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FAST FOLK
MUSICAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

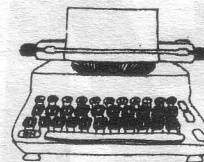
SAFETY LAST!

Jan, 8.1990

A recent *New York Times* article (Sun. Jan.7, '90) by Stephen Holden wondered whether there was any benefit to society by the increasingly political nature of pop songwriting. He seemed to draw the conclusion that it demands too much from a pop audience to respond to socially conscious music.

What is different about the political music now as opposed to that of the hallowed 60's and the post-Vietnam 70's? Many of the battles we originally fought are apparently over (even while we see ourselves fighting them again). Issues that tore at the center of society such as basic women's rights, the war, and civil rights with it's attendant First Amendment questions seemed to have been dealt with, if only broadly. An active public may have embraced political music initially because the issues dealt directly with them. Since that generation grew up with politics as a natural constituent of it's music it makes sense that issues would continue to be addressed.

Issues are not as clear cut now and it is harder to place blame for problems on 'the government', 'the company', 'a race.' We know now how integrated social and environmental issues are. It's harder to rally a more informed audience with sloganeering. It seems cliché to do that now and often disrespectful to the issues. Many 60's anthems would sound that way now. They blew in the wind, they implored us to get together, that time had come today



and that all the flowers had gone. Certainly these song drew together disenfranchised groups and focused them on the issues of the day. Those issues were so far from being solved that broad strokes were effective. Today we need more....

I recently met a couple of singer/songwriters from Estonia, one of the nations swallowed up by the Soviet Union after WWII. They had suffered at the hands of the KGB and from the general repression of their society for their opinions and their singing. While the songs were good they were the kind of abstract generalized songs we have come to associate with the 60s and in the America of today they seemed to have lost some of the power they definitely carried in a society where direct lyrics were unwelcomed by the authorities.

One of the by-products of the grand political era was the elevation of the 'movement' to star status. With this also came the evolution of more community based political action groups: Greenpeace, World Wildlife Fund, Earth First and all of the community hot lines and social programs for the homeless. It's hard to make a hit out of a song that addresses a very specific issue because specific issues speak to fewer than the millions needed now to make a hit. It didn't always take millions, it used to only take tens of thousands. A generalized political song can succeed however and leave no mark. The success of 'Born in the USA' may have been due to a sloganeering title that nearly obliterated the true sentiment of

DEALING SENTIMENTAL

By Hugh Blumenfeld

Sentimentality makes people feel good, and they'll pay good money to get some. The euphoric state it produces only lasts a short time, and those who become addicted to it require more and more to sustain their ability to work for their cause. What's more, the use of sentimentality is increasing to an alarming extent among those who need to be most clear-headed in forming a worldview that takes into account the complexities of international politics, cultural differences, and the inconsistencies of human nature.

Sentimentality can be defined as the nostalgia for something that never existed, a feeling that was never felt. The seven symptoms are:

The glorification or romanticizing of pain or grief, especially someone else's. Includes making heroes of the poor, the homeless, "minorities," the disabled, the working class, victims of violence, and other unwilling martyrs. e.g. the song that goes (if you can believe it): "I cannot hear you talking/my hands replace my voice/ but I don't feel sad/cause it ain't so bad,/I'm not disturbed by noise..."; children, by the way, are an especially hot item this year. e.g. the song whose chorus goes: "Save some trees for me, mister/Save some trees for when we grow up," and the now classic "I'm a Little Cookie."

Description of a past in which things and people were as good as what those people hoped things and people would be like in the future. Also descriptions of the present as if it were the future they imagined in the past. Includes reminiscences of the '60s, economic prosperity, the labor movement in America, revolutions (including American, Russian, Spanish Civil War, Nicaraguan). e.g. "Amazing Michail, is his land stripped/of all its dignity?/Schools, homes, health, jobs/No Donald Trump, No state of tyranny." or the one that goes: "Together the labor of their strong arms/would build the dam/to bring light to their farms/to mill their lumber/harvest their crops/the cycle of hunger and misery to stop." Also chants like "We Are A Gentle Angry People," "We Are The World," etc.

Simplification. e.g. Rosita, a peasant in Nicaragua, is represented as having deep brown eyes, a beautiful smile, and strong hands even though she may take long lunches sometimes, neglect her mother, and have an alcohol problem. Does she like planting more than harvesting work? Does she feel insecure about how to reprimand her children? Does her husband sometimes feel like she doesn't listen to him? Who knows.

Gross simplification. e.g. Rosita is Nicaragua.

Images of pastoral life in which forests, vales, rivers, and oceans replace mosquitos & ticks, sheepshit & cow ples, leeches & sharp rocks, storms & vertigo. Includes songs in which even the weeds and bugs are lovely! e.g. "we've got gardens, we've got weeds in our hands/We've got trees, flowers, seeds in our hands/We've got the fish, the birds, the bees in our hands/We've got the whole world in our hands."

Images of city life in which poverty, ugliness, and overcrowding completely replace commerce, art, and cultural diversity.

Images of technology as evil, often conveyed through sophisticated sound media including radio, digital recordings, and Bose speakers.

It is difficult to overestimate the damage caused every day by sentimentality. Some common effects are selective memory loss involving important historical events, inability to understand and deal effectively with aggression and fear, and loss of color vision (you see things in black and white). The end result is either "illusionment" (thinking that the answers are simple and that the people you are working for and the people you are working with are saints), or disillusionment (serious illness resulting from sudden withdrawal from sentimentality without proper assistance).

If you are abusing sentimentality, or know someone who is, get professional help. The movement depends on it.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

*quotations taken from *People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle 1989 Winter Gathering Songbook*.

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THE ARTFUL BLUES or an Argument for a Standard Repertoire

By Jackson Braider

There is something to be said for being artistically inclined. One character - who shall remain nameless simply because I don't remember who she was - said that the joy of being an artist is that one can be endlessly amused by the world. For example, she said that society takes on the aura of slapstick comedy when one looks at it the right way; she happily claimed that romantic woes no longer brought the grim weeper to *her* door. Racial hostility? Seen in the right light, she said, it provided better laughs than *Monty Python*. Mass and serial murders - why, *think* of all those terribly funny Jonestown jokes way back when.

In these pages over the years, we've read a lot of serious stuff about songwriting being art - oops! My typography escapes me. I mean *art* (or do I mean **ART**?). But it's such a loaded word, an *abused* word, really, one that has come to be purloined by the basest

scoundrel to exalt the cheapest device. And so, to talk about songwriting - or anything else, for that matter - in terms of art, *art*, or **ART** is to do a disservice - not just to art (in all its various guises), but to the song. The use of the term has itself become a joke - witness Donald Trump, the man, the author, the game. And since we can't get Madison Avenue or media consultants to treat the term with some measure of respect, then we should take out our elephant guns and set our sights on meaningful targets - like the *art* of being Donald Trump. Make the word repulsive enough (and Donald is trying his best, God knows!), then we will be free at last to use it to our hearts' content.

Thinkers in the Middle Ages had it right - as they had so many other things (like the Plague). In their scheme, there were the Theoreticians, the Artists, and the Artisans. Of this lot, oddly enough, the Artists were the lowest. The theoreticians - the loftiest of them all in the medieval scheme - discovered and expounded the principles of the work; the Artisans crafted it. The Artist, on the other hand, was just a medium, a messenger, a middleman who received inspiration from without - a Muse,

a Saint, a Goddess; the sources varied, depending on the time and place - and simply passed it on.

No wonder, then, that the Artist in the period was a faceless being, because the work, essentially, was not his own. That way, when the critics lambasted him, he wouldn't be obliged to take it personally.

Why am I ranting about such things? And what do they have to do with the business of this magazine? Having fallen victim myself to the sin of *vanitas* from time to time in terms of my "own" work and in connection with various events in the Village and elsewhere, I wonder how much of our work as a whole suffers the terrible fate of being taken "personally" - *my* song, *my* voice, *my* genius, and so on.

Consider, for example, the whole strange concept of the "singer/songwriter" - one of those euphemisms flying around to cover for the fact that we are - gulp! - *folk* (there! I said it) singers. It takes a certain kind of courage to get up there in front of all those people and play these tormented works. Bert Jansch put it nicely in his song, "It Don't Bother Me":

Photo by Dennis Keeley
WH-1087



PIERCE PETTIS

A Few Choice Words on Pierce Pettis...

"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

"...Pettis is entertainer enough that the crowd demanded three encores and left wanting more."

—Art Menius, The Spectator, Greensboro, NC

"Beautiful music!"

—Jesse Winchester

"...warm and humorous, a fine songwriter whose playing and singing are truly superior. You'd be well-advised to check him out."

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



See Pierce on The Legacy Special on VH-I's "New Visions"

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You've gazed upon my troubled life
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What you see

But clearly it is bothersome. The vast majority of us sing songs that we have written, culled from our own experience and vision (for the most part). What a drag it is when an audience talks while we're playing. High-minded characters will cry that it is not the disinterest in the performance that rankles the Arrrteeste but the ignorance of the content and the message.

But would we feel better if they were talking when we played a song by someone else? And why should they listen to us when we don't necessarily listen to them in the first place?

That's the real problem with the picture as a whole. How much attention do we really pay to the work of others? How often do we go to other people's gigs? (I'm embarrassed to answer that one myself.) How often do we learn other people's songs? The scheme of things - at least here in New York - is geared toward singer/songwriting. The economics of the entire music industry compel one to write the material one records - after all, the money in making a record doesn't come from record sales; it comes from publishing rights. So, the environment - both economic and "artistic" - drives one to be a songwriter, if one is a singer. And if one is a songwriter, then one has to become a singer, because there is no one else who is going to perform one's material.

The end result of all this is that, because of *vanitas*, cultural, and economic forces, there is a great deal of mediocre material hitting the streets - not merely folk, but rock and pop as well. Indifferent singers playing indifferent

songs; good singers playing indifferent songs; indifferent singers playing good songs. And every once in a while, there is that rare combination of a good singer with a good song.

Arguments have been made - indeed, it is the essential purpose of *Fast Folk* - that "the song is the thing." That the song is our art form. Certainly, it is an important part of it. But what do we do in the case of the good song rendered by an indifferent performer? It seems to me that the old Zen question, somewhat modified, applies: If a song falls in the forest and no one can stand to hear it performed, does it exist? Something along those lines.

I don't know. What I *do* know is that there is precious little encouragement at the present time for any of us to interpret the work of others. The chance of "making it," the possibility of that ever-important publishing deal, the curse of *vanitas* - these all contribute to a state of affairs in which the entire community suffers.

The issue is not only of competition; it is not only of rivalries. On the New York scene, at least, this situation has enabled some of us to develop into somewhat better songwriters.

But we are also shooting ourselves in the foot. The one element that deprives our community of singer/songwriters of any real cohesiveness is the absence of what they call in classical music circles a "standard repertoire" - a body of work that fulfills certain criteria (as yet undefined) of greatness.

I know, I know. "Greatness" is one of those terms college coaches use to describe their special teams, and I am not about to risk my neck in coming up with a list of songs that, to my mind, at least, embody greatness. Still, I cannot help but feel that by playing, if only on occasion, the work of others we can begin to arrive at some measure of consensus regarding the criteria by which we determine the quality of our work - both as individuals and as a community.

The fact of the matter is that we begin our involvement in our art and craft by learning the works of others. By listening, by sifting, by plundering and pillaging the works of others we begin, ironically, to find our own voice and the ideas that set fire to our own imaginations. Just because we become more capable in our craft, eventually, that doesn't necessarily mean that we don't have anything else to learn.

The misconception, I think, comes when we become satisfied with what we have wrought and, in a sense, give up

listening to the work of our colleagues with an open mind - to respond to, to think about, to learn another point of view. I've got this songwriting thing pegged, we seem to say. This is what a good song is and if a piece doesn't fit within these guidelines, then it isn't a good song.

The whole business is rather problematic. Repetition, they say, is the mother of memory, but precious few songs have been repeated in the current emergence of the singer/songwriter. Tracy Chapman's "Fast Car" and Suzanne Vega's "Luka" were known only in and of themselves in recordings by the songwriters. We didn't learn the songs and play them for ourselves. We did not repeat them actively; rather, we resorted to the passive repetition inherent in our culture - we lifted the needle, we rewound the tape.

Standard repertoire is for the most part great work, and if there were such a thing on our scene, "Luka," "Fast Car," and dozens of other songs come to mind as being the kind of stuff that would bear the active repetition on the part of musicians good, bad, and indifferent.

But standard repertoire works in another way, providing the glue between the community of performers and the community of listeners. In the classical realm, when a musician performs a piece from the standard repertoire, he or she is giving the audience a gauge by which to measure, understand, *appreciate*, the performer - a frame of reference, if you will, a point of contact.

Playing familiar songs does not necessarily signify pandering to an ignorant audience - though some might consider it throwing a bone to a mindless crowd. What does the performer *do* with a song that the audience already knows? The choice of material, the way in which it is interpreted - such aspects of performance give the audience a means by which to understand where the singer/songwriter is coming from, in a proverbial sort of way.

And so the choice of standard repertoire also gives the audience a means by which to grasp the performer's own work. Because they know the performer's compass point, the performer him- or herself does not have to waste time explaining things - explanations intended to clarify, explanations that instead only end up signifying the gulf that lies between the audience and musician.

Let's look at it another way. The issue came up in the course of an interview with Ben Verdery, a classical guitarist based here in New York. Recognized in the realm of classical guitar as a proponent of new repertoire, Ben often commissions new works and

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features them regularly on his programs.

But as he himself says, new music takes a lot of work - and not just on the part of the performer. "You can't expect the listener to look at this stuff as if it were an old friend. The tunes, where there are any, are not necessarily hummable - I mean, how many people do you hear whistling Takemitsu in the street? People generally hear this music once, maybe twice, and that's it. The performer, on the other hand, has spent hours, days, even months trying to learn it."

He continues, "The thing that makes it so brutal is the fact that it's become a point of honor not just to have a new piece on the program, but a new piece all your own, one that you've commissioned and that nobody else plays. The problem is that they then reject performing other new works out-of-hand. So rather than getting to *know* the music, what happens instead is that the audience has to go through fifteen or twenty uncomfortable and unfamiliar minutes waiting for something they can understand."

New classical music can be tough going, far tougher than even the most esoteric bit of songwriting, but the essential issue remains. The audience isn't going to know a work until they have heard it a number of times and they aren't going to hear it a number of times if they don't have a sense of the performer - because they are not going to come back and listen to him or her again if they are going to have to suffer through another evening of confusion.

And that's the real fact of the matter - confusion. Music is by and large extremely confusing stuff. One of the roles of the performer is to clarify what a work *means* - why has this song been written? What am I doing here? Or, as Lillie Palmer puts it, why don't I just get up and leave?

Our audiences ask themselves the same question. Too courteous to walk out - unless things get really, really tough - the problem is that they might not walk back in again. It's fine to challenge the listener, but he or she has to be able to grasp the question.

Standard repertoire allows the listener to know the performer. I'm not taking the craft of songwriting to task, but I do worry sometimes about the craftsmen and women, because we sometimes let our vanity get in the way of meaningful contact with the people who must support us. Is playing familiar work throwing them a bone, as some might suggest? No. It only gives them a truer sense of who and what we are and lets them know that there are reasons why we, swathed in the glamorous lights of places like the SpeakEasy and Sun Mountain Cafe, don't ourselves just get up and leave.

FOLK TRAVELERS

by Robert Rodriguez

(Note: The term "folk traveler" was originally coined by the late Mody C. Boatwright: scholar, writer, historian, and for many years an eminent member of the Texas Folklore Society. He coined the term to designate the universal nature in time and place of folksongs, tunes, and stories in their wanderings throughout time and across the world.)

Songs, tunes, and tales: what amazing folk travelers they are; they become the hardest of wanderers, making their way from culture to culture, country to country, continent to continent, and even century to century and era to era. They do not take account of ethnic or national rivalries, hostile borders, or any other artificial barriers, but manage to make their way across impassable deserts, over forbidding mountains, across vast oceans, and they often do this in spite of the contrary vagaries of the human condition. War and conquest, colonial expansion and trade, cultural interaction and dissemination are but some of the many ways in which songs, tunes, and tales have managed to leave one area of the world, only to mysteriously pop up in remote and distant areas of the globe, seemingly by magic.

Folk travelers go back as far as the dawn of human history itself. One of the oldest is rooted in the very fabric of creation mythology itself, i.e., the legend of a great flood which all but destroyed the world with only one or two survivors to start humankind all over again. Such a great flood legend can be found in such widely diverse sources as the Judao-Christian account in the book of Genesis to the Babylonian epic of Gilgamesh, written a thousand years previously, and from the Greek myth of Pyrra and Deucalion to the Native American creation cycle of Nanabush tales popular among central woodland tribes in the upper midwest and eastern Canada. Other Biblical tales, such as the story of Joseph and Potifar's wife have their global counterparts, versions being found as far afield as ancient Chinese literature, a medieval fable from Moorish Spain, and an oral narrative from the Salish people of the Pacific Northwest. One of the most unusual examples of a Biblical folk traveler is the tale of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba, whose plot recurs

over and over again in history and folk literature. In his fine collection of urban legends, *The Choking Doberman* (W.W. Norton, New York, 1982), folklorist Jan Harold Brunvand reports that during the late 1960's, a story circulated in the underground press about an American colonel stationed in Vietnam who was said to have engineered the death of a first lieutenant in order to have access to the officer's wife. No less than six oral versions of the tale were said to have circulated around various G.I. regiments during the period in question. Brunvand reports that versions of the tale, in one form or another, were quite popular during the Korean War, the two world wars, and even during the American Civil War. Whoever said a good story never dies sure knew what he was talking about.

Some folk travelers are truly international and universal in scope. Some of the most popular tales and ballads in world folk literature can be said to have versions and variants numbering in the many hundreds: these include tales such as the dragonslayer, the smith and the devil, the emperor and the abbot, and the master thief, to mention just a few. Sometimes the hero or heroine may change his or her name from country to country and variant to variant, but the face is always the same. The clever peasant girl who outwits the judge, prince, governor, or bourgermeister in a verbal duel of riddles and wits, and teaches him a much needed lesson in male humility is known as Nanca to the Czechs, Similitca to the Russians, Samantha in eastern Kentucky, and Isabela in Chile, while

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among the yurt-dwelling nomads of Central Asia, she is known as Clever Iraine. But once again, the story is the same the world over. A Robin Hood ballad in medieval Britain, with changes in meter and rhyme structure, is transformed into a corrido along the Rio Grande River border country and the hero becomes a dashing South Texas highwayman named Gregario Cortez, with the wicked sheriff of Nottingham being transmogrified into a cruel and relentless captain of Texas Rangers. The romantic outlaw who saves the poor widow's farm from the grasping banker or tax collector, and then robs the same of his ill-gotten gain is Dick Turpin in England, Ned Kelly, Jack Donahue, and Ben Hall in Australia, and Sam Bass, Cole Younger, Joaquin Murieta, and even Pretty Boy Floyd in Oklahoma of the 1930's. This may be as much a sentiment against the rich and greedy as it may be a universal romantic manifestation of dashing figures in the common folk imagination.

The road of some folk travelers is long and complex indeed. Who does not recall that somewhat repetitive kids' song, "The Bear Went Over the Mountain," sung around a campfire late at night; eight hundred years ago, with some melodic changes, this piece was a Crusaders' battle march used to give salute to Richard Lionheart as he reviewed his troops each morning; from the battlefields of twelfth-century Palestine to a summer camp sing-down; what a road that must have been! The popular comic country

ditty, "I'm My Own Grandpa," composed nearly fifty years ago, is itself but a modern manifestation of a folk traveler that dates back over two thousand years to the twenty-fifth tale of a Hindu story cycle known as "The King and the Corpse," in which a king must solve a series of riddles to save his own life. The story tells of a father and son who marry a mother and daughter, but in reverse order of age, and the king must answer the riddle: what relationship will their offspring be to one another? Since there is no solvable answer, the king is released from the spell of the baital or vampire-corpse. The 1949 composition, "Ghost Riders in the Sky," a cautionary tale of cowboy repentance, has many folk traveler ancestors, dating as far back as ancient Norse and Saxon legends of the wild huntsman with his pack of hellhounds and the fate of those unlucky enough to cross his path. As the eminent folklorist Stith Thompson once said, you can't keep a good story or ballad down for long; it'll crop up when you least expect it.

Sometimes the evolution and transformation of a folk traveler is as interesting as the story or song itself, if not circumstances and the variants of the hard to recognize. This is the case with the traditional ballad "The Unfortunate

Rake," found throughout Britain and Ireland. In its travels throughout the British Isles and later into the American music tradition, the song took on numerous local forms: "The Trooper Cut Down In His Prime," "The Whore's Lament," "The Gambler's Blues," "Saint James' Hospital," "The Streets of Laredo," and at least half a dozen others. The theme, though, is the same: the admonition against falling in with bad company. Sometimes a ballad or story will take on or lose thematic elements when entering another location; many traditional British ballads, with blatantly supernatural themes lost them when crossing the Atlantic to the New World. Thus, such ballads as "Renardine," "The False Knight Upon the Road," "The Demon Lover," and "Lady Isabel and the Elf-knight," when transplanted to either the United States or Canada, become ballads of mere seduction and amatory encounters.

Sometimes an actual figure of historical interest will become part of the larger folk traveler mosaic and enter world folk literature. Thus when Colonel George Custer fell in battle on June 25, 1876, with his five doomed companies of the Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn, he became simply another name in a long list of "heroes at the last stand," which can be found throughout recorded history, from the gallant King Saul of Biblical fame, who fell against the hosts of the Philistines on Mount Gilboa, Sir Gawain of Arthurian legend, the gallant Roland against the Moorish hosts at Roncesvalles, the Spartan three hundred under King Leonidas against the Persians at Thermopolae, Crocket, Travis, Bowie and the small Texas garrison against General Santa Ana at the Alamo in March of 1836, to the twentieth century itself with the gallant stand of the small U.S. Marine garrison against the Japanese on Wake Island in December of 1941. Even the alleged betrayers of the gallant and fallen heroes gain a dubious role in history: Ephialtes, the Greek shepherd, at Thermopolae is replaced at the Little Big Horn by the infamous behavior of Major Marcus Reno.

The tree remains the same, but the leaves change from season to season, with popularly recurring themes often merging into folklore, legend, myth, and popular belief. Often the figures of legend little resemble the figures of history or, as someone once said of the facts behind the real Jesse James, this is as historic as a legend can be.

The modern era has done little to diminish the popularity of the enduring folk traveler. Traditional jack-tales, ghost

Photo by Carol Fonde



Jack Hardy, John Gorka, and Lisa Gutkin
The Song Of the Assassin

stories, and legends of fabulous creatures have been replaced by the new phenomenon of the urban legend, popular on college campuses, barrooms, and business lunches, and it is as current and popular a form of oral folklore as any centuries-old tale found among age-old cultures. The phantom or vanishing hitchhiker is a modern manifestation of the age-old theme of the eternal wanderer found in such legends as the wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, and the ghostly smith who must wander between Heaven and Hell because neither will accept him after death. One prominent folklorist even suggested that the traveling salesman in all those jokes told about him is as much a captive of his own fate, doomed to wander from farmhouse to farmhouse, and it is rather ironic that in all these jokes, we are never told what, in fact, he is selling.

Even the simplest of modern jokes may have a long and honorable ancestry. During the 1967 Sinai War, a popular joke told of how a lone Israeli soldier ambushed an entire Egyptian army and

would not allow it to pass, but ordered it to turn around and go back home. First one man, then a squad, then a company, then a battalion, and finally, in exasperated rage, the entire army is ordered to roust the soldier out of his hiding place. With the whole army about to attack in full force, the first soldier crawls back out to warn his comrades to fall back, it is a trap, there are really two Israelis up there.

A study of the joke shows that it was in oral circulation in Scotland two centuries ago and was attributed as a story about how a lone Scotsman pulled the same ruse on the army of Oliver Cromwell when he marched into Scotland in 1651. But wait, there is more, for it seems that a joke of the same currency, dating back to an even older time, exists in the form of a popular song, attributed to the penmanship of the late Scottish song-writer, Matt Maginn, in which a highlander, perhaps of Pictish origin, pulled the same trick upon none other than Julius Caesar himself way back when the first Roman legionary trod his

foot onto the sands of Kent in 55 B.C. Dare we even ask how much further back in time and place this hardy jest may indeed have its origin?

And there we have it, the enduring world of the folk traveler, never dying, always evolving, taking on new forms and variations, always adapting to the conditions of the time. What, after all, is Star Wars except Arthurian legend transformed to a future time, or even a distant past as some would say, with the place of knights and valiant chargers taken by space jocks in star-fighters using light swords instead of the traditional lance or mace. King Arthur becomes John Wayne who becomes Luke Skywalker, and so it goes, from the distant past into the equally distant future. What, one wonders, will the folk travelers of the year 3000 A.D. look like out there between the distant stars? There will, however, be folk travelers out there, for as long as the human condition exists, so will the folk traveler.

Photo by Carol Fonde



Josh Joffen leads Sail on- the finale at the Bottom Line
2/18/89

SIDE BY R S ONE

REAL LIFE

Walking down Broadway
Enjoying the high life
We were all dressed up with somewhere to go
And you looked so lovely
So carefully styled right
As we stepped past the vagrants and went to a show.

You asked me how do the people get on here
If you knew my life, then you wouldn't ask me
Take a ride on the subway and ask the people you see!

But, baby, never mistake this for REAL LIFE
If you do, you'll be heading for a fall
You've been living, living like royalty too long
And soon down will come baby cradle and all (2x)

I know there's more to you than meets the eye
But people are telling you so many lies
Ain't it hard to find anything that money can't buy

But baby, etc.

Words & Music ©1989 by Michal Shapiro

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT

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

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

Chorus:

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

(Repeat)

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

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Words & Music ©1982
by Michael Ottenberg & Danny Starobin

LEAVING SOWETO

In Soweto where the skin is torn
By a thing a sharp as acacia thorn
Velvet night sprouts a thousand fires
Necklaces of burning tires

I try to speak the language
My white skin gets me by
Cameras and notebooks
Are smuggled out

And I
Am leaving Soweto
Soweto
Leaving Soweto

In Soweto it's against the law
To try and lift the lion's paw
Rocks and cans don't stand a prayer
against the guns they use down there
They pay you three months wages
To sleep without your wife
To dig their white cold diamonds
Worth more than your life

Chorus

In Soweto we are free to leave
There wives and daughters
Free to grieve
We listen for the sound of the coming rains
Like we listen for the sound the breaking chains
The air is thick and fragrant
On these roads at night
Beastly eyes are gleaming in the failing light
The Southern Cross is lifting up
Some African sky
Bitterness and beauty
One hand for every eye

Chorus

Chorus

© 1989 Geoff Bartley/Joshua Omar's Music (BMI)

LONG BLACK WALL

A green beret came to talk to us
He gave a slide show in the gym
Talked about the communists and the punji sticks
Thought I'd like to be like him

A long black wall
And nothing is undone
A long black wall
Sleeping in the sun

Chicago summer 1968
Some high school kids out on a lark
Waved to the cameras on the evening news
And got tear gassed in Grant Park

A long black wall
And nothing is the same
A long black wall
Shining in the rain

Everyone in college was against the war
We had long hair and Nixon stunk
Draft number high, draft number low
Stayed out all night and got real drunk

The vets came back on the G.I. Bill
With their field jackets and jeans
Drank black coffee and smoked cigarettes
And never spoke of what they'd seen

A long black wall
and nothing left to say
A long black wall
So many miles away

The man on TV said ten years had gone
Today a monument was raised
And when they spoke each name one at a time
The role of dead took four whole days

A long black wall
And nothing is the same
A long black wall
Over fifty thousand names
A long black wall
And nothing is undone
A long black wall
Sleeping in the sun

© 1983 Michael Jerling (ASCAP)

DEAD EGYPTIAN BLUES

Oh, Mr. Tut,
What good's it do
They love your chair
But, nobody cares for you
Egyptian nights were never colder
All your friends are thousands of years older
What ever happened to that gang down by the Sphinx
Seems they're only forty winks away
Those girls from Cairo with their belly button jewels
Made you play the fool yesterday
And now you keep in shape with Elmer's glue
You're all wrapped up in them dead Egyptian Blues

Oh, Mr. Tut,
They love the mask
Do they love you honey, sweetheart, don't ask
Where's those baby browns and that pearly smile
That smile drove 'em wild by the early Nile
You make one terrific hieroglyphic don't you bro'
Centuries of standing sideways turned you to a pro
Those girls from Cairo who filled your heart with lust
Have all turned to dust
Yesterday, yesterday
And those bandages didn't do that much for you
Man, you're all wrapped up in them dead Egyptian blues

Oh, Mr. Tut
They dig the tomb
All that gold leaf brightens up a room
But, what's the diff' when your stiff, what riff they're playing
When your ears have spent five thousand years decaying
What does it matter what possessions you may boast
When you're just a ghost it's only jive
Your sarcophagus is glowing
But your esophagus is showing
Who cares how rich you are, love
When you look like Boris Karloff
And they even named this dog food after you
You're all wrapped up in them dead Egyptian Blues

Oh, Mr Tut
You wait and see
Another few thousand years they're gonna dig up me
I'll have all my little treasures near at hand
A CD of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Little dried out Maui wowi crumbled in a bun
A letter from my honey saying love you kid, so long
Some peanut butter sandwiches
Will have all returned to sand
Not much gold or silver
But Tut I think you'll understand
That in my way I'll be just like you

All wrapped up in them dead Egyptian Blues
All wrapped up
All wrapped up
All wrapped up
All wrapped up
all wrapped up in them dead Egyptian Blues

© Michael Smith/ Bird Ave. Publishing (BMI)

SONG OF THE ASSASSIN

who shall bring the singer his voice
who shall bring enchantment for his strings
guard the secret well in your time honored hell
who will come to tell me how to sing

what when the wolf howls at your door
the crow is on the cradle and you sing
a plaintive air to bring ladies to your lair
and sell your song for silver's golden strings

on your own you came to me
imagining your heart knew where to lead
where elders lead the young learned by heart
and sung
then flung among the dung of autumn leaves

i alone i alone i alone shall sing

who shall bring the singer to rejoice
who invokes the sounds of mystery
disguise the secret well with your time marking bells
who will come to tell me why to sing

what when the wolf howls wolf no more
and the wolf is in the heather in the heat
when man is wolf to man hid behind a mask
and the lark in your choir sings so sweet
drawn in stone the runes named three
who came to bind the wounds of their king
behind your rack and ruin these sisters of the moon
their voices raised and packed into the ring

i alone i alone i alone shall sing

who shall bring the singer to the choice
that he might learn to curse the verse he's borne
hide the secret well in your time encrusted shell
who shall come to tell me what to sing

what when the wolf only howls in lore
no thorny crown to make the arrows sing
come and march with me for i hold the key
with wolfsbane the sniper's tongue can sting

on your own the moon claimed thee
choose 'tween thee and thine before you sing
stagger to your knees for the least of these
the bird is in the tree, is in the ring

i alone i alone i alone shall sing

© 1989 John S. Hardy Music (ASCAP)

SIDE YR C&S TWO

CARRIE

Carrie lies on a bed all alone
Her lover's come and now he's gone

Carrie lies on her bed like a stone
Innocence spilled on the bedsheet
She knows, she can feel it - drying
She can hear them lying
Carrie gets up still bare
And she heads for the stairs
Just trying to get that rhythm out of her head

And Carrie stops by the window
Lets the morning dress her in white
But she tired of disguises
And nothing can make the thing right

Carrie puts on some coffee and goes
To stoke up the fire to keep out the cold
And she watches the flames as they rise
She wonders if something reflects
in her eyes to betray her
It's not fair - no
Carrie lays on more wood
Till the fire's going good
She's so close that she's sweating again

But Carrie want to move closer
To burn pure like a platinum wire
But the fire just laughs
And the heat only feels like desire

Carrie goes up to put on some clothes
She stops by the fire to see if it knows

© 1989 Hugh Blumenfeld
Lark and Wild Thyme Music (ASCAP)

ONE COOL REMOVE

One cool Remove (one cool remove)
Put me there
And forever I will stay
One cool remove away

One cool remove (one cool remove)
From the things that hurt me
From the sea and the city
I see it all in a passion play
One cool remove away

One cool remove
From the white sun
Rising like a cloud above the land
One cool remove
From the red moon
Falling like a hand

One cool remove (one cool remove)
Like Buddhist breathing
And since all is fleeting
I neither come nor go nor stay
One cool remove away

Chorus

© 1989 Greg Brown
Brown/Feldman Pub. (ASCAP)

SENSITIVE NEW AGE GUYS

Who like to talk about their feelings
(sensitive new age guys)
Who's into crystals, into healing
(sensitive new age guys)
Who like to dress like Richard Simmons
(sensitive new age guys)
Who are hard to tell from women
(sensitive new age guys)
Who like to cry at wedding
Who thinks Rambo is upsetting
Who tapes *thirtysomethin g* on their VCRs
Who's got 'Child-On-Board' stickers on their cars

Who's last names are hyphenated
(sensitive new age guys)
Who loved 'Three Men and a Baby' a movie I hated
(sensitive new age guys)

Who's consciousness is constantly raising
(sensitive new age guys)
Yet who's tax free income is amazing
(sensitive new age guys)
Who thinks that red meat is disgusting
Who's into UFOs, channelling and dusting
Who believe us when we say we've got premenstrual syndrome
Who doesn't know who plays in the Seattle King Dome

Who like music that's repetitious
(sensitive new age guys)
Who like Music that's repetitious
(sensitive new age guys)
Who's concerned about your orgasm
()

I guess it's more important that they have 'em
Who carries the baby on his back
Who thinks Shirley McClain is on the inside track
Who always sings on sing-alongs
Even when they can't stand stupid sing-along songs

*I know a lot of you guys out there really hated this song
I could tell, You hated me for writing it but
you sang along 'cause it was a sing-along
and you didn't want to hurt my feelings
'cause you know what that's like
'cause you've had your feelings hurt so many times
'cause you are so damn sensitive*

Yes, you're sensitive new age guys

© 1989 Christine Lavin
Flip-A-Jig Music (ASCAP)

STILL RAINING IN PARIS

Long gone lovers will always reappear
I think it's the dreaming that brings them here
Memories of parting
So come the tears
Oh, it's still raining in Paris

~all turns to winter not to my surprise
feel all those questions you ask with your eyes
t's not for lack of answers I do not reply
Oh, It's still raining in Paris

I listen to the rythms on the cobblestone squares
The rattling of old leaves brings voices out of nowhere
It's a sorrow I've felt
It's a solitude we share

I hear anger on the mist from hearts that wait for spring
I left you with nothing
I gave you everything
It's been so long since we've seen that old light shining
Oh, It's still raining in Paris

I'd like to get away from the roar of this undertow
That's rolling me over in some forgotten flow
Tomorrow the garden may all be a-glow
Oh, It's still raining in Paris

It's hard for you to understand, I know
But, It's still raining in Paris

© 1989 Nikki Matheson

THE CARELESS MAN

This is the story of a careless man
Met a pretty girl and away they ran
He left his wife and children three
He lost them all to memory

He took the pretty girl to Delaware
She got a little pregnant and he left her there
She cried out for his poison dart
But all he left was a broken heart

He traveled all across the land
Two thousand miles down the Rio Grande
When he got to Mexico
He was just in time for the overthrow

He rode with the rebels for two campaigns
He used a hundred different names
He was Broadside Bill and smilin' Jack
One had what the other one lacked

He joined a band of mutineers
In raids along the wild frontier
He got tired of their disguise
And left for towns more civilized

In need of extra revenue
He robbed the Bank of Old Saint Lou'
He left the town in disarray
And made good on his getaway

With a posse hot on his trail
He rode them all the way to hell
That's where he met old Mr. Scratch
But the devil found he'd met his match

Well, Satan took the early rounds
But the careless man did rebound
He grabbed the devil by the nose
And led him where the primrose grows

The careless man can be mighty tough
For the devil said he'd had enough
That's when the posse did attack
Guess which one they shot in the back

With each man sworn to secrecy
Guess which one they let off scot-free
Who smiled and wiled and licked his chops
Just like a stoolie for the cops

Now when the careless man was dead
They laid him in a crooked bed
Without a thought, without a care
Without a hope of answered prayer

It took the devil and free men
To finally up and do him in
Some say he got what he deserved
Some say it's justice on a curve

Words & Music ©1989 by David Massengill
Bowser Wowser Music (ASCAP)

SAIL ON

Well, I've been sailing ten thousand years
I've been to foreign lands across the seven seas
And I've seen empires rise
Seen the heads of the mighty fall
And I've shared my bread with princes kings and all

And I will sail on
I won't lie down
I will sail on
I won't lie down
My love is waiting on the other shore
And I will sail on I won't lie down

My love's in the valley, my love's on the hill
He's the star that leads me, he's the breeze in my sail
Can't wait to kiss your lips when I set my boat ashore
Can't wait to tell my tales, show you what I have in store

Chorus

From the Arizona desert I bring you burning sand
Bring you ancient wisdom from the red and yellow man
Bring you tea from China, skin canoe from the eskimo
And a sculpture that came to life many years ago

And I bring you the river that runs to the sea
And I bring you the songs of the man who's fighting to be free
I bring you the crystal light where the arctic wind blows cold
And I bring you the stories that never have been told

Chorus

I bring you the prison door that locks people in
And I bring you the shotgun that's killed again and again
I bring you the soldier who died without a name
And the bleeding heart of the woman that loves the man

From Spain I bring to you blood red wine
And talking drums from Africa and the Lebanon vine
From the southern islands I bring you fruits so sweet
And I bring you a golden ring as a gift from me

Chorus Chorus

© 1988 Hans Theessink

FOLK POETS: The Lyrics of DAN KANTAK

By Hugh Blumenfeld

Dan Kantak lives and works and earns a living in Eastern Connecticut, not far from the wilds of Western Rhode Island. At 47, he's been a parole officer, a health worker, a construction worker, an asbestos-removal worker, and a counsellor. But whatever job he happens to be holding, Dan Kantak is known here as a poet.

Kantak writes a folk poetry that shrugs off pretense and decorum and carries on its love affair with spoken language out in the open. Economy of style, wit, and flirtations with wisdom give his poems a feeling of lightness *and* substance. He has a knack for the surprise ending that drives his point home seemingly without effort, and you wonder why you never thought of putting it that way. He deals with contemporary issues with immediacy and energy; most poets shy away from them in the name of "art." Like Woody Guthrie, Dan will often write the news of the day and perform it the same night.

A great bear of a man, Dan is quiet with a disarming smile and a self-deprecating shuffle. But when he reads, his voice fills with the magic of words. He can lilt and thunder and sigh, giving a performance that is almost musical. Many of his poems have been set to music, in fact, by local musicians like Susan Smith and Al Libera. Libera set "Guadalupe Ruis is Dead," published in *Broadside*, and "The Wall" which appears on *Fast Folk 402*.

Below are a few of my favorite Kantak poems from a selection called *East Flying Dreams*.

The dragons always
flew into the dawn
to drink the sun.
My mother knew when they came.
I woke her every time
with screams.
She would hold me
until I was out of the dream.
Giving me a glass of milk
she would send me back to bed.

Now when I dream dragons
I notice how they walk like men and women
How they smile, and argue
and pull their shades down every night.
But the most terrible thing
is that very few of them
ever fly into the dawn
to drink the sun.

SCARLET LETTER

Dreamt Hester Prynne
was alive and walking
down the streets of New York City.
She was dressed
in a white blouse,
black skirt.
She had the scarlet letter...
It was not stitched curiously
upon her blouse
but by law
it was tattooed
upon her forehead
so all who saw it
would know by scar-stain
which violated her skin
the virus that slept
in her body.
She never told anyone
how she became infected.
Hester put no value in the telling.
I heard her say to a reporter;

"This scarlet letter is a disease.
What sleeps in my body is a condition.
I will die of the condition.
You must live with the disease."

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM BOMB

Atom Bomb lived in a silo
beneath midwestern sod
He never voted.
Never worshipped God
The few who knew him
said he was the potent
quiet type
third generation of
a striking hype.
It is with quiet men
that silence speaks.
All feared what Atom would say.
Frightened of minute, hour,
the moment of his day
when for some reason
Atom might detonate a word
and the universe would see
a secondary star.

We are the children of Atom Bomb.
We live under his thumb.
Fear he will come home drunk
with razor strap in hand
to whip us to kingdom come.

TOONTOWN ISN'T SO HAPPY A PLACE

Before Fred and Wilma
had Pebbles and Bam-Bam
Bedrock was a simple place.
The allegory was beautiful.
A two dinosaur garage.
A modest stuccoed home.
One gullible best friend.
A dino-dog.
A steady job.
A wife who understood
that when Fred yelled
the best way to get back at him
was with cold silence.
But as evolution
pulled the long thread of being
and domesticity became drudgery
Bedrock became Bedlam.
Pebbles joined a rock band
Bam-Bam joined the National Guard
and was killed in Honduras
when he fell out of a helicopter
during a Contra-aid operation.
Fred hurt his back
and his compensation claim
was disputed by his company.
Wilma and Barney
spent a lot of time together
because Betty
is seldom home due to her
Tammy Baker cosmetic business.

ToonTown isn't so happy a place
as everyone would like to believe.



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Side One

Real Life (Michal Shapiro).....NIKKI MATHESON
w/Shawn & Rod
In A Dream (Josh Joffen).....JOSH JOFFEN
w/Margo, Hugh, Richard
When the Lights Go Out (Michael Ottenberg)PETER SPENCER
[FF 407]
On the Sea of Fleur-de-Lis (Richard Schindell).....DAVID MASSENGILL
[stay tuned] w/Hugh & Margo
Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind (Christine Lavin).....CHRISTINE LAVIN
Aerial View (Lillie Palmer).....LILLIE PALMER
Leaving Soweto (Geoff Bartley).....JOHN GORKA
w/Rod, Richard, Josh, Jack & Hugh
Corpo Gracile (Germana Pucci).....GERMANA PUCCI
w/Nikki & Janice
Big Blue Road (Jeff Wilkinson).....ROD MACDONALD
w/Shawn
The Good Life (Richard Meyer).....RICHARD MEYER
w/Lisa
Song of the Assassin (Jack Hardy).....JACK HARDY

Side Two

The Danger (Brian Rose).....BRIAN ROSE
w/Richard & Lillie
One Cool Remove (Greg Brown).....SHAWN COLVIN
w/John
Carrie (Hugh Blumenfeld).....HUGH BLUMENFELD
Dream Street (John Gorka).....JOHN GORKA
Sensitive New Age Guys (Christine Lavin).....CHRISTINE LAVIN
w/Jack, Rod, & John
Still Raining in Paris (Nikki Matheson).....NIKKI MATHESON
w/Margo
Restless Youth in Chinatown (Peter Spencer).....PETER SPENCER
[FF405/6]
Long Black Wall (Michael Jehrling).....RICHARD MEYER
[SE204] w/John, Josh, & Lillie
Ballad of a Careless Man (David Massengill).....DAVID MASSENGILL
After the Singing (Rod MacDonald).....ROD MACDONALD
w/ Richard, Nikki, Shawn & John
Sail On (Hans Theesink).....JOSH JOFFEN
w/ Cast

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ON THE RECORD

Note: 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, when it fell behind. Eventually we 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. Very often these singers have been back-up singers on other cuts, but, this listing is not that exhaustive. In many cases these artists also contributed articles to the printed portion of the magazine. Please help us update or correct this information.

Geoff Bartley

Distinctive guitar work and soulful singing are Geoff's trademarks. Bluesy harmonica breaks and evocative narrative poetry add a special touch to his live performances. Geoff has also won national awards for his fingerstyle guitar work. His three albums are available from: Magic Crow Records

#3 Salem St.
Cambridge/MA

When the Bow Is Pulled.....	FF 204/ April '85
Who Should Know.....	SE 205/ June 83
Evergreen.....	FF 305/ May '86
Who Should Know (sung by John Gorka-live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
Leaving Soweto (sung by John Gorka-live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Blues Beneath the Surface.....	Magic Crow
Interstates.....	Magic Crow
I Am the Heart.....	Magic Crow

Hugh Blumenfeld

Hugh is a doctoral candidate in poetry. He lives in Connecticut and tours often to clubs and festivals around the country. He was a finalist in the 1986 & 1987 New Folk Competition at the Kerrville Folk Festival, and has received wonderful reviews for his first album, *The Strong In Spirit* on Grace Avenue Records. Hugh has been recording for *Fast Folk* since 1983.

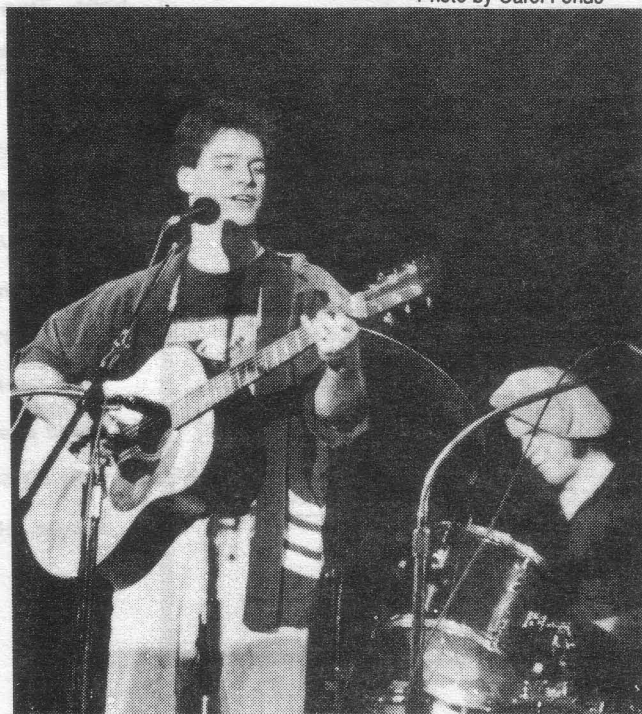
The Strong In Spirit.....	SE 201/ Feb '83
Holy Moses.....	SE 207/ Sept '83
Sailing to the New World.....	FF 109/ Oct '84
Rising Moon.....	FF 202/ Feb '85
All the Wood of Lebanon (sung by Second Chance).....	FF 206/ June '85
Hillsong.....	FF 302/ Feb '86
Moments (w/Joffen, Meyer, Zweiman).....	FF 303/ March '86
Brothers.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
America The Beautiful.....	FF 407/ Feb '89
Carrie (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

The Strong In Spirit.....	Grace Avenue '87
Barehanded.....	Grace Avenue '90



Photo by Carol Fonde



Greg Brown

Speed Trap Boogie..... FF 210/ Dec '85

albums

Huckleberry Mtn. Railroad
Iowa Waltz..... Red House '81
One Night..... Coffehouse
..... Extempore '82
44 & 66..... Red House '84
In the Dark With You..... Red House '85
Songs of Innocence and of Experience..... Red House '86
One More Good Night Kiss..... Red House '89

Photo by Teddy Lee



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..... SE 103/ April '82
No Friend To Me..... FF 105/ May '84
Stranded..... FF 108/ Oct '84
Out of This World..... FF 201/ Jan '85
I Don't Know Why (live NY) FF 202/ Feb '84
I Don't Know Why (live Boston)..... FF 204/ April '85
Knowing What I Know Now..... FF 208/ Oct '85
Knowing What I Know Now, Heart On Ice,
Calypso, Goodnight + group vocals (live)..... FF 305/6/ Fall'86
Diamond in the Rough (live/sung by Lucy Kaplansky) FF 404/ April '88
Shotgun Down the Avalanche..... FF 405/6/ Dec '88
Talk Around Town (live)..... FF 502/ Jan '90
One Cool Remove (live)..... FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Steady On..... CBS Records

other

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

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 released his widely praised album, *I Know*, on Red House Records. John was recently featured on the Windham Hill *Legacy*, album and has since signed with that label as a solo artist. 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 (live)..... FF 305/6/ Fall '86
 I Saw A Stranger With Your Hair,
 On The Avenue (w/Cliff Eberhardt-live'86)..... FF 404/ April'87
 Up Until Then (sung by Jack Hardy-live)..... FF 502/ Jan '90
 Leaving Soweto, One Cool Remove (live w/S.Colvin)..... FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

- I Know..... Red House
 Records '87

other

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

Photo by Teddy Lee



Jack Hardy

Jack Hardy

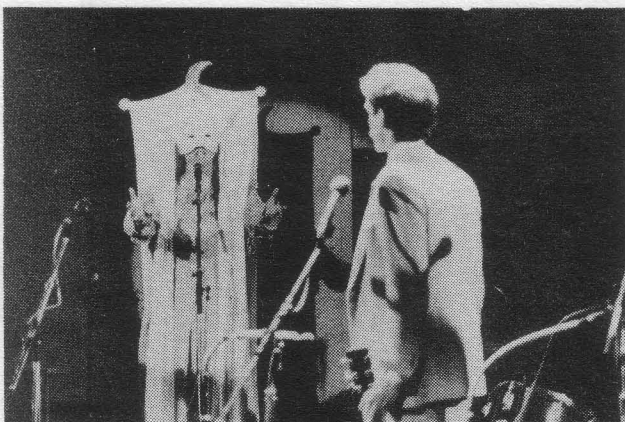
Jack has been a central figure in Greenwich Village since arriving in 1978. He is one of the founders of The Coop (lately the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*), the SpeakEasy Musician's Cooperative and the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange. Jack has released several albums on various labels in the U.S. and Europe the most recent ones being *The Hunter* and a CD compilation *Retrospective*. 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 (live)..... FF 205/ May '85
 No Future.....FF 208/ Oct '85
 The Tinker's Coin (live)..... FF 306/7 Fall '86
 The Wren (live).....FF 308/ Sept '86
 Before You Sing (performed by the Roches).....FF 405/6 Dec '88
 Up Until Then (live)..... FF 502/ Jan '90
 Song of The Assassin (live).....FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

- Mirror of My Madness..... 1976
 Landmark..... 1978
 The Nameless One..... 1979
 White Shoes..... 1982
 The Cauldron..... 1984
 The Hunter..... 1988
 Through (cassette only)..... 1989
 Retrospective.(CD Only-Swiss)..... 1989
 Jack has also written the musical Christmas 1941, and is preparing two others.

Photo by Carol Fonde



Wendy Beckerman and Davis Roth sing the Song of the Assassin

Michael Jerling

- Here We Go Again..... SE 111/ Dec '82
 Long Black Wall..... SE 204/ Apr; '83
 Blue Heartland..... FF 207/ Sept '85

albums

- Blue Heartland.....Moonlight Magic '89

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 a winner of the Kerrville Folk Festival's 1987 and 1988 New Folk Competition and has returned to play the mainstage there.

Wild Willow.....	SE 103/ April '82
Crazy Horse.....	SE 111/ Dec '82
Miami (sung by Rosemary Kirstein).....	SE 202/ 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
Moments (w/Blumenfeld, Meyer, Zweiman).....	FF 303/ June '86
The Girl From The Great Divide.....	FF 309/ Oct '86
Let Me Take My Time (sung by Richard Meyer-live).....	FF 404/ April '88
The Hawk's Song.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
Monkey See, Monkey Do (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
Sail On (live w/Fast Folk Revue).....	FF 503/ Feb '90



Josh Joffen

albums

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



Christine Lavin

Photo by Teddy Lee

Christine Lavin

Christine has released five albums on Rounder Records, the most recent one being *Available Love*. She toured Australia where the highlight was appearing on the Australian Today Show singing the "Air Conditioner Song" with the "Willard Scott" of that country in front of the weather map. Christine is well-known to club and festival audiences across the country for her charming and witty songs and style. Christine has been one great ambassador for the New York scene and folk music generally.

Regretting What I Said.....	SE 105/ June '82
Cold Pizza For Breakfast.....	SE 203/ April '83
Don't Ever Call Your Sweetheart by his Name.....	FF 101/ Jan '84
Regretting What I Said (live).....	FF 104/ April '84
Subway Cowboy.....	FF 108/ Oct '84
Summer Weddings.....	FF 201/ Jan '85
Roses From The Wrong Man.....	FF 203/ March '85
Prince Charles (live).....	FF 205/ May '85
Ballad of a Ballgame.....	FF 206/ June '85
Biological Time Bomb.....	FF 209/ Nov '85
Bayonne (live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
Realities.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
Sensitive New Age Guys (Live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Absolutely Live.....	LifeSong -81
Husbands and Wives.....	Palindrome- '83
Future Fossils.....	Rounder-'84
Beau Woes.....	Rounder-'86
Its A Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind.....	Rounder-'88
Another Woman's Man.....	Rounder-'88
Attainable Love.....	Rounder '90

Singles

Isn't It Just Like Empty-V (the Atavistics).....	Palindrome
The Dakota.....	Palindrome
Black Tie Affair.....	Palindrome
Summer Song/ Camping.....	Rounder/ Philo



3 Sensitive New Age Guys
Jack Hardy, John Gorka, Rod MacDonald

Photo by Teddy Lee

Rod MacDonald

Hailing from central Connecticut, Rod has lived and worked in Greenwich Village since the mid-1970's performing consistently at Folk City and later at the SpeakEasy. He is considered to be one of the finest singer/songwriters working today and many of his tunes have become contemporary classics. Rod tours constantly and has performed all over this country and much of Europe. He is one of the founders of the Annual Greenwich Village Folk Festival.

Honorable Men.....	SE 102/ March '82
White Buffalo (sung by Judy Dunleavy).....	SE 105/ May '82
Sailor's Prayer(live).....	SE 108/ Sept '82
American Jerusalem.....	SE 111/ Dec'82
Every Living Thing (live).....	FF 102/ Feb '84
American Jerusalem (live).....	FF 104/ April '84
I Like You Fine (sung By Rythm n' Romance).....	FF 106/ June '84
If We'd Never.....	FF 110/ Dec '84
Song Of My Brother (live).....	FF 205/ May '85
The Man with the Hired Face.....	FF 301/ Jan '86
Stop the War, Railroad Bill (live).....	FF 306/7 Fall '86
I Had An Old Horse.....	FF 309/ Nov '86
Water (live).....	FF 404/ April '88
Now That The Rain Has Gone.....	FF 405/6 Dec '88
I'm Wondering Why (live).....	FF 410/ Nov '89
Sail On (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

No Commercial Traffic (two versions'84 & '87).....	Cinemagic
Album 2 (for Sale) [German].....	Autogram
White Buffalo [US version of Album 2, not the same].....	McDisk/Mt. Railrd
Bring on The Lions [CD only- Swiss].....	Branbus '89
Simple Things [Cassette only- Italian].....	Shark Records '89

other

Song of My Brothers, The Coming of the Snow.....
The Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange
(Stash Records-1980)



Germana, Rod, Lisa

Photo by Carol Fonde



Nikki Matheson

Originally from Toronto, she has been living and working as a musician in New York for the past ten years. She is a versatile performer and writer who has fronted the jazz-based Rhythm 'n' Romance, the traditional group the Rentones, and performed on her own. She has toured Europe with Gabriel Yaccoub to support the album *Elementary Level of Faith*, on which she appears.

Run From Dancer.....	FF 108/ Oct '84
La Chason des Livres.....	FF 109/ Nov '84
I Like You Fine.....	FF 206/ June '85
Je Resteraci (w/Gabriel Yacob).....	FF 301/ Jan '86
NightBirds, Killkelly, Goodnight (live).....	FF 306/7 Fall'86
Star Of the County Down, Ma Delire(w/Gabriel Yacob).....	FF 309/ Nov'86
Les Chanson des Livres (live).....	FF 404/ April '88
Real Life, Still Raining in Paris (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

album

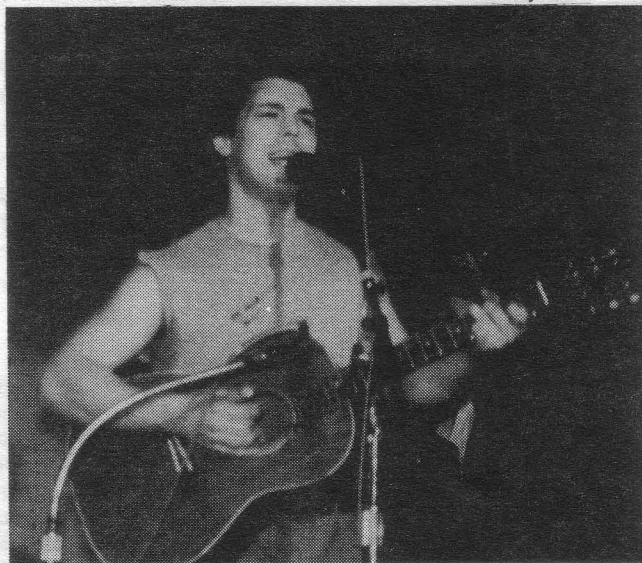
Elementary Level of Faith

Schenachie '88

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.

Photo by Carol Fonde



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
Beggarmen'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.....	FF 203/ 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 Final Call (live).....	FF 502/ Jan '90
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..... Stash /1980
The Cornelia St. Songwriter's Exchange
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 *Hurlburly* 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 Delhi, 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

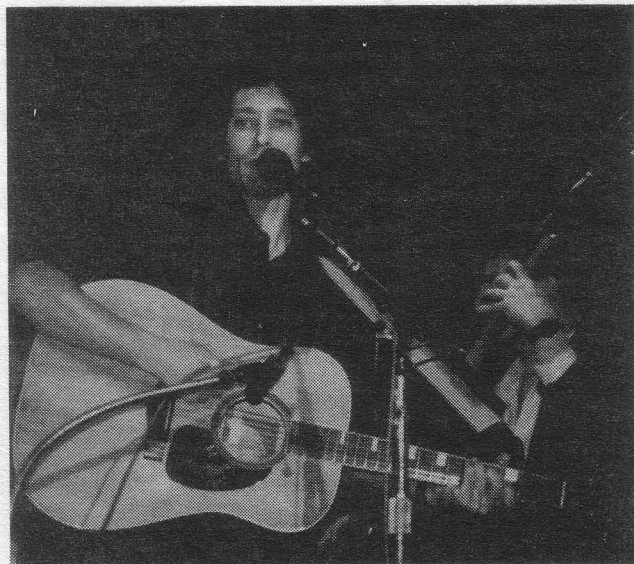


Photo by Teddy Lee



Photo by Barbara Krinitz

Michael Smith

Michael 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, Jimmy 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.

Panther In Michigan.....FF 501/ Dec '89

albums

Michael Smith.....Flying Fish
True Stories.....Flying Fish



Lisa Gutkin

Lisa can be seen 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 and doing quite well, no?

Music Like The Wind.....	SE 207/ Sept '83
All My Ex-Girlfriends.....	FF 103/ March '83
The January Cold.....	FF 105/ May '84
Day After Day.....	FF 109/ 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 (w/Blumenfeld, Jeffen, Zweiman).....	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, Moments (live).....	FF 404/ Feb '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
The Good Life!Stay Tuned



Peter Spencer

Peter lives in New York with his wife and son. his Bessie Smith records, his shrunken head collection and his memories. His LP, *Paradise Loft*, is available on Original Regular Records,

Wolverines.....	SE 102/ March '82
Streets of Montreal (sung by New England Express).....	FF 103/ March '84
Revolution Merit Badge.....	SE 111/ Dec '82
April Blues.....	FF 106/ April '84
Restless Youth in Chinatown.....	FF 405/6/ Dec '88
Adam & Eve on a Raft.....	FF 401/ March '87
When the Lights Go Out (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

albums

Paradise Loft.....Regular Rounder Records



Photo by Teddy Lee

Mark Dann

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

Jeff Hardy

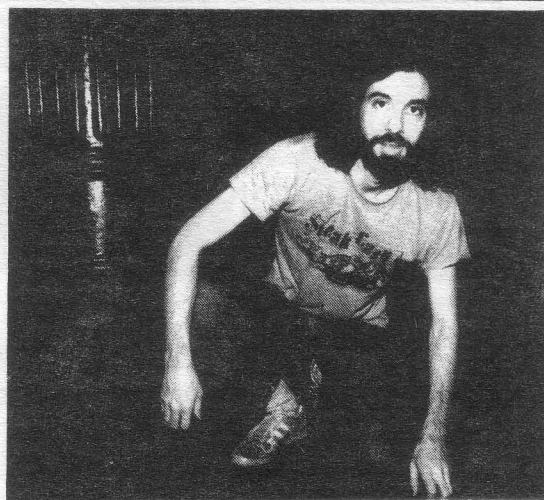
Jeff is a stand-up bass player with perfect pitch in addition to being a professional chef. He has served as bassist for all the *Fast Folk* shows since 1984, and has managed to keep his sense of humor.

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.

Margo Hennebach

Although classically trained, Margo has performed folk and original music for nearly 15 years in the US, England, and Holland. She has played and recorded with Pete Seeger, Paul Winter in addition to many New York based artists such as The Rod MacDonald Band, Idle Rumors and Richard Meyer. She is a practicing music therapist.

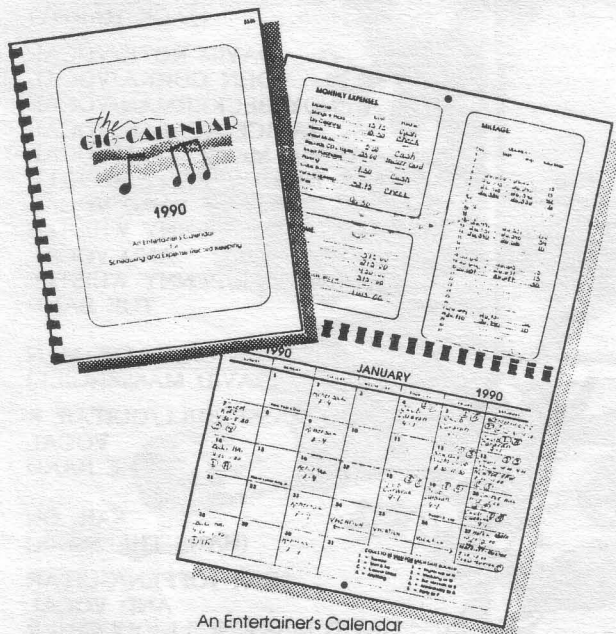


Mark Dann



Margo Hennebach

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OF CBS RECORDS)/VOCALS
THE BAND
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(MICHAEL OTTENBERG)
PETER SPENCER/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
THE BAND
- 3 LEAVING SOWETO
(GEOFF BARTLEY)
JOHN GORKA/GUITAR
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HUGH BLUMENFELD,
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ROD MacDONALD,
THE SENSITIVE GUYS
THE BAND
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JACK HARDY/PENNY WHISTLE
AND VOCAL
NIKKI MATHESON/PENNY WHISTLE
AND VOCAL
BRIAN ROSE/PENNY WHISTLE
THE BAND
- 5 A CARELESS MAN
(DAVID MASSENGILL)
DAVID MASSENGILL/GUITAR &
VOCAL
THE BAND
- 6 SAIL ON
(HANS THEESSINK)
JOSH JOFFEN/GUITAR
AND VOCAL
DAVID MASSENGILL/DULCIMER
AND VOCAL
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