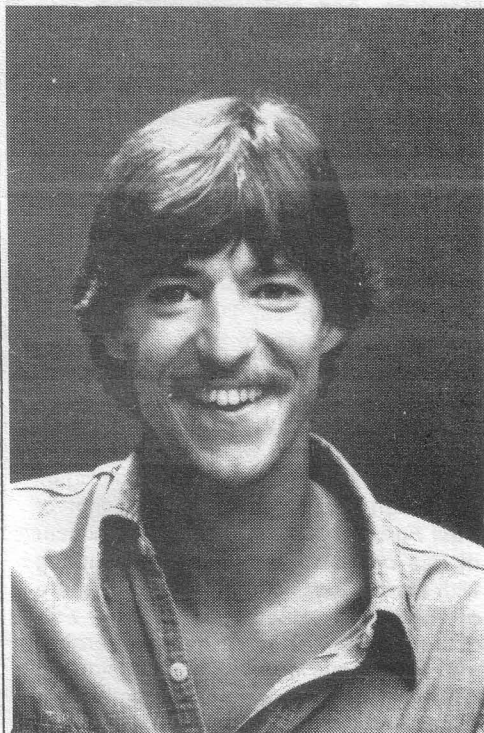
Catchpenny is a Toronto based acapella group taking its name from the 19th century slang for pickpocket. Catchpenny captures the informal feeling of a band of street buskers in a polished and dynamic performance. The four member group blends intricate harmonies with powerful voices to create a sound which is uniquely their own. Catchpenny's repertoire includes a wide variety of musical styles ranging from South African folk songs to jazz improv; from Henry Purcell to the Kinks; from traditional Celtic melodies to contemporary political songs. The ensemble also performs a selection of original music written by Frank Klaassen.



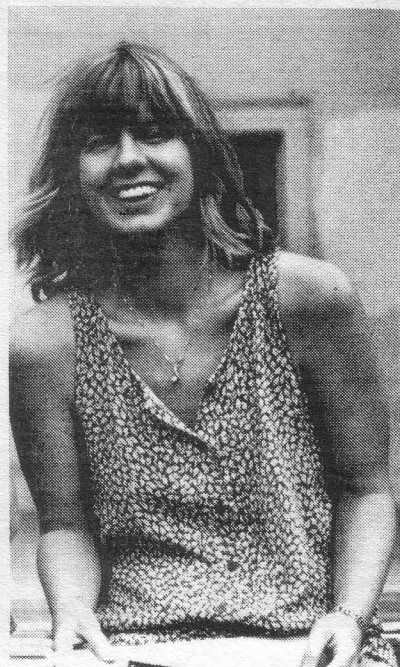
Danny Starobin has been well-known around Philadelphia for years, and has a spreading reputation for zany music. A guitarist, singer, and songwriter, Danny was the founder and leader of the rock group, Sweet Stavin' Chain, and he has performed at the Philadelphia Folk Festival, the Electric Factory, and the Spectrum. He sings about subjects ranging from reincarnation to the electric chair; his version of "Teddy Bears' Picnic" has to be heard to be believed. This is his first cut on *Fast Folk*. He is currently recording an album of his own, titled *Not Politically Correct*.

Michael Ottenberg, also known as Otto Lane, cannot read music. A former, midget elevator operator, he was educated while leafing thru a magazine in a dental office. Mr. Ottenberg does not use drugs, and has never been arrested or eaten a vegetable. He and Mr. Starobin have been friends for twenty years, despite a long musical collaboration. Mr. Ottenberg can swim and once defeated Mr. Starobin, who resembles a mailbox on the Pritikin Diet,

in a wrestling match. As a youth, Mr. O. displayed a regressed musical talent which Mr. Starobin neutralized. Mr. Hoffman, the team's junior member by some twelve years, was consequently re-named by that fact, which in no way diminishes the depth of his contribution, however slight. Junior has the best reflexes of the trio. His work is studio quality. Mr. O., semi-indigent, has not had a record-player in many years, and could not afford to buy this record. Mr. S. has promised to play it for him (at gunpoint). "When The Lights Go Out" is the title song of an unfinished prison musical comedy. The song (but not the musical) is dedicated to Caryl Chessman, who spent about eleven years on death row -- which is about how long it took to write the song.



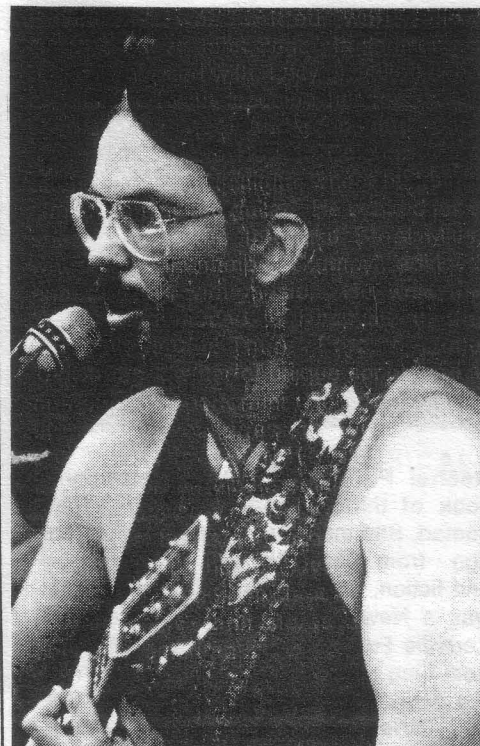
Originally from Chicago, **Buddy Mondlock** now lives in Nashville, where he has signed with a publisher, and is part of the revitalization of the industry there. He has appeared regularly in clubs and campuses around the Chicago area and was featured on the WBEZ radio show "The Flea Market". Buddy was the hands-down winner of the Kerrville Folk Festival's New Folk competition in 1987, and served as one of the judges in 1988. "Aunt Anna" also appears on Buddy's first album, *On The Line*. This is Buddy's fourth appearance on *Fast Folk*.



Lillie Palmer writes songs in the East Village. She has appeared in the 1988 *Fast Folk* Show at The Bottom Line, as well as at other clubs in the greater New York area. Lillie has attended Goddard College, Vermont, the Trinity Rep Conservatory of Rhode Island, and Fordham University. She has begun a first album project which she hopes to complete by Spring '89.



Barely Lace is Annie Roland and Carrie Chapman. They write: "Barely Lace, forest deva, lives on the banks of the Hudson. An ethereal priestess, she lends guidance and protection to woodland creatures as they journey between the worlds of Earth and Spirit. When introduced to us by a sister friend's dream, we felt a kinship in the spirit of our music."



Fred Koller's songs cover a range of styles as diverse as the artists who have recorded them - Bobby Bare, Nanci Griffith, Odetta and Loretta Lynn. They swing from the mocking sarcasm of "Elvis Was a Narc," to the tender sentiment of "Goin' Gone," a recent Number one for Kathy Mattea. Running through them all is Fred's finely tuned sense of humor. "Little Green Buttons On Her Birthday Suit" is one of over a hundred songs written with Shel Silverstein and "Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiian," was written with fellow Chicago native John Prine. In addition he has collaborated with Lacy J. Dalton (who credits Fred with teaching her the craft), NRBQ guitarist Al Anderson, and roots rocker John Hiatt. Born in Chicago, Fred attended The Art Institute, where he taught himself to play the guitar. He worked for a short time in the Interlake Steel Mills, where a man named "Stumpy" advised him to stick with music. He took the advice and moved to Nashville in the early seventies. There Fred became known as a writer of unique songs and a one-of-a-kind performer. He now plays at clubs and colleges throughout the country. His distinctive style is now available on an album entitled *The Night of the Living Fred*. Fred Koller is an avid collector of books and records, particularly records that should have never been made. He spends much of his spare time at yard sales, thrift stores and obscure bars and restaurants.



Rachel Polisher is 29, a professional cook of thirteen years, and an urban nomad. She moved to New York one year ago from Colorado. She writes poetry and fiction, and designs graphics. Rachel was a New-Folk performer at the 1988 Kerrville Folk Festival in Texas, performs from time to time at SpeakEasy in NY. A live performance tape is available. Rachel and **Brian Claflin** have joined forces with **Diane Chodkowski** and recently finished a demo that is making the rounds. For Booking; contact Rachel at 180 E 79th street, 15-C, NY, NY 10021 or call (212) 734-9282

Brian Claflin is 21 years old from Boston and Blue Hill, ME. He is a student of music and theatre at Sarah Lawrence College. He writes and performs his own music and comedy material and has recorded on two albums with his father Willie Claflin. Brian is a devout agnostic and enjoys logging.

SYNERGY SOUND

SPECIALIZING IN FOLK
MUSIC RECORDING
Great Neck, N.Y.

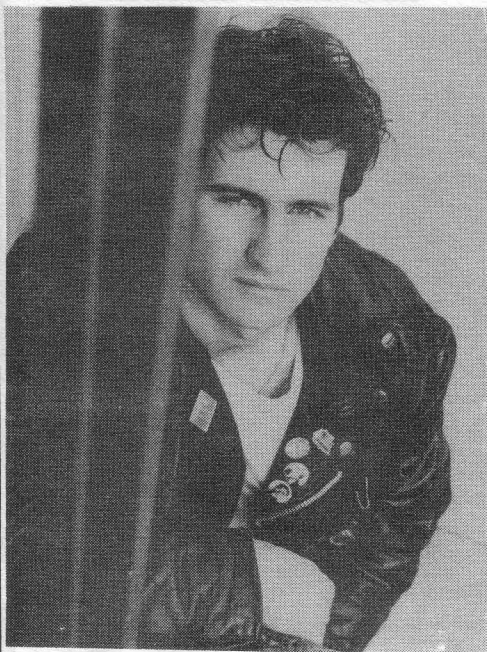
Recording Engineer:
David Seitz

(516) 689-7695

(516) 466-3021

\$20/hour/8-track

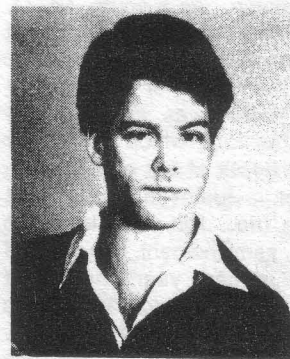
½ hour from Manhattan
by train/car



Kirk Kelly grew up in a nice neighborhood with lots of kids his age. He has had 2 other songs featured on *Fast Folk*; "Nineteen Miles From Shorham Town" and "I pity The Poor British Soldier". He has just released his debut album *Go Man Go* on SST Records. (For booking and info, call SST at (213) 835-8977) He Likes reading and sports.

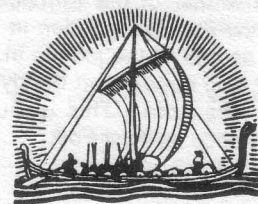


Kristina Olsen lives in Los Angeles and tours the country often. She has released two albums.



Hugh Blumenfeld, once a New Yorker in good standing, now lives in Eastern Connecticut, where Cow is King and "highway" is a controversial word. He teaches poetry (including song lyrics), literature, and writing at U-Conn and Eastern Connecticut State University, and gives saxophone lessons in his spare time. In his spare spare time, he is working patiently, painstakingly, and perpetually on a dissertation that asks the very unmusical question: Given the historicity of language and the vicissitudes of literary interpretation, wherein lies the Essential Truth in the visionary poems of William Blake? Look for it in your favorite bookstore in, oh, say 20 to 25 years. In his spare spare spare time, Hugh seeks out bookings around the Northeast, leaving a magnetic trail of phone messages that have a lot in common with those radio signals we send out into the cosmos in our search for other intelligent life. Hugh has been Associate Editor of *Fast Folk* since 1986, and is co-producer of this cross-country romp issue, along with David Seitz, who did the lion's share of the work. Hugh's first album, *The Strong in Spirit* (another collaboration with Dave), has won two awards since its release last year, plus this testimonial from a listener in St. Louis: "I listened to your record non-stop during my 18-hour labor. Thanks for getting me through."

For more info contact:
GRACE AVENUE RECORDS
1779 South Street
Coventry, CT 06238



Feb. 7th 1989

PEOPLE'S MUSIC NETWORK



**FOR SONGS OF FREEDOM
AND STRUGGLE**

CARTY C. HARRIS/1988

"The artist must elect to fight
for freedom or slavery"

Paul Robeson

PMN/SFS
P. O. Box 26004
Alexandria, VA 22313

Dear Friends,

A few things have happened since we began to put this issue together that may interest you. This is late news, too late even for our borrowed computer.

This issue is our first joint project with Green Linnet Records. They will be our manufacturer and distributor in this country and abroad. We will begin issuing FAST FOLK in cassette and some issues on CD. We will be releasing an abridged version of our recent anniversary issue in both formats. We are tremendously excited about working with Green Linnet. FAST FOLK will remain an autonomous company and we are planning to keep our ear to the street for great songs. Subscriptions should be directed to us. Anyone interested in distributing FAST FOLK, please write to Green Linnet; 70 Turner Hill Road, New Canaan, CT 06840.

Our show at the Bottom line is next week, and for the first time in a while we can send an issue to the printer late and have it out FAST, in time for the show.

We want to thank Michelle Shocked for throwing a benefit in our honor at the LONE STAR-Roadhouse on Jan. 23rd. Jane Gillman, John Gorka, Richard Meyer, and Christine Lavin joined her. The whole affair was shot by the TODAY SHOW who are preparing a piece on us.

An article in the NY Times on our last double issue was picked up by the wires and run nationally. the exposure has helped interest other periodicals and magazines in us.

We still have no office to speak of, an after hours computer (we'd like a Mac SE), and a volunteer staff.

Our Toronto project is now completed and will be out soon as will the LA album, the last FF Revue, the 2nd Greenwich Village Folk Festival, Local studio albums and more.

FAST FOLK artists who have has record company action lately are Shawn Colvin, CBS; Kirk Kelly and Roger Manning, SST, Show of Hands, IRS; and Jack Hardy just finished his eighth album, John Gorka is starting his 2nd, also Tom Intondi, Hugh Blumenfeld, Richard Meyer, and David Roth.

Stay tuned, please tell your friends to subscribe and your local clubs to book us.

SIDE ONE

-1-
EVERYTHING IS ALMOST GONE
(CLIFF EBERHARDT)

CLIFF EBERHARDT/GUITAR AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC BASS

-2-
ANGEL CHILD
(LIZ DE HAVEN)

LIZ DE HAVEN/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-3-
WHEN IT COME TO THE CHURCH
(FRANK KLAASEN)

CATCHPENNY:
ARUNA HANDA, FRANK KLAASEN
KEIRA MacARTHUR, TOM ROEDDING/VOCALS

-4-
AUNT ANNA
(BUDDY MONDLOCK)

BUDDY MONDLOCK/GUITAR AND VOCAL
RACHEL POLISHER/HARMONY VOCALS

-5-
THE EARL KING
(STEVE GILLETTE)

STEVE GILLETTE/GUITAR AND VOCAL
RECORDED BY BILL KOLLAR AT LONDON BY
NIGHT STUDIOS, WOODBRIDGE, N.J.

-6-
I'M KEEPING THIS LIFE OF MINE
(KRISTINA OLSEN)

KRISTINA OLSEN/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-7-
ROW
LORIE McCLOUD

RACHEL POLISHER/GUITAR AND VOCAL
BRIAN CLAFLIN/GUITAR AND VOCAL



SIDE TWO

-1-
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
(HUGH BLUMENFELD)

HUGH BLUMENFELD/GUITAR, VOCAL, AND
EMULATOR II DIGITAL SAMPLER
DAVID SEITZ/GUITAR AND EMULATOR II
DIGITAL SAMPLER

-2-
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT
(MIKE OTTERBERG)

DANNY STAROBIN/GUITAR, VOCAL, AND
EMULATOR II DIGITAL SAMPLER
JUNIOR/RX-11 PROGRAMMING

-3-
CANVAS
(LILLIE PALMER)

LILLIE PALMER/GUITAR, VOCAL, AND
EMULATOR II DIGITAL SAMPLER
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC BASS EMULATOR II
DIGITAL SAMPLER, AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR

-4-
THE AUCTIONER
FRED KOLLER

FRED KOLLER/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-5-
DEAD AID
(KIRK KELLY)

KIRK KELLY/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-6-
PONY GIRL
(BARELY LACE, ANNIE ROLAND AND
CARRIE CHAPMAN)

ANNIE ROLAND/GUITAR AND VOCAL
CARRIE CHAPMAN/VOCAL AND PERCUSSION

Cross

Country