

FAST FOLK

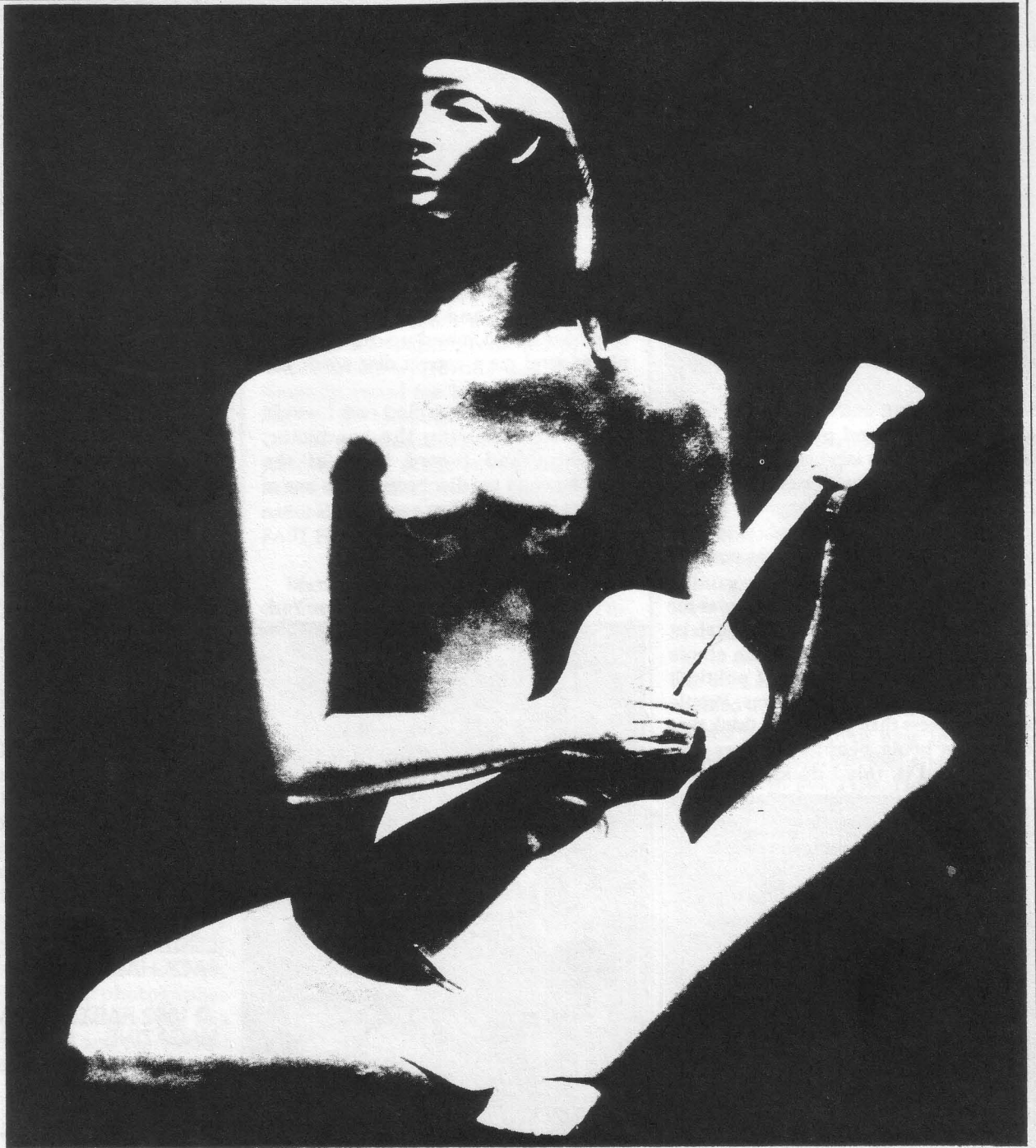
M U S I C A L M A G A Z I N E

1992

LIVE AT THE BOTTOM LINE 1991

Volume 5 No.10

LIVE AT THE BOTTOM LINE 1991



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LETTERS

I have just finished reading the interview Home & Studio Recording did to you. I was interested in writing to you as soon as I finished reading the article on FAST FOLK. My name is Giacomo Buonafina and I am from Guatemala, Central America.

In this moment I am in the process of building a little recording studio and it will be functioning by September. I would like to offer myself as a volunteer for folk music in any way I can and help your non-profit organization.

Richard, in Guatemala and Central America the music scene doesn't exist. There are two major recording labels in Central America. One of them is in Guatemala and the other is in Costa Rica. These labels only produce commercial music. Right now a group of friends and myself are trying to put a small recording together to produce musicians from Central America. People here are starving for entertainment and there are so many good musicians and poets around. Of course starting this label will be a lot like FAST FOLK in a way because we have to give a lot of time and energy for free to make it start working. We want it to be a profit thing but as you see right now we can't think on those terms.

Central America has been at war for the for the past thirty years, just in Guatemala there are twenty-one ethnic languages, so we have a lot of political, social, and economical problems. People need to express their feelings.. I think that music can bring people together. My people need it, this I do know. FAST FOLK can be a great inspiration to start this. Please if you have any suggestions, let me know. Lets do it for the sake of the song.

I would like to subscribe to your magazine. Please let me know how I can do it. I wish you and FAST FOLK the best on your great project.

Giacomo Buonafina

Guatemala City, Guatemala

Corrections:

The Postscript is located in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel, not Earl Hall as stated in our last issue.

The author of 'Baltimore' is Tom Meltzer.

To the Editor,

I just received my issue of "Detours," and when I put it on I found instead a complete recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and not a trace of FAST FOLK! It reminds me of the time I bought John Lennon's Sometime in New York City and discovered instead that the new Billy Idol album was inside...

I hope that I'm the only one who got the dud, and that your whole shipment wasn't mixed up. In any event please send me a correct disc when you get one.

Lastly, if you can find out, I would appreciate knowing the conductor, orchestra and record label of the Symphony on my disc because it is one of the best recordings I've heard.

Thanks and best wishes,

Rob Berretta, New York



Germana Pucci, Brian Rose, Wendy Beckerman, Lillie Palmer & Julie Gold.

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MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

As I'm writing this, the 1992 cast is rehearsing for the ninth annual FAST FOLK show. The Tenth Anniversary. These shows have become larger and wilder as time has gone on. It's quite a fine time we have, and now that the neighborhood has scattered, it is one of the few times we are all together. We meet about five times, laugh, discuss, argue, and fight about what form the show should take. We rearrange it a few times. We frustrate the stage managers. The cast and arrangements change depending on who shows up to rehearsal on time. We send out a few thousand flyers and hire a remote recording truck to take down what we do. Then we run these numbers down, hope the audience shows up, and head for the stage. It can be a little ragged, but then one of the main FAST FOLK recording philosophies has been that you get one take; you want a second, erase the first. On stage there are no second takes. Mark Dann reminds us as we approach the mike to leave a moment of silence at the top of a song to the recording engineer. Josh Joffen calls this 'the band that plays together once a year'. It's great fun.

A year ago we, The United States of America, were already bombing Iraq and were on the verge of a ground war. In the the songwriter's exchange, and otherwise planning our show it became clear that it would take place in wartime, one that was generally approved of by the populace. It's easy for us, songwriters, to be political. What is the risk.? We rarely, if ever have to face, as Mr. Buonafina writes from Guatemala, a harsh government, live with war at home and face a violent oppressor that we might confidently name in a song. It is assumed that the simple choice to be a folksinger obligates that person to political activity and leftward sympathies.

Generally the American folksinger population is white, middle class and insulated. Isolated in these United States, from most raw forms of oppression and inured against others. Our country is in disarray and still we are insulated by a prosperous past, which has for some, made us complacent. 'Protest', here, is so safe now that it is mere entertainment and intellectual posturing. The danger that was once inherent in writing political songs is nearly gone. I doubt that the government even considers 'folk music' dangerous anymore. These are dangerous times however. Now is the time to write and incite with a sharp edge, because in these lazy times we are losing a lot of ground socially and in the courts.

The war barely made anyone face their political views directly as in the legendary sixties. There was no impending draft to motivate the middle class. Gulf war events happened so fast and were orchestrated so beautifully in the press and on the battlefield that only a small part of the population rose up to question or dissent. Specific issues of the war notwithstanding, many 'folksingers' I know did look at what they were writing and more than a few performers in the FAST FOLK show were asked if we going to present an anti-war program. The program had been pretty well set for a time.

I can't speak for the entire cast; but there was a sense of division. Some felt the war was purposeful, if not just. Some were against it on pacifist principles. Some were in shock. I don't think anyone felt that we as a group should stand against it and imply a single point of view. We discussed placing yellow ribbons on the mics. We discussed reading Mark Twain's anti-war tract as a group. We discussed changing the whole program. In the end most people spoke of their commitment as artists to communicate something of themselves and their view of the world through their art. Many in the cast have written direct political songs, included them in past shows or on FAST FOLK records. No one felt that being a songwriter demanded a pacifist point of view by all, even if they held it. The feeling was that war is a raw exaggerated form of the disruption of individual human relations - religious, economic or political. On the other hand its getting easier to be poetic about these issues. One wonders if, as issues become more abstract they can be romanticized; and if this implies an abandonment of issues by those artist who write about them. Activist communities are struggling even though social issues are being put into all forms of entertainment more often it seems that we don't put ourselves and our art on the line.

Each of us felt that our songs spoke to some concern of our fellows, consistent with our hearts and the development of our art. The more we approached the program from this point of view the more expansive it seemed. Limiting ourselves to all anti-war songs would have only addressed the final breakdown of human communication in one contemporary situation. Instead, the show; most of which is on this record, explored the human need to search, experience regret, meditate on war (before, during and after), laugh, love, be troubled by love and on and on....

It seemed both obvious and timely to include Julie Gold's 'From A Distance' in the show. It was nominated for three 1991 Grammy awards, and had become an anthem. This song, which had been the finale of our show in 1987, had become the most requested song on Desert Storm's Armed Forces Radio. It seemed to be a shoe in for a Grammy. Radio was oversaturated with various versions of the song, and since Julie has written other wonderful songs, I asked her to play a different recent one called 'The Last Runner'.

A song can unify people for a moment. It can employ the willing suspension of disbelief of the theatre or pure emotion. Some will be affected by a song and take its point of view into their world. Others will be unaffected and be changed in some way by another event or force. Some songs do not set out to be political. Our evolution is incremental. There are however, some moments when everyone present at a particular place will be united, not necessarily in their opinions but by feeling.

During the first shows, Friday the 22nd there was a growing opinion that with a ground war imminent, perhaps Julie should play her hit. It had won the Grammy two days prior. On the other hand, it seemed like that would have been the motivation, to play the politically appropriate award winning hit written by one of our good friends. It had already been in the show. She did not play it. We were all reconciled to not putting Julie on display that way, thrilled as we were for her award. The next night, the Bottom Line was full, no jammed. War and bad times are good for the arts. Backstage, during the second half of the early show we got word that the ground war had begun. It was expected to be awful for all concerned, and a protracted affair. Papers were filled with the production figures of bodybags being shipped east. We all agreed that the show biz reasons to exclude 'From A Distance' had been exceeded. From those who felt that it was too political - to those who felt the song was too general seemed in agreement that this song - a few years old as it was and not written for any particular issue- spoke to that moment. We finished the regular show and David Massengill told the audience, who had been in the club and so out of contact with the news, that troops were on the ground. Julie began her song alone and slowly the company and the audience, unified for a moment, joined in.

Richard Meyer 2/10/92



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The Mandolin Man



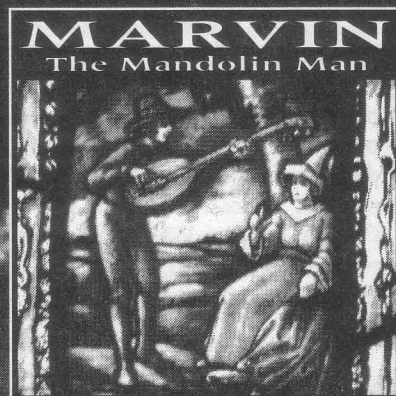
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JAMES KEELAGHAN

Time Lines (1987)

Small Rebellions (1989)

by Hugh Blumenfeld

His voice and stature are larger than life. His songs are too, filled with a love for the largeness of the Canadian landscape and of the hearts of the people who work it. So it's not surprising that James Keelaghan has been compared to Stan Rogers. These two albums are alive with sailors and fishermen, coal miners and steel workers, railroad men and bush pilots, bouncers and rovers, and all of them are poets.

Their stories are stories of hardship but never defeat. Keelaghan sings of a world where the fate of individual men are like drops in the ocean or grains of sand on the shore. But the land and sea are in turn overrun by the blind, uncontrollable forces of war and industry, our collective force which is both more and less than human.

The first record, *Time Lines*, is dominated by historical ballads, from a traditional jig celebrating the Battle of Glenmalure in 1580 in which Irish rebels drove the British back to The Pale, to the civilian evacuation of British forces pinned under German fire at Calais in 1940. Two songs by other writers are a sea chantey about the transport of British convicts to Australia and a barrelhouse stomp about a train wreck in Roger's Pass, British Columbia in 1910. There is also a bittersweet lament in the traditional style called "Jenny Bryce," of a man's courting and marrying a rover's daughter who then dies in childbirth, leaving this wanderer a daughter of his own. This song sounds ageless.

More characteristic of the direction Keelaghan takes in his later work is "Boom Gone To Bust." It is grounded in Canadian soil and in the critique of the boom-bust economy of war. When the post World War I boom ends in the depression, one man's father leaves his roots in Vancouver to ride in the 'On to Ottawa Trek' of 1935, when workers set off to the capital to protest conditions of government work camps. Now the son

follows the money trail back west after another cycle and meditates on the unrooted life he and so many others lead.

As good as the first album is, I like the second better. With its surer sense of Canadian history and its understanding that the real drama of war is its aftermath at home. *Small Rebellions* puts Keelaghan on the trail of Everyman's hero. The title cut and "Hillcrest Mine" are both songs about miners' struggles with greedy capitalists. "Hillcrest Mine" is a rallying song for strikers ("I say you don't go / You don't go down in the Hillcrest Mine"). Its listing of hazardous conditions is completed with a final verse that urges the miners to defy the goons and bosses and fight for workers' needs. There's no denying the effectiveness of Keelaghan's song making; the chorus is catchy and strong and the whole thing has the quality of an anthem. I prefer the ballad "Small Rebellion," which tells the story of a 1931 demonstration that was violently put down by company goons. The teller of this tale is a World War I veteran who thinks he has already fought and defeated the enemy until he finds that there is a worse enemy at home. The union encourages the miners to march, promising to protect them, but the outcome is a bloodbath. In hindsight, seeing how the whole system he fought to defend really works, the speaker shakes his head with an anger that he has now learned to repress: "I should have known it from the start..." I like this song because of this stored anger, learned the hard way, the way you don't forget. Keelaghan succeeds in transmitting this one man's anger to anyone who hears. It is not a song of defeat but of energy lying dormant, a smouldering torch being passed.

Two other songs on the album celebrate the laborer, "Ones Who Made Home" and "Somewhere -head." The first is a toast to those who built Canada with their blood and sweat - the second is a lullabye for the road-weary - "Somewhere ahead - there's rest and there's you."

"Princes of the Clouds," by Tony Kaduck, reads like a Jimmy Cagney screenplay, tracing the fortunes of two World War I flying aces who remain friends after the war. These first flyers

helped tame and transform Canada's vast frontier, and the song evokes the country's huge spaces. But the glory days of being "single and free" soon end. The singer marries Becky Ann and settles down. When the economy goes bad, he is forced from the air to an industrial job under a boss and from there to unemployment. Becky Ann finally leaves him to Pursue the dream again, taking off for a romance in New Orleans. His friend, who never gives up the dream and the glory of flying, ultimately dies in plane crash. The glory of war, the glory of expansion - these dreams die hard and everything built on them crash. This song illustrates Keelaghan's unerring ear in choosing other writers' work and blending it with his own.

"Red River Rising" is a fast-moving cryptic tale set during the Riel Rebellion in 1869 that tells of a brave attack on a government fort that is thwarted by storm, flood, and enemy riders. The short verses between the galloping choruses give fragments of the scene through flashes of lightning. It's another fine example of how Keelaghan weds story and music to make something unforgettable. This one rings in your head for weeks.

"Rebecca's Lament" is a hauntingly beautiful ballad that keeps with the theme of Canada's history and destiny. It is based on a legendary love between Rebecca Galloway, a white woman, and Tecumseh, a Native American chieftain. He asks her to marry him and live with his woodland tribe, she agrees to marry him only if he will stay in town and live like a Christian. He rides back into the woods and they never meet again. The story is told by Rebecca herself, and Keelaghan makes it a masterpiece of storytelling by making her character not wholly sympathetic. Instead of presenting these two lovers as respecting each other's decisions to sacrifice their love for their proud belief in their identity and way of life, Keelaghan's Rebecca maintains the superiority of her city, her culture, her God. She believes that she is looking toward the future and that her Indian lover is only living in the past:

"Like it or not the history's written
Not in the forest but in Chillico Town."

Though history has proven her right, her failure to understand the irony of this resonates through the song.

"Rebecca's Lament" shows that Keelaghan is capable of singing about the experience of women as well as men. Usually, though, his songs are about loners or failed family men, wandering and fighting, drinking and playing pool. His world of work is an all-male underworld. Women appear as distant sources of comfort, as in dreams. So there is a loneliness in his work that I don't feel even in the songs of Bill Morrissey. If he is ultimately going to fill the role of people's poet, he'll have to dig deeper here. But here is one of those rare songwriters on a quest to fashion something larger than life. And he is capable of accomplishing it.

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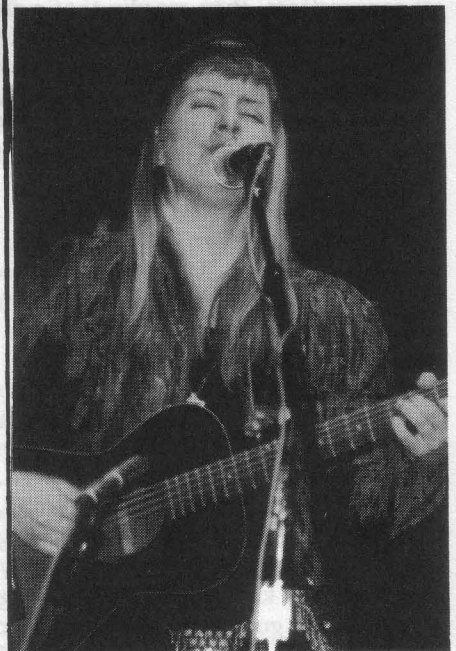
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Rod MacDonald: Interview

By Bill Ruhlmann

Rod MacDonald is becoming known worldwide for his songs of commitment and human insights. 'A Sailor's Prayer,' 'American Jerusalem' and 'Every Living Thing' to name a few. He has been on the village scene since the late 70s, often headlining at local clubs, booking the SpeakEasy and generally encouraging writers to stick with it and write better. Now he tours worldwide and has released four albums. This interview took place during one rehearsal for the FAST FOLK REVUE in February 1991 while the United States was at war with Iraq.

RM: I think I was interviewed (for THE COOP) by Brian Rose and Tom Intondi.

FF: That's right.

RM: Well Tom was my roommate, you know, so he knew all the real dirty questions.

FF: He didn't even ask any dirty questions that I remember. Actually, when I was reading it today, the thing was that it was songwriter talking to songwriter. If the Fast Folk audience is all songwriters, then maybe that's an appropriate kind of interview. I'd like to talk biographically, basically- about your career and then to talk about your songs, I think probably dealing with political stuff. Then maybe get into more general things.

RM: Fire away.

FF: So...he was born in Connecticut...

RM: Oh, yeah, I was born in Southington, Connecticut, lived there most of my life 'til I went away to college.

FF: The University of Virginia.

RM: Yeah. A small town. Not an unsophisticated town. There was a certain community of people that were interested in educating their kids well. My parents were part of that community, so I sort of selectively ended up hanging out with what I would say was a fairly smart bunch of kids when I was growing up. Including guys that were into music who turned me on to various records and

stuff like that. Then when I was fifteen I got my first taste of the world, really. I'd go away for the summer and have a job somewhere. I went away to college and never really went back to Southington ever again. Except to visit my parents 'til they moved away in the late 1970's. Then I spent four years at the University of Virginia, three at Columbia Law School here in New York, which is why I first came to New York. During that time I was a bureau correspondent for Newsweek during the vacations. And then after two years of law school I was called up for the inactive reserve of the Navy, but in that two years having spent some time in the Washington bureau of Newsweek I had become kind of radicalized politically and I didn't want to be in the Navy or in the military at all, so I filed for conscientious objector discharge, and during my last year of law school I got it. So I kind of went on a bend there and started bumming around the country, playing on the streets, all kinds of stuff, and started singing in clubs then. So law school bled into singing, and when I finished school I was able to do anything I wanted to do for the first time in my life, really, and just started playing the guitar and singing, and that's what I've been doing all these years.

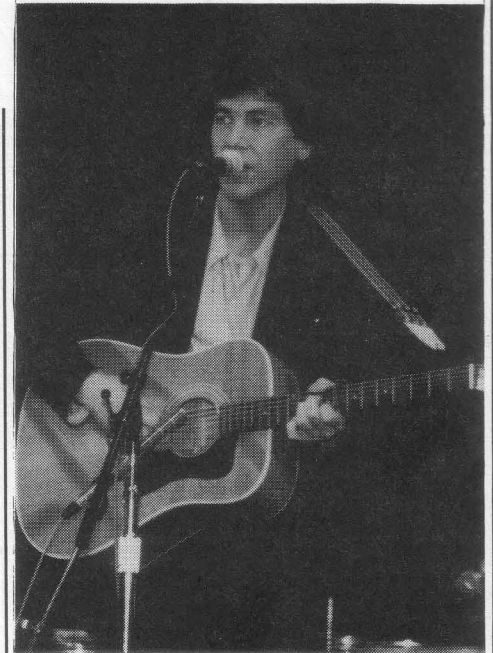
FF: I'm not sure whether it was the Pete Seeger interview you did or the Jesse Winchester one, but one of the questions you asked was did there come a point when you began to think of yourself as a singer/songwriter and began to think of this as a career or a profession.

RM: It's definitely in Pete's. Yeah, actually, there have been several points in my life, but two really stick out. I've been playing music since I was four or five years old. Harmonica, acoustic guitar...I played slide trombone in my junior high school orchestra for three years. I've always played music. But I always thought I was doing something else. I would spend eight hours a day with Newsweek and then go home and play the guitar for three hours at night. But in the winter of 1973 I went out to San Francisco with two friends. One of these friends was the guy who was probably the most instrumental person in my conversion to being a conscientious

objector from the military. The other was a guy who I had known since I was about six years old in my home town and was actually the guy who first turned me on to both Bob Dylan and The Beatles. He was the guy who seemed to know what all the hip records were. Even up in our little town where we were pretty out of it, you know. He had a Dylan record long before I knew any of the other folk people from New York. There's your mass marketing thing, I suppose. But anyway, we were in San Francisco and the night before I was to leave, my friend from my hometown, Jimmy, who's now a theater producer in Michigan, went walking all over San Francisco, which even in January was fairly warm and humid at night, and we're sitting way up on this stone wall on one of those hilltops overlooking the financial part of the city, and all the lights of the city are spread out below us, and he goes, "Tell me, what are you going to do when you get out of law school?". And I said, "I don't know, I guess I'll try to get a job." And he said, "Why don't you, aren't you gonna continue singing? You know, aren't you gonna pursue your music?" And I laughed. I said, "Well, you know, you've seen me here. Haven't you seen me auditioning at all these clubs around town? I haven't gotten hired anyplace." And he said "Yeah, but that's really just 'cause you're just starting, you know." He said, "Anybody could see that you're really gonna get a lot better. And also, these guys won't hire you 'cause you don't hang out at their bar. Anybody can see this is what you really love. And it seems to me you've spent all your time educating yourself to do these things that you're not passionate about, and this is the one thing you really love. I think you owe it to yourself to do this."

I was very amazed to hear this from somebody. I mean, everybody in my family was apprehensive that I was going to do this probably without saying so, 'cause they thought I was gonna give up the cushy life of a lawyer to be a musician. I never even took the Bar exam. I never practiced a day of law in my life. I knew before I graduated law school that I wasn't gonna practice law, that I was gonna do music instead.

Rod MacDonald



FF: When you say you had an internship in Newsweek, you went to law school, those sound like real career path type things. People who were interns at Newsweek tend to either start working at Newsweek or go somewhere into the journalism business unless they get off that track.

RM: I'm sure I could have gotten a good job in journalism if I'd asked for one somewhere. I had a pretty good reputation at the two places where I worked, which were Newsweek, and before that at The Hartford Current in Connecticut where I was a daily beat reporter, and I handed in a lot of stuff that they used. I'm sure they would have either hired me or given me a good recommendation. But I wanted to try music. Also, I didn't really know anybody in the journalism business in New York and I wanted to stay in Greenwich Village. At least at that time, so I just ended up doing music, a decision that I'm very thankful for now, I think.

FF: Good! It would be terrible at this point if you were saying, "...and now I wish I had become a lawyer." That would be very upsetting-

RM: Not at all. Not at all. I sometimes miss the excitement of daily journalism. And in fact, one of the things that first attracted me to Fast Folk was the excitement of writing a song and having it potentially be on the street in a couple of weeks when it was current. I've already written a couple songs, for example, about our involvement in the Gulf. They're somewhat journalistic. They're not really pro or anti, they're just reflections on the situation and how it came about. But I'd like to see them out now. At my current rate of what it takes me to record a song and get somebody to distribute it, it might be two years before it would hit the street, you know, which I think is a real sad fact of the music business. But in journalism I'd have an editor bugging me right now for the copy. He'd say, "MacDonald, it's seven o'clock. We go to press at ten-thirty. When the hell do you think you're gonna get this in?" And it would be in tomorrow's paper.

FF: I've heard exactly those words in this past week!

RM: And I miss that, actually, to tell you the truth, I miss that. This past week I called up my old Newsweek editor because I heard that he had moved to a different magazine, and I just called him up to say hi, and something happened that I happened to interview someone very interesting- it wasn't meant to be an interview, it was a conversation- but it was so interesting that I wrote it all down and sent it to him. He said, "Yeah, I'd like to read it." I don't know if he'll print it, but he'd like to read it. So, you know, you can take the man out of journalism, but you can't take journalism out of the man probably. I still think that a lot of what I do is journalistic, including in music. But the other part about music is that it will allow you to go where journalism will not go, which is in a frank statement of what is going on in your personal life, or your personal opinion. You're very rarely allowed to indulge your heart in journalism.

FF: You know, you're right, it's one of the reasons that I've always told people that I'm not a journalist. Journalists have to do those kinds of news stories that say "overwhelming evidence indicated such and such, however President Bush denied it." I always blanch at having to say "he denied it".

RM: I had to choose between the two careers at a point in time in which I was in my early twenties and really seriously looking at my life and my future. And don't forget that for a year I was in litigation against the U.S. military to be declared a conscientious objector. So I was asking myself these questions on a very serious level. Am I sincere about this? Am I sincerely committed to being opposed to the military? Am I sincerely committed to not being part of the system that I really don't believe in? And all the answers pointed to music because of the freedom of it. I also would like to say that the other principal advantage to me being in music was that I felt that I was on the verge of going in two ways in terms of my personality development. That as a journalist I had to be very ruthless. I had to not really care if I embarrassed somebody as long as I told what I thought was the true story. I had to hustle and get the story faster than

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other guys would get it for some other publication and write it up in a way that got it into print fast. I was very good at this. And as a result I think I indulged the more ruthless side of my personality. As a musician I feel that I'm allowed to be a little more...to act more according to the intuitive side of my personality. I'm not at all a very ruthless business man, and in terms of doing music business this has probably been a drawback. Some of the successful people that I see are much more ruthless than I am. They'll end a friendship like that if they feel it's interfering with what they want to do, whereas I tend to be much more open-ended with my relationships with people I think.

FF: Let me bring up one side of this that we've been edging with all along and bring it up as a parallel, because a lot of what you're talking about too is political consciousness, or the development of a political consciousness. You said something about your conversion to wanting to have a conscientious objector status. Do you see your political views as something that had developed over time? Have they changed very drastically? You were in the R.O.T.C., right?

RM: No, I was not.

FF: Oh, you weren't. That's one of the myths that has been printed about you.

RM: I was in the inactive reserves of the U.S. Navy in the Jag corps. I was going to be a lawyer when I finished school. But that was not R.O.T.C. if I'm not mistaken. The difference is insignificant probably. I did not have to actively go to any meetings of any kind. I had a two year inactive status, and then I was called up for an eleven week school. But long before I was called up, back when I was in my first year of inactive status, I was working for the Newsweek bureau in Washington, and I covered the Pentagon papers trial and Jimmy Hoffa's parole hearings, the Nixon administration, and I became convinced really that the entire thing was a shuck. That the Nixon administration was fundamentally dishonest and that the entire war was based on the faulty premise that you were entitled to send any number of young people out to enact some vague notion that you wanted to

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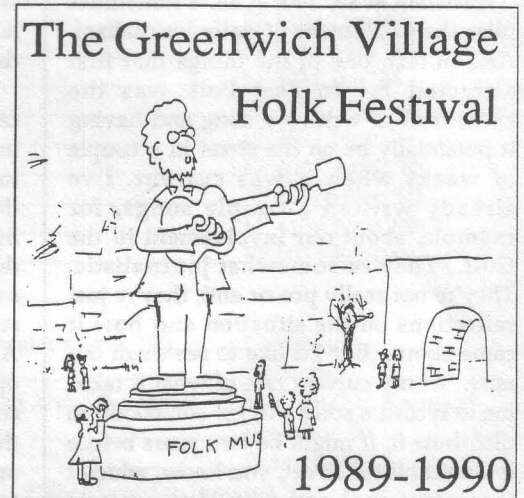
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control some other country's natural resources. I don't think that we've really progressed all that far. In any case, I felt that what they were saying to me was that there was a big difference between being a lawyer in the Navy and being an infantryman, that you weren't actually one of the guys fighting for this. But the political conversion that happened to me really was that I spent the summer living with two conscientious objectors, and these guys just hammered at me every night and forced me to justify my liberal viewpoints- which weren't so much positive viewpoints as negative viewpoints. I wasn't a conservative and I wasn't a radical. I was just kind of in-between and I didn't know how to justify anything at all. And the more I started talking out what I believed I found that I really began to agree with these two guys on a lot of what they were saying. And then they began asking me the essential questions: Well, if that's the case, how can you be part of this at all? How can you say that you're not supporting the war effort if you're in uniform sailing around on a ship? You're doing their legal work. You're doing that job. If you want to not support the war effort, any war effort, war in general, as the case may be- as the case, in fact, is, that I don't want to support any war effort that's predicated on the particular American conception that we have the right to just make war on any country we want to make war on, for whatever reason we deem valid at the time- I just didn't want to be part of it at all. I wanted to say, look, I don't believe in any indiscriminate killing for any policy. And for any policy at all. I can't think of a single policy that justifies indiscriminate killing. I can think of self-defense, but you're entitled to believe in self-defense to be a conscientious objector, something people don't know. You do not have to be a pacifist to be a conscientious objector. You simply have to make a distinction between self-defense and national war. Which I find not hard to make at all.

What happened after I finished my job at Newsweek was that I went out west for a month. I had a month off. The job was an internship for three months, it finished, and for some reason Columbia

Law School didn't start my second year for another three and a half weeks. So I got in a car and I drove out to California and I was living in the trees in northern California for about a week and a half with a bunch of hippies. Eating giant kettles of spaghetti and just kind of living in the trees up there. And everyone was talking about how to get out of it. Not how to get out of the war, but how to get out of the society that was propelling this war effort. I came back to New York totally convinced that it was necessary to really get out of this entire mechanism, and I began to look around for how to get out of law school as well. Well, around that time I met a guy who was a lawyer, and he said to me "You know, I'd like you to go see this friend of mine who does draft counseling." And I said, "Well, I'm already in." He said, "Yeah, but you might be able to get out. Your opinions changed a lot since you went in." And I said, "Yeah, very much." And he said, "Well I wouldn't be surprised if you were a conscientious objector. You know, flat and simple, it sounds to me like you basically are a conscientious objector without trying to live up to anyone else's point of view. So I went and sought out this lawyer and he interviewed me for about an hour and he said, " You know, I think that there's no real reason why you shouldn't get out. If you're willing to go through the process, the legal procedures, to write the letters, and to get people to write letters that support it, to be interviewed by the shrink and to comment on and all that stuff. So then I spent a year in the bowels of the U.S. Navy explaining what it is that I deeply believed, which of course led to the song "Stop The War", you know, the conversation with the guy saying what if everybody thought like you. What kind of world would it be? If everybody didn't want to go to this war what kind of war would it be? We were coming from such totally different points of view that he ended up recommending that they let me out actually.

FF: I was thinking as you were talking about this that it's very similar to what people are going through right now. There are people who are in the reserves who are now trying to seek conscientious

objector status and having trouble. And they're having people scream at them saying, it was okay when we weren't at war, but it's not okay now? One of the things the army is trying to do is to make them go while the appeal procedure is going on. You can file for it, but meanwhile go to Saudi Arabia.

RM: Well they made me go to school while my appeal was under way, and I protested mightily. But they said look, you just have to go do this. While I was in school, for example, one guy from the Pentagon came up and asked us where we wanted to go and asked us to name our choice of assignments, Baharain, Guam, wherever the Navy had its bases, and I just laughed at him and said I'm not going anywhere, and he said well you have to decide, you may not get your C.O. I said, well if I don't get my C.O. I'm not going anywhere, I'm either going to jail or Canada, so don't even waste your time. He got mad at me, kicked me out of his office, but the school recommended that they discharge me. I think they found me more trouble to deal with than it was worth. And in a nice way I was just very able to state what I thought to these guys. It wasn't a question of being abusive or a problem. They'd ask questions in class and I'd answer them to the best of my ability. When it was over guys would come up to me and say "That made more sense than any other answer I heard." So that started making the lieutenants nervous, you know?

FF: I imagine at that point they were hearing a lot of that kind of thing.

RM: Well nobody in the crew I was in really wanted to go into the war, but most of them were intermediate non-believers. They weren't at the point where they wanted to jeopardize their future by saying they wouldn't go. But I was for real. I think they believed in me.

FF: I think it's interesting what you were saying about it being possible for someone to be a conscientious objector against a specific war as opposed to self-defense.

RM: No, you're not allowed that. Not under the law that I remember. You're not really allowed to distinguish particular wars. There's no real firm line.

The standard, actually, is twofold: You're opposition to war has to be to war and not to specific events, and the second thing, it has to have the sincerity in your life of a religious conviction. So I would say that guys who have signed up for the reserves weren't obligated to sign up for the reserves. There was no draft. They did it for benefits. And now to come along and say they're conscientious objectors, I think they're gonna have a hard time showing that they've sincerely taken any actions. You're expected to have taken some actions along the lines of a C.O. as well. In my case I could point to some things that I had written that were somewhat odious to the Navy.

FF: You mean things you had written in law school? Songs?

RM: No, well, yeah. Well, I had done concrete things. I had marched in peace marches, for example. I had written articles in my college paper about the war. I was one of the major student leaders who co-authored the strike manifesto. Me and four other guys. One was the chairman of councils, another was head of the student disciplinary committee. I signed it. My name was on this. My phone was tapped from that point 'til the end of the school year. I took over the press coordination of the student strike at the University of Virginia which was a fairly substantial operation. We had people from CBS news on campus, we had state police arresting people. All kinds of stuff was happening. I was in charge of the press relations for that strike. I could point to things that I had done that were valid peaceful type stuff. Actions I had taken. So to suddenly say hey, wait a minute, I don't want to go—that's gotta be tough. Especially if you signed up. If you volunteered for it. But in my case I went through I think a fundamental change of philosophy.

FF: It sounds like it.

RM: I mean, my parents were your basic small town conservative bedrock Americans who vote for people like Nixon and Bush. And still do. They're good solid hard-working Americans, my parents. And you always inherit a certain amount of your political beliefs from your parents. So even by the time I got to college I was a very conservative person

politically. I was a member of the Young Republicans my first year at Virginia. I took a lot of history and government classes, and I began to think on my own, so by the time I was in law school I was, I would say, a liberal. By the time I finished law school I was probably more a radical. Not in the sense of being violent. I've never been violent. I've always been in favor of radical non-violence, in fact. But I'd say that the person I most admire in my lifetime would probably end up being Martin Luther King, and that's not really, he did not advocate liberal solutions. He advocated non-violent radical solutions. And I think by the time I graduated law school that's probably what I believed, and pretty much still do. It just took me a while to get there. Which is one of the things the military takes advantage of. They mostly take guys who are in their late teens who haven't had the chance to leave home and see the world yet.

FF: I've been reading a lot of Bruce Chatwin's work now, a Civil War historian, and he has a lot of sort of casual lines talking about the people fighting. At one point he said something about the young men lying in the field and the kind of trickery that goes on. He says this awful trick that's reenacted over and over again through history, that young men

find themselves with big wounds lying in fields, it's amazing that such things can happen. It does, it happens over and over and over again.

RM: Yeah. Another thing that happened to me in the early seventies is that I started to read with a vengeance for my own enjoyment. I had a couple of professors my senior year at Virginia who were the kind of guys who would encourage you to read challenging stuff. I found myself in law school able to keep up with the law work pretty easily and at the same time hungry for a whole different way of seeing things. And I started reading what were considered kind of the classic books of the sixties—*Catch-22*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—all the stuff that I had neglected in college by not taking English courses. So, in any case, in 1972 I was discharged from the Navy as a conscientious objector quite honorably, and I spent all of 1972-73 at Columbia, but most of it I spent playing the guitar. I was living in Fort Lee, I had an attic of a house, and I just played the guitar for four or five hours a night.

FF: In the rehearsal you were just doing there were two tape recorders running for virtually the whole time, probably picking me up talking to Josh Joffen in the background.



Rod leading the finale at one of the Musician's Cooperative concerts at the Central Park 72nd Street bandshell in the mid 80's.

RM: Well, that's for the band to learn songs.

FF: Yeah, of course, that's what it's for, but we're being recorded for posterity all the time. I have a bunch of tapes I made of your concerts. I was looking through my pile of tapes today.

RM: I haven't played a concert in some time that somebody didn't tape. People come up to me all the time and they go, "Can I tape the show?" And I go, "Sure, why not, what difference does it make to me?" Really, I don't care. What am I afraid of? That I'll sing a bad note or say a bad word?

FF: It's done a lot of good for The Grateful Dead.

RM: They're a folk band. They're folkies, those guys.

FF: I was just talking to Richard Schindell about this, because I recently published a book about The Grateful Dead.

RM: You did?

FF: Yes. It's a curious case that the deadheads are very parochial. They like to listen to The Grateful Dead, but The Dead themselves are into all kinds of music. Garcia likes bluegrass music, Mickey Hart is an ethno-musicologist, he's been around the world. The bass player is into classical music. Weir likes country stuff. I mean, he's always playing Marty Robbins' stuff. He does "Big Iron". He does Merle Haggard stuff. It's a variety of musical influences. And often the fans figure those things out by that. Bob Dylan's gotten a great renaissance among deadheads because The Dead have become something of a Bob Dylan cover band. They're the only people I know who do "Desolation Row" and sing every verse. Dylan doesn't do that. I don't know of Dylan doing "Desolation Row" in years. But The Dead do it, and they do all eleven and a half minutes.

RM: I've often wished I could get The Grateful Dead to do some of my tunes.

FF: Do you think it would be appropriate?

RM: - For example, I think they would do great versions of some of my tunes, like "Stop The War", "Song Of My Brothers", "White Buffalo", the stuff that moves...

RM: Well, you know, one reason I think The Dead have been so successful is that they're not egotistical about their material. A lot of bands get a record deal and they won't record anything but their own material. Even singers I know in the

Village who write two songs a year get record deals and they won't record anything but their own songs.

FF: Yeah, but there are economic reasons for that as well.

RM: Yeah, but the ultimate economics come down to how successful are you with the public, and The Dead have been smart enough to see that recording great songs, getting a great songwriter like Robert Hunter to work with them, has been ultimately much more productive than it would have been had they confined themselves to the stuff that Weir and Garcia write personally. I mean, if you're Jaggar and Richards, then you've got that to work on, but if you're not then you get what you need somewhere else.

FF: But also, when I said the economics of it, and I'm not trying to justify putting a bunch of bad songs on your album just because you wrote them, but you know that if you do get a major label record contract the deal is such that unless you go platinum you're gonna be a hole to the record company on reimbursable expenses. Most people are like that for their entire record career. And the only thing they're getting paid on is their songwriting royalties. Even

someone like Merle Haggard says that Merle Haggard the songwriter is subsidising Merle Haggard the recording artist. So it's not so much a matter of greed for a lot of people as it is the appalling economics of that sort of thing.

RM: I don't know. I wouldn't know actually, I haven't listened to popular music lately. I don't know what's out there. There might be some incredible people.

FF: I don't think you're missing much. I don't think the percentage of good stuff to bad stuff is any different from what it's always been. In any given point the difference between a perception that the scene is going well and the scene is going terribly is often gone to very few people. If you look at the folk womb or the folk renaissance of the early sixties, I have a feeling if you took Jack Holtzman out of that, and if you took Maynard Soloman out of that it would be a very different picture. If there wasn't a Jack Holtzman running an independent label and selling a lot of people you saw at Folk City, and if there wasn't a Maynard Soloman doing that it may have been easy to see Bob Dylan as a fluke.



Mr. MacDonald and Ms. Vega at the Speakeasy.

RM: You might not have heard Bob Dylan at all.

FF: You might not have. And these guys also helped bring back the Newport Folk Festival.

RM: I feel that way about the current scene actually.

FF: That's in a way encouraging because it suggests that you only need a couple of people or a few people.

RM: People are always saying to me is folk music coming back? Is it getting more popular? Or recently the question is will the war make folk music more popular. But you know what, I don't think that's really the question, because in my experience what you said is really true. If there's someone in your community willing to do a little bit of work, make situations possible and tell the public about it and come out and see it, it gives you the appearance that folk music is happening. If there's nobody in the community doing that it gives the appearance that it isn't. For example, in the early 1980's people like Jack Hardy made it seem like something was going on. As a result there was excitement around new artists. In the same way as without Jack Holtzman, or whoever, you might never have heard, let's say, Tom Paxton or Tom Rush. I think that without Jack Hardy or the people who ran SpeakEasy in the eighties you never would have heard Suzanne Vega or Shawn Colvin, or any of these people who are starting to emerge on the scene. Any of us. You wouldn't have heard any of us at all. Ever. We would have been just hanging around the Village wondering why nothing was going on. All of us.

FF: And a lot of you would have drifted away from it.

RM: Well it may be true for some artists. I think that I would be a different artist if it weren't for the Village scene, but I think that I would be an artist nonetheless. Probably as successful as I am now, more or less. But the Village did provide a certain context. But I was already singing my songs before any of that came along. Still, the thing that happened in the early eighties was that we started working together and being conscious of each other, and as a result the public started taking consciousness of us as a group. And this meant that instead of being singer/songwriters trying to get a record contract, sliding in the cracks between R&B and country

music, we were able to be ourselves as artists and be proud of it. I think in the same way that happened in the sixties that happened here in the eighties, maybe to a slightly lesser degree. Not with the huge fan obsession that developed with the sixties, but lots of good music.

FF: I've always said the perception about the sixties was much more apparent than concrete anyway. We know who Tom Paxton is and we know his material, and if we lined up ten average people and asked them who Tom Paxton is three of them would know, maybe four, one would know his songs. There's a perceived notion that Tom Paxton is a famous guy, Eric Andersen is

a famous guy, how famous are they? These are not people who made a lot of money for those record companies. They really did it by going out and singing every night. That's what they do, that's what their careers are. Out of that group Bob Dylan has become a millionaire-

RM: We presume.

FF: He's said it. And I would guess that he's become a millionaire more on his songwriting than his record royalties.

RM: I presume that too.

FF: And there I stop. Of that entire generation of people- I'm sure Paxton makes a reasonable living.

RM: Paul Simon is a millionaire.

Side One

The entire show ran as follows

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1) World of Tommorrow-
(Jeff Wilkinson) | Wood, Meyer, Palmer, MacDonald |
| 2) In So Deep | Wendy Beckerman |
| 3) Stones- | Hugh Blumenfeld |
| 4) Ying Chi Wu - | Frank Tedesso |
| 5) Paul Cezanne -
(Tom Meltzer) | Cadmium Red and the Vermillions
(Meyer, Blumenfeld, Zweiman, Joffen) |
| 6) The Courier- | Richard Shindell |
| 7) Fever la Lune - | Brian Rose |
| 8) Louisiana Rain - | Judith Zweiman |
| 9) Norman - | Rod Mac Donald |
| 10) Paglia E Fieno - | Jack Hardy |
| 11) Eldorado Lounge- | Richard Julian w/ group |

Side Two

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1) Jesus the Runaway Prince- | David Massengill |
| 2) Bewilderness - | Eric Wood |
| 3) L'Antinarcis - | Germana Pucci |
| 4) Je Ne Sais Pas - | Richard Meyer |
| 5) Run on the Rocks - | Josh Joffen |
| 6) The Last Runner- | Julie Gold |
| 7) The Helios Space - | Lillie Palmer |
| 8) Special Guests - Fri.
Sat. | Bill Morrissey
Terre Roche |
| 9) Frankenstein's Got the Blues-
Frank Tedesso | |
| 10) Answer to Come - | Ilene Weiss |
| 11) Metal Drums -
(Patty Larkin) | Rod MacDonald |
| 12) Hang My Hat (Finale)-
(Jim Allen) | The Company |
| 13) From A Distance- | Julie Gold & the Company |

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FF: I hesitate to put Paul Simon in that category though since he's someone who came into folk music because of that perception. If you listen to early Paul Simon-

RM: He was a pop singer.

FF: "Tico and the Triumph's", his single from 1961,62...

RM: But Dylan grew up on rock and roll too. All of them did. Some of them have done real well and make good livings. The presumption that everyone is supposed to be a superstar is a pretty peculiar presumption. I mean, I may never sell millions of records, but then again I might, but as an artist I have the opportunity to be an artist, to record my music and put it out there. I mean, Van Gogh died without selling anything.

FF: I've never been sure that being a superstar is good for anyone artistically anyway. I mean, I used to wish for people I admired that they'd be huge successes and be number one on the charts, but after a while I began hoping that they could make a living so they could make another record.

RM: I don't know. I wouldn't know what it's like to be a superstar frankly. I have no idea. The people that I knew personally that have been really successful I hardly know anymore. Except just to say hi when I run into them. And they always go "Wow! Rod! It's really nice to see you!" And it's like I think that in a way they must have become more cloistered since they've become famous because they're making a big deal out of seeing somebody that they would have just seen normally five years ago being around. For me it's kinda like, "Oh, hi! You're doing well, that's great." I think that if I were really successful on a big scale- making a lot of money and playing concerts for fifty thousand people or something- I would want to hold the people in my life very closely because I think that it must be a very unreal world out there to be in that kind of environment. You must have to be very sure of who you are. You see a guy like Mick Jagger. He seems to have accepted who he is. Dylan, on the other hand, I don't know. I'm not sure he's accepted who he is. I don't know the guy, never met him, I don't know what he thinks, I

don't know what goes on beyond the public persona, I don't know anything about him at all, but he seems to constantly be at war with himself over the success of what he's done. Whereas other people go "This is me, here I am."

FF: On the other hand, what Bob Dylan is doing does politically stand in opposition. What do you do when you're saying to the world "I hope you die and your death will come soon", and when you put that record out it sells a million copies? Isn't that kind of peculiar, wouldn't that make you feel weird? I think one of the curious things that has happened to one of these kinds of figures in the past few years is Bruce Springsteen. A guy who writes a song about the disaffection of Vietnam veterans that is embraced by President Reagan. What would you do if "The Aliens Came In Business Suits" was embraced by people in Wall Street who thought it was really a funny novelty song?

RM: I'd probably applaud them for their sense of humor and be very grateful for the money. And just keep singing the song. An important thing for a musician to do is just to keep singing the song. Beyond a certain point you can't control the effect of the work. Anymore than Van Gogh can control who buys his paintings a hundred years later. I remember being in college when there was a big party and everybody got really drunk and everybody hung a big sign up that said "the sun's not yellow, it's chicken" from "Tombstone Blues", and everybody danced all over the front lawn of this house and drank a whole lot of beer and then filled these trees nearby with toilet paper, right? Is this something Dylan would have endorsed had he been there? He probably would have been repulsed by it. Then again he might have had a good time, who knows.

FF: I don't know, maybe, maybe not. One of the strangest moments for me following Bob Dylan's career was the 1974 tour when he came back and he hadn't played concerts in a long time. And the concluding song was "Like A Rolling Stone," which is a pretty savage nasty song. The audience sang along on the choruses and loved it. This was a show that he opened and closed by

singing the song "Most Likely You'll Go Your Way, I'll Go Mine." The opening lines are "You say you love me and you think you love me, but you know you could be wrong." He sang that as the opening number and as the encore. But the closing number was "Like A Rolling Stone," and here were eighteen thousand people singing "how does it feel," and at first I was kind of offended by that. I thought it was very peculiar. Later I thought they've actually taken the song and they have recontextualized it; taking the song and turning it into a song of triumph, which is not the way it was written.

RM: I'll tell you, it felt like a song of triumph to me when I was a kid listening to it.

FF: Really?

RM: Yeah. I took it very personally and proudly that it was the number one song at the time. But you know what else? As a performer I'd have to say that you never know what Dylan was thinking at the time. He might have opened and closed the show with those two songs 'cause he liked the way the band played them or something, or wanted to get the band cooking right away or something.

FF: Well, that's certainly true. I remember once having an argument with Billy Joel because I had written a review that was very critical of him and when you do that Billy calls you and argues with you, and one of the things I had criticized was a song called "Angry Young Man," which is not a song I think very much of. He was asking me why in this review was I being so strong about what I thought his political views were and I said, "Well I thought you threw the gauntlet- you opened with the song "Angry Young Man," which I think is an anti-activist song. It kind of says grow up and be passive, put on your suit. And he said, "It's a good up-tempo song to open a show with. That's why we do it, it gets everybody moving. It's the right tempo. It's nothing philosophical, I just opened with it because the music is right."

RM: You were presuming an awareness of content that wasn't there.

FF: To me it was like this is the beginning of a philosophical dissertation

in music.

RM: You know, I have to say as a songwriter you don't always think consciously of what any particular song might mean on a given night. First you have to accept it as given that you wrote it. Once you write a song and you get the point of view that this is a true song and I'm gonna sing this to people, singing it on each given night might not mean anything specific from your state of mind or that audience. It might mean something deeper, but you might not yourself be consciously aware of it. I'll give you an example. On a different battlefield, I wrote a song called "Love At The Time." It will probably be on my next American record. It's a description of a situation in which you meet a woman in a way that's kind of very ambiguous, and then she ends up leaving you for another very ambiguous situation. It has the line in it "Was that one two three four women so tender/sometimes I forget these ex-true loves of mine". When I wrote the song I was feeling pretty bitter. I was feeling like I can't even remember who these people are sometimes. But it seems like there are definitely patterns. So I'm playing a concert in Syracuse and this woman comes up to me after the show and says "I was really insulted by that song." "What song?" "The one about sometimes I forget these ex-true loves of mine. How can you have a true love and then forget about it?" I said "Well, off the top of my head, sometimes you can forget about it because of the way they act. You realize that even if they might have been a true love they don't follow through with you. They go their way, you go yours." So, then I wrote "Women Of The World" for this conversation. I had this long conversation with this woman. And it's a song that basically just quotes women talking. It says "I want to be a woman of the world." The events depicted in "Love At The Time" is a true story, it's something that happened to me. It's the conduct of one particular person from which I generalize the song. Acting on top of that I then generalize another song "Women Of The World" from the conversation of a different woman talking to me. The sum total of it is to get an

interesting picture of what's going on out there. And in me. Now on a given night I may play "Love At The Time" and forget to play "Women Of The World" or I might play "Women Of The World" and not play "Love At The Time." I don't know as it means that on a particular night I feel one particular way about women that much. It might just mean that I want to play that song that night for all kinds of reasons. Now maybe the question with Billy Joel was not why did he play the song, but why did he ever write it.

FF: That was the question. I think maybe what I was doing in that particular case—I found that when I used to write a lot of concert reviews I didn't do the "He came, he played, he left" review. But rather to take the concert as an excuse to talk about the person's work in general.

RM: But like "Norman"—I don't think I'm Norman Bates when I sing the song. In a way I'm trying to understand what a Norman Bates would think. Same thing with another song of mine that's fairly new called "The Man On The Ledge" that's about a guy who's thinking about committing suicide. I don't personally ever remember thinking of committing suicide. I wrote the song because I wanted to understand what somebody else would think about when they're about to do that. What would make someone want to do that. I wanted to understand better. For me it was an inquiry. I wrote the song because I wanted to understand what this other person was thinking, who was a good friend of mine. You know, you can't necessarily jump to any conclusions.

FF: I think you can read T.S. Eliot without knowing anything about T.S. Eliot, but having some sense of the historical content of the period and you can come up with certain notions of T.S. Eliot as poet, not as husband, not as person, but as poet. You can say that the work of T.S. Eliot reflects certain kinds of beliefs.

RM: But you see with very few exceptions most of pop music is outside that kind of analysis because the essence of pop is the ability to sing a song that says "you are the love of my life" when

there's nobody in your life at all, and then come back five minutes later and sing "oh, baby, you hurt me like nobody's ever hurt me before" when in fact nobody's hurt you at all, you're just singing the song for the kind of "popness" of it. I mean, the only real pop people who sing songs that have anything to do with their real lives are your mega-superstars, I think. Even John Lennon said that the first song that he ever wrote that he thought really has anything to do with his personal life is "In My Life." And that was, what, his fourth or fifth album. I mean, Jagger probably writes some lyrics that are from his own life. Paul Simon obviously writes from his own life, Dylan, but for every one of those guys there's a Whitney Houston, or a Madonna. I mean, the same way that I write "Rockabilly Wedding." It's just a song. I haven't recorded many songs that have nothing to do with my life. There's lots of writers who sit around and go, what would be a good hook, what would be a good melody, let's put a song together and make some money and put it out. There's probably lots of people who pride themselves in keeping their personally lives out of their music. A

On the other hand, I think it does help to have some sort of context. Elvis was the classic case of the no-context guy. But the context was overwhelming when you saw the photographs in the movies and stuff. But the context was very underwhelming when you'd hear the song. And you had no idea what he was talking about in "Hounddog" it just sounded great. "Don't Be Cruel?" Here's a guy saying let's walk up to the preacher? Did Elvis really want to get married when he was nineteen years old and had babes throwing themselves at him everywhere he went?

FF: But in the case of Elvis, he didn't really write anything. Yeah, that is a case of almost a pure pop product. And on the other hand Paul Simon doesn't like to admit to any autobiographical intent in his work. There's a very strong tendency to look especially at some of his recent songs and say oh, this is about his divorce, or whatever, and in some cases

he does it so well that it really strikes you.

RM: How 'bout "A man walks down the street/ says why am I so soft in the middle now/ the rest of my life is so hard?" That could apply to anybody, but certainly you have to understand how it feels to write it. I don't think it has to be necessarily a big personal statement. Well, not everything is a big personal statement, really.

One of my favorite songs of my own right now is called "Show Me The Way To Calvary." It's a story of a guy who's a slave during the time of the Roman Empire, and he's remembering how one night there was this old semi-blind guy who just kept staring at this bright star in the sky. In a frenzy the guy steals a sword from a guard and sets himself free. And the narrator of the story, who's a young man, says to the old man, if you get the key and set me free too I'll fight by your side 'till you die. And they get away and they take off in a boat and they end up in the mountains. And at the end of every verse he keeps asking the old man what do you want to eat, where do you want to go, and the old man keeps saying "show me the way to Calvary." That's all I want. Well the old man dies and they never get there, but the young man gets there and he ends up on Calvary when Christ is crucified. And he's telling the story from the point of hindsight of this.

And I wrote this song one afternoon and I was pretty wrought writing this song. I was walking around the room crying, I had severe stomach pains, every time I tried to write a line and it didn't end up working out I'd go through this totally schizoid reaction. It was like I was inhabited by another person telling this story. When I finally was done I realized that the physical process of writing this song was so necessary for my own feeling of belief that it was a possible true story. If I didn't believe it was a possibly true story I couldn't sing it with a straight face. And by going through all this physical pain while writing it I probably accomplished something, which was to convince myself that it was a real story. If not a true story, a real one. I don't feel that it was me. Or that I'm him. I don't



The Speakeasy, 3rd Anniversary Celebration Fall, 1985. Left to right-top to bottom. Tom Chapin, Peggy Atwood, Tom Paxton, Rod MacDonald, Richard Meyer/Hugh Blumenfeld, Susan Firing, Anne Hills, David Roth/Robin Batteau, Mark Dann, Christine Lavin, Beverly Bark, Lucy Kaplansky, Nikki Matheson/John Kruth, John Gorka.

have anywhere near the faith that's stated in this song. But it's for me a very powerful song. I'll probably sing it a lot.

FF: Desire for faith is a kind of faith itself.

RM: The assumption that the only thing that matters in songwriting is telling your own story I think is very wrong. I would not want to confine myself to my own story. If a story is interesting then it's interesting. This goes back to my journalism days. Some things you write from a very deep part of yourself and those are probably songs that you sing for the rest of your life. Other songs you write from a sense of craft, and you might sing those the rest of your life also. Like "Cross Country Waltz" from my White Buffalo album. That's the first song I wrote that anybody else told me was really good.

FF: Really?

RM: I mean, really told me. And I looked at the song and I realized that after writing all these songs trying to please other people this one I really just wrote to kind of tell my own story. It's very autobiographical that song...at that

time. And so I now sing it with a real affection for that song. It's almost as if I'm telling another person's story. This is the story of a guy almost twenty years ago who decided to become a folk singer, and this was what kept him going. It's almost like a different guy, even though that different guy is me. I couldn't write that song now. Any time you write a song about a real person, if you get it right, that song can live forever if that person dies the next day, or if it's you and you change. That song is a real song.

FF: It's interesting actually because that song, when I heard it, struck me as almost archetypal as Rod MacDonald the songwriter. I thought this is the most succinct statement by the sensibility that I've been listening to in these songs.

RM: Now I have roots in various places. Three years after I wrote "Cross Country Waltz" I wrote "Come On Home To American Jerusalem". I put down roots in The Village.

FF: There's a song I told myself I was going to bring up to you for a very odd reason. About a month ago I was on the phone with a very bright friend of mine,

and I had long ago sent a tape of that song along with a lot of other stuff and apropos of nothing he said "I've got to talk to you about that song 'American Jerusalem'". He said, "I think that song is inescapably racist." And I said, "What?" And he said, "You know, American Jerusalem, Jews, and he's talking about selling drugs and I think it's an incredibly anti-semitic song." I said, "I think none of that could have possibly been intended and it can't even be into it. I think that's utterly ridiculous." And he said, "No, I think you're wrong."

Now I'm not going to sit here and ask you whether you think that's true or not because I think that's ridiculous, but I think it's a curious example of the way someone can take a song. I said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I've never really understood it all that well. I think American Jerusalem is New York, and there are great criticisms being made of pronouns." There are "they"s. Who are those "they"s?

RM: Actually, I was banned on a radio station for a while in Boston for that reason. If I wanted to say the Jews I would have said the Jews. The "they"s are people who buy South African gold, they may or may not be Jewish. The word "Jews" does not appear in the song anywhere, and for good reason. It's not about Jews. It's about American Jerusalem, which is an international city. You know, the Jews, I think, who read that the song is about Jews are probably the same people who think that modern Jerusalem is a Jewish city. The fact is that Jerusalem is an international city. Both the physical city and the biblical concept. It's the place where world energies collect. At the time of Jesus Jerusalem was occupied by Palestinians, Romans, and Jews. At the time of us New York City is occupied by so many different ethnic groups that to think that it's directed at one is totally off base. I hear somebody say they objected to the word "temples". I just took the word from the bible, that's all. The bible is about the spirit and the spirit functions in many different ways and contexts.

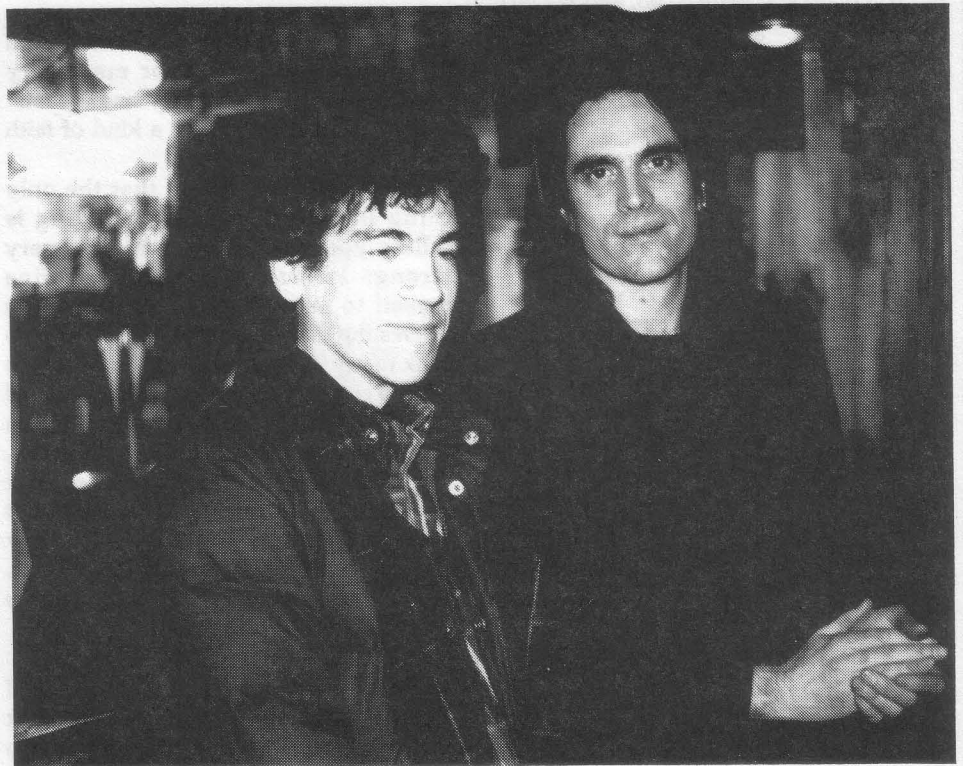
FF: It's fair to say that "American Jerusalem" is a finger-pointing song, as Bob Dylan would put it. And you write a



Christine Lavin Suzanne Vega Rod MacDonald Lucy Kaplanski Jack Hardy
Germana Pucci David Massengill

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Rod and Eric Andersen at SpeakEasy.

number of them.

RM: I don't know if it's such a finger-pointing song. It is in a sense of self-definition. I don't say you buy South African gold and I hate you. They just do, it's a true statement. If you want to be specific about religion, Catholicism, my childhood religion, is world-renowned for turning the church into a vast real estate bazaar, so how could anyone accuse me of saying that the song is about the Jews. I also had a friend who died of drugs. The fact that someone sold him drugs is a fact of life. I don't know who sold him drugs, but he died, I know that.

FF: I was raised as a Catholic too. There was a great emphasis on what was right and what was wrong. It's had some uses as I've gotten older, but is also very narrow. There is that moral tone. Ironic that it should come out of an organization like that.

RM: I was raised by the Catholic church in my town but my father was not a Catholic. After enough insulting remarks the nuns made about the Protestants, my mother said to me one day that you can't believe everything that people tell you. And I understood what she meant. America is a funny country. In most countries everybody looks at the world with a cultural bias. But it's usually a fairly unified cultural bias. In America you have the cultural bias of the city of Jews next to the cultural bias of Korean grocery store operators next door to the rap-toting, ghetto-blasting teenagers. All those people have vastly different cultural biases. If you try to write your songs to conform to one or the other you going to get noplacé. You have to write from your heart- that's the hard part.

FF: That strikes me a very personal direct approach to an issue, like the song "South Africa."

RM: In the case of "South Africa" I think the rightness and the wrongness of the situation are so self-evident that there's really no need for me to proselytize. Since 1986 or 87 when I wrote that song it seems that they've made some substantial progress at least in acknowledging the problem. I was reading "Les Miserables" when I wrote

that song. And there's a million quotes from it that I really loved. I think Victor Hugo was incredible to write that book. But the thing that stuck in my mind was "There is no more a backflow of history than there is of rivers." He was justifying the French Revolution. He was saying that despite the excesses and the bloody horrors of the French Revolution that it was a step forward for the freedom of Frenchmen. The end result was that the divine rite of kings was over with. That the days when the king could take everyone's money and build himself a mega-million dollar palace were over. I love that statement, but you can look at the Hudson and the Hudson flows in two directions. But in the sum total the fish end up in the ocean. And that's how I look at South Africa. I think history is on the side of freedom in the long run as long as there are people in the world that are willing to continue creating the necessary economic and spiritual force to freedom. You have to understand I wrote "South Africa" for a very specific event. There was a concert in Boston to raise money to put up an alternate slate that would divest Harvard's money from South Africa. They did not want to continue funding apartheid. They asked me to be in that concert, and I wrote that song for that concert. I believe that the fundamental system can and must change for those people. It would make me very happy if someday it were really clear that I never had to sing that song again.

Somebody asked me the other night if I thought that folk music would have a resurgence with this Gulf War. I thought, what is it you're saying. That you want me to build my career on the bodies of dead soldiers? That's what it sounded like to me. I found it a repulsive concept.

FF: You've written a couple of songs since the Gulf war began. I heard one at The Turning Point. Was that written before the war began?

RM: "Little Black Pearls?" Well that puts the war of words between Hussein and Bush like neighborhood gangs shooting it out on opposites sides of the train tracks. I think in order to prove that we're men and we're not going to back

down on an ultimatum then we have to go in and fight. I don't think anyone ever gives an ultimatum out of a position of strength. I'm a Taoist in that respect. The first world war started with an ultimatum from the Emperor of Austria. It was the response to the assassination of an arch duke. As a result the Emperor of Austria lost his empire.

FF: Are you saying that having troops there doesn't bother you, but when we start bombing Iraq that it does start to bother you.

RM: Well, let's but it back on the level of two rival gangs. One of them suddenly gets guns. Does it surprise you if the other one gets guns too? Let's say that you're in the second one and you've made the decision to get guns. The boundary line is Fifth Avenue. You live on Eight and the other guys live on Third. You now know that they're not going to cross Fifth Avenue. So you have a meeting with the leader. He says that he sent a note to the other leader that if they don't back off to Fourth Avenue by Wednesday that we're going to come shooting. Does that mean that you want to join that? It's quite a different thing. If the guys come over to Fifth Avenue and start shooting, it's another thing. There's this concept of New World Order which means that if we owned the entire city and all the guns were all in our hands then it would be a more benevolent place. History does not show that to be the case. If you think America is the policemen of the world because you're a Republican you're going to think that Bush is right on. Of course we're going to police the world and get oil in Kuwait and pay a million and a half dollars on a Patriot. Of course we're going to have defense contractors giving twenty million dollars to Bush to run for re-election to continue doing this. Of course a Republican with his cultural bias is going to think that's where it's at. I happen to have a different cultural bias. I tend to wonder what's best for everybody. We may dismantle Hussein's war machine- that seems to be the goal- we may and we may not. Does that really improve things? If they come over and start shooting at me then I will shoot back. If they don't shoot at me, if they say, look, we've got our own

boarder dispute between Third and Second Avenues, we're really not concerned with you, what are we doing over there on Second Avenue fighting for that. Fighting for their right to buy cheap lox and bagels for the wealthy WASPS on Eighth Avenue?

FF: But to extend the analogy, it's more like you're buying something from someone in Atlanta, and they run into problems. Do you go down there?

RM: If you go down there and make a business deal with the problem, that's one thing, but if you go down there and start shooting that's quite another. Which is what we do. Why should they do what we tell them? As an American patriot I look at the effect this can have on America. It can be much more detrimental that we're admitting. I think spiritually we're dividing the country in half.

FF: In the context of being a songwriter and feeling the need to respond to it, how does one go about doing that, and how does the audience hear and respond to things. Judy Gorman did an anti-war song at The Turning Point and prefaced it by saying she had a sense that maybe her audience was not with her on the subject. Maybe they were in favor of launching off into war, so there was a defensive introduction. I was struck by that. How is it to face an audience that may be, as the polls say, ninety percent for war.

RM: To a certain extent, the average person, as opposed to the average songwriter, is an outer-directed person. They get their stimulus from the outside, whereas a songwriter gets it from the inside. So a songwriter, I feel, might be more likely to think about something from his own perceptions than from the perceptions of the outside world. In the case of singing a song for an audience during wartime that might be a very critical difference. A songwriter might look at the T.V. and look at the war and say, geez, I feel weird about this. And that might become the basis for a song. I feel weird about this. Whereas the public might feel weird about this too, but their getting their stimulus from the presidential addresses, generals telling you how great the war is going, to the

point that the public is getting asked to be the spectators of a football game where you're getting asked to cheer the war on from the sidelines. If you don't care who's winning, you're not going to be there that day. The public says, I guess we've got to do this because that's what they're told. Then there's a folk singer in the midst of all these cheerleaders and he's saying wouldn't it be better, instead of throwing the bomb that we maybe punted and played defense? And they all yell, no, we don't want to listen to you. Gimme a "W", Gimme an "A". I think some songwriters deal with it in that way, feeling like they're a bull in a china shop. Or a dove in a gun shop, where everybody's talking about how great the guns are and you don't even want to be around.

I haven't been singing "Stop The War" lately, in fact. Not because I don't believe the song is good, because I tend to feel this agony in the audience that they don't want to confront this issue personally. Sometimes I sing it, but I think that today, as we speak, that the American public is trying to be good-natured about this war so not to hinder what they hope will be a successful outcome.

FF: The other day I did an interview with Country Joe MacDonald. He had a new album out. When I spoke to the Grateful Dead's publicist who's handling him at the moment he said, now you understand that Country Joe is doing music interviews. A lot of people have been calling here wanting to talk about politics, but we're only doing music interviews. I want you to understand that.

RM: There's a tendency to think that just because somebody is a good songwriter or a good singer that he knows more than everybody else. My opinion is no more important than anybody else's, but it's a factor in what I'm writing these days. This interview is much more partisan than my songs are. My songs are actually straightforward statement of events so far about the war.

I think you can write a song that kind of just talks about the events and the conversation that goes on. I'm interested in portraying the war as if I were a

domestic war correspondent, actually. I'm thinking of making an EP, "Songs To Accompany A War", or something like that. And just covering it as if it were journalism. I've sung at a couple of peace concerts since the war started two weeks ago. I think that my songs are not preachy or just sloganeering, they're self-contained analyses. I'm very much an admirer of the Tao Ti Ching. Every poem is a gem, a self-contained thought. It doesn't say the way is good, the way is right, follow the way, this is what to do. It says my way is like a brook through the city, the essential thing is to maintain the water and come out the other side fresher and cleaner on my journey to the sea. I feel that way about the war. I haven't yet had any negative reactions to my two war analysis songs "Little Black Pearls" and "First Night Of The War." No one has concretely said anything to me about "Who Will Stop The War," but I felt a coldness in one audience I sang it for.

FF: I wonder how the song is understood. It's got the repeated line, "Stop the war," which is followed by "stop the war within yourself." Bob Hunter once said that when people hear songs they hear isolated lines. He said he used to think he could write a narrative and they would be relating the line they're hearing now to the line they had heard before and anticipating the line that came after it, and that I could be telling a story, but people don't listen to songs that way. They hear lines. Then they sit there with the lyric sheet and do it in a different way.

RM: I think there's some combination of the two, but I think he's right when he says that they don't necessarily hear whole narratives either.

FF: I guess what I'm thinking of too when I was sitting in the office reading an interview with Jack Hardy where Richard Meyer was pressing Jack Hardy on an issue that I think is important in Jack Hardy work, and saying do you think that audiences really follow your songs. Jack's songs are often refer to historical events that may be relatively obscure or whose meanings may not be immediately apparent. Hardy's answer was "I think they understand the songs emotionally. What the words sound like, the way the

song is sung, that if they don't get what the gist of the song is about they usually understand the song emotionally.

RM: I think that's very true. I sing for a lot of audience that don't understand much English, and yet I feel that they understand my songs. Jack does that too. That may be why he feels that way. Maybe what they understand from "Stop The War" is that it was about a different war. They'd like to think that because that war turned out so badly that it does not apply to this war.

FF: There's a concious attempt being made to rewrite Vietnam War history while this war is going on. When the president of the United States says this is not going to be another Vietnam because we're not going to fight with one hand tied behind our back, I sit there and go, is that what Vietnam was about? That's been picked up. It's a dangerous thing. I see this as yet another colonialist war.

RM: Let's talk about music some more. Enough of this. Although one of the potentials of Fast Folk is to provide a voice.

FF: I want to talk a little bit about some of the more personal songs, which you've already said you've got reactions from. You were talking about the two different songs "Woman Of The World."

RM: Oh, those two songs. Well, those are just straight ahead stories. I like to write down people's conversations. Every once in a while I find in just talking to someone they'll sum something up so well, that if you can boil it down to a song it's a very interesting porait of human interaction. "First Night Of The War" is like that. I have a bunch of the songs in the can now that I'm working on that are just snippets of conversatons. A song called "Forget It" is about a woman who-it says my baby came to me last night, said she'd get along just as well without me. That kind of song. The guy tries to figure out what he would do without that woman, then in the last verse she comes up to him and says, you know, you shouldn't listen to what I say. And so that's how he ends the song. Forget about yesterday, forget about listening to a word you say, just forget it. And you

know that he's going to stay with this woman. One of the problems I think a man has to deal with a woman, or any woman with a man is the day when that person is having a bad day and all the sudden that person says I don't think we belong together, we shouldn't be together. Who knows why they're having a bad day? If you go, what do you mean, geez, it can cause great damage. If you just kind of look at them and go, okay, let's talk about it later let's not worry about it too much, you can come back the next day and that person might say, I'm really sorry I laid all that stuff on you last night. I wrote the song thinking that it was not only true of my life, but it was true of many other people's lives. When he comes to the point when he's ready to say, well if you want to end it I'll give it my best to forget it. That's when she says don't listen to what I say. Throws him on the bed and jumps on top of him. And then he realizes that he has to take that with the general run of things. I like to let a story tell itself.

FF: Your songs seem to have two hooks in them.

RM: For the most part they don't deliberately even have one. I'm not hook-oriented. I don't think, what's the hook of this song when I write it.

FF: I wasn't saying you did.

RM: There's nothing wrong with that point of view, but it isn't something I do. Yeah, I do have some catchy songs. During the early and mid-eighties I was kind of a lightning rod of a whole group of people booking Speakeasy. And it led me to feel that musically too I was writing for something much bigger than myself. So a lot of those songs have that big feeling going on. But recently I think my songs have gotten down to being much more personal. I do a lot of these interviews, but sometimes I find myself aggravated afterwards because I feel like I come across as this serious pedantic opinionated person. And I'm opinionated, but the natural set-up of an interview sends you off in a jag like that. Most of what I think about in life is a lot looser than that. For instance, one of the things that never ceases to amaze me is the sheer bredth of talent that's in The

Village. Now, we were just listening to Patsy Cline's "I Fall To Pieces" in that restaurant. When I first came to The Village there was a woman who was singing that song in her show at the time. She was a great little singer and guitar player. She was a sweet honey of a gal that had had a tough life, and she was knocking around The Village like anybody else and she used to sing these country classics and she was really good. She lasted a couple years on the scene and drifted off someplace. I think she got married and had a baby and took off. People come and go. For numerous years I've seen this. Now, I'm a professional folksinger. This is what I do. I've got this guitar on my back and I'm going to be going tomorrow to Worcester, Massachussets and play a concert. Meanwhile I've seen lots of people who are as talented, if not more, drift in and out of this, and for some reasons of their own they found something else to do with their lives. Why am I still here now? Maybe I couldn't find something better to do. Or maybe I do this well enough that it's valuable to people. Or a little of both. But, like that Fast Folk rehearsal, these are people with whom I share something, I think, that's a very profound kind of understanding. This has been the basic lesson of Greenwich Village to me all these years. The thing we share is the validity of this mode of expression. Out there in the rest of the world songwriting isn't treated this way. The farther you get from this scene the more you realize that songwriting is thought of in a whole different way. You go to Nashville and they have a particular view of what a song is supposed to do. You go to Boston, L.A., same thing. But around here it's a mode of artiscic expression that defies stylistic conventions. You've got a guitar, you've got a voice, and you've got your words that you want to say to people. It's very inspirational for me after I've been away for six months to come back to a group of people who are not trying to write songs to make money, they're just writing songs so they can sing them. I like that a lot. That idea really came from Jack. It's nothing Jack invented, but Jack was the guy who was able to enunciate it to many of us. We

was the guy who was able to stand there and say, look, you don't have to apologize to anybody for what you write. You don't have to change what you write to fit what some other guy's conception of what songwriting is supposed to be about. Write what you want to write, and stand up for it, and be yourself. I don't know if he said all this in this many words, but he kind of was able to enunciate this theory that a songwriter had something to say and should say it and take pride in the work. This was very valuable to me. I grew up with a bunch of guys who pumped gas. Some of the guys made it through college, but I didn't grow up around brilliant people. So for me, coming to a place like New York City is like, holy shit, what it all this? And then to have some guy like Jack Hardy come and say, you know, I heard your song the other night, that was a pretty good song, you should write more songs like that. And the song he's talking about is your most introspective poetic quiet song. The one you thought had some of who you really are in it, that's the song you should be encouraged to write more of. That's what Jack put Fast Folk together to do, to bring these songs out of people. This is what "American Jerusalem" is really about. I wouldn't be coming home if it didn't offer that kind of thing. And I think this is what I really want to say to somebody, finally, in an interview, instead of discussing the state of popular music. The Village has really given us a place in which to become ourselves as artists. The struggle for popularity and earning a living is a different issue. It's always a tough one. I'm luckier than some, I get to do this as a living. Some people don't get that. And some people get to do it on a very big scale. But then the question is, how much does that change who they are?

FF: This nurturing that you're talking about is a very rare thing. And that it's gone on for so long I think is amazing.

RM: Well I think that it moves around from place to place, in and out people's apartments and clubs but basically is a real factor in the culture of this

community and in the lives of the people that do this. Most of the time no less of a struggle for a songwriter to make a living than a plumber. You still have to get up in the morning and do your job. It's very easy to get in the position where you think you've got to sell a song to a big name place that's going to make you a lot of money so I can just eat and pay my rent, but here there has always been a different attitude. Most people will encourage you to do what's easiest to make money. It's here that you will find the encouragement to be who you are, and that's an incredible gift. It's good to be back in The Village, right now, because I feel like I'm getting back in touch with myself a little bit. New York is a crazed place, but it's real.



Hugh Blumenfeld and Judith Zveiman.

ROD MACDISCOGRAPHY:

Fast Folk Recordings

HonorableMen.....	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 '89
I'm Wondering Why (live).....	FF 410/ Nov '89
Sail On (live).....	FF 503/ Feb '90

Albums

No Commercial Traffic (two US LP versions '84 & '87)	Cinematic
Album 2 (for Sale) [German LP].....	Autogram
White Buffalo [US LP version of Album 2, not the same].....	McDisk/Mt. Railroad
[CD released w/ extra cuts	Brambus '91
Bring on The Lions [CD only- Swiss]	Brambus '89
to be released on CD in the US slightly altered in January '92	
on Shanachie records	
Simple Things [Cassette only- Italian]	Shark Records '89

Other

Song of My Brothers, The Coming of the Snow	The Cornelia Street
Songwriter's Exchange	
CD also contains: Here come the Clones	(Stash Records-1980)
Song of My Brothers/ B/w.....	Stash Records 45rpm
I Don't Believe (You don't want to dance)	1980
Sailor's Prayer	Kerrville Folk Festival

LYRICS

STONES

Bring stones
Bring stones to the river if they weigh your pockets down
Bring stones to the river, skip them on the water
Circles of light and ripples on the other shore
Bring stones

Bring stones
Bring stones to the river if you find yourself alone
Bring stones to the river dip them in the water
Say a little prayer and praise each holy soul
Bring stones

Stones, stones, stones, you must bring stones

Bring stones to the river if the rain is hard and cold
Bring stones to the river, lay them by the water
'Til the levee is high and there's light burning here below
Bring stones

Bring stones from the altar, stones from the tower
Stones from the courthouse, stones from the prison house
Stones from the mine, stones from the mill
Stones from the big man's house on the hill

Bring stones from the sinner and the house of glass
Stones that the Davids and the Cains have cast
Bring stones from Gibraltar and Beijing's wall
Stones from Delphi, stones from Sinai

Bring stones from the hearth, stones from the moon
Stones with moss and stones with none
Bring stones of fire, stones of gall
Stones ... from the heart... where the valves... stalled

Stones, stones, stones, you must bring stones

Words and Music © 1990 by Hugh Blumenfeld (ASCAP)

IN SO DEEP

I am in so deep
I don't know how to get out
With a broom I sweep
The weekly dusting of doubt
There's a lump in my rug
The size of my head
I am in so deep
I can't see what you said

In this hole I made
I never built any doors
No means of escape
No stairs, no movable floors
There's no rope to the top
So nobody knows
In this hole I made
The changing wind never blows

I am in so deep
I don't know how to get out
In my mouth I keep my tongue
I swallow my shout
There's a hole in my head
The size of my show
I am in so deep
I'm in so deep here with you

I am in so deep
I'm in so deep here with you.

Words and Music © 1990 by Wendy Beckerman

YING CHI WU

She lives in a shi ay along the Inchwa Bay
She lives with her father there while the tide rolls away
Big eyed, Bright eyed baby
Ying Chi Wu

With nature there in her heart,
there wasn't much she lacked
A village, a father, work and love
The chance to give it all back
Big eyed, Bright eyed baby
Ying Chi Wu

When the revolution came and they set the hands of time
To her it was just another case of a blind man leading the blind
And as she grew older and her mind became more clear
She found that men don't rule by what they know
But more by what they fear...

They say in another life
That she will be set free
To become one with the earth and sky
and the deep green sea
Big eyed, bright eyed baby
Ying Chi Wu

Now she lives in a trailer park
Up by Travers City
And has a garden she says gives her hope
When I can't find nothin' within me
Big eyed, Bright eyed Baby
Anna Marie

They say someday baby we'll be set free
to become one at last with the deep green sea
And you know that it,
You know that it,
You know that its true
My Ying Chi Wu
They say someday baby
Someday

Words and Music © 1988 by Al Peterson

LOUISIANA RAIN

Well, I talk real tough
Just to keep myself from being hurt
Because the New York boys
They take real joy
In trashing my love in the dirt

Then I met a man in Louisiana
And he treated me so fine
That felt like gold to my very soul
And I left the blues behind

He taught me to be a lady
By being a gentleman
And I feel like a class A woman now
And I learned to understand
Walkin' on the banks of the river that night
in the Louisiana Rain

Well, I played real cool
and we broke the rules
Because we didn't know where to begin
And I felt so right we stayed every night
Because we didn't want to see it end
And that special man in Louisiana
He can treat me so fine
And I felt like gold to my very soul
And I left the blues behind

I'll be dreamin on the banks of the river
In the Louisiana rain
In the Louisiana rain

Words and Music © 1984 by Judith Zweiman

THE COURIER

I am the courier
crawling in the dirt
toward the front line
as the crow flies
a note stashed in my shirt
from the prince of wales
far above the field
with his marshals
and their chain mail
their banners taut and high

I did not ask him what the note said
he did not offer to explain
it's not my job to ask the questions
I'm just the courier
I'm just the courier

a flare shot leaves a scar
burning in the dark
on my forearms
through the barbed wire
and another fifty yards
crouching in the trench
clutching bayonettes
a hundred men all
knee to chest
a hundred marionettes

I am the string pulled by the sure hand
animating what was still
I am invisible and faithful
I am a courier
I am a courier

the captain breaks the seal
and quickly reads the note
"On your feet boys!"
Make your peace boys
pass those letters down
to this courier.
Hand him all you've seen
Hand him all you've heard
Hand him all your pearls"

I'll go back to where I came from
I will deliver each by hand
I take this as a point of honor
to be a courier
to be a courier
to be a courier

Words and Music © 1990 by Richard Shindel/
Shanachie Music works (ASCAP)

FEVER (LA LUNE)

I'm hot and cold
I'm feeling ill
I have this pain
A pain to kill

Fever, Fever
La lune
I'm sinking through
A lake of sleep
Drowning with you
Drinking so deep

Fever, Fever
La lune

I'm hot and cold
I'm feeling ill
I have this pain
A pain to kill

I'm seeing things
That can't come true
I'm dreaming lies
I lie with you

Fever, fever
La lune
La lune
La lune
La lune

Words and Music © 1989 by Brian Rose

NORMAN

Mother she's just a stranger
She's young and it's raining out
She's down at the motel
I thought I'd go back and check her out
I just checked her in, but
But there's something about her I can't figure out
Like she's on the run from somewhere
With something she can't talk about

Mother she was a nice girl
We had dinner, she ate like a bird
Though I don't know why they use that expression
Birds eat a lot I've always heard
And we talked about tazidermy
And about you 'cause she overheard
But you don't have to worry, Mother
I told her you were harmless, it was only words

And don't it keep getting harder
Living here year after year
Since they built that new highway
Only the lost come here
Guess I'll go light the sign
Wash the shower curtain clear
Here on our highway to nowhere
Mother you remember that girl
I told you about in the motel room
She fell down in the shower
Now there's all this blood and I don't know what to do
She's the first guest we've had since
I don't remember when, do you?
And I had to drown her car and
All of her belongings too

Mother, I don't know what to do
I can't simply leave her there
She gave me a different name than
The one she wrote on the register
She left the water running
Now the tiles are in need of some repair
But they'll never take you mother
Do you know someone can dissappear?

Words and Music © 1987 by Rod MacDonald,
Blue Flute Music (ASCAP)

THE EL DORADO LOUNGE

the bouncer looks like elvis
there's enough K-Y to grease memphis
in his mane

he has got muscles 'bove his necklace
they're wrapped tightly and relentless
'round his brain

and the bartender needs a cold bath
he is passed out in the salad-
high as a kite

and the singer is a psychopath
he murdered a hundred ballads
in one night

the last time that I left here, I was like jelly
I was grieving I was mourning
the death of my companion

she is not dead, but might as well be
since she left her final warning
of abandon

it was that night the doctor, from key largo
brought some fine stuff, so we did some
put me out the whole next day

and my friend frank, from chicago
said you used to be a t.v. sitcom
now you're a tragic play

but at the eldorado lounge
you can lose yourself some money
you can look at pretty women

you could never afford
at the el dorado lounge
when life ain't too funny
bring along your sense of humor
you're gonna need it
that's what its there for

the red-headed waitress' hair is tangled
she's so tired. it's a busy
occupation

the good lord knows that shes an angel
she wears two wings: one of whiskey
one of conversation

and, brother let me tell you, she could sell you
the fine memory of her motion
for a price

and when she kisses, it will melt you
like jack daniels pouring oceans
into ice

but at the eldorado lounge
you can lose yourself some money
you can look at pretty women
you could never afford
at the el dorado lounge
when life ain't too funny
bring along your sense of humor
you're gonna need it
that's what its' there for

now I guess I came here mostly
to sip bourbon where I met her
by the door

I walked in kinda ghostly
but I left here feeling better
than before

'cause if the show girls don't make you
smile at 'em
you only got yourself to thank
and mister, then

you should be off to the asylum
or get a job working for a bank
in switzerland

but at the eldorado lounge
your story's just an old one
if you're just out for love
or just out on bail
at the el dorado lounge
better pour yourself a cold one
'cause the showgirls are hotter
than a mexican jail
yes they are

Words and Music © 1990 by Richard Julliar

BEWILDERNESS

Darkness had its final say soon and after snow began
Blanketing the startled earth beneath the firmament
Holding life its hostage in its paralyzing hand
I was on my way back home

On the laden pines the shrouded moonlight left is glow
Nothing was afoot but I upon this fallen snow
Still I felt it following me, its shadowless soul
To no one's but mine was known

And the trail disappeared
We would meet but not here
Further on near the edge
Of Bewilderness

JESUS THE FUGITIVE PRINCE

It was Christmas eve at the asylum
The inmates were strapped in their beds
One claimed he was Jesus of Nazareth
His friends called him soft in the head
He said his straight jacket was crooked
And their drugs made him feel vertigo
They'd tell him he hated his mother
'Cause his rorschach test looked like Van Gogh
You see Christmas was Jesus' birthday
His favorite day of the year
On Christmas Jesus got presents
On Christmas Jesus drank beer
But this year the government cut backs
Had cancelled his ice cream and cake
Well, if this is the way they treat Jesus
He might as well jump on the lake

Jesus, Happy Birthday
May all your wishes come true
Jesus is there room on your sleigh
I'm just as crazy as you

So Jesus broke out of the asylum
In seach of the holiest trail
But watching him break out was Judas
It was Judas, that damn tattler tale
He reported that Jesus was missing
Along with some ice cream and cake
Which Jesus just kept subdividing
To feed all the ducks in the lake
They gave Jesus his own wanted poster
'Last seen on a merry go round'
And they called in the county's best trackers
Along with his god sniffing hounds
They followed his trail to New Orleans
Where everyone wore a disguise
And Jesus hung out with musicians
A jazz trio, the Three Wise Guys

Jesus, Happy Birthday
May all your wishes come true
Jesus, is there room on your sleigh
I'm just as crazy as you

Jesus wanted to talk to his father
So he climbed up a telephone pole
He laid his head close to the wire
And he asked if there was a loophole
He should have been electrocuted
But he'd been through shock therapy
It would take more than this to kill Jesus
For he'd built up an immunity
Well, they finally caught up with Jesus
As he hung on the telephone wire
They didn't know any better
When the sheriff gave the order to fire
But then Santa Claus came from the heavens
Just in the St. Nick of time
He flew Jesus away from this madness
They eat ice cream and cake all the time

Jesus, Happy Birthday
May all your wishes come true
Is there room o your sleigh
I'm just as crazy as you
I'm just as crazy as you

Words and Music © 1990 by David Massengill/

Well beyond the place the faithless man begins to pray
Past the frozen red remains of some coyote's prey
Out into the blizzard that does never cease to rage
Toward our precipice we came

Overfed but undernourished fear lets go its grip
Then the soul is ready for the fate it must accept
Easier to surrender to now, it's eager to submit
To this thing it cannot name

And we came face to face
Where the mountains goats graze
And the dawn's halo edged
Toward bewilderness

Words and Music © 1991 Romany Music (BMI)

RUN ON THE ROCK OF AGES

She gets the word by telephone
He holds his breath 'til the talking's done
Two shadows in the setting sun
Are they going to stand or run

Run on the rock of ages
Part of Life's great golden chain
Blessing or curse, for better or worse
You can't go back again

Deperate midnight rationale
They have not known each other well
Discard options, dreams forsake
Dissolved in the heat of the love they make

The waiting room is clean but small
Couples sit until one is called
Three hours later she's tired and wan
He takes her home, does what he can

Chorus

Her body is slow to return to prime
Her heart will take longer to heal this time
He comes to see her. She feels like crying

It's all cold comfort, there's no denying

But all the dreams they can't forget
Her hands, his voice, the way they met
Their very last words, and their very first sin
All of the things they can't undo
That weigh like stones, so hard, so true

And they never know what might have been

Words and Music © 1990 by Josh Joffen

FRANKENSTEIN'S GOT THE BLUES

When the blindman plays that sad song on the violin
Frankenstein takes to cryin all over again
An we say, "Now come on man, what are we gonna do with you..."
But before that song is over, me & you are cryin' too...
Oh oh , oh oh oh oh

Christ and Judas were walkin in the rain
The strange blood of destiny rushing through their veins
In the secret moment of a heartbeat a promise was made
An Judas said, " Christ, I wish you wouldn't look at me that way..."
Oh oh , oh oh oh oh

Me and the king of Puerto Rico
Likewise down on our luck and in exile
Castin shadows on the river beneath the midnight moon
Tried outfoxin' the devil but we laughed too soon
We laughed too soon

His highness run outta rope
Then his highness run outta neck
Oh, but a deadman's life is like the tail of a comet
You cannot touch it anymore but you can wish upon it
Oh oh , oh oh oh oh Oh oh , oh oh oh oh

There's a drunken star shining wildy
Tell me, can you see it
They say once you give it away you cannot get it back
But we don't have to believe in that

I met a man who'd been on crutches longer than my life
And his crooked bones moaned like a cello
as he hobbled home through the night
Me & Al Peterson gave him a ride home
Up the winding mountain road
And he talked and he laughed
And he glowed in the front seat
In his orange cap and striped coat
That he wore so the cars couldn't help but see him
An even on his crutches were dots as bright as balloons
An the three of us drove through the night shining, shining
Beneath the dazzling light of the hunched back moon....
Oh oh , oh oh oh oh Oh oh , oh oh oh oh

Words and Music © 1990 by Frank Tedesso

L'ANTINARCISO

Tu che ti specchi in me
Com' e vuota la tua immagine
Non he vene calde
Ma fiumi verdi
Vitei
Pietrificati

Ventre arido
Deserto
Spazzato dall'ultimo vento
Mutato da un nuovo
Mutato da un orizzonte
Sempre piu nuovo
Sempre piu sempre
Falso!

E tu che ti specchi in me
Sopravvivi quest'ultima immagine
Complice
Consapevole
Getta via
Quel che non t'appartiene

Rimani
Con te stesso
Stratvolto dall'ultima smorfia
Mutato da un nuovo
Mutato da un orizzonte
Sempre piu nuovo
Sempre piu sempre
Falso!
Sempre piu E tu si tu

E tu che ti specchi in me
Come immagini la mia immagine
Divora la rabbia
Non sei che una bestia
Puoi anche
Vomitarmi addosso

Si tu

Words and Music © 1988 by Germana Pucci

METAL DRUMS

From the time he was a kid
Mark O'Donnell and his buddies would
Play in the pasture behind the neighborhood
There were acres of vacant land
And they played as only children can
Oohhh, in the pasture

Out in the long tall grass
Metal drums were lying in the broken glass
The kids would play with the stuff inside them
They'd crawl in and roll around
End up spinning around on the summer ground
Oohh, in the pasture

Chorus:
Oohh, they were playin' with the metal drums
Aahhh, bangin' on the metal drums now
Oohh, beat that metal drum a little faster

In the town of Hollbrook, Mass.
You're lucky if you got the chance
Working a good job making a few bucks
And it's Baird and McClair
They run that chemical plant down there
Oohh, by the pasture

Oohh, they were playin' with the metal drums
Aahhh, bangin' on the metal drums now
Oohh, beat that metal drum a little faster

Joanne O'Donnell and five kids
And all but one of her kids got sick
She was hard pressed for answers
And on the other side of town
There was a street where all of the doctors found
Every other woman died of cancer

THE ANTI NARCISSUS

You who mirror yourself in me
How empty is your image
No warm veins
But green rivers
Glassy
Pettrified

Arid womb
Barren dessert
Swept by the last wind
Changed anew
Changing the horizon
Always newer
Always more always
False!

And you who mirror yourself in me
Outlive this last image
Accomplice
Aware
Throw away
What doesn't belong to you

Remain
With yourself
Twisted by the last scow
Changed anew
Changing the horizon
Always newer
Always more always
False!
Always more

And you who mirror yourself in me
How do imagine your image
Devour your madness
You are nothing but a beast
You can even
Vomit on me
Yes you

Oohh, they were playin' with the metal drums
Aahhh, bangin' on the metal drums now
Oohh, beat that metal drum a little faster

The news broke like a lightning bolt across the red hot sky
In the blue TV light Joanne O'Donnell cried
Seemed like the kiss of death hung in the air
When the whole town found out they'd been poisoned for years

The environmental plan
Put the site on the list of the big top ten
To the tune of sixty-three million
Thanks to the women and the wives
There's a chain link fence up eight feet high
But that won't bring back the children

As for Baird and McClair
All the soil from the ground to the bedrock there
Was ruined by the bastards
Thanks to the corporate mind
They protected their assets they're doing fine
Too bad about the Hollbrook disaster

Oohh, they were playin' with the metal drums
Aahhh, bangin' on the metal drums now
Oohh beat that metal drum a little faster

Oohh, they were playin' with the metal drums
Aahhh, bangin' on the metal drums now
Oohh, beat that metal drum a little faster

Words and Music by Patty Larkin
s© 1990 Lamartine Music/ Lost Lake Arts (ACAP)

PAGLIA E FIENO

could you wait
could you find
could you place
your hand in mine
the new mown hay
is left behind
the new moon plays
a race with time
the slackened days
the blackened vine
the lovers leave
their cup behind
your back is turned
the moon dejected
the quick return
is unexpected

because a mother
bore each and every
one of you

the stiffened straw
the autumn made
a hundred rows
against the blade
the stolen grain
its youth betrayed
such a broom
no witches made
that sweeps upon
the clouded moon
the chaff is burned
the laughter booms
the waiter serves paglia e fieno
it is only the first course
there will be no second

Note: paglia e fieno is a pasta dish with white and green noodles.
it means literally straw and hay

Words and MUsic © 1991 By Jack Hardy/

John S. Hardy Music (ASCAP)

HANG MY HAT

I trade my paper for wood and wax
But how can a man sit back and relax
When he's chopping down a tree with his own dead ax

Better hang my hat where the melody's at

I got an offer of honest work
Renovating rat holes and kicking out the Turks
But the fumes from the flame-throwers drove me beserk

Better hang my hat where the melody's at

Well I woo my woman with a whittling knife
And every day I cut another year off my life
When I'm pared down to nothing gonna make her my wife

Better hang my hat where the melody's at

I walk around wearing three black eyes
With the first two coming as no surprise
But the third one belongs to a different guy

Better hang my hat where the melody's at

My pipes don't squeak my sink don't leak
But the floor is developing a ghostly creak
So I won't be 'round this time next week
Better hang my hat where the melody's at (4X)

Words and Music © 1991 by Jim Allen

FROM A DISTANCE

From a distance the world looks blue and green
And the snow-capped mountains white
From a distance the ocean meets the stream
And the eagle takes to flight
From a distance there is harmony
And it echos through the land
It's the voice of hope
It's the voice of peace
It's the voice of every man

From a distance we all have enough
And no one is in need
There are no guns, no bombs, no diseases
No hungry mouths to feed
From a distance we are instruments
Marching in a common band
Playing songs of hope
Playing songs of peace
They're the songs of every man

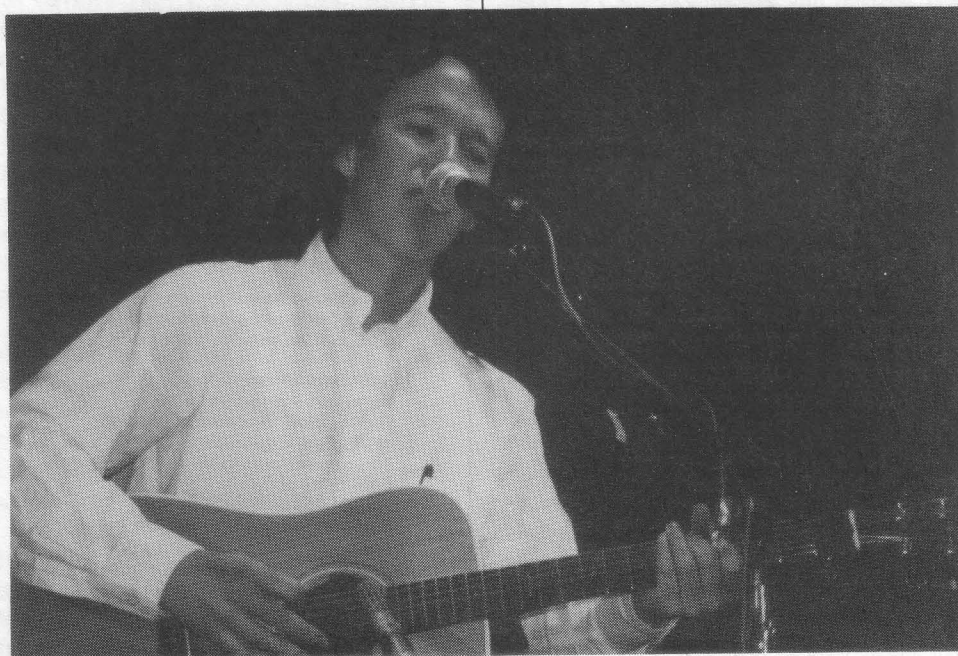
God is watching us
God is watching us
God is watching us
From a distance

From a distance
You look like my friend
Even though we are at war
From a distance
I can't comprehend
What all this war is for
From a distance
There is harmony
And it echos through the land
It's the hope of hopes
It's the love of loves
It's the heart of every man
It's the hope of hopes
It's the love of loves
It's the song of every man

Words ana music © 1986 by Julie Gold (BMI)



Richard Julian



One of FAST FOLK's special guest for 1992, Bill Mornssey.

ON THE RECORD



Judith Zweiman is a multi-faceted musician. She's been a guitar teacher for over ten years and a singer in a variety of bands from traditional ethnic folk to straight ahead jazz. With her own band Judith Zweiman and the answers she plays all over New England. She has an album cassette available.

Josh Joffen has been recording for FAST FOLK since early in 1982. His lyrical style has earned him many fans. He was a winner of the prestigious New Folk Compastition at the Kerrville Folk Festival. He has released half an album with songwriter David Roth. He was born and bred in Brooklyn , a stone's throw from Ebbitt's Field.

Wendy Beckerman has been on the New York Scene for about two years. She has toured Italy and plays up and down the East coast. Originally from New Jersey Wendy recently escaped with honors from Brandeis University. She appeared in the FAST FOLK REVUE in 1989 and 1990, once as a goddess and once as herself - or vice versa.

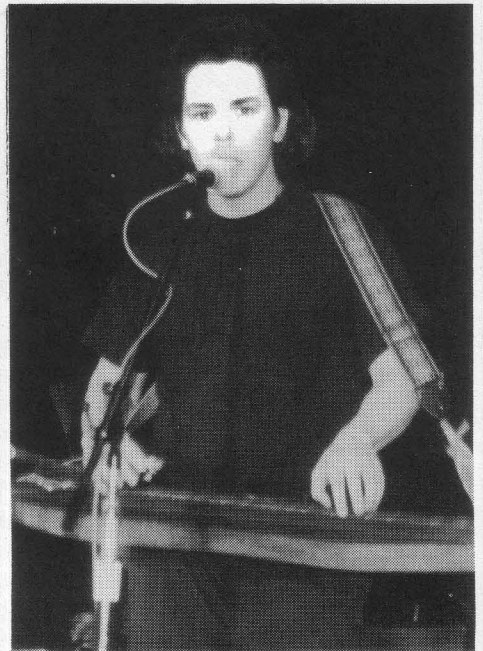
Lisa Gutkin can be heard frequently in and around New York City playing with country, bluegrass, and Irish bands as well as doing quite a bit of session work. She performs regularly with the Rentones, Deborah Snow, the Jumbo String Band, Il Giulare di Piazza, and has toured with The Best Little Whorehouse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

Richard Meyer says "There is never enough time - I snap my fingers to change states of mind and lead a triple life. Geometric/mechanical thoughts for the stage are not all that different from organizing FAST FOLK, mixing a record, painting , writing a song, or trying to fit in a legal New York City parking space." Richard is a professional set and stage light designer and has been editor of FAST FOLK since 1986. He recently completed his second album THE GOOD LIFE! which will be released on Shanachie Records early in 1992. For booking and info call- (212) 885-3268

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

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

Eric Wood was raised in Cleveland, Ohio until he was 14 years old. He spent the next ten years in as many cities before arriving in New York in 1976. Performing began to take on greater importance for him there, after he had spent four years in Nashville publishing and recording houses, concentrating mostly on songwriting. Now he lives in upstate New York where he writes songs and is building a house by hand.



David Massengill 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 producer, Steve Addabbo, on his debut album to be released on Flying Fish this spring.



Hugh Blumenfeld holds a doctorate in poetics and has been recording for FAST FOLK since 1983. He has released two albums on his own and was a finalist at the Kerrville NewFolk competition. He performs regularly up and down the east coast, catch him when he comes to your town

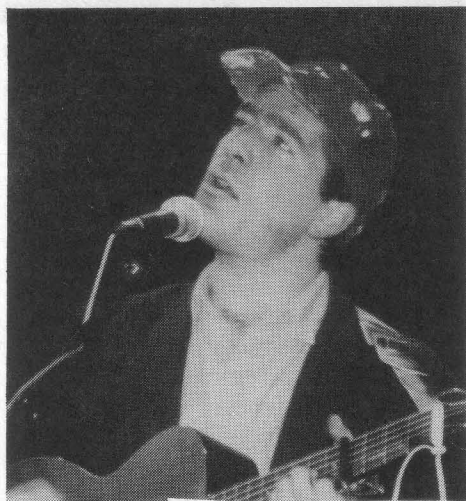


Richard Julian is an up-and-coming songwriter/performer on the New York scene. Richard moved here from Las Vegas in 1986 after spending a year taking requests and playing the cheesiest chords he knew in the land of slot machines and neon cactus trees. In the last year he has performed at the Newport Folk Festival, the Fast Folk Revue at the Bottom Line in New York City, and the Bluebird Cafe in Nashville, along with a 4-week European tour with Jack Hardy and Buddy Mondlock. Although he is currently performing in the folk medium (solo, acoustic guitar), Richard's music leans more toward pop and blues influences. He has currently completed his second cassette, entitled "Bones", which can be bought at his performances.

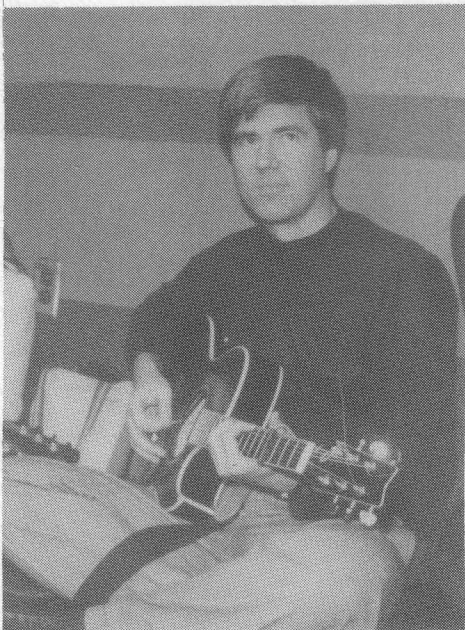
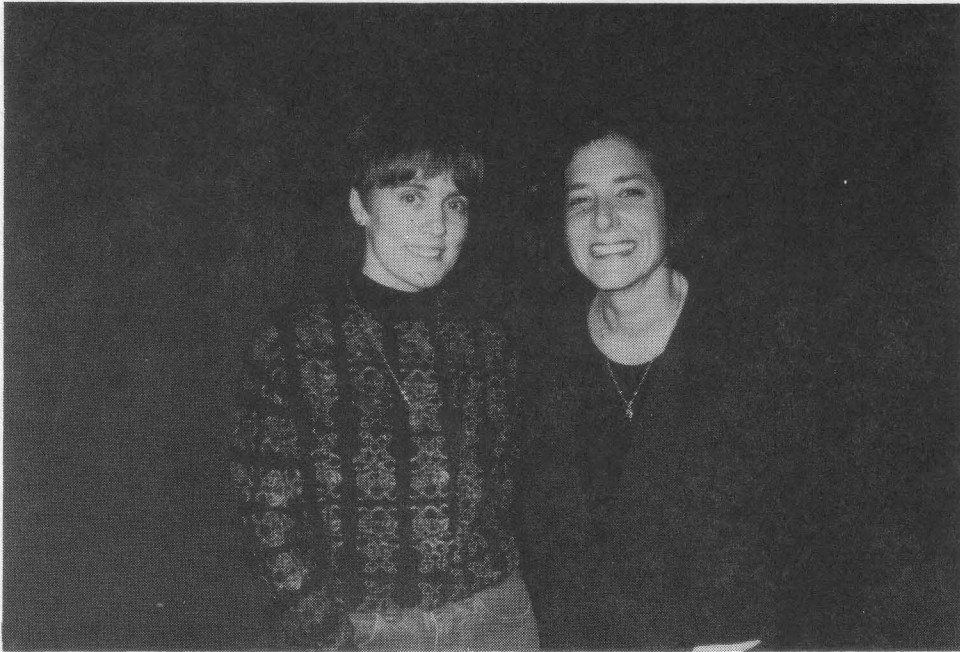
Frank Tedesso: My will is dust. A little rain could make it into mud. Many things are made of mud. Why not life? Perhaps I should stick to description. I live in three small rooms with many pictures on the walls. Faces, many pictures of faces. Also a picture of a windmill and one of some boats in a small harbour in the early summer like a teacup filled with flowers. (Not exactly, but sort of). Though mostly faces. Oh yeah, also a small picture of two flowers that look like faces. But only one here and now human sort of real face - mine. Real in the sense that I'm the only one who can scratch his nose. As for wonder, pain, tenderness, signs of life - the pictures of the faces are at least as real as me. At least. Two cats live in these rooms, this home, also. They get on my nerves a lot. Sometime they make me laugh. They got

a lot of nerve. Too much nerve for three little rooms. They have their fun. I'd like to have a house that was all paid for with a back yard. Nothing grand, just a yard with enough room for a few small tree with branches and sunlight as bright as it would like to be and some flowers and tomatoes and onions and birds on a fence (maybe a white picket fence) and a couple of chairs. Wife comes home. She smells supper cooking away in the kitchen. She kisses, perhaps me, in that simple small way that women sometimes kiss men, where the littlest kiss is jam packed with meaning. I know there are people who live like this. A little work, a little bright sunlight, supper, small kisses, conversation in the kitchen, wash the dishes, bitch a little and live happily ever after. Why not? I know a girl with soft brown hair. There is danger in her underwear. I'm tired. I'm gonna try to get some sleep. I look forward to the spring. I'm not sure why. Just a feeling. A soft breeze rippling across my soft head. I shall plant blue flowers in the spring and pepperoni. Pepperroni growing wildly by the Pepsi-Cola tree near where the Reese's peanut butter cups twineth among the roses. A wonderous spring may yet be waiting.

Jim Allen was born in New York City between Sgt. Pepper and Magical Mystery Tour. He learned about rock 'n' roll from his mother and he learned about songwriting from Frank Tedesso. He is still a thorn in the side of both. He's never read Rimbaud in the original French.



Richard Shindell is originally from Baltimore. He left seminar studies to follow the erratic muse of the songwriter and was once a member, with John Gorka in the Razyzy Dazzy String Band. He has been on the village scene for about two years. His first album will be released this spring on the Shanachie label. Richard has become bi-continental and now lives in New York and Paris.



Brian Rose is from Virginia and moved to New York in the late 70's. He recorded first on the Cornelia Street: The Songwriter's Exchange' and appeared also on the first Coop album. Brian has recorded regularly for Fast Folk and his songs 'Old Factory Town' and 'Open All Night' have been featured in the FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE REVUE. Brian is a professional photographer specializing in architecture. He has exhibited in Europe and was represented by a one man show of his images of the Iron Curtain, taken throughout the eighties, in New York and Amsterdam.

Julie Gold is from Philadelphia and has been living in NY for the last ten years. She is best known as the composer of "From a Distance", recorded by over fifteen artists worldwide and winner a Grammy award for 'best song ' of 1991. She has also co-authored songs with Patti Labelle and Carol Bayer Sayger. Lately Julie has had songs covered by Kathy Matea and Nanci Griffith. She performs nationally and was a member of the 1990 FAST FOLK REVUE.

Mark Dann- Brooklyn-born, Mark has engineered more than 35 issues of The Coop and Fast Folk. He builds, repairs and plays bass and guitars. He has played guitar, bass, and drums for countless performers here and in Europe. Mark has engineered albums for Hugh Blumenfeld, Richard Meyer, Rod MacDonald, and Jack Hardy. Although he has never had a beer, he is fully computerized in the Mac domain. To contact Mark about his studio, World Studio, or Instrument repairs call: (212) 941-7771.

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.

Germana Pucci lives in New York but was born in Tuscany Italy where she learned traditional forms of Italian songs. She has been a part of the Village songwriter's scene since arriving here in 1978. Her ongoing collaborations with sculptor Giancarlo Biagi have extended into playwrighting and dramatic performances.



(Piano & Keyboards) Classically trained, **Margo Hennebach** has performed folk and original music for nearly 15 years in the US, England, and Holland. She has recorded and performed with Michael Smith, Paul Winter, and Pete Seeger in addition to New York based folk artists such as Rod MacDonald and the band Idle Rumors. She is also a practicing music therapist. Her solo album, Margo Hennebach, was released in October '91. East Coast Rocker named it #5 on their best 10 list. It is available through Fireflies and Windows Music - P.O. Box 1194, Hoboken, New



**-1-
STONES**
(HUGH BLUMENFELD)

HUGH BLUMENFELD/GUITAR AND VOCAL
JUDITH ZEIMAN/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-2-
IN SO DEEP**
(WENDY BECKERMAN)

WENDY BECKERMAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
ILENE WEISS/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-3-
YING CHI WU**
(AL PETERSON)

FRANK TEDESSO/GUITAR AND VOCAL
RICHARD JULIAN/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-4-
THE COURIER**
(RICHARD SHINDELL)

RICHARD SHINDELL/GUITAR AND VOCAL
JACK HARDY/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-5-
FEVER LA LUNE**
(BRIAN ROSE)

BRIAN ROSE/GUITAR AND VOCAL
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN
THE BAND

**-6-
LOUISIANA RAIN**
(JUDITH ZWEIMAN)

JUDITH ZWEIMAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
THE BAND

**-7-
NORMAN**
(ROD MacDONALD)

ROD MacDONALD/GUITAR AND VOCAL
THE BAND

**-8-
PAGLIA E FIENO**
(JACK HARDY)

JACK HARDY, RICHARD SHINDELL,
WENDY BECKERMAN,
RICHARD JULIAN/VOCALS
LISA GUTKIN/MANDOLIN
THE BAND

**-9-
THE ELDORADO LOUNGE**
(RICHARD JULIAN)

RICHARD JULIAN/ELECTRIC RYTHM GUITAR
FRANK TEDESSO, RICHARD MEYER,
LISA GUTKIN, JUDITH ZWEIMAN/VOCALS
HUGH 'CHO CHO' BLUMENFELD/TENOR SAX
THE BAND

THE HOUSE BAND
MARK DANN/ELECTRIC AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR
LISA GUTKIN/VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, VIOLA, AND VOCALS
MARGO HENNEBACH/PIANO, SYNTHESIZER, AND VOCALS
JEFF HARDY/STAND UP BASS
HOWIE WYETH/DRUMS

**-10-
JESUS. THE FUGITIVE PRINCE**
(DAVID MASSENGILL)

DAVID MASSENGILL/DULCIMER AND VOCAL
MARGO HENNEBACH/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-11-
BEWILDERNESS**
(ERIC WOOD)

ERIC WOOD/ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC AND VOCAL
LILLIE PALMER/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-12-
L'ANTINARCISO**
(PUCCI/BIAGI)

GERMANA PUCCI/GUITAR AND VOCAL
WENDY BECKERMAN/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-13-
RUN ON THE ROCK**
(JOSH JOFFEN)

JOSH JOFFEN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
JUDITH ZWEIMAN/VOCAL
THE BAND

**-14-
FRANKENSTEIN'S GOT THE BLUES**
(FRANK TEDESSO)

FRANK TEDESSO/GUITAR AND VOCAL
ERIC WOOD, RICHARD JULIAN,
RICHARD SHINDELL/VOCALS
THE BAND

**-15-
METAL DRUMS**
(PATTY LARKIN)

ROD MacDONALD/GUITAR AND VOCAL
RICHARD MEYER, JOSH JOFFEN, ILENE WEISS,
HUGH BLUMENFELD, JUDITH WEIMAN/ VOCALS
CRAIG HARRIS/INDIAN DRUM
THE BAND

**-16-
HANG MY HAT (Finale)**
(JIM ALLEN)

The Company
RICHARD JULIAN, GERMANA PUCCI,
WENDY BECKERMAN, CARL ALDERSON,
KATHARINE HEALD, FRANK TEDESSO,
JACK HARDY, ILENE WEISS,
RICHARD SHINDELL, HUGH BLUMENFELD,
JOSH JOFFEN, RICHARD MEYER,
JULIE GOLD, ROD MacDONALD,
ERIC WOOD, LILLIE PALMER,
BRIAN ROSE, CRAIG HARRIS,
JUDITH ZWEIMAN, DAVID MASSENGILL

**-17-
FROM A DISTANCE**
(JULIE GOLD)

JULIE GOLD/PIANO AND VOCAL