

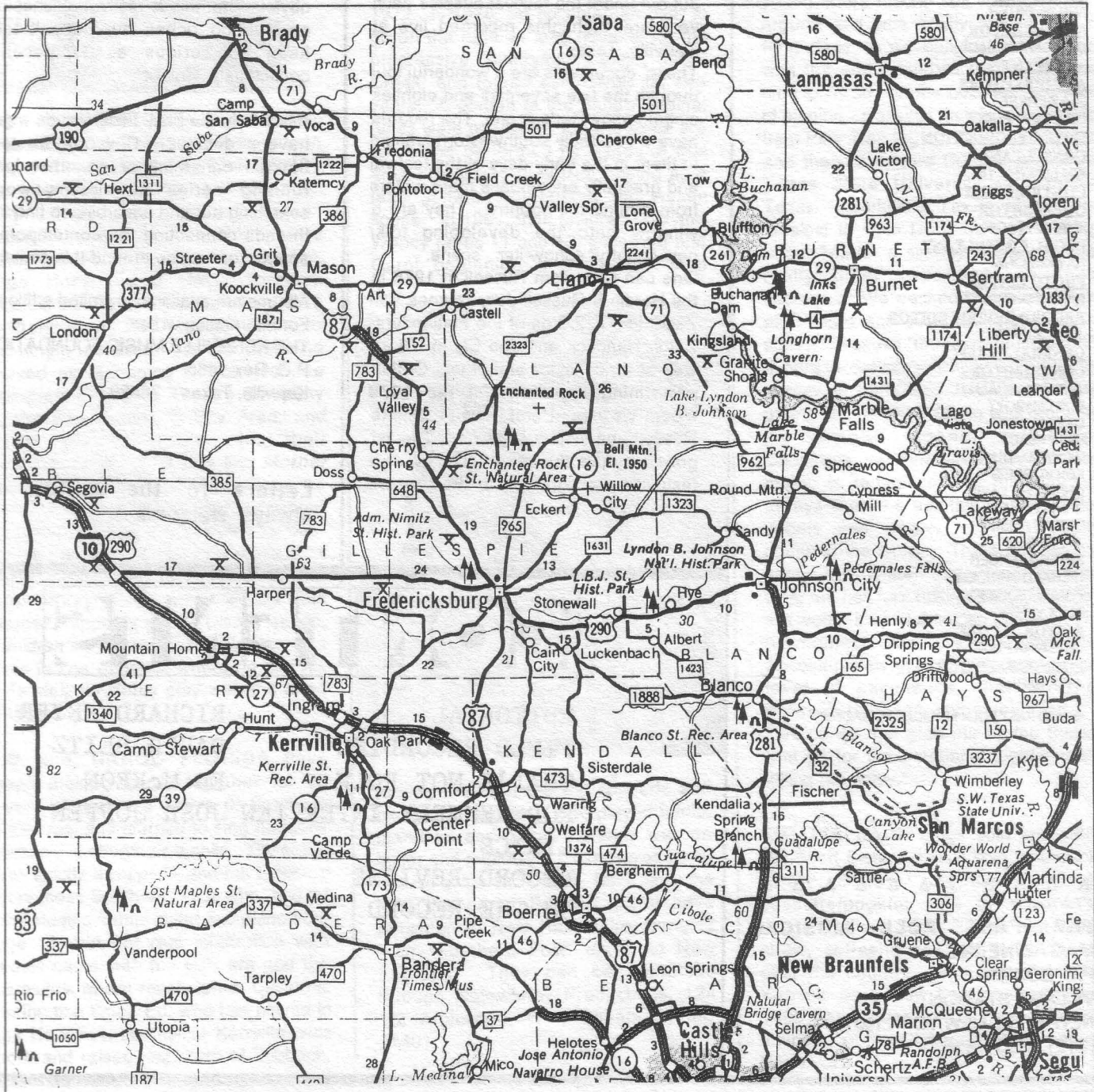
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On the Banks of the Guadalupe

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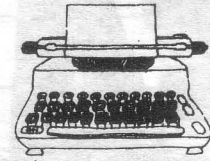
THE KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL; THE ALBUMS

BY Richard Meyer

It is possible to go to the Kerrville Festival without going to Texas (like me) or take a bit of it home with you if you do attend. The records and tapes put out under the festival auspice each year are 'highlights' recorded live at Kerrville, Texas'.

These documents are a wonderful tour through the late seventies and eighties' singer/songwriter's scene. The records have a decidedly southwestern leaning to them in the early days of the festival and gradually encompass more writers from around the country. They are a window onto the developing folk/new-country/ songwriter scene.

One can hear Tom Russell in 1976 in the Hardin & Russell duo, Townes Van Zandt in '77, 2/3rds of the Flatlanders- Butch Hancock and Joe Ely in '78 as well as Eric Taylor and Nanci Griffith performing together. On the 1979 album we hear Peter Rowan, Shake Russell and Jimmy Driftwood. The list goes on and the albums follow the festival's development to the present



including more recently emerging acts like John Gorka, Tish Hinojosa and Jane Gillman. The performances are unusually spontaneous and warm. It is obvious that this is festival relishes it's songwriting riches but doesn't take itself so serious as to become consciously 'artistic'.

Aside from the Fast Folk records which have a decidedly City and Eastern flavor I can think of no other long running series of albums worth searching out and absorbing to find the threads connecting the contemporary songwriters scene around this country.

Albums are available in limited editions. For information write:
THE KERRVILLE MUSIC FOUNDATION
P.O. Box 1466
Kerrville, Texas 78029

Letters to the editor are
always welcome

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FIELD RECORDING

by David Seitz

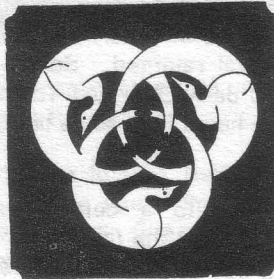
When I was studying folklore at the University of Pennsylvania under Kenneth Goldstein, Ph.D., I spent several hours listening to recordings he had made in Europe, Australia and North America. These were "field" recordings. They were not done in a recording studio, but on portable (often battery-operated) equipment in a house, bar, or literally in a field, usually in the town where the performer lived. These recordings were the most honest, unadulterated examples of musical performance that I had ever experienced. Recently, I have been working in a fancy recording studio with a multi-track tape machine and thousands of dollars worth of outboard equipment. Although the sophistication of musical arrangements that are possible is impressive, the stark beauty which I remember so vividly in the field recordings is often lost in this environment.

In an attempt to regain some of the magic captured by my mentors at Penn, several members of the *Fast Folk* staff and I set out to make a modern-day field recording. Our subjects would be present-day acoustic songwriters rather than the performers of traditional music recorded by such folklorists as Drs. Goldstein and Lomax, but the principle would be the same: strive for simple, stark beauty.

We went to the Kerrville Folk Festival in late May/early June of '88. Rod Kennedy, the festival's organizer, had selected Hugh Blumenfeld, Peter Brown and Josh Joffen to participate in the New Folk songwriters' concerts, and I went along for the ride. Ray Lewis, a native Texan, came with his wife, Enid, in the biggest camper we'd ever seen. We soon discovered that the best songwriters often did not appear on stage, but could be found singing at the campfires, following the evening concerts. Over a period of almost two weeks, Hugh and I (with input from the staff and several others including Diane Chodkowski) selected twenty singer/songwriters whom we wanted to record. In order to respect the integrity

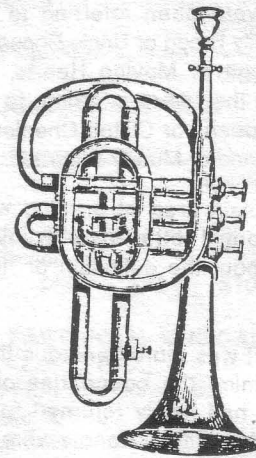
of the festival as a forum for new songwriters of all levels of talent, we decided to record off of the festival grounds. Thanks to Ray, Josh, Peter, Connie Klein, Bernice Lewis and David Wilcox, we had enough transportation to ferry performers to the Kerrville State Park on the banks of the Guadalupe River.

After an hour of testing various locations and microphones with Andy Van Dyke as our guinea pig performer, Carol Cardozo found a scenic waterfront picnic table, in a hidden stone niche like a tiny amphitheatre. It was there that we finally erected our recording studio - a Sony Professional Walkman equipped with Dolby C noise reduction, a stack of Maxell UDXLIIS cassettes, a Sony stereo microphone courtesy of Josh, a pair of Sony headphones, and a beach chair (courtesy of Carol) which worked overtime as a microphone stand.



The mixing was done "live", aiming the microphone to balance guitar and vocals. There was no PA and no mixing console. Background vocals were provided by crickets, ducks, birds, wind, thunder from an oncoming tornado system, and motor vehicles that sang along rather incessantly, but not always on pitch.

Upon listening to the master cassettes in my recording studio following the festival, I was amazed to hear the clarity and honesty of these recordings. I think they capture the bare essence of each performer in a way that the cold recording studio environment can never hope to accomplish.



David Seitz behind the recording console at Guadalupe Studio

THAT'S NOT FOLK, ALL

By Ed McKeon

"Hello, is this the radio station?" the caller barked.

When I admitted it was, she continued. "I thought this was a folk music show?" "It is."

"What you're playing now, whatever it is, that's not folk music."

Fringe folk had its birth on the day in 1986 when I finally became tired of "the phone call." Tired of listeners telling me "that's not folk."

They were often referring to the Pogues or Billy Bragg or Uncle Bonsai or Suzanne Vega or Moving Hearts, but just as often they were referring to the Mahotella Queens or Clifton Chenier or the Oyster Band or Muddy Waters.

I was plain tired of arguing with people, whom I otherwise enjoyed talking to, about the definition of "folk music."

I knew I was more generous than most in defining the boundaries of a music that I had newly returned to. I was finding that many listeners were as compelled as I was to follow these new folk and roots sounds. Many others, folksinger Bruce Pratt calls them "folk fascists," had a set of folk statutes as narrow as a fiddle string which they interpreted with all the open-mindedness of a religious fundamentalist.

I got calls from the "acoustic-only" army every time the Battlefield Band added a synthesizer to the mix. I got calls from the non-percussion patriots when Nanci Griffith used a backbeat. I got calls from obsessive traditionalists who wouldn't use the word "folk" with any song under a century old. I got chauvinists, nationalists and racists all bearing war axes which they wanted to grind to sharper edges.

So after two years of arguing, I changed the name of the show to "Fringe Folk and Roots Music," without changing the show itself. When someone called to argue the point, I simply explained that I had coined the phrase and was entitled to write the definition as I damn well pleased. End of phone calls - on that subject anyway.

Today, four years later, I find that the term is still defining itself. Like an amoeba, it slurps and enfolds most new sounds it encounters - rogue folk, township jive, cumbia, anti-folk, rock-folk, zydeco, new traditionalism, rai, vallenata, forro, stambolovo - and further lends credence to the idea that fringe folk is, simply, music of the people - any people.

The past ten years have been kind to folk music. Millions of people have bought folk albums by Paul Simon and Tracy Chapman. Millions. There has been a revival of sorts. The Newport Folk Festival returned. So did Joan Baez, and Jack Elliot and Tom Rush. And we've heard from some fine young voices.

I admit to a certain gap in knowledge about the folk scene in the early eighties. Like many others, I thought folk music had died a quiet death shortly after the Vietnam war had ended. So I don't really know when it started again.

I guess what I do know is that it never really stopped. As Pete Seeger says, folk music is like an underground fire, stomp it out here, and it pops up over there. In the early eighties the audience was smaller, but the music was there for them.

What I mean to say is that at some point interest surged again, and folk music is suddenly cool. Why? Here's a few theories to ponder:

THE DEATH OF PUNK. Punk was good. We all know that now, and those of us who can still hear talk about it once in awhile. Punk was a lot like folk music. It could be played using a few chords. Relative amateurs could take a crack at it, and succeed. It was raw, unproduced, full of life and youth, and rebellion. It flailed at the establishment. It came from the heart, and from the street. When punk was tamed with record deals and sixty-four track consoles, it died. Where did the punks turn? Uh-huh. Billy Bragg. The Pogues. Boiled in Lead. Michelle Shocked. Suzanne Vega. Roger Manning. Cindy Lee Berryhill. Pete Morton. The Horseflies. The Oyster Band. You can't tell me that they hadn't been listening to the Sex Pistols, The Cramps, X, The Clash, and The Smiths. Suddenly the amps were turned down and we could hear the lyrics. Just as suddenly we realized with them that folk could be as honest as punk.

THE DEATH OF BLUEGRASS. It didn't? Wishful thinking, I guess.

THE BRITISH INVASION. Give credit where credit is due. The people in Britain, Scotland, Ireland and Wales helped us rediscover the blues, country music, rock and roll, and Boxcar Willie. The British Isles were undergoing their own folk revival in the late seventies and early eighties. Irish groups like Planxty threw off greats like Andy Irvine and Christy Moore. Silly Wizard helped many of us discover Scotland. And in England the barn dances and ceilidhs were the petri dishes for progressive folk like the Oyster Band and Blowzabella to redefine a tradition. In the eighties the audiences in the British Isles were amongst the first to listen attentively to the beat in other parts of the world, lionizing the musicians of Africa, South America, Eastern Europe and America (Flaco Jimenez, Michelle Shocked). Credit goes to publisher and editor of *Folk Roots*, Ian A. Anderson, Sterns Record Store in London, WOMAD - British promoters of "world music," and BBC radio host Andy Kershaw for their enthusiastic eclecticism.

DISCOVERING THE GLOBE.

The British helped us discover that there was important music being made wherever men and women gathered to live and work, but no greater single influence made the delivery of regional musics to a wider audience possible than Paul Simon's *Graceland*. With over four million units sold, Simon's foray into township jive not only opened the door for innumerable South African acts, but opened up the continent as well. (Not to forget that *Graceland* put zydeco and Tex-Mex music on some turntables for the first time.) Suddenly "ethnic" music was a contender, and you know the rest.

FEARLESS LABELS. When there was no one in Louisiana looking to sign Buckwheat Zydeco, Rounder was. When there was no one interested in Robert Pete Williams, Arhoolie was. When Suzanne Vega was singing "folk," *Fast Folk* was listening. When they couldn't get a record released in Ireland, the Bothy Band came to Green Linnet. When Greg Brown was kicking around Iowa, Red House found him. When Eric Bogle needed an American home, he found it at Flying Fish. Independent record companies kept folk music alive until the major labels began to wake up. Now, as most of the biggies still slumber, the indies still do most of the hard work of discovering and nurturing talent.

PRAIRIE HOME COMPANION. I know where I heard Queen Ida, Greg Brown, Beausoliel, Peter Ostroushko, and Robin and Linda Williams for the first time.

YOUTH, TIRELESS YOUTH. In the face of dim chances, there always seem to be an endless supply of fresh ideas, creative approaches, unsullied sincerity and joyful sounds. The eighties have proven that there is always another generation ready to play the smoky clubs and try to survive on the pittance they're thrown, simply so someone can hear the songs. Some have been heard, some are still trying, some will play for a single set of ears. I refuse to create a list, but any would be incomplete without mentioning the influence that Tracy Chapman has had. Her success has allowed many other deserving singer/songwriters to get a crack at an audience.

Despite all the good, the eighties have not been completely kind. We lost some great performers, writers, producers and publications, and we gained music for a "new age." But we learned that folk music will grow, and become what it will despite and because of us. My advice is simple. Listen. Just listen.

(Ed McKeon hosts the show "FM ON TOAST" Wednesday mornings from 6-9 a.m. on WWUH, University of Hartford, 91.3 FM.

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This issue was composed on a Macintosh computer using a laser printer. If you can help us get hold of one of our own, it would make our lives much easier, and your issues cleaner and more timely. **FAST FOLK** is staffed by volunteers. Donations are tax deductible to the fullest extent of the law.



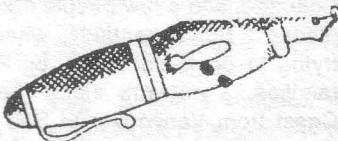
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A CONVERSATION WITH ROD KENNEDY

JOSH JOFFEN: This is the 19th Festival?

ROD KENNEDY: Right. It started in June of 1972, indoors.

JJ: What got it started?

RK: Actually, we had been in the folk club business and doing music festivals at Zilker Park in Austin for a number of years, and were looking for a rural site, one away from Austin, from the music scene there, and we had a call from the Director of the Texas Commission on the Arts and Humanities. He told us that there was going to be an Arts and Crafts Fair at Kerrville, about a hundred miles from Austin, and no music, and what did I think about the private sector doing something with Texas music, and I said I thought it would be great. So, I called Mike Murphy, who is Michael whatever-his-middle-name -is-these-days...

JJ: Martin?

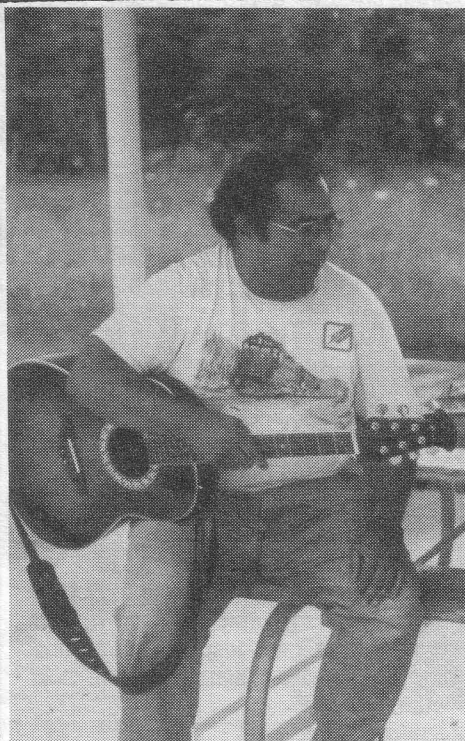
RK: Michael Martin Murphy. Mike Murphy, and Allen Damron, and the late Mance Lipscomb, and John Lomax, Jr., and the late Robert Shaw, and the late Kenneth Threadgill, Ray Wiley Hubbard, and Carolyn Hester, Peter Yarrow and some others, and we staged the first Kerrville Folk Festival indoors, at the Municipal Auditorium, over three days, June 1, 2 & 3, 1972, and attracted 2,800 paying customers.

JJ: And just decided to do it again.

RK: Yeah, the second year we went to five concerts in three nights, because we did come close to turning some people away on the Saturday night the first year. We did three nights, but two of the nights we had concerts from 8 to 11, and midnight to 3 A.M., and drew 5,700 people, and that was enough people to scare us into going outdoors the following year. So, we started looking for property, and found these sixty-one acres, had been burned pretty badly, and damaged and stuff, but we started clearing, and we had our first festival here in '74 outdoors. And drew about 6,000 people.

JJ: It sounds like right from the start, then, there's been an emphasis on Texas music, of course, but there's also been an emphasis on non-Texas music.

RK: Well, the emphasis was on songwriters, wherever they came from, and since we were Texans...Beth Lomas Haas had told us there are very



Paul Sanchez, after recording.

few regional festivals in America any more, and they're very important to the growth and stability of music from the regions, so that they don't all get homogenized. She encouraged us to maintain a strong Texas flavor to the festival. It turns out that's been very easy to do, with Austin producing so many major artists. However, in recent years, many of those artists are Texans by choice, and not Texans by birth, so I don't know how the geographical flavor is continued. You know, Jerry Jeff is from Brooklyn and so forth. Almost everybody in the Austin music scene came from somewhere else.

JJ: It sounds like the longer it's gone on, the larger the Festival has gotten.

RK: Yeah. We went to four days on our fifth anniversary, and we went to

eighteen days our sixteenth year. So this will be our fourth year in a row with eighteen days. Next year's our twentieth anniversary, and we're going to go fifty-two weeks! (*laughs*) That way we could get through our waiting list (Interviewer's Note: *performers'* waiting list) if we did that! At any rate, what we've done, what we did do last year was delete the Bluegrass Festival which had been in our schedule Labor Day Weekend for fifteen years, and add a three-day Kerrville Folk Festival II, which allowed us to present another twenty-four artists in the same format. It drew very well last year, and this will be our second one coming up. You'll be happy to know that the Chennile Sisters and Chris Smither are both on it, from your neck of the woods, and lots of Texans, too: Butch Hancock, and Jimmy Gillmore, the Maines Brothers, and Gary P. Nunn, and so forth, but that's digressing.

JJ: Well, to continue digressing for a second, what other musical events do you present?

RK: We produce the Napa Valley Folk Festival at the Veterans Home of California at Yondale (sic), in the wine-making country, sixty miles north of San Francisco. It's twenty-one California artists; we're trying to build the network along the West Coast, kind of like we have in Texas, so the emphasis there is on Californians. The only two non-Californians who are on this year's festival are Peter Yarrow, who closed the Festival last year, and Bob Gibson, in reunion with Hamilton Camp, who does live in Los Angeles. All the other artists are Californians. Then, I'm Associate Producer of the new Columbia River Folk Festival in Spokane, Washington, and that festival will draw from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara and San Francisco, Spokane, and Seattle and Vancouver. We've got Valdy coming down. Are you familiar with him?

JJ: Sure.

RK: He's an artist with seven Canadian Junos, which are the equivalent of our Grammys. And then Chuck Pyle from Colorado, and a few people from other places. But essentially, what we're trying to do is construct, by Festival families, a network along the West Coast from Vancouver to San Diego. We would hope to be able to launch the

L.A. Folk Festival in 1991, probably around Burbank or somewhere around through there. Then we have the Isla Mujeres in Mexico, in the Caribbean, on an island off Cancun, and that is built usually with performers from the Kerrville Folk Festival. We've taken Nanci Griffith, Steve Fromholz, and Allen Damron, Beto y Los Fairlanes, and this year so far, Peter Yarrow, Tish Hinojosa and Allen Damron are booked for down there in October. And we do tour. We do tours with performers from the Kerrville Folk Festival, and we'll be touring ten or twelve states during our twentieth anniversary next year.

JJ: Great. So, the Isla Mujeres Festival is in October. When is the Napa Valley Festival?

RK: Napa Valley is the first weekend in October. Spokane is July 20, 21 and 22. Kerrville Folk Festival II is August 31, September 1 and 2, and then of course the big one is May 24 through June 10.

JJ: If any of our readers are interested in any of these festivals, should they contact you folks in Texas?

RK: Yeah. They could write us at **P.O. Box 1466, Kerrville, Texas 78029**, or they can call us at **(512) 257-3600**.

JJ: Why do you think Kerrville has become so popular among performers?

RK: I think because it addresses a need. Society has become so homogenized and plasticized and fed the lowest common denominator of popular music that there is a dire need for something genuine. And to get away from the clutter and stratification of city life, I think, to get out here under the stars with genuine, one-of-a-kind performers who are all hand-selected for their excellence, for their originality. We don't have any songwriters here who have written tunes to be made into hits in two-and-a-half minutes. These are thoughtful writers who have paid their dues, who have matured in their craft,

and who do what they do very well. In addition to that, the ones who are selected for Main Stage are particularly charismatic and feeling; they really do touch the audience. I think probably the joyfulness and celebration that results from the stage of the Kerrville Folk Festival is a result of no star system. Everybody here plays for the same fee and comes to the festival as listed alphabetically or in order of appearance, so there's no star system and everybody feels equal and it's more of a sharing than a competitive situation; people playing for each other rather than competing. And if there are stars, they seem to emerge by the excitement and creativity of their performance rather than my saying, 'Here is a star, and we're putting them in big print and they're going to get paid more.'

So nobody who comes here is coming here for the money. So they must be coming for another reason, and that's

JOHN GORKA

land
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line



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got to be for artistic reasons, and fellowship, and the genuine experience that Kerrville offers. Janis Ian has just signed to play Kerrville this year. And

Janis kind of withdrew from performing for four years, and the songwriting in Nashville. And she went out on tour last year, and enjoyed a resurgence of her emotional kind of heroic music that she does, and when she read that we were having financial problems, she offered her services. And she's coming to play on the final night of the festival, between Tom Chapin and Gary P. Nunn, and it's going to be very exciting.

JJ: Let me ask you about New Folk. How did that get started?

RK: Peter, Paul & Mary broke up in Austin in 1970, and in December of '71, Peter Yarrow was going out to promote his first solo album on Warner Bros. There was a time right after Peter, Paul & Mary broke up, that they each cut an album for Warner Bros., and the albums said 'Peter' on one, 'Paul' on one and 'Mary' on one, in kind of a bright orange color, and all the record shops had them sitting side by side. And Peter had never been out by himself; he'd always been out with a band, and with sound crew and road managers and everything, and George Weem of the Newport Folk Festival, who's been a friend of mine from college - we produced jazz events in Boston in the Forties - called me and asked me if I would go out on the road with Peter. Peter played a number of cities in Texas, and at the stage door every time we'd come out of a concert, there'd be a bunch of kids there wanting to give him their songs. And he asked me if we had any way to present unknown songwriters, and I said, 'Yeah, we've got quite a few; we've got Mike Murphy, and we've got Steve Fromholz and we've got...' you know, and I start naming and he said, 'No, those are kids whose careers are going; I mean people with no audience whatsoever.' And I said, 'No, we really don't.' He said, 'Well, why don't you do what we did in Newport? We had the New Folks (which he called "New Folks", plural) Concerts up there, which is where Buffy Sainte-Marie and Carolyn Hester and some other people came from, you know.' And he said,

'Why don't you do it down here?' And I said, 'Fine, what do we do?' And he said, 'We'll just ask for a couple of songs, and listen to 'em and pick the best ones.' And I said, 'Well, do we charge 'em to get in?' and he said, 'That's up to you.' And I said, 'Well, I don't think we should,' and he said, 'Fine.' So anyway, the first year, in 1972, Peter came back to the Festival to play and to help me with New Folk, and we had twenty-eight entries.

And one of them was Bobby Bridger. One of them was Kurt Van Sickle. Another band, whose name I can't remember right now, I think Bill Oliver was in. So even from the very first

We're just very pleased that the ones that we chose for excellence later prove to be commercially viable amongst an audience that is hungry for non-commercial music. Which is the whole concept of the Festival. Long before the word 'alternative' was popular, it was an alternative way to get revitalized from original music.

JJ: And the Ballad Tree is sort of an offshoot of the New Folk?

RK: The Ballad Tree was something that Bobby Bridger asked me to start. Each of our directors has made some major contribution to the Festival. Peter Yarrow, contributed New Folk. Rev. Charlie Sumners contributed the Folk Mass. Steve Fromholz contributed the



Andy Van Dyke and Allison Rogers

year, there were performers who were later to become key people in our life. And New Folk went from twenty-eight entries in 1972 to four hundred and seventy-eight entries last year, and we've been doing forty finalists and picking six award winners now for ten, twelve, fourteen years. I guess we've had five or six hundred songwriters come through there, and many of them have wound up to be recording artists. Steve Earle, Tish Hinojosa, Nanci Griffith, Lyle Lovett, Lucinda Williams, James McMurtry, just a whole large number. John Gorka, Josh Joffen, (Interviewer's Note: From your mouth to God's ears, Rod.), Pierce Pettis. And we don't take credit for their careers.

Staff Concert. Bobby said, 'Even though it's a sharing event, the writers feel that it's real competitive. How about having some place where unknown songwriters can come and sing and share their songs without being in competition?' And I said, 'Like what?', and he said 'Well, why don't we just have, like, open mike without a mike, every day for a couple of hours.' So we started the Ballad Tree, and I don't even remember when now, but it's been probably ten years ago. And so it runs, every day, for a couple of hours with one of the professional stars hosting it. And it's kind of like passing your guitar around the campfire at night, which goes on every night from

midnight until gosh knows when. So it's probably stage three, you know. You'd say that the Main Stage, and then the New Folk, and then the Ballad Tree, and then the fourth stage would have to be the campfires, where Michelle Shocked was discovered.

JJ: Right. Now the Main Stage events are the main draw, especially for the weekends, but you're not limited to Main Stage events.

RK: Well, yeah, we've got a number of Sundown Concerts. We run five nights with six or seven performers a night. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Memorial Day for the opening weekend. Then we do three nights of Sundown Concerts at the Threadgill Theatre, a memorial theatre in the campgrounds named for the great old Jimmie Rodgers yodeler who started with us years ago, and has since passed away. We feature one artist a night, usually, in those concerts. In a two-hour format, because the Main Stage provides only a forty-five minute opportunity at the most.

JJ: Let me ask you about the volunteers. It seems like they play a major role in keeping everything going.

RK: Boy, they really do, and they are a major part of our family here. I would say that of the two hundred and forty, about fifty percent are musicians. And so they understand the environment which needs to be provided for music to thrive. And they know the fragileness of the performance ego, and so forth, and so they really do try to make the performers feel welcome.

But in addition, Texas is three or four times bigger than most of the states in the Northeast and people drive long, long distances to get here. Three, four, five hundred miles is nothing to drive to come to Kerrville - they get here and they're pretty beat, and the volunteers really do meet them with a hug and a warm welcome which is genuinely felt and help them put up their tents and make them feel at home. Now, as of four or five years ago, at the recommendation of Steve Fromholz, one of our directors who wrote some songs for Willie (Nelson) and some other people, we have a Staff Concert at Threadgill Theatre for two hours on a Saturday afternoon, hosted by one of our stars. Peter Yarrow's hosting it this

year; I think Steve Gillette hosted it last year. And those Staff Concerts are suprisingly good, and they not only perform, the Staff elects twelve stars, you know, twelve people that they want to play, and each of those twelve people selects two or three more Staff to play behind them. Occasionally some of the performers from the Main Stage will get involved, but mostly it's a Staff concert, and it's a lot of fun.

JJ: What do you try to accomplish with each Festival?

RK: Well, we're trying to build bridges for performers that we feel are unique, and deserving of a larger audience. We're trying to provide a setting in which they can thrive with other musicians of their same type, where they can have a retreat; a summer camp for adults. On a larger scale, for the audience, we're trying to provide for them, at reasonable prices, a unique experience, in hearing six or seven of these wonderful performers every night, and then being around them in the daytime and being at the campfires. That's it. It's kind of a retreat from the cluttered, commercial world that we now live in, which has very little time or patience for the individual.

JJ: What are the satisfactions for you?

RK: Well, there are many. Of course, the great musical moments are something that stay in your heart and mind for a long time but, in addition to that, it really is a joy to be able to provide a platform for some of these people that we've discovered in remote places that are not well-known, and watch their fees go up, and watch their bookings go up, and watch the market in Texas and elsewhere open up and welcome them, watch publishing

houses sign them, and watch recording labels take them in and present them on their record labels. And it's a reunion now, after nineteen years. It's a reunion of old friends, where we celebrate the things that we're pleased about, and we discuss and mourn the things that are missing; like we've just lost Bill Neely, the Blackbird Farm performer who has played here many times. And, of course, we've gone through the loss of Stan Rogers and Robert Shaw and Jukeboy Bonner and Kenneth Threadgill and a lot of other performers. But it's a family, and like all families, it has its emotional and intellectual rewards, and rewards of the heart that make for an enriched lifestyle, regardless of the financial implications of rainouts, and so forth.

JJ: The Ballad Tree's dedicated to B.W. Stevenson, right?

RK: No, we have a tree. For everybody who's performed at the Festival who's no longer with us, there's a memorial tree somewhere on the ranch. The Ballad Tree is reserved for everybody, the living, but there is a tree, probably twenty-five feet from the Ballad Tree, that was planted in memory of B.W. And there are trees here for Stan Rogers and all the other people, and a lot of times...one of our Staff members is, her ashes are up on Chapel Hill at her request. And there are people who get married here, and there are people who are not buried here, but their ashes are here. So, they're here with us.

JJ: You see and you hear songwriters from all over the country and, in fact, internationally. Do you hear regional differences?

RK: Oh, sure. Sure, and I hear differences within ages. Certain ages

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are concerned with different things. I can tell when a songwriter has his first baby 'cause the songs turn very...to lullabies, and things of that sort. When John Gorka sings about a mill town, we don't have mill towns in Texas. And when Kate Wolf sang about the Redwoods, or when Valdy sings about the salmon, and when people sing about those regional things that touch them emotionally, definitely, the music is very regional. And then you've got people like Santiago Jimenez, Jr., whose music comes from the border, from the Tex-Mex Norteno country along the Texas-Mexico border. So, of course, we have regionalisms, and the Canadians particularly stand out; people like Connie Kaldor, and Valdy, and people like that. So, yeah we do hear, very much, regional music. And then we've got people who are so off the wall, like Celtic Elvis, you can't tell where they're from. They're kind of like from nowhere.

But there is. Music keeps redefining itself, and it keeps finding new ways to express itself. And as musicians grow, they experiment, and so you wind up with people like the Sun Dogs, and the Horseflies, and Celtic Elvis, and people of that type. And it's very refreshing, very exciting to discover those people. People ask me, they say, 'You listen to 475 songs in three or four days. Doesn't that get boring?' Well no, it doesn't, because there's always a surprise in store for me, like discovering you, and discovering a lot of the people who have come and become part of our family. To hear those out of the blue at two o'clock in the morning on a cassette that came in as an entry is tremendously rewarding. And then to meet them, and hear them, and watch them grow and have them become part of the family. (Interviewer's Note: Rod's talking about New Folk.) Regionalism, as represented by the songs of David Roth, from New York City (Interviewer's Note: these days, from Los Angeles); the songs of somebody who lives way out in the country, or somebody who lives in the mountains, or somebody who's accustomed to being, say, in the lakes and rivers, their music really does, if it's written from the heart, really does reflect that regional difference.

JJ: So, when you're listening to the tapes, then, do you hear a writer and think to yourself 'Well, this one's from L.A.' or 'This one's clearly from the Northeast' or 'This one's...'?

RK: Sometimes I do. And sometimes I'm very wrong. But, what we're listening for there is craftsmanship. How well does this song come together, and how does it communicate its message, and is the story complete, and does the music, the musical score, complement and strengthen and reinforce the message of the lyrics? And if they're using clichés, are they used cleverly, in a new way?

Occasionally, we get an entry that's just a solo guitar or a solo pianist, and we accept that. Those are songs without lyrics. The cohesiveness, and the harmonic balance, and the emotional impact on hearing it, without a studio recording, or with or without a band sometimes - well, I heard Shawn Colvin's first tape, simply with a guitar and her voice, and I was knocked out.

JJ: Yeah. You and everybody else, I think.

RK: Yeah.

JJ: Do you play an instrument yourself?

RK: No. I was a Big Band singer in the forties. I used to sing in front of a seventeen-piece big band. Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, all the pop tunes of the day. My dad was an attorney for the Buffalo Bills, as charter members of the Buffalo, New York chapter of the SPEBSQSA (Barbershop Quartet Singing in America). So, I sang in dance bands for a number of years. And being a singer, and not having an instrument to carry, I wound up with the bandstands, and lights, and the music, and getting the piano tuned, and eventually getting the contracts written, and then doing the publicity. And so I really kind of moved over into management. There are so many good singers around, and so few people to try to help bridge the gap between the artist and the public that I just kind of fell into that format and began working. I still sing for fun, and I'll jump in with somebody once in a while, but what they don't need is a singing producer.

JJ: It seems like a certain amount of distance covered between Big Band and folk music.

RK: Well, to me, music is music. I have been president of the Jazz Club of Boston, I was in the Barbershop singers, I served on the Symphony board. I have produced over a hundred

classical events including the Israel Philharmonic, the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., Van Cliburn's farewell concert. I've done a lot of reggae, and blues, and country; we did the C. & W. Jamborees; we did Gospel Jubilees for two or three years, Christian music. Good music is music which strikes the heart, which communicates the composer's or author's message in an effective way that is rewarding emotionally to the listener. And, hopefully, it has some intellectual impact as well.... And so it doesn't really make a difference whether it's Folk Music. So-called. This is not a folk festival, this is a songwriter's festival. But Folk music has come to mean, since the Sixties, songwriting, with Joanie Baez, and Judy Collins, and Bobby Dylan, and Carolyn, and some others. So this should really be called the Kerrville Music Festival, because I don't know how well we stay with anybody's definition of Folk. We've broadened it to include everything from from Jack Elliot, and Harmonica Frank, and Patsy Montana, who was not a folksinger - sold commercial songs in the Thirties. But after a while, music becomes music of the people, and there's a broad, free-form interpretation of that as being folk music today. The Canadian folk festivals, I think, pretty well reflect that feeling. Philadelphia does, too, to a certain extent.

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DON'T TALK TO ME

Believe
what you want to believe
the world that is
is not the world you perceive
fear is the rule that we live by
with knowledge to serve as a mask
what's fact and what's fiction depends on
who you ask

Turn your head
was it something I said
the rumor lives
because the lines have gone dead
with a shred of decency for cover
and no facts to focus on
you spend your words like money to get
what you want

Talk about the weather
talk about the war
talk about the movie you've seen
three times before
it's the sound of your voice
you want to hear it some more
let's talk about whose benefit it is
you're talking for

There are words I'm still afraid of
there's no words I haven't used
meanings I've forgotten for some words
that I can't lose
and if I lock my doors and windows
and turn on the evening news
I get the world in words from someone
else's point of view

Believe
what you want to believe
the secret's out
there's no one left to deceive
the story's been diluted
it's not a question of degree
talk about it, talk about it, talk about it,
don't talk to me
don't talk to me

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SIDE LYRICS ONE

DADDY'S MONEY

Look what daddy bought her for her birthday:
It's idling beside me at the light.
And sweet sixteen is fussin' in her rear view mirror
Makin' sure her hair-do looks alright.

It's my favorite form of stop-light entertainment.
Watch what happens when I try to make her smile.
You can tell just by the way that she accelerates -
She's tryin' to tell me that I'm not her style.

'Cause she's got Daddy's money.
Daddy's money holds her hand.
She ain't got no backbone,
But she's strong enough to stand;
Daddy's money holds her hand.

Well then I coast up right beside her at the next light.
I can't help that there's amusement on my face.
Because her car must cost twenty times what mine does,
Now she's got to run the light to put me in my place.

Chorus

Well I really didn't mean to hurt her feelings.
There's a tender heart that hides behind her wealth.
But maybe if a baby gets too many shiny toys,
She never finds the value in herself.

Chorus

Words & Music © 1987 by David Wilcox

LOVE KEEPS ON BURNING

Crystal night it leaves me cold
Trembling in my bed
and you have moved on to another place and time
I wonder where you are - I wonder who you're with
But that doesn't matter much now that I had to let you go
Old love keeps on burning...

The child that's in my heart
he wants to stay out all night
and swing as high as he can to brush against the trees
But the moon brings him back
the streets are dark and dangerous
but he makes it safe inside where your steps still
echo in my head
Old love keeps on burning...

Had it been another time
Before I met this blue-eyed man
who holds me soft and gently almost every night
He lets me sing my song
He lets me step right or wrong
And you would do the same if only I would let you in
Old love keeps on burning...

THE DEERHUNTER

Music from the kitchen
The house is very dark
Breakfast is making
And the rooster makes his call
The floor is cold. Mom & Daddy talk real low

Throw on my clothes
Sneak down the hall
They hold hands
While the coffee slowly boils
Dad looked up and smiled, said he thought I'd
sleep all day

Chorus:

Dad I'm ready, almost twelve years old
My knife is sharp and my gun is clean
If I am quiet and the wind is right
I will get a deer for us tonight

Fog on my glasses
The stars are very bright
Dad's eyes are shining
And I hope I do things right
The flashlight flickers and I stare into
the night

Climb the tree
I'm holding very tight
Haul my rifle
Then I look back into the night
"Are you ready boy?" I say "Yes Sir."
and he walks away with the light

Chorus

Silver steel it rattles the tracks
I hear her whistle in my walls
And it makes me think of all the places I have never been
I want to see their worlds
I want to hear their stories too
And take a little with me wherever I go
Old love keeps on burning...
Old love keeps on burning...
Old love keeps on burning...

Words & Music © 1987 by Denice Franke

Trembling with cold
The woods are turning grey
The sun is rising
When the deer walked through my glade
I sat like a stone, then she looked right
at my hiding place

Seconds into hours
The world grew very small
She turned away
And I felt that I had lost
But I had the power
I had the power
I had the power
I had the power
And so I let her go

Chorus

Words & Music © 1988 by Doyle Carver

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I cannot ask you any questions
you never understand what I say
You think I'm asking something different
take me another way

You think that many words will hide
your fears and your uncertainties.
How do you know that's right
when I'm listening so hard?
How do you know that's right
when I'm weighing every word?

How do you know that's right?
How do you know that's right?

You wouldn't dare believe in magic
you say you're doing fine on your own
still you would like to understand
this mystery you've been shown.

You think your past has taught you
what life is
and now do the best you can.
How do you know that's right
when you have not heard it all?
How do you know that's right
when you never tried to call?

How do you know that's right?
How do you know that's right?

You can say anything you want to me
and I'll listen well
I know you've suffered more than I have,
you've got a story to tell

I saw a vision of your illness
I asked the Healer to take it away
he said he could not even touch you
unless you said okay -

you think there's no cure for
what you have,
only your will to survive
How do you know that's right
when they've told you only lies?
How do you know that's right
when you question no one wise?
How do you know that's right?
How do you know that's right?

Words & Music © 1988 by Lorie McCloud

THE REINCARNATION SONG

In 1472 I was born Timothy Yancy,
The son of a peasant farmer and a peasant farmer's fancy.
I held a plow beneath each arm, and one more in between.
I caught the plague and bought the farm in 1517.

In 1535 I was born Friederich Plummer,
The son of a high-born gentleman, at least that was the rumor.
I lived a pure and Christian life until my concubine
Came at me with a butcher knife in 1599.

In 1673 I was born Abigail Neville,
The daughter of a Salem goodwife who was dealing with the Devil.
And at her trial the council frowned suspiciously at me.
But I proved innocent and drowned in 1693.

Chorus:

Singin' Hey Ho, Oh Well,
Don't ask for whom tolls the bell.
Even if we go to hell,
We're back tomorrow night.

Sing, I'm here, you're here
Now, and we'll be dead next year.
But we're upon this sphere
Until we get it right.

In 1732 I was born Reginald Baker
I slipped through the doctor's fingers and went
straight back to my Maker.
But I returned at five o'clock, an executioner's son.
And I was one chip off his block in 1761.

Chorus:

In eighteen hundred and nine I was born Abraham Lincoln...
Well, I guess you know the rest of that one.

Chorus

In nineteen-recently we were born of our mothers.
And we've had a good time in this life
compared with all the others.
If you think this show is live, you're wrong.
We're dying here tonight.
But we'll be back to perform this song
Until we get it right.

Words & Music © 1988 by Roy Zimmerman

SIDE LYRIC TWO

HERE COMES THE WATER

In the White Man's history there'd never been a flood in the Big Thompson Canyon. On a cool July evening in 1976, three inches of rain fell in less than an hour, and a thirty-foot high wall of mud and water came sweeping down the canyon, destroying everything in its path. A Colorado State Highway Patrolman, one Kenneth Purdy, disobeyed orders to seek higher ground. Instead, he turned his car and raced the water down the canyon, saving many people's lives, before it finally caught him. Listening to two highway patrolmen talk about the flood, I overheard them say that his last words were: "My car won't move. The mud is up to the windows. Here comes the water." This is to Ken Purdy, wherever he may be.

Just about sundown the wind got strange
coming off the prairie like the tide
spilling down the Never Summer Range
old man wind on a nighttime ride

Fireballs on the telephone wires
heat lightning all over the park
somewhere in the distance there's a fire
rains begin, it gets dark

Three feet of water running in the street
picking up speed, picking up power
there where the two rivers meet
it hit fifty miles an hour

Nowhere for the water to go but down
the Big Thompson it did role
everyone in Estes Park town
listening heard it on the radio

Here comes the water

Patrolman Purdy number 213
racing the canyon like a dash
warning everybody by the stream
turned in time to see the splash

"10-33 and my car won't move."
And so everybody could hear,
"Mud is up to the windows."
Then with just a trace of fear:

"Here comes the water"

"213, what's your location? - over
213, do you copy? -over
213, do you copy, do you read? -over
Clear all channels, we have a mayday condition here
Mayday, what is your 10-20? -over
Mayday, do you copy, do you read? -over
Mayday, comeback
Mayday, comeback
Comeback mayday
Comeback mayday. . ."

Here comes the water

Words & Music ©1989 by Chuck Pyle

COUSIN HENRY

God created the Indians
He made the New World their home
The mountains and deserts
The rivers and streams
The good earth of old Mexico
The Spaniards they conquered and settled within
And time changed the Indians' ways
My grandparents crossed over the United States border
And that's how I got here today.

When I was a boy, my father would take me
To the farm labor camp past the bridge
To see his old cousin Henry in a room filled with men
To see a life I'd never have to live
And he'd give us tomatoes in old cardboard crates
Wave goodbye to us out from the yard
With eyes kind and old, he'd look like a child
Who spent his whole lifetime working too hard.

Chorus:

You follow the crops and you work in the sun
To harvest the seeds for the children to come
Desata mis caballos
Pueden volar
Cousin Henry is heading for home
Cousin Henry is heading for home

When my ancestors made their American journey
They couldn't have known what they brought to this land
Now there's engineers and doctors and photographers and artists
Hey! My older brother's a fireman!
Now we see cousin Henry at family reunions
His eyes shine as clear as the dawn
And he smokes Lucky Strikes and looks over the children
To see how far his people have gone.

Chorus

Words and Music © 1988 by Paul Sanchez

BETWEEN THE LINES

The rain is falling down
nothing new about that
and the wind sends cats paws o'er the water
The blackbirds dip and glide
guess it feels like spring
and they wear their colors like a rose on the wing

And I'm somewhere between the old and the new
trying on the faces
I'm tightening my laces
while waiting for the cue
I dance between the darkness
and the light that blinds
Looking for direction
I read between the lines

Living by myself, and I've got a nice view
I go out walking every morning
The travelling's fine, I do it alone
I just wish there was someone
waiting for me when I get home

And I'm somewhere between the old and the new
trying on the faces
I'm tightening my laces
while waiting for the cue
I dance between the darkness
and the light that blinds
looking for a lover
who can read between the lines

A letter came today from a faraway friend
she just got off the plane from Africa
she plans on heading west later in the spring
Meet me in Texas, she says
we'll sing, sing, sing

And I'm somewhere between the old and the new
trying on the faces
heading off to places
that I never knew
I dance between the darkness
and the light that blinds
following the answers
I find between the lines

Words & Music © 1989 by Heidi Muller

DIVISION OF POWER

I ride on the bus
but she rides in a car
there is obviously
some division of power
we wear like clothes
and likewise hair
but a milkmaid stands here
and a princess there

the sun comes up for the both of us
while she rides in the car
I ride on the bus

packing a parcel
book, box, and bag
I live in the dream
fo the mouse-pouncing cat
she strokes him in a luscious way
on the back of his head
and I wish I had a nickel
for every hair that he's shed
the sun comes up for the both of us
while she rides in the car
I ride in the bus

I don't think of things
in materialistic ways
but she talks designer homes
with custom inlays
and I imagine when or if
she makes breakfast eggs
do they end up on the plate?
do they end up on her face?

the sun comes up for the both of us
while she rides in a car
I ride on the bus

I ride on the bus
but she rides in a car
there is obviously
some division of power
I can say one thing
she hears another
but we meet in the center
like sister and brother

do what you do most
do what you do best
do what you do first
do ride the bus
do ride the bus

Words & Music ©1989 by Alison Rogers

SPRING WILL COME

Spring will come, I swear it
The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom
Hold on and try to bear it
Spring is coming soon

Success will come, I know it
Don't break your heart o'er fleeting fame
Awards don't make a poet
Success has many names

Peace will come, I'm certain
The ice will break, the river flow
Draw back the iron curtain
And peace will come, I know

The winter does seem endless
With cold that drives you to despair
You're feeling lost and friendless
But hope surrounds you everywhere

Love will come, I swear it
Your heart will shine, your soul will bloom
Hold on and try to bear it
Spring is coming soon

Words & Music © 1988 by Kim Wallach

A WIND BLOWS THRU WEST TEXAS
(The Final Chapter)

A sandy breeze comes swirlin', 'round the corner of the shed
Between the house that Grandpa built & that barn Grandma
painted red
& that shed door keeps on slammin' & that breeze keeps
circlin' 'round
I know Grandpa surely built it strong, but that old shed's
fallin' down

& there's an old green John Deere tractor, Lord, been
settin' there for years
Belly-deep and sinkin' fast in sand up to its gears
With the cultivator still attached, the sun's done
burned it brown
& I wonder if it's figured out Grandpa won't be back
around

Chorus:

There's a wind blows thru West Texas,
like West Texas wasn't there
Then straight thru Oklahoma
but them Texans they don't care
Then those old cold-blue northers hit
like somethin' hard and mean
After summer's hot breath scorched them plains
it's the dangdest thing you've seen

Well Grandpa turned those prairies into tapestries of dreams
& the banker saw what Grandpa did & dreamed of money-makin'
schemes

& he had to pay those taxes & Grandpa did not understand
How the more he made, the more they took, until they finally
took the land

Now the mornin' glories hide a trace of fallen picket fence
& the kids all moved to Ft. Worth & that farm hasn't seen
'em since
& there's a banker in Chicago owns a farm he's never seen
If he did he'd sure be haunted by the ghost of Grandpa's dream

Chorus

With Grandma right beside him, in a little rundown shack
Grandpa kept the garden growin' in the yard out back
& he no longer handled money but at least he had enough to eat
& he always held his head up high, no sir, Grandpa wasn't beat

Well I guess it's time I end this song, but there's a question
in my head

I thought our farmers were the ones the world looked to to be fed
How can labor of love turn hard into such a struggle to survive?
Why do farmers have to borrow money to buy food to stay alive

There's a wind blows thru West Texas,
like West Texas wasn't there
Then straight thru Oklahoma
but them Texans they don't care
Then those old cold-blue northers hit
like somethin' hard and mean
After summer's hot breath scorched them plains
it's the dangdest thing you've seen

There's a wind blows thru this country, Lord
I do not understand
A farmer feeds the whole damned world
but a banker owns his land
& there's an old cold-blue norther
in the history books I read
That hits when love & common sense are replaced
by want & greed

Words & Music © 1988 by Ed Florida

(This is the last song in a trilogy about how Ed's family
settled the plains after the Civil War)

BACK IN HELL AGAIN

These steel-toed boots are freezing cold
and smell like Grandpa's breath
Their rotten leather soles are achin'
for a painless death

Chorus:

Lord, I'm a dirty, hungry, dollar junkie
A laborin' fool till ten
It's five a.m. and I'll be damned
if I ain't back in Hell again

A two-mile motley caravan
of trucks and cars and men
fight their way up Bingham's Mountain's
money-makin' den

Chorus

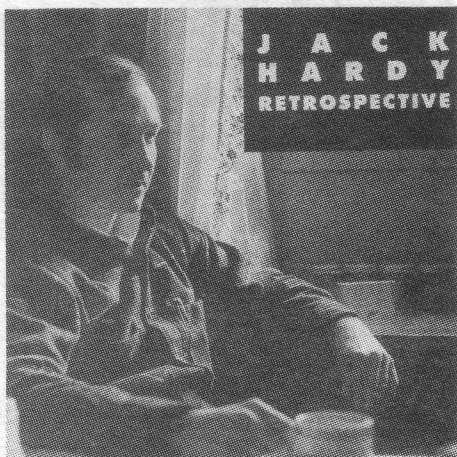
I was huddled 'round a creosote fire
wishin' I was home
whistles started sounding
they were blasting all around me. I said
"Feet you're on your own!"

Repeat First Verse & Chorus

Words & Music © 1987 by Doug Steiger

(This song was written after working for a year in the
largest open-pit copper mine in the world: Kennecot
Copper Corp., Bingham, Utah)

RECORD REVIEWS



JACK HARDY-
Retrospective

JACK HARDY-
Through

Brambus Records
Postfach 216, CH 7001
CHUR, Switzerland

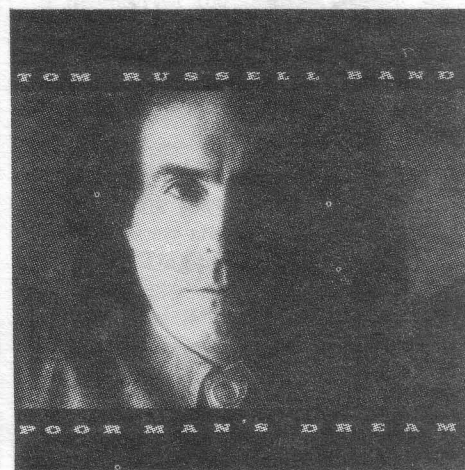
These two CD only Swiss releases are a recent example of how far the American folk audience has to go to find music by some of it's own fine artists. Hardy's eight albums are all but impossible to find in the states; *Retrospective*, however, contains selections from the first six, as well as one otherwise unreleased cut, 'The Guttersnipe'. Some of the highpoints are the Irish influenced 'May Day' and 'The Tinker's Coin'; the rocking 'Houston Street' and a beautifully understated song, 'The Tailor'. It's easy to quarrel with the choices for a one disc survey since Hardy's styles and influences vary widely and his single records are full of gems. What one cannot argue with is the strength each of these songs holds on its own.

Through on the other hand is Jack Hardy's complete 1989 album. It's been available on cassette, but this CD release is slightly remixed and brings the strong songs and delicate production right up front. As usual on a Jack Hardy album the subject matter is dark, complicated and haunting. 'The Crows', 'No Future', and 'What a Strange Thought' fit squarely in with Hardy's other political songs emphasizing humanism over business. 'Before you Sing' may be the most extreme example on this collection of Hardy's recurring theme of the artist confronting a muse, and usually not embracing her. The love songs, 'Elevator', 'No Man' and the title song find the singer rather detached. Each Jack Hardy record seems to have one line that sums it up; in this case I submit-"*And only one thing troubles my heart, a wound that will not succumb to art*".

TOM RUSSELL BAND-
Poor Man's Dream

Dark Angel Records
800 Dark Angel
P.O. Box 744
New York, NY 10101

Poor Man's Dream is The Tom Russell Band's third domestic record. Recorded in Norway last Year and released previously in Canada, this CD album is available only through the mail presently at the address above. It is well worth the trouble to get a copy because this music jumps out of the speakers with a lot of grit from the cool urban honky



tonk sound of Tom's Band. Russell's songs keep getting stronger and cut closer to the bone. His collaborations with Katy Moffatt, 'Walkin' on the Moon' and Nanci Griffith, 'Outbound Plane' are high points to be sure. Songs like 'Poor Man's Dream', 'Veteran's Day', 'Gallo Del Cielo', and 'The Heart of the Workingman' sound like they are sung from the street with no pretenses to polite society. These are raw songs, played hard and true. He creates a world in each song and lives up to it completely.

JEFF WILKINSON-
Ballads and Plain Talk

Brambus Records
Postfach 216, CH 7001
CHUR, Switzerland

Jeff Wilkinson's *Ballads in Plain Talk* is a selection of new songs and some taken from his 1987 Blackbird records release *Pitchin' Pennies*. It opens with the wonderful 'Big Blue Road', inspired by William Least Heat Moon. The production is spare

and edgy, Wilkinson's voice is strong and rangy. His songs are about the way people fit in their small worlds and the value that a small world still holds for individuals with dreams. 'Postage Due', 'Down in Toledo' and 'Tell the Man in the Moon' are good examples. Jeff plays around the country and Europe, catch him when he comes to your town and hear him on the CD only release.

LAST FAIR DEAL-
Last Fair Deal

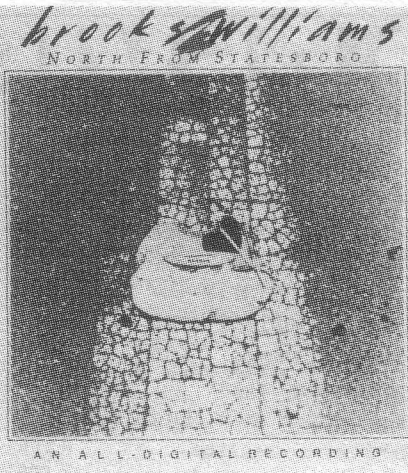
CD only
Available C/o Box 716
Torrington, CT 06790

This CD came unannounced in the mail. It is a delightful piece of work by the Connecticut based band Last Fair Deal. Most of the songs were written by band members Paul Howard or Tom Hagymasi. The instrumental line up is a standard string band which is all that's needed here. The original songs are unstrained by heavy subjects or pretensions to high art, but they are not bluegrass clichés either. The sound is fresh, intimate and the live ambiance of the recording is clear. This a good example of fine musicians taking uncluttered songs about normal life and presenting them without complication. It is refreshing album

BROOKS WILLIAMS-
North From Statesboro

Red Guitar Blue Music
P.O. Box 644
Northampton, MA 01061
CD and Tape

Let's set one thing out from the start, Brooks Williams is a fine smooth bluesy and subtle guitarist. His playing is precise



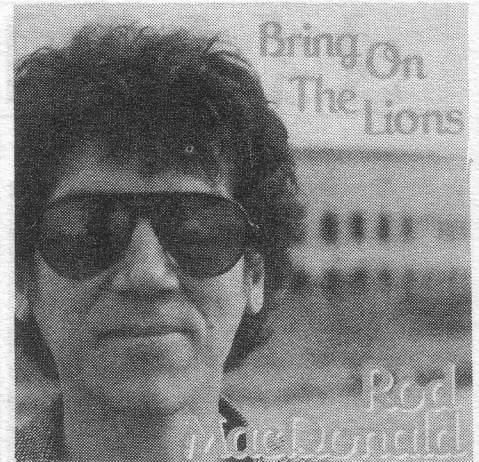
and clear much like Geoff Bartley's with a little more of a new age sound. This release would be good listening if that were all, which it is not. The songs, are mostly about the potential of places we go and the potential of the people we have known.

Some fine ones are 'Postcard from Gulfside', 'Big Blue Wonder' and 'Faces of Light'. While you could not say the lyrics are consciously poetic they hold together as mood pieces. His instrumental work stands out on the Joseph Spence piece, 'On the Rollin' Sea'.

ROD MacDONALD-
Bring on the Lions

Brambus Records
Postfach 216, CH 7001
CHUR, Switzerland

Rod MacDonald's 4th album finds him more meditative than political or romantic. Each of the songs takes a point of view of the world that is a distance away from its real subject. "Love is our Saving Grace", looks at our commitment to life from the grave, 'The Coming of the Snow' looks at home from years away and is fittingly enough a live version from Italy. 'The Well' is a beautiful song on people's



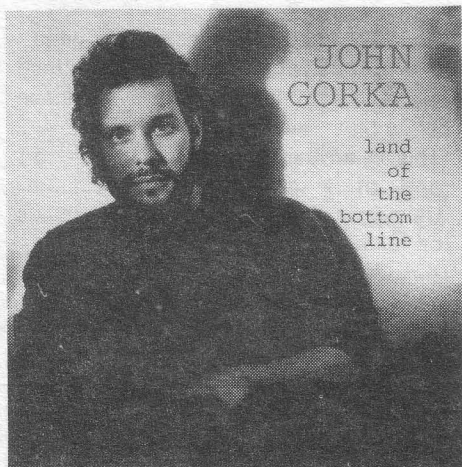
desire for answers to their problems that in the end must come from inside themselves. The band on this CD is Margo Hennebach, Lisa Gutkin, Mark Dann and Howie Wyeth. They play beautifully, the arrangements are subtle and MacDonald's lyrics come through clearly.

JOHN GORKA-
Land of The Bottom Line

Windham Hill Records
Cassette & CD only

John Gorka's major label release finds him writing about the edges of urban life, the small town people and the ones scratching to get to their dreams. 'The Sentinel' is about an older man in control of his life on the edge of everyone else's. 'Dream Street', 'Mean Streak', and 'Jailbirds in the Bighouse' are hard edged stories of people on the way down. There are bittersweet love stories like 'The Italian Girls' and 'Love is our Cross To Bear'. One of the sharpest songs on this 15 song collection is 'Raven in the

Storm'. This song is a disturbing series of existential images where one person is ingrained in the being of another. Though the production is perhaps a bit too uniform and spare for the variety of these songs, Gorka's voice is always rich and commanding. Check out *I KNOW*, John's Red House record, too.



Cornelia Street: The Songwriter's Exchange

Stash Records- CD only
611 Broadway #411SE
New York, New York 10012

This is a wonderful, important album. Here are 18 songs (75 minutes long) by 6 writers who participated in the Songwriter's Exchange at the Cornelia Street Cafe around 1980 when the Stash LP of these sessions was released. The music is terrific, songs are strong and the decade old performances are exceptionally assured. Rod MacDonald, Cliff Eberhardt, David Massengill, Elliott Simon & Lucy Kaplanski, Martha Hogan and Michael Fracaso are the main performers.

Tracks from the original LP that stand out are MacDonald's 'Song of My Brothers', Simon & Kaplanski's 'Moon Song' and Massengill's 'Contrary Mary'. There are two great "new" tracks

from Cliff Eberhart and Massengill including a particularly lovely 'Fairfax County'. The remastered sound is beautiful and immediate. The songs don't sound at all dated. This CD contains 8 songs not included on the LP and leaves out 3. Two writers Brian Rose and Tom Intondi are not represented at all. This record taken simply on its own it is wonderful. As a document however, it is wanting. As the liner notes correctly state, this album marked the beginning of the eighties NY folk revival on record; and the Songwriter's Exchange which continues in a healthy way to this day, though no longer at the cafe. As such, it misrepresents it's era (1980) by



not including all the artists on the original record. Mr. Rose went on to be a Co-Founder of FAST FOLK and still performs regularly in the village. He is one of the few members of the earlier Songwriter's Exchange who is still an active participant. Mr. Intondi, while not as active today was a longstanding member of the group The Song Project (with Martha Hogan), a major force in the early eighties village scene. Another omission is the lack of side musician's credits, and a

key to all the faces that grace the group photo on the album cover. Mark Dann, on Bass; Frank Christian, on guitar; Peter Lewy on cello are just a few of the supporting players who's contributions to the scene then and now are inestimable.

While it is great to hear the outtakes from these sessions, one would have preferred the inclusion of Intondi's 'Then God Will Dance', and Rose's 'Paddy On The Handcar'. The extended time of the CD format would have allowed this, perhaps at the expense of a new track or two.

As members of the Village scene become more commercially established it is important to recall that their work did not develop in a vacuum. Records which purport to represent the scene of an earlier time risk doing a historical disservice by not retaining recordings in context.

Keep your eye out for the original LP as well. While I am picking this issue to death it is well to note that there is a Rod MacDonald single/45 floating around that contains 'I Don't Believe -You Don't Want to Dance' (not included on either the LP or the CD!)/B/w 'Coming of the Snow.'

All that said- this is an essential record, get it; you'll love it.

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Chuck Pyle: *Step By Step*

by Josh Joffen

Picture a crackling fire, ringed by seated figures; guitars and faces glowing in the firelight. One person is singing, and since the song is good, it floats in the night, and the concentration and appreciation of the listeners is a palpable thing. Then the next person sings, and it happens again. And again, and again, all over the Quiet Valley Ranch, sometimes until the stars pale in the sky over the Texas hills.

Sounds pretty neat, right? The campfires represent the best of the Kerrville Festival experience, and Chuck Pyle's campfire represents both the best and the worst of the campfire tradition. The worst, because it's achieved almost legendary status, and as a result it's almost hopelessly overcrowded; the best, because it deserves its status. Pyle attracts some of the best around. Few, however, possess as potent a combination of singing, writing, and guitar mastery.

With Pyle's latest release, *Step By Step*, you can hear for yourself why he's held in such high esteem. On this album, Pyle decided to forego back-up instrumentalists, and to put the songs over simply with only his own vocals and guitar. Put them over he does! The result is an album displaying clear, crisp production values and reminding us that the intimacy of the writer and his or her instrument is where it all begins.

Chuck Pyle has fine instruments to work with. First, his voice is relaxed, tuneful and extremely easy on the ears. On guitar he has developed a unique fingerpicking style which combines playing melody, plucking chords, and strumming. I've been watching and listening to him for three years now, and I still can't figure out how he does them all at the same time. With *Step By Step*, Pyle is finally offering a seminar, as it were. This alone would be worth the cost of the album, even if the songs weren't a pleasure to listen to, which they are.

Pyle as a writer is not overly given to introspection. By and large, his lyrics

are straightforward, with images and references that often reflect Pyle's life out West. This is a West where the old and new meet, a West of horses and pick-up trucks, of cowboys and Coupe de Villes, of highways and high, open places.

Furthermore, lyrics alone don't seem as important to him as the blend of lyrics and music. Pyle's guitar wizardry makes every one of his songs a pleasure to listen to, no matter whether the song is serious in content or not. Make no mistake, they often are not. For example, there's "Saturday Night Somewhere," which is an exploration in Western Swing of one of the age-old dilemmas, namely, what to do to liven up a Saturday night:

My pick-up's in the shop
Jake and Judy's is out of gas
I wouldn't ride in Joe's car on a dare
Let's tune up the guitars, the coyote
moon, and play a little Cowboy
jazz
It must be Saturday Night tonight
somewhere

And there's way too much peace in
this valley tonight...

On the other hand, a ballad like "Light of My Love" is more than simply pretty. One question rarely addressed in songs about relationships is how one partner deals with another privately going through hard times. The song begins with what you might think of as the "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" philosophy:

The sun will shine again
Oh, but darling, until then
Just let the light of my love shine
in...

Our love is a paragraph
Spoken when I make you laugh
In a story that'll never have you
Laugh or cry alone...

The protagonist faced with his

significant other's withdrawal, seeks to act in the traditional, supportive way, and also remind his partner of the mutuality of their relationship:

Don't be afraid to admit your need
I need you baby, that's guaranteed
Just let the light of my love shine in

This is an expression both of support and of a need for reassurance. Ultimately, though, he has to take things on faith:

Go be alone now if you must
'Cause even when you're
alone, I trust
You let the light of my love shine in

"Here Comes the Water" is a departure for Pyle. Not only is it a "story" song - where his other pieces tend to be snapshots, vignettes or segments of his or his protagonists' lives explored in the present tense - but it is based upon a real event that did not involve Pyle, beyond the obvious emotional impact which drove him to write the song.

The song tells the story of an actual flash flood in Rocky Mountain National Park, in which a Colorado state trooper lost his life:

Just about sundown
the wind got strange
Coming off the prairie like the tide
Spilling down
the Never-Summer Range
Old Man Wind on a night-time ride

Fireballs on the telephone wires
Heat lightning all over the Park
Somewhere in the distance
there's a fire
The rain begins, and it gets dark

Three feet of water run in the street
Picking up speed, picking up
power
There where the two rivers meet
They say it hit fifty miles an hour...

The highway patrolman, a true hero,
chose to race the flood down Big

Thomson Canyon in order to give warning; he was trapped by the waters, and drowned. The song describes the last words of the doomed trooper, leaving his final moments to the listener's imagination:

"10-33, My car won't move"
And so everyone could hear
"The mud is up to the windows"
And with just a little trace of fear
"Here comes the water..."

The song's closing, spoken over the same musical riff as the introduction, is truly chilling:

"213, What's your 10-20? Over...
"213, Do you copy? Over...
"Clear all channels,
we have a Mayday condition.
"Mayday, what's your location?
Over...
"Come back, Mayday.
Come back, Mayday..."

Although Pyle's delivery is slightly rushed, diluting some of the emotional impact, the song retains its elements of menace and unstoppable momentum. It is, simply, haunting.

I like just about every cut on the album. Personal favorites include "Keep 'er Steady," and "Why, Honey, Why," both for delightful melody and great guitar work, and "Sacred Ground," which deals with, among other things, Home as a place to find renewal:

I know this old guitar's a friend
But I need a place to mend
and a time to heal
Don't worry darlin'
I'll be playing this old Martin again
when I feel
The rush of the music
when nobody cheers
The joy of the tunes
when nobody hears
Only you are there to hear
the sound coming down

Tonight in the hills
I pray on sacred ground
Someday I'll lay this old guitar
down...

I hope that day is a long time in coming.

Step By Step is not, I suspect, the album to push Chuck Pyle over the top

in the Biz. The production, although excellent, may be too low-key for Industry ears. It should, however, gain Pyle the nationwide exposure he merits. Keep your fingers crossed, and maybe he'll be coming soon to a folk club or festival near you.

Step By Step is available in CD (and possibly cassette) for \$10.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling from:

Bee 'n' Flower Music
Box 185
Palmer Lake, CO 80133



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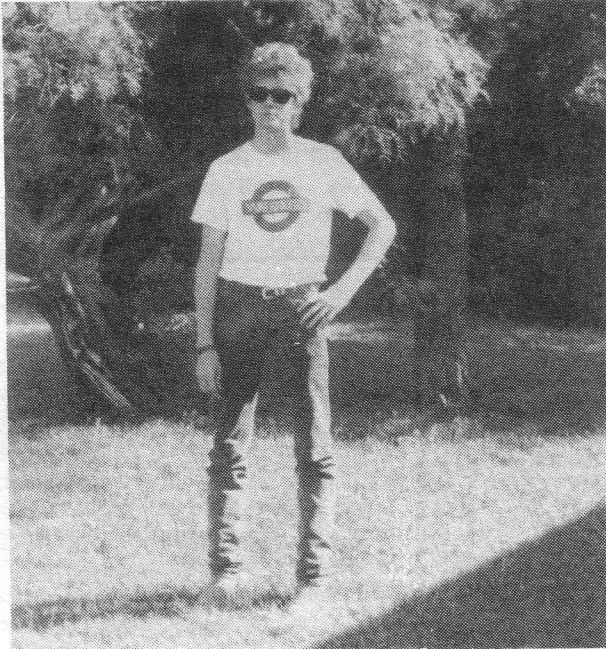
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ON THE RECORD



ANDY VAN DYKE is a resident of Austin, Texas and is currently playing his original songs in Austin and Dallas. Influences include all types of music (good and bad); his record collection consists of between four and five thousand LP's and 45's. At present, Andy is putting a band together and is planning to release a tape for sale in the near future.

Originally from Dallas and now residing in Austin, **ALISON ROGERS** has brought her music to clubs and listening rooms throughout Texas and New York regularly since 1980, when she performed and wrote for an all-female New Wave band called The Foams. Alison then spent several years as a solo artist playing clubs like Poor David's and The Hop in Dallas/Ft. Worth, and then The Beach, The Continental Club, and the Cactus Cafe in Austin. She has opened shows for such nationally known performers as Loudon Wainwright III, the Psychedelic Furs, Angela Bofill, The Rave-Ups, The Reivers (formerly Zeitgeist), Shake Russell and Dana Cooper and Eliza Gilkyson. She appears in the cabaret-style venue of Esther's Follies, dressed as various characters such as a rabbit singing "The Animalsong," and a brutal bride singing "Marry Yourself," and she has appeared on the syndicated NPR show "Mountain Stage." Alison writes: "The reason I wanted to be at Kerrville in the first place is to inject some

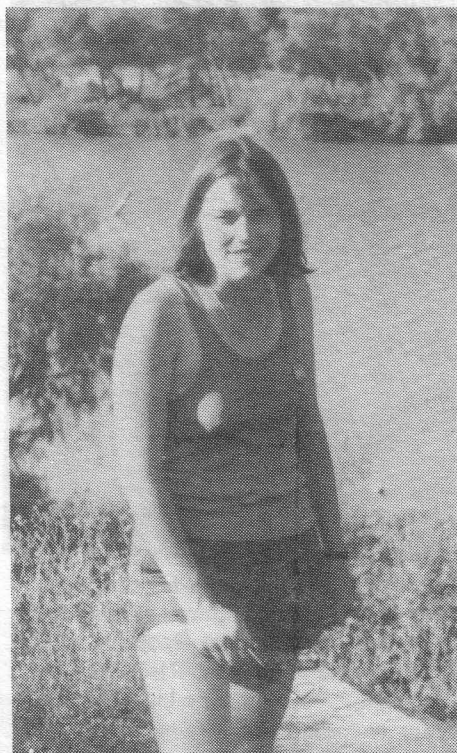
eighties-derived songs into these 'old sixties ears.' How snooty, eh? Then Andy Van Dyke made it into New Folk (and I didn't--note some disappointment). Of course, I had to find out on my *birthday* that I didn't get in by getting back my marked up cassette tape and a 'Visit Kerrville, Only \$10-A-Day' pamphlet stapled hurriedly inside a brown envelope. The rest of the day is an



emotional wash. Little did I know that all this was in the spirit of 'everyman for each other' because I hadn't been here yet. I've met people I'm sure I would not have met if not for coming here, and I've been reminded that the grounds for doing what a songwriter does is always to touch another human in some unforgettable way." For cassette tape or booking info. write: Alison Rogers, 8509 Cap. of TX Hwy., #1019, Austin, TX 78759 or call (512) 345-3845.

DENICE FRANKE: "Maybe a cousin to Bob--I don't rightly know. My musical career began with a short three-month solo act in 1978. Then I ran into a three-man group in San Marcos, TX called The Beacon City Boys. When I joined the group, it consisted of David Wright, Douglas Hudson and Kenny Hine. Kenny went to med-school and we became a vocal-acoustic trio with no bass. We played in the Central Texas area for another six months or so before adding Roland Denney, 5-string upright bass, who now plays with Darden Smith. It was 1980 when the four of us joined and became the Beacon City Band that people refer to as the Beacon City Band. In spring of '81, we were facing a break-up because David Wright, the main writer of the group, wanted to

pursue poetry more than music. Before disbanding, we went to Loma Ranch Studios in Frederichsburg, and recorded in two days a 2-track live LP titled *Beacon City Band* on Potato Satellite Records. Since then, Doug Hudson and I have been playing as a duo; we play mostly Central Texas with some trips to New Mexico, New York and Europe. In 1982, we did a series of gigs in Germany and France. After returning from Europe in 1983, we participated in a sampler LP called *Texas Summer Nights*, also on Potato Satellite Records and produced by Tracie Ferguson. From '83 to '87, I did some back-up gigs with Nanci Griffith, various Kerrville Folk Festivals, an Austin City Limits production, and back-up harmonies on Nanci's *Once In A Very Blue Moon* - also a cut on Robert Earl Keen's *No Kinda Dancer*, all this plus keeping up with the Hudson & Franke duo. In September of '87, I finished school at UT Austin and decided I needed a vacation and headed to the Far East, spending most of my time (four and a half months) in Taiwan, experiencing Taiwanese life and busking in the underground passenger walkways for better money than I ever made playing in Texas. I got the break I needed and am ready to go again. Hudson and I have played at the '87 & '88 Kerrville Folk Festivals; our Texas local loyals are the Cactus Cafe in Austin, Gruene Hall in Gruene, and Anderson Fair in Houston. Our plans for the future are coming out with a product of our own and branching out on the



touring throughout the USA and Europe. So begins the task..."

Heidi Muller forsook New Jersey for Seattle, where she enjoys everything, even the weather. She tours all over the country, and her just - released second album, *Matters of the Heart* is available from Cascadia Music, P.O. Box 95884, Seattle, WA 98145.

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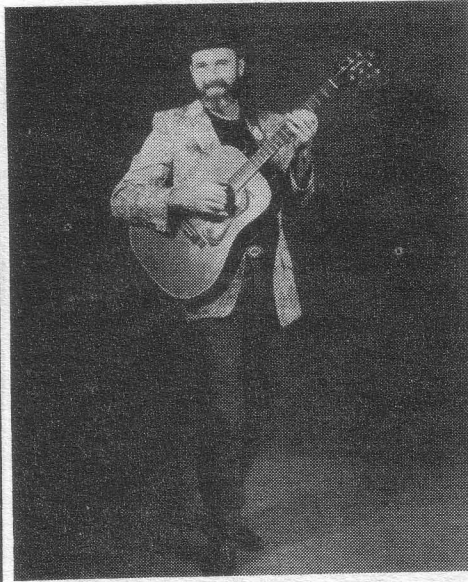
RECORDED BY THE BANKS OF THE GUADALOUPE RIVER IN MAY/JUNE 1988 BY DAVID SEITZ A WALKMAN PRO
RECORDING ASSISTANT: HUGH BLUMENFELD
TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS: JOSH JOFFEN AND RAY LEWIS
BATTERIES BY: DURACELL
RECORDING TAPE BY: MAXELL
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TAPE TRANSFER AND ALBUM ASSEMBLY BY DAVID SEITZ AT SYNERGY SOUND, GREAT NECK, NY JULY '89

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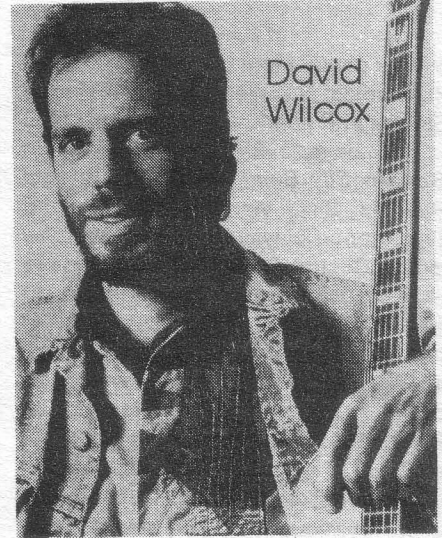
FAST FOLK IS FUNDED IN PART WITH PUBLIC FUNDS FROM THE NEW YRK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS. ADDITIONAL FUNDING COMES FROM SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FAST FOLK AND INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

LORIE McCLOUD: "I was born and raised in Northern Illinois in a family where the only instrument played was the piano. My first exposure to acoustic music came with the TV programs "Folk Fest" and "Hootenanny" in about 1962, and at that same time, Peter, Paul and Mary had a hit with "Don't Think Twice" on the radio. I used to go to bed and hide the transistor radio under my pillow, listening until I heard that song before I went to sleep. All through school I played for company dinners, benefits, school talent shows, mall openings, coffeehouses, etc., and along the way I did a few openers at college gigs for people like Alliotta, Haines & Jeremiah, and Dan & John Ford Coley. Although guitar is my foremost instrument, I play sax, recorder, electric bass, and various hand percussion, too. I consider myself a performer first, and a songwriter second. I have a whole repertoire of songs that come from obscure albums not too likely to be requests at a club. When I moved to Corpus Christi in 1982, I stumbled onto the Lis'nin' Post, a little acoustic club where people were requested to refrain from smoking and talking or else go outside on the patio. That was one of the most positive experiences of my career to date. It gave me a discriminating audience on which to try out my songs, and I developed greater confidence and versatility there. I also had the pleasure of opening concerts for Alan Damron, Steve Fromholz, Crow Johnson, and Hans Theessink. I'm an avid listener to music and am very much interested in the lives and emotions of the people who make it. I love rock, if it's intricate and melodic. I'm interested in promoting other bands and in finding a way to open up the stifled promotional system in this country. I majored in communications in college, not so much to be on the air as to find out how music programmers in radio choose what to play. I'm ambitious to make good strong albums, play on concert stages in Europe, the U.K., and Australia and to promote musicians of worth who are not currently being heard in the States."

DOUG CLARK STEIGER began his professional career in 1970, with a contract with Canadian Broadcasting Co. During 1970-1, CBC produced and released four singles - "A Time to Love," "Baby's Left You," "Goin' Home," and "Winter Friend" - which were played nationally on CBC radio channels.



Shortly after completing his obligations with CBC, Doug signed a recording contract with Arpeggio Records, which released one single, "Is Someone Listening." "Is Someone Listening" was very well-received in Canada and in several European countries, getting considerable airplay. In 1972, Doug relocated to Los Angeles to perform and search out the major recording companies. He performed at area colleges and at the Troubadour Club. In 1973, he went to Vancouver, B.C. and was offered a recording contract by Can/Base Productions (Mushroom Records). This is the company that released the group Heart's first album. He was also offered a contract by Mike Flicker, who was the producer for Heart. Doug chose to return to Toronto and sign a production agreement with Nimbus Nine Productions, owned by Jack Richardson, which recorded one single. During his stay in Toronto, Doug did commercials for Dominion Stores and performed in a variety show called "The Lenny Breau Show." In 1978, Doug decided to take a leave of absence from music and join the Marine Corps. He completed his tour in 1984, and resumed his music career. Doug's song "Woman" is currently receiving airplay in eighteen different countries overseas including Great Britain, Israel, Australia, and the USSR. "Light Up My Lady" has been recorded by Jim Post and Gibson & Camp. The Doug Clark Steiger Band opened the first four nights of this year's Kerrville Folk Festival.



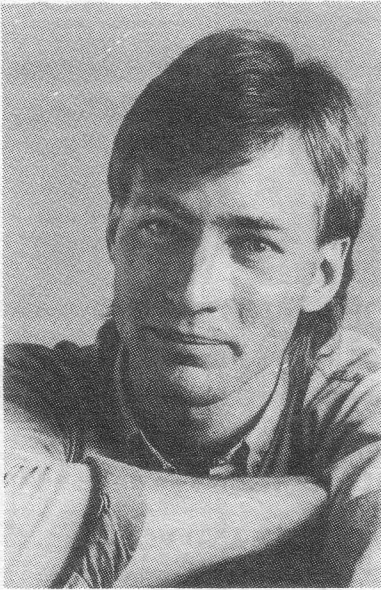
David Wilcox's first album *Nightshift Watchman* was released by Song of the Wood Records in the winter of 1988. His second album *How Did You Find Me Here* has just been released on A&M Records' Americana label. David is the second artist to be signed by Americana. He was the 1988 winner of the New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

Folk ROOTS

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ROY ZIMMERMAN was born in San Francisco, and raised in more ways than one. His early years were interrupted by his later years earlier than expected. Roy earned a bachelor's degree in musical composition from San Jose University, studying with Alan Strange, Higo Harada and Royal Stanton. Musical theatre was his emphasis. He's written over 300 songs and six full-length musicals. For two years, he served as Managing Director for the non-profit Collective Theatre Company in the San Francisco Bay Area, and wrote musical scores for their productions of *Lysisrtata* and *Mother Courage and Her Children*. Once, he acted in the movies and was discovered by an usher. *Yup It Up!*, Roy's satirical revue about young professionals, has become the longest-running show in San Jose history. Roy's song, "What's Your Name?," appears on the Disney album, *Children's Favorite Silly Songs*. He lives in Los Angeles, where he and his wife Melanie Harby play with the band The Twang.

ED and CAROL FLORIDA have been making music together for 25 years. Carol is a native of Southern California, and learned to sing harmony primarily in church as a child. The music was strictly a *cappella* and her teachers were those Southern ladies who "had it." She studied formal guitar and piano from age 11, but her real infatuation with music came with the 60's era and the blues/folk music revolution in California during that time. Ed, who has played in the New Folk contest at Kerrville, was born and raised just north of Lubbock,

Texas, and grew up in that area which has become renowned for its contemporary heritage of songwriters and performers. His earliest interest in guitar began in a barrelhouse in his hometown of Hale Center, where he listened to the black farmworkers play until sun-up every weekend during the early 60's. Ed met Carol in 1964, and they were married in 1966 in California where they began performing as a duo in 1972. In 1976, Ed accepted an offer to go on the road as lead guitarist for the progressive country/blues band, Stone Creek, and toured extensively for two years. A portion of the band's original tunes were penned by Ed and some are still being performed by bands in that area. He spent 1978 free-lancing as a lead guitarist throughout the Austin scene. In 1981, their children Rob and Wendy (ages 11 and 13) joined Ed and Carol beginning a three-year stint

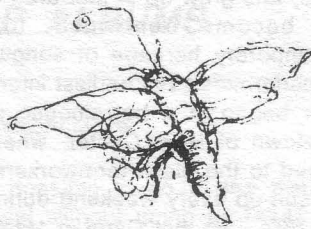


touring the South, doing concerts and bluegrass festivals. Rob played fiddle, mandolin and guitar. Wendy was on guitar and mandolin. Carol played bass, and Ed guitar and Dobro. Now, since the kids are gone, Ed and Carol have relocated to New Hampshire, bringing their "Southern Folk" music to New England. They can be contacted through Noteworthy Productions, 124 1/2 Archwood Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401.

DOYLE CARVER: "Born El Dorado, Arkansas, 1954. Must have moved immediately 'cause I have no memory of that part of the world at all. Laird Hill, Texas was a better field for Dad, and I can remember him being promoted to Toolpusher, and him showing off his brand new rig, bright red, very tall, proud. We were proud children, me and my two brothers. I grew up listening to country radio every waking morning and, as youngsters do, grew to resent what I considered a narrow musical view on my Dad's part. I was forced into choir in the sixth grade at Pine Tree High School because the shop class was full. My young man's macho self was at peril. I argued and was finally bullied into it. First class, to my delight, was packed with the entire football team. A good time followed - for the next 8 or 10 years of singing - classical mainly. Graduated from Pine Tree High School in Longview and then to Kilgore College and West Texas State University in Canyon, Texas. I worked in *Texas*, an outdoor musical in Palo Duro Canyon making about \$45 for a six-day week. My first really bitter experience in show business. We packed that place night after night and a lot of us practically starved because "the show must go on", a phrase definitely waved about when money is at stake. I began writing during all this. Neil Young was probably my single biggest influence. Consequently, I've been told that my music is reminiscent of his stuff. I always liked the emotive quality of the vocals and music. I'm not really counting the words. There are several songs he's written that I have no idea what the hell he's talking about, but they still work. It's just amazing to me. I love harmonies, and CSN&Y was the Absolute in my eyes. I still aspire to that level of excellence, that level of between-the-lines communication. I love songs that grab me by the throat, that go for the emotional jugular. Ah, killing me softly."

KIM WALLACH sings solo and with the Short Sisters, has 2 solo albums, 2 Short Sisters albums, and 3 cassette/booklet sets of children's songs on Black Socks Press. Kim tours clubs, coffeehouses and schools all over the country. She first came to Kerrville as a New Folk contestant in 1985, and ever since has been a mainstay of the Children's Stage and a Kerrvivor.

SIDE ONE



-1-
DADDY'S MONEY
(DAVID WILCOX)

DAVID WILCOX/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-2-
THE DEERHUNTER
(DOYLE CARVER)

DOYLE CARVER/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-3-
LOVE KEEPS ON BURNING
(DENISE FRANKE)

DENISE FRANKE/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-4-
THE REINCARNATION SONG
(ROY ZIMMERMAN)

ROY ZIMMERMAN/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-5-
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
(LORIE McCLOUD)
LORIE McCLOUD/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-6-
DON'T TALK TO ME
(ANDY VAN DYKE)

ANDY VAN DYKE/ GUITAR AND VOCAL
ALISON ROGERS/ HARMONY VOCAL



SIDE TWO

-1-
****HERE COMES THE WATER**
(CHUCK PYLE)

CHUCK PYLE/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-2-
****BETWEEN THE LINES**
(HEIDI MULLER)

HEIDI MULLER/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-3-
COUSIN HENRY
(PAUL SANCHEZ)

PAUL SANCHEZ/ GUITAR AND VOCAL
BERNICE LEWIS/ HARMONY VOCAL

-4-
DIVISION OF POWER
(ALISON ROGERS)

ALISON ROGERS/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-5-
WIND BLOWS THROUGH WEST TEXAS
(ED FLORIDA)

ED FLORIDA/ GUITAR AND VOCAL
CAROL FLORIDA/ HARMONY VOCAL

-6-
BACK IN HELL AGAIN
(DOUG STEIGER)

DOUG STEIGER/ GUITAR AND VOCAL

-7-
SPRING WILL COME
(KIM WALLACH)

KIM WALLACH/ VOCAL



Frank