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LIVE AT



THE BOTTOM LINE

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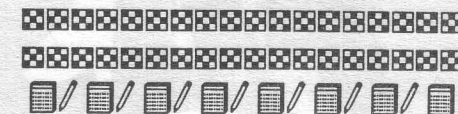
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FAST FOLK
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

What's in a Name?

By Richard Meyer

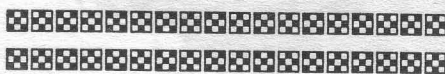
It's great when someone from the neighborhood does well. I was talking to Jack Hardy about putting this record out and following up with the Bottom Line show from 1989. He said in an offhand way that we had picked all the famous people. What a lovely irony. This pair of records from the 1988 & 1989 *Fast Folk Revues* at the Bottom line embodies one of our goals; to promote as many writers as we can by including a song by each writer/performer and one by another, not in the show. These performers not only great writers, but they are also strong interpreters of the material of their contemporaries.



The songwriter's exchange is still going strong nearly every Thursday at 178 West Houston St. Apt 9. We've been visited by journalists from Boston and Germany and writers from all over the country. Call first (212) 989-7088

In the essay from the Anniversay Issue (FF405/6) of last fall I wondered if there would be an influx of new blood to the village scene. Its been slow lately, with the local club upheaval; but still there are new writers, some very good ones. The studio records coming out this spring will introduce them to you, just as we introduced some of the now-famous to you as newcomers so very few years ago. With these new songwriters and your continued support *Fast Folk* will still include the work of its founding songwriters, but will keep growing into the next generation.

-Richard Meyer



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NOSTALGIA FOR A NON-EXISTENT PAST

By Hugh Blumenfeld

Here are some more ideas about political songs to stick in your peace pipes. One common myth propagated by political folk songs is that there was a time when things were better than they are now. There was a time when our country was more moral, more free, more idealistic about liberty and equality. When fraternity conjured up something other than images of Fort Lauderdale in March. A time before the corruptions of Reagan, when government was frugal and beneficent. The Age of Jefferson, for instance. Or there was a time when humans were more spiritual, more wise, more upright, tolerant and strong. Like say, the Children of Israel, the Greeks, the Early Christians, the Noble Savages (everywhere), the Working Class, or Everyman when Everywoman was more equal. It's Rousseau's old idea of the Natural Man, ideal in his original state and compromised ever since.

If we buy this, we have to forget certain details of history. That the French Revolution (*liberté, égalité, and fraternité*) quickly turned into The Terror. That Jefferson owned slaves and illegally overstepped the authority of the executive branch by buying the Louisiana territory, ignoring the rights of Native Americans and plunging the country into unprecedented debt. We have to forget that the original version of the Declaration of Independence read "life, liberty and the pursuit of property," which, after all, was more to the point.

We have to forget that the Israelites, revered source of the Judeo-Christian tradition, spent most of their history being excoriated by their prophets for their vanities and indiscretions - that's what most of the Bible is. We have to forget that the democracy of the Greeks was only for those of noble birth - a situation they never questioned, though they questioned the wars and the laws and the gods. Their art and philosophy were built on the backs of slaves as surely as the pyramids were. We have to forget that the Early Christians, martyrs though some of them were, had the political sense to ban a whole host of Gnostic Gospels, including

some by women, which would have made worldly authority very difficult for an established church to maintain. That Native Americans, for all their reverence of nature and sense of ecological balance, by and large made a habit of killing each other like any other groups of people and did not live long and prosper. That the working class has never known solidarity except in times of desperation (sometimes) and has never had ideals higher than those of the bourgeoisie they (sometimes) dream of replacing.

Closer to the present, we have to forget that all the legislation of the Reagan Era was passed by a Democratic congress. We have to forget that two major Supreme Court decisions used as precedents in the recent decision to curb *Roe v. Wade* were decided before Regan ever took office. We have to remember the Ford/Carter recession (I can't figure out Howard Bursen's "Small Business Blues" on the *Harp* album where a verse sadly describes a company going out of business in 1975, and the chorus calls it the "Reaganomics put us out of business blues"), we have to remember that the "working class" (if such a thing exists) either liked Reagan and Bush or didn't bother to vote.

That is a lot of forgetting to do. But many songwriters manage to do it. How else can I explain the moral outrage expressed in the songs about Ronald Reagan, as if he were a mutant, somehow out of place in the succession of U.S. Presidents. As if he were anything but mainstream? How else can I explain the indignation expressed in songs about our policy of aggression in Central America, as if our country had not been positively built on this kind of policy? As if America should be above this kind of brutality. As if *humans* should be above it. As if we once were.

And yet, we cannot condemn ourselves for our past any more than we can long for a past that never was. Humans have always been "only human" - we don't need to be cynical about it, we just have to find out exactly what it means. We have to accept the inhuman as being

completely human, at least for now and for as far back as anyone can remember. No large group of us has ever managed to be fair and forgiving and selfless - at least not for very long. The amazing thing is that people keep trying: religious, political and economic systems keep being refined in the hope that something close to a utopia on earth is possible. The attempts often cost blood. Martyrs' blood and unfortunately also zealots' blood. They are often marred by greed and corruption, but they are just as often marred by a limited vision, the unexamined prejudices about class, race, gender, religion, that undermine the best attempts. It seems that no system will be the answer until we learn more about ourselves. If you look at history, moral outrage and righteous indignation are as much a luxury as Donald Trump's yacht with 200 telephones, with or without gold plating.

It's not so much a question of whether you're right or wrong - it's whether you can afford it.

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"WE SHALL OVERCOME" and 'WE ARE A GENTLE ANGRY PEOPLE'

A Brief Polemical Comparison

By Hugh Blumenfeld

Here's the question: What makes the song/chant "We Shall Overcome" an inspirational hymn while "We Are A Gentle Angry People" is an insufferable din?

The simple answer is: tense. The hymn is in the future tense. It is a song about hoping, about becoming what we urgently desire. It says, in effect, things are not what we'd like them to be, but they can be changed. It looks to the future and imagines, hopes, desires. No other acts are more human. Who is the we? Whoever is singing. What will we overcome? Ourselves, mostly; that's why anyone can sing this spiritual.

"We Are A Gentle Angry People" is in the present tense. It proclaims what we are, or what we think we are. "We are gay and straight together," "We are black and white together," "We are rich and poor together," "We are young and old together..." Leave alone the problem that this song/chant is never sung by anything close to such an integrated group - your typical folk audience or rally crowd is young, affluent, white and, except at Holly Near concerts, straight. The real problem is that the song has no motion; it doesn't go anywhere, but stays in the present. Instead of desire, hope, imagining, there is stasis, self-involvement. There is a smug feeling of self-congratulation: we are loving, tolerant, and correct (surely a contradiction). There is also an identification of the singers with victims, martyrs: "we are singing, singing for our lives." Bragging about being a martyr is distasteful. It is the ultimate in self-glorification.

"We Shall Overcome" is a dream. "We Are A Gentle Angry People" is a fantasy.

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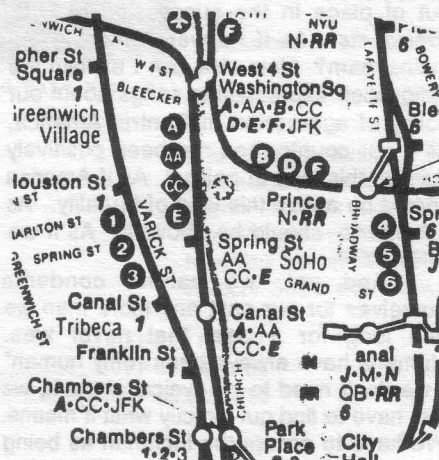
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The illustration of the Bob Dylan imitator's contest that accompanies Richard Meyer's article "Its the Booking, SpeakEasy Closes" was used inadvertently. The cartoon from the New Yorker appeared without credit or permission. *Fast Folk* sincerely regrets the error

The article on Victoria Williams in the Los Angeles issue FF 409 credited to Tammy Lynn Neville was almost entirely plagiarized from two other articles, one by Robert Hilburn ("An Endearing Earfull of and Album From Victoria Williams" Los Angeles Times Nov, 7 1987) and the other by Josef Woodard ("Victoria Williams: Different on Purpose," Mix, Feb. 1988). We are thankful to the sharp eyed editor who brought this problem to our attention after the magazine went to press and apologize to Mr. Hilburn and Mr. Woodard for the grievous appropriation of their work.

THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX OR A MODEST PROPOSAL (THE SEQUEL)

By
Jackson Braider

Yes, you read that word first here in the pages of *Fast Folk* magazine - entertainmenoiindustrial. Like all neologisms, it owes its inception to someone else's thinking (Dwight David Eisenhower's, actually), but its hideous look, the way in which it fails to roll off the tongue is mine, *all mine*, I tell you. Such is the power of a truly creative writer.

The idea actually came up in the course of the Songwriters Exchange, the Thursday night following the Pan Am crash in Scotland. And basically, it went something like this: Isn't it interesting how disasters, like that tragic crash or the Armenian earthquake, become such an involving thing in the media? Isn't it awful the way the camera swoops in on people absolutely beside themselves with grief? And isn't it amazing how quickly the networks manage to sell all that advertising time for those spontaneously concocted special programs - "following the late local news at 11:30"?

In the course of talking, we then contrived a system by which an advertiser could sponsor a disaster - underwrite the activities of the terrorists, subsidize the news coverage, and buy all the advertising time as well. Because the whole event would be a "surprise," the satellite links wouldn't have to work, the footage could be typically uninspiring, and the script read by the

anchor and the reporter on the scene could be filled with all the cloying clichés that makes T.V. news so tantalizing and yet so unfulfilling.

I just wonder how far this is from the truth as we already know it.

At heart, the purpose of the entertainmenoiindustrial complex is to produce money, and every element that falls off its production line is measured in these terms. In order to simplify the matter of targetting the market, the idea is to make the product accessible to the largest number of potential consumers - the more one produces from the same batch of material, the lower one's unit cost and the greater one's profit margin for each item sold.

There are certain rules of thumb to follow here. The greater the investment made in the product, the greater the number of people it has to reach - this lowers the unit cost, you see. Thus, the most money, time, and effort will go into product that is accessible to the widest audience. What we must face, given these mathematics, is the notion that the product that will receive the producer's greatest attention (i.e., money) is the product that is based on the Lowest Common Denominator - or Multiple. It is easier to sell product that we know people will like than it is to sell something we *think* they might like if they would only give it a chance.

Are you still with me?

All of this is leading back to that Thursday night at the Songwriters Exchange and that strange conversation we had about T.V. news. What we seek is product that will grip the greatest number of people, and what is more compelling than true-to-life human drama? In that sense, the news is but a single genre - like the horror film, the heavy metal record, or the historical romance. It is the cheapest form of entertainment it costs the T.V. branch of the entertainment industry to produce, and yet it also is the most watched form of entertainment on television. Relatively low unit cost; greatest proportion of return.

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In entertaining us, the news does not so much inform as distract us. What better way to make people feel good than to show them how miserable someone else is? We can experience outrage, anger, shame, and sorrow - and all at a safe distance, without it affecting our quiet lives. These are emotions that are lived vicariously. The more our emotions are touched and played upon - and all without actually affecting us, because then it would no longer be entertainment in the strictest form of the word - the better the product. The better the money.

We are enthralled by disasters. They are powerful human dramas involving real-life people often caught in life-and-death situations. They move us without touching us. Ironically, they even comfort us - somebody at this moment has it far worse than I do. What do I really have to worry about? We will experience outrage and sorrow, but the event will scarcely touch our lives, except as a distraction.

And if we are compelled by the likes of an airline crash, then the entertainment industry is frenzied by it. Cheap programming that captures the imagination, leaving the viewer glued to the set.

So, all you big corporate sponsors out there, get a real return on your dollar. Write Qaddafi or George Bush and tell them that you will hire a terrorist group to blow up a train, bomb an airliner, or take a group of hostages. Get your network news teams ready and waiting on the scene. You'll be able to cry all the way to the bank.

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STILL BARKING DOWN A CYBORG HOLE: FOLK MUSIC AND TECHNOLOGY SINCE 1965

by Peter Spencer

Chronologically, our discussion of the impact of technology on folk music has gotten as far as Bob Dylan and the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, the famous controversy over his appearance with a rock band and an electric guitar. Perennial example of the incursion of technology into art, it is a citation the lack of which often renders essays, such as this one, null and void. But compared to the developments discussed in Part I--the new chromaticism imposed by fretted instruments on the patterns of country fiddling and slave-song; the impact of recording, the explosion of the repertoire, and resulting recombinations and hybrids--Dylan's "apostasy" doesn't seem like such a big deal.

This is not to say that the effect on what we now call folk music of Dylan's first "electric" performance was not, and does not remain, profound. It was an important development in the way those described in Part I were important, but not fundamentally different. Indeed, the one can be seen as the result of the other.

Although Dylan's decision was not based on a "new" technology, it spurred related developments in the technology of music, which have altered the ways even the most hide-bound traditionalists present music. Look, for instance, at pictures or films of the Newport Festivals of the fifties and early sixties. Performers, however many they may be, are grouped in front of a single, large microphone. Often the picture will show a guitarist holding his instrument at the level of his ear, the better for it to be heard.

In the film of the 1965 Festival, Dylan is seen almost standing on top of the mike in a vain attempt to sing over the din of his accompanists, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Eric Von Schmidt, in his fine chronicle of the sixties folk scene *Baby, Let Me Follow You Down*, reports that the famous booing that supposedly greeted Dylan's performance was nothing more than fans shouting for more volume, so they could hear what Dylan was singing.

Today, the hoariest of traditional ensembles is presented through a battery of microphones, one for each instrument and each vocal, carefully mixed through a high-tech console and pumped through speakers capable of filling any space, indoors or out. In addition to this sound-reinforcement technology, there are now transducers, tiny contact-pickups, which can feed even the quietest instrument directly into an amplifier. It is now possible to fill a stadium with the sounds of a Celtic harp or a hammer-dulcimer.

These pickups have become the rule rather than the exception for folk guitarists, and the technology for it is exploding. In the most recent *Fast Folk* Revue at the Bottom Line last February, Suzanne Vega played a Yamaha guitar, the body of which, no different in appearance from any single-cutaway flat-top, carried three separate transducers, mounted at various places in the interior, and wired in such a sophisticated relation to each other that not even the Bottom Line sound crew could fully explain to an amateur. Played unamplified in the dressing room, the instrument sounded like a cigar box stuffed with dishtowels. Played through the house P.A., it sounded like the biggest, brightest, most evenly-balanced guitar in the world, the aural equivalent of a Turner sunset.

And not only are there pickups capable of amplifying the quietest of instruments, but computer technology has given us electronic keyboards capable of "sampling" the sound of any instrument (or any noise reducible to a single tone) and reproducing it perfectly at any pitch. It is now possible to perform a Beethoven piano sonata, in concert, that sounds like it is being played by pennywhistles, or tympani, or barking dogs.

Using pickups, these "samplings" can be applied to the guitar. In a wonderful reverse-English on Dylan's 1965 outrage, one can play screaming electric guitar solos from the repertoire of

Jimi Hendrix or Duane Allman, and they will sound like a Martin guitar, classical guitar, recorder, concertina, water dripping, hummingbird, what have you.

But Dylan's music of this period brought a technological change well beyond the simple reproduction or amplification of sounds. Dylan changed the way people thought about vernacular music. It became central, not just to their cultural or social aspirations, but to their inner selves. It was thought that these songs could provide guideposts for a spiritual quest.

Lines like "To live outside the law you must be honest," or "Even the president of the United States must at one time have to stand naked" were taken by many to be koans, the holy riddles of Zen Buddhism. One group of left-wing zealots called themselves The Weathermen, from the line in "Subterranean Homesick Blues." Whenever a new Dylan album came out, they issued a communiqué based on what they could read into the lyrics, and predicted their subsequent actions on this analysis. Despite Dylan's repeated denials that this was in any way his intent, he was considered by many to be a kind of prophet.

This approach to music no longer focuses exclusively on Dylan, but the concept remains very much alive. Principal beneficiaries are the Grateful Dead, a group whose following is legion, fanatically devoted, and not primarily musical in emphasis. Another is the so-called New Age music. Originally conceived of as an aid to meditation and marketed in vegetarian co-ops and hippie bookstores, New Age has become the adult pop music of the eighties, still retaining, in most cases, its spiritualist bent.

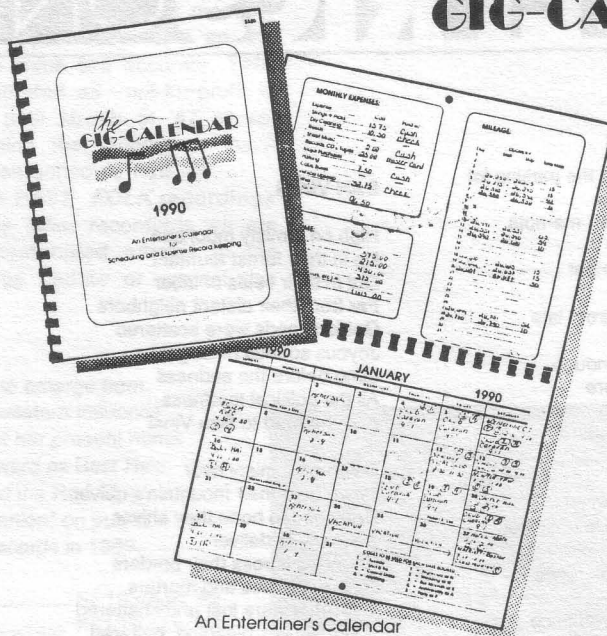
While people's thoughts cannot be said to be technological in nature, a technology has arisen in support of this trend. This "synaptic" technology, technology used to heighten people's perceptions, could be said to have begun in the early post-war period as

commercial laboratories learned to synthesize psychotomimetic alkaloids like psilocybin (found naturally in certain mushrooms), mescaline (from the peyote cactus), and LSD-25. In the last twenty years, the scope of this technology has expanded as the use of mind-altering chemicals has given way to various holistic therapies, biofeedback, and other disciplines or gadgets. Synaptic technology is still too recent a development for its impact to be judged as positive or negative.

One comment can be made, however, about the overall impact of technology, on folk music in particular and on culture and community generally. The progress of technology in this century has been the progress of centralized capitalism. The better mousetrap is made, and the path is beaten to the door of the copyright-owner. Indigenous musicians are required to venture outside their communities--to attain the more sophisticated chromaticism of fretted instruments, or the wider repertoire brought about by recording (see Part I), or to attain the necessary sound-reinforcement for today's noisier world, and the mental discipline to remain creative therein.

Thus, as folk music no longer comes whole out of one's own culture or community, it now fulfills the function of "serious" music--facilitating an escape from our culture and community, however briefly, the better to attain a "heightened" state. This raises questions not easily answered, answers not easily implemented.

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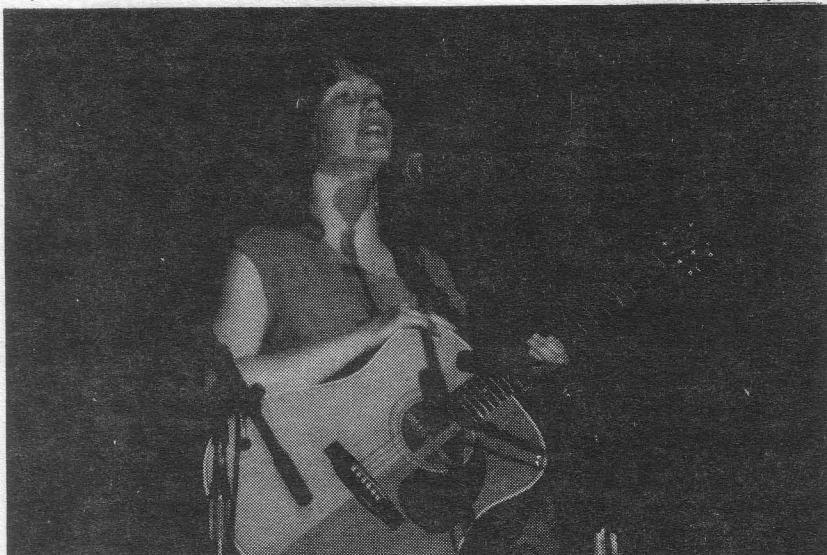
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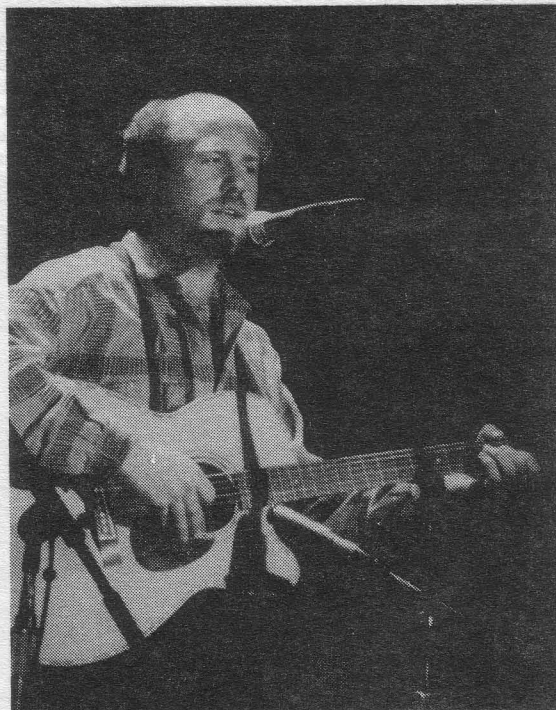
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Photo by Teddy Lee



Marci Boyd sings Celibacy



Willie Nininger singing On A Winter's Night

SIDE BY R S ONE

UP UNTIL THEN

They dropped a dime on the girl in the parking lot
Who was looking for a man of steel
Who would fill up her life with forget-me-nots
A dream no one else could reveal
Her new man said to meet her at eight
She came in dressed to the nines
But by ten it was clear he was far from late
She just wouldn't take it this time
The bartender said she had had enough
To call a cab to take her somewhere
She wasn't a stranger to loneliness
She'd grown up and spent her life there

Up until then, Up until then
It happened over and over again
Up until then, Up until then, Up until then

Well, practice had increased her tolerance
She'd hardly eaten all day
She was all hyped up on her new romance
And she drank in the usual way
She stepped out to breathe and to dry her eyes
To call her machine just in case
He had called to excuse or apologize
Then she saw his unrepentant face
He approached with a girl she had seen before
A bimbo up from Raspberry Street
When he saw her he laughed and so did the whore
They threw a ten dollar bill at her feet

Chorus

She was small he was tall but she blocked his path
She explained in unprintable words
The reason she seized him so full of wrath
That half of the neighborhood heard
She sprayed him with mace from her pocketbook
And then kicked in his personal zones
Her high heels would ruin his perfect looks
She left a couple of unbroken bones
The bimbo she ran in to get the cops
The owner had called from the bar
It took two cars with dogs just to make her stop

I'm told that's how some women are

Chorus

They dropped a dime on the girl in the parking lot
But she would suffer in no permanent way
She spent thirty nights on a county cot
She's regarded with fear till this day

Up until then
But never again
It happened over and over again
Up until then Up until then Up until then

Now she's tending bar where the pagans used to meet
And he's living with that bimbo up on Raspberry Street

© 1988 John Gorka

BAN VINAI

High on a misty mountain
Up in their forest fountain
Out in their fields of labor
Far from their distant neighbors
Golden seeds were scattered
Joyous sounds of laughter
Long before the sadness
All the political madness
And the road to Ban Vinai

Dawn on a misty river
Down from their mountain's quiver
Drenched to bone they shiver
So many to deliver
Hounded across their borders
Over the mines and mortars
Lives that were lost and shattered
Their families bleeding, battered
on the road to Ban Vinai

Tell that mountain to tumble to the sea
Tell that mountain
Tell that mountain to tumble to the sea
Tell that mountain

Hey we got Coca Cola
Yeah we got television
Drive in our motor-ola
Thrive on our snap decisions
Feast on the ghosts of pilgrims
Fast automatic weapons
Sacrifice for your children
There will be no exceptions
Down the road from Ban Vinai
Deep in the land of plenty
Fists full of tens and twenties
Dreams running under empty
Hope - many haven't any
Jokes won't seem so funny
Sky don't look so sunny
Can forget about the milk 'n' honey
If you sell your soul for money
Down that road from Ban Vinai

Words & Music by Rex Fowler
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DANTON

When you've lost all sensation
Your friends have sold out
The vows that they took
Are the secrets you doubt
Your dreams have collapsed
From exhaustion and
I am with you

When you've broken your patience
And winter sets in
Your anesthetic
Don't know where to begin
As you wake in a world
Where you just don't fit in
I am with you

Its only the light
Under the door
You will not fall through
You don't take a chance
You risk even more
The way I'm here for you

When you dream about drowning
The idea feels good
As you follow the others
You say you should
And you try hard to love them
But you never could
I am with you

When your thoughts are in chains
And they take you away
For the things you believe
And the music you play
As you go to your death
On a beautiful day
I am with you

All the way up
All the way down
Even this shall pass
As we escape from the old part of town
Free at last
Free at last
At last

© 1988 Lillie Palmer (ASCAP)

MY FATHER'S SHOES

I will be thankful
For the gifts that were given
I will not turn my back on the past
You should not resent me for moving forward
I cannot rectify all the things that went bad for you
I cannot move where these four walls surround me
Even though it may be right for you
I cannot see through another man's eyes
I will not walk in my father's shoes

They came with reasons that have long been forgotten
An escape from a life
That was not their own
But they passed down possessions through the generations
Here you will live in your father's home
For is it the brave that destroy the circle
There are no heros that gamble and lose
I do not resemble the face in the picture
I will not walk in my father's shoes

I cannot improve on what you have created
I cannot impress you with the things that I see
And I never have asked you for too many favors
I never have asked you to be more like me
Would I be selfish to alter the order
Would I be foolish to not follow you
But I have the strength to walk past all that you have
I will not walk in my father's shoes
I will not walk in my father's shoes

© 1987 Cliff Eberhardt

MARGARET

Margaret went all the way with Vincent
They went to a ballgame for their honeymoon
They had a baby girl by Christmas
But Vincent got the blues early that winter
And he went sailing off for Tahiti or maybe to try out for the Cleveland Indians

What you goin' to do when the one you love
Blows away like the clouds above
And all he leaves behind is the blue in the baby's eyes
And the sunlight shining like crazy in the kitchen

But Margaret followed the days where they led her
She kept Vincent's ring
She watched for his letters
The baby learned to talk
The mailman asked Margaret out to the movies
Yes, and every station played her and Vincent's song
And all the dogs and cats and children
In the neighborhood sang along

Chorus

And if only it would stop raining maybe
It would seem more like summertime
Why I remember one fourth of July
Your daddy and I....

But Margaret quit waiting for Vincent's letters
She learned dictation and shorthand
And went dancing with the mailman
And the baby liked him too
And even the radio stopped misbehaving
A hot wind blew in some mystery station
It was the bottom of the eighth
The Cleveland Indians were trailing

Chorus
Chorus

GALLO DE CIELO (Rooster from Heaven)

Carlos Zaragoza left his home in Casa Grandes when the moon was full
No money in his pockets, just a locket of his sister framed in gold
He headed for El Sueco, stole a rooster called 'Gallo de Cielo'
Then he crossed the Rio Grande with that chicken nestled deep beneath his arm

Gallo de Cielo was a rooster born in heaven so the legends say
His wings they had been broken, he had one eye rolling crazy in his head
He'd fought a hundred fights, and the legends say that one night near El Sueco
They'd fought Cielo seven times, and seven times he'd left brave roosters dead

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio
I have 27 dollars and the locket with your picture framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo de Cielo
Then I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago

Outside of San Diego in the onion fields of Paco Monteverde
The pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of silk
And they laughed when Zaragoza pulled the one eyed de Cielo
from underneath his coat
But they cried when Zaragoza walked away with a thousand dollar bill

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Barbara
I have fifteen hundred dollars and the good luck of your picture framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all behind the fighting spurs of Gallo de Cielo
Then I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago

Now the moon has gone to hiding and the lantern light spills shadows
on the fighting sand
A wicked black named Zorro faces de Cielo in the night
And Carlos Zaragoza fears the tiny crack that runs across his rooster's beak
And he fears for the fifty thousand that is riding on the fight

Hola, My Theresa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Clara
Oh, The money's on the table, I am holding now your good luck framed in gold
And everything we dream of is riding on the spurs of de Cielo
I pray that I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago.

Then the signal it was given, and the cocks they rose together far above the sand
Gallo de Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast
They were separated quickly but they rose and fought each other thirty seven times
And the legends say that everyone agreed that de Cielo fought the best
Then the screams of Zaragoza filled the night outside the town of Santa Clara
As the beak of de Cielo lay broken like a shell within his hand
And they say that Zaragoza screamed a curse on the bones of Poncho Villa
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove de Cielo to the sand

Hola, my Theresa I am thinking of you now in San Francisco
There's no money in my pocket, I no longer have your picture framed in gold
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved de Cielo
I'll not return to buy the land that Vila stole from father long ago.

Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved Casa Grandes
Does the scar upon my brother's face turn red
when he hears mention of my name
Do the people of El Sueco still curse the theft of Gallo de Cielo
Tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.

© 1982 Tom Russell / End of the trail Music (ASCAP)

SIDE YRICK TWO

THE ROSE OF RANGOON

HARD ROCKED HARRAN BY SEVENHILL ROAD THE MOON
For her many bank accounts have given up the ghost
They sing of Shanghai Lilly
Up and down the China coast

When she talks about her conquests
It's not an idle boast
Mata Hari wasn't sorry
Delilah never cared
But all these tomatoes
Are mere small potatoes
Compared to the Rose of Rangoon
She never rises till the late afternoon
She wins her prizes by the light of the moon
But nobody knows where she comes from
She's the Rose of Rangoon
Blew into Asia like a South Seas typhoon
You're mistaken if you think you're immune
I want to warn you chum
She was said to be a paria
That scandal in Jakarta
When all those fellas jumped into the bay
And when she hit Manila
She charmed the whole flotilla
The month the navy did not get its pay
She got away
She's the Rose of Rangoon
The guest of potentates
And business tycoons
She leaves 'em standing in their Fruit of the Looms
But nobody knows where she's from
Now she was once a lodger
At the palace of the Rajah
But neither of them lives there anymore
He's working at a diner
In downtown Chun King China
Checking for revolvers at the door
And sweeping the floor
But the Rose of Rangoon
She never rises till the late afternoon
She wins her prizes by the light of the moon
She'll turn a place to a slum
She'll turn a king to a bum
She'll make a blind man dumb
She won't throw him a crumb
She's the Rose of Rangoon
Nobody knows where she's from
Nobody knows where she's from

© 1986 Erik Frandsen, Paula Lockhart, Bob Hipkens and Michael Garin

TALK AROUND TOWN

Special
Everybody wants to be special
Everybody wants to be great at what they do
Great at what they do

Honor
Everybody wants a bit of honor
Everybody wants to spend time on the pedestal
Time on the pedestal

I'm gonna go out
Stir up a little bit of
Talk around town
Burn bright while the sun goes down
Stir up a little bit of talk around town
Burn bright while the sun goes down

Reverence
Everybody wants a bit of reverence
Everybody wants the chance to move another mind
Leave a bit of truth behind

Glory
Desperation cries for glory
Some want to go out, stop time with a gun
Freeze the frame
You're the one

See I'm gonna go out and
Stir up a little bit of
Talk around town
Burn bright while the sun goes down
Stir up a little bit of talk around town
Burn bright
While the sun goes down

You can feel the heat
Out comes the victory
Tumbling through the streets
In the alleyways
That's where they want know
The stakes aren't gonna wait

Everybody cries for money
People will do a lot of things for money
People want to believe there's a freedom they can buy
A place where they don't have to try

Cho
Cho

© 1986 Roy Forbes/BIM

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO

Three Million B.C. ,
A quarter past two
The primates are hangin' out with nothin' to do
They haven't figured out how to stand and walk
They can't use tools and they sure can't talk
Well two get in a tussle'bout a piece of fruit
And the rest join in and they all get to it
Fussing and fighting
Scratching and biting
All around the tree the fur is flying
Raising a ruckus for miles you can hear the sound
And when they're finally finished
There is nothing left to pass around

And it's, Monkey see, monkey do
I am a bigger monkey than you
Monkey do Monkey see
Who's gonna climb to the top of the tree
C'mon all you monkeys and fight for me
I've got the biggest banana

Well its been a long time since those halcyon days
Man and the monkey have parted their ways
We've got culture and civilization
Therapists, lawyers and video dating
But off in the distance there is something I hear
Could it be this is an election year
Fussing and fighting
Scratching and biting
All around the country the fur is flying
But they spent twenty years abiding by the rules of the game
So it's not surprising politicians sort of sound the same

Its Monkey see, Monkey do
I am a better monkey than you
Let's have an election and when we're through
We'll see who gets the biggest banana
Well, monkey do, monkey see
Who's gonna climb to the top of the tree
C'mon all you monkeys and vote for me
I've got the biggest banana

Well the west is west and the east is east
We're both sitting down to the same damn feast
We're stuffing our faces with both of our hands
Sharpening knives as fast as we can
While the money feeds the fires in a marathon dance
We all go broke giving generals chances

For fussing and fighting
Scratching and biting
All around the world the fur'll be flying
Sooner or later there is gonna be a hell of a sound
And when it's done there'll be nothing left to pass around

Monkey see, monkey do
I am a better monkey than you
Give me appropriations and when we're through
We'll see who gets the biggest banana
Monkey do, monkey see
Who's gonna climb to the top of the tree
C'mon all you monkeys and fight for me
I've got the biggest banana
C'mon all you monkeys it's world war three
And I've got the biggest banana

UN RABDOMANTE INCOMPETENTE (AN INCOMPETENT DIVINER)

Un rabdomante incompetente
cerca l'acqua
Una poesia
da raccontarsi anche dove piove
Vu vu vu vuole il tempo
Vu vu vu
partire partire partire

Un rabdomante incompetente
cerca l'acqua
Un viandante
vescovo
vero
veliero

Vu vu vu vuole il tempo
Vu vu vu
partire partire partire

Vu... volare
Vu...

Un rabdomante incompetente
cerca l'acqua
Una volpe
vivace
vorace
vulva

Vu vu vu vuole il tempo
Vu vu vu
partire partire partire
Vu... volare
Vu...

Un rabdomante incompetente
cerca l'acqua
Una vita
vero
vidi
va

Vu...
Vu...
Un rabdomante incompetente
cerca l'acqua
Una poesia
da raccontarsi anche dove piove

An incompetent diviner
looks for water
A poem
to be told also where it rains
time wants

to leave leave leave

An incompetent diviner
looks for water
A wayfarer
true
bishop
clipper

time wants

to leave leave leave

wants to fly

An incompetent diviner
looks for water
A fox
vivacious
voracious
vulva

time wants

to leave leave leave

wants to fly

An incompetent diviner
looks for water
A life
true
I've seen
goes

An incompetent diviner
looks for water
A poem
to be told also where it rains

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HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT

Huge brown bottomed cloud come in off of the sea
Approach the island that heads up to reach
Manhattan it challenges them to stay free
So over the shoreline just past the beach
They come like the new revelation and fan
Over me under me into my pen
And I'm wondering why I'm even noticing them
If it weren't preordained
If it wasn't written

Just like the muse in the spirit
Totally hidden in plain sight
In plain sight

You somehow ignited a fire in me babe
Tendered the embers and kindled the flames
With all of the things about you that I crave
If I were religious I'd make you a saint
On second thought honey, now maybe I am
Simply 'cause I can appreciate them
And realize there must be a reason I can
It just wouldn't be
If it wasn't written

Chorus

Well I could forget about this and go on
Keep my eyes closed till dusk comes
Never see dawn
Only visions of darkness unto me would come
All the color and illumination of dawn
I could pull this off just like others can
And I could by doing so
Win favor with them
I could walk around being so complacent
If this hadn't gone down
If it wasn't written

Chorus

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WOODEN HORSE (Kasper Hauser's Song)

I came out of the darkness
holding on to one thing
A small white wooden horse
I'd been holding inside

And when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

In the night the walls disappeared
In the day they returned
"I want to be a rider like my father"
Were the only words I could say

Chorus

Alive
And I fell under
A moving piece of sun
Freedom

I came out of the darkness
Holding one thing
I know I have a power
I am afraid I may be killed

But when I'm dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive
Alive

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LAST CALL

And so we've had another night
Of poetry and poses
And each man knows he'll be alone
When the sacred ginmill closes

And so we'll drink the final glass
Each to his joy or sorrow
And hope the numbing drunk will last
Til opening tomorrow

And when we stumble back again
Like paralytic dancers
Each knows the question he will ask
And each man knows the answer

And so we'll drink the final drink
That cuts the brain in sections
Where answers do not signify
And there aren't any questions

I broke my heart the other day
It will mend again tomorrow
If I'd been drunk when I was born
I'd be ignorant of sorrow

And so we'll drink the final toast
That never can be spoken:
Here's to the heart that is wise enough
To know when it's better off broken

Words & Music ©1989 by Dave Van Ronk

PIERCE PETTIS



Photo by Dennis Keeley

While the Serpent Lies Sleeping

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"Folk music is alive and well and Pierce Pettis is one of the music's bright lights...Pettis' skillful singing and finely crafted lyrics keep the folk flame burning bright."

—Austin American Statesman, Austin TX



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—Art Menius, The Spectator, Greensboro, NC

"Beautiful music!"

—Jesse Winchester

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—Mary Tilson, KPFA-FM Radio, Berkeley, CA

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THE FOLK MUSIC CHRONICLES



A collection of articles, essays, and short stories

by **ROGER DEITZ**

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

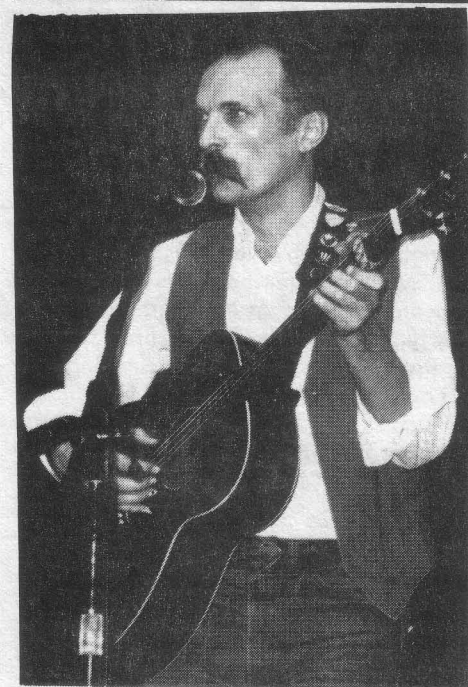


Photo by Teddy Lee

FOLK POETS

MIKE AGRANOFF: THE BALLAD OF SANDMAN

By Mike Agranoff

[This is the first article in a series on poets who compose poetry that is meant to be performed to anyone who will hear, not stuck on the printed page, unbought in bookstores. They do not teach writing workshops at universities or read their "work" at the St. Mark's Church. They do not spend summers at Yaddo or Breadloaf or Cummington. You can find them reciting poems at festivals and coffeehouses or at small parties and get-togethers. Their poems speak out loud in clear voices. They need no excuses, no explications.]

In these articles, we'll give you enough background to set the stage and a sample of their poetry - some of it already ranking as native lore. Mike Agranoff takes no chances though, and decided to write his own intro instead.]

PROLOGUE

So, I'm sitting around the house on a Sunday morning in October of 1987, not doing much of anything when the phone rings. It's my friend, Elaine, with a frantic, "Mike! Mike! Turn on WNEW, quick!!" So, I dial up 102.7 on my stereo, and what do I hear but the tail end of *The Ballad of the Sandman*. Well, break me off at the ankles and flick me away!

What's more, it wasn't even music. It was a spoken piece, a recitation. Now there's a dated art form if there ever was one. Recitations are poems, usually narrative, with fairly strict meter and rhyming...none of this blank verse drivel in fancy typesetting and lower case lettering that passes for poetry these days, thank you. It was parlor and stage entertainment up to the days of vaudeville, but seemingly fell out of favor with the advent of broadcasting; perhaps it was needing of the personal presence to put it across. Its masters were Kipling and Service, but survives today only as hated exercises in Junior High School and the occasional obscene example, such as *The Ballad of Eskimo Nell*.



THE BALLAD OF SANDMAN

When the broadcast room's a living tomb of cracked acoustic tiles,
And you're left alone with your microphone and your playlist and your dials,
And the hands upon the studio clock pass midnight, creep towards one,
Then it's time to take the air once more; the graveyard shift's begun.

The day shift and the engineers have all left hours ago.
You close the heavy soundproof door and set your board aglow.
Cue the first two records up, settle in your chair,
Uncap and flip the "transmit" switch, and you are on the air.
There's magic in the radio, enchantment in the ether.
A power born of mind and brain, and yet a part of neither.
A power to be reckoned not in kilowatts or joules,
A means to let a single voice touch half a million souls.

But when you work the graveyard shift, from one A.M. to five
You start to doubt that anyone is out there or alive.
The halls are lifeless, phone is dead, and there's nothing quite so lonely
As to call with kilowatts, and in reply, hear silence only.

They usually stick the rookie jocks in the lonely graveyard slot.
But me, I broadcast nights by choice. I like that shift a lot.
'Cause when I get the lonely's, as I do from time to time,
I recall the Sandman's final show of 1969.

1960's radio was awful at its best.
I grew up with Cousin Bruce, and the Wolfman, and the rest.
Between the fast talk and the hype and the acne lotion jingle
And station breaks with sound effects they'd maybe play a single.

But that was all there was back then, and that was all we had.
And nostalgia finds a way to sift the good from all the bad.
So intertwined was radio with fond scenes of my youth
That it's tinted with a rosy glow that overlays the truth.

And summer parties at the beach, and every high school date,
Those midnight drives in my dad's Olds, and studying till late
Are movies in my mem'ry, and behind them I still hear
The Beach Boys, and the Beatles, and the Motown, oh so clear
To the counterpoint of DJ hype and ads for Rheingold Beer.

But then in '67, FM burst upon the scene.
What once played only Bach and Brahms, was now a rock fan's dream.
Between the sparse commercials, they'd do three songs in a row,
And album cuts, and full-length versions played in stereo.

And gone was all the mile-a-minute brainless DJ chatter,
And singing station breaks and other aural fecal matter.
Instead these guys with wit and charm told what they had to tell,
And spoke as if they thought that I might have some brains as well.

I came to know them all by voice that summer, and by fall
I had hung around the station till I got to know them all.
Bill Clancy in the morning slot, Ann Stacy, Charlie West,
But the Sandman, he was different, and apart from all the rest.



Paul Sandman did the overnights. He had his special style.
He was older than the others, and had been around awhile.
He'd segue different album cuts in a stream-of-conscious run,
And do theme sets and live concert tapes; he made listening fun.

And though he must've known my name, he always called me "Kid".
But he let me watch him work, and he'd explain the things he did.
And once or twice he snuck me in the studio late at night,
And let me cue the tapes and records up to my delight,
Till I wandered back home bleary-eyed as it was getting light.

And while the records spun, he sat and talked of days gone by
When radio was younger, so was he...and so was I.
While 'round his lonely Kansas farmhouse, snowdrifts blew and curled,
The radio was a living color window on the world.

He said,

"There was magic in the radio, enchantment in the ether.
A power born of mind and brain, and yet a part of neither.
A way to take you miles and years by means unknown to science,
But it's since become a juke box, nothing more than an appliance."

"I can tell you've got the itch, Kid, that you'd like to be a jock.
Well, give it up, the magic's gone, there's nothing left but schlock.
You deal with all the crazies, and the drugged-out suicide calls,
And the sponsors and the FCC have got you by the balls.

"Programming tells you what to play, and they take no denying.
You read copy advertising crap you'd never think of buying.
The hours are long, the pay is squat, vacations are...." but
The cut would end, he'd face the mike, and weave magic once again.

Sure enough, he read me right. Guess he could recognize
A little of his own obsession shining in my eyes.
And when I left for school that fall, and higher education,
My first step was to make a beeline for the radio station.

Throughout my freshman year I learned the ropes and paid my dues.
I engineered and did commercials, swept, and read the news.
By the time I was a sophomore, I had earned a weekly show.
I was on the graveyard shift, but I was on the radio!

And I learned "Paul Sandman" was a name that every DJ knew.
And the trade rags did his story. Got a piece in *Newsweek*, too.
And sometimes playing album sides from our deserted station,
I'd tune in his show on my headphones just for inspiration.

And so it was on New Year's Eve of 1969.
School was out; they'd all gone home. The station was all mine.
And there was I, the rookie jock left holding down the fort,
Well stocked with day-old pizza pie and coffee by the quart.

They had me working triple shift from eight P.M. to eight
Playing records no one listened to, while partying till late.
And CBS had run lines nationwide out to Times Square,
And at midnight, we'd switch over to a live broadcast from there
To hear the famous ball come down, and ring in the new year.

By 'leven ten, it got so dead you just could not believe.
Who the hell is listening to the radio New Year's Eve?
So I cued up "Tommy". That would kill a half an hour or so,
Took off my shoes, put on my phones, tuned in the Sandman's show.

MOVING?

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where we can find you

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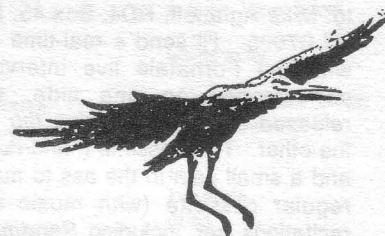
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EPILOGUE

Well, to answer some of the usual questions, no, I never worked in radio. I did my research before writing this piece by doing a few live broadcasts and by interviewing ex-rock DJ, Karen Smith (who later married my friend, Bob Sharen, thereby becoming Karen Sharen, and getting the bit part of Sharon Smith in *Sandman*.) No, there never was a real Paul Sandman, but his character was inspired by Pete Fornatale, and his erstwhile colleague, Jonathan Schwartz, his contemporary colleague, John Weingart (WPRB, 103.3 FM Princeton, NJ, Sunday evenings), and all the other brave souls that pour time and effort into alternative format radio today. No, the specific incident in the story never happened, and was (and probably still is) technically impossible, but there have numerous incidents of DJ's locking themselves in the control rooms and doing one last glorious show before being booted out of the industry forever.

And *Ballad of the Sandman* is fast becoming an underground cult recording in alternative format and public radio these days. Last spring, four DJ's on WXPB in Philadelphia, in order to protest the re-formatting of the station into a more mainstream mold, resigned on the air, put on a tape of *Sandman*, and walked out of the studio. Many public radio stations have used it to good effect during fund drives. Any DJ wishing a copy should send a request on radio station stationery to: Mike Agranoff, RD4, Box 45, Boonton, NJ 07005. I'll send a real-time cassette with the Fornatale live interview and performance on one side, and my released cassette, *Rocking the Boat* on the other. This cassette (hand-duplicated, and a small pain in the ass to make), the regular cassette (with music and two recitations *not* including *Sandman*), and my book of recitations, *Jake, the Captain, and Other Heroes* can be purchased from me at the above address. Please write for prices and information.

Oh yes, and the way Pete got hold of the tape was that I had given Christine Lavin a copy, and she duped it and sent it off to Pete unbeknownst to me. Bless you, Christine.

Something's different. Something's wrong. I knew right off the bat.
He's playing straight top-40. His voice is sounding flat.
There's dead air between his cuts, and his spots all run too long.
Inside of fifteen minutes, I knew something there was wrong.

I let him start a record, then dialed up his private line.
He answered with his call letters, and I replied with mine.
"Well, hiya Kid! Hey, tell me, ain't you got a better way
To spend your New Year's Eve than with some tired old DJ?"

"Heck, no! I'm on the air myself. I got lots of time.
I listen to your show because it's better far than mine.
But tell me, Sandman, what's with you? Is everything all right?
It seems to me as if you're somewhat off your stride tonight."

"Everything is not all right," he answered with a frown.
"The Arbitron report came out. Our ratings have gone down.
And Harry Stein in Programming's decided that the way
To get the ratings back on top is dictate what we play."

"So here I sit with list in hand that says at 10:15
I should play the Righteous Brothers, followed by the Cream,
And then a public service spot, and then some Moby Grape.
Hell, they don't need a DJ, they could put this stuff on tape!

"It's December 31st. The year is coming to an end.
And with it ends the decade, and an era, too, my friend.
And in twenty-seven minutes, I will switch off to Times Square.
When I return in '70, tune in if you care
To hear how good the radio could be - if it would dare!"

He broke off at that moment to cue up another platter.
I said goodbye. The Who were almost finished, for that matter.
And exactly twenty-seven minutes later, more or less,
On cue, I flipped the switch to hook us in with CBS.

And while thousands in New York bade fond farewell to '69,
And Guy Lombardo and his Orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne",
I raised my slice of pizza in salute to the new year,
And once more to the Sandman at the end of his career.

When the network show was over with, I went back on mike.
I made some inane comments 'bout the future and the like.
Did a station break, cued a record up, and then,
Put my headphones on and tuned the Sandman in again.

"Welcome," he began, "to 1970 radio.
You've noticed, in the past, a certain blandness to this show?
Seems Harry Stein's determined what your music tastes should be.
Well, fuck you, Mr. Harry Stein! And fuck the FCC!

"I've had my fill of radio. This here's my final hour.
But the door is locked and bolted and I'm on internal power.
I s'pose they'll find a way to get me out eventually,
But until then, you'll see how good the radio can be."

And then the music started. And magic came on strong.
And how their sequence brought to light a hidden meaning to each song.
And where he got those tapes and records, I will never know,
Old favorites I'd forgotten, live recordings from some show.

(sung)

You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant.
You can't always get what you want! You can't always
get what you want!

Where have all the flowers gone?
Da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron!

The Beatles singing German, Dixieland on seventy-eights,
Benny Goodman, Walter Carlos, Bessie Smith, and the Roommates!
This is more than playing records, this is genius! This is art!
This is something all should hear. And, damn! I'll do my part!

I open the equipment carton stowed beneath the board.
Rummage through the junk there till I find the proper cord.
Patch "headphone out" to "preamp in", adjust the input power,
And the Sandman's show is relayed out from our antenna tower!

I reach out for the telephone, dial WBVA.
It's answered there by Sharon Smith, their overnight DJ
"Hey, Sharon, Paul Sandman's just flipped Harry Stein the bird
And he's putting out the best damned radio you've ever heard!"

There's a brotherhood amongst the radio voices of the night.
They'll stand behind a fellow jock if he gets in a fight.
Sharon had to listen but a moment, then was gone
To find a patchcord of her own to send the Sandman on.

And then the phones, that long I thought were dead, began to light,
As calls came in from miles around from listeners in the night.
"Whence comes this wondrous music?" they would ask. And I would smile.
"And how come I pick it up on every station of the dial?"

And through the night the signal spread from station unto station,
As the DJ's spread the Sandman and his magic 'cross the nation,
Till Sharon called me, laughing, shouting like she was on fire
"Listen! Someone's put the Sandman on the Network wire!"

That's right! The lines out to New York were still hooked nationwide!
I flipped the switch to listen in, and laughed until I cried.
The Sandman must have reached some hero New York engineer,
Who put him on the wire for the whole damn world to hear!

There was magic in the air that night, enchantment in the ether.
A power born of craft and pride, yet so much more than either.
And all across the country sat the overnight hard core,
And shared the Sandman's magic, till at twenty after four,
He stopped to say goodbye, as they were breaking down the door.

New Year's Day dawned cold and grey with just a touch of sleet,
And many a jock by nine o'clock found himself on the street.
Me, I came off cheap. A reprimand was all I got.
But New Year's Night, a new voice broadcast from the Sandman's slot.

Since that night the radio has been my occupation.
I'm now a big-shot DJ at a major FM station.
But when the hours start to drag, and the night is going slow,
I cue up an album side, crank up my headphone stereo,
And tune the Sandman in...on National Public Radio!

When the broadcast room's a living tomb of cracked acoustic tiles,
And you're left alone with your microphone, and your playlist, and your dials,
Though the airwaves seem a graveyard of lifeless whitened bone,
There's always someone listening, and you'll never be alone.



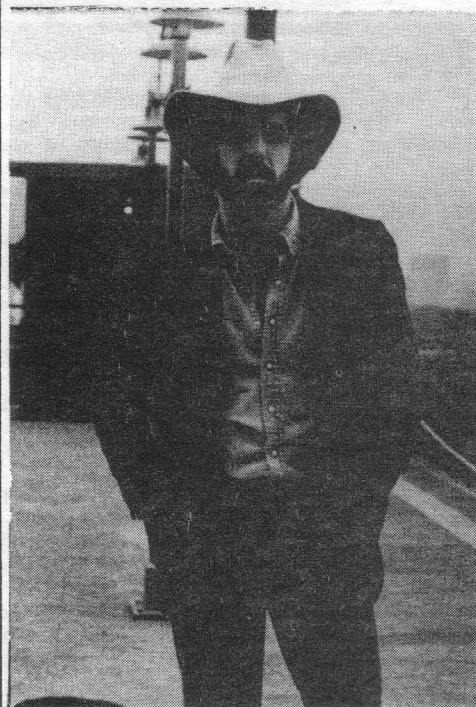
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IN NEW YORK - 4/23/88

THE COMPLETE SHOW RAN AS FOLLOWS:

SIDE ONE

Up Until Then (John Gorka)..... Jack Hardy w/Shawn, Margo
& the Band
Brothers (Hugh Blumenfeld)..... David Roth w/ Jack & Lillie
(FF405/6)*
Danton (Lillie Palmer)..... Lillie Palmer w/ Margo & Mark
Godzilla (Michael Garin)..... Erik Frandsen
The Well (Rod MacDonald)..... Rod MacDonald & the band
& Nikki Matheson
My Father's Shoes (Cliff Eberhardt)..... Cliff Eberhardt w/ Mark
Shot gun down the Avalance (Shawn Colvin)..... Shawn w/ David, Lillie & the band
(FF405/6)* & John Leventhal
Margret (Frank Tedesso)..... Frank Tedesso w/Margo, Jeff
& Mark
Sierra Blanca Maccacre (David Massengill)..... David Massengill & the band
Hidden In Plain Sight (Eric Wood)..... Richard Meyer w/Rod, Lillie,
Josh & the band

SIDE TWO

Monkee See, Monkey Do (Josh Joffen)..... Josh Joffen w/ Marcie, Richard
(FF 107 Sept '84)** & the band
Rising In Love (David Roth)..... David Roth w/Jeff
The Hunter (Jack Hardy)..... Jack Hardy w/ Margo, Richard
& the Band
Celibacy (Marcie Boyd)..... Marcie Boyd w Willie & the band
(SE 205 JUNE '83)**
Uneasy Nights (Richard Meyer)..... Richard Meyer w/Rod, Shawn
(FF 405/6)* Josh & the Band
On A Winter's Night (Willie Niningger)..... Willie Niningger w/ Jeff
(FF 301 JAN '86)**
The Rose of Rangoon (Frandsen, Garin)..... Erik Frandsen w/ Mark
Hipkens, Lockheart)From the new musical *The Rose of Rangoon*
Un Rabbomante Incompente (Germana Pucci)..... Germana Pucci w/Rod,
& Giancarlo Bag Richard & the band
The Final Call (Dave Van Ronk)..... David Massengill w/ Lisa
On The Road In New York Town (Rod MacDonald)..... Rod w/ the Ensemble & band
Talk Of The Town (Bim)..... Shawn w/ the Ensemble
& band

**Sorry, Sold out

* Available soon

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THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL
MAGAZINE WAS ESTABLISHED IN
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LITERARY MATERIAL ARE WELCOME
(PLEASE ENCLOSE SASE). WE ALSO
WELCOME LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

This issue was composed on a
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of one of our own, it would make
our lives much easier, and your
issues cleaner and more timely.
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handle this job.

ON THE RECORD

Seventeen issues of *The Coop* (February '82 to Sept '83) came out monthly. The magazine was run by a committee at the SpeakEasy, and so the catalogue numbers SE101, etc. Dates after each issue are accurate. **THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE, Inc.** (incorporated as not-for-profit in late '83; first issued January '84) was on time until March of '87 or so, when it fell behind and eventually left off naming the months on each issue. Most of these issues are titled. We're back on schedule now.

Listings in this discography have *Coop* and *FAST FOLK* recordings first, albums by the artist second, followed by any other recordings we are aware of. In many cases these artists also contributed articles to the printed portion of the magazine. Please help us update or correct this information.

Shawn Colvin

Hailed as one of the most promising singer/songwriters to emerge from the current folk scene, Shawn's music reflects both the western influence of her South Dakota roots and the contemporary edge of her present home in Greenwich Village. Winner of the New York Music Award as Best New Vocalist in 1988, she has toured with Suzanne Vega and the Red Clay Ramblers, as well as playing on "A Prairie Home Companion" on public radio. Her album, *Steady On*, was released by CBS Records in 1989.

I'm Talkin' To You.....	SE103/April '82
No Friend To Me.....	FF105/ May '84
Stranded.....	FF108/ Oct '84
Out of This World.....	FF201/ Jan '85
I Don't Know Why (live NY)	FF202/ Feb '84
I Don't Know Why (live Boston).....	FF204/ April '85
Knowing What I Know Now.....	FF208/Oct '85
Knowing What I Know Now, Heart On Ice,	
Calypso, Goodnight + group vocals (live).....	FF305/6/ Fall'86
Diamond in the Rough (live/sung by Lucy Kaplansky)	FF404/April '88
Shotgun Down the Avalanche.....	FF405/6/ Dec '88
Talk around town(live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
One Cool Remove(Live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Steady On.....CBS Records /1989

other

Duets w/ Tom Russell/ Heart On A Sleeve.....	End of the Trail
Luka/back up vocals on the Suzanne Vega single.....	A&M
<i>Steady On</i> (live) Newport Folk Festival.....	Alkazar 1989

Aztec Two Step

Aztec Two Step burst upon the scene with a triumphant debut album in 1972, which eloquently spoke of human experience at a time when many Americans were awakening to new ideas and perceptions of life, both internal and external. Highly acclaimed by the critical world and the listening public, they have continued a successful songwriting, recording and performing career; and the songs, old and new remain vital and timeless years later. They are Rex Fowler and Neal Shulman, and they take their name from a line in Lawrence Ferlinghetti's poem, *A Coney Island of the Mind*.

Living In America.....	FF 303/ March '86
Ban Vinae (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

albums

See, It Was Like This (Retrospective).....	Flying Fish 1989
Living In America	



Shawn Colvin & John Gorka- One Cool Remove



Photo by Carol Forde

Photo by Teddy Lee

Cliff Eberhardt

Originally from Berwyn, Pennsylvania, Cliff has been performing in New York and around the country at clubs and festivals for the last fifteen year. Known for his driving performance energy and great songs, he is always busy and never satisfied. Cliff first recorded on the Cornelia Street Album and has appeared on numerous *Fast Folk* records. He's been the voice of the Heartbeat Of America and contributed a song to the *Legacy* anthology, recently by Windham Hill, where he was signed as a solo artist.

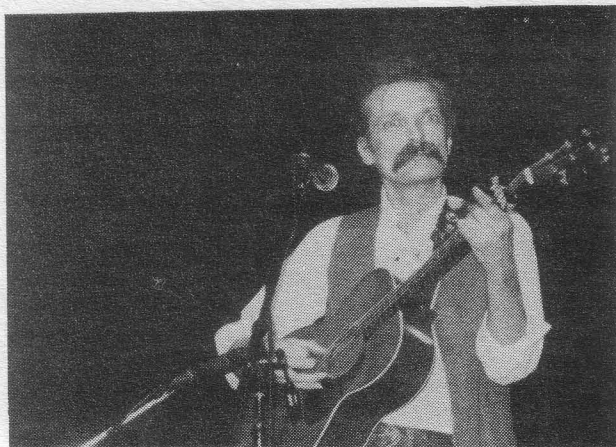
Nickle And Dime (live).....	FF 110/ Dec '84
Unrequited (live).....	FF 210/ Dec '85
Goodnight (sung by Matheson, Colvin, Kaplansky).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
On the Avenue (live).....	FF 404/ April '88
Everything Is Almost Gone.....	FF 407/ Feb '89
My Father's Shoes (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

other

Drive, Summers in New Jersey.....	Stash -1980
The Cornelia St. Songwriter's Exchange LP	



Cliff Eberhardt and Mark Dann



Erik Frandsen

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

Howard Hughes Blughes.....	SE 101/Feb '82
McPherson's Farewell.....	SE 105/ June '82
I Shot Jack LaLane.....	SE 108/ Sept. '82
Potter's Field.....	SE 204/ April '83
Howard Hughes Blughes.....	FF 104/ April '84
Viking Rag.....	FF 205/ May '85
Godzilla.....	FF 405/6 Dec/ '88
The Rose of Rangoon(live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

John Gorka

John has called himself an intense white guy from New Jersey for years in his bios. He was assistant editor of *Sing Out!* magazine and has recorded often for *Fast Folk* since 1983. John won the New Folk Competition at the Kerrville Folk Festival in 1985 and has recently released a widely praised album, *I Know*, on Red House Records. He tours regularly.

Downtown Tonight.....	SE 205/ June '83
Geza's Wailing Ways.....	SE 207/ Sept '83
I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair.....	FF 101/ Jan '84
The Land of the Bottom Line.....	FF 103/ March'84
The Sentinel.....	FF 105/ May '84
Out of My Mind.....	FF 110/ Dec '84
Down in the Milltown.....	FF 201/ Jan '85
Crazy Horse, Ragman (w/ Hardy & Meyer, Downtown Tonight, I Don't Know Why (w/Shawn Colvin) (live).....	FF 204/April '85
I Know.....	FF 301/Jan '86
I Know, Who Should Know + group vocals (live).....	FF 305/6/ Fall '86
I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair, On The Avenue (w/Cliff Eberhardt-live).....	FF 404/April'87
Up Until Then (performed by Jack Hardy).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
Leaving Soweto, One Cool Remove (live w/S.Colvin).....	FF 503/Feb '90

Photo by Teddy Lee



albums

I Know..... Red House
Records(1987)

other

I Saw a Stranger with your Hair.....Legacy/Windham Hill
I Saw A Stranger with your Hair(live)..... Kerrville Folk
Festival 1986

Jack Hardy

Jack has been a central figure in Greenwich Village since arriving in 1978. He is one of the founders of The CoOp (now the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*), the SpeakEasy Musician's Cooperative and the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange. Jack has released several albums on various labels in the U.S. and Europe, the most recent one being *The Hunter*. Jack tours regularly in the U.S. and internationally. He has been called the "leader of the contemporary folk scene" by the New York Times. (For booking information write: Great Divide Records, 178 West Houston Street, #9, New York, New York 10014).

Goodnight Loving Trail.....SE 103/ March '82
This Land Is Your Land.....SE 104/April '82
Incident at Ebenezer Creek.....SE 105/ May '82
The Children.....SE 108/ Sept '82
Apostrophe to the Wind.....SE 110/ Nov '82
Porto Limon.....SE 201/ Feb '83
Pretty Peggy-O.....SE 202/ March '83
Potter's Field (performed by Fresno Slim).....SE 204/ April '83
Dublin Farewell.....SE 205/ June '83
Woman of the Road.....SE 207/ Sept '83
Ottomanelli (In Italian/ by Pucci).....FF 101/ Jan '84
The Blanket.....FF 102/ Feb/ '84
Incident at Ebenezer Creek (live).....FF 104/ April'84
Elevator.....FF 105/ May '84
Al Cormir.....FF 301/ Jan '85
May Day, Rag Man+ group vocals (live).....FF 205/ May '85
No Future.....FF 208/ Oct '85
The Tinker's Coin (live).....FF 306/7 Fall '86
The Wren.....FF 308/ Sept '86
Before You Sing (performed by the Roches).....FF 405/6 Dec '88
Up Until Then.....FF 502/ Jan '90
Song of The Assassin (live).....FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Mirror of My Madness..... 1976
Landmark..... 1976
The Nameless One..... 1978
White Shoes..... 1982
The Cauldron..... 1984
The Hunter..... 1988
Through..... 1989
Retrospective.(CD Only-Swiss)..... 1989

Jack has also written the musical *Christmas 1941*, and is preparing two others.



Photo by Chris Month

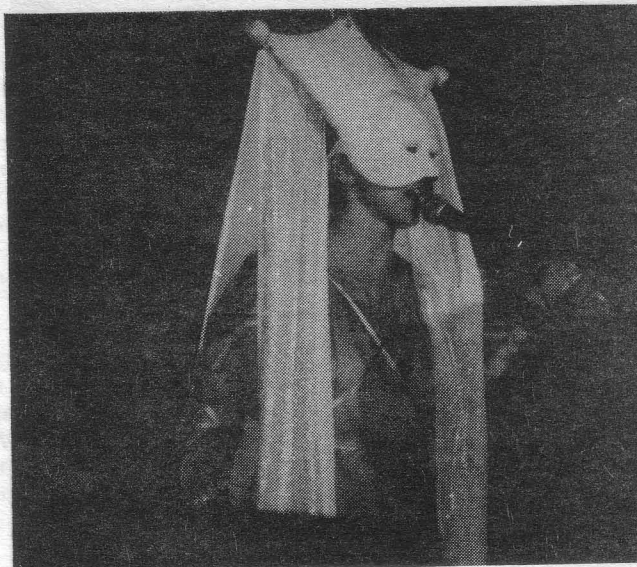


Photo by Carol Fonde

Wendy Beckerman as The Muse

Josh Joffen

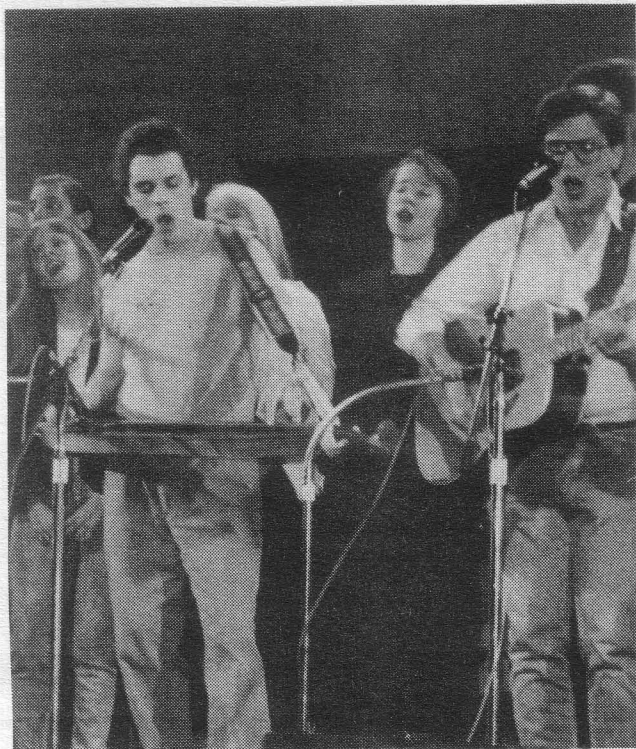
Born and bred in Brooklyn, New York, Josh grew up within sight of Ebbets Field. The Dodgers had already moved to L.A. and the Giants to S.F., and the Mets were only a gleam in Mrs. Payson's eye. Josh became and remains a Yankees fan. He was the winner of the Kerrville Folk Festival's 1987 and 1988 New Folk Competition and has returned to play the mainstage there.

Wild Willow.....	SE103/April '82
Crazy Horse.....	SE111/Dec/ '82-3
Miami (sung by Rosemary Kirstein).....	SE202/ March '83
Chain Of Love.....	SE 204/ April '83
Pandora.....	FF 105/ May '84
Monkey See, Monkey Do.....	FF 107/ Sept '85
Good/Dancer (w/David Roth).....	FF 201/ Feb '85
Song of Time.....	FF 202/ March '85
Crazy Horse (performed live by John Gorka).....	FF 205/ May '85
The Girl From The Great Divide.....	FF 309/ Oct '86
Let Me Take My Time (by Richard Meyer-live).....	FF 404/ April '88
The Hawk's Song.....	FF405/6 Dec '88
Monkey See, Monkey Do (live).....	FF502/ Jan'90
Sail On (live w/Fast Folk Revue).....	FF503/ Feb '90

albums

Josh Joffen- 1 side of a shared LP with David Roth..... 1986

Photo by Teddy Lee



L-R Wendy Beckerman, Janice Kollar, Suzanne Vega & Josh Joffen
David Massengill, Lillie Palmer

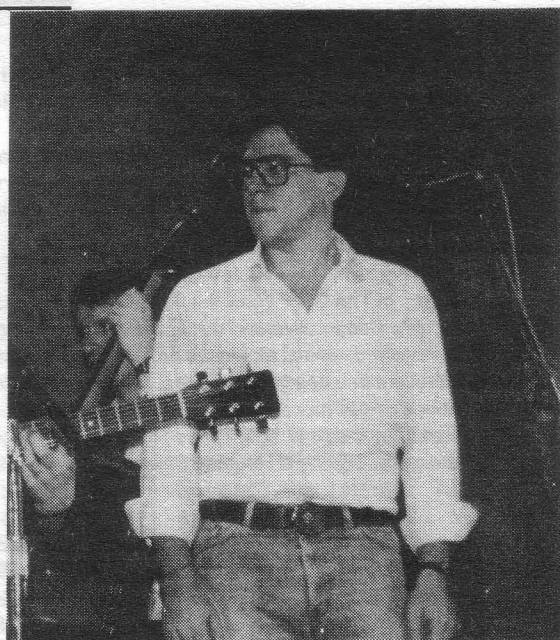


Photo by Teddy Lee

David Massengill

David is a native of Bristol, Tennessee, where he once chased a bobcat and vice-versa. He made his debut at Folk City in Greenwich Village, accompanying himself on dulcimer. Dave Van Ronk taught him guitar and took him on two national tours. Van Ronk notes that Massengill's songwriting bears "the signature of a master." Though Woody Guthrie is his greatest influence, his songs are compared with Dylan's, Paul Simon's, and even the B-52s'. He has opened the Newport Folk Festival and closed the 25th anniversary concert for Folk City, which aired on PBS and BBC T.V. He has also performed at Carnegie Hall and the Kennedy Center. His songs have been recorded by the Roches and Joan Baez, and his own recording of "My Name Joe" appears on the New Windham Hill collection *Legacy*. He was nominated Best Folk Act of 1987, '88, and '89 by the New York Music Awards and was a Kerrville 1989 New Folk winner. He is currently working with Suzanne Vega's producer, Steve Addabbo, on his debut album.

On the Road to Fairfax County.....	SE 101/ Feb '82
Great American Dream.....	SE 103/ April '82
The Eunuch's Lament.....	SE 105/ June '82
Down Derry Down.....	SE 109/ Oct '82
Beggarman's Pearl.....	SE 201/Feb'83
My Name Joe (sung by George Gerdes).....	SE 202/ March '83
Johnny Macaroon.....	SE 203/March '82
Nothing.....	SE 204/ April '83
The Great American Dream (live).....	FF 104/April '84
Wake Up.....	FF 201/ Jan '85
The X-President's Waltz.....	F F203/ March '85
Sightseer (live).....	FF 205/ May '85
My Name Joe, John Henry (live).....	FF 305/6 Fall'86
Contrary Mary (live).....	FF 404/April'88
Number One In America.....	FF 405/6/Dec '88
The Last Call (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
Ballad of A Careless Man, Sail On (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

tapes only

The Great American Bootleg
The Kitchen Tape

albums

Contrary Mary, Massengill's Theory of Devolution..... The Cornelia St.
Songwriter's Exchange -
Stash /1980
My Name Joe.....Legacy/Windham Hill '89

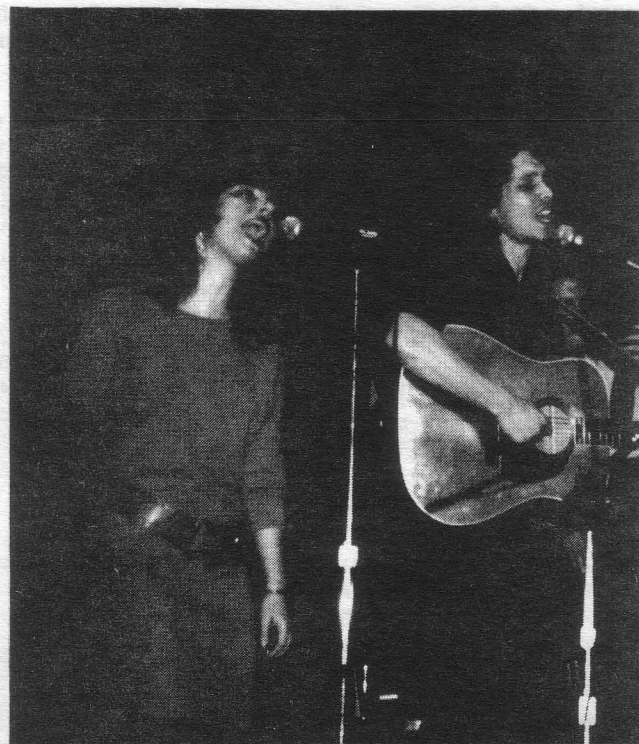
Richard Meyer

Richard has written and recorded numerous pieces for the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* since joining the staff in 1983. He coordinated booking for the *SpeakEasy* in 1984-85 and co-produced live, bi-weekly *Live From the SpeakEasy* broadcasts for a year on WBAI-FM. He has performed around the Northeast, Los Angeles and Northern Italy. *Sing Out!* published his song "The January Cold." Richard released one album; *Laughing/Scared* and is working on a second to be called *The Good Life!* He has contributed music to many stage productions and fills out a double-life with work as designer-in-residence at both East Coast Arts and the Berkshire Public Theatre. He designed scenery and lights for *Old Business* at the New York Shakespeare Festival, *Friends* at the Manhattan Punchline and The Los Angeles premiere of *Hurlyburly* with Sean Penn/ directed by David Rabe. Richard served as Technical Director for the Mabou Mine's Obie award-winning productions of *Through the Leaves* in New York, Montreal and Jerusalem. Richard will be designing a production of *All My Sons* in Dehli, India and *Self Defense* in LA this spring. He has been editor of *Fast Folk* since 1986. [For booking call: (914) 632-1978].

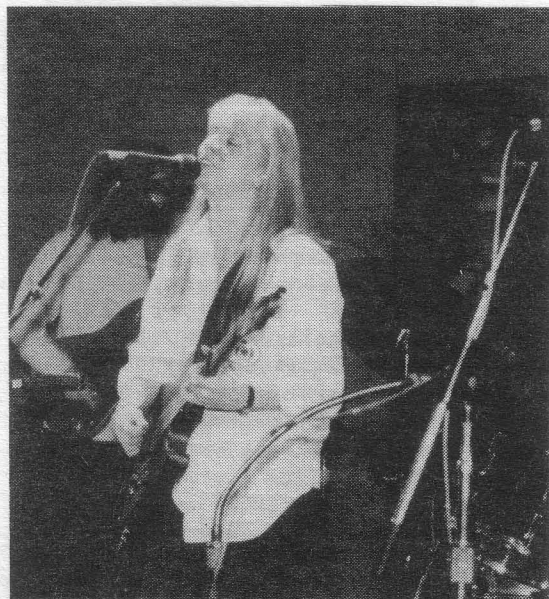
Jive Town.....	SE 201/ Feb '83
No Reason To Cry.....	SE 202/ March '83
Laughing/Scared.....	SE 206/ June '83
Music Like The Wind.....	SE 207/ Sept '83
All My Ex-Girlfriends.....	FF 103/ March '83
The January Cold.....	FF105/ May '84
Day After Day.....	FF109/ Nov '84
Who Needs Times Square?.....	FF 202/ Feb '85
Rock Breaks Scizzors, May Day (live).....	FF 205/ May '85
Cares To the Wind.....	FF 208/ Oct '85
Moments.....	FF 303/ March '86
No Guarantee, Maria, Kilkelly (live).....	FF 305/6 Fall '86
Come Fill Up Your Glasses.....	FF 308/ Sept '87
Let Me Take My Time (live).....	FF 404/ April '88
Uneasy Nights.....	FF 406/7 Dec '88
Perfect Tragic Form.....	FF 501/ Nov '89
Hidden in Plain Sight (live).....	FF 502/ Jan'89
Long Black Wall (live).....	FF 503/ Feb'90

Albums

Laughing/Scared.....	Old Forge Records/Dec'88
The Good Life!	Stay Tuned



Luck Kaplanski, Richard Meyer
and Jeff Hardy on Stage in 1987



Lillie Palmer/Palmer & Bragg (duo)

Lillie lives and writes songs in the East Village. She has attended Goddard College, Vermont, the Trinity Rep Conservatory of Rhode Island, and Fordham University. Lillie contributed a cut to the recent Windham Hill *Legacy* album. *East Coast Rocker* writes, "Palmer reminds one of a young Joni Mitchell- the epitome of the down to earth folksinger." She is currently recording with her band.

Bayonne.....	FF108/ Oct '84
By Then.....	FF110/ Dec '84
Into the Sun.....	FF 203/ March '85
Local Color.....	FF 209/ Nov '85
Bayonne (sung by Christine Lavin-live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
Gone To His Head.....	FF 310/ Dec '86
Canvas.....	FF 407/ Feb '89
Danton (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

other

Insanity Street.....	Legacy/Windham Hill '89
----------------------	-------------------------

Germana Pucci

Came to New York from Tuscany, Italy in 1975 and has been a part of the folk music scene through the days of the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange to the birth of the SpeakEasy and *Fast Folk*. Lately she has begun to write in English and is currently recording her first LP. Germana has appeared in all of the *Fast Folk* Revues since 1984. She wishes to do more, which is the wish of all human kind.

Memoria.....	SE 102 /March '82
L' Impiegato.....	SE 111/ Dec '82
Diavoli In Avido Amore.....	SE 207/ Sept '83
Ottomanelli.....	FF 101/ Jan '84
Diavoli In Avido Amore (live).....	FF 104/ April '84
A Veglia.....	FF 107/ Sept '84
Farfalle Multicolori.....	FF 108/ Oct '84
Il Volo Del Corvo.....	FF 201/ Jan '85]
Chocolates and Shame.....	FF 209/ Nov '85
Bonadea (live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
Chocolates and Shame (live).....	FF 404/ April '88
Down the Highway.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
Un Rabbomante Incompeante (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
Sail On (live)	FF 503/ Feb '90



Tom Russell and Fats Kaplan

Tom Russell

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

St. Olav's Gate.....	SE 201/ Feb '83
As The Crow Flies.....	FF 208/ Oct '85
Mezcal.....	FF 303/ March '86
The Heart Of The Working Man.....	FF 405/6/ Dec '88
Gallo De Cielo (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

albums

Ring of Bone.....	Demo-1976
Wax Museum.....	Demo-1978
Heart on A Sleeve	End of the Trail'84
Road To Bayamon.....	Rounder 1989
Poor Man's Dream.....	Snow Creek- '89

other

Various cuts on albums from the.....	Kerrville Folk Festival
Mezcal, Alkali, Navajo Rug (Internat. Singer/Songwriter Festival)	
.....	Bear Family '89

Margo Hennebach

(Piano & Keyboards) Classically trained, Margo has performed folk and original music for nearly 15 years in the US, England, and Holland. She has recorded and performed with Paul Winter and Pete Seeger in addition to New York based folk artists such as Rod MacDonald and the band Idle Rumors. She is also a practicing music therapist.

Frank Tedesso

Frank is from Chicago and now he lives in New York.

Vaudeville (live).....	FF403/ Fall '87
What could I Add To That? (live).....	FF 410/ Oct '89
Margaret And Vincent (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

Suzanne Vega

Suzanne has moved from performances at the SpeakEasy to slightly larger halls such as The Royal Albert Hall and Carnegie Hall. She has toured the world and received three Grammy nominations for her song "Luka" and her recordings on A&M Records. She has a strong background in theatre and dance. She is from New York.

Cracking.....	SE 101/ Feb '82
Calypso (sung By Lucy Kaplansky).....	SE 102/ March '82
Gypsy.....	SE 105/ May '82
Knight Moves(live).....	SE 108/ Aug '82
Queen and the Soldier.....	SE 201/ Feb '83
Some Journey.....	SE 205/ June '83
Tom's Diner.....	FF 101 Jan/ '84
Knight Moves (live).....	FF 104/ April '84
Small Blue Thing (live).....	FF 205/ April '85
Calypso (sung by Lucy Kaplansky-live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
The Marching Dream.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
Kasper Hauser's Song (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90

albums

Suzanne Vega.....	A&M - 1985
Solitude Standing.....	A&M - 1988
Stay Awake	
Prince's Trust Benefit	
Left Of Center/ Pretty in Pink Soundtrack	
Philip Glass- Liquid Days	
Various Live EPs have been released in Europe	



Mark Dann

Howie Wyeth

Brooklyn-born, Mark has engineered more than 25 issues of *Fast Folk*. In his spare time, he builds, repairs and plays basses and guitars. Although has never had a beer he is fully computerized.

Jeff Hardy

Jeff is a stand-up bass player in addition to being a professional chef. He has served as bassist for the *Fast Folk* shows for three years in a row, and has managed to keep his sense of humor.

Howie Wyeth

Drummer Howie Wyeth has recorded with (among others) Robert Gordon, Don McLean, Roger McGuinn, Link Wray, and is an alumnus of Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue. What most people don't know is that Howie is an exceptional piano player, specializing in the music of Thomas "Fats" Waller, James P. Johnson, and Willy "The Lion" Smith.

Lisa Gutkin

Lisa can be heard frequently in and around New York City playing with country, bluegrass and Irish bands as well as doing quite a bit of session work. She performs regularly with the Rentones, Deborah Snow, the Jumbo String Band, Il Giulare di Piazza, and has toured with *The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas*. She is now trying her hand at French



Eric Wood

Eric was raised in Cleveland, Ohio until he was 14 years old. He spent the next ten years in as many cities before arriving in New York in 1976. Performing began to take on greater importance for him there, after he had spent four years in Nashville publishing and recording houses, concentrating mostly on songwriting.

Home Is Where The Heart Is.....	SE 109/ Nov '82
Endless Highway.....	FF 202/ Feb '85
There Ought To Be A Law.....	FF 303/ March '86
Hidden In Plain Sight (live sung by Richard Meyer).....	FF 502/ Jan '90



SIDE ONE

1 UP UNTIL THEN
(JOHN GORKA)

JACK HARDY/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
SHAWN COLVIN, MARGO
HENNEBACH/VOCALS
THE BAND

2 DANTON
(LILLIE PALMER)

LILLIE PALMER/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/BASS

3 GALLO DE CIELO
(ROOSTER FROM HEAVEN)
(TOM RUSSELL)

TOM RUSSELL/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
FATS KAPLAN/ACCORDIAN
AND VOCAL

4 MY FATHER'S SHOES
(CLIFF EBERHARDT)

CLIFF EBERHARDT/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC BASS

5 MARGRET
(FRANK TEDESSO)

FRANK TEDESSO/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
MARGO HENNEBACH/SYNTH
AND VOCALS

6 BAN VINAE
(REX FOWLER)

AZTEC TWO-STEP
REX FOWLER/VOCAL AND GUITAR
NEAL SHULMAN/VOCAL AND GUITAR



9.13.90

SIDE TWO

HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT 1
(ERIC WOOD)

RICHARD MEYER/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
JOSH JOFFEN, LILLIE PALMER,
ROD MACDONALD/VOCALS
THE BAND

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO 2
(JOSH JOFFEN)

JOSH JOFFEN/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
RICHARD MEYER,
MARCIE BOYD/VOCALS
THE BAND

THE ROSE OF RANGOON 3
(FRANDSEN, GARIN, HIPKENS,
LOCKHART)

ERIK FRANDSEN/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
JEFF HARDY/BASS
HOWIE WETH/DRUMS

UN RABDOMANTE INCOMPETENTE 4
(PUCCI-BIAGI)

GERMANA PUCCI/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
RICHARD MEYER,
ROD MACDONALD/VOCALS
THE BAND

WOODEN HORSE 5
(SUZANNE VEGA)

SUZANNE VEGA/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
(APPEARS COURTESY OF
A&M RECORDS)

THE LAST CALL 6
(DAVE VAN RONK)

DAVID MASSENGILL/DULCIMER
AND VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN

TALK AROUND TOWN 7
(ROY FORBES)

SHAWN COLVIN/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
(APPEARS COURTESY OF
CBS RECORDS)
THE ENSEMBLE