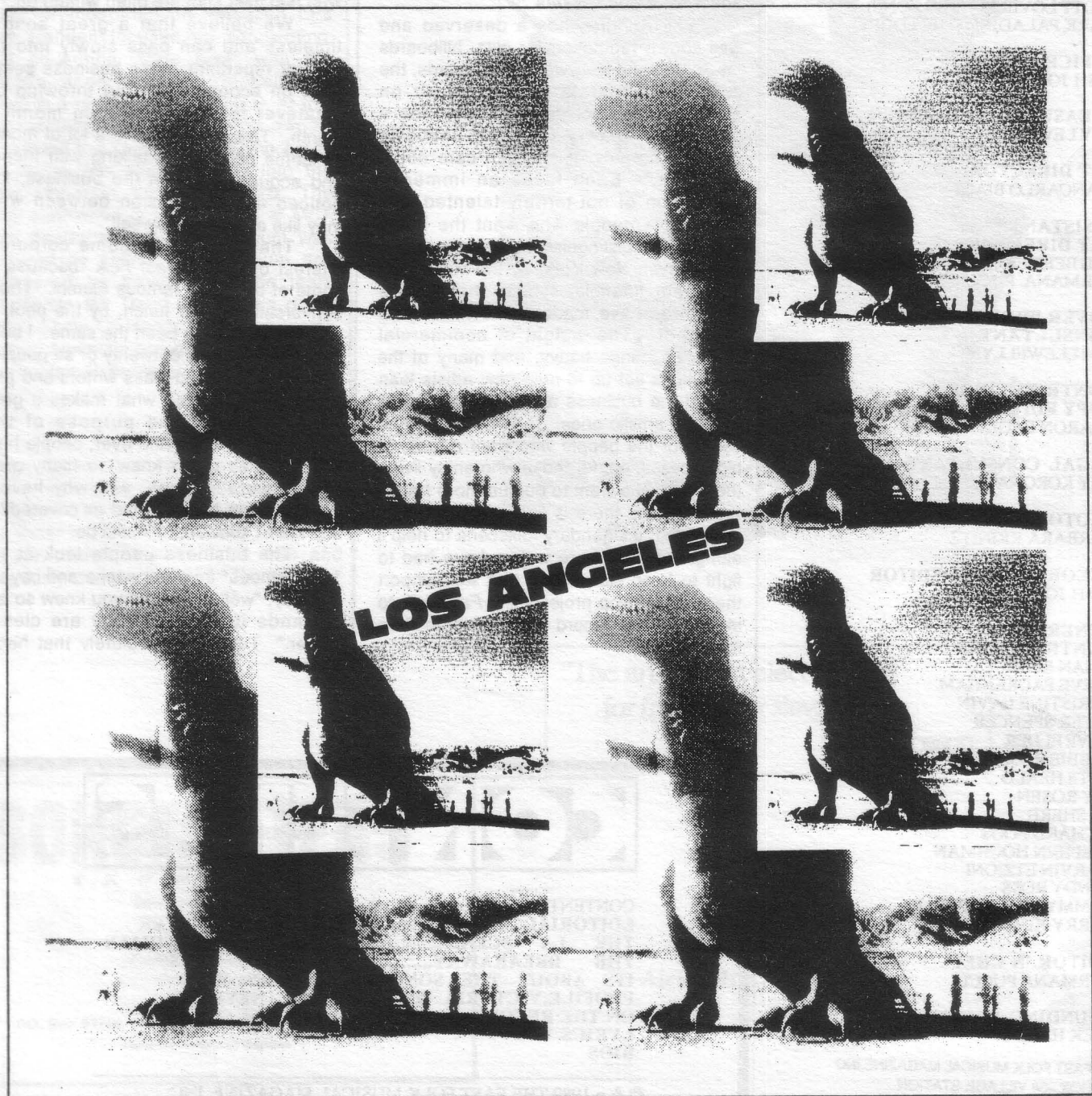


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MUSICAL MAGAZINE

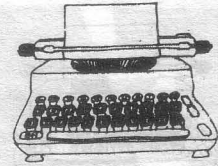
EDITORIAL

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by Richard Meyer

A lot of time has passed since I lived in L.A.; The Knack had just broken and the atmosphere for acoustic songwriters was not terribly receptive. I can't think of a single writer I knew then who got very far. There were good writers.

Los Angeles has a deserved and well known reputation for glitz, billboards on Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, the cars, the superstars and bad air on apparently perfect days. It also has a population of very talented, unknown people who may or may not care about "The Biz." Each faces an immense population of not-terribly-talented, but aggressive people who want the brass ring. L.A. is distinguished from most other towns, even New York, by the visibility of the sheer financial schism that divides those who have made it and those who have not. The weight of commercial validation hangs heavy, and many of the institutions set up to help new artists lean toward the business aspects of art rather than the artistic ones. In L.A., this makes sense for the people who want a taste of big success, but for those who enjoy living there and who want to pursue more fragile artistic goals, there is little support. New York has the legendary folkscene to help it along, but even here writers have had to fight to keep clubs open that will support them, or develop projects like *Fast Folk* to independently record and distribute their material.



There are many strong writers living in L.A., and some of them have had brushes with the big time. Failure to "make it" seems to be viewed by leaders in artistic corporations as an artistic value judgment on the part of the public. Those who had their shot are often written off.

We believe that a great song is timeless and can pass slowly into the greater repertoire, while business seems bent on scooping up and throwing out whatever is in fashion from month to month. This surely makes a lot of money for some people. In talking with friends and acquaintances in the business, I've noticed a huge division between what they like and what they sell.

There has been some corporate interest of late in *Fast Folk* because of some of our more famous alumni. These conversations over lunch, by the pool, or on the scene have been the same. I bring tapes and records of twenty or so people I believe to be world class writers and play them; we talk about what makes a great song and what the purpose of this magazine is. Over and over, people have told me they never knew so many great writers were working, and why haven't these people been signed or covered? I say I don't know, but I think I do.

The business people look at the "now famous" from our scene and beyond and say, "well, of course you know so and so made it because they are clearly better." I believe absolutely that had it

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been another set of people who had gotten the fame that these same execs would be saying the same thing, and passing on the ones who now hold nominations or Grammys. What I felt in L.A. was a lack of ability to see past achieved fame and look at possibilities.**

It is rational for a company to want to make money and continue its business for fun and profit, but there has to be some room in a company to be responsible for its audience's welfare. Folk or any individual style aside, I think that on TV, on records, in books and magazines, our society is becoming less articulate. It's cliché to say this, but it happens to be true. The fragile impulses that make us human and individuals are being buried in new fashions, more and more layers of unrelated sounds and acceptance of mediocre work. At this point in our culture, we are intoxicated by the huge machines that publicize art. Issues, traditions, and individualism are constantly exploited and trivialized without connecting them to the human heart. Were better quality art available, would the audience that is now being numbed respond? I believe that the general population is smart enough to benefit from more rather than less stimulation.

No song or single bit of art is likely to change the world in the current political atmosphere, but an accumulation of good work can affect individuals who may then affect their world. Trying to rehash to 60s is also pointless and trivializes even *that*. There are issues today for this generation that need artistic representation. It is an insult to ourselves and our fellows not to produce the best possible work, even in the name of pure fun.

This project is *Fast Folk*'s first attempt to find songs in L.A. which might not get time from the billboard factories. We have found that there are lots of people who take their writing seriously, but do not write enough to have a big career; some have tried and burned out, some have skirted the business and simply don't have the ruthless determination to make it. None of these situations is inconsistent with the writing of good songs.

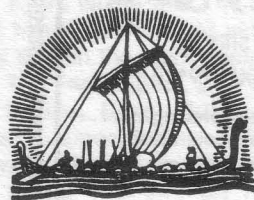
End Part One

It was by chance that I had some work in L.A. that would keep me there off and on over the course of a few months in late 1988. My younger brother, who lives in San Diego, thought I might like to look up his friend Ron Sobel at ASCAP. I thought it might be nice to look up Richard Goldman, an old friend and songwriter, and generally make some bicoastal

introductions on behalf of *Fast Folk* and play the odd showcase. Things began to snowball, (not easy in L.A. weather). After calling the Los Angeles Songwriters' Showcase, John Braheny and Len Chandler invited me to host one of their Pitch-A-Thons, and later a session at the Songwriters' Expo where I first heard Sandy Ross. They printed an overview of *Fast Folk* in their newsletter and we were deluged with tapes. I went to McCabe's to meet Joyce Woodson, who I knew by phone, and was introduced to Peter Case and Victoria Williams, and others.

I resolved to make an L.A. *Fast Folk* record and asked these writers if there were any people I should get in touch with. Milo Binder, Kyle Johnson and Marvin Etzioni's names kept coming up. Marvin and I talked, I went back to New York, he sent a tape, it was really good, I came back to L.A., we did dinner at the Hollywood Jolly Roger and talked about records. Ron Sobel tossed me a pile of tapes and volunteered to be a coordinating producer, and in the midst of his offices having been destroyed by a flood and under reconstruction, made an office available for *Fast Folk* to use. Ron also pulled off the formidable task of securing donated recording time from three really great studios. I tracked down Hirth Martinez, whose two Warner Bros albums have long been my favorites, and Chris Hickey, now of Show of Hands, who had corresponded with *Fast Folk* for two years, and who had recorded for us in New York. The list goes on.

Once a studio schedule had been worked out, we began and rolled the tape. Everything was recorded live, direct to two-track, no overdubs and very few takes once the levels were set. These sessions were like the first few years of the *Fast Folk* New York sessions in their spontaneity and community feeling. People heard through friends that we were recording and dropped by. If there was time, we cut songs of theirs. In the control room, I was comforted and



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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.

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exhilarated by the engineer's professionalism. Marvin Etzioni came to record a few songs, and became co-producer for the remainder of the sessions. There were visitors from the press, from publishing houses, other musicians and bands. It's safe to say that, in the five separate sessions, everybody had a great time.

As it is in the *Fast Folk* records of the New York scene, this record represents only a slice of what was going on in November of 1988. There are 13 cuts on this record, and we recorded over twenty-five artists. Had the sessions occurred in another time, they might have been quite different. While this record makes no claim to be a definitive survey of the acoustic Los Angeles scene, it does represent a fair share of points of view.

Many of these writers had never met or heard of each other. We have here representatives of the L.A. Nu-Folk scene, the major label voyages, and song pluggers, and some who are not really part of any group. If you're in L.A., check out McCabe's, The Breakaway, At My Place, BeBop Records, and The Gaslight.

So here are some hip tunes from the palm groves of sunny So-Cal. Put the top down, crank it up and dig it. If you're in New York, call my machine - let's do lunch...

PS.

** There does seem to be a change in the wind. A&M has formed it's Americana Series label, Windham Hill has compiled LEGACY, an album of new songwriters from across the country (half of them FAST FOLK alumnae). Shawn Colvin has been recorded by CBS. Labels like Goldcastle and Red House are also growing. These are great steps, especially if the music can be marketed widely. A&R people out there- **Don't overlook** Jack Hardy, Josh Joffen, Brian Rose, Rod MacDonald, Richard Meyer, Nikki Matheson, Michal Shapiro, Germana Pucci, Eddy Lawrence David Massengill, Tom Russell, Julie Gold and others.....

Richard and Marvin say ' Thank Goodness This is direct to two track and we don't have to mix.



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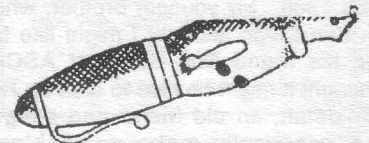
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LA FAST FOLK

by Steve Hochman, *Los Angeles Times*

Looking for the definitive collection of L.A. folk music? Go buy the Guns N' Roses album, then. *That's* L.A. folk music!

What you have in your hands is not definitive of anything--not even of the talents of the performers represented. You could walk from club to club in the currently booming roster of venues hospitable to acoustic music around the Southland and still never get any idea of just what is or is not definitive.

What this collection is, though, is a marking of the simultaneous ending of a musical cycle and beginning of a new one.

Here's the quick history: The '60s folk scare in L.A. begat the folk-rock of the Byrds et al, begat the country-rock of the Burritos et al, begat the California sound of the Eagles et al, the reaction to which begat the punk/new wave scene, the hype/frustrations of which led the likes of Peter Case and Dream Syndicate leader Steve Wynn to go acoustic, which inspired a whole new generation of acoustic warriors, which begat ...

Well, predicting what comes next should be left for the soothsayers. Suffice it to say that the L.A. music scene (at least one part of it) has come full circle after 30 years. What is contained herein is the possibilities of the future that are contained in a vibrant present.

Like the freeway system linking the divergent communities that make up Smog City, this album showcases the variety of approaches available in the resurgently vibrant acoustic circuit in which the old guard of McCabe's Guitar Shop (long the center of L.A. folk) has been joined by the likes of the Breakaway, Molly Malone's, 8121 and a host of other clubs exclusively devoted to acoustic music, while even traditionally rock oriented venues like Club Lingerie and Bogart's in Long Beach have devoted increasing amounts of time to the form.

Any one (or more) of the performers on board could very well go on to MAJOR STARDOM. Or maybe not. That's out of their hands, for the most part. It was much more than the music that had the Strip crawling with post folkies in the '60s, and it would take a similarly heady cultural turn to make this bunch of new bohemians *the* stars of Hollywood in the '90s. If that does happen, *then* you can look back and say this record was a seminal, yea verily, even definitive, look at the nascent neo-folk scene.

And if not, you may just have to sit and enjoy it for its own sake. Wouldn't that be a shame.

P.S. Did someone say "Nu-folk?" No, I'm sorry, must be mistaken. That term never existed. Forget I even mentioned it.

don't miss out!

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IT'S ABOUT THE SONGS

by Sandy Ross

I suppose it all started in Phoenix in 1960. I had been taking piano lessons for about a year (was one of those little kids who just gravitated to music) and a friend of my parents (who was going to ASU) brought over his tenor guitar and sang "Kingston Trio" songs. I had this six-string Mexican special that I'd begged for about six months prior and he took the bass strings off, tuned it up, and showed me some chords. About a year-and-a-half later my parents returned from a Theodore Bikel concert raving about his opening act, Judy Collins, and brought me a copy of her third album. I found Peter, Paul and Mary, somehow, and somewhere in the process of learning all these artists' songs, I began to make up my own.

I started performing in Phoenix coffeehouses as soon as I started to drive (a friend told me that I should audition at a place where her boyfriend played) and I fell in love with performing. I moved from coffeehouse to coffeehouse, opening for Joe Bethancourt (who's since become a local legend). Went to New York City in 1967 (my Dad took me along on a business trip). I auditioned at the Village Gas Light and was asked to perform there for \$50 a week (a big deal at that time) but we weren't in town long enough for me to do it. Still I don't really understand how it happened, but Daddy got me an audition for John Hammond, Sr. I remember nervously sitting there in his office, trying to keep my legs crossed in my mini skirt, while he listened to the tape I brought. He stopped after the first song and said, "I've just got two words for you, kid, you're great." (two words that were said in a way, and by a man, that I'll never be able to forget). Well, everybody's got their "fish that got away" stories - I never did sign with Columbia Records (the lawyer Daddy found must have been blinded by green and dollar signs - he botched the negotiations). So back to Phoenix...

Finished high school and started college. Got a job in a record store and saved up money. All I could think of was wanting to go back to New York and to Greenwich Village. It was about the songs...and Judy Collins. Her albums introduced me to so many great writers, and as I learned more I found that many of these people had been part of the folk music scene there (I wanted to be a part of that scene).

At 20, I got on a plane and went to New York. Got a job at the Record Hunter and sang at Feinjons in the Village and some restaurant in Brooklyn that had a

Turkish coffee grinder. I ended up at Creative Management Associates and signed with them and with Chappell Music as a staff writer. I left New York after finding that the folk scene I'd come for was gone, but also feeling like a hero because - I had done it - I was supporting myself by doing just what I wanted to do - write songs.

Chappell moved me to L.A. in 1970, because everyone said that the music industry was moving to there. As usual, I went about trying to find places to sing. I stumbled into this hole-in-the-wall place called the Bla Bla Cafe one night. I listened to performers jamming on an eight-by-four platform, on an old two-channel tube PA, and using rusted, dropped-many-a-time mics. But talent! There was talent there like nothing I'd ever before heard. They adopted me as one of their family and I performed there on Wednesday nights (and whenever someone else cancelled) for years (the days when Al Jarreau played Saturdays). Also found stages at The Whole in Glendale, opening for James Lee Stanley (in the days when Stephen Bishop performed there a lot), the Wine Cellar in Westwood, the Bitter End West, and other small clubs. In 1972, I produced a demo album on myself (Emmit Chapman was one of the guys who helped me and made his debut recording session with his newly completed "Electric Stick"). Around that same time, Roz and Howard Larman debuted me on their KPFK radio show and John Braheny and Len Chandler introduced me to the L.A. music community with a six-song spot on their Los Angeles Songwriters' Showcase (that was in the days when performers performed live on the showcase instead of pitching demos and drum machine tapes).

Nothing ever panned out at Chappell. I was branded as a folk and blues singer and no one knew what they could possibly do with me. I enjoyed hearing that I wasn't commercial, but developed a fear that I would starve. I began writing pop and country songs.

From 1974 to 1978, I worked on a single-song basis with MCA, ATV, Dawnbreaker Music, Garrett Music, Blending Well Music, Legendsong Music, Screen Gems Music, and Filmways Music. I also performed at the 1976 SRS (now NAS) New Music Festival (in the days when Helen King and Peter Yarrow did the picking), at the L.A. Performing Arts and Folklife Festival (Garden Theatre

Festival), and John and Len remained supportive and continued to showcase me once a year as I went through many writing, instrumental, and personal changes. But it had become impossible for me to make a living with my songs. No one was getting anything recorded.

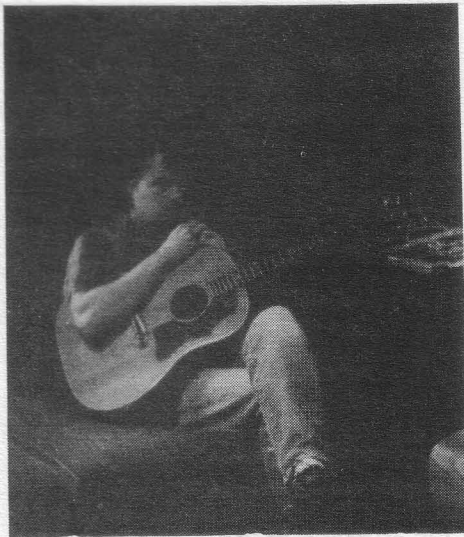
In 1975, I started working for the Bla Bla Cafe, auditioning and booking acts, and in 1977, got a job doing the same for the Garden Theatre Festival (in the days of CETA funded projects). I'll never forget the late 70s in the clubs, and my disappointment and horror. We went from Disco to Heavy Metal bands without a break in between...there was almost nothing that I enjoyed...no one seemed to want to listen to anything that you needed to listen to to hear. And for the first time that I'd ever known, it was hard for me to find a stage.

In 1979, I finally got a song recorded. The song is called "Do You Think of Me?" and Jim Ed Norman, who had played piano on my 1976 demo, recorded it with Anne Murray when he started to produce her (it was Jim Ed's wife who actually got it recorded - she remembered the demo). So, in 1980, I put a band together (in 1980 you couldn't perform in L.A. without a band) and set up club performances; the Bla Bla, the Ice House in Pasadena, and a local college tour.

Sometime in 1981, my head snapped. I was paying a band to be able to perform - everyone had always said that all you needed was one (one song) to be able to start a career, and I had been naive enough to believe it - instead I found that I was just starting over again, like nothing had ever happened. And the L.A. music scene that I had become a part of was gone.

In 1981, I took the money from the Anne Murray releases of my song and went back to college (I've always viewed that part of my life as a "constructive nervous breakdown".) I earned an AS in Electronics Engineering, and a BA in Communications. And, in 1984, I entered the established society that I'd always bucked, as a technical writer for electronics and computer corporations.

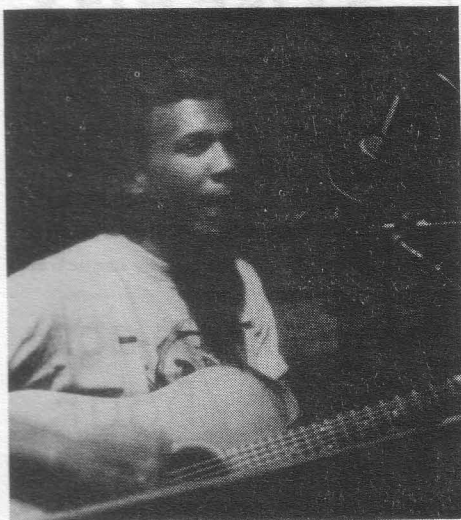
But it's about the songs - the kind of songs that Judy Collins' albums sang to me in the 60s. I stuck my head out August this past year because I heard that things had changed - it's OK to be a folk singer. And I realized that I'm not dead yet! There's still a lot I need to say to people who find a need to stop, listen, think, and feel.



Chris Hicky at TMF Studio



Guy Shider and Marvin Etzioni



Kyle Johnson at Red Zone



Dennis Degher, Ron Sobel and Richard Goldman in the control room at Red Zone.



Scott Loveliss; Engineer at Red Zone

The Breakaway: The last 'Sounding Board' for L.A. Musicians

By Richard Foss

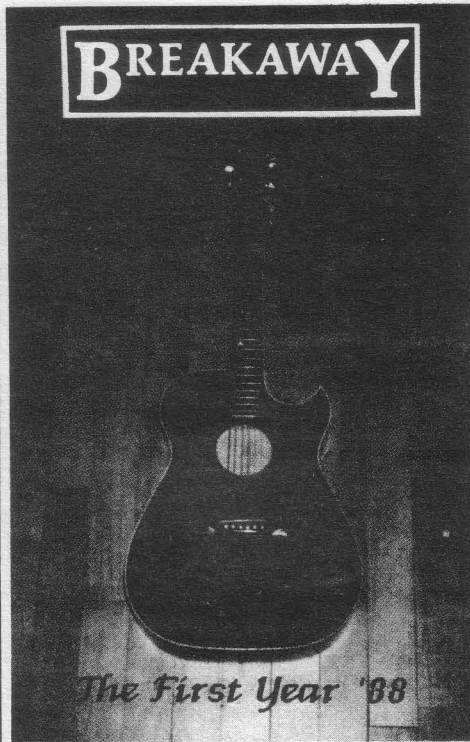
The building on the corner of Venice and Inglewood, just west of the San Diego Freeway, doesn't look any different from any of the steak-and-seafood houses that dot the West Side. The sign says "live Entertainment," but you know what that means - the usual jazz combo doing tired fifties standards of some guy strumming John Denver's greatest hits while you plow through your surf and turf, right?

Wrong, Beneath the staid New England architecture is one of LA's most original clubs - the Breakaway. One of the last bastions for acoustic music on the local scene, it is a place where both new and established artists can get much needed exposure.

The club's manager, Jay Tinsky, does just that. When he came to Los Angeles from Orlando thinking that this was a city of opportunity for local musicians, he quickly discovered otherwise. He obtained employment at the Breakaway as the restaurant's manager but had a hidden agenda - he wanted to showcase talent on the premises. "I was ignorant of Hollywood when I came here," he said. "I thought there'd be all this competition for talented local musicians and I'd have to fight to book them. I thought I'd find some kind of talent Metropolis." He laughed. "What I found was guitarists walking Venice beach trying to get an audience."

The owners of the restaurant were rather dubious about an original folk club's chances of survival, but they gave Tinsky a chance. On May 22, 1987, guitarist Terry Harrison took the stage and the club was launched, but it was not an immediate success. "I remember sometimes there were these great acts playing their hearts out with nobody but me in the audience, smiling at them," said Tinsky. The unimposing facade and out-of-the-way location worked against the Breakaway. "We're so far removed from the rest of the Hollywood and beach scene, it makes things difficult. People have to make an effort to find us," he said.

In time, both the crowds, and the record labels, and better known acts found their way onto the club's roster. Groups such as The Cruzados, Ecoteur, and Walking Wounded have played acoustic sets to showcase new material, and artists such as Train Wreck Ghosts, Bobby Womack, and Harold Payne have dropped in unannounced. "Donovan came here one night and played a great set of



old and new material," said Tinsky. "I overheard some of the younger guys saying, 'this guys good, but he sure does a lot of Donovan covers.'"

At about the same time that musicians with impressive reputations were finding the Breakaway, some of the regular acts were building impressive reputations of their own, Regulars like Lowen and Navarro and Show of Hands built a following with weekly appearances and still appear regularly. Both are featured on *Breakaway: The First Year*, the excellent compilation tape recorded live at the club. The cassette's label reads like a roll call of LA's acoustic scene with appearances by Milo Binder, Darius, Abraham Cloud, Smokey Miles, and other notables. All performances are distinguished by intelligent, emotional lyrics, and moods range from wry humor to romantic anguish.

The club's commitment to promoting local acts has not been diminished by success, and each artists at the Monday open-mike sessions is evaluated with an eye toward a paying gig at some later time. The open-mike sessions and the Tuesday songwriter's showcase have a small but loyal audience that shows up weekly to see as few as six and as many as twenty performers a night. The mix on these nights is as eclectic and diverse as

the L.A. scene itself. Although acoustic rock predominates, a look at the month's calendar shows dates for folk, jazz, reggae, pop, blues, comedy, and comedy music.

Although Tinsky is a partisan of pure acoustic music, he allows some electric instruments onstage but keeps a watchful eye on the volume. "its mostly a matter of sound levels," he said. "We started out with an emphasis on true acoustic stuff with no amplification, and I'd like to keep it that way. Oh, I allow drums now, and some electric guitars, but I try not to bring them on before midnight. I want people to be able to come in, sit down, and not get blown out of their seats. The idea is for people to relax and enjoy a good show." The concept is obviously attractive to a lot of people - the club recently had their biggest night ever at an album release party for Mountain Railroad Records artist Gerry Giddens. "I was standing on a chair and counting all the people. I was just amazed," said Tinsky. The crowd came early, stayed late, and kept the waitresses and bartenders busy during a wild jam session featuring Giddens and various friends and members of his band.

As though running a popular club seven nights a week wasn't enough of a job, Tinsky is becoming involved with other aspects of the local scene. He produced the *First Year* tape and has been shepherding it into local record stores, and is working on a video project with an eye on the public access channels in Santa Monica. "It's a thirty-minute piece that mixes performances from major and unknown artists," he said. "I think it will build interest in both the club and the performers' careers. Some people may discover for the first time that there is a local acoustic scene."

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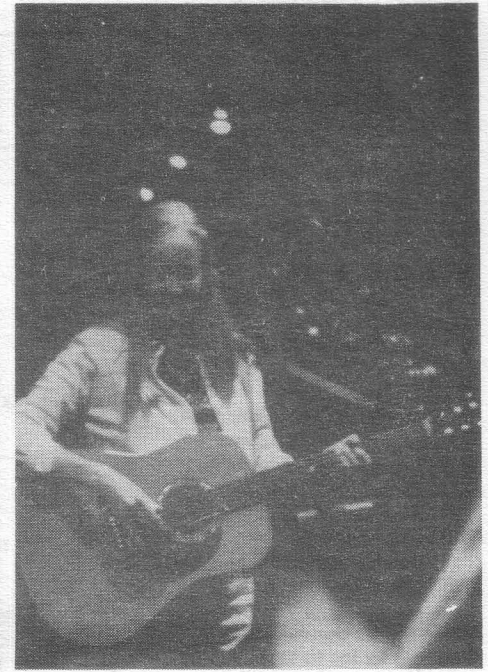
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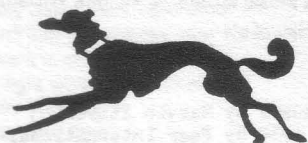
Show of Hands cutting 'Man of Principle'

After two years the Breakaway has built a loyal following among performers and audiences. Tinsky sees a strong connection between the two groups, "If you gear everything toward keeping musicians happy, they come back and tell their freinds. The musicians get a buzz just playing here, and the crowd can tell, The audience likes the atmosphere, and it all comes together."

In a city with more than its share of jaded and arrogant club owners, Tinsky's attitude and the club's sty:e are a breath of fresh air. One can only hope that the sounds of guitars and voices will continue to echo from the rafters for a long, long time.

THE BREAKAWAY IS LOCATED AT 11970 VENICE BOULEVARD IN MAR VISTA, ABOUT ONE MILE WEST OF THE SAN DIEGO FREEWAY. FOR INFO CALL (213) 391-3435

(This article was reprinted from the Los Angeles Reader)



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Marvin and Dennis

SIDE BY SIDE

MAN OF PRINCIPLE

I'm a man of principle
I've ridded myself of blame
It's a cruel world
But I'm not the one to blame

Chorus:

Another man of principle
Letting it all go down
Another man of principle
Letting it all go down
Another man of principle
Letting it all go down
Down to where I'm safe and sound

I saw the hypocrite you were
When my fist was clenched
You paid for the freedom fight
That you claimed to despise
Then it came my turn
To pay the government's tab
And I opened up my hand and realized
I was just a principled man
I wouldn't shoot another man
But I'll pay for the gun
As long as I don't pull the trigger
Then I'm not the guilty one

Another man of principle
Financing the war
Another man of principle
Financing the war
Another man of principle
Financing the war
From far away
Where it isn't my fault

I thought I was a man of peace
Committed to a cause
But I saw myself in a truthful light
And I didn't like what I saw

Repeat 1st Chorus (twice)

I'm safe and sound
I'm safe and sound

Words & Music ©1989 by Chris Hickey

THE ARMS RACE

A man is nothing
but a ship on dry land
He needs more than a mirage
on the hot desert sand

She bring rain
to a world on fire
Women in love

She think with her heart
She talk with her eyes
She wait in the dark
for the water to rise

She bring rain
to a world on fire
Women in love

It may be
a man's man's world
and we can sit around
and talk about
the Arms Race
But all I want
and all I need
are the arms
of a woman in love

Planets won't turn
the sun won't shine
Hearts won't yearn
and words won't rhyme
Please bring rain
to world on fire
Woman in love

It may be
a man's man's world
and we can sit around
and talk about
the Arms Race
but all I want
all I need
are the arms
of a woman in love
The Arms Race

Words & Music by Marvin Etzioni
©1989 My Youth/Peer-Southern Music (BMI)

ON TIME

I was on my way to Columbus
I had plenty to do when I got there
But then there was a big traffic jam
I looked around and said
Everyone's as late as I am
But then I thought
Why not think it again
Maybe we're all on time

Chorus:

On time
On time
Always on time
You might be fidgeting
Waiting in a line
Well don't fret
Don't worry
Just feel peace of mind
Peace of mind that you're always on time

Well there once was a man
With a clock on his hand
A sour note in his heart
A tight grip on his plan
One day he awoke
After hard times and spoke
Well how long have I been blind
To the fact that I'm always on time

On time
On time
Always on time
You might be impatient
Standing in a line
Well don't fret
Don't worry
Just feel peace of mind
Peace of mind that you're always on time

They say no one will know
The day or the hour
They say to just watch
And feel His great power
For if you're ahead
Or lost way behind
Then how will you know and feel
That you're always on time

On time
On time
Always on time
Why you might be worrying
Just standing in that line
Well don't fret
Don't feel bad
Just feel that peace of mind
That peace of mind that you're always on time

And I'll tell you one thing else
The greatest kind of wealth
Is to feel like you're always on
Feel like you're always on
Feel like you're always on time

Words & Music ©1989 by Victoria Williams

Words and Music by Marvin Etzioni
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SPRINKLERS OF SALINAS

Sometimes I think I'll move to Salinas
To see the fields and listen to the sprinklers
Spray and click and turn so quietly
Like when I was a kid back home.

But you can't go back once you've cut your road
And you give your years to something new
But the more I go on, the more I forget
What it was I wanted.

Chorus:
Oh what a crime to let that slip away
Though it's just a little it's a little more each day...

The first time he saw my face he said
Nothing else could take my place
And we swore and we promised love forever
It was all so simple.

Now he looks behind at the years he lost
And he marks the time and he counts the cost
And he stares out the window and listens to me cry
Where did love go?

Oh what a crime to let that slip away
Though it's just a little it's a little more each day...
'Til there's nothing left to remind us
Just the sprinklers of Salinas.

Spray and click and turn, spray and click and turn...
The sprinklers of Salinas.

Words & Music ©1987 by Joyce Woodson

YOU'RE IN MY BLOOD

You knew what I was when you met me
It didn't seem to matter much then
You knew that I had to be going
It's just that I didn't know when

But time catches up without warning
And loneliness stares in the face
And tears always dry before morning
And everything falls into place

Chorus:
You're in my blood
You're in my blood
There's nothing I could do to change it
You're in my blood
You're in my blood
And I'm bleeding

Some things experience teaches
And some things you know when you're born
But few go as far as their reaches
Cause it's much easier to conform
Oh but some things just can't be neglected
And some things you can't leave undone
And some things won't wait till tomorrow
Tomorrow may just never come

Repeat Chorus

Love is not subject to boundaries
Distance is shattered by faith
Don't put me back where you found me
Don't forget me just to feel safe
Cause I know I'll achieve what I'm after
And I know where I'll go when I'm through
And I know I'll find you when I get there
I know I won't rest till I do

Repeat Chorus

You're in my blood
You're in my blood

Words & Music ©1989 by John Bossman

POLICEMAN

There is an element in society that's rude
They're full of disrespect and aggressive violence too
They wind up in the gun court
Their manhood for to prove
I would not want to see such a thing happen to you
And that's why I say

Why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman

Now mama
I not shoot
I no rape or no rob at all
But everytime them catch me
They put me up against the wall
I don't commit no crime
But for being black and standing tall
They are not satisfied until they beat me
And they watch me crawl
And that's why I say

I'm gonna pick a fight with the Policeman

Bridge:
Boy you're filled with a fool's pride
Many many fools have died
Don't just throw away your life in vain
Take it in stride
To fight with him is suicide
Save your body
Bide your time
And use your brain

I slaved for thirty years
To give you a better life than me
Your daddy worked to death
To keep us out of poverty
We make the sacrifice
To give you opportunity
Don't fight the Policeman
Go to the university
I am warning you

Now why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman
Why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman

Shut up you woman talk
Like you're taking them Policemans' side
When all they understand
Is a bullet in between the eyes
Because of Policeman now
My two best friends have died
Now I no go no school
I'm not wasting no more time
This I swear to you

I'm gonna pick a fight with the Policeman
I swear I'm gonna take the life of a Policeman

Boy don't you know you're just filled with a fool's pride
Many many fools have died
Please don't throw away your life in vain
(You gotta be strong)
Take it in stride
To fight like that is suicide
Save your body
Bide your time
And use your brain

You want to prove a man
And yet you're acting like a child my son
And you must answer this
Before you go out with a loaded gun
If you be caught or killed
While you're fighting with the Policeman
Who will care for your wife
And who's gonna raise your little one
Consider carefully

Now why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman
Why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman
And is it worth it
You lose your life for a Policeman
Why you wanna pick a fight with the Policeman

Words & Music ©1989 by Kyle Johnson

ASHES AND COAL

Bad news travels fast
It's all over town
They say you been cheatin'
And running around
Like a wild fire burning
Raging out of control
After the fire
Ashes and coal

I must have been a fool
To give my love to you
My friends tried to tell me
You'd leave me out of the blue
There's a storm on the rise
The sky is dark and cold
And all to keep me warm
Ashes and coal

Chorus:

Ashes and coal
Can't start a fire
Straw into gold
Is not my desire
Someone to love
Someone to hold
But you can't start a fire
with ashes and coal

I'll get over you
My heart will be strong
Then somebody new
Will come waltzing along
I'll fight back the tears
And a smile will unfold
But you can't start a fire
with ashes and coal

Words & Music ©1988 by Richard Ferreira/Songs of Poly:
(BMI)

JASON'S SONG

Jason please put on your shoes
Your Dad is coming home
the Dad you never knew
Please leave your Mom alone
she'd like to be alone
Jason please put on your shoes
Yes, he'll be here really soon

Jason please wash up your face
Jason please comb up your hair
Jason put your toys away
Your Dad will soon be here
your Mom is feeling scared
Jason please put on your shoes
Jason please put on your shoes
Lord it's been a long long time
Since I've touched his face, his hands
since I've looked into his eyes
Jason put your toys away
and run and play outside

Your Dad is coming home
The Dad you never knew
The man we left behind
Jase, he'll only stay awhile
he's just come to see your smile
Jason please put on your shoes

Words & Music by Sandy Ross
©1988 (BMI)

APACHE TEARS

Up on a boulder
Hair to his shoulders
The night grows colder
On Apache tears
The world gets older
His cigarette still smolders
Where there are soldiers
There is war and fear

Chorus:

The years to come will be upon us
The years of long ago are cast
And what will be will surely astound us
We'll be getting home at last

Out on the plain
His eyes show pain
He prays for rain
In the nick of time
Here comes the thunder
Above and under
It makes me wonder
Are we all insane

The desert sky will soon be lit up
The days of agony will pass
I want what's mine - I'll never give up
We'll be getting home at last

A thousand eyes
Look in surprise
Over the skies
On Apache tears
An object flies
A coyote cries
Somebody dies
To get out of here

The times to come keep comin' steady
The legs of time move very fast
A voice inside says are you ready
We'll be getting home at last

Words & Music ©1989 by Hirth Martinez

PUNCH AND SOCKO

Punch and Socko
Socko and Punch
Two cronies in a friendly game of snooker
Punch beat Socko, but not by much
Now they're cool as two meatballs
Saying Grace in a pressure cooker

Sizing up the angles
Lining up the shots
They must be taking lessons from you and me
They must be stealing tips from you and me

Punch got something Socko wants
It's predictable as all the downtown buses
Socko grabs it
Punch digs in
Later sweeping up the glass
They both wonder what the fuss is

Punch and Socko don't listen much
To anything they're saying
But there's a hidden microphone
Picking up the conversation

Enough about me
I've gone on too long
How 'bout you
What do you think of me
Oh no
But that's all wrong
Forgive and forget
Punch forget it you big fool
I oughta go upside your head
With the Golden Rule

Punch and Socko
Need work you know
So if you know some bone
Pulling strings at the local puppet show
Put a kind word in
Let 'em do their stuff
Maybe one of these days soon
They'll have had enough

These lovable puppets with their baseball bats
They must be taking lessons from you and me
They must be stealing tips from you and me

Words & Music ©1989 by Peter Case

SIDE BYRICKS TWO

FEEL LIKE MAKIN' ART

I don't know what it is about you that
Makes me set up the canvas, get my paintbrush wet
The moment I see you creativity
Takes a hold of my fingers and control of me

Chorus:

And I feel like makin' art
Baby, you're my motivation
I feel like makin' art
And your love's my inspiration
I feel like makin' some art...

When we're together walkin' down the street
I wanna spell out "I love you" in graffiti
You're priming me up with the things you say
I wanna mold you a heart from a ball of clay

Chorus

Bridge:

I'm seein' colors of violet and blue
Every time you hold me tight,
I wanna sketch out a full length drawing of you
And fly it through the air like a kite

My hands are busy workin' all day long
'Cause the passion's deep - the desire strong
Before the paint's dry I'm on to something new
Yeah I gotta keep makin' sweet art for you

Chorus

Counter-Chorus:

Ooh - you make me feel like I'm a P-Picasso
Degas or DaVinci - ooh somebody pinch me
Painting on the ceilin' everything I'm feelin'
Made it big in SoHo - Michelangelo A-Go-Go

Words & Music ©1988 by Laura Zambo
(Counter-Chorus: Words & Music by
Jill Freeman & Laura Zambo)

THE GOODYEARS

Don't talk to me about the good old days
I can't remember me one
Our love was more like a nuclear war
Be thankful it's over and done
If you don't recall when my head hit the wall
Allow me to show you the scar
The only goodyears that we had
Were the tires on the car

Mounds of kisses fields of love
We never had none of that
We broke our vows a thousand times
Each year was the year of the rat
The comfort and bliss of true happiness
We only knew from afar
The only goodyears that we had
Were the tires on the car

So how can you say we should try it again
I know I never will
We didn't have much but I'll tell you as such
What we did have was bordering nil
It maybe perhaps just a memory lapse
From too many nights at the bar
The only goodyears that we had
Were the tires on the car

Words & Music ©1987 by Richard Goldman

NEW TOYS

I'm just a fire engine blood red and shining
If you want, the man will take me from the window
And pack me away
Got a battery operated siren and wheels that really turn
Promise mom we'll be quiet till we're home and we'll play

You can take me to school on Monday
Show me to your friends, put your G.I. Joe on my ladder
Bury me in the sandbox till recess ends
We'll spend Saturdays together watch cartoons all day
And make treadmarks on the coffeetable
Hide them 'neath a tray

But I could save Barbie's dream house from burning to the ground
If you'll save me from daddy's closet when he's found me lying around
And I'll be patient in December - when Christmas brings new toys
And when you peel the paint from off my fender
Try not to make a noise.

And after the garage sale you can leave that tag upon my hood
And when you go on off to college you can leave me here for good
And maybe you'll wonder about me, someday when your bored
'Cause now Christmas comes along
And you don't get toys anymore.

Words & Music ©1988 by Milo Binder

PROFILE: VICTORIA WILLIAMS

by T.L. Neville

Sometimes described as a 'diminutive Southern street waif in matchstick-girl clothing,' Victoria Williams presents a creative force best experienced in person. With a voice at once both giddy and soulful, she relates a sense of small town mystery and wonder through her song-stories delivered in that distinctively clear warbling soprano. Captured by the unique sound, you are drawn into Victoria's own intimate world, which celebrates gentle moments and simple truths with uncommonly optimistic vision. Here, even the most ordinary people or events become magical in Williams' poignant tales and weaving of metaphorical images. Many of her songs spring from some visual image extended into a poetic statement. "When you think of 'Main Roads', everybody's on their red bike, and it's about the things you learn as a child and take with you. I'd say that 'T.C.' [another song from her album *Happy Come Home*] is definitely cinematic, going into a little story."

For Williams, native of Shreveport, Louisiana, the talespinning instinct is as important as chord voicings. "I started writing thoughts and theories and I'd stick them away in this little cigar box when I was about 7 or 8 years old," she recalls. "I probably did it until I was 13, and then I thought it was a really corny thing to do. I look back now and I think, gosh, why did I stop that. I started writing songs when I was about 18. I first wrote music because I knew this guy who went to jail. He'd send me poems and I'd put them to music."

Williams' songs clearly tap into the rich Southern storytelling tradition, and may be a product of the slower pace of life she grew up in. "There's so much time to really see things and you're not being rushed along. Maybe there are that many interesting people here in L.A., but there's so much, you can't focus."

Literate and fanciful, her songs aren't always greeted with open arms by marketway executives. "It's amazing how the people who are running the (record) business might as well be in the clothing business. They took me in the office and said, 'Look, we've been selling red dresses and every now and then a blue

dress. You come in here with your yellow pantsuit. We just don't know what to do with you.' "

Fortunately for listeners, that attitude never proved an insurmountable obstacle

for Victoria. Armed with a satchel of musical vignettes and new ideas, she snuck in the side door. "I don't know if it was the side door," she shrugs. "To me, I just entered the only door that was there for me to enter." Generating press, industry, and public interest through her random appearances around L.A., she earned a following, and an EMI development deal which later fizzled when the company hit hard times.

The most important response of all was personal, however, when Williams met Peter Case. "I was playing at Gorky's the night before I went on tour with



Johnathan Richman. Peter and his buddy came down to see me play, and his friend said that Peter would sit in and do a song with me. I didn't know who Peter was, but we learned a song back by the bathroom - 'You're Gonna Need My Love Someday' - the Crowdaddys recorded it -- and then I went on that tour and came back, and we fell in love....Well, we had a band together first - the Incredibly Strungout Band. We kinda started dating during that period."

A friend of Victoria's suggested she send a tape to a contact of his at Rough Trade Records. "I started my record for that company and then Geffen (Records) came into the studio while I was working on my first cut. I was working on it with T-Bone Burnett and then they said 'Oh, we'd like to put this out,' and so that's how it ended up." The Geffen release *Happy Come Home* generated a great deal of worldwide critical acclaim, but not much else for the singer/songwriter. "Geffen didn't treat that record very good. They released it on Warner Bros in Europe, so Rough Trade couldn't work on it there. I wish Geffen would've sent me out so I could tour, doing radio shows to support the record, but they wouldn't back me doing that. They weren't very supportive of the record...they didn't print very many up. It's hard to find, I hear. It never even got to some cities."

Geffen's strategy, instead, took the form of a promotional film shot by D.A. Pennebaker (who did the Dylan documentaries) in an effort to help radio

programmers and pop audiences identify with Williams' highly personalized style. "D.A. Pennebaker was great, and the film was good, but I sure wish they'd have let me tour. Then again, maybe everything happens for a reason and it's probably God's will whatever it was that happened to that last record. It's just that I think the main thing is that music is a gift from God. I just wanted to say that. I should just keep doing the stuff -- just to give it away to others because that's what it's really all about. I guess acceptance of the whole mess is the best thing. I should just be thankful that I have a record out and that it's like a picture of a certain time of my life. And then you can go on to do another record with the same people who wanted to do it in the first place. It's been humbling, actually. You forget that you were overjoyed to be doing something in the first place."

It is this disarming honesty and optimism that makes Williams and her music such a refreshing break from the mainstream. "I have to remind myself that all I ever wanted to do was sing, anyway. I don't know, you gotta get back to the basics of why you're doing it. That's when it makes sense. That's the most important thing....Keep playing music."



Hirth Martinez



Phil Cacayorin

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The Life Is Grand Band

ON THE RECORD

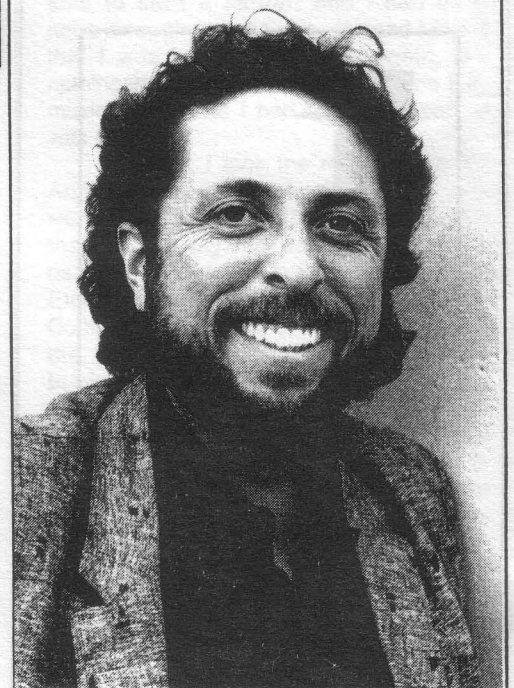


Joyce Woodson has created a new angle on Western/Folk Music. She was recently voted into the Top 12 country performers in L.A. by the local magazine *Music Connection*. Accompanying herself on guitar, Joyce explores the subjects and characters of both the Old and New West: outlaws in life and love, riders of the range and the pony show, and murderous ghost town ghosts, as well as the aphrodisiacal qualities of the waltz. But the other side of her writing displays a more contemporary style, often using open tunings, borrowing song styles from the Blues tradition, and covering controversial topics. Having recently returned from a trip to London, Joyce performed at two Nu-Folk clubs: the Troubadour and the Street of Lucky Stars. Woodson has also played the Anti Club, McCabe's Guitar Shop, BeBop Records and Fine Art, and The Club Lingerie in Los Angeles, and at Drowsy Maggie's, and The Old Time Cafe in the San Diego area. Along with other members of her songwriting workshop, she co-wrote a song with Texas-based singer and songwriter Guy Clark, at the 1988 Kerrville Folk Festival; she also sang with Butch Hancock there in '86. In 1984 she wrote a theater piece based on the life and times of Jesse James in a one-woman show at the Fox Venice Theater in Venice, California.



Richard Ferreira grew up on a tobacco farm in Connecticut, and began playing and writing songs at an early age. He quit college to catch up on his reading and perform in folk clubs and coffeehouses throughout New England, and eventually in the honkytonks of Northern California. Since moving to Los Angeles in 1980, his songs have been recorded by major label artists and have appeared in feature films and on television. He loves fly-fishing, Lefty Frizzel records, and listening to baseball games on the radio. The song "Ashes and Coal" was written in the middle of the great Montana fires of 1988 for a girl who no longer returns his phone calls. He has recently moved to Nashville and loves it. He writes his own bios.

Though **Hirth Martinez** is best known for his songs, he also writes poetry and prose, short stories and vignettes. His creativity also extends to drawing and painting - he's done numerous pieces utilizing watercolors, housepaints and acrylics. His musical works initially came to prominence with the release of his first album *Hirth from Earth* in 1975 on Warner Brothers. An eclectic writer, his stylings range from jazz, rock 'n' roll and country, to lyrical ballads and Latin-flavored tunes. His debut album earned high critical praise, with *The Village Voice* calling it "easily the second best album of 1975," while *Westways* noted, "he may well be the most original songwriter to come out of Los Angeles since Randy Newman." *Big, Bright Street*, a second album released in 1977, also garnered top marks from the critics. Martinez is a prolific writer, estimating that he's written thousands of songs over the years - since he penned his first tune at age 10. A native of Los Angeles, raised in East L.A., he began studying guitar at age 10, and was playing professionally with a local band at house parties, dances and local clubs by the time



he was 13. He continued to perform, playing such diverse venues as strip clubs, concerts and recitals, and mental institutions. He also wrote several musical scores for art films, did studio work as a guitarist, and always kept writing, painting and drawing. Through the years, he continued to write and perform his songs, playing at virtually all the local Los Angeles clubs, from the Roxy and Comeback Inn to McCabe's. In addition to his club dates, he's always found time to offer free concerts at a number of convalescent homes in the city, frequently experimenting with new ideas and styles. Julio Iglesias, Libby Titus, Paul Butterfield, Tom Bresh and Manfred Mann are among the artists he has written for, and who have performed his songs. He currently has a children's book awaiting publication, as well as other works in progress. While many are aware of his work as a poet and musical artist, few have seen his visual art. Most recently, Martinez was the featured performer at USC's "Tuesday at Fisher" art series at the Fisher Gallery.



Richard Goldman lives and writes in Los Angeles. A friend once said that listening to his music is like hanging a "Do Not Disturb" sign on a motel door and having the maid come in anyway. His music cuts straight to your heart, like a surgeon in a big city hospital. His voice can re-open old wounds and close them again. If you were to connect the dots of his myriad talents, you might come out with the outline of a small bird ready to take flight. His deep, abiding passion for the world at large, helps you overlook his complete lack of musical training. But in the end, you, the public, are his judge and jury. Will he be the next Suzanne Vega, or just another hapless creature, frozen with fear in the headlights of an oncoming Oldsmobile?

In developing his style and identity, **Kyle Johnson** has been an eyewitness and participant to every major style of pop music from '60s folk to '80s tech, but has always drawn his greatest inspiration from roots music: blues, R&B, hard country, classic rock & roll and reggae. He fuses these elements with a pop sensibility, and a look to the future. Kyle was born into a show business family and made his professional stage debut as an actor at age 7 in *Only In America*. He distinguished himself in many subsequent stage, TV and film productions including the starring role in Warner Brothers' feature release, *The Learning Tree*, portraying Gordon Parks in his joyous and painful transition from adolescence to manhood in rural Kansas during the



1920s. Feeling the need for greater and more personal self-expression, Kyle switched his creative pursuits to guitar, songwriting and singing. He quickly attracted attention through appearances on the Los Angeles Songwriters Showcase, as winner of the National Academy of Songwriters' "Festival of New Music," and performing in clubs throughout Los Angeles and San Francisco as a solo performer, sideman, session player and leader of his own bands. Kyle's tenure with The Skanksters brought him to every major venue in Los Angeles and on the road, opening for the likes of The English Beat, Bow Wow Wow, Black Uhuru, Steel Pulse, and the legendary James Brown. Now on his own, Kyle is shaping his "sweet soul Sam Cooke sound" into strongly rooted and adventurous modern music.



The **Life Is Grand Band** (Laura Zambo, Jill Freeman & Claudia Russell) has been described by various critics as "addicting," "exhilarating," "heartwarming," and "nuts," taking their cues from the likes of such disparate influences as folk music, the Motown sound, the Beatles, the Andrew Sisters and a slew of others. Laura, Jill, and Claudia have been playing together for four years. The three display very different vocal styles, trading off between guitars, percussion, and a *cappella* singing. Their eccentric repertoire combines original songs such as "Standing In Her Shoes" and "A Man Who Loves His Freedom" with such schtick as an *a cappella* version of the heavy metal classic "I Love Rock and Roll," or their own "Hookers From Space" featuring weird sounds and unworldly propositions. Life Is Grand indeed!

See **Sandy Ross's** article.

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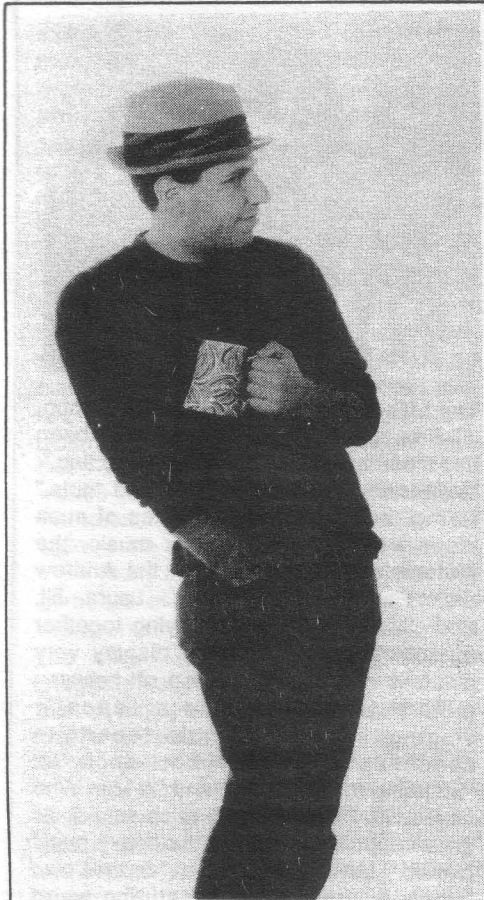
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Milo Binder has been attracting attention around Los Angeles with his original and eclectic acoustic performances for some time now. In addition to his own successful club dates, he has opened shows for the likes of the Cowboy Junkies, Steve Forbert, the Balancing Act, Maria McKee, Hunter S. Thompson, Michelle Shocked, and Shawn Colvin. His stature in the critical world is continually growing. His praises have been extolled in the pages of *Bam* and *Cash Box* magazines and the *Los Angeles Times*, among others. Constant performing has won him a core audience and local name recognition. Today, Binder finds himself playing clubs that, a couple of years ago, would have most likely frowned on an acoustic act. Binder's music defies easy classification, but it is poignant, powerful and often satirical. He plays with conviction and sings with passion and honesty. But don't call him a folk singer. "I look at it with bemused resignation," laughs Binder. "I don't know why it's hard for people to believe that an artist can have any less than three dimensions. My game with it is to consistently have them change what they say about me. If one person is calling me folk, and another is saying alternative, and yet another is calling me sensitive and funny or whatever...somewhere in between the truth will lie."



Marvin Etzioni (a.k.a. Long Tall Marvin)

Spirits rumble below the surface and the breath of life emerges. Only to wrestle with Lucifer on a hot summer morning death and the payment plan play a sad song slower than Tupelo Honey. The images and memories of Lone Justice, Voice of the Beehive, Nothing, Daisy Chain, Toad the Wet Sprocket, the Riflebirds, Orphan Train and other gifted artists reverberate the endless chamber. Lean against the door and enter Marvin's World.

John Bossmann hails from Horicon, Wisconsin, has been writing and performing music for the last fifteen years. As a solo performer he has played many clubs in LA including; the Club Lingerie, Bogarts and the Breakaway. He currently performs as part of an acoustic duo-Bossmann & Smith. Recent performances have showcased provocative lyrics and silky harmonies coupled with a deep catalogue of strong songs which make Bossmann and Smith unique. The duo's latest demo has recieved rave reviews and is currently being shopped to the major labels. For more information contact: **LJL Entertainment** Att: Lee Langley-(818) 906-9950 or (805) 251-9950

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See Victoria Williams profile

Show Of Hands is a two-man, one woman group that eschews trickery and trendiness in favor of unfettered musical/lyrical expression. The group-writer/singers Randell Kirsch, Luann Olson and Chris Hickey have done virtually nothing in the conventional manner. The trio began for the sheer joy of it. Having found each other in the music scene that had sprung up around the University of California at Santa Barbara, the three soon moved to Los Angeles though for different reasons. Luann attended classes at UCLA, Chris recorded a pair of independantly released LPs while Randell focused on songwriting. After co-writing "Blue Kiss" with the Go-Go's Jane Weidlin, Randell was signed to a record deal with I.R.S. At that point, instead of recording on his own he set himself the task of convincing I.R.S. that his project be expanded into the debut album of Show Of Hands. The group auditioned in the stairwell at MCA world headquarters. Their album was produced by David Kershenbaum and engineered by Kevin Smith the team responsible for Tracy Chapman's debut album. Show Of Hands recently became the third American pop group to perform in the People's Republic of China.

Peter Case has released two solo albums on Geffen records. Originally from Buffalo NY he has performed all across the. Peter has been a mainstay of the Los Angeles music scene on his own and previously with the band The Plimsouls.

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SIDE ONE

- 1-MAN OF PRINCIPLE (Chris Hickey) ©1985 Chris Hickey Show of Hands: Chris Hickey/Guitar and Vocal Randell Kirsch/Guitar and Vocal Luann Olson/Vocal Exclusive Artists appear by permission of I.R.S. Records
- 2-THE ARMS RACE (Marvin Etzioni) ©1988 Peer Southern BMI Marvin Etzioni/Mandolin and Vocal
- 3-ON TIME (Victoria Williams) ©1988 Victoria Williams Victoria Williams/Guitar and Vocal
- 4-POLICEMAN (Kyle Johnson) ©1988 Kyle Johnson Kyle Johnson/Guitar and Vocal
- 5-YOU'RE IN MY BLOOD (John Bossman) ©1988 John Bossman John Bossman/Guitar and Vocal
- 6-SPRINKLERS OF SALINAS (Joyce Woodson) ©1987 Joyce Woodson Joyce Woodson/Guitar and Vocal Denny Croy/Stand-up Bass Marty Rifkin/Dobro

SIDE TWO

- 1-FEEL LIKE MAKIN' ART (Counter Melody/Jill Freeman Counter Lyric/Jill Freeman and Laura Zambo) ©1988 Laura Zambo Music The Life is Grand Band: Laura Zambo/Guitar and Vocal Jill Freeman/Vocal Claudia Russell/Harmonica and Vocal
- 2-NEW TOYS (Milo Binder) ©1988 Milo Binder BMI Milo Binder/Guitar and Vocal
- 3-THE GOOD YEARS (Richard Goldman) ©1987 Richard Goldman Twang: Richard Goldman/Guitar and Vocal Debbie Holland/Guitar and Vocal Denny Croy/Stand-up Bass
- 4-ASHES AND COAL (Richard Ferriera) ©1988 Richard Ferriera/Bug Music Richard Ferriera/Guitar and Vocal
- 5-APACHE TEARS (Hirth Martinez) ©1989 Hirth Martinez Hirth Martinez/Electric Guitar and Vocal
- 6-JASON (Sandy Ross) ©1988 Sandy Ross BMI Sandy Ross/Guitar and Vocal
- 7-PUNCH AND SACCO (Peter Case) ©1988 Peter Case BMI Peter Case/Guitar and Vocal Appears by permission of Geffen Records

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