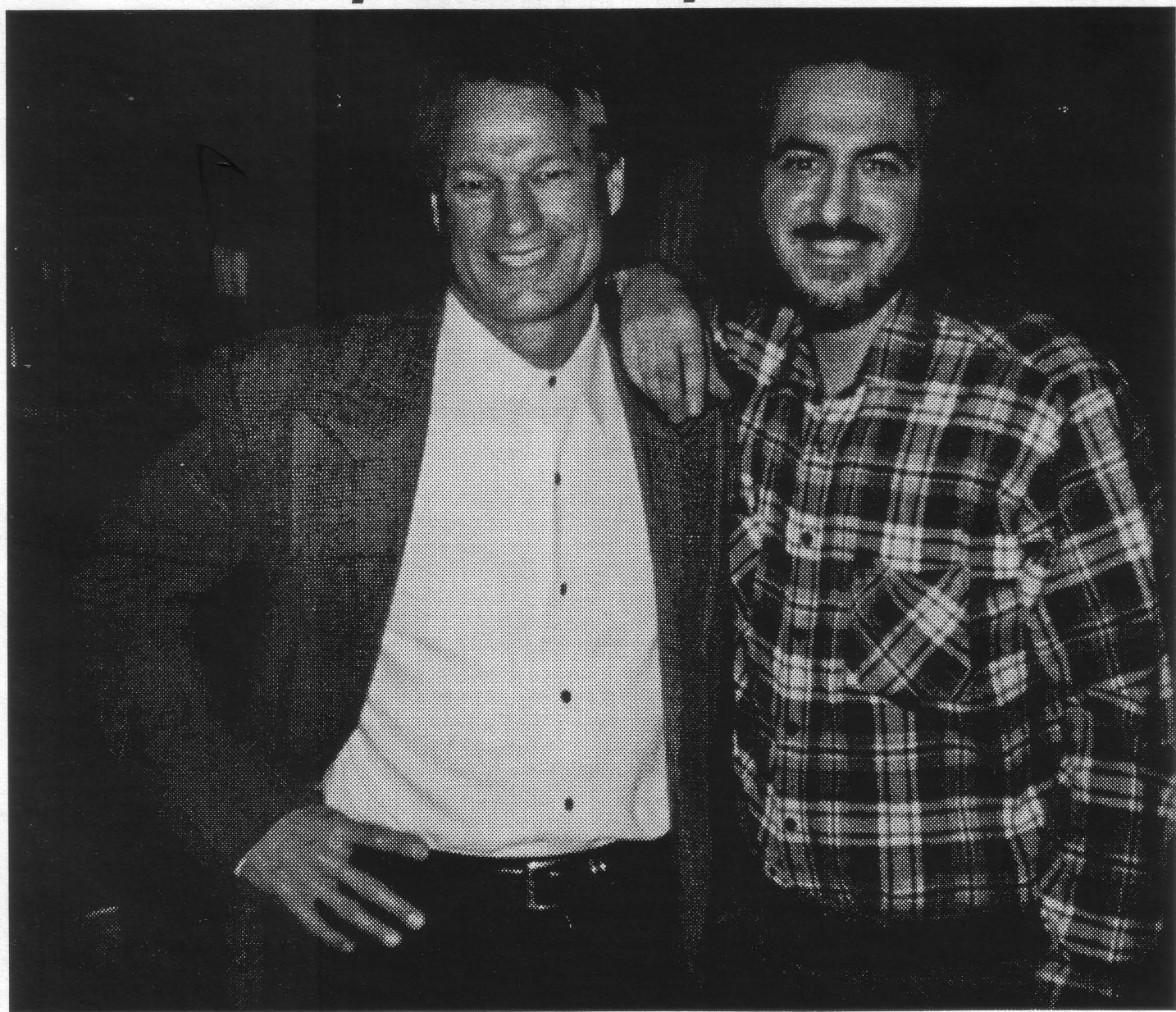


FAST FOLK

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

December 1992 Volume 6 No. 8

Keep on Keepin' On



FAST FOLK
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1992 Volume 6 No. 8

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On the Cover:

Former New York Yankee hurler, Jim Bouton, fulfills a lifelong fantasy by having his picture taken by and with Teddy Lee at last year's Bottom Line show. See page 9 for details on this year's extravaganza.

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Letters to the Editor

12/25/92

Dear Fast Folk,

Since we are renewing our subscription to the magazine, it seemed like a good time to write you about something that has been troubling my wife and I for several years. We have attended three of your annual shows at the Bottom Line (as well as many concerts by individual Fast Folk members) and are among the people who always arrive early and wait on line to get good seats—right on the stage side of the center aisle. Unfortunately, this is exactly where the photographer sits. You know the fellow I mean, thin, dark hair, beard, hyperactive, chain-smoking (perhaps until recently). He is a distraction and annoyance to everyone around him. Before the end of the show, each year, more than one group of people loses their patience with him and comes over to complain. (He usually then obliges by refraining from using his flash for the remainder of the show).

Last year we were not going to go to the show because of this annoyance, but changed our mind and went. As always, it was a great show, but as usual it was seriously marred for us and many other people (in front of and behind the center aisle) by the extremely annoying, constantly moving photographer. This year I suspect we will just stay home and listen to the CDs.

We have seen other professional photographers at Bottom Line (and before that, Bitter End) shows over the past 25 years. They can do their jobs unobtrusively and then get out of the way. At the Bottom Line they often walk over in front of the big column in the center of the room (thus their activities are not in anyone's line of sight), take a picture or two and move back to the bar area. Unlike your photographer, they don't occupy the best seat in the house and jump around for the entire show.

(Why don't you just take the pictures you need during the sound check?)

By the way, Fast Folk has been the "brightest spot" in our musical enjoyment

for many years. Please "keep on keepin' on".

Yours Truly,

Steven A. Sobel and Diane H. Chait

Fast Folk Magazine Subscription Dept:

My current subscription runs to issue #701. Enclosed is a check to keep it coming.

Keep on keeping on-

See you all at the Bottom Line Show in February.

-Teddy Lee

Ed. Note: The end of year holiday season is the toughest time of the year for a volunteer organization like ours. Everybody has other things to do and kind of hopes the other guy will pick up the slack. So just as your editors were faced with the task of putting out this issue when we wanted to be doing something else, without even a title in mind, these two letters appeared in our mailbox on the same day. (For those of you not in on the joke, Teddy Lee is the photographer mentioned in the first letter). We know we're weird but even we couldn't think of this. So sufficiently renewed in spirit and fully believing in omens, we decided to title this issue with the wishes of our letter writers and to keep on keepin' on. We would also like to invite Mr. Sobel and Ms. Chait to attend this year's show as guests of the editors in the photographer-free VIP section. Please contact us at the offices. (Don't anyone else try something like this, it only works once.)

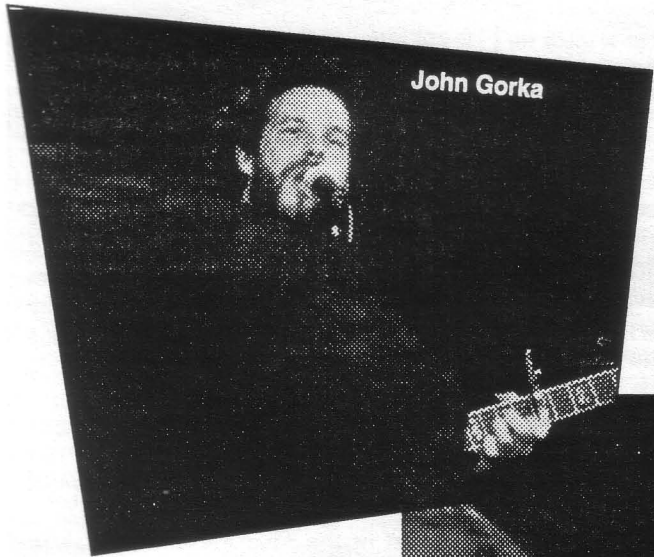
Dear George,

Thanks for sending the new release "Songs From the Garden State". Like any other artist I'm not happy with my own performance but the rest of it is great and will be receiving significant airplay and publicity on my show "Rhythm and News" on Tuesday nights from ten to twelve PM, WDVR FM 89.7 in Delaware Township, NJ.

Keep me posted on any other developments regarding Fast Folk and its resident loonies.

Yours,

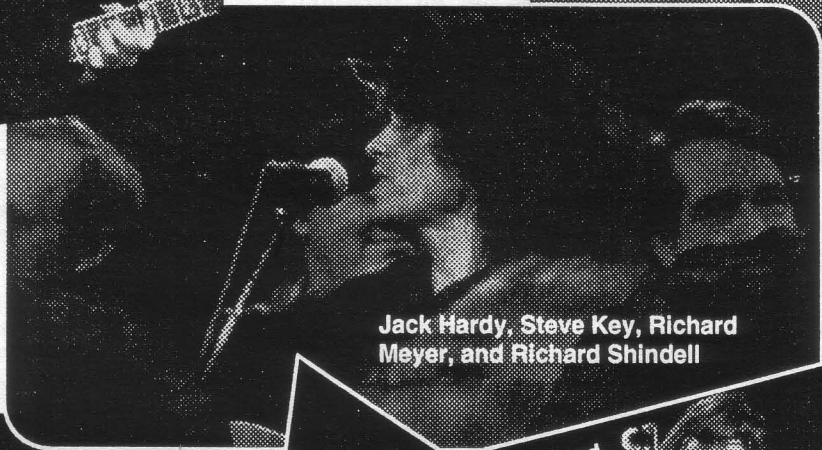
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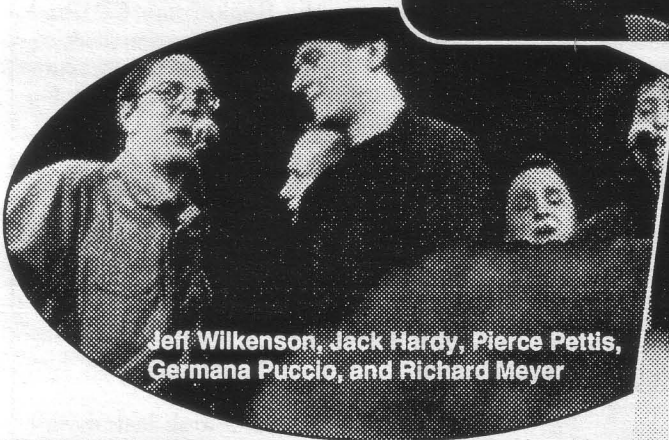
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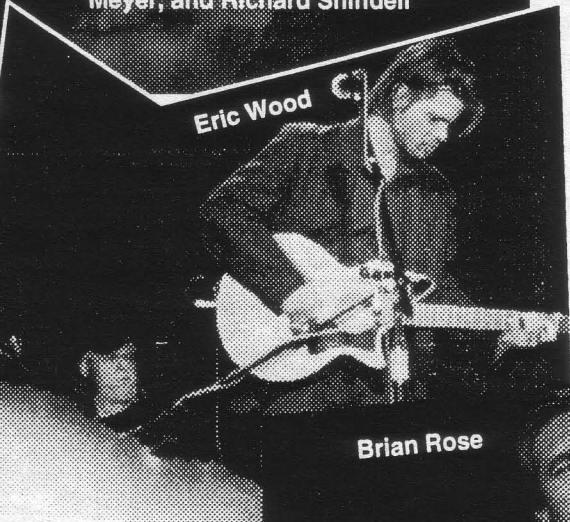
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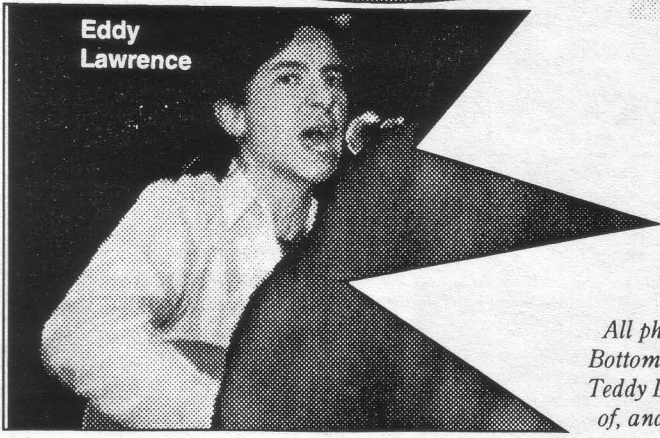
Jack Hardy, Steve Key, Richard Meyer, and Richard Shindell



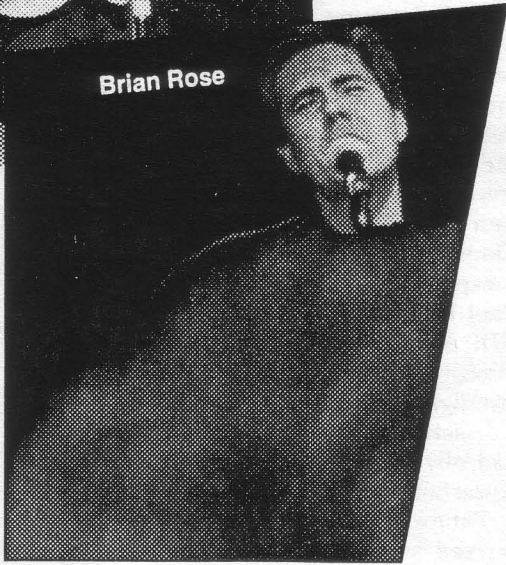
Jeff Wilkenson, Jack Hardy, Pierce Pettis, Germana Puccio, and Richard Meyer



Eric Wood



Eddy Lawrence



Brian Rose

All photos taken at the 1992 Bottom Line Fast Folk Show by Teddy Lee from behind, in front of, and on top of Steven Sobel

Fast Gossip Wendy Beckerman CD Release Bash

The first impressive media event of the year was the record release bash held at the palatial executive suite at the Houston Street Hilton for **Wendy Beckerman's** new CD/cassette issue *By Your Eyes* on the prestigious Great Divide label. Not since New Year's Eve has the infamous Suite 9 held so many prominent and important personnel in the guerrilla recording movement. A special fare of wine and cheese doodles (chosen by the artist) was served. The dress was sporty and casual. The record company had pulled out all the stops in forcing the Houston Street Hilton to redecorate for the occasion with an Early Greenwich Village motif changing the grand gallery and ballroom (scene of so much dancing as recently as New Year's Eve) into the semblance of a Village kitchen complete with bathtub, here used as a bar.

In Great Divide's tradition of countering everything in the music business the artist herself was unfashionably early. Due to recent budget cuts at Great Divide she was immediately put to work pouring wine. Due to Great Divide's normal ban on photographers and press we will have to recreate certain scenes for you.

Camera pans through crowded room until it finds: a heated discussion, near the bar, of the art work, specifically **Kathy Dawe's** painting "Bon Appetito" about what exactly the frog is eating. Suggestions range from a grasshopper to lobster. In the grand salon, noted filmmaker **Jordan Reckford** takes time off from an intimate conversation with hit pornopoetess **Jane Hohenberger** to explain to record mogul **Jack Hardy** that there is a repeat button on the CD player. The CD player being somewhat anachronistically set between the decor of 1930's typewriters and a turntable, was blaring the new hit CD *By Your Eyes*.

In the banquet room near the cheese doodles: **Travis Stanton** (son of the noted photographer **Bill Stanton** who took the cover shots for the Beckerman CD) was creating an on-the-spot artistic masterpiece with crayons supplied by the management. Nearby, performance and vocal coach **Claude Stein** was floating between conversations with music biz lawyer **Paul Unger** and noted folk journalist **Bill Ruhlman** (how he slipped through the tight security is still being investigated) who were all listening to a dissertation by **Jack Hardy** who had obviously pushed the wrong repeat button.

Future rock star **Richard Julian** arrived wearing snakeskin boots

carrying a cake with the only known photograph of **Wendy Beckerman** with the late **Elvis Presley** (Great Divide had purposely chosen **Elvis's** birthday and postage stamp release day for the album release party. Rumor has it that a **Beckerman** stamp is in the works). The cake was inscribed "The King is Dead, Long Live The Queen".

Dissolve back to salon: Heated three-way political discussion between film director, pornopoetess and "Woman of the Year" **Mary Ann Gerney** (part of the celebrated

graphic team that did the cover for the Beckerman CD). Question: if the last time women were truly equal with men was during the hunting and gathering era, is it therefore politically correct to wear a fur coat?

Pan to: **Claude Stein** discussing phone numbers with beautiful purple-clad mystery guest. Late entrance by celeb **Jim Allen** who was immediately surrounded by admiring fans questioning him about his timely topical song concerning New Year's Eve at the Houston Street Hilton.

Dissolve to: Lawyer **Paul Unger** discussing the topic of "Libel and the American Folk Song" with **Melissa Rosen**.

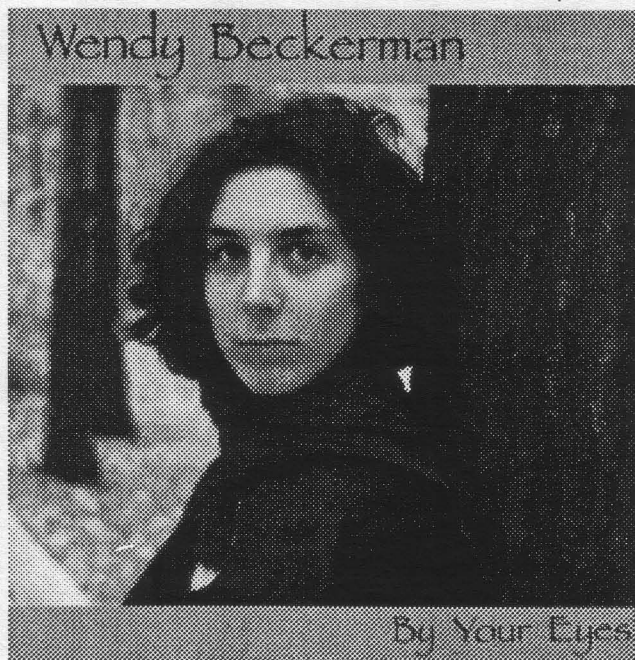
Most of the *Fast Folk* Mafia was in attendance. "**Bighead**" **Tareila, G.**" **Deep Six**" **Gerney** (caught in the act of losing a **Jim Allen** article meant for this issue), **Richard "MoJo" Meyer**, **Dave "Soft Shoe" Cantor**, and **Ken "Nice Tie" Korreis** all gave the party a trendy sleaze factor.

Singer **Christina Muir** (who sang harmony on the Beckerman CD) had flown back from Europe the same morning specifically for the occasion. Session guitarist **Eddy Lawrence** arrived with his wife (also seen discussing libel with Mr. Unger). Noted absences were session bassist **Jeff Hardy** and drummer **Jeff Berman**, unexpectedly called out of town. Also missing was the recording crew from Baby Monster Studios, still recovering from the fact that the Beckerman CD was recorded live to DAT in one five hour session.

The party, which lasted well past the time stated in the invitation, finally removed to a (what else) Polish restaurant where the Wendy Beckerman was once again heard and the cake was devoured.

Quote of the night "How do you make a million in folk music?" Answer: Start off with two million."

To order the Wendy Beckerman CD *By Your Eyes* send \$15 plus \$2 for postage (\$10 for cassettes) to Wendy Beckerman- C/O Great Divide Records/178 W. Houston St., Suite 9/NYC 10014.



Erik Frandsen Loses Loss Attributed to Lack of First Lady

by Dave Elder

In what may be the biggest miscarriage of justice since J. Edgar Hoover's appointment to head the FBI, the Electoral College has taken the Presidential election away from the obvious winner, Erik Frandsen, and awarded the office of Cheap Executive to an obscure Arkansas governor.

While *Fast Folk* admits that some major networks also considered this "Slick Willie" person the winner, our nationwide exit poll plainly shows otherwise. Voters leaving the polls were asked to fill out the following form:

- A. You voted for Frandsen, didn't you?
 Yes Other

B. If Other, go back to A.

Over a dozen people filled out this form correctly. And we at *Fast Folk*, after careful study, could find no obvious bias in this form, or no more than the average exit poll. We also think we surveyed a large enough percentage of voters to draw conclusions at least as accurately as all other major media sources.

The candidate himself, when reached by phone, could only say, "Leave a message after the tone and I'll get back to you. Take as long as you like, you have thirty seconds." His campaign manager, Jack Hardy, however, had plenty to say. "Those gutless wonders in the Federal Government! They were scared they'd end up with egg on their faces if they elected a man who refused to serve, so they panicked and grabbed the first guy they could. And this President-elect doesn't even know how to inhale!"

Erik's campaign staff has vowed not to give up the struggle. They're already talking about Erik in '96, and a major strategy session was held recently at the Turning Point in Piermont, NY. Besides manager Hardy and this writer, Keith Kelly, Jim Allen, and special Jersey correspondent Rick Ilowite were present.

Jack spoke of actually seeing Erik in person recently. Erik even gave him a cast recording of *Song of Singapore*. Said Jack, "That's proof enough for me of Erik's benevolent nature," and he brushed aside comments that the candidate might be guilty of fiscal irresponsibility or calculated economic manipulation in such album "dumping."

At the '96 campaign strategy meeting, someone suggested that one factor working against Frandsen in the past was his lack of a potential First Lady, and considerable time was spent discussing possibilities. The first names thrown out were mostly of singers, in keeping with Erik's "folk" image. Sinéad O'Connor was turned down for having the wrong religious affiliations. If Christine Lavin is still getting roses from the wrong man, she may not work out too well. Shawn Colvin? Well, Richard Thompson may have a problem with that, and he's twisted enough that no one really wanted to risk it. Ferron? Well, you couldn't get much more politically correct than that! Then again, how about Sister Souljah? A good idea, if

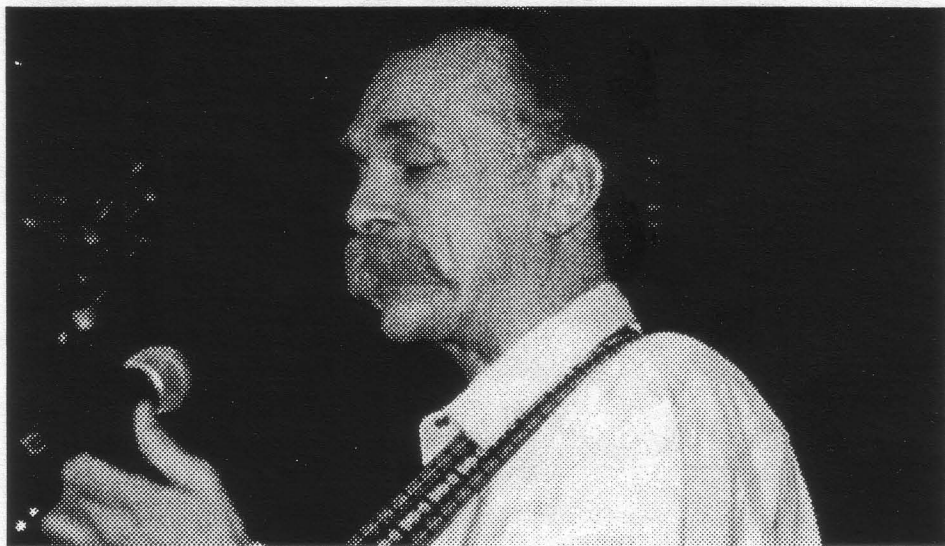
we could get her to take a week off.

Still, not everyone was satisfied with any of those choices, and someone said perhaps Erik's chances would improve if his First Lady moved into the Nancy Reagan/Barbara Bush void. Jeane Kirkpatrick could fill *that* bill very well. Maggie Thatcher might also, but no one knew for sure whether she's available. Imelda Marcos is, though, and she has plenty of experience in decorating, and in matching shoes, practical knowledge for any First Lady.

Of course, it would be good to pick someone who handles the media well. Say, Gennifer Flowers? Donna Rice? Jessica Hahn? Fanne Fox? Worthy candidates all, though they paled when the name of Leona Helmsley came up. However, not knowing when she gets out of jail could present some problems.

Speaking about jail, how about Patty Hearst? She'd certainly help the fundraising end of things. Claudine Longet? She might help bring in the NRA vote. Jean Harris? The A.M.A. might object to that one. Amy Fisher? Annie Lennox? Anne Landers? Ann Richards? Ayn Rand? Anne Boleyn? Ann Whoelse?

While nothing was decided, oddly enough for a gathering of two or more "folk" types, the group has resolved, along with Erik's legions of followers, to carry the fight to the White House in '96. Just keep saying it—Erik in '96.



Frandsen returning to his former profession in the private sector

Record Review

Louise Taylor
Looking For Rivers

Every week someone asks me if I've heard anything that has knocked my socks off lately. Louise Taylor's *Looking For Rivers* is my answer to that question ever since I heard the CD by chance last autumn. I was supposed to be in the kitchen with everyone else in a concert promoter's house, but all I could do was stand entranced in the living room and say "WHO IS THIS?". Her straightforward solid sound drew me in immediately.

Louise Taylor communicates her songs with passionate strength and honesty in this debut recording. Produced by Taylor and manager Jack MacKay, *Looking For Rivers* is a mostly solo album with a smattering of accompanying guitarists:

David Smette, Peter Blanchette, and Peter Miles (who also sings a rich harmony on "Don't Close Your Eyes").

This is a mood album. It's one of those CDs you put on and listen to completely each time. It has none of the inconsistencies that normally jar you out a perfectly blissful and peaceful place. Instead, Taylor brings you deeper into it on her wide tour of love, devotion, searching, and you get the whole feeling that you've come full circle.

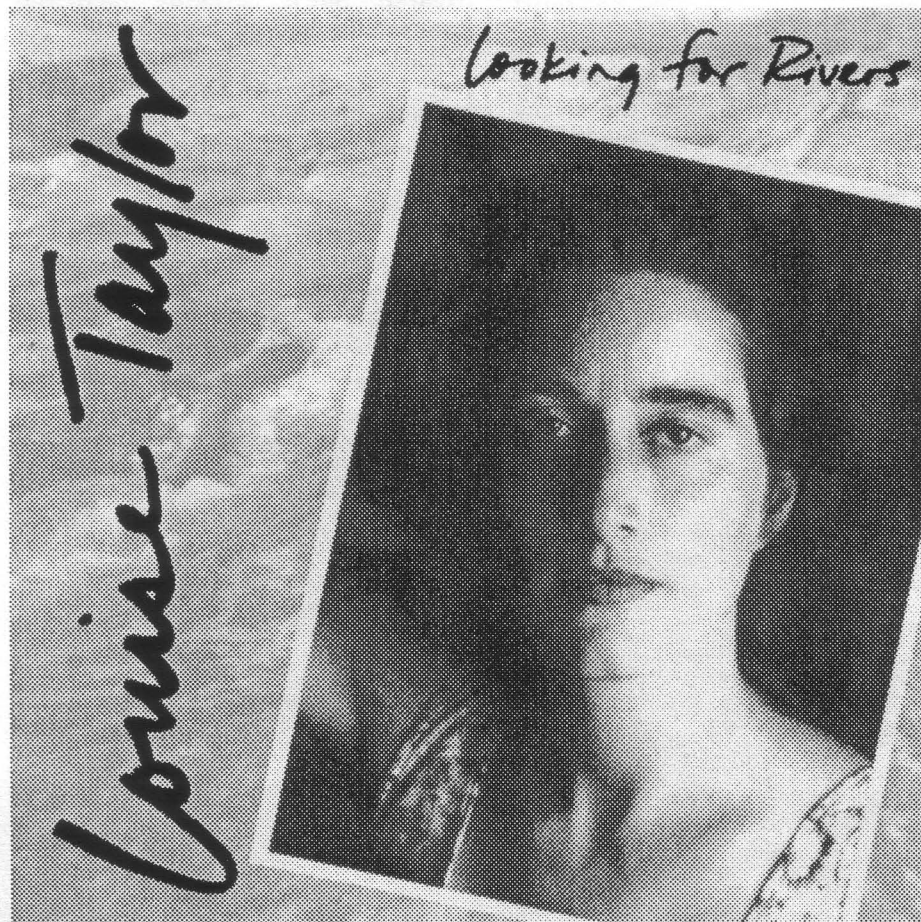
This album has little to do with what I usually like. None of it awes me, none of it makes me think too hard, but it does make me feel...it makes me feel good.

After several listens, finally resigned to the fact that the lyrics aren't included in the insert, I made a concerted effort to listen past the mood and into the words. Each song has its distinct mode of deep celebration- not in happy-go-lucky

shallowness, but in finding freedom in being settled and centered. What abandon Louise Taylor finds in calm, be it with strong declaration or yearning plea.

The song "River We Run" stands out vividly with its traditionally-based melodic shape. Taylor plays guitar on this one with a style that is both rhythmically chunky and musically smooth-a very reassuring sound. "Endless Highway" has a subtle country flavor in mood and story lyric- a lighter feel. Other songs that particularly move me (emotionally and physically) are the first two: "For You" and "High Plateau", and also "Last Chance Dance". I can listen to this collection of songs, this whole world Taylor creates, over and over again, and I do just that. I highly recommend it. Contact: Jack MacKay/93 Main Street, Apt 1/Brattleboro, VT/05301/(802) 257-4218.

-WB



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Boppin' in the 'Burbs, Part III

by Stuart Kabak

Recently a well-respected economic research group declared that the "recession" is over and has been since March of last year. Is it a coincidence that the shortage of coffeehouse venues within 100 miles of New York City also appears to be over? In a medium where it has always been feast or famine, it does appear by all indications that we are about to enjoy a long-awaited feast.

In recent issues of *Fast Folk*, we provided our readership with a listing of coffeehouse activities featuring *paying gigs* in what we commonly refer to as *the burbs*. Well, campers, it's time to loosen your belt a couple of notches and feast on the following additional listings . . . Note: *all* listings in this article are *non* smoking. (yippee!!!)

GORILLA COFFEE HOUSE, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 40 Ganung Road, Ossining, NY. Contact persons: Dan Platt or Sara Davis, 1759 French Hill Road, Yorktown Hts., NY 10598, (914) 245-1456. Second Saturday of the month. Open mike sign-up at 7:30.

Just a ten-minute drive from Mt. Kisco's now-famous Treestar Coffeehouse and about a forty-minute drive from NYC, the Gorilla by all appearances is a most appealing clone. Except for a smaller seating capacity (about 95 instead of 200), this coffeehouse has every reason to be as successful as its big brother and mentor down the road.

Like at the Treestar, the evening begins with an open mike followed by a *paid* feature performer. The room is warm and acoustically well balanced with a very good sound system. The audience is attentive and very supportive. The Gorilla should be considered a "don't miss" for both listeners and musicians alike. Featured performers are selected by audition tapes and from the open mikes. Like Treestar, it is advisable to get there *early* as it would not be unusual for attendance to exceed available seating or open mike slot space.

STARRY NIGHT COFFEEHOUSE, Bridgewater Congregational Church, Rt. 133 and Clapboard Road, Bridgewater, CT. Contact persons: Mitch Katz and/or Kathleen Vojak, (203) 438-6102. First Friday of the month. Open mike sign-up at 7:30.

If the names of Mitch and Kathleen sound familiar, perhaps it is because these are the same people who bring you the

Treestar on the third Saturday of the month in Mt. Kisco. This "son of Treestar" opened in December 1992 to a full-house, *not-even-standing-room* debut. The listening room is somewhat smaller than the one in Mt. Kisco (about 100 max), but considerably warmer as it is carpeted and has a lower ceiling. Like at Treestar, candles, crayons, drawing paper, and bubble soap are stationed at every table, and the audience is encouraged to indulge itself. The best pictures will be used to decorate the room.

As usual, Mitch and Kathleen are quite meticulous in developing a positive rapport with the community and the local press. If opening night was any indication as to how successful Starry Night will be, then what we have here is a classic example of "like father, like son." Paid feature performers will be selected through audition tapes and open mike appearances. Open mike slots and order of performance will be selected by lottery as attendance exceeds available slots.

SOUTH SOUND COFFEEHOUSE, Salesian High School, New Rochelle, NY. Contact person: Monty Delaney, 2 Division Street, New Rochelle, NY 10801, (914) 235-5813. First Saturday of the month, opening February 8, 1993. Open mike sign-up at 7:30.

How do you take a great coffeehouse and make it even better? With Treestar and Gorilla as models, Monty plans to do just that. Salesian High School is a private school overlooking Long Island Sound. The listening room is a converted cafeteria facing the sound, and will easily seat about 250 people. With a comfortable stage and an enhanced sound system rumored to be

the best of any coffeehouse around, Monty plans to turn this quiet school into a magnet for the *best* acoustic musicians around. Like Treestar, there will be an open mike, and a *designated opening act* followed by a *paid* feature performer. In the future, the feature performers will be selected from open mikes and by tape auditions.

The strategic location of the school and the ongoing PR contacts with the local press and radio stations should guarantee a standing-room-only crowd for the debut in February and perhaps long into the future. Musicians and audiences alike shouldn't miss this one.

DR. BOB'S COFFEEHOUSE, Green's Farm Congregational Church, off exit 18 of I-95, Westport, CT. Contact person: Curt Tota, P.O. Box 2668, Darien, CT 08820, (203) 656-2405. First Saturday of the month.

Just under an hour's drive from New York City, Dr. Bob's got off to a good start in July 1992 and has been growing ever since. The listening room appears to have been specifically designed for acoustic entertainment, as it seats about 150 and boasts a professionally constructed stage and a first-class sound system. Although there is an open mike of sorts, one should not show up and expect to play. There are four open slots which must be reserved by phone or other arrangement *prior* to the show night. This would best be accomplished with a good demo if Curt hasn't heard you before.

Beginners and raw amateurs need not apply as Curt is very dedicated to the notion of providing the best entertainment he can for the audience, which averages between 75 and 100 listeners. There are *two* paid feature performers with the open mike people dispersed in between the features. A player can become a feature provided that he or she has some professional notoriety or does well on the open mike.

In addition to the music, at least one visual artist (painter, photographer, et cetera) is also invited on show night, and that person's work is used for decoration.

Stay tuned for "Boppin' in the 'Burbs, Part IV" and a periodical star-system review of all the coffeehouses listed in this

Lisa Cornelio-Impossible Not To Look At

by Joe Del Priore

Lisa Cornelio has user-friendly cheeks, as opposed to Sharon Stone's standoffish cheeks. You want to kiss, squeeze and nuzzle them as she stands before you at Space At Chase (3rd Ave and 12th St, NYC) one recent evening before performing. Cornelio is the girl you see midway through freshman year coming toward you with a bounce and mischievous half-smile, the kind who you just know could make scraping burnt toast fun. You want to turn around and run after her, ask her name, walk and talk, but you're late for class. Then you spend the next three and a half years killing yourself trying to find her again on campus, but little do you know she transferred to Oberlin to study music theory while you graduate with an economics degree and an empty heart.

Every guy has a girl like that in his memory.

All around me are attractive young professionals, Lisa's crowd, and I feel like this pale blotchy fungus growing out of the wall. Sixteen months before, I was writing for a slew of publications, full of confidence, while Lisa J. had just started getting gigs in the city. Though she's performed frequently in Brooklyn, she was nervous sitting next to me at SpeakEasy waiting to go on. Things change. Stuff happens. In the interim her life became a supernova of activity while mine turned into the Republican Convention. Don't ask.

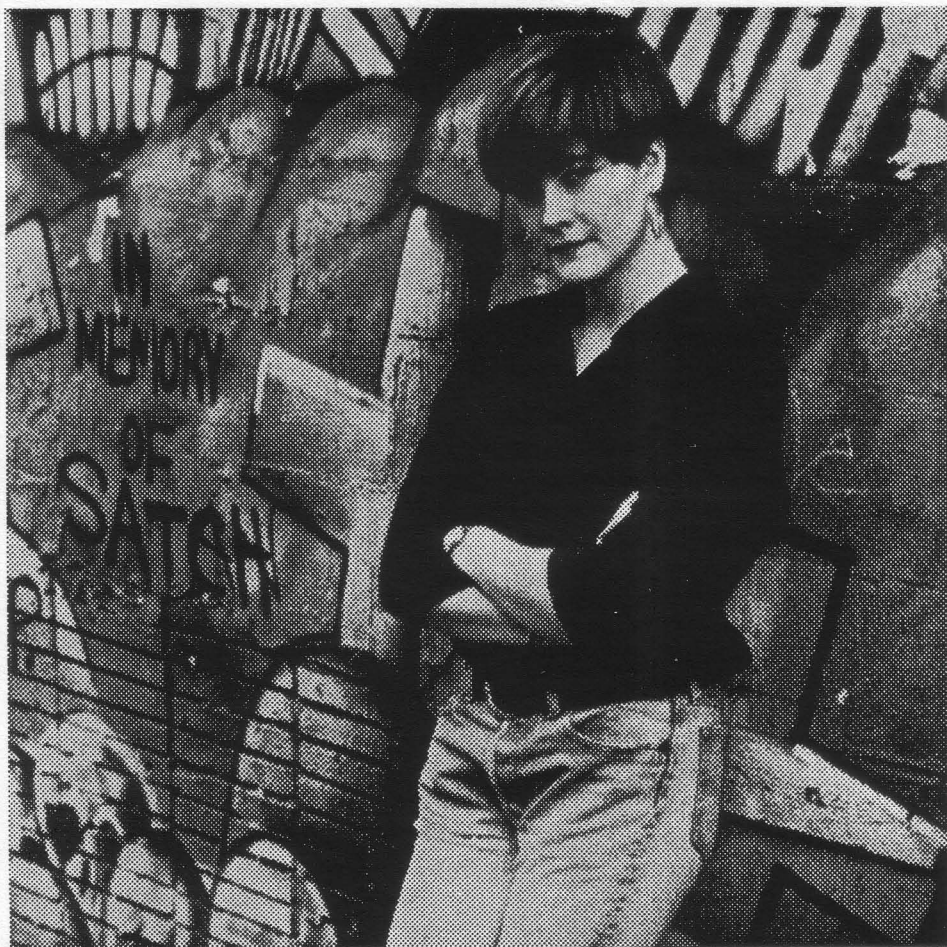
So now I ask if her tape is finished and I'm expecting her to say they're still "laying down the tracks" which she's been telling me for months. I've come to believe this phrase in musician-ese means, "We've run out of money, the drummer quit and the producer was just arrested for grand theft auto." I'm shocked when she actually hands over a demo. My mind goes blank except for asking about new publicity pictures to replace the old ones which really don't do her sleek Bridget Fonda beauty justice. She shrugs and says she can't afford any. Just then a guy with more hair than me bursts up to her and they begin speaking in that breathlessly exciting way people who know they are breathlessly exciting speak. Stuff about her recent trip to Boston. Lisa's been all over the world, spent an entire month in Florida this winter, all with no steady job, just traveling with friends sharing expenses, I guess. But no money for publicity shots. There's lots of stuff about Lisa J. I don't understand.

She takes the stage wearing white pants, violet vest, black jacket and boots. She immediately removes the jacket

revealing arms and shoulders that betray her rowing days at Princeton where she graduated. If Cornelio wanted to get really into body sculpting she could rival the physique of Olympic swimmers. Half Italian, half French-Canadian, she is impossible not to look at. I fantasize her

ending an interview by swiping away my tape recorder, throwing me on the sofa and overpowering me with a lava flow of Canadian passion.

Her backup consists of drummer, bass and a terrific guitarist whose name I don't remember. She launches into an upbeat working class ditty about Sal, the family man, trying to make ends meet. Like most of her twenty odd songs, this one has nice hooks and swings. Unfortunately, the sound is muddy, something they try to correct. A great R&B thing "Standing On Shaky Ground" follows, raunchy, driving. She mixes in ballads, does a hipsterish version of Hendrix's "Just Want to Talk to You", jumps into another rocker with Bonnie Raitt overtones, "Under the Spell of Your Eyes". Moves into funky blues, then another soothing ballad where she sings "Put your head on my shoulder/I can ease your pain" in a full lower register that



Lisa Cornelio

makes you want to bury yourself in her clavicle. The swinging "Fall From Grace" follows, the flip side of Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young". "Every time I kneeled in church I understood less/Knew I had a calling when the city lights echoed my name". This tune leads off her superb demo, which also contains the hopeful bouncy paean to relationships, "Take a Chance", the haunting "I Don't See You In My Dreams", featuring intricate acoustic lines, and "Girl's Trouble" with its rocking electric guitar swirls. The demo was produced by Mark Wolfsohn who's been guiding Cornelio's career.

Still learning, still growing, she told me last year her voice was "under attack", meaning she had never studied the mechanics of singing or composition, being an English major, and she needed that kind of training. What she doesn't do well is give us an idea of who she is. Between songs, especially when retuning her guitar, Cornelio seems unsure of what to talk about, something people like The Marys and Kate Jacobs have mastered. As garrulous as she is with friends before the show, once the lights go down she refrains from introductions other than "this is a song about eyes". I once asked her if she was a warm person and without blinking she answered "Depends on who I'm with." Bright, blunt, somewhat evasive, not fully formed, Lisa J. is a receptacle to be watched.

Her closer was something Raitt recorded, the sensual "Love Me Like A Man". Lisa used to sing this swaying slightly, letting her face and voice sell the need expressed in the lyrics. Now she incorporates a mess of gesticulations, bending at the waist, leaning sideways, hugging herself, making big eyes, almost like she's had bad shrimp. My God, I thought, she's turning into Pia Zadora! She doesn't have to work that hard to be sexy on stage, she just is. Give us back our imagination, Lisa! Ah, but what do I know? I'm just this fungus growing out of the wall no one will notice for two days until some street artist pops in and spray paints me and I'm officially declared a New York City esoteric landmark and Chase will immediately raise its cover charge. For info on Lisa's gigs or tapes call (718) 797-9672.

1993 11th Anniversary Fast Folk Review

Friday and Saturday,
February 26th and 27th

Shows at 7:30 and 10:30 each night

Tickets: \$15

Stop by box office at 15 w 4th St betw 10:30am-11pm (cash only) or send certified check or money order, SASE, daytime phone, \$15 per ticket, plus 50¢ to: The Bottom Line/15 w 4th St/NYC 10012. Tickets can be mailed out or held at box office-please specify

Get your tickets early. Bring your friends. This year's show is not to be missed.



Wendy Beckerman whoops it up upon learning she had just been signed by Great Divide Records. And, more specifically, upon reading the fine print of the contract which made it quite clear that a haircut would be required.

Lyrics

Ordinary Man (Katie McDonnell)

I wake each morning, as expected
And I go to sleep each night
I've got a job, a wife, some children
I'd say that everything's all right

I drive a school bus in Kentucky
Twenty-six get on, twenty-six get off
Every day's the same as the next day
But somehow something in me is lost

Chorus
Well, I don't know but I feel like I'm riding along
Without taking in the view
And a voice from deep within me is calling
"To thine own self be true"

Just another day in Kentucky
Twenty-six get on, twenty-six get off
I'm feeling paler than the morning
Invisible with my little thoughts

Well, in this sky there is no color
And God has no plan
The sun shines indifferently upon us
I'm just an ordinary man

Chorus

Well, in this sky there is no color
And God has no plan
The sun shines indifferently upon us
I'm just an ordinary man

I'm just an ordinary man (to thine own self be true)
I'm just an ordinary man

©1990 Katie McDonnell

Single Breath (Lisle Leete)

Here's a song that's sung in a single breath
It's about a matter of life and death
It's about thirty-seven sweet seconds long
It's about the difference between right and—left

Now the right brain sings while the left brain talks
But they both get confused when they need more oxy-gen
It's about to make my face turn blue
And though critics may say, "Hey, hold your tongue, fool"
You have to admit I've fit an awful lot into a single lungful

©1992 Lisle Leete

Tornado Twisted (Melissa Rosen)

There's an angel with a shotgun
There's a man with wings

He's shooting up at the stars
He's shooting down his beliefs

And he's flying on whiskey
Running on a ragged king of faith
That comes on like a false spring
And ends up in a snowy grave

I want to know what makes that man go
Running circles around me
It's a ring around my rosie
With his pocket full of prose
He's ashes, ashes
The sky come
Tornado twisted

There's a strong wind blowing
Through my room tonight
He's shaking me out of my tree
He's shaking me out of my mind

Love warning, electricity's in the air
I'm being pulled out by the current
But that coast don't look too clear
It's a ring around my rosie
With his pocket full of prose
He's ashes, ashes
The sky come
Tornado twisted

©1992 Melissa Rosen

Sonny and Cher (Christopher Temple)

Like birds and bees
Like dogs and fleas
Like hook and ladder
Like mad and hatter
Like tortoise and hare
Like Sonny and Cher
Like fish and bobbers
Like cops and robbers

Chorus
You belong to me
I belong to you
You become me
And I become you

Like Cupid and Psyche
Like Mike and Ike
Like church and bingo
Like John, Paul, George, and Ringo
Like up and away
Like hip hip and hooray
Like needle and thread
Like breakfast and bed

Chorus

Like rockets and red glare
Andy and electric chair
Brother and sister
Mrs. and Mister

Chorus

The Fourth of July (John Ewbank)

It's the Fourth of July
And I'm drinking alone
I'm a long way from heaven
And a long way from home
And I'm still not with God
And I'm sure not with you
But in my own funny fashion
I'll always be true
And I'm free as a dream
But my feet are like clay
I can't move and there's nowhere
To go anyway
I'm a hundred feet up
In the hot summer sky
On a roof in New York
On the Fourth of July

Now I'm not blaming Jane
And I'm not blaming Emily
Not blaming Mary
Not blaming Valerie
Not blaming Karen
And I'm not blaming Claire
I'm not blaming the new one
With the bows in her hair
And I'm not blaming Bethany
I'm not blaming Trudy
I'm not blaming Audrey
I'm not blaming Judy
I'm glad they were there
And I'm still alive
On this roof in New York
On the Fourth of July

Rockets exploding
Above Brooklyn Bridge
Old men on the Bowery
Who wish they'd had kids
Warm beer for them
Warm beer for me
And here's one for you
Wherever you are now

I space out at Christmas
At Easter I pray
I always go begging
On Valentine's Day
I say goodbye to summer
Every Labor weekend
Then I wait for Thanksgiving
To give thanks again
And I blow you a kiss
Wherever you are
Cross my fingers and toes
And I wish on a star
That you had your arms
Wrapped around me tonight
On this roof in New York
On this Fourth of July

©1990 APRA

Big House
(J.P. Olsen)

Yeah, I know this summer was a little rough on you
You need a place to rest
And the porch will do

The phone's been ringing off the wall
It's probably the wrong number
Besides, we're not home

The big house on the hill
Is ignored by the postman and the stars
Ignored by the stars

Once in a while we'll come around
We'll come around once in a while

Friends come knocking on your back door
Well, you're up until midnight
And down to four

All these appointments are too important to keep
It's been a good day
It's been a good day

The big house on the hill
Is ignored by the neighbors
And stars
Ignored by the stars

Ship In A Bottle
(Keith Kelly)

This young fella's paying for himself and me
It's his for the road and mine for the sea
So bring us another and ask us again
We've nowhere to go and money to spend
Now it's been seven years I'm retired
Said I'd leave it to young ones to sail
The oceans of memories, the seas of the world
And bid fond farewell to the pretty young girls

Chorus
A ship in a bottle is how I now travel
I call for another and all the world comes to me

On Fridays we'd tie up and clean up to meet
The girls in the bars along Water Street
A drink and a smile, and hours would pass
For each sailor man and each pretty lass
When the work was all done by the sunset
And we knew we would part with the dawn
The nights were for loving and singing our songs
We'd spend every cent and then we'd sail on

Chorus

One day in December my birthday was near
The sum of my life was suddenly clear
The high times were many, the peaceful times few
And so did I pledge to leave it to you
Now I know just what you can expect, lad

But you wouldn't be happy to hear
And now each December, my birthday draws near
Once I crossed the globe, now I just come here

Chorus

This young fella's paying for himself and me
It's his for the road and mine for the sea

©1989 Keith Kelly

The Likes of You
(Eve Silber)

Everywhere I go I see people
Who look like people who I used to know
So many folks who I meet tell me
That I look like so and so
If life has so few variations
Then I can find just one consolation
That someday I may find a face
That might perhaps just take your place

Chorus

Since you went away I haven't seen the likes of you
Nobody can make me feel exactly like you used to do
Since you went away, since you went away

So I try to imagine, I try to conceive
I give myself all the faith to believe
That just because you walked out my door
The thing that we had—I can still get more
Tell me baby, where'd you go?
Another thing, baby I would really like to know
Tell me baby where did you come from
Can I meet your brother, your father, or your son?

Chorus

I guess I'll wander, I'll look around
I'll look north, south, east, and west of this overpopulated town
And who knows, maybe I will find something new
Maybe, baby, something better than you

Chorus

©1992 Eve Silber

Bottom Rung
(Jim Allen)

I've got a plan to keep this city alive
You bring the drones and honey I'll bring the hive
Suckin' out the pollen 'til the flowers are bones
Everybody's workin' for the honeycomb
Because it really doesn't matter whose foot is on the ladder
When you're livin' on the bottom rung

Cut me a coupon for the price of my balls
I'm gettin' screwed up the ass and I can't use them at all
It's in your own best interest to work all your life
So there's no idle hand available to reach for a knife
Because there isn't any jury that will listen to your story
When you're livin' on the bottom rung

Sell all your milk to pay for half of your bread
Only an outlaw has no price on his head
If you want what's comin' to you, stay in line
There's only twelve more shopping days 'til Christmas time
Always waiting out the winters 'til the ladder cracks and splinters
When you're livin' on the bottom rung

©Jim Allen 1992

Pick-Pocket Santa
(Lyrics by Jeff Tareila and Christian Bauman
Music by Jeff Tareila)

California smells like popcorn
New York smells like a beer
Hold on to your pocketbooks 'cause Christmas time is here
Listen up kids, take my advice
It doesn't matter if you've been naughty or nice
You'll still make out

I've seen the lights of Christmas time upon my neighbor's lawn
Santa bumped into me on the corner
And I noticed that my wallet was gone
It's funny 'cause the same guy wore a turkey suit about a month ago
He makes his living as he stuffs himself with other people's dough

It's the changing of the year, it slips into another
You're throwing down a beer with your father and your brother
Be nice to old ladies, good will toward men
Here's hoping we'll see Christmas again

I walked into a store late on Christmas Eve
And caught the sales guy watering the artificial Christmas trees
He tried to sell me baby Jesus dolls wearing yarmulke and rosaries
Wrapped it in a pretty box tied with a bow of blasphemy

Slow Boat to China
(David Cantor)

Found my passport
Found a friend to take the cat
And a kid with too much money
Who wants to renovate my flat

'Cause I'm leavin'
On a slow boat to China

I'm doin' the China tour

There was this guy I met
With a birthmark on his knee
But he had more respect for Nixon
Than he had for me

So come tomorrow
I'm on that slow boat to China
I'm takin' the China cure

I'll be walking along that Great Wall mighty
soon
Where the emperor and his armies stood their
ground
And the river where the poet kissed the moon
And drowned
Well, that's the spot where I'll be found

Once I get there
It's an even money bet
That I'll only brood the harder
On what I'm trying to forget

Still, I'm leaving
On that slow boat to China
I'm doin' the China tour
I'm takin' that Chinese cure

©1991 David Cantor

Cold Iron Rail
(Brian Crawley)

The roads are pressed flat to the corn
With one ear to the ground
To listen in to what the wheat's been
A-whispering around
Clear across the prairie
You can hear the lonesome wail
Of a train that tunnels through the night
On a cold iron rail

A train that tunnels through the night
Without a place to stay
That's just the way my life has gone
I chose to live this way
Don't ask what keeps me moving on
I couldn't rightly tell
But something always draws me back
To a cold iron rail

Something always draws me back
Like a moth to a flame
There's no place I can stay for long
I'm a refugee from shame
When my travels lead me to
The end of a trail
I wish upon a falling star
For a cold iron rail

We wish upon a falling star
That's all the skies can spare
'Cause we ain't no better than we are
Gotta take what's offered there
We're bound to work against our fate
Like a board against a nail

Or a woman tied by a villain to
A cold iron rail

money is god
(richard julian)

everything's for sale
take anything you see
you want the chevrolet with the rack and pinion
you wanna take away all these worthless
opinions
from me

everything's for sale
anything that you ask
an orphan soul and a broken heart
in the fifty-cent box with the baseball cards
some patio furniture
and depression glass

and if money is god
if money is god
like they say
then let us pray
to the lord

everything's for sale
nothin' here's for free
anybody here who wants a piece of the action
a small down payment can get you a fraction
of me

and your mother's in the hall
with another souvenier
well, she cleared out the den and she cleared
out the cellar
left me with nothin' but a bob dylan record
and a beer

she said . . . if money is god
if money is god
like you say
then let us pray
to the lord

hey, yay, yay, yay . . .
the girl with the thighs and the pearls in her
eyes
heard a poor boy say
he said . . . hey, yay, yay, yay . . .
it don't matter if you ride first class if the plane's
gonna crash
anyway, any day
poor boy say hey, yay, yay, yay

everything's for sale
everything in here
i'm one man's junk, i'm another man's treasure
you can kick me like a dog while you're sittin' in
your leisure
chair

if money is god
if money is god
like they say
then let us pray
and may the lord show us some kind of sign

everything's for sale
my sense of humor
my brain tumor
sold my hands to a good friend
sold my arms to an iranian

©1992 richard julian

List of Attractions (of Old Coney Island)
(Carol Lipnik)

The House Of Too Much Trouble
Wormwood's Monkey Theater
The Cave Of Winds
The Haunted Swing
Mr. Spessardy's Bears

The Infant Incubators
The Human Roulette Wheel
The Ostrich Farm
The Circle Swing
Virginia Reel

Three-Ring Circus In Mid-Air
Electric Bathing
The Funny Stairs
The House Upside Down
The Galveston Flood
The Fall of Pompeii
The End of the World

The Human Bagatelle Board
Mark Lee's Gypsy Camp
The Lindy Loop
The Chair-O-Plane
Li'l Egypt was a Vamp

The Insanitarium
Jolly Irene was quite port
The Midget Village
The Burning Ruins
The Cabaret De La Mort

Van Wart's Seafood Restaurant
The Fatal Wedding
The Mountain Torrent
The House Upside Down
The Trip to the Moon
The Laughing Show
The Cabaret De La Mort

©Carol Lipnik/BMI

Letter
(Jane Hohenberger)

Can I tell you that at night I dream of holding
your flesh in my teeth until it spills like new
streams from rainy mountains; where no one
watches with judging eyes, no one calls me evil
or sick or perverse; where the sun takes off like
it will never land or let the moon shine, for a
minute, and when night does come, surprising
the birds, the moon is on fire and pools become
cauldrons and everything dances until the trees

fill with the sweet steam of life and blood is in everybody living, in rocks and ferns and even bark is warm like promising skin reminding me that the stillness age brings is an erotic slow stiffness and only the mind can limit you.

I had sex with a tree this summer. Its roots stuck out of the earth into me like I was the moon in its branches that eat from the ground that eat from me and the bark curved to my lips and smelled real as rain and soaked me in like I was some storm that emptied my clouds like buckets, like oceans, like waves tumbling in desert landscapes. There is sand that is deeper, hotter than the infinite sky I will travel to the bottom of heat I will feel the earth I will expand until I am the universe and feel all, all at once. Stars my crown of water, oil, fire beads and galaxies make up my body, bodiless full bodied full and empty holding nothing, containing everything, giving everything, being everything. When you read this and find it has no stops, tell me again the original question and I will send you to the dark warm part of my body, of my universe and before you swing on my imagination on my physcreation remember: I gave nothing. I give nothing and abandon all I am free. I am asking you to close your culture mind and stop the code of behavior you are subscribing to and denying. You can leave. Come into the forest desert ocean and fill us. The earth is begging for you to come back. Shed the veil humanity drew to keep us in fear, controlled, building walls, living in boxes, having wars to keep our blinders sacred.

There is no roof where I live, I too am the sun and the moon and when you see me running in your nightmare dream kiss your own body, taste the salt of the lakes that are in you, me, my body is open your body is reaching follow me home mother follow lead bleed receive believe conceive the child can only come out of darkness. Let her eyes be dark, let his hair hold the sky between each strand, let them feel all of all before the end began or when there was no once upon a time, before the circle, the fall, the history, the memory, the anarchy, ravage me.

It was one afternoon we had just woken up from a late black night of games in the streets and conversations. Looking back for love before the changes. I love you so much, but once the love was something else, it was the empty center (remember, without space there is no motion) real and wanting and stronger than arms of ocean waves. They would try and take me but you would stop me from dying you loved me so much. Then our hearts broke each other we glued back cracked and are in the process of sanding, with memory promising the present, and I hope to God it works, I want it to work so bad I think in broken rings finding shape again, finding their course. To know our strength we must find our weakness, and break there. I did that, I enjoyed the pain because it would be the last time for that pain and I grew from the risk. I am ready now to be strong again and find you at

the shore of my bed. You are so entirely beautiful when you sleep, I could cry. I had to touch you, I had to feel my fingers across your body. I had to touch your skin is not smooth it is bumpy and dry in some places and has scars and it's not like silk or movies or water, it's skin. It's your outside that gets dirty and used and I love it and I was touching it. I had to, it's PART of you, I want to be part of you and then we were still half asleep with sour mouths and hair in every direction itchy and stiff from holding each other all night. When we sleep we both have that thing that makes us have to be intertwined at all times, clutching. I like this hardcore desperate sleep even though waking from it you find yourself still exhausted. But anyway, my teeth are in my mouth, your skin is on your body, you are waking and we're stretching, erotically and tantrically and finally we find each other at the point of penetration and we haven't even kissed. It's bright out and you have sand in your eyes, I smell like yesterday and we're so close and having fun and smiling and not caring about little things and we trust each other and I want you and you put the condom on with one hand and I am telling you a story and then you stop me and open me up. Our eyes close in unison and we know this is serious and funny and we look weird and we're happy together but sad because we miss each other, even though we're touching.

We're having sex and it's good, we're moving and I want to see your face when you orgasm but your head is over my shoulder and when I pull you back by your hair I see you dive away and this excites me and there's struggle and we're sweaty and it's bright and we're making small human noises. I feel my spine lengthen and it's intense and it arches but not so that my chest goes toward the air, instead I close up. I round my back as much as I can. You hold me back and you know something different is happening and I feel confused I'm not sure where you are and I keep wanting water or Kool-Aid or pancakes but the skin on my back is hurting right by my shoulder blades and I can't imagine what it is. I scream. You can't stop but want to. I can feel my skin split in two slits, vertical, almost parallel cuts open my back and I feel cool blood river to the crack of my behind. There is a red V on my back and you finish. I begin to cry and you put your fingers near the slits they are wet but not heavily bleeding at all. You reach in four fingers and we are both bewildered. You pull out a black wing, I hurt but it feels good, and I feel my lungs expand and I tell you to reach in for the other one. You pull it out, unfold it gently. They are large, heavy, bloody, black, feathered appendages, that extend from my ears down the length of my back to my sits bones. The wings are only attached at the shoulder blades and we are both frightened and amazed. They are weak and when I manage to stretch them out they open well past my fingertips when my arms are up like the horizon. My breathing is different my heart beats faster and you are silent so I turn

you over and open up your back, my nails are like claws, the two slits come and you are screeching but trusting and nervous. I open you. Your blood is like mine, you have wings too, you do not believe me and words are flags that don't mean anything if you don't know or believe what the symbols are sending. We are amazed and in awe and we fall asleep and we're bleeding and clutching each other, for different reasons.

I am the type of person who loves to drink water. It is the stuff of rivers and oceans and your heart is an open lake with dragon's teeth eating water is in a cup and then I put it in me. It flows through me, it is no longer in the cup. I flow through the earth, the earth flows through me, this is I am like a cup, holding, and you can reach in me; I am like a pocket, a cabinet, a bowl, a grave, a place where things come alive.

We are clutching each other. Sometimes we fear we'll lose our bodies, we use them so much. Hold on tight, make sure I don't lose myself, I'll keep you too and we will live forever and we dreamt wings came real. We are sleeping awake and once you told me memory is hard for you because you're never sure if the pictures in your head are dreams or reality. Well listen, it doesn't matter because it's in you now and it doesn't matter how it gets there and sometimes you realize there are days that go on for weeks and you learn so much that you fear you'll forget and we all know it's hard to remember all the stuff that makes you whole. I was different once, more than once, I have been many people and they are in me a little but I can't be them anymore. I can only feel them sometimes and what are we clutching then?

We're going to go somewhere, no matter how hard we hold or shut our eyes we're going to continue. Let me just keep trying to say I love you. Nothing is as scary as tomorrow's stranger in our body, but it's magnificent because all these people leave stories and make love and drink water and find new streams spilling from rainy mountains.

Most Definitely,
Jane Hohenberger

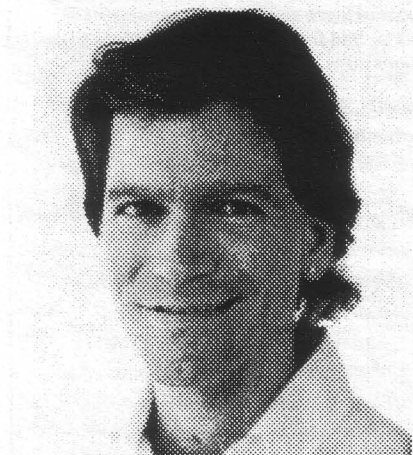
All songs ©1992 by the author unless otherwise noted

BIOS (in order of appearance)

McDonnell/Tane is a New Haven-based acoustic duo consisting of Katie McDonnell and Freddie Tane. They have toured New England extensively, either as headliners or sharing the stage with Bob Dylan, Suzanne Vega, and Kathy Mattea, to name a few.



Two recordings are currently available—*McDonnell/Tane*, cassette only, and *Volcanic Rendezvous*, CD and cassette. Contact Treestar Management, P.O. Box 3287, New Haven, CT 06515, (203) 438-6102.



Lisle Leete grew up in Hartford, CT, studied philosophy at Yale, and drank heavily with the *a capella* group, the

Whiffenpoofs, on several international tours. After college he mellowed out on Nantucket for two winters, singing, acting, teaching, and directing. He then spent two years as Johnny B. in Johnny B. and the All-Night Boys, a bar band in western Massachusetts. Since moving to NYC in 1986, he has performed at SpeakEasy and other hotbeds of artistry, with the dream of being the next Suzanne Vega. While working as manager of Calliope Studios, he learned the dubious art of record engineering, and is now working with major rap artists such as the Black Sheep, De La Soul, Jimmy Webb, and Richard Julian. In 1990, Lisle married comedian/writer Lauri Semarne, and the two co-wrote and directed "Marching to Euphoria," which was performed at several of Manhattan's top cabarets. He now dreams of being the next Spike Jones.

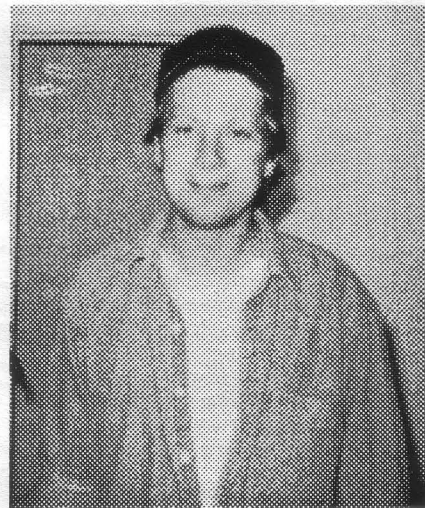
Melissa Rosen has been writing songs since the age of 9. At one time she thought Nashville was her direction and has been published there (no hit country songs yet). She is a full-time mother, part-time legal secretary, currently trying to better her craft.

Christopher Temple lives on New York City's lower east side in a small apartment on the fifth of five floors. He writes songs about love, hate, and motorcycles.

John Ewbank was born in England, raised in Australia, and has lived in New York since 1987. He has been writing songs since 1972 and has performed in



Europe, across the U.S., and all over Australia (including a national tour opening for Bob Dylan). He has three recordings released in Australia, *Live at the Troubador*, *An Angel Somewhere*, and *Nails and Crosses*. For bookings and info: John Ewbank, c/o Uluru Management, 332 Bowery, #3, New York, NY 10012, (212) 420-8709.



J.P. Olsen was born, raised, and educated in Ohio. His last recording was in 1989 with his trio, The Beetkeepers, on No Other Records. In the past he has opened solo or with his band for Warren Zevon, Jonathan Richman, The BoDeans, 10,000 Maniacs, Eric Andersen, Joe McDonald, and others. He now lives in New York City and is a freelance writer.



Keith Kelly was born ten years too soon but a month early in the farthest corner of his favorite place. He is an

Assistant Editor of *Fast Folk*, and this is his second recording for the magazine; he contributed an equally cheerful song to Volume 6, No. 5. "Ship In A Bottle" was inspired by a visit to the South Street Seaport. Keith is still working on that first album. He's on a waiting list for a city job. Success is lovely.



Eve Silber is a performing artist born and living in New York City. She is a graduate of the Dave Van Ronk "school" of traditional jazz guitar and performs her own style of traditional folk, blues, and jazz in addition to a diverse repertoire of original material. She chooses to write songs, she says, because they don't take up much room. This summer she released *Eve Silber—SONGS*, an album on cassette available through Can't We Do This All Day Productions, 3 Sheridan Square, NY, NY 10014, (212) 242-9096.

Jim Allen was born in New York City and still lives there. His song "Hang Your Hat" was the finale of the 1991 *Fast Folk* Revue, and he appeared for the first time in the 1992 show at the Bottom Line.



Jeff Tareila is from Clinton, New Jersey. He started playing his music at Godfrey Daniel's in Pennsylvania and has since migrated to many other places throughout the East Coast. He has released his first CD, called *Dust Devils Dance*. You can get one by writing him at P.O. Box 5015, Clinton, NJ 08809-5015.

Dave's True Story consists of guitarist/songwriter David Cantor and vocalist Kelly Flint.

This is **Brian Crawley's** second appearance in *Fast Folk*. He lives and writes in New York City.

Richard Julian has been a fixture on the New York songwriters' scene now for six years. He has performed at the Bottom Line, the Bitter End, and at the Bluebird Café in Nashville. He has also performed at the Newport Folk Festival and throughout Europe. Richard has two independently-released cassettes of his material and is currently recording with producer Steve Addabbo (Suzanne Vega, Shawn Colvin). For more info: 355 W. 51 St., Apt. 40, NYC 10019. Coney Island-born



Carol Lipnik is a singer and songwriter who performs frequently in NYC. Her musical theater works include *Coney Island Screams All Night Café* and *Pornsongspiel*,



and its later version, *The History of Pornography*, (with book by Kevin Malony). In October her original score *Moments Between*, for the Neo Labs Dance Theater, was heard at the Ohio Theatre. Much of her childhood was spent wandering around Coney Island.

Born in Nyack, New York, **Jane Hohenberger** moved to Greenwich Village in 1991 to attend Eugene Lang College, where she studies creative writing. Her most recent collection of works, *Maybe Your Tongue is a Fish*, can be obtained, along with any other desired information, by writing: Jane Hohenberger, 216 Piermont Avenue, South Nyack, NY 10960.

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Musician Credits

-1-

Ordinary Man
(Katie McDonnell)

McDonnell/Tane
Katie McDonnell: guitar, vocal
Freddie Tane: guitar, vocal

-2-

Single Breath
(Lisle Leete)

Lisle Leete: guitar, vocal

-3-

Tornado Twisted
(Melissa Rosen)

Melissa Rosen: guitar, vocal
David Cantor: electric guitar
Richard Julian: bass

-4-

Sonny and Cher
(Christopher Temple)

Christopher Temple: guitar, vocal
Keith Kelly: mandolin
Jeff Tareila: bass, vocal
J.P. Olsen: thigs

-5-

The Fourth of July
(John Ewbank)

John Ewbank: piano, vocal
David Cantor: electric guitar
Richard Julian: bass

-6-

Big House
(J.P. Olsen)

J.P. Olsen: guitar, vocal

-7-

Ship In A Bottle
(Keith Kelly)

Keith Kelly: guitar, vocal
Brian Rose: pennywhistle
Jim Allen: bass

-8-

The Likes of You
(Eve Silber)

Eve Silber: guitar, vocal

-9-

Bottom Rung
(Jim Allen)

Jim Allen: guitar, vocal

-10-

Pick-Pocket Santa
(Jeff Tareila)

Jeff Tareila: guitar, vocal
Chris Temple: harmonica

-11-

Slow Boat to China
(David Cantor)

Dave's True Story
Kelly Flint: vocal
David Cantor: electric guitar

-12-

Cold Iron Rail
(Brian Crawley)

Brian Crawley: guitar, vocal
Jeff Tareila: bass

-13-

Money Is God
(Richard Julian)

Richard Julian: electric guitar, vocal
Matthew Weiner: bass
Eve Silber: conga
Melissa Rosen: vocal
Lisle Leete: vocal

-14-

List of Attractions
(of Old Coney Island)
(Carol Lipnik)

Carol Lipnik: vocal
Joe Cacciola: guitar

-15-

Letter
(Jane Hohenberger)

Jane Hohenberger: vocal

Engineers: Matthew Weiner & Joe Deihl

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