

FAST FOLK

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

1989 Volume 5 No.1

FAST FOLK
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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"Its the Booking!" The Speakeasy closes

By Richard Meyer

10/5/89

I was going to write about the impact of the Speakeasy closing; It was the seminal club providing a backdrop for the NY folk scene from 1981 to last month allowing so many of prominent and rising writer's in the contemporary NY folk scene to develop. Suffice it to say that Rod MacDonald, John Gorka, Christine Lavin, David Massengill, Jack Hardy, Shawn Colvin, Michelle Shocked, Suzanne Vega, Cliff Eberhardt, Hugh Blumenfeld, Frank Tedesso, Frank Christian, Josh Joffen, Brian Rose, Lucy Kaplanski, Lillie Palmer, Germana Pucci, Paul Kaplan, Judy Zweiman, Ilene Weiss, Erik Frandsen, Bill Morressey, Bob Franke, The Song Project, Peter Tork, David Roth, Tom Intondi, Pierce Pettis, Tom Russell, Eric Andersen, Geoff Bartley, this author and a huge host of others including the developing Anti-folk scene passed though the club- been supported by the Co-op that ran it and put their hearts back into it. It is safe to say that the the national folk scene would be very different without the Speakeasy and the NY folk scene as it existed. Since it was more dependant on the will of the co-op and the sense of community that it was on a commercial presence there was room for totally unknown singers to play. If you are familiar with the artists on the list above consider what the folk circuit would be like with fewer of them. Consider where they would have done their early recording and recieved national airplay without the Co-op that spawned this publication as one of it's committees.

I first read about the club in Rolling Stone in a blurb about the first of what was to be come the

annual Bob Dylan immitator's contest. When I moved back to NY I started going to the Hoots. The Co-op meeting that ran the club were endless. Each monday the faithful gathered to discuss booking, running and publicizing the club. As long as there was a population of artists who had the drive to keep the club open for their own careers it flourished, when they graduated it withered.

I don't want to digress into a history of the Co-op. the anniversary issue editorial covers that. I thought a few reminiscences would be better.

-When the club first opened there were fish tanks on the stage and a little black wrought iron railing around the stage, which had the decor of a mosque done up in red velvet wallpaper.

-Speakeasy was the home to one of the great naive talents in NY; Dixon-Enamel the Camel. He's got a tape out. Enamel used to play his set with a stuffed camel tied to his guitar and those trick glasses with eyeballs on slinkys and a tamboring on his foot. Lets put it this way. On the night of the final Hoot last month nobody got an encore except Dixon!!!

-In the early days of the Co-op David Massengill began to write a song about Ben Silver, well sort of. It got out of hand a little bit and people were sick of hearing the songs and it's apparent aim at Ben. Well, one show David played the whole song all one hundred verses of HIS NAME MUST BE BEN. This was recorded, there are only two known copies of this song in NY.

-I'd like to propose a toast to Olga, repusted to have been the least sensitive waitress in NY. There are



Bob Dylan Imitators Contest at Speakeasy

so many witnesses to her throwing "too small" a tip back in a patron's face and just as many tapes that record the crashing of beer bottles in the trash at exactly the worst time during the quietest songs. Nastrovia.

- It's fitting that the disco turned, belly dancing club, turned Reggae club became the Speakeasy. In the sixties it was part of the Big Fat Black Pussycat- a folk club.

-You'd think that in a scene that was as busy, artistic, incestuous, fun, thriving and cool there would be a lot of documentation. Really other than a couple of sporadic photographers Teddy Lee, A.K.A. Ted Focus was the only one. Ted has hundreds perhaps thousands of pictures going back to the days of Folk City. Ed McCurdy and Dave Massengill; Tom Waits, Jack Hardy and Jack Elliott as well as everyone on stage. Michael Ochs take note. He always sent copies to the people he photographed for free, unsolicited. He's still there. He's got a better camera now. Thanks Ted.

-The Co-op's arrangement was that Joseph, the lease holder, would take care of the bar and the Co-op would take care of the performer's fess through the door. Joseph was never

happy with the booking, was never happy with the audience turnout, would not advertise the club widely, would not really improve the decor, the sound system, the airconditioning or the food of the club except under duress and wondered why the audience did not become loyal. Mostly what the Co-op heard was "The booking is bad- very bad, very bad" On the other hand we put up with Josphe's he put up with our committees and chaos. When heard the Co-op finally parted

ways last year the performer's drive to support the club and sustain and audience died. The booking was great, local and international, in some cases visionary.

-When the Co-op finally got new and better speakers, bought or donated-who knows. they turned out to be so big that they were as big as a table and too heavy for the ceiling and ended up being the performer's monitors, some people thought this was poetic justice.

-I've seen dozens of photographs of Jack Hardy leading his Drinking Song and I've never seen one of those pictures without Brian Rose in it.

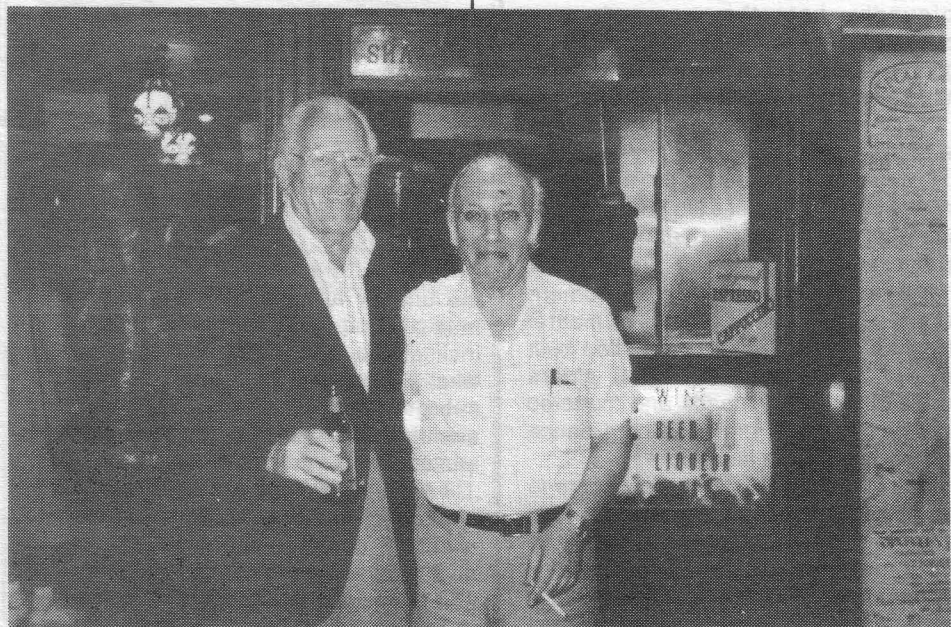
-When FAST FOLK needed money, the Co-op needed money when there were political causes to support;

the audience came out to hear NY's writers sing at the many benefits held in the club.

-SpeakEasy has mirrors all over; we call it Little Versailles, the home of slick professionalism.

-Ask most of the guys who played there where the best place to tune up was and I'm sure they'd tell you it was the ladies room.

-Jack Hardy's first words to me were during a particularly chaotic Co-op meeting. He said, "isn't communism wonderful?"



Mike Porco & Joseph Zbeda at Speakeasy

Photo:
Thom Wolke

BARKING DOWN A CYBORG HOLE: FOLK MUSIC AND NEW TECHNOLOGY

(part one)

By Peter Spencer

In an hour long concert video released by the McGarrigle Sisters a few years ago, Kate McGarrigle was the butt of some good-natured teasing over the use of computerized keyboards, "Kate's countertop appliances," Anna called them. While the remarks were meant in fun they reflected a more general discomfort that many folk musicians feel about using these machines.

There is something to this, of course. Many listeners feel that the most spontaneous subversive aspect of folk music is not its power as a vehicle for political protest but rather the stylistic distance it keeps from modern trends and fads. Much of folk music's appeal is to people seeking a warm, personal sounding alternative to the sleek, mechanized pop music that assaults us from all sides every day.

But is there a hard and fast line between Folk music and technology? It is worth noting that in the McGarrigle Sister's video all the singers use microphones, the grand piano, fiddle, and guitars were amplified and the back-up band used an electric bass. How profoundly has the use of new technologies affected the patchwork of regional and ethnic musics that we call American folk music? What is the history of this (you'll pardon the expression) interface?

It would be hard to pinpoint a place in history when this process started. After all, instrument makers have been working to improve and upgrade their products as long as there have been instrument makers. Presumably, when a master craftsman of the Cree Indian nation built the first mouth-bow the tribal elders scratched their grey heads and muttered about how it would drain the corn dance ceremony of its old time feeling.

For our purposes, the handiest time to start would probably be the later decades of the nineteenth century. The United States, although increasingly urbanized and industrial, was still a predominantly rural society, with many communities, especially in the southern mountains

almost completely isolated from the rest of the world. Into these backwaters came the Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field, and Sears & Roebuck mail order catalogues, selling a wide variety of merchandise, including musical instruments.

Soon, country stringbands everywhere augmented their home made fiddles and banjos with manufactured instruments like autoharp, the mandolin and (in those eastern communities where it wasn't already common) the guitar. Groups became larger and their music more complex. The guitar -fiddle -bass -banjo-mandolin music known as bluegrass, now considered a more or less "traditional" form, is actually an early-modernist hybrid, invented by Bill Monroe, that combines traditional mountain melodies for voice and fiddle with the driving rhythm produced by mandolin and flat top guitar.

The catalogues also sold sheet music featuring the popular songs of the day. This became a new source of material for the folk musicians of many North American communities. The subject matter of folk music was broadened and its harmonies became more sophisticated. The old jigs, breakdowns, ballads were still performed, but added to these traditional numbers were new forms, like the sentimental love song and the comic novelty.

Thus a new technology, mail-order marketing, altered both the style and the content of American folk music. It was not an un-mixed blessing. To this day Nashville, Tennessee remains home to the uneasy alliance between vernacular musicianship and the more bourgeois inclinations of the popular song, while what we call folk embraces a flourishing sub-group of purists who reverently enshrine "Old-Time" country music in a museum of their own devising.

As the growth of industrial technology continued into the early years of the twentieth century, mail order catalogues and retail stores offered rural, regional and vernacular musicians a machine with even more profound implications for change - the phonograph. Recording

technology has changed the shape of music all over the world and its effect, both positive and negative, on American folk music has been particularly deep and lasting.

Folk music as we know it might not exist at all without the huge bodies of music recorded by folklorists such as Alan Lomax of the Library of Congress, whose field recordings gave the public its first glimpse of artists like Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, Bascomb Lamar Lunsford, and Muddy Waters, along with the indigenous music of nearly every racial, ethnic, and regional community in North America.

Commercial record companies, too, added to the storehouse of vernacular music when, in the try-anything atmosphere of the 'twenties, they discovered the profits to be made recording indigenous musicians and then selling the records in the communities, usually southern hillbilly or rural black, from which these musicians arose. This legacy includes seminal recordings by the Carter Family, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, Robert Johnson and many other great folk musicians.

Once released into the marketplace, these recordings brought about an extraordinary social and musical realignment. Folk musicians, by definition provincial and shielded from outside influence, now had a seemingly endless variety of musics to absorb, Robert Johnson, an illiterate Mississippi farmhand, listened to records by Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell, a slick piano-guitar duo from Indianapolis, and the result was country blues of great power and subtlety. Bob Wills, a traditional fiddler from West Texas, listened to records made in New York or Chicago by Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and other black swing bands and the result was Western Swing, the most musically sophisticated of all 'country' styles.

This cultural and cross-fertilization laid the groundwork for social and political reconciliations to come. Often, those who would forge a better world through folk music try to attain this worthy goal by making large crowds sing together refrains whose dullness is in direct proportion to the correctness of the political sentiments expressed. But when the indigenous musicians of one community listen to and are influenced by the indigenous musicians of another community the mutual understanding that results is free from the taint of politics, and can be expected to last when more partisan questions have long been forgotten.

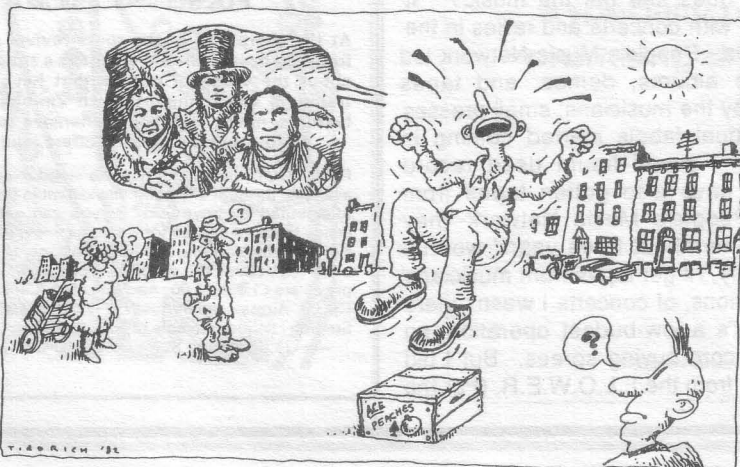
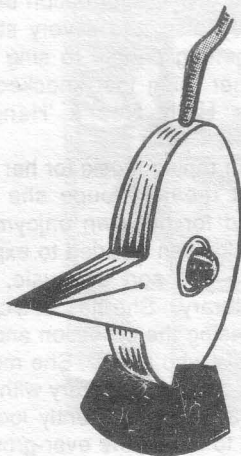
Of course, there is a down side to this process as well. The wide dissemination of vernacular music let to the virtual extinction of regional styles. Today, if you play the blues you just play the blues. There is no noticable difference between blues from Texas, from Chicago, or from anywhere else. If you play fiddle, you might play 'country' fiddle, 'Irish' fiddle, or 'cajun' fiddle, but before the advent of recording disc stlyes changed from state to state, indeed from county to county. Commercialized, homogenized folk music is missing a lot of its individuality, and by extension, a lot of its value.

Recorded folk music also changed our politics, starting with Woody Guthrie and other social troubadours in the 'forties and reaching a peak of sorts in the 'sixties, whe political-minded songwriters from Bob Dylan to Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler could disseminate their respective views to a huge audience. The resulting explosion of political extremism, first of the left and more recently of the right, has affected this century profoundly. It could be said that Ronald Regan's ability to hypnotize the public with meaningless slogans owes something to the simple, emotionally charged messages of protest songs. It bears remembering that 1964 was the year "Blowin' In The Wind" topped the charts and the year Regan stepped into the national political spotlight for the first time, changing his party affiliation and campaigning for Barry Goldwater.

The growth of recording technology affects folk music in one way that is completely positive. High quality home recorders are now cheap enough that anyone with a few hundred dollars can build a home recording studio, record an LP, and release that LP commercially. Without this technology it would be impossible to produce FAST FOLK. If 'narrowcasting' of specialized music to specialized audiences, independant of the major media powers, becomes widespread; it might work to offset the loss of regional styles and individuality mentioned above.

This brings us back to the modern era, with its sampling keyboards and compact discs. The real question raised by the use of new instruments and techniques in folk music is a question this article is not designed to address, namely; what is folk music, anyway? The question was asked when Bob Dylan 'deserted' the 1965 Newport Folk Festival by playing an electric guitar and no doubt it will continue to be asked in the pages of this magazine and elsewhere. Technology has impinged on folk music at many times, for good and ill, and our answers to the question what is folk music? will gain or lose authority depending on how well we understand the music's relationship to the tools with which it is made.

Peter Spencer lives in Rocky Hill, New Jersey with his wife and son. Formely a guitarist and Greenwich Village folk music mainstay, he spends his declining years with his Bessie Smith records, his shrunken head collection, and his...



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NEW SONG LIBRARY

by Shel Horowitz

Have you ever tried to find just the right song to illustrate a point? Have you tried to locate a song you heard once, but only remember a fragment? The New Song Library is a resource for musicians, teachers, and others who work with music as a force for social change. Including--on records and cassettes, as well as on the printed page--both music by well-known and unknown singers, the New Song Library is a collection of music on a wide variety of people's struggles. Although the bulk of the library's music is in the American folk idiom, there are also many records and tapes featuring socially conscious rock, blues, reggae, and ethnic music.

Based in a dark and cluttered room in an old farmhouse in Northampton, Massachusetts, the New Song Library brims with shelves of carefully organized and catalogued records and tapes, scraped together audio and computer equipment, and a few odd pieces of furniture. The emphasis is definitely on function over form, and of putting the library's limited financial resources toward adding more music.

Much of NSL's uniqueness comes from its large body of performance tapes, including not only artists in concert, but also vast quantities of workshop and round robin tapes from 13 years of the People's Music Network semi-annual Eastern Seaboard gatherings.

The NSL can provide tapes of these workshops and round robins. It can also provide individual songs, either through the mail or at its office. In addition to the People's Music Network Collection, the NSL has a number of other special collections: songs of the labor and civil rights movements, music by lesbian and gay singers, and a massive 60's topical folk collection, to name a few.

The New Song Library grew out of the personal collection of Johanna Halbeisen, the child of a union organizing father, and a mother who was involved in the civil rights movement beginning in the 1940s. "I probably teathed on the 78's of union songs by Pete Seeger," she notes. "But I don't think I knew a whole lot about the civil rights music--my parents weren't really up on that kind of music. I knew more about union stuff. I got bits of it, but I

got more at a summer camp run by the AF of L-CIO."

Halbeisen moved to Boston from the Midwest in 1970 and found, as she says, "an upsurge of political music and groups using music in organizing and educational forms. Until then I hadn't been aware of contemporary political music. Here were people writing about busing in Boston and a tenants struggle--it's the power of people writing about what's going on right now. There was a group of radical political folks who met regularly to sing social commentary music in the basement of Redbook, a political bookstore in Boston. They called themselves Red Basement Singers, and were a main feature at many rallies and benefits. They were the first that I'd heard who introduced their music in a political context. They weren't just singing political songs, but were giving information before and after. They also had a very strong emphasis on getting people to sing with them. The other thing that knocked my socks off was Holly Near's 'Hang In There'."

She began taping music for her own use in a street theater troupe she was involved in, and for her own enjoyment. But in 1974, Halbeisen decided to expose more people to this sort of music, and organized the library. She has dedicated her life to increasing the collection and the number of people who use it. She moved to Northampton, taking the library with her, in June of 1983; she is currently looking for a larger site to house the ever-growing collection, which she estimates at over 5,000 records, tapes, songbooks, and periodicals.

How does she get the music? "It started out with concerts and rallies in the Boston area. People's Music Network led me to the albums, demos, and tapes produced by the musicians; small presses and individual labels started coming in that way. I would haunt used record stores. I have also gotten tapes from Midwest People's Music Network--they have sent me about three years' worth... Occasionally, I'll get tapes from musicians' own collections, of concerts I wasn't there to tape. It's a low-budget operation--no massive record buying sprees. But I did get a grant from the F.L.O.W.E.R. (For the

Love of Women Economic Resources) Foundation to increase the [representation of] lesbian artists in the library, so I went out and purchased a bunch."

The library has been used in many creative ways. "WGBY-TV was doing a thing on acid rain. They called me and said 'we need a song to use for this piece.' I don't know how they heard about us. They had a time crunch, and they needed it real fast. They wanted a record, not a tape. I told them of a Tom Paxton song that dealt with acid rain on an album that had recently been released, so they could go out and purchase it.

"The Unitarian Universalist Association was writing a model curriculum on racism. Their trial run was going to be for 6th grade children. They wanted to include songs, and places teachers could get music on racism. I put together a list of songs, and talked to them about the kind of mood they wanted--did they want some the kids would sing, or some for historical information, to point out specific issues and events. We worked

Folk ROOTS

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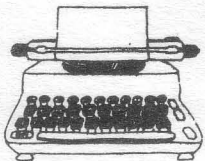
together on a list of songs with the different things they wanted the music to accomplish. They gave me a ball park figure of here's how much they wanted, and I put together a tape so they could review which ones they wanted in the curriculum."

Not all queries are successful. National Public Radio called for a song on animal rights, but Halbeisen was unable to locate a suitable one. "They caught me near the beginning of the time that people were asking for it. So I started pursuing, and writing to organizations, and getting the kinds of songs they were looking for, about people using animals for experiments. Within a couple of months I had several." Halbeisen welcomes new additions to the library, on animal experimentation or any other issue.

Halbeisen is careful to protect songwriters' copyrights. She will only copy performance tapes with the performer's permission, and refers people to sources for commercially released records. She also has users sign an agreement that the music will only be used for the stated purpose, the tape will not be copied, and the musician will be credited. "I'm not making tapes for background music or individual enjoyment. These are for educational purposes."

Although some money comes in to the library through memberships and user fees, Halbeisen has borne the bulk of the operating cost herself. She is now actively searching for sources of additional funding, in order to maintain the library as a public resource.

The New Song Library offers sliding scale memberships. Members can access any of the music and services of the library, including having Halbeisen research songs, either in person or through the mail. For more information, send a self-addressed, stamped business size envelope to NSL, Box 295, Northampton, MA 01061, or call (413) 586-9485. Be aware that NSL is closed during August.



ADDENDUM:

11/23/89

The SpeakEasy seems to be on the verge of rising, Phoenix-like from the streets of the village. The club was converted to a sports bar and now has a pool table in the middle of the audience. ~~THERE~~ is a practice hoop off the left of the stage but Brian Rose and David Massengill did perform a full show there last friday, and there was an audience. The club is being booked by Diedre Weaver and we wish her good luck. New York needs a club. The club needs us also and I encourage Diedre and Joseph to keep booking new people, to develop another generation of writers and an audience that will continue to come to the village for old and new songwriters, not just the stars of each successive folk revival.

THE 1990 SEVENTH Annual FAST FOLK revue at the Bottom Line will take place on February 24th. There will be two shows at 7:30 and 10:30. The line-up is not set yet, but this show has a tradition to uphold and we are getting ready to face our favorite audience. The 1988 and 1989 shows will be released as the next two editions of FAST FOLK, one for each year- two single LPs that include Jack Hardy, Michael Smith, John Gorka, Nikki Matheson, Aztec-Two Step, Josh Joffen, Tom Russell, Germana Pucci, Shawn Colvin, Peter Spencer, Richard Meyer, Lillie Palmer, Rod MacDonald, Erik Frandsen, the fabulous House Band and others... many of them,

J.F.

WE HAVE POSTERS AVAILABLE, DESIGNED BY GIANCARLO BIAGI, FROM THE PAST THREE YEARS FAST FOLK REVUES SIGNED BY ALL THE PERFORMERS. THEY ARE \$15.00 EACH UNFRAMED.

Please specify;
Bottom Line 1985
Arlington Town Hall 1985
Bottom Line 1986
Sommerville Theatre 1986
Bottom Line 1987
Berklee Performance Center 1987
unsigned



Some recent releases you may want to listen to are:

Rod MacDonald: Bring On The Lions (LP & CD) Released in Switzerland- available from Rod; 112 MacDougal Street, NY,NY 10014

Jack Hardy: Retrospective(CD) available from BRAMBUS RECORDS; Gramophone HEEB AG Postfach 216 CH-7001 Chur Switzerland

Jesse Winchester: Humor Me (all three formats) Sugar Hill records

Legacy; A collection of New Folk Music; Windham Hill Records(all 3 Formats)

Shawn Colvin; Steady On (all three formats)CBS Records

David Wilcox; How Did You Find Me Here? (all three formats) A&M Records

Michele Shocked; Captain Swing (all formats/ Polygram records)



SIDE LYRICS ONE

PANTHER IN MICHIGAN

Chorus:

There's a panther in Michigan
Don't that make your Halloween
There's a panther in Michigan
Although he's seldom seen
And he's following the water
And the ways of the Indian
And he's crossing the border
To Indiana

There's an awful lot of cover
Down upon the raising river
We would sit upon the one side
He'd show up on the other
I know people used to wonder
Why we couldn't catch the panther
There's an awful lot of cover
Down along the raising river

When the farmer in Manchester called me
I was there in minutes
Following a trail of feathers
Through the high grass when he screamed
Thirty-four years in law enforcement, man
I never been so scared
I could see where he was going
By the way the grass was moving

Chorus

People who know panthers
Say that they are lazy hunters
And they'll take the prey that's wounded
Over one that's healthy
And he might mistake some child
Playing in his sandbox
For some kind of wounded critter
Down along the raising river

Test drivers saw the panther
At the Chrysler proving grounds
It was during hunting season
He was out there on the track
'Cause he knew if he went in there
He'd be safe from hunters
He's an uncanny animal

Chorus

Words & Music ©1989 by Michael Smith

RUSTY OLD AMERICAN DREAM

Well I don't look all that ragged
For all the time it's been
But I'm weakened underneath me
Where my frame is rusted thin
And this year's state inspection
I just barely passed
Won't you drive me 'cross the country, boy
This year could be my last

Chorus:

I'm a tail-finned road locomotive
From the days of cheap gasoline
I'm for sale by the side of the road going nowhere
A rusty old American dream

I rolled off the line in Detroit back in 1958
Spent three days in the showroom
That's all I had to wait
I've been good to all who've owned me
So have no fear
Come on, boy, put your money down
And get me out of here

Chorus

Now this car needs a young man to own him
One who will polish the chrome
I will give you the rest of my lifetime
But don't let me die here alone
Just jump me some juice to my battery
Give that old starter a spin
Hear me whirr, sputter, backfire through the carburetor
And roar into life once again

I am a tail-finned road locomotive
You can polish my chrome so clean
We can fly off into the sunset together
A rusty old American dream
Still running
A rusty old American dream

Words & Music ©1989 by David Wilcox

WATER IN MY VEINS

I've got water in my veins
I've got water in my veins
And it flows like the ocean
And the moon pulls at my brain
The tide rushes out
The tide rushes in
And I thought it was the end
When the time came to begin

Like the rain coming down
From the sky to the ground

I've got water in my veins
I've got water in my veins
From the far forgotten past
Every trace yet still remains
I am floating in the sea
In the outside inside sea
And I see it's all the same
As it has always been to be

Like the stream always new
Sometimes snow sometimes dew

I've got water in my veins
I've got water in my veins
I am drinking at the well
From which all shall spring again
The sun calls me away
The sun pulls to the sky
The time of being born
Is the time that I shall die

Like the mist sublimate
And from Earth evaporate

(Repeat first verse)

Words & Music ©1986 by Judith A. Ficksman

HUMAN PRIDE

It happened on the east side
It happened all the time
The story of your best friends
When you watch them line up to die
Meanwhile in the shooting galleries
You see your little brother getting high
Hey man did you hear little Lisa died?

It happened on the west coast
Where those sandy beaches lie
Those bleach blonds and their boyfriends
And their bedroom alibis
She couldn't really beat them
So she just joined in the line
Hey man did you hear little Lisa died?

It happened 'round your corner
Could have happened to you
Some scumbag with a temper
Beats his little girl black and blue
And a broken battered woman
Says "Hey man there wasn't nothing I could do."
What a drag. Why didn't you pack your bag
Maybe your little girl would still be with you
Hey man did you hear little Lisa died?
Hey man I think that scumbag's gonna do some time

Words & Music ©1989 by Paul Rugierro

EMPTY ROOM

I've been watching the sun across the walls of this empty room
Started on the west wall this morning
Now it's well after noon
Now it's well after noon

EMPTY ROOM
EMPTY ROOM

The light is in the corner of the north wall of this empty room
As it slowly makes its way west
It will be in the center soon
It will be in the center soon

EMPTY ROOM
EMPTY ROOM

Now the east wall holds the light that is in this empty room
Lace in shadow; sun goes down
Now I wait for the moon
Now I wait for the moon

EMPTY ROOM
EMPTY ROOM

Words & Music ©1986 by Peg Eves

LISTEN TO THE THUNDER

Down in the land
Of orange and tan
Where the dust clouds settle
On the rusted metal
The time is measured
In spans of twelve-ounce cans

Chorus:

Listen to the thunder
It's drawing near
Makes you want to run
But you don't know where
Makes you want to cry out loud
But you know your words
Won't make a sound
Isn't it a wonder that you're still here

The neon signs all flash
And the tires spray and splash
Catching heat through the grate
You watch the people and you wait
And the rain never stops
On the trash can tops

Chorus

The house has been foreclosed
The trees are all bulldozed
They've got you in their hand
They're grabbing all they can
And you're just waiting on the day
When all that topsoil blows away

Chorus

Words & Music ©1989 by Jane Gillman

SPANK THE BABY

Big Jimmy: Okay. Here's what I want you to do. Wednesday night, *thirtysomething's* on. I want you to pick up a chair and smash the television. Yeah, you heard me right. Smash the television. *thirtysomething*. It's all wrong. Those aren't people of the eighties. Who are they? Who are they? I don't know. Advertising people. Bad news, bad news. You know, some of those people are cute and maybe you know an old hippie or something, or maybe you know an artist who lives in New York, or wherever the hell that takes place... *thirtysomething*... what next? *fortysomething*, then *fiftysomething*? It's getting a little self-indulgent, isn't it? I mean, look at the way they raise their kids. If the baby cries, I'm not gonna read it *Beowulf*, or whatever the hell they do on that show. Spank the baby. That's right. Spank the baby. Unh! Ooooh! Throw me in prison! I'm telling you the truth. Spank the baby. The baby cries. It annoys you. Your kid throws a glass at your head. Spank the kid. This caring talk and everything is just getting us in trouble. Go in, spank the baby -- go in right now, go into your kid's room, wake him up and spank him. Just let him know that you're the boss. Because kids are getting a little bit too pushy these days. Get in there and spank him. Got it? And remember. Wednesday night. *thirtysomething*. Take a chair, take a baseball bat, a rolling pin, a bowling ball, whatever you've got. Smash the T.V. No more *thirtysomething*. Now look, I'm coming to your house. And I'm gonna make sure that you do what I said. You got it? I mean, I'm watching you. I wanna make sure you do what I say, or I'm gonna spank you. It's gonna leave a mark, and you're not gonna be able to sit down. Okay? You got that?

Words & Music ©1988 by James F. Dean

SIDE LYRICS TWO

ON THE SEA OF FLEUR-DE-LIS

I adore thee mother Mary
but would you change me back to a witch
and let me live in the arms of a sorry old elm
give the gypsy moths a realm of their own
For a postman's fee would I work for thee
From that tree would I swoop down and leave
a billion blue eggs of eternity
and in no time you'd have your own see

don't just stare
I mean it really
hear my prayer
I give it freely
are you there
fleur-de-lis

I adore thee mother Mary
but would you change me back to a witch
and let me live in the arms of a willow
and fly around not wearing a stitch
For so long has this room been so hollow
we wait at the gate for an echo
in the flesh of your newly cleaned frescos
where Jesus holds John to his breast

wrapped around
and rocking slowly
no one bound
to be so holy
in your gown
of fleur-de-lis

I adore thee mother Mary
but would you change me back to a witch
as a witch would I love you more than any man
so give a wink, give a nod, but give a damn
Be a sport Mary and don't tell dad
he need never know how he's been had
and never you mind about those seven seals
cause daddy was a one shot deal

but one, two, three
it could be that easy
there we'd be
I with my baby
on the sea of fleur-de-lis

do, re, mi...

Words & Music ©1988 by Richard Schindell

PARIS BY NIGHT

I saw you first from my window
You were naked, bathed in gold
Next day, I saw you with your husband
I was at the same place dining
Alone
I knew I'd see you again
No thanks this time to destiny
A napkin dropped carelessly by my table
Named a house on a street
In Gay Paree

Chorus:

Where is the heart in the city of love?
Where is the love in the city of light?
And which of all these lights will I follow here
In Paris by night?

You weren't in when I called
I only saw you at the river
And again across town
Once I spied a scarf trail around a corner
You were taking another route
Home
I waited for you at the Gare du Nord
Where the night train comes from Berlin
I saw you at the square where the Queen met her fate
But you chose not to return my grin

Chorus

In '68 students tore the stones from these streets
and hurled them at police in the name of love
Today I'm burning tires, breaking glass, building walls
Though God only knows
What I've become
Maybe it's because I see you everywhere
And I'm not the one to blame
You taunt me from afar
Ignore me when I'm close
You fan the fire
Then you douse the flame

Chorus

Words & Music ©1988 by Jackson Braider

PERFECT TRAGIC FORM

She tried to talk mysteries
but her man knew all the answers
She wanted pleasant fantasies
but she would not take the chances
All they really needed was a good stiff drink
to make it alright and forget
what the world might think

She was mildly psychotic
and he helped her do her best
His love was not narcotic
when she put him to the test
Oh the sun went past them
on its slow steady climb
and left them clearly in the light
He had a streamlined case of madness
that got slicker every day
with a coolness he imagined
He let nothing in his way
Understanding all around him
He didn't have to put on airs
And when she tried to get close to him
She never ended up there

With a final desperation
she turned her thoughts to life
If he would not give a damn
She would not let him think twice
They'd met each other in a blizzard
And their love was just as warm
Though they'd never studied acting
They had perfect tragic form

She wondered after heartbreak
What happens to the pieces
And could she use the things she'd learned
to write about the reasons
Each one thought the other
had some classic tragic flaw
But the simple fact was neither one
admitted what they saw

She could tear apart his patience
He could wear away her beauty
She made overtures to heaven
He made love just like a duty
Oh the sun went past them
on a slow steady climb
And left them clearly in the light

(Repeat first verse)

Words & Music by Richard Meyer
©1986, 1989 Laughing/Scared Music

(ASCAP)

IS THIS ENOUGH

I've done my share of highway driving
You might say I been a driving fool
But I never could drive far enough
From you.

She always told me it'd come to this.
She reads the writing on the wall.
I just never knew how far there was
To fall.

Chorus:

I heard a sound in the still of the morning.
The night was blue and the light was dawning.
I knew the voice and the words kept calling
Is this enough for you, boy. Is this enough for you.
Do you know what you said? Do you see what you do?

I'm walking down a crowded street
Alone with dreams of someone new.
This hope of love... it frees me
To feel these blues.

I get confused at every crossroad.
I told a million outright lies.
My heart is a golden needle
Lost deep inside.

Chorus

The wind and rain can be so vicious
But it don't hurt me like you do.
I could waste my life just waiting
For you to get through.

I get no shame from bare survival.
Some times it's all I can do.
But it never seems like enough
Just to make it through.

Chorus

Words & Music ©1989 by James Mercik

SONG FOR JEALOUS LOVERS

When the words to me you say
Fall in one ear and drift away
You'll know my mind is not on you
You'll know my heart is somewhere new
Running down old country roads
Where once in love we used to go
But jealous hearts will lose the friend
Who too often must pretend
To love no other one than you
Is asking more than I can do

I've already sacrificed too much
Closed out the whole world for your touch
But leaving out old friends I knew
Has not left extra room for you

And I have cried and I have prayed
Trying to avoid the day
When chains of love no longer hold
And it's time for me to go

A paper kite with tangled thread
Is bound and useless overhead
As useless as the jealous heart
That's tearing you and me apart

Possession will not be my crime
You keep what's yours
I'll give what's mine
And if in my eye you see a tear
You'll know my thoughts are far from here
Running down old country roads
Where once in love we used to go

La la la...

Words & Music ©1989 by Dawn Kuzankowsky

HOME BY MORNING

Lying down in my half of the back seat
I am my own radio
Singing along with the engine
I am seven years old
My daddy's behind the wheel
humming the very same song
My mama's asleep in the passenger seat
My brother asks "How long?"

Chorus:

We will be home by morning
On the back roads through New Mexico
Home by morning
I am my own radio

I can't sleep.
I look out through the headlights
To see the cold country rain falling down
Keeping time with the windshield wipers
"Daddy, are we almost there now?"
I'm breathing to fog up the windows
To draw a picture in the mist
Of our house and some trees and a boat on the sea
And a star where a small boy can wish
That he will be home by morning...

The songs that you make up to put your own mind at rest
Are often times the lullabies that work out the best
And though the words are forgotten when the darkness has gone
The melodies still linger on

Tonight I'm driving alone through the desert
Styrofoam cup in my hands
Singing along with the engine
I am a full grown man
And it's me here behind the wheel
With so many miles to go
With my own melodies and these old memories
I am my own radio
And I will be home by morning...

Words & Music ©1988 by Paul Sanchez

YOU MEAN SONGS HAVE WORDS? DEAFNESS AND FOLK MUSIC

by Bonnie Lynn Gracer

My sister was always coming up with these weird ideas. I was twelve years old, listening contentedly to a Joni Mitchell song on the radio. All of a sudden, my sister started talking about--I thought--"big yellow taxis" and other irrelevant subjects. I was completely confused. New York City had switched to regular-sized taxi cabs long ago. I could not figure out her sudden interest in taxis. Finally, I demanded to know what on earth she was talking about. "The song you're listening to is about a big yellow taxi!" she responded, puzzled that I should ask such a question. "Can't you hear the words to the song?" I looked at her blankly and asked, "What words? You mean songs have words?" While doctors had told my parents I only had a "slight hearing problem," the spoken word to me was about as clear as a person speaking with a mouth stuffed with mashed potatoes. Songs were a blur of confusing sounds, which hopefully had a nice beat. My sister, tears streaming down her face, explained that yes, songs have words, and that the words are the best part of the music.

Eleven years later, with a decidedly more severe hearing impairment, I am an avid folk music fan; and I must admit that my sister was right. The words certainly are the best part. I am always careful to buy albums with the lyrics enclosed. I also have discovered that during concerts, sign language interpreters can help me understand with my eyes what I do not get through my ears. This means that I can follow songs without having to memorize them before the performance, and I even get to understand the performer's jokes and narrative!

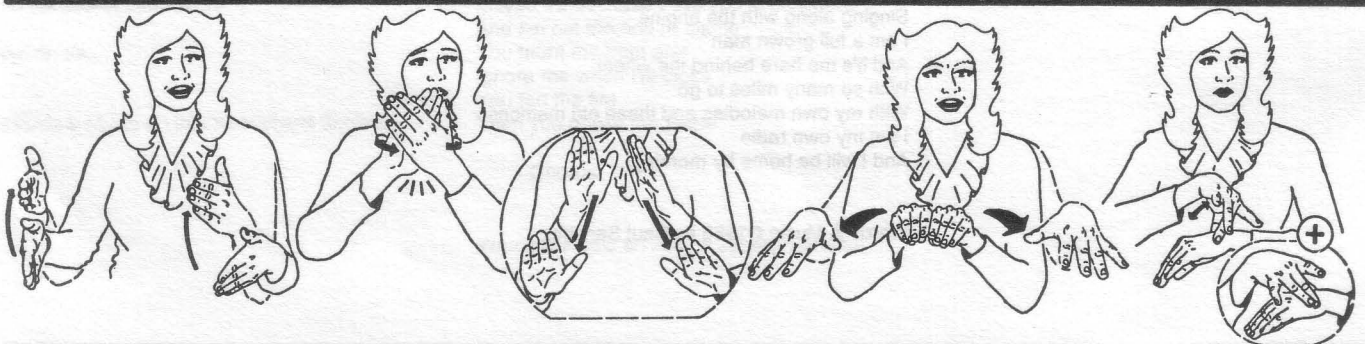
I was especially looking forward to tonight's folk concert, which was being held at a local university. The performer was one of my favorites; his songs are sensitive, funny, and touching. I had taken numerous steps to ensure the concert's accessibility, so that I could understand fully. I had bought my tickets and requested a sign language interpreter a month in advance, and had even found an interpreter who had rehearsed with the performer, and would charge a nominal fee. I thought I was all set. During the concert, however, I was shocked to learn that absolutely *no* light was to be permitted on the interpreter. I had been provided an interpreter, and then effectively barred from using her. Was this some kind of sick joke?

I had known that the performer did not want the interpreter on stage, because he felt that this would distract the audience and take away from the effect of his solo performance. This had not particularly bothered me; all I needed was to see the interpreter. I made a mental note to address, one day, this apparent confusion regarding the professional role of the interpreter - however, as the interpreter's purpose being not to distract from the performer, but to provide *access* to the performance.

The interpreter originally was supposed to sit on the audience level in front of the well-lit stage. Because of fire laws, however, she ended up in a pitch black, extreme corner of the stage. She was positioned directly in front of the speakers, which was potentially dangerous for her ears. There was not enough light to see her facial expressions or hand movements, and I could not

understand her signs. Frustrated, I asked the usher if the lights could be adjusted slightly to allow just a little light on the interpreter--and if not, could I use a small flashlight? The usher discussed this with the performer and producer, and reported back that they did not feel comfortable with any of these options, and did not want *any* light on the interpreter. It did not make sense, based on what I knew about the performer. I had discussed interpreters with him at a previous performance, and he had seemed very receptive. He had even surprised me by signing "thank you."

During intermission, I went backstage to explain the problem myself, and to again request permission to use a flashlight. The producer, clearly annoyed, told me in an extremely rude manner that it would be impossible. I was the only hearing-impaired person there, and the show had been advertised without an interpreter. The light would "bother" the other 1,300 patrons, and he would not allow it. The appropriate response for me--that I am a human being who deserves every wonderful opportunity life has to offer--did not materialize. His words echoed those from my past, hammering into me not to "use my hearing impairment to get special treatment," and most certainly, not "bother" anyone. The results of those philosophies were academic, social, and familial isolation. I stood speechless before this man, managing only to explain that I could not see my interpreter. He declared that they had done the best they could, and he was sorry that this was not enough for me. With that, he walked away abruptly.



The university's lighting director explained nicely that if he had known about the interpreter in advance, he would have made sure there was good lighting. Unfortunately, he had found out about the interpreter only four minutes before the performance. He apologized, and said I was a victim of a communication breakdown and that at this point, there was nothing I could do. He assured me that he is very supportive of the deaf community, and has friends at Gallaudet; and that any performer who did not allow an interpreter would not be welcomed back on his stage. I felt relieved at his support, but confused at the contradiction between what he and the producer (and the performer?) were telling me.

Back in my seat, I explained the situation to the five (outraged) people with whom I had come. A woman from the audience approached us, and asked why there was no light on the interpreter. She explained that she did not know much about deafness, but wanted to know how I possibly could understand the interpreter if I could not see her. I repeated the story briefly.

The concert resumed, and I continued to strain futilely to decipher the interpreter's fingers and lips. I was furious at the producer's rudeness, and did not want to believe that this singer, whom I absolutely adore, could be insisting on all of this. He himself uses some signs and gestures in one of his songs, and shows a moving sensitivity to disability in another. I put forth the effort I did because this performer's music means so much to me. I felt disillusioned by my experience, and weary at the extraordinary amount of

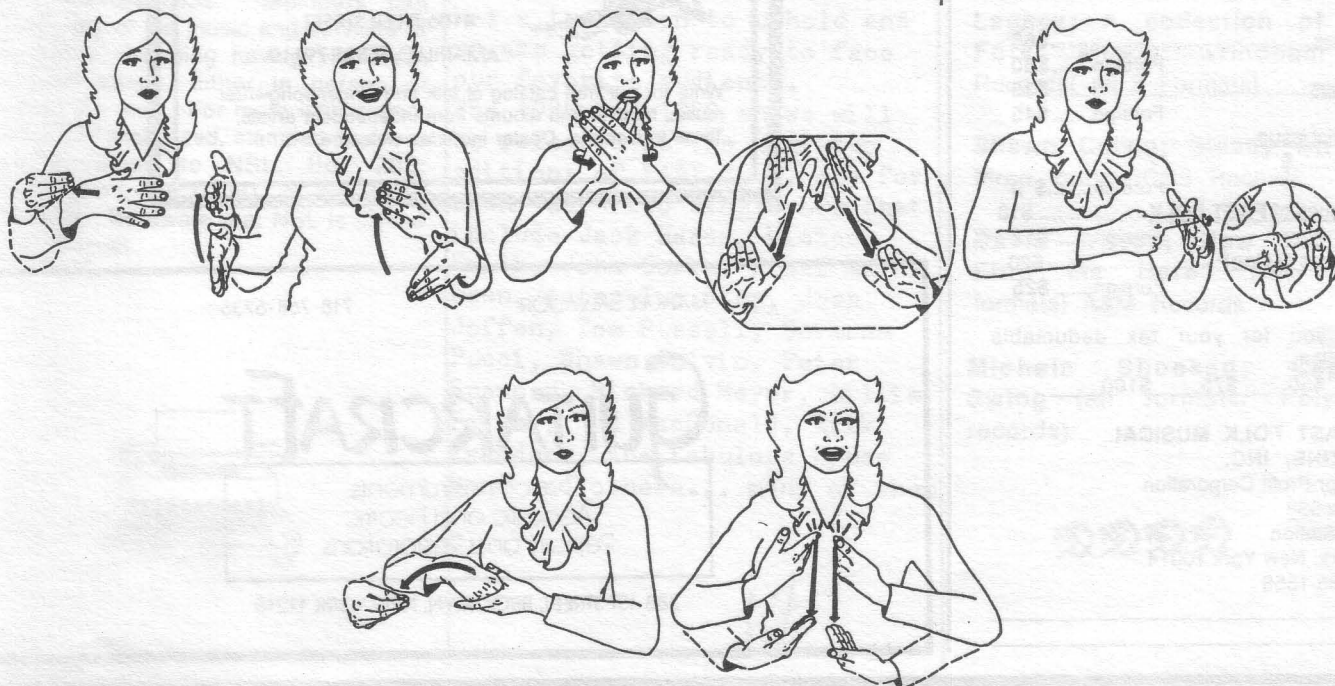
energy I must exert in order to gain simple access to the ordinary pleasures of life. I was shocked that this kind of incident could be tolerated--not to mention *supported* by such major figures in the folk music scene.

Much to my surprise, when the producer got on stage, someone in the audience shouted something, and a number of people clapped and cheered. Because I could not see the interpreter, I did not realize until later that the person had shouted angrily, "put a light on the interpreter!" I have no idea who that person was, since it was none of my friends--perhaps it was the woman who had come up to us during intermission. Clearly, however, this audience was "bothered" that there was *no* light on the interpreter. Soon after, my roommate approached the producer backstage and asked, "since the audience wants a light on the interpreter, can we at least use a penlight?" Even for this, permission was denied. He did say, however, that he was not "against the hearing-impaired community or anything," and that next time they would "do it right or not do it at all." I would be interested to learn how he intends to do it "right" if he will not allow deaf people to see their interpreters. It is a waste of money, and absolute absurdity to hire an interpreter to sign in the dark. It makes about as much sense as providing a wheelchair ramp, and then blocking it with barbed wire. People with mobility impairments require architectural access;

people with hearing impairments require communications access. I was denied the benefits of a performance for which I had paid, looked forward to, and tried for a month to make accessible. Fed up, I finally told the interpreter to forget it and sit down. Looking back, it strikes me as odd their apparent fear that a small corner light on an interpreter would be more interesting to the audience than this fantastic, hilarious, and totally captivating performer.

How ironic that a year after the successful Gallaudet University protests for a deaf president, I was denied communications access in our nation's capitol--the home of Gallaudet and possibly the largest deaf community in the world. As a former Gallaudet protester, an employee of Senator Tom Harkin, chair of the Subcommittee on the Handicapped and leading civil rights advocate for people with disabilities, and as the stepsister of a folk singer, I felt particularly outraged. I knew that if the concert were being co-sponsored by the federally funded university where it was held, I would have had legal protection from discrimination. Under Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, "no otherwise qualified handicapped individual...may be excluded from participation in, or denied the benefits of" any federally funded program or activity--including university theater programs. The literature explains:

Section 504 protects deaf and hard of hearing people.... The regulation requires that programs be operated so that handicapped people can use them easily and have equal



opportunity to benefit from them.... Programs and facilities must be 'usable' by handicapped people... methods to make programs accessible include the 'redesign of equipment,' which encompasses stage, podium, and audiovisual systems designs *that include facilities and lighting for interpreters...this should be invoked aggressively to help deaf people overcome their isolation and exclusion from many programs and services* (italics mine).¹

Since the privately funded folk association was sponsoring this event alone, however, I thought I had no rights--and appealed instead to the humanity and sensitivity I confidently expected from the folk community. The responses I received left my confidence shattered.

What I did not realize at the time was that I may well have had a legal right to communications access. Under Section 504, it also is illegal for a federally funded university to provide significant *assistance* to a theatre group which discriminates on the basis of disability in the provision of a benefit or service. The literature continues:

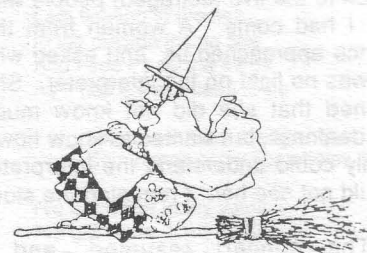
Section 504 is applicable whether the federal assistance is received directly or indirectly.... A 'recipient' defined as any institution that receives federal assistance or that indirectly benefits from such assistance.²

The folk music association used the university's lighting director, stage lights, stage, concert hall, and ticket booths; it thereby benefited indirectly from the university's federal financial assistance. Forbidding me to see (and thus use) the interpreter denied me access to the concert, and may well have been illegal discrimination. I found this out when I discussed the matter at work.

Folk music is written by, for, and about people--all people. For me it represents inclusion, togetherness, and warmth. Some people receive music through their ears. Others receive it through their eyes. Both are equally enjoyable and legitimate. It is out of my deepest respect for the folk music tradition that I write this article--so that this land (and stage) can be truly yours and mine.

¹DuBow, S., L. Goldberg, S. Geer, E. Gardner, A. Penn, S. Conlon and M. Charmatz, Legal Rights of Hearing-Impaired People, (Washington, D.C., National Center for Law and the Deaf, Gallaudet College Press, 1984), pp. 12-19.

²ibid., p. 13.



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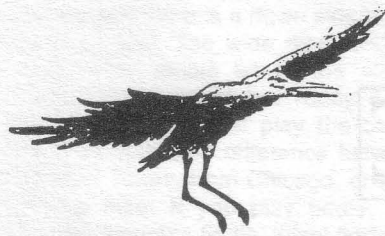
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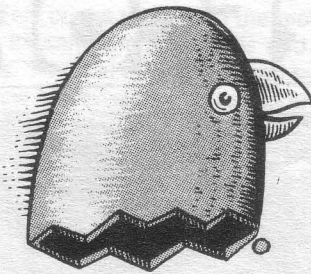
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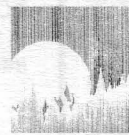
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- Left to right
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 - John Gorka
 - Anne Bourne
 - Kirk Kelly
 - Blue Rubies
 - Steven Roback
 - Cliff Eberhardt
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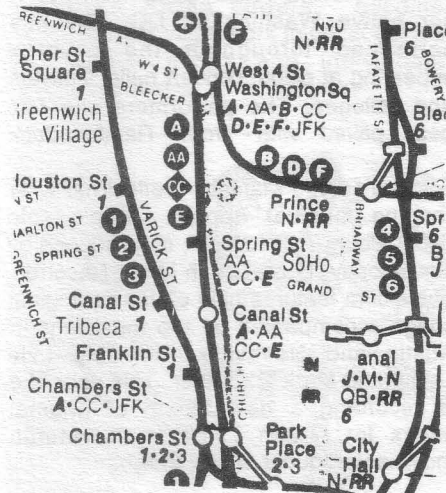


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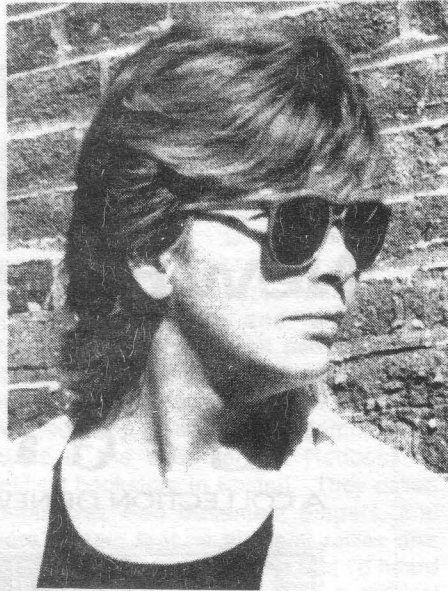
ON THE RECORD

Jackson Braider has been involved with various manifestations of movable type over the past five years. Currently associate editor of this organ, he has also written for a variety of professional music mags. As he was five years ago when he appeared in this magazine, he is still writing a biography of J.S. Bach. He has also recently formed a group, the St. Vitus Dance Band, to promote his revisionist history of western civilization. By the time this appears, he will have lived in three of New York's five boroughs.



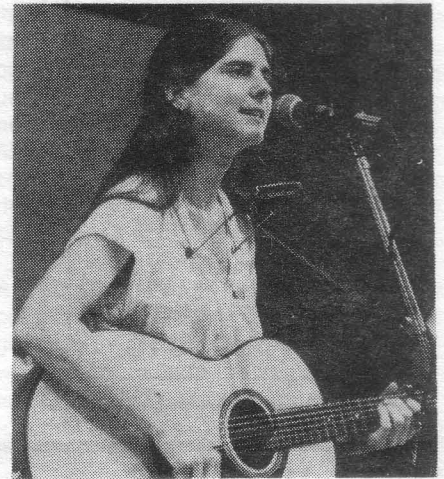
James F. Dean

Big Jimmy (James F. Dean) writes: "I was born outside Chicago, had my ears opened when the White Album came out, and never knew what I wanted to do after college. I wanted to be Elliot Ness for a long time. I kicked around in D.C. theater for a while, then moved to California. I got lucky and found a good woman, and have a great family--the rock from where I cast my stones at the lame-brains. I played all the instruments on these songs: a used Ibanez electric guitar, a Yamaha REX 50 digital effects machine, a Roland 505 drum machine, and a sick mind. Imagine there's no heaven. Now turn off the lights. Kind of frightening, isn't it?"



Peg Eves was raised in the rural town of Lock Haven in the Susquehanna Valley of north-central Pennsylvania. She was awarded Honorable Mention in the 1987 Music City Song Festival of Nashville for her song "Hit On Any Heart." She appears as keyboard player on the 1988 Konda Kai release from Albany folk/rockers, BEGONIA. Peg is the musical director for Newfane Little Theatre in Vermont and has written the musical scores for its 1987 and 1988 productions. She lives at the end of a logging trail in the woodland of Vermont's Green Mountains.

Judy Ficksman (along with her sister Carol) is 1/2 of Poto & Cabengo who will be releasing their 1st album called, *IN THE ANTI-GRAVITY CHAMBER* this December. Judy is a singer/songwriter who has been featured before on FAST FOLK. She spent the last year traveling in the far east and has now returned. For information contact; (212) 228-6727.



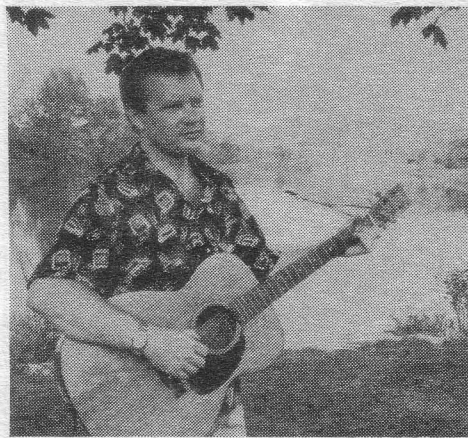
Jane Gillman is a high energy performer with a warm, expressive voice, versatile instrumental talents, and a collection of upbeat original songs. Her repertoire combines the influences of folk, blues, cajun, and rock. Her distinctive guitar and dulcimer styles feature flat picking and driving rhythm, and her cross style harmonica solos are a highlight of her performances. Based for several years in Austin, Texas; Jane now lives in her native Washington, DC. She has performed throughout the country, appearing at clubs, concert halls, festivals and colleges. The performers she has been paired with - from Ramblin' Jack

Elliott to 10,000 Maniacs - reflect her wide ranging musical appeal. Jane's solo debut album *PICK IT UP*, co-produced by Jim Rooney, is on Green Linnet Records. The album features nine of Jane's original songs accompanied by top musicians in Austin and Nashville, including Lyle Lovett and Mark O'Conner. This year she is recording a new album of original songs for Green Linnet with veteran musician/producer Steve Burgh.



Richard Meyer has written and recorded numerous pieces for the Fast Folk Musical Magazine since joining the staff in 1983. He booked the SpeakEasy in 1984-85 and co-produced the bi-weekly LIVE FROM THE SPEAKEASY broadcasts for a year on WBAI-FM and produced the FAST FOLK revues at The Bottom Line since 1986. Richard has performed around the Northeast, Los Angeles and Northern Italy. Sing Out! Magazine published his song THE JANUARY COLD. He has contributed music to numerous stage productions and fills out a triple-life with work as designer-in-residence at East Coast Arts (New Rochelle, NY) where he collaborated on productions with Shel Silverstein, Jack Gelber, Mandy Patinkin, and Marc Neikrug, and the Berkshire Public Theatre. Other recent designs have been OLD BUSINESS at the New York Shakespeare Festival, FRIENDS at the Manhattan Punchline and the Los Angeles premiere of HURLYBURLY featuring Sean Penn directed by David Rabe. Richard was technical director for the Mabou Mine's Obie award winning production of THROUGH THE LEAVES directed by Joanne Akalitis in New York, Montreal and Jerusalem. Richard became editor of FAST FOLK in 1986. His first album titled LAUGHING/SCARED is available and a second album to be called THE GOOD LIFE! is on the way. (For booking call (914) 632 1978)

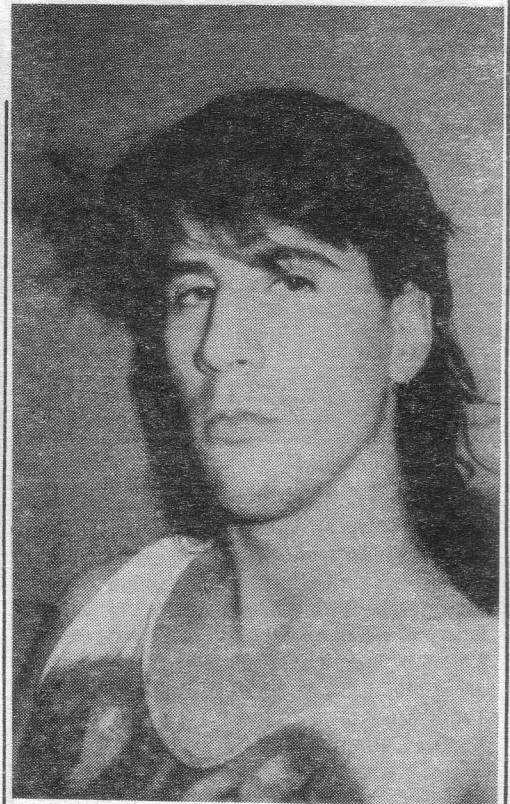
Tom and Dawn have been performing as a duo for over six years. Their wide repertoire allows them to share their music with children or seniors, at campfires, rest homes, concerts, or festivals. Tom and Dawn accompany their humorous lyrics, ballads and original songs with guitar, banjo, mandolin, dulcimer, and ukulele. They provide a performance that is not to be missed. For booking or information contact: Tom and Dawn, 2361 Calle Malvon, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360 or call (805) 495-5118.



Jim Mercik grew up in Massachusetts, studied in North Carolina, and currently lives in Connecticut. He has been part of the acoustic music scene there for 7 years, 5 of them as host of "Blue Monday," a blues radio show on WWUH-Hartford. He has performed with Greg Brown, Rory Block, Jack Elliot, Eric Andersen, Paul Geremia, Bonnie Raitt and many others. He's working at songwriting and is starting to develop into one of the East Coast's finest blues clarinet players.

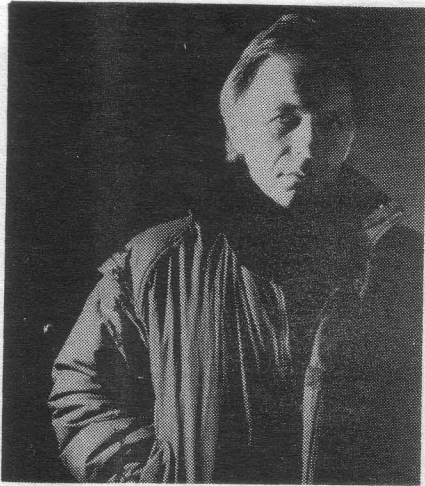


Richard Shindell, once a member of the Razy Dazzy Spasm Band, lives on the upper west side of Manhattan with his wife and child. He may be contacted by writing to: 527 Riverside Drive, Apt. 6D, New York New York 10027.

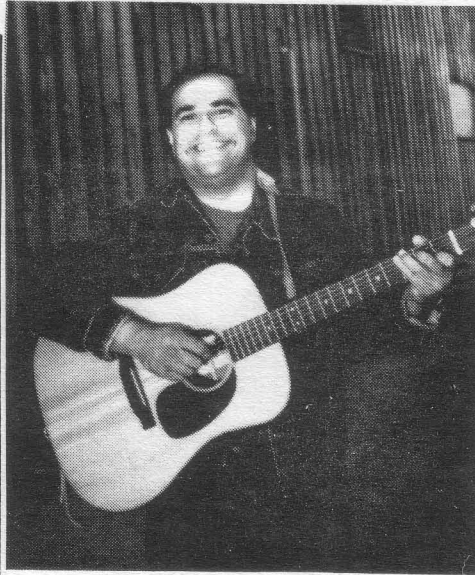


Born in Brooklyn, **Paul Rugierro** (a.k.a. Chill Boy) effectively combines his schoolyard rockabilly roots and his Garland Jeffries inspiration to form a unique blend of street rock and poetic prose. He owned his first guitar at 15 and a year later he began to compose his own songs, performing in New York's downtown, a city whose underground provides many observations for his songs.

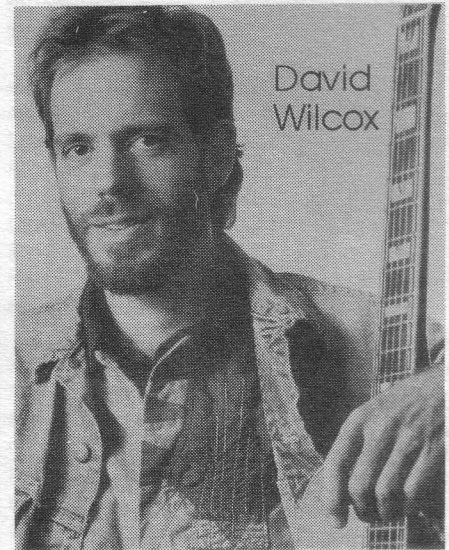




Michael Smith has two albums produced by Anne Hills on Flying Fish Records, *Michael Smith* (1987) and *Love Stories* (1988). His songs have been recorded by many artists, including Steve Goodman, Tom Rush, Anne Hills, Claudia Schmidt, Jummy Buffett and Josh White, Jr. He has appeared on nationally syndicated radio shows such as NPR's "Good Evening" and "The Studs Terkel Show." Michael composed the music for and appears in "The Grapes of Wrath" with the internationally famous Steppenwolf company. *Chicago* magazine called him "one of the best songwriters in the English language." For booking information contact: Rich Dieter, Dieter Associates, Five Allen Avenue, Fair Haven, Vermont 05743 or call (802) 265-8671.



Paul Sanchez's songs are concerned with the extraordinary strength and courage of ordinary people. His music is best described as a mixture of folk and bluegrass, with ragtime and country thrown in. He is influenced by a wide range of musical styles from Bill Monroe to the fingerpicking of Reverend Gary Davis. *Hired Hand*, Sanchez's first cassette album, was released in December 1986 on his own Jericho label. Among other appearances, Sanchez was this year's selected songwriter at the 1987 Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest. He is currently working on his second album.



David Wilcox's first album *Nightshift Watchman* was released by Song of the Wood Records in the winter of 1988. His second album *How Did You Find Me Here* has just been released on A&M Records' Americana label. David is the second artist to be signed by Americana. He was the 1988 winner of the New Folk category at the Kerrville Folk Festival, and was recently selected by Livingston Taylor as one of Taylor's Top 5 favorite finger picking guitarists in the August 1989 poll of *Frets* magazine.

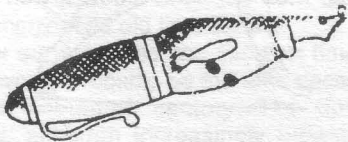


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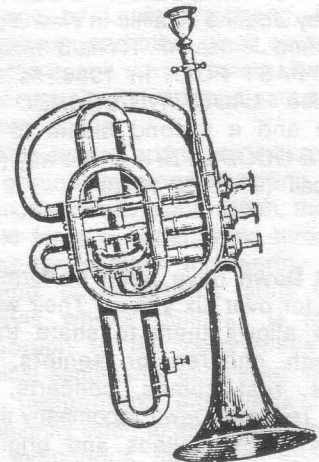
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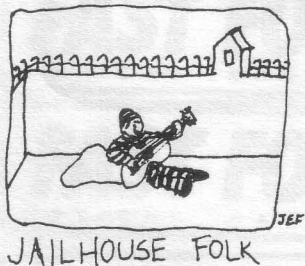
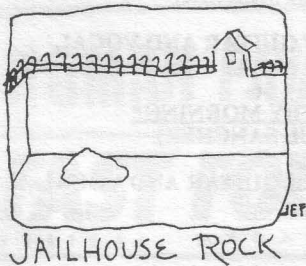


**CDs or Not CDs?
That is our Question!**

We have all heard more than enough about the death of the LP. My personal feeling is that the LP will continue to serve a function for low cost, high quality sound reproduction. The CD however good is being forced upon us. One cannot go to a major record store and find a wide selection of LPs easily. Is this because the majority of the population who bought millions of LPs have switched, or is it a corporate push to eliminate an old standard format?



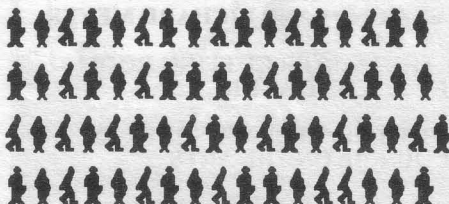
**THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL
MAGAZINE, INC.**
A Not-For-Profit Corporation
P.O. Box 938
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Its obvious that the CD format is popular and here to stay but, at nearly twice the price.

We have had a few requests for tapes, but not all that many. I am not particularly interested in releasing FAST FOLK on tape at this time. In spite of their convenience I feel that cassettes are not a permanent medium. Tape stretches, they are hard to cue, it is difficult to put the kind of information on them that we usually include. It is also hard to package the magazine with a cassette. Although tapes are the largest selling format FAST FOLK can not afford to spread itself too thin and manufacture all formats yet. Perhaps we can still only afford to make LPs. Since our main problem has always been cash flow it is important for us to know what percentage of listeners to FAST FOLK listen to various formats.

In many ways FAST FOLK is still an underground project and it is our belief that it is more important to get the music documented and out than it is to follow the current burst of technology if we cannot afford it. As our subscription base increases and we receive more supporting contributions we may have more freedom to diversify. A benefit of CDs for FAST FOLK, along with any increase in sound quality, are that we could fit more new songs by new writers on a single disc and therefore bring more of them to you.



Do you; the subscribers of FAST FOLK, want to support a move to CD format? _____

Are you willing to cover an increase in our subscription price to have FAST FOLK on CD? _____

How much would you be willing to pay for a 10 issue subscription? _____

Would you prefer to receive FAST FOLK on LP? _____

Do you own both a CD and LP record player? _____

If you do not have a CD player do you plan to purchase one? _____

Radio Station programmers and on air people, would you rather have LP or CD? _____

Please include any other comments that might help us along these lines. It would be a big help if every subscriber responded so we don't make choices for the many based on the wishes of a few.

Hey! this sounds democratic. What do you think about drug trafficking and recent supreme court decisions. Do you have 3.2 kids and do you watch thirtysomething? What is your social security number and do you have swiss bank accounts? Do you resent these questions all the time and do you like swiss chesse? What effect does folk music have on your personal life and what is folk music anyway. By the way, should we move to make CDs?



HUMAN PRIDE

SIDE ONE

-1-
PANTHER IN MICHIGAN
(MICHAEL SMITH)

MICHAEL SMITH/GUITAR AND VOCAL
PAT FLEMMING/LEAD GUITAR

-2-
LISTEN TO THE THUNDER
(JANE GILLMAN)

JANE GILLMAN/GUITAR, HARMONICA AND VOCAL

-3-
HUMAN PRIDE
(PAUL RUGIERRO)

PAUL RUGIERRO/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-4-
WATER IN MY VEINS
(JUDY FICKSMAN)

JUDY FICKSMAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-5-
RUSTY OLD AMERICAN DREAM
(DAVID WILCOX)
DAVID WILCOX/GUITAR AND VOCAL

-6-
EMPTY ROOM
(PEG EVES)

PEG EVES/GUITAR AND VOCALS

-7-
SPANK THE BABY
(JAMES F. DEAN)

BIG JIMMY/ DOES IT ALL

SIDE TWO

-1-
ON A SEA OF FLEUR-DE-LIS
(RICHARD SCHINDELL)

RICHARD SCHINDELL/GUITAR AND VOCAL
DIANNE CHODKOWSKI/HARMONY VOCAL
DAVID SEITZ/EMULATOR STRINGS

-2-
PARIS BY NIGHT
(JACKSON BRAIDER)

JACKSON BRAIDER/ ACOUSTIC GUITAR AND VOCAL
GEORGE BRANDEL/ KEYBOARDS
JAMES JOLLIS/ HARMONY VOCAL
BEN VERDERY/ CLASSICAL GUITAR

-3-
PERFECT TRAGIC FORM
(RICHARD MEYER)

RICHARD MEYER/ GUITAR AND VOCAL
SETH THOMAS/ METRONOME

-4-
SONG FOR JEALOUS LOVERS *
(DAWN KUZANKOWSKI)

DAWN KUZANKOWSKI/VOCAL

-5-
IS THIS ENOUGH FOR YOU?
(JIM MERCIK)

JIM MERCIK/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-6-
HOME BY MORNING*
(PAUL SANCHEZ)

PAUL SANCHEZ/GUITAR AND VOCAL

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AT SYNERGY SOUND, GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND

*RECORDED BY GUY SNIDER AT TMF COMMUNICATIONS
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