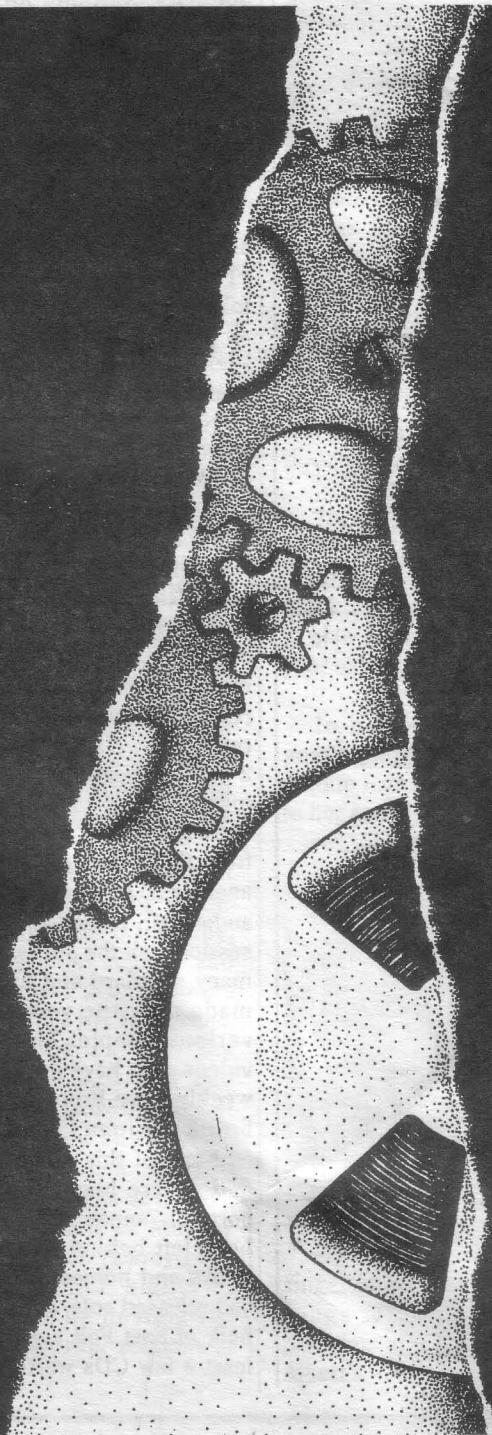


# FAST FOLK

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

February 1993 Volume 6 Nos. 9-10

LOST IN THE WORKS



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## LOST IN THE WORKS

### A BRIEF HISTORY OF FAST FOLK'S RECORDING

By Richard Meyer

#### Old details

The first Coop LP was released in February, 1982. It was recorded at 7-1/2 ips (no noise reduction) on Mark Dann's home 4-track reel-to-reel in 2 attic rooms of his parents home on Argyle Avenue in Brooklyn. He thought it would be a one time project. Mark subsequently recorded the bulk of FAST FOLK's recordings through 1987. Over the years he graduated to 8-track (7/'82), 16-track (8/'85) and later to digital formats. Recordings were also produced by Bill Kollar in New Jersey, David Seitz on Long Island, Jay Rosen at the SpeakEasy, and by David Van Der Haden at various live events. Following the trail of tapes from 1982 is a complicated tale that is still unwinding.

There were 18 LP issues of the Coop and 44 issues of FAST FOLK (46 LPs since FF305/6 & FF 405/6 were double issues) followed by 12 CD issues of FAST FOLK, as of FFCD 608. Coop records are identified by SE catalog numbers- for SpeakEasy, since the recordings were originally put together under the auspices of a committee at the club. To manufacture an LP one prepares a master tape for each side. This means that we have a stack of 128 final master tapes just for the LPs. CDs require a Sony 1630 digital master for production which is made from a studio master in another format; DAT or reels for example. So, there are about six 4-track master reels, another dozen 1/2" 8-track reels, another dozen 1" 16 track master reels, a few 1" 8-track reels, another dozen 2" 16-track multitrack reels, 50 digital masters in various formats from the live shows, a dozen 30ips 1/4" master reels from the LA sessions, along with at least another 20 or so assorted DATs, reels, and audio VHS cassettes resulting from other sessions, all the 1630s, not to mention the many standard and high speed cassettes made over the years at SpeakEasy by various people. There are even a few videos. We have air checks from the bi-weekly 'Live From the SpeakEasy' radio broadcasts from 1985-6.

Most of this material is safely stored and we are beginning to go through it, correctly annotate it, and listen to what's been left behind. We are tracking down strays and homemade tapes as well. The 950 released cuts, as of FFCD 607, are the bulk of Fast Folk's work, but there are at least a few CDs worth of material we will

release as we sort through the tapes, so long as it does not interfere with the recording of new material.

#### So here we are

Our recording was done on a volunteer basis by the owners of home studios. Over the years each engineer upgraded their equipment- sometimes significantly; the result being that we cannot play many older tapes since we no longer have cost free access to proper format machines. Other mysteries were created because our engineers, bless them, rarely made session notes. We have almost no notes about when individual recordings were made. We can make educated guesses based on production or release dates of records and the formats of the master tapes, but these are guesses at best. In some cases the tape boxes have no notes on them at all. If any of you past FAST FOLK artists are reading this and you know when you cut a song please drop us a line. A few years ago I asked each recording engineer to go through the performance credits as they appeared as published and to correct them for future reference. This was done. One day we will be able to produce a detailed sessionography. It will be interesting to trace the musical genealogies of our contributing writers.

Most FAST FOLK sessions proceeded as follows: The editor would ask a writer to record a specific song and arrange a recording date with whichever engineer was available. The editors were present for most sessions, at least the ones where a writer was cutting their first tracks. Remember that in many cases these Coop



*Richard Meyer*

and FAST FOLK recordings were a person's very first recording session. After a while when recording became more routine we might just send somebody over to the studio. Most Village artists were primarily solo performers, but during multi-artist sessions a lot of harmonies and other back up parts were developed, and added, live; with minimal rehearsal. Even in the multitrack era most of our recordings were first or second takes and with no overdubs by the primary artist.

### **The engineering**

In the case of Mark Dann, however, there was a difference. At the time Mark played with everyone, everyone. It was not uncommon to be playing a solo date at SpeakEasy; see Mark walk in with his bass and have him tune up, plug into the board and play along for the rest of the set. His familiarity with our material, his willingness to play with everyone, and the fact that he was the primary engineer for the early records encouraged him to add touches to the otherwise solo recordings. Stories of Mark playing bass, running the tape machine with his toes and counting the revolutions of a tape reel for overdub cues are not exaggerations. He ran mic lines out the window to a piano downstairs, created the sound effects for songs like "The Nightmare Room" from scratch and once and only once, replaced a person's unusable guitar part with his own so well that it was never noticed. Mark was a recording chameleon and those records are better for it.

### **Not so fast**

In January, 1987 FAST FOLK lost its office until the winter of '91. In 1987 Mark moved into the city and could not afford to engineer and produce an album every four weeks, although he did continue to record on a limited basis. The SpeakEasy coop which had provided a great deal of our volunteer labor and a gathering place, dissolved in the winter of '87. David Seitz and Bill Kollar began to produce recordings for FAST FOLK, but their locations out of the city were an obstacle for many people. The magazine staff was fragmented by everyone's careers demands and individual moves out of town. I was simultaneously working in NYC, upstate NY and western

Massachusetts. Production became slower. Lots of people offered advice about how to speed things up but would not assist when it came to practical problems. During this period we were supported in part by grants from the New York State Council on the arts, our live shows at the Bottom Line were very successful and critics praised our work. The records did not come out often enough and although we made some jokes, it was a serious problem.

These recordings exist from the years 1985 to '89. Records were coming out more or less on time until the spring of '88. We were recording more writers from out of town. With the availability of 16-track tape it was both artistically wise and cost effective for a writer like Buddy Mondlock, in town for a gig for a day from his home in

Chicago, to cut more than one tune. "The Kid" was cut in Mark Dann's attic the same night (probably Sept. '86) that he recorded "On The Line" (on FF 310). I decided to maintain our recording schedule in spite of slowed production and criticism. While I hoped that things would turn around sooner I knew that it was important to keep making recordings when

## **AN APPEAL**

This album is a survey of some unreleased material and as the accompanying article lays out there is more to hear. FAST FOLK needs support to maintain its archives. Projects include: making digital safety copies of all the original tapes, repairing old splices, listening to all the master multitrack reels and making proper track and personnel notes, creating a database for this material, researching recording dates, places including appropriate notes on tape formats -noise reduction and original engineers. We want to collect and copy individual cassettes made by various people too. Most of this information is in the heads of three or four people. It will take money and a responsible volunteer team with access to a wide variety of playback machines to sort out the many reels of tape. It is possible that we will have to rent machines in order to do this work. It has to be done with care. We are simply not about to loan out our old masters casually. These tapes after all, include the first recordings of some of the major singer/songwriters of this generation. We could say the archive is worth so many dollars, but the real point is that recording tape is a fragile medium. Our first tapes are now entering their teen years which is actually late middle age for tape. They need to be cared for.

We need money for digital tape. We would like to pay our original engineers to help preserve and maintain recordings they made so often for free for so long. If you share our concern about this material please be in touch. (212) 274 1636 or (212) 885 3268. Thank you.



*Mark Dann, Frank Christian, & Nikki Mathessen*

opportunities arose.

As the NY base of operations fragmented I looked outside the city. I wanted FAST FOLK to become a national publication. We released an album from Toronto, recorded for us by the CBC. I used free time during an out of town job in California to produce the LA album with time donated by three studios. Connections made with the now closed Sleepy Hollow Sound; in Dobbs Ferry, NY allowed us to record Hidaefuso Matsumoto in NY briefly from Japan, Nikki Matheson in briefly from Paris and Julie Gold's piano songs. Rod MacDonald brought Eric Andersen over one day (He also recorded "The Hills of Tuscany" -FF 406) Then Mark sold his Tascam -1", moved again and many tapes were stranded for lack of a convenient machine. These are a few examples. David Seitz's recordings, which are not represented on this collection, are rather extensive because of his willingness to supply tape and take his time to record multiple cuts for people. It was frustrating

for us, the subscribers, as well as the artists, to have work languish in the can for so long. It defeated the immediacy FAST FOLK worked to maintain. In spite of the problems of those years I am glad to have been stubborn enough to see that these recordings were made.

While some of these recordings might have had overdubs by Mark had they come out while he was active, I decided to simply present these tapes as I found them. They were run off and compiled in two evenings.

### **The light of day**

Virtually nothing has actually been lost. The tapes themselves are in great shape. We have more from the LA sessions including cuts by Peter Case and Marvin Etzioni. There are lots of stray live cuts from sessions in Philadelphia, the Postcrypt in NY, The SpeakEasy and others that will fill out one album. David Seitz's tapes contain cuts by Michael Jerling, John Gorka, Andrew Calhoun,

Jaime Morton, Jim Allen, Rachel Polisher and lots of others. On the rarest occasions we accepted tapes that were not recorded in our studios. I'm happy to be able to introduce Dude Stewart to the FAST FOLK audience. He sent me a tape a few years ago after reading an article about us in his home town of Wichita, Kansas. Paul Jay is making his late debut with "Dream Astronette", a sci-fi love song recorded at Mark's by Lillie Palmer. Jack says he doesn't recall recording "Of All of the Sorrows" ( probably early '86), and I was not aware that Peter Spencer had cut a second song the day he recorded "Adam and Eve on a Raft" (FF 401). Richard Ferriera's "Bright Lights of Memphis" and Richard Goldman's "Love Calling" come from two of the Fall, 1988 LA sessions. Both Rod MacDonald's cut and my own (Fall '89) were done at sessions that while not officially for FAST FOLK, were not intended for any other project. Rod's song was cut at the same sessions as "Now That The Rain Has Gone", which appears on FF405 (the sixth anniversary issue). Some tracks also got left behind because of technical glitches, popped Ps, rattling strings, whatever.

Jay Rosen has visited Toronto regularly for many years. On a trip two years ago he made arrangements with members of the local scene and a local radio station to take another look at that city's songwriting community. These Toronto recordings are drawn from those sessions. In March, 1987 when the FAST FOLK REVUE played at the Berklee Performance Center, we held another of our marathon sessions in the basement of the Nameless Coffeeshouse in Cambridge recorded by Jay Rosen and myself. We dusted off some of those tapes as well and hope you enjoy the songs.

As with any regular FAST FOLK issue we have included artists with idiosyncratic points of view. Some have styles leaning more to pop or trad., as is their desire. Taken together with our other recordings you will get a much more complete sense of the village scene and other bases of songwriters in the late eighties. As usual there will be spirited discussions over the inclusion of some writers. Diametrically opposing viewpoints usually indicate a healthy population of self-appointed critics. To this I say bravo.

## Our Main Engineers through the Years

*Mark Dann* is a bass player guitarist trained at the Manas school of music. Mark has played with everyone on the village scene and can be seen in the video of Folk City's 25th anniversary concert. He's played at Stonehenge. He is a self-taught engineer who was able to get

unusually good recordings from basic equipment. He worked fast, didn't get too caught up in the 'art' of it and made people sound their best. He also runs a guitar and bass repair business. His nickname was Dr. Dann. He's recorded numerous individual albums for Hugh Blumenfeld, Rod MacDonald, Richard Meyer, Jack Hardy and others. Mark recently built a new high tech 24 track studio. He has never had a beer, but he is fully computerized. Call World Studios (212) 941-7771

*David Seitz* received his recording training at RCA in the classical division where he assisted Tom Shepard on the soundtrack of "Sunday in the Park" With George. He has studio in Great Neck, Long Island. He now owns a Studer 2" 16-track machine which once belonged to Paul McCartney. It is, legend has it, the very machine on which "Maybe I'm Amazed" was recorded. Dr. Dave, who is actually a doctor, is known for his particular attention to sonic detail. He's recorded albums for the Canadian group Catchpenny, Jane Byaela, and the highly acclaimed debut *Sparrows Point* by Richard Shindell. His next major project is

a double album of material from Christine Lavin's Wintertide festival. Contact him at Synergy Sound (516) 466-3021 soon to be moving to Manhattan.

*Jay Rosen*, one of the founding members of the SpeakEasy coop, was head sound person for the club. While he has no formal studio, he often brought his high quality decks to SpeakEasy for shows that interested him or were intended for FAST FOLK. He has billions of tapes of annual benefits, special theme shows and many, many individual performances as well as

free line of cookies and muffins called Kollar Cookies to stores in NYC and NJ. (908) 750 1960

*David Van Der Haden* owns and operates Prodigal Sound. He and his mobile recording truck have captured countless concerts around the New York area for recorded release and live radio broadcasts. He has recorded the FAST FOLK REVUE at the Bottom Line since 1988.

Call him at (201) 653-3354.



*Lucy Kaplansky, Mark Dann, Rod Macdonald & Jack Hardy*

annual concerts the co-op produced at the 72nd street bandshell in Central Park. Jay made the first released recording of Tracy Chapman as the out of town engineer for our Boston issues in '85 & '86.

*Bill and Janice Kollar* own and run London By Night studios in Woodbridge New Jersey. Bill recorded FAST FOLK's 1986 and '87 concerts at the Bottom Line. They have produced albums by John Gorka, Christine Lavin and Jack Hardy among others. London By Night also specializes in audio for video synchronization and has produced work for G.E., AT&T, and Kentucky Fried Chicken. Janice is up to her elbows in cookie dough, selling a wheat and dairy

*Sleepy Hollow Sound* was a busy commercial studio in Dobbs Ferry, NY. Although they closed in 1991, we appreciated studio time donated on three occasions by the management and engineer Gary Horowitz. We are pleased to be able release some of their work.

The Los Angeles sessions were recorded over the course of a couple days in the September and November of '88 at Red Zone Studio by Scott Loveliss and Dennis Degher, TMF Studio's Guy Snider, and Edge studio. These were live, direct to two-track sessions. Through the generous efforts of Ron Sobel, membership rep. at ASCAP at the time, all studio time was

# Torontologue

by Jay Rosen

In August 1990, while on vacation in Toronto, Canada, I decided to take in an open stage at Sneaky Dee's Uptown. I found the musicians' performances exceptional, to say the least.

Throughout the coming months, after discussing a possible *Fast Folk*-from-Toronto issue with then-editor Richard Meyer, I decided to set the wheels in motion to do this album.

I had gotten some leads of possible venues to do this project. Originally I hoped we could make use of a coffeehouse or some other club which hosted a small audience and had a comfortable playing atmosphere. Unfortunately, none of these venues panned out. However, at Sneaky Dee's I had met Gayle Ackroyd, who introduced me to Charlie Kert, who became our liaison. Charlie did some groundwork in Toronto, and contacted his friend Morris Jacobs at CIUT-FM (89.9), a community radio station on the campus of the University of Toronto (in Canada, a community radio station would be the counterpart of our commercial college radio stations.) Charlie then put me in touch with Dave Hope, the station manager.

For a college radio station, CIUT has a lot of clout and a large potential audience. They even reach across the border to listeners in the Buffalo and Rochester areas. Sometimes it seems that the studios (where they program 24 hours a day) are held together with Scotch tape and chewing gum, but day in and day out they give their audience the most interesting and varied radio on the dial. Dave graciously offered to do the recording sessions live over the air, and the station became the stage. We began to set up the schedule with Bruce (dB) Hawkes, the station's live-broadcast engineer. As I did not want to bring my own recording equipment (we were flying to Toronto), dB offered the use of his own equipment without the blink of an eye! He set up everything single handed besides doing the recording himself, and getting very accurate recording levels on a moment's notice—he did almost all sound checks on the fly, while a 3-5-minute record was playing, and handled the sound going out over the air without any problems.

We arranged the sessions for:

November 5, 1990, 11 P.M.-2 A.M.

November 9, 1990, 8 P.M.-3 A.M.

November 10, 1990, 11 P.M.-6 A.M.

I was aided on this project by William Ponsot, who took notes and was our coordinator of logistics, and by his wife Elvira Sacco, our official photographer and documentor. Elvira managed to shoot a

roll of film for each of the fifteen hours of performance.

In the few weeks prior to our recordings, I had been in touch with Rick Fielding, host of CIUT's *Acoustic Workshop*. He interviews composers, traditional players, instrument builders, even record executives, and features live performances. As we began to put together the roster of performers, of

course I wanted to record the people I had liked at Sneaky Dee's; I left the rest of the invitations to Rick and dB as they were very familiar with the local musicians. There is a trove of talent "up north," but many simply never have the opportunity to play outside the Toronto area. Not only Toronto, but all Canada has a hard-core folk tradition, of which only a handful of names are widely known in the States, and many of those not necessarily associated with Canada.

I'd also like to thank Rick Frenach from CIUT-FM, who, along with Rick and dB (and we from *Fast Folk*), spent the entire duration of the recording sessions at the station. Besides interviewing yours truly and all the musicians on the air, he was glad to go out for coffee and pizza runs.

dB, meanwhile, existed through the sessions on coffee and "gourmet potato chips." We honestly could not have pulled off this project without him. William was most impressed by dB's continual resourcefulness. dB spent the entire time we were there overseeing all the sessions, everything from setting up the bands to sound checks to improvising when he had to—an extra player during one session

*continued on page 8*



Steve Smith, Karen Gamble, Ed Hornyak

## ZIG-ZAG

### Hidaefuso Matsumoto, the village and Japanese TV.

By Richard Meyer and Jack Hardy

In May of 1990 I got a call from a woman who had been directed to FAST FOLK by Morris the sound/booking person at the SpeakEasy. She was acting as interpreter and American production coordinator for a Japanese TV show called ZIG-ZAG. The premise of the show is that young people in Japan contact the show and tell them what their secret wishes are. The producers try to arrange for these dreams to come true. I was called because ZIG-ZAG was in New York with a young Japanese song writer Hidaefuso Matsumoto. His dream was to become a New York folksinger.

The woman who contacted me, Jane, explained that the producers wanted to arrange for an audition with a record label, preferably CBS - then still American owned, and to be shown how hard it is for folkies in NY. I gave her the FF story and explained that I couldn't help her with any big time labels. I did say that they could probably walk in and be denied an appointment just like the rest of us and therefore receive a genuine folksinger's welcome. I told her about the weekly songwriter's exchange and then set up a recording date at Sleepy Hollow Sound, paid for by the TV company. I didn't guarantee that what we recorded would be released, (at that point I hadn't heard Hidaefuso) but it couldn't hurt - the show needed to have a studio sequence and I thought it would be interesting. I did specify that FF would retain the master tape in any event.

As it happened I was playing out of town the week of their main production and so called Jack Hardy to let him know that that weeks dinner would be unusual. It was all set. Jane called me a few times over those days to tell me how their shooting had been going. One of the guidelines of ZIG-ZAG she said was that their entrants receive no particular advantage in pursuing their dream goals. The producers simply brought the young man to NY and dropped him down in the folksingers part of town. They took Hidaefuso and filmed him playing to passersby in Washington Square Park. Needless to say he was not discovered. They provided him with no housing and so he was obliged to sleep in the street. Jane objected to this and they did eventually find him a cheap hotel. He went around to record companies and played on the street some more.

Jane also said it was an awkward

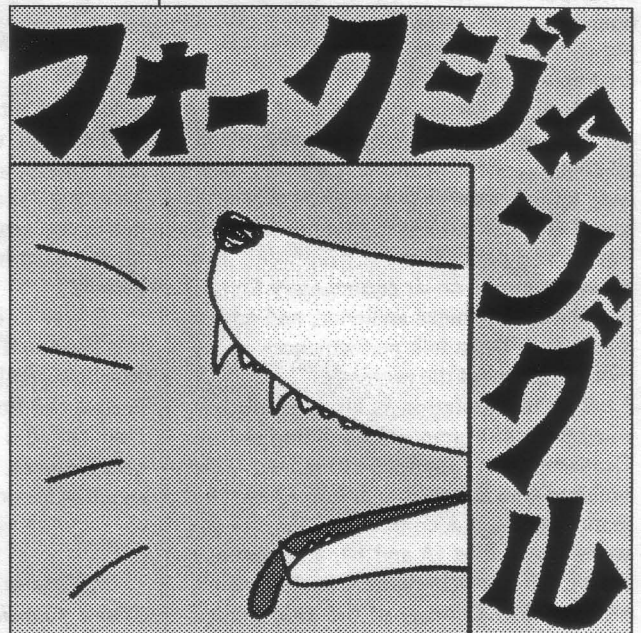
situation for her because the rules of the show were such that the producers asked her to arrange events but Hidaefuso was not told what they would be. It was set up to seem to him like events just happened and he and the cameras happened to be there. Jane also felt that one of the shows objectives was double edged. On the surface the program was meant to let young Japanese have an arranged shot at their dream, but on the other side it was carried out in such a way as to discourage free action and unconventional career choices. Hidaefuso's was certainly unconventional and Jane, said over and over that the producers wanted him to have a hard time.

FAST FOLK then and now is no big record company, and since we try to be inclusive rather than exclusive there was no reason for us to do anything but welcome the guy to NY. We gave him what anyone else gets, \$2 pasta, opinionated conversation, and a hearing in a village kitchen with 20 other struggling folkies. I invited Hidaefuso to the songwriters meeting. They even staged him calling me for the camera. When he arrived I had handed out old FAST FOLK album covers to everyone to use as party hats and to add an air of absurdity. He came in followed by two television cameras and was given a fine New York folksinger's welcome. As we always go easy on new comers to the songwriters exchange he fared pretty well and the TV producer was

hard pressed to find some harsh criticism, which was what they wanted. So far he had been filmed singing on the street, staying in some flophouse and playing an open mike at SpeakEasy, complete with criticism from Morris (something that never happens naturally.) I decided that he needed to see a little more of America than that so I invited him upstate to my house. At first the film crew was against it, but then they agreed. They arrived much later than expected waking up the family, film crew following him all the time, even upstairs (would have been nice to ask first). This aspect angered me so I decided to see how far they would go. On the next day I had them follow us as I showed Hidaefuso around my garden, for a long walk in the woods, and over to the original Woodstock site. I tried to treat him as I would any guest. He reciprocated by writing a song for my family and there is some very touching footage of him saying goodbye to my children. I have had a couple of letters from him and he sent me his new CD.

After my show at WVBR I was going to head back to Liberty NY and crash at Jack's with Hidaefuso and the camera crew. When they heard I was coming they left. Since I was set up to be the surprise recording producer the next day they didn't want Hidaefuso to meet me, even though Jane knew that it was through me and FAST FOLK that they ended up at the

*continued on page 8*



**Torontologue** (continued from page 6)

needed a monitor, so dB gave him a Walkman with headphones and just tuned the station in. Charlie called him "the perfect audio man for a folk record," and praised his heart of gold (a phrase made popular by another Canadian folksinger). dB actually reminded me of *Fast Folk's* own Mark Dann.

We arrived at CIUT on Monday afternoon, hours before the sessions were to begin, and pinned down the final arrangements to fine-tune the schedule. The feeling around the station was great, and everyone was very excited about what was going to happen. These people could not do enough for us.

The sessions were incredibly smooth, and following in the *Fast Folk* tradition, since we were live on the radio, every song had to be done in *one* take! The added pressure of live radio caused the sessions to run more smoothly than a regular stage show. Much of the anticipated nervousness simply was not there. The players knew it was a one-

shot deal, and for some it was their first recording session. Dead air was avoided at all costs, so beyond the playing and post-song interviews with players, Rick Fielding found himself ad-libbing more than he bargained for. But he displayed his smooth running on-air commentary for the live shows' late-night audience, and added a couple of Delta folk performances of his own to round out the evenings.

The radio station is situated on the third floor of a grand old building on the University of Toronto campus. The building was at one time a home, and the station space is a converted attic. There were two studios (A and B), a conference room, the engineers' booth, which amounted to a corner of the attic tucked

between the conference room and Studio B, and the station manager's office.

The main broadcast booth (Studio A) was used by the DJs, the conference room was wired up to it for interviewing, and both were used extensively for the shows. Studio B, on the other hand, was a performance space directly facing the engineers' mixing boards. It was a small room for playing in, particularly when there were more than two or three players in there at the same time, but we managed.

On the final sessions, we had an incredible rainstorm, and if you listen closely

you can hear the wind and the creaking of the building.

There were too many players involved over the three nights to enumerate here. But all the performances were energetic and enthusiastically provided. The players were very excited by this marathon, and by the opportunity to contribute their music to this event.

We were

exhausted after being up all night at the final session, which ended after 6 A.M. We had booked a flight back to New York at 12:30 P.M., and we barely stayed awake to get to our seats. I fell asleep as soon as I hit the seat; in fact I did not even feel the takeoff!

It was quite fun and rewarding doing this project. Hopefully there will be others to follow. So here at last is the music from across the border, and I can assure you that there's a great deal more worth checking out. I hope you enjoy this half as much as I enjoyed working on it.

*Additional reminiscences by William Ponsot, Charlie Kert, and Rick Fielding.*

**Zig Zag** (continued from page 7)

pasta dinner and then up at Jack's. He and I discussed how clearly they were manipulating this boy rather than trying to let him have fair hearing.

I arrived at the studio and the engineer Gary Horowitz, was all set up. The cameras were there. Again, Jane told me not to be easy on him, that the director, who was apparently trying to prove himself wanted some shots of Hidaefuso being rejected. He, of course, had no knowledge of these conversations. We recorded him for a couple hours. The producers asked me to tell him what I thought. I was not about to say anything I didn't feel was true. In a very real way he asked me what I thought. I remember reading the translation of his lyric, which were simple not extraordinary, but not bad. I talked to him about trying to relax his performance more instead of forcing his voice.

His sound was, as you can hear on this CD, pretty straight 60's folk. I think recording should be fun and both Gary and I worked to keep the energy up. I imagine that Hidaefuso, then about 19, must have felt enormous pressure given the dynamics of his producers and being placed in a legitimate though smalltime recording situation. I reiterated to him and through Jane what we had learned on the scene; that you can't expect a record company or any individual to validate your work. One of the big mistakes people make is to not carry on with their creative work. When work is designed for commercial consumption it has to accommodate the rules of the commercial game. I said that artists generally fail to understand that art that becomes a business can succeed, but not all of it does and that the art stands alone with its own heart and must be true to its creator's aesthetic no matter what.

I did not promise Hidaefuso that his songs (he cut three) would end up on FF. He did sign releases and while I did plan to include a cut on a forthcoming album, his tapes fell into the limbo of lost machines until now. The show was produced and aired in Japan. The studio sequences were cut out, presumably because they showed Hidaefuso being encouraged and succeeding in being recorded by this big time American record label. Hidaefuso subsequently released a solo album of his own.



*Norm Hacking*



## Land of Cotton

### Chapter one: The Unthinkable Thought

by Roger Deitz

The news was not good. If it were otherwise, Frederick Douglass would not have been summoned to the president's residence an hour before dawn on this, the last day of the once proud Republic.

As he stepped from his overnight lodging, Douglass looked long and hard at his attendants, the two Negro Union soldiers who were sent to convey him. He paused for a moment, then slowly, deliberately, and as if with great effort, the large man climbed into the open carriage.

At first, empathizing with the young soldiers, he said nothing. Douglass felt awkward, embarrassed, as he sensed they did. To some extent, because of his age, partly also due to the damp of the early morning hour, he could not animate himself deftly. Moreover, he was apprehensive, fearful in the same way he felt dismay each time this past year he read a newspaper account of the faltering war. Still, he managed to seat himself upon the four-wheeler's red leather bench, and he rested his arm upon a bundle setting next to him. The rig began to move, slowly, forward into the darkness, with the horses snorting and protesting at first.

As he sat, Douglass pulled a blanket over his legs and prodded the bundle with his right elbow. The bundle made a muffled plunking sound, and on its further inspection, there was revealed a rather battered musical instrument - an old banjo, comprised of a thin wood rim covered with velum, probably stretched goat or sheep skin, tightly strung with gut. The weary abolitionist smiled at first and, so as to not embarrass the soldiers, he pretended not to notice his discovery. As his smile grew wider, he imagined the banjo ringing a hopeful tune, perhaps "Hard Time Come Again No More", one of his recent favorites.

The ringing of a banjo was a sound familiar from his youth. He felt a strong affection for the banjo. The banjo was originally an African instrument, brought to America with slaves. The effect of its music on the listener was like that of no other instrument; invigorating and soulful, with the staccato and redundant chanterelle or drone string providing a distinctive counter beat to any and all songs transformed with new rhythm, and brought to life by the art of the banjo player.

This instrument, the simple banjo, not only made music, it made the music dance! So many years ago he sat as a boy at the foot of a banjo player, nearly mesmerized by its melodic songs. Now, he heard that banjo playing clearly in his mind as if he were presently seated front row center at

one of those new popular Negro minstrel show entertainments. At each minstrel show, a black man, dressed in rags and made up to appear as an oldster, would enter the stage and begin his soliloquy in exaggerated speech and motion;

"There's my ol' plantation, jest the same as when I lef' it befoh th' war started. I 'spose all my chillen is gone an' married. These ol' bones won't support me no longer. (The performer, a black man, inadvertently steps on something and he looks down to see what it is) Goodness me! There's a banjo a layin' on the grass. Looks lak the banjo I used to own long before Ah lef' the old plantation. (The performer emotes surprise then picks up the banjo, sits in a chair, and begins to play like a demon muse inspired by Paganini).

Douglass savored the impromptu concert of his mind's creation and remembered something President Jefferson wrote of the banjo, "...in music the negroes are more generally gifted than the whites, with accurate ears for tune and time, and they have been found capable of a small catch, i.e. tune or song. The instrument proper to them is the banjar which they brought from Africa, and which is the original of the guitar."

The carriage hit a bump and the music quickly faded. Realizing he was daydreaming, and that the banjo playing was only lilting in his mind, Douglass collected himself. His deep and eloquent voice broke the silence of the steamy

night. Noticing how slowly the carriage was progressing, Douglass pleaded, "My brothers, take me apace to where I am bid, and let us pray we are not defeated. For if we are such, this is but the beginning, not the ending of our struggle."

The soldiers looked at each other, not having expected the great orator to stir from his deep reverie to address them. They were startled. It was not often they saw a black man so handsomely dressed. It was unnerving. As the driver snapped the reins, his companion feigned cleaning and checking the mechanism of the rifle he was holding. All three lurched back as the short journey continued, and the tempo of the clip-clopping sound of hooves on cobblestone picked up pace. Thankfully, the louder sound seemed to relieve the pair of soldiers of having to return conversation with the imposing man, the famous man they transported.

Douglass wondered why he had been summoned, called to Washington from Rochester. If there had been another decisive battlefield defeat, this would be the last humiliation to bear, the final nail in the coffin. In the future, he thought, the events of the past year's disastrous Union campaigns would undoubtedly be reexamined in countless unwritten histories of the War.

Blunder upon blunder cost lives and victories, and the war years stood a sorry testament to a long and undistinguished line of egocentric and apologetic military men. Woe to those countless golden opportunities wasted. Yet, at this moment, Douglass was wondering what future scholars might think as they puzzled over the chronicles of this disastrous war. It embarrassed him to think so abstractly.

The greatest irony of all, thought Douglass, was that those combatants who perished in battle - those ill-fated soldiers in the field - could have better directed their comrades in the fighting, than did most of the inept generals and colonels who squandered the fortunes of the Army of the North.

Douglass further resigned to himself that the final humiliation would be not the unfavorable characterizations of the North's many ineffective campaigners, nor pronouncements and second guessings by academic, armchair generals writing

comfortably in their studies the future grade school textbooks. The final humiliation would be not even the enormous waste of resources and young lives gone for naught, but ultimately, it would be rather the spiritual and physical enslavement of a people, who, as a result of such a calamity, might be locked and chained forever in bitter servitude.

No struggle in history was more rightfully fought, reflected Douglass. He wondered how such a righteous campaign could be lost, "What will history reveal of this folly, and what of the countless miserable individual histories yet to be unwritten, if we have not prevailed? Damn the accounts of the military action, damn the historians, damn the glory, these many simple unwritten histories are, after all, the histories of greater matter."

If the success of General Lee, and the independence won by the Confederacy was now assured...the thought was unthinkable...how could such a wrong prevail? Douglass looked sadly at the young black soldier clutching the long rifle, and almost wept, but he would not allow himself to weep so in the presence of two such brave young men as those who sat before him. The two together have not seen thirty years on earth surmised Douglas. How might they react to the sound of their elder weeping? Would they know the tears were shed for their brothers and sisters in the South, or would they just think him mad?

All that was left, he thought, was to collect the torn and tattered pieces of Glory strewn across battlefields from from Gettysburg to Philadelphia, Baltimore to New York City, and fashion a new banner, as he and his colleagues seek to invigorate the restoration of the valiant struggle some other way, however that might occur.

In the damp morning air, the sound of the lone carriage traveling the city streets made an eerie clip-pitty-clop sound. No other noise competed for recognition, except for the retort of phantom carriages, echoing from other corners of the city, as if countless other Douglasses were converging on Pennsylvania Avenue through the predawn mist.

There is no more lonely, no more desolate place than Washington at night, thought Douglass. This is a city without

inhabitants, without signs of life. So much wealth, so much power, and so few people. He remembered his first visit to Washington, arriving after midnight. At the time, he joked, that everyone must be hiding from him. This desolation reminded him then, as now, of a game he played when he was a child, a game called Hare and Hounds.

It was a game of escape. Young Frederick's mother was a black slave, his father a white man. So hateful of his circumstance was he that twice the boy attempted escape from his owner, much as the hare in the child's game attempted to elude the pursuing hounds. Now his recollection of youthful pastimes took him to a field where on he played this game of Hare and Hounds with his childhood companions. His playmates were the offspring of Negro slaves who, for purposes of recreation, would find amusement together with the children of the white masters - some of whom, like young Frederick, were the progeny of both.

In the game, Frederick (who took the name Douglass later in life from Scott's hero in *The Lady in the Lake*) preferred to assume the role of the hare, while the rest of the youngsters usually were the hounds. As a hare, the young lad would carry with him a bag of paper torn into shreds, which he scattered behind him as he ran from the others. The paper represented the "scent" by which the pursuers would track him.

As they traced the trail, the eager hounds would endeavor to capture the hare. In order to mislead the others, young Frederick would undertake all sorts of doublings and twistings; often he would make the trail cross over extremely difficult terrain.

As a rule, for the playing of this game, the hare need not be the swiftest runner. Endurance, pluck, and readiness of invention were the attributes to assure the hare's victory over the pursuing hounds. The more a hare trusted to his head rather than his legs, the more likely victory could be attained. Douglass was an able hare, well endowed with swiftness, endurance, and a clear head. He was fleet of foot, and more than a little resourceful. As the frustrated hounds well knew, Frederick was always a hard quarry to outwit.

Generally, the hare was assured of at least a five to ten minutes' head start. The usual run would take Douglass twelve to fifteen miles from the starting point. Therefore, he would pace himself so as to not get over-winded.

Eventually, Douglass would come upon a cave, or a hollow tree, or the thicket at the bank of a brook. There the boy hid, and rested, hoping to elude his adversaries. Once, he remained for two days in a small cave. He stayed there long after the hounds gave up the chase and broke for home to have their dinner. He hid in the cave because he liked the feeling of being free, more than he he disliked the feeling of going hungry.

Later in life, barely 16 years old in 1838, on his second real life escape attempt, Douglass successfully ran to freedom. The game stood as practice. No shreds of paper were left for his pursuers. Eventually, friends helped him purchase his freedom outright. He did so with the proceeds of his successful autobiography with a handy sum amounting to \$600.

Douglass thought, and thought, and thought. As one ages, images from different periods of life combine to create new pictures. Again he heard the banjo and imagined his old neighbors dancing and singing. This time, he was transported back in time in the form of his present self. He imagined himself, as a grown man, clapping time to the music. He heard the banjo, then glimpsed his younger self running past Douglass the man. He watched the young, black boy dart past, running from the hounds. This time, he heard the yelping of real hounds chasing their quarry, a frightening sound he recalled from his real escape. He watched the boy run across the field familiar in his childhood. This field was where his mother, Harriet Bailey, labored long hours in the hot Maryland sun. Then he saw his mother stooped over, as he saw her countless times working in the field.

Douglass walked over to his mother. She looked up, but not recognizing the man who stood before her, she kept working. He asked,

"Mama, why do you labor so. Sit beside me. I have so much to tell you. I can read

and write. I am an author. And an editor. I am a free man...and a gentleman. Can't you hear me...?"

All of a sudden the carriage stopped, and Douglass lurched forward, almost sliding off of his seat. Harriet Bailey was gone, the field was gone, and gone too was the sound of the banjo and the cries of the hounds.

The carriage stopped at the gate of the president's residence, this White House not so white in the first moments of daybreak. A uniformed guard in Union blue stood beside the carriage and stared carefully at the papers the driver handed him. Then the sentry looked every bit as carefully at the two young Negro Union soldiers, and at their oddly aristocratic looking Negro passenger. The Union sentry was not a Negro. It was difficult to discern the true nature of his gaze, but Douglass felt that there was disapproval in the manner of stare. However, the party was politely allowed entry.

When the carriage arrived at the rear of the mansion, the driver dismounted briskly and endeavored to help Frederick Douglass exit from the open cab.

Douglass brushed off his waistcoat, sleeve, and trousers, and neatened his outfit in anticipation and respect for the person he was about to meet. As he stepped toward the entrance, he thanked the two young men for the comfortable ride, and for their courtesy. Then, before he reached the doorway, he paused, and turned.

The soldiers came to attention as Douglass looked in their direction. Then he gestured with his right hand as he spoke, "That banjo, in the carriage, to whom does it belong?"

The young soldiers looked worried, almost as if they had been caught absent without leave. "It's mine sir," answered the driver, clearly anticipating disciplinary action for breaking some rule about banjos in carriages.

"Can you play it?" Douglass queried in a deliberate and fatherly tone. He started back to the wagon.

"Yes sir, after a fashion. I can play banjo fair to middling sir." answered the private in a now, more relaxed voice.

Douglass picked up the banjo and handed it gently to the boy dressed in

blue. The boy, his eyes still fixed on his inquisitor, removed his hat, put his foot on a box of supplies, and rested the banjo on his knee. Douglass requested,

"Can you play that song by Mr. Stephen Foster, the one called "Hard Times Come Again No More"... the popular one from the minstrel shows?"

The soldier nodded and began to play in expert fashion the strangely sad, but hopeful ballad. The ringing of the banjo filled the dawn air. After a few bars, he, then Douglass began to sing:

Let us pause in life's pleasures  
And count its many tears  
While we all sob sorrow with the poor  
There's a song that will linger  
Forever in our ears  
Oh, hard times come again no more...

When the song was twice played, Douglass dried his eyes with a handkerchief taken from his coat pocket, and thanked the driver, most gratefully, for his playing. As he made for the door, Douglass became aware that someone was watching and listening from the entrance way. There was a long shadow cast on the wall that quickly retreated as the abolitionist approached the door.

In the hallway, a Negro valet took Douglass' hat and cane. He asked the guest to wait a moment and informed Douglass courteously that he would announce him to the president,

"I will tell Mr. Lincoln you are here sir."

"It appears Mr. Lincoln already knows that I am here." Douglass told the valet with a wry grin, making a banjo players motion, strumming an imaginary banjo, then gesturing to the foot of the staircase, and on up to the top landing. The valet smiled broadly, and referring to the ruckus on the lawn, and to the late, first occupant of the White House mansion he replied,

"Everyone knows you are here sir, I'd wager even John Adams knows you are here."

The men smiled at each other, then, realizing where they were, and the circumstances for the visit, they returned to a more sober demeanor. There would be little cause for smiling in the next few days, and in the years to come

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## The Ten Best Albums of 1992

By Jim Allen

The following is a list of my ten favorite albums of 1992. This list is riddled with bias and subjectivity and has been compiled because I bloody well feel like it. Unfortunately, lack of space prohibits anything more than cursory glances at each of these releases. There are many deserving albums which I excluded from this list for various reasons. Some that I hadn't heard enough of, some that I just hadn't heard, some that friends swear by, some that fall outside the aesthetic parameters of this magazine and some that there was just no room for. I hope to make lots of enemies of both disgruntled fans and offended artists.

### JOE HENRY - SHORT MAN'S ROOM (MAMMOTH)

Henry's 1989 major label debut presented a promising group of songs drowned in a sea of superstar session guests and anonymous arrangements. Now on an indie label, he's sharpened his vision tenfold. He receives distinctive and tasteful support from the Jayhawks, a fine band in their own right. Henry's songs don't set out to hit you over the head with a message. They sneak up on you slowly, so that with each successive listening you find yourself enamored of a graceful turn of phrase you hadn't noticed before. Standouts are "King's Highway", a first person narrative about a sociopathic highwayman, and "Sault Sainte Marie", a rumination on lost love which, like much of *Short Man's Room*, is strongly evocative of the Band.

### PAUL KELLY AND THE MESSENGERS-COMEDY (DR DREAM)

Paul Kelly is an Australian artist whose work has gone largely unnoticed in the States. Kelly's longtime cohorts The Messengers are a solid, no-frills rock'n'roll band who contextualize the songs by lending their understated gestalt throughout. Kelly's songs are virtually devoid of any metaphor, allegory or any other poetically-derived songwriting devices. He makes his heartfelt, guy-next-door statements simply and unpretentiously, in the manner of the great pop songwriters of the late 50's and early 60's. The surprise punch on this album is that the most striking cut was actually written by the guitarist. "Leaving Her For the Last Time" is a short, concise gem with gentle folkie feel and beautifully unlabored lyrics. The thing about *Comedy* is that a song of this quality is not even remotely out of place.

### FREEDY JOHNSTON-CAN YOU FLY (BAR-NONE)

A country-rock sound filtered through a punk sensibility provides the springboard for Johnston's often elliptical scenarios. Singing in a torn, ragged voice that frequently forsakes tonality in favor of emotion, Johnston's style of writing recalls nothing so much as Steely Dan in that one gets the feeling of having wandered into the middle of a complicated plot without being given all the details of the story. These confusing scenarios are rendered with such aplomb, however, that you savor the task of getting your bearings.

One of the most memorable moments is "We Will Shine", a fractured country song featuring Freedy at his wheeziest.

### TOM WAITS-BONE MACHINE (ISLAND)

Faced with the task of topping the twisted splendor of his previous releases, Tom Waits goes underground, in the literal sense. Bone Machine sounds like the rumblings and gurglings of a gremlin rollicking beneath the earth's crust, triggering off all manner of natural disasters with unbridled glee. The overall sound is stripped down to the basics, with Waits playing most of the instruments himself, including a drumkit that sounds like it's composed of everything but drums.

As usual, Waits is alternately moving ("Who Are You") and uproarious ("In the Colloseum"). His lyrical outlook remains gloriously sardonic, as witnessed on the spooky "Murder in the Red Barn"; "there's nothin strange about an axe with bloodstains in the barn/there's always some killin you got to do around the farm".

### NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS-HENRY'S DREAM (MUTE/ELEKTRA)

Quite possibly his strongest record ever, Cave's songwriting and arrangement skills, as well as his singing, are at their peak here. *Henry's Dream* finds the Bad Seeds adopting a subdued folk-rock approach, with acoustic rhythm guitar and brushes on the drums. Toning down the clamor allows for Cave's wild gift of lyricism to stand out in his dark, obsessively wordy compositions.

Many of the songs here are presented as elaborate, macabre fables. One moment, Cave howls of his tribulations as a wayward soul beset by nature and fate; "the tears that we will weep today will all be washed away/ by the tears that we will weep again tomorrow". Elsewhere, he is a penniless drunk begging for whiskey; "I've been sliding down on rainbows/ I've been swinging from the stars/ now this wretch in beggar's clothing bangs his cup across the bars". *Henry's Dream* is like the cry of a great wounded beast, disturbing and difficult to forget.

### RICHARD SHINDELL-SPARROW'S POINT (SHANACHIE)

A fixture on the NY folk scene, Shindell is possessed of a sonorous baritone that recalls such luminaries as Stan Rogers and Richard Thompson. The abandoned shipyards of the title tune owe something to Rogers as well. His most well-known song, "Are You Happy Now?" is a sarcastic, bitter song of lost love where the narrator takes a perverse pleasure in excoriating the object of his frustration with darkly humorous quips.

At times, Shindell's muse runs to the obscure. In many songwriters this would be a drawback, but here it is a distinct strength. "On a Sea of Fleur-de-Lis" finds the ex-seminarian reveling in the loaded biblical imagery which is so often the bane of mediocre poetry. Fortunately, Shindell has the gift of making such extended symbolism breathe. The details wash together to prevent real linearity, but ultimately there is an epiphanic feel which emerges and transcends detail.

### LOS LOBOS-KIKO (SLASH/WARNER BROS)

Singer/songwriter/guitarist David

Hidalgo has a tenor to die for, a gift which he employs to wondrous effect throughout this album. Cesar Rosas' magical guitarwork and Louie Perez' clumsy but endearing percussion are a springboard for Hidalgo's soulful compositions.

"A Dream in Blue" is an instantly arresting rave-up buoyed by New Orleans-style drumming and heavily processed guitar. "Kiko and the Lavender Moon" uses a quirky minor-key melody to tell a surrealistic fairy tale about a small boy; "Out dreaming bout green shoes, haircuts and cake/ and then he wishes the world away".

The most touching moment comes right in the middle of this sixteen-song album, with the beautiful acoustic plaint "When the Circus Comes". Hidalgo's warm, sad voice sings "You left your name carved on a tree/ you scratched mine out right in front of me". When he follows this observation with the words "didn't mean that much", you know he doesn't really expect you to believe him.

**BASEHEAD-PLAY WITH TOYS (IMAGO)**

This is a collection of songs that stand out not only individually, but also as part of a (don't scream) concept album. Play With Toys is more or less a day in the life of a young urban black man as envisioned by singer/songwriter/guitarist Michael Ivey. Many of the songs take equal rhythmic inspiration from 70's funk and modern hip-hop, but that's just a starting point. One of the most astounding factors is the level of musical innovation Ivey brings to his accounts of everyday life. He breaks the rules of compositional structure and chord progression with a boldness and grace on the level of Prince or John Lennon, while owing little to either. Especially effective is the device which Ivey uses to connect the songs together. At various points throughout the album, mostly between songs, we hear snatches of dialogue between a moping character with a broken heart and his boorish, well-intentioned buddy. The effect is largely comedic, but also ingenious in its role as contextualization.

**GREG BROWN-DREAM CAFE' (RED HOUSE)**

Greg Brown's eighth release on Red House shows him to be at the height of his

powers, sharper than ever in his delivery and winningly trenchant in his songwriting. Flip through your Webster's till you get to croak and you'll probably see Brown's picture. His voice is somewhat akin to Tom Waits' in that he sounds like he's been chain-smoking Pall Mall unfiltered since birth, and his range is preternaturally low. It is an instrument which is capable of unprecedented expressiveness, and by the end of the album, you couldn't imagine hearing any other voice singing these songs.

Brown is one of those gifted few writers with the ability to speak from the heart without turning maudlin. Perhaps his greatest strength lies in the way he can make a powerful statement simply, whether it's "don't have to make love/ cause love made me" or " sleeper come and go with me". On "So Hard" he takes his economical style to it's extreme. "Why is it so hard to love somebody" are virtually the only words, but the message is received and the receiver is not left wanting.

**EDDIE LAWRENCE- USED PARTS (SNOWPLOW)**

Fuck Springsteen, he's too big to matter anymore. Eddie Lawrence is the real poet of the working man. Who else would give you songs about a toll-booth operator, a man in love with a car thief, and a self-employed carpenter all on one album without once indulging in condescension? Moreover, who could bring such tales to life with humor and penetrating wit? Look no further than Eddie Lawrence's fourth release on his own Snowplow label.

Lawrence is a storyteller at heart, and as such is armed with a keen eye for detail and the ability to express a wealth of ideas in the limited space of a three minute song. The thing that makes these songs truly resonant pieces of work that go beyond mere journalism is Lawrence's sense of not only his own place in the world, but everyone else's as well. In songs like "I Work With My Hands" and "Exit 115" he demonstrates a grasp of sociology and human politics that invests his work with a timeless relevance found only in (dare I say it?) true art.

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# Lyrics-FF609

## THE KID

I'm the kid who ran away with the circus  
Now I'm watering elephants  
But I sometimes lie awake in the sawdust  
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light  
Late at night in the empty big top I'm all alone  
on the high wire  
'Look, he's working without a net this time  
He's a real death defier'

I'm the kid who fell asleep at the movies  
Snoring right through the final scene  
That's OK 'cause I was right there with Bogie  
Side by side in the pouring rain  
It's our last chance to make a getaway  
But it looks like bleeding  
Take her with you I'll hold them off  
They won't get by me while I'm breathing

I'm the kid who always looked out the windows  
Failing tests in geography  
But I seen things far beyond just the school yard  
Distant shores of exotic lands  
There's the spires of the Turkish empire  
Its six months since we made land fall  
Riding low with the spice of India  
Through Gibraltar we're rich men all

I'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers  
Always held out that time would tell  
Time was talking - guess I just wasn't listening  
No surprise if you know me well  
As we're walking toward the train station  
There's a whispering rainfall  
Cross the boulevard you slip your hand in mine  
In the distance a train calls

I'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming  
Sometimes gets me in trouble too  
But the truth is I could no more stop dreaming  
Than I could make them all come true

Words and Music © by Buddy Mondlock  
Sparking Gap Music

## COME ON DOWN

One wonders if the wings of wide tomorrow  
That beat against the window pane  
Bring in the capsule words of joy or sorrow  
The old viola plays to listening night  
You're on the ceiling messing with the light  
Better come on down

One wanders far and wide both over going  
And over doing many things  
And over thinking things and over knowing  
The radio station plays a song of love  
You're on a tower trying to pick it up  
Better come on down

Popping in air, bubbles have it rough

How they must long for the machine  
You hit the door to music fading up  
Look for the great outdoors, its not outside

Climb on your painted horse and take a ride  
Up to the mountain top where monks collide  
Better come on down  
Better come on down

Words and Music © 1990 by John Dewy Stewart  
III

## GOODBYE HEART

I threw my heart down on the subway tracks  
The A train rumbled by  
I shrugged my shoulders and I turned my back  
but I did not cry

I said Goodbye heart - You were never  
faithful

Goodbye heart - you were never true  
Goodbye heart - though you know I've  
waited so long

I think I've had enough of you

I felt it coming for a long long time  
the way my luck had run  
My life was feeling like a pantomime  
now the deed was done

## CHORUS

And now I'm going to learn to use my eyes  
I'm gonna use my brain  
And I will learn to live with love and lies  
but without the pain

## CHORUS

Words and Music by Julie Gold  
© 1986 (BMI)

## OF ALL OF THE SORROWS

Of all of the sorrows these eyes have seen  
She carries her burden as if in a dream  
The laundry the groceries she drags on the  
street  
And waits for the day she dreads he might leave

She stares at the playground no child of her own  
The winter blows barren the seeds have all  
flown

The candlestickmaker is lost in his gloom  
The tinker the tailor the dark side of the moon

Of all of the sorrows this woman has seen  
The blisters the beggars the brothers of dreams  
Her open umbrella to shield off the rain  
Her hand feels the longing her feet feel the pain

She stares out the window no warmth in her bed  
She has bitten her fingernails down to the red  
She cradles her vision and screams out of tune  
The tinker the tailor the dark side of the moon

Of all of the sorrows what's left but the bone  
Ashes to ashes and feelings to stone  
Someday you'll learn to stand on your own  
And when you do I swear you won't stand alone

Until then the madness will feed from your sins  
And tearing your heart you tear all your friends  
I cannot convince you it's never too soon  
The tinker the tailor the dark side of the moon

Words and Music by Jack Hardy  
© 1986 John S. Hardy Music (ASCAP)

## STEAMPIPES

Soon the sound of the steampipes  
will be coming round just beyond memory  
Girls in pink and blue mini skirts  
will be back out on the prow  
Pigeons perched in a huddle  
Pressed up cold and close to the window  
Soon we'll sun on the sidewalks  
with the tourists in this town  
But right now its just lonely  
lonely  
lonely

Cigarettes, coffee, magazines  
perverted dreams, self love  
Fists clenched the howling wind scowls and  
scours the streets  
This must be when the rules get made mama  
This must be when the dues get paid  
When you discover you've thrown away all your  
return receipts  
and you're still lonely  
lonely  
lonely

Words and music by Eric Wood  
© 1988 Romany Music

## 'ROUND MIDNIGHT

Monk began to glow  
Around midnight  
With a yellow light  
And fingers reaching  
Reaching out to form  
One more Pattern  
'Round Midnight down inside

Monk began to leave  
Weehawken  
Left the little room  
With no more music  
People want to hear  
"Well, You Needn't"  
Well you needn't anymore

And he stayed in his room  
All the last years  
And he never would play all the last years  
It seemed that he lived in a bubble  
People thought he had a double  
When it went down

Monk began to go  
Around midnight  
Monk began to fall  
And kept on falling  
Monk began to

Around midnight  
'Round Midnight down inside

New Lyrics 1988 by Peter Spencer  
© Weebahd Enterprises Publishing ASCAP

### FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Oh all the week your man's away  
And all the week you bide alone  
And all the while you're waiting for  
The minute that he's coming home  
    You know how hard he has to work  
    You know the hours he has to keep  
    And yet it makes you angry  
    When you see him just come home to sleep

Through the months and through the years  
While you're bringing up the babes  
Your man's away to here and there  
Following the shoals of herring  
    And when he's back, there's nets to mend  
    You maybe got a score or two  
    And when they're done, he'll rise and say  
    Wife it's time I was away

Watch and wait and do your work  
Pin your faith on herring sales  
And oftimes lie awake at night  
In fear and dread of winter's gales  
    But men must work to earn their bread  
    And men must work to gain their fee  
    And fishermen will aye go out  
    As long as fish swim the sea

Words adapted by Nikki Matheson from Ewan  
McColl

### DREAM ASTRONETTE

(In the inner bowls of a spaceship  
a sailor writes a love sonnet to 8939)

As you float by my cabin door  
I catch your blue metal eye  
And with a sigh sink to the cabin floor  
I must be space crazy  
Lost in the drift on a fading solar wind  
That blew the ship away from the galaxy  
Onto a time reef where we'll stay  
Weightless fade away

The captain said  
What to avoid is a passion for an android  
Never, never let them do you  
They'll use you for a solenoid  
And zap you into memory

Oh dream dream astronette  
more than just a memory  
tell me what I'm doing here  
This 'n that and nothing  
wouldn't it be something  
to bring back that ole gal of mine  
with the flash of the whizbang

The first mate was dead

The cook smelled like a vegetable  
The crew looked pretty run down  
Nobody spoke about the mutiny the captain had  
to put down  
In a fracas on the landing ground  
The starwatcher said  
It's almost today  
It will remain yesterday  
Until every last minute has been swept up and  
put away  
And the captain says hey  
The captain says  
One of you is leaking  
I been down in number nine  
It's argon like hell and it isn't hers and it isn't  
mine  
And it sure ain't no stranger  
    No its my dream  
    Dream astronette  
    More than just a memory  
    Tell me what I'm doing  
    This and that and nothing  
    Wouldn't it be somethin  
    To bring back that ole gal of mine  
    With a flash of the whiz bang

The android said  
There's nothing to eat  
If the food were ionized we could load on some  
heat  
And cook a dozen cherry pies toot sweet  
whizbang  
But the void is complete  
The android said  
If there were some gravity we'd lie in bed all day  
long  
But in this weightless space we'd only risk  
relationship decay  
And the love might drift away  
    With my dream  
    Dream astronette  
    More than just a memory  
    Tell me what I'm doing here girl  
    This an' that and nothing  
    Wouldn't it be something  
    To bring back that ole gal of mine with a  
flash of the whiz bang

Words and Music © 1987 By Paul Jay

### BRIGHT LIGHTS OF MEMPHIS

We said our last goodbyes to our friends and  
family  
With high hopes for the future, my brand new  
bride and me  
We took that midnight ride to Memphis on that  
one-way honeymoon  
Set the bright lights of Memphis to shine just  
like a jewel

The bright lights of Memphis lit up my baby's  
eyes  
We must have walked the streets for miles the  
first night we arrived  
And she said she'd never seen such a beautiful

sight  
As the bright lights of Memphis shining in the  
night

Bright lights of Memphis you caught my  
baby's heart  
    took us up the track just to take us apart  
    Bright lights of Memphis, you caught my  
baby's eye  
    You used to be my shining star  
    now you're waving me bye bye

Well, I got myself a steady job working on the  
assembly line  
And you know I took home every cent to that  
little girl of mine  
And every night I'd come home tired and beat  
she'd try to drag out me on my feet  
to see the bright lights of Memphis shining in  
the night

Words and Music © 1988 By Richard Ferriera

### SWEEPING

Sweeping dusty corners  
Stirring up the dust  
Suspended in the sunlight  
is our suspended love  
I am sweeping through the choices  
that you and I have made  
Stirring through the treasures  
that lead us on this way

It's cold here  
'Tis the season  
for washing cares away  
I'm counting on distractions  
to take your voice away  
All the rumors on the streets claim  
they all know the game  
Still I - I can remember  
What leads us on to play

One night I remember  
lying in your arms  
breathing while the snow fell  
softly all night long  
Still my hands cannot hold you  
tighter than you dare  
No matter how I clean here  
I always find you're there

Sweeping  
dusty corners  
Stirring up the dust  
Suspended  
in the sunlight  
Is our suspended love

Words and Music © 1986 Richard Meyer  
(ASCAP)

**PHILOSOPHICAL STATEMENT**

A man's got to make his way in the world  
woman got to make hers too  
Everybody going their own way  
It's a wonder the world only spins in one  
direction at a time  
Mmm...I said  
Well since you come spinning by  
This corner of the world  
Oh why don't we get acquainted

Oh it was only a philosophical statement  
A philosophical statement  
A philosophical statement  
Don't pin the rap on me  
While you were flying coast to coast  
I was drifting out to sea

But did I say a man's got to make his way in the  
world?  
At least until it grinds to a stop  
And I don't want to end up twenty years on the  
sidewalk  
holding my hand out to a taxi and an empty wine  
bottle  
Mmm..... she said are you busy later  
I'd like to talk with you a while  
after I water my bicycle  
Oh it was only a philosophical statement  
A Philosophical statement  
A Philosophical statement  
what do you mean by that  
while you were lowering the volume  
I was takin off my hat

Oh a man's got to make his way in the world  
I tell you it's a crying shame  
but in every single kind of dimension  
that's been the angle of perspective  
Mmmm.... said I, I'd like to understand  
but the more we talk the more I like it  
Oh It was only a philosophical statement  
A philosophical statement  
A philosophical statement  
Does it explain whats going on  
Or is it electricity that makes philosophy fun?

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

**EYE OF THE IMMIGRANT**

They came by day and they came by night  
They came like cattle they were packed so tight  
They rode on stairs and they slept on decks  
The only thing they knew is they could not turn  
back  
They came from Sweden and they came from  
France  
They came from up and down all of the  
continent  
They came in floods and they came in waves  
They came for glory and they came to escape  
And some held their breath in the morning light  
As New York City came into sight  
Standing on ladders and the ecks just to see

A picture of a lady known as Liberty  
Hands gripped the rails hungry eyes peered out  
Some were crying from their eyes  
Some were crying from their hearts  
They were looking for a future they were  
dreaming of a chance  
Maybe a son off this ship one day could be the  
president

Oh eyes of the healthy and eyes of the lame  
Eyes of the free and eyes of the chained  
Eyes of the wealthy and eyes of the poor  
Eyes of an indian who rides nevermore  
Always remember and never forget  
Beneath all the dirt and beneath all the sweat  
Who looked to the future and knew what it  
meant  
With the hearts and the minds and the  
dreams and the souls  
And the eyes of an immigrant

Out of Ellis Island they poured like sheep  
Onto the land and into the streets  
The hands of their children's and the clothes on  
their backs  
They had nothin' more than they could bring in  
a sack  
To be carpenters, steelworkers, firemen and  
cops  
Peddle rags or shoes and start neighborhood  
shops  
They worked with their fingers and they worked  
with their backs  
bringing coal from the ground and putting  
smoke up the stack  
Oh wave after wave the flood never stopped  
'til the ones on the bottom, well they rose to the  
top  
They saved and they dreamed no matter how  
things got bad  
To give to the kids the things that they never  
had  
To be doctors and lawyers and chairmen of the  
boards  
To be guardians of peace and protectors in the  
wars  
To work with their knowledge and their skills  
and their minds  
Now it's everybody's future that they hold in  
their sight

**CHORUS**

Some tried to settle  
Some couldn't out of fear  
Some kept looking for a new frontier  
Everybody was convinced they had a place in  
the sun  
It wasn't what you were so much as what you  
could become  
Everybody's future was in everybody's dream  
The land could be barren and the streets could  
be mean  
Its a fact in the suburbs and the farms and the  
shacks  
You only move ahead, there ain't no room to fall  
back  
and this is the land and the home of the free

and that's what we hope the whole world will  
believe  
Not everybody made it to the top of the heap  
Some were brought in chains from far across  
the deep  
And some lost their way and some lost track  
And some realized that you can't look back  
And sometimes you hear it but you don't know  
where  
The sound of the waves come crashing through  
your ear

CHORUS

CHORUS

©1986 Words and music by Eric Andersen

**LOVE CALLING**

There she stood likes something's on her mind  
Like what's a girls to do  
She's usually shy but when she caught your  
eyes  
She had to speak to you  
You looked so familiar  
Like some one she once knew  
But he's gone and no one can take his place  
And you seem to have a familiar face  
I hear love calling  
I hear love calling, calling  
I hear love calling  
It could be the Hillside Strangler  
Love calling  
Love calling, calling

What's his problem  
She wonders out loud  
She seems to been so cool  
Is he one in a million or an innocent civilian  
Or just your basic fool  
Is he the exception  
Or is he just the rule

CHORUS

Is he the exception  
Or is he just the rule  
And you just have a familiar face

CHORUS

Words and Music © 1988 By Richard Goldman

**RUSSIAN RIVER FLOOD**

I thought that I would leave my mark  
Like carving the bark of a tree  
But now, when I look in the mirror I see  
That the land's left its mark on me  
Last year the fire took most of the crop  
This year we hoped that the hard times would  
stop  
But it rained five days til the Russian did flood  
And covered our homes and our orchards with



mud  
We had no insurance, we cancelled last year  
'Cause they said we were out of the flood plain  
up here  
We put by some money for a rainy day  
But what the fire didn't burn the flood washed  
away

CHORUS

Pain and disaster draw newsmen like flies  
And they want you to talk with tears in your  
eyes  
My loss may be news, but my grief is my own  
And they haven't the grace to leave us alone  
I worked in the fields and I worked with the  
trees  
But bad times and bad weather have brought  
me to my knees  
'Til now my own trunk is twisted with strain  
And I have to get up and start over again

CHORUS

Words and Music By Kim Wallach  
© 1986

**BALLAD OF A GARAGE BAND**

Boy was born lower class black on a smoggy  
San Fernando day  
Girl's born white in the middle of the middle  
class small town USA  
They didn't look alike, they didn't grow alike  
But they prayed on their knees the same way

San Fernando in '79 weighed heavy with the  
sounds of Punk  
It hung over LA like an unloaded double  
barreled gun  
Called your bluff, put you off  
Like a whore on Hollywood and Vine

It was then that the boy became a guitar playin'  
man  
It was then that the girl moved her dreams into  
Starland  
They met at a friends to the sounds of Johnny  
Rotten

When her hand pushed hard on the door to the  
band rehearsal hall  
The rain and the drums came together in a  
desperate call  
Here dreams try to leave when they'd really like  
it all

He'd been looking her direction, she'd known  
this for some time now  
And then knives starred her down to tell her he  
loved her and how  
She said we don't look alike, we don't think alike  
And your love's got me out of this town

Boy died in a car wreck just off of Freeway 405  
Girl lost her dreams out back home Freeway 5  
They didn't look alike

they didn't die alike  
But they prayed on their knees alike

Words and Music by Cindy Lee Berryhill  
© 1985

**THE LEGEND OF THE ONE EARED  
RABBIT**

The one eared rabbit whispers to me  
"Who is sleeping?"  
One dead body in the carrot field  
You can't blow a trumpet from today, can you?  
The one eared rabbit asks me  
"Who hung the setting sun?"  
One child who killed his parents  
You don't need a cradle from today, do you?

In the night of the blue moon  
The one eared rabbit scampers about  
In the night of the blue moon  
The one eared rabbit scampers about

The one eared rabbit whispers to me  
"Who is dancing?"  
One family of the man-eating race  
You can't go far away from today, can you?

The one eared rabbit asks me  
"Who is flying in the sky?"  
One woman who has lost her body  
You can't say goodnight from today, can you?

CHORUS

Japanese Words/English translation and music  
© 1990 By Hidaefuso Matsumoto

**Lyrics-FF610**

**PIT MAN BLUES**  
(Rick Fielding/Bryan Way)

For twenty years I worked the mines  
I never did complain  
I've always been a union man  
My friends they are the same  
Every night I look at my two kids  
And I swear upon this day  
They'll never go down into the pits  
And work their lives away

Chorus  
Down in the mine you're chalkin' up your time  
On the back of a tombstone, kid  
Don't you bother savin' for your old age  
If you do like your old man did

Just last week my brother died  
He was only forty-three  
Silicosis in his lungs  
For a year he could hardly breathe  
I watched him cough his life away  
Till it got too bad to see  
The thing that scares me most of all

I feel that it's gettin' me

Politicians come around  
Makin' speeches and takin' notes  
They subsidize the mines  
And in return they get our votes  
They say they got committees  
Workin' for us day and night  
But no one's found a way to subsidize  
A miner's life

Many years after I have gone  
And the elevator's still goin' down  
Takin' men away from this earth  
Far away from every livin' sound  
If I wind up in hell  
I won't have had far to go  
I won't have had too much to say  
But I want my kids to know

Please don't get me wrong  
I'm not askin' for myself  
I've breathed this deadly dust too long  
For anything to help  
But there's lots of younger fellows  
Workin' in this mining' town  
And these are just the words  
Of a proud man goin' down

©1985 c.a.p.a.c.

**NOVEMBER**  
(Lynn Miles)

He says that it's hazy and lost in the woods  
And he says that I am crazy as a loon  
Well I say loons aren't crazy  
they're just tied in twos  
And I ask him to think back behind  
this present state of blues

Chorus  
Well I ask him to recall  
He says he can't remember  
I know it was in the fall  
It was the middle of November  
It was the middle of November

I have often wondered  
if this was only in my head  
Let no one put asunder  
all the things I never said  
And I won't ever take this at-  
face value again  
And I won't ever let him make me miss  
another summer rain

Chorus  
Now I only dance  
with my arms by my sides  
He denies he made advances  
with a light in his eyes  
But I know 'cause I was there  
in that timeless place  
I ran my imagination through his hair  
and across the shadows on his face  
©1990 SOCAN

**ANNA MARIE**  
(Bob Snider)

chorus: Anna Marie. Anna Marie.

We met across a crowded table somewhere  
I couldn't say a word there I tried so hard not to stare.

I thought I way you maybe give me the eye  
I wondered who was the guy sitting beside you?

I asked a friend of mine if you were along  
She said she didn't know, but she thought so  
She gave me your number and I gave you a call  
But all I got back was your answer machine

We met a few days later out on the street  
You seemed happy to meet. We went and had something to eat.  
We talked a bit about the things that we liked most  
You told me horses and your new mountain life

A band of street musicians started to play  
The air came alive in the outdoor cafe  
The waitress smiled as she balanced her tray  
And did a little dance all the way down the aisle

For the rest of the day we wandered the town  
Where the bag lady lies. Where the bus turns around  
Where the car radios with the windows roll down  
Played a beatless song that makes me think of you

Well the money comes in but it's so hard to hold  
If you've got it you're hot. If you haven't you're cold  
The royal tower may be made out of gold  
But all I see in it is Anna Marie

© 1987 Bob Snider

**REMEMBER YOU MY FRIEND**  
(Jim Rider)

Blowin' down that old dusty road  
Yes, I believe that's how the story goes  
I don't know if I'll be back again  
Though I always will remember you, my friend

After all is said and all is done  
You'll remember that I was the one  
Who tried to tell you straight and tell you true  
As I stared into your eyes so blue

I can't recall when I've ever felt so bad  
To have to leave the good times that we've had  
But now the time has come, I must move on  
And I just look around and you are gone

Blowin' down that old dusty road  
Yes, I believe that's how the story goes  
Though I'm down the road and 'round the bend  
I always will remember you, my friend

©1990 Riderco Music

**THE LAND OF THE BANYAN**  
(Karen Gamble)

In the land of the banyan  
The sun is the ruler  
The trees are feathered plumage  
In the air

In the land of the banyan  
The houses are half finished  
Or scrappy shacks  
Of weathered thatch  
That rustle in the wind

Chorus  
People say in the land of the banyan  
Nothing changes  
They don't see the endless growing  
And decaying  
In the land, in the land of the banyan

In the land of the banyan  
The children grow so quickly  
With innocence and wisdom  
In the shadows of their eyes

In the land of the banyan  
The wind blows up around you  
And the clouds  
Are towering kingdoms overhead

Chorus

I wanna live  
In the shade of the banyan  
Roots suspended in the air  
Like loving arms  
That shade and shield  
Like living nerves  
Made to feel, made to feel  
Made to feel

In the land of the banyan  
The old folks know the secrets  
And they're keeping them  
In silence  
To their graves

In the land of the banyan  
The ancient houses crumble  
And the gods  
The sleepy sentinels  
Will wake again someday

Chorus

I wanna live  
In the shade of the banyan  
Roots suspended in the air  
Like loving arms  
That shade and shield  
Like living nerves  
Made to feel, made to feel  
Made to feel, made to feel . . .

©1990 Karen Gamble

**NICKELS AND DIMES**  
(Ed Hornyak)

Nickels and dimes don't get you too far anymore  
Hardly pays for the bus fare  
Down to the five and ten cent store  
Had to get me a loan today  
Just to pay off some of my debts  
'Cause I'm surrounded by collectors  
Every time I cash my check

You know my landlord comes at the end of the month  
To collect my rent  
And every time he calls I gotta give him the stall  
'Cause my money's all been spent  
Nickels and dimes don't keep you in coffee and cigarettes  
Livin' hand to mouth, week to week, check to check

Nickels and dimes, man it's a crime  
Can't afford new laces for my runnin' shoes

Nickels and dimes mean a lot to me  
They're the only thing that stand between me and starvation  
As far as I can see  
But if I were a millionaire  
I'll tell you one thing that's for sure  
I'd never carry anything smaller than a quarter  
In my pockets anymore

Nickels and dimes, man it's a crime  
Can't afford new laces for my runnin' shoes  
So I can run away  
From these five and ten cent blues

**SECRET OF MARK'S SUCCESS**  
(Charles Kert)

Hey baby, I caught you walking  
All by your lonesome, late at night  
Your knight in shining armor  
Mark the saint ain't nowhere in sight

Now I could force myself upon you  
But I'd rather I trespass  
Into the inner secret  
The secret of Mark's success

Everything Mark touches turns a Midas gold  
Everything he builds impresses people young and old

Now I've got you by the shoulders  
Won't let go 'til I pry loose  
The secret Mark's been hiding  
And girl I want the truth

Chorus  
Mark's always worshiped love  
In the first degree  
He's patient and he's reasoning  
And sows his every seed  
Only offers up his harvest  
After listening to the man

Who understands temptation  
And has a second plan

So I'll let you go  
For you released the truth  
And what really hurts me  
Is that it's something I always knew

So thanks for the reinforcement  
Let me walk with you, repentance  
I'll guard you against night's shadows  
Against what Mark stands against

Chorus twice

©1989 Charles Kert

**BLUE REVERIE**  
(Carole LeClair)

I've got an awful crush on you  
I'm in a terrible gloom  
I want to take you in my arms  
And waltz you 'round the room

When you stand this close to me  
I'm embarrassed by my fantasies  
This physical attraction  
Is a powerful distraction  
And I'm caught up in a blue reverie

Chorus  
Caught in a blue reverie  
I wish that I could break free  
'Cause this isn't love and it's not ecstasy  
I'm just caught up in a blue reverie

I try to be so nonchalant  
'Cause I don't want to scare you away  
But when I get the chance to talk to you  
I feel so dumb I don't know what to say

Then you've gone and walked away  
And this moment's a lost melody  
I'm dyin' to get to know you  
And tryin' not to show you  
That I'm caught up in a blue reverie

Chorus

Now I'm lyin' in the dark  
I can't stop thinkin' 'bout you  
And when I might see you again  
Maybe I'll feel better then

I dream that you'll want to spend some time  
Getting to know who I am  
But I can't believe you'd want to  
Still I pin my hopes upon you

And I get caught up in a blue reverie

Chorus

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**BABY, I'M A LOT LIKE YOU**  
(Ron Nigrini)

I can feel the soft wind blowin' through my hair  
I can feel the soft glow of your smile  
I can feel a little bit lonely, too  
Baby, I'm a lot like you

I can go to an empty bed with an achin' in my heart  
I can dream of someone who will hold me  
I can wake up looking for a love like you  
Baby, I'm a lot like you

Chorus

I don't want to sell a bill of goods to anyone  
I just want to be myself in the very best way  
And if by chance I find myself a little bit of love  
I'm gonna hold it close  
Never let it fly away

I can feel the soft wind blowin' through my hair  
I can feel the soft glow of your smile  
I can feel a little bit lonely, too  
Baby, I'm a lot like you

©1983 Ron Nigrini/Jemel Music

**COREY AND DAVID**  
(Gayle Ackroyd)

Corey's got his mind on the ranch  
It's his own Alberta gold  
David's got the cattle roundup  
And he's heading them on back home  
The sun's slowly setting just beyond the trees  
And red fills the sky tonight with promise and dreams

Corey says he's disgusted  
With the way the drought's hanging on  
The wheat's just burning up out there  
And he sends his hired help home  
His women come easy but far in between  
His life as a cowboy fades like a dream

David seems so distant  
He says it's hard to make a dime  
But oh how he loves the ranch  
He'll have his own in time  
The sun's slowly setting just beyond the trees  
And red fills the sky tonight with promise and dreams

Lyrics and music by Gayle Ackroyd  
©1980 SOCAN

**CAMP COOK**  
(Cathy Elliott)

My name is Virginia  
I just turned twenty-three  
Left a man in a bottle  
And I brought the kid with me  
Thought of going to Alaska  
But I didn't get that far  
See, I ran out of money

Met my boss in a smoky bar

Everybody knows a man can hear  
A call of the wild  
Everybody says it shouldn't happen to me  
Everybody knows a man must heed  
His call to the wild

Hear the chopper in the distance  
Bringing in the groceries  
When it gets a little closer  
It'll stir up a dusty breeze  
My heart is made of canvas  
Picking up vibrations  
A tent inside a tent inside  
Startled palpitations

Everybody knows a man can hear  
A call of the wild  
Everybody says it shouldn't happen to me  
Everybody knows a man must heed  
His call to the wild  
He says it's like a woman's voice  
In the wind  
A woman's voice  
In the wind, yeah, like a dinner bell

My hands are made of flour  
Mosquitoes in the bread  
When the generator cuts out  
The silence fills my head  
They'll be bringin' in the propane  
I can start the dinner early  
When I take out the garbage  
I can take in the scenery

Everybody knows a man can hear  
A call of the wild  
Everybody says it shouldn't happen to me  
Everybody knows a man must heed  
His call to the wild  
He says it's like a woman's voice  
In the wind  
A woman's voice  
In the wind

©1990 Cathy Elliott

**HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**  
(Norm Hacking)

The music is lying  
On the radio  
My baby is lying  
On the phone  
My heart's out lying  
At the corner of your street  
No one's gonna take it home  
Nobody's gonna take it home

Someone's trying  
To raise a dime  
Somebody's  
Trying to leave town  
Someone's trying  
To pray to me lord  
The prayers come  
Tumblin' down

The prayers come  
Tumblin' down

chorus:  
Home is where the heart is  
Home is where I drink  
My whisky and gin  
Home is where  
You turn out the lights  
Sorry, I can't let you in  
Sorry, I can't let you in

He said, "Once"  
And she said "Twice"  
Nobody voted for three  
What the hell, nobody  
Remembers anything  
Least of all, you and me, babe  
Least of all you and me

A baby cries  
Well, he's got his reasons  
I'd cry out  
If I knew what to say  
And, God's up there cryin'  
'Cause he can't change the channel  
Wash those tears away

chorus

The accountants rush home  
From their racquetball  
To watch "Woodstock"  
On the big screen TV  
It's sure a lot of years  
That we'll not buy back  
Like a new love on a summer breeze  
(I remember)  
A new love on a summer breeze

She was tall and smart  
And she broke my heart  
So I up and got smart too  
Now I'm so damn wise  
I can't close my eyes  
Without thinkin'  
Thinkin' about you  
I'm always thinkin'  
About you...

chorus

©SOCAN

**IF I COULD**  
(Dyan Maracle)

Seems like yesterday we had so much to say  
All our dreams were one and the same  
But here we are, wishin' on a different star  
Unable to remember yesterday

Chorus  
You'll always need a friend  
To see you through thick or thin  
Never knowin' if it would end  
Or if we'd start it all again  
I look around and you're not there

Now we do battle with the hearts of those we  
love  
And we've come to push and shove  
And I can feel it in these tender days of time

And see it in your eyes

Chorus

Sometimes I recall those things I said that made  
you small  
Sorry isn't good enough these days  
And if I could I'd take us both away from here  
If I could, I'd start it all again  
We look around, we're not there

©1988 Dyan Maracle

**ISLA MUJERES**  
(Glen Hornblast)

well, I heard you could take the ferry  
from a town called puerta juarez  
for just a thousand pesos  
you could ride with the local people

to an island where the sunsets  
are a beauty to behold  
and the sea is painted turquoise  
and the nights are never cold

chorus

on the island  
island of women  
isla mujeres  
that's where my heart is  
on the island  
island of women  
isla mujeres

now the narrow streets are crowded  
with a busload full of tourists  
in their sunglasses and cameras  
they're here to spend their money

and a woman from toronto  
is looking for a bargain  
she's loaded down with silver  
enough to fill a coffin

chorus

now a kid without any shoes on  
is coming to my table  
he wants me to buy a bracelet  
for just one U.S. dollar

and his eyes are sad and beautiful  
his face a little dirty  
he wants a piece of America  
so he can feed his family

chorus

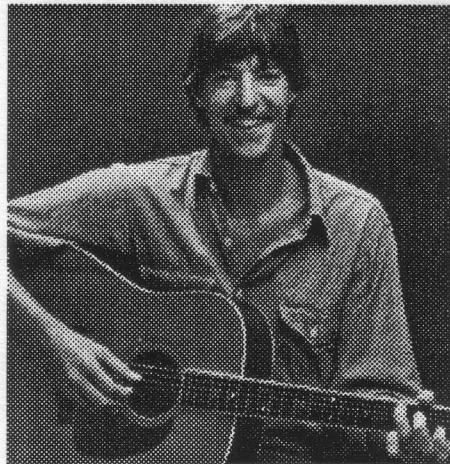
so we rent a small hotel room  
that looks out on the ocean  
while down the street in a one-room shack  
lives a family with seven children

and I look up at the stars  
for a familiar constellation  
and I see a woman crying  
for her children and her nation

Chorus

## Bios-FF609

*Biographies in order of appearance*



**Buddy Mondlock's** roots lie in the clubs and alleys of Chicago listening and later playing an amalgamation of music and drawing on the influences of songwriters like Steve Goodman, John Prine, Randy Newman and Guy Clark. Buddy writes with the likes of Janis Ian, Garth Brooks and Randy VanWarmer. He is presently working on his second album.



**Dude Stewart** was born in the middle of Kansas in late April. Some time after that, he learned to play guitar after receiving one (unbidden) as a gift. He started writing songs to fill in the gaps between other people's songs. He's still doing that.

**Julie Gold** is from Philadelphia and has performed across the US on her own and with the Bitchin' Babes. She is best known for her song "From A Distance" which won a Grammy for Song of the Year in 1991. It has been recorded world wide by at least fifteen artists including Nanci Griffith and Bette Midler. Julie's songs have also been covered by Kathy Mattea and her cat Pippin usually answers the phone.

**Jack Hardy** has nine albums and six plays to his credit. He can be contacted at: 178 W. Houston St., #9, NYC 10014, (212) 989-7088.

**Eric Wood** was raised in Cleveland, Ohio until he was 14 years old. He spent the next ten years in as many cities before arriving in New York in 1976. Recently he left the city for the end of a long dirt road in upstate New York where he has built his own house.



**Peter Spencer** entered the Writing Program at Columbia University in 1984 and received his BA at the age of 37. In 1988 he moved to Rocky Hill, New Jersey (pop 750), where he lives in a 180-year old schoolhouse with his wife Leyla (the original SpeakEasy bartender) and their two children, Caleb Zia Spencer (born 5/11/85) and Cynthia Gooding Spencer (born 5/19/90). His book *World Beat: A Listener's Guide to Contemporary World Music on CD* was published by A Cappella Books in March, 1992. Peter now writes about world music for CD Review and Sing Out! magazines and he chronicles the flourishing Princeton music scene for the *Bucks County Courier-Times* and *Time Off*, a weekend section appearing in a dozen central Jersey newspapers. He leads songwriting workshops patterned after the old Cornelia Street group, gives private voice lessons, and plays electric guitar in rhythm and blues bands. In his copious spare free time he is writing a book of three-part harmony arrangements for traditional folk tunes and hymns and a novel called *The Hypocrite, or Cheers*

*Anyway*. His favorite violinist is Joshua Bell, his favorite John Gorka album is *Temporary Road*, and he has developed an intense and somewhat irrational dislike for the works of Vivaldi. He can be reached at PO Box 66, Rocky Hill, New Jersey 08553.

**Nikki Matheson** has been living in Paris, France for the past two years touring with Malicorne and accompanying other French artists both on stage and in the studio. Best known in NYC circles as singer-guitarist in Rhythm and Romance, The Ren-Tones, and the Fast Folk Show, she has also toured the US and Canada with Gabriel Yacoub, and in Japan with banjoist Akira Satake. Now she is working on her first solo record. We may soon see how this all comes together somehow. Who knows?



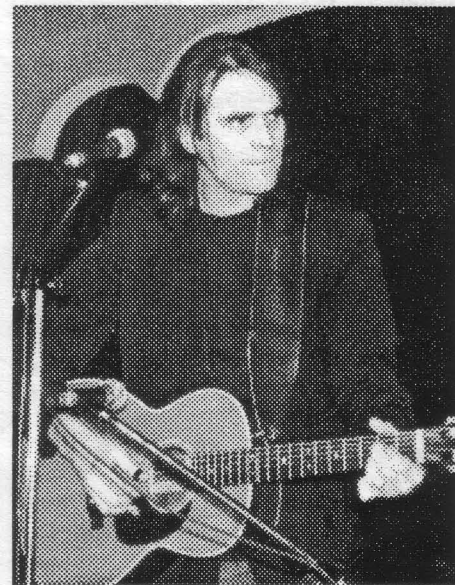
Deep roots in country music, an unpaid debt to Bob Dylan, and an unused bus ticket to Texas, Nashvillian **Richard Ferriera** taps into that rich, clear vein of American storytelling with his colorful "road map view of the world." He takes you down old highways, through abandoned cafes, and down the tracks to distant planets, where believable characters do unbelievable things. As he explains, "Just a day trip out of Memphis in a rusty old car."

He performs nationally and has a new CD *Arkansas Rain* finished for spring '93 release.

Aside from attending parties with Madonna, hanging out backstage at the Fillmore East, going to Woodstock, touring the catacombs under the wailing wall with Meridith Monk, and having never liked Yes; **Richard Meyer** officially edited FAST FOLK from 1986 to 1992, while simultaneously booking the SpeakEasy, designing lights and sets for 80

major theatre productions, recording his own two albums. He is a contributing editor to the recently published *All Music Guide*. His second album, *The Good Life!* (on Shanachie), is clawing its way across America. He doesn't care what folk music is. He has never ever sung "500 Miles", but thinks Joe Virga's version of it on Fast Folk's "Songs of Tradition" FF308 is really great.

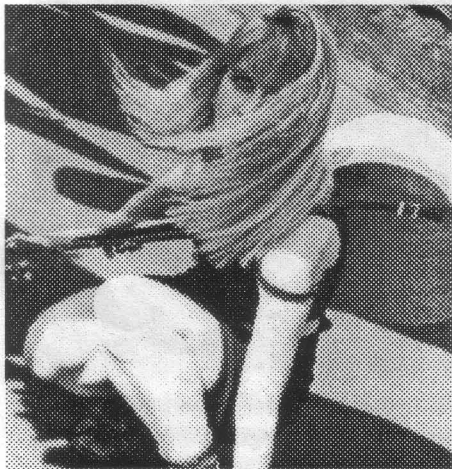
**Rod MacDonald** has been a mainstay of the Greenwich Village scene since the mid 70s. He was instrumental in running the SpeakEasy coop through the 80's. Some of his songs, including "American Jerusalem" and "A Sailor's Prayer" have become standards on the 'folk' scene. More recently Rod released a new album, *Highway to Nowhere* on Shanachie. He tours internationally.



**Eric Andersen** has been a major force on the American singer/songwriter scene since his first recording in the early 1960s. A prolific writer, he's released numerous albums over the years. he tours internationally and has composed music for the film *Istanbul*. His recent CD *Ghosts Along the Road*, produced by Steve Addabbo, is a wonderful collection of his recent songs. Also discovered and released recently is *Stages* an album that was to follow up *Blue River* until the tapes mysteriously disappeared for over 18 years.



**Richard Goldman** is an unruly cowlick in the balding pate of the vanishing American landscape. A nagging retro-virus lying dormant in the underbelly of the Music Industry, an unreturned phone call away from dazzling success and untold riches. When he grows up he hopes to be a famous Astronaut . . . or a Fireman!



**Cindy Lee Berryhill** made her debut on the Radio Tokyo Tapes compilation. She was a mainstay of the West Coast scene with her base in San Diego. Her two albums for Rhino Records have been well received. Her first appearance on FAST FOLK was on FF 208, Oct '85.

**Hidaefuso Matsomoto** visited New York as a guest of the Japanese TV show ZIG-ZAG in the summer of 1990.

## Bios-FF610



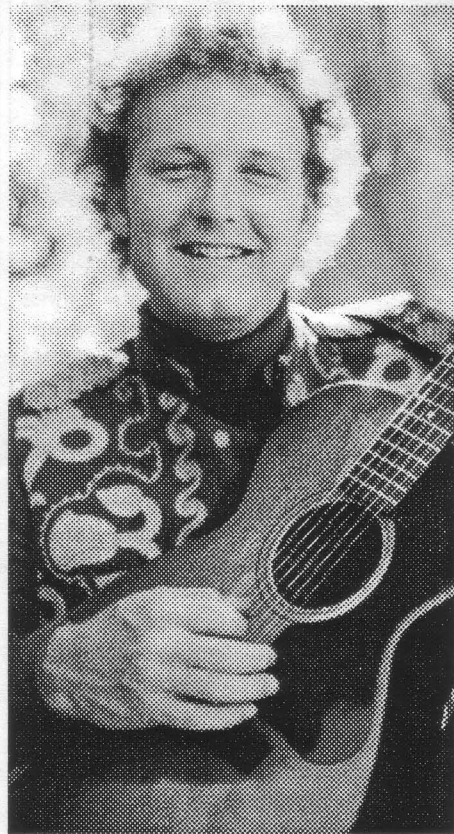
**Rick Fielding** has been an acoustic musician for over twenty years, playing the folk music of several cultures. After an abortive career in commercial art, Rick decided to make music a full time occupation, which at that time meant constant travelling to a wide variety of venues, including dumps with strippers to classy nightclubs. He has made several recordings and has appeared on virtually every Canadian show that features music. Today he also does custom leatherwork, some teaching, and some freelance writing and illustration.



**Lynn Myles** has opened for or appeared with such well-known musicians as Murray McLauchlan, Dan Hill, Connie Kaldor, Timbuk3, and Jesse Winchester. She has appeared at many clubs, festivals, and theaters in Canada; outside of Canada,

she has performed in Portugal, France, and Germany, as well as at the prestigious Bermuda Folk Club. Lynn has also appeared on numerous Ottawa-area radio and television broadcasts and has been featured on four national CBC Radio programs.

**Bob Snider** is a forty-six year old Toronto native and an art school graduate. In 1986 he started writing songs and came back to Toronto after extensive travel to test them out. He produced a live concert tape called Bob Snider Live At The Free Times Cafe. He is currently working on more recordings and was recently included on two compilations of Toronto artists released by Polygram.



Born August 4, 1958 in western Canada, **Jim Rider** left at 17 to become a folksinger. He has worked and wandered far and wide since then, and has had the honor of hanging out and learning from his main mentors, namely U. Utah Phillips, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Arlo Guthrie, John Hammond, Kinky Friedman, and Bob Dylan.

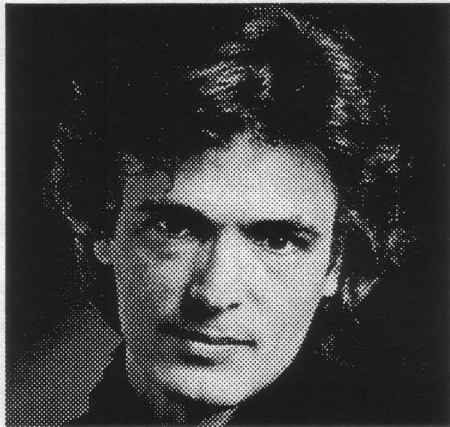


Since her early teens, **Karen Gamble** has had two major passions in her life: playing music and traveling. Upon completing high school at the age of eighteen, Karen set off for Europe with her guitar. She soon began busking her way around southern Europe and visited many countries in the Middle East, North Africa, and Southeast Asia over a period of a year and a half.

**Ed Hornyak** has been an active figure on the Toronto music scene for many years. In addition to performing his own material, he has also worked as an accompanist for many local acts. Ed is currently working on new material and painting at his home in Toronto.

After hearing news of the release of one of his tunes on the "not so fast folks" CD, **Charlie Kert** became anxious to come out of retirement. "Hey, I don't have to sell aluminum siding no more."

**Carol Leclair** has been writing songs and performing since her early teens. She has shared the stage with Gordon Lightfoot, Valdy, Tom Chapin, and June Tabor, to name a few. Originally from the Maritimes, Carole has been living and working in Toronto for the past nine years.



**Ron Nigrini**, recording artist, performer, and of Canada's favorite songwriters, has released three LPs, a video, and four singles—all achieving recognition both at home and abroad for their sensitive lyrics and catchy melodies.



**Gayle Ackroyd**, former lead singer with the rock band Kix, who sang on the soundtrack of the film *The Dark Side*, makes a bid for the ears of country and adult-contemporary radio programmers with her first recording for the Reba label, *Don't Mess Up a Good Thing*. She recently formed **Gayle Ackroyd and Voodoo**, a group that made its debut recently at Sneaky Dee's and will be touring the Toronto club circuit. Besides hosting the Sunday Blue Jams at Sneaky Dee's and appearing regularly on Monday Blue Nights at Albert's Hall, Ackroyd has hosted several songwriter nights at Bronco's, and is currently hosting the Saturday afternoon songwriter sessions at Sneaky Dee's Uptown.



**Cathy Elliott's** songwriting inspiration comes from her many travels and is expressed in one of her songs, "Standing Still." Born in Quebec City, she lived and visited all over Canada, Trinidad, Spain, and Algeria. Of all the places she visited, the Yukon captured her imagination the most. She hopes to record an album with the Yukon as her song-scape, as seen through the frame of a car window.

**Norm Hacking** was born in Toronto in 1950. His career as a songwriter/poet actor/journalist has established him as quite a critically acclaimed songwriter. He is also a single parent raising an eleven year old son, Ben.

In her musical career spanning 18 years, **Dyan Maracle** has acquired a unique flair for bringing feeling and depth to her songs already full of expression.



**Glen Hornblast** is a Toronto singer/songwriter who has been writing songs for about 15 years. He often performs at a little coffeehouse called Fat Albert's.

**FFCD609**

Produced by Richard Meyer

1.  
**The Kid**  
Buddy Mondlock
2.  
**Come On Down**  
Dude Stewart
3.  
**Goodbye Heart**  
Julie Gold
4.  
**Of All of the Sorrows**  
Jack Hardy
5.  
**Steam Pipes**  
Eric Wood
6.  
**'Round Midnight**  
Peter Spencer
7.  
**Fisherman's Wife**  
Nikki Matheson
8.  
**Dream Astronette**  
Paul Jay
9.  
**Bright Lights of Memphis**  
Richard Ferriera
10.  
**Sweeping**  
Richard Meyer
11.  
**Philosophical Statement**  
Rod MacDonald
12.  
**Eye of the Immigrant**  
Eric Andersen
13.  
**Love Calling**  
Richard Goldman

14.  
**Russian River Flood**  
Kim Wallach
15.  
**Ballad of a Garage Band**  
Cindy Lee Berryhill
16.  
**The Legend of the One-Eared  
Rabbit**  
Hidaefuso Matsomoto

**Producer's Note:**

The songs on this album were paired thematically. "The Kid" and "Come on Down" felt like different views of a journey toward self-awareness. "goodbye Heart" and "Of All of the Sorrows" are light and dark views of emotional devastation. "Steampipes" and "Round Midnight" were joined for their smoky urban sensibilities. "Fisherman's Wife" and "Dream Astronette (Space Crazy)" are two meditations by separated lovers. "Bright Lights", "Sweeping" and "Philosophical Statement" are a trio of beginning, ending and beginning again love songs. "The Eye of the Immigrant", "Love Calling", "Russian River Flood" and "Ballad of a Garage Band" are opposing corners of hope, failure, rebirth and insanity in American life. "The Legend of the One-eared Rabbit" is a quiet prayer for hope. -Richard Meyer

**FFCD610**

Produced by Jay Rosen

1.  
**Pit Man Blues**  
Rick Fielding
2.  
**November**  
Lynn Miles
3.  
**Anna Marie**  
Bob Snider

4.  
**Ode to Rural Manitoba**  
Laine Hoogstraten
5.  
**Remember You My Friends**  
Jim Rider
6.  
**The Land of the Banyan**  
Karen Gamble
7.  
**Nickels and Dimes**  
Ed Hornyak
8.  
**Secret of Mark's Success**  
Charlie Kert
9.  
**Blue Reverie**  
Carol LeClair
10.  
**Baby, I'm a Lot Like You**  
Ron Nigrini
11.  
**Corey and David**  
Gayle Ackroyd
12.  
**Camp Cook**  
Cathy Elliott
13.  
**Home Is Where the Heart Is**  
Norm Hacking
14.  
**If I Could**  
Dyan Maracle
15.  
**Isla Mujeres**  
Glen Hornblast
16.  
**Easy Come Easy Go**  
Nick Halpern

We regret the fact that, like the songs themselves were, the full musician credits remain: Lost in the Works.