

# FAST FOLK

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Second Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival



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THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE, INC  
P.O. BOX 938 VILLAGE STATION  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014

**Notes On  
The Greenwich Village  
Folk Festival**

In the summer of 1987, Gerry Hinson told me he had received a permit for a concert on the softball field. We planned to call it the First Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival. We hired a sound crew, invited some performers, and made some posters. On Friday night, I rented a 250-pound generator and wheeled it down MacDougal Street. It wouldn't fit in my door, so I took it to the Speakeasy.

"You can't put that in my basement full of gasoline," said Joseph Zbeda, the owner.

I was on the sidewalk trying to siphon the gas when a firetruck pulled by.

"What the hell are you doin'?"

"Trying to siphon the gas, so I can stash this in the basement overnight."

"Leave it full. It's less dangerous than empty - the fumes and all."

But on Sunday it was forty degrees, and the sound company wouldn't set up. Somehow, four hundred people found their way to the historic Washington Square Church. It was a beautiful night of music, with twenty-five of the neighborhood's most distinctive artists. Later, while listening to Richie Havens' set on a cassette made from the audience, I wished the entire concert had been recorded for everyone to hear.

After the music and good wishes had ended for the night, I had to take the generator from the club's basement and put it in a friend's van.

"Somebody's gonna steal that there," Mark Dann told me. I passed the night camped beside a 250-pound

gasoline powered generator, so I could return it first thing in the morning. And we had never even used it. Richard Meyer, who was scheduled to play constructed a temporary stage for the outdoor festival which got cut when it moved indoors - he had to return the rented truck it was in and never made it to the show.

Recently, a writer for the *New York Times* lamented that too many American musicians pursue their thing as a "career," rather than a "calling." I wondered, is this a meaningless question or is he right? There is a difference, but in that case, is he not aware of all the singers one meets in the cafes of the Village, or in music-oriented places everywhere, working sincerely on their singing and writing, with and without recognition, through the years? Does he not see how the local scene is maintained by people who love the music, and by the artists themselves working together, creating songwriter workshops, learning each other's songs for *Fast Folk* concerts? Or how clubs like Kenny's Castaways and Folk City put together "house bands" to back up the songwriter-singers, teaching the singers and instrumentalists to work together? Or how for five years, the Speakeasy was operated by a membership cooperative of musicians and music lovers? And how the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* continues to provide a forum for old and new singers and songs months, even years, before they become commercially available?

Are we mere careerists? Is it presumptuous to label such work a "calling"?

"This business will break your heart," says Dave Van Ronk, who flew back from upstate New York to sing for free. "If you don't have to do this, don't - because if you don't truly love it, you'll end up doing something else."

For the Second Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival, we planned ahead a

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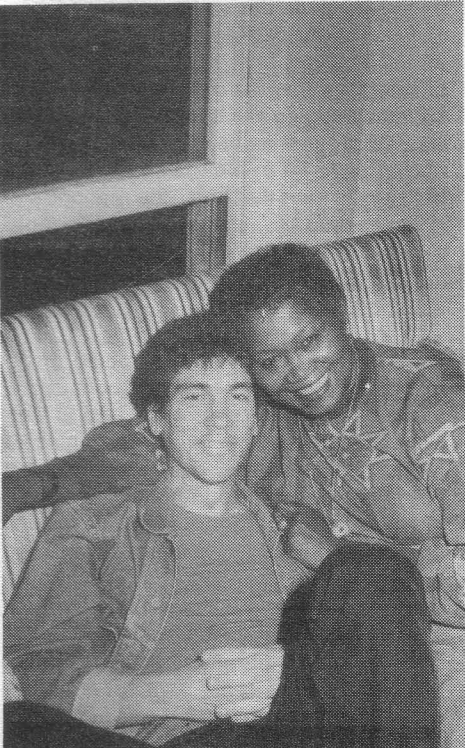
little better: no generator! Once again, the church was filled to capacity; in fact, it has become necessary to find a larger hall for 1989.

This record is a selection of some, and by no means all, of the evening's highlights. Thank you to Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream, Waterbury, Vermont for making it possible to donate these recordings to the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. It's my hope the listener will hear and feel the spirit in this music, maybe even hear the old Washington Square Church itself, as if he or she were there in person.

The Third Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival has been moved to the NYU Loeb Student Center at W. 4th Street and LaGuardia Place, which seats several hundred. The concert will be from 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. on Sunday, October 1. The public is invited free of charge.

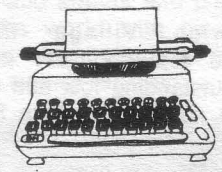
Rod MacDonald  
Co-Producer  
The Greenwich Village Folk Festival

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Rod MacDonald and Odetta  
Backstage.

Photo by Thom Wolke



## EDITORIAL: what's Next?

By Richard Meyer

We may be able to look back to this concert; the 2nd annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival and see it as a turning point in this generation's folk scare, revival, scene, community, etc. 1987 saw the dissolution of the SpeakEasy as a cooperative (the SpeakEasy, founded in Sept. of 1981, closed as a folk music club on Sept. 4th 1989 after the final open mike) and the transefer of much of that energy into this festival. 1988 saw many local performers traveling widely, recording more on their own and for commercial labels, winning songwriter awards around the city and the country or having songs covered and published. 1988 & 89 have seen more funding come to FAST FOLK from a variety of sources and to The Greenwich Village Folk Festival from Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream. Almost all the people who contributed volunteer energy to the village scene over the past ten years were attending, performing or working on this concert and it was quite wonderful and we thank you all.

This concert caught the village at a point of excitement. Performers came in from many parts of the country, some canceling other gigs to be there. The concert was free and there was a packed house with a line around the block. I was in Los Angeles and flew in for the concert arriving from the airport the with master tapes of FAST FOLK's LA record in my bags. After spending a couple weeks out west immersed in that scene, it felt great to see what was happening in the neighborhood. It felt like everyone was there! Though not literally true, it had that sense. The FAST FOLK REVUES, while they represent the much larger scene, have a limited size cast; here there were many more performers doing one or two songs, in a show that was long enough to accomodate them.

The village scene is a quirky place and we are proud to issue this record which caught a range of performers like Roger Manning from the 'anti-folk' scene, Peter Yarrow and Odetta, Jane Byaela, Cliff Eberhardt, Frank Tedesso and Maggie Roche in performance on the same stage on the same night. Its clear that there is an audience for this immediate and very human music no matter what tag it gets from year to year in order to sell a bit better.

This year there will be another Greenwich Village Folk Festival. The one captured in 1988 on tape, I think, marks the end of the neighborhood scene as it was. Now we will all be writing, recording, performing and growing and see what happens next.



Greenwich Village has a well-deserved reputation for its long tradition of outstanding folk and original music. Such notables as Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan, Odetta, Richie Havens and Peter, Paul & Mary built their early careers in Village nightclubs. More recently, Suzanne Vega and The Smithereens honed their acts here, before going on to world tours behind their mega-hit albums. But such a list hardly scratches the surface of a neighborhood where Jimi Hendrix and Van Morrison once played 2 a.m. sets for the cognoscenti; where Dave Van Ronk played banjo in a Dixieland band; and where countless singers, musicians and songwriters still come, year after year, to share their work and to meet their fellows. The clubs come and go. The famed Gaslight, Folk City, The Purple Onion are gone now, replaced by clubs like the Speakeasy and the bars of the East Village, where the new artists can find an audience. But that purest form of music, the singer and the song, lives on.

Suprisingly, there had never been a Greenwich Village Folk Festival, a celebration of the Village's own; never, that is, until October 1987, when 450 people jammed the old Washington Square Church, sitting four hours on the hard floor without complaint to hear more than two dozen of today's fine singer-songwriters. There was only one problem: not expecting such a success, no one made any provision to record the concert.

That situation was rectified in 1988, when Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream provided a grant that enabled us to tape the entire four-and-a-half hours on two-track digital tape in a mobile truck. From these master tapes, the producers of the festival and the editor of the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* have compiled this recording. It is only a selection from a wonderful night of music, featuring major artists and newcomers alike; but we hope it will provide listeners

with many hours of pleasure.

The Greenwich Village Folk Festival is a gift to the community; both the community of the Village, and that of music lovers everywhere. All the artists, producers and staff donated their time and efforts, and there was no admission charge to the public. Perhaps for that reason, the concerts have developed a beautiful air about them; a special occasion where everyone is there for the love of the music.

The producers wish to thank Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream for their invaluable assistance and enthusiasm in making this album possible. We also wish to thank Beverly Bark, stage manager; Stirling Audio for the sound and David Vanderhage, recording engineer; the Washington Square Church for providing the space (long may it thrive); the New York City Folk Cooperative (Cityfolk); Richard Meyer and the staff of the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*; David Seitz for mastering the tapes; and last, but not least, all the individual sponsors who made the concert possible (and are shown in the program).

It is our hope that we have captured the spirit of all the artists and the audience in this recording of the 1988 Second Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival. We hope that, like the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* and the Village itself, we will be able to bring you this exceptional music for many years to come.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE  
FOLK FESTIVAL

Gerald Hinson  
Rod MacDonald  
Ray Micek  
Jay Rosen

Producers

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\*\*\*\*\*

bob dylan imitators  
at speakeasy

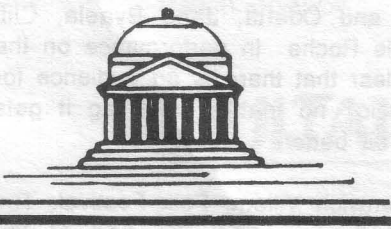
by Hugh Blumenfeld

it seemed like a good idea back in 1982. everybody loved to do their little take-off on dylan - i think it was in the middle of his born-again christian turned hasid phase. so why not have a bob dylan imitators contest? we could hold it at the sleaziest falafel-joint-turned-singles-disco-turned-folk-club in town. after all, it's not as if the show could bomb. the average tuesday night at the speakeasy musicians cooperative was about five to eight people anyway. there was an open night that couldn't be filled in the calendar on this particular july and jack hardy and jay rosen thought it would be a joke and fun for a few locals to have a good time. we figured the songwriters and all the regulars would come and have a ball entertaining each other. at 7:30 that first night there was line of contestants around the block.

who would have guessed that this little joke would catch the fickle imagination of the press - and keep it for almost a decade? over the years the place has always been packed, and newspapers and magazines that have never deigned to recognize that the club existed at all are suddenly hyping the show. i suppose he was the biggest name to play at the club - and to have 40 of him! also, every year, the rumors start that bob - the real bob - is going to drop by. we have to turn people away. it's the only show all year that tickets are sold out for two weeks in advance.

well, we figured we had stumbled on to something. so we had a phil ochs night. la cage aux folks (contestants had to play a song using multiple gender switching - i remember tom intondi doing gandhi doing blondie [how could you forget?]). we tried band night. stan rogers night. live radio shows. rehearsals for future off-broadway musicals. we booked the washington squares for god's sake. but the press would ignore us until each year in the middle of july. then there were cameras, floodlights, interviews. i mean, even npr got its nose dirty.

now where were all these people when suzanne vega (ms. vega to you if you read the new york times) was sharpening her act to a razor's edge for a & m? when shawn colvin was working us over with her birdsong, waiting for cbs? when daryl





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anger and mike marshall brought the house down with only twenty customers and brought matt glaser and kenny kosek up for an encore? when david massengill was preparing to make newport blush for the first time in 20 years? when rod macdonald, jack hardy, michelle shocked, and more were exiled to europe where they could fill small stadiums? they were out to lunch. and it's not as if they were so interested in the real bob dylan either. i guess they thought the story was: folkscene thrives on nostalgia of the sixties. stop. nothing new happening. stop. go back to your soap operas. meanwhile greg brown would drop by disguised only in a feedcap. lyle lovetv would give it a try without the pompadour. tracy chapman would be playing on the cassette deck - in 1986.

even if you only came that one night a year, you could have seen it was no nostalgia kick. most of the contestants knew damn well what they were up to. here's how it worked. dylan's career was divided up into his various periods. folksy. post motorcycle accident. dylan goes electric. born again dylan. freestyle. singers would sign up for one of the categories and sing one song. nobody did blowin' in the wind or hey mr. tambourine man or don't think twice it's alright - nothing you'd know from the byrds or peter, paul & mary. the judges included celebrities like dave van ronk, eric andersen, pete fornatale, and john hammond, jr. awards were given in each category plus one overall award. if you were really horrendous you got gonged. it was "ladies & gentlemen - bob dylan!" and "is bob dylan #23 here?" it was impressive to see how many times this top award went to an original song done à la dylan without being a rip-off. did anyone catch the words? the press was busy

ogling all the dark curls, sunglasses, harmonicas, and nasal twangs. i bet some year they'll film a decongestant commercial there.

i got gonged one year. i have reddish hair, don't play harmonica, usually fingerpick, and have a voice on the lyrical side of pneumatic drill. the house was full as always, but we were short on performers. so half on a dare and half as a duty to my country, i signed up in the freestyle category. i figured i would imitate dylan's knack for being himself no matter what - like going electric at newport. so i pulled out my own political piece and did it completely straight. i got booted off the stage after 20 seconds. the crowd was out for blood. michael america won the freestyle with "dylan goes disco." it was great.

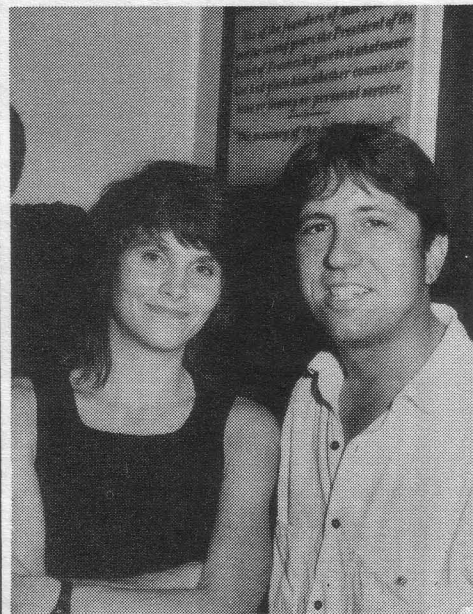
several times over the years we thought about killing the thing, but nobody else ever got tired of it, and it was only fair to give joseph an overflowing house filled with exceptionally good drinkers. and any publicity was better than nothing for a club hidden behind a falafel restaurant with a rotating hunk of skewered lamb in the window (we were the original shwarma bums). there was always the chance that



Mark Dann

some reviewer might come back another night... but no, it was something about bob dylan and the idea of imitating him. who else could you imitate? who else could both inspire the farce and survive it? pete seeger is too earnest - it would be cruel. same with joan baez. and joni mitchell - impossible. somehow imitating dylan is not personal. bob zimmerman is safe behind the mask, the voice ugly as socrates' face. dylan, once the jester himself, is the king and now once a year at carnivale, it's his turn to give his crown to the fool. the myth of dylan is like the myth of america - it appropriates everything, it's imperialistic, and once a year we have our empire burlesque. this gives everyone some breathing room. is this why the crowds come back every year? if we could figure out why it's so irresistible, maybe we wouldn't try to resist it so much. maybe we could make a really grand carnivale. a mardi gras.

still, i don't get it. after all these years i don't. it's not as if any of us at the speakeasy moan and groan about it - you expect this kind of thing to happen. but it's surreal. i mean here's the veritable cradle of folk-pop in the 80's (whatever the "venerable" biography of folk city would have us believe) and all the press can pick up on is bob dylan imitators one day a year when the Real Thing is there the other 364. well, they say the place is closing soon - at least to folk music. maybe they'll open up a replica of the speakeasy down in disneyworld and you can watch bob dylan imitator imitators whenever you want. our editors slogan for the contest now appears on all the award certificates. he not busy being bob is busy trying.



Shawn Colvin with Jimmy Bruno

Photo by Thom Wolke



## LLOYD'S OF HARTFORD: CLOSED

by Hugh Blumenfeld

The one place in the Hartford area that insured first-rate, international class folk music has closed its doors. Lloyd's was fancy, designed more for business lunches and the post symphony, opera or ballet crowd from the Bushnell Theater across the street, and the sound system wasn't always what one would have liked, but owner John Chapin was down to earth. He loved good music and he was willing to take a beating just to make sure he had it.

Chapin, a man who went from being a policeman to owning a bookstore to owning two restaurant/clubs, looks like he still owns the bookstore. He always wears a bow tie and tweed jacket, and his slightly unkempt, longish hair makes him look like he's just stepped out of the pull of some novel like *Wuthering Heights* or *Great Expectations* to talk to you. John must be the friendliest, fairest and most earnest club owner on the East Coast. At Lloyd's he presented an eclectic blend of folk, traditional, jazz, blues, zydeco, bluegrass - the only thing they all had in common was that whoever came was the best that was playing. And this was four nights a week or more. Nancy Griffith, Patty Larkin, Buckwheat Zydeco, Taj Mahal, Joe Pass, Karla Bonoff, Christine Lavin, Leon Redbone, Tom Paxton, the Montreaux Band, Dave Van Ronk, Bill Morrissey, the Jazz Messengers, Abdullah Ibrahim - John Chapin filled the place with legends. He was also a great supporter of lesser known artists, and he hawked them

tirelessly at his crowds, offering discounts, money-back guarantees, bonuses for bringing friends, bonuses for coming two nights in one week... He brought in Boiled In Lead, David Wilcox, Eileen McGann, Michael Smith, Dan Ar Bras, Kitty Donohoe, Bob Franke, Steve Gillette and Cindy Mangsen, Walt Michael & Co., The Dayton Family, and many more, plus Connecticut artists like Bruce Pratt, Jim Mercik, and Nancy Tucker. He even started a Monday night series that offered reduced ticket prices and a simple, relatively cheap buffet dinner, when he realized that concert prices were just too high for everyone who wanted to see folk music. He asked me to help lead it off with Cormac McCarthy.

John is always asking questions, getting advice from people like Art Fine, President Emeritus of the Hartford Jazz Society, but he has also become a great listener. You can tell he loves the music and that he listens as if he were reading a good book. His taste is as impeccable as it is broad. As he educated himself, he educated his audiences at Lloyd's; we all learned from his ability to appreciate the simplest folk tunes and the most complex modern jazz, often on consecutive nights. His frequent mailings were more like newsletters, carrying brilliant thumbnail reviews of dozens of performers you wondered why you hadn't heard of before.

Chapin was to continue booking music at Lloyd's after its planned sale to a group of investors, but the deal fell through and Lloyd's has closed its doors. A Lloyd's Cabaret Series will continue through October at a downtown hotel, but no one knows what will happen after that. In any case, Lloyd's, the fancy restaurant with folk music, is a good example of how one good club can insure life to a city that can only offer life insurance.

## ENVIRONMENTAL GROUPS TO HOST BENEFIT CONCERT: "MUSIC FOR THE WATERSHED"

Singer-songwriters Eric Andersen and Rod MacDonald, and the world music ensemble DO'AH will contribute their talents to "Music for the Watershed," a fundraising concert to be held on October 20th, in benefit of two environmental organizations whose common goal is to preserve some of the last remaining forested areas in their country.

Bergen Save The Watershed Action Network (Bergen SWAN), a northern New Jersey-based citizens group which organized to oppose the development of the woodlands and wetlands surrounding their reservoir system, and the Sierra Club North New Jersey Group will co-sponsor the benefit. Proceeds will help fund a legal challenge of the decision which allowed Bergen County's chief water purveyor, the Hackensack Water Company, to transfer 700 acres of protective watershed lands to their sister development firm, Rivervale Realty. The realty company is planning to construct extensive commercial and housing projects several feet from the county's water supply.

Several locally rare and endangered species of birds, including wood ducks, pileated woodpeckers, great blue heron, osprey and bald eagle have come to rely on the reservoir lands as a breeding ground or migratory rest stop. The watershed lands were acquired by the water company over many decades, starting at the turn of the century, to serve as a physical barrier to pollutants entering the water supply from the increasingly urbanized surrounding region. In the early 1980s, the New Jersey Board of Public Utilities (which regulates water companies) permitted the water company to remove the 700 acres from their land holdings so that the ratepayer would no longer be burdened with the cost of supporting them.

It is the contention of many local environmental and civic groups that little savings was realized as a result of this transaction, that countless environmental considerations have been overlooked, and that the public trust has been betrayed. The case is currently being reviewed by the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund. If successful, the litigation will set legal precedent for the protection of watershed areas around the country.



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Peter Yarrow and Odetta

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Photo by Gerry Hinson

The Emcee, Steve Stapenhorst



Photo by Thom Wolke

Tom Chaplin and Christine Lavin

**BACKSTAGE AT THE 2ND ANNUAL  
GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLK**



Photo by Thom Wolke

Tom Chaplin, Cliff Eberhardt and  
Rex Fowler



In addition to the featured performers, a slide presentation illustrating the beauty and importance of Bergen County's watershed lands will be shown. "Music for the Watershed" will take place on Friday, October 20th at 8 p.m. at the Bergen Technical School Auditorium in Hackensack, New Jersey. The 1200-seat hall has excellent acoustics and is only 20 minutes by car from New York City.

For further information, including directions and public transportation schedules, or to get involved, write: **Bergen SWAN, P.O. Box 597, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey 07423** or call (201) 666-8384. Tickets are \$12.50 for general admission, \$15 for preferred seating, or a contribution of \$35 for center aisle. Receive tickets by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the above address. Please indicate the type of tickets and quantity you would like.

(Reprinted from Bergen SWAN News Release of August 7, 1989)

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**Maggie Roche**

## 2nd annual greenwich village folk festival

**THE WHOLE SHOW RAN AS FOLLOWS:**  
**Items in bold type appear on this album.**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Steve Stapenhorst                        | - Emcee  |
| Justin Devereaux                         | - "A Living Legend"  |
| <b>Roger Manning</b>                     | - <b>"The Pearly Blues"</b>  |
| Richard Julian                           | - "Gravedigger"  |
| Vin Scelsa                               | - NY disc jockey greetings   |
| <b>David Massengill</b>                  | - <b>"Where Has My True Love Gone"</b><br>- "It's A Beautiful World" |
| Brian Rose<br>with Mark Dann             | - "The Decision"   |
| Steph Paynes                             | - "These Are The Days That Never Passed"                             |
| Germana Pucci                            | - Temporal Tropicali   |
| Tom Chapin                               | - "Family Tree"  |
| Hugh Blumenfeld<br>with Diane Chodkowski | - "In The Quiet Of The Night"  |
| <b>Pierce Pettis</b>                     | - <b>"Legacy"</b>  |
| <b>Ilene Weiss</b>                       | - "I'm A Curious Girl"<br>- "No Baby"                                |
| Peter Spencer                            | - "Where Do You Go"<br>- "Goodbye Porkpie Hat"                       |
| <b>Christine Lavin</b>                   | - <b>"Fly On A Plane"</b>  |
| <b>Peter Yarrow</b>                      | - "Don't Ever Take Away Our Freedom"<br>- <b>"Day Is Done"</b>       |
| <b>Jane Byaela</b>                       | - <b>"My Two Cats"</b><br>- "Silver Burning"                         |
| <b>Frank Tedesso</b>                     | - "Wandering Blind"<br>- <b>"What Could I Add To That"</b>           |
| Erik Frandsen                            | - "Jesus and Jack"<br>- "(One For My Baby) One For The Road"         |
| Eric Wood                                | - "Off The Beaten Path"<br>- "Hidden In Plain Sight"                 |
| Tom Intondi                              | - "The Old Man In The Window"<br>- "Leaving Is Coming Home Again"    |
| Mark Johnson                             | - "Breaking Rocks"   |
| Mark Johnson<br>with Maggie Roche        | - "I Might Have Lost Her At The Movies"                              |



- Maggie Roche - "Down The Dream"
- Aztec Two Step - "Ban Vinai"  
- "Life In The Eighties"
- Aztec Two Step  
with Peter Galway - "Like A Rolling Stone"
- Jim Bruno - "I'm Talking To You"
- Richard Meyer - "The Good Life"  
- "The Empress of Clowns"
- Lillie Palmer - "Aerial View"
- Cliff Eberhardt  
with Mark Dann - "Is It Wrong To Feel So Good"
- Cliff Eberhardt  
with Shawn Colvin  
& Mark Dann - "White Lightning"
- Jack Hardy  
with Mark Dann - "The Crows"  
- "Cross My Heart"
- Shawn Colvin - "Ricochet"  
- "Steady On"
- Frank Christian - "You're The One"  
- "Lock And Key"
- Dave Van Ronk - "God Bless The Child"
- Rod MacDonald  
with Mark Dann - "White Buffalo"  
- "I'm Wondering Why"
- Odetta - "The Last Month In The Year"  
- "Children Go Where I Send Thee"
- Odetta  
Leading Company  
In Finale - "This Land Is Your Land"

RECORDED BY DAVE VAN DER HAGEN  
STAGE MANAGER/BEVERLY BARK

ALBUM ASSEMBLY & TAPE TRANSFER BY DAVID SEITZ AT  
SYNERGY SOUND; GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND

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# SIDE LYRICS ONE

## WHERE HAS MY TRUE LOVE GONE

Where has my true love gone  
Out with the breath of dawn  
Into the pale twilight  
A bird is taking flight  
In all the sky above  
There's only one true love  
Down here below I must follow  
Where goes my one true love

Where has my true love gone  
Singing the saddest song  
Leaving a trail of tears  
Braving a thousand fears  
Wearing the faintest smile  
She dimpling all the while  
When we're apart, crack in my heart  
True love it's been a while

Diamonds and emeralds I care not their worth  
But true love I'll follow to the ends of the earth  
Where has my true love gone  
True love it's been so long  
In every cloud I trace  
The outline of her face  
In every breeze I hear  
Her whisper in my ear  
Heartsick I yearn for her return  
True love I want you here

Words and Music ©1989 by David Massengill

## FLY ON A PLANE

I'm a fly on a plane  
I am buzzing all around  
got on in Houston  
San Antonio bound  
I'm not riding in coach  
think I'll fly First Class  
I'm on the head of a banker  
zip zip  
I'm on the rim of her glass  
my oh my I'm a fly  
taking a free ride on a plane

I'm a fly on a plane  
my flight's a little erratic  
the highest I've ever been  
that's right  
it was a cowboy's attic  
I didn't mean to leave home  
but now the die is cast  
I guess my destiny is to roam  
and to fly really fast  
my oh my I'm a fly  
taking a free ride on a plane

When I get to San Antone  
I'm going to make  
a lot of new fly friends  
when I tell them I'm from Houston  
their eyes'll bug out  
they'll say "come again? -  
don't tell us no Texas tall tales  
how did you get here?"  
I'll say I flew  
those San Antone flies'll say  
"man alive,  
we've got a lot of respect for you"

I'm a fly on a plane  
I've got a lot of dreams  
never counted on a rolled up  
in-flight magazz....

Words and Music ©1989 by Christine Lavin

## THE PEARLY BLUES

Oh, black is the color of his true love's clothes  
She thinks I want to bed her,  
I just like looking at her face.  
And I offer her some pearls  
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the subway.  
Hey, don't hate me just 'cause I'm white  
And I won't hate you 'cause you're not.  
Hang out, check out - my string of pearls.

In a sad folksinger night  
I almost caught myself wearing my tears like a badge  
Well, I fix my broken strings  
And thread them through your lives as you make your  
way back up to the streets  
Surrounded by a million bucks that point in every direction  
across the continent.

I was jazzing along on the couch with my baby  
Yeah, the bass was the train, the sax played the scenery  
She pulled my heart out with her little blue eyes,  
Kissed it and put it back.  
Yeah, she's a sponge, she soaks up my words  
And makes them into pearls.

Oh, the world is mine because I'm poor,  
Said the on-the-road alcoholic.  
The microphone drops to the floor  
Face down in beer and through your sad T.V. nightlife  
Cold, wet shoe'd in the rain, he walks past your window.  
Relief on the horizon.

You know, people work hard and end up with nothing.  
Well, I ain't got nothing either  
Yeah, but at least I didn't work hard for it.  
No, I ain't got nothing, except maybe a string of pearls.

Oh, in Amsterdam I slept next to a library in the bushes  
Sang in the streets and cheated on bus tickets  
Oh, I never saw Michelle Shocked around  
But I heard she was up early in that town.  
Well, back in New York, dead in the water  
Nothing to blow me away, I had to go diving for pearls.  
Yeah, combat rock was blasting and it had to be  
a folk song.  
'Cause everybody knew the words.

Yeah, but this is not a folk song  
No, this is not a folk song  
This is not a folk song, no  
It's just a string of pearls.

Words and Music ©1989 by Roger Manning



**NO BABY**

A powerful mist is on the street and it's indoors  
When were you last kissed it says  
When were you last playing on the floor  
And I'm not alone, though alone right now is how I feel.  
And I'm not a clone though there are many running the same deal  
I look at the life I've made thinking maybe I've traded  
for no baby, no baby, no baby.

Automatically, that's the way it happened just years ago  
Could that have been me walking blind into what I didn't know  
And maybe nothing's changed. I'm as blind as I think I'm open-eyed,  
brain washed and well trained. Ignoring truth as it pokes me in  
the sides and while I'm waiting till wisdom comes,  
Cat's got more than my tongue and I've got  
no baby, no baby, no baby  
no baby, no baby, no baby

I've got enough to eat, I've got my senses and some real good friends  
In winter I've got heat, in summer I've got breezes blowing in  
I've got the morning sun, and the moon at night just like the song  
And I'm not the only one, like I said, to have this lonesome  
feeling come along.  
Got a lot to be thankful for, but today I want more  
no baby, no baby, no baby  
no baby, no baby, no baby  
no baby, no baby, no baby  
no baby, no baby, no baby

**LEGACY**

Words and Music ©1989 by Ilene Weiss

It is a legacy  
It was handed down to me  
From a poor dirt farmer and a skinny mule  
He parts the red clay like it was the Red Sea  
It is a legacy to both me and you.  
You are a black man, I am a white man  
Both come from the south land, both doing the best we can  
Where the grim reaper was my brother's keeper  
Oh, the way my brother was kept - no wonder Jesus wept

It is a legacy passed down to you and me  
What we're taught to be, we never question these things  
It is a legacy, it's a wild and bitter seed  
Blown across those fertile fields where the roots run deep.

We both got calloused hands, blue collar'd working men  
Down here in Bubba-land, what's in a name  
Both living rent-to-rent, some on the government  
Though we are quite different we are the same

It is a legacy passed down to you and me  
What we learn to believe we never question these things  
It is a legacy, it's a wild and bitter seed  
Scattered on these fertile fields where the roots run deep

Sundays we congregate, we praise Jesus, pass the plate  
Sitting in our Sunday best, singing hymns and mopping sweat  
You know we learn the golden rule in separate Sunday schools  
In a house long divided against itself

And it is a legacy, it's passed down to you and me  
And what we choose to believe we dare not question these things  
It is a legacy, it's a wild and bitter seed  
Scattered on these fertile fields where the roots run deep.

Words and Music ©1989 by Pierce Pettis

**DAY IS DONE**

Tell me why you're crying my son,  
I know you're frightened like everyone.  
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
Will it help if I stay very near?  
I am here.  
And if you take my hand, my son,  
all will be well when the day is done,  
and if you take my hand, my son,  
all will be well when the day is done.  
Day is done, day is done,  
Day is done, day is done.

Do you ask why I'm sighing, my son?  
You shall inherit what mankind has done.  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe  
If you ask me why this is so...  
I really don't know.

(Repeat Chorus without tag)

Tell me why you're smiling, my son,  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?  
Do you know more than men that are wise?  
Can you see what we all must disguise  
Through your loving eyes?

(Repeat Chorus with tag twice)

Words and Music by Peter Yarrow  
©1969 Peppamar Music Corp. (ASCAP)

# SIDE LYRICS TWO

## WHAT COULD I ADD TO THAT

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, keepin' 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...

The night does not understand me, the night does not speak English  
Not verbs, not nouns, not these human sounds  
The wind squawks at the river, the laughter of fish tingles through the current  
A mouth forms about a sound but it's only silence  
It comes out silence

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...

The carnival came to town, the fat lady shaved her beard  
She married the rabbi's son  
And the angels danced on Jehovah's thumb  
All through their honeymoon year  
(what could I possibly add to that)

The men who made the atom bomb went Christmas shopping for their children  
They bought a wooden bird with no eyes, a cactus rose for atop the tree  
And seashells made into a rosary

God's brain exploded over Hiroshima  
But God did not go crazy, no  
He just had a nervous breakdown  
We call it the twentieth century  
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...

Words and Music ©1984 by Frank Tedesso

## IS IT WRONG TO FEEL SO GOOD

I'm not getting younger  
And I don't move too fast  
And they say all my good days are dead and past  
Is it wrong to feel so good at this time in my life

I'm all out of money but my love life is good  
I don't do like I want  
I don't do like I could  
Is it wrong to feel so good at this time in my life

I still got nothing  
Nothing's what I always had  
Used to wake in the morning, look around for something  
to happen to me

I don't win at the races  
I get my share  
I'm unlucky at cards  
I got someone who cares  
Is it wrong to feel so good at this time in my life

(Repeat last two verses)

Is it wrong to feel so good at this time in my life

Words and Music by Cliff Eberhardt  
©1989 Aixoise Music Co. (ASCAP)

## MY TWO CATS

My two cats lie like stones on the corner of the bed  
This night is mine alone, like a stolen piece of bread

If I invite you will you crush the memories?  
If I invite you will you set my soul free?

This night's like flowers that have turned to dust  
I breathe in all the petals because I know I must

If I invite you will you crush the memories?  
If I invite you will you set my soul free?

Long, long time ago, love seems like yesterday  
A world I did not know made my whole life sway  
Like a tree and a star, it has no end  
Where rainbows turn to arrows that do not bend

If I invite you will you crush the memories?  
If I invite you will you set my soul free?

My two cats they have gone to the shadows on the floor  
Their silence is a song but I know they know much more

If I invite you will you crush the memories?  
If I invite you will you set my soul free?

Words and Music ©1989 by Jane Byaela  
Rude Owl Music (ASCAP)



**I'M WONDERING WHY**

I'm wondering why I look around  
There's so many people sleeping on the ground

I'm wondering why I go down to the shore  
There's a sign you can't swim here anymore  
I'm wondering why in this land, a natural paradise  
Our leaders sell it off and sell us out  
And we elect them twice

I'm wondering why in my country so many live in misery  
And a few live in splendor  
And the rest say it's got nothing to do with me

I'm wondering why  
Ooh, I'm wondering why

I'm wondering why our leaders are allowed to say  
"Let's put more men in jail"  
When the jails are overcrowded and the system always fails  
to catch the real crimes

I'm wondering why so many people walk on drug-infested streets  
No one speaks of desperation and despair  
But only hires more police

I'm wondering why there's a war my country's building for in space  
And when I ask what for  
They say recite "The Pledge of Allegiance" and shut your face

Yeah, I'm wondering why  
I'm wondering why

I'm wondering why our constitution speaks so well of liberty  
When our money and our power force psychotic dictators  
on some other poor country

I'm wondering why in my lifetime  
Elections come down to the wire  
And I never seem to get to vote for any single person  
that I admire

I'm wondering why there's so many thirsty for a love  
they can't refuse  
And the self-appointed righteous say  
There's a God and he hates you, and you, and you

Yeah, I'm wondering why  
Oh, I'm wondering why

I'm wondering why a woman's freedom to have children  
or decline  
Should be dependent on some judge who's sitting out there  
reading in-between the lines

I'm wondering why we have elections to choose the ones who lead  
when the candidates are programmed  
to never speak of anything we really need

Yeah, I'm wondering why  
I'm wondering why I'm an American  
If all these things are true  
It must be I love my country  
More than all those things we do

Yeah, I'm wondering why  
Oh, I'm wondering why  
Yes, I'm wondering why

Words and Music ©1989 by Rod MacDonald

**DOWN THE DREAM**

I stopped to lean  
at the entrance to the highway  
on a leg of an underpass  
and it was there that George caught up with me  
we drank his pint of freedom down the dream

I invest my soul in company  
I bet the big exchange  
first of all for love of thee  
and secanol deranged  
there ought to be something to fall back on  
like a knife or a career  
oh heavy is a heart that bears a started life  
in the dying time of year

I left my pots and plans on the landlord's stove  
and was drove down through the Texas heat  
threw my love out in the street

George is colored and I'm white  
but George could go for me  
George was wondering if I might  
go for him  
go to Louisiana rockin' a banjo on my knee  
after a man that said he'd go for me  
George I'm all gone down the dream

Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche  
©1975 DeShuffin Inc. (ASCAP)

**CHILDREN, GO WHERE I SEND THEE**

Children, go where I send thee  
How shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee one by one (two by two, etc.)

One for the little bitty baby  
Wrapped in swaddeling clothing  
Laid in a hollow manger  
Son of the Virgin Mary  
Born, born, born in Bethlehem

Two for Mary and Martha  
Three for the three what got on their knees  
Four for the four what stood at the door  
Five for the five what started the jive  
Six for the six what couldn't get fixed  
Seven for the seven what got to Heaven  
Eight for the eight what stood at the gate  
Nine for the nine what stood in line  
Ten for the ten good old men  
Eleven for the eleven what couldn't get to Heaven  
Twelve for the twelve what went to Hell

(Traditional)

# RECORD REVIEWS

## DAVID WILCOX *The Nightshift Watchman*

by Hugh Blumenfeld

I met David Wilcox at Chuck Pyle's campsite in a dark, secluded glade at the Kerrville Folk Festival last summer. Cedar wood was burning sweet and acrid, and the only open seat in the crowded circle was directly downwind. It took an hour for a turn to play to come around. But, somewhere in the middle of 2 a.m., almost invisible in the dark, this one guy was singing poetry and I decided to stick around. When the crowd thinned out at about 4 a.m., there were only a handful of us ready to really get going.

We played straight through till morning. We started by sounding each other out - how deep? how far? how long can he go? At about 5:30 or 6:00, just when that lull before daybreak hits, we changed the pace - silly songs, and worse. Chuck and Carol woke to a lightening sky and Dave singing "Heard It Through the Grapevine," complete with a dancing doo-wop chorus. When any danger of sleepiness was past and we were committed to daylight, we moved on to political songs and ballads.

Dave's energy was matched by his friend and singing partner, Bill Melanson. Matched or complemented. Dave is earnest, given to musing about the secrets of life in a sort of ecstasy of wonder. With a guitar in his hand, he can also be mischievous, fast, bawdy. Bill is hilarious and irrepressible; a human magnet who happens to own a gutsy, high tenor and a quick ear for harmony. A native Long Islander, his roots are in reggae, Motown and doo-wop. Dave's influences are closer to home, if still eclectic: traditional, folk-pop, rock and blues.

We played until about 10:30 in the morning, when life looked ordinary again and the day was in full swing. After some oranges and PB&J sandwiches, I took a nap, but Dave and Bill stayed up, and at 1:30 they won over the crowd at the New

Folk concert - a tour de force of energy, easy wit, and strong writing. Wilcox's songs captured the qualities that the Kerrville Festival has been seeking over the past few years, when New Folk winners have included John Gorka, David Roth, and Buddy Mondlock - deep sensitivity balanced by an offbeat sense of humor and contagious rhythm. "Leave It Like It Is" was a parable about a kitchen-painting accident that becomes a work of modern art; the moral is to take what you have and make something original out of it instead of trying to change: "Leave it like it is, it's fine." His second song, "Language of the Heart," was an explanation to a lover that, regardless of what is or is not promised in words, there are unspoken things that can't be denied. "Language of the Heart" has a classical beauty to it, inevitable without being predictable. Because the New Folk contest at Kerrville is based on new, unpublished material, neither of these songs is on David Wilcox's first album, *The Nightshift Watchman*, though the same unmistakable voice is there.

Dave does on this album what few other songwriters are capable of: he communicates a strong, positive message using grace and beauty, leaving irony and the underworld of despair to the cynics. Where his songs deal with pain, they move through it, turn it into something closer to joy. Like Bob Franke, Chuck Hall, and Pierce Pettis, he knows that the confrontation of pain requires the power of song more than the endless fields of love and peace do.

The title cut is the most original on the album, comparing a man who works underground in a nuclear missile silo to a night watchman for the planet:

'Cause if I do my job, my job is over  
If I start my day, my days are through  
If I set to work, my work is over  
Soon as I begin, we'll all be through  
I'm the nightshift watchman...

It's unique for a political song because the metaphor stands out before the earnest

message, and the upbeat, catchy melody carries the hope on its own.

The other song that stands out - not above, but apart from the rest of the collection - is "Daddy's Money." It is fast and bluesy and funny, though not as raw as the version he put down live with Bill Melanson for our upcoming Kerrville issue. Wilcox's guitar playing is rhythmic and highly styled at the same time, and he can pull out all the stops when he wants to. This sets him apart from most *e/sensitivo* singer-songwriters. Dave has this extra dimension - drive.

Wilcox also has a tendency to break off from the story/poetry and moralize a little, which is unfortunate, given the strength of his images and stories. Here, at the close of a light-hearted put-down of an insecure rich-girl, Wilcox apologizes and moralizes:

But maybe if a baby gets  
too many shiny toys  
She never finds the value  
in herself

I think Wilcox would rather risk being sentimental than being cruel - or being misinterpreted. Here is a writer with great talent who could stand to be more sure of himself.

The songs that end each side are obviously meant to be showpieces. "Come Away To Sea" and "Sunshine On The Land" are singable and musically infectious. But they are also songs in which Wilcox, the once-prospective divinity student, gets in the way of Wilcox, the poet. In the first, his guitar becomes a boat, a "simple craft" that sails hearts instead of oceans. In the second, a dying friend gives him the chorus: "I am the sunshine...You are the sunshine...We are the sunshine." Every story for Wilcox must have a moral, and it must be explicit. Most of the metaphors in the songs are dedicated to making points, which robs them of their evocative power. But, the music and the honesty make these songs work.

My favorite cut off the album is a



small, unusual song, "Frozen In The Snow." It is about a flower that blossoms too early, fooled by a sunny day in the dead of winter. The second verse dissipates the power of the song by explaining that the idealistic dreams of the 60's were like that flower, but it's the refrain: "Frozen in the snow, singing 'spring is coming'," that keeps running through my head, as haunting as anything I've heard.

*The Nightshift Watchman* as a whole is carefully produced, full of musical beauty - one of those rare albums that creates a solid, unified effect. The flute playing of Lisa Giuntoli, who sometimes adds more than one part, stands out in establishing the overall sweetness and tenderness of this music. It is actually possible that the album is too beautiful, because it doesn't really capture Dave's high energy; his ability to cut loose and really be funny. Not on this record are his romp, "Hurt Me," which had us falling off our treestumps in Texas, or "Levi's Blues," which Livingston Taylor has been performing. Partly, this may stem from the album being produced by Song of the Wood which, until now, has only produced rich, dulcimer-based instrumental music. Partly, it may be that Dave and Bill Melanson had not developed as the outstanding duo they later became, back when the album was being recorded. Bill is only one of a number of back-up singers and musicians on the record, and didn't get to inject his full dose of funk, hilarity and brilliance. His exuberance radically changed these songs in performance.

I enjoy this album, despite the lapses in the lyrics. I play the album for myself when I am alone. As the undisputed winner of last year's New Folk contest at Kerrville, David Wilcox has entered a small group of songwriters who have grown quickly and gracefully - writers who can sing and play, and steal your heart at will.

*The Nightshift Watchman* (SOTW 1087) is available through:

SONG OF THE WOOD  
203 West State St.  
Black Mountain, NC 28711



Frank Christian and Odetta

Photo By Gerry Hinson



Mark Dann and Rod MacDonald  
playing 'White Buffalo'

Photo by Gerry Hinson



# ON THE RECORD



A dynamic force in the American folk music scene for over 25 years, **Odetta**, born in Birmingham, Alabama, moved to Los Angeles when she was six and started private voice lessons at the age of 13. As a teenager she appeared at the Turnabout Theatre in Hollywood, and during a summer vacation from Los Angeles Community College from which she graduated, performed with a road company of "Finian's Rainbow" in San Francisco. There she first heard a wide selection of folk music. She learned to accompany herself on a guitar which was the gift of a friend, and began her folk music career performing at benefits around San Francisco. In 1950, Odetta made her initial professional appearance at the Hungry i and soon became a Wednesday night regular, playing for \$25 a night. Shortly thereafter, she began an open-ended engagement at the Tin Angel, and rave reviews in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other papers helped establish her first large following. From the Tin Angel, Odetta was booked at New York's Blue Angel, appearing on a bill with comedienne Kaye Ballard. It was during the time of this sold-out New York engagement that Odetta first became acquainted with Harry Belafonte and Pete Seeger, musicians who have remained close personal and professional friends. In addition to club dates, recitals at colleges and universities, and solo

concerts the world over, including Europe, U.S.S.R., Japan, Africa and Israel, highlights of her versatile career have featured recitals both at Carnegie and Town Halls; a performance for the late President John F. Kennedy; participation in the re-opening festivities at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C.; performances with the Milwaukee and St. Louis Symphony Orchestras; and Gershwin concerts in Germany. She has also appeared in bicentennial operas, among them "Be Glad Then, America," performed at Pennsylvania State University with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sarah Caldwell, and was the featured singer in "With Timbrel and Dance," with the Cincinnati Ballet Company, chorus and orchestra. During the past few years, Odetta has broadened her artistic scope with featured performances in Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" at Stratford, Ontario and Paul Zindel's "The Effects of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Both plays were under the direction of John Wood. She has made T.V. guest appearances with Johnny Cash, Della Reese, Mike Douglas, Joey Bishop, and David Frost, and had a successful screen debut opposite Lee Remick and Yves Montand in Tony Richardson's film, *Sanctuary*. The recipient of an honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters from Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, North Carolina, and the Duke Ellington Fellowship Award from Yale University, Odetta has appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in New York, the New Orleans Festival, Philadelphia Folk Festival, and the John Henry Folk Festival in Wheeling, West Virginia. Her many recordings have appeared on the Fantasy, Tradition, Vanguard, RCA Victor, Verve/Forecast, and Polydor labels.

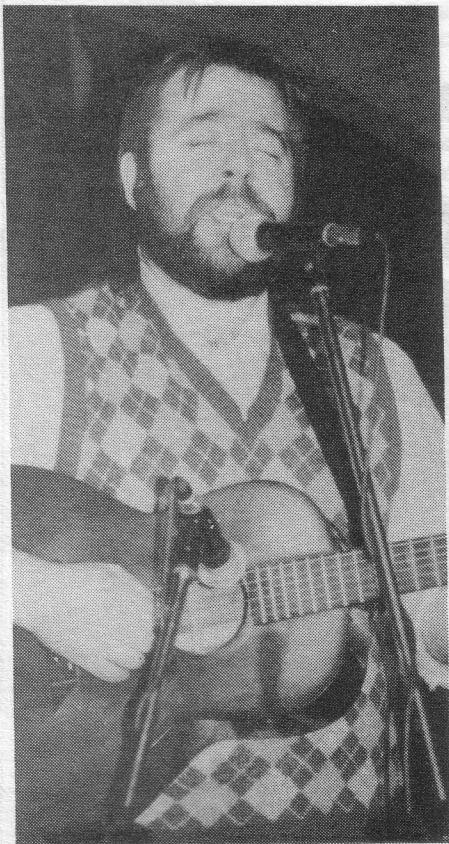
**Maggie Roche** is currently a member of the Roches. "Down the Dream" was first recorded on "Seductive Reasoning," an album by Maggie and Terre Roche, which was released in 1975.



Probably best-loved for her humorous accounts of life in New York City, **Christine Lavin** has become one of the foremost singer/songwriters in the folk world today. She taught herself guitar from a PBS television music series at age 12, and from there went on to train with Dave Van Ronk. Christine has released four highly-acclaimed albums for Philo records including, *Future Fossils* and *Beau Woes*, and has played folk festivals and clubs around the world. She is heavily involved in the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* project, having contributed works as well as playing major organizational roles during its history. Her songs reflect her life, both past and present - from the child in a family of nine children to the single woman in Greenwich Village. Her music, a delightful blend of humor, wit and feeling, fuses her skills as a singer, writer and guitarist, and never fails to charm her audiences.

**David Massengill**, is from Bristol Tennessee where he chased and was chased by a bobcat. He has opened the Newport Folk Festival and Closed the 25th anniversary concert for Folk city. His songs have been recorded by the Roches, and Joan Baez. David's song 'My Name Joe' appears on the new Windham Hill collection; *Legacy*.





**Frank Tedesso** is from Chicago and now writes songs and lives in New York.

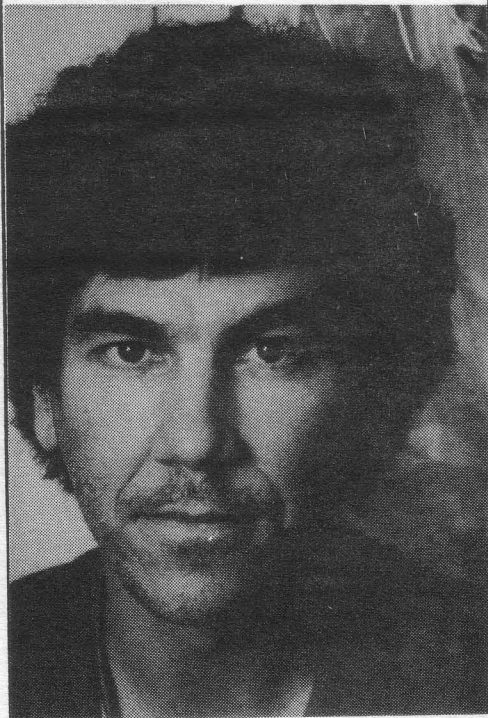
**Cliff Eberhardt** is from Berwyn Pennsylvania. He is also represented on the Windham Hill, 'Legacy' album by his song 'My Father's Shoes'. Cliff is a winner of a New York Music Award has been touring the world on his own lately knocking people out with his high energy performances and great songs. Cliff says he is always working and never satisfied.

**Rod MacDonald** is originally from Connecticut and has lived and worked in the village since the mid 70's. He has made two records of his own; 'No Commercial Traffic' and 'White Buffalo' with a third one on the way. Rod booked the SpeakEasy for two years, has contributed many songs and articles to FAST FOLK and now is producer of the Greenwich Village Folk Festival. He performs constantly around the US and Europe and is widely regarded as one of the best contemporary 'folk' songwriters.

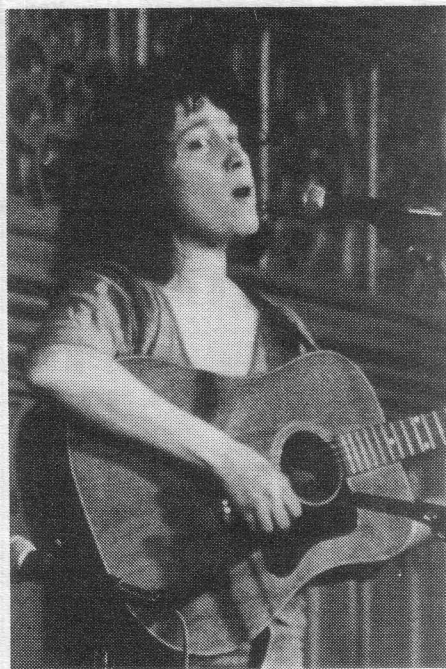


**Pierce Pettis** lives in Marion, Ohio and performs regularly round the country. His song 'Legacy' is the title track on the new Windham Hill compilation. He has appeared on numerous Fast Folk records and has had songs covered by Dion and Joan Baez. His first album 'Moments' was widely acclaimed and his recent record 'while the Serpent Lies Sleeping' will be available soon on Windham Hill.

**Peter Yarrow** has been performing on his own and with Peter, Paul, and Mary since the early sixties, and he continues to be a major force on the music scene.



**Roger Manning** has busked the subways and streets and played stages around the world with his 'Folkgrass' songs. His recent album on SST records has been warmly recieved.



**Ilene Weiss** writes songs which are performed by her and by other singers, too. The first song she ever formally constructed emerged at the age of eight years as a response to a songwriting assignment handed down by her guitar teacher, Linda LaBove. It was entitled the 'Ballad of Uncle Joe' and reflected the influence of such folk classics as 'Follow the Drinkin' Gourd' and 'Donna Donna'. It was about a rabbit who was depressed because the woodchoppers were destroying the forest, his home. In 1977 Ilene wrote the first song of her adult years. It was entitled 'Fun With A Man' and emerged in about half and hour one afternoon when Ilene was sick at home and listening to a Talking Heads album. Looking back, Ilene Weiss's commitment today to well-written, emotionally evocative songs is not suprising. Her first

love was American Musical Theatre, Lennon and McCartney, or Holland/Dozier/Holland. Her songs have been recorded and/or performed by Anne Hills, Diedre McCalla, Robin Flower, Marcy Marxer, Cathy Fink and others. Ilene Weiss's first LP is currently in production. Ilene is financing it. She won the money of Superpassword, her favorite game show.



Jane Byaela has been writing songs and performing since childhood. She is a dedicated songwriter and performer who comes from a family of musicians. Throughout the eighties Jane supported herself as a street musician as well as performing in clubs in Boston, New York and San Francisco. She has also toured extensively in Europe. Her first album, "On The Edge", was released in 1986 and has recently been released in Europe as well. She is currently at work on her second album.

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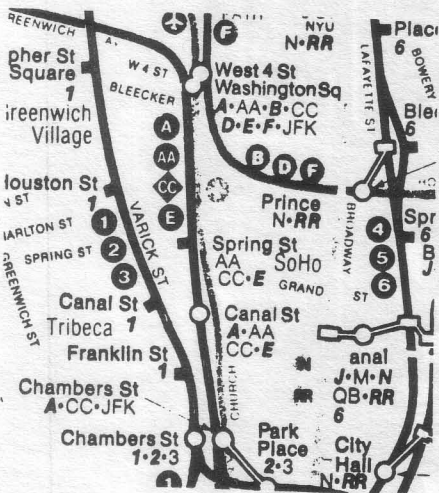
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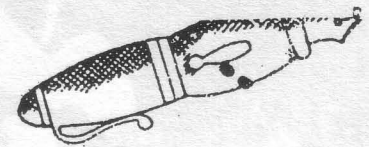
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## SIDE ONE

- 1-WHERE HAS MY TRUE LOVE GONE? (David Massengill) David Massengill/Guitar and Vocal
- 2-PEARLY BLUES (Roger Manning) Roger Manning/Guitar and Vocal
- 3-NO BABY (Ilene Weiss) Ilene Weiss/Guitar and Vocal
- 4-LEGACY (Pierce Pettis) Pierce Pettis/Guitar and Vocal
- 5-FLY ON A PLANE (Christine Lavin) Christine Lavin/Guitar and Vocal
- 6-DAY IS DONE (Peter Yarrow) Peter Yarrow/Guitar and Vocal David Occhiuto/Percussion

## SIDE TWO

- 1-WHAT COULD I ADD TO THAT? (Frank Tedesso) Frank Tedesso/Guitar and Vocal, Richard Jullian/Harmony
- 2-MY TWO CATS (Jane Byaela) Jane Byaela/Guitar and Vocal
- 3-IS IT SO WRONG TO FEEL SO GOOD? (Cliff Eberhardt) Cliff Eberhardt/Guitar and Vocal, Mark Dann/Bass
- 4-DOWN THE DREAM (Margaret A. Roche) Maggie Roche/Guitar and Vocal
- 5-I'M WONDERING WHY (Rod MacDonald) Rod MacDonald/Guitar, Harmonica and Vocal, Mark Dann/Bass, David Occhiuto/Percussion
- 6-CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE (Traditional) Odetta/Guitar and Vocal, Frank Christian/Lead Guitar