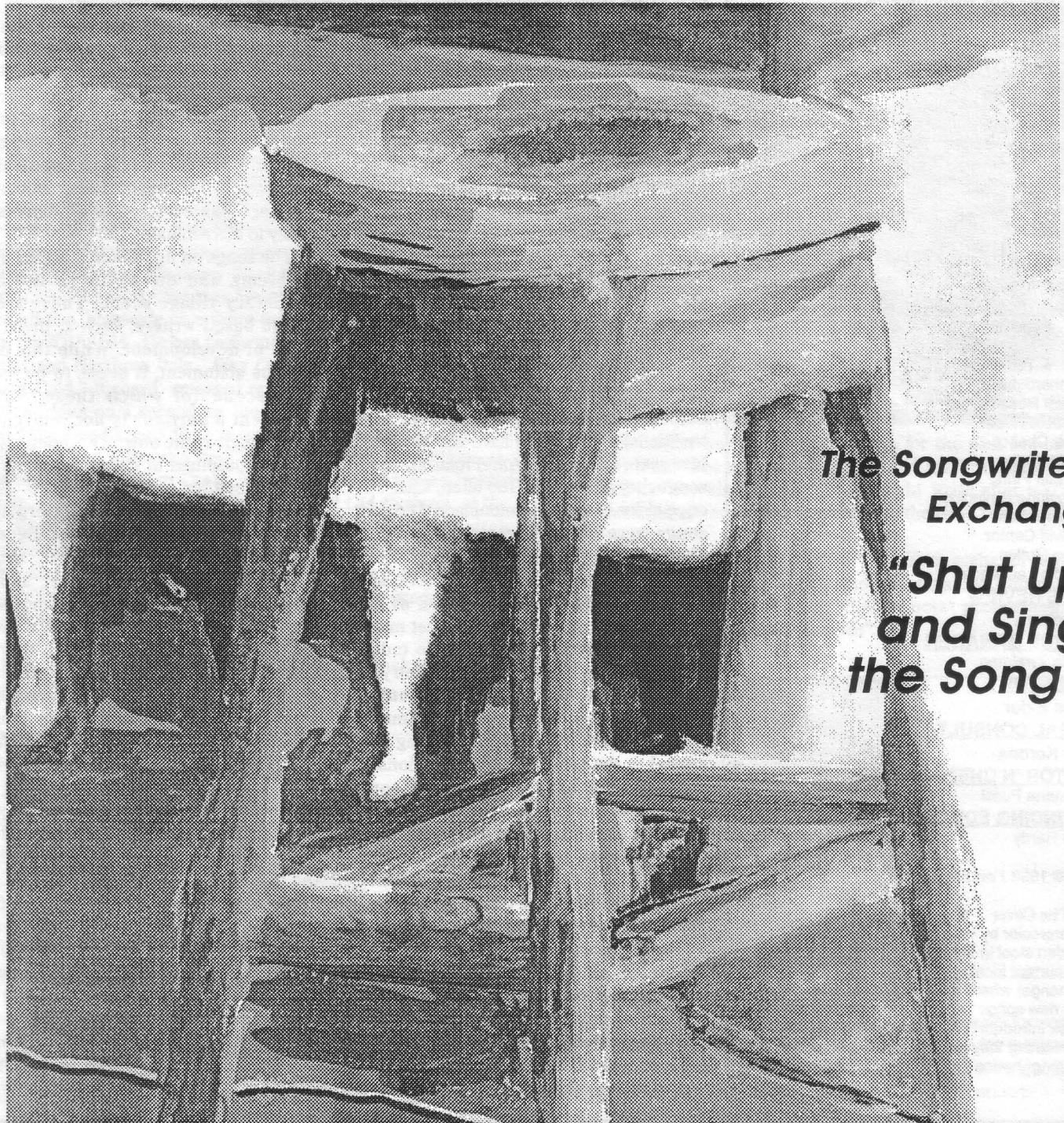


FAST FOLK

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

1992 Volume 6 No. 1



*The Songwriters'
Exchange*

**"Shut Up
and Sing
the Song"**

Published by
THE FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE INC.
A Not-For-Profit Corporation
P.O. Box 938 Village Station
New York, New York 10014
(212) 885-1556 Editorial
(212) 274-1636 Subscriptions
ISSN # 8755-9137

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P & © 1992 *Fast Folk Musical Magazine***On The Cover**

A watercolor by Wendy Beckerman of the wooden stool in the kitchen at Houston Street (the current location of the Songwriters' Exchange) where the songwriters sit to play their new songs and suffer the consequences. If their introductions are too long or self-deprecating they are told to "shut up and sing the song" hence the title of this issue of *Fast Folk*.

From Silence

By Richard Meyer

Songs are everpresent in our lives. In America, we hear songs incessantly, almost without discrimination or choice in elevators, commercials, at toll booths, and by choice in concerts. Often unannounced and fragmentary, each listening situation makes a separate impression. Each recording captures a separate experience, and repeated listenings can expose new details. A similar performance can elicit different effects on the windy field of a festival than it does in a living room or chatter-filled club.

I am interested in the problem of how songs function, in societies, as they are conceived by different writers, and how they find life once they are done. What is the function of performance, of politics, of cults of personality and songwriting theory? Where does the objective existence of the song leave off and interpretation begin? Is it possible to make a qualitative comparison of songs (or any art form) between genres? It may be that two writers of similarly styled songs have widely different intentions. How much responsibility ought a writer take for this work once it leaves the pen?

Although there has been a growing synthesis of international music and commercial expansion of roots and traditional music, these have not been well integrated into the American singer/songwriter movement. Too often, what was once risky is now commonplace. Old folk songs were rich with romance, murder, history and a sense of community. Their function was partially entertainment, and part broadside. Before the turn of the century the parlour piano and sheet music were the equivalents of pop radio today. Songs became hits across the country as they do now but with one essential difference. Since they were sold primarily by in-store demonstrators, the song was central to the song's success. Fashions of the day may have dictated the song material and style, but the song had to stand on its own. Songs were viewed as products, then as now, by the listening public, if not the authors. Songs functioned in some societies as a collective memory, the carrier of moral standards and focal points of celebration. They rarely do today. Those of us who are intimate with contemporary songs and their writers have perhaps an unbalanced view of the song's importance (other than as a product) in today's society. Even when these issues

are addressed, true communication is minimal. Perhaps because all ritual in modern America has been deemphasized, the unconscious nature of songs cannot work. Many forces have contributed to our fragmented society. The scattered audience is unfocused and constantly distracted by an overwhelming amount of weak art. The audience has a diminished ability to discriminate.

The songs on this album illustrate a few problems and strengths in the contemporary village scene. These are all village based writers, each at their own stage of development. While this is an obvious statement, it needs to be made. This scene (of which these writers represent a portion) is not reinventing itself much right now. The poetic style which blossomed in the mid-eighties has refined itself but has not expanded. There is no public scene and the interplay of musical influences is minimal. Because there is no cohesive club circuit, writers don't get to hear each other and be challenged by constant performance as in the past. These cuts illustrate a group working in isolation. Although there is discussion about songwriting, there is not a great deal of musical expansion or experimentation with form. "Cafe Tango," "The Statue" and "The Pinhead's Lullaby" are exceptions. In these songs the lyric is not simply appropriate to the music, but leads it, or follows (depending on your point of view). These are also songs whose performance can be related specifically to the lyric. Brian Rose's "The Statue" is well served by the understated march of his guitar arrangement. In the "Pinhead's Lullaby," the edgy borderline reality of the character is emphasized by understated and frenetic percussion set against the lilting music box vocal part that could come directly from the gut of a confused desperate and unrequited lover. Other

songs, while highly developed lyrically, and successful, ("By Your Eyes," for example, or even "Florida Time") could have had different music and not been compromised. This raises the question whether our songwriting community has developed in an unbalanced manner, and whether this is fully integrated songwriting.

The village songwriter's tradition has evolved legitimately from traditional blues and folk into an art form of personal poetry now only tenuously connected to its musical forbearers. Musically, however, it has not reached out with the same excited intellectual exploration. An insidious bias against pop and the (somewhat understandably) dreaded hydra of commercialism has encouraged this isolation. But fear of selling out is an easy description of the problem. I believe that fear of the sell out has led to a hesitancy to use varied instruments. The audience for singer/songwriter material seems to admire adventurous ideas if they are packaged and performed in a non-threatening way. An expanded musical palate leads inherently to variety in rhythms and sound. Artists who are drawn to more complex musical ideas may still remain true to the contemporary singer/songwriter's lyrical vision but leave its community behind in search of different musical vehicles. Perhaps contemporary folk is the Doris Day music of our time, once a swinging wild thing - now tamed.

Songs come from silence and reach open ears. Each song evokes a world and how to live up to that world. One might argue that a narrow focused point of view is essential to a good song, that songs are ephemeral momentary things, I would not contest that. There are many worlds, lets explore them all.

Letters

We encourage letters to the editor. If you have something to say to us, either good or bad, put it in writing and send it to Fast Folk Editorial Department/P.O. Box 938 Village Station/NY, NY 10014.

Of Bards and Gleemen

By Jack Hardy

Robert Graves, in the first chapter of *The White Goddess* reminds us that in ancient times there were two classes of poets: true poets (bards) and what were known as gleemen, something more on the line of a court jester, dabblers in light verse and humor, entertainers. At the time which Graves was writing about (the 13th century) the tables had been turned and the official court bards were all basically gleemen and the true bards were forced to ramble the country as wandering minstrels. The court bards were censored by the church and by the desire to please their military oligarch patrons. The true bards, too proud to be censored, kept their tradition alive by garbling their verses in riddle and metaphor to avoid being burnt as witches. This is somewhat similar to our present situation though the lines are not as clearly drawn (in that some bards have to earn their living entertaining and some gleemen occasionally write something of significance) and nobody gets burnt at the stake (at least in this country), they are just labeled "communists" or worse, "non-commercial". W.B. Yeats, in a tale called "The Last Gleeman" recounts a story set in a later period of a blind street entertainer who is very popular and an actor who bets his peers that he can imitate this gleeman so that his own audience doesn't know the difference. The actor sets up on the gleeman's usual corner and soon draws the usual crowd and wins his bet.

What the gleeman does can be, and often is, imitated, as it is governed by popular trends and has a ready-made audience. What a bard does can never be imitated because, by its very nature, it has to be original. From the ancient Welsh text "The Red Book of Hergst" we find: "three things that enrich the poet: myths, poetic power, a store of ancient verse", and I might add, as if it is not clearly implied in that triad: work. It also comes down to a question of intent. Gleemen have always been paid better than bards. Graves refers to an incident as early as the 1st century B.C. where a bag of gold was flung to a gleeman. And as Graves points out, literary critics "judge all literature by gleeman standards: its entertainment value to the masses."

Why is all this important? I was somewhat taken aback by an essay in Fast Folk ("Mythologies" by Hugh Blumenfeld,

Jan. 1986) that implied that our editorial policy, in terms of what we recorded, heavily favored the "mythic" style of writing. By far the vast majority of works we have recorded have been anything but mythic (either in proportions or in style). The writer of the essay perhaps mistook my outspoken views in my essays as actual recording policy. In my tenure as editor of Fast Folk I always looked at the folk scene as the sum-total of all the different styles of writing and tried to represent as many as possible on each issue. The same was true for the Fast Folk shows. It was never a question of what I liked but rather what I thought was good or interesting in a certain genre, and I readily asked assistance when the genre was one with which I was not familiar.

But more important, I do not consider



W. B. Yeats

myth a "style" of writing. Myth is writing itself and writing is myth. As soon as someone chooses a subject on which to write it adds a mythic quality to that subject. It is more than just adding moons and other occult symbolism to the writing. It does not mean that the audience will be limited to PHD's. The writing can still be simple and direct but it will also have a level that is calculated to reach people on a subconscious level. The more one understands the levels of the song the

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continued from page 3

more enjoyment one will get from listening. Myth is part of everything we do: our lives, our loves, our personal history, our society, our subconscious being and hence our writing (with the possible exception of gleemen who write totally consciously in commercial formulas for profit).

We live in a society that prefers to live vicariously, a society that watches endless hours of other people's problems on television to the point where there is no drama left in our own lives. Musicians have taken a leading role in this shift by disowning responsibility (in their writing) for social problems. They have become mere actors acting out fantasies for teenagers. This carried to the extreme produces one of the most pathetic sights I have ever witnessed: an "air-band" contest at a college where students mimic their favorite stars with imaginary instruments to the sound of recorded music. It is all air and no substance.

As Yeats points out in his story, even the "last gleeman" had a store of memorized history and verse from which to draw his entertainment. But our gleemen are now actors dealing primarily with imitation, and our bards forget the existence of poetic power. They all want to write outside of events, as an observer. Even our political writers are just observers with a bias. We as writers must begin to transcend society's vicariousness and take the leadership role once held by the bards. This involves work and risk. It involves regaining a wealth of knowledge so that we can once again become the voice of people's conscience and sub-conscience. This is not going to be easy. We are not handed down the poetic lore from master bards but rather must build it, in the words of Graves, "by haphazard reading, consultation with equally doubtful friends, and experimental writing. The key word here is "experimental." We must be free to experiment. This is why I stress a need for openness in editorial policy, not only for what is good, but also for what is interesting.

A writer's writing is never improved by his opinion of other writer's writing. Some writers take no end of pleasure telling me which songs we have recorded that they think are horrible (not always the same

songs). Does that improve a line of their own work? Legitimate criticism is built upon what is good about a work, not what is bad. But even the critics, often frustrated writers themselves, seldom improve any writer's writing. That is the responsibility of the writer himself, who must be his own severest critic and his own best friend.

This is not to say that the writer should

cut himself off from other writers, or even from friendly competition, as long as the goal is improvement of the writing and not ego advancement. As we advance as writers we might slowly be able to turn our backs on the materialistic rewards of the gleeman and finally render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto beauty what is beauty's.

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Shut Up And Sing The Song The Songwriters' Exchange

written and compiled by Wendy Beckerman

In the summer of 1987 I pulled my nerves together and drove my parents' car from the manicured suburbs of New Jersey to a dim third floor walkup with the bathtub in the kitchen and a chain-flush toilet down the hall. I was welcomed with a plate of pasta and salad, and I proudly thought, "I'm at a songwriters' meeting". I was not yet in the practice of calling myself a songwriter, as I had only begun writing two or three months earlier. After a while the guitar came around to me and as a newcomer I was asked to take out my lyrics and play my "greatest hit" as opposed to a new, more vulnerable song. This way, they explained, if I chose to return in future weeks, the listeners would have a better understanding of what I was trying to do. At that point I knew too little to know what I was trying to do, but I received what I needed most at that early stage: encouragement.

I have participated in the Songwriters' Exchange religiously since then, and the support I have found there has been an enormous factor in my songwriting development during the past five years. One thing you need as an artist is to find a few people you respect who believe in your potential and care enough about you as a writer to tell you to keep writing. The songwriters' meetings bring together varying levels of discipline, irreverence, and above all, the honest communication necessary for constructive criticism.

Certainly, there is a sense of competition, and at best it is of the friendly type. Ultimately, everyone who is dedicated to writing songs wants the people around them to write well. Not only is it exciting to hear and contribute to good work and to watch people improve, but sometimes it is also the kick a writer needs to go home, tail between the legs, and pick up the guitar instead of resting on the laurels of last week's masterpiece. It is humbling to come to a meeting when you haven't worked. You feel you aren't holding up your end of the deal. The harder someone works the more respect they command, and as a result, the more likely their critique will be honored as an exchange. Risks bring more risks. Ideas stir up other ideas. A songwriter of twenty years can learn something from a brand new prolific writer, no matter in what stage of development the writing may be.

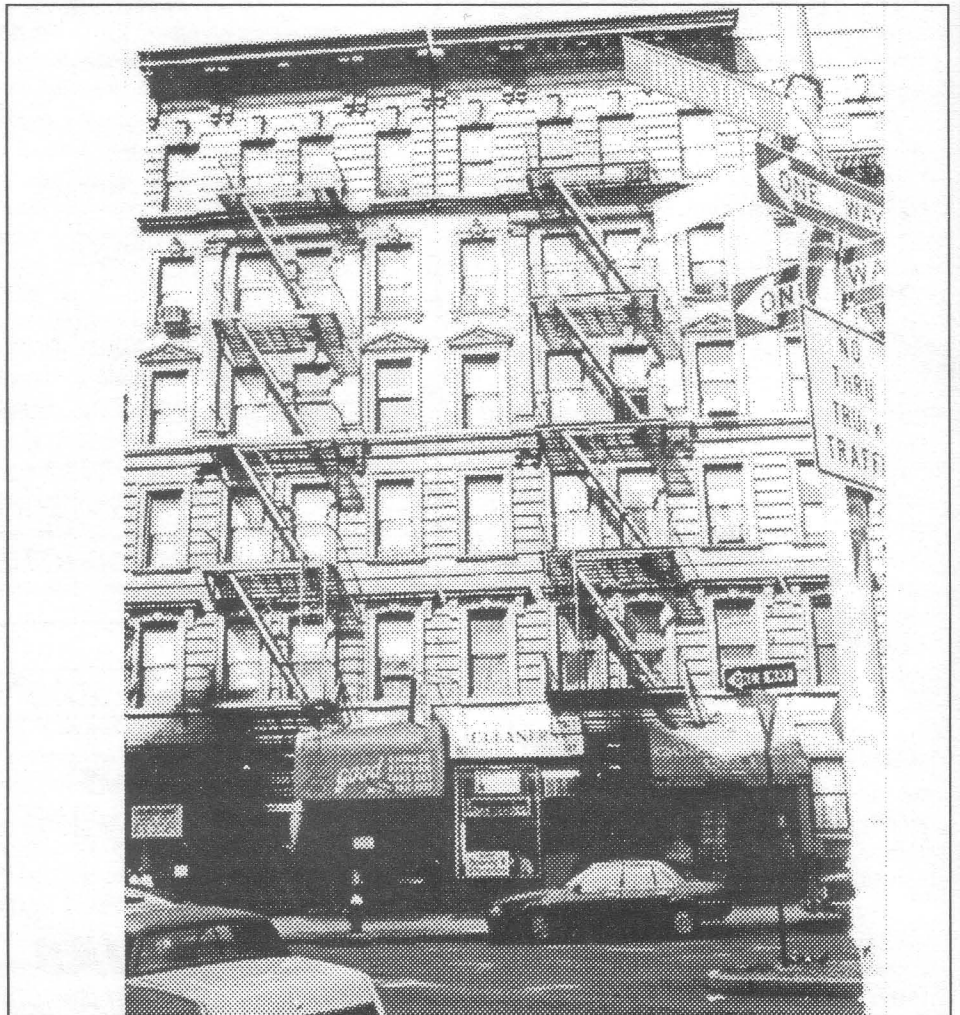
Many writers have passed through the Songwriters' Exchange never to return, having felt wounded or attacked. A weekly

session of naked criticism is not a safe place for the ego, and it is at the meetings that many of us learn to separate that part

of ourselves, the part that let the song out during the week, from the hard rational editor that we need to be in order to see the song to an objective completion.

The Songwriters' Exchange first started in 1977 at The English Pub on Sixth Avenue and Third Street. Some of the early participants were Jack Hardy, Brian Rose, David Massengill, Andy Breckman, Tom Intondi and Carolyn Mas. From there they moved to The Cornelia Street Cafe where an album called "Cornelia Street: The Songwriters' Exchange" was issued by the cafe management on Stash Records. After that they moved to Jack Hardy's apartment on Houston Street and still meet there weekly.

"This workshop focuses exclusively on songwriting and not the music business. I have penned songs that were quite average, brought them to the workshop



and received input that changed the song for the better. Intimidating? Yes. Worth driving three hours for every Thursday? Yes." -Jeff Tarella

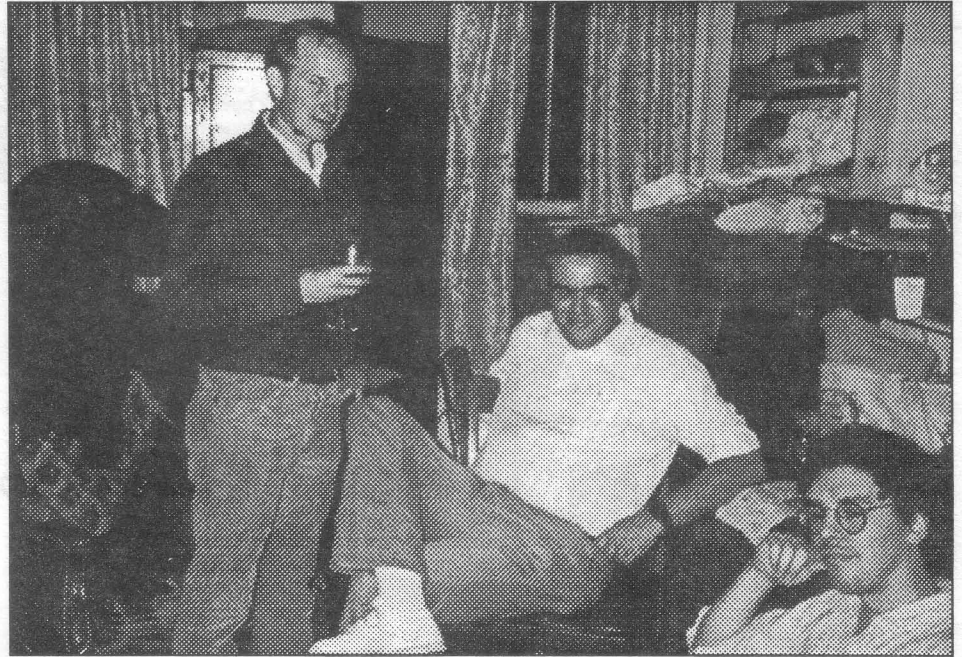
"It's a support group of fairly intense critics where you can't fake it, regardless of your performance capability." -David Kessler

"The first time I went to the Songwriters' Exchange Jack Hardy was whispering to someone during my whole song. I got back at Jack two years later by playing bass with him in Europe. No one at Houston Street has modulated since Nixon was president (except David Cantor)." -Richard Julian

"...All is fair, for all is heard/And no soul or songwriter is left unrevealed" -Susan Firing

"Thanks to the Songwriters' Exchange, even when I'm alone writing a song, I have four or five geeks looking over my shoulder. I'm sorry I missed the night when Jack threw a wineglass at Alex." -Jim Allen

"After years of horrible hoots, a stint with LA publishers, and the misguided advice of some books, the Songwriters' Exchange came as a breath of fresh air. It's got some problems- it's a wild, boring, chaotic, insular, dangerous, but supportive group which allows anyone who can stand it to focus their personal commitment to songwriting." -Richard Meyer



Jack Hardy, George Gerney, and David Massengill

"Jim Allen notwithstanding, the lengths that most of us go to spare each other's feelings at these meetings is downright touching. As a result, a subtle and tortuous code system has developed for judgement that expressed outright would no doubt shatter fragile egos and spoil the good

fellowship that prevails. That an aggregation of songwriters can meet regularly with so little bloodshed is an impressive and unnatural state of affairs." -Dave Cantor

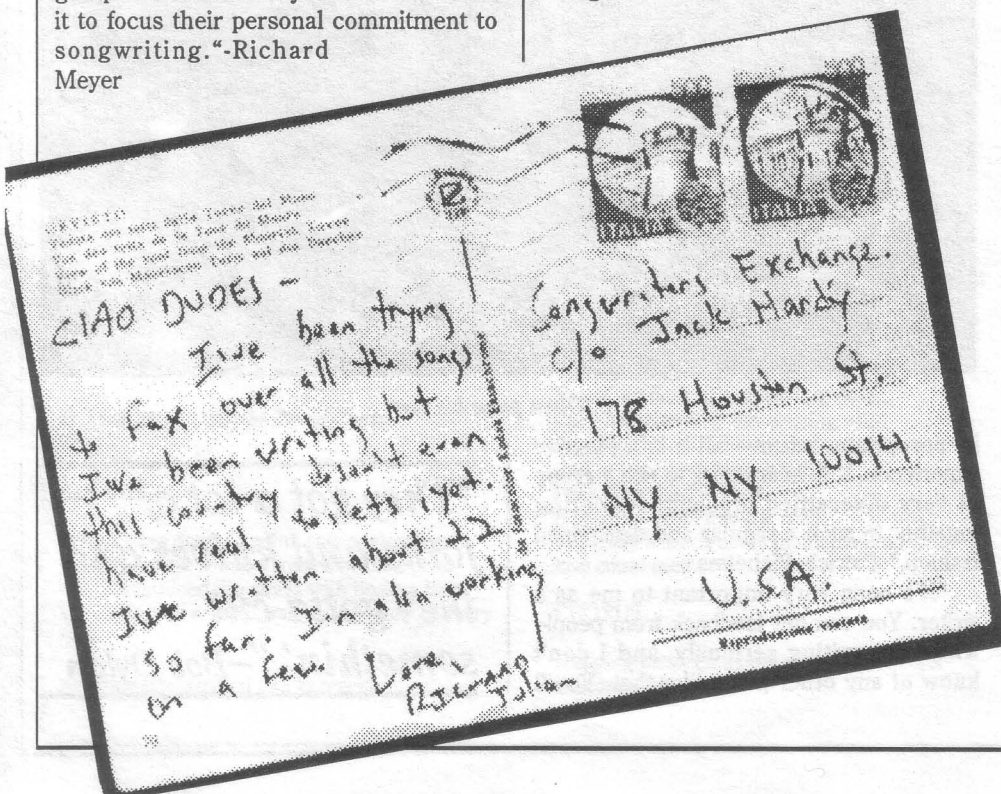
"Don't expect a warm, supportive song critique environment. It is not. It is, however, a good place to learn and better your songwriting craft through listening to some of the genius that at times comes through in that room." -Melissa Rosen

"I have heard people say that the meeting is a clique, but I arrived at a meeting unannounced, with no reputation, and with no songs that were written within the last twenty years. I felt immediately welcome and have ever since. Some of these people are now some of my best friends." -George Gerney

"You learn when to ignore people and when to accept what people have to say. I know when people are wrong and I can sometimes keep it to myself. Good food." -David Massengill

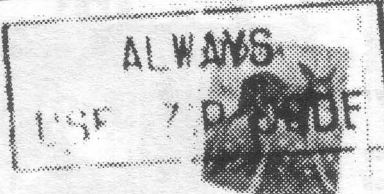
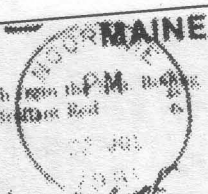
"It's not that the Songwriters' Exchange teaches us what we don't know. Its strength is that it helps us uncover and define what we already value and reminds us of what's important." -The Lazy Susans

"A great place to try out brand new songs and meet other people with the same affliction...songwriting." -Carol Lipnik



180

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Photo © Ed Elledge



Dear Hardy Burch—
The quintessential image of
Maive ...

I am unwinding up here—
Finding some quiet in
the internal chaos.
Hope you are doing well—
and that the songs
are rolling.
See you soon—
Love—
Melissa

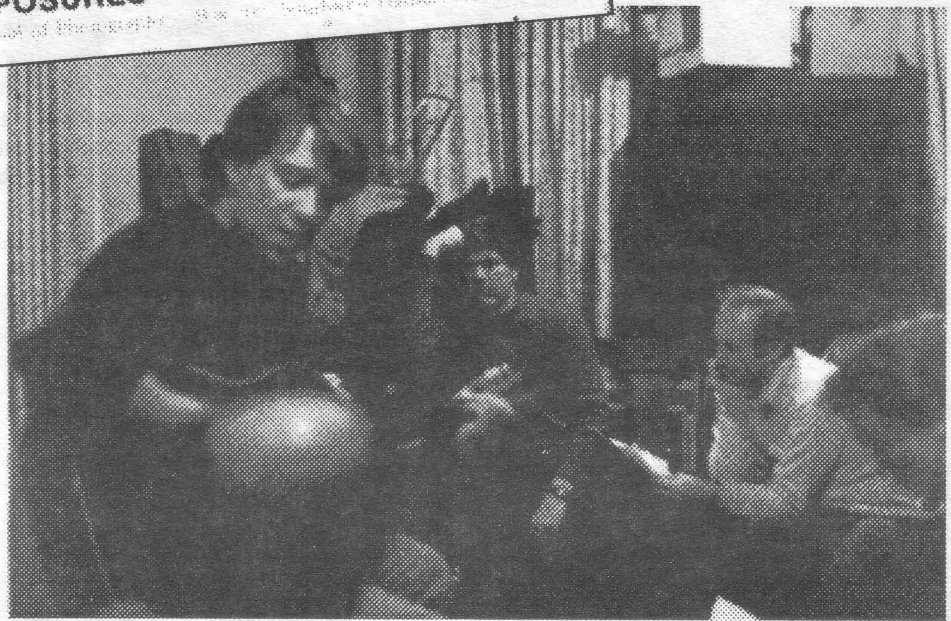
Hardy Burch
178 W Houston St #9
New York, NY 10011

EXPOSURES

"I like the sense of purpose and comradeship. Sometimes there is a competitive tone that is somewhat



Brian Rose does the dishes



J. P. Olsen plays his song

inappropriate, but overall it is a positive experience. It is heartening to see a group of very diversified musicians meeting together in such a regular and disciplined fashion." -Patricia Richettes

"It's been very important to me as a writer. You can get feedback from people who take writing seriously, and I don't know of any other place like that. You'll

"They got a lot of forks and knives and they gotta cut somethin'." -Bob Dylan

always be challenged. I was a little scared at first, but people were very nice, actually." -Bob Chabot

"If you stick your neck out you get your head chopped off. If I ever went hoping to find anything other than a critique of a song, I regret it. I don't regret the sincere criticism given by those who know their craft and are secure in themselves." -Mafa Edwards

"People are never mean or rude or cutting in their remarks. I like when it's in the heat of exchange of ideas. It has helped me make changes where once I feared it. I like the no-frills look of Houston Street- Jack strips away the glamour and gets right down to it. We're here for the songs." -Carl Alderson

Songos: The Boston Songwriters' Exchange

by Geoff Bartley

We got started in February of 1988 by me with help from Steven Brennan and Ed Hannifin, who now are only occasionally present (Why doesn't everyone eat, breathe, and sleep songwriting?). Ultimately, however, Jack Hardy is to blame. He's the one who gave me the idea in the first place, talking about bards, etc., at a workshop he gave here in Arlington sponsored by Wood & Strings Music Shop. John Gorka dragged me to it, so maybe he's responsible.

We have a core of twelve or so, with another dozen "in orbit" who drop in when they can, or when they finally knuckle under to the abuse we sinless members heap upon them for not showing up with new songs. Stubborn cases find it especially disconcerting to awaken in the small hours and find several of us chanting every-good-boy-does-fine and all-cows-eat-grass around a burning telecaster on their lawn. We call ourselves, affectionately (thank you Liz Brahm) the Songos. Our motto: That's the way the Songos. Fun-Loving? Yes. Serious? That too.

Perhaps a hundred writers have come through, from the mighty to the meek, in our four years plus. We are now in our fifth livingroom which has a grand piano and

Perhaps a hundred writers have come through, from the mighty to the meek

lots of soft chairs. We miss our second location which offered skinny dipping in Spy Pond (a lake, actually) and bar-b-ques on the porch before the business.

From every Wednesday we've slowed down to every first and third. People are requested to bring something new each time. Revisions and works in progress gladly accepted. Cookies and tea are in vogue presently, but several of us have been lobbying heavily for the pasta and wine alternative. Reluctant members appear ready to break.

In other words, we have a social aspect too. We discuss the grueling demands of

the music business, the ego-crushing realities, the changing marketplace, the appropriateness of a 9th chord in what's basically a country song. Other questions might include, "I'm doing some recording...how do other people hear this song produced?" or "This is kinda hard to ask, but do you think you'd ever give me that jambalaya recipe of your brother's?"

We offer more bullseye criticism as we learn about each other's styles and strengths. The longer I keep using the group, the more valuable it becomes. We tend to be fairly gentle on people, although old timers are expected to maintain high standards. When we bring in crap we are told so. We remind each other not to edit as we write, but later. Newer writers will be told, "The first verse works well because you said 'I knew how it felt that night to be the rabbit in the weasel's jaws' instead of 'I was scared witless'. In other words, you showed us how you felt, instead of telling us." We pay attention to the writer's handling of melody, language, and rhythm to craft a strong song, a clearly-delineated mood. Humor, politics, blues, and parodies all find room with us, but our faves are the ones that ring with a distinct integrity, unique, non-formulaic songs that have the razor blade and the breath of beauty. Mixed metaphors are driven out with whips and scorpions.

On Saturday, May 16th we present our second Songos Onstage concert at the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1171 Mass. Ave. near Harvard Square in Cambridge, MA at 8pm sharp. In addition to bass, drums, electric guitar, great harmonies and imaginative costuming we will have gourmet refreshments on hand, including David Goldfinger's peanut butter cookies.

This year's concert will also feature a program with lyrics, etc., plus a showcase of the year's best songs performed by Liz Brahm, Geoffrey Cary Sather, Steve Brennan, Paul Rogoszewski, Jenny Burtis, Max Pokrivchak, Phyllis Copanna, Jan Luby, Elizabeth Connolly, Jim Infantino, Meg Daly, Paul Hatem, Deb Galiga, Laurie Goldsmith, David Goldfinger, and yours truly. Please call Circle Productions at (617) 648-8318 for information. Tickets are \$7.50 in advance, \$8.50 at the door. Last year's concert was a sell-out success.

Our motto: That's the way the Songos. Fun-Loving? Yes. Serious? That too.

For information about the songwriters' group (not the concert) call Elizabeth Connolly at (617) 662-4457.

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Lyrics

The Black Hole
(Jack Hardy)

There's a hole
In your firmament of friends
Takes a hold
Draws you into the darkness
And the sky
The blistered sky
That holds the fear
That holds the eye

And I
Not understanding what this meant
Heard the cry
With a heart indifferent
And the hole
That blackened hole
Was in the heart
That I love the most

Lucid stars
Dissipating all that light
Like the scars
From some distant set of lies
That flicker hot
That flicker cold
And I've become
What I hate the most

Was a time
When what worried us the most
Was to find
That the dawn laid bare our ghosts
Take my hand
My haunted hand
And through your touch
I can understand

©1992 Jack Hardy Music BMI

Scarecrow
(M.E. Rosen)

Never knew a man who was so alone
A scarecrow in a cornfield
dangling from a rope
Just another Jesus
surrounded by crows
Another pair of shoulders for
Fresh fallen snow

I slept with you on a bed of straw
Found the diamond in a haystack
I was searching for
We shared the riches
forgot we were poor
Finding the comfort
'neath a threadbare cloth

And you saved my heart from disbelief
In a noisy world I found some peace
And we touched the silence I could not reach
Now I am rising
" "

From the ashes of sleep

Never knew a man who was so alone
A scarecrow in a cornfield
dangling from a rope
Just another Jesus
surrounded by crows
Another pair of shoulders
for fresh fallen snow
Another pair of shoulders
for fresh fallen snow.

Ain't It Almost-
(Jim Allen)

Where the moon goes
I will follow
Round and holy
Smooth and hollow
Ain't it almost like being in love

Here comes sundown
Here comes midnight
Dressed in diamonds
Like a garland of searchlights
Ain't it almost like being in love

Turn off the porch light
Pull up the window
Cut the night open
Let the vagabond wind blow
Ain't it almost like being in love

Last night a weatherman rose from the dead
He flew through my window
Here's what he said

If the wind is crooked
And the rain's imitative
You're not going crazy
God's going native
Ain't it almost like being in love

Where the moon goes
I'll chase after
Heavy breathing
And a madman's laughter
Ain't it almost like being in love

By Your Eyes
(Wendy Beckerman)

By her lips she brings you in
By her hand she sends you gone
By your eyes you cry

By her arms she holds you strong
By her feet she sends you down
By your eyes you cry

See her on the avenue
Don't look as she passes you by

By her hair she keeps you warm
By her skin she keeps you out
By your eyes you cry

By her blood she brings you shame

By her tongue she makes you clean
By your eyes you cry

She will show you unaware
All the beauty you will swear by

By her fingers you will feel
By her breast she lets you lie
By your eyes you cry

By your knees you ask for more
By your teeth you will betray
By your eyes you cry

She won't always want to give
All the things you've learned to live by
See her on the avenue
Don't look as she passes you by

Bloods and Crips
In A City Where The Angels Weep
(David Massengill)

There were two gangs, the Bloods and Crips
One wore red and one wore blue
There were two gangs, the Bloods and Crips
They hate each other
There were two gangs, the Bloods and Crips
Waiting for apocalypse
And my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

Was born in a city where the angels weep
Celia ah my love and joy
Was born in a city where the angels weep
She really digs me
Was born in a city where the angels weep
Many times I watch her sleep
For my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

O there by the church of the broken glass
Secretly the lovers met
O there by the church of the broken glass
They see each other
O there by the church of the broken glass
There no question went unasked
For my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

Her brother was a killer Crip
He gave orders who was hit
Her brother was a killer Crip
He wants to kill me
Her brother was a killer Crip
When a neighbor let it slip
That my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

He waited by his sister's door
Machismo made him blind to love
He waited by his sister's door
For his dishonor
He waited by his sister's door
When she got home, he called her whore
For my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

Betray him or I'll see you dead
Just give up his hiding place
Betray him or I'll see you dead
My little sister

Betray him or I'll see you dead
Said she, "You must take me instead."
For my linda Celia had fallen for a Blood

O give to him my white lace glove
I left the other where we met
O give to him my white lace glove
I have no other
O give to him my white lace glove
Tell him to find another love
For my linda Celia had fallen for a Blood

Her brother loaded the syringe
Celia ah my love and joy
Her brother loaded the syringe
And then he kissed her
Her brother loaded the syringe
And filled her veins with heroin
Now my linda Celia has fallen for a Blood

Sleep Will Come
(George Gerney)

Jesus had a sister but the Catholics do not know
My brother tried to tell them once but they said
it isn't so
So he became a Pilgrim or some other such holy
thing
When I go to see him now he never lets me sing

Its been a hard time sleeping in the refugee
camp
I been up all night with the cold and the damp
Sun's punchin' in now to relieve the rain
When's the sleep gonna come to put off the pain

My father had this problem and it founded all
his fears
Three packs a day of Camels for well over thirty
years
He thought that he would beat it though he
knew it would be tough
And like his other vices he just wasn't quick
enough

Its a hard time sleeping in this motel room
I been up all night with a cocaine spoon
I know I'm gonna kick it least I think I can
I don't ever ever want to feel this helpless again

Sleep will come over the edges of your mind
And it won't be what it seems
Sleep will come and you will find
Hey it feels different this time
And you'll know it won't be a dream

I have a baby sister but my mother doesn't know
I thought that I should tell her once my brother
said to let it go
Its not like she's always crying still she's drivin
me insane
I'm running out of time to find if I'll ever know
your name

Its been a hard time sleepin in this water bed
I been up all night wonderin when I'll be dead
Watchin this tumor grow inside my brain
Feelin all my spirit flowin down life's drain

The Muse
(Jean Paul Vest)

I am here of my own will
of my own doing as I see fit.
Lay down your worries, bid fear be still,
know that I love you, and shall not quit.

As to our hurting, I do not mind
for I have learned to recognize it as a sign
that we are growing stronger inside
in preparation for what we shall find.

Do not imagine that we are done,
that such a battle is ever won.
Life may grow easier but I think it won't;
still we are bound together and face it so.

The Statue
(Brian Rose)

For the love of your eyes
I could fall from this perch
Where I pose as a figure of doubt
For the love of your voice
I could make that choice
I could gather my strength and break out

But the snow just falls
And nests in the hollows of stone
I should have known
That a hero stands brave but alone

And the crowds go by
As I stand against the sky

For the beat of a heart
I'd give up this part
On this pedestal carved with a quote
With a show of remorse
I'd get off of my high horse
And rip the epaulets off of my coat

But the rain just falls
As the pigeons shit in my hair
But I'm not appalled
I hold my sword high in the air

And the crowds go by
As I stand against the sky

In the late afternoon
I am poised on the edge
On the line between sunlight and shade
I am often seduced
By figments of truth
As these images flicker and fade

And the darkness falls
And sticks to my uniform
But I stand up tall
Foolish and forlorn

And the crowds go by
As I stand against the sky

I Don't Know Her Too Well
(Susan Biegler)

Met her on the bathroom floor
Sat there for six hours more
Gave her my hand and my good ear
Dried one or two hundred or thousand
Of her tears through the years
But I don't know her too well now

Drove down to the wide ocean
Counted the stars and we named them
Told me in her baby breaths
"This is the time that I'll never forget."
But I don't know her too well now
Don't know the color of her room
Don't know the name of her perfume
Don't know her too well

Wish that I knew how to start
Can't find my way into her new heart
Bless her every time I pray
Hope that she knows how much I think of her
Every day
But I don't know her too well now

I was always at my best then
I'll never feel that way again
Again

Still carry her photograph
And sometimes on a bad night I can hear her
fluttered laugh
Miss hearing her call my name
And part of me knows deep down inside her she
feels the same
But I don't know her too well now
I don't know her too well now

The Places You Will Go
(Christian Bauman)

Here is information for the new soldier
We put it all together in this book
So if you find it hard to sleep on the bus ride to
Virginia
If you got the nerve, take a look

Riding in the dark, in the travel bag beside you
The only things you should've brought from
home
A couple pairs of socks- your boxers, your
toothbrush
Your razor and your comb

The clothes we give you are meant to be worn
with honor
You'll be expected to use the hanger and the
shelf
A sloppy soldier degrades his army and his
country
A sloppy soldier degrades himself

chorus:
This is information for the new soldier
So many things you need to know
But you'll be thankful if you get older
And all the strange places you will go

Your sergeant will train you in the ways of a soldier
He is precise, he is direct
Your sergeant you will always remember, if not with affection
Then certainly with respect

He will put your fingers to a live grenade
You will perfect with practice and precision
He'll put you in a hole in the middle of a swamp
You will defend with live ammunition

He will give you a gas mask, breathe through your nose
In an airtight chamber you will stand
He'll give you a bayonet, fix it to your rifle
you will fight another hand to hand

If you should die while you're serving
We'll bring your body home to your kin
And if in death you lost your good looks
We will put them right back on again

An officer will be appointed for personal assistance
Straighten up the affairs of your home
In exchange for your life we'll give a flag to your wife
The army takes care of its own

Shoot The Ghost -
(Jeff Tareila)

He was an outlaw a man from the west
his hand his gun a taker of lives
a glorified saint of the prairie
he'd do anything to survive
no mask, no gun can change what he's done

shoot the ghost of the fabled hero
shoot the myth that fuels the flame
what method is used to choose these heroes
what spirit is left in which to claim
shoot the ghost, shoot the ghost

he was a giant a man of position
he feeds on power like ravens on the dead
he is charmer a master dealsman with deceit
and disease in his head
no suit no tongue can change what he's done
chorus

He is a general clothed in camouflage
he's on the TV saying what we want to hear
he smiles out of habit he's heroic and hard he'll
make you promises then he'll disappear
chorus

Whispers
(Richard Meyer)

We fell in love now, long ago
Said she was shaken, not stirred
Her heart, once hard to break
Torn but now replaced
In the night she would pull me close
Just to touch my face

We lived a summer sort of life
Always dressing in short sleeves
No place to wear her heart
Or reasons to deceive
In the night she would pull me close
And only touch my face

She leaned her head on the windowsill
And used a voice that children will
Said, 'I can't hear a voice that's loud
So whisper to me whisper now'

Whisper til I hear you...

She would sit alone for hours
In the places people feel removed
Smoke around her face
Her castle and her clouds
Always silent where the air was loud
Just to hide her face

A few affairs a dozen friends
A hundred pleasures and more to spend
And from each one she felt brand new
With a million kisses and a billion 'I love you's

Whisper til I hear you...

I rubbed my hands against stone walls
Stopped waking her up before the sun
Newspapers by the door
Lie waiting soaked and torn
When the weather changed she locked the door
Just to save her face

And on the wind of summer nights
Of star crossed wires and turned down lights
She leaned her head on the windowsill
And talked to me as children will

Whisper til I hear you...

Let Them Go
(Mafa Edwards)

He's an arrow to the sun.
I can't hold him very long.
As his blonde hair turns to brown
I must let go of my son.

Let him go, with my love and direction.
Send him on, confident in my affection.
Let him go, send him on, let him go.

She's a mirror to the world
of the way that love can wound.
And if each scar had a sound,
this girl would be a screaming song.

Let her go, let her find resolution.
Let her pass, let her seek absolution.
Let her go, let her pass, let her go.

He has found his peace within
and your love's unbalancing.
You turn his headstand into a spin.
You cannot stand his religion.

Let him go with your heartfelt affection.
See him melt into his meditation.
Let him go, leave him be, let him go.

She has walked her way to health.
On the past she dare not dwell.
Truth bursts the bubbles time has swelled.
O, let her dream and die well.

Let her go, with our love and affection.
Let her pass, sure of her fabrications.
Let her go, let her pass, let her go.

Here is a simple song that's sung
for the weak becoming strong.
I will try to right the young,
or at worst deflect the wrong.

Let them go, with my love and affection.
Let them pass, confident in their direction.
Let them go, let them pass, let them go.
Let them go, send them off, let them go.
Let them go.

The Pinhead's Lullabye
(Carol Lipnik)

1 2 3 4
I dreamed last night that my mother was alive
When I looked in the mirror I had my father's eyes
And she loved me
And she loved me
And the light was humming from the bulb above me
The same way it used to hum
Its music has become one with my mother's love
So singing Rockabye me
Rockabye me.
Rockabye Rockabye
The wind sends her good night to me.

1 2 3 4
I walk every night until I find the spot
Where sweet Marianne's left her blue chevey parked
When I touch it-
It's like I touched her
And the blue metal knows how I love her
We would never tell
I know her window well
She dims her light for bed
So singing Rockabye me
Rockabye me
Rockabye Rockabye
The wind sends her good night to me
The wind sends her good night to me.

Words and Music © 1991 Carol Lipnik

Florida Time
(David Cantor)
Jawolski came by Sunday,
Gave ten points on the Colts.
He looks just like Ted Bundy did
The day he ate the volts.

Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.

You can barely make the steak out
From the gristle and the bone.
I would've ordered take-out
If they'd let me use the phone.

Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
I missed my wife the other day.
I've pissed my lovin' life away.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.

The lakes of hell won't freeze us.
The fires of hell won't burn.
'Cause I've been touched by Jesus
And I've touched him in return.

Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
The Devil came to life one day,
But did not throw the knife away.
Now I'm doing FLORIDA TIME.

(Instrumental)

The chaplain reeks of highballs.
There's nothing he won't bless.
The flaps are for the eyeballs,
So there won't be a mess.

Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
My mother's eyes were blue and clear.
Now why should I be sitting here
Doin' FLORIDA TIME?

'S been ten years since I sliced her.
But you still can taste the fear.
A shame that do-good shyster
Couldn't bend the oovornor's ear.

'Cause it's FLORIDA TIME.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.
I missed my wife the other day.
I've pissed my lovin' life away.
Doin' FLORIDA TIME.

© April 23-25, 1991 by David Cantor

cafe tango

i was sitting down in some cafe somewhere
staring out the window from a broken chair
the rain tattooed the street with broken lace
the moon was a white washed memory of every
face

the cigarette smelled like kerosene

my chin up against the glass
the tables didn't ask any questions
as we watched you pass

the smoke rose up around your legs
the sidewalk cracked beneath your heels
higher and higher with every step
it echoed up and down the street

i studied philosophy
religion, and cruel poetry
just so you would think of me
abovre the others

there was fat charlie who could drink like hell
and bill who could barely spell
there was nick the philosopher
who claimed the daylight sky was blue but
wasn't sure

in this night of history
where most men kneel to cop a plea
and in this night of sullen lies
from this tango made up of knives and suicides

i carved out my sainthood
to gamble and to cheat
just so you darlin'
just so you would think of me

©1991 by Alex Vuksic

A Fever
(Margie Rylati-)

You were framed by the doorway light
Your long dark hair streaming down.
Curtains stirred by the evening wind
A veil from the outside sounds.
Dusky swirls of patterns played
With shadows upon your face.
Passions pulsed around the room
But doubt held us both in place.

CHORUS

Standing between us there were questions
unanswered
As naked as a newborn child.
Suspended between us there were feelings that
hovered,
Obsessions that can drive one wild.

You were framed by the doorway light
Your long dark hair streaming down.
Curtains stirred by the evening wind
A veil to the outside sounds.
And in your eyes I saw a need
Reflecting the fire I felt.
A stillness crept into the room
Thst only a touch could melt...that only your
kiss could melt.

CHORUS

Standing between us there were questions
unanswered

As naked as a newborn child.
Suspended between us there were feelings that
hovered,
Obsessions that can drive one wild.
A fever that drives us wild.

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HELP!

One To Screw In The Lightbulb, Nine To Be On The Guest List

by Jim Allen

On April 6, three talented singer-songwriters were featured at the well-known New York club, Tramps. The performers, Wendy Beckerman, Buddy Mondlock and Richard Julian, have all been heard frequently on past issues of *Fast Folk*. Each of the performers are writers who are dedicated to their craft and are in pursuit of growth as well as success in their musical careers. While there were many strong songs heard that night, the feeling I came away with was one that said as much about the current state of the music scene as it did about the individual artists.

The first performer of the night was Wendy Beckerman. Wendy has been working as a songwriter for a relatively short period of time, but has already begun to make her presence felt. Her songs frequently feature arresting modal melodies which underscore the sense of tension and uneasiness that lies just below the surface of her symbolic lyrics. Wendy has a strong distinctive voice that mercifully sidesteps the dog-whistle whining and ambulance vibrato too often deployed by female singers in the acoustic genre. Rather than wear her heart on her sleeve, her vocal style remains favorably cool and deadpan. This, however, can often be a fine line to walk especially for a young performer, and on this particular evening, Wendy seemed to fall too often onto the wrong side of the line. The performance was ultimately wanting in dynamics and emotional application.

Immediately following was Buddy Mondlock. Buddy has recently been working as a staff writer in Nashville. His set, however, betrayed none of the country elements you might expect to hear from a Nashville writer. To the contrary, his music is often strikingly original, incorporating elements of rock, pop folk and jazz in an idiosyncratic, yet instantly accessible sound. Buddy is a veteran performer with an accomplished manner and a warm, endearing stage presence that



Wendy Beckerman and Richard Julian

is instantly felt. The most memorable song of the set was "Break The Cup", a narrative presented by a character who makes his way easily through life, but is the victim of a private, violent torment. Buddy's command of language and song form is inarguable but the overall effect of an entire set's worth of songs seemed to be one of enervation. It was partly due to an outside factor which will be introduced presently.

The final performance of the evening was by Richard Julian. Richard is also somewhat of a new face on the scene who has taken little time to begin making waves. Many of his songs incorporate propulsive R&B rhythms to support finely crafted melodies which bring to mind the aggressive but skilled tunesmithery of Graham Parker and Elvis Costello. Most striking, however, are his slower, more introspective compositions like "Lost Cities" and "Lotto Blues". Here he unveils sentiments that are heartfelt but never maudlin, sung with directness and precision, and revealing a lyrical grace and freshness not far removed from the work

of John Prine.

It was an evening of fine songs all around, and yet it seemed, in the end, curiously incomplete. For some reason the whole was less than the sum of its parts. The atmosphere seemed somehow too rarefied and stagnant. While there was no shortage of support for the performers, there was a lack of honest energy and enthusiasm. The performers basically played to an audience of shells, myself included.

Looking around the club, which between the bar and the table area was occupied by about seventy people, I was hard-pressed to find any unfamiliar faces. The audience was almost entirely made up of personal friends of the performers, not the least contingent of which was other songwriters from the weekly Songwriters' Exchange. The lack of energy in the room was due to the fact that every response was qualified in one way or another, and thus almost irrelevant. This was not a group of people encountering a night of songs that reached them in an unbiased way, to either delight or dismay them according to their

Photo: Teddy Lee

immediate reaction. Rather, it was a night where a group of people came to hear the guy who works in their office or the woman who feeds their cat when they leave town. The possibility for a real, spontaneous aura of enthusiasm was precluded.

This is not the fault of the performers, who have to operate under whatever circumstances they find themselves. It certainly isn't the fault of the loyal friends who come to support them. The blame for this situation would appear to rest on the shoulders of unimaginative club managers and owners. In the first years of this new

decade we, as performers, find ourselves in a situation somewhat akin to an ever-tightening net. Fewer and fewer clubs are interested in featuring acoustic-based songwriters who don't fall into any popular pigeonhole. The few that do feature such performers are run in a manner both irresponsible and disinterested. The reason this music is undervalued in such a manner is that there appears to be no real audience for it, no "scene" to speak of. The reason there is no scene is that there is no network of venues committed not only to featuring, but also promoting this music. No scene, no gigs- no gigs, no scene. Thus

we find ourselves stuck in the middle of a big fat Catch-22. The only foreseeable solution to this dilemma is to attempt a reharnessing of the energies that made living, breathing musical communities a possibility in the past. Fast Folk was initiated in just such a spirit. While it has achieved some of the aforementioned goals in years past, the current mood seems to be one of decay. Before we all wind up playing in our living room for our immediate families and pets, I hope we can find a way to redirect and reassert our power, now that we need it more than ever.

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Record Reviews Bill Morrissey

Inside
Philo/Rounder (PH 1145)
by John-Paul Sousa

"This ain't Hollywood" is the poignant opening line that instantly establishes the geographic and emotional boundaries of the fourth album by New Hampshire folk singer Bill Morrissey. The title track probes the shaky relationship between a man emasculated by long-term unemployment and the woman who stays with him because she has no other options. "You're waiting tables from one to nine/I fill out forms and stand in line/ ...And every day's the same."

Morrissey's songs are devastating. Stark portraits of mill workers, gas station attendants, deckhands, waitresses, truckers and drifters who stagger through life baffled and despondent under the weight of their own failed dreams. This is rural New England as Edward Hopper might paint it.

"Off-White" takes a bittersweet look at second marriages and second chances, while "Man From Out Of Town" starts with a man watching his house burn and follows him on his journey for a place to call home.

Morrissey's unusual voice, a craggy baritone that's gentlemanly and tinged with an elusive sadness, proves to be a remarkably pliable instrument with its wry inflections and drawled syllables. Indeed, the voice authenticates the plight of his characters.

But *Inside* is not all bleak. Those who've seen Morrissey in concert know his penchant for spinning tall tales. (Remember the time his dog quickly got the knack of driving in Boston: he was cutting cabbies off, giving people the paw.) "Rite of Spring" tells the story of an older man's infatuation with an unusual girl: "She may be a little young for me/But she can still name all four Beatles." In "Chameleon Blues" we meet the kind of woman who re-invents herself with every romance, adopting the tastes and mannerisms of each new lover. When Morrissey encounters her he wards her off with, "We've both heard me sing/And the world just does not need two of that."

On several tracks he pays tribute to a variety of influences in a variety of styles.

There are references to Hank Williams, a haunting ode to bluesman Robert Johnson, and from deep left field a Bob

News Flash! A Day In The Life Of Kelly Flint

by Kelly Flint

Dylan-

inspired
t u n e
complete
w i t h
harmonica
and jingle-
jangle lyrics.

A l s o
unexpected is
the most jubilant
song he's ever
released, "Long
Gone," a rollicking
celebration of the
simple joy of returning
to a loved one. Assisted
by Suzanne Vega on
backing vocals, Greg
Brown on a duet, Johnny
Cunningham's Celtic fiddle,
Tom McClung's inspired
piano, and Doug Plavin on the
all too infrequently used lard
can, Morrissey can draw
listeners with a raspy whisper and
carry them away on the wings of a
sweet, acoustic melody. Like his
previous albums, *Inside* is a
penetrating, unflinching examination
of the sorrows and aspirations of small
town folk everywhere.

Peter Keane

The Goodnight Blues-
Northeastern Records-NR 5008/CD
by Richard Meyer

The *Goodnight Blues*, the new debut album by Peter Keane is a wonderful collection of contemporary and old time songs. Produced by Bill Morrissey, Keane, and Peter Capouch, this CD has an unusually relaxed inviting feeling. It is not a surprise then that there are three Mississippi John Hurt songs here. Keane

plays with the easy assurance that made Hurt's recording so charming. His own songwriting is strong in a manner that is consistent with the old songs but never retro for the sake of effect, always feeling genuine. His ode to Jimmy Yancy evokes the proper rolling blues atmosphere as do 'Train Fifty' and 'Gone For Good'. Peter Keane's playing is clear and strong. He plays the country blues style simply and clearly but he can turn on the R&B for a tune like 'Ruby Baby' and not leave the listener wishing it was the hit.

Peter Keane shows a lot of respect for the songs he plays and the traditions they evoke. He has done a good job of infusing his own personality into the music. This is a good record.

I know a lot of wacky folk musicians who frequent the Bleeker-MacDougal street area, myself being one of them. Some are extremely talented musical artists, some are hangers-on and some (talented or otherwise) range from being slightly eccentric to truly psychotic.

One fellow I'm somewhat acquainted with and who was, in his time, a semi-renowned fine artist, has bouts of psychosis interspersed with months of complete lucidity. I quite like him regardless of his condition; at any rate he's harmless and has a very intricate mind. One day I was walking by one of the usual musician's haunts when I spotted him waving to me from across the street. I walked over to greet him and noticed a black and white dog on a leash next to him and a large cardboard display card of diamond stud earrings which he was holding up for me to examine. The earrings ranged in size from tiny to quite large. They obviously were not real.

"I'm selling these but I'd like to give you a pair as a gift," he said. "I think they'd look real nice on you."

"Why thank you Bill-how sweet!" I said. "I'd love a pair!"

"O.K., pick any pair you want." I stood there wondering why in the world he was doing this since I barely knew him and rarely ever ran into him. I decided it must be just a burst of human generosity and began picking out a medium sized pair of earrings so as not to appear greedy. They were modest but not meager.

"I'll take this pair," I said, and pointed. He started to take them off of the display card and hand them to me when suddenly he paused and gave me a funny look.

"Hold on," he said, and leaned his ear down to the dog's mouth. He nodded, and then stood up and looked me straight in the eye like a teacher or a principal who's about to deliver a reprimand.

"Sorry," he said. "The dog says no." Later on that day when I told a friend of mine about the incident his comment was, "That stupid dog."

Northeastern
Records, P.O. Box 3589
Saxonville, MA 01701-0605

Bios

In Order of Appearance



Jack Hardy, the founding editor of Fast Folk, has a new album on CD entitled "Two Of Swords" available from Great Divide Records at 178 W. Houston St, #9, NYC 10014. He is currently working on his sixth play with songs to be performed this summer at The Catskill Actor's Theater.



Melissa Rosen has been writing songs since the age of 9. At one time she thought Nashville was her direction and has been published there (no hit country songs yet). She is a full-time mother, part-time legal secretary, currently trying to better her craft.

Jim Allen was born in New York City and still lives there. His song "Hang Your Hat" was the finale of last year's Fast Folk Review, and he appeared for the first time in this year's show at The Bottom Line.



Photo: Brian Rose

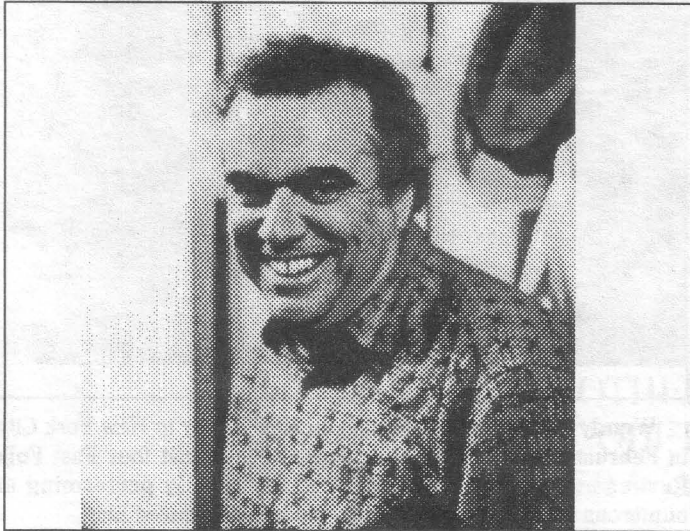
Wendy Beckerman moved from New Jersey to New York City in February of '91. She has appeared in the last four Fast Folk Revues at The Bottom Line. She is currently performing at numerous venues along the east coast and has toured Italy.



Photo: Teddy Lee

David Massengill is a native of Bristol, Tennessee. 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-52's! 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 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.



George Gerney started writing songs again a year and a half ago after a twenty year hiatus. He used to perform folk songs on the college circuit.

Jean-Paul Vest grew up in Virginia but first started playing music in rock bands in Houston, Texas. After several years he moved to the Bronx where he met the other four members of The Savants. The Savants have just released an album on cassette which can be obtained by calling (212) 652-2051.

Brian Rose, one of the founders of Fast Folk, has contributed eight songs to the magazine beginning with "Down Below the James" in the first issue. Brian is also a photographer whose work is in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum and

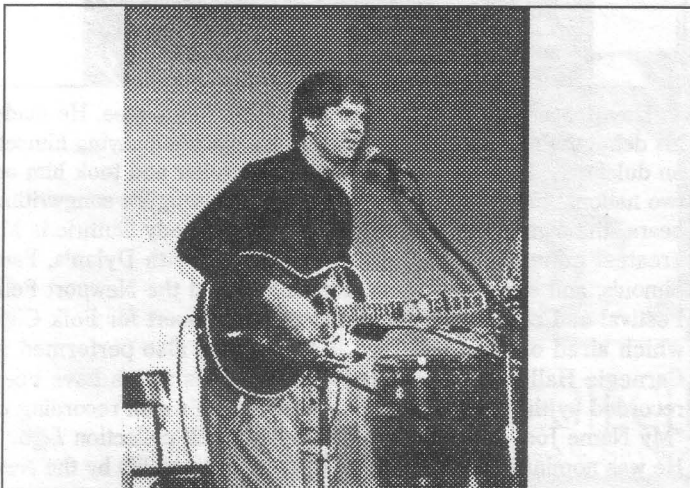


Photo: Teddy Lee

the Museum of Modern Art. He recently exhibited his photographs of the Berlin Wall and the Iron Curtain border at the Canon Image Centre in Amsterdam. He is currently working on an album produced by Suzanne Vega.

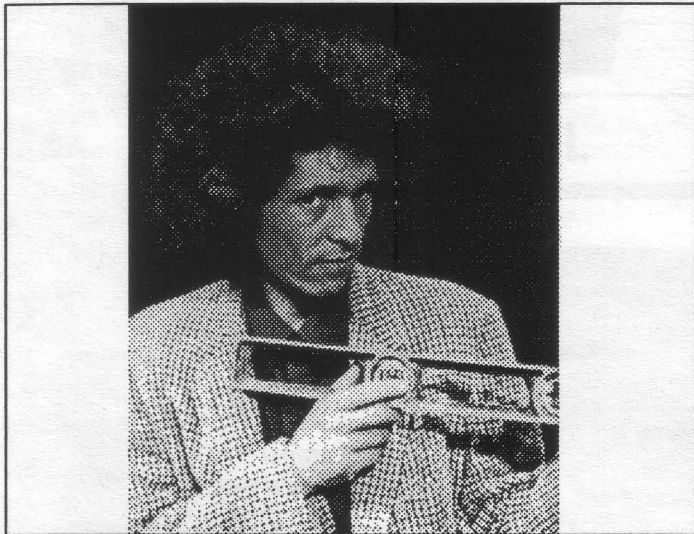


Susan Biegler grew up in Long Island, NY, graduated from Sarah Lawrence College, and has been writing songs for five years. She, Susan Delaney and David Lawrence formed The Lazy Susans in 1990. This is their first appearance on Fast Folk. They may be reached at (718) 834-9632.

Christian Bauman, one of the new writers involved in the Songwriters' Exchange, is currently doing a stint in the U.S. Army. One of his songs "Home For The Holidays" was performed in this year's Fast Folk Revue at The Bottom Line.

Jeff Tareila is from Clinton, New Jersey. He started playing his music at Godfrey Daniels in PA and has since migrated to many places throughout the east coast. He has just released his first CD called "Dust Devil's Dance". You can get one by writing him at P.O. Box 5015, Clinton, NJ 08809-5015.



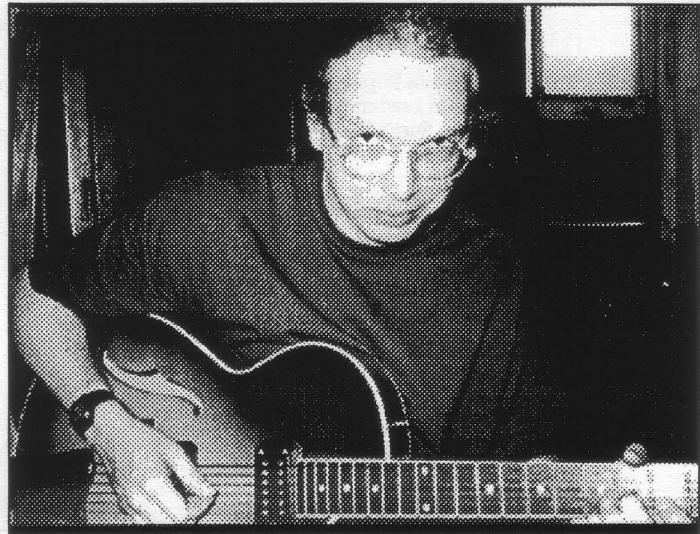


Richard Meyer has written and recorded numerous pieces for the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* since joining the staff in 1983. He coordinated booking for the SpeakEasy in 1984-85 and co-produced live, bi-weekly Live From the SpeakEasy broadcasts for a year on WBAI-FM. He has performed around the Northeast,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

Mafa Edwards is a mother full-time and makes art with children part-time. This is her first recording.



Carol Lipnik is a singer and songwriter who has been performing her compositions in clubs and theaters throughout NYC since 1986. Her environmental music theater work "*Coney Island Screams All Night Cafe*" was presented at the Ohio Theater, and at The Home For Contemporary Theater. Earlier this year "*Pornsongspiel*," and "*The History of Pornography*" which she wrote music and lyrics for (with book by Kevin Malony) was presented at The Ohio Theater in NYC.



Dave Cantor has been writing songs for the past five or six years. His music has a base in 30's jazz, and his lyrics have been described as "the kind Ira Gershwin might write after a really rough weekend at Vegas". David hails from the New York area.

Alex Vuksic has been part of the New York scene for several years. His father, Cesar Vuksic, who accompanied him in this issue's recording, is an accomplished concert pianist and co-founder of the show "Tangos y Zambas".



Margie Rylatt is a newcomer to the East who has performed in the western states of Utah, Wyoming, and Arizona for ten years. She is equally adept solo or leading a full band with a songwriting style that spans contemporary folk, blues, rock, and country.

Musician Credits

-1-

The Black Hole
(Jack Hardy)

Jack Hardy, Guitar & Vocal
Richard Julian, Bass
Mark Dann, Electric Guitar
Wendy Beckerman, Vocal

-2-

Scarecrow
(Melissa Rosen)

Melissa Rosen, Guitar & Vocal
David Lawrence, Second Guitar
Susan Biegler, Vocal

-3-

Ain't It Almost
(Jim Allen)

Jim Allen, Guitar & Vocal
David Cantor, Electric Guitar

-4-

By Your Eyes
(Wendy Beckerman)

Wendy Beckerman, Guitar & Vocal
Mark Dann, Bass

-5-

Bloods and Crips
(David Massengill)

David Massengill, Dulcimer & Vocal

-6-

Sleep Will Come
(George Gerney)

George Gerney, Guitar & Vocal
Richard Julian, Bass

-7-

The Muse
(Jean-Paul Vest)

The Savants
Jean-Paul Vest, 12-String Guitar & Vocal
Deirdre Gallagher, Vocal
Rachel Denys, Vocal
Sean O'Heir, Drums
Pemberton Roach, Bass

-8-

The Statue
(Brian Rose)

Brian Rose, Guitar & Vocal

-9-

I Don't Know Her Very Well
(Susan Biegler)

The Lazy Susans
Susan Delaney, Guitar & Vocal
Susan Biegler, Guitar & Vocal
David Lawrence, Electric Guitar

-10-

Places You Will Go
(Christian Bauman)

Christian Bauman, Guitar & Vocal
Jeff Tareila, Bass

-11-

Shoot the Ghost
(Jeff Tareila)

Jeff Tareila, Guitar & Vocal

-12-

Whispers
(Richard Meyer)

Richard Meyer, Guitar & Vocal

-13-

Let Them Go
(Mafa Edwards)

Mafa Edwards, Guitar & Vocal
Susan Biegler, Vocal
Susan Delaney, Vocal

-14-

The Pinhead's Lullaby
(Carol Lipnik)

Carol Lipnik, Guitar & Vocal
Barbara Krieh, Percussion

-15-

Florida Time
(David Cantor)

David Cantor, Guitar & Vocal

-16-

Cafe Tango
(Alex Vuksic)

Alex Vuksic, Vocal
Cesar Vuksic, Piano
David Cantor, Electric Guitar

-17-

A Fever
(Margie Rylatt)

Margie Rylatt, Guitar & Vocal
John Harrington, Guitar

Recorded direct to DAT by Mark Dann/World Studios, NYC, 9/21/91 & 4/5/92
Places You Will Go - recorded 2/2/92 at Oakwood Studios, Milford, NJ by Robert Atinello
Whispers - Recorded at Sleepy Hollow Sound by Gary Horowitz
Compilation master prepared by David Seitz/The Operating Room, Great Neck, NY
Special thanks (again) to Nancy and Lew at PROMIX, New Rochelle, NY
*Richard Meyer appears courtesy of Shanachie Records