

# FAST FOLK

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

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## Songs from the Garden State



# FAST FOLK

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Collage of scenic New Jersey by George Gerney

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## Letters to the Editor

To Jack Hardy,

Just got FF605 Sept.92, put it on and went to do some office work....and thought, "These songs remind me of my days as a summer camp counselor"....the songs sung by the counselors after the campers went to bed... and now I just sat down to read FF and saw your reference to camp songs. In my judgment, you're doing something right and you're sending me music I like. Thanks for your volunteer non-\$ effort.

Sincerely,  
David Broida

Dear Fast Folk

Here is a check to renew my subscription. I'm not sending it because I am infatuated with the music of late but because I support where you are coming from.

As I was taping all of the CD editions last week, I was noticing that the number of songs I wanted to tape was down to 3 or 4 in the last 4-5 CDs. I used to tape everything. It seems like you are not being as discriminating as you were in the past about the excellence of the songwriting. I think back to older records and Cornelia St. and remember how all of the songs were really excellent.

I wonder if in turning out 10 CDs a year now the standards have slipped a bit. I think your editing was better in years past.

As an example I remember reading an interview where it was mentioned that the song you picked was your choice as the artists' best, not necessarily the artists' choice.

A good example is Rod MacDonald. I've never heard a poor song of his on any *Fast Folk* record but on his own of late there have been some that were rather mediocre.

Point here is that you usually seem to be excellent in your efforts to record the best. Lately they've just sounded like anybody's open mike night in terms of really memorable songs and performances.

But my money says you are doing a good and important job.

(Illegible signature)

The *Fast Folk Musical Magazine* is published regularly by subscription. Each issue contains a 16 SONG CD featuring new songs by well-known and emerging songwriters. A 20 page printed magazine is included with articles about contemporary songwriters and their work.

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*Fast Folk* runs its issues in volumes of 10 and numbers them as such. For instance, Issue 601 follows Issue 510. If you look at your mailing label there is a small three digit number in the lower right-hand corner. This is the number of the last issue you will receive. So when the number on your mailing label equals the number of the issue of the magazine, your subscription has run out and it is time to resubscribe.



# Erik Frandsen Wins!

by Dave Elder

Erik Frandsen, whose campaign has received extensive coverage in recent *Fast Folk* issues, was elected President Tuesday, November 3, by a wide margin. All three "major" candidates, Bill Clinton, George Bush, and Ross Perot, have professed amazement and demanded a recount.

Though the candidate himself could not be reached for comment, as usual, his campaign manager, Jack Hardy, was jubilant. "I knew Erik could win," said Hardy. "His refusal to run was brilliant. I'll bet for his next move he'll refuse to serve. What a genius!"

"Erik's a master," says Brian Rose, local political analyst. "He learned the lessons of the Reagan era well. Reagan introduced us to the 'minimalist President'—the one who sleeps late, doesn't bother to come to press conferences, spends long weekends at the ranch riding horses where he might let someone with a camera get close enough for a photo-op. He was the President who didn't know what, if anything, was going on in Washington, since he only ate and slept there, and when asked anything other than his name, he couldn't remember. Well, Erik was watching, and taking notes. It's a lifestyle

that certainly appeals to him."

Wendy Beckerman, associate editor of a great metropolitan newspaper, agreed. "Erik also watched the mistakes George Bush made and knew enough not to repeat them," said Beckerman. "I don't think you'll ever see Erik Frandsen call in the press to explain some stupid thing he's done. George's big mistake was thinking that because people elected him President, they expected him to do something. Reagan knew better—he realized that if you never do anything, you can't make mistakes that can be held against you. So Ronnie rode in limos and gave speeches. George was always doing things—sending troops, invading countries, holding conferences, imposing sanctions—that

kind of stuff makes people nervous. With Erik we'll go back to a more relaxed style of Presidency."

"That's right," said Hardy. "And anything Reagan did, Erik can do better. If Ronnie slept until 10, Erik will sleep 'til noon. If Ronnie took six weeks' vacation, Erik will take six months! And long weekends, well . . . with Erik, it's not really a long weekend unless it starts Tuesday afternoon and runs through next Wednesday night!"

Questions of style aside, though, the next step is the hardest one: can even a President who carries an acoustic guitar revive the sluggish folk economy? Hardy already seems to be hedging on that one, possibly speaking for the new Chief Executive when he says that "the real choice lies with the people. And frankly, I can understand—who would want to spend a few dollars to hear honest, thoughtful, well-crafted songs sung in an individual, creative style and presented in a small, friendly setting, when they could have their brains blown out, their lives endangered, and their dignity insulted by banal lyrics screamed over ear-piercing walls of atonal noise in a cavernous arena surrounded by a faceless frenzied mob, all at five times the price? I think we need to be realistic about the disadvantages folk music has to overcome."

Does this mean Erik is already deserting his core supporters? And what about the charges that Erik sold out to the "cat people" when he added Morris, the Nine-Lives Cat, to his ticket?

"Well, Morris was slipping in the polls a bit, and everyone felt we'd have a stronger line-up if he and Erik joined forces, and it certainly looks like we picked a winner. Too bad about Catwoman, though [Frandsen's original running mate]. She's taking it pretty hard, hitting the catnip too heavy, crawling into every garbage can she can find."

That is a shame, but back to the question . . . Hardy sounded annoyed as he replied, "You're getting purrrrrty persistent here, fellow. It might be a good idea for you to just forget that question for now, take a tip from me . . . ow."

Well, OK, for now we'll just wait and see. But remember, Citizen Erik, the folks are watching you *and* your cat.



Give 'em hell Harry!

# People's Music Network Annual Winter Gathering

by Keith Kelly

The People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle describes itself as "a network of musicians, music lovers, promoters, and cultural organizers dedicated to social change. We believe that the strength of song fulfills our deepest need to move, inform, and transform ourselves and our communities." They define people's music as a synthesis of traditional and contemporary forms; in singing, they champion the civil rights of working people from all ethnic backgrounds, ages, abilities, and sexual preferences. The organization was created to present the music of all world cultures to people everywhere, to promote and develop all music that has been written in a social context, and to create a communication network among all people involved in these projects. On January 22-24, 1993, PMN/SFS will present its annual winter gathering in Brooklyn, New York. The theme for the 1993 gathering is a celebration of the culture of Haiti.

The weekend begins with a Friday-night concert honoring Haitian people's singer Manno Charlemagne, hosted by PMN member and former PMN honoree Pete Seeger. The concert is planned as a multi-cultural event combining the cultures

of Haiti and North America. On Saturday and Sunday, conference participants can attend workshops on subjects ranging from topical songs (including song swaps) to improving instrumental skills (in guitar, percussion, etc.) to information on such topics as producing grassroots concerts, self-booking for performers, culture and politics, and meditative and healing exercises. The main event for Saturday night will be PMN's traditional "round robin," wherein musicians put their names in a hat and are then chosen at random to perform one song each. And throughout the weekend, Haitian cultural workers will be present to share specific examples of Haiti's culture, including dance, rhythm, guitar technique, and food.

In addition to the winter gathering, PMN/SFS is planning to publish a songbook. Anyone wishing to have up to two "people's songs" included may submit camera-ready lead sheets, or song lyrics with chords, plus \$5.00 per page to cover the cost of printing. If you are unable to submit a lead sheet, but would like your song(s) to appear in lead-sheet form, submit an audio tape with a legible copy of the lyrics and chords, plus \$20.00 per song to cover the costs of lead-sheet preparation and printing. The deadline for submission of tapes is December 15, 1992; the deadline for submission of camera-ready songs is January 4, 1993. It is not necessary to attend the weekend to submit songs.

The winter gathering will be held at Peter Rouget Intermediate School (IS 88), 544 7th Avenue at 18th Street, Brooklyn, NY. The site is wheelchair accessible; sign-language interpretation can also be

provided if requested before December 15. The fee for registration is \$75.00 if postmarked by January 15, but a \$10.00 discount is available if registration is postmarked by December 15. Children up to age 13 can register for \$15.00. One-day partial registration is \$25.00 per day for adults, \$5.00 for children. A limited number of scholarships will be awarded to those who cannot afford the full fee (register by December 15 if requesting a scholarship.) There will be free childcare for toilet-trained children 2 1/2 years and older. Each person who attends the gathering will be asked to contribute 1-2 hours of work, to help out either in the kitchen, with childcare, security, or other tasks. PMN does not provide housing for the weekend, but may be able to help visitors make arrangements if asked well in advance.

Dates to remember are the following:

**December 15**—Register by this date to receive a \$10.00 discount on the weekend, or to request scholarship assistance or sign-language interpretation. Also submit audio tapes of songs for the PMN songbook by this date.

**January 4**—Submit camera-ready lead or lyric/chord sheets for the songbook by this date.

**January 15**—Final date to register for the weekend, with no discount.

To get further information or request a registration form, call the following telephone numbers:

General information—Beverly Grant (718) 788-3741, Sally Campbell (212) 787-3903, Diane Tankle (215) 732-2448.

Housing assistance—Professor Louie (718) 768-8728 (call as soon as possible).

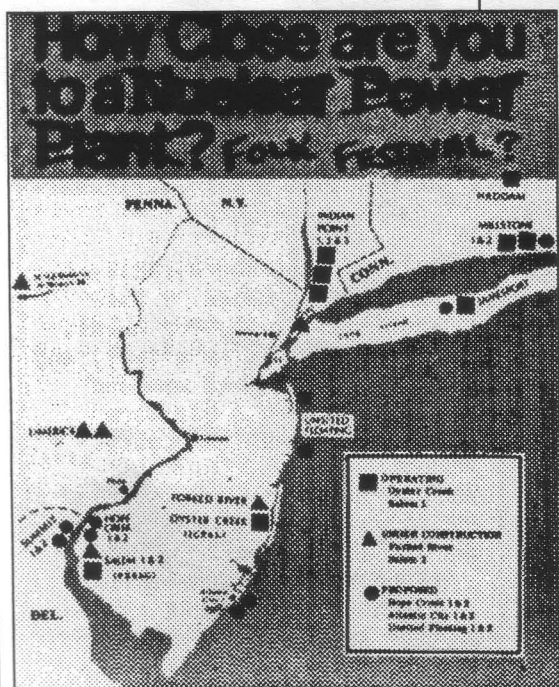
Wheelchair accessibility or other access needs—Frieda Zanes or Michael Imperiale (212) 260-0423.

Sign language interpretation/sales table space reservations—Judy Cohen (212) 741-3758 (V/TTY) by December 15.

Childcare—Eric Levine (718) 882-8607.

Send completed registration forms and/or song submissions (checks should be made payable to PMN/SFS) to:

People's Music Network/Songs of Freedom and Struggle  
c/o Diane Tankle  
1539 Pine Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19102





# A Fairy Tale

by Roger Dietz

Once upon a time in a beleaguered yet politically correct kingdom, er serfdom, not running a balance of dragons deficit, there lived three gallant knights of the realm who sought to lead their people out of poverty and into prosperity.

The king, the erstwhile Lawrence of Brooklyn, a popular inquisitor and host of his own syndicated round table, offered his kingdom, and his daughter's hand in marriage, to any knight who'd verily rid the land of the dragon scourge.

Sir George (of Someplace not Exactly Certain), who earlier won the favor of the serfs due to magnificent oratory - such as vowing "a kinder, gentler kingdom" and "no new axes" for the executioner - and who was popular due to foreign campaigns, had not as yet been successful with the current domestic dragon crises. Still, he promised that with continued support, and blind faith in trickle down dragonomics, he would eventually prevail.

A challenger, Sir William of Oxford, lord of a remote Southern province, contended that it was "time for a change" and that he was the right knight for the job, due to his ability not to inhale dragon smoke when smiting scaly fire breathing monsters.

Although popular with the lord governors and his wife Lady Hillary the Just, Sir William once protested the crusades, causing Sir George to dub him "William the Chicken," apparently a disparaging reference to both William's civil disobedience and the way he appeared to run whilst jogging.

As if that choice were not difficult enough, there appeared on the scene a third knight, Sir Ross, a former blacksmith and armor fabricator who had made his fortune through shrewdly negotiated government contracts.

Sir Ross got the idea to run for a seat at the head of the round table when casually discussing the matter with the king, who, while groveling for a loan, suggested that billionaires were people too. So, while pandering to his guest's ego during dinner at Duke Zeibert's, the king thrust Sir Ross to the merry chase.

"Why not?" thought Sir Ross, "my billions are every bit as good as anyone else's billions." So, Sir Ross counted out 60

million of his own gold ducats and pledged that if enough serfs would follow him, he would enter the quest, saying,

"I'm putting my own money where my mouth is... slapping on the helmet, lifting up the visor, raising up my lance and getting down to the nitty gritty." The serfs were moved - but perplexed at the incoherent rhetoric.

"Let me put it to you another way, so you'll catch



my drift...life's bad, I'm mad.

Pestilence, plague, and commotion, and I'm the guy with the potion. But, time's a'wasting. The wolf's at the door...dragons at the drawbridge...trolls in the trees. I'm your man with the plan. Got the dough, got the charts, got the know how. So don't worry, this dragon thing's covered." His acceptance speech was a bit cryptic, however, most serfs took it to mean Sir Ross was in the race. They cheered as some were eaten by dragons.

For many weeks, the three knights

sniped at each other mercilessly. They focused their energies on fighting each other, while completely ignoring the dragons! More and more serfs were eaten while the dragon threat remained unchecked. Businesses failed. Even the giant General Moaters was in trouble and axed it's CEO.

Sir Ross, not enjoying getting down and dirty, and thinking himself the cleverest of the three, fell upon a scheme. Under the pretense of not wanting to send the election to the round table for a vote, he would avoid further bruising by temporarily dropping out of the quest. Later, he would reenter the fray when the other contenders were bloodied. It was a masterful plan, but it backfired when, as it turned out, nobody cared one way or the other.

Meanwhile, Sir George was having his own problems. The Lady Margaret, it turns out, once responsible for George's graceful and moving oratory, retired. When she refused to write campaign speeches, Sir George began to babble on and sound, well, whimpery. His prose became as moving and impressive as that of mediocre mathematics student hurriedly explaining an algebraic equation thirty seconds before the ringing of the class bell.

Was Sir George out of the loop on the catapults for hostages thing as he claimed? His running mate, the Earl of Potatoe said yes, also denying charges he secretly practiced alchemy early in his political career.

On the other hand, there were rumors that Sir William had been, of all things, unchivalrous. Adding to his woe, his attendant, young Albert said that killing dragons would be environmentally unsound, since they were an endangered species and after all, an integral part of the kingdom's ecosystem.

When Sir Ross reentered the campaign, he promised to deal with the issues, but tended to focus more on the damage done by dragons to the economy, then on suggestions for actual dragon slaying. His



general smiled, but didn't seem to be listening, then mentioned something about once being an emperor of his own kingdom.

The serfs kind of liked Sir Ross, yet, after a few days of campaigning, their man began to drone on about being under the influence of an evil wizard. Sir Ross held a news conference to announce that he was the target of dirty tricks. He said his carrier pigeons were being tapped intercepted and told of a doctored icon of his daughter. Oh, yes, and assassins were having tea on his front lawn.

He said, "I'm not paranoid, but spies from the other camps are out to sabotage me. I know this to be true, because my own highly paid spies told me so."

Well, it was getting harder to know which leader to choose, not that there were many serfs left to vote, what with dragons devouring them and all.

With Sir George executing his enemies (and breaking his no new axes pledge) and Sir Ross self-destructing after realizing that he threw 60 million gold ducats into the proverbial moat, the serfs rallied around Sir William by default.

So it came to pass that the king congratulated Sir William. "Well, I guess as a married man, you will have no need of my daughter's hand..." he said, chuckling. Sir William looked strangely sad, but smiled at both the king and Hillary the Just, "so I offer you God speed in your efforts to slay the dragons."

Slay the dragons? William had forgotten. He nervously grasped the handle of his sword and remembered the good old days back at Oxford. Perhaps the dragons could be discouraged by protest placards? Sir George and Sir Ross smiled and pointed Sir William the way to the Black Forest. The dragons, who could not read, drooled and awaited their guest.

The End.

*Drawing of Roger Dietz by Murray Postell.*

## Letter from Newport, RI Ahoy, there!

by Jackson Braider

Long before I moved up to Providence in 1990, I had wanted to go to the Newport Folk Festival, the grand-daddy of almost all folk festivals. All my folkie pals had raved about the wonderful setting, the great music, the parties, and the like. The roster had always been filled with names both popular and legendary, and like the granddaddy of them all, the Philadelphia Folk Festival, it had developed its own intrinsic history. In other words, great things had happened there. Look, all I really wanted to do was go to a folk music festival. I was looking forward to sitting in the open air and burning myself lobster red in the summer sun, watching boats sometimes, eating food, drinking beer, and hearing some terrific music. Was that too much to ask?

What I got instead was a dose of reality economics in the great recession of the '90s. There among a summer community who had earned much of its money the old-fashioned way—they had inherited it—I found myself continually confronting the split between expectations and the basic facts of life.

Consider this maxim, for example: There is no such thing as a free lunch. It all depends, of course, on what table you're sitting at in the Great Darwinian Food Chain. Ben & Jerry's, the corporate sponsors of the 1991 Newport Folk Festival, are pretty well placed these days, combining perfectly sound business practices with politically correct social positions. I mean, who wouldn't pay two dollars for an ice cream bar on a hot summer day?

And while lapping up a dose of coffee Heath bar crunch, who couldn't respond to the plight of small farmers all across this great land of ours, particularly when you're paying two bucks for an ice cream bar, five for a lobster roll, and another couple for a beer? Gee whiz, with the admission fees of the twenty thousand or so who packed the point in Newport Harbor every day of the festival, they could have even bought a mortgage or two for those benighted small farmers.

But no, that wasn't the point. Ben-or was it Jerry?—would get up on stage and

announce to the throng that petition booths were located toward the back. Anybody contributing to the plight of the farmers would get a voucher worth one dollar off a peace bar. Okay, contribute your hard-earned cash to appease your sense of guilt for idling away a summer's day. Twenty dollars at the gate, another fifty for a contraption to protect you from the piles, another ninety for a hat you could find anywhere else for a third of the price. What's another two bucks? Another five?

Another ten?

I had this strange sense, watching the boats and all the shopping, that we as a crowd hadn't gotten together to celebrate a style of music or a group of musicians. Rather, we had been lured onto this little peninsula to do justice to our buying power. Peter deVries, writing in the late fifties spoke of a modern, multifunctional split-level church that had a little worship area over in the corner. Well, here was a folk festival where the main activity was passing dollar bills—dollars to eat, dollars to drink, dollars to sit, dollars to buy the worst kind of crap that you could ever imagine. And then, having fallen prey to shopping, the second great American cultural activity after television, Jerry—or was it Ben?—gets up there and plays with your conscience. Remember the farmer. And don't forget that when you buy B&J's, a full one percent of the profits go to a peace foundation. Tell me, is that before or after taxes? I am kvetching. I know it. I am a victim, not of the necessities of commercial music promotion, but of my own expectations and all expectation, as the Buddha so wisely told us, leads to suffering. I should have been simply happy to see some old friends and old heroes like Randy Newman and John Prine. I should have been basking in the delight of seeing some old heroines, like the McGarrigle Sisters.

So, instead of feeling annoyed at all the distractions—Grayson Palmerander III, martini in hand, hailing Suzanne Vega from the deck of his yacht with a megaphone—I feel guilty. This is, no doubt, my way of dealing with what psychologists call "cognitive dissonance," the conflict between what one assumes to be real and reality itself. I should be writing about the music and the musicians and how great it all was. Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!!



# Philadelphia Folks

by Ben Arnold

The Philadelphia Folk Festival, Appel Farm, Music & Arts Festival, The Cherry Tree, North Star, Tin Angel, Bothy Club, The Mermaid, The Grape, Commodore Barry, 6822 Ridge, and Ofra's Living Room.

All of these folk and acoustic music venues, large and small, share a home in the folk music mecca of Philadelphia. Philadelphia??

The City of Brotherly Pretzels and yoho hoagies has been well known for years as one of the centers of r&b and soul as well as so many other variants of black contemporary music. Yet in the midst of all that, a vast scene of all styles of folk music has been simmering since at least 1962. Just outside of Philly in September 1962, Gene Shay and the many cohorts of the Philadelphia Folksong Society debuted the Philadelphia Folk Festival. Thriving 31 years later as one of the most successful in the nation, presenting some of the best in regional and local talent. All of the aforementioned clubs and folk rooms have also been spawning some of the most

exciting songwriters and performers around. Career minded, truly artistic musicians, shuttling from club to club, displaying their wares and for the most part being greatly respected and received.

About four years ago I emerged from what I considered to be an artistic hiatus. Living, travelling, working, listening, learning. Eventually, inevitably, I began traipsing around my electronic piano (welcome to the 90s) to every open mic in town. Singing my latest favorite songs, then just hanging and sharing with the local folk music scaries. Little did I realize I was slowly but surely positioning myself dead center in the heart of what I think is

one hell of an exciting scene; filled with promise, passion, competitiveness, and genuine talent.

The level of talent is staggering. Susan Werner, Beth Williams, Joseph, Juan Avila, Bekka Eaton, Karen Farr, Kenn Kweder, Ron Doroba, and the Low Road. We've all watched Jeffrey Gaines climb from under-attended small club dates and bookstores to capture 18,000 people at Philly's outdoor shed, the Mann Music Center this past summer. We all wish him the best. I can't say enough about these people and their music. Susan Werner's performance at the Folk Festival will not soon be forgotten. Susan and I, along with Joseph and Beth Williams will be touring the New England States this winter in an ensemble showcase we call Songsplash. The response to this show in Philly has been tremendous. A blend of four distinct songwriting styles that seems to work well, with ease.

There has been considerable help from non-musicians in the folk scene as well. Gene Shay's program on WHYY, as well as his fatherly-like enthusiasm, has been getting everyone in the field some much needed radio exposure. Helen Liecht, Cyndy Drue, & Ed Sciahy have also been pushing the locals on their respective programs. Sean Timmons, the artistic director at Appel Farm, has been plugging in one or two locals at his less gargantuan, yet ever hip summer festival in Elmer, NJ. Some performers who might not have the wherewithal to get into a recording studio have been lent a hand by Larry Freedman at his 2nd St. facility, as well as making use of his not too shabby drum and percussion work.

There is an indescribable sense of community among these people. The support system is firmly in place and everyone really seems to cooperate well. The only problem we have encountered is getting the rest of the nationwide music community to take notice of Philadelphia as a vital music producing entity. Philadelphia's folk music scene will soon be gaining the respect and recognition it so well deserves.

*\*Note: Please feel welcome to contact us at 215-482-0647 for possible house concert bookings, networking or just to find out what's going on on any particular weekend.*



*Local Jersey Girl whoops it up outside Moto-Foto developing picutres for this issue*

## What is This Thing Called Folk? An Attempt to Define the Indefinable.

by Roger Dietz

There is a fellowship, a network of folk music and dance venues, which reaches across North America throughout a multitude of rural and urban settings. Here in coffeehouses, concert halls, meeting rooms, and high school gymnasias, countless participants regularly assemble to sing and dance and listen to a wide range of music.

This is a grass roots movement - now, as it has been for decades. Much of the behind-the-scenes work is done by volunteers, although professionals make up the bulk of the roster of artists, agents, and promoters.

Folk music and dance forms are as ethnically rich and culturally diverse as those participants who perform and listen. It is such, in part, because the musicians and audiences reflect the makeup of various communities throughout North America, communities wherein native and immigrant inhabitants preserve and share their rich heritage of songs and musical styles, remembering the old, and fostering the new.

Folk arts even played a central role in the days before mass media. In Africa, for example, the griot, or storyteller was also the historian for the community. Stories and history were never written down, but were told and retold over generations. The same happened with songs which migrated from Europe to Appalachia and evolved with cultural changes.

It is notable that present-day performers of this genre are as much at home in small coffeehouses as they are when playing prestigious locations such as Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center. No wonder. For these artists count among their ranks members as professional and accomplished as the esteemed classical vocalists and instrumentalists who grace the venerable concert and recital hall stages.

Every so often, some of these folk artists become icons of the popular culture. I offer for example Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Josh White, or The Weavers. There are many others who share a common beginning. A list off the top of my head includes The Kingston Trio; Peter, Paul and Mary; Bob Dylan; Harry Belafonte; Theodore Bikel; John Hartford; Phil Ochs; Jim Croce; Tom Paxton; Joan Baez; Judy Collins; Richie Havens; Joni Mitchell; Arlo Guthrie; Leonard Cohen; Gordon Lightfoot; The Smothers Brothers; John Sebastian; Donovan; Harry Chapin; Simon and Garfunkle; Van Morrison; The Byrds; The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; and Crosby, Stills and Nash. More recently

Suzanne Vega, Tracy Chapman, Michelle Shocked, Nanci Griffith, Shawn Colvin, and Mary-Chapin Carpenter have been added to the list.

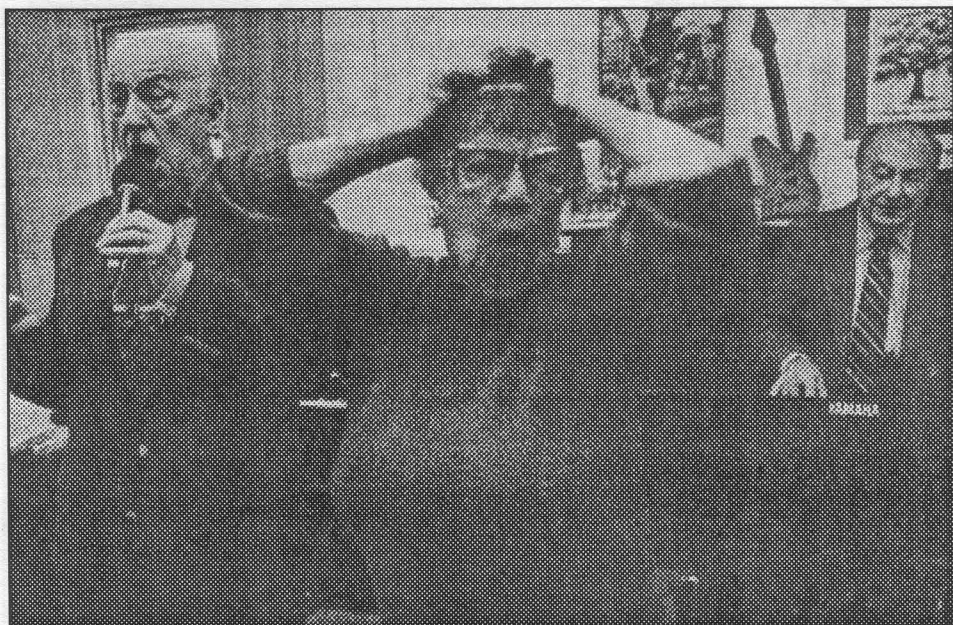
Not unlike those listed above, there are many present day artists touring and entertaining folk audiences. Their names may be unknown to the general public, their acts comprised of a multitude of styles and songs, but to their admirers, they too are well-known "stars." Perhaps in the future a few will host a television show, write a hit song, or play Las Vegas, not that that is necessarily their objective.

For the time being, after a coffeehouse concert, they are more likely to step down from the stage to chat for a while over a cup of coffee before getting back on the road, and heading to the next gig.

There are also such contemporary artists as Don McLean, Jackson Browne, Jerry Garcia, John Denver, Bonnie Raitt, Emmylou Harris, James Taylor, Randy Newman, Buffy Sainte-Marie, The Roches, Carly Simon, Kenny Loggins, John Prine, David Bromberg, Janis Ian, Phoebe Snow, Laura Nyro, K. T. Oslin, and Maria Muldaur. What have they in common? They all played and performed their music in folk clubs before recording contracts and industry awards beckoned them into a higher tax bracket.

Much of folk music is acoustic music, although since Dylan plugged in his electric guitar at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, such a distinction has become a bit hazy. On any given concert night, an audience might be treated to fiddle tunes, Celtic harp, 5-string banjo, or hammered dulcimer.

A concert goer might hear a singer/songwriter; Irish, English, or Scottish ballads; Quebecois dance music; string band music; music from Appalachia, Africa, or Peru; klezmer; or sing along on sea shanties. By the way, singing along is usually encouraged. Many in the audience



*Is this Folk Music?*



themselves play and sing at open stages, song circles, or on the front porch. They go to contra, square, or Morris dances. Lots of your neighbors escape the tribulations of their work-a-day world for the rich offerings of folk music and dance.

What's so special about folk? It seems to me that with folk music, there is a closer relationship between the participant and the music. Almost a covenant. In one way or another, the songs are more meaningful - the music is ours. Truly, it's music for us folk, made by us, sung for us, about us and with our whole-hearted approval. The music is unencumbered by strictly commercial considerations.

At times of political and social unrest, folk songs and singers moved nations and served the collective conscience. More involving than political speeches or newspaper editorials, songs about war and civil rights, woman's issues, workers rights, the environment, poverty, tyranny and general tomfoolery were written and sung to effect and reflect change. Musical voices were often the first raised in protest.

And folk concerts are accessible to all. Admission is, as a rule, quite reasonable. Often, an evening's entertainment costs less than a movie ticket. Beyond the music there is fellowship, a social gathering that is absent in other pastimes. Given that volunteers put on many events, a parallel can be drawn to yesterday's cornhuskings or quilting bees. Folk music and dance is a common experience that brings people together... a point of no small value in a world where so many dark forces polarize people. Folk Music and Dance Month is an opportunity to share with our neighbors a rich heritage of music and dance. This by way of live concerts, radio programs, recordings, or the number of publications such as *Old Time Herald*, *Dirty Linen* or *Sing Out!* magazines. Here is an opportunity to meet others while we learn about different cultures, and more about ourselves. It is an invitation to a world of enjoyment and enlightenment, a chance to discover a wealth of music. Bringing together such a diverse lot under the heading of folk music often makes defining the genre a

tad awkward. All that music, all those dance forms, they might seem such unlikely bedfellows. But they are not. Personally, I look at the various aspects of folk music and dance as pieces of an intricate and colorful patchwork quilt, perhaps not unlike the one great grandmother sewed. The components of the patchwork pattern are diverse in nature, but the quilt is none-the-less comprised of these different remnants of cloth. Each is a discrete unit unto itself. Yet, when sewn together into a comforter, they become something wondrously beautiful. The quilt serves a useful purpose, but it is also an heirloom, a valued

possession and a work of art passed from generation to generation. No matter how old, the quilt always appears fascinating to the eyes of the viewer, always there to enjoy and cherish. That's a definition of folk that works for me. However, I have much less desire to define folk than I have to appreciate it. My advice to others is to enjoy and cherish folk music and dance, wrap oneself up in folk as if it were a comfy quilt, and marvel at its wonderful aspects. Roger Deitz West Orange, New Jersey journalist, performer, author of *The Folk Music Chronicles* \* Copyright 1992, Roger Deitz 127 O.S.H. Rd. #159 W. Orange, NJ 07052 201-731-0103.

## If Three People Do It, It's A Movement

by Keith Kelly

In 1965, an 18-year old boy agreed to help a favorite neighbor clean house. It was his way of showing gratitude for the fabulous Thanksgiving feast she had prepared. But his methods, and his unfamiliarity with local regulations, caused him more trouble than he ever would have dreamed. Two Thanksgivings later, the young man was singing an epic song about the experience. Now, 27 years later, he and his tale have become a standard highlight of the holiday celebration for us all.

The boy, of course, was Arlo Guthrie, the neighbor was Alice Brock, and believe it or not, 1992 marks the 25th anniversary of the story-song that kicked off his musical career, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." But, as reported here a few issues back, not only has Arlo kept in contact with Alice and the church in which she lived, he now owns the church and has made it the home of The Guthrie Center, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization that combines headquarters for his record company, *Rising Son*, a spiritual center, and a collection point for the beginnings of The Guthrie Archives, consisting of writings and other memorabilia from his famous parents.

Arlo wants the church to become a spiritual service center for people who suffer from AIDS, cancer, and other terminal illnesses, as well as the elderly, and anyone needing a place for prayer and

meditation. He is currently offering a music therapy program for abused children, and plans other programs as well.

However, the old building needs extensive renovations and continual maintenance, and while daily operations are performed by a dedicated staff of unpaid volunteers, fans have contributed money, and Guthrie has put up many of the funds himself (he has taken a second mortgage on his house to fund the center), the folksinger who has spent most of the last three decades helping others raise money for every conceivable cause now finds it necessary to hold another fundraiser of sorts.

When "Alice's Restaurant" is played on radio this Thanksgiving season, Arlo is asking radio stations to read a message updating listeners about activities at the church, and asking for help. Since his song has become a seasonal classic, and since it was a good deed on young Arlo's part that started it all, he is hoping that those who have enjoyed the story over the last quarter century will help him now. If you hear the song, or even if you don't, please consider making a tax-deductible donation to the Guthries' most important project.

Donations may be sent to:

**The Guthrie Center**  
P.O. Box 657  
Housatonic, MA 01236-0657

# (it's wedged in between NY and PA, you've seen pictures)

by Jeff Tareila

New Jersey, the Garden State, the hardened state, the butt of everyone's jokes, the mutt of 52, has produced and continues to produce many influential songwriters and performers from all facets of music. As for "folk" performers and venues, New Jersey stands out as quite unique.

Over the past five years, I have visited, in one form or another, most of the New Jersey folk venues and have tasted their diversity, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet. My observations and viewpoints often changed as I went from being the audience/observer to the open miker to the opening act to the headliner. Going through all of these stages in one state taught me that there are audiences and venues for all types of "acoustic" or "folk" music. New Jersey has a very diversified range of folk venues ranging from traditional folk and dance, to bluegrass and Celtic to "new folk".

New Folk, what exactly is this new buzz word? I think the term evolved like this: Back in the sixties and early seventies we had songwriters called "folkies." These songwriters were writing and singing

songs much like the songwriters of today; perhaps not as musically or lyrically oriented, perhaps more. After the "almost death of folk music" (which took place in the better part of the eighties), the nineties rolled in along with this new breed of songwriters champing at the bit. They had to call us something (something less than a compliment and more than an insult) and "folk" music didn't apply since we were not singing "The Times They Are A-Changin'." Many people were confused, many people brainstormed, many people didn't care then and don't care now; whatever the case may be, someone came up with the term "New Folk." New, young writers, new ideas — hopefully new songs. I could have easily said that "New Folk" music is what has been recorded on this disk and on every *Fast Folk* record since the beginning.

If I were held at gunpoint and were forced to classify the New Jersey folk scene, I would have to say that it is on the traditional side of the song spectrum. However, as you can hear on this issue, we have many talented, young writers who have been inundating and changing the New Jersey coffeehouses by default. Three

# New J

years ago, many of the people recorded here were all "open mikers." We would all wait for hours to play our three original songs and eventually the venues saw these writers as the future of folk music. At times in the past, I have become very frustrated with New Jersey's venues. I felt that many of them were prejudiced toward the younger writers who have songs full of humor, cynicism, and a seriousness which up to now had been almost absent in songwriting. However, as we know all too well, change takes time and I have finally seen the New Jersey venues open up to the new writers and it is more than encouraging.

I have travelled up and down the East Coast playing shows in numerous types of coffeehouses and concert halls. In retrospective, I think the New Jersey venues are among the most well run and organized on the East Coast (a shameless plug). For what it's worth, I have comprised a "Best of New Jersey Venue List" (don't be offended if I left out your favorite place, there are too many places to remember or maybe I just didn't like it—NO PRISONERS):

**BEST AUDIENCE:** The Minstrel, Basking Ridge

**BIGGEST VENUE:** Hurdy Gurdy, Paramus

**OLDEST VENUE:** Mine Street, New Brunswick

**MOST INTIMATE:** Stonybrook Coffeehouse, Pennington

**BEST FOLK RADIO:** WDVR - 88.7FM

**NOTABLE EFFORTS:** The Spook Handy Show - Meets at the Corner Tavern in New Brunswick on Tuesdays

WRSU - 87.9FM Sunday Morning Folk

I cannot get out of this list without saying that Godfrey Daniels Coffeehouse located in Bethlehem, PA (only 10 minutes from the New Jersey border), is one of the best coffeehouses in the US. A handful of us on this issue cut our teeth at Godfrey's and still haunt them as often as we can.

And so continues the New Jersey



*Paramus New Jersey home of The Hurdy Gurdy  
Paramus is the Ramapough Indian word for Shopping Mall*



# ersey

Saga... make fun of the way we talk, our exits, our women's hair, we can take it. The New Jersey scene is alive and well...come check it out. Thanks to my home town friends who I learned songwriting with for being on this project.

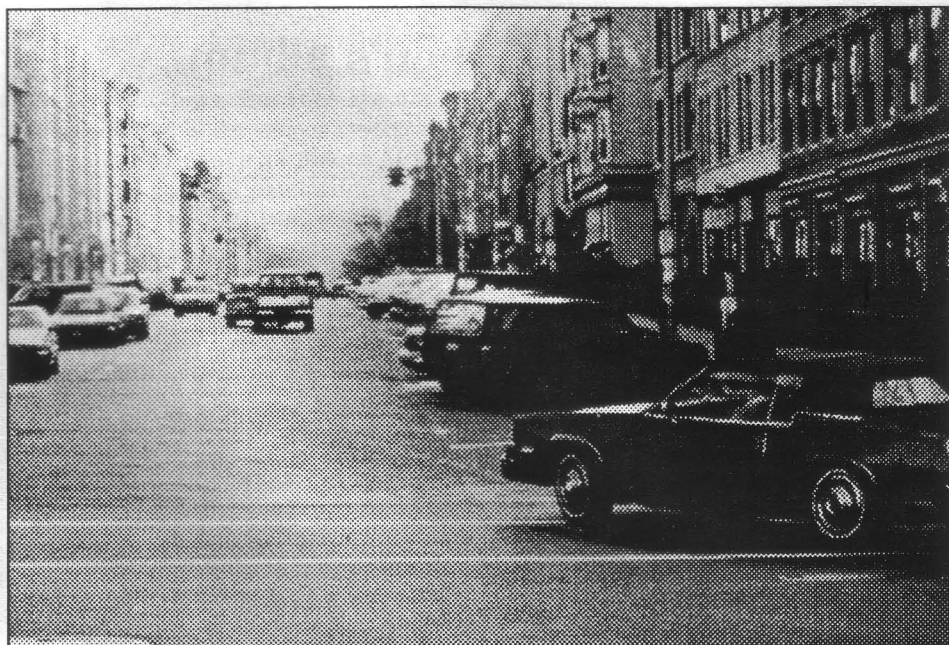
## Hoboken

by Don Brody

Hoboken, long considered an artist's community with its cheap rents and easy access to Manhattan, is directly across the Hudson River from Greenwich Village. The "Hoboken Sound" which emerged in the 1980's was dreamy pop-rock music that hearkened back to the innocent bands of the early 60's. The fertile rock club scene in town always made room for acoustic/folk/roots artists with frequent appearances by artists like Richard Thompson, Luka Bloom, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, and Dave Van Ronk.

One of the nicest things about the Hoboken scene is the healthy sense of camaraderie among the local musicians. Any local gig is often populated by musicians anxious to hear each others work in a live setting.

Notable local acoustic venues include Maxwell's Tuesday night "Folk and Fondue" and Blackwater Books' periodic Sunday evening showcases with numerous local songwriters, poets, and authors. In



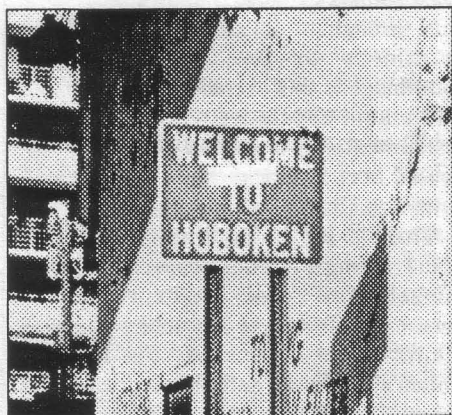
*Washington Street downtown Hoboken*

addition, there is the "Song Swap and Songwriter's Detox" – an informal gathering of musicians every month or so to network and play new songs and works in progress.

Hoboken is the second most popular town for night life in New Jersey, right after Atlantic City. This is not always a good thing. Often on weekends the streets are full of roving drunken out-of-towners who frequent the numerous local clubs,

most of which feature live music. But with only a little bit of effort and some careful choosing you can catch many up and coming artists like: The Marys, Kate Jacobs, Freedy Johnston, Margo Hennebach, Valentine Smith, The Blue Chieftains, The Delevantes, The Health and Happiness Show, and Pork Chop.

Hoboken has its own charm and a great group of local talent. Come and check it out; it's worth it.





## Review of Leonard Cohen's album "The Future" on Columbia Records

by Brian Rose

The centerpiece of Leonard Cohen's new album, *The Future*, is a song entitled *Democracy*, a sprawling and bravely optimistic portrayal of the United States and its prospects ahead. According to Cohen, the song has been essentially finished for some time waiting for a propitious moment for its release. The recent election of Bill Clinton is that moment, and quite likely, the line "I'm staying home tonight getting lost in that hopeless little screen" refers to the watching of the recent election returns.

The epic scope of *Democracy*, however, is hardly appropriate to the American public's highly tentative choice of Clinton as the next president. But, certainly, there is a whiff of change in the air, and Cohen recognizes it, no matter how nebulous it may be. As he says in the first verse, "It's coming from the feel that this ain't exactly real, or it's real but it ain't exactly there."

It has never been Cohen's habit to write topical songs, or for that matter, songs that address specific social or political conditions. His well-staked-out turf generally encompasses matters of the heart, often utilizing biblical or sexual imagery in a witty mélange of the sacred and profane. And even as he writes about the current state of the political union, he continues in that tradition. In one verse he

refers to the "staggering account of the Sermon on the Mount" and in another he says "Ah baby we'll be making love again."

It should be noted that Cohen says that "*Democracy is coming to the USA*" implying that a rebirth is taking place, or that what has been practiced up till now was something less than true democracy. He finds the evidence of this rebirth emerging from the crucibles of homelessness, racism, broken families, etc., all the things that have brought the country to such conflict in recent years. And in that sense, the song's optimism is tempered by the harsh realities out of which its hopefulness springs. Cohen's point is that democracy is always in the process of becoming, and it becomes a living thing only to the extent to which it

reflects and engages the struggles of people.

There is little that is overtly ideological about this song, although it's doubtful that a person on the right would much appreciate its sentiments. Cohen, nevertheless, insists that he is "neither left or right" and closes the song with the image of a bouquet of wild flowers held up despite all that has gone wrong.

Musically, *Democracy* begins with a rat-a-tat martial drum beat, and its anthem-like melody is propelled along by syncopated synthesizer and bass notes. The usual female gospel choir—familiar by now to any Leonard Cohen listener—fills in the background along with Hammond organ chords. Cohen's nylon string guitar is not present in the mix, nor is it heard on any of the nine songs of the album.

Not much else on the album is as hopeful as *Democracy*. The title song, *The Future*, contains a vision so bleakly apocalyptic that one wonders how it can coexist with the upbeat nature of *Democracy*. The song seems to spring from anger at a collapsed relationship, but then extends to the disorder of the world. In *Waiting For The Miracle* Cohen is suspended in some kind of insipid Purgatory of lost souls in which "the maestro says it's Mozart, but it sounds like bubble gum." And then Cohen claims sardonically to not being so happy "since the end of World War II."

On other songs Cohen returns to the war—the war between men and women, which he has so often relished—but his spirit seems broken, the bravado of the past deflated. In *Anthem* he calls out to "ring the bells that still can ring," but his voice sounds exhausted and ragged, as it does throughout the album, and there is a murkiness to the recording that contributes to this overall sense of fatigue. The album concludes with a brooding instrumental, a one-hand piano melody floated over a dark mesh of synthesized strings and bass.

There is something to commend in all of these songs, but one suspects they are, for better or worse, the expression of personal trials not yet overcome. That this album is not quite up to the level of Cohen's last is not entirely surprising. *I'm Your Man* was arguably his best since



Tiananmen Square



*Songs of Love and Hate*, which was released in 1971. Ultimately, *The Future* belongs to *Democracy*, and in this song Leonard Cohen is at his finest.

**Democracy**

©1992 Leonard Cohen

It's coming through a hole in the air  
From those nights in Tiananmen Square  
It's coming from a feel that this ain't exactly real  
Or it's real but it ain't exactly there  
From the war against disorder from the sirens  
night and day  
From the fires of the homeless from the ashes  
of the gay  
Democracy is coming to the USA

It's coming through a crack in the wall  
On a visionary flood of alcohol  
From the staggering account of the Sermon on  
the Mount  
I don't pretend to understand it all  
It's coming from the silence on the dock of the  
bay  
From the brave the bold the battered heart of  
Chevrolet  
Democracy is coming to the USA

It's coming from the sorrow in the street  
The holy places where the races meet  
From the homicidal bitchin' that goes down in  
every kitchen  
To determine who will serve and who will eat  
From the wells of disappointment where the  
women kneel to pray  
For the grace of God in the desert here and  
the desert far away  
Democracy is coming to the USA

Sail on, Sail on, Oh mighty ship of state  
To the shores of need past the reefs of grief  
Through the smalls of hate  
Sail on, Sail on, Sail on, Sail on

It's coming to America first  
The cradle of the rest of the worst  
It's here they've got the range and the  
machinery for change  
And it's here they've got the spiritual thirst  
It's here the family's broken and it's here the  
lonely say  
That the heart has got to open in a  
fundamental way  
Democracy is coming to the USA

Sail on, Sail on, Oh mighty ship of state  
To the shores of need past the reefs of grief  
Through the squalls of hate  
Sail on, Sail on, Sail on, Sail on

I'm sentimental if you know what I mean  
I love the country but I can't stand the scene  
And I'm neither left or right I'm just staying  
home tonight  
Getting lost in that hopeless little screen  
But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags that  
time cannot decay  
I'm junk but I'm still holding up this little wild  
bouquet  
Democracy is coming to the USA

## Album Review

### Dave Elder: *Wooden Y'Know*

by William Shannahan

A rainy Thursday night. New Orleans. August. Just before midnight. You and your old lady had maybe too much wine. There's a fire in both of you that hasn't been felt in years. Love will be made tonight, and it will be a serious affair indeed. But first you need to wake your senses. Stroke them. Caffeine and conversation.

You duck into a dark alley off Bourbon Street and walk three floors down to a basement room designed for just this. You shake off the warm rain water and notice the music for the first time. A slide acoustic guitar. A harmonica from hell. Wooden y'know, it's Dave Elder.

For the uninitiated, let me explain: Ain't nobody been around like Dave's been around. He's often in the press been compared with Ramblin' Jack Elliot and it's not just for the music. This tiny white man dressed in nothing but a red bandana (no matter the weather) has been known to play Cambridge on a Tuesday, hit Nashville on a Wednesday, and make it back to Houston Street in the Village for Thursday's weekly gathering of The Crows.

He's been seen in California with the likes of Jeff Larson and the Spencer/Hammer Band. He played the blues in Chicago with cats like Homesick James and Snooky Pryor. He's hung at New Brunswick's Corner Tavern with the Indiana picker Robert Meitus and the elusive Spook Handy. He was even found once in a radio studio on a cold New Year's Eve busting out an improvised "Fine Russian Beef Stew Blues" with the Jersey Boys, Bauman and Tareila.

On his 1992 release *Wooden Y'Know*, Mr. Elder has finally sat still for a moment to document just what the hell he's been doing on the road for the past couple of years, and who he's been doing it with. Or, in some cases ("Sweet Rainy Day Friend"), who he wants to be doing it with.

Dave's got a sweet voice and writes melodies to suit it. There's nothing complicated here. nothing earth-shattering melodically, but that's OK. It's really not needed. Dave speaks a simple, true word,

and a simple, true melody suits that just fine.

Musically, the base of these 15 tunes is fairly standard as well, but there's some guitar playing and harp blowing going on above that that's just out of this world.

There's some laughs here ("But But But," "Funny Things Happen to Money"), and some questions ("Under the Table"). The blues you heard him wailing on Bourbon Street was the album's second cut, "Fire in the Blood."

The voices of Gregg Cagno, Rose Slino, and Nathan Crever can be heard here, as well as some interesting percussion by some odd fellow named Santo.

But mostly, it's just Dave. And that's how it should be. And the first major release by this one-man band is certainly worth your time and money.

Available from: Red Cent Records, 928 E. 5th St., #3, Brooklyn, NY 11230-2116

## ZMN

*Zassafra's Music News*

**a music people magazine  
for the fans of  
songwriter/performers**

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tales of struggle and success...

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## Lyrics

### The First of April Christopher Temple

The weatherman said that today would be sunny  
Madame Rosa said I'd come into money  
But the sun didn't shine, all I found was a dime  
Tucked securely in my penny loafer

So I went to the race track to bet on the horses  
I met a nice woman whose had seven divorces  
she said, "Honey, believe me, it was them who  
did leave me."

So I left her and gave the peace sign

#### Chorus:

Every day is the first of April  
At least every day of mine  
Every day is the first of April  
At least a fool is kind

I came home to find that my bike had been  
stolen  
I yelled at the neighbors till my tongue was  
swollen  
They called the police for disturbing the peace  
I got a ticket for thirty-five dollars

I asked the man on the corner the date  
He said don't be a fool boy you're probably late  
Then he held out a cup and a gun stick 'em up  
Be a good lad and hand me the green .

#### Chorus

### Ain't We Got Enough?

Liza DiSavino

He said, "Psst, Eve - y'all come over here.  
I got a little something for to go with your beer.  
It's just a little something I pulled off that tree."  
She said, "Oh, y'old snake, don't you give that to  
me."

#### Chorus:

She said:  
"Ain't we got enough?  
Ain't we got enough already?  
Ain't we got enough?  
Well, I know I do."

He said, "C'mon, Eve, it's just a piece of fruit.  
You know, the Joneses made a pie today and  
this is what THEY used.  
C'mon, give it a try. I mean, it's not like it's  
Spam."  
But she said, "Honey, I am happy just the way  
that I am -"

#### Chorus

She said, "I'm gonna find Adam and have me a  
little cuddle."  
He said, "Yo, homegirl, your brain's in a muddle!  
You'd know everything in the world if you'd eat  
this stuff!"

But she said, "Uh-huh. I'm happy. What I know  
is enough."

#### Chorus

She said, "Look at that sky! Breathe that air!  
There ain't another little garden like this  
anywhere!  
I could sit all day and watch the colors glow!"  
But he said, "Uh-huh. Well, honey, there's

something you should know..."

"See, this apple ain't like you, I mean, it ain't  
gonna last.  
You don't eat it now, your chance'll be past  
Now I really don't mean to tell you what you  
ought to do  
So I'll leave this apple here and then it's up to  
you..."

#### Chorus:

She said, "Ain't we got enough?  
Ain't we got...  
Ain't we - uh..."

See, in this garden, nothing ever faded  
Just thinking that it might made her feel a little  
jaded  
Made her feel real alone, made her feel real  
afraid  
And I don't have to tell you 'bout the choice that  
she made.

Now some say disobedience was Original Sin,  
Some say that it's with sex that our troubles  
begin,  
Some say it was the snake, that the Devil's die  
was cast -  
But I think it was the fear that all their blessings  
couldn't last.

It made them want to get more. I guess some  
people always do.  
So keep that in mind when the ad man comes up  
to you and says,  
"I've got happiness here. I can sell you what you  
need."

I got a car, real pretty, AC, five speeds,

Hey, you need some fancy clothes, make you  
look real slick and sweet!  
You need these Reebok pumps to decorate  
those macho feet!  
And while we're at it -  
You know, nuclear power's really cheap and safe  
Don't you worry yourself what they do with the  
waste!

And you need these toxic chemicals for  
progress and growth  
Don't you worry who uses them or breathes in  
their smoke!  
Hey! You won't be here forever, so indulge, it's  
your turn!  
But just remember, every apple has a little bitty  
worm.

#### Chorus:

"Ain't we got enough?  
Ain't we got enough already?  
Ain't we got enough?  
Well, I know we do."

### A Summer Wind, a Cotton Dress

Richard Shindell

I was hers  
And you were his  
The night we met  
Out on that bridge  
You knew then  
What I know now  
That love put down

Comes back somehow

The comet came  
The comet went  
And hid its face  
In the firmament  
I looked once  
Then I turned away  
When I looked again  
It was much too late

#### Chorus:

A summer wind, a cotton dress,  
This is how I remember you best  
A glance held long and a stolen kiss  
This is how I remember you best

The fool I was  
Is the fool I am  
I've got a wife  
I'm a family man  
But when I lay  
In our bed  
I sometimes dream  
I'm holding you instead

#### Chorus

The kids are fine  
They're six and nine  
I think you'd probably  
Like my wife  
But the kitchen light  
seems much too bright  
for what I find myself  
thinking tonight

#### Chorus

©1992 Richard Shindell (ASCAP)

### He's Got a Grip On You

George Gerney

Shadow's falling faster but the sun ain't sinking  
down  
The sound of muffled laughter coming  
somewhere from a hole in the ground  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

Bolting toward the finish line as fast as your feet  
will run

You don't know why you do it you ain't never  
heard a starter's gun  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

Bad tasting medicine, lick every last drop from  
off the spoon

They say it's gonna cure you but they never,  
never, never say how soon  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

Where you gonna run now? Where you think  
that he won't be?

Where you gonna run now? Where you think  
you're gonna be free?  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

You never hear the one that hits you but  
sometimes you see the look on his face  
You never see the one who's laughing but you  
know he's got you running in your place  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

"Lord have mercy," as you get down on your



knees to pray  
Preacher in the pulpit saying someday it will all  
be okay  
He's got a grip on you; I wish he had a grip on  
me too  
Hands are standing stock still, but time thinks  
it's ticking just the same  
The tag on the toe in the body bag bears your  
name  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too  
Shadow's falling faster but the sun stopped  
sinking down  
The hiss of silent screaming escaping from a  
hole in the ground  
He's got a grip on you; he's got a grip on me too

**I Saw Marie at the Fair**  
Chip Mergott

Sunshine slow clock  
keychain cobblestone street  
June sky twilight  
I saw Marie at the fair  
Red hair emerald green  
Small change fifty balloons  
Blind man voices and smoke  
I saw Marie at the fair  
Roses crystal and lace  
dark wood my coffee cup  
candles burning  
I saw Marie at the fair

**Chamomile Flowers**  
Janice Kollar

Chamomile flowers and lavender borders,  
Seats of thyme near rosemary walls,  
Threads of knots and mazes made of hyssop,  
Thyme and evergreen calls.  
In simple beds they flourish there,  
Their heady scents so fill the air.  
Fantasies, all walled within, just beckoning  
To enter there.  
Chorus:  
Oh, oh, the morning sun's skimming the  
horizon  
Always take a little time to sit inside your  
garden.  
Gathering all my thorns and spades,  
Venture I through my own garden gate.  
Overgrown fears inside me stay,  
Blind to the blooms, I cannot partake.  
Yearning, yielding, the earthy scents healing.  
Potent's the power where the sweetbriars grow.  
I cannot force what's early sown.  
For gardens work their magic slow.

**Chorus**

A thousand summers, a thousand snows  
That man has reaped and planted.  
As those before me I can see the past,  
Flowering the present.

**Chorus**

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**Too Many Restaurants**  
David Kleiner

Too many restaurants, not enough time  
Three meals a day, where do I dine?  
The Chinese ones alone  
Could keep me eating 'til Mao comes home  
Too many restaurants, not enough time  
Hate to admit it but I dine alone  
But I don't order on the telephone  
Cute little waitress let me make it clear  
Don't want to take it home I'll eat it here  
You know I really got an appetite  
But you won't see me here tomorrow night  
You know I never will be satisfied  
'Til there's no restaurant I haven't tried  
Too many restaurants, not enough time  
Three meals a day, where do I dine?  
Oh the hamburger joints alone,  
Could keep you eating 'til the cows are gone  
Too many restaurants, not enough time  
I hardly ever go to Mickey D's  
Unless I'm broke or in a McHurry  
Don't want no teenage kids in orange hats  
Asking me, "Do you want fries with that?"  
Give me a diner where the cook speaks Greek  
And his grandmother takes you to your seat  
Hands you a menu long as *War and Peace*  
And not a single thing that comes from Greece  
Too many restaurants, not enough time  
Three meals a day, where do I dine?  
Oh the Indian food's not bad  
But the sitar music will drive you mad  
Too many restaurants, not enough time

Portuguese, Japanese, Blizzards at the Taste-  
Freeze, IHOP, Kosher Glatt, Pretzels in the  
parking lot, Bun and Brew, Fondue, Mongolian  
Barbecue, Cafe au lait, Chicken cooked the  
southern way, Submarines, Baked beans,  
Nouveau French cuisine, Hawaiian, Deep fryin',  
Put another pizza pie in, Malomar, Salad bar,  
Where'd that valet park my car, Juicy steak,  
Chocolate cake, I think I got a belly ache!

Oh pretty mama won't you come with me  
And join the jolly world of gluttony  
We'll eat what no one's ever ate before  
But I don't wanna be your dude du jour  
I got a prix fixe on my heart  
No you can't have my loving a la carte  
No skipping courses baby no short cuts  
You got to have my love from soup to nuts  
Too many restaurants, not enough time  
Three meals a day, where do I dine?  
It could be Thai or Taiwanese,  
I'm not gonna worry 'bout the calories  
Too many restaurants, not enough time

**Island of Sorrow**  
Fred Koller & Dennis Dougherty

These Irish eyes don't smile anymore  
As I gaze upon that battered emerald shore  
Someone set a bomb off where the children  
used to play  
The news from home is rarely good these days  
Chorus:

Island of Sorrow  
Serpents standing upright on two feet  
Island of Sorrow  
Can you hear your people pray for peace?  
St. Patrick drive these snakes into the sea  
See the soldiers marching up the street  
Broken glass all underneath their feet  
A chopper circles overhead and someone points  
a gun  
The British flag still waves beneath the Irish sun  
Chorus

So worry from the cradle to the grave  
The devil's got us fighting every day  
He's the one who's smiling now he's playing for  
both sides  
He sees another soldier in each new baby's eyes  
Chorus

**Thinking About You**  
Beth Williams

I was born on the west side of the world  
On the east side of the country on the west side  
of the point.  
Where the Hudson River flows.  
They took me overseas, they brought me back  
again  
And the rain and the wind and the water swept  
me  
But I came home to an empty house  
I drove my body like a map for pain.  
I fell down backwards on the front lawn  
When I looked inside and didn't see your face.

Chorus:  
And I was thinkin' about you  
And I was askin' about you  
And I was walkin' down the staircase where you  
might be  
And I was thinkin' about you and I was lookin'  
out my doorway.  
I was moving out the old way when you came in.

I was born on the east side of the world  
In the heat of the southern jungle  
On the check of the western world  
I saw my brother go down  
But I came home to my empty house  
I drove my body like a map for pain  
I fell down backwards on the frontline  
When I looked at you and didn't see your face

**Chorus**

I saw you in an empty chamber  
Your hands had written words so well  
I leaned to kiss the air around you  
I missed, I landed on the floor  
But I came home to an empty house  
I searched my body for a map to heaven  
I fell down backwards on the front lawn,  
laughing

**Chorus**

**Oh, What a Head**  
Jeff Tareila

It's blaze orange suit time again and they hunt  
right by my road

Pointing submachine guns full of sub-human  
ammo  
At anything that moves on all fours;  
I'm cautious, I stay on all two's when I walk out  
doors  
Oh no, it's Hunter Joe, he's the bravest man he  
knows  
He can drop a buck from my back porch as it  
grazes in the yard  
Then he throws it in his truck, drive it around  
the block 4 or 5 times  
So everyone can see it and you can hear him say

Chorus: Oh, what a head, did you ever see such a  
prized trophy?  
Oh, what a head, he mounts it on the wall, with  
his other heads,  
They all stare at him as he goes to bed;  
my backyard hunter, there's none braver.

Every deer here has learned how to duck  
From the bounding bullets blasted from the  
trucks  
It's been said that the deer would rather be  
living anywhere else  
Except in New Jersey

Chorus: Oh, what a head, did you ever see such a  
prized trophy?  
Oh, what a head, he mounts it on the wall, with  
his other heads,  
They all stare at him, stare at him, stare at him...  
They hunt like you've never seen;  
It's not the way it looks in L.L. Bean.  
It's more like an L.A. scene;  
A fight between a deer and an M16.

#### **I Know You** Don Brody

Cut yourself a slice of American dream  
Get your face on the cover of a magazine  
Plan and plot and preach and stall and scheme  
Don't say anything you might really mean

Chorus  
I know you; I know you.  
I know the kind of trouble you get into.  
Shake my hand, kiss your wife,  
I've known your kind all my life,  
And believe you me I know you.

Read those lips, say no, those eyes say yes  
Half the truth is truth enough, I guess.  
Take these medals and pin them on your chest  
I bet you're at the bottom of this mess.

#### **Chorus**

Cover your tracks, watch your p's and q's.  
You could teach us all a thing or two.  
And who am I to say these things are true?  
I may not know much but I know you.

#### **2nd Chorus:**

I know you; I know you.  
I know the kind of trouble you get into.  
Fly the flag, draw your knife,  
I've known your kind all my life,  
And believe you me I know you.

#### **Oscar**

lyrics by Christian Bauman  
music by Jeff Tareila/C. Bauman

I'm baiting Oscar's hook in the last light of the  
day  
-his fingers are too thick, he says. The worms'd  
get away  
I'm baiting Oscar's memory with a six pack here  
on ice  
-the stories he tells me are all he can afford to  
pay  
But me, I wouldn't have it any other way

Most folks' dead of night is Oscar's high noon  
-the last sight to grace those baby blues were  
the boys in his platoon.  
And me, I'm one of the chosen to give an old  
man eyes to see  
-he mumbles about the blockheads that got to  
keep him company.  
But truth is, Oscar wouldn't have it any other  
way.

#### **chorus:**

"I guess I've finally grown up, now the years  
have worn me down.  
But I still like to keep the younger ones around.  
I'd like to go out to California, or bake in  
Mexico-  
Time has tied me tightly to this town."

Oscar's not a grouch, Oscar's just a guy  
who caught his share of sights to see before he  
caught one in the eyes.  
Building Pennsylvania, basement floods they  
bailed  
-marriages, bedbugs, and farms that finally  
failed.  
And Oscar tells me they were Goddamn good  
times.

Oscar jumps back to Korea, he's fighting the  
war again  
-he shouts out warnings to faces and names.  
He fights it everyday but it always turns out the  
same.

#### **chorus**

Oscar's cleaning his fish in the last light of the  
day  
-he says the knife is a hunter's dignity, not a toy  
for a kid to play.  
-His wife don't know we're fishing, and I promise  
not to squeal.  
'Cause Oscar says we couldn't have it any other  
way.

#### **chorus**

© Christian Bauman, BMI

#### **Mother's Journal**

Amy Torchia & Sarah James

Been standing here in this fog  
Everybody's lives moving on  
I don't see how they can move on  
Since you've been gone, I can't move  
I worry about you as a child  
My son, my soul running wild  
And the day I thought the risk was gone

You drove too fast, why'd you drive so fast

#### **Chorus:**

Now it's become a normal thing  
To fix your grave, in the pouring rain  
Falling down on me, on me  
And the sweet breeze of dawn  
Rises to meet me, I can't breathe in  
And Cory plants me flowers in the ground  
Where life begins and where it ends

Now I wonder where you are  
Are you somewhere? Are you far?  
Do you hear me? Can you feel me?  
Are you warm? Are you scared?  
I want to touch you one more time  
So I can know you were once mine  
I sometimes wish my thoughts were script  
So I could drop my pen and quit

#### **Chorus**

#### **In Her Own Eyes**

Robert Shannon Meitus & Gregg Cagno

All along the boardwalk  
She was looking for the hand of any man who  
would have her  
She'd been looking for a long, long time

Apple of the public eye  
She was asking for attention but nobody would  
answer  
Some would say she was asking for too much

All along the TV said  
Watch your weight and wear your hair this way  
Never did anybody say  
Be yourself take care

Hanging on her brothers walls  
Were catalogue bodies and magazine models  
She sees them with desperate eyes

Her mother dressed her like a Barbie Doll  
With pretty white gowns and high-heeled  
slippers  
She was set up long ago for a fall

Now she sits at the end of the dock  
Feet getting wet and no one to talk to  
Kicks those slippers into a wave

Leans on back towards the sky  
So many clouds and where is she off to  
Somewhere in her own eyes

#### **Ninety-Nine Months**

Annie Bauerlein

She came to America in 1947  
From a land of tulips, bicycles and wooden  
shoes  
Memories of the war were planted firmly in her  
bosom

Took a secretary job with nothing much to lose  
In a dance club in New York she met a red-  
haired man

A Navy boy whose spirit set her free  
Walks along the river, picnic baskets in the  
Spring

I'm sure she never thought that she would be

#### **Refrain:**

Ninety-nine months with a baby in her belly



Ninety-nine months a human basketball  
Ninety-nine months craving sardines and  
vermicelli  
But forever being Mommy to us all.

Now if your math is good, you can figure this  
out easy  
But if your math is bad I'll explain it to you quick  
Take a mommy and a dad and add some love  
together  
But the key ingredient is that they must be  
Catholic  
You have to be crazy to have eleven children  
'Cause ninety-nine months is a very long, long  
time  
To have people pester you with their pregnancy  
war stories  
And total strangers touching your stomach in  
the grocery line

Refrain

Well some people are like gifts that get left  
beneath the Christmas tree  
No one ever finds them in the bustle of the day  
They say a mother's job is never done and I  
believe it  
And sometimes in her eyes behind the lines she  
seems to say  
I know no more children will grow inside this  
belly  
And all of my babes are big and tall  
And though now I've got time for the garden  
and my meetings  
Above all that, I'm Mommy most of all  
Yes, forever she is Mommy to us all.

#### Ride Thru Wyoming

Joe Canzano

So this is all there is  
I can finally see  
They tell me no but they're the ones  
Who've lied so much to me  
About every mother's baby  
Having an equal say  
About the righteous hands of Superman  
Giving every dog his day

I'm gonna get out there tonight  
I'm gonna ride thru Wyoming  
I'm gonna watch the sunset like  
A great big apple pie  
I'm gonna get out there tonight  
I'm gonna ride thru Wyoming  
I'm gonna kiss this whole wide world  
Bye-bye...

She has legs so firm and strong  
So long and lean and true  
Eyes in focus all of the time  
A deep narcotic blue  
She rides with me across the plains  
As the moon begins to rise  
Her kisses like courageous thoughts  
That will not compromise

I'm gonna get out there tonight  
I'm gonna ride thru Wyoming  
I'm gonna watch the sunset like  
A great big apple pie

I'm gonna get out there tonight  
I'm gonna ride thru Wyoming  
I'm gonna shout into the wind  
Bonsai...

"Don't look back."  
She says, "Don't look back."  
Cause this is all there is  
And there's nothing else  
We can believe

Gonna get out there tonight  
Gonna ride thru Wyoming  
Gonna get out there tonight  
Baby, yes I...  
Am gonna get out there tonight  
Gonna ride thru Wyoming  
Across the plains of justice I will fly

#### The New York Lullaby

Dave Elder

The taxi double parks  
And of course he blows his horn  
But it's only three o'clock in the morning  
And from a nearby street  
You hear those soothing sounds  
Of fire engines and sirens wailing

Chorus:

Close your eyes, close your eyes  
And listen to the New York lullaby  
Goodnight, New York, goodnight  
Isn't that the old familiar melody  
Of one car running into another?  
And don't you love to hear  
The brakes and slamming doors  
As they get out and yell at each other?

Chorus

How do people get to sleep  
Without the subway trains  
And jackhammers and trucks hauling garbage?  
Or those bullets whizzing by  
From a hold-up down the block  
It all fits into one relaxing chorus

Chorus

*Unless otherwise noted, all lyrics copyright 1992  
by the author*

#### HELP!

We need help! We are an all-volunteer organization. If you can spare even one evening or one weekend afternoon a month you can help us. We need writers, reviewers, typists, graphic artists, photographers, computer hackers, drivers, packers, schleppers, go-fers, you name it, we can use it.

Call Carl Alderson, coordinator of volunteers at (718) 447-1601.

## Bios

*In order of appearance*

**Christopher Temple** lives in a one-room apartment in NYC's East Village. He writes songs about make-believe people, places, and his ex-girlfriend. This is his *FastFolk* debut.

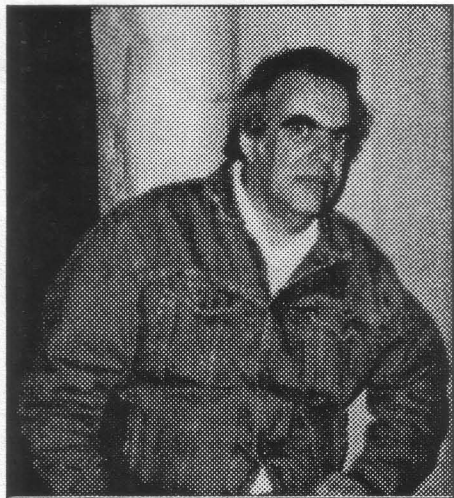
**Liza DiSavino** is a songwriter and multi-instrumentalist from Towaco, NJ. Her new CD, *A Single Hope*, has been played coast-to-coast on radio stations. By day, she teaches music to small children in public school.



*Liza DiSavino*

**Richard Shindell** was born more or less on the exact spot where the Hindenburg crashed, although several years after the fact. No Kidding. He was once a member of the *Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band* with John Gorka. He released his debut album, titled *Sparrow's Point*, on Shanachie Records. He has appeared on several *FastFolk* albums and in the annual revue at the Bottom Line. He is currently living in New York and will begin work shortly on his second album.

**George Gerney** lives in Jersey but has been part of the Greenwich Village songwriter's scene for the past two years, and has begun to perform sporadically again after a twenty-year "retirement". He has recently been rewarded(????) for his



George Gerney

production work on *FastFolk* by being named an assistant editor. This is his second appearance in the magazine.

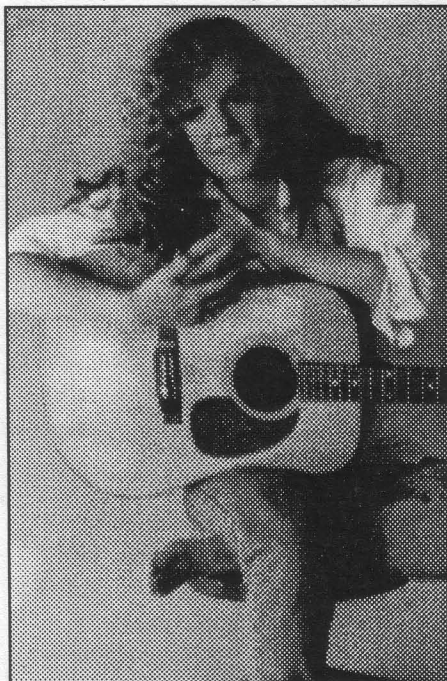
**Chip Mergott** lives on a farm outside of Stockton, NJ and tends a flock of twenty sheep. During the winter he lives in a trailer and writes. He drives a '78 Olds Delta 88 Royale.

**Janice Kollar** has sung on numerous T.V. commercials over the last 12 years-Everything from Kentucky Fried Chicken, G.E., to Diet Coke. She also scores video projects and films for such diverse clients as WGBH(PBS-Boston), Schick, AT&T,

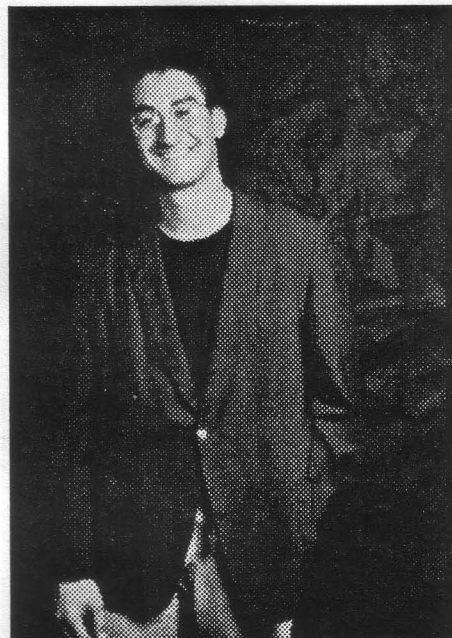
and the Armed Forces Network. She and her husband Bill own *London by Night Productions* recording studio, and have produced, arranged and performed on many albums, including award winning ones for John Gorka and Christine Lavin. Janice is also up to her elbows in cookie dough, selling a wheat & dairy-free line of cookies and muffins called *Kollar Cookies* to stores in NYC and NJ.

**David Kleiner** was born in Alaska. He moved to New Jersey at six months of age and can't seem to find his way out. Raised in a House of Guitars, he was exposed to music of all types throughout childhood and began writing songs at age 12. A founding member of NJ's Folk Project, Dave recently returned to the folk scene with a batch of new songs and a hankering for a good meal. His new album, *Rhymes with Diner*, is available on cassette and CD. Contact 49 Park Ave. #46, Bloomfield, NJ 07003, (201)429-0288.

**Dennis Dougherty** is a compulsive songwriter who grew up in Idaho and then moved to New Jersey. With two albums, the most recent *Pony Ride* on Local Folkal Records, Dennis has been "doin' that Folk Thing" from Passim to SpeakEasy to the Bluebird. He has shared the stage with Richie Havens, Tom Paxton, Roger McGuinn, Bill Morrissey and many more.



Beth Williams

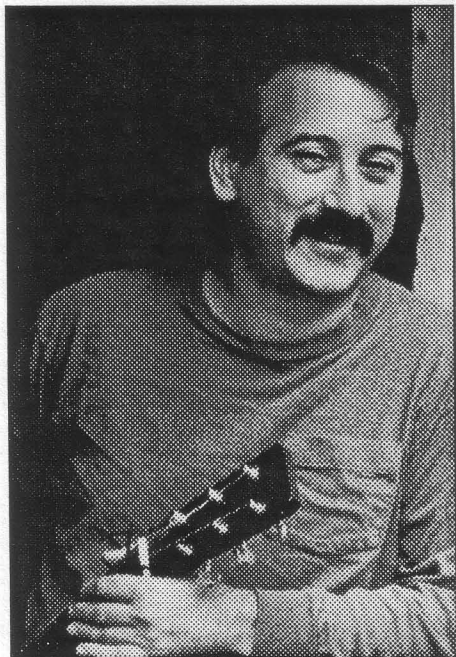


Jeff Tareila

**Beth Williams** writes "I live in Philadelphia, Pa. where I love it (except for getting mugged occasionally). I lived in Nashville for a few years, that was cool. I'm an Army brat which means I've been all over the world, so *that* was perfect practice for being a musician on the road." Beth's urban-song-poetry explores family barbecues and thrift store shopping, the whereabouts of an angel's broken wing, and the destiny of the environment. Her first album, *Elephants and Angels*, received airplay from coast to coast. Her second, *Building a Bed*, has already become a favorite with her eclectic following.

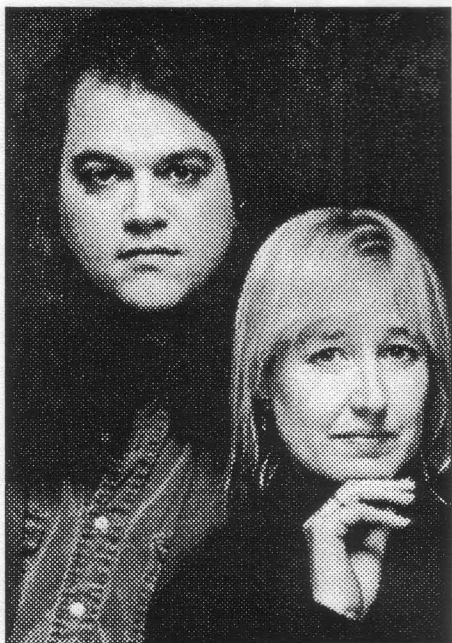
**Jeff Tareila**, songwriter, father, botanist and troublemaker has been eating double-dipped portions of the northeastern folk scene for the past three years. His new CD/Cassette, *Dust Devils Dance*, has been getting much airplay and many promising reviews (but don't ever trust the critics). This is Jeff's third appearance on *FastFolk*. He also had the pleasure of playing both the Philadelphia and Falcon Ridge Folk Festivals this past summer. To order Jeff's album please write: P.O. Box 5015, Clinton, NJ 08809-5015. For bookings call (609) 663-7110.

**The Marys** are Don Mary and Ann Mary (a/k/a Don Brody and Ann Walsh), two full-grown adults who sing about the trials and errors of love and crime in the



David Kleiner





*The Marys*

late 20th Century. They frequently appear at alternative music clubs where they have opened shows for a variety of artists from Marshall Crenshaw to the Psychedelic Furs. The Marys recently performed on the nationally syndicated radio program *Mountain Stage* and were among the featured performers at the Gram Parsons Tribute in NYC. They were the first act to play the Doc Pomus Songwriters Memorial sponsored by BMI. Their full-length cassette release, *Your Friends, the Marys*, was produced by Chris Butler and features their single, *The Day Roy Orbison Died*. It's available for \$10 postpaid from Blessed Marys Music, 1014 Washington ST. #2, Hoboken, NJ 07030 (201) 795-0554.

**Christian Bauman**, is currently doing a stint in the U.S. Army. Chris' song *Places You Will Go* can be heard on FF601. His *Home For the Holidays* was the opening song of this past year's 10th Anniversary Show at the Bottom Line and is the lead cut on FF603.

**Jennie Avila** is a native of Bucks County, PA. She learned the art of melody by imitating her mother's classical piano playing. **Amy Torchia**, originally from the Washington, D.C. area, comes from generations of family richly seeded in the tradition of folk music. Separately and together they have shared the stage with



*Jennie Avila and Amy Torchia*

Jonathan Edwards, John Gorka, Doug Katsaros, Richard Thompson, Bill Staines, Tom Rush and Livingston Taylor. They began performing together in early 1991.



*Gregg Cagno*



*Annie Bauerlein*

**Gregg Cagno** is a guy who likes to play guitar. He lives in Hoboken, NJ but is usually running around Pa., NJ, Tenn., NY, or Indiana in search of new tunings. He is currently working on a recording to be available at his shows. For correspondence, etc., call (201) 714-9225.

**Annie Bauerlein** is a Philadelphia area singer/songwriter who's also a good housecleaner.

**Joe Canzano** is originally from Cranford, NJ. He began playing his songs on acoustic guitar five or six years ago in New Brunswick. Since then he has played in a million dumpy bars both in the Garden State and NYC, with an occasional trip into Pa. He recently recorded his first CD, an eleven song, all electric, full power rock and roll effort titled *Riot on Spaghetti Drive*. It will be available in January, and can be ordered by sending \$10 for CD or \$8 for tape plus \$1.50 for postage to Joe Canzano, Electric Fist Music, PO Box 733, Cranford, NJ 07016.

**Dave Elder** moved to Brooklyn from Berkeley, CA four years ago. It took him three years to write *The New York Lullaby*. When he's not in New York he's travelling to New England coffeehouses, New Jersey bars or Pennsylvania folk clubs with his guitar, a slide and a couple of harps.



## Musician Credits

- 
- 1-  
The First of April**  
(Christopher Temple)  
Christopher Temple/Guitar & vocal  
Jeff Tareila/Guitar & harmony vocal  
Jamie Butterfield/Harmony vocal  
Annie Bauerlein/Harmony vocal
- 2-  
Ain't We Got Enough**  
(Liza DiSavino)  
Liza DiSavino/Guitar & vocal  
Jeff Tareila/Bass
- 3-  
A Summer Wind, A Cotton Dress**  
(Richard Shindell)  
Richard Shindell/Bouzouki & vocal  
Jeff Tareila/Bass
- 4-  
He's Got a Grip on You**  
(George Gerney)  
George Gerney/Guitar & vocal  
Jeff Tareila/Bass
- 5-  
I Saw Marie at the Fair**  
(Chip Mergott)  
Chip Mergott/Guitar & vocal
- 6-  
Chamomile Flowers**  
(Janice Kollar)  
Janice Kollar/Synthesizers & vocal  
Timothy Pitt, Guitar  
Howie Wyeth, Drums  
Marshall Rosenberg, Percussion
- 7-  
Too Many Restaurants**  
(David Kleiner)  
David Kleiner/Guitar & vocal
- 8-  
Island of Sorrow**  
(Dennis Dougherty & Fred Koller)  
Dennis Dougherty/Guitar & vocal
- 9-  
Thinking About You**  
(Beth Williams)  
Beth Williams/Guitar & vocal
- 10-  
Oh, What a Head**  
(Jeff Tareila)  
Jeff Tareila/Guitar & vocal  
Christopher Temple/Harmonica  
Chorus of drunken backyard hunters: Jamie Butterfield, George Gerney, Annie Bauerlein, Dave Elder, Gregg Cagno, Joe Canzano, Richard Shindell, Lisabeth Weber, Chip Mergott, Jim Winder
- 11-  
I Know You**  
(Don Brody)  
The Marys  
Ann Walsh/Vocal  
Don Brody/Guitar & vocal  
Mark Sidgwick/Lead guitar
- 12-  
Oscar**  
(Christian Bauman & Jeff Tareila)  
Christian Bauman/Guitar & vocal  
Ken Collins, Percussion, Harmony vocal  
Gregg Cagno, Harmony vocal  
J. Tareila, Bass
- 13-  
Mother's Journal**  
(Amy Torchia & Sarah James)  
Jennie Avila/Guitar & vocal  
Amy Torchia/Guitar & vocal  
Pitz Quattrone, Clave & Wood Block  
Larry Robinson, Bass  
Carol Sharar, Violin
- 14-  
In Her Own Eyes**  
(Robert Shannon Meitus & Gregg Cagno)  
Gregg Cagno/Guitar & vocal  
Lisabeth Weber/Harmony vocal
- 15-  
Ninety-Nine Months**  
(Annie Bauerlein)  
Annie Bauerlein/Guitar & vocal  
Chip Mergott/Guitar
- 16-  
Ride Thru Wyoming**  
(Joe Canzano)  
Joe Canzano/Guitar & vocal
- 17-  
The New York Lullaby**  
(Dave Elder)  
Dave Elder/Guitar & vocal  
Chorus: Jamie Butterfield, George Gerney, Annie Bauerlein, Jeff Tareila, Gregg Cagno, Joe Canzano, Richard Shindell, Christopher Temple, Lisabeth Weber, Chip Mergott, Jim Winder

Recorded in Jeff Tareila's kitchen in Clinton, New Jersey by Michael Lozinski from Windmill Studios in Stockton, New Jersey

Assisted by Randy Thomas

"Oscar" recorded by Rob Attinello, Oakwood Studios in Milford, New Jersey

"Chamomile Flowers" and "Mother's Journal" recorded by Bill Kollar, London by Night Studio, Woodbridge, New Jersey